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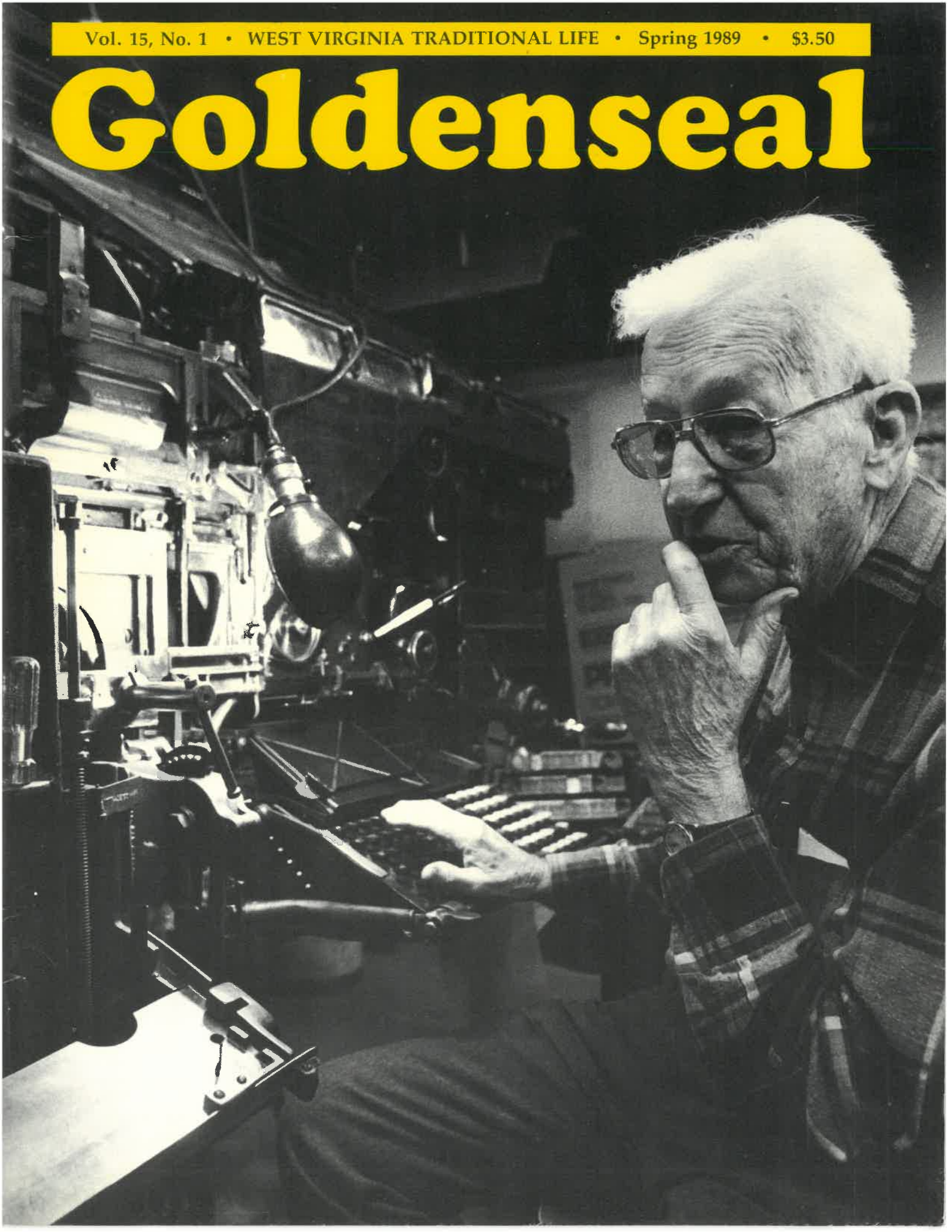
Goldenseal



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. Information for events at West Virginia State Parks and major festivals is also available by calling 1-800-CALL WVA.

April 8 Richwood (846-6790)
Feast of the Ramson
April 15-16 Salem (782-5245)
Spring Celebration (Fort New Salem)
April 15-16 Mullens (294-4000)
Clogging Workshop (Twin Falls)
April 15-16 Gassaway (364-2340)
Braxton County Arts & Crafts Show
April 16 Clay (587-4226)
Clay County Annual Ramp Dinner
April 17-22 Elkins (636-1903)
Augusta Spring Dulcimer Week (D&E College)
April 19-21 Charleston (357-4909)
Appalachian Heritage Festival (University of Charleston)
April 22 Point Pleasant (675-5386)
Storytelling Festival
April 29 New Manchester (564-3651)
Wyandot Arts & Crafts Festival
May 2-7 Huntington (696-5990)
Dogwood Arts & Crafts Festival
May 4-7 Fairmont (363-2625)
Three Rivers Coal Festival
May 13 Mingo (339-2227)
Allegheny Mountain Wool Fair
May 13-14 Moundsville (845-9810)
Arts & Crafts Show & Sale
May 13-14 Point Pleasant (675-5737)
Antique Steam & Gas Engine Show (Farm Museum)
May 13-14 Fairmont (363-3030)
Traditional Music Weekend (Pricketts Fort)
May 19-21 Cass (456-4300)
Cass Scenic Railroad Railfan Weekend
May 20-28 Webster Springs (847-2454)
Webster County Woodchopping Festival
May 24-28 Buckhannon (472-5882)
West Virginia Strawberry Festival
May 26-29 Fairmont (366-7986)
8th Head-of-the-Mon Horseshoe Tournament
May 26-28 Charleston (348-0162)
Vandalia Gathering (Capitol Grounds)
May 26-29 White Sulphur Springs (536-1721)
West Virginia Dandelion Festival
May 26-29 Capon Bridge (856-3309)
International Folk Dance Camp
May 27-29 Hinton (466-5332)
Spring Fest
June 3-4 Romney (822-4326)
Confederate Memorial Holiday
June 4 Charleston (744-4323)
Rhododendron Arts & Crafts Festival (Capitol Grounds)
June 8-11 St. Marys (684-7067)
West Virginia Bass Festival
June 9-11 Charles Town (725-2055)
18th Spring Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
June 9-11 Ronceverte (645-7097)
Ronceverte River Festival
June 10 Huntington (562-2469)
13th Scottish Highland Games & Clan Gathering
June 15-18 Glenville (462-7361)
West Virginia State Folk Festival
June 16-18 Morgantown (599-3407)
Mountaineer Country Glass Festival
June 17 Terra Alta (789-2411)
West Virginia Day
June 17-18 Wheeling (242-3000)
Farm Days (Oglebay Zoo)
June 17-18 Point Pleasant (675-5737)
Pioneer Days & Wheat Harvest (Farm Museum)
June 20 Wheeling (233-1333)
West Virginia Birthday Celebration
June 22-25 New Cumberland (564-5177)
New Cumberland Sesquicentennial
June 23-25 Cass (456-3401)
2nd Cass Railroad Festival
June 23-25 Summersville (872-3145)
Bluegrass-Country Music Festival
June 24 Hillsboro (653-4430)
Pearl S. Buck Birthday Celebration
June 24 Pennsboro (643-2738)
Ritchie County Railroad Exhibit (Old Stone House)
June 28-July 2 Ripley (372-7000)
Mountain State Art & Craft Fair
June 30-July 4 Weirton (748-7212)
International Food & Arts Festival
July 1-8 Princeton (487-1502)
Princeton Town Fair
July 4-9 New Martinsville (455-3825)
New Martinsville Regatta
July 7-9 Marlinton (799-4315)
Pioneer Days in Pocahontas County
July 7-9 New Manchester (564-3651)
Old-Time Folk Music Festival
July 8-9 Wheeling (242-7700)
Calico Art & Craft Festival (Stifel Center)
July 9-August 11 Elkins (636-1903)
Augusta Heritage Arts Workshops (D&E College)
July 21 Williamstown (375-7584)
Volunteer Firemen's Ice Cream Social
July 21-23 Wheeling (233-1090)
Upper Ohio Valley Italian Festival
July 22-30 Cowen (226-3916)
Cowen Historical Railroad Festival
July 23-29 Moorefield (538-2725)
46th West Virginia Poultry Convention & Festival
July 25-29 West Union (873-2654)
Doddridge County Fair
July 28-30 Mt. Nebo (732-7151)
State Gospel Sing
July 30-August 5 Cottageville (372-2011)
Jackson County Junior Fair
August 1-5 Petersburg (538-2278)
Tri-County Cooperative Fair
August 1-5 Lavalette (272-3217)
Wayne County Fair
August 2-7 Hinton (466-5332)
State Water Festival
August 3-6 Harrisville (643-2738)
Hughes River Holidays
August 4-5 Moundsville (845-2773)
Summer Festival Days
August 4-6 Buckhannon (842-3960)
State Square & Round Dance Convention (Wesleyan College)
August 5 Clifftop (438-6429)
Old Time Days (Camp Washington-Carver)
August 5 Pipestem (466-0626)
22nd Festival (Appalachian South Folk Life Center)

(continued on inside back cover)

Published for the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Gaston Caperton
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Goldenseal

Volume 15, Number 1 Spring 1989

COVER: Al Byrne began as a tramp printer, before settling down as Philippi's hometown editor. Photographer Michael Keller caught him at his trusty Linotype machine. Our story starts on page 9.

PHOTOS: Greg Clark, Maureen Crockett, Bonnie Gentry Dodson, Vic Haines, Frank Herrera, Arnout Hyde, Jr., Michael Keller, Ronald L. Lewis, Lelia Gentry Scott, Tom Scott, Tim Sinn, Cliff Waters.

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.

Steuben, Maine
December 9, 1988
Editor:
When I was attending to some political chores before the election, I went to the home of Jim and Juanita Cavalle, who have been living in our coastal Maine village a good bit longer than I have, and was delighted to discover that they are also native West Virginians. Jim loaned me several recent copies of GOLDENSEAL, being sure that I would thoroughly enjoy reading them. How true! I can't understand why my loved ones in those West Virginia hills haven't put me onto your magazine before this!

GOLDENSEAL is full of wonderful articles, but I especially enjoyed the ones on Nat Reese of Princeton, and the blacks of Bluefield, since they were closest to home. I grew up in Athens, in Mercer County, the daughter of Ralph and Mary Klingensmith, but have lived elsewhere since 1947. My brother Dave is back in the family home, and brother Walt lives in Beckley.

The highlight of our get-togethers is always the singing of good old country music and hymns, with Dave on banjo and Walt on guitar (all I can do is harmonize). They seem to have inherited more of our mother's musical ability, which became familiar to many people around the state as she played her harp in concerts over the years. Our dad was a great storyteller, another tradition Dave carries on, so I expect in the years to come to find that he will contribute to your nostalgic lore. Athens is a fine source of interesting tales!
Yours for a long relationship,
Mary Alice (Klingensmith) Thurston

Berkeley Springs Correction

Berkeley Springs, West Virginia
January 2, 1989
Editor:
The article in the Winter GOLDENSEAL on Tom Barney was really a wonderful story, but the picture on page 36 identifies the gentleman on

the left incorrectly. That gentleman on the left was my father Fred Morgret, who worked at the store from the time he was a teenager until his death.

I'm sorry that this had to be misprinted because it really is a wonderful article. Our local newspaper, *The Morgan Messenger*, reprinted the article and they too put the first name wrong. This is the way things get carried down in history as misprints.

We really like your magazine and are looking forward to future copies.
Sincerely,
Sylvia M. Clark

Thanks for the correction. We now understand that the man on the left is Fred Morgret, the one in the middle is Tom Barney and the one on the right is Albert Morgret. — ed.

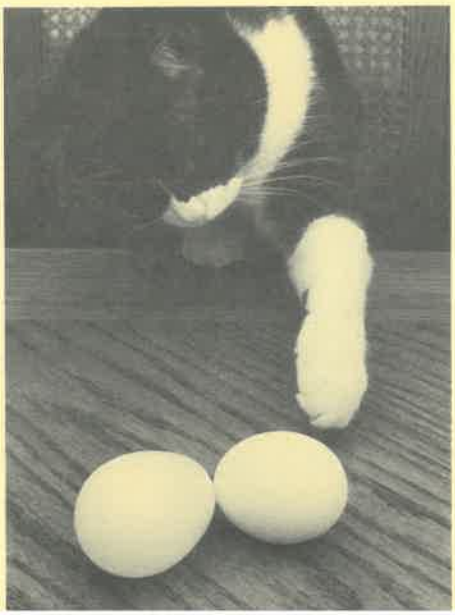
Glass Eggs

Summersville, West Virginia
December 19, 1988
Editor:
I want to thank you for the super winter issue of GOLDENSEAL. I was fascinated by the nest egg story. My first guess on the two eggs on page 59 was that the one on the right was the real egg but when I went to look at a dozen real ones I decided the one on the left is the breakfast food that comes to us in the pre-wrapped sanitary package.

The reason that the black snake in the story was able to swallow that egg was because the chickens were out that morning to get a drink and a bite to eat! About 55 years ago I was sent out to see what was bothering the chickens. I went to the barn shed where some nest boxes had been built along the wall. Several chickens were cackling while a setting hen was pecking the head of a black snake sticking out from another box. In a little while the snake dropped to the ground and slithered off under a manger.

When I'm asked which came first, the chicken or the egg, I tell them how God did not create the mighty whale or the giant leatherback turtle until he had created oceans for them to swim in, and he certainly would not have created the egg until he had made a mother hen to guard it.
Hastily and sleepy but sincerely,
Theodore Kyle

Sorry, Mr. Kyle. It's photographer Mike Keller's cat and he says the real egg is the one on the right.



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.

Dulcimer Week at Augusta

April 17 to 22 marks the second annual Spring Dulcimer Week at the Augusta Heritage Center in Elkins. Activities take place at the campus of Davis and Elkins College.

Instruction in hammered and lap dulcimer playing is offered, with classes held in the morning and afternoon. Instructors include master musician Sam Rizzetta, Madeline MacNeil, editor of the *Dulcimer Players News*, and dulcimer maker and player Keith Young. There will be classes and workshops for beginning and intermediate players.

A visit from Walter Miller is also planned during Augusta Spring Dulcimer Week. The West Virginia dulcimer builder and player made his first instrument in 1930.

The week closes with the Spring Dulcimer Festival which features more workshops, jam sessions, performances, old-time dance, and special appearances by the Mill Run Dulcimer Band of Virginia and West Virginian Alan Freeman.

Tuition for the week is $205, with housing available at $75 per person. Admission to all weekend events is included. To attend the weekend festival only, the cost is $25. More information on Spring Dulcimer Week is available from the Augusta Heritage Center, Davis and Elkins College, Elkins, WV 26241, (304)636-1903.

Regional Magazine

Appalachian Heritage was founded at Kentucky's Alice Lloyd College in 1973, and since 1985 has been published at Berea College, also in Kentucky. The quarterly magazine publishes scholarly and research articles, interviews, and regional short stories and poetry.

The journal's main area of interest is Central Appalachia, including much of West Virginia. Recent writers have included West Virginians Denise Giardina and state poet laureate Louise McNeill, as well as frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor Barbara Smith of Philippi. *Appalachian Heritage* takes a particular interest in Appalachian literature, with several book reviews in each issue.

You may subscribe by sending $15 to *Appalachian Heritage*, Hutchins Library, Berea College, Berea, KY 40404. Inquire at the same address about gift subscriptions and multi-year discounts.

Radio Programs Sought

The Southern Regional Council of Atlanta, a nonprofit organization, seeks professionally-produced radio programs for its upcoming Regional Radio Network. The group is interested in programs about Southern culture, issues and politics. Producers whose work is distributed through the Regional Radio Network will be compensated. Filmmakers with adaptable sound tracks will also be considered. For further information contact Josephine Lindsley, Southern Regional Council, 60 Walton Street, Atlanta, GA 30303, (404)522-8764.

More Mountaineer Airmen

The history of the 167th Fighter Interceptor Squadron continues in *Mountaineer Sabres*, a second book by Jack H. Smith. The squadron flew for the West Virginia Air National Guard and, with the Sabre jet, rose to become one of the top fighter groups in the country.

The Coonskin-Boys: Men and Mustangs of the 167th Fighter Squadron, Smith's first book, outlines the unit's earlier love affair with the P-51 Mustang. The new book tells of the place in history that the Sabre earned as a replacement for the propeller-driven Mustang. With the transition, the squadron was relocated from Charleston to Martinsburg.

Mountaineer Sabres is a pictorial account of the years 1955 to 1961. Its chapters deal with the history of the West Virginia Sabres, the men who flew them, and related events and statistics.

The 56-page softcover book is illustrated with historic photographs, drawings, and charts. It may be purchased from Pictorial Histories Publishing Company, 4103 Virginia Avenue S.E., Charleston, WV 25304, for $7.95 per copy, and $1.50 for postage and handling. West Virginia residents add 6% sales tax.

Civil War in Fayette County

Civil War buffs will welcome a new book about the war in West Virginia. *The Civil War in Fayette County*, by Tim McKinney, was recently published by Pictorial Histories Publishing Company of Charleston.

McKinney follows the local struggle blow by blow, while keeping Fayette County events in the larger regional military context. It is made clear, for example, that western Fayette County, Gauley Bridge in particular, was the key to the strategically important Kanawha Valley. Much of the book concerns the struggle to control this juncture of the Gauley and New rivers, and the rugged surrounding countryside.

The new book gives due attention to all the better-known events and personalities of the local war. These include the Battle of Carnifex Ferry, on the Nicholas-Fayette line, and descriptions of important figures who swept through on their way into the history books. Robert E. Lee fought in Fayette County, for example, as did future presidents Hayes and McKinley.

The Civil War in Fayette County is a

224-page paperback, profusely illustrated with maps and photographs, with an index, bibliography and footnotes. The book may be purchased for $14.95 in bookstores or directly from the publisher. Mail orders, including $1.50 postage and handling and 90 cents sales tax from West Virginians, should be sent to Pictorial Histories, 4103 Virginia Avenue SE, Charleston, WV 25304.

Cedar Lakes Craft Workshops

The Cedar Lakes Crafts Center near Ripley has scheduled several workshops for the latter part of April. The facility also offers summer and fall sessions for artists and craftspeople. New ideas and approaches are presented along with more traditional techniques.

The weekend of the 21st through the 23rd includes instruction in creative knitting by Poochie Myers, jewelry making by John Cogswell, turning and design of wooden bowls and platters by Alan Stirt, and natural basketry by Alice Morris. From April 24 through 29, an intensive six-day workshop in Windsor chair making will be taught by Randall Fields, who has specialized in custom furniture for 14 years.

Tuition ranges from $45 and $60 for the weekend workshops to $100 for the week-long session. Meals and lodging are available at Cedar Lakes, but are not included in the price of the tuition.

Classes are limited in size and early application is suggested. For more information contact Tim Pyles, Crafts Center, Cedar Lakes Conference Center, Ripley, WV 25271, (304)372-7005.

March Is Maple Syrup Month

March and its changing weather, warmer days and cold nights, produces prime conditions for the sap to rise in maple trees. Several West Virginia communities celebrate this time with festivals and activities centered around the maple sugar harvest.

The First Tapping Pancake Supper takes place at the Lewisburg Visitors Center on March 18. For each of the three years the supper has been held, more than 500 people have enjoyed the fresh maple syrup and homemade pancakes. If you would like more information about this event, contact the Lewisburg Visitors Center, 105 Church Street, Lewisburg, WV 24901, (304)645-1000.

More than 2,000 people attend the West Virginia Maple Syrup Festival in Pickens each year. The Randolph County event is now in its fifth year and features food and maple sugar products, tours, arts and crafts, an art show, antiques, square dancing and chainsaw artist demonstrations, among other activities. The dates for 1989 are March 18 and 19. For more information contact Pat Dulaney, Rt. 2, Box 2A, Pickens, WV 26230, (304)924-5096.

The Mountaineer Maple Syrup Festival is held at the Sweetwater Tree Farm in Aurora. This festival provides a more intensive look at how maple syrup is made with tours of the Preston County farm. There are also buckwheat cake dinners, a bake sale, and authentic mountain crafts on display and for sale. For more information contact Don or Janie Eskridge, Rt. 1, Box 342-A, Aurora, WV 26705, (304) 735-5111. More than 3,000 are expected to attend the 1989 Festival which will be held March 25-26 and April 1-2.

Don Eskridge and son Shannon work in the sugar woods at Sweetwater Tree Farm in Preston County

All About Marbles

A comprehensive collector's guide for marble lovers has been published, providing the first and only history of the marble industry in the United States. *Greenberg's Guide to Marbles* was written by Mark E. Randall and Dennis Webb, marble collectors who spent six years researching their book.

West Virginia was America's major marble manufacturing center when the industry was booming in the late 1920's and early 1930's. In its prime, the marble belt cut a swath across the north-central counties, fanning out westward from Clarksburg over to Paden City, Parkersburg and other Ohio Valley towns. Clarksburg was home to Akro Agate, the most successful of the marble companies in the early years of the industry. Three of our marble manufacturers survive today.

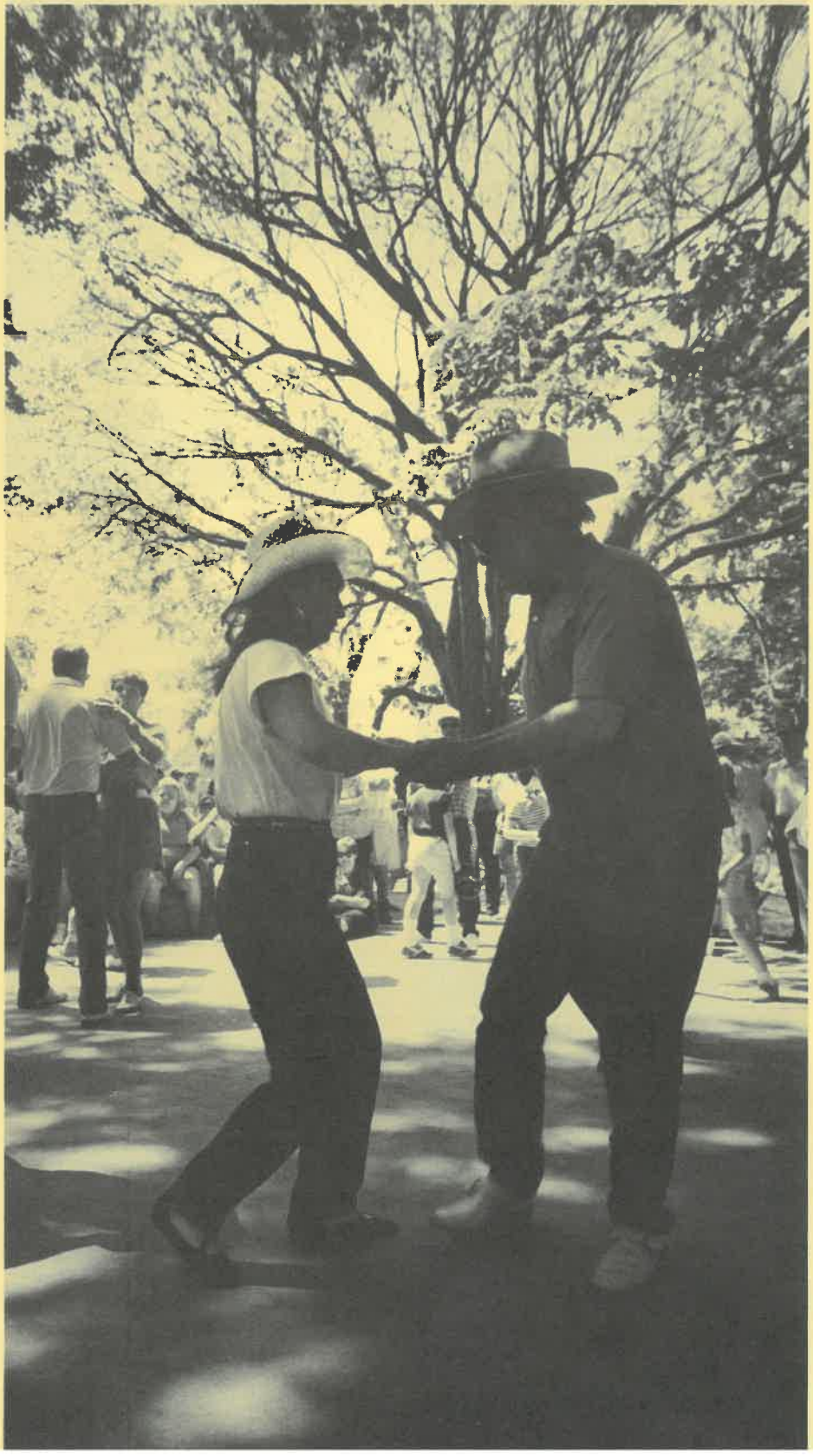
The Greenberg guide identifies every significant type of marble, both foreign and American, from pre-Colonial times onward. Current values are given, as well as detailed descriptions of marbles of stone, ceramic, and other materials, including wood; handmade and machine-made marbles; and games and marble boards.

Greenberg's Guide to Marbles features 59 color and 12 black-and-white photographs of marbles, machinery, equipment, and factories. The 120-page oversize hardback includes a glossary, bibliography, and index. It sells for $50 postpaid, and may be purchased from Greenberg Publishing Company, 7566 Main Street, Sykesville, MD. 21784.

Vandalia 1989

Below: The outdoor dance stage is open to all throughout the festival. Photo by Michael Keller.

Right: Lewisburg fiddler Carlos Dalton is a regular visitor to the Vandalia Gathering. Photo by Greg Clark.



This Memorial Day, those with a love for the Mountain State and its heritage and traditions should come to the State Capitol in Charleston. The 13th annual Vandalia Gathering will be held there May 26-28. The statewide folklife festival, sponsored by the Department of Culture and History, attracts participants from throughout West Virginia.

The extensive landscaping and renovation of the Capitol grounds will provide more grass and lots of room for festival-goers to enjoy old-time music, dancing, contests, and jam sessions. Traditional and ethnic foods will be served, from corn on the cob and rib sandwiches to baklava and tabbouleh.

Friday evening, as in years past, Vandalia begins with a 7:00 p.m. concert. This year a special evening of the best of West Virginia's traditional music is planned. The evening's theme is "The Music Never Dies," taken from the 1988 Vandalia album of the same name. The record is a musical history of the festival's first 11 years. Artists from the album will perform at the opening concert.

Above: Ginny Hawker and Kay Justice sing the old songs. Photo by Michael Keller.

Left: Vandalia offers a full program of traditional and ethnic dance. These lasses await their turn at the 1988 festival. Photo by Michael Keller.

On Saturday the festival resumes at 11:00 a.m. when crafts demonstrations begin and the food booths open. The afternoon schedule includes music contests, storytelling, concerts, gospel music workshops, and dance — from polka to clogging. Saturday concludes with an evening concert and the announcement of the Vandalia Award winner. The award is presented annually to a person who has done much to perpetuate the traditional culture of the Mountain State and who personifies the best characteristics of the people of West Virginia.

Sunday's events also begin at 11:00 a.m. with food, crafts, and contest registration. The banjo contest starts at 12:00, kicking off another full afternoon of events. Storytelling continues inside the Cultural Center at 1:00 p.m., and the Liars' Contest gets underway at 2:00. As in the music competitions, cash prizes and rib-

Vandalia brings out the big smiles and the good times. Charlie Wallace of Fayette County enjoys it all. Photo by Greg Clark.

bons are awarded to the three best liars — or worst, depending upon how you look at it. The final awards concert winds up Vandalia Gathering for another year.

Each Vandalia has its highlights. The popular fiddle and banjo contests always delight the audience as well as the participants. The open-stage clogging and traditional dance performances, dulcimer contests, evening concerts, crafts demonstrations, outdoor jam sessions, and a unique quilt exhibit featuring the work of Wilma Bird are sure to please this year's crowd. The finest of West Virginia crafts will be offered for sale throughout the festival.

Join the thousands of visitors who flock to the Cultural Center and adjacent Capitol grounds each year for the best of traditional West Virginia. Vandalia Gathering is free to the public, and everyone is invited. For more information, call (304) 348-0162.

Wilma Bird works at right in this photograph from the 1982 Vandalia Gathering. Photo by Michael Keller.

Cultural Center Quilt Show

The annual Cultural Center quilt show will have a different focus this year. The exhibit is usually the result of a statewide quilt contest, featuring the best of West Virginia quilters. This year's exhibit will instead showcase the work of a single outstanding quilter, the late Wilma Bird. The Charleston exhibit will open with Vandalia Gathering, May 26, and remain on display in the Great Hall of the Cultural Center through September 4, 1989.

Mrs. Bird (1903-1983) created more than 100 quilts in her lifetime. Born in Lincoln County, she spent her adult years in St. Albans, Kanawha County. Inspired and taught by her mother, she began quilting at the age of nine. She was an accomplished seamstress, making clothes for herself, her children and grandchildren, and she created most of her quilts from cloth scraps. She preferred traditional styles, but also collected new patterns from a variety of sources, including newspapers and magazines. Her fondness for stars and the color red is evident in many of her quilts.

Throughout her lifetime, Mrs. Bird gave quilts to her family and friends. Through her church, she also donated numerous quilts to families in need. She was a widow for the last ten years of her life, and her quilting increased in this period. Her needlework continued even after cataract surgery. Eventual blindness in one eye did not hinder her ongoing love affair with quilting.

Wilma Bird's quilts are now cherished by those who own them. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren continue to use and value her priceless work, and have agreed to loan many of the best examples for the summer-long exhibit. The Department of Culture and History is proud to present this one-woman quilt display, and expects to return to the contest format next year.

Dad's Sheep

By Bradford Davis

My dad, Robert E. Davis, began farming before the turn of the century. His Gilmer County farm, nine miles below Glenville, extended almost a mile along the Little Kanawha River. He kept about 40 head of cattle, one or two pairs of horses, three milk cows, two hogs, a flock of chickens, and 30 sheep.

My older brother Allison and I often helped with the cattle, the horses, and the cows. The sheep were different. Dad took good care of all his stock, but his sheep had priority. He cared for them himself except at docking time, shearing, and when the lambs were sold. It became a special privilege for us to help.

The sheep were kept in the pasture with the milk cows, staying in sight of the house most of the time. Dad fed them grain at breeding time in September and October, and just before and after the lambs came in February. He said the lambs would be healthier and bigger and more of the ewes would breed if they were gaining weight when they were bred.

Dad's knowledge, skill and care were needed most at lambing time. Sheep have a peculiar way of selecting the coldest night to have their lambs, which lose their instinct to suck within an hour or two if they do not get up and start to nurse. Very soon they are too weak to stand and then die. To prevent that, some have to be taught. This is done by placing the teat in the lamb's mouth and squeezing so the milk flows, or by pouring milk down a finger. It is a tedious task but can be done. During lambing time, Dad kept the sheep in the barn and went to see about them several times during the coldest nights.

Since sheep recognize their lambs by smell and will not let another suckle, I have seen my dad skin a lamb, born dead, and sew the skin on another ewe's twin or triplet born the same night. The mother sheep that had lost hers would then adopt the extra lamb. The next day the skin could be removed. The adopted lamb would grow bigger than if it had been left with its own mother. Dad kept twins as his breeding ewes and built up a flock that some years averaged two lambs for every ewe. By keeping the most prolific, he often had ewes with triplets.

Docking time came when the lambs were all born and the sheep back in the field again. It was an exciting day. We boys got to help round up the sheep and lambs. They were brought into the barn, where a solid block was set on end. Each lamb was caught by my brother or me and its long tail laid on the block. My dad gave a quick stroke with the sharp ax and the lamb was let loose, wagging a two-inch stub. A bleat and an answer from its mother put them together again.

In May came shearing season. The sheep were brought into our barn the evening before, in case of rain and to get an early start. The next morning we drove them to my grandfather's barn on the next farm, where my uncle had a flock the same size.

The back door of the barn was lifted from its hinges and laid up for a table. My uncle did the shearing and my brother and I took turns with the crank that ran the clippers. My uncle would set a sheep between his knees and pick up the clippers. That was the signal to begin cranking. I watched with elation my uncle's speed and skill, as the wool peeled back in a lanolin-coated fleece. In about five minutes, each sheep stood clean-shorn and ready for us to lead back to the pen.

Dad spread the fleece on the barn door and trimmed it, if needed, with a pair of hand shears. Soon the fleece, which hung together, was folded and rolled into a neat bundle with the white side out. Occasionally Dad hefted a fleece with both hands before dropping it into the big bag. "She produced a good fleece this year," he'd say.

Sometimes when a sheep was sheared, Dad pulled back her lip and took a quick look at her teeth. If she was more than six years old, he put a dab of paint across her shoulder to mark her for market. "Just a few bad ones can make the whole bunch look bad," Dad believed.

The next time my brother and I got to help was when the lambs were sold. They were brought into the barn, then sorted and loaded into a big truck. Dad told of earlier times, when they had to drive the lambs on foot to Toll Gate, the nearest railroad station, about 25 miles away. Unlike other animals that live in groups, sheep have no particular leader, so they were hard to drive. The dust must have been awful.

Sheep brought in cash twice a year, from the wool and from the lambs, but Dad's care for them far surpassed the importance of their income. Why he had so much love for sheep I never knew. Maybe because he kept each one longer than any of the other farm animals except the horses. Maybe because he read so much about them, for besides a few farm magazines and the county paper, Dad read mostly from the Bible. Sheep are mentioned first in Genesis, and in more than two dozen other places in the scriptures.

Sheep are quiet creatures, with their own settled ways. I often saw them cross a little stream as they grazed around our hillside. As each came to the stream, she would sniff at the water. If it splashed her nose, and it usually did, she would shake her head and jump over the stream to go on eating grass. Sheep do not like to be splashed and almost never drink. Under ordinary conditions of grass and dew, they can go longer than a camel without getting thirsty. They prefer to lie down on grass rather than a bare place, if there is equal shade.

David knew his sheep when he wrote, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." ✱

Al Byrne was working in a print shop in World War I and he's still at it today. Here he checks the inner workings of his antique Linotype machine.

Allen Byrne

The Last of the Tramp Printers

By Barbara Smith
Photographs by Michael Keller

Allen Byrne of Philippi is, in his words, "the last of the tramp printers." He is also one of the longest-serving Linotype operators in the world. He began working with the big metal-casting typesetting machines when he was 15 and, now past 80, he still puts in at least four days a week.

In 1975, Al retired from the editorship of the *Barbour Democrat*, Philippi's hometown newspaper and a Byrne family operation for a half-century. The weekly is now run by sons Bob and Lars, with Bob's son Jeff in training. Bob Byrne, the editor, is trained in Linotype, but most of the publication is now typeset by computer. Lars is the chief photographer, and Jeff does advertising and layout. Al still sets and lays out the headlines, and he serves as "consultant" in all other aspects of composition and publication.

Al Byrne is a true Scotch-Irish Appalachian. His mother's family emigrated from Scotland, settling in Jamestown around 1656, and his father's family left Ireland around 1720. The Byrnes moved from eastern Vir-

Above: Governor Hulett Smith poses with the Byrne family, with Al and Bob at left and Lars, Mrs. Byrne and young Jeff at right. Byrne served in the Smith administration from 1966 to 1968. Photo by Arnout Hyde, Jr.

Left: This earlier photograph shows Bob and Lars sitting with their grandfather Mense Olson (rear) and father Al. Family snapshot, 1958.

ginia to what is now Braxton County in 1820. Their descendants were living in Sutton when his father put young Al to work.

That was "before child labor laws," smiles Al. "I was 11, and my brother was three years younger. My dad needed help in his printing business, so I was elected. By the time World War I ended, I was feeding the printing press, and by the time I graduated from high school in May of 1925, I had served my six years of apprenticeship and was eligible for union membership. The morning after I graduated, I left for Buckhannon, where I went to work on the *Buckhannon Record.*

"For the next eight years," he continues, "I was a tramp printer. I lived out of a suitcase, and I worked on 17 different papers and in two commercial shops. There was always somebody in the composing room who wanted a day or two off. I don't know why, but there were a lot of Linotype operators who would travel all over the country by train, and they'd stop off for a few days or weeks in one town and then hop another train and ride some more.

"One time," Al remembers, "I bought a ticket from Clarksburg to Martinsburg. I had $5 left in my pocket. I didn't get to Martinsburg until the next fall, though. As it happened, the train stopped in Cumberland, and I looked around a little and liked the town, so I stayed for the summer. I found a place where I could stay for 50 cents a night. I didn't know it, but it was a house of ill repute. They needed a printer at the *Cumberland News,* so I took the job. Then the foreman found out where I was staying, and he had a fit. He found me another place to stay. It was like that everywhere — there was always an older person who would look after me."

From this Maryland job the young printer finally went to Martinsburg and then on to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where he worked on the *Patriot.* "That was the largest one I was ever connected with," Al says of the Harrisburg paper. "It averaged 60 pages a day. There were 24 Linotype operators in the composing room.

"Want to know why I left?" he asks. "There was a printers' convention going on in Steelton, and some of the *Patriot* people had gone. I was asked to work a second shift in order to cover for a fellow who hadn't gotten back from the convention, and then I was asked to work a third shift for another guy who hadn't gotten back, and then I was asked to do a fourth shift — straight. Well, at that point I just told the foreman to go get me my money.

"From Harrisburg I went to Madison, New Jersey, and then I came back to enroll at Davis and Elkins,"

The new Byrne on the *Barbour Democrat* production team is Al's grandson Jeff, standing just behind him here. Lars Byrne stands at center, with Bob seated at right.

Al continues. "I worked at the *Elkins Inter-Mountain*, and on some holidays I worked in Clarksburg at the *Exponent*."

It was in Elkins that he met Lady Mandaine Olson. He was living at the YMCA, and she lived next door. They were married in 1933. Al Byrne finally unpacked his suitcase, and the young couple settled down in Morgantown. After four years they moved to Charleston, where he worked on the *Daily Mail*. In 1940 the Byrnes built a house in Elkins, and Al went back to work for the *Inter-Mountain*. He also returned to part-time work with the *Clarksburg Exponent*.

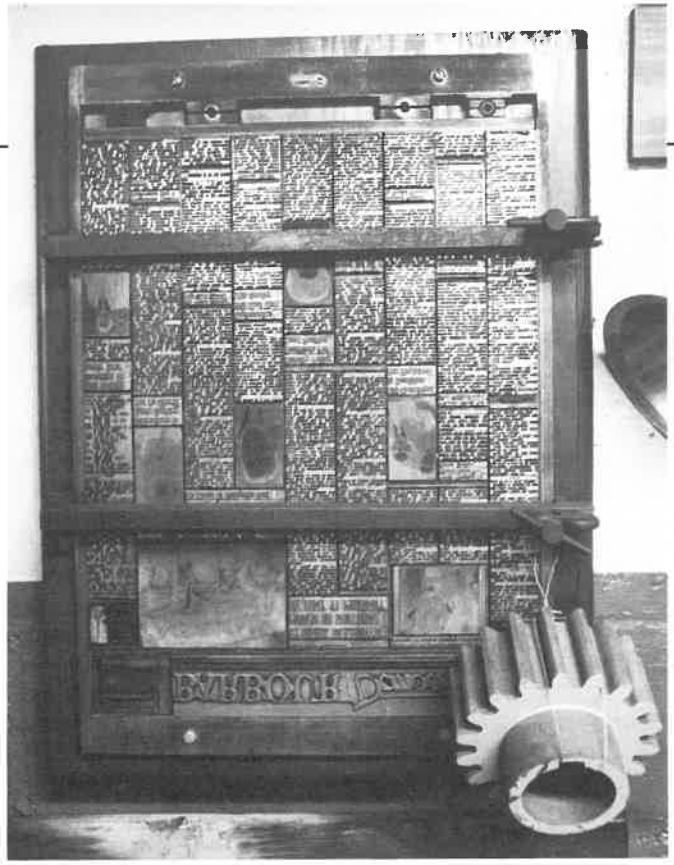
"I used to hitch a ride home from Clarksburg when the truck delivered the Sunday papers," Al recalls. "We'd stop off at the all-night diner that was next to what is now the Exxon station in Philippi, and I really liked the town. I decided it would be nice to own the papers there, so that's what we did — we bought them in 1938, and we moved to Philippi in November of 1950, the day of the big snowstorm. There were 36 inches on the ground that weekend."

The Philippi newspapers were called the *Democrat* and the *Republican* at the time — Al combined them soon after he bought them from Charles J. Eib — and circulation was about 3,000. It has almost doubled since then. "Back then you could buy a paper for $35,000 to $50,000," Al reports. "Now it would take at least $200,000. That's because of the value of the property and equipment."

Al Byrne attended Davis and Elkins College "for parts of five years," he reports. "Jennings Randolph was my journalism teacher and the athletic director. He was a good teacher and one of the best speakers I've ever heard. He was also the sports editor of the *Inter-Mountain*." Al chuckles. "I remember one summer he was going to go on a Chautaugua tour, so he'd come into the *Inter-Mountain* at night to practice his speeches on me. I didn't listen much, but he still practiced on me."

There is a scrapbook lying on the kitchen table, and Al turns to it. He points to a picture of Randolph and the D&E football team. There are also pictures of Al operating a Linotype machine, and a picture taken during the two years (1966-1968) when he served Governor Hulett Smith as deputy director of public information.

There is also a photo of a crashed plane, memento of a near miss. "That was in the spring of 1929," Al says. "A friend of mine and I were supposed to be on that sightseeing plane over New York City, but at the last minute my friend had to work, so we didn't go. Fourteen people were killed. It was the first major air accident in United States history."



Upside down and backwards, the Linotype form for the front page of the last "hot type" *Barbour Democrat* hangs on the print shop wall. The date was April 21, 1976.

Hot Type

Linotype, the mechanical typesetting system Philippi printer Al Byrne grew up with, made its debut at the *New York Tribune* in 1886. The invention of Ottmar Mergenthaler could set type eight times faster than the previous method of picking out individual letters by hand. It was the biggest step forward since Gutenberg invented movable type in the 15th century.

Born in Germany in 1854, Mergenthaler emigrated to the United States in 1872 and went to work in Baltimore at a relative's machine shop. It was there that he began work on what came to be known as "the mad machine that Mergenthaler made." The nickname is easily understood when you consider that the Linotype has more than 7,000 movable parts, a keyboard of 90 characters that takes intense training to master, and a built-in furnace that continuously melts down lead ingots.

In the adjoining story, Byrne tells of the role of Linotype operators in the newspaper business. These employees were much in demand, but only the true masters of the complicated machines prospered at the craft. "You had to get good or starve," he observes. Byrne himself got very good, earning a reputation as one of the fastest and cleanest Linotype operators in the country.

Such operators produced the best of America's printing until recent times, surprisingly recent in some cases. Up until March 1988, the prestigious *Smithsonian* magazine set its pages using Linotype. The work was done by operator Jim Kelly, who was introduced to Linotype as a 16-year-old employee of a Scottish newspaper in the 1940's. "Learn the keyboard," his boss told him, and it was seven months before he set his first line of live type. "Sometimes it would keep on going when I'd stopped typing," Kelly recalls of the ancient and tempermental British model Linotype. "When I tried to fix it, it would spit hot lead at me."

The hot lead is the secret of the Linotype. The machine melts metal (actually an alloy of lead, antimony and tin) to cast "hot type." As the Linotype operator works the keyboard, individual type molds slide down to create the exact line length required. Hot lead flows in, forming a line of type which quickly hardens as it cools. The custom-made line slugs come out properly sequenced, at a rate of six lines a minute. All this is accomplished with a great deal of groaning, squealing and clattering on the part of the machine — beautiful music to the Linotype operator.

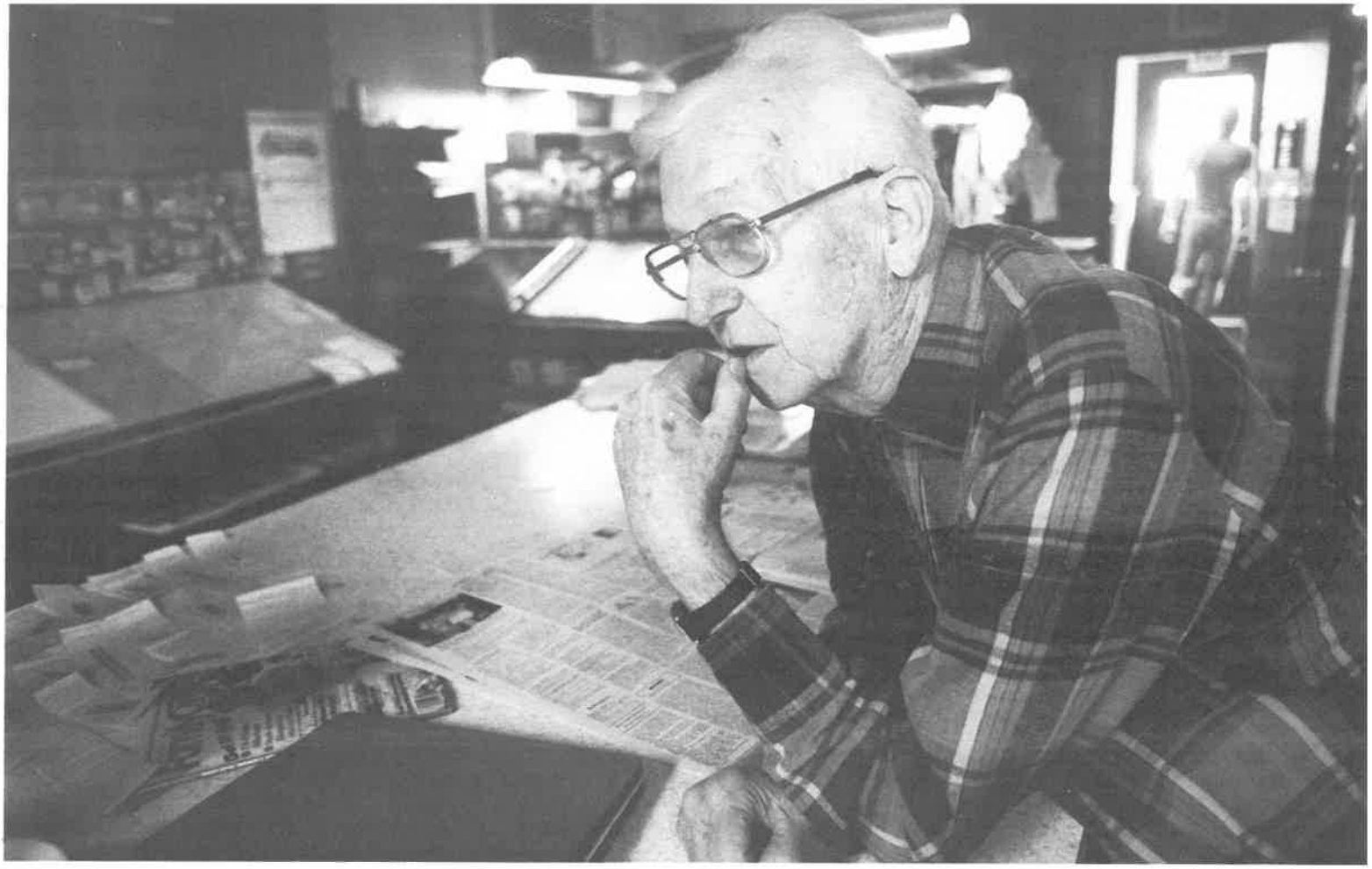
Linotype has not completely disappeared in the typesetting business. It still produces a quality of work recognizable to the trained eye. Machines from as far back as the 1930's rattle on in West Virginia print shops today. GOLDENSEAL was set by Linotype from 1979 to 1980 with a machine that was purchased in the late 1940's.

Yet with modern typesetting systems, this magazine and most others have turned to more economical forms of print production. Phototypesetting has largely replaced the Linotype. Though typesetting by photography was thought of as early as 1866, "cold type" was not used commercially until the 1950's.

In today's publishing world, copy changes are made on computers and decisions such as where to end a line take place automatically. That work was done by human operators in the Linotype heyday, and Al Byrne thinks we've suffered from the loss of human judgment at this critical point in the process. He notes that computers can't always syllabicate or spell correctly, and he thinks newspapers have deteriorated overall. "Nobody knows his job as well as on the old papers," he says.

During Byrne's newspaper days, a normal quota of lines for one Linotype operator was 1,600 per day. He averaged 3,400 and the most he ever set in one day was 4,000. Clearly, Al Byrne was one Mountain State printer who thrived upon the madness of Mergenthaler's machine.

—Debby Sonis Jackson



Al Byrne muses that printing is a less careful craft now than in his youth, when a long and thorough apprenticeship was required.

The scrapbook brings many memories, and Al comments on the changes in the news business since his early years. "Not many people realize that a Linotype operator was his own editor, and each operator took great pride in his work," he comments. "There were 7,200 parts to a Linotype machine, and every part had to be correctly adjusted. We knew our machines and could fix them ourselves, so the papers were never late. Now if a computer goes down, you have to bring a technician from six or seven hours away."

He points to an article printed in *Linotype News* in 1952. There is a description of him as "one of the fastest and cleanest Linotype operators in the country."

"All printing was 'hot metal,'" Al explains, referring to the lead line slugs produced by the Linotype. "It was all piece work. You had to get good or starve. We were paid by the line. A normal quota for one operator was 1,600 lines per day. That's eight full-length newspaper columns. A few of us actually averaged 3,400 lines per day, about eight lines per minute. We were paid by the hundred lines — 26 cents. You have to remember, it was the Depression. If we went over the quota of 1,600 lines, we were paid 28 cents per hundred. The most I ever set in one day was 4,000 lines.

"We produced not only the regular editions, but extras. Most of those extras came out in the '30's. In those days, there weren't many radios around, so most people got their news from the papers." He smiles. "It's my guess that many of the radio stations got their news from the papers, too. There was a lot going on in the '30's — the Depression, heavy politics, the events that led up to World War II, the Hindenburg incident, Dillinger and all of those other hoodlums. We published a lot of extras."

How else has the industry changed? "Well," he nods, "there are many more errors now. That's mainly because of the computers. They make mistakes in diction, and they can't differentiate enough to be able to syllabicate or spell correctly. Nobody really knows his job as well as on the old papers. Nobody now is a specialist the way we used to be. There used to be a foreman who supervised everyone else, but each man knew his own job to perfection. Now there is no apprenticeship, so there's a widespread lack of experience."

Byrne also believes that the ethical standards of journalism have been compromised by television. "Newspapers still have codes. There are certain types of stories and advertising that we just can't — or won't — run," he says. "Television seems to have no standards at all. It's going too far. The newscasters are too pushy. They go into situations before they find out what is really newsworthy, and there is absolutely no sense of propriety or decorum."

He cites an example from his days as a press agent. "Why, I remember one time when Lady Bird Johnson was visiting Charleston, and one of the television reporters actually pushed the wife of the governor, Mrs. Hulett Smith, out of the way so that he could get to Mrs. Johnson. That was 20 years ago. It's much worse now.

"That's partly because there are too many newspeople around these days," the old editor figures. "Too

Mr. Byrne believes that local publishing faces an uncertain future. "Many of the smaller weekly papers won't make it, but stronger ones like the *Democrat* will," he figures.

much competition. Herb Morrison was the only reporter present at the Hindenburg accident, and everybody had to go to him to get the story. Now you can't get near an event without climbing over reporters."

Byrne discusses his own publishing principles. "When we bought the *Barbour Democrat* and the *Philippi Republican* we entered a whole new era of responsibility. We could no longer take political sides. We never have. We try to give equal space to every side in every political issue, and we will not publish biased editorials. When there's only one paper in a community, there's no recourse available, so the paper has an obligation to remain neutral."

What does Byrne see in the future? "Well, we're in a down time right now," he reflects. "No doubt about that. Barbour County now is like it was in the '50's, after Simpson Creek Coal shut down out in Galloway. Twenty percent of the population moved away then. We're experiencing the same kind of thing again, all over West Virginia. Many of the smaller weekly papers won't make it, but the stronger ones like the *Democrat* will. We still have a good circulation, 5,300, and we have a solid advertising base. There are many fine new projects — small, but fine — going on around here, like the new park at the end of the covered bridge. People are working hard on various progressive ideas, and things are going to get better."

Al Byrne will help see to that. He has always been one of those hard-working community leaders who make small-town West Virginia work. He was chairman of the building committee when the Philippi Baptist Church was constructed in 1959. He was one of the founders of the Barbour Country Club in 1956 and supervised construction there. He has a record of 40 years' perfect attendance as a Kiwanian, and he served four years as president of the local club. He is currently a member of the Kiwanis public affairs committee, and he serves on the public relations committee of Broaddus Hospital.

He is also chairman of the Philippi Building Commission, which built the Professional Building housing the town post office, the Barbour County Board of Education, the Magistrate's Court, and local offices of the West Virginia Department of Energy. The Commission's most recent effort came out of an eight-hour session last July, at the end of which financing was arranged to combine local cable TV service and then lease the entire system back to the city. Some 1,400 customers have been affected. "As far as I know," says Byrne, "we're the only municipality in West Virginia which owns its own television system."

The newsman ventures a generalization. "You have to be willing to adjust, to change," he comments. "Like with the paper. After we bought it, I had to replace all of the out-of-date equipment. Everything in the place was out-of-date. I spent years at it, and just about the time I got done, all of the equipment was obsolete again. Everything went computer. We gave away two Linotypes and kept just the one that I still work on."

Al Byrne closes his scrapbook, folds his arms, leans forward, and smiles. "Let me sum it up for you," he says. "I've never been out of work a day when I wanted to work, and I've always liked what I was doing. What more could I ask?"

The Knapps Creek mill was a rustic operation. Everything centered around the steam boiler under the tall smokestack. A large circular saw, in the big shed to the left of the stack, cut incoming logs. The pin mill machinery occupied the building at rear. Photo by Lelia Gentry Scott, 1951.

A Big Noise on Knapps Creek

W. C. Gentry Makes Sawdust

By Maureen Crockett

Lelia Gentry Scott was browsing through an Army surplus store in Ames, Iowa, a few years ago when she came across a bin of small wooden items. She knew right away that the pieces were mislabeled. The store had marked them "telephone arms." The wooden pins in her hands had been sent to Iowa from a Denver warehouse, but Scott was sure they originated at Wiley C. Gentry's sawmill on Knapps Creek, in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, many years before.

W. C. Gentry was Lelia's grandfather. He and his partner, Frank Starstrom, had run the lumber outfit together. That mill has been closed for 28 years now, but some things just stay in a person's head.

Scott bought the little pins so her children could see what their great-grandfather used to do in the old days, and on her next trip east asked her Uncle Bill Clemens, now of Yorktown, Virginia, if he could positively identify them.

Clemens, who had married W. C.'s daughter, Lula, and been a driver for the family sawmill, looked at the bottom of one of the small pins and recognized it immediately. "Yes, indeed!" he said. "Pee Wee Hammond set the teeth on his lathe so it would grip the block better. These are the marks, in a distinctive pattern, on the bottom of the pin. Hammond held it tightly, and you can see his mark."

W. C.'s mill ran on steam, using creek water for the boiler and its own waste for fuel. "The culls and the waste wood were heaved into the steam engine which powered the mill," grandson Wiley Allen Gentry remembers.

Wiley Allen, and his father, Willie Gentry, both now living in Virginia, know the family history, the hard times. W. C. Gentry had had a difficult childhood. Born in North Carolina in 1884, he lost his mother when he was only five years old. One of his first jobs was riding a mule to deliver the mail, for which he was paid the munificent sum of $5 a month.

Later he worked as a cook at a Virginia sawmill. In 1929 he set up his own mill at McDowell, Virginia, and made insulator pins for power and phone lines. "The eight-inch pins were for telephone lines, and nine-inch pins were for electric lines," Wiley Allen said.

"The pins fitted into the cross arm of a telephone pole to hold the glass insulators," Lelia Gentry Scott added. "They screwed onto the threaded end. The shoulder kept the pin from going on down."

The aftermath of the 1929 Wall Street crash devastated Gentry's first business. W. C. also had other troubles with his Virginia mill. "Locust became hard to get in the late 1930's, so he moved to Pocahontas County, about a mile and a quarter from Marlinton," Wiley Allen said. "He leased property from Albert Curry and set up a larger operation, as there was plenty of locust around."

Willie Gentry, who left a Navy career after seeing the world for six years, came home to work at his dad's mill. Willie drove the truck, hauling the wooden pins to market.

Willie's son, Wiley Allen, remembers spending summers at the mill even before he was old enough to work. "The man who fired the boiler would hold me up and let me pull the rope that blew the whistle when it was time for the men to go to work or quit in the evening," he recalled.

Later on, Wiley himself went to work at the mill, taking a simple job first. "I would carry blocks from the ripsaws to the pin lathes where they were turned," he said. Threading was the next procedure, followed by grading and placing the pins in large burlap sacks. "The top of the sacks were sewed shut. The pins were hauled by truck to Baltimore or Front Royal, Virginia, where a friend of my grandfather had a pin mill."

"When I got out of school in the summer, I would go to West Virginia to work. When the pin mill business was booming, I remember loading boxcars on the railroad at Marlinton." Wiley Allen also threaded pins, graded them, sacked them, and skidded locust logs with a horse. That last job "was done rain or shine, as the mill had to run."

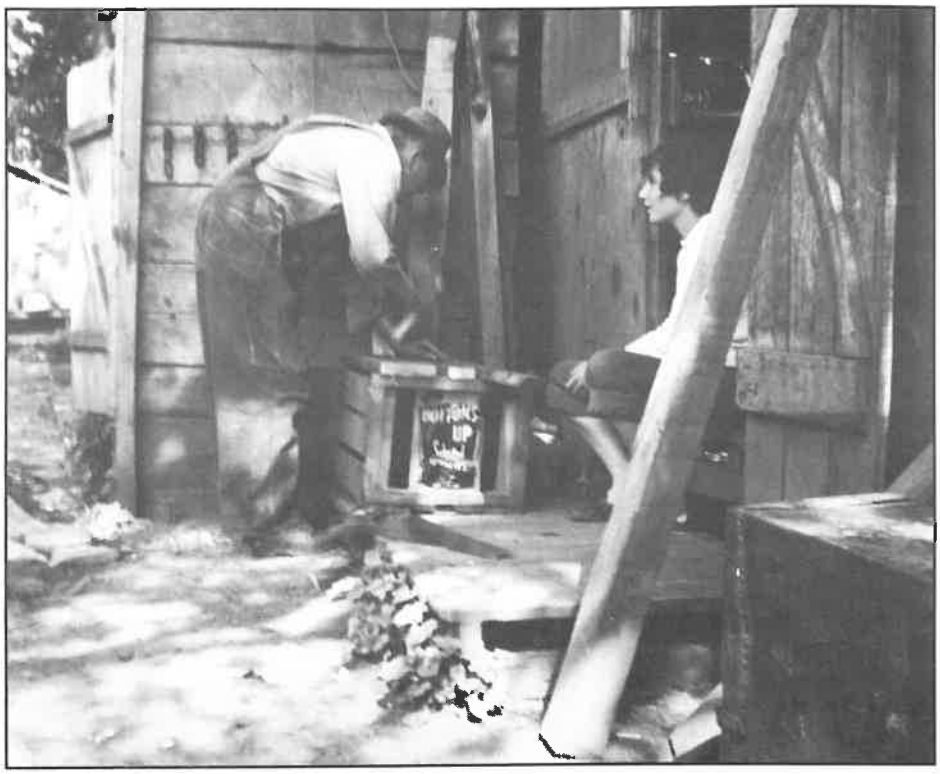
There was nothing fancy about the Gentry operation on Knapps Creek. "The pin mill was a large open shed with a tarpaper roof," Lelia Gentry Scott remembers. Over the years warehouses and storage sheds grew up around the main building. The lot sloped, so many of the buildings were up on pilings. This temporary look was no accident. W. C. did not own the land, and when the lease was up, permanent structures reverted to Mr. Curry.

W. C. and his wife Edna lived in two cramped buildings near the mill. One was a combination kitchen-dining room with a wood stove. Cooking and heating were both done with the wood stove. "W. C. had a healthy respect for steam and hot water, and wouldn't have it in the house," said Scott.

The other building held the office, with bedroom and living room space behind. "Spare parts for machinery and tools were tucked about under the beds and the overflowing desk. The phone was a hand-cranked model, and the office door was shut to screen noise during calls," said Scott.

Life at the mill was not luxurious and citified. Willie Gentry, the father of Lelia, Bonnie and Wiley Allen remembers that their side of the Greenbrier River had more than its share of rattlers. "There were none on the

The grandchildren were welcome at W. C. Gentry's place of business. Here granddaughter Bonnie chats with the busy lumberman. Photographer unknown, about 1951.



Boiling the wooden pins was the last production step. These men are taking pins from the vat in front of them, inspecting them and packing them into bags for shipment. Photographer unknown, about 1951.

other side of the river," he recently declared with a straight face.

In later years W. C. bought eight acres near Huntersville and built a sawmill complex with easier accommodations for Edna, but the Gentrys always kept their permanent home in Flint Hill, Virginia. "Edna often went back there," granddaughter Bonnie Dodson remembers. "That Marlinton shanty was inconvenient to live in. Edna used to say 'I had to live in a sawdust pile all my life.'" Nonetheless, when she got lonely for W. C. she rode back to Pocahontas County in one of the lumber trucks.

The mill fireman, a man named Jesse Fawn, also lived at the work site. His job was to fire up the boiler each morning, then keep it going with shavings and wood. Worker Joe Davis, and his wife and her sister, also lived there. Lelia Scott remembers how the two women enjoyed dipping snuff and spitting over the porch rail. "There was a little slimy patch we barefoot kids avoided," she said.

"Joe was a dark, bent little man who had been badly injured fighting a forest fire, and had only five fingers on both hands together," Scott recalled. "He ran a ripsaw, pushing one block through with another.

"The pins were made from locust wood because it does not shrink or swell with changes in humidity or temperature. If it did, the pin would split the cross arm," she added.

Locust is a tough wood with many uses. Scott said that it was also used to make fence posts, pole steps for linemen to climb when making repairs, and water wheels in old water-powered mills. Road contractors from

southern New York bought locust guard rails, because the locust stood up to the moist, salt-laden air coming off the Atlantic.

Sometimes W. C. got some cherry and walnut when buying his usual tract of standing locust timber. Cherry and walnut are fine wood for furniture, but "locust is too stringy, won't polish, and won't take a fine finish," said Scott.

W. C. sent his furniture-quality wood to the E. A. Clore factory in Madison, Virginia. "The rough-sawn lumber was sent green for a long kiln and air drying before it was made into hand-turned Colonial reproduction furniture," Scott said. "The Clore and Gentry factories worked together for three generations."

Scott reports that Clore pieces made of Gentry wood are now heirlooms. But the rough, physical work at the Gentry mill itself was mostly plain hard labor and not fine craftwork. "Ash rounds, or blanks, for Louisville Slugger baseball bats were turned out at the mill. The blanks had to be precisely on grain, the purchaser's standards were high, and many were rejected. An off-grain bat would split in use. The workmen just weren't careful enough in turning the blanks," Scott admitted. "We had a problem with quality control."

One of the roughest, toughest jobs belonged to the sawyer. The sawyer was the first person to work on the felled trees as they entered the mill. Fatty Neighbors held that job at the Gentry pin mill. "He wrestled the big logs onto the carriage and ran the largest saws," Scott recalled.

Neighbors had spent time in prison, according to Scott, and had picked up the unlikely hobby of quilting there. She remembers him well and recalls him with affection. "He was a rotund man with squinty cross eyes, a gentle soul who wouldn't hurt a flea. Mrs. Neighbors was an invalid who needed costly medicine. At home, Fatty pieced quilts to sell. Once he brought a shoe box of sample quilt blocks to show Edna and me, beautifully pieced and sewn. Like Edna, he drew up patterns shown in the newspapers."

At the mill, laborers used two-man crosscut saws, hand axes, and the other tools of honest, hard labor. There were no chain saws in those times. Heavy timber was manhandled around the mill yard with cant hooks. The wood, being just felled, was dense and heavy to drag.

Great-grandchildren came along in due time. Edna holds young William, with W. C. by her side. W. C. never liked to dress up, the family says, and loosened up before the photographer got to him. Photographer unknown, mid-1950's.

Today, employees would not put up with the working conditions. "There were no goggles, hard hats, or hearing protectors," Scott said. "Oaky Hammonds lost an eye when a block hit him." She believes, however, that the mill work was safer than coal mining, and one worker told her the job "was better than wrestling hides at the tannery."

"All day the steam engine's explosions sounded, the big saws screamed through the logs, and the smaller ripsaws and lathes added to the din," Scott recalled. "Men carried or dragged the bags of blocks and pins from one machine to the next. Workers shoveled shavings into the firebox all day. People yelled above the noise.

"It was an advance in technology when W. C. bought an Army surplus truck, a GMC built like a tank with a winch and a huge spool of steel cable on the front. The cable was hitched around the logs, and they were pulled about. In a tight spot, the cable was hooked to something solid and the truck could pull itself out."

W. C.'s workday was never really over. Logging trucks brought in his raw material at any time, day or night. "When the loggers came, sometimes in the wee hours, they backed up to the bank and tooted their horns. W. C. would take his log scale and scramble up the bank to measure the end of each log. The scale was a wooden rod, rather like a yardstick, and only he could read the markings," Scott said. Gentry paid according to the number of cords in a load.

"Then there was a great crashing as the logs were rolled off the truck. The loggers came to the office for their check, and sometimes stayed for a visit."

Scott remembers the men who pulled up to the yard in the big logging trucks. They were a colorful bunch. "Delbert Duffenbaugh brought his French war bride, who called W. C. 'Papa'," she said. "Mr. Chestnut, from Mountain Grove, could tell the age of man, beast or child by examining its teeth."

Scott also recalls how kind W. C. was to his workers. "Any man who had a sick wife or child, or a sad enough story, could get a loan or an advance on his wages. The jailer knew that W. C. would go bail for a workman who celebrated a bit too much, and get him back to work."

Bonnie Dodson remembers that her grandfather bought groceries for peo-

The pin mill days still live in family memories. Here W. A. Gentry and Bonnie Gentry Dodson examine mementos at a recent get-together. Photo by Maureen Crockett.

ple in need and hired disabled men who had a hard time finding work. He would find book work and office jobs suitable for those who were handicapped.

Though W. C. owned the mill, none of the 35 employees called him "boss." "Some of the men lived at the Gentry home for years, and became old, loyal friends," recalled Scott.

Russell Madison, an excellent craftsman, worked many years at the sawmill. "When the mill was making fences from wormy chestnut, he made chestnut picture frames for Edna, and a stool. He used the double-threaded pins for stool legs. The top of the stool is butternut. Madison copied an antique table, turning legs and braces from black walnut, for the front office," Scott remembered.

Wormy chestnut was a prized wood, especially after the big trees fell victim to the great chestnut blight which swept the mountains in the 1920's and '30's. "Chestnuts, the grey ghosts of the forest, died of blight. The wood has a high tannin content and is resistant to decay. The fallen logs were used for fence rails and posts many years after the trees died," Scott said.

The Gentry mill made charcoal, 11-foot chestnut rails, and also cabin poles from white pine. Bill Clemens, married to Lula, W. C.'s daughter, helped install chestnut rail fences. W. C. wisely kept diversifying, and started making apple barrels, with the staves fashioned from poplar and the headings of oak, Willie recalls.

The pin mill made flag poles for PT boats during World War II, which were shipped to the West Coast. The men made furniture legs, brackets for the sides of telephone poles, and slots on guard rails for the cable to slide through. The major commitment, though, was making the cross arm pins, and W. C. kept his men busy at that for 40 years.

The affection W. C. showed his workers was returned during an illness. When he was in the Marlinton hospital, his men crowded around the bed. Visiting hours and the proper number of visitors per room were disregarded. With "sweat, sawdust, snuff, and muddy shoes they all came in to cheer him up," Scott said. No doubt it did him more good than hospital medicine.

W. C. enjoyed children. There was a jar of candy or a plate of cookies for them at the sawmill office. Some county families drove to the mill to get waste wood or slabs to use for fuel at home. When they came to the office to pay, W. C. would offer treats to their youngsters.

And the sweets were not just for young visitors. "He had a childlike sweet tooth all his life," Lelia Scott said of her grandfather. "He liked

W. C. gave up the mill following Edna's death, but he never retired from family life. Here he works with great-granddaughter Susannah in 1969. Photo by Tom Scott.

cream and sugar on everything except ice cream. When W. C. went to the store to visit with the men, he would buy ice cream cones for any children who came in."

Knapps Creek attracted other industrious creatures, Scott remembers. "Sometimes a beaver would build a dam there, and conservation officers would come and dynamite it to prevent flooding."

And life's inevitable changes also came. Edna died on a cold Thursday in February 1960, when she was 69. By that Sunday, W. C. was in the hospital. W. C.'s son Alvin, an attorney now deceased, and his wife Estelle helped with the books for the next five years. The Gentry sawmill had always been a family venture.

Willie Gentry and his friend, Galford, ran the mill during this period. "We batched together," Willie said. "Every weekend Galford would visit his parents and get ramps. We'd put them in a gunny sack and lay them in the creek to keep fresh. We ate them fried in bacon grease, with eggs and potatoes."

Later, Willie rented the operation to Galford, who ran the place as a regular sawmill. "When electric and telephone companies started using steel pins and underground cable, that was the end of the pin business," said Wiley Allen Gentry. "The pin mill machinery still stands at Huntersville," Wiley Allen believes. Willie and Frank Starstrom eventually sold the mill itself to Homer Smith and his son. This sawmill is still going, Willie says, but new owners converted from steam power to a diesel engine.

W. C. Gentry died at 89 in 1973. His era is over, but memories and faded photographs bring it all back for those who were there. Three generations of Gentrys have a warm feeling about the old days in Pocahontas County, and especially for the man who made those times memorable.

They say he never changed much as he aged. In later years, family and friends remained important to W. C. Gentry. Scott remembers his 75th birthday. "He celebrated with a lot of whiskey and calls to friends. 'I'm 75 years old and all I have to show for it is a big pile of sawdust,' he said. He could have added, 'and a lot of friends.'" ✱

Summers at the Sawmill

By Maureen Crockett

Lelia and Bonnie Gentry looked forward every summer to visiting their grandparents, W. C. and Edna, at the Gentry sawmill near Marlinton. The girls went there each year between 1947 and the early 1950's. Brother Wiley Allen Gentry went as well, taking a summer job at the mill as soon as he was old enough.

From their Virginia home to Marlinton was 160 miles, four hours by car. A trip in a lumber truck was a different story. "That way it took all day," remembers their father, Willie Gentry, whose job it was to make those long hauls.

The girls timed their summer visits to coincide with the Pocahontas County Fair, and remember that the family business made its contribution to the celebration. "Truckloads of locust shavings were used on the floors of exhibition buildings and barns. Sometimes we got free tickets in exchange," Lelia Gentry Scott recently recalled.

Grandfather W. C. Gentry enjoyed the fair's grandstand show, and was especially partial to the daredevils who leaped their cars over a row of other vehicles. His workmen shared his enthusiasm for auto sports, the grandchildren remember. One of the men took a fancy to Wiley Allen's car one summer, a Ford convertible he had spray-painted school bus yellow and named the Golden Rocket. Wiley Allen finally turned it over to him. The next time Lelia and Bonnie visited the fair, they were astonished to find the Rocket out on the racetrack raising dust.

The teenage girls located their friend with the golden car with some other fellows who worked at the Gentry mill. They all went off on a round of rides and fun. "By the time it was reported to the old man by the foreman, the story had gotten considerably wilder," and the young women found themselves on the way back to Virginia with the next load of pins.

Scott recalls quieter times as well. After the workday was over, she said, the mill area changed. "In the evenings; there was a soft hiss of escaping steam, the creek, and whippoorwills. Rain pattered on the tarpaper roofs."

At day's end there were two jobs W. C. entrusted to no one but himself. He would sharpen and clean the big saws, sitting with the blades between his knees. Then he would carefully hose down the area near the boiler so no fire could start. Whenever he was away, these were the two things he worried about.

The family would spend peaceful summer evenings at home. "W. C. would go fishing after supper, or sit and whittle, while Edna crocheted. Or we would all help address, by hand, the tags for the pin sacks," Scott remembered.

"One day Bonnie and I rode along while W. C. and Frank Starstrom looked over a tract of timber. On the way back, they stopped for gas and asked if we wanted anything. In a giggle fit, we said, 'Candy bars, ice cream, bubble gum, pop.' The men came back with a grocery bag full, everything we had mentioned," Scott fondly recalls.

"When W. C. came home to Flint Hill, first thing, he would give us ice cream money," Scott

Grandson Wiley Allen Gentry went to school at home in Virginia, and he and his sisters spent their summers at the Pocahontas County mill. The car is the notorious "Golden Rocket." Photo by Bonnie Gentry Dodson, 1951.

said. When we showed up at the store and dived in the freezer, the storekeeper knew: 'Your grandfather's home.'"

W. C. and Edna, good Republicans, preferred to vote at home in Virginia, so they kept their voting residency there. The Old Dominion was heavily Democratic in those days. "At election time they greeted old friends with 'I'm here to kill your vote,'" said Scott.

Back then not much money changed hands, Willie Gentry remembers. "Coal oil was only ten cents a gallon. You traded brandy, wheat, chickens, butter, eggs, dried apples, and rabbits for coffee, pepper, and salt."

One year Edna bought a live turkey for Christmas dinner. The critter wouldn't eat, so she didn't kill it. Christmas came and went and it still ate nothing. By New Year's Day it was still alive and fasting, so she sold it. "But she had the use of it all through Christmas and New Year's," daughter-in-law Barbara, Willie's wife, recalled with a laugh.

W. C. Gentry loved animals, and enjoyed buying pets for his grandchildren. They were delighted with his choices, which were not the usual dog and cat variety of house pet. He had a pony, bantam chickens for each grandchild, and once he even bought a bear cub which was kept in a wooden crate near the mill. "I played with it and fed it by hand," Scott remembers. Grandma Edna worried. She knew the bear in time would grow large and dangerous, so she convinced W. C. to sell it.

Once when Edna was away, W. C. bought a deer and put it in the back bedroom. When she found it there, Willie remembers, "She was angry, but then she started laughing. It became quite a pet."

W. C. was a soft touch for any salesman who pulled up at the mill. "He bought anything that anyone brought by, night or day," recalled granddaughter Bonnie Dodson. "He'd buy banjos, Bibles, magazines, anything. Then they'd get to talking, and pretty soon W. C. would invite them to lunch."

He bought every insurance policy that came along, according to the family. "One was an accident policy that you had to be on a certain street corner at a certain time of day. He finally gave up that one," son Willie said in his most serious voice.

Another attraction for the grandchildren was the Saturday night movie in Marlinton, invariably a Western. The kids he took loved the film, but W. C. fidgeted during the finale, always a scene where the good guys take off after the bad guys. Everyone races over the rough ground on horses. "I can't stand it; they're abusing them," the kids would hear W. C. mutter. The grandchildren would try to calm him. "They don't take the picture all at once, they rest the horses." W. C. still couldn't watch, and would soon slip away.

"Afterwards we would find him outside, pale and shaken. 'I just can't stand it; they run those horses to death,' he would say. W. C. never saw the hero ride into the sunset," Scott said.

The visiting grandchildren loved to play and splash in Knapps Creek. Great rounded rocks and shaded water made the place a summertime favorite. They had a wooden tank they pretended was a boat, and tried to paddle it around.

Long, lazy summer days in Pocahontas County finally came to an end. The girls were growing up, going to high school. From then on, summer meant jobs at home. Wiley Allen stayed on as a summertime worker for his granddad, but there was no place for girls to work at a pin mill.

BUY WAR BONDS TO BEAT TH' BAND !

Dugan Drew It All

Recalling a Great Huntington Cartoonist

By Anne Drummond

Opposite: World War II brought out Irvin Dugan's best work. This unattractive trio is Adolph Hitler, Benito Mussolini, and Hideki Tojo. March 1943, courtesy Special Collections, James E. Morrow Library, Marshall University.

Below: The cartoonist presented his views through the folksy Adam, but he himself cut a distinguished figure. This portrait shows a middle-aged Irvin Dugan. Photographer and date unknown.

As a staff artist for the Huntington newspapers back in the 1930's, '40's and '50's, Irvin Dugan was called upon to sketch everything from Cam Henderson, Marshall University's new basketball coach, to an appeal for the needy in war-stricken countries. It was his job and for 30 years he did it with a smile.

Even though Dugan died several years ago, he lives on through the work he left behind. His surviving art gives us a glimpse of the past, an insight into the events that helped shape today's world. The volumes of drawings, consisting mainly of editorial cartoons, are housed in Marshall University's James E. Morrow Library, and flipping through them gives one a look at the everyday past that is much different from that found in the history books. Dugan's drawings allow us to walk once more through a time when Huntington was bustling, Marshall was still a college, and our country was at war.

Perhaps the greatest compliment an artist can receive is a request for "an original," and among Dugan's personal papers are many such requests. Thousands of his original drawings were given to those portrayed, and thank-you notes from the offices of presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman, as well as United Mine Workers President John L. Lewis, are among the papers preserved at Marshall.

Two letters from Huntington leaders stand out. They say much of the

Adam was Dugan's alter ego, always urging Huntingtonians to do the right thing. This detail from a larger cartoon promotes the buying of government bonds. Courtesy Morrow Library.

talent and character of Irvin Dugan, and of what his fellow citizens thought of him.

In April of 1950, W. W. Payne, mayor of Huntington, wrote to the cartoonist. "There are two people in this town who are worth millions," the mayor wrote. "Their value is too great to be estimated. I am referring to you and Harold Faller. When God made you two, he destroyed the pattern. You are both so capable of bringing serious matters to the attention of the people in a humorous way, you with the pen and Harold with words. If I had not known you two, I would have missed much in life." Humor columnist Harold Faller was Dugan's colleague at the paper.

In May of the same year, Dugan received a letter from C. D. Lauer, general secretary of the YMCA. "Your cartoon on the front page of the *Advertiser* was a dandy," Lauer wrote. "You could not have made a better likeness of me with a high-powered camera."

Painstaking detail is characteristic of Dugan's work, especially his pen-and-ink art. Also typical was his quiet disposition, but that didn't keep him from speaking out loudly every day in the newspaper. Most of Dugan's talking was done by "Adam." In fact, it is impossible to discuss the work of Irvin Dugan without, in the same breath, mentioning Adam.

Adam was a feisty little old man with wire-rimmed glasses and a corncob pipe who, over the years, became Dugan's cartoon spokesman. It was Adam's message that reached across the country, pleading for Americans to buy war bonds. Adam asked Huntingtonians to proudly display Old Glory, complained about downtown Christmas traffic, and pointed out the need for a lengthened runway at the airport.

In a 1954 readership survey, the Adam cartoon led the list of most-read features among the newspaper's subscribers. Adam spoke out for the March of Dimes, Christmas Seals, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the YMCA, and the fight against cerebral palsy, diabetes, multiple sclerosis and cancer. The caricature soon took on a personality all his own. "Adam looked very charming last Sunday wearing a badge," one reader wrote. "Thank you so much for 'Adam's' contribution," wrote another. A U.S. Treasury Department official wrote: "Your man with the corncob pipe is particularly nice."

Dugan had not set out to create an alter ego. Adam was an accident, "one of those quirks that often happen to an artist," according to the cartoonist's son. "He used Adam one Sunday to portray a need and the public adopted him," says James I. Dugan, Jr., now a real estate manager in California. "With the public's acceptance, he took off, but Adam wasn't created with the thought that he would become as important a character as he was."

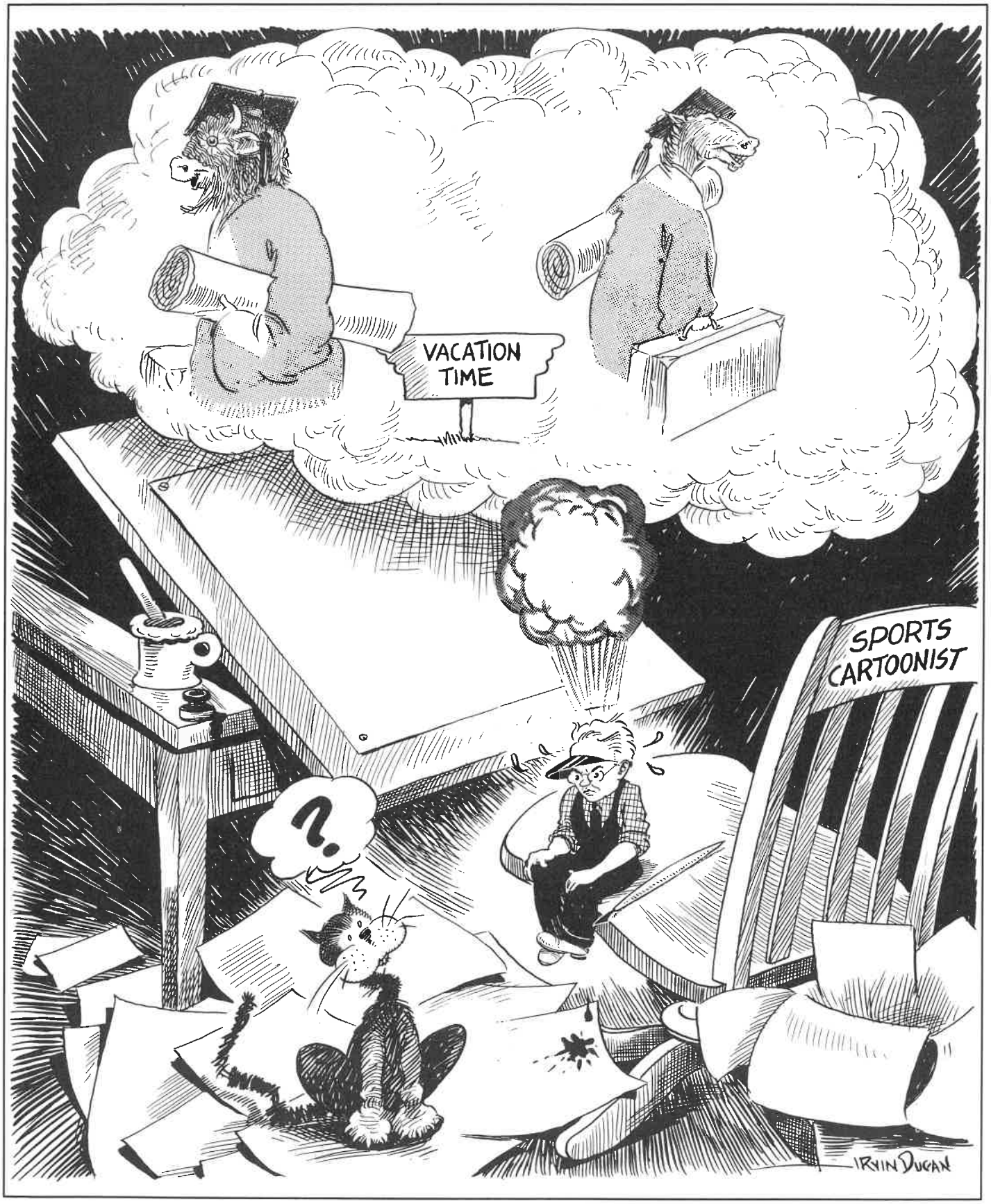
In a 1976 interview with the *Huntington Advertiser*, Irvin Dugan reminisced about Adam. "I thought for a long while before I named him," he said. "Since he was 'short of stature and long on wisdom,' like Adam in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, I gave him that name."

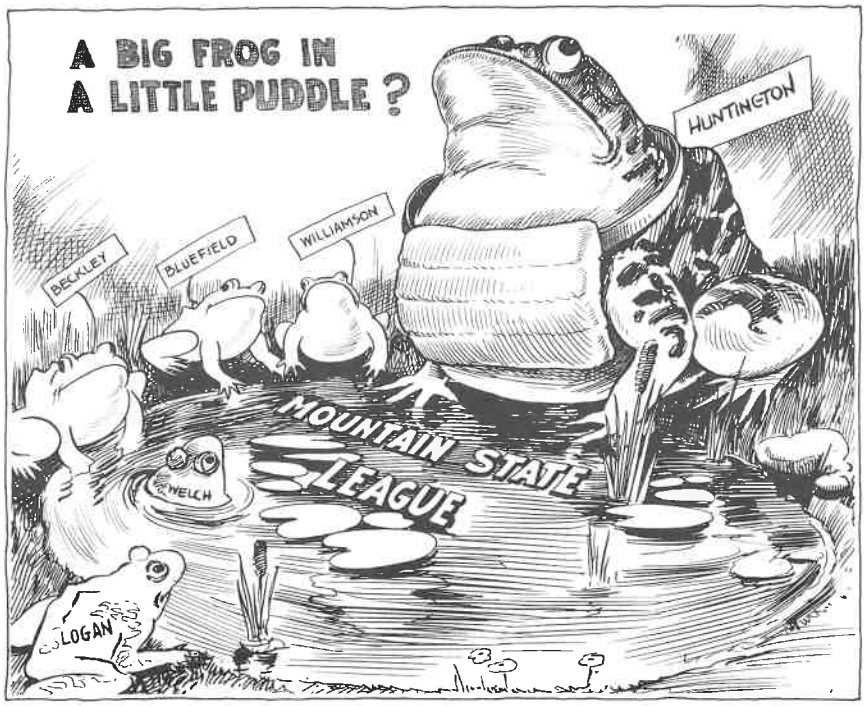
Adam's influence is noted in a wartime letter Dugan received from Margaret McAllister, a Women's Army Auxiliary Corps officer at the recruiting office in Huntington. "I knew he was into something from the comments on the street this morning and had to really hunt to find a copy of the popular *Sunday Herald-Advertiser*," she wrote of the cartoon figure. "Adam's approval should be all Huntington women need to tell them the WAACs is their place to serve."

Adam saw many of his suggestions approved and accepted, but there was one Huntington crusade that he lost, and it is perhaps the one most people remember him for. "One lifelong project was the 23rd Street overpass," recalls Maurice Kaplan, a retired photographer who worked with Dugan for many years. "Adam pouted for it all the time, and Dugan really thought it would happen in his lifetime."

A 23rd Street overpass would have relieved the traffic tie-ups that were frequently caused where the railroad

Marshall University's Thundering Herd and Huntington High's Pony Express teams head off for vacation in this 1938 cartoon, but the sports cartoonist had no such luck. This cartoon was exhibited at the 1939 New York World's Fair. Courtesy Morrow Library.





tracks cross over Third and Fifth avenues in Huntington. The city was booming at the time, with plenty of trains and cars. "With the B&O and C&O passenger trains and coal trains all using those tracks, sometimes there would be 15 or 20 trains at those crossings in a 24-hour period," Kaplan explained. "An overpass was his one-man crusade. It was something he thought was needed, even though it didn't really affect him. It didn't affect access to his home, or anything like that."

But it was not to be. The overpass remains unbuilt, the local traffic problem no longer as great as it once was. In the 1976 newspaper interview Dugan said that upon his retirement, his only regret was that "Adam didn't live long enough to see the overpass built."

In that same interview, the artist recalled his daily routine. "I drew rough sketches of each cartoon in pencil and submitted them to the editor for his approval," he explained. "Usually I had my ideas when I went in each morning. I'd think of them the day before and sleep on them at night. I spent the better part of a day on each cartoon."

On one of his more famous cartoons — "Buy War Bonds To Beat Th' Band!" — Dugan gave credit to a friend who evidently had given him the idea. Under his sprawling signature, Dugan added, "Suggested by Henry Schroeder." The World War II cartoon, in support of a war bond drive, features caricatures of Adolf Hitler, Italian dictator Benito Mussolini, and Japan's Warlord Hideki Tojo in the role of frenetic musicians.

Most of Dugan's colleagues remember him as a quiet, congenial person who kept to himself. He was born in Guyandotte, now part of Huntington, on February 8, 1892, the son of James and Lizzie W. Dugan. After attending Huntington's public schools, young Dugan studied art at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and Boston's New School of Design. During World War I he served as a draftsman for the Navy in Portsmouth, Virginia.

It was there in 1919 that he married the former Anna Berry. Anna, a Navy nurse during the war, was originally from Big Ugly Creek, Lincoln County. Their only child was born while the Dugans lived in Virginia.

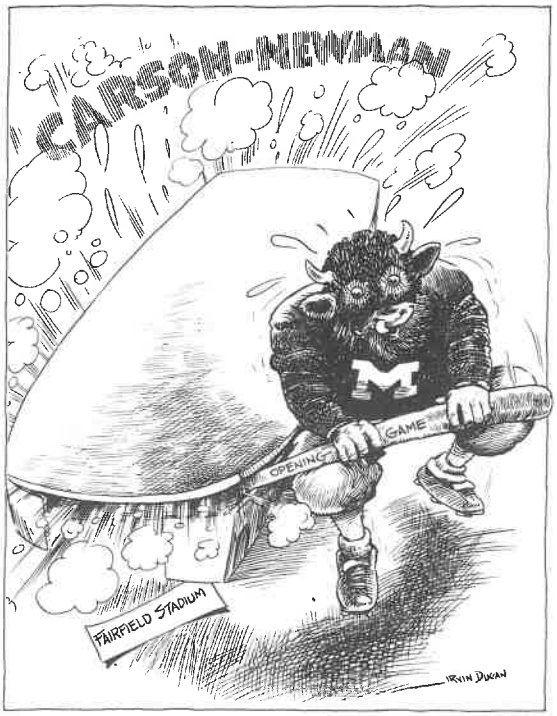
When Dugan returned to Huntington he was self-employed for a short time and then worked as an engraver for the Compton Engraving Company. When he joined the Huntington newspapers in 1927 he was at first mainly an airbrush artist, according to his son. "He would do the art for the society pages and advertisements, large fashion drawings — sometimes full pages," Dugan, Jr., recalled. "That was the old-time artwork, primarily airbrush." Later, political cartoons, civic concerns and the World War II war effort would dominate Irvin Dugan's work days.

"He was a very quiet, self-effacing man," recalled Ernie Salvatore, a coworker for several years. "He always wore a bow tie, with his gray hair combed straight back."

But even though he kept to himself, Dugan reached out through his art. "He did one real nice thing for all the members of the Press Club," Salvatore recalled. "Back then the Press Club was in the basement of the Chamber of Commerce building. There was a bar, a piano, that sort of thing. Irv made line drawings of all members of the club, and of any celebrities who would come in. These drawings were hung all along the wall of the Club. It was very nice."

Besides line art sketches of his colleagues, Dugan drew, and gave away, many non-cartoon pieces. A picture of Christ was donated to the Methodist church where he was a member; a portrait of Daniel Boone was presented to the local Boy Scout office.

Dugan had much success getting his work displayed, on the walls of local buildings and throughout the country. In 1938 a Dugan caricature of President Roosevelt hung at the National Press Club's annual dinner



Far Left: Local sports was always a popular subject. Here Chick Ferrell pumps new life into the Booster Bees, Huntington's minor league baseball team. Courtesy Morrow Library.

Center: At the start of the 1938 season, Dugan fretted that Huntington would outmatch the competition. He needn't have worried — the home team wound up in the cellar that year. March 1938, courtesy Morrow Library.

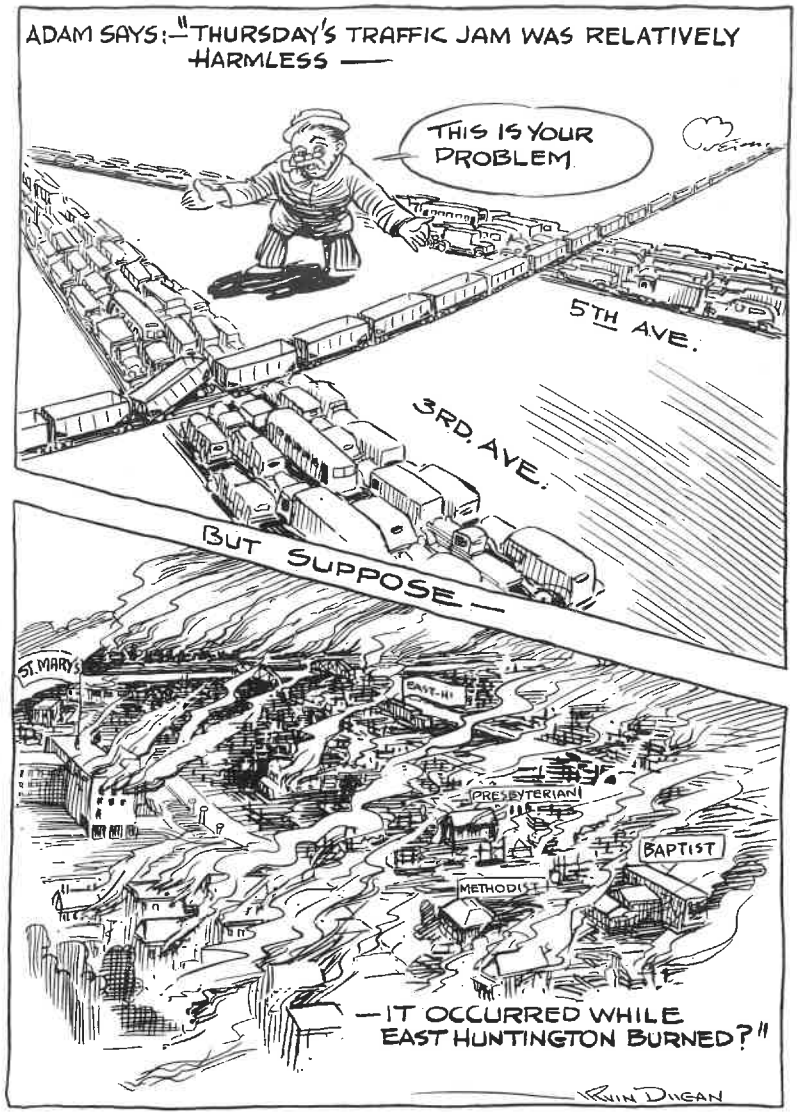
Left: "Marco," the Marshall Thundering Herd mascot, was a special favorite. Here he pries the lid off Fairfield Stadium in the 1938 season opener. September 1938, courtesy Morrow Library.

Below: The crusade for a 23rd Street overpass was one battle Dugan lost, though Maurice Kaplan says, "Adam pouted for it all the time." These are two of many cartoons devoted to the subject. Courtesy Morrow Library.

for the president in Washington, and the artwork later became part of a permanent gallery there. His cartoon, "Uncle Sam and the Ballot Box," was hung in 1939 in the press building of the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island in San Francisco.

Dugan's art is also part of permanent collections at the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino, California, and at major American universities. His work from the campaign of 1940 is part of an exhibit of political cartoons past and present at Princeton. He also, on request, sent out originals to be housed in the William Allen White School of Journalism at the University of Kansas, as part of their Albert T. Reid cartoon collection.

During the 1939 New York World's Fair, a cartoon of Dugan's was voted among the best in the nation. The



World's Fair Academy of Sport was exhibiting cartoons by artists from newspapers throughout the United States, and from all the drawings on display a "Best Sport Cartoon of the Year" was chosen. Dugan's cartoon received enough votes to place it among the five leaders.

One of his political cartoons, mark-

War brought more serious concerns than rooting for local ball teams. Here Uncle Sam implores citizens to recycle scrap for the war effort. October 1942, courtesy Morrow Library.

ing the fourth anniversary of China's Nationalist Government, was exhibited in New York in 1941. The exhibit was sponsored by the United China Relief, and Dugan's artwork, along with that of the other exhibitors, was later forwarded to Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Another of his cartoons was awarded first place in a 1954 editorial cartoon competition sponsored by the Disabled American Veterans. That art won him a $250 prize.

"My dad was dedicated to artwork and the Masonic Lodge," his son remembers. Dugan remained an active Mason until his retirement. He was a Past Grand High Priest of West Virginia, a High Priest of the Royal Arch Masons, and a Patron of the Order of the Eastern Star. He was also active in the Knights Templar and the Shriners. And even though he was a staunch Democrat he would draw cartoons with a Republican flavor, if needed. "It was a job," Dugan, Jr., says.

Irvin Dugan was called upon many times during World War II to help with the fundraising effort. His work was often used by the U.S. Treasury Department, especially in art releases that were sent to newspapers throughout the country.

His drawings promoted war bonds and stamps, the payroll savings campaign, and direct federal taxes. Then came the Second War Loan Drive, the Third War Loan Drive, and the Fourth War Loan Drive. Letters from the Treasury begin to sound like a broken record: "This is the biggest and toughest Drive yet," a Treasury Department letter reads, requesting Dugan's help for yet another loan campaign. "But whatever effort and sacrifice it takes cannot equal by one hour what men on the invasion fronts must face." Irv Dugan believed that, and he put his best work into helping the boys overseas.

One of his cartoons was reprinted on the front page of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* every day for six months during the war — an unprecedented event. "Here's mine. Where's Yours?" portrayed Adam standing between a pay window and a payroll deduction counter with his dinner pail under one arm, holding a newly purchased bond.

There were cartoons reminding readers to save scrap — tin cans and waste paper — for the war effort, and there were artwork memorials to the dead.

At war's end Dugan was asked to request, in his cartoons, funds for the Victory Loan. "We need the money to help provide care of the wounded, to meet transportation expenses of men coming home, to help pay mustering out costs and provide necessary items for those who must remain in occupied countries," the government letter reads. The Huntington artist was also asked to help the Victory Clothing Collection for overseas relief. Its motto was "What Can You Spare That They Can Wear?"

For 30 years Dugan, like all good newspaper people, kept his finger on the pulse of society. And for 30 years he portrayed it, as he saw it, day after day. From winning the war to local education needs, to marble tournaments, to political elections, to band festivals — Dugan drew it all.

There was time for family life, as well. "He wasn't extroverted," Dugan's son recalled, "but he was the kind of parent who was always there. He encouraged steady work habits and went to church every week." Dugan was a member of the Highlawn Methodist Church in Huntington, where he served as a deacon.

"He was very religious," his son adds. "Even if I worked until three o'clock in the morning, I had to get up and go to church. If I couldn't get up, I didn't work any more."

When Dugan retired in 1957 he and his wife moved to Phoenix. "I was his only child, and they wanted to be near my family," Dugan, Jr., explained, adding that his father kept in close contact with West Virginia friends until his death. Those friends hated to see him leave the state. "Your cartoons will be missed a great deal by all," wrote Harold L. Frankel, mayor of Huntington, upon Dugan's retirement. "Huntington can be mighty proud of the many fine things you have done during your many years as a citizen here."

In Phoenix, Dugan worked part-time for nine more years as a re-toucher for the *Phoenix Gazette*. It was shortly after his move there that his artistic ability helped police solve a bank robbery. "Somehow he got mixed up in the police investigation," recalls his Barboursville friend, J. W. Vandall. By sketching the suspect's facial characteristics, similar to police composite sketches, Dugan gave investigators a picture to go by. "He said he was commended personally by J. Edgar Hoover." Vandall, a fellow Mason, remembers Dugan as "a man as honest as the day is long."

Dugan was also giving thought to his art legacy during this period of his life. "I got down a bundle of old cartoons that had never been opened since arrival and Anna and I just had a ball finding things we had forgotten," he wrote in 1963 to H. R. Pinckard, who was then editor of the *Herald-Advertiser*. Eleven years later, in 1974, he donated 575 original cartoons to the university library.

Meanwhile, the old cartoonist was settling deeper into western retirement. "He liked to get out and walk every day," Dugan's son remembers. "He could do that in Arizona because of the weather — it was always sunny and warm. Besides that, he loved dogs, and he enjoyed the fireplace on a cool winter night."

Dugan died on March 17, Saint Patrick's Day, 1982, at the age of 90. Huntington newsmakers of his day left buildings they had built, or businesses, or words on a printed page. Irvin Dugan left his mark through his cartoons and artwork. Today they provide a wonderful opportunity for us to take a walk back through history, jogging memories of a different time.

For Irvin Dugan, it was all in an honest day's work.

Left: Irvin Dugan did advertising art and portraiture, in addition to cartooning, in his long career. This realistic portrait of Huntington sports legend Cam Henderson illustrates one facet of his talent. Courtesy Morrow Library

Below: The problems and possibilities of postwar America left Adam a bit bewildered. He retired when creator Irvin Dugan did, in 1957. Courtesy Morrow Library.

"These Times Stand Out in Memory"

Reminiscences by Chessie Clay Bennett

Chessie Bennett remembers her marriage to Bill Milam as a time of great happiness. This portrait with baby Lillian was made in 1923. Photographer unknown.

On December 16, 1904, my parents saw me for the first time. My father said to my mother, "Laura, she's not too much to look at but I think we'll have to keep her. Besides, she might look better when she's washed up." They gave me the name of Chessie Faye Clay. We lived in a log house at Rock Creek in Raleigh County.

Memories of my early childhood are cloudy but I recall some incidents very clearly. I think the only time I ever saw my gentle and generous mother angry was once when I was about four years old and Dad was punishing my older brother, Cecil, more severely than my mother thought necessary. This time she was a whirlwind of fury. Dinner was laid out on the kitchen table waiting for us when all hell broke loose. Dishes and food flew fast and furiously. Cecil was spared as Dad ran from the room laughing and ducking our dinner.

I remember one time on the farm when Cecil was plowing up some new ground for planting corn. Mother gave me a pail of water to take to him. I begged him to let me plow while he rested. After much persuading, he agreed, saying, "Be careful." Well, I was too short to hold the handles so I stepped between them and held the bar. I slapped the reins and the horse took off. After a few feet, the plow point hit a rock and the plow, me and all, went over and dragged a few feet before Cecil could stop the horse. This was my one and only experience trying to plow.

Although the winters were cold and harsh, my fondest memories of this time were days when Dad couldn't get to the lumbering operation at the head of Rock Creek and would take us to the one-room school on a sled pulled by our faithful old

Family photos and a sharp memory keep the past alive for Mrs. Bennett. Photo by Greg Clark.

horse, Toby. Dad had been a teacher at one time and both he and mother were insistent that we get a good educational foundation. The lessons were hard and memory work was an expected part of the curriculum. I was later to learn that memorization is a lesser part of learning, but I guess it did have its merit. I can still recite "The Village Blacksmith."

When I was about ten years old, we moved from the farm to Lester, which is near Beckley. At Lester, my father was the constable and Mother ran the boardinghouse which was called the Palace Hotel. It was there I learned a deep appreciation for music. One of Mother's hired girls taught me to play the organ and piano. I'm thankful, because music has always added a special dimension to my happiness.

When I got out of school in the afternoon, I would go down to the train station to meet the evening train. I had a paper route and the Cincinnati papers came up on the train. Sometimes it would be dark before I was finished delivering my papers.

I remember when the Eccles mine disaster happened in 1914. Dad rushed to the mine to help with the rescue mission and didn't return home for days. Mother prepared baskets of food and sent them to help feed the volunteers. We later learned that 183 miners lost their lives in that terrible tragedy.

One day my younger brother, Mayo, decided to run away from home. He asked Dad to help him saddle old Toby and tie his clothes, bound up in a red handkerchief, to the back of the saddle. Mayo was angry and was determined to go live with Grandmother Clay. Dad helped him up on the horse. Cecil and I were standing back on the porch crying because we didn't want to see our brother go away. Mayo looked so small in that big saddle. Once he was convinced that we had all suffered enough, he said, "What you-all cryin' for? I'm not goin' nowhere."

About 1915, we moved back to the farm and Dad built us a new house on land that was a gift from his mother. Grandmother Nancy Ann Clay made one request of her son. The pride of the property was an ancient and beautiful oak tree that stood beside the garden plot. She asked that Dad cut and saw the tree so she could have a coffin made. This he did. After the lumber had dried, Dad hired a carpenter to make the coffin and Grandmother finished it herself with cotton padding and silk lining.

Dad built a room on the side porch to store the coffin and Grandmother showed it to anybody who cared to look. Everybody thought it was a beauty, as far as coffins go. We children didn't admire it as much as Grandma. We would run by the room when she was in there looking at it. Grandma lived with her coffin 16 years before she died at age 96.

In 1917, we were blessed with the birth of a baby sister, who was named Hazel. The following year Mother and Dad moved the family to Montcoal, still in Raleigh County. Once again Mother opened a boardinghouse for the many workers, some as young as 15, who came from the farms and outlying areas of rural

Left: Charles Robert and Laura Acord Clay, Chessie's parents, at their golden wedding anniversary in 1949. The Clays took part in Raleigh County's transition from farming to coal mining. Photographer unknown.

Right: Chessie Clay was a striking young woman. This portrait was made around the time of her marriage to Bill Milam. Photographer unknown, early 1920's.

West Virginia to work in the coalfields. One of these young men by the name of William King Milam caught my eye. He was so handsome, intelligent, had a wonderful sense of humor, and, best of all, appeared to be taken by me. However, romance had to wait until I grew up and earned my first teaching certificate.

My first teaching job was at Clay's Branch, about 15 miles from home. It was a somewhat frightening undertaking for a 16-year-old girl. On Monday mornings, I would leave home at 5:00 a.m. with a lantern to guide me along the winding railway tracks and through a cemetery. That last shortcut hastened the steps of my journey. During the week, I boarded with Aunt Mandy Bone who was both kind and caring. On Fridays, I would trace my steps back home to my family and my handsome young Bill.

One Monday morning while walking to school, I met a neighbor who told me my school had been vandalized. Upon arriving at the scene, I saw that the door had been chopped down, windows broken, seats and stove turned over, and the books ruined. Sadly I sent the children home and posted a notice on the hitching post: SCHOOL CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. With no school there was nothing else to do, so I went to one of the school trustees and resigned. That day I made my last long trek through the cemetery and along the railroad tracks as I returned home.

On June 1, 1921, my beloved Bill and I were married and for a short time lived with Mother and Dad. Soon we were able to move into a house across the road. Each morning, when I got up to fix breakfast while Bill was still sleeping, I would slip out and cross over to Mother's house to pick up a pan of biscuits that were always ready. In his gracious manner, Bill said they were almost as good as Mother's.

The following year our first-born arrived, a little girl we named Laura Lillian. Our lives were filled with bright hopes for the future together. To assure these plans for our new life and baby girl, I decided to return to teaching while Mother cared for Lillian. My understanding principal allowed me to come home at noontime to breast-feed my baby.

At this time, my little sister, Hazel, was too young for school but eager to attend. I would take her by the hand, lead her to school and let her stay with me while I taught. I only taught for one year this time because Bill wanted me to stay home and have more babies.

A year later, our second daughter was born. We named her Barbara Erle. She had curly black hair and the promise of brown eyes like her daddy. Bill had wanted a boy but wasn't too disappointed. Now, there were four of us. When Lillian was born, Bill gave me a piano for my accomplishment. When Barbara came along, he gave me my first car, a Model T Ford, but it was put in his name. Anyway, our little family enjoyed it.

Our wonderful life together ended all too soon. On July 1, 1928, Bill Milam died. The future seemed bleak and hopeless without his love in my life. Bill had not been well for some time before he died and we had a lot of medical bills. After his death, I endeavored to pay these debts by selling the car and all our household furnishings. Everything was sold except Bill's bookcase, his gold watch and my piano. With my two babies, I went back home to safety and secu-

Bill Milam's 1928 death left Chessie with a family to raise. Here she poses with daughters Lillian and Barbara on the Concord College campus. Photographer unknown, about 1935.

rity with Mother and Father, now living at Pettus. The years to come would test my courage and challenge my ability to make a life for me and my two girls.

It was necessary for me to earn a living for my little family. Since teaching was about the only thing for a young girl at this time, I decided this would be my career. It had always been the most satisfying thing I had done. During the summer months, I attended Concord College and rented a small apartment on campus. My girls would visit me there and play on the college lawn, reading and coloring pictures while I was in class. These times will always stand out in our memories as an especially beautiful period in our lives together.

In spite of Bill's parting request that I marry a good man to take care of my girls and me, I didn't remarry until 16 years later. A brief, bittersweet marriage left me alone again after six years, when Conley Bennett and I were divorced.

There are certain incidents in my life that I remember with great humor and nostalgia. One, which I think of as the curtain caper, happened at the boardinghouse at Montcoal. We were prosperous enough to own one set of lace curtains, and since all windows in the house were the same size, they would fit anywhere. When the hired girl had a date, she would move the curtains to the room where she wished to entertain. The curtains lasted longer than any of her romances. If only curtains could talk!

Another story is about a peddler. Mother told me that a traveling salesman once visited the community peddling spectacles. Pair after pair offered no improvement for Mother. After many trials, he offered one last pair, which she found to be perfect. He charged her $20 and left. Upon inspection of her new glasses, Mother discovered that in the confusion the traveling salesman had made $20 by convincing her to buy her own glasses, the same ones she had worn for several years. The salesman never returned. I guess he knew we were waiting for him.

Our family's favorite story happened many, many years ago and has been told from one generation to another. It seemed that Great-grandfather Charles Clay had an argument with his son, Henry, which left bitter feelings on both sides. After several weeks, Henry decided that ill feelings between father and son were foolish. So the next morning, knowing that his father always passed his gate on the way to work, Henry waited until he saw him approach. He then said, "Good morning, Father," which was ignored. As Charles passed in front of the gate, Henry again said, "Good morning, Father." Again, no response. Charles walked on and Henry called loudly, "GOOD MORNING, FATHER!" And then with great agitation, Charles turned around, looked at his son and said, "Good morning, Henry, since you are so damn keen for it."

I've had my share of sorrow during my life, but God has always been with me to help me bear his will. Sometimes we wonder why our loved ones must leave us, but we know that we are born to die. When my time comes, I hope I can leave with as much dignity as my beloved Bill, my brothers Cecil and Mayo, and my dear mother and father. When we leave this world, we will go to a more beautiful place and will be with many we know who are ready to welcome us. I have no fear.

Music and painting have been important hobbies for Mrs. Bennett. She makes her home in Beckley today. Photo by Greg Clark.

"Why Don't You Bake Bread?"

Franklin Trubee and the Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy

Interview by Ronald L. Lewis

Scotts Run has carved a seven-mile hollow tumbling to its confluence with the Monongahela River near Morgantown. The valley is barely wide enough for State Route 7, a railroad branch line, and the creek itself, but by the Great Depression "the Run" was lined for the first five miles with rows of company houses tying together the coal towns of Osage, Pursglove, Jere, and Cassville. About 5,000 people lived in the hollow. Interspersed among the houses were stores, beer parlors, post offices, and various coal company buildings. There were a few churches, but no resident clergy. And if ever a place needed the solace of religion, Scotts Run certainly did.

The Depression hit the West Virginia coalfields with particular severity. In Monongalia County the percentage of people on relief rose to 41% in April 1933, but in some coal-dependent pockets nearly two-thirds of the families were on the dole. Scotts Run was one of the most devastated places. The creek was sulfurous yellow, and houses perched on the hillsides had open sewers and privies which drained into the stream. Hunger, malnutrition, and typhoid fever were widespread. A writer for the Atlantic Monthly *called Scotts Run "the damndest cesspool of human misery I have ever seen in America."*

First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt visited the Run, and was so affected by the conditions that she dedicated herself to alleviating the suffering and destitution. With the assistance of President Roosevelt she helped to implement a plan to resettle miners from the Run into a new government community to be built in Preston County where there would be ample room

This is the original "Shack," a company store turned into a community center. The building and its successors symbolized the Scotts Run self-help projects. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia and Regional History Collection, WVU.

Franklin Trubee is now a retired clergyman. He began his ministry as a Depression-era missionary in Monongalia County. Photo by Ronald L. Lewis.

for subsistence farming and handicrafts industries. Thus, between 1934 and 1937 some 150 families were moved to the resettlement town of Arthurdale.

Something more was needed for the hundreds of families who stayed behind. The earliest relief efforts came from Mary Behner, a 1928 graduate of Wooster College in Ohio and a native of Morgantown. Determined to "do something" for the people of Scotts Run, she begged the use of an old company store in Pursglove and began a Sunday school there. An exchange for used clothing was added to her work in what locals soon dubbed "the Shack." After several years, Behner was joined by the Reverend A. Lee Klaer, student minister at the Westminster Foundation at WVU, and the Reverend W. E. Brooks, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Morgantown.

The additional assistance organized by the two preachers was crucial to the effort begun by Mary Behner, but it never filled the needs of the people they were trying to serve. After a prolonged effort to convince the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. to support a permanent mission for Scotts Run, they finally succeeded. Money was still scarce in 1937 so a joint partnership for sharing the costs was arranged between the Board, the American Friends Service Committee (a Quaker group), and Eleanor Roosevelt, with each party sharing a third of the costs.

The missionary who was selected to undertake this assignment was the Reverend Franklin Trubee. As a theology student in Pittsburgh he had met Klaer at an interfaith meeting, and through him successfully negotiated for the assignment. Upon graduation in May 1938, the newly-ordained minister proceeded directly to his post to become one of only two Presbyterian missionaries to serve in the West Virginia coalfields during the Great Depression.

In an interview at his home, the Reverend Trubee recently described himself as a "very unlikely candidate" for work in the coalfields, having grown up on a farm in rural Greene County, Ohio. His father had been orphaned at age six, and his own mother died a few months after Franklin was born in 1915. The same foster parents who had raised his father then brought up young Franklin. They left what little they had to him, a Model T Ford and the friendship of the president of nearby Cedarville College. In 1931 Franklin enrolled in Cedarville, worked his way through, and after graduation entered the University of Pittsburgh theological seminary.

As a Presbyterian missionary to Scotts Run, Franklin Trubee received a salary of $1,300 a year and $100 to maintain an automobile. Low pay and big problems were the necessities which mothered inventiveness in his case. With so little money at his disposal, he had to be creative in his approach. The community center which he planned and had constructed, the second "Shack" (a third Shack would replace this one in later years), provided numerous outreach services. The most original of the relief programs launched by the Reverend Trubee, however, was the Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy, a labor-for-goods system which used its own scrip as the medium of exchange, a cash-free system for a cashless people.

Franklin Trubee. The Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy, as we called it, came about in this manner. After we completed the building during the months of July and October, 1938, there were two things we could do immediately. One we could do easily, that was to provide a place where groups that were related to the community could meet and a place where we could offer some low-cost entertainment.

The second thing was to provide direct economic help. There were many people unemployed. The Reverend A. Lee Klaer, who was the director of the West Virginia student service project on the West Virginia University campus, and I decided that somehow we would find enough money to bring in a man from Merom, Indiana, by the name of Hjalmar Rutzebeck.

Rutzebeck was a Dane who specialized, both in Denmark and in this country, in helping people help themselves. We brought him in, and he talked at a meeting of the people on the Run about helping themselves improve their situation. He talked for a few minutes about the power of people when they are determined to help one another.

We had somewhere between 350 and 500 people in the building. He said, "Who of you have some skill other than mining?" We had some people who said, "In Europe I was a farmer, a tailor, a shoemaker, I was a baker, I was a gardener." He wrote

Pursglove was one of several mining communities on Scotts Run. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.

all of these on the board, and then asked, "How many of you who have skills would be willing to turn those skills to helping one another? And so he began to write down names.

"Now, what are the things that you need?" Well, of course they said they needed food, and they needed clothing, they needed medical assistance. So he asked those of us who were involved with the project, "Have you checked to see whether you could get government surplus food," chiefly flour, raisins, prunes, and so on. And we said, yes, we had.

"Well," he said, "why don't you bake bread?" Someone responded, "It takes things that are not offered by the government to bake bread, such as salt, sugar, and yeast. And you have to have a place to bake it. The kind of ovens we have, you cannot even bake your own."

He said, "How many of you know what a Dutch oven is?" Several who were from the old country said they did. "Some of you who used to be brick masons could build one," Rutzebeck said. "I have traveled around your community and have asked questions, but nobody seems to know who owns the ruins of those old kilns down along the river. I'm sure nobody will care if you put those bricks to use. The bricks are tumbled down, but are whole, and you can clean off the mortar and use them."

Also, he continued, "I stopped at a big bakery and asked if they had any old baking pans they didn't use. They said yes, they were in awful shape, but there were a lot of them, and the manager said that he would give them to us if we put them to a good use."

We raised some money, bought the things that the government couldn't supply us with, and we went into the bread business. The brick masons built a double Dutch oven that could hold three pans, each capable of baking 99 loaves. So each day, and twice on Saturday, we baked bread, and that was how we started.

Rutzebeck also described a plan that today we recognize as similar to the one used by Goodwill and the Salvation Army to collect clothes, shoes, and other things. "Why don't you get yourselves some burlap sacks, decide on a name for yourself, stencil that name on the sacks, and put it on the porches of homes in Morgantown. Then once a week go pick up the sacks and leave another one." And that's what we did. For bigger items, we left a note with the sack stating that we would also pick up furniture, toys, or anything else. Then we found an old building at one of the defunct mines and we made it into our clothing and furniture salvage center. We had people who were able to do everything that was needed. They cleaned, they mended, they even made clothes from scratch.

Rutzebeck also told us that we should check to see if there was some ground that we could get for free. Someone from West Virginia University was at the meeting and he said that he knew of a piece of land ad-

Scotts Run living conditions were stark in the best of times. When the Depression put the occupants of company houses out of work, misery spread throughout the hollow. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.

Self-help was the remedy proposed by the Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy, and a commercial bakery was the first project. This unidentified baker was photographed in the late 1930's. Photographer unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.

vertised for tax sale for just a few dollars up on top of the hill behind Pursglove. Someone said that land was so sour and grown up with thorns that it was worthless. Rutzebeck's response was, "Well, it sounds to me like the ground is level, and if that is all that is wrong with it then you can find a way to clear the thorns, to sweeten the soil."

This was in October. That winter we acquired that 15 acres, and every suitable day a large group of people, both men and women, cleared the blackthorn. We also got lime to sweeten the soil through the Works Progress Administration.

Ron Lewis. Where did you get the money to buy the land?

FT. Well, another professor, a man by the name of Henderson, who was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, bought the 15 acres for not quite $30 in back taxes, and then he donated it to the Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy. So that's how we got the gardens going. We canned most of the vegetables that we grew. For the first year we had 25 pressure cookers that would preserve seven quarts at a time, running 24 hours a day for six weeks, and we preserved about 60,000 cans of food.

We also sold several tons of cabbage to a wholesale grocer in Fairmont. The WPA had loaned us a three-quarter-ton, partly worn-out Ford truck, and the grocer wanted five tons of cabbage. It took us five trips to deliver it. We were called to deliver five tons for the next morning at 4:30, and I was just about ready to say no when I realized it was a cool night and a full moon. Our people cut cabbage all night by moonlight, and got the cabbages ready.

The Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy involved approximately 500 families, sometimes two people out of a family, in the labor force. They worked the gardens, picked the produce, carried it down the hills, canned it, did all these things by hand. In return, they were paid in SRE scrip valued at 12 and a half cents for a half-hour's work, which they could redeem for anything we had. We had a local auditor, an injured miner who was out of work, who was a pretty smart man. He saw to it that we kept within reasonable limits as to how much scrip was out, and how much value we had. So we were never embarrassed by not being able to offer people something for their scrip.

There were some other things that were offshoots of this in the next little village of Jere. There were about 30 families who had no access at all to pure water. They had to carry jugs of water by hand for at least a mile. With the help of donated labor we were able to tap onto one of the mine company's water systems. We put a spigot in the center of town that was operated by key. You paid 15 cents a month for your key to use the spigot.

RL. Who handed out the scrip?

FT. The amount available to the job managers, like Foster Molisee with the gardens, Allen Harrow with the clothing, and so forth, was controlled by our local auditor. If the managers ran out of scrip they received more, but the auditor always knew how much they had. The managers had to report every month what they had produced.

RL. Who controlled the Reciprocal Economy?

FT. Control was in the hands of a steering committee made up of the people who were being helped. Advice, support, and expertise came from several sources. I was educated in mathematics and chemistry, which I found valuable in the work I did there, as well as in religion. My friend at the student service project, Reverend Lee Klaer, had some skills that helped us, especially in social work. Professors in many departments at

Gardening was another major project of the Reciprocal Economy. Reverend Trubee recalls filling an overnight order for five tons of cabbage, perhaps including the plants these men are hoeing. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.

WVU got interested in our work, too. Some of them gave us their physical labor while others gave just the technical advice we needed. Members of the Presbyterian Church in Morgantown, representing many different lines of work, also gave us help. None of these people held office in the SRE, however.

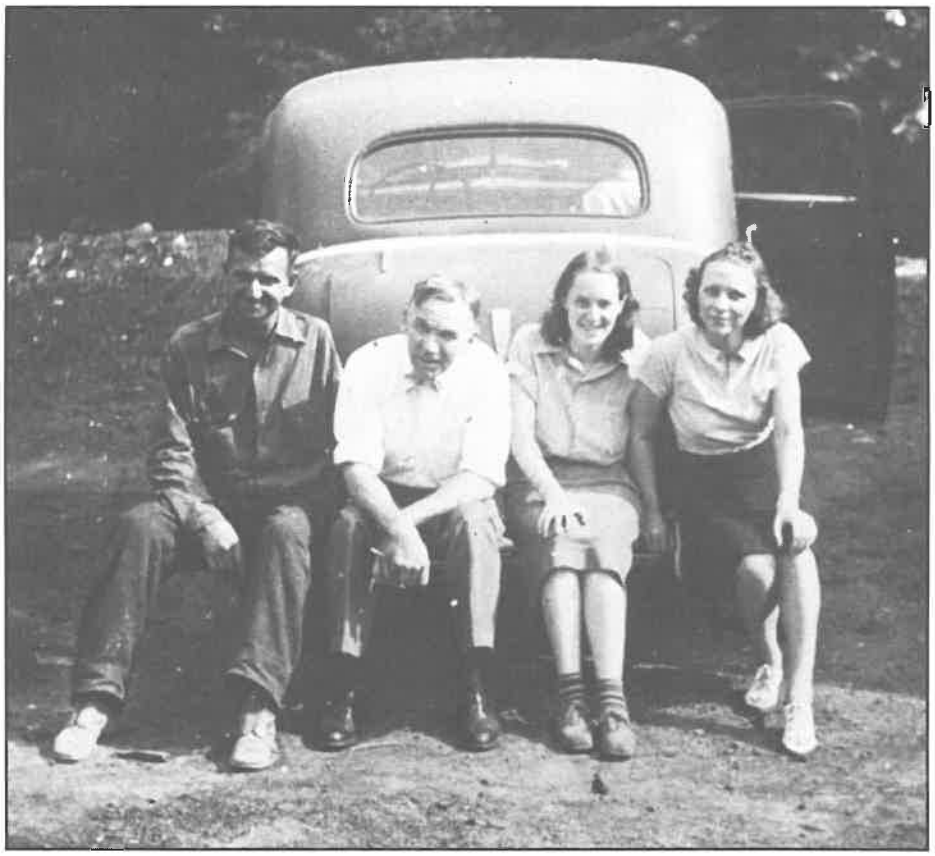
RL. Did the federal government provide you with any assistance?

FT. The WPA gave us a truck to use, as well as the pressure cookers. They also loaned us a man who was essentially an agricultural economist, named Bushrod Grimes. Bushrod knew Washington, knew who to contact for help, and how to get things done generally. He gave us a lot of agricultural advice, and was a very valuable resource person.

RL. You were responsible for building the second Shack. How did that come about?

FT. We had $21,000 to construct a building. Even during the Depression $21,000 wouldn't go too far toward putting up the kind of building our sponsors wanted, but we found enough volunteers and managed to get the building up and in use in about three months.

RL. What were some of the organizational problems that you encountered?



FT. Mainly getting people of the community to take part. This disappeared when we organized the Reciprocal Economy because then they knew that we were with them, that we worked for them, and they reaped the benefits. We really had no opposition, but occasionally there were a few rumblings from the mine owners about the meetings that were held in our building because some of the miners would get pretty stirred up.

RL. How did the operators show their displeasure?

FT. It would come in various ways, never anything threatening. Comments like "you better just stick to religion and keep your nose out of our business," that type of thing. I only knew one mine owner, Sam Pursglove. He lived in the Morgantown area. He was not a stuffy guy. A miner could walk down the street and say, "Hello, Sam."

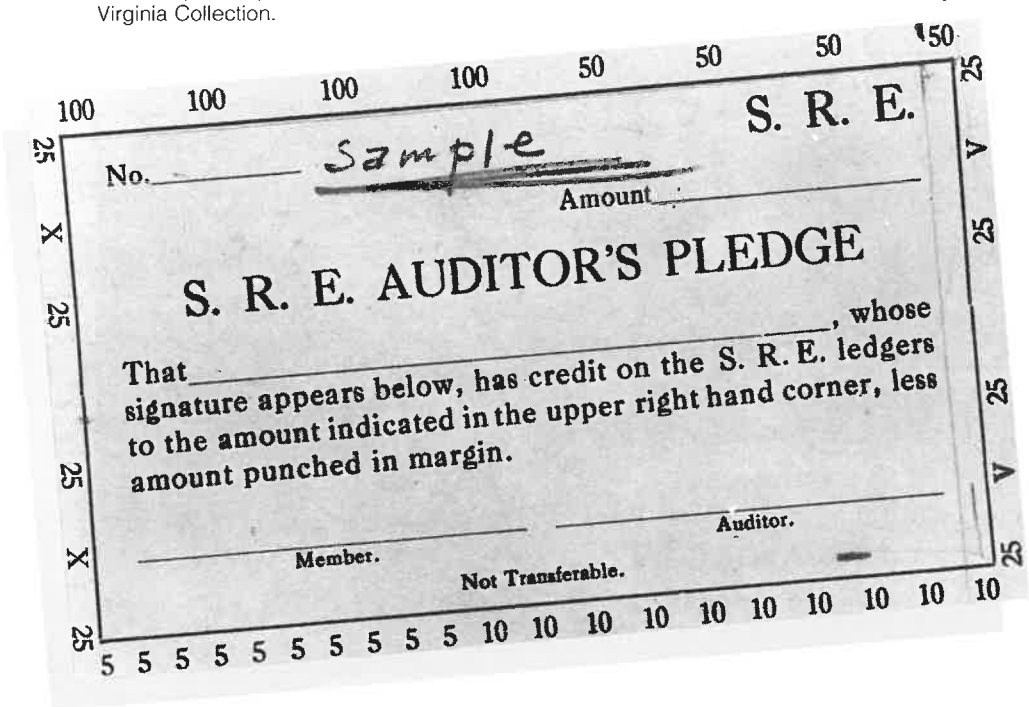
RL. Did he help you in any way?

FT. No — well, yes, occasionally. He never charged us anything for the lights in that old Shack, and he didn't charge us anything for the water we used in Jere when we tapped into one of his lines. He was not an open enemy.

During the first year or so there were some flare-ups, but there wasn't a real strike during my time. Occasionally I heard shots hit the metal tipple but they were not really aimed at anybody.

Above: Bushrod Grimes, second from left, was a WPA agricultural economist. Gardening foreman Foster Molisee sits beside him here. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.

Below: The Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy issued scrip according to the amount of work done. Paper scrip such as this would have been familiar to former coal miners. Courtesy West Virginia Collection.



Well, there was this man who operated a small mine. He was behind about six weeks in paying his miners, and they had a feeling that he was about ready to leave town with their money. One Saturday morning they saw him leaving the mine office with his briefcases, so they stopped his car, opened his briefcases, and found a lot of money. They threw a rope over the cross arm of a telephone pole and were ready to string him up, but finally they were prevailed upon to wait until the State Police got there. The State Police looked at the situation and agreed that the miners were right. So he was jailed, and the miners got their money.

RL. Was the ethnic composition of the miners very diverse?

FT. Yes. We had two races, a pretty prominent black race and the white majority. Those white people came from about 20 southeastern European countries. Some were nearly illiterate, and some had learned to read and write in their native language. The majority of them were illiterate in English.

RL. I've heard that when people were selected out of Scotts Run to go to Arthurdale that only native-born white Protestants were taken. Was that true?

FT. No. What they did was take the most ambitious, those who you could tell had ambition. The last 50 families had only been gone a short time so I took a good look at the houses they had moved out of, and it was very obvious that they took those people who were best off. I don't think there were any blacks taken, but there was no distinction in religion. There were Catholics, Protestants, Orthodox, and some who were nothing at all. I knew some of those people through their relatives on the Run, and I knew what their religion was.

RL. Do you think they took the most ambitious because they were most likely to succeed?

FT. Well, if I had had those people I would have had fewer problems. We were lacking leaders, the self-starting kind, the self-actualizers.

RL. Is there any important phase of your work that we have not mentioned?

FT. Yes, our medical program. The people needed medical help, but there were no funds available from the county. When we asked if there were individual medical practitioners who would donate their time, we learned that every doctor contacted had refused to help. However, we received a call one day from an elderly doctor, W. W. Stonestreet. He was a character. Even at 70 he walked to the post office almost every morning and walked up seven steps on his hands.

That Stonestreet was a gruff character, but he had a big heart. He

This community center, known as the "second Shack," was the major landmark left by Franklin Trubee. The building was completed in 1938. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.

DEAR FRIEND:

Please place in or near the bag left at your door the following articles:

Shoes
Clothing—men's, women's or children's
Sheets, blankets or other bedding
Rags or underwear of any kind
Coat hangers
Waste newspapers and magazines
Books
Tools of any kind
Glass jars or anything suitable for canning
Bottles of any kind. Any white glass.
Iron or other metal (toys or sheet metal not wanted)
Tires and junk rubber
Auto batteries
Etc.

We can use many things not classed as salvage. If you wish to donate from your surplus or unused household articles, please call 1411-J, 1816, or 14.

THANK YOU!

CHRISTIAN FORUM CENTER
—speaking for—
SCOTTS RUN RECIPROCAL ECONOMY

Scotts Run residents collected used clothing and other material from families in Morgantown and the surrounding area. The items were reconditioned and sold, as shown in the above photo. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.

called one day and told me that if I would learn how to detect serious illness of several kinds — pneumonia, appendicitis, lung disorders, kidney disorders, and so on — and if I would call him and tell him that I had a case that he ought to see, and if I furnished him with transportation, then he'd come. He made a lot of trips to Scotts Run. I don't know where he stood on the totem pole in Morgantown, but if he saw that a person needed to be in the charity ward of the hospital, they were admitted. He also taught some of our women in midwifery, which was a big help.

It wasn't too long afterward that a young dentist named Krynock stopped to see me and said, "From what I've heard there are many people out here whose health is significantly hurt by bad teeth, but all I can offer is to pull them." He asked about an old place next door to the Shack. It was a two-story building that was totally empty. So we went in and upstairs. He said, "This looks like a room I can use. I have an old oil heater and I have an old dental chair that I was about to throw out, but I think I can use it here."

Krynock said, "I can't offer them anesthetic," but I said that from the way some of these people talk and the way their tooth hurts now, I suspect it would be a relief to have it pulled. Well, he was busy every Wednesday afternoon and after he had been there about six months, he said, "I want to show you something." I went up to his second-floor room where he showed me three ten-quart water pails clear full of teeth.

Then, twice a month the county health nurse and one of her staff held a well-baby clinic which was supposed to be for checkups, but many babies were not well and they received treatment also. The nurse was a very kind and intelligent person. She seemed to know exactly how to approach the needs of those mothers and children.

RL. Were those services free?

FT. They were free, but they were not a part of the Reciprocal Economy; they were donated by the doctors and the nurse.

RL. What was your most satisfying experience at Scotts Run?

FT. I would say seeing those people realize that they could help one another, and of course the growth in the religious perspective. That grew pretty rapidly when we had enough space. We decided we were going to advertise a Sunday evening worship service. My wife played the piano, Bill Ellis [a Friends volunteer] sang, and I preached. There were only the three of us. Then on the 11th week at the close of the service, a huge black man named Sam Johnson came up and said "would you mind if I sang with you?" So Sam sang, and he had a wonderful voice. The next Sunday night, Sam came at the beginning of the service. A few blacks and whites then came, until by the end of six months we had 100 attending. It later grew into an organized Presbyterian church which still exists today.

Some other black people who I remember were a miner named John Thomas and his wife Sadie. They seemed to have a great deal of influence in the black community.

RL. Were there any race problems on Scotts Run?

FT. Well, the first night after we were married, we were living in the upper part of the Viola house, and there was this beer parlor right across the road. We got home just about dark. I went down to see what had happened at the Mission shop. While I was gone, there was a partially political, partially drunken, race riot started in the middle of the state road. They broke bottles and shot guns. No one was hurt, but they were fighting anybody and everybody. Someone finally got the State

Franklin Trubee recalls his Scotts Run ministry as a formative period in his life. He has since applied lessons learned there in other places. Photo by Ronald L. Lewis.

Police to break it up, but my wife was scared to death.

RL. What were relations like between local farmers and the people who were connected with coal mining?

FT. There was never much mingling. The farmers further up the Run did offer to plow our ground and prepare it for planting. We had a trade relationship of one tractor hour that was to be repaid at harvest time by eight labor hours. Other than that, there was little mingling. The Maple Grove Church that I pastored along with the mission work was out about five miles of very crooked roads, and the people out there knew very little about the people in Scotts Run, and vice versa.

RL. Do you think ethnic differences had anything to do with it?

FT. I don't think so. I would say it was more the type of involvement of the people. Farmers were farmers, and they had nothing in common with people in the coalfields.

RL. Were other churches involved on Scotts Run?

FT. There was a very small Methodist mission that still exists at Osage, a very small Catholic church, an African Methodist Episcopal church, and a black Baptist church; both of the black churches were served almost exclusively by volunteer ministers.

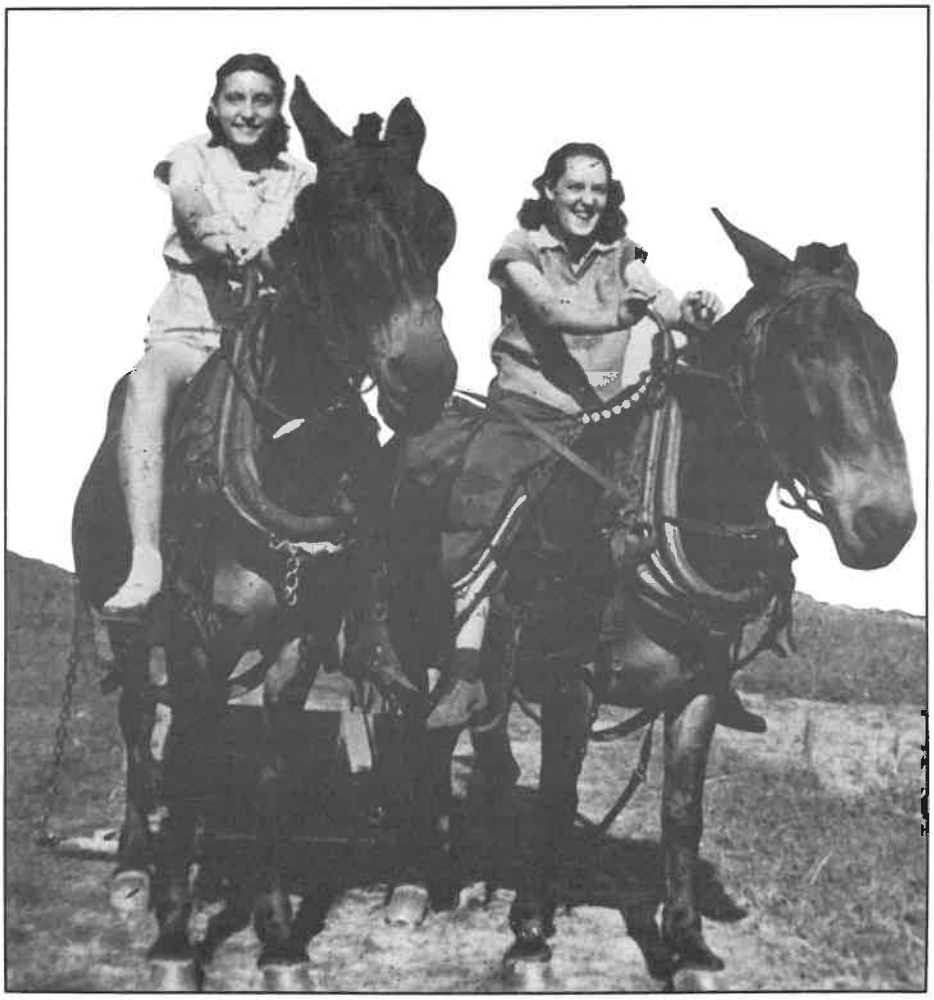
RL. What happened on Scotts Run after you left?

FT. The association of the three partners continued until about the end of the Second World War, and at that time the Presbyterians took it over. But in the 1950's there was a serious decline in the population of the Run, and now there is a partnership between the Presbyterian Church and the United Way.

The Reverend Trubee figures he "probably would have stayed on Scotts Run a long while if my wife hadn't gotten ill." Mrs. Trubee developed a strep infection and the doctor advised the couple to "get out of the slate dump smoke" which blanketed the Run like a fog. "We took the only thing available, three little churches in rural northwestern Ohio with a total of 170 members." After the Second World War, Trubee moved to Minerva, Ohio, where he became friends with Walter Rockenstein, a young Presbyterian pastor in a nearby community. For a time they drove to Pittsburgh where both took graduate school classes. Ironically, "Rocky," who was from Parkersburg, left Ohio to take a position as director of the Mountaineer Mining Mission, an outreach program of the Shack.

The ties which bound Franklin Trubee to Scotts Run were never completely severed, for he remained in touch through the Reverend Rockenstein and other friends. He came back to visit over the years, and only recently made a trip to celebrate the Shack's 50th anniversary. Since his retirement from the ministry in 1980, Trubee has continued his missionary involvement in Canton, Ohio, where he organized an all-volunteer program which distributes food to the needy. He says the program is strongly influenced by his experience with the Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy in Monongalia County during the Great Depression. ♣

Hard work offered new hope for the future for the residents of Scotts Run. These women worked on the garden crew. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection.



Sound Man

James Black of Wheeling

By Patricia H. Hall

Photographs by Michael Keller

He has a quiet demeanor, a slight build, and a gentlemanly manner. But underneath the wire-rimmed glasses, the silver hair, and the trim figure, lies a startling ability to create entire electronic systems with nothing more than a few tools, the raw materials, and his mind.

James Black, of Wheeling, used no diagrams to build his electronic wonders. He simply thought about it, then did it.

Wheeling broadcast pioneer John Stroebel, the designer and builder of radio station WWVA in 1926 and a friend of Black's, asked to see the blueprints for a particular system years ago. He was amazed to hear that there were none. Black told him that some technicians "draw up a blueprint, make the thing, then it doesn't work and they have to start all over again. That's a waste of time."

James Milton Black was born in Sherrard, Marshall County, on November 11, 1910, the son of Jesse and Beulah Sharp Black. Jesse died when little Jimmy was only two years old, so Black doesn't remember his father. When Beulah remarried a few years later, the Black children went to live with grandparents in Sherrard. "There were no problems or anything like that," says Black. "They just decided it would be better for us to grow up on a farm rather than in Elm Grove."

James Black made the Wheeling Symphony Orchestra's only record album in 1952. This photo shows him at the record-cutting lathe with conductor Henry Mazer, at left. Photographer unknown.

His interest in electricity and the way things work began on that farm. "My grandparents were Presbyterian. We walked two miles to Sunday school and two miles back every week," Black recalls. "I never knew my grandfather to put a harness on a horse on Sunday. Anyway, in the Sunday school paper they had a diagram of an electromagnet made out of nail and wire. I took that home and tried it right away."

After that first experiment, Jimmy was hooked on the idea of electricity and what it could do. Sometimes his curiosity got him into trouble, he remembers.

"My grandfather had bought a spray system to spray the fruit trees. It had a gasoline engine with a big wooden tank and dry cell batteries. I got into the shed and started playing around. I discovered that if you crossed the wires, it made sparks. I made so many sparks, the next time they went to start that machine, it wouldn't start."

Jimmy looked through the mail order catalogs and dreamed of buying a fancy construction kit to build electrical gadgets, but he couldn't afford it. Instead, he played with old clocks, taking them apart and rebuilding them.

Then he saw an advertisement in a magazine offering a kit to make a one-tube radio. He could buy the kit for $8 if he sold 12 tubes of White Cloverine Salve. He sold them all, and his grandfather gave him the money to buy the kit, plus $5 for the radio tube. "To show you how much money that was in those days, a farmhand was paid a dollar a day plus room and board," Black notes. "He got $2 if he lived off the farm."

With radio tubes so expensive, the young experimenter devised ways to safeguard his projects so that the tubes wouldn't short out. This policy continued throughout Black's career. He made a practice of looking for ways to prevent problems.

Jimmy Black attended school only

through the seventh grade, then earned his keep by farming for a while and by working for the Caldwell Produce Company, although he kept tinkering with radios and working on electrical machinery. In 1926, he followed his dream and enrolled at the Radio Corporation of Pennsylvania School of Radio at Pittsburgh. The year he spent there prepared him to return to Wheeling to work as a radio service man. He built up a roster of approximately 200 clients, before associating himself with the Radio Service Laboratory of Wheeling.

"At that time, Radio Service Laboratory was the only parts house in Wheeling," explains Black. "In 1933, Bill Lamb, the owner, was testing a speaker in the Princess Theater that went bad. I happened to be there, just picking up something or other, and I saw what the problem was. I told them I could rewind the voice coil, and Bill asked me to work for him, plus handle my own customers."

In the midst of building his career, Jim Black found time to marry Gertrude Leidergerber on April 3, 1930. Eventually they raised three boys, James, Carl, and Harold.

In 1936, when Lamb wanted to sell his business, Black was ready to take it on, and he became the owner of the Radio Service Laboratory. He quickly gained a reputation for quality work, custom designing systems to suit the client's needs. Black's company found a niche in designing early home high-fidelity systems, as well as commercial work.

"We custom *built* systems, we didn't custom select," says Black. "Some companies say they custom build and custom design. All they do is order the components and connect them."

He had his own cabinetry shop and worked with his cousin, Albert Marple, to build beautiful cabinets to house the systems. A popular style was the armchair model. The cabinet looked like a heavy end table, but inside was high-fidelity equipment. Black matched speaker cabinets to the style of the building's interior, whether it was a house, church, or public auditorium. When he speaks of the work he has done, pride is evident in his voice.

At 78, Mr. Black remains active in his business. He emphasizes the common sense approach to problem solving.

"Arthur Stifel, Sr., had a house with a Spanish design and round corners," Black relates, speaking of one of Wheeling's very richest men. "We built a special system for those rounded corners. The stereo is in storage now at Bethany College. A. C. Stifel, Jr., liked our work so much he had us send components to Europe for his house there."

James Black got used to solving problems. In 1936, he was contacted by the owner of the Wheeling Roller Rink on Wheeling Island, Cecil Milam. Black recalls the conversation. "He said, 'Jimmy, if I lose the music, I'm out of business.' He needed an amplifier he could depend on to work."

Black designed a 100-watt amplifier to meet the skating rink's needs. The big amplifier was so heavy, it had to be put on wheels. Wanting it to be as foolproof as possible, he used dial lamps as a first line of defense. If there was a short circuit, the lamps would go out instead of the whole system.

"Just to give you an idea of how much power that amplifier had, you have to remember there are some radio stations that are 100 watts," Black says. "This thing was big. It was the only one of its kind."

The rink used a Hammond organ with four tone cabinets. Cecil Milam also had a skating rink in Washington, Pennsylvania, and he wanted to pipe the live music from Wheeling to his rink in Washington. Black worked out the details so that the music could be sent over the phone lines, but the telephone company wouldn't let them talk and send music over the same lines. They had to install a line exclusively for music.

In 1946, A. W. Paull, Jr., of the Wheeling Stamping Company called with a problem. He was looking for a way to make his intercom system more practical. "He knew there had to be a way to allow each office to talk to another, or connect any number of offices at one time. But he was told more amplifiers would be involved, which would cost more money."

At that time, no one could offer the kind of system Paull needed. Black

Below: James Black as a young man. He came of age during the pioneering days of commercial electronics. Photographer and date unknown.

Right: The Radio Service Laboratory was Wheeling's first radio parts store. Black, at right here with Paul Elbin, bought the business in 1936. Photographer unknown, late 1940's.

spent one Sunday afternoon pondering the problem, and came up with a way to use only one amplifier, provide privacy between two callers, call all stations together, or call station-to-station. Mr. Paull was so excited about the results, that he wrote to the law firm of Christy, Parmelee and Strickland about the possibility of a patent on the system. Although the lawyers were enthusiastic about the idea and offered to represent him, Black felt he could not afford to secure a patent at that time.

Black did not always get the proper credit for his work, due to this failure to obtain patents. He was a practical businessman, more concerned with solving immediate problems and pleasing the customer. This was the case with perhaps his greatest invention.

In 1947, in response to a request by hard-of-hearing doctors, Black invented a device which would allow physicians to hear the amplified sound of a heartbeat. A Wheeling newspaper ran the headline, "Electronic Stethoscope Invented by Local Man." The article made note of the fact that, even though Stanley Roth of New York City is given the credit for perfecting "an amplifier that would replace the old medical stethoscope for doctors, listening to the sound of heart and lungs," James M. Black of Wheeling had actually developed a similar device six months earlier.

The electronic stethoscope used a microphone that picked up the sounds of the heart and sent the signal to a radio unit. There the sounds were amplified and sent through a speaker. Black's invention was actually superior to the New York device, in that his contained an oscilloscope that transcribed the sounds for later comparison. He also developed a portable model which doctors could carry with them during visits.

Black presented his invention to Sister Mary Ruth, the superintendent of Wheeling Hospital, who was enthusiastic. She recommended the device to a prominent Wheeling gynecologist, Dr. John G. Thoner, who felt it was the answer to the search for an instrument which would allow physicians to hear the fetal heartbeat in the prenatal care of pregnant women.

Once again, Black did not apply for a patent. According to the newspa-

per article, he said, "I just didn't think anyone would be bothering with such a simple procedure."

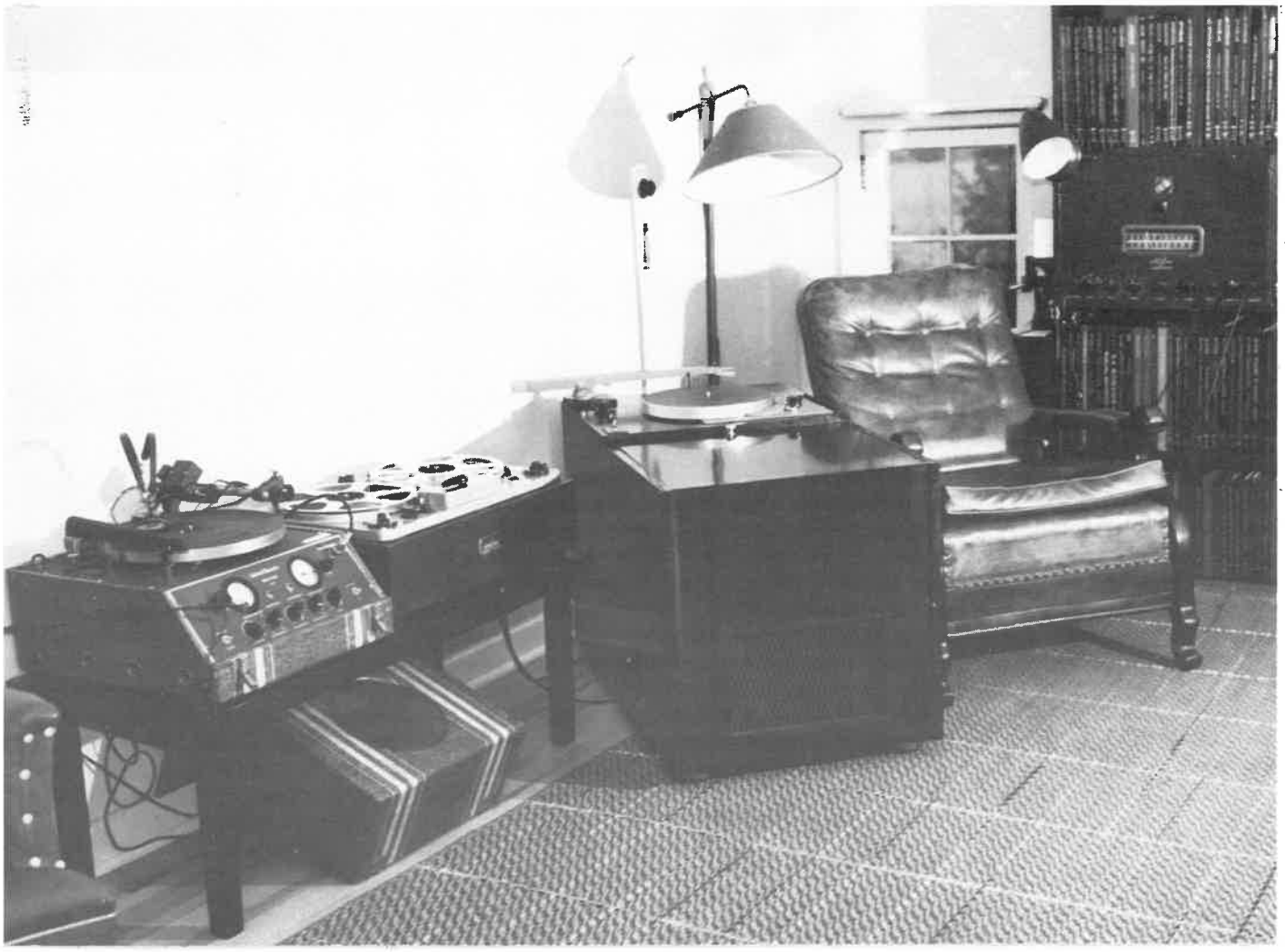
To James Black, most of his developments were simple. He applied good, old-fashioned logic to his work, and came up with practical solutions. But grateful clients called him a genius. Country music pioneer Doc Williams, 50-year veteran of the "Wheeling Jamboree" radio show and a longtime friend, puts the sound man in that category.

"He made a sound system for me to take on the road, and it was far superior to anything that was on the market at the time. I couldn't buy anything like it," Williams testifies. "I was known for having the best sound on the road."

James Black and good music have been associated for decades, and he hasn't confined himself to country. He worked with the Wheeling Symphony Orchestra for 25 years, providing the sound system, and recording concerts and rehearsals. "Henry Mazer wanted everything recorded for the benefit of the musicians," Black recalls of the symphony conductor. "They were to attend afternoon ses-

Above: Equipment produced under the Black trademark was custom-made, including the handcrafted cabinetry. This is a mixing console, used for recording music.

Below: High-fidelity equipment was more cumbersome than today's sleek machines. Black assembled this system for the study of Professor Paul Elbin of West Liberty State College. Photographer unknown, early 1950's.



Mr. Black shows off his wares at a trade show at Wheeling Park in the 1950's. Photo by Cliff Waters.

sions to listen to the recordings to improve their musicianship."

He used only one microphone in his work with the symphony. The concerts were staged in the Virginia Theater, a beautiful auditorium with excellent acoustics, later torn down.

It was while working with the symphony that Black built one of the first reel-to-reel tape recorders. He was using his in the late 1940's, before commercial recorders came on the market. The recorder had a 14-inch reel, ten watts of output, bass and treble controls, echo feedback, line input, and could mix three microphones. It was with this machine that he recorded the great guest artists of the Wheeling Symphony, including Rudolph Sirkin, Benny Goodman, Roberta Peters, Jerome Hines, and pianist Eugene List.

In 1952, Black made the only commercial recording in the nearly 60-year history of the Wheeling Symphony. "Pops Favorites Of The Ohio Valley," a 12-inch LP, was released in a limited edition. In a favorable review for the *Wheeling News-Register*, Paul Elbin explained that the record album was strictly a West Virginia product. "Except for the pressing of copies by the Chicago division of RCA Victor, Pops Favorites is wholly home-grown," Elbin wrote. "It's our own orchestra and conductor, our own music to a considerable extent, and our own engineering."

Even the jacket covers were designed and printed locally. Selections included a Wheeling composition, "Cubanera" by Dorothy Ackermann Zoeckler, as well as Gershwin's "Embraceable You" and selections from "Swan Lake." The record label was called Blackcrest. Only 500 records were pressed originally, although another 200 were ordered immediately. The album was reissued in 1960.

Robert F. Cook of RCA Victor wrote to Forrest H. Kirkpatrick of Wheeling Steel Corporation to praise the record. "I just listened to the recordings of the Wheeling Symphony Orchestra. I can't tell you how pleasantly surprised I was with the quality of that orchestra," Cook wrote. "Whoever did the actual recording did a terrific job of reproduction."

James M. Black has provided sound for every U.S. president that has come through the Ohio Valley, from Harry Truman to Ronald Reagan. He taped Truman at the Moundsville Armory, Nixon and Eisenhower at the Wheeling Island Stadium, and John F. Kennedy introducing young Congressman Arch Moore in Wheeling. Black made all of Moore's campaign recordings.

Other visitors also benefited from Black's skill. "Walter Pidgeon was a

speaker at a program in Wheeling," he remembers of one of them. "It was raining, and the microphone I was using couldn't stand the rain. It was a good microphone, but it couldn't take water. As it rained, the mike got weaker and weaker. I just kept turning the volume up. After the last word, it finally cut out, but not one word was lost."

Later projects included a sound system in 1957 for the restored Jamestown Glass House in Jamestown, Virginia, a recreation of the first factory in the United States. In 1961 Black built a stereo sound system for what is now the Ohio Valley Medical Center, which utilized a revolutionary system of special effects and a wireless transistor microphone, the first of its kind in the area. And he expanded his earlier electronic stethoscope into what he called a phono-cardiogram amplifier in 1969, a device developed to aid the medical classes at West Virginia University.

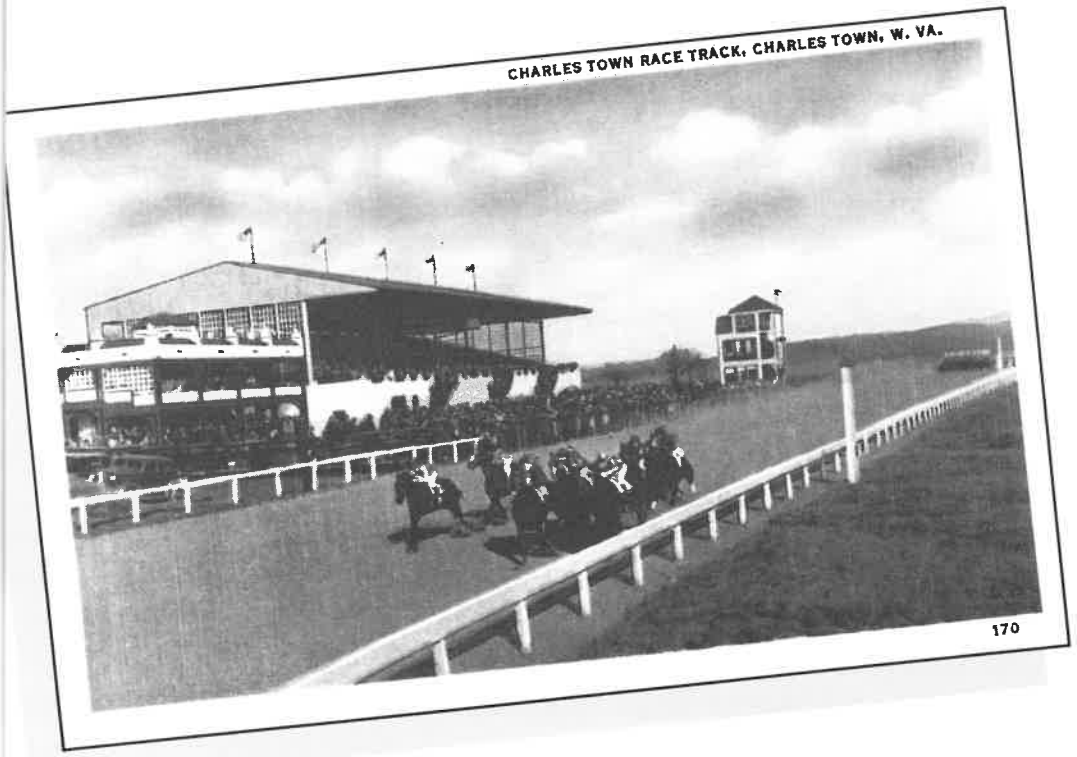
He is still in contact with Henry Mazer, now the music director and conductor of the Kaohsiung Symphony Orchestra in Taiwan. The Chinese have become big fans of the Wheeling Symphony of 1952, Mazer reported in a recent letter. "Dear James, We are making waves!!" the conductor wrote. "Played your record last night and the Chinese are amazed. They are talking about broadcasting it. Send me four more."

There have been other letters of praise over the years, from people like organist Virgil Fox, loudspeaker manufacturer G. A. Briggs of England, and pianist Eugene List. There is also the testimony of ordinary customers like Jerry and Louise Morris of Plano, Texas. "It's a shame there are such a few dedicated craftsmen, such as yourself, around anymore," the Morrises wrote to the Wheeling electronics specialist. "We need more Jim Blacks in this world." ♣

Top: James and Gertrude Black in their downtown Wheeling stereo store. They married in 1930.

Below: A workshop full of cables, speakers and related gear is James Black's natural habitat. He has enjoyed a rich career in his chosen trade.

Charles Town provided welcome diversion to the Washington area during the war years. This postcard view shows racing and a full grandstand in 1944. Courtesy Lake County Museum, Curt Teich Collection.



For Love and Money

Jefferson County Horse Racing

By Bill Theriault

Jefferson County has always been in love with horses. It's a love that comes with our Old Virginia heritage. And it is this love, plus a passion for competition and an urge to make money, that has made thoroughbred racing an important part of county life for more than a century.

Ask Jefferson County residents what horse racing means to them, and you'll get a lot of different answers. Some think it's the devil's business, drawing people to drinking, gambling, and other sinful behavior. Others have no interest at all, passing the track almost daily with no wish to see what's on the other side of the fence. For a lot of people, it means a job, serving visitors, maintaining the facilities, breeding and training horses, or galloping a half-ton of straining bone and muscle toward the finish line. For others, it's an occasional evening's entertainment. And for the hard-core fans, the track is life and death, a universe of its own, where every race is a new beginning and today's problems can be forgotten.

Fine horses have raced in Jefferson County for a long time. Organized racing was sponsored in Charles Town as early as 1786, and the first Charles Town Jockey Club was active by 1808. Private racetracks operated here during the 19th century at Wood End near Summit Point and at Shannon Hill on the west bank of the Shenandoah River.

Still, a few people alive today can remember how modern racing got its start in the county. That began with Thornton T. Perry, who sponsored the first exhibition of the Charles Town Horse and Colt Show Association at his farm south of town. The group built music pavilions and seats for spectators, and the crowds were serenaded by the Powhatan and City bands as they watched the judging of 110 entries. No racing occurred at that show on August 7, 1913, but when the last of the 4,000 visitors left that evening the sponsors knew that the event had been a great financial and social success.

By November, the original group had been reorganized into the Charles Town Horse Show Association, also under Perry's direction. Within a year, it had purchased land for its own facility on the site now occupied by Charles Town Races. The Association's first show was held in 1914, and for almost the next 50 years visitors flocked to Jefferson County each summer for its shows and races. These were family and community events, although some money was quietly wagered and drinks stronger than lemonade were consumed.

The kind of thoroughbred racing we're familiar with began in West Virginia in 1933, when the state legislature legalized racing and pari-mutuel* betting. The same year, the Charles Town Horse Show sold its property to the Shenandoah Valley Jockey Club and construction of a new racing facility began. The Horse Show Association president, Dr. H. B. Langdon, became president of the Jockey Club, and additional financial backing came from secretary Joseph B. Boyle and treasurer Thomas K. Lynch, both of Baltimore.

The Charles Town track was the first in the state, built here to be close to the large populations of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Washington. Joseph Boyle's brother, Albert, started construction of the racetrack in October 1933 and completed the job in 60 days, in time for the scheduled opening on December 2.

The track opened with considerable fanfare. Known as the Charles Town Race Track, the complex contained 22 buildings, and included 12

*Pari-mutuel refers to a betting system in which the winners share the total amount bet, minus the track's percentage.

stables, a clubhouse, 44 betting windows, a 3,000-seat, steam-heated grandstand, and a 200-seat restaurant. Telegraph offices were located below the grandstand. A covered bandstand on the concourse opposite the grandstand provided music and other entertainment between races. The press box was unusual for its time, hanging out directly over the finish line. Joseph Boyle and Thomas K. Lynch managed the track, and the mutuel department was supervised by Mortimer Mahoney.

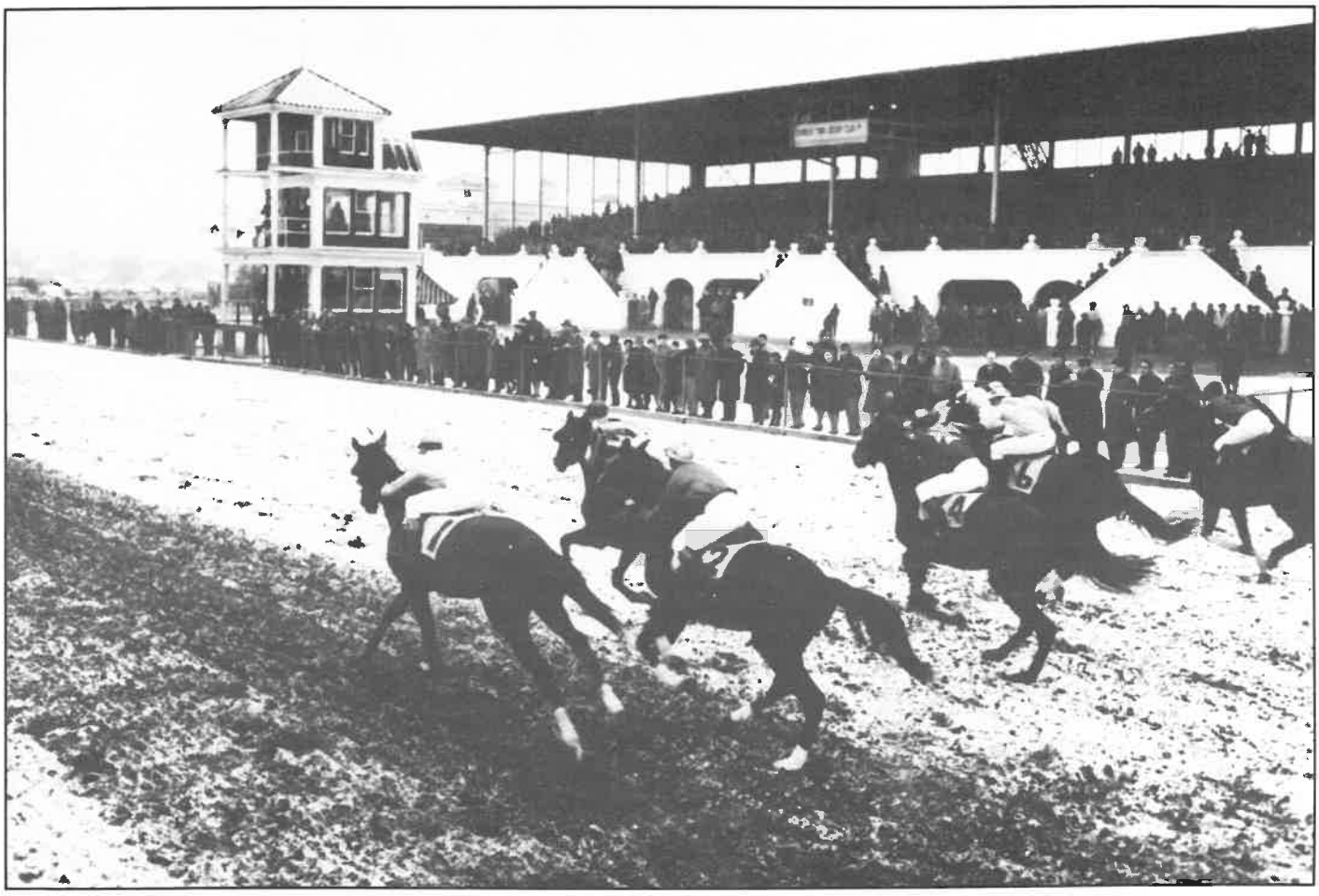
Designed by H. Harold Riggins, who helped build the Hialeah track in Florida, the Charles Town Race Track was built in a similar Spanish style from white-stuccoed concrete, trimmed with red tile. Traces of the original architecture are still visible. Large, open Spanish fireplaces adorned each floor of the grandstand, and murals and other decorations in the Spanish theme covered the walls. The clubhouse bar was built of worm-eaten Spanish cypress imported from Florida.

The 1933 and 1934 meetings at Charles Town were financial failures, and the new track went into receivership. It was then that Albert J. Boyle put up a considerable amount of money and convinced the creditors that he could make a go of it by pulling bettors from Washington and Baltimore. Boyle succeeded, and for more than 20 years he was one of the dominant figures in West Virginia racing.

"The key to successful racing at Charles Town began with winter racing," according to Bob Leavitt, former general manager of Shenandoah Downs. "At the time, there was no other place to race in the winter. The fans came from all over, even New York. The trainers wouldn't go

Left: Albert Boyle was the man credited with making a success of the Charles Town track. Here he accepts the congratulations of young Congressman Jennings Randolph, at left. Photographer unknown, 1935; courtesy Charles Town Races.

Below: Winter racing gave Charles Town an important edge over other tracks in the region. A big crowd was on hand for this race in the winter of 1933–34. Photographer unknown, courtesy Charles Town Races.



The track attracted a dressy crowd from the start. This group was photographed in the summer of 1935. Photographer unknown, courtesy Charles Town Races.

to Hialeah or Tropical Park. Those were the only two racetracks down there."

But if A. J. Boyle was the driving force among racetrack management, he was equalled in energy and determination by horseman Frank Gall. Coming to Jefferson County in 1936 to manage the thoroughbred racing interests of Raymond Funkhouser of O'Sullivan Farms, he remained there for 45 years, actively participating in both state and local racing affairs. The horsemen — owners and breeders — were a powerful group, whose interests were sometimes different from those of track management. Frank Gall was their leader. For many years president of the West Virginia Breeders' Association and the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, Gall led the fight for Sunday racing, reduction of take-out taxes, increased purses for horsemen, and breeder incentive programs.

What was the Charles Town Race Track like in those early days before night racing, when people arrived on special trains from Baltimore, Washington, and New York? Retired jockey Patsy Grant has seen a lot of those people come and go during his 53-year career at Charles Town. Comparing the old crowd with the new one, he said, "People who came back then in the daytime were gambling, really gambling. A gambler to me is a man who bets $300 or $400 on a horse and likes it. Today, you've got some that will go for a lot of gimmicks and spend a little bit of money, but a gambler to me is a guy who bets on one horse to win."

While the gamblers may have been bigger than they are today, yesterday's jockeys made a lot less money. Patsy continued, "Back in 1943, I made the first 20 leading riders in America. I won 117 races in seven months that year, and my total income for the year was $6,600." He laughs. "The same jock riding today would make about $50,000, maybe $60,000."

The back side of the track was also a lot different. Remembering the way it used to be, Grant said, "Back then, it was more of a sport. People dressed different. We used to ride in riding pants. Exercise boys were dressed like exercise boys. And jocks, they were dressed up when they went to the jocks' room and after they came out. You don't see that today. They'll come out with shorts on, with no socks and loafers. If a jock came out that way years before, they would have called him a rag bag. Now, that's the style."

Races were a lot rougher, too. Sitting in the restaurant at Charles Town Races, Patsy Grant pointed out the window to the race then in progress: "All you've got to do is watch them coming into the stretch. You see horses coming on the inside. You never went on the inside of a horse. Never. Today you see horses getting through. Back then, you better watch where the hell you're going, 'cause you didn't make it. You come up in there and you ain't *never* going to make it. Because that's where you're going to be when you finish. Otherwise, you're going to be on the ground."

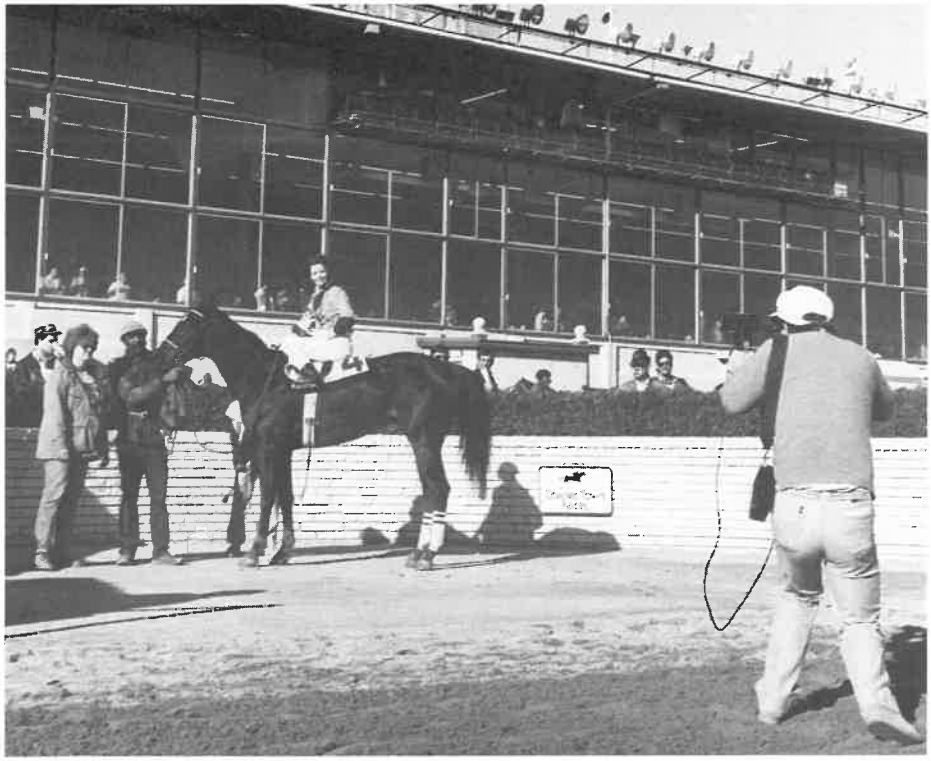
As World War II drew to a close, racetrack attendance nearly doubled, and so did the money wagered. In the first 35 years of the track's operation, the number of racing days increased from 20 to 86, and the annual amount wagered rose from a little more than $37,000 in 1933 to more than $23.5 million in 1958. Throughout this time, and up to 1963, the Charles Town Horse Show Association also continued to hold about a

half-dozen race days each year at the Charles Town Race Track.

As time passed, a complex business and social relationship developed which you can still see today. The track became one of the major employers in Jefferson County, and the local economy came to depend on its success. The state relied on the millions of dollars of taxes produced each year. Charged with regulating the industry, the West Virginia Racing Commission frequently bumped heads with Boyle and later racetrack owners over the number of racing days, the racing schedule, and the state's percentage of the take. Track owners strongly defended their rights against demands of the Racing Commission, labor unions, and horsemen. And horsemen struggled constantly with the Commission and track owners to increase the size of purses and provide incentives to local breeders and trainers.

This competition intensified in 1956, when the West Virginia legislature approved a referendum for Jefferson County, allowing residents to decide if a second racetrack could be built. The debate over the new track polarized the community, involving not only the various groups who made a living from horse racing but also the people opposed to legalized gambling. Supporters of the new track implied that, since the facility would be used for harness racing, it would attract a different clientele. In one of the largest turnouts in county history, voters approved construction of a second racetrack. But the scars from this battle are still visible, and they help to explain a lot of what's happened to racing in Jefferson County for the past 30 years.

Until 1958, the Charles Town Race Track was the only game in town. But an era in local racing had ended when the track's owner, A. J. Boyle, died in 1957. After that, things changed rapidly. Newly formed Charles Town Raceway, Inc., bought land north of the original track and applied for a permit for night harness racing. When the new corporation asked to have their permit extended to cover night thoroughbred racing, they were turned down by the West Virginia Racing Commission, which felt that existing laws did not authorize these changes.



Above: As in the old days, winning brings its share of glory at Charles Town. Here jockey Lori Young poses on True Grit after winning a recent race. Photo by Frank Herrera.

Bottom: The stables are part of the complex world behind the scene. Owners and trainers lease space for the horses they run. Photo by Frank Herrera.

By the end of 1957, the owners of the new track had won their case in the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals. Shenandoah Downs was born. But the competition between the two tracks had just begun.

Jefferson County was now the only place in the United States to have two racetracks for such a small population. Reporters joked that the number of horses boarded at the tracks was greater than the human population of Charles Town. They were wrong, but not by much. One of the first tracks on the East Coast to be built for night racing, Shenandoah Downs jockeyed for racing days, and profits, with the older Charles Town Race Track, whose facility could support only daylight meets.

The owners of Maryland's Pimlico Race Course bought the old Charles

Town Race Track in 1959 and began an extensive renovation program to compete with Shenandoah Downs. They built a new racing strip, enlarged and remodeled the clubhouse, installed new heating and air conditioning systems, and built four new barns, increasing their capacity to more than 2,000 horses.

Now the race for the jackpot was on. Having more racing days than its competitor, Shenandoah Downs quickly broke into the lead, continuing to maintain this superiority in annual revenues for almost a decade. Then positions changed. "With Charles Town racing in the daytime, they could only race certain days of the year," Bob Leavitt explained. "They couldn't race against Maryland tracks, so they only had about 60 days in the summertime. Shenandoah could race any time because we were racing at night. It drove Charles Town to night racing." When the Charles Town Race Course installed lighting in 1964, they added almost two months worth of racing days and $13 million in wagers to their side.

Evening racing brought in more money, and it changed the type of people who came to the track. Talking about the nighttime race fans, Leavitt continued, "It's a different crowd, really. It's the difference between a racetrack crowd and a fight crowd. Not quite that big a difference, but it is different. You see more couples at night. It's entertainment." Patsy Grant added, "The people who came at night were spectators. People would come to have dinner and all that kind of stuff. Then they got accustomed to betting. You come here four Saturdays in a row and you see different people sitting in that clubhouse. But the regular customers you don't see any more."

As the number of racing days at the tracks became more equal, the Charles Town Race Track slowly gained the front and stayed there. Then Shenandoah Downs closed in 1976, with its competitor picking up its racing days and doubling receipts. The Kenton Corporation bought both tracks in 1978. The Downs opened once again in 1978, but that marked the last year of its existence.

In January 1979, Kenton announced that it had also closed the Charles Town Race Course and would not reopen without financial help in the form of Sunday racing and reduced state taxes. Many people were shocked at the closing. Others said they had seen it coming, citing a combination of factors — bad winter weather, an energy crisis, traffic problems created by new road construction and bridge repair, Internal Revenue Service moves to tax large gambling profits at their source, inflation, and the rising costs of doing business.

But the hardships of Charles Town Race Track and Shenandoah Downs were more than a story of many groups competing for shares of a dwindling market. There was a darker side to horse racing. Reviewing the state of thoroughbred racing in West Virginia in 1979, the Racing Commission reported, "The thoroughbred industry is faced with the problem of declining attendance and wagering, which is directly related to public confidence in the honesty and integrity of the sport." The report mentioned a drug problem in particular. "The future of thoroughbred racing in West Virginia is still questionable," the commission concluded.

The Charles Town Race Track managed to survive this crisis. Sunday racing was approved in a 1979 referendum, and the state agreed to pay the salaries of some track officials. But an anticipated drug control law was defeated in a legislative committee in 1980. Once again the Racing Commission urged its adoption, warning that West Virginia would be known as "the drug capital of thoroughbred racing" unless the law was passed. The medication rule finally became effective on July 1, 1982, and secure detention barns were established at the Charles Town Race Track

Shenandoah Downs gave the older Charles Town track serious competition for two decades. Here Governor Cecil Underwood and manager Bob Leavitt open the new track in 1956. Photographer unknown, courtesy Charles Town Races.

Horse Racing Historians

Bill Theriault's research for the adjoining article is part of a larger Jefferson County local history project, supported in part by the Humanities Foundation of West Virginia. The Jefferson County Oral and Visual History Association, formed in March 1988, operates under a grant from the foundation. The association will establish an oral and visual archives in Jefferson County, initially undertaking projects on thoroughbred racing, the Bakerton Centennial, and Shepherdstown in the 1920's.

A videotape, "They Passed This Way: A History of Thoroughbred Racing in Jefferson County, West Virginia," is available from the association for $25 (plus $3 postage and handling). Membership in the association is $15 per year, and money from membership fees and sales is used for programming. Members receive discounts on the association's collection of maps, tapes, and publications, as well as a subscription to *Words & Pictures*, a bimonthly newsletter describing association activities.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Jefferson County Oral & Visual History Association, P.O. Box 173, Bakerton, WV 25410.

for horses that needed legal medication before racing.

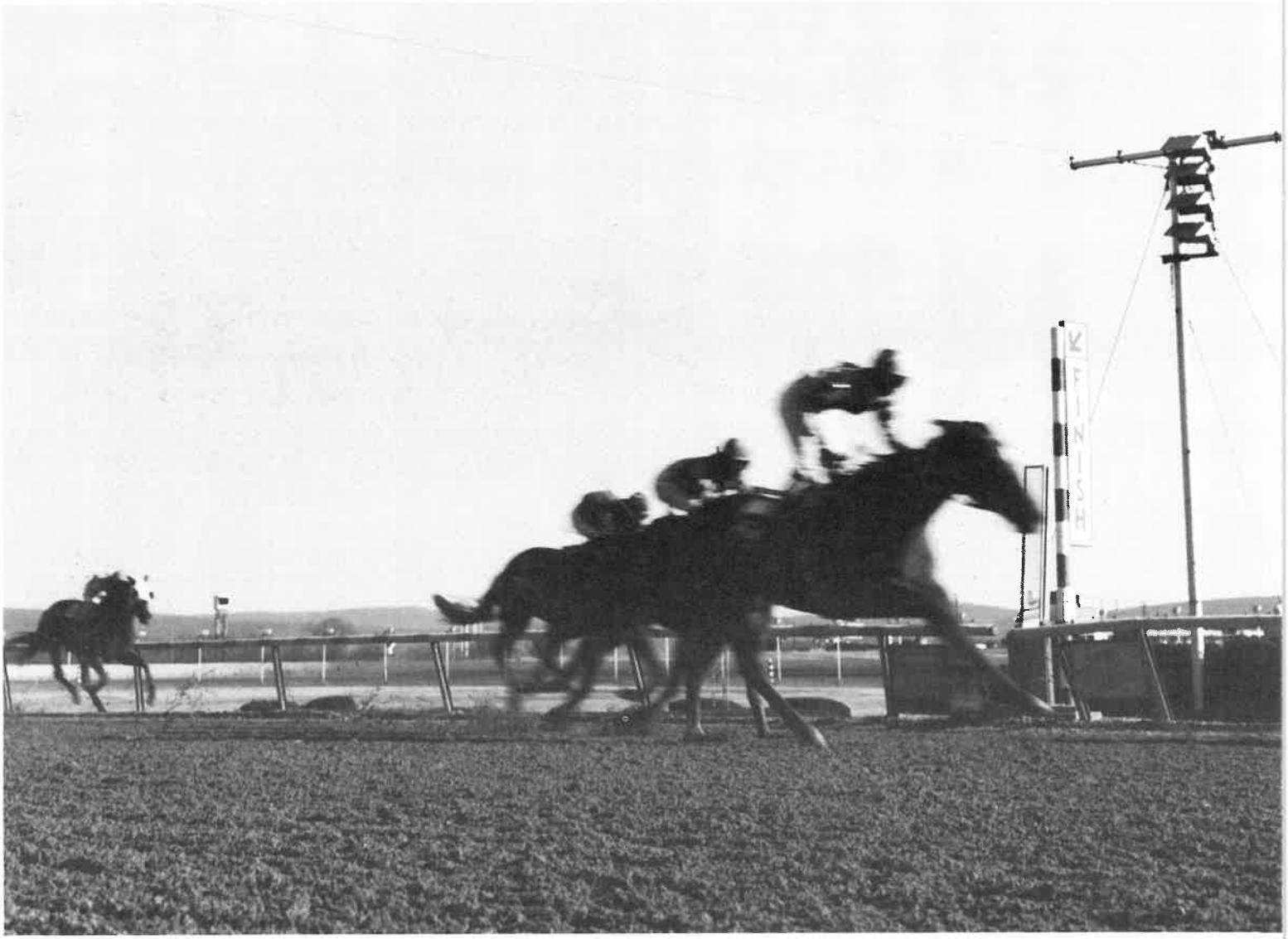
After horsemen requesting tax relief boycotted the racetrack in 1981, the state passed a new law that would apportion some of the tax money between track management and horsemen. The action seems to have been successful, for profits at Charles Town increased in 1982 and the larger purses helped increase the quality and number of horses racing locally. Legislation passed the same year provided for a special breeders' incentive fund for West Virginia horses. With the help of the West Virginia Breeders' Association, this incentive program was implemented at the Charles Town track in 1983. Named after Frank Gall, the Memorial Bonus Race Fund established special races for horses bred in West Virginia.

In 1983, the Charles Town Turf Club sold the Charles Town Race Track to the Rapid American Corporation, a group of 15 businessmen that included 11 local investors. Although some of the investors have changed, this group still operates the track today under the name of Charles Town Races.

Legislation passed in March 1984 was designed to provide further financial incentives to West Virginia horse breeders. It reduced the state tax on money bet at Charles Town and other tracks and diverted it into the West Virginia Thoroughbred Breeders' Fund. The money is divided among owners of West Virginia-bred horses that have won races. Initially only 15% of the money was allocated to breeders, with the rest going to horsemen and track owners for improvements. The amount given to breeders has gradually increased each year, and in 1989 all of the money will go to them.

All the political and financial maneuvering makes it clear that Jefferson County horse racing has changed a lot over the years. Looking back over his long racing career, Patsy Grant summed it up. "It used to be a good sport," the retired jockey said. "Now it's sport and money." The increased interest in the dollar was probably inevitable if racing was to survive. Race fans are a little richer, and a little poorer, because of that.

Too fast for the eye of the camera, these horses thunder across the finish line. The drama of horse racing has continued for more than 200 years in Jefferson County. Photo by Frank Herrera.



Patsy Grant

By Bill Theriault

Patsy Grant is the man to ask about goings-on at the Charles Town track. He's been in racing for over a half-century. Photo by Frank Herrera.

Sitting in the restaurant at Charles Town Races, track veteran Patsy Grant surveys the scene below. Outside, rain is falling and thunder rumbles in the distance. The crowd for this afternoon of racing is sparse. Most are scattered through the grandstand, but a few hardy souls hang on the fence outside, studying their dissolving racing forms, trying to get close to the action.

A race has just ended. The returning jockeys and horses are soaked to the bone, their bright colors splattered with red-brown mud.

You can see a lot from our vantage point, and Patsy Grant has seen a lot more during his half-century in the business. The former jockey hasn't raced for several years now, but he still gets on horses every day and spends another four hours walking them. As he recalls the early days at the track, you can tell he is a man who loves his work.

Like other folks looking back, Patsy has his own ideas about the state of affairs then and now. "It was so different back then, it's hard to explain," he says. "It's not as sporty as it used to be. Today the dollar has taken over everything."

For one thing, it took longer to become a jockey in earlier times. "When I came, you started from the bottom," he recalls. "You waited. First thing, you'd learn how to walk horses and how to clean out a stall. Get used to the animal, not be scared and all that kind of stuff. It's not a hard job, but you have to put time into it. Hell, years ago, when I was a kid, you'd hang around the track almost all day. We had no other place to go, except to the movies once in a while."

Just how long did it take to become a jock? "The man would tell *you* when you could ride," Patsy continues. "You didn't tell him. He'd see how good you were, what you learned, and how you learned it. Sometimes it took two, three years, depending on what you could learn and what the man taught you. Nowadays, six months and they're riding in races."

Of course, the good old days weren't all good. Patsy recalls that some track people used drugs back then, although the habit was not widespread. "When I was riding, you might have found one or two jocks in the country, that I knew of, that would smoke pot," he reflects. "Today, there's a lot more. I could have smoked it when I was younger, and I wouldn't do it. People say it don't hurt you. That's a lot of crap. It gives them false courage. That's all it does. I've seen good riders wind up with *nothing*. It can ruin a good boy, and it can ruin a bad one, too.

Drugging the thoroughbreds — "hopping horses," in track talk — also took place, Patsy says. "It happened. But back when I was riding, you'd very seldom see a man give a horse anything. Because when they got you, you didn't get 30 days. They'd give you a hell of a long time." He continues, "There was a guy I rode for back years ago, he hopped a horse one time, and for ten years he never got a trainer's license around here. Every time he came, the man would run him away. He'd say, 'We don't need people like you.' These days, you go to court."

Patsy recalls old-time grooms with respect. "Used to be, somebody became a groom because he enjoyed what he was doing. He wanted to be that. He rubbed that damn horse with that rub rag he carried in his back pocket. And when that horse would go into the paddock, he'd *shine*, because he was proud of what he did," he says. "There's a very few real grooms around today. And the ones that are good, sometimes they got too much work and responsibility."

Leaning back in his chair, Patsy continues to chew over old times and new. "I had a guy one time — this is no lie — wanted to be a groom. So I said, 'OK.' I needed one. I told him one day, 'Go down and put the saddle on the one in the third stall.' I went down there. What do you think he was doing? He had the saddle on backwards! So this is what I'm trying to tell you."

Trainers, too, have changed over the years. Scanning some old finish-line photos I brought along, Patsy says, "See, when you get a trainer's license today, you pass a test. But that's like driving a car. You can pass a test, but that doesn't mean you're a good driver on the highway. Same way with training horses."

Patsy is a former steward, one of the officials representing the West Virginia Racing Commission's interests at the track. The job left him with definite ideas about regulating track conduct. He believes that it's more difficult to penalize jockeys for rough riding nowadays. Back in the '30's and '40's, the races were a lot tougher, but so were the penalties.

"The way the stewards were back then, they were rough," Patsy explains. "They took advantage of you, but they made it good. Even when it was bad, they made it better than what it was. Just like me being a tough guy. I don't want you coming into my joint and messing my place up. Now, if I knew you, I'd say, 'I'll let him get away with it, but the next time, I'll get him.' Back then, it was tougher. They're tough now, but they can't do nothing because every time

you turn around, you're going to go to court. Someone's rights are violated."

The conundrum puts horse trainer Patsy Grant in a philosophical frame of mind. "Today everybody goes to court. But how far do you go with the freedom of the individual? Nobody wants to answer that. Ninety-five percent of what's going on in this country has to do with figuring out where you should stop."

Even though the races used to be rougher, Patsy believes that more riders are hurt today than in the past. "Their style of riding is different," he elaborates. "You watch these jocks. They ride with their knees way up, close to their chin. If a horse makes a little bobble, you go forward, and you fall off. It doesn't take much to unload you. I rode short because I'm short-legged, but I never rode so that my knee was up to my chin. I had many a one stumble, but I never went down. See, it has to do with how you feel comfortable when you're going to ride."

It's raining harder now. The sky has darkened considerably, and another race is in progress. The horses are barely visible as they approach the far side of the track. Patsy notes, "In the '40's, this was a hard racetrack. It was clay, back then. When it was sloppy it wasn't too bad. But when it got a little bit more muddy, you'd slide. It was harder on the horse at certain times because it was a little bit more slippery. Sometimes it got icy during the winter. I saw a horse slide one time from the half-mile pole almost to the other pole."

People often assume that the horses running at Charles Town are inferior to those running Maryland or New York tracks because the purses here are smaller. Patsy disagrees. "Pimlico's got a lot of horses that are better, but they got a lot of bad ones too. They've got bums every place. The only difference is the price."

Outside, lightning strikes a power pole, killing the lights and cutting off announcer Costy Caras in mid-sentence. The cries from the fans are drowned by the explosion of thunder that follows. Soon, the backup power kicks in, and the crowd mills around, waiting to see what's going to happen. Strains of big band music drift down, a good accompaniment for the old photos spread out before us on the table.

The announcer interrupts the music, telling the crowd that the rest of the day's racing program has been canceled. We follow the crowd as it files out. Another day at Charles Town Races has come to an end. Tomorrow at 5:00 a.m., Patsy Grant will begin the next one.

Grant was among the top 20 jockeys in the country in 1943. Here he poses atop Tantrum in June of that year. Photo by Tim Sinn, courtesy Charles Town Races.

The mailbox says Bonnie Collins and the smile says welcome. Bonnie is glad for visitors to come down these steps to her house.

Raised Among the Hills

Storyteller Bonnie Collins

By Marc and Cheryl Harshman

Photographs by Michael Keller

Spring had come to the countryside last primary election day when we visited Bonnie Collins in Doddridge County. Her log house on the banks of McElroy Creek was pretty as a picture. The dark logs chinked with white were framed by the tall green trees rising against the far hill. We crossed the small bridge below the road bank and headed for Bonnie's.

First, we caught up on the usual questions about families and weather, and on this day just a little talk about politics, as well. We also reminisced about last year's Vandalia Gathering and looked forward to the one upcoming in a few weeks. It was at Vandalia that we first met Bonnie four years ago on the storytelling stage where she holds forth as an all-around performer.

Before the tape recorder started turning, we drove into Center Point to the polling booths. There didn't seem to be anyone Bonnie didn't "howdy" going to or coming from the Center Point Elementary School where voting takes place. It's also here in this building that she serves as a grandmother-in-the-schools, doing as we figure it, just a little bit of everything. It would be worth being a kid again just to have Bonnie as a grandmother in school. But, we're ahead of ourselves for those of you who haven't yet met Bonnie Collins.

She is, first of all, the premiere and veteran storyteller of West Virginia. Although she really only began telling for the public in the early 1970's, she has had a full lifetime of gathering the materials used in her craft. She has been a regular performer at

the state's most popular festivals, including the Stonewall Jackson Jubilee, the State Folk Festival at Glenville, and the Art and Craft Fair at Ripley, as well as Vandalia. With Bonnie the word "storyteller" covers a multitude of talents: musician, comedian, folk poet, songwriter, and yes, yarn spinner. She has received many honors for her work, including most recently the publication of two of her tales in *Laughter in Appalachia*, edited by Billy Edd Wheeler and Loyal Jones, a book that has quickly come to be one of the major collections of Appalachian humor.

Bonnie Collins was born Bonnie Mae Starkey — "my family wouldn't call me anything but Bonnie Mae," she says — on June 9, 1915, on Franks Run in Doddridge County. She lives just a few miles from there today, on State Route 23 west of Center Point. Her father was Lafayette Starkey and her mother Mary Alice Snodgrass.

Both families had roots in neighboring Wetzel County, Lafayette having been born in Folsom and the Snodgrasses coming from Long Drain near Hundred. Lafayette was the son of Samuel "Preacher Sam" Starkey and Perthenia Cain. Mary Alice was the granddaughter of Isaac Young Snodgrass, called Young, who was married to Emmaline Teagarden. Mary Alice was a midwife and delivered more than 50 babies in her lifetime. Bonnie notes that both families sound as if they're of English and German background, but what strikes one in talking with her is that her people above all else are entrenched West Virginians.

It was through the Snodgrass family that Bonnie's story comes to Doddridge County. Isaac Young Snodgrass bought the Franks Run property Bonnie still considers the homeplace. The original houses are gone, one burned and one torn down. The house that followed these is where Bonnie was born. Her father bought out her Grandma Snodgrass's heirs sometime after he moved there in 1900. This homeplace sits within a mile of where Tyler, Wetzel, and Doddridge counties come together, a site marked by a stone just above their farm. Facing that stone is Mt. Zion Church, half in Doddridge and half in Tyler.

As Bonnie discussed this place, we became aware that we were listening to a very special wisdom, a wisdom born of the kind of regionalism that farmer-philosopher Wendell Berry describes and recommends as "local life aware of itself." Local life is "intricately dependent" upon local knowledge, Berry says, and Bonnie Collins has that in spades. Listen to her talk about her corner of the world.

"On up Franks Run, up a little dog-leg hollow that just turns off of it, was the 'devil's tea table' or 'cups and saucers' — some would call it one, some the other," she says. "Where water comes off the hill, it pours down in different places at different times of the year onto a big stone. And there's big holes that the water has worn in there, where it has pecked out holes. The water would pour through the holes out front pretty strong in spring, but then in summer it would pour through smaller holes in the back. Oh, I knew it well. I was raised among those hills."

As Bonnie reminisced through the afternoon, it became clear that Lafayette Starkey, like many West Virginians, made his living from more than one line of work. "A jack-of-all-trades" Bonnie calls him, something she's inherited herself. Of course, one of Lafayette's trades was farming. Many of Bonnie's memories touch upon the farm at the center of the lives of her seven brothers and two sisters. Such memories include carrying lunch to the workers in the hayfield, and the barns up there built by the Robinson Improvement Company, one called "44 Barn" and one the "Middle Barn." Ninety acres of the 300-acre farm were in Wetzel County, the remaining 210 in Doddridge.

Her father had a sawmill on the farm, sawing lumber from the plentiful timber thereabouts. And he had a blacksmith shop where he made horseshoes. "I've fanned the fire with the bellows lots of times," Bonnie remembers.

Lafayette Starkey also ran a gristmill where he would grind the neighborhood's corn and then 'toll' it. "Do you know what that means?" Bonnie asks. "People would bring their corn to him and he'd grind it. He'd take out just a little bit to pay himself, and that was the 'toll.'" Then Bonnie adds with a twinkle in her eye that

Bonnie is as much at home on stage as on her Doddridge County front porch. She performs at festivals throughout West Virginia.

Above: The Starkeys were a robust hill country family. Father Lafayette poses here with his sons and daughters. Bonnie is at rear, second from left. Photographer unknown, 1946.

Below: Brothers Tom and Ray Starkey, photographed in 1915, the year sister Bonnie was born. Photographer unknown.

besides the sawmill and the gristmill, her father also had a "kid mill." "Yes, just ground out kids there, he did, 29 years and a day between the oldest and the youngest."

"I had a magic childhood," Bonnie says of that long-ago time. "I had five older brothers and two older sisters, and two younger brothers. It was the brothers who were my playmates. I was just as big a tomboy as could be, could climb any tree they could climb. Oh, I had a happy childhood."

One of Bonnie's earliest memories is as funny as any of her stories. Details were filled in as she got older, but she remembers a good part of the incident herself.

"What I remember about the First World War was that on the 19th of April, 1918, my mother had a baby born, a boy, and in 45 minutes, in the other bedroom of the same house, my oldest brother's wife had a baby," Bonnie says. "And then in ten days, my other brother that lived right by us had a boy. So in ten days they had three baby boys born there on Franks Run.

"Then when my oldest brother Clyde came home from the service, he came to Smithfield on the train and walked across the hills. Now, his was one of the babies and when he walks in the house all three of them was laid out on the bed. I remember him in his uniform. Well, he just looks at them and says, "That one's mine." And he was right!

"Oh, everyone just marveled that he could tell his child like that, none of 'em more'n two or three months old and just about alike. They didn't tell it for 25 or 30 years that brother Tom had met Clyde up there at the Middle Barn. Clyde had asked him, "Which one of them kids is mine? I'm going to pick him out." And Tommy, we called him, said, "Well, yours has brown eyes. Mama's baby has blue eyes and Glenn's baby has gray eyes. Your child has brown eyes." Oh, how we all marveled at Clyde knowing which one was his!"

As our afternoon visit went on, there was more about Bonnie's father. "Did you know my father named the town of Jacksonburg?" she asks. "Well, Jacksonburg was halfway between Clarksburg and

New Martinsville on the railroad, the Short Line. Father was running a boardinghouse there and the place was called Lott then. The man, the boss, that put this railroad through was named Jackson.

"Now, the people of Lott didn't like the Biblical connotation of their town's name, and they wanted it changed. Had to apply a couple of times to get the name straight. The federal government said they already had a Jacksonville and something else Jackson, too." It was Lafayette Starkey who supplied the successful compromise. "Our family used to have the old Lott postal handstamp, but somebody stole it," Bonnie says.

"Like I said, my father did a lot of things. Worked for Hope Gas Company for years and of course in later life had this dairy farm. I milked cows till all I felt I did was go to sleep and get up again. We had cows and cows.

"But his singing was best," Bonnie affirms. "Though he never made any money from it, didn't try to, one of the best things he did was sing, and teach singing — to me and the rest of us and others, too. Oh, yes, he had singing schools where he'd teach. Say people in two or three counties would be putting on a program, maybe an Easter program, I remember this more than one time, and it'd call for a certain song, and well, they didn't know that song. They'd come to my dad and say, 'Will you learn this song and teach it to our school?' And he'd do that. He'd go on weekends and teach these children the songs. One was, I never will forget, 'Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.' We'd never heard that before, but he learned it and taught it. He could learn anything, anything in the way of songs.

"He didn't play an instrument of any kind, just taught the songs," she continues. "He had one song that was perfect pitch. It was a hymn, but I can't recall it now. He'd start humming this to himself and you could go to the piano or organ, get the pitch on the organ, and he would have perfect pitch. He had to sing that one song and then could go on.

"He could read music, and taught us. He loved the songs. He'd go to revivals all over the country and lead the singing. He always had a choir in the family because there were so many of us. We were rich and didn't know it."

Those who have seen Bonnie perform know she always has a guitar and sometimes a mandolin with her. Instruments were always in her house when she was growing up. When the older brothers went away from home and married, they left the instruments for the younger ones.

"The mandolin I have came to me in a roundabout way," she explains. "It was told to me that it was really an Army and Navy mandolin. Back during the First World War and before, when there wasn't so much radio, the Army bought these instruments and put them out to the boys in the service so they could make music for their entertainment.

"I never could play the violin, but I have a brother Ray who could just make it talk," Bonnie continues. "Played mandolin, banjo, and guitar, too. We used to sing sweet harmonies together, but he won't play for anybody now except when I go up and we play together at his home."

In time, Bonnie met her husband and began her own family. There is a story in that, too, of course. "Well, I went to Hopemont, years ago, I reckon in '36, and my husband was from Terra Alta," she says. "He just lived right there, two miles from Hopemont. Archie Carl Collins, born March the 12th, 1905. He was ten years and three months older than me. I was working at the TB sanitarium as a waitress. He worked at Corinth in a coal mine, and I met him in town and we dated two or three times. Then a woman in the community come to me one evening and said she knew a guy she'd like me to meet. Said, 'He's an awful nice guy. You'd like him. We're going to bring him up Saturday evening.'

The Mt. Zion Church was a local landmark. The Starkeys' Franks Run homestead stood nearby.

"So Saturday evening, she brought him up. She introduced us, and we never let on. We never told her that we knew each other and had been dating already. And she still thinks she got me a husband!

"We got married the 13th of August, 1942, and we lived with his parents till he was drafted into the war. He went in October of '42. They took him right overseas immediately, and he was in Saipan, in Okinawa, he was all through the Marshalls and the Marianas. He was an Army engineer, went in ahead of the troops and built roads for them to come in on. Came back alive.

"We moved to Doddridge County," Bonnie continues. "I came down the middle of the winter of 1942-43, same year I'd been married, and I stayed with my parents because I was going to have a baby. I stayed on Franks Run and my first child was born up there in the same house that my mother and I were born in. Anyway, we had the four kids here."

Bonnie and Archie lived at the homeplace after he returned from the war. "In the meantime, my mother had a stroke and I couldn't leave her," she explains. "I had to take care of her. My sister taught school, my brother Ormond drove the school bus, but I stayed. We stayed in the home and I looked after my mother till she died. Then my father got sick and I took care of him. And then my sister got sick with cancer, and I took care of her. Mama got sick in '43, and my sister died in '63. I stayed on until all my obligations were over.

"We were living in this house when my husband died," she adds, speaking of her present home. "Went to bed one night, 1969, went to sleep, and died, and he never knew what hit him."

Although Bonnie has sung and performed frequently during her life, it was her experience as a 4-H leader that first offered her a stage as comedian and storyteller. "Let's see, I moved to this house in '63, and I took over a 4-H club. We'd go to camp, and I'd get up and do a little entertaining. Then I branched out to telling the stories, like the one that was always a favorite with the kids, about Jesse Hughes, the Indian fighter. That's a dandy. The stories about him are good ones.

"When I was the entertainment,

The Tinder Box

As Told by Bonnie Collins

The young soldier just had gotten out of the service and he was all dressed up in a nice uniform. One day he was walking down the street. He was job hunting, and he was walking down the street in this town, an old cobble street, when an old hag showed up. She stopped him and said, "Young man, you look young and brave, and you've been in wars?"

"Oh, yes, I've been in wars, Mother, I've been in wars."

"Well, I need a favor. Would you do me a favor?"

And he said, "Yes, indeed, I would, if I could."

"There's a cave, not too far from here, and I would like you to go in there and get me something that is in the cave."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's called a tinder box."

"Why can't you go in there, Mother?"

"Oh, it's bad luck for a woman to go in those caves. I want you to go in. I'm going to give you my blue checkered apron, and when you go in the first cave, there is a dog sitting on a chest. He has eyes as big as teacups, but he won't hurt you if you set him on my checkered apron. You lift him over and set him on my checkered apron, and then you open that chest and you fill your pockets with jewels or whatever you find there.

"Now, there's another room in that cave. You go on to that next room and there's a dog in there. He has eyes as big as saucers, but he won't hurt you. You just spread out my checkered apron and set him on that, and you take all you want from that chest.

"Then you go on to the third room of the cave. Now, that dog in there is a big one. He has eyes as big as mill wheels, but he won't hurt you. You just set him on my checkered apron, and you open that chest and you take all you want of what it has. But behind that last big dog, there's a shelf, and I want you to look on that shelf. There's a tinder box there and I want you to bring that to me."

"Well, now," the soldier said, "Are you sure you couldn't do that yourself?" Because he doubted what she told him.

"No, it's bad luck for a woman to go in there."

So the soldier agreed to go. When it became dark, he slipped over to the cave and went in.

At first, he couldn't see. It was all dark. But he could make out the form of this dog on the chest. He felt around and there was a little stub of a candle. He lit that, and he took out that checkered apron and he spread it on the floor. He set that dog on the checkered apron, and he opened that chest, and all the most beautiful jewels were in there.

He was so excited, he filled his pockets with rubies and diamonds and pearls. It was something to behold. And when he got all he could carry in his pockets, he set the dog back on the chest and he hunted until he found the other room.

When he went into the second room, he carried the candle with him. Sure enough, here was this dog with eyes as big as saucers and he was sitting on a chest. The soldier just spread out the checkered apron. He put that dog on that apron, and he opened that chest and it was full to the brim with silver.

"Well, I can't spend these jewels," he thought. "I'll take the silver."

So he took all of the jewels out of his pockets. He filled his pockets with silver, put the dog back on the chest, and he thought, "Oh, that's lovely!"

He picked up that little bit of a candle and he hunted and hunted. Finally he found this back room, and it was dark in there. He lifted that candle up and there sat that dog with

Archie'd come," she recalls. "He was the biggest fan I had. He was just so proud. And when he died, I quit entertaining and I didn't do any more. My oldest girl said, 'Mother, Daddy wouldn't want you to sit down and grieve. Why don't you just take up where you left off?' And I did.

"But now, 4-H wasn't all of it," Bonnie adds. "The year after he died in the fall of '69, I began cooking at the school. They called and offered me the job. I cooked for a year, and I wrote a little poem. They sent it to Charleston. And then the State Board of Education, the nutrition department, hired me to write poetry for their early childhood program. They took me to all these workshops, all over the state. I had principals and county superintendents and teachers from all over, had them standing up, rubbing their bellies, singing foolish songs!

"I went to Capon Springs first, spring of 1970. They couldn't hire me as an entertainer, but they could hire me as a poet, so I wrote poetry. I was scared to death when I got there. All these professors of this, and Ph.D.'s of that, from Texas and Illinois and California and Maine. I thought, 'What's an old dumb country woman, no education, doing here?'

"I went to my room and I cried about it and I prayed about it. I thought, 'I'll just do the best I can, and that'll be it.'

"They were the best audience I ever had! They were just as good as they could be. I made lifelong friends. That's one reason I got started. Folks would call me. They took me to all these workshops — Blackwater Falls, Cheat Lake — and I met the nicest people then that I ever knew.

"I was doing the poems, and then I did the comedy, too. My brother Rymer took me down to North Bend one time, sat in the audience, and the woman that was the head of it said something to him. He burst out laughing and he said, 'I didn't know she did this! I never heard her before.' He just never knew what I did, and was flabbergasted!

"In '72 I went to Jackson's Mill for the senior citizens, and I did a comedy act. Dave Morris was there and he invited me down to his festival at his home in Clay County, down at Ivydale. I went there three or four times in a row.

eyes as big as mill wheels. But by that time, he was so greedy he wasn't afraid of anything. So he spread out the checkered apron, lifted the last big dog onto the apron, opened the chest, and it was full to running over with gold. Oh, beautiful gold coins!

Needless to say, he emptied his pockets of the silver and filled them with gold. He even filled the checkered apron with gold and tied it up, and started out.

And then he remembered, "I didn't get the tinder box. Why would that old hag want that tinder box with all this in here?"

So he looked behind where the dog had sat, and sure enough, on a little shelf, he found the tinder box. It was about the size of a match box. He put it in his pocket, and he went out. When he got to the outside of the cave, the old woman was waiting. She said, "Did you get what you went after?"

Well, greed overtook him and he said, "No. I got all these things, but I didn't find the tinder box."

"Now, that's what I sent you for," she said. "You go back and get it."

He said, "Old woman, what do you want with that tinder box?"

"It is none of your business what I want with that tinder box, but I want you to give it to me."

And he said, "No, I risked my life in there with those three dogs, and if it's worth that much to you, it's worth that much to me." But he didn't have any idea what he was going to do with it.

So he went on back into town and she walked away, grumbling. When he got to town, he went into the inn, and he bought drinks all around. He bought the finest meal, and he lived riotously from then on. He was living high on the hog!

Finally, he ran out of money. He ducked down in his pocket and he had a couple of little jewels that was stuck there. He took them and traded them to somebody, but he didn't get much for them, because the people didn't know the value of them. He had to take what they offered. His friends all forsook him when he didn't have any more money.

And he thought, "Well, I'll go back to that cave." He went and there was no sign of a cave there. There was just a big rock, no hole in it. He didn't know what he was going to do.

He went back into town where he got in debt so far that they were going to hang him. They said, "You owe everybody in town." He had no friends whatsoever, after his money was gone.

So they took him out and built a scaffold, put him up, put the rope around his neck. They said, "Now, we're going to hang you." And the hangman said, "You have one last request. What would you like?"

He said, "Does anyone have a cigar?"

"Yes, we'll find you one."

"I'd just like to smoke a cigar. The last thing on earth I'll get to do is smoke a good cigar."

So someone handed him a cigar. He reached in his pocket, and he found that tinder box. He had forgot about having it. But he reached in those old baggy pants and pulled out that tinder box, and he struck a light on it. When he did that, those three big dogs appeared, saying, "Orders, Master."

"Orders?" the soldier asked. "Set me free!"

Well, the dogs tied into the crowd and chased all the people away but one young woman. She was kind of sweet on the soldier and he was kind of sweet on her. She climbed up and took the rope from around his neck. He was so glad to see her, and he said, "Oh, you're a wonderful friend!" He knew then that he had the secret of everything, and said, "I think we ought to get married."

She said, "I do too."

They walked along and he said, "Oh, you saved my life; you're a wonderful girl. I'm going to take you to town and buy you the nicest dress you ever had in your life."

He looked down in her face, and she had the prettiest sparkling blue eyes he'd ever seen. The curls fell on her shoulders, and she was gorgeous! She looked up with a smile and said, "I'll settle for a new, blue checkered apron!"

Left: As a young woman, Bonnie worked for the Hopemont Sanitarium in Preston County. Here she enjoys the hospital grounds with orderly J. D. Williston. Photographer unknown, 1936.

Below: Children started coming along soon after Bonnie's marriage to Archie Collins. Linda, about three years old here, was the first of three daughters and a son. Photographer unknown, 1946.

The Goodest Cook

By Bonnie Collins

I fed a hungry child today,
His face was none too clean,
But two bright eyes smiled up at me
And his teeth had gaps between.
He took his place and marched along
And without a second look,
He said, "I like the lunch today,
'Cause you're the goodest cook!"
But later, as I did my work
Of scrubbing pots and dishes,
I recalled how a multitude was fed
With five loaves and two fishes.
And my work took on a new meaning,
One it never had before,
For where their little minds need filling,
Their little bodies need it more.
Now, my work's just mediocre,
And my failures would fill a book,
But it really lifts my spirits,
To know I'm the "goodest cook."

Bonnie says that poem really happened. "This little boy walked up and said, 'You're the goodest cook.' That little boy's grown up now and has a baby of his own."

"I went to the Glenville State Folk Festival when I was 60 years old," Bonnie continues. "I went there for that and then they invited me back, Mack [Samples] did, to be on the program. And I've been on the program over there every year since. I've missed maybe once or twice, but that was that.

"Vandalia was where I first told some of the longer stories, the stories like the ones in *Laughter in Appalachia*. I went to the very first Vandalia. Oh yes, I was on the program. Dave got me on that. Dave would just call me and say, 'Bonnie, I've a plum I'm going to drop in your lap. We're going to go somewhere and do thus and so.' Said, 'Now, we want you to go, and we'll see that you have a ride.' And through 4-H I knew a lot of people that used to come out and pick me up and take me. Then there

was young people that wanted to get into the festival and couldn't. So they'd take me and then they'd get in with me. I really had wonderful friends, old and young."

Bonnie's storytelling repertoire is chock full of jokes and funny stories about overweight women, marriage, underwear, preachers, and corpses. She also tells of spooky and strange-but-true happenings from West Virginia's past — the ghost train of Wetzel County, the ghost barber, and the Metz murder. But her story bag is also full of witticisms and folk sayings she has gleaned throughout her life, weather sayings and fortune-telling tales.

"Well in an earlier day, girls tried their fortunes," she says of the latter. "They had to try to see who their husband was going to be. I remember when I was a child, we'd eat salt before we went to bed, and we didn't take a drink of water. We'd put water in a glass and then we'd lay a chip or a little bit of wood across that drink. And whoever we dreamed about in the night, that gave us a drink of water, was supposed to be our husband. That was one way. Now, I tried that, but I never had a dream."

Bonnie also remembers play-party games and has used them in her years of work with children.

"We played one that I don't recall the name: 'Here comes four kings a-riding, a-riding, a-riding; here comes four kings a-riding, ransom-a-tansom-a-tee.' A set number of boys, they'd come marching up, and the girls would sing: 'What are you riding here for, here for, here for? What are you riding here for, ransom-a-tansom-a-tee.' The girls would march up and sing that to the boys, and then they'd march back and the boys would march up. 'We're riding here to get married, married. . .,' and then they'd choose a girl until the girls were all gone. 'We're riding here to get married, ransom-a-tansom-a-tee.' When they all got a partner, they'd swing each other around and sing the tune, just 'round and 'round and 'round. Now that was a game!"

For Bonnie Collins, storytelling is not something she brings out for special occasions, and gussies up for stages and bright lights. Rather, her

The Collins family spent the late 1950's and early 1960's at the old Morgan Place on Franks Run. Bonnie recalls it as a happy house, full of her children's overnight guests. One group of friends is shown in the photograph below, with daughter Barbara standing with Steve Swiger at rear.

storytelling is, as it has always been to her and her family, a daily habit.

Today she is a foster grandmother in the schools, a warm, loving aide at the four-room elementary school where we took her to vote. Daily she works with students who need some extra help in their studies. "Yes, I tell them stories," Bonnie admits. "When the children all get their lessons, then I can tell them a story. I take my mandolin and my guitar, and I tell stories and sing occasionally. When there's some spare time, I'll just run over and do an impromptu thing for them."

We mention how lucky the children are to have her in school with them. "I'm lucky!" she replies. "They're such marvelous kids. They're not all perfect angels — some of their halos are bent a little bit, and some of their wings are kind of ragged, but I love every one of them. I'm the one that's lucky!" ♣

Above: This is Bonnie Collins's official Vandalia Gathering portrait. She was at the first Vandalia in 1977 and almost all the others.

Below: Bonnie says no one believes she lives in a log house, so here it is. The house, formerly a vacation property in her family, is on McElroy Creek near Center Point.

Always Read the Directions

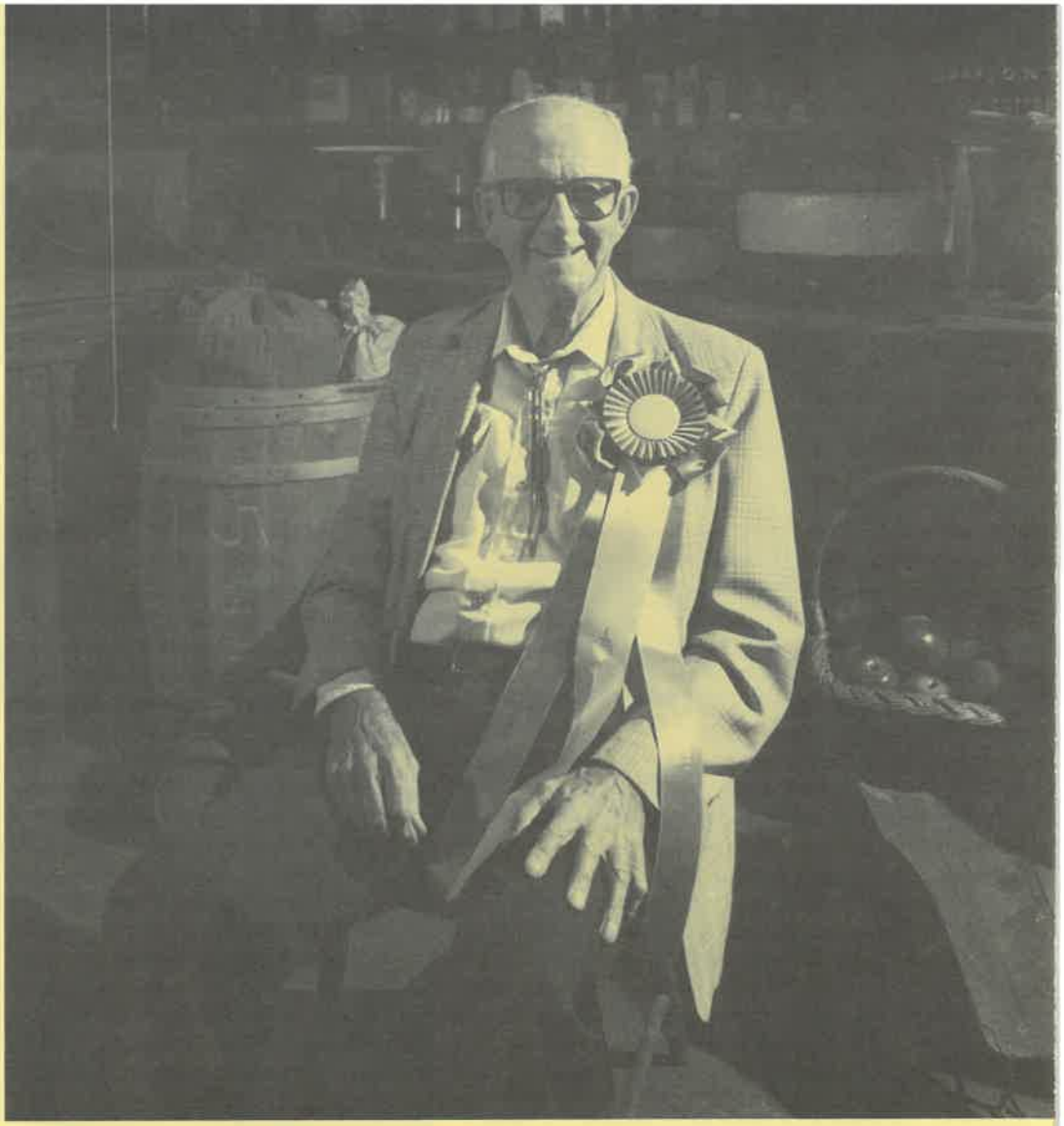
The Winning Liars from Vandalia 1988

"It's getting pretty deep up here, folks." Those were the words of Paul Lepp as he took the stage at the State Liars' Contest at last year's Vandalia Gathering in Charleston. Lepp is a two-time state champion liar and he knows his business. If he says it's getting deep, it's getting deep.

The champ was there to defend his crown, but he fell just short of the mark. The 1988 first-place honors, including a cash prize and the coveted "West Virginia's Biggest Liar" blue ribbon and rosette, went to Bee Murphy of South Charleston. Lepp took second prize and third place went to Alan Klein, an experienced yarn spinner from Ritchie County.

The popular Sunday afternoon event, really a storytelling contest, drew stiff competition from across the state. We were glad to let the judges — George Daugherty, Bonnie Collins and Marc Harshman — have the difficult task of picking the best. We print the stories here in the order they chose them. For good measure, we've thrown in a tale from Jim Lance, a crowd-pleasing newcomer from Jefferson County.

The 1989 Liars' Contest will be held May 28 in the State Theater of the Cultural Center. If you'd like a shot at the glory, you may call Ken Sullivan at 348-0220 to pre-register.



Bee Murphy is West Virginia's top liar. The 1988 Liars' Contest champion relaxes here in the country store at the State Museum. Photo by Michael Keller.

Mr. Murphy. I came here to warn you people about things you see on television. I watch television quite a bit and I saw this commercial telling about this glue, or whatever you call it, that you put on your — well, a lot of people call them dentures but I've always called them false teeth.

They said it would really hold. 'Course, you know, they always stick their finger in a cup of water, glass of water, or something and hold it up. So I went and got a tube of it. I thought, I'll try this stuff out to see if it's any good.

So I took my false teeth out. I took my lowers and I put some of that stuff on my thumb and slapped them teeth down on there to see if it was going to hold. Then I took my uppers out and I put a gob of it on and put my other finger on there. So they'd fit together, see?

Then I found out that because I didn't put my fingers in water before I tried it, I couldn't get the durn things off! For about ten days there, I had to chew my food in my plate and then take a spoon and put it in my mouth.

Now, I'm not telling this here to be funny, I'm telling it to help you. You ought to always read the directions on them boxes.

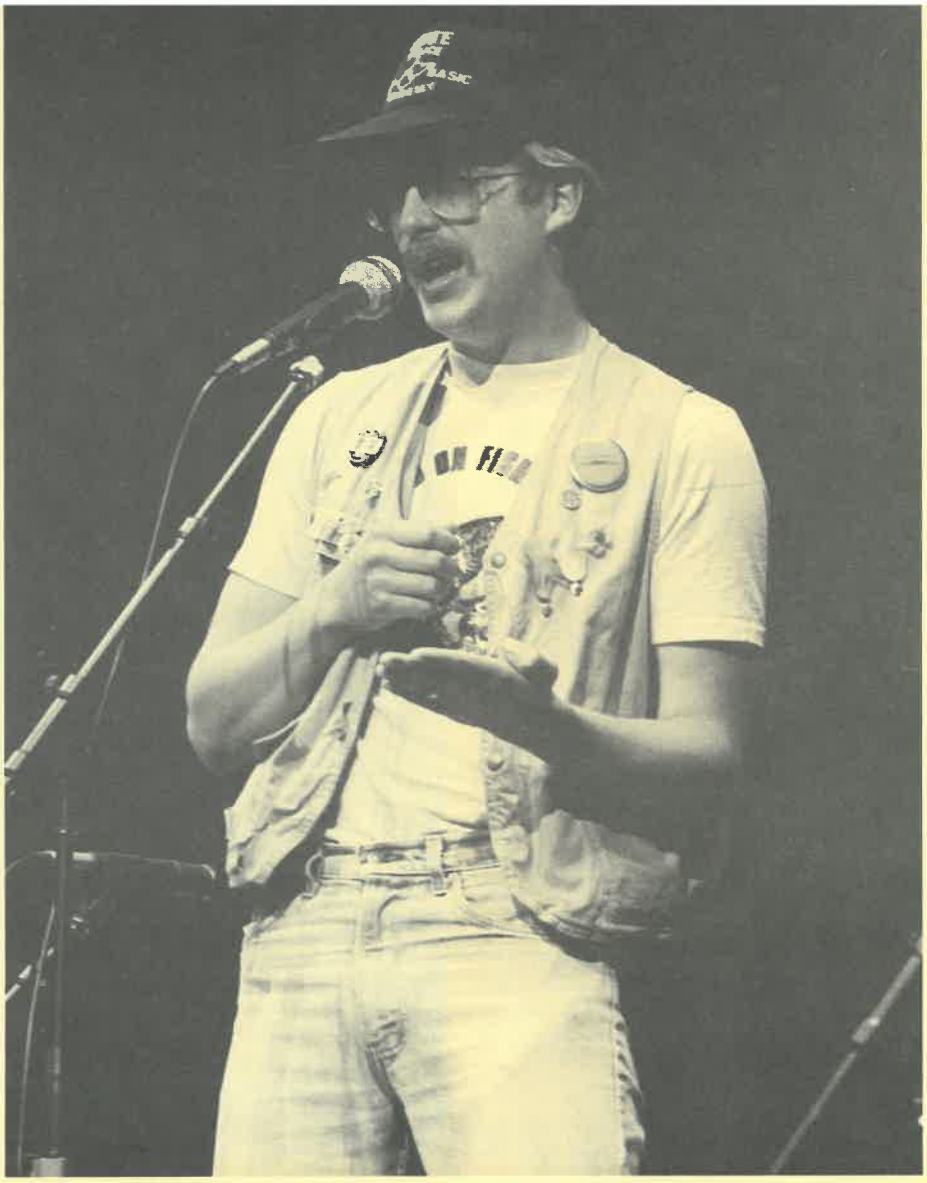
I didn't go out of the house very much while I had them on. But folks came to the door to visit and I bit three people trying to shake hands with them. Two of these fellers that I

bit, I had to pay for rabies shots for them. And the other one, he went to the health people and had me quarantined for ten days. The dog catcher came down and put a muzzle on my hand 'til I could get them teeth off of there.

I don't know what you-all are laughing about, because this is really not funny. You get in that kind of shape yourself, your wife leading you around on a leash with your teeth on your hand — why, it looks bad.

I had to figure out some way to get those teeth off. I ran into a friend of mine who lived down there on Spring Hill Mountain. Spring Hill Mountain is where I was raised, used to make moon. . ., uh, some kind of spirits out there.

My friend told me, said, "If you'll get a quart of that, uh, good old mountain dew, and soak that hand in it real good, it'll take them teeth right off of there." So, I went out and I got a quart of that stuff. I begin to soak my hand, taking a little sip every once in a while. I kept on 'til about all of it was gone. Then all at once the teeth just dropped off. They were really soaked. And I was, too!



Paul Lepp has his car troubles and fishing problems. The two-time first place winner took second prize in last year's Liars' Contest. Photo by Greg Clark.

Paul Lepp. Like a lot of other West Virginians, I've been known to practice unemployment from time to time. I practiced so long and so hard, that the next thing I knew, I had wound up with a full-time job. I'm not complaining. A job's a fine thing, but it cuts into a man's free time something fierce.

Just like being married. You see, time was when I could go fishing any time I wanted to. Nowadays, between my job and my family, fishing trips are scarcer than effective sessions of the West Virginia State Legislature. That's why when I found myself this very morning at the tiny town of Centralia, West Virginia, at the headwaters of Sutton Lake in a blinding rainstorm, I decided I was going to fish anyway.

You see, I had already taken the day off work. My car, the great, golden carp cruiser, had broken down. After a lot of tears and threats — that's my tears and her threats — I talked my wife into letting me use her Volkswagon Rabbit. She agreed I could take her car, but only after I filed a written, AAA-approved, trip plan. That including writing down the odometer reading. She allowed me 150 miles, which is round trip from South Charleston to Centralia and back. That way she said she'd know I went where I said I was going. She also made me swear I'd be home by five. Well, that made me swear alright.

So there I was in the blinding rainstorm, but I had a plan. I pulled that Volkswagon right down to the water's edge and I reached around in the back seat and got out the monster stick — that's my nine-foot surfcasting rod that's got a reel-full of six miles of brand-new, 50-pound Stren carp cord. I got the monster stick and I reached down in the front seat into the bait bucket and I pulled out one of those 10-pound, $10 crawdads that I had bought at the seafood shop at the Big Bear store in Charleston.

I hooked that thing up. I just rolled down the window, stuck the monster rod out and gave a five-minute cast down the lake. I jumped out of the car, took the rod and propped it up in the space between the grill and the bumper on the Rabbit. Congratulating myself on being so smart, I came back around, got inside the car, rolled up the window, turned on the windshield wipers, tuned in a Reds game and popped a cold one.

I sat back, warm and dry as a crumb in a toaster oven. I sat for a long time waiting for something to happen and finally it did. The Reds were down by a run, it was the bottom of the ninth, they had two men on and two out. Eric Davis was at the plate with a full count. The pitcher got the sign, he checked the

runners — the windup, the pitch, the throw, and a hit!

Well, not for Eric Davis. Eric Davis struck out. But I had a tremendous hit on the end of the monster rod. I slammed open the door to go set the hook. I immediately shut the door again because it was at that precise moment I realized it's true what they say about Volkswagons: They float.

You see, that fish had hit so hard it pulled that car right down the muddy bank and out into the water of Sutton Lake. The monster stick was bent double and the car began to pick up speed at an alarming rate. I did the only thing I could think of — I reached down, fastened the seat belt, turned the wipers on high, and cracked another cold one. Before I knew it, we were halfway down the lake passing the marina and campground areas, throwing them a rooster tail 75 yards behind.

On we went, picking up speed. Finally we rounded a bend and looming up at me out of the spray and the mist ahead, I saw the dam. Straight ahead that fish swam, never an inch to the left nor to the right. On and on towards that dam 'til a crash was coming for sure. At the last second, he dove down deep. The front end of the Rabbit went down, the rear end came up, and the monster stick, the Rabbit and I went airborne right over the face of the Sutton Dam.

I knew I was a dead man. If the wreck didn't kill me, my wife would. I just had time to shut my eyes and crack another cold one when the line jerked tight, the tires of the Rabbit bit into the face of the dam and we skidded to a stop just six feet above the spillway.

When I opened my eyes, I was glad I had got that last one opened because I was eyeball to eyeball with the great-granddaddy of all catfish. He had dove down hoping to escape through the drain hole, but he was so big he had hung up in that 18-foot hole like a cork in a jug. He had pushed the grating right out of that drain, and had it jammed in his mouth. He was grinning like a TV preacher with all the phone lines lit up.

Well, I figured we were a little bit too close for comfort so I slammed the Rabbit into reverse and we just drove right back up to the top of the dam. Things were no better up there. You see, the rain was still raining, the drain wasn't draining, the water was rising, the pressure was building. The dam begin to shake 'til you knew something fierce was going to happen. And suddenly, with a tremendous POP! that catfish shot out of that hole like an MX missle, headed downstream for Charleston.

It was an interesting sight to see a 30-foot rocket catfish going down the river — right up to the point when the line came tight. Suddenly the monster stick, the Rabbit and I were yanked off the face of the dam, down into the deep, dark, cold water of Sutton Lake, unceremoniously drawn through that drain hole and right on down the Elk River, still hooked solid to that nuclear catfish.

On we went, faster than sound, faster than the speed of light. We began to pass Elk River towns like telephone poles on the interstate. We went through Sutton, Gassaway, Frametown, Strange Creek, Duck, Ivydale, Clay, Procious, Queen Shoals, Clendenin, Elkview and Big Chimney, quicker than it takes to tell.

I don't know anything about physics and the theory of relativity, or all that stuff, but I do know the ball game was in the ninth inning when we left Sutton and was back to the second inning by the time we got to Big Chimney. When we got down to Charleston, that fish had about a half-a-mile lead on me as he hung a sharp right for the Mississippi River via the Kanawha and the Ohio. He hung such a sharp turn that the line came up against a concrete abutment of the I-64 bridge. At 186,000 miles per second, it was too much even for my 50-pound Stren carp cord, and the line broke.

Without that fish to pull us around the corner, the monster stick, the Rabbit and I shot right down the Elk River, straight across the Kanawha, up the bank, down Oakwood Road and plumb to Alum Creek before we coasted to a stop. Folks, I was never so glad to lose a fish in all my life.

Then I looked down at the odometer — you remember I had to file that written trip plan. Well, I promised I'd be home by five o'clock this evening. It's not going to be any trouble to get to South Charleston from here by five o'clock. The problem is I've got to figure out a way to put 75 miles on that car between here and there by then.

I'd love to stick around and tell you all about what happened to that catfish when he got to New Orleans with that grate still stuck in his teeth. But I'd better get driving.

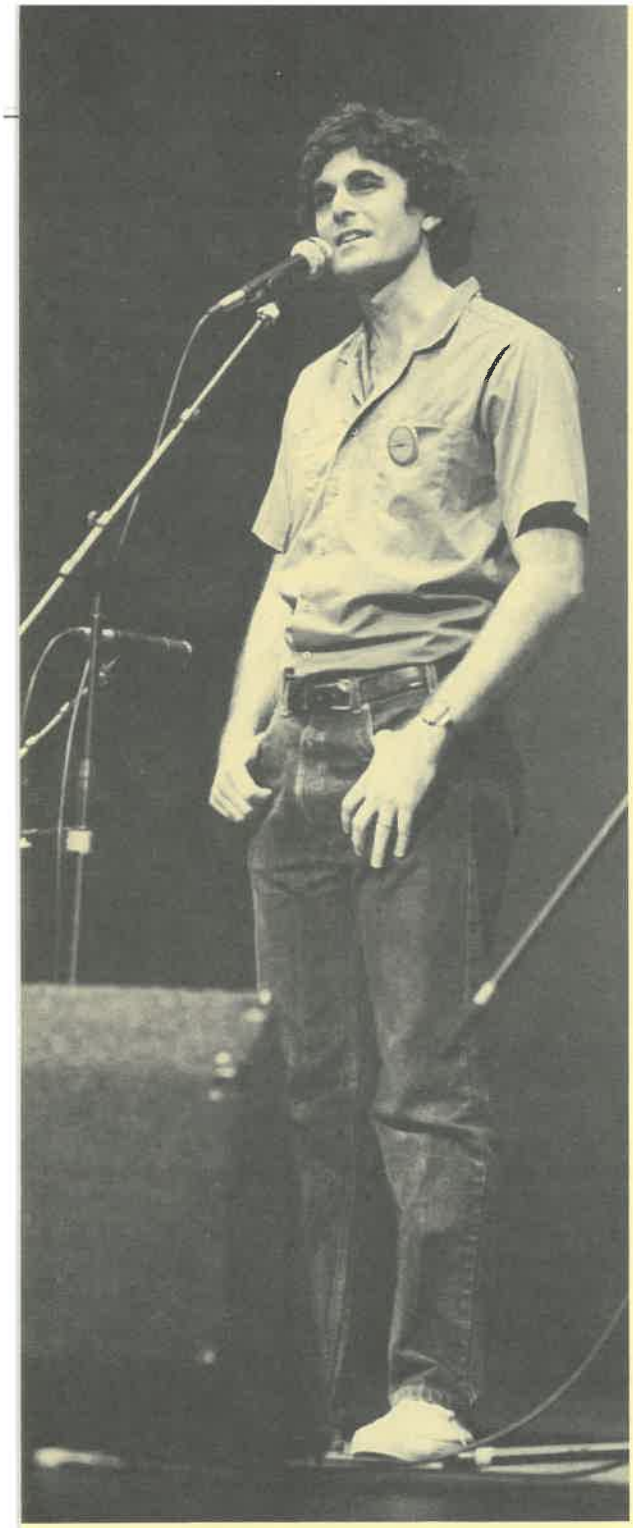
Storytelling Catalog

The National Association for the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storytelling (NAPPS) offers a valuable selection of storytelling materials in its 1989 catalog. The 20-page booklet features albums, cassettes, books, guides, teaching aids, and videos for the professional or would-be teller, teachers, librarians and "those who simply love good storytelling."

The nonprofit association was founded in 1975 to encourage a greater appreciation and practice of storytelling. It holds an annual conference and national festival and publishes a quarterly magazine, monthly newsletter, and national directory. NAPPS also operates a library and archive and provides technical assistance for storytellers.

The storytelling catalog features a variety of subjects to choose from, such as Jack tales, children's stories, chillers, and stories and songs. Cultural categories range from Native American Indian and African and Afro-American to Jewish Folk and Family Stories and International Tales. For more information contact the National Association for the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storytelling, P.O. Box 309, Jonesborough, TN 37659, (615)753-2171.

The West Virginia Asssociation for the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storytelling plans a West Virginia storytelling festival on April 22 in Point Pleasant. For information contact Carole B. Yeager, 803 Main Street, Point Pleasant, WV 25550, (304)675-5386.



Alan Klein was back in the winner's circle in 1988. The popular storyteller teaches school in Ritchie County. Photo by Greg Clark.

Alan Klein. Well, those of you who is oldtimers at this contest know that I've been standing here year after year telling you about my hometown, Bryant Pond, Maine. And about a fellow named Virgie Bliss who lives up in Bryant Pond.

Over the years, I've told you about almost everything I could tell about Virgie. I've told you about his voting habits, told you about the hard winter, told you about his hunting, told you about him getting scrod in Boston. But what I haven't told you so far is about Virgie's employment. You see, Virgie was a privy maker. There isn't much call for that these days, not even in the Maine woods, but Virgie was a privy maker back then and he built the best privies any man ever saw. He dug them deep, he built them strong — but he never would stand behind his work.

Yes, Virgie knew how to build them. He knew that you had to build them quartering into the prevailing breeze, 'cause otherwise the wind would come up through the hole and it would make an awful stench. He knew you had to make the privy seat out of box ash, 'cause if you made it out of box ash, you could sand it down nice and smooth and it wouldn't develop no cracks to startle you of a morning.

Virgie built them to order. He built them any size. Why, Virgie built them twin ten-holers for the Skowhegan County Fair. Virgie built that three-story one-holer — yes, it was a three-story one-holer — on the side of Patch Mountain. We called that the astronaut privy. It was a long way from launch to splashdown, don't you know?

Why, Virgie got so famous building privies that he was even called by the State Legislature of West Virginia to come down and build a privy right out here on the Capitol grounds. He come down and studied on it for a while, sat in on a couple of sessions, and he decided the best thing to do was to build a half-holer for them. You think about that for a while.

Virgie built the Masons' five-holer. Mr. and Mrs. Mason had about ten or 12 children at the time, so they needed a big privy. He built a five-holer with several different size seats, don't you know, from the young'uns to the old'uns.

One day, Mr. and Mrs. Mason they was out there, Ma and Pa sitting on the adult seats. They was reading what was left of the Sears Roebuck catalog and talking about the weather and so on. Little Johnny, he come running in and he was obviously in a hurry. He was the smallest, but he jumped up on the wrong hole, don't you know?

Next thing they knew, he just jackknifed and fell right in. Well, Ma Mason, she reached down there and fished around awhile, pulled him up and took a look and dropped him back in. Pa, he said, "But, but, Ma, wasn't that one of ours?" And Ma said, "Yes, it was, but it would be a darn sight easier to make a new one than to clean that one up."

It was Virgie who was called by Mr. Perkins to build his privy. Mr. Perkins said he wanted it out by the chestnuts, so Virgie said he'd build it out by the chestnuts. He commenced to digging the hole and Mr. Perkins come out and he said, "No, Virgie, that's too far for the winter, out there by the chestnuts. It's too long a walk. Build it over here by the house by the lilacs."

Virgie didn't say nothing. He just went over and commenced to digging the hole, put the floorboards down and Mr. Perkins come out and he said, "No, Virgie, no. What with the winds being what they are, that's awful close to the kitchen for the summer months, don't you know? Why don't you build it halfway between the chestnuts and the lilacs, and it won't be too far for the winter nor too close for the summer."

Virgie didn't say nothing. He just went to the middle between the chestnuts and the lilacs and commenced to digging the hole, put the floorboards down, the sides on and the roof. He was working on what you might call the interior decorating when Mr. Perkins come out and he was all het up. He said, "Consarn you, Virgie, now I told you specifically I wanted a two-hole privy and you've gone and framed it up as a one-holer! What you got to say for yourself?"

And Virgie said, "Now, Mr. Perkins, it is your privy and you can have it whichever way you want. But I got to thinking that if you come out here some morning, shall we say, pressed for time? By the time you made up your mind which hole to use, it would be too late!"

Squirrel Fishing

Jim Lance of Jefferson County brought a tale of a smart squirrel and smarter catfish. Photo by Michael Keller.

Jim Lance. Howdy, y'all. I live over in Jefferson County, and work on a C&O Canal boat for the National Park Service. We give people rides up and down the restored canal and talk about life the way it was in 1876.

Now, first thing I want you-all to know, when I tell stories I don't use my real name — my mother gets mad. So I go by the name of Aloysius Xavier Holtsapple. It's kind of hard to say, so you-all can call me by my nickname. Since my initials are "A. X.," what do you reckon my nickname is? "Little Ax." It's 'cause my daddy, he was "Big Ax." He was five-foot-six. I got a little boy, his name is "Hatchet."

I'm going to tell you-all what happened to me one day, when we's coming down on this here replica canalboat. We was coming down the canal and it was in August. And it was hot. I mean it was dog-day hot. There wasn't no wind a-going, no how, at all. And I saw way out in the distance right over top the canal, there was a limb, going up and down.

And I said, "Looky there, Cecil." Cecil's my friend. I said, "Cecil, look at that." I said, "That limb is waving itself. It's a-fanning itself."

He says, "Little Ax." He says, "Trees don't fan themselves."

And I said, "Well, I know what I see."

We got a little bit closer and we saw what it was. This here limb had an object on top of it. It was furry and had a long, fluffy tail. A squirrel's what it was.

That squirrel was jumping up and down. And every time he'd come down, that old limb would get closer to the water. The next thing you know, the old squirrel gets underneath the limb and he's holding on with two hind legs and one of his front legs. And every time that limb would go down, why, he'd reach down like this.

And I said, "Cecil, look at that." I said, "That there squirrel's washing his hands."

"Little Ax," he says, "Squirrels don't do that." He says, "Raccoons do, but not squirrels."

Well, we got closer and then we saw what the whole thing was all about. There was a big old rock, about this big around, flat, right in the middle of the canal. Now, I want you-all to understand this here canal is 60 feet wide. And this rock's right in the middle. And right in the middle of that rock is a big old oak apple. Y'all know what an oak apple is, don't you? It's an acorn. This big old acorn was laying right in the middle of that rock and that's what this squirrel wanted.

Well, the next thing you know, he done jumped off of that there limb and landed on the rock. Y'all know what happened to the limb, don't you? It went "sproing!" — that's right, "sproing!" — right straight up in the middle of the air and you got this squirrel on the middle of this rock, out in the middle of the canal. And he can't get back 'cause squirrels can't swim.

"Guess what, there's dinner," I said. "Cecil, tell you what you do. You just go ahead and steer over there."

Well, we started steering over there and before we could get there, the water started churning and a-boiling and a-bubbling all around that rock, just like a teakettle on to boil. Before I had a chance to get that old squirrel, up come a catfish, this tall — well, maybe *that* tall — had a head on him that big around, whiskers this long. He come up out of the top of the water and right over that there rock. Ca-choomp! He done grabbed that old squirrel and was gone. The last thing we saw was that catfish going under, belly up, with a big old grin on his face, squirrel tail hanging out his mouth.

And I said to the captain. I said, "Captain, did you see that?" And he said, "See what?" And I said, "That there, that there catfish come up out of the water and he took that squirrel right off that rock!"

He said, "Little Ax, you been in the jug." He says, "Squirrels don't get took by no catfish. You've been in the jug."

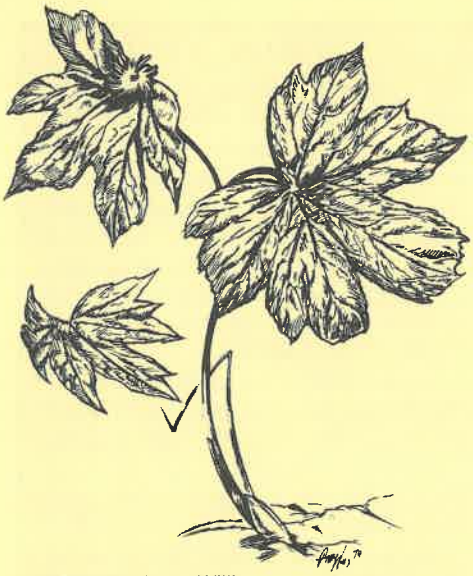
I said, "Not since Cumberland."

You see, what happened was in Cumberland, we were there waiting to get coal and one of the boys from one of the other boats said, "Little Ax, come with us." I said, "Where you going?" He said, "We're going to go down to the saloon and get in the jug." Now, you-all know better than that, don't you? Well, I did too, but I did it. I ain't proud of it.

Three days later I woke up married to the ugliest woman in seven counties. Sadie Mae Holtsapple. That gal's so ugly, I took her out for a walk on the towpath with the mules and an owl come flying over and he took a look at her. He don't fly at night no more. That owl don't even say "Whoo" no more. He just says "What?"

Anyhow, the captain says, "Squirrels don't get took by no catfish." And I said, "Look, it was on that rock right there, it's all wet." He said, "There ain't no squirrel on that rock." I said, "I told you the catfish done drug him off!" Well, we went on argufying on that.

Y'all know what happened next, don't you? Here come that catfish up out of the water, right over top the rock and put another acorn right on the middle of it. There's squirrel-eating catfish on the C&O Canal and you can believe it. It come from me. ❧



Drawing by Andy Willis.

From time to time we are asked about our name, and we give the best reply we can — how this magazine is named for goldenseal, the wild herb otherwise known as yellow root. Then every five years we republish the definitive answer, a description of our namesake written by one of West Virginia's leading scholars, the late botanist Earl Core. This issue marks our 15th anniversary and we invite you to read once more of the useful little plant that roots itself deeply into rich mountain soil.

Goldenseal

By Earl L. Core

In the shadows of the mighty forest that covered the Appalachian, or Endless Mountains, and the hills to the west, the American aborigines before the coming of the European invaders had discovered hundreds of plants useful to them in various ways. Poles and bark of trees were used in housing; canoes were made by certain techniques, baskets and bags by others. Parts of some plants could be used for food; others formed the basis for alcoholic drinks; still others had remarkable narcotic properties. Many were used in the treatment of the various physical ailments that assailed their bodies.

Many of the plants the Indians used in attempts to cure diseases were, of course, to no avail, as is true of many of the remedies we buy in drugstores today. But, through a long and costly process of trial and error, others had been found to be of value. When the Europeans came, this knowledge was transmitted to them, with the result that the valuable plants quickly came to be very scarce. Goldenseal is one of these.

Goldenseal is a member of the crowfoot family and has the Latin name *Hydrastis canadensis*. It is interesting to note that only one other species of *Hydrastis* is known to exist and it (*Hydrastis jezoensis*) is halfway around the world, in the forests of Japan.

Goldenseal is found in the rich soil of deep woods, and in moist places at the edge of wooded lands, flowering from April to May, fruiting in July. It was found originally from Vermont west to Minnesota and eastern Nebraska, and eastern Kansas. It was most abundant, however, in the Appalachians, where it has probably been growing since Mesozoic times, when dinosaurs roamed the forests and Indians were still millions of years in the future.

Nothing about the general appearance of the plant would have attracted the attention of the Indians. It is certainly nondescript in character; the plant is low, six to ten inches high, hidden by other forest herbs; the flowers are inconspicuous, lacking petals entirely, and with only three tiny, pinkish, early-falling sepals. The greenish-white stamens and pistils essentially constitute the flower, and it is not very noticeable. The fruit, unexpectedly, develops to resemble an enlarged red raspberry.

Perhaps it was the thick knotted rootstock, with its bright yellow interior, that attracted the notice of the Indians. The color was pleasing to their eyes, and the root became the source of a yellow dye for their clothing and their implements of warfare.

A rootstock so handsome in color must certainly possess other virtues. Some of these, through experimentation, the Indians discovered: They used it as a general tonic, a stomach

Earl Lemley Core

Botanist Earl Core was an early supporter of GOLDENSEAL, contributing the adjoining essay on the goldenseal plant to the very first issue of the magazine. We've reprinted his explanation of our namesake every five years, the last time being in our tenth anniversary issue in spring 1984. In December of that year, Dr. Core died.

He was born in 1902 in Core, a Monongalia County community named for his pioneer family. He taught in rural schools for three years after his graduation from Morgantown High School. He went on to attend West Virginia University, earning bachelor's and master's degrees there. A Ph.D. from Columbia University and honorary degrees from Waynesburg College and WVU followed.

Core devoted himself to teaching, research and writing. He was on the faculty at WVU for 44 years, starting as an instructor in 1928. By 1942, Core was a full professor and in 1972 he was named professor emeritus. He served as chairman of the Biology Department from 1948 to 1966 and curator of the herbarium from 1934 to 1972.

In 1967 the Earl L. Core Arboretum at WVU was named in the scholar's honor. He was also recognized as Distinguished Professor and elected to the Order of Vandalia. Core was both a member and president of Phi Beta Kappa.

Dr. Core served the community as well as the university. He was mayor of Morgantown for two years and a city councilman for four years. He worked as an outreach minister to university students, served as a lay preacher, and taught Sunday school. A fam-

remedy, as an application to ulcerations. It even served as an insect repellent.

The fresh rootstocks, gathered in autumn, were chopped and pounded to a pulp, then perhaps boiled in water and the resulting liquid applied as a wash for skin diseases or sore eyes, or as a gargle for inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat. For use as an insect repellent, the Cherokees pounded the rootstocks with bear fat and smeared it on their bodies. The pioneers chewed the rootstocks to heal a sore mouth.

The results secured from the various uses were in general so satisfactory that the plant was highly valued by the aborigines, and also by the early settlers. The rootstocks were included for many years in the U. S. Pharmacopoeia and commanded a high price, probably second only to ginseng. In 1909, for example, when most crude plant drugs were selling for five cents or less a pound, goldenseal was bringing $1.50 a pound. It is no wonder that in many places it became completely extinct and in most places quite rare. Most of the drug is now secured from plants grown in cultivation. Production amounts to seven or eight tons of rootstocks annually. The wholesale price of the powdered root, in 1975, was about $50 a pound.

Its use in so many different ways could be explained by the fact that the rootstocks contain at least three alkaloids, hydrastine, canadine, and herberine. It is valuable as an astringent and thus helps in the treatment of ulcers and sore eyes. Whether the drug is really useful as a tonic or in treatment of stomach disorders is not known; perhaps it is only psychological, as is certainly true of many pharmaceutical preparations today.

A tincture, in alcohol, as prepared today, has a reddish-orange color, staining everything with which it comes in contact a deep yellow. It has a persistent bitter, then burning taste, no distinguishable odor, and a slightly acid reaction.

Many other common English names have been used, such as golden root, orange root, yellow puccoon, eye-balm, ground raspberry, Indian tumeric, Indian paint, Indian dye, and yellow root. ❧

Reprinted from Volume 1, Number 1.

ily man as well, Dr. Core married Freda Bess Garrison in 1925 and fathered four children.

In 1936 Dr. Core organized the Southern Appalachian Botanical Club and edited its journal, *Castanea*, from 1936 to 1971. He helped establish WVU's Terra Alta Biological Station in Preston County. From 1943 to 1945, the botanist did wartime work at the Colombia Cinchona Mission in Bogata, exploring the Andes Mountains for sources of quinine, then used to combat malaria.

Dr. Core's written works number well into the hundreds and include botany books, textbooks, journal articles, and newspaper pieces. *The Flora of West Virginia*, written with P. D. Strausbaugh, was his most extensive botanical work.

Earl Core was a devoted historian, as well as a botanist. As early as 1937, he authored the *Chronicles of Core*, a history of his birthplace.

Earl Lemley Core. Photo by Vic Haines, WVU.

In 1972, when he was 70 years old, Earl Core started on an extensive five-volume history of Monongalia County, *The Monongalia Story: A Bicentennial History*. The last volume was completed just before he died. ❧

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In This Issue

CHESSIE CLAY BENNETT was born at Rock Creek in Raleigh County. She started teaching in the 1920's at the age of 16, and continued until her retirement in 1971. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

GREG CLARK is a photographer for the Department of Culture and History.

MAUREEN CROCKETT was born in New York State and attended City University of New York, West Virginia University and other institutions. She lives in St. Albans and works as a freelance writer, photographer and illustrator. She is an occasional contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

BRADFORD DAVIS, a biologist and naturalist, has traveled worldwide. He is a native of West Virginia and worked as a teacher and school administrator for 27 years in Gilmer and Kanawha counties. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

ANNE DRUMMOND grew up in Ravenswood. A graduate of West Virginia University, she is a freelance writer, graphic artist, and editor of *West Virginia Senior High* magazine, published by Drummond and Beverley of Huntington. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

PATRICIA H. HALL came to West Virginia to attend Alderson-Broaddus College. She has published in the *Barbour Democrat*, *Guideposts*, *Today's Christian Parent*, and the *Baptist Leader*. Her last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in the Summer 1988 issue.

MARC and CHERYL HARSHMAN live on Bowman Ridge in Marshall County. Marc is an elementary school teacher and Cheryl works at the Moundsville Public Library. They are both accomplished storytellers, and Marc is a judge for the liars' contest each year at Vandalia Gathering. This is their first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

FRANK HERRERA, a native of Beckley now living in Martinsburg, holds degrees from WVU and the University of Maryland. He was head of photography at Shepherd College from 1981 to 1985, and recently received a Guggenheim Fellowship. He teaches at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington and works as a freelance photographer. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Fall 1986.

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

RONALD L. LEWIS is a labor historian specializing in the history of black miners. He is a professor in the history department at West Virginia University and the author of the recent book, *Black Coal Miners in America*. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

BARBARA SMITH has written poems, short stories, journal articles and the novel, *Six Miles Out*, published by Mountain State Press. She chairs the Division of the Humanities and teaches writing and literature at Alderson-Broaddus College. She is a periodic contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

BILL THERIAULT, of Jefferson County, manages a company that performs biomedical research and writing. He earned a Ph.D. in American literature from George Washington University and has published several articles on the history of the Eastern Panhandle. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in the Fall 1986 issue.

ANDY WILLIS, a native of Pennsylvania, has lived in West Virginia nearly 15 years. A former chemical industry employee, he now lives in South Charleston and works as an artist and musician. His illustrations last appeared in the Fall 1988 GOLDENSEAL.

(continued from inside front cover)

August 5 Bridgeport (842-2795)
12th Hillbilly Chili Cookoff
August 6-12 Richwood (846-6790)
Cherry River Festival
August 7-12 Matewan (426-8740)
Magnolia Fair
August 9-12 Elizabeth (275-3101)
Wirt County Fair
August 10-13 Spanishburg (425-1429)
Bluestone Valley Fair
August 11-13 Elkins (636-1903)
Augusta Festival (D&E College)
August 11-13 Ravenswood (273-2259)
Ohio River Festival
August 11-13 Summersville (872-3145)
Gospel Sing
August 14-20 New Martinsville (455-2928)
Town & Country Days
August 18-19 Welch (436-3113)
Last Blast of Summer
August 18-20 Logan (752-1324)
Logan County Arts & Crafts Fair
August 18-20 Grafton (265-3383)
Arts & Crafts Show (Tygart Lake)
August 18-26 Lewisburg (645-1090)
State Fair of West Virginia
August 19 Richwood (846-6790)
Civilian Conservation Corps Reunion (Camp Woodbine)
August 25-27 Cairo (628-3705)
Cairo Days
August 25-27 Beckley (252-7328)
25th Appalachian Arts & Crafts Festival (Armory)
August 26-September 4 Charleston (348-6419)
19th Charleston Sternwheel Regatta
August 28-September 2 Charles Town (728-7413)
Jefferson County Fair
September 1-3 Clarksburg (622-7314)
West Virginia Italian Heritage Festival
September 1-3 Jane Lew (842-4095)
Firemen's Heritage Festival
September 1-3 Mt. Nebo (732-7151)
Labor Day Gospel Sing
September 1-4 Weston (269-1863)
Stonewall Jackson Heritage Jubilee (Jackson's Mill)
September 2 Lewisburg (645-2718)
Ruritan's Old-Time Farm Day (Musser Farms)
September 2-3 Wheeling (242-1929)
Oglebay Woodcarvers Guild Show & Sale (Stifel Center)
September 2-4 Parkersburg (428-5646)
State Horseshoe Tournament
September 4 Logan (752-7259)
11th Labor Day Outdoor Gospel Sing
September 6-9 Parsons (478-2949)
Tucker County Fair
September 8-10 Winfield (755-8421)
Putnam County Homecoming
September 8-10 Hamlin (824-7654)
Lincoln County Farm Market Festival
September 9-10 Helvetia (924-5018)
Helvetia Community Fair
September 9-10 Huntington (529-2701)
Hilltop Festival (Huntington Museum of Art)
September 9-10 New Cumberland (564-3801)
Brickyard Bend Festival
September 10-16 Williamson (235-5560)
King Coal Festival
September 14-17 Sistersville (652-2939)
21st West Virginia Oil & Gas Festival
September 15-16 Cairo (643-2931)
Nature Wonder & Wild Foods Weekend (North Bend)
September 15-17 Franklin (358-2809)
Treasure Mountain Festival
September 15-17 Wheeling (233-7000)
Fort Henry Festival
September 16-17 Alderson (445-7730)
Alderson Arts & Crafts Show
September 16-17 Parkersburg (295-5639)
Harvest Moon Arts & Crafts Festival
September 17 Shepherdstown (876-2551)
Octoberfest (Bavarian Inn)
September 19-21 Davis (259-5216)
Septemberfest for Seniors (Blackwater Falls)
September 22-24 Milton (743-3032)
West Virginia Pumpkin Festival
September 22-24 Charles Town (725-2055)
14th Fall Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
September 22-24 Morgantown (599-1104)
Mason-Dixon Festival
September 22-24 Morgantown (296-6476)
17th John Henry Festival
September 23 Union (772-3003)
Autumn Harvest Festival
September 23-24 Parkersburg (428-4080)
West Virginia Honey Festival
September 23-24 French Creek (924-6211)
National Hunting & Fishing Celebration
September 23-24 Moorefield (538-6560)
Hardy County Heritage Weekend
September 28-30 Arnoldsburg (655-8374)
West Virginia Molasses Festival
September 28-October 1 Kingwood (329-0021)
Preston County Buckwheat Festival
September 30-October 1 Burlington (289-3511)
Old-Fashioned Apple Harvest Festival
October 4-8 Elkins (636-1824)
Mountain State Forest Festival
October 6-7 Wellsburg (737-2787)
Wellsburg Apple Fest
October 6-8 Clay (587-2381)
Golden Delicious Festival
October 6-8 Middlebourne (652-2528)
Middle Island Harvest Festival
October 6-8 Gandeeville (342-8877)
8th Annual FOOTMAD Festival (Camp Sheppard)
October 7-8 Berkeley Springs (258-3738)
Apple Butter Festival (Berkeley Springs State Park)
October 7-8 Wheeling (242-7272)
Oglebayfest (Oglebay Park)
October 7-8 Point Pleasant (675-3834)
Quilt Show
October 8 Wheeling (233-5511)
Doc & Chickie Williams's Golden Wedding Concert
October 11-15 Spencer (927-3340)
West Virginia Black Walnut Festival
October 13-15 Mullens (294-4000)
Lumberjackin'-Bluegrassin' Jamboree (Twin Falls)
October 13-14 & 21-22 Hinton (466-5332)
Railroad Days
October 14 Bluefield (425-2778)
Country Craft Guild Show
October 14 Cameron (686-3541)
Big Run Apple Festival
October 14-15 Salem (782-5245)
Autumn Harvest (Fort New Salem)
October 19-22 Martinsburg (263-2500)
10th Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival
October 21 Fayetteville (465-5617)
Bridge Day (New River Gorge Bridge)

GOLDENSEAL requests its readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 1990 "Folklife Fairs 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, 1990, in order to meet our printing deadline.

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