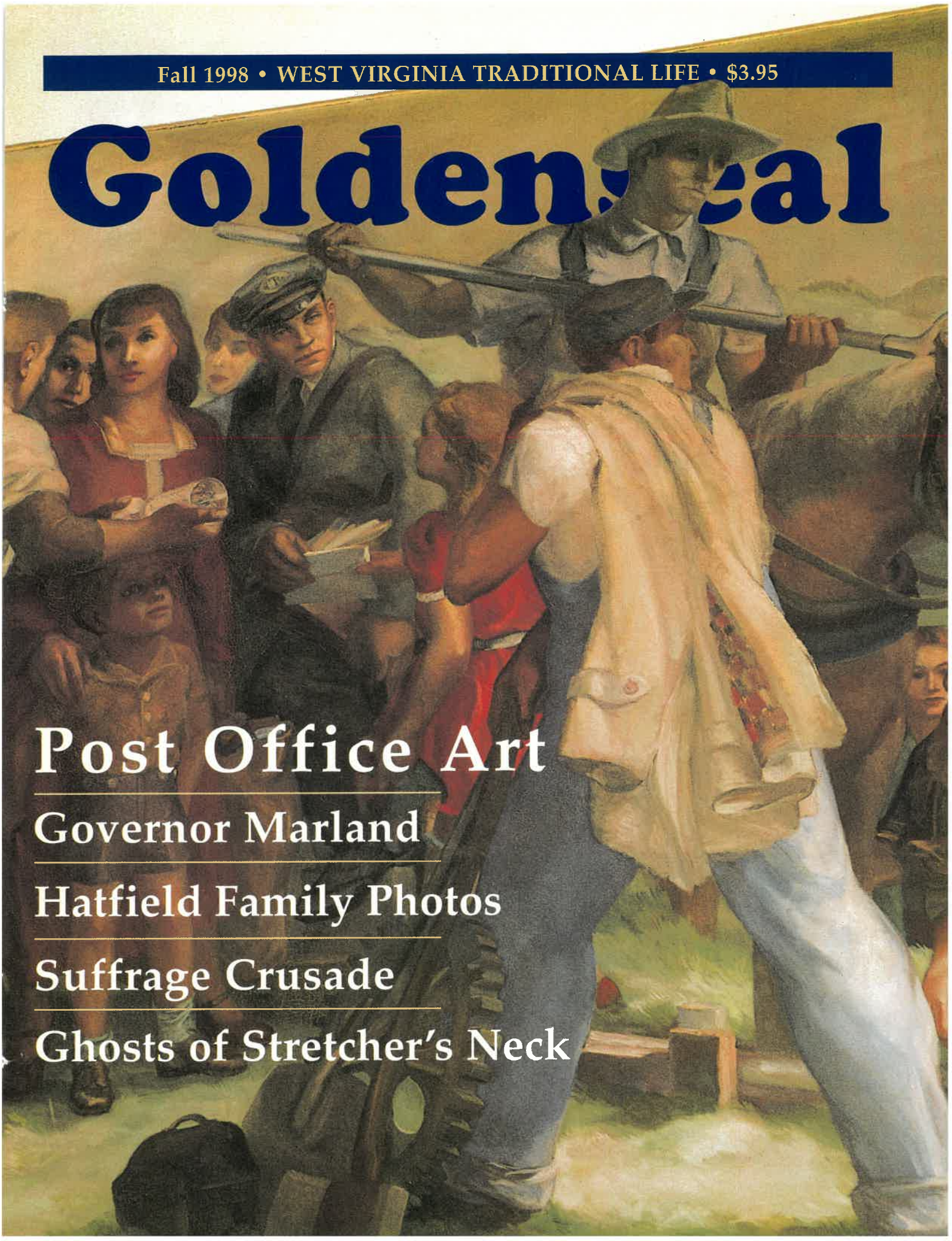
Fall 1998 • WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL LIFE • $3.95

Golden Seal



Post Office Art

Governor Marland

Hatfield Family Photos

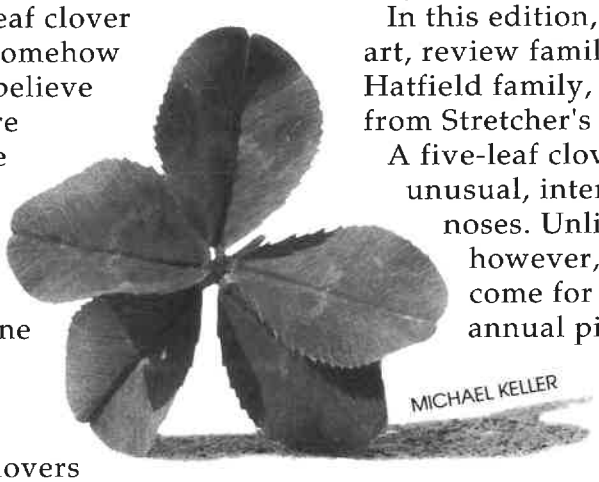
Suffrage Crusade

Ghosts of Stretcher's Neck

From the Editor: Expect the Unexpected

For me, some responsibilities are a pleasure. Like walking the dog in the cool of the evening, changing my mandolin strings, or putting the finishing touches on another edition of GOLDENSEAL. Sometimes these activities lead to surprising discoveries. While mowing the lawn last spring, for example, I was pleased to find the four-leaf clover which appeared on page 19 of our summer issue.

I was even more impressed a few weeks later to discover the rare five-leaf clover pictured here. It seemed somehow significant. I don't really believe in good luck — I lean more toward hard work and the grace of God. Nevertheless, there is something to be gained by expecting the unexpected, and by seeking the good fortune that awaits us in the common experiences of daily life.



In that sense, five-leaf clovers come to me nearly every day. Freelance writers continue to surprise and impress me with creative and compelling stories. The magazine you hold in your hand contains several fine examples.

First-time contributors gave us superb stories this issue ranging from Rod Hoylman's intelligent account of the rise, fall, and recovery of Governor William Marland, to David Driver's free-swinging tale of baseball hero Lew Burdette, to Jo Phillips' informative pieces on women legislators. An especially gripping letter was sent to us by reader Judy Hanna who shares her haunting memories of the Shinnston Tornado. Veteran contributors add their spark to this issue as well including Larry Bartlett, Leona Brown, Robert Spence, and our own talented photographer Michael Keller, among others.

Our theme in this issue is Mountain Politics. We examine several sides of the electoral process, introduce a number of interesting public servants, and review some of the colorful history of politics in West Virginia. In doing so, we remind ourselves of the important and rewarding responsibility we have as citizens to add our weight to the power of government by voting on Election Day, November 3.

In this edition, we also look at post office art, review family photos of the legendary Hatfield family, and thrill to ghost stories from Stretcher's Neck.

A five-leaf clover seems a fitting metaphor: unusual, interesting, and right under our noses. Unlike the God-given clover, however, GOLDENSEAL does not come for free. This brings me to my annual pitch for subscription renewals. While some of you received a reminder in late July, many subscribers will be getting their "greetings" from us within the next few weeks, reminding you that it is time to renew your $16 subscription.

We are moving toward a renewal system similar to other periodicals, so that you can expect a notice from us about a year after your last renewal. For many readers, fall is the time of year when you decide whether to renew your GOLDENSEAL subscription. I hope that this issue — along with the past 24 years' worth of magazines — is enough to convince you of the importance and value of being a GOLDENSEAL subscriber.

Please be on the lookout for your renewal notice. Please let me know if you have any comments or suggestions. Please vote this November. And please let me know if you find any five-leaf clovers!

John Lilly

Published by the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

GOLDENSEAL (ISSN 0099-0159, USPS 013336) is published four times a year, in the spring, summer, fall, and winter. The magazine is distributed for $16 yearly. Manuscripts, photographs, and letters are welcome; return postage should accompany manuscripts and photographs. All correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, GOLDENSEAL, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Phone (304)558-0220. Periodical postage paid at Charleston, West Virginia.

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Goldenseal

Volume 24, Number 3 Fall 1998

Cover: Detail from "Vision of Development of Salem," a 1942 mural by artist Berni Glasgow on display at the Salem post office. Small towns across West Virginia still host New Deal art, according to author Larry Bartlett. Our story begins on page 36; photo by Michael Keller.

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Letters from Readers

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

Trains

July 20, 1998
Charleston, West Virginia
Editor:
Enjoyed Gil King's "I Like Railroading" in the Summer 1998 issue and feel honored to have been a small part of it.

Please allow me to add a bit more to it. The photo on page 34 is one that I took in July 1957 showing B&O EM-1 #653 on a "Holloway Humper" on the single track between Crescent and Fairpoint, Ohio, on the old Cleveland, Lorain, and Wheeling line which ran between Benwood Junction and the lake ports at Cleveland and Lorain, Ohio.

The photo at the bottom of page 40 is by Jay Potter of Charleston and shows a dieselized version of a Holloway Humper passing the Benwood Junction depot as it starts up the hill out of Benwood yards.

So much has changed around Benwood (none of it for the better), that it's hard to envision what was once there and it's importance to the B&O. Jay and I both agree we were fortunate to have "been there" in its heyday.

Lots of other good stuff in this issue (as in all the past issues) and kudos to all involved in the production of GOLDENSEAL. It is a distinct asset to the history of West Virginia!
Cordially,
J.J. Young, Jr.

A B&O EM-1 #653 on a "Holloway Humper." Photo by J.J. Young, Jr.

July 13, 1998
Columbia, Tennessee
Editor:
We are enjoying another excellent issue of GOLDENSEAL (Summer 1998). Living in Clarksburg near the B&O tracks and not too far from the roundhouse, I, too, have been kind of a train nut. Grandfather, James W. Stewart, following the Civil War, was an engineer on the B&O.

Railroad employees had a language of their own, and I see that J.J. Young, Jr., provided some. Over the years, I have picked up some train talk, and if you want more, here it is:

Air Monkey — Air brake repairman
Baby Lifter — Passenger brakeman
Beanery — Railroad eating house
Beanery Queen — Waitress
Boomer — Drifting railroad man who travels from one road to another and stays but a short time
Bull — Railroad police officer, or special agent
Clown — A switchman, or yard brakeman
Clown Wagon — Caboose
Dancing on the Carpet — Called to the superintendent's office for discipline or investigation
Flimsy — Train order
Gandy Dancer — Track laborer
Gangway — The space between the rear of a locomotive and the tender
Highball — Signal waved by the hand, or lantern, in a high, wide semiarc, meaning to get moving at full speed ahead
Highball Artist — A locomotive engineer, noted for fast running
In the Hole — On a siding
Lizard Scorcher — Cook
Pig Pen — Locomotive roundhouse
Rattler — A freight train
Rule G — "Thou shalt not drink"
Shining Time — Starting time
Tea Kettle — Leaky old locomotive
Yard — A system of tracks for the making of trains, or the storage of cars. Boomers said it was a system of tracks surrounded by a high board fence, run and inhabited by a bunch of natives that will not let a train in or out.

Keep up the good work.
Sincerely,
Roy M. Pritchard

Thanks to Mr. Pritchard for the additional information. This list is only a fraction of the 186 railroad expressions he typed and sent to us. To receive a copy of the complete list, contact us at the GOLDENSEAL office. —ed.

Lilly Family

May 20, 1998
Hinton, West Virginia
Editor:
The Lilly family's six generations:

From the descendants of Thomas Jefferson ("Jeff") Lilly and wife Roxie, there were six living generations from July 29, 1981,

Six generations of living Lillys.

until January 9, 1983. In the picture front row beginning at the right is Roxie Lilly who was 100 years old at the time.

Pictured around her, going counterclockwise, is Roxie's son Paul S. Lilly, her granddaughter Pauline Lilly Lane, her great-grandson Sammy Lane, her great-great-grandson Gregory Lane, and her great-great-great-granddaughter Diane Lane.
Pauline L. Lane

Storytelling

June 26, 1998
South Charleston, West Virginia
Editor:
I would like to thank you and the

Champion liar Paul Lepp. Photo by Michael Keller.

GOLDENSEAL staff for the tribute in the spring issue to my deceased husband, Paul G. Lepp. Also a special thanks for the Fred James Vandalia Award.

Paul was a very intelligent storyteller who brought pleasure to all who heard his tales and he will be missed by his family, friends, and fans.

I very much enjoyed the article on "The Lying Lepps" and our family will be forever grateful for your recognition of their special talents.

Finally, I would like to request the assistance of your readers in obtaining missing issues which contain Paul's winning lies which I need to complete my collection. These issues are Spring '89, '90, and '91.

Please contact me at (304)744-4379 if any readers can provide these issues.
Sincerely Yours,
Nancy V. Lepp

July 16, 1998
West Plains, Missouri
Editor:
Just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed reading the

SAVE BIG — BUY THEM ALL!

We will sell you all of the back issues listed here for only $50, postpaid. Mark the box and send your check with the coupon!

Back Issues Available

If you wish to complete your GOLDENSEAL collection or simply get acquainted with earlier issues, some back copies are available. The cost is $3.95 per copy, plus $1 for postage and handling for each order. A list of available issues and their cover stories follows. Mark the issue(s) you want and return with a check (payable to GOLDENSEAL) for the correct amount.

You may also order bulk copies of current or past issues, as quantities permit. The price is $2.50 per copy on orders of ten or more of the same issue (plus $4 P&H for bulk orders.)

___Fall 1980/Recalling Mother Jones
___Fall 1985/Dulcimer Maker Ray Epler
___Winter 1985/Huntington 1913
___Spring 1986/Blacksmith Jeff Fetty
___Summer 1986/The Draft Horse Revival
___Fall 1986/West Virginia Chairmaking
___Spring 1989/Printer Allen Byrne
___Summer 1990/Cal Price and *The Pocahontas Times*
___Winter 1990/Sisters of DeSales Heights
___Winter 1991/Meadow River Lumber Company
___Summer 1992/Dance, West Virginia, Dance!
___Summer 1993/Fairmont Romance
___Winter 1993/Monongah Mine Disaster
___Spring 1994/Sculptor Connard Wolfe
___Winter 1994/20th Anniversary
___Spring 1995/Vandalia Time!
___Spring 1996/Elk River Tales
___Fall 1996/WVU Mountaineer
___Spring 1997/Capon Springs
___Summer 1997/Draft Animals
___Fall 1997/Harvest Time
___Spring 1998/Storytelling
___Summer 1998/Miss West Virginia

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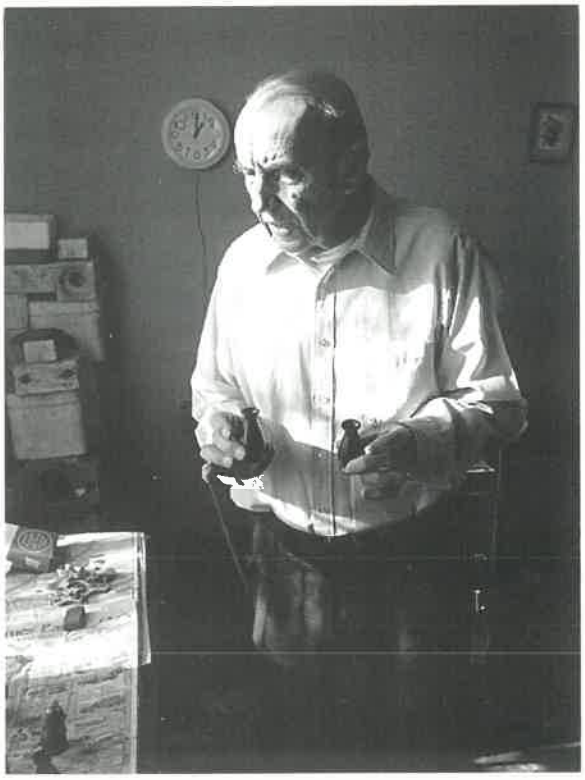
Spring '98 issue of GOLDENSEAL.

I was raised in Meadow Bridge, now live in Missouri. I was just home for vacation and my sister had the magazine. The Liars stories were real interesting. Bil Lepp is the pastor where she goes to church.

I hope with this subscription I will get the one with Miss West Virginia in it.
Gaythlee Skaggs

June 5, 1998
Salem, Virginia
Editor:
Opening the spring issue, table of contents, "Johnnie Hill." Is this, no it can't be, the person I spent four years of high school at Hillsboro!



Johnnie Hill. Photo by Doug Chadwick.

The one we knew was very quiet — only speaking when necessary. A few times I attended our yearly alumni banquet and teased him about learning to talk.

At our May 23 alumni banquet he was absent, as he doesn't drive at night, though his daughter was there.
Thank you,
Kathleen (Gum) Robbins

April 28, 1998
Lewisburg, West Virginia
Editor:
The tradition of storytelling is alive and well in West Virginia. Especially in urban areas, this is a dying art. As a child in McDowell County I loved sitting with my great-uncles and listening to tales — much more interesting than woman-talk!

In 1989 I began working for Maryat Lee, founder of EcoTheater. Ms. Lee moved to Summers County in the 1970's. She moved there from New York City, where she had begun the "street theater" movement in 1951. It was her belief every person had a story to tell, and each person's story was as valid as any story ever told.

Maryat was charmed with the storytelling ability of the local people in Summers County. Her play, *A Double-Threaded Life: The Hinton Story*, is the story of the rise and fall of the town of Hinton. She also wrote *John Henry: A Drama with Music*, gathering memories from Talcott and using local performers. One of her most popular and endearing plays from Summers County is *Ole Miz Dacey: A Comedy in One Act*, based upon three real women and a practical joke.

Maryat died while at work in her office in September 1989. She lives on in EcoTheater — which continues using oral histories of local people, places, and events to create theater from the ground up. Performers are local people who are experts in presenting their own stories and traditions on stage.

We are not exactly storytellers or actors: sometimes we tell a true story in monologue fashion, and sometimes we present plays. On occasion we will present an outrageous lie — if it is in the mountain tradition! For information on the EcoTheater, call (304)645-2443.
Martha J. Asbury
EcoTheater Playwright-Director and Performer

"I Loved Charleston!"

July 9, 1998
Conroe, Texas
Editor:
I spent many a summer day lolling on the wicker swing on my grandparent's front porch, which faced the Kanawha River, watching the barges, the seaplanes, and the trains as they passed by. My sister and I skipped stones into the river when the Boulevard was a dirt road. We celebrated the end of World War II by riding with our father in the car as part of the huge celebration crowd that filled up the roads.

The house was at 6 Kanawha Boulevard, now buried under the major overpass of I-64. I loved Charleston! I thought it was the Deep South because everyone talked with that lovely, honeyed Southern accent. This subscription is for my uncle, Ralph Dollman, who lived most of his life in Charleston until recently moving to Virginia. He is celebrating his 88th or 89th (not certain) birthday July 23.

I truly enjoy your magazine. Thanks.
Sallie D. Hastings

Shinnston Tornado

Seldom have we seen such a tremendous and emotional response from our readers as the reaction to our "Shinnston Tornado" articles in the Summer 1998 issue. We began receiving mail about these stories before they were even published. Below are letters from several readers who experienced the 1944 tornado firsthand. —ed.

April 23, 1998
Mannington, West Virginia
Editor:
In the Spring '98 GOLDENSEAL there was a note that there would be writing about the Shinnston tornado. No writing was ever told about when the tornado first touched down.

The book by J. L. Finlayson does not tell of the damage that first happened when it first touched down there. The first was in the head of Glade Fork — the farm of my father which was completely wiped out. Four people somehow survived.

On Glade Fork three people were killed in the Fred Roberts family. A cow was found with a 2x4 from one side to the other. The daughter was not found until the next day.

I don't understand why all the writing is about Shinnston. Why doesn't the story start from the beginning when lives were lost and thousands of dollars worth of damage was done before the tornado ever hit Shinnston?
Eugene Starkey (son of Albert C. Starkey, whose farm was first destroyed.)

The Hope Gas Station in Boothsville following the 1944 tornado. Photo by George R. Scholl.

June 15, 1998
Vienna, West Virginia
Editor:
What a shock I got when I opened up the Summer 1998 issue of GOLDENSEAL to "The Shinnston Tornado." I have an album of photos taken by my father, George R. Scholl, which he took of the damage at Shinnston.

We lived in Clarksburg at the time and I can very well remember the evening the storm struck. As a nine-year-old, I was out playing with friends, and we wondered what all the sirens were that we could hear. It was sometime later before we learned of the tornado. News did not travel as fast in those days, as it does today.

My father took and processed his own pictures in those days. There is one of the Hope Gas Station at Boothsville, with engines running, but no building around. This article by Ms. Lowther made me jump and get out my album to compare photos. This renewed memories very vividly to me.
Thanks for the great magazine, GOLDENSEAL, and interesting articles.
George W. Scholl

July 8, 1998
Buckhannon, West Virginia
Editor:
Friends gave us your summer issue.
Thank you for mentioning *The Shinnston Tornado* by John L. Finlayson. He was my father.
Sincerely,
Gwen Finlayson Reger

May 1, 1998
Stow, Ohio
Editor:

I decided to write this letter the other night, when tornado warnings and watches were flashing across the TV screens throughout Ohio. It was that time of day when the evening was about to turn to total darkness. I was looking out my living room window and a memory flashed through my mind.

That memory was of June 23, 1944, in the evening. It was at Lucas Mill, near Shinnston at about the same time of day. My earliest memories began that night. I can only remember two or three things before that.

My mother, Helen Bolivar Carder, was washing out some things at the sink in the kitchen. She looked out the door because it was looking like a storm was coming. She had some clothes on the line and they were almost dry. She wanted to get them before the storm.

Mom said she saw the tornado coming. She ran through the house and grabbed me up from my bed where I'd been sleeping. All the time she was running, she was yelling at my dad, Blaine Carder, that a tornado was coming. He ran toward the back door. Just as he almost got there, the top of Joseph Lucas' silo blew into the porch and blocked the back door.

My mother said she picked me up and a huge rock came through the roof and landed on the pillow where my head lay moments before. She shoved me under the bed. That was my first memory of that evening. I'm under the bed and there is pain and noise. The window by the bed blew out and the glass hit me in the left arm. I still have the scar on my elbow and up my arm where the glass cut my arm. It had to be a nasty cut. I was small for my age, and it was about a month before my 4th birthday. The scar would probably have been mostly gone by now, had it not been so bad.

As she pushed me under the bed, the wind blew her back against the fireplace and then forward toward the front door. She landed on her hands and knees and the clock from the mantel hit her on the back. Mom said the noise was loud and glass, dirt, and whatever blew through the windows. Things in the house were flying everywhere.

Mom started to get up, and she looked out the door in time to see the tornado go down over the hill. It then swept the West Fork River dry as it made a path across, going up toward Pleasant Hill and destroying everything in its path.

Getting me from under the bed, she and my father went out the front door. Mom said all she could think of was finding Deloris and Junior, my sister and brother. My next memory was being in my mother's arms, feeling wet and sticky and looking down and seeing Junior's glasses laying on the porch as we went down the steps. A book was laying beside the glasses, Mom said, but all I remember seeing was the glasses. Why I remember his glasses or why they never blew away, I'll never know. I still have the glasses.

These negatives were salvaged from the Carder home after the disaster. Left, Blaine Carder, Jr., age 14. Right, Deloris Carder, age 11, and cousin Loretta Sharp, age 10. All three children were killed in the tornado shortly after these photos were taken.

My next memory is that of Mom holding me and someone is doing something to my arm. I am crying and we are setting on the edge of someone's porch.

The next memory I have is the one that flashes through my mind every time I think of a tornado, or someone says something about that one. It's the one that went through my mind when I was looking out my living room window after the warnings the other night.

Mom is carrying me down the road at Lucas Mills. It's dark but it's still light enough to see. The sky is strange, scary but I can't tell you why. I can see my father coming toward us. He is carrying my sister. I can see he has her up

in his arms and her legs are hanging over his left arm. I don't see any shoes on her feet. Her long hair is hanging over his right arm. Her hair is dark, almost black. That seems strange to me. As I grew older I learned her hair was wet and dirty. The reason it was strange to me was because my sister was a blond.

As we are walking toward them, I have this feeling I don't like. It's more then just a sad feeling. It's a feeling I can't seem to find a word to describe. Maybe it's not being able to understand everything.

We stop in front of them, I'm looking past my father's left shoulder down the road. I don't remember what was said or seeing my sister or my dad's face up close. In fact I don't remember seeing anyone's face at anytime, not even my mother's.

Mom and I move on down the road. I know now that Deloris was still alive and Dad took her up to the house where she died. Mom and I walked on down the road. She was looking for Junior. It must have been so hard for my mother to leave my sister when she needed her, and to know that she had to, so she could look for my brother who also might need her.

My brother Junior was not found until the following Monday. He was found at Bingaman Junction in the river on some lumber. He was identified by the unusual belt buckle he wore. My mother never saw him. The casket was not opened. She really never got to say good-bye. I think she really never got over that. My father identified him.

She always said she was thankful to Mr. James Yost, my dad called him "Dobbin," I think. He was coming up the road and found my brother Chuck setting in the road crying. He had sat down between live electric wires that had blown down. Mr. Yost said if he had reached out his hand and touched one or moved the wrong way, he would have been electrocuted. Mr. Yost picked him up and brought him up to our house.

My very last memory of that night was at my grandmother's house. Her name was Ingby Martin Carder, but she was always "Mamaw" to me. She lived in the very last house on Rebecca Street going towards the river on the right. I remember she is in bed and I am on the bed with her. She is crying and I am sort of crawling around on the bed beside her. She is saying "Poor Judy and Chuck," over and over again. I keep saying to her "Mamaw, it's not me and Charkie, it's... ."

I don't remember what I called Deloris and Junior. I could not pronounce Chuck's name so I called him "Charkie." I remember trying to make her understand, and I still don't know why she kept saying that. Those were the only words I remember anyone saying that night.

After that night, I spent as much time as I could with her. She always had time for me. She took me with her when she went to the store. She always talked to me about her family. It was almost like she wanted me to remember or maybe I showed more interest than others. That night was the beginning of that relationship.

She lost her daughter Pearl, daughter-in-law Vadra, two granddaughters Deloris and Loretta, and a grandson Blaine, Jr., in the tornado. She was so sad with her loss but she still had time for me.

She passed away at Saltwell in 1948. It seemed to me when she passed away, that the 1940's were a time of death or a time people talked about the dead very often. I was eight years old when she died.

I have always thought that what we become as adults is a result of cause and effect. One of the causes in people's lives that night was that terrible tornado and it affected so many lives, so many different ways.

Mrs. Judy Hanna

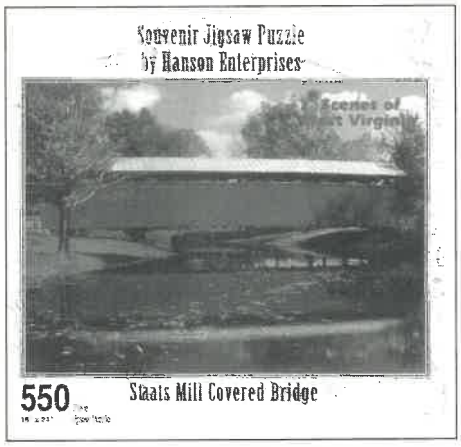
Shinnston Tornado. Photo by Roy M. Pritchard.

Current Programs • Events • Publications

GOLDENSEAL announcements are published as a service, as space permits. They are not paid advertisements and items are screened according to the likely interests of our readers. We welcome event announcements and review copies of books and recordings, but cannot guarantee publication.

Scenic Puzzles Available

Jackson County photographer Todd Hanson has turned some of his best West Virginia images into four new 550-piece jigsaw puzzles, now available through Pictorial Histories and other outlets throughout the state.



One of Todd Hanson's new puzzles featuring the Staats Mill Covered Bridge at the Cedar Lakes Conference Center in Ripley.

The puzzles, featuring beautiful shots of the New River Gorge, Dolly Sods, the Glade Creek Grist Mill, and Staats Mill Covered Bridge, may be a holiday gift idea. According to Hanson, new puzzle images should be out next year. Hanson's photography has appeared in several statewide and national publications including the book *West Virginia: Mountain Majesty*.

The puzzles are $12.95 plus $3.50 shipping and six percent sales tax for West Virginia residents from Pictorial Histories Publishing Company, 1416 Quarrier Street, Charleston, WV 25301, or by calling (304)342-1848.

Exhibits

The Carnegie Hall Museum of Lewisburg will display a sampling of Jim Costa's archaeological work in an exhibit called "Revolution to Revolution," which will showcase Costa's 30-year effort to save and document local pioneer and agrarian culture.

The exhibit focuses on the history, art, and craft of agricultural tools, many of which have been found in the farmlands of Greenbrier and Summers counties and reflect techniques which hark back to biblical times.

"Revolution to Revolution" will be open to the public until October 31 on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Admission is $2 for adults and $1 for children 12 and under. For more information, contact the Carnegie Hall Museum at (304)645-7917.

Artifacts from Jim Costa's collection.

The Huntington Museum of Art will display "Piecework: Quilts in America," beginning September 13 and running through December 27. The exhibit will honor the rich tradition of quilt making in our country and celebrate the American Quilt Study Group's annual meeting in Charleston this October; the exhibit will feature historical quilts both from the HMA's collection and local private collections.

"Piecework" will include examples of plain, appliqued, and pieced quilts as well as a rare 19th century doll quilt, and a contemporary folk art quilt made by noted folk artist Minnie Adkins.

All of the quilts have been recently inventoried by the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search Project, which has documented more than 4,000 quilts in West Virginia dating prior to 1940. For more information call the Huntington Museum of Art at (304)529-2701.

Historic Sites

The Preservation Alliance of West Virginia recently announced the historic sites that are most endangered in West Virginia. PAWV President Billy Joe Peyton explains, "The list identifies sites around West Virginia that are threatened by neglect, demolition, or development." He also says that "we need to stop and take stock of our valuable historic, natural, and cultural resources and make sure they are not forgotten."

The 1998 list includes: the B&O Railroad Freight Depot in Cameron, Marshall County, which could face demolition by a local development group; the four covered bridges of Greenbrier and Monroe counties, in need of serious repair; the Davis Coal and Coke Company Industrial Ruins, lying in neglect; the Harper's Ferry historical landscape, faced with growing modern incursions;

The World War Memorial in Kimball, McDowell County. Photo courtesy of West Virginia Historic Preservation office.

the Julia-Anne Square Historic District in Parkersburg, suffering neglect and facing potential condemnation and demolition by the city; the Peacock Furniture Building in Marlinton, also facing demolition; the Shadle Farm Site in Mason County, a prehistoric archaeological site threatened by agricultural plowing; and the World War Memorial in Kimball, McDowell County, suffering deterioration and vandalism.

For more information about these sites or the PAWV, call Billy Joe Peyton at (304)293-3589.

The heirs of Walter and Lottie Shaver recently donated their family's land called Cannon Hill, north of Rowlesburg in Preston County, to the Rowlesburg Area Historical Society.

According to the society, Cannon Hill was an important Civil War supply line for the Union for the movement of troops and armaments. Defense structures placed on top of the mountain 700 feet above town, protected the B&O Railroad and the entrances to Rowlesburg during the war. The bridge crossing the Cheat River was one of the few bridges in the area that was not destroyed in the conflict.

The Historical Society plans to develop the site for its historical value. They want to promote recreation and tourism in the area, perhaps as part of a walking or driving tour through town and surrounding communities. An observation deck will also be erected near the top of the hill for public use. Contact the Rowlesburg Area Historical Society at P.O. Box 527, Rowlesburg, WV 26425 for more information.

Fiesta Ware in Arthurdale

The Homer C. Laughlin China Company of Newell, Hancock County, also made a recent donation when they gave 180 place settings of their famous Fiesta Ware to Arthurdale Heritage, the historic preservation group from America's first New Deal community, located in Preston County.

The largest producer of china in the world, Homer C. Laughlin has produced one-third of all the dinnerware ever sold in the U.S. Fiesta Ware is the company's most famous and most collected line and was created in 1936 as part of the Art Deco movement. In 1959, the original Fiesta was modified into Fiesta Ironstone which was discontinued in 1973, but was reissued in 1986 and continues to be widely sold and collected.

Homer C. Laughlin's Fiesta Ware. Photo by Michael Keller.

The new donation includes an array of the bold colors that have made Fiesta famous and will be used in the Arthurdale Heritage kitchen to serve local dinners for the community.

For more information about Fiesta Ware and the Homer C. Laughlin China Company, GOLDENSEAL still has reprints of our 1985 Fiesta Ware articles available for $2.50. Arthurdale Heritage, Inc. can be reached at (304)864-3959.

Fall Music Festivals

Shepherd College will host the third annual Appalachian Heritage Festival October 1-3 in historic Shepherdstown. Part of the college's Performing Arts Series, the festival will highlight workshops, jam sessions, concerts, and shopping and dining in West Virginia's oldest town.

Some of the featured performers will be the old-time string band Gandydancer, Braxton County fiddler Melvin Wine, traditional musician Dwight Diller, and the Eastern Band Cherokee with Walker Calhoun and the Raven Rock Dancers. Appalachian novelist Lee Smith and West Virginia poet Doug Van Gandy will also be showcased during the activities, and GOLDENSEAL editor John Lilly will serve as concert emcee.

All events are free and open to the public except for the two evening concerts. To reserve tickets or for further information, call (304)876-5113.

This will be the 25th year for Berea College's Celebration of Traditional Music in Berea, Kentucky. The gathering is scheduled October 23-25 and will

feature West Virginia blues guitarist Nat Reese, along with other traditional performers.

Tickets are $7 for adults and $3.50 for children for evening concerts, but free activities throughout the weekend include workshops, symposiums, open stage performances, hymn singing, and square dancing. Call the Berea College Appalachian Center for more information at (606)986-9341 ext. 5140.

The Augusta Heritage Center's ninth annual Fiddlers' Reunion will be held October 30 to November 1 at Davis & Elkins College in Elkins. Festivities will begin with a Friday night square dance, free traditional music performances all day Saturday, a concert of old-time music Saturday night, and a Sunday morning gospel sing.

Some of the master artists who are expected to participate this year are Melvin Wine, Woody Simmons, Wilmoth Cooper, Charles Taylor, Marvin "Shorty" Currence, Norman Adams, Elmer Nestor, Estil Shreve, Dave Morgan, Rosa Pheasant, Lefty Shafer, and many others.

The Reunion is the conclusion of Augusta's October Old-Time Week which will feature classes in fiddle, guitar, clawhammer banjo, Appalachian dance, and chip carving. Old-Time Week begins October 25. For more information, contact the Augusta Heritage Center at (304)637-1209.

More Fall Fun Around the State

The autumn months in West Virginia provide many opportunities for celebrating our harvests and heritage. You may wish to add a few of these events to your calender:

The Hardy County Heritage Weekend will be held September 25-27 where over a dozen historic homes, gardens, and public buildings will be open for public touring. There will also be the homemaker's craft show and juried crafts as well as a Civil War encampment and reenactment, train rides along the South Fork of the Potomac River, and many more exhibits and activities. For more information and admission prices, call (304)434-3050.

The 13th annual Pumpkin Festival in Milton, Cabell County, moves to a new home this year for their festivities October 2-4. Ground was broken last July for the Festival's permanent grounds next to its old location at the Milton Little League Park. Activities such as arts and crafts, tractor and car shows, molasses and apple butter making, and plenty of pumpkins will highlight the weekend. Call Mary Long, (304)675-2170 for admission prices and more information.

Berkeley Springs will host their 25th annual Apple Butter Festival October 10 and 11. There will be plenty of arts and crafts, fall produce, fresh-pressed cider, and of course, apple butter. This year's festivities will also include a kids fair, flavored apple butter, and a juried art show. Admission is free. For more information call 1-800-447-8797 or check them out on the Internet at www.berkeleysprings.com.

Check out GOLDENSEAL's "Folklife*Fairs*Festivals" list in our Spring 1998 issue, or on our website at www.wvlc.wvnet.edu/culture/goldenseal/f&flist.html.

Good-Bye, Debby Jackson

After ten years as GOLDENSEAL Assistant Editor, Debby Sonis Jackson has left the magazine to work with former editor Ken Sullivan at the West Virginia Humanities Council. Debby is now the Managing Editor of the upcoming *West Virginia Encyclopedia*, to be published by the Humanities Council in the year 2000.

Debby Sonis Jackson. Photo by Michael Keller.

Debby began her work at GOLDENSEAL with the Spring 1988 issue and made an immeasurable contribution to the magazine over the past decade. Known around the office as "Debby Detail," she took responsibility for the myriad of minutiae that go into the making of each edition of the magazine from fact checking to proofreading. Debby was especially valuable in gathering photographs for the magazine, drafting announcements for the "Current Programs, Events, Publications" section of each issue, and compiling the annual "Folklife *Fairs* Festivals" list.

Her sense of humor and irrepressible personality made her a popular figure among GOLDENSEAL readers and contributors, and a fixture around the Cultural Center. We appreciate all of her work and wish her the best. Debby's new number at the West Virginia Humanities Council is (304)346-8508.

MOUNTAIN POLITICS

Governor William Marland

Suffrage Crusade

Women Legislators

Lawmaker Jackie Withrow

See pages 12 - 35

1980 commemorative bank courtesy of the West Virginia State Museum, photo by Michael Keller.

The Hard Road Home

Governor William Casey Marland

By Rod Holyman

WEST VIRGINIA STATE ARCHIVES

"He's a good driver. I've never had any problems with him, and I'd hate to lose him." The year was 1965, and the quote is from Arthur Dickholtz, president of Flash Cab Company in Chicago. He was referring to William Casey Marland, the governor of West Virginia from 1953 to 1957, who succumbed to alcoholism and ended up driving a cab on the streets of Chicago.

Marland was uncovered by a reporter from the *Chicago Tribune* in the basement cafe of the YMCA, dining on a $1.25 "all-you-can eat" fried chicken dinner. The ensuing article, entitled "Drink My Downfall," featured a photo of a befuddled and vaguely embarrassed Marland sitting in his taxi. The caption read: "Ex-Governor Marland Chicago Cabbie...From Helm of West Virginia to Wheel of Taxi."

Just 13 years earlier, a youthful and self-confident Bill Marland was canvassing the state "with a big grin and a swagger" in a bid to become West Virginia's youngest governor. "The hardest-working candidate who has ever sought the office of governor," was how Marland was described by the *Charleston Gazette's* Harry Hoffmann during that political campaign.

In the summer of 1952, it seemed that there was nothing beyond the reach of the youthful Marland, who had achieved spectacular success in every endeavor up to this point. Valedictorian and star athlete at tiny Glen Rogers High School, he earned a football scholarship to the University of Alabama, where he graduated with honors. A Navy lieutenant during World War II, he participated in several assaults in the Pacific to recapture territory from the Japanese. After the war, he went on to the West Virginia School of Law, graduating near the top of the 1947 class. An appointment to Assistant Attorney General was followed by a surprisingly easy victory in the 1950 race for Attorney General.

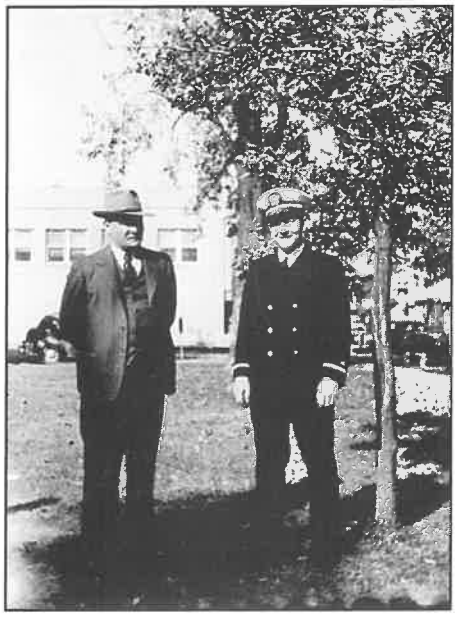
At 34 years of age, Bill Marland now stood at the precipice of reaching the highest office in state politics. To get there, however, he would have to weather a nasty confrontation with his Republican opponent, Rush Holt. Only 28 years old when elected to the U.S. Senate in 1928, Holt was nicknamed the "Boy Senator." Herb Little, an Associated Press correspondent based in Charleston from 1950 to 1985, remembers Holt as a "real demagogue." During his term in the Senate, Little recalls a *Life* magazine article that profiled various senators and placed them into separate voting categories, such as "farm block." Each senator fell into one category or another except Holt, whose picture was set apart from all of the others with a caption that read "Natural Born Hellraiser." The fiery Holt came at Marland from the start of the campaign and never let up, mercilessly ripping him for his close ties to the previous administration of Okey Patteson.

Marland endured the same kind of earlier attacks in the Democratic primary when he was labeled by his opponents as the handpicked successor to Patteson.

In spite of the criticism, Bill Marland stayed firmly aligned with the Patteson administration. He constantly reminded voters that Patteson had improved the state's roads and schools, and that the working class was helped by passage of workers' compensation legislation. He challenged critics to come forward with evidence to support the "cry of corruption, wastefulness, and thievery."

Throughout the campaign, Marland's speeches were peppered with colorful barbs and populist rhetoric. He characterized Republicans as "fat boys," and said that their version of the law of supply and demand was "that the laboring man, the farmer, and the white collar worker will supply whatever the fat boys demand."

In courting the labor vote, Marland was not at all bashful about bringing up his coal mining background. Marland was seven years old when his father moved the family from Illinois to Glen Rogers, Wyoming County, where his father worked as a mine superintendent. Bill worked in the mines while in high school, and remained a "dues paying union UMW member" into his candidacy for governor, a point which he emphasized often during the campaign.



Top: Bill Marland at age one with mother Maude Casey Marland in Johnson City, Illinois, 1919.

Middle: At age ten, Bill (right) and brother Bobby smiled for the camera near their home in Glen Rogers, 1928.

Bottom: Ensign W.C. Marland (right) at age 24 with father J.W. Marland in 1942 in Illinois. Photos courtesy of Grace Marland Beck.

Republican opponent Rush Dew Holt, the "Boy Senator." Photo 1955 courtesy of West Virginia State Archives.

Rush Holt was not impressed with the projected blue-collar image — or with any other aspect of Marland's background, for that matter. He called Marland "a miner who never mined a ton of coal, a sailor who never sailed a ship, a lawyer who never tried a case."

Despite Marland's strong pro-labor stance and his staunch partisanship, the normally pro-Democratic *Charleston Gazette* gave its support to the Republican Holt. Political editor Harry Hoffmann reasoned that an endorsement for Marland would be an endorsement of the power politics that got him the nomination. Hoffmann also felt that Marland needed additional seasoning in the Attorney General's office so "he could prove his worth to the people of West Virginia."

The *Gazette* may not have backed Marland, but the UMWA did. When the election came, Marland withstood a huge landslide by Dwight Eisenhower and the Republicans on the national level to eke out a narrow victory with 51 percent of the vote. Holt took 31 of 55 counties, but the Southern Coalfields delivered the election to Marland. In Boone, Fayette, Logan, Mingo, and McDowell counties, Marland defeated Holt by more than a 2-to-1 margin.

The loss was the second crushing blow in the same week for Rush Holt, whose sister was killed in a car accident on the Sunday before the election. The bitter Holt claimed that the statehouse machine "stole" the election from him, and cited "wholesale fraud" in the southern coal counties.

Political editor Harry Hoffmann of the *Charleston Gazette*. Photo courtesy of the *Charleston Gazette*, date and photographer unknown.

Herb Little covered the Marland-Holt election, and he doubts that there was much vote buying taking place. "If you had the UMW behind you," Little explains, "then you didn't need to buy votes. It was such a powerful force back then."

Controversy and accusations aside, the victory belonged to Marland. As unseasonably warm sunshine pushed temperatures to almost balmy levels, he was sworn in as West Virginia's 24th governor on January 19, 1953. Marland reached the apex of his political career just five years removed from WVU's law school, and became the state's youngest governor at 34 years of age.

Voluntary contributions and support from local coal miners made the difference in the 1952 election.

William C. Marland is sworn in as the 24th governor of West Virginia by Judge Frank C. Haymond, January 19, 1953.

His inaugural address was conservative, even bland. He cited the familiar themes of improving the state's roads and schools, and bringing in new industry. No specifics were offered as to how he intended to fund the increased expenditures for roads and schools. Marland would unveil this surprising proposal three days later in his initial address to the legislature, and it would mark the turning point of his political career — and his life.

In order to pay for the ambitious improvements he proposed for the state's roads and schools, Bill Marland stood before the legislature and "unqualifiedly" recommended that "we turn to that which West Virginia has been endowed by our Creator, and which when once gone is gone forever." His highly controversial plan was to place a severance tax on natural resources, mainly coal, to raise nearly $20 million annually in new state revenues. According to Marland, it was long past due for the coal industry to put something back into the state.

"For the past 50 years," he stated, "we have seen our natural resources exploited, in many cases extravagantly and wastefully, by outside capital. We should welcome the orderly development of our resources, but it seems to me only just that those things should be asked to furnish a substantial part of our revenue. West Virginia has been endowed with great wealth in natural resources, and, in my opinion, some of the wealth should be invested in our two major problems of state government: namely, roads and schools."

The severance tax caught the legislators totally off-guard, but disbelief quickly turned to opposition. There is no way to overstate the pervasive influence the coal industry had over the legislature during this period. In Herb Little's words, "They were pretty much a wholly-owned subsidiary of the coal companies."

The notion of levying a significant tax on the state's largest industry was bound to generate tremendous controversy, but Marland's timing was also off. The industry was mired in a lingering recession brought on by oversupply, and a move toward mechanization was displacing scores of miners.

More importantly, the major recipient of these new tax revenues

Governor Marland prepares to address the legislature.

Young Cecil Underwood, at left, opposed Marland's proposal for a severance tax on the coal industry in 1953. Photo courtesy of the *Charleston Gazette*, date and photographer unknown.

was to have been the State Road Commission, which was widely viewed as an inefficient and corrupt organization where kickbacks were commonplace. A few years earlier, the State Road Commission had been given a sizeable budget of $50 million for road construction and repairs. Expectations were high that the state's ailing road system would improve markedly. When this didn't happen and some of the money couldn't be accounted for, there was a public outcry.

"In those days, $50 million was a lot of money," recalls Bob Mellace, political editor of the *Charleston Daily Mail* from 1953 to 1980. "People thought they were going to get all of their roads paved. What happened was that a lot of that money was squandered, and to put it bluntly, a lot of it was stolen."

Governor Cecil Underwood, a youthful member of the House of Delegates during the early 1950's, played a significant role in the investigation of the State Road Commission. Involvement in this probe bolstered Underwood's reputation statewide, and laid the groundwork for his first successful run at the governor's office. In 1956, Cecil Underwood supplanted Bill Marland as West Virginia's youngest elected governor.

Many veteran legislators were incensed that a political newcomer would take such an obstinate take-it-or-leave-it stance.

Close advisors counseled Marland to shelve the tax for a couple of years so that he could clean up the Road Commission and restore public trust, but the advice was ignored.

"I don't think he knew how to compromise," recalls Little. Marland instead made an impassioned last minute plea to support his original proposal "because whether we like it or not, West Virginia's hills will be stripped, the bowels of the earth will be mined, and the refuse strewn across our valleys and our mountains in the form of burning slate dumps."

Not only did Marland lose the severance tax confrontation, he also alienated many veteran legislators who were incensed that a political newcomer would take such an obstinate take-it-or-leave-it stance in his very first dealings with the legislature. Although the defeat came just months into his four-year term, it set the tone for the Marland administration. "From then on, it was downhill," says Mellace. "It became Marland versus everybody else — there was almost a conspiracy to tear Bill Marland down."

The source of much opposition came from the coal industry, which was leery of Marland from the beginning because of the strong backing he received from John L. Lewis, the legendary head of the UMWA. The widespread influence of the coal operators extended not just to the legislature, but also to the media. According to Bob Mellace, "I always felt that Marland was probably the most maligned governor that I ever had anything to do with."

As if his opponents were not enough to contend with, Marland made sweeping personnel changes that may have cost him his most important ally, former governor Patteson. Since he was Patteson's handpicked successor, it was thought that Marland would keep the makeup of state government largely intact. Instead, he unceremoniously dumped several career employees — usually against the wishes of division heads. The

Bob Mellace, former political editor of the *Charleston Daily Mail* (left), and Herb Little, retired Associated Press correspondent, have clear memories of the Marland years. Photo by Michael Keller.

Gazette's Harry Hoffmann commented at the time that the firings may have cleaned out some "cobwebs" in the statehouse, "but in many cases efficient and hard-working employees have been given the ax for no apparent good reason."

While one could make the argument that he was championing the cause of the common man by standing up to the giant coal industry and cleaning up a corrupt political machine, Marland took political liberties that were hardly in keeping with this populist image. His father was given a wine contract — under the state's monopoly system for controlling the sale of alcohol — which was worth approximately $25,000. His brother was set up in an administrative position in the Purchasing Department. Marland also ordered the building of a limestone road in a remote area of Kanawha County that just happened to lead to his Dutch Ridge farm.

In a July 19, 1953, *Charleston Gazette* article that reviewed the administration's first six months, one state official aligned with Marland conceded that many of his problems could be traced back to the "Mighty I Am" attitude that he felt Marland assumed after the election. "Damned arrogant," was Little's succinct description of Marland. But avoiding the trap of overconfidence would have been difficult for Marland; he was a highly intelligent, driven man who had achieved incredible success at a very early age.

"He was an interesting character, ...hard to know," recalls Herb Little. "I would say that of the seven governors I covered, he was probably the brightest. During budget meetings he would answer specific questions off the top of his head without even opening the Budget Digest. Everyone else would be flipping through this very large document trying to keep up with him.

"He was the first governor to hold news conferences — not that they were all that newsworthy." Little characterizes Marland's handling of reporters as brusque, almost intimidating. "When someone asked him what action the administration intended to take on a certain issue, he would pause for a moment and then shoot back his standard reply: 'We'll do whatever is right!' He'd say that eight or ten times during a

Governor Marland inspects the West Virginia National Guard with Brigadier General Charles Ralph Fox at far right. Photo courtesy of West Virginia State Archives, date and photographer unknown.

news conference."

Both Little and Bob Mellace say that rumors of a drinking problem began to swirl almost as soon as Marland took office. One of the more widely circulated stories was that Marland got drunk and made an ugly scene during a conference at The Greenbrier in the spring of 1953. "We checked that out and found it to be not true," says Mellace. "But those were the kind of nasty rumors that his opponents were spreading. I covered him the entire four years, and I never saw him take a drink in his office. I never saw Bill Marland drunk."

Herb Little and several other reporters accompanied Marland for a review of the troops at a National Guard installment at Camp Pickett, Virginia. Marland earned his pilot's license while in office and commonly took the controls of the planes during trips. He often unnerved reporters with his insistence on staying at the controls even when landing in small, tight airfields such as the Greenbrier airport. "We flew up and back on the same Saturday. That next Monday there were stories all over Charleston that Marland had to be held up to review the troops, which wasn't the case. I doubt that he had even one drink. If he had been drinking I wouldn't have flown back with him."

Marland took to the road in the summer of 1955 in an effort to bring new industry into the state.

In March of 1955, Marland's term hit bottom when the Senate vetoed nine political appointments that were usually rubber stamped with little or no debate. The embarrassing rejections underscored the complete lack of cooperation that Marland received from the legislature. According to Mellace, "Anything he proposed was dead-on-arrival."

During his last two years as governor, Bill Marland actively courted industries to come to West Virginia.

Stymied in Charleston, Marland took to the road in the summer of 1955 in an effort to fulfill at least one campaign promise, that of bringing new industry into the state. Over the next year and a half, Marland held nearly 50 luncheons in 17 different states that were attended by more than 1,250 executives. Attempting to quantify the result of any economic development program can be difficult at best, but Marland claimed that his campaign resulted in an influx of "some 70 new industries, providing employment for nearly 50,000 workers and representing investments of well over half a billion dollars." That claim was probably a stretch, but several industrial plants, including the $216 million Kaiser Aluminum plant in Ravenswood, did decide to locate in the state after Marland launched his program.

Marland had a few other bright spots, and his handling of school integration is arguably the most important legacy of his term. It was one instance in which Marland's abrupt manner served him well. While the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling generated significant turmoil in other Appalachian states, Marland's simple response was: "West Virginia will obey the law." His matter-of-fact approach enabled West Virginia to carry out integration with few disturbances, even in the most rural communities.

In addressing the legislature in his final "State of the State," Marland did not hide his disgust that no significant progress had been made in providing additional funding for the state's roads and schools during his term. He expressed his frustration that "we are again looking down these same roads, and the sign posts are still pointing toward vacillation." Marland concluded the address by calling his term "both fascinating and educational, and an experience that will be the highlight of my life." Marland was right; things quickly unraveled for him after he left office.

Restricted by law from seeking a second term as governor, Bill Marland tried to extend his political career by running for the U.S. Senate on two separate occasions. The first attempt came during his

final year as governor, when he was crushed by Republican Chapman Revercomb, who took 42 of the 55 counties. The *Gazette* contended that voters turned to Revercomb because "Marland represented in their minds the sort of practices they wanted purged from their government."

Two years later in 1958, Marland tried again. Despite the most concerted campaigning effort of his political career, he was again beaten badly — this time in the primary by Jennings Randolph, who would go on to serve as U.S. Senator for nearly 40 years.

Marland went back to his private law office, but not for long. The negative experience as governor and the failed Senate bids had disillusioned Marland, and he began to retreat. The man who had spent the past eight years constantly courting the public suddenly became reclusive. In January of 1959, Marland separated himself from West Virginia and from politics, and moved to Chicago to accept a position as director of sales for West Kentucky Coal Corporation. The irony of accepting a management position with a large coal company, considering the influence the coal lobby exerted in killing his proposed severance tax, must have been lost on Marland.

Marland commented later that he thought "a change of scenery might be the answer." Instead, the drinking accelerated into what he called a "24-hour-a-day proposition, with all the attendant evils and a significant reduction in ability to handle my functions." Herb Little speculates that the nature of his sales job — frequent entertaining and long stretches away from home — may have sent Marland over the edge.

Marland took an existentialist view of the period, saying that he "neither cared then nor since as to why this took place. The important thing was that it had." Except for "sporadic attempts to go on the wagon," there was no stopping Marland, and it eventually became apparent that he could no longer handle his duties with West Kentucky Coal.

With nowhere else to fall, Marland "sought refuge in the alcoholic ward of a mental institution." He spent 30 days there, and left with the "hope that there might be a chance for me to arrest the march of this disease called alcoholism."

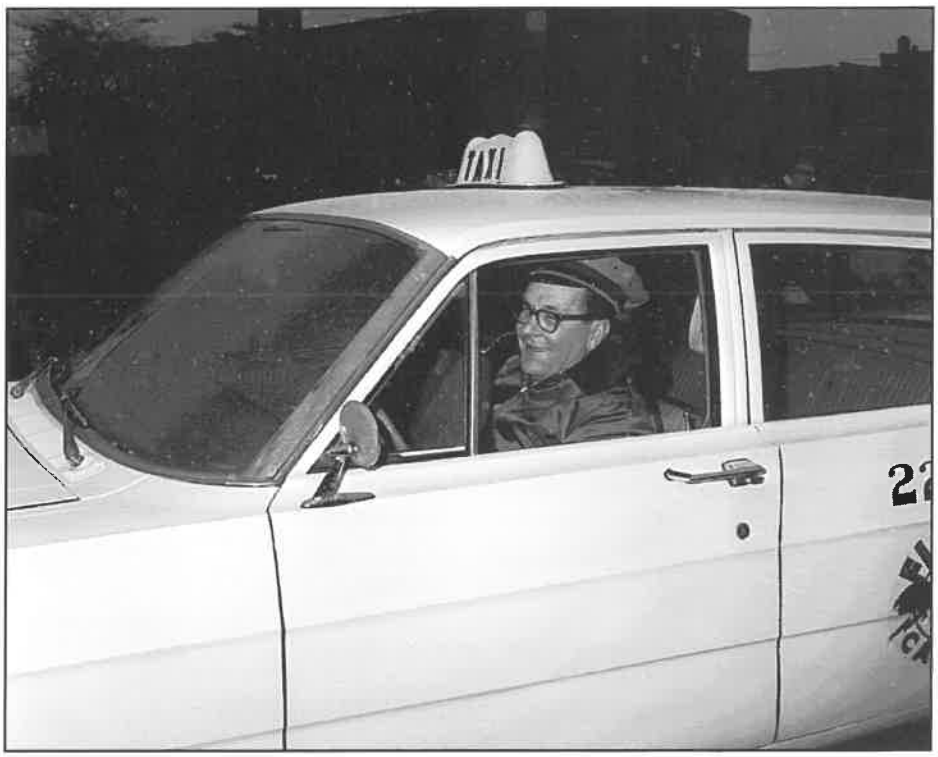
He realized that he would have to "begin from the beginning." The "beginning" for Marland turned out to be driving a cab.

Marland tried, but failed, to return to the practice of law. It was then that he realized that he would have to "begin from the beginning." The "beginning" for Marland turned out to be driving a cab. He had dealt with his failed political career by escaping to Chicago and fading from the public eye. Now it was time to take another step back. He found that the anonymity that he sought could be achieved best by driving a taxi on the streets of Chicago. The man who once held the highest elected office in West Virginia "was gratified and happy to notice after the first two or three weeks that this job could be done." In Little's words, "Marland needed to do something where there was no pressure whatsoever."

In the year that followed, Marland wrestled with inner demons, calling it "a toss-up as to which side of my character would win. But after about a year, I began to discover that I was consciously considering the advisability of doing the right thing." Marland's struggle to find clarity and an inner peace was facilitated by the cabdriving job, which he described as having a value as therapy.

"At this particular time, my idle moments were devoted to intense thinking of a reflective and analytical nature. Meanwhile, the business of whiskey on occasion of irritation or momentary glimpse of prosper-

Continued on page 22.



This Associated Press photo of a recovering Bill Marland behind the wheel of a cab was published nationally in 1965.

Underwood on Marland

Interview by Rod Hoylman

Photographs by Michael Keller

Governor Cecil H. Underwood at the beginning of his first term. 1957 photo courtesy of the *Charleston Gazette.*

During the early 1950's Cecil Underwood and Bill Marland were two of the most active and influential young politicians in state government. Though they fought on opposing sides of many issues, they also shared many concerns and experiences during a pivotal time for West Virginia. At 34 years of age, Underwood succeeded Marland as the state's youngest governor in 1957. On July 20 of this year, midway through his current term as West Virginia's oldest head of state, Governor Underwood shared his thoughts about the Marland years with writer Rod Hoylman. —ed.

Rod Hoylman. How would you characterize Marland as a person?

Governor Cecil Underwood. We did get to know each other pretty well. As a matter of fact, during the last half of his term, I think that I gave him more support as the minority leader than he got from the Democratic majority leader. He used to invite me down in the mornings to talk about legislative programs, but we weren't social friends or anything like that.

RH. Was the proposed severance tax a surprise to you?

CU. It was his major proposal, and he made an all-out effort to get it passed. I opposed it because, at that time, the coal industry had the highest rate of taxes for any industry in the gross sales tax. They accepted those high rates in the earlier years in lieu of a severance tax, and I felt that the government was going back on its commitment to the coal industry.

RH. Did Marland's proposed severance tax result in the falling out that Marland had with former governor Okey Patteson?

CU. That may have had some bearing. But I think that Governor Marland's wholesale, ruthless firing of people who had been there a long time — many of them were Governor Patteson's friends — probably ruptured their relationship.

RH. The failed severance tax proposal seemed to set the tone for his administration. He received little cooperation from the legislature.

CU. Governor Marland was a brilliant lawyer and he loved confrontation. I don't think it was particularly partisan; he just liked to confront issues. And I think that kind of combativeness is what caused his problems with the legislature.

RH. What were some of the successes of Marland's term?

CU. In my opinion, his major contribution to history was the way he handled the school integration issue. The day after the Supreme Court decision, he held a news conference and said that it was the law of the land and that West Virginia would proceed immediately to implement the decision. We had a few minor incidents here and there, but there were no major racial confrontations. I came into office shortly after the decision, and my first Southern Governor's conference was during the weekend that Eisenhower had to send the troops into Little Rock.

RH. As you know, Marland ran into some difficulties with alcoholism and eventually ended up in Chicago driving a cab. Had you kept in contact with him during this period?

CU. No, not after he left the state. But I could tell you that during those morning conferences, at 9

o'clock in the morning in this office, that he was lacing his coffee with bourbon. And I think that was his downfall, but you have to admire the way he got hold of himself and pulled back together.

RH. What was the overall reaction when the news of Marland's plight first broke?

CU. There was pretty widespread awareness of his alcohol problem. During the 1956 campaign when he was running for the Senate, he and Senator Revercomb had a televised debate. I don't know if he had a drink before that debate or not, but it certainly appeared that way. So, I think the perception was pretty broad that he had a drinking problem. And the general opinion was that a lot of Marland's dismissals were made late at night and perhaps influenced by alcohol.

RH. The experience seemed to change him. He seemed like he was more gracious and humble afterwards.

CU. That was definitely noticeable in the few times that I saw him after he returned to the state. He seemed to be perfectly adjusted and he looked well physically, but, as you know, he succumbed to cancer not long after that.

RH. Does anything stand out about the transition from the Marland administration to your administration?

CU. I've said both publicly and privately that the recent transition from the Caperton administration to the current administration was probably the smoothest one ever. Shortly after the election, he invited me to the mansion to review briefing books that he had prepared for each agency of state government. That was a tremendous help. In 1956, there was no offer of any office space or any help with the transition. I got one phone call from Governor Marland, and he said 'If you want furniture in this office, then you better order it because I'm taking every damn stick of it.' And the only thing he left was one worn-out pink couch that was over there where you are sitting.

RH. How do you compare your second go-around as governor compared to the first term?

CU. It's so much different now. In my first term, the coal industry was moving toward mechanization and 25 percent of the work force in this state was displaced in a little over a year. That's an economic shock that no economy can absorb, and I spent the last couple of years just trying to dig out of the quicksand and diversify our economy. At the time, the major corporations viewed our work force as a strike-happy bunch of people, and most of them had us blacklisted and wouldn't even come to look at a site. Now, the most competitive advantage that we have is the quality of our work force. So, everything is much more positive, including my relationship with the legislature. Governor Marland had them in such a habit of fighting with him that they thought that was what they were supposed to do. Governor Caperton established a model of cooperation, which the current legislature has become accustomed to.

RH. Governor, is there anything you'd like to add in closing?

CU. I remember I was having some confrontation with the legislature. I saw Marland at a reception and he said 'You've got to expect these things, but you can always take comfort in knowing that the Kanawha River is right across the street from your front door!'

Continued from page 19.

ity faded further and further until it seemed to have no part of my conscious picture. I would say that its threat, while always recognized, lost its potency."

Having regained some control over his life, Marland might have moved on. Incredibly, though, the same person who integrated West Virginia's public schools and who personally courted the nation's most powerful business executives, chose to remain behind the wheel of a taxi for more than two years *after* he had sobered up. The governor who had dared to challenge King Coal continued to bed down in a $12-a-week room at the YMCA.

Marland confessed that, on several occasions, visitors from West Virginia identified their cabdriver as the former chief executive of the state. "And I've recognized some people who didn't spot me." Herb Little recalls that "there were all sorts of stories going around that Bill Marland was up in Chicago driving a cab, but nobody believed them."

Finally on New Year's Day of 1965, Marland made up his mind that it was time for a change. He took an indefinite leave of absence from Flash Cab Company, and returned a month later, convinced that he was ready "for something more challenging." But before he could take action, Marland encountered the reporter from the *Chicago Tribune*, who was checking on a lead from one of Marland's cab fares. It seems the passenger was chatting with Marland about being transferred to West Virginia, when the cabby turned around and casually remarked, "I used to be governor there."

The compelling story of Marland's fall from power fascinated the entire country. The story was picked up by every major newspaper in the nation, and Marland later appeared on a national television show.

Back in West Virginia, former governor Patteson expressed his sorrow that the man he groomed for the statehouse a dozen years ago had fallen on "some misfortune."

The Marland family during happier times. Wife Valerie is at the piano with children William Allen (standing), Susan Lynn, and John Wesley in 1953.

Rather than indulging in self-pity, Marland displayed humility and an understated courage.

Marland's father responded bitterly to his son's public discussion of the matter, calling it a "rotten, lousy thing to do." Indeed, alcoholism was a taboo subject 30 years ago, and few came forward with open admissions — let alone ex-governors turned cabbies. Herb Little says that the public's reaction was a mixture of astonishment and embarrassment. But shock and embarrassment soon gave way to respect and admiration in the wake of Marland's candid disclosure in the glare of the public eye. Standing before a roomful of reporters and cameras in his cab uniform, West Virginia's former governor simply said, "I got drunk." No excuses were offered and Marland didn't stoop to blame others. Rather than indulging in self-pity, Marland displayed humility and an understated courage. Marland said he was unconcerned how it might look for him, "but I don't know how it will affect my family."

When pressed as to why he failed to pursue a law practice despite being a member of the Illinois bar, Marland replied rhetorically, "Why? Why, I'd fallen apart. I took a regular job because I needed a vehicle to help my character. Driving a cab is a good job for character composition." Marland went on to

say that he "would like to get back into the mainstream of life — but not politics." There were no plans, he said, "other than to drive a cab."

Self-effacing humor was employed to diffuse what could have been a very tense and uncomfortable situation. When asked what advice he had for Southern governors grappling with the civil rights issue, Marland deadpanned, "You wouldn't want a Chicago cabby giving advice to governors, would you?" He shrugged off a reference to his former label as the "Boy Wonder" of West Virginia politics: "Oh, well, that kind of language just came out of you fellows' press kits."

The *Charleston Gazette* was initially reluctant to print the story because "there was something distasteful about putting the glare of publicity on a man who had been the chief executive of his state, with all the prestige and attention that it commands, and now was hacking cab fares in the crowded streets of Chicago."

Afterwards, though, the *Gazette* had nothing but praise for Marland: "While many men can stand up to receive acclaim, he has demonstrated courage and strength of character to stand up in the face of adversity after tasting the acclaim."

The *Gazette* was not alone in its assessment, as Marland was inundated with job offers following the story. One came from James Edwards, a prominent Huntington businessman who owned a mattress factory and dabbled in horse racing. During his term as governor, Marland had appointed Edwards to the State Racing Commission. Now it was time for Edwards to return the favor. Marland took Edwards up on the offer, which looked like the perfect transition back into the mainstream: a low-pressure management position overseeing Edwards' Waterford Park racetrack in the peaceful setting of Hancock County in the Northern Panhandle.

The Associated Press described the hiring as a "high plateau" for the former governor who "drove through a dark valley of life in a taxi." But Marland would barely have time to enjoy this plateau before his life took one final, cruelly ironic twist.

In August of that same year, he was admitted to Methodist Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, for diagnostic surgery. In typical fashion, Marland downplayed the procedure, calling it a "very simple situation." But only a month later, Edwards issued a statement saying that Marland had pancreatic cancer.

In response to several inquiries from readers about Marland's condition, Herb Little phoned Marland at his Barrington, Illinois, home. "I was surprised when he picked up the phone. He talked very easily. He told me that he was planning on returning to his job in Hancock County as soon as he was able. He sounded just like he always did." One week later, on November 26, 1965, Bill Marland passed away. He was 47 at the time. No other West Virginia governor has died that young.

The sudden end to Marland's life after he had rounded the corner was certainly tragic in one sense. However, Marland was prepared in a way that few others are. He no longer craved the spotlight, nor did he need to satisfy an ego. He had put aside the self-importance of politics and the self-indulgence of alcoholism, and his vision was unclouded. It's a perspective gained by humbling oneself, a perspective Marland gained from behind the wheel of a cab.

ROD HOYLMAN is originally from Fairmont and earned his Masters in Business Administration from West Virginia University. He is now vice-president of Ryan• McGinn• Samples Research, Inc., in Charleston. He is also a member of the Radio Reading Service for the blind and physically handicapped and a volunteer mentor for the Keep a Child in School Program. This is his first published article.

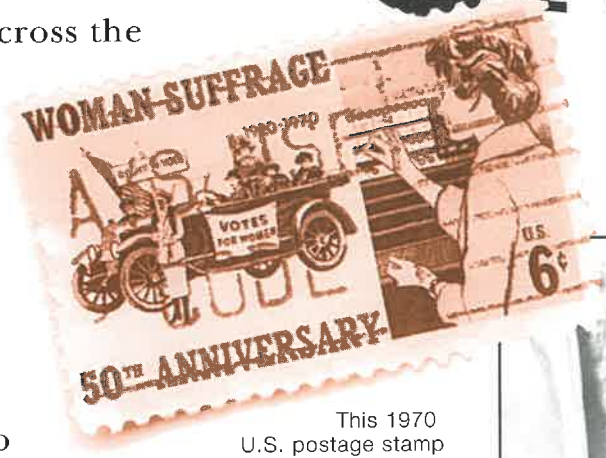
Rod Hoylman. Photo by Michael Keller.

Photo courtesy of West Virginia State Archives.

Suffrage Crusade

By Joseph G. O'Keefe and Virginia Nowland

With a new century just over the horizon, history analysts are beginning to assess which events over the past 100 years have had the greatest impact on the political landscape of the 20th century here in West Virginia and across the United States. Ranking near the top of any such list would have to be the ratification of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution on August 26, 1920, guaranteeing women the right to vote. After a long and arduous struggle spanning 72 years, women in every state of the Union eagerly and proudly marched to the polls and cast their votes for the first time in the Presidential election of November 1920.



This 1970 U.S. postage stamp commemorates the ratification of the 19th Amendment, courtesy of Connie Karickhoff.

"Mr. President, how long must women wait for liberty?" The long struggle for woman suffrage came to a climax in West Virginia in 1920. This Associated Press photo shows suffragists in New York, date unknown, courtesy of the *Charleston Gazette*.

In the early years of our democracy, voting rights in most states were reserved for property owners — usually white males. Following the tradition of English common law, a woman's place was strictly in the home. By the 1800's, however, women began to question existing laws and to challenge accepted ideas about their position of inequality as citizens. As the years passed, they started meeting together in small groups. They relied initially on networks which were already in place to promote the abolition and temperance movements. Eventually, the women's gatherings developed into more structured organizations. Their goal was to promote an agenda which would give them access to a formal education, property ownership, and the right to vote.

The drive for suffrage was not a smooth road and was marked by a number of bizarre events. In 1917, female backers marched through the streets of the nation's capital, picketed around-the-clock in front of the White House, and chained themselves to the entrance gates. These tactics continued for almost a year and resulted in approximately 200 arrests. Reports of the inhumane and cruel treatment of the women prisoners outraged the country.

On January 9, 1918, President Woodrow Wilson, who favored state rather than federal action on voting rights, finally came out in

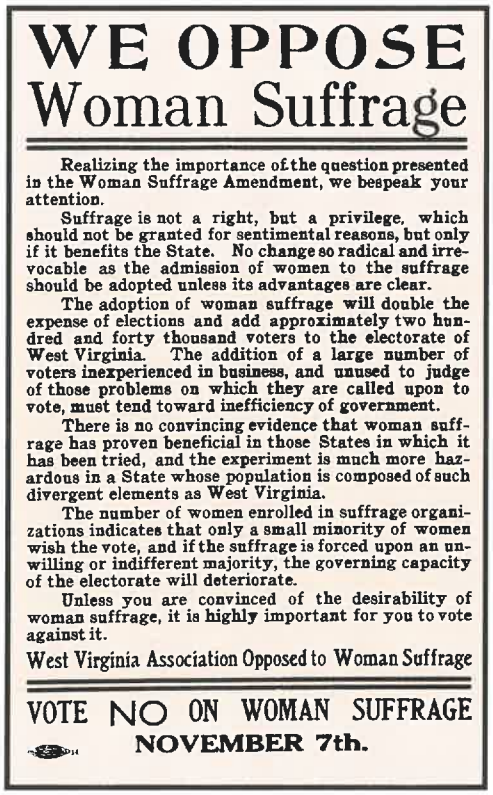
favor of the proposed suffrage amendment. But it was not until May 21, 1919, that 304 members of the House of Representatives voted for the Woman Suffrage Amendment. On June 3, the Senate also passed the 19th Amendment and sent it on its way to be ratified by the states.

For the Constitution of the United States to be changed, three-fourths of the members of both the House of Representatives and the Senate must vote in favor of passing an amendment. Before it officially becomes a part of the Constitution, the amendment must then be approved by three-fourths of the state legislatures.

Determination mounted among the suffragists, who hoped to achieve the vote in time for the November 1920 election. West Virginia played a significant — and exciting — role in the ensuing drama.

As the proposed amendment edged its way through various legislatures, Virginia and other Southern states coldly turned their backs on the idea. But as approval by the required 36 states appeared to be increasingly likely, debates grew longer and tempers shorter.

Suffragists' hopes were high as the Maryland Assembly prepared to tackle the measure. To buoy up the fainthearted in Annapolis, suffrage supporters brought in a brass band from Baltimore which played popular tunes in the state house corridors. Both sides mustered their arguments strongly. But on February 17, within three hours, the legislature disposed of the issue with a resounding, "No!" To emphasize just how vehemently these Marylanders disliked this frivolous notion of women deserting the kitchen to cast ballots in a presidential election, the House of Delegates took an additional step. A committee of seven members was selected to travel to Charleston. Their mission was to lobby the West Virginia Legislature, which at the time consisted of 30 senators and 94 members in the House of Delegates. A special session had been called, and the Maryland delegation hoped to sway their West Virginia colleagues to take similar negative action on the suffrage issue. But once settled in Charleston, the Marylanders discovered this was not to be another breezy three-hour forum. Some unscheduled events unfolded.



WE OPPOSE
Woman Suffrage

Realizing the importance of the question presented in the Woman Suffrage Amendment, we bespeak your attention.

Suffrage is not a right, but a privilege, which should not be granted for sentimental reasons, but only if it benefits the State. No change so radical and irrevocable as the admission of women to the suffrage should be adopted unless its advantages are clear.

The adoption of woman suffrage will double the expense of elections and add approximately two hundred and forty thousand voters to the electorate of West Virginia. The addition of a large number of voters inexperienced in business, and unused to judge of those problems on which they are called upon to vote, must tend toward inefficiency of government.

There is no convincing evidence that woman suffrage has proven beneficial in those States in which it has been tried, and the experiment is much more hazardous in a State whose population is composed of such divergent elements as West Virginia.

The number of women enrolled in suffrage organizations indicates that only a small minority of women wish the vote, and if the suffrage is forced upon an unwilling or indifferent majority, the governing capacity of the electorate will deteriorate.

Unless you are convinced of the desirability of woman suffrage, it is highly important for you to vote against it.

West Virginia Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage

VOTE NO ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE
NOVEMBER 7th.

Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

Two Democratic senators, Milton Burr of Jefferson County and Julius Frazier of Putnam County, received personal pro-ratification appeals from President Wilson, also a Democrat. Both refused. The situation looked bleak for the suffragists.

Still another controversy arose concerning Senator Raymond Dodson of Spencer, Roane County, a suffrage supporter. It was circulated that he had moved out of his district and was living in Charleston. An attempt to unseat him was being organized by the anti-ratification senators. In addition, unverified reports were being spread that out-of-state liquor interests were ferrying in money to thwart the suffrage campaign.

But these were minor skirmishes compared to the explosive debate which burst forth next.

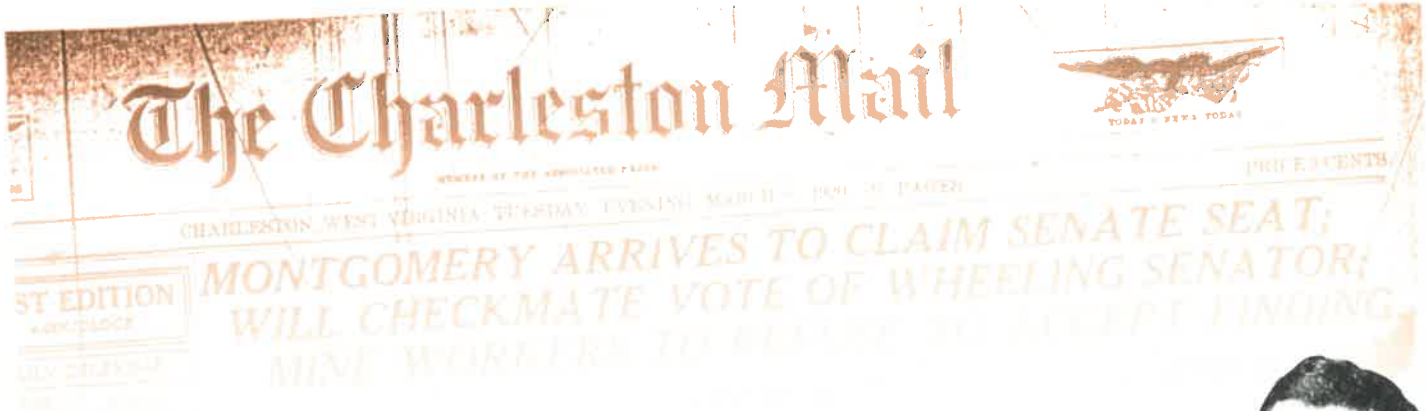
Archibald R. Montgomery, a former Democratic senator from Boone County who had recently moved to Illinois, suddenly reappeared, claimed his old seat, and announced his intention to vote against the 19th Amendment.

Suffrage forces cried "foul," but Montgomery pressed his case. To his consternation, it was discovered that on June 17, 1919, Montgomery had written a letter of resignation to Governor John J. Cornwell. The anti-suffrage members of the Senate drafted a measure requesting that this earlier resignation be rejected. Montgomery voted in favor of that action. However, his right to vote on his own behalf was challenged because it did not adhere strictly to the laws of the Senate. Charles Sinsel, the Senate President, ruled that Montgomery's vote was invalid.

The 12-12 vote was then broken by Senator Burr. Like Montgomery, Burr was a suffrage foe, but he voted against Montgomery "as a matter of conscience," all the while emphasizing that he was still anti-suffrage.

When the House of Delegates put the suffrage question to a vote, all the fuss and clamor were tuned out, and on March 3, 1919, the amendment was passed, 47-40. Now the ball again was in the Senate's court. The action of this repeat vote ended in a 14-14 standoff.

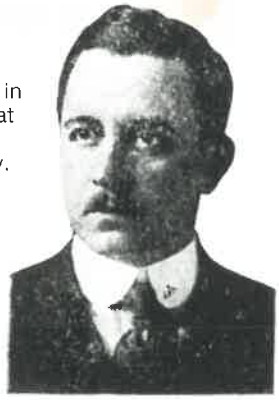
The deadlock brought up the question of an absent legislator. Where was Senator Jesse A. Bloch of Wheeling? At that point, Bloch had not gotten a call in time to return for the initial vote. This millionaire tobacco manufacturer was soaking up the sunshine at his vacation home in Pasadena, California. As



he was sunning himself on the beach, a messenger informed him that he was urgently needed in West Virginia. He donned street clothes over his swimsuit and, with Mrs. Bloch, caught an express train to Chicago.

There he was met by Republican National Chairman Will Hays and other GOP stalwarts. Hays offered to charter an airplane via Cincinnati, but Mrs. Bloch demurred. In 1920, aviation was a high risk venture. A railroad man informed the group that a train could make the run from Chicago to Cincinnati in six hours. Bloch put up $5,000 to obtain a special train on the Santa Fe railroad. Bloch dropped a clue to his attitude on woman suffrage by telling a reporter in Cincinnati on March 9, "I'm not a suffragist...but if the women want to vote, why not let them?"

Senator Jesse A. Bloch (R-Wheeling) played a dramatic role in the 1920 suffrage battle as he raced cross country to break a deadlock on the floor of the state Senate. Photo 1920, courtesy of West Virginia State Archives.



Senator Archibald R. Montgomery (D-Boone) resigned his seat in the Senate and moved to Illinois. His attempt to reclaim his seat and vote against the 19th Amendment drew national attention. 1918 photo courtesy of Mary DelCont, State Legislative Library.

His dash to Charleston stirred interest over much of the country. There was talk of the Montgomery issue being challenged and many citizens feared that Montgomery could cast a vote before Bloch arrived. This exciting contest within the West Virginia Legislature was covered ten times on Page One of the *New York Times* within a period of several weeks.

At 6:15 p.m. on March 9, the Bloch special roared into Cincinnati in time to catch the connecting train to Charleston. The senator arrived in the capital city at 2:30 a.m., where he was met by a group of supporters and escorted to a hotel. He was still wearing his swimsuit!

As Bloch strode into the Senate chamber the following day, the gallery applauded. When the vital showdown came, the Senate voted 16-13 on March 10 for the 19th Amendment. Cheers burst forth, tin horns blared, and a woman rushed to pin a yellow flower on Bloch. A move to reconsider was beaten. The Maryland delegation returned home in dejection.

West Virginia and Washington became the 34th and 35th states, respectively, to ratify the suffrage proposal. The national spotlight next shifted to Tennessee. By then, the setting was familiar. The Nashville statehouse seethed with excitement. Suffrage supporters wearing yellow roses heatedly argued with opponents displaying red flowers. Both sides pushed their agendas mercilessly, whatever the cost. After a bitter fight, Tennessee became the swing state and voted in favor of the amendment on August 18, according to the *New York Times*.

The 19th Amendment was signed into law by U.S. Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby on August 26, 1920. It provides simply that "the right of citizens of the Unites States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

The following November, 509,936 West Virginians turned out to mark their ballots in the election which was won easily by U.S. Senator Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge of the Republican ticket. This was a statewide increase of 220,260 over the popular vote four years earlier.

Of course, the reason for this was that women were exercising their franchise. Nationally 26,000,000 women voted in the November 1920 election.

Every year, August 26 is recognized as National Women's Equality Day. It is a credit to thousands of dedicated and spirited women and men that the 19th Amendment to the Constitution was ratified.

Retired journalist JOSEPH O'KEEFE of Washington, D.C., first submitted this article to GOLDENSEAL in 1996. It was completed after his death by his niece, VIRGINIA NOWLAND, of Delaware.

"I Greatly Appreciate Your Courage"

West Virginia's Women Legislators

The elections of 1922 ushered in a new era of politics in West Virginia. For the first time, women could run for a public office. And run they did.

By Jo Boggess Phillips

That year Miss Hattie Stein became the first woman in West Virginia to run for a seat in the United States House of Representatives while Mrs. Izetta Jewel Brown, the widow of a former congressman, became the first West Virginia woman to run for the United States Senate.

Brown addressed the issue of women running for public office in a letter she wrote to Stein: "I greatly appreciate your courage — for it does take courage for a woman to enter a political contest in this state. As you say, it is gratifying to know that the other side is presenting the highest type of man or woman as a candidate for public office. I have been reading with great interest of your campaign and am glad to see that you are standing for the highest standards in politics. I can close my letter with the same sentiment you have expressed so splendidly to me — 'with best wishes for the best for West Virginia.'"

In 1928, Mrs. Minnie Buckingham Harper (R-McDowell) became the first African American woman to serve in a state legislature in the United States. Photo courtesy of Mary DelCont, State Legislative Library.

Previous Page: Senator Jae Spears (D-Randolph). Photos courtesy of the *Charleston Gazette*, photographers and dates unknown unless indicated.

Not only did women break the gender barrier in 1920 by running for several political offices for the first time, they also won some of those elections. Four women, for example, were elected county superintendents of schools that year in Kanawha, Cabell, Berkeley, and Mason counties. Moreover, two of the five women who ran in the primaries for seats in the West Virginia Legislature won their party's nominations. Mrs. Tom (Anna) Johnson Gates was one of six Democrats and Nina Blundon Wills was one of six Republican primary winners in Kanawha County. Mrs. Gates then went on to win one of Kanawha County's six seats in the state legislature, making her West Virginia's first woman state legislator.

Mrs. Minnie Buckingham Harper (R-McDowell) had the distinction of being the first African American woman state legislator in not only West Virginia, but the United States. She was appointed in 1928 to the House of Delegates to fill a vacancy caused by the death of her husband. Elizabeth Drewry (D-McDowell) became the second African American woman to serve in the West Virginia Legislature following her election in 1950. She was the only African American woman to have been elected to the state legislature.

Since Anna Gates' election 78 years ago, 125 women have served in the West Virginia Legislature. Although the number of West Virginia women legislators increased somewhat from the 1920's to the 1960's, the numbers remained fairly small, often with only one or two women serving in the state legislature at the same time. Also during this time, more than 60 percent of the women were appointed to the legislature, typically to serve out the remainder of the legislative term of deceased relatives, usually their husbands or fathers. Mrs. Hazel Hyre (D-Jackson), for example, became the first woman to serve in the state Senate when she was appointed to fill her late husband's unexpired term in 1934. It was not until 1966 that a woman, Betty Baker (D-Hardy), was elected to the state Senate.

In the 1970's, the number of women who served in the West Virginia Legislature increased dramatically. With the women's movement sweeping the nation, women became a larger part of policy-making as legislators rather than as secretaries taking dictation for male legislators.

The woman of the 1980's replaced the woman of the 1970's with the new title of "Superwoman." This was the woman who could have it all; the woman who could both "bring home the bacon and fry it up in a pan." Women legislators of the 1980's made inroads in educational and occupational opportunities, gained a great deal of individual and collective political experience, and developed political ambition at ever-increasing rates. They accomplished all this with very little reduction in their responsibilities to children and home.

"When a meeting of the caucus was announced on the floor, to be held in the ladies lounge, there was a murmur through the male legislators, a 'What are they up to now?'"

The election of 1988, and the appointments in the months that followed, placed a record number of women in the state legislature. In 1989-90, during the 69th legislative session, a total of 29 female legislators served in the House and Senate: the highest number of female legislators ever to serve.

West Virginia's House of Delegates included these women in early 1972. Standing (left to right) Phyllis Rutledge (D-Kanawha), Jackie Withrow (D-Raleigh), Jody Smirl (R-Cabell), Phyllis Given (D-Kanawha), Mary Martha Merritt (D-Raleigh); seated Judy Herndon (R-Ohio), Barbara Boirasky (D-Kanawha), Freda Paul (D-Cabell), and Midge Crandall (D-Fayette). Photo courtesy of Jackie Withrow.

Through the decades, the type of woman serving as legislator has changed. But since the first woman was elected to the West Virginia Legislature, women have worked hard to create policy which not only benefits the citizens of the state, but also makes a particularly positive impact on the lives of women and children.

Anna Gates was an active legislator in the 1920's, sponsoring 13 pieces of legislation during the legislative session, five of which were enacted. Among her successful bills was one that provided financial relief for women. Known as "Mother's Pensions" legislation, it was essentially a state welfare policy to provide income to any woman with children whose husband was unable to support the family financially. She was also successful in getting other bills passed such as providing the Kanawha County Board of Education the authority to establish, support, and maintain a public library, and protecting animals from inhumane treatment.

Among those that did not immediately become law were proposals to establish public health clinics, making Thanksgiving and Christmas school holidays, improving women's legal rights, and changing marriage license requirements.

In 1955, Elizabeth Simpson Drewry sponsored a resolution to submit an amendment for the voter's approval to allow women to serve on juries. Up until that time paupers, vagabonds, idiots, lunatics, habitual drunkards, persons convicted of infamous crimes, and women were excluded from jury duty. One argument made against allowing women to serve on juries was the lack of female restrooms in county courthouses. On November 6, 1956, 36 years after women were given the right to vote, the state's voters ratified the amendment giving West Virginia's women the right to sit on juries. West Virginia was the last state to provide this right to women.

In the 1970's, Martha Wehrle (D-Kanawha) remembers working very hard with Pat Hartman (D-Cabell) to get the first domestic violence legislation passed. She also remembers working with Marge Burke (D-Gilmer) to organize child support bills and "the men would just laugh at us."

An important development occurred in 1983 with the formation of the Women's Legislative Caucus. The caucus considered topics such as prenatal care and day care, and has been successful in getting legislation passed on these issues. The caucus serves as a support group for women legislators to help them stay well informed on issues and lobby for those issues that affect women in the state.

Marge Burke, the first chairman of the women's caucus, believes most male legislators respect female legislators but she notes that "it always struck fear in their hearts when we called a women's caucus." Patricia Hartman also notes the male legislators' reaction stating "...when a meeting of the caucus was announced on the floor, to be held in the ladies lounge, there was a murmur through the male legislators, a 'What are they up to now?' Naturally, we encouraged their unease."

One effort by the women's caucus received national attention in 1987. Nationally, the women lawmakers in West Virginia were portrayed as women who showed their power by joining together to save a prenatal care bill. Delegate Pat White (D-Putnam) said, "Any person with an ounce of sympathy

Marge Burke (D-Gilmer), 1981.

would have to vote for indigent pregnant women and for children. This state has one of the highest infant mortality rates in the country and it's because poor women can't afford prenatal care."

The women's caucus employed a variety of pressure tactics to force reconsideration of the bill by a Senate committee after the chairman sent the bill out with a negative recommendation. Several delegates accused the Senate health chair of being against programs which have a positive impact on women and children. One woman Senator threatened to stop all legislative business with a filibuster, while women members of the House pushed through a resolution asking the Senate to reconsider the bill. Outside, advocacy groups organized a candlelight vigil in support of the bill. The bill finally passed, but the governor vetoed it, so the women organized once again to successfully get the veto overridden.

In 1996, caucus chair Margarette Leach (D-Cabell) clarified the areas in which the caucus would be involved. She said, "We have ground rules that we won't get involved in the abortion issue and we will not get into gay and lesbian rights. We will try to find some middle-of-the-road economic issues that we can all support."

Aside from the work they did to make policy, women legislators also broke down institutional barriers within the legislature itself. The world in which men had ruled for so long was slowly being infiltrated by women.

Anna Gates, in addition to being the first woman elected to West Virginia's state legislature, was also the first to serve in a leadership capacity. During her only term in the House of Delegates, she was appointed chair of the Committee on Arts, Science, and General Improvements. Although this committee was not considered one of the most important ones in the state legislature, her appointment as chair was quite an achievement in the then-male dominated world of state politics.

In 1979, Judith Herndon (R-Ohio) was appointed to the Senate Rules Committee. She became the first woman to serve on the Rules Committee of either house and broke down one of the last all-male preserves. The Rules Committee wields a great deal of power in determining whether or not legislation will be passed, especially during the last weeks of the session, by determining which bills will be taken up by the full body. Five years later, Martha Wehrle was appointed as the first woman to serve on the House Rules Committee.

Delegate Pat White (D-Putnam) leads a rally at the state capitol in 1985.

Phyllis Rutledge (D-Kanawha), first elected to the legislature in 1968, was appointed Speaker Pro Tempore for the 1993-94 session. While one other woman, Marge Burke, held this position previously, Rutledge became the first woman to preside over any chamber of the legislature.

In 1985, Senator Jae Spears (D-Randolph) became the first woman to chair the Finance Committee in either house of the West Virginia Legislature.

Women have served as chairs of some of the major committees in the Senate including Finance, Education, Health and

Phyllis Rutledge was the first woman to preside over any chamber of the state legislature. Photo by Chip Ellis.

Human Resources, and Government Organization. In the House, the only major committees chaired by women have been Health and Human Resources, and Government Organization. Many of the committees which are considered minor, such as Transportation, Banking and Insurance, and others, have been chaired by women in both the House and Senate.

In addition to individual accomplishments, the women's caucus has made some changes to the internal workings of the legislature. In 1996, they agreed to discontinue the tradition of women giving the Speaker of the House a gift on Valentine's Day. The tradition had also included the women giving presents to other members of leadership, while the women also received gifts. In the past, women would go up to the Speaker's podium and plant a kiss on the Speaker's cheek. One woman legislator states, "We thought that was degrading. We want to be treated just like the guys, we want to be equal. When we got up to the Finance Committee, (chairman) Bob Kiss had gotten us each a rose and of course we were delighted. One of the delegates thanked him and said, 'We can come up and kiss you if you want us to.' I said, 'If you go up there I am going to break your legs, we are not doing that anymore.'"

She explains, "We set up all these rules, we won't buy gifts, and we're not going to kiss the Speaker, and we are not going to collect money for the committees. Anytime you are on a committee and there is a gift to be bought, the women are usually the ones who have to collect the money, and go buy the gift." She adds, "We made them 'clean up' the Speaker's dinner so they didn't keep on telling all of those raunchy stag jokes which would embarrass some of the women."

Whether through policy-making or institutional changes, women legislators have worked hard to serve West Virginia. The important role they have played and continue to play to better the lives of our citizens should not be forgotten.

JO BOGGESS PHILLIPS, a native of Ripley, is a Ph.D. candidate in political science at WVU and an adjunct faculty member at West Virginia State College. She received her B.A. in political science from Marietta College. She worked for several years for the West Virginia Legislature and received her M.A. in political science from Marshall University. Jo is the author of *The Women Pioneers of the West Virginia State Legislature*. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

The women's caucus continues to be a powerful force in state government. This 1989 photo shows (left to right) delegates Phyllis Given, Ramona Cerra (D-Kanawha), Evelyn Richards (R-Cabell), and Phyllis Rutledge.

Jackie Withrow at her home in Beckley with a stuffed bear (see page 35). Photo by Michael Keller.

Lawmaker Jackie Withrow

By Jo Boggess Phillips

Her given name was Beatrice, but because as a child she acted like a "tomboy," she quickly earned the nickname "Jackie Boy" by her parents. The name stuck and "Jackie" became Jackie Neubert Withrow (D-Raleigh), a woman whose name is remembered among the numerous men who have dominated the world of West Virginia politics. She became "one of the boys" in the West Virginia State Legislature, and a pioneer female lawmaker.

A native of Raleigh County, Jackie had politically-minded parents who encouraged her to become active in the community. She was involved in several businesses, government, and in civic organizations. Her involvement in the General Federation of Women's Clubs led her to volunteer time to patients with mental disorders. Concerned that the people in the state hospitals and institutions had no one to speak for them, she believed the only way to help them was through politics. In 1960, she decided to run for the House of Delegates.

She recalls, "We would go through the wards, some of them; they wouldn't allow us to go through all of them. It made me feel so bad. Those people didn't have anyone to speak for them. Now the help was fine — naturally it was understaffed. So I came back and I gave a report along with the president of the Raleigh County Association for Mental Health. And then we would report to other clubs, and it bothered me...it absolutely bothered me. We went, the group of us, to visit the House of Delegates and the Senate in Charleston. And we sat there — and not one time did anyone say anything about these people that could not speak for themselves. And that bothered me even more. So I came home, and I talked with my husband, a dear man, and I talked with my parents, and I talked with my minister, and they suggested, 'Well, if you want to do anything, why don't you run for the legislature?' So we pondered it, and I talked around to several people, and remind you now, that a woman had never run for public office in Raleigh County. And I thought, well, it would be an adventure, and it would be something, and my parents were very politically-minded. And my mother worked in the elections. We were brought up that way. So I thought, well, why not?"

Withrow was the only woman

among the 25 candidates in the 1960 Democratic primary, out of which only the top four vote-getters would go on to the general election. At the outset of her campaign, she recalled that her mother, Willie Lee (Flanagan) Neubert, gave her some sound political advice.

"My mother had told me an old Confucius saying: 'He who slings mud loses ground.' So I kept that in the back of my mind. And the way I got people to remember me when they asked me how I felt about running with all of the men I said, 'You remember this, there's a rose among the thorns and that's Jackie Withrow.'"

While on the campaign trail she encountered many men who questioned why a woman would want to go into politics. She recalls one particular morning when she set out to campaign and came upon a man fixing his roof.

"He had a ladder there up against the house. So I just climbed right on up the ladder and I said 'I'm Mrs. W.W. Jackie Withrow running for the House of Delegates.' And he said, 'Huh? You're a woman.' I said, 'Now isn't that nice, your mother was a woman.' So I climbed right on that roof with him and we sat there and chatted. And he said, 'Now Jackie, would you just leave me some of your cards?' So you see that's the way you do it. You never act ugly to them [men]. You talk with them."

A Rose Among the Thorns

Jackie was a "tomboy" at age 10 when this photo was taken at Mabscott Grade School in 1928.

Withrow acknowledges that campaigning in 1960 was a lot different than campaigns today. She says that candidates now depend a lot on media such as television. She recalls, "Back then you didn't have too much TV and advertising and all. What you've got to do is get out and shake hands and let people know

The Kroger grocery store in Beckley was one stop for Jackie during her 1960 campaign. Photo by the *Charleston Gazette*.

Bill Withrow, Jackie's husband, made this wooden donkey for her during her campaign years. Photo by Michael Keller.

your cause."

Withrow's husband, Bill, was one of her most active supporters and designed one of her campaign trademarks — a large wooden donkey with a rope tail. Mounted on top of her car, the donkey would have a different outfit for the different seasons during the election year. Her husband used to joke, "I just don't know what to do with that Jackie, she's showing her a-- all over town."

She went on to win that election and subsequently was reelected eight more times. She is especially proud that she never accepted any campaign contributions from any organizations or persons other than her immediate family in any of her campaigns. When an organization sent her a check, she sent it back — with a "thank you" note.

She recalls, "My parents taught me that when you go to represent the people you don't want to have somebody come up to you and say, 'Well I gave you some money, you vote the way I want you to.' I wanted to go down there as free as a bird and represent the cause that I went for."

Withrow enjoyed a good working relationship with her male colleagues in the House. She believes the men treated her with great respect, and considered her to be one of the House's experts on health care and mental health care issues. She says, "I know the first time that I walked into that Health and Welfare, I looked all around and there was 24 men and me, and I said, 'Hi, boys' and we got along fine."

She was later named chair of the House Health and Welfare Committee, one of the House's more important policy-making committees. She recalls that the committee worked very hard throughout the legislative year and between sessions, visiting every mental health facility and every juvenile correctional center in the state during the summer months. "Our committees were working committees. We didn't have time to sit around in the House and talk and gossip. We worked."

Her hard work was rewarded and propelled her to break through one of the biggest barriers for women legislators. Withrow was the first woman in the history of the legislature to serve on the powerful Finance Committee, which controls the state budget. Her duties on the Finance Committee coincided with her position as chair of the House Health and Welfare Committee as she would oversee the Health and Welfare budget.

Jackie Withrow served 18 years in the House of Delegates, and posted a perfect attendance and voting record during that time.

Withrow was a very active and respected legislator. She takes the most pride in her work to pass leg-

islation revising the state's mental health care facilities and requiring PKU tests for mental retardation in children, for cosponsoring the first bill to provide compensation to coal miners suffering from black lung disease, and for carrying on a crusade started years earlier by Elizabeth Drewry.

Drewry had tried unsuccessfully for years to get legislation passed to protect the black bear, West Virginia's state animal. Withrow and Delegate Ethel "Midge" Crandall (D-Fayette) cosponsored legislation to protect the black bear. They faced strong opposition from bear hunters as well as from farmers who argued that the bears had to be shot because they were killing their farm animals. Withrow and Crandall countered with pictures to prove that most of the farm animals were being killed by wolves, not black bears. On the day the bill was to be voted on by the full House, Withrow and Crandall walked into the House chambers and noticed a little stuffed black bear on the Speaker's podium. They also noticed a few others on other desks in the chamber. Before the bill was voted on, Crandall addressed the House and then Withrow spoke on behalf of the bill.

"I looked all around and there was 24 men and me, and I said, 'Hi, boys' and we got along fine."

"We didn't know what was going to happen," she recalls. "Right before the Speaker called for the vote, Delegate Tommy Miles threw this bear in the air and Delegate Ned Watson shot it with a cap pistol. All of this was on the television. I picked up the stuffed bear and said 'You come to Momma!' Everyone laughed. The bill passed with only one vote against it."

While serving in the 1970's, Withrow said she would like to see more women in politics. She stated, "The state legislature is no longer a man's world. I was brought up to believe men and women were created equal." Her overarching thought on guiding government: "Place yourself and government in the hands of God, the Supreme Being — He has the final say anyway."

Jackie led the fight in 1969 to protect the black bear, West Virginia's state animal. She rallied support for her cause by touring the state with a live bear cub. This small stuffed version made its way into the House chambers when the matter came up for a vote.

Withrow decided not to run for reelection in 1980. She felt it was time for her to leave and she wanted to travel and spend more time with her husband. She spent 18 years serving as a member of the House of Delegates, and earned the distinction of being the second longest-serving woman legislator in the history of West Virginia.

Jackie in a recent Veteran's Day Parade in Beckley. Photo by the *Raleigh Register*.

Rural Murals

New Deal Art in West Virginia

By Larry Bartlett

Photographs by Michael Keller

A tall, burly, barefoot woman created a stir in the town of Mannington, Marion County, in the waning days of the Great Depression. The woman was a painted figure in a mural, created by Ohio artist Richard Zoellner. The federal government commissioned Zoellner to paint an inspirational mural for the Mannington post office. In Zoellner's painting, the shoeless woman stood by an idyllic farmland setting and held a hoe in her hand. She was supposed to symbolize Mannington's agricultural strength. But, when the town's well-shod citizens saw Zoellner's barefoot farm woman, they felt insulted.

Mannington, they insisted, was an oil-producing center and not a farm town. Above all, they were outraged because the woman was depicted as having no shoes. They believed that Buckeye-artist Zoellner was mocking the people of West Virginia. "Far be it from the truth that our womenfolk roam over the hills of our state in their bare feet and till the soil for our livelihood," declared members of the local American Legion chapter.

Stunned by the criticism, Zoellner designed a new postal mural that portrayed Mannington's oil industries. Residents criticized the second mural for being poorly researched and inaccurate. The town's postmaster complained that Zoellner's painting was "missing the mark widely."

Seething with frustration, Zoellner asked the postmaster for "constructive ideas." The result must have been a heartbreaker for the artist. He ended up sketching a landscape view from the postmaster's backyard, while a crowd of townfolk peered over his shoulder to make sure he got the details right. The people of Mannington approved the third mural in 1941.

Zoellner was working for the U.S. Treasury's Section of Fine Arts. President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal administrators founded the Treasury's art program in 1934. The Treasury's goal was to promote a new "national art" that would unite and inspire Americans during the Great Depression. A post office lobby was the favorite site for New Deal art. There, it was sure to be seen by the average citizen.

Generally, the artworks were assigned to towns in rural or out-of-the-way places. The program's administrators believed that original artworks would give small town residents a dose of cultural uplift. Artists in the Treasury program tended to come from big Northern cities, and some of them had condescending attitudes. An artist who painted a post office mural in Bridgeport, Ohio (near Wheeling) said he hoped that his work would give the residents a spot of color "in

Top Left: "Pride of Jackson County" by Joseph Servos, 1940; Ripley.

Left: "The Miners" by Nixford Baldwin, 1938; Fayetteville.

Below: "Mining Village" by Stevan Dohanos, 1939; Elkins. Photo by Joe Blankenship.

"Mining" by Michael Lensen, 1942; Mount Hope.

their drab atmosphere."

But, across the nation, townfolk quickly tamed the federal government's big city artists. They often refused to accept New Deal post office art that was flavored with radical politics, intellectual smarminess, or a disrespect for local values. If most Depression-era post office art portrays landscapes and history, it isn't because the Treasury artists necessarily preferred those subjects.

The Treasury's art program lasted from 1934 to 1943. It employed 850 professional artists to create artworks for 1,100 post offices, at a cost of $2,571,000. West Virginia got a very small slice of that pie. In neighboring Ohio, the Treasury awarded artworks to 66 post offices. Only 16 such projects were allotted to West Virginia.

Depression-era post office art is often mistakenly referred to as "WPA art." Actually, the much maligned Works Project Administration (WPA) had a Federal Arts Program that was totally separate from the Treasury projects. Skilled artists were hired by the Treasury solely on the basis of talent. The WPA hired artists who were unemployed and needy, often regardless of their ability. President Roosevelt described WPA art as being "some of it good, and some of it not so good."

Nationwide, WPA artists produced almost a million items for use in schools, parks, libraries, housing projects, and other sites. Over the past 50 years, much of that WPA art has been lost, discarded, or destroyed.

Most of the Treasury program's art, however, has been preserved because of its quality and value. Among the creators of realistic Treasury murals were Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock, both of whom later became famous as abstract painters. Other well known Treasury alumni were Grant Wood, John Stewart Curry, Marsden Hartley, and sculptor Theodore Roszek. Thomas Hart Benton, the greatest mural painter of the era, chose not to work in the Treasury program. He complained that it was being run by "aesthetic eggheads."

None of West Virginia's post offices were decorated by artists of enduring national fame. Of those who worked on West Virginia projects, Ohio-born Stevan Dohanos was probably the best known and the least

appreciated. Dohanos was a *Saturday Evening Post* illustrator who designed more than a dozen postage stamps and helped to found the Famous Artists School in Westport, Connecticut. But in West Virginia in the late 1930's, Dohanos was an artist who couldn't find a home.

The Treasury Department commissioned Dohanos to paint a mural for the Huntington post office. Surprisingly, he chose to paint a bleak, preachy mural called "Mining Village." In the mural, smokestacks blacken the sky above a stark and dreary coal town. In the foreground, several grimy, hollow-eyed miners trudge wearily past a dead tree. The gloom is relieved only by bright paper cutouts that are glued to the window panes of the local schoolhouse. In the middle ground, a boy with a bicycle stands with his back turned to the miners. Obviously, he plans to get an education and then head down the road to a brighter future in a big city.

Dohanos' mural contained the sort of heavy-handed moralizing that occasionally caused trouble for other Treasury artists around the nation. Apparently he didn't realize that West Virginians were proud of their coal industry. He may not have understood that mining jobs required training, skill, and intelligence.

The Huntington post office canceled Dohanos' project. The mural was then offered to the post office in Logan. However, Logan's postmaster rejected it, saying he didn't want a "social content" mural on his wall. Finally, Treasury officials assigned the unpopular mural to a forestry building in Elkins where it was begrudgingly accepted. To soothe the hurt feelings, Dohanos was paid to paint another mural for the Elkins building, depicting a fire tower in a wooded landscape. Dohanos' second effort was accepted in 1939, with lukewarm thanks.

Nationally, Treasury artists often caused controversy by creating nude figures. Some artists liked to use a nude figure to symbolize such abstract concepts as Labor, Industry, or Liberty. They felt that a nude body—freed from contemporary clothing—had a more timeless and universal quality. Taxpayers often objected that the artistic nudity was just crude, smutty nakedness.

In West Virginia, there are three examples of symbolic figures on post office walls. In 1940, Gleb Derujinsky created a semi-nude female in a carving called "The Letter," and installed it in the post office at Logan. The nude woman was too cool and streamlined to be controversial. With her bare bosom and swept-back hair, she is reminiscent of the hood ornament on a 1937 Packard automobile.

"St. Marys and Industries of the Region" by Alexander Clayton, 1939; St. Marys.

"Old Time Camp Meeting" by Robert Gates, 1940; Lewisburg.

In 1941, Albino Cavallito created a semi-nude sculpture for the post office in Kenova. Although the bare-chested male figure is called "Worker," he might remind viewers of West Virginia hero John Henry.

Ruben Kramer's 1941 wood sculpture for the St. Albans post office is also a symbolic figure, representing "Science and Industry." Kramer avoided controversy by clothing the figure in a T-shirt, baggy slacks, and a pair of sandals.

Most of the Treasury's art projects were warmly received by West Virginians. Charles Chapman's 1940 mural at Weirton's Cove Station was beautifully designed and painted. The mural depicts a military expedition to Fort Wheeling in 1777. This sort of realistic historical mural was the most popular kind of Treasury art.

Michael Lensen's 1942 "Mining" mural at Mount Hope is more typical of the New Deal painting style. Lensen used distortion to create a lively, dramatic effect. Local history and traditions are preserved in such murals as Robert Gates' 1940 "Old Time Camp Meeting" at Lewisburg, Edwin Doniphan's 1939 "Visions" at Marlinton, and Nixford Baldwin's 1939 "The Miners" at Fayetteville.

In 1943, amidst the struggles of World War II, President Roosevelt canceled all non-defense projects, and the Treasury's Section on Fine Arts ceased to exist. New Deal post office art was left to mellow through the years. With a patina of age, those "progressive" artworks have acquired a nostalgic, down-home charm.

LARRY BARTLETT, a native of Wood County, returned to West Virginia after being away for 39 years. He earned his Master of Fine Arts at Tulane University in New Orleans and went on to work as a college instructor, reporter, cartoonist, and art director in New York City, New Orleans, and Colorado. His latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Fall 1996.

Author Larry Bartlett.

Post Office Art

All of the art commissioned by the U.S. Treasury for West Virginia during the Depression is still on display throughout the state. You can find this artwork in the following post offices:

Fayetteville — mural called "The Miners," oil on canvas by Nixford Baldwin, 1938. Depicts several coal mining scenes. Extends across one wall.

Kenova — five relief carvings in wood called "Worker." Depict man with hammer in middle surrounded by industrial scenes. Carved 1939. Centerpiece approximately 4' tall, others smaller.

Lewisburg — mural called "Old Time Camp Meeting" by Robert Gates, 1940. Approximately 8' x 10'.

Logan — relief carving called "The Letter" by Gleb Derujinsky. Depicts bare breasted woman carrying pen and paper in her hands. Approximately 4' x 6'.

Mannington — large mural by Richard Zoellner, 1941. Depicts landscape view of Mannington.

Marlinton — two murals called "Mill Point" and "Visions" by Edwin Doniphan, 1939. One depicts the old mill at Mill Point, one depicts Marlinton from Price Hill. Each approximately 5' x 12'.

Mount Hope — mural called "Mining" by Michael Lensen, 1942. Depicts seven coal miners working. Approximately 7' x 20'.

Oak Hill — relief carving in beige stone called "Colonial Mail Rider" by Henri Crenier. Depicts settler woman in a field receiving letter from mail carrier on horseback. Approximately 4' x 6'.

Ripley — relief carving in wood called "Pride of Jackson County" by Joseph Servos, 1940. Depicts farm scene. Approximately 4' x 4'.

St. Albans — relief carving in wood called "Science & Industry" by Ruben Kramer, 1941. Depicts man sitting in front of industrial buildings. Approximately 3' x 5'.

St. Marys — large mural by Alexander Clayton entitled "St. Marys and Industries of the Region," 1939. Depicts harvest scene: man with workhorse, woman with egg basket, farm animals and vegetables.

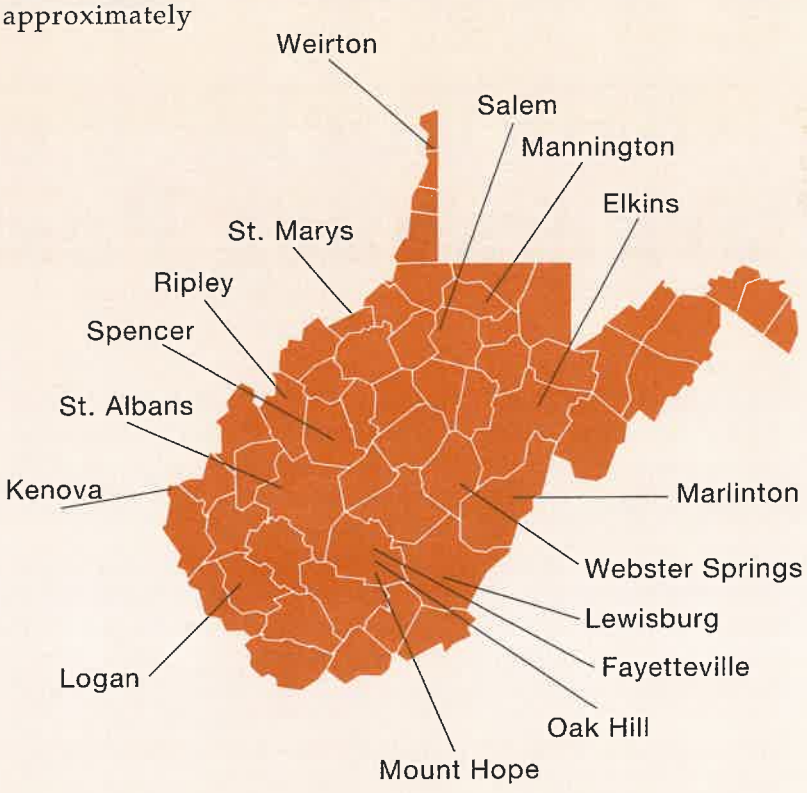
Salem — mural by Berni Glasgow, 1942, entitled "Vision of Development of Salem." Depicts people receiving mail with village and cattle in the background. Approximately 6' x 12'.

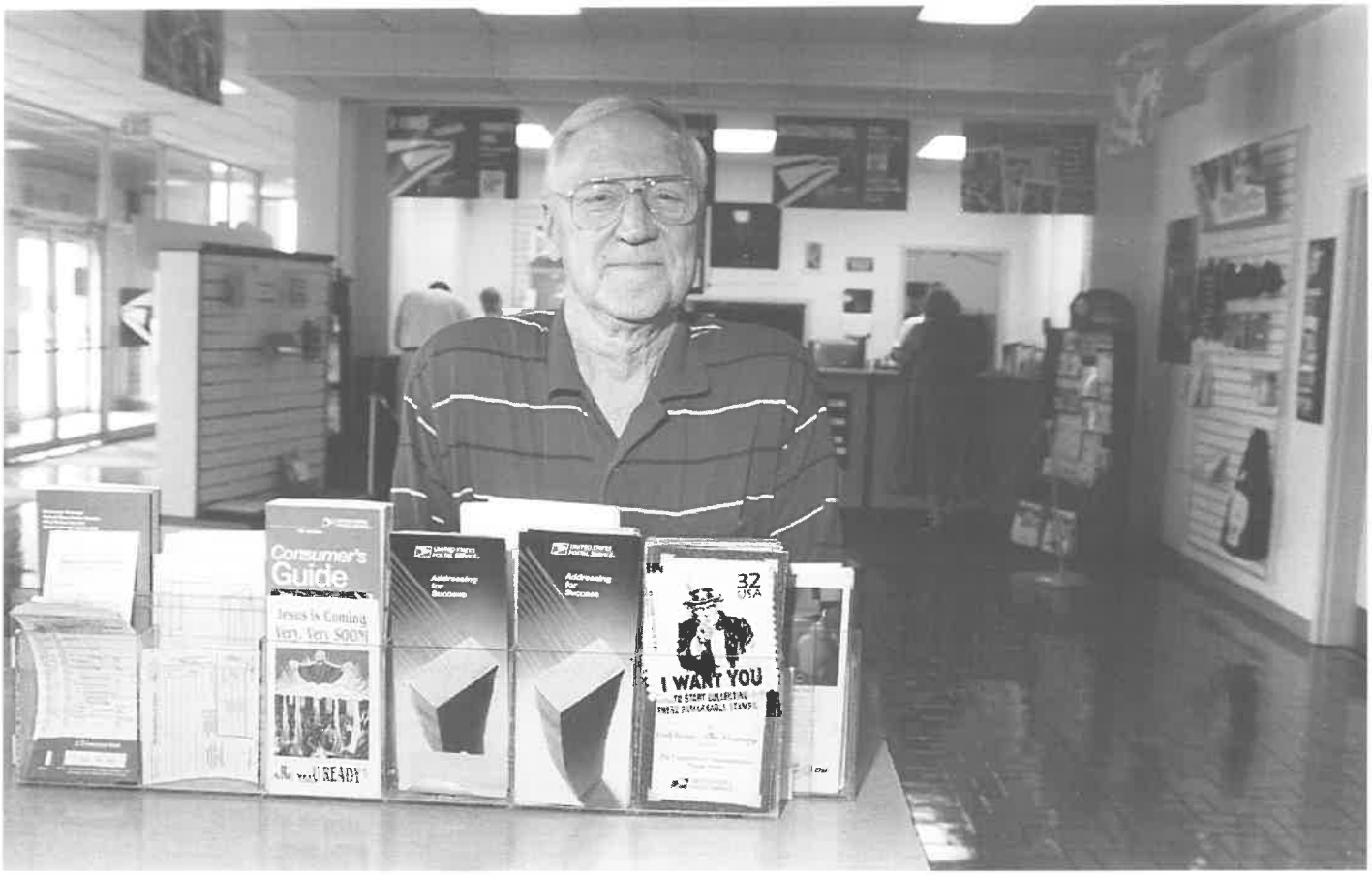
Spencer — relief carving in plaster by Vicki Totten, entitled "Pastoral of Spencer." Depicts Roane County farm scene with oil derricks in background. Approximately 4' x 4'.

Webster Springs — glazed terra cotta in three panels. Called "Springtime" by Lenore Thomas. Depicts a child swinging with parents on each side. Panels appoximately 3' x 5'.

Weirton (Cove Station) — large mural on canvas by Charles Chapman, 1940. Depicts Captain Bilderbock and settlers marching through forest to thwart an Indian attack on Fort Wheeling, 1777. Recently restored.

Elkins (Monongahela National Forest Service Building) — two murals entitled "Mining Village" and "Forest Service," by Stevan Dohanos, 1939.





MICHAEL KELLER

First-Class

Bill Buckley of the Parkersburg Post Office

By Larry Bartlett

In 1887, the Parkersburg post office hired its first three letter carriers, and rented horses for them to ride. According to records which have since been lost, the post office paid more to rent the horses than it paid the postmen who rode them. Parkersburg's first letter carriers were paid $600 a year. Apparently a horse wouldn't work for that kind of money.

The meager salaries of early postmen were a comfort to Bill Buckley. "I was hired by the post office in January 1950, at a starting salary of $2,400 a year," he says. "That same year, President Truman gave postal employees a raise of $50 a month, and I thought I had it made."

Buckley, 73, is a retired post office executive who lives in Vienna, Wood County. When he began his career in 1950, the postal service was a rather old-fashioned, folksy operation. Postage stamps were cheap and mail was sorted by hand. Each letter carrier picked up his mail satchel at the post office and then caught a streetcar or a city bus to travel to his assigned route. Mail was delivered twice a day.

Work days were long and salaries were modest, but jobs were secure and the atmosphere was congenial. Postal clerks often worked with a cup of coffee in one hand.

Buckley recalls that the old-style post office was surprisingly efficient. It was also a bargain. In the early 1950's, it cost just two cents to mail a letter across town. An out-of-town letter required three cents

in postage. Two cent stamps were pink and three cent stamps were purple. The pink and purple color-coding was a big help when the mail was manually sorted.

At the Parkersburg post office, mail was sorted 24 hours a day, by teams of about a dozen clerks on each shift. In the mail processing room were rows of wooden cabinets called dispatch cases. There was a separate dispatch case for each mail route in the area. Dispatch cases were filled with rows of narrow slots, and every address on a carrier's route had its own slot.

Placing letters, cards, and magazines in the appropriate address slot was called "sticking the mail." Buckley says clerks held races to see if they could stick 60 items of mail per minute. Skilled clerks could sometimes reach that goal, but the average sticking speed was 40 items per minute.

"Things really got busy in December," recalls Bill. "We had big sorting tubs, each containing from 6,000 to 10,000 cards and letters. During the holiday season, we'd have 10 or 15 of those tubs to sort every day — along with enormous stacks of packages. The job looked impossible. But, somehow, everything got delivered before Christmas."

After the holiday rush, employees at the Parkersburg post office occasionally found time for horseplay. Delbert Hendershot, the general delivery clerk, was a favorite target for practical jokes. He was a conscientious, by-the-book employee, and his fellow clerks liked to get him rattled.

Hendershot worked behind the general delivery window in the post office lobby. Above his service window was a row of lamps with green metal shades. When Delbert turned off the lamps and went home for the day, pranksters would sometimes smear Limburger cheese on one of the light bulbs.

The following morning, Hendershot would pull the chains on the lamps and prepare for the day's business. As the light bulbs heated up, clouds of nauseating odors would billow around his service window. Hendershot would sniff frantically at his general delivery packages, trying to locate the source of the putrid stench. Customers at the window would wrinkle their noses and glare disgustedly at the humiliated clerk. But Delbert Hendershot had the last laugh. He eventually became postmaster of a branch office in Vienna.

When Bill Buckley joined the post office in 1950, airmail was in its infancy. [See "Flying Post Offices: Airmail Comes to Rural West Virginia," by Louis E. Keefer; GOLDENSEAL Spring 1994.] Mail was shipped around the nation on railway cars. Locally, a fleet of ancient, gray and green Model A Ford trucks was used for parcel delivery. "Those rickety old Model A's were hard to start and hard to drive," Buckley says. "Of course they weren't air conditioned, their heaters often didn't work, and the brakes were worn out on most of them. But, in spite of all that, they were fun to get around town in."

Delivering a parcel route was an enviable job. While letter carriers slogged through the rain and snow, parcel postmen cheerfully rattled around town in the decrepit Model A trucks. But, sometimes, the job could be an adventure.

Buckley remembers a fumbled parcel delivery that became a legend at the Parkersburg post office. It happened on a sweltering midsummer day, when a friend of Bill's was delivering a parcel to an apartment in the uptown area. The postman carried the package up a flight of stairs, wiping sweat from his

Bill Buckley "worked all over the building" during his 31 years at the Parkersburg post office. In 1973, the year this picture was made, he was promoted to management.

A variety of vehicles have been used to carry the mail in Parkersburg over the years. This Ford station wagon was used for special deliveries in the early 1960's.

eyes, and knocked on the apartment door. Because there was no response, the postman tried the apartment door and found that it was unlocked.

"In the 1950's, people left home without bothering to lock up," Buckley explains. "It was customary for the postman to just open the door and set the package inside."

In this instance, when the door swung open, the postman saw a naked woman lying on the living room floor in front of a roaring electric fan. The woman screamed in horror and the postman screamed even louder. He tossed the package into the air and fled from the building in panic. For the next hour, he drove aimlessly around town trying to calm his frazzled nerves.

The nerves of all postal employees were being frazzled by job problems in the early 1950's. "The nation was enjoying a huge economic boom," Buckley points out. "Factory employees were working overtime, and they were being paid time-and-a-half for it. But, at the post office, we often worked 60 hours a week without extra pay. Sometimes I'd go to work at 5:00 a.m., and was asked to stay on the job until 11:00 p.m., helping to process mail for the late trains."

Until its reorganization in 1972, the U.S. Postal Department was a branch of the federal government. At the national level, the Postal Department had an autocratic style of management. Its daily operations were subsidized by tax dollars, and it was subject to political influence.

"In the 1950's, the federal government treated postal employees like second class citizens," says Bill. "Low postage rates were politically popular, so the government didn't want to pay us overtime if that could be avoided. As postal employees, we had no right to take part in political activities, and we were forbidden by law to go on strike. At the local level we had no voice in daily operations. Employees couldn't negotiate with supervisors about work-related ideas and grievances."

During the early 1950's, four labor unions were attempting to recruit postal workers. Because of government restrictions, the postal unions were little more than social clubs. The strongest of the labor groups was the American Postal Workers Union (APWU), which was affiliated with the CIO.

Buckley joined the APWU in 1950, and became president of the local chapter in 1953. As president, he began to win a few minor victories in negotiating job conditions with the Parkersburg postmaster. "Management, in its true sense, was just postal clerks who had been promoted," Bill observes. "Most of the supervisors retained their clerk attitudes, and they understood employee problems. As a union, we were allowed to approach the postmaster about grievances. But we had no teeth to bite with."

APWU members began to make big gains in the 1960's. The federal government agreed to pay overtime to postal employees, and working conditions improved. During that same period, the U.S. Postal Department began coming apart at the seams. The volume of mail was increasing rapidly and old-fashioned hand-sorting methods couldn't keep pace. Transportation costs were skyrocketing, equipment was outmoded, and the postal union was becoming more aggressive.

In 1972, the federal government reorganized the old U.S. Postal Department and established it as a quasi-independent business. It was renamed as the U.S. Postal Service and — weaned from tax-payer subsidies — it was required to become

Acting as president of the local chapter of the American Postal Workers Union, Bill Buckley ordered this informational picket line in May 1972.

a profit-making enterprise. The new U.S. Postal Service streamlined its management, modernized its equipment, launched into automated mail-sorting, and began to increase postage rates.

The new system allowed more bargaining rights to employees. In May 1972, APWU set up picket lines at the Parkersburg post office for the first time. Speaking for the union, Buckley told reporters that "this informational picketing is designed to focus public attention on the foot-dragging by both (national) postal managers and Congress. ..."

Ordering the picket line was one of Bill's last acts as a union official. In 1973 he was promoted to management at the Parkersburg post office. His job was that of finance officer and public relations representative. One if his tasks was to provide financial training sessions to postmasters in outlying towns and communities.

He explains that Parkersburg was a central office that served a series of satellite post offices from New Martinsville in the north to Ripley in the south and Grantsville in the east. Many of the small post offices in that region have since been closed.

"I've always had a love of rural post offices," says Bill. "They were the glue that held small communities together. Having its own post office and postmark gave a community a sense of identity. The small-town postmaster — usually a woman — was an important part of the community. They knew who needed help and who could do the helping. I long for the days when you could go to a little post office, and the clerk could tell you the whereabouts of anyone in the community."

Bill's duties took him to places with beautiful, evocative names like Annamoriah, Burning Springs, Eureka, Mount Zion and Willow Island. "Do you think I loved my job?" he asks. "You bet your fuzzy cat I did!"

In 1978, Buckley became manager of mail processing (assistant postmaster). Ironically, he spent most of his time dealing with union grievances. "It was as if I had been declared an enemy of the union that I'd worked so hard to build," says Buckley. "That was a blow to me."

In 1980, he took early retirement at age 55. Bill Buckley is still a dues-paying member of APWU, and he remains loyal to the U.S. Postal Service. "When a first-class stamp cost three cents a candy bar cost a nickel," he says. "Today a first-class stamp is 32 cents, but it takes 55 cents to buy a candy bar. So I think a postage stamp is still a pretty good deal."

MICHAEL KELLER

Paul Smith today. Photo by Michael Keller.

"A Good Word for the Post Office"

Mail Dispatcher Paul Smith

By Larry Bartlett

"We took pride in our work at the Parkersburg post-office," says 90-year-old Paul W. Smith, a retired mail dispatcher. "Every morning I woke up happy, I worked happy, and I went home happy. I'll always have a good word for the post office."

Smith was hired as a mail clerk in 1941, at a starting salary of 65 cents an hour. He became a mail dispatcher in 1950 when mail was shipped around the U.S. in railway cars. As teams of clerks hand-sorted outgoing letters and parcels, Paul prepared the mail for shipping and then dispatched it to the railway station. Mail for each small town or community was tied into a bundle with heavy twine. Mail for each larger town or city was placed in a canvas pouch.

"During a 12-hour day, I probably put mail on eight trains going east or west, and four trains headed north or south," he recalls. Paul can still recite a long list of bygone mail trains by their number, arrival time, and destination. "East and northbound trains had even numbers, and odd-numbered trains ran west and south," he explains. "Trains 73, 77, 81, and so forth ran from Pittsburgh through Parkersburg and on to Kenova. There, the mail cars joined the C&O line and went on to Washington, D.C."

He recalls two mail trains which were given affectionate nicknames. "There was a little electric diesel that carried mail between Parkersburg and Zanesville, Ohio, each day," he says. "It looked like a streetcar, and we called it the 'Doodlebug.' There was another train that ran along the Little Kanawha from Parkersburg to Owensport. Because it had a short, sleepy run through the countryside, we called it the 'Cannonball.'"

Paul shares a love of country post offices with his friend Bill Buckley. "West Virginia used to have the fourth largest amount of post offices in the nation," he says. "Kentucky, Texas, and Michigan were

Paul (front left) was ten years old when this family portrait was made in Joplin, Missouri, in 1918. Seated is father William R.A. Smith; standing are sisters Madrene (left) and Irene. The family moved to West Virginia in 1927.

the only states that had more. It was because of our terrain. In the days before paved roads, a rural mail carrier couldn't provide reliable delivery to isolated areas, so people had to go to a post office for their mail.

"West Virginia had 1,900 post offices when I started to work in 1941. I don't suppose there's half that many today."

During his 38 years of work as a dispatcher, Paul Smith took a personal interest in the problem of rural mail delivery. "We often processed letters that were addressed to the communities which had no post office," he recalls. "You'd be surprised what people would write down for an address. In those days, we took pride in getting a misaddressed letter to its destination," he says. "Today, all of the mail in northern West Virginia is processed by automation at the district office in Clarksburg. Automation may be faster, but the personal touch is somewhat lacking."

It's fun to challenge Paul's memory by reading him a list of tiny rural communities. Call out a name, and he's quick to respond.

Topins Grove? "That's in Jackson County. They used to get their mail through the Murraysville post office."

Windy? "That's in Wirt County, and it used to be a post office. Their mail went to Macfarlan."

Racket? "That's in Ritchie County. Their mail was good through the old post office at Thursday."

Sugar Camp? "That's in Doddridge County. Mail went to the post office at New Milton."

Porto Rico? "Doddridge County. Their mail was good through the New Milton post office, too. Another place near there was Miletus. I can't think of the old gentleman's name that was the postmaster. He chewed tobacco, but he was very clean about it."

Fonzo? "Did you say Congo? That's in Hancock County. Oh, you said Fonzo! That's in Ritchie County."

Paul Smith remembers little communities with big names. For instance, there's Big Isaac. "That's in Doddridge County, and it used to be a post office. Now the mail is good through Salem." Big Battle? "That's in Doddridge County, too." Big Moses? "That's in Tyler County." Big Lick? "Roane County." Big Bend? "That's near Grantsville, and it used to be a post office. A man named A.R. Holbert had a store at Big Bend."

He can't quite recall obscure places like Otterslide, Star Settlement, Devil Hole, Pig Misery, or Poverty Hollow, and he regrets that. "If you'd asked me 20 years ago, I could have spun it out," he says with a grin. "But now, I'm 90 years old and I can't remember what I had for breakfast."

The U.S. Postal Service used to have a mandatory retirement policy, and Paul was forced to retire in 1978 at the age of 70. "I would have stayed for another 10 years, because I took a delight in my job," he says. "The postmaster almost had to push me out the door. I was just getting good at it."

Paul worked 37 years at the Parkersburg post office. He was the last worker to face mandatory retirement when he reached 70 years of age in 1978, the year this picture was taken. Paul still lives in Parkersburg and says, "I'll always have a good word for the post office." Photograph by Bill Buckley.

Thurl Henderson

Delivering the Mail in Roane County

By Brian Mullins

Retired mail carrier Thurl Henderson with his blue ribbon 189-pound pumpkin in 1989.

Thurl Henderson was born on September 17, 1922, and raised out Poca River near Walton in Roane County. Thurl is a second generation mail carrier; his father Willie Henderson also carried mail out of the Walton post office.

Thurl began delivering the mail during the fall of 1953. Back then no one had their names or numbers printed on their mail boxes. Thurl said that for the first couple of days someone rode with him to show him who lived where. Even with this help it took Thurl several weeks to keep everyone straight. When Thurl retired in 1972, there were several people who still hadn't put their names on their boxes.

He remembers how people used to leave money in their boxes when they didn't have stamps, or to purchase money orders to pay their bills.

Rural mail carriers used to provide more than just mail service. Thurl told me of how he used to deliver the groceries of an older man who lived way back in the holler. This man had no other way to get to the store so Thurl would bring his groceries to him once a week. He also told of the time when he was driving his route and saw an older woman laying beside her front stairs. The lady had fallen and broken her hip. Thurl, along with a neighbor, helped the woman back into her house and got medical attention for her.

As Thurl talked he told me many stories about his experiences delivering the mail. He talked about the time he rolled his Bronco over onto its top. He was driving along an old dirt road. When he tried to get out of a rut he ran the truck into a brush pile. This caused him to roll over onto the top where a tree stump caved in part of the roof. Thurl managed to get a wrecker to set the Bronco upright, and finished his route.

Another time he was driving on

Thurl served in the Navy before going to work as a rural mail carrier in 1953. This photo was taken in 1943.

his route in the middle of February when he saw a large groundhog in the road. Thurl stopped the Jeep to look at the groundhog, but by the time he got out and to the front, the groundhog was gone. He found that the groundhog had climbed up onto the spare tire rack and was warming himself on the tailpipe.

Even though the post office's motto is neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow..., there were a few times that the weather prevented Thurl from delivering the mail. Several times snow prevented him from getting through, but most of the time it was because of high water. Along Thurl's 45-mile route, he had to make 27 creek crossings. Thurl told me about one year when it snowed really badly. Once the snow fell, it took Thurl a week to finish his route. The heavy snow had knocked down trees all along his route. The State Road Commission had such a hard time trying to clear the main roads, that they hadn't found time to clear off the small, one-lane dirt roads which made up most of Thurl's route. Thurl had to clear most of the trees himself.

Even though the snow did stop the mail sometimes, most of the time people received their mail.

In 1972 Thurl got the opportunity to retire. The main reason that Thurl decided it was time to retire was that the post office was about to increase his route from about 45 miles to almost 70 miles. Thurl took this as a sign that it was time to retire.

When asked some of the differences between today's mail carriers and when he carried, Thurl voices his dissatisfaction that carriers today don't have the time to stop and talk to their customers. When he started delivering, he could stop and talk to people along the way. Today the post office is too concerned with their timetables to allow someone to talk.

When Thurl began his career as a rural mail carrier, West Virginia was a different place than it is today. People then didn't have cable television or the Internet; most people didn't have a telephone. To these people their mailman wasn't someone who constantly brought them junk mail and bills; he was their contact with the world around them.

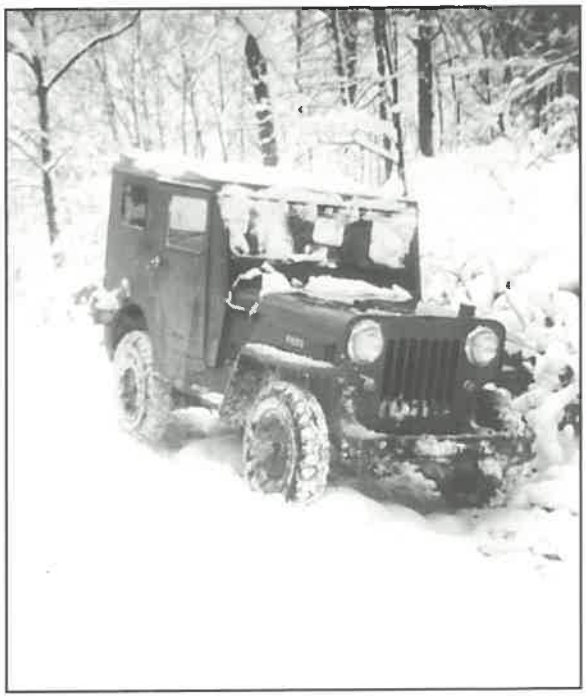
Bill Henderson with "Peaches" in 1945.

My father, W.C. "Bill" Henderson, carried the mail on Route 2, Walton for 35 years. He used a Model T Ford during the summer months and rode a horse the rest of the year. It wasn't until 1947 when he bought a war surplus Jeep that he was able to use an automobile the year around.

His favorite horse was "Old Joe." He was the toughest horse I ever saw. The horse weighed about 950 pounds, and my father weighed 200 pounds plus the weight of the mail. He made the last trip around the route on "Old Joe" when the horse was 29 years old. "Old Joe" passed away at 33 years old.

My father loved horses and he fed them well. He kept two horses, using one, one day and the other the next. "Old Joe" learned to stop at each mailbox without being told. My father always carried a big, long gum raincoat tied on the back of the saddle, which kept him and the mail dry. The mail route was 22 miles distance.

—Thurl Henderson



This Willy's Jeep and a stout set of chains helped Thurl deliver the mail in the winter of 1961.

BRIAN MULLINS has lived in Elkview, Kanawha County, all of his life. He recently graduated from West Virginia State College with a B.A. in history, where this interview with his great-uncle was a history course assignment. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

After the Feud

Livicey Hatfield's Photo Album

By Robert Y. Spence

Livicey and Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield. Photographers and dates unknown, unless indicated.

The West Virginia Hatfields, with their colorful personalities and checkered past, are among the state's most famous – and infamous – families. The facts and folklore surrounding the Hatfield-McCoy feud of the late 19th century have filled books, and enriched the pages of GOLDENSEAL. In our Fall 1995 issue, author Robert Spence interviewed family historian Coleman C. Hatfield ["Hatfield History: Reconsidering the Famous Feud"]. Together, they reflected on the causes and realities of the legendary conflict.

In the following article, Robert and Coleman continue their conversation, assessing the impact of those events and taking the Hatfield family into the early years of the new century.

Devil Anse and Livicey sat for this portrait with family members in the early 1900's. Their sons Tennis, Joe, and Willis stand behind them, left to right. Other relatives include Lakie Hatfield (right), young Alice Hatfield (center), and an unidentified woman at left.

Robert Spence. How did the hanging of Ellison Mounts at Pikeville in 1890 change the nature of the Hatfield family?

Coleman C. Hatfield. In one way, the hanging of Ellison Mounts did not change things. But that was probably the strong signal to the Hatfields that anybody named Hatfield brought before the jury in Pike County would be sentenced as a matter of course.

This kept the Hatfields constantly on guard and the sons felt they should be closer to the new law and order forces on their home ground. That is why you saw Cap, Johnse, Joe, Willis, Elias, and Troy Hatfield more interested in becoming law officers of various types. Elliott Rutherford, like Henry D. Hatfield, became a doctor and removed himself from any danger as one of the Hatfield feudists.

RS. To a large degree, this story centers on the images found in Livicey Hatfield's scrapbooks. (*Livicey was the wife of patriarch Devil Anse Hatfield. -ed.*) It is obvious from these photographs that by the turn of the century the Hatfields wanted to present themselves as well-groomed, taking great pride in their appearance, and were striving toward a way of living that was different from the way they had lived during the feud years. What are your thoughts on that subject? How did the events after 1890 affect their thinking about themselves?

CH. During the feud years, the Hatfields were leading citizens of the community and, according to the standards of the time, were well-clothed, well-fed, and so forth. Whatever that implies after 1890 is a different argument. As there was more contact with the outside world, there was more awareness of style and clothing, and more availability due to the railroads and steamboats on the Tug Fork. The big manufacturing binge of the United States was wide open in those years and many things were available, from fancy clothes to a cast iron stove. As the community progressed, they tried to move along with it.

RS. So do you think the Hatfields were integrated into the community during the '80's and '90's as Logan, Mingo, and Pike counties were at that time, and remained integrated within the community from 1900 on into the 1930's and later?

CH. I think that probably is a good statement. I think the changes were more a matter of the changes in the community than they were changes in the Hatfields taken apart from

the community.

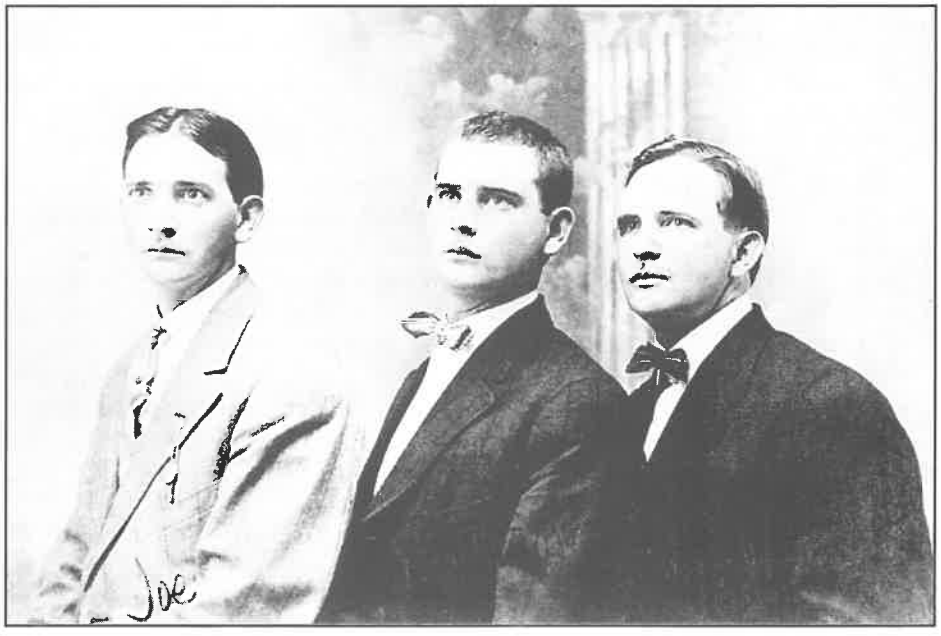
RS. By 1910, Cap Hatfield had taken a law course. Henry D. Hatfield, who was Cap's double first cousin, had started his medical practice. Joe, Willis, and Tennis Hatfield were coming of age with ambitions to work as law officers. What does that say about them?

CH. I think it is natural that they would gravitate toward that kind of work. The Hatfields may have been seen as fair game or lawful prey by the detectives who came out of Pike County. But in Logan County, the law, such as it was in the '80's, acted more to protect them than it did to attack them. E. Willis Wilson — for whom Anse named his youngest son — became governor and acted on the Hatfield's behalf during their legal troubles. So there was always a sense that the law was a friend in some instances and an enemy in others.

Willis Hatfield.

RS. Let us take a few minutes and consider the Hatfields as individuals instead of a unit. You knew your Uncle Willis Hatfield as well as anyone has known him. Give me a thumbnail sketch of his character. What was Willis like?

CH. As a young man, Willis had been a little wild, as I understand many young men are. Willis, as a young man, had probably thought of himself as rather invincible. He was married twice and raised a family. They all came up well and did well. In his time, he was a person willing to make money and live the American dream. At one point, he became a railway guard over on New River and worked around the mines over there. He got into a difficulty and killed a man and drew some prison time. I think that probably had a more lasting effect on Willis than many people realize. I don't think he was in any way proud of killing the man, and it made him take a different way of looking at life. Willis became a little more willing to take life as it came without making any great achievement. It kind of disillusioned him about the ambitions he once had known.



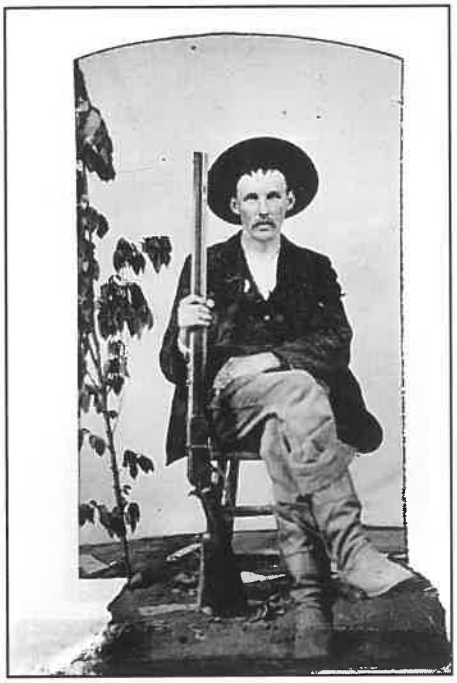
Brothers Joe, Tennis, and Troy Hatfield, left to right.

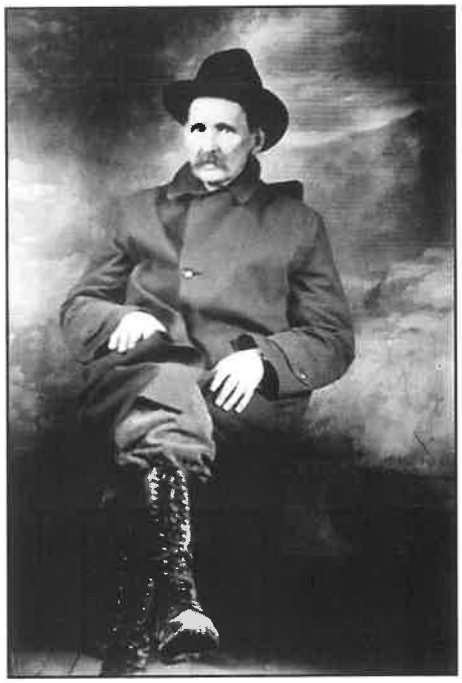
RS. I interviewed him once. I wish I could say it was a successful interview, but it was not. But I came away with the sense he was very close to Anse Hatfield, perhaps closer than many people would think. Would you agree with that?

CH. That is probably a valid conclusion. Anse had been through more than a few troubles from his service in the Civil War on through the feud. In their later years, both of them were a bit chastened by that in a number of respects.

RS. Let's turn to your Uncle Joe Hatfield. What was his career like?

CH. Joe was like a lot of other mountain folk. He wanted to get ahead if he could. He would have liked to have been left alone, if he could have been. He got involved in the field politic during the Don Chafin era. Tennis Hatfield became sheriff one term, but could not succeed himself. So Joe was moved in as a replacement. I don't think Joe had any extremely serious political ambitions. Politics was not something that he ate for breakfast and breathed all day. Joe, Tennis, and Willis were all born subsequent to the feud. The feud was well past by the time they became teenagers. So they were living in the light cast back by that big episode. I don't think they were too thrilled about the feud. But there it was. They were part of it as Anse





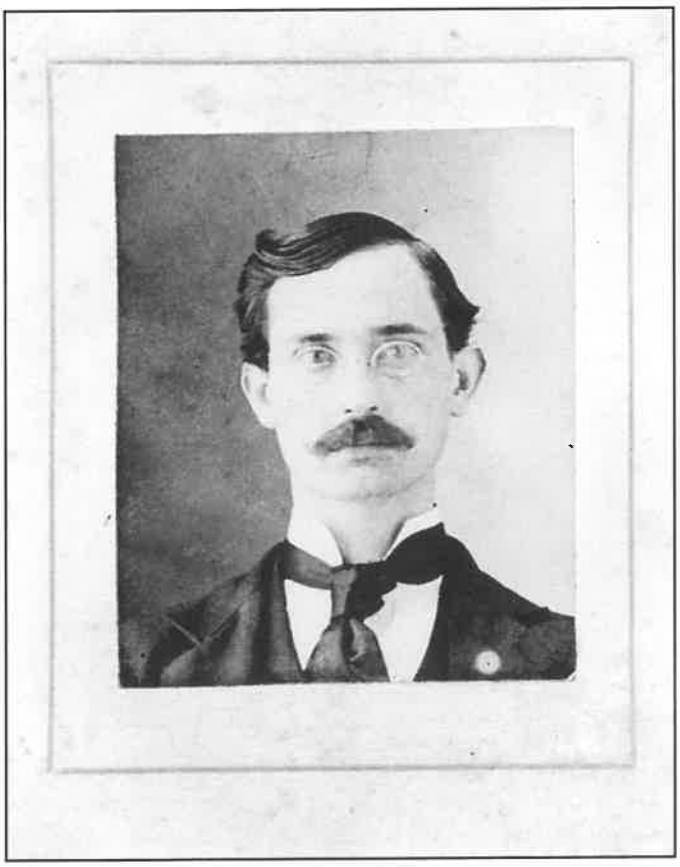
Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield was a young and active participant during the feud years. In the early 1880's, during the height of the hostilities, he fell in love with young Roseanna McCoy. Their union eventually succumbed to family pressures; Johnse remained a wanted man for the rest of his life.

Hatfield's children. And there wasn't any getting around it.

RS. After 1890, your Uncle Johnse Hatfield spent some time working as a timberman out in the Washington state area. When he returned home, he married Rebecca Browning, his second wife. How did those experiences help Johnse become a more mature man?

CH. As you know, Johnse was involved in the feud. (As a result,) he was precluded from taking part in this or that endeavor, such as politics. The rewards issued for him during the feud years never expired and were only made invalid when Johnse died. So that was always present as a specter behind his back. Johnse tended to remain a bit elusive. He didn't have to go into hiding, but he didn't want to be too easily located and identified.

RS. Johnse's brother Elliott R. Hatfield seems to have been less affected by the events of the feud than any of the other boys. There is a very fine photograph of him here. Since he was one of seven grandsons of Nancy Vance Hatfield who became doctors, I would like for you to discuss his character and career as it related to the rest of the family.



Elliott R. Hatfield.

CH. Cap and Johnse Hatfield were the two older sons. Then there was a gap between them and the younger sons because several daughters were born in the intervening years. So the younger sons were not involved in the feud. Therefore, feud charges were not extant against them and they could pursue other interests. Elliott R. Hatfield had the chance for an education that the older sons never had. That gave him a distinct mental outlook different from the others. Then, his career as a physician kept him busy all day, and that probably made him a little more detached from the family than he might have been otherwise.

RS. Other photographs

that your great-grandmother, Livicey Hatfield, saved were the very elegant photographs of your Aunt Rose and Aunt Betty. Very little has been written about the Hatfield ladies. I would like to have your understanding of what they thought about events of their times.

CH. Those two were my favorite great-aunts because I knew them rather well. They were family-oriented. They were kind. They were high-spirited. I don't know that any of them created trouble, but they stood up very strongly for their families. They supported any of the family because they were family.

RS. Was it Rose that you were telling me once that went to see one of the many poorly-made movies about the Hatfields and who objected to it so much?

Rose Hatfield Browning.

CH. No, that was Betty. That was the movie titled "Rosanna McCoy." The movie was certainly poorly researched. I remember reading in *Time* magazine that the events took place along the border of West Virginia and Kentucky. On one side of the river we have the water-drinking, Bible-carrying, church-going McCoys, and on the other side of the river we have the liquor-drinking, pistol-packing, hellfire-and-damnation Hatfields.

Aunt Betty didn't particularly want to see the movie because she was old enough to know what was going on during the feud. The thing that bent her out of shape would not have concerned anybody else in this world. But there was a scene shown of the Hatfield family and household with the Hatfields coming in to a bare table with food thrown in the middle of the table and all of them pitching in like they were uncouth and starved. That set Aunt Betty to crying because she was the one responsible for setting the table with the table cloth. She had been the one that washed the clothes on a washboard before we had machines. She knew her daddy had always been clean because she had personally washed his clothes. Her fingers had been raw from the effort too many times.

Elizabeth "Betty" Hatfield Caldwell with children Osa and Joe.

RS. I have gotten the impression from my 20-some years research into the mountaineer life that our people were as concerned about hygiene and nutrition and all the other concerns that go into a good life as anyone else of their generations.

CH. I think that is quite true. If the use, knowledge, or acceptance of that seems a little strange in our present day, then we have to look at other people of that time. They were as representative of their day in that respect as we might find anywhere.

RS. Let's talk a bit now about the friendship between Anse Hatfield and Dyke Garrett. I am looking now at the famous photograph made the day that Dyke baptized Anse in Main Island Creek near Anse's home in 1911.

CH. That would have been about ten years before Anse's death. Anse was a bit like the Roman Emperor Constantine —

RS. Well, now, that's an unusual comparison!

CH. I think that's an ideal comparison. Constantine was a man of battle and war, as Anse had been. Constantine

had defended the Christians, but he didn't want to become one of them until he was near enough his deathbed that he could become a Christian because he didn't have anything else to do. He was safe from any temptations left in life. I think in that respect Anse and Constantine were a little similar. Anse and Dyke were good friends and old Civil War veterans. I think Anse had a lot of respect for Dyke. They were both from old mountain families and had a lot in common about being baptized, Anse knew it wasn't likely Dyke would give up on that either.

Anse was finally baptized in October 1911, as you said, in Main Island Creek. They made quite a to-do about it. A photographer was present who took pictures of them standing by the porch of Anse's house. Another photo was made just before Dyke baptized Anse. And then one was made after the ceremony, though you can see that Anse had put his pistol back in his britches pocket even after he was saved.

The baptism of Devil Anse Hatfield in October 1911. Evangelist Dyke Garrett is seated at front left, Anse is pictured standing at right. Photograph by Nicholas Roomy, Charleston.

regarding hospitality and the bond of shared experiences.

RS. Dyke seemed to have been a special friend of Anse's because they went bear hunting together. So he probably had more influence on Anse than almost anyone. So you had that special bond between them that transcended other shared experiences.

CH. Anse was well known for going after a bear for two or three weeks at a time. When he got after a bear, there just wasn't any giving up until he killed or captured the bear, and Dyke was that way as well. So when Dyke kept after Anse

RS. Let's jump to another subject here. This album was Livicey's collection of photographs and was lovingly preserved. What can you tell me about her? The general histories of the Hatfields and the feud usually boil down to describing her as Anse's loving help-mate who never questioned him. What do you think?

CH. In mountaineer families of Anse and Vicie's generation, it was generally accepted that the man took care of raising the crops and bringing in the food while the woman ran the house. I think that was the case with Anse and Vicie. We have a tale that during the Civil War, the family got wind that a body of horsemen were coming to Anse's house to capture him or kill him. Vicie had a flash of intuition and ordered him away from the house until the trouble passed. My understanding is that Anse respected his wife and loved her and did everything that a man was expected to do for his wife. In his view, there was nothing he could do that was too good for her because she deserved it all.

(Mrs. Hatfield's first name came to us with a variety of spellings. Livicey *was supplied by the Hatfield family, while other writers have suggested* Louvicey, Levicy, Louvisa, *and* Levisa. *She died on March 15, 1929, at age 86. The Logan County Courthouse Records list her name as* Levisa. *—ed.)*

ROBERT SPENCE was born and raised in Logan where his people have lived since 1790. A graduate of Marshall University with a B.A. in journalism, he worked for the *Logan News* for 11 years and now works as a freelance writer. He is a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

Behind the small house on Third Avenue is a hill where the family raised a few chickens, pigs, and cows on a nearly one-acre plot.

When the chores were done the two boys would climb that small hill to play, and from their vantage point they could look down toward their parents' pre-fabricated home built near the time of World War I.

On many occasions one of the boys would toss rocks down the hill, as he aimed for the tree behind the house where they were born. More times than not he hit his mark.

This was the setting — the small town of Nitro in the 1930's — that propelled one of the greatest baseball players in the history of the state. It was there, in the World War I boom town northwest of Charleston along the Kanawha River, that Selva Lewis Burdette, Jr., was born on November 22, 1926, of French-German descent. He would grow up to sign his name "Lou," but his nickname was "Lew."

From his rock-throwing days at 28-34 Third Avenue to his 18 seasons as a pitcher in the major leagues, Lew Burdette more times than not was on the money with his offerings. Most of Burdette's success was with the Milwaukee Braves, and he was the toast of baseball after the 1957 World Series.

That October he started, finished, and won three games for Milwaukee against the hated New York Yankees, a team that had traded him late in the 1950 season. He allowed just two earned runs in 27 innings (0.67 earned-run average) in the Fall Classic, and the Braves beat the Yankees four games to three for the World Series title. Lew's dominance on the mound during the 1957 World Series was even more remarkable considering the muscle he faced at the plate — Yankee sluggers Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, Enos Slaughter, "Moose" Skowron, Hank Bauer, Elston Howard, and the rest of one of most powerful line-ups in the history of the game.

Like most boys in Nitro in the late 1930's and 1940's, Burdette welcomed the chance to play sandlot baseball games. "We would play a lot of street ball with tennis balls," he recalls. His father would occasionally take him to Charleston, about 15 miles away, to see semi-pro games.

Lew (left) at age 12 with brother Gene in Nitro. 1938 photo courtesy of Gene Burdette.

All of his education took place at the Nitro school, which housed grades one to 12 under one roof. Burdette recalls punching a coach at the school who was trying to demonstrate his boxing skills to the young man during an athletic class.

"The coach was giving an exhibi-

The Pride of Nitro

Baseball Star Lew Burdette

By David Driver

tion and making me the guinea pig," Lew recalls. "I hit him in the nose (with a boxing glove) and bloodied his nose. I just popped him in the nose. That was in the seventh grade."

Nitro High didn't have a baseball team, and Burdette failed when he tried out for the American Legion squad. He had some early success in basketball and football, however.

A few days after graduating from high school in 1944 he went to apply for a job at American Viscose Rayon, one of the many plants that had sprung up in the Kanawha Valley town during World War II.

"I didn't know what I wanted to be," Burdette told *Sport* magazine in 1957. "I never figured much on being a ballplayer."

That day in June 1944, Burdette approached personnel manager Fred Jones

The Payoff

Braves	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Haxle, rf	4	1	2	3	0	0
dPafko, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Logan, ss	5	1	1	2	4	1
Mathews, 3b	4	1	1	3	0	0
Aaron, cf	5	1	2	2	0	0
Covington, lf	3	0	1	3	0	0
Torre, 1b	2	0	0	2	0	0
Mantilla, 2b	4	0	1	2	4	0
Crandall, c	4	0	0	4	0	0
Burdette, p	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	5	9	27	11	1

Yankees	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Bauer, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Slaughter, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Mantle, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Berra, c	3	0	0	4	1	1
McDougald, ss	4	0	0	1	4	1
Kubek, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	1
Coleman, 2b	4	0	1	2	3	0
Collins, 1b	2	0	0	7	3	0
Sturdivant, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
eHoward	1	0	0	1	0	0
Byrne, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Larsen, p	0	0	0	1	0	0
Shantz, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
aLumpe	1	0	0	0	0	0
Ditmar, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
bSkowron, 1b	3	0	0	3	0	0
Totals	35	0	7	27	12	3

Braves (N.L.)	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	5
Yankees (A.L.)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Lew at 18. 1944 photo courtesy of Gene Burdette.

at American Viscose Rayon. Jones knew Burdette's father, Selva, and his sister, Fay, who worked in the main office. Jones told Lew that he had a job for him at the plant if he would play on the company baseball team. Lew asked to talk it over that night with his father, who suggested he try out for pitcher since that was the position he had played on the sandlots of Nitro. When they were younger, brother Gene, who now lives in Poca, Putnam County, was a catcher and Lew pitched.

Lew took the job, and became a star for the Viscose baseball team. He was 17 years old, and ran inter-office messages at the plant on his bicycle. Playing in the Industrial League of the Viscose Athletic Association, he compiled a record of 12-2 in 1944.

Lew says that several older players with Viscose helped him become a better pitcher. "They were very good to me," says Lew. "Quite a few gave me tips."

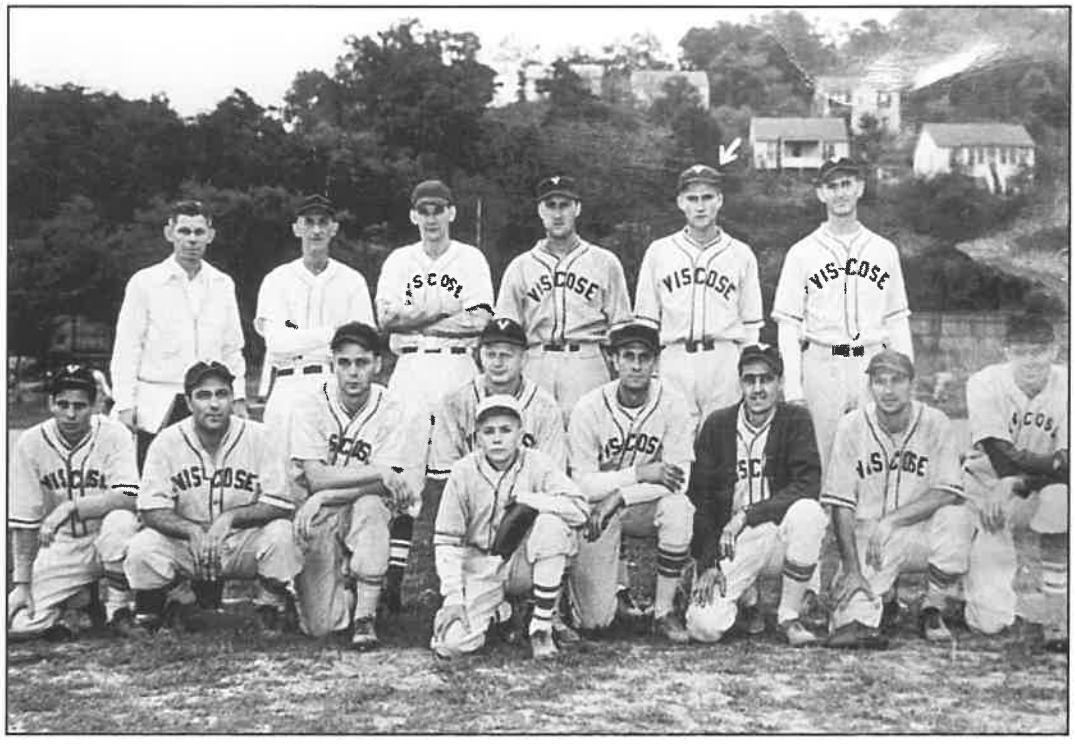
One of them was Ed Hall, an outfielder whom Burdette says had been a former minor league player. "He told me I was giving away my pitches (to batters) by the way I held my mouth." Hall also suggested that Burdette give up chewing tobacco. "So I opted for gum," says Lew with a laugh.

Other players who took Burdette under their wing were Sheriff Blake and Potsy Chambers, who was the catcher for the young pitcher. Burdette says there were only two or three pitchers on each team.

One of Lew's best pitching performances that year came when he threw a shutout against a plant team near Whitesville. "They threw rocks at our cars as we left," says Burdette. "The local people did, not the players."

Lew said the longest trip in the league was to play in the Beckley area. "Most of the other games were around Charleston," says Burdette. Though the league couldn't compare in quality of play, the circuit did help to propel the young pitcher into organized baseball — and eventually the major leagues.

His young baseball career was put on hold for military service the next year. He enlisted in the Air Corps Reserves, and saw service as an Air Corps cadet. He was discharged on November 9, 1945.



Lew Burdette got his start in organized baseball in 1944 when he pitched for this Industrial League team from Nitro's American Viscose Rayon plant. Lew is standing second from the right. Photo courtesy of Gene Burdette, photographer unknown.

In 1946 he ventured east to the University of Richmond through the GI educational bill, and he played college ball for the Spiders in Virginia's capital city.

Once again he found success. But a scout for the Milwaukee Braves told him soon after that, "I don't like the way you pitch. You may as well forget about baseball." Several years later, while pitching in the majors for Milwaukee, Burdette ran into the same scout and reminded him of that prognosis many years earlier. "That was you?" said the scout, who admitted his mistake.

Burdette's first college season at Richmond in 1946 was also his last. The next year he was signed to his first professional contract by Bill McCorry, a scout for the Yankees.

"I got a telegram to try out," Burdette says. "I wasn't going to go. Heck, I couldn't make my American Legion team in Nitro when I was 17. I said I would go and check it out (at $175 per month). Dad said I couldn't go unless I got $200 per month."

Burdette went anyway.

While with the Norfolk, Virginia, farm team in 1947, Burdette played for the first and only time as a professional in his native state in an exhibition game in Bluefield.

In 1948, with Quincy, Illinois, of the Three-Eye League, Burdette led the circuit with 16 wins and six shutouts.

With Kansas City of the American Association in 1949 he had a record of 6-7, and he was 7-7 with the same team in 1950.

Burdette made his big league debut with the Yankees at the end of the 1950 season, pitching in two games and recording just four outs. Just a few weeks earlier the Yankees had called up Burdette's pitching roommate from Kansas City: left-hander Whitey Ford. Ford, who was 9-1 with New York that year, went on to have a stellar career with the Yankees and was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1974.

Lew led the Three-Eye League in 1948 with 16 wins and six shutouts, pitching for the New York Yankees' farm team in Quincy, Illinois. Photo courtesy of Gene Burdette.

But it was back to the minors for Burdette in 1951, and the West Virginian could see that his future with the Yankees was blocked by a talented pitching staff.

Lew went 14-12 for San Francisco, then a minor league team in the Pacific Coast League, in 1951. In late August of that season Burdette was traded by the Yankees to the Boston Braves for pitcher Johnny Sain and $50,000.

The trade made Burdette's career.

He pitched in 45 games for Boston in 1952. The Braves moved to Milwaukee in 1953, and Burdette went along. That year, according to *Baseball Digest*, Burdette and Brooklyn Dodgers star Roy Campanella had a run in. Someone charged Burdette with calling the Brooklyn catcher "a dirty name."

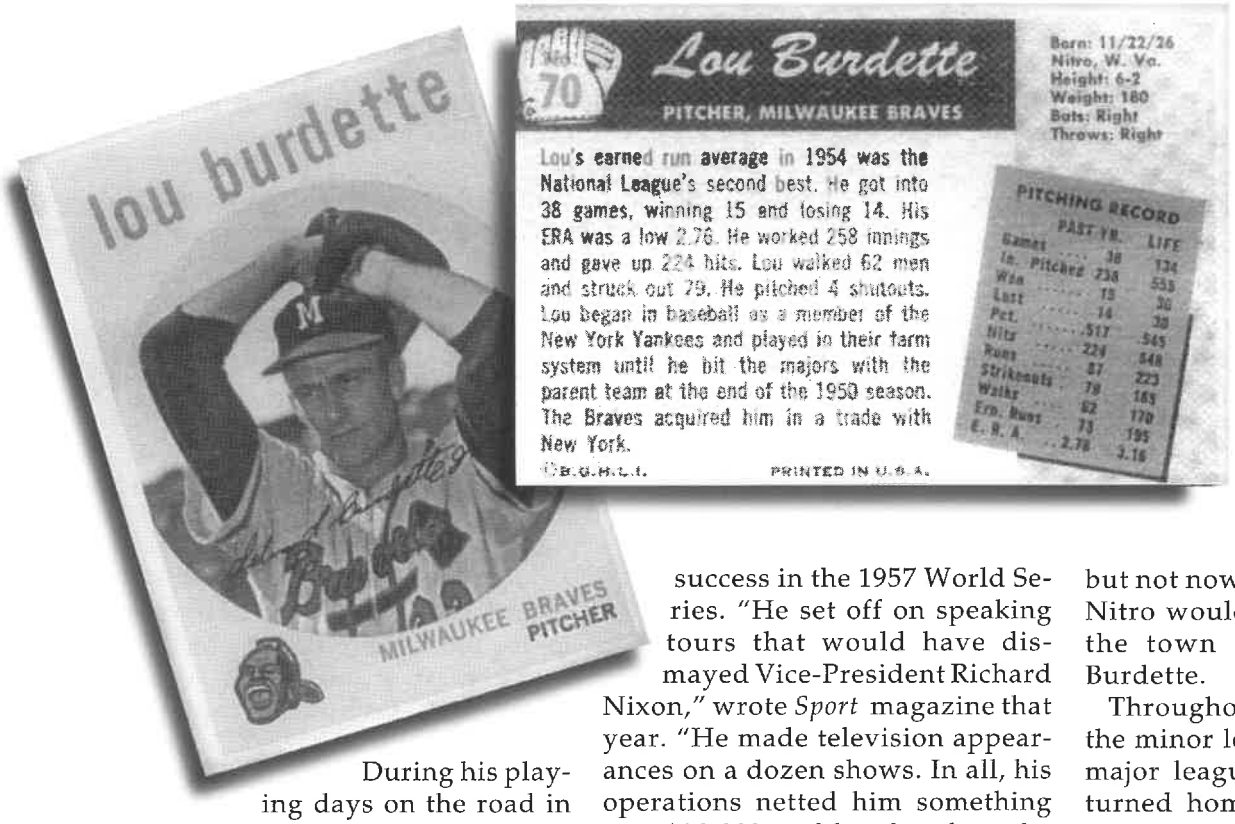
"I have never cast any slurs on any man's race and never will," Burdette said then. "Campy and I shook hands and ended the situation long before everyone else realized it was closed."

The next season Burdette was in the starting rotation for the Braves, and that year he watched a rookie break into the big leagues: Hank Aaron, who would break Babe Ruth's all-time home run record in 1974.

Burdette won 19 games in 1956 for the Braves. He won 20 games — a benchmark for any major league pitcher — in back-to-back seasons in 1958-59, and, along with teammate and good friend Warren Spahn, formed one of the best one-two pitching combinations in the game. At the height of his success Burdette says he pulled in $70,000.

And he had fun along the way, on and off the diamond.

Lew in the big leagues. 1955 photo courtesy of the *Charleston Gazette*.



During his playing days on the road in big cities Lew would imitate a police whistle while leaning out the window of a skyscraper. Or he would pretend to be inebriated and fall down in the hotel lobby. His veteran teammates knew his tricks, but startled onlookers had to be convinced they were watching a jokester.

He once carried a small garter snake in his uniform pocket during an exhibition game until he could find a likely victim. He then dropped the tiny reptile in the jacket pocket of an advertising man, then asked the gent for a match.

But there was nothing funny about the way he pitched. By the time he retired after the 1967 season he had won 203 games, which later earned him some Hall of Fame consideration. He was a member of the National League all-star teams in 1957 and 1959, and has been inducted into the sports halls of fame in Florida, Wisconsin, and West Virginia. Many opposing batters felt he used an illegal pitch — the spitball — but Burdette even used that to his advantage.

"I don't throw it, but let them think I do; it'll help my pitching," he once said.

Burdette took advantage of his success in the 1957 World Series. "He set off on speaking tours that would have dismayed Vice-President Richard Nixon," wrote *Sport* magazine that year. "He made television appearances on a dozen shows. In all, his operations netted him something over $20,000, and for a boy from the West Virginia hill country, who had liked to dig sassafras in the mountains, the furor was startling."

But Burdette didn't forget about his origins on that hill behind a small house on Third Avenue. After the 1957 World Series he returned home to Nitro for a parade in his honor.

"There were state politicians, local politicians," Gene Burdette says. "It was quite an affair."

It may have been the biggest day in the history of Nitro since ground was broken for the town on January 2, 1918. For many years — but not now — people driving into Nitro would see signs that touted the town as the home of Lew Burdette.

Throughout his five seasons in the minor leagues and early in his major league career, Burdette returned home to Nitro in the off-season. Even after moving to Florida in 1954, Burdette made trips home to see his mother and father. They both lived all of their lives in the Nitro area, and passed away three weeks apart early in 1996. Lew made trips from Florida for both funerals. His father, a

Proud parents Agnes and Selva Burdette traveled to Pittsburgh to celebrate with Lew and wife Mary after the 1957 World Series victory. Photo courtesy of Gene Burdette.

Kanawha County native, was 96; his mother, Agnes of Putnam County, 93.

"I got to see a lot of people I hadn't seen in a long time," Lew says.

But there were other reasons to go back to Nitro after he began his baseball career. He had met Mary Ann Shelton, who had attended East Bank High School, after the 1948 season. They met when Lew walked into a bowling alley in Charleston.

"We four girls just got off work and decided to go bowling," she says. "Lew and another guy came in and asked us to bowl with them. He called me the next day. It was that simple."

While they were dating she worked at the telephone company in Charleston, and Lew recalls making the drive from Nitro. "From mid-October of 1948 to May of 1949 I went to Charleston every night to pick her up," he says.

"He would always be at the telephone company, no matter what time I got off," she says. "I worked all kinds of shifts, as late as 9 p.m."

They were married on June 30, 1949, while Lew was playing in the minor leagues for Kansas City. "They gave me Thursday and Friday off," the former pitcher says. "We got married on Thursday night in Charleston, and we have been together ever since."

The Burdettes have four grown children and five grandchildren as they approach their 50th wedding anniversary next year.

While Lew was winning three games in the 1957 World Series, Mary was home in Florida. Their third child, Mary Lou, was born just before the Fall Classic that season.

"My excitement of the World Series was having a baby," Mary Burdette recalls. "I was pretty much confined. It was a very trying time for me as a wife and a mother. He was gone for three weeks. We called that our baseball baby."

The Braves traded Burdette to the

Baby Birds and P-Rays

In 1947, local baseball fans had the opportunity to see Lew Burdette play his only game as a professional ballplayer within the state of West Virginia. Wearing a uniform for the New York Yankees' farm team, the Norfolk (Virginia) Tars of the Piedmont League, Lew played in an exhibition game in Bluefield.

Today, baseball fans in southern West Virginia enjoy the rare pleasure of rooting for two professional clubs in the same county. The Bluefield Orioles and Princeton Devil Rays both belong to the class-A Appalachian League. The two teams, located barely ten miles apart on U.S. Route 460, compete head-to-head several times each year, during a season which runs from mid-June through late August. The winner of the annual series is awarded the coveted Mercer Cup.

The Bluefield "Baby Birds," who won their 13th Appalachian League championship in 1997, are a local tradition; the four-decade farm team relationship between the big league Baltimore club and its West Virginia affiliate is the longest in baseball history.

Built in 1939 and nestled in a tight hollow of Bluefield's City Park, the Orioles' Bowen Field has been extensively remodeled in recent years with a brand-new concession stand, a picnic pavilion, and clubhouses. The diamond is a mountain showcase and has received glowing national acclaim as one of America's finest small town ballparks.

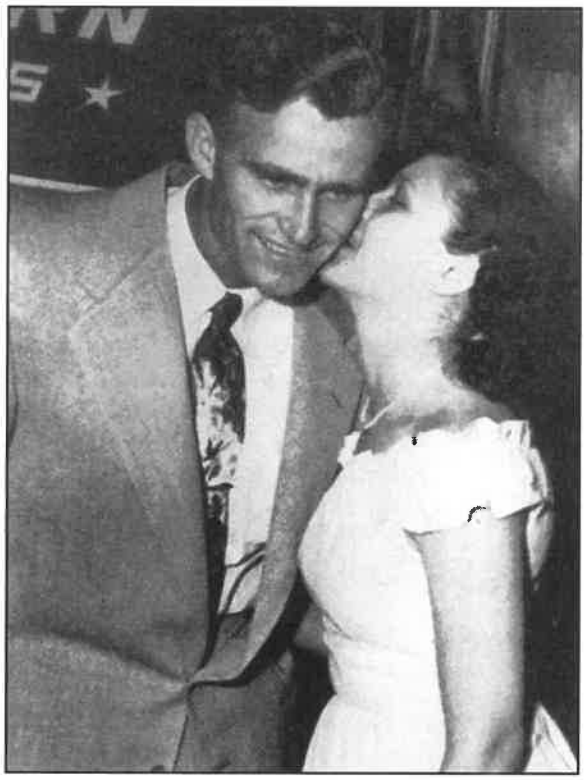
The cross-county rival Devil Rays from the Mercer County seat play their brand of our national pastime in fan-friendly Hunnicutt Field, located on the grounds of Princeton High School. Princeton's 11th year in professional baseball marks its second as an affiliate of major league baseball's newest expansion franchise, the Tampa Bay Devil Rays. 1997's inaugural season was highly successful for the "P-Rays," finishing second with a 39-30 record, while attendance soared upward by 29 percent.

Devil Ray management plans innovative and exciting promotions for every home game; prices are kept low so that fans can catch the excitement of Princeton baseball and have a chance to win one of the more than 60 prizes awarded at each contest.

Southern West Virginia baseball fans enjoy the luxury of high-quality small town sports action in the tradition of coal camp baseball from the state's bygone years. [See "Bluefield Baseball: The Tradition of a Century," by Stuart McGehee; Spring 1990.] For 1999 tickets or information, call the Orioles at (540)326-1326, the Devil Rays at (304)487-2000, or the Princeton-Mercer County Chamber of Commerce at (304)487-1502. Play ball!

—Stuart McGehee

STUART McGEHEE is a professor of history at West Virginia State College, and a frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor.



Lew married Nitro native Mary Ann Shelton in 1949. Here, Mary kisses Lew good-bye as he heads off on a road trip early in his career. Photo from the *Avisco News* courtesy of Bill Wintz, photographer unknown.

Cardinals in 1963, and he also pitched for the Chicago Cubs and Philadelphia Phillies before ending his career with the California Angels after the 1967 season.

In his last season, at the age of 40, Burdette didn't walk a batter in 18 innings of work. For his career he allowed a walk about every five innings, an impressive ratio then and now.

Lew was a minor league manager and scout after his playing days, and was the pitching coach for the major league Atlanta Braves during the 1972-73 seasons.

Since Lew played in an era before million-dollar contracts and had a growing family, he had to find part-time jobs in the off-season. Lew worked in public relations for a Milwaukee brewing company, and in 1975 began working for cable television in Florida after his baseball career.

"Cable TV was made for rural areas," says Burdette, a product of such. "I made a lot more money in cable TV (in 20 years) than I did in baseball."

William Wintz, a former Nitro resident who wrote a book on the town's history [*Nitro, the World War I Boom Town: an Illustrated History of Nitro, West Virginia and the Land on Which it Stands,* published in 1985 by Jalamap Publications], remembers Lew Burdette driving a cab when he was a teenager. "At the time we didn't know he was going to be great," Wintz says. Bill Wintz recalls that Lew picked up the nickname "Frog" during his early days in Nitro, since he had such a deep voice.

Bill also recalls a Christmas many decades ago in Nitro. Lew and another brother, Les, had shotguns and were headed out to hunt rabbits. They came across a row of trees, and someone suggested they cut one down since it was the holiday season. But Lew Burdette opted for a less conventional method than a saw.

"He shot out a whole (row) of trees to find a Christmas tree with a three-inch diameter," Wintz recalls.

Whether it was throwing rocks, "cutting" down trees with a shotgun, or throwing a baseball, the pride of Nitro usually found his mark.

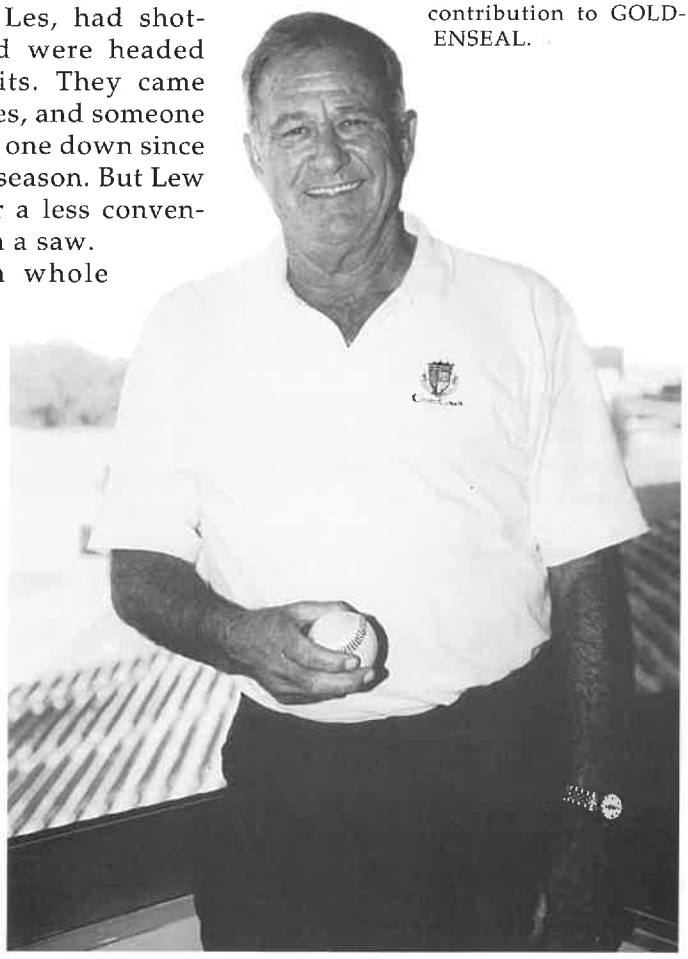
"We had a lot of fun then. It wasn't a bad place to grow up," says Burdette, 76, who now lives in Sarasota, Florida.

Lew still enjoys watching games on television, including the World Series. "If I can stay awake," says the good-natured Burdette, who was listed at 6-foot-2, 180 pounds during his playing days.

And what does the former right-hander, who once posed as a lefty for a Topps baseball card in the late 1950's, think of today's hitters?

"They all swing for the fences. I would love to pitch to them."

DAVID DRIVER is a native of Rockingham County, Virginia, which borders West Virginia. He played baseball in college, and got to play in one game on the minor league field in Bluefield. A contributor to *Baseball America, Baseball Digest,* and the Associated Press, one of his lasting memories of the Mountain State was being a part of the flood cleanup in Pendleton County in 1985. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



Lew and Mary Burdette now live in Sarasota, Florida. Lew is pictured here at a recent "Legends Night" reunion of former Braves players at Charlotte Knights Stadium in Fort Mill, South Carolina. Photo by Jim McLean.

Lew Burdette Day in Nitro

While Braves pitcher Lew Burdette was thrilling baseball fans around the country during the 1957 World Series, his biggest fans could be found back home in Nitro. In honor of Lew's victory in the second game, Nitro Mayor W.W. Alexander issued a proclamation declaring October 4 "Lew Burdette Day." But that was just the beginning of the Lew Burdette frenzy that fall.

After "Yankee Killer" Lew Burdette pitched a third winning game to lead the Braves to the Series victory, *Milwaukee Sentinel* writer Lou Chapman traveled to Lew's hometown where he found its residents completely caught up in the success of their young baseball hero. He wrote in his article that this town "once manufactured enough gunpowder to blow itself off the face of the earth. Today the town folk of Nitro — some 3,300 strong — are exploding all over the place with civic pride" over their leading citizen.

The *Kanawha Valley Leader* published an elaborate special edition to honor Lew Burdette after he pitched three complete game victories to lead the Milwaukee Braves over the New York Yankees in the 1957 World Series. Courtesy of Bill Wintz.

A month later, Lew returned to Nitro with his wife, Mary, for a two-day visit sponsored by seven local appliance stores and folks went wild. The November 1 *Kanawha Valley Leader* was devoted almost entirely to Lew. The paper exclaimed, "Days of furious activity and preparation will be climaxed this evening when Nitro's fair-haired, strong-armed boy arrives home for a brief visit." The main street in downtown Nitro, First Avenue, was temporarily renamed Lew Burdette Drive and the pitcher was treated to a parade with such guests as U.S. Senators Revercomb and Byrd. He also visited with young Governor Underwood and made appearances at several stores in town.

Inside the *Leader*'s 32-page special edition — its biggest ever — were poems, pictures, articles, and well-wishes from everyone from the gas company to the TV repair store. Comstock Furniture and Appliance offered a "Lew Burdette Special" on washers and dryers. Appalachian Electric Power's ad stated "Like Lew...You'll make a real hit when you live electrically." One ad announced Lew's new, lifetime membership in the Nitro Moose Lodge, Number 565.

The edition also printed a poem by Paul M. Shue of Staunton, Virginia, entitled "Nitro Lou," which concludes with these lines:

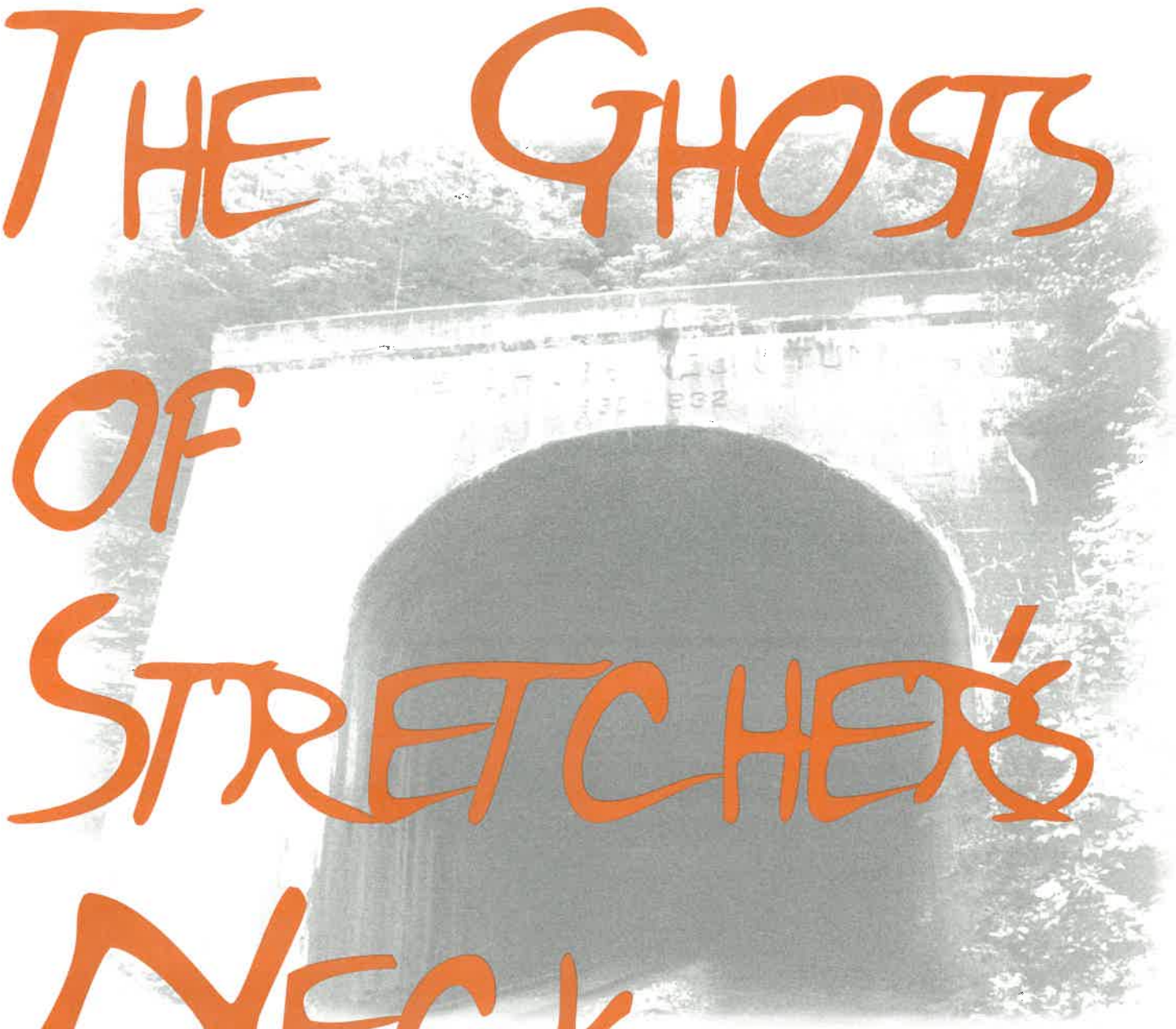
Excited Nitro residents lined the streets to see the parade as Lew returned to his hometown, November 1, 1957. Photo courtesy of Gene Burdette.

Wisconsin's pride's no longer cheese,
Or milk, or beer or any of these —
On Haney's Braves their hearts are set,
And the mighty right arm of Lou Burdette!

Perhaps Lew described all the excitement best when he told local fans, "Funny what a difference eight days can make in a guy. This sure is a crazy life."

—Connie Karickhoff

The Ghosts of Stretcher's Neck



By Leona G. Brown

Photographs by Michael Keller

At certain times of the day and night the New River Gorge can be an eerie place. Dark forests and craggy mountains loom ominously on either side. At night a camper in the gorge hears weird sounds from birds, animals, creaking timber, and rushing water. Perhaps these facts account for the ghost stories that, in local folklore, have centered around the area known as Stretcher's Neck, just west of Stretcher's Neck Tunnel on the CSX railroad in Fayette County.

The east portal of Stretcher's Neck Tunnel is visible from Turkey Spur Rock in Grandview National Park, Raleigh County [see "Grandview," by Leona G. Brown; Summer 1996]. It is easy to see, from this vantage point, that the New River makes a wide bend around the mountain through which the tunnel passes. The bit of bottomland in this bend at the foot of the mountain has been known for over 100 years as Stretcher's Neck, and the tunnel got its name for this reason.

A railroad tunnel can be a scary place, especially to someone walking through it without a light. For those people who lived "below the tunnel," Stretcher's Neck Tunnel was a pedestrian walkway as well as a tunnel for trains. The nearest store for these people was at Prince. The McKendree Road, the only other route to the outside world, was rough and winding. Children of the Stretcher's Neck families attended Estuary School, about half a mile downriver from the west portal of the tunnel. Teachers from Quinnimont and Prince walked through the tunnel to reach the school. High school students walked to Prince to catch the school bus to Mount Hope. At intervals along the tunnel walls, the builders had constructed "manholes," spaces tall enough and wide enough to accommodate a person caught in the tunnel when a train was passing through.

The people who lived near Stretcher's Neck Tunnel were of Scotch-Irish descent. The Irish and Scotch-Irish are traditionally storytellers and believers in the supernatural, which might account for the strange tales told about Stretcher's Neck.

Early settlers on Stretcher's Neck were familiar with one ghostly tale before the railroad and tunnel were built. James Poyntz Nelson, a member of a surveying party mapping a route through the mountains for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company wrote this story down. It was published in two parts in *Tracks*, the Chesapeake & Ohio employees' magazine, in January and February of 1917.

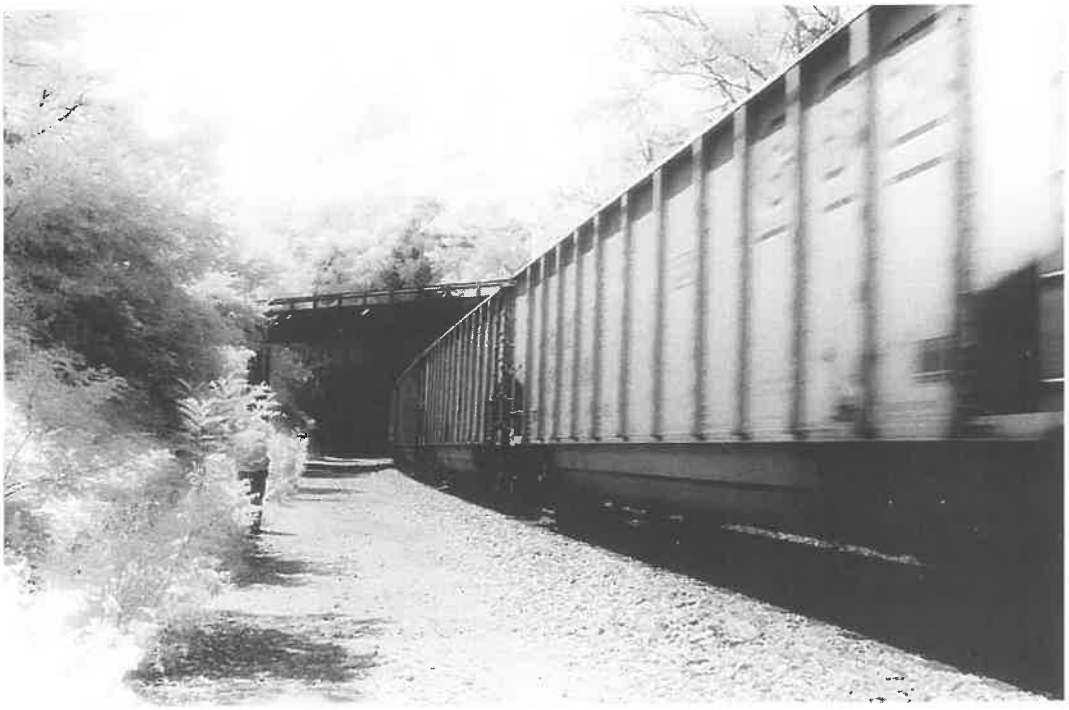
The ghost of Jim Thurmond was seen at Elvira's funeral.

Nelson tells the story of two lovers, Jim Thurmond and Elvira Sanner, whose families lived on Stretcher's Neck. Jim had a rival, Hiram Boggess, "whom no one liked and who was richer than his neighbors and sang the loudest and prayed the longest at every meeting," according to Nelson's story. Hiram Boggess reported Jim Thurmond to the officers of the law for making apple brandy and transporting it down New River in boats, to be sold at Kanawha Falls.

When the officers came to arrest Jim, he reportedly shot and killed one of them. Jim was wounded himself and then disappeared, never to be seen again, in life. Hiram Boggess then married Elvira Sanner, and a child was born.

The child became very ill, and Elvira begged Hiram to go for the doctor who lived several miles away. Hiram refused to go for the doctor, but left Elvira and the child alone and went to go to the home of his sister, who lived farther up the mountainside. The next morning, however, the doctor came to Elvira's door, saying that a young man had come to him the night before and begged him to attend the baby. People believed the "young man" was the ghost of Jim Thurmond. The baby died anyway, and Elvira died soon after. The ghost of Jim Thurmond, according to the storyteller, was seen at Elvira's funeral. Hiram Boggess disappeared soon after, and was presumed to have drowned in New River after a mysterious fall from a cliff.

In 1919, Russell Gwinn, who lived



Though now reduced to one set of tracks, the Stretcher's Neck Tunnel still hosts heavy rail traffic and an occasional brave pedestrian.

Harold Gillian and his wife Betty both grew up at Stretcher's Neck, and have many tales to tell. Here Harold steps into a manhole in Stretcher's Neck Tunnel.

across the river from Stretcher's Neck, had a job as yard clerk for the C&O at Quinnimont. To get to his job, he rode a railroad "wheel" through the tunnel. A "wheel" was a three-wheeled vehicle similar to a handcar. Russell, then 23 years old, was passing through the tunnel on his way to work one night, when he saw a young woman beside the tracks. He described her as a good-looking woman with a white dress, brown hat, and black hair. He asked her if she would like to borrow his lantern, as she had no light. She did not answer. When he came out of the tunnel, he saw Tolley, the watchman, and asked him if he had seen anyone go into the tunnel. Tolley had just come through the tunnel on his rounds, and had seen no one.

Under the headline, "GHOST! G H O S T ! G H O S T ! ", Russell's story was written in a school newspaper, *The Friday Story Teller*, published by the Gwinn children and their teacher, Miss Gertrude Skaggs. Russell's brother, Othor, claimed to have seen the same woman. The story says, "He went on and called to the Lord for help as he passed out of the hole."

Did the Gwinn boys believe the young lady in the tunnel to be Elvira Sanner, and expect Jim Thurmond to return looking for his long-lost love?

Harold Gillian, whose grandparents, Hillary Kincaid and Eddie Harrah Kincaid, settled on Stretcher's Neck in 1901, has memories of his childhood "below the tunnel." Harold and his wife Betty, a member of another Stretcher's Neck family, the O'Neals, recently shared their memories with me. Walking through the tunnel was routine for them as they grew up.

Harold remembers one such walk when he accompanied his youngest aunt, Edith Kincaid. They had reached the darkest part of the tunnel when Edith suddenly exclaimed, "Harold, quit pecking me on the back!" But Harold, walking behind, had not touched her. In a few minutes, he, too, felt a distinct tap on his back. He still feels the tapping was "supernatural," since no one else was in the tunnel and they could find no other explanation.

The tunnel curves near the center, making it quite dark. In this dark section, Carl Gillian, Harold's brother, walking alone, noticed light reflected on the water in the ditch beside the tracks. Looking up, he saw a man standing in the ditch, but he appeared to be no ordinary man. He was wearing "railroad clothes," blue and white striped coveralls and a railroad cap, and carrying a lantern. He appeared to be taller than the manhole. "He had to have been ten feet tall," says Harold. Carl spoke to him, but the man didn't answer. When Carl returned home, "He was white as a sheet — he was almost afraid to go through there and come back any more."

As teenagers, Harold Gillian and his cousin, Ray Kincaid, were returning home one Saturday night after dark. Coming toward them, from the darkest part of the tunnel, was a headless body. Their hearts

As the headless figure came nearer, they realized it was human and alive.

beating wildly, they stopped dead in their tracks. But as the headless figure came nearer, they realized it was human and alive — a black man wearing a black hat and a white shirt. Only the shirt was visible in the dark of the tunnel.

In the 1950's, Harold Gillian went to work as a telegraph operator for the C&O. He usually drove to work at Prince or Quinnimont over the McKendree Road. But one winter day, there was a heavy snow. A grader clearing the snow broke down on the road, making it impassable, so it was necessary for Harold to walk through the tunnel to get to work. About halfway

An eastbound train pierces the darkness deep in the tunnel. Harold Gillan looks on.

through, he heard a loud noise behind him, as if a heavy piece of metal, a "tie plate," he believed, had been dropped onto the tracks. Looking back, he could see nothing, but as he progressed a few feet he heard it again. Next day, he walked up the road to the top of the mountain above the tunnel to see if he could see any signs of a prankster, but the snow was unbroken by any footprints or tracks.

Actual macabre events occurred in the tunnel. In the early 1940's, according to Roy Long, a railroad historian who lives at Hinton, the crew of an eastbound train reported the body of a man in Stretcher's Neck Tunnel. The body proved to be that of a railroad employee. Rumors were flying that he had been in a poker game the night before, and had been involved in an altercation over the game. Some people believed that he had been killed in this fight, and placed in the tunnel to make it appear that he had been killed by a train.

Betty Gillian remembers the time she was walking through the tunnel and felt her foot touch what she was sure was a dead body. Indeed, examination with a flashlight showed the object to be a body — that of a large, dead dog.

Some teenage boys once arranged for a bizarre display in the tunnel. After McKendree Hospital closed in the 1940's, a group of these boys (and I am assured that my informant was not part of this group) gained access to the abandoned building. Exploring, as boys will, they found in the attic the skeleton of a man. They "borrowed" the skeleton, attached wires to the head, and managed to suspend it from the roof of the tunnel. When a pedestrian approached, they would lower the skeleton and dangle it in front of the unlucky person. This must have caused some consternation and added to the eerie stories connected with the tunnel. The boys later returned the skeleton to its home in the attic.

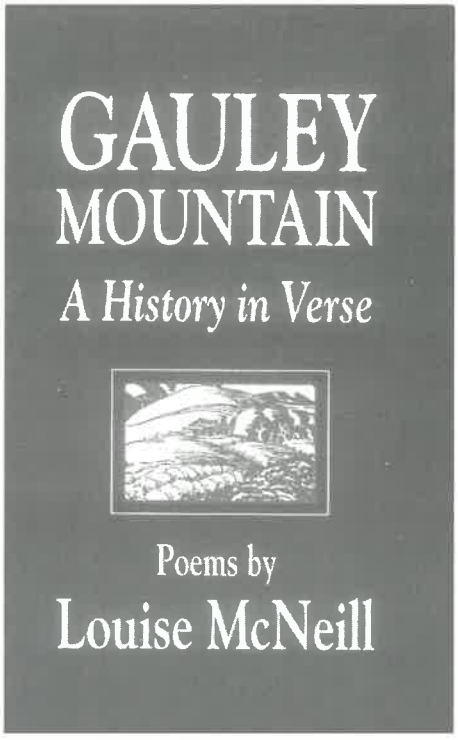
Stretcher's Neck today has reverted to wilderness. Only the traces of the houses of the families who once lived there remain. Imagine that you are a member of a rafting party, camped beside the river near Stretcher's Neck. What is that eerie sound you hear as dusk settles in? Is it the wind moaning through the trees? Some wild animal on the prowl? Perhaps it is the Irish banshee. Or has Jim Thurmond returned, searching for his lost love, Elvira Sanner?

LEONA BROWN was born in Fayette County not far from Stretcher's Neck. A member of the New River Gwinn family, she has written a book on family history and published numerous articles. Her latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Summer 1996.

New Books Available

Gauley Mountain:
A History in Verse
by Louise McNeill

Louise McNeill's classic book, *Gauley Mountain*, is now available on CD. Originally produced by West Virginia Public Radio for broadcast on West Virginia Day in 1991, the CD features musicians and actors from around the



state performing the poetry from this volume. Some participants include Pinkney Benedict, David Morris, Ginny Hawker, Larry Groce, and McNeill herself.

Gauley Mountain, first published in 1939, is an epic poem based on the history of the state from the first settlements in the 1740's to the hard times of the 1930's. McNeill's death in 1993 compelled the Pocahontas County Historical Society and the county Arts and Humanities Council to republish this wonderful volume for new readers. The commemorative edition also features four new essays by friends Maggie Anderson, Ken Sullivan, Irene McKinney, and Larry Groce.

The double CD set of *Gauley Mountain* is available for $17 and the book for $12 from the Pocahontas Communications Cooperative, Dunmore, WV 24934. Both prices include shipping and tax. To order the special teacher's package, which includes the CD, the book, and a special teacher's study guide, call 1-800-297-2346.

Fond Recollections:
My Memories of Clennie
by Patricia Samples Workman

Longtime GOLDENSEAL contributor Patricia Samples Workman has recently published *Fond Recollections: My Memories of Clennie*, a compilation of numerous short stories about her husband and his life on Robinson Fork in rural Nicholas County. This 71-page softcover book chronicles Clennie's life, from farming and hunting to tales of the Great Depression.

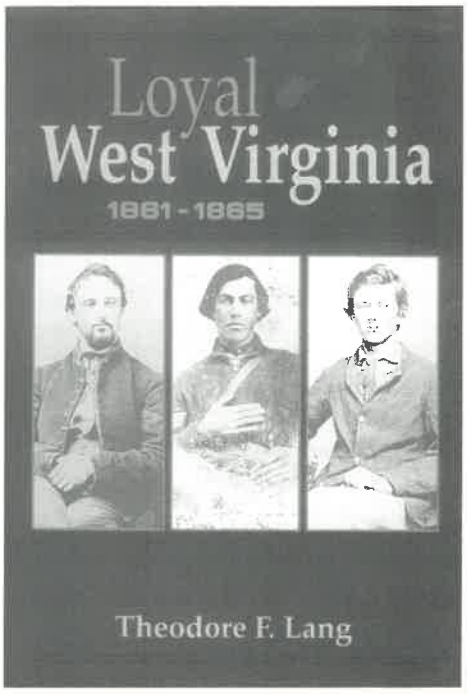
Patricia began writing these stories down to tell to Clennie's grandchildren and great-grandchildren. "Anyone with ties to or an interest in West Virginia can relate to these stories," Patricia writes in her introduction. All of the stories were previously published in the *Nicholas Chronicle*. GOLDENSEAL readers may also recall seeing "Recollections of Robinson Fork" in the Spring 1996 issue.

The book sells for $8, plus $1.50 shipping and handling, from Patricia Samples Workman at P.O. Box 453, Summersville, WV 26651.

Another similar work, called ***Tincey***, by Lillian J. Hendrickson, is now available from the Main Street Press in Sutton. Hendrickson turns the stories she has heard over the years about her Native American grandmother into a fictionalized narrative told in Tincey's voice. The 527-page book takes place in the backwoods of the Sutton area and is available for $14.95 (plus shipping and tax) from Main Street Press at 305 Main Street, Sutton, WV 26601.

Civil War Releases

The Blue Acorn Press of Huntington has just released a reprint of Theodore Lang's classic volume on the Civil War, ***Loyal West Virginia 1861-1865***, first published in 1895. The book arrived in stores just in time for West



Virginia's 135th birthday celebration.

Lang, from Clarksburg in divided Harrison County, experienced the war first-hand as a Major in the 6th West Virginia Cavalry. His book focuses on military operations in the region and those soldiers from the state who remained loyal to the Union. He "ably describes events and personalities responsible for West Virginia's formation," according to Blue Acorn, highlighting many of the battles which took place in the state.

The original edition is now enhanced to include 33 additional historic photos along with lists of dozens of West Virginia military organizations, complete officer rosters, and the original 30 photo portraits.

The 450-page, hardcover volume can be ordered for $35 postpaid through the Blue Acorn Press, P.O. Box 2684, 5589 Shawnee Drive, Huntington, WV 25726.

Another new release about the Civil War is Tim McKinney's ***West Virginia Civil War Almanac***. It is an extensive reference work which contains nearly 600 pages of previously unpublished material on the war in West Virginia.

This is McKinney's first volume in a proposed set of three and it includes listings such as the 1890 Civil War Veteran Census, West Virginia Civil War service medals, West Virginia physicians in the Civil War, and other valuable information.

McKinney is also the author of *The Civil War in Fayette County*; *Robert E. Lee at Sewell Mountain: The West Virginia Campaign*; and *Robert E. Lee and the 35th Star*.

The almanac is now available in bookstores around the state, or direct for $36.25 postpaid from Pictorial Histories Publishing Company, 1416 Quarrier Street, Charleston, WV 25301.

Ancient Sunshine: The Story of Coal
by James B. Goode

New for young readers is James B. Goode's *Ancient Sunshine: The Story of Coal*. This softcover book tells the process and history of coal mining in a way that young adults and those unfamiliar with the industry can easily understand.

Goode, a native of the Kentucky coalfields himself, discusses such topics as the formation of coal, facts about Appalachian coal, the dangers of mining, mine labor unions, strip mining, and mining in the future. The book also includes pictures on almost all of its 96 pages and a helpful glossary of mining terms.

Published by the Jesse Stuart Foundation, *Ancient Sunshine* serves as an introduction to coal mining, one of West Virginia's most important industries and a turbulent part of our past.

Other recent titles from the Jesse Stuart Foundation include ***The Quare Women's Journals***, the history of the Hindman Settlement School in Knott County, Kentucky, told through the writings of the women who founded it; and ***Harvest of Youth***, a reprint of Jesse Stuart's first novel, originally published in 1930.

Write to the Jesse Stuart Foundation, P.O. Box 391, Ashland, KY 41114.

Industrial History Books

The West Virginia University Institute for the History of Technology and Industrial Archaeology has compiled a number of useful reports over the last few years, but one of the more recent releases may be particularly interesting to GOLDENSEAL readers.

In ***Makin' Hole, Pumpin' Oil***, graduate student Philip W. Ross collects the oral histories of ten different oil field workers from the northwestern part of the state as part of the Institute's Oil and Gas Documentation Project.

Ross talks with everyone involved, from pumpers and drillers to foremen and owners. These interviews are reprinted verbatim along with an introduction, a map of the Pleasants County oil fields, and several historic and more recent photos. This story, which begins in 1885 when the first oil well was drilled in Eureka, tells of the oil and gas industry in the area and the lives of the men who kept it going.

Other recent volumes from the Institute which may be of interest are ***Unite...the Most Remote Quarters: An Archaeological and Historical Survey of the Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike*** and ***The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Lock-Houses and Lock-Keepers***. These books are somewhat technical at times but are good reference sources and have valuable maps, graphs, and tables.

All of these reports and monographs are available from the Institute at 1535 Mileground, P.O. Box 6305, Morgantown, WV 26506.

Another collection of oral histories is Radford University professor Mary B. LaLone's new book, ***Appalachian Coal Mining Memories***, a look at life in the coalfields of Montgomery County, Virginia, which sits along the West Virginia border in the New River Valley.

This 373-page text covers practically all aspects of coal camp life through the voices of 51 people who lived it in the early half of the century. The book includes maps and a few pictures but consists primarily of interviews conducted by LaLone's students at Radford.

Though the book is confined to Montgomery County, it does offer stirring personal accounts of life in the Appalachians, a subject very familiar to those West Virginians across the border. It sells for $25 plus tax and shipping through the Pocahontas Press, P.O. Drawer F, Blacksburg, VA 24063.

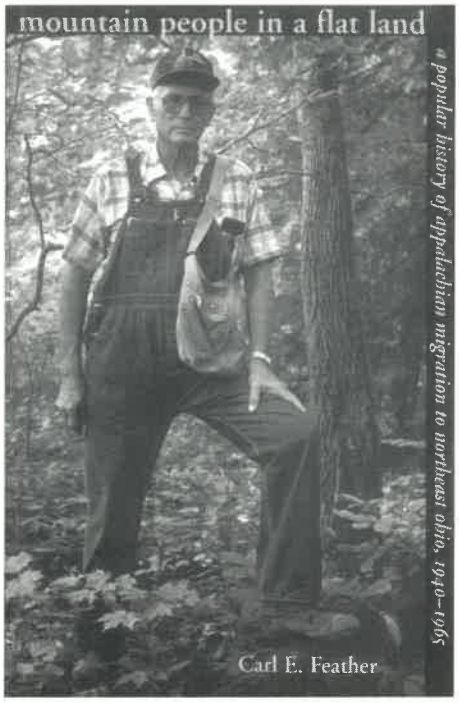
LaLone has recently compiled a follow-up to this volume called ***Coal Mining Lives: An Oral History Sequel***. According to LaLone's introduction to this new book, the sequel adds new insights on life in the New River Valley. *Coal Mining Lives* is a 131-page softcover booklet available for $12.50 plus shipping from the Radford University Bookstore, Dalton Hall, Fairfax Street, Radford, VA 24142.

Those who enjoyed our articles in the Winter 1997 issue about African American miners in McDowell County may be interested in Daniel Letwin's book on the Alabama coalfields.

The Challenge of Interracial Unionism explores the "forces that prompted black and white miners to collaborate in the labor movement even as racial segregation divided them in every other aspect of their lives," according to publishers.

As with LaLone's books, there are few references to West Virginia mining, but many black miners from the South moved to West Virginia and shared many of the same experiences.

The 290-page softcover book is both well-organized and well-researched and is available for $19.95 plus shipping from the University of North Carolina Press, P.O. Box 2288, Chapel Hill, NC 27515-2288.



Mountain People in a Flat Land
Carl E. Feather

Carl Feather takes a different approach to oral history in his new book, *Mountain People in a Flat Land*. Feather, whose family moved to Ohio from West Virginia in 1956, explores the huge Appalachian migration to Ashtabula County in Northeast Ohio during the 1940's and '50's.

More the one million mountain folk made their way to Ohio in those years to find work in the growing industries there. The flat, urban landscape they faced caused many hardships and cultural clashes but many decided to stay and make their lives there.

Feather gives these displaced mountaineers a voice as they tell the story of why they had to leave their homes and roots in Appalachia for employment. The 270-page popular history is "about common people in search of a better life," according to its introduction, and offers a unique perspective on out-migration.

This book sells for $19.95 plus shipping from the Ohio University Press, Scott Quadrangle #225, Athens, OH 45701.

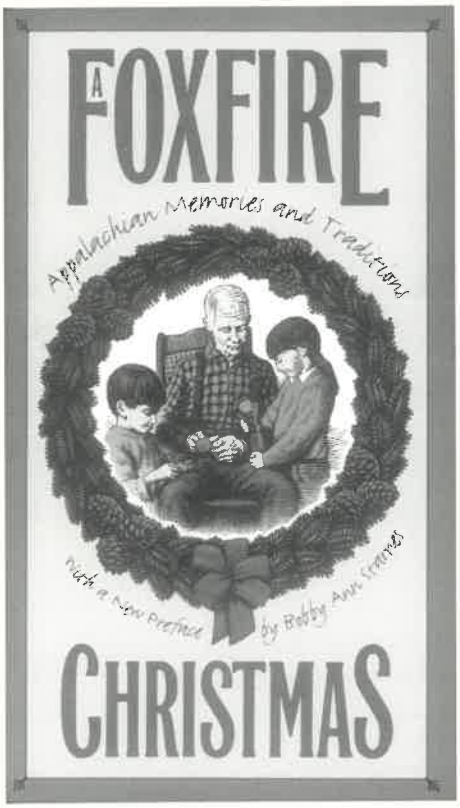
An Appalachian New Deal: West Virginia in the Great Depression
Jerry Bruce Thomas

Before West Virginians began moving to Ohio to find better jobs, times had been hard here at home for several decades. Jerry Bruce Thomas' new book, *An Appalachian New Deal*, examines the long years of the Depression during which West Virginians faced some of the worst conditions in the country.

Thomas, a history professor at Shepherd College, looks at the public and private responses to

the onset of the Depression, the politics of the era, the state's resistance to federal relief programs, and the effects of the New Deal in West Virginia. As Thomas states in his introduction, this subject has been almost neglected by historians, so this study provides much welcome new information.

This hardcover volume is 328 pages and is available for $36.95 (plus shipping) from the University of Kentucky Press, 663 South Limestone St., Lexington, KY 40508-4008.



Holiday Reading

With the holiday season on the horizon, these new books from Foxfire will be popular gift items. ***A Foxfire Christmas*** combines interviews, stories, and memories from the people of the Georgia mountains.

Foxfire began 30 years ago when Georgia school teacher Eliot Wigginton decided to take a new approach to teaching his students about their rural heritage by using the people around them as learning resources. Their interviews have become scores of books and other projects over the years.

A Foxfire Christmas is a 144-page softcover volume with pictures, recipes, and lots of holiday stories. For more mountain recipes, ***The Foxfire Book of Appalachian Cookery*** is also available. It provides interviews with local women interspersed with their family recipes. The book is a large, 327-page softcover volume.

A Foxfire Christmas sells for $12.95, and the cookbook sells $19.95. Both of these selections are available from the University of North Carolina Press, P.O. Box 2288, Chapel Hill, NC 27515-2288.

Monongahela National Forest Hiking Guide
Allen de Hart and Bruce Sundquist

The Monogahela National Forest provides many opportunities for outdoor enthusiasts. Areas such as Spruce Knob, Blackwater Canyon, Cranberry Glades and Dolly Sods are now nationally known as some of the most spectacular wilderness country in the eastern United States. The *Monongahela National Forest Hiking Guide* is now in its 6th edition and offers valuable information for hiking, backpacking, and ski-touring in the area. It covers 177 trails totaling 812 miles.

The new edition, written by veteran hiker Allen de Hart and editor Bruce Sundquist, is 368 pages and includes 96 pages of maps and 49 photographs. It sells for $12.95 (including shipping) from the West Virginia Highlands Conservancy, P.O. Box 306, Charleston, WV 25321. Profits support a variety of the Conservancy's environmental projects.

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Diving Girl

Our "Photo Curiosity" from our last issue of a girl diving off of Blackwater Falls in 1939, brought a tremendous response from our readers. Apparently, the reckless practice of diving from these spectacular falls into a shallow pool was quite widespread, so much so that a diving board was erected in the early '40's, as shown here.

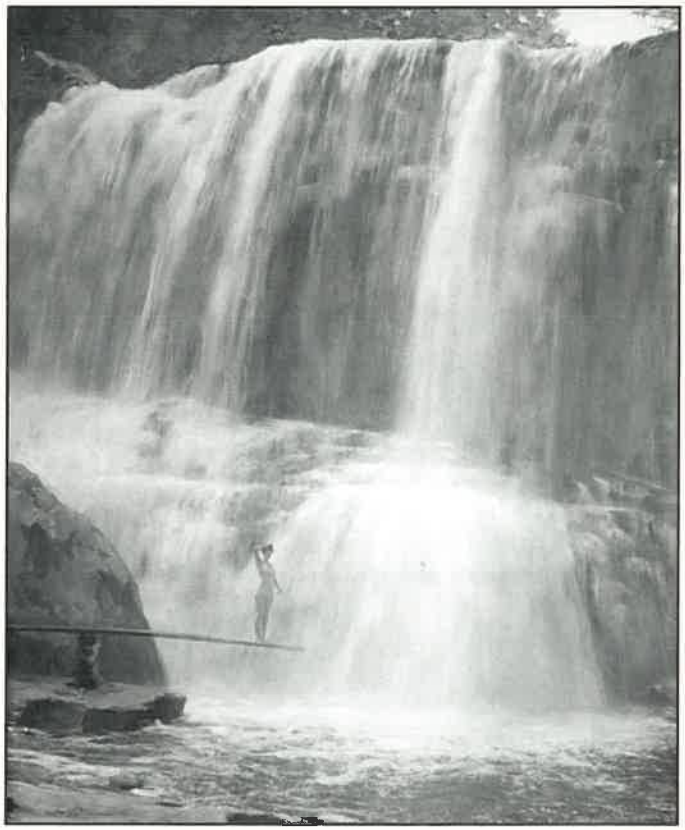

Photo courtesy of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Forest Service; Monongahela National Forest, photographer unknown.

Editor Mariwyn Smith of the *Parsons Advocate* conveyed our query about the identity of the 1939 diving girl to her readers. She quickly received a number of replies identifying the girl as Catherine "Tom Boy" Collins of Davis, a local sensation who charged photographers 50¢ a dive. Others contacted GOLDENSEAL with information about another daring young diver, Lois "Beebee" Yedlosky from Morgantown, whose older brother Sonny also dived from the falls.

There were certainly other divers from these falls, including the unidentified young woman pictured here on the relatively-civilized diving board. We'll keep you posted!

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- **Gypsy King**
- **Tygart Dam**
- **Roosevelt Outhouses**
- **Mountain Music Round-Up**

PHOTO CURIOSITY

What are these horses wearing? This intriguing photo of men pitching hay onto a horse-drawn wagon was taken from the scrapbook of Harold Field. Readers might recall Harold as the canoe-going adventurer, photographer, and engineer whose 1919 trip along the South Branch of the Potomac was featured in our summer issue. We presume that Harold took this photo, identified only as a family farm in Ohio, date unknown. We are perplexed by the beautiful and intricate harnesswork extending across the backs of these draft horses. If you can identify or explain this "horsewear," please contact us at the GOLDENSEAL office.

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Inside Goldenseal

Page 42 — From Annamoriah to Big Moses, West Virginia post offices deliver the goods. Author Larry Bartlett brings us the "good word" from two veterans of the Parkersburg office.

Page 24 — Wheeling senator Jesse A. Bloch played a pivotal and dramatic role in the suffrage crusade of 1920.

Page 56 — Baseball pitcher Lew Burdette was the toast of Nitro after he beat the New York Yankees three times in the 1957 World Series.

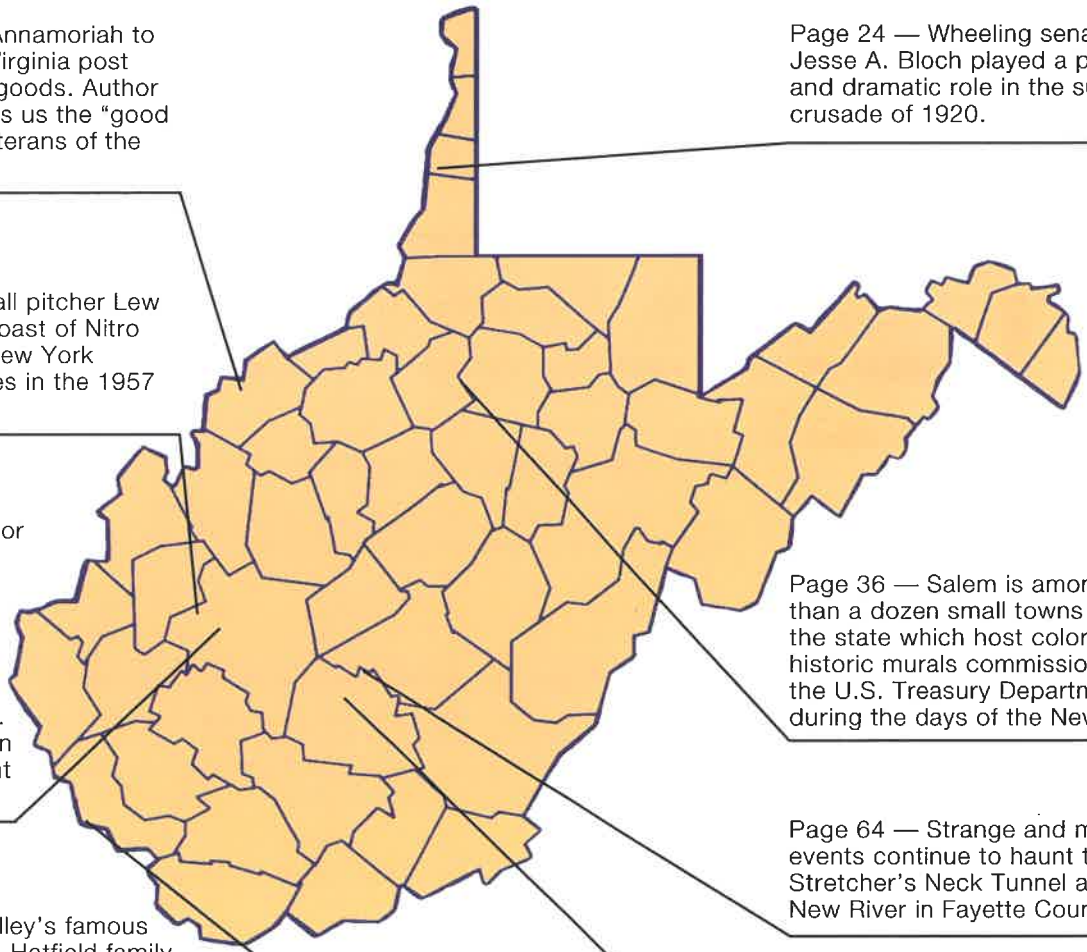
Page 12 — Governor William Casey Marland was among the most ambitious and controversial politicians in the history of the state. Writer Rod Hoylman tells us his poignant story.

Page 36 — Salem is among more than a dozen small towns across the state which host colorful and historic murals commissioned by the U.S. Treasury Department during the days of the New Deal.

Page 64 — Strange and macabre events continue to haunt the Stretcher's Neck Tunnel along the New River in Fayette County.

Page 50 — Tug Valley's famous — and infamous — Hatfield family gave West Virginia many of its leading citizens in the years after the feud. Robert Spence and Coleman Hatfield reminisce over some striking family photos.

Page 32 — Lawmaker Jackie Withrow from Beckley recalls 18 years as a pioneering West Virginia legislator.



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