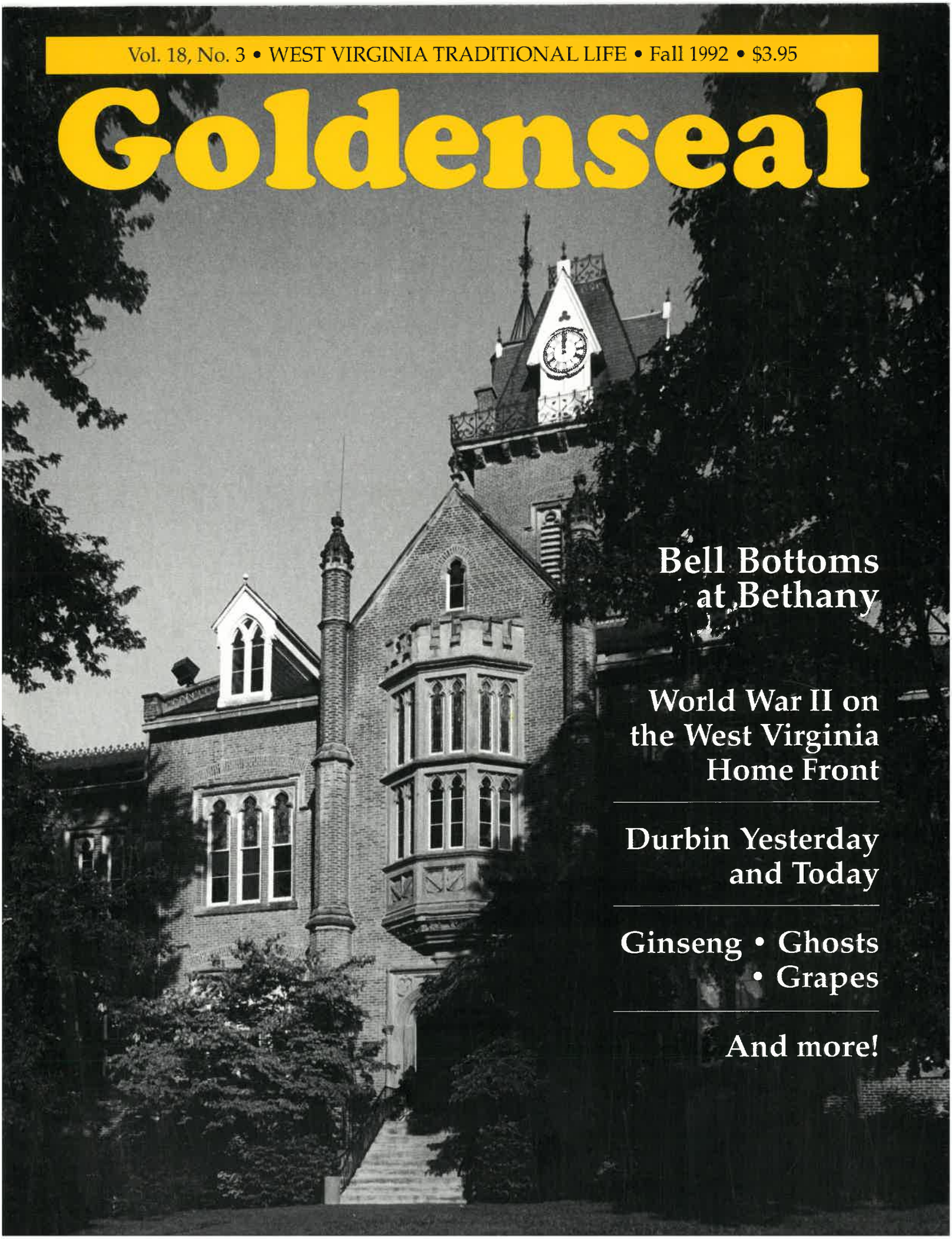
Vol. 18, No. 3 • WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL LIFE • Fall 1992 • $3.95

Goldenseal



Bell Bottoms at Bethany

World War II on the West Virginia Home Front

Durbin Yesterday and Today

Ginseng • Ghosts • Grapes

And more!

From the Editor: Renewal Time

We got a nice letter from a Putnam County reader a while back, wishing us well and expressing his support in the practical form of a check. "With paid subscriptions to *Newsweek, Forbes, Time,* etc., I feel guilty about getting GOLDENSEAL free," he wrote. "It's definitely the most pleasurable one to relax with."

I appreciate the compliment and don't mind the comparison to the big boys a bit. And I like this man's line of reasoning. He understands that GOLDENSEAL isn't free, not really. We rely on readers to provide their support voluntarily, but that doesn't make it optional. In fact, your subscription payment is absolutely essential.

For the cost of producing your magazine is definitely not free. Not the printing, not the postage, not staff pay, and not the pay for our many good freelance writers and photographers. All these things cost money. Altogether they add up to a lot of money, hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

And all of it must come from GOLDENSEAL readers. The days of any substantial government subsidy are over. I won't have to remind West Virginia readers about official belt tightening, and those of you living out of state will have to take our word for it. There are plenty of demands on state tax dollars, and magazine publishing ranks way below roads and bridges when hard decisions are made.

It boils down to the simple fact that those who enjoy the magazine — that's you — must pay for it. To put it another way, if we can't make GOLDENSEAL good enough to merit your support, we're out of business. I think that's a fair proposition for both of us — we'll work hard for you and you in turn will pay us if we meet your expectations.

So here I am again, bringing you up to date on our financial condition and asking for your continued support. It's fall, and we are in a new fiscal year. Last year's money is gone, all of it, and we are in a new budget cycle.

First, a few more words about this business of "voluntary" subscriptions. This system is used by a lot of college alumni magazines and similar publications nowadays, and GOLDENSEAL was one of the first magazines to pioneer the idea. It is a no-frills plan designed to save money on circulation management costs. For example, we send subscription reminders to everyone at the same time, at bulk-rate postage, rather than serving thousands of subscriptions individually by first class mail. I estimate a yearly savings of $5,000 to $10,000 right there alone, based on current mailing levels.

We save also on bookkeeping. We keep a record only of payments made rather than trying to track tens of thousands of subscriptions individually, with hundreds expiring daily with the resulting need for repeated reminders, billing and so forth. The GOLDENSEAL "circulation department" consists of a small part of Cornelia Alexander's time and the part-time use of one computer. Maybe a couple of hours a day, on average, and then both are free for the more important business of what goes into your magazine.

We make money by saving money, in other words, working on the old Ben Franklin principle. I know that some readers slip through the cracks, unable or even unwilling to pay. We are working on that, believe me, but so long as we save more on overhead than we lose on deadbeat subscribers, I figure we're ahead of the game. And if a few good folks get the magazine who otherwise couldn't buy it, maybe some of the older West Virginians who have already paid their dues many times over, then all the better. I hope we can always afford that.

That's not the way *Time* and *Newsweek* do business, as my Putnam correspondent noticed. Voluntary subscriptions won't work for a commercial publication trying to squeeze the last dime out of a mailing list, but I think they are a pretty good idea for a nonprofit publication. Our job is to provide a public service as economically as possible, not turn a profit for anybody's stockholders.

But don't get me wrong — we'll switch to regular paid subscriptions if we have to. Readers sometimes recommend that, and it is a suggestion we take seriously. We have no emotional attachment to the current way of doing things. Our commitment to the voluntary subscription system is only for as long as it works and works well.

And how well is it working? Better all the time, I'm pleased to report. We raised 90% of our budget for the fiscal year just ended, better than any previous year. Based on that performance we expect to continue with the present system so long as it moves us toward making GOLDENSEAL fully self-supporting.

That's the theory and history of the GOLDENSEAL subscription plan. Here's how it works in practice:

We take payments the year round, of course, but we begin our main fundraising drive just after the publication of the fall magazine, the first issue of the new state fiscal year. We send a renewal reminder to everyone on the mailing list at that time. That means some people hear from us soon after beginning a new subscription, but most folks then settle into a fall-to-fall subscription pattern that seems to suit most readers.

So I will be writing to you soon. I'll send a renewal coupon and a postpaid return envelope with my letter. Slip your check or money order in the mail right then, while it's on your mind, and you'll be set for another year.

And you can make that check for $15, the same as last year, by the way. We have had only two price increases in the history of the magazine, and we were able to hold the line again this year. We will continue to do so for as long as possible.

That's it. It is a simple system that with your cooperation works efficiently and well. The paperwork is kept to a minimum, allowing us to concentrate on making the best possible magazine for you. Isn't that what you're paying us for, after all?

—Ken Sullivan

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Goldenseal

Volume 18, Number 3 Fall 1992

COVER: Peaceful today, Bethany College's Old Main echoed to the sounds of Navy men training during World War II. "Bell Bottoms at Bethany" by Louis Keefer begins on page 9. Photo by Michael Keller.

PHOTOS: Eugene Burner, Doug Chadwick, Greg Clark, Mark Crabtree, W. M. Harpold, Norman Julian, Michael Keller, S. J. Link, Pach Brothers, Photo Crafters, Andy Yale.

Letters from Readers

GOLDENSEAL welcomes letters of general interest from readers. Our address is The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Published letters may be edited for brevity or clarity.

June 27, 1992
Wenatchee, Washington
Editor:
I wish the late George Cook of Parkersburg were alive to read Louis Keefer's story about Frank Thomas (Summer 1992). George was a flyer in the "leather helmet, jacket and goggles" period and flew the old biplanes and monoplanes. He used to say, "Never worry about the airspace above you, but if you're flying low, you'd *better pay attention* to the space below you."

George spent the war years in New Guinea, doing many different jobs with the Air Corps, and saw service all the way to India. Whether he ever flew a floatplane, I don't know, but when a commercial airline pilot crashed on take-off, George knew exactly what caused the crash.
Sincerely,
Walt Thayer

Meadow River Lumber Company

June 23, 1992
Richmond, Virginia
Editor:
I saw the Winter 1991 issue. It made me realize I've been looking for more information on the Meadow River Lumber Company all my life. I just didn't know it.

I was there from 1934 to 1942. My grandfather, T. D. Snyder, was superintendent of the woods. I saw the overhead skidder operation. It was breathtaking to see the two railroad-car-lengths logs dangling down from the skidder line and knocking over virgin timber as the logs moved toward the loader.
Yours truly,
Raymond L. Taylor

April 25, 1992
Alderson, West Virginia
Editor:
I would like to make the following corrections to the article about the Meadow River Lumber Company in the winter edition of GOLDENSEAL.

The article states, "In 1912 Thomas Raine retired from active management and John took over as president." I am enclosing a copy of the 1914 and 1916 Meadow River annual reports, showing Lewis C. Dyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, as the second president of the company. John Raine was still in Pocahontas County. On the same page, you call Howard Gray a saw filer. Actually Howard was a sawer, and Bill Gray, his brother, was the saw filer.

The new mill was not all steel, but was built of timber covered with corrugated steel sheeting. It had three nine-foot saws. The old mill had one nine-foot saw and two smaller ones.

Page 12 talks of loading flat cars, but Meadow River Lumber never used them. They used skeleton cars as pictured on page 13, with link and pin couplers and hand brakes. The Barnhart loader was known as a "stiff-neck" because the boom was stationary. During the Depression they built all new steel skeleton cars that were twice as long, with automatic couplers and air brakes.

If Meadow River ever did any clear cutting I never heard of it.

I enjoy reading your magazine and would gladly talk with anyone concerning the early history of Rainelle. My father was a company doctor for Meadow River Lumber, moving to Rainelle in 1910.
Sincerely,
C. Laird Wall

Mr. Wall also raised questions as to the speed of the log carriage, an issue dealt with in our Summer 1992 letters column. — ed.

West Virginia Dance

June 30, 1992
Port Lavaca, Texas
Editor:
As an avid clogger and square dancer, I read your summer issue of GOLDENSEAL from cover to cover. To my surprise, you did not mention the West Virginia Clogging and Hoedown Competition which attracts thousands of visitors every year in August. This event is directed by Garland Steele of Tornado, who is this year's president of the National

Clogging and Hoedown Council. It is a wonderful showcase of clogging and square dance figures.

I enjoy your publication immensely. It takes me home.
Sincerely,
Susan Roberts

We understand that the Clogging and Hoedown Competition, held for the past 11 years as part of the Charleston Sternwheel Regatta, was canceled this year for lack of funding. Contact Garland Steele at (304)727-8719 for information about the national group. — ed.

More on Swandale

June 21, 1992
Parkersburg, West Virginia
Editor:
Your article on Swandale by Cody A. Burdette (Spring 1992) and the later letter from Fred Johnson bring back good memories.

I was born in Swandale October 23, 1916, stayed until 1929, went to the country for one year, then to Widen.

I wonder if these names would ring

a bell with Mr. Burdette and Mr. Johnson: Family doctor C. N. Brown; blacksmith Vernon Acree; schoolteacher Paul Lowe; Mr. Asbury, who delivered the coal when we needed it; and Nelson Spencer, store manager. The Nottinghams and the Connors who ran the log trains for years. Also Susie Foster, who could out-yell anyone at the ballpark.

My father, Abner H. Hamrick worked for the Elk River Coal and Lumber Company until he retired. Pat Butler was over the timberland. Dad helped him survey quite a bit of the lumber track.

We lived above the store and could look down on the mill and lumberyard. I went to school with Fred Johnson. I think he had a brother, Tommy.

I agree with Fred: We had wonderful times in those days. I remember swimming up the track in the old "blue hole" above town.

After 1929, we moved to Widen, where I graduated from high school. I haven't been back to Swandale since 1950.
Bazel A. Hamrick

Seneca Glass

July 6, 1992
Tempe, Arizona
Editor:
I recently rediscovered your Spring 1984 edition. The article on Seneca Glass was of considerable interest to me in as much as my grandfather Joseph Stenger was one of the founders, along with Andy Kamerer and Leopold Sigwart. I still have many of the Seneca pieces in my home.

My grandfather died in 1918 following surgery. His stock remained in the family until my mother Marie Stenger Ruziska moved away from Seneca.

Around home, we used Seneca seconds for drinking purposes. My father had worked in many factories around the country but he often said there was no place where the wares were selected as closely as at Seneca.

Before World War II I worked for the Morgantown newspapers. After the war I worked at Company B Headquarters, West Virginia State Police, as a radio telegraph operator and technician.

I see many names in GOLDENSEAL of people I have known. Hugh and Myrtle McPherson of Charleston, Dr. Pat Gainer of Morgantown, to name a couple. Clair Bee was a coach when I was in Morgantown High School.

We enjoy your magazine each time it arrives. Keep up the good work.
Sincerely,
Vincent Ruziska

Last Public Hanging

April 22, 1992
Tucson, Arizona
Editor:
We found the Spring 1990 article on West Virginia's last public hanging very interesting. My husband's grandmother, Jessie Riley Baker (1879-1980) had a picture of that hanging. It is a large picture and shows more of the surrounding countryside.

Jessie attended the hanging as a girl of 18. She often told us the story of the hanging, the gruesome murders, how frightened they were when John Morgan escaped, and the carnival atmosphere at the hanging. She also told of making a new hat to wear to the hanging. She could show us the general area where she and her friends stood. Jessie's father, Benjamin Franklin Riley, was the jailer.

Grandmother Baker was born and raised in Ripley. She and her husband, John Baker, moved to Spencer where he practiced law and they raised a son, Clay, and a daughter, Mary.

Would it be possible to purchase a copy of the Spring 1990 GOLDENSEAL? I borrowed the copy I read.
Sincerely yours,
Dorothy M. Truman

That GOLDENSEAL sold out very quickly. However, the hanging article has been reprinted. See this issue's "Current Programs, Events, Publications" section for ordering information. — 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 event announcements and review copies of books and recordings, but cannot guarantee publication.

Black Walnut Festival & Cookbook

Roane County's Black Walnut Festival marks its 38th year this fall. The event takes place October 6 to 11 in Spencer. It started as a one-day celebration in the early years with the crowning of a queen and walnuts for sale. There's still a queen and plenty of black walnuts, but much has been added.

Festival goers now find art and photography exhibits, antique cars, gospel music, turkey calling contests, a black powder shoot, volleyball and golf tournaments, live music, a quilt show, 4-H and agricultural exhibits, a petting zoo, and a carnival. The Saturday Grand Parade includes marching bands, majorette corps, clowns and floats of all kinds. And of course a big part of this event is the food, with a special walnut bake-off each year.

Recipes for baked goods found at the Black Walnut Festival were recently published in the *West Virginia Black Walnut Cookbook*. The 126-page softcover book suggests various ways to enjoy black walnuts — in cakes, fudge, candy, cookies, breads and pies. The book project began with the recipes collected over the years by Evelyn Zinn, and includes many bake-off winners.

The *Black Walnut Cookbook* gives a short history of the festival and offers tips on how to harvest black walnuts. The cookbooks sell for $8, plus $2 postage and handling. Send orders to West Virginia Black Walnut Festival, P.O. Box 1, Spencer, WV 25276; (304)927-1780.

Vandalia Year-Round

Like Christmas, the Vandalia Gathering has always come just once a year. That changed this fall when the West Virginia Division of Culture and History began a year-round Vandalia Heritage Series.

The informal programs will include old-time music, dance instruction, lectures, and craft demonstrations, all in

Robin Hammer's logo for the 1977 Vandalia Gathering, the first.

the spirit of Vandalia, the annual folklife festival at the Capitol Complex. The series kicked off in mid-September, with a second program scheduled for October 17. Christine Morris will teach dance the afternoon of the 17th, followed by a big dance in the Great Hall of the Cultural Center in the evening.

The October program also features many West Virginia old-time musicians. Jimmy Costa and Gerry Milnes, playing banjo and fiddle respectively, will lend a tune or two to help out dance students. More live music will be provided by Tom King and John Preston on guitar, Ron Mullennex and Dwight Diller on banjo, and David Bing and Bobby Taylor on fiddle. Callers Worley Gardner and Steve Ballman will be on hand for the evening dance. To save wear and tear on the marble floor, participants are asked to dance in soft shoes.

November 14 is the date for the final fall program. Spring sessions in March and April will lead up to the "big one," the Vandalia Gathering itself, held each year over Memorial Day Weekend.

For more information on the Vandalia Heritage Series call the Cultural Center at (304)558-0220.

New River Series Continues

Following the release of the second volume of *A New River Heritage*, William Sanders of Princeton is planning to publish Volume III in the local history series later this year. The Princeton resident has practiced law in southern West Virginia since 1948 and writes from firsthand knowledge and his own research.

Volume II, recently published, tells the story of New River from Shanklins Ferry down to the junction of Bluestone River and from there around to Flat Top. This newest book deals with the area that became Pipestem and Bluestone state parks as well as adjoining parts of Mercer and Summers counties. Volume I followed the New River story from Pearisburg to Shanklins Ferry.

Volume III will be devoted to Flat Top, Camp Creek and the Bluestone Valley from the "Flat Top Post Office to the corner of Mercer, Wyoming and McDowell counties," according to Sanders. The hardbound books range from 350 to 400 pages in length and include numerous photographs and illustrations.

The *New River Heritage* volumes may be purchased from William Sanders, 320 Courthouse Road, Princeton, WV 24740 for $35 per copy plus tax and shipping, or from Pipestem State Park. Call (304)425-8125 for more information.

Songs of West Virginia

"Kindred Spirits, Songs of West Virginia" will warm the hearts and moisten the eyes of people who live in the Mountain State and of those who return only in their dreams. The new cassette from Castelle Records is a tribute to a place where people still pause to watch the sun set over a ridge or screech to a halt in the middle of the road to chat with a neighbor.

The music is a harmonic mix of the old and the new. Rebecca Kimmons sings "The West Virginia Hills" in a haunting Primitive Baptist style that sends chills down your spine. The Twister Sisters' "Mountain Lullaby" and Larry Groce's "This Is My Home"

paint pictures of starry nights and mist-filled hollows that have a magical quality. One tune, "Thelma's Sore Toe," is played by the late, legendary fiddler, French Carpenter.

There are songs about those who have been forced to leave and those who must stay. Jon Ely sings of the homesick urban Appalachian refugee in "Can't Ever Leave." Colleen Anderson's "West Virginia Chose Me" talks about someone who has come from elsewhere and feels compelled to remain.

"Kindred Spirits" doesn't romanticize life in the mountains. David Morris's "John Henry" tells the famous legend of a man's race against technology and of the price he paid in winning. Kate Long's "Who'll Watch the Homeplace" is a heart-wrenching song about someone losing the family home to hard times.

"Kindred Spirits" is the first release by Castelle Records. Tapes are available by mail for $10, plus $1 postage and handling (and 6% sales tax from West Virginians), from Castelle Records, P. O. Box 8679, South Charleston, WV 25303.

Extension Service Nature Guides

The WVU Extension Service has published two more guides on West Virginia's natural resources. The large format booklets explore two unique public areas in Preston County — Cranesville Swamp and Cathedral State Park. Cranesville's 600 acres have wetlands, plants and wildlife usually found in Canada. Cathedral is

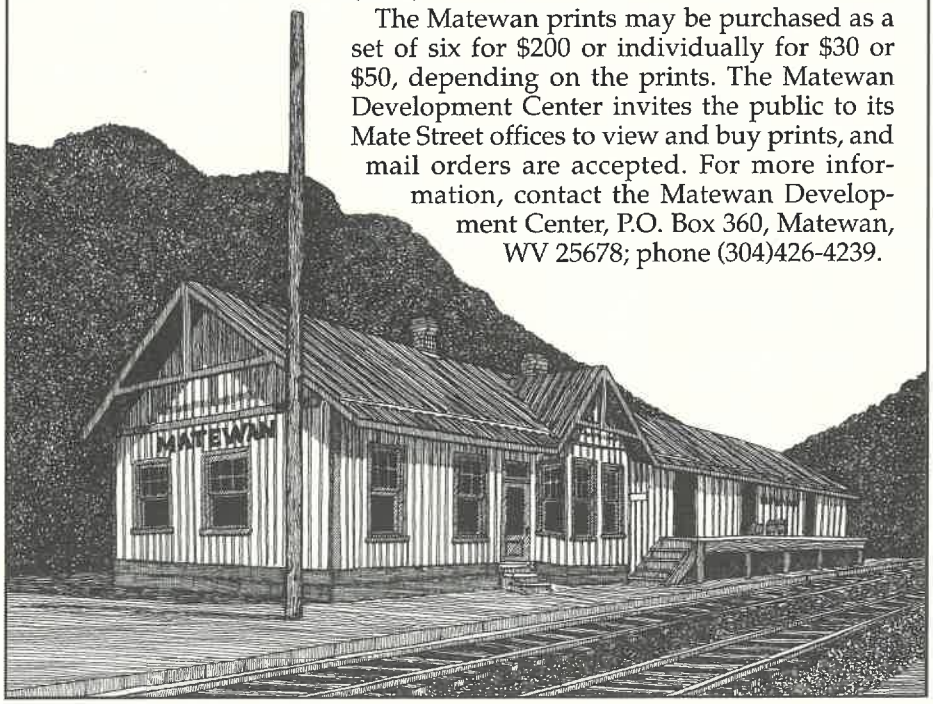
Scenes from Matewan

The Mingo County town of Matewan continues to promote its unique history in a variety of ways. The most recent product is a set of six art prints by William Goebel of Charleston.

Matewan was the site of many events of the Hatfield-McCoy feud, and a generation later its streets rang with gunfire during the West Virginia Mine Wars. The so-called Matewan Massacre, leaving ten dead by the town depot in 1920, is a central event in American labor history.

Goebel specializes in handsome illustrations of historic buildings. He takes the Massacre era as his period of interest, producing town scenes mostly from May 1920. Individual prints show the bank, Mate Street and the railroad alley from this date, with others showing the Buskirk Building (as of 1911) and Magnolia School (1936).

The Matewan prints may be purchased as a set of six for $200 or individually for $30 or $50, depending on the prints. The Matewan Development Center invites the public to its Mate Street offices to view and buy prints, and mail orders are accepted. For more information, contact the Matewan Development Center, P.O. Box 360, Matewan, WV 25678; phone (304)426-4239.



Christmas is Coming!

It's fall in West Virginia. The mountains are changing color, and there is an invigorating briskness in the air. It means football, hunting season, and fragrant wood fires in the living room.

And it means Christmas is coming soon. Always a little sooner than you think!

For thousands of West Virginians, the holidays are a time to catch up on GOLDENSEAL as they catch up with each other. The winter magazine always arrives by mid-December, just in time to share with visiting family and friends.

And just in time for holiday gift giving. Send us your gift subscription order now and we'll send the first issue of GOLDENSEAL before Christmas, as well as a nice gift card personalized with your name and best wishes.

It's an easy way to check a few more names off your gift list. That will make some special people happy — and give you a little more time to enjoy Christmas in the Mountain State.

Turn the page for your GOLDENSEAL gift list.

a virgin hemlock forest, a surviving remnant of the big woods that once covered West Virginia. Some of the trees are more than 400 years old.

Both guides are illustrated and include history, ecology, maps, and checklists for area plants, birds and wildlife. They may be ordered from Norma Jean Venable, WVU, Natural Resources Program, 1074 Agricultural Sciences Building, Morgantown, WV 26506. The 32-page Cranesville guide is $5, while the 16-page Cathedral booklet costs $3. Prices include shipping. Make checks payable to West Virginia University.

The Natural Resources Program has 13 other publications for sale on plants, birds, wild animals, dragonflies, trees and shrubs, common snakes and reptiles, Canaan Valley, and Dolly Sods. The guides vary in length from eight to 94 pages and prices, including postage, range from $1 to $6.

New Pictorial Histories

West Virginia's covered bridges and two units of the state Air National Guard are the latest subjects of new books by Pictorial Histories Publishing Company of Charleston.

In *West Virginia's Covered Bridges: A Pictorial Heritage*, author Stan Cohen presents the Mountain State's 17 remaining covered bridges in text, historic photography, maps, drawings, and current color photographs by Steve Shaluta. He also includes information on bridges that are now long gone from West Virginia's waterways. Dr. Emory L. Kemp of WVU served as technical consultant.

The book describes how covered bridges came into being, speculates as to why they were covered, illustrates the technology, and discusses the disappearance of many covered bridges during this century. *West Virginia's Covered Bridges* devotes a section to Lemuel Chenoweth, whose most celebrated structure is the Philippi Covered Bridge, built in 1852 over the Tygart River.

The 108-page soft-cover book sells for $14.95 in bookstores or directly from the publisher. *West Virginia Air Power: A Pictorial History of the 130th and 167th Tactical Airlift Groups* is by Jack H. Smith, the author of two previous books on the history of the 167th. In his new book Smith completes the trilogy and includes the younger 130th, successor to the 167th at Charleston's airport. The 74-page softcover book, which features many old and new photos, sells for $9.95.

Send mail orders to Pictorial Histories Publishing Company, 4103 Virginia Avenue S.E., Charleston, WV 25304. Include $2.50 postage and handling per book. West Virginians add 6% sales tax.

Hanging Article Reprinted

Judging from reader response, one of the most popular articles ever to appear in GOLDENSEAL was the Spring 1990 cover story "'I Remember Well': Events Surrounding the Last Public Hanging in West Virginia" by Jacqueline G. Goodwin.

Mary Chancey, a lifelong resident of Jackson County, was nine years old when convicted murderer John Morgan was hanged in Ripley in 1897. She lived to recall the troubled times to our interviewer in 1990. It was to Mary's family farm that a bleeding Alice Pfost ran for help after three members of her family were axed to death by Morgan, a local handyman. Mary Chancey remembered John Morgan as having "rocked me to

Carl Rutherford's Blues

Carl Rutherford photographed by Michael Keller.

Guitar picker Carl Rutherford recently released a new recording, a cassette called "Blues & S'more, with Carl's West Virginia Waltz." The McDowell County native already has several recordings of old-time gospel and country music to his credit, but this is his first blues release.

The Warriormine resident — Carl says it's a suburb of War, West Virginia — is a favorite at festival jam sessions. One song on the new tape, "Wrong Woman Blues," was composed during such a backstage picking session at the 1991 Vandalia Gathering in Charleston. That night Rutherford and Princeton bluesman Nat Reese played together for the first time, trading licks and improvising lines for nearly three hours on the Cultural Center's loading dock.

Rutherford's hefty repertoire of gospel, honky-tonk, and country music comes straight from the coalfield beer joints and country churches of his youth. The blues came later. He says he met the blues on the road years ago, while looking for the "good life" in the unfamiliar and often lonely environment of the West Coast.

"When things just seemed to get too heavy, I would get drunk," Rutherford says, adding that he later found picking the blues to be a good substitute for the booze. "So now instead of getting drunk it's me and the blues up all night, and then I'm whole again."

"Blues & S'more" is a collection of tunes that have seen the man and his guitar through a lot of those late night visits with the blues. Cassettes are available from the Shop in the Cultural Center for $10. You may also write to World Country & Gospel Productions, P.O. Box 30, Warriormine, WV 24894. Mail orders please include $1.50 postage and handling.

sleep many a time." Goodwin's interview with Chancey is supplemented by contemporary reports of the hanging and court records of the trial.

Mountain Memories Books has reprinted the article in cooperation with GOLDENSEAL. The 12-page self-cover booklet, which includes the accompanying article "'Boys, He'll Hang': An Eyewitness Report," sells for $3 postpaid. Orders may be sent to Mountain Memories Books, 216 Sutherland Drive, South Charleston, WV 25303; (304)744-5772. West Virginians add 6% sales tax.

West Virginia Posters

Colorful posters of the State Capitol in spring, whitewater rafting, Cass Scenic Railroad, the Babcock State Park mill, and skiing at Snowshoe have been issued by state tourism officials. Four of the five posters feature the work of Division of Tourism and Parks photographers Larry Belcher and Steve Shaluta, while the ski poster was shot by Jerry Le Bland.

The scenic posters measure approximately 28 by 20 inches, including the full-color photograph and the state tourism slogan below. The posters sell for $12 for a set of five or $3 apiece. Contact The Shop, the Cultural Center, Charleston, WV 25305; (304)558-0220. Mail orders should include $3 shipping and handling, plus 6% sales tax from West Virginians.

The Glade Creek mill at Babcock is also the subject of artist Ray Day. The limited edition prints, produced from an original watercolor painting, are part of his "America's Treasures" series. They measure approximately 17 by 22. The Glade Creek mill print sells for $65, or as an artist proof for $85. Each is signed and numbered. Day, an Indiana artist, says he "selects landmark subjects from all geographic regions of America." Contact Ray Day, 1013 Woodbourne Drive, New Albany, IN 47150; (812)945-1664.

Appalachian Journal

Appalachian Journal has published essays and interviews, current news of the Appalachian region, poetry and book reviews for 19 years. The scholarly journal is produced by Appalachian State University of Boone, North Carolina.

Appalachian Journal, subtitled "a regional studies review," gives regular attention to West Virginia, the only state located wholly within Appalachia. The summer 1992 journal included reviews of the two most recent works of West Virginia poet laureate Louise McNeill Pease, *The Milkweed Ladies* and *Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems*. GOLDENSEAL freelancer Ivan Tribe is the record review editor.

Editor Jerry Williamson makes it his business to amuse as well as to inform. Each issue includes humorous bits from the regional press, with recent items including "Terminator III: The End of Coal" and "Raising Ski Bunnies for Quick Profit." The whimsical drawings of West Virginia artist Boyd Carr illustrate each issue.

The summer issue also featured interviews with authors Lee Smith and Fred Chappell. The *Journal* is published by the Center for Appalachian Studies at Appalachian State University for $18 a year. Send subscriptions to *Appalachian Journal*, University Hall, Appalachian State University, Boone, NC 28608.

Eating Natural:

Oaks and Oak Nuts

By Paul Fansler

"Mighty oaks from little acorns grow," goes the old adage, and West Virginia oaks are the mightiest!

A giant white oak cut in Mingo County in 1938 was reported to be almost 11 feet in diameter at the base and 145 feet tall. White oaks are found in every county in West Virginia and make up a fifth of all hardwood timber in the state. They are most predominant from the Kanawha Valley southward and along the Ohio River.

Oaks are all deciduous — that is, they drop their leaves in winter. "When the oaks hold onto their leaves way down in the fall," my grandfather always said, "there's going to be a hard winter." The reasoning behind this was that nature was providing extra time for the animals of the forest to gather warm bedding. I guess it's like the wooly worm prediction.

Oaks are by far the most important tree making up the canopy of West Virginia forests. There are about 20 different sub-species of oaks in the Mountain State and over 500 throughout the world. It is said that when Europeans first came to this country, a squirrel could travel from the East Coast to the Mississippi River on the limbs of oak trees without touching the ground.

Oak lumber is prized for furniture, flooring, and as a decorative wood. It was once used for the building of tall ships because of its exceptional strength and durability. Oak was exported from America throughout the world for this purpose.

Indians considered oak nuts a major food crop. Many of our early settlers would not have survived had it not been for a kindly Indian showing them how to prepare acorns for the table.

People are not the only ones that prize oak nuts as food. Just about all the animals of West Virginia forests eat them as well. If a squirrel hunter finds an oak tree full of acorns, he knows that for the price of a short wait he will almost certainly be guaranteed a couple of squirrels. Turkey hunters have long known to hunt near acorn forests. I've spent many a thrilling hour watching deer munch them by the bushel. People who eat a lot of wild meat swear that game tastes better in the years that there's a heavy mast of acorns.

Illustration by Colleen Anderson.

Acorn griddle cakes were a favorite among early settlers. White oak acorns were the nut of choice because they contain the least amount of tannin. They can be eaten as is and make a good ground meal.

The white oak is easily identified by its rough, vertical-lined, grayish, almost white bark. Its normal growth nowadays is up to 115 feet tall, with a diameter of up to six feet at the base. The leaves are cut into five to nine deep lobes. White oak acorns are egg-shaped or ellipsoid and about one inch long, set in a bowl-like stem cup which is covered with warty scales.

To prepare oak nuts, the early settlers first removed the hard shell, then crushed the meat. Use a blender or food processor if you'd like to try it. Soak the resulting mash in hot water overnight, then place it in cheese cloth, jelly bag, or loosely woven sack and drain. Repeat soaking and draining until the water comes clear. This leaches out the tannin, the substance that makes acorns taste bitter. Next spread the mash on a cookie sheet in the sun or a warm oven. After it's completely dry, pound it into a flour. Again, a blender or food processor will work well.

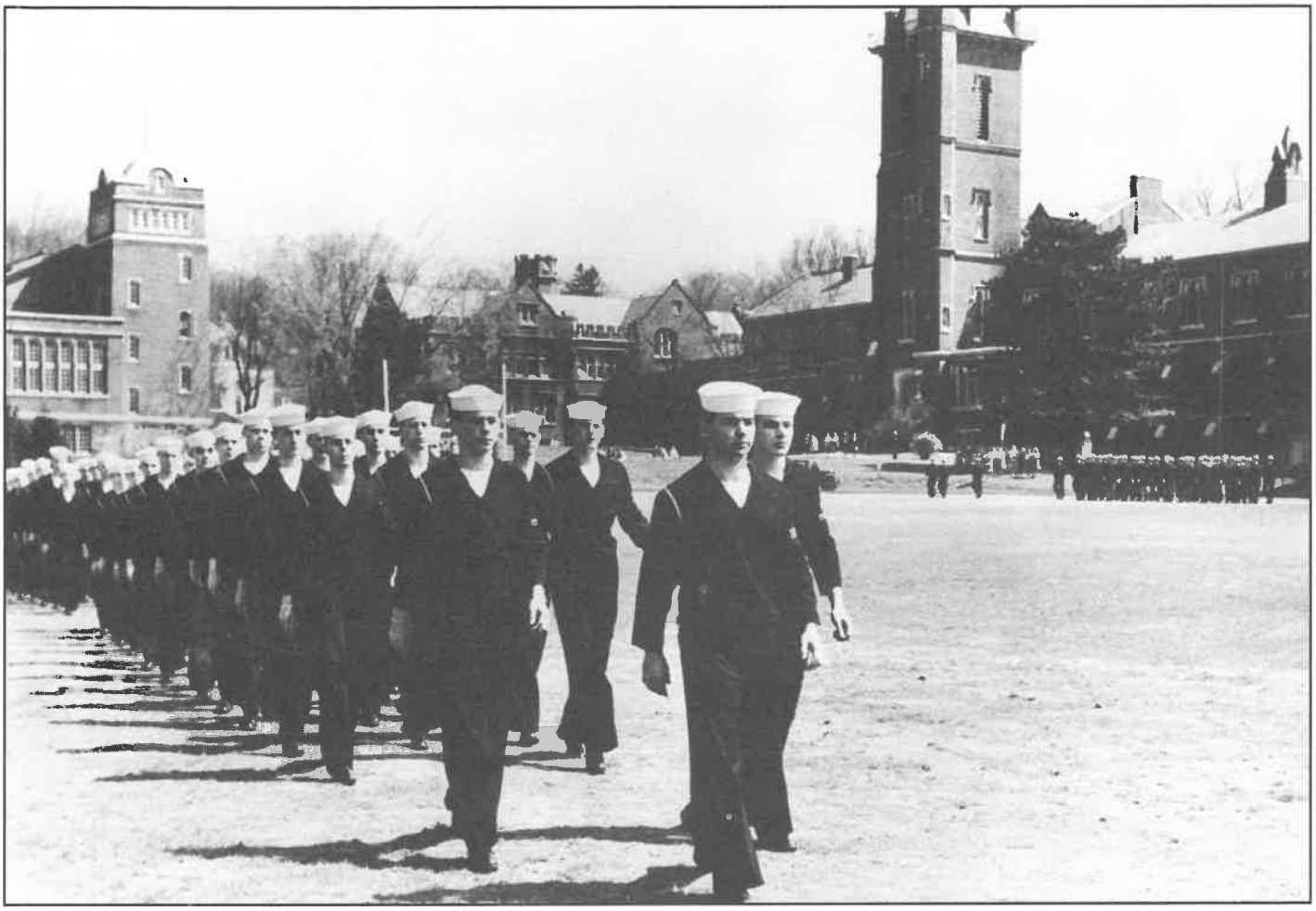
The acorn flour makes good griddle cakes. I've found the following recipe to be excellent:

1 cup boiling water
1 cup acorn flour
1 tablespoon molasses
1 cup buttermilk
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon soda
3 tablespoons melted shortening

Pour hot water over the acorn flour and mix well; add molasses and buttermilk; beat in eggs. Add sifted flour, baking powder, salt and soda; stir in shortening. Bake on a hot ungreased griddle, makes about 10 cakes. Spread generously with butter and maple syrup or sorghum molasses. CAUTION: Acorn griddle cakes have been known to make your tongue slap your brains out.

West Virginia oaks usually put on their best show after other trees have shed their leaves. In the bright mountain light, they turn scarlet red, yellow gold and buff bronze. Even after dropping their leaves their massive skeletons make an impressive sight against a cold winter sky.

Oaks are a constant reminder of the natural order of things and that there *is* a time for everything. And they produce some pretty good eating, too.



The Bethany College campus resounded to the sounds of men marching during the last two years of World War II. These sailors were part of the Navy V-12 program. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy Bethany College.

The West Virginia WWII Home Front:
Bell Bottoms at Bethany

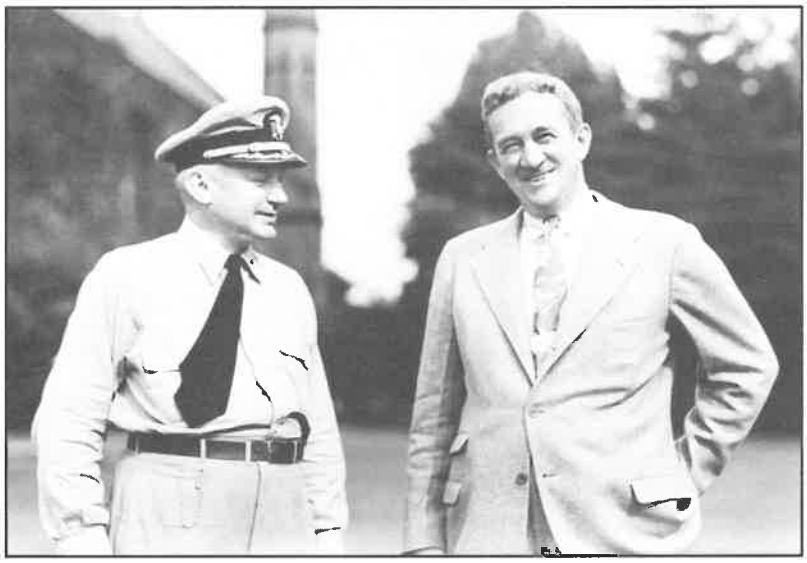
By Louis E. Keefer

On Sunday, May 23, 1943, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and the Honorable Joseph C. Grew, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan, were commencement speakers at Bethany College. Each received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree, as did Thomas E. Millsop, president of Weirton Steel, according to a recent history of the college. When men like these converged on tiny Bethany, local people began betting that something big must be in the works.

That "something big" proved to be hundreds of new students, all of them wearing bell bottom trousers and middy jumpers. For over two years Bethany played host to its own special "cornfield navy," the young men of the Navy V-12 program.

Of the 131 colleges and universities that took part in the national program, Bethany was the only one located in West Virginia. It was wartime and the demand for military manpower had skyrocketed. The V-12 program was designed to ensure a constant stream of intelligent, college-trained officers to man the Navy's ships, and it did so very successfully.

On a national level, V-12 sent 125,000 sailors to college, according to James G. Schneider's history of the program. About 60,000 of them continued in midshipmen's schools, earning gold bars as Navy ensigns and Marine Corps second lieutenants. At least 18 trainees eventually became admirals in the regular Navy, while 15



Above: V-12 Commanding Officer Sherman Henderson and Bethany President W. H. Cramblet were partners in the special training program. Photographer and date unknown.
Right: Guy Stewart, Keyser High School class of 1942, was one of the first V-12 men to arrive at Bethany. He now lives at Morgantown. Photo by Michael Keller.

rose to the highest levels of the Marine Corps.

On July 1, 1943, 335 of those young men arrived at Bethany to begin the program's first term. Some had been in Naval ROTC units at other colleges, a few were veterans of a year or more of fleet service, but most were straight out of high school. Bethany's *Service Men's News* noted that 57 of them were West Virginians, 14 coming from nearby Wheeling and other Northern Panhandle towns.

Guy Stewart, a graduate of Keyser High School, class of '42, was one of the first arrivals. He took a train to Wellsburg and then a bus for the five miles to Bethany. He has a vivid memory of the tunnels that were part of Bethany Pike.

"I couldn't believe our driver got through those two narrow tunnels without scraping the walls on either side. We could have reached out through the open bus windows to touch the rocks on either side. I wondered about the kind of place Bethany must be to have so poor an access road. I was happy when that twisting trip along Buffalo Creek was over.

"Though I'd had a year at Potomac State College, it was my first real experience away from home, and there was plenty of hard work and discipline," says Stewart. "I certainly wasn't hurt by the discipline, and many of the men I met became my very close friends. I welcomed the chance to continue my education, and took my assignment seriously.

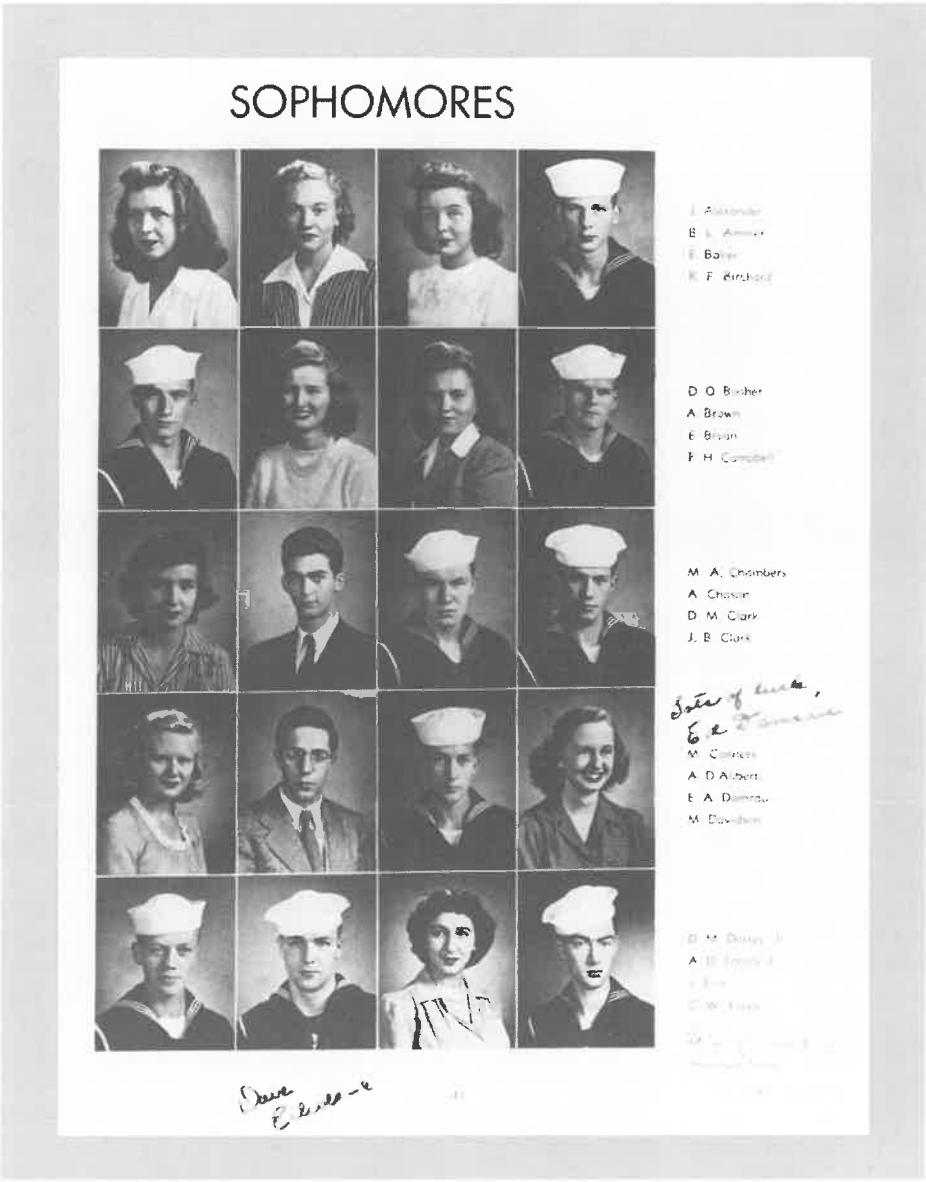
"All the same, I really looked forward to weekend liberties. My pals and I mostly went down to Wheeling to go to Zellers, the Club Paddock, the Club Diamond, and the Barn. It was all completely innocent — we couldn't afford anything more than a beer or two — and most evenings consisted of just walking up and down Market Street. We were instructed to behave like potential Navy officers!" Stewart later took part in the invasions of the Philippines and Okinawa and went on to serve as a long-time journalism dean at WVU.

Roy Heckel, from the Pittsburgh area, had already completed three years at Bethany College when he was called to active duty in the V-12 program. He quickly found that things had changed. "To return to Bethany, and be herded about and regimented, where before I'd had complete freedom for three years, required many adjustments. But it began well: I got the same room in Cochran Hall I'd had as a freshman, and my roommate was also a former Bethany man who happened to be a good friend and fraternity brother."

Only days before Roy Heckel, Guy Stewart, and all the other V-12 men arrived, the "ship's company" — Navy jargon for a unit's commanding officer and his staff, whether on ship or ashore — were frantically making last-minute arrangements. Lt. Sherman Henderson was the C.O. Although a Kentuckian, he had been with the West Virginia Department of Education and made Huntington his home. Commissioned in July 1942, he had completed several teaching assignments for the Navy and had asked for V-12 duty.

What Henderson and his staff found at Bethany was bedlam. "Three hundred double-decker bunks arrived only three days before the boys

"You couldn't be in Bethany without falling in love with it. Coming from a big city, at first I was cautious — can these people be for real?"



The student body took on a military look, as the 1944 yearbook shows. James B. Clark, middle right, remembers playing WVU in basketball that year.

were due," he recently recalled. "All hands had to turn out to set them up. Most of the boys arrived wearing civilian clothes, and we had to outfit them all with uniforms. Trousers, middy jumpers, neckerchiefs, hats, shoes, rubbers, raincoats, bath towels, and underwear. What a job! But someone in Washington did a fantastic job of planning, because at the end we were left with only 20 uniforms that didn't fit."

Henderson says the Bethany College staff were friendly and competent, and President W. H. Cramblet quite supportive of the V-12 program. Henderson and his wife, with their small son, had an apartment in town. The couple sometimes asked Navy staff members to drop by in the evenings to relax and listen to radio station WWVA with them. They owned a car and occasionally went to Wheeling to shop or see a movie.

Henderson is still proud of having had an excellent ship's company at Bethany. Lt. Daniel Gibson was his executive officer, Lt. (j.g.) Herbert Peiffer served as personnel officer, and Lt. (j.g.) Clarence Crane was medical officer. Ensign George Adams was athletic officer and Ensign Betty Copenhaver was disbursing officer. There were also two chief specialists, three hospital corpsmen, two storekeepers, and two yeoman.

The Army Goes to School

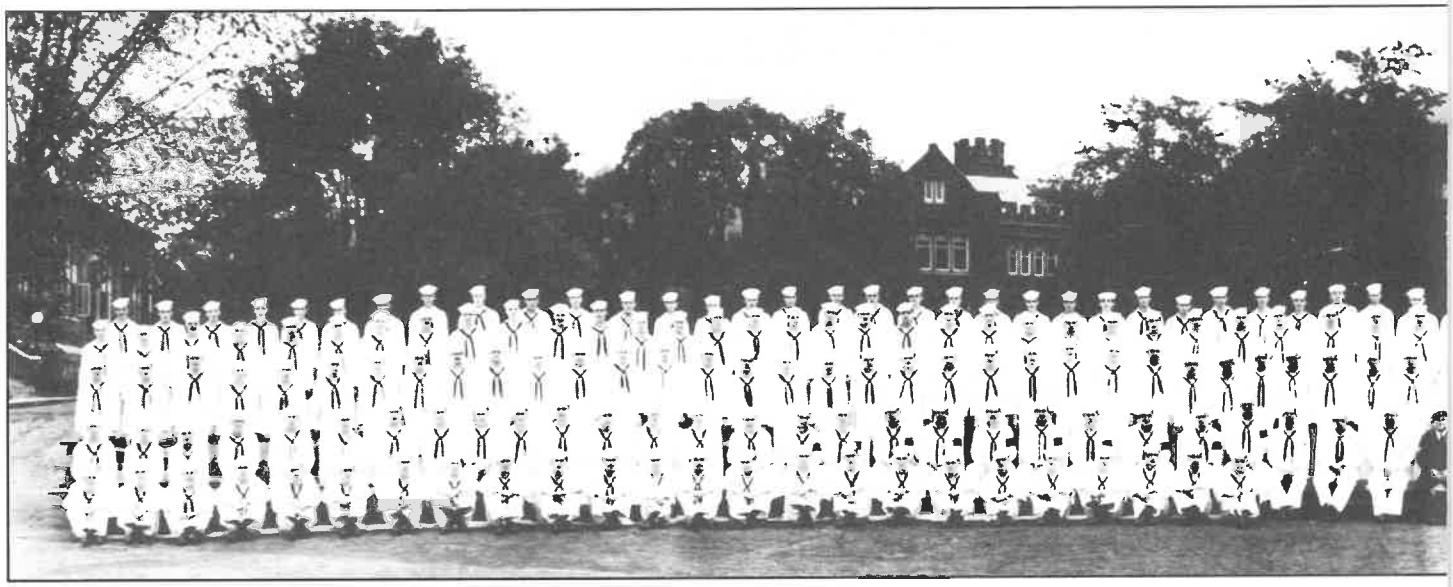
Bethany College had its sailors, but West Virginia University and West Virginia State College at Institute had their soldiers. ASTP (the Army Specialized Training Program) was a World War II program similar to V-12, but sent twice as many to colleges and universities. More than 500 ASTPers were assigned to WVU, and about 200 to West Virginia State.

I was one of the ASTPers at WVU. When the national qualifying test for ASTP and V-12 was given in April 1943, I checked "Army" rather than "Navy" as my service preference, largely because I couldn't swim and was deathly afraid the Navy would make me learn. My Warwood High School friends Jim Monteleone and Dick Hartley checked "Navy" and went to the V-12 program at Bethany College.

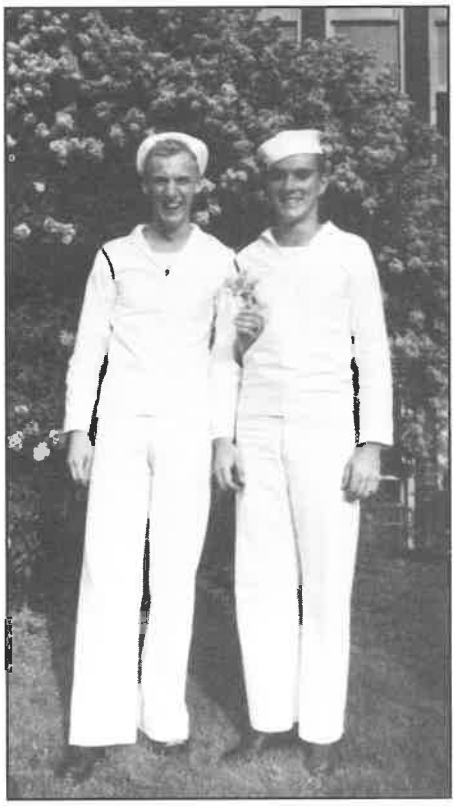
My squad of 25 "basic engineers" was quartered in Newman Hall just down from the old Law School, then housing several hundred Air Corps Cadets. WVU and Morgantown were much different in those days, but they were still great fun. We saw basketball games in the WVU fieldhouse, ate ice-cream sundaes at Chico's Dairy on Beechurst Avenue, and attended the movie theaters on High Street.

But the good life didn't last. The Army needed real soldiers more than it needed scholars, and closed down the major part of ASTP just after we arrived. On its front page, the March 31, 1944, *Morgantown Post* reported our overnight reassignment to regular Army units. Many of us were overseas by the end of summer, wondering why in the world we'd chosen the Army's program instead of the Navy's.

—Louis E. Keefer



Above: The Bethany V-12 unit as of June 3, 1944. The sailors and their officers were photographed in front of Old Main, a campus landmark. Photo by S. J. Link.
Below: Ted Rutherford and Lou Piasecki were Navy buddies at Bethany. Lou, now one of the organizers of the annual V-12 reunion, will tell you the flowers were a joke. Photographer unknown, 1944.



Ensign Copenhaver, the daughter of Charleston's Mayor John T. Copenhaver and now Betty Copenhaver Smith, had finished officer candidate school at Smith College with the second class of graduating WAVEs, followed by three months more training in Boston as a supply and disbursing officer. Upon her arrival in Bethany, she recalls thinking, "What have I gotten myself into?"

As disbursing officer, her primary task was seeing that the men received their pay. "We had a total monthly payroll of over $30,000, a huge sum in those days. We paid each man in cash, so the day before payday, the chief storekeeper and I would drive down to a bank in Wellsburg to get the money. I had a big Colt revolver strapped on my hip and he carried a sawed-off shotgun. It was pretty silly, because if anyone had tried to rob us, our orders were to give them the money anyway.

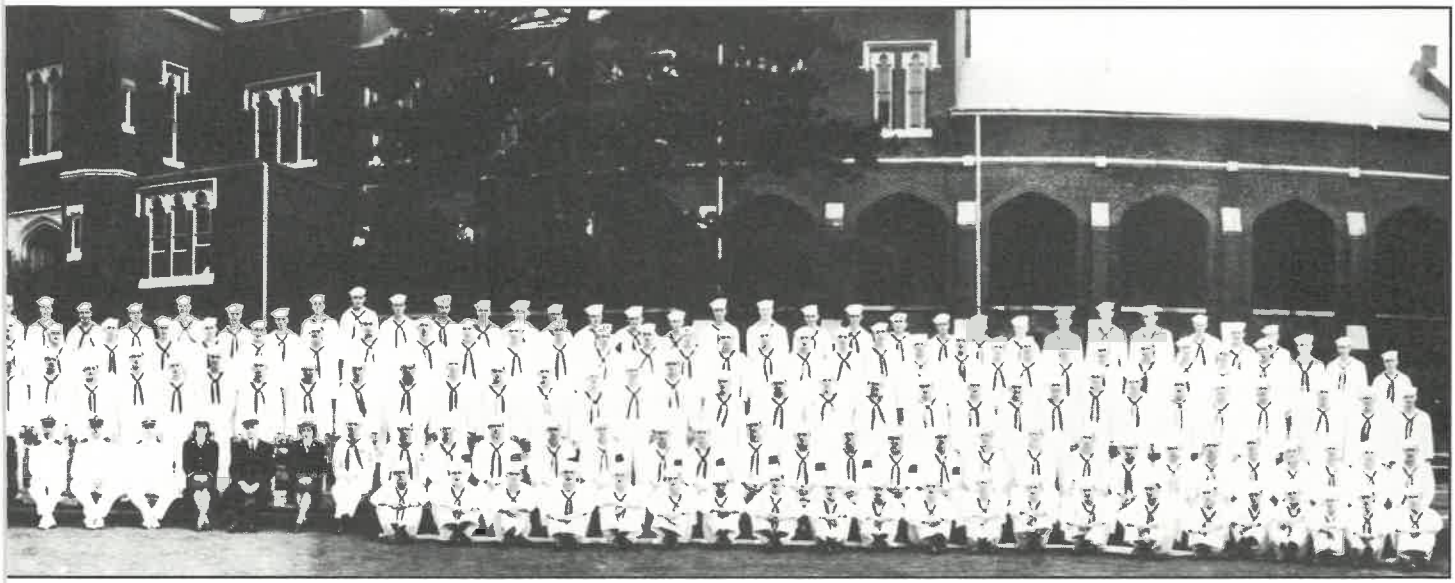
"Lt. Henderson was a demanding C.O. and pushed me to get the boys paid off as quickly as possible," Mrs. Smith told me in a telephone interview. "At first, it took me about 45 minutes, as I recall, but we eventually got it down to under half that. About 22 minutes was my all-time record. That imposing .45 Colt was always on the table within reach, another Navy regulation, but how pointless!"

Among Lt. Henderson's more pleasant tasks was arranging off-campus recreation for his V-12ers. One year, Weirton Steel's president Thomas Millsop invited the whole unit to appear in the company's famous Labor Day Pageant. The boys were taken to Weirton in the steel company's buses, and the *Weirton Daily Times* reported that "more than 20,000 residents of the Weir-Cove area" jammed Weir High stadium that night to see them and others perform.

The following May, Millsop invited the trainees to tour the steel plant for a firsthand view of "war steel" being made. The tour started at 8:00 a.m, included lunch, and went on until each mill had been visited. The May 1944 *Employees' Bulletin* pictured groups of the V-12 boys crowding around smiling female employees.

The Navy's coming brought many changes to Bethany. The men took over the regular student dormitories, as well as some of the sorority and fraternity houses, while the displaced civilian students took rooms with families in town. The mathematics and physics departments were enlarged and a laboratory was added, while library rooms were converted for engineering drawing and descriptive geometry classes.

Classes ran from 8:00 to 12:00 and again from 1:00 to 4:00. Meals were served cafeteria-style in Phillips Hall. After classes the men had one hour during which they could participate in any organized activity they wished, including individual or team athletics. Mandatory study hours began at 7:30 p.m., and by 9:30 every trainee had to be in his room. Duty officers enforced these hours rigorously. In the beginning, a V-12 bugler blew



reveille into a megaphone to wake everyone in time for six-days-a-week calisthenics before breakfast at 7:00. Later on, a recording and loudspeakers were substituted for the live bugler.

Although Bethany had been chosen for its excellent academic reputation,

"All your socializing was done at the USO. The girls went home alone, and the boys got on the bus and they went home alone, too."

WAVE Betty Copenhaver

Ensign Betty Copenhaver was the first V-12 disbursing officer at Bethany. Photographer and date unknown.

Ensign Elizabeth (Betty) G. Copenhaver was attending Navy Supply School in Boston, Massachusetts, when for three days running she noticed an elderly lady sitting in the lobby of a dormitory at Radcliffe College where she and other WAVES were staying. Finally the lady engaged her in conversation and said she'd like to paint her.

"Why did you choose me?" asked Ensign Copenhaver, and the well-known Boston artist, Elizabeth Van Taylor Watson, said, "Because you look like everybody else, but you have a saucy look, too."

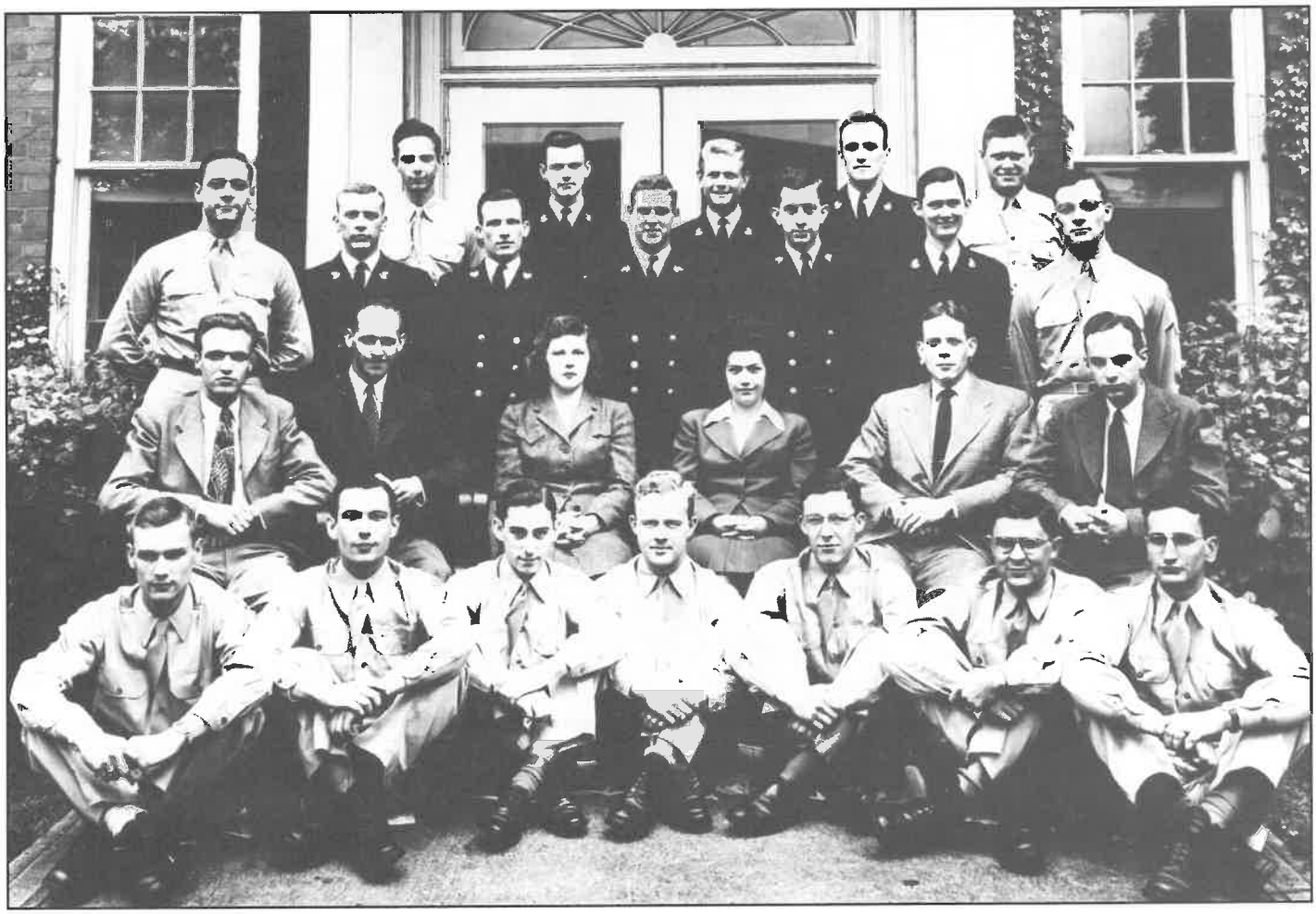
The artist explained that the Navy was sponsoring a special event at which paintings of Admirals Ernest J. King and William F. Halsey would be mounted side by side. Someone felt that a better effect might be had by hanging a smaller portrait of an attractive WAVE between the two admirals.

This thinking represented the special place of WAVES in the World War II Navy. Although Navy women today seek a place of equality as officers and sailors, in earlier times they served strictly to support their male colleagues. The acronym stood for Women Accepted for Voluntary Emergency Service, and they were there to free men for active duty.

Today, Betty Copenhaver Smith, whom friends call "Copey," smiles when she remembers sitting for the artist in her box-sized studio in Boston's historic Faneuil Hall. "We usually took one break in the middle of each session, and Elizabeth would offer tea. I was very polite and always accepted, but it was vile-tasting and I hated it."

"I met the admirals but don't recall the occasion for which the paintings were done. Afterwards I purchased my portrait as a gift for my parents. It hung behind their dining room door for 25 years. Mother finally told me she didn't like it because it made me look flat-chested. Today it hangs on our dining room wall, and everybody loves it."

—Louis E. Keefer



C. Arch Logue, third row center, commanded the contingent of V-12 students sent to West Virginia University for medical training. This portrait was made in Morgantown, 1945. Photo by Photo Crafters.

the school badly needed the sailors. Enrollment that first summer would otherwise have been only 61 men and 131 women. Dr. Robert A. Sandercox, Bethany's senior vice president, recently said: "The V-12 unit was the major reason why the college was able to keep open her doors during wartime."

Another large group of V-12 men arrived in Bethany as the November 1, 1943, term began. Among them was Wheeling-born James B. Clark, graduate of Triadelphia High School, class of 1943.

"I had one semester at Bethany as a reservist and was called to active duty as a V-12er in late October," Clark recalls. "The thing I remember best, aside from the studies, was playing basketball for Coach John Knight. He was a tough son of a gun. He and his assistants drove us down to Morgantown in early 1944 to play WVU in the old fieldhouse on Beechurst Avenue. It was so huge compared to anything I'd ever seen! WVU had a great team led by All-American Leland Byrd, and they trounced us pretty good.

"Coming home, one of the guys thought it'd be smart to buy a case of beer and smuggle it back to Bethany, which was dry in those days. Coach Knight discovered the beer, and he hit the ceiling. He stopped that car and threw out the beer and nearly made us all walk home. It wasn't that the V-12ers were all supposed to be so goody-goody, but the idea of using his car for our smuggling effort was too much to tolerate."

Clark and I discovered in a recent telephone conversation that we had played opposite each other in high school football, he at Triadelphia and I at Warwood. He got to Bethany too late in 1943 to play college football, but remembers reading newspaper reports of Bethany's half-dozen games that year. One of the highlights was the Bisons' game against the Pitt Panthers, played before 6,000 spectators in the University of Pittsburgh stadium. Even in losing, 18-0, scrappy Bethany, led by its V-12ers, held Coach Clark Shaughnessey's vaunted T-formation attack in check for the entire first half.

"I arrived in Wellsburg by train on a Sunday night. I didn't know quite what I was getting into, but I was glad to escape Norfolk."

Last year's V-12 reunion presented a flag to Bethany College. Lou Piasecki stands fourth from right, with college president Duane Cummins just in front of him.

V-12 Reunion

Over the years the old Bethany College V-12 cadets have continued to meet informally on Veterans Day to recall old times and renew friendships. This year's V-12 reunion at Bethany is planned for Wednesday, November 11.

Former V-12ers will present Bethany College with a United States flag as part of the fall reunion this year. All former V-12ers and ship's company personnel are welcome. There is no registration fee. A brief morning ceremony will be followed by lunch and do-it-yourself tours of the Bethany campus and town. Louis Piasecki, one of the reunion organizers, assures attendees that standing regulations such as bed checks and lights out are waived.

For more information contact either Louis Piasecki, at P. O. Box 283, Cockeysville, MD 21030 or Dr. Warren J. Brown, 10912 Hamlin Boulevard, Largo, FL 33544. Louis Piasecki says that there is also a Navy V-12 National Colloquium scheduled for October 1993 in Norfolk, Virginia.

Also arriving in November 1943 was Pennsylvania native Robert Fisher. He played sax and clarinet in the 12-piece Navy dance band. "We were all accomplished musicians," he recently said, "and we needed only a couple of hours of practice a week. Playing didn't cut into our study hours. In addition to playing for social events at the college, we also played benefits around Wheeling, including one at the Pine Room at Oglebay Park. Once we went up to Waynesburg State Teachers College and played for the ASTP unit — the Army Specialized Training program, which was the Army's equivalent of V-12. They came for us with an Army truck, one of those big six-by-sixes, with two rows of hard wooden seats facing each other. We got the heck jolted out of us both ways."

Another second-term V-12er was Louis Piasecki, an 18-year-old from Baltimore. "You couldn't be in Bethany without falling in love with it. The people were generous, outgoing, and friendly. Coming from a big city, at first I was cautious — can these people be for real? Soon I was accepting their kind hospitality with no reservation. It was the same in Wheeling. When we went there on passes, we'd be invited inside right off the street for something to eat or drink."

Piasecki recalls that on many Wheeling trips, two of them would get a double room at the McLure Hotel, then share it with two more buddies to keep expenses down. Two would sleep on the floor on the mattress, and two would sleep on the box spring. The management never complained.

Now semi-retired from his own engineering firm, Piasecki is one of the ring leaders of the annual V-12 reunion at Bethany. He says it was in the V-12 unit that he first faced academic competition. "In high school, I was a good student, and I thought of myself as a hot shot. But there was no real competition. At Bethany, there was an intense challenge to succeed, because everybody was nearly as smart as everybody else. You'd better believe that I was scared of flunking out. Those who did went right into the fleet."

Except for naval subjects that were restricted to V-12ers, civilians and trainees generally attended classes together. For their first two semesters, the V-12 men took five hours of mathematics, four hours of physics, two hours of history, two hours of engineering drawing and three hours of English. V-12ers assigned to premedical training and those moving on to advanced courses had even more demanding schedules. Most of the young men obtained passing grades and still had time for social lives.

Eileen Avery, now president of the Brooke County Historical Society, was between her junior and senior years in Wellsburg High School when the V-12ers landed at Bethany. She first met some of them that summer when they came into the downtown Wellsburg shop where she worked. They were nice, and she became a USO hostess so she could meet others.

"All the girls signed up," she says, "because there wasn't that much doing in Wellsburg. There were weekly dances and the boys came down from college in special buses. The rules were stringent. One was that all your socializing was done at the USO. The girls went home alone, and the boys got on the bus and they went home alone, too. The chaperons were very particular about that.

"The USO was at 8th and Main Streets and it was very small. We were like sardines when we danced. There was barely room for the jukebox, and a little counter for serving soft drinks

Their premature enthusiasm forgiveable under the circumstances, Bethany's V-12 trainees celebrated V-E Day a day early on the unofficial news of Germany's surrender. Photographer unknown, May 7, 1945.

and pretzels. I remember the 11 o'clock curfew, and walking home alone.

"Some friendships developed just the same, and a number of us started going out to Bethany for dates with the fellows and they would come into Wellsburg for dates with us. Once one of them took me down to Wheeling. That was a very big date. We dined at Zellers Steak House, then went to see a movie. We missed the last bus home, and my date must have spent a month's pay on taxi fares getting us back."

Sally Williams McFadden was born in Bethany. During the Navy's stay she worked with her mother at the Beehive, a favorite student hangout. Sally's mother, who supervised the cooks, talked with men from the ship's company when they dropped by for snacks. She later invited 25-year-old petty officer Edward P. McFadden and a few of his friends home for dinner. That's how Sally met her future husband.

"You'd better believe that I was scared of flunking out. Those who did went right into the fleet."

Eddie McFadden had enlisted in the Navy just after Pearl Harbor and was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, when he received his orders to join the V-12 staff at Bethany College. "I arrived in Wellsburg by train on a Sunday night and was lucky enough to catch a ride out to the college. I didn't know quite what I was getting into, but I was glad to escape Norfolk."

"My job at Bethany was supplies — making sure the boys all had proper equipment and uniforms. They and all the ship's company, except for the officers, were together in Cochran Hall, so I had the boys at night also. Because I was older, 25 to their mostly 18 and 19, they'd sometimes seek me out in the early evenings for fatherly advice. Then they would have to be in their rooms studying by eight o'clock.

"They were absolutely the cream of the crop, and all caught on to Navy regulations real quick. A number had been in the fleet, and some had attended college before, so they weren't that green, really. Mostly, the ship's company men like me just made sure they obeyed Navy regulations and didn't leave the areas designated for their free time.

"Bethany was a quiet, respectable and dry town. There were no drinking problems and no drugs. And, of course, the boys didn't have any means of transportation. None of the civvie students had cars, not even the girls, and the local people wouldn't give the boys a ride anywhere because they all got to know the Navy restrictions, too."

Edward McFadden and Sally Williams were married in Bethany shortly before he was ordered to Camp Peary, Virginia, principal training base for the Navy Seabees. It was a small ceremony attended only by Sally's family and some of Eddie's Navy friends, all in dress uniforms. If anyone felt that the wartime romance wouldn't last, they were wrong. Six children and seven grandchildren later, it's still going strong.

Bethany's youngsters often got to know the V-12ers, too. William L. Chambers, then 12, remembers the

Navy boys hanging around his father's general store, and how the Navy hired local ladies as cooks and insisted that they serve beans for breakfast. "My, how the ladies fussed about that! They wanted to serve the boys 'country style,' with lots of fresh eggs and sausage. They said that feeding them beans before sending them into a classroom was uncivilized."

Chambers says that while the whole town gained from the V-12 presence, the economic benefit was less than might be imagined. "The young men would come into my father's store, but they didn't have that much spending money. They spent a lot more over at Jim Hoffman's barber shop. They kept him busy night and day, and there was always a long waiting line. I'd say Jim probably got more Navy business than anybody, because in addition to his barbershop he also owned Bethany's only dry cleaning establishment.

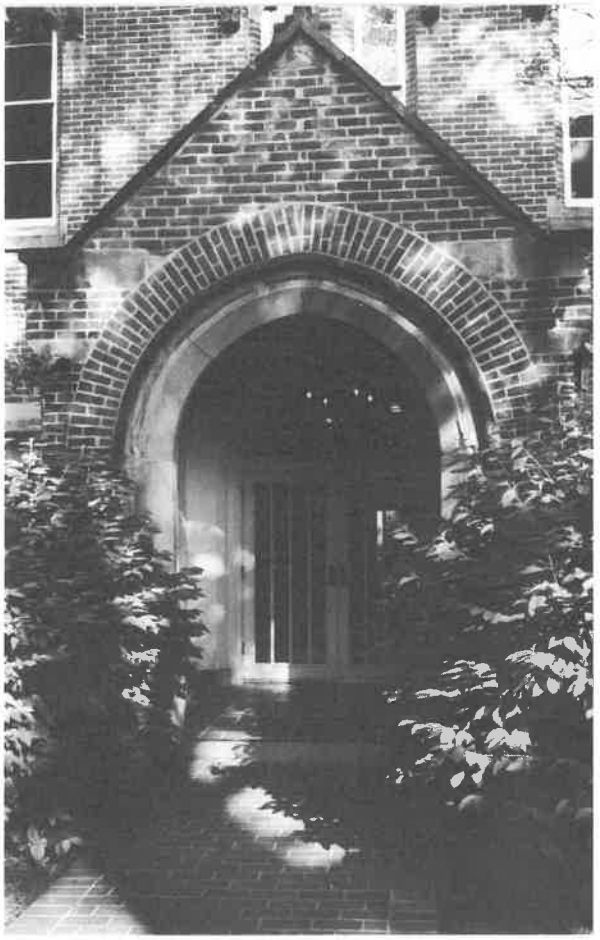
"One of the V-12ers actually saved my life," Chambers remembers. "He was dating a girl who lived next door to me and one day he asked me where some good fishing spots were. I told him and then went along because I had the equipment. It'd been raining hard, and I slipped into Buffalo Creek in water over my head. Before I strangled — I couldn't swim and still can't — he reached in and pulled me out. I wish I recalled his name."

From time to time, certain trainees were separated from the Bethany V-12 program and sent elsewhere, either for studies that weren't available at Bethany, or to enter midshipmen's schools. At the end of the first term, November 1943, for example, about 45 trainees were sent to midshipmen's school at Cornell University. There they earned ensign's bars, then went on to serve with the Pacific fleet. Many more Bethany V-12ers would follow in their footsteps.

Among the transferees for advanced training at other schools was C. Arch Logue, who was sent to the V-12 medical officers training unit at West Virginia University. Native to Putnam County, Logue had grown up in Newell, Hancock County, and had always planned to be a doctor.

"I had two years of pre-med at WVU prior to going to Bethany as a sailor. I was very familiar with Morgantown, and was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity. At WVU, we remained part of the Bethany V-12 unit, and Lt. Henderson put me in charge of the 12 V-12ers, including myself, who were in medical school there. I remember making weekly progress reports to Lt. Henderson, and his coming down for inspections.

"At the end of two years in Morgantown the Navy sent me to Northwestern to finish up my medical schooling. But then V-12 ended and I was discharged in late 1945. I finished medical school on my own, and except for two years military service during the Korean War I was in practice in Morgantown until retiring in 1986."



V-12 trainees who went on to wartime service in the fleet recalled Bethany as a serene haven. This entry to Old Main was recently photographed by Michael Keller.

At Bethany, the V-12 trainees continued to come and go, the total number on campus remaining relatively constant, until the program closed down. At the end of the March-June 1945 term all the V-12ers were shipped out, and were replaced by V-5 aviation cadets who stayed through October. The cadets were the last of the U.S. Navy in Bethany.

An editorial in the final issue of the *Service Men's News*, a newsletter published by Bethany for its graduates in military service, may have spoken for everyone:

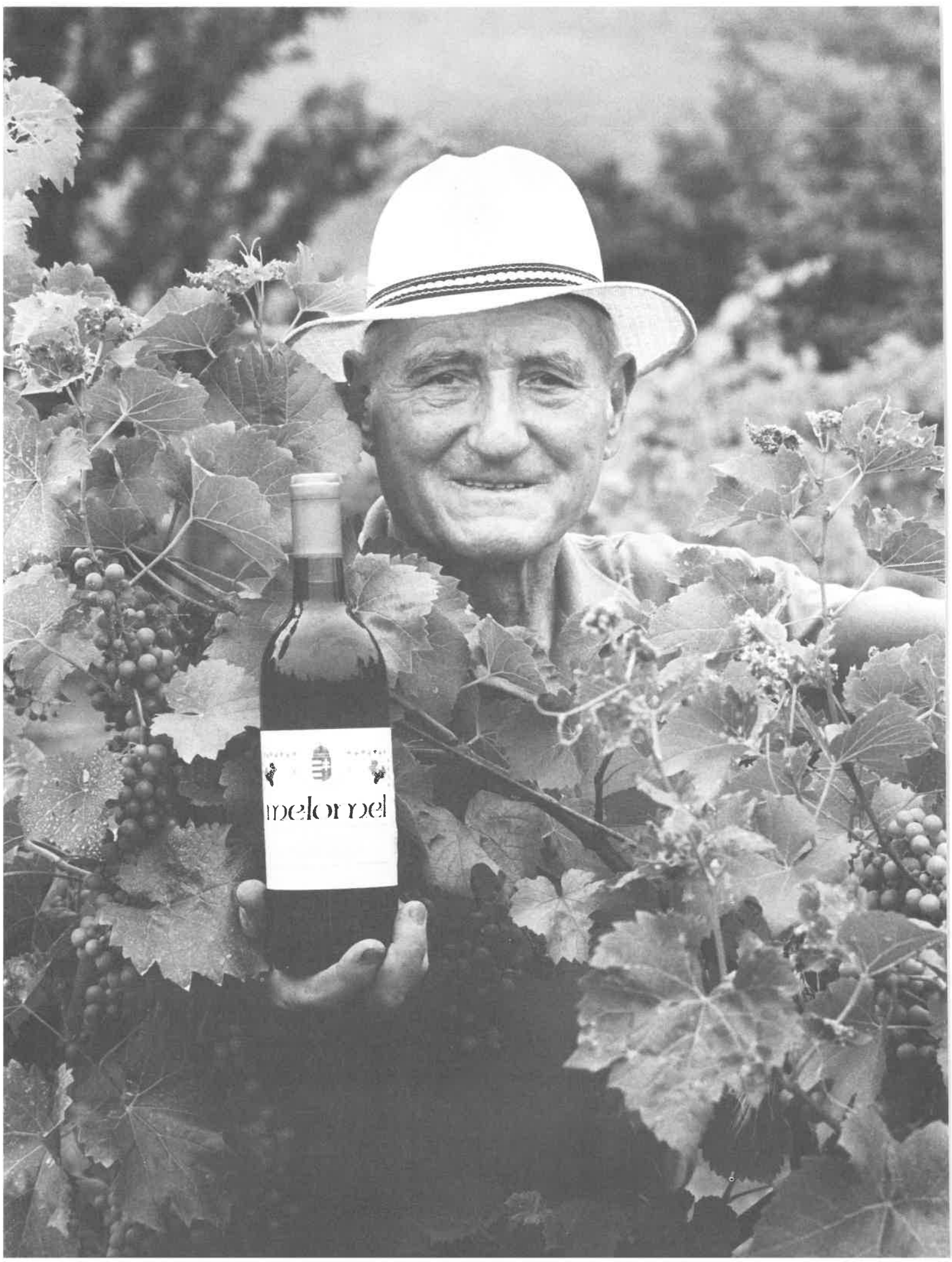
"The Navy Program brought 836 sailors to the campus. We truly hate to see them go — the Navy whites and the Navy blues have become so much a part of us. There has been no friction between Navy and civilians, Navy and townspeople, Navy and faculty; decidedly none between the Navy and the coeds. Romance has flourished and Bethany is still a friendly town in which to live. But — the voice of the bugle must vanish and the rhythm of marching be stilled."

Bethany College History

In 1990 Bethany College published a comprehensive history to commemorate the founding of the school 150 years earlier. The Brooke County college celebrated its sesquicentennial with a year-long schedule of events and speakers leading up to the release of *Bethany: The First 150 Years* by church historian Lester G. McAllister.

The book tells of Bethany founder Alexander Campbell, a Scotch-Irish minister and educator who came to America in 1809. Campbell, a leading theologian and the most influential religious figure in West Virginia's history, established the Disciples of Christ denomination. The new history traces Bethany's story from Campbell's time down to the current presidency of Dr. D. Duane Cummins. Cummins says the private college is the oldest degree-granting institution in West Virginia.

McAllister's book, a 429-page hardbound with illustrations, may be ordered for $24.95 plus $4 shipping and handling from Bethany College Press, Bethany College, Bethany, WV 26032; (304)829-7111. West Virginians add 6% sales tax.


melon rel

Bees and Vines

Frank Androczi's Little Hungary Winery

By Bil Lepp
Photographs by Michael Keller

Frank Androczi's Little Hungary Winery stands atop a hill, outlined by an electric fence in the vain hope of warding off the deer. Frank claims heaven can be touched from here. If it cannot, most would agree that the sod and soil surely must be that which first was kept by Adam, caretaker of Eden, and what with erosion, the Ark, glaciers and the like, has finally settled here in Upshur County. Frank's vineyard is a fine place.

He reaches into a bunch of grapes, hanging heavy on the vine, and catches a honeybee by its wings, then sets it free before plucking the fruit.

"They are very helpful. Without the bees my grapes would not do so good." Frank says this, as he says all things, with a thick Hungarian accent. He then nabs a wasp and sends him into the afterlife. He explains that wasps kill bees — and mind you, Frank is not a man who takes the destruction of bees lightly. He tells a tale of how a girlfriend once demanded he choose between her and his bees. She's gone now, but Frank's bees buzz freely all around.

Frank has been beekeeper for generations of honeybees. He keeps upwards of 100 colonies, spread out on friends' farms, in forests, and in his own vineyard. His bees have long pollinated the flowers and the fruit trees of his neighbors, a service he and they render gladly and free of charge. More importantly, the bees pollinate Frank's trees and grapevines. But Frank does not keep the bees solely for these side effects. They produce nearly three tons of honey each year, a vital ingredient for the special wine he makes.

Each autumn Frank climbs into his heavy white coveralls, safari helmet, face mask and gloves. He visits each of his colonies. He arrives in the evening when the bees are all in the hive and preparing for the night. Frank carries with him a bee smoker, a small gadget which resembles a watering can with a bellows attached. He puts in a few dried sticks and leaves, then kindles a blaze. From the spout rolls a thick smoke which Frank directs into the hive. The bees do not bother him as he relieves them of the racks on which they have built their combs.

At home Frank scrapes off the outer layer of wax, which holds the honey.

Opposite: Melomel is Frank Androczi's product, and he's proud to show it to you. We caught him among the grapevines in midsummer.
Below: Androczi as a young man in Hungary, about 1936. War soon reshaped Europe and changed Frank's life as well. Photographer unknown.
Below, right: Hungarian exiles continued to fight for the old causes in their new country. This group of activists includes Frank Androczi at right rear. Photographer unknown, 1950's.

Each rack is fitted onto a centrifuge and the honey comes swirling out, to be collected and bottled or stored, either for sale or for the wine. Frank smiles when asked how often he gets stung. "That is good for you," he explains. "It keeps you from getting arthritis."

Frank seems to know his work from every angle, and even tells a story of how the word "honeymoon" originated.

He explains that in the ancient world, when formal marriage was unknown, a lad would grab a beautiful maid and carry her off into the woods, hiding her from her parents. The boy's parents and brothers knew where the lovers hid and would provide them with bread, honey and mead, a beverage made from fermented honey. When the girl's parents gave up the search, or resigned themselves to the situation,

West Virginia's Wineries

Frank Androczi's enthusiasm as a West Virginia wine maker is shared by other Mountain State vintners. It isn't the easiest business to get into, but most winery owners agree that the future looks bright. The Cumberland, Maryland, newspaper characterizes the West Virginia wine industry as "a sleeping giant."

Ken Schneider, president of the West Virginia Grape Growers Association, figures the Eastern Panhandle will do its part to awaken the giant. Schneider runs Schneider's Winery in Hampshire County. He says the Panhandle is the grape growing and wine producing center of West Virginia, but he also sees great potential in other parts of the state. There are currently 11 wineries scattered throughout West Virginia, with the Eastern Panhandle home to nearly half.

West Virginia wines can be found in many local grocery stores and restaurants, according to Gayle Schneider, Ken's wife and partner. State wineries felt the impact when West Virginia sold off its state-owned liquor stores, and it has taken time to rebuild a system for getting wines into the marketplace, Mrs. Schneider says.

She notes that wineries may sell their own product at two places, and that some are now exhibiting at West Virginia fairs and festivals. To help wine drinkers find the bona fide home product, Mrs. Schneider provided GOLDENSEAL with a list of wineries in West Virginia:

- A. T. Gift Winery
  Harpers Ferry
  (304) 876-6680
- Fisher Ridge Wines
  Liberty
  (304) 342-8702
- Forks of Cheat Winery
  Morgantown
  (304) 598-2019
- Kirkwood Limited
  Summersville
  (304) 872-2134
- Laurel Creek Winery
  Lewisburg
  (304) 645-6552
- Little Hungary Farm Winery
  Buckhannon
  (304) 472-6634
- Robert F. Pliska Winery
  Purgitsville
  (304) 289-3493
- Potomac Highland Winery
  Keyser
  (304) 788-3066
- Schneider's Winery
  Romney
  (304) 822-5944
- Tentchurch Vineyard
  Colliers
  (304) 527-3916
- West-Whitehill Winery
  Moorefield
  (304) 538-2605

West Virginia's wineries produce premium dinner wines as their main item, but most also make a few sweet or dessert wines for those who want them. At most places, visitors are welcome for tours and a taste of what Mountain State grape growers are up to. It is best to call before you visit, since many wineries are not open the whole year.

the young people returned to the tribe as a couple. The stay in the woods usually lasted for one month, or the cycle of one moon. From here came the word "honeymoon," according to Frank. Incidentally, if the young lady came back pregnant, the credit was given to the mead maker, because honey was a symbol of fertility.

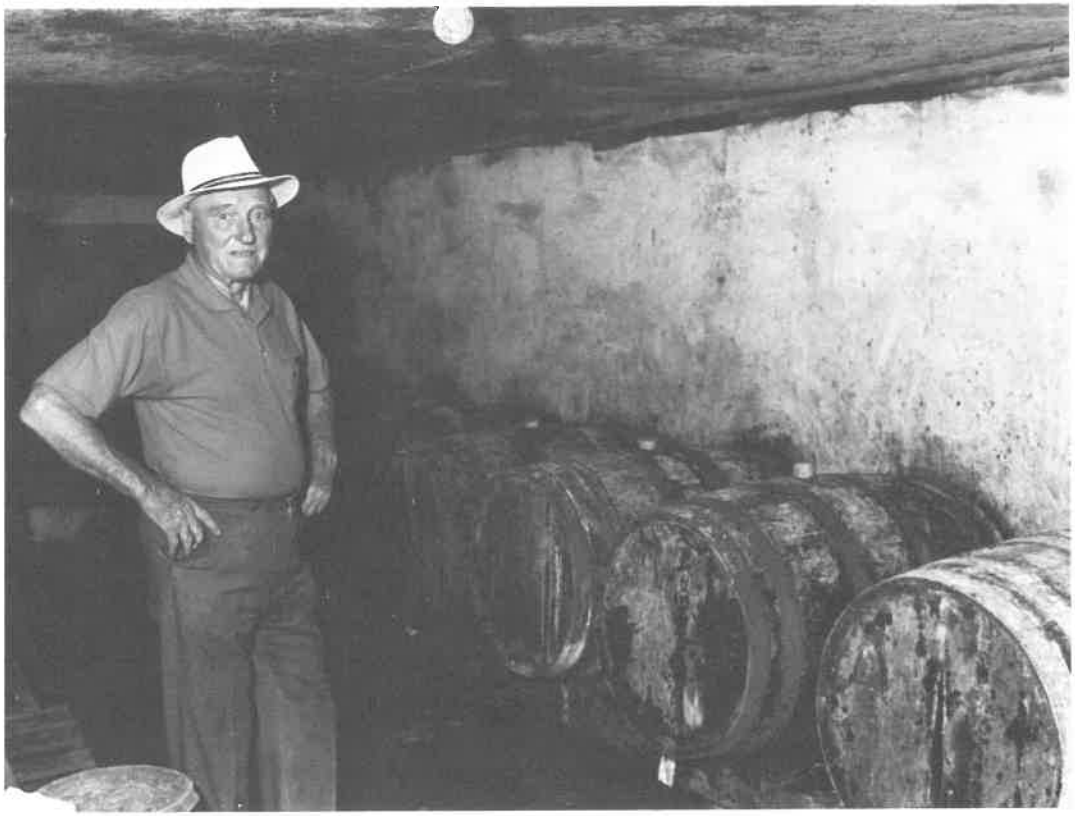
Frank — formally, Dr. Androczi — is a retired library science professor, having done the bulk of his teaching at West Virginia Wesleyan in Buckhannon. Nowadays, he is best known as a grape farmer, West Virginia's 1989 Grape Advocate of the Year, as a matter of fact, and the owner and operator of one of the few wineries in the Mountain State. His wine is Melomel, which is a blend of honey, grapes, apples and pears. The recipe comes from Hungary, where Frank was born.

In the old country, the Androczis were country folk and dedicated workers. Frank was raised by his eldest sister, their mother having died early. She had been a teacher. Frank's father was a forester and a wine maker. He is responsible for Frank's love of nature and his wine making skills. He taught Frank about the land — how to keep a proper farm, what trees grew well here or there, and that to kill a bee was a deplorable act. Frank spent many hours in his father's company and claims to have been the favorite child.

Frank's father made wine in the traditional way, as did all his neighbors. They passed the recipe and skill down to each new generation, as the vine itself passes life to the new branches with each coming year. Wine was as much a part of life as grain or milk. Still, Frank is not overawed by the proud heritage behind him. He holds out a bottle of wine and exclaims, "My father thought he made the best wine in the world. Do you know why? Because he never tasted my Melomel!"

Frank fought in World War II and after the war earned a doctorate in law and social science, hoping to become a judge. Before he could get to the bench, however, the communists seized the Hungarian government and many intellectuals were rounded up and sent to labor camps. Frank, never one to break under oppression, devised a plan to liberate himself. He and a young friend managed to

Opposite: Honey is the other vital ingredient in Melomel, and Frank knows just where to find it. He keeps scores of beehives.
Below: There is nothing picturesque about commercial grape growing. The vines are trained to follow wire trellises and pruned to grow more grapes and less foliage.



Grape juice ferments in the cellar at Little Hungary, in a process as ancient as human civilization.

escape to Austria, but only after cutting through barbed wire, crawling through mine fields, jumping from trains and overcoming countless other perils which would put Colonel Hogan to shame. In Austria, Frank got a job with the U.S. Army and eventually made it to America.

At the time of his 1955 arrival Frank spoke little English and his Ph.D. had no value in the States, but he was determined to succeed. Dr. Androczi started night school at the eighth-grade level. In one year he had a high school diploma, and by 1964 he had a masters of library science from Syracuse University. He held jobs in Detroit and Pittsburgh before he came to Buckhannon in 1967.

Frank recalls his first impressions of our rolling hills with grand metaphor, capping it off with a humorous note. "Just outside of Morgantown my beat-up Rambler overheated. I took one look around and said, 'Almost Heaven.' My car said, 'Almost Hell.'"

In 1981, at the age of 66, Frank retired and devoted all his efforts to his wine making hobby. He already had a few vines, fruit trees and honeybees, but he wanted to expand and start a real business. He applied for his wine maker's license, putting himself into the hands of the bureaucracy.

"They sent two kilograms of forms to fill out," Frank says. "So you write and write and then wait and wait until they send them back and say, 'The border on your map is an eighth of an inch too thin.' Two more kilograms of paper and still no license." The authorities were taking their sweet time in getting his license processed, and Frank became so fed up that he wrote to President Reagan himself. Within two weeks he received his license. The license comes under the Small Farm Winery Act of 1981 and enables Frank to both make and sell wine.

Frank bought eight acres above Kesling Mill, Upshur County, and set to work. Ten years later he has Cayuga, Seyval, Swenson, Vidal Chancellor, Foch, St. Croix, Cabernet Sauvignon, and other grape varieties. The six-foot vines wander casually out of the earth, stringy and in no hurry. They branch out in a thousand directions and must be fastened with twine to wires. If they were left wild, it looks as if all the earth would soon be engulfed. Each variety of vine has its own shade of leaf green and the grapes look about to burst. Their insides glowing in the sun, the white grapes look as though they hold the secrets of the world. The purple grapes seem proud, almost dignified, hanging in tight, shaded bunches.

And there is more than grapes here. Apple, pear, peach, plum, cherry, crab apple and apricot trees, plus blueberries, blackberries, gooseberries and raspberries, grow along with figs and kiwis, topped off with irises and roses. It's a veritable United Nations of growth, each plant laid into place by Frank. Some came from across the high seas, others from the local Southern States Co-op. Frank claims his vines as his children, and like all fathers he has discovered that his children do not always turn out the way he had hoped. He points out three vines that are far from healthy. "They are Hungarian, they do not do well here. If they were not countrymen, I would have long time ago killed them!" Frank smiles full.

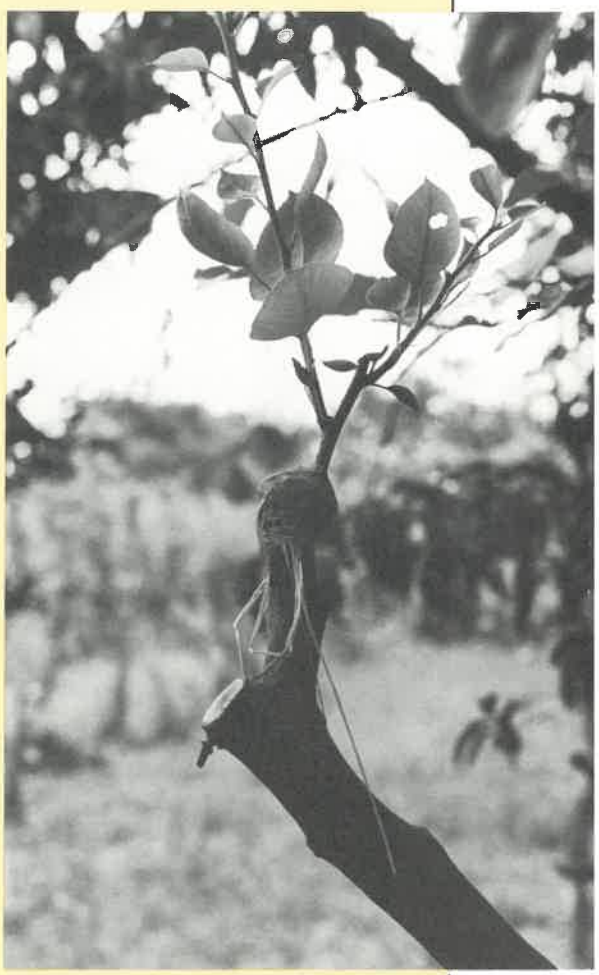
Frank pulls behind him a cart with two large baskets and heads out into the vines. Each bunch of grapes is handpicked and laid in the basket. With two workers it takes close to an hour to fill the two 20-gallon baskets; an hour under the August sun. Twenty baskets make a barrel of Melomel.

The grapes are rolled to the cellar. Slowly they are poured into the grinder, this resembling a large wooden funnel with a hand-cranked crusher at the base. This breaks the skins and lets the juice out. From the grinder the smashed grapes fall into a new bucket where the grape juice begins to collect. This bucket is then hauled to the compressor.

The compressor is essentially a loosely-constructed barrel, about three feet high, with no top or bottom, placed on a small table. The table has a one-inch rim and a pencil-size hole in the front. Mounted on top of the compressor is another, finer grinder, through which the partially drained grapes pass. When the press is filled to the brim with grapes, a lid is placed on top and a large threaded rod is fitted to it. The rod is twisted, screwing the lid down onto the grapes.

As the rod is twisted the grapes are squeezed dry and juice flows forth from between the staves of the barrel,

It's not all vines in Frank Androczi's vineyard. Frank is in business for pleasure as well as profit, and he grows a lot more than just grapes and honeybees at his Little Hungary Winery in Upshur County. In the photograph below he shows off a fig tree, grown close to the ground for easier protection against winter cold. The tree graft at right shows a Hungarian pear grafted to an American tree. Like Frank, the Hungarian cutting seems to be doing just fine in the new land. The many birdhouses around the place suggest the refreshing belief that not everything in this world has to pay its own way.



Frank Androczi believes in hard work, good wine, and the future of grape growing in West Virginia. "The climate and the land are perfect," he says.

collects within the rim of the table and flows out the hole into yet another bucket. The scent of fresh grape juice floods the cellar, juice as pure and sweet as the evening air. This is today's FDA-approved equivalent of yesteryear's barefoot trampling of the harvest.

The juice is collected, later to be mixed with Frank's hand-collected honey, which replaces any sugars that normally would be added. The juice and honey are mixed in half an oak barrel. The juice goes in first, then slowly the honey is poured into the barrel. The honey must be dissolved into the juice, at a ratio of 12 ounces of honey to every gallon of juice. Frank accomplishes this by vigorously stirring the mix by hand; imagine trying to dissolve cold syrup in cold water. Once the ingredients are thoroughly combined they are poured into 50-gallon oak barrels. The barrels are corked and left to ferment. The fermentation of honey is a long process, but the fruit juices speed things up. Even so, the mix spends two years in the barrel, and another in a bottle before it is ready for sale.

But do not assume the wine lays neglected for those years, for nothing could be farther from the truth. The work never stops at the Little Hungary Winery.

Frank must know just what stage each batch has progressed to at all times. Once gases begin to build up in the barrels, an airlock must be inserted. This is a stopper combined with a curled glass tube, partly filled with water. This device allows the gases to escape, by bubbling out through the water, but lets no new air in. Two years later the near Melomel must be siphoned into bottles and corked, capped and labeled.

But woe to the man who bottles too soon.

I recall sitting in the cellar one night helping Frank by labeling bottles. Suddenly a curious noise arose from the back corner. It was sort of a "foomp! pfizz! foomp!" I got up to inspect and found myself in a huge puddle, foomp! pfizz! I assumed some super breed of spider was hatching back there, weaned on Melomel. Fortunately, Frank came down and explained that he must have bottled some too soon, and now built-up gas was blowing the corks. Frank, a sensible man, asked, "Why do you let it waste and not drink it?"

All this is done the way Frank's father and his father's fathers did it. Centuries of good taste lay behind each bottle. Melomel is not only the name of Frank's wine, but also the make. It is of the honey mead family, which produces various breeds, depending on ingredients and the time aged. Some mead is aged as long as eight years. Melomel's two years barrel time allows fermentation to occur twice. Frank's wine is the only such produced in West Virginia. He produces a red and a white wine.

Melomel has won numerous gold medals at tastings and was served at the inaugural dinner of President Bush. Frank himself has been invited to dinner at the White House twice. Recently the Hungarian ambassador and his wife paid a visit. They arrived in a limousine, but Frank quickly loaded them into his "dirty truck" and took them on a tour of his winery and the town of Buckhannon, playing Hungarian folk songs all the way.

Aside from Melomel's taste, Frank also boasts of its life enhancing potential. One of his first labels read, "Fountain of Youth, Health, Strength and Beauty." The all-knowing alcohol bureau rejected that label, but Frank will be the first to tell you, as you are handed a sample, "One cup of Melomel every day and you will live to be 150. Your wife will have to shoot you to get rid of you! If you drink just one cup each day you will not need aspirin, milk of magnesia or sleeping pills!" He goes on to explain the benefits of the real fruit juices and how the natural acidity of Melomel clears out the arteries.

Frank, at about 77, is merely middle-aged by these standards. He claims to have no exact birth date, having descended from the heavens, and that he will live to be as old as a tortoise! (And by the way, the eligible bachelor is seeking a beautiful, bee-loving fraulein.)

He is still as strong as ever. Catch him at the vineyard if you doubt this. He will walk you clear around the fence line, if you wish. Along the way he points out the various trees he has grafted, the birds which dwell in each of the houses he has provided, and he offers a bottle of Melomel as prize if you can name that exotic tree or this shrub. He points out the curve of the land, and makes note of how well suited the soil is for grapes, how the rainwater can easily flow to each root, how the winds bring in the good mountain air and the sun hits just so.

"The climate and the land are perfect for vineyards," he says. Frank claims that a dedicated wine maker can do well in West Virginia. His theory is that our hills are capable of producing wines that will rival California and French bouquets. Frank hopes to show "young people" in this state that wine making has a future. He is sure that, with the support of government, grape growing could turn West Virginia's economy around, providing jobs and tourism. Compared to the industries which have torn out our coal seams and cut down our forests, vines and bees would be a welcome change, indeed.

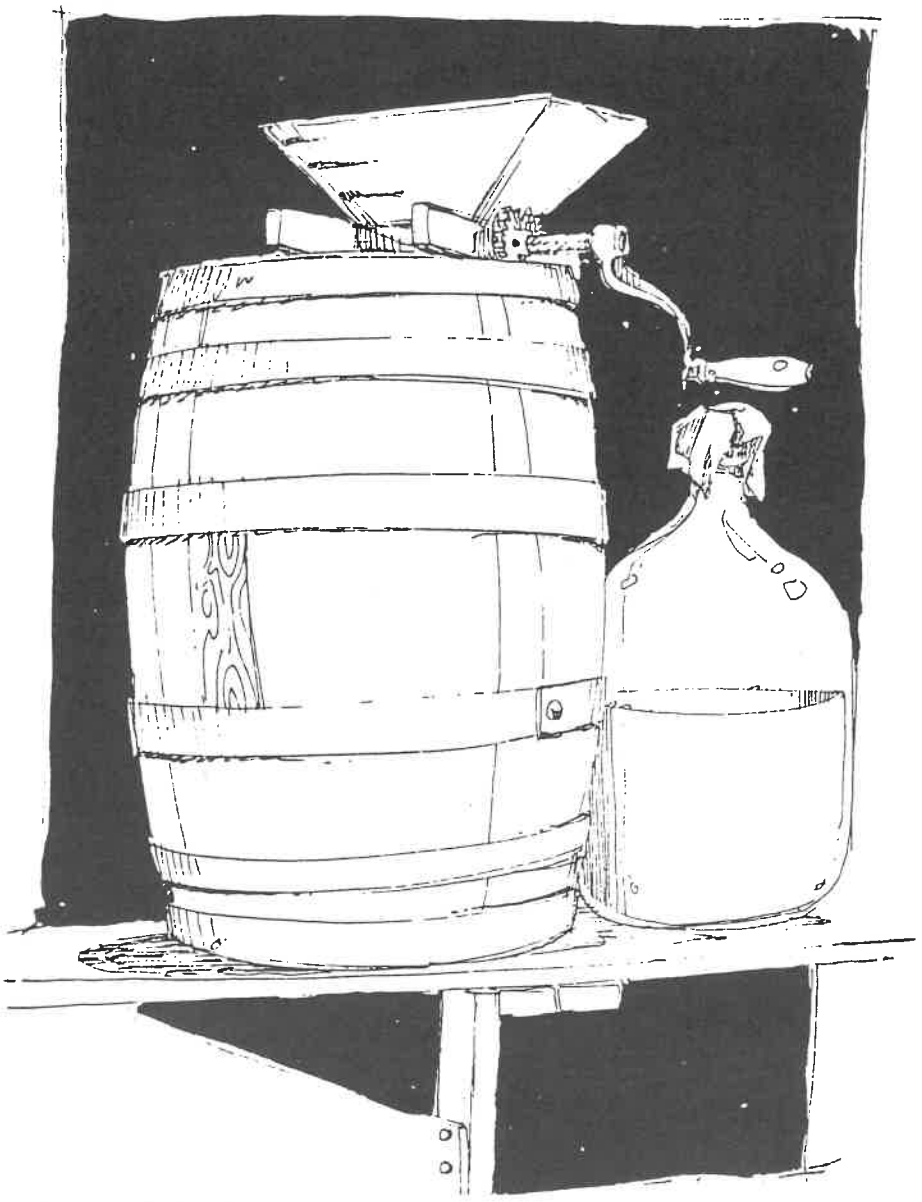
I encourage you to pay a visit to this sage who calls these mountains home. Even if you are not a wine drinker the stories and conversation are worth the trip. Just call ahead or ask anyone in Buckhannon for the whereabouts of the Hungarian patriot, the West Virginian, and the wine maker who possesses the gumption and fortitude we all wish we had.

Wine making among West Virginians of Italian descent was once common, as discussed in the following excerpt from a longer 1977 GOLDENSEAL article on the subject. Although home wine making up to 200 gallons is legal, the author and the editor at the time chose to abbreviate the Kanawha Valley wine maker's name. We know him only as "Johnny M."

Everything Except Putting Your Feet In

Home Wine the Old Way

By Alicia Tyler



Drawing by John Nickerson.

I was invited to the M. home one evening in early October to see the initial stage of the year's wine making, crushing the grapes. Mr. M's basement was the scene of the evening's activities, and the heady odor of crushed grapes greeted me as soon as he opened the basement door. Downstairs his brother-in-law, nephew, and a couple of friends were relaxing around a coffee table, sampling last year's wine. Over to the side were four oak barrels lined up on a slightly raised platform; behind them were around two dozen cases of blue and green grapes.

One of the 50-gallon barrels was already filled with crushed grapes and covered with a muslin cloth. Upon my arrival, the men downed the last of their wine and started back to work. A wooden fruit crusher with metal rollers was hoisted up on top of the second barrel, and as two of the men began emptying a case of grapes into the crusher, another cranked the handle, crushing the grapes between the rollers. Behind them the other men were seated on upturned wooden crates, sorting through the next case of grapes and tossing aside any leaves or shriveled fruit that might spoil the taste of the wine.

Mr. M. insisted that I also sample some of last year's vintage, which he was very proud of (a blend of the dry and medium sweet wine was my favorite), and then, with the clamor of the fruit crusher and much joking and joshing in the background, he began talking.

Johnny M. First thing, really, in making wine is actually getting prepared a week ahead of time on these barrels. So remember, anybody that's going to make homemade wine definitely will take his barrels out and clean them and soak them for about a week. Your preparation's important. Then you wait on the price of grapes. If the price is really high, you probably will cut down on the quantity you're going to make, and if it's reasonable, then you will go more.

Somebody in this local area will take orders and actually go up with a truck and bring them in from Pittsburgh, probably at an average of a dollar a case for expenses. Say this year, the price was $10 a case. We're probably going to pay $11. He can get 500 cases, 400 cases, whatever he could get in orders, and come pretty close to breaking even or halfway pay for his own.

Alicia Tyler. What are some of the factors that go into determining whether it's a good year or a bad year? Is it something to do with the climate?

JM. Very much so, because a wet climate could hurt you on wine. See, a wet climate could give you a real large, beautiful grape, and maybe you think it's a good tasting grape. But it's too much water in the grape and not enough sugar and acid. Then it won't ferment as much. Then you lose the whole batch, which is easily done too. You really take a chance when you make wine. You may lose the whole works.

Another thing you got to learn about making wine is that it may start working tomorrow. Second day, it may work real good. Oh, boy, it's going to be beautiful! Then the third day it starts dropping. In other words, it gets completely near a quit. Now, just three days of working, you might as well throw it away, because it didn't make enough alcohol to give you wine. In other words, you've lost it really.

AT. When you say working, you mean it's fermenting?

JM. That means it's fermenting, yeah.

AT. Can you tell that by watching, that it's fermenting?

JM. Well, actually it's boiling like water. You can hear it.

AT. It fizzes or something?

JM. Yeah, it fizzes. Fizzes like a Seven-Up or a ginger ale.

AT. And to make a good wine it should be fermenting for how long? Several days?

JM. You should go past three days. If you hit the fourth day, you say, "Oh, beautiful, it's going to come out." Then the fifth day, well, you know it's going to be all right. But when you go six, it's great. You really don't work it over seven days regardless if it's still working beautiful. Within seven days you take it off anyway. You take the juice away from the grape. Or you can burn it out, you get a burned taste or tart taste.

Now, you do stir it every 24 hours, not longer than that and less if you can.

AT. What do you use to stir it?

JM. Oh, you stir it by hand. It doesn't hurt it. You wash your hand and you reach down to your elbow and stir it. You're turning it over. If you leave it, it won't work. You're not working the top grape any more. You're only working what's on the bottom, which will burn up on you.*

On the sixth day when I see it slowing down, I say, "Well, it's ready to come off. We've got to take it off tomorrow, so let's all get together." You do not stir it the last 24 hours. Because if you do, you'll just really have a muddy mess in there. What you're doing, you're letting all the grape work itself up to the top, leaving the clearest part in the bottom. Then when you pull the plug out, you're getting most of your clear wine.

Two weeks later I returned to the M. home to see the next stage in the wine making process, the secondary fermentation. Mr. M. was very happy and optimistic about this year's wine, because it had worked for six days. During the primary fermentation, he explained, the wine takes on its color, flavor, and body.

After it had worked for six days, Mr. M. had drained the new wine from the barrels and extracted the last drop of juice from the grape with a wine press; the leftover murk, seeds and skins, was given to a friend for compost. Then he strained the wine and funneled it into 25-gallon casks, placed on their sides, up to the top of a two-inch opening called the bunghole. Any wine left over, usually about eight gallons, was saved as "fill," to replace the liquid which evaporates from the casks. It is important, Mr. M. noted, to keep the wine up to the top of the open bunghole, so that air cannot get inside the cask. During this stage of secondary fermentation — when the new wine is taken away from the grapes and protected from over contact with oxygen — the greater quantity of alcohol is produced.

JM. You're adding to it each day. And it works down each day. Then you will notice as each day goes along, or each week goes along, it's not evaporating as fast. Maybe you'll add, oh, maybe a quart the first time you go in there, first day or two. Then you may add a little less than a quart. You get down to where you're just adding a pint to it. Then you're adding a half pint as each week goes on into October down through November and maybe on up to December sometimes.

Then when you notice that it's through working off completely, then you can seal it [in the casks]. You're sealing it in there to age — only "aging" wine is really "settling" wine to me.

What you're doing, you're letting it sit through the whole winter into spring and mostly through April. Some people say, "Well, we're not going to take it off till the sap comes up." They go by the moon and sap. But I don't go with either one of them. I leave it in the barrels until I want to take it out.

AT. Nothing can go wrong at that point?

JM. Now, a lot of people definitely go all the way on sterilizing, but I've watched my father and them make wine at home when they made it from raisins, and they just washed every-thing; they never sterilized anything. We do it the old way, I guess, except putting your feet in it.

AT. So by spring, you're home free. Is that right?

JM. Yeah. All that's left is bottling it and drinking it.

"Now, just three days of working, you might as well throw it away, because it didn't make enough alcohol to give you wine. In other words, you've lost it really."

This excerpt was edited from "Home Winemaking: An Italian Tradition in the Upper Kanawha Valley" by Alicia Tyler, GOLDENSEAL, April-June 1977, pp. 35-40.

* The crushed grapes float on top of the liquid, with the bottom grapes being closest to the fermenting action. — ed.

"Durbin Was Quite a Big City"

Mabel Burner Remembers

By Louise Burner Flegel
Photographs by Doug Chadwick

Summer mornings in Durbin at the foot of the towering Back Allegheny and Shavers mountains find at least one sight that has not changed much in the past 70 years. Mabel Wilson Burner is out before most folks are awake, tilling the rich black soil of her garden with a hoe, pulling bushel baskets full of weeds, or tending her fine raspberry patch. At 94 she is slowing down, but the neighbors still practically tell the time of day by her activities. Strangers and visitors who once resided in this small town marvel at this tiny lady. She's my grandmother. Let me tell you about her.

Mrs. Burner, as most of the townspeople call her, has lived alone in her two-story white house in West Durbin since the death of her husband, Dr. Allen Eugene Burner, in July 1958. Dr. Burner had served as a country doctor for the thriving town of Durbin and surrounding logging camps and mill towns during the boom years of logging in Pocahontas County. After receiving his medical degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore in 1908, he had returned to his native West Virginia to provide medical services in this isolated area.

I asked Mabel how Durbin has changed in the 76 years that she has been here. "When I came to Durbin as a girl from the country, it was quite a big city," she said. "There were stores, restaurants and theaters, and on weekends you could hardly walk down the streets — they were full of people coming in from the lumber camps to spend their pay. Of course, now most of the stores, hotels and restaurants are closed up. The theater too is gone.

Mabel Burner gets around fine at age 94. She mowed her own yard until last year.

Dr. Allen Eugene Burner married Mabel Wilson during Christmas week 1917. This portrait was made at the Durbin Methodist Church, photographer unknown.

"The railroad was busy too. Passenger trains left from here and you could go anywhere you wanted to by train. Aunt Emma and I went to Baltimore in 1922 on the train. Now if you don't have a car, you stay at home. We don't even have bus routes through here anymore."

Even in her 90's she never rides if she can walk. Neighbors offer her rides if the weather is foul, but she prefers to walk. She claims that is what has kept her so young for so long.

Mabel drove a car for a few years. After her husband died, she learned to drive his 1948 Chevy. Although she continued to walk everywhere in town that she needed to go, she made several trips to visit relatives in Fort Spring, Greenbrier County, and several trips to Morgantown to visit her son's family.

Her memories are as clear as yesterday as she shares her other world travels. "In 1965, Margaret Wilson and I took the train with a tour group to the New York World's Fair," she recalls. "Now that was a long ride, but we saw everything! The sight I remember the most was in Macy's Department Store — there was an entire floor of hats. Just hats! I didn't buy any. I mean, who could ever choose one with that many right there!"

Later in 1965, she and Frona Williams, a retired school teacher, took a tour of Canada along the St. Lawrence Seaway. They took a train to New York City and then took a ship to the seaway and on to Quebec.

Mabel visited Florida several times. She and Allen took a train to visit his brother Bud in Florida for two or three weeks for their honeymoon. That was the first time she had seen the ocean. Bud had taken his family from Cass to Florida, the Jacksonville area, in the 1920's. Mabel returned to Florida in the early 1970's when she and Margaret and Mary Wilson drove down to see Disney World.

Mabel came to Durbin in 1916 from her family's farm to stay with her Aunt Nettie, Mrs. Alex Hardbarger. Her mother had died of tuberculosis, and so the family decided to "break up housekeeping." Later her father came to live with her family, where he died in 1940.

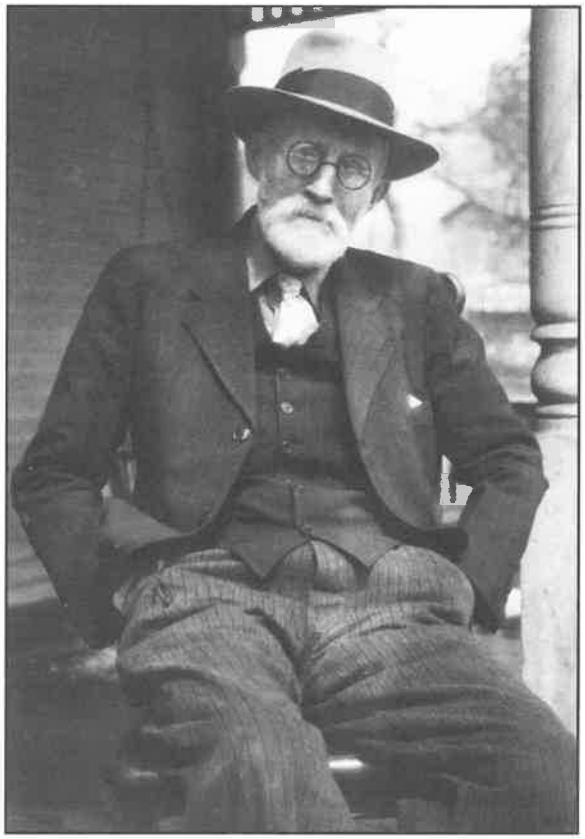
Mabel was born on June 3, 1898, in Greenbrier County, to John Francis and Mary Alice King Wilson. She had two sisters, both of whom died young, and five brothers. Mr. Wilson farmed near Fort Spring, but also worked for a few years as a trackwalker for the C&O Railroad when it went through from Ronceverte to Alderson. Mabel's oldest brother, Emmett, moved out West when Mabel was about six years old, and Frank operated a general store in Durbin and later in Philippi before also moving to Colorado. Brother Bernard's family still lives in Greenbrier County.

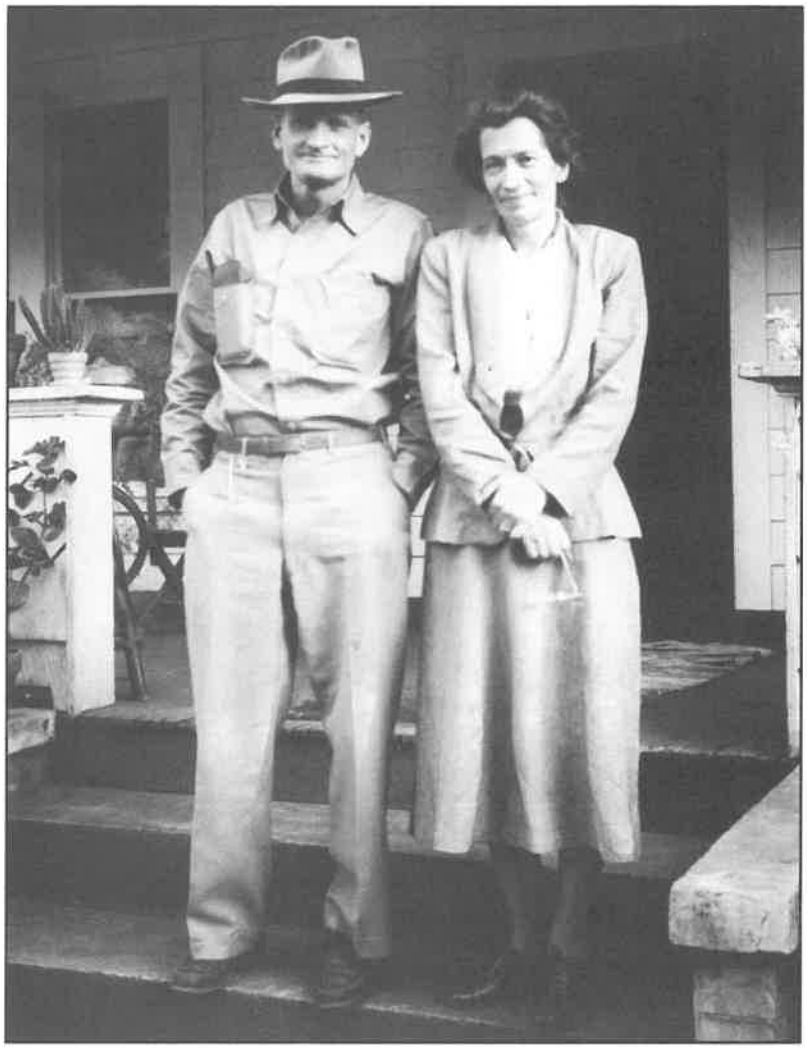
Mabel married Allen Burner on December 20, 1917, at the Durbin United Methodist Church. Allen was 40 years old and Mabel a modest 19. She had met her future husband at a Fourth of July celebration in downtown Durbin, and married him six months later.

Allen was the youngest son of Allen and Elizabeth Clark Burner, who had built one of the first houses in the new town of Cass. Cass was soon to become the largest town in Pocahontas County as the railroad came through and the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company built its mill there. In its peak years, the mill employed 2,000 men, many of whom lived in or near Cass. The Burner homeplace is still standing and rented out as a residence.

According to Mabel, Allen's father

Mabel cooks the berries and sugar for hours, ladling the fresh jam into hot jars. The flavor is all berry, and a steaming hot biscuit is the perfect partner.





Above: John F. Wilson, Mabel's father, photographed at his ease. Photo by Eugene Burner, date unknown.

Right: Mabel visits brother John Wilson at Fort Spring in the 1940's. Photo by Eugene Burner.

had met his mother during the Civil War, while taking some cattle into Virginia for safekeeping from the Yankees. Elizabeth Clark had just graduated from a women's college in Staunton, Virginia. He went back later and brought her home with him. The Burners raised six children. Of their two daughters, Emma was a schoolteacher in the Pocahontas County schools and never married, and Lu married Reverend Harry Blackhurst of Cass. Sons Harry, Bud and Elmer left the Cass area as the town began to dwindle after the heyday of logging passed.

Elizabeth Burner and Emma made their home with Allen after he and Mabel married. They shared the housework and the child rearing after son Eugene was born to Allen and Mabel on May 1, 1919. Mabel made hand-sewn and lace tatted clothing for her son, many of which are still treasured by her family today. A tradition in the family is for each new baby to be photographed with the little white dresses that "Grandma made for Dad."

Today, Mabel is very proud of her independence, and intends to stubbornly hold onto it as long as she can manage. Eugene has moved back to the hills of Pocahontas County to a farm near Cass that was once owned by his uncle, Elmer Burner. He worked at the U.S. Bureau of Mines Coal Research Station in Morgantown as a physicist, retiring in 1975. From his farm he can keep an eye on his mother, although she doesn't want anyone to help her much.

Visiting "Big Grandma," as we called her, back in the 1950's and '60's always began with the powerful smell of fresh salt-rising bread tickling our noses as we jumped out of the car and ran in the front door. It really smelled like someone had been ill, but we knew that it meant thick slices of warm solid bread with butter melting off the edges. Nothing has ever tasted better.

The grandchildren, grown up now, but still kids at heart, ask why she stopped making the pungent salt-risin' several years ago. Her answer was that she got out of practice for a while and it might not taste as good as it used to. We're disappointed that our children don't have the same treat when they come to visit, but we never complain about the good yeast bread that has taken its place.

Of Mabel's many claims to fame, one that no visitor could miss is her fruitful green thumb. Her gardening was a little less ambitious in her 94th summer, just past, but her talents are legendary.

Early in the spring she lugs buckets of deep black soil from her garden into her kitchen, where it is dried and sterilized by the dry heat of her woodstove. She says this kills any

The green thumb works indoors as well. Here Mabel shows off some of her houseplants.

insects or diseases which would destroy the seeds or seedlings. Then she doles the dirt out into tin cans and meticulously plants her seeds, some hybrid, others saved from last year's crop. Weeks of careful tending bring green bunches of tomato, cucumber and pepper plants, among other varieties. Her garden gets a fair share of these kitchen-grown plants, but many are shared with family and friends.

The city lot which defines the periphery of her garden world seems too small, when measured in feet and yards, to produce the bushels of sweet corn, the tomatoes, red and yellow, the juice-filled cantaloupes, the raspberries ready for jamming, and the several varieties of early and fall apples. But it all comes from there, and much more.

In the past, much of the property was filled with the outbuildings necessary to old-time living: corn crib, barn, wood house, chicken house and garage. The chicken house was the site of her grandson Allen's annual flea infestation, and watching Mabel's chickens taught us all a lot about the pecking order of life in general. Progress and time saw the one-by-one removal of most of these buildings, and eventually the demise of the last chicken and last barn kitten.

At the same time, the garden expanded to include over half of the property. Every corner, rich from the years of chicken droppings, became a little bed for some vegetable or self-seeding flowers of every color and shape. A person can't visit during the harvest season and leave without a bowl of raspberries, or a bag of freshly-pulled sweet corn or tomatoes.

If you convince her that you can't take that, then she raids her cellar of canned goods, and fills the trunk of your car with quarts of golden apple sauce or maybe her good green beans — shelly beans, we always called them, with lots of loose beans in with the green ones.

Or maybe you'll get her special soup mix. Now that's a treat on a cold winter evening. She gathers the ingredients all summer, stashing them in her freezer as they mature, beginning with the early peas, later adding beans and corn and the like. Then at the end of the season she takes it all and cooks it up with cabbage and onions and lots of seasoning. A quart of this added to some beef chunks and a pint of tomatoes can't be beat. And her rasp-

"Jennie Bell and I used to go fishing up on the West Fork under the C&O bridge. We'd walk down the tracks with my grandsons and spend all afternoon catching those fish."

Durbin yesterday and today.
Mabel Burner remembers Durbin as being "quite a big city" in early times and historical accounts describe it as a bustling railroad boom town. Industrialist John T. McGraw established the modern town when the railroad arrived there at the turn of the century, naming it for associate C. R. Durbin. The community was incorporated in 1906 and remains an incorporated town today.

The group of buildings shown here, along modern U.S. Route 250, were photographed on October 29, 1906 (above) and July 23, 1992. They were part of what was a long business block during the town's heyday. The railroad depot, visible at right in the old postcard, was located just across the street. Postcard courtesy State Archives, new photograph by Doug Chadwick.

berry jam is hard to turn down, with its deep maroon shine as she hands a jar to you at the door. Her secret is not Sure-Jell. Mabel cooks the berries and sugar for hours until the mixture begins to thicken, skimming off the foam and ladling the fresh jam into hot jars. The flavor is all berry and a steaming hot biscuit is the perfect partner.

Mabel's green thumb doesn't stop in the dead of winter when the garden and the raspberry patch need to rest. Her dining room has a north window that practically breeds African violets. She has 20 to 30 huge pots full of perfectly rounded leaf circles covered with waterfalls of blossoms — pink, red, purple, blue; singles and doubles; solids and two-tones. Anyone who has ever tried to raise these persnickety flowers knows how much work they require, and how quickly they can fade if not tended regularly. She sometimes slips a potted violet in among the canned goods she gives away.

One of her closest friends in Durbin was Jennie Bell Slaven, who died several years ago at the age of 98. Mabel fondly remembers some of the times they shared.

"Jennie Bell and I used to go fishing a lot up on the West Fork under the C&O bridge. We'd walk down the tracks with my grandsons and spend all afternoon catching those fish." If the blackberries were in season, they would tackle the patches on Cheat Mountain. They would wear their long-sleeved dresses to protect them from the briars, and wide-brimmed hats to fend off the sun.

Once Jennie Bell met a bear who was enjoying the blackberries on the other side of her patch. When she saw him and he saw her, they both turned and ran, Mabel recalls.

For years Mabel has made it her business to visit some of the elderly ladies of the community. She unfailingly walks around in the early afternoon to check in on her long-time friends to chat and to raise their spirits. Even with all the work around her garden, house and yard, canning, baking and afternoon visits to friends, she still spends her evenings reading voraciously, quilting or sewing her own clothes.

West Virginia Women: Mabel Burner supervises great-granddaughters Alison and Abigail at their berry picking and (right) enjoys a laugh with granddaughter Louise Flegel, our author. Our heritage comes down to us this way, person to person, one moment at a time.

She is also a loyal Mountaineer fan. She doesn't want a television, but devotedly listens to all of the WVU basketball and football games on her radio, which is balanced on the arm of her favorite chair.

Mabel is an indispensable member of the Durbin United Methodist Church and the United Methodist Women's organization. Church work has always been an important part of her life. When she met her future husband in 1917, she was already playing the piano for church services as a substitute for the regular musician. When she retired, she had sung in the choir and played the piano, and later the organ, in the church for 75 years. Although the town has other talented pianists to take over, her tradition of 70-plus years of musical ministry will probably never be matched.

For the same number of years she taught the nursery Sunday school class, without missing a Sunday since 1917. The children, many of them now grown people still living in the area, remember coloring pictures of Bible verses and singing "Jesus Loves Me" in Mrs. Burner's class.

She thinks that music is important in everyone's life. She encourages her grandchildren and great-grandchildren to persevere with lessons and practice. She says that music, especially playing the piano, has provided her with so much pleasure and company throughout her life. Her son is an accomplished pianist, but when asked if she gave him lessons, she said:

"No, just made sure he practiced every day. Before he would leave for school every morning, he would play 15 to 20 minutes. I made sure he knew it was important. After he got real good at it, he continued with lessons until he was grown."

Jennie met a bear who was enjoying
the blackberries on the other side of her patch.
When she saw him and he saw her,
they both turned and ran.

Only during the last year or two has Mabel allowed anyone to help her much keeping up her eight-room house and fertile garden and yard. After a slight heart problem and failing eyesight, she has consented to allow her son to mow her lawn. Otherwise, she is still quite independent. She finds baking harder since she can't see really well, so the church and community dinners miss her fragrant yeast or salt-rising bread and baked apples. Although she still lives alone, her family keeps close tabs on this determined lady.

While definitely a woman of an earlier, more traditional generation, in some ways Mabel Burner is quite modern. Independent and set in her ways, she has consistently supported her family down through four generations. With only an eighth-grade education, she has been an inspiration to her family, friends and acquaintances.

We delight in her wit and marvel at her determination and strength. I especially admire her awareness of the modern world exploding with change all around her. When the horrible realities of our world tear us apart, divorce rates, death from diseases, environmental problems, war, hatred — she somehow seems to avoid despair. Her unshakable faith in God, no doubt, is the root of this positive attitude that rubs off on all who come in contact with her.

"I could just sit here on my porch by the hour and look at these mountains. I think it's the most beautiful sight in the world."

The past few years I have grown closer to my grandmother as two adult women who share much more than blood. Some say I look like her and I hope to live out my days like her — respected, down-to-earth, proud and sure of heaven.

Durbin is just a tiny patch of silver roofs to the planes that pass over the Appalachian mountains, but Mrs. Burner is still there, watching the green mountainsides which rise up on all sides of the town. "I could just sit here on my porch by the hour and look at these mountains. I think it's the most beautiful sight in the world any time of the year." I've sat there too. It is.

Mabel Burner is older than the town of Durbin and has seen much of its history pass by. She intends to keep watching.

The sign says Parkersburg but local folks will tell you that Vitrolite was made up the road in Vienna. This early photo of the work force shows J. P. Weser, at center rear, arms crossed. Photographer and date unknown.

Vitrolite

By Edelene Wood
Photographs by Michael Keller

In buying a Depression-era house in Parkersburg in 1990, I was delighted to discover that I had a bathroom featuring spectacular opaque glass wainscoting. The wainscoting was Vitrolite, a thick structural glass used especially for ornamental finishes on surfaces exposed to moisture or the weather.

You may not remember it by name. But think of the white-topped soda fountain tables where you ate special sundae concoctions; the colorful glass fronts on the movie theaters where you went to see such spectaculars as *Gone With The Wind;* and the beautifully designed signs and store fronts on West Virginia department stores. That was almost certainly Vitrolite, or a similar product called Carrara glass.

Vitrolite was West Virginia-born, although at its peak it was made also at a factory in Ohio. The name was originally a trademark of the Meyercord-Carter Company. The *Wood County History Book of 1980* says Meyercord-Carter was Vienna's first industry. Seventy-five men and women were on the payroll when the plant opened its doors in 1908.

My Vitrolite bathroom had walls of snow-white blocks which formed the wainscoting, extending five feet high on all four sides. Light green Vitrolite baseboards made a cheerful contrast at the bottom, as did a three-inch wide decorative strip of green at the top. A jet black strip, one inch wide, formed a streak of trim between the green and white.

It was that thin glassy black strip around the room that brought a jarring nostalgia for my past. My mother had two round pieces of this hard material which she carried with us as we moved from house to house during the 1930's. She used the 24-inch circles of black, shiny glass in various ways. Mainly she kept them under the pots containing her best house plants.

The black discs were from the days when my father, Ira Wood, had worked at the Vitrolite Company as a young man in the mid-1920's. We

Above: The first use of Vitrolite was for decal signs. The opaque glass served as a background to the decal illustration. This whiskey advertisement dates from 1909. *Left:* The Vitrolite plant under construction. Glass production began in 1908, although the factory was not finally completed until 1914. Photographer and date unknown.

treasured a couple of family photographs of him lounging at the plant gate with fellow workers. But, better than the pictures, the black glass seemed to convey something about the place he had worked.

My father left Vitrolite after taking a college electrical engineering course and becoming an electrician. He made his career change on the brink of the Great Depression, and he had no work for seven years. I wonder now if he ever looked into that black glass and doubted if he had made the right choice.

And now I had a Vitrolite choice of my own to make. Although I was entranced by the Vitrolite bathroom (the kitchen also has Vitrolite counters), my understanding of this special glass was all compressed into those two black pieces we had carried with us so long. I had no idea how to preserve the material while bringing an old house up to modern standards.

While painting and upgrading my house prior to moving in, it appeared that it would be necessary to destroy at least one of my Vitrolite walls in order to replace the 60-year-old plumbing leading to the bathroom. The water pipes had been nailed to the wall framing before the glass squares were installed, and there was no way to get to them.

Destroying my Vitrolite was something that I couldn't do. It meant too much to me and it represented too much of the heritage of this house. I had learned that the first owner, Harve Deuley, had worked with West Virginia glass pioneer Michael J. Owens on the invention of the first automatic bottle-making machine, and that he had been tank engineer at the Vitrolite plant for most of his career. Deuley's meticulous attention to detail was evident in the house. He had even left a brown paper package on which he wrote "Inclosed (sic) are three black strips of Vitrolite for repairs if ever needed at top of bath room wall at 3301 Hemlock Ave., H. H. Deuley."

The second owner, John Weser, was also a Vitrolite man. Described by fellow workers as a powerfully built individual, he was the long-time supervisor of the casting department. Daughter Helen Weser Hoffman recalls her father's Vitrolite days. "When I was five years old, Daddy would take me back to the plant with him at night and make me stand against the wall while he went down the line of lehrs, opening little windows to check on the temperatures of the glass."

As the house's third owner, I had plenty of my own Vitrolite connections. In addition to my father, my brother, Ira Wood, Jr., had worked there in electrical construction as Vitrolite was being phased out in the late 1940's.

It was with my brother's help that we saved the Vitrolite room. We hit on the idea of abandoning the old pipes behind the Vitrolite and running new plumbing through the clothes chute that connected the second floor bath with the basement. "We can save the Vitrolite," Ira said, "and still throw clothes down the clothes chute."

It was a different story for the Dulin family in Parkersburg when some of the glass blocks fell off their bathroom wall and broke. "We had no luck in finding a repairman with any knowledge of Vitrolite," Mildred Dulin Kincheloe recently said. "So we had to have the walls hammered out and replaced, and it was beautiful, too. It was made of green agate blocks."

Breakage is the reason most often given for Vitrolite falling from favor. Others say changing tastes. But in its heyday, before Formica and the other colorful plastic surfaces of today, nothing could compare with the virtues of Vitrolite.

An ad in the 1924 Parkersburg City Directory says: "A Great New Idea In Interior Decoration For the Finest Homes and Club Rooms. Exquisite color effects in exclusive designs! Wall panels and table tops that have the richness and permanence of your finest table ware. Decorated Vitrolite solves the problem of interior decoration for the home owner who wants the new, rich and colorful decorative note in the wall treatment of bathrooms and vestibules as well as for the housewife who wants a beautiful and practical kitchen."

The 1924 ad further states: "Vitrolite is a material that's harder than flint, impervious to all chemicals, cleans instantly with a damp cloth and requires no redecorating."

Mrs. Homer Frame, wife of a retired Vitrolite department head, still has such a Vitrolite kitchen and can verify the advertising claims. "I've washed down my whole kitchen in 75 min-

Left: Albert Vannoy helped make the Vitrolite that went into the Empire State Building. He worked for Vitrolite until 1933.
Below: Plant manager J. P. Lindsay and H. H. Deuley relax in Mr. Lindsay's office. The walls, of course, are Vitrolite. Photographer and date unknown.

utes just using Lux soap and water," she says.

By the 1920's the Wood County plant produced Vitrolite in a wide variety of colors and for installations ranging from bathroom and kitchen interiors to walls for cloud-nudging office buildings. But it all started with signs and a misunderstanding.

It is said that the plant was founded because a Chicago sign man got hot under the collar about a rumor. He had heard that the management of the Opalite Tile Company of Pennsylvania, which furnished him with opaque white glass for his decal brewery signs, was thinking of buying decals from a German firm and going into the sign business in opposition to him. The angry sign maker was George R. Meyercord and he induced some Opalite officials to join him in forming a new company to make white Vitrolite.

Surviving pieces of decal work bring this early period of the company's history alive. Possibly the finest is an advertisement for the I. W. Harper Whiskey Company, measuring approximately 16 by 26 inches and bearing the date of 1909. This early Vitrolite treasure can be seen at Maher's Antiques in Parkersburg, but don't go expecting to buy it. "This is one antique we plan to keep," say owners Bob and Marilyn Maher.

The first Vitrolite was rolled in 1908, although the factory building between the Ohio River and the B&O tracks was finally completed only in 1914. Important changes were made in the company during these years. Meyercord-Carter entered the structural glass business as planned, offering black and opaque white Vitrolite cut to customer specifications. The firm was reorganized in 1910 with George Meyercord as president and incorporated as the Vitrolite Company. The name VITROLITE remained emblazoned on the roof of the plant for years afterward.

Workers caught trolley cars to and from work at a streetcar stop that came to be known as Vitrolite Station. They attended company picnics, as evidenced by large photographs now on exhibit in the Vienna City Building's Heritage Room. Pictures of a Vitrolite picnic at a park in South Parkersburg in 1912 and at Ferncliff Park in Marietta, Ohio, in 1914 include many workers who had come to the area with the Meyercord-Carter people and would stay to retire some 40 years later. Rudolph Teschel was one of these. Educated in the cut-glass trade, Teschel had immigrated from Austria. In his long service at Vitrolite, he would develop many improved manufacturing methods.

"Columbus Taking Possession of the New Land" is a remarkable example of Vitrolite inlay work. The picture now hangs in the Parkersburg Knights of Columbus lodge.

Other workers had helped with plant construction and were asked to remain as company employees. One of these, William Napier, was an Irish immigrant who took the job of gate watchman and timekeeper. Napier would later influence his son Raleigh to work at Vitrolite and encourage Albert Vannoy, who married Napier's granddaughter Mildred, to do the same.

The Vannoys, residents of Vienna, still treasure their connections with the Vitrolite Company. Among the mementos they prize are photos showing wagons and teams of horses hauling equipment for construction of the plant. Another is William Napier's gatekeeper book. His first notation is for January 1915, showing J. P. Weser reporting for work.

One of the finest examples of Raleigh Napier's Vitrolite work is a lamp made of a double pour of black Vitrolite on white, which is then etched in color. He made it for his daughter. Albert Vannoy explains that the double-pour "sandwich effect" was achieved by pouring thin layers of different colors on top of each other. "It had to be done quickly and for that reason, I don't think they did much of this work," he says.

Raleigh Napier worked in the grinding and polishing department. Mildred remembers standing around the big round polishing table watching him work. "I have no idea why they would let us kids in there," she says.

Over the years when Albert Vannoy noticed Vitrolite items being thrown away or sold in yard sales, he tried to save them from destruction. Today he has some unusual items. He has samples of the company's decal sign work, and their etched, painted and sand-blasted work, as well as the tools used in making the glass.

But of all of his Vitrolite memories, nothing compares to his last job there before leaving in 1933 to work at American Viscose. He speaks proudly of working on the Vitrolite that the company supplied for the Empire State Building in New York City.

"I helped with every part of that

Making Vitrolite

Edelene Wood Interviews Ralph Hayden

Ralph Hayden of Vienna went to work at the Vitrolite plant on May 4, 1941, a few years after Libbey-Owens-Ford took over the operation. He readily recalls the later years of Vitrolite history. "Things didn't start to change — the techniques and technology — until after I got there," he says.

The country entered World War II the following winter, but when Hayden reported for induction he was sent home to continue working at the plant. Libbey-Owens was under contract to the government to do defense work. Two of the items they made are described by Hayden as periscopic vision blocks for Sherman tanks and self-sealing fuel cells for bombers such as the B-29. "We sweat blood on those things," he says.

There were 685 people employed at the plant during the war years, but when peace came Libbey-Owens closed down the Vitrolite line and went into the production of fiberglass. The last Vitrolite was made at Vienna in 1947. Hayden had studied mechanical engineering while working at the plant and stayed with the new owners when Johns Manville took over in 1959. He retired as plant engineer in 1982.

"No one is exactly sure of the mix used in the manufacture of Vitrolite," Hayden says today. He can, however, take us roughly through the Vitrolite operation so that we can understand how it was made.

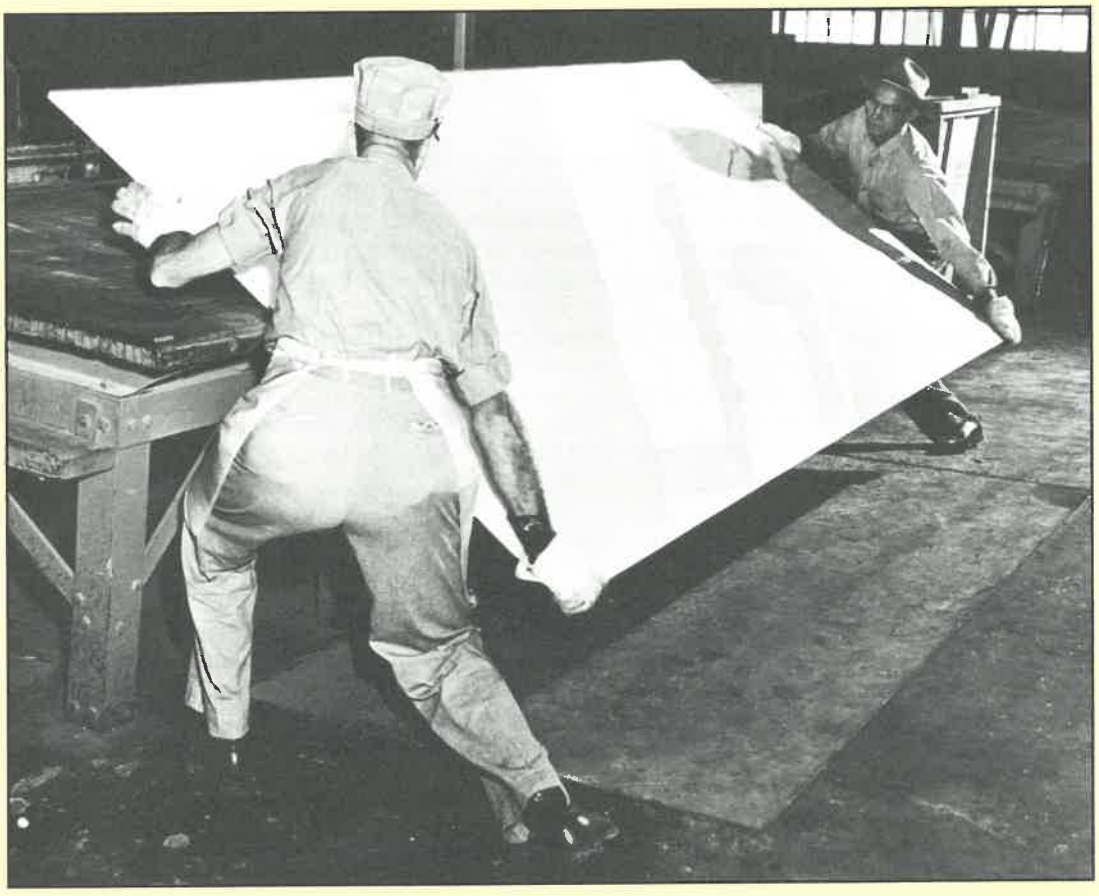
Ralph Hayden. We received by railroad all of our various materials for making glass. The sands, etc., were off-loaded into the batch house and were stored overhead in great big concrete bins.

Underneath the batch house was a little railroad. We had [something] like a concrete mixer on the track which we drove along underneath the center of the house. The various types of materials needed for a particular batch would be weighed as each came down out of the bin. The mixer was pushed along by hand, turning and mixing while being moved from place to place. Each batch was then transferred in batch carts on an overhead trolley to our furnace department.

We called our glass furnaces 'tanks,' and in those days of Vitrolite ours were different than the fiberglass furnaces used later. We had a day tank, a small tank which we fired up and ran during the day, in addition to the larger ones. There we tested small batches of glass during the day then turned the fire down until next morning. We had our own stone cutter, Walter Jogwick from Poland, who cut, fitted and repaired the stonework of our furnaces.

In the furnace department was the melter which was fed the glass batching materials. This was all hand work and the materials were put in the melter with a ladle. The melter was kept at a certain temperature to melt the raw batch and cullet* into glass. Then by means of gravity the

*Cullet is broken or waste glass which is recycled as part of the ingredients for new glass.



Rollie Park (in cap) and Glenn Bush prepare a sheet of Vitrolite to specifications. First they manhandle it onto the cutting table, then (far right) Bush scribes the cut along the straight edge held by Park. Photo by Hauger & Dorf, date unknown.

glass flowed through a small opening in the furnace wall into the adjoining refiner.

In the refiner the temperature was roughly 2300 degrees, which made the glass a homogeneous mass. In earlier days it was stirred by hand, but in my day, the glass in the refiner was stirred with a big water-cooled fork. From there, it flowed into the forehearth.

When the cooling glass reached the forehearth, it was ready to be taken out. Taking out the melted glass was a man-killer job. A ladle on a trolley had to be put under a spout in the forehearth where the hot glass rolled out, ready to be moved over to a solid, cast-iron table. The ladle was balanced on a trolley and moved with great skill.

Pouring the glass onto the cast-iron table demanded the utmost of coordinating between the handler of the ladle and the man at the controls of the [movable] table. Over one end of the table was a roller on a frame. The roller was hollow with a fire inside. There was fire under the cast-iron table as well. In the bed of the table were the ridges that made the groove marks on the underside of each piece of Vitrolite.

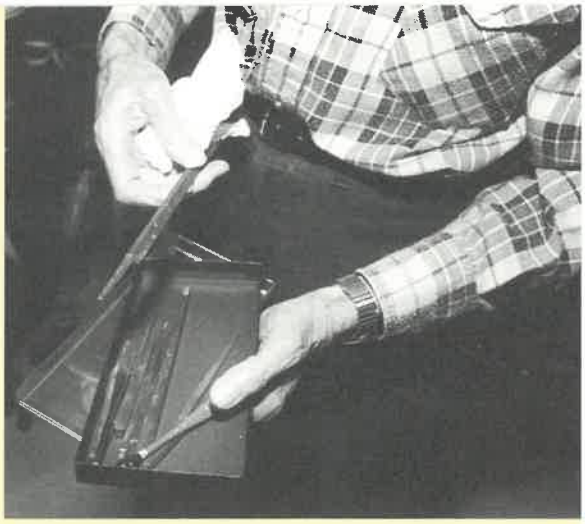
We put graphite on the table as well as on the roller to keep the glass from sticking. The roller was adjusted to the depth of glass we wanted. Then the two operators working together moved the table under the roller while the glass was being poured from the ladle onto the table ahead of the roller.

When this procedure was finished the hot ladle was put in a tank of water to cool down. The flat piece of formed glass was slid off the table onto rails and started on its journey through the annealing lehrs.* The lehrs were heated but not too hot, to temper the glass as it passed through. After several hours, the glass was removed by lehr-end men, sized, cut and placed on an A-frame truck to be taken to the warehouse.

If we needed a better [finish] than this fired finish, then the glass was taken to the grind and polish department. In the grind and polish department, there was a large unit in the center like a circular table about 20 to 25 feet across. There was plaster of paris in the bed of this table and it held the pieces of glass in place. It held a great many pieces and over top of this table was a big U-type frame. Attached to it were grinding heads and cloth polishing heads which were used to grind and polish the Vitrolite pieces.

They used a red rouge, occasionally white, to polish out any defects. The ground and polished pieces were then cleaned up and shipped out.

*A lehr is an oven, cooler than the melting furnaces, used to temper or toughen glass.



Albert Vannoy holds Vitrolite cutting tools of the sort used by Glenn Bush and Rollie Park. Photo by Michael Keller.

Blanche Gallagher Lindsay went to work at the plant on St. Patrick's Day, 1936. Here she shows a non-Vitrolite glass souvenir from Mr. Lindsay's office.

job," Albert says. He helped cut the hundreds of pieces, drill the holes in the glass according to specifications, and pack each piece before shipment. The Vitrolite ashlars that the company shipped were for the stalls and wainscoting in bathrooms and corridors. "We filled several boxcars full of our glass," he says. "We packed each piece in paper and straw and loaded them in the cars. I could have even gone with the fellows to New York to help install it."

Up until 1922, Vitrolite operated in its black and white period. In these years, Vitrolite decorated many memorable jobs. One 1910 installation was the Jenkins Arcade Building in Pittsburgh which was only recently dismantled to make way for another facility. The Jenkins job called for 12 miles of Vitrolite wainscoting. Twenty-seven years later the two gigantic floods of 1937 inundated the first floor of the building. The Jenkins Arcade walls came through uninjured, while walls in many surrounding structures were damaged beyond repair.

Shortly after the company's formation, its white Vitrolite was installed in the new New York City subway stations at Bowling Green, Wall Street, Fulton Street and Brooklyn Bridge. By the end of World War I, restaurants and hotels across the nation had been extensively "Vitrolited," one publication noted. Counters, table tops, back-bars, and wainscoting had created "a world of sparkling white wherever man assembled for food and drink."

But 1922 was the year that Vitrolite came into its own. It captured the hearts of American restaurant owners in a Washington, DC, trade show that year. The Vienna company struck gold when Frank Sohn, an architectural firm employee in Chicago designed and helped to fabricate a Vitrolite display. His work consisted of sandblasted designs on white and

Saving Vitrolite

Writer Edelene Wood found herself in a quandary when it came to remodeling a room with Vitrolite. The unusual glass survives today in many homes and restaurants, on exteriors and interiors, and it's probable that others have questions about its preservation.

Fortunately, help is available. Vitrolite is no longer made, but there is excellent technical information on maintaining and repairing the glass. "Preservation Briefs," a series of periodic bulletins published by the National Park Service, devoted an issue to the subject. "The Preservation of Historic Pigmented Structural Glass," an eight-page publication, was released in February 1984. It gives a brief manufacturing history, as well as installation specifications, maintenance and repair tips, and salvage and replacement techniques.

If you have questions about Vitrolite or want a free copy of the bulletin, contact the State Historic Preservation Office at The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. E., Charleston, WV 25305-0300; (304) 558-0220.

Charleston's Quarrier Diner is one of many buildings in West Virginia still sporting Vitrolite fronts. Photo by Michael Keller.

black Vitrolite, with patterns in a variety of colors.

The color exhibit created a sensation among restaurant owners, and opened up a great new field for Vitrolite. Orders for vari-colored Vitrolite table tops and counters began coming in from restaurant and soda fountain operators across the country. Artists in blue overalls and sandblasters in helmets looking like they had just stepped out of European war-zone propaganda photographs were everywhere, working on panels of opaque Vitrolite.

Sandblasting and inlay became a major activity, resulting in the creation of arrestingly beautiful commercial installations. At the Forum Restaurant in Chicago Vitrolite inlay walls told in color and characters the story of food gathering throughout the world. A glorious example of Vitrolite color and inlay work, "Columbus Taking Possession of the New Land," once hung in the Parkersburg National Bank. It is displayed today in a local private club.

Bill Corbitt of Parkersburg has a piece of Vitrolite art glass made for the Chicago Mayflower Restaurant during this period. "My brother Charlie told about making it," Corbitt says. Through a strange quirk, it has found its way back home through an Ohio flea market where Bill bought it. "It means a lot to have it," he says.

Bill's brothers Harry, Charlie, Homer and Argil all worked at Vitrolite after Harry came up from Wirt County and got a job in 1924. "Even our dad Albert sold the farm and came up to work for the company," he says. Bill Corbitt is the sixth of the Corbitt Vitrolite men.

The Vitrolite Company was taken over by glass giant Libbey-Owens-Ford on July 1, 1935. Blanche Gallagher of Parkersburg went to work at the plant the following spring, on St. Patrick's Day 1936. She later married plant manager J. Prestley Lindsay, who had worked for Meyercord-Carter as a young man.

"They put out beautiful work," Mrs. Lindsay says of the company's decorating department. "I remember one fellow, Albert Travis, a graduate of Carnegie in Pittsburgh, who made lovely pink flamingoes on etched and sandblasted pieces."

She has a red Vitrolite ash tray which she remembers as being made for her by Dick Ricker from Toledo. It is an excellent example of the correlated colors which Vitrolite had perfected. The 12 colors included cadet blue, sky blue, light gray, dark gray, jade, alamo tan, red, peach, mahogany, cactus green, black and white. Agates had been introduced around 1930.

As the Vitrolite plant aged, the original building and layout of operations remained virtually unchanged. Ownership, of course, passed from Vitrolite Company to Libbey-Owens-Ford Company to L.O.F. Glass Fibers to Johns Manville Fiber Glass and most recently to Schuller Division of Manville. Vitrolite itself was last made by Libbey-Owens-Ford.

But the old Vitrolite building is still there, now a part of the larger plant which succeeded it. "In fact," says Steve Meyers, plant engineer for Schuller, "you can stand at a certain place on Grand Central Avenue in Vienna and look down the side of our plant and see the original building." So Vitrolite, like its own beautiful inlay work, is itself inlaid in the history of glass production in the city of Vienna.

The bathroom that started it all. Our author began researching the story after she acquired the house with this fine Vitrolite bathroom.

Julia Davis

West Virginia Wordcrafter

By Bill Theriault

Julia Davis at Media Farm in Jefferson County. She spent childhood summers at the historic family homeplace. Photo by Michael Keller.

Many writers with more than a score of books to their credit would be satisfied to rest on their laurels, particularly if they had just celebrated their 92nd birthday. But Julia Davis isn't one of them.

For her, writing is like breathing, and she has been writing for a long, long time. Born and nurtured in West Virginia, she has traveled widely, rubbed elbows with princes and presidents, and spent much of her working life away from her native state. But wherever she has gone, Julia Davis has looked at the world through eyes sharpened by her West Virginia childhood. And whenever she has returned home for research or respite, she has looked at us with the fresh perspective of the traveler.

Born July 23, 1900, to John W. Davis, a Clarksburg lawyer, and Julia Leavell McDonald, from Media Farm, Jefferson County, she was first named Anna Kennedy Davis in honor of her maternal grandmother. Had her mother lived, the girl named Anna might have trod a different path into the future. But her mother died three weeks after giving her life, and the baby girl was renamed Julia McDonald Davis.

The path taken by Julia Davis has been a long one with many twists and turns. From time to time it crossed that of her father, Ambassador to Great Britain, presidential candidate, renowned lawyer. For brief periods, father and daughter traveled together, but most of her journey has been spent in the company of three husbands (she married one of them twice), seven children, and a few close friends. With her help, I have retraced this journey. Here is her story.

John W. Davis courted Julia McDonald for almost five years. During that time and the brief marriage that followed, he shared with her much that he had never shared with anyone else. With the death of his wife, John W. Davis lost a part of him that he would never recover. Seeking refuge from the pain, he threw himself completely into his work, and his work became his life.

He was to have many friends, many triumphs, a few defeats, and a new wife who saw to his comfort and career. But the loss of his first wife Julia never left him, and the face and name of his daughter were constant reminders of both his greatest love and his greatest loss. Julia Davis notes, "He was always kindly, often abstracted, but I knew then, and I know still, that looking at me hurt his heart."

Unable to keep his daughter with him, John Davis placed her in the capable hands of her grandparents, relegating himself to the role of infrequent visitor, bringer of gifts, and absentee parent. Julia thrived under the attention of two sets of very different grandparents.

Educated at home in Clarksburg by her grandmother Davis until age nine, and spending her summers at Media, the McDonald farm, Julia Davis characterizes her childhood as alternating between a group of "unrepentant individualists" and a family that quite properly called itself a "clan." Looking back over those early years, she reflects, "Certainly I was not unhappy with the Davises, where I received so much love and learned to love deeply in return. Certainly I do not quarrel with having been taught to use my mind. But I was solitary in that silent house."

She goes on to say, "For the child I was, Media meant joy and freedom, freedom from anxious supervision, from precocity, from loneliness, from all that in one way or another oppressed my spirit. Children were a commonplace on that farm. No one hung over me, no one seemed to care what I did. I expanded, running wild."

As Julia Davis undertook the journey from adolescence into adulthood, this dual existence continued. From the Davises and her life in Clarksburg, she learned how to write. And from her sojourns with the McDonalds of Jefferson County, she learned what to write about.

Julia Davis admits that her early education by Anna Kennedy Davis covered only the basics, but the

Below: Julia as an infant with grandfather John J. Davis of Clarksburg. Photographer unknown, 1902.
Below, right: The Davises and McDonalds got together for this portrait at Media. Patriarch Edward McDonald sits at right, with Julia at his feet. John W. Davis stands third from left. Photographer unknown, about 1907.

influence of this remarkable woman should not be minimized. This was the grandmother who knew Greek and Latin, who debated politics and philosophy with her lawyer husband, and who fought off the pleas of her doctor and the preliminary pains of childbirth until she had finished reading a chapter from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

From the tutelage of her grandmother, Julia Davis moved on to the private school taught by her cousin Virginia Kennedy in Clarksburg. It was while she was at this school that her first published work appeared, a poem printed in *St. Nicholas Magazine* that earned the 11-year-old writer a silver medal. By age 14, she had completed the course of study for graduation, but her grandparents decided to give her a couple of years at the Shipley School in Philadelphia before she went to college.

And before she set off for college, Julia had spent more than 16 summers at Media. Summers spent with scores of kids and farm animals, with uncles like John Yates McDonald, a dirt farmer with four college degrees. Summers with her raspy-voiced grandfather, Major Edward A. H. McDonald, an officer in Jeb Stuart's calvary who took a bullet in the throat shortly before the Confederate surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. He had kept himself from bleeding to death by sticking his finger in the wound and then endured six weeks of frequent hemorrhages and a fractured jaw before the bullet could be removed. This was a man who ran his farm with the discipline and precision he had shown in the service, except for his treatment of his granddaughter Julia, who he was incapable of punishing.

While Julia's life alternated between Clarksburg and Media, her father's political career caught fire, first as congressman from the first West Virginia district and then as solicitor general for the United States. He had moved to Washington, and when Julia was 11 he married Nell Bassell from Clarksburg. Nell made sure that John W. Davis wore the right clothes, met the right people, and kept his appointments. She freed him from the responsibilities of daily life so that he could do what he did best, practice law and diplomacy. And in the process, Nell built a wall around her husband which Julia could rarely penetrate.

Deprived of her mother's company by death, Julia was now denied frequent access to her father. "My stepmother was happier when I was not around," she believes. "In spite of her determined kindness I could see this, and it came as a shock to one who had been raised a pet." She observed that Nell "readily subscribed to the theory that I should not be uprooted, but should stay with my two sets of grandparents as usual, and visit Washington only for short vacations."

If you ask Julia Davis about the effect this separation had on her, she will shrug and tell you there was no lack of love in her life, in childhood or after. I believe her. Unable to bear children of her own, she nurtured seven children, and she shared her life with three husbands. Nonetheless, the characters in her novels are frequently orphans, children separated from one or both parents by death or duty, and women who carry on alone while the menfolks are off to war or on other adventures.

Julia Davis began her freshman year at Wellesley College in Massachusetts in 1917, before her father was appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James. Finishing her second year at college, she and her friend Katy Watson joined John W. Davis and Nell in England in June of 1920. Julia's memories of this period, based on her letters to her aunts and Katy's letters to her father and mother, are soon to be published by West Virginia University under the title *The Embassy*

Aunt Emma Kennedy Davis was a surrogate mother to young Julia. She is shown here at the Davis home in Clarksburg. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy Harrison County Historical Society.

Julia and William Adams on their 1923 wedding day. This portrait was made at John W. Davis's Long Island estate. Photographer unknown.

Girls. During her stay in England, she met Lieutenant William M. Adams, an American pilot and air corps attache at the American embassy. Returning to the United States, Julia resumed her classes at Wellesley in the fall of 1920. But the school now seemed smaller, "like a pair of shoes that had grown too tight." She finished out the year and transferred to Barnard, where she received her bachelor's degree in 1922. The following year, Julia Davis married William Adams and the couple moved to Copenhagen, where he managed the Scandinavian branch of the American Rubber Company.

Julia Davis Adams spent two and a half years in Scandinavia, and it was there that she collected the materials that would become her first two books. The first one got its start when the couple visited one of Bill's friends, who had recently completed a series of watercolors illustrating the work of Saxo Grammaticus, the compiler of the first history of the Danes. The friend was looking for someone to translate the original work and create a narrative to accompany the illustrations. "Julia can do it," said Bill. "She loves to write." And she did.

During her years in Copenhagen, Julia Davis translated the original work into English from Old Danish and retold the stories. When the Adamses returned to the United States to live in 1926, she set out to find a publisher for her book.

"I brought it back and went around with this portfolio of big pictures," she says. "Eventually I saw the head of Dutton's junior department. And she thought it could be made into stories for young adults; that is, teenagers."

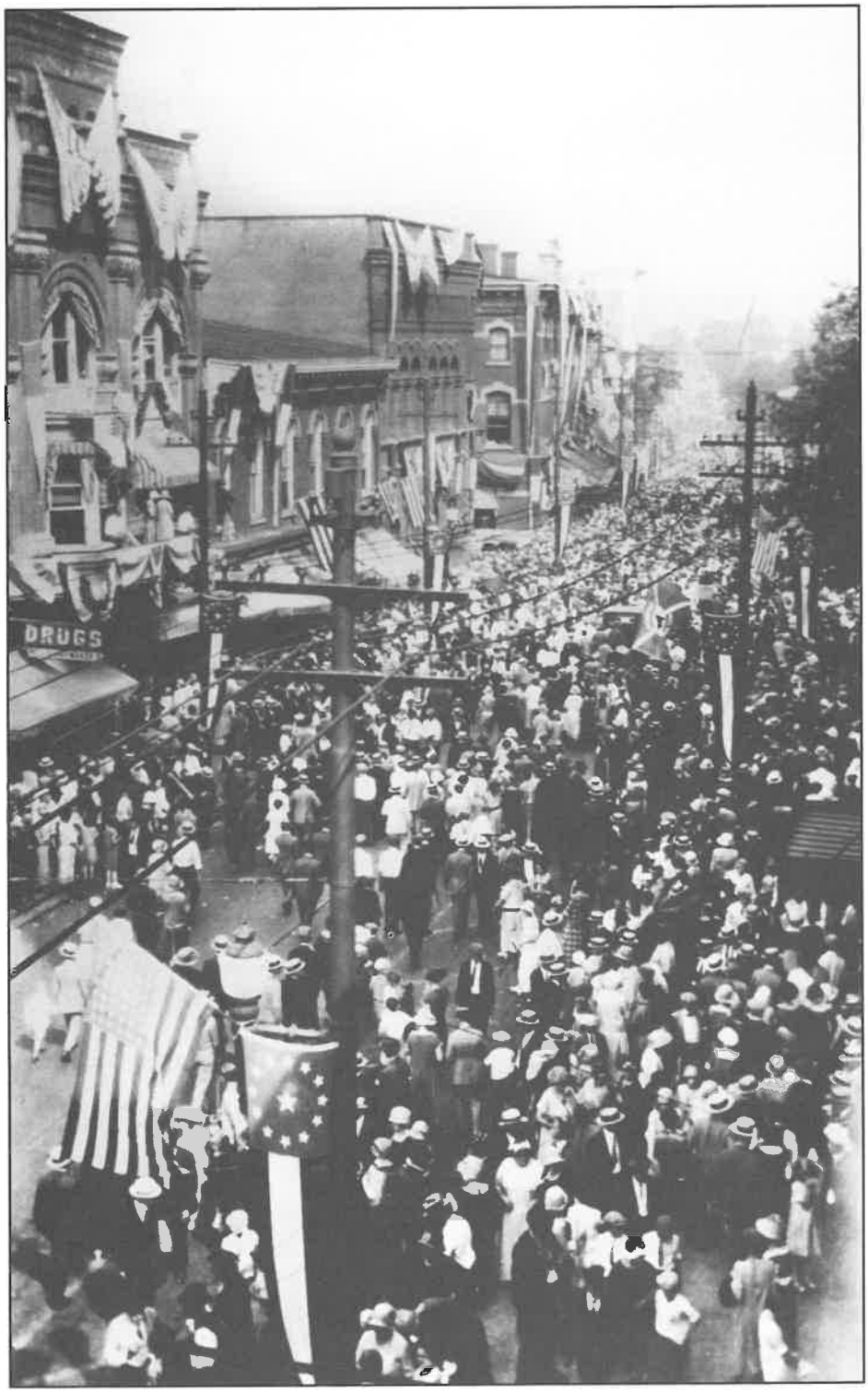
Julia Davis signed a contract, but the book needed a lot of work before it could be published. She figured that she could finish it while she worked at some other job to pay the bills. She became a reporter for the Associated Press in New York City.

Recalling those first days as an AP reporter, Julia Davis said, "I was the second woman they'd ever hired. I was doing special features, and they paid me a quarter of a cent a word, which they told me quite frankly was the lowest they'd ever offered anybody. But I was glad to get the job and I thoroughly enjoyed it." Remembering the special features editor she worked for, she noted, "He was very nice to work with. And he told me in the beginning, 'You're writing for a newspaper. Take the first chapter of Genesis as your model. Put the whole story in the first sentence. Then develop the story.'"

Despite her love of reporting and the pay raise she received for her efforts, meeting deadlines at the newspaper didn't help her meet the publishing deadline for her book. She quit her job in the summer of 1927 and returned to the Davis home in Clarksburg for a few weeks. Melville Davisson Post, a friend of the Davises, lived nearby, and this West Virginia master of the detective story gave Julia a crash course in novel writing.

"He taught me more in six weeks that I had learned in all of the English courses that I had taken at all the colleges," Julia Davis said. "He really knew what he was doing.

Julia Davis spent her middle years away from West Virginia. This portrait was made by a New York studio, about 1960.



Father John W. Davis (1873-1955) was among the most accomplished West Virginians of his generation. Davis served in the U.S. Congress, as U.S. Solicitor General, and as Ambassador to Great Britain under President Woodrow Wilson. His 1924 campaign for president was big news in Clarksburg, as the picture at left shows. Portrait by Pach Brothers, undated; crowd scene August 10, 1924; both courtesy West Virginia State Archives.

"He would tell me, 'You need a little more dialogue here. You've got to build this up. You've got to build that up.'" She continued, "Your dialogue was always either to advance the story or to enlighten people about the characters. It must always have a purpose. It must always move the story. I really learned how much cloth it takes to make a pair of pants with him in those six weeks."

During that period, *Swords of the Vikings* really began to take shape. Published in 1928, the book was one of the five nominated that year for the Newberry Medal, then as now the most distinguished award for children's literature. It stayed in print for 40 years. And so Julia Davis Adams, with one book under her belt, set out on her lifelong career as a novelist. Unfortunately, her contract for that first book led her down a path that she didn't want to follow. "I realized afterwards that I had signed a contract to write children's books," she said. "I had to write six of them before I could get out of it."

So five more children's books followed *Swords of the Vikings* in quick succession. The third one, *Stonewall* (1931), sent her off in a new direction. "That got me back to America, and I realized that my real interest was American history, particularly in the history of this area. Jackson, of course, was from Clarksburg and went through the Shenandoah Valley and Jefferson County a good many times. I became very interested in that."

She continued the Civil War theme in *Remember and Forget* (1931). Using an early McDonald family home outside Winchester as the setting and family letters and memoirs as a source, Julia Davis created a story of a family divided by conflicting allegiances to their state and their country. *Peter Hale* (1932), which

ended her obligation to Dutton, recounts the adventures of an orphan during the colonial period.

If you read Julia Davis's first novels, you will probably be surprised at the quality of the effort. Each is well written and aimed at a reading level that today would be classified as adult. Only today's vulgarity and explicit sex are missing. She didn't write down to children, and while her books often deal with fairly complex issues, they do so in a straightforward way. She summarizes the causes of the Civil War in *Stonewall,* for example, without glorifying the struggle or romanticizing the combatants on either side.

Cooking with Julia

Loose ends from a long writing career were recently brought together with the publication of Harvest: Collected Works of Julia Davis. *The following essay, one she intended for a not-quite-serious "Teach Your Husband How to Cook Cookbook" is from the new collection:*

"I'd like to learn to cook," said my husband.

"Then I could help you."

The prospect had definite charm, so we started with a beef stew. I produced a flank steak and asked him to cut it into strips.

"How big?"

"About an inch wide and two inches long."

My husband, trained in engineering, was about to go for his tape measure when I assured him it did not have to be entirely accurate. While he was cutting, I got out potatoes, a large green pepper, two onions, and two stalks of celery, put some butter in an iron skillet and half a cup of flour with salt and pepper into a paper bag.

"Why?" asked my husband.

"To coat it with flour before we brown it in butter."

"Why?"

Having always taken this preliminary step for granted, I fell back on the classic Spanish explanation for everything, "Es costumbre." (It is the custom.)

"Won't it cook in the casserole anyway?"

"Sure. But it will taste better."

"All right, " he said cheerfully, shaking hard, and then he dumped the entire mixture, extra flour and all, into the melting butter.

I rushed to rescue it by taking the pan off the stove, crying, "Oh no! No!"

"What's the matter?"

"You don't dump flour into butter like that. It will be lumpy."

"Why did you use too much flour in the first place?"

"To be sure I had enough."

My husband is always looking for a better way to do things, and I could see his mind grappling with this problem as he came to a dead halt. I diverted him by suggesting that he peel the potates while I hastily scraped off the extra flour with a spoon.

"Why don't you leave the skins on?"

"If they were new potatoes I would."

"Then why aren't they new potatoes?"

"You can't always get them. Besides, I had these on hand."

Unconvinced but cooperative, my husband started to peel. I put the pan back on the stove, added extra butter to absorb the flour I could not remove, and began turning the strips to brown on all sides.

"Another kind of knife would do this better," said my husband, peeling thoughtfully.

"Let's not invent it now. Just cut them into chunks about that size." I showed him with thumb and forefinger.

"Put them in the bowl and get on with the pepper. Cut it into strips and remove the white membrane."

"Why do you remove the membrane?"

"It's the done thing." Perhaps this sounded more authoritative in English, since he made no further objections, not even to taking the strings off the celery or peeling the onions before quartering them, while I removed the beef strips to the casserole.

"It's a lot of work," he said.

"It goes more quickly with two," I said, to give encouragement. "Now we'll make the sauce."

To the juice in the pan (not much because of the extra flour) I added a half cup of beef broth and a half cup of red wine, stirring it all together.

"How do you know how much to put in?"

"I don't. I taste it," I answered, adding broth.

"Doesn't seem a very precise method."

"It isn't but it works," I assured him, throwing in some mixed herbs, a bay leaf, some basil for good measure. "If you will mix the vegetables with the meat in the casserole, we'll pour this over it when it's ready."

"When will it be ready?"

"After it simmers enough."

My husband shook his head, gazing at me tolerantly. When we finally introduced the casserole into the stove for its hour and a half in a slow oven, he made a final comment, rather tenderly.

"You don't seem to know exactly what you're doing. There's got to be a quicker way."

A final question, wives. Before I go to the trouble of compiling the cookbook, do you really want to teach your husbands to cook?

Harvest: Collected Works of Julia Davis *was published by the Arts and Humanities Alliance of Jefferson County. The 201-page paperback, edited by William Theriault, sells for $13 postpaid. Send orders to the Alliance at P.O. Box 448, Shepherdstown, WV 25443. This excerpt is reprinted by permission of the publisher.*

During those four years in which Julia Davis wrote five novels, writing served not only as a source of income but also as a source of renewal. She was an invalid during much of that time, first due to complications from a miscarriage and then from a fractured vertebra incurred in a fall from a horse. Finally, she was out of her contract. But four years of sickness, plus disagreements with her husband, had taken their toll. The couple was divorced in 1932.

Back in New York City, Julia Davis's life took a new direction. She met and married Paul West, an assistant to Henry Luce at *Time* and *Life*, and took a job as an adoption agent. Like her job at Associated Press, Julia Davis West's new job was low paying and difficult. She was given the children hardest to place, and she made a success of it. By the time she left the job five years later, she had a caseload of 100 children. A boy and girl from the agency remained hers for life.

Julia West's next book did not come as quickly as the last six. The demands of her job, her children, and her marriage pulled her in many different directions. Three years in the making, *No Other White Men* (1938) is the story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Like her other historical works, the narrative makes extensive use of firsthand accounts and shows an attention to setting and detail. The book was in print for more than 50 years and is as readable today as when it was first published.

Thus far, Julia Davis had drawn upon her personal and family experiences to add realism and depth to stories she had created, but she had never based a whole novel upon an incident taken from her own life. Unexpected events during the next two years gave her the material for a new novel and forged bonds of love and friendship that have lasted a lifetime.

The Spanish Civil War had just ended, and a correspondent who had covered the war told her that two refugee children needed a temporary home. Their mother had been shot by Franco's sympathizers and their father, a well-known Spanish novelist and supporter of the losing communist cause, needed someone to look after the children while he got settled in Mexico. Julia Davis recalls, "I took them in for six weeks and they stayed forever." The story of how she came to be their mother and how they began their journey back from the horrors of war is movingly told in *The Sun Climbs Slow* (1940), a quietly powerful novel that is probably her greatest work.

Asked by Stephen Vincent Benet to write *The Shenandoah* (1944) for The Rivers of America Series, Julia Davis set to work on what was to be her longest research project. More than five years in the making, *The Shenandoah* was written amidst great personal turmoil, including the

New Book on the Kennedy Primary

West Virginian John W. Davis, Julia Davis's father, was nominated for president in 1924 due to the Democrats' unwillingness to nominate Catholic Al Smith, the front runner. Ironically, Mountain State voters were again thrust into the center of the religion-and-politics question a generation later. This time they settled the matter once and for all by voting decisively for John F. Kennedy in the May 1960 Democratic primary election. Kennedy went on to be elected America's first Catholic president in the fall.

A new book by Dan B. Fleming, Jr., speculates that the West Virginia race was "perhaps the most significant primary in American political history." *Kennedy vs. Humphrey, West Virginia, 1960* was published by McFarland & Company last spring. Fleming, now a Virginia Tech professor and the son of a former West Virginia state senator, served as a Kennedy county chairman in 1960.

John Kennedy had hoped to avoid the religious question in his drive for the presidency, but when the issue deprived him of the substantial margin he had hoped for in the Wisconsin primary he resolved to confront it head-on. West Virginia was chosen as the battleground. Its voters were overwhelmingly Protestant, and the Kennedy forces reasoned that a solid victory here would lay the matter to rest. Historians agree that the strategy helped to propel JFK into the White House.

Professor Fleming takes a non-romantic view of Kennedy's landslide in West Virginia. While acknowledging what the *Wall Street Journal* called the sheer "likability" of the candidate, he attributes the win primarily to better organization and more money. "I'll tell you who elected Jack Kennedy," he quotes Boston's Cardinal Richard Cushing as saying. "It was his father, Joe, and me, right here in this room. I believe you should know that the decisions in West Virginia were made here, in this library."

Ralph Williams of Greenbrier County helped guide John Kennedy through the intricacies of West Virginia politics. Young Teddy Kennedy stands at rear. Photographer unknown, 1960, courtesy State Archives

Kennedy vs. Humphrey is based primarily on the author's firsthand knowledge and scores of interviews with those closest to the contest. The 206-page hardback has numerous illustrations, charts and maps, as well as a bibliography and index. The book sells for $24.95 in bookstores or may be ordered from McFarland & Company, Publishers, Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640. Mail orders please add $2 postage.

—Ken Sullivan

deaths of her stepmother Nell and her Aunt Emma, who had been like a mother to her since the death of Grandmother Davis. The Wests were forced to sell their New York home when Paul entered the service, and the burden for earning a living and supporting their children fell mainly on Julia. Moving back to the Davis house in Clarksburg, she used it as her base of operations as she wrote and traveled throughout the Shenandoah Valley gathering material for her book. The most popular of Julia Davis's works, *The Shenandoah* is still in print. *A Valley and a Song* (1963) provided younger readers with their own view of the valley.

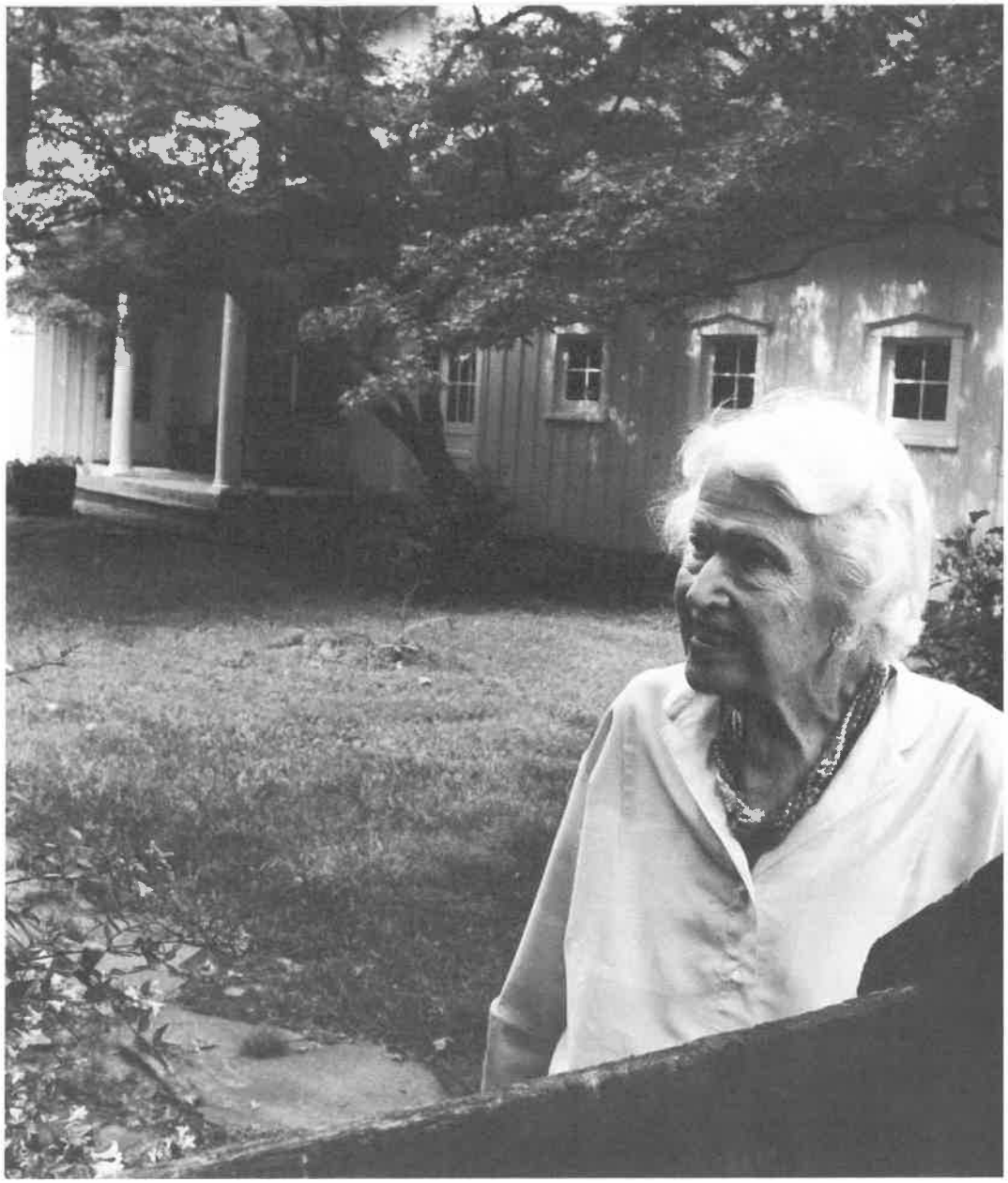
Her second marriage was one of the casualties of the war, and the Wests were divorced in 1949. The end of her marriage and the end of the war sent Julia Davis off in new directions. The death of her stepmother in 1943 had removed a barrier that had stood between father and daughter for more than 30 years. Moving back to New York, Julia Davis grew closer to her father.

Her interest in local history continued in *Cloud on the Land* (1950), where she used Media Farm in Jefferson County as the launching point for an historical novel about Western settlement and slavery. Set early in the 19th century, the book begins the saga of the McLeod family of Virginia, including Angus McLeod, a plantation owner forced to confront the economic problems of slavery and manumission, and his wife Lucy, who loves her husband but finds slavery abhorrent. Anecdotes from the McDonald family are woven into the narrative and give the work interest and realism.

Julia Davis's theme outgrew this book, and it was continued in *Bridle the Wind* (1951), in which Lucy takes a neighbor's slave north to freedom in the 1830's. *Eagle on the Sun* (1956) continues the family saga during Angus's stint in the Mexican War.

Readers looking for platitudes about slavery in the Old South will not find them in this trilogy. Julia Davis explores the toll that slavery exacted on slaves, slave owners, and the society in which they lived, as well as the strains these conflicting values brought to family relationships.

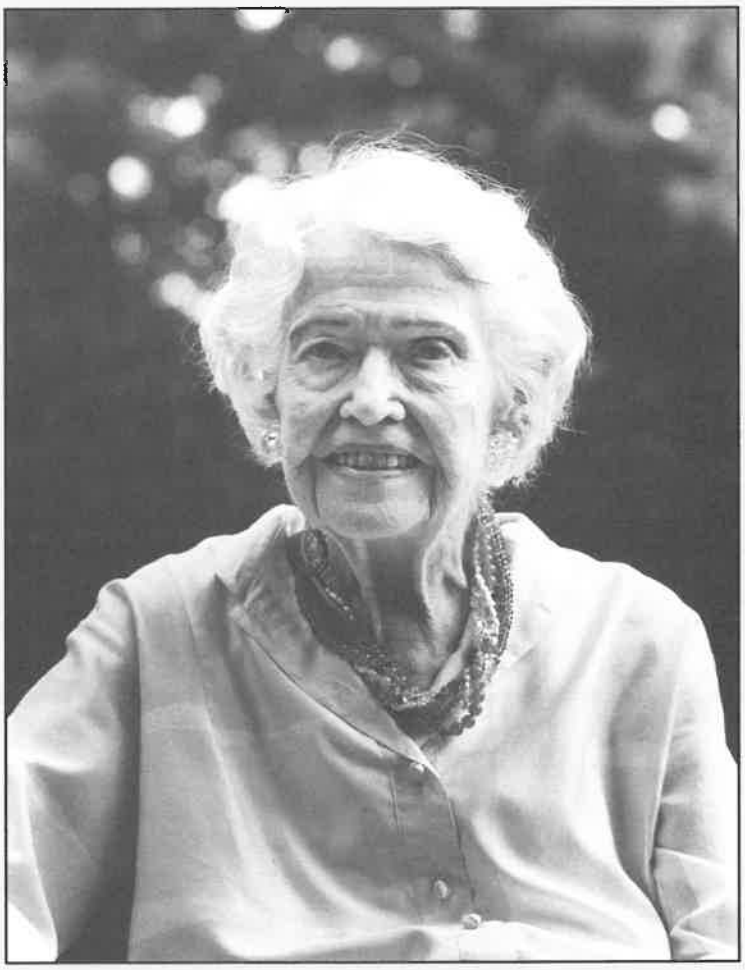
During the same period that Julia Davis tackled the slavery issue in the McLeod trilogy, John W. Davis was supporting racial segregation in an important case before the U.S. Supreme Court. Although his daughter and friends advised Davis against arguing South Carolina's case against integrating public schools, he took the 1954 case anyway. South Carolina's governor was a close friend, and Davis believed that he had the law and precedent on his side. Looking back on that period, Julia Davis noted that her father, as usual, decided to take the case on his own and didn't share his ideas with her. Likewise, Julia developed her exploration of slavery independently of her father, discussing this and other works with him only after publication.



Media Farm is no longer home to Julia Davis, but it remains in the family. She visits occasionally from her home in Charles Town. Photo by Michael Keller.

While she was working on *Cloud on the Land*, Julia Davis's life and career both took new directions. In 1951, she married Charles P. Healy, a lawyer at Columbia University, and the couple's children from their previous marriages came to live with them. Her writing took a detour into the realm of mysteries. Accompanying her father to England when he received an honorary doctorate in 1950, she saw a "church" that had been built early in the 19th century for devil worship. She used the building and its history when she wrote *The Devil's Church* (1951) under the pseudonym "F. Draco." Another mystery, *Cruise with Death* (1952), was published under that same name, and several short stories followed.

The death of Julia Davis's father in 1955 and her husband in 1956 marked



Julia Davis, Distinguished West Virginian. Governor Gaston Caperton named Julia Davis a Distinguished West Virginian on July 31, 1992. The certificate was presented by Culture and History Commissioner Bill Drennen at the Charles Town publication party for her new book, *Harvest: Collected Works of Julia Davis*. The award is given to West Virginians of "outstanding achievement and meritorious service." Photograph by Michael Keller.

a lull in her career, and the loss of several members of the McDonald clan placed an additional burden on her to settle family affairs. She was now the custodian of large amounts of materials documenting the history of the Davis and McDonald families.

Reading through this wealth of information, she recalls, brought her back to her roots. "The older generations came again to life, this time in the round, not merely as seen by the young. Reading, I recalled my family in every sense of that good word, and found my signposts for the future." Much of her subsequent writing has focused on making the history of both families available to the public.

Julia Davis donated many of her father's papers to Yale University in 1961, and she has placed other materials written by her father in the keeping of West Virginia University. (The diaries kept by J. W. Davis as Ambassador to England are scheduled to be published by WVU sometime in 1992.)

She captured the essence of the relatives who raised her in *Legacy of Love* (1961), a series of anecdotes that focus on her life in Clarksburg, Media, and London. *Mount Up* (1967), based on the diary of her grandfather Edward A. McDonald, recounts his exploits during the Civil War. *Never Say Die* (1980), tells the story of Angus McDonald's flight to America after the Scottish Battle of Culloden and the growth of his branch of the McDonald clan on this continent. Much of this material deals with early life in Virginia, Ohio, and the area that would later become West Virginia.

While keeping her commitment to record the achievements of her family, Julia Davis has continued to deal with broader issues in American history. Her play *The Anvil* (1961), written for the Civil War centennial in Charles Town, was produced off Broadway in 1962. Dealing with the trial of John Brown after the abolitionist's raid on Harpers Ferry, the play looks at Brown as a catalyst for the violent events that followed. Brown, as the title suggests, is an anvil on which God beats out His purposes.

Using the format found in her novel of the Lewis and Clark expedition, Julia Davis wrote *Ride with the Eagle* (1962), which draws upon the diaries of six soldiers to recreate the adventures of Colonel William Doniphan's First Missouri volunteers in the war with Mexico. The role of women in politics and law was another topic that caught her attention. Articles published in *Smithsonian Magazine* in 1977 and 1981 contrast the careers of the first two woman candidates for president of the United States, Victoria Woodhull and Belva Lockwood.

In 1974, Julia Davis remarried her first husband, William Adams, and the couple lived at his home in New York until his death in 1986. She then decided to make her return to West Virginia permanent. Settled in Charles Town since that time, she has continued to write and lead an active life. Last year, she wrote the narrative for the Jefferson County Historical Society's book on historic homes, *Between the Shenandoah and the Potomac.*

Looking back over her 92 years, Julia Davis reflects, "I always wanted to write novels and raise children, and I've done plenty of both." Her latest book, *Harvest: Collected Works of Julia Davis* was published in July, and a new novel is in the works. After that, who knows?

Bocce

An Old Game Lives in Harrison County

By Norman Julian
Photographs by Mark Crabtree

Bocce, a sport of the ancients, is alive and up to date in Harrison County, passed on from generation to generation by players who love the game.

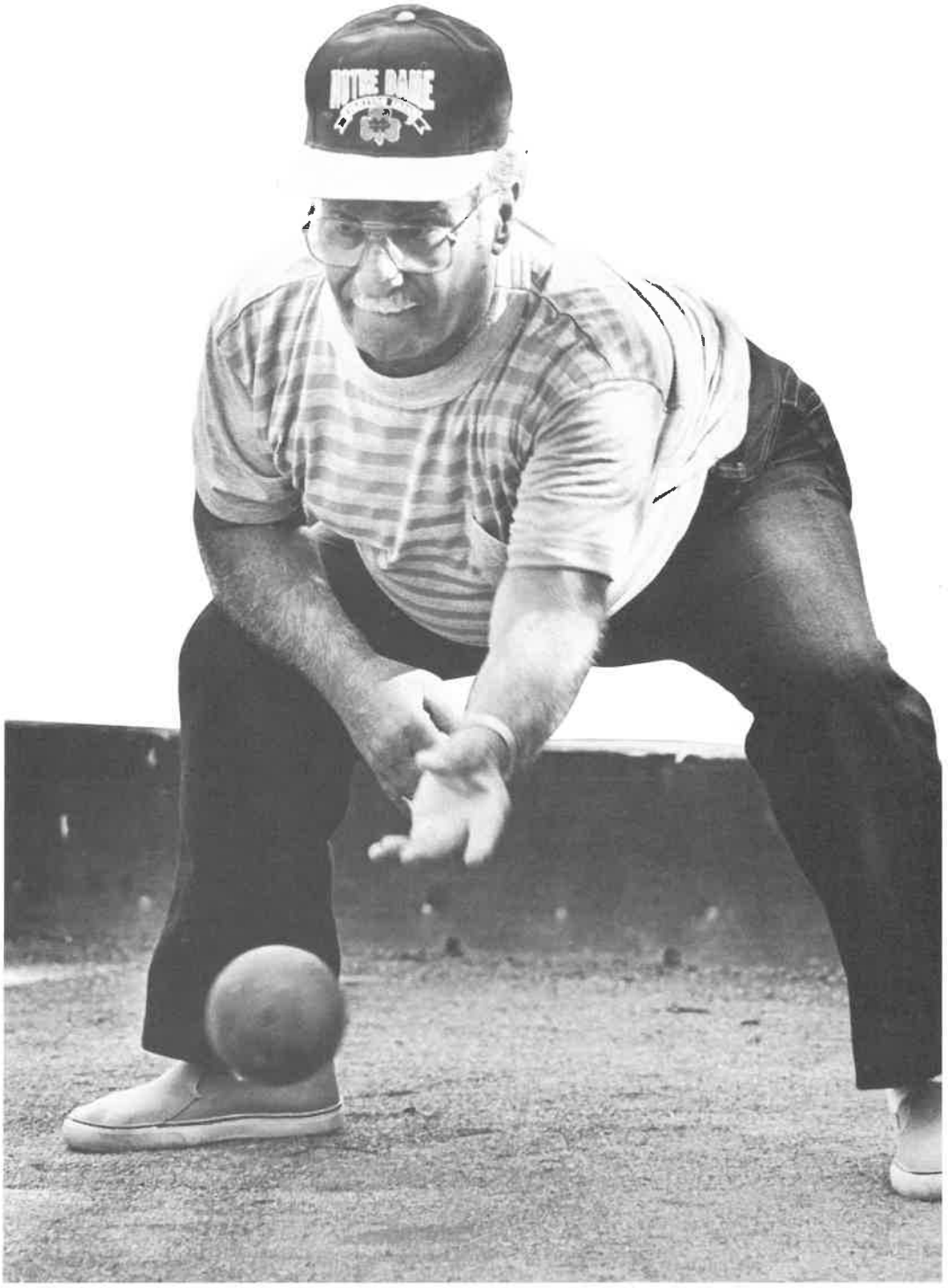
Play occurs at Meadowbrook at courts built across from busy Tate's Fruit Market along meandering two-lane U.S. Route 19. This unincorporated hamlet lies between Shinnston and Clarksburg, in an area heavily populated by Italian-Americans. The immigrants who came here soon after the turn of the century imported bocce — pronounced botch-ee, with emphasis on the first syllable. This game goes back at least to the time of the Roman legions, and in some versions perhaps much earlier than that.

Like mining coal and Old World agricultural practices, the lore of this very Italian game was transplanted in the typical immigrant way — father teaching son, person to person, hands on. You don't read a book to learn bocce. Its rules are simple, though its moves are sophisticated. You learn by watching, listening, and doing.

It's a new bocce development, though, that the participants here lately represent a broad mix of the many nationalities that make up America. Only a few are Italian.

That the game continues to thrive here at Meadowbrook is a credit to Jim Cinalli, who may wear the title "Mr. Bocce" these days, and to the late John Perri, who wore it before him. Maybe more than anyone in Harrison County, Perri accounts for the game's local resurgence.

Perri died November 26, 1991. A bocce tournament has been held at the West Virginia Italian Heritage Festival in Clarksburg every Labor Day Weekend since the festival began in 1979. The 1992 version was called



Concentration makes a bocce player, the Meadowbrook regulars will tell you. Joe Tate is one of them.

Left: Jim Cinalli checks a close one. The idea is to get your ball nearest to the little ball. *Right:* The late John Perri was "Mr. Bocce," according to men playing the game today. Here he poses at the 1983 West Virginia Italian Heritage Festival. Photo by W. M. Harpold.

the John Perri Memorial Bocce Tournament. Last year, 11 teams of four members apiece participated.

On the balmy July Sunday afternoon when I take in the action at Tate's — and like any good American or Italian contest, the action is all-consuming and competitive — several of the talented bocce players light-heartedly claimed to be "Mr. Bocce." If you saw the subtle spin they give to the ball or the power alley throws when the object is to knock an opponent out of scoring position, you might tend to agree with each of them.

Cinalli, 64 and retired from the Internal Revenue Service, himself gives most credit to Perri.

"He built the first court here practically alone," says Cinalli. Perri, a long-time aficionado (the Italians would have it "afiezionato") of the sport, lived "up the road a piece" at Spelter, so named because of the zinc plant that operated there for many years. The town, also known as Zeising, was the first home of many Italian immigrants who worked at the factory. Most of the rest were recruited to work in the mines.

"Perri had the first bocce court in this area beside his home," recalls Cinalli. "He would later tell of the many people who would come to his house to play every week, and the good times they had, and how good the old-timers were. When he built the court at Tate's, he would be the first player there on Sunday afternoons to prepare the courts for play. He would always be the last to leave.

"John was the last of the old-timers who shot the ball in the air to knock a ball away and his ball would stay where he wanted it," says Cinalli. "John was the best."

The old-time players contended any disputed balls with gusto. They postured and argued like Italian John McEnroes. It was a macho game.

When Perri and Cinalli were teammates, they won at the festival five years. The team that won last year was sponsored by Jim Cinalli's son, Dr. Mark Cinalli. Other team members were James Elia, Rusty DeBlossio, and Jim.

"During non-tournament games here, when his concentration was less needed, you would see John talking to the younger players, instructing them, encouraging them," Cinalli says. "He wanted to see the game perpetuated."

Devotees Willard West, Greg West and Gary Wagner followed Perri's example and led "a whole gang of us" in building the second court. All the work was done by hand. The crew constructed its own rest rooms. Litter containers near the courts are used. There is a sense of neatness about the conduct of the players. Spectator benches are placed strategically about the area, which by the middle of the afternoon begins to be covered by shade from nearby trees. The West Fork River slides by on the other side of the trees.

Other courts have been built at Shinnston and Enterprise, towns you encounter going north on Route 19. "Shinnston is one of the most cooperative towns I've ever run across," says Cinalli. "No matter what it is, they volunteer to help you. They were ready right away on this."

John Tate, the merchant whose store is across the highway from the Meadowbrook site, is an Italian-American in his 70's. He ordered the balls from Italy. His name originally was "Tatti." Italian names were commonly shortened and Anglicized by mine clerks when the immigrants entered the coal mines. Many could not write their own names.

Cinalli grew up in Fairmont just two blocks from the Christopher Columbus Lodge near heavily Italian-American Pennsylvania Avenue.

"I've played since I was a kid," he says. "Back in those days, we used to

start going down to the lodge when we were seven or eight years old. We'd watch the grown men play. We'd throw the balls back for them. Between games when they'd go get something to drink, we'd start rolling those balls. When the games started, they would chase us away. As we got older, we got to play more. By the time I was in high school I was playing with the grown-ups."

As a kid visiting relatives nearby (Cinalli and I are cousins by marriage), I used to look in on the bocce action myself. The contests often were heated, the arguments impassioned. The language was Italian with a little broken English thrown in. Even then the Americanization of the game had begun.

The combatants as likely as not smoked long, black, strong-smelling Parodi or DeNobili cigars, which are mostly missing at bocce games nowadays. The players contended any disputed balls with gusto. They postured and argued like Italian John McEnroes. It was a macho game.

The Christopher Columbus Lodge courts are no longer in Fairmont. But the game, which over the millennia will not die, has taken root again at the Knights of Columbus meeting place in Watson, a part of Fairmont with a rich Italian heritage. Many towns in West Virginia with large Italian-American populations have, or had, bocce courts, though in some places, like at Morgantown, they have been phased out.

These days, Jim Cinalli is the first on the scene at Tate's. At about two o'clock, he arrives to smooth the courts for play. He uses a pushbroom-like device with a crossways two-by-four at the business end. He gently massages the gritty surface, something that is repeated after every game. Players begin to arrive about a half-hour later. Some of the younger late arrivals come to relax after playing more strenuous games of softball.

Greg West, himself a former softball player, now concentrates on bocce. "It's a lot easier than softball," says West, who doesn't miss the old head-first slides. He shows a delicate touch rolling the bocce balls.

"All you have to do to play bocce is learn to take a drink before you roll the ball," West figures. His proclamation is accompanied by laughter. Soft drinks are most common here, as is tobacco in one form or another. Odd, no one smokes a cigar. I spot a pouch of Mail Pouch Regular in the back pocket of one of the players. Sandals and tennis shoes are the preferred footwear. Anything casual seems to constitute a uniform.

Most of the players here played one sport or another either at the old Shinnston High School or its consolidated successor, Lincoln, or in the old baseball coal leagues. None of those questioned admits to playing the more refined and citified game of billiards, with which bocce has much in common. There are also similarities to golf, horseshoes and bowling.

"Concentration, mainly, makes a good bocce player," says Cinalli, who is consistently on winning teams. He owns a studied, bowler's toss that is highly accurate. "You have to have a little athletic ability. Most of the players here are former athletes. Some played softball, baseball, football — you name it."

The joke that goes around is, "The

Close counts in this game, and a tape measure quickly settles any gentlemanly differences. Lou Veltri and Greg West check it out. Photo by Norman Julian.

John Tate is unofficial host to bocce at Meadowbrook. His market is across the road from the courts.

The game goes back at least to the time of the Roman legions, and in some versions perhaps much earlier than that.

reason men start to play bocce at 40 is that they discover bocce and religion at the same time." In fact, Jim Cinalli is a regular church-goer. And although he might take credit for the code of good conduct here, he says that John Perri established it. "He didn't use any profanity whatsoever," recalls Cinalli. "He never had a bad word to say about anybody."

So, unlike the games I saw as a boy, those played here are not accompanied by strong language. Expletives are rarely used, and when they are they are incorporated into good-natured banter.

Laughter mixes with friendly chastisements when players make bad shots. A good toss receives accolades.

"Good shot" is repeated by several players after a particularly good throw by Joe Tate, John's relative. He intentionally bounced the ball off a wall where, aided by a little "English," it knocked an obstructing ball out of the way and put Joe in scoring position.

"Great shot" makes the rounds, too — sometimes with "It's about time." Probably everyone here is the target of both praise and derision at some point in the afternoon. It's all part of the good-natured jostling of a friendly group.

"In bocce, you get the whole gang together, laughing and joking," says Cinalli. "There aren't too many games where you can get a lot of people together and talk. In golf, you're limited to a foursome. Not too many of us play basketball or baseball anymore. It's nice to have the boys here. It's something you can do and mingle like you did in the old days. In modern times, people don't get together as much as they used to."

The teams play for 50 cents a game per person. The arguments undoubtedly would be stronger were the stakes higher, so 50 cents is the limit. Cinalli notes that in the days when he learned the game, back in the '40's and '50's, the stakes at the Christopher Columbus Lodge were ten cents, then the cost of a beer.

The competitiveness reaches its greatest heights at the annual festival tourney. Winners at the Italian Heritage Festival get to keep a handsome trophy for one year. Cinalli designed the trophy, which was made by Batman Trophies of Bridgeport. The names of the winning teams are engraved on it each year and stay there. The trophy will serve until 1996, when space for new names on its shiny gold surfaces will be depleted. Members of the first, second and third place teams receive cash prizes, made up of entrance fees.

It's likely one day, when this generation passes the lore of the game on

A few arguments break out about where balls come to lie. Where the calls are close, measuring tapes are retrieved from pockets quick as a collision.

to the next, the old-timers whose names appear on the trophy will be as fondly remembered as John Perri and his predecessors are today. "I wanted the trophy big so everybody could see it," Cinalli says. It is another way to spread word of the game.

Play ceases during the winter, but Cinalli says "at the first good sign of warm weather, we start up again." Usually the season goes from May till the last of October.

The games here this day rivet everyone's attention, players and spectators alike.

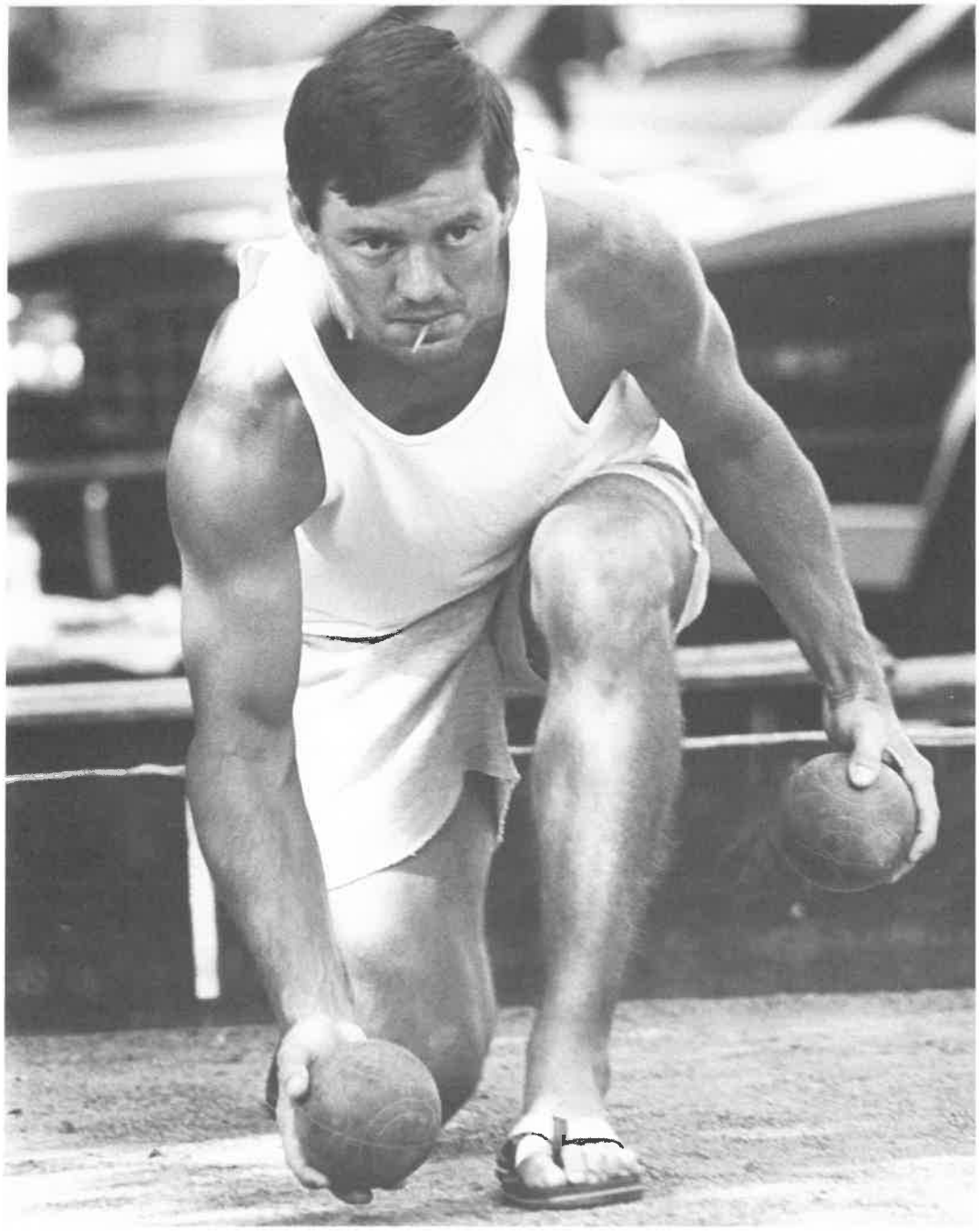
Cinalli is a great opener. His delivery reminds me of a bowler, only he delivers the ball with less velocity. His aim is to "pull the string," or gently bring the ball to a stop near a smaller target ball, the pallino.

West, sturdily built, rolls hard and knocks Cinalli's ball away, leaving his own closer to the pallino. He would have scored, but for a bank shot by Richard Fleece, which in turn slams West's ball out of the way.

When the balls are tossed for position, any collision results in a clicking sound. If the balls are thrown hard, the impact is like a subdued bowling ball hitting pins. A bank shot off the boards resounds with a thud.

The game heats up. The intensity and concentration show more markedly on the faces as the games go on. Body English sometimes succeeds, sometimes fails to get the ball where the players want it.

A few arguments break out about where balls come to lie. The point of contention is which chase ball comes closest to the pallino. Visual sighting by a team captain is the usual arbiter of disputes, but where the calls are close, measuring tapes are retrieved from pockets quick as a collision.



Tosh Del Rio makes the play. Bocce is competitive for players of widely differing ages and athletic ability.

Several players carry the tapes, whose measurements, eyed by a member of both teams, quickly quiet any controversy.

Did the old Romans use tapes? Maybe they measured by sticks. The principle was probably the same.

And so it goes this day.

The teams are split at either end of the court. With a better view, a team member at one end will advise his colleague on the other how he might play the ball. Sometimes the advice is taken, sometimes not. Experience and the other man's observation might dictate another throw. But coaching strategies are part of the game and one of the ways that the old guys who learned bocce growing up in the immigrant communities pass it on to the new guys.

As they play, passersby on the busy, two-laned Route 19 toot. I'd say about one in 20 hits the horn. Folks who live around here know one another. A few pull in to join as either spectators or players.

"Sometimes strangers will stop to see what's going on," says Cinalli. "We'll invite them to play."

"John Perri would not be disappointed today," he adds. "Bocce is on the rise in this area. He wanted to see the boys in high school and the men

in college and of that age play."

And no longer is it just "the game that the old Italian men play." "Most of the players here are non-Italian," says Cinalli. He notes that the majority of players at the national tournament, the World Series of Bocce at Rome, New York, are non-Italian. "They have Chinese teams, Hungarians, Polish."

Here there is the old-fashioned American love of competition, the camaraderie of Americans of different nationalities getting together in a common pursuit of the pleasure of good company and the satisfaction of individual achievement.

The game is still evolving in the new country. Cinalli takes teams to tournaments in Cleveland and in Ferrell, Sharon, and New Kensington, Pennsylvania. One day the encyclopedias, in making their distinctions about the ancient game, may note a particularly American variety.

"In bocce, you get the whole gang together, laughing and joking," says Cinalli. "There aren't too many games where you can get a lot of people together and talk."

"I visited my son in Tucson last year," relates Cinalli. "At a senior center, they built a bocce court near a shuffleboard court. The old people liked it so well that they built seven more. Playing so many games at one time, the place is packed."

Men and women, boys and girls have taken up the sport. At Meadowbrook, though, the activity is primarily masculine, as it had always been until the second half of this century.

A current fad, bocce?

Well, not quite. Many octogenarians credit bocce with keeping them young. And the young one day may credit it for allowing them to become old. I think John Perri, his old Italian bocce mates, and their new non-Italian counterparts would nod approvingly.

Opposite: Jim Cinalli (left) and Greg West (right) line 'em up. Sides are chosen by taking colored marbles from a shaker bottle. Photo by Norman Julian.

Playing the Game

The game of bocce — also spelled bocci or boccie — is pretty much standardized throughout the 80 countries in which it is played. The court size, though, is variable.

To play the game, two teams are required. Each is made up of from one to four players. If four players constitute each team, two go to each end of the court.

Although there is no regulation size, 60 feet by ten is about normal for the playing surface. Some courts extend as long as 75 feet. The courts across from Tate's Fruit Market at Meadowbrook are 60 feet by 12 feet.

Bocce courts are made of hard dirt, a mixture of clay and sand, or all clay. At Meadowbrook, a pit was dug and a one-inch bed of limestone chips was put down inside the frame for drainage. About six inches of clay was added to that and left to settle about a year. When dried and packed down, it provides a hard, uniform undersurface. This is covered with a thin layer of "choke," fine limestone chips small enough to pass through a one-eighth-inch screen. It is then rolled down. The resulting surface allows for the smooth movement of the balls.

A frame of heavy board walls, about two inches thick by 12 inches high, was built. The corners are braced at 45-degree angles so balls that strike that area will rebound sharply to left or right, depending on the corner and the angle of the throw. A rubber strip, made from mine belts, lines the boards. This custom feature is unique to the Meadowbrook courts. Most banking surfaces are plain wood.

In Philadelphia, where the game is popular because of the large Italian-American population, the city installed an Astroturf synthetic surface on some public courts. The balls rolled too fast. It became dangerous. Bocce, a game played in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, resists wholesale modernization.

Although courts are as level as possible, sometimes they are sloped for drainage. At Meadowbrook, one

You can call it lawn bowling in a box, with the sides of the courts enclosing the roll of the balls. Meadowbrook courts are 60 feet by 12.

end is about three inches lower than the other, and rain water drains through holes in the boards at the lower end.

The official Tournament Rules and Regulations as established by the Budweiser World Series at Rome, New York, have become the accepted standard for bocce play in this country. Though bocce's great players rely on subtle tosses and sophisticated judgments, the basic game is simple to learn. Even a novice can enjoy himself first time out.

Nine balls — a small target ball, plus eight chase balls four and a half inches in diameter — are required to play. To start a game, a member of one team will toss the smaller jack ball, or pallino, onto the court. It is about the size of a golf ball. It must travel at least to center court, usually about 30 feet, and it must come to rest no closer than one foot to the sides of the court and three feet from the end.

A player from the other team then rolls one of his balls as close to the target ball as possible. His side retires and doesn't roll again until the opponents succeed in getting one of their balls closer to the "jack." This continues, with partners alternating, until one side has used up all its balls, whereupon the other side is entitled to bowl all its remaining balls.

When all balls have been played, one point is given for each ball of one side closer to the jack than the closest ball of the other side. A game is 12 points, and you must win by two points. A match is the best two of three games.

Delivery is underhanded, but the balls can be rolled or thrown. Balls knocked off the court are out of play, but if the jack flies out it is returned to a spot in the center of the far end of the court and play continues. Bank shots allow a player to go around an opponent's ball that may obstruct a direct path to the jack.

The game dates to at least 5,200 B.C. An early form of it was played by the Egyptians. Balls resembling those used today were found in an ancient tomb.

The game was taken up and refined in turn by the Greeks and Romans when they conquered lands previously under the influence of the Egyptians. Under Caesar's reign the game was extended into northern Europe and the British Isles. The English form became the sedate sport of lawn bowling.

One source claims that bocce originated with the Roman soldiers who fought Carthage in the Punic Wars. The soldiers passed the time between battles pitching rocks at a small stone, thus supposedly establishing the rules of the game that prevail today. The pastime became so popular that Emperor Charles IV of the Holy Roman Empire banned it so more concentration could be given to war.

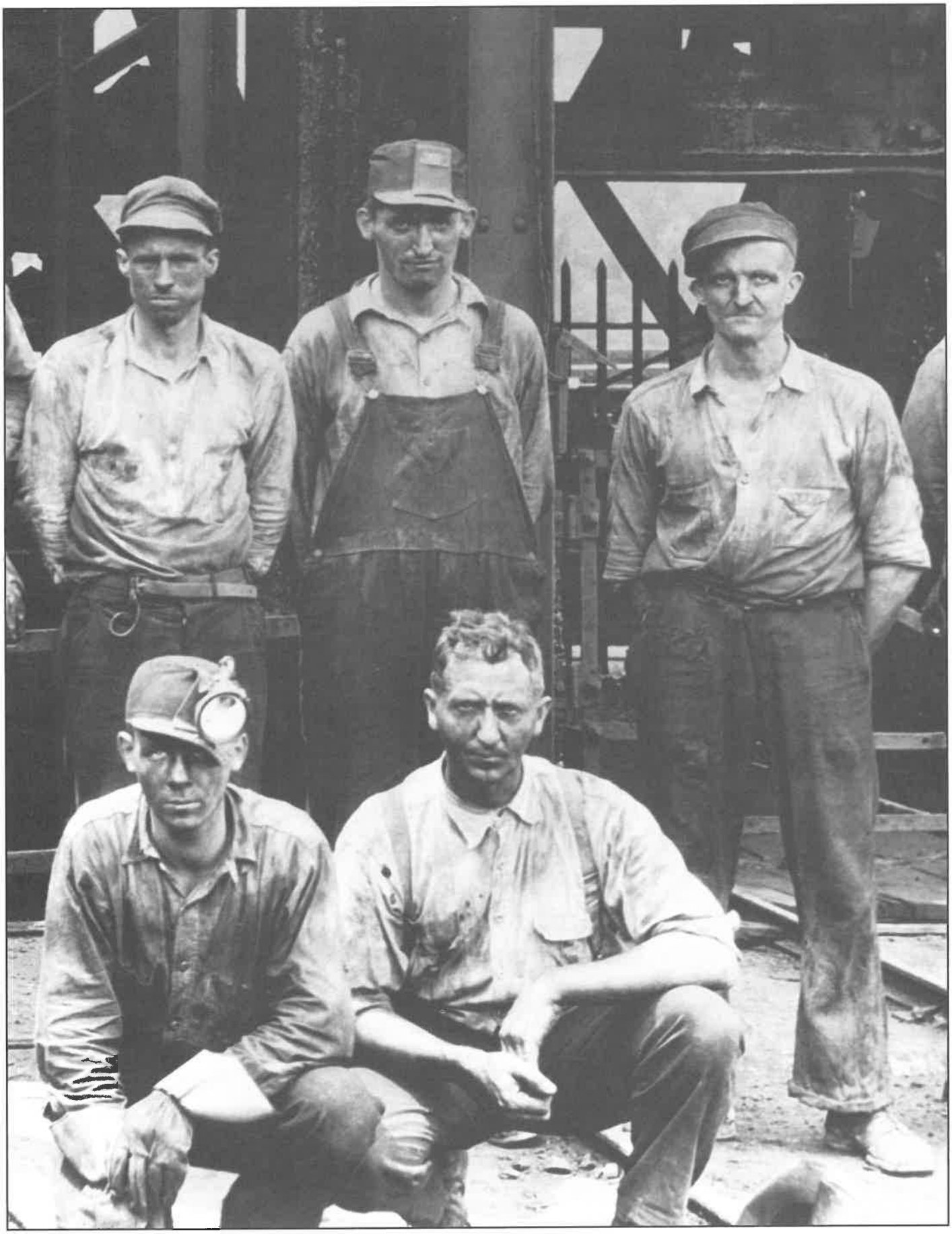
What accounts for bocce's popularity in many places is its low cost. Like the courts at Meadowbrook, hand labor alone allowed immigrants to America to have a recreational area in their neighborhoods.

The first authentic bocce balls were reported to have been designed of willow tree roots by an Italian named Luigi Boccahrini, who was nicknamed Bocci. The balls later were made out of teak, then of lingnum vitae, the heaviest wood known. In the last 15 years or so, a plastic composition has been used. Plastic balls roll better and last longer. A set costs about $55.

Like the game itself, bocce's various spellings and pronunciations seem to have evolved from hand-me-down use. Lou Veltri, one of the stalwarts at Meadowbrook, says "boccie" is correct. The old Italians pronounced "ie" like an "a" as in "bocca," which might just as well have been Boccahrini's nickname.

When I grew up, it was spelled "bocci." Fact is, no one knows what spelling is correct. The World Series refers to it as "bocce," and that spelling has become most widespread.

— Norman Julian



Above: Founder William D. McKeefrey . This Bachrach portrait is thought to have been made on his birthday, February 3, 1928.
Left: These miners of McKeefrey were photographed next to the mine hoist, evidently after a shift of work. Photographer and date unknown.
Below: This photograph of the construction of the McKeefrey mine shaft shows an interesting mixture of early 20th century construction methods. At this moment the workers are pouring concrete from the apparatus at left. Photographer unknown, about 1921.

McKeefrey
A Marshall County Coal Town

By Gordon L. Swartz III
Photographs by Michael Keller

In 1926 a four-year-old girl left her home in Buckhannon to begin a new life in McKeefrey, a Marshall County coal town. To some children such a move might have been a traumatic experience. But little Mary Harman was the baby in a caring family, and the move across West Virginia was only another adventure in her young life.

Father Robert Harman, a miner, had preceded his family to Marshall County. The McKeefrey Coal Company was in full operation and paid good wages for the time. The coal industry at Buckhannon had gone into a recession, so Mr. Harman had made the move necessary to support his wife and three children. An accomplished carpenter, he had just finished building a new house for his family in Buckhannon, so he really hated to leave.

Like many other West Virginia coal company towns, McKeefrey outlived its usefulness. There is nothing at the site today except scattered ruins. But past residents have entered into an extensive correspondence among themselves which brings the place to life. Mary Harman, now Mary Harman Carl, is one of the best sources of information.

She recalls her first impression of McKeefrey. "I vaguely remember driving into the town of small houses, cinder roads, and sidewalks — the houses all new and built just alike. My dad was there to greet us, saw in hand, so I got the impression that he had built the house. I didn't waste time telling my first acquaintance this

and was informed by my mother that I was telling an untruth. She reprimanded me, but I thought it to be true, and she forgave me."

Actually, the McKeefrey Coal Company had built Mary's house and all the others. The lookalike residences had four rooms, with a kitchen range and a fireplace for heat, according to Mrs. Carl's childhood friend, Lois McCabe Custer.

"We lived in one of the company houses which consisted of four rooms, cold water and a path," Mrs. Custer recently recalled. "We had a large fenced lawn with shrubbery around also. Our first refrigerator, a Westinghouse, replaced the old ice box and had to be plugged into a converter, which then was connected to the direct current generated by the mine. We couldn't have lights on the Christmas tree because there was no alternating current."

John Marlowe, a McKeefrey resident after 1930, confirms that the company made its own power, by steam generation. "There were firemen who fired the boilers," he reports. "Steam is what everything ran on. They generated their own power; they had three generators. When I lived and worked there, the firemen were two Morgan brothers. They lived in McKeefrey out on the main road."

The Harman family hadn't been in McKeefrey long before Robert was approached by superintendent Charles "Mac" McCabe about taking in boarders. Mrs. Carl recalls that Mr. McCabe wanted to hire some young men, brothers, if the Harmans would agree to board them.

"They wanted a different place to stay, the boardinghouse was full. They were from Upshur County also, near Buckhannon, and my mother was a good cook, so he suggested that we take the large old farmhouse below the mine overlooking the Ohio River. The company office was in front. I still remember the clickety-clack of the typewriters in summer, when the windows were open. We took these young men, so they joined the mining company, happy with their new job and even happier with the Sunday ball games. They won a lot of games, too, and were trophy winners one season, I believe."

Baseball really was the national sport during these years, and it reigned supreme in the West Virginia coalfields. Practically every town, church, and coal mine had a team, and the Sunday games were a main source of entertainment for the mining population. The fact that the Cutright brothers were good ball players, as well as coal miners, made them very attractive as employees.

It worked out all around. The Harman family ended up with seven boarders, a large house, and an additional source of income. The boarders got a good Upshur County cook, and Mac McCabe got his winning ball team. Mrs. Harman kept the kitchen stove going nearly continuously, and daughter Mary remembers that she cooked "the best meals and baked the best bread and pies in northern West Virginia."

Lois McCabe Custer recalls having running water in her McKeefrey house, but Mary Carl's brother Charles remembers it differently. "I was about eight years old when we moved to McKeefrey into a new house with no running water," he recently reported. "It seemed at least a half mile to the pump where I carried water from and the store that I was sent to daily for bread and milk."

Perhaps Lois McCabe didn't have to carry water. That could make a big difference in the memory. Or since Lois's grandfather was mine superintendent, maybe that meant better living quarters for her family. Running water may have been an improvement made within a year or so of the Harmans' arrival in McKeefrey.

The store Charles mentions was the McKeefrey company store. Mr. Marlowe remembers it. "They had a company store at McKeefrey," he recalled in a recent letter. "An old-timer by the name of McDonald was the manager, as well as the postmaster. Nice old fellow, always joking with us kids. The store clerk was Wilson Ruckman. He was young at that time."

Little Mary Harman started school at the recently constructed Round Bottom School which had replaced the old school that burned in 1925. She recalls teachers named Winters, Marshall, Keiger and Daily.

While the Harman family was still living in the farmhouse-office building, Robert Harman became seriously ill and was soon unable to work. There was no miners' insurance or hospitalization plan in those days, and Mrs. Harman was to care for her husband at home until he died.

Today Mary Harman Carl has nothing but praise for the management of McKeefrey mine and the people of the town of McKeefrey during her family's time of sickness and financial trouble. She says that her mother "never forgot the help, love, and support from the people there, especially Charles McCabe, but from neighbors and friends also. We moved into one of the company houses and lived there one year until [Father's] death."

It was during this last year of her father's life that Mary became friends with Lois McCabe. "The house was directly across from my friend Lois," she recalls. "She was an only child

Above and opposite: Mary Harman Carl (left) and Lois McCabe Custer are among the former residents now corresponding to bring McKeefrey's history back to life. The childhood friends were recently reacquainted.
Below: Only picturesque ruins remain of McKeefrey today. This was the mine ventilation fan.

and only grandchild, and she had more love and attention showered on her than most miners' children. She had her own log cabin playhouse, complete with furniture.

"Seeing we were having difficulties financially, the company gave my sister a job at the company store. She really liked this much more than school and didn't go back to complete her 12th year.

"The company doctor was a Dr. Yoho. He did everything possible for my father." Mrs. Carl reports that Robert Harman died in August 1932, nonetheless.

"The next chore was packing and moving back to our original home, a task very trying for my mother. Our relatives from Shinnston and Wyatt came to our aid, and the McCabes lent their car and a driver to take our family.

"We had owned a car, first an open Ford with curtains that buttoned on the sides," she adds, recalling more prosperous days before her father's sickness. "Later we were proud owners of a closed car with windows that rolled up. This was real luxury, but after my dad became ill my mother sold it. We did not have a radio, either, so often we went to a neighbor's next door to hear a story or music on theirs.

"We returned home and were welcomed, the town people very considerate of my mother's position as breadwinner. They gave her jobs in their homes, in the church kitchens, and later she cooked at one of the schools."

The few years Mary Harman spent in McKeefrey as a child were a source of sweet nostalgia to her as time passed. At the age of 21, she married Air Corps Cadet William Carl and moved to Baltimore. Mr. Carl was a building contractor. They raised three children and are now retired and living in the Eastern Panhandle town of Martinsburg.

It was another former McKeefrey resident who got Mary to thinking about the town's past. In 1989 Felix M. Usis, Jr., of Leetonia, Ohio, inquired in the *Moundsville Journal* portion of the Wheeling newspapers about McKeefrey and its founder, W. D. McKeefrey. W. D. McKeefrey was Mr. Usis's grandfather, and Felix

Usis, Sr., was the general manager of McKeefrey mine. Felix, Jr., lived there until 1929.

When Mary Harman Carl saw this clipping she began to correspond with Mr. Usis. Several other people who had lived in McKeefrey also responded to his inquiry. Mary Harman Carl became reacquainted with Lois McCabe Custer 60 years after they were childhood playmates because of the circle of correspondence initiated by Mr. Usis.

In late 1990 Mrs. Carl contacted GOLDENSEAL concerning an article about McKeefrey. Her enthusiasm continued the chain of events begun by Mr. Usis. Most of the quotations used here are from letters Mrs. Carl and others sent to Mr. Usis or to me.

McKeefrey was built at Round Bottom, the big bend in the Ohio River just below Moundsville. The land was once owned by George Washington. Of course, the original tract had been subdivided by the time R. J. Powers sold his farm at the lower end of Round Bottom to W. D. McKeefrey. The McKeefrey Coal Company also bought the nearby Snedeker farm at that time.

Construction of the McKeefrey mine and town was begun in 1921, and the shaft was completed in June 1922. The E. M. Wichert Company sank the shaft. Much of the work, such as grading for railroad switches, roads, and houses, was performed by J. W. Travis, a native of the area. The Travis family remains prominent locally.

By early 1923, McKeefrey and several other locations south of Moundsville were booming. "At McKeefrey in the lower end of Round Bottom twelve new houses are already under construction and the company expects to start on thirty more as soon as these twelve are complete," the April 5, 1923, *Moundsville Daily Echo* reported. "There will be between sixty and seventy houses in McKeefrey by next winter.

"The people living in these towns have all modern conveniences. Electricity lights the houses and lightens the household work. Besides the train accommodations, many of

"Hard Work for a Boy"
Growing Up in McKeefrey

John Marlowe came of age in McKeefrey, spending the hard years of the Great Depression there. When we began researching the town's past, Mr. Marlowe, now of Wetzel County, was one of those to come forward with information. The following is his account of the time and place, edited from a longer letter to Gordon Swartz. — ed.

It was 1930 when we moved from Moundsville to McKeefrey. My stepfather was offered a job there as a coal loader. He had been a loader at First Street mine in Moundsville. They were not doing too good, and he thought he would get more work at McKeefrey mine. When we moved there the mine was working rather well; they were working on several orders at that time. After a period of time they slowed down to one or two days, or three days a week, like the rest of the mines in the area.

I was 13 years old at the time I entered school at McKeefrey. It was out on the main road, Route 2. I had a two-wheel push cart. When school was out I picked coal from the slate dump and sold it to the people in the camp for 50 cents a load. They kept me real busy, and the money I earned went to help support the family. The cart would hold around ten bushels of coal. It was very hard work for a boy, but I was large for my age for I always had to work at anything I could find.

The superintendent of the mine was "Mac" McCabe. Mac saw the work I was doing, so he gave me a job taking care of the miners' electric mine lamps. I had graduated to the sixth grade in school that year. I never went back to school because it took us all pulling together to make it in those days.

I would also help the blacksmith at times, a Mr. Core. I helped the mine electrician, John Barr. I helped on the tipple, where I ran the shakers that sized the coal that went into different rail cars. There was an elderly man who worked on the tipple whose name was Core, also. He had a wooden leg, as I remember.

When the mine did not work I worked on the McKeefrey farm. It was located on the lower end of McKeefrey. The farm boss was Mr. McHenry, a nice sort of a man. I put in some hard days at that farm.

I recall one time while working on the farm, an old mule had died, from old age I guess. Randell Stewart and I were assigned to bury that beast. It had been one of those hot summers, and that mule was getting real ripe, all swelled up and all. We got the grave dug. That sucker went in on his back with his legs protruding up above ground level. We had to cut his legs off to cover him. We would have done well with a meat saw, but we did not have a meat saw. We had an ax. What a mess we made of that poor old mule. We were still covering him in the dark.

I think the union got in at McKeefrey in 1933 or 1934. I am not certain of the date, although I was a charter member. The last wages I remember the miners getting for coal loading was 24 cents a ton. They loaded out their own slate, cleaned up a cut of coal, set their own timbers, and laid up their own track for the cutting machine at night. If they did not get your place cut at night, you lost a day's work.*

They used to have an old Republic truck. It had solid tires, and you had

* Cutting machines undercut the coal at night so that miners could blast it down and load it the next day. A miner was unable to work if his coal had not been cut before his shift.

the people own automobiles."

The newspaper specified that "eighteen of the twenty-four families there now own cars." In 1923 residents of the area began a push for a decent highway south from Moundsville through McKeefrey to the mouth of Fish Creek, but these things take time. In 1926 J. W. Travis wrote a letter to the editor expounding the need to improve the road. "How many people are aware of the fact that the McKeefrey Coal Company have been in operation for three years without a single shutdown excepting Sundays and two holidays each year?"

In the same year H. C. Ogden, editor of *The Wheeling Intelligencer,* got into a heated argument with Governor Howard M. Gore at the Marshall County Courthouse over road funding for the Northern Panhandle.

Finally, the *Daily Echo* could report good news. Headlines of Friday, January 4, 1929, announced "New Gravel Road is Real Holiday Gift for Round Bottom." The upbeat article ends with "Residents thank the State Road Commission."

The McKeefrey post office was established March 16, 1922, and operated until July 31, 1942. Although John Marlowe states in his letter that he thought the mine closed in '35 or '36, apparently it managed to stay in operation until 1939. Charles Majewski of Marshall County states that his father worked at the McKeefrey Mine until it closed in 1939.

Every person who answered Felix Usis's newspaper inquiry mentioned the dog which Felix had as a child. Evidently Great Danes were uncommon for that area of West Virginia in the early '20's. The fact that this monstrously huge dog's name was Satan may have made it even more memorable.

Mr. Usis himself remembered Satan very well. "I was told he was acquired shortly after my birth — selected because he, too, was born on December 12, 1923. When I was several years old my father bought or built, I do not know which, a small wagon that would hold four children. It had a hitch arranged for Satan to pull. I remember riding around the yard," Mr. Usis recently wrote.

"Like all Great Danes he had a

to prime the spark plugs to start it. It had a bed that would hold around five tons of coal. I think it was a 1916 truck, around that, anyway. It had mechanical brakes that were not good at all.

One day Mac told me to load that old thing and to haul coal over to Moundsville to the post office there. At that time you had to go over Round Bottom hill. It took me all day to get there and back. What a thrill it was on that hill! I went up it in the lowest gear on that old truck and down it in the same gear, just barely creeping. I had to stop every so often to let that baby cool down. We did have a modern truck, but it was always busy.

They had some camp buildings at McKeefrey that men used to live in back when they were importing strike breakers. After that, there were some old foreign fellows who lived in them. One cold winter night, it was way below zero, the building that two of them lived in caught on fire. The engineer on duty blew the fire whistle. They had a hose cart at the power house. I ran all the way down to the power house to get it. There was no help for me there, so I pulled it up to the fire location.

When I saw what building it was I knew that there were these two foreigners that lived in it. I tried to kick the door open, I couldn't. I broke out a window and tried to see inside. I couldn't for the smoke and heat. We got the hose on a hydrant and started to pour the water to it. We never got those two poor guys out of there, the fire was too intense for us. After the fire got cooled down enough, we found the two bodies, one was at the door, the other one was still on what was left of his bed.

That night was one of the worst nights of my life. My clothes were froze to my body, it seemed like it took two weeks for me to get warm. I could not get those two men out of my mind. It was not the first men I had seen dead, but it was the first that I saw burned as they were.

I was sort of an all-around man. Wherever they needed someone, I was it. I took care of the fan house oiling. I kept the lubricators full of oil twice a day. I hauled coal to the river docks in my old Republic truck. I took care of the sand house when no one else was around to do it. The sand was used on the motors that pulled the coal in the mine.* It had to be dried in the drier; the fire had to be kept going all the time. There was no question that I did a day's work.

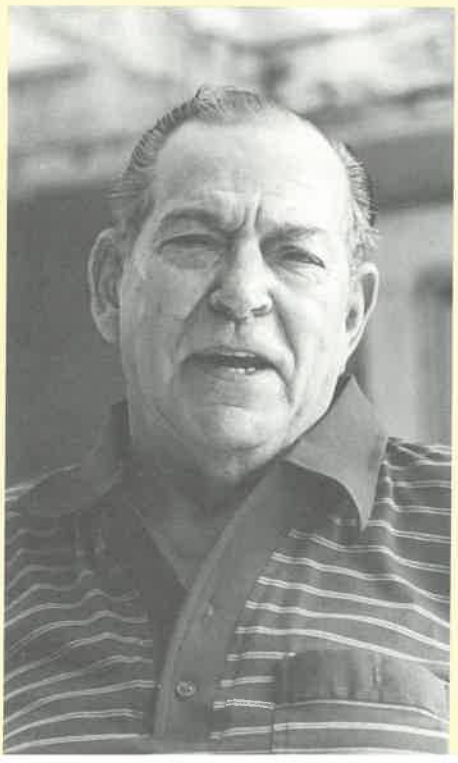
As close as I can recall McKeefrey shut down in either 1935 or 1936. I left there in late 1935 and went to the Leslie mine around East Rainelle. After working there for awhile, I went to Pittsburgh. I worked there on a job for about six months and then I joined the U.S. Army and went from there to the Panama Canal.

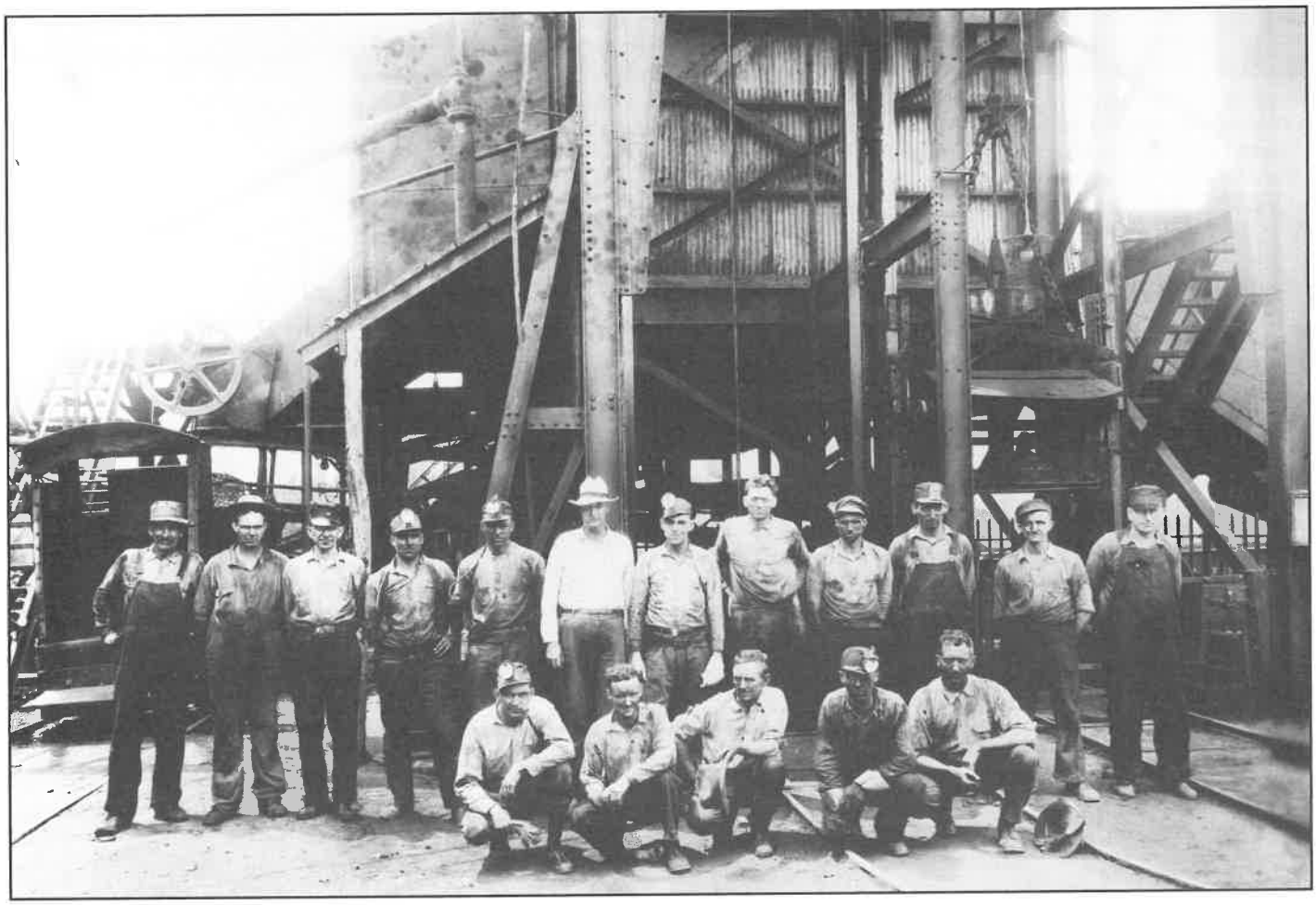
—John Marlowe

The "old foreign fellows" who were burned were Lithuanians. According to Coroner D. B. Ealy, they were Nick Pachan, 40, and Mike Kuricko, 47. The accident happened New Year's Eve at the beginning of 1935. The headlines read "Two Miners Die in Blaze at McKeefrey. Oil Stove Overturned in New Year Celebration Blamed in Fatalities. Coal Company House Leveled by Fire."

* Sand boxes on the "motors," or mine locomotives, dropped sand onto the rails to provide extra traction when needed.

John Marlowe vividly recalls his boyhood in McKeefrey. Michael Keller recently photographed him at home in Wetzel County.





Above: This photograph of McKeefrey miners shows superintendent Charles "Mac" McCabe at center left, in white hat. Arthur McCabe, Mac's son and Lois McCabe Custer's father, stands at Mac's left. Photographer and date unknown.
Below: Writer Gordon Swartz on a recent visit to McKeefrey. He found that the place now lives only in the minds of former residents.

tremendous appetite. I remember my mother saying that he drank two quarts of milk a day and I should try to drink at least one quart a day if I wanted to grow up big and strong like Satan."

"Satan was a protector," Mr. Usis recalls, mentioning one incident in particular. "We were living in the two-story brick house across from the supply store. It was evening and my parents had gone out. Shortly after I was in bed Satan, who slept in my room, started to growl very softly. I remember an outline of a figure appeared in the window. Satan went through the screen taking the figure and rose trellis — which the man had used to climb up to the window — with him to the ground. While Satan did not chase the man beyond the yard boundary, he did return to keep guard below the window with a piece of pants leg in his mouth."

Mostly the people of McKeefrey remember the good times. "We had our own ball team," John Marlowe reported in his letter to me. "We were always playing ball in season, had a lot of good times. There was a lot of good music made in those days. We had square dances going somewhere all the time. I played the guitar myself. We always enjoyed ourselves, and we never spent very much doing it."

Lois McCabe Custer, Mary Harman's childhood friend, concurs. She has good memories of McKeefrey and has really enjoyed her recent reacquaintance with Mary. Lois admits that, as an only child, and the daughter of the mine foreman and granddaughter of the superintendent, she was a spoiled little girl. It took her awhile to come to terms with her coal town past. "For a long time I was ashamed that my forebearers were coal miners," she says. "But I don't feel that way today."

A month or so before he died, there was a white dove that would sit on the head of Hunter's bed or sit right on his head and pluck his hair from his head.

Folk Tales for Fall:

The Devil's Barn Dance

and Other Stories from the Richmond District

There is a new interstate highway running down the middle of it now, but historically the Richmond District was Raleigh County's most remote corner. Outside the region's busy coalfields, the area was served by only a few roads and had no bridge across the New River. Local families lived at small communities such as Bragg, Pluto and Abraham, or on individual homesteads scattered through the mountains.

Folklore thrives when left alone. The relative isolation of the Richmond District has made it wealthy in traditions, with a rich heritage drawn both from native mountaineer roots and from the Irish immigrant culture of Irish Mountain.

So the Richmond District is a good place to collect folk tales, including occasional stories of the strange and supernatural. We've gathered several nice ones for you, plus another from Freezeland Mountain, just across the river in Summers County.

Black and White Dogs

Picture in your mind two little girls who walked miles to the post office, my sister Margaret and me. We had done it many times without seeing anything, and we had lived for years in the same community.

Now, as we leave home this morning it's like any other morning. It's been raining, a misty rain, and I'm carrying a hat that I had worn to keep from getting my head wet, a very large hat.

And by the way, we weren't just small children. I was 16 and my sister was 12. So we weren't just children with vivid imaginations.

As we go along singing and talking, we come up on the Irish Mountain Catholic church. The Catholic church sits on a high hill, and you're standing on a down slope looking up at it. Now as we near the Catholic church, we see two nuns. We have seen nuns before, and we know that these nuns had to come across the river. There are only two ways: They have to pass right by the front of our house, or they have to cross the New River ferry at Sandstone, which the Richmonds ran. Those were the only ways in.

We see these two nuns. They're kneeling from grave to grave. So we stop, wondering a little bit why these nuns are going from grave to grave, kneeling, getting up, kneeling, getting up. We had always been taught that the Catholics were rather strange people anyhow, so we just decided to watch until they finished whatever it was.

Then we realized what time it was getting to be, and we knew we had to go down and get the mail and get back before too late. We decided that we were going to run past the Catholic church, because we're still just a little bit afraid of Catholics. As near as we knew what Catholics were back then was that they had large drinking parties when somebody died, and we were used to very quiet, somber services.

So we began to run. We slipped off our shoes so that our shoes wouldn't make a noise on the ground. I had my hat in one hand, shoes in the other. My sister had her shoes in her hand. And as we got on the hill right back of the Catholic church, appearing from nowhere all of a sudden were six large dogs. They were white dogs with black spots on them. Four of them were in the road, and two came over. We realized that they had slid off of the muddy, clay bank.

The road was red clay and every little step you made you gushed in it, you left your footprints. Dog tracks were all over the road because they were just kind of prancing. The dogs marched themselves across the road in front of us. I shoosed them with my hat, I shook my shoes at them.

My sister was beginning to cry. We're afraid to move, afraid they'll pounce on us. They're standing with their teeth snarled as if they were wolves. They would not move. We are really getting scared by now. We can't go over the hill, 'cause they'll catch us. We can't go back because they might get us. So I kept saying to my sister, "Don't make a noise or don't move. I'll keep shoosing them." I shook the hat, but they didn't move.

We were there for five, ten minutes with the dogs barricading our road. We were a quarter of a mile or so from Burk Richmond's home. The nuns were up on the hill. We knew these had to be their dogs. And all of a sudden, as if on a cue that we didn't hear they left and ran up the hill! They just disappeared.

I grabbed my sister's hand, and we began to run. And I mean *run*. We slipped, we fell down, we got up, we continued to run. When we got a good piece down the road, about halfway between the church and Burk's

house, Burk and Richard were cutting timbers beside of the road. We ran to Burk and told him what we'd seen and how frightful the dogs were.

He said, "No, there could be no nuns up there because they would have had to come right past us." And they would have seen them. We knew they didn't come through the mountains, and there was no car or horses.

So Burk says to his son, "Come on, let's take the kids and go back and see what's going on up there." We went back with Burk and Richard and we told them about how the dogs' tracks were in the road and how the dogs had slid over the clay bank and where we fell down. We had the mud on us to prove it. Our feet were gushed from running barefooted.

But when we got there, there were no dog tracks. There were no tracks of ours. There was nothing. It was as if nobody had walked in the clay mud at all. No marks where they had slid off the mountain, no tracks.

We go around and up into the church. Burk always had a key to the church gate, because he cleaned it. He unlocked the gate, and we went in. Now, it had rained and the ground was wet, and the graves had been freshly cleaned before. But there were no tracks, no sign of nuns, absolutely nothing that indicated anybody had been there since Burk and them had cleaned the graves.

We left. We went on down the road. When we got back almost to where Richard and Burk had been working, Burk said, "My Lord, feel the cold air. It's as if I'm almost froze!" And for a split second, it was almost as if the Antarctic had passed us. And yet it was in hot July.

Now, I have no answer for this. I don't believe in spooks. I do not know why the nuns and the dogs were there, or weren't there. We know what we saw. My sister could tell you the same story. We know that Burk went with us, and he could find nothing.

We went on down to the river. We checked with the ferry. They could not have come in a car down Longbottom and up the mountain, because at that time the mountain had caved into the road. For several years, there wasn't a pass through there for anything except horses. And there were no horses, no cars.

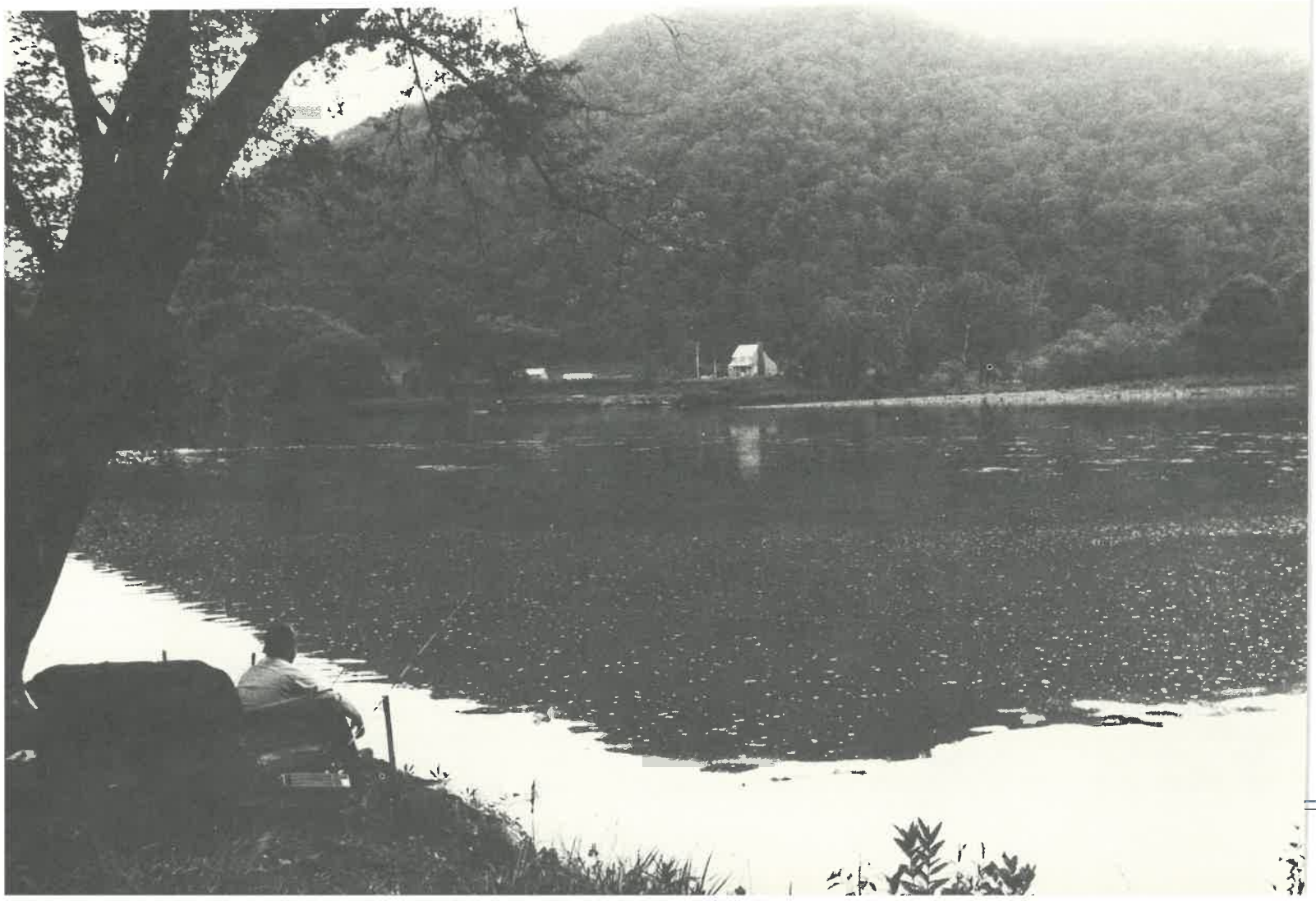
But there definitely were giant, white dogs with black spots on them. There were nuns, kneeling and getting up and down in the cemetery. This is exactly what I saw and what my sister saw, and I won't ever go down that road again, I hope to tell you.

—Wanda Loudermilk

The Devil's Barn Dance

There were three fellows and they had been hunting in the hills above those New River bottoms, down there where the Richmonds owned the

The site of Richmond's ferry on New River, looking across to the Raleigh County shore. A Civil War-era murder here spawned a story of ghost lights in the water. Photo by Andy Yale.



lower end. The upstream end was owned by the Meadowses.

These three fellows were somewhere in that neighborhood, maybe even as far down as where the Gwinns owned all that land. My understanding is they'd been on a big coon hunt, up in those hills, and they decided to come down out of the woods. It was still before daybreak.

There was an old barn that was abandoned. As they came out into those river bottoms, they were working themselves in that direction. They had all grown up in that area and knew about the old barn. There had been a homestead once that was there no longer. The old barn had survived.

There was no one living in those parts, at that particular place down in there. But as they came out of the woods and they looked way ahead of them, they could see lights coming out of the old barn, around the cracks in the logs where it was not chinked. The place was aglow with light. They couldn't understand that, because there was no one with any reason to be there at night.

That got their curiosity sparked. And as they neared the place, they could hear music. Boy, somebody was just a-cutting up on a fiddle and a banjo. They didn't understand that at all. One of them said, "We're going to have to figure out what this is. We'll slip up on that barn."

They got them a plan, they decided that two of them would take the front door and one of them would go around to the side door. Their plan was that they would open the doors simultaneously and jump in on whoever was in there and see what was going on.

So, they commenced over there with that idea. The two of them stood before the front door, and the one was on the side. The light was so bright coming out of there, they couldn't even see through the cracks.

And boy, right when they laid their hand on the latch of the door the light went out and the music stopped! Just dead still! They found themselves in the blackness. The two out front couldn't see anything. Their buddy on the side of the barn had taken the one door to himself, and they heard him a-hollering and screaming.

They went around to the side to see what was happening, and they saw him struggling with some kind of a thing. They didn't know what it was. It was some kind of a big old thing, they could see horns on it. They first thought it was a bull or something. They were in a total quandary, a mystification as to what was going on.

They could see this big long tail off of this thing, and it had a spike or a spade on the end of the tail. They knew there was something totally wrong here. They hollered at their buddy, "Hold on to it, hold on to it! We'll help you."

And their buddy says, "I've got it, I've got it!"

They ran around there trying to catch up with this thing. It just kept running with their buddy, up and down, bouncing in the fields.

All you could do was stare at how huge his feet were, how huge his hands were. There was not much about Pearly you could miss.

By golly, the next thing they know, they saw this thing take up off the ground. It started up into the sky. And they didn't know what to do at that moment. Out of desperation they kept hollering, "Let it loose! Let it a-loose!"

But as that thing flew off in the distance with this fellow he hollered back, "I can't! I can't!"

And that's the tale that was told to me. They decided that what they had come upon was the devil's barn dance. Now, that's what they decided. They figured that nobody would believe them, but there was a fellow missing out of that community and no one ever knew what had happened to him.

—Jimmy Costa

A Giant of a Man

There was a man that lived in the Richmond District, his name was Pearly. He was the biggest, tallest man I ever saw, over seven foot. And I remember, as a child and as a young lady, of being so afraid of this man. His hands were bigger than four men's hands, and he was a giant of a man. He had been in prison for taking a rock and crushing a man's head. We didn't know anybody else that had ever been in prison.

He would always come and stop at our house and talk to my dad, because my dad had known him since they were just young men. In the country back then, which was 48 or 49 years ago, everybody visited each other. Whether you approved of their lifestyle or not, guests were treated humanely. Our place was where everybody stopped and ate on their way visiting relatives or friends, because we were right on the road.

I can remember Pearly coming in and us all being frightened and Dad still making us put the meal on the table. We were so afraid, we would go in the other room and watch him from afar. We didn't want to be anywhere close to him because all you could do was stare at how huge his feet were, how huge his hands were. There was not much about Pearly you could miss.

He would come in every so often to visit and talk with Dad. And when he did, it would be for all day long. After he would visit Dad would always laugh and say, "I went one time to see Pearly when he was in prison. He was always a strange man, but a lonely man." And he said, "You've got to picture this man in a black-and-white striped suit." So every time I saw Pearly, all I could picture was him in this black-and-white striped suit.

When Pearly would come, he had this old mule. It was a big mule. It wasn't a small mule. It was like Pearly — it was big. As you picture Pearly when he's riding this mule, the front of his feet are dragging the ground. His legs are so long and tall that his feet are dragging as he goes along on this mule. You would always know when Pearly was in the area because it looked like two plowed rows where Pearly rode the mule with his feet dragging.

My dad told us, "When you see where Pearly walks, it looks like a car has jumped about four foot — hit and go and hit and go." He had laughed and told us about how Pearly

Ghost Light at Richmond's Ferry

People swear and declare that there was a light that used to come up out of the river down there at the Richmond ferry.

You can stand at a certain place across the river on the Summers County side at Sandstone, where Laurel Creek empties into New River, and you can see the old Richmond place on the Raleigh County side. From the mouth of Laurel Creek look a bit to the right, and you'll see the old Richmond homestead.

They claim that there was a light that you'd see in the river there. This light would move in the water and come up on the shore on the Richmond side where the old ferry had been. It would come up just so far, it didn't continue to the house, and it would go out.

I've heard people attribute that to the ghost of old Samuel Richmond, who had been shot. Old Samuel was shot because he was a Unionist. A fellow by the name of Jefferson Bennett bushwhacked him when Samuel had been taking, I think it was a fellow by the name of Vincent, across the river in a canoe. In the earliest days, it was just a canoe ferry; later on it became a flatboat.

He was shot in his canoe. It was after the Southern Army surrendered, it was after Appomattox. It was in September of '65, and Appomattox was in April. Sam Richmond had brought this Mr. Vincent over to what is now the Summers County side, and on his way back to the Raleigh County side where Sam's homestead was, a shot was fired from the Summers County side. They later found that this Jefferson Bennett had shot him.

As the account goes, his wife had feared for Sam to be out by himself. She knew there were sentiments in the area there that weren't to his favor, because he was a Unionist. She had been very distraught that particular day. It was almost like a premonition.

And by golly, he was shot and rowed himself back to the shoreline of his homeplace over there on the Raleigh side. His family heard the shot and they ran down and got him up out of his canoe. They got him to the house but he died there. They said he was a man of powerful physique and he got himself back to shore, even though he was shot in the lung.

Old man Sam had a son by the name of Alexander. They called him "Tuck" Richmond. Tuck was pretty sure who shot his dad, and it wasn't long afterwards that Tuck bushwhacked old Jefferson Bennett. I think Jefferson lived up back in the Plumley Mountain area, near around Bragg. Plumley Mountain is back in that Irish Mountain country in there. Tuck not only killed Jefferson but shot his dog, too, was the tale that was told.

Tuck's old arch rock is my step stone out here in front. They tore his house down in 1975. It was an old board-and-batten Jenny Lind house. Some friends of mine tore it down, and I went down there and got all the rock. It had a beautiful cut stone chimney on it. I used a lot of that rock in my chimney, and I used the arch rock or the solid lintel for my step rock.

— Jimmy Costa

couldn't buy shoes. It was wartime, when you had to get a coupon to buy a pair of shoes with, and Pearly always had to have somebody make his shoes from far away. So he had taken a car tire and he cut it in half. He had just put each of his old shoes inside the half of the car tire and fastened them. This was his shoes until his new shoes arrived. I think it was about 1945. That was the year my husband and I were dating and getting ready to marry.

We all laughed, but we knew it was the truth. My dad was a very funny man, and he had a lot of laughter in him. I think my dad loved about everybody and treated all men equal. But he still got a big jolt out of all these things that people would do. So when Pearly would wear his tire shoes we would laugh about it, and him riding with his feet hanging. The prison part and all, those were things my dad told us about. But the tire shoes and the humongous size of him and the mule and his feet dragging, those were things we saw for ourselves.

He drank moonshine, and he always had moonshine at his place. And he'd bring jugs of moonshine when he'd travel. He'd be on this old mule, he'd have two big old jugs tied on. You knew that if the revenuers caught him, that he would go back to prison. This was a sight to behold.

They said that he had lived back in the country all his life in this shanty. There was stories how people would visit and nobody ever saw them again. I don't know if this is true, but I know one thing, it certainly made us scared of Pearly. If you'd go back over in Richmond District, I doubt if there's anybody alive that knew of Pearly any more, because all of the old families are dead and gone. I haven't been back there myself in 25 to 30 years.

—Wanda Loudermilk

Hunter's Crown

I had a young cousin, and his name was Hunter. His father's name was Emanuel, his mother's name was Fran Zinny, and they lived on Freezeland Mountain. I was about 13, I guess, when Hunter got very ill. They lived on a farm, and it was a good piece from our house to where they lived.

He had TB. I guess he lived about three or four years, bedridden the last six months of his life. And he was only about 26 years old, as I recall, at the time. My Aunt Virgie and my dad and all of them went and stayed. The last three or four months I was old enough that I went and stayed with my Aunt Fran Zinny, so that I could

do the chores and things while she took care of Hunter.

He had been kind of a wild boy before he got sick. He liked to drink, and he was a real card player and a fun-loving guy. He got saved after he was ill. My Aunt Fran Zinny was a very religious person, a very good, Christian lady. Uncle Emanuel had died years before then.

The thing I remember is that Hunter's beds were always so immaculate. She'd iron his sheets and iron his pillowcases and everything, and put starch in them, because she thought they would make his body feel more comfortable as he laid in them.

She always kept him propped up on three big pillows of a day. And a month or so before he died, which was in the summer season, there was a white dove that would sit on the head of Hunter's bed or sit right on his head and pluck his hair from his head, just playfully. Or sit on his stomach and let him talk to it.

At first, we thought it was a tame dove that somebody had, but then we realized that there was nobody around there. It was eight or ten miles to anybody's house, except his brother's farm. Anyhow, this dove came regularly, every day. As Hunter grew more ill, the dove came more often and stayed longer. And of course, Hunter finally passed away. After he died, my aunt just shut the room that he had slept in. He was her baby boy, and she loved him so much she wouldn't allow anybody to take his clothes out or to remove anything from the room.

Finally, his sister and I and my Aunt Virgie came up. Aunt Virgie says, "We are going to clean the room out and take away everything." Because we thought Aunt Fran Zinny was losing her mind.

Now I know this will sound unreal, and probably unreasonable, but there are verifications. After he died Aunt Fran Zinny had made the bed up and nobody ever touched it. When we removed the top pillow, there seemed to be a hard surface where his head had laid. We assumed that it was just matting because back then you had feather pillows. There was no polyester.

Anyhow, after we stripped the bed, the pillow had this hard object in it. My aunt began feeling of it and said, "Gee, this feels peculiar."

We took the pillow out back of the barn and we cut it open to find out what had made it go hard. We were going to throw that pillow away because he had died on it, anyhow. And as God is my judge, there was a round thing, it looked like a wreath. It was about three inches in diameter, a perfect, round wreath, like a crown that would have gone on the head.

It was formed perfectly. It was hard and solidly formed and it had feathers that were just sticking out of it all over as if they were some kind of decoration.

My Aunt Virgie was a very superstitious lady. She passed out. We got her up and took this crown, as they called it, back into the house to Aunt Fran Zinny. Aunt Fran Zinny fell on her knees and began to pray. She said, "I have prayed that God would give me an answer that Hunter was truly saved and would be waiting for me in heaven. This is my answer."

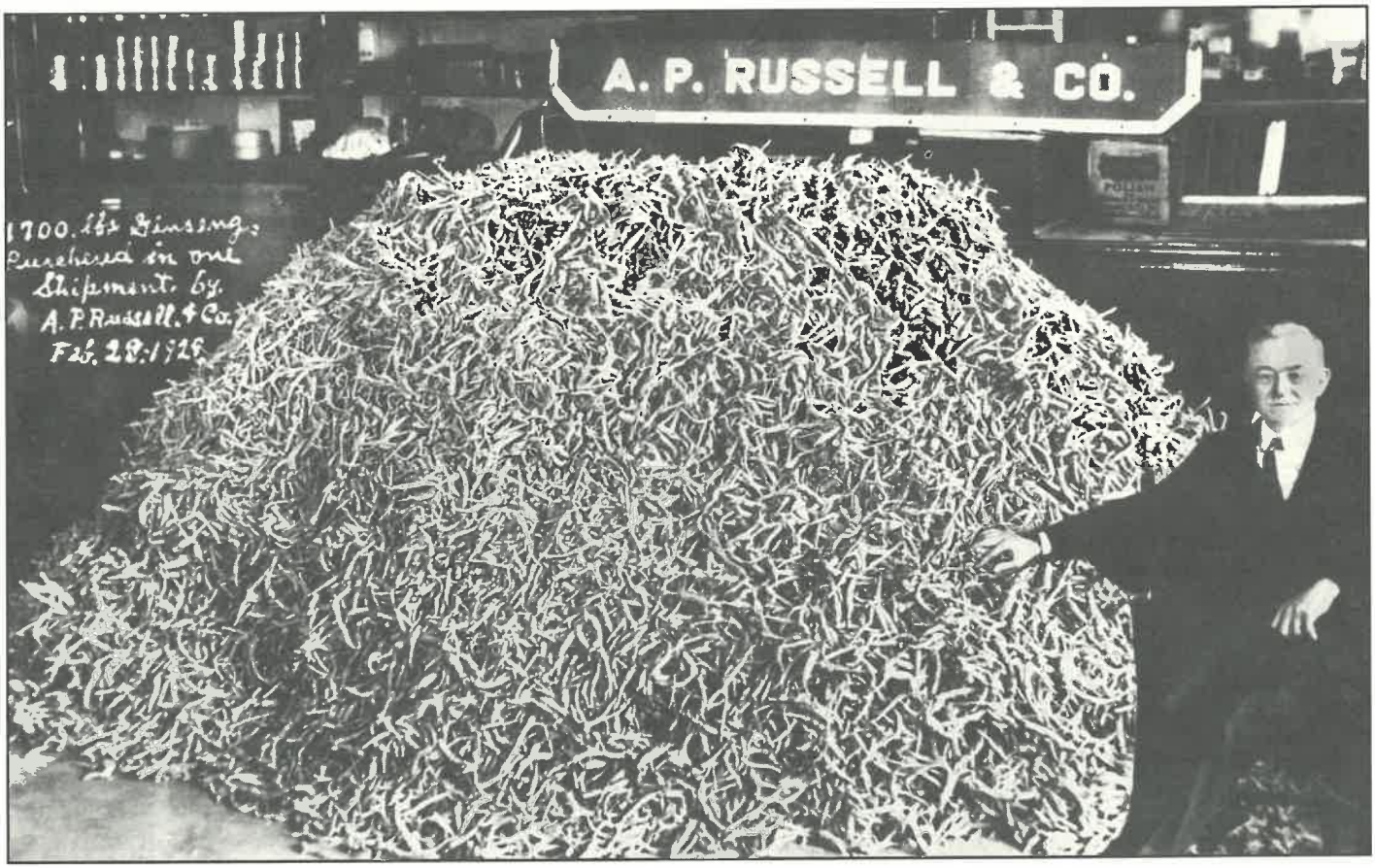
She just sat and held this wreath, or crown. She called it a crown. It fit perfectly inside of a large tin box, like that they sell fruitcakes in these days, and it was a box like that that she kept it in. She put it in this metal box, and she showed it to everybody in the country.

Finally, Fran Zinny broke up her home and went away to live with her daughter. She gave the crown to my Aunt Virgie at New River. She kept it and us kids would look at it. She would allow us to hold it. It was still in perfect condition, 15, 20, 30 years later. If we had friends with us, we'd go and get the tin box and show them Hunter's crown. That was what it was always called — "Hunter's crown."

The crown stayed in the family, right there with my Aunt Virgie and later Aunt May, until Aunt May's house burned down. And when it burned down, of course, the crown burned up with everything else.

—Wanda Loudermilk

Sunset on Freezeland Mountain can bring back thoughts of earlier times. Photo by Andy Yale.



This remarkable photograph suggests the magnitude of the ginseng trade in times past. A. P. Russell & Company purchased this shipment of 1,700 pounds in 1929. Photographer unknown, courtesy State Archives.

Mountaineer Gold

Reflections of a Ginseng Philosopher

By James Beecher Hinkle

While any true mountaineer can spot a ginseng stalk at a remarkable distance, very few can tell you anything about it except that the dried root sells for big money on today's market. With the digger it isn't important what ginseng may be used for, but how much money he can get for it.

And let me elaborate a little on the subject of the mountaineer. To me, not everyone who lives in the Appalachian Mountains is a true mountaineer. I picture the true mountaineer as one who has pretty well retained his heritage of folklore, superstition, and the ability to tell tall stories down through the generations.

What I know about the mountaineer isn't exactly secondhand, because I have grown up with such people. In fact, I have been one myself for more than 76 years.

Outsiders who have written about our customs usually do so on the strength of their first impressions. People are not likely to believe their malarkey, but some of the articles which I have read give a pretty good description of our people. Mountaineers are more or less carefree and easy to get along with. Most are honest, friendly, and hospitable. Now and then one may be shot for misbehavior, but it is remarkable how well most recuperate after being half-shot over the weekend.

Now back to ginseng. Ginseng is known to mountaineer 'sengers as a plant totally unlike any other in the woods. It is an erect, perennial herb with whorls of five palmate leaves at the top. The three outer leaflets are longer than the two basal leaves and the whole whorl reminds one of the arrangement of the cluster of leaflets on a young shagbark hickory. There may be as many as six prongs on a large ginseng stem, each supporting a whorl of five leaflets — thus the scientific name *Quinquefolius*, Latin for five leaves.

It is hard for any two 'sengers to agree on the essential characteristics of ginseng. I have known about ginseng all my life and for decades now I have been doing research on it.

During this time, I have uncovered material pertaining to this plant which does not agree with many beliefs that I held for years. I cannot agree with all that I have read in my research, any more than I agree with the many gems of wisdom dropped by the digger, but I want to air some of my findings.

I will start by discussing the age which the ginseng root may reach. According to one author, a Russian named Grushvitsky, a root dug in Manchuria was estimated to be over 400 years old. Later a root found near Benzonia, Michigan, was supposed to be at least 100 years old.

The question is: How do people arrive at these age figures?

After a stem dies at the end of the growing season, it leaves a scar called a querrel on the root. By counting the number of querrels, one presumably can estimate the root's age in years. This is similar to determining the age of a tree by counting the annual rings.

This method would work fine if a new stem sprouted from a root each year. I have found, however, that this is not true. In my research and observations, I have found that some roots may lie dormant for a year or more before sprouting a new stem.

I suppose that nature arranged things like this in order to protect the species. If every root sprouted each year, the diggers would dig all the roots in a few summers. Many are dug before the berries have had a chance to ripen. The species depends upon the seed from the berries for propagation. If all the roots were dug in a few summers, there would not be enough plants left to make seed for future reproduction.

So although I have no doubt that many roots live to a ripe old age, I cannot believe that the age can be determined simply by counting the querrels.

I once observed a patch of approximately 20 stalks of wild ginseng for a period of 12 years. During that time, the original stalks produced many seeds, but only a comparative few germinated and produced new plants. Neither did every root grow a new plant each year. I am sure that these plants would have offered many more interesting facts about ginseng, but some S.O.B. dug the whole patch and that ended that.

In light of those observations, I believe that the propagation of new plants from seed under natural conditions is rather slow. Many things can happen to germinating seeds. One thing is sure, if the seeds do not have a chance to sprout there will be no new plants from seeds.

Some people have suggested that the depth at which a ginseng root is found may have something to do with its age. This may seem reasonable, but too many factors can cause it to be inaccurate. For some reason or other, the seed may have been deeply imbedded in the soil to start with, or the soil covering the seed or root may deposit faster in some places than in others. At any rate, I will have to have more proof than what has been offered before I believe that the age of a root can be determined with any accuracy by this method.

How big will ginseng grow? In some cases it seems that the digger has either overestimated the size of the stalk or has made a tall tale even taller. During my years of study, I have measured the height of many ginseng plants. The tallest one I have recorded measured 29 inches from the ground to the forks. The spike or seed pod measured 14 inches. No doubt stalks grow taller than this one, but I haven't seen one.

The size of the stalk does not always indicate the size of the root. A three-prong stalk may be growing from an old root of a large size. In fact, the largest root that I have ever seen, which weighed a little over 11 ounces green, was from a three-prong stalk. But usually the big stalks which I have dug do have large roots.

Roots take on many shapes. The most common are forked and remind one of the trunk and legs of a human. Because of this, the Chinese gave the name Jin-chen (which evolved to ginseng), meaning man-like, to this plant.

Where does ginseng grow? It will grow in good soil almost anywhere. The best growth seems to take place in the rich soil of the forests of mixed hardwoods. Wherever grapevines and Dutchman's pipe vines flourish, ginseng is likely to be found. The roughest, rockiest places sometimes harbor the best patches. West Virginia is a good state for ginseng because of its climate and rich hardwood forests.

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The plant may be found anytime from mid-April until late fall. Late August and September, however, are the best times to find the stuff. During this period, the berries are a crimson red and the plants large enough to spot easily. But an accomplished 'senger can find the plant from the time the seed germinates until the stalk has withered and fallen to the ground.

Who digs ginseng? Because of the price of the dried root, almost everyone in ginseng country digs it. The old-timers are still the best. They usually dig only the roots from the larger stalks and spare the smaller two- and three-prong plants. They may even break the tops from the smaller plants to keep less choosy diggers from discovering them. If only this kind of people were diggers, there would always be a supply of ginseng for the future.

But we have another type of digger, known as the "stripper." Strippers go through the woods digging everything that looks like ginseng. Many of these people are beginners who disregard all of the rules of common sense when in pursuit of the valuable root.

Not all ginseng grows in the wild. Some people cultivate it like they would tobacco, potatoes, or any other crop. The cultivated plant, however, is not as valuable as that which grows in the wild. The dried root of the wild and the cultivated plant look almost the same to me, but buyers can easily separate the two. Cultivated ginseng sells at a reduced price. Each commercial grower has his own method of farming and each will swear that his method is best.

At one time, most ginseng was bought by merchants who in turn sold it to larger dealers. Country store owners used to buy any amount from anyone with 'seng to sell. Nowadays, dealers buy most of the root directly from the diggers.

Because of the high price offered for the dried root, one will naturally wonder what is done with the stuff. Some is made into herbal teas, which have become popular in recent years. Most is made into folk medicine, although in my opinion the main medicinal value of ginseng comes with the exercise and fresh air enjoyed by the digger.

Digging It

The ginseng digging season in West Virginia runs from August 15 to November 30, and the valuable plant can be sold through March 31.

Generally, diggers sell the prized roots to certified ginseng dealers. About 90% of what is dug here is exported from the state, with most of it ending up in the Far East. The remaining 10% is used locally or kept for personal use.

Dealers may pay diggers as much as $300 a pound for ginseng depending on the demand. Today the ginseng harvest is about half of what it was in the late 1970's and early '80's, according to the West Virginia Division of Forestry. It has dropped from a 30,000-32,000 pound harvest to 12,000-15,000 pounds in the last several years. In 1984-85, ginseng diggings reached an all-time low of 8,000-9,000 pounds.

West Virginia has thousands of diggers who sell to 80 or 90 dealers. Anybody can dig ginseng, but those who buy and sell it must register with the state and have a business license. For more information contact the Forestry Division at 1900 Kanawha Blvd. E., Charleston, WV 25305; phone (304) 558-2788.

Actually, most ginseng harvested in the United States today is shipped to Hong Kong for distribution to mainland China and to other areas with large Chinese populations. The Chinese use it for everything from curing minor ailments to making men more virile. In view of the large population of China, maybe it works.

The reproductive future of ginseng itself has not always appeared bright. Rampant digging in past years threatened the plant's survival, totally extinguishing it in some parts of the country. West Virginia law now limits the digging season and requires reseeding from the plants harvested, measures taken to ensure that ginseng will be here for future generations of mountaineers.

In This 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.

MARK CRABTREE was born in Brooke County and earned a B.S. in journalism from WVU. Crabtree, who now lives in Morgantown, has worked extensively as a photographer and served as project coordinator for the West Virginia Coal Life Project's photography exhibit. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Summer 1992.

PAUL FANSLER, retired from C&P Telephone, enjoys raising tomatoes in his native Martinsburg. He says he began writing a few 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*. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Fall 1991.

LOUISE BURNER FLEGEL is an English teacher at Pocahontas County High School, and a former adjunct instructor for Shepherd College. She has a B.S. and M.A. in English education from West Virginia University. She lives with her family near Cass. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

JAMES BEECHER HINKLE, born in 1916 on Hinkle Mountain above Richwood, is a retired teacher. He holds two master's degrees from WVU, where he studied botany and biology. Besides studying and enjoying wildflowers, James plays the mandolin every chance he gets. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

NORMAN JULIAN is a Clarksburg native and a graduate of West Virginia University. He is a Morgantown journalist and the author of a novel about West Virginia, *Cheat*, published in 1984 by Back Fork Books. The West Virginia Press Association named Norman its first-place winner in general column writing for 1992. He has contributed to GOLDENSEAL for years.

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. He is a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

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

BIL LEPP is the state's biggest liar, a title bestowed on him during the 1992 State Liar's Contest at Vandalia Gathering. He recently earned a B.A. in history from West Virginia Wesleyan. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

GORDON L. SWARTZ III, a native West Virginian, graduated from WVU with a degree in agriculture. He is now a coal miner at Consolidation Coal's Shoemaker Mine in Marshall County. The proud father of the largest set of twins ever born in West Virginia, he has written for *Twins* magazine, among other publications. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Summer 1991.

BILL THERIAULT of Jefferson County edited and published Julia Davis's latest work, *Harvest*. He is president of the Jefferson County Oral and Visual History Association and chairs the county's Historic Landmarks Commission and Arts and Humanities Alliance. He holds a Ph.D. in American Literature from George Washington University. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Summer 1991.

EDELENE WOOD of Parkersburg is retired from Monongahela Power Company. She published a series of manufacturers directories from 1950 through 1970 covering nine counties of the Little Kanawha region. She says she never dreamed there was still a story like Vitrolite to tell. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

ANDY YALE, a native of New York City, now splits his time between Mt. Hope and his farm at Sandstone in Summers County. He works as a psychotherapist and writer. He has published articles and photos in *The Rolling Stone*, *Memphis*, *Spy*, *The Nation*, and *Natural History* magazines, among other publications. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Spring 1992.

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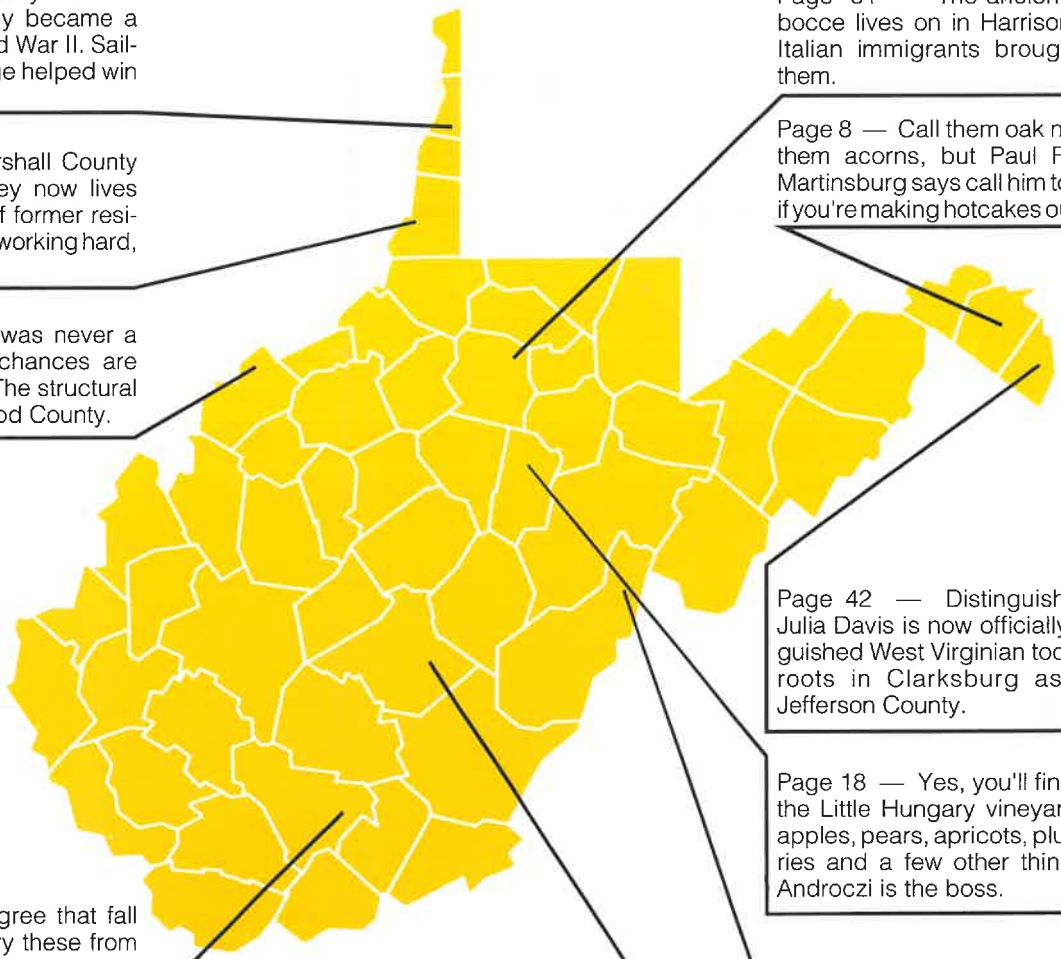

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