Goldenseal

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More on New River Towns: 1900 to 1920 • Introduction to Study of Tri-racial Community • Mountain Crafts in Transition • Taylor County Inventor and Creator of Roadside Museum • Reports: New Play on Mother Jones and Folk Festival in North Carolina

Goldenseal

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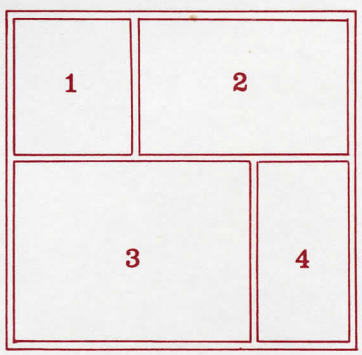

1. Hazel Dickens, singer from Wash., D.C.
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40 Fairmont Printing Company

Current: PROGRAMS • FESTIVALS • PUBLICATIONS

DEADLINE OF FEDERAL FOLK ARTS PROGRAM APPLICATION MOVED FORWARD

Dr. Alan Jabbour, Director of the Folk Arts Program of the National Endowment for the Arts, announced late in January that the spring deadline tor grant applications to the program has been changed from May 30 to April 15, 1976. This change supercedes the directive published last year in N.E.A.'s Guide to Programs. The program's address is National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C., 20506.

Pricketts Fort this winter before completion.

NEW WEST VIRGINIA CRAFTS FILM AVAILABLE WITHOUT CHARGE

A new 28-minute film called *"...for Posterity"* was made available in February to public groups and schools on a free loan basis. The 16mm, color film was commissioned by the State Department of Commerce and was made by Charleston native Doug Britton last year during the summer and fall.

Accenting traditional crafts and music here, the film would qualify strictly as a documentary except for its lively pace which allows broad, fascinating coverage of craft fairs, performances of Mountain music, craft education and workshops, intimate visits at home with craftspeople, and footage showing such operations as the working of a grist mill, making split white oak baskets, and spinning wool. Donald Page, Director of the Arts and Crafts Division, sees it as "a successful blending, we feel, of the elements of both a promotional and an educational film."

The title *"...for Posterity"* was borrowed from the words of an educator featured in the film. John Randolph, Director of the Heritage Arts Program at Salem College, is shown at their Fort New Salem and discusses the value of preserving native skills for future generations. Heard in the background most of the time, traditional music performances seen are old-time and bluegrass bands and a hammered dulcimer being played.

Information about borrowing a copy of *"...for Posterity"* is available by writing the Arts and Crafts Film, West Virginia Department of Commerce, State Capital Complex, Charleston, W.Va., 25305. Phone numbers are 304-348-2286 or 304-348-3736.

PRICKETTS FORT, RECONSTRUCTED LOG STOCKADE, OPENS GATES

A dream of several generations of north-central West Virginia residents will be realized in April when the Pricketts Fort Memorial Foundation opens the gates of the frontier residence fort constructed in Pricketts Fort State Park. On the outskirts of Fairmont, it follows plans contained in a traditional description of the original fort built in 1774, and is made of logs salvaged from early structures in the area and donated to the project.

Pricketts Fort has been built of peeled native hardwood logs. Within the stockade are 16 cabins with log and pole chimneys and two larger buildings with fieldstone cooking fireplaces. The complex overall is 110 feet square.

All structures within the fort will be used for demonstrating the frontier lifestyle and associated skills, and authenticated methods and reproductions of appropriate period tools will be used. The nearby visitors center and gift shop will contain an interpretive museum and offer for sale items produced by various artisans.

The facilities will be open from May 1 throughout September daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on weekends only in April and October. Admission is by Foundation membership.

Major events for 1976 include:

April 24-25
Sheep to Shawl contest - Sheep shorn, wool cleaned, carded, spun, dyed with natural dyes and woven into shawls

May 15-16
Frontier Weapons Workshop, Exhibition

June 19-20
Revoluntionary War BAR Units Encampment - approximately 200 men and their families in frontier encampment in historic area

July 16-18
Monongahela Music Festival - featuring traditional Mountain music

August 8
Ice Cream Social at brick house in historic area

September 6
Labor Day Celebration

October 7-10
Annual Apple Festival - several hundred bushels of apples converted to apple cider, apple butter, and apple leather

The public is invited and encouraged to participate in a number of activities at the fort, including preparation of wool for spinning and the making of apple butter. All personnel in the historic teaching environment will be in documented period costume and trained to assist visitors in completely understanding both the historic background of the fort and the various activities.

Further information about activities at Pricketts Fort is available by writing Pricketts Fort Memorial Foundation, Box 8, Fairmont, W. Va., 26554.

SCHOLAR SEARCHES FOR PRINTED INFORMATION ON FIDDLERS

A scholar in California, Michael Mendelson, has sent the following request: "I am in the process of compiling an annotated bibliography of fiddling in North America for the *John Edwards Memorial Foundation Quarterly (Journal).* ...would it be possible to mention...that I am looking for articles, newspaper clippings, etc., to be included in the listing. The first section of the bibliography has already appeared in the *Quarterly*...."

Mendelson's address is P.O. Box 24-B-09, Los Angeles, Ca., 90024.

The Heritage Arts Festival at Salem College as usual will feature a superlative show of over 100 quilts, some made as early as the 1870s.

SIXTH SALEM FESTIVAL PLANNED FOR APRIL

Mountain music, traditional arts and crafts, West Virginia folklore and history, and Fort New Salem will highlight the 6th annual Salem College Heritage Arts Festival April 23 through 25. Both the fort, which is the college's replica pioneer log village, and the entire college campus are to be the setting for a weekend expanded this year to celebrate West Virginia's heritage and the country's 200th birthday.

Although there will be no gate admission, special events will require $1.00 tickets, or $5.00 weekend tickets, good for all events and admission to the fort. Parking will be at the campus and at nearby Underwood Armory, with free shuttle bus service to the campus and fort. The Festival opens on Friday morning, April 23, at 10 a.m. and closes at 8 p.m. Saturday hours are the same and Sunday's schedule is from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Fifteen musical groups will be featured at the two folk music concerts on Friday and Saturday at 8:15 p.m. each evening. Headliners will be Glen Smith and His Mountain State Pickers, Louise Simmons, Paul McCoy, Russell Fluharty and The Samples Brothers. Seventy professional craftspeople, selected by a jury of college faculty, will demonstrate their arts at the craft show. Activities at Fort New Salem will depict pioneer life in America. Other special events during the festival include the Country Store, quilt and fancy work show, childrens' art show, a college art show, and Mountain storytelling.

TWO FESTIVALS PLANNED AT HARPERS FERRY BY JEFFERSON COUNTY CHAMBER

As a way of joining the Bicentennial celebration the Jefferson County Chamber of Commerce will add a fall art and craft festival to its year's events. The fifth annual Mountain Heritage Arts and Crafts Festival will be held from June 11-13 at Harpers Ferry Caverns, and from October 8-11 the new event, a Fall Festival, will be staged at the same location. For each, over 100 juried artists and craftspeople will be on hand along with a lineup of traditional musicians. More

complete information about these festivals may be recieved by writing the Jefferson County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 430, Charles Town, W.Va., 25414, or by phoning 304-725-5514.

27th FOLK FESTIVAL AT GLENVILLE ANNOUNCED

The 27th Annual West Virginia State Folk Festival will take place June 17-20 this year in the small tucked-away town of Glenville. On Thursday evening, the 17th, a music and dancing program will open the popular event. Friday and Saturday the schedule includes sales of crafts and festival headquarters at the Country Store, art and craft exhibits and demonstrations, banjo and fiddle contests, muzzle loading rifle shooting matches, square dancing near Main Street, and informal pick-ins by old-time musicians just about anywhere anytime. The final program of the festival on Sunday morning, as always, will be a worship service with shape note singing at historic Job's Temple on the outskirts of the town.

This year Glenville State College will again offer its five-day Appalachian Culture course during the week before the festival and overlapping it, since the carefully planned course ends on Friday, the 18th. For information write Mr. Mack Samples, Associate Dean, Glenville State College, Glenville, W.Va., 26351.

BLUETICK RECORDS RELEASES *FIDDLER*, BOTH NEW ENDEAVORS

As its initial effort, a new Parkersburg recording and distribution company Bluetick Records in February released a record album entitled *Fiddler*. Glen Smith and The Mountain State Pickers from Elizabeth are the artists on this mainly old-time string band recording. The Pickers include Smith, the renowned fiddler; his son Delano Smith on guitar and as singer; Paul Selan playing bass; Stewart Hal Cotrell on the mandolin; Mike Wade, banjoist; and Ron Parks, harmonica player.

The tunes on the record are "Blackberry Blossom," "Bluetick Pickin'," "Rank Stranger," "Just Because," "Dusty Miller," "Ricketts' Hornpipe," "Two Dollar Bill," "Used to Be," "On and On," "Billy in the Lowground," "June Apple," "Leather Britches," "Can't You Hear the Callin'," and "Little Maggie."

Bluetick Records' official Robert McIntire said, "We hope to set up State-wide distribution for old-time and bluegrass music albums." People or groups interested in having their material distributed may write Bluetick Records, P.O. Box 793, Parkersburg, W. Va., 26101. *Fiddler* is available from the same address for $5.00 plus $.85 for postage, tax and handling.

DESIGN IS STRESSED IN UPCOMING CRAFT WORKSHOPS

Nine craft workshops have been scheduled at the Crafts Center at Cedar Lakes near Ripley during April and May. The weekend and week-long classes, taught by a number of experts, are planned to serve the needs of both novices and experienced craftspeople. Crafts Coordinator of the Center, Tim Pyles, said that "the increased competition for quality crafts by fair and festival organizations" has caused them to present "further instructions in the elements of design" in these sessions. The schedule is as follows:

Katherine Holliday, expert braided rug maker and teacher, working at home. Her workshop in the pioneer craft begins April 26 at Cedar Lakes.

April 26-30
- Honeysuckle Basketry-Helen Leigey
- Patchwork Clothing Design-Jinny Beyer
- Rug Braiding Fundamentals-Katherine Holliday

April 30-May 2
- Design: Making the Good Better-Steve Vasiliou
- Frame Loom Weaving-Barbara Blumberg
- Traditional Spinning-Mary Helen Cutlip

May 10th week
- Flat Surface Design-Dorothy Weatherford
- Weaving Drafts and Drawdowns -Beatrice Bannerman
- Folk Art Design and Painting -Alice Davison

For further information con-

cerning these workshops as well as the ongoing programs at Cedar Lakes contact Tim Pyles, Craft Center, Cedar Lakes Conference Center, Ripley, W. Va., 25271.

JOHN HENRY FOLK FESTIVAL DATES

The dates of the John Henry Folk Festival, called an "Appalachian minority heritage festival," are August 28 and 29 this year. At Camp Virgil Tate near Charleston, this annual event sponsored by the John Henry Memorial Foundation, Inc. last year was called the Appalachian Intercultural Heritage Festival. The Foundation's Director, Ed Cabbell, is searching for traditional artists, musicians, and craftspeople to participate in the varied and full two-day event. Also there will be dance, theater, films, various workshops, and a special children's component.

Cabbell announced the theme this year will be "Homecoming" and that "an all out effort will be made to encourage blacks and other minority people who have emigrated from the Mountains to return home for this celebration of the Appalachian minority way of life." Fine musicians will again be on hand to perform "authentic blues and gospel music." The camp's facilities will be available to the public this year. For further information write P.O. Box 1357, Princeton, W. Va., 24740, or phone 304-487-1148.

GRANT TO A.M.A.Z.E. THEATRE HELPS THEM TO TOUR IN STATE

The Appalachian Mime and Zany Ensemble, the A.M.A.Z.E. theatre troupe, is composed of four young actors who blend folk tales with improvisation, mime, and audience participation to produce the four plays in their repertory. Either in- or outdoors the company has excited adult and children's audiences in the region for over a year. They draw from European and Scandanavian folk tales and ones they have heard in the Mountains.

Cavorting outdoors is the A.M.A.Z.E. theatre troupe, left to right, Jill Klein-Rone, J.W. Rone, Finnean Jones, and Karen Grant.

Through a grant from the West Virginia Arts and Humanities Council partial funding is available to communities that book the company. For information write A.M.A.Z.E., Star Route, Frazier's Bottom, W. Va., 25082, or phone 304-768-8218.

FEDERAL FOLKLIFE ACT A REALITY

On January 2, 1976, the President signed the American Folklife Preservation Act (P.L. 94-201), which, in one form or another, has been before Congress since 1969. Dr. Archie Green, Chairman of the seven-year-old Citizens Committee for an American Folklife Center and a most vocal and honorable lobbyist for the legislation, happily announced recently that the Committee is dissolved.

The Library of Congress, according to the law, will house the American Folklife Center. The Librarian of Congress is charged with the promotion of research, scholarship, and training in American folklife. The creation of a national archive, many types of documentation, and disseminating related services and materials over the country are also specified in the law.

Dr. Green has written a 12-page sketch of the Act's legislative history. It, often eloquently, takes the complicated action through its many fascinating phases. At one point a New Jersey Congressman, Rep. Frank Thompson, introduced one of the several early versions of the bill. Dr. Green, remarking about Thompson's philosophies, reflects that "his deep grasp of history and literature has told him that the tension between common and privileged artistic forms has been etched into American life since Jamestown and Plymouth Rock."

Copies of the entire wording of the Act and also of Dr. Green's heartfelt sketch will be sent to GOLDENSEAL readers who request it by writing GOLDENSEAL, c/o W. Va. Department of Commerce, 1900 East Washington Street, Charleston, W. Va. 25305.

A Man: *She'd hold meetings, large and small, two or three times a day when things were hot. She waded the waters of Cabin Creek all the way up to Eskdale because on either side of the stream for several miles from the mouth was company property. Officers of the law followed her every step of the way along the bank beggin' the chance to arrest her for trespassing, but they never got the chance, and she held her meetin' as planned.... I can just hear her sayin' in that sarcastic tone of voice that brought roars of laughter from the crowds, 'Mrs. Lah-de-doo-dah drops five hundred dollars in the pot and then asks every Christian to help her send missionaries to China for Jesus. Jesus don't see any of that money, and the Chinese don't know no more 'bout Jesus than a dog knows who his father is.'*

Creators of New Play About Mother Jones Hope for Summer Tour

Photographs by Tom Evans

On the night of February 13 at Morris Harvey College the first performance of a play about Mother Mary Jones, the elderly but fiery United Mine Workers Union organizer, was presented with the assistance of the Committee for Humanities and Public Policy in West Virginia (C.H.A.P.). Written by a Logan native and student at the college, Bob Damron, and his Charleston-born wife, Carole, the play grew out of his work for Dr. Fred Barkey in a course called Advanced Topics in History. The performance was part of the C.H.A.P.-sponsored series, The American Issues Forum in the Kanawha Valley.

Following the play a discussion took place among a guest panel, the cast, and the audience. The authors have said "the play is simply about Mother Jones' role in the struggle of the Union in the early part of the century to build its membership."

Their hope is that further funding will be made available to schedule a summer tour of coal mining communities over the State. They plan to perform in Kanawha, McDowell, Logan, Mingo, and Monongalia Counties. Organizations may inquire about bringing the production to a particular community by writing Bob Damron at 1628-B Quarrier St., Charleston, W. Va., 25311.

Brimstone and Lace: Mother Jones in West Virginia

A Drama

by Robert and Carole Damron

Friday, February 13, 1976, 8:00 p.m.

Geary Auditorium

Morris Harvey College

Charleston, West Virginia

Mother Jones:	Carolyn Perry
Samuel Gompers:	Leonard Adkins
M. D. Ratchford:	Robert Damron
Judge Jackson:	Buddy Shaver
Frank Keeney:	Frank Austin
Fred Mooney:	Robert Damron
Don Chafin:	Leonard Adkins
Others:	Bill Riffe, Carole Damron
Technical Director:	Bill Bair
Make-up:	Willy Richardson

Special thanks to Kanawha Players for costume help

Act One: 1902
Act Two: 1912
Act Three: 1921
Epilogue: 1976

Discussion follows. . .
Dr. Paul Nyden, Professor of Sociology, University of Pittsburgh
Dr. William Denman, Professor of Speech, Marshall University
Mrs. Lois McLean, Biographer of Mother Jones
and others

"If you have a bit of revolutionary blood in your veins and a heart in your breasts," you will come to see Mother Jones!

Carolyn Perry as Mother Jones.

Judge Jackson, Buddy Shaver; a witness, Carole Damron; and a lawyer, Bob Damron, in court in an Act I scene.

Mother Jones: *When a coal company hires a man, from all appearances and from what the bosses tell him, everything he needs is taken care of. Mr. Personnel Director will say, 'Lookey here, son, for goin' to work in our mines you can live in a company house close to your job, you can buy whatever you need at the company store down the street, and your family can worship the Lord at the church over there on the corner. Are ye a good ball player? Well, if you can hit a baseball from here to the creek, I believe we can find you a good, safe job on the outside.' Sounds pretty damn good, don't it? Awful hard to turn down. Let me ask you this: What happens if this same feller wants to be paid a little U.S. currency instead of company scrip or dares to ask for a shorter day so that he can see his children a few hours in the evenin'? How long will it be before he's branded a troublemaker, thrown out of his house, and blacklisted so's he can't get a job anywhere in the district? Whether you be a mill worker, a textile worker, or a coal miner, the only weapon you have against an oppressive employer who would bind you forever to this industrial slavery is your choice to strike....*

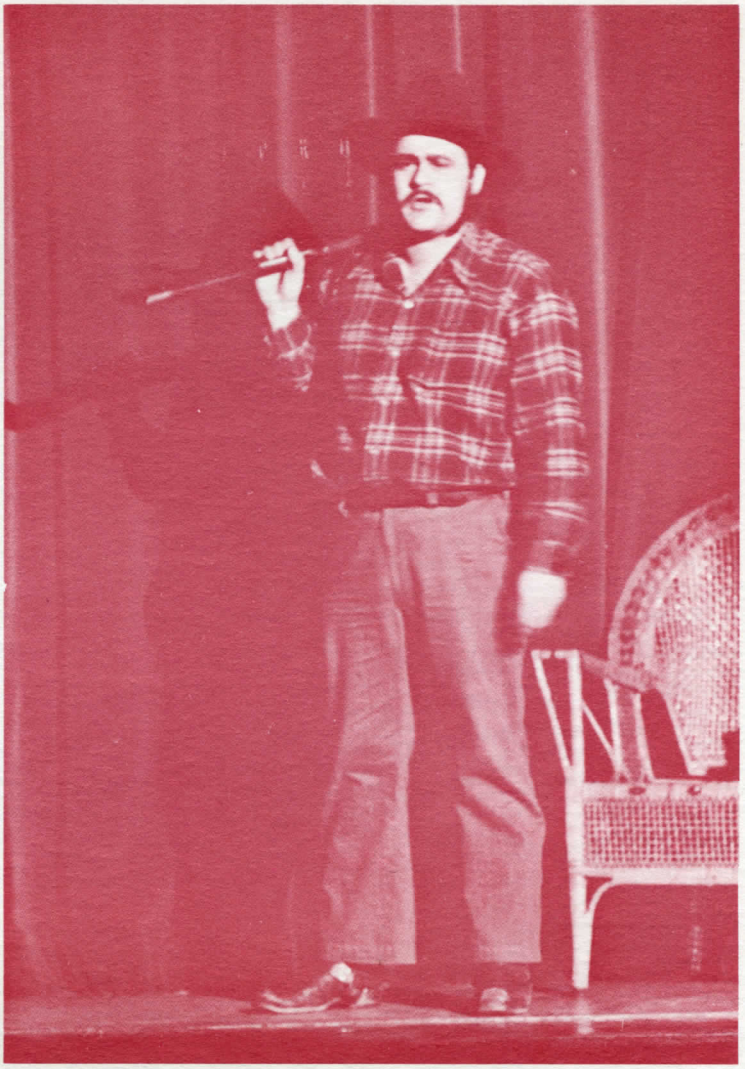
Witness: *At one meeting that terrible, cursing old woman told all the strikers to take their guns and go down in the mines and shoot every miner who wouldn't quit work and join them.*

All italicized quotations in this article are from the play and, in some cases, the playwrights' rephrasing of the published speeches of Mother Jones.

A scene from Act I between Judge Jackson, a Federal District Court judge in Parkersburg, and Mother Jones. In the 1902 courtroom confrontation the United Mine Workers' organizers were fighting an injunction against their efforts.

Judge: *But, Mother Jones, a woman of your intelligence involving yourself with the dangerous occupation of labor organizing! I cannot fathom it. Would not your talent of persuasion be better utilized in a more womanly fashion--the temperance movement, for instance, or...*

Mother Jones: *Judge Jackson, I am neither a torch-bearing temperance howler nor a lady of refined tastes. I have lived and worked with the exploited masses upon whose backs the industries of this country have been built. They ask only the chance to better their lives. My calling is not misguided.*



Don Chafin, the notorious Logan County sheriff, played by Leonard Adkins.

Don Chafin: *Now, have we got any new men that haven't been assigned to a patrol yet? Good, real good. Looks like we're ready for just about anything. The boys from Ethel will lead the group that goes up Dingess Run to Blair Mountain. You boys from down the Guyan will take the rest and head up Crooked Creek and spread across the ridge to Hewitt Mountain. For you guys that are used to huntin' a little coon or squirrel up in them hills, I'd say them union men are gonna be easy pickin's. All right, guess that's it. Take it on home and get yourselves some sleep. Any man that gets a jag on and don't hear the siren is gonna answer to me!*

The playwright-actors in one of their scenes in Act II. Carole and Bob Damron as Ralph, a coal miner, and his wife Thelma before a rally where Mother Jones is to speak.

A Miner: *Folks from up on the creek have been passin' by all mornin'. Some of 'em say they're gonna walk clear to the capitol, and I know most of 'em won't have train fare back. This is a big day for every miner in the valley. If the governor won't listen to ten of our leaders that try to see him in his office, he'll have to hide in his closet not to hear 10,000 of us raisin' hell outside!*

Wife: *What's gonna happen today, Jim? I can't help but feel wary of all this excitement-- There's liable to be trouble.*

A Miner: *Don't you worry, now, we'll be among friends. Everyone's agreed there'll be no fightin', just talkin'.*

continued on page 49

"Going Yander": The West Virginia Guineas' View of Ohio*

By Barry J. Ward

Drawings by Patricia Cahape

To one who has lived in the industrial centers of eastern Ohio for any length of time, jokes and anecdotes about West Virginia "Appies" who cross the state line early on Monday morning to go to their places of employment and return Friday to their hills, homes, and families are a commonplace. Akron and Canton are alternately credited with being the largest cities in West Virginia by Clevelanders with a sense of humor, if not of originality. Stories circulate in Columbus, Ohio, of a man being given a tour of the splendors and joys of Heaven: in one room he is shown connoisseurs tasting the finest of gourmet meals; in another room he watches men and women of astonishing beauty sport with one another; in yet another all the masterworks of the world's great artists are on display for admirers. And so it goes for room after room until, seemingly inexplicably, they come to one room in which the inhabitants are chained and manacled. St. Paul easily resolves this unheavenly situation by explaining to his satisfaction, and the audience's amusement, that the men are West Virginians who would go home for the weekend if not restrained.

My own consciousness-raising about the staggering extend of this traffic came in 1974 when I began my weekly commuting between Columbus and Morgantown to fulfill my new teaching responsibilities at West Virginia University. For several months my situation was essentially a reversal of the established pattern, since early Monday morning I braved Interstate 70 and the Wheeling Tunnel to pursue employment and returned Friday afternoon to home and hearth.

The traffic jam I encountered on the Ohio-West Virginia state line was one of the lingering consequences of what has come to be known as the Great Migration of the 1940s through 1960s. Between 1950 and 1960 the Southern Appalachian Region experienced a net loss of 1,000,000 people, nearly one-fifth of its entire population in the 1950 census. During this same time period, the State of West Virginia lost ten percent of its population, and between 1940 and 1960 we saw a net total of over 400,000 people leave the state.[1]

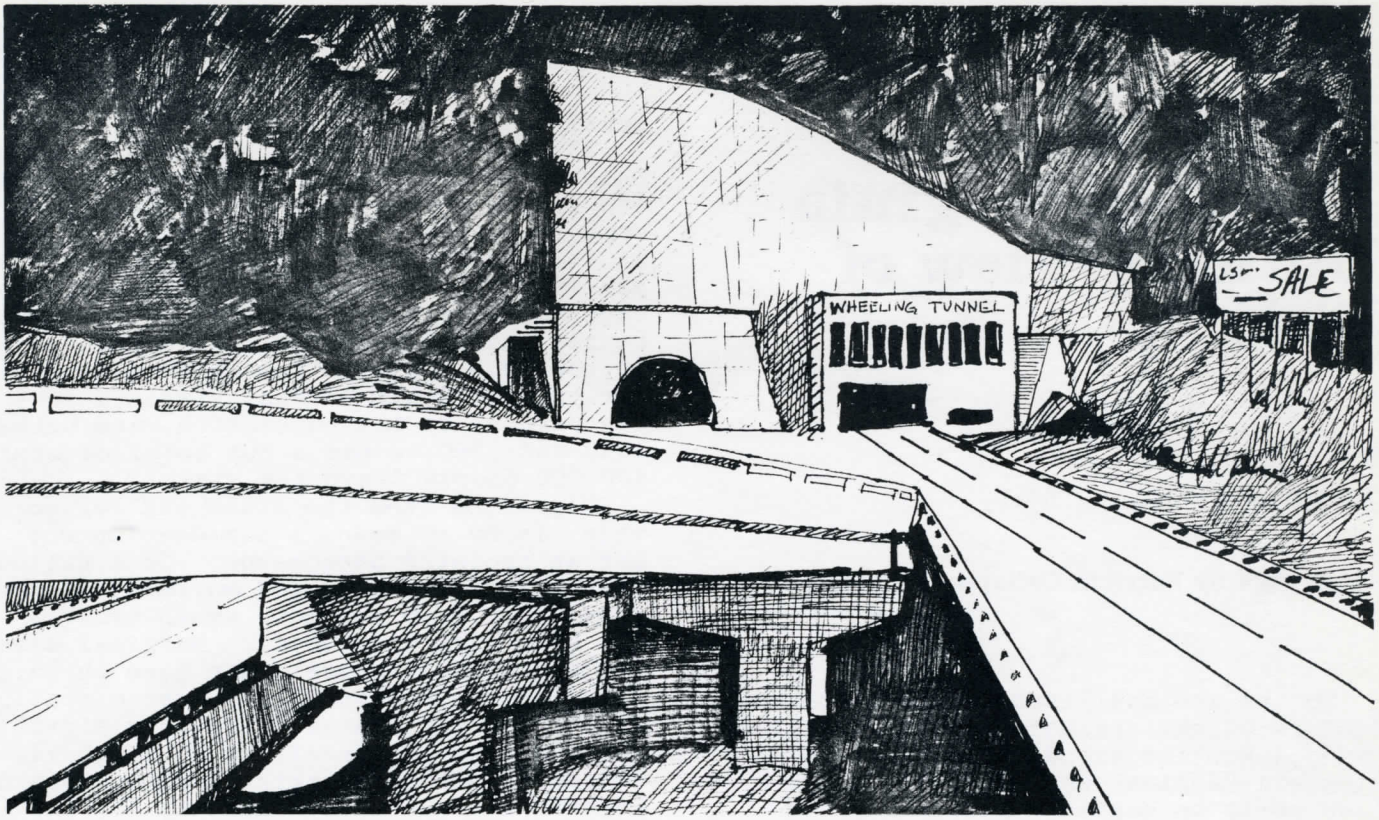
Migration from the state and region, then, is by no means a new development nor an isolated phenomenon. On a national level the accelerated movement of the population from rural to urban centers has been well documented. Marginal farming areas where poverty has been chronic have contributed heavily to the migration flow. However, in studying this migration pattern, one soon realizes that all its causes cannot be identified with certainty. Poverty alone does not account for the massive migration of the Appalachian population. A combination of economic, social, and psychological factors affect individuals and regional groups[2] The fact that Appalachian people desiring higher economic standards of living had but a limited number of alternatives to migration is not sufficient cause to explain why so many of the people have migrated.

It is beyond the scope of this paper to attempt a full analysis of Appalachian migration. However, recent and close contact with one special community in Appalachia has revealed some of the social and psychological factors in their large scale exodus from West Virginia. What I took in 1974 to be simply a concretization of the old jokes, with thousands of my West Virginia brethren crossing the state line to pursue economic opportunities, assumed new meaning during the summer of 1975 as Professor Avery F. Gaskins and I collected the tales and legends of the "Guineas." †

The Guineas are a group of approximately one thousand to fifteen hundred persons comprising a racial island of allegedly mixed Caucasian-Negro-Indian ancestry located in Barbour, Taylor, and Harrison counties of north-central West Virginia, primarily in the Chestnut Ridge area near the town of Philippi and West Hill near the town of Grafton. They have experienced the rejection and antipathy felt by other similar, though not related, colonies such as the

* The following paper was presented at the Annual Meeting of the American Folklore Society in New Orleans, October 1975.

† In the following discussion the word "Guineas" is used without quotation marks in its ethnographic sense, and in no way should its use be construed as supporting any approbrious connotations.



Melungeons of Tennessee, "Brass Ankles" of North Carolina, Wesorts of Maryland, and Jackson Whites of New Jersey. Consequently, the Guineas have remained isolated, and they bear only a half-dozen or so family names.

Guinea is not a name that group members apply to themselves, though of course they are aware of its use as a derogatory epithet by others. The stigma attaching to the Guineas is not a result of their claim to Indian ancestry. The belief by the local white population that the Guineas are of runaway slave origin, and hence Negroes attempting to pass for Caucasians or Indians, is certainly at the heart of this stigma. This belief in slave origins, as well as a number of other fanciful theories, is based on demonstrably unfactual legends about the Guineas' origins and the dusky complexion of some family members.

Professor Gaskins has discussed these legends elsewhere, citing and disproving the most widespread accounts.[3] The first focuses on the name "Guinea" itself which has wide circulation as a pejorative nickname for Mediterraneans and particularly for Italians in West Virginia and other parts of the United States. It has been proposed that the present day Guineas are the descendants of illegitimate children of Italian railroad workers in the Philippi locale who, shunned by the local populace, found their companionship with area Negroes. The children they left behind, it is said, became known as the "Guineas' children." This otherwise convenient explanation fails to account for the presence of families considered to be of the Guineas long before the coming of the railroads and foreign labor.

Another legend identifies the West Virginia Guineas as a branch of the Melungeons of Tennessee. This legend, while not making the direct connection between the Guineas and runaway Negroes, does identify them with a group generally recognized as being of partial Negro ancestry. Just as importantly, it also sets them aside as being later immigrants into the region and hence intruders and outsiders. Again, no basis exists for merging the Melungeons and Guineas. The family names do not significantly overlap; the Guineas were in West Virginia at least as early as the Melungeons were in Tennessee; and no other corroborating evidence links the two.

A third and most bizarre legend emphasizes their Indian ancestry by surmising that they are the survivors of Sir Walter Raleigh's "Lost Colony." These unfortunates allegedly intermarried with their Indian conquerors, migrated westward, and later gave solace to and married Negroes fleeing for their lives and freedom into the hills of West Virginia. Romantically appealing, though insupportable, this remains a commonly offered explanation of their origins. However, no matter what the origin of the designation or the people, the term Guinea evolved from a general term applying to anyone suspected of having Negro ancestry to a specialized name for

the families of the tri-county region. Today it is not through legend or physical characteristic that group members are identified, but through the simplest and most foolproof method available: family name.

So long as the Taylor-Barbour County area remained relatively unsettled, the Guineas could remain apart and self-reliant by hunting and farming. But by the end of the nineteenth century civilization had hemmed them in and they found themselves surrounded by hostile neighbors. Part of their hunting land was cleared to make way for coal mines, and in 1937, another huge portion of their land was flooded out when a dam was built on the Tygart Valley River at Grafton. Their talents, which were useful and admired in frontier days, became less and less sufficient to sustain their families. A few found employment in the mines, but the majority remained among the hard-core unemployed of the area.

Permanent migration out of Barbour and Taylor Counties has been recommended by local white officials as the best solution for the individual Guinea. And, indeed, many Guineas, like other Appalachians, have resorted to this answer to their problem. Most have not only left the county but the state as well. This pattern is not typical of the Appalachian migration pattern which is primarily intrastate.[4] By moving into communities where there is no knowledge of them as a group, it is possible for individual Guineas to acquire white status. Once an individual has done this, he may continue to encounter hostility in his new home, but it is because of his Appalachian heritage, not his Guinea surname.

For Appalachian migrants the problems they encounter are similar to those faced by immigrants to America. In Midwestern urban areas, the status of the Appalachian migrant remains an inferior one. Thus, in addition to the difficulties stemming from the migration process itself, Appalachian migrants must cope as well with an inferior social status. Appalachian newcomers to the city also flock together, a tendency which inhibits their assimilation into the larger community. This self-imposed segregation heightens and perpetuates their inferior status.

The high degree of family solidity and loyalty connected with Appalachian migrants in general is especially true of the Guineas whose insecurity in leaving their area is lessened by the prospects of joining family members who have left earlier. Since at least 1880, Guinea migration has witnessed the movement of younger family members to join older brothers and sisters or other relatives in a stable migration stream into the Ohio cities of Zanesville, Columbus, Akron, and Canton.

Though the broad pattern of Guinea family migration is like that of other Appalachians, the prejudice which they experience in their home counties makes them outcasts among outcasts and hence distrustful of any assistance offered by non-Guineas. One local institution, the Appalachian Ministry of the United Methodist Church, discovered this when it attempted to provide out-migrating Guineas with counsel about employment, housing, church contracts, and other means of assistance in adjusting to urban life. To assist them the Methodist Church established a center in Cleveland. Contrary to the mission's expectations, but certainly in accord with their own established migration patterns, few Guineas approached staff members for assistance. They did not need to: they knew the route.

Two legends collected from white informants recounting the experiences of individual Guineas when they move into the world beyond the confines of their home counties are especially revealing of exoteric[5] views of the Guineas. The first appears in the guise of a factual account describing the fortunes of a youth who leaves home, "passes" for white, marries well, and rather foolishly brings his bride home to meet the family.

> When Guinea youths migrate or go into the army they often return to the ancestral hearth bringing white girls as brides; and the latter are faced with the social problem of meeting their varicolored in-laws. This situation has been said to result occasionally in divorce or annulment. One such case was mentioned in which a dramatic racial denouement occurred when a wealthy bride drove up to the poor dwelling of her husband's people in her "fancy" car and was shocked beyond words to discover that they were locally considered as colored.[6]

Interestingly, the central figure of this story, the one with whom the listener and teller alike come to identify, is the duped bride. Not apparently dismayed by the prejudice or injustice of the blatant racial discrimination she encounters, she is "shocked beyond words" to realize she has married a colored person.

The fear of a Guinea "conspiracy to pass" in fact lies behind much exoteric Guinea folklore, even those stories which purport to be sympathetic to these people. A most interesting example of this appears in the privately published *Historical Anecdotes of Early Taylor County* (1972),[7] which

tells of an industrious and honest man who recognizes his place (as the exoteric group sees it), not allowing his new son-in-law to be entrapped in an inadvertent misalliance. Though strong and vigorous, ambitious and industrious, a leader of men both black and white, "Hen" M_____ still remains principally a *Guinea*, albeit a remarkable one in the eyes of the teller.

Henry "Hen" M_____ was born and reared in West Hill section and married there. He was more than six feet tall and weighted [sic] over 200 pounds. Skilled in woodcraft, he went into Tucker County as a woodsman for the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, cutting timbers for their mill at Davis. It wasn't long until bosses of crews and lumberjacks realized M_____'s ability to lead men and he was made a crew boss and later a foreman of a section of timberland worked by several woodsmen. Still the company's appreciation of the value of "Hen" M_____ to them grew and he was given a place in their Davis plant.

Meantime, Henry M_____ was accumulating money and a small family, contrary to the usual rule of these people, in both instances. He bought himself a home in Davis and became a member of the town council. It was claimed he was mayor at one time but that theory is disapproved [sic].

Henry's oldest daughter whose name we will here pass unpublished, graduated from grade and high school and attended a college in another state, some say Virginia but the writer has reasons to believe it was a Michigan institution. There she fell in love with a professor of chemistry and accepted his proposal of marriage.

Happily wedded to an educated man of pure Caucasian lineage, she wrote her father at Davis to meet them at Piedmont, explaining her husband had accepted a post in the laboratories of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company at its Luke, Md., plant. Huge, strong, successful "Hen" M_____ accordingly met his daughter and son-in-law at Piedmont, the formalities of introduction were over and they were at a hotel near the Piedmont railroad station for a friendly chat. Henry was worried, but an outspoken man who wanted to do any job at hand forthwith, he called his son-in-law aside and advised him there was something he must know.

Henry M_____ declared his daughter was an excellent woman, as good as anybody and entitled to complete happiness; he added that she was his pride and declared his fealty to the young woman from a proud father's heart. Then Henry almost whispered to his son-in-law words that informed him there was colored blood in the daughter's veins. Then, his chest unloaded of his heavy burden, the father advised that the son-in-law could leave his wife and Henry would provide and care for her and never say a word or the son-in-law could continue to live with her. The chemist-professor [sic] chose to respect his vows and his wife's love and they lived happily.

The story circulates even today in several versions, a fact which establishes it as folklore rather than history. But the lesson is always the same: no matter what an individual achieves, he will always be, first and foremost, a Guinea. "Hen" M____ and his family achieve happiness because they accept this fact of the culture. I must add, however, that in most versions the price they pay for miscegenation is high; the usual closing of the story reads, "He and his wife never had any offspring, however, so the story goes." Happiness is limited, tempered, and only possible for the individuals involved. It is not part of the legacy of Guinea children.

Some members of the younger generation, once freed of the social stigma prevalent at home, have settled in new locales and cut off all contact with their families in West Virginia in an effort to conceal their origins. The book they hate above all others is Brewton Berry's *Almost White* which, they feel, betrayed them by listing in print for the first time, their family names. Identified locally as "that book in the Zanesville library" where it must first have been discovered by a surprised and distressed migrant, it is a rallying point for group identity and considered the work of the devil.

Most Guineas, however, have felt the strong tie to home and family so characteristic of Appalachian families, and they spend much of their time on weekends driving between their places of work and their ancestral homes. In fact, Professor Gaskins and I are convinced that we were able to gain rapid entrance into the Guinea community in good measure because of the Ohio license plates still on my car.

In summary, the impulse to move from West Virginia to Ohio is certainly not an exclusively Guinea phenomenon. Indeed, in the 1940s, Wendel, a small mining community in Taylor County, disbanded and almost the entire population moved to the suburbs of an Ohio city. To this day, that suburb is know as "Little Wendel."

However, the exodus has held greater significance for the Guineas than for the rest of the West Virginians who leave home. For the ordinary West Virginian, the decision to move is based primarily on economics. Until the recent energy crisis, when jobs dried up in West Virginia, they still were plentiful elsewhere. For the Guineas, the move to Ohio has meant a total break with the social patterns that have stifled their advancement in West Virginia. The stereotypes have not followed them, and they have been able to

compete for social status on a basis equal to that of other West Virginians. In many ways Ohio has meant to the Guineas what America must have meant to the European immigrant of the 19th century.

Nonetheless, the Guineas have also experienced the homesickness syndrome exhibited by most other Appalachians who move to industrial centers outside the region. The weekend commuting between West Virginia and Ohio so often joked about still exists among the Guineas. Fathers hold out on moving the entire family until economic pressures force it. Even those who establish themselves in Ohio return frequently to West Virginia because parents and brothers and sisters still live in the old homesteads.

Recently, in the process of telling us a Guinea version of "Limmry Jim," a fourteen-year-old resident of Barbour County indicated he had learned the tale from his father. Eager to meet the man, we asked if the boy would take us to him.

"Can't, he's yander."

"Where?" we asked, thinking we had misheard or misunderstood the drift of his answer.

"Yander, you know, in Ohio."

There is little doubt that the extreme feelings once felt by local residents against the Guineas have mellowed over the last twenty years. Once the schools were desegregated and the youth began to mingle, some of the distrust wrought by separation and isolation was removed. An improved economic situation in the state has lessened rivalry for mining and related positions, once a source of bitter competition. In general, the impulse to isolate the Guineas and the impulse of the Guineas to leave for more congenial surroundings have lessened. Still, whatever its objective reality may be to us, for many West Virginia Guineas, Ohio remains the hope for a job and for social equality. Their migration to the industrial centers of Ohio is certain to continue.

NOTES

1 James S. Brown and George A. Hillery, Jr., "The Great Migration, 1940-1960," in *The Southern Appalachian Region, A Survey*, ed. Thomas R. Ford (Lexington, University of Kentucky, 1967), pp. 54-59.

2 Brown and Hillery, p. 61.

3 Avery F. Gaskins, "An Introduction to the Guineas: West Virginia's Melungeons," *Appalachian Journal* 1 (Autumn, 1973), pp. 234-37.

4 Brown and Hillery, p. 63. "Much of this movement to contiguous areas, of course, is intrastate migration, for migrants tend to remain within their home states."

5 William Hugh Jansen, "The Esoteric-Exoteric Factor in Folklore," in Alan Dundes, *The Study of Folklore* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1965), pp. 43-51.

6 William Harlen Gilbert, "Mixed bloods of the upper Monongahela Valley, West Virginia," *Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences*, 36, No. 1 (January 15, 1946), pp. 43-45.

7 Compiled by Paul C. Bartlett, Superintendent of Taylor County Schools, from manuscripts in print since 1935.

Appalachian Folk Crafts in Transition

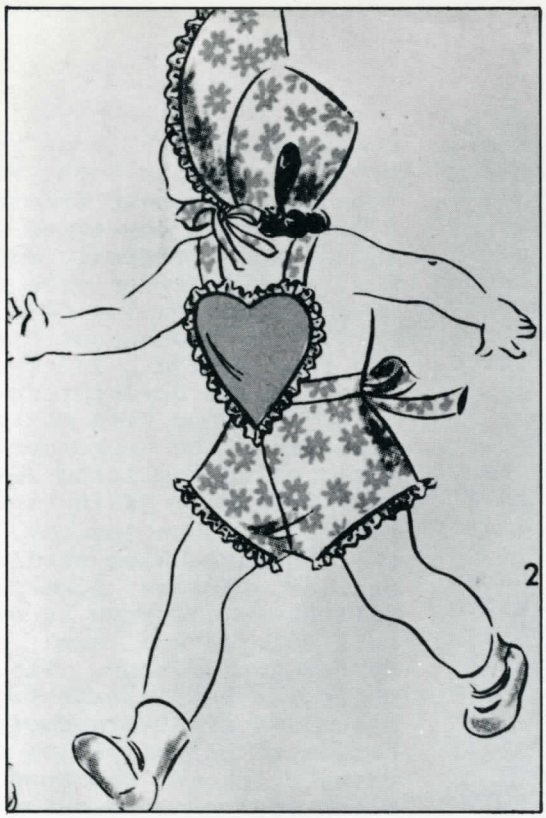
The Effects of Modern Technology and Popular Literature on Traditional Mountain Crafts

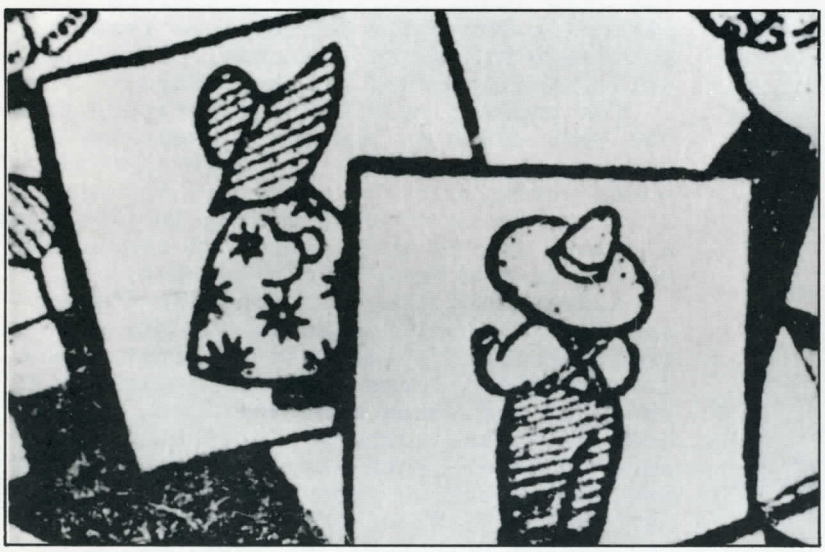
Text and Photographs by Yvonne Milspaw

We are used to thinking of the rich folk crafts heritage of Appalachia as part of a long tradition, unchanged over time from the earliest settlers and stretching back even further into dim antiquity. And to some extent this vision of tradition is a true one. But we must not be blind to events around us, to the ever-changing quality of popular taste, of mutable concepts of the beautiful, and quite importantly, to the changes brought about by advanced technology.

Looking at any craft analytically, it can be divided into three distinct areas: the process of producing the object, the materials used in it, and the design of the object. A purist might contend that all three areas must be uncontaminated by technology or popular taste in order to produce a truly "folk" item. But a careful look at the events surrounding some traditional crafts in West Virginia will, I think, convince us otherwise. The substitution of materials takes place with great regularity and ease; designs change with fashion; but the process often remains nearly stable. The craft of quilt making will provide examples.

Quilting is technically a salvage craft. It takes otherwise useless scraps of material, old clothes, old blankets, grain sacks and puts them to good use. It also often produces an object of exquisite beauty and workmanship. Usually a quilt





(left) Illustration from the current needlework catalogue of a mail order house. (below, left) From a 1930s or early 1940s pattern book. (below) From a 1940s pattern.

top is produced first; it is either pieced in geometric designs or appliqued. In the latter technique a design, often floral, is cut out of material and carefully sewn onto a larger piece of cloth. Originally all this sewing was done by hand, but today much is done on the machine with only very tricky parts pieced by hand. Appliqued designs are occasionally completed with a zig-zag attachment on the machine.

When the top is completed it is ready for quilting or tieing. A plain piece of material is stretched out on a set of frames. Then the fitting is added; it may be loose cotton, wool, an old blanket or quilt, or commercially prepared polyester batting. The finished top is then stretched over the other pieces and the coverlet is ready for the final steps. The quilting (tiny stitches through all the layers of material in themselves make a new design, sometimes also done by machine) or tieing (here bright colored threads are knotted through all three layers at regular intervals) is often accomplished by several women working together. When the coverlet is removed from the frame, the edges are bound and it is ready for use.

There is little doubt that quilting is a traditional craft in Appalachia. Fine

quilts have been produced from the times of earliest settlement. And the process of making a quilt--with the sole exception of the intrusion of the sewing machine--has changed very little, if at all, over this period of time. But the other aspects of the craft, the material used and the designs employed, have enjoyed great changes, especially in the last 50 years.

While quilts still serve to use up leftover scraps of material from other sewing, it is not unusual for a woman to buy a yard or so of material for use in a specific quilt. Quilt backs are now almost always purchased, often prettily patterned sheets being favored, and there is almost universal agreement among quiltmakers that a commercially prepared polyester filling is the most desirable quilt lining. It is easy to work with and, more important to the practical quiltmaker, entirely washable. Great rolls of this filler can be found in almost any drygoods store in West Virginia. Cotton, and more recently cotton blends, are still the preferred materials for serious quilt top making. Occasionally one finds wool in use, but materials of such differing qualities are rarely mixed on any quilt top.

The changes in both process and materials are largely results of timesaving devices and practicality. The changes in the design elements, however, represent a more subtle change, that of preference as well as aesthetic. In this area the influence of popular literature and taste has had great sway.

There seem to be several trends apparent in the quilt designs of Appalachia. There is, to begin with, a mix of geometric pieced designs and realistic appliqued designs. The geometric designs are often extremely complex in overall concept, but they are certainly not at all representative of any reality. The names of these designs--if they are named at all--are reflective of their geometric form. "Squares," "Nine Square," Polky Dot," or "Star" are common terms of reference for these very old and traditional designs.

Realistic designs such as birds, houses or children, those that are more likely to be appliqued, seem to be more recent phenomena among traditional quiltmakers. Nineteenth century needlework projects such as those shown in Godey's Lady's Book suggest numerous geometric patchwork designs, but no realistic designs. Of course, appliqued realistic designs are found in the 19th century, but this design form gained real popularity in the crafts revival of the late 1920s and early 1930s. In those years several excellent quilting books were published. They included both traditional geometric designs (with sometimes fanciful names added) and "original, modern" designs. Most of the latter were realistic appliqued designs called "Bluebirds" or "Butterfly" or "Sunbonnet Girl" for the reality they copied. And they nearly always retain these descriptive names.

At the same time there was a popular upsurge in the embroidered quilt top, again using realistic designs, and during the 1920s many plain pieced quilts, particularly those intended for children, were enhanced with needlework pictures of animals, flowers, houses, boats, and baseball bats. We have in our family a heavy, dull colored wool quilt made for my mother by her grandmother. The warmth of the quilt was hardly exciting to a small child. Hence, my great-grandmother carefully embroidered bright yellow and pink dogs, cats, chickens, and cows on the blank black squares and outlined each square with yellow turkey track stitches. By the late 1930s embroidery transfers specifically for quilt making were readily available at fairly low cost. They are still available and in use today.

The popular needlework literature from the late 1920s on has had a great influence in the quilt design repertoire of women throughout the country. For specific examples of this change in traditional taste let us look closer at the quilt making of two West Virginia women.

Audrey McMillen of Monongalia County and Veda Wade of Pocahontas County are both excellent quilt makers. Both women live on small farms, both have grown children and young grandchildren, and both have vast numbers of the quilts they love to make. Both use similar materials and techniques in producing their craft. Although Mrs. Wade seems to prefer pieced quilts and Mrs. McMillen appliqued ones, each has a distinct style and both employ a fascinating mix of old traditional and popular commercial designs in their quilts. Both women consciously make use of old-time designs; Mrs. Wade makes especial use of elaborate variations of square and rectangles, which are traditional and very old designs. Significantly she has no special names for them. "Just squares," she reports. On the other hand, Mrs. McMillen's realistic designs borrowed from popular literature do have very exact names. Her charming, "House on the Hill" and "Log Cabin" quilts are very similar in form. Both bear carefully appliqued and embroidered realistic forms,

continued on page 46

New River Towns: 1900 to 1920

Interviews and Photographs by Douglas Chadwick

This section--pages 18 through 39--is a continuation of Douglas Chadwick's work published in our last issue. The old photographs of William O. Trevey, the late Glen Jean documentarian, are from the collection of Bill Hickman, whose original glass plate negatives were again the source for Chadwick's prints.

Map by Wallace Bennett.

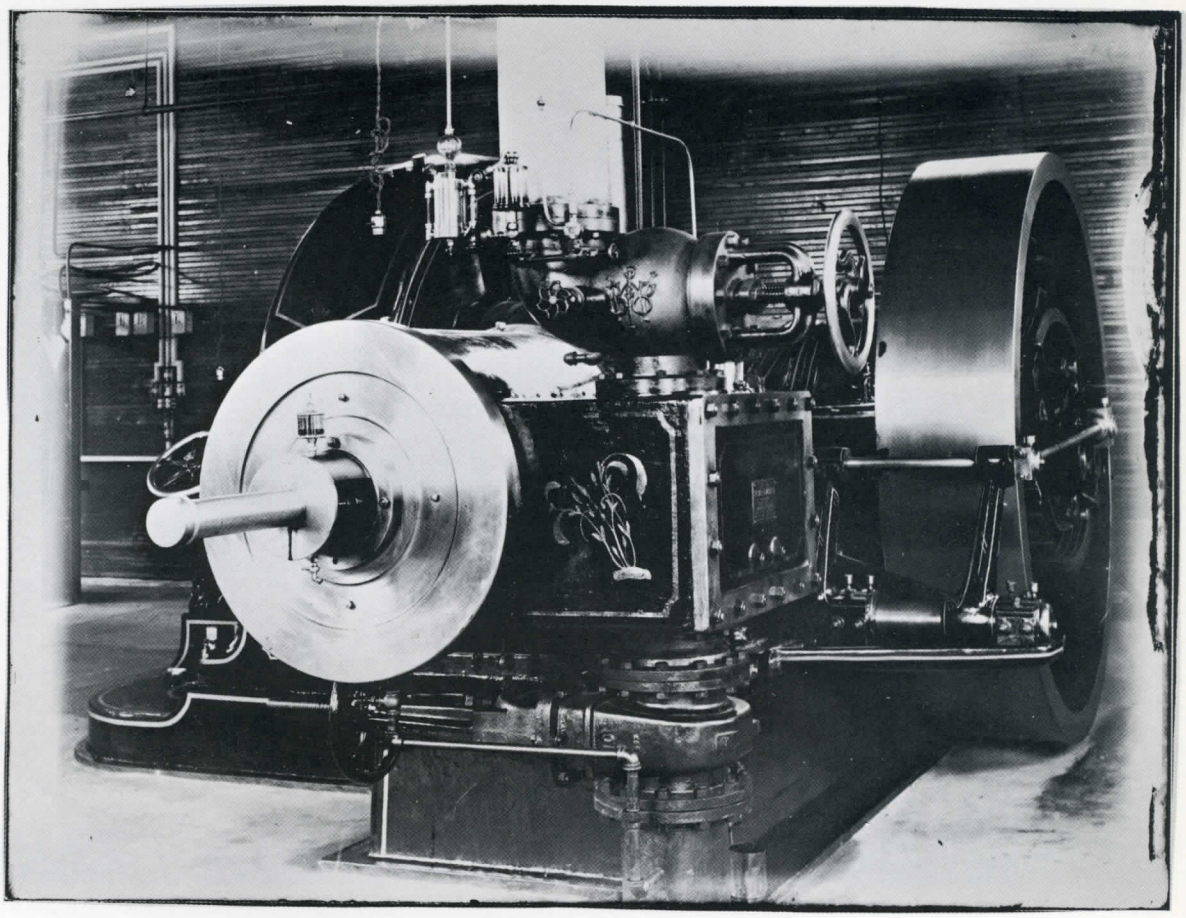
View of Stretcher's Neck on the New River. It is the bend in the river next to Grandview State Park. Terry is the town on the left, and McCreery is on the right.

Lacy Anderson Reminisces

Lacy Anderson, now living in Beckley, is a retired railroader. Mr. Chadwick interviewed him in the early weeks of this year, and talked with the others whose interviews follow around the same time or some weeks earlier.

Lacy Anderson. My dad came from Ironton, Ohio, really. Him and my mother met, she came from New River, Virginia; that's the name of the town. They met in the coalfields and married and that was in 1898. My twin brother and I are the youngest in the family, 57. But, uh, there's 11 children, two died as infants, and nine still living including three sets of twins--I'm a twin--a boy and a girl who are 66, and two boys that are 68. They went from coalfield to coalfield. I was born in 1918 at Export which is just up the creek from Quinnimont, and we came in there and stayed there our entire life until we came back out of the service in 1947. I say we, me and my two brothers. Then we bought the little place over at Prince, the old home there, as we later called it, at Prince.... When I came back out of the service I could have gone on the G.I. (Bill) and finished my education but my people were poor people and dad was old and I wanted to help him, and so first thing I'm back with the railroad where I had my rights.

My dad was working in the coal mines then, like I say, in 1918. When me and my brother were born he came to the railroad and worked in the so-called car department, that's repairs, that's a shop and such as that. Hard work, he had, real hard work. And then by being in a small community and being reared in the time of the Great Depression you had to take whatever you could get, and so, naturally, we, all of us, got on with the railroad.



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Douglas Chadwick. It was better than getting with the mines?

LA Well, it was hard; mines were down then. Even my dad in the '20s at his age on the railroad on his car department was cut down to as much as three and four days a week. And it was hard to get in anywhere, like now....

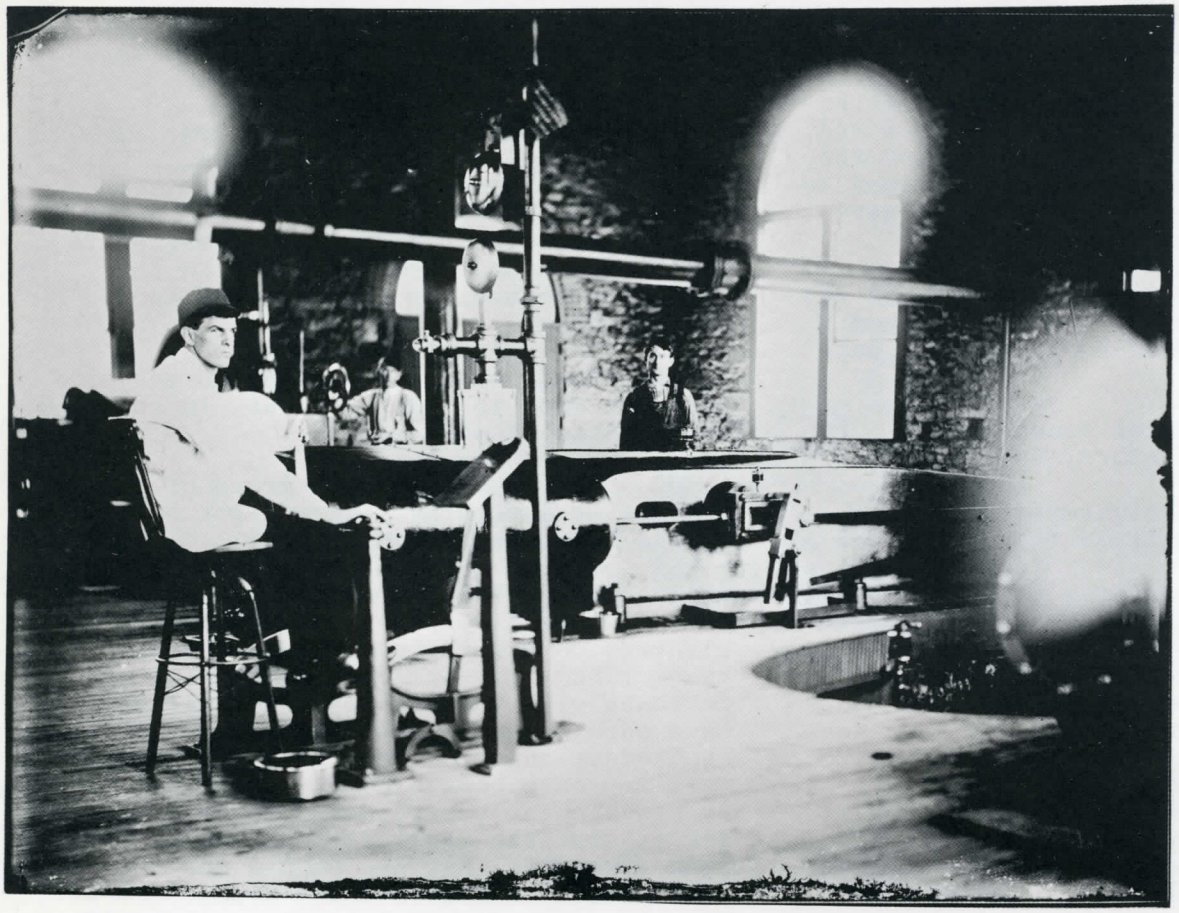
But, uh, no, railroading then was considered the best job you could get. The rate of pay was even more than the miner's then. The miners make more than the average worker on the railroad now....

We were there and our fun--because there was no automobiles then for us to run around in. There was a few automobiles; of course, we didn't have those. And the kids, we were on top of the mountain at Quinnimont and at Prince area, Layland, or we were on the river bank or playing sandlot baseball. And so that was our recreation.... It wasn't in the fast car like the boys have an opportunity for today.... That's the reason I know the river. I think I know every rock in the river from Hinton to Gauley. I learned to swim in the river and the creek there. I fished in every bit of it, all the way up and down. I've boated, I've canoed, camped on it. I've got to pull people out that was drownded, never come close to it myself, thank goodness. I've seen terrible incidents up and down there. I was there when they built the tunnel at Prince, Stretcher's Neck tunnel. That's when they put the second track in so they could have two trains. Then I was there when they built the highway bridge across at Prince; that was a toll bridge.

DC When was that?

LA They built it just about the time they built the tunnel, about nineteen and thirty. I don't know the exact date.... Otherwise you took the road over top of the tunnel as we called it, the highway, and down to Thurmond, 'cross that bridge and up to Beckley. That was the only way other than the railroad.

Then, working on the railroad we stayed in what they called railroad camp cars.



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Oh, in the old days they were called shanty cars, and such as that, camp cars. As times got better they become more modern to where we got good shower baths and inside toilets when I finished my work with them a few years back. They would put you in a place like McKendree where there was a sidetrack where you would work. So there was no place to go of the evening so you fished or you went swimming or hunting, of course that (was) back in the days of the 48-hour work week, six days a week. Sunday was the only day you got off. And the men's transportation was riding trains back and forth, no one had the automobile. Then they would put you at Thurmond or maybe at Thayer, or the place where they got the big place (tipple) down there, now Beechwood. And then at Sewell, Fayette Station, Deepwater, Montgomery, and, of course, up to Meadow Creek, Glade, out there.

That's a good redone picture. ①

DC This is some sort of steam generator. Unfortunately, the negatives were not labeled so I don't know what's what or where.

LA This was at Thurmond?

DC I don't know really where these things are.

LA Well, Thurmond of course had most of them and Quinnimont had their own. Before Appalachian Power got there, Quinnimont had their own electrical generating plant. When Appalachian came in they went with them and we had power 24 hours a day. When the generating plant was at Quinnimont--that's when I was little and my dad and my brother-in-law worked there some--they turned the power on at six o'clock at night. And that's when the women started buying their electric washing machines and everybody washed at night. A few people had gasoline washers before that time.

DC I think this is a drum hoist operator.... ②③ Here's a picture of the hoist itself, it was probably for one of those little monitors that went up and down the mountainside.

LA Yeah, that was more than likely at Sewell where the old building is still down there, the machine house, I mean.

DC This seems to be steam-powered, I thought they were gravity-powered.

LA Most of them were steamed because they fired them (with their own coal).... I saw this down at Royal and I saw it at Sewell and all the rest of them as a kid.... Looking at this one here, because of the bricks and that type of building seems to me like it was at Sewell, and they have coke ovens at Sewell....

This, I would say, is an old boarding house,. because the men all dressed up, wore their Sunday-go-to-meeting outfits.... ④

Yes, sort of a soda fountain and, I guess, a general store, too, because the old scales. ⑤

DC And Fatima cigarette ads.

LA More than likely they had a lot of Piedmont also....

Well, down at even the place they call Hawks Nest, where now they have the tram going down there, they had, well, some of the men that worked with me on the railroad could remember those days. Of course they're dead and gone now. But I believe they told me at one time there were five saloons in that town of Hawks Nest.... I may be wrong, it may be there were only three, but there was one called The Five Brothers, but I believe that was at Glen Jean. I've heard them tell about those but that was before my time too.

DC I hear it was pretty rough down in that area back then.

LA Yeah, even Sewell--when we came out of the service we were working down there then.... We were going to work one day and one guy, a colored man, came out of one the little red houses on the river bank and down the railroad he went. Just before he could dart into another one, a woman ran out and she unladed that shotgun about five times, and you talk about taking off, you should have seen *us*. We were heading for cover....

DC This is an old baptism. ⑥

LA Yes, that's familiar too. That could be anywhere through the coal camps, areas like that. That could be up on--doesn't look steep enough on the sides to be Loup Creek.... Yes, I saw a lot of that. I was baptised in the old river at Quinnimont into the Baptist Church in 1934.

DC Right in the river?

LA Oh, yes, they always baptised in the river....

That's something that's very unusual, too, because the, you see, the semi-nude picture there is very unusual, but the bartender and everybody looks right, exactly right. He's all dressed up but he's got his trousers rolled up on account of that mud, hasn't he? ⑦

This is when they first started bringing some lugs into the mines. ⑧

DC Yeah, when would that be? This a gas-powered thing?

LA I wouldn't know, but I imagine it could have been. The last mine in this area with horses, as you probably know, was Red Star.

DC No, I didn't know that.

LA Yeah, when I was going to school in Mount Hope in '33, '34, '35, in that area I know it was....

DC This seems to be a group of gypsies or something. Were a lot of people traveling through then? ⑨

LA Oh, my goodness, yes. See, they would come up the Thurmond road, but it doesn't look like gypsies, some of the blankets do but the people don't look like. They wore uniforms similar to the Mexicans with the blankets. I hate to make such a remark but, boy, they were the crookedest bunch of people in the world. This may have been a camp meeting and the people brought their tents and were there for it, but the gypsies has a lot of buggies like this, but the people don't look like what we would call the gypsies at all. There's a man with a guitar, so it could be a camp meeting and the people brought their tents to spend a week or two, which they did. It was almost like jury duty in Fayetteville, you get paid for the first day, if you traveled, and the last day.

DC What were these camp meetings?

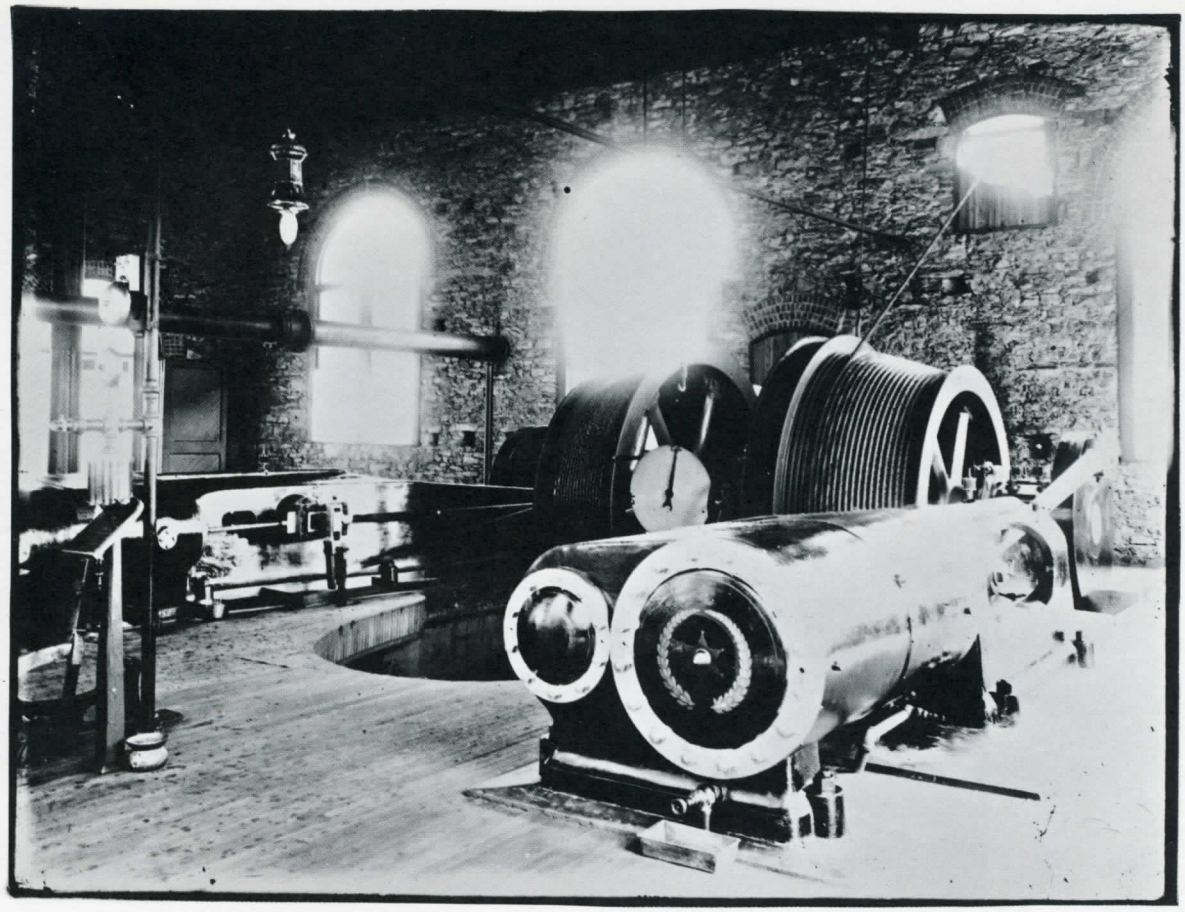
LA Well, religious camp meetings. They have what they call a revival. Some minister who traveled....

LA Oh, this is really good machinery, now, I don't know. Do you know if he took any pictures up at the Layland area or not? ⑩

DC He could well have.

LA Layland was a big mine, and then they had that tremendous explosion there in 1915. I believe it was 112 men got killed. But then they put more equipment in. This may not be, but Layland had some beautiful equipment up there, I can remember as a kid.

DC Yeah, there are all those buildings up there still, stone buildings.



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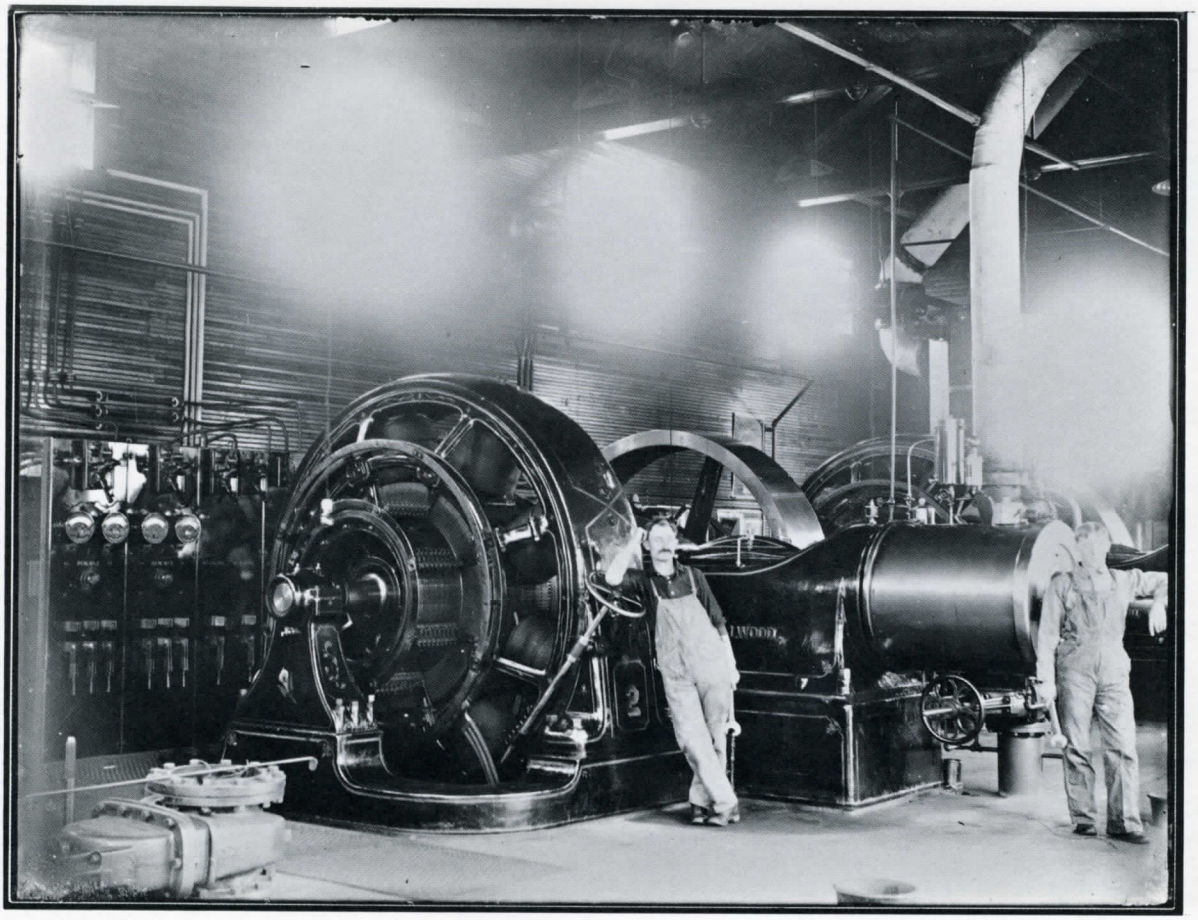

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William O. Trevey between 1900 and 1920 documented nearly every aspect of life, the working as well as the leisure moments, of a certain area in the New River Gorge in West Virginia. On pages 27 through 34 is a small group of more of his work.

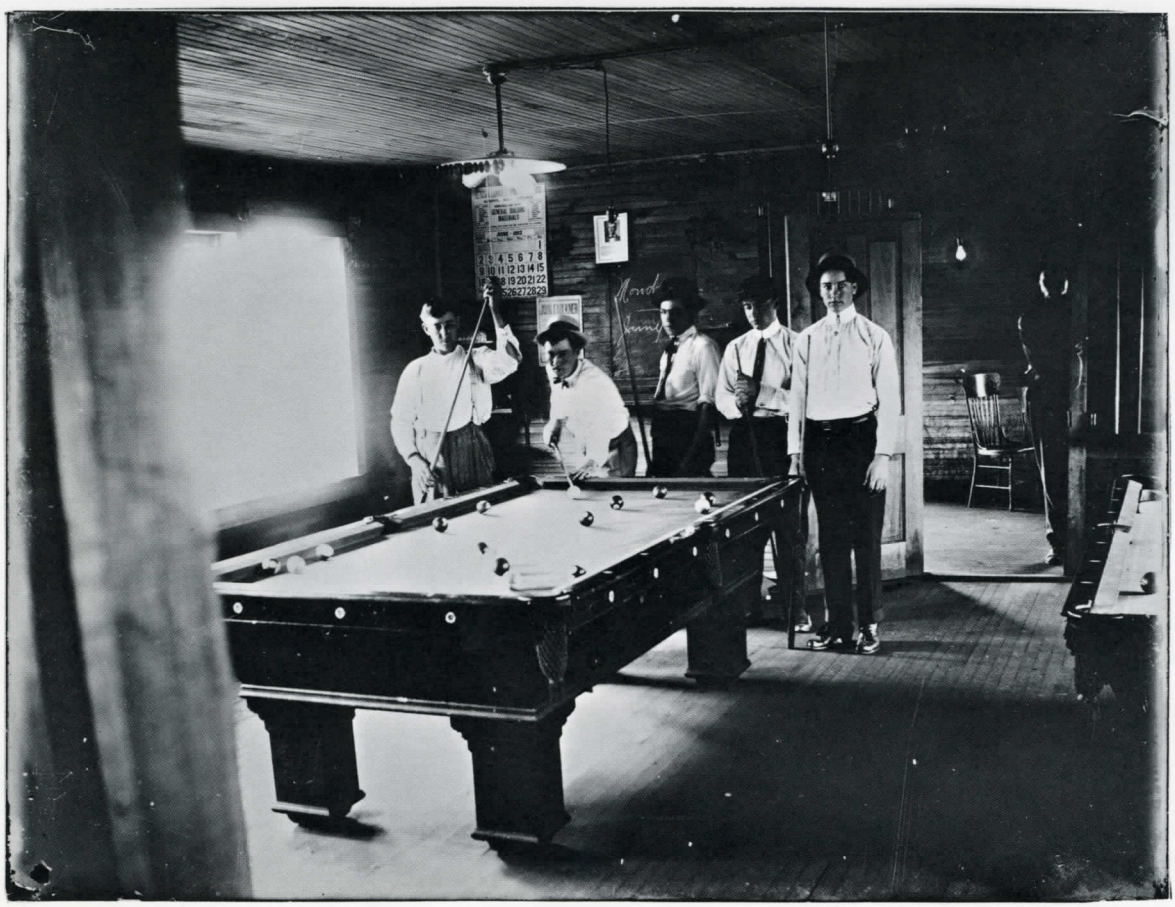
The Townspeople at Work

Loggers and two small boys pose on a small Peerless engine and its cargo of timber on a "pole road" with wooden tracks.

(below) A Koehring Paver crosses the bridge at Glen Jean. (opposite, above) Males in a New River community pose at a train wreck. (opposite, below) Coke ovens being built.

(above) Inside a printing shop.

...and at Leisure



Wallace Bennett and Jack Kelly

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Kelly provided the information for the following interviews and were also interviewed by Mr. Chadwick for the January issue of *Goldenseal* (Vol. 2, No. 1). The biographical sketches following are reprinted from that issue.

Wallace R. Bennett, Sr. 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.

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

Wallace Bennett on Bill McKell

Bill McKell, of course I knew of him, knew him to see him and everything, but would be more sketchy than anything else. I never knew him personally. No one knew Bill McKell to any degree, he wouldn't let anyone come near him, distant sort of fellow.

DC He certainly was rich.

WB Yeah, his estate was, I think, 31 million dollars. The State of West Virginia and the State of Ohio had a lawsuit, lasted about three years.

DC What about?

WB He owned the city of Chillicothe, Ohio, most of the whole city.... Ohio wanted the inheritance tax and West Virginia wanted it, see? Was in lawsuit for a long time.

He didn't ever marry. He inherited about all his money from his father Thomas Gaylord McKell. He's the one built the Dunglen Hotel. He was about 21 when his father died.

At one time Thurmond was a part of Glen Jean. McKell had it incorporated clear to Thurmond, that is what they call Ballyhack, that's the south side of Thurmond.

DC So Bill McKell took over his father's holdings about nineteen and--?

WB Some time between five and ten, somewhere back in there. He was a young man, believe went to Princeton (University), didn't he?

Legend says he married a girl from Cincinnati one time. Went down and brought her up on the train. She was used to the bright lights in Cincinnati and got up there to Glen Jean and looked around and said, "Bill, is this where we're going to have to live?" And he said, "No, you don't have to live here." Shipped her out on the next train back to Cincinnati and that was the end of it.

He never owned an automobile. He did buy one old car one time, they tell me, an old secondhand one, just to keep the salesmen from bothering him, just so he could say, "I've got one over there." It sit in the garage and he never used it. He hitchhiked to Mount Hope.

DC Really?

WB Yeah. You'd catch him out there hitchhiking lots of times going to Mount Hope. If he thought he could save a dime on taxi fare he'd hitchhike.... I don't see what good money does a fellow that's that tight with it, do you? You wouldn't enjoy it....

(About the photo of Bill McKell) It's a wintertime scene there, he's got an overcoat on, but you'd see him in the summertime, he'd have on an old $5 seersucker suit you could buy in those days for about five dollars. He wasn't a flashy fellow. Oh, he was a good man,

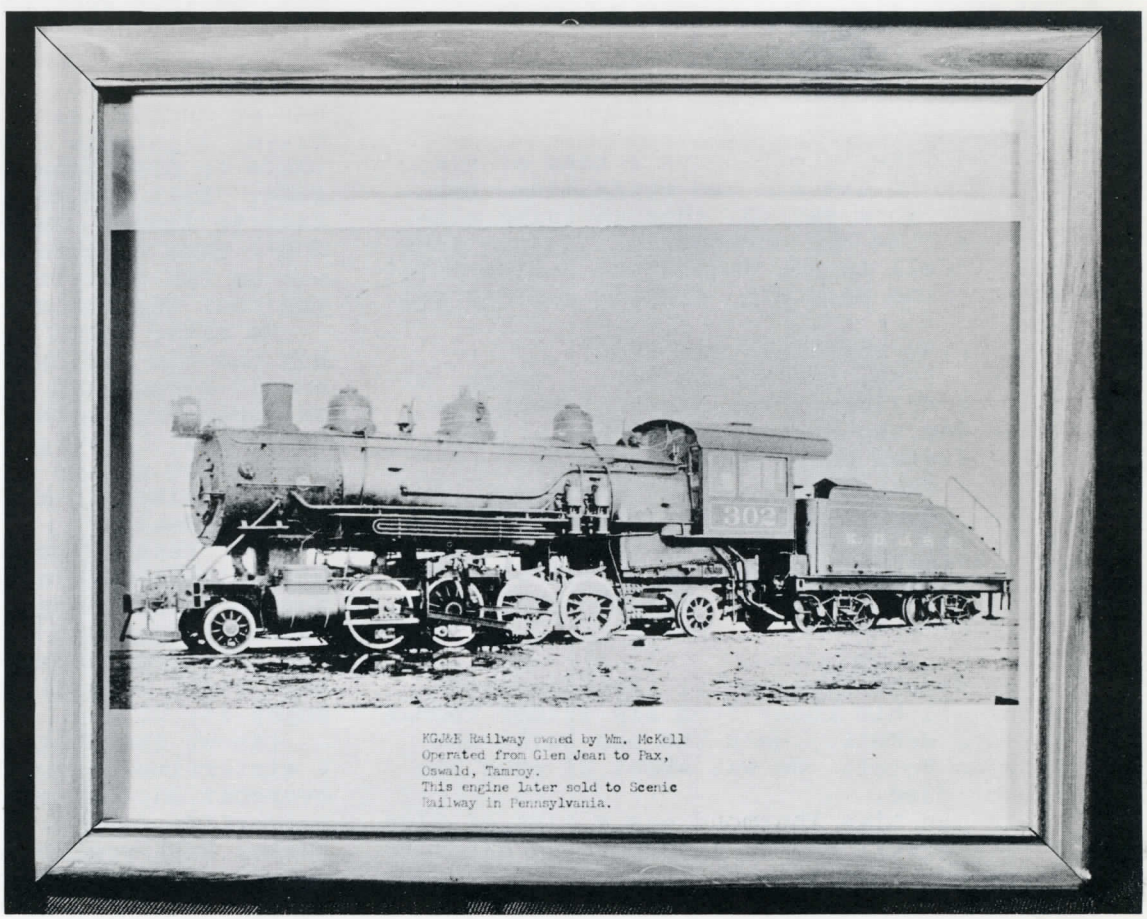
just conservative.

Say he didn't carry insurance on any of his buildings, all the towns he built that he owned. He figured it was cheaper to keep the money, if the house burned.... He probably had ten camps, mining towns. That'd be over 1000 houses; (if) you've got to pay several thousand dollars insurance, you could build a house back in those days for $1000. Let it burn. But he'd never build nothing back when it burned. The Dunglen burned, and he never made an attempt to build it back. And there was a big store at this end of the bridge there, it burned in 1922, never built it back, and it had four stores in it and an undertaking establishment and a theatre and a morgue and a shoeshop in it, all in that one building, never built it back.

DC Where did Bill McKell live?

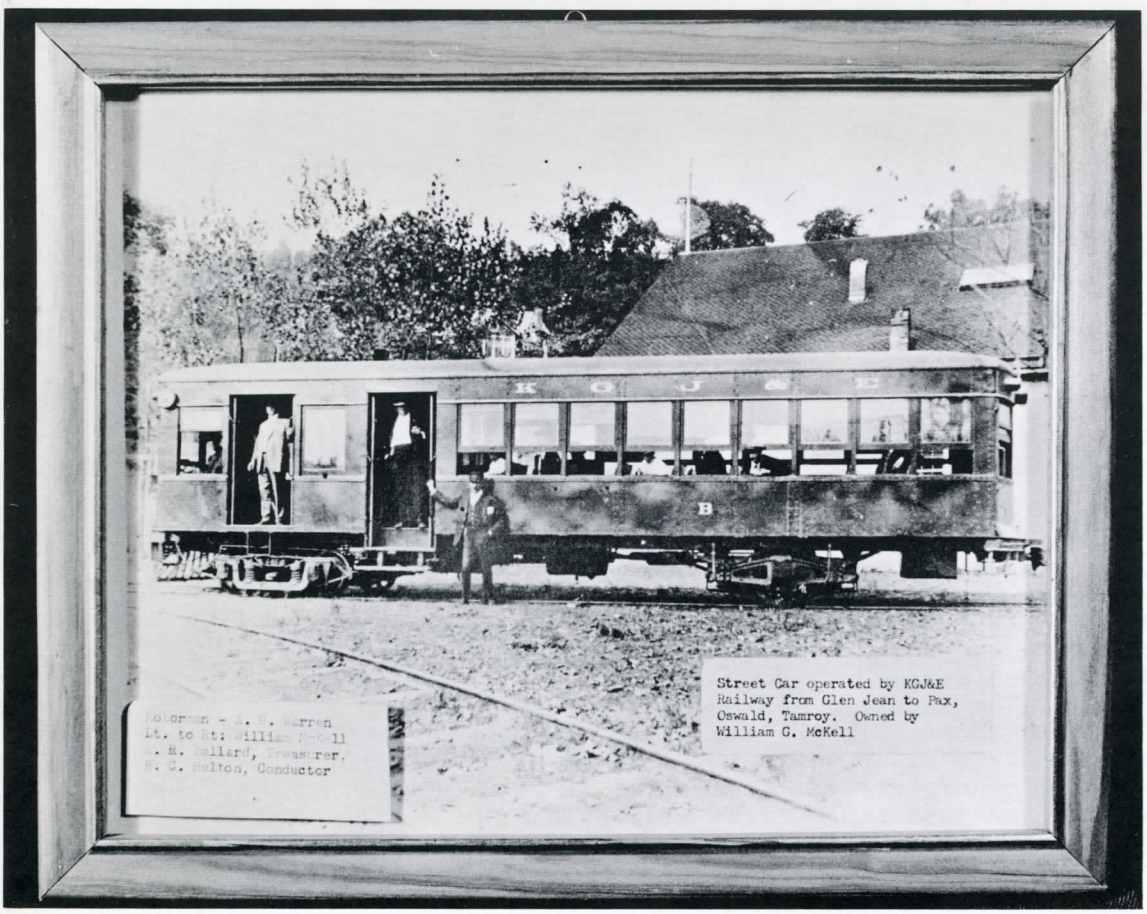
WB He lived in Glen Jean. They tore that house down when they built that new road through here....

(The Glen Jean Opera House was) built in 1896, tore down some time in the '50s. It was fancy, had a big stage, used to dance, had stage shows; later on they had movies in there.



KG&E Railway owned by Wm. McKell
Operated from Glen Jean to Pax,
Oswald, Tamroy.
This engine later sold to Scenic
Railway in Pennsylvania.

(opposite, above) William "Bill" McKell, January 21, 1931. (left) The Glen Jean Opera House owned by William McKell. The Franc's Minstrels' poster reveals that the original New York company under white management" was to have appeared there. (below and opposite, below) A passenger car (below) and an engine on McKell's Kanawha, Glen Jean, and Eastern Railroad. According to Fred Frisk, Bill McKell [as well as many other small railroad owners] said of his railroad, "My railroad isn't as long as some of them but it's just as wide."



"Everything on the river has a name."

Wallace Bennett on McKinley Rock

Ever heard the legend of this McKinley Rock? Legend is when they were shooting out this cliff to build this railroad, Thurmond to Minden, (after a big shot) this face appeared on the rock, and in the short time it took it to come over the wire they heard William McKinley was shot in Buffalo, New York, so they called it McKinley Rock. Ripley had it in his column twice.

You can walk to it in ten minutes. Before you get to the big bridge to Thurmond, park your car on this side of the river and walk across the railroad track. You see a path over by the leaning concrete wall, follow and it puts you on the upper track, and just (turn right and) walk a little way and you'll see it.

Jack Kelly on Whitcomb Boulder

Everything on the river has a name. There was a big rock this side of North Fayette, a great big (rock).... When they got them big Simple Simons (the larger articulated locomotives that came into use around 1918) they had to shoot some more off of it. I told some of them why they called it Whitcomb Boley (Boulder). A fellow (named Whitcomb was) working there while they were grading, and somebody put off a shot and that rock rolled over on him and he hollered, "Take it off!" Ha! Some of them about half believe that.

"The Harder It Is, The Better I Like It."

Text and Photographs by Gary Simmons

"I never liked to be a well dressed man. I always liked to be, more or less, a tramp to start with.... If I was a millionaire I would still, more or less, represent the poor."

What do you do if you're a man who wants to do things other people won't or can't do? If you're Howard McDaniel, you find ways to do them, even if they seem impossible. Some of McDaniel's ideas have been tried and proven, others lie broken in his back yard, still others are ripening in his mind.

He's seen the world, built a museum, received a law diploma, jumped motorcycles before switching to a human slingshot, and wrote a play he wants to make into a movie. All of which seems rather amazing, when you consider he's just an average sort of fellow who makes his living working for the State Highway Department.

How does he do it? "Now, I sit down and think and start weighing my things out, and this and that, and see if I can do it. And if I can do it, I don't want to do it. And if I can't do it, that's the ones I want to do. The harder it is, the better I like it."

McDaniel was born in Kasson (Preston County) on January 24, 1932. He went to high school at Grafton before dropping out at 17 to join the Army. He worked in Army Intelligence, he says, and spent most of his tour overseas in Korea, Germany, Alaska, and Greenland. He returned to Taylor County in 1960. There he met his wife, Billie, at a church meeting eight years ago. They married a year later and now live with their six children near Grafton on the Country Club Road.

Both he and his wife are religious, and it is to that subject that McDaniel set to work with his creative forces. She remembers that for a long time he mulled over the idea of making or doing something of a religious nature. Finally he decided that he could make a museum depicting scenes from the life of Christ.

"I wanted to do something," McDaniel says, "that showed people that Christianity was still alive, that there was people still proud of it."

In March, 1968, he began building the cinder block building that was to house the museum. It took almost a year of spare-time work before he completed it. He paid for all the building materials himself. "Nobody helped me with nothing," he says. Next, he and his wife planned the scenes. "We just started with like the scenes you see at Christmas time," Mrs. McDaniel explains, "you know, Christ in the manger. We'd just start from

there and build from the next scene from the Bible. As Christ grew up, we put scenes in that would follow his footsteps."

McDaniel did the actual scene construction using toy dolls and animals and plastic flora that she bought at local stores. Some scenes he placed on wooden tables, others he set on the floor, lining each with rocks. "Then I built the little church next, and people began to stop more and more then. That's how we got started."

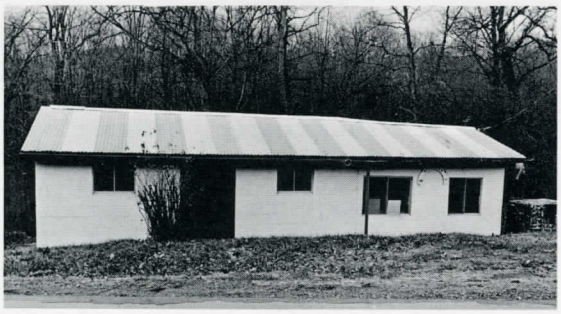
Besides the Life of Christ Museum and the chapel, he has built a snack-bar and four, open-sided buildings. One displays an antique boiler, another is planned as a flower garden. The other two are not yet completed. He says thousands of people have visited the museum, and "they all liked it except two or three, and they was atheons (athiests). And them kind of people, you couldn't deal with them under no consideration. They tore me up. Them kind of people are crazy.... They used the museum for a restroom, and then they started breaking up everything. That's when I told them to leave and never come back. They didn't want to go, but they went a-cussing."

Mrs. McDaniel likes the museum a lot. "I like to have the surrounding where Christ can be seen anywhere. I don't care what it is. Even if it's just a picture, I'd like for Christ to be seen in that picture. Like me, I went to Church practically from a kid up and joined the church about ten years ago. I've took my kids to church, and they gave their lives to Christ."

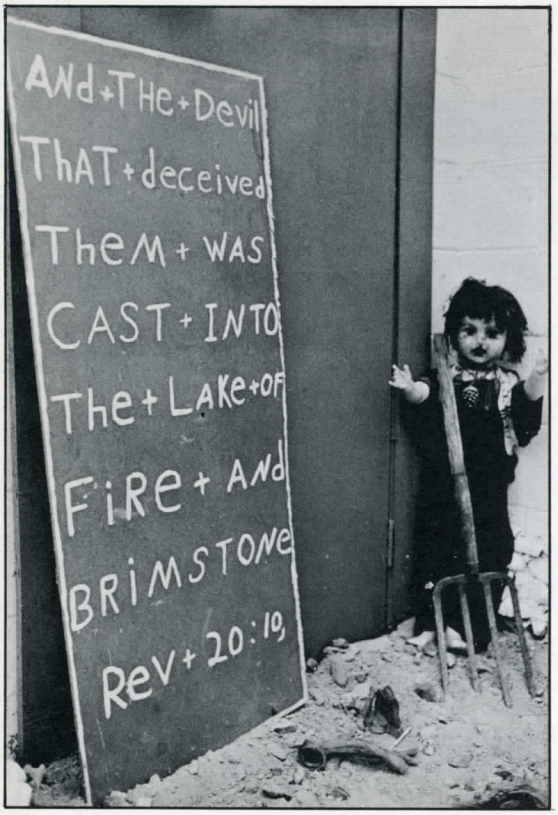
Surprisingly, McDaniel isn't a Christian. "Well, really I should be, but I'm not, because, I guess, it's dilatory for one thing. Everybody should be a Christian, as far as that goes, but I just never set my mind to it, to really be a Christian.... That's what hurts people (who visit the museum), because I ain't no Christian. They think a Christian really should be the one to do it. But I'm no Christian; I just like to fool with it."

He used to go to church regularly. "I don't know why I quit going. Actually, for one thing, preachers and them tried to give me the runaround, and this and that. I just sort of quit going." What had the preachers done? "Well, mostly, to me they lied for one thing, and I don't go for a liar. They told me that if I didn't belong to their church that I was doomed for hell.... Well, I figured I might go to hell sitting there then. So I'd better just as well stay out than go.... A fellow should go to church really, but I don't believe in one church a-being on the right road to heaven or hell either. I believe it's up to you yourself whether you're going to make it. (It's

Outside the McDaniel's home. The tractor is a Fordson built about 1926-28.



(above) The Life of Christ Museum. The addition at the right with the double windows is a snack bar. (right) A rubber serpent hangs in a tree in Eden while Adam and Eve frolic. (below) Inside the Life of Christ Museum. Handmade tableaus attempt to show the meaning of Christ's life.



(above) A bust of Christ is wired to a rafter and ascends into Heaven in swirls of angel hair.
(left) A doll as devil with a message of fire.
(below) Howard McDaniel's chapel. The two photographs in front of the altar are of two of his children.

not) the church to start with."

Does he think he'll go to heaven? "No, I don't really think I'll make it unless I change my ways awful quick." He laughs.

Hanging on their living room wall next to McDaniel's Army discharge is a framed diploma from the Blackstone School of Law. "That's honored through the Morgantown University," he says. "That's just the same as Morgantown University. It runs through them really. I just done it just to be a-doing it really. I just started studying, you know. I was figuring on a-being a-practicing law, but then again, I couldn't see myself doing religious work and being a lawyer too. So I called it quits and, more or less, stuck to religious stuff." They wanted me to take a few cases, but I couldn't see a-lying on a jury and going back to religious stuff."

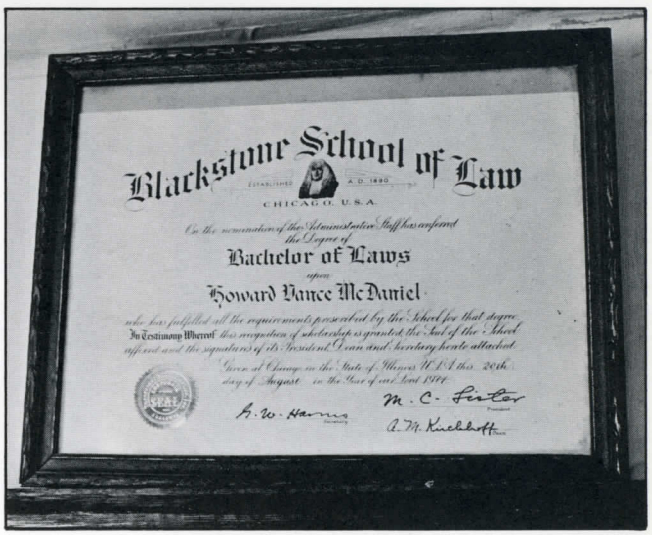
He says the Blackstone diploma came about through a correspondence course, "but I have other degrees through the government when I was in the Armed Service. I got all kinds of degrees from them. I got practically the highest you could get, and that was an intelligence degree from the government."

He doesn't practice law, because "there's no law to practice, not the way it is today. Well, actually in jails--they pick a man up (and) put him in jail. Well, the next day he's out and gone. And he can do anything. Actually, you can do anything now, and you won't really get much out of it. I don't know, maybe it's money that buys it out."

It seems that in McDaniel's other creative endeavors the Lord plays a part; at least it would be nice to know that He was around. Howard, in fact, has a streak of daredevil in him. Streak? Maybe it's more like a seam of iron-willed, care-for-nothing daredevil. Even in his youth he was fond of motorcycles. "I just rode motorcycles and jumped them and this and that. That's all I did." He even had a name for himself, the Great Chezib. Though he says he's getting too old to ride and jump now, he still maintains the same fondness and fascination for the sport. He's even added a new wrinkle or two here and there.

One day last winter he kept thinking about bean shooters, the slingshot variety. "He went up to the neighbors here," his wife recalls, "and had him cut two great big poles, great big ones. He took inner tubes and tied them together, made him a seat, and he bought him a winch."

He sank the poles into the ground, which left them standing about 15 feet high. Then he strung a homemade, webbed-leather seat to the poles with the inner tubes. The result was his own brand of



McDaniel gained his law diploma through a correspondence course.

bean shooter. The winch was attached to a sturdy tree behind and hooked to the seat.

"He'd set in the seat," Mrs. McDaniel giggles, "and I'd crank the winch up, take a knife and whack the rope, and he'd fly out through the yard."

"Oh, yeah," he laughs, "I went a long ways. I could've gone 300 feet. I could have made a million dollars with that. Gee whiz, you could go a long ways. The farther back you pulled it, the farther you'd go."

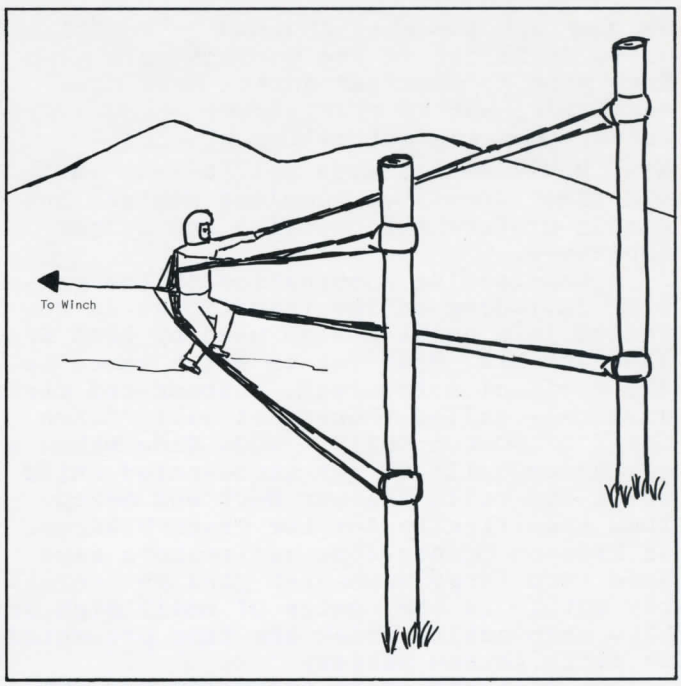
He made several jumps in the 80-to-100 feet range. "It's just like a skier. You lean forward, straight forward. If you don't, it'll flip-flop you. Your head's way yonder (forward) and your feet's back here when you land. When you land, your feet's mostly together so that you can take a step (to gain your balance) .... I jumped out of airplanes, see. You got to know what you're doing. If you don't land right, it'll kill you. It'd break every bone in your body."

Once McDaniel proved that his sling-shot would work, he started to figure out how to get himself a world record. Evil Knievel had leaped 280 feet on one of his famous over-the-buses jumps, and Howard was sure he could be slung 300. The problem was finding something suitable to land on.

"What Howard was going to do," his patient wife says, "was to build a big haystack and try to land on it, so he possibly couldn't get hurt."

"I called Alpine Lake" (a private rec-

(below) The McDaniel family in their living room. (right) McDaniel's human slingshot. Drawing by Gary Simmons.



reation area in Preston County), he recalls, "but they wouldn't let me jump. But I could've crossed that lake."

Mrs. McDaniel remembers the reactions people had to the slingshot. "I had him in the swing one day and had just pulled it back. And this is the honest-to-God's truth. A truck came up and (the driver) looked all the way going up, and hit the ditch out there. It made him nervous (with) people looking."

The inventor gave up the slingshot, though he thinks it's a great idea. "Really, I'd never seen one made in the U. S. where anybody got shot out of a slingshot. So I figured I'd be the first one. It's fun. I had a lot of fun, and then the weather got bad--it was in the wintertime--so I sort of quit it.... I bet you never seen anyone in a slingshot. Now, I'll tell you what, if I did that in that movie, that'd bring some money in."

Movie? Indeed, McDaniel is working on a movie. There is a play he wrote, and he thinks more people would be able to see it if it were a movie.

The play-movie is called *The Tramp*, and the author would play the title role. It's the story of a little church whose congregation can't afford a pastor and of a tramp who is befriended by the church's Sunday school teacher (Mrs. McDaniel) and her pupils (their children). They provide for the tramp's needs with food and clothing. The tramp, in turn, answers the church's needs. From the play:

> Sunday morning. Billie and children are on their way to church. They are singing as they walk.
>
> They see the tramp coming up the driveway. He's dressed up in his suit (which the children have paid for with their offerings).
>
> Tramp gives Billie a letter and says here is the surprise.
>
> Billie opens the letter and reads to the children: This is to inform you that (the) tramp has taken a Bible course and now has his preacher's license. He wishes to be the pastor of your church.
>
> Hope you all will welcome him with open hearts.

"Yeah," McDaniel says of his role, "I never liked to be a well dressed man. I always liked to be, more or less, a tramp to start with. But that's the part I would show in anything mostly. If I was a millionaire I would still, more or less, represent the poor."

His wife thinks the movie is a wonderful idea. "What we was wanting to do was, after he's dead and gone, have something the kids could remember him by."

"It's like everything else," Howard McDaniel figures. "Most people talks but never comes up with nothing. You either do it or you don't do it is the way I look at it. You have to come up with something before you die, or else just be, more or less, a tramp a-walking the streets with nothing on your mind."

continued from page 16

but they are somewhat different in detail and quite different in the quiltmaker's mind. Mrs. Wade's "Squares" quilts show equal variation, but as traditional unnamed patterns, they are not called otherwise. Mrs. McMillen has made quilts from these old-time, sometimes nameless designs but simply prefers her colorful and bright appliques.

A fascinating combination of the popular intruding on the traditional is revealed in a quilt design used by both Mrs. Wade and Mrs. McMillen in which there is the motif of a faceless, sunbonneted girl, variously called "Sunbonnet Girl,"Dutch Girl" or "Dutch Doll". Veda Wade makes a companion quilt to her sunbonneted child which she calls "Farmer Boy" and makes them specifically for her grandchildren. In Preston County some quiltmakers have used very large sunbonnet girl or overall boy motifs in the center of small pink or blue crib quilts which are then presented as gifts to new babies.

The sunbonneted or overalled and generally faceless child motif is one taken from the popular taste and literature of the 1930s. It reached its peak of popularity just after World War II, abated briefly in the late 1950s, but is showing signs of returning once again to its wartime popularity. Illustrations of children in popular magazines showed them so attired and hence a whole generation of

(opposite, above) Audrey McMillen's "Dutch Girl" quilt. (opposite, below) Veda Wade's "Dutch Dolls" quilt. (right) Veda Wade in the kitchen of her home near Marlinton (Pocahontas County).

real children grew up with this style. Even the pattern for a child's playsuit in 1946 included instructions for a sunbonnet. The motif apparently had enormous appeal to women and began to appear with great regularity as an embroidery transfer or quilt pattern in popular needlework publications. Significantly none of the excellent quilting books which were published between 1930 and 1950 included either the Sunbonnet Girl or the Farmer Boy patterns. But it abounded in popular needlework magazines. A hooked rug dating from early 1930 shows a faceless, bonneted child chasing a goose; a needlework publication from the years of World War II offers a portfolio of patterns for 50¢ including the "popular, almost classic quilt patterns: Broken Star, Sunbonnet Sue, Overall Bill...." The same publication about ten years later offered the overalled farmer boy as an embroidery transfer. The same motifs, this time called "Sunbonnet Sue" and "Overall Ollie," are being offered as appliqued pillow covers in the current catalogue of a well-known national crafts supply store. Nor can we forget the current popularity of bonneted Hollie Hobbie.

Other influences from popular needlework publications and quilt making books are evident in the quilts produced by Mrs. McMillen and Mrs. Wade. Both, for example, made appliqued quilts called "Butterfly." Although a 1935 publication on quilts calls it a "favorite old-time pattern" (Hall & Kretsinger, 1935: 73), a 1931 pattern book calls it an "original idea" (McKim, 1931: 95). Later quilt books which printed traditional patterns did not feature it, but it is a design regularly published in popular needlework magazines. Like the "Sunbonnet Girl," the "Butterfly" design was used on large blocks with smaller intervening blocks arranged in traditional geometric forms.

Mrs. McMillen also has made some embroidered quilts, one of all the State birds, and another of all the State flowers. They are, as are all her quilts, beautifully executed and finished. The designs--and the embroidery transfers--have been available through needlework catalogues since about 1940.

Students of folklife have noted again and again the give and take of the traditional and the sophisticated, aristocratic levels of culture. Thousands of folk songs find their way into the music of the great composers; equal numbers of lovely composed songs find their way into oral tradition and the folk repetoire. This process, called by scholars *gesunkenes Kulturgut* (literally the sinking down of cultural commodities), is well documented with music, dance, costume, cookery, and narrative. It ought to come as no surprise to find it occurring as it does in folk crafts. Women who design and create quilts do not do it because it's a traditional thing for women to do. Rather they make quilts because they like to. And American women, like Veda Wade and Audrey McMillen, have created some of the finest examples of folk art in the world. The fact that they have borrowed from

Crocheted breadwrapper articles made around 1972 by Mrs. Georgia Petit in Burnt House (Gilmer County). A throw rug, 27" circumference, and a hat with a rickrack band.

technology to make their jobs easier and shorter (this way they can create even more quilts), substituted new sorts of salvage materials for old, and added new designs which appeal to their sense of beauty, in no way takes away from their craft.

In the widespread use of salvage materials there is a great folk tradition. Nothing must be wasted. New materials and new designs, therefore, are grafted onto old processed, and the tradition is kept alive. Rugs, hooked, crocheted, braided, or woven, were once the other great salvage craft for old material. This tradition has been preserved but the materials have changed. Today one may find rugs braided or woven from plastic bread wrappers, which many will agree make a pretty and very serviceable kitchen mat, and also rugs crocheted from discarded nylon hose. Likewise, the creative folk artist will find uses for other salvaged objects; bird houses are made from used plastic bleach bottles, curtains from the pop-tops of beverage cans, or Christmas trees from plastic egg cartons.

In almost every case the idea of not wasting things and the process have remained stable. The materials change with availability and practicality and the designs with the taste of the individual artist. The rich heritage of West Virginia is still there; it has never been lost. It simply has changed slightly to accommodate itself to the needs and blessings of the 1970s.

SUGGESTED FURTHER READING:

Eaton, Allen H., *Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands*. New York, Dover, 1937. Reprint 1973. A classic study of old crafts in Appalachia.

Hall, Carrie A. and Rose G. Kretsinger, *The Romance of the Patchwork Quilt*. New York, Bonanza Books, 1935. A very complete study of designs, methods and history of quiltmaking.

Horowitz, Elinor Lander, *Mountain People, Mountain Crafts*. Philadelphia, J.B. Lippincott, 1974. An up-to-date survey of crafts in Appalachia.

Ickis, Marguerite, *The Standard Book of Quilt Making and Collecting*. New York, Dover, 1949. Reprint 1959. An excellent book for patterns and information.

McKim, Ruby S., *101 Patchwork Patterns*. New York, Dover, 1931. Reprint 1962. A fine source for both pieced and appliqued patterns.

Meyer, Carolyn, *People Who Make Things*, "How American Craftsmen Live and Work." New York, Atheneum, 1975. Sketches of both traditional and contemporary craftspeople who work in several principal media.

Safford, Carleton L. and Robert Bishop, *America's Quilts and Coverlets*. New York, Dutton, 1972. Beautifully illustrated with many color photographs.

Wigginton, Eliot, *The Foxfire Books 1, 2, 3*. New York, Doubleday, 1972, 1973, 1975. Lots of traditional crafts and practices from southern Appalachia.

Back row left to right, Bill Damron, Leonard Adkins, Willy Richardson (makeup designer), Bill Riffe, Bob Damron, Carole Damron, and Frank Austin. Front row, Carolyn Perry and Buddy Shaver.

continued from page 8

Mother Jones: *Just before election time the candidates for governor were fightin' like cats for platform space. Democrats and Republicans alike were campaignin' in their oldest suits and puttin' the twang back in their voices that they spent all their college years tryin' to get rid of. They courted the labor vote so strongly that you'd a-thought Mark Hanna had written their speeches. A child could see that most of them were lyin' through their teeth, but I'm sorry to say that a few were convincing enough to confuse more than one of us. I told my boys to take a hard look at the politician's womenfolk, if'n they wanted a surefire method of determinin' what class of people he truly represents. If she's wearin' five dollars worth of paint on her face and has toothbrushes for her dog, she's just another parlor parasite who is too proud and stupid to hide it. Vote for the man who has a real woman by his side, the kind molded only by the Almighty to rear a generation that will live to end class oppression forever.*

Red Clay Country Pilgrimage

A Report on Editor's Trip to the Winter Folk Festival at Chapel Hill

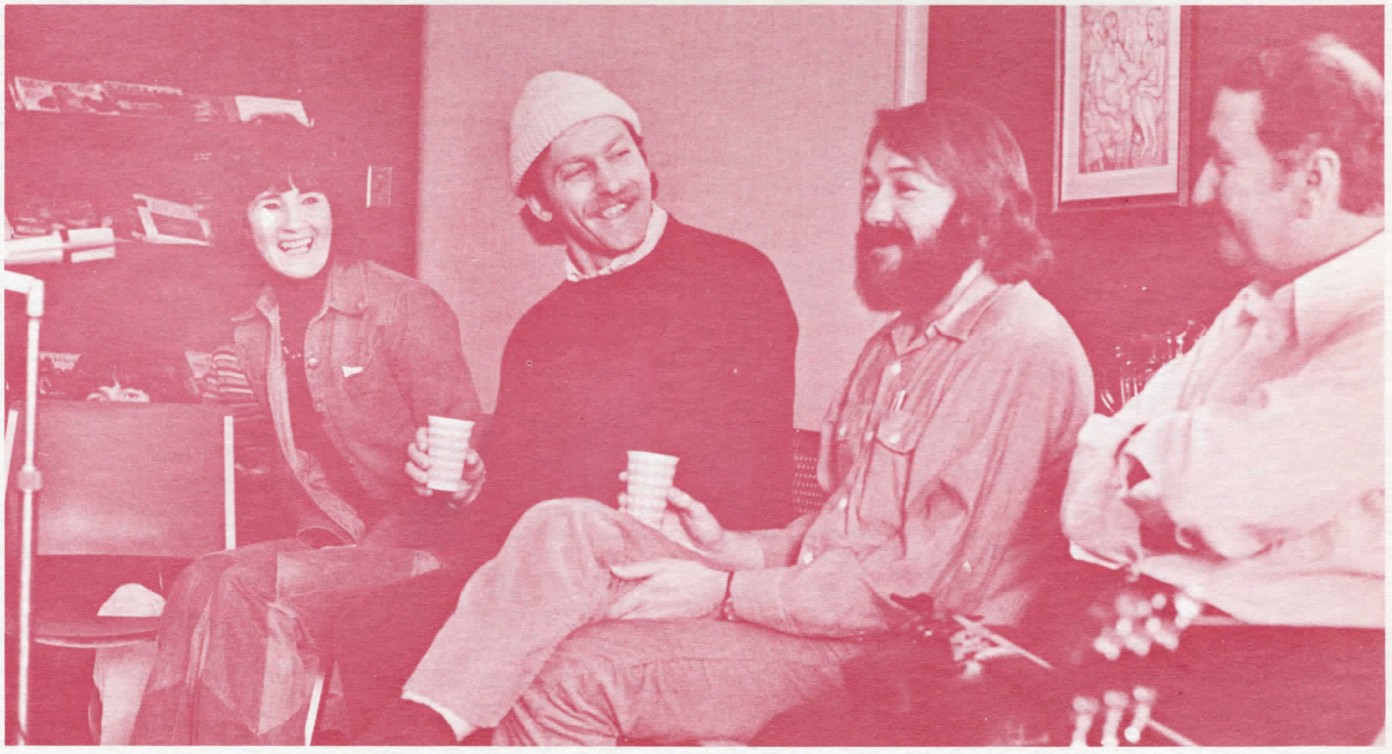
By Tom Screven

Photographs by the Author and Jim Pate

Early in January, after word reached us that the first Winter Folk Festival would be held at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, from the 22nd to the 24th of the month, I began making plans to go. Two West Virginia musicians I had seen before only briefly were going to be there, and the influence of the State's folk art and music seemed to be sprinkled throughout the schedule.

Then, the main coordinator of the festival, Cece Conway, I knew to be a talented folklorist and filmmaker; and her husband Tommy Thompson, an exceptional revivalist old-time banjo player, was to figure prominently in the programs. He was nearly as popular as some of the older musicians at the first West Virginia State Folk Festival at Glenville I attended a few years ago, and the old-time string band recording (Hollow Rock String Band) on which he performs on the Rounder label I decided a while back belongs on a list of essential West Virginia folk music records.

Moreover, I learned that visitors like Ed Cabbell of the John Henry Memorial Foundation, Inc. would be there to share what surely promised good, informative times with performers and scholars from many parts whom I longed to see again or, in some cases,



Hazel Dickens, left, as a leader of the Saturday singing workshop. With her, from left to right, are Tony Barrand, John Roberts, and Dewey Balfa. Photograph by Tom Screven.

WINTER FOLK FESTIVAL

at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
January 22-24, 1976

thursday

12:00 GALLERY DISPLAY (South Lounge)
Questions about traditional folk objects on display. Roddy Moore, Terry Zug, Cece Conway, Jan Schochet, Kip Lornell.

1:00 & 3:00 FILMS (Great Hall)
"Spent it All"--Les Blank. Cajun music, including Balfa Brothers.
"This World is not my Home"--Appalshop. Nimrod Workman.

7:30 FOLKSONG IN TRANSITION (Mike Seeger, leader; Great Hall)
Introduction and discussion of the movement and change of folksong from the British Isles to America up to around 1940. Mini-concert with musical examples presented in historical sequence: John Roberts and Tony Barrand, John Forrest and Chris Delaney (British songs and tunes); Shelia Rice, Nimrod Workman (American ballads); 3 Red Clay Ramblers, Tommy Jarrell, Mike Seeger, David Holt (development of the early string band, autoharp, and the hammered dulcimer).

friday

11:30 Informal music on the indoor Union balcony. Nimrod Workman, David Holt, Guy Carawan, and others.

12:15 CAJUN WORKSHOP (Tommy Thompson, leader; South Lounge)
Cajun music contrasted with other sounds. Balfa Brothers, Roberts and Barrand.

1:00 BANJO WORKSHOP: BLACK-WHITE INTERCHANGE (Tommy Thompson, leader; Union balcony)
Discussion of tunes being passed between black and white musicians and their changes along the way. John Snipes, Dink Roberts & family, Tommy Jarrell, Alice Gerrard, Barry Poss, Mac Benford, and Mike Seeger.

2:30 DANCE WORKSHOP: CLOGGING AND COUNTRY DANCE (Great Hall)
Green Grass Cloggers, Apple Chill Cloggers, James Roberts, Roberts and Barrand, David Holt and Ginny Calloway, John Forest and others.

7:30 CONCERT (Memorial Hall, admission required)
Mike Seeger and Alice Gerrard, Tommy Jarrell, Big Chief Ellis and John Sephus, Red Clay Ramblers, Apple Chill Cloggers, Balfa Brothers.

10:00 FESTIVAL PARTY
Informal gatherings of singing and dancing--audience follows favorite group and performers jam.

saturday

1:00 FIDDLE WORKSHOP: INTRODUCTION TO VARIOUS SOUTHERN FIDDLE STYLES (Bill Hicks, Union balcony)
Tommy Jarrell, Fred Cockerham (?), Howard Armstrong, Carl Martin, Joe and Odell Thompson, Dewey Balfa. Also exploration of the topic of RURAL FOLK AND URBAN APPRENTICES with Mike Seeger, Alice Gerrard, and Barry Poss. Discussion on sources of tunes and how they are learned not from written music but by ear and imitation. Examples are especially from apprentices and their masters. Comments or speculations about growing urban interest for old-time music.

2:30 SINGING WORKSHOP (Music Gallery; Hazel and Alice, leaders)
Ballads, political, party, and religious songs with Shelia Rice, Patterson, Olson, Tamburro, Craver. Mr. Moss will lead a shape-note sing.

3:00 BLUES WORKSHOP (South Lounge) with Martin, Bogan, Peg Leg Sam, Ellis & Sephus.

3:30 MINI-FIDDLERS CONVENTION (Great Hall)
Certain performers will judge; $25 first prize, ribbons. Fiddle, Banjo, Singing, Clogging. Prizes of homemade pies to funniest hat, most patches, car from greatest distance, etc.

7:30 FINAL CONCERT (Memorial Hall, admission required)
Roberts & Barrand, Peg Leg Sam, Alice & Hazel, Mike Seeger, Tommy Jarrell, Balfa Brothers, Red Clay Ramblers, Green Grass Cloggers, Martin, Bogan, and the Armstrongs, and others.

sunday

FREE FLICKS. 6:30 & 9:00. Thursday films and premiere of "Musical Holdouts" by John Cohen.

Festival tickets: $5; individual concerts, $3.

Presented by the CAROLINA UNION

Designed and Coordinated by
Cece Conway: graduate student in English Dept.; Regional representative of National Folk Festival Association; consultant to NCFI.
Jan Schochet: UNC undergraduate; student of Rochester Institute of Technology; artistic consultant to NCFI.

to meet for the first time. Too, I've wanted nearly all my life to see the quite old University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. For a very long time I've heard of its many attributes, educationally, scenically, and socially. A sort of pilgrimage, therefore, is the way I began to think of my first visit to Chapel Hill, so when I finally set out from the Statehouse in Charleston the afternoon of Wednesday, January 21 my expectations were feverishly high.

One of our severest winter storms was raging, so I inched along nearly sliding all the way across the southern part of the state. If I had been going to almost any other place or event, I would have turned back, but frenzied determination got me to Roanoke that night.

Thursday morning, driving in much better weather, the car radio picked up from a small, rural central Virginia station a fitting prelude to the festival. Hearing very early recordings of the Osborne Brothers, Ralph Stanley, Mac Wiseman, and Lester Flatt, sharpened my anticipation. A remarkably good omen, I thought. Sunlight and dry roads further mellowed me, as the roll of the hills became gentle and the soil, sometimes freshly plowed, changed to red clay.

Arriving at last in Chapel Hill in the early afternoon, I regretted missing the folk art session and most of the film program but was glad, too, to be able to settle in and have a look around. Maybe I would get a chance to learn exactly why people from there put stickers on their car bumpers saying "I'd rather be in Chapel Hill." Quite soon, I believe I detected some of that spirit; it must evolve in part from the curious energy produced by the campus's big city flavor jumping up so suddenly out of the state's sleepy, rural lowlands.

I paid a visit to the bustling Student Union where the festival was taking place, and

(left) West Virginia woodcarvings that were displayed at the festival. S. L. Jones, Hinton. *Farmer's Wife and Farmer*. 1976. Painted wood. Figures are approx. 20" high. Collection of Roderick Moore. Photograph by Tom Screven. (opposite) In the halls of the Student Union an impromptu meeting of festival participants, left to right, Carl Martin, Roderick Moore, Kip Lornell, Howard Armstrong, and Ted Bogen. Photograph by Jim Pate, U.N.C.

found a number of glass cases filled with the region's folk art and crafts that West Virginia-bred folklorist Roderick Moore, now at Ferrum College in Virginia, had helped collect. There in one of the cases were the first of many threads of West Virginia culture which were woven throughout the weekend's proceedings.

Moore brought a vanload of impressive Central Appalachian art and among them two excellent--possibly sublime--woodcarvings of retired railroader S. L. Jones from Hinton. The two full-length figures are a farmer and his wife. Partially painted, the 20-inch carvings, Moore said he strongly believes, are self-portraits of the artist and his wife. Mr. Jones's work stood out among the high quality sculpture, pottery, baskets, and textiles produced by folk artists over more than a 200-year span.

The Thursday night program was called "Folksong in Transition," and, in its informality, at first rattled around in the Union's Great Hall. The noted folk musicologist and performer, Mike Seeger, guided our way through the evening and sensibly noted why a certain disjointedness in such a program is likely; he reminded us that the earliest folksongs are, in a real sense, from and for the confines of the home. Two natives of England, John Roberts and Tony Barrand, are college professors in Vermont and gifted performers whose delivery of English and Irish songs delighted the crowd. Barrand, by mentioning that in his native country the accordian is called a "squeeze box," threw an interesting light for me on an English rock 'n roll song that has had heavy play on AM radio stations in recent months.

West Virginia's Nimrod Workman was at his salty best singing "Lord Bateman" and far too few other songs. The retired coal miner accompanied himself only with highly expressive, fascinating gestures, much like but still different from sign language. His daughter, Phyllis Boyens, told me later in Charleston that his grandfather in Kentucky taught him the gestures along with the songs in Nimrod's boyhood.

Tommy Jarrell, the Mt. Airy, North Carolina, elder fiddle wizard, almost made me forget

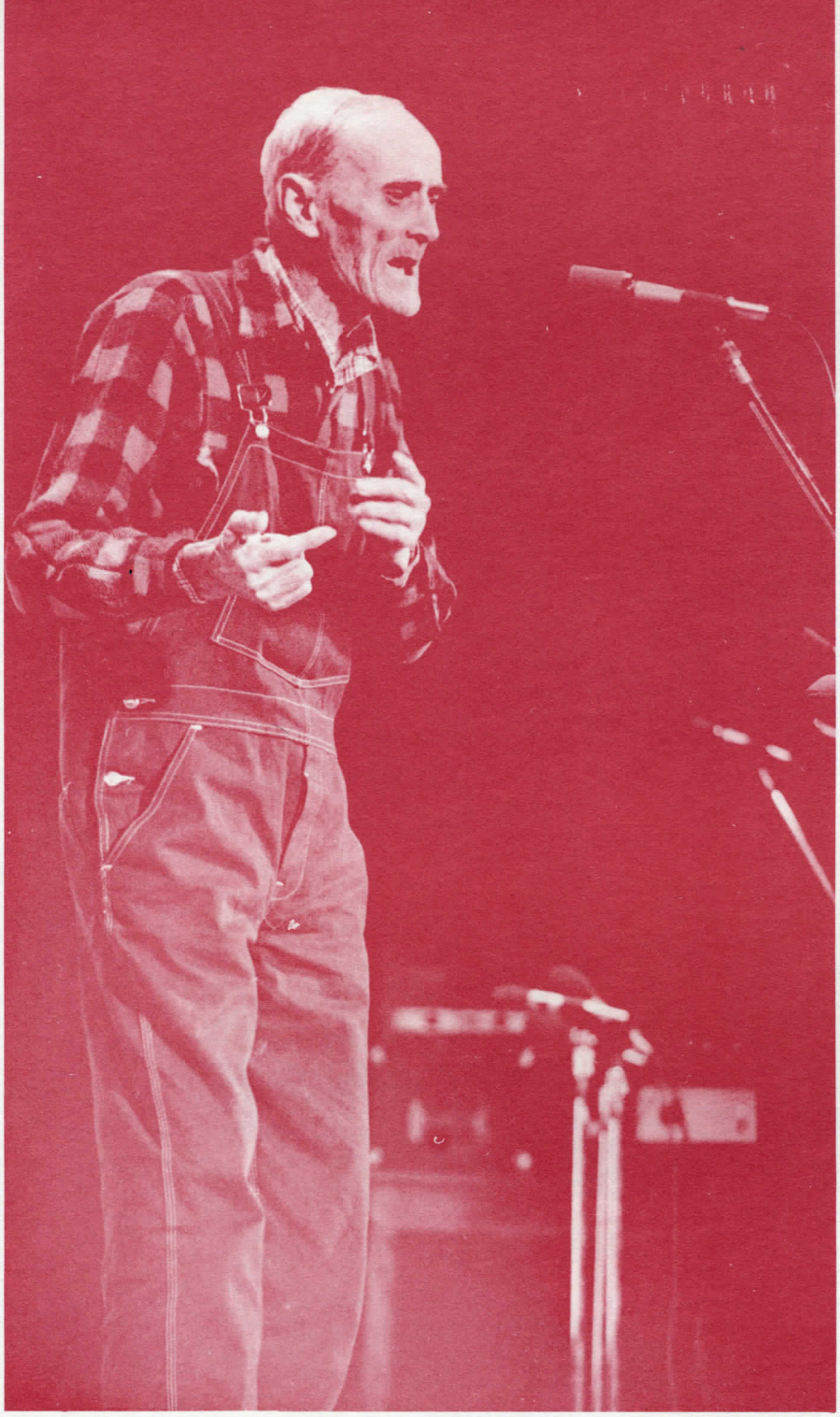
there were none of his counterparts on hand from West Virginia. Tommy Thompson (banjoist) and Bill Hicks (fiddler) are indeed West Virginia-trained partly and are currently the core of a string band, the Red Clay Ramblers, whose members have thoughtfully explored and now perform early recorded country music--as completely as they captured old-time Mountain music in their earlier string bands.

Friday, before very late in the day, it became evident the festival was an unqualified success. This fact, ironically, was the cause for my only reservation about the whole affair. So many more students and local people hungered to see and hobnob with the assembled folk than had been anticipated by the coordinators that nearly every sensitively planned workshop during the last two days became uncomfortably overcrowded and sometimes unruly around the outer fringes. But even as rooms and hallways choked to the walls with folk music enthusiasts, the unfailing good sense and genuine warmth of Conway and her sponsoring colleagues prevailed.

All weekend, in fact, there were interchanges, experiences, moments that were frequently both enlightening and heartwarming. At every program it was clear that both performers and viewers were entirely serious about what was happening. Equally as importantly, contagious geniality, comradeship, complete good humor seemed to engulf everyone.

Probably the only performers who were fully alien to the region were Dewey Balfa of the Balfa Brothers and his specially organized Cajun string band from southwestern Louisiana. Those wonderfully proficient musicians intrigued audiences with their special kind of music, which is both similar to and quite different from Appalachian string band music. In his workshops it seemed that Balfa's questioners often were eager to sharpen their knowledge of this region's music by delving into the contrasts between it and Cajun music, yet there was also a real interest in that archaic form with its French influences.

Although other fine black musicians, such as Peg Leg Sam



Nimrod Workman, singer and retired coal miner from Chatteroy, at an evening concert. Photograph by Jim Pate, U.N.C.

and Dink Roberts, were present, much attention was paid to three who were exciting musicians as well as articulate speakers about their many experiences. Carl Martin (mandolin), Howard Armstrong (fiddle), and Ted Bogan (guitar) each played with a number of string bands for years before World War II. Martin also plays the fiddle, and each plays the guitar well enough, stated Tommy Thompson, to deserve having a commercial recording made simply of their playing on that instrument alone. We West Virginia watchers were excited to discover that these men toured together in a string band in the 1930s in many towns in the southern counties of the State. Armstrong, moreover, tells hilarious tales of playing for a traveling medicine show that often toured here. Many of their stories of playing with great versatility for black or white audiences in West Virginia were captured on tape by folklorists who promise to develop at least one article for *Goldenseal* about those tours.

The Friday and Saturday night concerts seemed to spring from and climax the warmth and reverence that was established during daytime workshops. The State was represented not only on the stage but also quite a bit, it seemed, in the audience. An older woman who grew up here and now lives in that area, a young family living at a farm community in Summers County, and North Carolina folklore students who are taping West Virginia folk musicians for in-depth studies were some I met. I even learned that Tommy Thompson, the banjo player who helped his wife organize the festival, was born in St. Albans and lived there until he was 13.

An impressive schedule of documentation by high quality sound recordings on tape and videotape was implemented during every moment of the festival. Postgraduate folklore students who were field

In a festival workshop Alice Gerrard, left, plays and sings with her partner, right, Hazel Dickens. Photograph by Tom Screven.

Carl Martin, left, mandolin and fiddle player in several string bands over the years, is interviewed by folklorists Kip Lornell, center, from the University of North Carolina, and Roderick Moore, left, professor at Ferrum College in Virginia. Photograph by Tom Screven.

researchers, recording technicians, and archivists buzzed around respectfully at every turn. An area radio station recorded the evening concerts for a later series of broadcasts. Rounder Records' Ken Irwin was swamped with business at his folk music record sales counter in the lobby of Memorial Hall at the final two evening concerts.

Cece Conway, a native of Dallas, Texas, and her staff undoubtedly have already been commended a lot by many and they certainly deserve it. Conway, pausing briefly during the Saturday night concert, talked about their fine and strenuous work. She said it had been their "hope to bring both the best nationally known performers on the folk circuit and also remote folk musicians." Most remarkably she stressed that it is possible to stage such a significant weekend's activities "for a lot less (money) than the University would spend for a big rock band." Memorial Hall was almost filled that last night with an estimated 1,300 eager folk music fans. Most people I talked with hoped very much that the festival would be held again next year.

At the risk of overstressing the West Virginia elements in the Winter Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, I want to mention one other detail I learned from Cece Conway in our Saturday night conversation. She said she was with Tommy Thompson at the folk festivals at Glenville a few years ago. Could it be that she gained at least some of her present expertise as a folk festival entrepreneur at those spontaneous, wonderfully relaxed programs that take place late every June in West Virginia?

Hazel Dickens

Hazel Dickens, it seems to me, is entirely charismatic but, for someone so exciting as a person and as a performer, still completely selfless and retiring. Her singing and playing might make you think she is either the reincarnation of an early Opry female star or a darn good imitator. Yet her origins in a large Primitive Baptist preacher's family in Montcalm (Mercer County) determined that she knew and lived rural religious, old-time, and older country music. She has said the following of her musical roots:

The thing that was interesting--my father wouldn't let us listen to anything but good music--country music. He would never let us listen to opera or anything like that. My father, even though he preached, still listened to the Grand Ole Opry religiously. Sometimes we would listen for as long as we sat up. Then in the early hours we would go to bed and leave the radio on and everyone would listen to it. Most of the kids would go off to sleep but they usually left it on 'till the Grand Ole Opry went off. That was the big treat.

My earliest memories of hearing music of that sort were as a small boy around 1940 in the northeastern Alabama town, Piedmont. I would hear it during our frequent visits there while walking through the tiny cotton mill town at the hand of my portly, Stetsoned grandfather. From the juke boxes and radios in various stores we'd pass or stop in on the way to the Bon Ton Barber Shop or Wood's General Store would come music that I seldom heard back home in Birmingham. Then, Big-daddy would so heartily sing those old hymns on Sunday afternoons for all who'd listen in the back parlor of his Dixie Hotel. They had more of a Baptist sound, members of his Methodist family sometimes said, than anything else.

Dickens moved to Baltimore years ago and there in the 1950s began to attract and influence those active in the folk music revival. Alice Gerrard, whose musical background is "pop-classical," she says, was one of her new urban friends. The two have now become a popular folk music duo. Gerrard, in liner notes for their Rounder Record, *Hazel and Alice*, has summed up the meaning of that meeting for each of them.

For Hazel and her family and friends it was a counteracting force against the great city 'put down' of their lives and values. Here were some city people who wanted to take them as they were, and furthermore loved and respected something very basic to their existence--their music. For us it was a chance to learn, and play; to find some important values that had been missing in our own lives, and side by side with this, the knowledge that music and people are not separable.

Hazel Dickens has had such an effect on many.

In Chapel Hill before singing her haunting new song "West Virginia, My Home," she told us, "It's a song that deals with a feeling--about when people leave the country and move to the city. And I'm one of those people."

-T.S.

In This Issue

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 recieved 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 have appeared a number of times in the pages of GOLDENSEAL.

TOM EVANS, a native of Charleston, has been a photographer with the West Virginia Department of Commerce for five years. A painter turned photographer, he studied at the school of the Florida Federation of Art at De Bary as well as the University of Cincinnati. He has worked as a freelance documentary and commercial filmmaker in Charleston and Cincinnati, Ohio. Evans' photographs have appeared in such national publications as *Fortune*, *Southern Living*, *Forbes*, and *Better Homes and Gardens*.

YVONNE MILSPAW is a professional folklorist. She recieved her B.A. from Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia and her M.A. and Ph.D. in folklore from Indiana University. She taught in the English department of West Virginia University from 1971 to 1974 when she did research both on Appalachian belief systems and material culture. A native of Pennsylvania, she currently teaches in the American Studies Program of Pennsylvania State University-Capitol Campus.

GARY SIMMONS works at WWVU-TV in Morgantown. He took that job while studying for a B.A. degree in journalism at West Virginia University. A State native, he was born in Spencer in 1950. After spending what seems to him many years looking for a suitable profession or job, he thinks he may have found one as a journalist. He avows he "spends his spare time mending holes in the dike."

BARRY J. WARD, Assistant Professor of English and Folklore at West Virginia University, is a specialist in folk drama and migrant folklore. He is a graduate of Lake Forest College (Illinois) and the Ohio State University where he recieved his doctorate in folklore and medieval studies. He has served as research consultant to the American Folklife Festival in Washington, D.C., for the Smithsonian Institution, and to the Ohio Folk Festival for the State of Ohio. Before coming to West Virginia University in 1974 Dr. Ward directed the Ohio State University Study Abroad Program.


AMERICAN REVOLUTION BICENTENNIAL
1776-1976