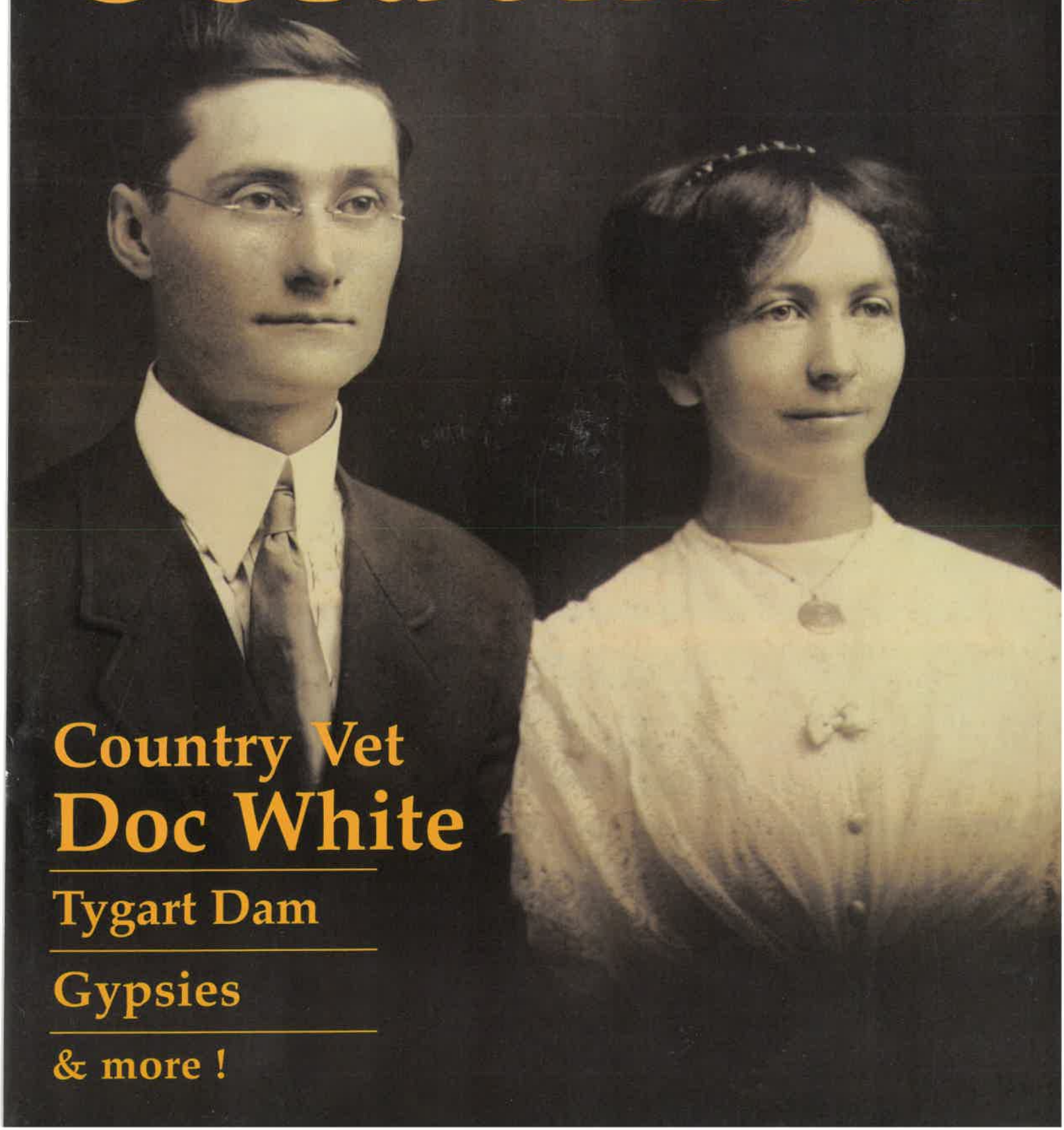
Winter 1998 • WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL LIFE • $3.95

Goldenseal



Country Vet Doc White

Tygart Dam

Gypsies

& more !

From the Editor — Holiday Wishes

As I prepare to celebrate my second holiday season as the editor of this esteemed publication, I have many reasons to be joyous and thankful. They number in the tens of thousands, actually, and you are among them. I am referring, of course, to our loyal subscribers. You are our bosses, our friends, our motivation, and, in many cases, our story subjects. Without you, West Virginia would be a very different place.

In this issue of GOLDENSEAL, we celebrate our differences while we recognize our common concerns. A rural veterinarian, an African American photographer, bands of traveling Gypsies, and more than 3,000 iron-willed dam builders all share these pages. While each of these has experienced life in our mountains in a unique and individual way, the holidays are a time when we all come together in our wish for peace, a desire for a better life, and our concern for the less fortunate.

Christmas pageant at the Colin Anderson Center in 1964.

This concern is graphically illustrated in this issue's touching story of the Colin Anderson Center and those who worked there with mentally retarded children.

The holidays also are a natural time for celebration and rejoicing, and there is no shortage of that around the GOLDENSEAL office. We are glad to welcome new assistant editor Connie Karickhoff (see page 7), are proud of editorial assistant Cornelia Alexander as she begins her 12th year with the magazine, and, as I mentioned above, consider ourselves fortunate to have you and so many other readers with us as we prepare to enter our 25th year of publication.

With the next issue, GOLDENSEAL will sport a new look on our outside cover, masthead, and table of contents. We are excited — and a little nervous — about the change, but we hope you will like it. Rest assured, however, that the heart of the magazine will remain the same. We will continue to bring you the same high quality stories, photographs, announcements, and information you have come to expect, but with a new look.

If you have any comments, I'm sure you'll let us know! Below are a few observations from our recent subscription renewal mailbag:

Parkersburg, WV
Informative, educational, tremendously enjoyable — I've anticipated each coming issue with glee and have never been disappointed.

Hacker Valley, WV
You have a great magazine, good job!!

Statesboro, GA
Your magazine just gets better and better. Keep up the good work.

Charleston, WV
It's been a bad year. I see GOLDENSEAL going down hill more and more. Go back to your old ways.

Inwood, WV
We really miss Paul Lepp's wit and humor.

Morgantown, WV
Give us seniors a discount!

Washington, WV
Folks that aren't subscribing sure don't know what they are missing!

Thanks for writing, reading, and supporting GOLDENSEAL. On behalf of all of us, have a blessed and peaceful holiday season.

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 4 Winter 1998

Cover: Veterinarian "Doc" White and his bride Dana on their wedding day, September 20, 1914. Photograph by The Gissy Studio, Weston. Our story by Patricia Samples Workman begins on page 10.

PHOTOS: Clyde Batman, Vintor C. Baylor, Mark Crabtree, Harold Field, Vicki Fisher, Scott Gibson, Gravely-Moore Studios, Ed Hicks, Norman Jordan, William H. Jordan, Michael Keller

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.

Only One Fault

September 23, 1998
Belleville, Michigan
Editor:
I find only one fault to the GOLDENSEAL. I don't get much work done for a week after I receive the GOLDENSEAL. I spend that time going over it. Many thanks for all the good things you put in it.
Best Regards,
William T. Rogers
P.S. I celebrated my 91st birthday August 16.

Governor Marland

September 12, 1998
Mesa, Arizona
Editor:
On page 17 of the Fall 1998 issue of GOLDENSEAL ["The Hard Road Home: Governor William Casey Marland," by Rod Hoylman; Fall 1998] you identify Charles R. Fox as a Brigadier General. A close look reveals he is wearing the rank of a Major General — two stars.

General Charles R. Fox (far right) with Governor Marland at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Photograph 1953, courtesy WVSA.

General Fox must have been U.S. Air Force as he wears a 5, 13, 15, or 20th Air Force patch on his right sleeve — this indicates the command he served with in combat. Note the set of wings on his breast above his pocket. The other officer wears two stars — Major General perhaps U.S. Army — and is state Army Adjutant General.

Keep up your fine magazine. It's great just as it is.
Sincerely,
Frederick L. Reid
LTC USA (Ret'd)

Thank you, sir, for your sharp observations. We are pleased to report that retired General Charles R. Fox is now 86 years old and living in Charleston. We spoke with him about this photo. According to the General, this picture was taken on the first Sunday of Governor Marland's term, when the Governor inspected the West Virginia National Guard armored battalion at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Also pictured is Major General Ryan of Fort Knox. At the time, General Fox held the rank of Brigadier General of the Line in his command of both the Army and Air Force units of the Guard. You are absolutely correct that he had earned the federal rank of Major General in the U.S. Army as reflected by the two stars on his collar. Much of General Fox's career was spent in the Army Air Corps, which became the U.S. Air Force in 1947. He became a member of the Air Force at that time, as indicated by the set of wings you see. The General says that the patch on his shoulder, however, was a West Virginia National Guard insignia which he designed. General Fox retired in 1970 after more than 40 years of military service. For a free copy of General Fox's recently published memoirs, contact the State Archives at (304)558-0220, ext.118. — ed.

September 19, 1998
Morgantown, West Virginia
Editor:
We appreciated this edition's story on post office art ["Rural Murals: New Deal Art in West Virginia," by Larry Bartlett; Fall 1998]. Plan to go see some of these.

Also the story on William "Bill" Marland — had never heard the ending of his story before. Governor Underwood was very kind in his conversation of Mr. Marland with your reporter.
Bill & Bonnie Strader

September 15, 1998
Walton, West Virginia
Editor:
I sure enjoyed the Women in the Legislature article. I served with Jae Spears, Marge Burke, and others from 1982-84 and found them to be great legislators.

The Bill Marland piece was also great but I was left wanting to know of his wife and children that were pictured.
Robert Sergent

According to the family, all four children of Bill and Valerie Marland are living in the Chicago area. The oldest son, [William] Alan Marland is unmarried and lives in Ottawa, Illinois. Susan Marland Giabroni lives in suburban Schaumburg. Her husband Frank is in the auto business; they have three children and three grandchildren. John Wesley Marland and his wife Suzanne live in Bartlett and have two children. He is a computer analyst and recently

Bill and Valerie Marland with children Alan (rear), Susan, and John Wesley in 1953.

visited Charleston to participate in a reunion of West Virginia governors and their families. Youngest Casey Marland [not pictured] lives in nearby Harvard with his wife and their three children. He is a professional helicopter pilot. Tragically, Governor Marland's wife Valerie was killed in an apartment fire about 12 years ago. Before that, she worked in real estate and taught school for many years. We are grateful to Governor Marland's sister Grace Marland Beck and sister-in-law Fannie Marland for their generous assistance. — ed.

September 13, 1998
Clarksburg, West Virginia
Editor:
I have just read the article on William Marland by Rod Hoylman, and I have a few corrections and some new information to add concerning my uncle, Rush Dew Holt. The article referred to Uncle Rush as a "demagogue" and "Hellraiser." In current understandings of these appellations, I don't remember Uncle Rush as such. He was a fierce fighter for what he believed was the right course of government, but was never a rowdy or a troublemaker in his personal life, that I know of. He was a religious man, a scholarly and intellectual person, and a good family man. As a brilliant student, he graduated high school, at, I believe, the age of about 14 or 15. My mother, who was his fiercely loyal sister, always said that the 1952 election was stolen, and that there were more votes cast against Uncle Rush in one southern county than there were registered voters in that county. According to her, the federal authorities came into the area due to the fraud.

Senator Rush "Dew" Holt. Photograph 1955 courtesy WVSA.

Uncle Rush's widow, my Aunt Helen Holt, lives in Washington, D.C. Their daughter, Helen Jane Holt Seale, is in New Orleans. My cousin, Rush Holt, Jr., resides in New Jersey where he is running for Congress on the Democratic ticket.
Sincerely,
Helen (Early) Jones

Women Legislators

September 15, 1998
Asheboro, North Carolina
Editor:
A minor footnote to the articles in the Fall issue about women and politics ["'I Greatly Appreciate Your Courage': West Virginia's Women Legislators," by Jo Boggess Phillips; Fall 1998]:

Women were the force behind the expansion of absentee voter rights in West Virginia. I believe the instigating factor was the birth of my son, Tom, on Primary Election Day, Tuesday, May 13, 1952. Anticipating that I might be in the hospital rejoicing about his birth, I had gone to apply for an absentee ballot in March. Voting was considered a privilege and a duty in my family. But I was refused, told the privilege was reserved for those who were in the governments in Charleston and Washington and those in the military.

Justice! I wanted justice! Hoping for power in numbers, I contacted the Clarksburg Junior Womans Club, who approached Virginia "Peaches" Brown in Charleston. By now I have forgotten what her governmental title was, but it was she who spearheaded a revision to the voters' rights laws to include not only pregnant women, as I had been, but also others whom for any physical reason could not get to the polls on Election Day.
Sincerely,
June Hines Snodgrass

We greatly appreciate your courage as well, and are glad to add this information. The law to which you refer, expanding absentee voter rights, passed the legislature in February 1953. It was sponsored by Delegates George H. Siebert (R-Ohio) and W.R. Curtis (D-Brooke). Virginia Mae Brown was a talented young attorney from Pliny, Putnam County, who in 1952 was the executive secretary to the Judicial Council, the first woman in the U.S. to hold this position. In 1953, she was appointed as an Assistant Attorney General. Ms. Brown was a pioneer in nearly everything she did. She was the first woman to serve in the positions of state Insurance Commissioner, counsel to the governor, and member of Public Service Commission. The highlight of her career came when she was appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Johnson in 1964, which she later chaired. This made her the first woman in the U.S. to head an independent regulatory agency in the federal government. Virginia Mae

Brown died in Charleston in 1991 at the age of 67. Yes, she was known as "Peaches" by close friends.

On a related note, Clerk of the House Greg Gray confirms that Delegate Marge Burke (D-Gilmer) presided over a session of the House of Delegates March 11, 1988, making her the first woman in the state to serve in this role. — ed.

Miss West Virginia

September 19, 1998
Carlsbad, California
Editor:
The excellent article written by Jane Mattaliano and published in the Summer 1998 edition of

Neva "Toby" Jackson, Miss West Virginia 1923. Photograph by Gravely-Moore Studios.

GOLDENSEAL, ["The First Miss West Virginia"] brings back memories of Neva "Toby" Jackson. I did not know her as "Toby." She was "Miss Jackson" to me and others in her school classes. We knew her also as a competent teacher, as well as a beautiful and graceful young woman. Miss Jackson was the history and political science teacher at Clay County High School when I started to school there as a freshman in 1927. How well I remember an incident when she showed proper authority and good judgment.

I had only been in school a few days when my friend Earl Reed and I made the mistake of being five or ten minutes late returning to class after the noon break. We had lingered too long at the pool room downtown. Since we were assigned to the study hall the first period after noon recess, it didn't seem important that we return promptly at one o'clock. Study hall was not a formal class in our opinion. We boldly marched in and sat down in the back of the room unconcerned about being late. We made another mistake by having our mouths full of chewing gum.

Miss Jackson was in charge of the study hall that period. She firmly but gently reprimanded us for being tardy. Next, she ordered us to march up to the front of the classroom to dispose of our gum in the wastebasket. I still don't know why I disrespectfully stopped about 8 or 10 feet from the wastebasket, took the gum out of my mouth and gave it a toss. My bravado and heroic spirit vanished when the gum plopped down on the floor a distance from the target. The classroom exploded with laughter. This made me feel very foolish and embarrassed.

Miss Jackson should have sent me to the principal's office or imposed other severe punishment on me. I'm quite sure, however, she could see that I had taken enough punishment by being the laughing stock of the class.

Miss Jackson really was a very good teacher.
Sincerely,
Gilmer Glenn Boggs

Harold Field

October 1, 1998
Charleston, West Virginia
Editor:
Thank you so much for publishing the log my father wrote on his canoe trip ["Our Cruise on the

Harold Field and daughter Frances in Charleston. Photograph 1936 by Tess Field.

South Branch: The Log Book, July 13-27, 1919," by Harold Field; Summer 1998]. The pictures you and your staff selected gave the true flavor of the young boys' odyssey. My father was an explorer of sorts, always happy when he was embarking on a new engineering job, a new puzzle of digging into the land ownership, and the building of new structures.

I especially appreciate Richard Andre's remembrances and kind words.
Sincerely,
Frances Field Fuller

Five-Leaf Clover

October 9, 1998
Bramwell, West Virginia
Editor:
Your article about the five-leaf clovers ["From the Editor: Expect the Unexpected," Fall 1998] prompted me to slip away to my favorite area where four-leaf clovers are always to be found. On occasion a surprise can be detected when a

"fiver" appears. One summer not too long ago, one plant was all in bloom with "fivers" and, while I snipped one or two, I left the others for someone else to discover.

So, do I have good luck all of the time because I can find a clover so easily? In a sense my luck is good, but not because of the little plant. I think my good fortune stems (ha!) from looking at the simpler things of daily living, and finding every once in a while a little surprise: a four- or five-leaf clover.

Thanks for sharing your "unexpected" in GOLDENSEAL.
Sincerely,
Betty Goins

Lew Burdette

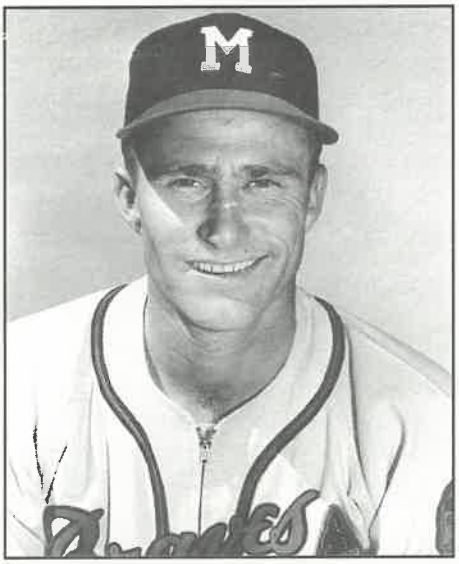
September 19, 1998
Fort Washington, Maryland
Editor:
Having never written an editor, a detail in the Burdette story ["The Pride of Nitro: Baseball Star Lew Burdette," by David Driver; Fall 1998] could not pass unrecognized. Whereas, having known some of the family members — Selva as a truck driver at the old Viscose plant, and dating a sister several times — I wanted to do a little pick nitting!

In the last column on page 62 the article states that Lew is 76 years of age and living in Sarasota. Earlier in the piece his birthdate is given as November 1926. Are we really in the year 2002? What happened with the Y2K problem?

Appreciate your magazine so much.
M. C. "Bob" Spauling

Good eye! According to Lew's brother Gene, the famous pitcher turned 72 on November 22. Also, Lew's wife Mary points out that she is originally from Montgomery and grew up in East Bank, moving to Nitro after her marriage to Lew in 1949. We identified her as a Nitro native. — ed.

October 9, 1998
West Point, Virginia
Editor:
I am a native of West Virginia, and although I have not lived there since my college days at Marshall, I still take great pride in calling it my birthplace. The article about Lew Burdette made me feel that I had made a trip home again. My father, Phil Jenkins, was the minister of the Baptist church in Nitro when I



Milwaukee Braves pitcher Lew Burdette. Photograph courtesy the *Charleston Gazette.*

was born in 1934. The Burdettes were members of our church and close family friends. In fact, I remember Lew and his brother Gene tossing me back and forth before Lew was pitching baseballs. Thank you for taking me on such a wonderful trip down memory lane. I will look forward to future visits with people and places I have known and loved from our Mountain State.
Barbara J. Barbour

Stretcher's Neck

September 24, 1998
Thurmond, West Virginia
Editor:
A caption in your article on the ghosts of Stretcher's Neck ["The Ghosts of Stretcher's Neck," by Leona G. Brown; Fall 1998] indicated that the tunnel is still passed through by occasional "brave pedestrians."

Trespassers is the name for people on any railroad right-of-way. Nationwide, trespass laws prohibit admittance to railroad property. Leave it for the ghosts and the brave railroad employees. It's their place, not yours.
Sincerely,
Katy Miller

The following was brought into our office by researcher and photographer Gerald Ratliff. It describes a tragedy at the Stretcher's Neck Tunnel over a century ago. It also includes one of the longest single sentences we have encountered in a long time. — ed.

The Greenbrier Independent
December 14, 1882

"Fatal Collision on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway — Two Trains Wrecked and Several Persons Killed.

On Thursday evening of last week, at about half past three o'clock, a fearful collision occurred on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, at the west portal of Stretcher's Neck Tunnel, two miles west of Quinnimont, in Fayette County, between the express passenger train No. 4, going east, and the Way Freight train, going west, which resulted in the instant death of three persons and more or less injuring five others, together with the partial destruction of two engines, two passenger coaches, one baggage-car, and four or five freight cars."

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.

Holiday Events

The West Virginia Division of Culture and History began its series of free holiday exhibitions and events at the Cultural Center in Charleston on November 27. The celebration will continue through January 4, highlighted by the annual exhibition of holiday trees, children's activities, and theater performances.

Holiday activities in the Cultural Center's Great Hall. Photograph by Michael Keller.

To complement this year's theme, "A Country Celebration," the Cultural Center is transformed into a holiday spectacle with folk art gracing the walls of the Great Hall. A huge live tree serves as the focal point. More than a dozen holiday trees, courtesy of the Kanawha Garden Council of the West Virginia Garden Clubs, are on display in the museum. Seasonal displays of artifacts and toys from the State Museum collection decorate the galleries.

Children can make heritage holiday creations including candles, ornaments, picture wreaths, cards, decorations, and toys in the Settler's Cabin area of the museum from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. on Saturdays, December 12 and 19.

The young and young-of-heart will be delighted December 5 through 13 by "Choo Choo...Trains," a display of model trains sponsored by the Island Creek Model Railroad Club of Logan and the N Scale Railroad Modelers of Kanawha Valley.

The Ritchie County Children's Theater Group will present its production of "Mr. Scrooge's Christmas" at 2:00 p.m. on Saturday, December 12, in the State Theater. Then, at 2:00 p.m. on Saturday, December 19, the Cultural Center will showcase a gospel concert, "God's Trombones," by composer James Weldon Johnson.

All events are free and open to the public on a first-come, first-served basis. Weekend parking is free. For more information or for a complete schedule of holiday activities at the Cultural Center, call (304)558-0220.

Kwanzaa, a celebration of African American unity and heritage, will come to the Cutural Center Saturday, December 26. Members of the African American community will be on hand to explain the history and principles behind Kwanzaa, and there will also be plenty of food and entertainment. The event is co-sponsored by the West Virginia State College office of student affairs and is part of the Cultural Center's "Who Wants to Know?" program. For more information, call Joe McCullough at (304)558-0220, ext.131.

The red, green, and black candles of Kwanzaa.

The Boarman Arts Center in Martinsburg hosts its 12th Annual Christmas Show & Sale, December 1 through 23. More than 75 regional artists and craftspeople will sell their wares along with regional specialty foods, a gourmet bake sale, a raffle, and other activities. All proceeds will benefit the Arts Center. The show is located at the Boarman Arts Center in the square in downtown Martinsburg, and is open Monday through Saturday 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. and Sunday 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. For more information, contact Judy Peyton at the Boarman Arts Center, (304)263-0224.

An Old Fashioned Christmas will be held at the home of Anna Jarvis, the founder of Mother's

Day, near Grafton. The house is decorated for the holidays and is open for tours from December 1 through 31. Phone (304)265-5549 for more information.

A Holiday Home Tour will also be held in Buckhannon December 13. Call the Buckhannon-Upshur Chamber of Commerce at (304)472- 1722. The Christmas Tour of Homes in Bramwell on December 13 will feature historic coal baron mansions. Contact Helen Collins at (304)248-7252.

Both Prickett's Fort State Park in Fairmont and Fort New Salem at Salem-Teikyo University will hold holiday festivities the weekend of December 12 and 13. Prickett's Fort has transformed the barn into an Old Fashioned Trading Post where crafts will be sold and refreshments served. Both the Fort and the Job Prickett House will be decorated for Christmas and will be available for historic interpretive tours. Guest craftspeople and musicians will be on hand. Fort New Salem will celebrate the holiday customs of West Virginia Scotch-Irish and German settlers, featuring traditional music, food, games, and arts and crafts. Der Belsnickle and mummers will be part of the event. For more information about either event, phone 1-800-CALL-WVA.

Belsnicklers in Pendleton County [see "Old Christmas and Belsnickles: Our Early Holiday Traditions," by Gerald Milnes; Winter 1995]. Photograph around 1915, courtesy WVSA.

Welcome Connie!

GOLDENSEAL proudly welcomes new assistant editor, Connie Karickhoff. Originally from Huntington, Connie holds a bachelor's degree with honors from WVU where she majored in English Literature. Readers might remember her story "A House and a Home: Recalling a Wayne County Homeplace" from our Winter 1996 issue.

Connie came to us as a student intern last spring, and began full-time work as a production assistant for GOLDENSEAL in June. Her enthusiasm, talent, and determination have already proven to be a tremendous asset to the magazine. We're glad to have her!

You can contact Connie directly at (304)558-0220 ext.134 or at karickho@wvlc.wvnet.edu.

MICHAEL KELLER

Assistant editor Connie Karickhoff.

The Little Beaver State Park Foundation will host a lakeside light show with floating Christmas trees December 11 through 31. For more information, call (304)529-6412 or visit their website at wvweb.com/www/little_beaver.html.

New Exhibits

The amazing railroad photography of O. Winston Link is now on display at the Huntington Museum of Art through December 20. The exhibit, titled "Trains that Passed in the Night," is comprised of 79 black-and-white and color photographs which record the final years of steam railroading on the Norfolk & Western Railway.

Link was born in New York City in 1914 and began to photograph trains during WWII. After the war, Link became known as one of the country's best industrial photographers and was particularly sought after when the subjects posed difficult lighting situations.

In 1955, on a trip to Virginia, Link first saw the great steam engines of the Norfolk and Western, some weighing upwards of one million pounds. The N&W (now known as Norfolk Southern) was one of the country's major coal haulers, moving coal from West Virginia to Virginia ocean ports and points in the Midwest. Link was fascinated and photographed the trains for the next five years, many times in West Virginia.

"Joe Dollar Waits for the Creeper." Photograph 1956 by O. Winston Link.

More of Link's photographs and an overview of his career can be found in the book *Steam, Steel & Stars: America's Last Steam Railroad.*

For more information about Link's photographs or the exhibit, call the Huntington Museum of Art at (304)529-2701.

Dozens of handmade heirloom quilts are now on display at the State Museum in Charleston. Entitled, "A Canopy for Dreams: Quilts from the West Virginia State Museum Collection," the exhibit will continue through January 10, 1999.

Established in 1890, the West Virginia State Museum holds the largest collection of quilts, coverlets, and bedcovers in the Mountain State — nearly 200 in all — and one of the finest collections in the country.

Notable pieces in the exhibition include a crewelwork coverlet made in the late 1700's by the daughter of steamboat inventor James Rumsey; a silk crazy quilt stitched at the turn of the century by sisters Lucy Woodbridge Summers and Elizabeth Summers Quarrier, who were members of two of Charleston's first families; and a quilt made from small national flags offered as cigarette package premiums in the early part of the 20th century.

For more information about the exhibition or to request a tipsheet about caring for and displaying heirloom quilts, call (304)558-0220, ext. 120. The West Virginia State Museum is always looking for well-preserved textiles that document a family's heritage or reflect patterns not currently preserved in the collection. For information about donating a quilt to the collection, call (304)558-0220, ext. 704.

West Virginia Crafts Online

If you have not yet visited Tamarack, a showcase of West Virginia arts and crafts located along I-64E near Beckley, you can find them online at their new website, www.bestofwv.com. Here you can find not only maps, a calendar of events, and other information, but online shopping for Tamarack merchandise.

This service just became available in October and now has over 200 items cataloged and available electronically. A unique feature of shopping Tamarack online will be a "Specials" page where patrons can purchase items at sale prices not offered at Tamarack itself.

For those not online, a mail-order catalog of special Tamarack gift sets is now available. This catalog, primarily featuring West Virginia food products that range in price from $11 to $125, is available by calling 1-88-TAMA-RACK, or by sending an e-mail to service@tamarackwv.com.

Celebrating George Washington

The coming year marks the 200th anniversary of George Washington's death, and West Virginia will be celebrating the life of America's first president throughout 1999, thanks to a resolution passed by the state legislature last January. Most of these events are centered in the Eastern Panhandle, including the creation of the George Washington Heritage Trail, a 112-mile driving tour which will loop through Berkeley, Morgan, and Jefferson counties. The trail opened to the public November 18 and allows communities to boast their historical, cultural, and scenic assets.

George Washington.

Other related events in the area will include the planting of heritage trees from Mount Vernon in every school in the Eastern Panhandle on Arbor Day; students will be studying and enjoying special programs on George Washington throughout the school year. For more information about these or other events, contact the Martinsburg-Berkeley County Convention and Visitors' Bureau at (304)264-8802.

The town of Berkeley Springs will celebrate its founding father March 19 through 21. Washington began developing Berkeley Springs in 1776 and often visited its natural springs for their healing waters. He will be commemorated throughout town with $1 bill specials at various retailers. A lecture and discussion with historians and other experts will be held at the town museum Saturday afternoon. Of course, Washington's Bath Tub, one of the springs that Washington once used, will be open and free to the public in Berkeley Springs State Park. Visitors may take home some of the therapeutic waters from where Washington bathed. Call Beth Peters at 1-800-447-8797 for more information.

GOLDENSEAL and West Virginia Libraries

As part of our ongoing effort to increase public access to GOLDENSEAL, we have recently joined the West Virginia Library Asso-

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

We are saddened to relate the deaths of several members of the GOLDENSEAL family this year.

Bird hunter and dog lover **George Bird Evans** died last May. He and his wife were the subjects of Peggy Ross' story, "'Dogs and Birds and Shooting': George and Kay Evans of Preston County," in the Winter 1993 issue. Aside from his lifelong affair with hunting, George was also a talented writer and published several books such as *The Upland Shooting Life*, *October Fever*, and *Grouse on the Mountain*.

MARK CRABTREE

George Evans with one of his Old Hemlock setters.

GOLDENSEAL contributor **C.C. Stewart**, of Mt. Nebo, passed away in July. A long-serving member of the West Virginia State Police and an avid collector of law enforcement history, C.C. wrote such articles as "Strike Duty: A State Trooper Recalls Trouble in the Coalfields," Winter 1996, and "Street Life in the Capital City," and "The Buffalo Bank Robbery," both in the Spring 1997 issue.

Former State Trooper C.C. Stewart.

Hildred Dotson Lemley, of Parkersburg, died September 21 at the age of 90. You may recall Hildred from GOLDENSEAL articles "Mayberry in Harrisville: Keeping the Peace in Ritchie County," Spring 1995, "Those Weren't Bad Days," Fall 1996, and "Back to Beason: Recalling Family Times on the Pullman Road," Winter 1996, all by her nephew, Larry Bartlett. She was married to Ritchie County Sheriff Fred Dotson and spent most of her life in Harrisville. According to Larry, Hildred took a liking to GOLDENSEAL photographer Michael Keller when he photographed her for the article. She often referred to him later as "that cute feller."

MICHAEL KELLER

Hildred Dotson Lemley.

ciation. In addition to attending meetings and discussions about the state library systems, GOLDENSEAL now offers a set of free back issues to all West Virginia public libraries with their subscriptions. "It's my goal to have GOLDENSEAL in every library in West Virginia," says editor John Lilly. Public libraries may contact us at our offices for more information. Please check your local library to make sure they are receiving GOLDENSEAL!

Master Index Available

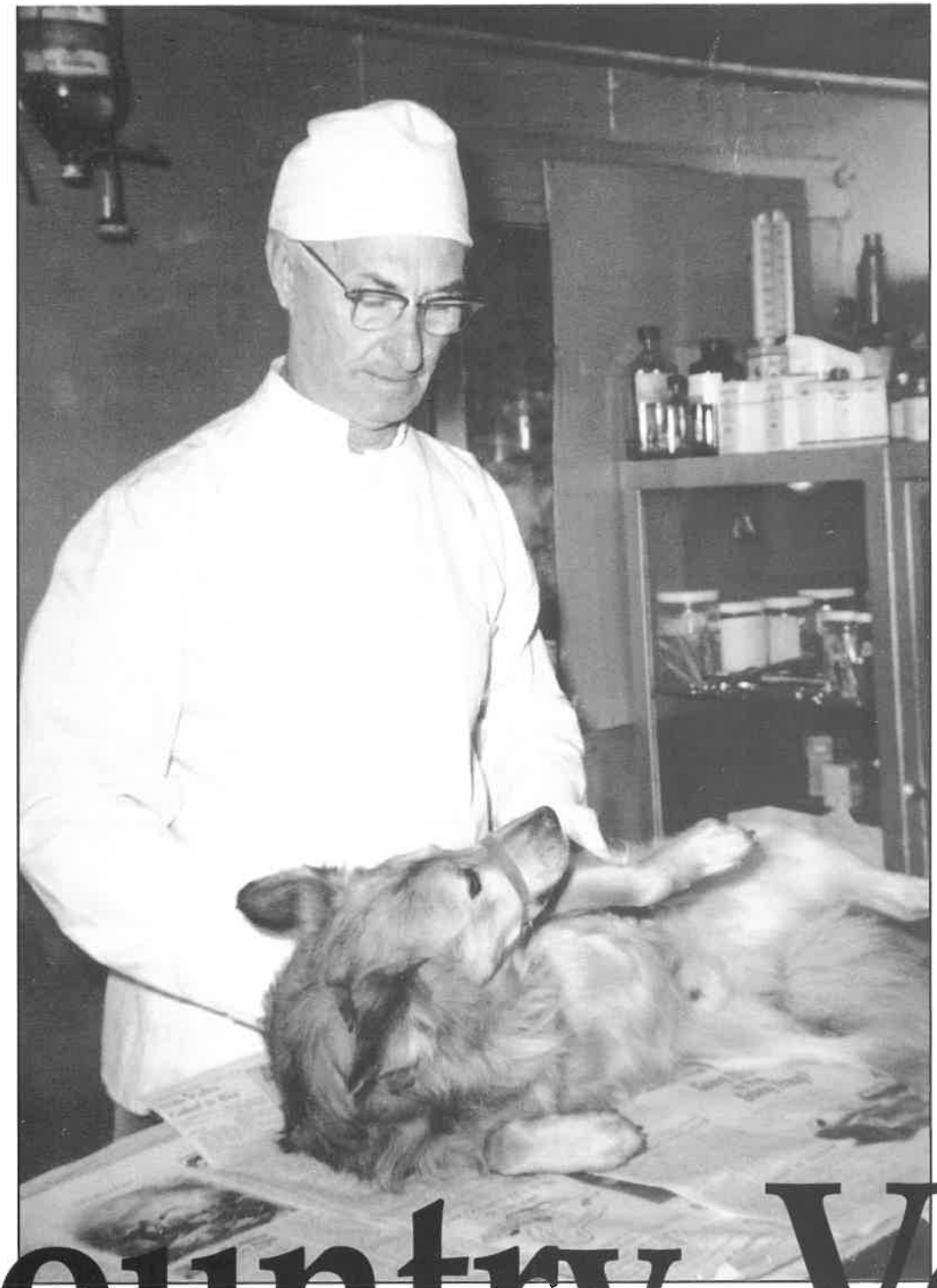
GOLDENSEAL recently updated its master index to include stories through 1997. The index, more than 190 pages arranged by Subject, Author, Photographer, and Location, now covers all issues since Volume 1, Number 1 in 1975. It may be purchased for $22, plus $3 postage and handling. Send your order to GOLDENSEAL, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300.

GOLDENSEAL's updated index may also be found online at www.wvlc.wvnet.edu/culture/goldenseal/gsindex.html. Our web site also includes recent covers, tables of contents, story excerpts, subscription information, and information on other sections of the Division of Culture and History. The site is continually updated and expanded, so check it out and let us know what you think.

Fairs and Festivals List

Every spring GOLDENSEAL publishes a comprehensive list of fairs and festivals around the Mountain State which celebrate our traditional culture. If you would like your event listed this year, please let us know.

We publish only as many events as our limited space permits, so send in your listing by January 15 for consideration in the 1999 "Folklife, Fairs, Festivals" calendar. Please include the name of the event, dates, location, and the contact person or organization along with a mailing address and phone number. Send information to GOLDENSEAL, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300.



Veterinarian Minor "Doc" White with patient in 1963.

Country Vet Doc White

By Patricia Samples Workman

My husband, Clennie Workman, was an avid hunter. He always had a number of dogs at any given time. He'd have some coon hounds, a squirrel dog, a fox hound, and a rabbit beagle or two. He also loved to dog trade. One of his prize dogs was a Walker hound named Boker—like the knife.

Whenever one of the dogs got sick or hurt, we'd doctor them ourselves. But if something serious developed, we'd take the dog to the vet. Usually on the trip to and from the vet's office, Clennie would tell me about Ol' Doc White over in Webster Springs. Clennie always said he was the best vet in all the country. Now this was how I first learned of Doc White.

Doc mounted his horse, then set out for his destination to tend an animal in need of his care.

One time, Boker developed a persistent skin rash. Finally, after several visits to the local vet, Clennie decided he'd take Boker over to Doc White in Webster Springs.

I remember we pulled up in a driveway beside a little white frame house. There was a building out from the house. Clennie told me this was the Doc's animal hospital. An elderly woman answered the door and spoke at length with Clennie. Apparently Doc had been sick. He wasn't able to get up and look about the dog. Mrs. White questioned Clennie about the dog, then she went inside the building. She came back out with a small white envelope full of pills for the dog. The pills were $5. Clennie thanked her and we left. Boker's rash disappeared, never to return.

Over the years, Clennie would mention Doc White from time to time. I never had a chance to meet him. He passed away a year or so after our visit. Last year, with the help of a co-worker who lives in Webster County, I tracked down Doc White's daughter, Norma Jean Clark. I traveled to her home in Elkins, where we discussed her memories of her father, her family, and life in central West Virginia during the 1930's and '40's. I was elated to discover that Norma Jean also has an older brother, Willard, living in Maryland. Both of them shared an abundance of wonderful stories with me.

Minor Ezekial White was born in Lewis County, May 22, 1888. His parents were J.C. and Martha Williams White. Minor took veterinary courses through the mail and in 1911 earned degrees from the Veterinarian Medical School in Columbus, Ohio, and from the Detroit Veterinary-Dental College in London, Ontario, Canada. From then on he ran a small practice, and for the rest of his life he was known to everyone as "Doc" White.

Norma Jean Clark today. Photograph by Michael Keller.

As soon as the state of West Virginia began to issue veterinary licenses in 1916, Doc received his certification, which indicated that he had already been practicing medicine for six years. According to the Department of Agriculture, Doc White retained the required license for the next 63 years.

Doc married Rosadale Madana "Dana Dale" Barbarow on September 20, 1914, at the home of the Barbarow family in Gilmer County. Dana Dale was born July 20, 1890. She earned a teaching diploma from the Glenville Normal School in 1911, and she taught school prior to her marriage.

After their marriage Doc and Dana resided in Burnsville. The couple had three children: Mildred, Willard, and Norma Jean.

Willard recalls when the family lived in Burnsville in 1923. He was five years old. "Like the firemen of today, my father, Doc White, pulled on his raincoat, boots, and hat. It was my bedtime. What little medicine he had on hand was safely packed in the saddle bags, which he then threw over his horse's back. Dad mounted Ol' Bob, making sure that part of his raincoat covered the bags of medicine. Then Dad set out for his destination to tend an animal in need of his care.

"It was dark and the rain was pouring down. Someone had gotten in touch with Dad, telling him that a neighbor had a sick cow in

need of a vet. At this time we didn't have a telephone, electricity, or inside plumbing. Actually very few folks had such luxuries back then.

"The next morning I heard Dad telling Mother, 'The cow is going to be alright, thanks to Ol' Bob. He is a dependable sure-footed horse. With help from the lightning, Bob was able to follow the old rutted wagon road.' He added, 'Sometimes I think animals are more intelligent than humans.'

"A couple of years later, I had occasion to go up on the hill behind our house to hunt for paw paws. Somehow, I got twisted and turned around. I could not find my way home. Suddenly, I remembered what Dad always said about animals outsmarting humans. Luckily, I spotted a few of the neighbor's cows. I yelled at them, but they didn't move. So, I got one of the cows by the tail, shook it and then she headed to the barn. The old cow must have thought it was milking time. So this 'mere human' found his way home, thanks to the cow, and my dad's advice. That cow knew more than I did!

Young Doc White and bride-to-be Rosadale Madana "Dana Dale" Barbarow in 1910. The couple were married in 1914, and stayed together for the next 64 years.

Doc White on horseback in the 1930's.

"Dad had his office, if you could call it that, in the livery stable. I always liked to go there and watch him work and shoe the horses. I loved to climb up into the hay mow to watch all the activity below. Like the loyal vet he was, Dad was forever concerned about the welfare of the animals. He made a big sling out of some sort of rope hooked around the rafters, to put around the horses that did not take kindly to being shoed. Horses have their own special body language, showing their displeasure of a situation by putting their weight on you.

"That same year, a friend and I were walking home from school. As we passed the grocery store the owner's son yelled at us saying, 'Hey, you boys want a dog? Well, the first one here can have it.' I got there first, got the dog and took it home. Dad looked at it and said, 'It's a gip.' Then I told Dad my friend's father said it was a bulldog. Dad smiled saying, 'It is half bulldog.' Whenever someone came by and petted my new dog, Dad would say, 'Tell the man what kind of dog you have,' and I would reply, 'It is half bulldog and half gip.'

"On Sunday May 2, 1926, me and my older sister Mildred went to the Young People's Meeting at church. As we returned home, I said to Mildred, 'Listen, I hear a baby crying.' Well sure enough, it was a baby. My baby sister, Norma Jean had been born while we were at church. We did not even know that Mother was expecting a baby. Upon seeing the brand new baby, I asked Mother if we could keep her. I was 8 and Mildred was 10."

By 1929 times were rough for everyone. Due to the tough times, Doc White decided to move to another town. Along with some other local men, he discussed possible towns where he could move and make a living for his family. Their suggestions were Terra Alta, Kingwood, or Webster Springs. Doc made the decision to move to Webster Springs.

Norma Jean's first memories of

family life coincide with the family's move in 1929. "I remember before we moved from Burnsville to Webster Springs, Dad had to find the family a place to live. He found the family a modest apartment in what was called The Dormitory. It was located on Morton Hill in Webster Springs.

"When it came time to make the move, the family traveled to Webster Springs by train. I remember, I got so hungry while we were riding the train. I asked Mother if I could have something to eat. Little did I know there was no money for food. Mother kept saying to me, 'You will be all right. We will be at Daddy's place soon and he will have something for you to eat.'

"Dad and Mother kept looking for a house, so we wouldn't have to continue living in the apartment. They found a house on Back Fork in Webster Springs. A railroad track ran parallel with the Back Fork of Elk River. It provided a beautiful view from the Back Fork swinging bridge. We didn't live in this home very long until we moved back across Elk River, not far from The Dormitory.

"'Sometimes I think animals are more intelligent than humans.'"

"Mother and Dad loved us very much. We were raised in a Christian home. There were certain rules that we had to observe. They were always kind, but we still had to listen and take heed of their wishes. One of the family's rules was never to accept money from anyone. Our house was about a block from the cash store, which was more or less like a general store. If Mother needed something small from the cash store, I was allowed to go get it. I guess I would have been about six or seven years old at this particular time. I had gone to the cash store and some man gave me a nickel. I bought an ice cream cone. Home I went, happy as a lark eating my ice cream. Needless to say, I was in big trouble. Mother asked me who was the man that gave me the nickel. Of course, I didn't know him. Come to find out the man knew I was Doc White's little girl. Dad did know the man, but I never accepted money from anyone after that incident. I will never forget the scolding I received."

A large portion of the family's life revolved around attending church. Dana took her children to church every Sunday. Norma Jean began singing in church as a child. Doc would attend church with his family as much as possible, though many times he was called out to tend to a sick animal. Later in his life, Doc was able to attend services on a regular basis, when the demands of his practice had lessened.

Doc always called his youngest daughter "Sissy." Norma Jean doesn't think she ever heard her real name called when she was growing up. Everyone called her "Sissy."

Norma Jean recalls how she would wash her dad's feet in the evening. He'd pay her a quarter to perform this task. He was always tired and didn't want to bend over to wash his feet.

One house where the family lived had a porch the length of the front

Mildred, Willard, and Norma Jean (left to right) in Webster Springs during the early 1930's. The dog and the photographer are both unidentified.

Doc, Willard, and chickens in about 1920.

and extending around one whole side of the house. It had eight posts across the porch, approximately four to five feet apart. People would bring their dogs to be doctored. Many times there would be a dog tied to every post on the large porch.

"I was so proud of my dad," Norma Jean continues. "He had a reputation of being a very good veterinarian and everyone liked him. It was at this house we had our first crank telephone installed. This made it easier for people to get in touch with Doc White in case of a problem. We finally had a home with water and electricity.

"I guess back then we must have felt that we were rich. I was shielded from a lot of the hard times the family endured. Willard and Mildred could remember a lot more than I could about hard times the family endured during this period of time. Many years later, Mother told me the rent on this big house was $5. They had to make it in payments. Dad had a banjo. I really wanted that banjo when I was a child. I loved it and wanted him to keep it. Both Doc and Dana could play the banjo and loved to sing. However, he had to sell the banjo for $20 in order to pay bills.

"Many times Dad never received payment for his services. A lot of times, when people would butcher in the fall they would pay Dad with a portion of the meat, others would pay him with food from their gardens. As I look back at those years, there was always food on the table. We may not have had a lot, but we never went hungry."

Dana cooked for the family on a two-burner kerosene stove. Kerosene was poured into a bottle, which had a wick in it. The bottle was then turned upside down and lit for the burners. Doc loved salt fish but Dana and the children hated them, says Norma Jean. He would go into town and get two salt fish. They had to be soaked overnight before they could even be cooked. Dana would always stand and prepare the fish for her husband. However, the rest of the family members would eat something else instead of that old salt fish!

Doc always kept chickens. For some reason, one of the roosters would chase and try to flog Willard. Doc decided he would take care of the problem by butchering the rooster. However, it was in the middle of the week and the family never had chicken except on Sunday. So, when little Willard sat down to a chicken dinner that evening, he wanted to know if it was Sunday.

Dana sold the eggs. She was meticulous about collecting, counting, and cleaning the eggs. One day, Dana was busy and had not finished cleaning the eggs. A neighbor's child came by to pick up his family's eggs. Dana was explaining to the child she didn't have the eggs cleaned yet and little Tommy said, "That's alright Mrs. White, we don't eat the shells anyway."

"We lived at this house until I was 12 years old, when we moved again back across the river," Norma Jean recalls. "This time we had a

Willard Dale White as a young man in Webster Springs in 1939.

home with a nice front yard and a big back yard. Dad raised chickens here and what a thrill it was to me when the little chicks would arrive and Dad kept them in an incubator. I loved every one of the little chicks. There was a chicken house at the very back of the lot, where the little ones would eventually make their home.

"One day a man in town told Dad about a product he could buy to feed the chickens that would make them lay more eggs. Dad was always ready to try new things. Mother was very reserved. She considered and studied about anything that someone would say to her. Anyway, off to town Dad went to purchase this new product that was

"He had a reputation of being a very good veterinarian and everyone liked him."

to be mixed with the chicken feed.

"Dad would always gather in the eggs in the evening and Mother would keep an exact count of how many eggs the chickens had laid. The chickens did not lay any better, but Dad was sure that they soon would. He was so sure of it, because he knew this man would not tell him anything wrong. Mother, being the early riser of the family, would take the eggs that Dad had gathered the evening before to the chicken house and add an extra egg each day. She kept this up for about a week, until Dad was getting more eggs than he had chickens. In the meantime, Dad was telling all over town how well his chickens were laying. Finally, Mother had to confess what she had been doing.

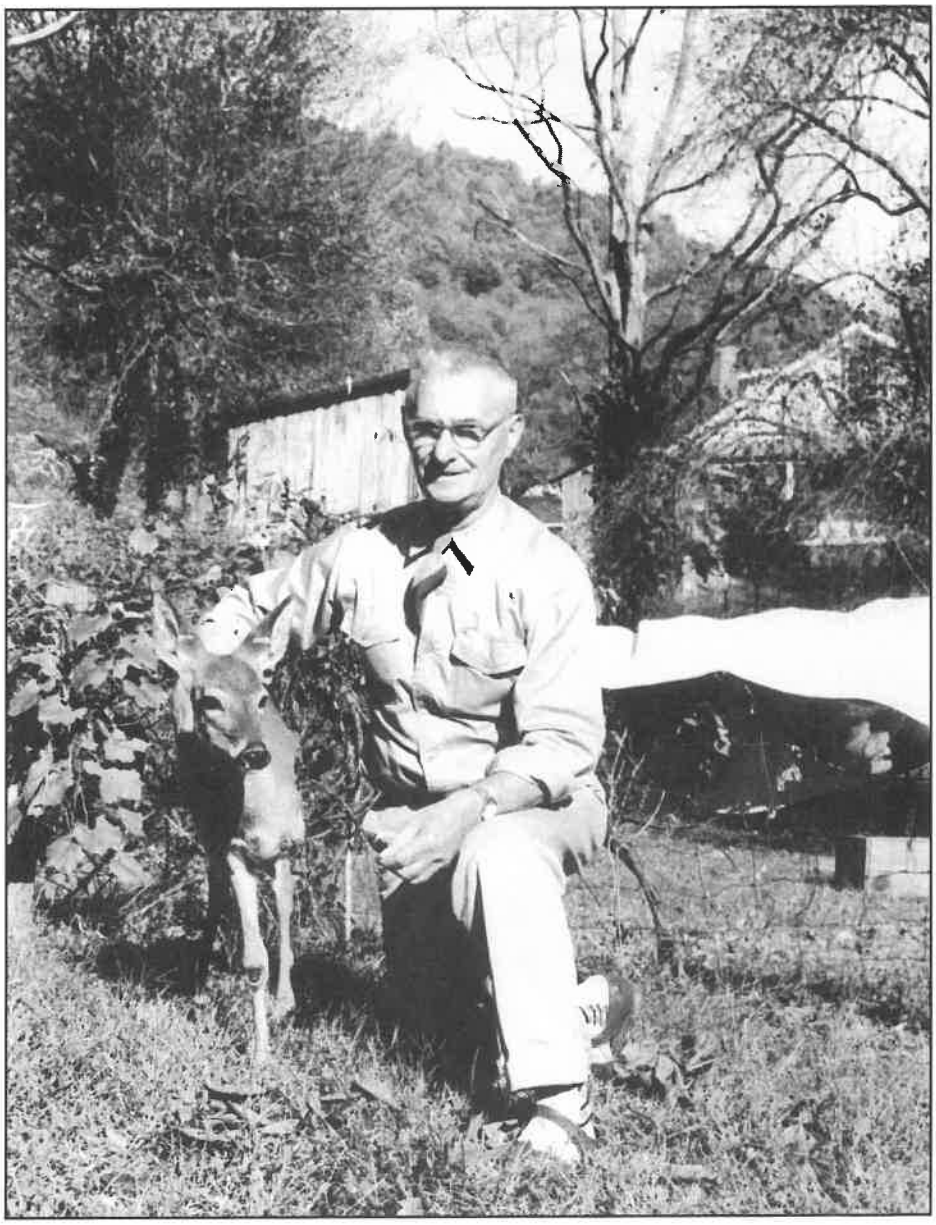
"Once Willard had a pet squirrel that he kept in a cage. One day he let it loose in the house. For some reason the squirrel jumped on Mildred's back. It scared her so much, she jumped right back over the bed that was setting next to her. Then she ran all over the house, screaming and yelling."

The family always had several pets around the house. Doc was fond of Boston terriers and usually kept one as the family pet.

When Norma Jean was approaching 13 years old, Doc decided to build a small animal hospital for cats and dogs. The hospital consisted of four rooms: the waiting room, operating room, a kennel room, and a supply room. The hospital was built about 12 feet from the house. It was called White's Pet Hospital.

One day Norma Jean was sitting on the front porch while two elderly men were walking by the house. They stopped to observe the construction because they were very curious about the hospital. They didn't notice her sitting there because their eyes were on the new building. They stood several minutes, looking at the new construction. Finally one turned to the other and said, "Doc's gonna have a hard time getting a horse through that door."

Doc was very busy most of the time, but he always found time to plant and raise a big garden. "I al-



In 1960, Doc saved the life of this injured deer in Holly River State Park. Grateful park employees nicknamed the three-legged animal "Doc White."

Doc delivered these unusual twins in 1948, born of the same mother with different fathers. Owner Cherry Woodzell is at left, Doc at right. Photograph courtesy of the *Webster Echo*.

ways thought he had the best garden in all of Webster Springs," Norma Jean recalls. "Along one side of the garden was the nicest rhubarb I had ever seen. Mother spent many hours in the kitchen canning vegetables from the garden for our winter meals."

Willard remembers that Doc White worked regularly at the Pardee-Curtain Logging and Lumber Company at Bergoo. Doc would ride up to Bergoo on the train and stay at the log camps for three or four days. This gave him time to look after and doctor the horses used at the log camps.

"I went with Dad on many of his calls," says Willard. "I remember one rainy evening I went on a call with him below Diana. A cow was in labor. The woman said, 'I hoped the calf would have been born sooner so that I would not have to call you, Doc.' We spent two hours in that cold barn.

"Dad was stripped to his waist with his arm into the cow, trying to save her and the calf. Neither one of them made it, though. Dad went up to the woman's house to speak with her and warm up by the fire. I started up the old car to get it warm. Heading down the road toward home Dad asked me, 'Son, how much do you think I should charge the woman for the service?' Dad knew that she did not have much money. He had told her 'Ten dollars and you can send it to me when you have it.'"

Lucy Mildred White at age 30 in 1946. She passed away in 1962.

In 1932, times were still pretty tough, not only for a country vet, but for the entire population. Doc took a job driving a mail truck from Cowen to Webster Springs. When folks heard that Doc White was driving the mail route, they would stop him for advice about their sick animals. He would tell them what to do and what kind of medicine to use. He'd say, "If your animal isn't doing any better in the next day or two, stop me again and I'll check on it."

In June 1948, Cherry Woodzell lived on a farm on Point Mountain, a few miles from Webster Springs. One of the cows he owned was due to have a calf. He called Doc White. The cow had twins, but the unusual thing was that the calves were born with different fathers. One calf was a Hereford and one calf was a Jersey.

In 1960, Doc was called to Holly River State Park. A young deer had been injured by a car a few weeks earlier. The park staff had tried unsuccessfully to nurse the deer back to health, but every time the deer tried to walk, she would stumble and fall. When Doc arrived, he examined the patient and determined that the deer's badly dislocated shoulder and deteriorated leg muscles were beyond repair. The only way to save the life of this animal was to remove the leg.

"Vets have a special gift to treat animals, something like a sixth sense, because their patients can't tell them what's wrong."

Doc and Dana were partners in everything they did. Photograph 1967.

The next day, standing on three legs, the young deer began to eat normally and was soon on her way to a remarkable recovery. After gaining 20 pounds, and being nicknamed, "Doc White," the unusual deer reclaimed her place in the forest, thanks to the donated services of the two-legged Doc White.

Norma Jean continues. "I think that Mother was the only person who could help Dad, no matter what needed to be done. She was his hospital nurse with her own operating cap and gown. She loved and cared for him at all times. She was a faithful and loving companion.

"In June 1962, we were all saddened by the sudden death of our beloved sister, Mildred. She was 46 years old when she passed away. As years went by, Willard and I kept in very close contact with Mother and Dad, making sure our family ties would never be broken."

When Doc was 89 and Dana was 87, their health began to fail. They made the decision to move in with Norma Jean in Elkins. One day Norma Jean and her mother walked into the living room where Doc was sitting in his chair. As his wife walked by his chair, he tenderly took her hand and said, "I love you more every day." Within a year, Doc passed away. Dana continued to live with Norma Jean for three years prior to her death in 1981.

It is Norma Jean's opinion that vets are a special type of person. They have a special gift to treat animals, something like a sixth sense, because their patients can't tell them what's wrong. Doc White practiced veterinary medicine for approximately 65 years. Most of that time he lived in Webster Springs. "Dad never said 'No' to anyone in need of his services," Norma Jean says. "I have heard him say hundreds of times, 'That's OK, you can pay me when you have the money.'

"When my dad, Doc White, died in March 1978, a small seven-year-old boy came to the funeral parlor. The funeral director asked him, 'What do you want?' The small boy replied, 'I heard that Doc White died. He doctored my puppy and made it well. I just wanted to come in, thank him again, and say goodbye.'"

PATRICIA SAMPLES WORKMAN has worked for the State Department of Human Services for 16 years. Though she was born in California, Patricia says her ancestors on both sides are fifth- and sixth-generation West Virginians. Patricia's latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Winter 1997.

Norma and Willard celebrate his 80th birthday in July 1998. Willard lives in Perry Hall, Maryland; Norma lives in Elkins. Photograph by Vicki Fisher.

Death of a Gypsy King


Strange Rites Over Body Of Gypsy King Who Died In Weirton; Followers Come Thousands Of Miles To Bier

SCHWERHA FUNERAL HOME SCENE OF COLORFUL CEREMONIES; BODY LIES IN STATE

The veil of secrecy which screens the life-drama of the romantic gypsy through his wanderings throughout the land is lifted to the curious only in death.

Few have penetrated behind the scenes of the life of the nomadic group. The mystery which has segregated that colorful band of wandering nomads has been temporarily lifted here today with the death of the tribe's king of a quarter of a century—Zeke Marks, 75.

The body of the ruler of the tribe of 84 members lies in a bronze casket at the Schwerha Funeral home in Weirton and for the first time an

Gov. Conley

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Nov. 21.—Saying "we have much for which to be thankful," Governor Conley today issued a proclamation calling on the people of the state to observe Thursday, November 26, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

"We have in West Virginia in the main a God-fearing and God-loving people," the proclamation said. "We have much for which to be thankful. We have enjoyed peace and educational, economic and scientific opportunities have been ours to grasp

MAYOR WALKER

Dame Game
California

MOONEY

21.—
York

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Headline from the *Weirton Daily Times*, November 21, 1931.

Under ordinary circumstances the obituary of Zeke Marks, a 75-year-old father of nine would have been placed in the back section of the local newspaper. But Marks was not an ordinary man.

By Jane Kraina and Mary Zwierzchowski

His passing was noted on page one of the *Weirton Daily Times*, November 21, 1931, under the headline "Strange Rites Over Body of Gypsy King Who Died in Weirton." What followed was a rare and fascinating look into the strange customs of nomadic life.

"The mystery which has segregated that colorful band of wandering nomads," the paper stated, "has been temporarily lifted here today with the death of the tribe's king of a quarter of a century, Zeke Marks, 75. The body of the ruler of the tribe of 84 members lies in a bronze casket at the Schwerha Funeral Home in Weirton. ...Zeke has been a revered leader and known to all Gypsies in the United States. His passing leaves the destinies of the group to his son, Peter, 54."

Traveling in a caravan of eight cars, the tribe arrived in Weirton in July 1931, settling along Kings Creek on the outskirts of town. The colony was of the Serbian branch of Gypsies. They were fluent in nearly all European languages, including English.

John Mankowski, a retired steel worker from Weirton, was 16 years old when the Gypsies came to Kings Creek. His father, Adam Mankowski, owned the large, stately house overlooking the creek and field where the Gypsies camped. John lived there with his parents, six brothers, and four sisters. They ran a thriving dairy farm covering 121 acres of green pasture that bordered both sides of the creek.

To the Gypsies, the Mankowski family was known as *gadje* or outsiders. But they soon became good neighbors. John has vivid memories of that summer and remembers their friendly encounters.

"They would come to the house and buy milk, eggs, butter, and pickled cucumbers from my mother. They could speak English well, but would speak to her in Polish (her native tongue). We had a springhouse out back and would let them get fresh water from the croft. I can still picture them walking down the road, eating as they went along."

One could easily recognize the Gypsies by their appearance, especially the women with their dangling jewelry and brightly colored head scarves. John saw them as "friendly people who never caused us any trouble. Far as I know, they never did harm to anyone while they were here."

John went near the camp many times and had a good view of how the tribe lived. From what he observed, their manner of living was crude, even by standards of the 1930's. "They lived in tents, cooked over an open fire, and stone-washed their clothes in the creek. They swam in the creek, as we all did. It was much wider and deeper then."

Gypsies do not socialize with *gadje* or non-Gypsies. However, they did invite outsiders into the camp and, for a fee, would offer to tell their fortunes. John often played ball with the children in the camp and was invited several times to share food with them. "Some of the younger children were very pretty. They looked different, fair-skinned with light hair (unlike the dark-skinned Gypsies). They told me that the children had been stolen from somewhere out west." That Gypsies steal babies is a tale often told, but John does not know if the story was true.

The daily activities of the tribe were not confined to the rural life of Kings Creek. They owned cars and frequently made the five-mile trip into downtown Weirton. Both young and old from the Gypsy camp enjoyed the diversions and opportunities that town life provided.

Matt Javersak was an usher at a movie theater in north Weirton. "They came to the movies often, in bunches," Matt recalls. "Times were tough then, but they always had money. Mostly, they would pay in gold."

The Gypsy women rented store fronts on Main Street and displayed the occult signs of the fortune-telling trade. Their lucrative skills in palm reading made them the breadwinners of the family. The men found success, too, by offering their musical talents to anyone for the drop of a few coins.

Back at the camp the Gypsies made their own entertainment. John could hear the music from across the creek — "the mandolin, guitar, and a small squeeze-box, something like an accordion." The evenings would be filled with song and dance. "They would put sheets of plywood down for a dance floor and also dance on the grass. They knew how to have a good time."

Unidentified Gypsies, photographed in north central West Virginia, circa 1900. Photograph by Scott Gibson, courtesy of Permanent Art Collection, West Virginia University Libraries. No photographs are known to exist of Gypsy king Zeke Marks or his family.

The Gypsies remained at Kings Creek through the end of the summer and well into autumn. Then abruptly, on November 17, the good times came to an end.

The Mankowski house overlooks Kings Creek and the fields where the Gypsies camped. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Zeke Marks passed away. King Zeke — a highly regarded yet stern leader — was described as a healthy-looking man, short and slightly balding. He wore a large gray, drooping moustache. Despite his robust appearance, "Old Zeke" died of bronchial pneumonia, leaving the reins of power to his son Peter.

News of the king's death spread quickly. The tribe summoned relatives by phone and telegraph. Over 200 members of the colony journeyed to Weirton to pay homage to their fallen leader. Peter Marks, a gruff and determined fellow, took on the awesome task of arranging his father's funeral. As the newly designated king, Peter resolved to carry out "to the last letter" the unwritten rules passed down from barbaric times. But he encountered problems.

Seven of Zeke's children had already arrived from various parts of the country. But his two daughters, Frances and Gloria, were in jail in Elmira, New York. Tradition required that all nine be present at the place of death before the body could be shipped to St. Paul, Minnesota, for burial. The king would be laid to rest there in a grave alongside his wife who had died the previous year.

John Mankowski described the funeral scene. "When the king died they came from everywhere — California, Texas, Florida. At one time there were about a hundred families camped through here all along the creek about a quarter of a mile (upstream from the Weirton baseball field). The king was laid out in a big tent, about where the ball field is now. I went to see him. There was gold in the casket, a shaving kit, and a loaf of bread."

Later, the funeral activities were moved from Kings Creek to the Schwerha Funeral Home in town. At the funeral home, the story goes, funeral director George Schwerha "named his price and the money was paid — in gold. They did not barter." Gold was used, Peter said, because "paper burns."

Although the Gypsies kept mostly to themselves, no barriers were placed against visitors at the funeral home. The curious came from miles around — from city and countryside, factory and farmland — to view the colorful ceremonies. During the three days that the king's body lay in state at the Schwerha Funeral Home, it was estimated that 10,000 curious onlookers filed past the funeral bier. For those who stood in long lines and took on the November chill, a bizarre scene awaited them.

According to the *Weirton Daily Times* report and other newspaper accounts, the king's body lay in state in a bronze casket, unkempt and unshaven with a red bandanna tied lightly around his chin. A knitted scarf sealed his mouth. His ankles were bound with rope. He lay there in death's grip, hands clasped to his chest, clutching a $5 gold piece. The gold coin, the Gypsies say, is for safe passage across the River Styx in the future world. A wine jug was tucked under his right arm and a shaving kit under his left. His

Unidentified Gypsy woman, circa 1900, in north central West Virginia. Photograph by Scott Gibson, courtesy of Permanent Art Collection, West Virginia University Libraries.

North Weirton circa 1930. Photograph courtesy of Nick Village, copy by Michael Keller.

hat lay off to the side.

At the foot of the casket were all that remained of his worldly possessions — towels, handkerchiefs, cases, brushes, and other small items. Also, four paid bills — for a cemetery plot, vault, monument, and suit of clothes — showing that "he leaves this world a square man."

Like other life passages, death brought a set of rituals and the unkempt state is in keeping with Gypsy belief. After a death, the family of the dead cannot wash themselves or change their clothes for three days. The number three is significant in events held after death, and many activities involve the number three or multiples of three.

Normally hardy people, the Gypsies became visibly shaken in the face of death. Some of them wailed and beat themselves on the mortuary floor, while others spoke to the man in loud, curt tones as if he were not dead. Relatives "sipped rich wine near the bier and left a portion in the bottle, placed under the dead man's arm." Gypsies believe the dead man's soul will come and take the food and money buried in the casket. A luxurious silk shroud and sprinkling of incense lent a final touch to the morbid scene.

Only in death can the closely guarded secrets of the mysterious Gypsies be revealed. A spokesman for his clan explained the meaning of the strange rituals. "Zeke, they say, is only sleeping and may arise from the casket. Fearing that he might arise at night when they maintain no death vigil, they have tied his feet to prevent him from wandering off a hermit; and have bound his jaws, lest he might reveal the deep secrets of the romantic and fascinating Gypsy."

Six days after Zeke's death, Frances and Gloria Marks were released from jail. With all nine children present at the scene of death, they could now proceed with the burial rites.

At 3:00 p.m. — note the time of three — on November 23, services were held at the Schwerha Funeral Home. Although the newspaper makes only slight mention of a brief chanting ceremony, it is believed that a local priest of the Russian Orthodox faith was called in to assist. The women each clipped a lock of the dead man's hair and tied it to their clothing. Gold was poured into the casket as it was about to be closed.

Following the ceremony, the Gypsy mourners — dressed in colorful garb — paraded through the streets of Weirton, then traveled by car to neighboring Steubenville, Ohio, where they resumed the parade. A local band led the procession slowly up Market Street to-

The Schwerha Funeral Home, now the Presley Funeral Home, hosted more than 10,000 visitors during the funeral of Zeke Marks in 1931. Photograph by Michael Keller.

ward the train station, marching in cadence to the mournful tone of a Slavic dirge.

At the station, the bronze coffin was lifted gently from the hearse and placed in readiness for its final journey. Later that evening Peter and his two brothers, Joseph and Rover, would accompany Zeke's body on the long train ride to St. Paul, Minnesota.

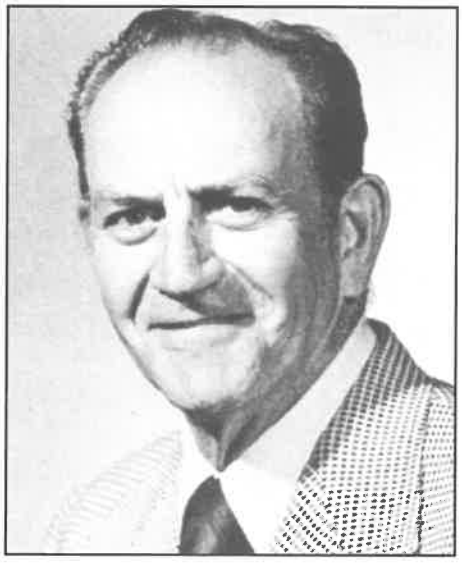
With arrangements in place, the Gypsies returned to their encampment at Kings Creek where they joined together for an elaborate funeral feast. More than $700 in gold was spent for food. But even at this point, custom dictated. An empty chair symbolized the throne vacated by Zeke, their absent king.

The funeral feast is called a *pomana sinia*. Feasts are held for up to a year in multiples of three. A typical setup of feasts is at three days, six weeks, and another at either six or nine months. Commonly at such feasts, they bless the table with incense carrying it around the table three times. Drinks are also passed around the table three times.

John Mankowski witnessed the banquet scene. "They rolled out a long sheet of paper on the grass — about 100 feet. That's where they sat and ate. Roast pig was the main item on the menu. I know that for sure because they bought three pigs from my dad, and I had to kill them."

The conclusion of the feast brought an end to the Kings Creek episode. Soon afterwards, the tribe broke camp and continued their *hegira*, or journey. The Gypsies consider the funeral parlor and place of death unlucky and travel from the death site, moving around for at least six weeks.

Soon after they left Weirton, the Marks clan met again in the blustery cold wind of a Minnesota cemetery. At graveside ceremonies Peter carried out the final ancient rite. Family and friends looked on as Peter descended into the grave which had been showered with gold



John Mankowski still recalls the Gypsies from his childhood. Photograph 1977, courtesy of *Weirton Steel Employees Bulletin*.

pieces. With grim determination, he opened the bronze coffin, untied the bonds, unsealed the mouth, pronounced his father dead, and in a gesture of triumph, proclaimed himself king.

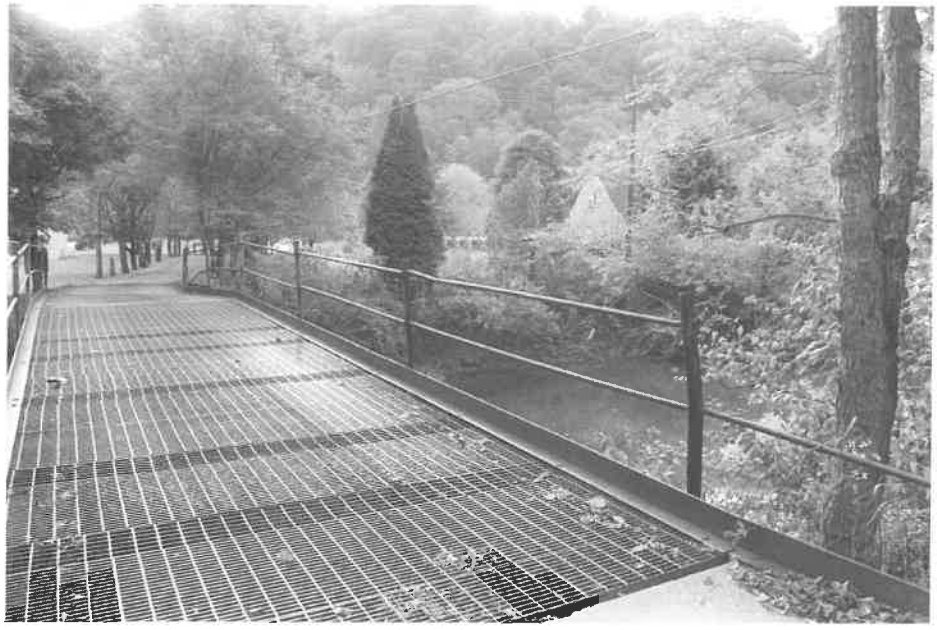
Finally, the long, grueling ordeal came to an end. The grave was closed and the tribe moved on. "To southland trails," Peter said, where the weather is warm.

Several years later, John Mankowski's father made him an offer. "My dad said that if I would build a bridge across the creek, he would give me all the land on the other side. I built the bridge — and a house, too." At the age of 81, John still lives there with his wife Josephine on the same land where the Gypsies once camped.

John spoke of those memorable times as "the good old days." But the deep nostalgia in the old gentleman's eyes said it best. For the adventurous young farm lad, the time of the Gypsies had been "an unforgettable experience."

The brief encampment of the Gypsies at Kings Creek in the fall of 1931 adds a colorful page to Weirton's ethnic history which lists more than 70 nationality groups. But more importantly, for three days that November, a veil of secrecy was lifted allowing thousands who ventured here a close-up look into the strange rituals of the nomadic life — and the death and burial — of a Gypsy king.

Portions of this story appeared in the Weirton Daily Times *and* Steubenville Herald Star *in 1997. — ed.*



"My dad said that if I would build a bridge across the creek, he would give me all the land on the other side," John Mankowski recalls. John, now 81, still lives on the land where the Gypsies once camped. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Gypsy, West Virginia

Traveling Gypsies have ranged through much of West Virginia over the years. One group was reported to have passed through the Kanawha Valley as recently as 1997. During our research into the history of Gypsies in the state, we became curious about the small town of Gypsy in Harrison County.

Streetcar in Gypsy, Harrison County, during the 1940's. The Monongahela & West Penn Public Service Company ran passenger service between Fairmont and Clarksburg, including this stop in Gypsy. Photograph courtesy of WVSA.

Located just off U.S. Route 19 between Shinnston and Clarksburg, Gypsy is mainly a residential community today, though in earlier times it was home to a sizable mining operation, a prison camp, and several hundred residents.

Stephanie Blake is a life-long resident of Gypsy. She works at the Gypsy post office on Saturday mornings and is regarded as the reigning authority in matters of local history. Stephanie was kind enough to help us piece together some information about this fascinating community with the romantic name.

According to Stephanie, the Indians called the area Beaverhead. During the Civil War, Lot Bowen's Third West Virginia Cavalry of Clarksburg overtook Confederates marching for Buckhannon and defeated them at the Maulsby Covered Bridge. This bridge also proved an effective hiding place for thieves who waylaid passing travelers.

Not surprisingly, the area also attracted Gypsies. During the 19th century, the attractive bottomland along the West Fork River became a common camping spot for Gypsy caravans. In 1866, surveyor Alf Shinn referred to the land as Gypsy Grove. He made the notation in the course of doing some work for Aaron Vincent, who eventually purchased the property.

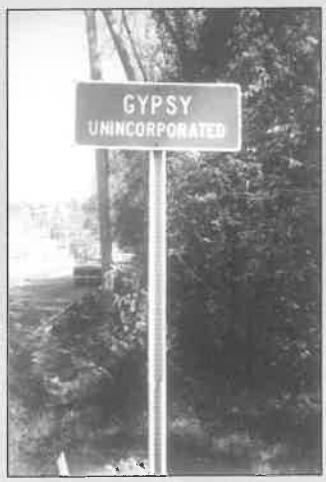
Mr. Vincent later sold the property to the Watson family of Fairmont, owners of the Fairmont Coal Company. In the winter of 1899 the Watsons set out to build a model mining community including coke ovens and 100 company houses. They also added the modern amenities of water and sewage. The mine opening was at the bottom of Ram Cat Hill, close to where the Gypsies had camped.

One of the Watson daughters, Caroline, married Fairmont lawyer Aretus B. Fleming who served as West Virginia governor from 1890 to 1893. They had a daughter, Margaret, whom they called, by coincidence (we assume), "Gypsy." They decided to keep the name for the family's new mining community. They named their other mines after their other daughters, Ida May and Carolina.

In 1935, the Consolidation Coal Company, having bought out the Watson interests, worked out the mine and sold the houses. Many were bought by the miners who lived in them.

In the 1950's, a minimum security prison camp was set up in Gypsy for work on the roads where the coke ovens had been located. It closed in the late '50's but the mess hall still stands near the Gypsy post office and now houses a bar. Another building nearby still has shackles in the wall—it was once used for solitary confinement.

Today the community is divided into several sections reflecting its history: Coal Camp, Gypsy Holler, and Prison Camp. In 1999, Gypsy will celebrate its centennial. The town's Community Action Group is attempting to preserve their history and they hope to have Gypsy placed on the National Register of Historic Places as one of only three model mining communities still in existence in West Virginia.



Gypsy, West Virginia, today.

According to Stephanie Blake, when she began looking into the background of Gypsy, "the floodgates opened. It seems that everyone and their brother has a story." She hopes someday to publish a book on the subject.

Gypsies have their own unique culture, dating back many centuries. This caravan was photographed in England in 1939. Photograph courtesy of AP/World Wide Photos.

The World of the Gypsies

By Jane Kraina and Mary Zwierzchowski

The curious and the respectful came to Weirton by the thousands to pay tribute to the "King of the Gypsies" in late November 1931. As the band of Gypsies mourned the death of their leader, the outside world had a rare chance to view up close the Gypsies and their exotic customs. It is uncertain, however, whether either the Gypsy or non-Gypsy gained a better understanding of the other's world, given the long-standing mistrust the two groups held for one another. Few non-Gypsies, or *gadje* as they are called by the Gypsies, understand the detailed code of behavior by which the Gypsies live.

The popular images of the Gypsy are of colorful bandannas, gold dangling earrings, fortune-telling, lively music, dark skin, bright caravans embracing the freedom of the road, campfires, and open air. A lack of knowledge of the Gypsy lifestyle and the difficulty of penetrating the closely-guarded Gypsy community perpetuate the mystery and romance of the Gypsy.

Locals in Weirton and Holiday's Cove during the 1930's had a fear of the Gypsies and warned their children not to go near them. Child stealing is a popular myth about Gypsies although no documented cases are known to exist. One English Gypsy stated, "Now that story about stealing children. I keep hearing that. But Gypsies have no shortage of their own. We're a fertile people." Still, in Weirton tales of nearly-stolen children still float around.

Weirton resident and local historian Shari Byers-Pepper has spoken to many individuals who have clear memories of Gypsies in their community. In addition to the 1931 encampment along Kings Creek, many recall Gypsy camps in Sugar Camp Hollow, Chestnut Woods, and other sites in the area. According to Shari, Gypsies were thought to have been drawn to Weirton by the influx of a variety of immigrant ethnic groups as the steel industry developed there after 1910. Gypsies continued to visit the area for many years.

"In 1950 or 1951," she says, "Gypsies took up residence at 2967 Main Street, living and telling fortunes in a storeroom. As a 5- or 6-year-old, I was fascinated by the bright satin clothes they wore." Shari recalls that Gypsies, pushing hand-drawn carts, came to the grocery store below her apartment to sharpen knives and scissors and to sell horseradish.

Between 1958 and 1960, Gypsies sold hand-tooled lawn furniture from pick-up trucks in the area.

Shari recalls some community uproar over allegations of Gypsy stealing during the early 1960's, and that during the late '60's, Gypsies were ordered out of the Steubenville area. According to Shari, "The last Gypsy, identifiable as a Gypsy, had a trailer parked in the 's' turns along Route 2, about a mile north of the Kings Creek intersection. This was in the '70's and she was a fortune-teller."

One of the reasons Gypsy lore is hard to find is that Gypsies consider it proper behavior to deceive outsiders. Gypsies generally shun the press and don't talk or communicate with non-Gypsies except to obtain favors or money. To do so causes them risk of *marime*, or public rejection, by their own society. Most Gypsies who do come forth and expose the Gypsy world warn that those who study Gypsies may have been given half truths or made-up stories.

Gypsies are thought to have originated from India, migrating westward in the 11th century. The origin of the name "Gypsy" came from their representation of themselves as Egyptians. By the 15th century they had appeared in Western Europe and have since spread to North and South America and Australia.

As a group they have been persecuted and thrown out of countries. In many European countries they have been banned and laws have been developed against them. During World War II, an estimated 400,000 Gypsies died in Nazi camps.

Gypsies have always been travelers, partially because of persecution and partially because of the demands of their social structure. They generally like the road and women have claimed that going on a trip helps them feel better when they are feeling ill. For the Gypsies, traveling "is associated with health and good luck whereas settling down is associated with sickness and bad luck," says Anne Sutherland in her book, *Gypsies: The Hidden Americans*.

Funerals are a major event for Gypsies, which helps to explain the record numbers that descended upon Weirton for Zeke Marks' funeral. According to Sutherland, "When there is a death or illness, all Gypsies get together, whether they have to walk, sell everything, no matter what. It's a sign of respect."

In case of an emergency such as death, Gypsies spread the word with their efficient method of communication. They have a network of designated contacts that allows for speedy transmission of vital news. Gypsies carry with them a list of numbers for people throughout the country who will relay messages quickly. Prior to the telephone, the members used letters and telegraphs to get the word out. For the Marks funeral in 1931, the family spent $55.35 in telephone bills and $23.00 for telegraphing.

Few non-Gypsies understand the detailed code of behavior by which the Gypsies live.

The Gypsy community shares its wealth within the settlement and helps support individuals in need such as helping to send a family to a funeral, taking up collections for hospital expenses, or covering legal costs. Outside the community, however, the Gypsies consider it acceptable to make money off the *gadje*.

In the Weirton community, local businessman Nick Village recalls how the men made money off their musical talents. "On paydays, when Weirton Steel gave out the checks, they would come to town in a band of five or six. They would go from bar to bar — like the old D&M Bar and Peoples Bar — and play their music. Lots of the workers were immigrants — Greek, Serbian, Polish, Hungarian, and Italian. They enjoyed listening to songs of their homeland. Whatever they wanted to hear, the Gypsies would play," Nick recalls. "And when it was over they would pass a hat."

Unlike traditional America, the women were the main money makers in the family and a wife's value

North Weirton street scene, circa 1930. Photograph courtesy of Weirton Historic Landmark Association.

Nick Village today. Photograph by Michael Keller.

depended on this ability. Nick Village also remembers this about the Gypsies. "I remember the store fronts on Main Street covered with big signs that advertised palm reading. That's how the women made money. They told fortunes."

A common idea is that Gypsies steal. They claim that they have been given permission to steal and relate this tale: "The Roman soldiers crucifying Christ intended to use four nails, but a Gypsy stole the fourth nail, the one meant for his heart. In gratitude, Christ on the cross declared that Gypsies could go on stealing forever."

Anne Sutherland acted as a principal in a Gypsy school. She explains how the Gypsy social structure differs from that of mainstream America. Gypsies organize into *kumpaniyi* similar to unions, consisting of male household members. The households are referred to as *tseras*, or tents. In Weirton, the Gypsies actually lived in tents.

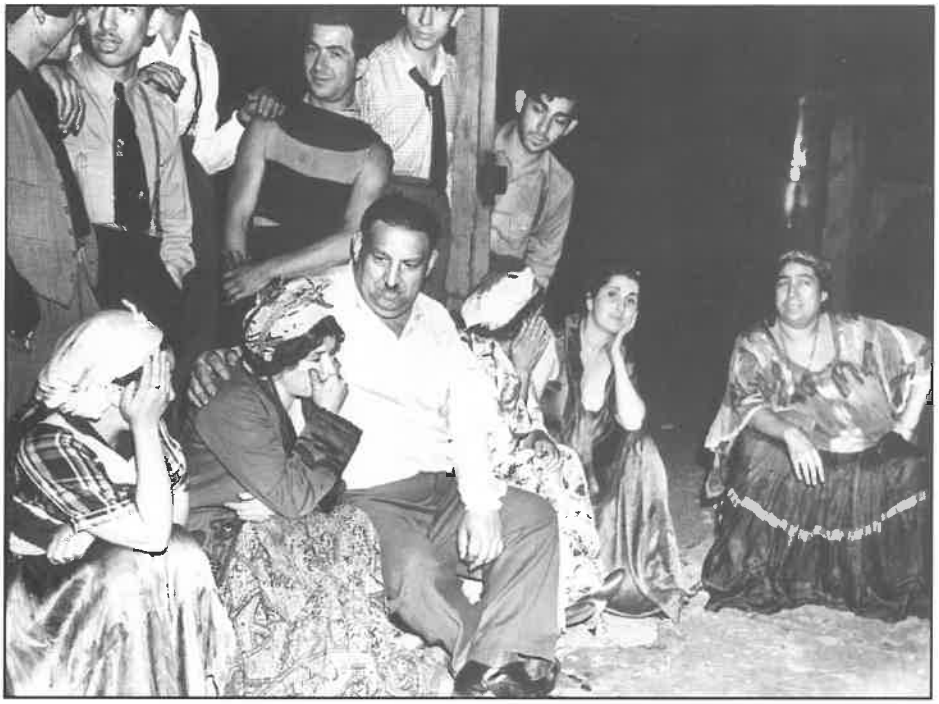
They have a tribunal system, Sutherland continues, consisting of Gypsy elders who decide matters of Gypsy life and interpret ceremonial behavior. The *kumpania* celebrate weddings and funerals and help each other out when money is needed. The members elect leaders and they represent the *kumpania* or a larger group called a *vitsa*. They call their leader *rom baro*, or big man. He settles problems within the community and also handles affairs with the *gadje* such as police involvement or communication with social workers. He also takes up financial collections when the need arises.

A powerful leader, such as Zeke Marks, is portrayed as "king" to the outside world. Gypsies earn such a title and it is not necessarily handed down from father to son. The king is expected to be generous with his people and to provide such things as a *pakiv*, or party, for out-of-town guests. When money is taken up he is expected to give more than the others. Normally, the Gypsies prefer their leader to be large in size and they admire a big head. Men sometimes wear a large hat or grow a big moustache to accomplish this purpose.

Gypsies have at least two names. The name Zeke Marks was a name chosen to present to non-Gypsies. The Marks name appears over and over as the *gadje* last name of Gypsies. One Gypsy said his family got the name Marks because of the whiplash marks on his back as a former slave. Their true name can be translated into something like "Tinya, the son of Stevan," for example. They also have nicknames such as "Blue Eyes." They might use more than one non-Gypsy name, especially if they need to change their identity.

The Gypsies prefer their leader to be large in size and they admire a big head.

Gypsies have standards about the body that are different from non-Gypsies. They divide the body into upper half and lower half. Above



Gypsy king Steve Kaslow (center) comforts the mother of a sick child in New York, 1938. Photograph courtesy of AP/World Wide Photos.

Gypsy wagon in West Virginia. Photograph by Harold Field, date unknown.

the waist is clean and below the waist is defiling or "polluting." Men are not supposed to touch women's skirts. The women follow a strict washing system; men and women's clothes must be separated and further divided into upper body and lower body. The Gypsies in Weirton bathed and washed their clothes in Kings Creek. If a woman washes clothes from the lower body, she must wash her hands with soap before washing the upper clothes. Each Gypsy has his own utensils, towels, and soap.

Gypsies fear *gadje* eating establishments and believe that they will catch diseases in them. They will eat with their hands rather than touch *gadje* utensils because non-Gypsies don't follow the same washing principles that they do. For these reasons they have limited contact with non-Gypsies and their lack of desire to mingle keeps them "hidden," a term often applied to them.

Because of their isolation, they have been able to maintain their centuries-old traditions. They enjoy a sense of community. Loneliness is such a rare feeling for the Gypsies that they do not have a word for it in their language.

In Weirton, the land where the Gypsies once camped is now used for baseball games; the Serbian Orthodox Church owns the land and picnics are held there in the summer. As they barbecue chickens in the warm summer breeze, you can walk towards the creek amid the lush vegetation and imagine a simpler time. During big picnics, ethnic bands perform. With the night music and the laughter, it is easy to put yourself in a mind of the Gypsies who inhabited these banks in the early 1930's. Or, if that scene isn't gratifying, the call of the road beckons where the possibility of new experiences exists as we ride into the wind. For some of us hold a hidden admiration or envy for the gypsy soul.

JANE M. KRAINA, a Weston native, spent much of her childhood overseas. After returning to West Virginia, she attended West Liberty State College and earned an M.S. in journalism from WVU. She works at the Mary H. Weir Public Library in Weirton. Her latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Winter 1995.

MICHAEL KELLER

Jane Kraina

MARY ZWIERZCHOWSKI grew up near the old town of Cliftonville, and is a graduate of the West Virginia Northern Community College. She works at the Mary H. Weir Public Library in Weirton and has been published in the *Weirton Daily Times* and elsewhere. She last contributed to GOLDENSEAL in Summer 1994.

MICHAEL KELLER

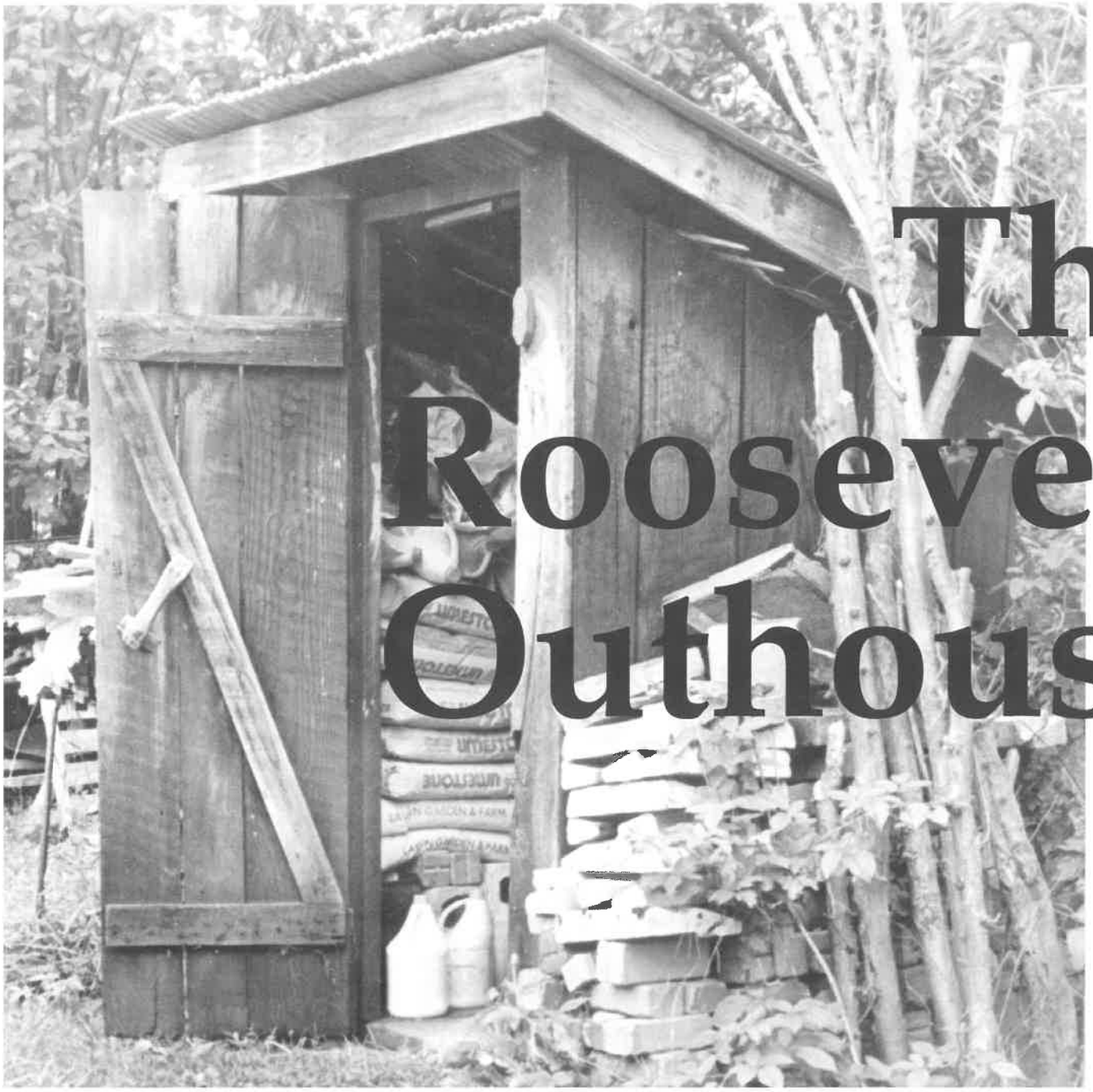
Mary Zwierzchowski

New Book On Weirton History

A new book is coming from the Weirton Historic Landmarks Commission, *Our Valley Heritage: A Pictorial History of Weirton, West Virginia, and Surrounding Communities*. The author, Dr. David Javersak, is a native of Weirton and a professor of History and Dean of Liberal Arts at West Liberty State College.

Illustrated through historical photographs collected from members of the community, the book discusses the past — frontierism, river life, agriculture, transportation, the educational systems, social customs, genealogy, the economy, and the steel mill — and how it affects the present and future of this Northern Panhandle town.

The hardbound book, available December 1998, is priced at $34.95 plus $5 shipping and West Virginia sales tax where applicable. It is available from the Weirton Historic Landmarks Commission, 200 Municipal Plaza, Weirton, WV 26062. Make checks payable to WHLC Book.



The Roosevelt Outhouse

By Norman Julian

The Julian family "Roosevelt" serves today as a storage shed.

Those of us — mostly over 50 — who formed an intimate bond with a Roosevelt Outhouse knew emotions associated with an enduring relationship: joy, pain, perseverence, contemplation, relief, even hope for a better life.

Some 150,000 of those outhouses were built in the 1930's in West Virginia as part of the president's New Deal. When construction reached 100,000 in 1938, a celebration was held at the Winston Hotel in Wheeling. U.S. Public Service people attended, according to participant Pauline O'Kernick, an Elkins woman who worked for the Works Progress Administration. Scores of "the little shacks out back" were built in my old neighborhood of North View in Clarksburg. They were widespread in that city and in most others throughout West Virginia. In our community, they lined the back alleys in nearly perfect parallelism. Only one that I know of still remains. It belonged to my family.

My dad is an Italian immigrant who learned early on not to throw away anything that might be useful. He had to salvage to survive. When the sewer lines came into my neighborhood allowing indoor water closets to push out the outdoor privies, it heralded the era of modernism. But Dad, fond of old things, kept the outhouse and converted it into a combination garden tool-house-fertilizer shed. It stands and serves today, virtually indestructible.

Our "Roosevelt" was made of heavy, one-inch-thick oak boards, though before the blight, chestnut was the wood of choice. The prototypical outhouse was set on a concrete floor pad with a square in the middle, and on it was set a pre-poured concrete box. On it, in turn, was deposited the seat and lid, sometimes called the throne. The seat was often made of poplar or close-grained pine which doesn't

Illustration by Wendell E. Hall, from *Outhouse Humor* by Billy Edd Wheeler.

splinter as much as oak. Occasional sanding or carving with a pocketknife took care of any errant "pinchers."

Back then, when boards were advertised as one-inch, they "were." As most modern lumber is milled, fractions of an inch vanish, but you pay just the same. The old full-dimension outhouse boards were made to stand up to the elements. The boards were soaked in creosote, a preservative since outlawed because, it is said, in high concentrations it will cause cancer. The heavy lumber and creosote combination, though, allowed those buildings to prevail.

Some say the scent of creosote on a sweltering summer day scared off the wasps but regular users will tell you that in warm weather wasps were always a menace as were other insects, both of the flying and creeping kind. Other scents emanated, too, especially on hot August days when the breeze pulled through the large cracks in the privy walls and wafted through the neighborhood. Then you knew you were in "Roosevelt Country." The open air feature that eased the task, so to speak, in the summer and was cursed for letting in winter's cold, also allowed insects easy access. Nature's call would be a secondary concern when resident outhouse creatures were in a bad mood.

My dad "purified" our outhouse by regularly applying lime. Great stuff, unless some of it rubbed off on your sensitive parts, where it tended to smart. But lime did "sweeten" the smells, and kept down the spiders.

Like government coffers of today and yesteryear, the outhouses tended to fill up. Unlike the minions of government, no one — onlooker or participant — was fond of the ritual of emptying. It was called "honeydipping." My dad, when suitors starting courting my sister, used to ask, "Will you honeydip?" That practice, with its necessity for dedication and sacrifice on behalf of the greater good of

The state Historic Preservation office registers historic outhouses, such as this fine Wood County specimen. To find out if your "little shack out back" has the right stuff, call Catherine Jourdan at (304)558-0220, ext. 156. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia Historic Preservation office.

The Works Progress Administration left its mark on its work, including this impression in the floor of a Randolph County privy. Courtesy WVHP.

the family, was a qualification much to be desired of a prospective son-in-law.

If you were a honeydipper, you came to the task armed with enough clothing to make you into a mummy, a bandanna that fit over your nose, a bucket small enough to fit through the hole in the throne, and a philosophy of service to mankind. The bucket was attached to a pole. The 'dipper lowered and elevated the bucket rhythmically and carefully, until the empty space in the pit was sufficient to accommodate next year's offerings.

Where you put the contents of the bucket required choices. I don't ever recall seeing a septic service truck in our neighborhood. People got rid of it in other ways. I once visited the homestead of Delbert Moran, a master shingle maker near Mannington. He shingled many of the buildings at Prickett's Fort State Park at Fairmont and did a dandy job on his outhouse, too. Delbert's solution was to bypass the honeydipper's bucket altogether by putting a half-barrel under the outhouse to be used as the container. When snow packed the ground, he attached a tractor to the container and "sledded" it to a nearby creek. Of course, this was in the old days before the Environmental Protection Agency was even a concept to be wished for.

A leaning outhouse in Preston County. Photograph by Anne Strawn.

It must be mentioned that Americans in the 1930's and 1940's worked with "nightsoil" the way the Chinese still do today in the rural countryside. They used it for agriculture. That is, the bucketfuls were assigned to the garden as fertilizer. Dad honeydipped in the spring at the same time he was spading his garden by hand. The nightsoil went in the leading edge trenches as the garden space expanded. Perhaps exposure to the astringent and antiseptic qualities of the air and sun cut down on any pathogens.

Honeydipping, though, if practiced today on the scale it was three generations ago, would be a national scandal. We've learned a lot since then. In 1958, about ten years after our Roosevelt Outhouse was retired from its original purpose, I sat in a biology class taught by A. Paul Davisson at Fairmont State as the good professor warned about the health dangers of honeydipping. All I can say is my dad raised great gardens and my family was healthier than most. My sister and I suffered only the normal childhood diseases. Both my parents are still alive in their 90's. Probably we were

just lucky. I am old enough to recall that in some neighborhoods and in many coal towns where the Roosevelt Outhouse program did not reach, sewage ran in open trenches. Family pets roamed the neighborhoods. Children suffered uncommon illnesses and death.

Whether privy-sitting ever developed into a fine art is debatable. Art requires leisure. Time on a Roosevelt was often limited, especially in large families. During the morning rush, lines sometimes formed. This jam-up was ameliorated by the use of the thunder jug, or in more scholarly language, the chamber pot, that was kept in the house and emptied into the outhouse. Though one-seaters then were as common as a backyard chicken flock, a few two-seaters were installed. At schools and other public buildings, an additional two-seater was common so student genders could be accommodated without dangerous mixing. During the seasonal extremes of heat and cold, whether you used a one-holer or a two-holer, the idea was to take care of business and get out of there.

A "room with a view" in Randolph County. Photograph courtesy of WVHP.

The outhouse did provide a place of solace for solitary thought and contemplation now and then, especially in coal towns. Recall that a standard company house consisted of four rooms and often was home to a family numbering in the double digits. About the only place you could rest in privacy was in a privy.

There, the fabled Sears catalogs served a dual purpose. Many a privy connoisseur learned of the wonderful world of American consumerism by leafing through the colored pictures in the publications before excising the page or pages needed to complete one's visit. The catalogs probably were in much wider use early in the era of the Roosevelts than they were later, when most families could afford standard absorbent toilet paper, much preferred to the slick-paper catalog variety. It seemed no one complained that entertainment value was lost in the exchange.

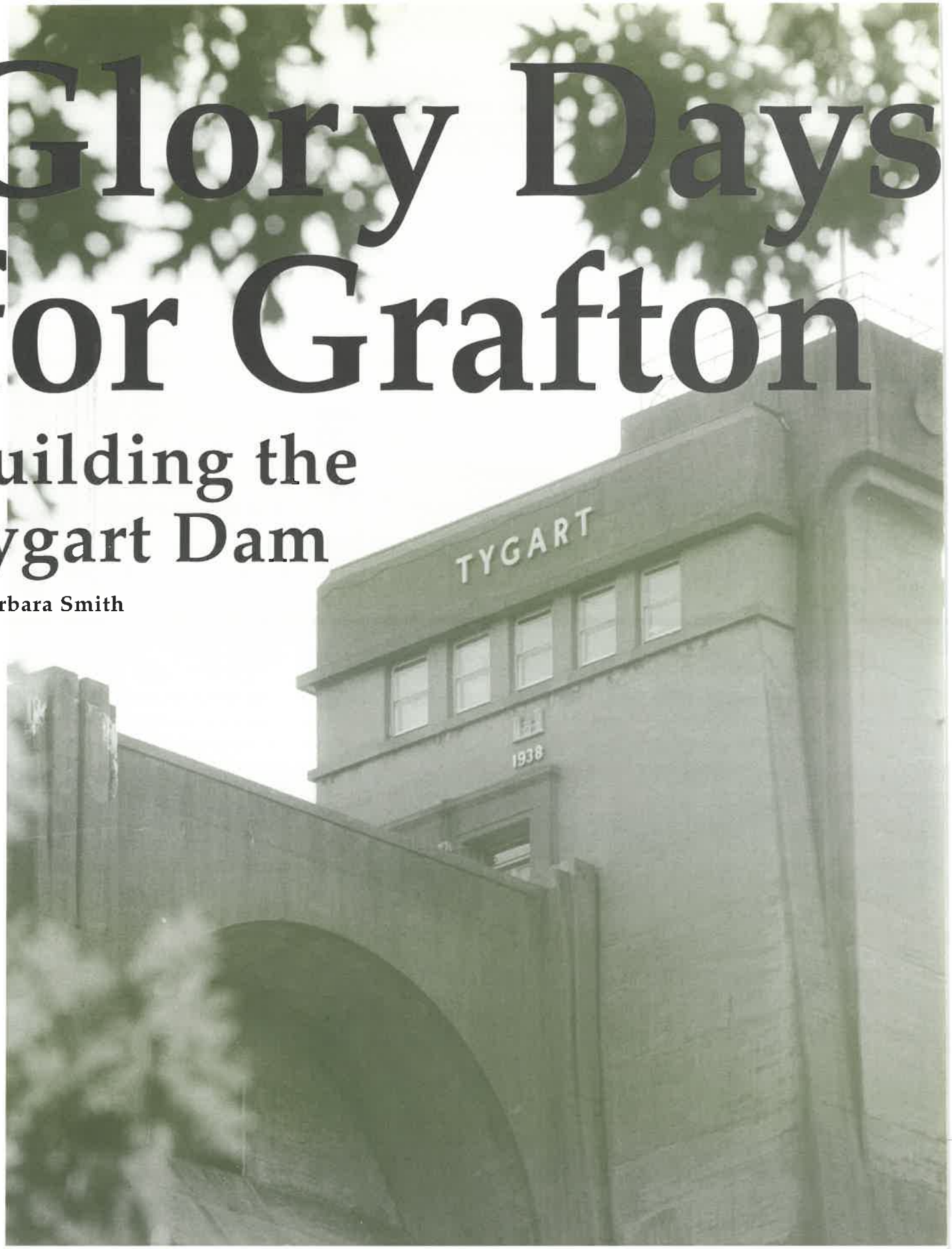
Many of us recall the Roosevelt Outhouses fondly. The mind, to keep itself sane, tends to forget discomforting events and remember the comforting ones. None of us wants to go back to the days of the wasps in the outhouse and the thunderjugs just off the parlor. But as a piece of Americana, and West Virginiana, they have a place in our hearts, and elsewhere. The Roosevelts, though hardly the epitome of sanitation, were for their day a vast improvement. And millions of Americans had a stronger personal relationship with them than with anything else President Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered for America.

NORMAN JULIAN, a Clarksburg native, is a Morgantown journalist and the author of several books about West Virginia, including his most recent, called *Legends: A History of West Virginia University Basketball*. The West Virginia Press Association named him first-place winner in general column writing in 1992, as did the Pennsylvania Newspaper Writers in 1994. He has contributed to GOLDENSEAL since 1980, his latest story appearing in Spring 1995.

Glory Days for Grafton

Building the Tygart Dam

By Barbara Smith



The Tygart Reservoir Dam, completed in 1938, proved to be a tremendous boon to the Grafton area. This towering pier house and overlook formerly housed the dam offices, which are now located at the adjacent visitor center. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Sixty years old this year, the Tygart Reservoir Dam is one of the most expensive and most extensive construction projects ever undertaken in West Virginia.

Having lived his entire life in the shadow of the dam, 75-year-old Dick Leonard remembers that period well. His father, Arlie Leonard, built and ran an independent grocery store in downtown Grafton.

"There were some great times in Grafton," he recalls. "Before the initiation of the Tygart Dam project, most people were very poor. Those with railroad jobs were considered fortunate. They were well paid. In those days, in the '20's, Grafton was a big railroad center, and the population must have run 15 or 16,000.

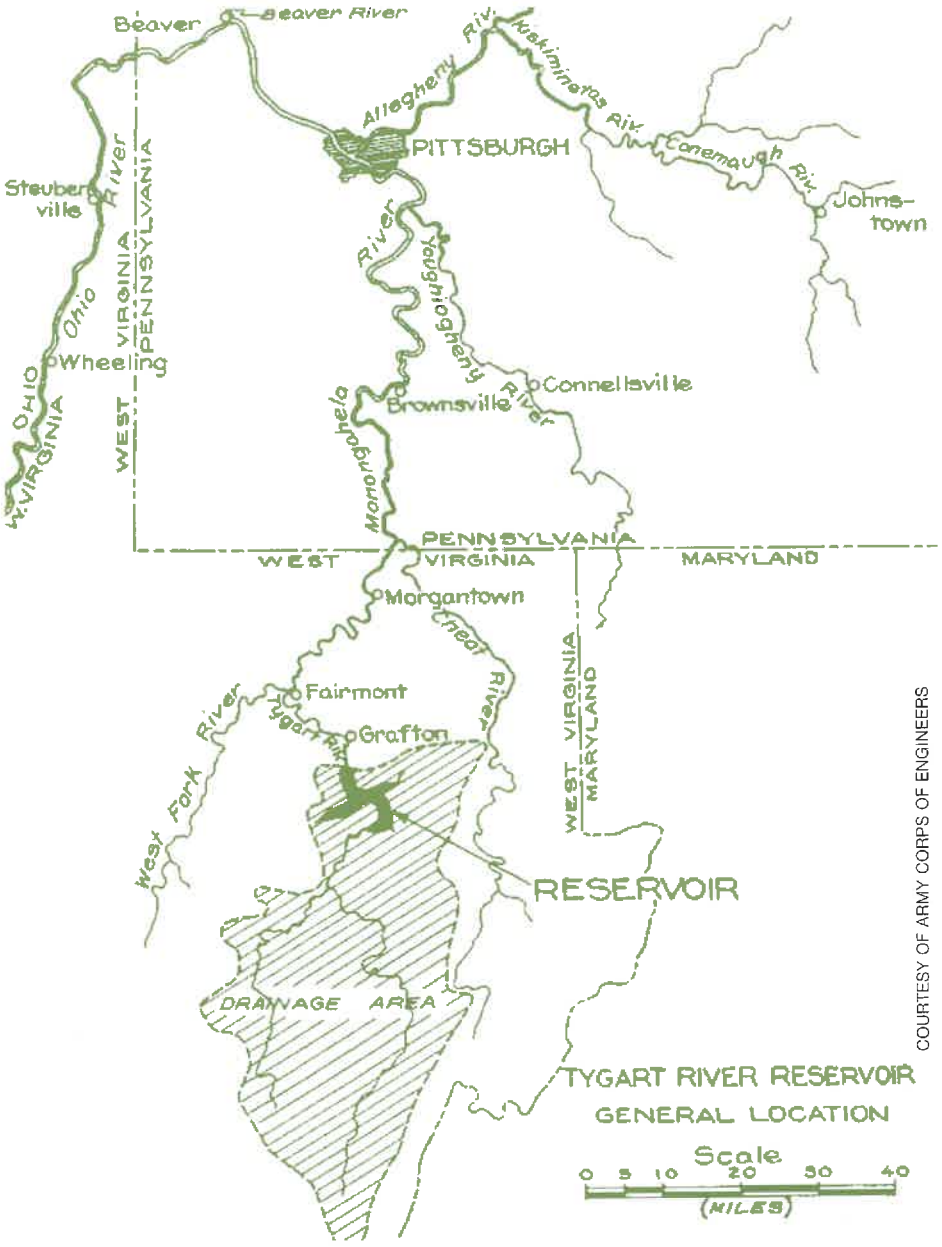
"Then the Depression hit, and the whole country was in trouble. The future in Grafton looked grim. We lived behind the store. There was just no place to play except in front of my dad's grocery store. I also remember later playing football with a ball made of newspapers rolled up and fastened with rubber bands made from old tires."

In 1934, however, work began on the gigantic Tygart Dam, and life in Grafton changed dramatically.

Dick Leonard today. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Dick Leonard continues. "The building of the dam put Grafton back in business. Big business. The high school, for instance, housed some 800 students. It was jam crowded with all those new people. So was the whole town. No question — everyone in town was glad to see the dam come.

"Thousands of people were taken off the relief rolls. Many local people were hired, which meant income for just about everybody. The dam meant that Maple Avenue wouldn't flood anymore. The environmentalists were not in evidence



COURTESY OF ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS

in those days, and the people coming in to work on the dam brought real prosperity to Grafton. It was a godsend.

"The dam people were good people mostly," Dick recalls. "I knew the chief engineer at the dam — W.E. Potter. He was a lieutenant in the Army Corps of Engineers, later a general. He was a fine man. I used to play golf with him when he'd come back here to Grafton. He wasn't ever stuck on the fact that he was a general. Those really were glory days for Grafton."

Employment statistics are scarce, but indications are that the early expectation of 2,200 employees, as suggested in the *Grafton Sentinel* before construction began in the fall of 1934, was exceeded by at least another thousand. The newspaper indicated that the first crews to be hired included 120 men from Taylor County and another 40 from Barbour County. In October of that year, the *Sentinel* reported that some 30 contracting companies had placed bids, the lowest of which came from the Frederick Snare Corporation of New York. It was expected that the supplies needed would fill 50,000 railroad cars. That, too, was apparently an underestimation.

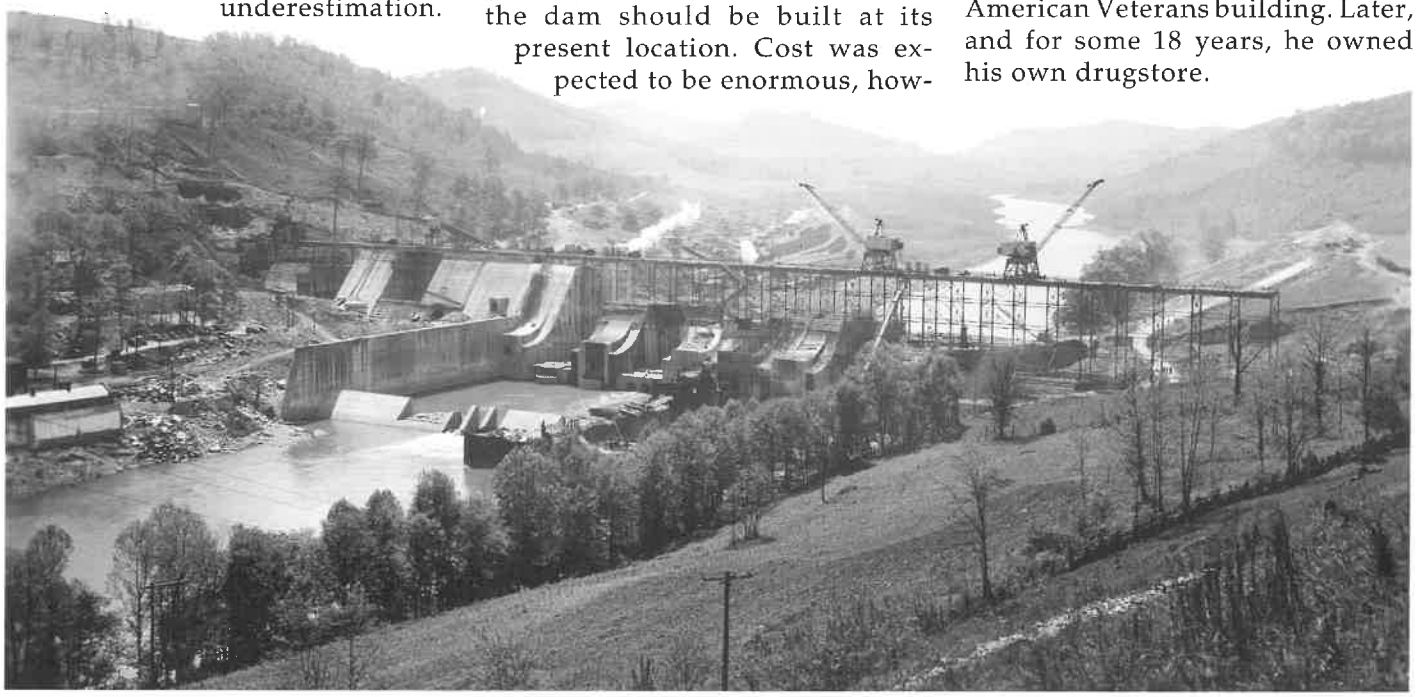
But why was the dam built, and why on this particular site? The Tygart River, named for David Tygart who settled in the area in the mid-1700's, has its source in Pocahontas County. It flows north 131 miles to join the West Fork River near Fairmont, where the two streams become the Monongahela River, which in turn joins the Allegheny to become the Ohio River at Pittsburgh.

Major floods occurred on the Ohio in 1884, 1888, and 1907, causing the formation of a flood commission in Pittsburgh appointed by the Army Corps of Engineers. This group was the first of its kind in the country designed to deal with the large-scale control of floods. In its first reports, 43 possible dam and reservoir sites were suggested upstream from Pittsburgh. Not one was located on the Tygart. It was not until 1928, when the number of sites had been reduced several times and additional locations proposed, that it was determined that the dam should be built at its present location. Cost was expected to be enormous, however, and outside funding had to be found. It was not until January 1934 that a funding application to the Public Works Administration was approved. Preparation began that fall.

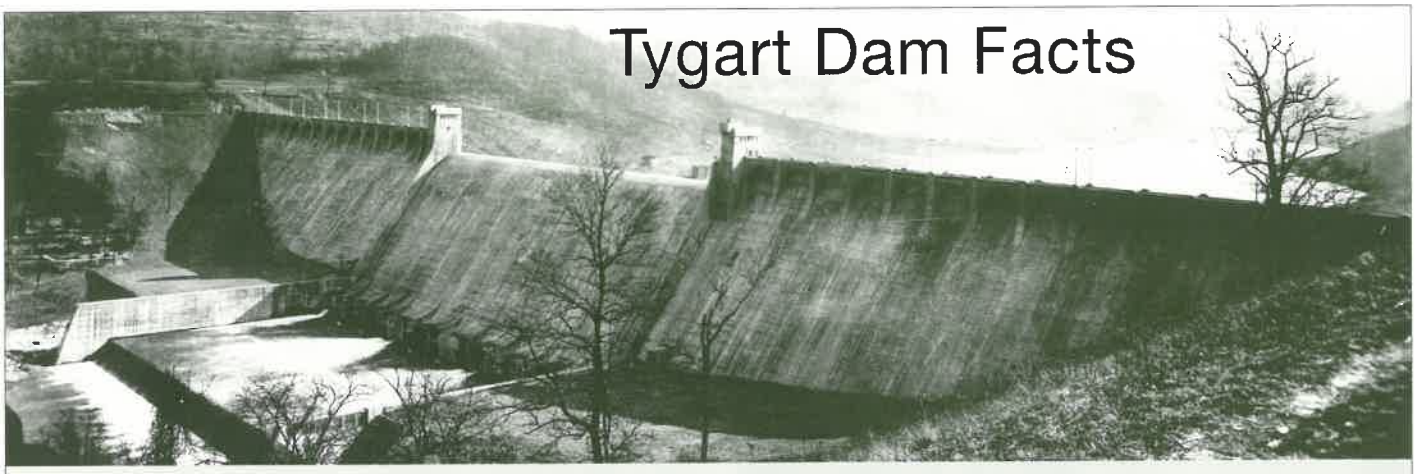
The purpose of the dam is primarily flood control.

According to a 1981 Army Corps of Engineers report, the total cost was over $18,300,000, with the dam itself priced at $13,700,000 and the relocation of the Grafton & Belington Railroad at $4,500,000. Extending some 12 miles above the dam, the reservoir, Tygart Lake, covers 1,374 square miles. The purpose of the dam is primarily flood control, but improvement of navigation through stabilization of water depth below the dam was also a major consideration.

Like Dick Leonard's father, the father of William Fisher was a Grafton merchant. The family owned the local laundry and, in addition to serving apartment dwellers, did all of the linens for the Snare Hotel and the Grafton Hotel. Young Bill Fisher had just graduated from the pharmacy program at West Virginia University when dam construction began. He worked for some ten years at Malone's Pharmacy, which was located in the present Disabled American Veterans building. Later, and for some 18 years, he owned his own drugstore.



Building the Tygart Dam, May 14, 1936. Photograph courtesy of Army Corps of Engineers; Vintor C. Baylor, official photographer.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF WV STATE ARCHIVES

Tygart Dam Facts

Location.....On the Tygart River in Taylor County, about 2.25 miles above Grafton.Tygart Lake is located in Taylor and Barbour counties.
Type of structure.....Concrete gravity-type dam with an uncontrolled spillway
Construction company.....Frederick Snare Corporation of New York
Project area.....5,962 acres
Drainage area above dam.....1,184 square miles
Construction costs.....$18,432,000
Years to complete.....3.5
Total number of workers employed.....3,000+
Peak number of employees at one time.....1,701 (May 1936)
Employee fatalities.....10
Volume of concrete.....1,251,550 cubic feet
Maximum height above streambed.....230 feet
Overall length.....1,921 feet
Maximum width at base.....207 feet
Outlet works.....10 gate-controlled sluices

The Fishers, like many other Grafton families, owned a summer cabin which was destroyed when the dam was built. A few of the cabins were spared and are still in use. As he tells his story, Fisher turns pages of a photo album which contains pictures of the cabin as well as a photo of passengers riding the ferry which ran from one bank of the Tygart to the other. He recalls a concrete platform which served as the base for a diving board, and he speaks with nostalgia of a sandy beach across the river from the Maple Avenue house where he now lives.

His friend Etha Shroyer Coontz lives on a farm owned by her family for at least 164 years. Located just beyond the boundaries of Tygart Lake State Park, the house was built in 1893 and was the closest house to the construction site. She reports that some of the workers lived with her family during the construction of the dam.

Flora Bott, now a resident of Morgantown, also grew up in Grafton. When her father was appointed a dam tender in 1935, he moved his family from Sutton to Grafton. Living first on Maple Avenue and then on Beech Street, they eventually occupied one of the Snare Corporation houses. According to Mrs. Bott, her father was the first Army Corps man sent in, his job being to prepare the area above the dam, the land which was to be covered by water. He rode a horse between the two work groups which he was assigned to supervise. One of their tasks was to move a cemetery which is now located between Grafton and Philippi.

Flora remembers that in 1936, her father was sent to work in Pittsburgh and was away for over a year. Returning to Grafton, he served as a guard during World War II, when the dam was feared to be a prime target for sabotage. Destruction of the dam, reports Flora, would have meant flooding all the way to Pittsburgh and down the Ohio River. "The guards used searchlights and wore guns. It was a scary time."

William Fisher spent summers on the river before the building of the dam. Here, he rows across the Tygart, circa 1930.

Old friends Etha Shroyer Coontz and William Fisher on the banks of the Tygart River. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Flora turns to her husband. "Remember the ducks?" she asks, and they both laugh. "My father," she explains, "had eight or ten ducks that used to swim in the river. He was always trying to get us kids to eat the duck eggs, but we wouldn't. They were too tough."

A favorite summer sport was swimming from the beach at the city park. Flora describes in vivid detail the children drying their swimsuits by standing on the running board of the car on the way home. Leonard Bott comments, "The dam spoiled a nice river, particularly above the dam. There used to be big boulders and a diving board and sandy beaches." The city swimming area had to be closed, he reports, because the water, now coming through the dam from the bottom of the lake, was too cold. "That was one of the most beautiful sand beaches in this part of the country, but the dam turned it into mud."

He recalls two or three other problems connected with the dam. "Grafton was very smoky and dirty before and during the war years because of the railroad. The town was also overcrowded. But one of the worst problems was the skunks. While they were building the dam, the skunks came down to Grafton. There'd be eight or ten show up in a neighborhood, particularly on the west side of the river."

Margaret Neason, still a resident of Grafton, also remembers the predam era. "We used to go on the streetcar up Maple Avenue, and then we crossed the river on the ferry. We pulled on the cable to make the ferry move. Usually there was a man to help, but sometimes we did it by ourselves. There was a lovely beach on the park side of the river, a pavilion, and cottages that you could rent. There was also a swinging footbridge across the river at Parkview. The boys used to tease us girls by getting in the middle of the bridge and swinging it while we were trying to cross. We went swimming a lot, and we rode horses out at Lost Run." She smiles. "I met my husband at an Elks Club dance after he saw me crossing the bridge from school to Grant Street, where we lived in 1926. He told his friend 'That's the girl I'm going to marry — she has beautiful legs.'" They were, indeed, married in 1936 in St. Augustine's Church.

Begun in the fall of 1934 and completed in February 1938, Tygart Reservoir Dam created what was then the deepest body of water in the state. Today the dam and adjacent visitor's center are operated by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, while the state of West Virginia has assumed responsibility for the surrounding Tygart Lake State Park. Local residents as well as tourists from all parts of the country and world enjoy the lodge and recreational facilities, and thousands have toured the dam, inside and out. The Army Corps estimates that the project has prevented flood damages estimated to be in excess of $429 million over the past 60 years and that 500,000 people visit the park each year.

Tygart Reservoir Dam, "The Silent Sentinel," can surely be claimed as a monarch among West Virginia's many man-made wonders.

MICHAEL KELLER

Ralph Poling still lives in his hometown of Grafton. His house is easy to find. "I'm two streets below the hospital and two streets above the river — halfway between the devil and the deep blue sea, so to speak. You come right down Washington Street, and you'll find me up above the painted wall." And indeed, the wall is painted — bright green. It complements the white of the house, which is trimmed in bright yellow and blue-green. A neighbor, perhaps fearful that Ralph would paint the entire neighborhood, seemed reassured when Ralph stopped before crossing their property line. Then she said, "Well, I got this to say — you sure brightened the corner where you are!"

The view from the porch is spectacular, for the observer can see up the full-flowing Tygart River almost to Tygart Dam. To the far right and across the river is a housing development on the western edges of Grafton, and to the left up the river are the three bridges that join the northern and southern sections of Taylor County and the city of Grafton. Directly across the street and below the Poling house are the roofs and porches of more hillside houses. Ralph's first cousins, he says, occupy several of those. The yards are steep, as are the 27 steps that lead from the brick sidewalk to Ralph's front porch. Lace curtains adorn the front windows.

Retired dam worker Ralph Poling at home in Grafton. Photograph by Michael Keller.

A "Dam" Good Worker

Dam Builder Ralph Poling

By Barbara Smith

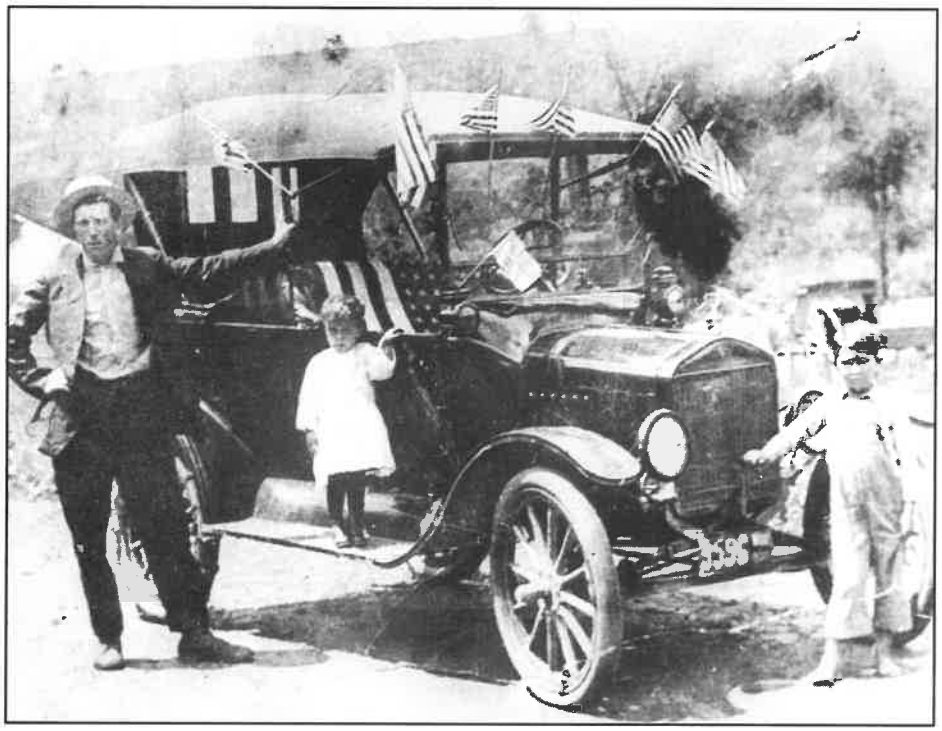
The house is filled with memorabilia. One framed picture shows Ralph as a barefoot boy in 1922, his small hand on the crank of a Model T Ford. Ralph's father leans against the rear fender of the car, and his toddler sister perches on the running board. Ralph laughs as he tells the story of driving that car when he was 11 years old, the solid rubber wheels getting stuck in the streetcar tracks while the streetcar itself bore down on the car. Fortunately, the impending accident did not happen.

Ralph Poling's first job came that same year — laying bricks for the city streets at ten cents an hour. In 1936, Ralph announced that he was planning to go to work on Tygart Dam. He was 20 years old. His parents objected, his father asking, "Why would you want to go and do a fool thing like that?"

"I want to learn," was Ralph's reply.

"And just what will you learn when you're dead?" his father asked.

"When I went to the bosses to apply," Ralph reports, "they asked why I wanted on. I said I wanted work, and they said, 'You'll get it here, boy. You'll get it here.'"

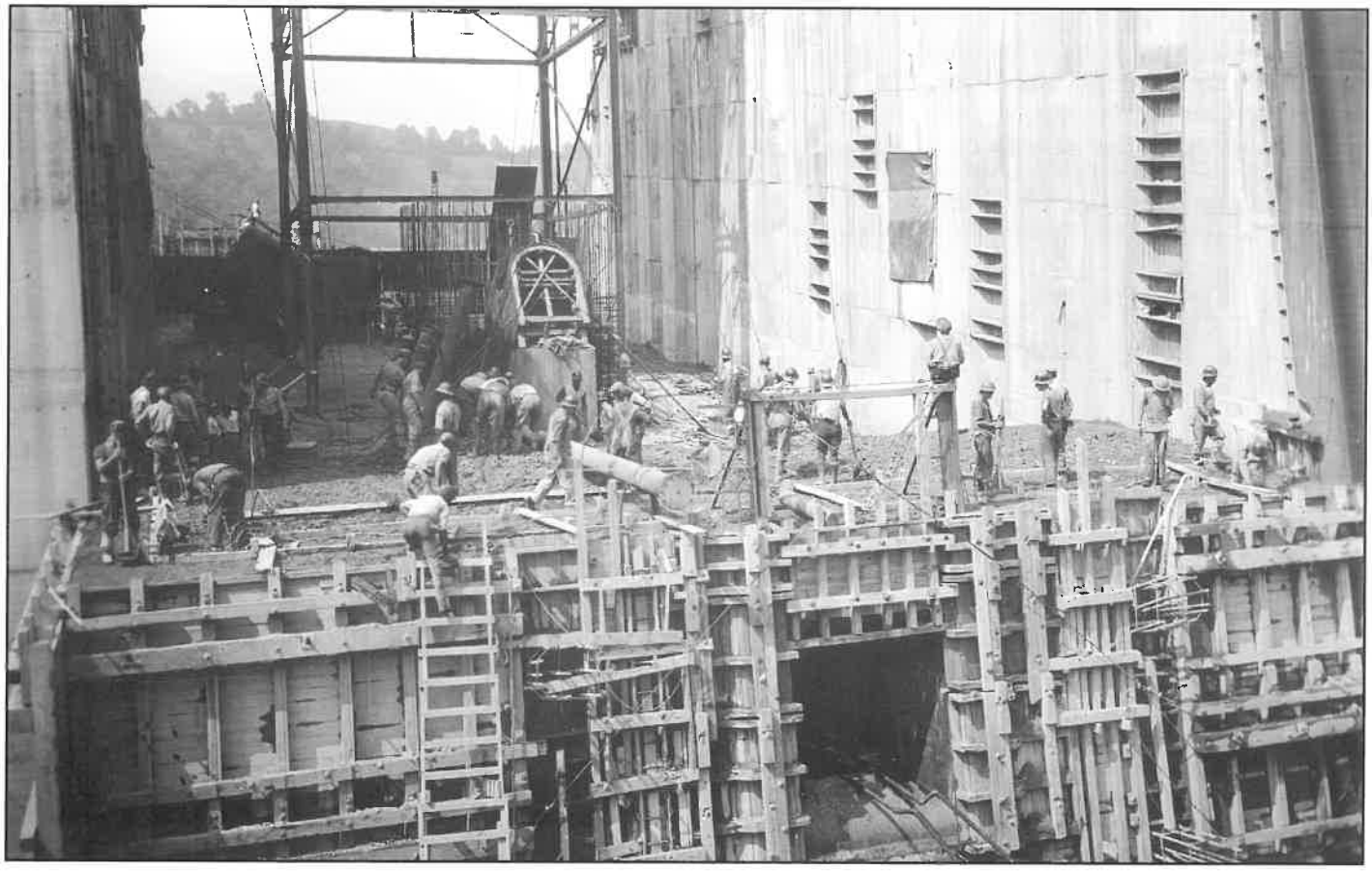


Ralph Poling (right) age 9, father Walter Poling, and young cousin Wilford Cox prepare for the Decoration Day parade in Grafton, May 1922.

Ralph was fortunate. "I got out after two and a half years, when the dam was almost finished, without a scratch. My dad would ask me again and again whether the work was dangerous. 'Yup,' I would say. 'How dangerous?,' he wanted to know. 'Sort of,' I told him. Never told him the whole story. It was like every day you wondered whether you'd get out alive. And every minute you wondered if you'd be fired the next.

"Those bosses were mean," he continues. "They'd never speak to you. They'd never smile, not even when we'd be sitting shoulder to shoulder with one of them at the Roosevelt Cafe. They'd never even look at you, but when they took hold of you by the back of the collar, you knew you was a goner. Time to turn in your brass."

He explains the "brass" as a tag issued at the beginning of a shift. It was turned in as security when a



More than 3,000 men worked to build the Tygart Dam. Photograph courtesy of Army Corps of Engineers, July 17, 1936.

worker needed to check out a tool, given back to the worker when the tool was returned. At the end of the shift, the brass was again turned in.

"I asked a boss once why they were so mean, so strict, why they'd never speak, and the boss said, 'Look, boy, if we wasn't so mean, this dam would never get built.' And I do believe he was right. That dam went up like clockwork.

"There'd be 100 or 300 men show up to work on a given day, and so many would be poor workers, so many would get fired, that at the end of the day there'd be only two or three of them left. They came and went like flies.

"I started as a laborer and then I was promoted to cutter. They never knew us by name, only by number. I started out number 1505 and moved up to 633. That was my number and the number of my crew. No names. Just numbers. We worked down on the cotter dam, 210 feet below the top of the dam. I worked the late shift, midnight to eight. The crane operators were directed by a little black man who had a spotlight on him. All we could see of that guy was his white eyes and his white gloves signaling those operators. And those whirlies, the cranes, would be swinging 90-foot steel beams around up there above us.

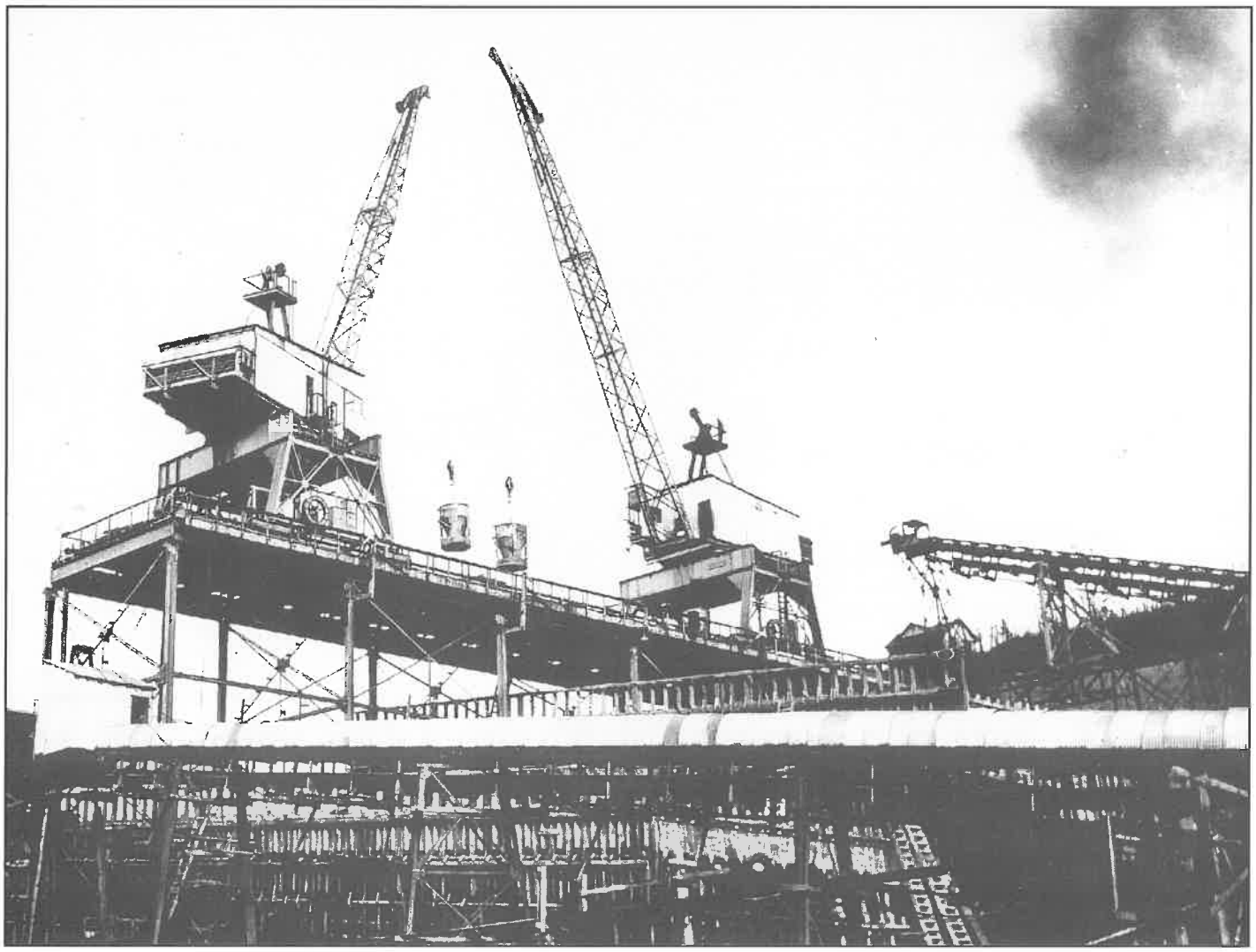
"We'd be let down to the bottom in a skipper — a big, flat pan kind of thing — and then we'd dig. I mean we'd dig by hand with shovels, and believe me, if you didn't dig as if your life depended on it, you'd feel that hand on the back of your collar, and you'd be asked, 'You want your money now, or you want to work 'til quitting time?' So I dug hard, always wondering if the next collar to be grabbed would be mine, but it never was.

"My brother-in-law Harold thought he could handle it, but he was a little guy, and he couldn't carry enough on a shovel. The boss told him that he was the hardest worker this side of Hell, but that wasn't good enough. He was fired the first day he was on the job. Another buddy of mine was all set to work on the dam, but I told him he walked wrong. You know, he walked like a farmer. He asked me, 'Well, how the heck am I supposed to walk?' Didn't know any better, so sure enough, he got fired, too." Ralph laughs. "He asked how come I never got fired, and I said, 'Hey, I'm asbestos. I don't burn.'"

It took tough bosses to keep the dam construction on schedule. Lee G. Warren (left) was construction manager for the Snare Corporation, photographer unknown; Charles H. Wagner (right) was the Resident Engineer for the Army Corps, photograph by Clyde Batman.

"I started at the dam when the prep work had already been finished, the land above the dam and all. There used to be a little town up there called Stonehouse. Post office, B&O station, lots of little houses, and a cemetery. My brother-in-law Ernie Luzader was on that crew. He took up the dead people. They'd dig a crust off the earth so the bodies would come out whole. The people had been buried in wooden coffins, of course, so the wood had rotted away, and Ernie swore that all of those bodies came up face-down. I expect it was the ground that did it, some kind of movement of the ground. Anyhow, they carefully took up every one of those bodies and cleaned them off and put each one in a regular casket and then reburied it wherever the family wanted.

"We laborers — that's what I was when I started — dug the dirt into the skippers, and they hauled it up



Huge cranes, called whirlies, raised and lowered materials, men, and machinery. Photograph courtesy of WVSA.

or to the wings — the sides of the dam. I tell you, we dug so much dirt and put in so much sealing that we stopped up the wells of the folks that lived way up above, way up beyond where the dam was being put in. We'd get down to rock, and it would be cracked, you know, so we'd use a little dynamite and break it up and then shovel it out and into the skippers, and they'd haul it up or the cranes would, and it would be thrown off to the wings. That's what stopped up the wells. I'm not fooling, there's as much dam under the ground as there is on top. Why, if you were to go down in there without one of those guides, you'd be more than likely to get lost, and more than likely you'd never be found. But you could go down in with me. I know every inch of that dam, every sign on the walls, every inch of the conduits, every wire. I'd be the first one in at the start of the shift and the last one out when the whistle blew, and you can believe that I learned every inch. Otherwise," he grins, "I wouldn't be sitting here talking right now.

"'Don't ever look down, boy. Don't ever look down.'"

"There's a great deal of dam underground," he repeats, "right down to the bedrock of the most solid bedrock. My uncle was one of the drillers, and do you know, every one of those diamond bits was worth $15,000. That's the only thing that would cut into the rock.

"My job after I was promoted to cutter was to wash off the grout and the loose rocks. That was after the vibrators did their job. Those vibrators weighed 90 pounds apiece, and it took two men to work them down in to settle the concrete. The hose I used was about eight inches in circumference, and the water would come through there so forceful that it would lift me — I weighed 150 then — right off my feet. And I'd have to get the smoothing so smooth that when the inspectors came by with their white gloves and felt along the surface,

"Once I was up on top, and I looked down, and I almost passed out from fear," Ralph recalls, reflecting on the dangers of the job. Photograph by Michael Keller.

they wouldn't pick up any sand. We never turned that hose off — just handed it over to the next cutter on the next shift.

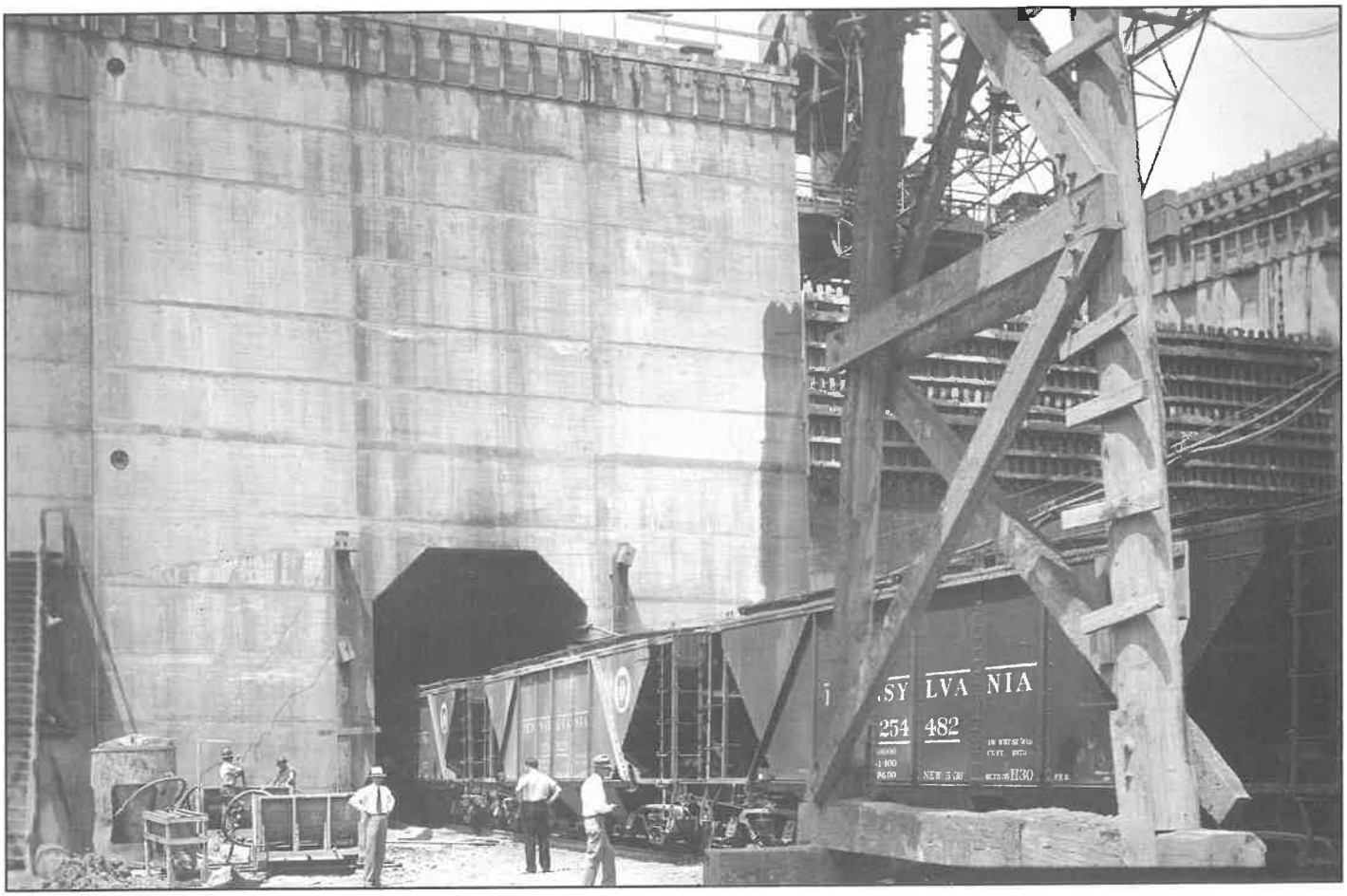
"One time the general foreman tried to fire me, but then he found out I was the only finisher on the crew, so I was OK. I told him he'd better watch out because one of these days he was going to tangle with the wrong man. And you know, he went from here in Grafton to Buffalo, New York, and he got stabbed to death. Messed with the wrong man, like I warned him."

Ralph nods. "I was known as a good worker. They couldn't rightly fire me. Why, one of the bosses even asked me once if I'd like to become a foreman, but I told him I wasn't sure I could drive mules like that.

"We worked only three days a week," Poling continues. "That's all we could stand, and that's all they'd let us. Got paid 48¢ an hour, $10.80 a week. Not enough to risk your life for, but we didn't have a lot of choice in those days. You were lucky to have any kind of job."

He goes back to the subject of danger. "Once I was up on top, and I looked down, and I almost passed out from fear. Lucky for me, there was a foreman behind me, and he grabbed hold, and he whacked me on the back of the neck so hard it made my head spin. He said, 'Don't ever look down, boy. Don't ever look down,' and believe me, that was the last time I ever did.

"Dangerous? Yes, indeed. Like, for instance, how we got up out of the bottom of the dam when the shift ended. You know those real long ladders? Well, they tied five or six of those together with baling

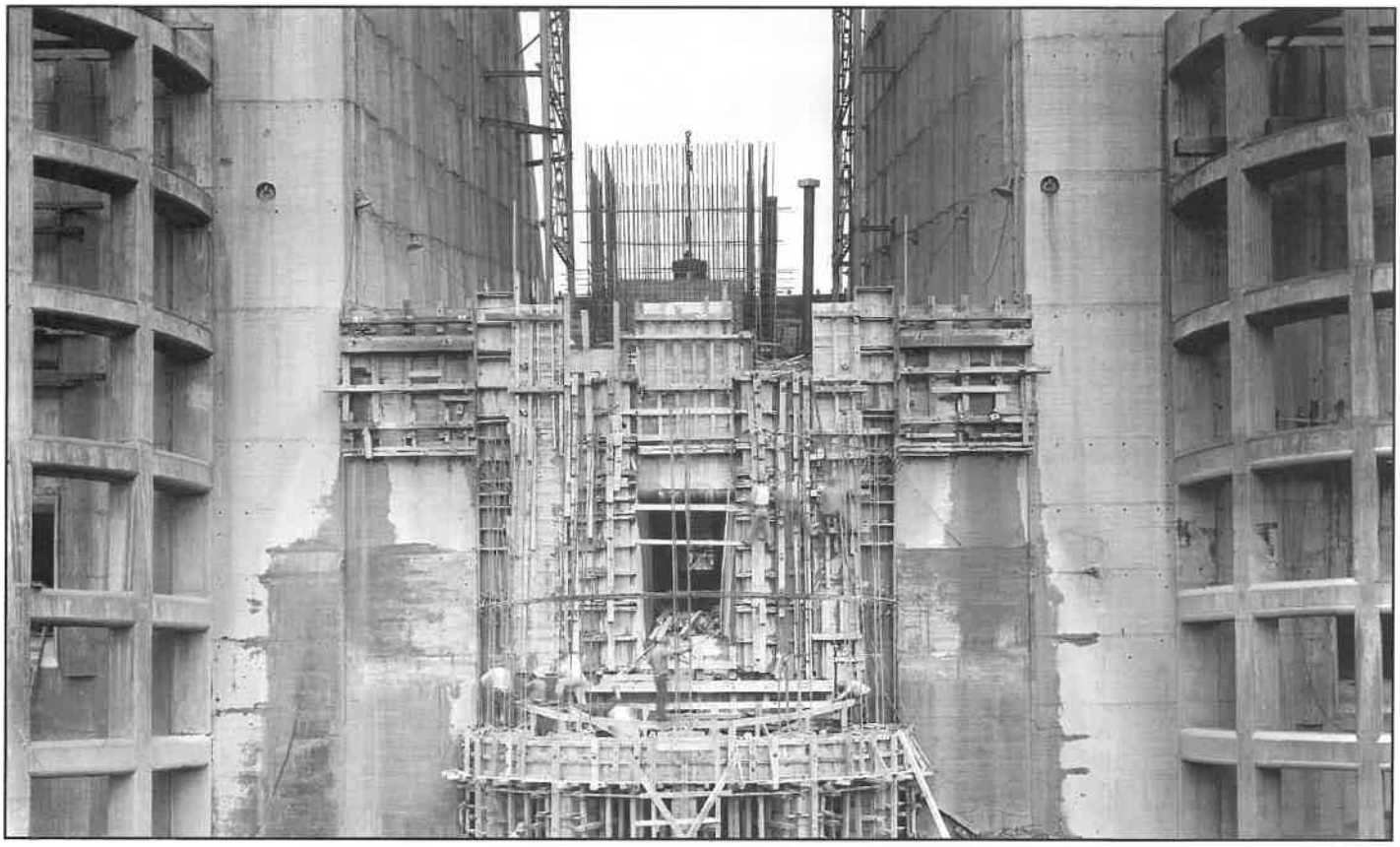


This entrance on the downstream side of the dam allowed trainloads of materials to be brought into the construction site. Photograph courtesy of Army Corps of Engineers, June 19, 1936.

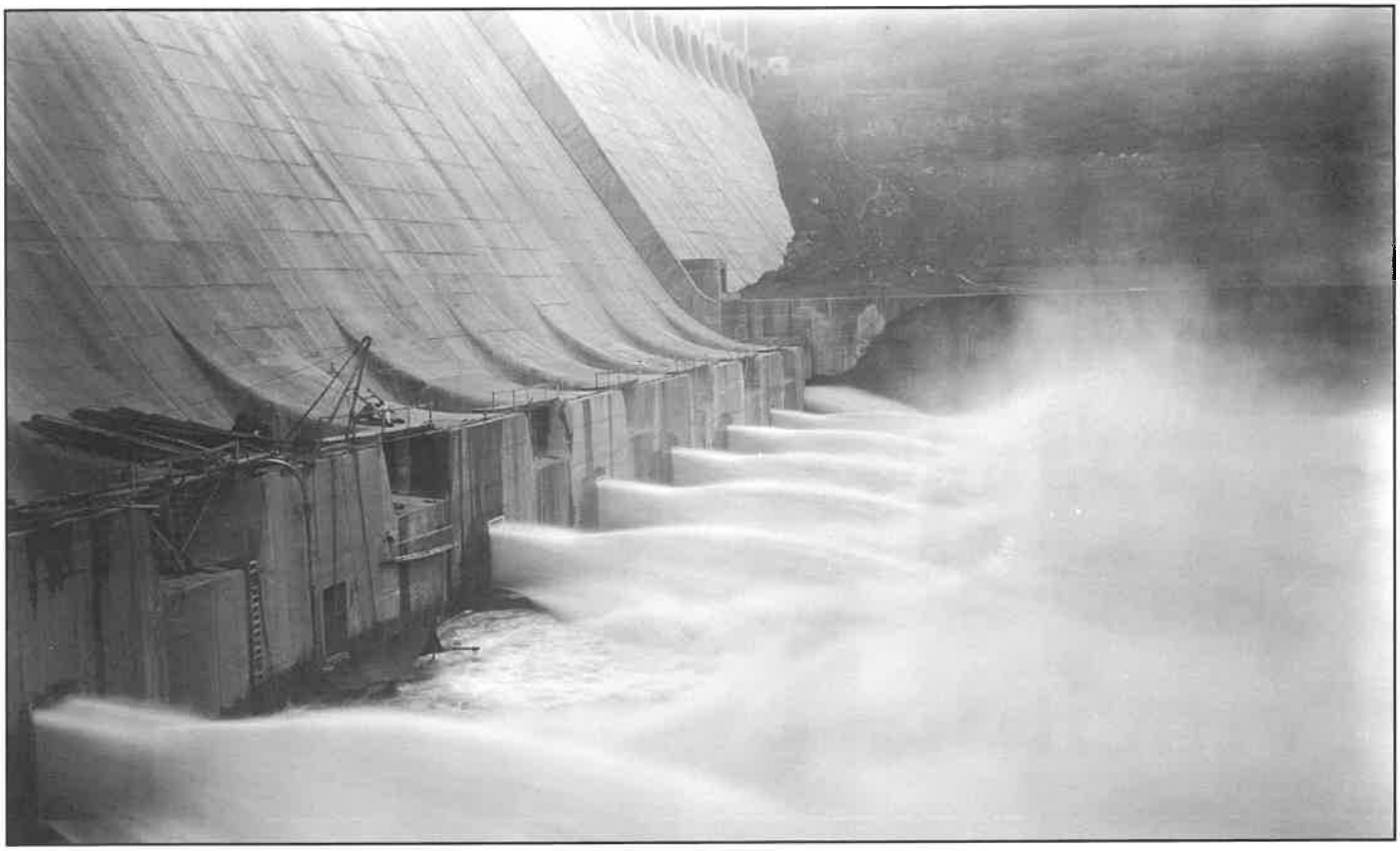
wire, and we'd have to jump up to get on the bottom rung, and then we'd climb up one ladder and grab onto the next one and the next one until we got to the top of the dam, 210 feet above where we'd been working. And sure, there were a few deaths. I remember one especially. This kid. He was downright foolish, no fear at all, jumping around as if he was on the living room floor at home. I kept telling him he'd get himself into trouble, but he wouldn't listen. Then one night a storm came up. I think it was the big one that turned out to be the flood in 1936. The wind came up, and there was stuff flying all over the place, the timbers from the observation platform — you know, there'd be hundreds of people come on a Sunday to watch the construction — and the tools and the small machines, stuff flying everywhere, and maybe something hit the kid up there on the top. Anyhow, he fell right into the concrete." Ralph holds up his hands, placing one palm over the other so that only the fingertips of his left hand are showing. "That's how much of him we could see." He wiggles his fingers. "That much. That's all. And the bosses told us just to leave him, just to let him be buried there, but we didn't. We dug and we dug until we had his body out, and we hosed it off and took it up to the top so he could be buried proper. Nobody got fired that time, I'll say that much for the bosses. I tell you, that kid — he was foolish clear through.

"Oh, yes. You wondered every day whether you'd live to see another." He shakes his head. "I would never work on another dam, but I'm glad I worked this one. I know a lot about it, maybe more than anybody else alive.

"Somebody asked me once how long this dam will last, and I told them 100 years, maybe two. The lake will get bigger, wider, like up in the Pleasant Creek area. And it's deep, like a 100 feet right close to the dam. Down there we put in reinforcement — wire mesh in the concrete. There are ten spillways, and I can't exactly explain it, but there's a counter-pressure working from the conduits where the water comes out at the bottom to the spillways at the top. Sometimes that pressure makes the dam tremble some, but there's no danger of it giving way. That's what the counter-pressure is for. The only thing that could bring it down would be a tremendous storm, a tremendous wind, and then an earthquake. Then there'd be so much water that it would cover the hospital hill," he gestures upward, "and all of Grafton. There'd be no more Grafton. But it would take an earthquake, a mighty big earthquake."



Miles of reinforcing wire support 1,251,550 cubic feet of concrete in the dam. Here, workers are enmeshed in the formwork and reinforcing, May 24, 1937. Photograph courtesy of Army Corps of Engineers.



High water — discharge through the dam's conduits, October 29, 1937. Photograph courtesy of Army Corps of Engineers.

Shortly before the dam was completed, Ralph Poling quit to go to work for the B&O Railroad. "When I quit at the dam? That was the only time the bosses ever spoke to me. Said if I ever needed a job, they'd take me back on in a minute."

Twelve years later he went back to the family farm and the dairy business in nearby Knottsville. "Did that dairying until we sold the farm, and then I went to work for the State Road Commission, and after six years with them, I retired," he reports.

"Now when I go up to the dam, to the lake, it's to fish. It's real pretty and nice and quiet except when they blow that whistle to let us know they're going to let the water out. Then we hightail it out."

Ralph believes that he is the last surviving dam builder left in the Grafton area. "I got a lot of memories up there. You know, I went up there with my son-in-law some time ago, and I just stood and listened to what the tourists were being told, and my son-in-law asked me why I didn't tell how things really were. I just said, 'They don't need to know.' But maybe it's time. Maybe somebody does need to know."

BARBARA SMITH of Philippi has written poems, short stories, journal articles, and the novel *Six Miles Out* published by Mountain State Press. She chairs the Division of the Humanities and teaches writing and literature at Alderson-Broaddus College. She last contributed to GOLDENSEAL in Spring 1992.

"I got a lot of memories up there," says Ralph. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Photographer William H. Jordan

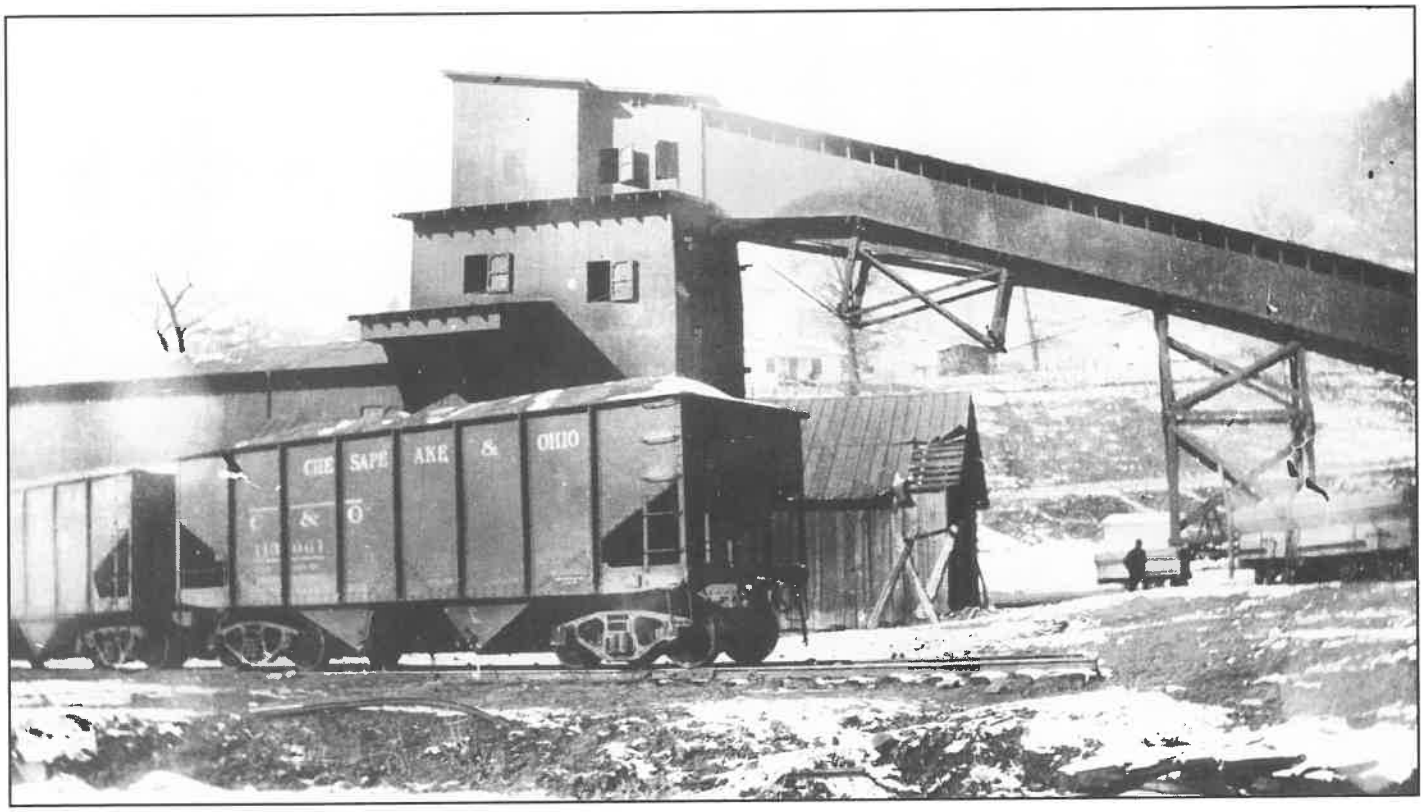
A Portrait of Ansted's Black Community

By Connie Karickhoff

Photographs by William H. Jordan

He talked about West Virginia a lot," says Norman Jordan of his grandfather, William. "'There's gold in them thar hills,' he would say whenever West Virginia was mentioned." Gold for William Harvey Jordan was not the money he was making as a photographer in Cleveland, but the immeasurable value of his family and friends back home in Ansted.

Photographer William Harvey Jordan. Photograph early 1920's, photographer unknown.



The old coke crusher in Coke Oven Hollow. Much of the black community worked here, burning coal down for industrial use. Photo December 1933. "Note the snow," William wrote alongside the picture.

William Harvey Jordan was born in Black Hawk Hollow, Kanawha County, in 1886. He often told the story that his mother was born there in a teepee, according to Norman. It was there that William attended school and was baptized at the First Baptist Church in Charleston at age 12.

"He said he went to the school down there where Booker T. Washington went to school," Norman recalls.

William's parents, Henry Jordan and Sarah Brooks-Jordan, moved the family first to Hawks Nest and then to Ansted, Fayette County, following the drift of the mines around the turn of the century.

The Gauley Mountain Coal Company arrived in Ansted, a small community of about 2,000, in 1889 and brought many African Americans into the area along with other workers. These new settlers came to escape the dead-end sharecropping system in the South, and to start a new life in an industry which promised them independence and economic stability.

By 1900, there were more than 100 blacks in the area. Though many of them worked the mines, many others were employed in the GMCC coke ovens. The 156 beehive-type ovens were built in the early 1890's in what became known as Coke Oven Hollow in Ansted; the ovens were used to burn coal down into a more efficient industrial fuel called coke. Coke burning often involved hard labor in extremely hot temperatures. Blacks were many times preferred to do this dangerous work. The heat, smoke, and dirt from the ovens settled in the hollow, making it an undesirable location for other residents, but it became home to a sizable African American community.

William became a miner for Gauley Mountain and married a local girl, Lula Woolridge, in 1909. They had two children, Eloise and Harold, and lived in a coal company house in Coke Oven Hollow. Harold is Norman Jordan's father. In 1912, after the untimely death of his wife, Lula, William decided to leave Ansted for Michigan. Eloise

This is the earliest known photograph of William, taken in 1896 when he was 10 years old. Photograph by J.L. Gilmore Studios.

Eloise (left) and Harold Jordan remained behind when their father left Ansted in 1916, but both joined him in Cleveland in later years. Photograph taken in 1925 in Ansted during one of William's first return visits.

Many Ansted residents passed through Cleveland and most stopped by Jordan's Studio to visit William and get their portraits made. Here Nannie Kyle Haskins poses for a photograph after moving to Cleveland. Date unknown.

William's son Harold at age 5. This is one of the earliest examples of William's photography, taken in Ansted in 1916 with a makeshift background and a portable Kodak Brownie camera.

and Harold remained behind with relatives. Norman remembers that Lula's brother, Eddie Woolridge, was affectionately called "Papa Eddy" after taking in young Harold. "He was like a second grandfather," says Norman. From Michigan, William moved on in 1916 to Cleveland, Ohio, where he worked in construction until a tragic accident in 1922 in which he lost both of his legs.

Once he recuperated from his accident, William decided to make professional photography his life's work. He had been interested in photography for several years; in fact, some of his earliest amateur photos date back to 1916, taken with a small Kodak Brownie camera. Workman's Compensation allowed William to begin attending photography school, and he opened his Cleveland portrait studio a few years later, around 1925. Jordan's Studio soon became one of the most popular in Cleveland's African American community.

"I remember Easters we'd go to his house and we'd know not to even go in the house on Easter because people would be sitting out in the yard with their new clothes on, waiting to get their picture made," says Norman. William took thousands of portraits in his Cleveland studios over a 50-year period, from weddings, to reunions, to mili-

William swimming with the Banks family at Gordon Park in Cleveland in 1929. His artificial legs are lying on the rocks to the right, indicated by an arrow with the inscription, "My legs." Photographer unknown.

tary portraiture. He even experimented with some color tinting and other techniques.

"He wasn't stopped by his handicap," says Norman's wife, Brucella, of her husband's grandfather. Despite his two artificial legs, William pursued an active life. In addition to his successful studio work, he took photographs for the *Call and Post*, Cleveland's black newspaper at the time. He occasionally drove a hearse, as well. In 1917, he helped to found one of Cleveland's fraternal orders, the William T. Boyd Lodge. He also enjoyed swimming.

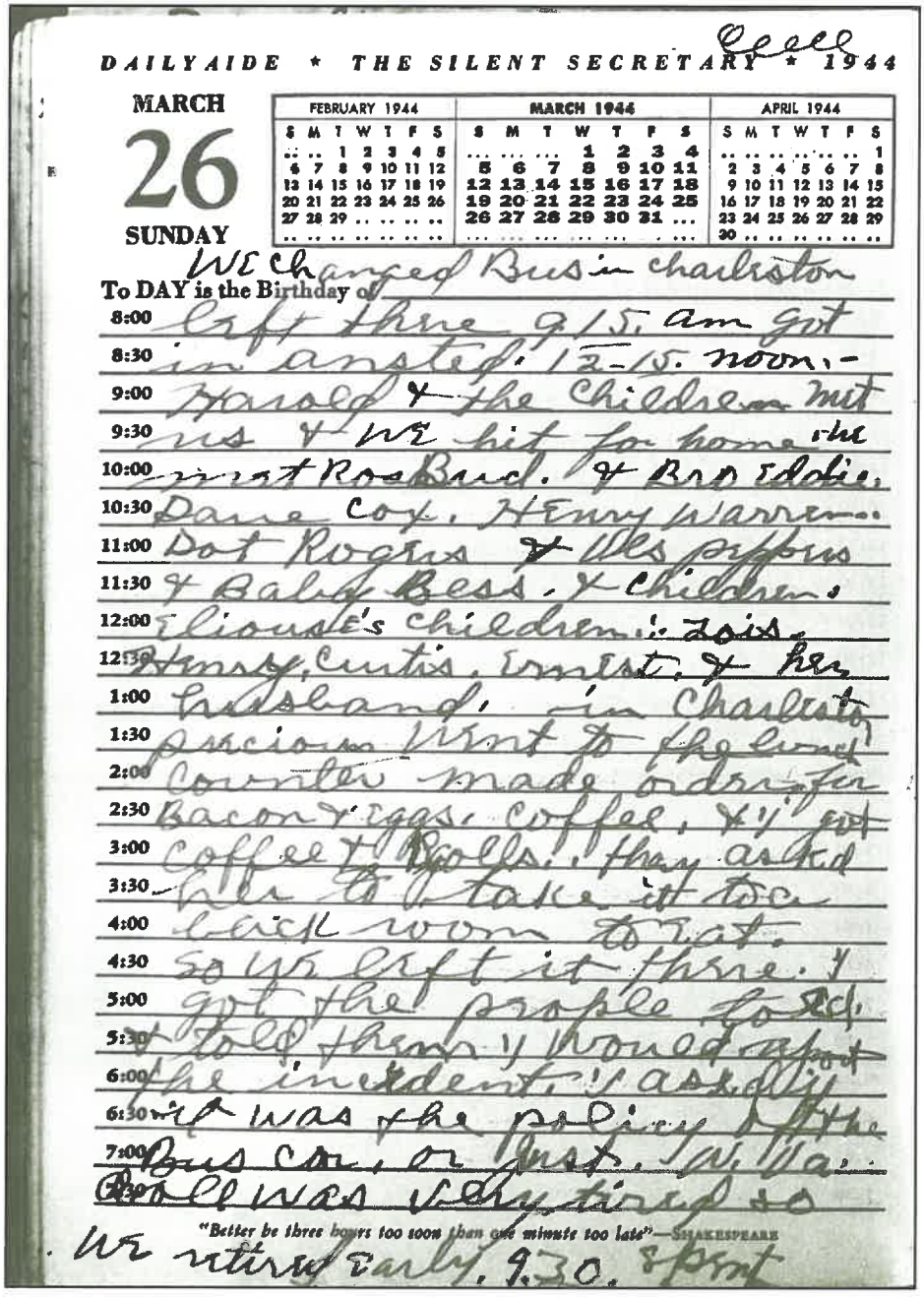
"They say he was an excellent swimmer," says Norman.

Ticket stubs and travel plans kept in his daily journals reveal that William traveled often. Every few years, he returned to his home in Ansted to visit family and friends. He always brought his camera along with him. The photographs William took there, unlike his portraits in Cleveland, were largely candid shots of the close-knit community in which he had grown up. These photos were taken not for money, but for himself as a reminder of home and to record a time when, much like the rest of the state, Ansted was just beginning to enjoy a peak of activity due to the success of the coal mining industry.

Despite his two artificial legs, William pursued an active life.

By 1920 there were over 200 African Americans living in Ansted, mostly working in and around the coal mines and coke ovens there, according to Brucella Jordan's book, *African American Migration to Ansted, West Virginia*. In just 30 years they had become a vital community with their own neighborhoods, their own church and schoolhouse, and their own identity.

Even though African Americans made up over 10 percent of the population in this small town, they were still faced with prejudice when they left their isolated neigh-



DAILYAIDE ★ THE SILENT SECRETARY ★ 1944

MARCH 26 SUNDAY

FEBRUARY 1944 | MARCH 1944 | APRIL 1944

To DAY is the Birthday of

We changed Bus in charleston
8:00 Left there 9.15. am got
8:30 in ansted. 12-15. noon.-
9:00 Harold & the Children met
9:30 us & we hit for home the
10:00 rest Rob Burd. & Bro Eddie.
10:30 Dane Cox. Henry Warren.
11:00 Dot Rogers & Wes Jeffers
11:30 & Baby Bess. & Children.
12:00 Elouise's Children. & Lois.
12:30 Henry, Curtis, Ernest, & her
1:00 Husband. in Charleston
1:30 precious went to the lunch
2:00 counter made order for
2:30 Bacon & eggs. Coffee. & I got
3:00 Coffee & Rolls. they asked
3:30 her to take it to a
4:00 back room to eat.
4:30 so we left it there. I
5:00 got the people told
5:30 & told them I would report
6:00 the incident. I asked if
6:30 it was the policy of the
7:00 Bus Co. or just. [illegible]
[illegible] was very tired so

"Better be three hours too soon than one minute too late"—SHAKESPEARE

We retired early. 9.30. & rest

William kept a detailed daily journal for most of his life. This page, dated March 26, 1944, describes his arrival in Ansted where he and his new wife, Precious, found that prejudice was alive and well. "...Precious went to the lunch counter, made order for bacon and eggs, coffee, and I got coffee and rolls," William writes. "They asked her to take it to a back room to eat so we left it there. I got the people told and told them I would report the incident. ..." Photograph by Ed Hicks.

borhoods.

"Black people were allowed in public places," says Brucella, "but they had designated places to sit in." The movie theaters, restaurants, and lunch counters in town were all segregated, as well as the schools. For the most part, however, blacks and whites lived and worked together in relative peace, while maintaining a distance from each other.

Outside of town, in Logtown and Coke Oven Hollow, the black community found their own forms of entertainment and social activity. The GMCC company store was a favorite meeting place for both men and women during these years. It was a place to get together with others and to visit and share the news. There were also several other stores in the area owned and operated by blacks, such as George Murry's grocery and dry cleaning shop in Logtown. Harold's wife, Rose, owned a store in Coke Oven Hollow. For nightlife, there was also a pool room and bar, and Strutter's Dance Hall. According to Norman, Strutter's was "the spot" on Saturday nights.

Norman recalls the jukebox playing such songs as "Caldonia," "Saturday Night Fish Fry," and others

Strutter's Dance Hall was "the spot" on Saturday nights.

featuring Louis Jordan and similar artists. "More bluesy, I guess," says Norman.

But local musicians would play the dance hall as well. "They would have little, small combos sometimes playing, from the coalfields," he remembers. "Uncle Harrison played banjo and Aunt Lucy Randall played accordion," Norman says, adding that his father, Harold, played a washtub bass at Strutter's on occasion.

"Now granddad played piano, and my dad played piano. People had pianos in their houses at that time. Not a lot, but there were pianos like you don't see them now. I remember we had one, and our neighbors, the Jones family, had one, and from time to time guys would come around from other little towns that could play the piano and they would play and we'd sit around. It was a fast boogie woogie."

Ansted's black baseball team, the Ansted Clippers, enjoyed immense popularity in the 1930's, '40's, and '50's. They played against other black teams and an occasional white

Bringing African American History to Life

Part of Norman and Brucella Jordan's effort to preserve African American Heritage is their work with the History Alive! program. Through History Alive!, sponsored by the West Virginia Humanities Council, the Jordans and other performers take on the identities of important historical figures and present them for groups around the state. More than 20 characters are currently being portrayed, with many performers doing up to 150 presentations a year.

MICHAEL KELLER

Norman Jordan.

With the celebration of Black History Month, February is the busiest time for those who portray African American characters. Norman portrays black scholar Carter G. Woodson, while Brucella does Ida B. Wells, a writer and founding member of the NAACP. Brucella also performs as Anne Spencer. Other active African American characters include Martin Delany, James Weldon Johnson, J.R. Clifford, Jim Europe, and Booker T. Washington, all performed by Joe Bundy of Bluefield.

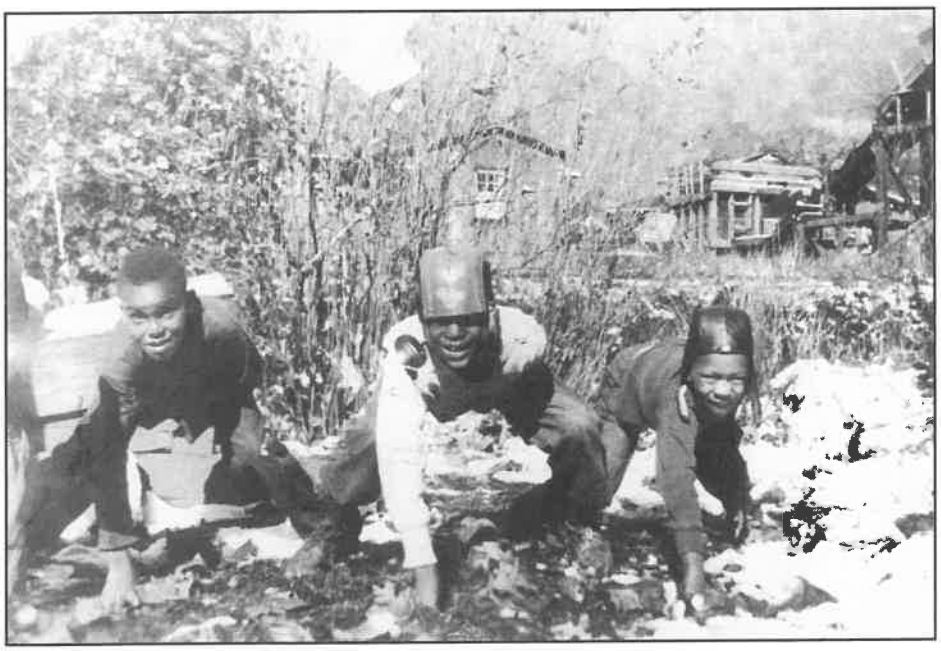
MICHAEL KELLER

Brucella Jordan performs as Anne Spencer. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia Humanities Council.

"It's more than just facts and figures," says Joe Bundy. He hopes his audience is entertained, but that they also learn something about the lives of the characters he plays. "I try to give a broader perspective of these people," he says.

History Alive! characters really come to life when Joe and Norman perform together as Booker T. Washington and Carter G. Woodson. The two historic West Virginia natives were friends during the late 1800's and kept in close contact throughout their lifetimes. Norman and Joe have performed together several times at the African American Heritage Family Tree Museum in Ansted and in some local schools.

If you are interested in hearing a History Alive! performance or in bringing a character to your group, contact Bob Herrick at the West Virginia Humanities Council, (304)346-8500 or e-mail wvhuman@wvhc.com.



Friends Michael Keith Jordan, Lawrence Barney, and Andrew Ledwell (left to right) enjoy a game of football in 1949. The GMCC tipple can be seen in the background. Next to it is Strutter's Dance Hall. According to Norman, this may be the only remaining picture of the Ansted hot spot.

team, as well.

Norman remembers attending the games as a child. "My mom and dad had a little truck, and before the games he would put a couple of tubs on the truck and put pop in them, and she would cook sandwiches and take candy and they would sell it off the truck. We would ride up on the truck and then we would run around up there all day while they were playing. It was like a big event.

"I remember they played Summersville one night and everybody in Ansted went because they were playing under the lights — the first night game anybody had seen," says Norman.

But the true center of activity was the all-black Mount Chapel Baptist Church in Logtown Hollow and the schoolhouse built nearby. For many, what little time there was for

William's granddaughter Judy (right) and neighbor Francis Hope at Judy's birthday party, 1946.

social activity was given over to attending church functions and school programs. The church was built in 1891 by the GMCC under the condition that the building would become coal company property after the church ceased to exist. Ironically, today the coal company is long gone, but the church still serves the local community.

Ansted's first black school on record was built on top of the hill in Logtown Hollow around 1912, though several older residents still recall an earlier school near the church. The little white, one-room schoolhouse served to educate students from the first through the eighth grades and also became a meeting place for local fraternal orders, another very important activity in the community.

Fayette County did not yet offer any opportunities for African Americans to attend high school or beyond. For those who wished to further their education, special arrangements had to be made. The County Board of Education was forced to pay for some students to be tutored privately in ninth grade curriculum, and then to attend high school at the West Virginia Collegiate Institute in Institute as boarders. It was not until 1933 that black students in Ansted had access to a local "colored" high school. Simmons High School in Montgomery served many of the nearby coal towns. Despite the 45-minute bus ride each way, Simmons was considered a blessing and most students took advantage of it.

"A lady told me once that Ansted students seemed very smart. She attributed that to the long bus ride. They had all that extra time to study," says Norman, smiling.

Simmons was closed when integration came in the 1950's and black children began attending other schools in the county; but the old schoolhouse in Logtown, now home to the John Young family, still stands today.

Integration was not the only major change that Ansted faced in the '50's. After more than 60 years of operation, the GMCC closed down, and many of those blacks who depended on it moved on. The few African Americans who did remain were either property owners or involved in some other type of enterprise. William Jordan's oldest son, Harold, moved his family to Cleveland to try to make a better life for them. Norman was 12 years old at the time.

With his family finally surrounding him, William no longer made

Simmons High School mascot Wanda Jordan (left) learns to twirl with majorette Emma Peppers in the early 1950's, shortly before the school closed with desegregation. Before 1933, Ansted students did not have access to a high school education or any of the activities a high school offered.

When Norman returned to Ansted in 1978, he was inspired by his grandfather to take up photography. This photo features Norman's friend Ben Story in 1983. "Everybody knew Ben," according to Norman. "He was quite a character around town." Ben taught Norman to "'seng," or locate ginseng root. Photograph by Norman Jordan.

his frequent trips to Fayette County.

"I don't think he ever came back after that," says Norman. William Harvey Jordan continued his thriving urban photography business in Cleveland until his death in 1976.

Three hundred miles from his homeplace on Gauley Mountain, and over 20 years after his family moved away, Norman decided in 1978 that it was time to return to Ansted to be closer to his roots. He and Brucella brought with them box after box of William's prints, negatives, daily journals, his original portrait camera and subject's stool, his typewriter, and other artifacts. When people in the community heard of Norman's small collection, they began donating memorabilia from the GMCC years such as scrip, clothing, miner's lamps, documents, and other items. Today the collection has grown into a small museum in Logtown Hollow which stands as one of the few reminders of this mountain coal town's past and his grandfather's work.

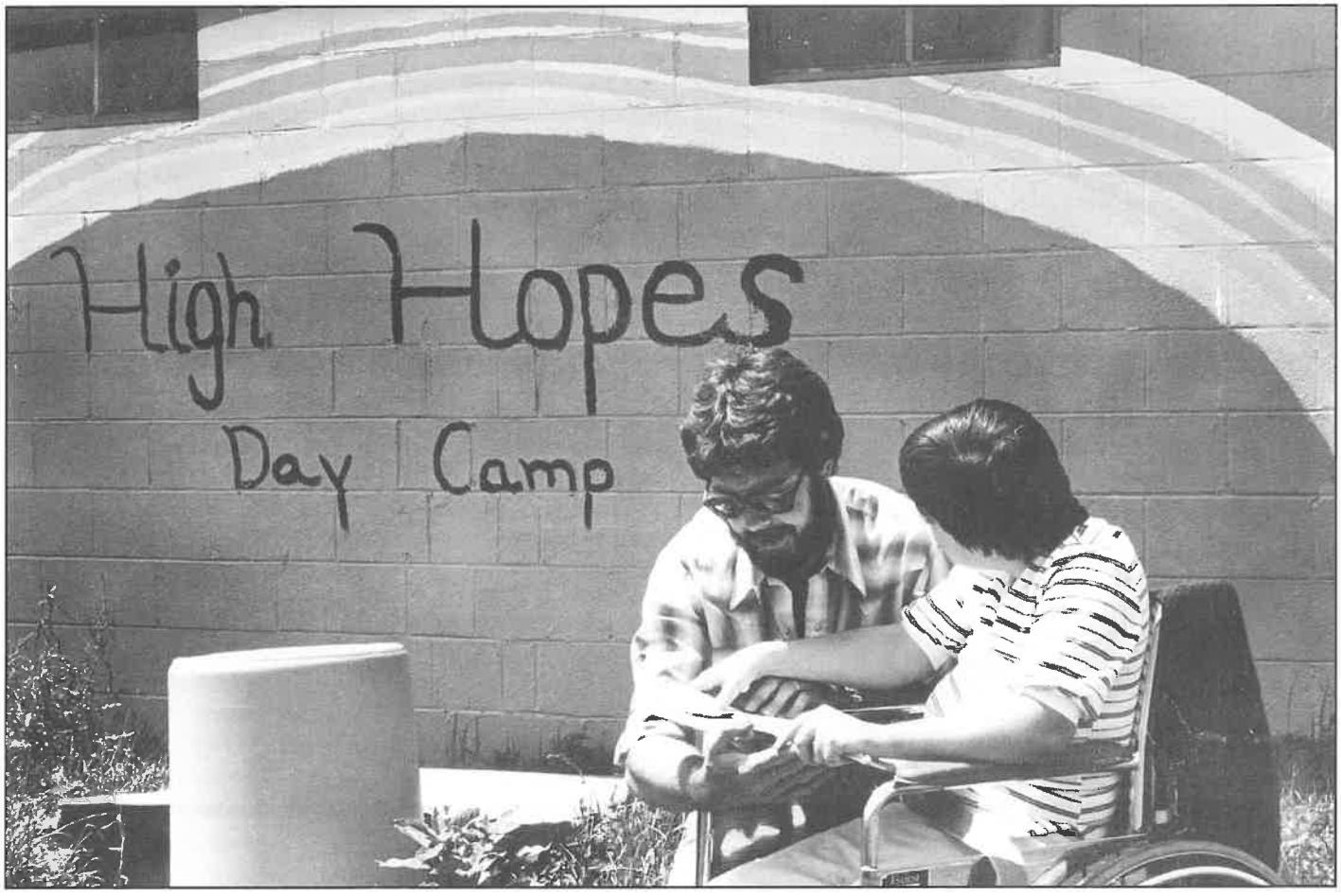
The African American Heritage Family Tree Museum began in a trailer in Norman and Brucella's front yard in 1991, but is now housed in a Gauley Mountain Coal Company house over 100 years old. One room of the museum is dedicated entirely to the William Harvey Jordan collection. Another room is devoted to coal mining memorabilia from the area, while other West Virginia figures such as John Henry, Booker T. Washington, and Carter G. Woodson are also featured.

Through the efforts of the Jordans and several volunteers in the community, the small self-supporting museum continues to grow. It is currently open only during the summer months and serves around 200 visitors each year, but the Jordans soon hope to extend its hours into the spring and fall months as well. During the winter, a developing outreach program brings their collections into the local public schools.

William Harvey Jordan's life was dedicated to preserving the past in his photographs and diaries. Now, both Norman and Brucella believe they are carrying on his work by exhibiting the achievements and the memories of blacks in the state of West Virginia.

CONNIE KARICKHOFF is the Assistant Editor of GOLDENSEAL. Connie's story about her family's Wayne County homeplace appeared in the Winter 1996 issue.

Mount Chapel Baptist Church, founded in 1891 in Logtown Hollow, has sustained the black community in Ansted for over 100 years. Photograph by Norman Jordan.



High Hopes at Colin Anderson Center

By Jennifer Efaw

The former Colin Anderson Center on Route 2, north of St. Marys. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Driving north on Route 2 from St. Marys, you pass the typical mixture of houses, farms, and stores. Soon, you come on a large fenced property, with several large buildings. Though the buildings are built in a range of architectural styles, the overall impression is "institutional." If the weather was mild, at one time you might have seen people pushing others in wheelchairs, or just enjoying themselves in the shade.

Was it a hospital? A school? A workplace? Well, yes to all three. But not exactly, or entirely, any one of these. Colin Anderson Center was an "Intermediate Care Facility for the Mentally Retarded" according to the government. But to the thousands of people who lived there over the years, it was simply "home."

My first visit to Colin Anderson was as a six-year-old Brownie Girl Scout. It was just before Christmas in 1969, and my leaders, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Bills, told us that we would be going to the Center to sing Christmas carols and play with some children who would not be able to spend Christmas with their families.

Concerned that we might be upset about something we didn't understand, they prepared us well. They told us that the children might look or act differently than we did, but that no one would hurt us. Some children, they said, might want to hug us. Some of them were just very affectionate, and they were always very glad to see visitors. It was up to us, they said, whether we wanted to hug or not. Many of the children would be unable to run and play, but we were assured that they would enjoy our company anyway.

It has to be remembered that this was long before "mainstreaming" became popular in the schools. Most of us had not had any contact with anyone who was much different from us in any way, and our leaders understandably didn't want us to be frightened.

We went on a snowy, windy day. We sang carols and played games. The children were just as Mrs. Bills

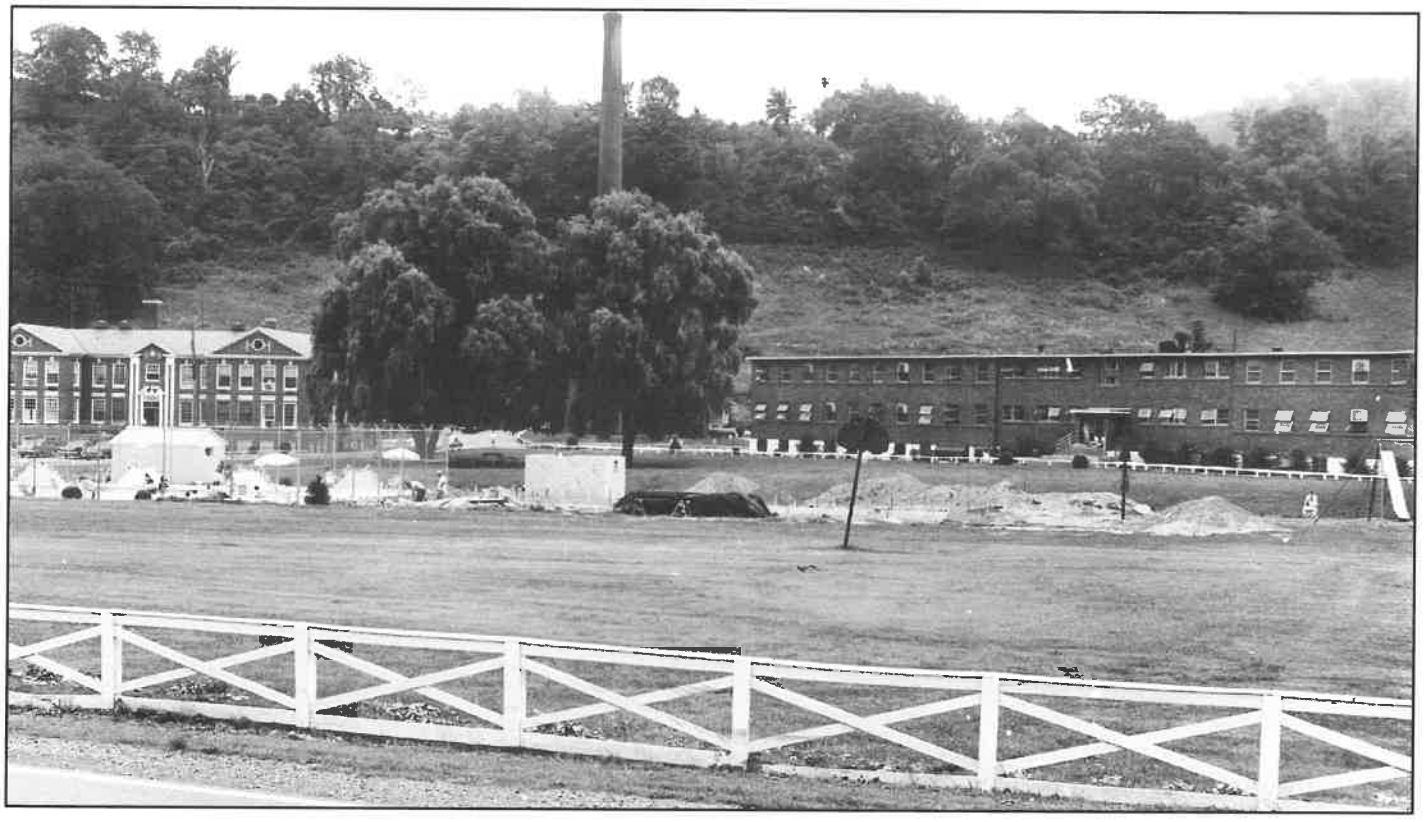
Christmas program during the 1960's.

The Browse mansion was part of the original property purchased in 1921 to establish the West Virginia Training School. The mansion was destroyed by fire in 1949. Photograph courtesy of Walter Carpenter, date unknown.

Entrance to the Old School Building as it looks today. Photograph by Michael Keller.

and Mrs. Anderson said. Most were around our age, some older. Many were in wheelchairs. I particularly recall one very pretty little girl in a wheelchair. Her legs were thin and atrophied from lack of use, but she laughed as one of the aides pushed her around as we played "Ring Around The Rosy." For some reason the memory of those thin legs and that laughing face have stayed with me.

No one really had to worry about us being frightened. I think, in some ways, children are much more accepting and tolerant than adults. We all had a great time, we as much as they.



Dormitories, swimming pool, and other improvements can be seen in this photo from the 1960's.

The history of treatment of the learning disabled has been one, for the most part, of constant progress. Though we have evidence that ancient man did, at times, care for those who could not fend for themselves, we don't have to go very far back in time to find attitudes and practices that now seem barbaric.

At one time little distinction was made between the "lunatic" and the "feeble minded." During much of history, a person suffering from either condition was said to be either "touched by God" or "possessed by a demon." About the best that could be hoped for by these people was probably just to be left alone.

In the 1800's, charitable and religious groups began to build hospitals for the mentally ill. This included the insane, the mentally retarded, and often indigents and orphans who had nowhere else to go. One of the first of these was the Hospital of Saint Mary of Bethlehem in Southwark, London. The name would soon be shortened to "Bedlam," a word which came to mean "a scene of uproar and confusion."

Though some primitive — and often bizarre — treatment was attempted, the hospital was little more than a warehouse, and a sideshow atmosphere prevailed. London society would tour Bedlam for their amusement much as we would go to a carnival. In spite of this, life at Bedlam may have been better than life on the streets for these unfortunates.

Dr. Colin Arthur Anderson, superintendent 1958-1964; photographer and date unknown.

In the United States, hospitals and sanitariums were set up by the government and other entities in every state. These had different objectives, depending on the time and place, ranging from warehousing, medical treatment, and vocational training, to simply giving them a place to live outside of "normal" society. Most were overcrowded, many brutal.

The West Virginia Training School was established "for the treatment and training of mentally defective boys and girls."

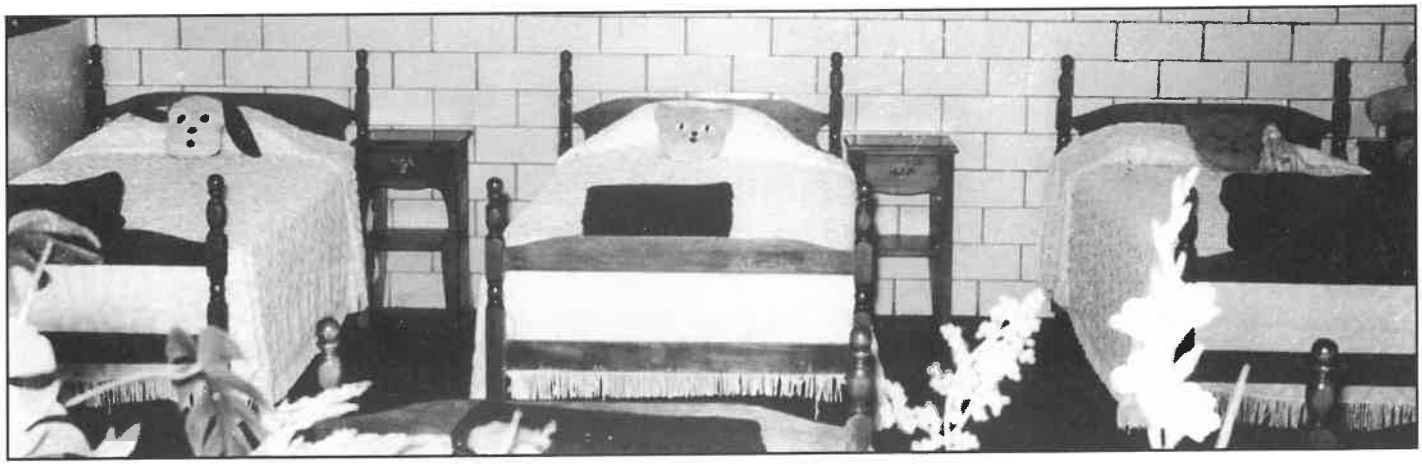
Large institutions were still the norm in 1921, when the state of West Virginia purchased 694 acres of farmland in the Ohio River valley north of St. Marys. By an act of the legislature, the West Virginia Training School was established "for the treatment and training of mentally defective boys and girls."

The farm which was purchased consisted mainly of flat bottom land along the river. Two farmhouses, barns, outbuildings, and the magnificent old Browse mansion were included in the sale.

The school wasn't opened until 1929, when $150,000 was appropriated for the purpose from the state budget. Though children were living at the school almost immediately, the formal opening of the school was in 1932. The capacity was originally set at 80 children. Not all were mentally retarded, but the records are unclear as to why a child would be sent there otherwise.

The Training School was operated at first under the management and direction of Huntington State Hospital. In August of 1933, a superintendent was appointed, and at this time the affiliation with Huntington was discontinued.

The oldest remaining structure is what is now called the Old School



The introduction of conventional beds for the children was a priority for Dr. Anderson.

Christmas was a joyous time for the children and the staff as Santa Claus made an appearance in 1962.

Building. It was built in 1936 as a dormitory. The Browse mansion, a beautiful three-story Georgian house, had been used up until that time as a dormitory.

It was about this time that my mother, Mildred Winland Efaw, remembers visiting a childhood friend in the mansion. Her name was Lavinia, the daughter of Doctor Paden, the administrator at that time. The mansion was used as his family residence. Mother mainly remembers that the long balcony on the front of the house made for excellent roller skating!

In 1939, by executive order, the school was designated exclusively for boys and all girls were transferred to the Children's Home in Elkins. By 1943, however, the legislature rescinded the executive order and the girls were returned. This made the use of the mansion necessary once again as a dormitory.

Most of the vocational training at this time was concentrated on teaching them agricultural skills.

Sadly, in 1949, fire totally destroyed the Browse mansion. For many years, this was the event by which everyone at the Center marked the passage of time. Staff and residents alike dated other events by the fire. They would say, "I've been here since before the fire," or, "He moved out just after the mansion burned." Though the official verdict was that the fire started accidentally in an upstairs chimney, rumor has it that the residents themselves set the fire, for whatever reason. One story says that they objected to the boys and girls living in separate buildings across the campus. If that was, indeed, the reason behind the fire, their strategy worked. The girls had to move into the Old School Building with the boys until a new dormitory could be built.

The year 1951 was something of a boom year for the school. During this time, the school was largely self-supporting when it came to food. Cattle, chickens, and hogs were all raised on the grounds, along with large vegetable gardens. The residents helped as much as they were able, since most of the vocational training at this time was concentrated on teaching them agricultural skills.

That year also saw a lot of construction on campus. A house for the administrator, a boiler house, and a large dormitory containing four separate wards were all completed in 1951. The Administration Building was completed the following year.

Also built was the Cottage Building, housing Wards C and H. They were designed for "the lower-level male and female ambulatory residents," and were remembered with little affection by staff who worked there. In later years the Cottage housed people with severe behavioral problems who had been unsuccessful living elsewhere in the facility.

The extra room was needed because the population of the school was rising rapidly. In addition to the regular admissions, many severely retarded patients were

The staff and administration did their best to provide education, training, and recreation for the children in their care.

The Foster Grandparents program brought area seniors and young residents together.

transferred in 1956 from Huntington State Hospital.

Few details of operating policies and procedures of the time can be found, but some hints can be found in a newspaper account from the *St. Marys Oracle* from 1957. It tells of two runaways from the school being caught in nearby Newport, Ohio. These two boys had been punished for some unnamed infraction by having their clothing taken away from them. The two, undaunted, wrapped themselves in bedsheets and escaped. They made their way via a stolen boat to Middle Island, and then to Ohio where they intended to steal food for their journey. They were caught and returned to the school by the Washington County, Ohio, Sheriff's Department.

The year 1958 began the administration of the remarkable man who would have the most profound impact on the school. Though he was superintendent for only six short years, his wisdom and compassion became the standard by which the staff would measure themselves for a long time.

Dr. Colin Arthur Anderson was born May 17, 1902 at Netherwitten, Northumberland, England. Qualified in both medicine and dentistry, Dr. Anderson and his wife came to North Carolina in 1953, where he was assistant superintendent of Butner State Hospital. Dr. Anderson accepted appointment as superintendent of the West Virginia Training School on October 24, 1958.

He was interviewed in 1962 by editor Jim Comstock of the *West Virginia Hillbilly*. Mr. Comstock was apparently much impressed with Dr. Anderson and by his Christmas tour of the facility, titling his piece "The Good Shepherd of St. Marys."

At the time of the interview, Dr. Anderson's "flock" consisted of 396 children, ranging in age from only 23 days to 14 years, the upper limit. There was a waiting list at that time of 100 or more children. Dr. Anderson and his wife knew and cared about each child personally.

The state of West Virginia spent $1,126 a year per child. According to Dr. Anderson, this was a generous amount. Most states spent much less. With these state funds and other donations, he saw to it that the children were well-fed, clothed, and had whatever gifts and personal possessions were possible. He believed very strongly that a child learns responsibility by having and caring for his or her own possessions.

One priority of his was to get real beds — as opposed to hospital beds — and dressers for each child. He stated that every "penny he could pinch" went into the bed fund.

He was especially concerned during the Christmas holidays that each child receive a gift from Santa. Photographs from that Christmas in 1962 illustrate his efforts. Clean, neatly dressed little boys, sporting fresh haircuts, are shown beside a glittery silver Christmas tree being handed gifts by Santa. Was that

Dr. Anderson under that white beard? We will never know, and Dr. Anderson would probably prefer it that way.

He told Jim Comstock that an anonymous donor saw to it that each and every child had a dime of his own to spend every week. Some suspect that the unidentified donor was Anderson and his wife, giving out of their own pockets so that the children they loved could have penny candy, toys, and the other essential nonessentials. Mrs. Anderson had a brightly painted wagon that she filled with treats each week. She pulled the wagon around the school and the children could buy whatever they liked. Nothing in the wagon cost more than a penny, but the children must have been delighted with their purchases.

Dr. Anderson saw his mission as a very clear, very simple one. He said, "You must know this. We are dealing with humanity. Each one of these lives is a human being. It is our job to take what apparatus the stage gives us, and what talents and skills we possess personally, to make as good a citizen as possible out of each one. And if you don't remember anything about this visit, do remember this, that the greatest thing we can do for these children is to make them happy. You can't teach a sullen child. I forbid punishment. I forbid ill treatment. These kids are my guests, and I am the innkeeper."

The next year saw the dedication of a new swimming pool. Though many felt it a frivolous waste of money, those children who were unreachable in any other way seemed to enjoy it the most. These were the ones for whom progress might be measured on as small a scale as a smile or eye contact where there was only blank indifference before. Some, like Helen Keller, were both deaf and blind, but did not have the advantage of Helen Keller's remarkable mind to lift them out of the darkness. Limited to the senses of taste, touch, and smell, they could nevertheless enjoy the sensation of floating in cool water on a hot summer day, perhaps more than many of us who have all five senses.

"These kids are my guests, and I am the innkeeper."

In 1964, Dr. Anderson died. The following year, the school which meant so much to him had its name officially changed to Colin Anderson Center in his memory.

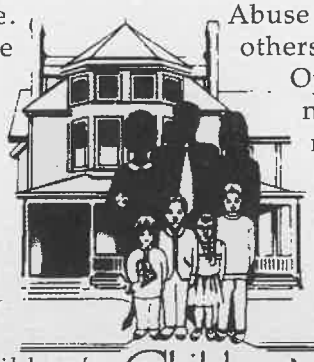
When Dr. Eladio Mazon was named superintendent in 1967, the population of Colin Anderson Center had grown to 500 residents, with 235 more on the waiting list. Two or three discharges a year was typical for the Center at the time, and those numbers were not considered remarkable. True training was still rare, and was usually reserved for those considered best able to benefit from it.

Some of these fragile people, of course, never left the Center. A graveyard stands on a hillside above the Center, with stones marking lives cut short by disease, accident, or any of the other causes of death in the early part of this century. Mrs. JoAnn Powell, the Center's last administrator, researched some of these when the cemetery was cleaned up by volunteers. She found that among these were drownings and at least one suicide, in addition to the more typical causes of death.

For the most part, however, treatment continued to progress, as more was learned about teaching the learning disabled. Programs such as ECHO — an acronym for Each

Children's Home Society of West Virginia

The Colin Anderson Center is now closed, but children's services continue to be provided throughout the state by a number of organizations, both public and private. One of these is the Children's Home Society of West Virginia, a non-profit child welfare agency formed in 1896 by local ministers and community leaders.



Today the Children's Home Society operates out of 16 offices and provides for eight emergency shelters around West Virginia. In addition to adoptive and foster care services, they assist families with social casework, emergency shelter, family counseling, and health care. The Society sponsors programs such as Right From the Start (a prenatal care program for high-risk mothers), CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocates), WE CAN (Working to Eliminate Child Abuse and Neglect), and many others.

Operating primarily on donations from the community, the Society served more than 3,800 children last year. Currently, the Society needs many items in the shelters such as toiletries, bedding and household items, clothing, school supplies, toys, games, and sports equipment. If you would like to make a donation, be a volunteer, or learn more about the Children's Home Society, call (304)346-0795, or write to the Children's Home Society of West Virginia, P.O. Box 2942, Charleston, WV 25330.

Longtime Colin Anderson staffers Barbara Trunk (below), a veteran of 23 years; Janice Correll (above left) with 37 years; and Sandra Headly, with 33 years, have chosen to stay and work at the new prison. Photographs by Michael Keller.

Child Has Opportunities — using the method of teaching called Behavior Modification, showed that even those who seemed hardest to reach could be taught. The caption on a photo in the *Parkersburg News* read, "The misconception that the severely retarded cannot learn has been disproven — they can and do at Colin Anderson Center."

By 1971, when Mr. William Richards took over as superintendent, the Center's population had ballooned to 541, still with a huge waiting list. It was not unusual, according to him, to admit one to three children a day. In spite of diminishing government funds and increasing scrutiny from the outside, the center continued to expand over the next few years. Modernized facilities were added and staff training programs were completely overhauled.

Retired legislator Jackie Withrow [See GOLDENSEAL Fall 1998, "A Rose Among the Thorns: Legislator Jackie Withrow," by Jo Boggess Phillips], longtime chair of the state Health and Welfare Committee, toured the facility more than a dozen times between 1962 and 1978. She speaks highly of Dr. Anderson, and recalls the staff at the Center doing excellent work to provide for the children in their care. She particularly notes the Foster Grandparents program which brought volunteer seniors into the Center to provide companionship for many of the young residents.

Possibly the most unusual program at this time was called the Hope program, where I worked. Administered through the Outreach Department, Hope trained not only the child, but the parents as well. In fact, parental attendance at training sessions was mandatory. Designed to delay or even prevent the institutionalization of young mentally retarded children, Hope was an intensive six-month program. Coming from their homes rather than from the general Center population, children were taught self-help and pre-academic skills. Parents were taught how to use Behavior Modification to teach their children, and also coping skills.

Counseling was offered to families, both individually and as a group. Respite care was offered during times of family crisis, or just so families could get away for a while. It was recognized that enormous strain could be placed on a family containing a child with special needs. Hope was discontinued in the 1980's as many of the services it provided became more widely available in the community.

The former home for retarded children was selected as the site for a new state prison.

Regional mental health centers were planned in order to get some of the needed services out into the community. At one time, the Center itself operated a "halfway house" in Parkersburg for people who were ready to move out of the Center, but not quite ready to live on their own.

The population at the Center slowly decreased. More help for people who wished to keep their children at home, group homes, and classroom "mainstreaming" moved to the forefront in the effort to provide for the learning disabled.

In the mid-1980's a court decision was made to close Colin Anderson Center, though it took until the spring of 1998 to finally relocate the last clients out of the Center.

Now, after several years of uncertainty, the Center is once again a hub of activity. In October 1997, Commissioner William Davis of the West Virginia Department of Corrections toured the former home for retarded children and selected it as the site for a new state prison. Work began in January of this year on the conversion and the first adult inmates are expected to arrive before the end of the year.

According to Paul Kirby, the Department of Corrections' site coordinator for northern West Virginia, the new St. Marys Correctional Center will be a medium or minimum security prison and will eventually house up to 450 prisoners. Kirby estimates that the prison staff, projected to included 202 employees, will be comprised largely of people from the surrounding community making it one of the major employers in the St. Marys area. Among these workers will be many former employees of the Colin Anderson Center. Paul Kirby says that around 60 of these former mental health workers are already on board, assisting in the conversion process.

While some former Colin Anderson Center employees will be working at the new prison, others are staying with the people with whom they worked for years, working at group homes and sheltered workshops in the area. Still others, like myself, have taken the chance to make a complete change of careers, some taking advantage of training and educational opportunities offered by the state and county.

We hear from our former friends and co-workers occasionally. We meet in the grocery store or at local fairs and exchange news of how everyone is doing, fellow employees and former residents alike. I think, for many reasons, our time there will remain one of the most memorable jobs any of us will ever have.

In front of the old administrator's house, a tall English beech tree stands. Brought here reportedly by Dr. Anderson from his homeland 40 years ago, its dark russet, almost black leaves stand out like a beacon against the native oaks and maples. It stands as a living memorial to the man for whom the school was named.

But a more enduring legacy is the example and the memory of Dr. Colin Anderson who once said, "They aren't useless at all and there is great good within them. It is our job here to bring it out. We must bring it out, if it can come out. That is humanity. That is civilization."

JENNIFER L. EFAW makes her home in St. Marys, where her family has lived for generations. She was a health service worker at the Colin Anderson Center for 11 years, and now works as a proofreader for Richardson Printing in Marietta, Ohio. "I just wanted to get the facts down before they're forgotten," says Jennifer of her article. Her latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL was in Summer 1995.

This tree is said to have been brought from England by Dr. Anderson 40 years ago. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Christmas in a One-Room School

By Joann Mazzio

In the 1930's, in isolated rural communities of Webster County, the big social event of the year was Christmas. Holiday activities centered in the white clapboard one-room schoolhouse.

My mother, Lillian Dobbins Berry, grew up on a farm in the Big Run area and was well-acquainted with rural schools both as a student and

Lillian Dobbins Berry, Webster County School teacher during the 1940's.

teacher. After she married she took six years off from teaching to bear three children: me, my brother Dave, and sister Sue.

When I was six years old, Mother returned to teaching and took me with her. Our first school was at Snuffville, a place on Grassy Creek which now goes by a more dignified name. The next year we went to Cool Springs, near Diana. After that, I went to Webster Springs Grade School and Mother was assigned to Kingfisher, a school perched on the mountain slopes above Webster Springs, where she taught for several years.

In each of these communities, the eagerly-awaited Christmas program had the same ingredients. Many of the adults had time-honored entertainment specialties and each student was expected to take part.

My introduction to elocution took place in the Christmas program at Snuffville. My Aunt Iva made my frilly red crepe paper dress and put circles of red on my cheeks and red on my mouth. Suitably made up as a doll, I was lifted onto a table and recited a poem beginning, "My name is Marie and I come from Paree. ..." The response was so enthusiastic that I was frightened — after all, I was the teacher's child.

The entire student body, sometimes accompanied by a parent with a fiddle, sang carols. One of the eighth-graders or a parent recited "The Night Before Christmas." At Kingfisher School, Mrs. Payne was rightly famous for her rendering of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." The many verses were done in a recitation style known as declamation, an art form that has died out in the era of commercially-generated entertainment.

The big production was a play. At Cool Springs early in the fall, one of the students told my mother that Mr. So-and-So hoped she was going to put on "A Christmas Carol" this year. Mother was pleased with this show of literary taste, but was also aware of a deeper purpose in the message. She found out that the community member had the part of Ebenezer Scrooge memorized. It turned out that many adults in Cool Springs had precast themselves, and the Christmas program wasn't considered complete without a performance of "A Christmas Carol." A week of afternoons was given over to rehearsals at Cool Springs.

About 20 miles away at the Berry home in Cherry Falls, Mother waited until the last minute to prepare her gifts for her students. She probably put off this task to spare herself the anguished cries of her own flesh-and-blood children. She had surreptitiously visited the A&P or J.D. Cutlip's store in Webster Springs, and now she brought two or three boxes into the living room. One box held oranges, and the others were filled with large sacks of

The Berry children during the early 1930's at home in Cherry Falls. Author Joann (left), baby Sue, and brother Dave. The doll belonged to Joann and was named Rose.

candy. I still remember my disbelief when I found out she was going to give the candy to her students.

She quelled our complaining and gave us a bundle of #6 brown paper sacks. The bags sat in rows in the living room floor, their saw-toothed mouths open to receive the goodies. First an orange was put into each sack to anchor it. Even in the Depression years we frequently had oranges for lunch, and giving them to other kids didn't twang our emotional strings.

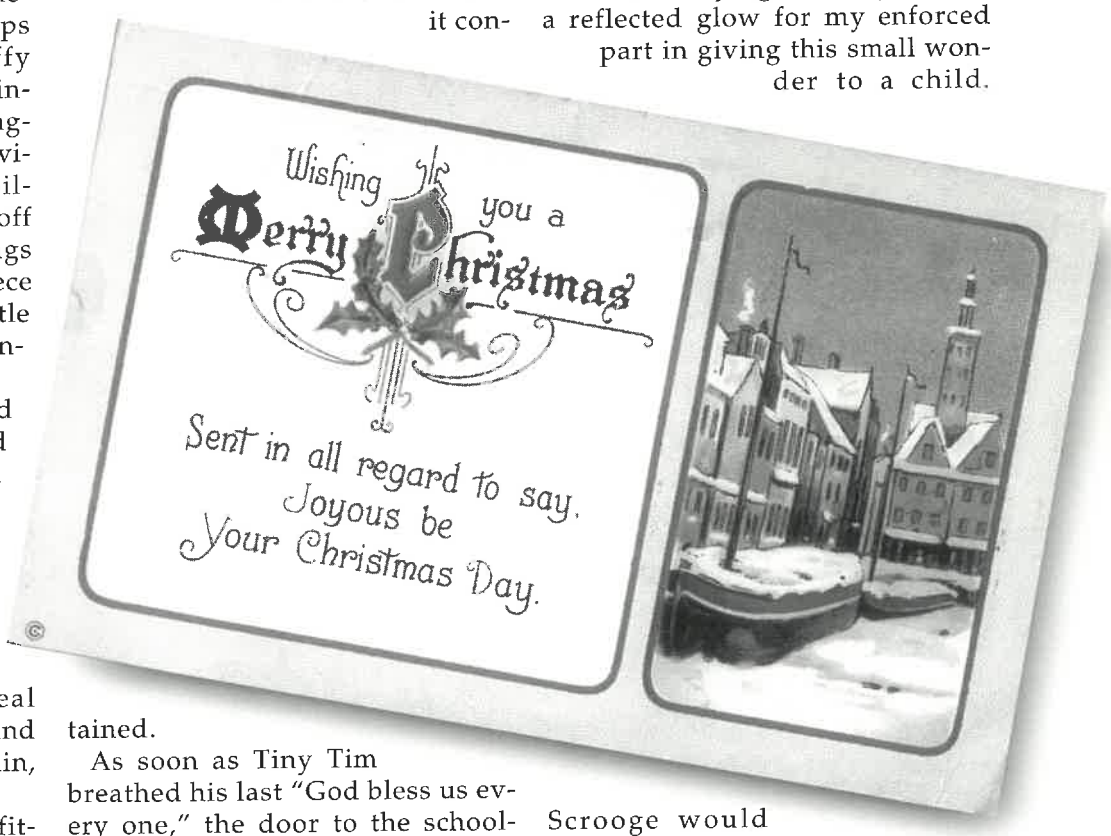
We were less enthusiastic as we begrudgingly placed spicy gumdrops, jelly beans, a lollipop, cone-shaped chocolate-covered drops with white centers, and puffy marshmallow Santas into sacks intended for almost perfect strangers. The hard candies filled the cavities in the paper sacks. A foil-wrapped Christmas bell topped off the sweet treasure and the bags were tied with a bow-looped piece of twine. "Don't tie knots. The little ones can't undo them," Mother instructed.

Those paper sacks were stuffed into a large cloth bag and whisked away not to be seen again until they appeared under the tree.

It was a magical moment in the schoolhouse when the curtains — sewn-together white sheets hung from a wire — were pulled back to reveal Ebenezer Scrooge, in a nightcap and with a quilt drawn up to his chin, asleep on the teacher's desk.

The kerosene lamps had been fitted with reflective tin plates which illuminated the front of the room. A warm yellow glow reflected from the window panes decorated with white cut-out snowflakes. The soft light also danced from the Berry family Christmas ornaments on the tree in the farthest corner of the room.

The younger children's eyes were drawn again and again from the Cratchit family having dinner around the teacher's desk to that ceiling-high tree and the name-exchange presents under it. For weeks, the names of some of the prettier eighth-grade girls had been the object of lively trading among the older boys. The gifts could be homemade, and often were things like puzzles carved from walnuts. They could cost no more than ten cents. In those Depression days, ten cents would buy two candy bars or five lengths of grosgrain ribbon for hair bows, or a set of jacks if the parents could get transportation to Webster Springs to shop. Under the back branches of the tree was the big lumpy sack. All but the youngest kids knew what it contained.



As soon as Tiny Tim breathed his last "God bless us every one," the door to the schoolhouse opened and Santa Claus came in, waving his arms and ringing my mother's school bell, but otherwise oddly silent. It took me some years to catch on that my Aunt Iva Hall, my mother's younger sister, played the part of the silent elf.

Amid the hush, Santa handed out the exchange gifts from under the tree. Mother stood beside Santa and called out names. The big sack was rapidly emptied.

One year, a boy, three or four years old, was so shy he hid his face against his mother's shoulder when his name was called. An older sister brought the brown sack and put it into his hands. He carefully untied the bow and reached in clear to the bottom and brought out the orange. He looked at it with wonderment and held it in front of his mother's eyes. Curiosity overcame shyness and he spoke loudly enough for all to hear. "What is it?" he asked. My brother Dave and I exchanged looks. We both knew that Mother's gift of an exotic fruit would make a difference in this child's life.

I would be lying if I told you I felt a reflected glow for my enforced part in giving this small wonder to a child. Scrooge would linger in my greedy heart for a good many more Christmases.

JOANN MAZZIO was raised in Webster County. She attended West Virginia Wesleyan and WVU, where she earned a B.S. in aeronautical engineering, the first woman to receive such a degree there. She now lives in New Mexico, and, in what she calls her "third career," has published two novels and numerous articles. Her latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Spring 1997.

Mountain Music Roundup

By Danny Williams

Okay, we give up. When we started this Roundup about five years ago, we pointed out how lucky we were to have enough real West Virginia recordings to fill a page. It hadn't been that long ago that there were only two or three tapes or LP's a year of GOLDENSEAL's kind of music.

In the brief years since we said that, the musicians and engineers have been playing tunes and twisting dials like crazy, until now they're making tapes and CD's faster than we can write about them. Until editor John Lilly turns over the whole magazine to us, we're going to have to concentrate on giving details about only a few of the new releases. The top of our current list is occupied by seven compact discs which offer old music in new boxes.

The big set this time is the long-awaited archival collection of **Ed Haley's** fiddling. A total of 71 tunes are included, packaged as two volumes of two CD's each. Haley has long been a legend among the hundreds of musicians who sought out opportunities to hear him play, but until now only 14 tunes have been available on an old LP. This new collection helps explain why Haley is considered one of the most influential folk fiddlers in the entire Appalachian tradition.

Ed Haley was born and raised in Logan County, as fertile a hotbed of music as any place in the mountains. In adult life he settled and raised a family in Ashland, Kentucky, just across the Big Sandy River from Kenova, and from about 1915 to 1945, he and his wife played at every dance, county fair, fiddle contest, court day, and other public gathering along the three-state border. Though Haley's fiddling made him a favorite of musicians and knowing fans, he refused to record any of his music, and shied away from folklorists and promoters. Late in Haley's life, his son bought a disc recorder and talked Ed into making records for family memories. Nearly all of the newly released material comes from these old discs, and what a treasure it is.

The first thing listeners will notice is Haley's absolute control of rhythm. He punches dance tunes, glides over waltzes, moves with polkas, and draws out slow pieces with impeccable taste. Over this steady beat, Haley hangs an ever-changing, inventive array of slides, slurs, and surprising melodic turns, and all with precise intonation.

Musicians from all over traveled to Ashland to play with Haley, and he apparently picked up tunes from many of them. Haley's repertoire on these four discs reaches far beyond the small region he visited in person. For sheer size, breadth of material and style, and for just plain fine fiddling, the release of this Ed Haley collection is one of the most exciting events in the recent history of old-time music. Special thanks go to musician and entertainer John Hartford who has spent the past several years researching Haley's life and music, and who produced these discs.

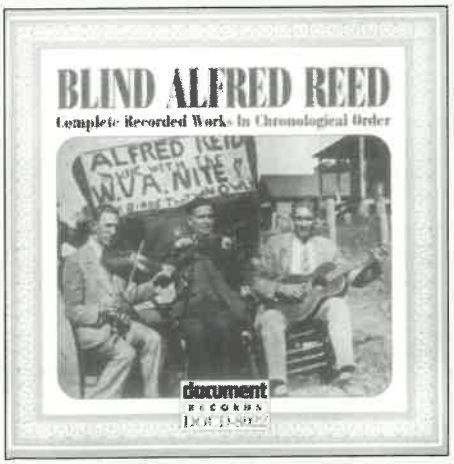
The Ed Haley recordings are from Rounder Records Corporation, a nationally distributed label widely available in stores and catalogs. Volume One is called *Forked Deer*, and is catalogued as Rounder CD 1131/1132. Volume Two, *Grey Eagle*, is Rounder 1133/1134. Listeners should note that these are amateur home recordings from more than 50 years ago. Sound quality ranges from mostly pretty good to sometimes pretty poor; real fiddle fans will want this recording, but casual listeners may not. Another benefit of the CD format is the ability to include copious accompanying

material, and the informative booklets with these recordings add greatly to the package.

Another legendary West Virginia performer long overdue for the CD treatment is **Blind Alfred Reed**. Now all 20 of Reed's commercial recordings are available on a single disc, and in this day of over-emphasis on dance tunes, the Reed collection is a fine reminder of the variety of old-time music.

Reed was born in 1880 and spent most of his life around Pipestem, Hinton, and Princeton, where he supported himself by giving music lessons, playing and singing at public events, and occasionally singing for contributions on the streets. Reed sang a variety of material including some pieces from the radio and recordings, but he is best remembered for writing several songs of enduring power.

"How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live" has been widely recorded by other artists, and stands 60 years later as one of the most poignant laments of the Great Depression's effects on the working man. "Always Lift Him Up and Never Knock Him Down" is a touching plea for tolerance and brotherhood. "The Wreck of the Virginian" is one of the best remembered of the numerous true-train-wreck songs, and "Woman's Been After Man Ever Since" and "Beware" are classics of lighthearted social comment.



Reed's ability was noticed by a talent scout from Victor, and in 1927 and 1929 Reed traveled to big-city studios to record 20 songs for commercial release on 78 r.p.m. platters. Several of these were re-released on an LP record a few years back, but the new CD has every known Alfred Reed recording. Reed sings a variety of songs while accompanying himself on fiddle. On several of the cuts, Reed's son Arville plays guitar and sings some fine backup. Because these were professional, commercial recordings, sound quality was up to the highest standards of the 1920's. With modern remastering techniques, most of the cuts sound amazingly clear and powerful.

Blind Alfred Reed: Complete Recorded Works in Chronological Order is another product of Document Records of Austria, and enjoys national distribution in this country. Ask for Document Records DOCD 8022.

The last big reissue we'll talk about this time is one recording every fan of real West Virginia music will need to buy, because it's as real and as West Virginia as it gets. It's the Hammons family and their circle, probably the most famous names in old-time, backwoods mountain music. In their remote homes in the wilds of Pocahontas County, the Hammonses were some of the last in Appalachia to embrace radios, recordings, and travel, carrying an ancient tradition into the modern era. They were captured in 1973 on two landmark recordings from the Library of Congress and Rounder Records. Now the whole package — originally three LP's and a substantial book — has been combined in a two-CD set, and it's powerful stuff.

Burl Hammons, **Sherman Hammons**, **Maggie Hammons Parker**, and their neighbors **Mose Coffman** and **Lee**

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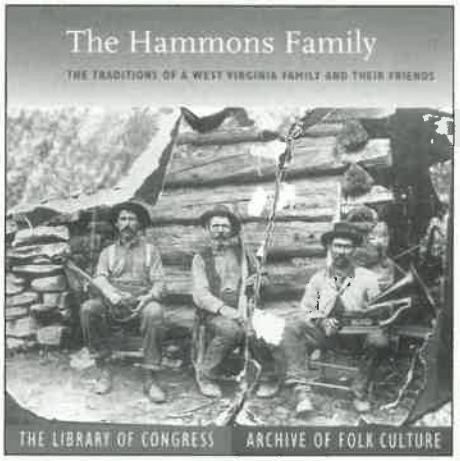


Hammons spent their lives in remote highland hollows where outsiders rarely set foot. Their music came from their family and a small circle of neighbors. In this setting, the music developed into something strange and wonderful, twisted into untamed rhythms and tones unlike anything played in the mainstream of hoedown and festival music.

The Hammonses sang the oldest songs in the English tradition, like "In Scotland Town" with its roots in medieval romance, and "Mercian Titter-ary-a," a humorous ballad which was already an old story when Chaucer used the idea in the 1300's.

On fiddle and banjo music, the Hammons' sound is a world of its own. Several of these tunes were very rarely heard in West Virginia before younger musicians began to notice the Hammonses playing them, and even the most familiar tunes are played with a wild echo of the mountains. Burl's fiddle version of "Turkey in the Straw," for instance, keeps to a steady four-by-four dance beat, but makes a surprising leap in the melody. Sherman's banjo gem, "Sugar Babe," is powered by a haunting drone and a steady but quirky rhythm.

In short, *The Hammons Family: The Traditions of a West Virginia Family and Their Friends* belongs on the short list of recordings necessary for an appreciation of our mountain musical heritage. It's also simply some fine listening, and the CD reissue highlights the music with an audio quality not found in many 25-year-old home recordings. The accompanying 120-page book features interviews, photos, a Hammons genealogy, backgrounds of the songs and tunes, and more. Folklorists Alan Jabbour and Carl Flieschhauer are responsible for this amazing piece of documentation. The whole package is widely available from Rounder Records as Rounder CD 1504/05.

The fiddling of **Wilson Douglas** is now available on CD. Douglas is probably the most distinctive fiddler in the state today. The new CD combines material from two previous cassettes, *Common Ground* and *Back Porch Symphony*, both with Kim Johnson on banjo and Mark Payne on guitar. Unlike the nationally distributed recordings discussed earlier in this column, this CD, *Fiddle Tunes from Central West Virginia*, cannot be ordered from an average music store. Instead, send $15 to Kim Johnson, 143 Spencer Road, Clendenin, WV 25045.

Banjo player **Ike Southern** especially enjoys combining his traditional clawhammer style with the more modern sound of bluegrass picking. His latest project is *Two of a Kind*, a recording featuring Ike trading banjo licks with young bluegrasser **Will Parsons**. This recording further breaks down the separation of old-time and bluegrass music by offering up some standard songs and tunes which straddle the fence between the two traditions, like "Cindy," "Jesse James,""Old Joe Clark," and "New River Train." It's $10 for a cassette or $15 for a CD, from Ike Southern, 228 Old Bluefield Road, Princeton, WV 24740.

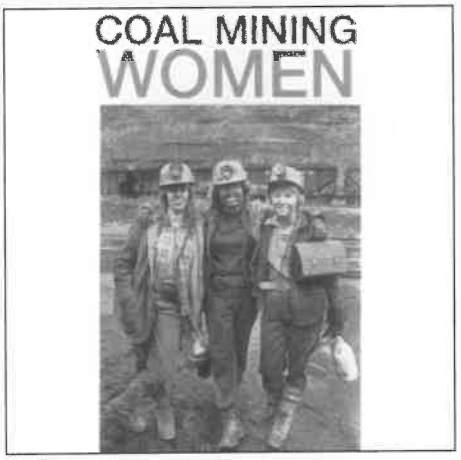
Patty Looman, first lady of the hammered dulcimer in the state, has made her original 1978 cassette available again, and it's about time. *Dulcimore: Sweet Music* presents an appetizing selection of well-known favorites. Especially exciting to fans of real music is the presence of dulcimer legend **Russell Fluharty** on second dulcimer, guitar, mandolin, and banjo. To get your copy, send $11.50 to Patty Looman, 1345 Bitoni St., Morgantown, WV 26506.

Dwight Diller, one true West Virginia music master who vigorously spreads the message outside the state, has hung around his home long enough to produce a fine new CD. *Harvest: West Virginia Mountain Music* combines 16 newly-recorded tunes with 13 from Diller's previous cassettes. As usual from Dwight, it's a wide, balanced selection of well-known dance tunes, peculiar pieces from east-central West Virginia, gospel songs, old-time vocal pieces, instrumentals, solos, and ensemble numbers. The CD is available for $15, postpaid, from Yew Pine Music, P.O. Box 148, Hillsboro, WV 24946.

The West Virginia State Folk Festival, celebrated every June in Glenville, is the most important, exciting, and fun gathering of the year for fans of real West Virginia music. There's no substitute for being there, but now at least a little of the fun is available at home on *Mountain Heritage: The West Virginia State Folk Festival Sampler*. This cassette presents dozens of Glenville mainstay performers, recorded on stage at the evening concerts. It's $11.50, including postage, from WV State Folk Festival, Rt.1 Box 132, Cox's Mill, WV 25342.

Several recent nationally-distributed recordings feature material of interest to fans of West Virginia music. Here are three of our favorites, all available from any full-service music source:

Hazel Dickens and Alice Gerrard, Pioneering Women of Bluegrass, Smithsonian Folkways CD 40065. Dickens was born and raised in West Virginia, and much of her music still echoes the sounds of the hills.



Coal Mining Women, Rounder CD 4025. Hazel Dickens and Phyllis Boyens are among the women with West Virginia roots on this collection of mining songs performed by women.

Old-Time Mountain Guitar: Vintage Recordings 1926-1931, County CD 3512. Frank Hutchison, Roy Harvey, Leonard Copeland, and Jess Johnson represent West Virginia on this sampler.

While many of these recordings are available through full-service music stores, most are available by mail order from County Sales, P.O. Box 191, Floyd, VA 24091, (540)745-2001. — ed.

DANNY WILLIAMS, a native of Wayne County, lives in Morgantown. He publishes a newsletter of West Virginia traditional music, *High Notes*, and is an active performer and teacher of West Virginia music. Danny is the former folk arts specialist for the West Virginia Division of Culture and History and is a regular contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

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____Winter 1991/Meadow River Lumber Company
____Summer 1992/Dance, West Virginia, Dance!
____Summer 1993/Fairmont Romance
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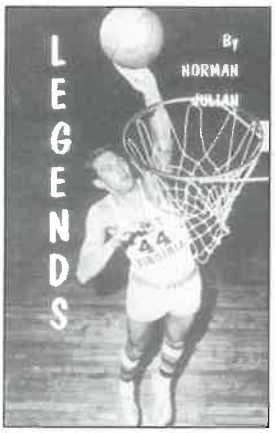
New Books

A new book by GOLDENSEAL contributor Norman Julian [see "The Roosevelt Outhouse," p. 28] is out just in time for basketball season. ***Legends: Profiles in West Virginia University Basketball*** focuses on the history of WVU basketball dating from 1938 to 1998. It includes profiles of coaches and All-American players, accounts of the team's greatest victories, and the mention of hundreds of participants in this successful basketball program.



"In Clarksburg when I was growing up, the people who are profiled in this book were heroes," says Norman of legends such as Scotty Hamilton, Leland Byrd, Jimmy Walthall, Eddie Beach, and Fred Schaus, who were followed by those such as Hot Rod Hundley, Jerry West, Rod Thorn, and Wil Robinson.

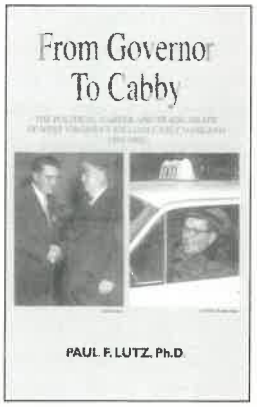
According to Norman, a WVU graduate and sports writer in Morgantown for 15 years, "West Virginia University basketball has been a rallying point of our culture. It has helped identify who we are. In some tough times, it brought us together."

The 212-page book contains 32 illustrations and is available for $19 from Trillium Publishing, 706 Snake Hill Road, Morgantown, WV 26508 (additional books are $17 each). Norman plans to devote 10 percent of all profits to the Mountaineer basketball program.

History Professor Paul F. Lutz of Marshall University recently published a book about Governor Marland called ***From Governor to Cabby: The Political Career and Tragic Death of West Virginia's William Casey Marland 1950-1965*** [see "The Hard Road Home: Governor William Casey Marland," by Rod Hoylman; Fall 1998].

First written as Paul Lutz's doctoral thesis in 1977, *From Governor to Cabby* attempts to shed new light on the life of the former governor by closely examining his political career before election, the ups and downs of his term in office, and his personal life after leaving the state.

According to Otis Rice of the WVU Institute of Technology, the 252-page book "helps us to understand that in many ways politics and an unfavorable public image obscured the real William Casey Marland and a governor whose inner worth many West Virginians failed to perceive."



Lutz is also a member of the West Virginia Humanities Council's History Alive! troupe, in which he plays the parts of Governor Marland and Devil Anse Hatfield.

Lutz's book was published by the Marshall University Library Associates in 1996 and is available from the University Bookstore for $26.50. Call (304)696-3622 to order.

Goldenseal Index

Volume 24, 1998

Articles which appeared in Volume 24 are indexed below, under the categories of Subject, Author, Photographer, and Location.

In the Subject category, articles are listed under their main topic, with many cross-referenced under alternate Subject headings. Each entry is followed by the seasonal designation of the issue, issue volume and number and page number. Short notices, such as appear in the regular column, "Current Programs, Events, Publications," are not included in the index.

The index for the first three volumes of GOLDENSEAL appeared in the April-September 1978 issue, and the index for Volumes 4 and 5 in the January-March 1980 magazine. The index for each successive volume appears in the final issue of the calendar year.

SUBJECT

AUTHOR

PHOTOGRAPHERS

LOCATION

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY 39 U.S.C. 3685 FOR GOLDENSEAL: WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL LIFE (U.S.P.S. No. 013336), Filing date October 1, 1998, published quarterly, at The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Number of issues published annually: 4. Annual subscription price: $16. The general business offices of the publisher are located at The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. John Lilly is the contact person at (304)558-0220.

The names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor are: publisher, West Virginia Division of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300; editor, John Lilly, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300; managing editor, John Lilly, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300.

The owner is: West Virginia Division of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300.

Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities: NONE.

Publication Name: Goldenseal: West Virginia Traditional Life Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: Fall 1998

The average number of copies of each issue during the preceding 12 months are:

A) Total no. of copies printed:
Net press run: 27,438

B) Paid and/or requested circulation:
1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales (Not Mailed) 1,172

2) Paid or Requested Mail Subscriptions (Include Advertisers' Proof Copies/ Exchange Copies) 22,441

C) Total paid and/or requested circulation: 23,613

D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means (Samples, complimentary and other free copies) 2,205

E) Free Distribution Outside the Mail (Carriers or Other Means) -0-

F) Total Free Distribution 2,205

G) Total Distribution 25,818

H) Copies Not Distributed
1) Office Use, Leftovers, Spoiled 1,218
2) Return from News Agents 402

I) Total 27,438

Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 91%

The actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date are:

A) Total no. of copies printed
Net Press Run: 22,250

B) Paid and/or requested circulation:
1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales (Not mailed) 1,152

2) Paid or Requested Mail Subscriptions (Include Advertisers' Proof Copies/ Exchange Copies) 19,746

C) Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation 20,898

D) Free Distribution by Mail (Samples, Complimentary, and Other Free) -0-

E) Free Distribution Outside the Mail (Carriers or Other Means) -0-

F) Total Free Distribution -0-

G) Total Distribution 20,898

H) Copies Not Distributed
1) Office Use, Leftover, Spoiled 1,352
2) Return from News Agents -0-

I) Total 22,250

Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 100%

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

John Lilly, Editor

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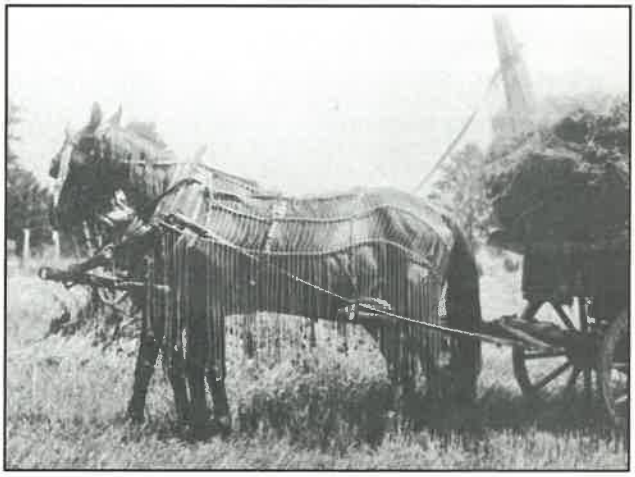
Fly Nets

Holy horseflies! We received a swarm of responses to our Photo Curiosity from the fall issue, showing a team of work horses wearing a little something extra. As we suspected, this intricate harnesswork is designed to keep pesky flies from aggravating the horses. As we also suspected, our savvy GOLDENSEAL readers were brimming with information about this interesting topic.



Most readers agree that the protective gear is called a fly net, though others call it a fly harness, fly skirt, fly detractor, fly straps, fly deflecting gear, or body and breast team nets. By whatever name, the netting gently moves with the motion of the horses, swishing away the flies. Few readers have seen one in years, though some mentioned still having one or two old fly nets in their barn. One reader even offered to donate his to a collector or museum.

Some fly nets are made of cotton, string, or rope, while others are constructed of leather or rawhide. A few readers claimed to have made their own, though most bought (or sold) them at local harness or dry goods stores, or through the Sears catalog. The fly nets photographed by Harold Field showed beads or weights dangling from the strands, though many of our readers recalled a simpler design. In fact, some farmers could afford no fly net at all.

Once their hay wagon was full, one family recalled taking the fly nets off of the horses and drawing the nets back over the wagon, covering the hay for the trip back to the barn. One gentleman remembered special colorful nets for use on Sunday.

A few individuals have seen fly nets in use recently on Amish farms, but most farmers today use harmless chemicals to keep insects from bothering their hard working horses. It was a pleasure hearing from so many readers about this subject!

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- **Winning Liars**
- **Mother's Day Revisited**
- **Italian Mining Family**
- **Clingman's Market**
- **Fairs and Festivals**

PHOTO CURIOSITY

The Knights of Pythias Lodge, pictured in Hendricks, Tucker County, date and photographer unknown, courtesy of WVSA. Back row: unidentified, J.B. Ambrose, Tom Hendrick, Clay White, unidentified, unidentified, M. Sawger, unidentified, Charlie Mullennex; all others unidentified. GOLDENSEAL story subjects in this issue, Doc White (page 10) and William H. Jordan (page 44), were both members of the Knights of Pythias, a secret benevolent and fraternal organization begun in 1869, and still active in West Virginia today. We welcome any additional information about this photograph.

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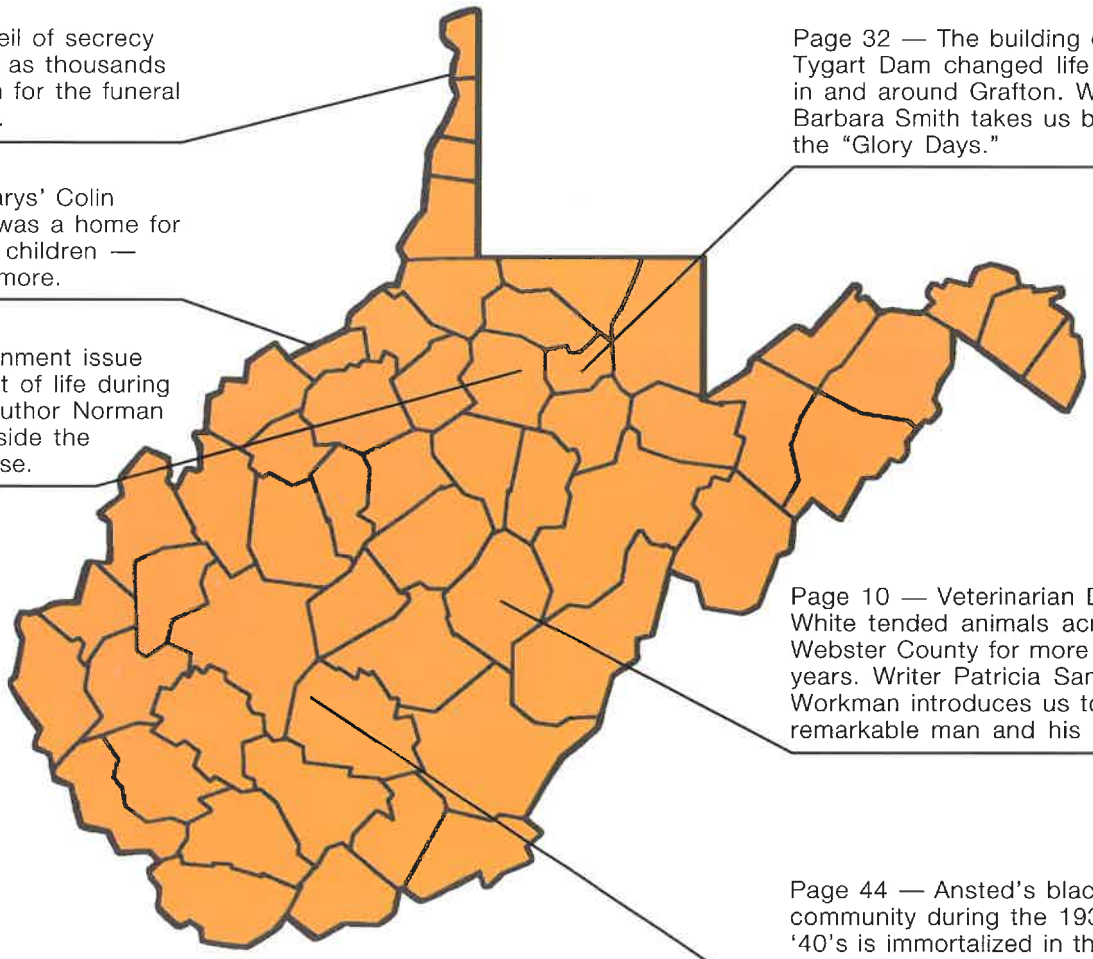
Inside Goldenseal



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