

Goldenseal

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January-March 1976



Blind Alfred Reed • Re-creations: New River Gorge
Towns/Hinton's Masonic Theatre • Pre-Civil War Diary • Roane
County Preacher • Septuagenarian Recalls Hancock County Girlhood

Goldenseal

A Forum for Documenting West
Virginia's Traditional Life

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COVER A photograph of Rev. Herbert
Spencer, which appears again on page 33.
The article about him begins on page 31.

Current: PROGRAMS • FESTIVALS • PUBLICATIONS

NEW MONROE COUNTY CRAFT AND FOLK EVENT BEING PLANNED FOR SUMMER

An art and craft fair strongly emphasizing southern West Virginia rural folklife will take place for the first time in Peterstown July 16-18. Called

Dr. Margaret B. Ballard, the Monroe Countian who hopes to conduct the lye soapmaking demonstration at the upcoming July fair in Peterstown. She exhibits a replica of the Stars and Stripes, the nation's flag which was created on June 14, 1777. She made it some months ago as an aid to teaching her volunteer weekly enrichment class at the Greenville Elementary School. Photograph by Ray Ellis, Brooklyn, N.Y.

the Monroe County Arts and Crafts Fair, the event is being planned by its sponsor, the county Chamber of Commerce. Exhibitors will be drawn from West Virginia craftspeople along with those from neighboring states. Special activities planned thus far are folk music programs, many types of folk dancing, tours of historic locations in the area, and lye soap making by one of the county's most illustrious citizens, Dr. Margaret B. Ballard. Further information is available from Mr. Charles Allen, Sinks Grove, W. Va. 24976. His phone number is 304-772-5617.



QUARTERLY MAGAZINE ON BLACK CULTURE DUE IN APRIL

The first issue of *Black Diamonds*, a quarterly magazine subtitled "A Digest of Black Appalachian Life and Culture," is likely to appear in April instead of January, as reported in these pages of the last issue. Ed Cabbell, Director of the new publication's sponsoring organization, the John Henry Memorial Foundation, Inc., and also editor of the new journal, said early in January that work on the first issue is nearly completed and that "the second issue is shaping up well too." He has worked since early last fall on this longtime goal of the foundation and is constantly searching for articles, photographs, art, poetry, and short fiction related to black Appalachia. Although he and his staff are "pleased with responses to the magazine thus far," Cabbell said, "many more subscriptions are needed if the magazine is to survive."

Subscriptions to *Black Diamonds* are \$7.00 a year or \$2.50 for a single issue--both in advance. Until March 31, 1976, however, a special charter subscription rate of \$5.00 a year will be in effect. Payment may be sent to *Black Diamonds*, John Henry Memorial Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 135, Princeton, W. Va. 24740.

MOUNTAIN TRACE, PARKERSBURG FOLKLORE MAGAZINE, PROGRESSES

The third issue of the triannual folklore magazine *Mountain Trace* (Vol. 1, No. 3) produced by students at Parkersburg High School came off the presses late in January and includes, among others, articles on vegetable dyeing, edible wild foods, making tinware, and early theatre in Parkersburg. Each issue is priced at \$2.00, and a subscription for four issues costs \$6.00. Checks are made payable to Parkersburg High School. Three issues each year, released on approximately November 1, January 30, and May 15, will be published. There are no more copies of Vol. 1, No. 1, but a subscription may begin with Vol. 1, No. 2, the Fall, 1975 issue, which contains in part articles on old general stores, making corncob dolls, streetcars, stonecutting, and the life of blacks in this century in the words of octogenarian Ms. Ada Allen. The May, 1976

Mountain Trace will be a Bicentennial issue, and faculty advisor Mr. Kenneth Gilbert believes "it will be the largest and best magazine yet produced by our staff." It is thought by some that the magazine even exceeds the quality of its original model, northern Georgia's *Foxfire*, since it is able to branch out from only rural traditions to past city life as well. The address is 2101 Dudley Avenue, Parkersburg, W. Va. 26101.

BOOK DETAILING WEIRTON'S HISTORY DUE

The History of Hollidays Cove, first published in 1974 in serial form in the Weirton *Daily Times*, is being printed in a hardcover edition. Written by Mrs. Mary S. Ferguson (see pages 14-18), the book begins with the arrival of Weirton's first citizen in 1771 and continues through 1947 when the northern panhandle town was incorporated and given its present name. Production of the book is being sponsored by the Weirton Council for Retarded Children and Adults, which will receive all profits from its sale. Five hundred copies must be sold before it is released by the printer.

The book will contain old photographs from the collections of various citizens and will also feature color plates of the author's paintings of old town scenes. Prepublication orders are being accepted by the council at \$10.00 a copy. After its publication the book will be priced at \$12.00. The entire first edition will be signed by Mrs. Ferguson. Orders may be addressed to Hollidays Cove Committee, P.O. Box 154, Cove Station, Weirton, W. Va. 26026.

HARRISON COUNTY HISTORIAN WRITES SECOND BOOK

A Salem historian and retired secondary school teacher, Dorothy Davis, has written the first biography of John George Jackson, "a man close to the sources of power in the early days of the Republic." The illustrious early Clarksburg statesman, industrialist, and militiaman lived between 1777 and 1825. He was associated in various fascinating ways with such contemporaries as James Madison, Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, William Henry Harrison, and James Monroe. The 500-page book due in May contains maps showing early settlers' routes by various means through the mountains, 100 illustrations, and chapter notes citing 152 bibliographic sources. The prepublication price of *John George Jackson* is \$15.95 including tax and postage. After April 1, 1976, the postpaid price will be \$18.50 plus tax. The address for requesting a flyer describing the book and ordering it is Bicentennial Books, P.O. Box 1776, Salem, W. Va. 26426.

Mrs. Davis is also author of the *History of Harrison County*, first published in 1970 and revised in 1972 by McClain Printing Company in Parsons, W. Va. Its price is \$22.50 and is available from the printer.

STATE MUSICIANS IN VIDEOTAPE SERIES

Two videotapes about West Virginians are for sale from the Tennessee-based organization Broadside Video through their Southern Appalachian Video Ethnographic Series (S.A.V.E.S.). Around three dozen tapes from one-half to one hour in length and made between 1973 and 1975 are offered by S.A.V.E.S., and, although most are related to music, their subjects cover a number of aspects of the region's folk culture. One of the tapes is a portrait of Nimrod Workman, the former coal miner who was born in Mingo County. He is a colorful and popular folk singer and song writer. His daughter Phyllis Boyens, who now lives in the State, also sings with him in one segment of the 50-minute tape. The second one is "The Morris Brothers at the A.P. Carter Store." This 50-minute tape of the Ivydale musicians was made at an informal performance at the Hiltons, Va., seat of the early beginnings of country music as it is known in the Mountains. Information on purchasing these reasonably priced tapes--either three-quarter inch cassettes, half-inch reels, or simply audio cassettes--may be obtained by writing for a complete

Hinton's Masonic Theatre

For their help preparing this section
we thank Harold Cooper; Jim Coste, Jr.;
Mary M. Jenkins, Head Librarian, W. Va.
Archives and History Library; and the
Three Rivers Arts Council.



Pages 4-13

Masonic Theatre Building: A Brief History

This sketch was written with the assistance and approval of Mr. W. Sims Wicker, Secretary of Hinton's A.F. and A.M. Lodge No. 62. -Ed.

The originally quite cosmopolitan Masonic Theatre Building in Hinton had an eventful existence before a tornado lifted off its roof on April 4, 1974. Known also as the Masonic Opera House and the Masonic Temple, the gray brick building was first occupied in 1910, and the premier attraction on the well equipped stage was a performance of Sig-mund Romberg's operetta, *The Student Prince*. The article following this one provides a colorful account of that event by an eyewitness.

The Whitcomb Lodge Number 62 was established on August 13, 1873, and on November 11, 1885, this A.F. and A.M. lodge (Ancient Free and Accepted Masons)

took its present name, Hinton Lodge Number 62. In 1905 a stock company called the Hinton Masonic Development Company was organized. The investors proudly watched on August 16, 1907, as the cornerstone was laid for their four-story building with its adjoining theatre.

The fine new building that opened three years later had a front and a rear section. At the rear was the three-story theatre with a four-story stagehouse. There were two balconies, the top one for blacks which was called "peanut heaven," a widely used term for many years for the top balcony of a theatre. The building's front faced Temple Street as it does today, and access to the theatre was from a large central portal on the street that went through the front section along an inclined ramp.

The first floor of the front section also contained certain retail businesses, a confectionary, a grocery store, and a construction firm. Residential apartments were on the second floor, and the dining room for the lodge took up the third. The fourth floor was the lodge's one large meeting room measuring around 45 feet by 90 feet.

One of the more notable events in the building's history took place in 1927 when the theatre section was sold to the Ku Klux Klan, and a lease was signed giving it access rights to Temple Street for 99 years. That organization only a few years later sold the theatre to three well-to-do Hinton businessmen. In 1940 the Lodge realized its longtime goal of owning the front section when it finally bought up the stock from the original stockholders.

Around 1942 a fire caused extensive damage to the theatre, which was never used again. When the 1974 tornado churned through Hinton in the early morning hours, it took away devastatingly large portions of the roofs of both sections of the structure. Only two weeks later the remains of the theatre and the two top floors of the front section were demolished.

Today the Lodge occupies the top or second floor of the present building. The central theatre entrance on Temple Street is now a storefront. Around at the back the curved rear wall of the theatre is still definable. Where the first balcony and the steps to it were attached are clearly evident. "Peanut heaven" and the remainder of the theatre are only memories for the older Hinton residents and are retained in only a few ink and chemical likenesses on variously owned fragments of paper. -Ed.

The Masonic Opera House Remembered

'The Student Prince' Performance in 1910

By Bill Board

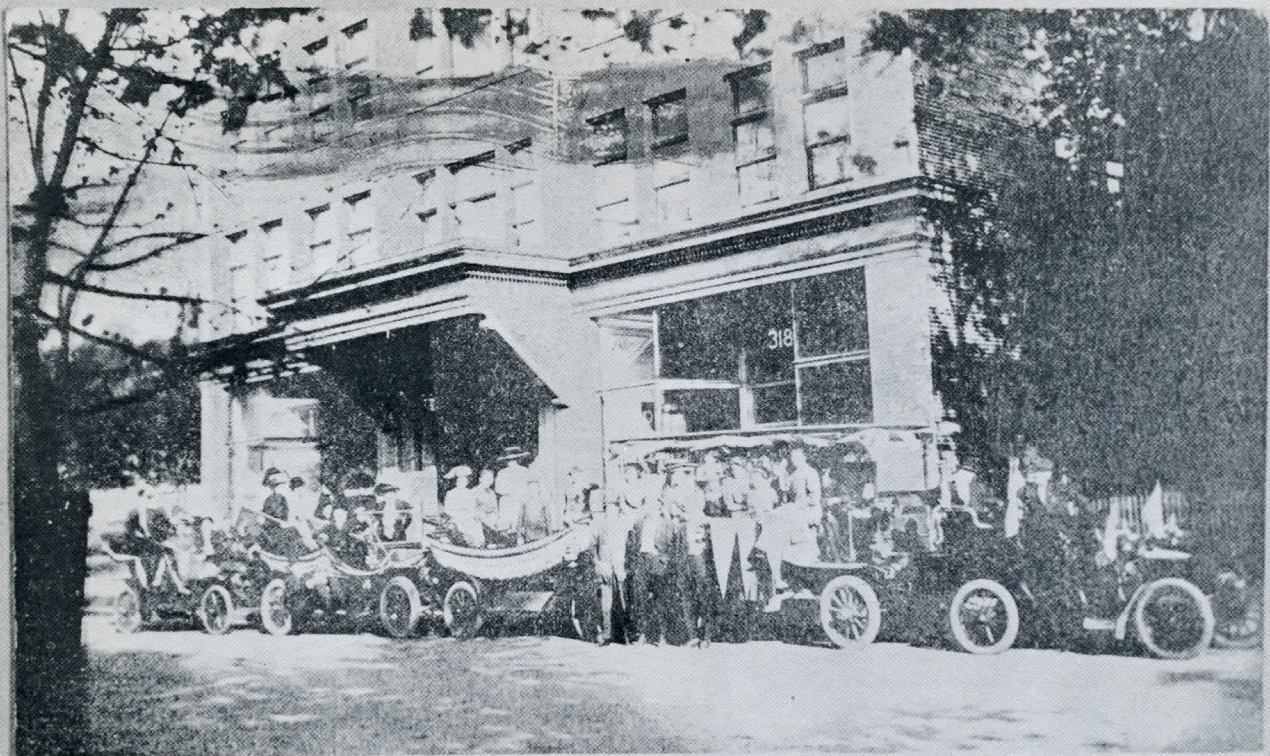
The lights are on under the marquee of the Masonic Opera House in Hinton. A strand of colored lights glow above Temple Street from the marquee to a pole on the opposite side in front of the old Hinton Hospital.

It is 7:30 Monday evening a short time before Christmas in 1910. The front of the Masonic Opera House is a brilliant patch of light and the center of attraction for everyone in the block.

Each hospital window is crowded with fascinated watchers. The street and sidewalks are jammed with people milling about, greeting and talking with friends but mostly being just a part of the social spectacle of the evening.

Every few minutes one of the twenty automobiles then owned in Hinton would gently part the crowd, ease up to the marquee and come to a halt at curbside in the brilliant flood of light. The owner-driver would replace his gauntlets with white kid gloves complementing tie-and-tails under his greatcoat, then scoot

A post card photograph made close to the time of the theatre's opening in 1910. Photographer unknown.



Wellington Opera Troupe at Masonic Temple, Hinton, W. Va.

Pub. by Laing, Humphries & Co., Outfitters, Hinton, W. Va.

Reprinted by permission from the 1973 Christmas issue of the Hinton Daily News.

(below) On an original door in the theatre, this fine art nouveau design brass hardware reveals the once elegant interior appointments. (opposite) An undated post card photograph taken from the stage. Photographer unknown.



gracefully to the left from under the steering wheel on the right side of his car and proceed around to the curb and there gallantly hand the ladies of his party to the sidewalk.

And the ladies need help in keeping their long evening gowns, high button shoes, winter wraps, furs and stunning hats from being soiled or displaced. New snow had fallen during the day, adding to the accumulation of the week, but the street and sidewalk on Temple in front of the Masonic Opera House had been cleared, yet, except under the marquee, surfaces were slushy and all afoot wore overshoes or arctics.

But it was not cold enough to discourage the onlookers. And there was much to see!

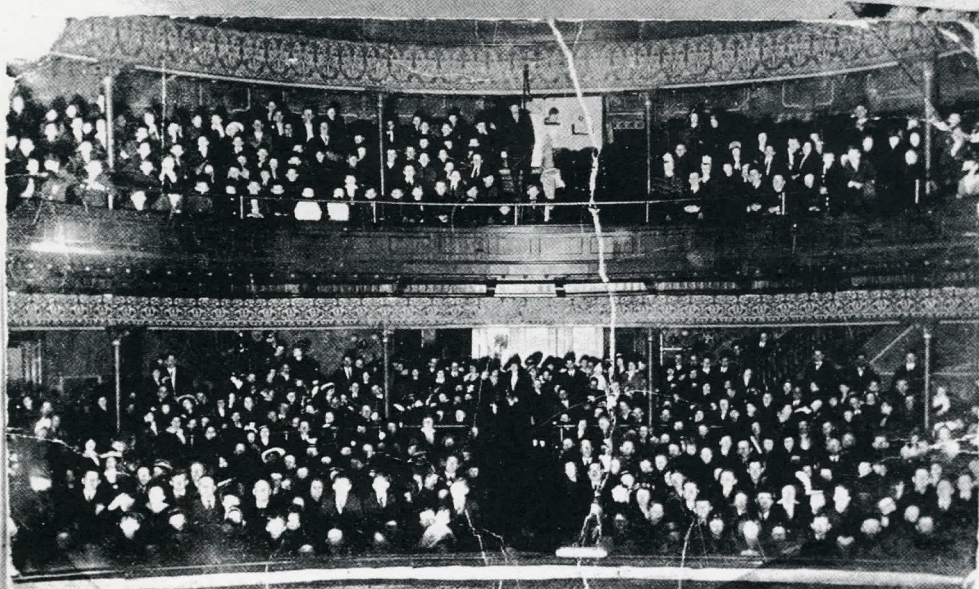
The advance man for the roadshow company of the "Student Prince" had come to town a week earlier and booked a one-night stand for his comic opera company. He wisely hired Bill Steers, the Masonic's master billposter to paste lithographs over all the town and environs. The advance agent then reserved accommodations at the plush new McCreery Hotel for the performing artists and at the older Chesapeake Hotel for some of the operating crew.

The troupe would not depart on C & O No. 4 until the next morning for Washington, D.C., the next play date. The "Student Prince" opera had played in Cincinnati for its previous engagement.

By 7:45 o'clock everyone in town who had bought tickets in advance had arrived, had been seen in all their finery and were seated in the Opera House. The latecomers were queued up from the sidewalk to the box office, which was far inside the lobby, trying to buy from Snow Fredeking any unsold tickets in the orchestra circle or the balcony. All seating, except in the gallery, was reserved and all orchestra seats were generally sold to the steady showgoing citizens days in advance of any important performance. The SRO sign was not uncommon for such events.

Just as the men of Hinton had their personal shaving mug and brush stashed in reserved cubicles at their favorite barber shop, the Masonic Opera House had a regular clientele of showgoing families, couples or "clubbers" and mixed parties who had first choice of pairs or blocks of orchestra seats and these people will almost always be found in the same seats for each show.

The Masonic Opera House had four elegant brass-railed boxes, two on each side of the proscenium opening, one above the



"Master Key" Crowd, Masonic Theatre Hinton, W. Va.

other. The two boxes at stage level had regular reservations, one held by Frank Puckett and the other by Lew Baylor. Showgoing groups organized by W. H. Garnett or Shan Rose often enjoyed the viewing advantage of the two upper boxes.

These box reservations were well worth the extra expense to opera buffs of the day. Occupants of the boxes oftentimes themselves got into the limelight of the shows when the operators of spotlights posted in the balcony or gallery accidentally or deliberately swept the intensely strong light beams into the boxes as the star performers exited in closing a specialty number!

Most orchestra and orchestra circle ticket-holders attended wearing their best clothing and costumes. And they were worth looking at, too! The ladies were positively stunning in evening gowns of satin and brocade over many-flounced petticoats, elaborately shirred blouses over wasp-waisted corsets, long white gloves, furred wraps, delicate finger rings, heavy bracelets, lovely necklaces and chokers, jewels in pierced ear lobes--and such coiffures to be admired when they removed those gorgeous hats upon taking their seats! Every hair was in place and piled high upon the ladies' heads. Occasionally a tiara would crown the headdressing.

Men were no exceptions, either. Whether escorts or stags, they were close-shaved, massaged to a glowing pink and lotioned. They made a handsome masculine display in black ties against the whitest of collars and shirts. Full dress or tuxedos was the order of the evening. Boutonnieres were in most lapels and pa-

tent leather boots were polished to mirrorlike surfaces. Escorts provided corsages and opera glasses and they were as attentive and gallant to their ladies as the ladies were beautiful.

The only unreserved seats in the Masonic Opera House in 1910 were those located in the "peanut heaven" above the balcony and reached by a stairway from a door on Fourth Avenue at the bottom of which the inexpensive gallery had its own ticket office with John Swats raking in the coins for general admission.

But now it is almost 8 o'clock and in fifteen minutes the show will begin, so we will go backstage and see what had gone on behind the scenes to warrant so grand a turnout 63 years ago.

The roadshow's own express car had been set off at the depot that morning from C&O No. 4 and the troupe had repaired to the McCreery hotel for the day and to be overnight guests following the evening performance. That is, all the roadshow personnel except three: the roadshow manager, the company stage manager, and the wardrobe mistress of the "Student Prince." As soon as arrangements had been made to unload the show-car and all the scenery, equipment and trunks had been moved onto the Masonic Opera House stage, these three key people started an all-day rush to set the stage for the 8:15 curtain of the comic opera to follow in three acts.

The troupe manager had spent most of the day on business arrangements with the house staff out front. The wardrobe mistress, with stagehand help, had unpacked all the trunks and placed the proper costumes and cosmetics in the 14 dress-

ing rooms beneath the stage. Each cubicle would be ready for the players to shuck their street garments, make themselves up with theatrical grease paints and don the costumes they would wear first in the show.

The roadshow stage manager had been like a military general. He knew exactly where each item of scenery and equipment had to be positioned to enable the three acts to be staged without confusion on stage or to the audience out front.

The three acts were to be performed in one interior and two exterior sets. The interior set was built with "flats" which were interlocking panels braced to the floor. The exterior sets were painted scenes, one woods and one garden, hung on battens suspended and trimmed from the flyloft 60 feet above the stage. Matching wings on each side and foliage borders overhead completed the exterior sets.

The interior flats had to be put in place and removed according to a pre-arranged time and stacking schedule. This task was carried out by the "grips" or scene shifters of the Masonic stage crew. The exterior back curtains had been lashed to battens on short, center and long manilla lines from the flyloft.

For the full scene sets, whether exterior or interior, the road show carried with it only the special items of property essential to the story plot. But there were scores of items necessary to "dress" a stage set and make it appear realistic to the audience. Every legitimate theatre met this problem with a property manager and crew, known backstage as "props." And the Masonic Opera House had a top-flight property manager in Percy Halloran. The roadshow stage managers were always astounded at Percy's production. Within minutes after Percy was handed the property list for a show he was out scouring the town for furniture and a score or two of hard-to-find stage dressing articles.

Theatre property managers were actually not expected to provide much more than half of the items specified on the list of local properties, but by late afternoon of each show date Percy would have almost every article on stage, much to the surprise and delight of the show troupe. And all these borrowed items had to be returned to the Hinton lending stores and homes the following morning in undamaged condition.

Lighting the stage of the Masonic Opera House for a roadshow was a complicated procedure mastered by William "Bill" Hobbs, the house electrician, and his

assistant. Bill presided over an awesome electrical switchboard 7 feet tall and 15 feet wide mounted on a platform 8 feet above the floor on the right side of the stage. The switchboard was marble and carried a maze of two-pole fused knife switches surmounted by a bank of "dimmers" above the panels to vary the intensity of both stage and house lighting.

When it is remembered that neither Bill nor his helper had ever seen the performance being staged, it is quite remarkable that rarely, if ever, did the lighting changes fail to be exactly on time and in precisely correct sequence. Throwing a score of switches, often a hundred times during a performance at exactly the right moment to produce the onstage effect desired, Bill Hobbs had to learn by study of the electrical cue sheet handed to him an hour before the first act curtain rose.

The stage was lighted by three border strips which were so heavy that they had to be suspended from the flyloft on steel cables. The big bank of footlights separating the orchestra pit from the stage, like the borders, was literally filled with red, white, and blue carbon filament bulbs. Switches and dimmers, on subdivided circuits, controlled these. Flood and carbon-arc spotlights were plugged into floor sockets on stage and in the balcony and gallery for special lighting effects such as following the stars doing spectacular numbers and keeping them in the limelight.

Now for the show!

Everything is in readiness back stage for Act I of the "Student Prince." The roadshow assistant stage manager had given the performers the "first call" at exactly 8 o'clock, and then his "last call--everyone on stage!" rang out throughout the dressing room corridor at exactly 8:10.

The roadshow music director was in the orchestra pit and the local musicians had tuned their instruments, had their scores in place on the music stands and were awaiting the overture cue.

It came.

The house lights went slowly dim as the fireproof asbestos front curtain began to light up in concert with the overture music swelling out of the orchestra pit. The entire audience of hundreds in the Masonic Opera House was quiet. The buzz of lively conversation had ceased and all attention was devoted to the stage in tense anticipation.

The big front curtain glided silently upward and the performers on stage became one with an enraptured audience of Hintonians enjoying the "Student Prince" comic opera here more than a half-century

ago.

The third and final act brought the performers three curtain calls. First just the stars, then the stars and principals, and finally the stars and principals were joined by the supporting characters

and entire cast.

It was an evening to be remembered and relished for years by the show-goers, and a gala 1910 date for the Masonic Opera House.

It took considerable conniving and pressure to induce our guest author, Bill Board, to write the above story about the Masonic Theatre. Inspiration for the article came to the publisher when he visited the cavernous old shell of what was said to have been the finest opera house in any small city between Washington, D.C., and Cincinnati, Ohio. That visit to the Masonic was during the recent Haunted House event staged by the Jaycees at Halloween.

It was indeed a ghostly place and one could not resist wondering what once went on in this landmark building. So feelers went out to locate some old-timer to relate the story to a whole new generation of citizens. A dozen leads came in but nearly all finally pointed to Bill Board, the one man still in Hinton with the longest and broadest working knowledge of the distinguished Masonic Opera House.

When Bill was propositioned he said, "What? You want me to get killed? The story of the Masonic Opera House is the story of a thousand people of our city. I could not tell the story of all those wonderful people even if I used all the pages of your 1973 Christmas edition of the *Daily News*. And to leave out any of those fascinating local characters would be a crime for which their descendants would have me burned at the stake."

But we insisted that the tale be told. And Bill finally agreed to cut the job down to size and tackle only the first act of a three act play this year. Acts II and III, Bill promised, would come along in 1974 and 1975 special editions of the *Daily News*. (Unfortunately it never happened. -Ed.)

Yet we did get from Bill a few names which came quickly to his memory of the famous old days of

what he called "Hinton's Decade of Culture." This period he bracketed as between 1905 and 1915.

We arranged his instant replay memory list alphabetically and came up with the following register of what Bill said was but a few of the hundreds of men who had been active participants in organizing, promoting, and enjoying the fruits of their labors at the famous Masonic Opera House in the days of its glory.

Bill insisted upon pointing out that many men he named were truly pioneer urbanites who not only risked, but sometimes lost, in backing financially the operation and management of a big time opera house in a small city.

Jacob H. Allen, C.J. Anderson, Dr. J. F. Bigony, W.H. Boude, J.L. and W.J. Brightwell, M.V. Calloway, C.C. Campbell, Dr. O.O. Cooper, A.D. Daly, J.B. Douglas, R. Finley Dunlap and E.L. Dunn.

E.C. Eagle, Harvey Ewart, A.G. and R.R. Flanagan, Dr. T.O. Flanagan, J.A. Fox, Alex and W.L. Fredeking, Lynn Gardener, John Germer, H.O. and R. Hunter Graham, Harrison Gwinn, J.G. Haley, J.B. Harris and A.R. Heflin.

Upshur Higginbotham, C.M. Hinton, Dr. G.W. Holley, Dr. J.T. and W.W. Hume, J.D. Humphries, J.C. James, R.L. Jones, John H. Jordan, Henry F. Kesler, Donald Laing, J.B. Lavender, T.H. Lilly, P.K. Litsinger, Frank Lively and O.C. Lowe.

C.B. Mahon, J.T. McCreery, J.M. Meador, A.E. and C.L. Miller, Judge James H. Miller, Dr. E.E. Noel, E.H. Peck, Dr. S.P. Peck, Dr. George L. Pence, William Plumley, W.E. Price, Dr. G.O. Quesenberry, Thomas N. Read, J.A. Riffe, Earl Riley, Joe Roles, Judge Wm. H. Sawyers, F.M. Starbuck, T.G. Swats, Carl Templeton and W.L. Wilson. -C.D. (Tony) Hylton, III, Publisher of the Hinton *Daily News*.

Hinton's Masonic Theatre

Old and New Photographs Tell Story of the Small Town's Bygone Center of Culture

(right) An unidentified artist's rendering of the Masonic Temple Building. (opposite, above) A post card photograph taken in the 1930s of Temple Street. The Masonic is the most distant building visible on the right.

(below and opposite, below) Two views of the Masonic Building taken November 7, 1975. (below) The remaining facade on Temple Street. (opposite, below) The side and rear showing the back wall of the house of the theatre. Photographs by Douglas Chadwick.



Temple Street From Second Ave., Hinton, W. Va.



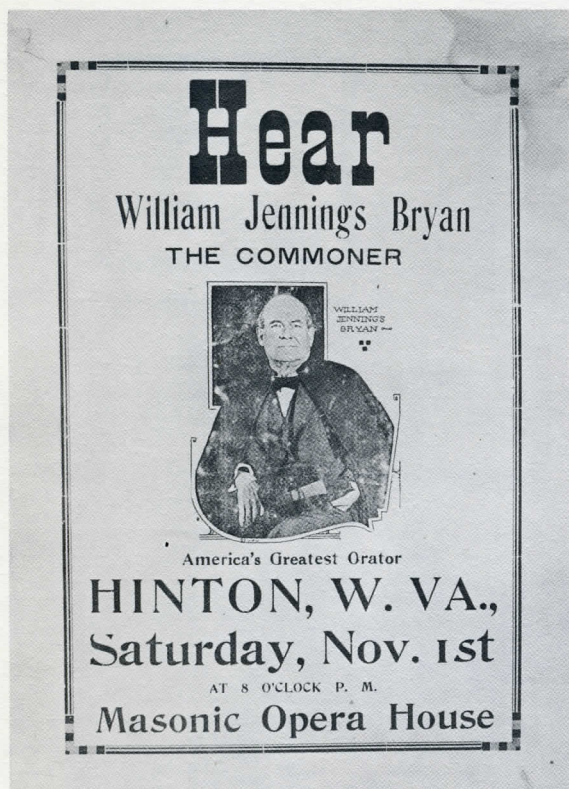
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(left and below) Two views of the interior of the theatre in 1974 after the tornado and before the final demolition. The left side of the stage can be seen on the right in each view. Photographs by Fran Belin.





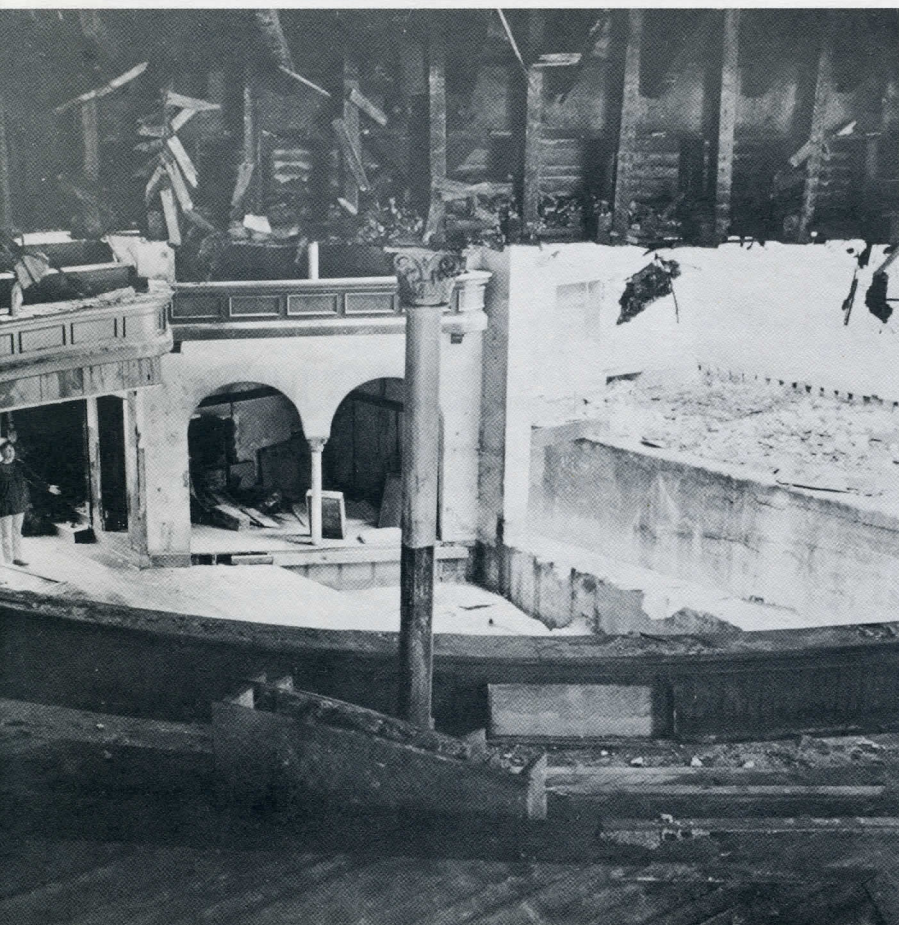
(left) Poster, 1924. On Monday evening, November 3, 1924, two days after Bryan spoke, the Hinton Daily News carried an article under the headline, "Bryan Draws Big Gallery For Speech." The uncommonly popular Nebraskan's speech was in favor of the Democratic candidate for President over the Progressive, Robert M. LaFollette, and Republican, Calvin Coolidge. In part the article revealed:

"William Jennings Bryan, the Commoner, arrived in Hinton Saturday on No. 6, coming direct from Beckley where he had addressed an audience of about 10,000 souls."

"The speaker said he had made 100 addresses in 15 states this campaign and that he had talked a number of times Saturday, and felt pretty well frazzled out, physically, and for that reason if the audience would excuse him he would sit down and talk which he did from a temporary elevated platform on the stage." (Bryan died the following year.)

"The crowd out to hear Bryan was the largest gathering of the kind witnessed here in many years. The Masonic was crowded to its capacity, many standing and hundreds turned away."

(below) Playbill probably from the 1920s for a production of the play starring an actor who resembled John Barrymore, star in New York City in 1922 of a highly successful production of *Hamlet*.



MASONIC THEATRE

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 26th

GEORGE FORD, Presents

FRITZ LEIBER

-I N-

"HAMLET"

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>Cladius, King of Denmark</i>	Louis Leon Hall
<i>Hamlet</i>	Fritz Leiber
<i>Polonius</i>	John C. Hickey
<i>Laertes</i>	Walter McCullough
<i>Horatio</i>	John Burke
<i>Rosencrantz</i>	Joseph Singer
<i>Guildestern</i>	Arthur Row
<i>Marcellus</i>	Harold Rand
<i>Bernardo</i>	Sidney Elliot
<i>Francisco</i>	Frederick Drake
<i>A Gravedigger</i>	H. Portercliff
<i>Another Gravedigger</i>	Robert Strauss
<i>First Player</i>	James Henderson
<i>Player Queen</i>	Katherine Sayre
<i>Another Player</i>	Wilbur Witherspoon
<i>Gertrude, Queen of Denmark</i>	Irby Marshal
<i>Orphelia</i>	Virginia Bronson
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father</i>	James Hendrickson
<i>Page</i>	Millie Beland

Players, Courtiers, Priests, etc

Act I

Scene 1—The Platform; Scene 2—The Throne Room; Scene 3—Hall in Polonius House; Scene 4—The Platform; Scene 5—Another Part of the Platform

Act II

The Throne Rooms

Act III

The Same

Act IV

Scene 1—Room in Palace; Scene 2—Another Room in the Palace

Act V

Scene 1—A Churchyard; Scene 2—Room in the Palace

Executive Staff for Mr. Leiber

As.
Press.
Stage Director
Company Manager
Master Carpenter
Master Electrician
Master of Properties
Wardrobe Mistress

Homer Drake
Harry C. Eldred
C. Porter Hall
George Adams
Frank Golden
Samuel Bacon
Hoyt Parks
Gene Larue

Mary S. Ferguson

Weirton's 'Historian Laureate' is Also Talented Artist

Text and Photographs by Susan Conti

Memories of Christmas in the Wylie Ridge Road area of Hancock County at the turn of the century are shared by 77-year-old Mrs. Mary Shakley Ferguson of Weirton in a delightful 20-minute talk she presents to local groups. "Christmas Memories" is full of Mrs. Ferguson's homey reminiscences of Yule traditions in the country surrounding her grandmother's big white house on Morrow Lane.

The lecturer is Weirton's "historian laureate." Her recollections are fascinating to young and old, and she is widely sought as a dinner speaker by churches and clubs. She also teaches a course on local history at the Weirton campus of West Virginia Northern Community College.

Mrs. Ferguson's home reflects her sunny disposition and her many talents. The big, airy rooms at 113 Maryland Avenue are filled with her many handmade braided rugs, patchwork pillows, afghans, mosaic tables, Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls, waxy house plants and memorabilia of her five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Almost every wall bears one of her oil paintings. "I don't do them for money mostly but just because they're things I remember," she explained. Early scenes of Weirton and its progenitor Hollidays Cove are her favorite subjects. With memory undimmed by age, she has depicted in oils the town's original churches, its Main Street, the scene of the locally famous McWha funeral cortege, old Weirton Railroad Station, old Hindman's Mill near Colliers, and many other scenes.

"I never had so much fun until I was 70," claims the vivacious great-grandmother. As a matter of fact, she didn't start painting until then, and she has written three full-length books in the past ten years.

One of them entitled *The History of Hollidays Cove* is being published as a means of fundraising by a health organization in Weirton. (See news item in "Current...") Originally it was serialized in the Weirton *Daily Times*. Two other of her books, *Hoopie, Go Home* and *Strawberries on the Hill* are unpublished



Early Weirton scenes in Mrs. Ferguson's paintings include old Cove Road (upper left), old Weirton Junction station (upper right), and old Hindman's Mill (lower right). The smallest picture and the picture to its left were painted by local friends.

and are wry, witty twists of early town events and lore told in Mrs. Ferguson's colorful style. She would be pleased if these, too, saw print.

Two full days weekly she quilts at the Cove United Presbyterian Church, of which she is a longtime member. Also she sews clothes, drapes, and slipcovers; does all the housekeeping in the two-story house; and holds lively teatime conversation with her many friends.

The petite historian is a lifelong resident of Hancock County, daughter of old-line residents Daniel M. Shakley and May Morrow Shakley. Her father was an oil guager 35 years for Standard Oil Company, and the family always lived in the Wylie Ridge Road and Morrow Lane area between Weirton and New Cumberland.

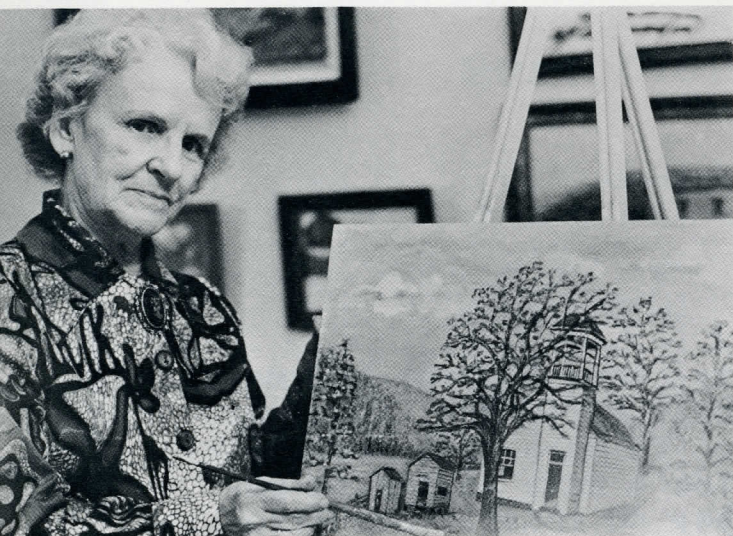
One of a family of four children, Mrs. Ferguson proudly notes all her sisters and brothers are still alive. They are twins Edgar Shakley of Steubenville and Miss Edith Shakley of Beech Bottom, 75, and Mrs. Helen Groves, 79, of Weirton. She has three sons, one deceased.

Christmas Memories

By Mary Shakley Ferguson

Around the turn of the century, when I first became aware of that wonderful day we call Christmas, it was indeed different than it is today. We were truly celebrating Christ's birthday, and we didn't have to try to get Christ back into Christmas as they do today. Our lives were centered around the church, the school, and the home. We never heard much about Santa Claus. My mother maintained that if you taught children in their formative years to believe in Christ and in Santa Claus at the same time, that when they found one was a myth, how would they place any credence in anything of value? But I sometimes wished she hadn't been so practical and such a stickler for the truth.

The year we spent Christmas at Grandmother Morrow's was one of these times. We lived about a mile down the lane on the same farm in what you called an "oil country house," because they were built after the oil boom came to our community, and they had no upstairs, were just cottages with four to six rooms. But up at my grandmother's was a huge home of high ceilings and big rooms. So we went there on Christmas Eve, this one year, especial, that I remember--my parents and the four of us children, in steps of early school age. The four big downstairs rooms, not counting the kitchen and the pantry, were each slightly warmed by an open fire, and the upstairs was the polar regions, a place where grown-ups made a dash for it at bedtime carrying a hot brick. But now I wonder how Grandmother and Aunt Sus' ever got into those big voluminous nightgowns and nightcaps with all the ruffles and tucks, before they froze to death. Anyone meeting them coming down the stairs in the middle of the night to make a cup of tea could have been scared half to death. But that wasn't hardly likely, because they would have had to kindle a fire before they could make the tea. I often wonder how they lived so long,



Her old school, Jefferson School on Wylie Ridge Road, is the subject for one of Mrs. Ferguson's paintings. The school has been destroyed.

without that comforting cup, but then I guess they had whiskey and laudanum.

We youngsters slept downstairs in the double beds in the best spare room. As I lay there courting sleep and tracing the firelight's shadows, pictures across the high ceiling overhead, how I wished that I believed in old Santa and that he would come down one of those old chimneys--there were four. Even though I never saw him, just the joy of expectation would have been purely wonderful.

The Christmas festivities began at school on the Friday afternoon preceding Christmas day. The teacher would come early on bitter mornings to kindle the fire in the big, pot-bellied iron stove with a stovepipe that went straight up through the ceiling in the center of the room, and this helped some with the heat. We pupils came dragging through the eternal snow carrying our lard pails of jam or bologna sandwiches, perhaps a ramble apple, and a piece of berry pie. After hanging our coats and fascinators on the pegs along the wall, we huddled on benches around the stove while we took off our leggins and overshoes and let the blessed heat penetrate the layers of black wool knit stockings and cotton ribbed long underwear.

We always had speeches and songs on Friday afternoon and got out early. We would say the same ones over and over until each of us knew all the others. *Anything* to escape reading, writing and arithmetic. There was one girl--she was old as the teacher--who always said, or more like sang, "The curfew shall not ring tonight." We would go home mocking her, and swaying from one side to the other when she swung out over the city, and my mother would just grin but never say anything. Years after she was gone, I found a program of an afternoon performance at that school, and on it was a declamation by May Morrow--my mother. But this afternoon before Christmas was quite different, because we always got a treat, a sack of candy or maybe an orange.

I remember one of these afternoons when the teacher nearly tormented us to distraction before she finally gave. We'd been singing and speechifying for an hour or more when she finally started parading around up front and saying, "Well, I guess that's all. We might as well go home." She even put on her hat and began poking at the bun on the back of her neck with some of those long, gold-headed hat-pins, until we began to wish she'd miss and hit on flesh and bone. When we were almost dead of discouragement, one of the older boys who, a little earlier had

raised his hand for permission to leave the room, which was quite common--he came in carrying a basket nested with bulging, striped, candy bags. The teacher had it hid in the coal house.

The next, and perhaps the most important, event of the season was the Christmas entertainment at the church, because this was the time we got a new dress or the old one made over. A dress-maker would come and stay for a week, working on dresses for my two sisters and me, and blouses for my brother. But Momma had to sew on all of the lace and the buttons and make the buttonholes. Also, she had to dress the kid-bodied dolls that were bought at the general store down by the river--and came without a stitch of clothes. Now I wonder how she managed, with all the milking, the churning, the baking, cooking, and washing on the board--not to mention looking after four kids.

I wish I could tell how Papa would bring our tree from the woods nearby, and what a time we had in the trimming. But, no, we never had any of the kind of puny little trees that could stand up in a house. Christmas trees were only for church and were at least 15 feet high. I was perhaps 12 when we had our first Christmas tree in the house. It's a miracle they didn't burn the church down with those trees when they lit all those little twists of yellow and green and blue tallow candles. Huge pink popcorn balls hung from the lower limbs and were picked like apples and handed out to the children after the service. I remember one night one of these tasty morsels fell from the tree. I couldn't have been more than three, or I would have been up there with the songs and the speeches. But I was sitting with my aunt, and I nearly tormented her to death all through the service to go and get that for me. She'd say, "I will, now, just as soon as the service is over." Oh, they had brats then, too!

While the outside festivities were in progress, the preparations for the big day were still going on at home. Nuts must be cracked for the three-layered hickory nut cake, mince pies made, suet pudding steamed, tapioca put to soak for the pudding, with pearls big as commies (a smaller, more typical, or common playing marble). We kids had to crack the hickory nuts, and it took several nights after supper to get enough, for I swear they were as hard as bullets, with hulls a half inch thick, and goodies the size of a pinhead. I bet that cake was a gritty affair. But all I can remember

is the delicious taste.

Then, the turkey. We didn't have turkeys at our little place down the lane, but they did at Grandmother's where I spent all of the time school was not in session, including Christmas vacation. The turkey was a noble bird, all waddles and gobble and back bone and long legs. I was afraid of going into the chicken lot for fear of getting run over. My uncle must have gotten up before daylight and caught our Christmas turkey asleep, up in the big sweet cherry tree. When he brought him down, tied his feet to a lower limb, and stretched his neck on the chopping block, I didn't grieve. I was glad he was gone. One afternoon at school (ca.1905) I really enjoyed my speech about him:

Look here, old Mr. Turkey,
You needn't get so gay,
A-gobbling so saucy,
And strutting 'round that way.

I guess you think you're bigger than me,
And know the most;
And guess you think you've scared me,
Because I'm up a post.

But, shucks, if I'd a mind to,
I'd lick you, so I would.
You bet if my big brother was here,
I'd lick you good.

I'd get right down and do it now,
If I just wanted to,
Old funny Mr. Smarty
Nobody's 'fraid of you.

So gobble, gibble gobble,
And gobble till you're through,
Old Turkey wait till Christmas
You bet I'll gobble you."

There wasn't so much to gobble, especially about a drumstick. I remember one time my grandmother opening the side door on the big kitchen range and lifting the lid of the roaster to baste the beast. I was standing there, puny, pitiful, half-starved, when she just pulled off a drumstick, blew on it a few times, and handed it to me. I had plenty to hang onto but not much to eat. I wonder what that noble bird would think if he could see his posterity. I can just see him cock his eagle eye and shake his waddles in disgust at one of those butterballs that couldn't go to roost on a park bench without help.

When the big day finally arrived, did we jump out of bed and head for the sitting room to yell over what we got and howl over what we didn't? No--no indeedy.

The sitting room door was closed, and sort of a sacred hush lay over the house like before a wedding or a funeral. We all sat down to breakfast in the dining room. No one ate in the kitchen in those days. That was a place for coal buckets and milk buckets and water buckets and the wood box. Also a dry sink and a big kitchen cabinet flanked a huge, black coal range. All winter we ate buckwheat cakes smothered in corn cob molasses after the syrup gave out. But on this one morning, we had the rare treat of shredded wheat biscuit, which was shoving hot cakes into second place as a breakfast treat.

At long last we were ready to follow Papa into the sitting room. We filed in, sort of like the time we were finally allowed to go into the parlor and view Grandmother laid out between the hand-stitched sheets for her well-earned rest. This was Papa's shining hour, and I doubt if he would have shared it with any other bewhiskered gentleman. He made a great ceremony of handing out each separate gift that he'd been bringing from the general store for the past month. Papa kept up this Christmas morning ritual until all of his grandchildren were fully grown and we were still going home for Christmas.

When I was ten years old we moved farther down the river to a village called Hollidays Cove in the north panhandle of West Virginia. We moved in one door removed from the little, red brick Presbyterian church on the corner of Cove Road and Main Street. When I awakened that first morning in the *city* and sat up in bed and saw all those houses strung up along Colt Road, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. That first verse from St. John 14, "In my Father's house are many mansions," was really being manifest.

The church was much the same as ours in the country, only the wood stoves had been replaced by gas, and it didn't smell the same. But church and school were still the forces that directed our daily lives.

When I was 14 a boy with a hank of great curly hair and a face covered with freckles asked to see me home. He was allowed to walk me home after prayer meeting on Wednesday night and again on Sunday night, so you bet I never missed prayer meeting. When I was 15 he was allowed to come in and stay till ten thirty. We would sit across the parlor gazing at each other in mutual admiration. Sometimes we might even say a word or two. Around ten o'clock he would muster up enough courage to cross the red sea of parlor carpet and come to rest beside me on the old, plush sofa. Eventually he

gained sufficient strength to raise one arm and lay it across my shoulder. This, of course, was working up to that final thrill of kissing me goodnight at the front door. Times have changed, I think. For Christmas his mother bought me *Sonnets of Shakespeare*, all that was appropriate for one of such tender years. The next year I graduated to a manicure set.

During my early teens I generally had a dollar to spend for Christmas. It did seem there was snow on the ground all winter and the river was frozen solid. We would take the surrey and drive across the ice on the Ohio River into Steubenville to do our shopping. Papa would put the rig up at the livery barn on Adams Street, and we would walk over to Market Street to the various department stores and finally to the wonderful new McCrory's five and ten cent store. I could buy ten presents that might cost a dollar each today, and they didn't fall apart before I got them home.

But I am not harkening back to the good old days. If by some miracle we could have things as they were then, just for one week, at this Christmas season, we couldn't wait to get back to our own way of living. For it did seem then we were never warm on both sides at one time. We kids never had enough candy, ice cream, or even cookies and cake. And the spearmint lost more than its flavor on the bedpost overnight; it just got lost when all the stickiness was gone.

But when we read about the shepherds out on the hillside, keeping watch over their flocks by night, the wise men traveling on toward the little village of Bethlehem under the stars, we have an overpowering urge to escape the noise, confusion, and drive that urges us on toward a day we're often too tired to celebrate. Even our Christmas cards depict no modern means of conveyance, but horse-drawn carriages, sleds and sleighs, quiet country lanes, snowy hillsides, and peaceful villages of white-steepled church and lamp-lighted windows. But when we go out on Christmas Eve to attend our great church service, we can return home to a warm welcome. We will have no need to prime the pump to draw the water or kindle a fire to heat it for brewing that comforting cup of tea when we come in out of the cold. And we still have Christ in Christmas, who is the same yesterday, today, and forever.



Blind Alfred Reed

1880-1956



Pages 20-30

The Life of Blind Alfred Reed

By The Rounder Collective

Among collectors and students of early recorded hillbilly music, the handful of 78 rpm discs made by Blind Alfred Reed for Victor in 1927-1929 are eagerly sought for; both because of Reed's wonderful, archaic singing and fiddling and also because of the socio-historical importance of his topical songs on social justice and his ballads about local tragedies and disasters. The Rounder Collective (Ken Irwin, Marion Leighton, and Bill Nowlin) visited Arville and Etta Reed, Blind Alfred's son and daughter-in-law, in Pipestem, W.Va., in June 1971. In August they returned for a second visit and had an opportunity to also interview another son of Blind Alfred, Collins Reed, and his wife Madline. Irwin et al. write, "We brought along a cassette with all of Blind Alfred's music on it; this was the first time in over thirty years that they had heard the recorded versions of his music." Their following account is based on information obtained at those interviews. Rounder Records is planning a reissue of Blind

Alfred's recordings this fall. -JEMF
Quarterly.

Blind Alfred Reed, "baritone with violin," was born on June 15, 1880, in Floyd, Virginia and died on January 17, 1956, at Cool Ridge. He is buried in an unmarked grave at Elgood. (Unless otherwise indicated, all place names are West Virginia. The family moved frequently in the Princeton/Pipestem/Hinton area.) Though he recorded only 21 selections for Victor, Reed, the son of a farmer, was able to provide most of a living for himself, his wife Nettie, and their six children. According to his son Arville Reed (incorrectly listed by Victor as Orville Reed on the discs), Alfred wrote every one of his recorded songs and often used to play and sing around the house. Several neighbors agreed that the favorite song he played in the Princeton/Hinton area where the Reeds lived was "Always Lift Him Up and Never Knock Him Down." The stores were never able to keep stock on any of Reed's records; they were always sold almost as soon as the stores received them and reorders were rare. Several of the song texts were ordered printed up on pasteboard cards ("any newspaper publisher would print them") at the Princeton printing office and Alfred sold them for 10¢ a copy. They sold very well.

Most of Alfred's income came from playing at dances and meetings; in addition he gave lessons to youngsters. The pay at public gatherings was either by the hour or by the evening, and it seemed to be usually on a straight pay basis (often about \$15 divided among the members of the band) rather than any form of passing the hat.

"During the hard times when there wasn't much money to be made," recalls Collins Reed, his father would walk the three miles down to Hinton and play his fiddle in the park or on one corner where there were two or three seats; passers-by who stopped to listen would give what they could afford. Many times he would walk all the way back home without having earned a nickel; on more successful occasions he would pick up some groceries on the way back. Six or seven cents was enough to buy a pound of bacon. In later years, as many street preachers and musicians found out, the police enforced the law so as to prevent musicians from playing on the street. Collins likened this use of the law to taking prayer out of the schools.

This article has appeared both as booklet notes with the Rounder Record, How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live? (No. 1001) and in the JEMF (John Edwards Memorial Foundation) Quarterly (Fall, 1971). Reprinted by permission.



How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live?
...the songs of BLIND ALFRED REED

Blind Alfred used to get much of his music, one way or the other, from the radio. He was able to hear some of his favorite artists--Vernon Dalhart and Carson Robison were mentioned by Arville and Etta--and also to learn the addresses of various songbooks, for which Nettie would send away. She would read the songs to him and he copied them down in the "New York Point System" form of writing for the blind. The radio also provided news of the day. One of Alfred's ballads, "The Wreck of the Virginian," was composed after hearing radio news stories about the May 1927 train wreck at Ingle-side, only three or four miles from Princeton, where the family lived. Reed learned further details as his wife read him the newspaper accounts. The fatal wreck was talked about throughout the area, and word of Alfred Reed's song reached Ralph Peer, Victor's touring talent scout. Peer wanted to record and issue the song right away and sent for Reed. Arville wasn't at home but was out working on the railway. On July 28, Arthur Wyrick drove Alfred to Bristol, Tennessee, to record; consequently, the

"Wreck of the Virginian" does not have Arville's guitar on it as do the other recordings.

People apparently soon recognized Blind Alfred Reed's talent for composing songs and would seek him out to make up songs. For this reason, he often played at meetings as well as dances and church services; like Fiddlin' John Carson, he was known to play at a KKK meeting (in Princeton), but this was for pay. (A feeling we encountered was that the Klan was made up "of better people then.")

One meeting for which Blind Alfred was called to play was one to protest the proposed move of the courthouse from Princeton to Bluefield. "Chap" Hubbard, a local politician, hired him to compose a song on the subject, which may have helped the protest achieve its goal. Arville and Etta Reed agreed that there was a "big demand for him to come around to meetings," perhaps due to his attacks on exploitation, most evident in "Money Cravin' Folks" and "How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live?". In response to questions about political involvement, we found that he wasn't very active; he

voted at elections and played when called, but didn't get further involved. Although a Republican, he had great admiration for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Neither his mother nor his father played music, but Alfred, who started on the fiddle (which remained his favorite), could also play guitar, banjo, and mandolin. He was born blind, as was his sister Rosetta. It seems he played frequently with other blind musicians, such as John Duffey, and Harry Fulton of Romney, who played 'tater bug mandolin. Arville used to lead both Blind Alfred and Richard Harold, who lost his sight in the mines--each placed a hand on one of his shoulders. Rich Harold, who recorded for Columbia, played both fiddle and guitar and was a frequent travelling companion of Blind Alfred.

Mr. Reed was a deeply religious man and it was usually a religious songbook that Nettie sent off for. Throughout his life, he played much of his music at churches. An ordained Methodist minister, he often sang and played at services. He took his religion seriously, and bitterly berated those "preachers [who] preach for dough and not for soul/That's what keeps a poor man in a hole." (From "How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live?") This same sentiment appears again in "Money Cravin' Folks" and "I Mean to Live for Jesus."

After the success of Reed's initial recordings, Victor sent for him to come up to Camden, New Jersey, to record again. This time, in December 1927, Arville and fiddler Fred Pendleton accompanied him on the train. The Reeds recorded for the last time in New York City in December 1929. As before, they were sent train fare, had hotel expenses paid (at the Knickerbocker Hotel), and were given the standard fifty dollars per selection. They met Dalhart and Robison, who told them New York was a "pretty hard town to get around in." Arville says they were asked to stick close to the hotel because the Victor people were afraid they'd get lost if they went out on the street. As it was ten degrees below zero when they got off the train, they were content to stay at the hotel.

As the Depression came Reed's musical career suffered, and Collins says that after 1937 or so, his father didn't play in public much, though apparently he still often stayed up late in the night composing songs, which he would write out in Braille. Whenever anyone came over he would play. Often he just played for himself around the house. Talking books and magazines for the blind were also a source of enjoyment for him; Arville remembers the *Christian Record* and *Ziegler's Magazine*

coming regularly.

Arville, who sang the solo version of his father's composition, "The Telephone Girl," hasn't played the guitar for 35 or 40 years now. After leaving the armed forces he went to work at a brick plant in Princeton and built a home for his wife Etta and himself in Pipestem. They now both are gardeners around the house. The Reed family stays in touch, though spread from Ohio to New Jersey and Virginia, and remains sufficiently aware of Blind Alfred's music to want to see it reissued.

Collins Reed of Pipestem still has his father's fiddle, dated 1695 by Giovan Paolo Maggini of Brescia, Italia. The fiddle itself has had some rough times. Once, while playing for a dance somewhere in Mercer County, Blind Alfred had the fiddle knocked out of his hand by an energetic dancer and had the head broken off. Another time, returning from playing at a school in Lashmeet, Blind Alfred was holding the fiddle while standing up in a boat. People rocked the boat and in his fright he dropped the fiddle into the water. Someone fished the fiddle out and glued it back together; according to Arville, the only change was a better tone.

Peer International Corporation kept up yearly royalty payments on Alfred's compositions but since Victor has kept this material out of print for over thirty years, the payments amounted to only a few dollars a year. Sometimes they just sent postage stamps to cover the small amounts. They found out Alfred Reed had died when Arville returned a three dollar check one year with a note. Immediately on word of Alfred's death, the Peer Corp. prevailed upon the relatives to sign away all rights to the music for the sum of one dollar, though Arville reports they were never paid the dollar.

Rounder Records will pay our standard royalty on the music to Arville Reed, since it was he who helped make the records with Blind Alfred Reed.

The John Edwards Memorial Foundation is an archive and research center and an educational non-profit corporation. Its purpose is to further the serious study and public recognition of virtually all forms of American folk music disseminated by commercial media. To assist the foundation in its work and receive the sizable JEMF Quarterly one may join the Friends of The JEMF for an annual membership fee of \$7.50 sent to Norm Cohen, Editor, JEMF at the Folklore and Mythology Center, University of California, Los Angeles, Ca. 90024.

"Daddy please don't go down in that hole today"

**'Explosion in the Fairmount Mines': A Careful Look at a
Recorded Coal Mining Song by Blind Alfred Reed**

By Archie Green

Dr. Green has generously sanctioned this drastic excerpting of Chapter 4 of his book, Only a Miner. The chapter is a much longer study of the song, "The Dream of the Miner's Child." The original numbering of notes is retained in this version, and they appear on page 30.

Craftsmen conveyed much cultural baggage from Europe to America in the centuries after Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. At times it was difficult, or even criminal, to carry tools, patterns, molds, templates, or models. However, it was always possible to secrete trade customs, job beliefs, craft argot, guild rituals, and union loyalties in the mind. All immigrants brought some lore to the New World; English-language tradition, of

course, is best known. Americans but dimly aware of folklore transmission as a process perceive on hearing "Sir Patrick Spens" or "Brennan on the Moor" that these are Old World heroes.

Relatively unknown is the fact that folksingers carried alongside classic and broadside ballads some industrial songs in tradition "back home." To cite but one example, during 1943 Samuel Bayard collected an elegiac ballad, "The High Blanter Explosion," from Jennie Craven in Pennsylvania's Westmoreland County. The disaster about which she sang dated to 1877 at Dixon's Colliery, High Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland; no one knows how early the piece entered tradition. Although Mrs. Craven's text and tune vary from a related item collected in 1951 by A. L. Lloyd at Midlothian, Scotland, she is still clearly singing the same song.¹

No collector, to my knowledge, ever questioned that "The High Blanter Explosion" was a folksong.... Some songs, how-

ever, seem destined to trouble folklorists (but, happily, not the folk). One such item, based on the belief in prescient children, "The Dream of the Miner's Child," was spread almost entirely by commercial records in the mid-1920's. Not only were these discs widely sold, thereby precluding anonymity or obscurity, but the "Dream's" leading singer, Vernon Dalhart, met no scholar's criterion for a folksinger--then or now. Further, when the oracular song itself was studied, it led back to a music-hall piece flatly rejected as a folksong in England. In the spring of 1951, A. L. Lloyd undertook considerable collecting as part of the mining industry's contribution to the Festival of Britain. Lloyd had asked workers to submit material to *Coal* but the collector reported that not all entries were folksongs. "Some were parodies, literary recitations, parlour ballads of the type of 'Don't Go Down in the Mine, Daddy.'"3

This maudlin piece may not have entered tradition in Britain but its hillbilly offspring, "The Dream of the Miner's Child," became a widespread American folksong. Perhaps the fence between folk and popular culture is lower in the United States than in England; perhaps there were special elements in the American number which endeared it to folksingers. The two pieces are best studied as a unit, not only because of their close relationship but also because of the contrast in reception on either side of the Atlantic. In historical case studies there are many possible points from which to begin: a song's initial time of composition, its probable period of entrance into tradition, the era of scholarly attention to the item.

The origin of "Don't Go Down in the Mine, Dad" is not shrouded in mystery. It was composed by Robert Donnelly and Will Geddes and published in 1910 by the Lawrence Wright Music Company of London. It proved popular enough to be kept in print, and during 1957 I obtained the sheet music directly from the publisher. Not finding any story on the song's background in standard accounts of twentieth-century English popular music, I enlisted the aid of Lionel McClovin of London's Central Music Library. He, in turn, ascertained that the song was apparently suggested by the great 1907 mining disaster at St. Genaed in South Wales. "Will Geddes was a Lancashire man who was inspired to write the song, so the story goes, by the tale of a young boy who supposedly dreamt that the di-

saster would occur and warned his father not to go, thus saving his life, as over a hundred people were blown to pieces in the accident."4

The relationship between the Donnelly-Geddes song and the St. Genaed disaster may or may not be factual; the tale of the boy's dream is almost surely apocryphal. The impulse to relate saving dreams to danger is both worldwide and time-tested. Songs which employ this motif usually dissolve in a happy wish-fulfillment, but not in all cases.

Whether or not the author or composer of "Don't Go Down in the Mine, Dad" ever wrote out an explanation of the song's composition, or reported it to another person, is unknown. During 1957 I was tempted to pursue Donnelly and Geddes via correspondence, but was overwhelmed by the difficulty in reaching composers closer to home. When Mr. McColvin relayed the St. Genaed anecdote to me, I had already sensed that it would take years to explore the music-hall number's offspring in the United States. In spite of my focus on the secondary item, curiosity kept pulling me back to the parent piece. What follows is the Donnelly-Geddes text as published in 1910 in London by the Lawrence Wright Music Company.

DON'T GO DOWN IN THE MINE, DAD

A miner was leaving his home for his work,
When he heard his little child scream;
He went to his bedside, his little white face,
"Oh, Daddy, I've had such a dream;
I dreamt that I saw the pit all afire,
And men struggled hard for their lives;
The scene it then changed, and the top of the mine
Was surrounded by sweethearts and wives."

Don't go down in the mine, Dad,
Dreams very often come true;
Daddy, you know it would break my heart
If anything happened to you;
Just go and tell my dream to your mates,
And as true as the stars that shine,
Something is going to happen today,
Dear Daddy, don't go down the mine!

The miner, a man with a heart good and kind,
Stood by the side of his son;
He said, "It's my living, I can't stay away,
For duty, my lad, must be done."
The little one look'd up, and sadly he said,
"Oh, please stay today with me, Dad!"
But as the brave miner went forth, to his work,
He heard this appeal from his lad:

Chorus:

Whilst waiting his turn with his mates to
 descend,
 He could not banish his fears,
 He return'd home again to his wife and his
 child,
 Those words seem'd to ring through his ears,
 And, ere the day ended, the pit was on fire,
 When a score of brave men lost their lives;
 He thank'd God above for the dream his child
 had,
 As once more the little one cries:

Chorus:

The only folklorist to explore "Don't Go Down in the Mine, Dad" in U.S. tradition was Wayland Hand.⁷ During 1948 he found many Butte, Montana, residents who partly remembered it. Hand was intrigued to learn that two "Cousin Jacks," (American name for immigrant Cornish miners) Harry Broad and Jim Bennetts, dated the song back to the old country, Cornwall, about 1908. (Unless Donnelly and Geddes sang their composition before publication, which seems unlikely, the Cornishmen simply erred by a few years.) Both recalled that "Don't" was sung in theaters and pubs while stereopticon slides were flashed upon the screen to accompany each verse. In fact, Broad brought a set to Butte from which Hand learned that the slides were copyrighted by the Lawrence Wright firm, though undated. The current sheet music is illustrated by a picture of a lad in front of a trellised cottage imploring his father not to venture to work. Possibly this photo comes from the 1910 slide set.

On February 9, 1911, the *United Mine Workers Journal* printed "Don't Go Down in the Mine" by J. R. Lincoln without listing his residence. Presumably he was a UMWA member at that time; hardly a *Journal* appeared without a poem submitted by a correspondent. It can be assumed that Lincoln had a copy of the original sheet music, the text alone, or had committed the words to memory. He changed but three terms: *white face* to *face white*, *sadly* to *faintly*, *pit* to *mine* (twice). This last switch represents differences between British and American on-the-job terms. None of Lincoln's changes are significant.

It is difficult to gauge how widespread was "Don't Go Down in the Mine, Dad" outside Butte. In an autobiographical study, Woody Guthrie wrote of his Oklahoma childhood: "The soft coal mines, the lead and zinc mines around Henryetta, were only seventeen miles from my home town, Okema, and I heard their songs.... I sold newspapers, sang all of the songs I picked up.

I learned to jig dance along the sidewalks to things called portable phonographs and sung for my first cancered pennies the 'Dream of the Miner's Child,' 'Sinking of the Titanic'...."⁸ We lack a precise date for this "cancered pennies" episode; perhaps Guthrie himself could not have placed it in a given year. He was born on July 14, 1912. Vernon Dalhart's records of "Dream" were available in Okema stores by Christmastime, 1925, when Guthrie was thirteen. Richard Reuss, who has studied the Oklahoma bard extensively, suggests that this jiggling period took place sometime before 1925.⁹ Guthrie's imprecise recollection may well indicate that he heard Henryetta miners sing the English music-hall song when he was a young boy, but that he substituted the secondary title in his 1947 memoir.

This guess about the substitution by Woody Guthrie of "Dream" for "Don't" is supported by the fact that the typescript copy of his "song notebook," duplicated at the Library of Congress, holds a "Miner's Child" which is very close to Dalhart's text.¹⁰ Seemingly, for Guthrie and other listeners, the American song drove the English one into the background everywhere except in Butte, where "Don't" retained a hold on "Cousin Jack" affection.

The close thematic and rhetorical relationship between the parent and child songs is displayed upon a comparison of the two. "The Dream of the Miner's Child" exists in a number of early texts: the copy sent by Polk Brockman of Atlanta, Georgia, to the Library of Congress Copyright Office for registration purposes; the verbal texts on several phonograph recordings made by Vernon Dalhart, some showing slight differences from each other; the sheet music published by Shapiro, Bernstein & Company (New York) early in 1926. Normally we expect a copyrighted, published song to be granite-like with words constant in form through time. The slight differences in the early texts of "The Dream of the Miner's Child" are not significant, but they demonstrate that transcribers, printers, publishers, and singers find it extremely difficult to accept any given words as correct or final. The text and tune here are transcribed from Okeh 40498, the first of many "Dream" recordings by Dalhart.

THE DREAM OF THE MINER'S CHILD

A miner was leaving his home for his work,
 He heard his little child scream,
 He went to the side of the little girl's bed--
 "Oh! Daddy, I've had such a dream."

"Oh! Daddy, don't work in the mines today,
For dreams have so often come true,
Oh! Daddy, my Daddy, please don't go away,
I never could live without you.

"I dreamed that the mines were all seething
with fire,
The men all fought for their lives.
Just then the scene changed, and the mouth of
the mines
Were covered with sweethearts and wives."

Chorus:

Her daddy, then smiling and stroking her face,
Was turning away from her side.
But throwing her small arms around Daddy's neck,
She gave him a kiss and then cried:

"Go down to the village and tell your dear
friends,
As sure as the bright stars do shine,
There's something that's going to happen today,
Oh! Daddy don't go to the mine."

Chorus:

THE DREAM OF THE MINER'S CHILD

Stanza 1

A min-er was leav-ing his home for his work, He
heard his lit-tle child scream, He went to the side of the
lit-tle girl's bed — "Oh! Dad-dy, I've had such a
dream." "Oh! Dad-dy, don't work in the mines to-day, For
dreams have so of-ten come true, Oh! Dad-dy, my Dad-dy, please
don't go a-way, I ner-er could live with-out you.

This first recording of "The Dream of the Miner's Child" was made by Vernon Dalhart on October 9, 1925, in New York for the General Phonograph Corporation. It was paired with "Mother's Grave" and released on Okeh's popular (rather than old-time) series. In the next three months he recorded the song for at least eight more companies, which in turn issued it on various labels or leased it to others. At times it is extremely diffi-

cult to reconstruct the discographical pattern for a single Dalhart song. Not only did he use many pseudonyms, but most of the firms for which he worked are defunct and their ledgers are destroyed or inaccessible.

The music notation above transcribes the voice alone.

It must have been obvious to Dalhart's listeners who knew the English song that "Dream" derived from "Don't," although the melodies differed. During 1926 the Lawrence Wright firm became aware of the relationship of the parent song to its American offspring and took action to assert priority rights. Apparently when the Dalhart disc reached London, the Wright directors questioned Shapiro, Bernstein & Company in New York about "Dream's" authorship. At that point the American publisher got in touch with the song's composer, Andrew Jenkins, who demonstrated the propriety of his claim to original composition for the number. My knowledge of this challenge is sketchy and does not come from legal or business files.¹¹ Rather, it derives from correspondence and interviews with Irene Spain, Jenkins' stepdaughter.

I am fully aware that neither Dalhart as a singer nor Jenkins as a singer-composer is a well-known figure in American Studies today. Nevertheless, the attention by scholars to such "folk" composers as Woody Guthrie, A. P. Carter, or Jimmie Rodgers bestows the mantle upon figures no more rustic, natural, or unsophisticated than the Atlanta newsboy-evangelist (Jenkins). One does not have to be an isolated mountaineer retaining "Elizabethan" speech, or a Delta sharecropper clinging to "African" customs, to compose songs destined for life in tradition. No view of the American folk is useful which restricts it to one class, region, minority, or esthetic. Andrew Jenkins was in some respects quite unlike other commercial performers accepted by folklorists--Uncle Dave Macon, Riley Puckett, Clayton McMichen, G. B. Grayson, Henry Whitter--yet Jenkins had features in common with them, and along with these peers helped establish the earliest boundaries of recorded hillbilly music.

A good question in folklore studies is: How much variation over what time period is looked for before a song is said to be in tradition? Was "The Dream of the Miner's Child" more a folksong in Geneva Anderson's thesis (Univ. of N.C., Chapel Hill, 1932) than in Bradley Kincaid's



Monongah Morgue, 1907. Photograph by "Boland." Courtesy West Virginia Collection, W. Va. University Library.

KDKA booklet (Pittsburgh, 1932) because the former text was more garbled than the latter? Was the piece automatically judged to be a folksong when Mary Elizabeth Barnicle deposited two versions on Kentucky field discs at the Library of Congress in 1938? In my view the field recordings, the thesis texts, and the folio printings all stem ultimately from Dalhart. The judgment of whether any particular item has circulated from singer to singer and has been altered in the process should be based on reading and hearing a number of text-tunes, as well as studying the context in which any given item is found. By this standard I can say that "The Dream of the Miner's Child" is an American folksong despite limited textual variation.

Actually the one "Dream" text which shows considerable variation from the Jenkins-Dalhart mold is the unique "Explosion in the Fairmount Mines" by Blind

Alfred Reed, recorded on December 19, 1927 (Victor 21191), and offered below. This song title, with its special spelling of *Fairmount*, points back to one of the greatest industrial holocausts in the United States, the Monongah (Marion County, West Virginia) disaster of December 6, 1907.³⁰ It took place in the Fairmount Coal Company's mines; the official death count was 362 men and boys, largely Italian and Polish immigrants. Few miners survived the cyclonic underground blast. Investigators attributed the carnage to gas ignited by open lights or to coal-dust clouds ignited by electric arcs. Some notion of the tragedy's scope is seen in the note that by New Year's Day (1908) "the Catholic Sisters had placed most of the one thousand children in orphan asylums."³¹ A month after the blast, the *United Mine Workers Journal* carried a long narrative poem contributed from Illinois, "The Monongah Disaster."³² If

anyone at the site made up a song when the event was vivid, it has not been found. It is possible, of course, that non-English-language ballads did circulate which failed to reach print or George Korson's attention.

The press of constant wrecks, blasts, cave-ins, and fires in West Virginia mines insured short life for many traditional items born in disaster. During 1930 union organizer Tom Tippet visited the Monongah mine cemetery. Uniform stones marked the known victims, but their unnamed companions lay in a weedy hillside plot with only a fallen wooden marker to note their final place. Not far from this lonely spot, Tippet found a personal memorial to the unidentified dead, a pile of hundreds of tons of coal in a back yard. The ten-foot pile had been laboriously gathered--one sack at a time for twenty-three years--by an insane widow seeking her husband lost in 1907 and never properly buried. Mrs. Daves, symbolically, memorialized not only her husband but all his fellows in Monongah and beyond. Something of her intensity can still be heard in Blind Alfred Reed's "Explosion in the Fairmount Mines." Although his text reveals an alteration of "The Dream of the Miner's Child" rather than a Fairmont narrative ballad, Reed was impelled to name his song after the great explosion.

I have long wanted to learn the precise circumstances of Reed's recomposition but this story has eluded me, except for the fact that Ralph Peer copyrighted the song in Reed's name on April 7, 1928 (E 687574). Reed was an excellent exponent of Appalachian ballad style who accompanied himself on the fiddle. He made some superb recordings for Victor in 1927-30 and then fell out of sight. The content of several of his recorded local ballads such as "The Wreck of the Virginian" or "The Fate of Chris Lively and Wife" indicated that Reed lived in one of three West Virginia counties--Mercer, Raleigh, Fayette--quite far removed from Fairmont. Perhaps, when the Jenkins-Dalhart song reached him, he altered it to suit his memory of a two-decade-old disaster without having the specific facts at hand.

My curiosity about Reed's residence and occupation, coupled with my pleasure in his vinegary style, led me in 1969 to correspondence with one of his friends, Bernice Coleman, a retired Norfolk & Western railroader in Princeton, West Virginia. During the early 1930's, Coleman, an old-time fiddler, had recorded with Ernest Branch, Roy Harvey, and Jess

Johnson for the Okeh and Gennett firms. One of Coleman's personal compositions, "The Wreck of the C & O Sportsman," sung by Harvey, a railroad engineer, was released under the pseudonym John Martin (Superior 2701). Coleman fiddled on this disc; the ballad itself commemorated a 1930 accident on the C & O "just west of the station called Hawk's Nest," not far from the juncture of the New and Kanawha rivers.

When he learned of my interest, Coleman kindly interviewed Reed's son, Arville, who had accompanied his father on the guitar at some of their Victor sessions. In time, I was able to supplement Coleman's interview with a long visit to him as well as to Arville and his wife.³³ They reported that Alfred Reed had been born on June 15, 1880, in Floyd County, Virginia, and during his childhood his family had moved to Mercer County, West Virginia. Musical from an early age, Reed played fiddle, banjo, mandolin, and guitar at county fairs and church socials. His major calling, however, was as a Methodist minister; his last pastorate was Kegley in Mercer County. Reed died on January 17, 1956, at Cool Ridge, (Raleigh County) but was buried at Elgood (Mercer County) beside his wife, Nettie Sheard Reed.

Arville knew of no specific source for his father's "Explosion in the Fairmount Mines." Unless some facts come to the surface on the specific impulse for Reed's localizing "Dream" to Fairmount, the recorded text must stand alone:

EXPLOSION IN THE FAIRMOUNT MINES

One bright morning, the miner just about to leave,
Heard his dear child screaming in all fright.
He went to her bed, then she looked up and said:
"I have had such a dream, turn on the light."

"Daddy please don't go down in that hole today,
For my dreams do come true some time, you know.
Oh don't leave me daddy, please don't go away,
Something bad sure will happen, do not go."

"Oh I dreamed that the mines were burning out with fire,
Every man was fighting for his life.
And some had companions and they prayed out loud,
'Oh God, please protect my darling wife.'"

Chorus:

NEW ORTHOPHONIC VICTOR RECORDS			Number	Size	List price
Rainy Weather —Fox Trot with Vocal Refrain Kyser's Orchestra <i>Jail a Haven (Is Heaven With You)</i> —Fox Trot Kay Kyser and His Orch.			V-40222	10	.75
Reapers Be True with Piano F. Stamps and His All Star Quartet <i>I'm Only Here On a Visit</i> Frank Stamps and His All Star Quartet			V-40228	10	.75
Red and Green Signal Lights with String Band Grayson-Whitter <i>Dark Road is a Hard Road to Travel</i> Grayson-Whitter			40063	10	.75
Red-Headed Widow Was the Cause of It All Willard Hodgkin <i>Don't Get One Woman On Your Mind</i> (Banjo Joe)			21485	10	.75
Red River Valley "Mac" (Harry McClintock) and His Haywire Orch. <i>Old Chisholm Trail</i> "Mac" (McClintock) and His Haywire Orchestra			21421	10	.75
Red Rose Rag Guitar Duet Fletcher and Foster <i>Charlotte Hot Step</i> Guitar Duet with Harmonica Fletcher and Foster			V-40232	10	.75
REED, BLIND ALFRED—Violin Accompaniment					
Always Lift Him Up			21360		
Explosion in Fairmount Mines			21191		
Fate of Chris Liveley and Wife			21533		
How Can a Man Stand Such Times			V-40236		
I Mean to Live for Jesus			20939		
Money Cravin' Folks			V-40236		
Prayer of Drunkard's Girl			21191		
Why Don't You Bob Your Hair, Girls—No. 2			V-40196		
Why Do You Bob Your Hair, Girls			21360		
Woman's Been After Man Ever Since			V-40196		
You Must Unload			20939		
Blind Alfred Reed					
REED, ORVILLE —Telephone Girl			21190		
REEVE, PHIL-ERNEST MOODY					
<i>Down Where the Watermelon</i> 20540 Sweet Evelina			21188		
Rejoicing On the Way Avondale Mills Quartet <i>Stilling the Tempest</i> Male Voices—Unacc. Avondale Mills Quartet			V-40211	10	.75
Rescue the Perishing with Piano The Stamps Quartet <i>Bringing in the Sheaves</i> The Stamps Quartet			21035	10	.75
REVELERS, THE—Male Quartet					
<i>Dinah</i> 19796 Oh, Miss Hannah			19796		
Revive Us Again Turney Brothers <i>At the Cross</i> with Violin, Piano and Cornet Turney Brothers			V-40027	10	.75
Ring Them Heavenly Bells McCravy Brothers <i>Dip Me in the Golden Sea</i> with Violin, Harmonica, Banjo McCravy Bros.			40026	10	.75
Rippling Waves Waltz Mellie Dunham's Orchestra <i>Boston Fancy</i> with Calls Mellie Dunham's Orchestra			20001	10	.75
River of Jordan with Guitar and Autoharp Carter Family <i>Keep on the Sunny Side</i> Carter Family			21434	10	.75
ROARK, SHORTBUCKLE, AND FAMILY					
<i>I Truly Understand</i> V-40023 My Mother's Hands			V-40023		
Robertson County Paul Warmack and His Gully Jumpers <i>Stone Rag</i> String Band Paul Warmack and His Gully Jumpers			V-40009	10	.75
ROBERTSON, ECK—Violin					
<i>Texas Wagoner</i> V-40145 There's a Brown Skin Girl			V-40145		

Page from Victor catalog, 1931.

Then her daddy bent down and kissed her dear
sweet face,
Turned again to travel on his way,
But she threw her small arms around her daddy's
neck,
She kissed him again, and he heard her say:

Chorus:

Then the miner was touched, and said he would
not go:
"Hush my child, I'm with you, do not cry."
There came an explosion and two-hundred men
Were shut in the mines and left to die.

Chorus:

Blind Alfred Reed's alteration in "The Dream of the Miner's Child" was slight. He retained most of its language but departed entirely from its melody in favor of a doleful fiddle tune appropriate to a memorial song. By contrast, Henry Whitter, one of his contemporaries who also re-composed the Jenkins-Dalhart piece, retained its music but changed its plot setting. Whitter, a Fries, Virginia, textile-mill worker and self-trained guitar and harmonica player, is remembered

for his pioneering trip to New York in the spring of 1923 to persuade Okeh executives that he could do better as an entertainer than as a cotton spooler. His "Wreck on the Southern Old 97" (Okeh 40015) proved to be an influential disc. Whitter is also remembered for some excellent numbers recorded with G. B. Grayson for Victor and Gennett, for example "Tom Dooley," "Handsome Molly," "Train 45," "Little Maggie."

During 1927 Whitter recorded a group of now-overlooked songs for Paramount and some affiliated labels. One piece, "The Snow Storm," was "The Dream of the Miner's Child" literally transposed from a mine village to a snow storm. Thematically and musically it was clearly the familiar Jenkins-Dalhart piece. "The thunder is roaring, the lightning is flashing, / And the snow is falling thick and fast...Oh, Daddy, don't go out in the storm tonight / For I fear you are going to die." In order to underscore "The Snow Storm's" dependence on a coal-mining model it was shrewdly coupled with "The Explosion at Eccles, West Virginia" (released on Paramount 33183, Broadway 8023, and Herwin 75537).³⁴ The Eccles (Raleigh County) explosion on March 8, 1926, killed nineteen men as a consequence of failure to rock-dust the mine after gas was detected. Either Whitter wrote the ballad himself or it was sent to him by an Eccles resident--possibly a relative. Presumably Whitter wrote "The Snow Storm." Neither of these songs was registered in the Copyright Office.

There is no need to transcribe "The Snow Storm" to demonstrate its complete dependence on "The Dream of the Miner's Child." It is fair to assume that Henry Whitter and Blind Alfred Reed were not the only folksingers to accept the Dalhart recording and to particularize it in some manner. I cite the recompositions "The Snow Storm" and "The Explosion in the Fairmount Mines" because these two recorded songs are available in archives. However, we lack complementary accounts by Whitter and Reed of their motives and methods in transforming "The Dream of the Miner's Child." Only a few collectors sought to elicit a reaction to this piece from folksingers. Lillian Crabtree indicated that in Tennessee "the song is said to be the result of a real happening." James Taylor Adams wrote: "Rev. George Wesley Blevins of Wise, Virginia, says that the song, 'The Dream of a Miner's Child' is factual and that it is of one of the explosions at Coal Creek, Tennessee."³⁵ We know that Blevins erred; however, his mistake is less significant

than his need to certify the "truth" of the song. It is likely that other collectors would have heard such testimony stressing reality, had they but asked.

Another collector, George Korson, gave me quite a different "Dream" anecdote which has considerable bearing on some problems in contemporary folklore studies.⁴⁰ Korson had encountered "The Dream of the Miner's Child" during his anthracite collecting years, 1925-35. When he readied *Mistrels of the Mine Patch* for publication (1938), he learned from Copyright Office files that the song belonged to Shapiro, Bernstein & Company. He requested permission to use it and the firm asked for a fee of \$100. Korson considered this sum to be excessive; although he had collected "Dream" in tradition he left the song out of his anthracite book. When Korson turned to the bituminous fields in 1940, he encountered "Dream" again in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Welch, West Virginia. By coincidence, at this time he also found the *United Mine Workers Journal's* early printing of "Don't Go Down in the Mine." Recognizing the relationship of the two songs, he assumed that the earlier one was composed by the contributor, and hence was in the public domain. He reprinted the *UMWJ* item in (his book) *Coal Dust on the Fiddle* with the careful note: "This was the first printed version of a ballad that has gained wide popularity since another, a copyright version, came on the market some years ago."⁴¹

There are several ironies in this note.

"Dream" had already been printed twice in 1927 (Spaeth, Richardson) and in dozens of folios during the 1930's without copyright credits to anyone. Korson could well have contended that he had found a folksong. Instead, he boycotted the Jenkins-Dalhart number and refrained from naming it in his books. Consequently, he put the folk variants which he had collected aside in favor of a printed text that subsequently turned out to be an English music-hall item fully covered by copyright. What would he have done if he had learned before 1943 that "Don't" was protected by Lawrence Wright? At least two ethical questions are involved in Korson's experience: Should a folklorist reject folksongs touched by the copyright process? What fee is appropriate for a publisher to ask when one of his properties is transcribed from a folksinger for publication in an anthology? Not only are there no easy answers to these queries but there are apparently no clear legal cases where folklorists have confronted copyright owners. It is certain that this reluctance to use "commercial" songs will deny full understanding of the processes of oral tradition to scholars, as the walls between folklore and poplore are breached.

In Only a Miner Dr. Green examines a great many songs recorded between 1925 and 1970. The 504-page book contains over 100 illustrations, most published for the first time. It is available by sending \$12.50 plus \$.50 to the University of Illinois Press, Urbana, Illinois 61801.

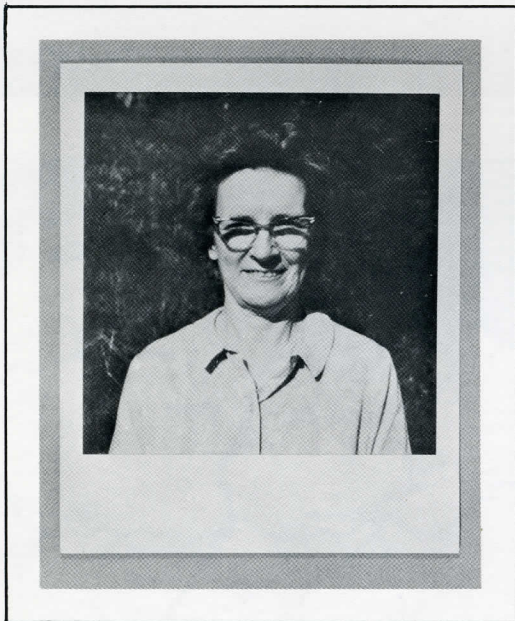
NOTES

- 1 Samuel Preston Bayard, "The British Folk Tradition," in *Pennsylvania Songs and Legends*, ed. George Korson (Philadelphia, 1949), 44; A.L. Lloyd, *Come All Ye Bold Miners* (London, 1952), 78.
- 3 Lloyd, *Come All Ye Bold Miners*, 9.
- 4 Letter to me, Oct. 25, 1957.
- 7 Wayland Hand and others, "Songs of the Butte Miners," *Western Folklore*, IX (1950), 12.
- 8 Woody Guthrie, *American Folksong* (New York, 1961), 2.
- 9 Letter to me, Oct. 21, 1968. See also Richard A. Reuss, "Woody Guthrie and His Folk Tradition," *Journal of American Folklore*, LXXXIII (1970), 273.
- 10 "Songs of Woody Guthrie," typescript from author's notebook (ca. 1941), 154.
- 30 H. B. Humphrey, *Historical Summary of Coal-Mine Explosions in the United States, 1810-1958* (Washington, 1960), 27. See also Alden Todd, "The Horror at Monongah," *United Mine Workers Journal* (Dec. 1, 1957), 14.
- 31 Tom Tippet, "Black Star Mothers," *Labor Age*, XIX (Sept., 1930), 14.
- 32 George Korson, *Coal Dust on the Fiddle*, 2nd printing (Hatboro, Pa., 1965), 264.
- 33 Data on Alfred Reed from correspondence in 1969 and interviews with Bernice Coleman and Arville Reed, July 31, 1970, and Aug. 2, 1970. (The latter's name on Victor disc labels was spelled Orville.)
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- 35 Lillian G. Crabtree, "Songs and Ballads Sung in Overton County, Tennessee" (master's thesis, George Peabody College, Nashville, 1936), 120; James Taylor Adams, *Death in the Dark* (Big Laurel, Va., 1941), 120.
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- 41 Korson, *Coal Dust on the Fiddle*, 213.

Rev. Herbert Spencer: Roane County Preacher

His Granddaughter Reminisces and Searches
Through the Record Book of his Ministry

By Dorlene Spencer Simmons



Dorlene Spencer Simmons. Photographs by her son Gary Simmons.

My grandfather, Herbert Spencer, was born on August 11, 1875, in a log house in a rural section of Roane County near Linden, W.Va. He was the son of Mary Jane and Seldon Spencer. His father was a country doctor.

At the age of 19 Grandfather married Roxie Lena Haverty, who was 16 at the time. Their marriage bore 12 children, my father, Elber, being the second. Two children died in infancy, and one boy died when he was 16. The ones to reach maturity were Ezra, Elber, Weldon, Arvilla, Wilbur, Ira, Patrick, Dola, and Alva.

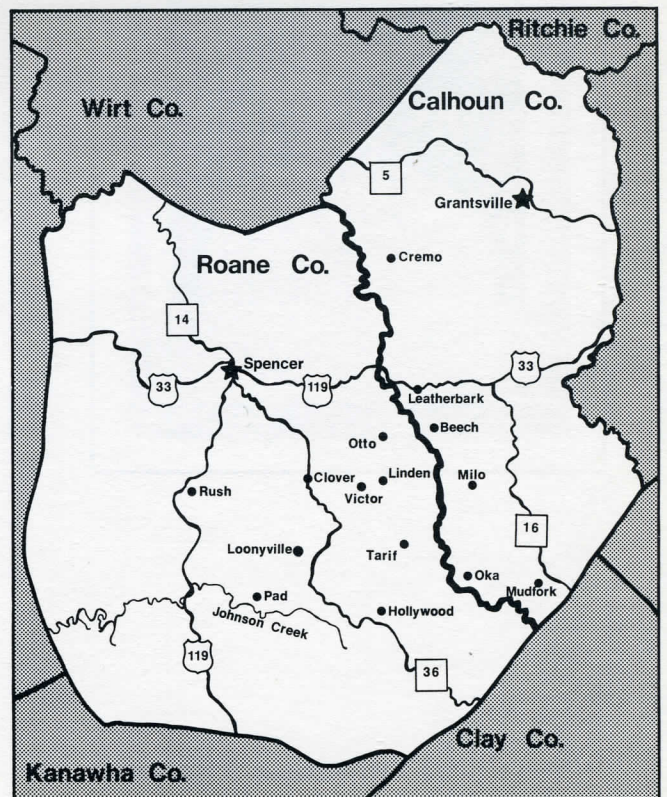
When Grandfather was in his early twenties and the father of two children, a revival was being held at a nearby church. Though Grandfather wasn't a churchgoer yet, my grandma was, and she was attending the services. This evening he decided the least he could do was carry the baby for Grandma. So he walked with her to church but decided to stay outside. During the services, however, something seemed to draw him into the church. He thought he'd just sit in the back where no one would notice him, but the preacher seemed to preach right at him. Grandad slumped lower and lower into his seat hoping the preacher couldn't see him. When the altar call finally came, he said he didn't even remember getting out of his seat, and was halfway

42	13
77 P. H. Hensley died Oct. 2, 1915 \$ 10.00	100 Emma Epling April 1-1923 \$ 5.00
78 Elsie Brannon	101 Pat McInerney June 16-1923 \$ 2.00
79 J. M. Biddle died	102 Mary Postnight died
80 Grace Miller	103 Will Nicholson Dec. 24, 1924 \$ 5.00
81 Hall McMillan June 24, 1915	104 Alpha Purkey
82 Fatha Epling	105 Rex Hale Feb. 28, 1924 \$ 1.00
83 John Holt July 12, 1915 \$ 2.00	106 Ruth McCroskey
84 Carry Vineyard died	107 Fred Reager April 6, 1924 \$ 5.00
85 Dodd Budge Sept 30, 1915 \$ 2.00	108 Pearl Webb
86 Janne Pinchard	109 W. A. Simmons April 27, 1924 \$ 5.00
87 George Spaworth April 8, 1920	110 Della Hill died
88 Laura Lee	111 Sam Stone Sept 20, 1924 \$ 5.00
89 Lottie Caldwell May 1, 1920 \$ 2.00	112 Dorie Vineyard
90 George McLeod June 6, 1920	113 Nelson Hoy July 20, 1924 \$ 5.00
91 J. A. Brant House and	114 Mary Stone
92 J. H. Rinehart died Sept 5, 1920 \$ 3.00	115 Theodore McBeth Sept. 13, 1924 \$ 5.00
93 Shesek Jett died	116 Annie Spencer
94 Norman Hays died Sept 6, 1920 \$ 5.00	117 Daniel Broughton Dec 24, 1924 \$ 2.00
95 Fida Jones	118 Lyla McInerney died
96 Opie Trice Hinkle Oct. 23, 1920 \$ 4.00	119 Sheldon Starcher Jan 21, 1925 \$ 2.00
97 Ethel Holand	120 Edna Fairbank
98 J. C. Matthey Oct 23, 1920 \$ 8.00	121 Fernan Philip April 9, 1925 \$ 5.00
99 Hatty Holand	122 Gena Broughton
100 J. M. Liss Feb 21, 1920 \$ 5.00	123 G. B. Bessell died June 23, 1925 \$ 2.00
101 Martha Keller	124 Olive Whitely
102 Winford Norman Mar 26, 1921 \$ 5.00	125 David Furell July 15, 1925 \$ 5.00
103 Viola Wallhouse	126 Zule Epling died
104 John Hale April 27, 1921 \$ 2.00	127 Hory Hory July 26, 1925 \$ 2.00
105 Shady Brant House	128 Laura Hella
106 Charles Nicholas June 11, 1921 \$ 1.00	129 H. P. Shifford Sept 1, 1925 \$ 5.00
107 Elva Knoff	130 Nora Smith
108 Whinton Fields June 21, 1922 \$ 3.00	131 John Wallhouse died Feb 26, 1926 \$ 5.00
109 Viola Shuman	132 Lora Brady died
110 W. P. Palmer April 22, 1922 \$ 3.00	133 Fath Bower June 27, 1926 \$ 5.00
111 Esty Poling	134 Opha McInerney
112 Matta Dornanple Dec 9, 1923 \$ 3.00	135 Harry Nicholas July 28, 1926 \$ 5.00
113 Oma Anick	136 Susie Valentine

up the aisle before he realized it. After he got to the altar and gave his life to God, he looked down the aisle, and up came four or five of his buddies. Soon after that, he got a call from God to preach.

He became an Advent Christian preacher around 1902. He kept a record book, and the first entry he made was September 1902, and the last was in 1953. That means he was a preacher for over 50 years. He kept a complete record of all the marriages he performed, including my own marriage to James Simmons in April of 1944. The total marriages he performed was 232.

He pastored many churches in Calhoun and Roane counties. I can remember when he was pastor of as many as five churches at one time. In his early ministry he rode horseback to the churches. His records show 950 persons he baptised at churches like: Otto, Spencer, Duck (at Linden), Victor, Little Creek, Epling Chapel (at Looneyville), Doves Creek, Rocky Branch, Johnson Creek, Banner (at Clover), Creston, Leatherbark, Cremo, Hollywood, Daniel's Run, Mud Fork, Beverly, Clover, Beech, Pad, Rush, Walker, Mill Run, Milo, and Oka.



(opposite) Spencer's ministry record. These pages show some of the marriages he performed and the amounts paid. Other sections list funerals, baptisms, and earnings. (opposite, below) Map shows most of the communities in which Spencer preached. Map by Courtney Ladd. (right) Herbert Spencer as a young man. He preached, farmed, and raised 12 children. Photograph courtesy of his daughter-in-law Icy Spencer.



When I was a teenager, cars were in use quite a lot, and since my grandfather never owned a car, members of the various churches would drive him to and from church. When he held a revival meeting, he would stay at the homes of the members until the meeting broke. Often the revivals lasted two or three weeks; and sometimes, while Grandad was away, I would stay with Grandma.

I remember Grandad as a man of honesty, integrity and one whom everyone regarded highly. He lived on a large farm at Otto and raised wheat, which he took to the flour mill in Spencer. One milling would furnish the family with a year's supply of flour. He raised corn and ground his own meal on the grist mill he owned. Saturday was grist day and people from

miles around would bring their sacks of shelled corn for Grandad to grind into meal. He always kept a couple of mules to do the plowing, cows for milk, and hogs to butcher for meat.

Grandma always raised a garden and canned hundreds of jars of fruits and vegetables. It was such a treat to go to my grandparents and sit by the wood fire while eating ripe apples from the bountiful supply in the cellar.

There was also a blacksmith shop on their farm. Grandad shod his mules as well as the neighbor's horses. I used to love to stand in the doorway of his shop, smelling the coal smoke and watching him mold pieces of metal into garden tools. They would be red-hot when he took them out of the fire, and when he dipped them

127	Edvert Hayne	Sept	10	"
128	D. W. Snider	Oct	12	"
131	Eliza Boggs	Nov	8	"
132	Elizabeth Price	"	8	"
133	Dr. Marks	Dec	16	"
134	Bernard Webb	"	20	"
135	Grand Young	"	13	"
136	Alice Runyon	Jan	24	"
137	Orhel Webb	Jan	9	1919
138	Jon Potter wife	Feb	7	"
139	H. S. Boggs	"	12	"
140	Mattie Patterson	Mar	25	"
141	E. L. Norham	May	12	"
142	Grant Nicholas	May	20	"
143	Bennie Farris	Killed	22	"
144	Lydy Sargent	June	1	"

(left) Spencer listed funerals by date and sometimes added the cause of death. The abbreviation in item 144 apparently indicates a suicide. (below) These entries are the minister's annual totals of labors and the payments he received.

Work from Sept 1902 till Aug 1907	
No of Sermons Preached During this time	
Mar 510.	No miles Traveled 4505
No of Baptisms	No marriages 2074
Amount Received for Labor \$365.17	
Work in 1908	
Miles Traveled	989
Baptisms	33
Sermons Preached	164
Marriages	6
Funerals	4
Received for Labor	\$138.24
Work in 1909	
Miles Traveled	1068
Sermons Preached	131
Baptisms	3

into a barrel of water the steam would come sizzling out.

During his ministry he held 513 funerals. Even after he sold the farm in Otto and moved to Parkersburg in 1946, he was called back to Roane and Calhoun Counties to conduct the funerals of many of his dear friends.

He never received a salary but was always paid with freewill offerings. It is interesting to note that his records show \$137.12 was received in 1917; after semiretirement in 1952 he received \$133.00. The year he received the most for his services was 1945 and the amount was \$865.99, but most years he averaged between \$200.00 and \$500.00.

Also in his records were the totals for all the years he was a preacher. They

are as follows: total number of miles traveled 48,331; total sermons preached 4,970; total amount received for labor \$13,297.72. In my calculations that would be an average of \$260.74 per year. The average minister these days would receive more than that per month.

What else can I say about my grandfather except that to know him was to love him. He was a man of few words, but what he said had a lasting impact on the lives of the ones who knew him. I am very proud to be able to say that he was my grandfather.

On April 6, 1959, Grandmother passed away at the age of 81 leaving Grandad to live alone until his death on March 3, 1964. They were both laid to rest in the Clover Cemetery at Clover, W.Va.

“Nothing will ever bring them back.”

Exploring and Researching Some New River Communities in Fayette County with the Help of Older Residents

Photographs and Interviews by Douglas Chadwick*

Wallace R. Bennett, Sr.

Mr. Bennett was born on August 10, 1910, at Quinnimont (Fayette Co.). In his youth he worked for three years as clerk-stenographer for the C & O Railroad. He spent much of his early working life as engineer and surveyor for engineering and coal companies in his native county, and for eight years he was county surveyor. From 1953 to 1975 he was city manager of Oak Hill and is now part-time consultant for the city. Also now he is vice-president of public

relations for Pentree, Inc. Over the years Bennett has served in various official positions with the Oak Hill Rotary Club, Fayette Co. Planning Commission, Fayette Co. Solid Waste Committee, Fayette Needy Association, and the Oak Hill Historical Society. He belongs to the Oak Hill Presbyterian Church. He and his wife Mable Dixon Bennett have six children, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Wallace Bennett. When I came, though, in 1918, that's after prohibition calmed

** Photographs by W. O. Trevey are from the collections of Bill Hickman and Fred Frisk and were printed by Mr. Chadwick from original glass plate negatives. The Trevey photographs are identified at the end of the captions by the owner's initials.*

(below) The Dunglen Hotel, ca. 1910. It was built in 1901 and had 100 rooms. B.H. (opposite, above, left) Thurmond, 1907. Photographer unknown. Collection of Wallace Bennett. (opposite, above, right) Thurmond, 1975. (opposite, below) National Bank of Thurmond, ca. 1919, before it was remodeled in the 1920s. It was closed from around 1930 to 1974 when it was reopened as a hotel and restaurant called the Bankers Club. B.H.

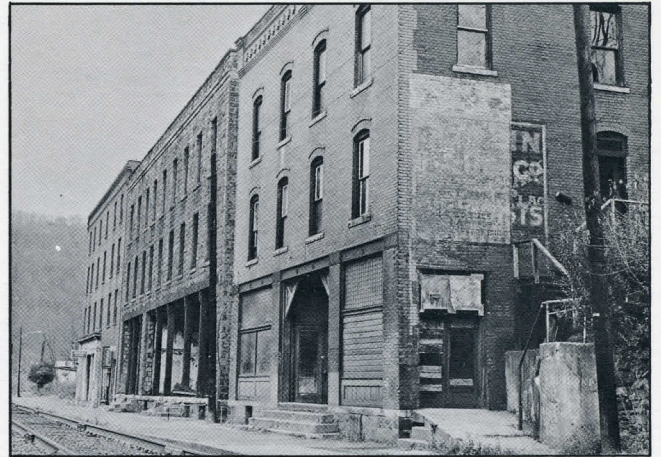
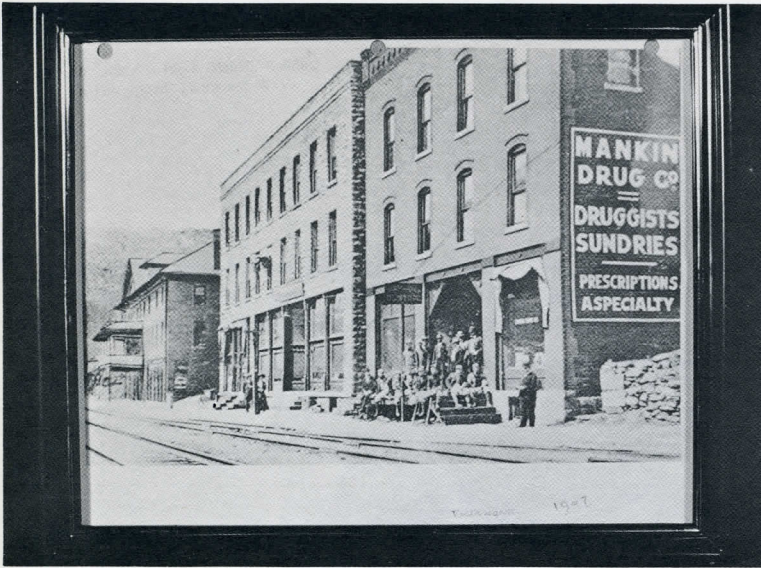


(things) way down, but still it wasn't unusual at all to find someone dead on the railroad track or along the river bank--so many hobos coming through--somebody knocked in the head. But all the saloons, of course, were closed. The Black Hawk and Southside Saloon buildings were there, and of course, the Dunglen and Lafayette Hotels were in full bloom then, and they run up until--Dunglen burned July 22, 1930, and that killed this side of the river, really.

Doug Chadwick. That was on this side of the river?

WB Where Pugh's place is. In other words Pugh.... Harold Wilson had his

engineering office in the basement of the Dunglen Hotel. When it burned, he salvaged material, bricks and so on, out of the Dunglen Hotel and built the brick building that Pugh's store is in now. Pugh has sold out now to John Dragon (operates the commercial whitewater float trips on the river). Harold used that for his engineering office about five years. He had an agreement with Bill McKell he'd get free rent until he got his money back out of service of the building, then he'd give him some rent. Well, instead of staying there and start paying rent--times had changed, conditions and all had changed, roads got



better (and) so on, so he moved his office to Oak Hill which was more convenient to drive.

Used to ride the trains. I worked for them 12 years, used to ride the trains up and down, but a lot of the mines along the river were working out and the mines in Kanawha and Greenbrier Counties and so on, it was more convenient to drive, easier to get there. Anyway, that's how Pugh's store came into being built. Pugh later bought the property; when Bill McKell died in 1939 New River Company took over all his holdings. Pugh, I suppose, bought it from New River Company. He sold it to John Dragon. Now, Pugh bought

the old Thurmond National Bank building where the Banker's Club is.

On this side of the river going way on back now in 1922, used to be a colony of stores on this (south or west) side of the river in the Dungen. To give you an idea of the size of that building, it had an undertaking establishment in the basement, grocery store, dry goods store, furniture store, shoe shop, drugstore, theater, and apartments upstairs. That was a large building. Well, up to that time a lot of the business was on this side of the river--as much activity almost on this side as the other side.

(below) The old Whipple New River Company Store in 1973. (opposite) Inside an unidentified New River company store. F.F.



When that building burned it shifted all the business, retail business, on the other side of the river, which flourished on up to the Depression years, '29 and '30. By that time Armour and Company moved out of Thurmond. I don't know just what year it was, but I moved from Thurmond in '33. I believe they moved just before I left. They had a big plant there. All the meat from the plant in Chicago to be delivered to Beckley--Fayette, and Raleigh counties--all come into Thurmond express train.

Thurmond was a rail town, wasn't any mines right in Thurmond, there were mines

a mile away, and Stonecliff, Beechwood, and Thayer and all those.

I made a survey here in 1965 and put out a brochure, 87 mines within a ten mile radius of Oak Hill that are worked out, gives you an idea of how many mines used to be around here.... Right now there are no mines in the Oak Hill area. Minden's not working, Summerlee's not working, Carlisle, Scarbro, Whipple.

But anyway, Oak Hill has more business in it than it ever had with all the mines working for the simple reason, you live in a coal camp, you spent your money in



the coal camp. They caught you going out to town to spend your money they'd fire you right now. There wasn't any commercial money.... There wasn't anything like there is today, all those welfare checks and all, social security. You made a hundred dollars, you drew a hundred dollars, course you work for the coal company they'd take out your rent, smithing, groceries, and all that stuff, you wouldn't draw anything probably.

Thurmond was really the hub of the New River Gorge, all the mines. All the coal came into Thurmond and the train was made up, and the coal was shipped out east and

west on the mainline.

Now, Sewell is an older town than Thurmond, Sewell was in its heyday before Thurmond. There's a good history of Sewell in this Fayette County history book.... Sewell, when you came from, say, Midland trail into Fayetteville, you crossed the river in Sewell on Boyer's ferry, 1870s, '80s, old days. A lot of people got their start in Sewell, like Middleburys in Charleston...and others.

DC Most of the towns started to die out as their mines played out in the '30s

(right) A crumbling coal company building at Kaymoor. (below) The tippie at Nuttallburg, the only structure still intact in the town.



to the '50s?

WB Most of them on the river were in the '30s and '40s, some of them held over, I don't know just what year Kaymoor, probably in the '50s.

Four of us walked from Thurmond to Fayette Station last summer, 13 miles. I used to know all those towns. Well, you can't tell--well, there's coke ovens--you can't even tell when you get to the place.

It really makes you sad to go to a place where you've seen all that stuff, you go down to Thurmond and see it today,

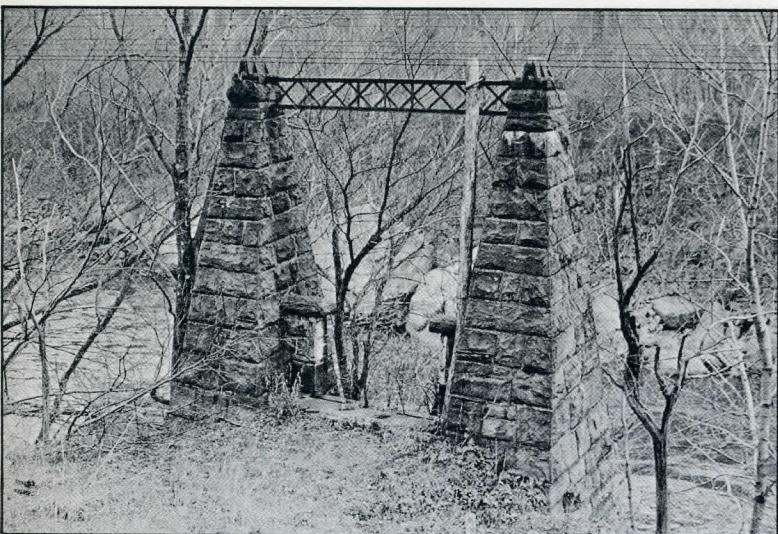
it's depressing, really.

DC Thurmond's picking up, but those other towns?

WB Well, there's nothing at the other towns, nothing will ever bring them back.

DC Did they take down those other towns or did they just fall down?

WB People evidently tore them down. You can't even see any signs of any buildings. Nuttallburg was a *big* mining camp, it was a mile long, not a single building left, just the tippie. I did engineering work there several years, they had a *big* store, a *big* clubhouse, I don't know how many houses, way below the tippie to the swinging bridge. And Keeney's Creek,



(left) Suspension foot bridge across the New River at Nuttallburg to South Nuttall (taken from Nuttallburg side). "There's one at Caperton and one at Nuttallburg. They were just a liability for the county to maintain. Somebody falls off, you get sued. (They) just cut 'em down. But those abutments are still standing." -Wallace Bennett. (below) A house at North Caperton in 1975.



nothing at all, no evidence a town had ever been built there.

Henry Ford owned Nuttallburg, modern mine.... He sold it, don't know the exact year, but I started doing engineering work in '31, he'd sold it just before that, probably '29, '30. When I worked there in 1926, you couldn't buy a job there. The other mines paid four dollars and some a day, and they (the Ford mine) paid seven twenty a day. You get a job there you'd stay--need a lot of influence to get a job there. Used his own coal, he owned his own railroad, Detroit, Toledo, (and) Ironton.

Queen Victoria of England used to own North Caperton.... Caperton this side of the river was owned by the Capertons over by Slab Fork.

I used to know Firecreek like the back of my hand. Now I walk through Firecreek, hadn't been for stone coke ovens, wouldn't have known I was in Firecreek, couldn't even tell where the depot is.

Jack Kelly

Mr. Kelly is one of the handful of present residents of Thurmond, and he first

A saloon in Fayette County in the early years of this century. The bar was probably in a New River or Loup (Dunloup) Creek town. F.F.



lived there in 1917. As a teenager he worked in sawmills in the southern part of the State. At 19 in 1915 he started with the C & O Railroad as a section worker in Meadow Creek. During his 53 years with the C & O he was fireman and later engineer. Retired now and 80, he is intrigued by the possibility of being associated with the proposed scenic railroad between Thurmond and Minden.

When I first come here (1917) this place was all built up houses all down the hill here all around. I don't really know just how many people really were here at that time. Had two hotels, the Dungen Hotel, it burnt down. That was a big place, they come here from New York,

great gamblers. They claim that for 14 years the poker game never stopped, that was a pretty good poker game.

Anyhow, people when I first come here-- you could still find them, they was still bad. I come up the street found one laying there dead. Some...had been thrown in the river and come out on the other side over there drowned. Up and down Loup Creek 'course that was a little before I come here I just had the hearsay, said you could find five or six along Loup Creek anytime. And you daren't to light a cigarette or have a light crossing that bridge after night. It was pretty tough. Had three or four saloons at one time, that was before I come. Had a place over there called Blackhawk and they killed 'em around that place.

The George McLean Diary: 1831 to 1849

**Excerpts from the Journal of a Randolph County
Farmer, Carpenter, and Public Servant**

By Rose Ann Meyer

Mention the early mountaineer, and the image conjured up is usually that of a hardy, determined, versatile individual. A weak man just didn't tend to survive in those earlier years. It is refreshing, in this bicentennial year when we are literally being bombarded from all sides with either reports of imminent destruction or total invincibility, to delve into accounts written when the country was much younger. Old journals demonstrate the hardiness of early Americans, allowing us to identify their strengths and encouraging us to emulate them.

One such journal, reproduced by the Randolph County Historical Society at Elkins in 1966, was kept by George McLean of Randolph County from Feb. 27, 1831, to April 15, 1848. It discloses a shrewd, extremely versatile man. He eked out a living by various means, inching his way along a road to some prominence in the area, culminating in his election as Sheriff in 1850.

McLean was born in Maryland on March 25, 1792. The family moved to Randolph

County while George was quite young. Primarily a carpenter by trade, he supplemented the income in several ways.

The Woodworker Develops

An important entry appears on April 28, 1831: "Bought the right of makin churns and working mecheans of W. Jackson." Subsequent entries demonstrate how important the purchase became to the family's finances.

May 18, 1831. Split pailans for the Graveyard and made a gate.

June 23. finished five patten churns.

June 28. Sold one pat. churn to Thomas Bird price \$5.00.

Dec. 30, 1831. Cold turned 34 Cogs and 8 Rowns for Sollom Collect hand mill price \$1.50.

Jan. 20, 1832. Cold finished Yahew Harper a Loom p. 8\$ Received 5\$.

Apr. 12. Commenst shinglin Henry Grahms house

Sept. 20. finished the frame Cost me 8 days work

Sept. 22. Set up the framin in the Cort house one Day more plank Nails Bording and work 12 Dollars

Dec. 22. Gave up Will Tripleits sith and hangins finished William Isnor Cubbord Pr. 6\$.

Jan. 2, 1833. hewed for Hoy (his brother) at his rafters.

Jan. 8. working at Gabriel Chenoweth finish too floors

Feb. 14. halled Wood Commenst making a Loom for Will (another brother)

Mar. 16. finished a Dedsit for Gab. Chenoweth price 2\$00

Mar. 23. finished Earls tabel 3\$.50

Sept. 24. finished at babar paid 21\$50

Nov. 13. finished for Soloman Wicht one folding Tabbel and one desk price \$4 \$4

Jan. 6, 1834. made Thomas J. Caplinger 24 lights of Sash 61/4 Cents per

Oct. 16. Repeared Solomons Collet Clock Case price 2\$

June 27, 1835. Maid William Clark a pair of Tempels price 50 Cents

July 18, 1836. plained Boworths joists 1.15\$

Nov. 17. finished 27 Lights of Sash for Robert forgunson at 8 Cents

Dec. 19, 1837. Lesabeth Yokeham Got a Chest price 4 Dollars John Larra one Chest price 4 Dollars Leninall Candon 12 Lights of Sash 96 Cents William Chenoweth 6 Lits of Sash 50 Cents William Clark one Chest 3.50

July 21, 1838. finished a Righting Desk for Shertliff price 12.

Aug. 10, 1839. A Gree to wether Bord

Day Book for the year 1836 November Tuesday the 8

- 1-8 presidential Election the Harrison ticket received 12 votes at the Cort House 1 Amburnan by white's received of Thomas Isner 5\$ all that is coming to me
- 9-10 warm wether family well soak fire Gang
- 11-12 Cleaned the wine Bushel of white
- 13 Visited George Caplinger
- 14-15 Cool wether for the season Turned 10 hours for William one dollar for light
- 16-17 finished 27 Lights of Sash at 8 Cents
- 18-19 Sold one Cort of Ferguson sold my Cows to Jiras Wees for 12 Dollars received 5 of the same
- 20 family well Cool for the season
- 21-22 Made 4 Lights for father and 6 Lights for Solomon Collett
- 23-24 Bad Colds in the family I have
- 25-26 preaching Commenst in town by Canning
- 27 the sacrament of the Lord supper administered
- 28-29 Cort paid my Taxes and Clerk white 8\$ paid for my lath 3 1/4
- 30 Cold wether so under this month it has been rain or snow two parts of the time
- December hundreds of snow storm
- 2-3 Clear and Cold receive 10 Dollars of work
- 4 preear meting at John Marsh Clevers
- 5-6 hurt my Corn moderate wether
- 7-8 hald 4 waggon load of Corn
- 9-10 hurt Corn at harbor
- 11 Brown preached at the Cort house
- 12-13 husking the balance of my Corn
- 14-15 finished husking Corn hald one waggon full let abovemention wees have six Lights of Sash

the Baptist meting house for 30.50

June 22, 1841. finished Golidat Cubbord price 5\$.

As the local carpenter, McLean had one other, less pleasurable job.

Jan. 10, 1832. Matildy Isner Departed this life on the 9 made her Coffin the 10 price \$5.50 She is entered in the grav

May 26, 1832. Made a coffin for (Jacob) Wees price 6\$ put in the grave on the 26

July 1, 1834. made Mara Wyatt Coffin price 7\$

Sept. 8, 1835. Made a Coffin for Jahew Chenoweth price 50 Cents

Dec. 20, 1835. hard wether John Sproul Departed this Liffe on the 20 Made the Coffin price 6\$

June 11, 1840. plow Threw my Corn

Day Book for the year 1836 December 16 Day

16-17 Let Joseph Schooner have 3 lights of car
18 proce meeting at John Harstons
19-20 hard weather family John Harstons & departed this life
on the 20. Made the Coffin price 5\$
21-22 had a sled load of Corn
23-24 Commenced Barrenth house family well
25 proce meeting at John Harstons } Grad
26-27 Work & Day at Barrenth this week the well has
28-29 A Adam Westfall and family fixed us a visit
30-31 Bought 2 hams and one hamshier
this & ends the year 1836 the latter part of this
year has bin wet and C. day no particular
sickness has visited us this season grain is tolerable
plenty in the Country Corn crops were good this season

Day Book for the year 1837 January 1st Day

1 Sunday the first Day of January this morning
is wet family well
2-3 Stormy Cold settled with Adam Westfall
4-5 Cold Wood too Day this week family well
6-7 this week has bin Cold and stormy throughout
8 Westfall start to Canaway this morning

1836-7 pages from McLean's diary.

made a Coffin for Wess Kittels wife 5\$
Aug. 19, 1841. made Urah Rosecronces
Coffin pr. 5\$
Feb. 2, 1843. Snow Storm Salsbuarys
Child Departed This Life made Coffin 3\$
July 31, 1844. made a Coffin for
Caplinger price 7\$

Epidemics of various diseases flour-
ished in those times, hampered by the
lack of medicines and doctors. Coffins
sometimes had to be turned out en masse.

Apr. 19, 1834. Cooper burriade four
of his famley this week

Apr. 22. William Cooper Lost another
Child

Aug. 5, 1841. made coffin for Wash-
ington Stalnaker 2 child per 3.50

Aug. 7. made a coffin for the widow
Clark price 6.50 also a coffin for
alpas Chenoweths child price 1.50

Prices of the Day

McLean's earnings appear in perspec-
tive when compared with prevalent prices
of the day for items and services.

June 11, 1831. finish the settelmen
with Hart and Wyatt Bought a patten
clock of Samual I Mills price 27\$ Col-
lect one year form the date and in suared
or no pay

Sept. 30. triplet bought 42 lb. of
scrap iron from Daved Blackmon at 15
Cents per lb. (David Blackman, who came
to the area from Connecticut in 1822,
for many years had the principal store
in the county. Hu Maxwell's *History of
Randolph County* states he was "noted for
his social qualities and his honest deal-
ings with his fellowmen.")

Oct. 6. William Triplete returned
from Morgantown Got 13 Set of Irons

Price 13\$

Oct. 28. Well as usual sent one Dollar in Cash by Gabriel Chenoweth for ovel to Morgantown

Jan. 14, 1832. Bought 1 oz of Camfiar and one of sinimin 12 ½ Cents ea

Dec. 6. Bought 1\$ Worth of paints 50 Cents Worth of Seede ovel and Captall Varnish 55 Cents of plank

Dec. 27. Sold Camdon a Hay Stack at 7\$50 or 8\$

Feb. 1, 1834. Bought a Barrel at 56 Cens

Aug. 21. Bought a Set of Tabel hings of Blackmon 44 Cents

Oct. 30. Braught my hors from John Whits price 40 Dollars Noah (a brother) helped

Mar. 17, 1835. Susan (his wife) is mending bought a bottel of magnition of Caliated of Sollamon Wyett price 20 Cents

July 18. Sold Behamin Kittel a Cow for 12 Doll and bought a gun of him for 14

Jan. 14, 1837. Bought a bottel of Castor oyl of Crobbner worth 50 Cents

Feb. 15, 1837. Bought a Ladel fork and Skimer at William Isnors sail price 1\$

May 25. paid Croffords boys five Dollars for a Kittel, 50 Cents for the Chip hats and 25 Cents for fials

Nov. 27, 1838. Bought a cow of Jonas Hinkel price 15\$

May 28, 1842. Bought a Bridel of Rumel price 3\$

Nov. 5. Got too wool hats of William Rowan price two dollars and 75 Cents indew him 96 cents

Jan. 21, 1844. Bought 2 Candel Stick and Snuffers 21 Cents

Health Care and Illnesses

McLean gives a good account of the illnesses and sorrows that befell a typical family of the period.

Mar. 27, 1831. William tripolate Laid up with a pain in his jah

July 29. William pickans Daughter Mary Elen Borne Susan is not well Baulsworth bled Her she had a Blister Down on the back of her neck (Dr. Squire Bosworth was for many years the only physician in Randolph County and also made trips frequently to Tucker, Barbour, and Webster counties.)

Oct. 31. Laid up with a boil on my side

Nov. 29. Snow increased to 4 inches Deept Susan laid up with a tooth ake

Mar. 15, 1832. Sick my Self thare is Distempar prevailing in the Valey a

mong the people it is a speacy of Disintary that opperates in the Stumick we are all Complainin

May 5. Complaining myself of the Colleck fine Grooing Wether the Whit-oake Leaves is making thare a pearance

May 6. famley well Elisabeth Wees laid up with her Eyes

May 17, 1832. Elisabeth Elon (his sister) Vary sick Got som medson from Bosworth

Mar. 9, 1833. Susanna sick with the tooth ake

Sept. 28. Dry time susan Laid up with a pain in yur jaw

Apr. 17, 1834. fever ragin in town

June 20. Joseph Hart Lost a Child with the Feever

Aug. 31. Got some Magnition and bottel of pargorack of Bosworth

May 3, 1835. Elisabeth Scalled hur hand

Apr. 17, 1838. famley well Except Susan Got too Bottals of panacees of Croford

June 29, 1841. unWell mySelf Took phisic

Aug. 28, 1843. Bid and Alen Got the Chicken pox

Personal sorrows were entered in an almost impersonal hand.

Aug. 1, 1837. Elizabeth Ellen Departed this Life after an illness of three day

Aug. 3. it is a Seriess tim in our famley

May 28, 1843. This morning Called to see father a corps

Farming

In addition to carpentry, farming and related activities occupied a large share of his time; these included responsibilities to members of his family.

Mar. 8, 1831. maid 40 lbs. of Sugar

Mar. 21. finished Cleeaning my stabel Cot my Plowirons sharpt

Mar. 23. a powerfull Runn of Shoogar water made 50 lb. of Shoogar

Apr. 12. Commenced Braken Noahs horse Concerns well

Apr. 14. Commenced plowing one calf added to the flock and one black Lamb

Apr. 16. planted out 37 appel tree

Mar. 6, 1832. Kild a Beef

Apr. 12. Commenced Clearing my Corn-field Clear of the Bryars

Apr. 26. Got a Ellon Ryan Mare to Brake to work

Jun. 14. Sumar commences Got a peck of sead Corn of John Wees

Aug. 2. Commenst cuting my Harvest



Mantel clock that belonged to McLean, thought to date from around June 11, 1831 (see diary entry, page 45). The stencil decoration and handpainted face and pendulum pane, indeed the entire clock, are of exceptional quality. From the collection of Mrs. Evelyn Bodenheimer, Elkins. Photograph by Gregory E. Peters.

Aug. 14. fair wether put up too hay
stacks
Aug. 16. halled my Wheete and stacked
it
Mar. 17, 1833. made upwar of 100 lb.
of Sugar
Apr. 9. Commenced my Bottom fence
Jan. 19, 1834. halled out fathers hay
Jan. 25. made allen and Elisabeth
Ellen shews cold
Jan. 30. halled my foder and what
Corn I have left
May 16. hald Rails made fencion
Sode my oats on the fortenth planted my
Corn on the 15 and 16 Day the Sine in
the hart hard frosts planted 20655 hills
of Corn
Oct. 18. Dobd my house

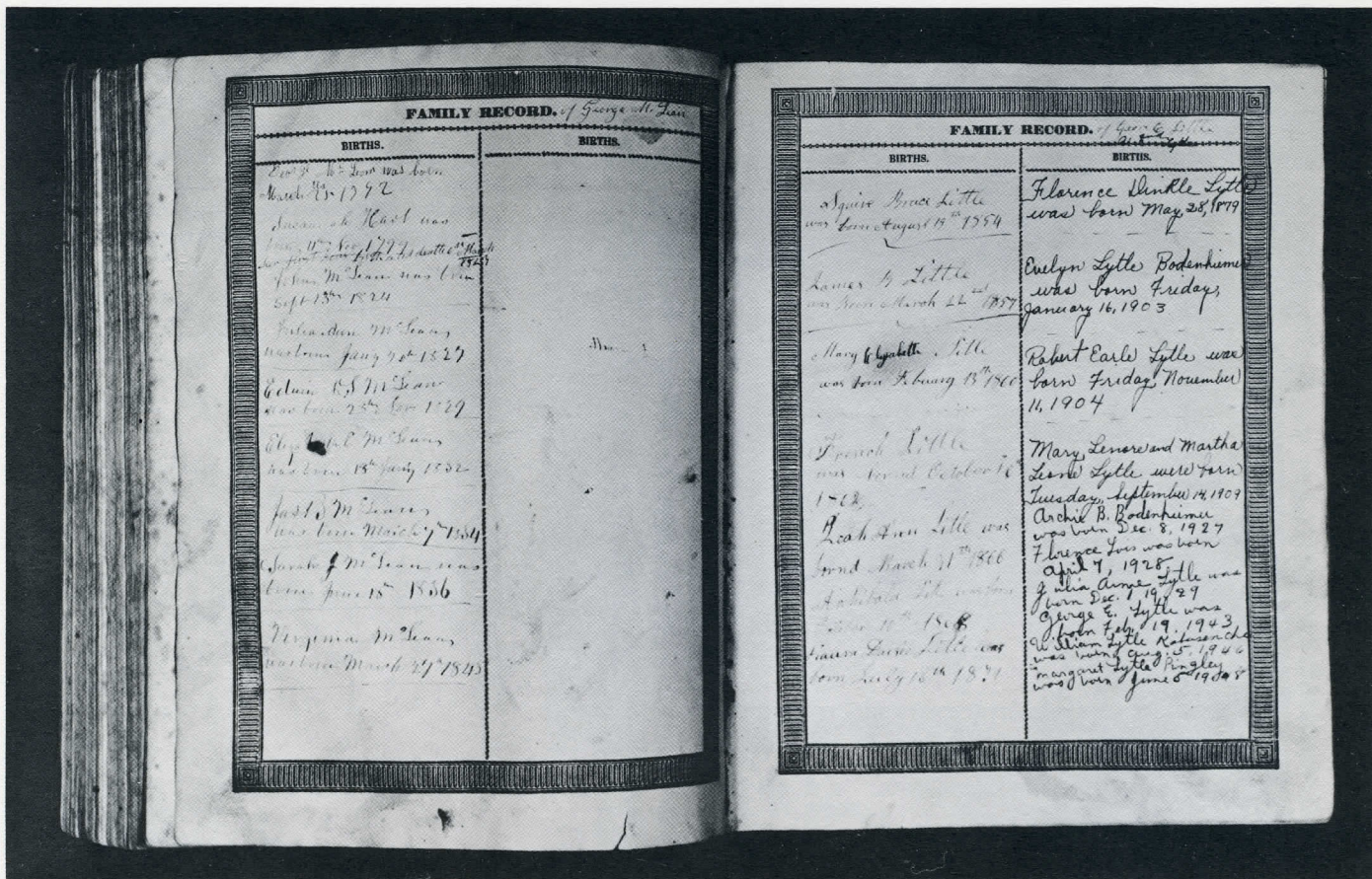
Of course the weather was an all-
important factor in the lives of McLean
and his neighbors; good weather meant a
good crop and sufficient food for the
coming winter. Weather was often severe,
always unpredictable.

Mar. 16, 1831. Cold Stormey
Conciderabel of Snow fell on the 16 Day
Apr. 18. friday and a Wonderful storm
of wind and snow famley well

May 19. Warm Showers of Rain Vigita-
tion Backward the whitioke is just
puting out Leaves Remrk the moon is the
Raining planet this year

May 26. Cold the mountains whit with
snow Concerns well

July 9. Creeks and River out of thare



"Family Record of George McLean." Center pages of McLean's family Bible.

Banks

Oct. 12. frost last night the first that I have seen Cut up my corn

Dec. 30. Cold Wether the Earth has bin Covered with snow from the 21 to the 30 and Likeli to Continue snow

Jan. 24, 1832. foggy halled wood one Day (John Foggy, his brother-in-law) Commenct a sled for foggy A little rain fell on the 24, the firs for four weeks the wether has bin Remarkabel Cole the ice is from 12 to 15 inches thick all the Mill froze up

June 26. Dry season of Yar hail up leadencreek (Leading Creek) and frost in the mountains

July 30. Rain famley well the Dog Days set in wet this year

July 31, 1833. This month has bin Remarkabel hot and Dry Corn crops Look sorry

Oct. 31. Storm of wind and rain the Bridg Run Runs for the firs since July

Apr. 27, 1834. Snow upwards of one inch Deepe to Day

Apr. 30. thare has bin hard freesing the froot has bin kild the Wether Continues cold

June 14. this Weeke has bin fin Seesanabl Wether Vegetation has Groon moor this week than it has Do this month

Apr. 30, 1837. thus endeth Aprile the wether has bin Cold and Concidrabel of Snow the buds is hardly Swolen any

Sept. 16, 1837. The Drouth Continues the watters is Loar that they Evar was Knowan by the present inhabitants

Military Service

Of the militia of the period, Hu Maxwell writes, "Military officers were appointed the same as civil officers. The militia had regular times for mustering, and there were fines for non-attendance, and those fines were collected the same as taxes." A captain in the militia, McLean recorded several entries similar to the following.

Nov. 5, 1831. Regimental Cort of Inquira Elias Willmouth elected Leitanan Col Abraham Crouch Major in 107 R.D.G.

May 21-22, 1832. Rigimantel muster or training those too Days

July 5. Went to a muster at Whitman Wards

Nov. 10. Regemantel Cort of inquira

Call Cort over Bryan Gainor for bugry
he was found inisent

May 20-21, 1833. training of the
officers of 107 R.D.G.

May 26, 1835. Cort and Muster God-
free Hilley Buried in the Honors of War

Official Duties and Titles

McLean served in a number of official capacities, in addition to Sheriff; he was Commissioner of Revenue in 1844, and a Justice of the Peace. The latter positions were appointed by the Governor and could be held for life, until 1852 when the positions became elective. Maxwell writes, "The Governor always appointed to that honor (the Sheriff's position) the Justice with the oldest commission. A Sheriff could succeed himself. In fact, it was usual for him to be appointed twice in succession. After that, he took his place on the bench with the Justices again, and if he lived long enough he would be appointed Sheriff again when his turn came. One Justice, Samuel Bonnifield, was appointed Sheriff of Randolph County four times, the last being when he was 88 years old." McLean recorded his duties.

July 7, 1831. Continue Raining Watter
full praised John Chenoweth property on
Thirsday 7 my wages 1\$

Feb. 9, 1831. married Martial to Miss
Juliann Jinks

Feb. 11. Marade Samuel Morrison to
Miss Lisa Mcall

Nov. 26, 1832. qualified as a Justis
of the peace

Dec. 6, 1832. praised the personal
estate of John G. philips Dees the
amount was 387\$65

Feb. 9, 1833. William Scott and Wiffe
and Simon I Kittel and Wiffe ecknowledg
a Deede before me and Joseph Hart

Mar. 19. Look over Harts papers

Apr. 27. Washing I Long paid me one
Dollar for my Service in Dividing the
Laws of the heirs of myers

Mar. 16, 1834. Shewed a press Warant

Apr. 15. Took an a tatchment a gainst
Nathan Everet and Garneskee John Wees
and had a trial

Oct. 7. I shewed some Exicution to
White Stalnaker Eschewed a Warent a
Elizat Wees for killing a dog of Stal-
nakers

July 28, 1838. Cort took a recep from
Daved Joff for 9\$ and Gave him my Note
for 15\$ as Comitioner of the Road

Oct. 21, 1837. Tryed fore Warants to
Day

July 16, 1842. Gave Severl Jugments

Jan. 19, 1844. praised the estate of
Jacob Kitel price one Dollar

June 26, 1845. I assessed the County
This Spring

Religion

Life was not all hard work, of course, even in the most difficult of times. Religion played an important part in the social life of the community; prayer meetings were probably almost as much an excuse to socialize as to worship. Too, church affiliation did not appear to preclude attending other services. In fact, the community seems to have gathered at whatever church had a preacher in residence on a particular week. Ministers and itinerant preachers in Randolph County at the time of McLean's writings included, according to Maxwell, Rev. Aretas Loomis, Rev. Henry Brown, Rev. Joseph Brown, Rev. John Blaine (Presbyterians); W. M. Leeper and Henning Foggy (Methodists); and Thomas Collett (Baptist). The old standby sermon topics, hell-fire and damnation, were very much in evidence.

Apr. 3, 1831. Went to town to day to
hear a presbiterian preacher

June 5. Went to Meeting the Revrend
Brown Delivered a sermon

June 19. Meting held by the Revrent
Brown he dlivered Discors from this
the wages of sin is Death

Aug. 7. Went to meeting the Rev.
Brown preach from these work Except ye
Repent ye shall all Like wise perish

Aug. 26. Wet Morning famley well
Went to Church Brown Disopoint the
Congregation

Oct. 30. famley well The Reverend
Leaper preached from these words Go you
in to all the world and preach the word
he that Blaveth and is Baptized shall
be saved and he that beleveth not shall
be damned

Apr. 1, 1832. Went to meeting the
Reverent Trnar preached from these words
sarch the Scriptures for in them ye think
ye have Eternal Life and they are they
testify for me

Apr. 8. attended prair meeting at
andrew Stalnakers

Apr. 15. too Discorses Delivered by
the Rev. Bakar at the Corte House

Apr. 29. attended Sunday School at
the Baptist meeting house

June 10. The Sacrament administered
by baber and Blain

Aug. 12. thomas Colett preached at
the meeting house

Apr. 20, 1833. Sacramental Meting
Commced Eldars Elected

Apr. 21. Sacrament had my Children
Baptised

Aug. 25. The Congregation (Baptist)

toDay is a Bove a thousand strong

Oct. 16, 1836. the Sacrament of the Lords Super administered at John W Stal-naker three members Admitted

July 10, 1842. Sacramental meeting at wards

Families visited each other, some-times remaining several days; trips to Richmond and Morgantown combined business and a chance to visit.

Apr. 3, 1836. went to town to Day and Staid all Night at Solomon Ryans Visited Joseph Harts

Sept. 11. Rain to Day andrew Crouch Stayed with me all Night Thomas Collett is here

Feb. 23, 1837. Borrowed 3 Dollars of father and five of Noah started to Richmon on the 23 and went Burners

Feb. 25. from Burners to Eagels and thence to Stanton

Feb. 27. from Stanton to Sharlotsvill from thence to widow thinsleys

Feb. 28. from thinsleys to the wido powels and from thence to Richmond

Mar. 4. Spent this weeke in Richmond

Other diversions included various meetings, court proceedings, and elections.

Apr. 24, 1832. Election for Representative for the assembly

Jan. 20, 1833. Set our names in favor of temprance prair meeting at baters this Eve

Feb. 26. the first meeting of the Temprance in Beverly

July 4. toDay met the temperence society

Oct. 10. Went to the Show Cost 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ Cents (He does not elaborate on what type of "show" it was or where he saw it.)

Nov. 8, 1836. preseatdential Election the Harison ticket Received 127 vots at the Cort House Vanburian 47

Feb. 27, 1838. Cort to Day Ashford bound to keep the peace one year

An entry may be short on words yet speak volumes.

Sept. 3, 1836. Nicholas Marstler Starts to the west and is Disappointed and Returned holm.

Feb. 20, 1847. I have Nothing to Recor this mont. it goes on Ruff

Year-end entries summed up in a few words the toil of 12 months that may have gone for nothing.

Dec. 31, 1831. Remarks this has bin a singlar year the Commencement of the year was Vary Cold the spring backward

the fore part of the summar warm the latter Wet so much Wet that a bundance of Hay was split a grade deal put up in September the sun seamed to have laust its power from the 24 of augus On that day a Curious fenominon a peared on the sun it a peared of a Dark Green palness, a mistra to them that be held it from that time to this the sun has laust its power in a measuer our fall was cold snow commenst on the 21 Day of November the mills froze up so much that thare is a Gradeal of Difficulty to get a Littel Corn Chopt

Dec. 31, 1832. Thus ends the year 1832 it has bin to me a year of troubel Bring suretz and Law Suits But bleased Be the Grate Ruler of the univers I have not Lost much mu Crops have bin sorry this year

Dec. 31, 1834. thus ends this year withou anything materal in our famley We have a fine Crop of Corn and that is all the Crop worth mention

Dec. 31, 1836. thus ends the year 1836 the latter part of this year has bin wet and Clouday no purticular Sick-ness has viseted us this season Grain is tolarabel plenty in the Cuntry Corn Crops were good this season

Dec. 31, 1937. Thus ends the year 1837 it has bin Remarkabel Wet Crops Lite, Grain Dear wheet 1.25 per Buchel Money Corse times hard

Dec. 31, 1842. Thus ends the year I made some money this year and paid forty dollars for John M. Hart Times is Hard and more Scarce

Dec. 31, 1843. thus ends 1843 I have made nothing this year

Financial solvency often hinged on an intricate system of borrowing and passing along repaid monies.

Nov. 3, 1833. Receved 4\$ of Joseph hart paid the same to antry lee

Sept. 22, 1835. Supearer Cort Receved of John allen 16\$20 my part of the Jug-ments that I held on Butcher and philips paid 16 to haymun

Nov. 27, 1838. Receved 12\$ of William Curance Baught a cow of Jonas Hinkel price 15\$ paid 10 to wards hur paid Noah 2\$ of borrowed money

Apr. 13, 1848. receved 20\$ of John Hay paid Bunton all dewes and demans

Even in the worst of times, McLean obviously did not totally despair. His diary demonstrates a hope in the future and a firm faith in God. Time and the weather may have worked against him much of the time, but there was always tomorrow.

The West Virginia Discs from Rounder Records

The Rounder Records catalogue of recordings of American traditional folk music contains just over 100 discs. The works of West Virginia musicians and work influenced by the State's music are generously 'sprinkled through the list, and these are listed below. Each of the LP records is \$4.00 plus \$.25 if only one is ordered. For more than one there is no postage or handling charge. The address is Rounder Records, 186 Willow Avenue, Somerville, Mass. 02144.

0004 Clark Kessinger with Gene Meade
Fiddle tunes and waltzes by this world's champion old time fiddler, known to fans around the world. Titles: Rickett's Hornpipe; Rose 'o My Heart Waltz; Bitter Creek; When I Grow Too Old to Dream Waltz; Red Bird; Tenn. Waltz; Three o'Clock in the Morning; Wild Horse; Waltz You Saved for Me; Sunny Side of the Mt.; Lost Indian; Good Night Waltz.

0010 The Fuzzy Mountain String Band
Popular string band from the Durham/Chapel Hill area, presenting here a selection of rare fiddle and dance tunes. A number of these tunes have become standards due to this record. There is much West Virginia influence here. Titles: Shooting Creek; Double File; Old Sledge; Gal I Left Behind Me; Sally Ann; 28th of January; Green Willis; Piney Woods; Ebenezer; Old Mother Flanagan; Last of Calahan; Wild Hog in the Woods; Magpie; Keep the Ark a Movin'; Pretty Little Dog; Protect the Innocent; Poor Johnnie Has Gone to the War; Frosty Morning; Camp Chase; Bonaparte's Retreat.

0014 Don Stover: Things in Life
One of the greatest of the 5-string banjo pickers ever. Don from Raleigh County is featured here on his first full album doing a selection of bluegrass and old-time numbers. Backed by David Grisman on mandolin and John Hall on fiddle. Titles: Done Gone; Sunbonnet Mother; Ole Liza Jane; White Oak Breakdown; Old Coon Dog; Valley of Peace; Black Diamond; Old Reuben No. 1; Rockwood Deer Chase; Long Chain Charlie & Moundsville; Birdie; Things in Life; Patty on the Turnpike.

0018 "Shakin' Down the Acorns"
Traditional music and stories from Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties recorded by Alan Jabbour, Carl Fleischhauer, and Dwight Diller. Songs, banjo tunes, fiddle tunes, and stories featuring Maggie Hammons Parker, Lee Hammons, Shermon Hammons, Mose Coffman, and Burl

Hammons. Titles: Shaking Down the Acorns; Hink Cogar's Deer Ride; Cranberry Rock; Panther in the Rock; Sugar Babe; Lonesome Pines; Johnny Booger; Walking in the Parlor; Singing Birds; Old Man Can I Have Your Daughter; Haunted Wagon; Rocky Mtn. Goat; Who's Been Here Since I've Been Gone; Lost Indian; Hard Times in the Charleston Jail; Ireland's Green Shore; Big Scioty; Greasy Coat.

0024 The Hollow Rock String Band
Alan Jabbour, Tommy Thompson, and Jim Watson in an album of fiddle tunes collected from a variety of lesser known southern mountain fiddlers. Hollow Rock's first album of many years ago remains a much sought after classic. A great deal of the West Virginia influence on the Fuzzy Mountain records (0010 and 0035) came from this earlier band. Titles: Shelvin Rock; Route; Jenny Lind Polka/Year of Jubilo; Sally Ann; Isom Waltz; West Fork Gals; Leather Britches; Red Fox; Shady Grove; West Virginia Rag; Boatin Up Sandy; Billy in the Low Land; Granny; Rose Division Schottische; West Virginia Gals; Shootin Creek; British Field March; Peekaboo Waltz; Sandy River Belle; Birdie.

0027 Hazel & Alice
Old time and bluegrass music by Alice Gerrard and Hazel Dickens. Solid traditional instrumentation and singing combined with a mixture of original and older songs. Dickens was born in West Virginia. Titles: Mining Camp Blues; Hello Stranger; Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia; A Few More Years Shall Roll; Two Soldiers; Sweetest Gift a Mother's Smile; Tomorrow I'll Be Gone; My Better Years; Custom Made Woman Blues; Don't Put Her Down You Helped Put Her There; You Gave Me A Song; Pretty Bird; Gallop to Kansas.

0035 The Fuzzy Mountain String Band: Summer Oaks and Porch
Second LP by the Fuzzies. More good fiddle tunes, banjo and dance music by this popular group. Titles: West Fork Gals; Fire on the Mt./Breaking Up Christmas; Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine; Snowbird on the Ashbank; Roustabout; Santa Anna's Retreat; Barbara's Fancy; Shortening Bread; Dusty Miller; Falls of Richmond; Quince Dillion's High D; Trude Evans; Loch Lavan Castle; Ducks on the Millpond/Sugar Hill/Back Step Cindy; Peter Francisco; One More River to Cross; Barlow Knife; Fisher's Hornpipe.

0039 Don Stover & the White Oak Mountain Boys
Second album by Don on Rounder, featuring his bluegrass banjo. Jack Tottle contributes some fine mandolin and Dave Dillon does the vocals. This album is a bit more grassy than Don's first (0014). Titles: Careless Love; Suicide Blues; Wreck on the Highway; Tom Cattin; Lorene; Noah and the Ark; Shady Grove; Wings of Death; Makin It Up; Ramblin and Gamblin; Great Judgement Morning; Swing Them Pretty Girls Round; Picked Up a Hammer and Knocked Them in the Head; Steel Guitar Rag; Heavenly Light is Shining.

0047 Wilson Douglas
Traditional old time fiddler from Ivydale who learned many of his tunes from the late French Carpenter. Banjo by Speedy Tolliver, guitar by Doug Meade. Titles: Cotton Eyed Joe; Rocky Road to Dublin; Little Rose; Walking in the Parlor; Elzie's Farewell; Yew Piney Mountain; Shelvin' Rock; Camp Chase; West Fork Girls; Brushy Run; Old Christmas Morning; Chicken Reel; Paddy on the Turnpike; Forked Buck; Old Mother Flanagan.

1001 Blind Alfred Reed: How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live?
A reissue album of 78s cut by this West Virginia fiddler and topical songwriter, recordings made in the late 1920s. Several of Reed's songs have become known through the efforts of various revival groups. Titles: Walking in the Way with Jesus; Black and Blue Blues; Why Do You Bob Your Hair Girls; Explosion in the Fairmount Mines; You Must Unload; Prayer of the Drunkard's Little Girl; Always Lift Him Up and Never Knock Him Down; Beware; How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live; Woman's Been After Man Ever Since; We've Just Got to Have Em That's All; I Mean to Live for Jesus; Why Don't You Bob Your Hair Girls-No. 2; There'll Be No Distinction There.

1007 Frank Hutchison: Train That Carried My Girl from Town
Both slide and finger style guitar pieces by "The Pride of West Virginia". Long awaited by country music fans and highly admired by blues guitarists as well. Titles: KC Blues; Old Rachel; Hell Bound Train; Chevrolet Six; Railroad Bill; Hutchison's Rag; Worried Blues; Coney Isle; Johnny & Jane-Part 1; Johnny & Jane-Part 2; C & O Excursion Train; All Night Long; Miner's Blues; Train that Carried the Girl From Town; Wild Hogs in the Red Brush; Last Scene of the Titanic.

1013 The Early Days of Bluegrass, Volume One
Sixteen reissued cuts from the late 1940's to the mid 1950's, the "golden era" of pure bluegrass music. These cuts are all drawn from the small labels, often regional, which put out some of the best and most exciting bluegrass ever recorded. First in an extended series of bluegrass reissues. Cuts by: The Kelleys; Red Belcher and The Kentucky Ridgerunners; THE LILLY BROTHERS (They Sleep Together Now at Rest, What Are They Doing in Heaven Today?); Ronnie Knittel and the Holston Valley Ramblers; John Reedy and His Stone Mountain Hillbillies; Shannon Grayson and His Golden Valley Boys; Byron Parker and His Mountaineers; Franklin Brothers; Phebel Wright; Hobo Jack and His Kentucky Pals; Whitey and Hogan; Byron Parker and His Hillbillies; Hobo Jack.

1017 The Rich-R-Tone Story (Early Days of Bluegrass, Volume 5)
Sixteen cuts all drawn from the Rich-R-Tone catalog, with a full booklet devoted

to the history of this Johnson City, Tennessee recording company so influential in the early history of bluegrass. Featured groups include many top names in bluegrass and country music today. Cuts by: Glen Neaves and The Grayson County Boys; STONEY COOPER AND WILMA LEE (This World Can't Stand Long, Wicked Path of Sin); The Caudill Family; The Stanley Brothers; Buster Pack and His Lonesome Pine Boys; Pee Wee Lambert and Curley Parker With Their Pine Ridge Boys; CECIL SURRATT AND HIS WEST VIRGINIA RAMBLERS (The Bright Crystal Sea; Where Will You Spend Eternity?); The Bailey Brothers; The Sauceman Brothers; Frank

Hunter and His Black Mountain Boys.

4005 Come All You Coal Miners

An album of coal mining songs with a heavy dose of anger and protest, recorded at a Highlander Center workshop. Features George Tucker, Sarah Ogan Gunning, Hazel Dickens, and Nimrod Workman. "Well conceived, beautifully done, a necessary record for anybody who knows or wants to know about the history of the working people."--Old Time Music. Titles Black Lung Blues; Black Lung; Don't You Want to Go; Cold Blooded Murder; Come All You Coal Miners; Both Lungs is Broke Down; 30 Inch Coal; Dreadful Memories;

Clay County Miner; The N & W; That 25c; Mannington Mine Disaster.

1010 Ed Haley: Parkersburg Landing

One of Rounder's latest discs is by this fiddler born in Logan County. From home recordings made in 1946 and located in the possession of Haley's family by Rounder staffmembers, the record is unique since he never made commercial recordings. He is known to have been an important influence on several West Virginia fiddlers, especially Clark Kessinger. Rounder plans a second volume of Haley's music for the future.

continued from page 2

catalogue to S.A.V.E.S., c/o Broadside Video, Elm and Millard, Johnson City, Tenn. 37601

FAYETTE COUNTY HISTORY BOOK ON SALE

The History of Fayette County, West Virginia is a detailed 772-page book first published in 1926. In 1972 residents of that county arranged for McClain Printing Company in Parsons to reprint the book, which contains town-by-town sketches and many illustrations of places and prominent citizens in the south central county. The authors were J.P. Peters and H.B. Carden. The book is available from McClain Printing Company and also from one of the sponsors of its republication for the special price of \$20 including postage. It may be ordered from Juanita Thomas, Box 666, Gauley Bridge, W. Va. 25085.

PLANS PROGRESS FOR SPRING WORKSHOPS IN CRAFTS AT CEDAR LAKES

Spring and summer classes are to begin in March at the Craft Center at Cedar Lakes in Ripley. Weekend and week-long classes are being scheduled by coordinator Tim Pyles in rug braiding, weaving, spinning, basketry, wood, and others. For a brochure on this spring series contact Mr. Pyles at the Crafts Center, Cedar Lakes, Ripley, W. Va. 25271, or phone 304-348-7882 in Charleston or 304-372-6263 in Ripley.

Corrections

In the story called "George Delforge and the Banner Window Glass Company of South Charleston" by Fred Barkey in the last issue of GOLDENSEAL (Vol. 1, No. 3) we regret there were errors on two pages. On page 37 at the top of the second column the names Le Febers and Hershels should have read Le Feyre and Hersoux. On page 40 the caption for the photograph of the South Charleston Band incorrectly identified a player as Frank Delforge, but the player was actually the subject of the article, his son George.

In This Issue

BILL BOARD is a pseudonym.

DOUGLAS CHADWICK was born in North Carolina and grew up in Maryland. He attended Reed College in Portland, Ore., Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash., and the Instituto de Stato per Cinematographia et Televisione, a state school for filmmaking and video in Rome. At Evergreen he received a B.A. degree in film, photography, and video. Chadwick moved to West Virginia in 1970. He has worked as a photographer for the Fayette *Tribune* in Oak Hill and lives and farms in Prosperity (Raleigh Co.). His photographs illustrated the GOLDENSEAL article last year (Vol. 1, No. 2) about J. E. Dillon, the Beaver blacksmith.

SUSAN CONTI was born Mary Susan Kearns 29 years ago in Tyler County. Her grandparents on both sides were early settlers in the Sistersville-Middlebourne area. When she was 11 months old her family moved to Weirton where she has lived since. She graduated from Weir High School in the top 5 percent of her class and is an alumna of West Liberty State College. After one and one-half years as a journalistic stenographer at Weirton General Hospital she became a staff writer with the Weirton *Daily Times* and has been in that job for nearly ten years. Conti has written one book, *Miracle of a Sunrise*, the biography of an area newscaster-turned-evangelist, and it was published by the Stan Scott Evangelistic Association. She is Hancock County's Bicentennial committee chairman.

ARCHIE GREEN has for many years pursued two neglected areas in American folklore studies, early recorded country music and laborlore or the traditional cultural material of the American trade union movement. For two decades he has collected songs, stories, and slang throughout the United States. Much of his published research relates to folklore gathered from coal miners and textile workers during field trips in Ky., Tenn., N.C., and W. Va. A longtime member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Green served as secretary of Shipwrights, Joiners, and Boatbuilders Local Union 1149 in his home city, San Francisco, prior to World War II Navy service; and he has been active in veterans affairs since the war. Dr. Green received his bachelor's degree from the University of California, his master's in library science from the University of Illinois, and his Ph.D. in folklore from the University of Pennsylvania. He has taught in both the English Department and the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations at the University of Illinois, and recently he was visiting professor of folklore at the Ohio State University, Columbus, and the University of Texas, Austin. From its inception in 1961 he has been active in the John Edwards Memorial Foundation at the University of California at Los Angeles. Many of his articles have appeared in various scholarly journals, and, of course, his book, *Only a Miner: Studies in Recorded Coal Mining Songs*, was published in 1972. He has edited several folksong albums as well as written brochure or liner notes for numerous other ones. His Library of Congress LP, *Railroad Songs and Ballads*, has become a "best seller" in the area of archival field recordings. During 1973 Dr. Green was a Senior Staff Associate at the AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center in Washington, D.C., and was also a consultant to the Smithsonian Institution's Festival of American Folklife. His special concern at the Smithsonian was the application of workers' tradition to the forthcoming Bicentennial celebration. He is active in the national campaign to enact the American Folklife Preservation Act and serves as legislative representative for the Citizens Committee for an American Folklife Center.

ROSE ANN MEYER was born in Mabie and now lives in Beverly with her four children. During a 14-year stay in Ohio she attended the Stark Regional Campus of Kent State University. Last year she received her B.S. degree from Davis and Elkins College and has completed teaching certification requirements in language arts. She has written several articles on the history of Randolph County, particularly the Beverly area. One, in the September 1975 issue of *Mountain Life and Work*, deals with the neglect of the Rich Mountain Battlefield, a particularly strong concern of hers. Another about the covered bridges in West Virginia that were designed by Lemuel Chenoweth was in the October issue of the same magazine. Last year's final issue of GOLDENSEAL (Vol. 1, No. 3) contained her article on the history of the town of Beverly.

THE ROUNDER COLLECTIVE is a group of young people who in 1970 began Rounder Records, a major label for traditional American folk music. The firm is based near Boston at Somerville, Mass., and at present is headed by Ken Irwin, Marian Leighton, and Bill Nowlin. They are also associated with RoundHouse Records, a mail-order business selling an extensive collection of folk music records on about two dozen labels.

DORLENE SPENCER SIMMONS was born in Chloe (Calhoun Co.) on April 1, 1925. She planned to be an artist until complications from flu forced her to leave high school in her junior year. She married James Simmons in 1946, and they have four boys who range in age from 17 to 28. She took up painting again in her forties and specializes in oil portraits and landscapes. She also enjoys the time she spends as gardener, seamstress, and sometimes as carpenter.

West Virginia Department of Commerce
Bldg. 6, 1900 Washington Street, East
Charleston, West Virginia 25305

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

