Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Volume 12, Number 1 Spring 1986

Folklife • Fairs • Festivals

GOLDENSEAL's "Folklife Fairs Festivals" calendar is prepared three to six months in advance of publication. The information was accurate as far as we could determine at the time the magazine went to press. However, it is advisable to check with the organization or event to make certain that dates or locations have not been changed. The phone numbers given are all within the West Virginia (304) area code.

April 11-12 Ripley (372-2011)
Jackson County Quilt Show and Sale
April 11-13 Berkeley Springs (258-4500)
Appalachian Days
April 12 Richwood (846-6790)
Feast of the Ramson (High School)
April 19-20 Braxton County (364-2340)
Braxton County Arts & Crafts Show
(National Guard Armory)
April 20 Clay (587-2951)
Clay County Ramp Dinner (High School)
April 21-23 Pipestem (348-3370)
Spring Senior Citizen Fling (Pipestem State Park)
April 24-27 Huntington (696-5990)
Dogwood Arts & Crafts (Huntington Civic Center)
May 2-4 Mullens (294-7484)
Dogwood Festival
May 3-4 Point Pleasant (675-5737)
Antique Steam and Gas Engine Show
(West Virginia State Farm Museum)
May 9-11 Harpers Ferry (725-8303)
Blue Ridge Quilt Show
May 10 Mingo (339-6462)
3rd Allegheny Mountain Wool Fair
May 10-11 Fairmont (363-3030)
Traditional Music Weekend (Pricketts Fort State Park)
May 10-11 Huntington (529-2701)
Antiques Show and Sale (Huntington Galleries)
May 10-11 Moundsville (845-9810)
Grand Vue Park Arts & Crafts Show
May 14-16, 21-23 Huntington (529-2701)
Heritage Festival (Huntington Galleries)
May 17 South Charleston (744-0051)
Freedom Festival
May 18 Shepherdstown (876-2551)
Mayfestival (Bavarian Inn & Lodge)
May 22-25 Davis (348-3370)
25th Anniversary Wildflower Pilgrimage
(Blackwater Falls State Park)
May 23-25 Parkersburg (428-3988)
Riverfest
May 23-25 Charleston (348-0220)
Vandalia Gathering (Capitol Grounds)
May 23-26 Nitro (755-0701)
Spring Festival '86
May 24-26 Webster Springs (847-7666)
Webster County Woodchopping Festival (Baker's Island)
May 28-June 1 Buckhannon (472-5674)
West Virginia Strawberry Festival
June 1 Charleston (744-4323)
Rhododendron Outdoor Arts & Crafts Festival
(State Capitol Complex)
June 5-7 Grantsville (354-7705)
Calhoun County Wood Festival
June 6-7 Crum (393-3020)
Bobby's Riverbend Bluegrass Festival
June 12-15 St. Marys (684-7111)
West Virginia Bass Festival (St. Marys Marina)
June 13-15 Charles Town (725-2055)
15th Annual Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
June 13-15 Lewisburg (645-6635)
Lions Club Antique Show and Sale
June 17-22 Princeton (425-9392)
Princeton Town Fair
June 19-22 Glenville (462-7572)
West Virginia State Folk Festival
June 21 Fairmont (363-6160)
West Virginia Birthday Celebration
(Cross Roads Community Center)
June 21 Huntington (329-8737)
Tri-State Fair and Regatta (Harris Riverfront Park)
June 21-22 Point Pleasant (675-5737)
Pioneer Days & Wheat Harvest
(West Virginia State Farm Museum)
June 23-29 Cottageville (372-4377)
Jackson County Gospel Sing
(Jackson County Junior Fairground)
June 27-29 Summersville (872-3145)
Bluegrass-Country Music Festival
(Summersville Music Park)
June 28-29 Wheeling (242-3000)
Farm Festival (Oglebay's Children's Zoo)
June 29 Hillsboro (653-4430)
Pearl Buck Birthday Celebration
July 1-4 Fayetteville (574-0105)
July Jamboree
July 2-6 New Martinsville (455-1740)
New Martinsville Regatta
July 2-6 Ripley (232-5424)
Mountain State Art & Craft Fair (Cedar Lakes)
July 4-6 Weirton (723-3334)
Weirton International Food & Arts Festival
July 5 Ripley (348-2286)
Tenth Annual West Virginia Highland Games
(Cedar Lakes Park)
July 5 Davis (866-4121)
3rd Annual Canaan Valley Resort
Country Music Championship
July 12-13 Fairmont (363-3030)
Local Crafts Weekend (Pricketts Fort State Park)
July 13-August 15 Elkins (636-1903)
Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop (Davis & Elkins College)
July 18 Williamstown (375-4668)
Firemen's Ice Cream Social (City Park)
July 21-26 Mineral Wells (489-2929)
4-H and Wood County Fair
July 21-26 Moorefield (538-6688)
West Virginia Poultry Convention and Festival
(Elementary and High School)
July 25-27 Wheeling (242-0520)
Upper Ohio Valley Italian Festival
July 29-August 3 Cottageville (372-2011)
Jackson County Junior Fair (Cottageville Fairgrounds)
July 31-August 3 Harrisville (643-2738)
Hughes River Holidays
August 1-2 Moundsville (845-2773)
"Show 'N' Sell" Arts & Crafts Fair
August 1-3 Clifftop (438-6429)
Appalachian Open Bluegrass Championship
(Camp Washington-Carver)
August 2 St. Marys (684-7525)
Pleasants County Woodchop (Pleasants County Park)
August 3-10 Richwood (846-2058)
Cherry River Festival
August 5-9 Petersburg (538-2278)
Tri-County Fair
August 7-9 Spanishburg (425-1429)
Bluestone Valley Fair (High School)
August 8-9 Crum (393-3020)
Bobby's Riverbend Bluegrass Festival

(continued on inside back cover)

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Goldenseal

Volume 12, Number 1 Spring 1986

COVER: Roane County blacksmith Jeff Fetty hammers hot steel at last year's Vandalia Gathering. "Between Hammer and Anvil," our blacksmiths story, begins on page 9, and a special Vandalia section starts on page 65. Photo by Michael Keller.

Photos: Frank Herrera, Michael Keller, Anne Ellison Maddy, Peggy Massey, Arthur Prichard, Thelma Thomas Ruddell, Jamie Samsell, Jeff Seager, Dennis Tennant

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. Published letters may be edited for brevity or clarity.

Timothy Corn

Bridgeport, WV
January 10, 1986
Editor:
It was with a great deal of personal interest that I read the story of "Timothy Corn: As Told to Lucy Baker Ebert," in the Winter issue of GOLDENSEAL. Lucy and I are "old Camp Meeting friends." For the first 16 years or so of my life my "vacation" was spending ten days each August with my family at Van Myra Campgrounds. The Bakers had a cottage and came each year to Camp Meeting.

A couple of years ago I had a most delightful visit with Lucy and she went with me to a cemetery to search for graves of some of my maternal ancestors. We talked of many things during the visit, things that brought back many memories. I told her then that I had the original minute book (that she mentioned in her article) of the Baptist Church. I said that I had no idea where my father had gotten the book, but I had found it at home after the death of my parents.

I learned during that visit that Lucy lives in a home that once belonged to C. H. Vandiver, the one she wrote of as owning the newspaper where the stories appeared. Reading Lucy's article triggered my imagination, for I knew that Charles H. Vandiver was a lieutenant (later a major) in Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry during the War Between the States. My grandfather, John Joseph Rine, was also a member of the 7th Virginia.

My brother, the late John W. Barger, once wrote in the *News Tribune*, "Mr. Dave Arnold was just in the office and told us a bit of interesting history about the founding of Keyser's first paper, the *Keyser Tribune*. The paper was backed by money put up by Confederate Veterans, practically all of them members of Co. F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Mr. Dave said.

"The reason he knows all this is because his father, the late John G. Arnold, was a great and good friend of the founder of the *Tribune*, Major Charles Vandiver. Mr. Dave listed some of the backers as his father, our grandfather, John J. Rine, our great uncle Tom Crawford, and Major Vandiver's brother, George Vandiver."

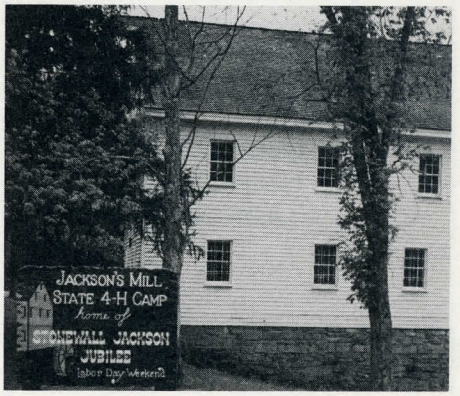
On June 6, 1887, a Deed of Trust was issued to my grandfather John J. Rine for lots and buildings on Armstrong Street. My father, the late William H. Barger, came to Keyser in 1905. He worked on the *Mountain Echo* and the *Keyser Tribune*, and later purchased both and started the *Mineral Daily News*, a daily newspaper. The paper was first published in a building on the corner of Davis and Center streets.

My mother, the late Nellie Pencelia Rine, and my dad were married in 1908. The first *Mineral Daily News* was published in June, 1912, and in a few years my dad purchased my grandfather's building on Armstrong Street. Even though the name has been changed, the paper is still being published at 24 Armstrong Street.

Now, you ask, what has all this to do with Timothy Corn? Perhaps it explains how the minute book came into the possession of my family. Could the minute book have come to Keyser with Major Vandiver, and somehow gotten in the hands of my grandfather and been left in the building he purchased on Armstrong Street and been found by my father when he started the publication of the paper in the same building?
Sincerely,
Betty Barger Dakan

Jackson's Mill

Steuben, ME
Editor:
This was a welcome surprise. A native West Virginian introduced this fine magazine to me, another West Virginian, born in Grafton and raised in Clarksburg. I find the magazine exciting, true to nature, good honest reading and truly the mark of our great state of West Virginia. God didn't leave a thing out when he designed our state. My family and I left home in 1958 and settled in Maine. Maine reminded us so much of West Virginia that we decided to plant roots here. We travel back to West Virginia every two years on our vacation tour.



Reading this GOLDENSEAL, Volume 11, Number 2, brings back many memories such as Jackson's Mill, which was only a few miles from my hometown of Clarksburg. We used to enjoy picnics and annual 4-H affairs. One of my favorite corn patches and swimming holes was at Jackson's Mill. My dear wife Juanita often used to speak of her girlhood days at the mill.

This is the way I feel about my home state and I am proud of it, its people and its heritage. Growing up there gave me a sense of values that has stood me in good stead all my life. I am enclosing a $10 contribution and looking forward to receiving this fantastic magazine.

Keep up the good work. Don't ever lay the pen down.
Sincerely,
James A. Cavalle

Seed Saving

New Market, VA
December 21, 1985
Editor:
I have received my first copy of GOLDENSEAL and am quite pleased. I gladly enclose $10 in support of the magazine.

I was also quite interested in the letter from Mrs. William Fitzpatrick, in the Winter 1985 issue, regarding the Trout bean. As director of the Center for the Study of the American Family Farm, I have started a Growers Network for people interested in preserving the old varieties of vegetables. Mrs. Fitzpatrick's bean is also known as Jacob's Cattle bean and as the Coach Dog bean. It is still available commercially through Vermont Bean Seed Company. I was pleased to find out where it originated.
Sincerely,
Steve Cain

Wisconsin Ramps

Amery, WI
November 22, 1985
Editor:
Your fine magazine has been passed on to me by my brother Lyle Mann of Milton, W.Va. I am a native of West Virginia, born and raised in Logan County.

I left home when I was 18 and spent the next 22 years in the military service, and retired. I went to work at 3M Co. in St. Paul, Minn. I retired from there with 15 years. So that's how I came to settle down in Wisconsin. Although the winters are very cold here, sometimes 45 degrees below zero, Wisconsin looks a lot like West Virginia. I will always think of West Virginia as my real home. As I think back when I was a young boy growing up in Logan County, I realize how much I love that beautiful state. Whenever I read one of your magazines, I feel that I am a part of West Virginia again. I try to get back home once a year for the family reunion which is held in Huntington each July.

Mom and Dad are gone now and with the family so spread apart, I guess one reason for the reunion is to try and keep us together. Mom and Dad raised 12 children and had enough love for all of us. Mom was such a fine lady, she could have been Mother of the Year many, many times. Dad was a very special person, too. When I was a boy I remember that he used to go hunting for ramps. Since I have been away from West Virginia all these years, I had forgotten all about ramps until last year.

My brother, Lyle, came to visit me and brought up the subject of ramps. We went looking for ramps and, since my property is mostly wooded area, there were ramps everywhere. When Lyle left, I went out and dug a lot of ramps, cleaned them, cut them up and put them in the freezer. Now I have ramps all winter. Because of the long winters, the ramps here don't come up until about the first part of June. I hope that one of these years I can come home in April and go to the Richwood Ramp Festival. My brother Curtis lived in Richwood, and my sister-in-law Virginia still lives there. I guess Curtis was a great outdoorsman, and loved to dig ramps.

Enclosed is a check for $10. I would be very pleased to receive the GOLDENSEAL on a regular basis. I am sure that it brings happiness to all that read it, as it does to me. Please keep up the good work.
Sincerely,
Patrick Mann

Oldtime Music

Asheville, NC
January 7, 1986
Editor:
I am a native of West Virginia, having lived most of my life there. Naturally I am enjoying the stories in GOLDENSEAL very much. But many questions come to mind.

I am almost 88. My father, William F. Hiser, was an oldtime fiddler, and your Winter edition stirred oldtime memories. But what has become of the fiddle tunes which were so popular in the late 1890's and early 1900's? I haven't heard one in years.

One beautiful melody was "The Irish Washer Woman," which he played very often. My mother nearly always accompanied him when at home by playing the harmonizing chords on our old foot-pedalled organ.

Another he never omitted was "Pop! Goes the Weasel." That was the one we kids especially liked! When he came to the "Pop" he flicked the proper string loudly with a finger! We laughed—and danced!

One he played less often, yet it was heard on every hand, was "Turkey In The Straw." That one was often sung as well and had an alluring melody. The words went something like this:

"Turkey in the straw—haw! haw! haw!

"Turkey in the hay—hey! hey! hey!

"Whirl about—turn about—Hi! hick a paw!

"Whoopin' up a tune called 'Turkey In The Straw!' "

I do not know the fiddlers mentioned in your journal, except Bill and Carlotta Wellington, who used to live in my hometown, Petersburg. They are close friends of my granddaughter, Eloise Clark, who is presently in Indiana.
Sincerely,
Dora H. Brake

One More on Ferry Diddles

Spencer, WV
October 9, 1985
Editor:
Please find enclosed a check for $10 to assist your publication a little. I have been enlightened considerably about ferry diddles in the last two editions. Also, the Summer edition helped me piece together some facts, at least they were told in my presence as facts, about some of the "hidden years" of A. P. Donaghho.

At this time I would like to *clear up* this ferry diddle dilemma. It seems the readers of GOLDENSEAL have had some encounters with ferry diddles. Mr. Ward M. King of Weston, it appears, had a very similar experience to one I can personally account for. Evidently, I was considered accountable to this small red squirrel for his ter-

ritory being invaded. A well location had been graded and a gas well located in his vicinity. The date: late '70's or early '80's.

I was sitting beside No. 9 well on the James A. Tierney Lease on Third Run in Gilmer County. The well had been opened up and I was "blowing it off" to try to get the fluid off the gas production. All of a sudden this small red squirrel ran up this snag and made the bark fly. Then he immediately began to lay it off to me. As I remember, I threw something at it and the tirade began. He was barking, screaming and making the bark fly very belligerently. I decided to hear him out. I had no weapons but a pocket knife and a cane. The cane I carried for snake killing. I had no desire to tangle with this little critter, but had he physically attacked me I would have defended myself. As I recall, he got his "sawmill fit" over and left. I was glad to see him go.

Now in my mind, I visualize this to have been a *ferry* diddle. This is not a *fairy* tale. I can understand why this little bundle of fury is called a ferry diddle. He was calling for no further crossing of his boundaries, and said so in his own dialect. He had arrived in court and declared a violation. He had conveyed (or ferried) his thoughts—although he was small or a diddle.

This fellow was definitely not a flying squirrel, although he was very quick physically, hasty and haughty once he was called on.

I have heard avid squirrel hunters express the opinion that ferry diddles have crossbred with the grey squirrels. There is great evidence of this, as not many grey squirrels are as large as they once were. Call it a myth if you wish, but if ferry diddles castrated the males, possibly the females did breed with ferry diddles. This condition may not be as rare as thought to have been. Not many original-size grey squirrels exist, at least locally.

Yes, it's a squirrel. No, it isn't a fairy. It's a gross mistake to call him a *fairy* diddle. Again, it isn't a flying squirrel either. It's a FERRY DIDDLE.

A ferry diddle is an *imaginary nothing.* Check the dictionary on this. Once you encounter a ferry diddle *you* will realize it is real and not to be *tampered with.* A ferry diddle can take care of himself nicely for his size. A fairy diddle *may be* a fairy diddle, but a ferry diddle is his own identity!

Sincerely,
Harlan F. Stump

P.S. Sorry to have destroyed anyone's bubble about ferry diddles. But I honestly believe the facts will emerge in my favor.

P.P.S. I consider a "boomer" to be a coonhound. They can nearly burst your eardrums at close range. When a coonhound "trees," he can be heard for miles, especially if on a ridge or the wind is blowing toward you.

Current Programs · Events · Publications

GOLDENSEAL announcements are published as a service, as space permits. They are not paid advertisements and items are screened according to the likely interests of our readers. We welcome events announcements and review copies of books and records, but cannot guarantee publication.

New River Symposium

The fifth annual New River Symposium is scheduled for April 10–12, 1986. The three-state conference will take place at the Holiday Inn at Wytheville, Virginia.

The multi-disciplinary symposium is open to anyone with a professional or amateur interest in the New River, from its headquarters in North Carolina to its mouth in West Virginia. This year's schedule includes historical presentations on Hinton and Thurmond, on New River bridges and ferries and on newspapers of the New River Gorge area, among other West Virginia topics. The conference includes a variety of historical subjects from the other two New River states, and presentations on folk music and white water rafting, as well as archaeology, botany, zoology, geology and other sciences. A total of 17 papers will be presented, continuing the New River Symposium's tradition of offering one of the most broadly diverse annual conferences in the country.

The registration fee for the three-day conference is $37 after March 11. The price includes refreshments, a wine and cheese reception and a banquet dinner, but not lodging. A brochure with registration and room reservation forms is available from New River Symposium, P.O. Box 1189, Oak Hill, WV 25901.

The 1986 New River Symposium is jointly sponsored by the New River Gorge National River unit of the National Park Service, Wytheville Community College and the West Virginia Department of Culture and History. Next year's symposium will take place in North Carolina, with the meeting returning to West Virginia in 1988.

Harpers Ferry Floods

Harpers Ferry Floods!, a new book written by Quinith Janssen and published by Treadle Press, traces the impact of flooding on Harpers Ferry, from the first European settler's account in 1748 to recent times. Ironically, the waters of West Virginia's latest flood were inundating Harpers Ferry as the new book came off the presses. The November 1985 flood, which left over two dozen West Virginia counties disaster areas, caused over two million dollars damage to Harpers Ferry Historic Park and immediately rendered Janssen's book outdated. Janssen has announced a revised edition, with an appended chapter and photographs of the recent flood.

Janssen, author of the previously published *West Virginia Place Names,* has used personal accounts from newspapers to bring alive earlier flood scenes. One tells of a woman who clung to a tree all night to protect herself from the dangerous waters below her in the 1870 flood, and another notes that "spectators saw three men on a roof coming down the Potomac" during the flood of 1889. One recounts the adventure of a local farmer's marooned pig that swam back home three days after the flood of 1924.

One chapter describes early attempts to create major waterpowered industry at Harpers Ferry by such men as George Washington and town founder Robert Harper, and how the geography of the area both invited and

frustrated such hopes. Another chapter tells of various flood precautions practiced by the National Park Service to protect historic buildings from future flooding.

Harpers Ferry Floods!, a 72-page paperback, is available in local bookstores, or may be ordered from Treadle Press, P.O. Box M, Shepherdstown, WV 25443, for $6.95 plus $1 postage and handling.

Mountain Wool Fair Association

The Allegheny Mountain Wool Fair Association of Mingo, Randolph County, has announced its plans for 1986. The Third Allegheny Mountain Wool Fair, scheduled for Mingo on Saturday, May 10, will highlight the year's activities. Attendance at last year's Wool Fair nearly doubled that of 1984, and the Association is now exploring ways to purchase land for a permanent fairground.

A "mule spinner" recently acquired by the Wool Fair Association will be featured at this year's Wool Fair. This replica of an early 19th Century spinning machine produces yarn comparable to that produced on a spinning wheel. The Association is currently studying ways to erect the mule spinner permanently on the proposed new fairgrounds. The goal is to provide an alternative market for area wool producers and create employment for 20–30 people in southern Randolph County. All profit from the mule spinner operation will go into the Fair Association budget, to be used for the further goals of the Association and sponsor the Fair itself.

The Allegheny Mountain Wool Fair Association is sponsored by the American Sheep Producers Council and the West Virginia Department of Agriculture. The group's primary goal is to increase the profitability of the sheep producing industry in West Virginia. Membership in the organization is open to the general public. Contact Ms. Eileen Wamsley, Mingo, WV 26281, for further information.

New Nitro History

Soon after the United States entered World War I, it became evident that the country's gunpowder supply was not great enough to support its troops overseas. Consequently, Congress hurriedly met in emergency session, passing the "Deficiency Appropriations Act" which provided for the construction of three massive explosives plants. After a study of many areas, bottom land along the Kanawha River, 14 miles below Charleston, was chosen as a prime location for the first construction project, Plant "C." Thus Nitro was born a wartime boom town.

Nitro: The World War I Boom Town, a new book written by William D. Wintz and published by Jalamap Publications, traces the history and development of the town, from the aboriginal Indians down to World War II. Particularly interesting chapters describe the overwhelming task of recruiting and maintaining a work force to build and operate the WWI plant, and the resulting implementation of strict law enforcement for its protection against sabotage. Ironically, the war ended before Nitro was brought fully into production, and Wintz's later chapters deal with the transition to peacetime production.

The new book is heavily illustrated with photographs from the author's own 40-year collection. Much information is derived from individual interviews of residents, adding a personal angle to the text. Detailed appendices include Nitro's mayors, a 1932 census and victims of the 1918 flu epidemic, and there are a bibliography and index.

Nitro: The World War I Boom Town, a 133-page hardback, is available in bookstores, or may be ordered for $19.95, plus $1 sales tax and $1.50 postage and handling, through Jalamap Publications, Inc., 601 D. Street, South Charleston, WV 25303.

Appalachian Studies Conference

The annual Appalachian Studies Conference is scheduled for March 21–23, 1986. The meeting will be held at Appalachian State University at Boone, North Carolina.

The Appalachian Studies Conference traditionally brings together Appalachian scholars interested in regional history, literature, politics and other subjects. The theme of this year's meeting is "Contemporary Appalachia: In Search of a Usable Past," and conference planners have solicited presentations approaching that general theme from a wide variety of perspectives.

The Appalachian Studies Conference rotates annually among several states of the mountain region, with last year's meeting in Kentucky and the 1987 conference planned for Tennessee. Those interested in attending this year's meeting should contact Dr. Carl A. Ross, Center for Appalachian Studies, Appalachian State University, Boone, NC 28605.

Coal Mining Tragedies

Writer Lacy A. Dillon of Wyoming County is best known for his 1976 book, *They Died in the Darkness*, a history of West Virginia's 44 worst coal mine disasters. Now, Mr. Dillon is back with *They Died For King Coal*, a compilation of 57 other mining tragedies. The new book was published last year.

The events chronicled in *They Died For King Coal* are West Virginia's second-worst mining accidents. Individually they produced fewer fatalities than Monongah, Eccles and the other great catastrophes in Dillon's first book, but collectively they left hundreds of miners dead. Discussed among recent tragedies is the 1980 explosion at the Ferrell No. 17 mine in Boone County. The new book also includes other mine explosions, as well as fires, elevator cage falls, runaway mining cars, rock falls and one mine flood.

They Died For King Coal sells for $9.95. Mail orders, including $1 postage and handling plus 50 cents sales tax from West Virginia residents, may be sent to Lacy A. Dillon, Box 222, Ravencliff, WV 25913.

New From Doc & Chickie Williams

Wheeling musicians Doc and Chickie Williams were recently characterized as "Country Music's Royal Couple" by the newsletter of the Country Music Pioneer Association. To celebrate this and several other milestones—their 45th wedding anniversary, Doc's 70th birthday and his 50th year in country music—the couple have recorded a special anniversary album. The new record, "Doc n' Chickie: It's Our Anniversary," was issued last year by Wheeling Records.

Doc Williams joined the WWVA "Wheeling Jamboree" in 1937, and achieved his greatest success in the following quarter century. The couple have retained a style reminiscent of that musical era, featuring an accordian as well as the more usual instruments of

country music. Old standards performed on the new album include, "Have I Told You Lately (That I Love You)," "When the Bees Are in the Hive" and others. The anniversary record concludes with the bittersweet "I Wish I Was Eighteen Again."

"It's Our Anniversary" sells for $8.95 at Doc Williams' General Store in Wheeling and at other record stores, or by mail for an additional $1.50. A recent Wheeling Records catalog lists more than two dozen other Williams family LP albums, cassette tapes, 45's and even some 78's. Those interested may write to Wheeling Recording Company, P.O. Box 902, Wheeling, WV 26003.

Even More Mountain Memories

Writer Dennis Deitz began his literary career a few years back, by editing and publishing the original *Mountain Memories*. The success of that book, by his late brother Granville, enticed Mr. Deitz into writing his own book, *Mountain Memories II. MM III* soon followed.

Now we have *Mountain Memories IV*, published last fall by Mountain Memories Books. The reminiscent style will be familiar to readers of the first three books, but there are some changes. While its predecessors dealt mostly with early times in the mountains, *MM IV* moves into the modern period with a long section of "Stories from Later Years." These relate the author's adventures with children and grandchildren, recollections of his working life and his observations on changing times. Deitz also tries his hand at fiction this time with "The Teacher," a long short story.

Mountain Memories IV, a 170-page paperback, sells for $5 in bookstores. It may be ordered by mail for the same price, plus $1.00 postage and handling and 25 cents sales tax from West Virginia residents. The address is Mountain Memories Books, 216 Sutherland Drive, South Charleston, WV 25303.

New Guide to Counties

Those wanting a handy reference to West Virginia counties will be interested in a new book from WVU Press. *The 55 West Virginias: A Guide to the State's Counties* was published in Morgantown last fall. The author is E. Lee North, author of the popular state history, *Redcoats, Redskins and Redeyed Monsters.*

North's book features a detailed entry for each of the counties, including a short characterization of the county's past and present. Standard statistics—including size, population, median family income, birth and death rates and several more—are given for each county, as compared to the state and nation. Two maps are provided for each, one a state outline locator map and the other a close-up of the individual county. One or more photographs illustrate each county's story.

The 55 West Virginias will fascinate browsers and West Virginiana buffs, and be of practical value to historians, economic planners, marketing researchers and other professionals. A one-page appendix summarizes the state's statistical position against the country as a whole, showing that we have the lowest crime rate and highest home ownership, for example, and are about average on such matters as population density and divorce.

The 55 West Virginias is a large-format paperback. The 118-page book sells for $9.50 in bookstores, or may be ordered directly from the publisher. Mail orders, including $1.50 postage and handling plus 48¢ sales tax from West Virginians, should be sent to West Virginia University Press, Wise Library, Box 6069, Morgantown, WV 26506.

Seed Saving Guide

One of the most popular GOLDENSEAL articles in recent years was Gerald Milnes' story of "heirloom gardener" Ruby Morris, highlighting techniques she and others use to preserve early plant varieties. The article has drawn a steady stream of reader letters since its publication in fall 1984. Our latest correspondent is the Center for the Study of the American Family Farm, an organization involved in establishing historical gardens, farm lands preservation and other projects.

The Center also promotes the saving of early fruits and vegetables, and is preparing a "Farm and Home Gardener's Guide" to seed saving. The new manual is by Stephen R. Cain of the Center, with assistance from Elwood Fisher of James Madison University and Allan Stoner of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The draft copy sent to GOLDENSEAL includes a discussion of the genetic danger in the loss of old crops, and practical information on selecting and storing seeds and plant pollination. More than two dozen vegetables are discussed specifically, from beans to turnips.

Cain indicates that the non-profit Center is interested in collecting seeds in West Virginia. Those wanting to join the Center's growers' network or to obtain a copy of the seed saving guide may write to the Center for the Study of the American Family Farm, Rt. 2, Box 44, New Market, VA 22844.

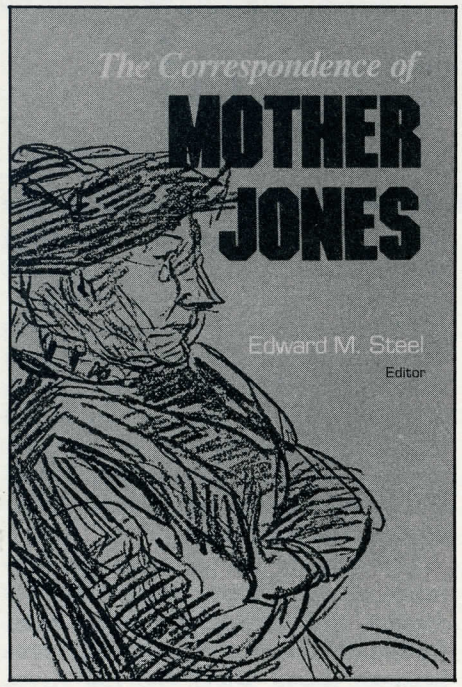
New Mountain State Workbook

A Study of the Mountain State is a new workbook for elementary school children, written by Sally Egan and Sally McCune. The book is designed to aid teachers in helping their students develop a heightened awareness of the rich culture of West Virginia, by making study fun and stressing active, rather than passive, learning.

Included in the first half of the book are geography puzzles, the ABC's of West Virginia, coloring of the state flag, and learning the special characteristics of each county. Also covered are the geological development of West Virginia, its first inhabitants and development and uses of natural resources. The book offers insight into pioneer life, including play-party games and other entertainment, and shows how to make pioneer toys and puppets. Log cabins, one-room schoolhouses, traditional quilt patterns, and West Virginia folklore are discussed, with a section for the student's own composition of a folk story. Folk songs, square dance calls, boating, whitewatering and more, are all presented in a manner to excite children's imaginations and develop a deep pride in their state.

The second half of the book is a guide for teaching, offering learning objectives, outcomes and enrichment activities, such as developing a coal garden or using black walnuts to create a natural dye for fabrics. There is also an appendix of traditional West Virginia folk stories, recipes and a list of resource books.

A Study of the Mountain State may be ordered from Mountain Schoolhouse Materials, 114 Bryan Drive, St. Marys, WV 26170, for $8 plus $1 postage and handling.



Book Review: *The Correspondence of Mother Jones*

Mother Jones died in 1930. She was 100 years old by her count and had cut a wide swath across the labor history of North America. She had made her mark on West Virginia as on many other places, and today she survives here in the memory of old miners and the mythology of the coalfields. There are many written accounts as well. She left a short autobiography and has been the subject of numerous articles and books. There is even a national magazine that bears her name today.

We can now add one more source of information, in some ways more valuable than its predecessors. Historian Edward Steel of West Virginia University has edited *The Correspondence of Mother Jones*, including 364 letters to and from the famous agitator. The book was published by the University of Pittsburgh Press late last year.

The correspondence covers the years 1900 to 1930, the period of Mother Jones' greatest national fame. During this time she was a political force to be reckoned with in the United States. Her correspondents included presidents and industrial leaders, as well as leading unionists and socialists. Jones had countless friends and foes among the high and mighty, and Steel's book shows that she was not bashful in writing to them.

These years were also the period of Mother Jones' greatest activity in West Virginia. She became an organizer for the United Mine Workers in 1900, and by mid-1901 she was corresponding with UMW President John Mitchell from Sewell, Fayette County. She was there to offer "good motherly council," as she said in one letter, to local miners attempting to unionize. The New River Gorge was not easy terrain for a person her age. "We were up the mountain at S[outh] Caperton last night and came down the goat path after 12 o'clock," she wrote Mitchell in July. "I had to slide down most of it. My bones are all sore today."

Nonetheless, Mother Jones would match herself against our mountains many times during the next two decades. Her letters show that she worked the New River campaign intermittently for most of two years. In June 1902 she took time out to travel farther north, where she ended up as an involuntary guest of the law—"put on the train, brought from Clarksburg to Parkersburg at 12 at night, [and] lodged in jail with murderers and thieves," she wrote from behind bars on June 28. She was charged with violating a federal injunction, and admitted to her correspondent she had been "giving the injunction H-ll."

Mother Jones left West Virginia sometime after mid-May 1903. She appeared next as the leader of an army of Pennsylvania child laborers, in a July march on President Theodore Roosevelt's summer home on Long Island. The following years took her across the country, from New York to Colorado, California and other parts of the West. She was deeply involved in the affairs of Mexican revolutionaries by 1909, a cause that would eventually carry her to Mexico City in 1921.

In the meantime, she did not forget the coal miners of West Virginia. She returned in 1912, to participate in the critical Cabin Creek-Paint Creek strike. She was incarcerated by the state militia in February 1913, and had a field day writing letters under the return address "Pratt, W.Va. Military Bastille." The jailhouse letters of an elderly woman stirred a sympathetic public and, as Professor Steel concludes, "Mother Jones imprisoned may have been more powerful than Mother Jones at liberty."

Mother Jones took her final part in Mountain State history in 1921, at the time of the Armed March on Logan and Mingo counties. She played an uncharacteristically contradictory role, first encouraging and then discouraging militance. The new book cannot provide the single most mysterious piece of Mother Jones correspondence, a supposed telegram she received from President Harding at this time. She used the alleged message in a vain attempt to urge the armed miners to disband and go home. Steel believes that the telegram was a deception on her part, as did many observers in 1921. Mother Jones soon left West Virginia for the last time, her influence damaged.

All these events of Mother Jones' life are already known in some detail, and there is little in the book that is absolutely new. The value of the correspondence is in its firsthand freshness. Like all public figures, Mother Jones projected a calculated image to the world. In private correspondence she spoke more frankly, showing a much more complex personality than that presented in public or in her autobiography. She is seen as a canny leader, deftly maneuvering among her peers while keeping the lines of communication open with at least some high-placed opponents. She carried on a long correspondence with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for example, and he was among those sending congratulations on the occasion of her 100th birthday celebration.

Still, the revelations in the correspondence do no harm to the old agitator's reputation. Mother Jones is shown to be steadfast in her principles, and flexible only in the ways she pursued them. What emerges is a fuller portrait of an important American, and Professor Steel has done good work in laying that picture before us.

—Ken Sullivan

The Correspondence of Mother Jones is a 360-page hardback book, with illustrations, an introduction and index. It may be purchased for $34.95 in bookstores or ordered directly from the University of Pittsburgh Press, 127 North Bellefield Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

When the Capitol Burned

By Harry M. Brawley

It was a normal winter's day in the city of Charleston, cloudy but with little or no snow. Children were on their way home from school. I was one of them, walking north on Summers Street about where Washington crosses Summers today. It was around 3:30 in the afternoon and the date was January 3, 1921. Suddenly, the fire bell at City Hall rang out loud and clear. At that time, there was a bell tower and the number of "bongs" told us what district the fire was in. Two rings meant district two, and so forth.

We children knew the fire code well, and this time the bell told me the fire was in my home district. That meant excitement close by. I looked across the side yard of the old Governor's Mansion and saw smoke pouring from the Capitol roof. By the time I had covered the distance between Summers and Capitol streets the flames were breaking through and spreading rapidly. A crowd began to form around the burning building and soon filled all of Capitol Street, the governor's grounds, and what is now Davis Park.

Soon the crowd cleared out in a hurry. Cases of ammunition had been stored in the Capitol's attic and when the flames reached them the fireworks began. The crowd surrounding the building, including me, scattered quickly, flowing back as the explosions receded.

It seemed eternally long before the fire fighters arrived. By then, the downtown crowds were so thick that I am sure they were a hindrance. Not only was Capitol Street blocked, but Washington, Lee and State (now part of Lee Street) were also jammed. The police tried to keep traffic moving, and while the ammunition exploded they had some success. Eventually, the firemen got there. I vividly remember an old steam pumper belching smoke as it swung from State Street into Capitol, the crowd slowly parting. By the time the explosions ceased and the crowds were under control, a single silvery stream of water reached the top of the roof. By then the fire was a raging inferno and fighting it was futile.

It was reported afterwards that fire fighters were brought in not only from nearby towns, but also from as far away as Huntington. That may have been true because fire wagons, trucks, and pumpers were in evidence all around the building. All they could do was to keep the blaze watered down and prevent showers of sparks from spewing high into the air. In spite of their efforts, satellite fires flared up in the area between Broad and Laidley streets. A great many houses at that time had wood shingle roofs and they were fair game for red hot sparks. Since very little could be done with the main fire, the firemen spent time with the smaller blazes. Fortunately, the Capitol was isolated in the center of a large block extending from Capitol to Dickenson streets and from Lee to Washington.

Statehouse employees made dramatic efforts to save office equipment. I saw typewriters, adding machines, and other equipment being lowered from first floor windows. Heavy safes had to be left in the building. Following the fire they were sprayed with water for several hours, but to no avail. When they were opened the contents burst into flames.

The fire made quite a spectacle that night. The lighted sky could be seen for miles. I was made to come into the house at dark, and I remember someone playing "Dardenella" on the phonograph. Since then every time I have heard that melody my mind has gone back to the Capitol fire. It burned for three days, and only one casualty was suffered, a fireman killed by a collapsing wall.

That fire changed the face of downtown Charleston. Up to that time the main business district was mostly on Kanawha Street (now Kanawha Boulevard) along the river front, with offshoots on Summers and Capitol. Northward expansion on Capitol Street was blocked by the Capitol and the Governor's Mansion. After the fire, a temporary building, the so-called "Pasteboard Capitol," was built on the governor's side yard where Washington Street was later cut through and where the former Daniel Boone Hotel and the old Montgomery Ward retail outlet now stand. The burning of the Capitol and the removal of the governor's residence to the East End opened a vast area for new commercial development to take place.

The Capitol fire changed the fortunes of the Capitol Street business district, and sounded the death knell for the old downtown residential area between Broad Street and Elk River. Many old Charleston families lived there, particularly on Donnally, Summers, Laidley, and Court streets. With the Governor's Mansion nearby, the neighborhood had had an aura of dignified middle class respectability. When the governor was no longer there the area began to lose its appeal as a place to live, and business started to move in.

A large part of this section, particularly from Court Street to the Elk River, was already suffering from urban decay, and slums began to plague the city. In trying to find a site for the new Capitol, a movement was started to locate it in this blighted area and make this part of Charleston a government center since the City Hall and Courthouse were already there. This came to naught, and the area deteriorated rapidly.

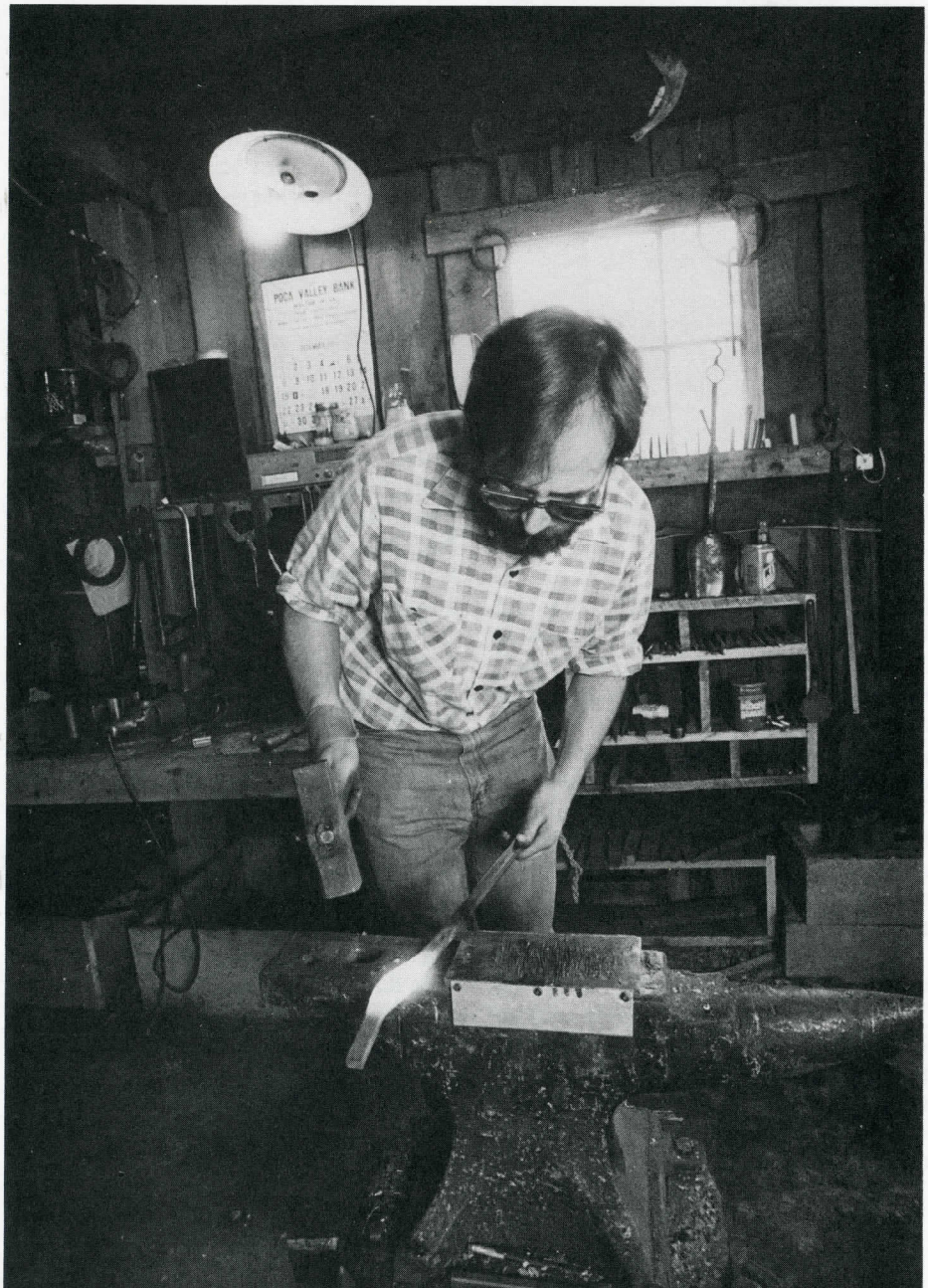
Meanwhile, upper Capitol Street was aglow with development. The Kanawha Valley Bank, the Diamond Department Store, Stone and Thomas (then known as the Peoples Store), the C&P Telephone Building, and the Firestone Service Store soon filled the old Capitol grounds. J. C. Penney occupied the site of the Governor's Mansion and the Daniel Boone Hotel and the Montgomery Ward building took over the side yard of the old mansion. The exciting fire of my boyhood recollections had remade downtown Charleston, fixing the shape of the city for another half-century.

Between Hammer and Anvil

Jeff Fetty and West Virginia Blacksmithing

Photographs and Text by Michael Keller

Jeff Fetty is one of West Virginia's few full-time blacksmiths. Here he works in his Roane County shop.



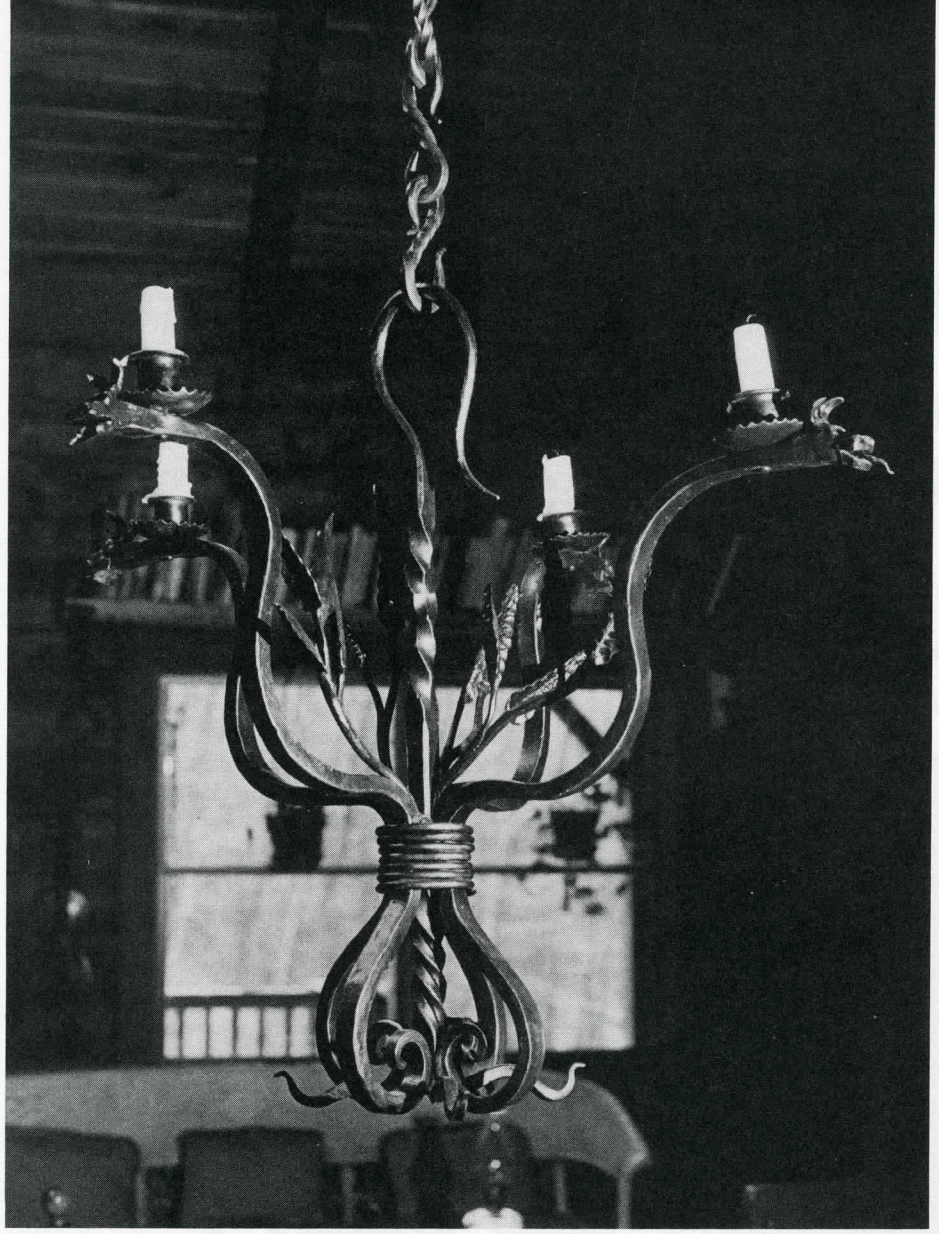
There is magic within a blacksmith shop. The hot, fiery forge, the ringing of hammer on anvil, one man working his will on a piece of steel all add to the mythology of the blacksmith. The day of the village smithy may be gone, but it has been replaced in West Virginia by a modern age of craftsman and artist, doing both old and new work in iron and steel.

Jeff Fetty's Leaning Oak Forge, located near Spencer in Roane County, is a good place to learn the tradition and history of blacksmithing, and to dispel some of our misconceptions. A full-time blacksmith, Jeff hammers out ornamental but functional works which may be surprising to a modern American, but familiar to one who knows the European background of the craft. Jeff claims to know of only two other full-time professional blacksmiths in West Virginia, Rick Barnhart in Tyler County and Glen Horr of Berkeley Springs. However, he says that smithing is alive and well in the hands of the many hobbyist and part-time smiths, folks who, for a variety of reasons, enjoy handling the black metal.

Of course, there are many farriers making a living in West Virginia, but Jeff insists that a farrier is not necessarily a blacksmith, nor vice versa. "I tell people I'm a blacksmith," he says, "and the first thing they say is, 'Do you shoe horses?' Blacksmiths don't shoe horses. They hammer hot steel. A farrier shoes horses." A farrier is a specialist in shoeing and in making the metal gear needed for working with horses. While a farrier works with metal, he needs to know more about horses than metallurgy. Fitting a shoe to a horse requires a skill with animals unnecessary to a blacksmith, and can be as specialized as prescribing boots for a baby.

Blacksmithing goes back 6,000 years, an ancient and honorable profession. A smith had a place of honor in the Prince's court in ancient Wales. There were smiths among the gods of the Greeks, Romans and Norsemen. Blacksmiths once considered themselves kings among tradesmen, because the smith made the tools for the other craftsmen.

The blacksmith incorporated the four primal elements of earth, air, fire and water in a perfect union, giving him the enviable ability to make his own tools as well. This is as true today as



This stunning chandelier is an example of blacksmithing at its finest. It hangs over the Fetty dinner table.

ever, according to Jeff. "Very rarely do I get a commission that I don't spend a day in the shop tooling up, making a specific tool to do a specific job." Jeff's shelf of punches, each minutely different from the others and each handmade for a particular task, is an example of this "right tool for the right job" philosophy.

A look around Jeff's shop shows that the basics of working hot steel haven't changed, but a few things have gotten easier. His forge has an electric blower for forcing air into the fire. The anvil has gone unchanged for centuries, but the electric trip hammer, for flattening metal quickly, is a nice addition. Jeff says some traditionalists despise the modern device, but for him it replaces the need for a human assistant standing by to pound the metal on demand. He also uses a band saw to cut his steel rods, and an electric drill for burnishing and polishing. A television and radio make his shop more liveable. "It got to be too easy to have a second cup of coffee in the house and watch the 'Today' show instead of coming in here," Jeff says, so now he has his morning coffee at the forge. Basically, though, it still comes down to the man, the fire and the steel.

Many people are surprised to hear that a blacksmith works with steel. They see steel in skyscrapers and automobiles, needing big machines to form it. In fact, steel has been used since the 14th Century, when iron making became an organized industry, and the blacksmith's traditional materials are wrought iron and steel. Jeff uses a low-carbon "mild steel" for his decorative work, as it can be bent into complex shapes. A harder steel, appropriately known as tool steel, is used for tool making. Today's junkyards are good sources for useable steel. Jeff uses leaf-type automobile springs, for example, to make chisels.

The ancient smith's iron and steel were essential to developing civilizations, creating the tools for both life and death. Knowledge of metal working was spread as much by war as by trade. The skill of the medieval smith is evident in the elaborate armor and intricate ironwork of the Middle Ages. The craftmanship of that work is as good as can be seen today because very little in the basic technology has changed, except for the ready availability of steel. The metal is still the same in the eyes of the blacksmith. "People see steel as a cold, dead material," says Jeff. "But once it's heated it's very plastic. It can be hammer-welded, forge-welded, drawn out, split, twisted, shaped into shapes. You have to know how hot to heat it, and how hard and in what sequence the blows go."

West Virginia was a frontier for longer than most of the country, and blacksmiths were important here even past the turn of this century. Before industrial goods were common and cheap, the smith made all of the metal tools needed by the farmer, the housewife and the community's other craftsmen. He made hammers, chisels, plane blades, knives and bits; hinges, latches, handles and even nails; as well as iron cookware and other kitchen and fireplace equipment. The general blacksmith also did repair work on farm tools such as plows.

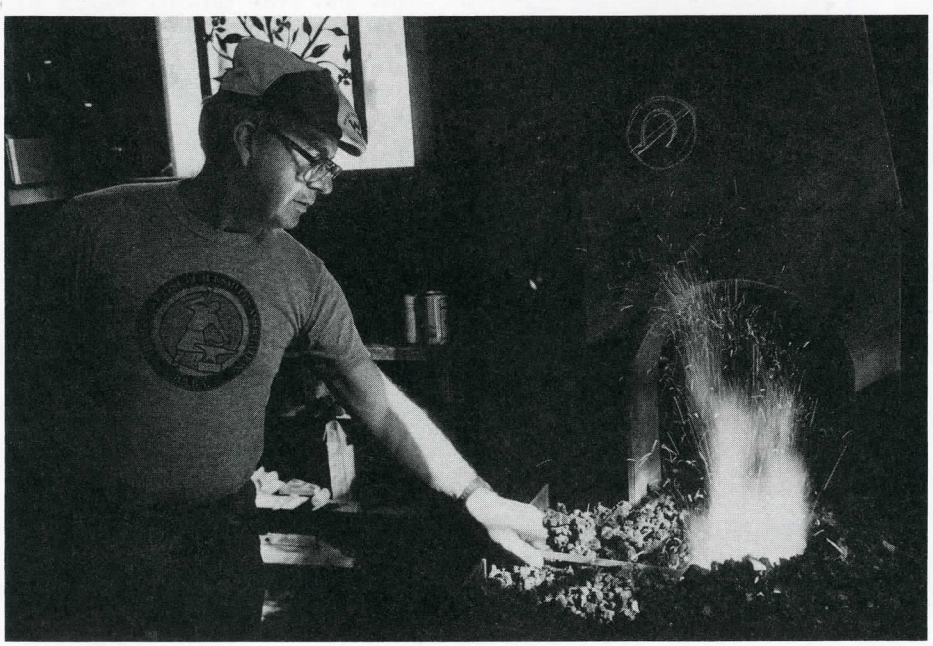
In the city, the blacksmith carried on the European tradition of a more decorative and artistic use for steel. The city smith made gates, railings and even chandeliers. This was typical work for a blacksmith in Europe, and Jeff says that it continues there today. "In Germany, there have always been large, ornamental smith shops, and the German smith is financially secure alongside doctors and lawyers. The German people have a great respect for handmade items, whether steel, stone or wood."

The common mountaineers of our past couldn't afford fine gates and railings, and lacked the fancy houses to

An electric trip hammer is one of Jeff's concessions to modernity. It does the initial flattening done by an assistant smith in earlier times.

Below: Kanawha Countian Joe Harris, a banker as well as blacksmith, makes sparks fly at the Appalachian Blacksmiths Association meeting. The sign indicates "no horseshoes" made at this forge.

Below right: Butch Rousch was also at the ABA meeting. Here he works a piece at the anvil.

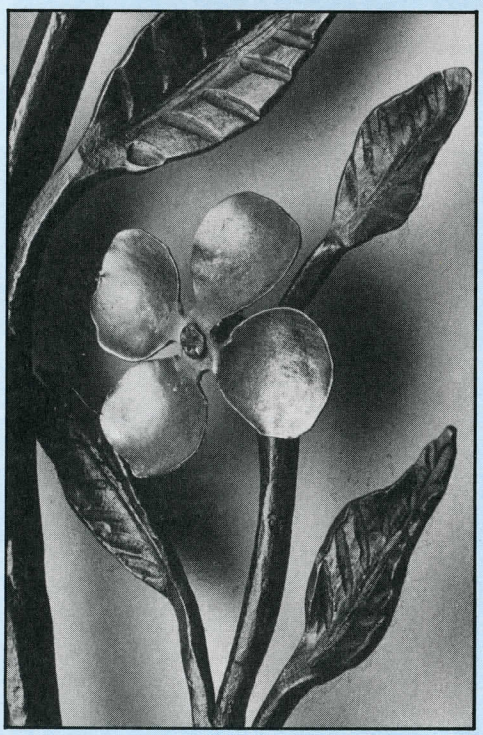


Left: "Requires No Water" is the playful title of this Jeff Fetty sculpture. Photo by Michael Keller.

Bottom: Each tiny flower in the sculpture is made of peened copper, fastened to the steel stem by a mortise-and-tenon joint. Photo by Michael Keller.

Opposite page: This 12-inch hook is decorative as well as utilitarian. The diamond pattern was made by splitting the original four sides of the bar, twisting, hammering square again and repeating several times.

Art From Steel

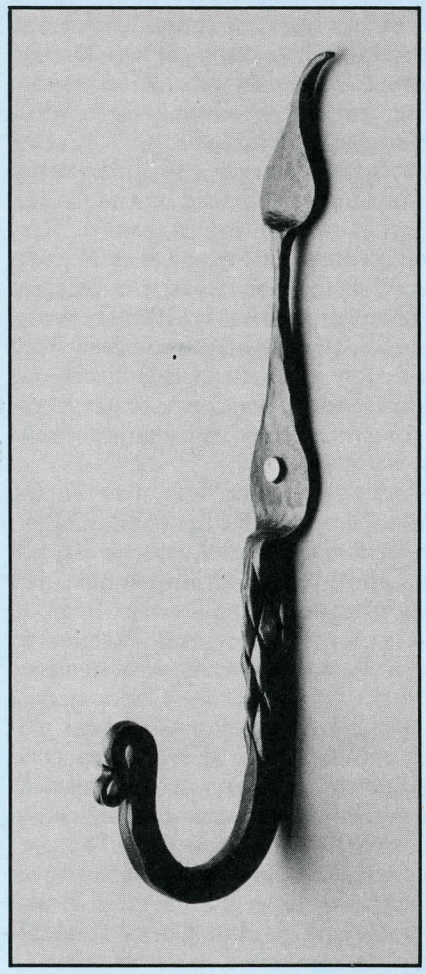


Creating art from hot steel involves more than just hitting it with a hammer. A delicate bend may be executed by a series of taps so light you are surprised that anything happens. There is a finesse in striking the metal only so hard and in just the right places to make it take the desired shape. The smith must judge how hot his steel is by the color of the heated metal, which is why the blacksmith's shop is not brightly lit. He must know which type of metal, its composition and its gauge, that is best for the work he is creating. Mostly he needs experience with the many forging procedures—drawing out, riveting, flattening, splitting, punching, cutting, twisting, forge welding, bending—which are combined into making a piece of steel into art.

"Requires No Water" is a Jeff Fetty wall sculpture from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Peyton of Charleston. The flowers are peened copper, joined to the steel stems by mortise and tenon. This requires forging on one piece a narrow bar (the tenon) which fits through a small hole in the other piece (mortise), and then flattening the end of the tenon like a rivet. This is a delicate operation with inch-and-a-half flowers.

Each leaf has been drawn out by heating and hammering bar steel on all four sides, which lengthens and narrows the metal at one end. The narrow end is flattened and shaped into a leaf by heating and hammering on opposing sides. The veins are carved into the hot leaf with a chisel, and the leaf stem is then attached to the branch by forge welding, a process of joining two pieces of metal by heat and hammer blows.

The plant has been attached to the frame by splitting and collar-



ing. The section of frame is heated to a near-welding temperature and then cut with a hot chisel. The split is spread and a flat bar bent around a plant branch and through the split to form a collar. The frame itself is assembled in riveted sections.

Splitting can also be used as a decorative device, as in the small hook Jeff made for the author. The diamond pattern was made by splitting (but not through the metal) all four sides of the bar, then twisting the bar in one direction. The twisted surface was hammered back into four flat sides, then split again and twisted back in the other direction. The entire hook is less than 12 inches long, and each section had to be carefully heated and worked without affecting the other portions. Blacksmithing requires control and craftsmanship, but not brute strength.

—Michael Keller

put them on, but they depended on the blacksmith to make the necessities of their community. The general smith did not have the time to do much creative work, nor the clientele, and the people of our area did not become familiar with ornamental smithing. The mountain blacksmith was the local tool manufacturer until the Industrial Revolution made steel tools so inexpensive that even the smith used store-bought hammers. Mass production almost ended the smith's trade, and it is the reason that most people today associate blacksmithing with horse shoeing. In many places the only forging to be seen in recent times has been done by the farrier.

The crafts renaissance of the last 20 years has brought forth a new generation of blacksmiths who work in the old traditions but with a modern flair. There is no longer a need for the general smith, so the modern Appalachian blacksmith uses forge and anvil to create new art forms and recreate old ones. These new smiths are a small and struggling group, and Jeff says they are very willing to help each other. "Most of the older or more experienced blacksmiths are willing to help too, because they know that if you have the desire deep in your heart, it will still take a lifetime to learn it all." Older smiths have helped bridge the gap between 19th Century and modern smithing, men like James Dillon of Raleigh County [GOLDENSEAL, July-September 1975], who was invited by the Smithsonian Institution to participate in the Tenth Annual Festival of American Folklife, and Elige Miller of Richwood, known for his ramp and ginseng hoes forged from Model T axles. One younger smith who was particularly helpful to Jeff was John Cornish of Monroe County, who died several years ago at the age of 32. His work included a gate for a Beckley restaurant and a chandelier for a Lewisburg church. "Everything he touched turned into magic," Jeff says with respect. "He was truly an artist."

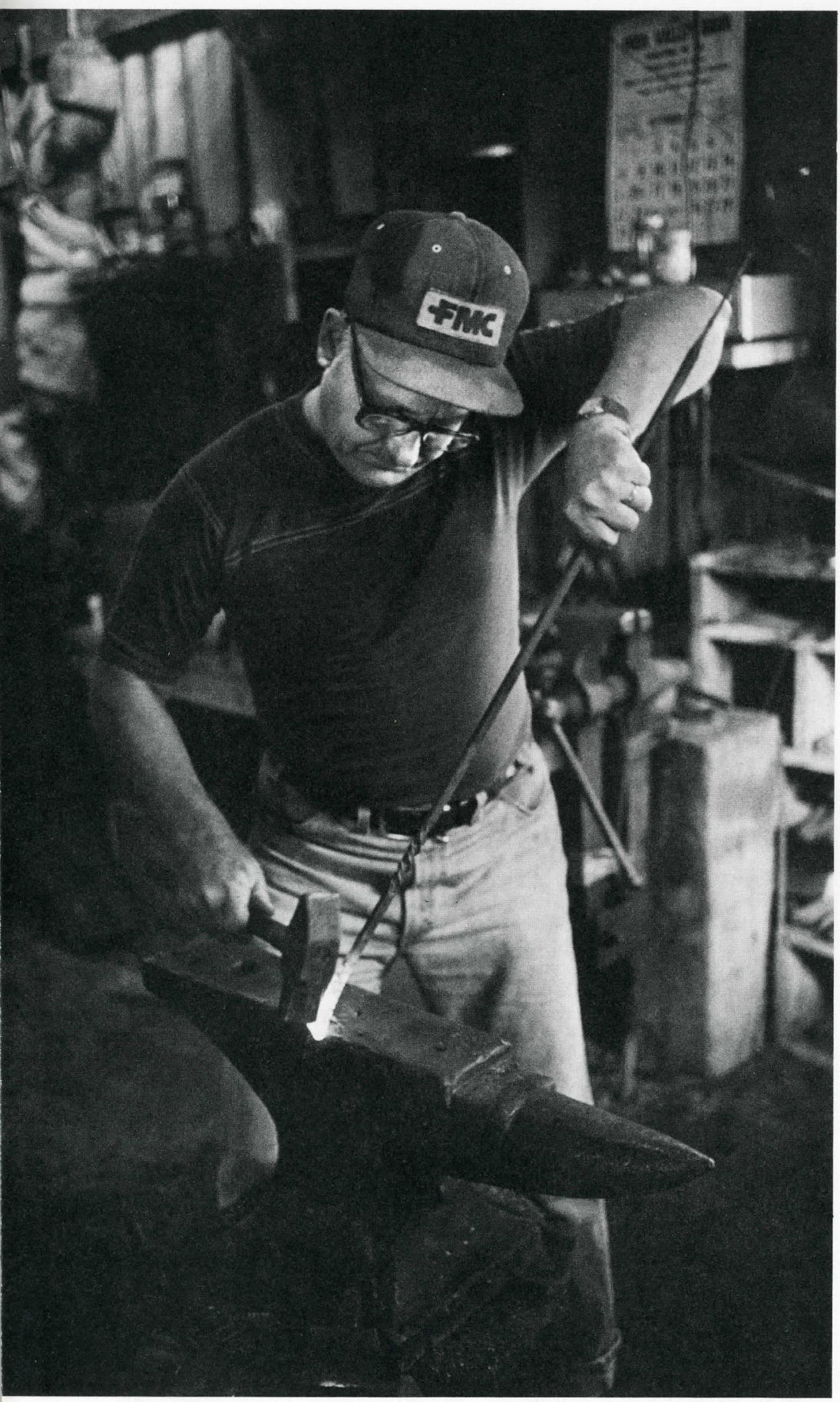
Jeff Fetty's work runs the gamut of useable and decorative worked steel. Whether making a fireplace set or a chandelier, he strives to make his metal visually exciting. He has made a gate for an oil man and a railing for a dentist. A wood and steel bench sits in the waiting room of a real estate company. Some are traditional forged items but Jeff looks for a sculptural quality in each piece, seeking motifs to make the work identifiably his. He took a weather vane workshop recently and is enthusiastic about the possibilities. "The sky is the perfect backdrop for a piece of steel," he says.

Jeff's first commissioned work came about seven years ago. He had exhibited a garden gate at a craft fair and Lloyd McIntire of Dunbar ordered a window grill, gate and interior balcony for his home. The Belle Historical Society asked Jeff to make colonial items to place in the Samuel Shrewsbury House, the oldest stone house in Kanawha County. He recently has created fireplace screens for several homes. As an artist, Jeff wants to make an individual statement, but at the same time realizes that his work must be harmonious with its surroundings. "The real challenge to an iron worker," he says, "is to go into an architectural period, come up with an original design that fits the period and make it look like it was there when the building was built."

Jeff has found the spring blacksmithing workshops held annually at Cedar Lakes in Jackson County to be inspiring. A nationally renowned smith is brought in to teach and critique, and blacksmiths from all over West Virginia gather for, as Jeff says, "a lot of good forging. Each year I come home with enough ideas and energy to keep me going for a year. I've gotten more from those workshops than from anywhere else."

A good opportunity to meet blacksmiths is at a semi-annual Appalachian Blacksmiths Association gathering, which was held last fall at Jeff's Leaning Oak Forge. Although the ABA is based in West Virginia and surrounding states, members live as far away as California. The organization is open to anyone with a practical or academic interest in blacksmithing, and the craft's widespread popularity is shown by the varied backgrounds of ABA members. Bankers, teachers, coal miners, doctors, lawyers and machinists are hobbyist smiths. "There's one eye surgeon in Florida who claims to be the only practicing eye surgeon blacksmith," according to Jeff.

Joe Harris and his son, Jeff, were among those at the fall gathering. Joe is a Kanawha County banker who came to blacksmithing the self-taught way.

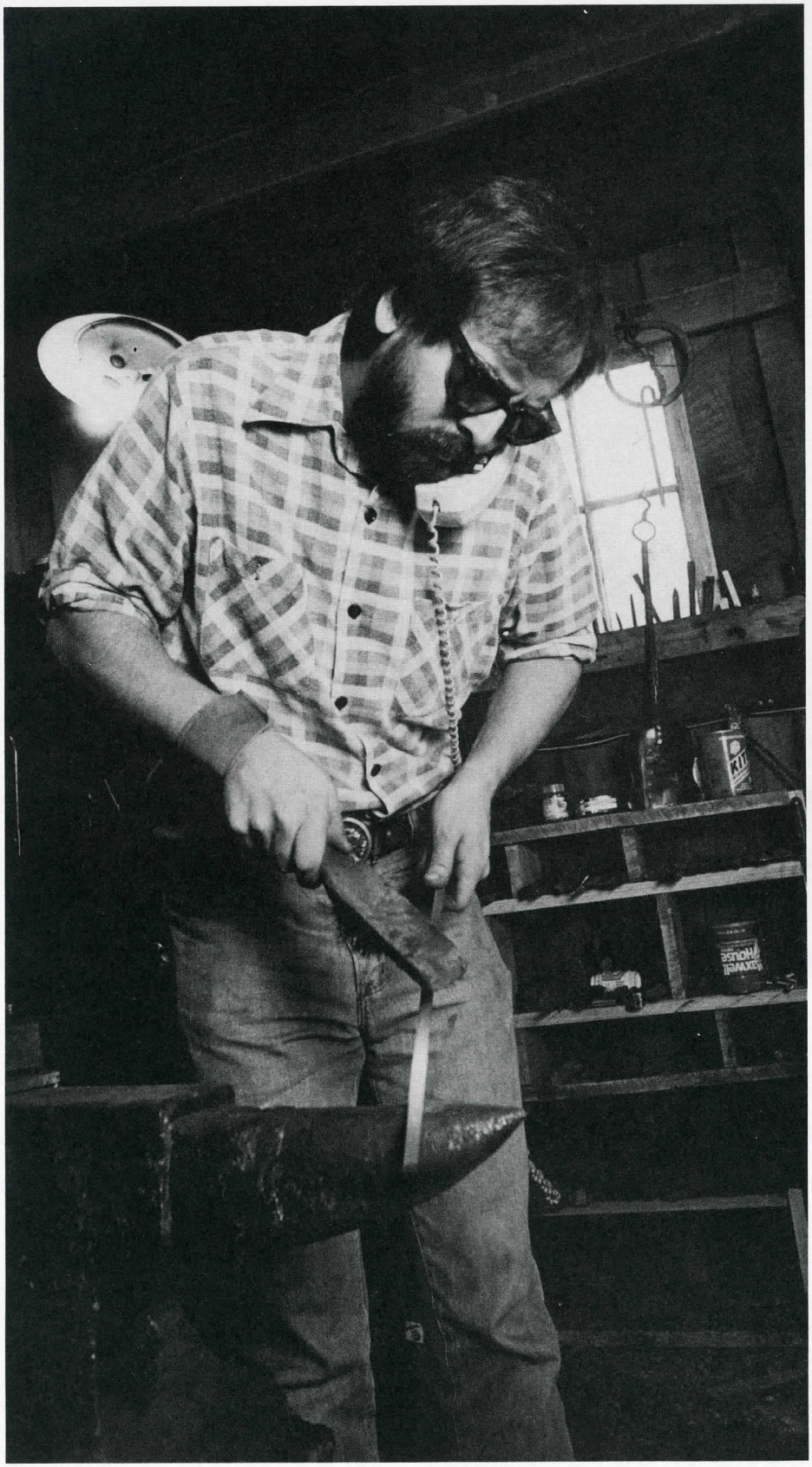


At his high school, shop classes were supposed to include blacksmithing but no teacher could be found, so Joe and the welding instructor got together and learned for themselves. After graduating, Joe did woodwork for a while before getting into banking. About six years ago he bought a smithing setup out of a newspaper, and he and his son began blacksmithing in earnest. They took a course at Cedar Lakes in 1980, visited with Peter Ross, the resident blacksmith at Colonial Williamsburg, and took a workshop under New York smith Joe Volz. All of this study was undertaken in the desire to get better at something they really enjoy, working hot steel.

Corky Kershner was also at the smiths' meeting. He has lived in Spencer for five years and says he learned blacksmithing by helping to build Jeff Fetty's house. He now works in wood and carpentry, after being a farrier for seven years. The farrier work involved a lot of travel, because Corky had to go to the farmers who needed his service. He did a lot of show horses, traveling county to county to keep up with the work. He still does horseshoeing, but only for local folks now. The sentiments of the gathering were shown by the "No Horseshoe" symbol drawn on Fetty's forge, but Corky immediately demonstrated how to make a horseshoe.

Pennsylvanian Dan Tokar was also present. He reported an unusual reason for entering blacksmithing. Interested in Medieval weapons, he had to learn to make his own by studying reproductions in books and learning to use the forge and anvil. He works as the closest thing to a general smith seen today, making hardware for outdated coal equipment, reproduction colonial items, custom knives and repair work. Dan once repaired a seven-foot aluminum chicken for a chicken roasting truck.

Dr. Boyd Holtan works his day job in the School of Education at West Virginia University, but he got interested in smithing in 1976. He bought a blacksmith shop in Lewisburg and met up with Jeff Fetty and fellow blacksmiths Glen Horr, Pete Minier and George Nichols at Jackson's Mill in 1977. The following year they founded the Appalachian Blacksmiths Association, and it has grown to almost 100 members today. Three years



Above: The old and new come together as Jeff Fetty takes calls at his anvil. He also has a TV and stereo system tucked away inside his smithy.

Opposite page: Professor Boyd Holtan of WVU combines a doctor's degree in education with practical training as a blacksmith.

ago the ABA hosted the Artist-Blacksmiths Association of North America national conference at Cedar Lakes, and over 600 blacksmiths from around the world gathered to exchange ideas.

Jeff Fetty himself came to smithing through his future father-in-law, who was a farrier. "His name was Jack Hopkins," Jeff says. "I would hang out in his shop. I'd go to pick up his daughter for a date and I'd see the forge glow through the shop door and it would draw me right in. Charlotte would be in the house waiting and I'd be down there cranking the blower, getting dirty and trying to learn more about blacksmithing." One thing he learned, he says, is that there's "not a lot of money in it, but a lot of personal satisfaction."

The first couple of years Jeff did some farrier work and forged in Jack's shop on the weekends. About 10 years ago he set up his own shop, working as a meat cutter 40 hours a week and forging at least 30 more. His work began to sell, he did some craft shows, and then started getting some major commissions. Two years ago he went to blacksmithing full time. "I'm not getting rich and I spend a lot of hours here, but I'm making a living and I'm happy," he says.

"I come from a family of good woodworkers, and I've combined wood and steel occasionally," Jeff continues. "But I know of no other medium where an artist can be as expressive as with a piece of mild steel. It's a constant adventure to see it come alive between the hammer and anvil."

Appalachian Blacksmiths Association

The Appalachian Blacksmiths Association is an organization for both practicing and non-practicing farriers and blacksmiths, and for others interested in the craft. The Association offers periodic gatherings and a newsletter. Membership dues are $7 per year, from January 1 through December 31, 1986. For more information contact the Appalachian Blacksmiths Association, Boyd Holtan, Treasurer, 1257 Dogwood Avenue, Morgantown, WV 26505.

Henry Shadwell's Boy Scout band was ready to hit the road on a Chautauqua tour in the summer of 1927. Shadwell sits on the running board. Photographer unknown.

Marching on the Road to Excellence

Huntington Music Man Henry Shadwell

By Joseph Platania

Three years after the death of the famed bandmaster and composer John Philip Sousa in 1932, three West Virginia high school band directors sat down to talk over coffee and dessert at the Huntington home of Henry C. Shadwell. From that social occasion came the idea for the first West Virginia High School Band Festival.

Charles Gorby of Charleston, band director of South Charleston High School in 1935, was there. He remembers the occasion well. "The festival was cooked up by Carl McElfresh of Logan, myself and Mr. Shadwell," he said. "Our three schools used to exchange band concerts, and Mr. Shadwell always said how nice it was that we could learn from each other.

"I'll never forget what he said," Gorby continued. "Let's have a band festival so we can pace ourselves on the road to excellence."

At the time, there was a highly competitive high school band contest held in Huntington for bands from the tri-state area of West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio. But Shadwell's idea was different, stressing cooperation and learning in a festival atmosphere, Gorby recalled.

The first West Virginia High School Band Festival was held in the spring of 1936, under the authority of the West Virginia Bandmasters Association, also organized by Shadwell. The city of Huntington sponsored the festival, paying the expenses of the judges and guest conductors and providing medals for the winners.

"Shad" Shadwell, founder of the festival, was also its first chairman. He held that position until his death in 1951 at the age of 52. He shunned the limelight but was the driving force behind the band festival during his lifetime.

Robert Dwight of Huntington played

saxophone in one of Shadwell's late 1920's bands and remembers him fondly. "The man was a fantastic organizer," Dwight said. "When he came here in 1918 there was no music in the public schools. By the end of his career as festival chairman there were so many bands they couldn't handle them all in Huntington." Mr. Dwight was chairman of a 1981 memorial committee that included members of the Huntington High School class of 1930, other former students of Shadwell's, and the Rotary Club.

Henry Shadwell was born in Caldwell, Ohio, on November 8, 1898, and came to Huntington from Ohio State University in January 1918 as a teacher and musician. He later earned his A.B. and Masters degrees in music from Capitol College of Music in Columbus, Ohio. He had played in a variety of bands before coming to Huntington and some speculate that he may have served a stint with the U.S. Marine Corps Band, Sousa's own old outfit.

As an instrumental musician preferring the cornet, he pursued his love of band music. He is present in a photograph of a popular local band posed on the steps of Huntington's City Hall around the year 1920. But Shadwell was more than an accomplished band musician. He realized that education of musicians begins with the young, and for the majority of his 33 years in Huntington his life was devoted to work with school children.

He was hired to teach science at Huntington's Central Junior High School. He promptly began teaching instrumental music on the side, while trying to convince the school board that music should be taught in the schools.

Robert V. Fuller, director of Huntington's charitable Stella Fuller Settlement and a bass horn player, was an early music student of Shadwell's. While in junior high school he played baritone horn. He heard that Shadwell gave music lessons and signed on. Mr. Fuller praises Henry Shadwell as "my idol as a musician." In particular, Fuller recalls when, as a student musician, he played in a band with John Philip Sousa himself at the podium.

It was in November 1923, while at the junior high school where Shadwell was teaching science, that Robert Fuller had the chance to play in a band directed by Sousa. The legendary bandmaster had come to Huntington with 45 of his musicians for an evening concert at the City Hall auditorium. Shadwell had arranged for 30 of his music students to sit in with Sousa's band on the afternoon of the concert. Fuller recalls that they played two numbers that afternoon, one of which was a new march Sousa had composed for a Masonic group.

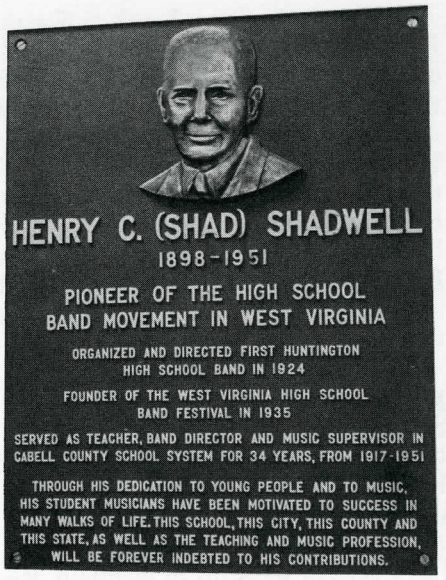
Mr. Fuller, now 76, has carried on the musical tradition he learned from Shadwell. For the past 40 years his Stella Fuller Settlement Band, made up mainly of retired musicians, has played on Monday nights for the enjoyment of anyone who wants to listen.

When Henry Shadwell began his career, Huntington was already a city with a musical tradition dating back to its early days. There was a variety of bands in town, including company bands, union bands, "citizen bands," firemen's bands and dance bands. Ironically in such an era, many cities, including Huntington, did not think music was a proper subject to be taught in public schools.

Shadwell was not stymied by the school board's attitude toward music in the schools, although it meant he had to organize his first bands outside the educational system. In 1924 he organized a Boy Scout band with the assistance of the local Rotary Club. The club had proposed a simple drum and bugle corps, but Shadwell convinced them a full band would be preferable.

In the 1920's, invitational tours were organized for performers to travel across the nation under the sponsorship of Chautauqua, a popular summer program of that time. The movement was founded in 1874 in Chautauqua, New York, "as a summer encampment for Sunday school educators . . . which grew in purpose to combine education, religion, culture and recreation," according to an article in the June 1981 *Smithsonian* magazine. Chautauqua touring programs stayed several days in local communities, presenting plays and lectures as well as musical groups.

Shadwell recognized a good idea when he saw one. Beginning in 1925 and for five summers thereafter he and his Huntington Boy Scout band toured the eastern United States, playing at smalltown Chautauqua programs. According to one of its former trumpet players, the band toured with three different groups: The White and Brown Chautauqua, which traveled from Georgia to Illinois; the Swarthmore Chautauqua, which performed in the New England states; and the Redpath



Above: This commemorative plaque was placed in the music department of Huntington High School in 1981.

Right: Robert Dwight, chairman of the 1981 memorial committee, speaks fondly of his old music teacher. "If a talented kid needed an instrument, Shad would put his paycheck on the line," he says. Photos by Jeff Seager.

Chautauqua, which performed in Kentucky, West Virginia and Ohio.

In 1925 a two-month tour ranged from Arkansas and Tennessee through Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky. A Huntington newspaper clipping, dated August 29, 1925, heralds the return of the "20 member Huntington Boy Scout Band, with their leader H. C. Shadwell," after a "triumphant 5,000 mile trip through 11 southern and midwestern states." In 1926 the Scout band gave 75 concerts in 12 northeastern states from May 29 to August 27. Tours in later years were primarily in Ohio and West Virginia. One summer, the Huntington band shared billing with a Broadway play, a Phillipine stage band and various lectures and recitals, according to a Chautauqua brochure.

The program brochure for the Swarthmore Chautauqua tour of 1926 features a double-page spread of pictures of the Scout band with Shadwell in his conductor's uniform. The text notes that the young musicians "had played before the Congress of the United States ... and will lead the American Legion parade in Philadelphia next October during the Sesquicentennial." The program further describes the band, in the overblown prose of the period, as "the outstanding boys' band of the country, constantly rehearsed by Bandmaster Henry C. Shadwell. Their playing has the fire and spontaneity of youth."

A 1981 letter from Frank S. Figley, Jr. of Huntington gives a firsthand account of Shadwell's Boy Scout band on the Chautauqua tour. Figley played clarinet in 1924 with the first Scout band. That year the band was invited to participate in the National Realtors Board meeting in Washington. The Huntington band led the parade down Pennsylvania Avenue, and performed in concert for President Coolidge on the White House Lawn.

"I enjoyed one wonderful summer, touring the country with Shadwell's Scout Band," Mr. Figley wrote. "On this tour we furnished our own folding cots, linens, blankets and slept on the stage under the tent.

"We traveled in trucks and buses and had a regular schedule to maintain. We usually played a different town each day and all of the band personnel sent their laundry home to our wonderful mothers who would wash and iron the items and send them back to us to a location we would be playing approximately three days from the time they mailed the package."

A musician who played in the Scout band from 1924 to '27 added, "We would play in 60 small towns a year. We played in every state this side of the Mississippi."

Shadwell's organizational abilities and his love of music came together in this band, attracting good musicians from all over Huntington. "I joined the Boy Scouts just to be in the band," one former member recalled.

Band members were paid $20 a week to play at the Chautauqua performances. Almost 60 years later the former Scout musicians remembered Shadwell and the band as a wonderful experience of their lives. "When we went on the road we were a group of professionals," a former saxophone player remarked, "not just a bunch of kids."

The Boy Scout bands were an impetus for promoting music in the schools and the forerunners of the Huntington High School band. In the meantime, Shadwell had to cover both his regular teaching and his music work. Consequently, the first eight years of his educational career in Huntington were a time of divided loyalties, with the music man torn between his job as a junior high science instructor and his interest in building a music program in the schools. Finally, his dedication to music and teaching abilities led to his appointment in 1926 as the first supervisor of instrumental music in Huntington schools. Later he would hold this post, as well as that of band director, for all Cabell County schools, positions he held until his death.

In 1939 a Huntington newspaper, looking back on Shadwell's accomplishments, reported that when he came to Huntington "he wanted to teach instrumental music in the schools." Frustrated at first in this effort, he was

Shadwell stands to the right rear during a 1924 Boy Scout band appearance in Washington. The success of such early bands allowed him to establish music in Huntington schools. Photographer unknown.

later assigned to Huntington High School "to see what he could do about getting boys and girls interested in band and orchestra work." From there on Shadwell's story became the story of the high school band movement in the state.

James I. Rathburn of Huntington knew Henry Shadwell first as a teacher and band director and, later, as a colleague. Rathburn started taking music from Shadwell in grade school, continued through junior high, and then played in his high school bands in the late '30's. His former band director also helped him get started as a junior high school teacher, and he remained with the Cabell County school system for 32 years.

After Shadwell's fatal 1951 heart attack, Rathburn was named to succeed him as Huntington High School band director, a post he held until 1967. Mr. Rathburn spoke with admiration and respect for his mentor and friend. "He was proud of his Boy Scout bands that went on the Chautauqua tours. They became the nucleus of the Huntington High School band which he formed as the first school band in the county.

"He took his high school bands on the road in the summer as much as possible," Mr. Rathburn continued. "I recall playing at the Canadian National Exposition in Toronto in 1937 or '38. He also took the band to a Chicago Exposition in the '30's and later to the New York World's Fair in 1939. This was in the days when bands didn't travel that much. But he was good at raising money for band instruments, uniforms, and for travel. He enlisted the financial support of the local Rotary Club for his early bands. Bands then didn't get much money from the board of education.

"The West Virginia High School Band Festival was his baby and he fought to keep it in Huntington year after year," Rathburn said. "He saw to it that people on his committees arranged for housing for all the festival visitors, which could get to be a headache at times. Shadwell had already planned the 1952 festival when he died."

Henry Shadwell was a music teacher who could not rest from his vocation during the summer months. Mr. Rathburn recalled that for decades, and up to the time of his death, Shadwell gave individual tutoring in band instruments in the summer to anyone who wanted to learn, free of charge. He first used a room at a junior high school for his lessons and later used his high school band room.

"He believed this way he could give individual attention to band students. Most didn't stay more than 15 or 20 minutes and he would write out their daily lesson on blank pages of music. He would also start beginners out on band music. He developed this summer music program on his own to improve the quality of musicianship for the bands," Rathburn recalled. Shadwell's generosity did not end with free summer work, according to band alumnus Robert Dwight. "If a talented kid needed an instrument, Shad would put his pay check on the line," Dwight reported.

Dwight went on to praise his former band director's showmanship. "I've compared him with Arthur Fiedler, director of the Boston Pops," he says. "Shadwell had popguns go off and the flag drop down behind the band as they played some stirring patriotic march on the high school stage."

James Rathburn also recalled examples of Shadwell's showmanship. On several occasions in the 1940's, Shadwell's high school bands played the dynamic "1812 Overture" at Huntington's City Hall auditorium. To add to the finale of the performance, Shadwell had black powder explosives in empty drums offstage to simulate cannon fire. One time the charge of explosives was larger than planned, and jolted dirt and debris from the rafters down onto the band and the band director. The stage quickly filled with clouds of dirt and dust, mixed with fumes from the explosion. The fire department came out for that one.

Shadwell rarely spoke of himself, but he once claimed in a newspaper interview that he "had attended more

James Rathburn traveled with Shadwell's high school bands in the 1930's, and later joined him as a teaching colleague. Photo by Jeff Seager.

Henry Shadwell teaching in his Huntington High School band room. Photographer unknown, 1940.

commencements than any other living man." As director of bands for all Cabell County schools he had to be present for each commencement, especially during his early years in the job. "I always wanted to know the story of the people who came to commencements year after year but had no relatives in the graduating class," said the band leader. One year, one such familiar face was missing from the commencement audience, he related. He was told that she was in the hospital and later took flowers from the commencement platform to the sick woman's room.

Even in the more formal times of the 1920's and '30's, Henry Shadwell was familiarly known as "Shad" by colleagues and students alike. But he was not without honor and respectful support. The people of Huntington recognized the value of Shadwell's work and they pitched in to help. They willingly housed band members and opened both their stadium and city auditorium for festival events. It was an old tradition, going back to the Tri-State Festival days. "There was almost a carnival atmosphere when the bands came to town," Dwight recalled. "People in Huntington would feed and house hundreds of band members free of charge."

Shadwell himself was everywhere during these busy times, overseeing the details of his festival. A Huntington newspaper article reported at his death that, "He was proud that the festival he had originated had brought tens of thousands of young people to Huntington without major illness or injury to a single visitor. He would tell of trying experiences arranging accommodations for all who wanted to come to the festival. He would get out of bed at night to see that a visitor got a place to stay or got transferred to a more desirable place."

Although he was generally thought of as the "father" of the band festival, a newspaper article commented that "he was the last to accept credit for its success, claiming that volunteer workers made it possible."

Among the legions of Shadwell's former student musicians there were some, like Huntington's Jim Rathburn and Joseph Childs of Connecticut, who followed in their teacher's footsteps. Mr. Childs wrote in a 1981 letter: "As a student in the 5th grade I started taking instrumental music from Henry Shadwell, who at that time was teaching science at Central Junior High. I was one of many of Shadwell's former students who also spread the love of music that was inculcated into us by the eminent director and teacher."

Shadwell died on August 28, 1951, and 30 years later his friends got together to remember him. On August 30, 1981, a memorial ceremony and concert were held in Huntington's Ritter Park amphitheater. A commemorative plaque was presented to the superintendent of Cabell County schools, to be placed in the music department of Huntington High School, where Shadwell worked as teacher, band director and music supervisor for 25 years. The inscription recognizes his contributions as "Pioneer of the High School Band Movement in West Virginia."

But Henry Shadwell's legacy is not just a fine bronze plaque. His real memorial is the annual West Virginia High School Band Festival, which has outgrown a single site and is now held on the same spring weekend as four area festivals in Huntington, Clarksburg, Bluefield and at Bunker Hill in Berkeley County. At its peak in the early 1950's, the festival parade had 75 bands from all across the state and its route covered more than two miles through the heart of Huntington. On the occasion of the festival's 50th anniversary in May 1985, veterans of earlier festivals remembered the long marches down Huntington's wide streets, the chance for many of them to be away from home, and the fun of the festival weekend.

One former band member recalled that the festival was "music on a grand scale." He added, "I was in school right after the period of the big bands, and people appreciated that type of music. But it's still an exciting thing. Even today you get chills, listening to the bands playing."

Music Out of School

Huntington's Adult Bands from the Shadwell Era

By Joseph Platania

Before the age of rock video, television or stereo, and when radio was still in its infancy, musical entertainment for the average family was often found in gleaming white octagonal bandstands in the city park or courthouse square, or onstage in public halls. Huntington was no exception. When Henry Shadwell came to town in 1918, most band instruments were in the hands of working men who played music as an evening or Sunday pastime separate from their jobs. The era of bands in colleges and public schools had scarcely begun.

The dance band craze that hit America in the 1930's and '40's had its roots in the band music of the "Roaring '20's." It was a high stepping age with marching union and company bands, firemen's and military bands, as well as dance bands.

It was in this musical era that West Virginians like my grandfather, Joseph White, belonged. He played trumpet in Huntington's Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Band of the 1920's and '30's. He also played in the dance band called White's West Virginians. The "White" in the band's name referred to Harry White, the band's director and no relation to Grandfather.

People of all ages flocked to public halls such as the Keith-Albee Theater and the Vanity Fair in downtown Huntington to hear and dance to the latest music from White's West Virginians. For his performances on the Vanity Fair stage, my grandfather, a carman with the C&O, had his own black-tie tuxedo.

The C&O Band of 60 years ago marched in parades and played for dances and at official railroad functions in towns and cities along the main route from Huntington over to the Greenbrier Hotel and on into Virginia. In a paternalistic age, the C&O paid for the uniforms and good instruments which, after a certain length of service, the band members could keep.

Part of the C&O Band performed as the C&O Railway Dance and Concert Orchestra, under the direction of G. C. Stein. My grandfather played trumpet in this group. The orchestra occasionally played on WCHS radio in Charleston, broadcasting from the old Ruffner Hotel.

Howard Jennings of Huntington, a prominent local musician for more than 50 years and a former director of his

The C&O Dance and Concert Orchestra was a sub-unit of the larger C&O Band. Director G. C. Stein stands at left and Joseph White sits at right rear in this WCHS broadcast from Charleston's Ruffner Hotel. Photographer unknown, 1924.

White's West Virginians was a popular band, directed by Harry White. They are shown here in a 1925 performance at the Vanity Fair in Huntington. Photographer unknown.

own dance orchestra, recently remembered the C&O Band. He commented that local company bands, like those of the C&O and Owens-Illinois, eventually broke up because "they became too expensive to maintain and the companies lost interest in them."

My grandfather's jaunty C&O Band cap is the only remnant of the uniform he once wore proudly. The khaki cap has darkened with age, but still sports its shiny black bill and gold braid across the base of the crown, with a small gold button at each end engraved with a lyre.

Huntington had a long tradition of bands and orchestras before my grandfather's time. "Each of the larger boats on the Ohio River carried its own band or orchestra," according to a chronicle of the city's early history in the 1870's and '80's. "When one of the boats whistled for Huntington, it was a signal for everyone who could to drop whatever he was doing and rush to the riverbank to see the big boat come in and listen to the music.

"In those early days each town along the river had its band, and there was much rivalry between them," the account continued. The Huntington band of the time was led by James A. Sample, who is credited with staging the young city's first parade on July 4, 1876. Nearby Guyandotte also had its own band.

For those who wanted an alternative to a marching band, there was the long-lasting Citizen Concert Band of Local 362, American Federation of Musicians. This band was open to all union musicians and played into the 1950's. According to a 1959 newspaper article, a 1906–27 band veteran recalled that the union band played for dances at Camden Park every summer and many other places in the tri-state area.

My grandfather's best friend in Huntington was another Italian immigrant who also worked for the C&O, Pete Gigliotti. Pete had encouraged my grandfather to join the C&O Band and, like my grandfather, Pete blew the trumpet. When the C&O Band broke up, Pete, and later his son, Carl, also a C&O Band veteran, joined the Stella Fuller Settlement Band in Huntington's west end when that group formed in the early 1940's.

Like New Orleans' Preservation Hall, where retired musicians gather nightly to play authentic jazz, Huntington's Stella Fuller Settlement Band is home to many retired and some active musicians who gather on Monday nights to make music. "We are keeping band music alive with our weekly concerts and rehearsals," says Robert Fuller, 76, settlement director and bass horn player. "Musicians have come from as far as 20 miles away just to sit with us. We also have the only genuine bandstand left in Huntington on our settlement playground for outdoor concerts." The Stella Fuller Band specializes in the traditional marches and ragtime songs that used to be heard from bandstands across America and also plays more contemporary music, Fuller said.

The musicians who make up the 30-

piece band come from a variety of backgrounds, including some who once had their own bands and orchestras. Robert Fuller rolled off the names of volunteers who have directed the band. Among those he mentioned was Henry Shadwell, whom Fuller admired as a teacher and musician. He added that his mother, Stella Fuller, founder of the settlement, played trombone in the band until several years before her 1981 death at age 97.

Fuller relates the story of one member who played with the Stella Fuller Band for at least 20 years. After his death it was found that he had requested that a combo from the band play at his funeral. Four or five senior musicians got together and rehearsed for this special performance. On the day of his funeral they had one last rehearsal at the settlement hall and then went over to the funeral home to play a medley of their compatriot's favorite tunes, including a rendition of "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Robert Fuller also played professionally. He recalled that in the '20's and '30's dance bands from a wide area hired Huntington musicians. Huntington was the largest city in the region and local musicians could work almost every weekend with a jazz or dance group. He remarked that he had gone as far as Jenkins, Kentucky, and down into southwestern Virginia with dance bands back in those days.

Another glimpse into this bygone era is provided by a special booklet published in the 1920's by the famous C. G. Conn musical instrument company. This booklet was devoted entirely to photographs of bands and orchestras across the country that used Conn brass and reed instruments. Among the photographs were "Weidemeyer's Orchestra" of Huntington and the "Apolo Concert Orchestra of Huntington," Fred C. Scaggs, Director. Mr. Scaggs, to whom the booklet originally belonged, also was a saxophone teacher in west Huntington.

These forgotten bands, like the better known White's West Virginians and the C&O Band, are all part of Huntington's musical heritage. Most of the members were working men who pursued music as a hobby, for the love of it. They set the musical tone of the city before band music was taught in the schools, and eased the way for Henry Shadwell to put the instruments into the hands of a younger generation.

The Stella Fuller Settlement Band, a project of the charitable Stella Fuller Settlement, is the only survivor of the non-school marching bands. This photo *(below)* is from 1943, with Mrs. Fuller standing third from right. Today son Robert Fuller *(above)* is in charge of the 30-piece band. New photo by Jeff Seager.

Harvey Sampson at home in Braxton County. Harvey holds the fiddle against his shoulder in the manner of early fiddlers.

Big Possums Stir Late

Oldtime Fiddler Harvey Sampson

By Jacqueline G. Goodwin
Photographs by Michael Keller

"Harvey Sampson is a big possum among the older men in West Virginia's oldtime music world. But he's certainly waited a long time to come out." That's according to Frank George, and Frank should know. He is a top mountain musician himself, a good friend of Harvey's, and an expert on Appalachian and Anglo-Irish music.

At 76, Harvey has been playing both the fiddle and banjo for close to 70 years and is considered one of the best oldtime musicians in West Virginia. As Frank George says, he has taken a while to come out, only recently becoming a member of "The Big Possum String Band." Formed for the purpose of preserving as much of Harvey's music as possible, the group's other members include Frank, Charleston resident Charlie Winter on guitar and Larry Rader of Elizabeth on banjo.

Last August Larry accompanied me to Harvey's. Within a couple of minutes the soft-spoken older musician made us feel right at home, telling us about himself and his music.

The son of David Andrew and Sarah Elizabeth Sampson, Harvey was one of seven children. He was born in Clay County on December 19, 1909, and never received any formal musical training. "I learned what I learned by myself," he points out. "I used to be a banjo player when I grew up with my brother Homer. My brother and dad were fiddlers, but I never played the banjo with my dad. My dad never taught me. I just watched him. But I learned a lot just watching," says Harvey from his home on Mounds Run in Braxton County.

"My dad lived around there in Gilmer County when he was a boy, but I don't know exactly where. I do know my grandfather was Irish though. At least that's what I always heard. My dad was known as having one of the best bow arms of his time," adds Harvey, his striking blue eyes twinkling. "You know, fiddlers around here played a lot by themselves, but when they did get together they played things they wanted to hear so they could learn. Saw my dad play like that."

Harvey adjusts himself in his chair. He has fond memories of growing up in a family where music was a way of life. "When I was a boy I made my own banjo. Made it out of poplar, flour sacks and groundhog hide. Used wire

to bracket it down and learned to play it by myself. My brother and I, we'd get up real early in the morning to tend the fire. Homer hung his fiddle right by the fireplace. We'd be wearing those big, long shirts and my brother would start playing and I'd join in on my banjo. We lived in a log house then. We kept playing until my brother and I became separated during the war. Then, without him, it didn't sound right at all." The voice gets softer and becomes barely audible. "I stopped playing and sold my banjo."

He starts to roll a cigarette and continues. "Back in the '30's my brother and I entered a three-county banjo and fiddle contest. It was held about three miles from here. I played an old banjo, one of those 39-bracket jobs—a Sears, Roebuck Silvertone. Anyhow, it was a pretty good banjo. A collection was passed through the crowd. The prize was just what money was collected. We'd draw to see who'd play first. I won the draw and played first. You know, after I finished they wouldn't even play against me! Some of the people said, 'Give it to him.' But they wouldn't. I played an odd style and most people hadn't heard it. I guess that's what got their goats," he adds, unable to hold back a good-hearted chuckle. "We were never invited back again. But those fiddlers did play with my brother and Homer won them all. He won over Emory Bailey and Oak Rogers. He was good."

Harvey continues. "In 1942 my brother and I worked in Maryland. Homer went up there first. At the time I was working on the Grantsville Courthouse as a stonemason. The job was almost done so Homer wrote and told me to come up. He was certain I could get a job and I figured I'd better go before it was too late. Well, I did get a good job, building B-24 and B-26 bombers. I worked in a fabrication plant.

"We played together there until Homer was inducted into the army. That left us without a fiddle player. When my friends found out that I could pick up a fiddle and sort of imitate how it was supposed to go, they jumped on me to take my brother's place. They said they could find a banjo player to take my place. What they wanted was an oldtime fiddle player. There was no name to our band. We played for over a year together. We all lived in the same apartment building—16 families from West Virginia.

Harvey with son Glen, about 1941. The horse belonged to Harvey's father-in-law. Photographer unknown.

"But I needed a fiddle, so a buddy and I went to get me a fiddle. I picked out a $15 fiddle and then proceeded to get the guy down to $10. But then, I only had five or six dollars on me. My friend only had a dollar. It made that old feller so mad. I had gotten him down and then didn't have enough money, but when I got paid I went back and bought that fiddle. Had to pay $15 for it, though."

Harvey is quick to admit that city living just wasn't his style. "I really didn't like it in Baltimore. The air was bad. So I came back here. Mary and I got married. But everyone was gone. I couldn't stand it so I went to Parkersburg to find me a job. Found one at the old Viscose plant. They only had one job left and I got it. Worked there for a number of years, until we finally came back here. But for a stretch of about 15 years there I had so much work to do that I didn't play the fiddle nor the banjo. Had to work all the time.

"Later on I played with Phoebe Parsons," Harvey says, speaking of another distinguished oldtime musician. "She heard me playing and wanted me to play with her. I said, 'I can't play the fiddle. Haven't played for 15 years.' Anyway, she said I played the style she wanted. I told her, 'Well, you can get anyone you want to play with you.'

The Big Possum String Band is a showcase for Harvey's old style of music. Here is Harvey with band members Frank George, Charlie Winter and Larry Rader at a recent practice session.

She said, 'I want you.' "

Harvey Sampson about gave up music later in life, as well, ironically because there were few people to accompany his unique style. "A couple of years ago at Glenville I was really down. I wanted to play, but no one would play with me. I was just ready to quit. It just wasn't worth it," he explains. "A lot of people just don't know my tunes.

"I use the old style and that's what makes it different. You see, I know all these old tunes. Learned them from my father and they just stuck with me. I never forgot. But the names, now I don't know. Some of them are hard for me to remember. Usually I'll remember the name as I start a piece. If I don't remember right away I might not think of it for a week.

"Right when I hear a piece I can play it. I know how it goes, but if I'm not used to playing a piece it may not come back to my mind. 'Flat Foot in the Ashes'—I can play it when I hear it, but I can't start it. I'm going to get me a tape recorder. A couple of times those old pieces come back to my mind and then I forget them—and they never come back again."

Harvey isn't the only one who forgets. "Last time Homer was over he played a tune and we never could tell what it was. He's forgotten a lot of the names too. Sometimes I'll play a tune over the phone for him. I just let Mary hold the phone by my fiddle and I play," he says as he accepts a piece of pizza from Mary. He asks if Larry and I would like some pizza. When we decline, Harvey continues talking of his brother.

"You know, I'm the one who accidentally cut Homer's ring finger off. Right below the second joint. For a long time after his finger was cut off Homer didn't fiddle much, but he went back. He learned to play without that finger." Harvey holds up his own hand for us to inspect. I notice the large veins in his slim arms. "I've had my finger broke, so it looks a little crooked. Broke two joints. But that never stopped me from playing," he boasts.

Unlike most modern fiddlers, Harvey does not hold his instrument under his chin, but rather against his chest in the style of many earlier fiddlers. "I hold the fiddle different," he acknowledges. "It's just my way of playing, I reckon. My brother plays it the same way as me." Harvey demonstrated. "Most people hook their chin down, but I can't play nothing at all that way. It's just what a person gets used to."

In addition to his ability on the banjo and fiddle, Harvey also has learned to read shape notes well enough to teach others at his church. He recalls learning the old system of musical notation in his youth. "We lived by an old lady that knowed shape notes. My brother Homer and I would go down there and she'd show him. She was more interested in him than me because he was two years older. She showed him everything she knew about them notes and everything she showed him I learned by myself. I really didn't learn the notes by the looks of them, but by the sound. I just started singing, 'It's Just Plumb Red at the Pearly Gates.' At the time I was trying to learn them notes. I just remembered, all of a sudden, how to do it. After a while it was easy. There was nothing to it. It was just like fid-

dling. Nobody showed me. I had to do a little figuring by myself."

Harvey's enthusiasm is unflagging when he tells about his homemade fiddle. "I lived down the road and I was just working at odd jobs and I was very active at that time. I was hauling rock. It was January. Then February came and it was peeling down the snow until it was so deep. I was so restless. I knew I could make a fiddle, and I thought right then, it'll give me something to do. I just can't sit and stare out the window until spring, I thought. So I decided to give it a try. I thought if I could make that one piece that has that old curl up at the top then I'd be in business.

"Well, I tried and didn't have one bit of trouble. I had bought another barn and went up there and hunted up some old boards. Found some old pine for the top. Then I cut down willows along the creek for the banding, while the willows were green. I put it on a form in the oven to kiln dry and left it in there until I was ready to go. I just had an old knife that wasn't worth a dime. It took me all of February. And boy, would it snow! It snowed every night. We had a railing fence and that snow came over that second rail before it quit. That was back in '47. Look inside the fiddle. You can see where I put my name and the date I made it."

It is obvious that Harvey is proud of his accomplishment. He remembers the time when, "A feller named Howells was making fiddles and selling them for $900. Phoebe Parsons' brother Noah and me went over there to check on his fiddles. The man had already sold six and was working on another. He thought we was going to buy one of his fiddles. I had brought my fiddle along and started to play it and that feller was way back in another room. He knowed it was a different fiddle, not one of his own. And when he found out it was me playing on a homemade fiddle he said he wanted me to come back and bring that same fiddle so he could check on it when he had the time. But I didn't take it in again. I didn't have it varnished up and the way his looked—so good—it was kind of embarrassing."

Harvey Sampson with coon-hunting buddy Perry Parsons and Old Blue. Mr. Parsons is the husband of oldtime musician Phoebe Parsons. Date and photographer unknown.

Besides playing both the fiddle and banjo Harvey also spent time working in the timber business. "I timbered some when I was younger," he recalls. "Worked around the Williams River area. Used a crosscut saw. You see, there wasn't any power saws back then. I guess it was around 1927. Had to catch the train at Villanova—about 35 miles from here. Had to walk all the way there. One time when I was coming home I was all by myself. I was so sleepy I couldn't tell where I was. I skylighted some haystacks and decided to climb up in one of them and go to sleep. Well, there was a pair of mules fenced in the field. They located me and stood there making the awfulest noise. They wouldn't shut up. Finally I heard those roosters crowing and I knew I was close to Rosedale. I got up and started walking again. But before I got home I found myself in a creek. I was so tired that I would be walking and I'd fall asleep. I was about 18 years old at the time. I worked 10 hours a day for $4. That included room and board at the camp. At bark peeling time they'd raise it up to $4.50."

Harvey also delights in telling stories which his father told him. One of

Although now best known as a fiddler, Harvey started off as a banjo picker. Here Frank George accompanies him on one of the old tunes.

This is the fiddle Harvey made in the snowy winter of 1947. "I tried and didn't have one bit of trouble," he says.

his favorites is about the corn crib. "My father and a feller by the name of Henderson Cottrell decided they were going to catch the thieves who were stealing corn out of the corn crib," he relates. "Years ago they used to build cribs so that if a person could get his hand in there he could work the corn out. Well, my dad and his friend got them a bed roll and put it on top of the corn. Along in the night my dad said Henderson woke him up hollering, 'You're taking my pillow, you're taking my pillow.' They were deep in the corn and their legs were straight up in the air. My father said he thought they'd never get out of there. The thieves kept pulling the corn out from under them and my dad and Henderson kept on easing down."

I ask Harvey to play me a tune. He complies. As Larry described earlier, it is a lonely, crooked sound. As I listen to the archaic tune I wonder at the haunting uniqueness of Harvey's music.

Frank George offers some answers. "First of all Harvey is authentic," Frank says. "He plays traditional fiddle tunes which he learned from his father when he was a youngster. Second, Harvey does things differently and a person can hear the difference. For example, the way he cross-tunes, or tunes, his fiddle. Also the way he holds his fiddle. Harvey's playing style represents very old Appalachian music at its finest. It is a very separate and distinct style. Like I told the audience at Vandalia Gathering, you are going to hear some-thing you probably never heard before—truly oldtime music."

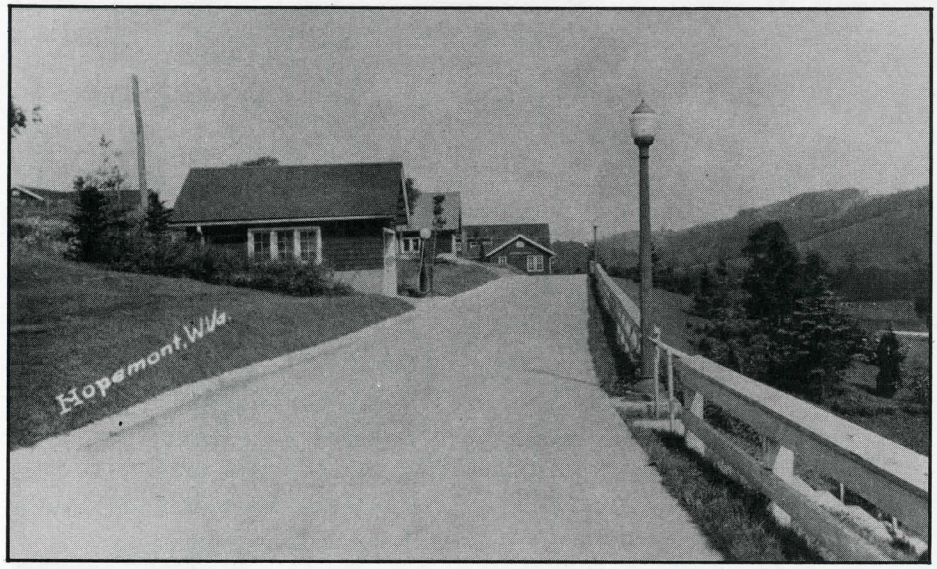
Frank continues his assessment. "The way Harvey cross-tunes is significant. Now, standard tuning is EADG but Harvey cross-tunes. Essentially, what this means is that the first and third strings are the same notes and the third note is an octave lower. The second and fourth strings are the same and the fourth is an octave lower. What he does is DGDG, DGCG—which is not standard tuning.

"At last year's Vandalia, when we played together I stayed in the standard. I played in G and Harvey cross-tuned. I was playing opposite and in an octave lower. I did this so that it sounded like two fiddles doing the same thing."

Like Frank, Larry Rader believes Harvey to be quite unusual. "Harvey's fiddle tunes are the twisty, lonesome tunes most associated with central West Virginia. Tunes like 'Yew Pine Mountain,' 'Tom the Booger,' and 'Green Corn' are examples of true oldtime music. What is so amazing is that Harvey retained this style and did not progress."

In the future, both Frank George and Larry Rader hope to see Harvey's music preserved in the form of a record. "Although many West Virginia musicians have been recorded, Harvey is one of the very few whose repertoire consists almost entirely of West Virginia tunes," explains Larry. "Many of Harvey's tunes were most likely not played outside of a 20-mile radius. He grew up with the Baileys and Carpenters—oldtimers that people talk about. They were all right there and he didn't have to go anywhere else."

And what about Harvey? What does he think of all this attention late in life? For a musician who has basked in the shadows of others for such a long time, it's obvious that Harvey Sampson is enjoying his new found popularity. "After we get practiced up good and get everything just right we'll make ourselves an album," he announces. "You know, I'm one of the big possums now. They stir late sometimes."



This peaceful lane was perhaps meant to reassure incoming patients. Hopemont's Receiving Cottage is at the rear. Date and photographer unknown.

Hopemont

Curing Tuberculosis in Preston County

By Maureen Crockett

"All kinds of people cured at Hopemont. TB strikes anyone," said Virginia Coffindaffer of Terra Alta. She was speaking of the former state tuberculosis sanitarium, where she once worked as a laboratory technician.

"Were the patients friendly people?" I asked Ora Lee, retired from Hopemont after 35 years. He looked across the room at his wife, Emma Belle. "Some patients were friendly, yes. I married one," he said. "She won't mind if I tell you she was a patient."

"I went there in 1942, and stayed two years and nine months to cure," Mrs. Lee said. Looking back, she knows she is lucky to be alive. "The Harrison County health nurse told my family, 'Don't bother taking her to Hopemont because she is too sick. Take her out to the country. She'll die in six months.'"

But they took her to Hopemont anyway, and the place cured her. Hopemont cured other West Virginians also, especially after medical research hit pay dirt in the late 1930's. Until then, doctors sympathized as patients died, but they did not understand much about controlling the bacteria involved. When the discovery of antibiotics blasted diseases such as TB, doctors were off and running.

When cures became possible, tuberculosis, the country's number one killer, lost its deadly grip. The "white plague," dreaded in the old days more than cancer is now, dropped off the top 10 killer list 25 years ago. The disease that claimed a thousand West Virginians a year by 1930 is mostly forgotten now.

Hopemont's early days, though, were difficult for all. The story begins with the Anti-Tuberculosis League of West Virginia, which in 1911 lobbied state government and pushed through legislation for a sanitarium. An advertisement in state newspapers declared a need for 500 acres near a railroad. Our dirt roads were dusty in summer, often impassable in winter, so patients would come to the new hospital by train. The state preferred to pay as little as possible: "The board would like offers of sites as follows: First—free sites. Second—sites partly free. Third—sites submitted at lowest possible price."

They chose a farm near Terra Alta in Preston County, where the altitude is high and winters cold. At that time, as a hospital superintendent was to write 30 years later, "People believed high altitudes were necessary for a cure."

The state, naming this first sanitarium Hopemont, first put up the Receiving Building, with offices, kitchen, dining room, and apartments, on the old farm. Two patients' cottages followed, one for each sex, with rooms opening onto a long porch. Each cottage held 20 people. Rooms could be "thrown open or closed as weather requires," but prevailing theory held that invalids benefitted from practically freezing to death.

"Patients are expected to stay on this porch except in extremely cold weather," Superintendent E. E. Clovis wrote in his 1912 report. "Heat and light are thought to be detrimental to the health of tuberculosis patients. Patients stay in the open winter and summer, and with few exceptions, remain out during the most severe weather." He added that it was "difficult to keep the patients away from the bright and cheerful fire" in the winter.

Patients even slept outside. "They'd wheel out patients' beds," Ora Lee remembers. "Didn't make any difference if it was zero weather. They'd cover them up well. At night the patients got 'pigs,' a stone jug full of hot water." Much later, when Hopemont got electricity, Lee said, "Some got an electric light bulb in a wooden cage. Orderlies would tuck the pigs or lights under the covers. Snow or rain could come in, since the porches were open on the sides. It didn't hurt them. I never heard of anyone freezing to death."

It was important to keep TB patients away from the general population because they could infect others. In West Virginia, though, going to the hospital was a personal decision. There

was no law to send even the dangerously contagious to the sanitarium. Such policy caused Clovis problems, for infected people often kept their illness a secret as long as they could. They remained at home and there seemed to be no way to stamp out the disease. Hopemont got the desperately ill who could no longer delude themselves or their friends as to their condition, people "anxious to receive what seemed to be one more chance for their lives," as Dr. Clovis reported.

The reluctant, frequently hopeless, cases came by train to the little railroad stop. A mother hated to leave her children if she thought she could conquer the disease on her own. A father who stopped mining coal to cure at the sanitarium left his family financially desperate. Additionally, patients had to pay $6 a week, though expenses of needy patients came from local tax money.

West Virginians lacked knowledge about how the disease spread. The hospital admitted a mother in a far advanced stage who told Clovis that this would be the first night her 10-year-old son had slept away from her since birth. Medical examiners immediately travelled to the home and checked the boy—he, too, had the disease. A despairing Clovis wrote, "Had not this mother, through ignorance, worse than murdered her own child?"

Dr. Clovis was discouraged by "the impossibility of obtaining satisfactory results" with the cases arriving at Hopemont. He and his staff did what they could. Employees made sure each person had bed rest or mild exercise if recuperating well, and fresh air and good food. Clovis said, "When we speak of rest, we mean the patient being kept absolutely in bed at all times and waited on hand and foot." Some patients had to be watched; staying in bed months on end was maddening if they felt able to walk around the grounds.

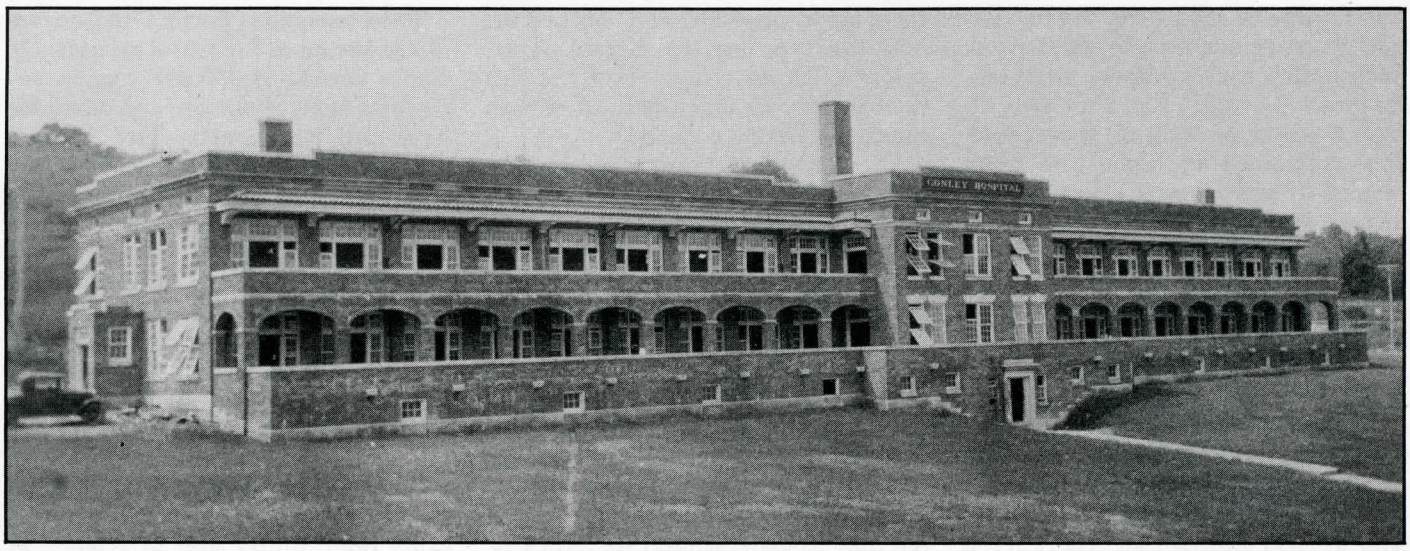
Hopemont employees frequently came from the small core of cured patients, but Clovis had his difficulties. "The problem of labor and servants constantly confronts us. It has been my rule to employ all arrested cases that could do suitable work, as I find them more dependable and loyal to the institution than other help." Former patients were generally more willing to work there, while others often feared contagion.

The courageous doctors and nurses risked infection for pitiful salaries. Dr. Clovis earned $1,000 per year as superintendent, plus room and board for him and his family. The doctors dreamed of having fluoroscopy X-ray equipment but there were no funds, and no electricity even if they had had the money.

Hopemont admitted only white patients. Dr. Clovis, reflecting the prejudice of the times, reasoned that "climatic conditions at Terra Alta, the long and extremely cold winters, are not at all suitable for the colored race." On the other hand, State Board of Control President James S. Lakin argued that black West Virginians deserved "the same opportunity and assistance as white persons in combating the disease." The solution was to build a separate facility. Three black doctors chose an area along the Greenbrier River in Pocahontas County for Denmar, the new black sanitarium. Winters there are every bit as brutal as those in Terra Alta.

Dr. J. G. Pettit, the superintendent following Clovis, disciplined patients who broke hospital rules, and made them leave. The difficulty was that

This overview looks eastward from the roof of Gore Hospital. The Receiving Cottage is to the far right, with the main kitchen and dining room at far left. Photographer unknown, before 1929.



Conley Hospital, built in 1929, provided wide verandas to recovering patients. The over exposure called for by early therapy gradually passed out of favor, but fresh air and sunshine remained an important part of the cure. Date and photographer unknown.

people wanted to live as they had at home. One man who had hemorrhaged for two years gave up and came to Hopemont. He consented to stay only one day because doctors told him he must keep to his bed and give up smoking.

Cure theory changed in 1927, and Pettit had patients in bathing suits resting in the sun garden on Gore Hospital's roof. He also decided to build no more cottages; caring for patients spread around the grounds was difficult. Meals served in the dining hall to ambulatory patients were hot, but bedridden people in the cottages ate from trays filled back at the central kitchen. They complained about cold food, so the staff built small kitchen additions at several of the cottages. Later, new hospitals replaced the cottages. Food arrived cold there, too.

Emma Belle Lee remembers one of the solutions. "A tunnel went from the main dining room to Conley, Darst, and Jones hospitals. Orderlies put the food on conveyors, and a tray girl would warm up the food when it got to the hospital."

When Ora Lee started working at Hopemont in 1928 at the age of 15, his first job was on the farm. "There was a rendering pit for fat from all the hogs butchered. We grew potatoes by the thousands of bushels." He remembers the friendliness of the staff and patients. Sometimes those distinctions seemed unimportant. "Dr. Starkey and his wife were ex-patients. He was the superintendent, and his wife was a nurse. Dr. Ireland came here to cure, then stayed on to work. He met a patient there, a nurse, who later worked in the operating room. They got married." Dr. Pettit had also had TB.

Though the various hospitals separated patients by gender, Virginia Coffindaffer said, "Couples met here, cured, married, and stayed on as employees." Emma Belle Lee agreed. "Women and men passed notes, met in the cafeteria or on the grounds," she recalled. "Many patients married there."

The Hopemont grounds were beautiful, conducive to friendship and romance. "Our grass looked like velvet," Mrs. Lee said. "We were not allowed to walk on it. There were beautiful flower beds, a fish pond with lights reflecting on it at night, and benches the patients could use." "The pine trees were set out in 1930," Ora Lee added. "The idea was that air coming off of pine trees was good for TB." Now, 55 years later, the tall pines are thick around the buildings on the hill.

Cures became more frequent in the 1930's. Three-fourths of the patients got collapse therapy then, in which air pumped into the lung cavity caused a diseased lung to collapse, allowing it to rest. In the 1940's, Ora Lee remembers, "When thoracic surgery was in the experimental stage, Hopemont doctors asked for volunteers. Joe Pugnola said, 'Take me.' They said, 'You might die.' 'I might die anyway,' he replied. They took his ribs out, depressed his lung to make it inactive so the TB would die out." Such surgery caused patients "to go crooked from the pain," Lee said. "You could walk straight, but it hurt."

Assistant Superintendent George Evans introduced occupational therapy. Residents learned basketry, weaving, furniture making and needlework. "It provides the patients with harmless and useful employment during a portion of the day and is an excellent antidote for worry and distraction," he thought. There were special classes for young patients, and Evans also started a business college, but for males only.

Dr. David Salken, who ran Hopemont in the 1940's, was distressed by patients leaving who still had "active disease but who feel generally well and insist upon working in various factories. We have no law to force them to stay."

Nonetheless, progress came in the '40's. Surgery to remove the disease became possible, instead of merely to arrest it as in the past. But these were war years, and what doctors won in one area was lost in another. "Scarcity of X-ray materials during the war will necessitate a reduction in the use of films," Salken wrote. "We will have to rely still further on the fluoroscope." He did not know how Dr. Clovis, just 25 years before, had yearned for a fluoroscope and the electricity to power it.

After her cure, toward the end of the Second World War, Emma Belle Lee stayed on as an employee working on special diets. "Sometimes I squeezed a

Jones Hospital was built in 1919, in the general architectural style of the cottages of the early period. Attic rooms provided living quarters for employees. Photographer unknown, 1938.

bushel of oranges for breakfast juice. Our dieticians were very strict about the food." Ora Lee remembers a dietician who would send tray girls back to the kitchen if the food was not properly prepared.

Staffing was still short at Hopemont. Emma Belle had only two days off every four weeks. Each day she worked 11 hours, and earned $32 a month.

By war's end, 90 percent of Hopemont's patients were still advanced cases, but at least the state legislature was wise enough to stop forcing them to pay their own fees. Getting infectious people away from family and community was difficult enough without also causing financial hardship.

In the late 1940's, Virginia and Taylor Coffindaffer, a married couple, were both working and living at Hopemont. They had met in Philadelphia, where she studied to be a laboratory technician and he took the program in X-ray technology.

The Coffindaffers became close to the patients they worked with, but had no special fear of catching tuberculosis. "I wore a mask and gown," remembered Virginia. TB was nearing the end of its frightful reign, but still there was fear in the community outside. "I have heard more than one person say that they held their breath when they drove past Hopemont," she recalled.

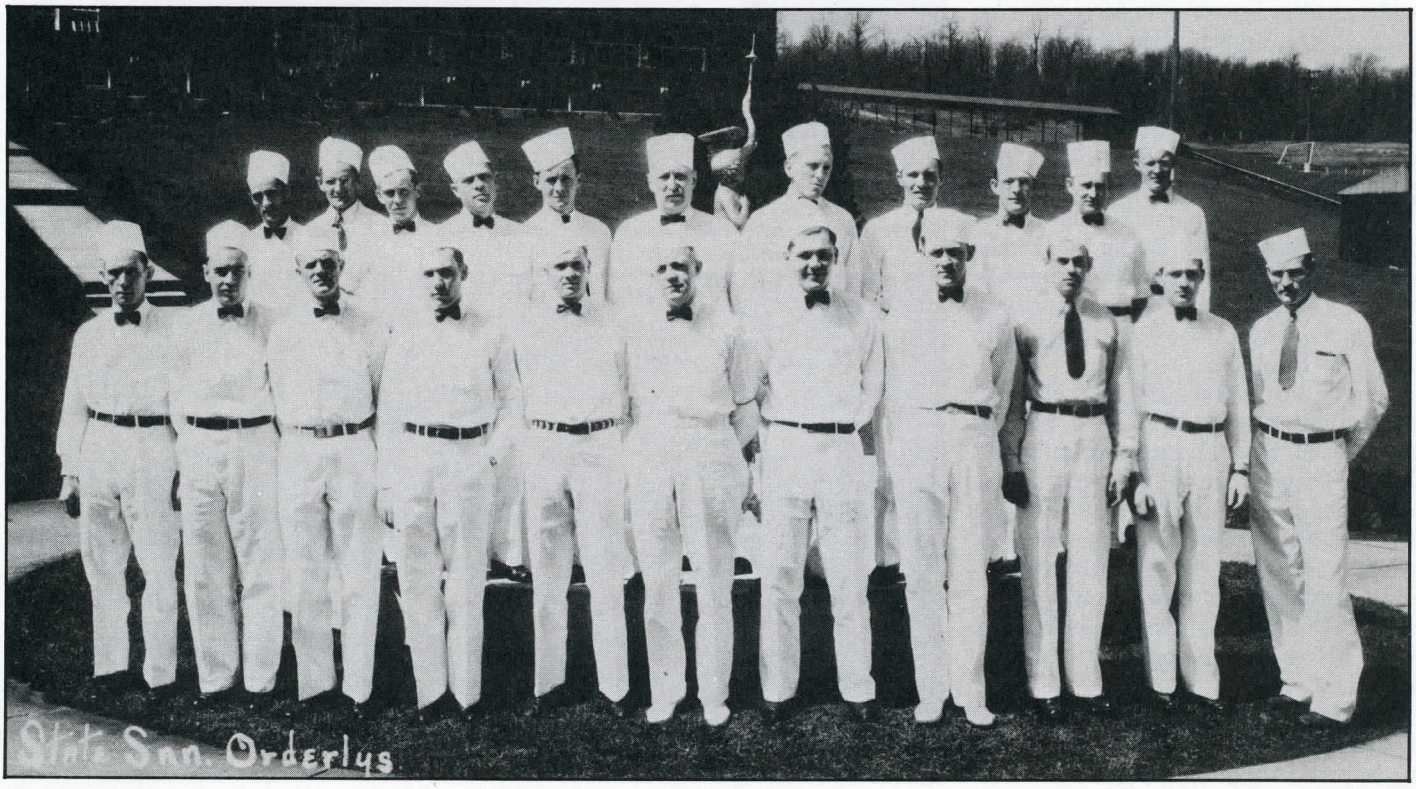
"I recall one male patient who was transferred to a general hospital for orthopedic surgery," Virginia wrote in

Above: The Superintendent's Residence, a pleasant house built in 1915, was located near the Receiving Cottage. Date and photographer unknown.

Below: The Hopemont farm provided most of the institution's food. The main dairy barn was built in 1915. Date and photographer unknown.

Above: The main kitchen and dining room occupied a separate building. This interior view shows a dining area for ambulatory patients. Date and photographer unknown.

Below: Hopemont orderlies projected an air of efficiency in their bow ties and white uniforms. Conley Hospital is in the background. Date and photographer unknown.



a recent memoir. "He was so glad to return to Hopemont because he was isolated in the general hospital. Everyone was afraid of him, and he felt his care was inadequate as a result. He said his mail was literally thrown into his room."

The Coffindaffers lived in a Hopemont apartment for 34 years. Many other employees also lived on the grounds, and they formed their own little town, with stores, a post office, a bus, the farm, a laundry, and even a bowling alley in one of the hospital basements.

The Coffindaffers' skills were so important that they were on call at all times. "We were never off the grounds without special permission, and were frequently called out at night due to a patient's deteriorating condition," Virginia remembers. They had trouble getting a vacation. "It had to be arranged when no surgery was scheduled, and other technicians were available to fill in." Recovering patients trained with the Coffindaffers in the labs, then went on to jobs outside.

When Taylor Coffindaffer died, just after the couple retired, patients he had trained in the X-ray lab wrote to Virginia. They recalled how he cheered up people worrying about their health, and prepared others for jobs. One of them wrote, "I was fortunate to train under his tutoring to become an X-ray technician, and left Hopemont for a job in a doctor's office in Fairmont, scared to death of course, after being confined to Hopemont for almost three years.... Taylor encouraged me so much, telling me I could do it, that I believed I could take on the world. I still have the notes I took while learning (I found them in the old cedar chest) and believe they are still darn good."

Patient population fluctuated, depending partly on the state's economy. "During boom times it is hard to keep patients at the hospital, and during depression periods it is difficult to discharge them," wrote Dr. Salken. But all in all, fewer patients were coming to Hopemont now. Sick people started their cures earlier and had the benefits of surgery and better therapy, so there was hope for victims. No longer was the disease a death sentence.

In 1958, when Dr. Hilton Rocha came to join the three doctors already at Hopemont, he believed his stay in rural West Virginia would be short. He, his wife and year-old child were from Sao Paolo, Brazil, a sophisticated, world-class city. "And I am still here," he says today, from his clinical director's office on the second floor of Gore Hospital. "I really like the place. The one thing I didn't like was snow."

Rocha decided to be a doctor when he was only five, but he had a difficult time. "My family was not rich. Sometimes I had two or three jobs." Like other employees, he had no fear of catching TB. "If you work in a place where you know you are in danger, you take care of yourself. You don't take care, sitting next to a person in a bar. Doctors and nurses did come down with the disease though; it was a hazardous occupation."

Hopemont patients in this era had a social worker, recreational classes, and training in watch repair. In the early 1960's, 25 buildings were still being used and the rest were demolished. Patient population was down to 217, and half the beds were empty.

In 1965 the state legislature changed the nature of Hopemont completely. The few tubercular patients still there went to Pinecrest in Raleigh County, the only sanitarium then operating in the state. Hopemont is now a personal care center.

The battle was won. Medicine had toppled a major killer. In 1984, 134 state residents contracted tuberculosis but there were only 10 deaths—about one percent of the total a half-century before. People are able to cure at home now, but many West Virginians can remember when relatives or friends fell to tuberculosis or left home for a long stay in a far off hospital.

Former patients and employees recall the landscaped beauty of the Hopemont grounds. This view shows the fish pond with cottages behind. Date and photographer unknown.

Curing at Hopemont

A Former Patient's Recollections

By Patricia Botts

I went to Hopemont in October 1957. I took my X-rays, pajamas, a few books, a tiny religious medal given by a Catholic friend and 112 pounds of me. Mom and my friend Bonnie accompanied me from Weirton. The three of us pretended to be on an adventure, but I was uneasy. As part of our little game, we even stopped for a lunch of buckwheat cakes before proceeding to the hospital.

Hopemont was lovely with its wide areas of well-tended grass and trees. There were multi-storied buildings scattered here and there. The impression was of a small college campus and my hopes rose. But Hopemont was a ghost campus. The grounds were deserted and the parking lot held a single car, ours. My hopes began to fall.

We found the office. Arrangements for admission had been made by my family doctor, yet no one was expecting me. There were forms to be located; forms to be signed.

The elevator operator, a man of unguessable age, communicated only in monosyllabic grunts. Getting off at the second floor, we walked down the hall where the numbers mysteriously changed to 300. Farther down we found ourselves on the fourth floor, although we hadn't gone up any stairs. Two pairs of eyes silently watched from each doorway as we walked to the nursing station. These eyes followed again as we went from the nursing station to my assigned room. I began to wonder if this was the right state institution. Wasn't "Gore" an odd name for a hospital building?

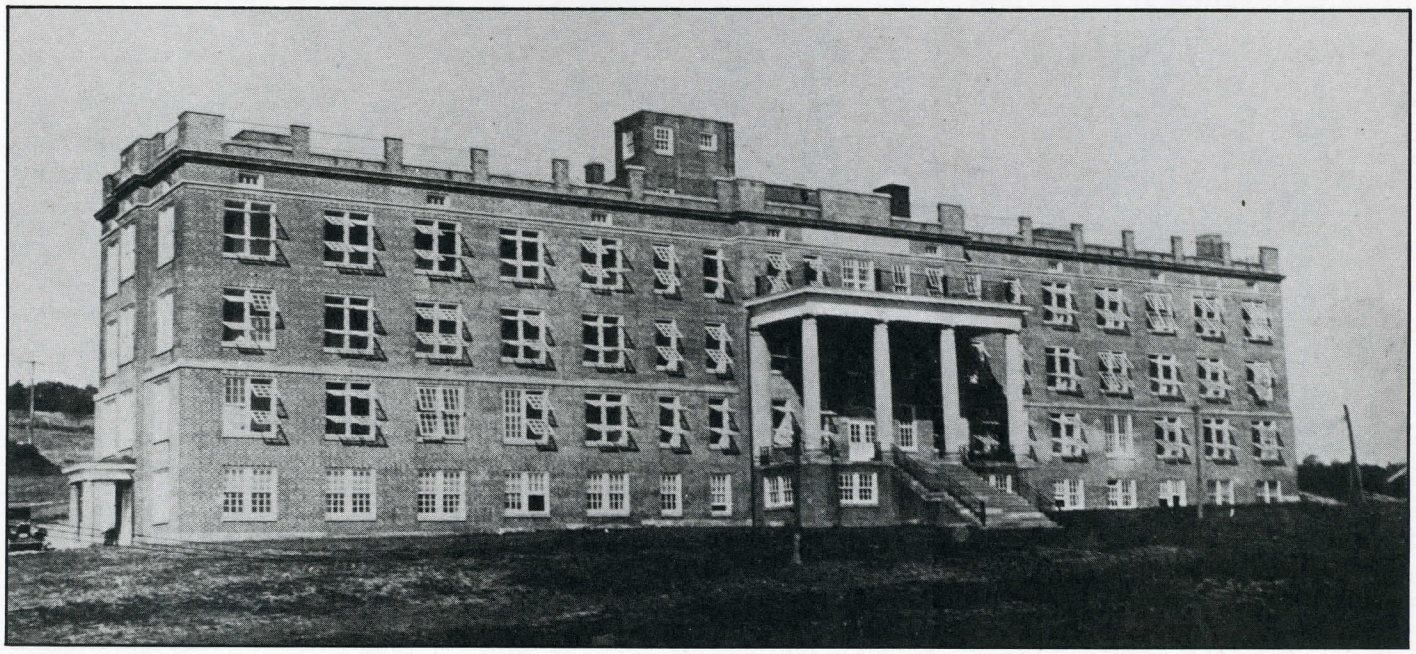
My room had a high ceiling, green walls, dark tile floor and a tall window. The empty metal bed was mine. The other held my tiny roommate, 10-year-old Delpha. She explained that she was on an adult floor because she had adult tuberculosis rather than children's tuberculosis. What did that mean? I was taught in medical technology school that all TB was caused by *Mycobacterium tuberculosis.*

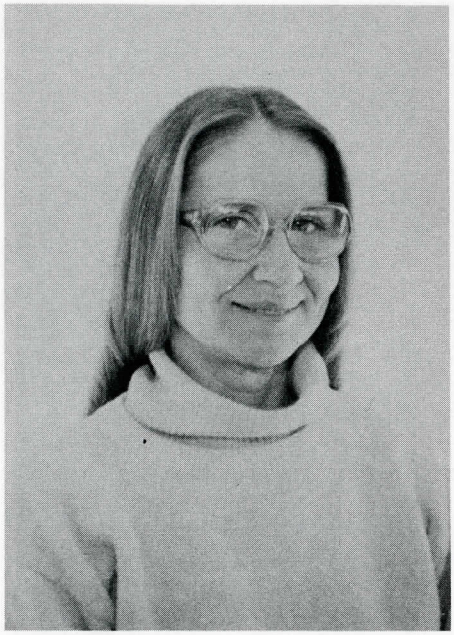
The first order of business was to learn enough to predict my fate. The staff attitude was that I needn't concern myself with such matters, so most of my useful information came from the other patients.

I was told that patients with minimal disease were hospitalized for 18 months. During the first nine months the patient left the floor only for X-rays, once every three months. Sputum specimens were cultured for tubercle bacilli at six-week intervals. If the patient wasn't producing sputum, gastric secretions were collected for culture. A rubber tube was inserted through the nose or mouth into the stomach and the juices withdrawn through the tubing by a large syringe. It was going to be the rubber hose for me.

Patients with cavities in their lungs received streptomycin shots. Those who

Gore Hospital, shown here soon after its completion in 1927, was an aging institution by the time Patricia Botts reported for treatment.





A recent portrait of Patricia Botts. She tells us she has had no recurrence of TB since her 1957 treatment at Hopemont.

had no holes in their lungs took other medication in tablet form. I got the pills.

The situation was beginning to take shape and very little from my personal or professional life could be applied here. There were whole families at Hopemont. The wives on my floor could visit their husbands on the floor below one hour a week. A mother could go downstairs and around the corner to visit her hospitalized baby for one hour a month. I was grateful that no one I loved had gotten this disease.

My acquaintance with Isabel provided solace. She was from Chester, a Hancock County town near my home. Not only was she a good companion, but we had mutual friends and similar attitudes. Isabel gave the most valuable advice I would receive from anyone. She knew that TB was a strange disease, and the return of health required more than medication and rest. The desire to get well was often the deciding factor, not the severity or mildness of the disease. I might die if I didn't make up my mind to the contrary.

Isabel had been to Hopemont before, a veteran from the old days of cottages, pneumothorax and ice packs. She told me that on X-ray one of her lungs looked as if it had been scratched by a cat. That wasn't a leftover from her previous hospitalization, it was new. When the infection was controlled, the lung would have to be removed. At the same time, each rib on that side must be surgically shortened. That made the chest cavity smaller, and fluid not so likely to collect and cause trouble. In the past, this space would have been taken up by Ping-Pong balls, but that method didn't work very well.

I learned that the surgeon drove up from Charleston every six weeks. He examined the surgery patients on Friday, operated on Saturday and checked them again on Sunday before leaving. The orders he wrote at that time were in effect until his return six weeks later. Whatever her true feelings, Isabel projected a calm, accepting exterior.

The leaves turned to red and gold in Preston County, then the snows began. Each storm produced a snowdrift on the floor under my window, although the window was closed. These drifts melted slowly because the rooms were unheated. My family and friends visited every weekend, bringing fellowship and food. In exchange, I told them about the patient who ran off with the milkman and came back three weeks later. Then there was the couple who brought the gospel to Gore. He played a zither and harmonica simultaneously, while she played the guitar and sang.

One afternoon I was told that while I was in the bathtub, the undertaker's wife had come looking for me. She'd be back tomorrow. Lucky me. Just the visitor every patient wants to see! It left me wondering if business was slow. Let's see: If I curled my hair, wore makeup and smiled a lot, maybe she'd realize her visit was premature. To my relief, it turned out to be a social visit. The undertaker's wife was related to my boss back home.

X-ray morning came around again. Later, a doctor briskly informed me, "We-think-you-have-cancer." I would receive further examination tomorrow morning. Crying all night seemed an appropriate response. Then I waited for results from the additional tests. No doctor. Still another day and no doctor. I knew enough about lung cancer to realize I didn't have much time to take action. I could make arrangements for surgery in Pittsburgh, but I didn't want to go off half-cocked. I needed those reports! Several days passed with no reply to my messages. Could he be out of town? Against the rules, I left the floor in search of him. When I finally found his office, he was at his desk and I burst into the room. The time for "please" and "may I" had expired six days ago. When I demanded my report I got the clipped monotone reply, "You-do-not-have-cancer-there-is-nothing-wrong."

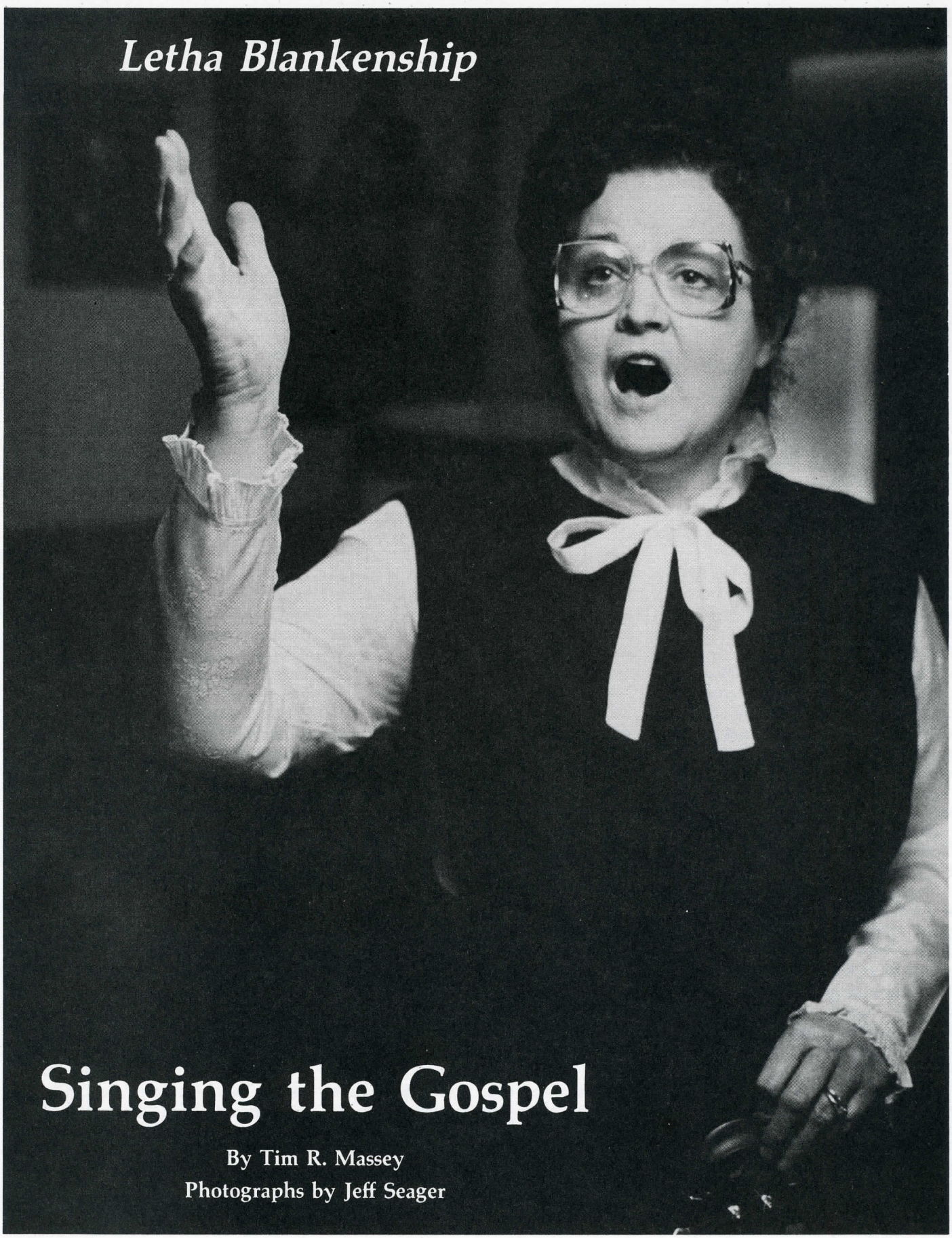
The next weekend I treated myself to a two-hour AWOL outing with my parents. When we stopped for sodas, I had trouble walking; the ground kept moving. People don't usually notice that the earth is resilient underfoot, but it's apparent to anyone who has trod rigid floors for many months. I returned to my room feeling very daring indeed.

Since my disease was minimal, I'd never given off TB bacteria. I'd been no threat to anyone else. As the nine-month milestone approached, I wanted to regain control of my life. Instead of staying the full 18 months, I decided to leave Hopemont and continue medication at home.

Timing was important. There was a rumor that if one left ahead of time, culture reports could be falsified and a court order obtained for the patient's return. X-rays were coming up soon, and despite my last experience I expected a favorable report. At the same time, my current set of cultures would be finished. No doubt they would still be negative. If I left before submitting the next set of cultures, the sheriff was unlikely to come for me. Rumor or not, I didn't want to take any chances.

One afternoon all the reports arrived and I knew the next morning was my chance. During the evening I made several surreptitious bathroom trips to apply tanning lotion that needs no sun. I mustn't look like a grub on my big day. After midnight I slipped downstairs to the public telephone. Pounding heart, shaky knees, sweaty palms and a throat so tight I could barely squeak. Yes, the getaway car and drivers were ready.

First thing in the morning Gertrude, the nurses' aide, appeared in our doorway, but didn't want to come in. It seemed those quick tanning lotions hadn't been perfected yet and Gertrude thought I had "the janders." Soon Mom and Jack, my 16-year-old brother, arrived and took my six grocery bags of books down to the car. After the briefest "toodle-oo" at the nursing station, 101 pounds of yellow me joined my loved ones and we headed home. ♣



Singing the Gospel

By Tim R. Massey
Photographs by Jeff Seager

For many of us who grew up in the southern West Virginia coalfields during the 1940's and '50's, gospel music provided entertainment as well as a major form of worship. The highlight of any church service or the two or three annual revivals in our little Price Hill Freewill Baptist Church was the "special singing" that preceded the preaching. The better the music, the bigger the crowd.

That special singing might come in the form of a soloist, usually accompanied by a guitar or piano, a duo like Rex and Eleanor Parker or a gospel harmony quartet—the more the better. The biggest event of the year for our coal camp on the Raleigh-Fayette county line was the church homecoming, a traditional all-day sing and dinner-on-the-ground affair. Fried chicken and gospel music were the order of the day. I still can't imagine a better combination.

For many years my dad, the late Charlie Massey, was a deacon at the church. He took great pleasure in lining up the singers who would perform for Sunday night services. His favorites were gospel harmony groups, especially the black spiritual quartets around Beckley. That little church would literally rock with the pounding piano and hand-clapping from the congregation. I can still see Dad sitting back in his chair with his eyes closed, soaking up the harmonious tones that permeated that wood-frame building. It was soul music in its purest form and our white congregation appreciated it.

Gospel music lives on in West Virginia, especially in rural areas where the church is the focal point of the community. After settling in Huntington I was pleased to find that such is the case in nearby southern Wayne County, where people cling to tradition. Gospel songwriter Letha Blankenship grew up there. Her family still lives near her birthplace, and they carry on the oldtime gospel music legacy. She and husband Perle have been singing together most of their 38-year marriage. Over the past decade, Mrs. Blankenship has taken that one step farther. She has taken the music stored in her heart and mind and put it on paper for others to enjoy. I have admired her music for a long while, and recently decided to look into the story of the woman herself. Considering that gospel music looks to the hereafter, I was not surprised to find one of my first clues in a cemetery.

Old-fashioned tombstone epitaphs are getting rare in these days of streamlined cemeteries, but traditions die hard in rural Wayne County where family cemeteries are the rule rather than the exception. Typical of those country graveyards is the Adkins Cemetery in the community of East Lynn near the Wayne-Lincoln county line. Amid the tombstones with traditional inscriptions like "Rest in Peace" or "Beloved Mother" is a memorial to the late Paul Pratt. The epitaph is simple but unusual. It reads, "I'm a Pilgrim on a Journey."

While the message is clear, only those familiar with gospel music in this southwestern corner of West Virginia would recognize those words as the title of a popular song penned about 10 years ago by Letha Blankenship. Mr. Pratt was a fan of hers, and he has left a lasting tribute.

"I'm a Pilgrim on a Journey" was the first in a growing list of Mrs. Blankenship's songs that have been published and recorded by gospel groups around the country. The 64-year-old Camp Creek housewife credits Pratt's love for her words and music as one inspiration to continue pursuing her dream of becoming a nationally-known gospel songwriter.

"Mr. Pratt's family said he wore out three records of 'I'm a Pilgrim on a Journey' before he died," Mrs. Blankenship said. "They said he played it at least once a day during his last year. His daughter came to our house and asked us if we'd sing the song at his funeral and said he had asked to have the title engraved on his tombstone. That someone would be so moved by something that I had done encouraged me to go on writing."

In addition to the epitaph, "Pilgrim

Letha and husband Perle sing a Blankenship composition, accompanied by son Raymond on piano.

Son-in-law Edgar Napier married into music. He now performs with the Blankenship family group and composed their popular song, "Heaven's Hymn."

on a Journey" also earned Letha Blankenship a lifetime membership card from the Nashville Songwriters Association. "They invited me down to their convention in 1975, when my song was given an honorable mention as the Song of the Year," she said. "They said it was an evergreen, one that would be around for a long, long time. I've been invited down there every year but I just haven't been able to go. Maybe I will someday."

Since that first song, Mrs. Blankenship has been prolific. She has published more than 60 gospel tunes over the past decade. Two of her most popular works are "I Will Be A Millionaire" and "Joy Bells," both originally recorded by the Perry Sisters of Kenova and later picked up by other groups. While the records have brought in some modest royalty checks, Mrs. Blankenship said money isn't what keeps her writing night and day.

"My songs have a message," she said. "God gave me the words and the music and I want the songs to be in the hands of people who can get them to the public. It pleases me so much to hear one of my songs on the radio. I know they are a comfort to a lot of people because that's what they tell me everywhere I go."

The musical grandmother comes up with new material almost daily. She keeps a guitar handy in case a tune comes to her in the middle of the night, and she also composes at the family upright piano.

"I can't write a song until it comes to me," Mrs. Blankenship said, picking up her guitar from the couch. "I'll be running the sweeper and a melody will come to me. I'll just quit and write down a few of the lyrics and then go on. Early on, so many of these pretty lyrics would come to me in the middle of the night and I would get up and write them down. Later, I would tie them together. I'm so fortunate, when God gives me the words, he also gives me the music."

Raymond, at 21 the youngest of the four children of Perle and Letha Blankenship, recalls his mother's early morning inspirations. "I remember when I was real little, laying in the bed. Mom would grab the guitar when Dad left for work at 4:30 in the morning. I would put the pillow over my ears and say, 'Oh, no, not again.' But, I got used to it. Now I just love music."

It would be difficult to be a member of the Blankenship household and not love gospel music. Perle and Letha come from musical families and they both grew up singing in churches before they were married in 1947. The second of seven surviving children of the Reverend Harvey and Della Ross of Little Lynn Creek, Letha was born on November 18, 1921. As a youngster she sang in church with her sisters Carma Lee and Evelyn. "Our Saturday nights were spent behind the altar, singing praises to the Lord," she recalls of that period.

Husband Perle Blankenship, a friendly, retired industrial worker, comes from a long line of gospel singers. His father, the late Rafe L. Blankenship, taught singing by the old-fashioned shape notes for many years in churches all over southern Wayne County. Perle's sister, Marie Osburn, a semi-retired clerk for the Wayne County Commission, and her husband, Edgar, are well known in Wayne County gospel music circles. Their son, Wayne County Magistrate Garry Osburn, is also a gifted singer and guitarist.

Letha and Perle met at a baptism service in 1942 and theirs was a church-going marriage from the first. Nonetheless, family life distracted from Letha's favorite form of giving praise. Daughter Linda was born in 1949. "With my firstborn came responsibilities," Mrs. Blankenship said. "My guitar sat in the corner gathering dust." Brenda followed in 1951. She brought "joy, more responsibility and more dust on the guitar," in the words of her mother. Son Barney arrived in 1955 and Raymond rounded out the family in 1964.

Distracting responsibilities turned to family musical assets as the children aged. All four grew up singing in church. Raymond, who now lives at home and works at the Wayne County Bank, traveled with a gospel quartet for a while and currently sings with the family group that includes his mother, sister Linda and her husband, Edgar Napier, Jr.

"All of our children have talent," Mrs. Blankenship said. "They've been singing in church since they were little things. Now I'd like to see them up on a stage performing my material. That would be wonderful."

Raymond shares his mother's vision of a family musical group and is working to make it a reality. During spare time away from his work at the bank, he practices several instruments, including the guitar, piano and banjo. A natural baritone, Raymond specializes in harmonizing. "When you sing tenor in this family, you sing it high," said the outgoing young man. "Mom is our superstar and she sings alto. Dad sings tenor and I just try to blend in."

Linda, who replaced aunt Marie Osburn as clerk of the Wayne County Commission, also wants to see her mother's dreams of the family singing Letha Blankenship originals for a receptive audience come true. She and Edgar live next door to her parents on Camp Creek, about 15 miles southeast of Wayne.

"Mom has worked so hard writing her songs," Linda said. "Nobody knows the hours she has spent laboring with words and music. God has blessed her with a talent and I would love to see her work bless others as much as it has our family."

Edgar, a glassworker by trade, sings

and plays lead guitar with the Blankenship family. One of their most popular songs of late is "Heaven's Hymn," which Edgar wrote after hearing a sermon one night. "It took me about five minutes," Edgar recalled. "It wasn't me, it was God. He gave me the words, I just wrote them down."

Mrs. Blankenship shook her head knowingly as her son-in-law recounted his experience. "Junior is starting to come into his own," she said of Edgar. "He has a beautiful voice. He just needs to learn to turn up the volume so everyone can hear it."

Letha Blankenship herself has no problem projecting her songs. Although her voice is weaker since a stay in the hospital last year, she can still belt out her strong lyrics with a conviction born from a lifetime spent in fundamentalist churches. Like many spirituals, Blankenship's songs seem to flow from hard times. "It seems the best lyrics come when I'm the lowest," she said. "I guess that's why they are a comfort to people when they hear them. I know they help me through trying times."

Such was the case in 1982 when husband Perle suffered a heart attack. On the way to the hospital in Huntington, Letha wrote "The Curtains of Time," a song in four-part harmony envisioning the Second Coming of Jesus. "Dad sang the song with us when he got out of the hospital," Raymond recalled. "It made us all feel that much closer." They still sing the song a cappella at local churches and gospel sings.

Mrs. Blankenship's battle with high blood pressure last spring made her more resolved to get her songs to a wider audience. "I was so sick and I was afraid that I wouldn't live to see another of my songs recorded," she recalled. "That made me so sad. Now that I'm better, I want to get my material in the right hands so they can be heard by the people who need comfort."

Recently, she made some progress toward reaching that goal when she signed a contract with Rex Nelon of Atlanta, to publish 31 of her compositions. However, none of the songs has yet been recorded by the well-known Southern gospel singer's group. Mrs. Blankenship is admittedly anxious to see some action.

"I would just love to have those songs recorded," she said. "So many people call me and ask if they can get a long-play album of my songs. I tell them, 'No, we just sing them in public.' But I just hope I can get these songs recorded so everyone can share my testimonies with me."

Like a mother showing off her babies, Letha Blankenship enjoys sharing her creations with others. Strumming her guitar, she demonstrated some of her theology in "Treasure Seeker," a yet unpublished song.

"As a treasure seeker, I dug a little deeper,
"I found a diamond, gold mine while digging on my knees.
"Deep, deep, deep, down on my knees."

Like many of her personal favorites, the song is written for four-part harmony. "The 'deep, deep' part was made for a bass singer," she said.

Another of her favorites is "Ring the Bell," in which she praises the "Great Physician":

"Ring the bell, I ring the bell,
"When I'm hurtin' way down inside, and heavy burdens seem to press me so,
"I just reach up, I pull on the golden prayer chord that rings the bell on the Great Physician's door."

Singing from memory, Mrs. Blankenship shifted from one song to another during an impromptu concert at the modest country home she and Perle moved into in 1958. She used the same technique to pitch "I'm a Pilgrim on a Journey" to the Adkins Family singing group back in 1975.

"We met the Adkins Family at church one night," Mrs. Blankenship related. "Perle and I demonstrated the song for

Edgar supplies guitar accompaniment while Mrs. Blankenship leads the younger generation in song.

The songwriter with daughter Linda and son Raymond. Mrs. Blankenship grew up singing gospel music and has reared her own family that way. Photo by Peggy Massey.

them. They came to our home and asked if I would let them use the lyrics. Of course, I was pleased that they wanted the song. Later they told me that they went to Logan one night and filled the whole back seat with 'Pilgrim on a Journey' albums and sold every one of them. That pleased me so."

The Adkins Family later included another Letha Blankenship original, "Jesus Bore the Cross up Calvary's Mountain," on a second album. While those songs introduced Mrs. Blankenship's song-writing talent beyond Wayne County, it was her relationship with the Perry Sisters gospel group that broadened her horizons.

"I heard the Perry Sisters sing at a church on Lower Camp Creek," Mrs. Blankenship said. "As soon as I heard their beautiful harmony, I thought to myself, 'Oh, my goodness, I have found talent for my songs.' I demonstrated some of my material for them and the songs were well received."

"I'll Be a Millionaire" was the first of several Blankenship songs popularized by the Perry Sisters, who have made four regionally popular records and tour the South at least once a year. It was followed by "Widely The Wind Blows," "Joy Bells," and "A Vacation That Will Never End."

The last title is a significant one, looking as it does to a long rest in the hereafter. Although Letha Blankenship's songs differ from each other in their melodies and tempos, most of them are alike in stressing heavenly compensation for present trials and tribulations. Perhaps they are a mirror into the writer's own experience of growing up in a large family struggling to get by on a preacher's meager earthly rewards.

"We had it tough, but there was a lot of love in my family," Mrs. Blankenship recalled. "Daddy was a minister from the time he was 17 years old, and I don't remember a time we ever ate that he failed to say grace. Mother was sick all the time and when I was a teenager I had to stay home to take care of her and watch after three little children. We didn't have any modern conveniences, so I had to do the washing in a wash tub. The iron was the type that you had to heat up on a fire. It wasn't easy, but looking back now I'm glad I was able to do that for Mama. It makes me feel so much better to know that I did what I could to keep the family going."

Her thoughts about heavenly rewards for earthly travails are echoed in "I'll Be a Millionaire," which was co-written by Raymond:

"Someday I will trade my rags for riches, put on a robe and crown up there,
"When old Gabriel sounds his trumpet, I will be a millionaire."

"We wrote the song in about 15 minutes," Raymond recalled. "We sat down at the kitchen table and put together three verses and the chorus. The Perry Sisters just used two verses and somehow we lost the original copy. Now we can't remember that third verse and it's nowhere to be found."

Mrs. Blankenship said she got the idea for "Widely the Wind Blows" one day about 10 years ago as she and her family were crossing Huntington's Sixth Street Bridge. "It was such a beautiful sight," Mrs. Blankenship said. "The sun was breaking through the clouds and shining on the water. I said to Perle, 'Let's pull over, I have to write a song about this.' "

A do-it-yourselfer at home, Mrs. Blankenship got the idea for "The Poorest Can Own a Bright Mansion" while sawing and hammering on an improvement project. "I just laid down the saw and wrote down the words that were in my head," she said. The Perry Sisters included that song on one of their latest albums.

Perle, who has helped his wife compose the music that she finds in her heart and mind, has his own standards for Letha's words. "Writing the music is no problem," he said. "It just depends on what kind of tempo she wants her songs to be in. The words are what's important. I don't even sing a song if it isn't according to the Word, according to the King James Bible."

The initial taste of success has but whetted Letha Blankenship's appetite. She continues to write more and more songs in hopes that she might someday strike just the right chord with a nationally-known artist.

"I'd like to get one of my songs in Loretta Lynn's hands. It's called 'Mama and Her Old Rockin' Chair,' " Mrs. Blankenship said. "I wrote it about my mother. I was so hurt when she died I couldn't visit the old homeplace for four years. I would like to hear one of the stars like Loretta or Tammy Wynette sing that one."

Letha Blankenship wants to place her songs with the best artists available, and she admits to enjoying her success thus far. "When I tune in and hear one of my songs on the radio it pleases me so," Mrs. Blankenship says. As gratifying as that is, however, she expects her main reward in the hereafter. "There will be a payday for me one day for using my talent," she says. "I figure I've sent up a gold two-by-four or two already on my home in Heaven."

Schoolboys dressed better a half century ago, to judge by this photograph. This is author J. Z. Ellison (left) and friend Robert Campbell. Photo by Anne Ellison Maddy, 1929.

Reading, Riding and 'Rithmetic

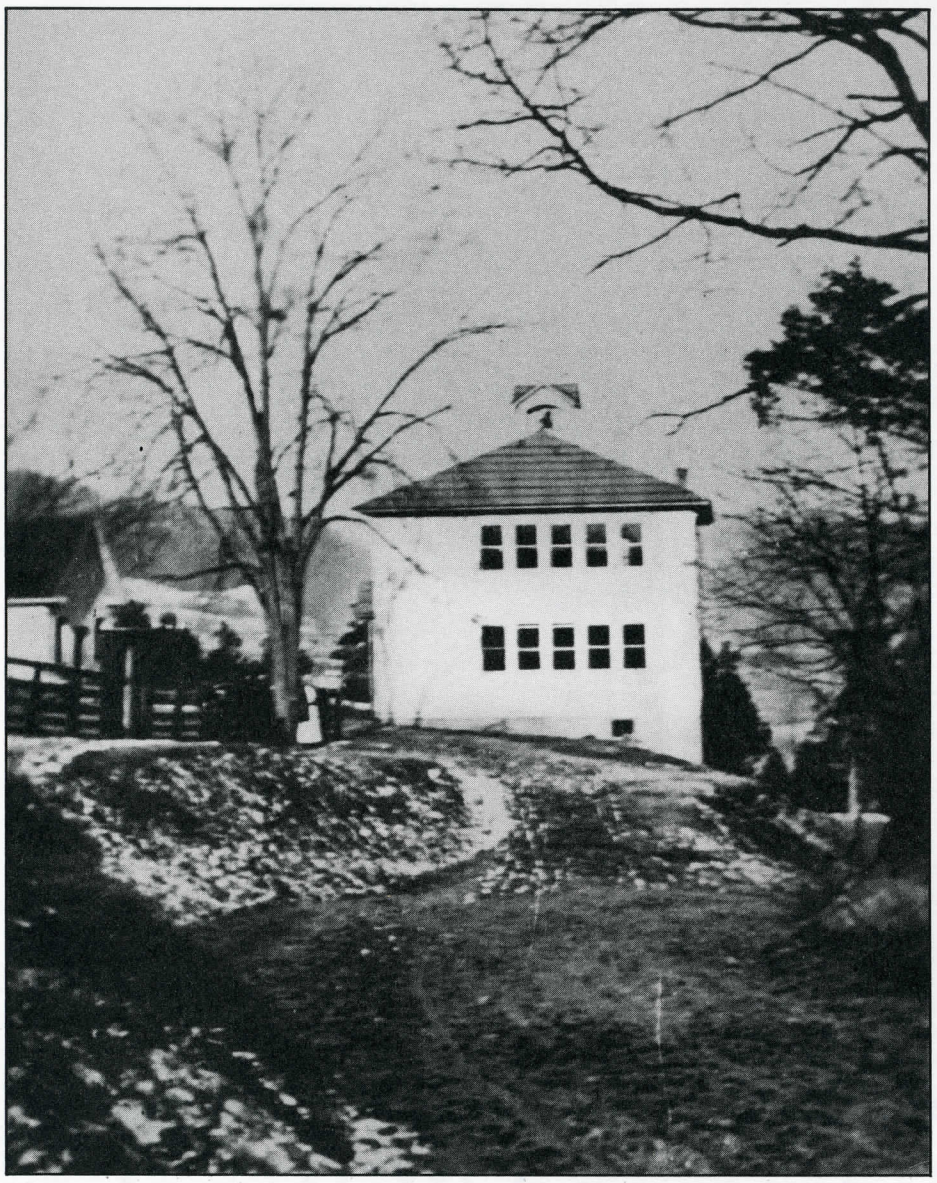
Monroe County School Life

By J. Z. Ellison

In 1930, when I was ready to enter the eighth grade, I had to leave the one-room Sulphur Spring School near my home on Hans Creek in Monroe County. My oldest sister became teacher there and my father knew I would not take orders from her. He thought Greenville, six miles away, would be a better place for me.

Greenville was the center of the Springfield District in Monroe County. The local grade school and the district's only high school were located there in the same building. Students came from Raines' Corner and Rock Camp on the Seneca Trail (now U.S. 219), and from Marie, Wayside, Weikle, Lillydale, Back Creek, Laurel Creek, Hans Creek, and Cook's Run.

Students from outlying areas who had the means rented bedrooms or light-housekeeping rooms from many of the 25 homes in the village. Brothers and sisters shared quarters, the sisters doing the cooking. On Sunday afternoon many students arrived on horses with supplies of homecooked food, and canned, cured or dried produce from their home farms. They were accompanied by someone, also on horseback, to lead the riderless horses home. Friday afternoon when classes ended, the horse trains would be there



Greenville School was approached by taking the shale road, in the foreground here, up from Jack Johnson's millpond. Photo by Thelma Thomas Ruddell, about 1922.

to return the students home for the weekend.

Other students rode horses every day from home, as I did. Larry Shumate lived on Indian Creek just below St. John's Church. When he arrived at the top of the hill overlooking Greenville, he would spur his horse and come tearing down past Frank Maddy's store, the Presbyterian church and the bank before turning the corner down to the school, rocks flying in all directions. Arch Belcher lived in the other direction on Indian Creek, below where the road turned up to Baker's Mountain. He also wore spurs. Standing in the school yard you could hear the "clackety-clack" of the horse as Arch applied the spurs crossing the millpond bridge over Laurel Creek to race his horse up the steep shale road to the schoolhouse.

The school was located in the north end of town on a narrow shale point where Laurel spills into Indian Creek. The two-story frame structure had a bell tower, an open wooden fire escape and a covered stairway outside. There were privies in the school yard for use when drought, frozen pipes or pranks disrupted the indoor plumbing.

On the first floor were two classrooms for grade school—first through fourth in one and fifth through eighth in the other. Also, there were two high school classrooms, the office and a toilet for girls and women teachers. On the second floor were an auditorium with a small dressing room which also served as a library—no tables or chairs, only shelves—and two more high school classrooms.

An inside stairway led to the half-basement. Farm, shop and Vo-Ag classes were held in a large finished room there, and there also was a single shower and toilet for the boys and men teachers. The other end of the basement was unfinished. It contained a kerosene-fired Delco power plant; a coal furnace which heated the second floor; a place for the janitor to store his equipment; a 55-gallon barrel of floor oil; and 10 tons of coal. The dirt floor followed the original contour of the land, so that head room petered out just beyond the coal pile. When the coal was nearly used up, you had to get on your knees for the last of it.

The school water supply came from a large stone tank near the center of town. It was gravity fed from a spring on a high hill two miles away. The tank overflowed almost continuously into a watering trough. A cup for public use hung by the trough. This tank ranked second only to the nearby Ballard-Arnott General Merchandise Store porch as a loafing place, especially for boys, and many an escapade was planned there without thought of consequences.

A spigot, located on the rear of the tank, was used in periods of drought when there was no overflow into the trough. Some people carried their water from the spigot, as not every house was connected by pipe to the tank. Some were too high for the gravity flow, and some people would not, or could not, pay the $2 tap-on fee and other costs, which were divided equally when a problem in the waterworks developed. In dry times, those living higher on the slope were without piped-in water if the tank was less than three-fourths full. Then they complained about the amount of water those below were using. The school was low enough to drain the tank.

I had no choice about going to school, but did as to how I got there. I could walk, or ride a horse. I chose to ride, except when the weather was bitter cold and walking was warmer. Betsy Trotwood, my five-gaited American Saddle horse, was well educated. She went to Greenville School for nine years, first with my three older sisters, then me. Betsy knew how to deal with the seven

Betsy Trotwood travelled to Greenville School for nine years. Here she's shown with the younger Ellison boys Warren (rear) and A.D., with an unidentified child in front of them. Photographer unknown, about 1928.

gates and a pair of drawbars across Ellison's Ridge between home and school. She walked sideways up to a gate, waiting until the rider unhooked the chain or latch. Responding to a tug on the rein or a heel nudge, she stepped sideways just far enough to get through. Then she turned and sidled up to the other side of the gate, walking sideways until it was closed.

Betsy was hard to catch when out in the pasture, and consequently spent most of the nine-month school term in the stable. Riding her was risky. Had there been seat belts on the saddle, one would have been wise to buckle up on Betsy Trotwood. She was very shy and for unknown reasons would suddenly jump sideways across the road. I carried a flashlight after dark, but could not use it on Betsy because the shadows frightened her.

There were other hazards. Mr. Lewis Larew, our neighbor, had a dog who would sneak up and nip Betsy's heels. I would scold the dog away if I saw him coming, but on dark nights both Betsy and I were in fear of an attack. Also, scary stories were told. Letch Dillion, who worked for us and lived near the woods, came to work some mornings reporting that he had heard a panther scream or seen a wildcat the night before. Every falling tree limb in my imagination was an approaching beast. But sometimes, coming home late at night, I was so tired I locked my hands around the saddle horn, put my head between the horse's shoulders and went to sleep. I would awake to find Betsy patiently standing by the first gate. Night riding was no pleasure.

My day began at six o'clock, when Mother woke me for a breakfast of cracked wheat cereal with thick cream. She made the cereal by grinding wheat in the coffee mill, parching it in the oven and partially cooking it in a double-boiler the night before. There were also hot biscuits, eggs, and ham, bacon, or home-canned sausage. Daddy built the wood fire in the cookstove before he woke Mother, then went to the barn to feed and milk the cows.

After breakfast, I went out to prepare Betsy for the trip to school. In wet weather she had to be brushed and curried. I tied her tail up to prevent it from getting muddy on rainy days, and from freezing in cold weather. I wanted to "sporterize" her with a stiff roached mane, cowboy saddle and a short tail, but all that was forbidden. Next, I loaded the saddlebags with three ears of corn for Betsy, and with an apple or pear, and a meat and a jelly or jam sandwich on homemade bread for my own lunch. If the maple sugar camp had been opened the previous spring, there was a small cake of maple sugar for dessert. My books and raincoat went in, too. The raincoat was seldom removed from the saddle pockets, and only under extreme pressure were my books taken out. By the time I finished my chores at the barn, I had tested the weather and returned to the house to clean up and adjust my clothes to the temperature. I would be on my way by 7:30.

It took a full hour to reach Jack Johnson's stable, where Betsy stayed during the day. Mr. Johnson owned the water-powered feed and flour mill. From the school yard you could look down on his millpond. At the stable I removed the bridle, saddle and saddlebags, and stored them in the harness room.

It was a quarter mile from the stable to school. In order to get there I and 11 other children, including three of

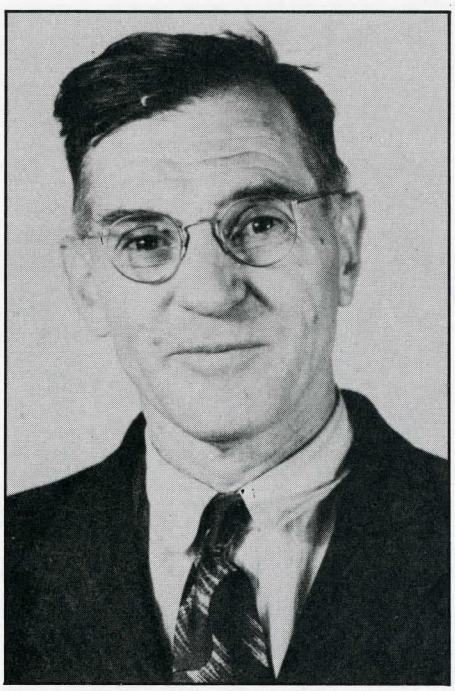
Mr. Johnson's, had to cross Indian Creek on a two-span swinging bridge. A 50-foot boardwalk led to the bridge. The walk was elevated five feet above the ground, anchored to fence posts, and reached by wooden steps. At the other end of the walk, a steep ramp led up to the bridge.

During floods water surrounded the walk and steps. At such times, Eddy, Mr. Johnson's son, would take three of us at a time behind him on a big draft horse. We mounted from a stile in front of the Johnson home, well beyond the flood, rode through the muddy water and climbed off on the bridge ramp. Eddy's shuttle did not run during the lunch hour, so he fed Betsy for me then. The creek would often be down by the time school was out, and we walked through the mud from the walk. Sometimes the creek rose during the day, and Eddy and his horse were waiting at the bridge at four.

The other end of the bridge was anchored to a shale cliff. A steep path led up to the school yard. There was no time to spare, for the big iron bell in the tower rang at nine o'clock. That bell also rang for class changes, and generally served as the school and community clock. Usually during lunch hour I returned to the stable, fed Betsy, ate my lunch with her, then hurried back to my friends in the school yard.

There were eight teachers, including principals, and a janitor at Greenville School. Mr. Pete Henshaw, the janitor, talked with a long "ah" between words and the students called him "Pete-ah." He moved and talked so slowly I thought of him as old and feeble, though I did not know his age. He arrived at school before daylight with a kerosene lantern. In winter he built coal fires in five stoves to heat the Vo-Ag and first floor rooms, and fired the furnace for the second floor. It was up to the teachers and students to maintain fires during the day. Mr. Henshaw did not stay at school, but he was there ready to sweep the building when classes ended. On short winter days and for evening programs, he would come in to start the Delco system for lights.

Mr. Newton Bishop was the high school math teacher as well as principal. You learned to like math after one squint from his piercing eyes. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with



Newton Bishop was the high school principal and math teacher at Greenville. School portrait, date unknown.

dark, wavy hair and a furrowed forehead, and very strong. I lived in fear of him. His stern, unsmiling—I thought unfriendly—manner, and habit of walking with downcast eyes prompted some of us to play a prank which might have had disastrous results. One night my buddies and I removed a steel gate from a nearby yard and hoisted it to the top of the flagpole. The next morning Mr. Bishop walked out to hang the flag, staring at his feet as usual. When he untied the rope he realized something was wrong, looked up and stepped back just before the heavy gate crashed at his feet.

We saw it as students versus teachers. One of our favorite escapades was to go after school to the tail of the Water Cave, the mouth of which was in the Maddy cave field. Laurel Creek flowed into that cave, but sank about halfway through so that the floor was dry. Here we caught bats, carried them in paper bags to school and released them in the classrooms. The next day someone would stir them up. By the time the creatures had been killed or forced out the windows, the class period had ended.

Our English teacher was young, small, attractive, and wore very high heels. She had trouble keeping order. As usual, most of us boys sat in the rear of the room, where it was easier to whisper and cheat on tests. Unable to detect which of us was making noise, the teacher would stamp her heel two or three times and demand silence. Then someone in the back would stamp the floor an equal number of times. This would go on until in exasperation she sent someone to the principal's office. We pretty well stuck together and, innocent or not, took the rap. I had my part of seeing the principal because something said to her, or about her, would make me laugh or smile. I had managed to pass the eighth grade diploma test without being able to read or spell, and did not like English class.

In cold weather anyone in the back row could get permission to stand by the stove. One very cold day we were in study hall, usually kept by one of the women teachers. A friend took the book he was reading and stood by the stove. While there he buried a .32-caliber bullet in the coal scuttle. We had it planned that someone else would then add coal to the fire. Soon, the stove door flew open with a loud boom and hot ashes and live coals flew out on the floor. The explosion scared all but three of us.

Our school had a tradition that if April 1 fell on a school day everyone stayed out on the playground when the nine o'clock bell rang. After a while some would go to the dirt basketball court and others to the baseball field across Laurel Creek, near the mill on land owned by the Methodist Church, to play ball all day. Those who chose to do neither would go to the auditorium and play games. Some of the teachers would join the separate groups and contribute to the fun. Sometimes, groups went to the Maddy cave field to visit the Water Cave or Saltpeter Cave and hear stories about how gunpowder was made there during the Civil War. Remnants of hollowed-out logs, smoke-blackened walls and other signs of the war were still there.

One such day my buddies were waiting at Mr. Johnson's stable when I arrived on Betsy Trotwood. We went to the school yard and later headed off to "Bub" Arnott's store. Mr. Arnott sold everything from corset laces to turning plows, including shoes made to fit either foot—no left or right. The post office was by the front door on one side, and fast-moving items such as tobacco on the other. A counter ran completely around, with an opening at the rear through which the shelves

could be approached. Occasionally a bunch of bananas would swing from a hook near the tobacco, for loafers to eat while passing the time. The store smelled of the salt fish, salt pork, and kerosene stored in a back room. It was dimly lit by kerosene lamps with smokey chimneys, and heated in winter by a large pot-bellied coal stove in the center.

A ball of twine in a dispenser hung above a large roll of wrapping paper on the counter, but Mr. Arnott used neither except on special request. He wrapped his merchandise in the *Charleston Gazette*, to which he subscribed, and frugally tied the packages with salvaged scraps of string. Sometimes a boy would distract him while a friend tied the end of the twine ball to an overall button and took off. When Mr. Arnott saw the twine ball spinning, he would call to the boy to stop. Instead of stepping on the twine and breaking it, and losing only a few feet, he then gave chase and yards of twine went down the road.

But this April Fool's Day we were on serious business. We blew our money on longhorn cheese, sliced from a big roll off the cutting block, crackers handed out of the barrel by Mr. Arnott, and canned sardines. One of the boys bought a plug of J. R. Reynolds chewing tobacco and supplied the rest of us. We walked over the hill, crossed Indian Creek on a goose-rack, and hiked to the spring that supplied water to Greenville and the school. There we ate our goodies, opened the spring box and cut off the water. Two days later the tank was dry and the town without water. W. H. "Bill" Comer, the only employee of the Bank of Greenville, was also in charge of the waterworks. After banking hours, he had to walk the four miles to turn the water on.

I enjoyed the money raising events held by the school. The money was used for athletic equipment, drawing paper, microscopes and other supplies and equipment. In those days there was little cash. Pie suppers, which included guess cakes, cake walks, drawings, and fish ponds were popular Friday night events. Once a year we held a black face minstrel show in which I took part. I recall the difficulty of removing the burnt cork from my face, but do not remember the small parts I played. These activities attracted large crowds. Many young fellows not going to school came in on horseback, racing through town, rocks and dust flying.

One pie supper stands out in my memory because it resulted in trouble for me. I was the smallest boy in school and had to look up to all the girls except Mary Lou. Being small was some advantage, as people were reluctant to bid against me when the pies were auctioned. Because of my success in bidding, this night some other boys gave me numbers to bid for them. They had spent considerable effort to learn the identity of the pie makers, which was supposed to be a secret. When the boy paid for the pie he was given the name of the girl who made it, and he was expected to eat the pie with her.

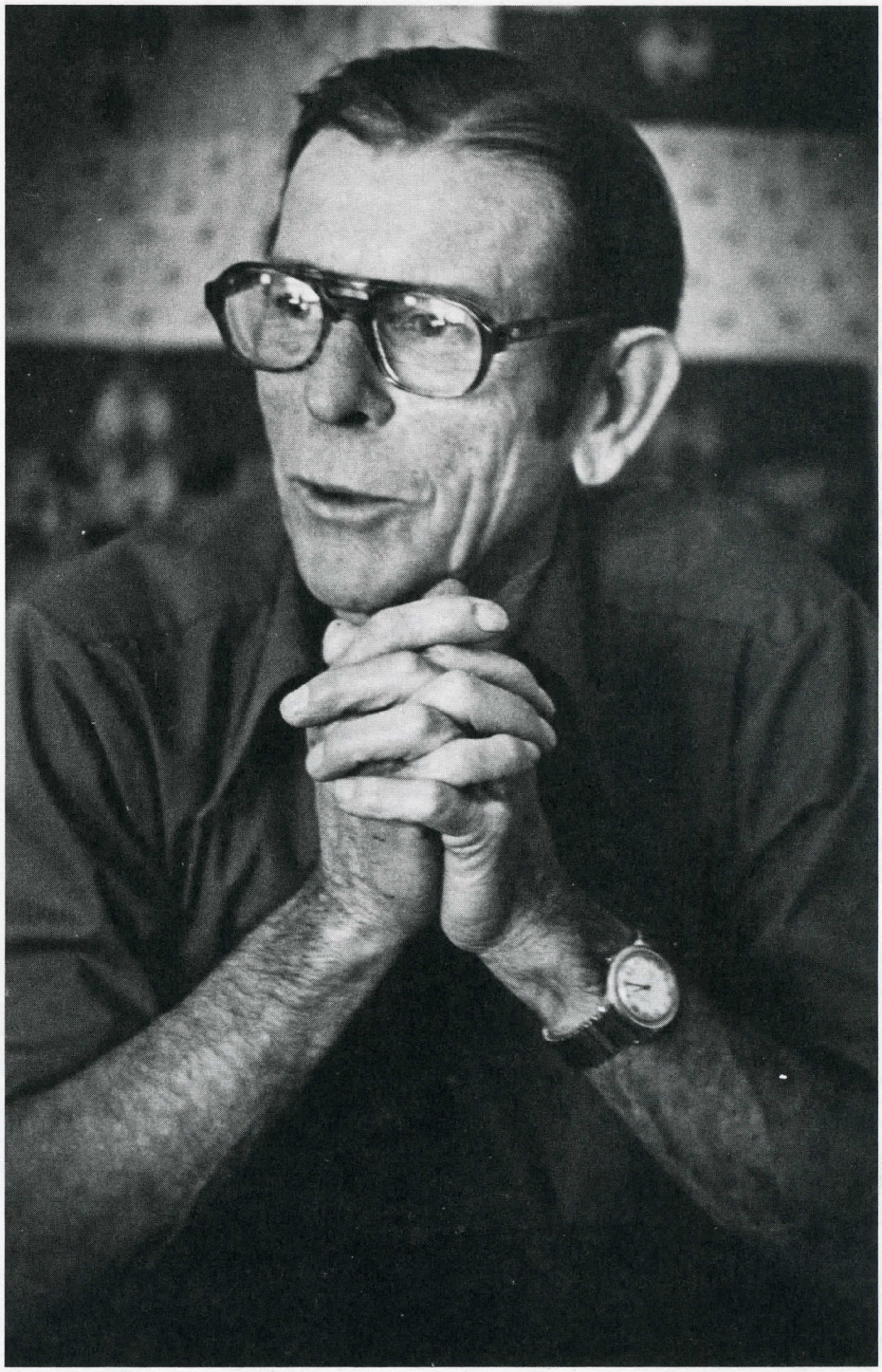
I got pies for three fellows that night and Mary Lou's pie for myself. She and I, joined by her parents, enjoyed her pie. Believing all was well, I said good night and headed for the stable and the long ride home. The following Monday morning, as I reached the top of the cliff at the bridge, I was met by three tall, angry girls with sticks in their hands. They demanded their pie plates and wanted to know why I had played such a dirty trick. I would have been clobbered, but persuaded them that I knew nothing about it. I later found their pie plates behind some

The front of Greenville School with baseball game in progress. Photographer unknown, early 1920's.

bushes at the Methodist Church, where the other boys had hidden to eat the whole pies by themselves.

As part of our education, my Vo-Ag class went to neighboring farms and pruned fruit trees, castrated pigs and lambs, dipped potatoes in fungicide and cut them for planting. The summer following my first year of high school I had a project raising four acres of corn. The corn became infested with wire-worms for which there was then no cure, so it did not do well. Teachers changed during the summer and C. R. Ripley became Vo-Ag teacher. He came to inspect my project, took one look at my record book and said I had to do it over if I expected credit for the course. This part of my education served me well for the many years I continued farming—this and Mr. Bishop's math.

School life was occasionally interrupted by excitement in the community. Oliver Mann's house burned one day. High school let out so that all who were able could join the bucket brigade from the water tank to the fire. All of Pete-ah's buckets and those from nearby homes were used. The house was too far gone, but we saved Mr. Mann's store located in the yard. The year before, a nearby boardinghouse had burned during the night. Porter Bostic was credited with saving the lives of the occupants, and was badly burned in the process. Students Laura and Alma Campbell, whose home was near mine on Hans Creek, were rooming there. Alma got out with only her nightgown and bedroom slippers. Several other girls were there also, and all were taken in by neighbors. The building was owned by Frank Maddy and managed by Mrs. Amanda Kessinger. Mrs. Thelma Thomas Rudell told me her grandfather, A. P. Miller, built it and it had been the noon stop on the stage coach route from Red Sulphur Springs to White Sulphur Springs.



Author J. Z. Ellison, older and wiser now, looks back in bemusement on boyhood shenanigans in Greenville. Photo by Dennis Tennant.

The schoolhouse itself burned July 13, 1932. Early that Sunday morning, neighbors were awakened by light from the flames. Those arriving first saw oil on the front of the building, and it was believed the fire was set to cover the theft of expensive white lead paint stored in the basement. Ten years earlier people in the community had subscribed $4,600 toward building the school, and the *Monroe Watchman* estimated the fire loss at $15,000. The Springfield District Board of Education met September 1 and received bids from 14 companies for construction of a new building, but decisions on rebuilding and relocating the school were postponed.

That fall classes were held in the Odd Fellows and Masonic halls and in the two churches, but none of my family ever went to school in Greenville again. My father decided to send Mother and five of my brothers and sisters and me to Morgantown. One sister and brother-in-law went to the University and the rest of us to high school and grade school. Betsy Trotwood's education ended that year, and Greenville was spared at least one rambunctious boy.

Local News

Phoebe Fisher Heishman and the *Moorefield Examiner*

By Arthur C. Prichard

Phoebe Fisher Heishman goes way back with the *Moorefield Examiner*. Her first recollection of the Hardy County newspaper is of one Christmas season during World War II. Her mother, Katherine Fisher, was running the paper during father Ralph E. Fisher's service in the navy. Mrs. Fisher was at the editor's desk. Phoebe was nearby, writing a letter to Santa Claus. The job done, she put her wish list into an old wood stove. Her mother said that was the proper way to dispatch such an important letter, the smoke supposedly carrying the message to the proper personage.

Phoebe Fisher became the *Examiner*'s editor herself in August 1969. She was well trained for the responsibility. Following graduation from Moorefield High School, she had studied at WVU, majoring in journalism. After getting a degree there she worked two years on Senator Jennings Randolph's staff in Washington as a press assistant, then joined the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, editing their employees' paper and working on economic publications. Greg Van Camp and Guy Stewart persuaded her to return to Morgantown as a writer-reporter for WWVU-TV (now WNPB-TV), which was about to go on the air. An inducement for her return was the opportunity to earn a Master's degree in journalism.

An editor's desk is not always the neatest place. Nonetheless, Phoebe Heishman's newscopy comes out on time and in good shape.

Shortly after she began her new job, Phoebe's father died. For a few months she returned to Moorefield on weekends to assist her mother in publishing the *Examiner*. Mrs. Fisher, although thoroughly experienced and capable of producing the weekly paper, didn't want the responsibility forever. Phoebe's brother was not interested in running the newspaper. Not wishing to have ownership pass from the Fisher family, Phoebe gave up her TV job and returned to Moorefield.

The family's connection with the paper had begun in January 1902 with Phoebe's grandfather, Samuel Alexander McCoy. Described as a "slender, blond, young man" by one who knew him, he purchased a half-interest in the paper, then called the *Weekly Examiner*. "Mr. Sam," as he came to be known to his readers, had just turned 21.

Hardy County had had a weekly paper under various names since 1845, and Sam McCoy enthusiastically continued the tradition. In 1906, he became the sole owner of the *Weekly Examiner*, and the following year changed its name to the *Moorefield Examiner*. With the passing of time, he built it into a solid county paper. He wrote about the beauty of the area and ways of improving Moorefield and Hardy County. Mr. Sam called for good roads, better schools, a county library and railroad service. His progressive ideas gained him followers, but occasionally strong opposition arose. There was the time he received an anonymous letter expressing the writer's desire to see 77 sticks of dynamite "set off under you all at once."

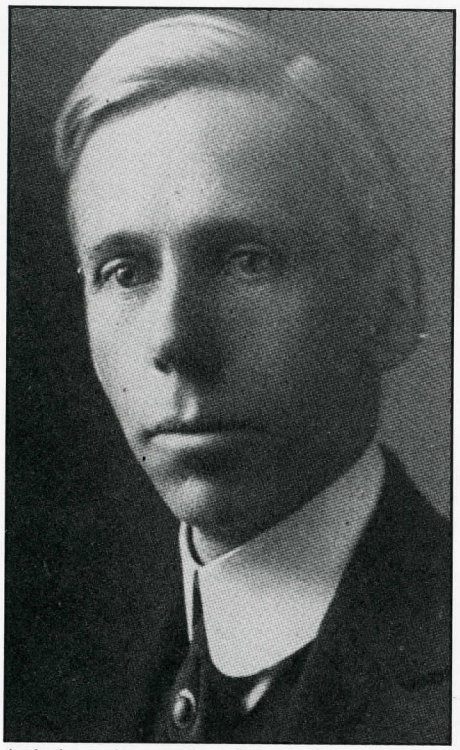
Following Sam McCoy's death in 1935, widow Eunice McCoy became the publisher and daughter Katherine McCoy Fisher assumed the position of managing editor. They continued many of his policies, stressing affairs of local interest and pushing ventures which promised local benefits. Mr. Sam had run a Democratic paper, but offered space to those of different political views. Mrs. McCoy and her daughter followed the same course.

Katherine's husband soon joined the newspaper operation. Through the years Ralph Fisher developed into an effective, vigorous editor and became a leader in the economic and industrial development of the area. His relationship with the *Moorefield Examiner* was interrupted by periods of service in the navy, during which his wife edited and published the paper.

During the Depression the *Examiner* took over another local paper. Henry Woodyard had set up a number of little Republican newspapers in West Virginia to take advantage of Republican legal advertising. One such paper was the *Hardy County News*. Woodyard produced a shadow paper, using news and ads from the *Moorefield Examiner* and sharing the *Examiner*'s offices and press. Finally, the Fishers paid $500 for the *Hardy County News* name and its manager's desk. Thereafter, the county's newspaper was called the *Moorefield Examiner and Hardy County News*.

On assuming the management in 1969, Phoebe operated the *Examiner* largely as her grandparents and parents had. Primary attention was given to births, deaths, birthday parties and other local happenings. Correspondents wrote of the goings-on at Dooley, Crab Run, Lower Cove, Wardensville, Needmore, Baker, Baughman Settlement, Lost City, Flat Ridge, Sperry's Run, Rio, Doman, Peevy Run, All Corners, Mathias, Bethel, Trout Run, Jenkins Chapel, Bass, Walnut Bottom and other places. The *Examiner*'s readers learned who was going to the doctor, who had a baby, who visited whom and who was in for the weekend. Phoebe covered local government and lobbied for improvements.

"We are very comfortable with being



Left: An early portrait of *Examiner* editor Samuel A. McCoy, known as "Mr. Sam" to his readers. Date and photographer unknown.
Right: Mr. Sam and daughter Katherine stand in the doorway of the *Examiner* office, about 1910. Katherine later edited the paper herself. Photographer unknown.

the county newspaper," she says today. "We have no competition as far as that is concerned. We have daily newspapers which come into the area, but a weekly newspaper serves a much different need than a daily paper. We don't concern ourselves about happenings outside our area, as far as the national news. We can't. We don't have the staff or the manpower to handle the national news. Our main concern is the local news.

"Besides the community correspondents sending in news, we get other local news. Elizabeth Whitener and I divide duties as far as covering various governmental agencies." Elizabeth, a former resident of Moorefield, was teaching in Maryland when she decided to return to Hardy County. She accepted the position as news editor on the *Examiner*'s staff. "Elizabeth, for the most part, covers the board of education and town council, and I take care of the county commission," Phoebe says. "She pretty much covers the day-by-day events. When a person walks in off the street or telephones to tell us of something which is going on, or when an organization asks us to help to promote something, we try to get it in the paper.

"We have a three-prong operation," explains Phoebe. "In addition to the newspaper, we have a job-printing business and an office supply business. Our total staff runs about 11. Some of these people have different duties. Part of the news is gotten by employees who aren't primarily reporters. For instance, staff members in selling newspaper advertising, job printing or office supplies report the items they hear from their customers."

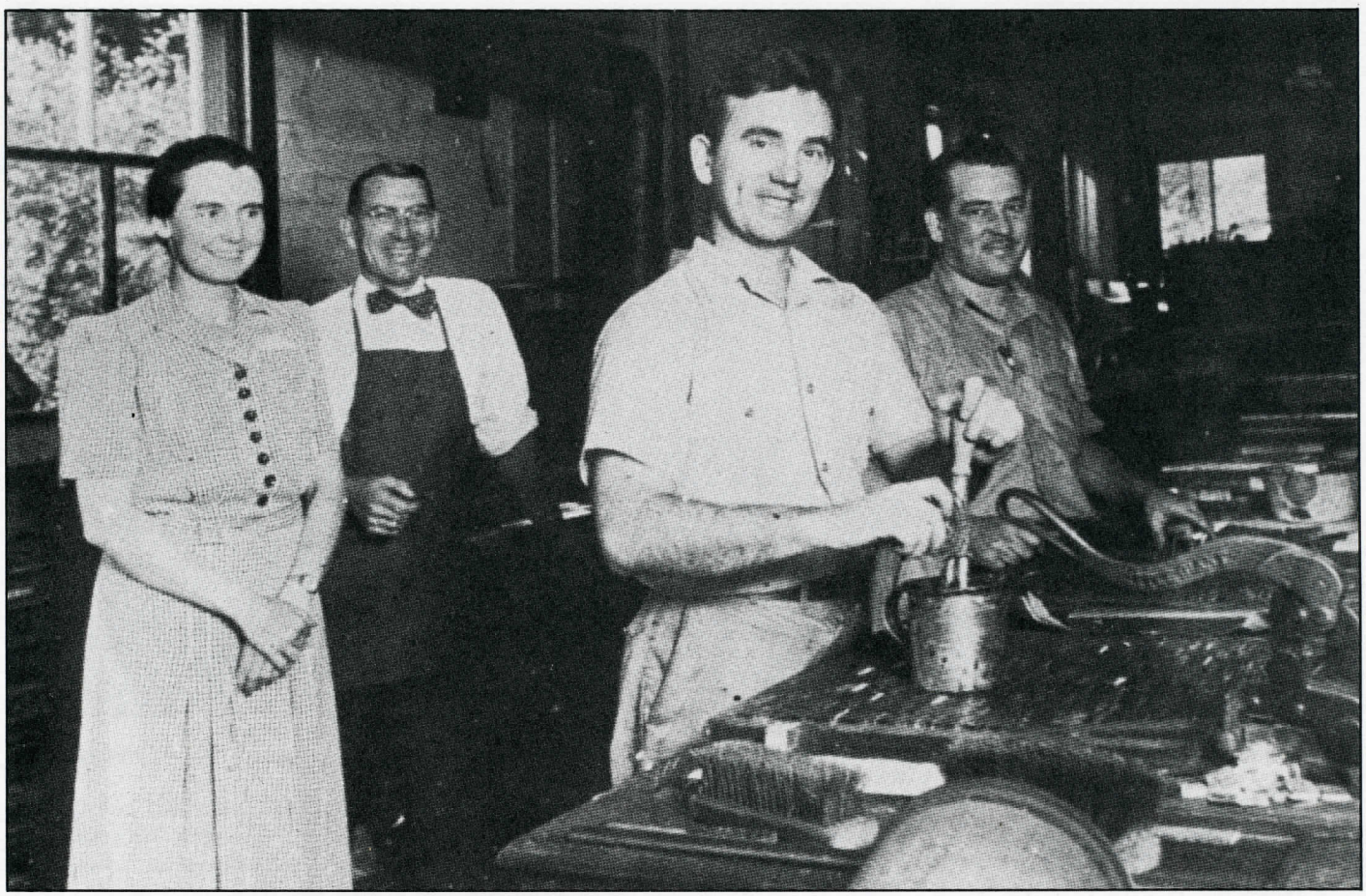
Several years after taking over the *Examiner*, Phoebe Fisher married David Heishman. David, a native Hardy Countian, was a surveyor and part-time farmer. After a while, he phased out his surveying work and became active in the printing business. David's agricultural knowledge is useful in the largely rural county and his participation keeps the *Examiner* a family operation.

When asked how she chooses subjects for editorials, Phoebe says, "There is the matter of whatever is happening. With Elizabeth attending meetings, she fills me in, and I go to meetings. Issues are discussed. You learn about them. I have people stop me on the street and say, 'Why don't you write about thus and so?' And I say I will have to find out about it first. And maybe it is worth an editorial, and maybe it isn't.

"Then too, there are those things about which you get mad," she admits, mentioning the recent statewide tax reappraisal as one issue which has provoked her ire.

The *Examiner* depends on the community for support as well as subject matter. "The *Examiner* gets a large percentage of its advertising from local people and firms. We get very little national advertising," Phoebe says. "We do get some advertising from area communities—Winchester, Cumberland and Harrisonburg—but for the main part our advertising comes from local people.

"It is one of the marriages you make and live with in a small community. We need their advertising and they in turn need us, as we are the only paper in town. If they want to do newspaper advertising, they have to deal with us. It makes a little discomfort sometimes, but normally you cope with those things. There have been times when I have criticized elected officials, who were also in business, and they have gotten mad at us and haven't advertised for a while. But generally they have come back. You can't live in a small town and stay mad at somebody too long because you have to deal with them. They are the only ones who sell something, or are the ones you are sitting with on boards or church com-



The *Examiner* was a simple operation in the days of letterpress printing. Here are Phoebe's parents Katherine and Ralph Fisher, with printers William Vance and J. G. "Tabby" Ashenfelter (right). Date and photographer unknown.

mittees or something. You have to meet with your enemies, and you decide you can't be an enemy and get the job done."

Ordinary people advertise in the *Examiner* as well. "We have had one of the best classified departments for a long time," Phoebe says. "We run two, and sometimes three or four pages of such ads in an issue. Dad used to promote classified advertising and we do too, and people automatically come in to put ads for things for sale. You can always tell when spring is coming, for that is when yard sales start. The community has been educated to use classified ads. We have a lot of regular advertisers who want display ads on a classified page for they know it is well read."

A big change in the paper's operation occurred in 1974 when the *Examiner* switched to modern offset printing. The old presses were going bad. It was hard to get replacement parts for them and difficult to find people willing to learn to operate the metal-casting Linotype typesetting machines. The new method uses computer-like machines that spew out strips of photo-sensitive paper which are pasted onto grid sheets to form newspaper pages. This "camera-ready copy" is then taken to a large company which prints for many weeklies. It is a faster, cleaner way of printing, but was a difficult decision for the publishers to make. The future of the old hot-metal printers had to be considered. But one day a printer, who had worked for the Fishers when Phoebe was born, himself raised the question of going to offset. The decision to do so was made.

The change didn't resolve all problems. One difficulty is breakdown of complicated new machinery. "Being isolated from the suppliers of the machinery is a factor," says Phoebe. "We call them for information when a failure occurs. However, that is not always necessary as we have an electronic whiz in the community. Often he is able to figure how many of these things work and gets the machinery working.

"Another problem is that we have the paper printed in Keyser, 37 miles from here, and there are times in winter when the trips get a little hairy. But using a four-wheel drive helps, and we do what we have to do to get the paper printed.

"There have been interesting experiences in getting out the paper," Phoebe continues. "We have had our share of floods and electric outages. Haven't had any pestilences yet. On some equipment breakdowns we have had to drive to another community and make use of others' equipment. We have had to gather up our copy and head for Keyser, or in the past, to Romney or Petersburg. We have had to share typesetters. Once, when a fellow on the *Hampshire Review* was quite ill for a while, a typesetter from our shop went there to set type until the emergency was over. It is a pretty good cooperative effort."

Another major change in printing the *Examiner* occurred in 1977 when the paper began coming out twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. The switch was made as an experiment. Publishing twice a week increased the cost and the work, and Phoebe and

David Heishman kept open minds as to the outcome. Now they believe the venture is successful. Readers are receiving more news and getting it faster. Advertisers are presenting their messages to the public more often and quicker. The change seems beneficial to all.

A large percentage of Hardy people read the paper. Paid subscriptions and counter sales run about 4,000. Nationally, newspapers average somewhere between two and three readers for each copy printed, and by that figure the *Examiner* covers Hardy very well, for according to the 1980 census there are just over 10,000 residents in the county.

"I know there are some people who will not buy the paper," says Phoebe. "They got mad at my grandfather, or my dad, or me or something. And there are a few people in the area who subscribe to daily papers and don't feel they need the *Moorefield Examiner*, so not everyone takes our paper. But a high percentage do."

When asked about the satisfactions in publishing the paper Phoebe can say much in a few words. "We have been successful in helping to bring numerous improvements to the area." In fact, the *Examiner* has helped bring better roads, improved educational facilities, a county library, railroad service, additional places of employment and other community improvements.

That's about everything on Mr. Sam's original priority list, but his granddaughter admits to some failures. "We haven't always succeeded," Phoebe says. "My grandfather wrote about the need for county-wide local telephone service. My parents wrote about county-wide telephone service, and I have written about it. Yet after more than 80 years of one family newspaper promoting it, we still don't have county-wide local service. It used to be that Hardy Telephone, that's the one in Mathias, and the Moorefield exchanges were long distance. We had people two miles out of Moorefield who were long distance from Moorefield. Finally, these people were connected so they had toll-free service with us. Yet, the

David Heishman's experience in farming and surveying provides a useful background for newspaper publishing in rural Hardy County.

Hardy County is poultry country and the *Examiner* is proud to promote the local industry. This playful sign went on the office window for the 1985 West Virginia Poultry Festival.

Wardensville exchange continues to be long distance.

"Then too, we have had differences with people," she continues. "I haven't hesitated, nor did my father, to say we didn't think that a person representing the area was doing a good job. My father probably had a lot more confrontations than I have had, because I seem to have inherited enough of my mother to blend in a little better. There have been politicians who were unhappy with things I said about them, and those who were happy about things I said, and those who weren't sure if it were good or not if I said anything.

"There are other things which displease folks. You misspell someone's name, or you put a person's name in and he doesn't want it in, or someone does not like it because you left his name out. You could publish 99 issues without any mistakes and no one would say anything. And the next paper would have a mistake and people find it. There are typographical errors. We wrote about the very good music which a certain church had, saying they had good singers. When the paper came from the press it said there were 'good sinners' in that church. I have lived with typos all my life. I truly believe there are little gremlins who get into your typesetting equipment and mess it all up just for the pure devilry.

"As for satisfactions, there are many which come from publishing the paper. To have a good paper come off the press is gratifying. To know that your co-workers and you have produced it. The feeling is akin to that experienced by an artist, a builder or others who create things. Then too, it feels good to have helped worthy causes to succeed."

Phoebe Heishman also takes satisfaction in sensitive handling of delicate or tragic local news. "You have

Surviving the Flood

"If the good Lord is willing and the creek don't rise, the Heishmans will be in the newspaper business for a long time," Phoebe Heishman averred when we last visited her. The family has not yet been tested by the divine will, fortunately, but it now appears that it will definitely take more than high water to close down the Moorefield Examiner. *When the waters rose in the great flood of November 1985, the newspaper and the family home both suffered serious damage. Phoebe was reviewing the draft GOLDENSEAL article at the time and our manuscript was among the casualties. We sent her a new copy, which she returned with the following account of the flood:*

The creek did rise.

On the night of November 4 and the morning of November 5, flood waters devastated the South Fork and South Branch valleys and the town of Moorefield in Hardy County.

The *Examiner* building was flooded with from 18 inches to four feet of water. The basement of the Heishman home was a total loss. There was no water for cleaning up. There was no electricity. There was no typesetting or darkroom.

Wednesday night, November 6, David and I decided to put out a special edition with health and other information which was vital for people to know. Thursday, while he shoveled mud and crud, Elizabeth Whitener and I interviewed and took pictures and generally tried to compile material which flood victims needed to know—what to do about water; where food, clothing and shelter were available; what to do about sanitation; and who to call for what, if you had phones.

Elizabeth's house was also hit by the flood and she gave up time to help with the paper when I know she would rather have been cleaning.

That Thursday evening I wrote copy on a manual typewriter and the next morning Elizabeth and Forrest Wolfe drove to Keyser where the copy was typeset, pages laid out and printed. They were back in time to get the paper in the mail and it was distributed throughout the county without mailing labels. The post office agreed with us that it was more important to get information out than it was to worry about the rules, so we received a total distribution, at least wherever there was a postal patron who could receive mail.

The extent of the flood is still unknown. Hardy County had four dead and one missing in the official records. Three others from the county were lost in other counties, along with one still missing. Immediately following the flood there were about 1,500 displaced from their homes. Over 400 homes were affected, and nearly all the businesses and both schools in Moorefield were completely stripped of everything.

The Heishmans have business to discuss when they pause for lunch. "David and I are happy in what we're doing," Phoebe says.

On the agriculture front, the story of destruction is growing each day. Farmers lost cattle, hogs, poultry, hay, grain, buildings and equipment. The flood tore topsoil off in some areas, rerouted rivers, and left piles of river rock on once productive land. Fences no longer exist. Trees are gone which once lined the Branch and the Fork. The beautiful Trough of the South Branch was described as looking like the area covered by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens—without the burning. One dead cow was left hanging 30 feet up in a tree in the Trough, which gives you some idea of the volume of water which must have roared through that area.

The *Examiner* resumed regular publication the week after the flood. We still don't know about our job press or some other equipment. We just haven't had time to clean it up and check it. Our losses were great, but the family is fine and we will survive. Moorefield is coming back. We'll never be the same again, but we will not let the Flood of '85 do in a community which has survived over 200 years.

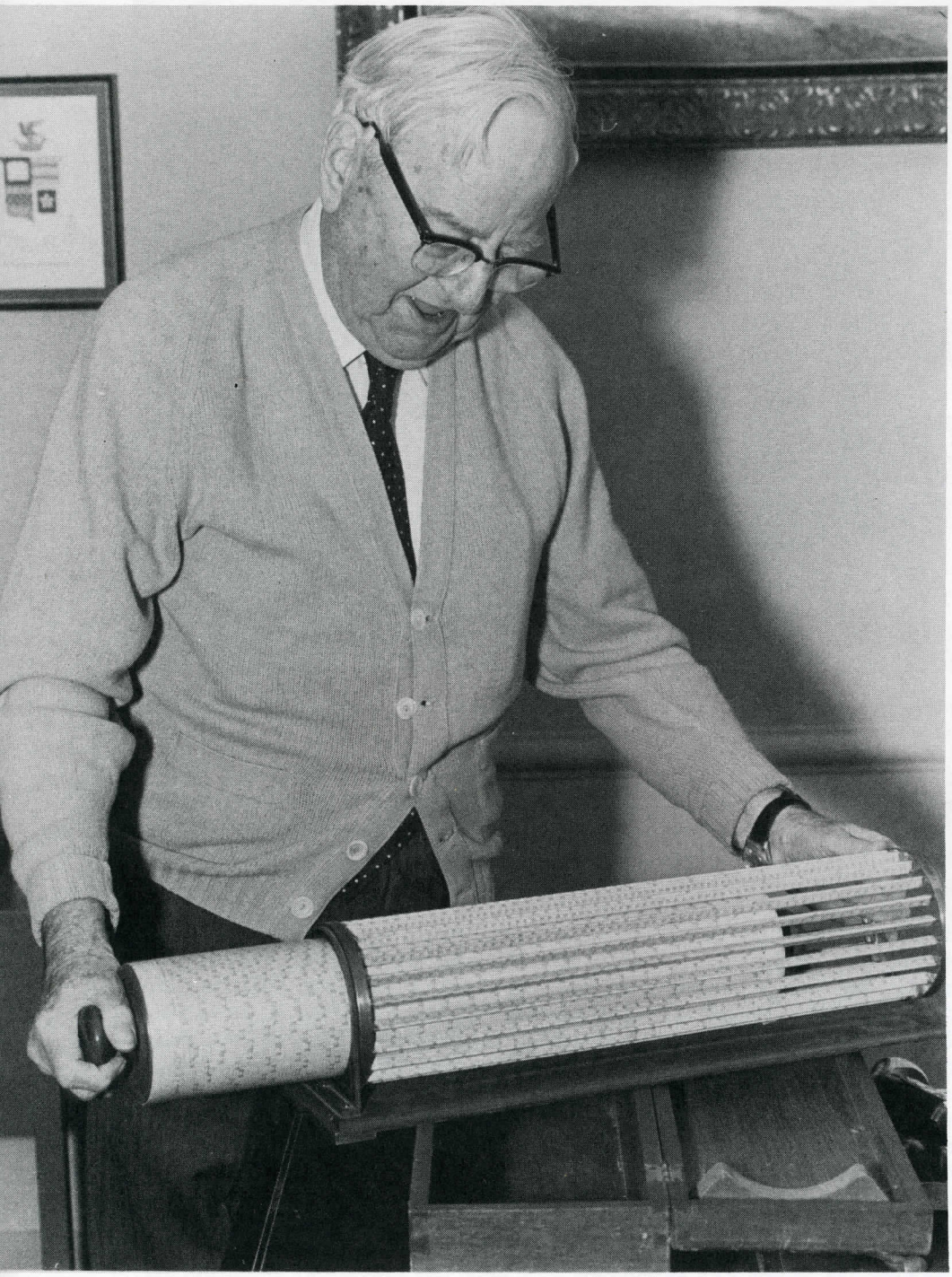
—Phoebe Heishman

control over what the public knows about some local happenings," she says. "Some factions want everything exposed, everything written about it. And you have cooler heads, and you hope you keep yours that way. Those are decisions I can't imagine a big daily newspaper editor or publisher or newswriter will ever have to make, because they have a big job to do. Period. They don't stop to think about the people involved, the fall-out and who might be hurt. They are out to get a story. This is one of the things which bothers me about television. You see those tremendous tragedies—hostages, people killed and the like—and there is the big media, just like vultures. They want to see all the tears, the hurt, the agony. And anyone who has had a hurt knows what the people suffering are feeling. And you feel for them.

"There is something I can do about it here," Phoebe concludes. "I can give some basic facts, but I do not have to give all the gory details. In a small town, when a tragic happening occurs, it affects many people. It has a rippling effect, touching people who are your neighbors, your friends. Even though you don't know some of them well, you know them."

Phoebe doesn't think the public's reaction to her as an editor-publisher has been any different than if she were a man. "I had the advantage of my mother having broken the ice here," she says. "Mother had run the paper immediately after my grandfather died and when Dad was away in the service. A woman publishing the paper didn't appear to be a problem. It was true that the moving force in the community was the Lions Club, whose members were men. My being a female didn't prevent me from attending their meetings and getting the news. They made me an honorary member, in fact, an honorary member for life. I attended regularly until marriage and children cut into my attendance. It was a good relationship for them and me."

Phoebe, when asked of the *Moorefield Examiner*'s future, says, "I hope it continues as it is. But we have to face the reality that it has to be financially justified. We have to be able to make a living, to raise children and send them to school and do all those things. Personally, I am optimistic about the future. I don't see any more problems for us. David and I are happy in what we are doing. We enjoy the newspaper and really can't see anything else in life."



Mr. Andrews shows off part of his collection of antique engineering instruments at his Pennsylvania Glass Sand Corporation office. Photo by Frank Herrera.

Sand Man

Glass Sand Engineer

Earle T. Andrews

By Charles W. Warnock

Earl T. Andrews is a West Virginian by choice. He was born in Fowlerville, New York, on January 9, 1902, the son of a Presbyterian minister. His mother had come to New York from Virginia, and the family ended up living between those two places when the Reverend Andrews accepted the pastorate of a church in McVeytown, Pennsylvania, in 1904.

The little Pennsylvania town was important to Earle Andrews' eventual migration to West Virginia. McVeytown was the location of the newly-formed Pennsylvania Glass Sand Company, organized by Samuel S. Woods and others. Young Andrews used to sit on the grass berm in front of his house and watch the six-mule teams pull the heavy, special-built wagons from the PGS mine to the final processing plant, a mile distant on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Earle Andrews' awareness of silica sand and where it came from, how it was mined and processed, and what it was used for, thus came at an early age. He soon learned much more. After such boyhood work as weeding gardens, mowing lawns, delivering newspapers and working at the town soda fountain, he landed a job as a blueprint boy in the general superintendent's office of the Pennsylvania Glass Sand Company. The superintendent was William P. Stevenson, one of the founders of the company.

Andrews attended Randolph-Macon Academy for his college preparatory work. Upon graduation, he was accepted by the United States Naval Academy. This was during World War I. When that conflict ended, he resigned from the Naval Academy, having learned that he preferred civil to military engineering. He devised his own work-study program with the assistance of his mentor, PGS engineer T. C. Matthews, and entered Washington and Lee University. He graduated from the school of engineering as a civil engineer in 1925. He also finished graduate studies in masonry and reinforced concrete structures, municipal water supply, and hydraulic power engineering.

Although Andrews had worked in iron and steel mills during his work-study schedule, he gained most of his experience working summers or semesters off at PGS. His first engineering project was to design and build a gravity water supply reservoir. At 19 he did the engineering work and supervised the construction of the enlargement of the Hancock Works. This included a pulverizing plant for the Pennsylvania Glass Sand Company's oldest plant in West Virginia, where he designed a dust collection system to augment the respirators for the protection of the workmen.

"The Pennsylvania Glass Sand Company was formed in 1902," Mr. Andrews recently recalled. "At that time they had one plant down here, the Hancock Works along the Potomac River. That was their earliest plant in the area. The original operation was started by Noah Speer. It was on the land of the Bridges and Henderson families. It began operations in 1872, later becoming the first PGS plant in West Virginia."

Warm Springs Ridge was the site of local sand mining. The ridge runs parallel to U.S. 522, from the Potomac River across Morgan County to the border of Virginia. The first commercial silica produced from this deposit was in 1867. Subsequently, several companies opened mining operations along the ridge north from Berkeley Springs. H. H. Hunter submitted a sample of this sand to the World's Columbian Exhibition of 1892 and won first prize, a large, engraved bronze medal. The fine local product was, and is, used in glassmaking and other industrial processes.

In the very early days of mining along Warm Springs Ridge the silica was produced in what Mr. Andrews calls "man-sized" rocks, all that one man could handle. It was broken up with black powder and sledge hammers. The rocks were brought out of the mines in cars pulled by mules. PGS built a narrow gauge railroad, using the same cars and a small steam locomotive on the one-and-a-quarter-mile track from the plant to the mine entrance, but they still used mule cars inside their underground mine. The miners were paid according to the number of cars they loaded.

Early on, the industry consisted of smaller companies shipping the rocks to glass companies which put them through their own crushers. The management at the growing Pennsylvania Glass Sand Corporation considered this to be an unsatisfactory arrangement of the industry. In 1927, PGS purchased all of the glass sand companies located on Warm Springs Ridge. They included the Faust & Bechtol; West Virginia; Pittsburgh; Speer; Millard; Bridges; and National Pulverizing companies. It also purchased two operations located on Round Top, Roundtop Glass Sand Company and Maryland Glass Sand, and the Hazel-Atlas Glass Sand Company located in Great Cacapon. With the small producers now consolidated, PGS set out to supply a fully processed sand to the glass manufacturers. Earle T. Andrews was to have a big part in this ambitious undertaking.

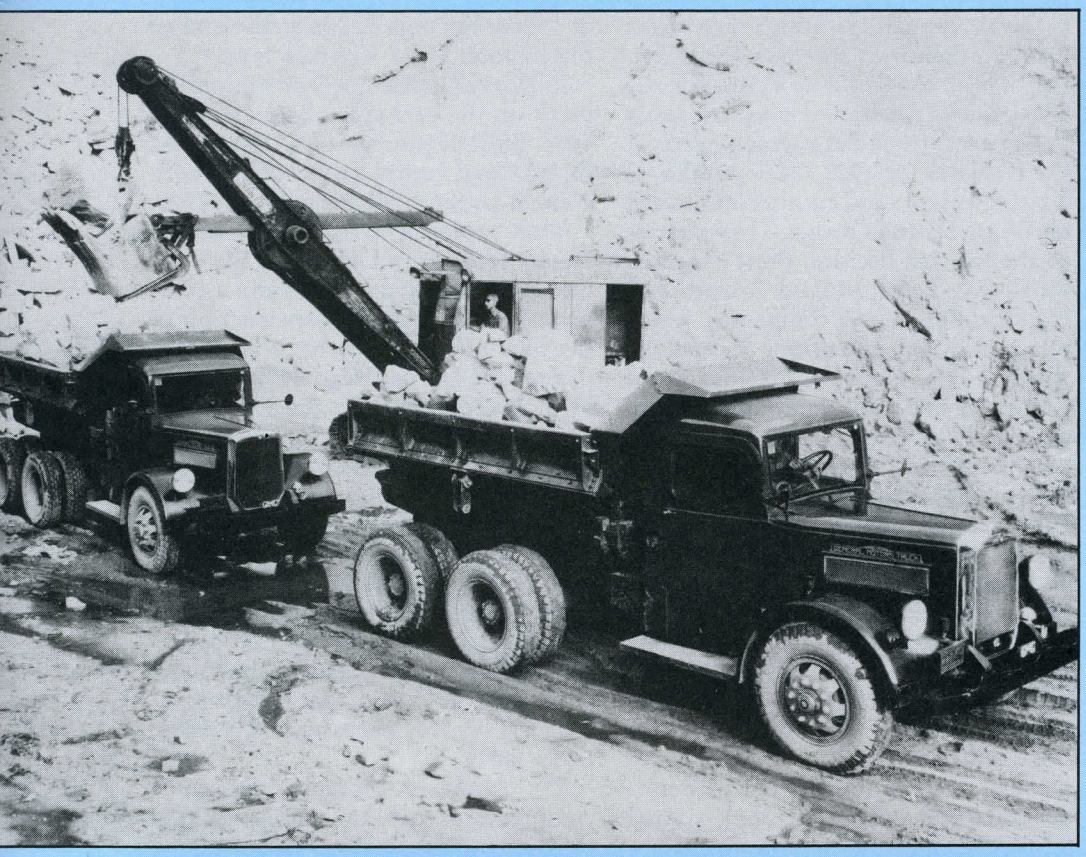
In 1925, after he had completed his formal engineering studies and had been permanently employed by PGS, Andrews married Rosalie Esther Exline of Hancock, Maryland. After a brief sojourn in boardinghouses in Pennsylvania and Maryland, they started housekeeping in an apartment over a store in Hancock, just across the Potomac from the Hancock Works in West Virginia. She has remained his partner all these years. They have two sons and a daughter, and have become grandparents and great-grandparents many times over. Forty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews moved to Berkeley Springs. They live there still, on a slope of Warm Springs Ridge at the end of the historic West Virginia town.

PGS established its first processing plant on the east side of this ridge in 1904. Built of timber, it was remodeled in 1919 and completely replaced with a much larger modern facility in 1929.

This replacement project was assigned to Andrews. He made his original engineering drawings and a complete flowchart of the construction of the new plant on butcher's wrapping paper. One day in January 1929, he and W. J. Woods stood by the side of the road which is now U.S. 522, overlooking the proposed construction site. Mr. Andrews explained his plans and drawings to Woods, president of the newly restructured corporation. At the end of his presentation, he was advised to go ahead with the construction of a glass sand producing facility that would be the largest and most modern of its time. It was quite a project for a 25-year-old, and it still functions today.

Mr. Andrews brought together a construction crew consisting entirely of company employees. There was no place else for him to turn for the specialized help he needed. As a pioneer in the industry PGS had to develop competency in the construction of plants, equipment and special machinery capable of handling this very abrasive substance. It was necessary to be inventive in doing what had never been done before, and Andrews and

The original Berkeley Works was an outdated facility by the time Earle Andrews went to work for PGS. In 1929 he was put in charge of the replacement project. Date unknown, courtesy PGS.



Open pit quarrying replaced underground mining at the PGS sand mine in the 1920's. In quarrying, the rocks were blasted loose and then handled with regular heavy-duty earth moving equipment. Here a shovel operator loads a pair of new General Motors dump trucks. Date unknown; all historic photos courtesy PGS.

Sand Mining

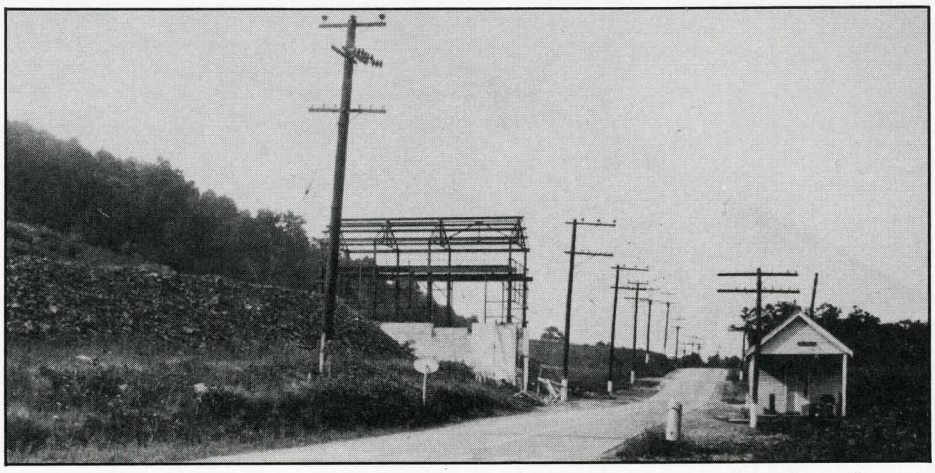
A Photoessay

The Hazel-Atlas sand mine in Great Cacapon still relied on man and mule power when acquired by PGS about 1927. In early glass sand mining, blasting holes were driven by sledge hammer and steel rod and the rail cars loaded by hand. This photograph of Hazel-Atlas workers was probably made in the mid-1920's.

The power drill offered a definite improvement over earlier manual drilling, but in both cases explosives were packed in the individual bore holes. Today, explosives are placed in a more sophisticated system of interconnected tunnels. Date unknown.

Crushing is the first step in processing, turning stone back into sand from which it was originally made. These rocks, fresh from the quarry, are poised for dumping into the "Buchanan Jaw" crusher. Date unknown.

The idea—moving quarried rock from the open pit mine—is the same, but the equipment is bigger than ever. In this recent photograph a frontend loader positions its nine-cubic-yard bucket over a 120-ton truck. The man in the foreground is dwarfed by the machinery around him.



Construction site for the new Berkeley plant, beside what is now U.S. 522. Mr. Andrews recalls spending much of his time in the engineer's shack across the road. Courtesy PGS, 1929.

his associates seldom had the luxury of being able to order from a catalog.

Nonetheless, the big job went forward around the clock, with Andrews practically living in the small engineer's shack perched on the building site. In March 1929 the first footings were dug for the foundations. His construction crew presented the young engineer with a gold watch when the work was finally done, but the real reward came in January 1930, when the first sand was produced at the new plant.

The Hancock sand mine had continued to function as an underground operation until about 1928. It was then opened at the top and transformed into an open quarry, which became the north end of the present quarry. Thus the Berkeley Works has been supplied through open quarry mining from the first. In 1929, when Andrews started Berkeley Works construction, the quarry was about a thousand feet long. It has now grown to four miles.

Mr. Andrews was constantly involved in the building and rebuilding of the facilities of PGS. Each job presented its own set of circumstances. One concerned the need for a special sand, in larger quantity than was available, for casting finned parts for the large radial engines that powered U.S. fighter planes during World War II. During the war, when all materials were in short supply, Andrews had made a practice of buying up old plants for their metal, machinery, and electric cable. He purchased any scrap steel or tools he could get hold of. This ingenuity paid off when the casting sand emergency arose. Andrews was able to take a crew of 200 men, working around the clock, and use salvage materials to fabricate what was needed. They built the new military plant in 39 days.

For all of the early years Mr. Andrews was the only engineer PGS had except for Matthews, who was always more involved in the business end of the company. Soon PGS had glass sand mining operations scattered over the United States. It was Andrews' job to solve mining and processing problems in the most efficient manner possible, producing a reasonable profit while staying competitive with other producers.

He brought construction techniques forward from a time when buildings were made only of wood, brick or masonry to the use of structural steel, prestressed concrete and modern building techniques, with much use of underground construction. He is proud of the installations which he designed and constructed at Berkeley Springs, that remove the fine sand and clay and permit the recirculation of water in a closed system that clarifies 20,000,000 gallons of water each day.

During a recent trip through the Berkeley Springs quarry with Jack Steiner, like his father before him a former manager of plant operations, I witnessed glass sand mining engineering at work in the ingenious network of "coyote" tunnels. A four-by-six-foot entrance tunnel leads back 80 feet to a perpendicular cross tunnel, running about 150 feet across the width of the working face. When completed, these tunnels are filled with 50 to 100 tons of "Amfo," an explosive combination of fertilizer (amonium phos-

Aviation has been a lifelong avocation with Mr. Andrews. Here he poses, center front, with Civil Air Patrol unit in 1948. Photo by Pine Studios.

phate) and fuel oil. The entrance tunnel is then sand-bagged and the explosion triggered electrically with detonating caps placed at intervals. The explosion follows a predictable pattern, bulging out the base of the rock face to let the rock above settle down and fill the void. Approximately 350,000 tons are attained with each blast.

After serving as a civil engineer from 1925 to 1935, Earle T. Andrews was appointed chief engineer. He became general manager of operations in 1941. In 1950 he was elected vice president in charge of operations and engineering. In 1957, he was made one of the directors of the Pennsylvania Glass Sand Corporation. He became senior executive vice president in 1962, following the death of Mr. Matthews. In 1963, he followed W. J. Woods to become the third president of the company. In 1968, as president, chief executive officer and chairman of the board, he acquiesced to the will of the board of directors to accept the offer of ITT to purchase PGS.

Mr. Andrews made decisions involving many millions of dollars as he rose to the top, but he kept in mind that money itself did not constitute the wealth of his company. The 99.9 percent pure silica deposit of Warm Springs Ridge and other properties throughout the United States, along with the ability to process it competitively, was the treasure he guarded for the stockholders. The silica is essential to the ceramic, chemical, metallurgical, electronics, building, railroad, and machine industries, as well as to glass making. It is the principal ingredient of cleansers, scouring powders and buffing compounds. It is specified for water purification systems. It is used as the flux for welding. It is required in the separation of slate and other refuse in coal preparation plants, in the quarrying of marble and slate and the drilling of oil.

Mr. Andrews left the company in good hands upon retirement. Hale E. Andrews, his son and also a civil engineer, became the new president and chief executive officer in 1968, and chairman of the board when his father gave up that post in 1975. It was announced last September that the Pennsylvania Glass Sand Corporation, with sales of $84,000,000 in 1984, had been acquired by the United States Borax and Chemical Corporation, as a result of a divestiture program being carried out by ITT. The new association was greeted with enthusiasm, since it is between two mining companies who appreciate the problems and opportunities of their industry.

Mr. Andrews had planned to move away in retirement, but has found more than enough to keep himself busy in Morgan County. Photo by Frank Herrera.

Earle Andrews has had a major part in making his company into a prize sought by the likes of ITT and U.S. Borax. In a grander sense, however, his life's work has been to win from a West Virginia ridge the treasures placed there 350 million years ago by an ancient Devonian Sea, and shaped by the earth's action in forming our hills. He could not simply retire to Florida after a job like that, even though he had made preparations to do so.

Instead, Mr. Andrews has stayed in Morgan County and plunged into civic work. During his second term as chairman of the West Virginia Board of Regents, he took on the task of coordinating the activities of federal, state and local government, and several corporations, in the building of WVU's Personal Rapid Transit System. The innovative system provides automated, on-demand rail transportation for students and citizens of Morgantown, from the downtown campus to the stadium and the University Hospital. In 1981, Andrews took on a consultative and advisory role in the reorganization of the Berkeley Springs water system and the installation of a new sewage treatment system.

Earle Andrews does not accept the notion that a little snow should keep him from reporting to work every day, as he continued to do into his 83rd year, so he has retired his Lincoln in favor of a four-wheel-drive Blazer. Three heart attacks have caused him to back off a little, but not much. He still takes the calls of irate citizens who think he could have designed better, less-expensive public services. It's unpaid work, but he takes the complaints graciously, for he's received his compensation in terms other than money. He has received many honors and recognitions, and one office wall is lined with certificates. He says that none meant more to him than a local "Earle T. Andrews Day" or his selection as Marshal of the Berkeley Springs Apple Butter Festival Parade in 1978. This was recognition by his friends and neighbors and it meant a lot to a man who has put more than 60 years into the community.

"New Moon, True Moon"

Love Lore from McDowell County

By Charlotte H. Deskins

West Virginia is famous for its folklore. There are tales with a humorous twist and more somber stories of witches, ghosts and spirits. Both kinds are still told with gusto, improving a little in each retelling. Other, older, folk beliefs are less known today. Some dealt with ways to interpret signs and thereby predict events, perhaps even control them. A very special group of rituals dealt with the important business of romance. I learned a bit of the old love lore from my grandparents, Glen and Manda Baker of McDowell County. Both knew a great deal about handling life's mysteries, and I'll pass their wisdom along to you. It's springtime now, the season of love, so maybe the knowledge will come in handy.

My grandmother, in addition to raising her children and dispensing herbal cures, worked as a midwife. She earned her license for midwifery in her mid-30's, after delivering two of her own children. My grandfather ran the farm and helped to build Route 16, which runs through the town of War and on into Welch. He was also a coffin maker. Even after several funeral parlors opened, offering fancier manufactured caskets, he made pine coffins for his friends and neighbors. He also made some of the headstones which still stand in the Big Creek Cemetery. Dealing firsthand with birth and death, the couple had a little of the mystical in them. Papaw wasn't above taking a child on his knee to tell about the time he heard the knocking spirit or the night he saw a band of leprechauns dancing in the cow pasture. Mamaw told us about the love spells.

Both of them grew up in the small community of Mountain Fork. Young people there worked hard, milking cows, hoeing corn, feeding chickens and generally helping out, but there was little in the way of modern recreation. Few books were available, radios were expensive and scarce, and television had not yet come into being. This left time for dreaming about the future. After a certain age, the girls seemed to have thought a lot about their romantic prospects.

Their aspirations were simple. Most, if not all, of the young girls of Mountain Fork planned to marry early and start their own families. The burning questions in the heart of every one of them were, "Who will I marry? What will he look like? Will he be rich and handsome? And will I be happy?"

Fortunately, my grandmother and her friends had a variety of ways to answer these and other questions in matters of love. My aunts, and later my cousins and I, also whiled away many hours in pursuit of the image of our true loves.

One of my favorite spells involved the new moon. You must walk to the garden in the light of the first quarter of the new moon. Take a white cotton handkerchief or piece of cloth with you. Spread it out on the ground and squat down, positioning yourself so that the new moon is visible over your left shoulder and say:

New moon, true moon,
Pray tell unto me,
Who it is my true love shall be.
The color of his eyes and hair,
Show me in my sleep tonight.

As you say this chant, scoop three handfuls of dirt and place them in your handkerchief. Tie the handkerchief into a bundle and walk backwards to the house without speaking. Put the bundle under your pillow and go directly to sleep. That night you will dream of your true love. The next morning untie the bundle and sift through the dirt with your fingers. There you will find a hair from the head of the man you will marry.

Another popular ritual was the dumb supper, which came in two versions. A total silence must be kept throughout both of them, thus the name.

In the first and simpler version, you must hard-boil an egg and peel it. Cut it in half and discard the yolk. Fill the center with salt and eat this for dinner. Do *not* drink anything. Go straight to bed. That night you will dream of being very thirsty and the man you are to marry will bring you a drink of water. You will see him clearly in this dream. If he is to be rich, he will give you a drink from a gold cup. If he is to be poor, it will be a tin cup.

The second version is more common in West Virginia folklore. It is also more elaborate, with a sinister turn. You must prepare an entire meal without speaking and do everything backwards. If you so much as stub your toe and cry out the spell is broken. You should cook dishes you know to be favorites of the young man you like. If you do not like anyone in particular, then cook your own favorites. After that is done, set the table and sit facing the kitchen door with an empty place opposite you, closer to the door. If you are to be married by the end of the year, your future husband will come in and join you for supper. If you are going to die before the year is out your casket will float in the door, bump the table and glide back out. Naturally, if you weren't going to marry *or* die that year, nothing would happen. This was usually the case, but I know of one occasion where a dumb supper worked.

Sometimes the results were unexpected. For example, my Aunt Pearl and a friend once prepared a dumb supper in an abandoned cabin. They had just sat down at the table when in limped a dirty, tattered-looking old

man and sat down across from them. The girls screamed and bolted out the door for home, thinking he must be some hobo who had smelled the food and decided to join them. Only later did they find out it was really my Uncle Burl, dressed up in old clothes to scare them.

A simple ritual was to peel an apple completely without breaking the peel. A girl then tossed the long strip of apple peel over her left shoulder. The letter it formed when it fell was supposed to be the initial of her future husband's first name.

This ritual was most often used when there were a lot of apples to can. Even the youngest daughter would patiently peel apple after apple trying to get a peel suitable for fortune telling. The only problem was that reading the peel was difficult. It might be interpreted several different ways. It did seem to work for my mother, though. Hers always formed the letter "J." Years later, she married my father Jacob.

Since nuts were plentiful on Mountain Fork it isn't surprising that many love spells employed them. One such spell was to pick a nut to represent each eligible man and mark it with his first initial. Toss all the nuts into the fireplace at evening time. If a nut exploded or jumped out of the fire, that man was not a true love. If another blazed up fiercely, he would fall passionately in love with you, but only for a season. However, if a nut remained motionless and burned steadily into ash this was the man you would marry and with whom you would live happily ever after.

Another spell called for just two nuts, usually acorns. Scratch your initials on one and his on the other. Walk to the middle of a bridge that passes over running water and toss them in. If they float together, you are meant for each other. If they float apart, he is not the man for you.

Some rituals were performed only under certain accidental circumstances. For example, if a woman stubbed her toe she was to kiss both her thumbs and recite:

Stub your toes,
Kiss your thumbs,
See your love,
Ere evening comes.

If she accidentally caused the tail of her dress to fold up, she would kiss the hem before turning it down. This insured that she would get a love note or letter before the week was out. Also, if a woman somehow got one of the serving forks on her plate by mistake it meant she would meet someone new.

Few women of Mountain Fork could afford to be married in a formal white wedding dress during the Depression years, so most chose a dress they could wear again and again. There were still rules for wearing a certain color. They were told in rhymes such as:

Marry in Red
Wish yourself dead,
Marry in Black
Wish yourself back,
Marry in Pink
His feet will stink,
But marry in White
You'll live all right,
And marry in Blue
Your love will be true.

Some girls weren't satisfied with only knowing whom they would marry or how the marriage would turn out. They also wanted to know how many children they were going to have. My grandmother had a way of finding out. It called for gazing at the North Star through a silk scarf. It must be pure silk or the spell will not work. Count the little stars you see clustered around the North Star. Each one represents a child you will either give birth to or adopt.

A child's gender could also be determined ahead of time. Take a clean

Our author, in the center here, remembers grandparents Manda and Glenn Baker as wise in the ways of the world. Family photo, late 1950's.

needle and thread it with red thread. Hold it over your open right palm. If the needle swings to and fro you will have a boy. If it makes a circle your firstborn will be a girl.

Almost all these spells were for women and girls. Most young men of Mountain Fork scorned such whimsical ideas. Often, they had gone to work full-time by age 13 or 14 and preferred to win a girl by taking her to a movie show or by giving her tokens of love that ranged from candy and chewing gum to a pet kitten or ground squirrel.

However, there were a few spells to be used only by men. In one, he must take a blade of grass in his mouth and, bowing east and west, say:

As the run rises,
My love at home does bide,
But come sunset,
She'll be by my side.

He would then chop up the grass and add it to her food. If she ate any of it she was supposed to fall deeply in love with him.

Another called for the man to pick a bachelor's button and wrap it in a clean white cloth. Then he must put it away and not look at it again for 24 hours. If after that time the flower was still fresh he could win his girl's heart. If it had wilted, she already loved someone else. A more enterprising man could steal his lady's shoe and hang it over his bed and endear her to him.

Young women had more powerful forces at their disposal. If a girl was brave enough she might enlist the aid of a neighboring witch. The best-known witch on Mountain Fork was a woman I'll call Flora. Although most parents were tolerant of simple love spells such as the ones I've mentioned, visiting Miss Flora was strictly forbidden, for it was generally believed that she employed the Black Arts and required you to make a deal with the devil. Most people felt no good would come of a marriage based upon the use of witchcraft. There was also some concern that if a witch got hold of some personal belonging she could control your mind.

Still, many eager young women slipped off to consult with Miss Flora. She might tell a girl to collect a lock of her boyfriend's hair, a clipping from his fingernail and a piece from his favorite shirt. Put this in a white, heart-shaped bag which you have sewn yourself and wear it under your clothes. Such enchantments were accompanied with a warning never to let the spell be discovered or disaster would result. Your marriage would end in divorce and sorrow.

One particularly potent spell was to cut a lock from the crown of a sleeping man's head and wear it in the heel of your left shoe. He would become devoted to you. One young woman in the hollow supposedly did this with great success, until one night she attended a revival meeting with her parents. During the sermon her foot began to ache and swell. They finally had to cut the shoe off her foot and out popped the tell-tale lock of hair. Religion and witchcraft would not mix.

Numerous other spells and superstitions were observed by mountain people in times past. Many planted and harvested by the signs of the zodiac, read the future in coffee grounds and pondered the meaning of their dreams. Yet they led happy, healthy, productive lives. They were faithful church-goers and practicing Christians who did not associate these little spells and rituals with anything evil. Most of those who settled in my part of McDowell County were of Irish and German descent. Their belief in God and understanding of nature carried them through the rough times. Such things were a part of their culture and heritage, to be passed on to future generations.

It is not known where these spells originated. Perhaps they were encouraged by tired mothers who wanted to keep their daughters quiet and out of mischief. More than one spell stresses the importance of not talking and of going to bed early. Some people took them seriously, while others meant them to be nothing more than an imaginative diversion. Like Papaw's stories of leprechauns, such beliefs were interesting in themselves.

A few years before my grandmother passed away, I did "New Moon, True Moon" myself. The next morning I sifted out of my handkerchief two hairs—one dark and one white. Mamaw interpreted this to mean I would marry a dark-haired man whose hair would turn white early. Some years later I did just that.

Now I'm not saying there is anything to that, or to any of the other love spells. But I will tell you one thing. I'm not planning to look at the North Star through a silk scarf anytime soon. There just *might* be more stars twinkling out there than I could count!

Vandalia Gathering

Photographs by Michael Keller

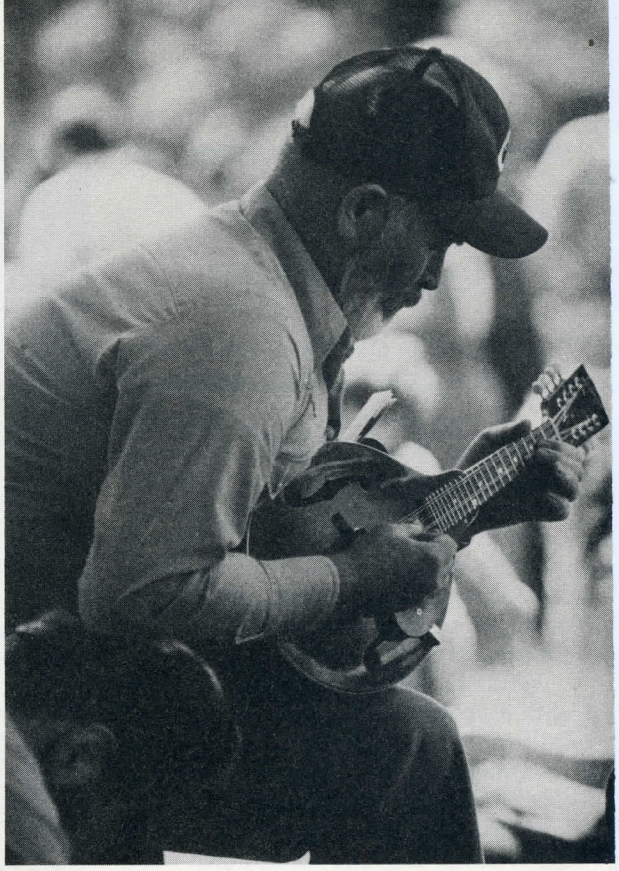
Late May has become a special time in the Mountain State, bringing the best of traditional West Virginia to the State Capitol for the Vandalia Gathering folklife festival. This year the 10th Annual Vandalia takes place on Memorial Day Weekend, May 23–25, in and around the Cultural Center in Charleston.

Vandalia will begin Friday evening with a special opening concert in the Cultural Center theater. The festival resumes midday Saturday with an afternoon of indoor and outdoor events, followed by another theater concert in the evening. Vandalia winds down with a full afternoon Sunday, topped off by an awards program in the early evening. Stage performances by dozens of West Virginia's finest oldtime musicians will be interspersed throughout the holiday weekend.

Highlights of the 10th Vandalia will include the popular fiddle and banjo contests; storytelling sessions and the annual West Virginia State Liars' Contest; craft demonstrations; and the two evening concerts. Participatory and demonstration dancing will take place inside the Cultural Center and at the outdoor clogging stage. Civic and church groups will again offer ethnic and traditional regional foods at booths on the festival grounds. Vandalia also officially opens the West Virginia Quilt Show each year. The awards will be announced at the festival, and the 40-foot marble walls of the Great Hall of the Cultural Center will display the state's finest quilts throughout the summer.

All in all, Vandalia 1986 promises to be a festival worthy of the first decade of Vandalia history. You are invited to be among the thousands of West Virginians and friends of West Virginia expected to attend. Vandalia Gathering is sponsored by the West Virginia Department of Culture and History, and is free to the public. For further information call (304) 348-0162.

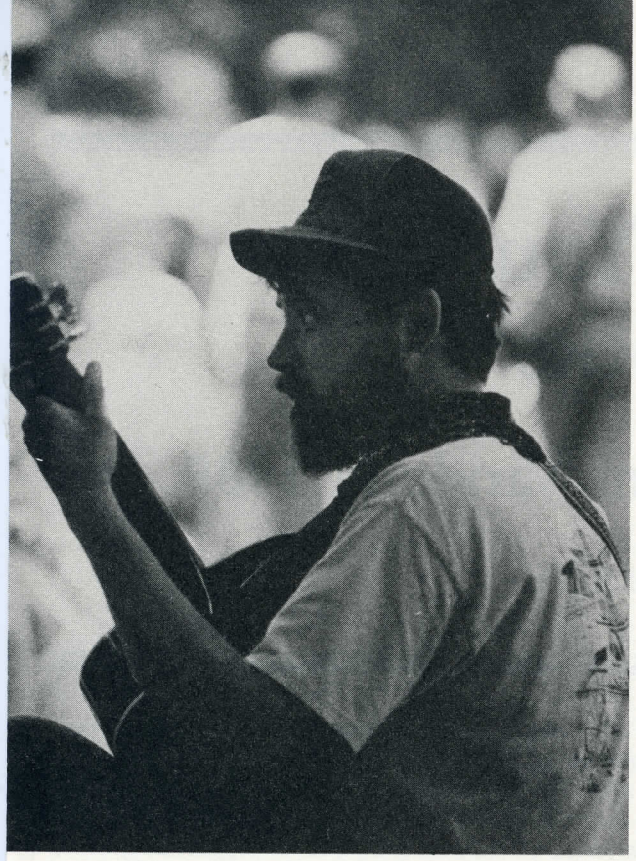
An unidentified clogger shows his stuff at the clogging stage at Vandalia 1985.

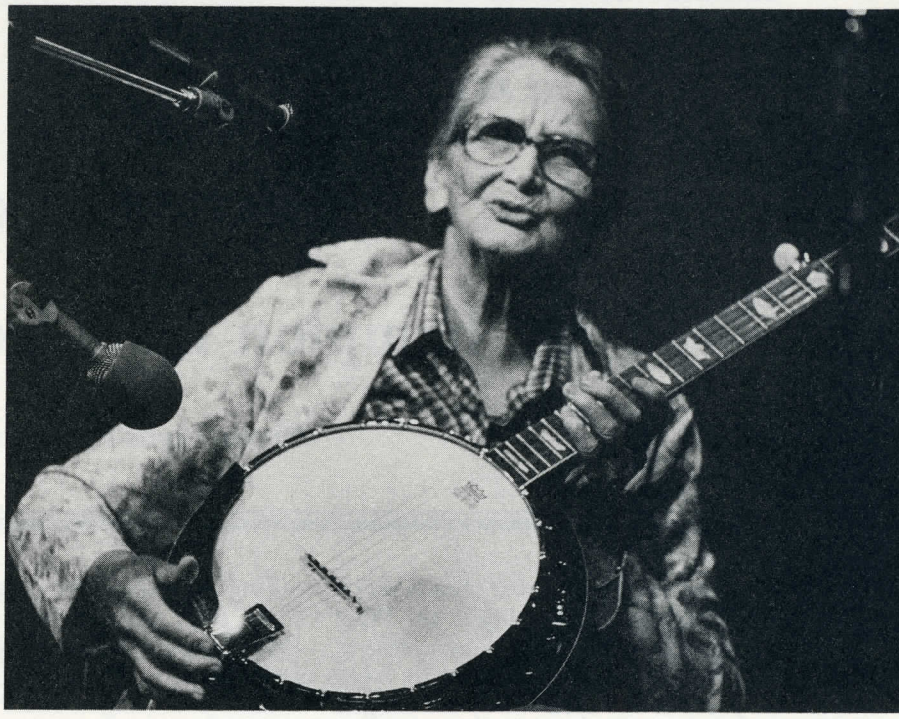


Above: A young Mountaineer steps out at a folk dance session inside the Great Hall of the Cultural Center.

Above right: Bob Kessinger and son Robin, two of West Virginia's finest pickers, get together at a Vandalia jam session.

Below: Nat Reece leads the singing at the finale to the special Loa Martin memorial concert at last year's Vandalia.





Vandalia Gathering

Above: Ruth Lyons performs at the Saturday night concert.

Left: Broommaker Marie Weekley was one of the craftspeople demonstrating their skills at Vandalia.

Below: An unidentified young visitor eyes the proceedings from one of the best seats at Vandalia 1985.

"I'm Telling You the Truth, Folks"

The Champion Liars from Vandalia 1985

Photographs by Michael Keller

One of the highlights of each year's Vandalia Gathering is the West Virginia Liars' Contest, a storytelling competition that draws entrants from all parts of the state. They are judged by the panel of professional storytellers on hand for the Vandalia storytelling sessions. The judges pick the three best, and officially name them West Virginia's Big, Bigger and Biggest Liars for the coming 12 months.

Last year judges Marc Harshman, Bonnie Collins and George Daugherty chose Tom Drummond, Alan Klein and Jimmy Costa as West Virginia's outstanding prevaricators. Drummond, a Huntington resident and newcomer to the storytelling scene, carried off the ribbon and prize for Biggest Liar, while Klein of Ritchie County and Costa of Summers took second and third places. They were all in fine form and we print their stories here as the next-best thing to hearing them live.

These champions will reign until Vandalia '86, this coming Memorial Day Weekend. We expect them all back to defend their titles against the onslaught of determined liars from across the state. Perhaps you're one, yourself. If so, contact GOLDENSEAL for information on how to preregister for your chance to become West Virginia's Biggest Liar for 1986–87.

Northern Panhandle storyteller Marc Harshman was one of the Liars Contest judges. Here he tells one of his own.

Tom Drummond. Well, this is a brand new tale. But it's the tallest tale that you're ever gonna hear because it's the tallest tail I ever saw. But let me explain to you right here, that there are two kinds of tales, there's a top front-end tale and there's a bottom hind-end tail. Now a bottom hind-end tail comes from an animal, and it's spelled t-a-i-l. And a top front-end tale comes from a man, and it's spelled t-a-l-e—and please, folks, don't get these mixed up for my sake.

Well anyway, this short tale starts out with a newborn squirrel by the name of Fuzzy. Well, Fuzzy, he and his family lived way, way over there in the Eastern Panhandle. Fuzzy was born without a tail. All Fuzzy had on his bottom hind-end was a ball of fuzz. Well, all of Fuzzy's so-called friends

always made fun of Fuzzy's ball of fuzz, and he didn't like that at all.

Now, let me warn you folks right now that this is where this tale gets real big, because Fuzzy started thinking about growing a big tail. He started thinking positively positive about growing a big tail and before you didn't know it, one sprouted and started growing like crazy. I mean it was growing real fast, because he was thinking real positive. And for every inch it grew, it got a mile longer. And by the time it had grown from me to you, it was in the next county. And I'm telling you the truth, folks. I'm not a-lying, because I'm a-sitting right here looking you straight in one eye and out the other.

Well anyway, Fuzzy's tail was getting long, long, longer by the minute because he was thinking more positive by the second, and the word got out about this phenomenon. The squirrels came from the north and the south and the east and the west, depending on where they were to begin with. They came congregating to Fuzzy's big tree home to see this tail that I'm a-telling you about.

There were hundreds of these squirrels, there were thousands of squirrels. In fact, there were 10,000 of 'em, because I counted 'em right here on this hand, and they were making the biggest racket you could ever imagine.

Real soon a farmer, from across the ridge, heard all this commotion. So he quit plowing his horse and ran across the field and came into the forest to see what was going on. He looked out and he saw the biggest mass of squirrelkind that had never assembled on the face of the Earth, and he saw Fuzzy's long, long, long tail. Well, he was amazed and he was crazed, and he got scared, so he took off out of the forest across the field. He jumped onto his plow and took off like a horse a-trotting to tell his cousins Slim, Jim and Tim and his other two cousins, Larry and Gary, twice removed and take 'em back only once.

Well, he came a-whispering in the loudest voice you ever heard, he said, "Boys, you can't imagine the big tail I just saw." And Slim jumped up and said, "You can't see a tale, you gotta hear one." And he said, "Slim, this is the biggest tale you ever heard because it's the biggest tail I ever saw." And he told 'em. So they all decided to go squirrel hunting.

All six of 'em got their six double-barrel shotguns, 12 barrels in all, and they put a barrel of ammunition in each. That made six double-barrels each full of a barrel, or a dozen of the other depending upon which way you're looking through it.

Well anyway, they took off into the forest to go squirrel hunting and they stopped live in their tracks at the bottom of the hill overlooking Fuzzy and the squirrels. Well, old Slim, he looked out at all those squirrels and by golly, he got so excited, he said, "Let's shoot on the count of three." And he said, "One, two ... " and he forgot what came next. So his cousin, Larry, twice removed and take him back only once, yelled, "Three!"

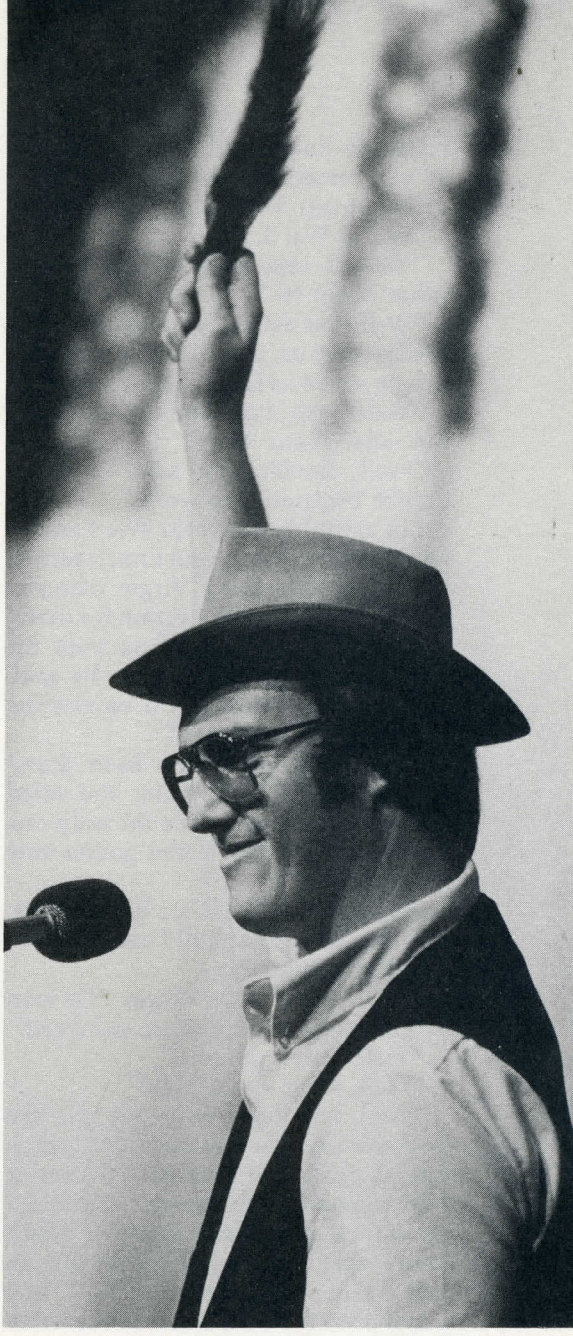
And the six of them, they pulled the triggers on their six double-barrelled shotguns or a dozen of the other, and the loudest, the greatest, the most overpowering blast of noise you've ever heard since Lexington and Concord occurred. And the buckshot, it went a-flying left and wrong and right, over the heads of all the squirrels and scared 'em so, especially Fuzzy 'cause he had more to lose than anyone else. It scared old Fuzzy so that his long, long, long tail reached up into the skies and all of his 10,000 squirrel buddies made their getaway right up his tail into the heavens. And then old Fuzzy, why he turned right around, he grabbed his own tail and took off right up into the sky right after 'em all.

So now, friends, if you ever hear of high-tailing it out of here, you'll know the story behind it, because this was the biggest and the first high-tailing on a high tail you have ever seen. And I hope my top front-end tale about Fuzzy's bottom hind-end tail is as clear as a moonlit night at noon, because if you ever want to get to heaven, I guess you have to do some positively positive thinking somewhere along the way. And I also know that this is the tallest tale that you all have ever heard because it was the tallest tail that I ever saw, positively, and I'm high-tailing it out of here. Thank you.

Alan Klein. Now, I told ya'll I was from Down East, in Maine, originally. I learned to lie from a couple of old men up there, old Virgie and Enoch.

Virgie and Enoch, they knew they was lying. One day, they were talking up there in the porch, they like to sit back and rock on the porch and talk. And Virgie said to Enoch, "You know, Enoch, the trouble with schools today is they got rid of the whip. Spare the rod and spoil the child, I always say." Enoch nods his head, and he says, "But, you know, that might be true, but if I recall when I was in school, I was just whipped once, and that was for telling the truth." Virgie turned to him and said, "Well, sure enough did cure you, didn't it?"

They was always sitting out there on the porch and I used to listen to 'em. I remember the time when Virgie



Tom Drummond brought a squirrel's tail to illustrate his tale. He was officially named West Virginia's Biggest Liar for his story.

turned to Enoch and he said, "Enoch, do you remember the war?"

"What war was that?"

"World War I."

"Yeah, I remember World War I. What about it?"

"Well, you remember them pills they used to give us, them little white ones, to help make us forget about women?"

"Yeah, yeah, I remember them pills. But what about 'em?"

"Well, Enoch," he said, "I think they're beginning to work."

But speaking of World War I and so on reminded Enoch, and Enoch turned to Virgie and he said, "Virgie, who you gonna vote for in the election for drawbridge keeper? You gonna vote for Bill?" Enoch turned to him, he said, "I wouldn't vote for Bill if he was the last man in the county."

"Well, why not? He's been drawbridge keeper for 30 years. You voted for him all 30 times, he's the only one running. Why aren't you gonna vote for him?"

And he says, "Well, sir, it's like this. You remember that bull I used to have, that black angus?"

"Yeah, yeah," says Virgie. "He won first prize at the county fair, as I recall."

"Yeah, that's the one."

"Well, what about him?"

"Well, one day I went out into the field and there he was, and he'd gotten into the oats and then into the water a bit too quick, and he was all swelled up with a case of the bloats. I didn't know what to do so I called the doctor, and I said, 'Doc, my prize bull, he's gotten into the oats, and into the water a bit too quick. He's all swelled up with the bloats. What should I do?' And he said, 'Tell you what you should do. You get yourself a bucket of hot soapy water and you get yourself a funnel. You take the bucket of hot soapy water and that funnel out to that pasture and you sit that bull to facing north. You go 'round to the south side and you ram that funnel up bung hole tight and you pour that bucket of hot soapy water down that funnel. You give that bull an enema.' And I said, 'Doc, I'll do that.'

"Well, I got me a bucket of hot soapy water and I went to find a funnel. I couldn't find a funnel. I went to my wife Hettie, I said, 'Hettie, you got a funnel?' She said, 'No Virgie, I don't got a funnel.' Well, what was I to do?

"All to sudden I remembered my World War I army footlocker, it was up in the barn gathering dust. So I clumb up there and drug her down, opened her up and, sure enough, there in the bottom was my World War I army bugle.

"I dusted her off and I took her down to the forge and I straightened her right out. And I took that bucket of hot soapy water and I took that bugle out to that pasture and I sat that bull to facing north. And I rammed that bugle up bung hole tight and I poured that bucket of hot soapy water down that bugle and, well sir, that bull didn't cotton to that none too highly. He let out a bellow and a kick, knocked me flat on my back, knocked me unconscious and he took off. I woke up just in time to see him pause before the pasture fence, lift up his right hind leg, give a little toot on that bugle and go sailing right over that fence with two feet to spare.

"Well, I knew just what I had to do. I jumped into my old Model T Ford, I cranked her up and I headed on off after him. Well, we was quite a sight. I wasn't gaining on him none too much. I was faster than he was on the straightaways but every time we come to a fence, he just blew that bugle and sailed right over it. I had to take down the fence rails and head off after him.

"We was going like this and drawing quite a crowd, you might say, till we got down to the river, down there by the drawbridge where my pasture ends. And he got down to that last fence there, he stopped, lifted up that right hind leg, gave a blow on that bugle that would've made Louis Armstrong proud, and went sailing right over that fence with 10 feet to spare. He headed on down to that river, just tooting like 60.

"Well, Bill, up in that drawbridge, he heard that tooting, thought it was a boat wanting passage underneath his bridge. He raised that drawbridge up and that bull run smack into it, keeled over and died.

"Now I tell you, any man that doesn't know the difference between a boat wanting passage underneath his bridge and a bull with a bugle up his butt isn't going to get my vote no how, no way."

Alan Klein is a crowd favorite and a perennial winner at the Liars Contest. Looks like he's telling a big one here.

Jimmy Costa. I'm going to tell a story just exactly like it was told to me by a neighbor, up in the mountain, above from where I live. I'm from down at Hinton, West Virginia. I can't mention any names 'cause I might get myself in trouble. So I have to change the names to protect the innocent.

But anyway, to cue you in a little bit, this lady's daughter had married a fellow that she thought very unfavorably of, the old woman did, and she told me, she said, "I told Lucy when she was a-gonna marry that man, I said, 'Now Lucy, you're a-driving your geese to a poor market.' She said, 'Well, Mommy, what do ya mean by that?' I said, 'Well, I just can't imagine you a-taking up with a man like that, he just ain't no good. You flew all over the daisies and now you went and landed on a cow pie.

But the old woman told me, said,

"Well, do you know they was married for about 10 year, and she finally smartened up about that man. He wasn't no good at all, he couldn't hold a job in a pie factory, and finally she got enough sense to leave him. Every time I'd be on the party line I'd hear everybody in the neighborhood a-talking about Darlow and my girl a-splitting up. And I just thought it was the greatest thing in the world. I thought that's their business and nobody else's.

"I got this phone call one day and this woman, neighbor of mine up the road, said, 'Thelma, have you seen that Darlow? Have you seen him? He's been a-running up and down the road with a different woman almost every day. One day he's got a redhead woman, next day he's got a blackhead woman.' I said, 'No, and I don't care what he's running with, as long as he's not in the family.'

"Well, sir, I was out in the yard one day. I went around back to bring in a bucket of coal, and I heared this truck pull up to the front yard, you know, and I thought, 'Well I ain't expecting nobody a-coming here at the house.' And I kindly peer around the corner of the house and there comes Darlow walking up to my yard, and I told him right there, I said, 'Darlow, don't you set a foot in this yard. If you do I'll knock you plumb through yourself and you'll starve to death a-rolling.'

"Well, he come on anyway. He said, 'I want you to meet my new woman I got.' I said, 'You get yourself on down the road and take that trashy thing with you.' Well sir, he come right fer me, you know, that got him all riled up. And boy, I taken a big lump of coal out of that bucket and about the third one across his head, he got the idea he wasn't wanted here no more. He got in the truck and down the road he went, you know. And I noticed him a-walking back to his truck, that man was so drunk he couldn't've stood up in a post hole. He was just a-staggering around and a-going here and yon.

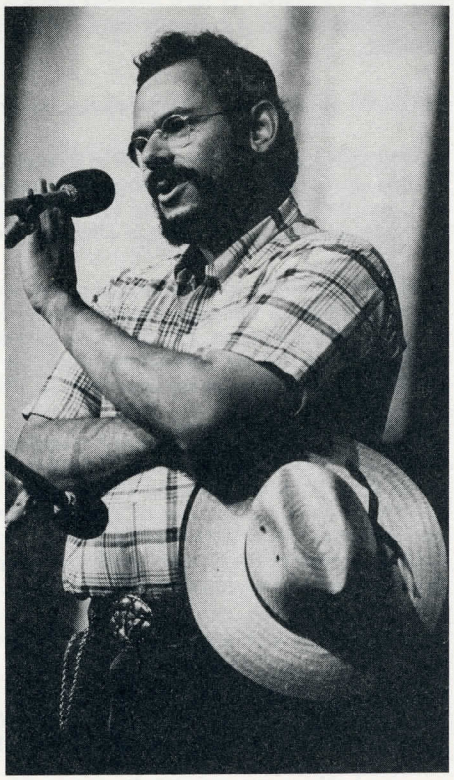
"So the next day I went down to the post office to get my mail, and I seen his truck parked around the corner there. I seen that woman a-sitting in there and I thought, 'Well, I'm just going to go up there and give her a piece of my mind and tell her just what a thing she's been a-running with.'

"Well, you know I walked over to that truck and the more I looked at her, why, she was right peaked-looking. I kept looking and looking and I got right up there to the truck. That woman wasn't real at all. Why, she was a rubber woman! He had him a rubber woman in that car, all blowed up. And I looked down there in the seat, and he had a big ole shopping poke plumb full of these wigs, you know. He had a red one and a black wig and a brown wig. Why, he wasn't doing nothing but putting on a charade up there in the neighborhood, people seeing him with this young woman.

"Well, I just kinda looked at that thing. I pumped it like that with my finger, old rubber thing. I looked at that thing and I thought, 'Well, I'm going to have some fun.' I keep my house key here on the dress with a safety pin. I taken that pin and I punched that thing between the eyes, and it just kindly, just faded away. There wasn't nothing left of it but that old dress and that wig he had on it.

"Well, I went around the corner there and here come Darlow. I said, 'Darlow, you better come over here and tend to your woman. I think she's done had a blowout on you!" ✤

Jimmy Costa specializes in the folk humor of Summers County. His story of a neighbor's romantic troubles won third place last year.



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We operate GOLDENSEAL on what we call a "voluntary subscription" system. That is, while there is no regular subscription charge, we do ask for an annual contribution of $10 from all who can afford to help. That allows us to pay the bills and continue to bring the best of West Virginia to your mailbox each season.

What do you get for your money? You've got it in your hands now. Four times a year, GOLDENSEAL gives the same sort of coverage to the traditional culture, popular history, and folk ways of West Virginia that you'll find in this issue. We blanket the entire state, from the southern coalfields to both panhandles. We don't get to every place in each issue, but over the last 10 years we've been about everywhere in the Mountain State at least once and you can bet we'll be back again. We generally take our raw material directly from the living recollections of West Virginians, and you can't get any closer to the source than that.

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In This Issue

HARRY M. BRAWLEY, a Charleston native, was born in 1909. He earned an A.B. in 1931 and an M.A. in 1982 from WVU. He has worked for WCHS in Charleston, as a teacher and principal at Kanawha County schools and as a part-time associate professor of political science and geography at Morris Harvey College. He has published widely and is now a member of the Charleston City Council. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in the Fall 1985 issue.

MAUREEN CROCKETT was born in Plattsburg, New York, and educated at City University of New York, West Virginia University and other institutions. She lives in St. Albans and works as a freelance writer and photographer. Her latest GOLDENSEAL article was the story on Kennison Mountain Prison in the Spring 1985 issue.

CHARLOTTE H. DESKINS is a McDowell County native who now lives in Grundy, Virginia. She received her B.S. in Education from Concord College and taught school for several years. Her short fiction and poetry have been published in various magazines, and she has received several awards for her writing from West Virginia Writers and Mountain State Press. Her weekly comic strip, "Fescue," appears in a Virginia newspaper. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

J. Z. ELLISON was born in Monroe County in 1915, and educated at West Virginia University. He is a former sales representative for John W. Eshelman & Sons. He has been involved in several agricultural associations, including the West Virginia Poultry Association and West Virginia Farm Supply. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

JACQUELINE G. GOODWIN was born and raised in New Jersey, but earned her undergraduate and Master's degrees at West Virginia University. She now lives and teaches in Wirt County. She also freelances, and is currently finishing her first novel. She is a regular contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

MICHAEL KELLER is the chief of photographic services for the Department of Culture and History.

TIM MASSEY, a native of Price Hill in Raleigh County, has 20 years experience as a newspaperman. He first worked for the *Raleigh Register* in Beckley, later moving to the *Baltimore News-American*, UPI, and the *Charleston Gazette*. He holds a B.A. and M.A. from Marshall University, and now works for the *Huntington Herald-Dispatch*. He is a periodic contributor to 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 political science at Marshall. A freelance writer for the past several years, his latest work for GOLDENSEAL was on Governor Hatfield's involvement in the mine wars of 1912–13, in the Summer 1985 issue.

ARTHUR C. PRICHARD, born and reared in Mannington, 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 1950 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.

JEFF SEAGER is a photographer for the Department of Culture and History.

CHARLES W. WARNOCK, an Ohio native, is a graduate of Berea College with graduate work at Frostburg College and the University of Maryland. He retired from school teaching in 1981 and has lived in Morgan County since that time. His most recent GOLDENSEAL article, on Nellie Fulk Hill, appeared in the Spring 1985 issue.

(continued from inside front cover)

August 8-10 Ravenswood (273-4157)
The Ohio River Festival (City Park)

August 8-10 Logan (752-1324)
Logan County Arts & Crafts Fair
(Logan Memorial Fieldhouse)

August 11-17 New Martinsville (455-2928)
Town & Country Days (4-H grounds)

August 15-17 Cairo (643-2931)
Square Dance Weekend (North Bend State Park)

August 15-17 Elkins (636-1903)
Augusta Festival (Davis & Elkins College)

August 15-17 Summersville (872-3145)
Gospel Sing (Summersville Music Park)

August 15-23 Lewisburg (645-1090)
State Fair of West Virginia

August 16-17 Fairmont (363-3030)
Wool Crafts Weekend (Pricketts Fort State Park)

August 17 Hillsboro (653-4430)
Author's Day (Pearl S. Buck Birthplace)

August 22-23 Walker (489-2280)
West Virginia Bluegrass Festival (Cox's Field)

August 22-24 Beckley (252-7328)
Appalachian Arts & Crafts Festival (Raleigh County Armory)

August 22-24 Cairo (643-2931)
Quilt Show (North Bend State Park)

August 23 Richwood (846-9787)
9th Annual Civilian Conservation Corps Reunion
(Camp Woodbine)

August 23-September 1 Charleston (348-6419)
16th Annual Sternwheel Regatta

August 29-30 Pennsboro (659-2926)
Country Roads Festival

August 29-30 Berkeley Springs (258-4500)
Labor Day Weekend Celebration (Coolfont Resort)

August 29-30 Cairo (628-3705)
Cairo Days

August 29-30 Princeton (425-9372)
14th Annual John Henry Folk Festival
(Appalachian Folklife Center)

August 29-September 1 Jackson's Mill (269-1863)
Stonewall Jackson Heritage Jubilee

August 30-31 Huntington (529-2701)
Hilltop Festival (Huntington Galleries)

September 1-7 Gauley Bridge (632-2504)
Gauley Bridge Anniversary Festival
(Outdoor Recreation Park Auditorium)

September 4-6 Glenville (462-7061)
Gilmer County Farm Show

September 5-7 Summersville (872-3145)
Bluegrass Country Music Festival
(Summersville Music Park)

September 8-13 Summersville (872-3024)
Nicholas County Potato Festival (Court House Lawn)

September 10-13 Shinnston (592-1030)
Frontier Days

September 11-14 Sistersville (652-7881)
18th Annual West Virginia Oil & Gas Festival

September 12 Wheeling (233-7000)
Fort Henry Festival (Wheeling Civic Center)

September 14-20 Williamson (235-5560)
King Coal Festival

September 19-20 Alderson (445-7730)
Arts & Crafts Fall Festival

September 19-21 Franklin (358-2275)
Treasure Mountain Festival

September 19-21 Parkersburg (428-3988)
Harvest Moon Festival (City Park)

September 20 Craigsville (742-3489)
Craigsville Fall Festival

September 20 Lost Creek (745-3626)
Country Fall Festival

September 20-21 Fairmont (363-3030)
Molasses Weekend (Pricketts Fort State Park)

September 20-21 Anstead (658-4407)
Country Roads Festival (Hawks Nest State Park)

September 21 Shepherdstown (876-2551)
Octoberfestival (Bavarian Inn & Lodge)

September 23-24 Alderson (445-7730)
Arts & Crafts Fall Festival (Alderson Junior High)

September 25-27 Arnoldsburg (655-8374)
West Virginia Molasses Festival
(West Fork Community Park)

September 25-28 Kingwood (329-0021)
Preston County Buckwheat Festival

September 26-28 Harpers Ferry (725-2055)
11th Annual Fall Mountain Heritage Arts and
Crafts Festival

September 27 Union (772-3003)
Autumn Harvest Festival

September 27 Poca (755-4677)
Poca Area Heritage Day (Main Street)

September 27-28 French Creek (924-6211)
National Hunting and Fishing Celebration
(French Creek Game Farm)

September 27-28 Moorefield (538-6560)
Hardy County Heritage Weekend

September 27-28 Parkersburg (422-8117)
West Virginia Honey Festival (Parkersburg City Park)

September 28-October 5 Elkins (636-1824)
Mountain State Forest Festival

October 3-4 Berkeley Springs (258-4500)
Octoberfest

October 3-5 Gandeeville (988-0702)
FOOTMAD's Traditional Music and Dance Festival
(Camp Sheppard)

October 3-5 Middlebourne (652-2528)
Middle Island Harvest Festival

October 3-5 Wheeling (242-3000)
Oglebayfest (Oglebay Park)

October 4 Union (772-3003)
Autumn Harvest Festival

October 4-5 Milton (743-3909)
Milton Garden Club Art & Craft Show
(Milton Elementary School)

October 4-5 Burlington (289-3511)
Old-Fashioned Apple Harvest Festival
(United Methodist Home)

October 6-8 Davis (348-3370)
Blackwater Falls Senior Citizens Fling
(Blackwater Falls State Park)

October 9-12 Spencer (927-1640)
West Virginia Black Walnut Festival

October 11 Fayetteville (465-5617)
Bridge Day

October 11 Cameron (686-2238)
Big Run Apple Festival (Big Run Community Center)

October 11 Dunbar (766-0223)
Dunbar Fall Festival (Pedestrian Plaza)

October 11-12 Berkeley Springs (258-3738)
13th Annual Apple Butter Festival
(Berkeley Springs State Park)

October 11-12 Fairmont (363-3030)
Annual Apple Butter Weekend (Pricketts Fort State Park)

October 17 Mullens (294-4000)
4th Annual Lumberjackin-Bluegrassing Jamboree
(Twin Falls State Park)

October 17-19 Martinsburg (263-2500)
Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival

October 19-25 Morgantown (296-8251)
Mountaineer Week '86 (WVU Mountainlair)

GOLDENSEAL requests its readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 1987 "Folklife Fairs and Festivals," please send us information on the name of the event, dates, location, and the contact person or organization, along with their mailing address and phone number, if possible. We must have this information in by January 15, 1987, in order to meet our printing deadline.

GOLDENSEAL regrets that, due to space limitations, Fourth of July celebrations are no longer included in the listing.

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