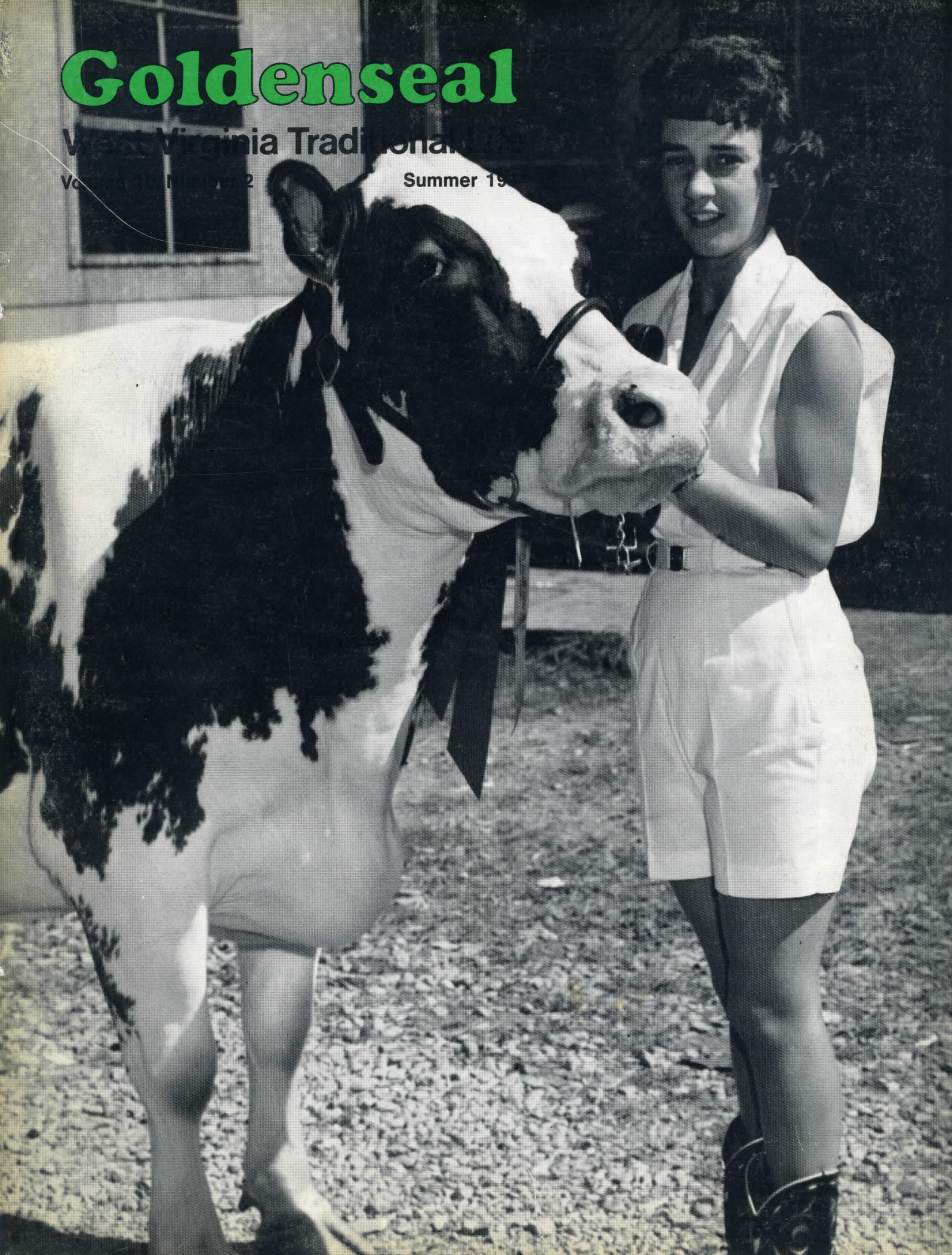
Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional

Vol. [illegible] No. [illegible] Summer 19[illegible]



Craftsman Bill Reed

It is impossible to look at Bill Reed's rocking animals without a hint of a smile tugging at your lips. Nor is it possible to remember Bill himself, a very special craftsman who died April 29, 1984, without a wonderful feeling of warmth. Both his work and the energy he offered to new and old friends alike will stand as a legacy to his name. His rocking animals—the familiar donkeys, horses, goats, dogs, and giraffes—were his trademark, as were his infectious grin and the pointed elfin work cap he wore when he carved at fairs and special craft events. We'll remember him by all those things.

Bill's rocking donkey was adopted as the symbol to represent quality West Virginia crafts in several promotions sponsored by the Department of Culture and History, an appropriate tribute to the artistry of this "founding father" of today's strong craft program in West Virginia. His participation in fairs, promotions, and activities in West Virginia and beyond the state's borders made him one of our finest cultural ambassadors, one with an ever-ready willingness to share his talents.

Bill Reed lived and worked in Parkersburg, but his work traveled far from home. Examples of his craftsmanship are in numerous private and museum collections throughout the United States. Many shops, galleries, and museums featured and sold his work, including the Cultural Center Shop since its opening in November 1976. Recognition of his outstanding talents in wood took him and his work to such places as the Union Carbide Gallery in New York City, the Smithsonian Museum and the Kennedy Center in Washington, the "West Virginia USA" promotion in the Hecht's department stores in Washington, and the prestigious Winter Market in Baltimore, to name a few. Several of his pieces are included in the West Virginia Permanent Collection, our state's official treasury of art and craft work.

Much more could be said about Bill Reed, as a family man, artist, craftsman, community supporter, builder, metal sculptor, and friend, for he lived his life to the fullest and took advantage of every opportunity to improve himself, his family, and his state. It's sad to have lost him so early, but we will keep his memory. That memory will be passed on to future generations, for the work of Bill's skilled hands and creative imagination will be preserved as an important contribution to West Virginia's cultural heritage.

—Friends at the Department of Culture and History

Published by the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

John D. Rockefeller, IV
Governor

through its
Department of Culture and History
Norman L. Fagan
Commissioner

Ken Sullivan
Editor

Margo Stafford
Assistant Editor

Colleen Anderson
Nancy Balow
Graphic Design

GOLDENSEAL is published four times a year, in the spring, summer, fall, and winter. The magazine is distributed without charge, although a $10 yearly contribution is suggested. Manuscripts, photographs, and letters are welcome. All correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, GOLDENSEAL, Department of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston, WV 25305. Phone (304) 348-0220.

Printed by Watkins Printing Co.

Goldenseal

Volume 10, Number 2 Summer 1984

COVER: Venita Joann St. Clair of Upshur County produced an Ayrshire 4-H Breed Champion in the early 1960's. Michael M. Meador's story on 4-H history begins on page 9. Photo courtesy Jackson's Mill State 4-H Camp.

PHOTOS: Doug Chadwick, Ellis Studio, Michael Keller, Rick Lee, Michael Meador, Quarrier Studio, Ron Rittenhouse, James Samsell

Letters from Readers

GOLDENSEAL welcomes letters of general interest from readers. Our address is Department of Culture and History. The Cultural Center, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305.

Bentonville, Virginia
March 14, 1984
Editor:
We purchased a copy of GOLDENSEAL at Cacapon State Park on our last visit and wondered how in all of our previous visits to West Virginia parks we had never before encountered the publication. We have long been impressed with *Wonderful West Virginia*, which we consider to be one of the best state magazines.

Last evening was my first real opportunity to sit down and read GOLDENSEAL. You are to be congratulated for the excellence of the publication and the people of West Virginia have another reason to be proud of real accomplishment.

We have come to know many West Virginians in the course of participating in the Department of Natural Resource's superb program conducted at the various state parks. Your publication, including the fan mail in the issue I just read, reinforces fully the opinions we formed very early on that the Mountain State breeds mighty fine people!
Sincerely,
James A. Minogue

Hancock County Baseball

Buckhannon, WV
March 14, 1984
Editor:
I just received my Spring issue of GOLDENSEAL, and what a pleasant surprise—it included a short article, "Spring Baseball" by C. Robert and Lysbeth A. Barnett, about Newell, West Virginia, where I lived from 1945 to 1955.

I do not remember the name C. Robert Barnett in Newell, and the year was not stated in the article; it may have been before or after the years I remember. But many a pleasant hour was spent by me at the Homer Laughlin Men's Baseball games. I was an ardent fan, and much of the Homer Laughlin team for a time was made up of my former classmates, 1948 and '49 Wells High School graduates. The location of the Barnetts' games must have been in the large vacant lot across Washington Street from the high school building (now a junior high). At that time there was a set of wooden bleachers behind the tall chicken-wire backstop. I would ride my bicycle to the games and sit on the bike seat to watch or climb to the top of the bleachers.

Newell is still a "small town," but even so many changes have been made. I for one still cherish the feeling of peace, security, and contentment I remember in those long-ago days in the late 1940's, watching the Homer Laughlin baseball games.
Sincerely,
Barbara (Diehl) Claypool

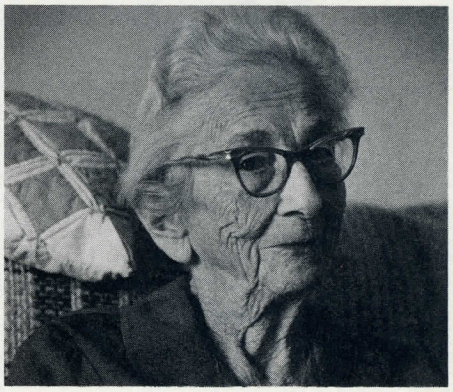
Ranger Don Gaudineer

Parsons, WV
March 3, 1984
Editor:
A few weeks ago our neighbor brought us her latest copy of your GOLDENSEAL magazine, since she knew that there were two articles in it that were of special interest to us.

The first one was concerning the tragedy of the Gaudineer family. My husband was one of two volunteer firemen here in Parsons that tried for more than an hour to rescusitate Mr. Gaudineer. They stopped only after Dr. Whiteside told them their efforts were of no avail. This whole community shared Mrs. Gaudineer's grief and sorrow.

The other article was about the area of Durbin, Glady, and Spruce. My husband worked for the Western Maryland Railroad for many years, and many times he worked that area. So this article by John King about his year with the Forest Service in West Virginia, with his mention of leaving Elkins and heading for Durbin, was a most welcome bit of nostalgia for my husband.

Thank you for putting out such an interesting magazine about West Virginia.
Sincerely,
Mrs. S. J. Phillips



Midwife Opal Freeman

Moatsville, WV
March 14, 1984
Editor:
I am writing in regard to an article in the Spring 1984 issue of GOLDENSEAL, entitled "Nature Always Worked: Opal Freeman, Moatsville Midwife."

Opal Freeman is my grandmother. I am one of the seven grandchildren she listed and I have two sons. Opal, known to us as "Ma," is a very special lady to all of us and my sons love her very much. We were very impressed with the article written on her in your magazine. A friend of ours receives your magazine and showed us a copy.

I would like very much to purchase four copies to keep for my children and hopefully grandchildren some day so they will have the opportunity to share some of her thoughts, even though it may only be on paper.
Sincerely,
Ira Duane Freeman

Moatsville, WV
March 17, 1984
Editor:
I just saw a copy of the Spring 1984 GOLDENSEAL magazine. If you have any more copies would you please send me one?

I'm especially interested in the article on Mrs. Opal Freeman. She is my sister-in-law and delivered my 14 children, 11 of whom are still living.

Thank you.
Sincerely,
Catherine Freeman

Philippi, WV
March 13, 1984
Editor:
Would you please send me a copy of the Spring 1984 GOLDENSEAL?

There is an article about Opal Freeman in it. I am one of the babies she delivered 62 years ago. A friend showed me her copy. Thank you.
Sincerely,
Hazel Shaw

Our thanks to all those who wrote concerning midwife Opal Freeman. We heard of, and from, many of the now-grown babies she brought into the world, and are glad to report that they are thriving.—ed.

Arthur Prichard

Mathias, WV
March 9, 1984
Editor:
Recently a friend loaned me the 1980 issue of GOLDENSEAL, that I might read the article by Arthur C. Prichard—"A Real Good Life: Silas S. Ritchie, Hardy County Mountaineer." I thoroughly enjoyed that and all other articles in the magazine. The above article was enjoyed for two reasons. Mr. Ritchie was related to my husband's family and lived in our immediate area. Also, Dr. Prichard and his family have come to our native area for many years and stayed at Lost River State Park. He and his family came to our Ivanhoe Presbyterian Church at Lost City, West Virginia. So he is no stranger.

We also have his book, *An Appalachian Legacy*, which tells us much of early West Virginia history.

I would like very much to be put on your mailing list for GOLDENSEAL. Thank you.
Sincerely,
Golda W. Ritchie

Copies of An Appalachian Legacy: Mannington Life and Spirit *may be ordered from Arthur C. Prichard, 214 Pleasant Street, Mannington 26582. The $13.75 pre-publication price mentioned in the Winter GOLDENSEAL was good only through the end of 1983, and the book now sells for $15.75. Orders should include $1.20 postage and handling, and 79¢ sales tax from West Virginia residents.—ed.*

Botanist Bartholomew

Morgantown, WV
March 18, 1984
Editor:
Thank you for printing Kitty Frazier's article in your March issue. I'm glad she is interested in writing, but what a subject to take! As I was answering her questions, I never dreamed I was being recorded or I would have thought more about my Freshman English as I answered. The two of you made it a bit more refined.

I like your publication. All the stories in it are interesting. I want to subscribe to it and when I see how my sister in Wyandotte, Michigan, replies, I might add another one for you.

Keep up the good work. Dr. Earl L. Core, one of my teachers, and his botanical friends let the rest of the world know what we have on our hills and mountains and started the Southern Appalachian Botanical Club. Our journal *Castanea* is in libraries throughout the world. I'll never regret taking the $60 per month job they offered me after I had gotten my degree in Botany back in the days when the banks had started closing. I was a woman and worked for half-price, but those in our Botany and Zoology Departments I got to really know were gems.
Sincerely,
Elizabeth Ann Bartholomew

Glenville, WV
March 15, 1984
Editor:
The Spring 1984 issue of GOLDENSEAL was super. The articles on Aunt Jennie Wilson illustrated that unique and delightfully Appalachian quality possessed by this fine lady. Aunt Jennie is always one of the crowd pleasers when she performs in the Glenville State College auditorium during the West Virginia State Folk Festival.

It is equally pleasing to read the interview with botanist Elizabeth Bartholomew. Her 40 years of work collecting and preserving the plants of West Virginia in the West Virginia University Herbarium is a monumental feat. This dedicated lady has certainly provided a valuable service not only to the scientific community but to all the people of the Mountain State.

As usual, the wildflower photographs by Bill Grafton were terrific. I should like to note, however, that the celadine poppy and the bloodroot descriptions were switched during the printing of the article.

Thank you once again for an extremely interesting issue.
Sincerely,
James H. Meads
Assistant Professor of Biology
Glenville State College

Junior

Fayetteville, Pennsylvania
March 20, 1984
Editor:
I just received my Spring 1984 copy of GOLDENSEAL and I am enjoying it very much, especially the article about Junior, West Virginia.

We lived in Junior about a year in 1927, my father Perry Van Pelt, my older brother Lilbern, two younger sisters, and me. Nora, who is now Mrs. Russel Swiger, is in the convalescent hospital in Elkins. She is 74. My baby sister, Mrs. Maxine Tracey, 70, lives in Mill Creek. Lilbern was 86 when he died December 4, 1983. I will be 78 on April 29.

My dad and Lilbern worked in the mines. A distant cousin, Amos White, lived there and ran the bowling alley and pool room for Louis Viquesney. Later it was run by my brother, while I took care of the roller skating rink. We had skating three nights a week, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, and had a square dance on Friday nights. My brother, sister Nora, and I furnished the music. Mr. Viquesney was a fine man.

Mason Rucker was a fine skater, and Gander Digman was a wonderful clog dancer. Bub Pingley helped me keep the skates in good repair.

I later went up to my uncle Bud Ben-

nett, who lived on Nelson Wilson's farm about three miles north of Mill Creek on the back road. On the 27th of April 1927 it snowed two feet there in Uncle Bud's yard, just two days before my 21st birthday.

Reading about Junior brings back fond memories. I am going back someday to visit, and maybe find some of my old friends.

Thank you,
Arnold W. Van Pelt

Canvas, WV
March 31, 1984
Editor:

I was recently shown a copy of GOLDENSEAL by a friend who recognized the name of the town where I was raised—Junior—which was featured in the Spring 1984 issue. It was with great interest that I read the article, which filled in a few gaps in a Row family history I've been working on the last few years.

I was even more surprised to read the preceding article regarding Opal Freeman. The article about Junior was mainly about the Rows—my father's family. The preceding article was about Opal, my great aunt on my mother's side.

Sincerely,
Barry Row

Junior, WV
April 14, 1984
Editor:

I have been a reader of and subscriber to GOLDENSEAL magazine for several years, and have thoroughly enjoyed reading the stories in every issue.

Of special interest to me—and to many other residents of this area—was the article in the Spring 1984 issue entitled "From Rowtown to Junior," concerning some of my ancestors, and other people and events that I distinctly remember.

The article was well written and was both factual and interesting. I think Mr. Brady is to be commended for writing the story, and you for publishing it.

I'm looking forward to seeing many other interesting articles in future issues.

Sincerely,
Alva J. Row

Current Programs • Festivals • Publications

11th Annual Stonewall Jackson Jubilee

Nearly 100 craftspeople gather every year over Labor Day Weekend at Jackson's Mill to exhibit, demonstrate, and sell their handcrafted items. This year's Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts and Crafts Jubilee will be held August 31, September 1, 2, and 3, at the State 4-H Camp near Weston.

Last year an estimated 16,000 people attended the Jubilee. The 523-acre 4-H facility is itself part of the attraction, one of the finest state 4-H camps in the country and used as an educational center by other groups in the state. As most West Virginians know, the camp was named for Civil War General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson and encompasses the site of his boyhood home. The original mill, built in the mid-1800's by Jackson's uncle, now serves as a museum and will be open for tours during the Jubilee.

Crafts to be showcased during the festival include weaving, needlepoint, stained glass, toymaking, pottery, pewter, and many others. The Jubilee traditionally features heritage music in addition to craft exhibits, with concerts running almost continuously throughout the weekend. More than 75 musicians are expected to perform, and talented volunteers as well as professionals are welcome.

Homemade food is another popular attraction at the Jubilee, and this year's menu will offer soup beans and cornbread, pancakes and sausage, handcranked ice cream, funnel cakes, hot dogs, country ham, applebutter, and homemade bread and chocolate chip cookies. Two outdoor barbecues are also planned, a beef barbecue on Saturday and chicken on Sunday.

A special feature of the Jubilee is the variety of competitive shows and exhibits. Shows to be judged include the West Virginia State Fruit Pie Baking Contest; a quilt show; art, photography, and needlepoint exhibits; and for children, an ice cream eating contest. There will be other events especially for children, including clown face painting.

The Stonewall Jackson Jubilee is open from noon to 8 p.m. on August 31; from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. on September 1 and 2; and from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on September 3. Heritage Music Concerts continue until 10 p.m. daily.

Augusta 1984

Now in its 12th year, the Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop of Elkins was founded by people concerned that the heritage arts and crafts were in danger of disappearing. It has grown into a year-round organization for the promotion and preservation of the traditional arts, especially of the Appalachian region. At the center of Augusta's diverse offering of programs are the Augusta Workshop Summer Session and the annual Augusta Festival.

The 1984 Augusta summer program begins on July 15 and continues until mid-August. As in past years, the summer will be divided into theme weeks, including bluegrass, blues, dance, and vocal weeks, in that order. Classes and performances will be offered throughout the period.

Augusta classes are diverse, including instruction in all major traditional musical instruments, woodslore, arts and crafts, storytelling, and instrument making. Among new classes to be introduced this summer are guitar making and log cabin construction. The Augusta faculty is drawn from among the best practitioners of the traditional arts, this year including toymaker Pemperton Cecil; woodcarver Herman Hayes; Gerry Milnes, Jimmy Costa, and a host of other fine musicians; instrument maker Wayne Henderson, and many others. The "Old Masters" program allows students to interact personally with outstanding older performers, including fiddler Woody Simmons, guitarist Blackie Cool, and others.

Summer at Augusta will culminate with the Augusta Festival, this year scheduled for August 17–19. The fes-

tival is a three-day celebration of mountain arts and skills, including concerts, music workshops, a juried craft fair, open stage storytelling, and street dancing. Festival organizers say "daytime activities will take place in the streets and parks of Elkins, rain or shine," with evening concerts in the Harper McNeeley Auditorium of Davis and Elkins College. The 1984 performers will include Jean Ritchie, Hazel Dickens, Mike Seeger, and Nimrod Workman, among many others, with festival tickets available for $12.

Instruction at the Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop summer session is available on a fee basis, generally $40 per class. Dormitory lodging is available by advance reservation. Payment in full is required after June 1, with Visa and Mastercard accepted. Augusta is affiliated with Davis and Elkins College, with further information available from Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop, D&E College, Elkins 26241; phone (304) 636-1903.

Beginning July 5, 1984, the American Public Radio Network will broadcast 13 hour-long programs of the Augusta Workshop's traditional music. Recorded live during Augusta's 1982 and '83 concert seasons, the programs will be hosted by Flawn Williams and includes performances by Jean Ritchie and John McCutcheon, Trapezoid, fiddler John Johnson, Dave Morris, Irish instrumentalists Kevin Burke and Micheal O'Domhnaill, and more.

Mt. Grove Potato Festival

If you've never tried potato candy, you'll have your chance at the Mt. Grove Potato Festival late this summer. The rest of the food sounds good, too, with organizer Ruth Luizzi promising a full-course dinner of locally grown beef and potatoes with Mt. Grove potato soup.

The Potato Festival, now in its third year, will be held on September 8 at Horseshoe Run in southern Preston County. The event is sponsored by the Mt. Grove Volunteer Fire Department, and admission is free. Ruth Luizzi says you'll have no trouble finding the festival site, "in the beautiful Monongahela National Forest on U.S. 219, three miles south of Silver Lake and nine miles north of Thomas."

This year's Potato Festival will feature music, arts and crafts, games, and square dancing, in addition to the food. The highlight will be the crowning of the festival queen, Farina III.

For GOLDENSEAL readers unable to attend, Potato Festival organizers have furnished the following recipe for genuine Mt. Grove Potato Soup With Rivels:

Cook in a covered 4-quart soup pot:

6 medium potatoes, peeled and cubed
4 cups cold water
1 tablespoon salt, dash of pepper
small onion (optional)

Mix rivels while potatoes are cooking:

1 cup flour
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper

Stir with fork into dry and crumbly mixture.

When potatoes are almost tender add 4 cups of milk, 3 tablespoons butter. Bring to boil and add rivels. Boil slowly 5–7 minutes, uncovered, while stirring. Serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

New Publication on West Virginia Courthouses

Everything you always wanted to know about West Virginia's courthouses but were afraid to ask can now be found in Mary Thrash's new book, *West Virginia Courthouses: A Pictorial History*. This 128-page guide to all 55 of the state's county courthouses contains a wealth of little known facts and anecdotes, a history of each building, architectural descriptions, lists of elected officials, and basic county information, along with a photograph of each courthouse. In addition to text and photos, the book offers a map of each county for easy reference.

Many of the buildings now in use were not the original courthouses in their respective counties. Quite a few of the state's courthouses were subjects of dispute between Union and Confederate troops during the Civil War, sometimes changing hands several times in the course of the war. Many of them, of course, were not constructed until much later, and West Virginia boasts a variety of architectural styles in its courthouses—Georgian, Colonial Revival, Romanesque, Victorian, and Art Moderne, to name a few.

Different materials were needed for these various styles of structures, and Hummelstown stone, Berea Sandstone, Indiana limestone, and red and yellow brick can be found throughout the state. Striking decorative features adorn many of these buildings, including beautiful stained glass windows, huge bronze doors, and marble floors and staircases.

West Virginia Courthouses (hardback, 128 pages, 57 photographs, maps) may be ordered directly from the author for $15.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling. West Virginia residents should add 80¢ tax. To order, write Mary Thrash, 515 E. Main Street, Clarksburg 26301.

21st Mountain State Art & Craft Fair

West Virginia's oldest heritage festival is being advertised as "The *New* Mountain State Art & Craft Fair" this year, and with good reason. The 1984 festival, which will be held at Cedar Lakes near Ripley as it has for the past 20 years, June 30 through July 4, is branching out into new territory.

The West Virginia Scottish Clan Gathering and Highland Games, which previously took place in June at Hurricane, will be staged at Cedar Lakes during the Fair. Also planned for 1984 is the first reunion of the Knights and Ladies of the Golden Horseshoe, to honor the winners of West Virginia's Golden Horseshoe award. The state's Department of Education and *The Charleston Daily Mail* are co-sponsoring the search for past winners of this annual contest, which was initiated in the schools in 1930. The Fourth of July has been designated Golden Horseshoe Day.

Another innovation to be introduced at this year's fair is "Elder Folks' Day," Monday, July 2, which will feature special activities such as storytelling, quilt judging, an herb cookery show, "tea-totalers" party, and more. "Kids' Day" is scheduled for Tuesday, July 3, with puppetmaking, face painting, a watermelon seed spitting contest, dancing, and other events to delight young hearts.

Other contests are planned for the Fair, including a horseshoe pitching

contest, clogging contest, and a guitar picking contest with national flatpicking champion Robert Shafer of Walton. The Fair will also host a variety of musical performers, beginning with Northern Ireland's Faughan Valley Junior Bagpipe Band, which numbers West Virginian Ronald Hardman among its members. A concert by Karen Mackay of Lewisburg is scheduled for opening night, and on Sunday, July 1, Squire Parsons and other well-known gospel singers will perform during a traditional dinner of barbecued chicken, roast corn, and homemade ice cream.

But the time-honored favorites of fairgoers have not been left out. Homemade dishes will be available all day long throughout the week, and more than 100 crafts will be represented, including pottery, woodworking, furniture making, patchwork, basketry, and weaving. This year each craftsperson will demonstrate his or her craft, and many will be introducing new lines or items at the 1984 festival.

For more information regarding specific events or for a free brochure, contact Country Roads Travel Council, Dept. F, P.O. Box 744, Parkersburg 26101; phone (304) 428-8117. For information on the Golden Horseshoe Anniversary Pageant, write Golden Horseshoe, c/o Mountain State Art & Craft Fair, Cedar Lakes, Ripley 25271.

Folks II

GOLDENSEAL contributor and Bluefield newspaperman Garret Mathews has published his second book of human interest feature stories, *Folks II.*

Mathews, who is news editor and feature writer for the *Bluefield Daily Telegraph*, collected some of his best stories for the original *Folks*, published in 1979, and has put together some 40 more of these humorous and thoughtful interviews in *Folks II.* There are chapters on death in the mines, the miners' strike of 1981, and the recent coal recession. There is the story of a determined man who taught his dog to ride on top of his truck and a profile of a mother who lost her two children in a fire on the day after Christmas. Other stories are grouped under the heading "Just Plain Folks."

Most of the interviews in both books took place in southern West Virginia and southwest Virginia, the *Daily Telegraph*'s circulation area, and originally appeared in that paper. But these stories of the human condition appeal to a much broader audience—Mathews has sold 1,300 copies of his first book to readers in almost every state.

Folks II may be ordered from the author for $6 a copy plus $1 postage. Write Garret Mathews, 1314 Ronceverte Street, Bluefield 24701.

West Virginia Gunsmiths

West Virginia University professor James B. Whisker recently published *West Virginia Gunsmiths and Gunmakers*, a compendium of muzzle loader builders from most parts of the state. The book covers a broad historical period, from colonial times to the very recent past.

Only the gunsmiths of the Eastern Panhandle have been adequately covered in earlier publications, Professor Whisker says, and his intention is to provide information on craftsmen elsewhere in West Virginia. The heart of his new book is an alphabetical list of about 300 gunsmiths. Many of the entries consist of a single line of bare facts, but the biographies are more richly detailed for some major craftsmen. The Engles and Sheetz families are discussed at length, for example, and Whisker believes his book provides the first published information on the Honaker family of gunsmiths in southern West Virginia. The book concludes with photographic illustrations of guns, identified by maker.

West Virginia Gunsmiths and Gunmakers (paperbound, about 70 pages) may be ordered for $10 from Old Bedford Village Press, Box 1976, Bedford, PA 15222.

Railroad Heritage Festival

The 1984 West Virginia Railroad Heritage Festival will take place in Grafton from September 14 to September 16. The festival, located in one of West Virginia's most historic rail centers, celebrates our state's long and rich railroad legacy. This is the third year for the growing festival.

Railroad Festival organizers promise a full weekend of events, including music, exhibits, and food. Highlights of the third festival will include the annual excursion runs on the Diesel Special. Roundtrip train rides are tentatively planned to Fairmont (September 14), Terra Alta (two trips—September 15), and Elkins (September 16). The excursions will offer a taste of train travel, as well as a view of the end-of-summer countryside of northern West Virginia. Advance tickets will go on sale in late summer.

GOLDENSEAL readers desiring further information on the West Virginia Railroad Heritage Festival may write to P.O. Box 66, Grafton 26354, or call festival headquarters at (304) 265-1957. Written requests should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Arthurdale Anniversary Reunion

The Preston County town of Arthurdale was founded as a New Deal "resettlement community," an official experiment in homestead living growing out of the hard times of the Great Depression. The social planners left long ago, but Arthurdale itself continues to thrive. The people there will celebrate their community's 50th anniversary this summer.

The celebration gets underway Friday afternoon, July 13, with tours, films, and photograph displays, and dinner, music, and theater scheduled for the evening hours. The Mountaineer Craftsmen Cooperative Association exhibit, opening at 2:00 p.m., promises to be a highlight of the anniversary. The Cooperative was part of the original plan to make residents self-sufficient, and the exhibit will feature early furniture, weaving, pottery, and pewter, copper, and iron work.

Events will resume Saturday morning at 10:00. A "Memories of Arthurdale" program at 1:00 p.m. will feature veteran New Dealer Wendell Lund, FDR's son James Roosevelt, Arthurdale historians Stephan Haid and John Maxwell, and Senator Jennings Randolph. There will be a separate dinner and banquet later on Saturday, with a community square dance to follow at 8:00 p.m. The Sunday program will be at the Community Presbyterian Church, the successor to the original nondenominational Arthurdale Community Church.

This year is also being celebrated nationally as the centennial of Eleanor

(Continued on page 72)

Films on West Virginia and Appalachia

Each summer Steve Fesenmeier, the director of Film Services for the West Virginia Library Commission, informs GOLDENSEAL readers of newly available films of state and regional interest. The list below includes films acquired by Fesenmeier's organization since this time last year. The Summer 1983 GOLDENSEAL included a complete listing of all such films in the collection at that time.

With well over a hundred regional movies, the Library Commission now has the largest circulating collection of Appalachian films in the country. Fesenmeier notes that any of them may be borrowed through county public libraries anywhere in West Virginia.

Acid Rain: Requiem or Recovery
27 min. 1982
An examination of the new danger, acid rain. Appalachia depends on coal mining for a living, but the burning of coal may be killing the lakes of Canada and the eastern United States.

Booker T. Washington: The Life and Legacy
32 min. 1982
One of America's great leaders grew up in Malden, Kanawha County. Ex-slave Booker T. Washington believed that education was the only way for black Americans to rise. He became the most influential black educational and political leader of his time, and was embroiled in many issues of racial equality which are still of concern today.

Company Town
20 min. 1983
Coal operator J. G. Bradley built the community of Widen, Clay County, as a model company town, but his dream later crumbled in a violent and bloody strike. This film uses footage from Bradley's company, from home movies of a former resident, and new work by Boston filmmaker James Rutenbeck.

Eulogy for Twelve Tall Stacks
12 min. 1983
Charleston filmmaker Robert Gates recorded the destruction of the smokestacks at the former Libbey-Owens glass plant in Charleston. An existential film using classical music to underscore the sense of loss.

The Great River Road
21 min. 1982
The *Exxon West Virginia* is a tugboat which travels from Louisiana to Pittsburgh, moving millions of gallons of gasoline, oil, and other petroleum products. Modern techniques of riverboating are shown along with life on the riverboat.

Kanawha, the Magic Valley
8 min. 1952
In 1952 a Union Carbide employee who enjoyed watching movies decided to make one of his own about his home, the Kanawha Valley. Reflecting the optimism of the times, the film was edited to fit the music of "An American in Paris."

Myths and the Moundbuilders
55 min. 1981
For more than 200 years various myths were invented to explain the mysterious Indian mounds found in West Virginia and other eastern states. Archaeologists are now piecing together new theories on their creation and the cultures responsible—the Hopewell and Mississippian.

The Night of the Hunter
91 min. 1955
Charles Laughton's adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was filmed on location in Moundsville. The stars included Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish in superb performances. A psychopathic preacher goes on the trail of hidden money, the secret of which is held by two children.

On Location with "Fool's Parade"
10 min. 1971
A studio release about another film made on location in Moundsville and based on a book by Davis Grubb. Interviews with Jimmy Stewart, Strother Martin, George Kennedy, author Grubb, and the director are fast and precise. Stewart himself was born in Appalachian Pennsylvania.

Return to Appalachia
28 min. 1983
Three sisters in Whitesville, Raleigh County, tell of their lives and struggles. Each of the Fisher sisters has a particular attitude toward what it means to be a woman in rural West Virginia today. Taken together, they represent the range between the most traditional and the most cosmopolitan roles in which modern Appalachian women find themselves.

The Road
28 min. 1967
In 1925 Mary Breckinridge founded Frontier Nursing Sevice. This film tells the story of the Service's history and its workers' dedication, and shows the day-to-day struggle to provide medical care for the citizens of eastern Kentucky.

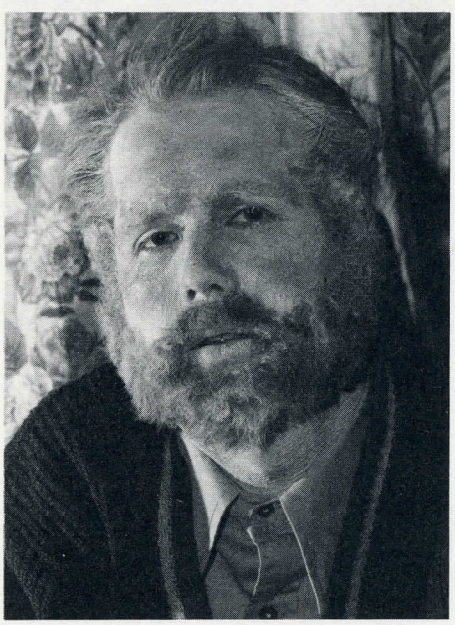
Solitaire
10 min. 1983
West Virginia filmmakers Danny Boyd and Bill Hogan have used the latest color cinematography to create this valentine to a lost love. Filmed in Bristol, Virginia.

Sprout Wings and Fly
30 min. 1982
A touching tribute to a mountain fiddler. Tommy Jarrell was raised on the southern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina. At the turn of the century, the Jarrell home was a social center for music, stories, and good whiskey. Born in 1901, Jarrell received the National Heritage Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival on July 4, 1982.

Voices of Lasting Metal: Wheeling and the Humanities
30 min. 1982
Beautiful historical scenes of Wheeling are presented with a scholarly narration about the value of the humanities in understanding this important West Virginia community.

West Virginia's Upper Ohio Valley
16 min. 1983
A delightful visit to the Northern Panhandle of West Virginia. See the sights, visit the local festivals, and see why there's a good reason to spend a vacation at home—in Wheeling and surrounding areas.

Where the Lilies Bloom
97 min. 1974
The sensitive story of four orphans, ages five to 16, who survive as a family by selling roots, leaves, and bark for medicinals. Filmed on location in the Blue Ridge Mountains, this film by the creator of the "The Waltons" is an uplifting account of survival and unity in the face of a hostile world.



Actor-filmmaker Danny Boyd in "Solitaire"

The Cattle Drive

By Kathleen Hensley Browning

Usually a man on horseback rode up to the yard gate and yelled, "Anybody home?" Mother sent one of the boys to the porch to talk with the stranger, who was a cattleman. He asked to talk with Mother. When she came out, he told her that he had seen my father out on his mail route and had been told that his men could leave the cattle they were driving through to market in our front yard for the night. Mother said she would keep the children in the house.

The cattleman snapped his whip and rode away down the dirt road, sitting easy, comfortable with both his horse and saddle.

I remember many such occasions from the 1920's. Those drives were not as extensive as those of the Old West, although before the coming of the railroads mountain people had indeed driven their cattle, sheep, hogs, and even turkeys all the way to markets in Pittsburgh and Richmond. After the railroads were built following the Civil War, the livestock was driven to a depot for shipment by men who were called drovers. These men plied their trade well into the present century.

After the drover had left our house, the four of us children listened eagerly for the next hour or so. We knew the drove of cattle would be heard as they came bawling down the Mason County Road on John's Creek. If we were having a dry spell there would be a cloud of dust above and behind the herd.

Four men herded the cattle—one in front, one behind, and one on each side to keep the stock from straying into side roads and driveways. Often there was a dog to help. Once someone had left the gate open to the Summers' yard, which was across the road and the next house up from ours, and the cattle poured in there, in spite of everything the drovers could do to prevent it. We could hear the yelling and cracking of whips as they rounded up the herd, mostly cows and veal calves about eight weeks old.

The lead man opened the big wooden gate into our yard, which was about an acre in size. These men didn't look like farmers. They wore muddy boots, dark felt hats, and plaid shirts with dark trousers. The shirts were bulky over heavy underwear. They had spurs on their boots, and the horses pranced along. The black whips they carried were for the cattle.

Our house was probably 200 feet back from the road. In addition to the yard fronting on the road, there was an enclosed inner yard around the house, probably measuring about 30 feet. We could safely play on the porch or in the inner yard, watching the beasts around us.

Those animals could be frightening, even dangerous. One time there was a black bull in the herd, and Mother made sure he had gone into the barn before she set off with my brother and me to visit a neighbor, Aunt Fanny Morris. Before we got to the road gate, the bull spotted us and came charging, but we were able to get through safely.

The cattle buyers rode through rural Mason and Cabell counties, usually in the spring when there were many calves, and bought these animals from the farmers. After the herd had been put up in our yard, the men rode around our neighborhood and bought more stock to bring back to our place. If we had a calf big enough for veal, Father sold it to them.

Since the cattle needed water, the gate at the barn was opened so the herd could go into the barnyard, behind the house and barn, where there was a water trough. The animals fought to get to the water, which was pumped from a deep dug well with flat rock walls, located between a large sycamore tree and a walnut tree. A piece of spouting carried it to the large black trough shaped something like a monstrous bathtub. The ground around the trough was kept muddy from the constant trampling by bovine hooves. There was a small drainage ditch which the cattle had to cross to get to the trough, and some drank from that.

The cows and horses belonging to the family were kept in the barn during the time the cattle were being watered. Later they were turned loose in the upper hill pasture.

When Father came home from the mail route he always asked the drovers to eat with us, but they never did. Instead, they rode into Milton to eat. They may have stabled their horses at Carter's livery stable on Smith Street, or at the other livery stable about a block away on Church Street.

They probably ate at the Justice Inn, where for a dollar they could have all the fried chicken they wanted. There was another restaurant on Main Street, so maybe that received their patronage instead. I always thought they slept in our barn on the straw and hay, but some may have stayed on South Main Street at Frank Grass's rooming house. Meals were available there, too.

Opening off the barnyard there was a grassy pen which we called the calf lot, and the drovers' calves were put there for the night. They were fed bran and water, but the rest of the stock had good grazing in the big outer yard where there was plenty of shade for them.

Very early in the morning I could hear the men rounding up the cattle to drive them away, and I would peek out my bedroom window to watch. Once I saw one of the men give Father some money, and I'm sure this was the common practice.

From our place the cattle were driven on to the depot at Milton. There was a small corral and a ramp there and the animals were driven up into a cattle car for the last leg of the trip to the market in Huntington. Later in the summer there would be bright green patches of grass where the yard had been fertilized naturally, so we were paid twice for our hospitality.

Young people work with adult leaders in the 4-H program. This is an early 1960's vegetable growing team from McDowell County. Photographer unknown.

Head, Heart, Hands and Health

The West Virginia 4-H Movement

By Michael M. Meador

Travel anywhere in rural West Virginia and you will see signs of 4-H. The familiar four-leaf clover road signs welcome you at the borders of most counties and at the outskirts of many a small town. Countless 4-H recycling centers, exhibits, flower beds, camps, billboards, and calendars can be found throughout the state. Each month tens of thousands of young people gather with thousands of adult leaders to conduct meetings, work on projects, have fun, and generally learn about the world and themselves. Former 4-H'ers are everywhere, and many reminisce enthusiastically about the experience. The evidence that 4-H has had a tremendous impact upon life in West Virginia is all around us.

In fact, West Virginians played a leading role in founding 4-H nationally, and by coincidence the earliest roots of the movement are just about exactly as old as our state. It was in 1862 that Abraham Lincoln signed the Morrill Act, providing funding for an agricultural college in each state through the sale of government lands in the West. West Virginia's "land grant" school is West Virginia University, which was founded in 1867. For the first 20 years teaching was the main function of the land grant colleges but in 1887 Congress established agricultural research stations at each, through passage of the Hatch Act.

These research stations opened the door to demonstration of improved farming methods and eventually to 4-H work among farm youth. Farmers needed the assistance badly. American agriculture in the late 19th century consisted mainly of small farms, for the most part unproductive by modern standards. The great progress that industry made during this period hardly affected the small farmer, whose techniques were antiquated and whose cash income was meager.

As the agricultural research stations in each state matured, it became apparent that the knowledge being gained would greatly improve the plight of the small farmer, but only if farmers could be convinced to change accustomed methods. One innovation adopted around the turn of the century was for the agricultural colleges to work with groups of rural boys to help them scientifically farm selected crops. After the results were harvested there was no difficulty in convincing the most stubborn farmer to adopt new methods that would increase his yield. These early boys' clubs were named for the crops they raised.

The first corn club in West Virginia was organized in Monroe County in 1907. The State Board of Agriculture arranged that year to have farmers' institutes at Lindside, Greenville, Pickaway, and Sinks Grove. The boys' club was a suggestion of Monroe County Schools Superintendent C. A. Keadle, and at the Pickaway institute 71 boys were signed up for a corn growing contest. The seed was provided by the newly created Agricultural Extension Department of West Virginia University, with the contest conducted by county farmers. Each participant was given 100 grains of improved corn seed and instructed to bring his 10 best ears to the contest in Union that fall.

One youthful farmer from Pickaway later remembered the experience. "I

Jackson's Mill as it looked early in the century. The mill building is at right, with the second Jackson family home at left. Date and photographer unknown.

rode on horseback when I went to that contest. I went all the way to Union carrying my corn." The lesson learned was evidently valuable to him in later life. "When I was in the corn business," he added, "I was one of the biggest producers in Monroe County." The Pickaway idea spread and by 1909 there were clubs and contests in Greenbrier, Preston, and Lewis counties as well.

Girls' clubs were also started, to teach farm girls about food preservation and homemaking. The first West Virginia girls' club was formed in Monroe County in 1909, in connection with the third annual corn contest. Girls exhibited homemade bread, jellies, and canned goods that year.

At the urging of the WVU Extension Service similar youth clubs were started throughout the state. By 1911, enrollment had grown to more than 2,000 members. Two years later clubs could be found in 30 counties, with a combined enrollment of approximately 5,000. Fundamental to the success of the clubs was the appointment of enthusiastic extension agents in the counties. There were 29 such agents by 1913. Their jobs were firmly secured by Congressional passage of the Smith-Lever Act in 1914, making funding available for each state to fully develop its agricultural extension program.

The life of an extension agent in the years before World War I was not easy. One writer described the situation of a female agent in West Virginia during this period. "Travel was difficult and the road . . . was at times impassable for horse and buggy, but in canning season she would tie her canner on the back of her horse and ride the trails to many a home in the mountain coves. She went to assist girls with their gardens, show them how to can for winter, and incidentally to slip in some demonstrations on how to sweep, clean, and keep the premises in a sanitary condition."

A guide for extension agents warned that the average county agent worked more than 72 hours a week, visited 774 farms a year, and annually traveled more than 4,991 miles by buggy or horseback. He or she had to keep in good physical condition even when sleeping in a different bed each night, eating all kinds of cooking, and never knowing what to expect from the weather. If it rained, the agent got wet.

The West Virginia Extension Service had begun in 1907. In its early years, the Service's aim was to create an interest in better farming but soon the goal was broadened to teaching ways of improving the entire lifestyle of farm families. After Smith-Lever was passed, agents began to work in three general areas: farming, homemaking, and youth work. In many counties a single agent held down all three jobs but in the larger counties agents specialized, cooperating with each other to build a stronger overall program. Thus, the home demonstration agent who normally worked with farm women might teach canning to girls, and the agricultural agent who worked with farmers might help a group of farm boys with a special project.

In 1915 the State Legislature passed two bills which allowed the county boards of education and the county courts to appropriate money to help pay the salaries of extension agents. The extension program then began to be funded by local, state, and national sources, an arrangement that continues up to the present. The funding of 4-H runs somewhat parallel, with national sponsorship by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and additional support from state and local agencies.

Modern 4-H was born of the diverse early efforts at farm youth work. Unlike the Boy Scouts, the movement cannot claim a single founder. Many people in many states originated the ideas which in time merged into a unified program. One of West Virginia's contributions was the development of a successful 4-H camping program, later adopted nationwide.

The first organized Extension Service youth camp in the country was held on a Randolph County farm in July 1915. The idea came from Randolph County Agent J. Versus Shipman. He felt that farm boys and girls would benefit by getting away from home for a few days during the summer to have fun in a supervised setting. He saw the camp as a promising opportunity to mix informal education with recreation and fellowship.

Both Shipman and his wife, Bess, had camping experience from earlier work with the Scouts. They planned their first farm youth camp with the cooperation of Jackson Crouch, an interested farmer. Crouch's barn provided housing for the first campers, since rain prevented the use of tents. Campers and leaders brought their own tin plates, cups, bedding, and food. They spent their time swimming, playing

games, talking, and relaxing, and they evidently enjoyed it. "Our campfires were wonderful," one camper later wrote. "We sat down in the evenings and sang songs and listened to stories as Americans do around campfires all over the country."

Many people scoffed at Shipman's idea of a camp for farm children, but those who participated were enthusiastic. They and their adult supporters spread the word and the idea gradually took hold. Summer camping for West Virginia 4-H'ers has been a major feature of the program since that first Randolph County camp in 1915.

One adult participant who left Crouch's farm excited about the potential of rural youth camps was William H. Kendrick, who had become the state agent in charge of boys' clubs in 1913. A native of Alabama, he had moved to Morgantown from Kentucky and made a name for himself around the city for his successful church youth program. He brought to the statewide position a strong conviction that young people must be challenged to do their very best. To the Extension Service's purely technical agriculture and homemaking youth programs, Kendrick added projects to encourage self awareness and teach ethics, responsibility, morality, self improvement, and physical fitness. He summed up his philosophy with the comment, "Not a boy with a better cow, but a better boy with a better cow."

Affectionately known as "Teepi" among his associates, Kendrick was to guide the course of 4-H in West Virginia for 24 years. It was Kendrick, in fact, who brought the state youth programs formally under the 4-H banner. From the first he was very much in favor of the emblem for boys' and girls' clubs that was being adopted nationwide, a green four-leaf clover with four white H's superimposed. The H's symbolized development of the head, heart, hands, and health. Each was important to Teepi Kendrick, and from then on he molded the state program around what he called "four-fold development." In 1918, at his urging, the West Virginia University Extension Service officially adopted the name and emblem of "4-H" for its youth club work.

It soon became clear that local adult leaders would have to assist the extension agents in keeping the youth groups organized and functioning. Each fall agents fanned out to recruit volunteers, who were often but not always teachers. These leaders were trained in such basics as parliamentary procedure and leadership skills, and then proceeded to set up clubs in their own communities. After the earliest years boys and girls were organized into the same units, a feature that distinguished 4-H from most other youth programs. The new members assembled monthly through the winter, for meetings and project workshops. During the spring and summer, projects were completed and many 4-H'ers attended camp. Their work was exhibited at county fairs. Fall brought the beginning of the cycle for the next year.

A network was developed to keep local clubs in touch with Morgantown, with newsletters and other information flowing from headquarters to the field. County agents provided support to club leaders throughout the year by workshops and personal visits. The leaders themselves weren't expected to be expert in all areas of agriculture and homemaking, but they did need organizational ability and the willingness to ask for help when necessary.

Like other aspects of West Virginia life at the time, early 4-H was segregated. A separate program was established for black youngsters. The first black club was organized at Seebert in Pocahontas County in 1915, when 24 boys enrolled in poultry and potato projects. A program for girls began there the following year. Seebert leader J. E. Banks sometimes walked as much as 20 miles in a day to visit club members in outlying areas.

The structure of black 4-H paralleled that of the white program. Statewide headquarters was at West Virginia State College, which became the state's black land grant college upon its formation in 1891. Beginning in the early 1940's, a black state 4-H camp operated at Camp Washington-Carver in Fayette County. The segregated programs existed side by side until the 1960's, when West Virginia State's extension work was gradually absorbed into that at West Virginia University.

By 1920, the 4-H program had been firmly established in most counties. Leaders and members from across the state were getting together regularly, and it soon became apparent that some sort of statewide meeting and camping facility was needed. As the story goes, the idea was first raised by a group of West Virginia boys who attended a 1920 tri-state camp at the Grottoes in Virginia. They wanted to invite their hosts to West Virginia, but could think of no suitable place for the proposed combined camp.

Teepi Kendrick took up the idea about this time and began scouting locations. He and a committee visited

At camp, 4-H'ers are organized into four "tribes." Here are tribe leaders from the 1947 state camp. Photo by Ellis Studio, Weston.

Building the Weston cottage was a cooperative effort of the people of Webster County, with materials and labor donated. Here the cottage is shown during construction in 1923 and recently. Early photographer unknown, recent photo by Michael Keller.

Tygarts Valley and the Kanawha County fairgrounds, among other places. They eventually settled upon Jackson's Mill near Weston, where Civil War General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson had spent part of his early years. The place was already popular for picnics and recreation and a handsome granite monument marked the site of Jackson's boyhood cabin. Kendrick no doubt saw the steadfast Confederate hero as a moral exemplar worthy of young West Virginians, and he was certain that Jackson's Mill was perfect for a state 4-H camp.

With Kendrick's urging, the necessary groundwork proceeded smoothly. First the State Legislature was persuaded to appropriate money for construction. Next, the Monongahela West Penn Public Service Company, owner of the property, agreed to deed a five-acre site including the old Jackson mill and the monument. The mill, dating from the 1830's, was the only major structure left standing at the time. It was in this building, and a shed and several tents, that the first state 4-H camp was held in the late summer of 1921.

That humble beginning was good enough at the start, but Teepi Kendrick had elaborate plans for Jackson's Mill. From the beginning, he was determined to involve the different counties of the state in the development of the facility, particularly through the building of county cottages. The local 4-H programs cooperated, although the method varied from county to county.

Lewis County 4-H'ers were each asked to contribute a dollar toward the construction of their county's cottage. In Marion, funds were raised by pitting the rival towns of Farmington and Mannington against each other. The Webster County Cottage was an all-out community effort. The spruce logs were donated by the Cherry River Boom and Lumber Company and out-of-work Webster County woodsmen traveled to Jackson's Mill to donate their time for construction. When the building was dedicated in 1923, a special train brought more than 600 Webster Countians to view the ceremony.

The camp at Jackson's Mill quickly gained a wide reputation and was in part responsible for the West Virginia camping program becoming respected as a national model. The "Mill," as avid 4-H'ers call it, furnished a laboratory where Kendrick's theories of personal growth and learning by doing could be taught and refined. Jackson's Mill also became the inspirational center of 4-H in West Virginia. As James Morris points out in the accompanying interview, Kendrick "saw Jackson's Mill as the heart of the 4-H program, with the administrative head in Morgantown."

To give the state camp special meaning, Kendrick set aside certain historic areas as sacred. These included the monument, the old mill, the Jackson spring, the homesite, the vegetable garden, and the Jackson family cemetery. He added ritual areas for special ceremonies and events, such as vesper programs and evening campfires. Campers left feeling that there was something almost spiritual about the place, and the effect was by no means accidental.

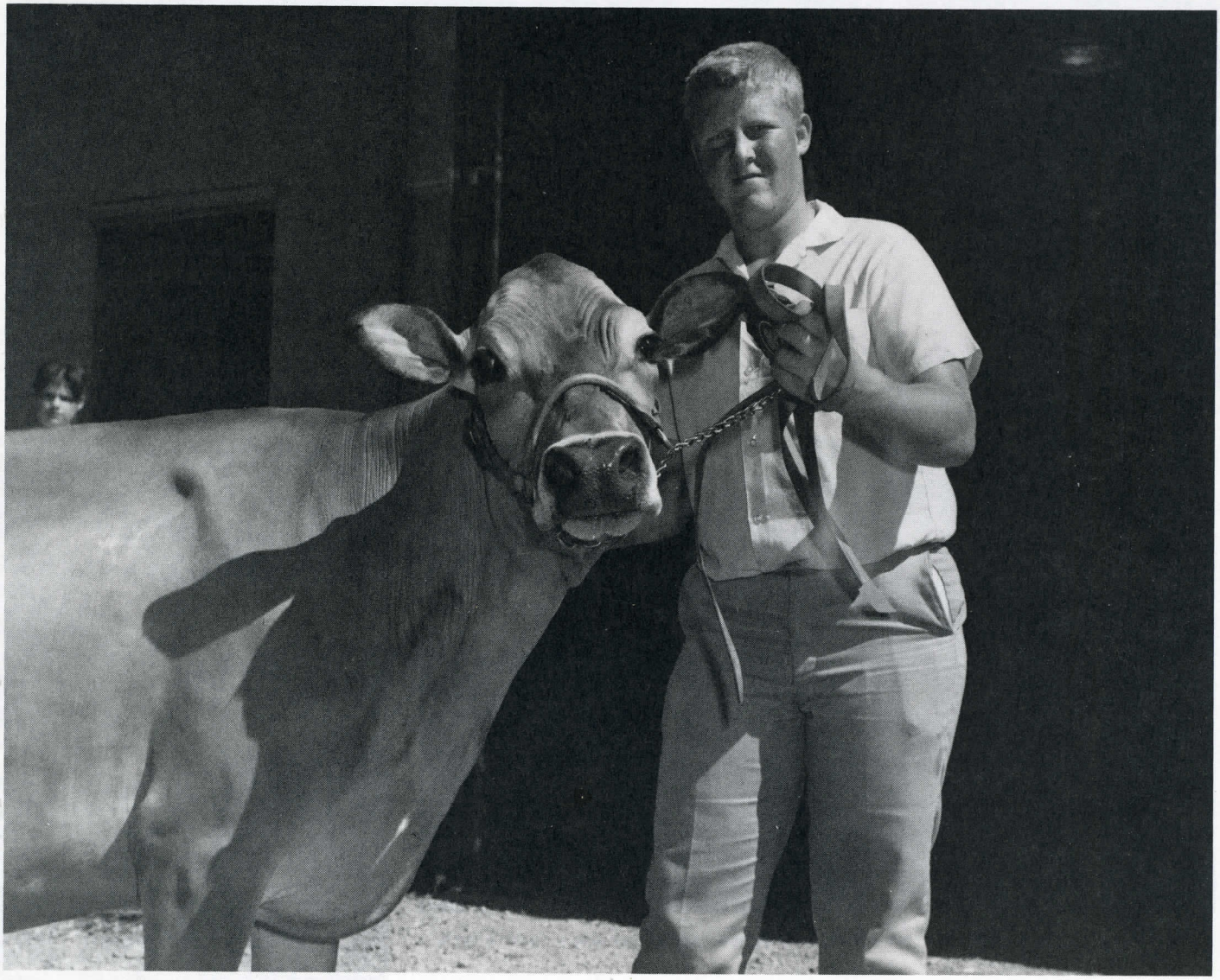
The ceremonies and traditions from Jackson's Mill were quickly carried home to county camps. After just a few summers in the early 1920's, West Virginia 4-H campers all knew the same songs, belonged to one of four "Indian tribes," and spoke to each other through special words and signs. Members and leaders throughout the state took to the new ideas with enthusiasm. This was as Kendrick had hoped, for he intended to use Jackson's Mill to unify the individual county programs into one movement. Shared friendships, traditions, and rituals provided the framework for propagating his ideas of "four-fold development" into all the 55 counties.

Jackson's Mill was the centerpiece of Kendrick's program, but it was not his only tool for promoting 4-H. At an achievement conference in Morgantown in 1919, he had launched the 4-H All Stars. This select group of outstanding leaders, members, and supporters still carries on Kendrick's challenge to further the 4-H movement. In the mid-1920's, Kendrick began a charting program to allow members to assess their progress within 4-H and as individuals. Charting remains an important feature in West Virginia 4-H and has been adopted in other states as well.

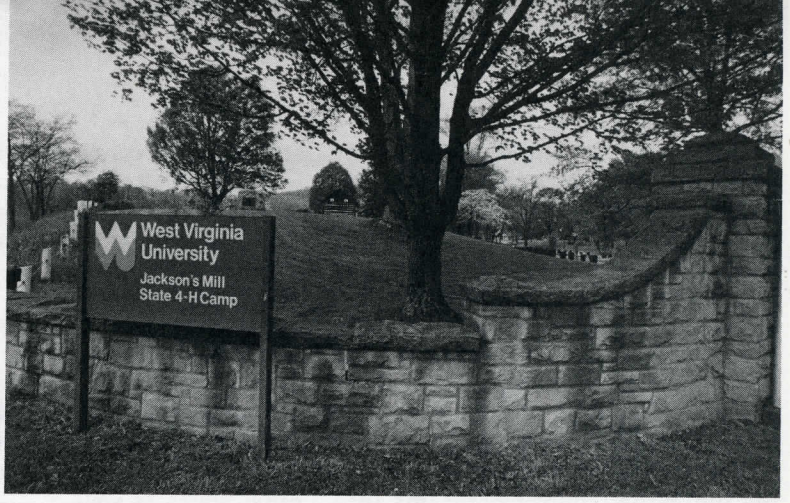
Teepi Kendrick continued as state 4-H leader and director of Jackson's Mill until his death in 1937. In just under a quarter century he had taken a scattering of corn and canning clubs and turned them into an organized statewide movement sharing common customs and traditions. The impact of his work can hardly be measured numerically, but it undoubtedly has been profound.

Since Kendrick's death, 4-H in West Virginia has continued to grow. The State 4-H Camp at Jackson's Mill has become one of the finest centers of its sort in the country. The 4-H program has expanded to include urban as well as rural youth, with constantly changing programs reflecting the changes in national and state priorities. The development of head, heart, hands, and health continues for many thousands of youngsters, under Kendrick's old philosophy of "learning by doing." Their progress makes West Virginia a better place, as all of us continue to reap the harvest of those first grains of corn doled out to Monroe County farmboys back in 1907.

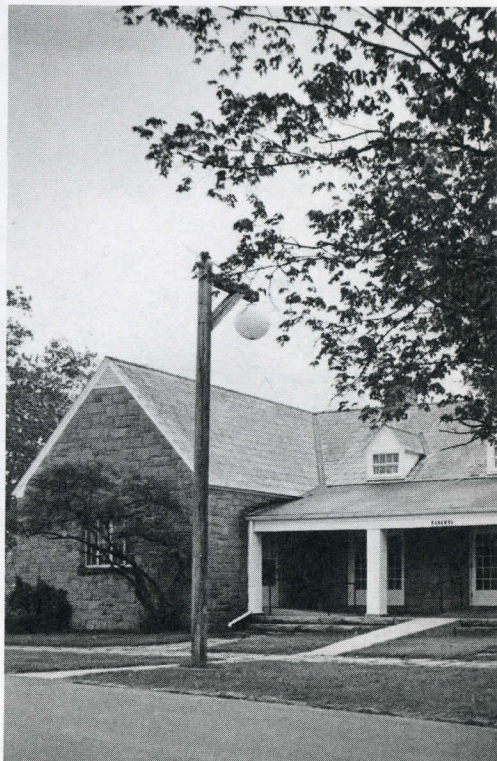
"A better boy with a better cow" was 4-H leader Teepi Kendrick's philosophy. This is Clarence Woodworth with his 1962 state 4-H Guernsey champion. Photographer unknown.

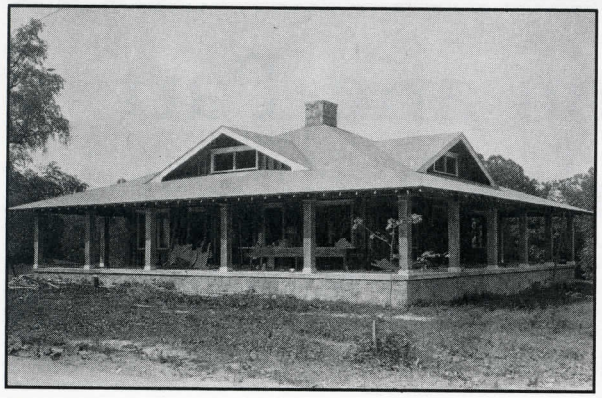


A Visit to Jackson's Mill



Above: The proud builders gather around the Randolph cottage, shown here under construction in 1927. Photographer unknown.

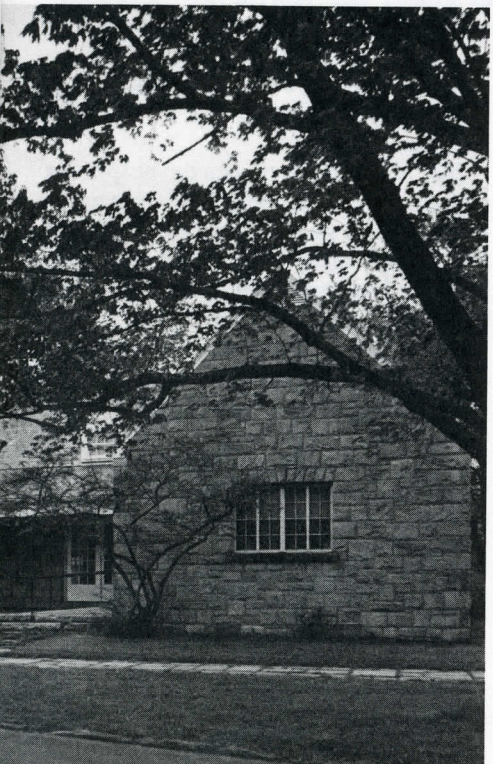




Above: The Marion cottage, shown here near its completion in 1926. The interior is divided into dormitory rooms.
Right: The director's residence, located near the dining hall, was completed in 1927.

Photographs by Michael Keller

Left: Camp founder Teepi Kendrick had the Jackson's Mill dining hall modeled after Mount Vernon. The dining hall was finished in 1925.
Below: The architecture at Jackson's Mill varies widely. The Kanawha cottage, built of fine stone, was completed in 1940. The two wings are large dormitory rooms.
Right: The old mill is the centerpiece of Jackson's Mill. The building, constructed in 1837, was built during the time Stonewall Jackson was living on his uncle's farm. The horizontal mill wheel received its power from the adjacent West Fork River. The building has now been restored.



"Part P. T. Barnum and Part Billy Sunday"

James Morris Remembers "Teepi" Kendrick

Interview by Michael M. Meador

"I've been an enthusiastic supporter of 4-H for over 60 years," James Morris says, so his memories go back to the very early days of the movement. Morris grew up as the son of a coal miner in the Harrison County community of Enterprise, where he still lives, and joined the local 4-H in 1924. The Enterprise club, one of the first in a mining area, was founded by County Agent H. Gail Sterm.

Morris went to his first state 4-H camp at Jackson's Mill in 1925, four years after the camp there opened. It was that summer that he began a lifelong admiration of West Virginia 4-H pioneer William "Teepi" Kendrick. "I was with him many times as a camper, a club member, and as a leader," Morris now says. "I got to know him quite well."

Michael Meador. Tell us about Kendrick.

James Morris. Teepi was born in Selma, Alabama, where his father was a minister. His uncle taught in Morgantown. Kendrick moved there to live with his uncle following the death of his father. He married a Morgantown woman and got a job in the post office. He was very active with his church and taught Sunday school. His work with the young people in the church was so outstanding that he was asked to join the Extension Service to work with the 4-H program.

He had a hard time financially getting through college and he was sympathetic to the problems of young people, but he also believed that if you worked hard you would succeed if you really gave your best.

Teepi brought his religious convictions into the program he had been hired to direct. He thought that the emphasis on a project was all right, but he also wanted to put emphasis on the individual boy and girl. He thought that the most important part of 4-H was the growth of the individual and not the cash or the ear of corn. Unless the boy or girl grew with their project, the program wasn't succeeding.

Teepi felt that West Virginia boys and girls were equal to others in the country, but he knew that our experiences had been limited because of poor roads, isolation, and the shortage of books and libraries. He traveled all over West Virginia organizing 4-H clubs. He was a good showman, part P. T. Barnum and part Billy Sunday.

MM What do you think contributed to Kendrick's success with the 4-H program?

JM His ability to recruit and inspire dedicated volunteer leaders. He believed in the volunteer and felt that he was just as important as the paid employee in 4-H work. Kendrick said inspiration came first and then came information. This policy makes a good 4-H leader. He had a song that he liked to sing at all of the camps:

A call for loyal soldiers comes to one and all,
Ready for the conflict? Will you heed the call?
Will you answer quickly, with related cheer?
Will you be enlisted as a volunteer?

Teepi recognized that West Virginia lacked leaders and he felt that 4-H was the perfect program in which to train volunteers for service.

In his camping program Kendrick had everything geared to individual achievement and ability. He stressed production, that a business person had to be productive to stay in business and that an individual needed to be productive in life. He was a great supporter of the capitalist system and he felt that you could succeed if you worked hard enough. He also believed that if you were to succeed you had to prepare yourself. Although he insisted on group activities and learning to get along in a group, he was still interested in each individual in the group.

There has been a custom in 4-H camps since I can remember where the "tribes" in camp compete with each other using a point system for work performed and competitive events won. In Kendrick's day each individual in the tribe was on a point system and he or she carried a little book around where the points were recorded. It was the individual and not the group that was being graded. In recent years the emphasis has shifted to the performance of the group rather than the particular member.

MM Tell me about Kendrick's role in developing the state 4-H camp at Jackson's Mill.

JM He was in on the development of Jackson's Mill from the beginning. Back in 1920 he was looking for a spot for a state camp and a woman from Weston suggested that he look into Stonewall Jackson's boyhood home, Jackson's Mill. There wasn't much out there then but the old mill, which wasn't in too good shape, and some

Teepi Kendrick got his start directing church youth programs, and he approached his 4-H responsibilities with evangelical fervor. Here he lectures on "four-fold development" to a small group at Jackson's Mill. Date and photographer unknown.


R - Heart - Church
M - Spiritual - School
S - Spiritual - Shop
P - Health - gym
Fear

Mr. Morris has memorabilia dating back to his own days as a 4-H camper in the 1920's.

outbuildings. The house that Jackson's uncle had built a few years after he had left for West Point had burned sometime around the turn of the century. When Jackson lived there his uncle lived in a log cabin.

Kendrick saw at once the great potential that the historic site had and immediately set about developing the facility. The first camp was held in the old mill and in tents in 1921, but by the time I got there in 1925 several permanent buildings had been built.

All of the cottages were built by donations. The dining hall which is styled after George Washington's home, Mt. Vernon, was built with limited funds. At one point it looked as if the design would have to be radically altered in order to save money. One of the plans was to reduce the size of the dining room. Instead, Kendrick decided to reduce the size of the kitchen, and he put the refrigerator in the basement, it was so tall. He really wanted a dining room that would seat 500.

He saw Jackson's Mill as the heart of the 4-H program, with the administrative head in Morgantown. When the fireplace was constructed in the assembly hall he had a piece of the original burr from the old mill mounted in the center, along with a stone heart that had the 4-H emblem on it. For him this one particular spot was the spiritual center of 4-H in West Virginia. He wanted Jackson's Mill to be the nicest place in West Virginia, so that when 4-H'ers returned home, they could use it as a model for their county camps.

Kendrick wanted to have round tables in the dining hall, like in King Arthur's court, but there was no band saw available to do the job. He felt that it was better to look people in the eye when you talked to them and that round tables would help break down the barriers of isolation that West Virginia people experienced. He never was happy with the rectangular tables that he ended up with in the dining hall.

MM Did Kendrick prefer to run the 4-H program by himself?

JM One of Kendrick's strong points was that he involved people in his programs that he knew would outshine him in their particular field; in fact, he welcomed this. I think that this is the mark of a very self-assured leader. Working with people not quite as talented as you is not the same as working with those that outshine you.

Ernest Thompson Seton is someone that comes to mind immediately as a resource person that Kendrick enlisted for assistance. Seton was famous back in the '20's and '30's for his youth work, particularly in the area of summer camping. He had written a book entitled *The Birch Bark Roll* that was a very popular guidebook on American Indian customs, dances, woodlore, crafts, and philosophy. Seton liked to use Indian customs in the camp programs that he worked with and was responsible for the layout of the council circle at Jackson's Mill, the prototype for council circles all over the state. He developed the tribal system for camps that is 4-H tradition today in West Virginia and which has given the program great unity.

Other resource people that Kendrick used included coaches and other faculty members from West Virginia University. He even got an opera singer from New York, Sarah B. "Manna" Huff, to come to Jackson's Mill to teach music. He immediately saw the great potential in having a trained music person teaching children music and encouraged her to get very involved in the music program at Jackson's Mill. I feel that her influence can still be felt in the music that is sung and performed today at Jackson's Mill and around the state. West Virginia 4-H'ers are noted for their singing.

MM Can you think of influential people who were enrolled in the 4-H program or who have been big supporters?

JM I would mention Dr. Dana Farnsworth, who headed the student health program at Harvard. There are so many people who can be mentioned along that line, people that have made important contributions to West Virginia, such as doctors, educators, and lawyers. It is also interesting to note the number of West Virginia 4-H'ers who have gotten involved in developing 4-H programs in other states.

I hesitate to mention names, but former 4-H'ers are everywhere making major contributions on many different levels. Senators Byrd and Randolph are both members of the West Virginia 4-H All Stars, as is Gus Douglass, the State Commissioner of Agriculture. The important thing about 4-H is that there is a challenge to continue to be of service for a lifetime, not just for a certain period.

MM Do you think that Kendrick and the 4-H program have had a major effect on the quality of life in West Virginia?

JM Oh, my, yes! Because of their experiences in camping and working, 4-H'ers together see the state as a whole. Those who get involved on a regional or state level may identify themselves as being from a particular county, but they also have friends and acquaintances scattered throughout the state. They visit each other and barriers of isolation and ignorance come down.

Kendrick was keenly aware of the isolation and difficulty of travel in West Virginia during the '20's and '30's. He

Kendrick paid attention to every construction detail at the State 4-H Camp, and was disappointed when he couldn't have round tables in the dining hall. Round tables would facilitate conversation, he thought, and help to break down regionalism within West Virginia. Photographer unknown, 1938.

wanted Jackson's Mill to be a unique learning center where boys and girls and adults could come together as one group. They ate, played, prayed, learned, and slept together. I have heard Kendrick credited with helping get the "good road movement" of the 1930's started. People trying to get to Jackson's Mill from different parts of the state became acutely aware of just how poor West Virginia's roads were.

Kendrick thought that sectionalism was bad for the state and he worked long and hard to get 4-H'ers in West Virginia to feel common bonds. To see how well this worked you need only to go to a state camp at Jackson's Mill and see how cooperative and unified the campers are.

MM After Kendrick got Jackson's Mill established, what type of programming did he do there in the years before his death in 1937?

JM During the last two years of Kendrick's life he suffered a series of heart attacks and his health was not good but he still gave some rousing talks. I think that he saw World War II coming and he was trying to get us ready for it. He began to stress leadership more and more and the need to submit to qualified leaders, especially in time of emergency and war. We had all sorts of drills and exercises at the Mill to teach us how to conduct ourselves in an emergency.

One of the more innovative programs he started at the Mill was a flight school to train pilots. He was trained himself and had a runway for airplanes developed at the Mill. The pilot school was long ago dropped but the runway is still there and still used.

But the establishment of Jackson's Mill itself was the zenith of Kendrick's career, and he was proud and humble to have been able to give it to West Virginia.

Both James Morris and Teepi Kendrick would agree that enthusiastic club members are the heart of 4-H in West Virginia. Here are Todd and Lee Scott, members of the Mercer County livestock club. Photo by James Samsell.

The old Akro Agate Company plant in Clarksburg. Former maintenance supervisor Raymond Rowe looks on.

Marbles and Pressed Glass

Remembering Akro Agate of Clarksburg

By Edwin Sweeney

Photographs by Ron Rittenhouse

For most of the first half of this century there was a small factory in Clarksburg which produced millions of glass marbles for shipment throughout the United States, Mexico, and Central America. Billions, even, for the output sometimes reached two million a week. The company was Akro Agate, producing a colored, marbleized glass that once had a thriving market. In addition to common playing marbles, Akro also pressed cheap novelty glass which brightened homes during the Depression. Articles bearing the Akro trademark—the letter A with the figure of a crow—now are collectors' items, some bringing many times their original price of less than a dollar.

Akro Agate was organized in Akron in 1911 and soon found a ready market for its marbles among the younger generation. Like other Ohio glass firms, Akro was lured to West Virginia by

the availability here of glass sand and inexpensive natural gas. The young company moved to Clarksburg in 1914, locating in a building in which glass lamps had been manufactured. It flourished there until shortly before its demise in 1951.

The factory off South Chestnut Street is now abandoned and not many people remember that it was once a booming operation. However, there are at least two men who do. Raymond Rowe, once Akro's maintenance foreman on 24-hour call, and Ralph Heatherington, its one-man sales department, quickly bring the plant back to life when they begin reminiscing.

"I was pretty young when my father started hauling freight for Akro," Rowe recently told me.

"He had a grocery store at 779 West Pike Street and delivered groceries in a wagon. One of his customers was Horace C. Hill, who started with Akro in Ohio and then came here when they set up in an old plant that made kerosene lamps and chimneys. Mr. Hill engaged my father to take wooden crates of marbles over to the B&O Railroad depot where a lot went to Mexico and Central America." Raymond Rowe himself went to work for the company within a few years.

Heatherington, who will be 91 in July, knows the details of the company's beginnings in Akron. It was there, he says, that Gilbert C. Marsh joined with George T. Rankin to form Akro Agate in 1911. Marsh was already a successful businessman, whose Wagner Shoe Company had outlets in Akron, Youngstown, and Canton, Ohio, while Rankin was a young physician.

"They initially purchased clay marbles from a factory operated by M. F. Christensen and later moved into the manufacture of glass marbles," Heatherington says. Marsh and Rankin bought the marbles in bulk for packaging and resale. This limited packing and shipping operation was successful into the early 'teens, and evidently the change to manufacturing came when they moved to Clarksburg.

The two founders acquired new partners along with their new factory. According to Harrison County records, they were joined in the initial October 1, 1914, West Virginia incorporation by John M. Rowley, E. E. McGalliard, and Mr. Hill. That charter itself was dissolved April 1, 1921. Akro Agate was rechartered on March 4, 1925, by N. O. Mather, J. M. Neal, G. L. Keller, R. H. Nesbitt, and W. L. Wilkie. The Ohio founding partners remained in until their deaths more than 20 years later.

Raymond Rowe picks up the story of Akro from about the time of its rechartering. "I had been around there since I was a youngster," he says. "I went to work in 1926 and stayed to the end—for 24 years. I started in the packing room and went to the hot end after a year and a half. When I began, the glass was hand gathered, and this lasted into the late '30's when we motorized.

"In the beginning, the glass was melted in big clay pots. There were four to a chimney. It had to be preheated until it was rosy. Each pot weighed about a thousand pounds. The glass was gathered in what they called monkey pots, about 12 inches wide and 18 inches high. To get the glass from the large pot we used an iron rod about an inch round and six feet long."

This part of the operation will sound familiar to anyone knowledgeable of basic glassmaking. Mr. Rowe then went on to describe the special work done only at the marble factory. "We had to keep turning the rod to keep the glass on it so we could get it into the rolling machine. This device had two sets of rollers, which kept the glass turning through a feeder to make it round. It then traveled about 30 inches and came out an orifice as marbles and dropped into a bucket. By then they were not hot enough to stick together.

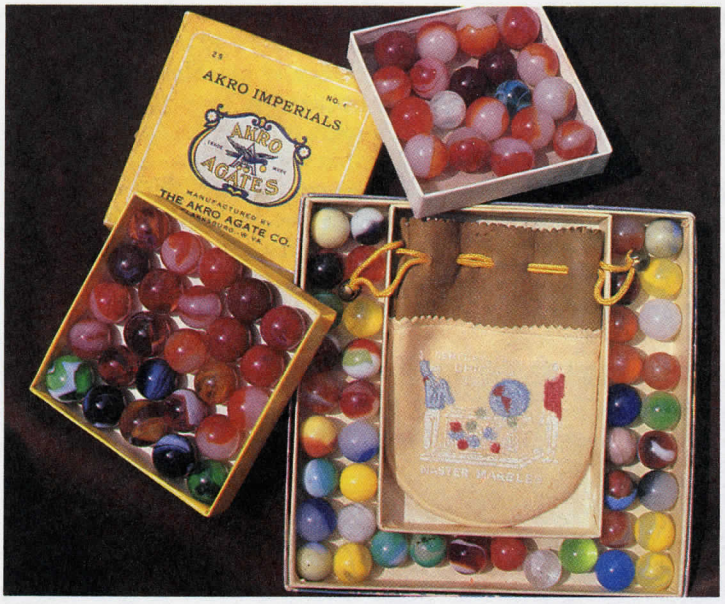
"The buckets were taken to a grader," Rowe continues. "This was a machine with two round cylinders, eight feet long, which separated the marbles according to size. They were stored in six-foot-tall bins."

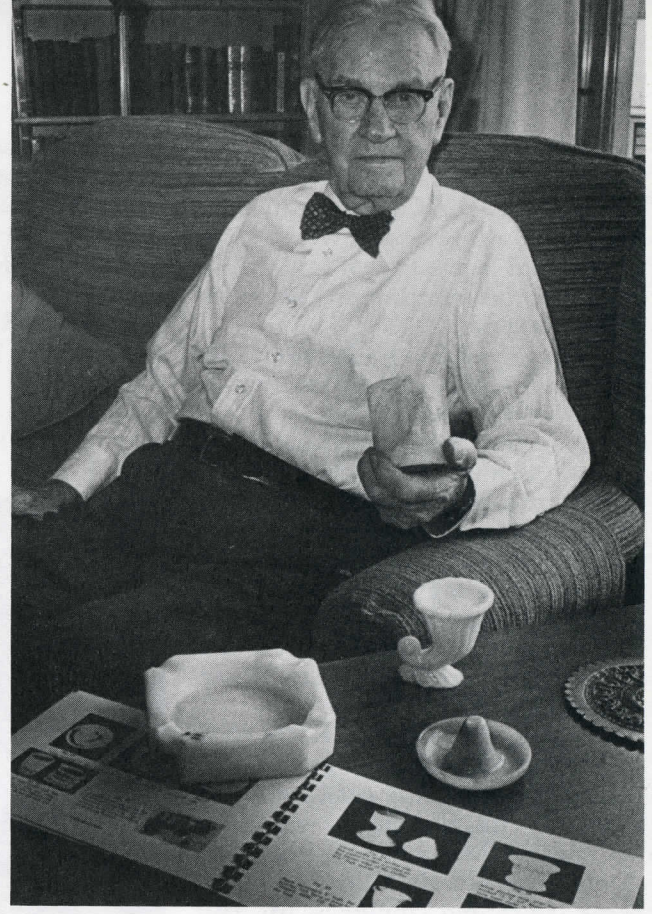
Akro Agate playing marbles were packed in small cardboard boxes. This is the label illustration from one such box.

Rowe is a man who knows marbles. "Of course, marbles always look round but they were never pefectly round. If the glass was too hot or the machine was going too fast, the marbles lost their shape. Akro had a patent on striped marbles. Other plants tried to duplicate them by making their glass hotter, but they just couldn't do it." The temperature was critical, but the process itself was a simple one. "In hand gathering we used basic glass and mixed in a wad of different colors for striping. We had to fill the furnace every half hour."

It was Rowe who brought the Akro operation up to peak production. When he went to the maintenance department he modified the equipment with longer, smaller rollers to produce up to 2,000,000 marbles per week.

"One man could put out about 7,500 to 10,000 marbles in an eight-hour shift," he recalls. "I made from $8 to $10 per day. That was when I was doing





Marbles were Akro Agate's original product, and always the mainstay of its business. Ralph Heatherington (*right*) was Akro's best salesman. "He kept the orders coming in," according to Mr. Rowe.

piece work for two different sizes, zeros and ones. Ones were the most popular size for playing marbles. We also made twos, which were ¾ of an inch thick; fours, that were ⅞ of an inch; and sixes, which were an inch.

"The ones were used as lithograph balls, to clean press type. They were also used for reflecting letters in road signs and for cleaning out sewers."

Each type of marble had its own use, and Rowe notes that the company was quick to exploit new markets for its basic product. "Back in the '30's there was a popular game on the West Coast called Chinese Checkers that involved marbles," he remembers. "It took two years to get to the East Coast but when it did we shipped out all the marbles we could make. Our marbles went all over the country and a lot of them went to Mexico—to Vera Cruz, Mexico. I remember hearing one man say that this 'Vera Cruz' must be an awfully rich woman because she bought a lot of marbles.

"It was in the early '30's, too, that we started making a lot of pressed ware. We got our molds from the old McBride Glass plant at Salem and from the old Brilliant Glass in Weston." According to Gene Florence's *Collectors' Encyclopedia of Akro Agate Glassware*, Brilliant Glass, under the "Westite" name, had made a line of children's dishes, marbleized towel racks, and ashtrays, among other items. After purchasing the equipment Akro Agate went into a similar line of production.

"When we bought these molds and started making our own wares, we began marking them with our Akro trademark," Rowe recalls. "We decided to go motorized. We had a press that had an air-operated plunger which pressed a pattern on the glass before it went onto a conveyor belt and slowly moved for about 50 feet through the annealing furnace. When it came off the conveyor it went onto a trap and was moved to the packing room.

"Much of our pressed ware was made from cullet. That was glass discarded by other companies. A lot of the cullet came from the Jeanette Glass Company in Jeanette, Pennsylvania. It was made at about the same temperature as ours and could be mixed easily. We also got glass from other plants closer to home.

"Ralph Heatherington was our crack salesman," Rowe continues. "We had a type of glassware that was inexpensive and moved well, and he kept the orders coming in. At the peak of production Akro employed 80 to 100 people. It was a successful operation, but after the major stockholders died their relatives were led to believe that the operation could be changed from making dime store ware to specialty, higher-priced glass."

Heatherington, who went to work at Akro in 1929, recalls the sales line well. He says the popular items included "Mexicali" jars for women's powder, sold for 40¢ a piece wholesale and retailed for $12.50 a dozen; cornucopias, at 30¢ wholesale and $1.50 retail; ashtrays, wholesale at 50¢ and marked up 100%; and toy tea sets, which were $12 per dozen wholesale and $16 retail. What had been a small production of flower pots was expanded to a full range of garden containers in varying sizes.

One of the most successful lines was the Akro toy tea set in production during World War II. Earlier, the diminutive dishes had been made of metals such as tin. Lamps, bathroom towel bars and glass holders were among the other items which Ralph Heatherington took orders for.

Akro Agate became a family affair for the Heatherington's when Ralph's wife joined the firm. She, the former Ruth Prendece, was going to business school in Clarksburg when the company began looking for a Spanish-speaking person to translate Latin American orders. Ruth Heatherington

Mr. Rowe has representative pieces of the company's products, but now wishes he had saved more. "We never thought too much about it then," he says.

knew the language and was hired for the job.

Toys were always a big factor in Akro's success. As a major marble manufacturer, the company had been ready when the Chinese Checkers craze swept the country. The Parker Brothers game featured a playing board that used 60 small marbles, 10 of each color. Through the early 1940's this game and the tea sets accounted for much of the firm's production, which had by then grown to $2 million annually. The general run of glassware was sold to the F. W. Woolworth Company and similar stores all across the United States.

As often happens, changes came to Akro Agate with a change in sales and management personnel. Raymond Rowe thinks the changes were for the worse. "Ralph left the company, and a new fellow took over," he says. "He set out to change the type of glass we were making. But Akro had been set up to produce inexpensive glass from cullet and was not geared to compete with the specialty glass which was being made around the state.

"Around 1940, Libbey-Owens decided to make glass cloth. They set up a laboratory in Clarksburg and had a chemist here experimenting on making it at Akro. They were here for three months trying to develop it but the heat had to be so much hotter for their kind of glass. We tried it but it was burning up our equipment."

Other factors combined with changing management ideas to contribute to the decline of Akro Agate. The development of plastics undermined the toy tea set business, and hurt the glass industry in general. Some people felt that efforts by the American Flint Glass Workers to unionize the Akro work force further crippled the company.

Basically, Raymond Rowe feels that it was the new and unfamiliar product line that killed the Clarksburg company. "When our new glass could not be marketed the way marbles and pressed ware were," he says, "the company went into a decline and never recovered."

Akro Agate was going downhill by 1948, when founding partner George T. Rankin died. Toward the end of that year, founder Gilbert C. Marsh also died. The company continued production after the deaths of the two men, but was not able to show sufficient profit for the heirs to justify the operation. On June 30, 1951, the board voted to shut down. Shortly afterwards, the plant and machinery were sold at public auction.

"I was the last man there," Rowe told me. "I stayed until the sale and got my last check. A lot of us think the company could have made it if it had kept making the kind of glass that sold."

Nowadays, Raymond Rowe mostly has only his memories of Akro left. Like others there, he treated the company's wares as part of the job and he saved few items. "I don't have but a

few pieces of Akro," he notes. "We just never thought too much about it then, but now there is a big market for it. People are quick to pick it up at auctions."

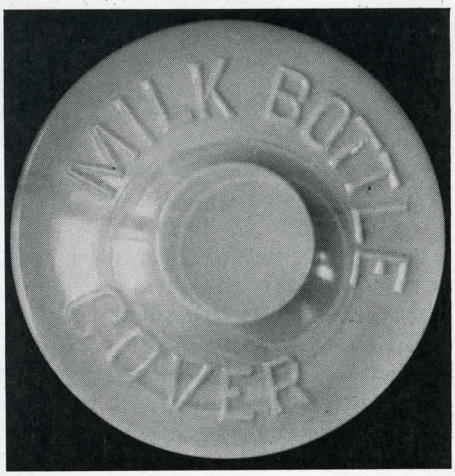
Two people who have picked up a lot of Akro glassware are Dean and Mable Elliott, a retired Clarksburg couple. They have one of the most comprehensive collections, parts of which were lent to the Clarksburg-Harrison Public Library for an exhibition in 1980.

Collectors are attracted by the color and satiny texture of Akro Agate novelty glass. Pieces shown here include the popular toy tea set (below), ashtrays in various shapes, a miniature urn, and a scalloped bowl.

Dean Elliott has not updated his inventory recently, but at last count it exceeded 1,000 pieces. He frequently receives inquiries about the glass. "It's not grand or expensive but in its own way it is attractive," he says. "It brings to mind the Depression and what those hard times represented.

"To me, two of the most interesting aspects are the texture of the glass and its color. It has a satiny feel. The variety of deep colors is most attractive. It comes in all colors. I like the deep reds, greens, and blues, and the marbleized quality of the glass.

"We have the apple, which was originally a powder jar," Elliott continues. "We have several varieties of powder jars—the colonial lady, Scotty dog, glass bells, some of the Mexicali jars—and planters and flower pots in all shapes and colors. We have the glass baskets, dozens of ashtrays in several colors, marbles, several doll dish sets in their original cartons, bowls of various sizes." Elliott's list goes on and on, finally winding up with "two floor lamps and



Akro Agate also made practical, everyday items.

three table lamps and many of the cornucopias."

Like other collectors, the Elliotts are aware of the significance of the markings on their pieces. "Among the rarities," Mr. Elliott says, "we have a few pieces that in addition to the Akro A and crow have 'Akro Agate Co., Clarksburg, West Virginia.' They also made a lot of ware for the Jean Vivaudou Company. These pieces have 'Vivaudou' or 'Jean Vivaudou' stamped on the bottom, but they were made by Akro. These were apothecary jars."

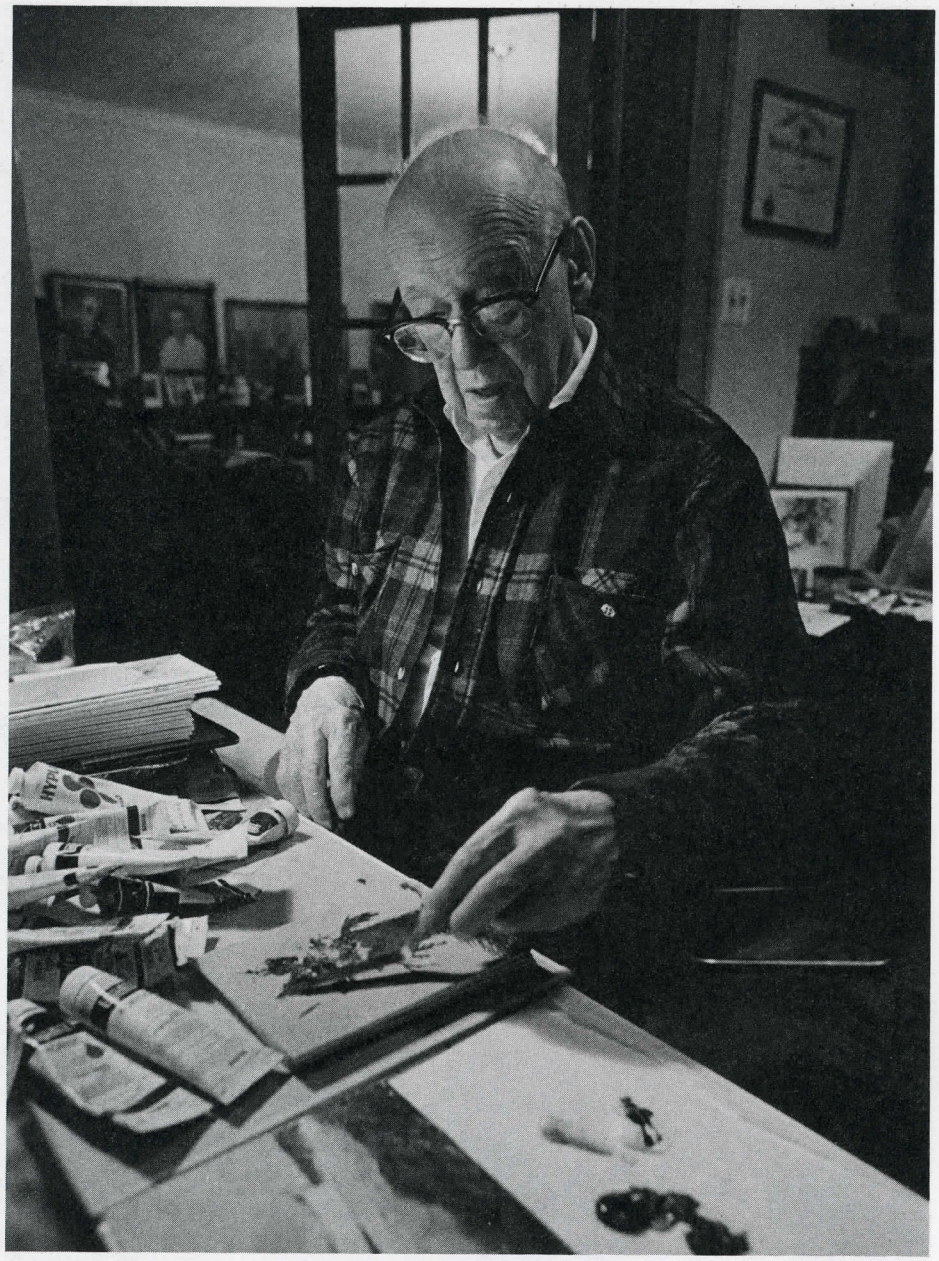
Dean Elliott goes on to note a few other items, some of them unusual. "We have some of the oxblood and lemonade pieces which are a deep red and a deep yellow, and were used for children's play dishes. We have a few pieces of translucent glass, but Akro didn't make much of that. We have some pieces that are questionable as to authenticity," he concludes.

Akro Agate glassware grows more scarce and more valuable to collectors all the time, for there is no possibility that any more will be made. Raymond Rowe remembers that the old factory and equipment were sold separately, and neither ever brought into successful production again. "An outfit that made tire pumps and steel castings for Chrysler took over the plant," he recalls. "They were there for three years, but I don't think they ever got the castings to pass inspection.

"After we closed, a company in Pennsboro bought the marble machines and set to making marbles. They weren't having much luck and they called me. I told them their glass was too hot for the machines. They never could get the machines into production like they were for us."

Collectors Mable and Dean Elliott find the novelty ware fascinating. "It's not grand or expensive," says Mr. Elliott, "but in its own way it's attractive."

After 33 years, Raymond Rowe and Ralph and Ruth Heatherington are among the declining number of people once directly associated with the Akro Agate Company. Otherwise, the small factory in Clarksburg is remembered through collections such as the one Dean and Mable Elliott have. Such collectors seek the A-and-crow trademark more avidly each year, as items once shrugged off as playthings and dime store trinkets come to be seriously regarded as important vestiges of West Virginia history.



Among many other talents, Howard Smith is an artist.

Dr. Howard

Looking Back with a Philippi Pharmacist

By Barbara A. Smith

Photographs by Michael Keller

Howard Willis Smith will be 90 years old on August 29, 1984. Everyone in Barbour County and half of the people in the state of West Virginia know him as "Doctor Howard," pharmacist, churchman, antique collector, and widely acclaimed cartoonist and painter. He is also a storyteller.

His home on Main Street in Philippi is a treasure chest. The dining room, which his wife would never let him clutter while she was alive, is now his cartoon studio. Here he has dozens of works in progress, some on everyday subjects, some on noteworthy birthdays or other celebrations, some looking forward to next Christmas, next Easter, next Valentine's Day. The sunroom is the painting studio. Here again are dozens of works in progress—small palette-knife acrylics, medium-sized landscapes done in oil or sketched out in charcoal, and large oil portraits of a variety of people ranging from Smith ancestors to local coal miners to Senator Barry Goldwater. The living room is stacked with portraits of Christ and the disciples, notebooks of family genealogies, priceless art books and antiques, and beginner's books for a new electronic organ.

For each of his 90 years, Dr. Howard has stories to tell. They begin with his background. He traces his family back to Daniel Smith and Daniel Smith, Jr., who in the 17th century settled in Pennsylvania on land purchased from the King of England and from William Penn. The senior Smith was a wine merchant, the son a cheese merchant. Perhaps, laughs Dr. Howard, that was the beginning of the currently popular wine and cheese parties.

One of the sons of Daniel Smith, Jr., was John, called both "Captain" and "Colonel." He settled in Virginia. Howard tells of "the Smith place" near Harrisonburg, where Captain John and his brother, who was a judge, built an enormous and profitable estate complete with slave quarters at the back of their acreage.

David Smith, seventh son of Captain John, emigrated from the Shenandoah Valley to settle near Hacker's Creek between Buckhannon and Jane Lew, a settlement later called Berlin in what in 1816 became Lewis County. His son married a neighbor, Sarah

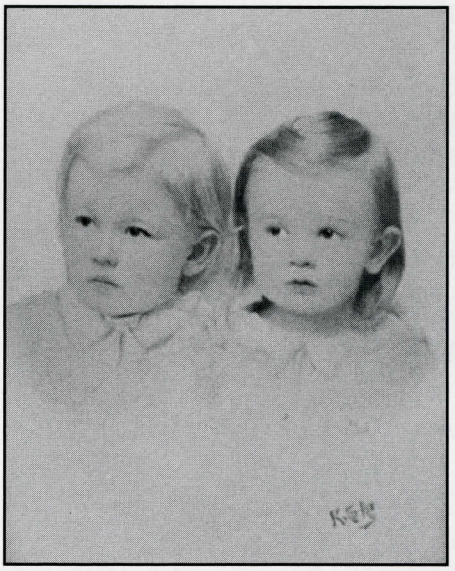
Hacker. She, according to family records, was a victim of an Indian hunting party that raided Hacker's Creek when Sarah was 18 years old. She was scalped and thrown over the fence for dead. Then, when one of the members of the hunting party realized that she had not actually died, she was stabbed. Still, she survived to crawl to the Hughes farm nearby, and she eventually became the bride of David Smith, Jr. Her head wound, the story goes, never completely healed.

This couple were the parents of eight children, and David himself built Harmony Church near Jane Lew. The original building has been torn down, but the new edifice in its place bears a plaque recognizing David Smith, Jr., as designer and builder. Three generations of Smiths are buried nearby.

One of the offspring of David and Sarah was Jonas Smith, who in turn was the father of Perry Green Smith, Howard's grandfather. It was from great-great-grandfather David Smith, Jr., Howard says that he got his leaning toward the church.

Howard himself was born in Yokohama, the eldest son of Methodist-Protestant missionaries Ira Floyd and Georgia Grace Phillips Smith. Both of Howard's brothers, Floyd and Murry, were also born in Japan, but because of father Ira's poor health the family came back to West Virginia in 1901. They moved in temporarily with Howard's grandmother, Lucinda Queen Smith, who was originally from Lorentz in Upshur County. Howard tells of life in his grandmother's house as being less than totally pleasant. She had been opposed to her son's mission to Japan, and his illness had only confirmed her convictions. "I would get up to the table," Dr. Howard says, "and ask for something in Japanese, and it would upset Grandmother so that I would have to get down under the table and sit there and look around at all those feet until I could ask for whatever it was in English."

It was natural for him to speak Japanese, for he had been raised by a Japanese nurse and her housekeeper-groundskeeper husband. He remembers them affectionately as Osho-san and Kuni-san. His grandmother was never reconciled, though, to his having been raised in a foreign land and by "heathens."



Howard at age four, with younger brother Floyd.

Both of Howard's parents were active missionaries. His father had been born and raised in Randolph County, but his mother, Georgia Grace Phillips, was from Laurel, Delaware. She in turn had come from a family of ministers, the Collinses. Georgia and Ira met while they were in seminary at Western Maryland College in Westminster, both of them intending to become missionaries. After their return from Japan they were assigned to a circuit near Pullman, Ritchie County, but caring for the six churches proved too strenuous for the ailing man. He became pastor of the circuit's Methodist-Protestant church in Elkins, and when that denomination ceased operations, he joined Grace Episcopal Church. He was studying for the Episcopal priesthood when he died in 1917.

What happened to Howard during these years? He went to public schools, he says, until he finished sixth grade, and then he had to quit to help take care of the family. In Elkins he became a mailboy for the Coal & Coke Railroad. "There were two trains a day," he relates, "one in and one out. I'd take the mail from the general offices—about 10 or 15 of them—down to the train when it left, and I'd go to the Post Office and get the mail for Senator Elkins and Senator Davis. They lived up on the hill, and I would gather the mail up and take it up there. I'd go into the front door of the first residence—that was Senator Davis's—and if I didn't get up there by 7:00 in the morning, he would say, 'Sonny, you're a little late.' He would put his hand on my head and give me a little lecture on promptness. He was way up in age even then.

"Then I'd go on," Dr. Howard continues, "in through the main foyer, and you could look up the stairs into a balcony sort of place that was covered with beautiful rugs. In a corner was the secretary's office. That was Mr. Hendley, an Englishman who was very correct and who wrote Senator Davis's speeches. We got along good together. Once in a while he would give me a little extra money. Henry Gassaway Davis never gave me a cent—no tips or anything.

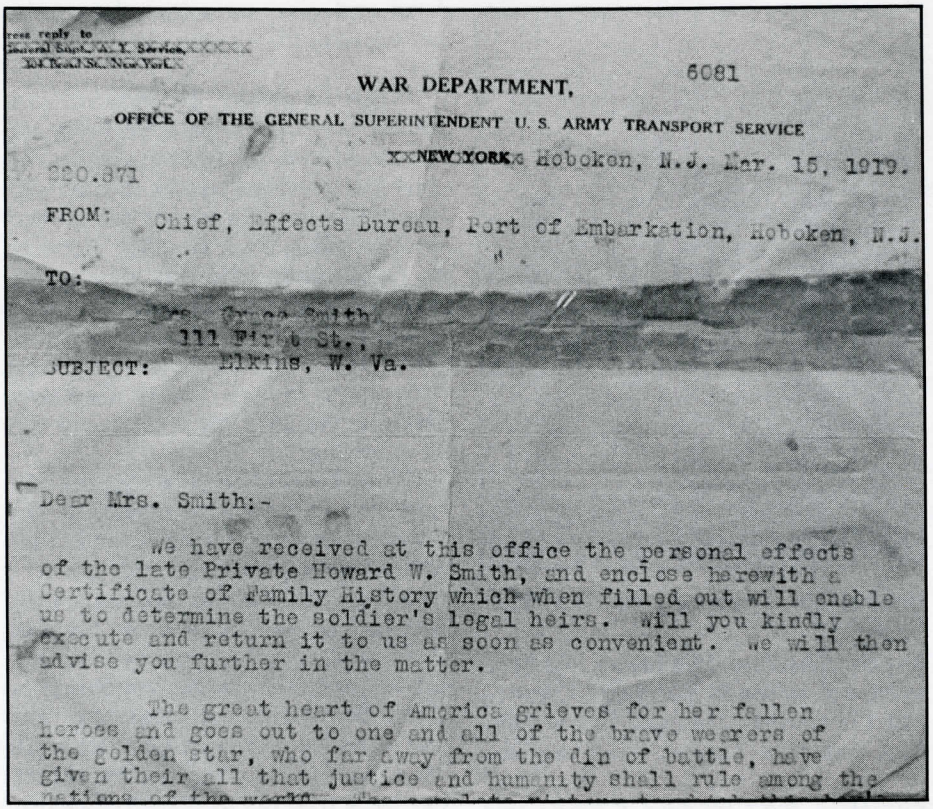
"Then I would go on across the passage over to the Elkins residence, and I would go into the back, and there was another great big, nice room. I would go into another spacious wing that had an enormous desk. Stephen B. Elkins, who had married Senator Davis's daughter, would sometimes be there. Sometimes I'd catch him, and whenever I did, he was good for a silver dollar." Dr. Howard smiles and settles back into his upholstered chair.

"Then I'd go from there into another office where his stenographer and other personnel worked. And then, if Mrs. Elkins would catch me, she'd take me into the dining room where the sideboard was real long, and it generally had a lot of nice fruit on it, and she'd fill my pockets up with assorted pieces of fruit." This was the basis for the lifelong friendship and support offered to Howard Smith by the Elkins family, particularly Mrs. Elkins.

"After a while she decided I'd been mailboy long enough, so she decided I would go to college. Now from the sixth grade to college is quite a leap. Well, it wasn't really college, but I had algebra and Latin, and I had two years of French there at Davis and Elkins College. I liked the French better than anything else. And along with that, I had some typing and shorthand, which were supposed to do good for me. And they required Bible. You had to have Bible.

"That was all in the old building, not where they are now. Jimmy Allen was president of D&E then.

"We had a football team there that consisted of 11 players plus the coach, and the coach had to play part of the time. They got the idea that they were pretty good," he says, but recalls a Wesleyan-D&E game that suggested



WAR DEPARTMENT, 6081

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT U. S. ARMY TRANSPORT SERVICE

XXNEW YORK, Hoboken, N.J. Mar. 15, 1919.

220.871

FROM: Chief, Effects Bureau, Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N.J.

TO:

Mrs. Grace Smith,
111 First St.,
Elkins, W. Va.

SUBJECT:

Dear Mrs. Smith:-

We have received at this office the personal effects of the late Private Howard W. Smith, and enclose herewith a Certificate of Family History which when filled out will enable us to determine the soldier's legal heirs. Will you kindly execute and return it to us as soon as convenient. We will then advise you further in the matter.

The great heart of America grieves for her fallen heroes and goes out to one and all of the brave wearers of the golden star, who far away from the din of battle, have given their all that justice and humanity shall rule among the

During World War I the War Department wrote to Mother Grace Smith, wanting to know how to dispose of the belongings of "the late Private Howard W. Smith." Fortunately, he was actually alive and in a German prisoner-of-war camp.

otherwise. "That was before cars or automobiles, so Buckhannon came out by the droves on a special train. Out on the old fairgrounds—that's where D&E played Wesleyan, and the score was 103-0. Wesleyan just had a circus running touchdowns.

"Later D&E came out pretty good. They hired a bunch of Carlisle Indians—that was during Cam Henderson's coaching days—and they were out to get anybody that could play. And these Carlisle Indians, who were Indians going to a Carlisle School somewhere in the Midwest, had played a lot of football, but they hadn't been classed as college students, so they could come to play for four years at D&E. So Jennings Randolph and some other promoters put together a pretty good team, and they were playing some good teams like West Point—and winning. Some of the D&E supporters didn't like to talk too much about where they were getting their players."

Plans and patterns changed again. "I went to D&E for almost three years and was doing all right, but Mrs. Elkins decided that I should get some art instruction, so she arranged for me to go to Washington to stay at their home. I lived upstairs in their two-story garage. I had a nice room. So I went to the school that was part of the Corcoran Galleries."

Then came World War I, and since Howard was already working with the YMCA in Washington, he was assigned to a YMCA recreation unit attached to the army. Eventually he was inducted into the regular army, being assigned to the 567th Medical Unit of the 40th Division of the French 8th Army. His unit was awarded the Croix de Guerre with two Oak Leaf Clusters, the highest honor the French government offers foreign servicemen. Howard has tale after tale of his 18 months in the service, six of which were spent as a prisoner of war. Six more were spent with the postwar Army of Occupation.

After discharge, he says, he was treated as a minor hero. "Back home in Elkins, I didn't know what to do, so I went to work as a clerk in a drugstore and decided that it was a pretty good business. I worked a year or two for Johnson's Drug Store, and then I went over to Neale's, and at the same time Ed Moore, a good friend of mine, was interested in studying pharmacy.

"Now, at that time you could study and get a certificate without going to school, but I decided to go to Morgantown."

His fiancee, Mima Ward, was then working as a bookkeeper in Elkins, her hometown. After one year at West Virginia University, Howard decided that it was time to marry Mima, which he did in a quiet ceremony in a parsonage in Elkins. Since father Ira Smith had died just before the war began, Howard's mother was running a boarding house. "Mostly teachers," he says, "but Jennings Randolph was sending a lot of his football players to eat at my mother's house. He liked her food.

"It was Mima who was helping to keep me in school. I had some money coming in that I had earned before, and I was being paid so much per month from the American Express Company. You see, I did drive for American Express for a while—horse and wagon. They carried express on the trains stopping at the depot in Elkins. The company would have to deliver to addresses in Elkins. I had a lot of back pay coming to me, so I was getting along between that and Mima." There are a dozen pictures of her in the living room.

"But then Ed Moore found a school of pharmacy in Georgia—a six-month cram course, and we decided we were going down there—Maxmorris School of Pharmacy in Macon, Georgia. For six months it was cram, cram, cram every day. We really had to learn what would ordinarily be learned in a whole leisurely course. When we finished that we took a state board exam and passed it with very good records. Then we came on back to West Virginia and passed the boards here. That was with very little schooling, but I really feel that we knew more pharmacy than a lot of the fellows that had two or three years.

"We both went back to work for Neale's. We were getting registered pharmacist's pay, and we were doing all right. Mima and I figured we were pretty much on Easy Street—$50 a week—so we started our family then—four children altogether, spaced a couple of years apart.

"I pulled out of Neale's to buy a store in Braxton County. I had the store practically paid for when the Depres-

sion came along and I couldn't pay my bills, and I went broke." He stops to listen to a neighbor's dog.

"Ed Moore had stayed with Mr. Neale for a good while and then bought a store in Clarksburg, and his store mushroomed, and they have a store now in Nutter Fort and two or three somewhere else. Ed has done real well." Howard pauses, getting back to the point of the story.

"But anyhow, I was completely broke when I came to Philippi in 1930 to act as pharmacist for Woodbridge Williams, whose father was Dr. C. B. Williams. Dr. Williams had bought a pharmacy that had been lost in the Depression. I had several offers around the state, but I went to work for $35 a week for Woodbridge Williams. We did well for several years, and then it was burned down—in 1942, maybe.

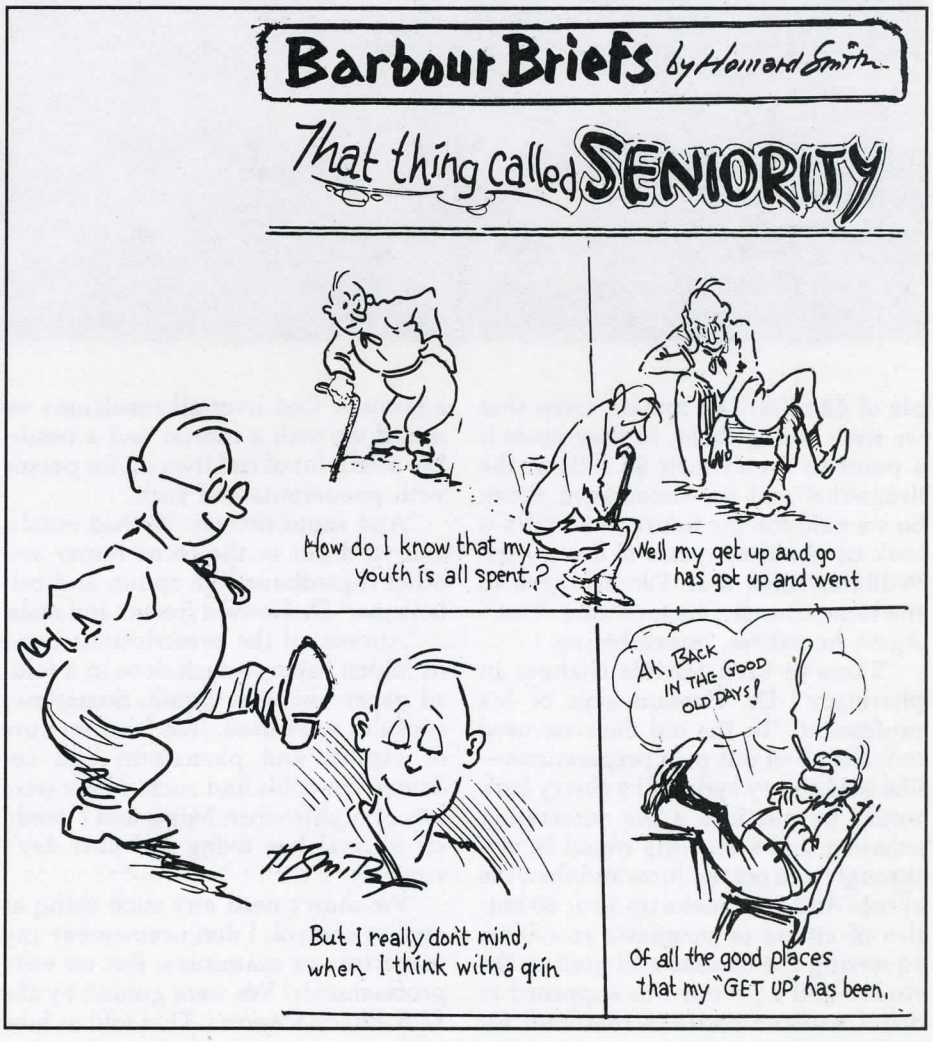
"Mima and I decided to start our own pharmacy, so we hustled around and finally bought out Clay Scott's Confectionary Store, over on the other side of the street from where the drugstore is now. There was a small fountain there, but it was no good, so we built another one and built fixtures, and then the Clarksburg Drug Company furnished us with $2,000-worth of stock to be paid for as we could. We put a lot of dummies on the shelf to make it look like we had something.

"About that time Davis-Davis Drug Store was having trouble keeping a pharmacist, and I was getting an overflow from what they weren't able to handle, so I was building up a pretty good prescription trade. From that first year on, we had an increase every year. In that length of time until I retired, I'd bought the building the store is in now, the Taylor George Building, and I had a fourth interest in the theater building, and I'd bought this house.

"That's a good story, too," Howard nods. "I bought this house through the kind auspices of Mrs. C. B. Williams. She'd bought it on bank sale. This house sold for $4,800. She paid for it, and then I paid her back.

"Mima and I did, that is. We put away all of our $2 bills, pushed them down in a box. At the end of the year when I had to pay Mrs. Williams, I'd pay her whatever I had in $2 bills that came into the drugstore. Well, the mines all were paying in cash, and they'd pay in the biggest denominations, generally winding up in a cou-

Above: His son is pharmacist here now, but Mr. Smith is still at home behind a drug counter.
Below: Mr. Smith is also a talented cartoonist. His "Barbour Briefs" have appeared in the *Barbour Democrat* for many years.



ple of $2 bills. The miners knew that we were saving them, so they made it a point to spend their $2 bills at the drugstore, and we encouraged them. So we paid for the house in $2 bills—took us about six years to do it. Mrs. Williams liked that. We belonged to the same church. She took care of us." Again he pauses, remembering.

"There've been terrible changes in pharmacy," Dr. Howard says of his profession. "In the old days we used to make all of our own preparations—like wild cherry syrup. The cherry bark would be put into a big macerating colander, and excipients would be run through it to get the juice and then the syrup. And we'd make up 30 or 40 bottles of citrate of magnesia at a time, squeezing the lemons and grating the rinds—and a person was supposed to drink a whole bottle of that stuff for a laxative. Cod liver oil emulsions we mixed up with a mortar and a pestle. We used a lot of cod liver oil for people with pneumonia and such.

"And suppositories. We had molds, and we'd put in the cocoa butter and other ingredients like opium and belladonna." Dr. Howard frowns and nods.

"Almost all the prescriptions came in folded papers—each dose in a folded paper—or were liquid. Sometimes capsules were used, like for a mixture of aspirin and phenacetin and codeine—for colds and such. There were lots of nights when Mima and I would sit up real late fixing the next day's supplies.

"We didn't need any such thing as quality control. I don't remember any inspectors or examiners. But we were professionals. We were guided by the *U. S. Pharmacopoeia.* That told us how to do everything." Out on Main Street, a coal truck roars by. Howard tugs at his wool plaid shirt.

"Nowadays there's too much government control—both federal and state. That's because the government pays for so much of the stuff. And that's why many pharmacists are giving up ownership—just too much hassle with the government. You know, when you have to do all of those papers, and you send your reports to Charleston, and then you have to wait three months or more for repayment, it's hard to keep up your inventory."

He tells, too, of other kinds of changes. "Used to be that there was a fine, close relationship between doctors and pharmacists. The doctors came into the store at least once a day, and we had a give-and-take relationship. But after the clinics came along and

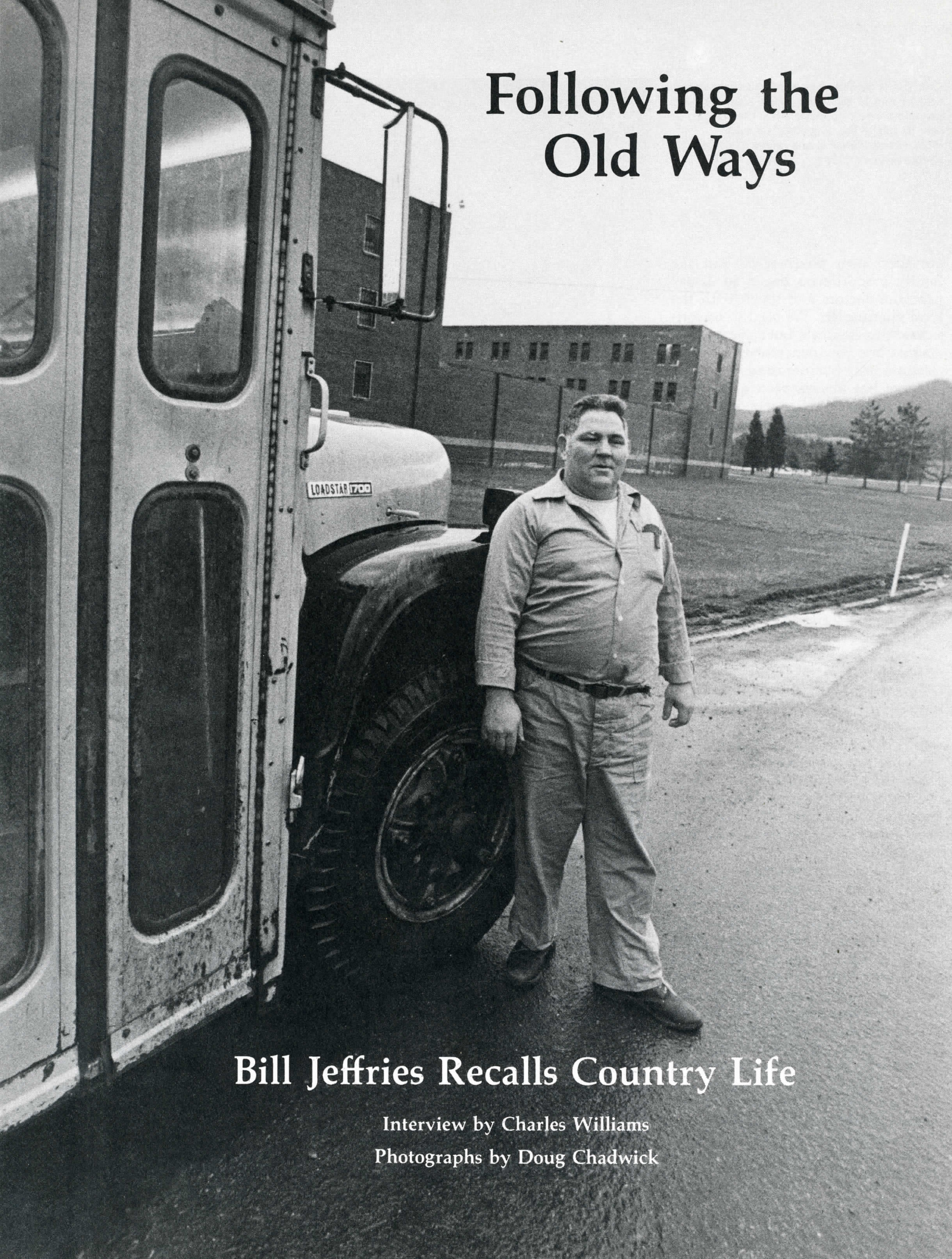
Left: This is the house Howard and Mima Smith paid for with $2 bills. "The miners knew we were saving them so they made a point to spend their $2 bills at the drugstore," he says.
Right: Howard Smith is one retiree who has no trouble keeping busy.

got their own pharmacies, and the family practitioners began to disappear, the doctors lost touch with the local pharmacists. We used to be considered professionals, but so far as most doctors are now concerned, pharmacists are only businessmen."

There has always been a business side to pharmacy, of course, and Howard goes on to talk of earlier business relations in Philippi. The small operations specialized, so they were colleagues rather than competitors. "Now," Dr. Howard says, thinking of a big new building being constructed on Main Street, "you can walk into one of these cut-rate places and buy anything from grass seed to morphine to sporting goods. Sure didn't used to be like that. The farmers would come in and tell me their trouble and I'd give them some medicine for their cows. I was an off-the-record veterinarian. All pharmacists were.

"We all worked together in those days—doctors, pharmacists, bankers—all the businesses in town. We even worked with what today would probably be our enemies. Like Adrian Davis and his drugstore. Adrian Davis was our friendly enemy. They were in existence a long time before we came here. Adrian's father was a pharmacist, too.

"Speaking of pharmacy being in that family, it's been in mine, too, but not as long. My brother Murry is a pharmacist, retired now. He lives in Baltimore. And my son-in-law is a pharmacist. And Ned, my son, is a pharmacist now. He and Anabel, his wife, have owned and operated our drugstore ever since I retired. They're getting out of ownership, though—too much red tape. But other things run in the family, too. Like the art. All three of my other children—Marjorie and Bud and Eleanor—are artists of one kind or another, good ones. And we're all still in business with the Lord. Yup," he concludes, "a lot of things run in the family." ✤



Following the Old Ways

Bill Jeffries Recalls Country Life

Interview by Charles Williams

Photographs by Doug Chadwick

Although it is not a prison story, this interview comes to us from inside Huttonsville Correctional Center. Huttonsville is West Virginia's medium security facility in southern Randolph County, and Bill Jeffries and Charles Williams are both inmates there.

The article was made possible through the assistance of folklife scholar Michael Kline, who recently taught an "Appalachian Cultures and Traditions" course offered by Davis and Elkins College for Huttonsville inmates. Lacking a suitable text, he had Mr. Williams and other students largely improvise the course material by interviewing their fellow inmates. In the accompanying box, "Teaching at Huttonsville," Michael reflects on the special challenges and rewards of teaching inside a state prison.

We are also grateful for the cooperation of Huttonsville Warden Ronald O. Gregory and his recent successor, Warden Jerry Hedrick. —ed.

Bill Jeffries. I'm 51 years old. I was born in a place called Ramp—that's in Summers County about 16 miles from Hinton, in the country. I lived there till I was around 10 years old. In 1942, my parents moved to Fayette County. I've lived there ever since, other than my time out of the state working and my military service, of course.

I have traveled quite a bit throughout my life, working in one way or another in other states. But you find that once you're borned in a place, especially like West Virginia, you become part of the land or part of the scenery, so to speak. You always want to be back there.

Charles Williams. I understand what you're saying there.

BJ It's sort of like a homesickness in a way.

CW Have you lived on a farm the biggest part of your life?

BJ Yes, I live on a farm, or did, just before I came here. I owned a rural farm, but it's in a coal mining area. I was born on a farm, so I've been associated with the country life more or less all my life.

I have lived in the cities, I've lived in apartments, and I've worked in factories. But you've heard the old saying, "You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy." Seems to be the way it is with me. I enjoy the things that are in the country and the simple life. And once you understand the functions of the country life, well, you can't really get into another type of life.

CW Tell me something about when you were growing up. What was school like?

BJ When I started school you didn't start till you was seven or eight years old. I started when I was seven years old. It was in a two-room country schoolhouse and you had two and a half miles to walk to school. And that was summer and winter. 'Course, naturally in the wintertime they didn't go quite that much. They had grades up to ninth grade, in the two rooms together.

When we moved from the country to Fayette County, then I went to a city school and things were all different. In the country they taught you about the country, and how to live that type of life. But when we went to the city school we were sort of left out, because of the modern things that the school had to offer. I understood the children more in the country, and, like I said, the school itself taught in a fashion where country children could understand it. Naturally, we'd enjoy it a lot better. When I went to a city school, well, then I was left behind. In the grade that I was in I was outdated by the other students. It was like a new world.

CW Did you complete school?

BJ No, I didn't. I went to the sixth grade. My father died when I was young. He'd gotten hurt on a job a few years back. He was an engineer on what they called a dinky train, a narrow-gauge timber train. A trestle broke and my father was injured. For a number of years he wasn't a very well person. When he died, naturally, being the oldest boy in the family I had to quit school and help provide for my brothers and sisters.

CW How many brothers and sisters did you have?

BJ I had 15 brothers and sisters. Of course, five of those were dead. Country people were accustomed to having large families. You had to have plenty of help to chop that wood.

When my father died, we lived on a farm we didn't own. That was a thing called sharecropping, where you live on another person's farm and you and your family work that farm for a share of the crops. The man that owned the farm, he expected your father and your mother, and the children, to work when it came time to put up the hay or plant crops. You were allowed free rent and a certain portion of the produce. And you were allowed to raise yourself a beef to butcher, or a hog or something of that nature. Sharecropping was the sort of thing we did, mostly.

This was true of the early years of my childhood, because I came in on the latter end of the Depression of the '30's, the Hoover times. Then there was a President elected by the name of Roosevelt that introduced public works, that provided for people. There was a WPA program that helped people in poverty, and there was a thing called the CC Camps for young men to go to work and have their money sent back to help their families. Before, you got from 25¢ to a dollar a day for hoeing corn but you went up to $4 a day if you were a real good hard worker for public works. Then sometime in the '40's, I think it went to 75¢ an hour, if you were lucky.

Shortly after my father died I began to work for other people, cutting timber for $2 to $4 a day, about 10 hours. That timber wasn't cut by power saws. Back then, you used a thing called a crosscut saw. There are five-foot, five-and-a-half, and six-foot saws, and a hardwood and a softwood saw. It has a handle at each end and two men work it—you just pull it back and forth by manual labor. There's a one-man saw made on the same order, but with a handle for one man to use. And you used a double-bitted axe.

That's the way that timber was cut, and it was either sledded out by a team of horses, or a yoke of oxens—that's cattle trained to work—or by mules. Or it could be snaked out. It was called snaked out when the whole tree was pulled to a skidway and then sawed into logs and post timber.

CW Sounds like a lot harder than nowadays.

BJ Yeah. Automation and machinery have taken the place of hard work.

CW Did you or any of your family ever work in the mines?

BJ None of my family ever worked in the mines, not up until later years, after I came back from military service

Bill Jeffries works as a bus driver at Huttonsville Correctional Center.

in the Korean conflict in 1952, '53.

CW How did you feel about that war?

BJ Oh, you mean the Korean conflict? Well, I always was taught to respect our country and respect the demands of our President and Congress because we elect them to represent us, so naturally I went in good faith. But I understand that the Korean conflict was considered a police action, rather than a war. I think that it's a dishonor to fight any conflict without a war declared. When you are asked to take someone's life that you don't even know, without a war being declared, then you're fighting a battle that you cannot win.

I understand that while I was in Korea one of our generals had the idea of fighting the conflict *as* a war and wanted to cross the Yalu River, which was a dividing line between the North and South.* He was removed from office, because even being a general he didn't understand that the police action was to take the place of a declared war. I've always believed that if you fight, you fight for a principle, a thing that is right, and you fight to win.

I served my country as honorably as I could; I received the Good Conduct Medal, and I did the best that I could. But to this day I still don't understand it.

CW I sympathize with that. To get back to your childhood, how was it when you were growing up? Did you have hard times, or easy times, with your family?

BJ Well, I don't really know what you call hard times. I was always taught to believe this way: A person should be grateful and thankful for the things that he has. Then he is qualified to have something better. I've always, day by day, received something better tomorrow. I lived a simple life, although we may have had a hard shift in providing food and shelter and so forth. Still, everyone was happy and contented. You didn't have the cares of the world. You just had to live that day. Knowing that tomorrow will bring something better, we always have hope of a better life.

I have a son, he's 29 years old, almost 30 years old. I have a daughter 20, and I have two younger daughters that's in school now, seven and nine. We share the work. We still do the same things, except we don't carry water from the spring anymore; we have an electric pump; and the horses that we once plowed the fields with, the girls ride 'em and play with 'em now. So things have done been moved up a notch, so to speak, but still we enjoy farm life and we share in all the chores. A much simpler and a happier life.

CW When you were growing up, what part of farm work did you like to do most?

BJ Well, I like hunting and fishing, so naturally I liked fooling with the horses or cattle, sheep, chickens. Animals, they seem to understand you, especially if you're a farm person and you understand them. So I guess I'd say fooling with the animals, working with the animals, one thing or another.

You have to feed your milk cow and you have to milk the cow. You have to milk the cow twice a day, morning and evening, or if you have a milk goat you have to milk the goat twice a day, and it has to be done or else they become feverish and ill. Everything, whether it's human or animal, wants to eat. So you feed the chickens and slop the pigs and feed your cows and milk the cows and that all happens in the morning. You get up before daylight and that's when your work begins, and it ends after dark.

In my earlier life we had oil lamps and kerosene lanterns that you'd work by after night or see by in the house. Of course, in Fayette County the house that we lived in had electricity. Fact is, the first radio that I saw was when we moved from Summers County to Fayette County. Then my father traded up to a old-timey electric radio. Before that we had one radio that was a battery-operated radio with a wet-cell battery, like a car battery.

I remember back whenever I was a child, radio wasn't turned on much except on weekends. It was a special event. They would charge up a battery, put power into the battery. There were maybe one or two radios in the whole community and everybody would gather up and listen. They had prize fighting, Joe Louis, I believe it was back in those days, Jack Dempsey, or someone. Of course, we children didn't get to participate in that too much. But they also had the "Amos and Andy" radio program, and other comedians. Then they had a science fiction thing called "Inner Sanctum," with a screeching door. That was in the '40's. People would gather up after dark and listen to "Inner Sanctum." They'd maybe have an oil light on that was real dim, and it was the big thrill of the day.

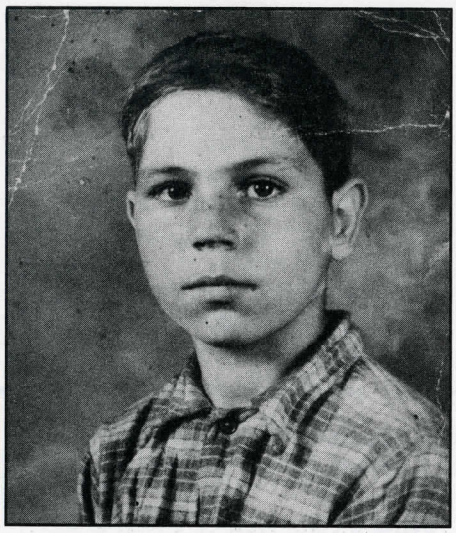
CW Back then, did you have a lot of people come visit you?

BJ Yeah, you had the good neighbor policy, which I don't think exists much today, because you needed your neighbor. Now your neighbor's replaced by a machine. I think that television has replaced your association with your neighbors—you visit on TV rather than go from home to home. Also, it used to be you needed your neighbor to help pull the other end of that crosscut saw or to help you do a chore that you couldn't handle by yourself. Where now you can buy some tool to replace your neighbor. I'd say you more or less talk to yourself now or watch television, rather than associate with your neighbor. They've been replaced by machines.

CW Do you think it was better

*General Douglas MacArthur, removed from command by President Truman in 1951, wanted to carry the Korean War into China. The Yalu River separates North Korea and China.

Mr. Jeffries is a coon hunter and admits he's raised some good dogs. "But I'd rather have someone else brag on them," he says. "Makes you feel better."



Above: Bill was a clear-eyed third grader when this photograph was taken. Photographer unknown.
Right: This is the family Mr. Jeffries speaks affectionately of. He is at bottom right in this snapshot. Photographer unknown.

back when you were a kid growing up that it is now?

BJ I would say so. I think people had higher morals. I'm not trying to low-rate anybody, especially the young generation, but I believe that higher standards of morals was taught. I think that people had scruples that don't show up too much in the younger generation. Of course, I understand that times have changed and people have changed, but I would say that the old ways seem to be more honest, in my opinion.

CW What kind of hobbies or sports did you like when you were growing up?

BJ Well, when I was young I always liked dogs; I always liked to hunt. I would hunt even without a dog, 'cause we didn't have too much food left over to feed a dog and my father didn't allow me to have a dog. I think it was 1946 when I was allowed to have a hound. But up till then I would hunt without a dog. I would track up rabbits and things in the snow and track 'em into a holler tree or holler log and twist 'em out with a stick or something.

I liked hunting and fishing, but there were a lot of other sports. We made wooden-wheel wagons—we took locust or white oak poles for axles, and we drilled holes in round wooden blocks sawed off of a gum tree, 'cause the gum don't split easy, and made wheels. We had some good wooden-wheel wagons. We not only played with 'em, but we used 'em to haul wood or dirt or rocks, or whatever. Used 'em like a sled.

I don't know if you ever heard of hoop rolling, but it was a famous thing when I was growing up. There was a little round metal band came off of a road wagon, and we would make a wire hook and we would roll those things, push 'em with that hook. The faster you ran the faster the wheel ran. There would be 15 or 20 children rolling those hoops up and down the dirt road to school and on the playground to see who could roll them the best, the fastest, and so forth. It was a game. And then we had marbles, we played marbles.

One of the things I liked more than anything was archery, bow and arrows. In school we was taught how to make bow and arrows. The teacher was a lady, she taught us how to make the bow and arrows, and weaving—mostly the girls weaved baskets and things. But the boys, we made axe handles and we made those bow and arrows, and we took regular classes out in the schoolyard. I liked it pretty good, because it not only was a thing of fun but it was also a weapon that you could use for hunting. We made 'em on the same pattern that the Indians made 'em back in their times.

I haven't hunted for the last couple of years, but I've always followed hunting. I like to night hunt. I train coon dogs and I like to listen at 'em run, tree coons. Night hunting is a good sport, and I also like to hunt of the day. I like to squirrel hunt with the dogs. Then naturally I like to deer hunt, and you do that with just your skill and a rifle.

I never owned a gun till I was a way growed-up person, but I had access to guns because of, like I said before, the neighbor policy. Your neighbor would have a gun, and maybe two or three of you would go hunting and only take one gun. If that neighbor wasn't going to go, he would always make arrangements that you could borrow the gun. You'd work out some way to pay for the ammunition. Under a lot of sports it's not necessary for every person to have a gun. Like coon hunting, for instance. Or possum hunting. There could be five or six people, but when the animal was treed you only need one gun to shoot the animal. A lot of times we didn't shoot 'em anyway—some younger person would climb the tree and shake him out just to see the fight with the dogs.

CW Have you seen some real good fights?

BJ Oh, from the coon? Oh, yes, I've seen hundreds of them. It takes an awful good dog to whup a large male coon in a good fair fight. 'Course, an experienced dog can do it, but I would say the majority of dogs a big coon would whup, in a fair fight.

CW How does a coon go about fighting? Do they fight like a cat?

BJ No. They fight not any more vicious than a cat, they fight on their feet, but they also work like a wrestler, where another animal doesn't. A coon is from the bear family and he can stand on his hind legs as well as all fours. And, too, a coon is an animal that hangs around water. They are excellent swimmers and if they can lure a dog into water a dog can't hardly whup them there. A coon will climb on his back and push a dog's head under the water and drown the dog. If you don't have two dogs, on the land or in the water, so that they can help each other to release holds from the coon, they usually get whipped. Unless you have an awful good, heavy dog, that's a good fighter.

CW You've raised some good dogs?

BJ Yeah, I have, but I never like to brag on my own dogs. I'd rather someone else brag on them. Makes you feel better.

CW Do the hunters have some big stories to tell?

BJ Well, I had an uncle that liked to tell tales.

You know, back when I was young, people gathered up at the grocery store and they would sit on the porch and tell stories of an evening and especially on weekends. Or they would take corn or wheat to a gristmill and have it ground for cornmeal or flour meal, or cracked up for chicken feed or

"My Monkey's Your Monkey"

Two Tales by Bill Jeffries

Most of Bill Jeffries' recollections are of a serious nature, but as he notes in the interview, he does believe that "people are supposed to have some sense of humor." He remembers the people of Summers and Fayette counties as fun loving as well as hard working, and he says that storytelling was a favorite form of relaxation among them.

The two tales reproduced here are ones that Mr. Jeffries recalls from some of those storytelling sessions. He attributes them to an unnamed uncle. He has his doubts whether they are absolutely true, but you'll have to make up your own mind about that.

I remember a story that my uncle told. I believe he was lying, though, but he did tell about up in Summers County where he was born on my grandfather's farm. It was a steep mountain, real steep, wasn't like bottom land, it was steep hillside. There was a lot of snakes in that country, and a lot of poisonous snakes. Rattlesnakes, copperheads, real poisonous.

He said that they cleaned up this new ground and they decided to plant it in corn. A real rocky, snaky place. There wasn't much soil there, you know, so they'd lay the corn down on a big flat rock and cover it up with a bunch of little rocks and what dirt they could get, to make it grow. He said the corn come up and got up about knee high and you had to hoe it out. You couldn't plow it, it was too steep and rocky. Couldn't plow it with mules or anything.

He was up there with a hoe, hoeing that corn. And he said he was hoeing about half a day when a snake, a big copperhead, run out from under one of them rocks and bit his hoe handle. Being a poisonous snake, he said his hoe handle started swelling up, said it swelled up into a big log. He said he went down to his woodshed and got a crosscut saw or a one-man saw, whichever it was he was using—I believe he said a crosscut saw, took one handle off of it. Sawed that hoe handle up into logs. Went down to the barn and got a team of oxens out of the barn and went up there and put a chain on them logs, drug 'em on down to a sawmill and had 'em sawed up in lumber. Said they took that lumber and built him a house. There was some lumber left over after he got his house built, so he sold it and took the money and went on a vacation. Said when he come back, the swelling had went out of his house and choked his cat to death.

Being a coon hunter, I hear a lot of stories about hunting. One story is about two guys that hunted together all the time and they both had a pair of dogs apiece—everybody owned their own dogs. They hunted for several years together and were buddies, huntin' buddies.

So one of these fellows took a vacation, had some relatives or something out in the West. I don't know where—out in California or Texas, Washington, somewhere way out West. And he was gone about a month. Well, his buddy was wanting to hunt, you know, and he didn't have no huntin' buddy. Naturally, soon as his buddy come back off of his vacation he run straight over to his farm and said, "When we going hunting?" He said, "Well, we'll go tomorrow night, if you want to. Come on over."

The next night, he went over and his buddy got his dogs and put 'em on the chain and he also got a monkey. And the guy said, "What are you doing with that monkey?" He said, "Well, while I was on my vacation I got this monkey." Said, "You know how hard it's been, all these years we been hunting. When we tree them coons, a lot of times we can't find 'em. They're hiding up in them trees. We don't have any real good lights and sometimes there's leaves on the trees, or they're hiding up on top of them big limbs, and we just can't see 'em. You know how hard it's been to find the coons." Said, "Now, this monkey is trained for that purpose."

"Well, how does he work?" He

something. It was a favorite pastime for the fellows to gather up on the store porch or around the old gristmill. They would see who could whittle the longest shavings, or who'd have the sharpest knife. They'd trade knives and they'd tell stories, and now and then drink a little moonshine or a little homebrew.

Storytelling was quite a pastime. It's a fine thing, as long as a person tells stories and people know that they *are* stories. People are supposed to have some sense of humor, pull a few little pranks on each other, and tell stories.

And the ladies, they had their things, too, you know. During certain times of the year they'd have apple peelings, dressmakings, quiltmakings. Then there were times of the year when the whole family, and neighbors, got together and made homemade molasses. They raised the cane and squeezed the sugar out of it with a thing called a cane mill. A horse or a mule would go round and round, and the mill squeezed the syrup or sap from the cane. The kids would ride the horse or the mule. Then the people would cook the juice in these big vats and make molasses. That was a community get-together. They also got together and helped each other shuck corn for the winter, put it in the crib. And at butchering time they'd help each other.

CW If you ran out of supplies in

said, "I can't tell you, I just have to show you." So naturally his buddy was real interested in the monkey.

They went over in a big deep holler where they normally hunted and they unsnapped them dogs and turned 'em loose. The dogs went down over there and in just a little while you could hear 'em bawling. So the guy went down there leading that monkey. His buddy went right behind him, wanted to see what happened. So when he got down to the tree, there his dog was, standing with his feet up on that tree just bawling. He reached in his pocket and he got a .22 pistol out. And he handed it to that monkey. He unsnapped the monkey from his leash, and the monkey took the pistol and went up the tree. He was just up there a little bit—according to the way the story went—when BANG! BANG! Two shots, two big coons rolled out of that tree!

His friend said, "Buddy, that is really something. That's the best I ever seen." The man snapped that monkey back on his leash, put the gun back in his pocket, got the dogs, and they went on back home happy about them coons.

Couple nights later, the first guy is really wanting to go hunting again. He went over and said, "Let's go hunting again." His friend said, "I can't." Said, "I've got an appointment. I have to go somewhere." "But," he said, "you can go." Said, "You got your own dogs. Go on." The other man said, "How 'bout me using your monkey?" He said, "Well, there's the monkey, take it and go on. You know we're friends. My monkey's your monkey."

So the man took the monkey and

Bill Jeffries looks like a man who enjoys a good tale.

he went over in the same holler where they'd killed a couple of coons the other night. He turned his dogs loose. They went down the holler there, in a little bit you could hear 'em bawling. Said, "Oh, boy. Just like the last time. Listen to them hounds. We got two coons, just like the last time." In a little bit, them dogs treed. He run down there leading that monkey fast as he could go. Sure enough, there was the big tree, just like the last time.

So immediately he took that pistol out of his pocket, handed it to the monkey, and turned that monkey loose fast. That monkey went up there and he was gone and gone. The monkey stayed up that tree and stayed up that tree and the man didn't think he was ever going to come back down. Directly, that monkey come back down the tree running just as fast down it as he did when he went up it. He got down to within about five foot of the ground and BANG! BANG! He shot two shots, shot both that man's dogs right between the eyes! The man said, "What happened here? This monkey went crazy. The other time he went up there and killed two coons. Here he went up there and stayed and stayed and now he's come back down and shot my dogs."

He took and leashed that monkey back on the leash and took him back to his buddy and said, "What happened here? This monkey, he didn't do right." Said, "He went up a tree and stayed and stayed and then he come down and shot my dogs. What happened?" His friend said, "There's something I forgot to tell you. If there's one thing that monkey hates worse than a coon, it's lying dogs."

the wintertime, would another family help you out?

BJ Oh, certainly. If anyone ran out of food or anything, the neighbors would supply that person, and in return that person should accommodate others when he got able. If a person got sick, and was unable to provide for his family, then the neighbors took care of the family until he could get on his feet. And he might return a day's work or something. It wasn't really owed, but it was just a good policy. Sure, they took care of each other. The Bible teaches we are indeed our brother's keeper. We're not to see each other in need.

CW It seems you understand your Scriptures.

BJ Well, I was brought up in a religious home. Not everybody, I don't suppose, practices religion in the same way, but everybody has their own personal beliefs. I have mine, you have yours. In every culture and every time, people, their inner selves, search for God in one form or another. I think the old country people relied upon supernatural powers more than the people of today because they didn't have the conveniences, the help, the medical care we have. They had to rely upon home remedies, and more or less just faith in our Creator.

Myself, I am spiritual minded. I believe that faith is the substance of things hoped for. I believe that there is a God and I believe that He does go before people and prepares a way where there seems to be none. I was raised that way. My family believed in prayer. When they didn't have a doctor or didn't have medication, they prayed. If they didn't have food, they prayed. The power of prayer always provided our family's needs, and it always has mine.

CW Mr. Jeffries, what was Christmas time like around your house?

BJ You mean back when I was young? Well, it was a custom to hang up big red wool stockings at Christmas time. The same stories of Santa Claus that existed then exist now, maybe just a little different in some of the tales. But the real idea of Christmas is to represent the birth of Christ and to bring you a remembrance of happy days.

There would be popcorn balls made, because they growed their own popcorn. And there would be taffy, made out of molasses and sugar. You could trade things at the company store, such as eggs or saltback bacon—that's where you butcher it and salt it down. You could trade things of that nature to the store, and purchase candy. There was a candy called horehound, a kind of bitter-like candy. It was famous in those days, and peppermint. You'd get that at Christmas time, and like I said, the homemade taffy and the popcorn balls. They would have apple bobbings, if there were other people around. They would put a tub of water down and you'd reach in the tub with your mouth and bite the apple out of the water. And they would have games.

Usually it was customary for people to try to go home, to go to see their people. So you could expect your relatives. There might be a whole bunch, and I mean by a whole bunch several families of just relatives, coming at Christmas time. It's always the custom to go home at Christmas, to be with your loved ones and to remember that day as a holy day and a happy day.

Way back in the country during December they'd have a homecoming and all the ladies would fix big meals. They still do that in my family, too, on Christmas, Fourth of July, Easter, and the other holidays like that. They fix big meals, and usually it's the sisters who do that. The brothers are never into that. They just go eat.

On a farm you raise your own animals, so you always have a bird standing around just waiting for that day. You have a special bird growed for that day. Of course, then, if there's someone lucky enough to have gotten a wild bird, he'd be the talk of the town. But usually it was something you'd raised on the farm, to prepare a special meal. And the women took care of that. Sometimes, you might kill a chicken or duck or goose or turkey for the lady, but generally the ladies would pick him and prepare him.

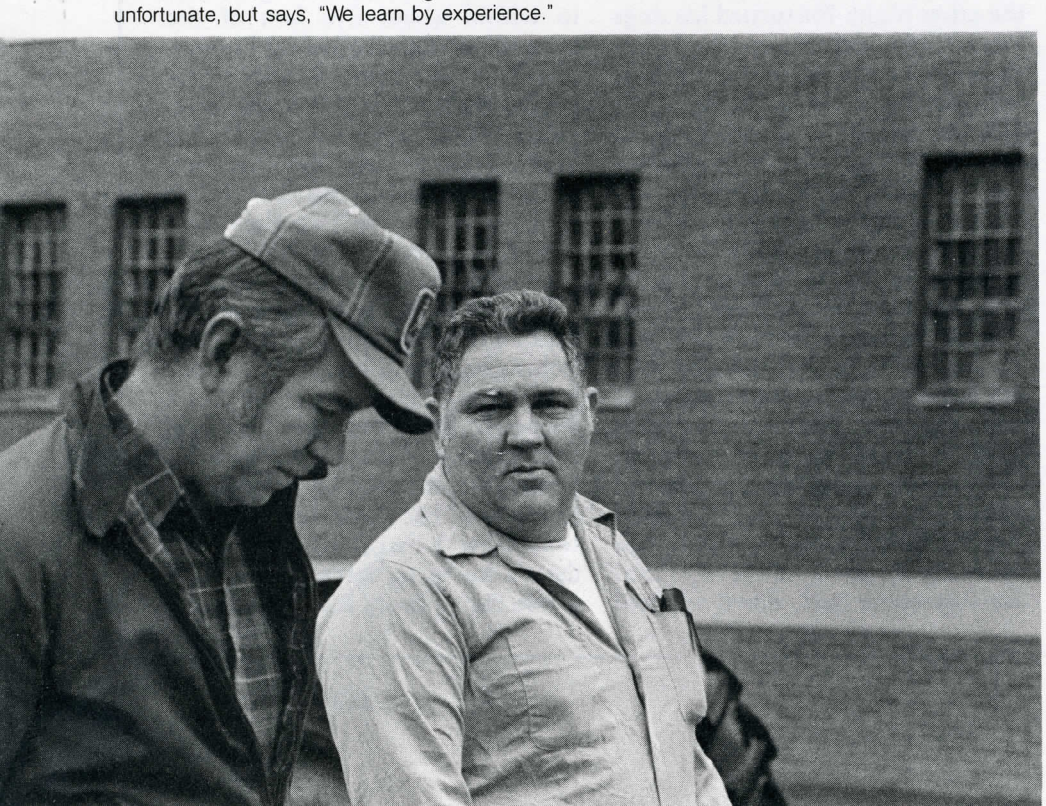
CW Sounds like you had a good life when you were growing up. Would you rather live back then than now?

BJ Well, I wouldn't want to stand in the way of progress, but I would say that people would live longer if they would follow the old ways. Rather than all the modern machinery and the factories and the pollution and the fast living. We benefit from it, but in the end it will kill us. I don't mean to bring up Scriptures again but the Bible says we'll die of want in a land of plenty, and we'll die in a polluted land because of our own greed. We want things fast, and sometimes the things we like aren't always good for us.

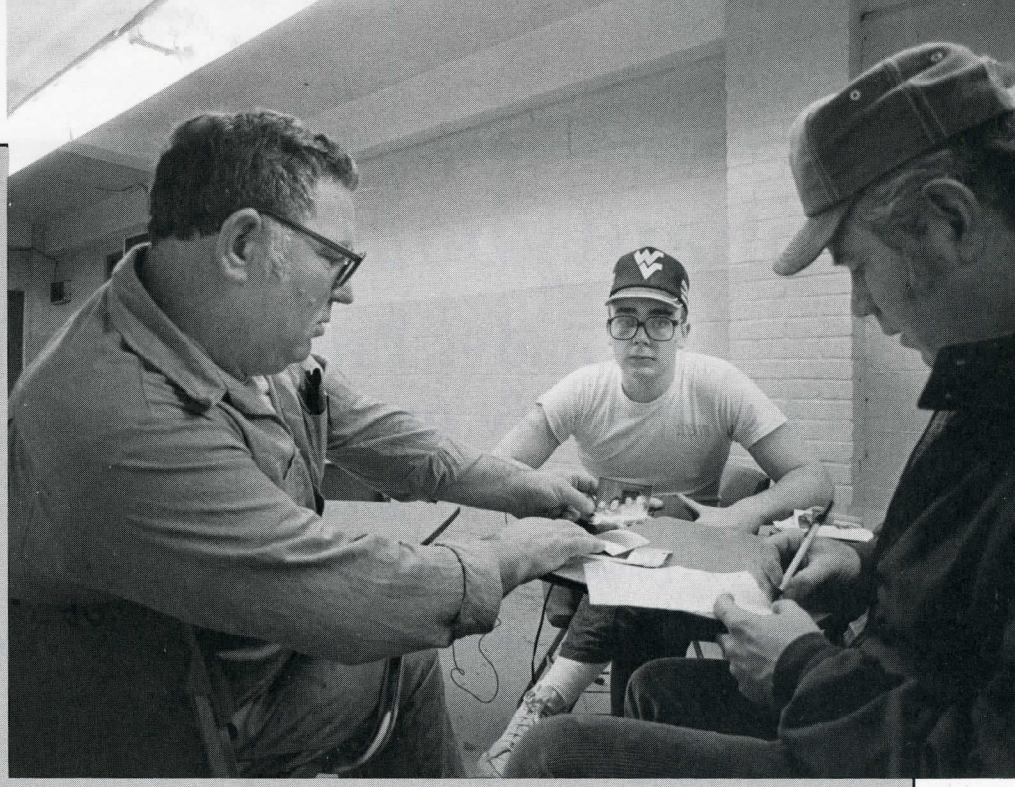
CW Is there anything else you can tell me about yourself?

BJ No, not really. Except referring to this prison here, I'd say it's just another part of the world. It's a misfortunate thing that we're both here, but we learn by experience.

Bill Jeffries walks the Huttonsville grounds with Michael Kline. He views his prison time as unfortunate, but says, "We learn by experience."



Teaching at Huttonsville



Teacher Michael Kline (right) confers with Bill Jeffries and student interviewer Charles Williams (background).

Though Davis and Elkins College has offered courses at the Huttonsville Correctional Center off and on for a number of years, the current program of education and outreach services for the inmates, which can lead to an associate degree at the college, was approved through the State Department of Corrections last fall. D&E's new Dean of the Faculty, Dr. William Hamilton, seemed especially eager to implement the Huttonsville program, and has given hearty encouragement to the faculty in developing class offerings. Simultaneously, Greg Wells at the college's counseling center initiated "The Huttonsville Connection," which brought student counselors in contact with inmates in an exciting exchange for both groups.

I was asked by Dean Hamilton to teach my "Appalachian Cultures & Traditions" course at the prison during the spring term, when an assortment of other sociology, math, and science courses were being offered. I normally teach this course to a class of "regular" students on the D&E campus in Elkins. My curriculum there draws heavily from the extensive Appalachian Collection at the college library, and from interviews conducted by the students themselves among older rural people in nearby communities. The course generally turns out to be a nice blend between scholarly and primary sources, with the shared student interviews gaining momentum toward the end of the term.

In adapting the course for inmates at a medium security prison 20 miles from the scholarly resources readily available on campus, I began to anticipate some difficulties. I have never found any one text suitable for "Appalachian Cultures & Traditions," so I could not merely have a matched set of books ordered for my new class of student inmates. The library at Huttonsville Correctional Center offered only scanty references in my subject, and the massive walls around the place made it painfully clear that the prisoners have no access to the surrounding communities.

So I ordered some back issues of GOLDENSEAL and picked up a complete set of *Foxfire* books to have on reserve in the prison library. All of these sources were checked by the Warden, who deleted Volume 5 of *Foxfire*, because it contained a recipe for gunpowder.

Once in the class—which met three hours a night, two nights a week for seven weeks—I found that nearly all the students came from Appalachian cultures I wished to explore. Right from the start I encouraged the inmates to generate materials for the class from their own reflections and from taped interviews they did with other, usually older, inmates. The prison officials and education staff were most helpful in setting up situations where the taped conversations could happen, and in the end all but two of the students completed the assignment. One of the student tapes was so outstanding that I submitted it to GOLDENSEAL's editor, Ken Sullivan, who shared my enthusiasm about it. He said he knew of no other instance in which prisoners had interviewed one another about their cultural reflections and recollections. The other students were as excited about the publishing of the work of their classmate, Charles Williams, as if the success had been their own. All the interviews were good, however, and provided a rich unit of study in which the prison "population" came to be seen as a community with definable cultural patterns, values, hopes, and dreams.

Reading assignments designed to generate class discussion were done with an eagerness seldom found among my college students, and the attendance of the group was nearly perfect. The political astuteness and cultural insights of the group were tremendously challenging to me as the class instructor. I came away from each session very stretched out, and hated to see the class end. I look forward to future associations with the Huttonsville students, and hope they find new options for living productive lives through the college curriculum at the prison.

—Michael Kline

Shantyboat Days

Gladys Price Recalls Life on the River

By Irene B. Brand

Photographs by Michael Keller

Above: Standing at the rail of her converted boat, Gladys Price has a ready smile for visitors.

Shantyboats are a thing of the past. They belong to the days of steamboats, showboats, ferryboats, coal locomotives and the Model-T Ford. They are also reminiscent of an era people want to forget—Depression times when families, lacking other means of survival, took to the river as a source of livelihood.

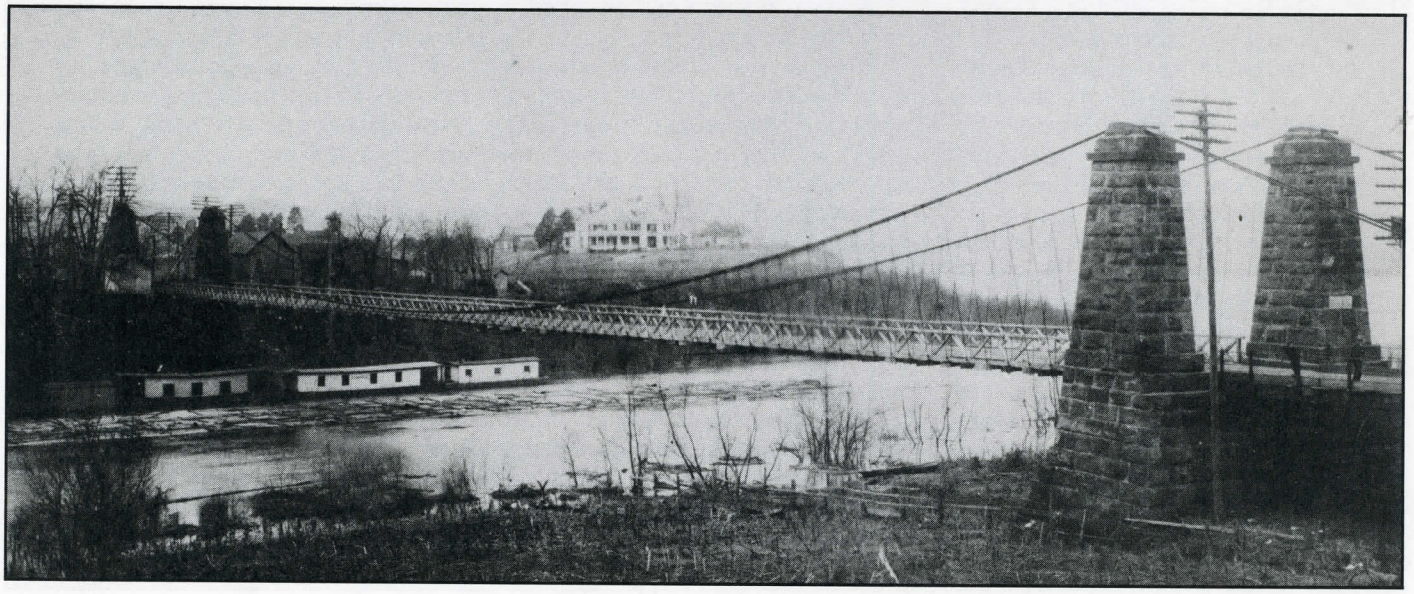
Those are the shantyboat days that living West Virginians can recall. Using boats for residences in the Ohio River Valley actually goes back even further, starting in the 18th century, when pioneers began to cross the Appalachians. Reaching the Monongahela River, the migrants would find someone to build a boat big enough to carry their animals, wagon, supplies, and family. Usually the pioneers hired a guide familiar with the rivers to float them downstream, for the many hazards of water travel—islands, rocks, sandbars—were frightening to newcomers.

When the travelers got to Pittsburgh, they might be able to travel alone by following a crude map of the Ohio River. To bolster their courage, families often grouped together in fleets of three or four flatboats, but still many boats were destroyed and lives lost when the travelers encountered obstructions in the river.

When the pioneers arrived at their destination, they continued to live in the flatboats until the land was cleared. In some cases the lumber from houseboats was used to build new houses on land. And through the years boats have served as residences for families whose occupations lured them to the water. Only the past few decades have witnessed the disappearance of shantyboats from our navigable rivers.

Many Mason County residents still

Shantyboats looked much the same on any of West Virginia's navigable rivers, as these pictures from the Guyandotte, Kanawha, and Ohio rivers show. Photo below is from near the mouth of the Guyandotte at Huntington. Erskine Studio, date unknown. Photo at top right is of 19th-century shantyboaters on the Kanawha, near present South Charleston. Old Lock No. 6 is being built across the river, with the sternwheel towboat *Bee* in attendance. Photographer unknown, 1885. Photo at bottom right is of the Ohio, at Benwood in the Northern Panhandle. Shantyboat in foreground has been temporarily "beached out" during a rise in the water; note its drying fishnet. Date and photographer unknown. Both photos at right courtesy of G. W. Sutphin.



remember when shantyboats lined the bank along the Kanawha River south of Point Pleasant. It's possible to find people who once lived on shantyboats, but none remembers the life better than Gladys Price of Henderson. Her parents took her to the river when she was three years old, and 23 years later when Gladys moved from the river, she took her boat with her. She still lives in it.

Her residence—about the size of a three-room house trailer—was built by her brother-in-law, Ernest Leport, in 1930. When Gladys married Ray Price in 1948, they bought Leport's boat, and after living on the river for a few months they beached it for repairs and made it into a house. The flat top was replaced with a gabled roof and the walkways were removed from each side of the boat, but otherwise few changes were made in the structure.

Perched on a high foundation overlooking the confluence of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, the boat is safe now from the water and its hazards. Yet Gladys continues to hear the slap of waves against the bank, and awakens to the whistles of towboats as they glide past her house.

"My family has been two generations on the river," Gladys says. "My grandfather, Alan Wesley Seeley, right after the Civil War, had a big boat—a merchant boat, he called it. And they would go up and down the Ohio and Kanawha rivers selling merchandise, dishes, hardware, and stuff like that."

Gladys' father, Alan Wesley Seeley, Jr., in his time provided a four-room houseboat for his family while he roamed the rivers looking for work. Mr. Seeley was a carpenter by trade, and even in depressed times could usually find a few hours' work as he traveled south to Cincinnati, and as far north as Wheeling. The Seeleys eventually made a permanent mooring at Henderson where they lived for many years. In addition to the carpentry, Gladys' father fished, and her mother raised chickens and planted a garden. "That's how we made our living in the Depression days," Gladys remembers. "It was a pretty good living then."

When they traveled, the Seeleys towed their residence with a motorboat which Gladys' father made by putting a Ford engine on a big skiff. While the Seeleys used this mode of travel, other shantyboaters simply drifted with the current, occasionally propelling themselves by the use of large oars, called sweeps, mounted on the front of the main deck—devices used by the rafts and flatboats of earlier times.

The drifters often hitched a ride on commercial craft to go upriver. Some towboat captains would accommodate the small boats free of charge. When going through locks, the shanties were attached to the side of the towboat.

"We did that one time," Gladys said, "down here at Huntington. Like to scared us to death! They'd make you go on in back of the barge and tie to the towboat. You couldn't tie on the barge—you'd get squashed. You could travel a distance that way if you wanted to, but not all of the towboats would fool with the shanties."

Although houseboats had been common for years, the Great Depression prompted a vast influx of shanties to the rivers. The Seeleys lived on a sturdy, safe boat, but Gladys can remember all kinds of river craft.

"Back in the '30's when I was a kid, I've seen people go down the river in little shacks built on oil drums—just a raft with a little shack on it. They had children on them boats, and it was frightening just to look at them. Lots of people traveled in yawls, too, back in them days."

Yet Gladys says that the river met many of the needs of jobless people at that time. People could put a house together for a small sum, and they had no rent, utilities, or taxes to pay. Cash

Mrs. Price's houseboat now makes a cozy dry land residence.

could be earned by collecting scrap iron, and salvaging bottles or other floating items from the river. Musseling and fishing, however, provided the main sources of income.

In the years after the turn of the century mussels were abundant in the Ohio River, and shantyboaters gathered them by using a brail—a long piece of wood with hooks attached to it by strings. In the low water of summer, the brail was dragged along the riverbed, and mussels would attach to the hooks. The mussels—a type of freshwater clam—were dropped into a flatboat, then taken to shore. The meat was cooked off and discarded to get the mother-of-pearl shells which were used to make buttons.

These "pearls" were sold to the button factory at East Liverpool, Ohio, and when the barge was full of shells, the shantyboaters would have a towboat take them to the factory. The rivermen did their job so well that mussels are seldom found in the water now. Pollution and the deeper water maintained by modern locks and dams also contributed to their demise.

Fishing, however, was the most common occupation. "Most of the shantyboaters fished," Gladys recalls, "and there was always a ready market for them in the restaurants at Point Pleasant and Gallipolis. The fish—mostly catfish—were good in those days!

"The men put out big nets at night, and they could catch lots of fish. Of course, it was against the law to fish that way, but they did it anyway. They spread trotlines across the river, too, sunk far down so the big boats didn't catch on lines that were left out overnight."

Some of those trotlines stretched out as much as 100 feet from the shore. The hooks were attached to branch lines about 18 inches long, which in turn were fastened about 20 inches apart to the long main line. Fishermen checked the line from a johnboat, slowly working out into the river as fish were removed and hooks rebaited. If riverboats did happen to disturb the trotlines or nets, some shantyboaters were not above angry gunfire. Riverboat pilots soon learned where hostile shantyboaters lived and in passing made as few waves as possible.

Fortunately, the big boats and little boats seem to have gotten along well

Life was hard on the river, Mrs. Price says, but today she treasures the memories of neighborliness and good times.

together most of the time. Gladys remembers that the passenger-carrying packetboats provided an additional valuable market for the fishermen, their cooks often buying large tubs of cleaned fish. She especially recalls the *Liberty*, whose cook traded her father slabs of bacon in exchange for fish. One day, when the packet was carrying animals, the cook threw off a piglet in payment.

"And do you know, my dad and brother-in-law had the awfulest time catching that pig," she chuckles. "But they caught it, raised it up, and butchered it. We salted it down and we had bacon all winter long." Thus the shrewd boat dwellers managed to extract dividends from that batch of fish for a long while.

Gladys remembers that living conditions on the shanties were primitive. The toilet perched on the rear porch of the typical shantyboat emptied straight into the river. Nevertheless, the river supplied all of the shantyboaters' water, except the cooking and drinking water which came from shore. "The river water was even good to drink until the plants started polluting it in the early 1900's," she says.

Although the Seeleys missed many of the comforts of living on land, they always had plenty to eat. "We had beans and potatoes, cornbread and biscuits a lot," Gladys says, adding that the quality of the abundant food varied according to what was available. "I've seen my mother make a great big skillet of gravy and biscuits, and that's all we'd have for breakfast."

Gladys' mother did her cooking on a coal stove and an icebox was used to preserve the family's food. Kerosene lamps were used for lighting, Gladys reports. "The only boat I know that had electric was Skipper Neal's, and he'd hooked up his own generator." Neal traveled the rivers as an employee of the Pfaff and Smith sand and gravel company, and he evidently was more prosperous than many of his river neighbors.

Shantyboats weren't subject to any government regulations except the requirement of having running lights. At dusk Mr. Seeley hung lighted lanterns on each end of his boat. Lanterns hanging from trees provided light for Gladys and her mother when they returned from church services late at night. Access to land was by a gangplank from the boat to shore, and it was sometimes rough to walk over. The lighted lanterns often meant the difference between arriving safely at home, or falling into the river.

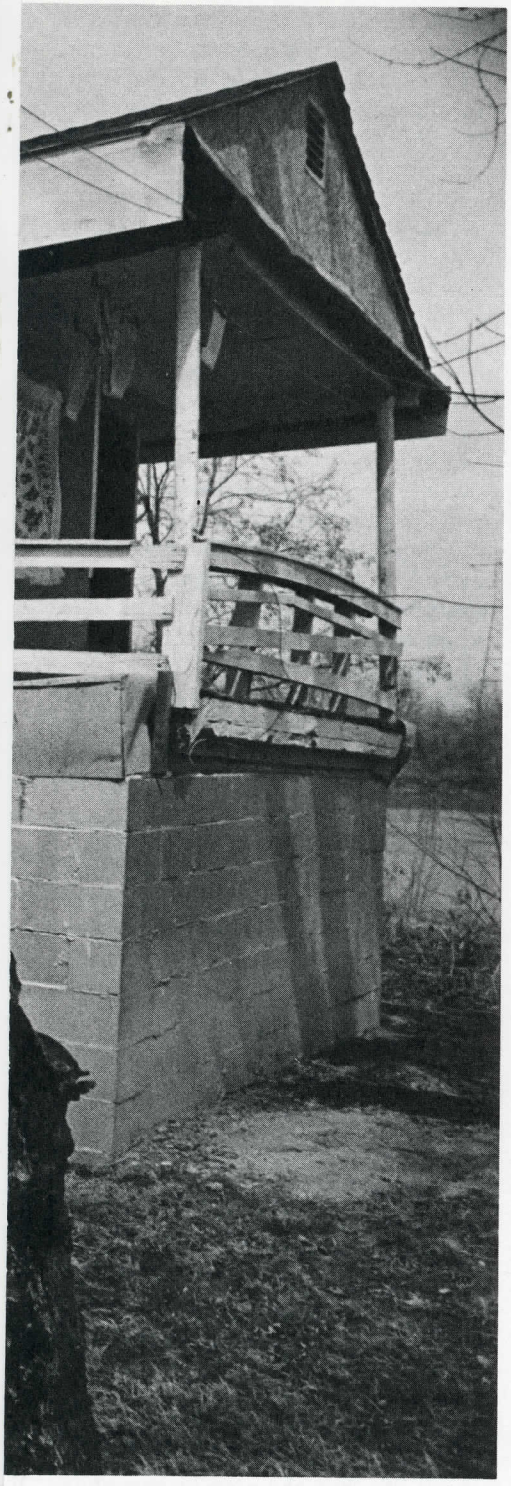
Shantyboaters were sometimes

classed as water gypsies, and farmers dreaded to see the boats tie up in their vicinity. The stereotypical shantyboater was a shiftless character who idled away his time. Gladys knows that some river dwellers did live by raiding nearby gardens, or chicken houses, and she believes it was such families who gave river people a bad name.

"They used to make fun of us and call us trash, or shantyboat people," she says. "Now, they did that to everybody, didn't make any difference how nice a boat you had, or how much you had. They did that to all of 'em." Even at school Gladys found that some children wouldn't associate with kids from the river, but she attended school anyway. "My mother always insisted on that," she added.

Most women didn't like living on the boats because of the danger, and the difficulty of keeping house. It wasn't like living on a quiet street. One's home on the river could be damaged by a floating log, or a runaway barge, and during storms the wind-driven waves pushed the houseboats against the shore.

"The waves off the big boats were



Left: Mrs. Price's house at Henderson retains the lines of the original houseboat. The Kanawha River may be seen in the background.
Above: Gladys Price's parents, about 1945. Her father lived on the river until his death in 1951, making him one of the last shantyboaters. Photographer unknown.

terrible, too," Gladys recalls. "Our boat would go backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards. It was aggravating. You couldn't set nothing out. Everything had to be put where it wouldn't slide, and when you cooked, you had to watch the pans to keep them from falling off the stove."

Lamps had to be anchored, and dishes stored in cabinets to prevent breakage. "I remember my mother had an old-fashioned cupboard with two big doors from the roof to the floor. She had little boards nailed up and down on the shelves so her dishes wouldn't come out. She had some china dishes that had belonged to her mother, and she didn't want to lose them."

The rough waves often made sleeping difficult. But on calm nights the shanty was almost stationary and then the movement of the water had its advantages. "The waves were pretty good in getting you to sleep—just like rockin' in a cradle." Yet nighttime brought its problems, even in calm weather. The commercial boats traveled day and night, and since the Seeleys were well-known, mischievous steamboat captains often shone their large searchlights in the windows to awaken the sleeping family.

Ice was a source of concern to the shantyboater, too, and Gladys was living on the river during the big freeze of 1936. The Kanawha was frozen for weeks. The Seeleys had to saw the ice away from the boat every day, because if their home had been bound in ice when the water receded the boat could have been destroyed. Gladys also remembers frightening thaws, when chunks of ice pounded against the hull of their boat.

The 1937 flood stands out in Gladys' mind as her most terrifying river experience—a time when their houseboat rode on a level with the treetops. It was a period of fear, heightened by helpless inactivity for the women. "There was nothing we could do but cook and keep the house clean."

During the flood, shantyboaters had an opportunity to perform services for their shore-side neighbors. Gladys recollects that in 1937 the Seeleys took in a neighboring land family, which included a big spotted hound. Since Mrs. Seeley didn't like dogs, the animal wasn't allowed in the house portion of the boat. Tied up on deck, the

dog spent nights howling and barking, which prevented any sleep for the other occupants of the boat. "More than once, I was tempted to push that dog in the river," Gladys laughingly recalled.

Neighbors who couldn't find shelter during the big flood camped on the Shadle Bridge, which spanned the Kanawha River between Henderson and Point Pleasant. They piled their furniture on the high bridge, covered it with canvas, and lived in tents near their belongings. "It was a miserable place to be, but there was nowhere else to go," Gladys says. "Some stayed on the boat landings, too, or on the towboats that were tied up."

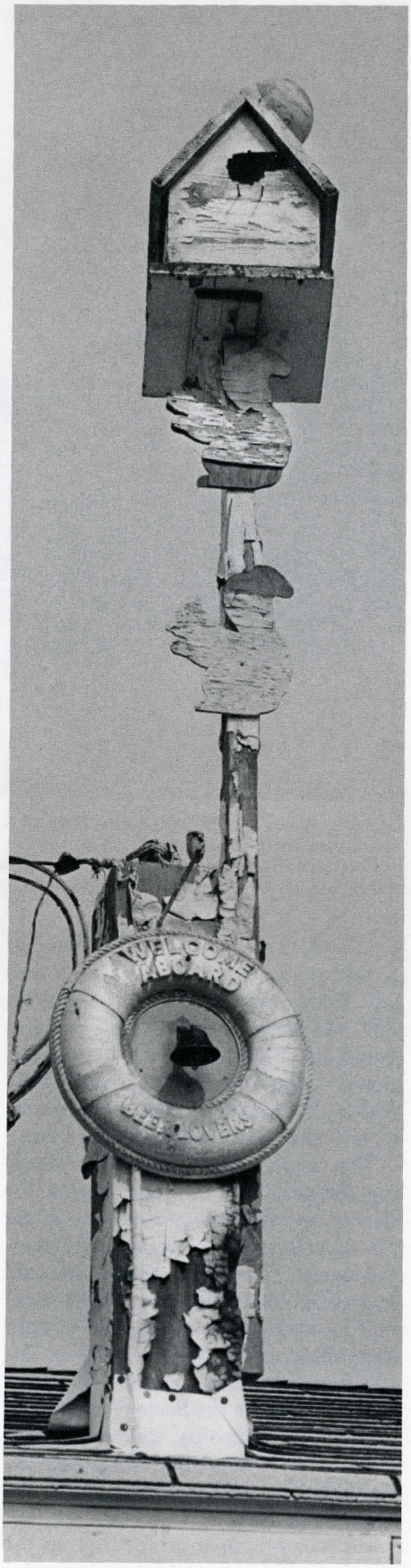
Gladys also remembers that the shantyboaters helped people move their belongings to higher ground in advance of the rising waters. "My dad had a big barge, and he would go over in Point Pleasant and help people move. He didn't charge them—just did it to help."

While their shantyboat stayed secured to its moorings in the treetops, the Seeleys saw houses and other buildings float by on the boisterous river. Chickens and small animals on haystacks drifted downstream. The boatmen salvaged many items as they braved the swift current in their skiffs. "My dad caught little johnboats and everything. Nobody ever claimed them. He probably just gave them away."

These were the unusual, exciting times. For the most part, life on a shantyboat was humdrum, but Gladys remembers her childhood as enjoyable. The children played on and swam from the big sandbar formed at the confluence of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers on the Henderson side. They could wade a great distance out into the Kanawha in those days before the locks raised the level of the water.

One of Gladys' activities as a child was chasing frogs and catching them for food. "I loved frog legs, and my mom would cook them for me." Shaking her head, Gladys adds, "The frogs are gone now. Used to hear them big frogs. The crawdads are gone, too. You don't see nothing like that now. I guess chemicals in the water have killed them all out."

With the advent of radio entertainment, life became more pleasant on the houseboat. Gladys remembers when the Seeleys got their first radio. "It was one of the big old-fashioned kind. We got it from Sears, Roebuck, and it had a big square battery in it. We especially liked 'Ma Perkins,' 'Edgar Bergen,' and 'One Man's Family.' "



The Price residence still has a "Welcome Aboard" for birds and people.

As she grew older Gladys liked to go to the movies, and it was easy for her family to row across the river to Point Pleasant's theaters. The bridge was a toll bridge in her youth, but why pay toll when the johnboat was always handy for transportation? When they wanted to go longer distances, over to Gallipolis or Pomeroy, the motorboat was put into use.

After World War II when people generally became more prosperous, the need for shantyboats diminished and most families eventually moved ashore. Gladys' father was probably the last shantyboater in the county, for he lived on the river until his death in 1951 at the age of 84.

Gladys herself was happy to leave the water, for she disliked the privations of river life. "I wouldn't live on the river again for nothing," she asserts. She does remember with fondness many events from that period of her life, such as the neighbors on shore who not only provided them with water, but big pitchers of ice as well. "Most people were helpful when you needed a boat shoved out when the water was falling, or something. And my mother was neighborly, too. I've seen her give food and things to other people on the river when they didn't have anything. She'd help them."

And although Gladys now traces some of her arthritic problems to the many years on the water, she doesn't remember that any of them were ever sick when they lived on the boat. "We weren't bothered much with mosquitoes. There were flies, but no spiders, nor rats or mice."

Gladys Seeley Price has mixed feelings about the benefits of houseboat dwelling. She recalls the experience as a hard life, but she also knows shantyboats were necessary during a time when too many people lacked money for rent and utilities. The boats also enabled men to stay with their families while they searched for work. With such thoughts in mind, she finally sums up her opinion of life on a shantyboat. "We had enough to eat and clothes to wear, and though it was a dangerous life, we had something to live on in Depression days."

"Indian Summer All the Time"

B. E. André, Charleston Motorcyclist

By Richard A. André

My father Bernard André was born in Charleston in 1886, on the eve of the gasoline age. His father was the godson of Edgar Allan Poe. The Andrés had been musicians, from generation to generation, and one might have expected that Bernard would follow in their footsteps. Instead "Bee," as he came to be called, took after his Irish grandfather, Samuel Robinson. Sam was a first class blacksmith who had settled in Charleston in the 1840's.

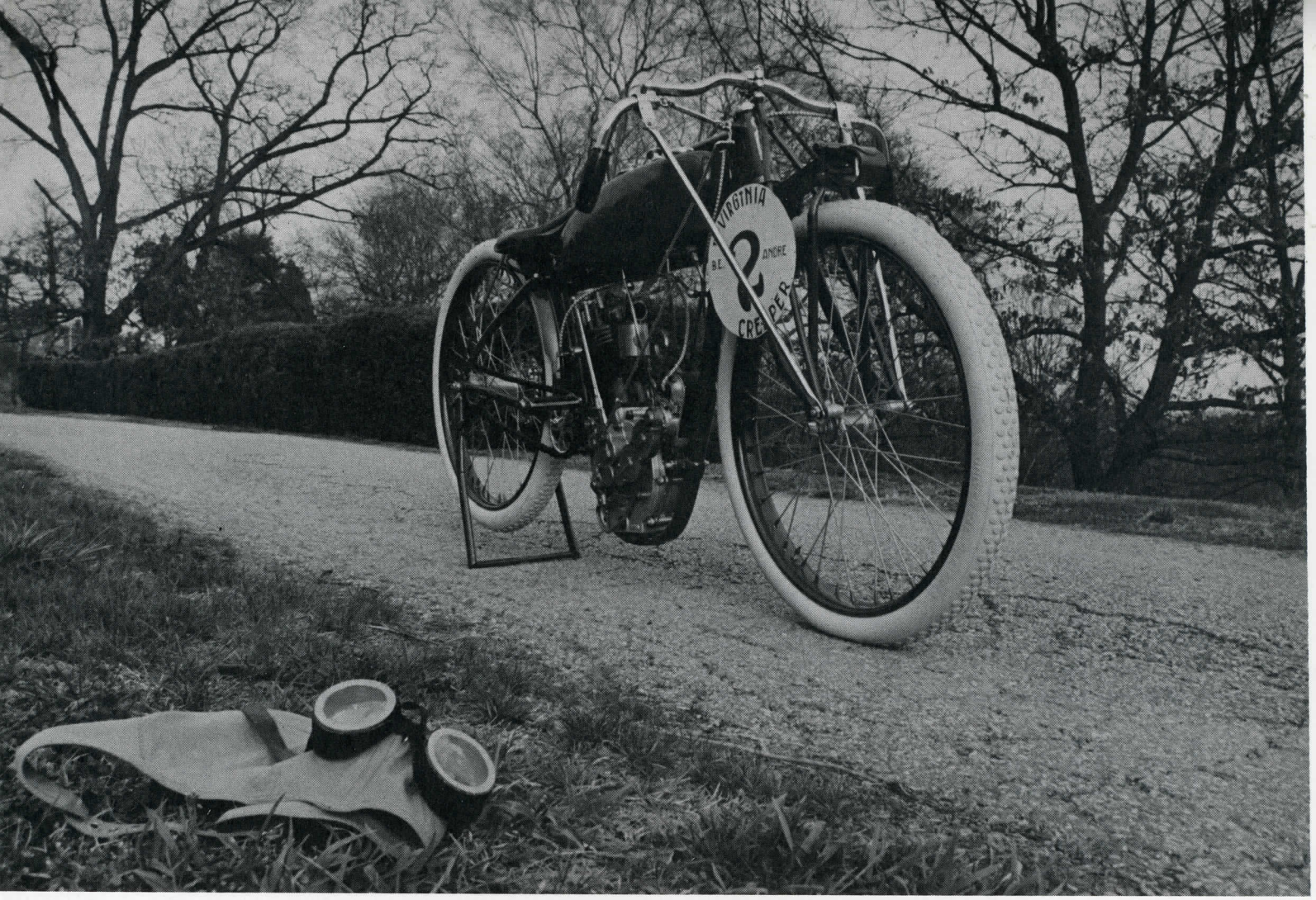
The 1890's in America are remembered as the "Gay Nineties," and there is no reason to believe that those times were any less so in Charleston. Peace and relative prosperity reigned here, as elsewhere in the nation. Steamboats plied the Kanawha, paddlewheels beating the water while black smoke boiled from ornate stacks. The main streets were of brick, and gaslights illuminated major thoroughfares. Along Kanawha and Virginia streets builders fashioned grand Victorian mansions for the coal and business moguls who tried to outdo one another with the impressiveness of their dwellings.

In those days the city limits extended not much beyond Elk River on the west and Ruffner Avenue on the east. Bernard André grew up right in the middle, where Dickinson Street now runs between Quarrier and Virginia. His boyhood downtown was ruled by the old Gothic-style capitol building, which sat like a brooding giant near the site later occupied by the Diamond Department Store. Most of the buildings of the business district fronted along Kanawha Street, now Kanawha Boulevard.

From the beginning Bee had an extraordinary love of anything mechanical, especially if it rolled. He must have been electrified by his first encounter with a horseless carriage. That may seem quaint today, with space flight becoming common. But space travel is too remote for most of us really to get a feel for. An automobile, on the other hand, was something you could get right up close to—into the clatter and smoke and the rich new aroma of gasoline and motor oil. And to think that it went by itself! From the first young Bernard took to internal combustion, although he later graduated from four wheels to two.

In the meantime, he had his growing up to do. As a youth, and throughout his life, he was thin and wiry and enjoyed athletics. He was small by today's norms but nonetheless made the football team at Charleston High School, quarterbacking the 1907 championship team. Football then was an even rougher sport and he apparently counted on speed and agility to overcome larger opponents. Usually it worked, sometimes not. An old photograph shows him knocked cold on the field, his obliging teammates propping him up for the camera.

Bee finished Charleston High later



in 1907, the last formal education he had. He set out to make his fortune, working for four years in a variety of jobs. He drove a delivery van, worked at the old Kelly Axe Factory, and was circulation manager for the *Charleston Gazette*. None was easy but they all broadened the young man's experience and enabled him to salt away a little money for future plans.

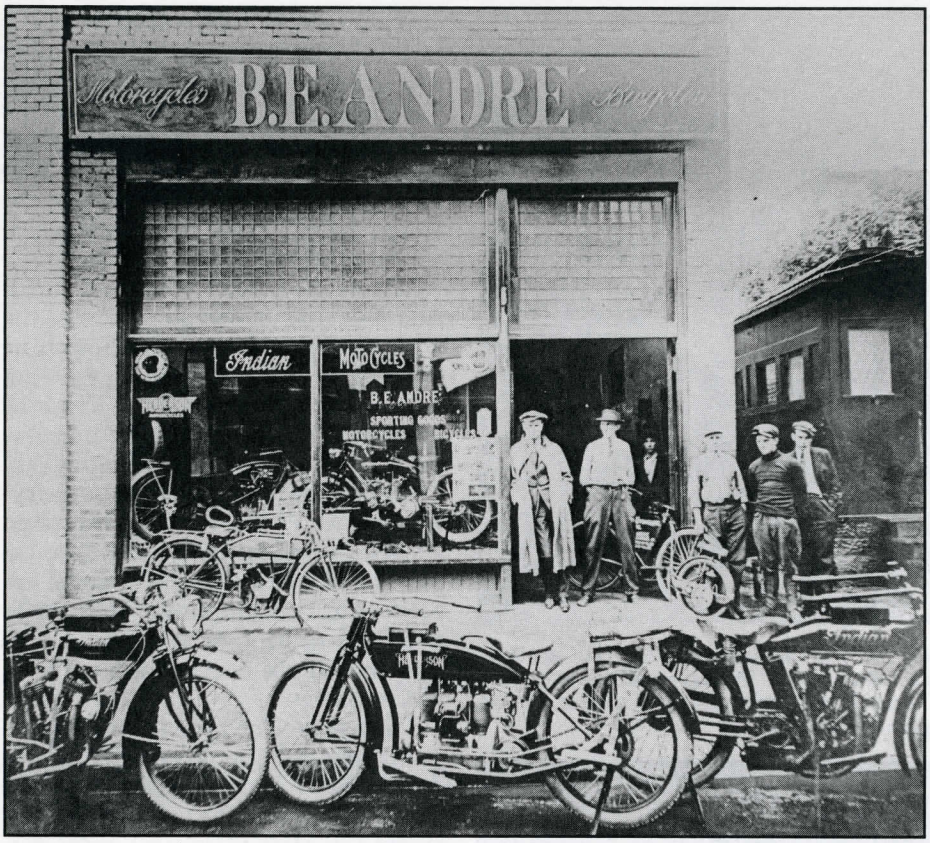
By 1911, at age 25, Bee André evidently felt he had enough of both savings and experience to set up for himself. It didn't take him long to decide upon a line of business. Gasoline transportation still fascinated him and, as a lifelong bicyclist, he instinctively turned to motorcycles instead of automobiles. He found a Quarrier Street storeroom and had a sign painted. "B. E. André Motorcycles and Bicycles" was the place to go if you wanted to put two wheels under yourself.

Nothing satisfies a man like the roaring mechanical horse, and that was no doubt as true in 1911 as in 1984. Nonetheless, motorcycles of that time were not sold as the playthings they've become today. Rather, they were sturdy, practical transportation, with very good ones available for $200 to $300. Hand labor made contemporary cars much more expensive—Henry Ford introduced his Model T in 1908, but got it into assembly line mass production at a price of $500 only in 1913. And a motorcycle would never bury itself to the axles in primitive West Virginia roads. The rider could pull it out of about any mire he drove it into, and on two wheels he had a better chance of dodging mud holes altogether.

If André had no trouble choosing between autos and motorcycles, he faced a more bewildering decision in picking the actual brand of motorcycle to sell. American factories were turning them out in astonishing variety. All domestic manufacturers except one have since fallen to competition, mismanagement, or the Great Depression, so the old names are unfamiliar to us. There were the Ace, Excelsior, Flying Merkel, and Henderson, among others. But the undisputed leaders were the Harley Davidson and the Indian, the latter a Yankee product made by Hendee Manufacturing Company of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Of the two, Charleston's new motorcycle dealer settled on Indian for his main sales line. He recognized the quality of the bright red machines. Besides, as he used to say, "They had plenty of soup." Hendee was America's oldest motorcycle company and the young man was proud to be associated with them. The André customer could expect good times on a good machine and some of my father's early newspaper ads carried the upbeat motto, "Indian Summer All the Time."

Bee André was a born mechanic and he always made a good living from his shop. A 1914 advertisement boasted that "74 of the 89 motorcycles in Charleston are Indians." If he never got rich at it, it was because he was too easy with the credit to make a truly successful merchant. It was hard to deny a kid wanting a bicycle, or crack down on a fellow motorcycle enthu-



Left: B. E. André's old Indian racing motorcycle has been restored by the family. Photo by Rick Lee.
Above: B. E. André (shirtsleeves) stands proprietorally in doorway of his motorcycle dealership. This is the original Charleston shop at 913 Quarrier Street. Photographer unknown, about 1916.

siast behind on a few payments. He took his main reward out of the dealership in the form of support for his hobby, which was very soon to become motorcycle racing.

It was inevitable that my father took up racing, with his competitive bent and direct access to parts and the finest motorcycles. He named each of his Indian racers the "Virginia Creeper," reflecting an ironic sense of humor since the oldtimers still say they all went like streaks.

They undoubtedly did, for the old racing cycles were strictly business. *Cycle* magazine recently characterized the early Indian racer as "a 100-mph bicycle," with "no clutch and no brakes and a one-position, wide-open throttle." That's close, although actually there was no throttle at all. No transmission, either. The direct-drive machines ran flat out from a dead start, beginning at the very moment they were fired up—usually by a pit crew pushing them to ignition speed. To control acceleration the rider had only a "kill button," to cut the motor momentarily. When this failed, as it sometimes did, you rode it out of gas. With that in mind, fuel tanks were interchangeable and calibrated in capacity to the length of the race. "Once you're going—you're going," said the *Cycle* writer, who test drove two vintage Indians in 1980.

The Indian racer got by without certain other accessories as well. There were no fenders, as the *Cycle* man noticed when his hindquarters slipped back onto a speeding rear tire. What the machine lacked in frills, it made up in speed. The Indian people put out one- and two-cylinder racing bikes. The single was a 500cc job, with the larger "V-Twin" a full 1000. The big one could blister along at 100 miles per hour or better.

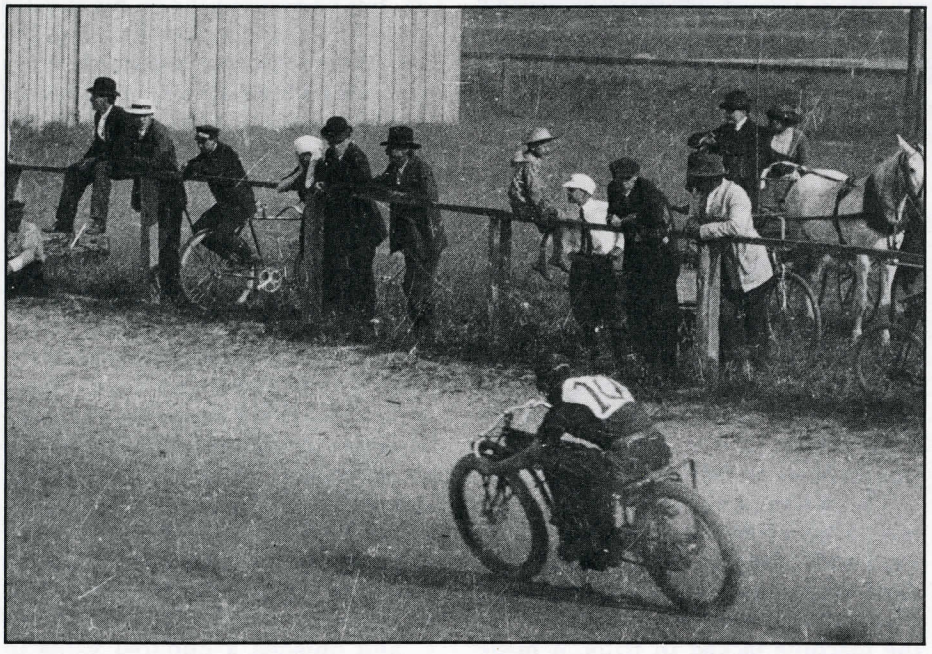
It was on such machines that Bee André took to the tracks of the tri-state area, putting himself into fixes from which he had no right to expect the good Lord to return him. Motorcycle racing was replacing horse racing in local popularity, even at county fairs, so there was no shortage of places to compete. All you needed was a fast motorcycle and plenty of nerve. My father had both, and, as it sometimes seemed to me, too much of the latter. His racing accidents were numerous, breaking most of his limbs as well as his nose at one time or another. Once he was thrown "high as a telephone pole," the witnesses said, and he lay unconscious for 24 hours afterwards. Still, the same fearlessness propelled him to championship status and he brought home very few second-place ribbons.

As it happened, second place was dead last for him in one of his most celebrated early contests. That was the time he raced his Indian against one of the early flying machines. The pilot, Lincoln Beechey, made his living barnstorming the country to race autos and motorcycles—anybody, in fact, who wanted to take him on. Bee André was one who did, and a 1912 race was arranged for Gallipolis, Ohio. André lost, but he accused the bi-plane pilot of cutting corners and buzzing his motorcycle at no more than an arm's reach. He told the story in good humor in later years, but never failed to call Beechey a "damn fool" for his flying practices. Those were strong words coming from a man not noted for his own cautiousness. They evidently were on the mark, however, for Beechey managed to kill himself a few years later in a San Francisco crash.

André never challenged another airplane and he never lost many more races, either. Old newspaper clippings document his success. In 1914 the *Fayette Democrat* reported that he ran "something like a mile a minute, which is good time on a small track," in winning the Oak Hill race celebrating the Fourth of July. A Harrisonburg, Virginia, paper noted that he "led the field . . . and finished a hundred yards or more ahead" in winning their county fair race in 1916. The *Bluefield Daily Telegraph* said he established a local track record there in June 1917. When he did lose, he usually had an explanation. On the margin of a 1916 Clarksburg clipping reporting a second place finish, he wrote, "We had to let the fellow win because he was a home town boy."

As the 'teens progressed, larger affairs than cycle racing came to occupy the attention of young men. The European war loomed ever larger, and

Above: This picture of four Indian racers was probably made at the Dunbar half-mile track, about 1916. André is at right. The men behind will push the motorcycles off. Photographer unknown.
Below: At least one spectator holds her ears while André roars by. This photogrpah, probably at the Dunbar dirt track, was made about 1916. Photographer unknown.



when it finally drew America into combat in 1917 Bee André was among many of his generation who answered the call to serve. Members of the family may have been relieved, thinking that war was likely to be less dangerous than mile-a-minute racing, but André himself was determined to make the most of an exciting opportunity. He sought out the Army Air Service, but doctors there turned down his application. At 31, he was judged too old to take up military flying.

Maybe it was for the best. Years later, I ran across some of his letters from a friend who had been accepted into the flying corps. "You should be damn glad you missed out on this deal," his buddy wrote. "They are killing off boys right and left trying to teach them how to fly." It is unlikely that the prospect of danger would have deterred my father at that time, but he did manage to satisfy himself with the next best thing and did his soldiering on wheels, with the Army Motor Transport. Like many others he never made it to the front in that blessedly short conflict and ended up serving out World War I at Camp Johnson, Florida. Later, he narrowly missed postwar service in the little-known action against the Bolsheviks in Northern Russia, due, he always figured, to the presence of a U.S. Senator's son in his regiment.

Florida itself held no attraction for André—"sand and scrub pine" was the way he remembered the Sunshine State—and after his discharge he got himself back home to West Virginia. His shop was waiting, needing the owner's attention after the long absence. Business was looking up everywhere. The World War had increased America's industrial production capacity and sharpened the national appetite for consumption. The 1920's promised to be good years for a hustling motorcycle man in the busy town of Charleston.

They were. The motorcycle reached peak popularity in the early part of the decade. Bee André got his share of the new business and the original location at 913 Quarrier Street was soon outgrown. He moved his dealership into larger quarters on Virginia Street, about where Kanawha County's new Courthouse Annex stands today. B. E. André Motorcycles and Bicycles remained in business there well into the 1930's, and it is this shop that older citizens of Charleston may still recall. Some may remember it very well, in fact, for the store with the gleaming red motorcycles was a popular gathering place for men and boys.

Bee was not too busy to enjoy the fun times of the "Roaring Twenties," however. His interest in racing remained keen, and he and fellow cyclists often put together Memorial Day Weekend expeditions to Indianapolis. There they delighted in watching the four-wheel speed kings run for the money.

Naturally, he got back into motorcycle racing himself. But the old enthusiasm now seemed to be tempered by the growing responsibilities of family and business, and perhaps by plain common sense. The decisive moment came when he was in his late 30's, and he later remembered the exact occasion. As he told it, he was flashing by a racetrack grandstand, listening to the crowd's roar. In the past he had always basked in the sound,

but this time an inner voice demanded, "What are you doing here? Those fools just want to see you get yourself killed!" That, surely, was the voice of maturity, and afterwards he hung up his leather helmet for the last time.

He also developed concerns about the safety of motorcycle riding in general. He had no doubts about the innate trustworthiness of the machines themselves, for he had studied them lovingly for many years, but he did worry about the ever-increasing number of automobiles on the roads. Daily the ratio shifted in favor of cars over motorcycles, and he knew that the cycles had little chance against the larger vehicles in accidents. The point was brought home to him forcefully, in the motorcycle deaths of two very close friends. Those tragedies, and a general calming of his own adventuresome spirit as he moved into middle age, contributed to his decision finally to get away from motorcycles altogether. He closed out his dealership in the mid-1930's.

He continued to be independent-minded, preferring to make his living by working for himself. For a while he sold refrigerators and other appliances. Real estate had been of interest to him since the profitable sale of the old Quarrier Street property, and he became an active investor in that field in later years.

As a patriotic veteran he also became increasingly active in the American Legion. The social work of the local post especially interested him. I recall Bee's Christmas charity activities for the Legion particularly. Fruit and candy were distributed to the needy children of Kanawha County, with him and other Legion volunteers gathering on Saturday afternoons to package the treats in brown paper bags.

By the time André got out of the motorcycle dealership and got his business affairs on a new heading, global war again threatened the world. Now the Legion work took on a grimmer aspect. A November 1940 letter to his friend and fellow Legionnaire, Boyd Stutler, discussed details of a plan to donate machine guns to the Allies at this time before America entered World War II.

Acting on behalf of the local Legion, André put Stutler in charge of sidestepping what he called the "damn fool" U.S. Neutrality Act, so that the collected weapons could be handed over, ideally to the British. Bee had already been in touch with the British Embassy, which referred the delicate matter to an American committee of British sympathizers. Now he wanted his buddy Stutler to keep after the British people. "Tell them we are hell bent to turn these machine guns over to them," he wrote. He urged Stutler to find "*some way* that they can be turned over to them or to Canadians, . . . so we can get them into hands that will use them if necessary." The impatient veterans were no doubt gratified when the United States entered the war a little over a year later.

André advertised his motorcycles in local newspapers.

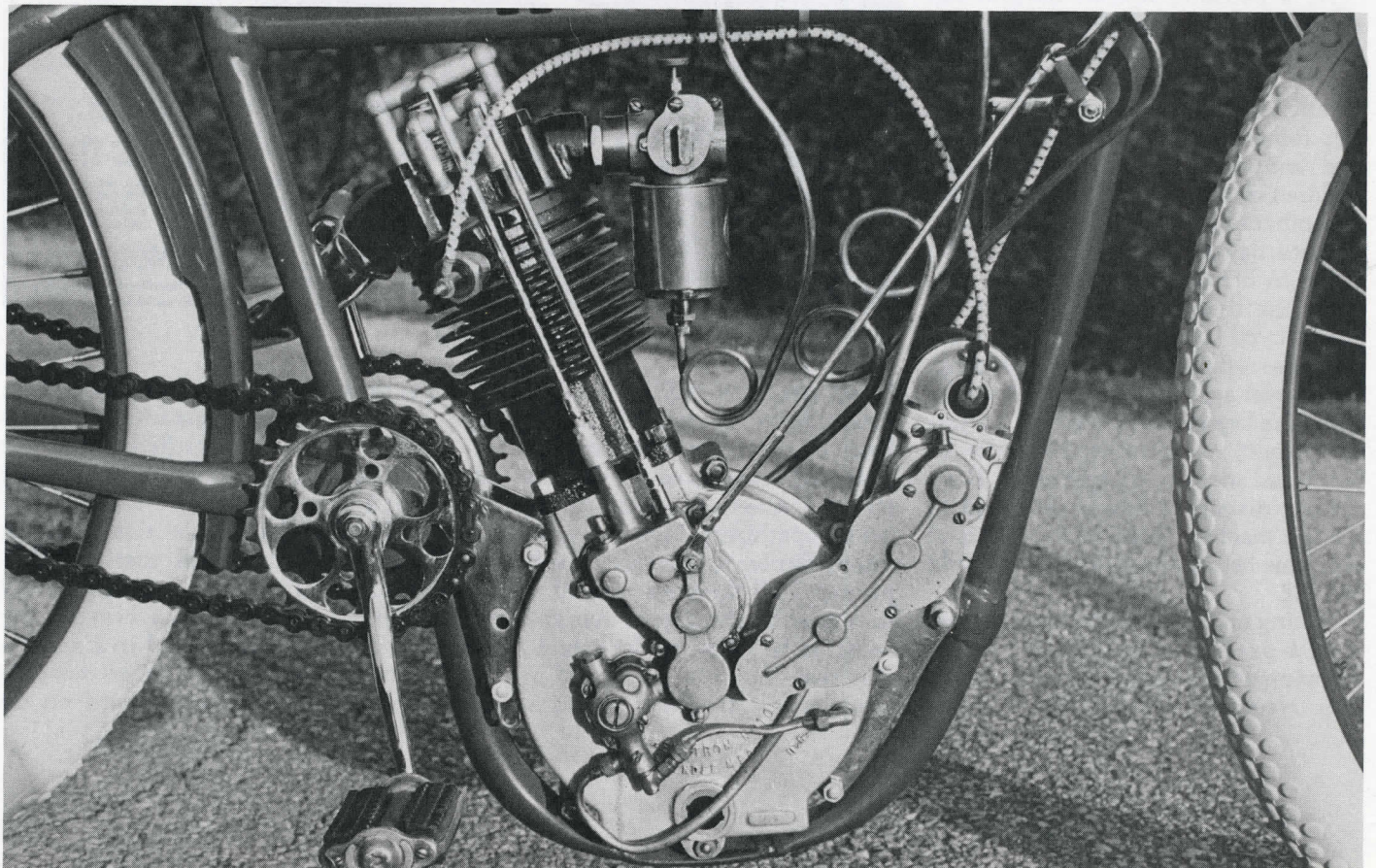
From such evidence it seems clear that André, then well past the half-century mark in age, retained the old spark. It remained with him for the rest of his life, displayed in a general vigorousness and characteristic outspokenness. He worked hard on up

The "Virginia Creeper"

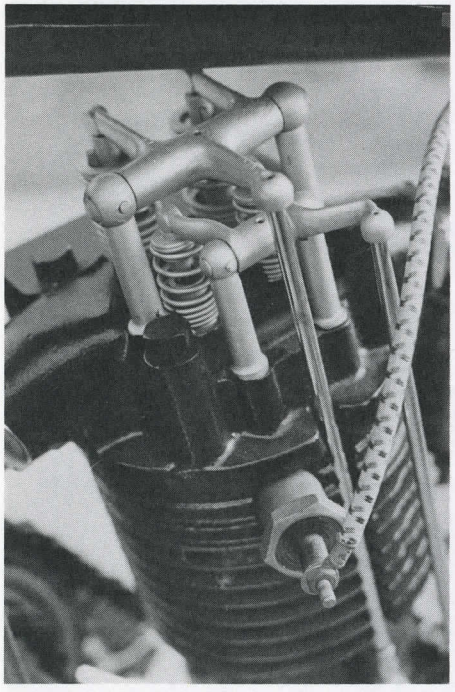
A Restored Indian Motorcycle

Photographs by Rick Lee

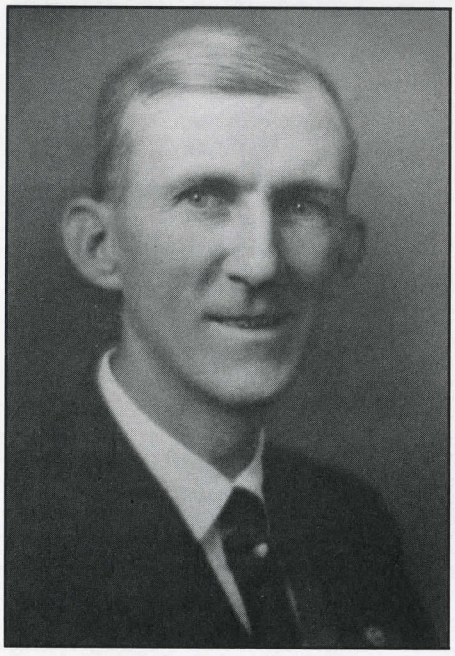
Above: B. E. André's racing motorcycle, the "Virginia Creeper," has been restored to perfect condition and is still in the possession of the family. *Below:* Mechanically, the 1912 Indian was simple, light, and efficient. Mechanics among GOLDENSEAL readers will note the exposed fuel line to the carburetor, the oil and oil-return lines, and the compression release linkage leading from the upper crankcase toward the handlebars. Indian also produced a two-cylinder engine for the same basic frame.



Top: The carburetor (at right) had a manual choke. There was no air filter.



Above: The "Virginia Creeper" had a factory racing cylinder head featuring four valves, a design motorcycle manufacturers are now coming back to. From this side view, the two intake valves are in front of the exhaust valves. The exhaust was vented through the port at the rear (on the left here) and out a short exhaust pipe with no muffler.



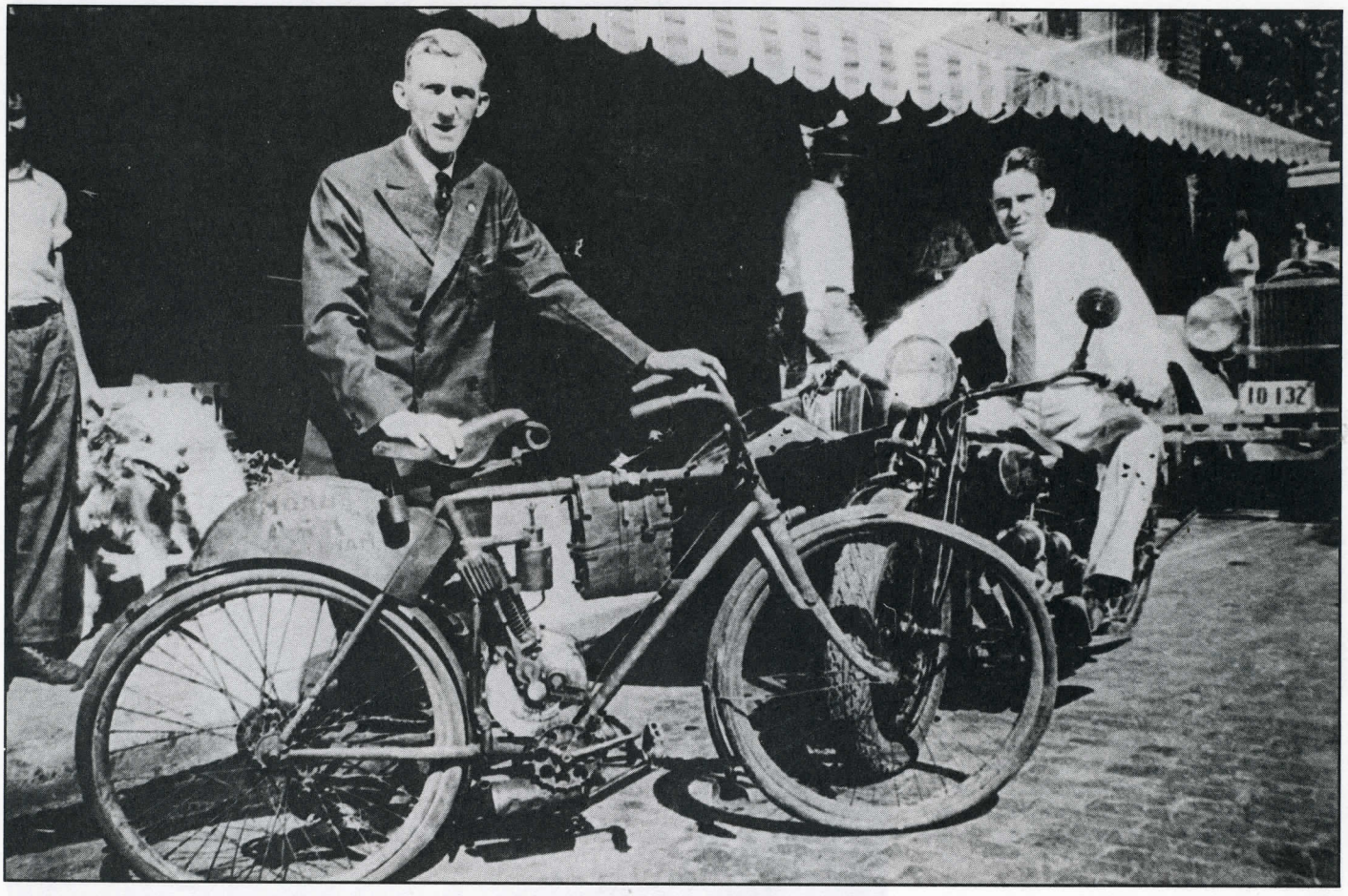
Above: Mr. André was 46 years old when this portrait was made by Quarrier Studio in 1932. *Below:* André with the 1902 Indian cycle he restored and donated to the Smithsonian. This photograph, with his friend John Grant Tompkins, was made in front of his later shop on Virginia Street in Charleston. Photographer unknown, about 1930.

into his 70's, taking time off to enjoy his fishing camp up Elk River. It was only in 1963 that the man who had challenged high-speed death so many times in earlier years passed away, peacefully and of natural causes. He was 76.

He had been out of the motorcycle game for a long time, but it is doubtful that he ever got over motorcycles entirely. The agile machine was the finest successor to the horse that a man born in the 19th century could hope for, and not something to be lightly forgotten. He was proud to have left his mark on regional racing, and prouder still to leave a monument to early motorcycle days for the permanent enjoyment of the people of America.

That two-wheeled monument had to be a red Indian, of course. It had come into his sales shop back in the 1920's, brought by a customer with only an intuition of its significance. Bee André had a clearer idea of its importance and checked the serial number to confirm that it was a very early model—in fact, the 50th Indian ever made. That made it the 50th cycle produced by America's oldest manufacturer. The little 1902 motorcycle had a single cyclinder producing 1¾ horsepower and weighed less than 100 pounds. The machine was primitive by any standards, but the clear ancestor to the fast racers my father knew so well.

He kept the 1902 cycle in his shop for several years. Even as he debated continuing his own professional commitment to two-wheeled transportation he never doubted that the little Indian must be preserved. Finally, he decided that it should be turned over to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, which accepted it in the early 1930's. Curators there recognized it as one of the very earliest surviving American motorcycles and have kept it in the collection for 50 years now. It was still on exhibit the last time I visited. I view it personally, of course, as a tribute to my father's youth, but I am glad that it can be shared, so that others may catch a glimpse of a time when motoring Americans had not yet decided in favor of four wheels over two.



Israel Welch approaches the Mineral County farmstead which has been home to his family for a century and a half.

"Always Come Home After the Dance"

The Welch Brothers Band

By Bill Wellington
Photographs by Michael Meador

Patterson Creek lies east of the Allegheny Front, running from south to north, in one of the beautiful valleys that make up the Potomac Highlands of West Virginia. From its headwaters in northern Grant County to its confluence with the North Branch of the Potomac near Cumberland, Maryland, the stream flows through some of the most fertile farmland in the mountains.

At Burlington, in Mineral County, Patterson Creek intersects U.S. Route 50, the original path of the pioneers who settled the eastern part of the state in the mid- to late-18th century. About two miles northwest of Burlington is

the 400-acre farm that has been home to the Welch family since the 1830's. Here live Mary Welch, age 81, her brother Israel, 71, and their cousin Margaret, 67.

According to Mary, "Old Uncle Dempsy Welch bought this place and later sold it to his nephew, James P. Welch, who was my grandfather. He was a Confederate veteran. He married Sabina Leman."

James and Sabina Welch had seven children who survived infancy. Three of their sons, Millard Fillmore, Ulysses Allen, and Judson, stayed on the farm throughout their lives. Millard married Mary Etta Placka, Allen married Bertha Maude Leatherman, and Judson married Maggie May Leatherman, Bertha's sister.

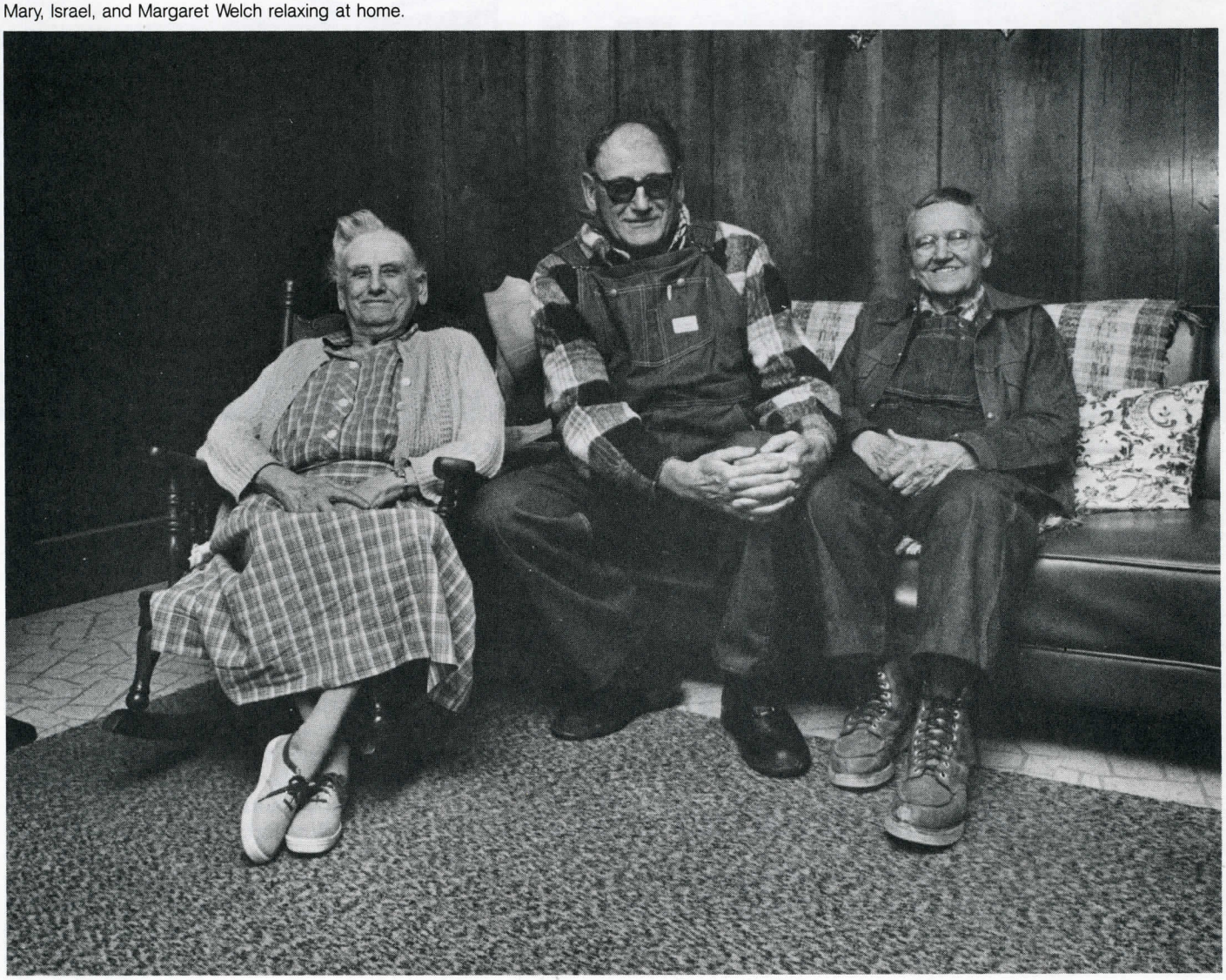
While Millard and his wife remained childless, the marriages of the two other brothers to the Leatherman sisters produced 17 children. Together with their parents and Uncle Millard and Aunt Mary Etta, these children made up a large, happy, and extremely close-knit family. "Everyone was either your brother, your sister, or your double first cousin," Israel explained. "At dinner we sat down to a table with 23 people. When I was in the army, which was the first time I left the farm, I sat down at a table with about eight other fellows and I said, "Where is everybody?"

From this large and no doubt lively group of children there emerged seven who became string musicians: John Frederick, Thomas Wesley, Oscar Ulysses, Israel Cuthbert, Bonnie Charlotte, and Elwanda from Allen's family, and Creed Thurman from Judson's family. From the 1920's to the present, various combinations of these musicians have performed as "The Welch Brothers."

Of the original seven, only Israel and his older brother Tom, age 75, survive. They are remarkable musicians who continue to play with great vigor and ability. Since meeting Tom and Israel in 1977, I have spent many music-filled hours in their presence. The following history is the result of many conversations during these seven years plus several recent interviews with Mary and Margaret at the Welch homeplace.

"When I was young it stirred me up to hear a good hornpipe," said Tom Welch recently at his home in Petersburg, Grant County. The fiddler who played the hornpipes that made such an impression on young Tom was

Mary, Israel, and Margaret Welch relaxing at home.



"Uncle Tom" Thrush, a neighbor and Tom's music teacher.

"He had a big white mustache and a wonderful way about him when he played the fiddle," Tom said. "He played reels, hornpipes, jigs, schottisches, waltzes, and clogs. He said he knew 2,000 fiddle tunes, and I'll say he knew a few. He also played several classical pieces. He played very smooth, and he wanted to hit every note right."

"Tom Thrush read and wrote music," Israel recalls. "He traveled around from place to place with his fiddle in an old flour sack. Sometimes when he played, his niece Sally would accompany him on the parlor organ."

Israel and Tom Welch's mother and aunt also played the parlor organ, having learned from their cousin Sarah Cunningham of Purgitsville, Hampshire County. Their Uncle Vernon Leatherman played the five-string banjo, and Tom recalls him accompanying Tom Thrush. He used a two-finger rhythmic accompaniment style.* Israel recalls that their Uncle Judson was a great whistler. The whole family loved music.

About 1920 John, then 14, sent away to Sears, Roebuck for a fiddle and began to learn to play. Tom, who was 11, began to pick up John's fiddle when he could. Soon John had to send away for another fiddle from Montgomery Ward. Tom Thrush took a particular interest in Tom's development as a fiddler.

"Uncle Tom would listen to him play and say, 'You're a-gettin' it, Tommy, you're a-gettin' it!' " Mary said. "When he was on his deathbed Tommy played him a tune, and Uncle Tom asked for the fiddle and, though he could barely move, he showed him where he'd made a mistake in it." Uncle Tom Thrush died in 1927.

Tom Welch remembers the same touching moment, and even the tune. "That was the 'Price Baine Waltz.' That's what he called it, anyway, after Price Baine, a fiddler who lived about a mile from us down on Dry Run."

By the early 1920's brothers John and Tom were playing their fiddles, Cousin Creed was learning banjo, and young Israel and Oscar (Ike) were eager to join in.

"We were always after my father for something to pick," Israel remembers. "I would pretend to pick a banjo as I walked to school. I'd whistle a tune and brush against my overalls. I wore a hole out in my overalls that my mother had to mend several times.

"One summer my father said, 'Perhaps you'll have something to pick in the fall.' We heard that all summer long, and in the fall he showed us what he had for us to pick—three acres of soup beans!

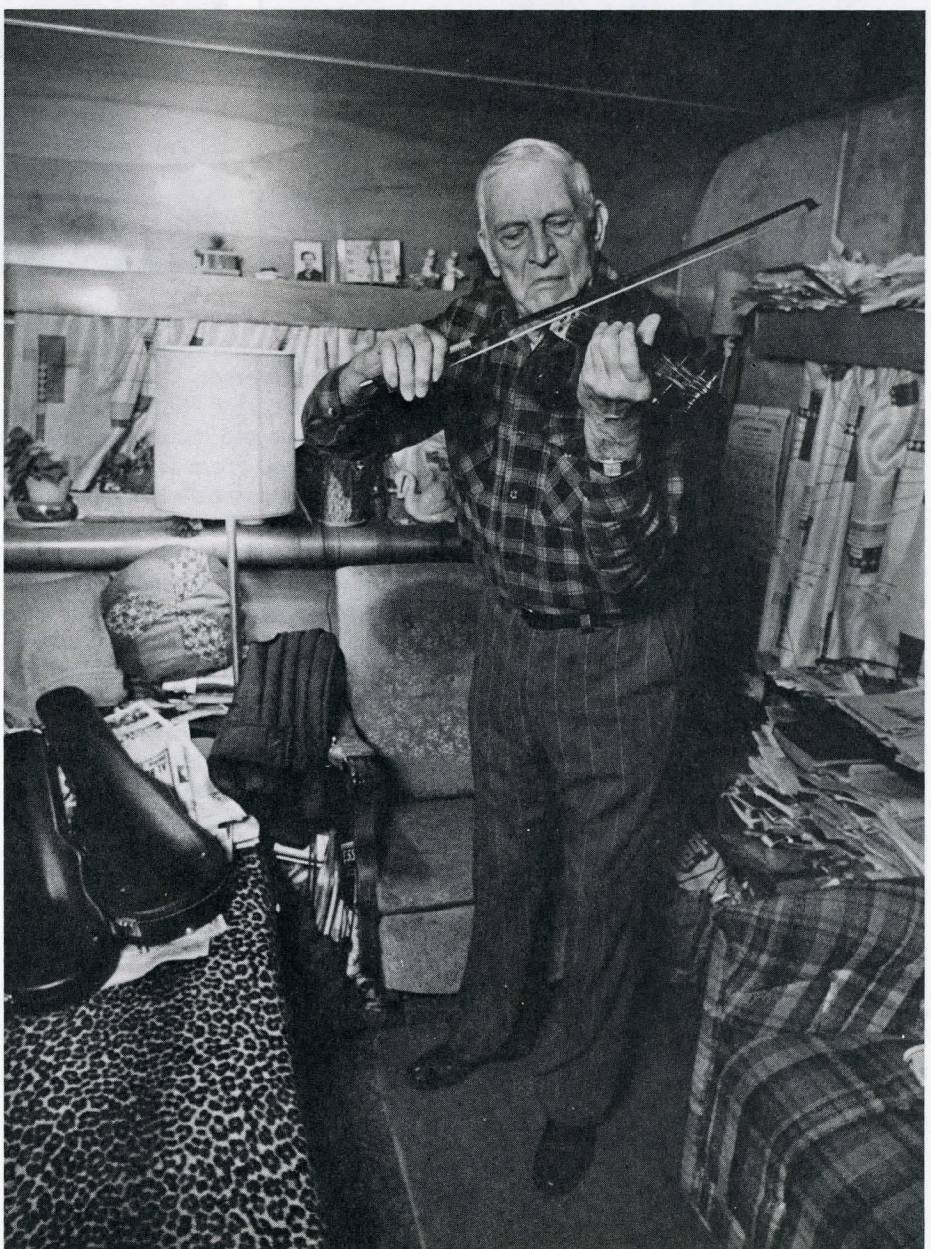
"Later on, he let us cut several chestnut oaks. We peeled the bark and sold it to the tannery in Burlington. With the money Oscar bought a guitar, and I bought a mandolin. I played it all the time. One day Howard Hartman saw me and said, 'By jingo, he's got him a mandolillian!' "

By the mid-1920's, the four Welch brothers (John, Tom, Ike, and Israel) and their cousin Creed had two fiddles, a banjo, a mandolin, and a guitar among them. I remarked to Mary that it must have been exciting to see the boys taking to music. "Exciting?" she said. "I tell you, they were making such a racket that we had them build that cabin back up on the hill so they could play and not bother anybody."

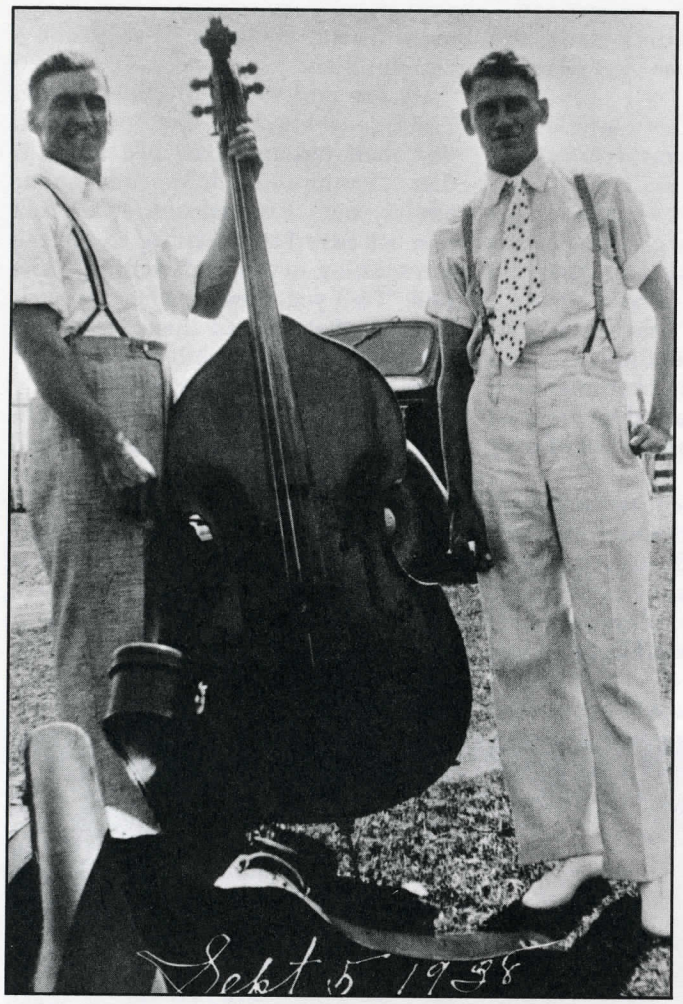
"We cut the lumber at our sawmill that we had way down the road and carried it up here to the orchard," Israel added.

"One time they had a fire up there," Mary remarked. "Uncle Millard saw it and said, 'Boys, you better get up there and save your house.' So they all ran. Ike filled a five-gallon pail and ran up

Fiddler Tom Welch, surrounded by memorabilia at his trailer in Petersburg.



*Creed Welch played and Israel still plays banjo in this style, which is not the "frailing" style used by the Hammonds, Aunt Jennie Wilson, Frank George, and other Appalachian banjo players. Tom recalls a Johnny Veach who did play frailing style banjo, but he never played with the musicians around the Welchs' home.



Left: Brothers Ike and Israel Welch, after playing a 1938 reunion. Photographer unknown.
Right: Elwanda, Ike, Israel, and Tom—the group that performed over WTBO in the late 1930's. Photographer unknown, 1938.

there, and in the smoke and excitement he threw the water on Tom!" The boys managed to save their cabin, and today Israel lives there. Every Thursday night he has friends over for music.

The year 1928 was an important one for the young Welch family band for two reasons. The first was the advent of radio. "I believe that when radio came into this country it was a much bigger novelty than television was later on," Tom said. "See, we didn't have anything like that before radio."

Radio offered a phenomenal musical resource to the brothers and particularly to Tom, who had developed the ability to learn quickly by ear. According to Israel, "Tom could hear a tune at night and pick his fiddle up the next day and play it."

Also in 1928 the boys, who were already known as the Welch Brothers, were asked to play for a regular square dance in Burlington at a place called Dantzic's Pavilion. "Nat Dantzic was a vaudeville player who had traveled all over the country," Israel said. "His brother Morris had a beach people paid to go to on Patterson Creek, and the pavilion was nearby. The building was built around an old locust tree cut off at about 18 feet. From it he hung the rafters. It had a hardwood floor and could hold a lot of people.

"We played on Friday nights. Admission was 15¢ for the ladies and 25¢ for the men. Back then, of course, a dollar looked as big as a wagon wheel.

"Tom played fiddle, Creed played the five-string banjo, Ike played guitar, and I played mandolin. Ira Mankins from Keyser and Kip Webb from down here on Patterson Creek called figures. Before we started, there wasn't any regular dance around here, and it took a while to get going, like it does for any country dance."

The dance did grow, and by the early 1930's was very successful. "We'd have 55 or 60 couples every week," Tom recalls. "It seemed like the Depression brought people together then. Of course, we knew everybody there, they were all our friends. I'll tell you, a good clean square dance is a very fine thing."

After they began playing at Dantzic's Paviliion, the Welch Brothers began to get requests to play farther from home. They needed transportation to fill those requests, so they struck a deal with their Uncle Vernon Leatherman.

"You know how Melvin Wine said he cleared two acres of brush to get a fiddle?" Israel asked. "We cleared five acres on my uncle's place over on the other side of Burlington to get a Model T Ford he had.

"It had a ruxtell axle with these bands around it, you know, to drive it. We weren't making enough playing to afford regular motor oil so we put in some 70-weight oil we had for an old Minneapolis Moline tractor. We had to push start it in the winter, and with that heavy oil in it that axle wouldn't stop. We had to run up against a tree or something to stop it."

In the 1930's the band would travel to Moorefield, Romney, Keyser, and smaller towns in their area. They pro-

vided music for picnics, fairs, reunions, ice cream socials, and dances. They worked with various callers. Israel especially remembers "Hops" Bateman from Piedmont. "He had a voice like a steamboat whistle. 'Course, we didn't have no microphones back then."

In 1936 a flood washed out Patterson Beach and Dantzic's Pavilion. The Dantzic brothers closed their enterprises and moved to Cumberland, Maryland. In the same year Creed got married and moved away from the farm. Elwanda Welch joined her brothers, playing guitar. Israel switched to banjo, and Ike took up the bass.

In addition to playing dance music, Ike, Israel, and Elwanda would sing. Israel still has much of the sheet music they used: "Mountain Melodies and Old Time Songs" by Bluegrass Roy and the Kentucky Korn Krackers; "Mountain Melodies" by Buddy Starcher; "Sweet Sentimental Songs" by the Delmore Brothers; and other collections of songs by radio personalities from the '30's.

Around 1937 the Welch Brothers began playing regularly over radio station WTBO in Cumberland, where they stayed for several years. "We played every Saturday morning at 11," Tom remembers. "We'd play and my brother Oscar would sing. Elwanda also could sing. We got a lot of mail from that, people really liked to hear us. I wish you could've been around in the '30's and seen what it was like. Fiddle music was a big thing."

In 1938 the Welch Brothers were offered an opportunity to become a traveling professional band. "Dick Hartman from over on Mill Creek wanted us to have a hillbilly photograph made and then go out and play," Tom said. "He had a radio program, a good program, down in Charlotte, North Carolina. He played guitar and tenor banjo himself, and he wanted us to become professional. Our parents were against it, though. They wanted us to stay on the farm. I went along with them because I figured they knew better than what I did."

This incident is characteristic of the Welch Brothers story, because their home ties have always been stronger than the lure of nightlife and fame. "My father encouraged us to play," Israel said, "but he told us to always come home after the dance and not to go anywhere but to the dance."

Until World War II began the Welch Brothers continued to play for their friends and neighbors in their community. They traveled within a 30-mile radius of Burlington. "We'd play two, sometimes three nights a week," Israel recalls. "We'd go wherever they asked us."

In 1942 the war sent Tom to Panama, Israel to Newfoundland, and Ike to Europe. The brothers who had never spent a night away from the farm now found themselves thousands of miles apart.

Israel remembers his first experience at sea. "We boarded a troop ship at Boston. Of course, they didn't tell us where we were going. We thought we were going overseas. I'd never been on a boat before, and I woke up after the first night and I was sick. I ran into the ship bathroom, and every place there was to get sick already had somebody getting sick in it. It was like a bunch of bumblebees in a clover field."

Israel arrived safely at Fort Mc-

Israel as a handsome young soldier in Newfoundland in World War II. It was his first time away from home. Photographer unknown, 1943.

Andrew in Newfoundland, and he soon found himself doing what he'd always done. "They asked me on a form what I did for recreation," Israel said, "and I wrote I played for square dances. A Red Cross woman saw what I wrote and asked me to put together a band. I had to borrow a fiddle from a man named James D. Allison. We started playing on the base and the town people heard about us, and asked us to play for their dances, and we did."

I asked Israel what kind of dancing they did. "It seemed to me," he replied, "that they came at each other in lines, like two buck sheep butting heads."*

Israel thus became the fiddler for a dance band. He had played the fiddle before he came to Newfoundland, but in the Welch Brothers band he had always backed up John or Tom on guitar, banjo, or mandolin. At the same time that this opportunity arose, Israel began to listen to the local fiddle music of the Canadian Maritime Provinces.

*According to Colin Quigley, a student of Newfoundland dance and fiddling, there are "lancer" quadrilles (four couple sets) danced in Newfoundland where the dancers go forward and back in lines. Mr. Quigley also notes that the dancing and music in Newfoundland are very vigorous.

"Don Messer and his Islanders played every week over the radio from Prince Edward Island," recalls Israel. "He was a good fiddle player. On hard stuff like 'Money Musk' he could really shake it."

Israel began to learn Maritime Canadian tunes from Don Messer and other fiddlers. His interest in Canadian dance music continued after the war, and today Israel still loves to hear Canadian fiddling. "I'd say that half of what I play is Canadian," Israel said recently.

After the war Israel would still listen to Don Messer over Canadian station CFCY every week. "We could hear his program right here on the farm up through the '50's," Israel explained. "I sent away for his records from Toomb's Music Store on Prince Edward Island." When I was in Israel's cabin recently he showed me several letters from Toomb's Music, postmarked 1955.

While Israel was far to the north during the war, Tom had gone south, to Panama. He also went away without an instrument, and he also acquired a fiddle while in the service. He still has the fiddle he bought in Panama.

While there, Tom learned to play in third position on the neck from a violinist he met. Tom had already become interested in classical violin technique before the war. "In 1937," Tom recalls, "I sent away for a subscription course in violin playing from the U. S. School of Music in Chicago."

Although the war sent its principal members far away, the Welch Brothers band continued under the direction of John Welch. John had always stayed close to the band. He started working construction jobs off the farm in the '30's, so he was not always available to play with the others. He would spell Tom on the fiddle if he was there. When he wasn't playing, John danced. He must have paid close attention to the caller, for he once told Israel that Ira Mankins, the caller at Dantzic's Pavilion, knew 26 or 27 figures. Later on John got into calling, about the time that the New Creek dance started in the mid-1960's. During the war, John's widow Hazel recalls, "the band consisted of Kelton Roten from the Romney School for the Blind on the piano and Bill Wolford on guitar. John played fiddle, and I played bass."

After the war Ike got married, moved away from the farm, and began working construction jobs. Tom got a job working bridge construction on a crew that traveled all over West Virginia, Virginia, and Maryland. From 1945 on, he worked away from home. In 1953 he married Wilda Hogbin and moved to Petersburg. Tom did not play regularly with the band until after he retired from bridge construction in 1973. Elwanda had gone to West Virginia University just before the war. While in college she studied music and became an accomplished pianist, but she did not play with the band on a regular basis until 1942. Israel returned to the farm after he was discharged from the army in 1945, and he joined the band John had formed.

In 1947 a young man from Keyser named Joe Blundon, who was then a sophomore at Harvard University, recorded members of the family at John's home in Burlington. "I had been to dances where the Welch Brothers played when I was growing up," Mr. Blundon explained recently. "When I was at Harvard I really got interested in traditional dancing through Ralph Page.* I got a grant from the Archive of Folksong to make some recordings of West Virginia musicians for the Library of Congress. I recorded John, Is-

Joe Blundon, flanked here by young Albert Schinabart and Smokey Householder, was a major promoter of local dance and music. Clarence McBride, and Israel, John, and Hazel Welch are on the stage behind. Date and photographer unknown.

Anita Combs and Israel Welch at Anita's house near Romney.

rael, Elwanda, Hazel, and Ike Welch. They switched instruments around a lot, but Israel mainly played the fiddle. I recorded 25 or 30 pieces on an old disc recorder that actually cut a record."

After college and service in the Korean War, Joe Blundon returned to Keyser with his wife Gwynne. From 1954 to 1966 they ran the Allegheny Square Dance Club. Joe taught Scottish, English, European, New England, and Appalachian dances to recorded music every week. Once a month the Welch Brothers would play for the club at the Keyser Moose Hall. Albert Schwinabart of Elk Garden and Smokey Householder from Keyser would help with the calling. Joe and Gwynne Blundon moved to Washington, D.C., in 1966, and the club went out of existence.

From 1945 until John's death in 1978, Israel and John were the core of the Welch Brothers Band. They switched off on piano and fiddle, which they both played. Hazel, John's wife, played bass for over 20 years, until the mid-1960's. The band picked up many other fine musicians as needed.* As Israel said recently, "Bands down through the years kind of get split up. You have to get a new one as you go along."

Since 1945, the Welch Brothers have performed almost exclusively as a dance band. Nearly every week, and sometimes two and three times a week, there has been a Welch Brothers dance somewhere in the vicinity of Burlington. They've played at Moose clubs in Moorefield, Romney, and Keyser; VFW halls in Romney and Fort Ashby; the American Legion at Moorefield and Romney; and the Briggs Motor Company in Romney. "We've played at just about every place there is to play around here," Israel figures.

Until the mid-1960's, when John began calling, the band worked with different callers at the different dances. They played for Gladsen Allamong of Romney, Smokey Householder from Keyser, and Albert Schwinabart from Elk Garden. Rumsey Shank over in McCool, Maryland, also called dances. Strong lungs were a necessity for the caller's job, as Israel says of the Whipp brothers, Maurice and Maxwell of Burlington. "They didn't need no mi-

*Ralph Page, now in his 80's, lives in Keene, New Hampshire, and is widely regarded as the dean of "contra" dancing, a traditional New England dance.

*Bill Wolford, Romney, on guitar in the 1940's and '50's; Clarence McBride, Keyser, on banjo in the 1950's; Vance and Virginia Staggs, Burlington, on guitar and washtub bass from the early 1960's to the present; Creed Welch, who rejoined the band in the early 1960's; and Dick Everett, Romney, who joined the band on banjo and guitar after Creed's death last year.

"A Good Clean Square Dance is a Very Fine Thing"

Saturday Night at New Creek Fire Hall

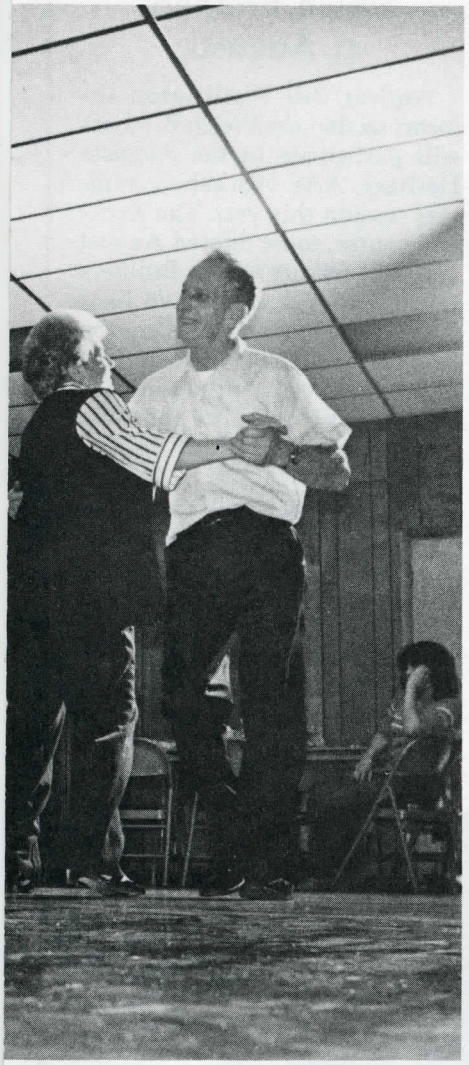
It's almost 9:00 by the clock in the New Creek Fire Hall. Across the smooth wooden floor on a slightly raised stage the members of the Welch Brothers are talking quietly among themselves. Israel Welch is fine-tuning his fiddle while Vance Staggs strums a chord on his guitar. Vance's wife, Virginia, plunks out several notes on her washtub bass while Dick Everett sets the volume on the amplifier attached to his combination banjo/guitar.

The hum of their conversation continues above the sound of the strings as they ask after families, discuss their schedule, and speculate on the size of tonight's crowd. People are coming in and moving to the long rows of tables and chairs on both sides of the hall. Some are carrying buckets of ice, bags of chips, and bottles of soda pop from the kitchen to the tables. At 9:00 the lights dim and caller Harry Steele rises from a table near the band, walks over to his microphone, and nods to Israel. It's time for the dance to begin.

Israel launches into the "Kanawha March," one of Clark Kessinger's tunes. The band is thumping out the beat as the music fills the room. People are already heading toward the floor when Harry Steele calls out, "Everybody up, let's go, let's dance, make a big circle." The dancers start moving to the left, even before the circle closes. Once all the couples have joined hands, Mr. Steele calls out, "The other way back in an Indian line, ladies in the lead and the gents behind."

The dancers respond, with the gent holding his partner's hand at her shoulder. "Every other couple out" is the call, and each couple finds another so that small circles of four form all around the hall. "Birdie in the cage" is the figure called, so one lady stands in the center while the others join hands and circle left around her. "Bird hop out and the crow hop in" is the next command, and the "birdie's" partner jumps in the middle. Several "crows" around the room caw.

At the call "Swing your oppo-



Good music inspires New Creek dancers to move faster than the camera can record, as the ghostly legs of the man in the foreground indicate. Photo by Michael Meador.

site," everybody begins a long, vigorous swing. Many are using an up-and-down motion, a trademark of the New Creek dance, which gives their swinging amazing energy. "Now swing your partner," and the couples are rejoined. After this swing they circle to the left, and one couple goes on to the next while the other remains and waits for a new couple to repeat the figure with. Each dance has a different figure. These include "Right Hands Across"; "Eight Hands Up and Box the Dice"; "Take a Little Peek"; "Around That Couple and Through That Couple"; as well as others. Each dance starts and ends with a big circle.

Between every "big circle" dance there is a slow waltz which allows everyone a chance to rest and to dance close. Couples move slowly around the floor doing a one-step to Israel's crying fiddle and the band's steady rhythm. There are people of all ages dancing, from young teens to older folks, some of whom have danced to the Welch Brothers all their lives. During the breaks, 71-year-old Israel makes his rounds about the hall greeting old friends and meeting new ones. The lights go up while the firemen hold a raffle, and go back down for the dancing to begin anew.

After the second break the band plays a rock and roll number, and everybody "boogies" to the beat. Later in the evening Israel plays a hot "Orange Blossom Special" for one of the last big circle dances. As couples swing at the end of the dance, Harry Steele calls, "Step right back and watch her smile, step right up and swing her awhile." Several dancers display some fancy flat-footing and clogging. The last call is "Promenade right off the floor; that's all there is, there ain't no more," and the dancers return to their tables.

At midnight Mr. Steele says, "That's it, good night, see you next week." The dancers put on their coats, the band packs up, people slowly file out, and the lights go out until next week.

Harry Steele is the latest in a series of fine callers to work with the Welch Brothers.

crophones. You could hear them from here to Mechanicsburg Gap when they hollered. They'd just make the wind shake. Awful voices. They's auctioneers. They had awful voices."

The dance at Mineral County's New Creek Fire Hall began in 1967 and continues today as the longest running dance in the Welch Brothers' career. In 1971 the dance stopped long enough for the fire company to add a second floor to their building, paid for in part by the success of the dance. When the dance started Israel and Creed Welch and Vance and Virginia Staggs played, and John called figures. In the 1970's the dance became something of a reunion of the original band as Tom Welch would often join them. Brother Ike had died in 1966.

I first met the brothers at a New Creek dance in 1977. I told Baltimore musicologist Bob Dalsemer about the dance. Bob was researching West Virginia traditional dances, and was very impressed by New Creek. In his book *West Virginia Square Dances* (published in 1982 by the Country Dance and Song Society of America), he had this to say. "The quality of dancing at New Creek is very high. Swings are long, smooth and full of vigor. The

dancers flow from one movement to the next. Their body movements are efficient and seemingly effortless, sure signs of long experience." He added, "The Welch Brothers have worked long and hard to create the good atmosphere and high level of dancing. It has been truly a labor of love."

After John Welch died in 1978, Harley Hogbin from Romney called figures for about two years until poor health made him retire. Today, Harry Steele from Mount Storm calls the figures. Lately several young musicians have become interested in the dance. Eddie and Bonnie Myers from Burlington come and call figures. Their friend, Ernie Brummage, who is Israel's neighbor, has been learning to play fiddle from Israel, and he has high regard for his teacher. "The best compliment someone could give me," Ernie said recently, "would be to tell me I sound like Israel."

I've come to know the Welch story in part through warm conversations at the home of Anita Combs, Israel's girlfriend. My wife, Carlotta, and I have shared many meals with Israel and Anita, and as we sit down to eat, I've noticed that Israel jokes around more than at other times. It's almost like he's back with his 22 brothers, sisters, cousins, parents, aunts, and uncles around the kitchen table on the farm. It was at Anita's that Israel told us one of the secrets of his success. "I don't know why, but a couple of people down through the years said, 'You made the best square dance fiddler I ever saw. There's nobody comes in the hall but that you didn't get around and say a few words to them.' " Israel chuckled. "So you see, if they didn't like your music then they liked your personality, and they'd come back to see you again."

It's a fine theory and it must work. For after 50 years and several thousand dances, people are still coming back for good times with the Welch Brothers.

Welch Brothers at Augusta

Author Bill Wellington informs us that the Welch Brothers will participate in the Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop summer session this year. The weekend course, to be offered August 4–5, will feature Welch Brothers music and the distinctive New Creek style of dance. Wellington will act as instructor, with Tom and Israel Welch providing the music. A field trip to the New Creek dance is planned for Saturday night.

The class will be limited to 10 students. GOLDENSEAL readers interested in enrolling should contact Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop, Davis & Elkins College, Elkins 26241; phone (304) 636–1903.

New Creek Fire Hall on Saturday night.

Not Your Common Fiddle Players

A Discussion of Tom and Israel Welch's Styles

Both Tom and Israel Welch are primarily dance musicians. As fiddlers, each has strong rhythm, clear phrasing, energetic drive, and buoyancy.

"I'm no violinist. I'm just kind of a common fiddle player," Tom said with characteristic modesty. In spite of what he says, Tom plays with a smooth rich tone that is the result of his interest in classical technique. His bow motion comes from the shoulder, which gives his fiddling great strength. With his left hand he plays precise scales and doesn't slide up to notes, as Israel does. Tom generally plays in first position, although he does use third position to get a fuller sound on waltzes. He uses trills, triplets, and turns to ornament many of his tunes.

Tom's fiddling really shines on hornpipes. One of Tom's favorite tunes is the "Cincinnati Hornpipe," which he learned from his old teacher, Tom Thrush. This tune is characteristic of many hornpipes with its rapidly ascending and descending arpeggios.

On waltzes and slow tunes, Tom puts his whole body into playing the piece. He uses the full length of the bow to produce long sweet notes. He is a stately, handsome man, and when he plays a slow waltz like the "Kentucky Waltz" on stage, there are murmurs among the ladies. Tom plays songs and hymns with great fervor as well. I once heard him play a breathtaking version of "O Come, All Ye Faithful" at a Christmas gathering.

Tom reads music, although he generally plays by ear. He plays in the keys of D, G, C, A, F, and B-flat. His repertoire includes reels, hornpipes, waltzes, polkas, several jigs, and at least one clog and schottische. He plays the standards—"Liberty," "Soldier's Joy," "Old Joe Clark," "Red Wing," and so forth. He also plays lesser known tunes, such as "Blue Mountain Hornpipe," and "Blackthorn Stick," which are from Maritime Canada.

Although Tom did not play with the Welch Brothers Band for many years, he never stopped fiddling. He would take his fiddle with him on the road and play with different musicians he met.

In 1962 Joe Bussard* recorded Tom on fiddle with Israel on banjo. He recorded eight tunes which were made into four 78's under the "Fonotone" label. "The records sold well," Mr. Bussard explained. "He's a real good fiddle player, I thought."

Like his brother, Israel Welch also reads music. He plays in all the "fiddle keys"—D, G, A, C—plus F and B-flat, and he plays a variety of tempos. Beyond these basic similarities, the differences between the two fiddlers are profound.

"Canadian fiddlers and Texas fiddlers," Israel said last fall, "are the two types of fiddlers I like the best." This is interesting because Israel doesn't sound anything like a Canadian or a Texas fiddler. His repertoire, which is enormous, includes many Canadian and Texas tunes, but his style is his own.

I asked Virginia dance caller Jim

*Joe Bussard has one of the nation's largest collections of old time music and musicians on record, tape, and film. People interested in finding out more about his collection may contact him at (301) 662–6666.

Above: The forceful fiddling of Israel Welch makes great dance music. Photo by Michael Meador.
Below: "I'm no violinist," Tom Welch modestly says, "just kind of a common fiddle player." Photo by Michael Meador.

Morrison, who is a great admirer of Israel's fiddling, to describe his style. "It's real forceful fiddling that makes great dance music," Jim said. "Like certain other West Virginia fiddlers such as Melvin Wine and Rob Propst, Israel has a distinct driving quality. His notes are highly articulated and clear. He explores the tonal possibilities on a fiddle to an astonishing degree by his heavy use of slides. It's very effective fiddling."

Israel has played mandolin, banjo, piano, and guitar with the band over the years, and he still plays guitar much of the time. He is always aware of the chord structure of a tune while he plays.

When Tom and Israel play together they trade off on the fiddle. They hardly ever play two fiddles together. The brothers both have said that two fiddlers should not play in unison but that one should "second" for the other by playing a harmony line. Tom and Israel have great respect for each other's music. They are fine gentlemen as well as wonderful musicians.

In 1978 I recorded Tom and Israel while working as Artist-in-Residence in Grant County. These recordings are in the West Virginia Collection at West Virginia University and at the Grant County Public Library in Petersburg, and available to those wanting to learn more of Welch brothers fiddling.

—Bill Wellington

"So Much To Endure"

Early Epidemics in the Kanawha Valley

By Elizabeth Ballard Stone

I remember asking my mother about the little houses near the Kanawha River. I wanted to know who had lived in them.

"No one for very long," she answered, as best I can remember the conversation. "Those were pest houses. Pest means pestilence, or a bad disease. These were little houses, called 'lazarets,' built for people so ill they couldn't be nursed at home for fear the disease would spread. Someone in the family brought them there, and stayed with them until they died or got better. Sometimes good women from the town nursed them. It was all so long ago."

I recall that we children stood shocked as we looked again at the little row of what seemed to be pigpens standing in a secluded bend of the river at Shrewsbury. The deep maroon buds of sumac and drifts of wild touch-me-not had crept over some of the rotting structures. It was the summer of 1930 and my mother, my sisters, and I were coming up the riverbank after a day of wading and collecting mussel shells. We were quiet and slightly dazed after the long day outdoors. As we slowly followed Mother across the pasture, one or two of us looked back to where the huge elms and willows bent over the little hospital huts.

We knew that whatever Mother said was true. She had been born in the house across the highway at the end of the pasture back when Shrewsbury was called Coalburg. The pest houses were old even then, she told us, and she was born in 1883. Her mother was our Grandmother Banister, and we Ballards had come down from Glen Jean, in Fayette County, to visit her. We loved summertime in Shrewsbury and all the different things we got to do there. At home our water came from a spigot; at Grandmother's we went to the well with Uncle Dave and saw the bucket slide down empty and come up slipping and sloshing the good cool water over the side.

The drinking water was kept in a pail on a little shelf on Grandmother's screened backporch, with a blue and white enameled dipper on a nail above it. A second pail was for washing in the morning. You dipped water into a white washpan, splashed some on your face, and poured it out at the end of the walk. At home we had an icebox; at Grandma's it was just a step to the springhouse set into the hill beside the kitchen door. We put butter and milk and puddings into the cold water running through a concrete channel, then closed the springhouse door so that all was dark and cool.

Best of all, we loved wading and picnicking on the sandy shore of the Kanawha, so different from our rocky and dangerous New River. The beach at Shrewsbury was wide and the water shallow many feet from the shore. Getting to the river was the crown of the day: Watching for cars along Route 60; running madly across the road; then up the railroad bank, across the tracks, through the pasture gate, onto the narrow path, and finally down to the shining sand.

Grandmother's was a wonderful place, and nothing much could put a damper on a child's holiday there. Nonetheless, I thought about the pest houses. The day after I heard Mother's explanation, I stopped at the pasture edge a moment while the others ran past me. All was silent around the little huts, but the dank weeds and worm-eaten boards seemed to look back at

Dolly Ballard, who nursed her husband through the 1918 influenza epidemic, was chosen West Virginia's Centennial Mother in 1963. Date and photographer unknown.

me as I stared at them. What would it be like to be there at night when the mosquitoes sang and the steamboats blew their lonely whistles? What was the terrible sickness the people had had? Could one still get it? My reflections were disturbed when a cousin called, and I plunged into the sunlight with the rest of the children.

The next day we said reluctant farewells, and with sand in our shoes and pockets full of pink mussels we headed back to Glen Jean. The pest houses slipped out of my mind. It was years later in a history book that I read of the European lazarets, secluded cells or dwellings where sufferers from infectious diseases were nursed by monks or relatives. The name is taken from the Lazarus of Luke 16, who lay "full of sores" at the rich man's gate.

Even later, as I read the history of Kanawha County, I learned of the mysterious influenza epidemic called the "White Plague" which devastated the lower Kanawha Valley in 1832. Three great Asiatic cholera epidemics followed, in 1833, 1848–49, and 1851–52. Many of the cholera victims died with much suffering only a few hours after the onset of the disease. The entire Kanawha Valley suffered these three epidemics, which seem to have been brought into Malden by rivermen from cities on the Ohio.

Presumably the Shrewsbury quarantine huts dated from the time of the later cholera epidemics. No one I have talked to even remembers the little houses now, and I know nothing but the story told by my mother on that walk through the pasture so long ago. The women who wept as they bent over stricken loved ones there are lost to recollection, and the pest houses have vanished without a trace since my childhood.

Unfortunately, there was a later contagion that is well remembered by many people still living. This one touched members of my own family, threatening my father and no doubt coloring my mother's answer to my childish question at Shrewsbury. I have a record of this affliction, in the form of a letter written by one aunt to another, both of them sisters of my mother. The great influenza epidemic of 1918 was raging when Belle Banister Calvert wrote to Jennie Banister Roberts of Mount Hope, on October 29 of that year. Belle lived at Chelyan, across the Kanawha from the Banister homeplace and the sandy beach I remember. Distances were greater in those days, and she felt terribly isolated from her Fayette County relatives in this time of death and uncertainty.

"Dear Sis," Belle wrote. "If there is any hope please, please let me know as soon as possible, for it seems tonight as if I am a thousand miles from you all. How my heart aches for Dolly. How is she? I am away up here alone, afraid to go to bed and afraid to stay up."

Dolly was my mother. Her husband, "Doc," had been laid low by the flu. It

Fighting the Flu

The Experiences of Two Beckley Nurses

The virulent influenza epidemic of 1918–19 that so concerned Belle Calvert is still remembered with horror by the people who lived through it. Called the Spanish influenza at the time, it made its appearance in West Virginia in the eastern part of the state in late September 1918. It spread so rapidly and infected so many people that health authorities and medical personnel were overwhelmed with work and unable to effectively treat the disease.

On October 5, the State Health Department issued a letter to all county health officers requiring them to report any influenza outbreaks. The officers were further required to quarantine all infected persons, and to close all places of public meeting, such as theaters, schools, restaurants, and churches, in any community where an outbreak occurred.

Towns across the state applied for emergency aid, particularly for additional physicians and nurses. Appeals for assistance were so numerous that Governor Cornwell sent out a notice requesting that all doctors and nurses who could be spared from their normal duties, as well as "every able-bodied man and woman who is willing to assist in stamping out the disease, should tender their services to the local Red Cross chapter or branch . . . The need is urgent."

The epidemic was further complicated by the many cases of pneumonia contracted by influenza sufferers—in fact, more patients actually died from pneumonia than from the flu itself. Medical personnel were also stricken, and fatalities were high among nurses and physicians, who were constantly exposed to the infection and weakened from exhaustion brought on by overwork.

My mother, Margaret Bledsoe Stafford, was still an infant when the flu struck, but remembers hearing stories about the Great Influenza Epidemic because her mother and her aunt both nursed during it. Wanda and Alma Campbell were trained nurses, products of Charleston General Hospital's second graduating class in 1909. Originally from Beckley, the girls lived in Charleston with a paternal aunt, Jess Roach, during their training and for a while afterwards. Wanda, my grandmother, eventually accepted private duty as nurse to a young girl with a chronic illness. She later went back to Beckley when her younger sister, Ella Campbell Bibb, became ill after the birth of her first child. After Great-Aunt Ella recovered, my grandmother continued nursing in Beckley, working chiefly for relatives until her marriage in 1916.

My mother is uncertain about Alma's employment during this period. "Aunt Alma was three years younger than Mother," she said, "and I know the hospital didn't even want to accept her into their nursing program because she was too young. Mother talked them into it, on the condition that she look after Aunt Alma and train and work with her.

"Alma had a close friend in Charleston who was also a nurse," my mother continued. "Her name was Miss Patrick, but I don't know if she was in training with Mother and Aunt Alma. Miss Patrick had an uncle in the military—I believe he eventually became a general—and when World War I broke out, Miss Patrick volunteered for the Red Cross and talked Alma into joining, too. They both served in France during the war."

Even I remember Great-Aunt Alma's stories of World War I, the makeshift field hospitals—one located in a bombed-out cathedral—the constant shelling, and all the young men who died. More than once the hospital where she was stationed was bombed, although she managed to escape injury.

Aunt Alma had returned to Beckley by the time the flu epidemic reached its peak and, already a Red Cross nurse, volunteered to help the flu victims. My grandmother also volunteered her services, but my mother recalled, "They wouldn't let her. She was already nursing a Mrs. Ewart, a family friend who had come down with the flu, and Alma and Daddy and the doctor, and several other relatives, all told her to give it up and go home. I was just a baby at the time, and I don't think she had completely recovered from childbirth. They were all afraid that she'd get the flu and then pass it on to me."

But Wanda Campbell Bledsoe and Alma Campbell Burmeister both survived the epidemic unscathed, although many of their friends and relatives came down with it, and some died. Raleigh County alone reported 1,375 outbreaks of influenza and 48 flu-related deaths between October 15 and November 15, 1918. Improvements in health standards and advancements in medical treatment over the years have resulted in less violent attacks and fewer cases of influenza, although a small number of people still die every year from flu and its complications. But it's unlikely that future generations will ever suffer an outbreak as serious as that still remembered as the Great Influenza Epidemic of 1918–1919.

—Margo Stafford

Left: William Riley "Doc" Ballard survived the deadly flu and recovered full health, as this later photograph shows. He outlived the epidemic by 40 years, dying in 1958. Date and photographer unknown.
Right: Letter writer Belle Banister Calvert anguished in Kanawha County while her family suffered in Fayette—far apart in 1918. Date and photographer unknown.

was the state of his health and her own lack of reliable information that troubled the anguished sister Belle. Her letter continued:

> What information I get is so meager and unsatisfactory. I know you are all too worried and busy to write, and I can't depend on a thing I hear from up the road. And oh, why *do* we all live so far apart.
>
> I'm so nervous tonight that every footfall on the front porch fills me with dread and I have worried until I am *pop-eyed.* I can't hear a word from over home but surely they are all well. Isn't this scourge the most awful thing yet. Two funerals here yesterday and one today and I think one tomorrow, and I don't know how many last week. Oh Sis, let us all pray that Doc may live. Let us pray day and night. That is all we can do now. I feel so useless and no account way down here and my dear Sisters all up there having so much to endure. If you all need me let me know and I'll try to get away.
>
> Mine are all better and going around again—if I could only keep them in out of the rain. But you never heard such coughing in your life. Us older ones haven't taken it yet and maybe won't.
>
> If Doc just only gets well how thankful and good we all ought to be.
>
> I'll pray tonight for you all and that the news I get tomorrow may be encouraging. I know God has answered my prayers and if we all pray together I believe He will answer this one.

Belle closed her letter with a postscript, asking her sister to read the 91st Psalm. "Tell Dolly to read it, too," she urged. No doubt there were many West Virginians seeking comfort in that ancient assurance of divine protection against "the noisome pestilence" as the winter of 1918 approached. "A thousand shall fall at thy side," the psalm promised, "but it shall not come nigh thee."

The pestilence had come near, but William Riley "Doc" Ballard was not one of those to fall. Nonetheless, he became so ill that his death was announced in the newspaper. Men even came to the house for his body, as burials were done speedily during the influenza epidemic. Dolly, who had given birth to their seventh child earlier in that frightful October, joyfully sent them away with the news that her husband was recovering. Doc became my father a few years later, and lived until 1958.

Grandmother Banister's house at Shrewsbury was sold out of the family years ago. It still stands on the hill above Route 60, facing southward toward the Kanawha River. The farmland and pasture across the railroad tracks were purchased by a mining company and made into an industrial dump. There is no beach. Hundreds of tons of black refuse now cover the site of the old pest houses and their secrets of sorrow and death.

Books From the Mountains

The Mountain State Press

Mountain State Press was founded in 1978, when about 400 people responded to a membership call issued by founder Jim Comstock of Richwood. The major purpose of the Press is to publish books of general interest by West Virginians or about West Virginia. Mountain State Press is located on the campus of the University of Charleston and is affiliated with the university.

Titles listed here are ones which the Press currently has in print. Books may be ordered at the price indicated by writing to Mountain State Press, 2300 MacCorkle Avenue, Charleston 25304. Each order should include $1.50 postage and handling, and West Virginia residents should add 5% sales tax. A membership discount is offered, with information available at the same address.

The Wounding: An Essay on Education
Edward Albee

Reflections on the process of formal and informal education by an outstanding American playwright, originally delivered as a University of Charleston commencement address.

24 pages, paperback $2.00

Anse on Island Creek and Other Poems
Paul Curry Steele

Excellent poetry by a Charlestonian. The epic title poem features "Devil Anse" Hatfield, during his peaceful later years on Main Island Creek in Logan County.

64 pages, paperback $5.95

Life at an Early Age
Jack Welch

Fiction by a WVU professor, with an unidentified but familiar university town setting. Features the uncertainties of health, the solace of religion, and campus and coalfields turmoil.

paperback $4.95

Peaceful Patriot: The Story of Tom Bennett
Bonni McKeown

Authentic account of a conscientious objector who served—and died—as a medic in Vietnam.

paperback $5.00

Tale of the Elk
W. E. R. Byrne

Popular reprint of an early West Virginia literary masterpiece. W. E. R. Byrne was a master fisherman in love with the easygoing Elk River.

hardback $8.00

What Is Ontology?
Charles Dickinson, translator

A work of philosophy.

paperback $4.00

As I Remember It
Stanley Eskew

The author's reminiscences of growing up in the Ansted area of Fayette County.

hardback $6.00

Of Bitter Choice
Shirley Klein

Poems offering insight into the emotions of the physically handicapped.

paperback $2.00

Mom and Ramps Forever
Barbara Beury McCallum

Two West Virginia favorites—ramps and motherhood—come together in this illustrated collection of recipes.

paperback $2.00

Boy of Kanawha
Artie Nettles McCoy

An illustrated Indian story, told with imagination and detail.

72 pages, paperback $3.50

Six Miles Out
Barbara Smith

Good fiction by an Alderson-Broaddus College professor, featuring the residents of a West Virginia retirement home.

paperback $3.50

West Virginia Was Good
Clee Woods

Vivid recollections of life in the Greenbrier-Summers county area. Family, neighbors, farming practices, work, and folk wisdom are all remembered.

248 pages, hardback $8.00
paperback $5.50

Are You Reading a Friend's GOLDENSEAL?

A lot of people do, and it's something we encourage. We can get more mileage out of our limited budget that way. We've always printed GOLDENSEAL on the best paper we can afford, so that it will stand up to hard use and still come home in one piece.

However, if you decide you like the magazine well enough to want to receive each issue as it's printed, we'll be glad to add your name to our mailing list. There is a coupon on the other side for your convenience.

There is no charge for GOLDENSEAL, but we do request a $10 annual contribution. We call this a "voluntary subscription," for, as a reader recently said, GOLDENSEAL operates strictly on the honor system.

This uncomplicated arrangement allows us to raise necessary money with a minimum of extra bookkeeping, while continuing to serve those unable to contribute. Those are the attractions of the voluntary subscription system for us.

For you, there are no bills or nagging reminders, and the assurance that every dollar you contribute goes directly into the production of GOLDENSEAL. We keep careful records, but you aren't paying for an expensive circulation department to keep track of your own money. You'll hear from us once a year, with a postpaid return envelope, and that's it.

So, if you want GOLDENSEAL delivered regularly, we'll be happy to oblige. We will be grateful if you can send a voluntary subscription contribution, but want to hear from you regardless. We'll especially appreciate any comments you may have—and we hope we can count on you to share your own GOLDENSEAL with relatives and neighbors.

Turn The Page For A Handy Response Coupon

New To GOLDENSEAL?

We especially encourage you to contribute a voluntary subscription of $10 when entering a friend's name on the GOLDENSEAL mailing list, or entering your own name for the first time.

Thanks—and welcome to the GOLDENSEAL family!

Mail to:
GOLDENSEAL
Department of Culture and History
The Cultural Center
Capitol Complex
Charleston, WV 25305

Please add the following name(s) to the GOLDENSEAL mailing list.
I am enclosing a voluntary subscription of $_____ for each name.

DATE _____

NAME _____ NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

(Make check or money order payable to: Department of Culture and History)

If this is a gift subscription, please indicate the name to be signed on gift card: _____

(Continued from page 6)

Roosevelt's birth. Arthurdale was a major personal project of Mrs. Roosevelt's, and her spirit will be invoked many times during the anniversary. A special Eleanor Roosevelt Film Festival is scheduled for Friday and Saturday, and the community square dance—a particular favorite of hers—is being recreated in her memory.

The anniversary celebration, "The Arthurdale Dream, Then and Now," organized by community residents with the assistance of West Virginia University scholars and others, will be funded in part by the Humanities Foundation of West Virginia. Further information is available from Glenna Williams, Box 411, Arthurdale 26520.

Civil War Medals

Nearly 120 years after the end of the Civil War the State of West Virginia still has several thousand Union Army medals awaiting claimants. The medals were issued in three classes: for officers and soldiers honorably discharged; for officers and soldiers killed in battle; and for officers and soldiers who died of wounds or disease contracted in the service. The Archives and History Division of the Department of Culture and History now has charge of distributing the medals.

"Since the 26,000 medals were first available 80% have been claimed by either the soldier or a surviving family member," according to Fred Armstrong, associate director of Archives. "That leaves approximately 5,200 still unclaimed. Claimants have been few over the past several years, with only 75 since 1977." The unclaimed medals are still stored in the small cardboard boxes in which they arrived from A. Demarest of New York, following the 1866 commissioning by the West Virginia Legislature. Written in longhand on each box is the particular soldier's name and his unit.

The Department of Culture and History will award the remaining medals to heirs who can prove a direct line of descent from any of the Union soldiers. Such documentation may be drawn from military records, census records, or birth, death, and marriage records. Personal family documents may also prove useful. The applicant must present certified copies of the necessary records, many of which are available in the Archives library at the Cultural Center in Charleston, to the Archives and History Division.

Armstrong states that the person documenting the most direct line of descent from the Civil War soldier will receive the medal at the end of a six-month waiting period. "The six months will enable verification of the claim and allow time for any secondary claimants to come forward," he explains. A complete list of unclaimed medals will be published in Volume 45 of *West Virginia History*, scheduled for publication in June.

Those desiring further information may write to the Archives and History Division, Department of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston 25305.

CORRECTION: Anne C. Blake of Junior informs us that we got our churches confused in the Spring article "From Rowtown to Junior." The churches pictured there, on page 32, are the Calvary United Methodist and the Church of the Brethren. The Calvary church shares its pastor with another local Methodist church, rather than with the Brethren church.

Blake also notes that Chester A. Shomo is now the postmaster in Junior.

In This Issue

RICHARD A. ANDRÉ, son of motorcycle enthusiast B. E. André, was born and raised in Charleston. In the mortgage loan business for years, he is now self-employed in real estate and investments. A student of local history, André is also an avid collector of antique photographs and historical artifacts.

IRENE B. BRAND, a lifelong resident of Mason County, earned her B.A. and Master's degrees at Marshall University. She has taught at Point Pleasant Junior High School for the past 18 years and has been doing freelance writing for several years. She has written previous articles for GOLDENSEAL on Point Pleasant and its rivers.

KATHLEEN HENSLEY BROWNING, born at Milton, Cabell County, earned her B.S. and M.A. degrees at Marshall University. She taught school for 27 years and has been writing for some time, completing a manuscript on teaching and a collection of short stories, poetry, and essays, among other work. Her interest in Appalachian history and culture led to her first GOLDENSEAL article, "When Dad Carried the Mail," which appeared in the Summer 1983 issue.

DOUG CHADWICK was born in North Carolina and grew up in Maryland. He attended Reed College in Portland, Oregon, Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington, and a school for filmmaking and video in Rome. Chadwick moved to West Virginia in 1970 and has worked as a photographer for the *Fayette Tribune* and the *Raleigh Register*. *True Facts . . . in a Country Song*, a film by Chadwick and Susan Burt, premiered at the Cultural Center in December 1980. He has contributed periodically to GOLDENSEAL.

RICK LEE and MICHAEL KELLER are staff photographers for the Department of Culture and History.

MICHAEL MEADOR's interest in photography first emerged during his high school years in Oceana, Wyoming County, where he grew up. He holds a photojournalism degree from Marshall University and worked as promotions officer for West Virginia State Parks. His work has appeared in numerous Appalachian publications, he has exhibited in several galleries in the state, and his work has taken him to a dozen foreign countries. He now coordinates promotion and marketing for Woodlands Institute in Pendleton County. He contributed periodically to some of the early issues of GOLDENSEAL.

MICHAEL M. MEADOR was born in Hinton and grew up in Princeton. He attended Concord College and Marshall University, graduating with a degree in sociology. Former 4-H Extension Agent in Boone County, he is presently director of the Bluefield Area Arts and Crafts Center in Mercer County. His long-time association with the West Virginia 4-H program combined with a long-standing interest in history to produce his recent book, "A Walking Tour of Historic Jackson's Mill." Michael M. Meador, who has written several previous articles for GOLDENSEAL, is not to be confused with photographer Michael Meador.

RON RITTENHOUSE, a Mannington native and senior photographer for the *Morgantown Dominion Post*, in recent years has won several first place awards in the Professional Photographers of West Virginia contests. His hobby is collecting old cameras and photographs, of which he has one of the largest private holdings in the state. He is a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

BARBARA SMITH is chairman of the Division of the Humanities and associate professor of literature and writing at Alderson-Broaddus College in Philippi. She is the author of numerous published works, including poems, short stories, journal articles, and the novel *Six Miles Out*, published by Mountain State Press. She is also editor of the literary quarterly *Grab-a-Nickel* and has edited two anthologies for West Virginia Writers, Inc.

EDWIN SWEENEY is a native and resident of Weston, Lewis County. He has a master's degree in journalism from West Virginia University and is a member of the editorial staff of the *Clarksburg Exponent-Telegram*. This is his first appearance in GOLDENSEAL.

BILL WELLINGTON, a Massachusetts native, came to West Virginia in 1976 and now lives in Pendleton County. He has a B.A. in religion from Middlebury College in Vermont. Bill and his wife, Carlotta, perform traditional folk music and have played in 41 counties in West Virginia and much of the rest of the country. Bill recently published a handsome collection of original dance tunes entitled "Belknap's March."

Department of Culture and History
The Cultural Center
State Capitol
Charleston, West Virginia 25305

Address Correction Requested

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 271
Charleston, W.Va.

Inside Goldenseal