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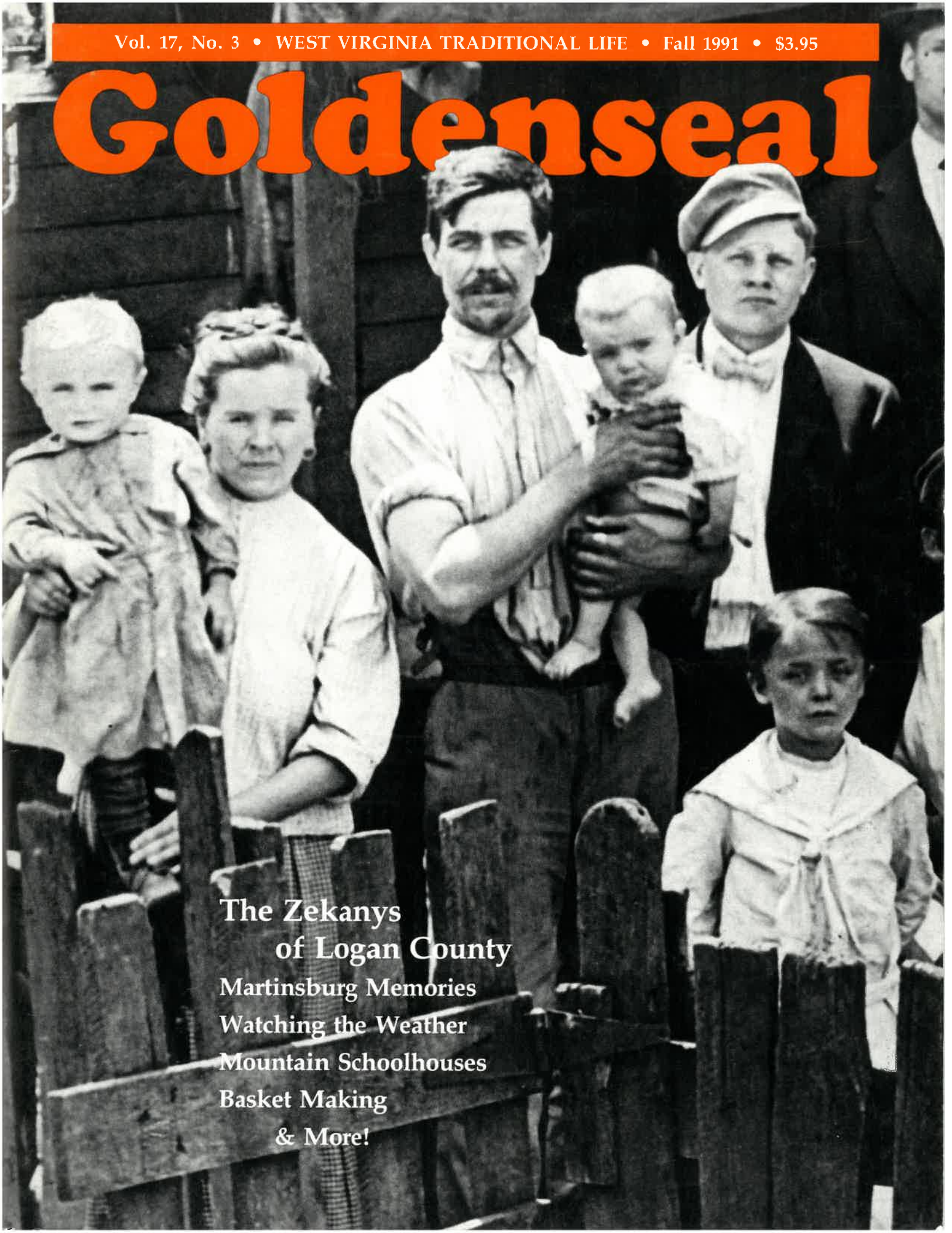
Goldenseal



The Zekanys of Logan County

Martinsburg Memories

Watching the Weather

Mountain Schoolhouses

Basket Making

& More!

From the Editor: Renewal Time

It's time to renew your subscription to GOLDENSEAL for another year — and time, moreover, for me to ask you for a raise.

Like anyone making that request, let me begin by assuring you that we work hard for the money.

I've been saying that for years, and now I've got the proof in black and white. Check the adjoining photograph by Michael Keller.

What you see there is your editor push-starting Melvin Wine's tractor, so we could drive down his Braxton County meadow and shoot the cover photo for the summer GOLDENSEAL.

It was a little more than I could manage by myself, actually. Since Melvin has learned enough in his 82 years to sit tight and let the younger fellows do the heavy work, Mike eventually had to lay down his camera and give a hand. Working together, we succeeded.

Making your magazine is like that in at least two ways: It's not easy, and it takes teamwork. I don't think there is anything we can do about the former. If publishing GOLDENSEAL ever gets easy we probably aren't doing it right, aren't working hard enough to cover the 55 counties with the limited resources available to us.

The teamwork part is where we can make progress. I'll promise to do everything I can, both in my own work and in twisting the arms of others — freelancers, staff, photographers, designers and printers — to make them do everything possible.

I'm sure you know what's coming next — that is, we also need *your* help. Readers are the other half of the GOLDENSEAL team. We need your help in suggesting story ideas, and in helping to sell the magazine through your word-of-mouth endorsement. If you like GOLDENSEAL, tell someone. Even better, tell several people, and show them the subscription coupon in each issue. Or have them call me — at (304) 348-0220 — and I'll take it from there.

And of course we need your financial support. That means money, and we need a little more of it this time.

The details are simple: We must raise the yearly subscription price from $12.50 to $15, and the per copy price from $3.50 to $3.95.

That's the first price increase here in five years. It averages out to just four percent a year over that period, undoubtedly less than the increase in the cost of most other things you buy. In that regard, I think the increase is well justified.

And heaven knows it's justified on the basis of actual increases in our costs in producing GOLDENSEAL for you. This year's postal hike alone raised our expenses by more than $12,000. That's $12,000 *extra*, putting our total postage bill at around $40,000. Most other costs have also risen substantially — and there's already talk of another postal increase in the next year or so.

Rising costs confront us with a moving target, since we remain under orders to balance the books. We must put GOLDENSEAL on its own feet financially, in other words. And while we're gaining ground, we're not there yet. Consequently, I'm open to suggestions. Would you like to see

advertising, for example? Or should we shift to a "regular" subscription plan, abandoning the simple voluntary subscription policy which we've followed over the years? I'll welcome your advice as we plan for the future.

In the meantime I'll write to you soon, enclosing a renewal coupon and a postpaid reply envelope. Return the coupon with your payment of $15, and you will be all set for another year.

I'm confident we can give you your money's worth. Looking at the manuscript pile, I see stories from Webster County, Point Pleasant, Wellsburg and Williamson, among several other places. And I've just gotten a letter from Louis Keefer, whose first GOLDENSEAL article is in this issue, promising a story on the old Fokker aircraft plant in Marshall County. I'm also in touch with Doug Chadwick, Andy Yale, Lorna Chamberlain, Joe Platania and other freelancers from across the state.

They promise to keep the good stuff coming. In return, we must promise to pay them as well as we can for their work in our behalf.

We need exactly the same commitment from you. We can keep GOLDENSEAL coming, but we need your support to do so. Please take the few minutes necessary to reply when you receive my letter. Send your $15 as soon as possible, and we'll do the rest.

Now let me get back to Melvin Wine's antique tractor, for I think there is a lesson there. You see, once we got it started, we couldn't get it *stopped*. We finally parked it up against a tree and left it there, chugging away.

I think a lot of things in West Virginia are like that — and a lot of people, too. Get us started, and we're hard to stop.

I want GOLDENSEAL to reflect that same mountaineer spirit of steady perseverance, working away year after year to record our rich heritage as West Virginians. With your help, I'm sure it will.

— Ken Sullivan

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Goldenseal

Volume 17, Number 3 Fall 1991

COVER: The Logan County Zekanys were an Hungarian immigrant family. Elizabeth and Alexander hold the babies, with son Paul at front and Alexander's brother Peter at right. Photographer and date unknown, restored by Greg Clark.

PHOTOS: Earl Benton, Doug Chadwick, Herb Clagg, Greg Clark, Mary Cobb, John Collier, Hal Dillon, Ferrell Friend, Michael Keller, George James Kossuth, Susan Leffler, Hali Taylor

Letters from Readers

GOLDENSEAL welcomes letters of general interest from readers. Our address is Division of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305. Published letters may be edited for brevity or clarity.

March 18, 1991
St. Albans, West Virginia
Editor:
The spring '91 issue of GOLDENSEAL is of special interest to me since I grew up on Hans Creek, in Monroe County, with a water-powered mill run by old Mr. Zack Ellison, grandfather of Zack Ellison (now of Morgantown).

Helen Ellison's rural electrification article, summer 1989, was also of interest. On page 54 is a picture of my mother — back row, upper right. This sturdy lady, Mrs. Robert Larew, 92, is still doing quite well with independent living, growing and preserving vegetables from her garden. She still lives in Greenville and is a good source of interesting stories.

I wish you, Mike Keller or Michael Meador could arrange a visit with her — a mother of ten living children, four of them now living as farmers along the creeks.

Do look her up. You'll be in for a treat.
Margaret Larew Moore

You will find the latest Ellison story in this GOLDENSEAL. Zack is the credited author of the broadax essay but we have good reason to suspect that Helen was a strong collaborator. Thanks for the story suggestion. — ed.

Mule Education

April 29, 1991
Harpers Ferry, West Virginia
Editor:
Lt. Hames's "Mule School" in the spring '91 GOLDENSEAL brings memories of a hard working, if stubborn and independent, farm animal. Everyone has his story to prove the stubbornness of mules. Probably most everyone remembers the mule that balked and wouldn't move until his owner built a fire under him. Then the mule moved forward just enough so that the wagon was burned up by the blaze.

At least the mule wasn't skittish, like some horses. When I was a boy in World War I days it was comforting to have a mule to pull your wagon to town; he wasn't likely to run away if he happened to meet an automobile. My father said that the only time he knew of a mule running away was one that stepped in a big yellow jacket nest while plowing.

But kicking was something else. A sergeant mule skinner at another mule school in Texas composed the following verse for enlisted men trainees:

> The mule: He has two legs behind
> And two more legs before.
> Don't stand behind before you find
> What the legs behind be for.

Sincerely,
Bassett Ferguson

Zane Grey and *Betty Zane*

July 16, 1991
Cameron, West Virginia
Editor:
In my recent article about the reburial of Lewis Wetzel, I mentioned four novels by Zane Grey. The four titles were correct, but *Betty Zane* and *The Last Ranger* are the same novel. I regret any confusion this mistake may have caused GOLDENSEAL readers.
Sincerely,
Gordon L. Swartz III

Civilian Conservation Corps

July 2, 1991
Berea, Kentucky
Editor:
The story in the summer issue concerning Nap Holbrook and the early days at Watoga awakened fond memories of the southern portion of Pocahontas County. In 1935 and 1936 I had the privilege to serve as camp superintendent at CCC Camp Loring near Rimel Gap and just ten miles northeast of CCC Camp Watoga. The CCC men at Camp Loring completed a motor road along the top of the Allegheny Mountain from Rimel Gap to Paddy Knob. The Loring CCC Camp also established a 5,000-acre game management area close to Minnehaha Springs, involving the efforts of Ralph Quick and Asher Kelly. Kelly later became West Virginia's state forester.

In a helpful manner I would like to correct the statement made in the Middle Mountain Cabins part of the Holbrook story. Don Gaudineer did not perish at his family home the same year he built his famous cabin. As stated in the winter 1983 issue of GOLDENSEAL magazine, page 63, the major work on the cabin was completed November 15, 1931. On page 60 of the same 1983 issue, it is correctly reported that Don's untimely death occurred April 27, 1936, in Parsons.

Thanks for your continuing efforts in bringing the past ways of life to the younger generations. Keep up the good work.
Sincerely,
John F. King, Forester

You will find a big interview with forester Asher Kelly in this issue. Looks like you're reading our minds! —ed.

June 24, 1991
Dawmont, West Virginia
Editor:
I enjoyed the recent article pertaining to the former CCC in the summer issue.

My first encounter with the CCC boys came in the spring of 1939. The CCC sent several young men down on the farm to plant 1,000 locust trees and a few hundred walnut trees. Their camp cook truck driver said if I smoked one of his cigars he would give me all the leftover soup beans and bread for our pigs to eat for the next two days. I took him up on this deal because we sure needed the food. That evening I paid for it, because I got deathly sick from smoking the cigar.

A good GOLDENSEAL day to both you and your staff.
Sincerely,
Fred G. Layman

Irish Mountain Correction

June 19, 1991
Huntington, West Virginia
Editor:
I find a mistake in the article "Irish Mountain" in the spring issue of GOLDENSEAL.

The picture on page 49 which you label as Father Walsh is really Father Edward Jenkins. I have the same picture and his hat and coat in my possession.

Father Edward Jenkins. Photo by Harrison Studio, Hinton; date unknown.

I thought half the people in Hinton would write to make the correction, but when the new magazine arrived today and there was no correction, I felt I should write.

I love the magazine and wish you all good things.
Sincerely,
Emmajean Huffman Allred

Matewan & the O.K. Corral

June 20, 1991
Huntington, West Virginia
Editor:
I thoroughly enjoyed reading "The Gunfight at Matewan: An Anniversary Speech," by Lon K. Savage, published in the summer 1991 issue of GOLDENSEAL.

I have long been interested in West Virginia history, and likewise have a great interest in the history of the American West.

In this regard, I would like to point out some omissions by the author in his analogy between the Matewan Massacre and the gun battle at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona, in 1881.

The O.K. Corral shootout was not just between the Clantons and the Earps. It was between the Clanton brothers, Ike and Billy, and their allies the McLaury brothers, Frank and Tom, and the Earp brothers, Virgil, Morgan, and Wyatt, *plus* Wyatt's friend, "Doc" Holliday.

After the smoke cleared, the McLaury brothers and Billy Clanton lay dead. Ike Clanton, who was unarmed, ran and got away. Virgil Earp, Morgan Earp and Doc Holliday were all wounded. Of the eight total participants only Wyatt Earp and Ike Clanton escaped injury.

Later, Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday were jailed on murder charges but after 30 days of testimony were cleared. The killing went on, however. Just three months later Morgan Earp was murdered, allegedly by friends of the Clantons. And then, in revenge, all but one of them were murdered, allegedly by Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday!

So the killings in the aftermath of the famous gunfight actually went on for months after the shootout at the O.K. Corral.

Notwithstanding these additional details, I must say that Mr. Savage's speech was excellent and provided some most interesting reading about the history of our beloved state.
Sincerely,
Richard E. Tyson

Head, Heart, Hands & Health

June 23, 1991
Enterprise, West Virginia
Editor:
Thoroughly enjoyable was the article in the summer 1991 GOLDENSEAL by Joseph Platania, "Canning and Camping: Girls' 4-H in Mason County." I do remember the 4-H projects in the 1920's and 1930's as a 4-H'er in Harrison County.

My first trip to Jackson's Mill as a camper was in 1925. "Teepi" Kendrick was a rare person as state 4-H club leader and director of the Jackson's Mill project, the first in the United States. Although Teepi stressed all the H's, his key contribution on the national level was the Heart H, and the 4-H charting program known to the many 4-H'ers that have received the coveted 4-H pin. My pin came in 1931.

The Mason County article took me back pleasantly to the summer 1984 GOLDENSEAL issue, when Dr. Mike Meador wrote a vivid article about 4-H and historic Jackson's Mill, dear to the hearts of thousands that have had the 4-H experience at the boyhood home of Stonewall Jackson.

GOLDENSEAL should be a must for every person that loves West Virginia.
All good wishes,
Jim Morris

July 11, 1991
Lewisburg, West Virginia
Editor:
Your summer issue of GOLDENSEAL has been most interesting to me and my family, as well as our neighbors. We were so surprised to see my picture, in front of W. H. "Teepi" Kendrick on page 25.

"Teepi" Kendrick with Vivian Musgrave seated in front. Photographer and date unknown.

I recall very clearly when this special picture was taken. I was Vivian Musgrave from Wallace, Harrison County, possibly distantly related to the Mason County Musgraves. I was an active 4-H club member for eight years and a 4-H leader for several years.

Teepi Kendrick was an amazing person with great vision and character. He had the ability to challenge young people to be their best selves at all times. In the picture he was explaining how the philosophy of the 4-H program developed. It was more than being a member of an agricultural club or a home economics club, it was a character building organization.

As the result of my 4-H experiences, I wanted to become an extension agent. After I was graduated from the WVU School of Home Economics in 1934, I was employed as the first full-time woman extension agent for Pocahontas County.

In 1936 I married a local high school teacher, Jack Richardson, and in 1938, I resigned to have a family. In 1945 we moved to Lewisburg so that we could take advantage of better educational opportunities for our five children. In 1956 I was asked to be the home economics extension agent for Greenbrier County. In 1975, I retired.

Our children grew up under the influence of the WVU extension program in 4-H club work.

Sincerely yours,
Vivian Musgrave Richardson

Pawpaws

June 26, 1991
Reynoldsburg, Ohio
Editor:

The pawpaw article from a recent issue brought back some memories.

In 1938, my grandfather, Wayne Artrip, a Wayne County school teacher, didn't have enough money to "buy" his home school and was forced to take another school several miles from home and well off the hard road. We traveled on horseback through hills and hollers to reach his school on Tar Kiln Road.

Sometimes while riding our old mare, Nellie, he'd sing this song — to the tune of "Dixie:"

Ho down old Nellie and scratch the gravel,
To Tar Kiln land we're bound to travel,
Look away, look away, Dixie land.

Our route took us through a pawpaw patch and he showed me how to gather and cure pawpaws. He pulled them just as they were beginning to get speckled and would then bury them in a nice little nest made of grass and leaves and would cover them with leaves and brush. In about a week they would be all black, unbruised and delicious.

During the pawpaw season he added another verse to his song:

One frosty morning, as sure as I'm born,
We'll find us a pawpaw that's nice and warm,
Look away, look away, Dixie land.

Yours,
Marcus A. Phillips

Mr. Phillips also sent further information on the Hawks Nest tragedy, for which we thank him. — ed.

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.

River Museum Still Afloat

"Always A River: The Ohio River and the American Experience," a six-state celebration of the nearly 1,000-mile waterway, continues its tour with a special stop in Charleston from October 4 to 19.

"Always A River" programmers outfitted a special floating museum that has docked at more than 20 locations in past months, including the West Virginia cities of Wheeling, Huntington, Point Pleasant, and Parkersburg. The museum barge is 152 feet long and 34 feet wide and holds exhibits on Ohio River history — from its geology and prehistoric people, through navigational surveying and mapping, on up to the modern impact of industrial pollution. In all, 11 elements of river life are presented on the floating museum.

The "Always A River" barge will tie up at the Charleston levy. The originally unscheduled Kanawha River foray will coincide with the annual conference of the Humanities Council of West Virginia, October 18 and 19. The state Humanities Council is sponsoring "Always A River," in conjunction with similar agencies in Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

For more information contact the Humanities Council, 723 Kanawha Boulevard, Charleston, WV 25301; (304)346-8500.

New Book on New River

Cannon Graphics of Charleston recently published *New River: A Photographic Essay*, a lavish new picture book on North America's oldest river. The book is by photographer Arnout Hyde, Jr., former editor of *Wonderful West Virginia* magazine, with additional photographs by Gerald Ratliff and Stephen Shaluta. GOLDENSEAL editor Ken Sullivan wrote the introduction.

Hyde's book follows the New from its remote North Carolina headwaters down through Virginia and on to its final rushing whitewater stretches in West Virginia. The chapters are arranged by geographic section, with photographs and accompanying text focusing largely on local history and the natural history of the river and its valley. The heart of the book is the fine color photography by Hyde and his colleagues, featuring scenes of such beauty as to astound even residents of the New River country.

New River: A Photographic Essay is a 96-page, large-format softbound book. It sells for $13.95 in bookstores, state and national parks, and similar locations. Mail orders, including an additional $2 postage and handling, should be sent to Cannon Graphics, Inc., 418 Lehigh Terrace, Charleston, WV 25302.

Cultural Conference Scheduled

Governor Gaston Caperton and the Division of Culture and History are planning a cultural conference for November 15 through 18 at the Cultural Center in Charleston. The fall conference is for people interested in West Virginia's artistic, cultural, and historical heritage.

The meeting is designed to help develop a comprehensive cultural plan for the Mountain State, and will be aimed at unifying and strengthening cultural resources through a statewide coalition, according to organizers. Arts and cultural leaders will participate in

Mary Chancey Remembered

Mary Chancey, the subject of a GOLDENSEAL cover story, died on June 29 this year, just 20 days after her 103rd birthday. Chancey told of events surrounding West Virginia's last public hanging to writer Jackie Goodwin in our Spring 1990 issue.

Mary was eight years old at the time of the hanging. Her family lived next to the farm where Jimmy, Matilda, and Chloe Greene were murdered. Mary's father, summoned to help, was among the first to arrive at the murder scene. Later, handyman John F. Morgan was apprehended and three days later sentenced to hang, which he did in Ripley on December 16, 1897. Mary recalled that "John Morgan rocked me to sleep many a time."

Michael Keller's 1990 cover photo of Mary Chancey.

Mary was born in Jackson County in 1888. She was a retired postmaster and a general store merchant. She operated her family's store for 57 years and was 92 when she closed the business in 1980. She was reportedly the county's oldest living resident.

the program, including First Lady Rachel Worby.

Speakers, workshops, and evening activities are scheduled for the four-day event. On Saturday, November 16, the West Virginia Juried Exhibition will open at the Cultural Center as part of the conference. On Sunday those attending are invited to "Mountain Stage," West Virginia Public Radio's live music show, broadcast nationally from the State Theater of the Cultural Center.

The cultural conference wraps up on Monday, November 18, with a public meeting of the West Virginia Commission on the Arts. Registration and other information is available by calling the Division of Culture and History at (304)348-0220.

A Fiddle Favorite

A new cassette release, "Mockingbird Hill" by Lefty Shafer, presents some of West Virginia's best fiddle music. Shafer, one of the state's leading old-time fiddlers, has played his music for 60-odd years. His new tape features John Preston on guitar and John Loving on bass.

Shafer has a house full of ribbons and trophies he has garnered at various festivals and music events. He was recently named the 1991 Senior Old-Time Fiddle Champion at the 15th Vandalia Gathering in Charleston, and won first place fiddle at Virginia's Galax Old-Time Fiddlers Convention in 1989.

'Mockingbird Hill" is purely instrumental, with plenty of traditional flavor in such selections as "Forked Deer" and a 1928 Roane County tune, "Poca River Blues." It may be ordered for $8, plus $1.25 postage and handling from Lefty Shafer, 2140 Breezy Drive, Charleston, WV 25311; (304)346-6200. West Virginia residents add 6% sales tax.

State College Centennial Book

West Virginia State College is the subject of a book recently published by Pictorial Histories and the West Virginia State College Foundation. *From the Grove to the Stars*, a commemorative publication, celebrates the school's 100-year history.

Established in March of 1891 as the West Virginia Colored Institute, State

Give GOLDENSEAL for the Holidays

If the fall months find you scrambling for special holiday gifts for your family and friends, why not give a subscription to GOLDENSEAL?

Fifteen dollars buys a year's worth of good reading. We'll send a gift card — and for holiday orders a complimentary advance issue to make sure that there's something under the tree. All you need do is place the order.

GOLDENSEAL stories come directly from the recollections of living West Virginians, backed up by the finest old and new photography, giving readers a close look at life in earlier times. There are stories on farming; labor history; industries such as oil and gas, coal, and lumbering; medicine; family life; hotels; the Great Depression; music and crafts. We've featured preachers, politicians, miners, ferryboat operators, inventors, printers, teachers, immigrants, and herb doctors.

And even after 17 years, we can still promise that there's plenty more good West Virginia material out there. Stories that are just right for GOLDENSEAL and for you, not to mention those on your holiday gift list.

You'll find a coupon on the other side of this page. Send your order early, and make the holidays happier with the gift of GOLDENSEAL.

Radio Poetry

Louise McNeill's *Gauley Mountain*

West Virginia Public Radio will rebroadcast its dramatic production of "*Gauley Mountain*, Poems by Louise McNeill," in late October. The special program was first aired on West Virginia Day, June 20.

This outstanding two-hour radio show traces the story of the Gauley region from the mid-1700's to the late 1930's, and by extension covers much of the history of West Virginia. The poems represent snapshots of the people who lived and died there, although most of the actual characters are fictional.

Granny Saunders cured snake bites and fevers with herbs gathered in the endless wilderness. Generations later, Fran Saunders tries to cure the emptiness of life amidst the roadside beer joints and blue plate lunch cafes with sloe gin and sleeping pills. This is one example of the families whose fortunes rose or fell as the decades passed.

Louise McNeill, West Virginia's 80-year-old poet laureate, originally wrote the collection of historical poems as her master's thesis. The volume was first published by Harcourt, Brace and Company in 1939, with an introduction by Stephen Vincent Benet, and has since been reissued by other publishers.

Producer and director Larry Groce, host of West Virginia Public Radio's "Mountain Stage" program, put more than a dozen of the poems to music, which he and several other local artists sing. Many other passages are recited as poetry.

In a sweet-sounding lullaby with fearful undertones, Gilmer County singer Ginny Hawker, playing the part of a young Irish settler, tries to soothe her baby's and her own fears. She is waiting through a long winter night for her husband to come home: "Hush-ah-hush, hush-ah-hush, do not cry/For the crack in the door isn't wide/Hush-ah-hush, Hush-ah-hush, Hours fly/Though the wolves gnaw the deer bones outside."

Groce sings the story of a raucous moonshiner in the 1800's, and toward the end of the program belts out a ragtime song about "Swagoville," a coal town where the owners live in stucco mansions and the immigrant miners live in shanties.

Other tales from the Gauley country are narrated by musician David Morris, whose rough-edged mountain voice brings rugged hunters, trappers, and soldiers to life. Barbour County poet Irene McKinney narrates most of the female characters, from a fear-crazed woman kidnapped by Indians to a solitary mother burying her stillborn child in a hole under a clump of frozen hemlock roots.

Old-time fiddling and banjo picking by John Blisard and the piano playing of Bob Thompson accompany the introduction, read by writer Pinckney Benedict and McNeill herself.

Groce says the radio production is a tribute to Louise McNeill and her work. He calls *Gauley Mountain* "the perfect symbol of the best things of West Virginia. It has a real feel for the traditions and spirit of the state and the integrity of great poetry."

"*Gauley Mountain*, Poems by Louise McNeill" will be aired at 7:00 p.m., Friday, October 25, over FM stations WVEP Martinsburg, 88.9; WVNP Wheeling, 89.9; WVPN Charleston, 88.5; WVWV Huntington, 89.9; WVPG Parkersburg, 90.3; WVPB Beckley, 91.7; WVPN Buckhannon, 88.9; and WVPM Morgantown, 90.9. The broadcast will coincide with ceremonies marking the publication of McNeill's new book, *Hill Daughter: Selected Poems of Louise McNeill* by the University of Pittsburgh Press.

— Susan Leffler

College first opened its doors in May of 1892 to 20 students. The land-grant school offered training in agriculture, horticulture, mechanical arts, and domestic science, along with military classes. Within a year, a "normal" department for training teachers was added.

West Virginia State College now receives about 5,000 students each semester. The school educates people from many cultures and ethnic backgrounds. Its programs, presidents, outstanding graduates, and general history are featured in *From the Grove to the Stars*. Author Dolly Withrow, an alumna and associate professor of English at State, joined with researcher Elizabeth Scobell, director of the school's library, to produce the centennial publication.

From the Grove to the Stars, a 216-page hardbound, has 275 photographs. It sells for $24.95 through the college and at many bookstores. All proceeds from sales will go toward State College scholarships and academic development.

Traditional Music and Dance

FOOTMAD, the Friends of Old-Time Music and Dance, will hold its 10th annual festival at Gandeeville's Camp Shepard in Roane County from September 27 through 29.

Presenters and performers are well-versed in traditional music styles, including Appalachian, Celtic, old-time and folk. Dance callers Carlotta Wellington, Rich Cobos and Stephen Ballman will guide dancers through Southern squares, New England squares, and contras.

Workshops run from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. on Saturday. Instruction is given in Irish dance, song writing, ballad singing, beginning and advanced mountain dulcimer, hammered dulcimer, fiddle styles, morris dancing, and old-time banjo. Gospel, children's workshops, and dance style sessions are also planned. Concert performances run from 2:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. that day. Many favorite West Virginia performers will entertain — W. Franklin George, Wilson Douglas, Joe Dobbs, Ginny Hawker, Robin Kessinger and Robert Shafer, Kate Long, Stewed Mulligan, Mountain Thyme, and others.

For more information contact FOOTMAD, P.O. Box 1164, Charleston, WV 25326; (304) 965-6718. The festival is dedicated to the memory of Don Udell.

Looking for GOLDENSEAL

The Allen County Public Library in Fort Wayne, Indiana, is looking for GOLDENSEAL back copies to complete its collection.

Mary Lou Treece, an acquisitions assistant with the library, wrote and asked that we put the word out to GOLDENSEAL subscribers. The library has purchased all back copies available through the magazine office, and would like to purchase the other back issues which are no longer in stock here.

If you have back copies other than the ones listed on page 71 of the magazine, and would like to offer them to the library, contact Ms. Treece at the Allen County Public Library, Box 2270, Fort Wayne, IN 46801; (219)424-7241.

The Appalachian Frontier

The University Press of Kentucky recently published a substantial volume of essays on the Appalachian frontier. The book, *Appalachian Frontiers: Settlement, Society and Development in the Preindustrial Era*, reprints scholarly articles originally presented at the 1985 Conference on the Appalachian Frontier.

Appalachian Frontiers will be of interest to serious historians, especially those studying the economic underpinnings of early regional history. The 16 contributing authors look at land policy, agricultural development and trade, as well as the more conventional subjects of exploration and settlement.

Several of the articles deal with the mountains of Western Virginia, including parts of present West Virginia. Allen Briceland supplies an account of the Batts and Fallam expedition, which probed the New River area more than 300 years ago, and Van Beck Hall analyzes early political sectionalism that eventually contributed to the breakup of Virginia. Largely absent from the book is the extended Indian-settler conflict which has occupied the attention of many frontier historians.

Appalachian Frontiers is edited by Robert D. Mitchell. The 350-page hardbound book, including photos, maps, index and extensive notes, sells for $43. Mail orders (including $3 postage and handling) may be sent to the University Press of Kentucky, P.O. Box 6525, Ithaca, NY 14851.

State Historical Journal

West Virginia History, Volume 50, was published during the summer and is now available for purchase. The West Virginia Mine Wars of 1920-'21, written by Clayton D. Laurie, is the cover story for the 1991 issue.

Other articles include "John Jay Jackson, Jr.: Business, Legal and Political Activities, 1847-1859" by Jacob C. Baas, Jr.; John Hennen's "Benign Betrayal: Capitalist Intervention in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, 1890-1910;" "Lewis Wetzel: Warfare Tactics on the Frontier" by George Carroll; and "Appalachia's Civil War Genesis: Southwest Virginia as Depicted by Northern and European Writers, 1825-1865" by Kenneth Noe.

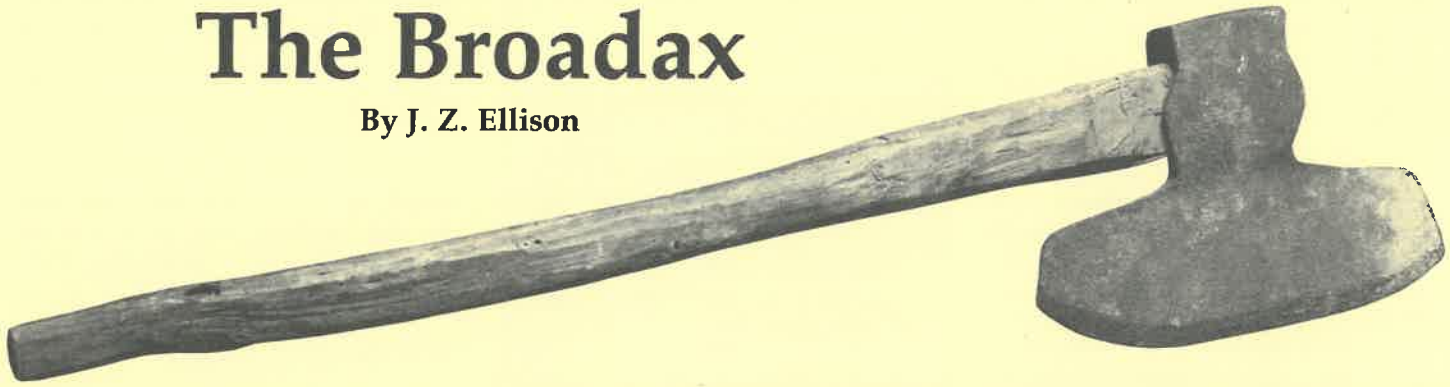
Civil War General George Crook, from the new *West Virginia History*.

West Virginia History is indexed and illustrated with historic photographs and drawings. The 220-page softbound book is sold by subscription for $12 per copy. Orders should be sent to *West Virginia History*, The Cultural Center, Charleston, WV 25305; (304)348-0220. Some back copies are also available.

Tools of the Trade:

The Broadax

By J. Z. Ellison



Broadax courtesy of the State Museum.

The farm where I grew up in Monroe County was settled by my ancestors in 1771, and handed down from generation to generation to the present day. Matters there go back beyond memory. The only answer I ever got from my father when I asked about old things on the farm was, "It's been here as long as I can remember."

That's the way it is with the broadax I brought with me when I left Monroe County. I had found it in the weeds where the blacksmith shop once stood. I don't know its exact history, but believe it was used in constructing some of the log buildings on the farm.

There were plenty of those. In my youth there were two two-story log houses surviving from the original farm. One, now owned by a cousin and used as a summer house, had been covered with clapboard and enlarged. The other was the house where the tenant who worked for my father lived. The ruins of a third house occupied a remote pasture field.

The log house where my grandfather was born had stood near the frame house he built soon after the Civil War. We have a photograph of his birthplace, but only foundation stones remained when I was a child. In addition to the log dwellings there were two log barns, a large cattle barn and a smaller sheep barn. I played in these barns as a boy, and later helped store hay in them and feed livestock there.

My broadax or others like it helped hew these buildings from the timber of our farm. It is a finishing and shaping tool. Building logs were first slashed at regular intervals along a side with a chopping ax. The broadax was then used to cut out the chips made by the first slashes. This was repeated until the log was squared. Like any wood-planing tool the broadax was sharpened on only one side so that the cutting edge would lay close to the wood and make a long smooth cut. Both axes were used in cutting the notches which locked the logs together as they were laid up.

My broadax and handle weigh five pounds. The blade is 12 inches broad, slightly curved up at the ends. The handle is 18 inches long, and the "poll" (the hammer part on the back side of the ax) is about three and a half inches long. The handle was made of hickory, bent at about 12 to 15 degrees while green and allowed to season that way. This angle kept your knuckles away from the log. The eye of a broadax is oval so that the handle, shaped to fit, will not turn when the log is struck. The handle was split in the ax end and a wedge inserted to hold it tight. The wedge extended beyond the head so you could remove it when replacing the handle or turning it for a left-handed person.

The only other use for the broadax that I know of had nothing to do with shaping wood. As surprising as it seems, we also used this sturdy tool in the burying of our dead.

There is a cemetery up on the hill above the house on the farm. My grandfather gave the land to the Dry Pond Primitive Baptist Church for the burial of their members. Many a morning I have gotten up to see a carload of strangers, or people on horseback or walking, stop by the toolshed near our back door, pick up a mattock, shovels, a framing square, and the broadax.

They would go up the hill to the graveyard. Daddy would find out which member of the church had died. He would send one of the hired men, and me when I was older, to help. At that time you didn't get a backhoe to dig your grave.

The gravediggers dug three feet down, then offset six inches on either side and dug three feet deeper. The lower part was called the vault. The walls of the grave were as smooth as any plaster, made that way by the broadax. The broadax also was used to clean the corners of the grave, made true by the framing square. I've helped do that.

Local people were proud of their work, and gravedigging was no exception. With the hole carefully excavated, a "tight box" was put into the vault. The coffin in turn went into the tight box. The tight box and enclosed coffin were finally covered with boards obtained from Granddaddy's sawmill, located on the creek a short distance below our house. The boards had to be as square as the grave corners — Granddaddy saw to that.

People would come and look into that open grave before the tight box and coffin were put there. It was a matter of comfort for the mourners and respect for the dead that the job had been done right, a final four-square resting place carved from the earth by the same tool that helped to shape our worldly homes.

We invite short descriptive essays for future "Tools of the Trade" columns. Manuscripts may be sent to The Editor, GOLDENSEAL, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston, WV 25305.

Grandma and Grandpa Zekany

Growing Up Hungarian in Logan County

By Donna Jean Rittenhouse

Donna Jean Rittenhouse grew up largely in the Logan County household of her Hungarian-born grandparents, Alexander and Elizabeth Zekany. She routinely spoke Hungarian in their presence, and absorbed many of their native customs. Today she remembers the immigrant couple with respect and affection, recalling their guidance to her as well as the help she gave them in understanding the English language and comprehending the ways of their new American home. — ed.

My first memories of life are of the house in Henlawson where I was born. Everyone called it the boarding-house, although I can only remember there being two boarders in my time. Henlawson is in Logan County, just north of Logan town.

I can remember Grandma teaching me the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed in Hungarian. Every night, no matter how early I went to bed, when Grandma herself was ready to go to bed I was awakened and urged to kneel in my bed and say my nightly prayers. Grandma would stand by the bed with her hands clasped at her breast and help me out.

Even when I was old enough to say them through without a mistake, Grandma still stood by the bed in case I needed help. Or was it to make sure I didn't nod off? I can remember doing that at times, then my eyes popping open and my head snapping up as she would prompt me with the next words. After prayers were done, she would tuck me in snug under my plump featherbed comforter.

I always knew if I couldn't find Grandma anywhere in the house, I could find her in the garden. It was a very big garden, out past the backyard, past Grandpa's workshop and near the chicken house. Grandma worked in her garden every day during the spring, summer and fall, planting vegetables and tending to her rose bushes, which enclosed one long side

Alex and Elizabeth Zekany, after their arrival in West Virginia. Their granddaughter says they immigrated separately, soon after their marriage in Hungary. Photo by Carter and Carter, Logan; date unknown.

next to the road and the farthest end. I was always threatening my friends when they wanted to pick even one of Grandma's roses from the outside of the fence. I don't know why, because there were thousands of them.

If Grandma wasn't in the back garden, she was in the front yard. She had many different kinds of flowers growing along the fence, in circles with stones around them. She would pick grapes for grape juice from the grape vines which Grandpa planted in the opposite side of the yard.

Grandpa had also planted an apple tree and a peach tree at the farthest end of the garden. He had planted a mulberry tree in front of the chicken yard. It was enormous by the time I was old enough to climb it. There were a couple of limbs that made perfect seats just where they jutted out from the trunk. This was my hideout, and I would share it with my friends.

Grandma and Grandpa demanded that I stay off that tree because I might fall out. When caught up there I was threatened with *the strap*. I cannot remember ever getting the strap, but I certainly knew about it! It was made of a strip of brown leather about a foot long and about half an inch wide, attached to a smoothly rounded wooden stick with just about the same dimensions. It hung on a nail on the kitchen wall.

I can remember coming into the house from playing late with my friends. Grandma stood waiting for me. She held the screen door open with one hand but had the other behind her back. I would not budge until she promised not to whip me. Then I would run past her, looking back to see if she really did have the strap. She always did! I don't know why she always held that strap but never used it. Probably just to make me believe that she meant business, but I knew I could trust her "Nem." Later on I came to know that neither she nor Grandpa would ever have laid a finger on me.

Every evening I would watch for Grandpa to come walking up the railroad track, coming home from work at the coal mines. I would run to meet him and he would pick me up and carry me the rest of the way. When we got home he would go take his bath.

When we had all had dinner, sometimes we would go out and sit on the front porch until after dark. Grandma and Grandpa would talk. I would lay in the swing with my head in Grandma's lap. Grandpa would sit in a chair. I would look up the hollow from the porch, look at the sky above the mountains and wonder what was on the other side of those mountains. A few years later I came to know that there were one or two other families that lived on up the hollow from us and our neighbors. I also came to know that the coal mines were farther up the hollow from us. I still don't know what is on the other side of those mountains.

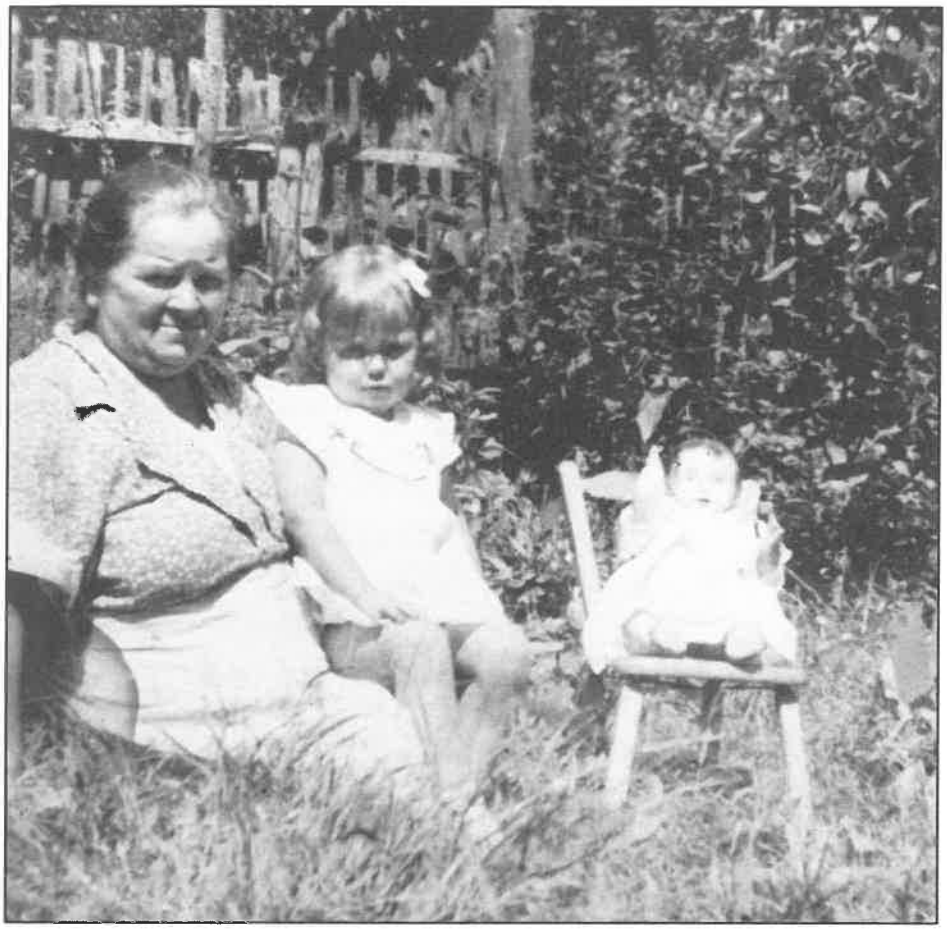
Every time it would thunder — an oncoming rainstorm or one already in progress — I would run and hide my head in Grandma's lap. I would shake with fright and cry "I'm scared!" She would lay her hand on my head and advise me, "Then shiver." (We both spoke in Hungarian, of course.) I knew what she would say, but I would still run to her. Her hand on my head was always more of a comfort than her joking advice.

In the winter when we couldn't go outside to sit on the porch, Grandma and Grandpa would sit in the middle room in front of the fireplace. Sometimes we, Grandpa usually, would have company. Sometimes (let's see how close I can come to spelling this correctly) Jynosh Bychy would come and stay a couple of days. He was a family friend. I don't remember if I ever really knew what his work was. I believe Grandma told me he was a traveling salesman, but I can't remember him selling anything to Grandma or Grandpa. Maybe he never came to sell his friends anything, or maybe his wares were too Americanized.

Grandpa would always sit in his chair, a wooden chair with square legs. He had made that chair, as he had several other pieces of furniture in the house. Every day after work he

Left: Donna Jean Rittenhouse as a baby, with parents Anna Zekany Henry and John Henry. Donna Jean lived in the household of Anna's parents for much of her childhood. Photographer unknown, 1934.

Below: Our author and her grandmother in a quiet moment together. Photographer and date unknown.



would sit in that chair to remove his work clothes, and he would put on his socks and shoes there each morning. Anyway, it was his chair. It stood with its back against the stairway which led to the second floor.

That chair caused the only argument that I can remember Grandma and Grandpa ever having. One day Mrs. Demetroff and her two daughters, Helen and Irene, both older than me, were visiting. The two women were in the kitchen talking, while Helen, Irene and I were in the middle room. We started to play. Helen and Irene chased me around and around the table.

Of course, the "bound-to-happen" happened. I tripped and fell, hitting the left side of my forehead on the corner of one of the square legs of Grandpa's chair. With my screaming and the blood and with Mrs. Demetroff yelling, I guess Grandma saw this as the end of me. When Grandpa came home from the mines, he ran smack into her wrath. She wanted his dangerous chair out of the house! Grandpa calmed her down, maybe by saying that I had learned why I had been told so often not to run in the house. The chair stayed where it was, Grandma said no more about it, and I never ran in the house again — not too fast, anyway.

Sometimes when Grandpa sat in his chair in the evenings talking, I would crawl into his lap. I would sit with my head against his chest. I remember listening to his heart beat, his voice rumbling down in his chest. I would look sideways up at his neck and watch his Adam's apple move up and down. Sometimes I would fall asleep there in his lap.

And some nights I would try to stay awake until after twelve midnight. My friends had told me that ghosts came out then. They had done a good job of explaining that fact to me, and I wanted to see one.

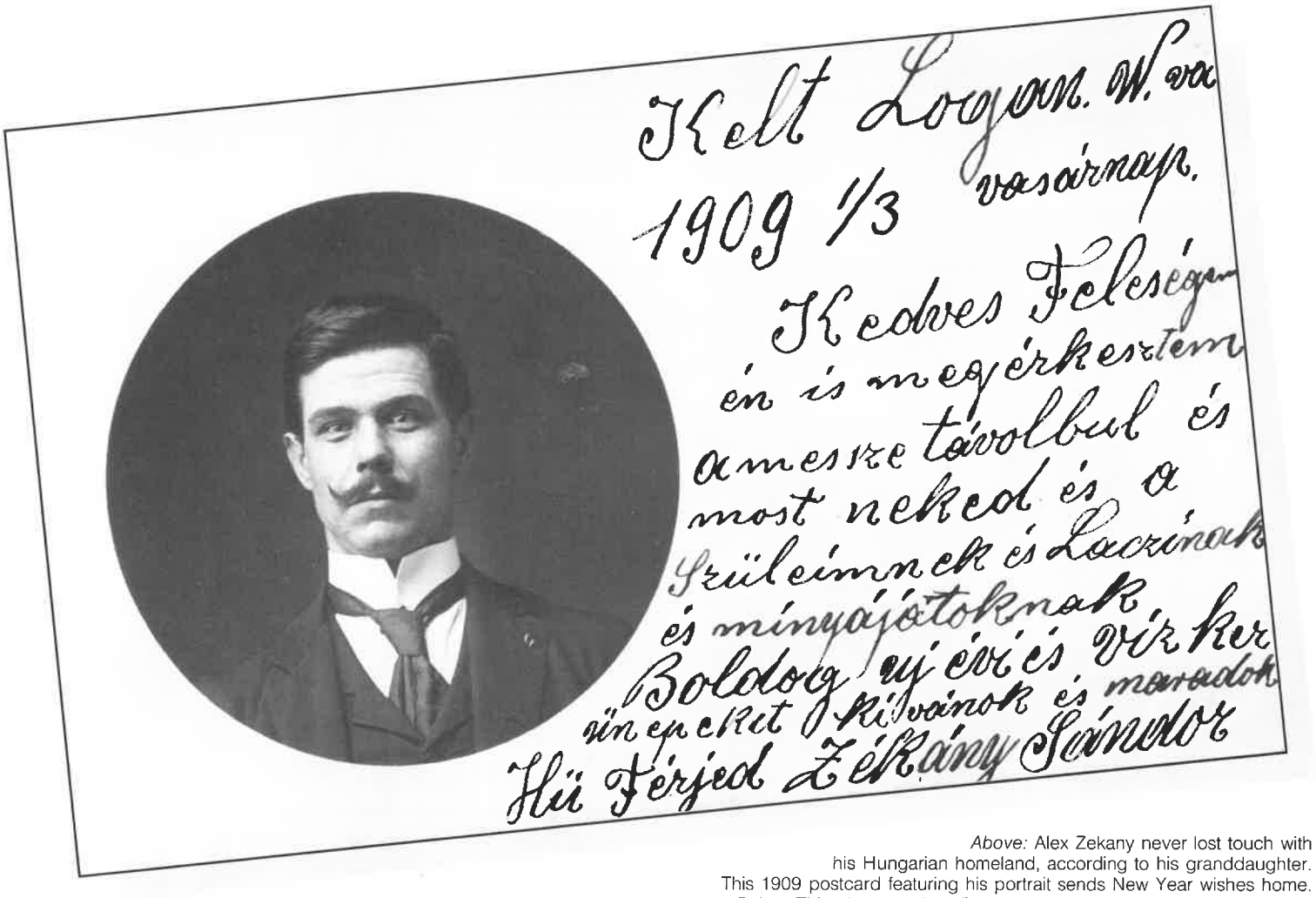
I had two conceptions of what ghosts were. There were ghosts which were dead people and bad at that, who could come back to hurt you. There were other ghosts, or good spirits, who could come back, too. I knew all that for a fact because Grandpa would put bread and salt on the table on All Saints Eve before we went to bed. I don't remember exactly what it signified, but a rational guess is that the spirits awoke and roamed on that special night.

Speaking of ghosts and spirits, Grandpa had the house blessed. I can remember it taking place only once. The priest came and Grandma, Grandpa and I followed him from room to room, downstairs and upstairs, while he sprinkled holy water around. I don't know where the priest came from, probably Logan. I know there wasn't any Russian Orthodox Church in Henlawson.

When Grandpa went to town, I used to wait impatiently for him to come home. When he finally did, I would always ask if he had brought me any candy. Sweets were a real rarity in my childhood at Henlawson. We had good and nourishing food, but candy, pop, and "American bread" — as Grandma called white, sliced bread, since she always made home baked bread — were rare. Grandpa would always have lemon drops in his jacket breast pocket for me.

One day I came home from playing at the Demetroffs and found Grandma down in the cellar with a man in a business suit. I went downstairs and heard him asking Grandma a lot of questions. He complimented her on all of her canned foods, and after a while he left. It had been reported that Grandma was hoarding store-bought food! It was during World War II and that was against the law. We could not think of who would have turned her in for hoarding, when, in fact, she wasn't.

Grandma used to take fertilized eggs upstairs into the warm extra bedroom and lay them all out on top of newspapers to hatch. That kept them from being killed by the other chickens before they were hatched. I have seen eggs cracked open by chickens, so I guess some chickens like raw eggs. At any rate, I used to go upstairs and



Above: Alex Zekany never lost touch with his Hungarian homeland, according to his granddaughter. This 1909 postcard featuring his portrait sends New Year wishes home. *Below:* This photograph of Donna Jean at her grandparents' house in Henlawson shows a happy, smiling child. Photographer and date unknown.

check on the chickens as they hatched. I would play with them before they got old enough for Grandma to put them back outside in the chicken yard — but still away from the older ones.

Grandpa's workshop was really an out-of-doors blacksmith shop. When he was out there making tools for himself or horseshoes for someone, I would sometimes go out to watch him. He would have me turn the handle of the bellows. That would blow air under the fire into which he put the iron he was working on. Then he would put the item on the anvil and hammer or "forge" it into shape. I was always afraid of getting burned by the sparks flying from his hammer.

One day I had the opportunity to watch Grandpa shoe a horse. I remember being very surprised that he could do this. After that, I was confused about Grandpa's work as blacksmith for the mines. I didn't know that they had horses at the mines, and I still don't know if they did or not. I found out later that mostly he made the tools, or at least the special ones, that they needed, and repaired the broken ones.

I remember two winters that we slaughtered pigs at Henlawson. Several men came to help. It took place out in the back side of the garden where there were no plantings, where the big rocks led up to the railroad. Grandpa would send me away just before the throat cutting. I found out in later years that that was the reason the pig squealed so loudly and then stopped so quickly. But I never thought about that when Grandma made the stuffed sausages, the crisp pork fat, and the jellied pig's feet — or koládsz, pattogás, and kocsonya, respectively, as we referred to them in Hungarian. She worked from early in the morning until late at night.

It was explained to me at an early age that if I stayed out late, the "boogerman" would get me. He would come walking up the railroad just after dark, with a sack on his back into which he put children to take home to eat. And to top it off, which I guess was supposed to make it more scary, he was a black man. For years I was really fearful at being outside after dark, even in the yard, even in the company of Grandma or Grandpa. I sure didn't want the boogerman to get me.

Then one evening when Grandma, Grandpa and I sat on the front porch talking, the boogerman came walking. I knew it was the boogerman because he was a black man and he had a sack thrown over his shoulder. Anyway, he saw us sitting on the porch and spoke to us. Grandpa got up from his seat and walked right over to the fence. The boogerman stopped and they talked together! It was dark by the time Grandpa bade the boogerman goodnight. When I asked, he explained to me that this was a nice old man with whom he was acquainted. He lived on up the hollow, and he wouldn't hurt anyone. I never was afraid of that particular boogerman again.

My mom was postmistress at the Henlawson post office. At times when I stayed at Grandma and Grandpa's, she would come up to have lunch with me, as often as possible. When we finished lunch, I would run to the door and stand with my back against the kitchen door and my arms flung wide so that Mom could not leave again. Grandma would have to pull me away and hold me so that Mom could leave, me fighting her and crying as if my heart would break. When she let me go, I would run to the middle room and out the door and over to the outside of the washroom wall where I could look through the wire fence and see Mom walking down the railroad tracks, heading back to work.

When I was old enough I would go to the Dunches to play with Paul, who was my age, and Violet, who was a couple of years older. And they would come to see me when Mrs. Dunch came to visit Grandma. Once Mrs. Dunch told Grandma about Paul, Violet and me walking across the Henlawson railroad bridge, not on the walkway but across on the railroad trestle side. We could see right down between the ties and into the river. We could have slipped between them, down into the water. When I got home Grandma was standing in the door, holding the screen door open with one hand — and the other hand behind her back. She let me know in no uncertain terms I was in trouble.

After I got older, I made the trip by myself and always took the walkway side of the bridge. But I have had nightmares of walking the bridge, on the correct side, when it begins to tip and I slip off into the river. At first I can hold my breath and see underwater. When I can hold it no longer and take a big, deep breath, I wake up. I have had the same dream many times.

On cold winter mornings, when Grandma got me up to get ready to go to the Midelburg Addition school, which was quite a walk, she would have a roaring fire in the kitchen stove. She would have the oven door open with a kitchen chair pulled up in front of it. I'd come out wrapped up in a cover. She would have a hot cup of coffee ready for me. My coffee (as I found out later) was mostly milk, with enough sugar to make it nice and sweet and just enough coffee to make me think that I was drinking coffee like Grandma. It was perfect. I still cannot drink coffee black.

Once or twice I watched as Grandpa sharpened knives and axes on his grinding stone. He would sit on the seat and pedal, and the big round stone would go around. Sparks would fly. When he asked if I wanted to pedal I was always afraid to do so, because I was afraid of the sparks. He assured me that they did not burn, but I was still afraid. He would do this job outside in the back yard.

I used to beg Grandma to tell me stories. The one that has stayed in my mind all of these years was one that her mother told her. It took place in Hungary, of course, and it was scary.

Donna Jean had left by the time this photograph of Alex and Elizabeth was made. They're shown here in their Logan home, with daughter Virginia. Photographer unknown, January 1952.

The Zekanys: A West Virginia Family Album. Our 1925 family portrait (above) shows the family well established in Logan County. Alex sits at left, with Anna, Elizabeth, sister-in-law Anna, and daughters Virginia and Elizabeth also in the front row; sons Peter, Paul, brother Peter and Julia stand at rear.

Earlier photographs (right) show Alex many years before as a Hungarian soldier and Elizabeth as a young matron, soon after her arrival in West Virginia.

Like many new Americans, the Zekanys kept up their old-country connections. Alex and Elizabeth are shown (opposite page, top) at the center of the photo of a Hungarian lodge celebration, with their daughters among the little girls to Elizabeth's left.

The family went out on the town to celebrate Alex and Elizabeth's 50th wedding anniversary in the mid-1950's (opposite page, bottom). The second generation represented here by daughters Virginia Sonye and Elizabeth Lovejoy, son Peter, and daughter Julia McGraw, were in the ascendancy now.

It was about a beautiful girl who fell in love with a handsome young man. He convinced her to go to his home with him. They went down into a dark place where she noticed that he had cloven hooves for feet. It turned out that he was a vampire, but she escaped at sunup at the sound of the cock's crow. It loses something in the translation, but it was scary then and it was the one I wanted to hear over and over.

Grandpa used to try to teach me Hungarian songs. We would sing together at the kitchen table after our Sunday dinner. The one I remember most was (in English) "Wooden Fork, Wooden Spoon, Wooden Dish" — or "Fa Villa, Fa Kalán, Fa Tál."

My mouth waters when I remember coming home to the smell of Grandma's cabbage rolls cooking on the stove. I also loved the Sunday dinners. Cooked chicken, with whole potatoes and carrots, quartered cabbage heads and noodles cooked in the chicken broth. I would watch Grandma make homemade egg noodles and pinch small pieces of dough into soup to make tiny dumplings. She used to get upset with me when I added catsup to the soup.

Grandma would sit for hours and crochet. She tried so many times to get me to come and watch her and learn. But I was too busy and, truthfully, not interested. I did learn to crochet a chain. That helped me, in my adult life, to learn to crochet fashions or anything that I wanted. I still will not crochet doilies or anything that is not a challenge, but crocheting was her second life.

I remember Grandma combing her hair. When she took out the hair pins and let her hair down, it came down to her buttocks. She would comb it by bringing it over her shoulder. Then she would either braid it or leave it brushed out and then turn it into a bun on the top of her head.

It dawned on me after many years that when I walked into a room where Grandma would be standing with her hands folded at her breast that she was saying her prayers. Then I realized why she wouldn't answer my questions and turned her back to me until she was finished. I would stop and go back to the other room until she came in, and then I would say what I had to say.

Sometimes I read or translated for the older people around me. Grandpa subscribed to the *National Geographic* magazine. Grandma loved to look at the beautiful color pictures. She would ask me what the caption said under a picture that interested her.

One evening after Grandpa had come home from work he was sitting at the kitchen table telling Grandma about some young guy at work yelling about something or other. Grandpa said that he turned to the guy and (in English) had called him a _____ — a terrible name. I was shocked and asked Grandpa if he knew what that meant. He said it was just an expression that everyone used at work. I explained as well as I could what it meant and for him never to say words that he didn't know just because everyone else did. He was embarrassed and promised he wouldn't.

One day a neighbor came to visit Grandma and said that her husband had beaten her up for the last time, and she was going to court to divorce him. She couldn't speak English and

Folktale Collection

The Hungarian folk stories that Donna Jean Rittenhouse recalls from her Logan County childhood were among many told by immigrant families that came to West Virginia and went to work in the mines. These new arrivals brought their culture with them from countries such as Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia, Italy, Ireland, Austria and Russia.

Ethnic pockets, each with a heritage and nationality of its own, took root in the coal camps and larger towns of the day. Transplanted culture provided great comfort to the homesick families. The old stories and folktales were important to survival in a new land, and they have contributed greatly to the cultural richness of our state.

The late Ruth Ann Musick preserved many of these folk stories in her book, *Green Hills of Magic: West Virginia Folktales from Europe,* now in its second edition. Dr. Musick was first introduced to West Virginia in the 1940's when she became a professor at Fairmont State College. She wrote that the Mountain State seemed "a land of magic." She would spend the next 20-odd years collecting ethnic folktales and ghost stories from the people who populated the hills around her. Dr. Musick first published two collections of Appalachian ghost tales, *The Telltale Lilac Bush* and *Coffin Hollow,* along with a book on West Virginia ballads and folk songs. *Green Hills* followed in 1970, a collection of 79 narratives first published by the University Press of Kentucky.

Judy Byers, a professor at Fairmont State College and Dr. Musick's literary executor, wrote the foreword for the second edition. Byers also joined fellow storytellers Noel Tenney and John Randolph to record selected tales from *Green Hills*. The result is a cassette packed with tales of death and the devil, vampires, werewolves, and leprechauns, among the 12 readings. Byers hopes that the reprint of *Green Hills* and its cassette version will further the study and appreciation of the varied traditions of Appalachian coal miners — traditions that have continued for a century and more in the hills of West Virginia.

Green Hills of Magic is a 312-page paperback book with notes, indexes and a bibliography. The new edition was issued by McClain Printing Company, 212 Main Street, Parsons, WV 26287. It is available by mail order from McClain for $9.95, plus $1.50 postage and handling, or in bookstores. The cassette tape, "Selected Stories from Green Hills of Magic," may be ordered from The Hill Lorists, P.O. Box 8, Tallmansville, WV 26237. The cost for the 60-minute recording is $10, plus $3 for 4th class shipping or $4 for first class. West Virginia residents should add 6% sales tax for both items.

needed an interpreter. Her daughter, a year older than me, wouldn't go with her. Grandma talked me into going to the attorney's office with her, so I did. I was 11 years old.

Grandma told me the story of how she met Grandpa in the old country. He had come to visit Grandma's parents for some reason or other. She saw him, and he saw her. The next time she saw him was when he returned to ask her father for her hand in marriage.

I was told the story of how Grandma came to Logan. After they were married, Grandpa had come to America to find work. After he left Hungary, Grandma found out that she was pregnant with Paul. Later Grandpa sent for them. When Paul, who was about two years old, got off the train, Grandpa took one look and said, "That's my son."

Grandpa used to read his Hungarian papers after dinner and before bedtime. I remember him reading out loud to Grandma with tears in his eyes, saying, "My poor country. My poor people." He was referring to Hungary, as it was being taken over by communism. Sometimes he'd fall asleep at the table while reading his papers. He'd get upset when Grandma would call for him to come to bed.

Grandpa didn't drink to speak of, but in his later years he would have half a shot of port before he cleaned up after work. He said that at his age it helped his blood function after a hard day's work. He would go downtown to the movies every Sunday. He would walk down the track, catch a bus, go to Logan to the movie, then catch the bus and walk back up the track home. Grandma used to say that he just went there to sleep. He would joke back that it was true.

After Grandpa lost most of his hearing Grandma tried and tried to talk him into getting a hearing aid. But he was too proud to let people see him wearing a hearing aid. Grandma would tell him that friends of theirs had seen him downtown and spoke to him and he wouldn't answer. He was more ashamed of wearing a hearing aid than of people thinking that he was becoming stuck up.

Grandma surprised me with a ring for my tenth birthday. She had bought it at Logan Jewelry. It had a diamond chip as its setting. I still have it today. After I grew up and would come back to visit, Grandpa would give me money and tell me not to tell Grandma. Grandma would give me money and tell me not to tell Grandpa. It was a game that they would play with me.

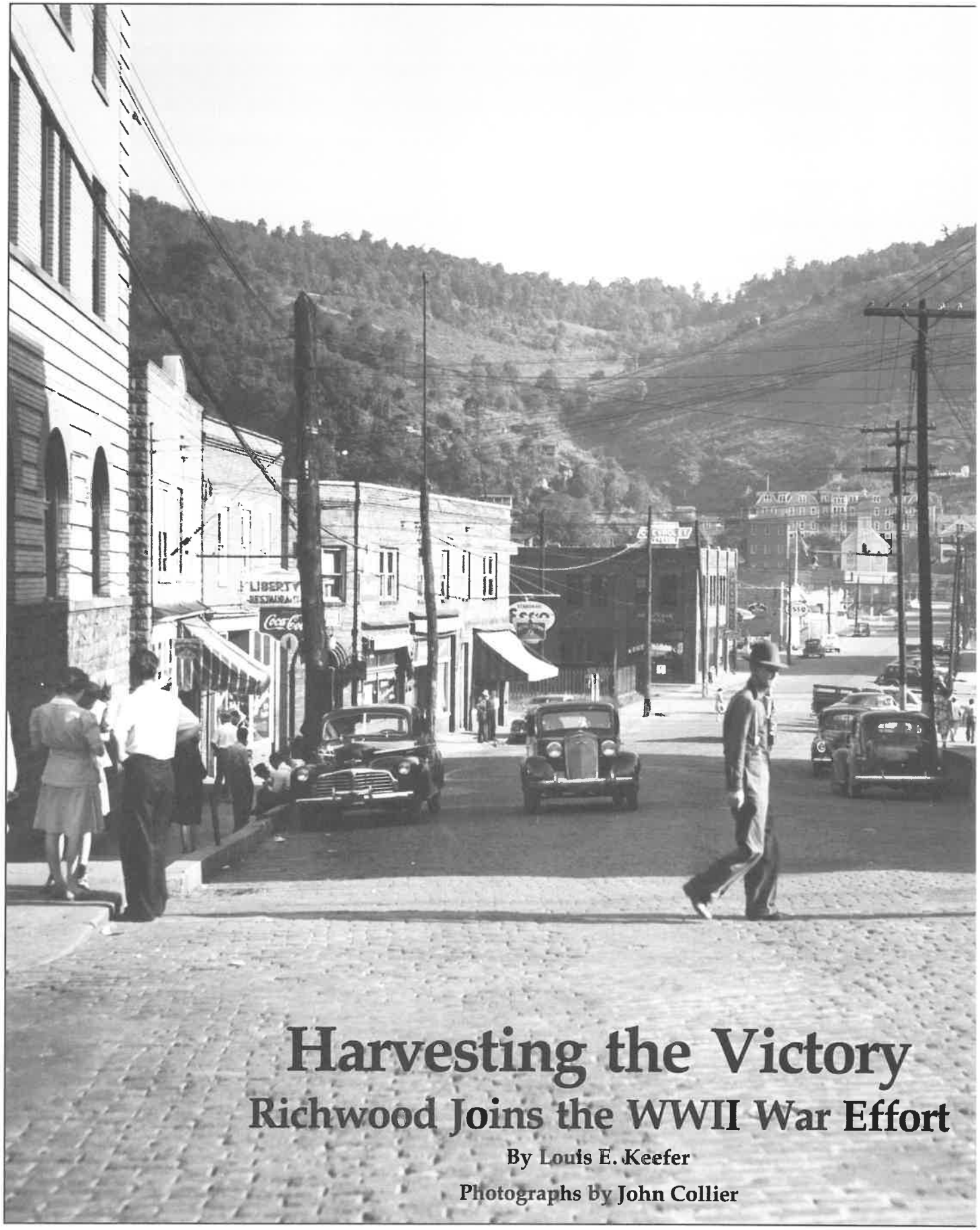
And every time I went home, Grandma would ask me to make jello. She loved jello. I tried to teach her the simple instructions, but she just would not make it for herself. She wanted me to. And every time, she would stand outside of the house as we drove away and cry. It made me feel so bad.

I used to have nightmares all through my teens of Grandma dying. I would wake up crying and shaking. When we received word that she had passed away, we did not have the money it would take to go back to the funeral. I honestly did not want to, anyway. I wanted to remember her as she was when she was alive.

It was the same when Grandpa died. I think of him in death, and it's awful. It's easier to remember both of them in life, full of love and humor. They were such good people.

This article is adapted from a much longer account the author originally prepared for the benefit of her relatives. We thank other members of the extended Zekany, Lovejoy and McGraw families for their cooperation in preparing the final version. — ed.

Our author recalls her years in her grandparents' house by the railroad tracks as a bittersweet period. She's shown here in December 1935. Photographer unknown.



Harvesting the Victory

Richwood Joins the WWII War Effort

By Louis E. Keefer

Photographs by John Collier

While film star Greer Garson was wowing a cheering crowd at a Charleston war bond rally on September 4, 1942, a group of dedicated Nicholas County residents was leaving Richwood to contribute to the war effort by harvesting crops far from home. The speakers at the Laidley Field rally drew loud applause, but at the Richwood train station there were only murmured "goodbyes" and quiet "good lucks" from families and friends.

Having gathered in the late afternoon, the 250 paid volunteers boarded a special train about dusk. Most were young men, especially those old enough to work but too young for the draft, but the group also included a number of families and a generous sprinkling of excited children. Recruited by the U.S. Farm Security Administration (FSA), they would provide emergency help to farmers in western New York State.

During the first few hours of the journey, the eight-car train passed through such small Nicholas and Webster County towns as Craigsville, Camden-on-Gauley, Cowen, and Erbacon. The volunteers ate prepared sandwiches and drank soft drinks brought down the aisles to their seats. If they wanted something hot, there was coffee to be ladled from a five-gallon milk can.

After a night of trying to sleep in sooty, open-windowed B&O coaches, they reached Rochester, New York. There, before being taken to temporary camps — such as those at Albion, Brant, Elba, Hamlin, and Newfane — the farm worker recruits enjoyed hot breakfasts served by the American Red Cross in the New York Central train station.

Although a second trainload of volunteers left Richwood on Tuesday morning, September 8, neither group was the first to make the trip to upstate New York. That distinction went to 33 other recruits who had departed Nicholas County the previous Wednesday, September 2. These people had taken a special bus to make a train connection at Pittsburgh. Mona Jackson, her husband, Dewey, and their little girls, Sharon and Linda, were among them.

Richwood was a quiet country town in September 1942. Farm Security Administration photo, courtesy Library of Congress.

Unlike later arrivals who were bused in groups to their job locations, Mrs. Jackson remembers being met in Rochester by F. B. Huxley, who drove her and her family to Ontario, New York (about 15 miles east of Rochester), where he owned and operated a food cannery. She was pleased with what she saw.

"The married people like us lived in a trailer park," she recalls. "There was a nursery for the kids and a clinic with nurses and doctors on duty around the clock. Besides our friends from around Richwood, we worked with some nice folks from Ohio, Kentucky, and Florida. We were all like a big happy family."

Roma Bailey was another volunteer who went north by bus. He remembers that in addition to his brother, Albert, his group included Jimmy Claypoole and the young Armstrong twins, Catherine and Cathleen. He and his brother thought of the trip as high adventure.

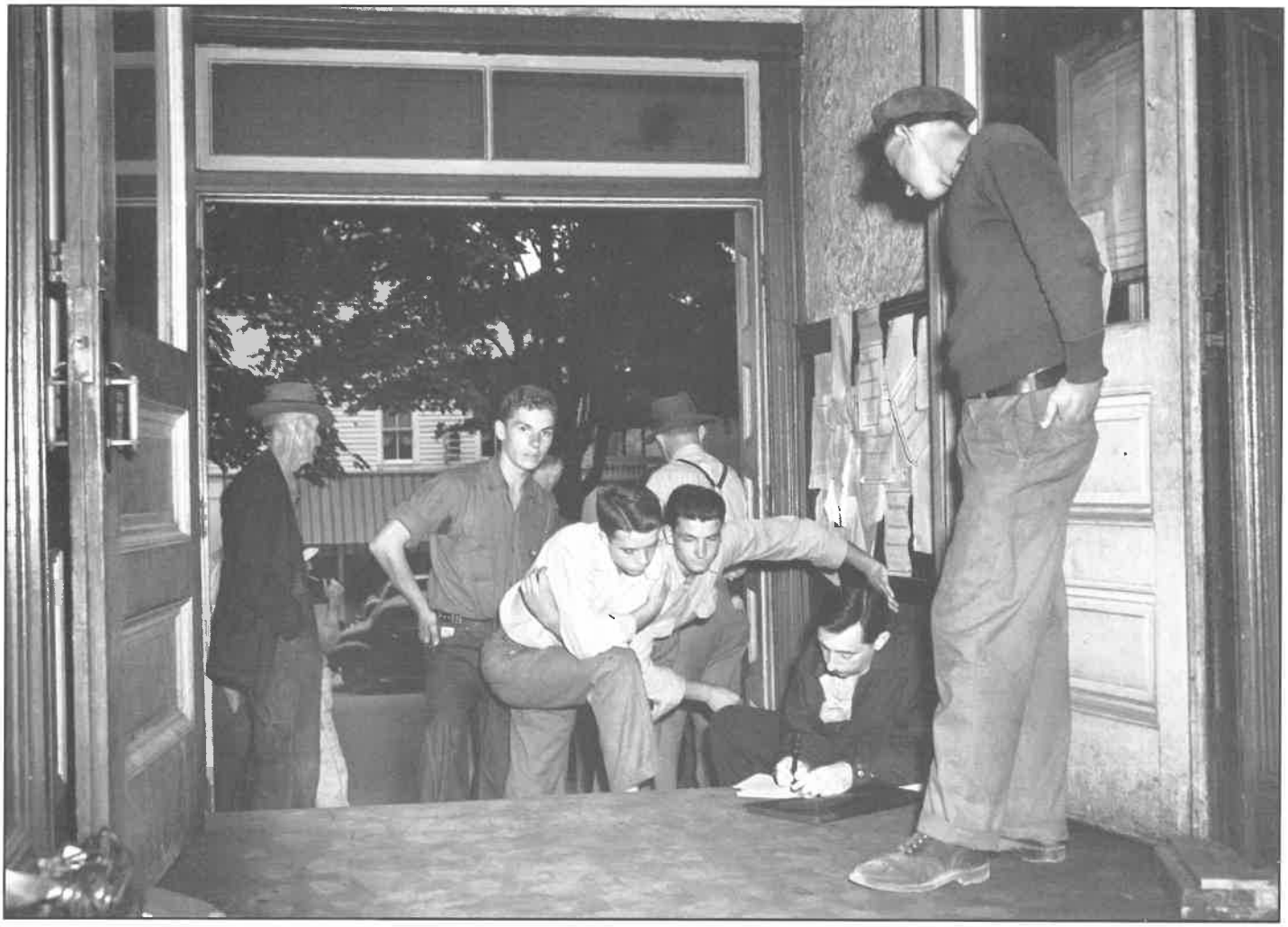
Though some of the older, more experienced townspeople may have had reservations about the program, most of the younger volunteers were probably like Bailey, all smiles and enthusiasm. This was a chance to see new places and do new things. No appeal to patriotism was needed to recruit them.

"I remember they opened this little office on Main Street, more or less across from the City Hall," says Mr. Bailey. "Word of mouth did all the rest. Everybody in town knew they were taking job applications."

Some of the Richwood recruiting also was conducted in the mayor's office, where a big table provided enough space to fill out application forms and sign the necessary papers.

Over in Summersville, the recruiting was done outdoors, on the sidewalk and the front steps of the Nicholas County Courthouse. That effort produced relatively few volunteers compared to the Richwood totals. According to newspaper accounts, some volunteers also were recruited from Clay County, but no numbers were mentioned, and the group is believed to have been small.

Recruiting was hurried and hectic. The Farm Security Administration had little time for careful preparation, and West Virginia was the program's guinea pig. Even though they were



Many young men who volunteered for 1942 harvest work would soon serve in the military overseas. The above group signs up for farm jobs at the Nicholas County Courthouse in Summersville while the 16-year-old, opposite page, makes his contract in Richwood. FSA photos, Library of Congress.

guaranteed paid work three out of every four weeks and food rations during the non-work week, the harvest recruits accepted many aspects of the program on faith.

The first killing frosts hit New York State only three weeks after the new workers arrived. Fields in the Buffalo area were seriously affected as early as September 29, with farmers reporting various degrees of crop damage, including the loss of tomatoes in exposed fields, and harm to pumpkin, melon, and cucumber vines. Thanks to the workers from West Virginia, most of the crop was saved, but just in the nick of time.

Roma Bailey worked on a sprawling farm that had acre after acre of nothing but tall bushy tomato plants. "There were tomatoes just as far as you could see," he says. "The hills were bright red with them. We all lived in the owner's farmhouse and walked to work in the morning. Each of us picked a long row at a time. Somebody would set out nests of empty baskets ahead of us between the rows, and later, after we'd filled them, somebody else'd come and load the baskets on trucks."

"I believe they paid us five cents a bushel. In those days, that was pretty good money. It was plenty hard going, but it was possible to pick 50 bushels a day. I was 23 years old and strong, and I was used to hard work. My brother and I had worked our folks' farm as well as others around Hinkle Mountain, and we'd been putting in steady 12-hour days and 60-hour weeks cultivating corn, picking up hay, and other chores ever since we left school."

"At the tomato farm, they let us work as many hours as we wanted, but mostly I only did 40 hours a week. Nobody paid attention to the number of hours you worked, since you were paid by the number of bushel baskets you picked."

The daily life of the West Virginia harvest workers was well documented. The FSA sent a professional photographer from Washington, DC, to make a visual history, not only of the recruitment and transportation of the volunteers, but also of their living and working conditions in New York State.

The man chosen for the job was John Collier, a talented son of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Collier's father had taught him, according to a biographical entry in *Contemporary Photographers*, "to be aware of and respectful towards other cultures," and he was a selective, sensitive photographer. Destined for national recognition as a photo-essayist, Collier understood and was sympathetic to the people from central West Virginia.

Some 200 prints from his pictorial record of the West Virginia program are in the Prints and Photographs Reading Room of the Library of Congress. It is thought that this article represents the first publication of any of these photographs.

Many of Collier's photos depict scenes and events otherwise lost to history — the bleak "no men wanted" sign on the door of the employment office of the Richwood lumber mill; the hard working, shirt-sleeved recruiters talking with prospective volunteers; the faces of families inside the crowded train to Rochester; and the many aspects of camp life.

Collier gathered quotations from Richwood townspeople as he prepared captions for one series of photographs. The reactions reflect a variety of opinions of the government program:

"William Thomas, hardware dealer, says 'the boys should be allowed to work younger. I worked in the wheat fields when I was eight. Work is more important than school....' "

"Doctor Carl Kesling, druggist, says that sending our young men to other parts of the country to work will create better attitudes toward 'getting ahead.' "

"Mrs. Burt Marshall thinks girls should not go away to work, and that boys should be 17 years old, but thinks on the whole that government-supervised labor recruiting is good for the boys because it helps them be good citizens and participate in the war effort."

"Mr. B. E. Thompson, editor of the *Nicholas Republican...*, let his own son go to New York State to work in the harvest but feels the recruiting has interfered with school, and that the break in education of many of the boys and girls will be permanent."

Leading citizens of that era still recall the FSA harvest campaign. Merle White, who was elected five times as Richwood mayor, was between terms in the fall of 1942 but remembers the food-for-victory program well.

"Times were hard back then and lots of Richwood folks were unemployed," Mr. White remembers. "Actually, the town had been in a slow decline throughout the 1930's. In 1900, Richwood was the biggest lumber camp in West Virginia. It did well into the early 1930's, by which time the best tracts of timber along the Cherry, Cranberry and Williams Rivers were gone. In early 1942, there'd been labor problems, so the situation was ripe for recruiters to come and look for people to go to New York State on a short-term basis."

For its readers who might be interested, the September 3, 1942, *Nicholas Republican* had provided all the particulars:

"Folks who want to secure this employment for their families are invited to see Charles Jack at the Mayor's Office at 2:00 p.m. Saturday, September 5. Entire families, including fathers, mothers, boys and girls who are legally old enough to work, will be employed and the wages will be from 40 cents per hour and up."

"Families will be furnished with living quarters and utility services, such as water, fuel, lights, etc., after they get there, but will be expected to furnish their own blankets, dishes, etc. Transportation both to and from New York will be furnished by special train from Richwood at no cost to employees who will be fed while en route in a diner which the train will carry."

"Mr. Remick [of the Montgomery office of the U.S. Employment Service, as was Charles Jack] indicated that there will be employment for everybody who wants to go and the more the better. Entire families are desirable and should have someone go to the Mayor's Office Saturday and sign up all of them. The more working members in the family, the more welcome they will be."

Everyone understood that the assignments were temporary. No one was being recruited to relocate permanently in New York State, and evidently few, if any, Nicholas County residents actually stayed there beyond their contractual work commitments. Merle White remembers that most of them returned home and found jobs around Richwood.

Roma Bailey was in New York only a few weeks before returning to Richwood to join the U.S. Army and serve 42 months in the U.S. and overseas. Mona Jackson and her family were away from West Virginia for about four months, moving about as the

Above: The Bryant Friend family waits to board the special train for New York State. FSA photo, Library of Congress.

Below: Recruits discovered that Upstate New York was a long train ride from Richwood. This is the Green family en route to their harvest assignment. FSA photo, Library of Congress.

need for farm labor shifted.

She recalls that "after finishing up at Ontario, we worked in other New York towns — some in Worcester, making food labels for food; some in Webster, making fruit baskets; and some in Fredonia, picking fruits and vegetables. From there we were sent over to Pittman, Ohio, but they had enough men there, and they sent us back to West Virginia. My husband, who was 4-F, got a job at a chemical plant in Institute and we stayed there until the end of the war."

Ironically, while people from West Virginia were helping to save the harvest in western New York, fruit growers in the Eastern Panhandle were facing similar shortages of farm labor. A September 12, 1942, *Charleston Gazette* item reported that fruit growers had sharply criticized the FSA "for moving unemployed West Virginia farm laborers to New York when

Photographer John Collier said he captured people's lives through such details as "their worn doorsteps and the fabric of their houses." This is his picture of the home of Hazel and Bryant Friend, shown here with their son and a visitor. FSA photo, Library of Congress.

About John Collier

John Collier captured a small part of the country's history and an important West Virginia story in his historic photographs of the Richwood farm workers. Although new to the area and a stranger to his subjects, he did an excellent job of depicting West Virginians at home and away. As author Louis Keefer points out in the adjoining article, Collier was a man who appreciated cultures other than his own.

He also had a strong sense of what his craft accomplished, writing that he "viewed photography as a means to materialize people themselves through such things as their worn doorsteps, the fabric of their houses." These touches are evident in the photos of the migrant harvest workers.

Collier studied painting at the California School of Fine Arts (now the San Francisco Art Institute) in the 1930's. He was mostly self-taught in photography, working with one of the country's most famous photographers of the New Deal era, Dorothea Lange. In 1941, Collier joined the Farm Security Administration and traveled to West Virginia and other parts of the country. From there he went to work for the Office of War Information during 1942 and '43 and then Standard Oil of New Jersey. Later, Collier concentrated on anthropological photo studies in such places as Ecuador, Canada, and Peru.

Collier was not interested in his pictures as art, saying that he saw the photograph as a "testament" or record. It was in this spirit that he provided his excellent documentation of West Virginians traveling to the faraway world of New York State in the 1940's.

the fruit area faced a critical labor shortage.''

The fruit growers' plight was serious enough to get local Congressman Jennings Randolph involved. One result was that West Virginia State Road Commission employees were allowed to work longer hours for four days a week, in order to spend another two days in the orchards.

This squabble had no effect on the FSA experiment. The West Virginia program was the first of its kind in the nation, and the Washington agency had no intention of undoing any of the hard work already accomplished.

In Sidney Baldwin's book, *Poverty and Politics: The Rise and Decline of the Farm Security Administration,* the FSA program was described as moving over 8,000 domestic farm workers (it also brought in foreign farm workers) from such ''submarginal farming areas'' as the Appalachians in the eight-month period between September 1942 and May 1943.

With respect to domestic migratory workers, the FSA and the U.S. Employment Service were governed by directives issued by the War Manpower Commission in June 1942. The FSA moved farm workers at its own expense, amounting to a subsidy for farmers who benefited from the service. Baldwin says that the FSA consequently used transportation to obtain specific guarantees from employers. The funds were provided only when government standards for wages, working conditions, housing, and freedom from discrimination were satisfied.

At Hamlin, New York, northwest of Rochester and not far from Lake Ontario, people from West Virginia and other states lived for some time in tents at an old Civilian Conservation Corps camp. Covering about 15 acres, this camp could house up to 600 people. Once steady work assignments had been arranged, individuals or whole families might move into a farmer's home, or into a nearby trailer park.

Life was not unpleasant for the paid volunteers, at least for the short term. There were child care centers and access to public schools; health care centers; community cooking, laundry, and shower facilities; baseball fields; recreation tents; and so on. John Collier's photos show people dancing and singing and others playing games such as softball and volleyball. Most of them are smiling or laughing and seem to be happy.

Some FSA recruits worked in the fields, others in canneries. For Mona Jackson, the best thing about her cannery job was the free food, very welcome under wartime conditions. ''We canned tomatoes, tomato juice, tomato soup, sauerkraut, celery, beets, carrots, and various jams and jellies,'' she remembers. ''We also dehydrated foods such as peas, beans, and potatoes. We could have all the vegetables and fruits and milk our families needed.''

''This was good, because, as you know, we had ration books and you could only get so much on them during the war. The free food was really a godsend.''

Another good thing was the housing, according to Mona. ''Though we lived in a trailer park, they gave us a government-issued quonset hut. We had two bedrooms, a living room, kitchen, and bath. Ours was number 42,'' she still recalls.

''We had a security guard who patrolled the area at night. He also ran errands for us, and sometimes we'd get him to babysit if we needed to get out for a while. His name was Ralph Sly. He was real nice.

''Our boss was a man named Herb Gardner. He was nice, too, and made sure that everyone got whatever was needed. He'd let us have 20 gallons of gas a week in case we wanted to drive around or go to the store. I never once regretted going up there.''

Now, nearly half a century later, many of the Nicholas Countians who ''pulled up stakes'' for New York are no longer alive. Among friends and acquaintances remembered by Mona Jackson, Roma Bailey, or Merle White are Russel Hunt and wife Verlie, James Tenney and wife Frances (parents of present Richwood Police Chief Larry Tenney), James Leason and wife Dorothy, Horace Parker, Esker Crites, Blanche Queen, Ethel Campbell, Junior Brown, and Roma Bailey's brother, Albert.

After the recruiting was finished, C. P. Remick of the Employment Service expressed his gratitude via the *Nicholas Republican.* ''We can all be proud of the patriotic response of Nicholas County citizens when called upon to aid in saving the Nation's vital crops,'' Mr. Remick wrote. ''This office is in receipt of numerous telephone calls from grateful farmers in New York State, all highly complimentary of labor supplied by Nicholas County.''

None of the volunteers expected or received any special cheers to see them off or any special appreciation when they returned home. They simply saw a job to be done and went out and did it. In fact, they did it very well.

There was time for play as well as work in the farm labor camps. These two young Nicholas Countians take part in a softball game. FSA photo, Library of Congress.

The author expresses special gratitude to Mona Jackson, now of Sarasota, Florida, for her cooperation during a trying period which saw the loss of most of her possessions and all her many household pets to fire.

Dorothy and Luther Winkler of Pickens are volunteer observers for the National Weather Service. Here they show off their rain gauge.

Weather Watchers

Frontline Volunteers for the National Weather Service

By Skip Johnson

Photographs by Michael Keller

It may be true, as Mark Twain said, that everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it. But nonetheless there are those who keep a close eye on it.

They're the unpaid citizen weather observers who have rain gauges and other data-collecting devices at their homes and who report their findings daily to the National Weather Service and sometimes to the Army Corps of Engineers. There are 152 such observers in West Virginia, and from 10,000 to 12,000 nationwide. Without them, the NWS acknowledges, its daily summations would not have the personal touch that helps to satisfy the voracious public appetite for weather news.

In a largely rural state like West Virginia, the citizen observers enable city dwellers in Charleston and other metropolitan areas to read in their newspapers or hear on television that the temperature dipped to 30 below the previous night at some frigid locale in the deep recesses of the state's highlands, or reached a wilting 100 degrees on a steamy summer day.

The volunteer weather observer program goes back a long way, probably to the 1800's when various individuals kept records of the weather for their own purposes and began sharing the information with the Weather Bureau, the immediate forerunner of the National Weather Service. Much of this data is on record at museums and local archives around the nation, and even today is perused for its historical importance. From those individuals, the present volunteer observer system gradually evolved.

One of the pioneers of citizen weather observing was Edward H. Stoll, who kept records over a 76-year period. Today, the Weather Service gives an award bearing his name to volunteer observers who have served for a long period of time or have otherwise distinguished themselves.

But Stoll was not the first American citizen observer of record. That distinction belongs to John Campanius Holm, a Lutheran minister who took systematic observations of the weather near present Wilmington, Delaware, in the 17th century.

Later, Thomas Jefferson showed a similar interest in recording the weather. Our third president took an unbroken series of weather observations from 1776 to 1816, just 10 years

This solar-powered satellite uplink (left) transmits weather data from the Winkler farm. Dave Keller (above) of the Charleston office of the National Weather Service is on the receiving end of information sent by the Winklers and dozens of other observers. Here he shows a punch tape from an automatic recording device.

before his death in 1826. Benjamin Franklin and George Washington were also avid recorders of weather conditions.

The Weather Service and Weather Bureau, both civilian agencies, were preceded by the U.S. Army Signal Corps. For many years, including the Civil War era, this military unit was the nation's official weather bureau.

Typical of West Virginia's citizen observers are Luther and Dorothy Winkler of Pickens, Randolph County, a community tucked away in the southwestern part of that mountainous county. The Winklers report the weather from their 100-year-old farmhouse on Turkeybone Mountain, where winters can be severe but summers are almost always pleasant.

The Pickens weather report goes to outer space on its way to more mundane locations. An automatic satellite station, of which there are 70 to 80 in remote parts of the state, beams the weather data every four hours from the Winklers' rural setting to a satellite circling 22,000 miles in space. From that heavenly vantage point, the information is fed to National Weather Service and Corps of Engineers data centers back on Mother Earth. The round trip, from earth to satellite and return, takes only 48 seconds.

The satellite gauges like the one at the Winkler home provide the most gee-whiz contrast of past and present ways of weather reporting. The couple routinely sends information on temperature, rainfall, and in some instances river flow, via satellite. If officials want a spur-of-the moment reading, they can call the gauge by phone and get its data nearly instantly.

For the Winklers, the presence of the satellite gauge is a daily reminder of how far technology has advanced since Luther Winkler's grandfather came to Turkeybone Mountain in 1883 and bought the land on which they now live. And yet, when they get up early on summer mornings their first concern isn't the gauge standing outside their backyard, but whether deer have visited their garden the previous night.

"It's not unusual to see 15 deer nearby," says Luther Winkler, "but our electric fence does a good job of keeping them out of the garden." In a way, the garden is what led them to becoming volunteer weather reporters. For many years, they had a miniature rain gauge there which prompted Marvin Hill, the man in charge of the Weather Service office at Elkins, to ask them to join the agency's brigade of citizen reporters.

Soon the Winklers had a big government-issue rain gauge in their yard. Tending these gauges is one thing that binds the volunteer weather watchers together, because they virtually all have them. With the possible exception of temperature, no climatic condition affects everyday life more than rainfall. This is especially true in drought years such as the present, when there has been precious little moisture, at least in some parts of the state, to replenish our rivers, wells and gardens.

The rain gauges, with their eight-inch diameter stainless steel outer tubes, resemble an army mortar, except they are positioned vertically rather than at an angle. Inside, they have a plastic cup and plastic center tube. The inner parts were once made of copper, but, given the current interest in acid rain, some of the watchers take pH readings for their own purposes. Therefore plastic, being non-reactive, has replaced metal.

Basically similar gauges have been in use for decades. With so many of them scattered around the state, the network of these simple instruments is like a spider web tying all the blank spots together. They are invaluable in providing summer rainfall averages, given the nature of thunderstorms that may dump an inch or more in one locale but completely miss a nearby area.

Another staple of weather reporting

Blaine and Maxine Leach have faithfully reported Philippi weather statistics for over 52 years. They received a half-century award for their work.

Veteran Volunteers:

Blaine and Maxine Leach

Blaine and Maxine Leach of Philippi know about the weather. The Tygart River was an uninvited guest in their living room during the November 1985 flood, filling it with two feet of water. The basement got four feet. The Leaches ascended to an upper level of their home and spent the night waiting for the river to recede.

Ironically, with telephone and electric lines down, it was one of the rare times in the past 52 years that they haven't been able to report the weather. Since 1939, the Leaches have been volunteer weather reporters for the National Weather Service, and in all those years they have missed precious few deadlines.

As a result, in 1989 they were presented with a 50-year service award from the National Weather Service and a certificate of achievement from the Army Corps of Engineers. The Leaches report to both agencies, through a reciprocal arrangement between the Weather Service and the Corps.

They have seen the remarkable evolution from manual to automated collecting and reporting of data in the last half-century, and along the way there have been some memorable moments, topped by the 1985 flood. "Well, the 1967 flood was pretty exciting, too," admits Blaine Leach. "We had four feet of water in the basement during that one." There was also a 26-inch snowstorm on Thanksgiving Day, 1950, and a massive ice jam in 1977.

One of the functions performed by the Leaches is checking the water level of the Tygart at Philippi. For years, Mrs. Leach walked three blocks each morning to take readings at the historic covered bridge. At first, the gauge consisted of numbers painted on the middle pier of the wooden landmark, which is generally considered to be the site of the first land battle of the Civil War. Later a wire-weight gauge was installed outside the walkway on the upriver side, and the Leaches would lower the gauge to the water.

The gauge, now automated, has been moved several hundred feet upstream from the bridge. There is no need for the Leaches to go there for their readings, although they sometimes do for nostalgia's sake. But for the most part they simply dial a number and a recording gives them the river height, which they forward, along with rainfall data from a gauge in their backyard, to the Corps and the NWS.

The river gauge is the final one on the Tygart before it enters Tygart Lake, a flood control impoundment, and therefore its readings are of particular interest to Army Corps personnel. "It tells us very quickly what to expect in the way of rapid rises or falls in water levels," says Pat Docherty, area reservoir manager.

"It's unbelievable how reliable the Leaches have been over the years," adds Docherty. "We could get the Philippi data from the NWS or by calling the station ourselves, but we've continued to call the Leaches to maintain a personal touch."

— Skip Johnson

is tried-and-true temperature readings, as in "How cold was it at your house last night?" or "Boy, it must be 100 in the shade today!" Although the venerable rain gauges have changed little, technology has made its inroads in the reporting of temperatures. The Winklers and other observers have electronic digital thermometers that enable them to take readings comfortably from inside their homes. In addition to the temperature of the moment, they give the highs and lows for a selected period, usually the previous 24 hours.

The great bugaboo of digital instruments, as anyone with a digital clock knows, is lightning or power line surges, so the National Weather Service provides its observers with a backup temperature gauge located outside in the yard. These conventional instruments work as faithfully as a mercury thermometer tacked to a barn wall.

From their enclave on Turkeybone Mountain, the Winklers preside over weather reports from the wettest spot in the state. Nearby mountains range well over 3,500 feet, forming a natural bowl with Pickens nestled in the center. Weather patterns from surrounding mountain fronts converge there, giving the area an average of 66 inches of rainfall annually, compared to a statewide average of about 42 inches. This makes Pickens and environs the West Virginia equivalent of a tropical rain forest, and one of the great regions of the world for growing hardwood timber.

But this year's spring was abnormally dry for Pickens. The Winklers reported only 2.20 inches of rain in May and a thirsty 1.81 inches in June. By comparison, they had 9.44 inches in May of 1990, and 5.42 inches for June of '90. Pickens rainfall returned to more normal proportions in July of 1991, with over eight inches.

Snowfall and temperatures for the winter of 1990-91 weren't up — or down — to the usual Pickens standards, either. According to local folklore, Turkeybone Mountain got its name from an 1800's winter that was so cold that most of the wild turkeys froze to death. When the spring thaw came, their bones were found littering the mountain. Whether or not that story is true, local winters can be brutal. Readings of 30 below are not that uncommon, the Winklers say, nor snowfalls of over 20 inches.

But the low reading for the 1990-91 winter was a balmy six below, and the deepest snow a modest 15 inches. Those who contend that winters nowadays are milder than in those years gone by, and you can count Luther Winkler among them, will want to file those statistics away.

The deepest snow of Luther's memory was a 36-inch blanket that fell when he was a boy attending the local one-room school, and the record low temperature was 35 below during the winter of 1976-77. The payback is pleasant summers, with low humidity and cooling breezes. The high reading for the summer of 1990 was 80 degrees, which

A. James Manchin as photographed by Ferrell Friend, 1973.

New Skip Johnson Book

Ferrell Friend is a familiar name to many West Virginians. The news photographer had countless pictures published in the *Charleston Gazette* where he worked for more than 20 years. Newspaper colleague Skip Johnson is the author of a book about his friend, *The Quicker, The Sooner: The Story of Photographer Ferrell Friend.*

Both Friend and his photos have a style of their own. Those who worked with him on either side of the camera relied on him to get the right picture for the occasion. In the course of his work, Friend photographed many famous people including five U.S. presidents, eight West Virginia governors (beginning with Matthew M. Neely in 1941), two of the Kennedy brothers, and Jennings Randolph getting ready to chow down on a fork full of ramps. His Buffalo Creek flood shot, taken from a helicopter, was published on the front page of the *New York Times.*

One of his own favorites was made while illustrating a story on the construction of the West Virginia Turnpike. As Skip Johnson describes the photograph, it shows a "cow standing placidly in the middle of a long straightway of freshly-graded turnpike."

Ferrell Friend's Clay County roots and his appreciation for rural West Virginia led him to photograph and write numerous stories about rural West Virginians, what Johnson refers to as "the essence of West Virginia." Many of these stories are reprinted in the book, with accompanying photographs. Other contributors include Friend's Clay County neighbors, colleagues at the *Gazette*, Jay Rockefeller, and West Virginia photographer Arnout Hyde.

The Quicker, The Sooner is an oversize paperback, with over 200 pages and more than 100 photographs. It may be ordered for $17, which includes tax and handling, from the *Clay County Free Press*, P.O. Box 180, Clay, WV 25043.

to sweltering city dwellers would seem heavenly.

The loyalty of volunteer weather reporters like the Winklers is legendary. Dave Keller, cooperative program manager for the National Weather Service at Charleston, tells the story of Jimmy Workman of Renick during the November 1985 flood that ravaged wide areas of West Virginia.

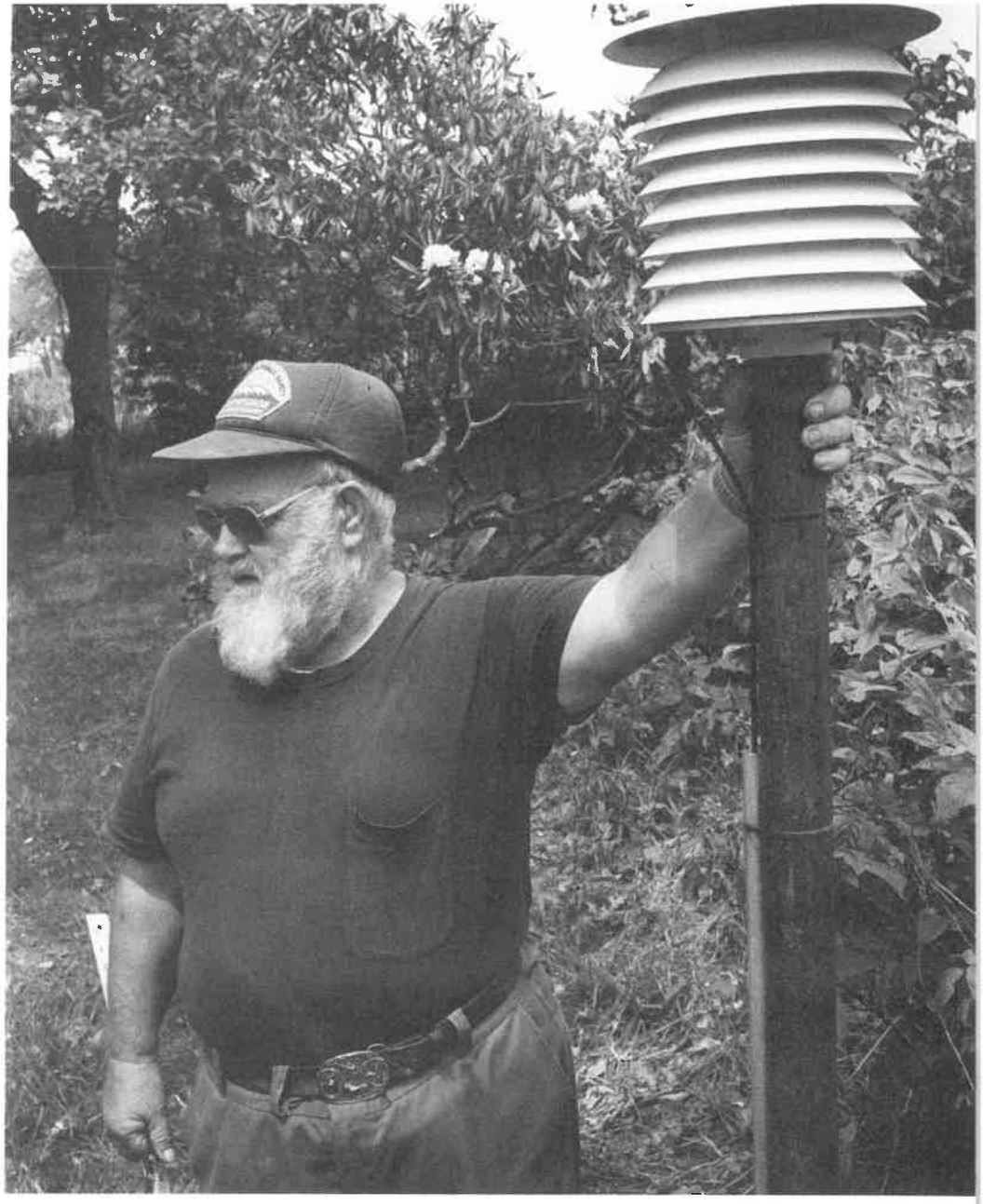
Workman, a school bus mechanic for the Greenbrier County Board of Education, is a volunteer river watcher for the NWS. He drives a half mile each morning to read a gauge on the bridge over the Greenbrier River on the Otto Road. When he arrived on the morning of the flood, water was already lapping over the end of the bridge and blocking access to the gauge. Workman and fellow members of the Renick Volunteer Fire Department threw a grappling hook over a bridge railing, and Workman pulled himself by rope to his gauge.

The Weather Service recognized Workman's effort with its highest honor, a Public Service Award. He is the only West Virginian to date to receive this award. For Workman's part, he wonders what all the fuss was about. "It was no big deal," he says.

Another example of loyalty on the part of the volunteer weather reporters is that of a couple who lived at isolated Sinks of Gandy, Randolph County. They didn't have electricity, but they fired up a generator each day to operate a radio and report the weather. The couple has since moved to town, and the present weatherman at Sinks of Gandy, traditionally one of the coldest places in the state, is a robot — an automatic satellite gauge installed by the Corps of Engineers.

Keller, a retired army sergeant who came to the NWS ten years ago under the Vietnam veterans readjustment program, says volunteer reporting has changed dramatically from the standpoint of equipment, but not in the quality and dedication of the observers. "Where else," he asks, "would you get people to do something seven days a week, 365 days a year?" And for free, at that.

Computers have taken over many of the functions that were once done manually, Keller points out. But the citizen reporters still provide the backbone of the system, even if most of the time now they can do their reporting without actually talking to anybody at the Weather Service.



You might say that this is what a thermometer looks like after a government committee gets hold of it. The automatic temperature gauge produces a precise digital display inside his house, Luther explains.

"Now it's mostly automated," says Keller. "They call on a memory button phone, and their call goes to a computer." In a simpler time, a live human voice answered the phone to take down the data. Nowadays, the weather reporters program their information into the special phones provided by the government and push another button to transmit. No words are exchanged. Keller, for one, misses the personal contact, but an impersonal computer can absorb the information much faster, and without busy signals. Occasionally he calls his observers simply to keep in touch.

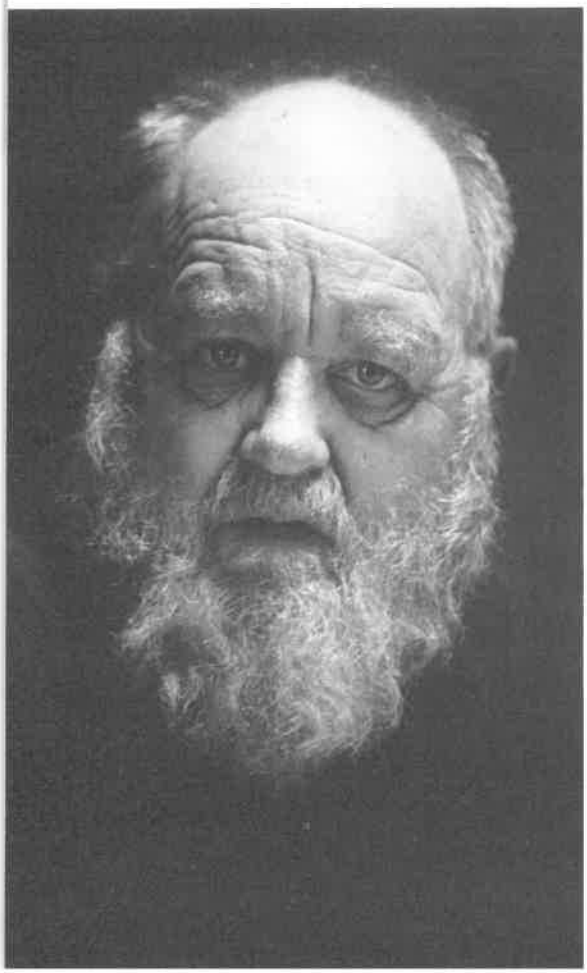
There are 188 observers in West Virginia and southwestern Virginia under the domain of the NWS station at Charleston's Yeager Airport. Another 12 observers are located in the northern and eastern extremities of West Virginia, working under the jurisdiction of the Pittsburgh and Washington offices of the National Weather Service.

Another example of automation, in addition to the satellite gauges, are rain gauges with batteries charged by solar cells. Radio impulses remind them to send their data to the computer every time they receive at least .04 inches of rain. Even in dry periods, they are programmed to report every 12 hours and say, in essence, "Hey, I'm still here."

Even when weather information is reported by real people, the computer reserves the right to question anything which is obviously wrong. The observer

Above: It is the business of the weather watchers to help the Weather Service alert West Virginians to severe weather. Those who recall the winter of '78 will appreciate the warning. Photo by Earl Benton, courtesy *Charleston Daily Mail*.

Below: Luther Winkler has seen good weather and bad at the century-old Winkler homeplace on Turkeybone Mountain. He recalls three-foot snows and temperatures colder than 30 below.



may move a decimal point one digit too far, and thus .10 inches of rain becomes 1.0 inches, a substantial difference. If moved still another digit, it would become 10 inches, which would probably send the computer into a nervous meltdown.

Computerized data collection is known in National Weather Service circles as ROSA — not, as it may sound, a code word used by intelligence agents in World War II, but a flowery acronym for Remote Observation System Automation. The collected information is stored in a central data bank known as AFOS — Automated Field Operations and Services. If it rains in Pickens, for instance, AFOS will soon have that knowledge squirreled away in its inner recesses.

One may wonder why the Weather Service continues with the volunteer system when data can now be obtained with automated instruments. The answer is the same as the one given by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for manned space flight: People can do what machines sometimes can't.

"They are good, but they aren't necessarily gospel," Keller says of reports from his automatic gauges. For example, leaves may build up in the collectors, or snow may form a frozen cap over them, and the result is faulty readings. They are at their automated best in summertime, when neither leaves nor snow are a threat.

So the Winklers of Pickens, Blair and Maxine Leach of Philippi, and other citizen observers around the state and nation still have a place in the grand scheme of recording and reporting the weather.

One advantage of automation is the speed with which data can be obtained. A case in point is LARC, another acronym meaning Limited Automatic Remote Collection, a system that measures river levels automatically. About 50 LARC's are in place on rivers around the state. Usually located at or near bridges, they are a familiar sight to rural motorists, with their solar panel and miniature antenna protruding above a white box mounted on steel posts. With instantaneous readings, LARC is helpful in issuing early warnings of flash flood danger produced by what Dave Keller describes as "the quickie deluge."

Even so, LARC has only partially replaced the "wire-weight" river gauge, the sort of instrument used by Jimmy Workman and the workhorse of measuring river heights. One of the oldest gauges around, it is manually lowered by gears and pulleys to read the river stage.

Considering all of the above, the old saying, "When all is said and done, there's more said than done," obviously cannot be applied to weather watching. We measure it, weigh it, take its pulse, and spy on it with satellites. But Mark Twain is still right — we can't change it.

Vapor still condenses in air masses to form water, which still falls in greater or lesser amounts on the just and the unjust, according to the biblical admonition. Ancient philosophers followed the weather, and Christ spoke of it to the Pharisees and Sadducees when they desired that he show them a sign from heaven. We continue to refer to weather's severities as acts of God, and it remains one thing that — for all our technological marvels — we can predict only imperfectly and then respectfully record after the fact.

Clyde Case, in the yard of his Braxton County home.

Ballads and Baskets

The Clyde Case Story

Text and Photographs by Susan Leffler

When Clyde Case started weaving split white oak egg baskets in 1974, he didn't need a book or even a finished basket to remind him of the design. As a young boy he had spent hours looking at the one he carried two miles to the general store.

"It was a hard walk and sometimes I'd carry as many as seven dozen eggs," Clyde recalled in a recent interview. "I'd get tired, and I'd set the basket down. I'd sit there and wonder how it was put together. I'd examine it."

In the early 1920's everyone young Clyde Case knew in the Duck Creek area of Braxton County where he grew up traded eggs or sometimes frying chickens for staples from the general store. Clyde's mother and grandfather dug ginseng and traded it pound for pound for green coffee beans. If the bill was less than the value of the goods traded, the grocer gave the customer a credit slip instead of cash change.

"It was a way of life," Clyde says. "There wasn't much money used because there wasn't much money around. About the only thing you needed it for was paying your taxes or going to the doctor if somebody got real sick. The only time there was money around was in the fall when you sold cattle or in the spring when you sold lambs."

Clyde was born in 1910 to Charles Butler Case and Rhuemma Facemyer Case. He was the youngest of a dozen children. By the time he was 12, he was the only child living at home. His father, who worked as a blacksmith, was partially crippled, so Clyde took over much of the responsibility for running the family farm.

The Cases raised all their own fruit, vegetables, and grains. Clyde took the corn and wheat to a mill near Servia. Like the owner of the general store, the miller didn't expect his customers to pay with cash. Clyde explains that the man took a toll instead.

"You'd put a bushel of corn in the hopper and the miller had a little box that held a gallon. He'd keep a level gallon of cornmeal for each bushel of corn he ground. The wheat, he weighed it. You got so many pounds of flour and middlings and bran, and he got so many pounds."

The Cases made their own sorghum molasses, churned butter, and cured pork. The hog meat was first coated

Parents Charles Butler Case and Rhuemma Facemyer Case. Clyde was the youngest of 12 children. Photographer unknown, about 1915.

The Cases were a hardworking, self-sufficient family. This picture, made by an itinerant photographer who happened to walk by while the family was in the fields, shows young Clyde at right, his father beside him, and several brothers and a hired hand. Photographer unknown, about 1918.

in a mixture of salt, brown sugar, saltpeter and black pepper. Then Clyde and his father hung it in a shack and smoked it over a slow fire of hickory and apple wood. When the meat was smoke cured they covered each slab with an old flour sack to keep the bugs out.

"Back then you ate whatever you raised," Clyde recalls. "By spring you'd about run out. I love rhubarb to this day for the simple reason that it was the first green thing in the spring that came up in the garden. We called it pie plant."

Clyde would often accompany his mother when she walked through the woods gathering wild creasy greens and poke. She'd sing him ballads like "Barbry Allen" and tell him stories that he remembers to this day. Some riddles and rhymes were used to give children a feel for the sound and rhythm of spelling.

"When I was real young she taught me that one about the grasshopper leaning up against the fence," Clyde says.

"How do you spell grasshopper?
Hippety clinch,
Zeo Zop,
Never stop
To get on top,
Over E R.
Grasshopper!

"And she taught me how to spell turkey buzzard," Clyde remembers, laughing.

"How do you spell turkey buzzard?"
T U izzard Turkey,
T U izzard Y;
T U izzard, turkey buzzard,
going to fly."

Mrs. Case taught Clyde songs that she'd learned from her family. A favorite concerning a fox and hen is one which remains in his mind today. He recites part of it.

"My old hen, she come home badly bit through the head and the hip.
Johnny, can't you pick it on the banjo?
I gathered up my three best hounds and I gave that foxy gentlemen a round.
Johnny, can't you pick it on the banjo?"

Clyde also has fond memories of sitting on the porch and listening to his grandfather sing. "He didn't consciously teach me a song," Clyde says,

but the words stuck with him just the same. "He sung one called 'Davy Crockett.' That was a long time ago but I remember it distinctly."

He sings a few lines, ending with: "I'll tell you of a little hunt I had called with Davy Crockett/ He was half coon, half horse, and half skyrocket."

Clyde says he used to hum and sing the tunes and riddles to himself while he was doing chores like filling up the wood box. The family homeplace had two big fireplaces for heat and a Home Comfort cookstove. The house was well built but had no insulation, he recalls.

"It was about the same as living outside. We kept the fires going all the time. They never went out from about the first of September to the middle of May."

So Clyde got his introduction to chopping wood early, and before they left home his older brothers taught him how to use wood for other purposes as well. The boys made handles for axes and hammers and taught Clyde how to rub wood smooth with a piece of broken glass.

"Back in my day we didn't have no sandpaper," Clyde explains. "When we made handles for tools they had to be smooth or they'd ruin your hands, so we'd use a piece of an old bottle or canning jar."

Although he never thought of it then, Clyde's days of chopping and gathering wood for fires and tool handles gave him a knowledge of trees that he'd use more than 60 years later as a highly-skilled basket maker. Clyde also learned to make a handy device out of tree bark. As he drove his plow horse through the fields, the animal would snatch the tops off the corn with its long teeth.

"You couldn't have the horse doing that, so you'd take him out in the shade and let him rest awhile," he says. "You'd cut a piece of hickory or pawpaw, strip off the bark and weave a muzzle. Then you'd make a strap out of the bark and put it behind his ears to hold it on. I made dozens of those before I ever started making baskets."

Although Clyde learned the tricks of traditional Appalachian farming at an early age, his inquisitive mind wanted to know about the outside world as well. Each fall, just about the time the last crops were in, he'd start to school. He walked each day, swinging a lard bucket full of biscuits and apple butter over one arm.

"I couldn't wait 'til it was time to go to school again," he says now. "I couldn't get up fast enough in the morning, I was so excited. I loved to read."

He graduated from the eighth grade with honors but couldn't continue his formal education. Going to high school in those days meant boarding away from home for most rural children. Clyde's parents couldn't afford the expense, and they were too old to run the farm without him.

But that didn't stop Clyde from getting a good measure of what he calls "book learning." He read everything he could get his hands on. His favorites were *A Girl of the Limberlost* by Gene Stratton Porter and almost all the westerns that Max Brand wrote. He found inspiration in his reading.

"Back then, you read books that made you want to be better. Now the books you read is a bunch of trash. Back then, you could read a book and by the time you got through with it you wanted to be a better person."

The isolation of the Case farm from the nearest library didn't slow him down. He'd order books through the mail or trade with an older woman who lived up the road.

"I'd settle down to read some snowy night and discover I didn't have nothing to read," he remembers. "Many a

Lucy Belcher Case has been the woman in Clyde's life for over a half-century. They married in 1933.

night I'd walk through the snow, it was deep back then, and exchange books with her. It must have been two mile and a half to her house."

Usually he'd call her first to see what book she wanted him to bring. This is not as surprising as it seems, for in those days many West Virginia communities had what Clyde calls "citizens' telephone lines." Each family contributed a few dollars to buy wire and lines and donated a certain number of poles. The men of the community built and maintained the system, and the community paid a switchboard operator to handle the calls. In Clyde's area people paid a large family in Servia to do this from their house. There were enough family members to insure that someone would always be home to connect the calls, Clyde says.

As with later party lines, each family's telephone had its own pattern of rings — for example, one short and one long. Clyde admits that neighbors weren't above some selective eavesdropping. "When certain phones rang, you heard everybody in the community picking up their receivers to listen in. That's the truth," he laughs. "Some of the rings weren't worth the trouble, but other ones — well, everybody knew they'd be interesting."

In Clyde's opinion, the citizens' telephone was a great system. "It didn't belong to no company," he notes proudly. "It belonged to all the people."

Another link to the outside world was music. The Cases had the first phonograph in the Duck Creek area. Clyde describes it as "a little square thing that had a big horn like a morning glory." In those days, the 1910's, they called it a talking machine. He remembers Saturday nights when friends would come from miles around to listen to the hymns and popular music that the cylinders in the wind-up machine magically spewed out.

And music came into the community in other ways, as well. Years before the phonograph arrived, Clyde recalls that a man from the deep South had come through the area several times and organized "singing schools." Clyde learned hymns like "Amazing Grace" and "The Old Rugged Cross" using shape notes. As he explains, seven different shapes such as squares and diamonds represent specific sounds in this teaching method. The shape note system, which is still used in many rural areas, differs from the round note system in that each note actually looks different. Clyde himself has taught shape note singing in local churches for most of his adult life.

"I just loved music," he elaborates. "Any kind. We used to go up to Gassaway to the circus. Just like the Pied Piper of Hamlin, when that there oompah-oompah stuff started and all that marching, I would have followed 'em no telling where-all!"

Unfortunately, no one in Clyde's family played an instrument. Eventually he traded a neighbor a pocket knife for an old banjo with a flour sack head. To make matters worse, it was missing five frets. But Clyde was determined, and he went to work on it.

Basket Making

Clyde Case makes only the traditional white oak egg basket. The design cradles eggs, distributing their weight in twin pouches.

Clyde Case makes only traditional egg baskets. These were originally used to collect freshly laid eggs and to carry them to market, sometimes for several miles, without crushing their delicate shells. Clyde says the unique double-pouched design evenly distributes the pressure of, for example, six to eight dozen eggs piled on top of each other. He says if the eggs were carried in a straight-sided basket with a flat bottom the eggs underneath would break.

Clyde uses only white oak for his baskets. As far as he's concerned it's the only wood that is tough enough and has the right grain for the job.

He makes all his baskets the old-fashioned way, starting with a walk in the woods to find and cut just the right tree. He does this in the fall when the sap is down. "If you cut or nail into a piece of oak with sap in it, you'll make a blue-black mark," he explains.

Clyde selects a tree three to six inches in diameter, then cuts off the bottom six or seven feet. This is the strongest wood. Next he splits the selected piece in half lengthwise, using a froe and a wedge. Then he cuts each half in half and removes the heart wood. Clyde continues halving the outside wood until he has pieces that are 1/2 to 5/8 of an inch wide and 1/32 of an inch thick. These are the "splits" used for weaving the basket.

He makes the last cuts with a knife, because by this time the long pieces are too delicate to use the heavy froe. So he sits down and puts a thick leather pad on his knee. He takes the piece of wood, holds the point of the knife straight down into it with one hand and pulls the wood across his knee with the other.

Then he takes the heart of the wood and shapes two heavy strips with a drawknife. He makes these into hoops, fastening the ends of each one with a staple gun. One hoop is vertical. It later becomes the basket handle and the thick bottom piece that divides the two pouches of the egg basket. The second hoop crosses horizontally over the first, about halfway down. This second hoop becomes the basket rim. The shape made by the two hoops is called the "form." The basket will be woven around it.

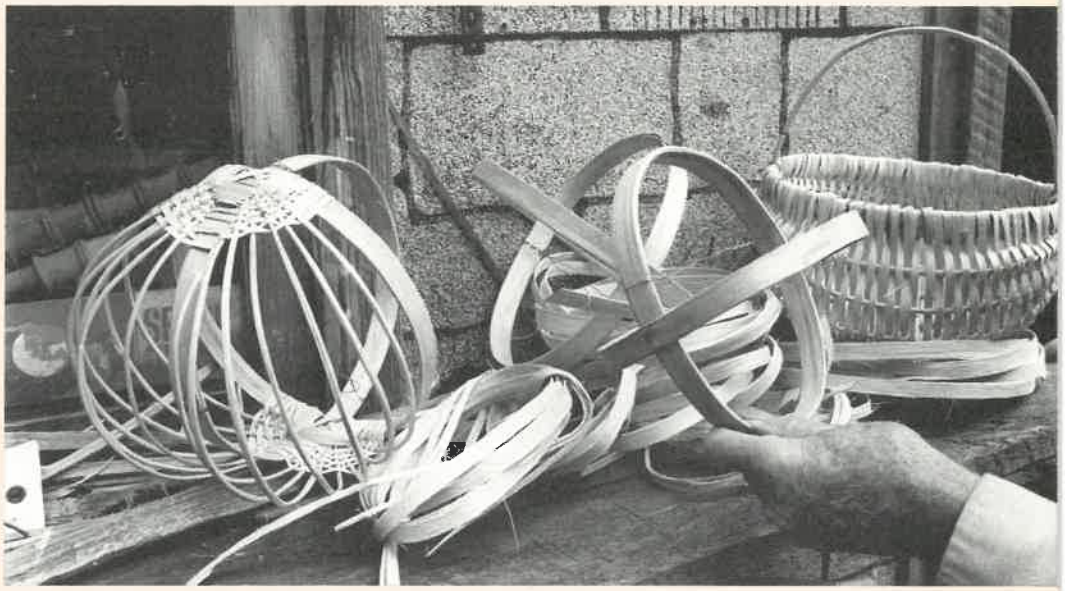
Next Clyde weaves a little diamond-shaped piece on each side of the form, where the handle crosses the rim. These woven pieces, called "eyes," lock the hoops together. Then he cuts

Nowadays, Clyde is widely known as a craftsman. He uses a drawknife and other traditional tools in making his baskets.

the ribs that are used to hold the woven splits. The ribs also are made from the tough heart wood, cut with a knife and smoothed with a small block plane. Clyde painstakingly inserts them into the eyes to shape two identical pouches. The process so far, which he calls "getting started," has taken about five hours. This does not include the time he's taken to select and cut the tree.

If Clyde has cut his splits that day he can start weaving the body of the basket right away. If not, he bends the splits and soaks them in buckets of water to make them pliable. Normally splits must be soaked for about four hours, but Clyde has a secret formula that cuts the soaking time by about three quarters. When the wood is ready, he weaves a split into one side of the basket and then one into the other side. They meet in the middle at the bottom part of the vertical hoop. He alternates from side to side so the pouches will be even. The weaving takes about 14 more hours, depending on the size of the basket.

When the basket is finished and has dried for several days, Clyde weaves extra splits into the spaces created when the basket shrank while drying.



This photograph shows a basket skeleton at left, with ribs inserted into the woven eyes, the basic form made by two hoops at center, and a complete basket at right.

This tightens up the weave and is one mark of a master craftsman.

Clyde specializes in egg baskets "because that's what I know best," he says. He weaves five different sizes, ranging from the smallest, which is eight inches across, to the largest, which is 18 inches. He does no advertising and doesn't take his baskets to craft fairs or festivals, but he says he always has more orders than he can fill. Clyde assumes the orders are a result of participating in Augusta Heritage workshops and an article about him that was published in the *Braxton Democrat*.

— Susan Leffler

"I cut up an old flashlight and replaced the frets," he says. "I made a new brace and tailpiece from the whistle of an old locomotive that blew up in Clay County. Someone gave it to my father."

Over the years he tried a groundhog hide, a sheepskin, and a store-bought calfskin for banjo heads. He finally found one that wouldn't stretch, shrink, or tear — a plastic banjo head from Sears and Roebuck, which he still uses today.

Clyde taught himself to play, using what he'd learned in shape note singing school. He'd pick up tunes from friends and neighbors, especially on Sunday when people would visit each other after church.

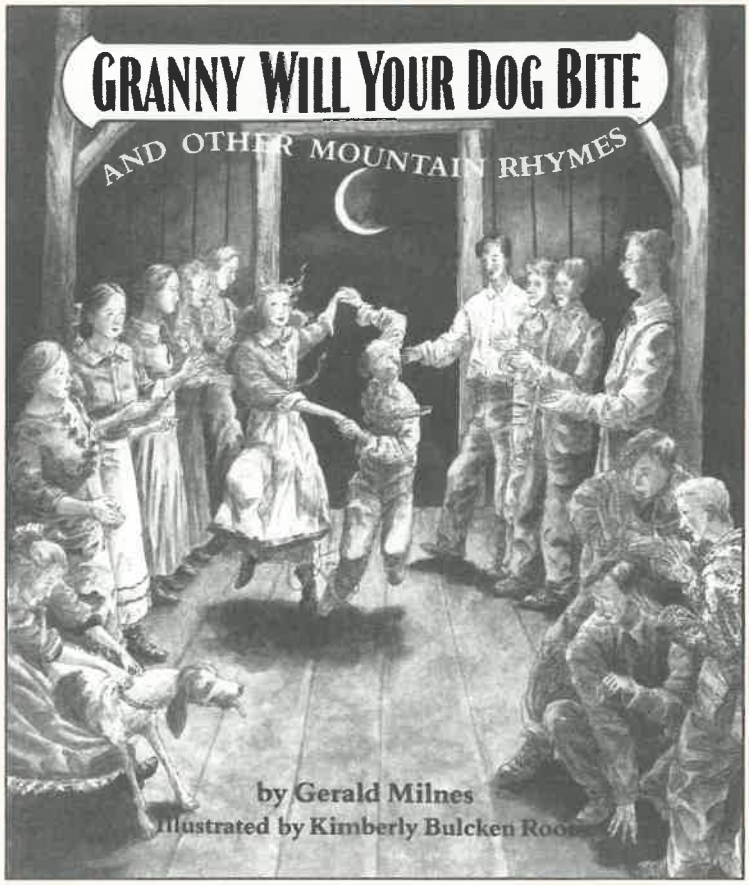
"It was hard," he admits. "I was trying to learn to play the banjo, and I was really struggling with it. I wasn't praying for the Lord to show me anything, but I promised Him, I said, if I learn to play the banjo, I'll never play at a dance. And to this day I never have. 'Round here there have been people killed and cut up and divorced and separated, all over dances."

Clyde married Lucy Belcher in 1933. He'd travel over the mountain to O'Brion in Clay County where Lucy lived. They met at church, and he arrived at her house on horseback to pick her up for their first date.

"If we wanted to go somewhere, she'd climb up sideways behind me on the horse and off we'd go. We didn't go to no dances, though."

They were married in December by a circuit-riding Methodist minister who came through the community once a month. The newlyweds moved into a small house on Clyde's parents' farm. He worked away as a carpenter as much as he could but was never able to stay away from the farm very long because of his aging parents. He and Lucy farmed with a team of horses and grew almost everything they ate, just like his family had when he was a boy.

After Clyde's parents died he and Lucy moved to the Kanawha Valley. By that time they had two daughters and a son and needed more money. Clyde worked as a construction worker and carpenter, helping to build hospitals, offices and houses. Clyde worked there for 30 years but always



Rhymes and Riddles

A recent children's book and cassette features rhymes, riddles, and songs that Clyde Case and other West Virginia mountain people remember from their childhoods. *Granny Will Your Dog Bite? And Other Mountain Rhymes* was written by Gerald Milnes of Elkins and illustrated by Kimberly Bulcken Root.

The music and lyrics were passed down from generation to generation through an oral tradition that is still very much alive in Appalachia. Mountain music old-timer Homer Fleming and nine-year-old Sonja Bird tell the tales and sing the lyrics on the cassette, accompanied by Gerald Milnes on the fiddle and banjo.

The book's opening illustration, depicting family and neighbors of all ages gathered around a fireplace playing music, sets the tone for the 45-page volume. The rhymes, riddles, and whimsically beautiful watercolors carry the reader back to a simpler time when people made their own fun.

Author Gerald Milnes has been collecting rhymes, riddles, and songs from his neighbors in central West Virginia since 1975. He is the staff folklorist at the Augusta Heritage Center at Davis and Elkins College and is an occasional contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

Children from eight to 80 will enjoy this unusually fine collection of West Virginia folklore that was given a rave review in the *New York Times Book Review.* The book and cassette set sells for $18.95. The book is sold separately for $14.95. *Granny Will Your Dog Bite?*, published by Knopf, may be found at major bookstores in West Virginia and nationally. It is available by mail from Trans Allegheny Books, 114 Capitol Street, Charleston, WV 25301. Add $2.50 for postage and 6% tax if you live in West Virginia.

Clyde Case in his workshop. He makes his baskets entirely by hand, and he makes the parts for his baskets as well.

held onto the family farm in Braxton County.

When Clyde retired he and Lucy moved back. They now live in a house Clyde built in 1930. Retirement was a big adjustment since Clyde was used to being active. He started making some chairs and foot stools to keep busy. He rubbed their surfaces to a gleaming sheen, remembering how his brothers had taught him to smooth tool handles with a piece of broken glass years before.

Then he remembered something else from his childhood, the egg baskets that he had carried to the general store. That started a whole new phase of Clyde Case's life, and brought him to perhaps his truest talent.

Basket making wasn't easy at first. Clyde had never actually seen anyone make a basket. His mother bought the ones he carried as a child from a peddler passing through the area. But Clyde had worked with wood all his life, first on the farm and later as a professional carpenter. So he thought he'd give it a try.

"I did it by guess and by gosh," he laughs. "I made all kinds of mistakes in the beginning. The first few looked more like boats than baskets."

Clyde remained determined to master the craft and after about a year was turning out baskets that he sold in the nearby town of Gassaway. He was also determined to stick to the traditional method of weaving baskets, making all his materials from freshly-cut trees rather than buying pre-made supplies.

His baskets caught the attention of area folklorists who visited him in the small wooden shed he uses as a workshop. Then they learned that Clyde sung old ballads and rhymes and played the banjo too.

Now when he's not helping Lucy with the garden or making baskets, he sometimes entertains audiences at events like the Vandalia Gathering and the Augusta Heritage workshops and festival. He also teaches basket making as part of the West Virginia folk arts apprenticeship program. Clyde says it's a good thing he grew up learning to do so many things that are now in demand as traditional folk art.

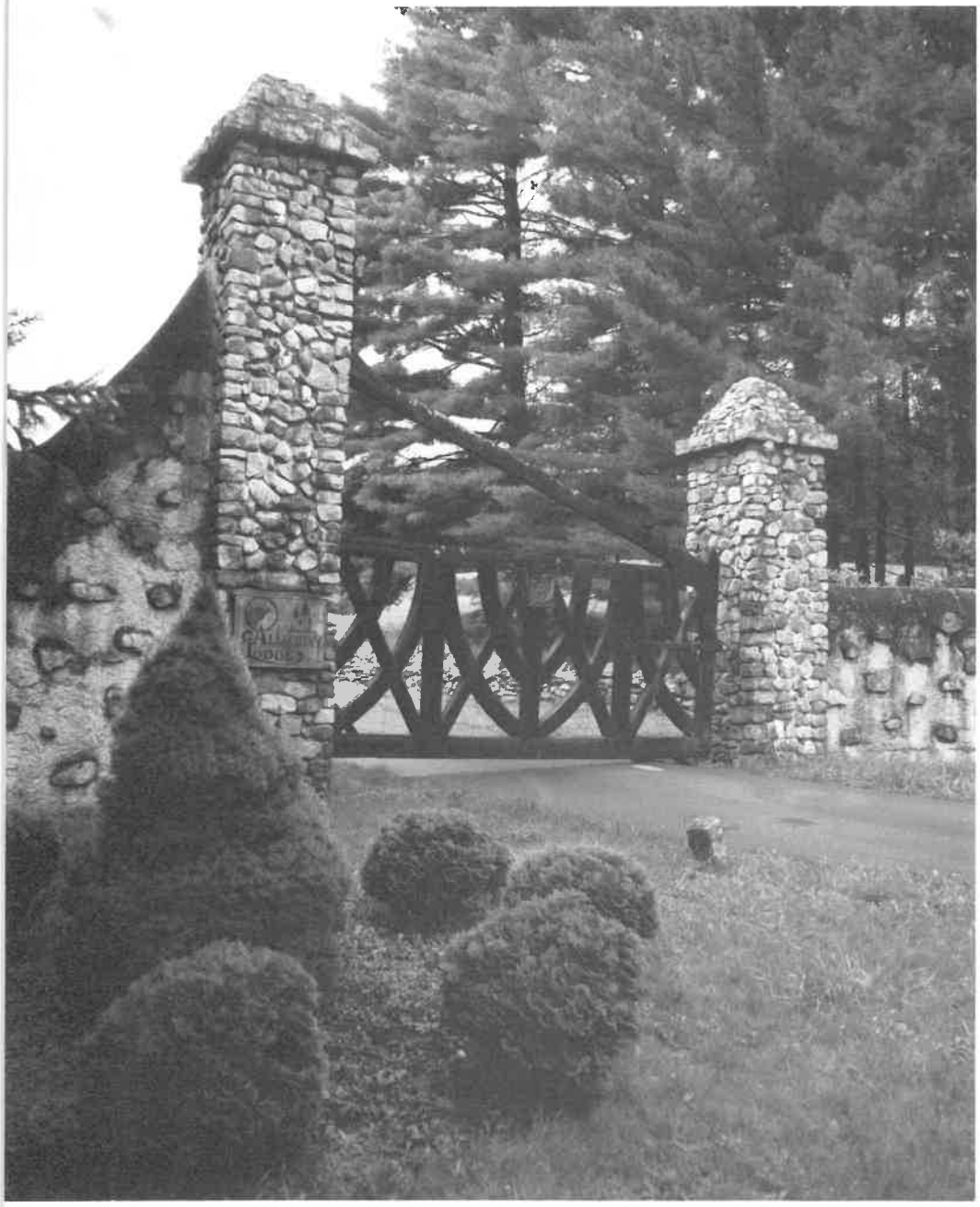
Clearly, Clyde appreciates the interest and is glad to share what he knows. But you sense that he has had about all the exposure he wants and that here is a man engaged in his craft mainly for his own love of constructive and fulfilling work. After all, it's hard to quit when you've been working at one thing or another for a good 70 years. "I was about to go nuts after I retired," is the way that Clyde puts it. "You can only read so much."

Allegheny Lodge

Looking Back on a Lost Landmark

By Leona G. Brown

The impressive main gate survives as a reminder of the glory days of Allegheny Lodge. Photo by Doug Chadwick.

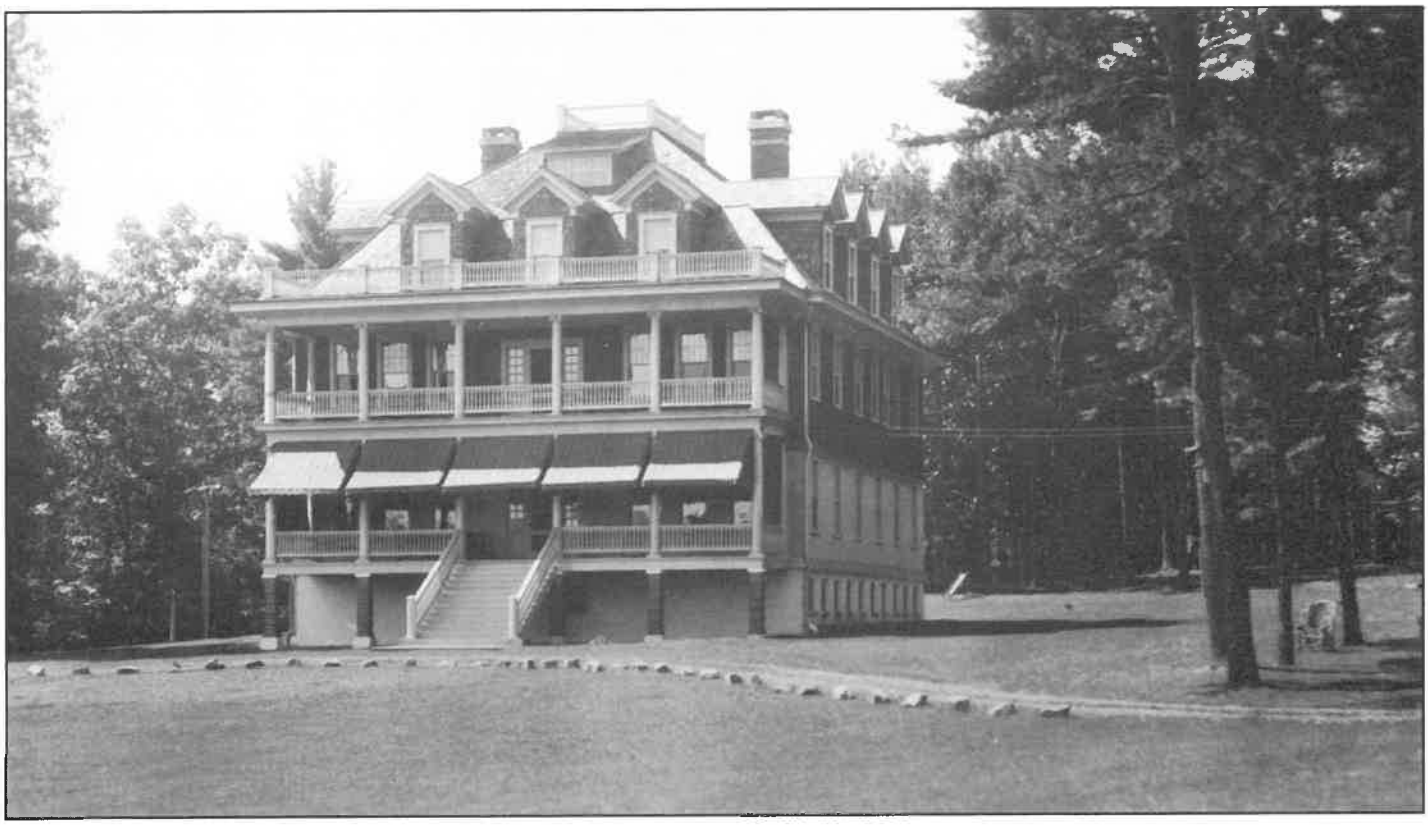


Pocahontas County's pure air, spectacular mountain scenery, tranquil forests, clear streams, and friendly people make it a delightful vacation retreat. This is as true today as it was in 1911, when local game and fish warden J. A. Viquesney became interested in preserving these assets and providing a way for people from more populated areas to enjoy them.

In September of 1911, *The Pocahontas Times* reported that the game warden and his chief deputy, H. M. Lockridge, had purchased the D. B. McElwee farm near Driscol. Their intention was "to erect a handsome and commodious clubhouse on this land and make it a resort for both hunters and fishermen." This clubhouse was to become known as Allegheny Lodge, remaining a Pocahontas County landmark until well into the 1980's. Much of the history of this interesting structure was recorded in early issues of *The Pocahontas Times*, made available to me by editor William T. McNeel of Marlinton.

Many resorts in West Virginia, including Pence Springs and White Sulphur Springs, were developed around natural mineral springs, in the belief that drinking and bathing in the water had many health benefits. Dr. J. B. Lockridge had already begun to develop just such a spring near the proposed lodge site, described in a *Charleston Gazette* article reprinted in the September 7, 1911, issue of the *Times* as "the Minnehaha Springs, which flows daily its 700,000 gallons of healing waters, clear as crystal, sparkling and bubbling with its myriad life-giving qualities." Dr. Lockridge built a hotel, pool, bathhouse, "riding stables and everything necessary to make pleasant the hours

The elk were already well established before the lodge was fully completed, as the above photograph shows. The photograph below shows the more refined appearance of the finished building, complete with awnings and landscaping. Photographers unknown, earlier photo probably 1913 or 1914; both courtesy Pocahontas County Historical Society.



This early postcard view shows the interior of Allegheny Lodge. The clubhouse is remembered as a genteel country lodge where sportsmen as well as their womenfolk would feel at home. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy Pocahontas County Historical Society.

of the tired, the sick, the weary and the worn that may seek the spot,'' according to the report.

Dr. Lockridge's resort, now Camp Minnehaha, is still in use as a summer camp for boys, and many of the old buildings still stand. This development was across the road (now Route 92) from the proposed clubhouse, and it quickly gave its name to the community. Though the first post office had been called Driscol, named in honor of timber operator John Driscol, this early name was forgotten as Minnehaha Springs gained renown as a resort.

While Dr. J. B. Lockridge was developing his public resort, J. A. Viquesney and H. M. Lockridge began to organize a private club, the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association, to bring their lodge into reality. By 1913 the Association owned 5,000 acres in Pocahontas County, and had a 25-year lease on 20,000 additional acres, some of it in neighboring Bath and Highland counties, Virginia.

In 1913, *The Pocahontas Times* reported in a reprint from the *West Virginia News* that an ''imposing clubhouse'' was nearing completion, at a cost of $15,000. By this time the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association was a going concern, listing among its members many prominent citizens of Charleston, Governor Glasscock, former Governor MacCorkle, Congressman Avis, and others. Warden J. A. Viquesney was president of the organization, Deputy H. M. Lockridge vice-president, and W. B. Rector of Belington secretary and treasurer.

The Sportsmen's Association had first built a temporary log clubhouse on the construction site. On September 6, 1913, the Greenbrier Valley Press Association traveled in touring cars from Marlinton to this clubhouse for its annual meeting. A reporter from the *Greenbrier Independent* wrote of the land owned by the club as ''making a large hunting preserve on the western slope of the Alleghenies abounding in native game, to which has been added a herd of Elk from the Yellow Stone Park.'' The visiting reporter added that the club also had ''a dozen or more Chinese and English pheasants which will be released in due time. They are beautiful birds, the plumage of the males representing all the colors of the rainbow.''

The famous elk herd, a local attraction until modern times, began with an experimental herd of 15 brought to the grounds by Warden Viquesney in March of 1912. By December the herd had increased to 19 and appeared to be thriving. On December 31, an assistant secretary of the interior sent a letter to Senator W. E. Chilton, authorizing the capture of elk from Yellowstone National Park and giving advice for their care during the trip by railroad car to Pocahontas County. Two additional carloads of elk were later brought from Montana. With the native deer, wild turkey, squirrels, rabbits, and the streams stocked with trout and bass from government hatcheries, the lands of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association were becoming quite a game and fish preserve.

Meanwhile, under the direction of a local builder, Winston Herold, work continued on the elegant clubhouse on the knoll overlooking Dr. J. B. Lockridge's Minnehaha Springs resort. When finished, Allegheny Lodge was indeed an imposing structure, yet somehow homelike, its facade reminiscent of a southern plantation house. Twin stairways curved up to a columned veranda on the first floor, covered by a second-floor porch, which was covered in turn by a railed roof. Gabled dormers projected on each side of the building. Like a decoration on a wedding cake, a white-railed

"widow's walk" topped the structure.

The lodge interior was a picture of turn-of-the-century elegance, country style. A wide door flanked by glass panels led from the front veranda to a spacious lobby. Beautiful woodwork was everywhere, from the polished hardwood floor to the wainscoting and the columns supporting the ceiling. Two massive stone fireplaces added to the cheerfulness of the great room. An oak staircase led upward from the lobby to the second-story bedrooms, their windows offering a splendid view of the level farms of Knapp's Creek Valley.

The finished lodge and grounds were years in the making. Glenn Kelly was one of the men who, in 1927 or '28, built the impressive wall, gateposts, and gate at the entry to the lodge grounds. He remembers hauling the fieldstone from Possum Hollow and Douthat Creek in a borrowed Model-T Ford truck. The massive wooden gates, he told me, were hand-hewn from pine trees cut from the grounds.

Today, the big stone gateway is readily visible from Route 92, and the site is within easy driving distance from Marlinton, White Sulphur, or Warm Springs, Virginia, but in those days a trip to the vacation spot was quite an adventure. In 1913, a reporter for the *West Virginia News* wrote that Minnehaha might be "reached by wagon road in nine scenic miles from Marlinton — by automobile it is a good hour, and by buggy and horse about two and a quarter hours."

Calvin W. Price of Marlinton, editor of *The Pocahontas Times*, wrote in 1922: "The road from here to Huntersville is very good, and from there to the springs is very bad, but that is about to be changed as the mules and the Negroes are there working to beat the band."

The "improved" roads made vacation trips from Marlinton to Minnehaha Springs feasible, and several Marlinton families built vacation cottages near the lodge. In a biographical sketch written for the 1981 *History of Pocahontas County*, Basil P. Sharp, grandson of Calvin Price, wrote that his grandfather, who loved walking and never drove, often walked the ten miles to town to work while the family stayed at the cottage.

Calvin Price described, in the 1922 article in the *Times*, how he and some friends had laid out a nine-hole golf course in the "front yard" of Allegheny Lodge. "The second hole is named after the editor's cabin which is close by it," he wrote. "Come in and have a drink of water when passing."

With characteristic wit, Price went on to discuss some of the more peculiar course rules. "If in playing a ball should come in contact with an elk, the occurrence shall be considered a rub of the green, i.e., a natural happening, and the elk shall be removed and the ball played from where it lies. In other words just shoo the elk away and go on.

"The course is free to guests and members and the annual dues are nothing and for that reason the claim is made that it is the best golf for the money in the world."

Whatever the quality of the golf, Allegheny Lodge survived only a few years as a sportsmen's club. In 1926, Huntington businessman Harry R. Wyllie bought the clubhouse for use as a private residence. Wyllie, owner of the H. R. Wyllie China Company and a man of great means, used the lodge and nearly 5,000 acres as a private estate. The place was known as Wyllie Manor in his day. After that it passed through the hands of many owners, sometimes as a private residence and sometimes as a semiprivate or public resort hotel. The lodge sheltered many wealthy and famous visitors and furnished employment for numerous local people. Much of the land eventually became part of the adjoining Monongahela National Forest.

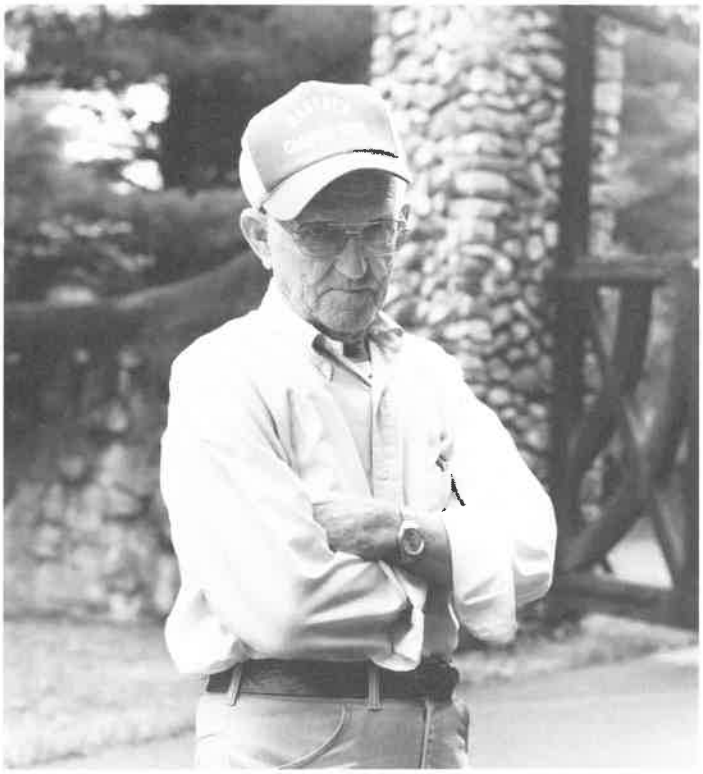
In 1953, Ward and Rachel Cleek, who had run a store at Minnehaha Springs, became resident managers at the lodge, then owned by a Huntington pigment manufacturing company, Standard Ultramarine. The company used the lodge as a retreat for employees and as a place to entertain business contacts. This was a busy time for Ward and Rachel, supervising a staff to tend the grounds, serve meals, clean the rooms, and take care of the many people who came as guests of the company.

Ruth Morgan, president of the Pocahontas County Landmarks Commission, recalls a special occasion on July 10, 1970, when the lodge was the private residence of the H. M. Shoesmith family. Pearl S. Buck was a guest there, returning to the county of her birth to serve as parade marshal for the Pioneer Days parade in Marlinton and to attend the ceremonies beginning the restoration of her birthplace at Hillsboro. The Marlinton Women's Club held a reception at the Shoesmith home to honor Mrs. Buck and provide an opportunity for local people to meet her. According to Mrs. Morgan, Pearl Buck started each day very early, autographing books before breakfast, and posing for a bust modeled by Charleston sculptor Robert Martens.

Garnie Stidham, a Beckley businessman, bought the lodge in 1971. Though he bought it as a vacation retreat for family and friends, he saw its potential for development as a public resort.

In April of 1972, Stidham turned the management over to Bonnie Sharp, who now lives near Huntersville and manages the restaurant and concessions at Watoga State Park. Bonnie and her husband, Guy, moved into the large apartment over the garage on the grounds behind the main building. Bonnie saw to it that the lodge received a thorough cleaning and on July 1 was opened to the public. This began a new period of vitality for the old clubhouse and grounds. Stidham constructed an airstrip on a nearby farm, and people began to arrive for business conferences, vacations, and special occasions such as weddings and dinners for organizations. Under Bonnie's direction, home-cooked meals were served, family style, in the huge dining room on the lower level.

This time of renewal for historic Allegheny Lodge intermeshed with the beginnings of a very modern Pocahontas County resort. Dr. Thomas Brigham, one of the founders of Snowshoe Mountain Resort, recalls that in 1974, during the Snowshoe planning stage, the old lodge was the scene of a reception, planned so that representatives of the ski resort could meet local businessmen and others. Dr. Brigham and his friend, champion skier Jean Claude Killy, drove down the road leading from the mountain through Cass. This road was paved in 1990, but in those days was extremely rough. Along the way, their car had



Above Left: Glenn Kelly is one of many local residents who have long memories of Allegheny Lodge. He helped to build the massive entry in the late 1920's. Photo by Doug Chadwick.

Above Right: Bonnie Sharp took over management of Allegheny Lodge in the early 1970's. Our photograph shows her at Watoga State Park, her current workplace. Photo by Doug Chadwick.

a flat tire, which Dr. Brigham and Killy changed themselves. They arrived late, muddy, and somewhat disheveled for the important reception at Allegheny Lodge.

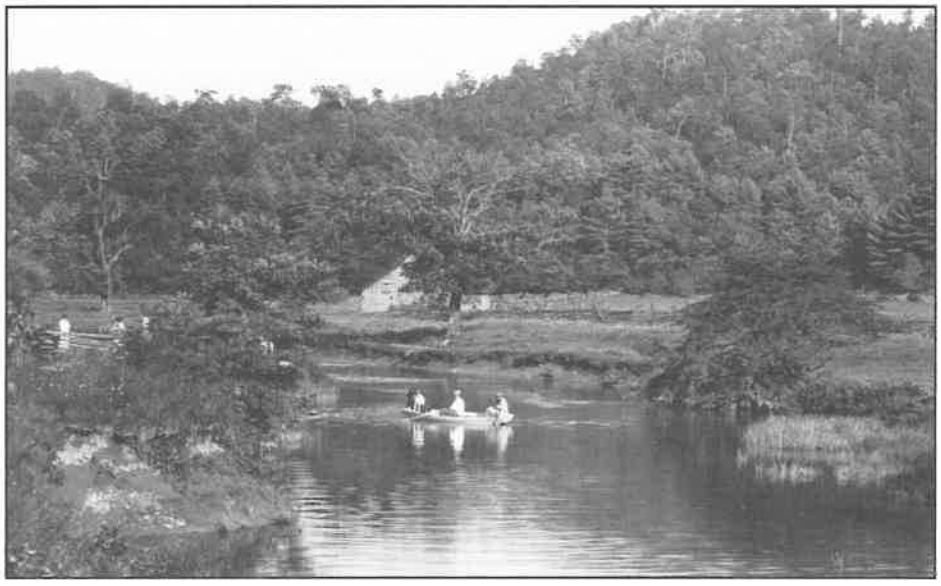
Jean Claude Killy, the only three-time winner of an Olympic gold medal for skiers, designed Snowshoe's Cupp Run, which became the site of the Killy Cup Challenge. Killy returned to Allegheny Lodge in 1975, along with Hollywood actor Jim Stacy, who had lost both his left arm and left leg in a motorcycle accident. Killy taught Stacy to ski on one ski. Dr. Brigham remembers relaxing evenings in the lobby at Allegheny Lodge with Jean Claude Killy playing the piano, and pleasant conversation in front of the fireplace.

Today, the picturesque lodge remains only in memory. Late in the evening of October 17, 1983, some men living in one of the cabins on the grounds noticed smoke and flames coming from the lodge and ran to warn the two people sleeping inside. Fortunately, both escaped unharmed, and some of the antique furniture was saved. But despite the best efforts of fire fighters from Marlinton, Frost, and Hillsboro the fire totally destroyed the beautiful old landmark.

All of the assets which first prompted the Allegheny Sportsmen's Club to build their "imposing clubhouse" on this site remain today — clean air and water, a beautiful view, deep forests, and abundant game and fish. And other attractions — ski resorts, Cass Scenic Railroad, Watoga State Park — are now within easy driving distance.

So friends of the old lodge dream of the future as they recall the past. Bonnie Sharp wishes that a new resort could be built on the site, attracting interesting visitors and providing jobs for local people. At today's prices, building a duplicate would probably be out of reach. But the place where Allegheny Lodge stood is still one of the lovely places in Pocahontas County. Those who knew the charming structure can still see it in imagination and memory as they drive down the Knapp's Creek Valley.

Allegheny Lodge is gone, but Bonnie Sharp and others point out that the attractions which first brought it there remain largely unchanged. These boaters enjoy the local waters, about 1920. Photo by Gay, courtesy Pocahontas County Historical Society.



Allegheny Lodge:

A Manager Remembers

When Ward Cleek learned that Leona Brown was at work on an Allegheny Lodge article for GOLDENSEAL, he wrote to her of his experiences as manager from 1953-'64 and as a longtime resident of Minnehaha Springs. The following firsthand account is excerpted from two long letters by Mr. Cleek. — ed.

We moved to Minnehaha Springs on September 1, 1933. I was 11 years old. My parents sold the small farm they owned at Hillsboro and bought a store at Minnehaha from M. E. Shinaberry. One reason for the move was the fact that I had had rheumatic fever the winters of '31 and '32 and Dr. McNeel and Dr. Solter thought the lithia water of Minnehaha might help me. I drank and swam in the springwater. I was still sick the winter of '33, but never had it again.

I was excited by our move to Minnehaha — free candy and pop at the store, a large hotel on one hill with an indoor swimming pool and a private mansion on the other hill, known then as Wyllie Manor.*

I will tell you a little of what I heard of Allegheny Lodge from before my time, mostly from Winston Herold, who built the resort; Moser Herold, who worked up there as a waiter in the early years; and Gilbert Sharp, who worked as a carpenter. I think it was completed in 1913 by Allegheny Sportsmen's Association.

We had the early register books when I was there. During the period 1913 to 1929 many people visited the lodge. I think it was '29 when it was sold, and Colonel H. R. Wyllie of Huntington bought it. They used it as a summer home until he died. Mrs. Wyllie sold the family china factory, then she moved there year round. She had two black women that lived there and several local black people that worked there. Also there was a white couple that lived in the cottage near the lodge, a Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lee.

Mrs. Wyllie had many parties and dances. She invited Marlinton and Pocahontas County people to these affairs. We kids would stay at the entrance gate and open and close it for each car. The people would usually tip us a nickel or a dime. They would tip a lot better on their exit, possibly because of free wine and dinner. We tried to keep only one car going in or out at a time, to get more tips. Mrs. Wyllie did not allow us up to the manor unless she came to the village and took us up in her Model A Ford station wagon.

About '47 or '48, the place, about 193 acres of it, was put up for sale, as Mrs. Wyllie wanted to go to Ohio to live with her sister. She had previously sold a large tract, possibly 1,000 acres, in the Rimel area to the federal government. A color pigment manufacturing company called Standard Ultramarine bought Wyllie Manor to use for an entertainment place for their customers, and for their salaried employees and families to use for hunting, fishing and relaxation. Major Henry Dourif, who was company president, later told me that when he was a young man working in a pigment factory in France, conditions were not good for employees. He had a dream of owning his plant with a vacation place free to his employees.

My wife Rachel and I were operating my parents' store, and I was Minnehaha Springs postmaster when Mrs. Wyllie moved to Ohio. On an early morning, a large tractor trailer

Allegheny Lodge was a corporate retreat for Standard Ultramarine, a Huntington manufacturer. Sales manager Jim Searls and his family — wife Frankie and children Jimmy Ray and Cathy — were among the guests in the 1950's. Photographer unknown, courtesy Ward Cleek.

*The hotel with the pool was part of the old Lockridge Minnehaha Springs resort. Allegheny Lodge was the building known in 1933 as Wyllie Manor.

from Mayflower stopped at our store. The driver asked for directions to Wyllie Manor and where he could hire someone to help load furniture. When he told me the rate they paid, I told him I was available.

I spent two or three days helping wrap, pack, and load furniture. I did so well as a mover that the Mayflower driver asked me if I wanted a job. I declined this offer when he told me his wife had a six-month-old son he hadn't been home to see yet.

Standard Ultramarine brought a black couple named Wilbur and Ruth Price from Huntington to be resident managers of the lodge. Another black lady, I think she was Ruth's sister, also lived there. Wilbur and staff weren't too happy, as living at Minnehaha was a lot different from Huntington. I think they only stayed about a year. Then the company hired Mrs. Carrie Degler and her son, Manard, who had run the Cheat Club. They had one full-time employee who stayed there, Miss Dessie Gaylor from nearby Huntersville. They worked until April 1953.

During their employment, Rachel had worked there part-time, and I had taken over for two or three weeks each year while Manard went on vacation. We were asked to take the job and moved to the garage apartment April 15, 1953. It snowed all day.

From 1953 to 1964 we had the place full, usually, from the end of May until Labor Day. In the spring and fall the company held their sales meetings at the lodge, and we had about 40 salesmen and agents from all over the USA for a week. We had guests from all over the world, Japan, China, South America, Spain. My wife and I worked two shifts each day with several employees on each shift. We got a day off once in a while by leaving for a day and night. The summers meant long hours (6:00 a.m. until 10:00 p.m.), but the winters weren't too hard.

One time we had a terrible snow storm up there. Rachel, our teenage son Ron, and I were sitting in our garage apartment behind the lodge, saying that sometime a tall white pine tree was going to come down. At that minute a big pine branch crashed through the living room ceiling. The electric went off and we decided to move over to the lodge and turn up the heat. We had to crawl down the steps through the big pine.

We had barely got moved over to a lodge bedroom when a tree blew over the main electric line and all power went off. It was off for 70 hours with the temperature near zero. We cooked, ate and slept in front of the fireplace in the clubroom. Ron and I backed the ton truck with a big load of wood to the door and we took turns firing the four fireplaces in the lodge and one in the apartment. By doing this and letting all faucets drip fast we kept the water lines from freezing. Once I started laughing and Rachel asked what was funny. I said when I was growing up Mrs. Wyllie didn't allow me near her Wyllie Manor, and now here I was running around in her living room in my long underwear heating soup.

Ward Cleek offers a treat to a young bull elk. The resident elk herd occupies a large part of Mr. Cleek's memories of Allegheny Lodge. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy Ward Cleek.

I think there were about eight or ten elk on the property in 1953. We liked to keep the herd at about 12. Major Dourif was very fond of his elk and always his first question to me would be, "How are the elk and how many do we have now?" One of the few times he was ever cross with me, he asked that question and I said, "We now have 22."

He said, "That is too many. We do not have grass for so many. You must dispose of at least ten."

I said, "Yes, I have been thinking of butchering and selling some."

He said in a loud voice, "You must sell or give them to someone. You will not kill my pets! If you do, you will no longer work for me."

I said, "Who will I sell them to?"

He said, "That is for you to find out. That is what I pay you for."

So I started to advertise elk for sale in different wildlife magazines. We sold and delivered elk to many parks, zoos, and to people wanting to start a herd. A bull elk almost got out of the truck in downtown Roanoke, but we got his back feet back in the crate and nailed it up. Traffic all stopped and the TV cameras came. I had to call back to

the lodge to tell Rachel that my helper and I would be on the 6:00 p.m. news. They held up dinner so all the guests could watch us getting a bull elk back into his crate.

They were very hard to catch and load. We ran them all into a quarter-acre pen, then separated the ones we wanted to load into a smaller trap, then made them get into the truck crate. After the game pellet gun came out we were able to shoot an elk in the hip, and if we gave him the proper amount he would be as gentle as a cow in 15 minutes. We could lead them into the crate. If we gave them too much we would put them to sleep for an hour. Fred Trainer, who managed the state game farm, was very good at this.

The last few years we were there, the major decided it was OK to butcher and sell them, so I sold the excess elk to The Homestead at Warm Springs and The Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs. One day we butchered five, two for each of them and one to eat. Ron shot all five as we ran them around the hill, one shot each. I doubt if there is another person that has killed five elk in two minutes or less.

Allegheny Lodge under the ownership of Standard Ultramarine was good for Marlinton and Pocahontas County. We bought most all our supplies in Pocahontas County. We employed several people and the lodge guests spent many dollars in the county. The company also bought four annual memberships in the Pocahontas golf course. I believe twice we donated a bull elk to the fire department in Marlinton; they butchered these and held an elk barbecue. Several times while we were at the lodge the elk got out and got in people's gardens. You would be surprised how valuable some gardens became after being run through by an elk.

The paint company operated the lodge until 1964 when the company was sold to Chemtron Corporation and they elected not to take the lodge. The lodge was sold to Covington Motor Company. My wife, our son, and I often talk of the many good times and the wonderful people — and a few not so wonderful — we met during the 13 years we were there. I wish we could have bought the place.

— Ward Cleek

This magnificent bull elk was photographed in earlier times at Allegheny Lodge. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy Pocahontas County Historical Society.

The Last Elk of Allegheny Lodge

Driving through Pocahontas County late at night or in the early morning mists, you may glimpse an animal that you would expect to see only in one of the wide-open Western states, perhaps Wyoming or Montana. Though they once freely roamed the West Virginia forests, giving their name to geographic features such as Elk River and Elk Mountain, elk had almost vanished by the time J. A. Viquesney brought a herd from Yellowstone Park to the grounds of Allegheny Lodge early in the century.

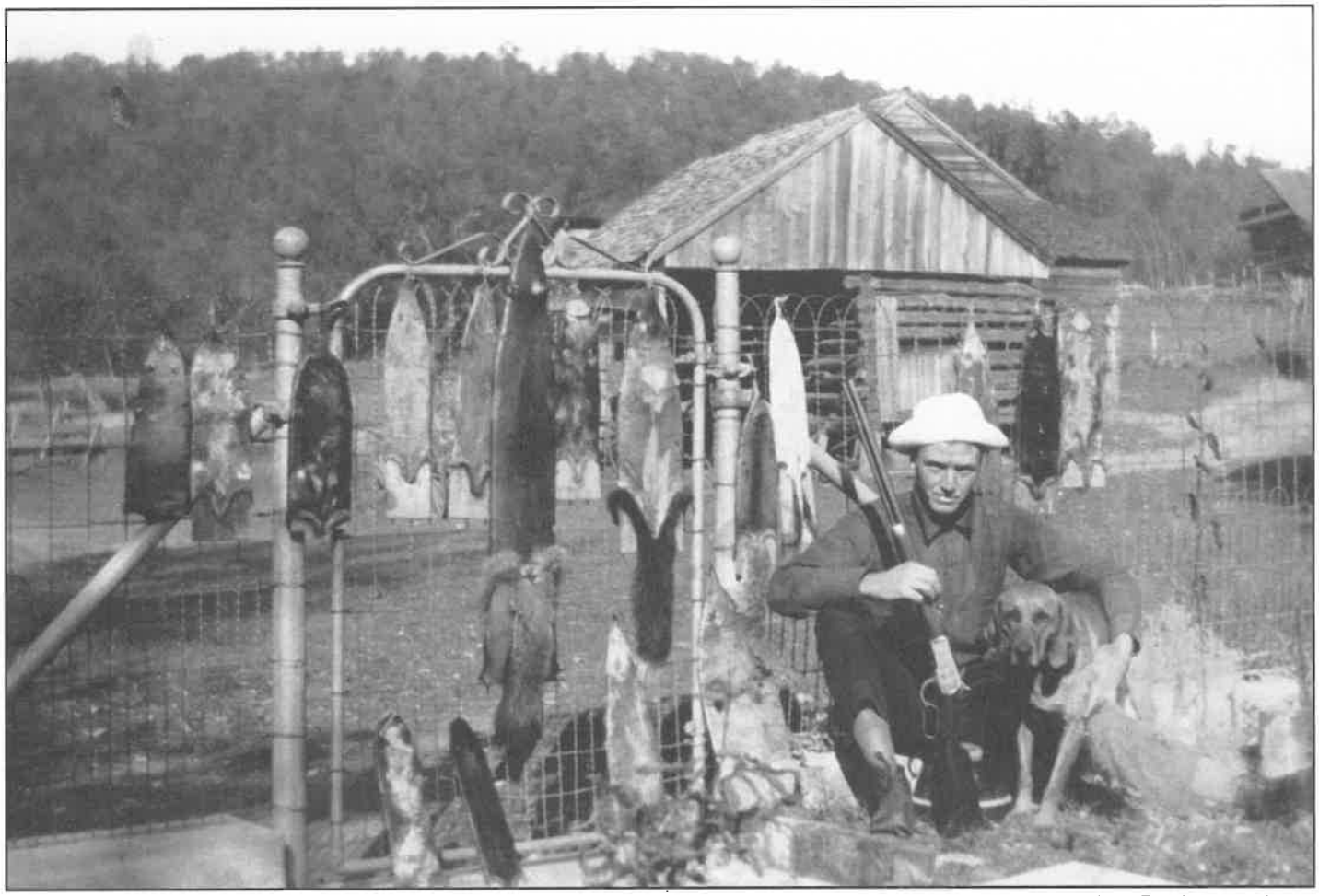
Viquesney's purpose in bringing the elk to Minnehaha Springs may have been to return a species once abundant in the area to its former range, as well as to provide good hunting for the members of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Club. If so, he was partly successful. Descendants of the herd from Yellowstone are occasionally seen in Pocahontas County today.

But when wild animals are made to live under conditions imposed by people, trouble usually results. For the past few years, the elk have been confined to a fenced area of about 90 acres on the old lodge grounds. Early in the summer of 1990, Pocahontas County Sheriff Jerry Dale received complaints that a bull elk had broken out and was destroying crops and damaging property on neighboring farms. He contacted Beckley attorney John Wooton, then serving as lawyer for the estate of the last owner. They agreed that something must be done.

Sheriff Dale called the superintendent at the state game farm at French Creek, hoping to find a home for the offending bull. But another bull elk was then in residence at French Creek, and the place wasn't big enough for two. After an unsuccessful attempt to tranquilize the animal and move it to some other game preserve, the decision was made to shoot the Allegheny bull. In the spring of 1991, according to a local resident, another bull, apparently weakened by some disease, was killed by dogs.

No one seems to know for certain how many elk are left from the Allegheny Lodge herd. But they are still sometimes seen on farms in the area, grazing in the fields or browsing in the edges of the woodland, the last living reminders of J. A. Viquesney's dream.

— Leona G. Brown



Uncle Clark Hensley was the man who introduced our author to the outdoors. Clark is shown here in 1933, the year young Paul Fansler moved to the family farm. Photographer unknown.

Martinsburg Memories

My Life as an Urban Outdoorsman

By Paul Hensley Fansler

My life in the outdoors started in 1933, at the depth of the Great Depression. I was eight years old and not aware of what a hard time it was for adults.

My dad, John R. Fansler, Sr., had been furloughed from the B&O Railroad Cumbo Yards near Martinsburg, our hometown and the place I was born in 1925. Mom took my brother and me to live with my maternal grandparents on a farm in Rockingham County, Virginia, to ride out those lean years.

It was there that I learned to love the outdoors, from an uncle who was still living with my grandparents. Uncle Clark Hensley was a World War I veteran and one of those people who could make it anywhere. Hard times increased people's resolve in those old days, and my uncle was a prime example.

Uncle Clark taught me how to make box traps to catch rabbits, how to set snares for just about anything, how to snag suckers, and how to catch bass in the nearby Shenandoah River. He introduced me to squirrel and rabbit hunting, taught me how to find and shoot quail, and how to skin game and dry the fur for market.

He also showed me how to trap live birds. One day this skill produced a troubling minor tragedy. I caught a snowbird and took it into the house. The little thing adapted quickly to the indoors, or I thought it had. But that evening as it marched click, click, clicking across the linoleum floor in front of the fireplace, suddenly it paused for a moment, then jumped right into the fire.

I developed my outdoors skills through practice. The first box trap I

made was so small the rabbit couldn't turn around in it. Everybody but Uncle Clark made fun of my creation. He was not only my tutor but a mentor and friend as well. He knew that my box trap caught rabbits, and in those Depression days that was what mattered.

One morning when I peeped in my thrown box trap to see what was there, two big black eyes peeped back at me. Uncle Clark told me I'd caught a flying squirrel. I thought he was putting me on, but when we released it, it scampered up a nearby tree, launched itself into the air and sailed about 30 yards to a den tree. I was flabbergasted.

Mice and rats were an ongoing problem on the farm. Granddad paid me a penny for every mouse I caught and a nickel for each rat. I never got too many rats but mice were a piece of cake, especially after Uncle Clark fashioned me a little trap from a wooden Velveeta Cheese box.

One Christmas when we were living at Granddad's I got a pair of leather high-tops with a Boker Tree Brand knife in a pouch on the side of the right boot. I cannot remember ever being thrilled more than by that Christmas gift. The boots had to be dressed daily with warm tallow to keep them waterproof — well, almost waterproof. Even today, I cannot smell tallow without thinking of my high-tops.

Granddad bought a little single-shot Winchester 20-gauge shotgun for me to keep the blackbirds and crows out of his corn. The only rule was that I had to show a bird for each shell. If I didn't, I had to pay for the shell out of my mouse pennies. This made me a very careful shooter.

It turned out Granddad knew exactly what he was doing, for after about a week of being shot at, the birds stayed away until the corn matured.

In 1935 Dad found work in Martinsburg. Mom, my brother and I moved back home, and we were a family again. Although we never lived with my grandparents again, we kept in touch and visited often. Then one day in the fall of 1936 I came home from school and found Mom crying. When I asked what was wrong she showed me a telegram that said Uncle Clark had been killed in an automobile accident. I was devastated. I couldn't imagine how my life could go on without my favorite uncle. Even after all this time I get a lump in my throat as I write this.

Paul stands in front of his mother, with brother John in front of Grandmother Hensley, in this photo from about 1930.

My life as an urban outdoorsman began after we moved back to Martinsburg. I was reduced to a Daisy BB gun I had gotten one year for Christmas, and an old Damascus steel twist-barreled shotgun I borrowed from a neighbor. Every time you shot it the forepiece came off in your hand and it broke open and threw the empty shell at your right eye.

Money was still tight in 1936. Anything you wanted other than food, shelter and clothing, you were on your own. So I began trapping in the woods and streams around Martinsburg. Living in town, this required a long walk just to get to the first trap. Between a paper route, school and a trap line, I had little time for anything else.

I remember one morning I handled a skunk carelessly, allowing its back feet to touch the ground as I pulled it from the hole. Boy, did it let me have it! I changed clothes and washed, but when I got in the heat of the school room, I was politely asked to leave. This was not the last time this would happen.

Muskrats were my specialty. I had a knack for catching them, and a good

The war changed things for Paul Fansler and most others of his generation. This 1944 photo shows him as a Merchant Marine officer in North Africa. Photographer unknown.

thing too, for their hides brought top money, up to $3.50 apiece in those days.

A friend of mine wanted to run a line of muskrat traps with me, and I reluctantly agreed. After the first couple of days his traps didn't catch anything, so he quit going with me to tend our traps. For some reason his traps never did catch any rats while mine did. To this day I'm sure he thinks I was taking what was caught in his traps. I never went partners on a trap line again.

I always made my sets so the muskrat would drown. Once in a while it didn't work, and the rat usually gnawed its foot off and escaped. One morning I came upon a live muskrat that hadn't escaped. I had never encountered such an aggressive animal. That rat came right after me. I managed finally to get a club and do it in.

The first winter I sold my furs to Sears and made enough to buy a single-shot Mossburg bolt-action .22 rifle. The next winter I sold enough furs to buy a single-barrel Iver Johnson 12-gauge shotgun. That thing was built like a stick and killed at both ends. It kicked so hard that the lever that broke it open kept the inside of my right thumb torn up all hunting season.

I now own 20- and 12-gauge Browning A5 automatics and an automatic .22, as well as a bolt-action .22 magnum, but somehow they're not as much fun as those first guns I bought with earnings from my furs and my paper route.

The paper route cut into my outdoors fun considerably. No doubt it was fine discipline for later life, but it could be a real pain when camping time rolled around. If I couldn't find a substitute, I just didn't go.

One of my paper route customers lived at the top of a steep knoll, called Red Hill, and his dog would meet me at the bottom every morning, take the paper in his mouth and save me the long trip up. I only had to go to the house once a month to collect. I often wondered if that dog could have been trained to bring my money as well.

Along about this time one of my friends got wheels in the form of a Model T Ford. That extended our range considerably. I remember one time we decided to go hunting in Meadow Branch over by the Berkeley-Morgan line, now known as Sleepy Creek Public Hunting and Fishing Area. The roads into the area were primitive, steep and rough. It was a while before we figured out why the Model T quit every time we hit a steep place. The gas tank was in the dashboard and the fuel flowed by gravity to the carburetor. Finally we found that if you backed up the mountain, it ran just fine.

Another time we decided to go camping along Back Creek and pitched our tent on a gravel bar near the water. After dark a big thunder gust came up and it rained like there wasn't going to be any tomorrow. I woke up in the middle of the night with my hand dangling in water. What a mess, but an object lesson I never forgot — always pitch your tent above the high water mark.

In 1938 we moved to another house in Martinsburg near what was known then as West Quarry. Now it's called Lake Thomas, Martinsburg's city reservoir, with a six-foot chain-link fence all around to discourage intruders. There is a hefty fine if you're caught trespassing, but in the old days it was the best place around for recreation. It had everything — rabbit, squirrel and duck hunting, huge small-

The 1937 Apple Harvest Festival program. Nowadays the festival takes place in October.

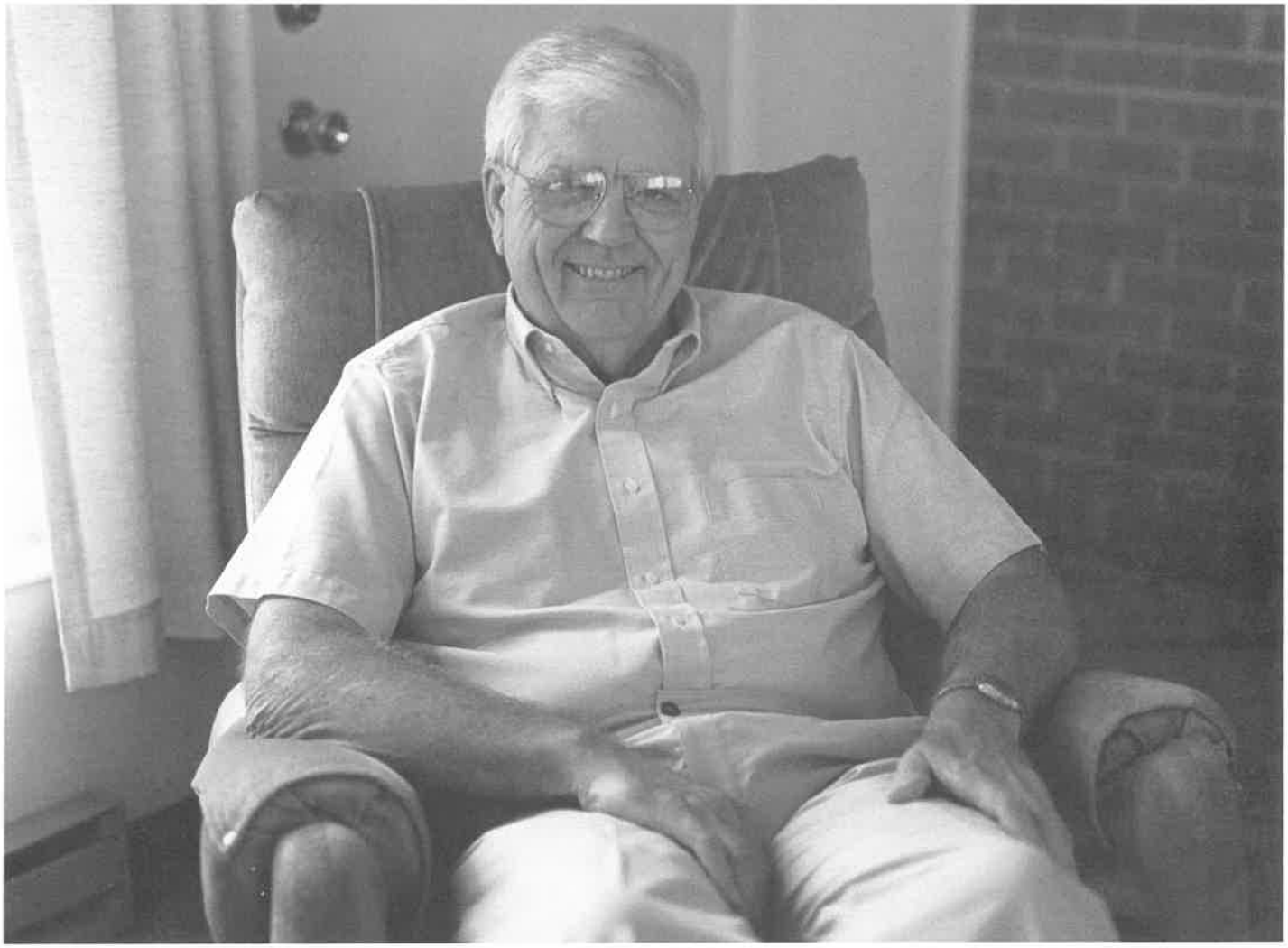
Apple Harvest Celebrated

Each fall Martinsburg puts on its annual Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival. The event celebrates an area rich in apple orchards and apple growers. This year marks the 12th consecutive festival, but the first such celebration dates back to 1936. The festival was discontinued in the World War II era, and it was not until 1979 that it started up again.

The 1991 Apple Harvest Festival will be held from October 17 through 20. Four days of activities are planned, including pie baking and apple peeling contests — where an award is given for the longest continuous peel — and competitions for the largest apple and best apple display, among others.

Some of the more traditional events include agricultural tours, a grand feature parade, a square dance, and the queen's coronation and banquet. The Air National Guard Base opens two hangars for a large arts and crafts show. This year 135 craftspeople are expected from across the United States. An antique car show, 10-kilometer apple trample, quilt drawing, celebrity sports banquet, and a pancake breakfast are also planned, along with plenty of apple butter making, entertainment and good food.

For more information contact the Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival, P.O. Box 1362, Martinsburg, WV 25401; (304)263-2500.



Paul Fansler today, at ease in his Martinsburg home. Photo by Hali Taylor.

mouth bass and sunfish by the carload, the best swimming I've ever known, and ice skating in winter. For someone who loved the outdoors it was paradise.

After a storm, ducks would land on West Quarry to rest and dry their wings. While their feathers were wet they couldn't fly, and they were literally sitting ducks. Some of us would get on each side and scare them to one another and shoot them with .22 rifles. How we kept from shooting each other I'll never know.

We had no boat to retrieve our ducks and had to wait until the wind blew them to shore. Once in a while, a guy named Mike would strip off buck naked and swim out and retrieve our kill even when thin ice lined the edges of the quarry. Those people who tell us you can't live more than two minutes immersed in frigid water never met Mike.

The quarry lake was full of gold carp. In spring when they were heavy with spawn, we could actually swim down to the bottom in shallow places and catch them with our bare hands.

The West Virginia Conservation Commission stocked West Quarry with fingerling size, land-locked salmon in the late '30's. Two years later they had grown to 12 or 15 inches and could be caught easily. Unfortunately, this was the year Mom decided it was too dangerous for me to go over to the quarry hole, so I was forced to watch my friends carry gunnysacks full of salmon by the house. Very bad timing on my mom's part.

After my quarry hole restrictions were lifted I had enough money from fur sales and the paper route to buy my first rod and reel. That spring I caught my first trophy bass. It weighed about three pounds and measured 18 inches, and I thought it was a whale.

Along about this time the Conservation Commission also began stocking trout in certain cool-water streams throughout Berkeley County. Tuscarora Creek was one of them. It was within easy walking distance of our house. The CC people asked some of us boys to help stock these trout. This was right up my alley, and I always made sure my favorite holes in Tuscarora Creek were well-stocked. My friends couldn't understand how I'd always get my limit the first day of trout season.

There were lots of snakes around in those days. I had a dog named Brownie that followed me everywhere. She was death on snakes. One day we encountered a copperhead, or "clapperhead" as we called them. Brownie took it on and got bit on the side of the head. That dog's head swelled up three times its normal size, and her eyes swelled shut. However, after the swelling went down she was as good as ever. It didn't seem to bother her a bit.

World War II began for America while I was in high school. After graduating, I enlisted in the Merchant Marines. My carefree days of trapping, hunting, fishing, camping and the paper route were over. My life changed forever in ways I could not have imagined back then.

Asher Kelly kept his eye on the sky during his years as a flying forester. Photo by Herb Clagg, 1966.

Smoke Pilot

Flying Forester Asher Kelly

Interview by Robert Beanblossom

Chasing forest fires across the rugged hills of southern West Virginia in a single-engine airplane may not sound like the ideal way to spend an afternoon. But to Asher W. Kelly, Jr., long-time assistant state forester in charge of forest fire control, it was all part of the job. A job that knew no set hours per day, or days per week.

Forest fire fighting is a rugged, dirty, thankless task. Airplanes made it a little easier for the crews on the ground. During the spring and fall fire seasons when conditions were suitable for flying, Kelly was in the air each day, scouting the horizon for the telltale wisp of smoke which signals the beginning of a forest fire. It was not unusual for him to fly over a black scar which marked the location of a fire that he himself had helped fight until the wee hours of the previous morning.

Kelly, who retired in 1980, started his career as a district forester at Charmco, Greenbrier County, on August 1, 1947. Shortly thereafter he was promoted to assistant state forester in charge of fire control. He left to accept a job with the West Virginia Forest Council, later rejoining state government as assistant commissioner of agriculture.

He returned to the assistant state forester position in 1957, serving in this capacity until his promotion to state forester in 1976. Kelly died in January of this year. In this interview from a few months before, he reminisces about his long career in the West Virginia woods.

Asher Kelly. I was born and raised in Randolph County and finished high school in Elkins in the spring of 1932. At that time, the Great Depression was on us. No one had any money, and work was scarce. I went up into Pennsylvania and worked on a farm for most of the summer, then came back and hitchhiked to Florida. I spent a year down there, working on an orange grove, sort of living off the land for board and room.

I came back to Elkins in the summer of '33 and was able to work my way into Davis and Elkins College for one semester, working part-time, going to school the rest of the time. Then I had an offer from the United States Forest Service and went to work for them on the Monongahela National Forest. Stayed with them until the fall of '37 and then went back to school for a semester, transferred to West Virginia University in January of '38 and entered forestry school. Finished my degree in '41.

While there I got interested in flying and got my private pilot's license by agreeing to go to the Army Air Corps when I finished school. Well, I got out of the school in June, went to work for the Forest Service, and on July 11, I was in the Army Air Corps. They transferred me to Oxnard, California, and I went through the primary basic and advanced flying school and was commissioned at Luke Field in Arizona in 1942.

I spent four years with the Army Air Corps. I came out as a captain and then went to work for the Five Counties Lumber Corporation buying white oak for whiskey barrel staves. Headquarters was in Winchester, Tennessee. I was living in Clarksburg, so I was assigned the territory of West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

White oak was supposed to have been pretty scarce then, but you know the stuff grows and the shortage of white

The key to past and present forest fire control has been hard work on the ground. Public officials such as these early troopers were often drafted into service. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy State Police Academy.

oak for barrel staves never materialized like they thought it would. It was quite a rat race for a while, and stave people were knocking heads, trying to outbid each other. My job was just to look for it on the stump and get it into the hands of the mill people.

Robert Beanblossom. You mentioned that your first job was with the Forest Service. What did you do there?

AK. Well, assistant technician was the title. I was primarily a compass man, running a hand compass while dragging a chain for the timber estimators to determine the amount of timber and ground cover on a piece of land that had been proposed to be acquired by the Forest Service for an addition to the Monongahela National Forest. I worked at that for a little more than a year, and then my title was squad foreman. I was assigned to train CCC crews to do timber survey work. We trained a couple of boys to measure trees, run compass, and establish baselines. Everything was measured, there was no estimating to it.

RB. Was this out of Elkins?

AK. Headquarters was Elkins. My first station was Monterey, Virginia, which was still a part of the Monongahela National Forest at that time. It is now part of the George Washington National Forest. I worked the east slope of the Alleghenies from Hattie Knob and Hightown through to Monterey. That area had been proposed for sale and was acquired by the government, and is now part of the George Washington National Forest. Then I was stationed back at Marlinton for quite a while, and over to Webster Springs sometimes. When I got into training CCC crews, I spent most of that time down at Camp Pullet near White Sulphur Springs and Camp Copperhead, up at Frost.

RB. Was that experience with the Forest Service what enticed you to go ahead and get a forestry degree and become a forester?

AK. That made up my mind that that's what I wanted to do. It had pretty good promise, it seemed to me, with a future in it.

RB. What was your next job?

AK. There was a state forester at that time, Ernest Sayre, who gave me a pretty good pitch. So in August of 1947, I left the Five Counties Lumber Corporation and joined the West Virginia Conservation Commission as the district forester at Charmco.

RB. What counties were covered by that district?

AK. There was Greenbrier, Monroe, Webster, Nicholas and Clay. I had an assistant called the district forest protector, and we had three employees in the field, called county forest protectors, who had fire control responsibility, and two foresters to take care of the technical forestry work.

RB. Did West Virginia have much of a fire problem then?

AK. Yes, that was a major thing. Southern West Virginia was a hot spot then, as it is now and may always be. But the concern and the will to control forest fires was pretty high at the time and was growing.

RB. In '52 you left the state and went with the West Virginia Forest Council, Inc. Was that the predecessor of the West Virginia Forestry Association?

AK. Yes, that was the beginning of it.

RB. What was your work there?

AK. I was executive secretary, which was a promotional job. My objective was to promote forest management and forest protection through private enterprise. It was all financed by land owners, industry, banks, and private individuals. Our forest protection program was the "Keep West Virginia Green" program. The part that I didn't like about that job was soliciting. In other words, I went around begging for my salary and that just didn't set too well.

RB. After you left the Forest Council, what did you do?

AK. Well, I went to work for the State Department of Agriculture under J. B. McLaughlin, commissioner, and I sort of felt like a square peg in a round hole. But Commissioner McLaughlin was also interested in conservation and forestry and fire prevention, in general, so he encouraged me to work a lot with the Conservation Commission's Division of Forestry. Later I accepted the position of assistant state forester in charge of fire control with the Division of Forestry — the position which I had held when I left the state to go to work for the Forest Council.

RB. Tell me about the fall of 1952.

AK. Early in the summer of 1952 people began to worry about the lack of rain. Due to crop failures and poor pasture conditions, the farmers were the first to complain. Here in the Appalachian Mountains the conditions were not as critical as in some parts of the country, but they were far from normal. West Virginia was dangerously dry.

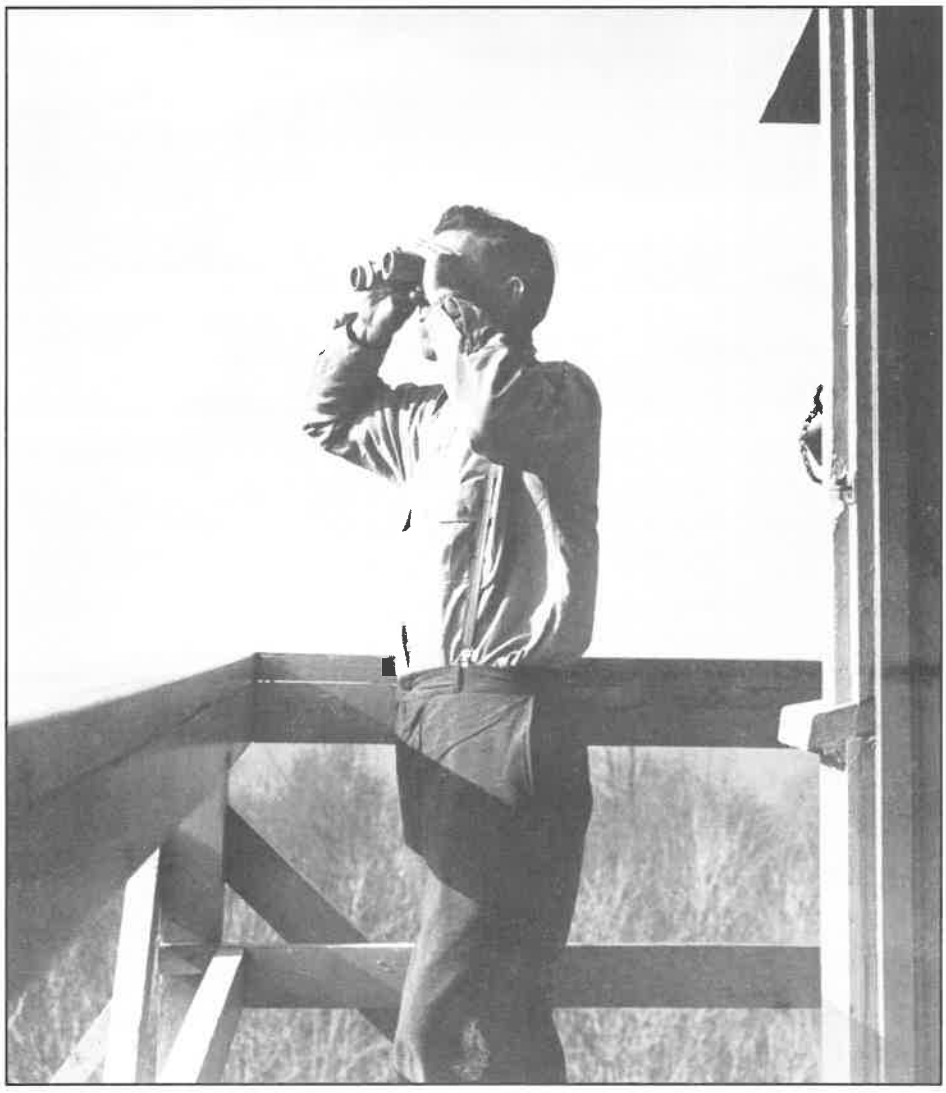
A Piper Super Cub was Kelly's office on many of his best work days. This picture shows him with an unidentified passenger. Photo by Hal Dillon, courtesy Division of Natural Resources, date unknown.

Moisture from the occasional rains that summer and from the deep subsoil kept the trees green, and forest fires were relatively uncommon until early in the fall.

Everyone hoped for a break in the weather before the leaves started to fall, but hopes were not enough. This country, according to the United States Weather Bureau, suffered the driest October ever recorded. In West Virginia, statistics showed that precipitation during the months of September and October 1952 were the third lowest on record. Only the terrible drought years of 1897 and 1930 produced slightly less rainfall during the same two months. Fires started occasionally throughout late summer and early fall, and in early October the load became rather heavy. But the Division of Forestry's fire control organization was able to control and hold them. Then the official fire season opened on October 15 — it's October 1st now — with several fires going and conditions still critical. The next three weeks were unprecedented in the annals of organized fire control in West Virginia.

RB. You flew some fire patrol work during that time, did you not?

AK. Yes. I recall on one occasion that there was a fire up in the Minden area. We didn't know where it was, but it was somewhere between the Fayette County 4-H Camp and Montgomery. There was fire in there somewhere, but they hadn't been able to locate it because it was so smoky. I flew from Kanawha Airport up the Kanawha Valley. I'd fly from ridge to ridge, back and forth, because it was so smoky you could hardly even see the ground. I got up there and then went up Loop Creek above Montgomery up to Oak Hill, and then cut back around by the 4-H Camp and come down the other side and found the fire and told them where it was. As I came by the big WOAY radio tower, I could look *up* and see the red



Aerial reconnaissance supplemented and eventually largely replaced the use of fire towers in forest fire detections. This observer was photographed at the Red Oak lookout in the Monongahela National Forest in 1946. Photographer unknown, courtesy U.S. Forest Service.

light on that thing. That's no good, that kind of flying.

RB. Did it get so bad that the smoke grounded you?

AK. In fact, it grounded all airports. West Virginia wasn't the only one having problems. Fires were raging in Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia as well. The smoke from these fires traveled out of the southwest to the northeast. It even grounded the airlines into Washington, DC, through that period of time. We had lots of calls from hospitals and doctors to do something about it; the people with respiratory troubles were suffering because the smoke was so heavy.

and immediate action started. All divisions responded quickly. The State Road Commission came through with equipment and men and the basic plans for a disaster organization began to take shape. Governor Okey Patteson declared the closure of the hunting season in effect at 9:00 p.m. on Thursday, October 23, 1952. By this time, nearly 500 fires had been reported and nearly half of them were still out of control. In some of the southern counties, like Mingo for example, over half of their total area burned!

RB. When you got into such a critical fire situation, what kind of help did you get from the public?

Kelly said that most of his trouble in flying came from a failure to take advance precautions on the ground. Here he checks his plane before a flight. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy DNR.

RB. By this time, everyone concerned realized a disaster was taking shape?

AK. Yes. Hayes Helmick, who was state forester at the time, requested assistance from all the other divisions of the Conservation Commission and from other state departments. He recommended that hunting season be suspended and the broadcasting of a general appeal to the people of West Virginia to cooperate by eliminating all brush burning and exercising extreme caution with any use of fire or smoking materials.

Helmick took his request to close hunting season to Carl Johnson, director of the Conservation Commission,

AK. There were many cases where we had more volunteers than we could handle properly. We had food prepared by women's clubs and carried out to the fire lines. The West Virginia Air National Guard delivered a planeload of fire-fighting equipment for us from Wilmington, North Carolina. We had hundreds of students from Ohio come to West Virginia to help. We tried to pay every eligible individual who helped, but it was such a meager amount, 25 cents an hour, that it didn't amount to much.

RB. Didn't the Red Cross set up emergency duty stations?

AK. I don't know how effective they were, but their heart was in the right place. The Red Cross had the stations and there were a lot of the women who came in and prepared lunches. Used a lot of food that was in the surplus, supposed to be distributed to the needy, cheese and butter and bread. A lot of bakeries donated bread, and they made sandwiches by the hundreds. We'd carry them out to the fires by truck and get the word out by radio that there would be lunch at such and such a place and to send somebody down to pick it up.

Private companies lent their equipment and ham radio operators volunteered their time, equipment and ability to handle communications. Governor Patteson mobilized at least two units of the National Guard, as I recall, one in Greenbrier County and the other at Williamson in Mingo County. In addition to helping build fire lines, some guard members were armed and sent out on patrol in an effort to apprehend firebugs.

Finally, on November 9th, rain and snow came to West Virginia in sufficient quantity to put the fires out, but well over 600,000 acres of forest land had been burned.

RB. What was the advantage of flying in forest fire control?

AK. We knew through observation and reading about other states that aircraft were a valuable tool.

Most important was the great accuracy aircraft gave you in pinpointing the exact location of a fire. If the fire was very far away from the fire tower you had to depend on at least one other tower to see the same smoke, cross it out and come up with a reasonably accurate location. In the air you could tell exactly where that fire was if you knew how to read a topographical map accurately.

The man in the airplane looking at the ground could tell you also if it was an actual forest fire or if it was something else, say, some type of legal burning. He could advise the fire crew of any natural barriers or old roads they could utilize in stopping the fire. If the fire crew did not have a radio, which was frequently the case, the Piper Cub that I flew came equipped with a loudspeaker. We could give directions to the crew on the ground. I also carried canisters with me so I could write directions and drop the canister to the fire crew. And many times we saved a considerable burn by notifying some

Forest fire fighting is hard and dangerous work, according to Asher Kelly. His flights made things a little easier for those on the ground, such as this unidentified man. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy DNR.

farmer that he was burning brush or some other risky thing that got out of control before he knew it.

RB. So you dropped messages to people like that? Did you ever get any feedback from people you dropped messages to?

AK. Most of it was derogatory, you might say. But in the end we were pretty sure that it was successful.

Another advantage of the aircraft is that you can take care of detection on days of poor visibility when the man in the fire tower cannot see too far. Down in Wayne and Mingo counties aircraft were particularly useful in sorting out fires between West Virginia and Kentucky along the Big Sandy River.

RB. Why do you think that southern West Virginia always had the forest fire problem it had?

AK. It was coal country. That was the big thing. The landowners and some people in that country figured that coal was the only thing of any value. And there was, for some reason, the attitude ''Oh, hell, it's company land, let it burn.''

Fires are set for a variety of reasons. Sometimes it's to get even with the coal company or the land company that owns the land, or it's a grudge against a neighbor. Some old-timers still have the mistaken belief that fires kill snakes or get rid of underbrush. Of course, folks in that area used the woods for hunting, but they failed to see how hard fires were on the squirrel hunting.

RB. I know some hunters cause fires by smoking out game. Can you tell me about it?

AK. If you heard a squirrel and scared it, it usually goes into its den, which is a hollow tree. Well, a lot of unscrupulous hunters set a fire in the hole at the bottom of the tree in an attempt to smoke the squirrel out. What they don't realize is that that hollow tree has a natural draft and the fire goes right up the dry insides of the tree. We tracked lots of fires back to where the fire started at den trees, some of them more than half a mile away.

RB. Let's get back to flying. Have you had any scary experiences?

AK. I always made a rule in this flying business to try to take care of everything before a flight. It's paid off. Most of the trouble that ever happened to me in flying was due to something I didn't do before I took off. And sometimes it's exceeding your ability, thinking that you're better than you are.

One time I got in bad weather coming out of Camp Caesar, coming back home one day. It was raining so hard that I could hardly see. I didn't have the equipment for that, so I just set down in an old orchard. I've also been down close enough to a forest fire that the flames and the heat from the fire made the engine cut out.

Another time, in southern West Virginia, I didn't have enough fuel to get back to a proper landing area. I just stayed out a little longer than I had originally planned. It was getting dark and by this time I was running low on fuel. I wanted to get back here to Charleston and, as you well know, between here and Logan you can hardly see anything but the hills. I elected to go into a little golf course right out of Madison up on Pond Fork. The golf course had closed for the day, so there wasn't any people on it. I landed and Jack Warder brought me out five gallons of aviation fuel later that night. The next morning I flew out of there and back to Charleston.

It would not have happened had I been paying close attention like I should have been. Improper planning, not checking the weather properly, or not taking care of maintenance needs are the primary reasons for getting into trouble flying.

Forest Fire Season

October, November and December are West Virginia's fall forest fire months, along with March, April and May in the spring. Outside burning is permitted only between the hours of 4:00 p.m. and 7:00 a.m. during these months. A 10-foot circle has to be cleared around any fire, and the blaze must be constantly attended.

It's also important to watch the conditions under which you burn. Don't start a fire if there are high winds, and use common sense. Only brush, tree trimmings and other plant matter may be burned, since a recent law outlawed most burning of paper, garbage and household trash at any time of the year.

Bill Gillespie, state forestry director, stresses that fires are one of the gravest menaces West Virginia forests face. ''With intense fires, a percentage of the trees is killed outright, others are wounded, and the removal of the soil cover and forest canopy results in terrific amounts of soil erosion.''

Friday Night Rites

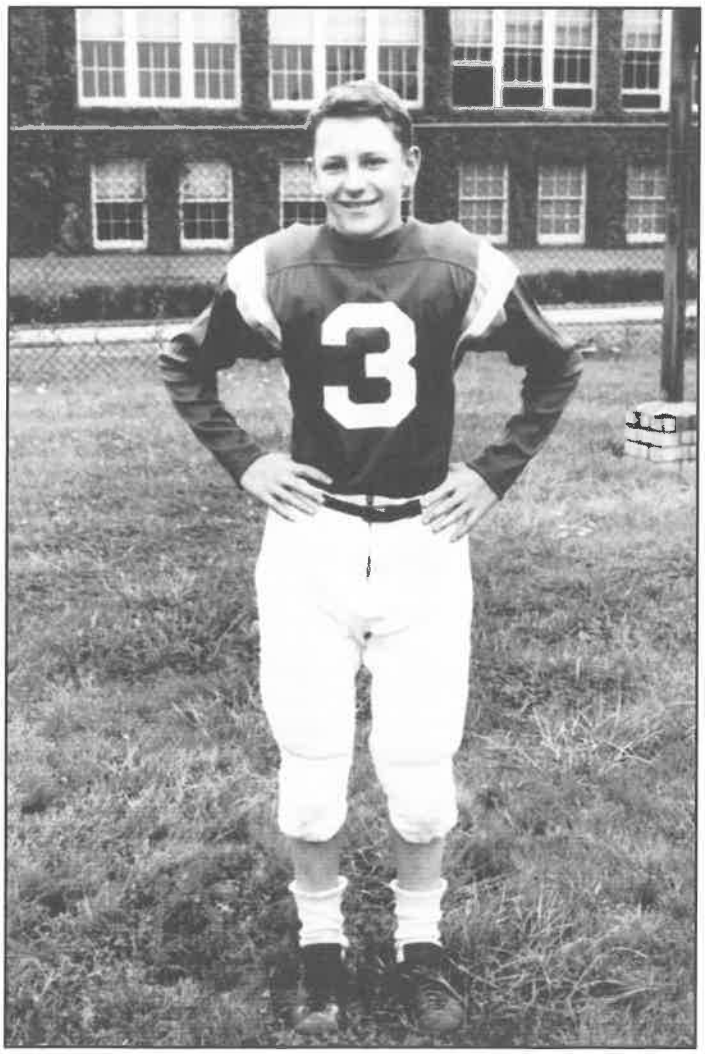
High School Football in the Northern Panhandle

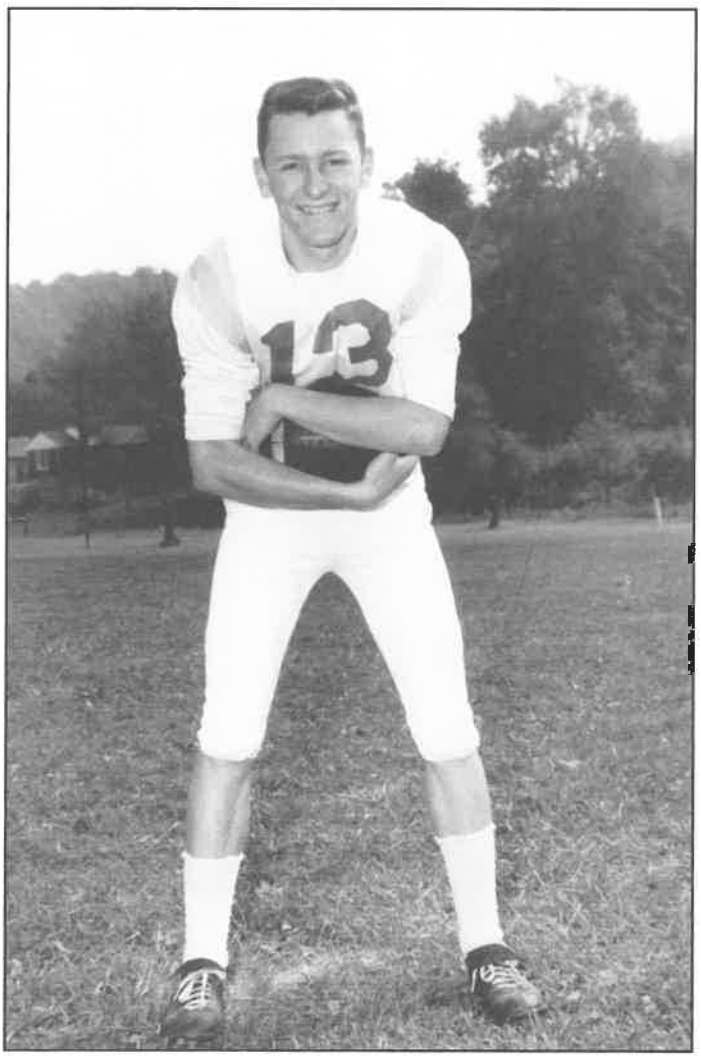
By Bob Barnett

High school football, especially the way it's worshipped in some parts of the country, comes under a lot of criticism these days. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I love the game. I come from a big extended family of rabid Northern Panhandle football fans and was a high school player myself from 1957 through 1960. Some of my favorite memories of growing up revolve around Friday nights in the fall.

My parents were from Follansbee, a small steel mill town in Brooke County — genuine football territory. Playing football for the Follansbee "Blue Wave" served as a test of manhood and courage for many high school boys, and for the sons of Italian and Polish mill workers a spot on the foot-

Our author began high school football as a freshman in 1957 (left) weighing 96 pounds and standing a full five feet tall. By his senior year (right) he had grown up to five foot-eight and 125 pounds. Photographers unknown.





ball team also signaled acceptance into the mainstream of American life.

So football was important to us, important to our families and important to the community. Every Friday night, it seemed as if the whole town followed their heroes to fields up and down the Ohio Valley, or packed the Follansbee High School stadium. For a Panhandle steel town the drama of high school football was entertainment of the highest order in the pre-television era of the late 1940's.

I didn't get to play for the beloved Blue Wave, because my parents moved 30 miles upriver to the tiny pottery town of Newell when I was in second grade. Yet my parents continued to make the Friday pilgrimage down the Ohio River to wherever Follansbee was playing. As we drove along the river and darkness fell, we could tell which high schools were playing at home because the stadium lights shone above the two-story buildings. In the early 1950's before the big push for school consolidation, every town up and down the river had its own high school. Most spectacular of all was the riverfront stadium over in Toronto, Ohio, whose lights made shimmering streaks across the inky, placid river and illuminated the autumn leaves on the hillside above the stadium.

After each Follansbee home game, seven of my father's brothers and sisters and their husbands, wives, boyfriends and girlfriends would gather at Grandma and Grandpa's. The noise and confusion were overpowering, and many times timid girlfriends of my uncles were led sobbing from the house. Football talk mingled with the thick pall of smoke from unfiltered Luckies, Camels, or Chesterfields. Sandwiches with Spam cut as thick as your finger were served along with strong, hot coffee. My favorite, Uncle Dick, always gave me a couple of drinks of his coffee. It was there that I learned to hate coffee with four spoonsful of sugar.

My own chance at football glory came when I reached ninth grade and tried out for the Newell High School Vikings. The school was so small (fewer than 80 boys) that everyone who tried out, from ninth grade through senior, made the squad of 20 or 30 players. But at five feet even and

96 pounds, I was by far the smallest player on the team. All of the equipment I was issued was too large and a chore just to carry on my body, except for the helmet, which somehow was too small.

I struggled manfully with this helmet every time I had to put it on. Sometimes it took me four or five minutes. Once on, it squeezed my head, smelled bad, and had an old-fashioned clear plastic face mask that obstructed my vision. Taking it off over my ears was equally time-consuming, painful, and sometimes made my ears bleed. This created a dilemma during games. Should I sit on the bench with my helmet on in pain, or risk being sent into the game and not being able to get it on by the time I reached the field? I need not have worried, as it turned out, because I only played about 30 seconds in the very last game of the season.

The next season I got a helmet that was only slightly too large, with a nice double bar in front. Direct hits caused the front of the helmet to cut the top of my nose. I spent the first two months of my sophomore year with a scab on my nose, but the blood on my face gave me a tough "hard-nosed" look. Later, seniority allowed me to get helmets that fit.

The opening game of the season always found us with mixed emotions. It meant that we had survived the hated two-a-day, pre-season practices, but also that we were to be tested in public. The pre-game locker room smelled of adolescent perspiration and Aqua Velva. The low murmur of the players was drowned out by the scraping of cleats on the cement floor and the sound of running water — dripping showers, of course, but particularly the constant flushing of the urinals as each player relieved his nervousness, some of us three and four times. Usually the urge came only when your uniform was completely laced up.

The pre-game pep talks were generally something along the lines of "you can win if you try and if you believe." The pre-game prayer was more inspirational. The coach intoned, "Let's repeat the Lord's Prayer." It started smoothly enough, but by the "Thy kingdom come" the humble words began to take on the deep, staccato beat of the offensive signals. "Give us this day" was almost a guttural shout from deep in our throats, and the "Amen" was roared just before we screamed "let's get 'em" and broke for the door. Unfortunately, our door opened inward, somewhat slowing our progress and dampening our enthusiasm.

During my sophomore year in the fall of 1958, I had grown to five feet, five inches and 110 pounds. We opened that season at Madonna, the Catholic high school in Weirton. We were disconcerted to start with, realizing that at a Catholic school they must pray more than we did. And screaming "beat Madonna" somehow sounded sacrilegious. If the game were close, would God take their side?

No need to worry about that. Madonna ran the opening kickoff back for a touchdown and proceeded to score at will. We had to endure more than a sound athletic beating, too. The stadium was built on a hill next to the Weirton Steel Company's open hearth furnaces. By the third quarter, when the score — their score — was in the 50's and the open hearth was going full blast, the game seemed endless. We began to feel as if we were perhaps dead and paying for our sins. Mercifully, the game finally ended, with Newell on the short end of a 60-0 score. We were young men who had looked into the face of hell.

That defeat was the worst, but not the last of the bad ones. We were a small high school with a team made up of the sons of potters. Of course we

River Town Rivals

Newell and Chester, twin villages on the Ohio, occupy the very top of West Virginia, at the northern tip of the northernmost county. They are located only about a mile apart and in the days when each had its own high schools, they were natural rivals. In fact, when I was growing up in Newell the Chester Panthers were our blood foes on the fields and courts.

We felt we were as good as, if not better than, Chester in every aspect of life. But if truth were told (and it hurt), Chester had twice as many people as Newell in 1960. They were incorporated; we weren't. They had sidewalks and nice streets; we had potholes and dirt paths. But undaunted by reason, we still believed our athletic teams were better and our girls prettier.

The last time anybody could remember beating Chester in football was 1954. No one could recall any other specific victory, but there were rumors of one sometime in the 1930's when the Newell coach had slipped down to the pottery at halftime for reinforcements. In some ways being an extreme underdog was not so bad. There was nothing to lose, and the occasional victory conferred instant status as a legend. "He played on the team that beat Chester," old-timers would say when one of the Kiger brothers or Larry Foltz or "Sonny" Gregory walked past.

We didn't do well against Chester in 1957 or 1958, my freshman and sophomore years, although I did catch three passes in the 1958 game. This accomplishment drove the Chester coach into such a rage that he pulled the whole defense from my side of the field to chew them out. They came back into the game with a strange look of determination on their faces. Then they proceeded to punish me as only experienced players could pound a 110-pound sophomore. I never held it against them. The glow of those passes and having my name in the newspaper the next day made my season.

The next year Chester had one of their best teams ever, losing only one game to a much larger school and even beating the tough Follansbee Blue Wave. Our only hope was to attack — even off the field. The night before the game two pickup trucks and a couple of cars loaded with our whole team and bushel baskets of over-ripe tomatoes invaded Chester territory.

Memories of that Thursday night are a blur. I recall driving through Chester at breakneck speed, trying to hold onto the truck while hurling tomatoes at anything that moved. We met no opposition. The Chester players cowered in their homes, "resting" for the game. Of course they beat us badly then, but we had made our point.

The Chester-Newell game of 1960 was the seniors' last chance to tear a shred of immortality from the sweatshirt of athletic glory. We hadn't won a game, but Chester was also having a rare down season. Every year Coach would add something new to either the offense or defense during "Chester week." The 1960 season saw us install an eight-man defensive line and add a lonely end offensive series — desperate measures by desperate men.

Actually, the new strategy almost worked. Near the end of the third quarter, we were ahead 13 to 7 and had moved to our 40-yard line on a drive. Then the inevitable happened. They held us on downs, scored to tie the game, and came back in the fourth quarter to score two more touchdowns and win 28-13.

The sun did come up the next morning, but the rivalry we expected to continue forever ended in 1963. That year Newell, Chester and New Cumberland consolidated into the Oak Glen High School. The rivalry ended even earlier for me. That spring I fell in love with a girl from Chester. She is now my wife — and prettier than any Newell girl.

— Bob Barnett

The 1959 record shows that the Vikings of Newell's Wells High School went a full six games before scoring a point, with the worst defeat the 38-0 drubbing by rival Chester.

1959 Varsity Squad

RECORD	Opp.	W.H.S.
Cameron	7	0
New Cumberland	13	0
Hopedale	6	0
Wayne	24	0
Darlington	0	0
Chester	38	0
Irondale	7	6
Salineville	0	7
New Waterford	24	14

BOTTOM ROW, L-R - Bob Barnett, Glen Phillips, Eugene Hart, Joe Fuller, Larry Hutton, Dewey McPherson, Ronald Noland, Logan Six, Tom Woods.

ROW 2, L-R - Jake Geer, Kip Smith, Jim Reed, Rick Webb, Tom Lemasters, Gary Daugherry, Bill Monroe, Dave Phillips, Dave Bell, Manager, Tom Robison.

ROW 3, L-R - Paul Arnott, Harry Emmerling, Sonny Rice, Rick Anderson, Bill Bell, Joe Hall, James Seevers, Ed Wiersbicki, Mickey Staley.

ROW 4, L-R - Gary Rayle, Richard Goppert, Terry Robinson, Sam Simmons, Tom Franczek.

COACH HOROSZKO

Football

SEASON'S RECORD

NEWELL		OPPONENT
13	St. Anthony	27
6	New Cumberland	26
6	Hopedale	38
12	Wayne	47
13	South Side	19
13	Chester	25
0	Irondale	44
6	Salineville	18
20	Fairfield-Waterford	48

Coach Horoszko had his hands full with the Newell Vikings. The eight-ball illustration in the 1960-61 yearbook seems appropriate in light of that year's record.

couldn't beat steel town teams. Plus, our coach wasn't much of a football strategist. He was a wonderful man, a burly former lineman of Eastern European descent with a name full of confusing consonants. His philosophy of life was to work hard, hunker down, and drive right through them.

Though his play calling left something to be desired, he insisted on sending plays into the game. In the early games, we ran his "up the middle" and "off tackle" plays with a sincere and honest intent, but as the losses mounted, we began to snicker, then laugh out loud as the messengers brought in one failure after another.

Finally we took control of our own fate and began calling our own plays. The coach didn't seem to notice until the next to the last game in my senior year. Then he confronted the quarterback in the locker room at halftime and asked why we had not run the "T-2-Ride" play that he sent into the game. The room grew ominously silent. Mick, the quarterback, ever a quick thinker, looked levelly at the coach and said, "Reed forgot the play while he was running onto the field." The coach could relate to that and as a team we let out a sigh of relief.

Playing for a losing team was not a complete bummer. By the time my junior season rolled around, I had grown to five feet, eight inches and 125 pounds and was starting at end on offense and sometimes on defense. My younger brother Jim and his friends worshiped the ground I was knocked down on, and the high school girls, who never really seemed to understand the game, were just impressed with the fact that I played.

My aunts and uncles sometimes made the trip to Newell to see me play against other small town teams, such as Darlington, Pennsylvania; Irondale, Salineville, and Hopedale, Ohio; as well as the West Virginia towns of Cameron, New Cumberland, and of course Chester, our nearby arch rival. Almost all of these schools, including Newell, consolidated into large high schools during the 1960's and 1970's, but they were all there in my day.

After the games my relatives would be sitting around our dining room table eating Spam and drinking coffee. Everyone made a fuss over me when

I came in. I acted embarrassed, but really swelled with pride, as I know they did also. "You will get them next week," they encouraged as I got ready to leave for a post-game date. Just as I was leaving, Uncle Dick would walk me to the door, make some small talk, and hand me a dollar saying, "Have a good time." In 1959, you could. With that dollar, I bought hamburgers and milk shakes for me and my date, which we ate in the car at Hoges Drive Inn Restaurant.

Bob Barnett got through high school with the usual trials and tribulations. He looks back on football as a rewarding part of the experience. Photographer and date unknown.

The high point of high school football for me came the last game of the 1959 season against New Waterford-Fairfield, an Ohio school. Near the end of the first half we were losing as usual, and in desperation the coach called a pass.

I went downfield about seven yards from my left end position and cut sharply in front of the defensive halfback. As I made my cut, everything seemed to drift into slow motion. I could see the laces on the ball as it slowly spiraled into my hands. As I cut around the defender, I felt as if I were being swung on a string in the grip of some powerful centrifugal force.

Once around the corner, I was in the clear. The wind whistled past the ear holes in my helmet and blurred my vision. I could see the goalpost but it looked to be a mile down the field. I was isolated and not conscious of anything except the goal line getting slowly closer. After what seemed like five minutes, I made it to the goal line with a 65-yard pass-run for a touchdown. As I turned in the end zone, I was startled to see other players still on the field. The rest of the game was a blur. I became an "offensive weapon" by catching five or six more passes, one of them a diving catch, but of course we lost again.

My senior season was anticlimatic. We lost every game. I stopped growing at five feet eight inches and 125 pounds. No college recruiters were interested in a short, slow, small kid, despite the fact that I did catch a couple of touchdown passes during the season. I never again played organized football.

For a long time I failed to understand what high school football really meant in those small Panhandle towns so long ago. I thought it was about winning, and felt bad that we lost so often. But in retrospect, I see it as a rite of passage, no less primitive and equally as full of symbolism as that of any tribal culture. Football was a spectacle, a test, and a ritual played out before the entire village. For the players the moment remains so vivid because we were the central focus on those fall Friday nights, standing in bright lights on the verge of adulthood.

Gladys Fox makes her way back to the old Red Springs School with former student Robert Hicks.

Basic Education

Gladys Fox Recalls Her One-Room Schools

Interview by Mary Cobb

Photographs by Michael Keller

Gladys Fox of Pratt recently went home again, to the little building above the road at Red Springs in Summers County. She began her teaching career there 60 years ago at the age of 18.

The former school building is now used to store bales of hay. It has been enlarged but still has the original front porch and steps, where Mrs. Fox sat and studied for her driver's license test while the children played at recess. The chalkboard is still there, hidden now behind sweet-smelling bales of hay, and the hardwood floor will be good for years to come.

Gone, though, is the cloakroom where coats and caps and lunches were deposited first thing in the morning. Gone is the big black coal stove that sat in the middle of the room, with its pipe vented through the ceiling. Gone are the wide two-student desks. Gone is the water bucket and its long-handled dipper. The girls' outdoor toilet is also gone, while the boys' toilet tilts precariously.

The building is located about four miles from Interstate 64 at Green Sulphur Springs, near the Greenbrier County line. On the way to the old school, Mrs. Fox points to familiar places.

''That was Lusher's Store. I sometimes stopped there for candy for the children,'' she informs me. ''That was the Ford house. I had a room there. See, the second floor, first window on the right. That was my room!''

In places the trees dip over the narrow country lane, forming a leafy canopy which filters the sunlight into a myriad of quivering shadows on the road below. Densely forested mountains surround the school building like towering sentinels. One must

look up to see the blue sky and fleecy clouds. A comfortable kind of quietness pervades the site, a peacefulness. Birds sing, insects hum, and somewhere a dog barks.

Memories flood back. It is now February 1931 for Mrs. Fox, and she has realized her dream. She is a first-year teacher, a real teacher with real students. A career that was to span 40 years is about to begin.

Gladys Fox. I think from the first day I entered school I made up my mind to become a teacher. I can't remember any one particular person who influenced me, but no one discouraged me along the way. My parents, brothers, and sisters, along with others, were instrumental in bringing my dream into reality.

I graduated from Green Sulphur District High School at Sandstone in Summers County in 1929. My class was the first to be graduated from the high school, and eight of the ten graduates went on to college.

My family lived in the small farming village of Sandstone. Our economic situation was poor, perhaps more so than I realized. We would have been classed as "underprivileged" if that term had been used at that time, but we didn't suffer for lack of food or a clean, decent place to live. Our clothing was not the finest, but my mother kept us clean. My mother and father both were hard workers. We always kept a cow and hogs, and we had a large garden and a potato patch.

In the fall of 1929, at the beginning of the Great Depression, I started to Concord Teachers College with $15 for my tuition fee, $1 for a key to my room, and not much more. Three days after my enrollment, I had the opportunity to work in the college dining hall for my board and room. My older sister and her husband helped me with books and incidentals. My second year I worked in a tea room sponsored by the college.

I was at Concord from September 1929 to February 1931, and the spring semester of 1936. From that time on, until 1951, I took night classes, Saturday classes, and summer school until I received my Bachelor of Science degree in education from Morris Harvey College, now the University of Charleston. The graduate work I did was from West Virginia University.

My first school was at Red Springs in Green Sulphur District in Summers County. At that time, Summers County was divided into school districts. Each district had its own board of education. One of the men on the board knew I was certified and that I needed a job, so there were two needs met — a need for a teacher at midyear and my need to work.

To get to the school, one had to leave the main road, cross a little stream of water 17 times, and travel a couple of miles to the schoolhouse. Horseback was the usual way to travel. A car or truck could be used if the water was not too high. It was difficult at times to get to our school, particularly when the snow was melting and the little stream of water was high. I rode horseback from my home at Sandstone to my boarding place at Red Springs the Sunday before I began teaching on February 2, a distance of about ten miles.

The farm where I stayed the first term I taught at Red Springs belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Ford. They had a big farmhouse and plenty of room for a teacher. The teacher usually stayed with the family who had an extra bedroom. I paid $25 a month from my $90 a month salary. The next school year, my salary was reduced to $75 a month. Summers County was hard up!

One former student recalled his grade school teacher as a "good-looking woman." Gladys, shown here early in her career, began teaching at age 18. Photo by Harrison Studio, Hinton; date unknown.

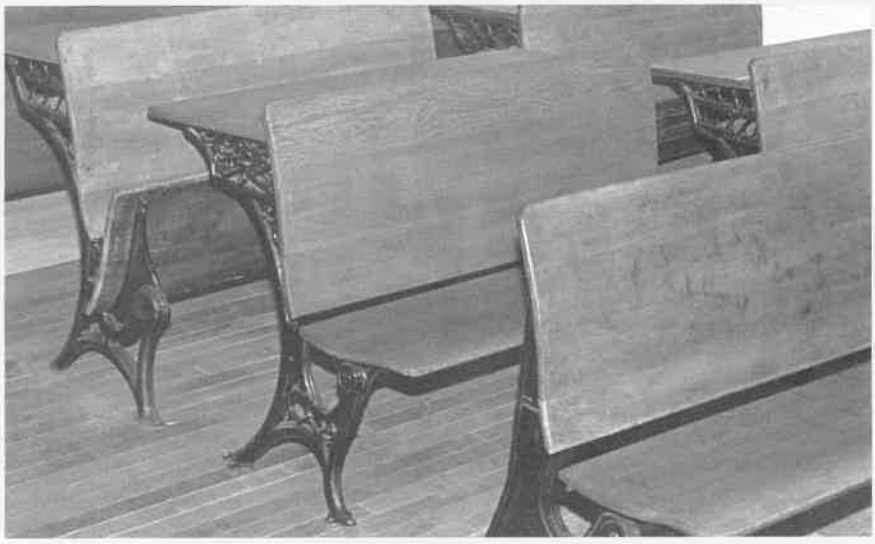
Mr. and Mrs. Ford had three boys at home — actually men. One of the boys was in school, in the eighth grade so he probably was in his 15th year. Mrs. Ford kept her home so nice.

Mr. Hicks points out old landmarks along the neighborhood dirt road. Casey Cobb, Glady's granddaughter, is at right.

Saturday was her baking day, and she made pies and cakes and other goodies. I enjoyed watching her, and I learned a lot from her.

The Ford boys teased me, particularly when they would go to Green Sulphur Springs to get mail on Saturday and go to the country store. If I happened to get any letters, they would tease me for a couple of hours before they would give me the letters.

One of them, John, raised sheep, and in lambing season he was a very busy person. Sometimes he would bring the little lambs into the house if they were born during the night, and put them behind the cook stove to keep them warm. All the Fords were good to me. My time there was very pleasant.



This scene will bring back memories to many West Virginians who came up through the state's system of one-room schools. Photo courtesy Fairmont State College.

One-Room Schools Studied

West Virginia's one-room schools are the subject of an oral history project at Marshall University's Social Studies Department. For the past two years, West Virginia history students have conducted interviews with former one-room school teachers. Of the close to 400 subjects, about two thirds have allowed their interviews to be recorded. The students have also gathered memorabilia from the teachers. All of the information gathered is being compiled into reports.

Professor Paul Lutz describes the program as a way to preserve the "unique personal history" of West Virginia's one-room school. Since most of them closed during the 1960's and many of the former teachers are now elderly, there is a sense of urgency to the project.

One Wayne County school has been selected to become a living museum located on the Marshall campus. It is the Crockett School, the only one-room school still owned by the Wayne County school system. Plans are underway to move the building and refurbish it. Lutz plans to fill the school with the many items collected during the oral history project — a potbellied stove, desks, McGuffey readers and other textbooks. Eventually, elementary school children will be invited to take classes for a day in the one-room school and draw a comparison to the modern schools they now attend.

The public may visit other one-room schools in the state, including ones at the Southern West Virginia Youth Museum in Beckley, the State Farm Museum at Point Pleasant, and Fairmont State College, among others. The Fairmont school was transported from rural Marion County, moved to the college campus and rebuilt as part of the West Virginia Centennial celebration in 1963.

The next school year I had a car and only stayed at Red Springs when the weather was bad or when the car was in the garage. I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, who were truly my friends. They had two children in school, one in the first grade and one in the third. The one in the first grade, whose name was Eloise, later married a Mr. Amos Hall. When I came to Pratt in Kanawha County to teach, Eloise and her husband and three boys were living in Pratt. I had all three of her boys in school.

The school building at Red Springs was a modern, one-room school of that day. All the windows were on the left side of the building, too high for the children to look out. There was no electric, so on cloudy days, even with the large windows, the schoolroom was dark. There was an entry way where the children left their wraps and pails, called a cloakroom.

The building was heated by — I believe it was called a Burnside stove — a coal stove that sat in the middle of the room. If we were close to the stove, we would burn up. If we were back in the corners, we would freeze. The children had to rotate so all of them could get warm. On very cold days, especially windy days, we would gather around the stove, all of us. That's the way we would have our lessons through the day.

I would read stories to the children on those cold, windy days when they couldn't go outside to play. Listening to stories was their best entertainment. They loved to have someone read to them.

We had a large playground, but only a portion of it was level enough to play on. We didn't have playground equipment, except what we made. The lower part of the playground, the level part, was used to play softball. The younger children jumped rope, played tag, and ran races.

The length of the school term was supposed to be eight months for elementary school, grades one to eight. If the school funds were exhausted before the eight months were up, the outlying schools could run from six and a half months to seven and a half months. The patrons of the country schools didn't object too much to the shortened term, because the older children were

needed at home for the spring planting.

Enrollment in the one-room schools where I taught ranged from 25 to 35. The students' ages were from six to 16. The child who had passed the eighth grade diploma test and could not go to high school often came for another year in grade school. The students who went on to high school, grades nine to 12, went to Green Sulphur District High School.

The community revolved around the school. On weekends the building was used for church services. Everyone in the community was proud of their school, and I can't remember even one act of vandalism. Nearly all the residents of the small community were farmers. Some could do carpentering or blacksmithing, but farming was the main work.

No one had much money in those days. The economy everywhere was at a very low level. I remember well one particular incident that happened at Red Springs in the late fall and concerned two of my students, six and eight years old, brothers who wanted their little sister to have a doll for Christmas. They were trying to get enough subscriptions to a magazine called *The Farmer's Wife* to get the doll offered for a prize.

Both boys were redheaded, with big blue eyes and freckles. They hit an easy mark when they told me what they were doing. I didn't let my subscription expire to that magazine until ten years later! Every time my magazine came, I would remember the little Martin boys and their sister, Goldie, who got a doll for Christmas.

My career in Summers County began in a one-room school and ended in 1940 in a one-room school. My last two teaching years in Summers County were spent in the Williams Mountain School. I drove from my home to Elton, where I left my car and walked a mile up the mountain to my school. In the winter, if no one had come off the mountain before I had to go up, I had to break a way when it snowed, but I always got there.

In contrast to the Red Springs School building, the school on Williams Mountain was ancient. The ceiling was propped up by two-by-fours and the building had small windows on each side. I don't think it had been painted since the first coat was put on.

The old Ford family farmhouse is located down Red Springs Branch from the school. Gladys boarded here her first year.

The first year I taught up there the chalkboard was a wall painted black.

I took one look at the school and knew why Williams Mountain School was the point of no return. Politics had begun to play an important role in teacher placement in Summers County, and it was rumored that Williams Mountain was the last place a teacher who had no political clout was sent before she or he was out of the system.

Maybe I was on my way out, but I was determined to do something about the school building while I was there. The children helped me, and we gave our building a good cleaning. Things began to look brighter. If the teachers in the country schools got supplies, they had to go get them themselves. I got a chalkboard, and I got a water cooler, too.

There were ten families in the community, and everyone was interested in the school and supported me as their teacher. On the first day of school, after I had enrolled the children, I visited all the parents. Nearly all the parents would invite me for a meal at least once during the year.

A funny thing happened to me at the Williams Mountain school one Christmas. The day we got out for the holidays one of my children brought me two live roosters for a Christmas present. How was I to get those chickens home? That was the big question. Luckily, one of the older boys who lived close by put them in a sack and carried them down the mountain to my car.

Grandpa Williams, who had grandchildren in school, was a daily visitor at the noon hour if the weather was good enough for the children to be outside. He was the pitcher for our softball games.

Both Grandpa and Grandma Williams would help me in any way they could. One little girl had a very bad case of impetigo, "fall sores" we called it. Grandma Williams told me that she could make a salve that would cure the sores if I would apply it. She made the salve, I applied it, and the sores got well. A teacher would never do that nowadays because she would go to jail for practicing medicine without a license! I wish Grandma Williams had given me her recipe.

Some of the children had to walk about two miles to school, but they'd come unless the snow had drifted so high they couldn't get through. I remember Elsie who came through the snow by herself. The little thing was almost frozen when she got to school. Two of the older students, Eltay and Elvay Fleshman, took her shoes and socks off and laid them out in front of the stove and dried them.

Elsie was only six years old. Every morning Eltay and Elvay would rub Elsie's little hands to get them warm again. I remember that my own little girl who hadn't started to school had one pair of mittens, and I took them to Elsie because she had no mittens and her poor little hands were so cold.

In my second year on Williams Mountain, I think it was in January, I was riding with the teacher at Elton — we took turns driving. I had an acute attack of appendicitis, and she had to turn around and take me back home. I had to have surgery that day. Some of the children had come part way down the mountain to meet me that morning, and when I didn't arrive, they wrote in the snow, "Where is our teacher?" There wasn't any way to let them know what had happened until they got word from Elton that I was sick.

When I returned to school, I stayed a few nights on the mountain with Eula Daniels because the doctor said I couldn't walk up and down the mountain. I stayed with Eula because she lived close to the school and had an extra bed.

My two years spent in the Williams Mountain School were two of the happiest years of my teaching career. There were no discipline problems. The children were eager to learn and so very appreciative of everything I did.

Things were so much simpler in school then. The basic subjects were taught along with some science, mostly natural science; music; art; and physical education. In this technical age, one teacher could not possibly meet the needs of 25 children, ages six to 16.

In 1941, my husband, daughter, and I moved to Kanawha County. My one-room school days were over, except for three months as a substitute teacher at Standard on Paint Creek in Cabin Creek District. I went from a one-room school to a two-room school, then to three- and six-room schools. At the time of my retirement I was teaching in a school that had 16 or 18 teachers, along with a secretary, librarian, aides, student teachers and other school employees.

I believe teaching is a "calling." The desire to teach and the love of teaching is a gift. Certainly teacher training is necessary, but if that inborn desire is not there, then teaching is only a means of making a living. I think teaching is more than that, much more.

Former teacher and student pose inside the old school, now converted to a hay barn. The place was neater when Gladys Fox was in charge here.

Back to Williams Mountain

A week after visiting the former Red Springs School, Gladys Fox returned to the site of the Williams Mountain School, another one-room school in which she taught.

The Williams Mountain School was a few miles from Red Springs, in the same northern corner of Summers County. Eltay Fleshman Roach of Elton, one of Mrs. Fox's former students, joined her on her journey back. Near the foot of the mountain, they stopped to greet Eltay's twin sister, Elvay Martin, and Goldie Martin Fleshman, another of Mrs. Fox's former students.

The road Mrs. Fox once used to walk up the mountain was long ago reclaimed by the forest. Another road, which makes spine-tingling hairpin turns, now serves the two remaining families who live on the mountain. In some places the trees have linked their branches overhead, shutting out the sunlight and causing twilight to come early. A driver travels this narrow, winding road with his heart in his throat and a prayer on his lips.

At the summit, the women tramped through the brush and briers, seeking a familiar point of reference. They found the old Daniels cemetery, with headstones peeping from a jungle of vines and weeds, bearing names once common on the mountain — Daniels, Vandall, Adkins, Hicks, Williams, Goddard, and Fleshman.

After much searching, the women discovered the three huge rocks where the Williams Mountain children sat and ate their lunches on spring and autumn days. The exact site of the school, which Eltay believes was torn down about 1949 or '50, was confirmed. It was easy then to identify the location of the ballfield and the coal house, and the spot near the rocks where the students hoisted the American flag each morning.

Picking their way along the rutted road, the women pointed to places where friends had lived, places marked now by a few remaining boards, a patch of colorful phlox, a rail

Above: Gladys Fox (right) visited with former student Goldie Martin Fleshman before a recent trip up Williams Mountain. Photo by Mary Cobb.

Below: This photograph of Lola Mae Williams at the Williams Mountain School shows the building in poor repair in the 1940's, and Gladys says it was no better when she was there. It was a matter of school board politics, she says. Photographer unknown.

Gladys and Eltay Fleshman Roach found nothing but flowers and underbrush when they reached the old Williams Mountain School site. Photo by Mary Cobb.

fence, an apple tree, or maybe a climbing rose or grapevine. Eltay's generation had left the mountain, seeking employment in the valleys and towns below or in places farther away. When the older folks died, there was no one left to farm the land.

"This is where Grandpa Williams lived," said Eltay, pointing to a gentle knoll above the road. "He and Grandma lived in a huge old two-story house. The mountain was named for the Williams family. On down this road, past Grandpa Williams's house, was where the Goddards lived. They had the best apples!"

Mrs. Fox and Eltay kept up a running conversation about life on the mountain. One would begin a sentence and the other complete it as memories tumbled into their minds. The old school roll was called as they reminisced — Lloyd, Lacy, Lola Mae, and Lowell Williams; Lola, Denvil, and Louise Vandall; Lena, Wilson, Lewis, and Elsie Adkins; Waneta, Rheba, and Carl Daniels; Jimmy Goddard; Lenita and Wilma Daniels; and Ohley Fleshman. The list went on.

They talked of how the school day was organized and how classes for 25 to 30 students in eight grades were worked into the schedule.

"For one thing," said Mrs. Fox, "the children were well behaved, and I didn't have to spend teaching time disciplining them. The older students were assigned their work, and when they finished they would come over and help the little children with their seat work. As I look back, I think I accomplished as much in the one-room schools as I did in schools where I had only one grade and fewer students."

"We had two recesses, one in the morning and one in the afternoon," added Eltay, "and an hour for lunch. We played ball and hopscotch."

"All the children liked to play ball," said Mrs. Fox. "Do you remember how the little ones played? They would hit the ball a couple of feet, then another student would run for them? I can see little Elsie Adkins right now trying to hit that ball."

"Another thing we played," said Eltay, "was 'Ante Over.' We divided into teams and one player would throw the ball over the schoolhouse. Someone on the other side would catch it, then run around and touch a player with the ball. That person had to come over to your side. Marie, my sister, ran right into the schoolhouse one time!"

The Williams brothers, Lloyd and Lacy, eighth graders when Mrs. Fox arrived at the school, were the janitors. They were paid $4 a month. Eltay and Elvay also had a turn at being the janitors.

"We were responsible for the building," Eltay recalled. "When we left in the evening, we had to see that the fire was down. We swept out the room and carried water from over at Wilbur Williams's place. It used to be we only had buckets for our water, but Mrs. Fox got a water cooler for us. Waneta Daniels and I used to fix the calendar every month. We drew on the board with colored chalk, and that was our job, to change the calendar every month."

The parents on Williams Mountain were appreciative of their teacher, according to Eltay. "They knew we had a good teacher. They thought an awful lot of Mrs. Fox. She was going to tell us the right thing to do, and that's what our parents expected of us."

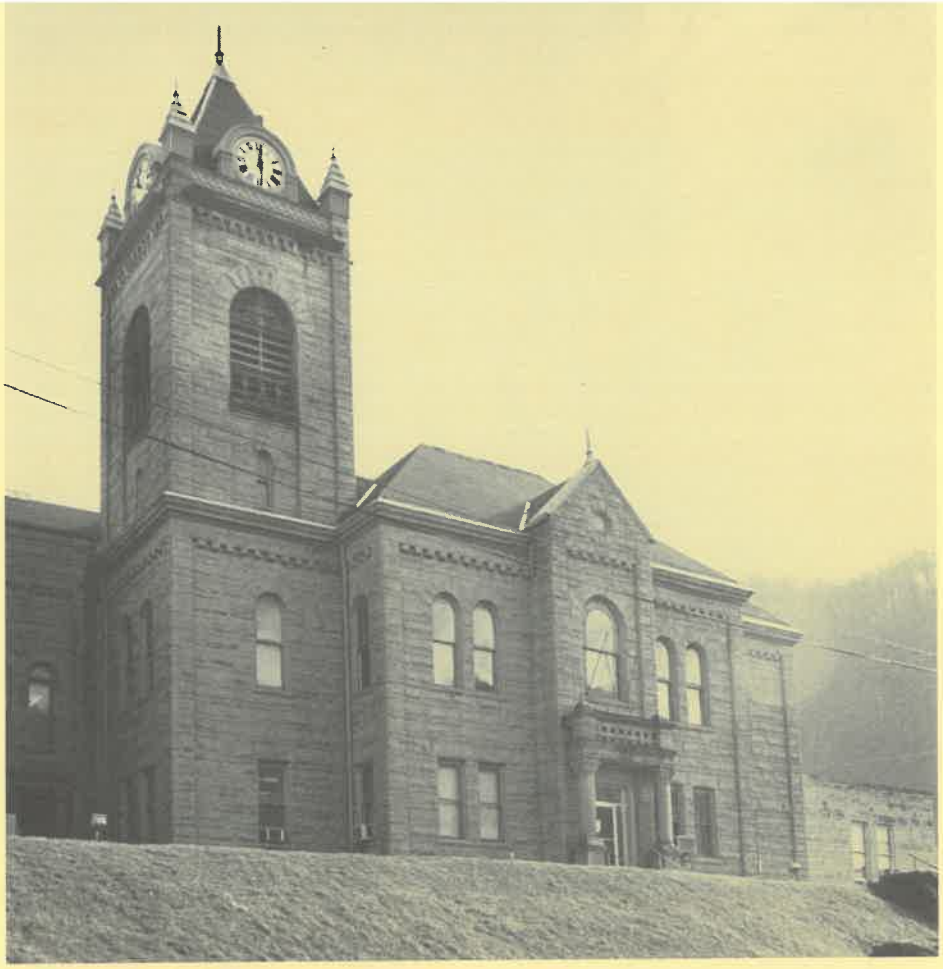
As they started back, Eltay recalled another trip down the mountain — an exciting journey to Hinton with Mrs. Fox in her car.

"That was a big thing! Back then we didn't get out much, and Mrs. Fox let us go in a store at Hinton. I had a dime and I bought a little red pocketbook. I remember that. I remember that so well."

A stranger to the top of Williams Mountain today would look in vain for the farms that flourished on the mountain more than half a century ago. And a stranger might find it hard to believe that once there were houses, outbuildings, fields, gardens, farm animals, springs of fresh, pure water — and most of all, families who made their living and a decent life on the mountain.

These were good people, Mrs. Fox says. "The parents of my students were so kind to me and so considerate," she recalled. "They always thought of me when they picked apples or grapes or canned vegetables. They shared what they had with me. They respected education and the teacher, and they sincerely wanted their children to learn. They did everything they could to make my job pleasant. I'll always remember them."

— Mary Cobb



Hatfield and Chambers died at the entrance to the Welch courthouse. Photo by Michael Keller.

Another View of C. E. Lively

Paul J. Lively, the son of the late C. E. Lively, wrote to challenge the portrayal of his father in the summer GOLDENSEAL. His views are as follows:

This is in reference to the article "The Dust Settles" by Topper Sherwood, which appeared in your summer 1991 edition.

I am the youngest son of Charlie Lively, referred to in the article, and I wish to take you and Mr. Sherwood to task on a couple of issues.

First, in the caption under the photograph of Charlie Lively it is boldly and unequivocally stated that Charlie Lively murdered Sid Hatfield. This statement belies the truth and is indicative of the biased, one-sided, and unfair reporting that goes on about the Matewan incident and the mine wars.

In regard to the first point, i.e., the truth of the matter: I will concede to you that Charlie Lively was involved in the shooting incident at Welch which resulted in the death of Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers. However, if you or Mr. Sherwood had bothered to do your homework, you might have discovered some other information. The first and most important piece of information is that Charlie Lively and two others (Buster Pence and William Salter) in October 1921 stood trial for murder in connection with the Welch shooting of Hatfield and Chambers. The Jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*. Notwithstanding the trial verdict, in this country, a man is presumed innocent until proven guilty by a court of law. How can you and Mr. Sherwood pronounce a man guilty of an offense when a court of law has found otherwise?

Had you done your homework, you might also have discovered, from an article in the *Cincinnati Post*, September 10, 1921, by Norris Quinn quoting Sid Hatfield's widow as saying: "Thirteen men on the courthouse steps shot at Sid..." and "Well, I know that Lively didn't shoot Sid."

Now to discuss the biased, one-sided, and unfair reporting. You described the Matewan incident of May 19, 1920, as a "...shoot-out [that] ended in the death of seven guards and three townspeople..." You do not describe that incident as one where Sid Hatfield *murdered* the Felts brothers. If you considered it fair to describe Sid's death as murder, why was it not also fair for you to describe the Felts' brothers death as murder?

In all fairness to your publication, the biased reporting is more rampant than just your publication. In almost all publications and depictions of the mine wars and the Matewan incident we see this biased reporting. Almost all of them refer to and/or depict the Baldwin-Felts detectives as "thugs." I think these characterizations are unfair, serve no historical purpose and only serve to inflame. Let us face it, neither the union nor the coal operators/Baldwin-Felts were entitled to wear white hats. And the movie *Matewan* was so biased and inaccurate as to be laughable. I would love to have the magazine space to describe all the things wrong with that movie. Suffice it to say that John Sayles was not in love with the truth.

My second major issue of concern is the photograph of Charlie Lively printed with the article, the caption of which gives credit for the photo to the State Archives. This photograph was originally provided to Mr. Sherwood by me when Mr. Sherwood was working on an article for *Wonderful West Virginia* which subsequently appeared in the February 1991 issue of that magazine. This photo was not available in the State Archives prior to that date. The photo was made available to Mr. Sherwood with the understanding that any use of it in any article or publication by him would credit me with providing said photograph. Such credit was not given in your publication nor in the other magazine. I submit that it became available through the State Archives after Mr. Sherwood submitted it with his *Wonderful West Virginia* article. I provided the same photograph to Lon Savage for inclusion in his book *Thunder in the Mountains*. Mr. Savage had enough integrity and honesty to credit me with providing the photograph. I expect no less from you and Mr. Sherwood.

Paul J. Lively

We received the photo from the State Archives, as indicated in the caption. We ordinarily do not inquire into the origins of photographs which come to us from public collections, and we did not do so in this case. — ed.

John Jacob Niles, carried away by his music. Photo by George James Kossuth, date unknown; courtesy Oglebay Institute Mansion Museum.

How Folk Music Got That Way

Thanksgiving Memories

by Lloyd Davis

"Now I knew *Ray* Alley," Aunt Mae said.

"Who was Ray Alley?" I said.

"He was married to Madeline Wicker, and he was a cousin to George Alley, the man that got killed on the C&O," Aunt Mae said.

"Ray's name wasn't *Alley*," Mother said. "It was *Allen*. And I don't think he was related to George Alley. At least I never heard that."

"Who's Madeline Wicker?" I said.

"Aunt Bertie and Uncle Carrington's daughter," Mother said.

"From Hinton?" I said.

"That's right," Aunt Mae said.

"Did they ever know George Alley?" I said.

"Uncle Carrington probably did," Aunt Mae said. "He worked on the C&O."

"But the wreck happened a long time before we were born," Mother said.

"But we've heard the song," Aunt Mae said. "Haven't we, Eva?"

That conversation, or something like it, took place in Morgantown on Thanksgiving Day of 1961, my second year of teaching at West Virginia University. My wife was giving the turkey a few more minutes and getting ready to mash the potatoes. I could see she wanted to keep Mother and Aunt Mae out of the kitchen, so I had taken them into the living room and played my new Joan Baez record for them. On the album cover the song we were talking about was called "Engine 143." But in southern West Virginia it was known as "The Wreck on the C&O."

"Look at this," I said. "The write-up on the album claims that FFV stands for *Fast Flying Vestibule*."

"Aw, pshaw," Aunt Mae said. "Who wrote that stuff? Everybody knows FFV stands for *Fast Flying Virginian*."

"Probably written by somebody from New York," Mother said.

"Very likely," Aunt Mae agreed.

In their mind New Yorkers were the most ignorant people in the world. Anyway, we all knew that FFV stood for Fast Flying Virginian, regardless of what was written on the album cover. By New Yorkers, or whoever. We had usually just referred to it as Number 3 or Number 4, depending on which direction it was headed, but *Fast Flying Virginian* was what it said on the schedule board at the Southside station in Charleston, two miles down the track from where my family had lived since the beginning of World War II. Our house was just across MacCorkle Avenue from the C&O tracks, and whenever a fast train, like the FFV or *The Sportsman*, headed east to Charlottesville it shook the pictures on the walls. Headed west to Cincin-

nati, the train would be slowing down for the station by the time it reached our house, producing only a slight tremble.

"Eva," Aunt Mae said, "remember that time you brought the kids down home on Thirteen? That was at Thanksgiving, too."

"Yes, I do," Mother said.

"I do, too," I said.

"It was right after the war," Mother said, "when the trains weren't so crowded anymore, and I thought the kids ought to have a train ride. Of course Thirteen was just a local."

"But that was all right," Aunt Mae said. "You had more stops that way. I always liked to see who was getting on and getting off."

"And Thirteen was the only one that stopped in Hurricane," I said.

"Now that's not true," Aunt Mae said to me. "We had two trains a day."

"What was the other one?" Mother asked.

"I can't remember," Aunt Mae said.

Aunt Mae's Hurricane, in Putnam County about halfway between Charleston and Huntington, was a local stop between Scott Depot and Milton. For years she and Mother alternated having Thanksgiving dinner for the two families. Aunt Mae was thought of as a slightly better cook. Mother always said it was because she "had more to do with."

A simple Thanksgiving dinner at Aunt Mae's house — for four parents, six children, and assorted guests, like the hobo my uncle once found on the road coming back from his ritualistic Thanksgiving morning quail hunt — would consist of nothing more than turkey with oyster dressing and chestnut dressing, white potatoes and sweet potatoes, biscuits and rolls, strawberry and damson plum preserves, deep red cranberry sauce and lighter-colored cranberry jelly, green beans and peas, creamed corn and rice pudding, giblet gravy and plain gravy, individual salads of lettuce with cottage cheese and a canned pear (in heavy syrup) topped with a dollop of mayonnaise and a maraschino cherry, and a bowl of fruit salad with the required miniature marshmallows floating among the grapes and oranges and walnuts. For dessert you had a choice of pumpkin or pecan pie, with or without whipped cream.

But now both women were widows, their grown-up children scattered and hosting Thanksgiving dinners themselves. Mother and Aunt Mae went wherever they wanted to go. They had always been travelers, especially when they were together. I remember one summer afternoon years before when I was in college. We were at Aunt Mae's and the three of us decided to go for a drive. It was Sunday and, as they said, we didn't have anything better to do. So we took off in our old '48 Studebaker Commander, headed west.

A couple of hours later, somewhere down around Ashland we happened to see along the road a hand-lettered sign put up by the Kentucky Folk Song Society. It indicated we were in the neighborhood of the "Traipsin' Woman's Cabin."

That did it for the rest of the day. We followed the arrows to the site and parked in the flattened grass of a meadow. On a wooden platform in front of the cabin, folk song collector Jean Thomas, the famous Traipsin' Woman herself, introduced performers. I'll never forget one girl in a homespun dress with coal-black hair singing "Turtle Dove" with a voice sweet and fine. Finally the guest of honor, Bradley Kincaid of the "Grand Ol' Opry," sang "Barbry Allen" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and we drove home.

Before 1958, when the Kingston Trio's "Tom Dooley" brought folk music to the highest level of national popularity it had ever enjoyed, the only folk singers anybody had ever heard of were Burl Ives, Leadbelly, Josh White, John Jacob Niles, and, perhaps, Richard Dyer-Bennett. As an undergraduate at West Virginia University I heard John Jacob Niles sing his own "Black, Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair." Niles had been brought to the campus by Professor Pat Gainer.

"What were some of those songs Grandpa used to play?" I asked Mother and Aunt Mae, as I turned over the Joan Baez record.

My grandfather, Mother and Aunt Mae's father, played the fiddle and knew some old songs, although by the time I got to college he had forgotten most of them. He remembered parts of "Little Mohee" and "Buffalo Girls," which he sang as "Round Town Gals." Many of the songs he knew were from the music halls of the 1890's, songs like "In the Gloaming." His fiddle playing, however, was pure mountain music.

"Well, 'Soldier's Joy' was one," Mother said.

" 'Irish Washer Woman' was another one," Aunt Mae said.

"Wasn't there one called 'High Bob?' " I said.

"I don't remember," Aunt Mae said.

"Yes, there was," Mother said. "Poppy always told the story about how a man called Bob came through the country and played for dances — I don't know what he did for a living. They didn't call them 'square' dances because there wasn't any need to; there wasn't any such of a thing as round dancing. Anyway, this Bob was always high. Not drunk, mind you, just a little high, at least that's what Poppy always said. So by the time Bob moved on, Poppy had learned that song and since it didn't have a name he called it 'High Bob.' "

"I never knew that," I said.

"There's a lot you don't know," Mother said.

Appalachian parents don't want to admit that their children know more than they do, even if they teach in a university. Jewish mothers, they're not.

"I know, Mom," I said, not without some irritation.

"Now you take Essie," Aunt Mae said. "*She* could play the guitar."

For about 60 years one of the sisters always tried to keep the peace whenever the other one started an argument. Aunt Mae must have felt it was time to step between Mother and me. Aunt Essie was their older sister.

"I'll bet she couldn't play like this," I said, pointing to the record player. Joan was into the intricate picking pattern of "Lonesome Road."

"She could play 'The Spanish Fandango,' " Aunt Mae said, "and she played chords along with Poppy when he played the fiddle."

"I never heard 'The Spanish Fandango,' " Mother said.

"You don't remember," Aunt Mae said. "You was too young. 'Course, she did play everything in D."

"I think you have to," I said. "I mean when you play along with the fiddle. That's the way most of those

Seneca Rocks, as photographed by George James Kossuth.

Photographer George James Kossuth

The photograph of John Jacob Niles used in the adjoining story is from an extraordinary collection of Wheeling photographer George James Kossuth's work, now housed at Oglebay Institute's Stifel Center. The photographs were donated by Kossuth's daughter, Mary, in the early 1980's.

Kossuth was born in 1886 and died at the age of 74 in 1960. He moved to Wheeling from Mason County with his family when just a boy. His father, Peter, came from a long line of craftsmen and taught his son much about woodworking and design. George Kossuth was only 12 years old when he came by a box camera, the first tool of what came to be a lifelong trade.

After working as a photo apprentice for ten years, Kossuth opened a Wheeling studio in 1909. With one room outfitted with a grand piano and racks of songs in French, German, Italian and English, the place attracted music lovers as well as photography business. Kossuth's portraits reflected his own love for the music world and for his town and country. He photographed John Philip Sousa, Richard Strauss, and Metropolitan Opera star Eleanor Steber of Wheeling, as well as lawyer Clarence Darrow, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, Carl Sandburg, and Jack Dempsey.

At the time of Kossuth's death he had photographed four generations of Wheeling citizenry and many prominent visitors to the city. He had served his community in other ways, as well. He had been a fund-raiser for the Shriner Hospitals, a director of the Wheeling Symphony Society, a past president of Wheeling Little Theatre, and a trustee of Oglebay Institute. He was a past president and life member of the National Photographers Association.

Kossuth's photographs have been exhibited twice since the donation of the collection, but are not currently before the public.

fiddle tunes are written. You have easier fingering that way."

"Did you learn that in college?" Mother inquired.

"No, I didn't," I said. "It was when I was trying to learn how to play the guitar, at the advanced age of 23. In graduate school at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee."

"I *know* where it is," Mother said. "It's where I sent the checks."

"I had a scholarship," I said.

"It still cost me twelve hundred dollars," Mother said. "On top of which, I didn't send you down there to learn how to play the guitar and hang out at Ernest Tubbs's record store."

"How could I learn to play the guitar at that age? Listen to Joan Baez there. She's only 19." (I lied. Actually she was 20, but she'd been 19 when she recorded that first album.) "You've got to start young. You can't wait till you're out of college."

"Funny," Mother said, mellowing her mood somewhat. "I haven't thought of this for years. There was a man come to our door one time when we lived on Bigley Avenue. I can't remember what year that was."

" 'Thirty-nine and '40," I said.

"No, I don't believe it was," Mother said.

"Take my word for it," I said. "You dragged us down to the county health department to get typhoid shots. All three of us. It cost a dollar apiece. I was in the third grade."

"How come you had to have a typhoid shot if you was in the third grade?" Aunt Mae asked.

"The other two didn't take," I said.

"That's right," Mother said. "His first two shots didn't take."

"Anyway," I said, "what about this man at the door?"

"Well, he wanted me to let you take guitar lessons. They had some kind of a studio up over a drugstore down on West Washington Street. And I thought it was a good thing. I signed you up for the lessons, but then, when your father came home that night he said, 'No, sir, no son of mine's going to play a guitar.' "

"Why not?" I said.

"Miners," Mother said. "He said miners were the ones that played guitars. 'They call 'em git-tars,' he said. Why, he wouldn't let you all eat baloney or wear blue jeans because that's what miners did. He didn't want to have anything to do with anything that miners were the least bit connected with."

"But his father was a miner," I said.

"That was exactly it," Mother said.

"Exactly what?" Aunt Mae said.

"Just that," Mother said. "What I said."

"Oh," Aunt Mae said.

Mother was known as "the smart one"; Aunt Mae was "the pretty one." They were a lot alike, however, short and a little more than plump, like twin Dolly Partons.

"Anyway," Mother said, getting back to Joan Baez and George Alley's train wreck, "that song doesn't make any sense. Why would he want to 'die for an engine he loved?' Looks to me like one engine would be pretty much like any other engine."

"That's right," Aunt Mae agreed. "And besides, he wasn't 'murdered' on the railroad like the song says. It was an accident. He run into a rock."

"In folk songs," I said, "it doesn't matter what *really* happened. I learned that in college."

"There's one thing that's probably true, though," Mother said to me.

"What's that?" I said.

"If George Alley had listened to his mother he wouldn't have wrecked. Don't forget *that*."

"I won't," I said.

I went back to the kitchen.

"Do you think this is going to be enough?" my wife said, pointing a potato masher at three tons of carbohydrates.

"It'll do," I said. "Don't worry about it."

"What are you all talking about in there?"

"George Alley," I said.

"Who's George Alley?"

"He got killed in a train wreck."

"When?"

"About 1890."

"Are they ready to eat?"

"They're always ready to eat."

"It'll be a couple of minutes."

"I'm having a fast drink," I said, and poured myself a half ounce of bourbon and an ounce of water. "Well, my dear," I said, "here's to Grandpa, Joan Baez, High Bob, President Kennedy, the C&O Railroad, George Alley, Walter Cronkite, and the way it was."

"In that order?" my wife said.

"Not necessarily," I said.

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In This Issue

BOB BARNETT, a native of Hancock County, attended West Liberty State College and Marshall University before earning a Ph.D. at Ohio State. He has published widely on sports and sports history. Bob now teaches sports history in the Health, Physical Education and Recreation Department at Marshall. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in spring 1984.

ROBERT BEANBLOSSOM, a native of Gilbert in Mingo County, oversees West Virginia's historical state parks for the Division of Tourism and Parks. He worked as a forest fire tower observer while in college, and began his career with the state's forestry division in 1973. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in the spring 1987 issue.

LEONA G. BROWN lives at Arbovale but was born at the old New River town of McKendree in Fayette County. She has published articles in the *Pocahontas Times* and devotional publications, and written a book on her family history. Her last GOLDENSEAL article appeared in the spring 1991 issue.

DOUG CHADWICK of Pocahontas County was born in North Carolina and grew up in Maryland. He was educated in Oregon, Washington State, and Rome. Chadwick moved to West Virginia in 1970, has been a photographer for the *Fayette Tribune* and *Raleigh Register*, and now works primarily as a freelance panoramic photographer. He has contributed to GOLDENSEAL since our first year.

GREG CLARK is photo preservation archivist for the Division of Culture and History.

MARY COBB, born in Summers County, moved to the Kanawha Valley when just a child. The daughter of teacher Gladys Fox, she has published articles and photographs in *Camping Today, Lady's Circle* and *Blue Ridge Country* magazines. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

LLOYD DAVIS, a native of Charleston, is a professor of English at West Virginia University where he teaches American literature and creative writing. He served as editor of the former *Appalachian Review*, a WVU quarterly, and has published two books of poetry. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

J. Z. ELLISON, born in Monroe County in 1915, grew up on a family farm that dates back to Revolutionary times. He attended West Virginia University and is a former sales representative for John W. Eshelman & Sons. Ellison has been involved with several agricultural associations, including the West Virginia Poultry Association and West Virginia Farm Supply. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in the winter 1988 issue.

PAUL HENSLEY FANSLER, retired from the C&P Telephone Company, enjoys raising tomatoes in his native Martinsburg. He says he began writing two years ago "just to see if I could do it," and so far has published in *Petersen's Photography, Wonderful West Virginia*, and *National Gardening*. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

SKIP JOHNSON lives at Herold, Braxton County, and is outdoor writer for the *Charleston Gazette* and *Sunday Gazette-Mail*. He has written two books, *The Braxton Connection* in 1986, a collection of his columns, and *The Quicker, The Sooner* in 1991, the story of photographer Ferrell Friend. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in winter 1979.

LOUIS E. KEEFER was born and raised in Wheeling and holds degrees from Morris Harvey College, West Virginia University, and Yale. He is a retired planning consultant and now lives in Reston, Virginia. He has published two books and numerous articles. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

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

SUSAN LEFFLER is the folk arts specialist for the Division of Culture and History.

DONNA JEAN RITTENHOUSE, born in Logan County, now lives in Las Vegas. She is an expert in heraldry, or family coats-of-arms. In addition to her original drawings, she executes heraldic reproductions in wood or stained glass, and on her popular "royal throne" toilet seats. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

HALI TAYLOR, a freelance photographer and artist, is the children's librarian at the Shepherdstown Public Library. She grew up in California and studied photography at the University of California in San Diego. Her last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in the summer 1991 issue.

The Goldenseal Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars

The Mine Wars rocked West Virginia during the early decades of the century, as countless armed miners clashed with coal company guards, state police, and the militia. It took the massive intervention of the U.S. Army to bring the violent episode to a close at Blair Mountain in 1921.

GOLDENSEAL has published some of the best articles ever written on this historic period. Authors Lon Savage, Lois McLean, Topper Sherwood and others write of the larger-than-life figures — Sid Hatfield, Mother Jones, Bill Blizzard, C. E. Lively, Don Chafin and more — who populated this colorful era. Their stories take us from the governor's office in Charleston to the barricades and machine gun nests of Paint Creek and Cabin Creek, the bullet-riddled tents of Holly Grove and Lick Creek, and the bloody steps of the McDowell County courthouse. Eye witnesses from both sides recall the days when gunfire echoed along New River and the Tug Fork and when men fell by the railroad tracks at Matewan.

The Goldenseal Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars reprints 18 articles originally published from 1977 to 1991, including dozens of historic photos. The large-format paperbound book of over 100 pages is edited by Ken Sullivan and published by Pictorial Histories Publishing Company.

***The Goldenseal Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars* sells for $9.95 at The Shop in the Cultural Center in Charleston and at bookstores across the state. Mail orders, including $2.50 postage and handling and 60 cents sales tax from West Virginians, may be sent to Trans Allegheny Books, 114 Capitol Street, Charleston, WV 25301.**

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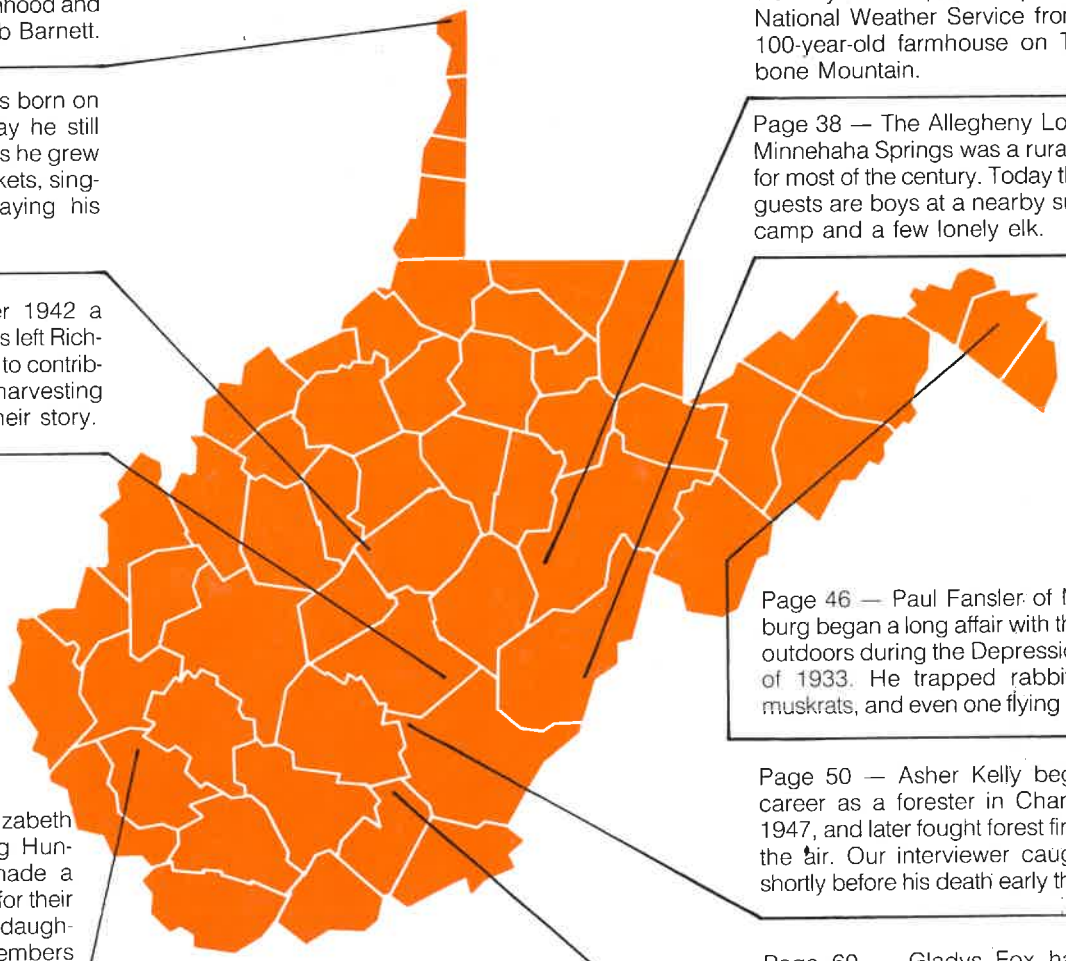

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