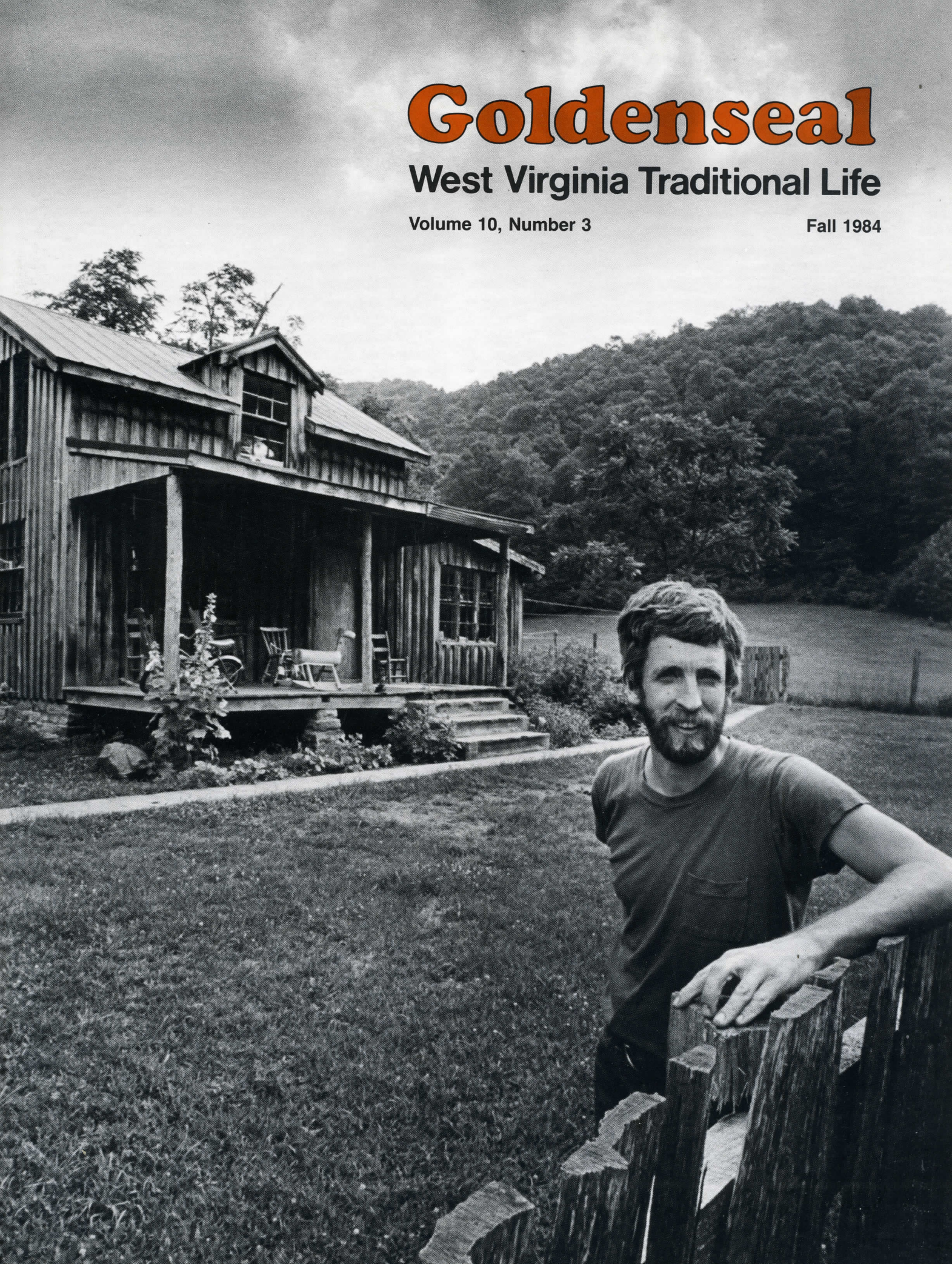
Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Volume 10, Number 3 Fall 1984



From the Editor: Renewal Time

Have you enjoyed the past four issues of GOLDENSEAL? I hope so, because it's time for us to ask your help in publishing the next four.

We'll be writing to you soon about renewing your voluntary subscription to GOLDENSEAL. Or about beginning a voluntary subscription for the first time, if you've not yet gotten around to doing so.

As in previous years, we're timing the subscription drive to the Fall GOLDENSEAL, sending your letter out a few days after this issue is published. We do that so you'll have the magazine fresh in mind and can decide whether it's the sort of publication you want to support. If GOLDENSEAL doesn't speak for itself, then no amount of pleading in a letter is likely to convince you, we figure.

Those letters, incidentally, automatically go to everyone on the mailing list at this time, so please ignore the reminder if you've already renewed your subscription. We're grateful, and hope you will pass along the subscription packet to someone else who may be interested in the magazine. We lose some postage in making the mass mailing, we know, but we've found that it's far cheaper than trying to customize a special mailing list for people who have not yet renewed.

Saving money while raising money, in fact, is what the voluntary subscription program is all about. It is a simple system and meets our needs without requiring a lot of expensive attention to keep it going. We keep careful records of your contributions, naturally, but other than that there is very little extra bookkeeping involved. We get contributions the year round and welcome them anytime, but the annual subscription drive allows us to assume that subscriptions generally run from fall to fall issue. That way we don't have to monitor thousands of individual subscriptions, sending out dozens of expiration notices every day.

In short, we don't need to hire a circulation department. For us, that means we don't have to divert our limited financial resources away from the actual production of GOLDENSEAL. For you, it means no nagging reminders, no follow-up duns, no discount come-ons — and the assurance that whatever you send can go directly into the magazine and not to pay extra staffers to keep track of your account. We think it works well both ways, and hope you agree.

Of course, the system depends upon your support and cooperation to work. That's where the *voluntary* part comes in. When we send out those letters each fall, we have to be able to expect that you and other readers will take the time to respond. To sit down and make out a check, if you can afford to, and get it back in the mail at your earliest convenience. We'll also appreciate it if you enclose a note telling us how we're doing.

I'm confident in counting on such voluntary support, for reader response in past years has been prompt and generous. I'm not exaggerating at all when I say that that is what has kept us in business, and that the future survival of GOLDENSEAL depends upon the continued support of readers such as yourself. The Department of Culture and History, our publisher, will continue to provide a large part of our expenses, but the days are gone when the Department could publish GOLDENSEAL as an entirely free magazine. With circulation now pushing 25,000 we've outgrown the Department's printing budget and have to rely on readers to make up the difference.

We've kept the suggested subscription contribution to $10 for the fourth year in a row, but will gladly accept amounts greater or smaller. Decide what GOLDENSEAL is worth to you and send in what you can. I'm including a postpaid return envelope and a pre-addressed coupon with my letter to you, or you may use the coupon near the back of this issue. Either way is fine, but do please let us hear from you soon.

I think that's enough said about money for now. Fundraising is an absolutely critical part of what we do, but we try to keep in mind that it's only the means to an end — and that end is to do the best job we can in putting GOLDENSEAL together for you. Let me catch you up on the news around here.

First off, the GOLDENSEAL 10th anniversary year is rapidly slipping by, and perhaps we haven't made as much hoopla as we should have. We did publish the one article reprint back in the first issue of the year, but otherwise have taken little notice of our birthday. We're making partial amends with a special 10th year feature in this issue — an interview with Arthur Prichard, by far the most productive freelance writer in our first decade. You've read his stories over the years and now have the chance to meet the man himself, through the efforts of two other veteran freelancers, writer Michael Kline and photographer Ron Rittenhouse. In a way, the interview marks a double birthday, for Mr. Prichard turned 80 during our 10th year.

Our problem with anniversary features has been simply to squeeze them in, for our freelancers are furnishing us with more good publishable material than ever before. Maybe that's the best birthday present of all, come to think of it, and we think it is one mark of GOLDENSEAL's continued success and popularity. The winter issue is already full to overflowing, and you may look forward to another fine Upshur County story by Barbara Smith, a lumbering article by Norman Julian, and several others, including our first "water witching" story. That last one refers to the old way of finding water with a forked stick, in case you haven't drilled any wells lately.

With the Winter GOLDENSEAL all spoken for, we're now planning for the spring of 1985. Dennis Deitz will be back then, for example. He is our "Hog Butchering" author in this issue and for spring he's done a seasonal essay on maple sugar making, as recalled from his Greenbrier County youth.

Other subjects in the works for winter, spring and beyond, include several musicians, historic chinaware manufacturers in Hancock and Wood counties, quilting, and a special how-to article on writing family history. I've got no doubt that there are plenty more where those came from, for West Virginia's rich heritage appears as inexhaustible as it did when GOLDENSEAL was founded 10 years ago. We'll continue to gather the material, and promise to deliver the best of it right to your mailbox for as long as we have your support behind us.

— Ken Sullivan

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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, Deprtment of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston, WV 25305. Phone (304) 348-0220.

Goldenseal

Volume 10, Number 3 Fall 1984

COVER: Gerry Milnes at his Webster County farmstead. He introduces us to "heirloom gardening" in the series of features beginning on page 9. Cover photo by Rick Lee.

PHOTOS: Robert Campbell, Doug Chadwick, Bill Dobbie, Rick Lee, Ron Rittenhouse, LeRoy Schultz, Mary Anne Stevens.

Current Programs • Events • Publications

Logging and Railroading History

The Mountain State Logging and Railroad Historical Association, Inc., has back issues of its periodical, *The Log Train,* available for sale. Quarterly copies for 1982 and 1983 (volumes I and II) may be purchased for $2.50 each, plus 50¢ postage. The Association also still has the 1984 calendar in stock. The spiral bound calendar, featuring 14 black and white photographs of West Virginia logging operations and equipment, sells for $4 plus 85¢ postage.

The Association also markets 35mm slide sets, with the following ones now available:

1. Meadow River Lumber Company — 10 views of their tower skidder in service, taken near Rainelle in 1964 and 1965. Photos by J. Emmons Lancaster. $7 plus 50¢ postage.
2. Elk River Coal and Lumber — five views of their railroad equipment, including log loader and wooden caboose, taken between 1958 and 1962. Photos by Russell F. Monroe. $3.50, plus 50¢ postage.
3. Ely-Thomas Lumber — 10 views of their rail equipment and mill, taken between 1958 and 1963. Photos by R. F. Monroe. $7, plus 50¢ postage.
4. Mower Lumber — 10 views of their rail equipment and skidder, taken July 30, 1958. Photos by R. F. Monroe. $7, plus 50¢ postage.

All checks should be made payable to Mountain State Railroading and Logging History Association, Inc., with orders mailed to Michael Allen, MSR&LHA, 3012 Corunna Road, Flint, MI 48503.

The Association also welcomes membership inquiries from those interested in the study and preservation of the railroad and logging history of West Virginia. Annual dues of $15 includes a subscription to *The Log Train* and the group's newsletter, *Running Extra.* Membership information is available from George Greenacre, 305 Lawson Street, Hurricane, WV 25526.

New River Symposium

Organizers of the New River Symposium have issued a call for papers and other presentations for the 1985 Symposium. Proposals should be sent by December 1 to William E. Cox, National Park Service, P.O. Drawer V, Oak Hill 25901.

The fourth annual New River Symposium is sponsored by the New River National River of the National Park Service and the West Virginia Department of Culture and History. The three-day event is scheduled for April 11-13, 1985, at Pipestem State Park.

The Symposium is open to all those with a professional or amateur interest in the New River, from its North Carolina headwaters down to its mouth in West Virginia. Papers for the multi-disciplinary Symposium are being sought in natural history, folklore, geology, history, archaeology, geography, and other sciences, social sciences, and humanities. All papers should share the common theme of treating some aspect of the New River valley, past or present, including its natural, physical, and human environments. Proposals for sessions and panel discussions are also sought by Symposium planners.

Presentations will be published in a bound volume of *Proceedings,* available after the 1985 Symposium. *Proceedings* for the 1982, 1983, and 1984 Symposiums are still available by mail at $12.50 each, by writing to the Eastern National Park and Monument Association, P.O. Drawer V, Oak Hill 25901.

Mountain State Forest Festival

The 48th Annual Mountain State Forest Festival will be held in Elkins from October 3 to 7. The 1984 Forest Festival will highlight the heritage of West Virginia's forests and woodlands, with special emphasis on the days of early loggers and woodsmen.

Organizers note that a primitive camp will be set up in the city park, reminiscent of the camps used by the early hunters and trappers of the mountain wilderness. Members of the West Virginia Muzzleloaders Association, in authentic costume, will demonstrate the use of early firearms. An antique steam engine and sawmill will add to the spirit of the past, with a full schedule of woods-related activities planned for Saturday, October 6, at the Davis and Elkins amphitheatre. Lumberjack contests, axe throwing, woodchopping, and crosscut saw competitions will be included in Saturday's festivities.

Carolyn Ann Cline of Summersville will reign over this year's Forest Festival as Queen Silvia XLVIII. The Queen and her court of 40 princesses will ride in Saturday's Grand Feature Parade, welcoming the coming of autumn to the woodlands of West Virginia.

New Autoharp Book

The Autoharp, unusual among popular musical instruments in that it was "invented" and actually patented, entered into its second century of manufacture in 1982. Centennial research on the instrument has resulted in *The Autoharp Book* by Becky Blackey, editor of *The Autoharpoholic* magazine. The new book is described by its publisher, I.A.D. Publications of California, as "the first comprehensive history of one of the few musical instruments that can claim to be truly American in origin."

The Autoharp was invented in 1881 and patented in 1882. It is best known for its use by traditional and folk musicians, and was briefly brought into the mainstream of country music a half-century ago by Mother Maybelle Carter of the original Carter Family. In recent years the instrument is being seen and heard often on festival stages, and may be gaining a popularity approaching that which it enjoyed in the late 19th century.

The Autoharp Book is divided into six periods of production of the instrument. Each section gives the history of the company during that time, followed by a detailed description of the Autoharps then being made.

Other sections deal with related topics, including notation systems, unusual or exceptional models, the Autoharp factory today, and notable performers. Appendices include detailed information on accessories, patents and trademarks, and a bibliography and discography.

The paperbound book of 256 pages includes over 500 photographs. "Autoharpoholics" among GOLDENSEAL readers may order a copy for $19.95 from I.A.D. Publications, P.O. Box 504, Brisbane, CA 94005.

Augusta on the Radio

The fine music of Augusta has previously been available only to those able to get to Elkins in the summertime, but all that changes as Augusta goes on national radio. The new program is called "Voices from the Mountains," hosted by Flawn Williams of the American Public Radio Network. "Voices" is carried over West Virginia Public Radio on Saturday mornings at 11.

"Voices from the Mountains" began broadcasting in West Virginia in mid-summer and the initial 13-week series runs through late October. The weekly programs feature Jean Ritchie, Lily May Ledford, and other outstanding Appalachian musicians, as well as folk performers from other parts of the country and overseas. John Johnson, Ernie Carpenter, and Dave Morris are among the West Virginians included. The hour-long programs were recorded live at the 1982 and 1983 sessions of the Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop.

"Voices from the Mountains" may be heard on the six stations of West Virginia Public Radio, at 88.5 FM Charleston, 91.7 FM Beckley, 88.9 FM Buckhannon, 89.9 FM Huntington, 89.9 FM Wheeling, and 90.9 FM Morgantown.

West Virginia Place Names

If you're among those who have wondered how Pickle Street, Cucumber, Odd, Sod, Bergoo, and Pie got their names, a recently published book may be of interest to you. *West Virginia Place Names: Origins and History* explores the facts and folklore behind the naming of these and over 1,000 other communities in the state.

"We wanted to find out about the unusual names as well as more traditional names like Lewisburg, Morgantown, and Princeton," writer Quinith Janssen says. "We learned that places get named because of politics, big egos, whimsy, contests, and sentiment. Many place names merely describe the location, or honor pioneer families."

Janssen notes that she and co-author William Fernbach worked with county historical societies and libraries throughout the state to compile their information. The new book includes all the communities given on the official state highway map, plus about 250 other places with post offices.

West Virginia Place Names is a paperback book, available at retail outlets or from the publishers by writing to J & F Enterprises, P.O. Box 265, Shepherdstown 25443. Mail orders should include a check or money order for $5.95, plus $1 postage and sales tax.

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.

Apopka, Florida
June 23, 1984
Editor:

I really enjoyed reading "In West Virginia I Had More Freedom," Bruce Crawford's story in the Spring issue of GOLDENSEAL.

Mr. Crawford mentioned Graydon and Lansing in Fayette County. My parents and I used to go visit the Gus Woods family out of Graydon. Mother and I tried to find it one weekend a while back, but the road wasn't where I thought it was. I have often wondered if there still is a Graydon and Lansing and how to find them now.

Thanks for bringing back pleasant memories.

Sincerely,
Mary B. Staples

Both Lansing and Graydon are located off U.S. 19, just north of the spectacular New River Gorge bridge. Ask for specific directions at the National Park Service's new visitor center at the north end of the bridge. —ed.

Akro Agate

College Park, Maryland
July 27, 1984
Editor:

This is in response to an article about Akro Agate of Clarksburg by Edwin Sweeney in your Summer 1984 edition. I note that pertinent facets of Akro Agate history were not addressed or omitted and that several areas are in need of clarification. At the outset the marble making portion of the Akro Agate factory was an important adjunct and sustaining function of the entire Akro Agate effort. During their period of existence Akro Agate was embroiled in two law suits over marble machine patents. The first monumental trial (Akro Agate vs Peltier Glass Company) was a lengthy trial that finally culminated in 1929; Akro lost at appeal level. The trial centered around the alleged infringement of the 1915 H. C. Hill patent in use by Akro Agate. The appeal court decided that the Hill patent was very limited and it's uses and purposes had long been matters of common knowledge. Significantly, this trial triggered national marble manufacturing since the patent was broken. This prompted other marble companies to open business and compete, allowed existing marble factories using prototypes of Akro's H. C. Hill patent machines to continue legally to make marbles, and it set the stage for another patent infringement trial (Akro Agate vs Master Marble Co. *et al.*) a few years later.

Subsequently, the resignation of four of Akro Agate's key officers (Grimmett, Early, Moulton and Isra-

el) opened the way for them to form the highly competitive Master Marble Company. John F. Early was one of the four officers and had two significant patents granted to him by the U.S. Patent Office in 1930 and 1932 which were assigned to Akro Agate by contract agreement. It was only natural that Early later would use his skills and technical knowledge in making marble machines for Master Marble Company. Ironically, the Early patents were in use by Akro Agate prior to his resignation and during the second trial, although his second patent was granted subsequent to his resignation and formation of the Master Marble Company. The trial which began in March 1933 centered around alleged infringement of the Akro Agate (John F. Early) patents by Master Marble *et al.*

The original "breaking of the patents" by Peltier and the two patents by John F. Early are major events in the history of the West Virginia glass industry. This is very significant since historically West Virginia is the cradle of the U.S. marble industry. Personnel management practices and treatment of the four key officers and personnel of Akro Agate by a newly assigned officer led to their resignation, as is documented in the court records. All this may very well have contributed to the demise of Akro Agate.

I and many others would be highly pleased to hear that an effort is underway to have the former Akro Agate factory placed on a register of historical sites; perhaps it is not too late to use the factory as a museum to highlight West Virginia's contribution to the history of the glass industry.

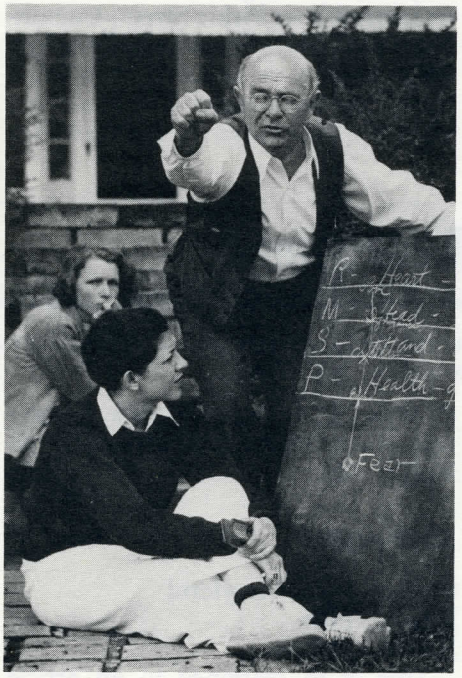
Thank you for GOLDENSEAL. It is a super publication.

Sincerely Yours,
Dennis Webb

Flu Nurses

Beckley, WV
June 30, 1984
Editor:
"Fighting the Flu: The Experiences of Two Beckley Nurses" was read with great pleasure by our family. My mother was Wanda Campbell Bledsoe, one of the nurses in the article. For many of my younger years, I thought our big First Baptist Church on Neville Street was the one used as a make-shift hospital to treat the sick during the 1918 flu epidemic. I realized later my mother was referring to the original Beckley Baptist church which no longer exits.

GOLDENSEAL has much to be proud of. The physical make-up is quite good and the varied content of the articles is excellent.
Many thanks,
Mrs. Albert M. Tieche



Head, Heart, Hands and Health

Enterprise, WV
June 16, 1984
Editor:
The Summer GOLDENSEAL arrived this morning at Enterprise. The 4-H articles made my day, my week and my year. You have used the material wonderfully well, and I would pray the issue is well received by the readers of this important magazine about West Virginia. May the Lord continue to bless your efforts.

4-H and historic Jackson's Mill have been a way of life for me and for thousands of others that fully believe what Teepi Kendrick told us in the long ago, "A day at Jackson's Mill is worth a week elsewhere."
Yours in 4-H Service,
Jim Morris
Jackson's Mill Advisory Committee

Morgantown, WV
June 22, 1984
Editor:
The article, "Head, Heart, Hands, and Health: The West Virginia 4-H Movement," by Michael M. Meador, in the Summer 1984 issue, was of special interest to me. C. A. Keadle, the Monroe County Superintendent of Schools, who in 1907 initiated the Corn Clubs for boys which were the forerunner of the 4-H Clubs in West Virginia, was my great-uncle. I would like to give some additional detail of the clubs beginning.

Uncle Charley not only proposed the Corn Clubs for boys, but also Flower Clubs for girls. Emile Beckett, my aunt, a teacher in the public school, attended the Farmers Institute, sponsored by West Virginia University Extension Service, during which the club proposal was made. She was asked to write to the teachers of the county enlisting their support and assistance in the Flower Clubs. These clubs immediately extended to include the "domestic arts". Later, the University Extension Service invited outstanding club members to Morgantown in recognition of their work. Aunt Emile has told of taking "the blacksmith's daughter," whose name is unknown to me, to Morgantown during a Christmas recess. They made the trip by train traveling along the frozen Greenbrier River from Fort Springs through Marlinton to Elkins, where they spent the night and changed railroads and on to Morgantown the next day.

Later, Aunt Emile married a Monroe County native, Clyde H. Miller, and moved to Dayton, Ohio, where he practiced law for more than fifty years. Aunt Emile died May 4, 1984 at the age of 95.
Sincerely,
Helen S. Ellison

(continued on page 72)

Eleanor and Arthurdale

A Community Celebrates 50 Years

By Colleen Anderson
Photographs by Doug Chadwick

In this centennial year of her birth, the spirit of Eleanor Roosevelt was strong among Arthurdale residents, both current and former, who gathered July 13-15 to mark the 50th anniversary of the community's founding. It was a weekend for reunions and rememberings, as well as a learning opportunity for the hundreds of visitors who attended the celebration.

Walking and bus tours took guests from Arthurdale's new high school past the community Presbyterian church (dedicated to Mrs. Roosevelt in 1957) to the heart of the village, where the administration building, forge, and community center still stand. The old buildings are unoccupied now, but the small park they flank was crowded with people and displays of memorabilia. Members of the original homestead families sat at small tables, showing family photo albums and yellowed newspaper clippings; displaying examples of metalwork, ceramics, weaving, and woodcrafts; and eagerly explaining what it was like to be part of the Arthurdale Dream.

Arthurdale, located on the 1200 acres of the former Richard Arthur estate in Preston County, was the first of more than a hundred resettlement projects initiated and championed by Mrs. Roosevelt, and she made personal visits to the homestead community more than 20 times before her death in 1962. These visits — along with memories of the First Lady's courage and compassion, her tireless energy and smile — were recalled by several special guests who spoke at a Saturday afternoon ceremony in the high school gymnasium. Among the speakers were Wendell Lund, the FDR Administration official who supervised the selection of homestead families; Elliot Roosevelt, son of Eleanor and Franklin, whose introduction prompted two standing ovations; and U.S. Senator Jennings Randolph, who was first elected to Congress only months before Arthurdale's founding and played an important role in the settlement's beginnings. Other guests included Eleanor Seagraves, a granddaughter of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and Milford Mott, the project's most recent director.

Mrs. Roosevelt's visits to Arthurdale were also recorded by a trio of short silent films and two documentaries shown in the original high school, now a junior high, next-door to the newer high school. The darkened classroom/theater (smelling of fresh paint) was packed with people, many seated on the floor, and the three silent films were well explicated by homesteaders in the viewing audience. "This is when we were building

The balloons spell it out: Arthurdale celebrated its 50th birthday on July 13-15. Many of the youngsters there were descendants of the original homesteaders.

Elliott Roosevelt and Senator Jennings Randolph were among the distinguished guests present. Mr. Roosevelt is the son of Eleanor Roosevelt, whose centennial is being observed this year, and Randolph as a young Congressman voted for New Deal legislation creating Arthurdale and other homestead communities.

the community center." "There's the old pump house." "Now, this is the forge."

The viewers responded with pleasure to each appearance of Mrs. Roosevelt, with her indefatigable smile, on the screen. There were other scenes: groups of men, their faces stern with concentration on the task of making furniture in Arthurdale's furniture factory; great pans of roasted chickens and potatoes emerging from ovens for a community dinner; groups of sledders, skaters, and young people playing hockey, probably during the first winter of Arthurdale's existence.

Inside the new high school gymnasium were exhibits of Arthurdale crafts. Colorful quilts and woven blankets, placemats, towels, aprons, rugs, and clothing were hung and draped over well-preserved examples of handmade tables, chairs, beds, and bureaus. Other woodcrafts and ceramics included plates, bowls, cups, lamps, and trays. There were wrought iron lamps and a coatrack, as well as smaller metalworks of pewter, brass, and copper.

In another corner of the gymnasium, an extensive photo exhibit documented the origins of the farmstead community. There were views of a typical Arthurdale living room, a craft shop interior, the weaving room, the cooperative store, and the administration building; the 20 members of the 1938 Arthurdale Band; the graduating class of 1939 receiving diplomas from Eleanor Roosevelt; Miss Plummer, the project nurse, conducting a daily health check of young schoolchildren; Arthurdale planners (including Jennings Randolph, landscape architect John Nolan, and first project director Bushrod Grimes) posed in front of the Arthur mansion; Eleanor Roosevelt dancing a Virginia reel; President Franklin Roosevelt at the 1938 Arthurdale High School graduation ceremonies; Arthurdale's revered school director, Elsie Clapp.

In one large photograph, taken in the winter of 1933-34, a group of about 45 homesteaders, all men, are posed sitting on the side porch of the Arthur mansion. Two men are wearing aprons. Most are dressed in overalls and heavy rubber boots caked with mud. They carry their caps in their hands and hold themselves stiffly, as if they are uncomfortable about being photographed. Only a few of the men are smiling; most of these young faces reflect other emotions — the deep weariness of the Great Depression and the almost forbidding countenances of their stubborn determination to persevere, to survive and rebuild.

At information and check-in booths outside the gymnasium, volunteers directed visitors toward various activities of interest, encouraged people to attend the Saturday eve-

Eleanor Roosevelt Centennial

As Arthurdale commemorated its 50th anniversary in July the celebrants paused to note another locally important historic date, the centennial of Eleanor Roosevelt's birth. Active in the social reform programs of the Roosevelt Administration, Mrs. Roosevelt was personally involved in the founding of Arthurdale and in the establishment of other experimental homestead communities in Randolph and Putnam counties. Looking back on such work, West Virginians join other Americans this year in honoring the woman many remember as the conscience of the New Deal.

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt was born on October 11, 1884, in New York City. A Roosevelt by birth as well as by marriage, she was the niece of President Theodore Roosevelt and a distant relative of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whom she married in 1905. Regarded by historians as our most accomplished First Lady, Mrs. Roosevelt topped off a long career of public service as chairman of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights from 1946 to 1951 and as a UN representative under the Kennedy Administration.

A national observance of the centennial is being coordinated by the Eleanor Roosevelt Centennial Commission. The Commission, chaired by Trude W. Lash, includes members of Congress; the directors of the National Park Service; the National Archives; and the Library of Congress; the governor of New York; and members of the Roosevelt family. The Centennial Commission is assisted by a national advisory committee consisting of representatives from the 50 states. GOLDENSEAL editor Ken Sullivan was appointed as West Virginia's representative by Governor Rockefeller on March 27.

While the advisory committee's function is to keep the various elements of the national commemoration in touch, Sullivan noted that the real celebration of the centennial will consist mainly of local observances in keeping with the grassroots nature of Mrs. Roosevelt's activities. In West Virginia, events are being planned for the state's other two "resettlement communities," Dailey in Randolph County and Eleanor in Putnam. Organizers at Dailey are tentatively planning a program to run in conjunction with the Mountain State Forest Festival, October 3-7, at nearby Elkins. The community of Eleanor plans a full-scale 50th anniversary celebration next year, with a preliminary observance during the centennial month of October 1984.

Above: Glenna Williams, at left, greets a friend at the door to the community Presbyterian church. Mrs. Williams was a key organizer of the celebration.
Below: Handicrafts were an important part of Arthurdale's plan to become a self-sustaining community. Fine furniture, metal work and pottery were all exhibited at the July celebration. Dr. John Fullmer of Morgantown holds examples of iron work by his homesteader father, the outstanding blacksmith Lon Fullmer.

Above: What's a reunion without food? This is the Homesteaders Dinner on Friday evening.
Below: Visitors eagerly gather around the display of historic photographs from Arthurdale's first half-century.

ning commemorative square dance and the Sunday worship service, and pinned on name tags cut from construction paper in the shape of Preston County, with a gummed foil star marking the Arthurdale location. Glenna Williams, a homesteader and one of the main organizers of the 50th anniversary celebration, was there, calling out bus tour schedules, shaking hands, keeping track of dignitaries, organizing group photographs, and answering questions. Someone ran up and hugged her, and she smiled for photographs. "People have come from Oregon to Maine, and all points in between," she said. "There's been a lot of hugging."

A Homesteader's Dinner, held Saturday evening in the church basement, honored Senator Randolph, Elliot Roosevelt, and the homesteaders themselves. Genevieve Vanaman, chairperson of the Arthurdale Commemorative Committee, presented commemorative booklets. There were speeches and applause; iced tea turned lukewarm in the hot hall, and flies were fanned away from uneaten squares of chocolate cake; children fidgeted or slipped away to play in the waning sunlight. There were prayers of rededication and benediction.

Had Eleanor Roosevelt actually been present, she might have been looking forward to the square dance. Or she might have been studying the lined and beaming faces of her friends, the homesteaders, as they talked of moving forward into another half-century of Arthurdale history. Or perhaps she would have been reviewing, in her mind, the much younger faces of the men and women and children in the short silent films — unsteady images, slightly overexposed, of the brave and trusting people who were living out the dream she dreamed. She surely would have smiled at a conversation that took place during the film showing.

"Sit still, now, and watch closely." It is an old woman's voice whispering in the dark stuffy schoolroom, above the hum of the projector. In a minute you'll see your Papaw when he was just a little boy."

"How will we know what he looks like?"

"I remember what he looks like. I'll tell you when I see him."

"Boy, That Was a Fine Bean!"
A Harvesttime Interview with an Old-Fashioned Gardener

By Gerald Milnes
Photographs by Rick Lee

Gerry Milnes is a Webster County farmer who can quote poetry about his love for growing plants, and especially his passion for collecting seeds of the old handed-down varieties he calls "heirloom" vegetables. A particular favorite of his is a verse by George Starbuck Galbraith:

This was the goal of the leaf and root
For this did the blossom burn its hour
This little grain is the ultimate fruit
This is the awesome vessel of power.

Gerry thinks those four lines pretty well sum up the ultimate purpose of any plant, which is to make seed and thereby reproduce itself, and he's pleased to see it all expressed in the romantic form of poetry. But he also knows the practical side of farming and his accompanying essay, "Seed Saving" suggests he understands more of the underlying science than he generally admits to.

While there is a lot of study and experimentation in Gerry's agriculture, mostly he gets his information as well as his seeds from experienced farmers in his rural neighborhood. Many of these people are older residents, eager to pass on their knowledge as well as the plant varieties which in some cases have been treasured for generations. And some of his teachers are not so old. Ruby Morris of Braxton County is one of the latter. She keeps one of the biggest truck gardens in the area, filled largely with heirloom vegetables, and when we got after Gerry to do an article for GOLDENSEAL he at once thought of her. He caught her at a good time, after the crops were in last October. Gardeners are naturally reflective at harvesttime, it seems, so we've saved their conversation for publication this fall when perhaps you yourself are looking back on a season of gardening triumphs. — ed.

Ruby Morris. I always liked to help Mom in the garden when I was little, and as the years went by I had a garden of my own, just a small one. I got to liking farming, each year more and more. Finally I really got into big farming with this three-acre garden and I got into raising seed and collecting old ones especially. The older they was seemed like the better the taste to them. I've traced back to seeds from the early 1900's now, including the Little Red Cut Short beans and the old-fashioned Yellow Ox Heart tomatoes.

Gerry Milnes. Where did you grow up?

RM I was born in Widen, February the 21st, 1937, in Clay County. My daddy took sick, so we moved up to a place called Two Lick Run and we stayed there until I was five. Daddy died when I was between five and six and we moved to Birch River. That was during war times and everything was hard to get a-hold of, food and

Ruby Morris keeps acres of truck gardens in Braxton County. She prefers the older vegetable varieties, saying, "I like old furniture, old houses, and old seeds."

everything else. Then we moved from Birch River up on Little Birch, and then from there on down to here. I think I was between eight and nine years old when we moved down here and we've been here ever since.

Food was so hard to get back then. I can remember Mama picking berries. I didn't know the times were really so hard, but she'd feed the kids the berries and if there was any left she'd drink the juice. That was when things was rationed and you couldn't buy unless you had a stamp. You just did lucky to have food. I guess maybe something scared my mind then that makes me can all the food I can today. We can things we know we're not going to eat. It's better to know it's in the jar and never use it than to want it and not have it.

GM Do you have any seeds that were in your family since your mother?

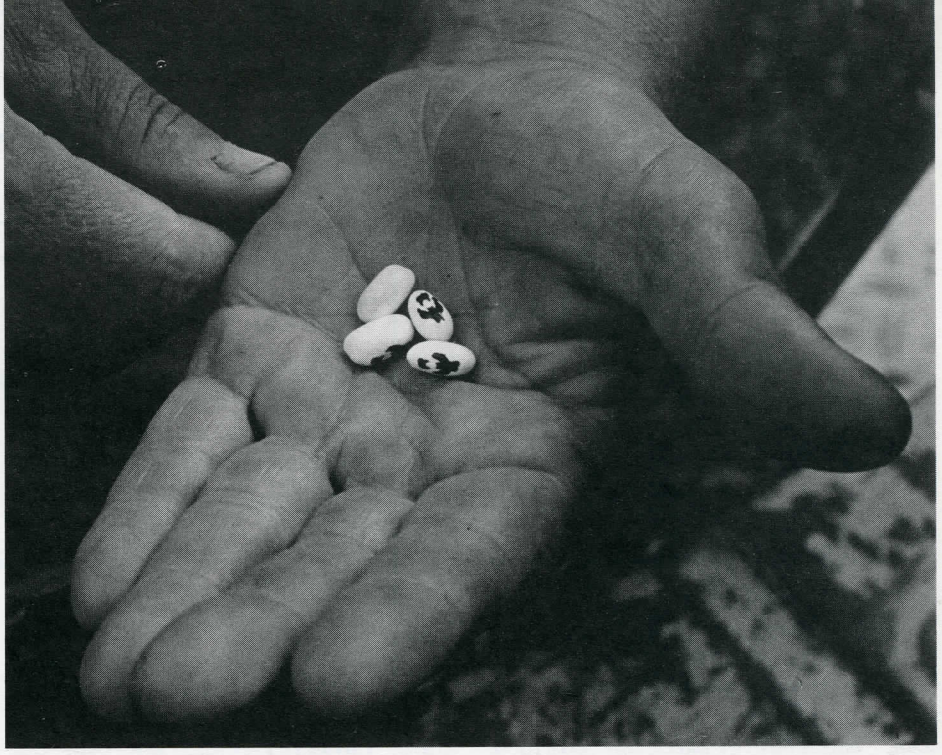
RM Well, as far back as 29 or 30 years ago. As far as the little Thousand-to-One beans she had when I was a lot younger. I have them, but it took me awhile to get them back. They almost got away from me but I finally got a start of them again.

I've got the black soup bean that belonged to Mommy's brother. It's been, oh, 70 years probably, since he moved from his old house. He just moved away and a few of these seeds was left behind, in a crack of the floor, and a neighbor man found 'em. From them he got his start and then I got them off of him, but they originally belonged to Mommy's brother, Anderson Dennison. That's the original old black soup bean.

I collect seeds from everybody. If I go to somebody's house and they've got any age on them, I start inquiring about seeds. Sometimes I really come up with some good ones, like the Blue River squash pumpkins that I hadn't seen since I was little. I got a-hold of it last year, just in a bunch of seeds that a neighbor woman gave me to get rid of. And then I come up with a Little Red Bunch bean in that bunch. So I really have a collection of old-fashioned seeds.

GM Now, how many beans did you grow last year?

RM Oh, how many different kinds? Probably 30 different kinds of beans. Everything from the white navy beans to the Trout beans to the Grandpa beans and the Red Cut Short beans. There was a couple of them that I had to name myself because I didn't know what the name of 'em was. I just called them the Baby Ground Squirrel and the Little Baby Brown Cut Short bean. Then I had the corn beans, Golden Cut Shorts, the Fatbacks, the Fat Man, and then the white corn beans, the old-fashioned ones. And there's a few that I have been looking for that I don't have. There's a little White Ice bean and the Lazy Wife pole bean. I'd like to have just a start of them.



Bird's Eye beans have a perfect bird on each seed. The heirloom variety is one of many kept going by people like Ruby Morris.

GM I've seen them every once in a while in the *Bulletin*.

RM White Ice? Yeah, there's a woman down on Wolf Creek has some of 'em, a Shaw woman. I meant to go down there and see about getting some. But the Lazy Wife pole beans I ordered from a lady and never got.

A neighbor woman gave me something called a horticultural bean, and boy, they were really heavy-bearing beans. I had an awful crop of beans. I even have two kinds of them. One is called Dwarf Horticultural bean, and then right out from that it says October bean. But I also have the original October bean, the old-fashioned one. That's called a Bird Egg bean.

GM How did the Purple Bunch beans do for you?

RM I had several of them, and I found out the original name of them are the Purple Valentine bean. The old-time Purple Valentine beans. They did pretty good, I had a pretty good supply of them. I got them from Flavie Rose. I called 'em Flavie's Purple Bunch beans, till Mommy said they was the old-time Red Valentine beans.

GM Has Flavie had them a long time, do you know?

RM Yeah, and there is another bean that family has kept going. That's the little tan-colored bean called a Mutton bean. When people would butcher and have a mutton, they'd always cook these little beans. Their mutton wasn't on the table unless they had these beans to go with it, and that's how they got their name. That was the little tan-colored one, a bunch bean that you can have two crops a year of. Flavie has had them, I think, since back in the early '30's. They make their pickled beans from them. They say they're really good.

Then there's the Little Red Bunch beans that I got from Rachel Hoover. She's had them a long time, I think since 19 and 32. I think the most of these old-fashioned seeds originally come from the generation of Cliftons, 'cause I found out there is where the good seeds were. Everything I can find that Cliftons used to own, I get a start of it, because there's where the old-fashioned seeds are.

GM The Cliftons up on Crites Mountain?

RM Yes. The lady that originally had the Yellow Ox Hearts, she's 96 now and I heard that they was her grandmother's. And her grandmother had raised them and down through the generations she's hung on to them. Now I have several other people, you know, starting to get them. They're all over the country, 'cause I must have sold $300-worth to people from places I never heard tell of. They wrote for them when I put 'em in the *Market Bulletin*. They're an awful big, nice tomato, smooth.

GM What other seeds can you trace back to the Cliftons?

RM Well, that yellow tomato, and what we call the Clifton Pink Beefsteak. And then what they called the Yellow Beefsteak, an awful big tomato. I got hold of some plants of them this year off of Lanty Rose's wife. She had gotten seeds and plants originally from Cliftons, years and years ago.

Then I got a trace of the bean that first came out in Hoover times, from her. In fact, it's the only bean I think that you could get back when the war was on. You know, everything was rationed and that was about the only beans, you know, that you could go buy seeds of to raise in a garden. They're really heavy-bearing corn beans, and in the same group you'll have dark brown ones and light brown ones and black ones but they all come out of the same hull. They're changeable colors. I have a nice supply of them.

I just beg seeds and bum seeds and I trade seeds with anybody I can find. I've got boxes up on top of boxes of seeds.

GM You mentioned the Blue River squash. Where did you get that?

RM The Blue River squash? I got it last year. Della Rowan, Everett Rowan's wife, gave me a poke of seeds that she said her aunt had given her. She said she didn't know what they was, but for me to take them and then I could give her something out of the garden. So I come home and I started sorting through them. I think I come out with about 12 little purple beans, which I named Della's Purple Bunch beans, since I didn't even know what they was. And come through these punkin seeds, and it said Blue River squash on them. I just couldn't believe it, 'cause I think I was about nine or 10 the last time that Mommy ever raised any. So we planted some this year and we had some terrible big ones. I saved every seed out of it, even the ones that my son threw down because the pumpkin was starting to rot. I picked the seeds up out of them and I kept all of them too. I have a lot of them.

Then my other punkins I raised, I had one that looked like a Blue River only it was pink. I don't even know where I got it, unless George Massey gave it to me. He brought me down some pumpkin seed in, I think May, just before he died. He gave me several different kinds of pumpkin. He said it's awful good, and I think that's where I must have gotten that one. And then I had Mrs. Prine's Giant Butternut squash that I got from you. It turned out really good.

GM I'm not sure, but I think that Blue River squash might be in what they call the banana squash family. And if it is, then it won't cross with a lot of these other squashes.

RM Well, mine didn't, 'cause I had mine close to a lot of others. In fact, maybe I've just been lucky, but I've never had anything to cross. Only my corn.

GM Corn, yes. But, there's about four different families of squash, and the butternut is in one that will hardly cross with anything else. Sometime I'll give you that list of what squashes will cross with what other ones. That can really help you out, because if you do plant two that you really like and they're in the same family, they'll cross and you'll lose your seed.

RM I've never heard these called anything else, just the Blue River. I don't know where they got that name at, unless it was from someplace away off where they have a Blue River, maybe. I don't know.

GM Maybe they called it Blue River because it's blue and because it grew along the river. It's a nice squash.

RM I think one I had must have weighed maybe 50 to 55 pounds. Really nice, and it was the biggest one I had ever raised. And then I got some big ones off those butternut squashes. I saved the seeds out of them. They were really nice.

One thing that I raised has this really long neck on it. I'm not even sure whether it's a pumpkin or whether it's a squash. I want you to take a look at it and see what you can figure out. Maybe it's one Massey gave to

Cabbage from Ruby Morris' garden.

me, since he brought me down those two or three different kinds. I still have some of his seeds. I never plant all my seeds. I try not to, for fear of losing them. That's what happened to the Thousand-to-One beans. I only had enough to start, and I planted them all and I just about lost them.

GM Why don't you tell me the story about how you lost them.

RM The Thousand-to-One? It's really funny. Twenty-nine years ago I was one month pregnant, I think, with my first son, and my husband had moved us up on this hill to where there was no people, only two old people. And I'd get lonesome, I'd walk out to their house, and the woman would give me a piece of hot cornbread and cow butter. And I just loved her, so we got to talking about gardening. She told me she'd give me this little bean, and she said whatever you do, don't let it get out of your hands because there is no more seeds of it. And I said, okay. So that summer,I thought I'd plant a lot of 'em, really get a good start of 'em, and I'd give a neighbor woman one of Mommy's snuff boxes full to get her start.

It came a flood and washed all mine out and the neighbor woman was the only one that had any of them left. And through a squabble over land over the years I could never get her to give me a start of 'em back. But on Friday the 13th, 29 years later, she walked down to the house and bought some plants off me and brought me down a fourth of a pound of the Thousand-to-One beans, so I planted all of them but one of Mommy's snuff boxes full. Only *I* kept it. And I raised a little peanut butter bucket full off of them. Off of the quarter of a pound I came off with about probably four pounds.. So now I have them again. And I don't think that there's been any seeds of them on the market for pretty close to 90 to 100 years back, what I can trace.

GM Have you ever heard of the Goose bean?

RM The Wild Goose bean? Yeah, that's one Mommy says they used to raise all the time. I'd love to have some of them. Mommy said that they used to plant them in the corn, and when the wild geese would go over they would come down in these cornfields and search for 'em. That's the reason that everybody got to calling 'em the Wild Goose bean. Yeah, she's talked about them from when she was a kid. If you get a-hold of those, I'd like to have a start of 'em. In fact, if you get a-hold of *any* bean that's strange to me, I want to have it.

GM I've got about a pint and a half of those Trout beans, so I'll give you a cup of them.

RM Yeah, I'd like to get me a start of them. Now about this long-necked squash, I don't know what it is. All I know is, it's delicious. You have to be the judge of what you think it is, 'cause it's not Mrs. Prine's Giant Butternut squash. The same texture of 'em don't always grow in the same size. I got to watching on the same vine and so many different things started coming on there, different shapes.

GM Well, that might be a sign that it's a cross. If it is, it won't be the same next year.

RM But, oh boy, I'll tell you, you talk about pumpkin pie — like I say, they really make some good ones. I don't know where I got it, unless George Massey did give it to me. I meant to call his wife and ask her. But I just hated to, 'cause he just passed away recently. But I meant to ask her if some of them that he gave me had a long neck on them. It seems to me like George did mention something about one kind having a long neck. I don't know where he got them at.

GM What about some of your other beans? What about the Grandpa bean? Where did you get that one?

RM Well, the Grandpa bean I got from Evelyn Long down there. She said some of her people brought it in here from out in Arizona, I believe it was. It was some state out west. And she had had it since she had been married, I'm pretty sure, and that's been longer than 20-some years ago. They raise 'em all the time and shell 'em out for winter use. That's where I got the start of the Grandpa bean, and I've had a pretty good supply of them ever since. The Ground Squirrel Cut Short, I think, was another one Flavie Rose gave me. They have an awful good supply of old-fashioned seeds. Most all the Roses do, because they're raised over in there in the vicinity of Bays and up here on Little Birch close to Cliftons and I'd say originally that that's where the Ground Squirrel bean came from around here. But it's been a main bean that everybody always wanted a few seeds of, 'cause it's so heavy bearing.

I had corn beans this year that I got off of Lanty Rose's wife. She gave me a pokeful, it was all mixed up, about seven different kinds. And some of them, I tell you, I never seen beans could bear any harder in my life to them. They was browns ones and

The garden stretches into the distance behind Gerry Milnes and Ruby Morris. Both experienced farmers, they rely on each other for advice.

they was some sulphur-colored, and they had three or four sides to 'em — they didn't look like a bean. Some of 'em was flat and oblong, the bean part of 'em. And they bore so heavy that they rode field corn clear to the ground. There was beans from the first blade on the corn clear to the top of 'em. And they broke my poles down, too. They were really old-fashioned seeds. She said she had them way back there in the '30's and '40's. I meant to go back over there. In fact, she told me, come on back.

GM Macel Rose gave me a Little Red Cut Short that looks a little different than that Red Cut Short you showed me.

RM Well, I have got a-hold of a Red Cut Short that don't look like mine. It has a deeper color than mine. It's so deep it almost looks purple. But I noticed in the ones I raised this year that there was a lot difference in the color than the ones that Flavie raises. They're just as round as a button, the ones he raises; it reminds you of a piece of candy.

GM He has a Red Cut Short?

RM He has the original, old-fashioned Red Cut Short. He said he saved almost a quart of beans this year off of 'em. He'd probably be glad to give you a good start of 'em. That's where some of those sulphur-colored beans come from. They're corn beans. And then there was the solid brown corn bean that I ordered from a woman up there in Oak Hill. Boy, it was a fine bean! It was really heavy bearing, and the beans just solid brown. I had beans down there this

year, just one that had red and white bloom on the same vine. They must have mixed. We traced this one bean vine completely to the end of it and it really did have the purple ones and the white ones mixed.

And Lanty's wife was telling me that she absolutely had a red and yellow tomato on the same vine, and she was never one to tell something that wasn't so. She said she absolutely had a red and yellow tomato on the same vine. She said she got the plants from over there, and she saved the seeds from it hoping something would come out different next year.

GM I guess as far as crossing goes, corn's one of the worst things.

RM Yeah, I've noticed that. I've kept my corn completely separate and it still come out with a difference in the color. I had some awful pretty Bloody Butcher and a Blue Grain White. I had some of the most beautiful ears of that Blue Grain White I ever saw.

GM I got some of that from Pearly. Most of it has crossed up, but I got a few ears that were just pure white with the blue grain.

RM Yeah, I did too. Did you see that ear Pearly had where the blue comes around this way and then the white streak and then blue and white? That was the most beautiful thing. I wouldn't have shelled that one if I'd a had it. He says he has a whole grainery full over at the old farm, of that kind. He said he'd go over and get me some more of it.

GM He has a blue potato too.

RM Yeah, he said he was getting a good start of them. Now I raised a whole bushel of the Early Rows potatoes. He gave me just, oh, about a gallon and I raised a bushel off of 'em. I've got them for seed.

GM We've got to keep looking for that White Elephant potato.

RM Yeah, I've meant to run an ad in the paper again. Nobody answered when I did. A man that worked with my brother-in-law at the mines up there at Leivasy, a few years back, had raised that White Elephant potato. But he just gave up on experimenting and I don't know whatever happened to the potato because he said he didn't have it no more. They may have just let them run out.

GM That's too bad. Seems like I've heard of lots of potatoes that used to be around that you just can't find anymore.

RM I'll tell you another kind that I used to raise about 25 years ago, called a Green Mountain, and I haven't seen any more of them. They were a dry, woody potato. We raised them one year when we couldn't get the Kennebecs, or the Irish Cobblers.

I didn't even plant seed potatoes this year. I planted my second-growth potatoes, and fertilized them twice. I fertilized them when I planted 'em and then when I hilled 'em up and covered them over again I put more fertilizer to 'em. I raised — well, we figured up what we had dug was about 105 bushels. Really a nice bunch of potatoes. I didn't put no corn or anything in between 'em this year, but kept 'em so I could tend 'em all summer long. I mean, they were really nice potatoes. We got a neighbor man with a Jeep to plow 'em out this year, and a couple of neighbors pitched in and helped us pick 'em up. I've kept the little ones 'cause that's what I'm gonna plant next year. On up to about two inches, I'm probably going to put three or four in each hill and tend 'em good. Whenever you order potatoes all you get's the eyes anyway, so you know small potatoes would grow just as good.

GM I read about this man out west someplace who raises about 1200 different varieties of potatoes. He's got every one you can imagine.

RM Do you reckon he'd have the White Elephant?

GM Yeah, I think so.

RM I'm going to move my potatoes next year. If I have any help I'm gonna put 'em over on the creek bank and run 'em from one end of that garden clear to the other. Keep my potatoes all there, and then I'm going to treat the cornfield so I don't have to hoe it. That'll leave all my time back for the rest of the garden. But I really had a . . .

GM I've got a corn called Pencil Cob. Ever heard of it?

RM I'll bet you a dollar that's what you're calling Stool corn, isn't it? Pencil Cob? Mama's talked about that. Where'd you find it at?

GM A good friend of mine from Alabama sent it to me.

RM Well, I've got a friend in North Carolina is supposed to send me some peas that grow in bushes. They say that they're so plentiful that they grow even wild in the fields and you can take a water bucket and start around a bush and by the time you get around the other side you've nearly got a water bucket full of peas. They're some kind of cream peas. They say they're the best things that you ever tasted, almost like a soybean. That's another thing I raised this year, was soybeans. I had a crop and a half of them. But if I can get a-hold of those peas I'll give you some of them, too.

GM What was that corn? Stool corn?

RM Yeah, that's one thing we're hunting for, Stool corn.

GM And you used to have it years ago?

RM Yes. It's a white sweet corn. Looks a whole lot like the Country Gentleman, only it don't have as many rows of corn on the cob. Mama says there's no silk on it.

GM She says there's no silk on it? I never heard of that.

RM I never either. But Mama said you could just wipe it, you know, and everything comes right off. Just like fine hairs. I saw some corn advertised in a book, it was spelled S-T-O-H-L, and I just wondered if it's the same thing.

GM There's one called Stowell's Evergreen, that's an old kind.

RM I was thinking maybe, that was what Mama was calling Stool corn. You know, they sound so much alike, I thought maybe I'd order some and let her see if it was the same thing.

GM That Stowell's Evergreen's supposed to be from back before the Civil War.

RM I'd say that that's probably what she had. I saw that last year when I got so many seed books. I got a stack of seed books that high. Now, I got some field corn called White Dent. Did you get any of that?

GM No.

RM That's where every grain looks like you punched it with something, or creased it. That's what you find on your old corn, just like the Bloody Butcher. This corn here was just called White Dent. It's a big white field corn, every grain in it has a dent in the end of it.

GM I had some yellow dent corn I still have the seed too.

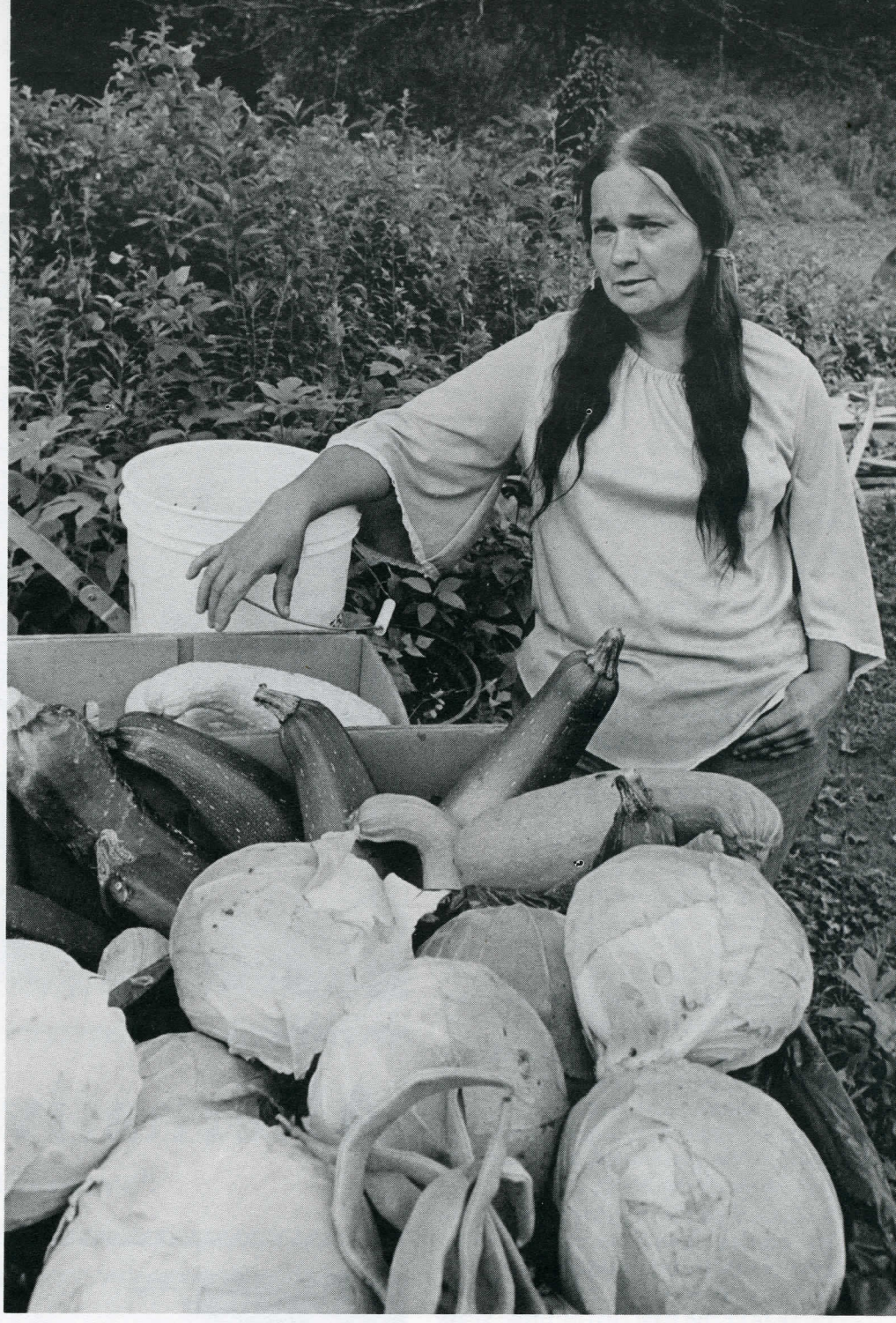
RM Pearly had some. He has all that old-fashioned corn. I'm gonna make another raid on Pearly. He has the old-time punkins. He saves his punkin seed in his empty tobacco pokes. When he chews his tobacco he saves his pokes and puts his punkin seeds back down in them. He says that keeps the bugs out of 'em. And he had about seven different tobacco pokes one day and he was just taking, you know, like two seeds out of each one of 'em and putting 'em in one bag and then he gave it to me. So that might be where my long-neck squash come from. He said there was punkins from all over the place. So that might be where that come from.

GM You mentioned canning awhile ago. How much canning did you do this year?

RM I'll take you and show you. You're not going to believe it — probably 2,000 quarts! Plus a big jar of picked corn, the best you ever tasted. I just took down a can of green peppers a while ago where I'd picked about two days ago out of my garden. These little pimentoes just keep setting on the plant. Seems like faster than you can pick them the're ready to pick again. Altogether, it was probably in the neighborhood of 2,000 jars that we've canned.

Now, we're getting ready to start canning apples about next week. We already made a turn of applebutter in the kettle, stirred it down. We and the neighbors down here split it three ways. I think we had 27 jars a piece. It was really nice. We run them through a colander and then boiled them down so it didn't take us long, just setting out all day stirring it down. We're going to make another big kettle full probably next weekend, get our apples and get them all peeled. And we're going to dry some apples.

I had to move all my canned stuff from the old cellar. Sorted it all out and kept the good and opened the old, filled those back full of fresh vegetables, and moved it all into my new cellar that we built. It's 10 by 38. We dug it all out by hand and took the rocks and built the creek bank up down here. We took the dirt and filled in behind the creek bank. In fact, we had three jobs going at once, building the creek bank and filling in behind it and digging a cellar. So we got the cellar completed and got a cement floor in it and built all my shelves. Me and Shirley built two sections of shelves. We got one big shelf up over the potato bins, holds probably two or three hundred quarts. Just about got it full now.



Harvesttime is the payoff for any gardener and Ruby Morris' harvest was well underway by mid-July this year. Here she has cabbage and squash in abundance, with a few beans thrown in for good measure.

I'm hoping at deer time we can get us a deer. I've been hunting some and getting ready to go on a big day hunting tomorrow. We don't get to hunt much, because we've had so much outside work to do. Had to put a roof on my greenhouse, for example. I tore the plastic off and put a wooden roof on. I need to get enough shade to keep from burning my plants up.

GM Are you going to sell plants again next year?

RM Probably. I'm going to proba-

bly finish my little greenhouse in the back and keep plants, like my cabbage and broccoli and brussel sprouts, that cold weather don't hurt, back there. That'll leave the one out here for my other plants, tomatoes and so forth. I want to sow my peppers in December. In order to get them to blooming by early May to make really nice and early peppers, I'm going to sow my seeds about the last of December. That'll put them one month ahead of what I had last year. Most of the peppers are not old-time, but the Bell or Bull Nose is. Mom raised them back when she was a girl.

GM It seems like those old-time seeds turn out to be the best ones for me.

RM Yeah, as far as I'm concerned I don't really care about planting anything up-to-date. Of course, I don't like *anything* up-to-date, as you can tell. I like old furniture, old houses, old seeds. I'm really trying hard to get as many more old seeds as I already have now. If I do, I can say I've got a collection that's really nice. And I want to keep a start of everything that I've got now, so in case something happens one year I'll have enough to get a start on the next year. I'll never forget about losing the Thousand-to-One bean.

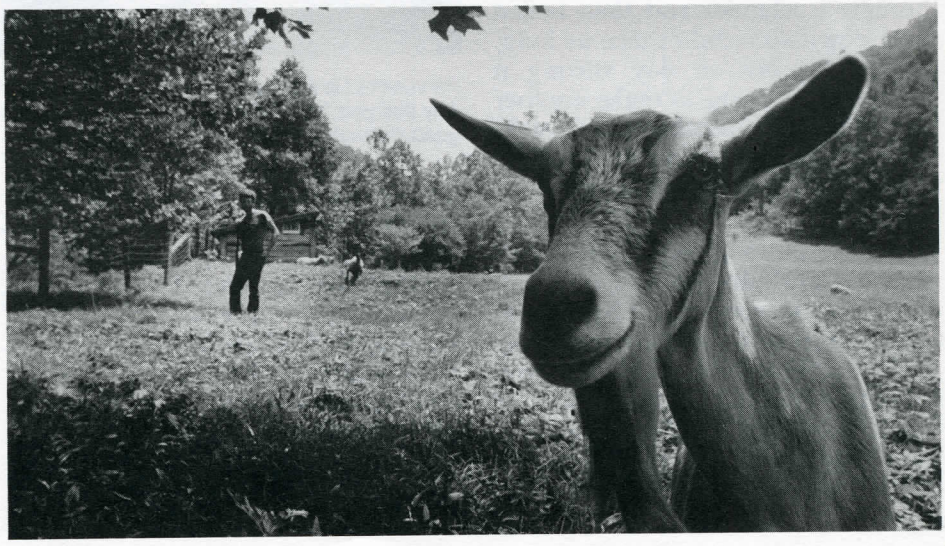
GM I've always thought there's one thing you can hand down, and that's seeds. Especially if they've been in your family for years and years. One generation after another just keeps them going.

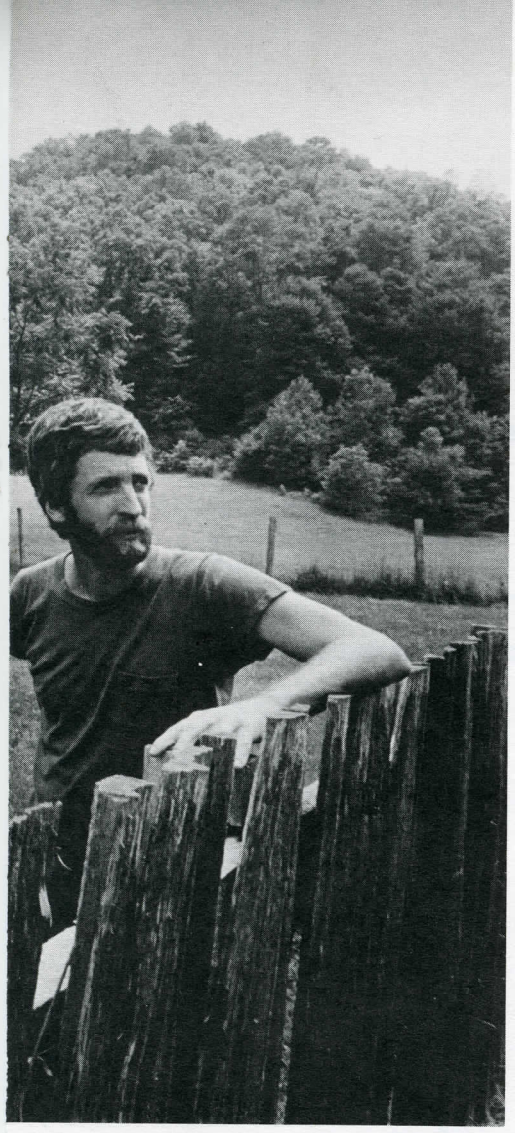
RM Keeps them going. You know, it's harder nowadays to find members of the younger generation that's really interested in farming but I think over the past two or three years a lot more young people are farming than did 10 years ago. They always relied on the older ones to do their farming, but I see so many young people now that's really taking farming seriously.

Now, I don't know how they'll be about the sentimental value of old seeds, to keep them going. I know that my daughter does care, because she's really old-fashioned too. She's another one likes to farm. And I've always told her that if anything ever happened to me, whatever she done to keep my seeds going. We don't want to let them get stopped. ♣

Alternative Farming

Photoessay by Rick Lee





Left: The Milnes farm in Webster County has a small valley all to itself. The house was built by the family, adapting traditional designs and materials. The farm was formerly the old Posey place, where West Virginians have lived for a century.
Below Left: Succcessful small-scale farming requires a careful mix of crops and livestock. This is Abby the goat.
Above: Paper tags, such as the one in the right foreground here, keep track of the many types of heirloom vegetables grown on the Milnes farm.
Below: The bean patch, like everything else on a mountain farm, takes a lot of hard work. Gerry says the reward is in the harvest and in the labor itself.

Seed Saving

By Gerald Milnes

Don't thank me for the seed," warned May Bowers of the Bays community near Birch River, when she gave me seed of the old-fashioned purple tomato that she has raised for many years. May was referring to an old superstition, that if you thank someone for seeds they won't grow. Perhaps she was right. I tried not to thank her, as grateful as I was, and the purple tomatoes now grow well in my own garden. I hope they'll be there for many years to come.

Although I've helped in my family's gardens and have had my own for a long while, it has only been in the last eight years that I have realized the importance of seed saving. I first obtained some old-time Bloody Butcher corn from Monk Snyder, a Webster County man. Bloody Butcher is a "dent" corn, white flecked with red, and is prized for corn meal. It was sold commercially in the 19th Century but is raised only by private individuals today as the hybrids have taken over the commercial seed inventories. So if one wants to plant Bloody Butcher today, you either have to save your own seed or get a "start" from someone still maintaining the variety, as I did.

Impressed with the quality of the Bloody Butcher corn and the way it grew in my soil, I saved my own seed to plant the following year and every year since. That was my first experience with seed saving and my garden now includes many old-time varieties of beans, tomatoes, squash, corn, lettuce, cantalopes, cucumbers, and potatoes. None of them are available commercially.

Seed saving is a practical part of gardening on my homestead, but I also take a philosophical view of it. Seeds are where our human culture and agriculture come together. One can't exist without the other. In most of our country today the pressures of modern living are causing us to lose touch with the earth. But in the garden the time-honored laws of nature, and not economics, politics, or the latest technology, still rule. Cultivated plants must be nourished and carefully tended in order to reach their goal, which is producing seed. Fortunately, in West Virginia many of the old ways, including seed saving, linger on.

The seeds have been in our mountains as long as our people have. By way of knapsack, saddlebag, and wagon, early settlers to the region brought them as a precious bit of their old homeland. They carried their future as well as their past, for saving their own seed was the only way of assuring a continuance of their food supply. It was a simple act of self-sufficiency, and descendants carried on the tradition. Of the hundreds of old seed varieties no longer or never available commercially, a surprising number still survive in West Virginia. They grow mostly in the gardens of older folks who appreciate the qualities of vegetables passed down for generations. Undoubtedly, some fine old varieties are lost and gone forever, but some of those believed lost have turned up in unexpected places.

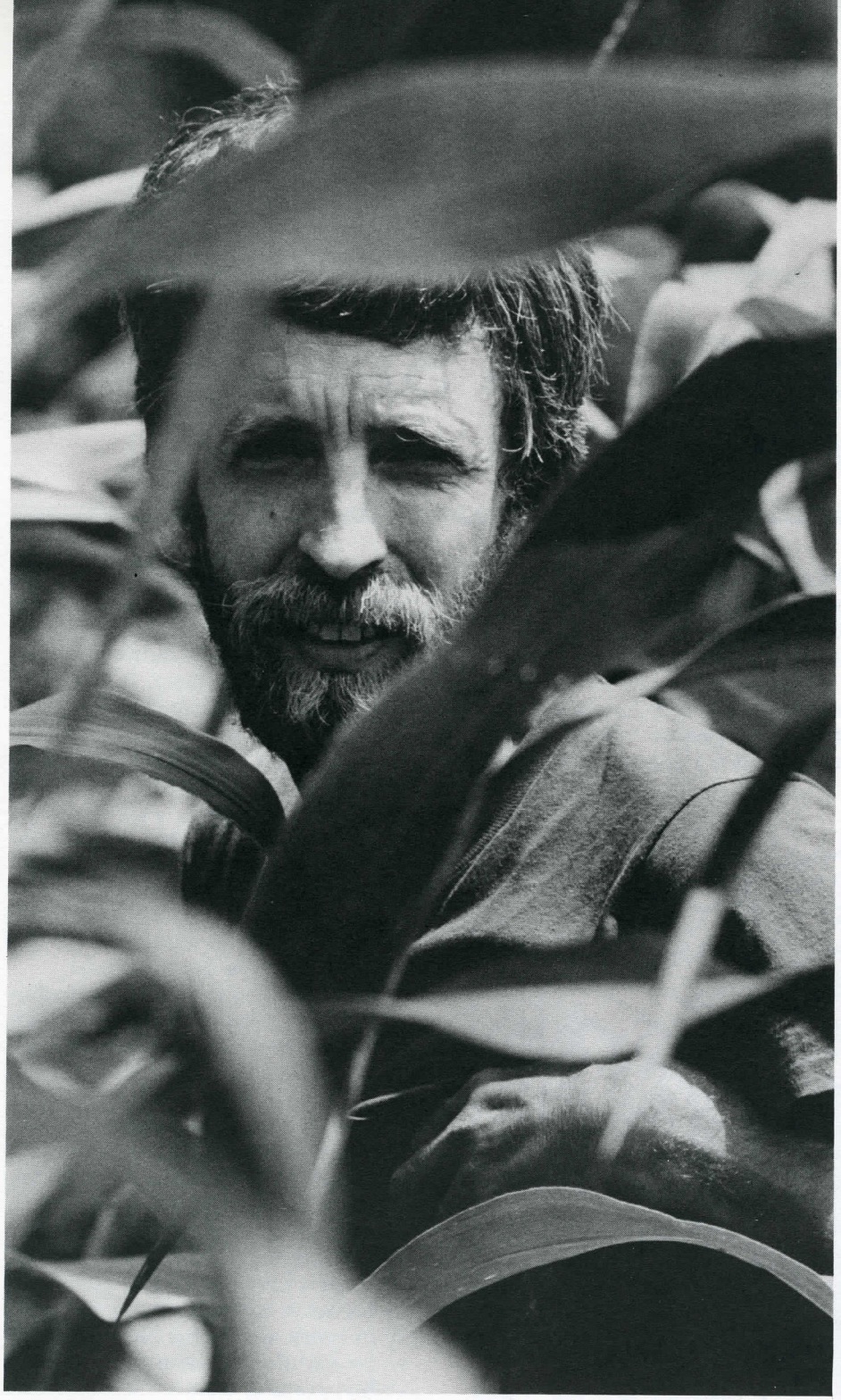
Traditional gardeners don't view themselves as plant scientists, but their heirloom vegetables have reached their present perfection by careful selection over many plant generations. It was a patient, natural selection process, with plants intuitively being bred for qualities desirable in the home garden. Unfortunately, the vast majority of commercial plant breeders have different goals today, producing varieties to withstand mechanical harvesting, cross-country shipping, and artificial ripening. Such vegetables are not well suited to the home gardener, for taste and nutrition may be near the bottom of the list of priorities.

Traditional seed selectors also sensed the importance of maintaining a large genetic base for our food crops, preserving many strains so that some may be lost without disastrous results. This is a lesson from history. The catastrophic Irish potato famine was the result of a population depending on only a few varieties of a crop, none of them resistant to the potato blight. As we move from a nation of seed savers to a country of fewer and fewer gardeners and farmers depending on fewer and fewer hybrid varieties, such a threat becomes very imaginable again.

Seed savers also breed naturally for local conditions. While commercial seed farms may be located in far away climate and soil zones, seed saved at home must adapt to the local climate and soil. If a plant does not do well the seed is discarded, or perhaps it won't even make seed under the unfavorable conditions.

Similarly, seed savers can improve their seed stocks through selection of vigorous plants. I find many of the oldtime varieties superior to commercial hybrids in comparisons made on my Webster County farm, and it's sad to think of the centuries of careful seed selection invested in other heirloom plants which have disappeared in recent years.

To keep my garden going, I've had to learn as much seed saving lore as possible. I know, for example, that



The field corn was way over head-high when photographer Rick Lee caught Gerry Milnes in mid-summer. This variety is blue-streaked white corn.

some seeds are more easily kept pure than others. Beans are popular among seed savers, because, except for limas, they will not cross-pollinate. Different varieties may be grown together and the seed produced will be like the seed planted. Tomatoes likewise usually produce true. Corn, on the other hand, cross-pollinate easily. The pollen is airborne and different corn types must be separated by great distances. Squash and pumpkins are pollinated by insects and also cross easily, although there are four distinct species which may be planted together without fear.

I've also learned that hand-pollination for seed purity is an option only for the adventurous. And that some vegetables are biennials, taking two years to produce seed. These include most root crops. Hybrids do not reproduce true and the resulting seed is usually inferior and should not be saved. Potato sets are simply clones of their parents and remain pure, since the seed is not dealt with.

Most seeds may be kept two or three years if stored in a tight jar in a cool, dry place. They may also be frozen. I have heard of ten-year-old corn from open cribs germinating. Beans have been found sealed in vessels for thousands of years, in caves in dry climates, and still growing when planted. However, careful handling and frequent replanting is a must for the home gardener who values his seed.

Cooperation is also important. Anyone with a crop variety they feel is in danger of being lost should take steps to preserve its future, and the best way is to get it into the hands of other gardeners. There are seed exchanges which distribute seeds to those interested in maintaining rare kinds of vegetables, grains, and fruits. The State Department of Agriculture's *Market Bulletin*, free to West Virginians, is an excellent source of older non-hybrid seeds. Gardeners may use the *Bulletin's* "Plant Sales" column to buy, sell, or swap favorite seeds and plants. You may also advertise there for varieties you want to find. And be sure to seek out older gardeners about the seeds they keep. Many are eager to pass their seeds on to someone who will care for them.

Recently, my elderly friend Currence Hammonds died at the age of 85, but a small part of him lives on in my garden through the treasured seeds he handed down to me. Among them is a pole bean he called his Mother's bean, so it presumably goes back beyond his own long life. I'll keep it going as long as I can, and try to pass it on myself. I'll ask my friends not to thank me for it, but to show their appreciation by helping to keep another old vegetable growing in West Virginia.

West Virginia Silos

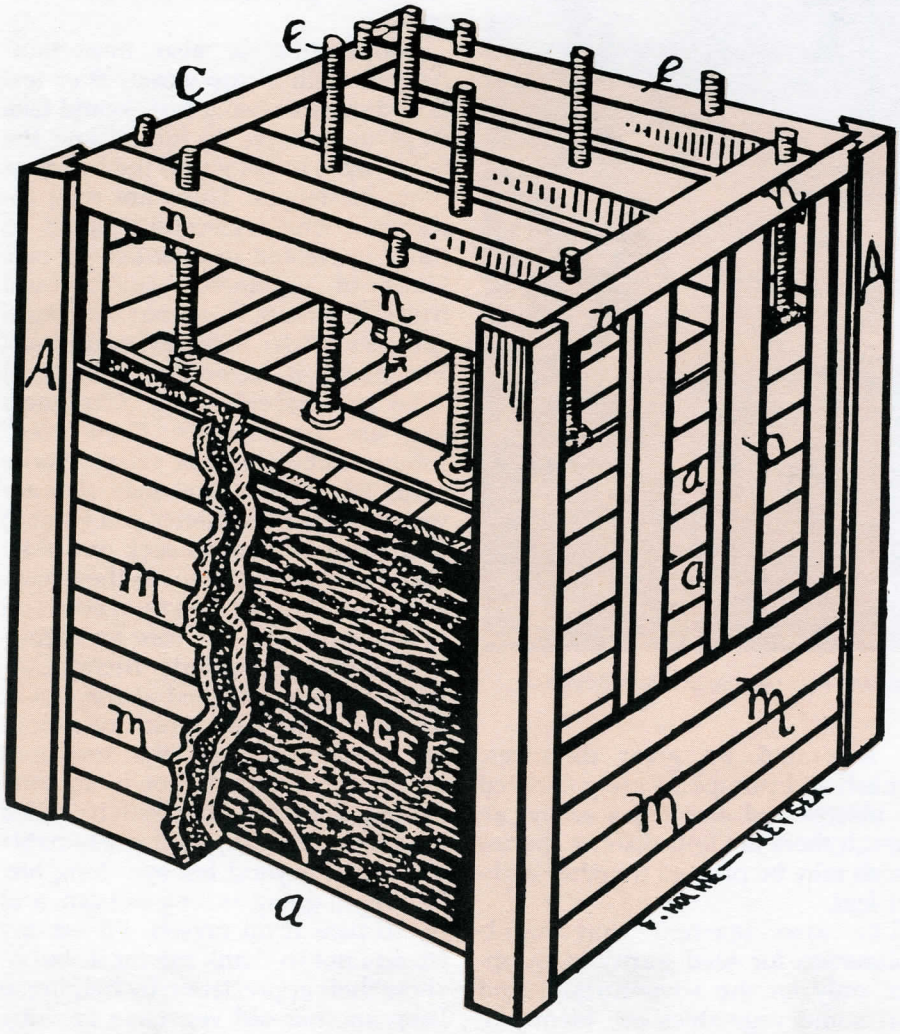
Photographs and Text by LeRoy G. Schultz

As common as silos are today, it is hard to imagine that a century ago they were all but unknown. West Virginia got its first silo in 1883 and the structure was one of the first in the country. It was built by T. R. Carskadon on his farm at Keyser, in Mineral County. The next year the *Wheeling Daily Intelligencer* hailed the accomplishment, saying it placed Carskadon firmly "in the ranks of American Siloists."

That the Wheeling newspaper capitalized the word "Siloists" suggests that such people were regarded as unusual if not eccentric, and that certainly was the case at the time. The idea of feeding cattle all winter from green plants harvested the season before was too new and radical for most West Virginia farmers. Carskadon was quickly labeled an erratic and his silo dismissed as foolish humbug. Farmers came from miles around to see, but they viewed the silo as the work of a crackpot. Practical men would continue to feed their cattle potatoes and rutabagas in the winter, as they had always done. They lost many animals, to be sure, but still they'd have to be convinced of the value of silage as livestock feed.

That was the job which Carskadon cut out for himself. Evidently unaffected by the scorn of fellow agriculturalists, he published *The Book of Ensilage* in 1886. Silos were catching on in other parts of the country and the Keyser visionary filled his book with testimonials from satisfied farmers. He also took up stump speaking to convert reluctant farmers.

Carskadon's unwavering defense of his new idea was characteristic, for he seems to have attracted controversy in every area of his life. Outwardly, he had the appearance of respectability, coming from a distinguished family and serving as a director of the Keyser bank. His 512-acre farm, purchased in 1863, had a large barn and a house that was described as the



It's unlikely that a modern farmer would recognize West Virginia's first silo, as depicted in this diagram of its inner workings. The complicated screw press mechanism kept the silage packed down, preventing spoilage caused by air cavities in the corners. Later round silos solved the problem far more simply. From T. R. Carskadon's *Book of Ensilage*.

"finest in Mineral County". It was his ideas that got him into trouble. He was an early leader of the Republican Party, regarded as a radical organization in its youth, and his fierce allegiance to the Union during the Civil War forced him to flee for his life several times. Even among Republicans he couldn't get along. President Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's successor, appointed him to a local federal office but soon had to remove him for his unorthodox notions. In 1884, Carskadon left the party altogether, disagreeing with its prohibition stand. Despite the fine house and barn, it was not surprising that local people took to calling Carskadon's place "Radical Hill".

It is ironic that a man of such outspoken politics should be remembered today, to the extent that he is recalled at all, as the "father of the silo in West Virginia." But it is unlikely that the label would have displeased him, for he took up the silo cause as fervently as any of his political beliefs. The silo idea was communicated to him by the German farmer, Adolph Reihlen, who in 1861 began preserving sour hay and beet pulp for winter cattle fodder. The news of such European innovations spread to this country by agricultural magazines and an Illinois silo was built as early as 1873. There was at least one in our neighboring state of Ohio by 1880, but nonetheless Carskadon had very little to go on. He built his square wooden silo on word of mouth and faith, and sat back to await the first year's results. Those results so impressed him that he went on the road with his new idea, speaking before farmers' groups throughout West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

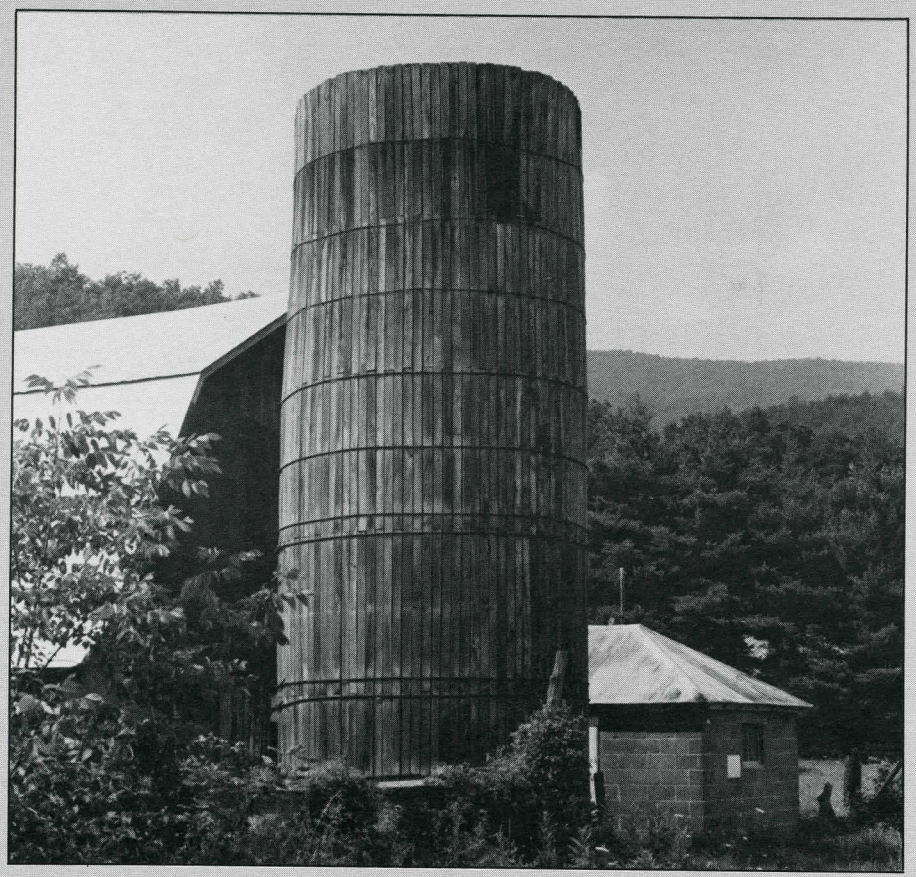
Silo building was as much a community effort as barn raising, with neighbors gathering to help. Sometimes there was perhaps more help than needed, for a 1915 Extension Service bulletin says that 50 people came to help put up H. A. Shirkey's silo at Sissonville. The silo raising show here took place in Monongalia County in 1914. Photographer unknown.

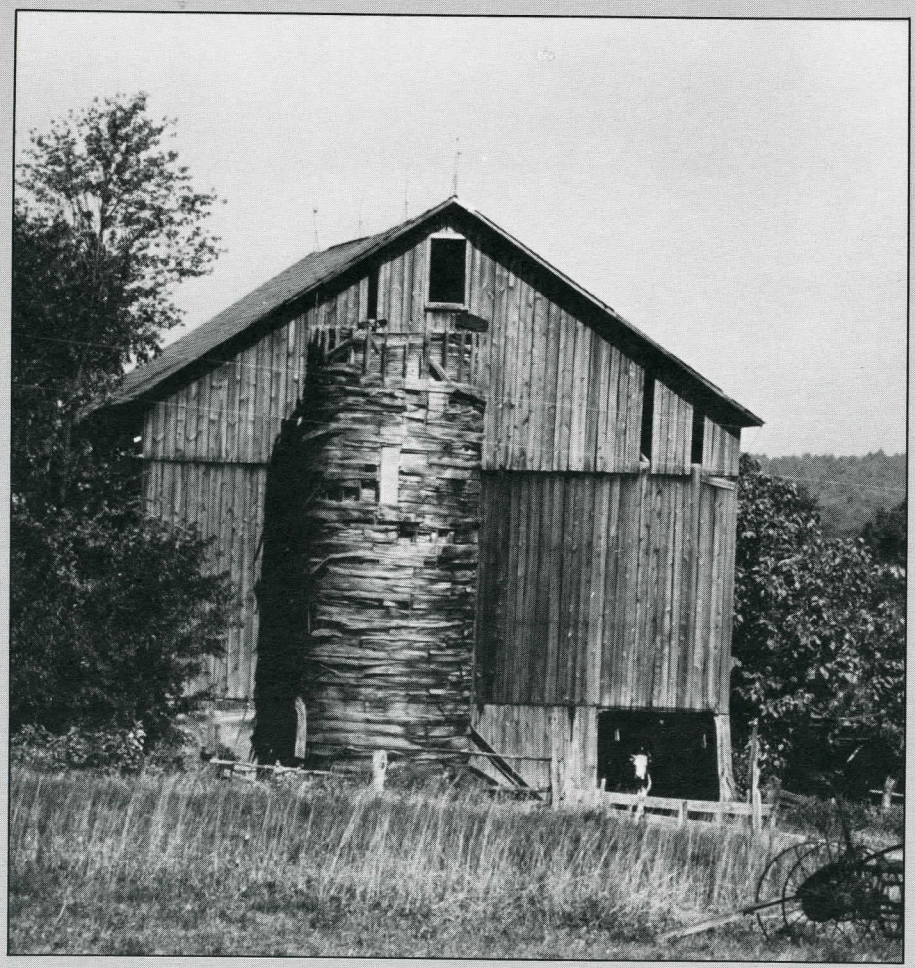
Left: This multi-sided silo is of a primitive early sort rarely built after the turn of the century. There were inner and outer wooden walls, with tar paper sandwiched in between. Built in Morgan County in the mid-1890's, this silo has been demolished since the photograph was made.

Below: This square silo was built directly against a Hancock County barn. The square shape, preferred in the early years, is now rare in West Virginia. The mid-1890's silo no longer exists.

Above Right: The round wooden silo is the classic in our part of the country. The metal rings could be adjusted to keep the structure tight and sturdy. This Monroe County silo was built in 1901, using wood taken from the farm and milled locally. The roof blew away in the 1940's.

Below Right: This Hampshire County silo is made of tightly laced wooden planks, soaked to make them pliable. There are inner and outer walls with upright ribs between, giving great strength with no need for metal hoops. This silo was built in 1912.





Convincing the farmers was not easy. The most common opposing argument was that feeding cows silage severely affected the quality of milk. Rumors spread to the effect that silage produced sour or bitter milk, even green milk. Others argued that cows' stomachs would "freeze up" on the new feed and that silage gas would kill the stock. Moralists said that silage gave off a potent juice that would turn farm boys into alcoholics. These arguments were taken seriously and for awhile the Borden Milk Company refused to purchase milk produced by silage-fed cattle.

Nonetheless, by 1915, scarcely a generation later, there were silos all across West Virginia. The change came partly from Carskadon's single-minded persistence, but he had also picked up important allies in the crusade. Agricultural extension work was organized on a professional basis at West Virginia University around the turn of the century, and extension agents became great promoters of silos and other modern methods. The experts were sold on the virtues of the silo by experiments with various feeds, particularly their storage and nutritional value. Corn silage was found to be ideal, according to their 1916 Bulletin No. 157, because it used the entire plant to provide succulent and palatable feed throughout the winter. Silage-fed cows produced milk the year-round.

County agents pushed silos wholeheartedly. Free booklets described how any farmer could build his own silo, and the agents elaborated on the instructions in Farmer's Institutes held around the state. Their enthusiasm brought results. In 1915 alone, six new silos were built in Kanawha County, 46 in Wood, and 71 in Ohio and Brooke, following a "silo raising day" organized by county agents. By the time World War I came, not to own a silo to increase farm productivity for the war effort was considered positively unpatriotic.

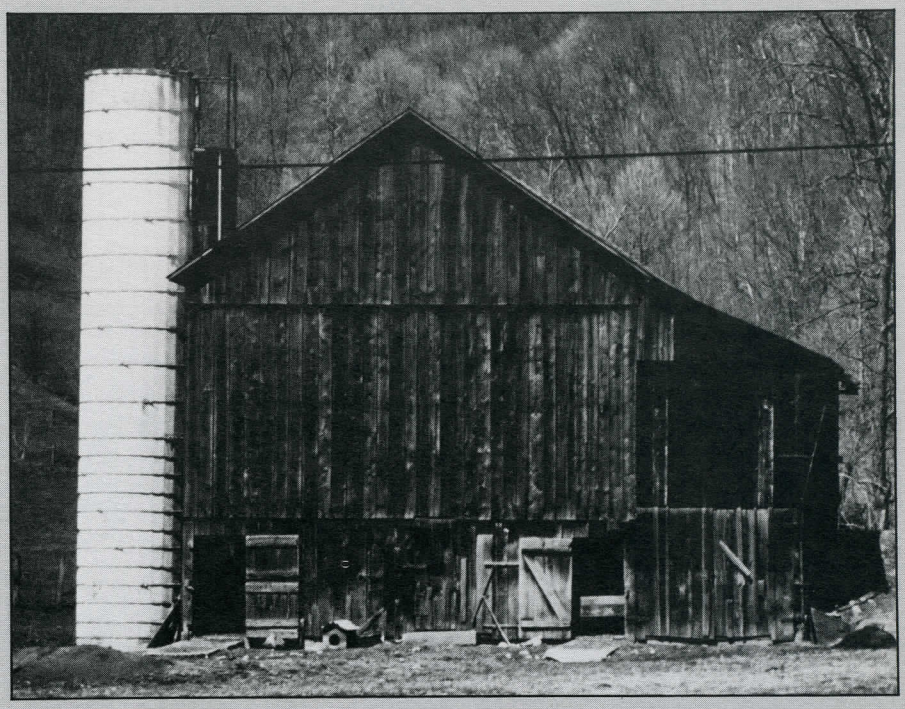
Nowadays, the manufactured circular silo is standard, but early silos were built square, octagonal, hexagonal, deep or shallow and inside or outside the barn, and constructed of brick, glazed tile, wood, or metal. The accompanying photographs indicate some of the diversity in West Virginia. The very first ones were

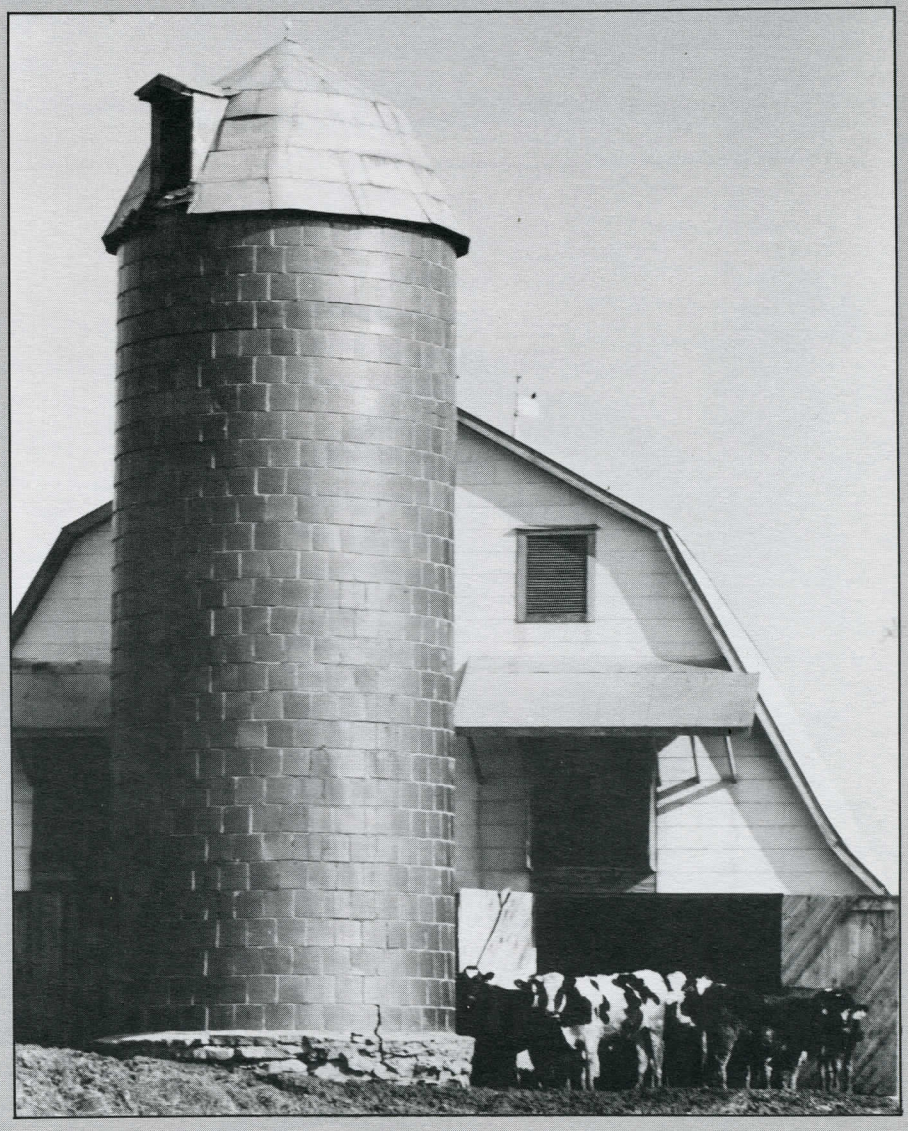
square, and the modern shape evolved as a solution to the resulting spoilage problem. Farmers found that air got trapped in the corners of their square silos, and they tried a variety of remedies before someone hit upon the idea of boarding off the corners to produce an octagon shape. The fully circular silo represented a further improvement.

The round wood-stave silo emerged as the West Virginia classic. The structure was built of tongue-and-groove staves, usually two inches thick and six feet long, held together by steel hoops. Four or five men could put one up in several days. Wooden silos expand and contract as the take in and release moisture, so it was necessary to adjust the hooping to keep the structure airtight and sturdy. Such adjustment was not required on circular cement silos, introduced by the WVU Agricultural Extension Service in 1912.

While the early farmer built his own silo with the help of neighbors, his modern counterpart contracts with the manufacturer to erect one just where and how he wants it. He also has modern methods to harvest and process silage. Corn remains the preferred crop. A forage harvester, usually self-propelled, cuts the corn into the proper length right in the field. The cut corn is hauled to the silo, where a machine blows it through a lage pipe up the side to the top. Leaves, ears, and stalks all go in, with the corn harvested while the ears are in the "doughy" stage before the kernels have hardened. The compacted silage is taken from the bottom of the silo as needed.

Sweet West Virginia meadows produce ample pasturage much of the year, but cattle feed on silage for 140 to 150 days annually. A dairy cow will consume about 35 pounds a day, and unlike her 19th century ancestors she can be counted upon to produce milk reliably all year. Despite early fears the milk is never green and it represents an important contribution to our diets, particularly for growing children. T. R. Carskadon had a hand in making this change for the better, and in adding a familiar landmark to the open countryside. He was unappreciated by many people in his own time, but you may want to toast him with a glass of fresh milk this winter.





Left: This slim cement silo was sized to feed a herd of six cows. It was built in 1918 in Mason County.
Below Left: Ceramic tile silos became popular wherever ceramic materials were locally available. This one in Preston County loads through the roof opening and unloads inside the barn, out of the winter weather and near the cattle feeding area. Ceramic silos were advertised to last a century and this 1910 example looks like it will make it.
Right: This small metal silo looks ready for launching. Metal silos were tarred inside, to prevent corrosion by silage acids. This 1920's silo stands in Hampshire County.
Below: Silos were called "watchtowers of prosperity," and a farmer was judged by the number and size of his. These three hooped wooden silos have stood on their Jefferson County farm since 1905. They are constructed of white pine, the preferred silo wood in West Virginia.

Men to Match the Mountains

Devil Anse Hatfield and Uncle Dyke Garrett

By Joseph Platania

On January 8, 1921, the *New York Times* carried the following news item, dated the day before:

> Anderson Hatfield, long ago nicknamed "Devil Anse" for his exploits in the Hatfield-McCoy feud that brought violent deaths to so many members of both clans, died quietly in his bed last night of pneumonia at the family home at Island Creek, Logan County. The old mountaineer was in his 86th year.

Ironically, the time of Anse Hatfield's death was marked by more violence in the Tug Valley than at any period since the most murderous phase of the feud ended 30 years before. Miners and mine owners were locked in combat, and there was no shortage of outside reporters in the coalfields. It is significant that these men turned aside from their main assignment to note the passing of the Hatfield patriarch, although the *Times* writer did manage to get his age wrong. William Anderson Hatfield was actually 81 when he died.

The reporters also stood by while in the depths of this cold, wet winter Logan County prepared for the biggest funeral in its history. Hatfield's death drew far more publicity than that of his old archenemy, Randolph McCoy, who had preceded him in death in 1914 at age 90. McCoy, it is said, carried his bitterness with him to the grave, while Anse Hatfield reportedly had tried to put bygones behind him. In recent years he had joined the church and been baptized in the waters of Main Island Creek.

The press remembered Hatfield as a man who had practically "worn" his Winchester rifle, right up to the time that illness forced him to take to his bed. Thus the feud and its insecurities had never entirely left him, although he carried his gun peaceably in later years. The reporters also noted that it was said locally that Anse Hatfield had fed and sheltered more people than anyone else in his community.

These things and others were discussed by the throng of mourners and curiosity seekers who gathered in a cold downpour on the burying day. They trudged up the hollow to the Hatfield homeplace on Sunday, January 11, having come as far as they could by a variety of conveyances. A special train had brought many from the town of Logan to the nearest point on the railroad. Now they would see Anse Hatfield for the last time, as he lay in his golden oak casket. The funeral drew one of the largest crowds seen in Logan County up to that time, estimated as 5,000 people.

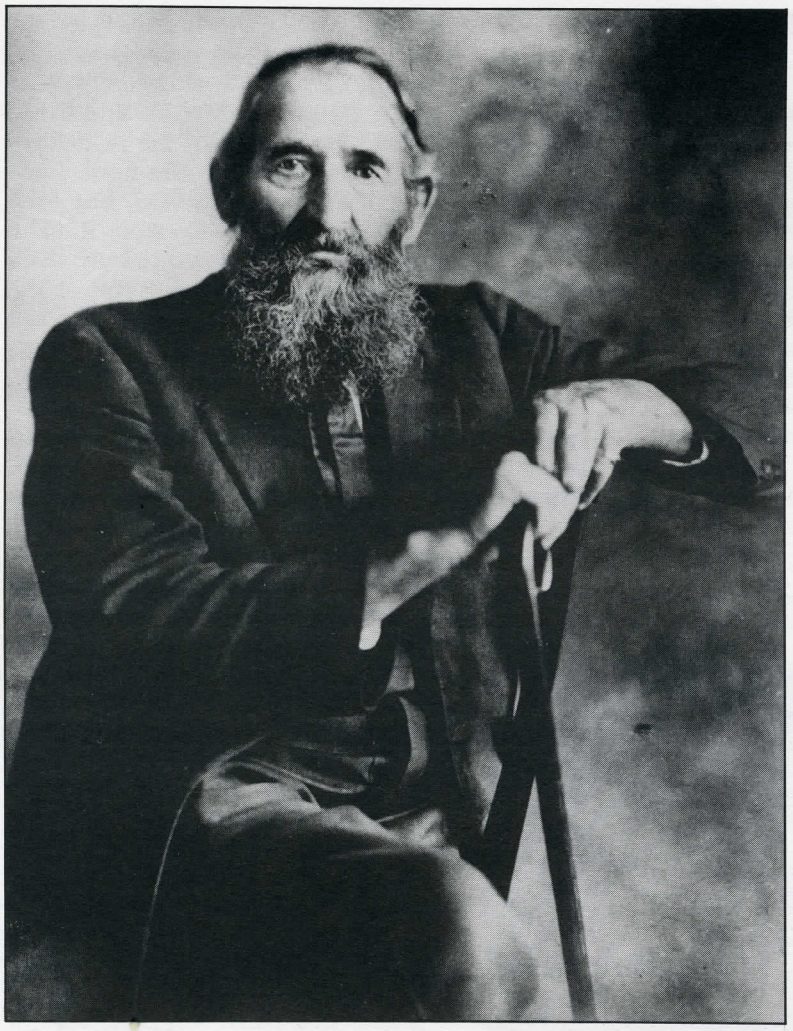
Prominent in the gathering was one of Hatfield's oldest associates, William Dyke Garrett, a mountain preacher known throughout the hills as "Uncle Dyke." Dyke Garrett wouldn't preach that day. He had had charge of the funeral arrangements but had reportedly declared, "I'll preach no man's funeral but my own." By that cryptic remark he evidently meant that he was content to let his own life's work stand for itself, and was willing to let Anse Hatfield's do the same. Preacher Garrett was the man who finally had baptized Hatfield about 10 years earlier, and apparently he was now satisfied in the old warrior's salvation.

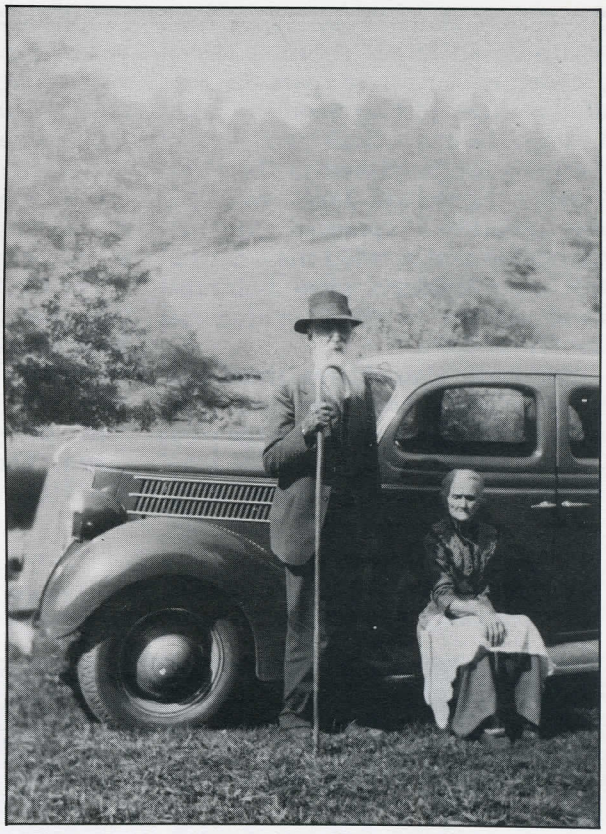
At 3:00 that afternoon the lid of the coffin was closed, ready for the journey around the mountain to the family graveyard. There, amidst a great circle of mourners, the casket was opened for the last time. The 79-year-old Garrett's long white beard fluttered in the damp winter breeze as he stood over the newly opened grave. The dead man's gray beard lay still on his chest; writer V. C. Jones later described it as "like the plumage of a large bird." It was reported that there were McCoys as well as Hatfields present at the graveside.

Thus Anderson Hatfield was laid peacefully to rest among his own people, as befitted an independent mountaineer. If his funeral was extraordinary, his last days were not. Since a truce had been called in the feud hostilities and as his own years advanced, Hatfield had taken up the simple life of a moderately well-to-do farmer. His crops and livestock, and income from lumbering, supplied him with more than enough to meet his needs.

The cabin at Main Island Creek, to which he had prudently withdrawn in 1888, had been improved. Weatherboarding now covered the logs and a front porch had been added on. At a convenient distance from the house stood the Hatfield fortress. This reminder of old times was a square, flat-roofed structure, six logs high. The walls were of massive timbers 23 feet long and nearly two feet in diameter, with the only entrance secured by a foot-thick door of solid oak. Small portholes opened on all sides.

The fort had been built as a symbol of defiance as well as a well-stocked stronghold for the Hatfield clan, but long before Anse's death it had fallen into disuse. The farmhouse, however, had become a common stopping place for travelers, none of whom was permitted to pay for food and





Left: William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield. Photographer unknown, courtesy Archives Division, Department of Culture and History.
Above: "Uncle Dyke" Garrett was known as the shepherd of the hills. Here he is in later life, with his wife, "Aunt Sally." Date and photographer unknown, courtesy David Ryan.

lodging. Some came fearfully, it was reported, but they left with words of praise for the Hatfield hospitality.

The late amateur historian Shirley Donnelly wrote of this period in his *Hatfield and McCoy Reader.* "It was known far and wide that Devil Anse fed more people than any person in Logan County. No one was turned from the door of the clever old feud chieftain." Anse figured that "the visitor could put up with for a few meals what he had to endure all the time," Donnelly wryly says, but by other accounts guests and family alike fared pretty well at the Hatfield table.

The figure of Devil Anse in old age as a peaceable and hospitable patriarch seems almost a contradiction to the bellicose reputation he had earned from 1882 to 1890. The change was a big one, and Uncle Dyke Garrett had had a hand in it. He had known Hatfield for a long lifetime. Both men were born and raised in the rugged hills of Logan County. Both had fought for the Confederacy and both lived to ages well advanced in years.

But their lives had long ago diverged — Anse Hatfield to carry that Winchester rifle most of his days, Dyke Garrett to carry a Bible as a Primitive Baptist preacher. Each attained a measure of fame in his own way. Shortly before his death in 1938 Garrett was called "The Good Shepherd of the Hills" by a magazine editor, and today that sobriquet can be found chiseled into his tombstone.

Garrett was born on December 10, 1841, near Big Creek. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 he joined the Logan Wildcats, the local Southern militia, at the urging of his friend Anderson Hatfield. Men from the Wildcats were absorbed into the regular Confederate army later in the war, but a medical examiner found Garrett deaf in one ear. To avoid being discharged, the 21-year-old soldier agreed to serve as the troop's chaplain.

Soon after the war he returned home, and in 1867 married Sally Smith. His wartime religious work must have set well with him, for Garrett decided to be baptized and started a lifetime of preaching to folks in the surrounding hills.

Over the next half-century Garrett became a familiar sight, riding horseback along the primitive roads of Logan, Mingo, Boone, Wayne, and Cabell counties. In the mountain tradition he became "Uncle" Dyke as he aged, but he did not spare himself in the work of spreading the Gospel. "Aunt Sally" recalled the times in winter when she would have to take a poker and knock Garrett's boots loose from the stirrups of his saddle. They had frozen in place while he rode the circuit.

Garrett was 40 when the Hatfield-McCoy feud erupted in August 1882, following the fateful election-day brawl at a Kentucky polling place on Blackberry Creek in Pike County.

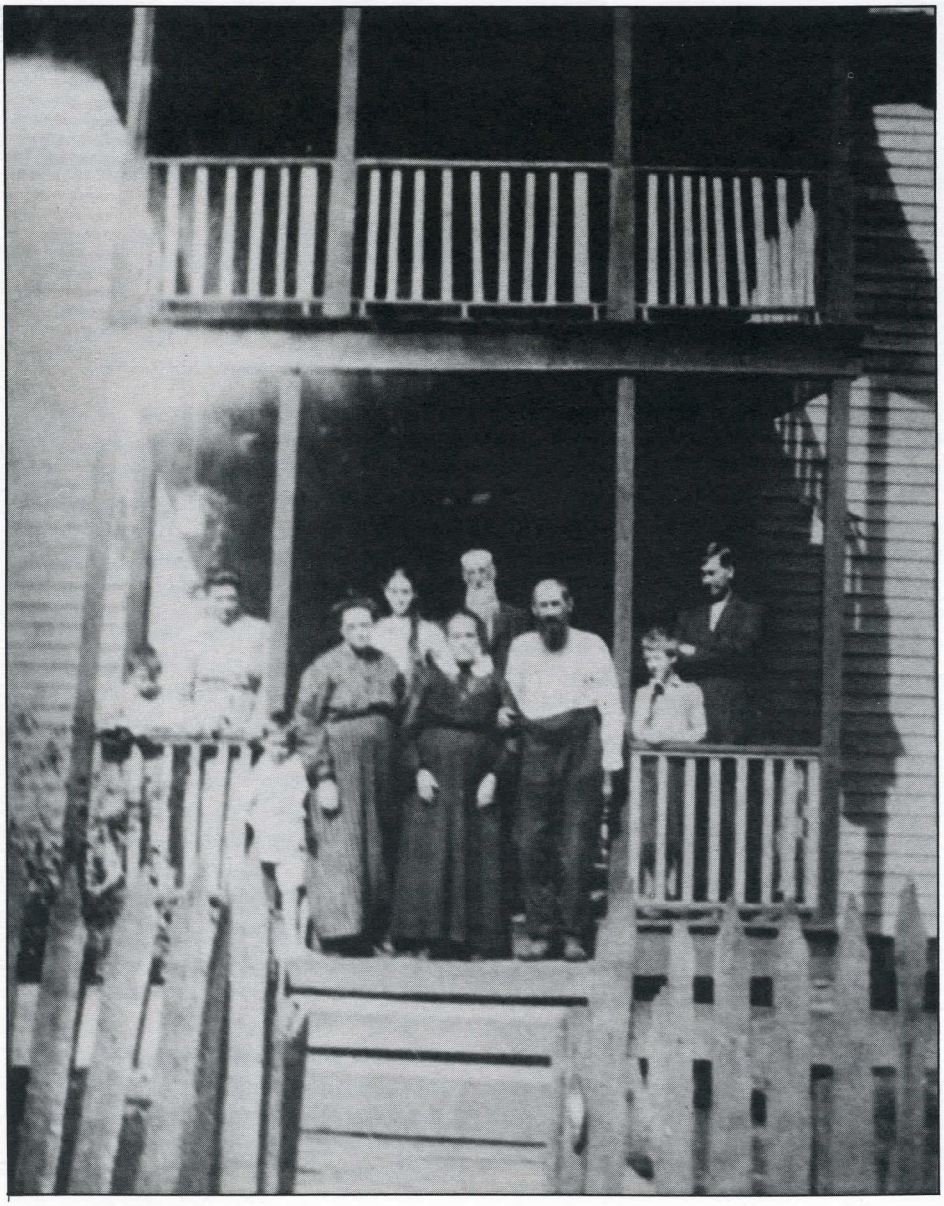
As Ellison Hatfield lay dying from wounds suffered there, Garrett pleaded with Anse to spare the lives of the three McCoy brothers taken hostage. Henry P. Scalf, in a story of Garrett's life published in the Floyd County, Kentucky, *Times*, said that the preacher "appealed to their friendship and recalled their days in the Logan Wildcats when their rebel band was the terror of the Tug and the Guyandotte."

But Anse Hatfield remained adamant in his bloody intention to do justice as he saw it, refusing the pleas of both Garrett and the McCoy boys' mother. The preacher left him with a prophecy. "I tell ye, Anderson, that if ye kill these boys there'll come a time ye'll come a-crawling and a-begging to the Lord," was the way writer Scalf recounted it, in his own rendition of the mountain dialect. "Ye'll cry your heart out on bended knee and maybe He wouldn't hear ye like ye won't hear me now."

The Hatfields waited only to ascertain that Ellison would in fact die from his wounds. Then the three McCoys were taken back across to the Kentucky side of the Tug, tied to some pawpaw bushes, and gunned down. The youngest was 15 years old. From that day on Hatfields and McCoys fought each other to the death, as the feud raged unabated through the decade of the '80's.

Both Randolph McCoy and Anse Hatfield, patriarchs of the respective clans, grew weary in the fight. Each recognized it as senseless, but each seemed powerless to stop it. The blood passion appeared to burn itself out naturally, with the worst of the war over in about 10 years. The last major action was the 1888 New Year's Day raid on the McCoy cabin, and Hatfield kinsman Ellison Mounts' 1890 hanging for murders committed there. Anse Hatfield's move inland from the Tug to Main Island Creek in the earlier year was an attempt to disengage from the fighting.

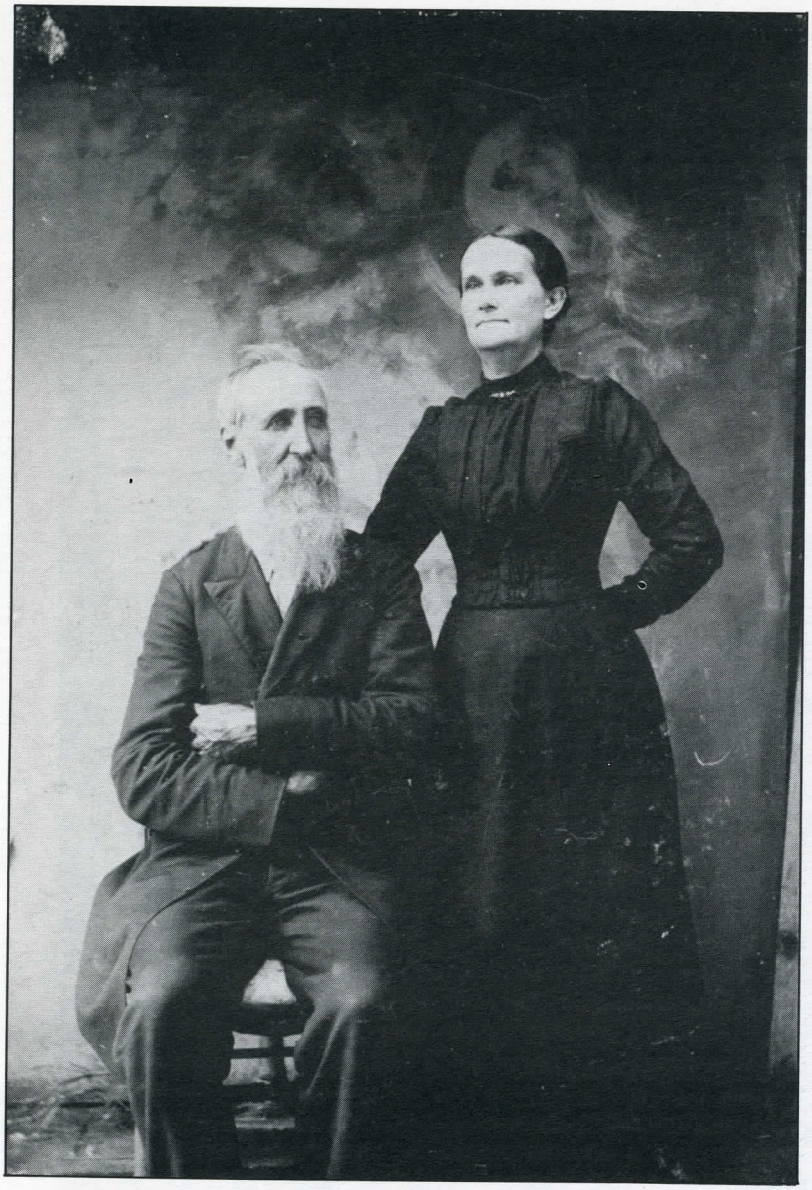
Uncle Dyke was a frequent visitor to the Hatfield home. He's at the rear here, behind Devil Anse and his wife, Levisy Chafin Hatfield. Date and photographer unknown, courtesy David Ryan.



It was at the new homestead that Hatfield prudently built his fortress. As he expected, he was not able to live fully at peace there for several years. His people were particularly harrassed by detectives and bounty hunters during this time, for there were many legal charges outstanding against them. The Hatfields were well connnected politically and would produce a West Virginia governor in the next generation, but they were unwilling to rely strictly on a legal defense in the difficult period while feud tempers cooled.

A *New York World* reporter who interviewed Anse at about the time of his move away from the Tug found him to be a physically powerful man of 50, with a nose hooked "like a Turkish scimitar." He was building his fort and digging in because he didn't "aim to be bothered no more," Anse told the newspaperman. At the same time, he felt he had made an important gesture toward settling the fighting by moving from the feud zone. He professed respect for legal authorities but he wasn't about to be taken by private detectives. He said he'd honor a warrant from the governor, delivered to him "in the right form," and seemed sincere when he declared "I want this trouble settled."

Never comfortable in public places, Anse spent much of his time during this period alone in the woods. Nonetheless, he became a familiar figure around the Logan County courthouse after moving to his new home. He was something of a celebrity when he came to town, always with kinsmen and always armed. He



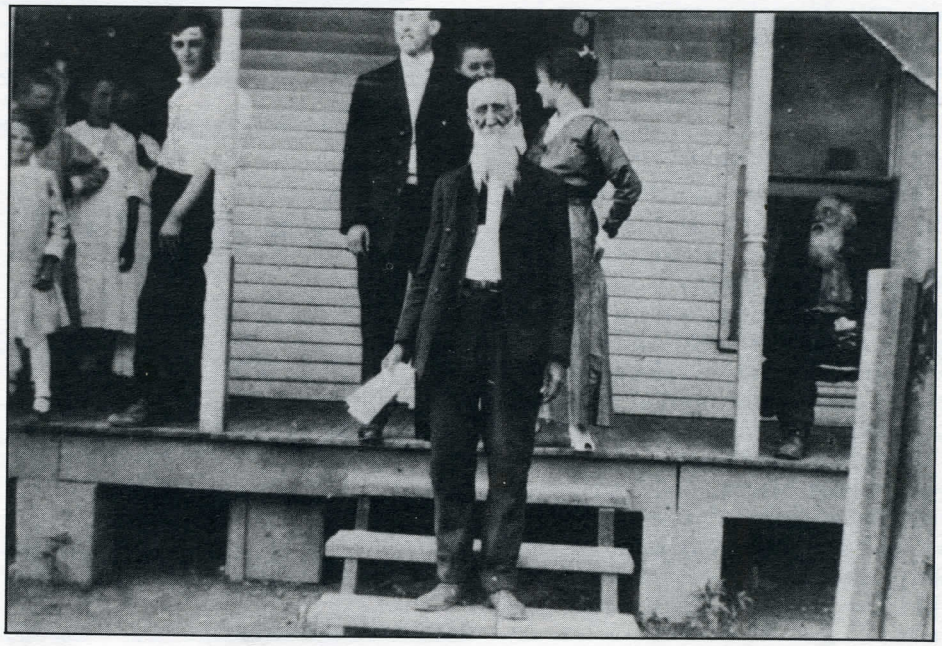
Left: Formal portrait of Uncle Dyke and Aunt Sally Garrett. Date and photographer unknown, courtesy David Ryan.
Below: Devil Anse kept the human stakes of his family's violent history in mind as he reflected on religion in old age. Here are the wife and son of Elias Hatfield, who was murdered in an incident unrelated to the feud. Date and photographer unknown, courtesy of David Ryan.

Bottom: Uncle Dyke Garrett leaves the Hatfields after a visit. Date and photographer unknown, courtesy David Ryan.

was peaceable now but the old wariness persisted, and the Winchester remained his constant companion. A crowd frequently gathered and he could be counted on to tell some of his many mountain stories.

He also spent time with his friend Dyke Garrett. Only 15 miles of Logan County countryside separated his place from Garrett's, and the two aging men sometimes went hunting together. Garrett often stopped by the Hatfield house to talk of old times. He "put in a word for the Lord" whenever he had the chance, but Anse stubbornly held the preacher off.

It was years later, more than a decade past the turn of the century and nearly a quarter-century after the bullets stopped flying, that Dyke Gar-



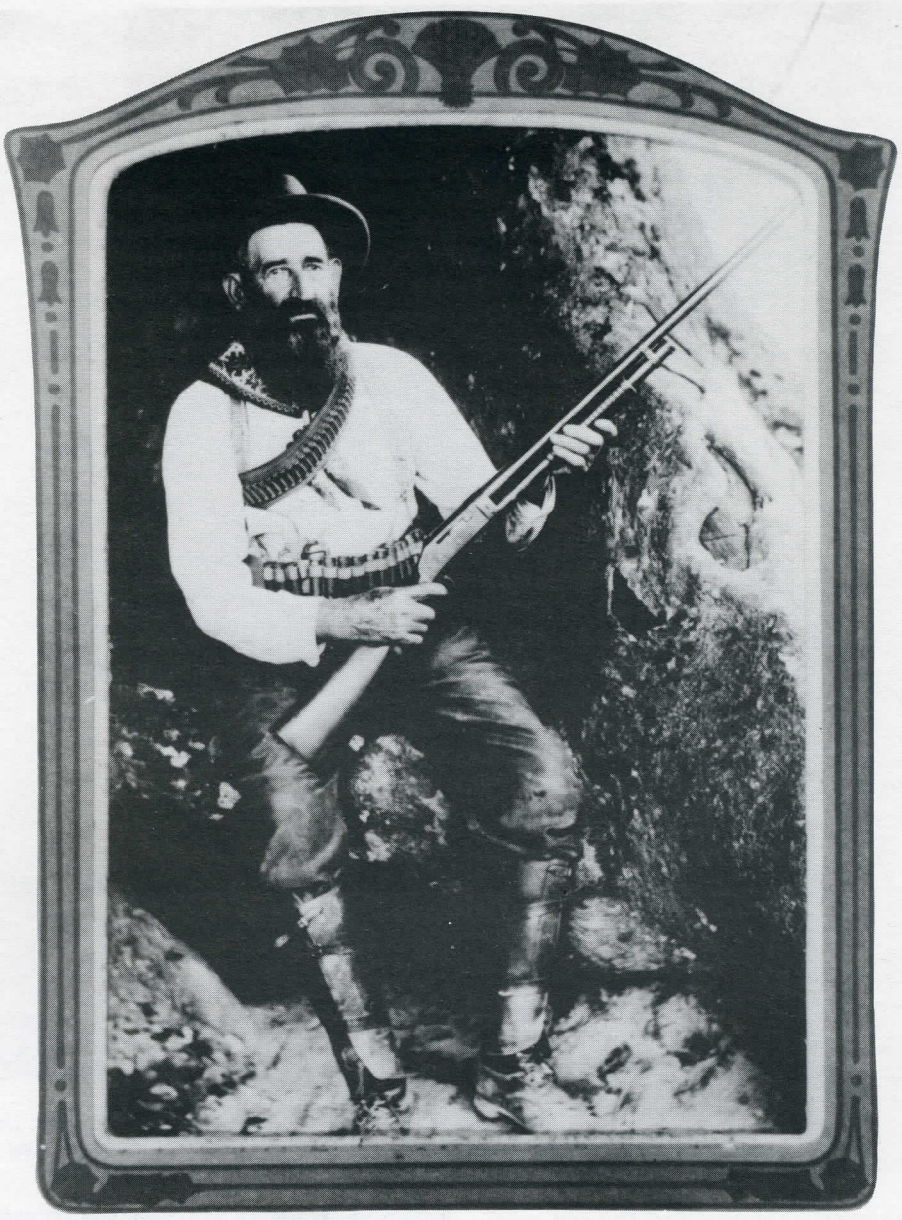
rett's prophecy at the time of the pawpaw bush slayings finally came true. Garrett had said that Hatfield would come "begging to the Lord," and he had the satisfaction of living to see that happen. The preacher was sitting on his porch when he saw the familiar figure approaching, by now an old man leaning on a cane.

Garrett welcomed his old friend and the two settled down for another conversation about crops and weather. This time it was Anse who turned the talk to religion. His sons, Elias and Troy, had recently been killed in an incident unrelated to the feud, and that was resting heavy on his mind. Perhaps he was reflecting upon the violence in his own past, as well, when he suddenly asked if the preacher would baptize him. Uncle Dyke said that he would.

So it was that Devil Anse Hatfield was baptized by immersion in the waters of Main Island Creek on a September Sunday in 1911. The *Huntington Advertiser* reported that the conversion brought on a "great religious demonstration," and that a large crowd was at hand. Afterwards Preacher Garrett rode horseback to Crooked Creek, where he often took Sunday dinner with the Scott McDonald family. After saying grace he turned to McDonald's daughter with a smile, "Well, Mollie," he reportedly said, "I baptized the Devil today."

Secondhand accounts of that remark may have reached the new convert, but it is unlikely that it troubled him any. Hatfield's religion was important to him and a comfort in his remaining years, but he never tried to escape his earlier reputation. He made that clear, if anyone doubted it, at one of his last public appearances.

The occasion was a 1920 meeting of the Huntington Chamber of Commerce, held in the Logan County town of Omar during a tour of the coalfields. Hatfield was a featured guest. Master of ceremonies George T. Swain, reluctant to call the old man by his notorious common name, introduced him from the podium as "Uncle Anse." That was a mistake, as Swain later wrote. "My face grew red," he reported, "when he quickly arose, walked to the edge of the platform, and said; 'I want you to know that my name is Devil Anse Hatfield.'" ♣



Devil Anse Hatfield in a warlike pose, with his shotgun and belts of rifle and shotgun shells. Date and photographer unknown, courtesy David Ryan.

War on the Tug

A Brief History of the Hatfield-McCoy Feud

By Joseph Platania

The family in arms. Devil Anse sits with wife Levisy, with Troy and Elias flanking them behind. Cap is seated, with the rifle, with young Coleman beside him, with pistol. Tennis and Willis are the boys in front. Date and photographer unknown, courtesy Archives Division.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud, America's most famous vendetta, has become a part of our national folklore. Over the years the feud has been dramatized on television, in plays and motion pictures, and has long been a colorful subject for writers. In the process, details of the story have often been misunderstood and sometimes deliberately distorted. The basic facts are simple enough.

The feud scene was peaceful in the beginning. The Hatfields and McCoys lived on opposite sides of the Tug Fork of the Big Sandy River, the dividing line between Kentucky and West Virginia. William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield built his cabin on the West Virginia side, within a few miles of his Kentucky neighbor, Randolph "Rand'l" McCoy. Each raised a large family, and in the early years they got along with each other.

The peaceful relations gradually broke down after the Civil War. The feud actually began on August 6, 1882, an election day, at a polling place on Blackberry Creek in Kentucky. Brothers Ellison and Elias Hatfield had left West Virginia on horseback that morning, crossed the Tug, and ridden three miles up Blackberry Creek to the scene of the election. Voting was a social occasion and they had come to visit Kentucky relatives and to participate in the festivities. They came in peace, carrying only their Colt sidearms, and some present interpreted their visit as a friendly gesture to the many McCoys living roundabout.

Nevertheless, before the day was over Ellison Hatfield was fatally wounded in a drunken brawl. He was knifed, then shot, on the election grounds. Three McCoy brothers, sons of Randolph, were charged with the attack.

This was the spark that set off the famous feud. The roots of the conflict stretched back 20 years, however, to the time of the Civil War. The Hatfields and most of the McCoys had

supported the Confederacy, although a few McCoys were Unionists. More importantly, both families had engaged in "irregular" military operations in the area, consisting mainly of guerilla raids involving the theft of livestock and general harassment. Such largely indiscriminate activity left a legacy of bitterness to all involved, compounded by the 1863 killing of Unionist leader Harmon McCoy, brother of Randolph. Suspicion in that slaying fell upon Anse Hatfield, and upon his kinsman Jim Vance.

Hard feelings from Civil War days may have contributed to the hostilities engendered by the great hog trial in the next decade. In this squabble Randolph McCoy lost a courtsuit to Floyd Hatfield in the disputed ownership of a semi-wild hog. Bill Staton, a Hatfield relative and the decisive witness in the 1878 case, was later killed by McCoys.

As it happened, Floyd Hatfield was Devil Anse's cousin and Randolph McCoy's brother-in-law. This was less surprising than it seems in retrospect, since families from both sides of the river were extensively intermarried. Further unions between the Hatfields and McCoys were unlikely, however, as was made tragically clear in the ill-fated romance of Anse's son and Randolph's daughter. Johnse Hatfield succeeded in winning Roseanne McCoy's heart and her bed, but the relationship was violently rejected by both families. Johnse eventually was kidnapped and rescued, both at gunpoint, although no blood was shed. Roseanne's pregnancy evidently miscarried.

An uneasy peace reigned when Hatfields and McCoys met in 1882 at Blackberry Creek, but the two families carried their grievances like an accumulation of bad debts. When the peace was broken there, the three McCoy brothers were quickly taken in the custody of nervous local authorities. They offered no resistance, preferring the judgment of Kentucky law to the wrath of West Virginia Hatfields.

Unfortunately for both sides, hopes of a lawful solution ended when a party of Hatfields intercepted the McCoys' escort on the way to the Pike County Jail. The McCoy brothers were taken by force, held while Ellison Hatfield died a lingering death, and then carried back to Kentucky and executed in a pawpaw grove. That was August 9. On August 10 Ellison Hatfield was buried by his people, and the following day a sorrowing procession of McCoys carried their three coffins to side-by-side graves in Pike County.

The feud was underway in earnest now, and neither the law nor common sense had any control over it. Flareups continued throughout the '80's, although it is said that Anse's role subsided after the death of Ellison had been avenged. There were plenty of others to keep the animosities smoldering. William Anderson Hatfield, Jr., known as "Cap," and his allies were especially active, as were Randolph McCoy and some of his relatives.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud is often satirized as a sort of hillbilly comic opera, but it was actually something much more serious than that. Both families were influential in their respective states, and they had no trouble entangling local authorities in their private warfare. Within a few years the dispute involved the two states officially, and at the highest levels. In September 1887 Governor Buckner of Kentucky, under pressure from Pike County, made a formal request to the governor of West Virginia for the return of those charged with the 1882 McCoy murders. Governor Willis Wilson refused the Kentucky request, but he initially acted upon a technicality and the Hatfields became increasingly anxious as to their safety at home.

The Hatfield response was twofold. They went to work lobbying Governor Wilson with legal counsel, petitions, affadavits, and a variety of other sophisticated techniques not usually associated with squabbling hillbillies. Meanwhile, they prepared a more direct action to neutralize their enemies, including possible trial witnesses. Devil Anse was back in the fray now, stung by cross-border raids and worried by his family's deteriorating legal position in West Virginia. It was he who authorized the notorious January 1, 1888, attack upon the cabin of Randolph McCoy. The men gathered early in the day and made their surprise attack that evening, under the leadership of Jim Vance. The McCoy house was torched and the people inside fired upon as they escaped. A McCoy son and daughter were killed.

The audacity of the New Year's raid brought the feud to its greatest crisis and directly contributed to the ending of the dispute. Neither state could tolerate border warfare of this magnitude and tensions between Kentucky and West Virginia mounted. There was talk of armed conflict between the two state militias. Kidnapping raids from Kentucky intensified and eventually nine Hatfield clansmen were jailed in Pikeville. West Virginia appealed unsuccessfully to the U.S. Supreme Court for their release. The men were tried and on February 18, 1890, Ellison Mounts was hanged for the murder of Allifair McCoy at the cabin burning. The other eight were imprisoned.

Hatfield partisans bitterly rejected the Pike County verdicts but the trial had its calming effect. By the close of 1890 hostilities had all but ceased. A welcome quiet settled along the Tug and by February 1891 a sure peace seemed likely. It was in that month that a letter came to the editor of the *Wayne County News*, postmarked Logan County. The letter was signed by Cap Hatfield, but those familiar with the family hierarchy had no doubts that the words were those of Devil Anse.

Speaking through his son, the old patriarch declared "a general amnesty" in the warfare. "I do not wish to keep the old feud alive," he added, in words that must have been greeted with widespread relief. "The war spirit in me has abated and I sincerely rejoice at the prospect of peace."

No reconciliation between Anse Hatfield and Randolph McCoy ever took place. McCoy died of an accidental burn in 1914, his 90th year. Evidently the war spirit had never abated in him, and by one report he went to his grave "a-cussin'." Devil Anse, nearly a generation younger, died of pneumonia in 1921 at age 81. He had been converted and baptized 10 years before, and lived to see a nephew become governor of West Virginia. By all accounts the old warrior went to his Logan County grave at peace with the world and with himself. ♣

46 Years Was Enough
Wetzel Schoolteacher Opal Minor

By Bob Schwarz

Photographs by Bill Dobbie

She's the most mild-mannered, gentle person I've ever met. That soft voice of hers — that's the only voice she ever used. It was all she ever needed. She commanded respect with it, and was a wonderfully effective teacher." So spoke Gerrita Postlewait of Opal Minor. As a second grader, Gerrita had sat in Opal's classroom. Later she'd taught in the classroom next door. Gerrita is an administrator for the Wetzel County Board of Education now. She loves to praise teachers, but she's selective about it. She reserves this kind of praise for the absolute best.

Yet when Opal began, she had her doubts whether she'd ever get to breathe that sweet smell of success. Had there been anything else for a young woman to choose, she wouldn't have gone into teaching in the first place. And to hear her tell it, her first year could easily have been her last — that's how bad it was. But she went on, and one year followed another until there were 46 in all.

When I first became interested in rural education, friends told me: "Talk to Opal Minor." Now I was in her living room, listening as she reached back across the years.

I found her to be small of stature, slightly built. But she's big in spirit, and has confidence in that soft voice. As she warms to her subject, her eyes come alive. Opal knows what a rich experience she's had, and she's kind enough to guide a stranger through the highlights.

When she began, she was only 18. She was untrained for the job she was about to plunge into. It was true that following graduation from Reader High School the previous spring she had gone on for an additional nine weeks of school in New Martins-

Retired after four and a half decades, Opal Minor now has more time for house and yard.

ville. "But unfortunately," remembers Opal, "those nine weeks were little more than an extension of high school. One of the courses," adds Opal with a perplexed smile, "was business administration." Business administration had very little to do with the experience that was coming up.

That first year was rough. The place was a two-room schoolhouse way back on Allister Ridge. Opal had the first four grades in her room. Among her pupils were four older boys, two of them 13 years old and two 15. The boys had been absent a lot in the past, and they hadn't advanced beyond the first through fourth grade classroom. So they were stuck with Opal — and she with them.

Those four older boys were a thorn in her side all year. And Opal's own inexperience and the lack of educational materials didn't make the situation any better. "In those days," recalls Opal, "there were no such things as teacher's editions of textbooks. A beginning teacher, in fact, had very few classroom aids to fall back on. To make matters worse, half the kids didn't even have books."

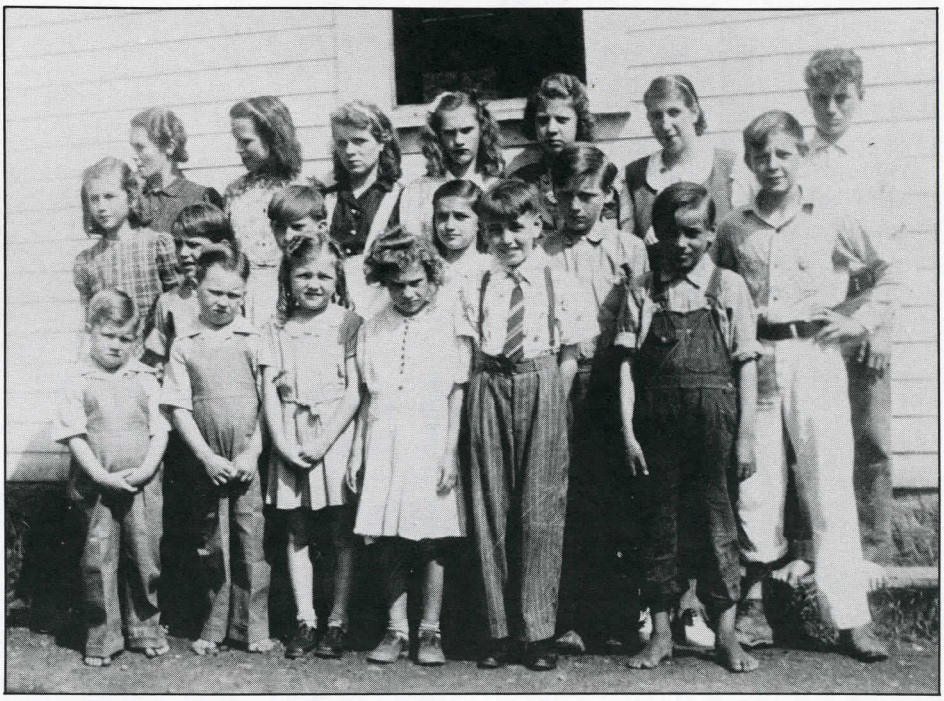
Book money from the State was still 14 years away. Children often shared books, and teacher and pupils alike made do as best they could. Breaking in under these conditions was not easy. "But that first year might have been a lot easier," adds Opal with a knowing smile, "had I known what I was doing." The year was 1925. Opal earned $85 for each of eight months of demanding work.

Pay rose to $88 for the '26 school year. Opal was up on Piney Ridge now, and was to spend the next two years there. A succession of other schoolhouses followed, eight in all. She rotated from one to the next, then back to some of the earlier ones again. "In those days," says Opal, "the board's policy was to keep a teacher moving from one schoolhouse to the next. So we knew we'd be only a year — at the most two — in one place." This was a pattern that continued through Opal's first 19 years. Not until she left behind her last country schoolhouse in 1944 did she settle in one place for good.

Those early rural schools were generally simple frame structures. At one end of the building an entrance opened into a cloakroom. From the cloakroom, another doorway led into the classroom. Across the opposite wall stretched a blackboard, and large windows lined the two sides. Unless a school had gaslights, daylight from these windows was all the light there was.

There were 20 or so pupils, distributed in as many as eight grades under the same teacher. In some of Opal's earliest years, they sat on the old double benchseats: Two kids, side by side, almost up against each other. For those without books, the arrangement was a blessing, allowing a bookless child to share with his seatmate.

The benchseat had other advantages, too — or at least the students thought so. Opal's sister Maple has



Class pictures make up an important part of the veteran teacher's photo album. The fine group above was photographed at Eight-Mile School, with the children below at Piney School. Dates and photographers unknown.

Below: Opal as a serious young teacher. Date and photographer unknown.
Right: Opal, at right, with friends Nell McCallister and Beulah Higgins at the "big school" in Reader. Photographer unknown, about 1935.

fond memories of the benchseat. "One year, I shared a bench with my cousin. Sometimes we sat there and combed each other's hair. We thought it was a wonderful set-up."

"Perhaps," sister Olive observes drily, "that's why they did away with it."

Faced with eight grades at once, how did a single teacher operate? For some subjects, Opal combined grades five and six into one instructional group, seven and eight into another. But for reading and math, each grade (assuming there were any pupils in a particular grade, and sometimes there weren't) had a lesson of its own.

With six and often eight different groups contending for her time, Opal attended to each group in turn. Lessons, accordingly, were short. Up front was the recitation bench. A group came up for instruction. Opal addressed them, asked questions. Students answered. Ten minutes passed, and it was over. The children returned to their seats, and did assigned work. Another group came up. And so the day went.

Basics dominated: Reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic. The subjects were taken seriously, with competition encouraged. Friday afternoon was spelling bee time. Opal divided the class into two teams, and each team stood against a wall. First from one team, then from the other, each child in turn spelled a word. A misspelled word, and that child had to sit down. The last one left standing was the winner. Opal conducted arithmetic contests as well, although these were at the blackboard. "The competitions," recalls Opal, "made spelling and arithmetic important to the kids. Students worked hard in these areas, and a good many learned them well."

Always special for Opal was working with the seventh and eighth grade group. Instruction at this level included geography, history, literature, and (after 1940) civics. These more advanced subjects interested Opal, and she found a joy in introducing them to older students.

The seventh-eighth group was special for another reason. They were Opal's helpers. Older children helping younger ones was a tradition in the small schoolhouses. Opal could be in only one place at one time, so student helpers extended her efforts. Once finished with their own lessons, they could be where the teacher wasn't. Older children were of particular value, for instance, at teaching youngsters how to read. A helper could listen while a small child practiced flash cards, recited lists of words, read passages out loud. Younger pupils thrived on this extra attention and they learned the better for it.

"One year," recalls Opal, "the help from my seventh and eighth graders saved me. I was up in Minnie then, and had over 40 students. To succeed with that many — sometimes just to manage with them all — the help of my older students was crucial. I couldn't have done it without them."

But there was more to school than classwork. Twice each day — at 10:30 and again at 2:30 — class was halted, and a 15-minute recess taken. Lunch

at noon was a full hour. The pupils very much wanted to get out during these breaks and, except in the worst weather, they did.

Once outside, for the most part the children played either of two popular games, base or ball. With base, there were two teams, each with its own base area. A player would leave the safety of his own base, and taunt the members of the opposite team to catch him. They'd take up the challenge and give chase and he would flee back towards his own base. If he was caught and tagged before he got there, he went into a special "prisoner" base.

Ball was the other common game. It was a kind of baseball, but with only two bases. When a batter hit a ball at one base he ran to the other base. On a good hit, he'd come back, too. Otherwise, he'd wait for another batter's hit to get back. If he returned ahead of the ball, he earned a run for his team. On the other hand, if the opposing team managed to swiftly come up with the ball and hit the runner with it, he was out. In that case, the team in the field came in and took their turn at bat. Boys and girls of any age could play ball or base, and just about all of them did.

The bigger children also enjoyed playing ante-over, locally called "Anthony-over." One child threw a ball over the schoolhouse roof, calling out as he did. If a player on the other side caught it, he ran around the schoolhouse to where the ball had come from and tried to hit someone with it. The person who was hit had to come over and join the other side.

Opal remembers the school property on Eight-Mile Ridge as small, with a church sharing the site. Some old oaks and hickories dotted the grounds. There the students played tag among the trees, for that was about all they had room for.

"How the kids loved those simple games," recalls Opal. "They always expected me to go out and join in the play. If I couldn't get out, they were very disappointed." Not surprisingly, the longest days to get through were the ones when bad weather kept everyone inside.

Classes for the day ended at 4:00. Few teachers had cars in those days, and Opal Minor was no exception. So until busing — one or two routes at a time — gradually slipped in during the '30's, a rural schoolteacher wasn't very mobile. If Opal wanted to commute, she had to do so on foot. One year, that's exactly what she did. She was on Eight-Mile, just one ridge over from her home at Furbee. Early each morning, Opal set out on a down-the-hollow-and-over-to-the-next-ridge crossing. Then in the evening, she retraced her steps back home.

But for the rest of those early years, daily commuting was out of the question. The distances were just too great for walking. Like other teachers, Opal boarded in the community where she taught. She generally chose a place not far from the schoolhouse. Not every evening, however, was spent where she boarded. On occasion, Opal would go home with a student.

For the children, bringing teacher home was exciting. "It was," recalls Opal, "very nice for teacher, too. After dinner was eaten and the dishes done, we'd sit around the fire and chat for a while." Electricity hadn't come in yet, and with neither good light to read by nor television to watch, folks had little reason to stay up late. Besides, farmers had next morning's milking to think of. So it was early to bed and early to rise, a schedule that in those days seemed as well-suited to teacher as it did to farmer.

Going home for the weekend was, Opal recalls, "something I looked forward to all week. Even the year I was on Chiselfinger — when the weather got bad and the family car couldn't come around and get me — I missed only two or three weekends all winter. And getting home from Chiselfinger could be quite a walk. I had to go down into State Run, up onto Eight-Mile, then down into Brush Run, and up again on to Furbee."

Well-traveled paths snaked through the countryside then. People could handle a good walk in those days, and Opal was no exception. The walk from Chiselfinger to Furbee took an hour and a half when the footing was soft, and Opal often had to slog the whole way wearing over-the-shoe rubber boots. "But being home with my mom, and my sisters and brothers, was well worth the walk. It was nice to be back on my own ridge, among my own people.

"Sometimes a student came home with me for the weekend. Then it

Opal and her sister Olive now share a house in Reader.

was my turn to be host. It might be a younger girl, or it might be an older girl, but," laughs Opal, "it was always a girl."

In those days, rural schoolhouses were plentiful, but public money scarce. A county didn't provide much in the way of school materials, for the tax dollars just weren't there. So the school, to provide for its needs, sponsored a box social each fall. The box social raised money for books, paper, and supplies. One year on Piney Ridge a box social brought in the money for new window blinds. The school board, of course, should really have provided the blinds. "Had I been more experienced, they might have," adds Opal.

She remembers that a box social (also called a "pie and box" social) was quite an event. Each young lady made up her best pie, or other favorite dish, wrapped it in crepe paper, and presented it for auctioning to the highest bidder. Naturally, men did the bidding. The buyer of a box got to sit down and share the fixings with the gal who had made them.

No one was supposed to know whose box was whose, but that information had a way of getting out. An eligible girl might tell her favorite young man what her package looked like, and then cue him at the right moment. But the young man's mischievous male friends might bid also. A lively bidding contest would ensue as they ran up the price on him. A box of goodies sometimes went for as much as $6 or $8, a lot of money in those days.

Opal's sister Maple ruefully remembers one box social when some fellows had done some scheming ahead of time. They bought up half a dozen boxes, then took off with them. Left behind were six unhappy girls — Maple one of them — with nothing to put in their stomachs and no one to gladden their hearts.

But most box socials went off without a hitch. Once the auction was over, and eating completed, games followed. One game was called guess-cake. For this, a cake had been baked with an object inside. For a dime, a person guessed what that object might be. If he guessed right, he won the guess-cake. If no one guessed the object, the cake became the prize for a cake walk.

"What?" Opal exclaimed to me. "You've never been to a cake walk; don't know what one is?" Ten cents a couple was the price at a cake walk, she explained. The couples all walked round and round in a circle. One person stood blindfolded in the middle while the couples walked. Finally, the blindfolded person would lower a broomstick handle among the line of marchers. The broomstick would be directly in front of one lucky couple and they'd be the winners of the cake walk — and the cake.

The school year was shorter in those early days, just eight months. But few people seemed to mind, and certainly not Opal. "No matter how glad I was to see new kids in September," she says, "and no matter how much I enjoyed working with a group of children, I was always glad to see the year end in April. The kids were tired by then, and so was I."

What were youngsters like then? Were they at all different from today's children? "Well," Opal begins, "kids had more respect in those days." We all nod sagely at that one. "And it was a lot easier to keep them in line. If a kid didn't do his work, he was kept inside at lunch. Since no one wanted that, kids usually did what they were supposed to."

Then there was the paddle, of course. Opal says she very seldom had to paddle anyone. "But," she recalls, "one time we had just finished a music class. The kids had kept time with triangles, tambourines, pairs of sticks. One little boy just sat there and snapped his pair of sticks in two. It was the end of a long day and I had had it." For his misdeed, the boy received a couple of swats on his rump. Some years later, he married the daughter of Opal's sister Maple. She says the boy grew up none the worse for the paddling, and made a fine son-in-law.

Did children learn as much in the country schoolhouse? Opal believes so. Rural students seemed to pick up as much as those in the bigger schools then, and as much as children in the bigger schools of today, too. "A lot of high school valedictorians seemed to come out of those rural schoolhouses," Opal quietly adds. "My brother was one of them."

One thing that's changed a lot, Opal points out, is how students dress. "Kids frequently came to school in homemade clothes then," she says. "And even as teacher, my clothes were often homemade too. Kids dressed plain in those days — and it just seemed they competed a lot less at outdressing each other."

In fact, according to Opal, children didn't seem in general to want to outdo each other. It seemed there was a great deal less peer pressure then. "Perhaps," Opal conjectures, "it was because most everyone was in the same boat financially." The big industrial plants hadn't set up yet along the Ohio River. Steady jobs paying big dollars were still a long way in the future. The family farm was all most people had then, and selling milk, calves, or pigs didn't bring cash in fast.

Of the students who passed through her classroom, did any go on to great things? Opal considers. "One became a medical missionary in Africa. Two Robinson brothers became optometrists." She goes on to cite doctors, lawyers, and other professional people.

But Opal is also very proud of a more recent second grader who, when she grew up, taught in the neighboring classroom at Reader school. Gerrita Postlewait is the girl's married name today. It is Gerrita who earlier told me of how gentle-voiced Opal had been so wonderfully effective in the classroom. When Gerrita taught, and even now when as an administrator she makes a presentation, Gerrita uses that same kind of quiet voice.

Opal Minor was more than halfway through her career when she finally received a college degree in 1953. Getting it had taken her 28 years. College had to be squeezed into summers, and she wasn't willing to spend all her summers in school. So graduation had to wait.

In the meantime, Opal had come down to the "big school" in Reader. She'd been there before for two short stints. In 1944 she came and stayed. Opal taught her last 27 years in the school there, starting with fourth grade, and later settling down to many years of second grade.

As surprising as it may seem, teaching just a single grade wasn't much easier, according to Opal.

"Even in the second grade, some kids were quite advanced, while others still had to be taught to read. As a second grade teacher, I had to divide up the kids into four or five levels of achievement, and that wasn't so very different from all the grade levels we'd had in the country schoolhouses."

A lot of things were different in the big school, and in some ways it seemed worse. Bus duty was a chore Opal hated. "When I had bus duty, I was in the gym at 7:30, couldn't get to my classroom until school started, then was back in the gym until almost 5:00. That was tiring."

Opal goes on. "It's hard to explain to someone who hasn't been through it. But when I swept my own floors in a rural schoolhouse, it didn't take so long, and I didn't mind doing it. After all, it was *my* schoolhouse. But watching a crowd of kids sit idly in a gym, and having to keep them reasonably quiet and in their places — that's a chore offering neither satisfaction nor joy. It seemed to take some of the fun out of teaching."

Opal retired in 1971. She was 64, and could have put in one more year. But she was ready to let someone younger have a go at it. "Wasn't 46 years enough?" she asks.

Opal lives with her sister Olive now, sharing an up-to-date house in Reader. Their home faces Route 20, not far from a big new school that a few years back replaced the smaller "big school" where Opal put in her last 27 years. She is in her mid-70's now, and is an active lady yet. Her long contribution to Wetzel County continues to bear fruit in the work of her grown students. She is pleased that so many recall her. "Even now," she says, "it's still a thrill to meet students from years and years ago who still remember me. Of course, I can't always recognize their faces, but once a person tells me who he is *now*, I vividly remember who he was *then*."

As I get ready to leave, Opal reaches for a finishing touch. The ex-teacher has no trouble finding a suitable anecdote to make her point. "When I started out," she says, "a friend told me, 'Once you teach five years, you're in it for life.'

"And with me, that friend was right," laughs Opal Minor.

Opal Minor has been out of the classroom for more than a dozen years now, but she retains the erect bearing of a fine teacher. She believed a teacher should serve as an example as well as instructor.

From the Other Side of the Desk

Student Recollections of Long Ago School Days

As students and teachers go back to school this fall, we're proud to publish Opal Minor's reminiscenses of teaching in earlier times. Her career is the familiar story of selfless dedication under less-than-perfect conditions. She happened to invest her many years of educational service in Wetzel County, but readers in other parts of the state will know of similar stories in their areas.

Less often heard from are the students of early education in West Virginia, and we wanted to get that viewpoint as well. We don't know of anyone better qualified to capture that perspective than the current generation of students and the short interviews below were all done by Huntington elementary school pupils.

The young interviewers were members of a creative writing class taught by GOLDENSEAL freelancers Robert and Lysbeth Barnett. The Barnetts worked with fifth graders from Huntington's Cammack and Miller schools, sending them out to interview older friends and relatives on the subject of school days "a long time ago." The youngsters seem to have been impressed with every detail and they brought some good material back to their teachers. Then they did a fine job of putting their stories onto paper, as you'll see from the ones printed here.

Long Hair and Inkwells

My grandmother, Melissa (Lissa) Beckett is 79 years old. She attended two rural schools from 1912 to 1918. They were Betty Branch and Shady Groves (near Ranger in Lincoln County). Her rural schools were one-room frame buildings with a potbelly stove in the middle. "Boys could come early to build a fire. Others would help sweep out after school," she recalls.

There were no cars; Lissa walked everyday. "It wasn't easy, especially in bad weather. We walked on a dirt road and part was around a hill; total, it was about a two-mile walk," she said.

The schools weren't modernized; they had outdoor restrooms and no cafeteria. They had two outdoor restrooms, one for the girls and one for the boys. As for lunch, it wasn't very exciting. Lissa took a "dinner pail" with a plain sandwich and sometimes a cookie.

Lissa loved school. Her favorite subject was history. "I loved to learn about our country at the beginning, and also West Virginia," she said. She did not like math or physiology and hygiene. "I had no urge to be a doctor or nurse."

In good weather, they played outdoor games. For instance, they played baseball, jump rope, "skip to my lou," marbles, or just ran. "In bad weather we stayed in," said Lissa. "Our teacher tried to provide a quiet game for us.

"The happiest thing I remember is when we moved to Huntington. I'm sure that was the happiest," Lissa said. I asked for the saddest. "I remember it well," she said. "One very nice teacher that we all liked became very ill and had to leave. We missed her a lot. In place of her we got a teacher no one liked. I'm sure she didn't like us," Lissa said. Lissa laughed as she told this story. "Boys would stand in the back of the room and throw spitballs, or tried to get away with it. Also, if girls had long hair it was too bad. We all had inkwells on our desks and if you sat in front of a boy then you were in trouble. You had black tips of hair!" she said.

"When I was in seventh grade, my sister taught when she was a little over 16. Normally teachers weren't that young, but they were desperate. If you were able to pass a test, then you got a certificate. Her name was Olive; her nickname was 'Jean.' She was still very strict.

"The schools have changed quite a bit. Definitely for the better, I think. Now they have buses and more equipment. Education hasn't changed much, it's how the student applies himself. There *is* one thing better about my rural schools — if you were in third grade and you wanted to listen to the seventh grade recite, you could learn more," Lissa added.

Now, also, there are about 25 or 30 kids in a room. When Lissa went, there were 35 in first grade through seventh grade. In the 1980's kids must go to school, and a good education awaits if they apply themselves.

—Sarah Beckett
Cammack School

Hickory Switch Discipline

The man I interviewed lives across the street from me. His name is Paul Hash. He is about 75 years old.

Mr. Hash attended what was known as the Tom's Creek School near Barboursville in the years 1916 to 1926. He attended a rural school with an outdoor restroom, a big field as a playground, and no lunchroom. His school was a little frame schoolhouse approximately 30 feet wide and 60 feet long.

Mr. Hash walked to school and he liked it.

Schools were different then. They were very strict; rules were enforced with a hickory switch. The teacher would go out on the hill in the back of the school and cut a switch before class and lay it in the corner of the room. When the children came in

they saw it every morning and knew that before the day was over it would be used. It was always four boys who got switched and Mr. Hash wasn't one of them.

Clearly, Mr. Hash remembered what they had for lunch. "There were three of us children that went to school, and Mama always got up to prepare our lunches. We usually had eggs and ham, but we could always look forward to apple butter or some kind of jelly. Now this was on biscuits. We didn't have white bread back then."

—Lisa Coleman
Cammack School

School Has Come a Long Way

John Glisky, a neighbor of mine, went to three elementary schools during the "late nineteen-teens." He went to a school in Ona, West Virginia, then to Oley, and finally to Miller in Huntington, but only for one semester.

Seventy years have really changed West Virginia's elementary schools. For instance, the grades one through eight attended elementary school then, and the schools had very little equipment.

The structure of the schools has changed also. Most of the changes, however, occurred in the rural schools. The school Mr. Gisky attended at Ona was a one-room, box-shaped building. It had a Gaston Two heating stove. There was no running water, so of course there was an outhouse. The city schools are very much the same as they were 70 years ago, except most of them have had a new wing added. The city schools also had many luxuries, such as indoor restrooms and water fountains. Another luxury was a cafeteria. At Ona they usually had to eat meals at the desks or in the field, but if the weather was fair, students who lived close to the school were allowed to go home for lunch.

Mr. Gisky was very dismayed at his teachers' lack of knowledge. He said, "I could read better than most of my teachers." Reading was his favorite subject because when he started school he could already read. He also liked writing. He was very bright in school. There was no subject Mr. Gisky didn't like.

The playgrounds were very, very simple then. At Oley, the playground was just a small area filled with gravel. There was no baseball diamond or basketball court, just a few jump ropes, some baseball mitts, and one or two balls. At Miller, the playground was grass. It had the same kind of equipment. At Ona, there was a large grass field. They had no equipment, so they just ran races. Mr. Gisky said, "We had to make our games with our hands." All this is much different than today. We have things like swings, basketball courts, and tetherball.

Mr. Gisky thinks that schools are worse now than they were then. He thinks that they put too much emphasis on sports such as football and basketball.

Mr. Gisky told me a story that I thought was very funny. I decided to share it with you. There was a clothing drive for some people in Europe during World War I. They had collected many different sizes, colors, and designs of clothes. The clothes were stored in the school for a week or so. But let me remind you that people then had many bugs such as lice. After the drive was over and all the clothes were gone, the school had to be closed for three days so the bugs could be exterminated.

As you can see, elementary school has come a long way. But in John Gisky's opinion and in my opinion, it has a long way to go.

—Elizabeth Gross
Miller School

Pitching the Paste Pot

I interviewed Mr. Isaac (Ike) Lerner, who is 57 years old. Mr. Lerner owns the Ace Trading Post. He went to Cammack School in Huntington for nine years.

Over the years, things changed at Cammack: soup to pizza, pitching pennies to pitching a kickball, and a big playground to a smaller area. Following are funny, sad, and happy experiences of Mr. Lerner's elementary school days.

"We played the same games as you do today," said Mr. Lerner. "We played softball and basketball, and sometimes pitched pennies, which wasn't a favorite of the teachers."

Mr. Lerner said that they had nearly the same subjects as we do now. "I always liked spelling and math," he said. He also said that he liked history and geography; but he never really disliked any of his subjects because he was interested in learning and was pretty good at it, too.

When Mr. Lerner went to Cammack, they had almost the same lunches as we do now. Students were able to go home, bring a lunch, or buy one. If you bought, "they had hot dogs, hamburgers, and they had soup." There was also a lunch truck, owned by a man named Mr. Branch, which sold hot dogs, hamburgers, soda pop, candy bars, and sometimes ice cream.

Mr. Lerner told me about the time he and his friend nearly got expelled. His class was getting ready to go to an assembly. Their homeroom teacher was the music teacher, who always played music as the classes came into the assembly hall.

The teacher went down early to get the piano and music ready. "I picked up a pot of paste off her desk, and just pitched it to a friend of mine," said Mr. Lerner. His friend tossed it back, but too hard. The jar of paste flew past Mr. Lerner's hands and smacked against the blackboard. There was glass and paste all over the room. There was no time to clean up the mess because it was time for the assembly. The class went down to the assembly hall.

After the assembly, the students went to class. When the teacher got to the room, she saw the mess. Someone told her what had happened, and Mr. Lerner and his friend were sent to the principal's office."We nearly got expelled over that little trick," he said. "But one of us started to cry, so the principal gave us another chance."

—Rachel Mayer
Cammack School

Arthur Prichard of Mannington

A GOLDENSEAL 10th Year Feature

Interview by Michael Kline

Photographs by Ron Rittenhouse

We don't generally publish interviews with our own freelancers, but Arthur Prichard of Mannington is a special case. Since 1977 he's written more GOLDENSEAL articles than anyone else, with his tally now totaling over a dozen stories. We think of him as the dean of GOLDENSEAL writers, and he's certainly been one of the most popular.

This is a special year for GOLDENSEAL, our tenth, and for Mr. Prichard — his 80th. It seemed the right time to get his own story between our covers, where so many of his accounts of other West Virginians have come before. Michael Kline, another top GOLDENSEAL freelancer, agreed to do the honors, traveling over from Elkins to visit the retired clergyman a while back. They're both champion talkers, so we've had to shorten the interview, but we think the edited results are reflective of Arthur Prichard and his many interests. —ed.

Michael Kline. When were you born?

Arthur Prichard. September, 1904. Here, in this house, 214 Pleasant Street, Mannington.

John Cornwell was running for the office of governor of West Virginia, and Dad was to have gone to Wheeling on a campaign tour with him. But Dad met him at the train and said, "I can't go up with you tonight." And then the next day he sent him a telegram to the effect that Arthur Cornwell Prichard had come into the world the previous night.

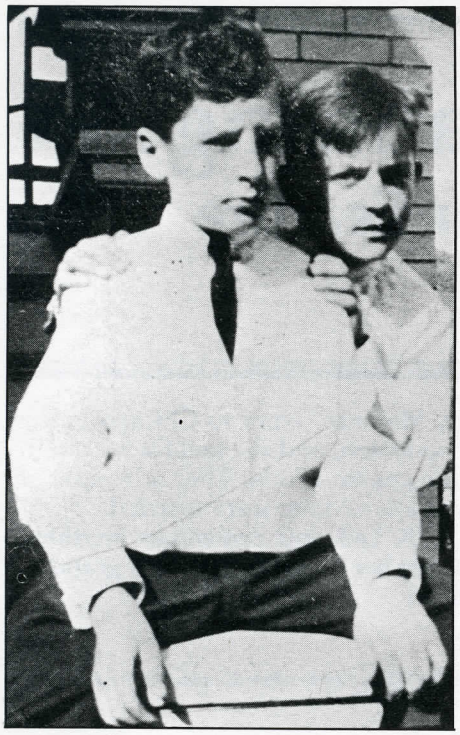
I had one full sister and two half-sisters and a half-brother. My father's first wife died when she was quite young after having two daughters and a son. And then a few years later he remarried. I was the youngest of the two families.

MK What was your mother's name?

AP My mother's name was Katherine Kimberlin. She was born in Kentucky and was working on a newspaper in Missouri when Dad met her at the World's Fair. The Columbian Exposition in Chicago. She and a cousin of Dad's who worked on the same paper out in Vernon County, Missouri, went to Chicago to the Exposition, and she met Dad through this cousin of his. Then a couple of years later they were married.

MK Did you remember anything about her father, about your grandfather?

Mildred and Arthur Prichard make a handsome couple. They celebrated 45 years of marriage this summer.



Young Arthur Prichard sits in front of friend Abe Gaskill. Both boys loved sports, with Abe later setting a Bucknell University record of four homeruns in a single game. Photographer unknown, about 1915.

AP Not much about him, as he died not long after they were in Missouri, a few years later. I remember my grandmother, she lived to be in her 80's. We used to visit her in Missouri. I don't remember anything at all about my other grandfather, Alpheus Prichard, because he died in '84.

He was married in '49, 1849, to — we always just called her Ma Prichard. Her name was Millie, actually it was Millie Furbee. Came here in '49 and lived in a log cabin, a log house across the creek from here, one of the very first houses here. Mannington was very slow in getting started, because not all the land was for sale. Didn't go on the market until about 1838, 1839, when it was broken up into small acreages. Some of my grandmother's people came in about the same time, her brother and I think her father bought some property here in the late '40's.

MK How many children did your grandparents have?

AP The oldest one was Charles Albert Prichard, Bert Prichard, who was born in 1850, their first child. He lived to be 95, died seven weeks before he was 95. They had two daughters and three sons in addition to Bert. There were four sons. One son died when he was one or two years old. My father, then, was born in '57 and lived all of his life in Mannington. He was Arthur L. Prichard.

My grandfather Alpheus was in the General Assembly of Virginia when the question of secession came up — he was representing this part of Western Virginia, was elected in '59, and later he was in the House of Delegates for West Virginia for several years. My grandfather was opposed to secession, but he had a lot of friends in Old Virginia. He had a brother, Amos, who organized a company and went into service in the Union Army, Amos M. Prichard. I can remember, as a very small boy, when the old soldiers would come and visit him here in town.

They had both secured property up on Main Street where the present bank building is. They lived side by side. But back when the war started, Alpheus didn't want to fight and he hired a substitute. He wouldn't go in, and was put out of the Methodist Church because he was a rebel; they said he wasn't going to fight for the Union. His brother Amos did fight for the Union. Captain Amos became a strong Republican and Alpheus became a strong Democrat. They clashed politically through the years. Alpheus died in '84. He had served on the town council and was the first postmaster of Mannington.

MK Why did people want to come here in the first place? You said that people had trouble securing land here?

AP Well, there was timber here, and then also the railroad came through here, the B&O, which of course was the first railroad to get to the Ohio River. The railroad was completed in '52, but they knew for several years in advance that it was coming through. The very first people in here worked largely as farmers and then at getting out timber. Then when the railroad came, why of course that made it a very fine place to be because you could ship. You could ship cattle and you could ship lumber. Mannington was just getting a good lease on life when the Civil War came.

MK Was it sort of a boom town?

AP Well, no, it just grew, to start. It became a boom town, though, in 1890 because of the oil. It grew very slowly until then. This was one of the best oil fields in the eastern United States, in the very early days. A high grade of Pennsylvania oil. It was a very busy town for a number of years, until the western fields began opening up and the people went to Oklahoma and Texas from here.

Dr. Israel Charles White, a WVU geologist, located the field here in Mannington. Drilled an oil well, the first well to come in, Hamilton No. 1, over on Flaggy Meadow, and then proceeded to locate another well on Salt Lick which would be — according to his geological theory — a gas well. And when they drilled it in it *was* a gas well. Up until then people paid very little attention to geologists. Dr. White used to say they would tell him that geologists never filled an oil tank.

My father was in the company, called the Jackson Oil Company. Jackson was a professor of engineering over at West Virginia University and an associate of Dr. White's. There were five in the company, in that first company. Dr. White was the treasurer, my father was the secretary, and Jackson was the president. With Ab Prichard, a cousin of Dad's, and Clarence Smith, who was the county clerk, they were the five members of the first company.

MK What did your dad do besides his interest in oil?

AP He was largely in the lumber business. He had some sawmills, and had been a merchant here in town and out in the country. He did have a music store, sold victrolas, musical instruments, pianos. I clerked in it from the time I was big enough to stand up. But he was largely in lumber, with some store experience. His father had done the same.

MK Were they strong church people?

AP Well, I really don't know how strong. I know that Grandfather and his father before him had pretty strong religious convictions. They belonged to the Methodist Church, his father did, when the Civil War started. They later started a Southern Methodist Church, because others

had made it unpleasant for them in the church on the grounds that they were sympathizing with the South. They built across the street here, but they didn't have enough support to finish the building. And that is when the Presbyterians came in. Family by the name of Burt came in, they started a tannery here. They organized a little Presbyterian Church and bought the unfinished Methodist South building. Then Dad and his people, his family, became Presbyterians. My mother was a Presbyterian.

MK So your dad got excited, I guess, about Dr. White's theories?

AP Yes, they jumped into it. Dr. White came here in '88, in the winter, and talked to some, and then they formed that little company in the spring of '89 and started drilling. And then of course the big companies came in. Standard Oil was in very soon. Mannington differed a good bit from, for instance, Sistersville. A lot of the local oil companies stayed in business there, supported and owned by the people of that area. Much of the oil that was gotten here then went out with Standard Oil and such. And much of the money went out. Dad never talked about it much when I was a kid.

MK That brings us to the point of your childhood. What do you remember about Mannington then?

AP It was a good town to grow up in. Mannington, from the very early days, had good schools. In the late '90's a man by the name of McBee came in, a very excellent school man, and soon Mannington had a four-year high school. It was one of only a few high schools in the state that the graduates could go over to the University without further examination. We had some outstanding schools here in the early days.

Of course, there was a lot of money in Mannington following the development of the oil field. The oil field continued doing perfectly well up until, well, probably around 1913, 1915, when it started going down. Many of the oil men went west, and then business declined.

We did have the largest sanitary pottery in the world here for a while, starting in 1904. George Bowers bought a pottery that had been built, but had never been operated, and developed it. George Bowers was from Leon, just a young man, some 22 or 23 years of age when he came down and bought it. He came in and organized the company and ran it as the Homewood Pottery, and then about 1912 he reorganized it and it became the Bowers Pottery. It was the biggest sanitary pottery under one roof, a very huge affair. Operated up until the mid-1940's, when he died.

We also had some glass plants here, two or three, which burned. In the early days we had had some tanneries. One tannery came the year the railroad began operating between Baltimore and Wheeling, in 1853. Tanneries spring up where there is timber, where there is an abundance of bark. Because they use oak bark,

"MHS-'19" the football says, and Arthur Prichard was on the team that year. He's second from the right, middle row. Photographer unknown.

and various other kinds of bark for the tanning process. At one time, the biggest employer was the Burt tannery.

MK What were you doing while changes were taking place in the community? Weren't you pretty active in athletics as a high school student?

AP Yes, I played baseball, basketball, and football in high school. Mannington, during the oil excitement, had good baseball teams. Many of these oil companies would hire some good athletes and then they would play on the local team. So Mannington used to play exhibition games even with the Pittsburgh Pirates. And then in their big games locally, maybe they would hire a pitcher and a catcher from the Pirates to come down and play for them. They were supported very well by local people who were in the oil business. For a while they were in a league in which they would play Fairmont, I think, and Wheeling, maybe Clarksburg, and I think Cumberland, Maryland, maybe a Pennsylvania town. For several years they had very good baseball. That was when I was very small. As I grew older they didn't have the financial support that they'd had in the early years. But Mannington always was an athletic town.

The first basketball team was in 1910. The captain of that team was Harley Kilgore, who became United States Senator. His father was an oil man, and he came here when he was about a year and a half old and lived here until after high school days. The manager was Byron Jolliffe who went on and became a vice president of RCA and one of the foremost radio authorities in the world. They only played one year. They rented a room in the Masonic Building and they only had it one year.

When I was in eighth grade they had started basketball again, but at first didn't have any local place to play. They used to play in the halls of the school building. During the summer we learned to play basketball on the playground. And then the winter of 1918-19 they had a team that played four or five games. All the games were played away. They just practiced locally, and had very poor facilities.

Then they put a floor in the local glass plant warehouse, and we played one year there. I made the team. I played four years, started as a freshman. We had a pretty good boys' team, pretty good girls' team. We played in a garage our second year. And then the third year they got a gymnasium.

We had good football teams. I played on the first undefeated football team, we were tied for the state championship in the fall of '22. I played end, and I was a senior. In 1930 — '29 or '30 — they had a second undefeated team here. And then the last few years we've had state champions here, under Roy Michael.

We had a lot of fun playing in those days. We used to travel to our basketball games, our football games out of town by streetcar. We had good streetcar service, train or streetcar. Used to play Elkins, Belington, and Philippi. We played Coach Wimer's Elkins team two years. He was a good coach.

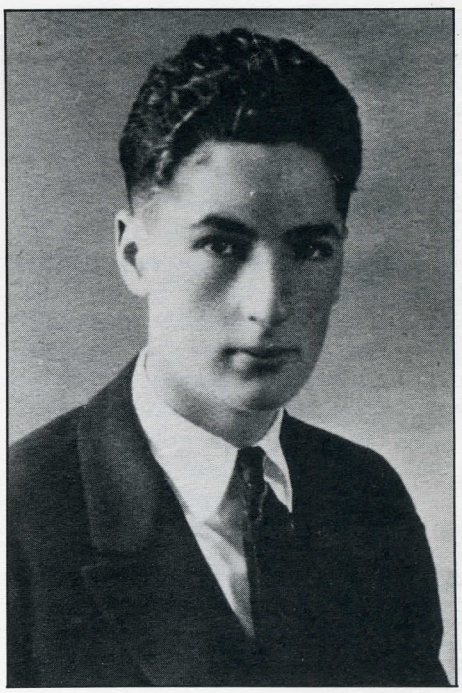
MK Did you go to the University then, in '23?

AP No, I was out several years. I went to prep school and I got sick, and then I worked a couple years, and then went to the University in Morgantown. Then I worked a year and went out to McCormick Theological Seminary, in Chicago.

MK Didn't you work one time with Navajo Indians?

AP Well, I went out West as a director of boys at a church mission. I'd worked in a boys' camp up in New England, and the Presbyterian Church Indian Mission needed a director of boys. I wasn't old enough and I wasn't a college graduate at the time, but they couldn't find anybody. So the superintendent out there wanted me to come. I went out there and stayed until the next spring, and then came back and went to the University. I lived with them about half a year, with the Navajos. I coached basketball and baseball, and assigned them the work jobs, and so forth. We got along very well.

It was an interesting change for me, yes it was. The director had had some trouble with the older ones. When I had to do the punishing I would make them stay on campus or Saturday afternoon. Normally they could go off the campus then — it was a boarding school — and go to a trading post nearby. If they needed to be punished, I wouldn't let them go. I'd make them walk guard between the girls' dormitory and the boys' dormitory, where all the girls could see them. It was very effective. They'd come around and they'd say, "Why don't you whip me? Don't do this. Why don't you whip me?" And I'd say, "No, we're not doing that anymore." The girls would kid them, they would yell at them, you know. It was very, very effective. So we didn't have much trouble.



Prichard as a high school senior. Photographer unknown, 1922.

They were good athletes, they could run. We only got to play two games of basketball because an epidemic of diphtheria developed on the reservation. They cancelled all the things.

MK What year were you there?

AP I was there in 1926. Then I had an operation on the way back, out at Mayo's, and then went on to the University then.

All the time I was in the University I worked in boys' camps in New England. One year in West Virginia, up in Terra Alta. Then up in New England. After I was graduated I worked a year in New York City, and then I went to seminary in Chicago. And then I became a minister, after three years out there.

MK What did you do in New York?

AP I worked with a wired music

Family and relatives, 1935. Arthur is on the left here, then cousin Bob Burt and wife Anna, Uncle Bert Prichard, sister Lena, father A. L. Prichard and mother Katie, and uncle Fred Prichard. Photographer unknown.

company, a predecessor of Muzak. I got two or three contracts, out of the first five that they had. This was in '31. And then the company had difficulties, because the New York Telephone Company didn't want to rent them wires. They were broadcasting over the wires from a central station. They brought in a new sales manager and he cut all the commissions. So we all quit.

An engineer from the Bell Laboratories was the one who had the idea. He's the one who came down and started wired music. They had an office and a place of broadcasting over on West 42nd Street. Our job was to go out and call on restaurants and hotels and sell them these programs of music. They could have dinner music, without any talking, and they could have dance music. Then I worked for a printing company — this was in the Depression when it was hard to get a job. I worked for the printing company until August of the following year, and then I went to seminary.

MK Did you like New York?

AP Oh, it was all right then. You could go around safely, all over the city. I went back 20-some years later, and even the policemen were going around two by two. I went back for an educational program for a couple of weeks, and at the school they said if you have an automobile take out everything of value because someone will be in it, even if it's locked. It had gotten that bad. But before, you just stayed away from the docks, at night. About anyplace else you just went, you know.

MK Did you go to clubs and theaters much?

AP No, no. Didn't have any money. It was the Depression. I got to, I think, a couple of operas, and a few shows, and that was just about the extent of it.

It was a good experience. I lived right below where Norman Thomas* had his office. I knew Norman Thomas. I had known Norman when I was at West Virginia University. I was on the student council and nothing was happening, and I suggested, "Now, we ought to have some people in. There ought to be something happening on the campus." So they made me chairman. We were going to get speakers, and the first was Norman Thomas. I introduced him, and I got acquainted with him.

MK How was he received?

AP Very well. Norman Thomas had been a Presbyterian minister, and was very intelligent, very smart. He got his start in social work in New York City and his socialism developed from his experience there. When I was in New York he had his office on Irving Place, and I was living off Irving Place. I usually could see him occasionally.

MK Was he influential in getting you to decide to go into the ministry?

AP No. I already had decided I wanted to go into the ministry. I got to see Thomas afterwards. He came out and lectured at McCormick Seminary at the summer school once. That was years after I finished — I was back for a short course, and got to see him then. Then he was in the Wheeling area one time afterwards. But I had decided to go into the ministry before I met him. I don't know, it just kind of grew on me.

MK Did it have to do with profound religious experiences, or more of a desire to serve, or a little of both?

AP A little of both. I had grown up in the church here, and had family very active. I enjoyed being in New York, but I thought, well, "Gee, I don't think I want to be in business. I just don't like that." I decided the best field to be helping people would probably be the ministry.

MK How'd your father take that?

AP My father wasn't too sure. He said, "Oh, so many of the ministers

*Thomas, the last major American Socialist politician, ran for president six times between 1928 and 1948.

I've known in the small towns have had an awful hard time." He wasn't real sure. But my mother was all for it. She had taught a Sunday school class, and she was very much for it. I never regretted that I did it.

MK Your ministry was pretty wide, wasn't it? Weren't you interested in foreign mission and refugee work?

AP Yes. My family has always been very missionary-minded, especially my mother. There was a Korean who was in seminary when I was there. We just barely knew each other, but later he came back. He went to Korea after he was graduated, but he got caught by the Second World War here, so he spent part of the time with us. I was married and had a church in Pennsylvania. He worked for the U.S. Government during that time. He could translate many of the documents, Japanese documents, and so forth.

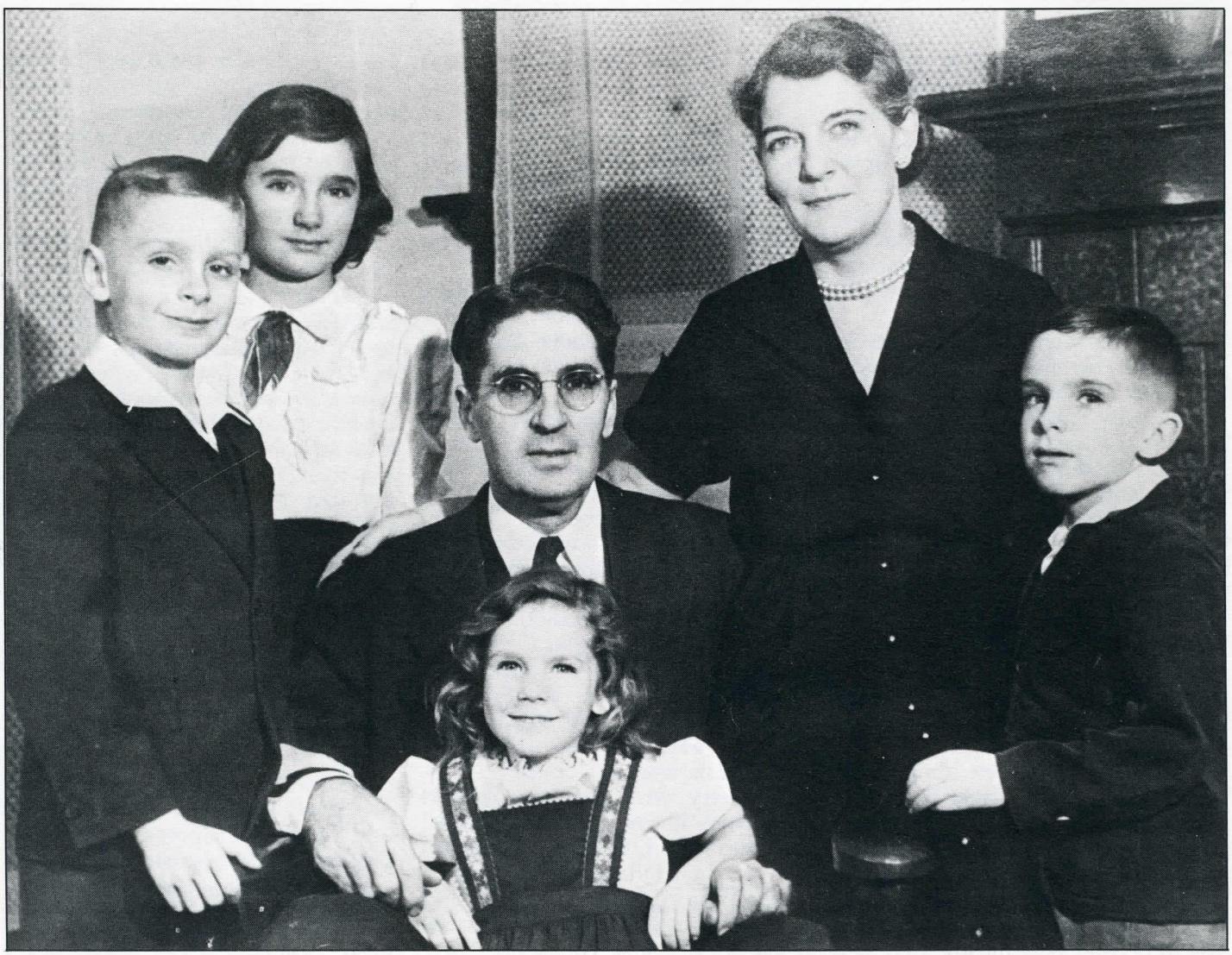
So I became interested in Korea through Min Su Pai. We were able to get him back into Korea when the war was over and we set up a missionary organization, the Good Samaritan Project, in Korea, with the blessing of our Board of Foreign Missions. He opened up a mission school to train young men in modern ways of farming. For instance, in southern Korea, there's probably 42,000 little villages, maybe of 50 people, 100 people, 200 people. Then within a mile there'll be another village. And they just farm. They don't live on the farms, they live in the village and farm an acre, two acres, three acres right around. Each will have his little place. Of course, as the families grew, they had less land per person and they were using the old methods.

Min Su's idea was to train them in modern methods, and also to train them in Christian religion. And in sanitation, citizenship, and such. He had quite a program. He'd bring in the young men for about eight and a half, nine months, and then the young women for about two and a half months, and they would be trained and they'd go back into their villages. Because before, those who were going to school from the villages would go off to college or to seminary and they'd settle in the cities. That left the people in the country without leadership.

MK What was your role in that?

AP Well, we raised money back here. We set up the Good Samaritan Project and wrote them a couple of

Arthur Prichard's own family, about 1949. Son Al is at left, then Kay, Arthur with Ginny, Mildred, and Phil. Photographer unknown.



times a year. We sent money through a Presbyterian source, but it was interdenominational.

MK Did you ever go to Korea?

AP Yes, we were there twice, and spent a few weeks each time. The first time we went around with Min Su and his wife. He had died by the second time we went, and his wife went with us to visit mission stations and see their work. They'd opened up two schools.

MK Then in the '50's didn't you get involved with the Hungarian Freedom Fighters?

AP Yes. We first got involved with the DP's, the Displaced Persons, after World War II. We were interested in what was happening to these people who had been in the war camps and did not want to go back to Communist-dominated countries. Our church was doing work with them, and I contacted Church World Services, which is a part of the National Council of Churches. They said, "Why, we've got a speaker, a woman, who has just returned after serving several years in Europe. She's a professional social worker, and in a few weeks she will be going to California and she can stop on the way." So we said, "Oh, have her come."

She spent a weekend, came in on a Friday morning. We had a meeting that evening, and only a few people turned out, but they were interested. And then she was in our church on Sunday morning. Her name was Ruth Prager. She had worked through the Jewish Council out in California, and she was returning to go into full-time social service work out there.

Ruth explained how it was done, and in Moundsville there had arrived, just a short time before, a Russian Orthodox priest, by the name of Gladkoff. Father Gladkoff had been in a camp in Germany. He was an accomplished musician, had conducted some real fine orchestras. He had composed music. But after studying at a conservatory of music he had become a priest, a Russian Orthodox priest.

He and his son, Oleg, and a daughter, and his wife were in Moundsville. They were having a hard time, because the Russian Orthodox people in Moundsville and over in Bellaire were mostly Russians who had come out of Russia not long after the turn of the century. They thought the Communists were very fine — anyone who threw out the czar must be wonderful. They, of course, had fought the czar. Because of that they fled the country. And about his first Sunday there he started to tell how terrible the Communists were — and the next Sunday there wasn't a man in church. But then they began to come back and they discovered that he was genuine.

So we got acquainted with the Gladkoffs and we started sponsoring displaced persons. We set up two committees; one was the Greater Wheeling Council of Churches Committee on Refugees, and the other was for the Presbyterian Synod. We started getting refugees coming in. We never really counted up. I believe we had in the neighborhood of 300 people. Then in December '56 and in '57, we brought in the Hungarian Freedom Fighters.* They were included in that total.

Presbyterianism has been both a sustaining faith and a life's work for the Prichards. Here they stand before Mannington's First United Presbyterian Church, which he pastored before retirement.

*The Freedom Fighters tried to end Russian domination of Hungary in 1956. The popular uprising was crushed by Soviet troops in November of that year.

Arthur Prichard was born in this house on Pleasant Street in Mannington. He and Mrs. Prichard live there today.

MK Where did you put them up when they came in?

AP Well, I presume maybe 70 or 75 over a period of several years stayed in our home. And other people put them up. Probably our biggest problem was when we had a busload of Freedom Fighters come in January and we already had a number of refugees in the area. They were coming in so fast into New York and over in New Brunswick where they had the refugee camp, they couldn't handle them. Already I'd had, oh, three or four refugees come in, in December. I called the woman who was executive secretary of the church committee and said, "Well, how about another couple?" She said, "How about a busload?" And I said, "You're kidding!" She said, "I'm not. We can't handle them. We just got to get 'em out." So we said all right, a *small* busload.

Thirty came in on a very cold, zero-degree morning. Arthur Varaday, a Hungarian minister from the Ohio side who had been a Catholic priest but became a Protestant, was there with us. He helped us all along. When they came on the bus, we thought we'd have seven or eight families. And we had places for seven or eight families. Well, there were 22 single people, 21 men and one single woman, and then three families. We couldn't put them where we'd planned. We had TV people there, and we had radio people, newspaper people, and they said, "Where you gonna put them?" and we said, "We don't know." This was late morning, so when the noon broadcast over the local station came on, "Freedom Fighters Arrive, No Places to Go" — and the afternoon newspaper had headlines "Hungarian Freedom Fighters Come, No Place to Go" our phone started ringing, didn't stop for 10 days.

MK This was in Wheeling?

AP This was in Wheeling. And they didn't have the dial system then, people had to get the operator. The phone rang from 7:30 in the morning until 10 at night. About three weeks later someone told me, "I tried to get you three weeks ago, but the operator said, 'Is this an emergency?' I said, 'No,' and she said, 'Won't you try some other time? I've got people stacked up waiting to get this number.'" There must have been 1,000 calls. The phone just didn't stop.

Anyway, we got them settled, and some of them turned out to be very fine workers. Some were 18, 19, 20 years old at the time. One of them was a locomotive engineer, he was only about 22, 23. He had driven his train into Budapest, just gotten in there as the Communists started in. Started to take over. So he stole the engine — he just went down to the railroad yard and took some of the ones that wanted to get out. They got on the engine, and ran through the Communists, to the border. Just drove the train on out of there. They had exciting stories, how they fought just with their hands. They had molotov cocktails, little gasoline bombs with a wick in the bottle, light it and throw it, you know.

Several of them went over to Columbus, Ohio. We saw them a couple of years ago, spent a Sunday with them. One now has his own construction company. One fellow, he was the one who married the girl who was on the bus with them, and he looked like he would never do anything but manual labor. I thought, of all the group, he probably would be the one who would have the most difficulty. They went to New Jersey, across from New York. She did domestic work for a family. He bought an old farm house and fixed it up and sold it. Bought another old house and fixed it up. Last I heard he was a millionaire down in Florida. So you never know.

MK Why don't you tell us some more about your research into the

history of Mannington?

AP Well, I got interested in the history of Mannington as a result of the Bicentennial. They asked me to be on the committee, and I was kind of busy and said I didn't know if I had the time. They said, "Well, write a few things about the early days. We'll put it in the Fairmont paper, so that when we have our local Bicentennial celebration people will know about Mannington history in advance and it will create some interest." So I did serve on the committee and wrote half a dozen articles about the early days in Mannington, the oil field and the fires, some of the early bands, and the streetcars, and some of those things.

It was just about that time that former GOLDENSEAL editor Tom Screven said that he would like to have something. The first thing I wrote for him was about what I believe was the first automobile built in West Virginia. It was built by Charles R. Phillips, whose father had a machine shop across the creek here. He had the tool works. They repaired tools for the oil fields originally, and then later for the mines. Phillips built a little steamer, back in 1900, and that started the automobiles here.

Then I wrote about the oil fields, the teams and teamsters. Then the Lebanese, the Syrians we called them, and some of the early circuses and other things. I later wrote about the Heck Radio Line, which we believe was the first community cable system in the country, and early telephone service. There were two telephone companies here in the beginning.

Several people encouraged me to go ahead and write a book about the early days of Mannington. To do it with episodes I'd already published, and other material. The first streetcars, politics, athletics, and the Chautauqua and Lyseum courses. Material on the Civil War.

I have a chapter on a Scotsman who preached here for 30 years — and he came here when he was 62. George McPherson Hunter. He'd been a seaman in Scotland, in the merchant marine. After being at sea for several years he went then to the University of Glasgow, while he still lived in Scotland. Later he was the secretary for the Seaman's Institute in New York when the survivors of the Titanic were brought in. After he came to this country he studied theology and became a minister, and then wrote several books and edited the *Presbyterian Banner.* He was our minister.

MK To hear you describe Mannington it seems almost a magical place.

AP We have had a lot here. But I believe that in most towns you'll discover many of the same things, when you start digging. I really think that. Once you start digging, you uncover people with talent who were maybe never known outside the community. There have been many things that have happened and a lot of people with a lot of ability.

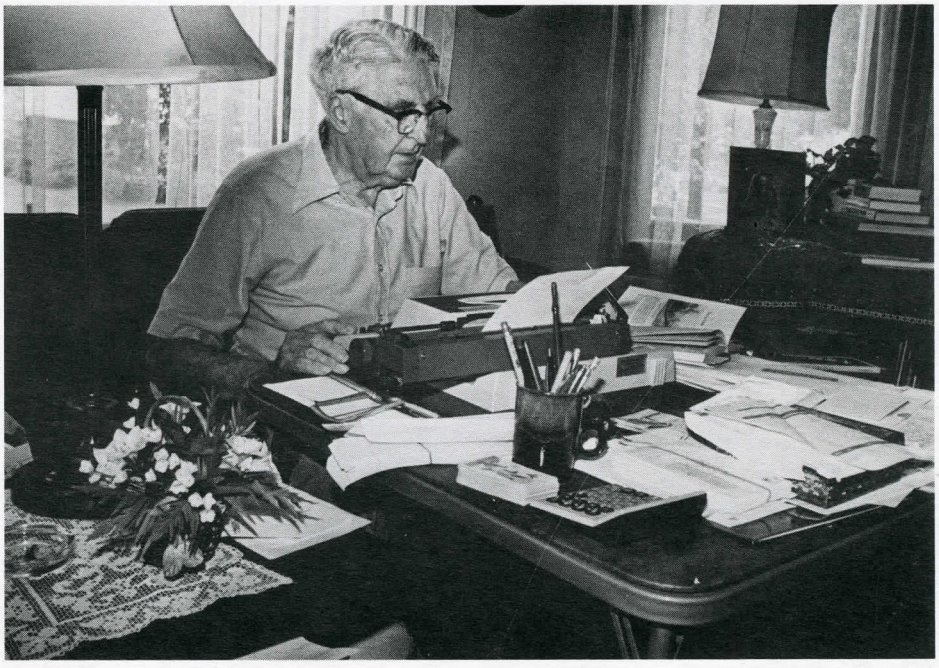
MK Finally, Mr. Prichard, an important personal question: You and Mrs. Prichard make such a handsome couple I have to ask how you met?

AP The first sight of my wife was when she was playing softball on the Wooster College campus. That was the summer of 1938. I was attending a ministers' conference there and she a Christian education training school. She looked good to me. Evidently, I looked all right to her, as we were married the following summer in Joilet, Illinois, her home town. She is the daughter of Guy and Mildred Hughes of Springfield, Missouri, and grew up in that state. After two years of college, Mildred began teaching in the Joliet area, where she and her family had moved. She earned a B.S. degree in Education from Northwestern University by going to school nights and summers.

Mildred was well prepared to be a minister's wife. In addition to being a trained teacher, she was a Christian, was the volunteer Director of Youth Work at a Joliet church, had excellent health, was the older sister of four lively younger brothers, and was unselfish. We have four children — Kay Lapina, wife of a professor of music at the University of Wyoming; Albert, on the staff of WNPB-TV, Morgantown; Philip, a lawyer in Mannington; and Virginia Smejkal, a counselor at North Marion High School — and seven grandchildren.

Mr. Prichard's book, still in the works when this interview was done, is now published and available for purchase. ***An Appalachian Legacy: Mannington Life and Spirit*** *(hardback, 320 pages, with illustrations) may be purchased for $15.75 in bookstores, or ordered directly from Arthur C. Prichard at 214 Pleasant Street, Mannington 26582. Mail orders should include $1.20 for postage and handling and West Virginia residents should add 79¢ sales tax.*

The writer at work. Mr. Prichard has written numerous articles for GOLDENSEAL and other publications, and recently published his book, *An Appalachian Legacy: Mannington Life and Spirit.*



Making a living from a mountain farm is a job for anyone, but blind farmer Dayton Bradfield manages very well. His dog Buddy is a big help.

Making It on His Own

Hardy County Farmer Dayton Bradfield

By Arthur C. Prichard

Photographs by Robert L. Campbell

"There he was," said John Wood, "making hay in a steep field. I had stopped on the mountain road to watch him a moment. He had cut the grass with a scythe a few days before. Now that it had dried, he was gathering it in his arms and taking it to his cart-like wagon nearby. He knew where his wagon was as his dog, standing by it, was barking. They were working as a team. You know, Bradfield is blind, yet he works his mountain farm," explained Wood, himself a successful Hardy County farmer. "It really is something."

Dayton Bradfield running his 180-acre farm near Mathias astonishes many people. That a 71-year-old blind man can operate a good-sized farm, largely mountainside land, is remarkable. Arnold Strawderman of Mathias, a longtime friend of Bradfield, took me to see the blind farmer. Our visit with Bradfield confirmed the things Wood and Strawderman had told me of him.

Dayton was born on top of South Branch Mountain to Nelson and "Pokey" Wilkins Bradfield. "My mother was named for the Indian girl, Pocahontas," explains Dayton. His childhood home was in a beautiful spot with a mountain range in the background. He could see when he was a boy, but like many farm children, took for granted the beauty of farmland, woods, and wildlife.

"I could see good until I was 11 or 12," he says. "I went to school with the others. Then I got this astigmatism. The nerve was too sensitive for the light, and that is the way it started going bad. I was about 12 when my sight started going bad. I stayed in school until I was 14 or 15. By then I couldn't read fine print and so I couldn't keep up in school."

During his years in school and after he dropped out, he worked on his parents' farm, helping with the chores and learning to farm. When he was 17 years old he entered the West Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind in Romney. This school occupies the grounds and some of the buildings of one of West Virginia's oldest educational institutions, the Romney Academy, which opened in 1820.

At Romney, Dayton completed the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. In addition to studying general history, geography, English, and other subjects normally taught in those grades in public schools, he studied Braille, typing, took shop, and learned to make brooms, mops, chairs, and baskets.

After Romney, he returned to his parents' home, where he farmed. The following year he married Virginia Roberts, a girl he had met at the deaf and blind school. Virginia had taken a general course of studies, which for her included vocal music. She, like Dayton, was partially blind.

Dayton says they began married life with about $400 between them. "My daddy started me a bank account when I was a boy. I had built myself a little chicken house and kept chickens, and selling their eggs, I had gotten some money. Also, I had three or four ewes. When I could, I put money in the bank account.

"When we were married, I went over to Moorefield to see a businessman who had a little farm of 36 acres that he had gotten when a man couldn't pay him. The businessman had gone on a note for a chap who owned it, and when the man couldn't pay, Jack had to take it for the note. I told him I was interested in the place and he said he would sell it to me for $200. I thought I was doing all right, and I told him I would look at the place. He took me and Ginny to see it, and we bought it. Then he thought he had priced it too cheap, and before the deal was over he said he wanted $225." Bradfield chuckled at the memory. "So it cost us $225.

"There's where we got our start. It was a pretty good little farm, had plenty of water and a nice lot of sugar trees, and had a log cabin — a three-room log cabin. Had some good land and some poor land. We stayed there between five and six years."

They left there for the farm they now occupy. The present farm, in fact, was the one they first tried to buy when they married. But the widow owning it wanted to keep it. It was five years later when she offered to sell the farm to Nelson Bradfield, Dayton's father. Nelson wanted his son and Virginia to be back near him.

"Daddy came over and said the woman wanted to sell the place and

Pauline Bradfield is also legally blind. "She was the first girl I ever went with," Mr. Bradfield says, although they married only after his first wife's death.

she had it priced right and he wanted to do all he could, and would loan me the money to pay for it. It was $1,200 she wanted. So I told him we would come over and look it over the next day. We drove over with a horse and buggy. Ginny took a liking to it as soon as she saw it. So we said we would take it. We moved over then. We were about all summer and fall getting our stuff over. It was June 14, 1938, when we bought the place here. I have been here ever since."

At the time they settled on their new farm, he could see well enough to handle horses and to use a tractor a little. "I used to keep horses," he says. "When I could see I did a lot of plowing with horses, and raised a good bit: wheat, oats, buckwheat, and corn. I used to have as much as five or six acres of corn. When the corn was little I had right smart trouble cultivating it the first time. When the corn would get up a bit, enough where I could see it, it was easier."

Before becoming completely blind, Bradfield farmed 25 to 30 acres, had a garden, and kept livestock. He also cut and sawed wood from his sizable forest. "I used to sell a good bit of wood when I first came over here." He says that Mr. Strawderman, among others, "would come and bring a truck and haul wood for me to Mathias and around there. People were in the chicken business and there was a big demand for wood. They had to keep chicken houses warm. I got $3 a cord delivered down there. I remember giving Luther Sowder a dollar a cord for hauling it and Sagers down here 50¢ a cord for sawing it, so that gave me a dollar and a half for the wood and for cutting it. We were making money then!" His amusement spilled over into laughter.

Arnold Strawderman says Dayton and his wife still saw some wood, using their tractor for the work. To get the tractor to the place where it is convenient for the couple to saw, Dayton drives the machine from the shed by using his cane to feel a stone wall and a fence, with his wife telling him which way to turn when he needs guidance. Dayton explained to Strawderman that he does it by feeling and when the tractor engine is running he goes by the sound.

"I told Dayton they shouldn't be sawing," commented Strawderman, "but he chuckled and replied, 'I bought the tractor for that and have always done so.'" In recent years a hunting club has paid for the privilege of hunting on the Bradfield farm. At times club members cut firewood to help provide for the Bradfield's heating and cooking needs.

Dayton's vision remained about the same from 1929 until 1962, when he became totally blind. "The doctor said that something had happened inside, but he didn't tell me what it was. And that is the way it is now. When the sun is shining I can tell daylight from dark."

Despite his blindness, Dayton continued working his farm, but by necessity on a reduced scale. He made hay, had a garden until the last few years, and kept livestock. In the summer of 1983, when I interviewed him, he had 14 head of cattle, calves, and yearlings. "Our dog, 'Bud,' rounds them up. He helps to see that the cattle are where they should be at night."

The dog stands by the gate with Bradfield until all the cattle enter. If

some aren't in he will help get them in. All the cattle have their own places in the barn. If some don't go where they are supposed to, Bud attempts to get them in their right places. If he isn't successful, he lets his master know, and Bradfield joins in getting them straightened out.

"Bud can see, and he serves me as eyes and a partner in farming. I couldn't keep the cows if I didn't have the dog. When cows go off having calves — into the woods or grass, often the worst places they can get to — me and Bud go after them. When Bud finds them, he goes to barking. He lets me know, so I can tell where they are. His mother was a Border Collie. Border Collies are stock dogs, driving dogs, and it makes him a good dog. His father was a hunting dog."

As Strawderman and I turned down the lane on our visit to the Bradfield house, Bud came barking vigorously to meet us. As we drove toward the house, the dog retreated, still barking. Then he went into the house to warn Dayton and Mrs. Bradfield that strangers were arriving. Upon Dayton's coming out to learn who the visitors were, the dog was by his side, apparently ready to help his master if necessary.

Once when Strawderman was visiting in the Bradfield home Bud barked several times. "I guess you've company coming," commented Arnold.

"No," answered Dayton. "No one is coming."

"But Bud is barking."

"No," explained Bradfield, "when he wants us to know someone is coming he uses a different bark."

When Bradfield goes forth to work on the farm, the dog accompanies him. Once when I was driving by the Bradfield farm I saw Dayton, with a scythe over a shoulder, using a walking stick to feel his way up a steep field, where he intended to mow grass. Bud was with him, running a little ahead or to one side or the other, then back to Bradfield. I pulled the car to the side of the road and stopped for a better look. This set the dog to barking, warning his master of another person's presence.

On the occasions that Bradfield takes his special cart-wagon into the field to bring back a load, such as hay, Bud helps him. If it is a steep grade or a heavy load, the dog is hitched to the wagon, and he and his master pull it.

The wagon is Bradfield's treasured possession, and he loves to talk about it. Upon total loss of his eyesight he had to quit driving horses and to limit the use of the tractor to a small area near his house and barn. Still needing to move loads, he devised a wagon about three and a half feet by six feet in size, with four rubber tire wheelbarrow wheels. The wheels have ball bearings and the vehicle moves easily. There is a tongue to pull and guide it, and ropes operate the brakes.

Bradfield praises his invention en-

Mr. Bradfield with the farm cart he invented for himself. "It's the handiest thing," he says, "every place needs a wagon like this."

thusiastically. "Every place needs a wagon like this. It's the handiest thing! Arnold, let's go into making them," he urges his friend. "We could make a lot of money!"

When Bradfield was asked if he ever gets lost, he said, "Very seldom. Once when I was in a field, I tried as hard as I could and yet I couldn't find my wagon. I called Bud to me, and put a cord I carry in my pocket around Bud's neck and had him guide me to the wagon. Sometimes when I'm in a less familiar part of the farm I get a little confused as to exactly where I am. Then I tie the cord to Bud and tell him to take me home."

One of Bud's jobs is chasing wild animals off the farm. He frightens deer away by barking and running at them. He makes life dangerous for groundhogs and opossums. Raccoons give him trouble. "Bud will fight with a coon whenever one comes around," said Bradfield. "He has got four or five coons, but I have to help him with them. He can't kill a coon by himself, but he goes after them. He will get them down and they will get him down. A coon tries to get a dog into water and then drown the dog. Bud has fought coons in water, but I have had to help him." A favorite trick of a raccoon is to get a dog into water, then climb on the dog's back, or head if possible, and drown the dog. When Bud tangles with a raccoon, Bradfield somehow gets into the fight with his walking stick to help his dog win.

The communication between Bradfield and Bud is remarkable, but sometimes the man does misunderstand his animal friend. Arnold Strawderman remembers an occasion in the summer of 1983 when he and two other men drove out to see the blind farmer. Hearing Bud barking in an outbuilding, the three went there looking for Bradfield. The farmer explained that Bud was after a groundhog in a hole under the shed, and he was trying to help the dog. But Strawderman and his friends discovered that Bud wasn't after a groundhog at all, but had gotten trapped underground. Bradfield didn't realize the predicament into which Bud had maneuvered himself. The men, by moving a large rock and a quantity of dirt, managed to free the dog.

Left: Arnold Strawderman is a Bradfield family friend, glad to help whenever he's needed.
Above: Bradfield does less farming than he used to. Nowadays, a small cattle herd is the backbone of his operation.
Below: The Bradfields have lived independently, without public assistance despite their handicaps, and they expect to continue doing so.

Sometimes the blind man has other problems in his determination to lead an active, independent life. John Wood repeats a story a highway worker told him. Members of a road crew, having pulled to one side of the mountain road which borders the Bradfield farm, were sitting in their truck eating lunch. Feeling a thud, they looked back to see what had hit the rear of their vehicle. It was Bradfield, who, while walking briskly along the edge of the road, had smacked into the truck hard enough to give himself a solid bump. The day Strawderman and I visited the Bradfields I noticed a sizable cut on one arm. Apparently, it was from a recent injury. Doubtlessly, his inability to see results in many bruises and injuries.

Bradfield's rugged independence is refreshing. In a society where some more fortunate people are more intent on acquiring assistance than in working, Dayton's efforts to support himself are inspiring. He has relied primarily on his own endeavors, and even during the Depression, as well as in other difficult times, sought to earn his own living.

"I've tried to make it on my own. Although now I'm getting some Social Security, I've never gotten aid for the blind, nor have I asked for or received food stamps or other welfare."

He admits that on occasion he has had to turn to those who could see for assistance. Now that he no longer is able to drive a horse, he and his wife must depend on others for transportation. Friends drive them to the store, post office, the Hardy County Courthouse, and to the Progressive Brethren Church in Mathias.

The Bradfields keep up their property. The house and yard and the space surrounding the farm buildings are noticeable for their neatness. "He's like his father, Nelson Bradfield," said Miss Lynn Tusing, who has lived all her life on top of South Branch Mountain, as did the Nelson Bradfields. "Nelson kept a clean, neat place." So does Dayton.

Dayton has had the help of a wife — in fact, two wives. But they, too, have had poor eyesight. His first wife, Virginia, died in January 1979. Pauline Meeks Bradfield, his second wife, is legally blind. Although able to see newspaper headlines and to read large labels on packages, she can't read ordinary newspaper or magazine print.

"Pauline was the first girl I ever went with," Dayton told Strawderman and me. "That was at Romney." Laughing, he goes on, for our hearing and for Pauline's benefit, too. "She was a jealous type. When we were going together at school, I didn't want to go with just one girl, the first one I had ever gone with, but with some others, too. Pauline said if I couldn't just go with her, we would quit, which finally we did. After Ginny's death I got in touch with Pauline. Later we were married."

The blind couple make a good match. The lack of eyesight and increasing age limit their activities, but they work together to help each other along. They keep in touch with neighbors and stay informed on happenings in the community. Braille, recorded books, radio, and the telephone keep them aware of events in the larger world. They have a claim to help and sympathy if anyone does, but they've never been a burden on society. Rather, they have made positive contributions, for their ability to cope uncomplainingly with life, making their own way in spite of handicaps which might overpower the rest of us, make them an inspiration to those fortunate enough to know them.

Country Radio

The Early Days of WHIS, Bluefield

By Garret Mathews

Lee Moore and Juanita could tell the size of their audience by the number of ballpoint pens they sold through the mail. Gordon Jennings was a country musician and a better-than-average salesman himself, but no amount of sincere pitching could sell much Bi-Tone Medicine after folks noticed the word "strychnine" on the label. Jennings and his buddy, Jimmy Barker, were soon off the air.

Ezra Cline was happy to be performing, period. Playing the upright bass on the radio sure beat dodging slate falls at Mingo County coal mines, and he'd done both. The Stepp Brothers, Esmond and Esland, were skilled guitar players but they were not skilled diplomats. Not even with each other. Arguments between the two over song selections were common and on at least one occasion blows were exchanged during a chorus.

Such was life on Bluefield country radio station WHIS in the 1930's, the pioneer days for a still new entertainment medium. Musicians rose or fell on the quality of their talent or the popularity of their sponsor's product, or occasionally simply on luck, and sometimes they fought on the air. Altogether, it made for a lively mix of programming hard for us to imagine nowadays.

No group lasted forever and Bluefield was a revolving door for literally hundreds of hillbilly musicians, as they were called. At first, most performers were from the community and the surrounding coalfields. Later, musicians came to the city on a circuit of sorts that usually included other stopovers at Charleston, Huntington, and Roanoke. It was not unusual for a fiddler to entertain in Bluefield in January and be at one of the major radio stations in Detroit or Chicago or Atlanta by summer.

The WHIS entertainers had regular shows of 15 or 30 minutes, depending on the popularity of the act. Some performers worked several times a day, hawking bakery products, furniture, mouthwash, and even kitchen cabinets between songs. Some wore Stetson hats, and even those who didn't usually had dreams to match. The best attracted legions of fans to personal appearances while others had to content themselves with the few dollars a week the station paid.

WHIS goes back very early in the broadcasting history of West Virginia. The local Shott boys, Hugh and Jim, were curious about the new gizmo called radio. In 1922 they commissioned a fellow named Ernest Kitts to build them a transmitter which they set in operation in the office of their father, *Bluefield Daily Telegraph* owner Hugh Ike Shott, Jr. Here, with a Victrola and a batch of quarter-inch-thick records, station WHAJ (for Hugh And Jim) beamed its first signal. That signal was sporadic and entirely at the whim of the two young broadcasters. WHAJ was on the air only when the brothers could talk people into coming by the office to play records.

This early experiment came to an end when the young men spilled battery acid on a priceless rug in their father's office and he forbade them from using his quarters for their electronic plaything. They soon had other troubles, as well. By the late 1920's the airwaves had become so congested with amateur radio operators transmitting on any frequency at any time that the government established the first Federal Radio Commission, making it mandatory for a station to obtain a license and an assigned frequency. The Shotts would have to comply, or stay off the air.

It took some doing, but in 1929 the Shott brothers obtained approval to transmit at an assigned frequency of 1420 kilocycles, sharing that position on the dial with station WRBX in Roanoke. The broadcast areas overlapped, so the two stations had to share time too, working out mutually agreeable programming hours. The call letters were changed to WHIS, to appease Shott Senior.

Hugh and Jim Shott rented rooms on the top floor of the West Virginian Hotel. They built a tower on the roof and hired their first employees. The three-man staff included Ken Beaugee as manager and Leo Davidson and Ed Shumate as engineers.

The station had a power of 100 watts when, at 6 p.m. on June 27, 1929, WHIS went on the air for the first time. The first two-hour broadcast featured the Lions Club Quartet and area performers James Elmer Brown, Maurie Barrett, Marion Smith, Blanche Armentrout, and Charles Spencer. Soon the station developed regular hours — from noon to 1 p.m. and from 6 to 8 p.m. The performers were rarely paid, but the exposure apparently made up for the lack of up-front money.

In 1933 WHIS bought out the Roanoke station with which it had shared time. In 1935 a new 500-watt transmitter was purchased for the West Virginian Hotel operation and the staff was moved to temporary studios on Commerce Street. The station boomed during these years as a proving ground for budding hillbilly

performers. The late Cowboy Copas and Little Jimmy Dickens from Wyoming County were two to hit the national big time after getting their start at WHIS.

Mel Barnett was there almost at the beginning. His first year at WHIS was in 1930 when the studio was on the 12th floor of the hotel. The station had carbon microphones and rugs on the floor to pad the sound. "I was always the master of ceremonies," Barnett recalls. "Performing wasn't my end of it. My job was to introduce the hillbillies.

"In the beginning, all the musicians advertised an aspirin and cold tablet product called Bi-Tone. Later other area businesses sponsored some of the 15- and 30-minute segments."

Barnett, who still lives in Bluefield, particularly remembers Lee Moore and Juanita, the most popular radio duet ever to hit the city. "They were flat broke when they came to the mountains. But they got rich quick." He also recalls working with the Buskirk Family, Woody Williams, Buddy Williams, armless musician Ray Myers, and Joe Woods. Woods owned the Hillbilly Barn that provided an after-dark stage for the radio entertainers.

Garland Hess, one of our area's foremost authorities on the early days of country music, sang and played the guitar on WHIS from 1937 to 1939. Now station manager of radio station WTZE in Tazewell, Virginia, Hess has vivid memories of Ray Myers.

"He did everything with his feet — I mean from playing the guitar to feeding the parking meter. He even ate with his feet. Ray would put the guitar on the floor and play it like you would a steel guitar. Naturally, he wasn't an all-star musician but he could draw a crowd when a lot of the other fellows couldn't."

Hess himself first performed in a square dance band led by his father. The troupe regularly hit the road as far south as Bristol, on the Virginia-Tennessee line, and up to Williamson in the other direction.

"We were a family of coal miners and we just naturally fell in with country music," Hess says. "It was funny back then. Everybody who liked country music was called a hillbilly and not too many people liked to confess to that. I guess you could say we were closet listeners.

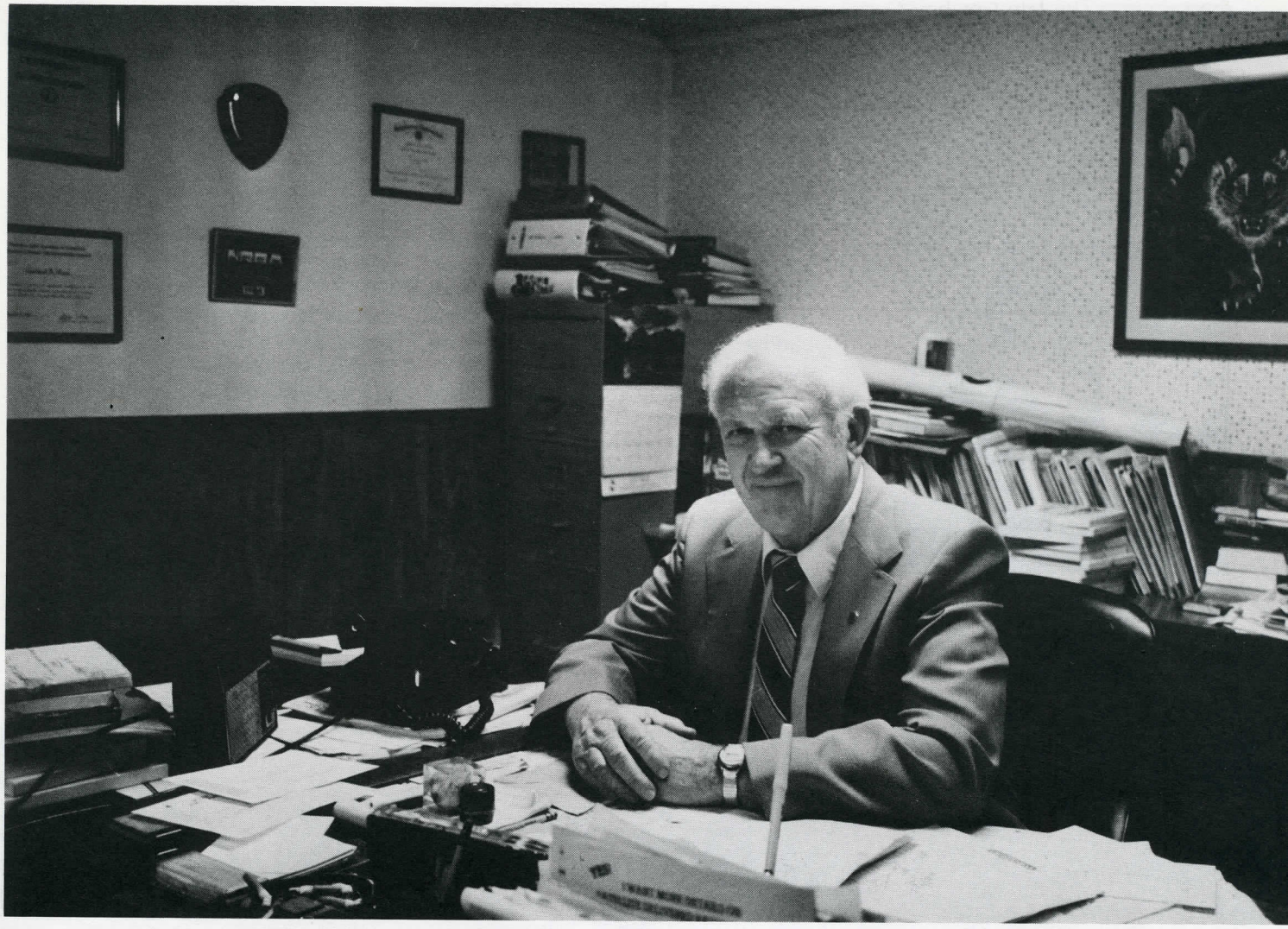
"But let somebody like the Stanley Brothers or Roy Acuff come to a small school surrounded by maybe one little old service station and a hardware store and there'd be people standing on top of each other to see the show. A lot of those closets got opened up."

His father gave him an $80 guitar in lieu of money in return for playing in the band. "I've still got that old guitar and it's been almost 50 years," Hess grinned. 'I've been offered $1,000 for it but I don't think I'll ever need the money that badly."

He'll keep the guitar, but Garland Hess gave up on a professional entertainment career in 1940. "That's when I realized I wasn't all that good," he admits. "There were performers at WHIS back then who spent an hour or so a day opening letters that were full of money from people who wanted to buy their songbooks. They all had big black cars and I was just barely driving anything at all."

Perhaps the best known WHIS group at that time was the Lonesome Pine Fiddlers. Members included Gordon Jennings, fiddler Arthur Smith, and the Cline boys — Ezra, Ned, and Ireland — from Mingo County. The band played as many as

A young Roy Acuff (at microphone) was among many star performers to work at WHIS. Date and photographer unknown.



Garland Hess, who got his start at WHIS in 1937, has stayed with radio for nearly a half-century. Photo by Mary Anne Stevens.

six nights a week at theaters and coal camps in southern West Virginia. The Fiddlers stayed in existence — with varying personnel — from 1938 until 1968.

Ireland, better known as "Curly Ray" Cline, is currently a member of Ralph Stanley's bluegrass band. Brother Ezra, now 75, is retired and living in Mingo County. "We started out playing part-time on Saturdays," Ezra told me. "I played upright bass and did a lot of comedy. When I wasn't playing music I was dressed out in a clown outfit or a gorilla suit.

"I played at WHIS regular for almost six years. I'd go from the coal mines straight to the radio station. I never had a serious accident underground but a couple of times I was only three or four feet away from getting killed."

Cline eventually left the mines when the Lonesome Pine Fiddlers took to the road. The group cut 24 albums for RCA Victor, several of which made the country top 10 list. The single "Dirty Dishes" was the Fiddlers' most successful tune.

"We traveled all over the place and it wasn't unusual for us to get mail from Canada," Cline went on. "We were with all the big names — Grandpa Jones, Bill Monroe, and Roy Acuff. We used to make $1,000 a day when we'd play a big show at a park or at a stadium."

That was a far cry from the $15 a week Cline says the Fiddlers made at WHIS in the mid-1930's. "We were sponsored at one time or another by drug companies, car companies, furniture outfits, the bus station, and even something called the Black Draught Medicine Company. Things were pretty rough when we first went to Bluefield but we always managed to have plenty to eat."

He remembers one of the early fiddlers' conventions held at Glenwood Park near Princeton. "We took in $1,350, which was real good money in those days. We charged 50¢ a person and we ended up having to turn people away from the park. It was a competition thing. We had three groups out there from WHIS. I can remember Rex and Eleanor Parker, Farley Holden, Ray Morgan, and Wayne Tilford. A member of the losing group in the fiddlers' contest had to roll a peanut across the stage with his nose. It's been too long for me to remember who had to do that."

Cline quit playing music in 1968 after more than 30 years. He just quit, cold turkey. He has even given his instruments away. "I'm healthier now than I've ever been in my life,"

Rex and Eleanor Parker, early performers at WHIS, are still making music. Today the couple are a favorite southern West Virginia gospel act. Early photographer and date unknown, recent photo by Steve Payne.

he says. "I even jog two miles a day. I sure never had time for that when I was doing music."

Lee Moore also started at WHIS in 1938. Now living in Wyanskill, New York, he has been in the music business more than 50 years. "My wife Juanita and I sang at 5:00 and 10:00 in the morning at Bluefield," he remembers. "We did some country music but we were most known for gospel. The coal mines were booming back then, so we were successful. Juanita had her name on everything from Indian blankets to kitchen cabinets."

They generally worked for a 60-40 split when they would play the coal camp theaters and union halls. Their most popular song was entitled "True and Trembling Motorman," a tune about a coal miner who accidentally ran over his motorman. They sang it every night.

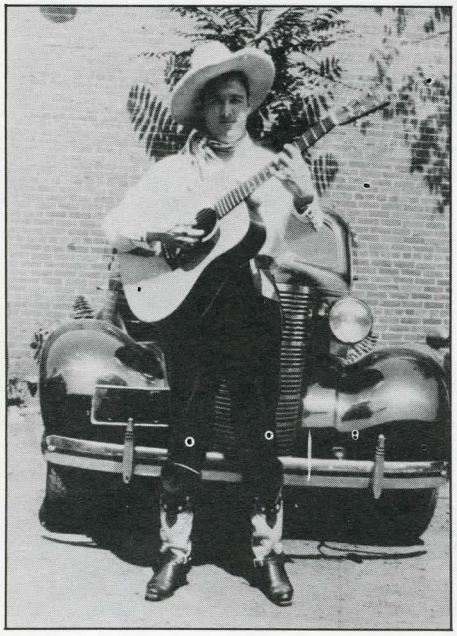
"The travel over those coalfield roads was awful but I wouldn't have stayed as long as I did if I didn't enjoy what I was doing," he said of his four years at WHIS. Moore, who has worked in more than a dozen states as a musician, still sings and plays guitar at New York bluegrass gatherings.

Gordon Jennings and Jimmy Barker (also known as "Elmer the Hillbilly Kid") formed a duet called Gordon and Jimmy. They first performed together in 1936 and soon became regulars on the "Morning Jamboree" at WHIS. They also became chief promoters in coalfield towns for the Bi-Tone Medicine Company. They pushed the products on the radio for $15 a week plus $3 per personal appearance.

The medicine company folded because of the pure food and drugs law which required that ingredients be listed on labels. When the word "strychnine" was duly listed, the best salesman in the world couldn't sell the stuff. Gordon and Jimmy were out of a job.

Jimmy Barker drifted away to play with Lynn Davis and the Forty-

For Lee Moore, shown here in the 1930's and in the late 1970's, WHIS was an early part of a long entertainment career. He was in Bluefield from 1938 to 1942, and says, "I wouldn't have stayed if I hadn't enjoyed what I was doing." Photographers unknown.



Niners and Jennings joined the Lonesome Pine Fiddlers who had their own show on the Bluefield station. About this time the Fiddlers acquired Arthur Smith in a trade with the Delmore Brothers. During his years with the group, Jennings worked shows with Lynn Davis and Molly O'Day, the Parkers, Speedy Krise, Leslie Keith, and the Spencer Brothers, among others.

Over the years, Jennings had several offers to leave Bluefield but except for a sojourn in St. Louis he stayed in town. He established the "Country Jamboree," giving him an opportunity to rub elbows with Tex Ritter, Hank Snow, and other stars who came to his show. Shortly before his 1982 death he was named "Mr. DJ, USA" at Opryland in Nashville.

One of the most knowledgeable writers on the subject of vintage country music is Dr. Ivan Tribe, who teaches American history at Ohio's Rio Grande College when he isn't writing articles for music publications in the United States and abroad. Tribe is the author of an upcoming book on West Virginia country music, which will include material on WHIS in Bluefield.

"WHIS was the fifth radio station in the state, behind ones in Wheeling, Huntington, Charleston, and Fairmont," Tribe recently said. "The amount of live country programming made the station unique, as well as the fact that the music wasn't diluted. By that, I mean that on some stations you got Polish polka music and stuff like that in with the country. That didn't happen on WHIS."

Tribe's research traces the development of many personalities who performed at one time or another on WHIS before World War II. He agrees that it wasn't the money paid by the station that brought them there. "These performers worked on the radio just to have something to do," he figures, noting that the exposure didn't hurt, either. "They made their real money at night at the coal camp theaters. Sometimes there would be a moving picture show as an added attraction, and crowds of upwards of 1,000 weren't unusual.

"They could have made even more if it hadn't been for the low ticket prices," Tribe continues. "In the late 1930's you could see some of the best in the business for as little as a dime. Even with a 70-30 split, which was striking a pretty good deal back then, that didn't leave a lot of money for the musicians."

As an historian, Tribe takes country music seriously. "I make it a point to include as much of the music in my history classes as I can," he says. "Culture is an important part of American history, and if you understand the culture of country music it will explain more to you about the common man than anything I know of." Dr. Tribe will get no argument on that point from Mel Barnett, Garland Hess, or the other oldtime personalities of WHIS in Bluefield.

Garland Hess has crystal clear recollections of WHIS and the Bluefield of the late 1930's. Photo by Mary Anne Stevens.

"Radio With a Capital R"

Garland Hess Remembers WHIS and Bluefield

Author Garret Mathews didn't know it when he wrote to radio veteran Garland Hess for information about WHIS, but he was about to strike paydirt. Hess responded with a long typed letter — five pages, single spaced — richly detailing his memories of early days at the Bluefield station. There was far more information than could be incorporated into Mathews' "Country Radio" article, so we're excerpting part of the letter below.

Mr. Hess left Bluefield in 1939, and is now at radio station WTZE in nearby Tazewell, Virginia. —ed.

WHIS in 1937, the year I went there, was a real popular station, not so much because of the quality of the programs, but simply because it was the only local station anywhere around. There was not another station in all of southern West Virginia until the spring of 1939, when WJLS in Beckley and WBTH in Williamson went on the air. There were stations in Charleston, Roanoke, and Bristol, but WHIS was the only local station for a large area in West Virginia and Virginia. Even with only 1,000 watts power, in the early morning WHIS had regular listeners in Ohio, Kentucky, and North Carolina. The large number of stations now on the air has greatly affected radio coverage. WHIS now, with 5,000 watts power, hardly gets past Tazewell or Welch.

WHIS in 1937, '38, '39 usually had about six or seven staff announcers, of which I was not one. I sold advertising, called on customers, and helped on remote broadcasts, of which there were a lot in those days. Mel Barnett was my particular friend and the person responsible for me being in radio. I did remotes of the pro wrestling matches then held in the building in Bluefield, Virginia, that the Nehi Bottling Company is now in. We did remotes from the downstairs part of the building on Raleigh Street which now has Warlick Furniture. There was a skating rink there, but they had a country music jamboree and square dance on Saturday nights and we would broadcast live from there. We also would go down in the coalfields and do remotes for store openings and so forth.

I remember one time Mel and I went to Keystone to do a remote for the grand opening of the coal company store. We took a lot of ribbing from some of the staff because Keystone was famous in those days for having the largest and best red light district in southern West Virginia. It was in a part of town called Cinder Bottom. Anyway, Mel and I did not visit Cinder Bottom that day, in spite of what the staff accused us of doing.

As I said, WHIS had several announcers. They were not called disc jockeys in those days. We also had a newsman named Pat Murphy, as I recall, a rather dignified and dressy man with a Clark Gable mustache, who stood up to the microphone in a very important manner, just like the big-time NBC newsmen he had seen in the movies. Some of the staff took great delight in playing tricks on him. If he had a long length of teletype paper in his hands, as he was wont to do, someone might slip in and set the bottom of the paper afire. But he was always cool, never got excited, would always handle the situation.

We also had a chief engineer, a very fine man named Pat Flanagan, who later became manager of the station.

The announcing staff, most of whom were very young, in their 20's or 30's, were a fun-loving crew who very much enjoyed their position in the limelight. In those days, anyone who was on the air was well known throughout the area. Announcers, musicians, whatever, were famous for miles around. Mail poured into the station every day. Even I got quite

a bit of mail, and I was on the air only for country music programs. They said I had too much of a hillbilly accent, and they were right. In those days the country music performers were called hillbillies, and their music, hillbilly music.

The announcing staff, as I recall, included Red Clark, who left in 1939 and went to Wiliamson when that station went on the air; George Stewart Odell, who also left in 1939 and went to WOPI in Bristol, Tennessee; Myles Foland, Jr., whose family owned an outdoor advertising firm, although Myles himself liked radio better than billboards; Barney Nash, who married the secretary at the station; and Edward Kitts, who had been with WHIS since the early '30's when the station was on top of the West Virginian Hotel. And of course Mel Barnett, who was from Roanoke but came to WHIS when they bought out a station in Roanoke and took it off the air in order to raise their power, or so I've been told.

When I was there, WHIS was upstairs in a building west of the present WKOY location on Commerce Street. We had a large studio for live programs, a small studio for live programs, a control room, and offices. Much of WHIS's programs were on what was called transcriptions, just like a record except much larger, and played from the inside out. In those days all stations did what was called block programming, which meant they might play an hour of Big Band music, followed by an hour of country music, followed by an hour of something else. These transcriptions were furnished to WHIS by an outfit called World Broadcasting System. Their name was on a sign on the front of the station for many years.

Records other than transcriptions were 78 rpm; 45's and albums did not come along until much later. All local commercials were done live — tape had not been invented. Some national commercials such as Purina Feeds came in on records. Some local commercials were done live so many times that announcers could do them from memory.

WHIS started their broadcast day with live country music for the first three hours, 5:30 till 8:30. Country bands would alternate with the two studios. While one group was playing, the previous group vacated the other studio and a new group took its place. Many of the regular announcers did not like hillbilly music, so some of the musicians like Gordon Jennings or Lynn Davis or myself would run the board. All you had to do was introduce the act and take them on or off. Most of them could do their own commercials and emcee their show. Some of the groups came back on the air at around 10:15 a.m. to do a second 15-minute show, if they had only 15 minutes for their early morning show.

The country musicians of the time on WHIS included Cowboy Jack and His Ranch Hands. He claimed to be from Del Rio, Texas, but was actually from somewhere in West Virginia, I believe. Their sponsor was Tomchin Furniture from Princeton. The Holden Brothers, Jack and Fairley, were from Georgia but not brothers. I recall how impressed I was when Jack told me they were averaging $40 a week a piece. I was making $15 a week at the time. These acts did not get paid by the station. They did their radio shows for the publicity and to announce performance dates. In those days, every little coalmining town had a theater, or a lodge hall or school where they could play, and since no other entertainment ever came to these small towns their shows were always well received. Admission was usually 10¢ or 25¢.

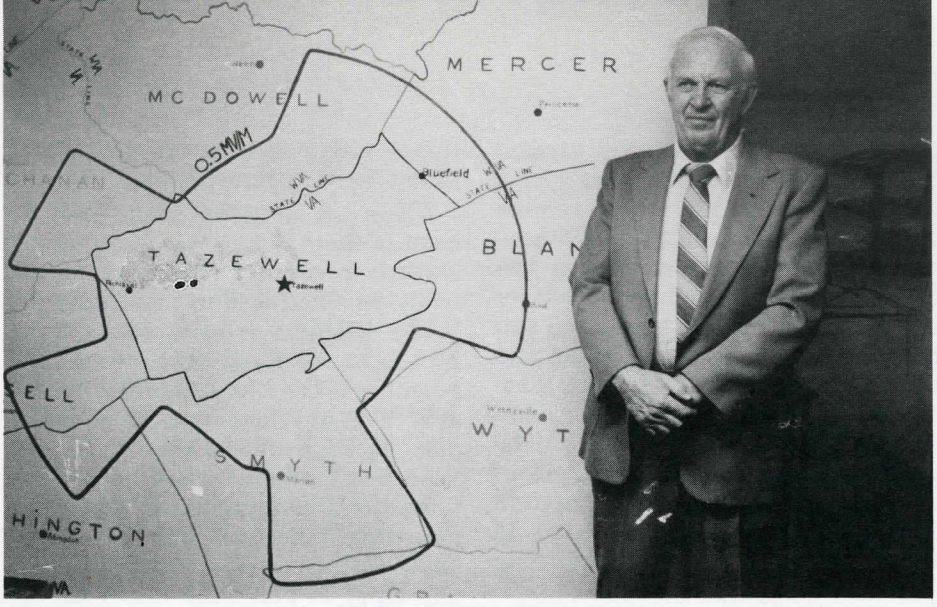
But I digress. To get back to WHIS, other groups included Joe Woods, whose group was made up of his son Otis, a teenaged fiddler named Lyle Keeney, another fiddler named Leslie Keith who could do rope and whip tricks on stage, and Gordon Jennings, who was a fixture around Bluefield for many years as a musician, DJ, and later TV entertainer. He died in 1982. Another group was known as the Lilly Brothers. They worked for Lilly Land Company in Princeton. They were not all brothers and not all named Lilly, but as long as they were on the program they were the Lilly Brothers. Then there were the Stepp Brothers; they were really brothers, from around Williamson somewhere. Then there was Lee Moore and his wife Juanita. There was a man I mentioned earlier named Lynn Davis, from Kentucky. And three girls, also from Kentucky, called the Sunshine Sisters.

All in all, a pretty rough bunch, most of them not talented enough to make it in country music today, but really accepted well in those days by WHIS listeners who turned out in droves to see them on personal appearances. Lee Moore spent 20 years at WWVA in Wheeling as an all-night disc jockey and member of the Wheeling Jamboree. He is now semi-retired and living with his third wife in upstate New York. Two of the Sunshine Sisters went on to the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville under different names. Davis married an entertainer named Molly O'Day. They are living in the Huntington area, I believe. Most of the rest I have lost track of.

My tenure at WHIS came to a close one September day in 1939. The manager had been home to dinner, and I heard later that he and his wife had a slight disagreement. He came back to the station and I was the first one he ran across and he decided to take it out on me. He decided to replace me for no reason. My last chore at WHIS was to emcee a live country music show on a Saturday afternoon. My parting words on the air were a thank you to the staff for all the kindness shown me for the last two and a half years, with the one exception of the manager, who I suggested was somewhat less than a gentleman for the way he had treated me.

As good fortune would have it, my car was parked outside with all my belongings in it, so I left and drove over to Mel Barnett's house to tell him goodbye. He lived at that time on one of the streets that go up the hill behind the present city hall. Upon arriving at Mel's, he informed me that the manager had some policemen friends looking for me. I presume they meant to work me over for the remarks I made about him on the air. Since I had done nothing illegal, they couldn't have meant to arrest me. I told Mel I was on the way to Bristol, Tennessee, as Stewart Odell had promised to help me get a job at WOPI there, which he did. Mel suggested I leave town by way of south Bluefield and Double Gates, which I did with no trouble.

Bluefield was a busy and bustling town then. There were lots of stores



Mr. Hess has moved across the state line to Tazewell, Virginia, but the music he sends out still reaches parts of southern West Virginia. Today he manages WTZE. Photo by Mary Anne Stevens.

filled with shoppers. Streets filled with coal miners and railroad workers on Friday night and Saturday. Four theaters in town, two on Commerce and two on Princeton Avenue. Trains brought coalfield and railroad workers to town. There were plenty of hookers, cruising right up and down Princeton Avenue and Bluefield Avenue. Plenty of beer joints, such as Vito's on Stewart Street, where Mamma Vito, looking like a plump Italian hen, clucked over her regulars. There were several hotels, with bellboys who could furnish anything you wanted, from booze to a poker game. Speaking of poker, there was almost always a game upstairs over the poolroom called the Sportsman on Princeton Avenue. They usually went non-stop on weekends.

Since my pay did not allow me to indulge in any of these pasttimes, I usually ate lunch at one of the Greek restaurants near the N&W station where two delicious hot dogs and a bottle of Coke cost a quarter. A movie cost a dime before 6 p.m., a quarter after 6. Brand-name gasoline was five gallons for $1, the cheaper no-name brand up to seven gallons for $1. In those days I worked some as a country musician and singer, so sometimes I went with the entertainers to fill in. I did this until the advent of wire recording, when I heard myself for the first time. That was the end of my musical career. I had a girlfriend who worked at a cigar stand in the Law & Commerce Building. She was attracted to me because I was sometimes on the radio. Then she met a man who owned an airplane and could take her for an airplane ride. So much for romance in Bluefield.

Anyway, WHIS was radio with a capital R in the Bluefield area in the 1930's. I am most happy to have been a very small part of it. I treasure the memories. Memories like watching Lee Moore open huge stacks of mail, each letter with money in it for songbooks he was selling. John Shott, a schoolboy then, looking at my guitar case and telling me that there should not be a period after each of the call letters I had painted on it. Trips to the old Franklin ice cream store on Princeton Avenue near where the Goodyear store is now located, with more different flavors than I'd ever thought possible. The old streetcars which could take you to Princeton, over to south Bluefield, or out to west Graham.

I still remember the great stage shows that came to the Granada Theater in those days. Usually some of the entertainers came by WHIS seeking some extra free publicity — Ina Ray Hutton and her all-girl orchestra, featuring her sister Betty who later became a big movie star; Gene Austin, who wrote a famous song called "My Blue Heaven." WHIS people had access to backstage at the Granada.

Radio people in those days got invited to people's homes. People you didn't even know would call and invite you to have dinner with them, give you directions on how to find the house, and invite several of the neighbors in to meet you. No one would do such a thing today, but then it was common. The more popular country entertainers also had many of the area children named after them or members of their family. While at WHIS Lee Moore's wife had a new baby and they named him Roger Lee. There are still dozens and dozens of Roger Lee something-or-others around.

In those days the radio station was a busy place all day long, with much live programming taking place. Also, many of the area young people would come by just to watch a live broadcast of any kind. After school the hall would sometimes fill up with high school girls just waiting to see someone whose voice they recognized. The studios had big plate glass windows; they could watch any kind of live broadcast. Not all of the real popular programs were live, though. I recall a series of transcriptions made in Hollywood by the Sons of the Pioneers, a western singing group whose members included Roy Rogers. WHIS used their programs, and got as sponsors the JFG Coffee Company from Knoxville, and called the group the JFG Coffee Boys. Their program was very popular, ran for several years.

Most of the people at WHIS in those days were clean-cut young men, dressed as well as they could afford, who very much enjoyed their role as minor celebrities. Some had talents other than just being good announcers. Stewart Odell, for instance, could imitate the voices of most of the big radio stars of the day — Lum & Abner, Amos & Andy, and so forth. Barney Nash could play the piano and sing really well. He and Lynn Davis did a live show with piano and guitar each day to promote a product called Bi-Tone, some kind of tonic, as I recall.

WHIS had its share of strange people, too, like the mentally retarded young man who often hung around the place. His nickname was "Sheriff," and he actually thought he was a law officer, wore a toy gun and a badge. He was known to get out in the middle of the street at an intersection and direct traffic if there was a problem. The police tolerated him because he was retarded and harmless. Could be that he was smarter than some of the Bluefield cops of that era.

"Win or Lose, There's Always Tomorrow"

Sportsman John Zan

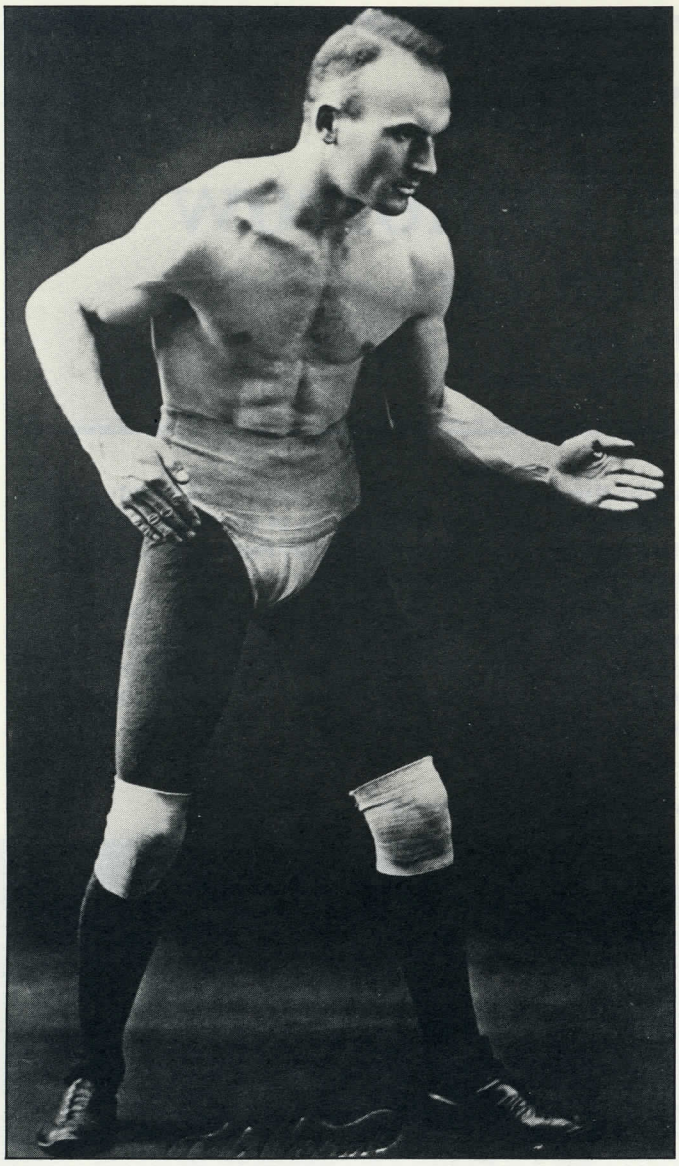
By Janice A. DePollo
Photographs by Ron Rittenhouse

When I sat down in John Zan's Morgantown living room to talk about the "stables" of amateur boxers he ran for many years, the first thing he said was, "Now, I'm not looking for any publicity. I don't want people to say 'there goes that John Zan showing off.'"

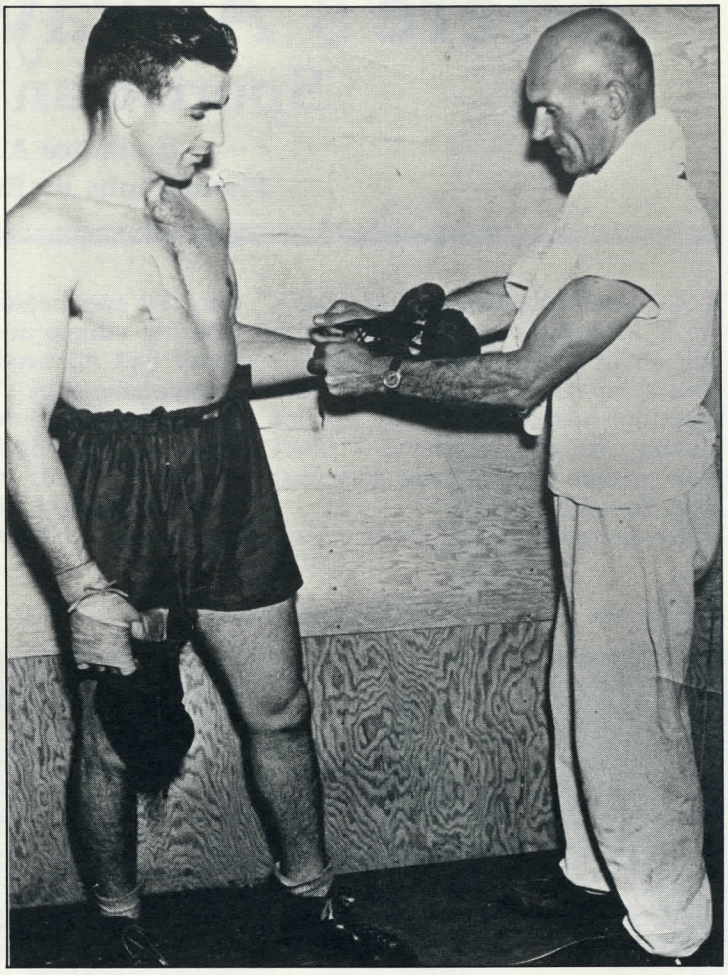
It made sense to me. From everything I'd ever heard about the prize-winning athlete and coach, he certainly had no need to boast of his accomplishments. They speak for themselves. Yellowed newspaper clippings and photographs tell of boxers coached, races won, and wrestlers pinned. Tarnished trophies line basement shelves and dozens of medals fill a bureau drawer. Names and numbers of men and women he successfully trained cram a thick address book.

A quick look at the Italian-born Zan further attests to his achievements. At 89, he is sturdier in form and steadier in hand than many men half his age. A quick wit and a tireless

John Zan with trophies and medals from his days as an active sportsman. The large cup is from a June 1921 wrestling victory.



Left: In his prime Zan was a formidable opponent to any wrestler of comparable size. He weighed about 155 pounds in top condition, as shown here. Photo by Morgan Studio, date unknown.
Below: Zan outfits a club boxer for a match. Zan improvised training equipment for his athletes and provided most of the fighting gear out of his own pocket. Date and photographer unknown.



memory complete the picture, not to mention an eloquent speech still spiced with a heavy accent.

"I guess in my younger days I had more energy than good sense," laughed Zan of his laurels. "But my main objective was always to keep physically fit." This desire to stay in shape, plus a love of sports and a fierce spirit of competition, have kept Zan in the sporting arena all of his life. It led him to race against Olympic runners, to battle aggressive wrestlers, to manage boxers, and to train young athletes as if they were his own children.

A self-taught runner and bicyclist from his youth, Zan was born in Parella, a town nestled at the foot of the Matterhorn in the Turino province of northern Italy. He attended a private school and came to the United States in 1912, at age 16, in hopes of becoming a civil engineer. Instead, he resided with his uncle, Mike Tinivell, in the Seneca section of Morgantown and worked in his uncle's grocery store. In later years, Zan ran his own confectionery store on Willey Street and held other jobs with the Monongalia County Consolidated Recreation Commission and the local DuPont plant.

Young John Zan's free time was spent bicycling or swimming — at times, as many as 10 miles. He made the headlines in the local newspaper as early as January 1917, by taking a dip in the Monongahela River when the water was 10° below zero. "I figured other cities had their 'Polar Bears,'" said Zan, "and I could do it, too."

About the same time, he began his bicycle racing career in Pittsburgh. Zan believed he was the only West Virginian at that time to participate in a bicycle race in the Pittsburgh area. He pedaled from Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, to Pittsburgh, a total of 45 miles.

Footracing was another of Zan's favorite sports, and he was frequently seen running along Morgantown's byways. "After I'd get through working, I'd run eight to 10 miles a day," recalled Zan. "I'd run from here to Dellslow and back. Once in a while, I'd run to Masontown." Dellslow is on the outskirts of Morgantown and Masontown several miles farther out, in Preston County.

As much as he enjoyed solo running, Zan always yearned to cross the finish line and was a frequent entrant in competitions. His first win was in a 12-mile race in Uniontown, Pennsylvania. The prize was a pen knife. In those days, though, Pittsburgh was the hot spot for sports and Zan ran in several marathon races there, averaging from five to 15 miles each. He often brought home gold and silver medals, but seems to have run mostly for the sheer joy of it.

"To do anything in Pittsburgh was doing something," Zan remembers. "The Sunday *Pittsburgh Press* always had a listing of amateur races. I didn't ask who was in it, how long it was, or what the prize was, I just wanted to run. I'd get up at 6 a.m. and hitchhike to Pittsburgh. I'd run 12 to 15 miles and come back and work in the store until midnight."

In those years John Zan raced with such Olympic greats as Joe Organ and Frank Zuna. He tells the story of running neck and neck with the famous Jack Weber in a five-mile race to Kennywood Amusement Park near Pittsburgh. When someone in the crowd yelled, "Let's go, Jack Weber," Zan, who previously had not known his competitor, was stunned to be keeping pace with a man of Weber's caliber and backed off.

"I didn't have any business running against those people," Zan modestly says today. "I wasn't fit to carry their suitcases." Nonetheless he continued to take part in the events, and to do well. He ran a Kennywood Memorial Day race of 12 miles in one hour, 10 minutes, 30 seconds, with a two-mile handicap.

About 1915, Zan joined with a group of 25 to 30 young men to form an amateur wrestling team that competed in matches in nearby cities. The team was managed by Paul Bowser, a professional wrestler who had come to Morgantown with a carnival. According to Zan, Bowser believed the town would be a good place to put up for the winter and then decided to stay on.

The local wrestling matches were held in Phillips Hall on Pleasant Street in Morgantown. Newspaper clippings show the 155-pound Zan billed against such opponents as Wade Menear in the 145-pound weight class and "The Powerful Greek," Tony Karakuras, a 215-pound wrestler. Matches lasted about 30 minutes and the wrestlers were given the two best falls out of three. They were major social events, with admission set at 50¢ for "gents" and 25¢ for ladies. Dance sets were played between the matches.

One lady who often showed up was Zan's biggest fan and soon-to-be bride, Margaret Sabola, now 84. Although they came from the same town in the old country, they did not meet until 1916 when Margaret came to Morgantown to stay with her aunt. When she arrived at the railroad station, she could speak no English, so the owner of a nearby restaurant called on Zan. Still fluent in his native tongue, he helped find her American relatives.

"When I went home that night, I told my uncle I met this nice looking girl," recalled Zan. "I told him I might ask her out some day." He did, and the couple was married in 1922. They will celebrate their 62nd wedding anniversary this year. The Zans never had any children of their own, and the many young men and women involved in sports that Zan coached quickly became their foster family.

Margaret Sabola was an avid supporter when the John Zan Athletic Club for wrestlers and boxers was established in 1920. She watched as her fiance immersed himself in the new activity, moving into coaching for the first time. He remained a good wrestler but had no desire to be a boxer. Instead, he preferred to train and manage the 20 to 25 other men who came to his club to work out.

"I was the manager, coach, and father," Zan recalls. "When I say 'coach,' I wasn't the coach to qualify with today's coaches, but we had a wonderful time. I was a better physical fitness teacher than coach."

Zan led his club members through rigorous training in running, calisthenics, rope skipping, bag punching, shadow boxing, and sparring. The workouts took place "whenever I could get a free room," he noted. The locations included the Knights of Columbus building on Chestnut Street, and an upstairs room at Morgan's Leather Goods and the basement of the American Legion Hall, both on Spruce Street.

The athletic club was affiliated with the Allegheny Mountain Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, which covered West Virginia and parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Through this association, the club competed in amateur fights in Cumberland, Maryland; Pittsburgh, Uniontown, and Brownsville in Pennsylvania; and Elkins, Clarksburg, and Fairmont, among other places.

The funds to support the athletic club came out of Zan's own pocket and he tried to save money wherever he could. Barbells were made from the wheels of a coal truck with a handle in between. Zan provided trunks, bathrobes, and "a jacket every once in a while when I could afford it." The men provided their own shoes.

Still, things were tight. "Sometimes, when the first boy would get done with his bout, he'd come out and change pants with the next," Zan joked. "It wasn't that bad. We got by with as little expense as possible, but we had uniforms and gloves." Transportation to the matches was usually in a Model A Ford.

There was little or no prize money to go into the club kitty. For their efforts, the fighters won such prizes as shirts, shoes, and even carbide lamps, since many local boxers worked in the coal mines. For the big meets, medals or belts were awarded.

Zan himself selected which fighters would make the road trips. Competition was stiff, but most of the men accepted Zan's decision. "I was quite proud that they trusted my decision," he says. "I always made sure the boys were not overmatched," and he saw that they ate well. "When we used to box at Luke, Maryland, after the show they would feed us ham and cheese," he recalls. "Everybody wanted to go."

When they boxed in town, the athletic club used a ring set up in the American Legion Hall, or during the summer months, an arena at Sunset Beach on Cheat Lake. Owned by local sportsman Curtis Jackson, the outdoor arena would hold 400 to 500 people, with more hanging from the trees. "We'd bring in teams in the summertime every Thursday night

for 10 to 15 years," Zan says of Cheat Lake. "There would be 500 people in the arena and the trees would be chock full of spectators. They would hang on the limbs and sometimes the branches would break over the arena."

Mrs. Zan never traveled with the athletic club. She remembers staying in Morgantown, "praying John would get back home." She kept herself busy. "I had the ladies over to play cards," she remembers. "Sometimes I'd go to the boxing shows at Sunset Beach, or a couple of girls and I would go out and spend the evening or go swimming.

"It was like a family reunion," says Mrs. Zan of the boxing matches at Sunset Beach. "You'd see the same people every week. There would be doctors' wives and everybody, just about the same thing as a football game now."

John Zan himself had little time for the social aspects of his sport. He tended to his boxers, and says he had some good ones. He is a shrewd judge of the sport of pugilism. According to him, there are two classes of boxers: "One is a boxer and one is a fighter. Some boxers are more scientific than fighters. A good one is a mix between a boxer and a fighter."

Five of his boxers, as well as five of his wrestlers, went on to make the respective West Virginia University teams. Many of his fighters also captured amateur titles. In 1936, Mickey Brutto, a bantam weight fighter, became the first individual amateur champion from West Virginia, Zan believes. Frankie Wills was a runner-up in the Junior National Championship and Bill Neely became captain of the WVU boxing team.

Probably his best-known boxer was Scottie Riffle. The heavyweight boxer won the Tri-State Junior Championship of the Allegheny Mountain Association/AAU once, and the senior championship twice. Zan believes Riffle could have become a professional boxer, but the young man enlisted in the service and was killed in the Battle of the Bulge during World War II.

Zan is proud of the fact that many of the boys from his stable boxed in matches refereed by former world champions. During bouts in Pittsburgh, such boxing greats as Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Fritz Zivic, and Sammy Angot were officials. Zan had always kept up with pro boxing and was present at the Jack Dempsey-Jess Willard fight in Columbus, Ohio, on July 4, 1919. The prize for the bout totaled $127,500, an especially grand sum at the time, and Zan remembers paying 50¢ a glass for ice water that day.

Although Zan never had any professional boxing training, he spent much of his time watching and talking with other coaches. "I picked it up as I went," he commented. "I would go to Charleroi, Pennsylvania. That was the cradle of the boxing world in Allegheny County. I would go up on the train on Sundays and watch the fights and the workouts. I would get permission to watch the University boys work out too, and I would ask the coach a question or two."

Although Zan does not remember exactly when his boxing stable closed, he ran the club for about 20 or 30 years. "I was getting too old and the boys started drifting away," he said. "The younger ones didn't want to go with my training — they thought it was too difficult."

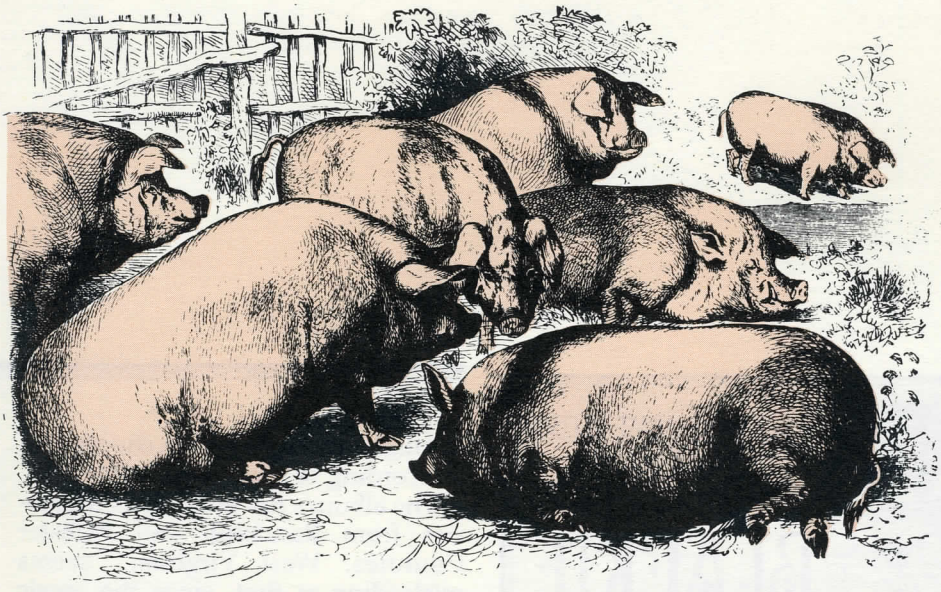
Zan didn't lose interest in sports by any means. He went on to coach many boys and girls in track, including national champion runner Beth Bonner of Morgantown, and assisted area high school wrestling coaches. The boxing days, however, he remembers most fondly. "We would go to a city and defeat their team and we would be welcomed back," he says. "It was friendly; there was no animosity. Whether you were winning or losing, there was always tomorrow."

Ironically, the retired coach's only regret in life is that he himself never had a coach to help develop his own talents. "I never had a coach or an advisor," he commented. "If I had, I would have been a good athlete, maybe in running."

But at the same time, he's proud that he has used his knowledge and love of sports to help other young people develop their talents. He derives satisfaction from knowing that those people remember him. "I'll be in town sometimes and see people on High Street and they'll say, 'I used to box for you 50 years ago.' Or they'll say, 'My grandmother says she was on your track team.'"

Modestly, John Zan says he hopes only that he has managed to provide enjoyable and worthwhile experiences for all of them. "I'm thankful I had the desire, energy, and ability to do it," he says in retrospect. "I hope I imparted that to some of my pupils."

John and Margaret Sabola Zan celebrate 62 years of marriage this year. The immigrant couple met accidently in 1916, when Zan was called upon to help find her West Virginia relatives.



Hog Butchering

By Dennis Deitz

Our country Thanksgiving was not a day of food and fun. It was a working day, usually hog butchering day. Before the days of refrigeration, hog butchering had to wait until the weather was cold enough to save our winter's supply of meat until the salt-curing took effect. Sufficiently cold weather came to the Meadow River area in late November, and Thanksgiving became the traditional date for hog killing.

Hog butchering day started about daybreak. A homemade sled was our scraping and scalding platform. An open barrel of water would be anchored and leaned at an angle, the top just above the sled platform. A fire would be started and rocks heated and dropped into the barrel of water, then removed and reheated until the water was hot enough. Hot enough was when you could dip a finger quickly three times, but four times would blister your finger.

When the water was ready, a hog would be shot with a .22 rifle and bled. At 10 or 11 years old, I became the shooting expert for my family, my grandfather, and even some neighbors. My older brothers had taught me the exact shooting spot and angle before they moved away from home. My father just seemed to assign this job to the boys in the family.

The hog carcass was dragged onto the sled platform and slid into the barrel of hot water to loosen the hair. It came back onto the platform in a few minutes and two or three people started scraping hair by the handful. They used butcher knives, dipping the hog back into the hot water again and again, until it was scraped clean. The carcass was then raised by its hind legs until it was completely off the ground, and gutted. A tub caught the "innards," as the old settlers called them. Special delicacies were separated and kept, including the liver, the heart, the kidneys, and the lungs or "lights."

Very little of the hog was wasted. Fat was rendered or stripped from the intestines, as well as other parts of the carcass. The winter's supply of lard was thus obtained. Lean and fat were cut into strips and ground in a hand-turned sausage grinder. Some people turned the intestines wrong-side out, washed them many times, and used them for sausage casings. Parts from the head were made into "head cheese" or souse, to be kept in stone jars.

The rest of the carcass was cut into shoulders, hams, bacon, sidemeat, and pork chops. The shoulders, hams, sidemeat, and sow belly were stored in the meathouse, protected by a thick layer of salt and the cold weather. Sometimes the meat would be smoked for flavor and preservation.

Sausage-making was a special art and a long, hard job itself. Most of this was done by the girls in the family. The sausage was ground by hand. Sometimes tubs full of sausage would be ground when several hogs were butchered at once. The sausage was partially cooked and preserved in grease in sealed mason jars. Pork chops were kept the same way.

Even after I had come to work in Charleston, I kept in touch with farm work, sometimes helping my father-in-law butcher hogs. He had moved to a small farm near town and would sometimes raise a few hogs. One cold Saturday I took a good friend along, another old Greenbrier County farm boy. He showed us a trick with the sausage grinder. He anchored the grinder to a farm sled with a tub under it to catch the sausage. He then tied the handle to a wheel spoke of a jacked-up Model A Ford. With the car's rear end off the ground, the grinder ran freely while the Ford motor idled slowly. A whole day of hand grinding was reduced to about one hour, with a tub of sausage as the result.

We didn't know this trick on my father's farm and we did it all the hard way. The reward for the long, cold day almost made up for it. An after-dark supper of fresh sausage, eggs, and hot biscuits, as well as liver, pork chops, and gravy, was served to the hungry hands. We had starved for pork for six months and it was amazing how daylight-to-dark labor faded to nothing when we entered the big farmhouse with the open fireplace, the warm kitchen, and the dining room table piled high. After all, no one ever appreciates food like a country boy who has worked outside on a cold, gray day.

Blackie Cool's Memories

Back Memories," Blackie Cool's new record album, resoundingly demonstrated that one of West Virginia's finest senior guitar players still has a lot of fresh music in him. That will come as no surprise to anyone who has had a chance to hear Cool at Vandalia or Augusta in recent years, but guitar players sometimes do get pushed back a bit at festivals and overshadowed by the fiddlers and banjo pickers they accompany. It's a genuine pleasure to hear a guitar master front and center, romping through music of his own choosing in a recording of sparkling quality.

The album's full title, "Back Memories from Randolph and Webster Counties, West Virginia," seems misleading at first, since the music by no means comes only from that area or even from our mountain region as a whole. Blackie Cool won't be fenced in, it's clear. He draws on the broad stream of America's older popular music, pulling in tunes as diverse as "KC Blues," "Spanish Fandango," and "Hawaiian Sunset" for his new record.

But Cool does remain true to his time and place, and particularly to the changes he saw there. Like other West Virginians of his generation he came of age with radio, which brought a world of music to previously isolated areas. He and others who played on the live country shows were profoundly influenced, and in turn they influenced the medium. Blackie Cool brought the music of his area to the radio and he took back the best of what he found on the air. The diversity of early radio echoes in his record and his live repetoire.

Cool also was a traveling man in his younger days, once taking off with a circus and ranging down into the Southwest as far as Mexico. He attributes the sometimes exotic sound of his playing to such early experiences, citing as one influence the music of the El Paso/Juarez area. "That's where I found them real beautiful guitar players," he said in a 1981 GOLDENSEAL interview excerpted for the album cover. He says that he got to playing "a little bit on the Spanish side" back then, and that some of that sound lingered with

him. His blues he credits partly to "an old black guy" in Pennsylvania, "one of the prettiest players I ever saw." It is plain that Blackie Cool has picked up good music wherever he could find it, and in "Back Memories" he offers us a rich blending of styles.

"Back Memories" is the second record produced by Augusta Heritage Records, the first being an unaccompanied album of John Johnson's fiddling. "Back Memories" is more ornate than "Fiddlin' John," with Cool backed by a second guitarist on about half of his numbers. Cool is fortunate in his choice of accompanists, Michael Kline and Sam Rizetta, both young Randolph County musicians who have learned some of their own tricks under him. Kline plays backup most of the time, staying out of the older man's way while deftly enriching the music. Rizetta backs Cool on "Wednesday Night Waltz" and contributes a dulcimer accompaniment to "Grandfather's Clock," the album's closing tune.

Augusta Heritage Records, an affiliate of Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop, has advanced the serious recording of West Virginia's music with "Back Memories." The new album shows once more that top quality records can be produced, in limited runs on a tight budget, and still emerge at a competitive retail price. Partly that's because such work is largely a labor of love, and many people helped with this project in a list of credits too long to reproduce here. Rizetta and Kline share production honors, with Rizetta also contributing photographs for the front and back cover. Designer R. P. Hale assembled the photographs and back cover copy into an attractive black and white visual package to complement the fine music within.

"Back Memories" may be ordered from Augusta Heritage Records, Davis and Elkins College, Elkins 26241. Orders should include the $7 purchase price plus $1 postage and handling, and West Virginia residents should include 35¢ sales tax.

— Ken Sullivan

Recordings of Related Interest

The fine fiddle music of Blackie Cool's good friend and frequent playing buddy, Woody Simmons of Randolph County, may be heard on the 1979 album "All Smiles Tonight." Simmons is backed by Loren and Jimmy Currence, Paul Armstrong, and Burt Dodrill, all fine local musicians. "All Smiles Tonight," an Elderberry Record of the West Virginia Department of Culture and History, may be ordered from The Cultural Center Shop, Department of Culture and History, Capitol Complex, Charleston 25305. Orders should include the $7 purchase price, plus $2 postage and handling and 35¢ sales tax from West Virginia residents.

Clay County fiddler John Johnson cut the first Augusta Heritage Record back in 1982. "Fiddlin' John" may be ordered from the Augusta address for $7, plus $1 postage and handling and 35¢ sales tax from West Virginia residents.

Elderberry Records recorded Putnam County fiddler French Mitchell, backed by his brother Auvil on guitar, in 1983. "First Fiddle" may be ordered from The Cultural Center Shop, at the above address, for $7 plus $2 postage and handling and 35¢ sales tax from West Virginia residents.

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(continued from page 4)

Morgantown, WV
June 27, 1984
Editor:
In the summer 1984 issue of GOLDENSEAL magazine you could not identify the photographer who took the cover shot. It was taken by David R. Creel, a photographer with WVU College of Agriculture and Forestry and the WVU Office of Extension and Continuing Education.

Mr. Creel, who also took pictures on pages 9 and 13, has been a WVU staff photographer since 1947.
Sincerely,
Robert Fullerton
Communications Services, WVU

Millfield, Ohio
June 19, 1984
Editor:
It was good to read that your historian Michael M. Meador recognized the Monroe County Corn Clubs, originated by Charles A. Keadle of Pickaway, as the forerunner of the West Virginia 4-H Clubs.

Too bad the author didn't know that School Superintendent Keadle urged his school teacher niece, Emile Beckett of Pickaway, to begin Flower Clubs for the girls, which she did. The Flower Clubs quickly expanded their scope to include food preservation, sewing and other domestic sciences.

Omitting Beckett's contribution to the 4-H movement is just another example of why it is called History and not *Her*story!
Yours for equality,
Mary Margaret Steele Morgan

Huntington, WV
July 1, 1984
Editor:
It was with a great deal of pleasure as well as nostalgia that I read the article on the 4-H Club in your summer issue, particularly when I saw the picture of the young man posing with his prize Guernsey on page 13. I have pictures of myself in a similar pose.

I was born and raised at Washington Bottom, in Wood County, and joined the Washington Workers 4-H Club in 1925 at the age of ten. I chose a dairy project. I exhibited my Jersey cow at Wood County fairs and at the West Virginia State Fair held at that time on Wheeling island. In 1929, I received the Blue Valley Creamery award as the most outstanding dairy project member in the state and was awarded a trip to the National Dairy Show at St. Louis. In 1931, the Wood County 4-H dairy judging team, of which I was a member along with John Butcher and Chester Anderson, won the state championship and went to the national competition at the National Dairy Show. We placed 15th in the nation in overall judging but 4th in the Ayrshire breed. Mr. W. H. Sill was the county agent. He taught us and accompanied on the trips.

I recall my 4-H experience with much pleasure and am certain that the precepts I learned have been a great help to me throughout my life. Thank you for the article.
Very sincerely yours,
Clarence H. Boso, M.D.

We received many other letters on 4-H but lack the space to publish them all. Our thanks to everyone. —ed.

From Rowtown to Junior

Elkhart, Indiana
June 10, 1984
Editor:
We are natives of West Virginia who moved to Elkhart in 1959. We go back to West Virginia three or four times a year.

While visiting the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Moore, my husband's sister's family, I saw your GOLDENSEAL magazine for Spring 1984. The article by Troy R. Brady, "From Rowtown to Junior," was very interesting. The farmhouse a mile east of Junior is on what is now the Booth farm. The deed was made the 17th day of March, 1923.

The front door that was in use for years had lead pellets in it from the shootout mentioned in the article. It was removed when they remodeled the front of the house.

Robert and Wilma R. Smith from Elkins gave me a copy of that GOLDENSEAL. I enjoyed every word.
Sincerely,
Norma Booth

In This Issue

COLLEEN ANDERSON, a Michigan native, was the designer for the very first issue of GOLDENSEAL and has worked on most issues since. She attended Western Michigan University and graduated from West Virginia University. She originally came to West Virginia in 1970 as a VISTA volunteer, working with Cabin Creek Quilts, and in 1975 became a founding partner of Oh Susannah Graphics of Charleston. She and Nancy Balow currently run Mother Wit Graphics.

ROBERT L. CAMPBELL is a native West Virginian who has lived in California, Florida, Europe, and Asia, and now returned to settle in Elkins. A photographer and filmmaker, he attended Marshall University and the University of Miami. His film work includes the PBS series "Unto the Hills," the Department of Culture and History's "West Virginia Renaissance," as well as various commercials and freelance work, and he has served as artist-in-residence in Huntington, Petersburg, and Elkins.

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.* He has contributed periodically to GOLDENSEAL.

DENNIS DEITZ, a Greenbrier County native and Glenville State College graduate, took up writing upon retirement from Union Carbide. His first publication was *Mountain Memories,* which he edited and printed in behalf of his late brother. He later wrote *Mountain Memories II,* and is presently working on *Mountain Memories III.* This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

JANICE DePOLLO is an Elkins native and a graduate of West Virginia University. She previously worked for the *Beckley Post-Herald* and now edits the *Morgantown Dominion Post's Panorama* magazine. This is her first appearance in GOLDENSEAL.

BILL DOBBIE, a Clarksburg native who has lived most of his life in Parkersburg, is a graduate of West Virginia Wesleyan. He started out as a schoolteacher, but now works in the field of graphics, photography, and printing. The Opal Minor pictures are his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

MICHAEL KLINE is a Washington, D.C. native who spent childhood summers in Hampshire County. After receiving his B.A. in anthropology from George Washington University in 1964, he moved to Appalachia full time, working in various poverty programs in Kentucky and West Virginia. Michael served as assistant to the editor of GOLDENSEAL in 1978, and now lives in Elkins where he is associated with the Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop. He is a regular contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

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

GARRET MATHEWS grew up in Abingdon, Virginia, and graduated from Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg. Since 1972 he has worked for the *Bluefield Daily Telegraph,* currently as news editor and occasional feature writer. He also writes a humor column for the paper, from which he has sold material to several joke services and Joan Rivers. He has done freelance work for a number of magazines and newspapers in this country and Canada, and to date has sold his books, *Folks* and *Folks II,* to readers in nearly every state.

GERALD MILNES was born in Pennsylvania and now lives in the western edge of Webster County. He is a farmer, fiddler, and staff member at Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop. This is his first appearance in GOLDENSEAL.

JOSEPH PLATANIA is a Huntington native who earned his B.A. and M.A. at Marshall University. He has worked for the West Virginia Department of Welfare and as a claims examiner with the Veterans Administration, and also as a part-time instructor in the political science department at Marshall. A freelance writer for the past six years, he published his first GOLDENSEAL article, on West Virginia glassmaking, in the Spring 1983 issue.

ARTHUR C. PRICHARD, born and reared in Mannington, was graduated from West Virginia University and McCormick Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) of Chicago. Mr. Prichard served as pastor of churches in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and in Wheeling and Mannington before retiring in 1970. He was a moderator of Wheeling Presbytery and the Synod of West Virginia for his denomination, and in 1969 received an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from Davis and Elkins College. Author of the recently published history *An Appalachian Legacy: Mannington Life and Spirit,* he writes frequently for GOLDENSEAL and other publications.

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.

LEROY G. SCHULTZ, who says he spent most of his 1930's childhood in a barn in rural Missouri, since 1968 has lived in Morgantown, where he is a professor of social work at WVU. Schultz is West Virginia's only "barnographer," and is currently preparing two books on international agricultural architecture. He has contributed several articles on vernacular architecture to GOLDENSEAL over the years.

BOB SCHWARZ is a New York State native who has farmed in Wetzel County for the last 11 years. He has taught at the high school and college level and does freelance writing. "46 Years Was Enough" is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

MARYANNE STEVENS is *Sunday Magazine* editor for the *Bluefield Daily Telegraph,* where she is also a feature writer and photographer. The Chicago native is married to Garret Mathews, also of the *Daily Telegraph,* and has lived in West Virginia since 1975.

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