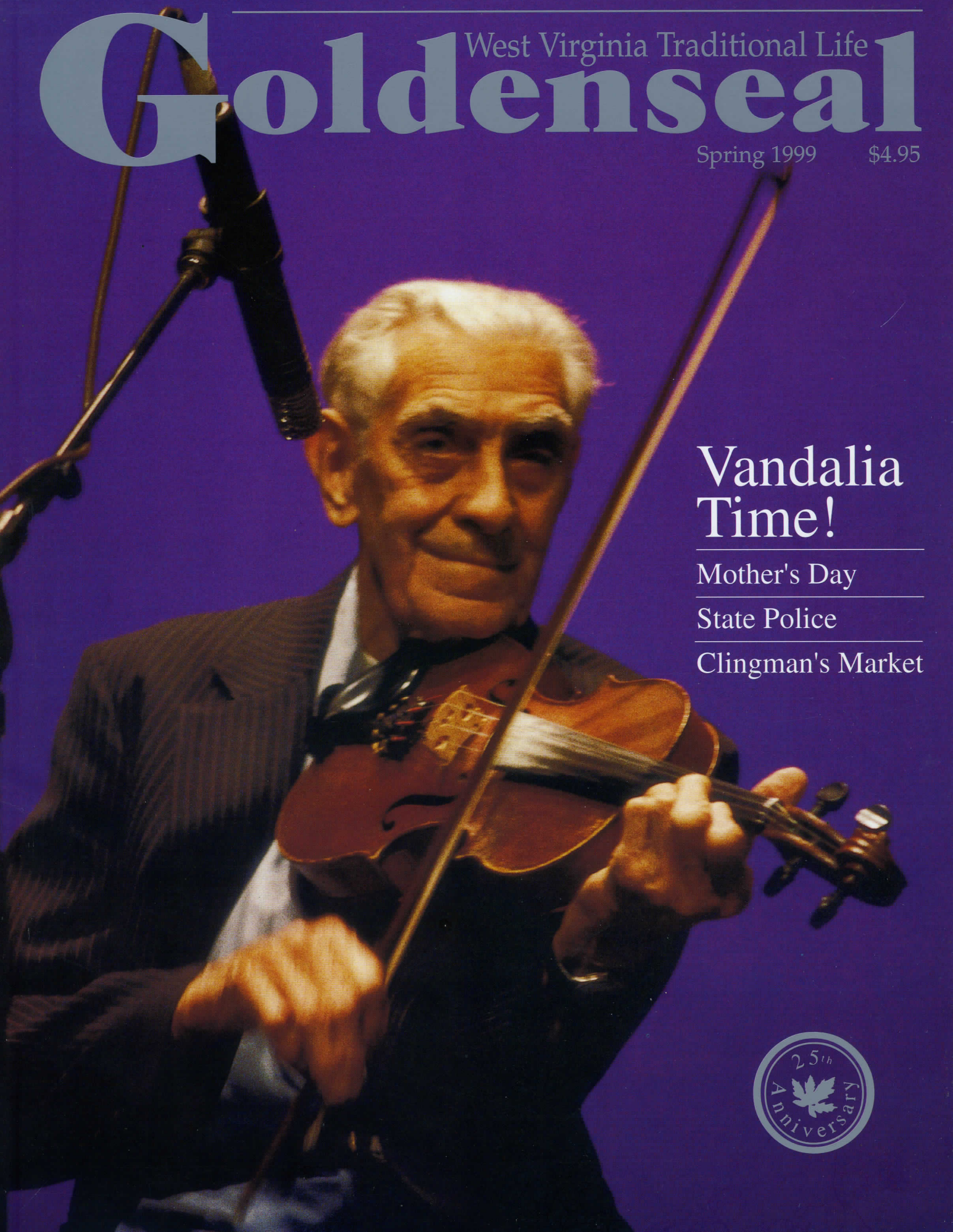
West Virginia Traditional Life

Goldenseal

Spring 1999 $4.95



Vandalia Time!

Mother's Day

State Police

Clingman's Market

25th Anniversary

Folklife • Fairs • Festivals

GOLDENSEAL's "Folklife•Fairs•Festivals" calendar is prepared three to six months in advance of publication. The information was accurate as far as we could determine at the time the magazine went to press. However, it is advisable to *check with the organization or event to make certain that dates or locations have not been changed.* The phone numbers given are all within the West Virginia (304) area code. Information for events at West Virginia State Parks and major festivals is also available by calling 1-800-CALL-WVA.

April 17 The Birthday Concert
Landmark Studio/Sutton (637-1334)
April 17 Feast of the Ramson
Richwood (846-6790)
April 17 Mason-Dixon Ramp Festival
Core (879-5500)
April 17-18 Tamarack's Coal Heritage Festival
Tamarack/Beckley (1-88-TAMARACK)
April 18-24 Augusta Spring Dulcimer Week
D&E College/Elkins (637-1209)
April 23-25 29th Dogwood Arts & Crafts Festival
Huntington (696-5990)
April 24 International Ramp Cook-Off & Festival
Elkins (636-2717)
April 24 44th House & Garden Tour
Martinsburg (263-5529)
April 24-25 Bicentennial Quiltshow 1799-1999
Lindside (832-6536)
April 24-25 Spring Mountain Festival
Petersburg (257-2722)
April 29-May 2 Spring Arts & Crafts Show
Bridgeport (842-4095)
April 30-May 1 Cheat River Massacre
Albright (379-3141)
May 1 W.Va. Marble Festival
Cairo (628-3321)
May 1 Shepherdstown May Celebration
Shepherdstown (263-2531)
May 2 Ramp Dinner
Horse Shoe Run (735-6104)
May 5-9 Rendezvous on the River
Blennerhassett Island/Parkersburg (420-4800)
May 6-9 38th Wildflower Pilgrimage
Blackwater Falls/Davis (259-5216)
May 8 Historic Bramwell Homes Tour
Bramwell (248-7252)
May 8-10 Mother's Day Founder Festival
Webster (265-5549)
May 9 Mother's Day Service
Grafton (265-1589)
May 13-19 Three Rivers Festival
Fairmont (363-2625)
May 15-16 Belle Boyd's Birthday
Martinsburg (267-4713)
May 19 Battle of Matewan 79th Anniversary
Matewan (426-4239)
May 19-23 58th W.Va. Strawberry Festival
Buckhannon (472-9036)
May 22-23 Elizabethtown Festival
Moundsville (843-1170)
May 29-31 23rd Vandalia Gathering
State Capitol Complex/Charleston (558-0220)
May 29-31 Webster Woodchopping Festival
Webster Springs (847-7666)
May 29-31 Head-of-the-Mon Horseshoe Tournament
Fairmont (366-3819)
June 3-6 Blue & Grey Reunion
Philippi (457-4265)
June 4-6 Thunder in the Valley
Charles Town (535-2627)
June 6 Rhododendron Outdoor Art & Craft Festival
State Capitol Complex/Charleston (776-1110)
June 11-12 Hancock County Quilt Show
New Cumberland (564-5385)
June 11-13 Ronceverte River Festival
Ronceverte (645-7917)
June 12-13 Heritage Arts Weekend
Fort New Salem/Salem (782-5245)
June 12-13 Steam & Gas Engine Show
State Farm Museum/Point Pleasant (675-5737)
June 15-19 W.Va. Coal Festival
Madison (369-7377)
June 17-19 50th W.Va. State Folk Festival
Glenville (462-8427)
June 18-20 West Augusta Historical Society Quilt Show
Mannington (986-1089)
June 18-26 African American Heritage Arts Camp
Camp Washington-Carver/Clifftop (558-0220)
June 19-20 Father's Jubilee
Durbin (456-4935)
June 19-20 Spring Art in the Mountains Festival
Tamarack/Beckley (1-88-TAMARACK)
June 20 West Virginia Day
Independence Hall/Wheeling (238-1300)
June 20-26 Allegheny Echoes Workshops
Snowshoe (799-7121)
June 23-27 Cass Homecoming
Cass (456-4056)
June 24-27 Bluegrass Festival
Summersville (872-3145)
June 25-26 Bramwell Millionaires Homecoming
Bramwell (248-7402)
June 26 African American Jubilee
Wheeling (233-4640)
June 26 Pearl S. Buck Birthday Celebration
Stulting House/Hillsboro (653-4430)
July 1-5 Mountain State Art & Craft Fair
Cedar Lakes/Ripley (372-8159)
July 2-4 Fayetteville Heritage Festival
Fayetteville (574-1500)
July 8-10 Heritage Days
Arthurdale (864-3959)
July 8-11 Pioneer Days
Marlinton (1-800-336-7009)
July 8-11 Singing in the Mountains
Summersville (872-3145)
July 9-11 John Henry Days
Talcott (466-2449)
July 10 Appalachian American Indian Pow Wow
Union (753-4253)
July 10 Virginia Point Days
Kenova (696-5954)
July 11-18 Durbin Days
Durbin (456-4955)
July 12-17 W.Va. Interstate Fair & Exposition
Mineral Wells (489-1301)
July 16 Cowen Historic Railroad Festival
Cowen (226-3101)
July 17 Hatfield & McCoy Days
Matewan (426-4239)
July 17-18 Greenwood Bluegrass Festival
Route 85/Boone County (247-6938)
July 23-25 17th Upper Ohio Valley Italian Festival
Wheeling (233-1090)
July 23-25 49th State Gospel Singing Convention
Mt. Nebo (472-3466)
July 31 Swiss National Holiday Celebration
Helvetia (924-5063)
August 2-7 Mannington District Fair
Mannington (986-1911)
August 2-8 W.Va. State Water Festival
Hinton (466-5155)
August 4-8 Appalachian String Band Music Festival
Camp Washington-Carver/Clifftop (438-3005)
August 5-7 W.Va. Blackberry Festival
Nutter Fort (623-2381)

(continued on inside back cover)

Volume 25, Number 1 **Goldenseal** Spring 1999

p. 10

p. 26

p. 32

On the cover: Fiddler Melvin Wine received the first Vandalia Award in 1981, and continues to be one of the Vandalia Gathering's most beloved performers. Our Vandalia coverage begins on page 63. Information about Melvin's 90th birthday celebration is on page six. Photograph by Michael Keller, 1998.

p. 66

Published by the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Cecil H. Underwood
Governor

Division of Culture and History
Renay Conlin
Commissioner

John Lilly
Editor

Connie Karickhoff
Assistant Editor

Cornelia Crews Alexander
Circulation Manager

Anne H. Crozier
Designer

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
www.wvlc.wvnet.edu/culture/goldensl.html

Periodical postage paid at Charleston, West Virginia.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to GOLDENSEAL, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. The Division of Culture and History is an Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action Employer.

Printed by Chapman Printing Company

From the Editor

Happy birthday to us! With this issue, we mark GOLDENSEAL's 25th year of publication. Throughout 1999 we will celebrate this hard-won milestone with reprints from early issues, special offers for subscribers, and a renewed dedication to telling the story of the folklife and living heritage of our state.

On page ten of this issue, we reprise Marie Tyler-McGraw's colorful 1977 account of the founding of Mother's Day, followed by a brief 1999 update. We look forward to bringing you similar then-and-now features throughout our anniversary year.

Plans to mark GOLDENSEAL's silver anniversary have been in the works for some time. Our cover now sports a new masthead and binding. The lettering style, or "font" for you typographers, is Caslon 224. We selected it because of its informal yet traditional look and what I thought was a particularly strong "G."

The new binding style is called perfect binding. We selected it over the previous saddle-stitched method because it lays flatter and makes for easier storage. The printed information on the spine should make it easier for you to locate a particular issue from your collection on the bookshelf. We know how you like to save your back issues of GOLDENSEAL!

Speaking of back issues, we've now made it easier for you to complete your GOLDENSEAL collection. The price of back issues has been reduced to $2.50 per copy, plus postage and handling, while supplies last. Better yet, buy them all for $25! See page 70 for details.

GOLDENSEAL now accepts VISA and Mastercard for subscriptions, renewals, back issues, reprints, and gifts. You may phone in your credit card order or write to us. Or, if you prefer, use the postage paid postcard included in the magazine to keep your subscription up-to-date.

Due to increasing production costs, we have been forced to raise our newsstand price to $4.95 — still a fair price for a beautiful 72-page magazine with no advertising. We are pleased, however, that the cost of a one-year GOLDENSEAL subscription remains unchanged — still a bargain at $16, now more than 20 percent off of the cover price.

This October will see the return of the GOLDENSEAL bus tour. Plans are still in the works. Look for complete details in the summer issue.

The cornerstone of our 25th anniversary celebration will be the publication of *Mountains of Music: West Virginia Traditional Music from* GOLDENSEAL. In this richly-illustrated book, expected in late-1999, we will reprint 25 articles from the magazine's first 25 years, highlighting traditional musicians and family bands from across the state. We are very excited about this ambitious project, and will provide additional information in the next issue.

Birthdays are funny. For most of us, they are a chance to look forward and back at the same time. At GOLDENSEAL, we have taken this opportunity to make a few changes, while we stand in appreciation of the incredible hard work and creativity that have brought the magazine through its first quarter-century.

Thanks for being a part of it!

John Lilly

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.

Roosevelt Outhouse

December 16, 1998
Montgomery, West Virginia
Editor:

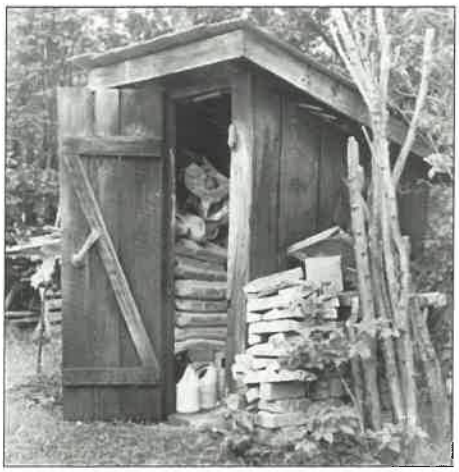
I want to compliment Norman Julian on his article in the winter edition of GOLDENSEAL entitled "The Roosevelt Outhouse." It not only included information of which I was unaware, but it was written in such a humorous manner.

Thank Mr. Julian for writing such things.
Yours truly,
Gordon Billheimer

January 8, 1999
Talcott, West Virginia
Editor:
I very much enjoyed the Roosevelt Outhouse article, Winter 1998. I am one of the persons who still prefers such vintage accommodations. The "up-to-date" folks who come to visit all ask, "Doesn't it get cold out there in the winter?" I reply, "Why should one stay out that long!"

I will relate a humorous incident involving me and a "Johnny." I was at a local music festival in the early '70's. It was at night and I was waiting to go on stage, fiddle and bow in hand. During that time, the "urge" hit me and I sought the nearest facility which was an outdoor privy that I had never visited. In a state of *total* darkness, I felt for the seat. As I settled in, I laid my fiddle and bow to the left only to hear "swoosh" and "splat" — I had dropped my fiddle down the most used side of a two-holer.

In desperation, I posted a guard and went for a flashlight. On my return, I found my Stradivarius standing upright, mired on a most peculiar base. With great dexterity, I reached down with my fiddle bow and retrieved it by a tuning peg. At this time, I was being called to perform. I quickly wiped the fiddle in the dew-laden grass and mounted the stage. It was first time I played my fiddle "off the chest" as opposed to



A Roosevelt Outhouse today. Photograph by Norman Julian.

"under the chin."
Keep up the good work,
Jim Costa

(The following letters were forwarded to us by Norm Julian. -ed.)

December 13, 1998
Morgantown, West Virginia
Dear Norman:
We enjoyed your outhouse article in GOLDENSEAL. We happen to still be proud owners of a WPA outhouse on our farm at Sherman. The seat has been updated with a pink seat. Perhaps the state Historic Preservation office will want to register our outhouse, since they aren't interested in registering our home here, which is much older and unique.

I remember Louise McNeil Pease (late poet laureate of West Virginia) writing about the honeydippers. We bought our house here from Louise and Roger, who were our friends.

Our outhouse at the farm didn't need a honeydipper. As best I can figure it out, annually the stream that ran by the house raised the water level as high as the outhouse hole. When the stream went down, it miraculously drew the outhouse sediment through the sandy soil, which filtered it before it went into the stream.

Now, the outhouse at my home in the middle of Blacksville was a two-seater: one for children and one for adults. When I was teaching toilet training in my Fairmont State College early development courses, I described this seating arrangement. I felt it a good example of sensori-motor learning and learning by imitation. Mothers had to take toddlers with them to the outhouse. The environment took care of the training.
Sincerely,
Joanna S. Nesselroad

January 2, 1999
Clarksburg, West Virginia
Dear Norman:
Just wanted you to know that I enjoyed your article in the GOLDENSEAL magazine pertaining to outhouses. Back in the "good ole days" they were known as dry closets in Clarksburg. When I grew up on the Moore Reynolds farm, we had a three-holer outhouse. There were two standard-size holes, and one for us five kids. It was the size of a potty chair and was located on the left side as you went in. Our mother always had to hold us

when we were small so as not to fall in the pit, so Mr. Reynolds added the child size.
Fred Layman

Doc White

January 6, 1999
Titusville, Florida
Editor:
I spent my first 17 years "out back of" Chester in Hancock County. Your magazine brings back a lot of memories of the '30's and '40's.

I have read the cover story of the Winter '98 issue twice already ["Country Vet Doc White," by Patricia Samples Workman]. People like Doc White and his family are hard to find nowadays.

Doc and Dana White in 1914.

Many thanks for showing how things used to be.
Richard L. Aken

December 15, 1998
Elkins, West Virginia
Editor:
What a wonderful surprise to see Dad and Mother on the cover of the winter issue of GOLDENSEAL. I was very pleased with the article. Each of you who worked on the article did an excellent job and I greatly appreciate it. My thanks to everyone.
Norma Jean Clark

December 26, 1998
Pinos Altos, New Mexico
Editor:
Thanks for making my story look so good — it's always a pleasure to see my name in this West Virginia magazine ["Christmas in a One-Room School," by Joann Mazzio; Winter 1998].

Two other stories grabbed my attention in the winter issue. The story of Doc White — Norma Jean White was my best friend in 4th grade — and the Gypsies ["The World of the Gypsies," by Jane Kraina and Mary Zwierzchowski].

When I was perhaps four years old, the Gypsies came to Cherry Falls (my childhood home) and camped in a large field. They had horse-drawn vans and a band of horses for sale. In that age, horses were being phased out in favor of Chevys and Fords, so I don't think they did much business.

We visited the camp and the elders told the kids the Gypsies would steal us. Their imagined life appealed to me so much that later when I ran athwart of parental discipline, I accused my parents of stealing me *from* the Gypsies.
Joann Mazzio

Tygart Dam

December 13, 1998
Grafton, West Virginia
Editor:
Thank you so much for the fine article about my father, Ralph Poling, which appeared in the Winter 1998 issue of GOLDENSEAL ["A 'Dam' Good Worker: Dam Builder Ralph Poling"].

Please extend our gratitude to the writer, Barbara Smith, for the well-written, entertaining, and interesting way she presented the story.

This issue is a memento our family will cherish forever, and something my Dad is still talking about.
With many thanks,
Joyce Horovitz

December 31, 1998
Woodbine, Maryland
Editor:
I appreciated the two articles written by Barbara Smith concerning the construction of the Tygart Dam.

I am enclosing an article that appeared in *The Grafton Sentinel* on March 7, 1935, concerning the first fatality at the dam. Our father, Charles William Leary, was the first fatality. The six sons mentioned in the article are still living.

I have been receiving GOLDENSEAL for several years and always look forward to the next issue.
Sincerely,
James Leary

The following excerpt is from The Grafton Sentinel *on March 7, 1935.*

"Charles Leary, 35, Father of Six, is Dead — Falls Off High Bridge He was Working On, Rescue Efforts Fail — First Victim of Big Project.

Charles W. Leary, 35, 449 West Francis Street, was drowned early

Charles W. Leary in his U.S. Marine Corps uniform during WWI. He later worked on the Tygart Dam project in Grafton, where he became the first fatality on March 7, 1935.

this morning at 12:20 o'clock in the first casualty in connection with the $12,000,000 Tygart River flood control dam project above Grafton City Park when he fell off the materials bridge while working there as a carpenter's helper. ...

Six children survive. The victim was first employed by the Snare Corporation December 31, 1934, as a laborer on the job. Soon after he was promoted to a carpenter helper.

Leary was the son of W.B. Leary, Richmond, Va., railroad conductor, who survives, and Elizabeth Tinsley Leary, who died about a year ago. He is survived by his wife, Lillie Hewitt Leary, formerly of Philippi, and six children; Charles, 13; John, 11; Francis, 10; James, 6; Edward, 4; and Robert, 7 months."

Cattle Drive

November 6, 1998
Hillsboro, West Virginia
Editor:
Sure enjoy your magazine as a lot of the articles pertain to some of the things we still do. I've meant to write and tell you that we still drive our cattle up and down Route 39 and 219 to winter and summer pasture like the old folks in your summer edition of GOLDENSEAL ["Mountain Cattle Drives," by Robert and Judith Whitcomb].

Although we don't drive them too awful far, I still get nervous when the cows get out on the highway. We usually have some pretty good runners if they get too frisky, but usually they are tired by the time they get to Mill Point, or coming the other way on the long stretch home.

I guess we should use horses, but we use a car in back of them and a car in front. We usually have three people in between and a shuttle truck to get someone to

Young steers at Osceola. Photograph by Robert Whitcomb.

the small roads and gaps ahead of the cows. We take anywhere from 40 to 50 cows over to winter pasture. Cows and calves vary in the spring when we bring them back home.

People can't believe we still drive them down the road and they jump out with video cameras and other cameras. The cows seem to not mind — they just plod along. Some people get a little excited if they come too close to their shiny new cars, but they can think about us the next time they bite into a rib-eye steak. I just thought I'd drop you a line or two as I didn't think anyone but us drove their cows down the road anymore.
Thanks,
Charlotta L. Riley

Lew Burdette

November 17, 1998
Ridgeley, West Virginia
Editor:
I enjoyed the article on Lew Burdette very much ["Lew Burdette: The Pride of Nitro," by David Driver; Fall 1998]. How well I remember that 1957 World Series. Lew accomplished the near impossible by beating those Yanks like he did. Imagine, pitching three complete games in a seven-game series. There has never been a performance in World Series history, before or since, like the one of Lew Burdette in the '57 series.

I enjoy the GOLDENSEAL very much.
C. P. Dayton

More Fly Nets

January 2, 1999
Monterey, Virginia
Editor:
The horses in the "Photo Curiosity" picture in the Fall 1998 GOLDENSEAL are wearing fly nets. The nets were made of leather bindings and thongs, which swung about as the horses walked. Their motion kept flies on the wing and off the team. The nets were not a part of the harness but were simply attached to the harness to keep them in place.

As a youngster in my native Jefferson County, I "hired out" to help with haymaking, grain harvest, and threshing. Seldom did I see fly nets used unless a farmer was "showing off" his team among neighbors who had gathered with their teams to help with haying or threshing. Most of the time the nets hung unused in the stable.

This past summer the flies were bad here, and I needed something to protect my team of Belgians. The only repellants I could find at the local farm supply were so toxic that I was afraid they would sicken the whole lot of us. The $16 per pint is a killer also.
Let's resurrect the fly nets.
Sincerely,
David Rowland

Team with fly nets. Photograph by Harold Field.

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.

Old-Time Birthday Concert

Old-time musicians Melvin Wine and Pheoba Parsons will be honored Saturday, April 17 at the Landmark Theater in Sutton at a birthday celebration and concert organized by fellow musician Gerry Milnes. The annual concert attracts hundreds of traditional musicians and well-wishers each year who come to play and listen.

Melvin, who turns 90 this year,

Phoeba Parsons and Melvin Wine. Photograph by William Price.

received the first Vandalia Award in 1981. Over the years he has received numerous awards and fellowships for his fiddling including the National Endowment for the Arts' National Heritage Fellowship. Pheoba, a banjo player, dancer, and singer, is also in her 90's. She received the Vandalia Award in 1987.

For more information about the birthday concert, contact Gerry Milnes at (304)637-1334.

Oral History Videos Presented

Videotaped interviews of Greenbrier County residents are now available to the public at the Greenbrier Historical Society's archives in Lewisburg. The Lewisburg Foundation recently presented their Oral History Project videotapes to the Historical Society for scholarly and educational use.

The Oral History Project interviews were recorded between 1992 and 1994 with people of varying ages and backgrounds. Topics include family and ancestral roots in the area, selected tales and accounts of ancestors, and personal childhood memories and experiences.

For more information, contact the Greenbrier Historical Society at (304)645-5201.

Winemaker Master Artist

Ferenc "Frank" Androczi, a traditional winemaker from Buckhannon, has been named a Master Artist in the West Virginia Folk Art Apprenticeship Program. Frank, 83, learned the practice of winemaking from his father in old world Hungary, and now produces wine at his European-style farm, called "Little Hungary," near Kesling Mill [see "Bees and Vines: Frank Androczi's Little Hungary Winery," by Bil Lepp; Fall 1992].

His main product, mead, is a type of wine made from honey and fruit. Bottled and sold as "Melomel," it is the only honey mead produced in the state and is widely acclaimed. Frank raises ten acres of grapes, berries, peaches, pears, plums, apples, apricots, and other fruits for his wine production using organic farming principles. He also keeps his own bees for the honey used in his wines.

As a Master Artist, Frank will work with apprentice Ben McKean, teaching him the art of

Frank Androczi with a bottle of Melomel. Photograph by Michael Keller.

traditional winemaking.

The Apprenticeship Program is administered by the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College and pairs traditional West Virginia artists and craftspeople with apprentices who want to learn their art. For more information about the program, contact Apprenticeship coordinator Gerry Milnes at (304)637-1334. For more information about the Little Hungary Farm Winery, call (304)472-6634.

House and Garden Tour

The Shenandoah-Potomac Council of Garden Clubs will hold the 44th Annual House and Garden Tour in Berkeley and Jefferson counties on April 24 and 25 from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Seven homes dating from the 18th century will be open to the public including Spring Hill, the ancestral home of the Harlan family; the John Light House; Bel-Mar, an antebellum brick farmhouse; and Brown-

Shugart, built in 1883 by a prominent Charles Town attorney.

The Boarman Arts Center in Martinsburg will also be open during the tour, displaying the West Virginia juried traveling art exhibit. Visitors may also visit the historic Charles Town courthouse where John Brown was tried, and the nearby Charles Town Museum.

Admission for the complete tour is $10 for adults, $5 for children. For more information, contact the Martinsburg-Berkeley County Visitors Bureau at 1-800-264-8801 or visit www.travelwv.com.

Korean War Memorial Statue

A towering statue of a Korean War airman was added to the West Virginia Veterans Memorial on the state capitol grounds last November.

The realistic bronze statue was designed by Charleston artist Joseph Mullins and is a composite figure inspired by various photos of Korean War fighter pilots. One of these pilots was GOLDENSEAL story subject George Spencer "Spanky" Roberts of Fairmont ["Dubie, Spanky, and Mr. Death: West Virginia's Pioneering Black Airmen," by Ancella R. Bickley; Summer 1997]. He was one of the first pilots to graduate from a special segregated training program at the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama in 1942. He went on to command a WWII fighter group called the Tuskegee Airmen. Joseph Mullins referred to our story while doing research for his sculpture.

Korean War Memorial. Photograph by Michael Keller.

According to Mullins, the statue of an African American pilot reflects the role West Virginia State College played in our nation's military history and represents all African Americans in all wars.

The statue is the third to be added to the Memorial since it was dedicated in 1995. The first two statues represent veterans of WWI and WWII. The names of more than 10,000 West Virginians killed in the line of duty appear on the two-story oval structure. For more information about the Memorial, call (304)558-0220.

New State Parks Guide

A new guide to West Virginia's state parks has just been released by the Adventure Publishing Company of Kenova just in time for summer travel.

The *West Virginia State Parks Map Guide* includes 90 pages of detailed maps, park highlights, and pictures of each of the state's 37 state parks, nine state forests, and four wildlife management areas. The maps also indicate each park's resorts, hiking, biking, and bridle trails, camping and picnicking sites, as well as boating and fishing opportunities.

A portion of the proceeds of the sale of the guide will be donated to the West Virginia State Parks System. It is now available at book and outdoor stores, as well as West Virginia State Parks and Welcome Centers throughout the state. It can also be ordered by calling 1-877-839-2900.

GIVING GOLDENSEAL

Hundreds of our readers like GOLDENSEAL well enough to send gift subscriptions to their friends and relatives, and we'd be glad to take care of your gift list as well!

Simply enter the names and addresses below and return the coupon to us with a check or money order for $16 per subscription. *We'll send a card announcing your gift right away, and begin the subscription with the upcoming issue.*

Please send a GOLDENSEAL gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

[ ] I'm adding $4 extra per subscription (total $20). Please send the current issue along with the gift card!

Gift Giver's Name

_____

Address _____

_____

[ ] Add my name too! I enclose $16 for my own subscription.

Make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL. Send to:
GOLDENSEAL
The Cultural Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

Summers County railroad historian and GOLDENSEAL contributor **Roy C. Long** passed away December 4, 1998. You may remember Roy's article, "Telegrapher at Thurmond: A Day's Work on the C&O" from our Spring 1994 issue. Roy worked for the C&O for 42 years, transferring to Hinton during WWII. Following his retirement, he began collecting historical information relating to the C&O Railway and built a vast library containing thousands of documents and hundreds of photographs. Over the last 12 years he wrote more than 650 stories about the railroad which were published in numerous newspapers and magazines.


EVERETT CRAWFORD
Roy C. Long.

Mike Jacobs of Montgomery, Fayette County, passed away January 10, 1999, at 99 years of age. He was the subject of the GOLDENSEAL article called "'You Always Want to Better Yourself': An Immigrant Success Story," by his granddaughter in-law, Kathleen M. Jacobs; Summer 1992. Born in the nation of Lebanon, Mike came to Montgomery in 1921.

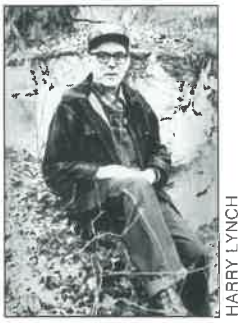

MICHAEL KELLER
Mike Jacobs.

Mike owned Mike Jacobs & Sons Wholesale Produce, and Jacobs Grocery in Montgomery with more than 50 years of service. He was actively involved in the Knights of Columbus and was an air raid warden in the Montgomery area during World War II. He received the key to the city of Montgomery in 1990 for his lifelong service to the community.

Former **U.S. Senator Jennings Randolph (D-WV)**, originally of Harrison County, passed away at the age of 96 on May 8, 1998. He was the subject of the Summer 1983 article "Jennings Randolph: Always Remember the Man and Woman by the Wayside of the Road," by Michael Kline and Gene Ochsendorf. His accomplishments as a Senator are to be commemorated through the Jennings Randolph Recognition Project, coordinated by the Agri-business Council and the Agri-Energy Roundtable. For more information, contact the West Virginia Agribusiness Council at (304)622-6225.


Senator Randolph.
Photo by Doug Yarrow.

Clennie Workman of Nicholas County died January 27, 1999 at age 84. Clennie was the husband of GOLDENSEAL contributor Patricia Samples Workman and the subject of her story "Recollections of Robinson Fork: Nicholas County Rural Life," in our Spring 1996 issue. Clennie and his accounts of old-time ways in central West Virginia rang through most of Patricia's writings including her 1998 book *Fond Recollections: My Memories of Clennie.*


HARRY LYNCH
Clennie Workman.

Alan Jabbour Returns to West Virginia

During the late 1960's and early '70's, West Virginia's vibrant folk arts community served as a magnet, drawing countless researchers, folklorists, and students to the state. Armed with tape recorders, cameras, and notepads, they had an unquenchable curiosity about West Virginia's unique traditions and ways of life. Much of their research and documentation wound up as articles in the early editions of GOLDENSEAL.

Alan Jabbour fiddles for Sherman Hammons during an early 1970's visit. Photograph by Carl Fleischhauer.

One of the most influential of these academic pioneers was a tall, thin young man named Alan Jabbour. When he was in graduate school during the 1960's, Alan frequently traveled to old-time music festivals around the region. He then went to the homes of many of the musicians whom he had met, collecting songs, stories, and insight from them.

In about 1970, Alan was head of the Library of Congress' Archive of Folk Song in Washington, D.C. He became aware of Maggie, Burl, and Sherman Hammons of Pocahontas County, and traveled to their remote home near Marlinton for a visit. There he met fellow researcher and photographer Carl Fleischhauer. Alan, Carl, and local musician Dwight Diller began collaborating on an unprecedented collection of recordings including instrumental tunes, ballads, and family stories. The result was *The Hammons Family of Pocahontas County, West Virginia: A Study of a West Virginia Family's Traditions*, released in 1973 by the Library of Congress.

The double-album set has recently been reissued in combination with Rounder Records' release *Shaking Down the Acorns* as a double CD, complete with illustrated booklet [see "Mountain Music Roundup," Winter 1998]. This impressive work had a larger impact than simply making folk heroes of the Hammonses.

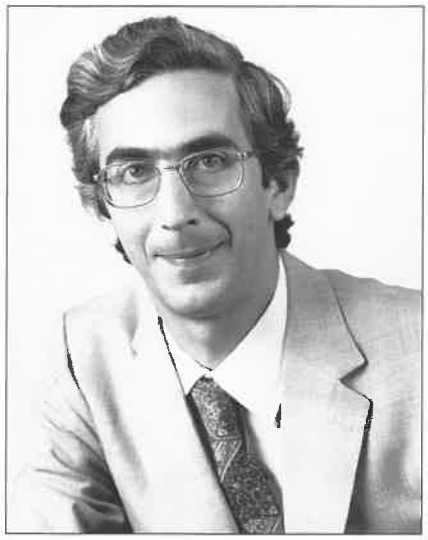
"For old-time music devotees, it was great music," says Jabbour, "and for them, hopefully, it stretched their minds. It forced them to think about the Hammonses as people, to consider where this music comes from. But for West Virginians, we found that it had another very important impact: [the realization] that this music and this culture are worthy of the most sober and serious contemplation, in the most elevated manner possible. We hoped to treat the Hammonses with all the seriousness and dignity they deserved. We wanted everyone to think of this culture in that light."

Alan went on to found the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress in 1976 and has served as its director since that time.

Dr. Jabbour will present a lecture/performance at the Cultural Center's State Theater in Charleston at 8:00 p.m., Friday, March 26, on the subject of "West Virginia's Connections to and Influences on International Folk Culture."

Few can approach this topic with Alan Jabbour's knowledge and skill. A classically trained violinist with a large repertoire of rare and ancient fiddle tunes, Alan holds a doctorate in medieval literature and folklore from Duke University. He will share insights gathered from intensive studies with native West Virginians, many of whom had little or no formal schooling themselves.

Jabbour's lecture/performance will be followed by a question and answer session. The event, free of charge and open to the public, is sponsored by the Friends of Old Time Music & Dance and the West Virginia Humanities Council, in cooperation with the West Virginia Division of Culture & History. For further information, call (304)345-4217.



Dr. Alan Jabbour, director of the American Folklife Center of the Library of Congress, will deliver a lecture/performance on March 26, at the Cultural Center's State Theater in Charleston.

Mother's Day Revisited

[Originally published in
GOLDENSEAL
October-December 1977,
Volume 3, Number 4.]

In the weeks that followed her mother's death, Anna Jarvis jotted down, on dozens of small pieces of scrap paper, reflections on her mother's life. She intended to put the thoughts together into a biographical memorial to her mother to be distributed among her mother's old friends in Grafton. It seemed to her to be a fitting tribute to the energetic and intelligent mother she deeply mourned. Miss Jarvis never finished the written memorial to her mother. Instead, she founded Mother's Day.

Anna Maria Reeves Jarvis, mother of Anna Jarvis, was a local legend at the time of her death. Without ever stepping beyond the limits of what was considered acceptable and respectable in a 19th century lady, she had organized women, given lectures, worked for peace, and fought disease, all on a local level. She did this so well and so effectively that her courage and goodness became a part of the local folklore, and stories about her were preserved through several generations in Taylor County. Still, without her daughter's strenuous and successful efforts to commemorate her, legend would have faded as the descendants of the people whose lives she touched died or moved from the area. It is because of her daughter's efforts that we can know something about this woman to whom the first Mother's Day was dedicated.

Anna Maria Reeves was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, in 1832, the daughter of a Methodist minister. The family moved to Philippi, Virginia, when Anna was about ten. While her father had a Methodist church at Philippi, Anna met and married Granville Jarvis of Grafton. It was 1850 and she was 18 years old.

Six years later she had borne six children and four of them were dead. All but one of the dead children had been born healthy. They died from diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough. It was an age in which illness in children was swift and fatal. Anna Maria Jarvis knew there was a relationship between these deaths and the outhouses near the homes, the lack of air and sunshine in many windowless rooms, the milk from sickly cows, the flies buzzing on plates of beef left sitting out in summer kitchens. She organized a Mother's Work group to combat these conditions in the community. Their motto was "Mother's Work — For Better Mothers, Better Homes, Better Children, Better Men and Women." The mothers acted as a

"But After All Was She Not a Masterpiece as a Mother and a Gentlewoman..."

By Marie Tyler-McGraw

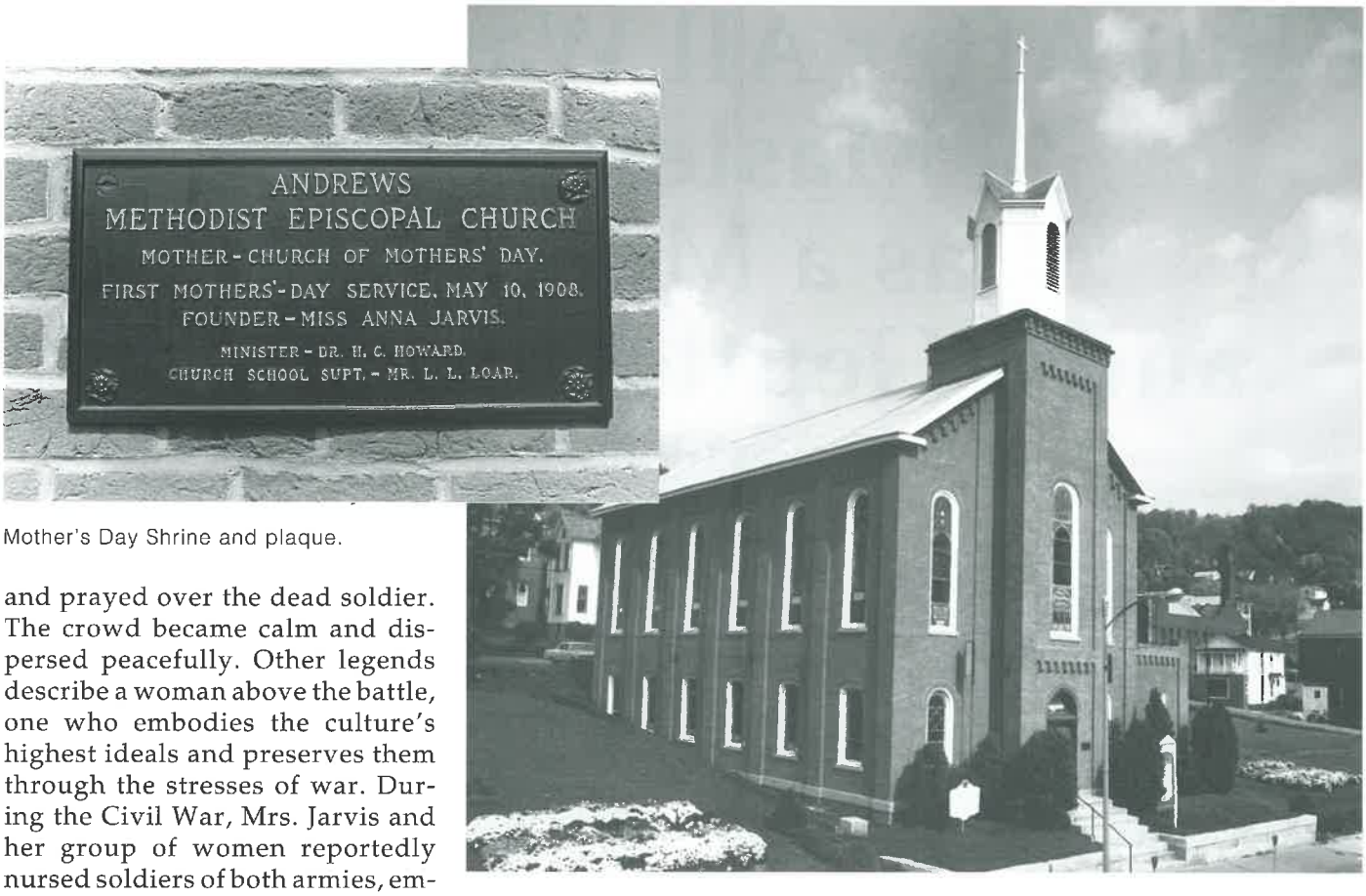
Photographs by Gary Simmons

Anna Maria Reeves Jarvis (left) and daughter Anna Jarvis. These portraits hang at the Mother's Day Shrine in Grafton.

direct community action task force, working to have piles of garbage covered, old outhouse areas filled in, eliminating spoiled milk and meat, promoting a campaign for airing and cleaning houses, and caring for the ill.

Their efforts seemed to be leading to some real improvement in community health when the Civil War came to Barbour County and changed the function of the Mother's Work group. Barbour County was deeply split between Union and Confederate sympathizers. Mrs. Jarvis saw the paramount need of the community as being reconciliation between neighbors, and this was the goal which she and the Mother's Work group pursued throughout the war.

One highly dramatic and myth-like story told about Mrs. Jarvis shows why she became a local legend and was held in such high esteem by her neighbors. The first land battle of the Civil War took place at Philippi and the first soldier killed was killed there. Tempers were short and passions ran high as the young soldier's body was brought into town. A request was made for a prayer to be offered over his body by the assembled townspeople. It was a moment of high tension, as most of the men present were armed and any provocative statement might have set off a partisan battle. Anna Maria Jarvis, a tiny red-haired figure, came forward



Mother's Day Shrine and plaque.

GERALD S. RATLIFF

and prayed over the dead soldier. The crowd became calm and dispersed peacefully. Other legends describe a woman above the battle, one who embodies the culture's highest ideals and preserves them through the stresses of war. During the Civil War, Mrs. Jarvis and her group of women reportedly nursed soldiers of both armies, emphasizing that they were not concerned with the men's loyalties but with their health.

At one point during the war, a traveling Methodist minister spent the night in the Jarvis home. He was aware of Mrs. Jarvis' leadership role in the church and suggested to her that she assist him in taking the Southern sympathizers from the church and establishing a separate Methodist Church South. Mrs. Jarvis responded that the church would never be split if it was in her power to prevent it and advised the minister to go home and work for peace.

The best known and most widely recorded of Mrs. Jarvis' enterprises came at the close of the Civil War and was intended to be a form of Mother's Day. It was conceived by Mrs. Jarvis as a family picnic day honoring mothers and was to be called Mother's Friendship Day. Her real goal for this event was to reunite old neighbors alienated from each other during the Civil War. She made sure that special invitations went out to each veteran, Union and Confederate, and to his family.

The picnic was held in a large grassy field near Pruntytown. Mrs. Jarvis arranged for the wife of a former Union officer to come dressed in grey and for the wife of a former Confederate officer to come dressed in blue. These two ladies led the families in singing "Dixie" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Jarvis offered a prayer for unity and all sang "America." Old friends, neighbors, and cousins embraced and many cried openly. The day was acclaimed a great success.

Mrs. Jarvis had hoped that the event would become an annual one and that once the work of reconciliation was done the yearly celebration would be to honor mothers and their work. For reasons that are not clear, there was never another Mother's Friendship Day, although Mrs. Jarvis never forgot the idea.

Her real goal for this event was to reunite old neighbors alienated from each other during the Civil War.

For the rest of her life, and especially in her Sunday school work and lectures, Mrs. Jarvis often referred to the need for a special day set aside to honor mothers. She lectured in local churches and to local organizations on "The Great Mothers of the Bible" and spoke in the Pruntytown churches on "The Value of Literature as a Source of Culture and Refinement." She also lectured on "The Great Value of Hygiene for Women and Children" and on "The Importance of Supervised Recreational Centers for Boys and Girls."

Mrs. Jarvis' daughter Anna was born in 1864 in Webster, Taylor County, about four miles from Grafton. She was the second daughter to be called Anna, the first

National Grandparent's Day

Mother's Day is not the only national holiday to have originated in West Virginia. National Grandparent's Day also began right here in Fayette County with Marian McQuade, a housewife and mother of 15.

Marian wished to champion the cause of the lonely and elderly in nursing homes and hoped to persuade grandchildren to tap the wisdom and heritage which their grandparents could share. She had worked with the elderly for many years, having been involved with the "Past Eighty Party," originated by Jim Comstock, editor of the *West Virginia Hillbilly*. In 1971, Marian was elected vice-chairman of the West Virginia Committee on Aging and appointed as a delegate to the White House Conference on Aging by Governor Arch A. Moore.

Marian McQuade of Oak Hill helped to found National Grandparent's Day in 1978. She is pictured here with cofounder Michael Goldgar shortly after the special day was signed into law by President Jimmy Carter. AP photograph courtesy of the *Charleston Gazette*.

After some successful campaigning by Marian, a Grandparent's Day Founder's Advisory Committee was formed including such prominent West Virginians as Jim Comstock, former and future Governor Cecil Underwood, U.S. Senator Jennings Randolph (D-WV), as well as other civic and religious leaders. In 1973, Governor Moore declared a statewide day for grandparents the first Sunday after Labor Day. September was chosen to represent the "autumn years" of life. Senator Randolph introduced a resolution in the U.S. Senate the same year.

Finally, in 1978, Congress passed legislation proclaiming the first Sunday after Labor Day as National Grandparent's Day. With support from the media, government, and other public organizations, the day became a huge success and is now observed by thousands throughout the United States.

National Grandparent's Day has three primary purposes: to honor grandparents; to help children to become aware of the strength, information, and guidance older people can offer; and to give grandparents an opportunity to show love for their children's children.

Founder Marian McQuade is now 83 years old and still living in the Oak Hill area, where she resides in a nursing home.

For more information about National Grandparent's Day, check the official website at www.grandparents-day.com.

one, nicknamed "Annie," having died. Within a few years, the Jarvis family moved to Grafton where they lived until the death of Granville Jarvis in 1902.

In Grafton Mrs. Jarvis was deeply involved in the work of Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church, where she was both a Sunday school teacher and junior superintendent of the Sunday school for 25 years. The story is told that one day, when the 12-year-old Anna was a member of her mother's Sunday school class, Mrs. Jarvis mentioned in a prayer that she hoped someone someday would finish the task of establishing a memorial Mother's Day.

Whether or not this was the moment at which Anna Jarvis, the daughter, committed herself to completing what her mother had begun, it is certain that she remembered that moment after her mother's death in 1905.

The young Anna Jarvis was very close to her mother and identified with her strongly. She knew that her mother had borne 12 children and that all but four had died. She knew that her mother's grief over the dead children had never subsided. Twenty-five years after the death of her seven-year-old Tommy, Mrs. Jarvis had to turn away to hide her tears at meeting another young Tommy in a Philadelphia department store. Her daughter recorded this incident and wondered, "...if such sorrow...would have been felt by a father."

She also knew that her mother regretted her lack of formal education although her intelligence and her abilities were apparent to all. On one of the pieces of scrap paper she wrote "Opportunities for acquiring an education limited, never ceased to regret the fancied loss. Broadly and well-educated herself. Normal school."

Anna Jarvis, the daughter, was a well-educated woman. She had attended Augusta Female Seminary in Staunton, Virginia, for three years and pursued a

rigorously academic course of study. She taught in the Grafton High School for seven years after college. She was of that first generation of college-educated American women which also included Jane Addams. All their lives these women searched for ways to use their abilities and training, since so few occupations and activities were open to them other than teaching. In *Twenty Years at Hull House*, Jane Addams describes her education as "the snare of preparation" and recounts a near nervous breakdown before she decided to put her energy into social work and settlement houses. Other women from this college-educated group became the suffragettes of the early 20th century.

The young Anna Jarvis, who clearly saw what limits had constrained her mother's life, took a different approach to the problem. Although many of her contemporaries felt the solution to the problem of woman's status lay in more political and economic opportunities for women, Anna Jarvis hoped to memorialize and recognize women for the unacknowledged lives of work and sacrifice which she saw epitomized in her mother. She sought to give her own mother and all mothers higher status in society through public recognition of and increased respect for their life's work in the home and community.

Interior of the Mother's Day Shrine. Photograph by Gerald S. Ratliff.

On the first anniversary of her mother's death, Anna Jarvis met with several friends and planned a memorial service for her mother for the next year. In May 1907, the private service was held, and in 1908 the first public service was held at Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church in Grafton as a memorial for all mothers. In the next few years Miss Jarvis contacted businessmen, clergymen, politicians, and industrialists in her search for support for a national Mother's Day. She received significant support and encountered little opposition. The time seemed right for such an enterprise.

In 1910, Governor Glassock proclaimed a statewide Mother's Day in West Virginia. In 1912, the general conference of the Methodist Church, meeting in convention, officially recognized Mother's Day as a special church day and recognized Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church in Grafton as the Mother's Day Church. In 1914, just six years after the first memorial Mother's Day service in Grafton, President Woodrow Wilson signed into law a House resolution making the second Sunday in May the national Mother's Day and calling for a display of the flag on that day.

The proclamation read, in part:

> Whereas the service rendered the United States by the American mother is the greatest source of the country's strength and inspiration; and
>
> Whereas we honor ourselves and the mothers of America when we do anything to give emphasis to the home as the fountainhead of the state; and
>
> Whereas the American mother is doing so much for the home, the moral uplift and religion, hence so much for good government and humanity: Therefore be it
>
> *Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America...*
>
> That the second Sunday in May shall here-after be designated and known as Mother's Day. ...

Anna Jarvis described the day that President Wilson signed the proclamation as the most exciting of her life. The rapidity with which a national Mother's Day came into being was in part due to her organizational work and persistence and in part due to the temper of the times. The period from the turn of the century to World War I was an era of steadily increasing public enthusiasm for reform and change in American society. The peak years of 1913 and 1914 saw two Constitutional amendments become law and legislation passed to control monopolies and to monitor banking practices, after years of effort by Progressive reformers. At the same time, a large and strong feminist movement was agitating for women's rights, especially the right to vote. Mother's Day seemed a good idea both to those who wanted more status for women and to those who wanted to reemphasize the traditional role of women as guardians of domestic virtue.

There is evidence that in later years Anna Jarvis became disappointed with the direction that Mother's

Anna Jarvis' birthplace in disrepair, 1977.

enshrining domestic sainthood for women while rejecting any other role. The mother for whom Mother's Day was founded was a vigorous and pioneering woman of strong convictions. She was an organizer and a hard worker, not afraid to speak her mind. Her daughter was also a woman of vigor and conviction who spoke publicly about her concerns. Without her daughter's commitment, we could never know this much about a rural mother of 12 in Barbour and Taylor counties, West Virginia, in the 19th century.

They were too busy to keep diaries. Only their deaths are recorded in local newspapers. Stories about them die out. How many more have been lost?

Day took. Politicians in several cities attempted to use Mother's Day celebrations to gather votes. She protested this and forced at least one major rally in New York to be canceled. She wrote letters to editors complaining of the commercialization of the day through sales gimmicks, especially cards, candy, and flowers. "Give Mother what she wants or don't give her anything" was the message Anna Jarvis repeated through the 1920's and 1930's.

What she believed Mother really wanted was a day of true communication and closeness with her children, one in which the mother's work was acknowledged and the values on which it was based were reaffirmed. Her special fear was that mothers would be forgotten by their grown children. Mother's Day gave meaning to the lives of millions of anonymous women who lived, worked, and died without pay, honors, or recognition. Mother's Day, she felt, could justify and sanctify those lives. Of her own mother, she said:

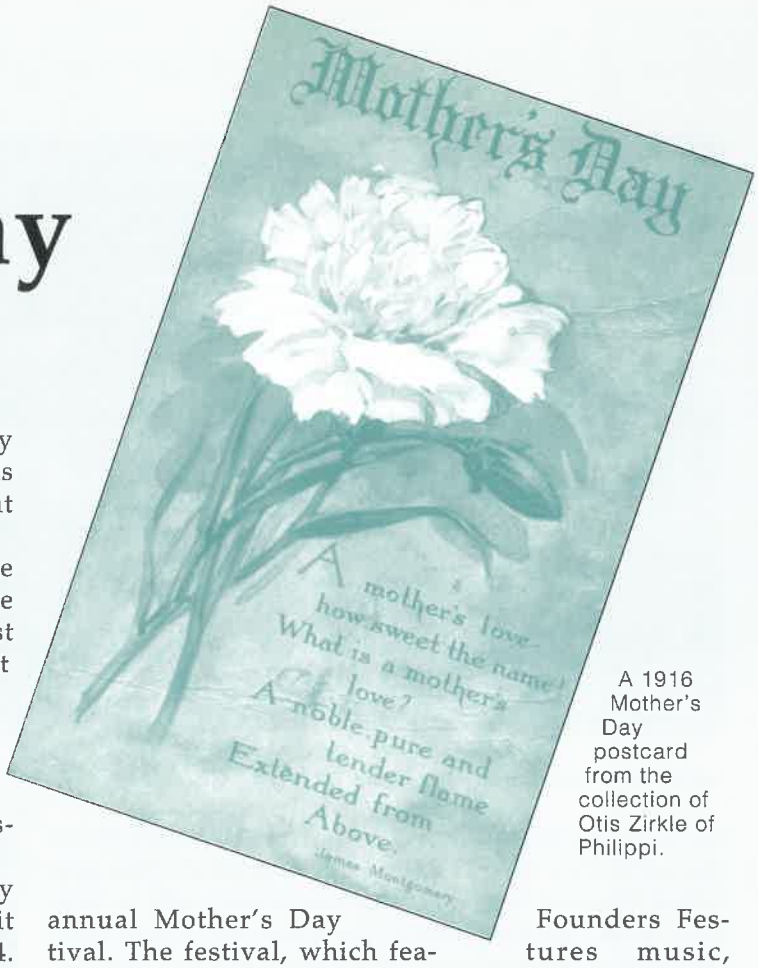
> "If this mother of 11 (live) children, whose ambitions had been restrained by the ties of motherhood, homemaking, years of frail health, and finally the financial losses of my father, had led a selfish life and devoted herself as faithfully to her own pleasure and ambitions as she did to those of others, her achievements would undoubtedly have brought her unusual honors, and made her a woman of prominence in her undertakings.
>
> "But after all was she not a masterpiece as a mother and a gentlewoman. ..."

The body of folklore that grew up around Anna Maria Reeves Jarvis as an angel of mercy and a paragon of virtue should not be seen as merely 19th century sentimentality. Nor should her daughter's efforts to memorialize her mother's life be seen as

MARIE TYLER-McGRAW was born in Clarksburg and grew up in Bridgeport. She is now a historian with the National Park Service in Washington, D.C.

Anna Jarvis in a photograph thought to have been made at the time of her mother's death. Courtesy of the Prints and Photographs Division of the Library of Congress.

Mother's Day Today



A 1916 Mother's Day postcard from the collection of Otis Zirkle of Philippi.

Since our story in 1977, both the Mother's Day Shrine in Grafton and the house where Anna Jarvis was born in Webster have undergone significant changes.

On the National Register of Historic Places since 1974, the once-abandoned Anna Jarvis Birthplace House has been restored and is now a popular tourist attraction. The wooden, two-story structure was built in 1854 by Granville Jarvis and was occupied by he and his family for 11 years. During the Civil War, General George B. McClellan used it as his headquarters and his troops were encamped across from the house in what is now Ocean Pearl Felton Historical Park.

Unoccupied since 1958, the house was eventually donated by Jarvis family members to a non-profit foundation called Thunder on the Tygart in 1994. Olive Crow and her partner Tom Dadisman, founders of the organization, decided to completely restore the house to its antebellum glory. In 1996, the house was opened as the Anna Jarvis Birthplace House Museum, housing over 5,000 donated items dating from the 18th, 19th, and early 20th centuries. According to Olive, many people donated items in honor or in memory of their mothers. Today the home is open for tours from March to December. It received close to 4,000 guests in the last year. Of course, around 1,200 of those guests visited over Mother's Day weekend for the annual Mother's Day Founders Festival. The festival, which features music, crafts, and other activities, is held across the creek from the house in what is now a community park, also built by Thunder on the Tygart. This year the Mother's Day Founders Festival will be held in Webster, May 8-10. For more information, contact Olive Crow at (304)265-5549.

The International Mother's Day Shrine, or Andrews Methodist Church, was the church where the first official Mother's Day service was held. The church, built in 1873, became designated as the shrine in 1962, and continues to hold a Mother's Day service each May in commemoration of Anna Jarvis and her mother. Over the past 20 years, the shrine has also undergone change. In the 1980's, the West Virginia chapter of Delta Kappa Gamma, a national teachers' organization, unveiled a statue in the church's side yard which depicts a mother with children. Most recently, the church was one of 15 sites throughout the state to be registered as a National Historic Landmark. The historic Mother's Day service is still held at the shrine each year for a capacity crowd of around 350 people. This year's service, held in the afternoon of Sunday, May 10, will feature area choral groups. For more information, call (304)265-1589.

Anna Jarvis' birthplace as it appears today in Webster, Taylor County. Photograph courtesy of the *Mountain Statesman*. See page 15.

When Anna Jarvis' dream of a day set aside to honor mothers finally came true nationally in 1914, she hoped people around the world would stop for a day to truly appreciate their mothers. She was soon disappointed, however, by the commercial direction Mother's Day took. She claimed, "This is not what I intended. I want it to be a day of sentiment not profit!" In her later years, in fact, she spent as much time and effort in thwarting what Mother's Day had become as she had in establishing it. She never succeeded. Anna Jarvis spent her later years in a nursing home in Pennsylvania where she died November 24, 1948, at the age of 84. She spent her last days lamenting the exploited holiday she had initiated.

Today the second Sunday in May, meant to acknowledge and celebrate a group of people who go largely unrecognized the rest of the year, has grown into one of the biggest commercial holidays on the calendar.

According to the Greeting Card Association, Mother's Day ranks third among all American holidays for greeting cards sold. Only Christmas and Valentine's Day rank higher. In 1998, 150 million Mother's Day cards were purchased nationally. According to the Society of American Florists, 26 percent of all holiday flowers and plants are purchased for Mother's Day, second only to Christmas. It is also said that more long distance phone calls are made on Mother's Day than on any other day of the year.

Mother's Day inspired countless other days of commercial celebration in its wake.

Not only did Mother's Day become a huge hit for the floral and greeting card industries, but it inspired countless other days of commercial celebration in its wake. The idea of setting aside a day to honor certain individuals has spread until there is a day — and a card — for almost everyone. Most popular commercially are Father's Day, National Grandparent's Day, Sweetest Day, Boss' Day, Professional Secretary's Day, and Nurses' Day. We also have Parent's Day, Children's Day, Mother-in-Law's Day, International Women's Day, Senior Citizens' Day, and Best Friends' Day, just to name a few.

Father's Day, apparently the first holiday to follow the example of Mother's Day and the one most directly related to it, came about after Mrs. Sonora Smart Dodd of Spokane, Washington, attended a Mother's Day sermon in 1909. It made her think of her father, William Smart, a Civil War veteran who was widowed when his wife died in childbirth with their sixth child. William was left to raise the newborn and his other five children by himself on a rural farm in eastern Washington state. Mrs. Dodd realized her father's strength and selflessness as a single parent and decided to honor him with a Father's Day, first observed officially on June 19, 1910, in Spokane. In 1924, President Calvin Coolidge supported the idea of a national Father's Day. The day was later recognized by a Joint Resolution of Congress in 1956, and in 1972 a permanent observance of Father's Day was established by President Richard Nixon, to be held on the third Sunday of June each year.

Mother's Day Statue in Grafton. Photograph by Beth Valentine, courtesy of the *Mountain Statesman*.

Though not quite as popular as the second Sunday in May, Father's Day ranks as the fifth most popular greeting card holiday, just behind Easter. More than 95 million Father's Day cards were sold in America in 1998. Around 3 million Grandparent's Day cards were sold, while Sweetest Day ranked next with 1.5 million. About 1 million bosses and as many secretaries received cards for their days, while nurses ranked last on the list with 500,000.

After 90 years, Anna Jarvis' idea to honor her mother with a special day is celebrated around the world as one of the most popular holidays of the year. Imagine what this courageous woman from the town of Grafton would think of it now!

Wheeling's Irish Thread

An O'Brien Family Tale

By Margaret Brennan

A great thread of Irish heritage is woven through life in Wheeling. Their numbers are impressive. During the most recent census, more than 5,000 people in Ohio County claimed Irish ancestry. And their influence is profound. In Wheeling, a prominent group of bankers, lawyers, journalists, musicians, and religious leaders are bound together by a proud family strand reaching back to the middle of the last century.

Sister Mary Grace Flynn, V.H.M., and attorney Frank O'Brien share these ties and trace their family roots back to a common source. As they reflect on their lives and ancestry, they reveal much about Wheeling and the grand legacy of a particularly tenacious Irish immigrant boy.

Above: Sister Mary Grace Flynn has spent most of her life at Mount de Chantal. She takes great pride in her Irish Catholic heritage. Photograph by Michael Keller.

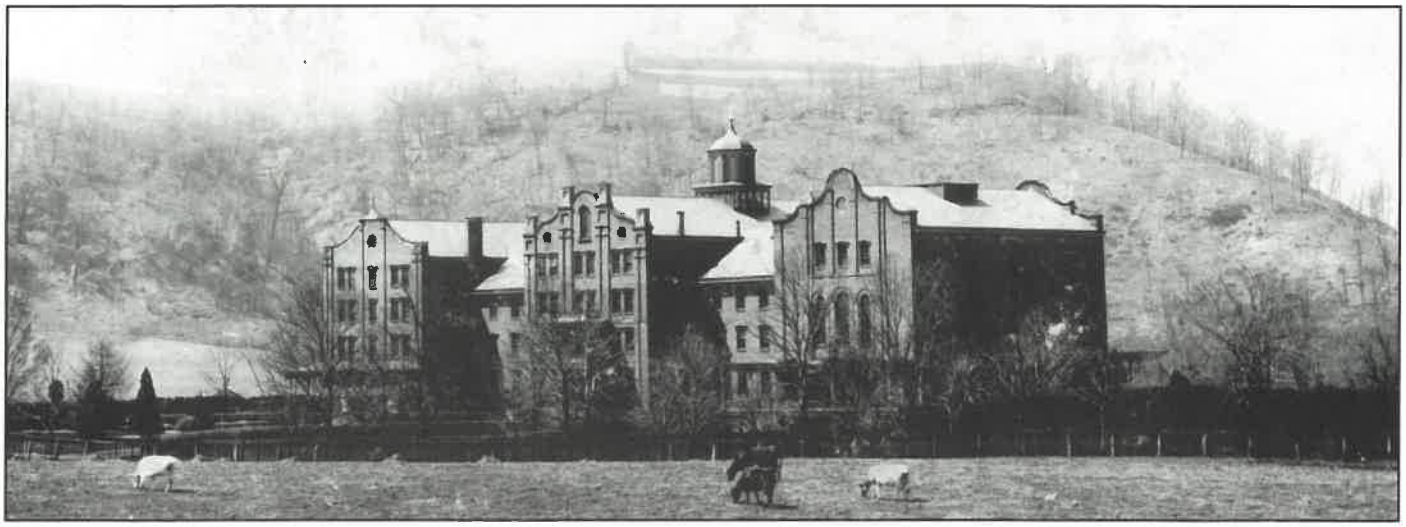
Sister Mary Grace sits in her office at Mount de Chantal Visitation Academy in Wheeling. A woman in her early 70's, of medium build with greying hair, she has a kindly face, warm eyes, and a quick smile. Sister Mary Grace is superior of the local Visitation Sisters, a Catholic religious order of women which began in Wheeling in 1848. She has devoted 51 years of her life to Mount de Chantal, both as a student and religious.

Her given name was Miriam, and she assumed the name Mary Grace when she became a nun in 1945. She and her sister, Frances Leonore, were the two children of James and Frances Gilligan Flynn of Wheeling. The Gilligans lived on Wheeling Island [see "The Island: Surrounded by Water in Wheeling," by Louis E. Keefer; Spring 1995]. Sister recalls, "The Gilligans loved the island, and never, ever considered leaving. They went through those floods every year and enjoyed every minute of it. It was the excitement. You still find old people from the island who feel this way."

Of her home life, Sister remembers, "My parents could not stand the English. Even my mother, who was very charitable, had nothing good to say about them." Once Sister mentioned that she would love to go back to Ireland and her mother

Opposite page: Thomas and Kate O'Brien posed for a portrait with their family in 1903 on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary in Wheeling. Standing, left to right, are John Joseph Patrick (J.J.P.), Mary Agnes, Thomas, Jr., Nora, and Richard; seated, left to right, are Grace, Thomas, Frank, Kate, and Margaret (Sister Mary Aimee).

Below: Mount de Chantal, about 1865.



The Flynns gathered at Mount de Chantal for Leonore's wedding to Robert Griffith in October 1950. Sister Mary Grace is at left, parents Frances Gilligan Flynn and James Flynn are at right.

retorted, "You don't want to go back there. Why do you think your ancestors left?"

Another time Sister recalls she was talking about someone in the neighborhood and remarked, "Oh, they're 'shanty Irish' and my mother said, 'Listen young lady, they don't come any "shantier" than you.' I knew it was derogatory, as opposed to 'lace curtain Irish.' It was a little class consciousness, but my mother put me in my place. She didn't want any snooty little girl."

Sister Mary Grace remains firmly rooted in her Irish identity. "I have a sense of gladness and pride in being Irish Catholic," she states. Among her distinctly Irish memories, Sister recalls, "We had corn beef and cabbage on St. Patrick's Day. My dad was a great joke teller, and always Irish jokes — the Pat and Mike stories."

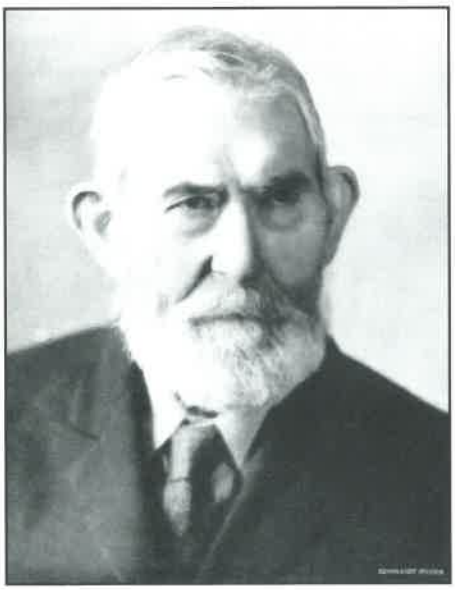
On her father's side, Sister Mary Grace has clear memories of her grandparents, Grace O'Brien of Wheeling and James Flynn. "She came here to the Mount with all her sisters. Then she went on a trip to Missouri and met my grandfather. They decided to get married but instead of her staying there, he came here and they purchased land, about half of what we now know as Clator. Mr. Clator owned the other part. When they all sold it to the city years later, they needed a name for the area, so they proposed calling it 'Flynnville.' My grandmother said, 'No, Clator is a better name for the village and we'll have a Flynn Avenue.' Their home is still there, now Frederick's Beauty Salon. They owned that whole area, including the hillside. It was a great big farm, with cows and everything. James was a real farmer and very hard worker. Once he walked up to Washington, Pennsylvania, and back to get a cow."

Sister continues. "The Flynns had six children: Thomas, James, Kitty, Irene, and two little tots who died young."

Thomas O'Brien Flynn eventually made his mark as a newspaperman and editor of *The Intelligencer*, the oldest continuously published newspaper in the state. He quit writing his weekly column at age 89; each year during the Christmas season his story of "The Other Wise Man" is still reprinted.

"Of the boys," Sister relates, "Tom was most like his father. After his parents moved, he took over the family home. He loved farming. He gardened until the day he died at 91."

She remembers that her father James was the exact opposite of her uncle Tom. "My father hated farming. He would do anything to get away from the farm. He fought in France in World War I and he was



James Flynn and Grace O'Brien Flynn in 1938. Photograph by Rembrandt Studios.

'Sergeant York,' as he told it. Afterward he held all kind of jobs. In 1925, he married Frances Gilligan and, with two little babies, the Depression hit them very hard. I know for a while during the Depression my dad was driving Garvin's milk trucks, he was driving Heinz trucks. In 1934, after the banks were stabilized by Roosevelt and the Federal Reserve was established, my father was given the authorization to begin the Union Federal Savings and Loan Company in Wheeling. In those days, you could do something like that — start a bank — if you showed you had some intelligence and native ability. It did not hurt having the O'Brien family connections.

"I have a sense of gladness and pride in being Irish Catholic."

"A year or two later, Alex Salvatori founded People's Federal Savings and Loan. They were competitors but really good friends. Business just boomed after the war and it was my father's mission to help people buy or build their own homes. Each Saturday he would go out and appraise property to see how much he could give. I have wonderful stories about my father after he died, letters from complete strangers, how he helped them finance their houses. In around 1982, the two savings and loans merged and became Fed One."

Sister Mary Grace ultimately traces her roots to her great-grandfather, Thomas O'Brien: the founder of the O'Brien family in Wheeling. Her grandmother, Grace, was one of his 14 children.

"He left Ireland with nothing but a pocket dictionary," she says. "He landed in New York and came to Wheeling, Virginia (in 1815). He had a job at the McLure Hotel as a busboy. One morning there was a group of businessmen that came in every day and he accidentally spilled coffee over one of them. The hotel manager was so indignant that he fired my great-grandfather on the spot. The man turned out to be the president of a local bank, stood up and put his arm around Thomas, and said, 'Young man, come down to the bank and I'll give you a job.' So, he went down there and that was the very early beginning of his financial career."

The original St. Joseph's Cathedral, shown here, was defended in 1853 by a band of armed Irishmen, including Thomas O'Brien, who fended off an angry mob. The fence on the corner of the O'Brien's property is visible at the lower left of the photograph. This building was replaced by a second cathedral on this same site in 1926. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy of the Wheeling Diocesan Archives.

Thomas O'Brien settled in East Wheeling. Sister Mary Grace says that her great-grandfather was part of the large group of Irishmen who protected the 'Catholic block' around Thirteenth and Eoff Streets when Richard V. Whelan, the Bishop of Wheeling, called for help in 1853. It seemed that Gaetano Bedini, a papal envoy, had traveled to America to check on the state of the church here. When he visited Wheeling, it became known that an anti-Catholic mob would attack the Cathedral to drive Bedini from the city. The Bishop appealed to local authorities but received no help, so Whelan called out about 200 armed Irishmen — Thomas O'Brien being one — to protect the church property. The Irish saved the day and the crowd dispersed.

Frank O'Brien, Sister Mary Grace's cousin, shares his family stories and recollections from his law office in the First State Capitol Building in downtown Wheeling.

"I'm the son of Frank A. and Estelle J. O'Brien. My father was the youngest of 14 children born to Thomas O'Brien and the former Catherine ("Kate") Gillespie. I'm the third generation." A distinguished-looking, bespeckled man in his mid-80's, Frank adds to the story of his grandfather, the first Thomas O'Brien.

"He was penniless," Frank says. "I understand he had enough money when he got off the ship to take the train to Cumberland, Maryland. He walked the rest of the way. I guess he selected here because there was quite an Irish community in East Wheeling at that time, perhaps friends of his from the old country."

Thomas O'Brien was a veteran of the Civil War. According to Frank, "He was working for the railroad in Parkersburg at that time, and helped form a unit down there. He had a clerical position with the B&O, and in 1862 enlisted in the Army, answering President Lincoln's call for volunteer troops. When his enlistment was up, he returned to Wheeling and accepted a position at the post office here. He later voted for General McClellan, the Democratic candidate for president, and was fired. He was then appointed in 1865 the surveyor of the Port of Wheeling, where he collected customs, and today his picture hangs on the second floor of the Custom House (now West Virginia Independence Hall). Then, Governor Jacob appointed him as an aide on his staff with the rank of colonel, and that's where he got that title. It was all political."

Eventually the Colonel was elected State Treasurer, possibly the first Gaelic Irishman to attain such a high office in West Virginia. After his years as State Treasurer, Thomas O'Brien went into the banking business, and eventually became president of the People's Bank of Wheeling.

Frank O'Brien today. Photograph by Michael Keller.

"The family lived on the present site of the Linsly classroom building and later moved downtown to Thirteenth and Eoff Streets, right across from the Cathedral," Frank relates. "Thomas died there in 1909, a few weeks after Mother and Dad were married. He took pneumonia which resulted from a cold he got while returning on the train from Cincinnati after attending my father's wedding."

Frank continues. "Thomas was, I understand, very authoritative and didn't tolerate any off-color jokes. I've heard it said when someone told a dirty joke in his presence, he would respond, 'The amount of humor doesn't compensate for its vulgarity.'"

While his cousin Sister Mary Grace is keenly aware of her Irish identity, Frank comments, "I'm not conscious of being anything but an ordinary citizen." The two are quite close, however, which

The First State Capitol Building houses the law firm of O'Brien & O'Brien. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Frank consults some files behind an impressive heirloom table in his office. Photograph by Michael Keller.

is typical of this colorful and influential family. The tie between Mount de Chantal and the O'Briens also remains strong after more than 100 years. "I have been associated with the Mount for over 30 years in a legal capacity representing the nuns," Frank notes.

"In those days you practiced as a 'specialty' whoever walked in your door."

In his office at the law firm, Frank O'Brien sits behind a beautiful and distinctive table. "I don't know how old this table is. I know my uncle had it in the old city-county building when he was a judge and I think he found it there when he came. It may have been in the state capitol. It has never been refinished."

Frank's branch of the O'Brien family has a long and distinguished tradition in the legal profession. "Two of Thomas' sons became lawyers: John Joseph Patrick ("J.J.P.") and Frank, my father. J.J.P. had one son a lawyer: Thomas P. His son, Thomas P., Jr., is also a lawyer with the Kroger Company in Cincinnati. My father had two sons lawyers, myself and Richard J. who died in 1965. He was a partner with my father and me in the law firm."

The family-run law firm began nearly a century ago. "In 1903, (my father) Frank joined his brother J.J.P. in forming a new law firm, O'Brien & O'Brien. Their office was in the Board of Trade building in downtown Wheeling. The brothers had no telephones, no photocopying machines, and little secretarial assistance. A lot of criminal defense work was appointed by the court, and there was no compensation at all for these cases. Yet they were always on the right side of the party in power, because Uncle Joe was a Democrat and my father a Republican, so they always had connections."

Frank O'Brien remembers that in their law practice, his father and J.J.P. "conducted themselves with a very high sense of ethics and always had a door open for any young man who wanted to practice. In those days, the law was not as specialized. You practiced as a 'specialty' whoever walked in your door. My father was a successful trial lawyer, and very jovial. He and J.J.P. both enjoyed a good game of poker."

Frank joined his father's law firm in 1938 after graduating from Mount Saint Mary's and then from the University of Virginia law school. He is still practicing law today, more than 60 years later. "I had a very wide practice," he recalls, "all types of legal problems. Toward the end, I specialized in the defense of medical malpractice and engineering and architectural malpractice. I have enjoyed it."

During World War II, Frank, along with other O'Brien relatives, served in the armed forces. While in Domestic Naval Intelligence in Charleston, he met Amallia "Amy" Gaines, a lieutenant in the Marine

The law firm of O'Brien & O'Brien during the early 1930's included Frank, Sr., (standing left), J.J.P. (seated) and J.J.P.'s son Thomas. Frank, Jr., joined the firm in 1938.

Frank III, "Trip," was a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps when he was killed at age 23 in Vietnam.

Corps Women's Reserve. She recruited enlisted women and procured female officer candidates for the Corps.

They were married in December 1943. Frank and Amy had five children: Frank III, James, Brigid, Mollie, and Tim.

"Our town would have given him a warm welcome."

Frank III, "Trip," graduated from Mount Saint Mary's in 1966 and then entered the Marine Corps. In 1967 he was commissioned a second lieutenant and was featured in a *National Observer* story which included his views about the Vietnam War. "We don't talk much about whether war's right or not here. We're too busy worrying about how to win it." He was described as looking forward to going to Vietnam. "I want to fight," he said. Frank III was killed in Quang Nam Province in March 1968 while serving as company commander of G Company, Seventh Regiment, First Marine Division. He was 23.

In a 1985 newspaper article, Amy O'Brien reflected on her eldest child. "Our son was in the flower of his manhood when he left for Vietnam. When he was killed, we were overwhelmed by the kindness of the city of Wheeling. Our town would have given him a warm welcome and a helping hand if he had come home alive, I am sure."

For his father, Frank's death signaled an end to the family legal tradition. "But for the Vietnam War, this firm would still be O'Brien and O'Brien. But that wasn't meant to be." Instead Frank took Pat Cassidy, then Bill Gallagher into the practice. Today it continues to expand and grow, with offices in the First State Capitol Building. Each year the firm sponsors one of the city's great St. Patrick's Day parties, begun in 1979 after Pat Cassidy entered the practice.

Frank and Amy's second son, James, graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis and was a career Naval officer. He once served as a helicopter pilot and a NATO representative. Today, he is a retired Navy captain living in Norfolk, where he works as a stockbroker.

Daughter Brigid died suddenly of a childhood disease in 1956, at age six.

The two youngest members of the family have flourished as professional musicians. Tim and Mollie O'Brien are popular recording and performing artists known for their close family harmonies and frequent appearances on West Virginia Public Radio's "Mountain Stage" and WWVA's "Jamboree USA."

"I think the Irish have made a lot of contributions to this country," comments unofficial family historian Tom O'Brien of Cincinnati. "I have always liked the family part of it, the strong family bond. The special thing is the love of conviviality. From wakes to weddings, we never have an O'Brien family function without everyone standing around the piano singing."

There are now over 300 descendants of Thomas and Kate O'Brien scattered throughout the country. They continue the singing, laughing, and storytelling at home in Wheeling, or wherever they come together.

MARGARET BRENNAN is of Irish descent and has lived in Wheeling all of her life. She holds a master's degree in history from WVU and is now a contract historian. Deeply interested in Irish history, Margaret began researching the O'Brien family as part of the Wheeling Celtic Festival held each March. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

MICHAEL KELLER

Author Margaret Brennan.

Jim, Mollie, and Tim O'Brien, left to right, in a recent portrait. Photographer and date unknown.

Tim and Mollie O'Brien

Musicians Tim and Mollie O'Brien have carried their family name — and their Wheeling Irish heritage — to the far corners of the earth. Their lively and soulful performances have taken them from Japan, to South Africa, to folk and bluegrass festivals across North America. They blend the sounds of old-time country music with intelligent songwriting and sophisticated instrumental and vocal skills.

Tim, the youngest member of the Frank and Amy O'Brien family, first achieved prominence in the late 1970's as a member of the award-winning bluegrass band Hot Rize. His original songs soon caught the ear of West Virginia native Kathy Mattea, whose recordings of O'Brien songs such as "Walk the Way the Wind Blows" and "Untold Stories" during the late 1980's helped open the door for Tim's successful solo career.

At about this same time, Tim and sister Mollie embarked on a series of critically-acclaimed duet recordings including the 1988 Sugar Hill release *Take Me Back*. They toured extensively during the following years and appeared regularly on West Virginia Public Radio's "Mountain Stage" and WWVA's "Jamboree USA" programs. Their duo performances have become more infrequent recently as the two talented siblings pursue individual musical interests.

Mollie lives in Denver where she performs with the rhythm and blues band Mollie and the Bluetips. She appeared in Charleston last December at the Cultural Center's State Theater for a jazz-influenced solo Christmas concert.

Tim, meanwhile, has continued to expand his horizons and reputation. The recently published *Encyclopedia of Country Music* includes an entry on Tim, saying that he "has helped to modernize country music's stringband tradition for over 20 years."

Tim has followed this musical tradition back to its Irish roots over the past several years, and has found himself reaching for his own heritage, as well. A fine bluegrass fiddle and mandolin player, Tim is influenced by the lonesome and haunting fiddle and vocal music of rural West Virginia. Struck by a similarity he found between this music and the sounds of ancestral Ireland, Tim began a long process of tracing the music back in both time and place.

He eventually found himself in Ireland's County Cavan at the ancient cabin where his great-grandfather Thomas O'Brien was born. After sporadic visits for several years, Tim now travels to Ireland every year to "play a few gigs, soak up some music," and look for family connections.

Tim's most recent recording taps into his deep interest in Irish culture. *The Crossing*, due out in May 1999 on the Alula label, pairs Tim with several top traditional Irish musicians from both sides of the Atlantic, as well as a range of other well-known bluegrass and folk performers, including his sister Mollie. The CD features traditional and original songs pulling together Appalachian, Irish, and immigrant themes.

Musicians Tim and Mollie O'Brien. Photograph by Laura Lyon.

"I'm trying to find my place in [the music] as an Irish person," Tim comments from his home in Nashville.

Mollie shares Tim's interest in their Irish roots and has occasionally joined him on his visits to Ireland. They remain very close to one another, and travel home to touch base with their West Virginia roots whenever they can. Their recordings on Sugar Hill are available in record stores or by calling (919)489-4349.

The Milk Had to Get Through

Home Delivery in Tucker County

Text and Photographs by Carl E. Feather

Snow more than three feet deep surrounded the homes of Thomas in Tucker County. Three miles up the Western Maryland Railroad line, the storm had closed the only road to Douglas. The tracks were now the mining town's only connection to the outside world.

Charles and Chester Teets, two of the five "sons" in Preston

David Teets delivered milk to a lot of houses while using this metal carrier. He is shown here at his home in Horse Shoe Run.

County's "W.L. Teets & Sons" dairy, decided to brave the storm. Sixteen miles of treacherous Backbone Mountain road lay between their farm in Eglon, known as Maple Hurst, and their mining town customers. The milk, like the mail, had to get through.

Arriving in Thomas, Charles waded waist-deep snow to deliver the ice-cold, fresh milk to the homes. When Chester saw the road to Douglas was blocked by drifts, he loaded a pair of metal milk carriers with sixteen quarts and walked the three miles to Douglas on the railroad tracks. The town's babies and youngsters got their milk, despite the storm.

"I don't think we missed more than a dozen days of delivering milk the entire time we had the dairy," says David Teets, a Horse Shoe Run resident and brother to Charles and the late Chester. David says his family took its obligation of delivering milk very seriously, despite the challenges of weather, mountains, and perilous economic times in the 1930's and '40's.

In retrospect, their dairy's milk delivery route was much more of a "convenience" than today's dairy markets and so-called "convenience" stores. Teets' home delivery ensured that neither the coal miner's nor the businessman's wife need leave the house for fresh milk. Seven days a week, she could have as little as a pint of fresh milk delivered to the doorstep. And if the family lived in Thomas, Davis, Douglas, or Benbush, they could get milk delivered fresh twice a day in the summer months.

William Lindsey Teets was a school teacher/farmer who turned full-time farmer when a Democrat became school superintendent and ousted the Republican teacher from his post. He and his wife Dora Elma turned their attention to expanding their farm on Gnegy Church Road, a steep, narrow path that connects Gnegy Church, Maryland, to Route 24 in West Virginia. W.L. and Dora Elma had plenty of help for their dairy: five boys; John, Chester, Charles, Ellis, and David; and one girl, Elmina. The family farm was typical in its production of vegetables, pork, eggs, and milk to feed the family of eight. Extra potatoes, eggs, butter, maple syrup, and produce were peddled to acquaintances in nearby coal mining towns, the largest of which were Thomas, and Kempton, Maryland.

David Teets says his parents decided to expand their produce delivery route to a dairy business after their maple syrup sales were challenged by the owner of another dairy. James Hamilton owned Gladeview Dairy, which was located on Route 50 in Maryland, between Red House, Maryland, and the West Virginia state line. The dairy's territory extended from Rowlesburg to Thomas. David says his family and Hamilton had always gotten along until one day when the two men tried peddling their products in Rowlesburg at the same time.

"We had a sugar camp where we made maple syrup," David says. "And we had hogs we butchered and made sausage. Dad and Chester decided to go to Rowlesburg and sell maple syrup and sausage — Chester had become acquainted with people there when he delivered milk for Mr. Hamilton. It so happened that Mr. Hamilton was down there delivering milk at

Dairy founder W.L. Teets, with wife Dora Elma, and granddaughter Jane Teets May. Photographer and date unknown.

The Teets farm today. The old barn dates from 1905, making it one of the oldest barns in that part of Preston County. The milk house, at left, was added in 1946. Once known as Maple Hurst Farm, it is still operated as a dairy farm under the management of John Teets' son Leland, below.

the same time. Dad went over and said, 'Hi, Mr. Hamilton.' But he just blew up at my dad. He said the only reason my dad was down there was to sell milk. Dad said no, but Mr. Hamilton wouldn't believe him. And Dad said 'Maybe if that's the way you feel about it, then maybe we should just start in the dairy business.'"

It made sense for the Teets family — after all, they had the cows, more than a dozen according to David's recollection, and they had the contacts from their produce business. William Teets purchased an old Model "A" pickup with a cloth top, ordered some generic milk bottles from a mail order house, and began deliveries in April 1934. Chester, the next-to-the-eldest son, was given the task of delivering.

"The first day he sold twelve quarts of milk," David says.

"Pints were three cents, quarts were five cents," Charles adds.

The dairy operated under the name "W.L. Teets & Sons," but was later renamed "Maple Hurst Farm," a reference to the many maple trees on their land. David believes the name was John's creation.

Every family member had several jobs in the business. David was only eight years old when the family began the dairy, but he was soon recruited to milk the cattle, wash bottles, and help deliver milk. Every aspect of the business was labor intensive. The cows — at least 30 of them in the dairy's peak years — were milked by hand until 1943, when mechanical milkers were purchased. Each child had a half-dozen or so cows to milk. David recalls asking his father if he could attend a high school basketball game one night when his sister was ill and couldn't help with the chores. "He said I could go if I got the milking done," David recalls. "I milked 12 cows by hand in one hour that night. I got them dry."

Their mother set a lofty example for every child when it came to "getting them dry."

"Mom was a fast milker," Ellis Teets says. "She could really milk cows. She had a real knack for it."

Milk bottles were washed by hand, one by one. In the dairy's early days, each bottle was vigorously scrubbed inside with a brush to loosen the dried-on milk. The bottles were then rinsed in hot water, dunked in a chlorine solution to sterilize them, and turned upside down in a 12-quart milk crate to dry. Later, brushes attached to electric motors allowed the operator to wash two bottles at a time — one in each hand. Racks of washed bottles were blasted with hot water and steam to rinse and sterilize them.

Bottles were filled one at a time from a separator bowl and capped by hand with cardboard covers. As the dairy's volume increased, W.L. Teets invested in an apparatus that filled and capped four bottles at a time. But it was still a procedure that required constant operator attention.

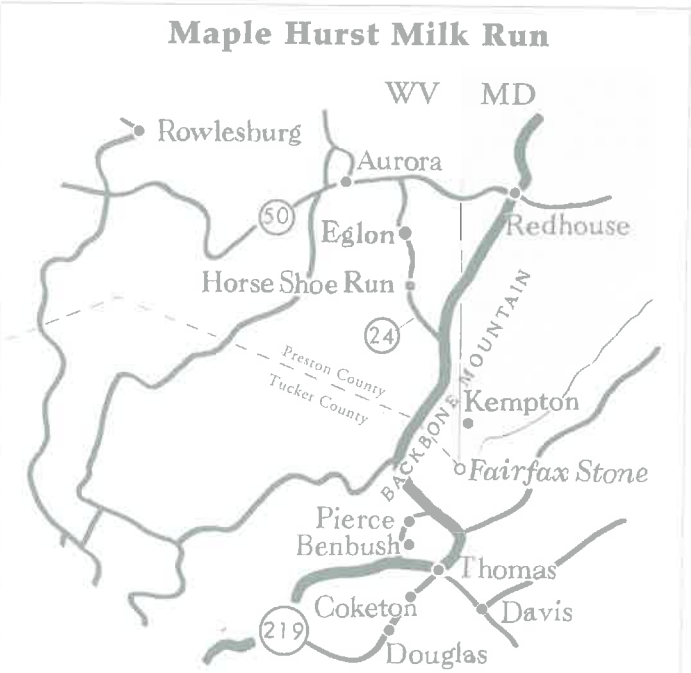
The dairy's product line was ba-

sic: raw milk bottled in pint and quart bottles, and chocolate- and cherry-flavored milk in half-pints. Originally, the family made their own chocolate syrup, then later found a supplier for both the chocolate and cherry flavorings. The milk was not pasteurized.

The only sources of refrigeration were well water and the cold of winter. Evening milk was collected into ten-gallon cans and held in well water for bottling in the morning. Bottling was originally performed in the basement of the farmhouse and later moved to a dedicated milk house in 1946. The milk house included an Icy Flo milk cooling system that circulated water through refrigeration coils. The chilled water exited the refrigeration unit then flowed through a series of coils in an adjoining bottling room. The milk trickled over the coils as it passed from the collection container to the bottles.

At first, the state inspector graded Maple Hurst's product "Grade C" due to the crude bottling environment and lack of refrigeration. Improvements to the collection and bottling processes helped raise the milk's classification to "Grade A" in the 1940's. David says pasteurization was not an issue because his parents maintained a healthy herd that was regularly tested for tuberculosis and other milk-borne illnesses.

Milk deliveries had to be made daily because most of the dairy's customers did not have refrigeration in their homes. In the summer months, milk was delivered twice a day to residential customers — fresh milk for breakfast and dinner, fresh milk for supper. It was almost like living on a farm. Each customer had a standing order. If there was a change, they'd come to the door and tell the delivery man or leave a note in the empty bottle. Accounts were settled once or twice a month, depending upon when the customer was paid. "Miners were paid on the 5th and 20th," recalls David. "Some of them didn't pay for the milk, period. But not too many, really."



The Teets brothers' milk run shuttled them across the Preston and Tucker county line, and across the border into Maryland. Map by Ed Hicks.

Maple Hurst's customer base was in adjoining Tucker County, where miners' homes were densely packed and lacked the land to support a milking cow. In addition to providing residential delivery, Maple Hurst had numerous commercial accounts: the Buxton and Landstreet company stores in Kempton, Coketon, Benbush, Pierce, and Davis; the Warden Hotel in Davis; the Imperial Hotel in Thomas; and numerous mom-and-pop restaurants, grocery stores, and confectionaries.

Ellis says it was not difficult to build the business. "It built up pretty fast from the customers Dad had from selling butter, eggs, and potatoes," he says. The family continued to sell produce from their milk trucks, creating a synergy of convenience in door-to-door shopping.

Sales seldom exceeded 200 quarts a day in the 1930's, but World War II brought a boom for Tucker County's coal mines and the men who worked them. The Buxton and Landstreet company store in Kempton usually took at least 100 quarts a day. Further benefit came from U.S. Army troops that held Alpine maneuvers in Tucker County during 1943 and 1944. On furlough from training on the rock faces and boulders, the troops piled into the Sutton Theater, Sam Dilettoso's Roma Restaurant, DiBacco's Varsity, and Nick DeMaio's Confectionary for entertainment and refreshment. David recalls Thomas being so busy in those days that he'd have to double park on Front Street to make Saturday night deliveries to the businesses [see "Merchants of Thomas: Doing Business in Tucker County," by Carl E. Feather; Winter 1993]. The boom meant good business for Maple Hurst Farm, which saw deliveries rise to 500 to 600 quarts a day in 1944, the peak year.

Ellis, who had been route driver since June 1939, was drafted in October 1941, creating a shortage of help. His father considered giving up the business, but John and Chester agreed to become partners in the dairy to help ease their parents' burden. In 1942 the two brothers each purchased a one-third share in the cattle and equipment. The milk house and cooling system were added to the dairy four years later. The men bought out their parents' remaining interest in 1947.

Stretching from Eglon to Davis, Kempton to Pierce, Maple Hurst's entire route took anywhere from five to 12 hours to run, depending upon the weather, road conditions,

gregariousness of the customers, and amount of help available. David says it was not uncommon to put more than 100,000 miles on the dairy's panel trucks in a matter of two or three years.

Each of the trucks used in the business holds a special memory or anecdote for the Teets brothers. The dairy's Model "A" was known for being so cold Chester had to wear a sheepskin coat to keep from freezing. The truck didn't have a heater, nor did its replacement, a 1935 black Dodge panel truck purchased new from Ralph Pritt's Dodge-Plymouth agency at Gnegy Church. "Times were hard and Chester nearly froze to death in that '35 Dodge," David says. "My mom was kind of unhappy when he spent $12 to have a heater put in the truck."

David Teets poses for a customer's camera while delivering milk on Bunker Hill, about 1943. The truck is the dairy's 1940 GMC. Photograph by JoAnn Tephabaugh.

The dairy's next truck was a 1936 Plymouth sedan delivery, a dark-blue beauty purchased from Pritt, who had purchased it from an agency in Cumberland, Maryland. The truck was the victim of an accident that remains a mystery to this day. David says a young man by the name of Ralph Coffman stayed on their farm a couple of summers in the late 1930's. Ralph lived with his widowed mother in Keyser. "She wanted to get him out of the town in the summers," David says. "He would board with us and help around the farm."

Members of Leland Teets' dairy herd enjoy the January thaw.

Ralph helped on the milk truck, as well, and was at its wheel the night of the accident. He and Ellis were heading down the mountain from Thomas on Route 219 when Ellis fell asleep and Ralph lost control. Ellis awoke to the noise and jostling of a truck changing direction by 180 degrees.

"First thing I knew, we were going backwards onto the guard post," Ellis recalls. "I think he was driving too fast and lost control of the truck." The rough ride caused irreparable damage to the truck's frame. Almost as mysterious as the cause of the incident was the coincidental appearance of a car salesman at the Teets farm from the Ludwig Chevrolet agency — of Keyser. "We always kind of thought that Mrs. Coffman may have sent them up to see us," David says. "They gave us a real good deal."

And so it was that the dairy's next panel truck was a 1938 Chevy, purchased from Ludwig. It was followed by a green 1940 GMC pickup with a long bed, purchased new from the Ray Teets Garage in Oakland, Maryland. Then came World War II and new trucks were impossible to come by. The Teets family got lucky when an Oakland plumber was drafted. The draftee sold his 1940 red GMC pickup back to Ray Teets' Garage, where he had purchased it new. W.L. Teets snapped it up. The two trucks got them through the war, each one racking up more than 100,000 miles.

With Ellis in the war, David began driving the route in the summer of his junior year, 1942. After graduating from Aurora High School in 1943, he became the dairy's steady driver until the route was sold eight years later.

At one time or another, most of the available boys in the neighborhood worked on the farm during the war years. Others were recruited to ride the truck and run milk to the porches. Payment was generally a couple pints of chocolate milk and whatever milk might be left on the truck at the end of the day.

David knew virtually every person in the mining communities. To this day, he recalls that Tom Massi's family took four to six quarts a day; Jim Cooper got three quarts. As for prices, David says milk sold for ten cents a quart for many years and was at 20 or 21 cents when the dairy ceased home delivery. A bottle deposit was a nickel at the store. Residential customers bought their bottles for the same amount. That way, if they broke or lost the bottle, it was their loss, not the dairy's.

Working seven days a week didn't give David much time for socializing, so he did his courting on the milk truck. His girl, Wilma Mae Henline, rode the truck with

him. "Me and my wife used to do a little courting on the milk truck," David admits. They were married June 27, 1948. Charles also found romance on the milk delivery route. He and Audrey Shafer had known each other from socials in the Eglon area, but it was after he started delivering milk to her family in Davis that they began to date. Like Wilma Mae, she paid her dues on the milk truck before they tied the knot in June 1940.

The end of World War II and the mechanization of mining procedures brought a gradual decline to the abundance of jobs in Tucker County. The dairy operation was scaled back accordingly. Twice-daily residential delivery ceased after the cooling system was installed in the milk house. The dairy purchased its last truck in 1946, a green GMC, from Ray Teets' Garage.

John and Charles, as full owners, cut home delivery to three days a week that same year: Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Stores and restaurants were serviced on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Sales fell to less than 100 quarts per day after the Kempton mine and company store closed in the early 1950's. Among the commercial customers of those sunset days were T&C Market, Mae Arnold's Restaurant, Campbell's Store, the A&P, S. DiBacco's Store, Schoonover's, Dilettoso's, and Miller's Pharmacy: all Thomas businesses doomed by the declining economy.

"Me and my wife used to do a little courting on the milk truck."

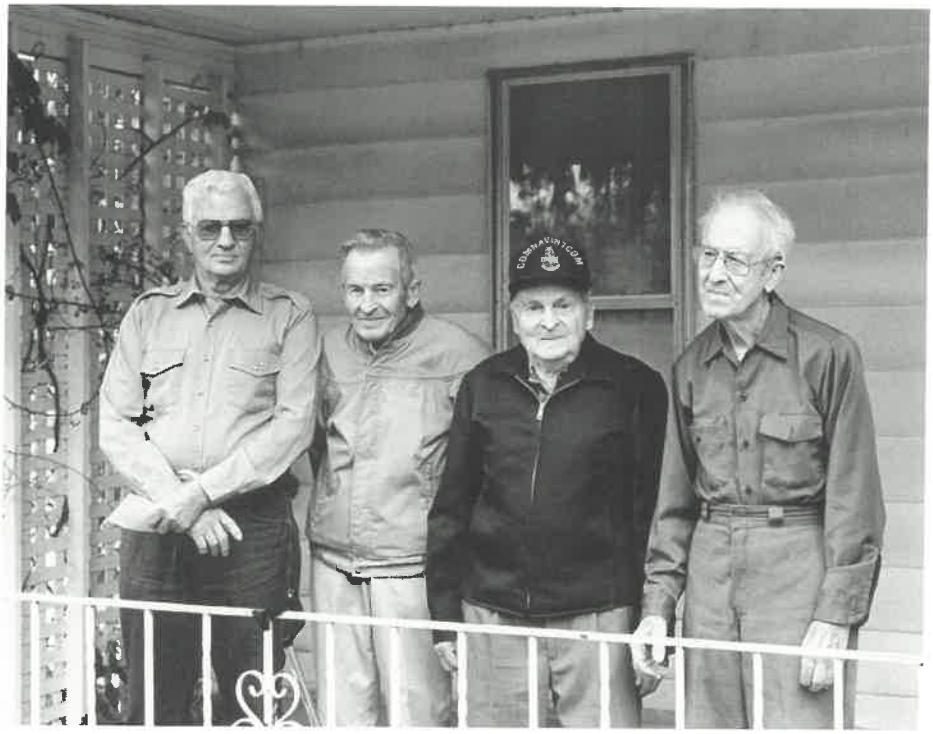
In September 1951, John and Charles decided to sell the route to Royale Dairy of Keyser, which had bought out Hamilton's Gladeview a few months before. Maple Hurst's cattle and equipment were sold at an auction. David stayed on for a couple weeks after the sale to acclimate Royale's driver to the route.

All of W.L. Teets' boys except Chester ended up owning a dairy farm. After leaving the route, David found a job selling life insurance for a few years before he and Wilma Mae bought their Texas Road farm in 1954. David operated the dairy farm and supplemented his income by driving a school bus; Wilma Mae worked for the school in various positions. Together, they raised four children on the farm.

John lives in the family farmhouse and his son Leland farms the land. Charles farmed until 1990 when he sold the farm to his son Charles Curtis. Ellis' son Mark has his dairy farm. And dairy cattle roam the pasture behind David's farmhouse, which is decorated with his collection of milk bottles and dairy memorabilia.

He tells his stories of driving a milk truck with pride and fondness. Pride in knowing that they failed to deliver on only a handful of days in 17 years of operation; fondness for the good times he and his helpers had on the truck as young men. One of his favorite stories is about the day David, Ellis, and Mike Goodall were in the cab of the green '40 GMC. Two friends, Jack "Dippy" Ford and his brother Durwood "Red" were sitting on crates, leaning against the back of the cab. Mike told Ellis he wanted to play a trick on the Ford brothers — he'd watch until they were about to take a drink of milk in unison, then signal Ellis to slam the brakes. Mike watched, Ellis slammed, and Red and Dippy got a milk bath.

"You never heard such hollering," David says. "We poured milk all over them."



The Teets brothers fondly remember their days of delivering the milk to the mining communities of northern Tucker County. They gather here on the porch of the home in which they grew up on Gnegy Church Road. From left, David, Ellis, Charles, and John, who lives in the family home. The fifth brother, Chester, passed away in the 1970's.

CARL E. FEATHER lives in Ohio, but traces his family back to Preston and Tucker counties and visits West Virginia as often as he can. His recent book entitled *Mountain People in a Flat Land* is published by the Ohio University Press. Carl has more than 20 years experience as a freelance photographer, and more than ten years as a freelance writer. He is now lifestyles editor at the *Ashtabula Star-Beacon*. His latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Winter 1996.

Second to None

West Virginia State Police pose in front of the Governor's Mansion alongside their new fleet of 1950 Fords. Photograph courtesy West Virginia State Police (WVSP hereafter).

Eighty Years of the West Virginia State Police

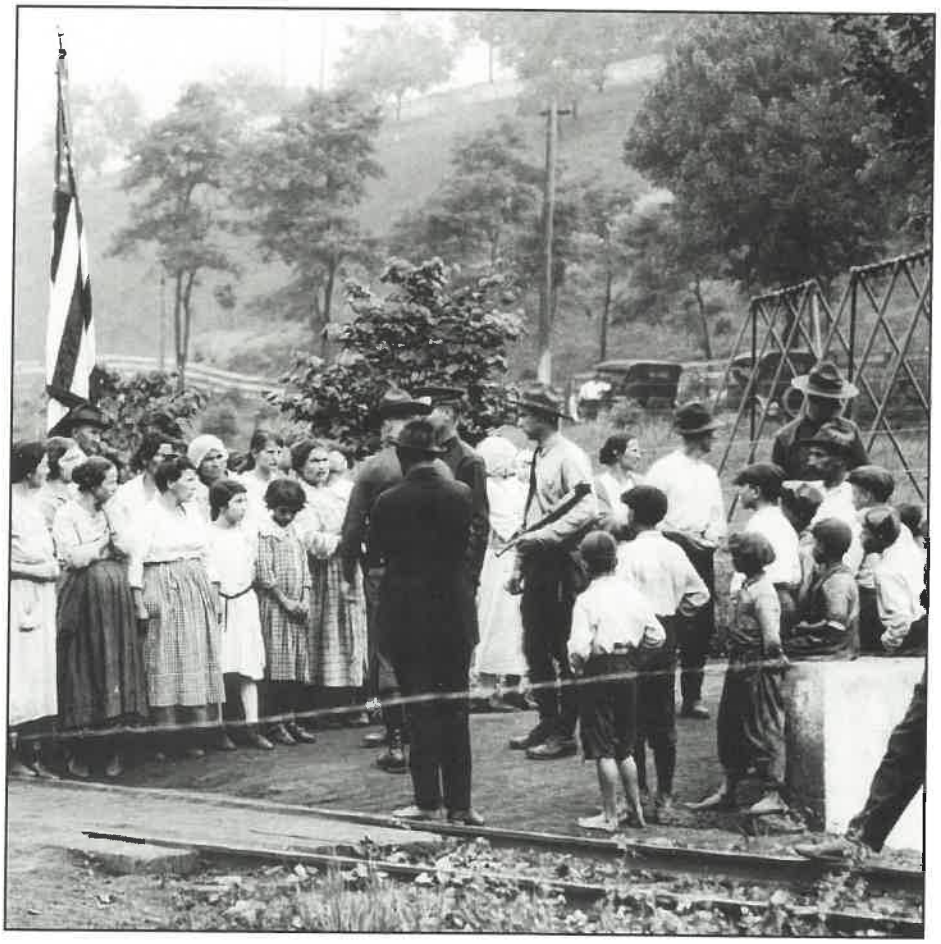
By Ben Crookshanks

The West Virginia State Police celebrate their 80th anniversary this year. Created in 1919 as the West Virginia Department of Public Safety, it is the fourth oldest police force of its kind in the United States.

Enforcing Prohibition and combating illegal liquor were major concerns during the early years of the state police. These moonshine stills were captured in Greenbrier County, 1926-28. Photograph courtesy WVSP.

After World War I, there was a great deal of unrest and uncertainty worldwide. Here in West Virginia, many felt that crime had gotten out of hand. Moonshining, bootlegging, gambling, and other crimes went unabated in remote rural areas. There was also an alarming rise in violence and intimidation aimed at ethnic minorities and the foreign born, who had entered the state's mining and industrial areas during the recent boom years.

Meanwhile, the United Mine Workers were pushing to organize West Virginia's coal miners. Coal operators had taken to hiring Baldwin-Felts Detectives, who often employed strongarm tactics to intimidate striking miners. This led to a number of bloody confrontations. The worst of these was the Cabin Creek-Paint Creek strike which began in April 1912 [see *The GOLDENSEAL Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars*; "Part Two: Paint Creek and Cabin Creek, 1912-13"]. Violence escalated to the point Governor Glasscock was forced to call out the national guard and, on September 2, 1912, declared martial law for the first time in West Virginia history. Before it was over, he would issue two more proclamations of martial law. Peace was finally restored on January 12, 1913, although some of the guard companies remained on occupation duty for another year. This left a bad taste in the mouth of labor.



State police confront women pickets at Owings Mine Consolidated Coal Company near Shinnston, June 9, 1925. Photograph courtesy WVSP.

During the war years, things were relatively peaceful in the coalfields. After the war, most of the miners in the southern coalfields were still non-union, a situation which Governor John Cornwell viewed as a simmering pot which could boil over at any minute. Compounding the problem was the fact that many

Governor John Cornwell proposed the establishment of a state police force. He then signed it into law on March 31, 1919. Photograph courtesy State Archives, date unknown.

deputy sheriffs were on coal company payrolls.

If things weren't bad enough, statewide Prohibition went into effect in 1914, and national Prohibition was on its way to becoming a reality in 1919. Something had to be done.

Governor Cornwell introduced his plan for a state police system to the regular session of the legislature in 1919. The bill was defeated. Cornwell's advisors told him to drop it and move on. He didn't heed their advice. Cornwell felt that without a state police system he would not be able to adequately protect people and property. On March 11, 1919, he called the legislature back into special session. The fight over House Bill Number 4 became one of the most bitterly contested legislative battles the state ever saw. This fight, as one writer put it, expended "...more oratory than probably any other issue unless it was woman's suffrage."

Labor, of course, was very much opposed to the bill. Pennsylvania had established a state police force in 1905, followed by Michigan and New York in 1917. All three were created to deal primarily with labor troubles. When asked by a reporter why she so strongly opposed the creation of a state police force, the fiery organizer "Mother" Jones replied, "Since it was established in Pennsylvania, we have not won a single strike" [see GOLDENSEAL October-December 1980, special "Mother" Jones issue].

Newspapers weighed in on the controversy. The *Charleston Daily Mail* said, "There is...a certain danger that the State Police Bill will be opposed and very bitterly. The opposition will come from two sources: (1) citizens who hold themselves either above the law or unduly favored by the law; (2) other citizens who want either their votes or whose backbone is composed of some fibrous material resembling cotton twine."

A *Charleston Gazette* editorial entitled "The Constabulary Law" said, "It should be defeated because its cost would be out of all proportion to the good that is claimed for it. Public opinion is sick and tired of the old 'guard system' and woes and terrors which followed in its wake. Call it what you may, the Constabulary is recognized as a revival of the guard system and to establish it will have the very opposite effect from that intended by the well-meaning people who support it."

State Tax Commissioner Walter S. Hallanan was a very vocal opponent of the bill. He said, "A Constabulary is offensive to the ideals of the state and is in violation of the motto under which the state exists."

The controversy centered on three major points:

1. central police power vs. local police power;
2. labor's fear that industry would use the state police as a strikebreaking weapon;
3. fear the police force would simply be part of a political machine and lead ultimately to a police state.

In addition to all the oratory, heated debate, yelling, arm wav-

Jackson Arnold of Weston, a grandnephew of Stonewall Jackson, was the first superintendent of the Department of Public Safety. Photograph courtesy State Archives, date unknown.

Sam Taylor of East Lynn, Wayne County, was the first recruit. He received his notice to report on July 18, 1919. Courtesy WVSP.

Hound dogs and horses were natural weapons in the fight against crime in the early years of the state police. Photograph courtesy WVSP, date unknown.

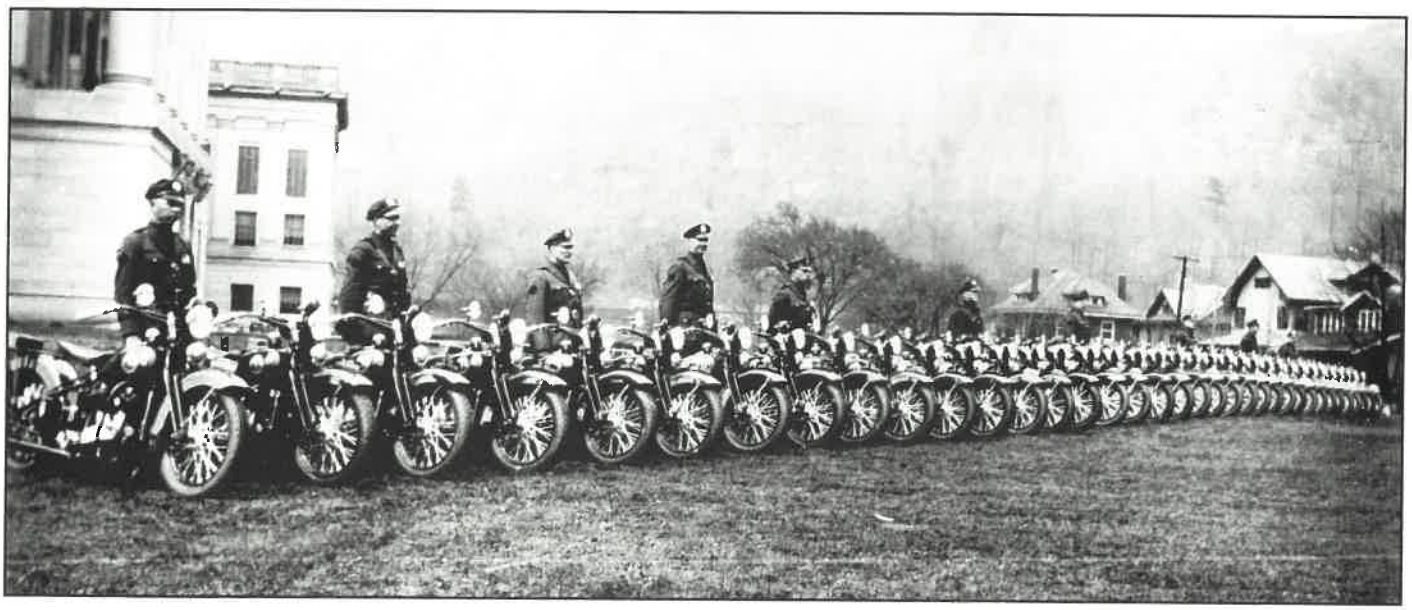
ing, and fingerpointing that went on inside the capitol, there was a great deal of behind the scenes wheeling and dealing. Legend has it that there were several drinks of "Kentucky's finest" involved in the birth of the Department of Public Safety. One delegate promised to vote for the bill if the name was changed from the West Virginia State Police to the Department of Public Safety.

Finally, when House Bill Number 4 finally came up for a vote on March 24, 1919, it passed by only one vote. Five days later, the bill passed the Senate and on March 31, Governor Cornwell signed it into law. The Department of Public Safety Act went into effect on June 29, 1919.

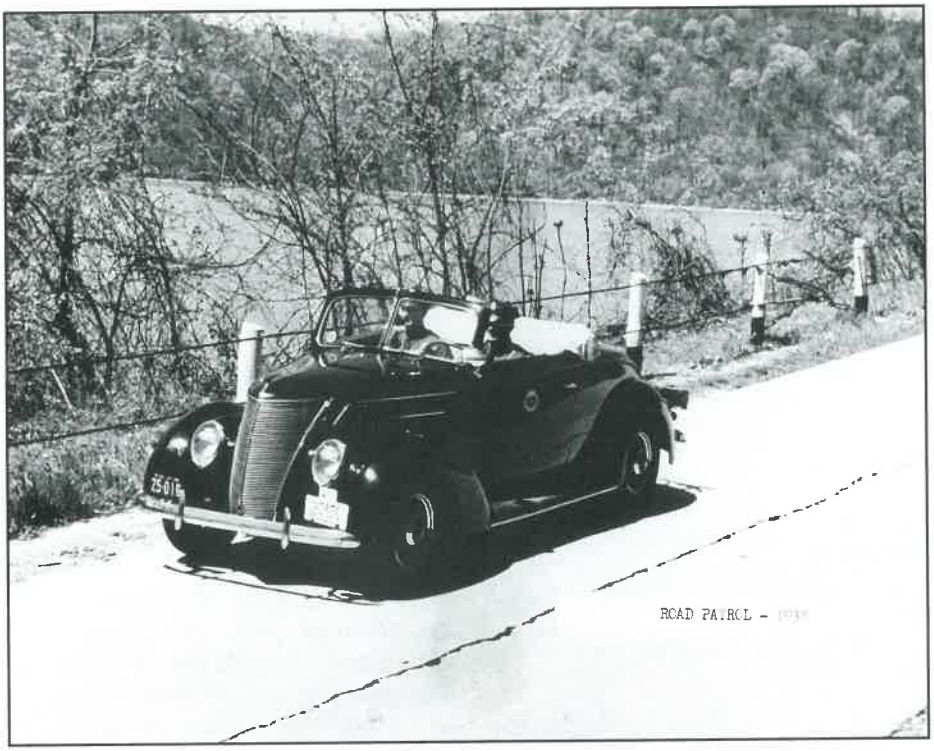
The troopers would have full police power anywhere within the boundaries of the state. They were authorized to apprehend and arrest persons for violations of any federal, state, or local law; to serve criminal (but not civil) process; to cooperate with local law enforcement; and to act as forest patrolmen, game and fish wardens, and deputy Prohibition officers. They were prohibited from interfering with the rights or property of anyone except for the prevention of crime. A trooper's political activity was limited to voting. They could not be detailed to duty near any polling place or convention site nor could they remain near a polling place before or after voting. Troopers would not be allowed to aid or side with either party to a labor dispute. Any trooper hiring himself out as a private guard would be guilty of a felony.

A superintendent appointed by the governor and approved by the Senate would be in charge of the department. His term would run concurrently with the governor's. The position carried with it the rank of colonel and a salary of $3,000 per year.

Former Army Lieutenant Colonel Jackson Arnold, the first superintendent, was given the job of creating a Department of Public Safety from scratch. Arnold was a grandnephew of Stonewall Jackson. As both Michigan and New York had done, he used Pennsylvania's state police system as a pattern. Authorized strength was 125 men and Arnold was expected to put together a force of 50 men as soon as possible.



The state police began using motorcycles in 1923. Photograph courtesy WVSP, date unknown.

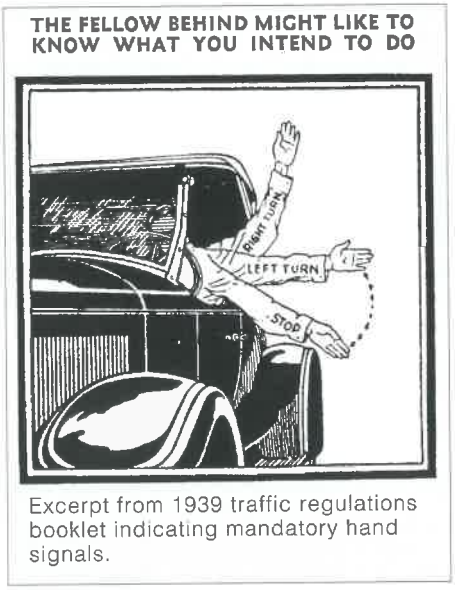


After ten years, the state police began to enforce traffic laws in 1929. These officers are shown on a road patrol in 1938. Photograph courtesy WVSP.

Requirements for recruits were: male veterans of World War I, between 25 and 46 years of age, able to ride a horse, of sound constitution and good moral character. Each recruit was given a mental and physical examination.

The first recruit was 24-year-old Sam Taylor of East Lynn, Cabell County. The letter he received from Arnold read, "Dear Sir: You report for duty Thursday, July 24, 1919, Armory Building in Charleston, West Virginia. You should bring with you all clothing, both working and others." Taylor's career was cut short when a car sideswiped his motorcycle, injuring his leg so severely it eventually had to be amputated. He was honorably discharged on July 23, 1927.

Those early troopers rode horses, hence the nickname. Due to the small size of the force, many of them worked like circuit riders. They would ride through a county, inquire if there was trouble in the area, resolve the trouble and then ride on to the next county. A motorcycle patrol was added in 1923. Motorcycles were used until 1948.



Excerpt from 1939 traffic regulations booklet indicating mandatory hand signals.

The motorcycle patrol was revived in 1975 and again discontinued in 1977.

In the beginning, they wore their Army uniforms due to a garment workers' strike. Later, when the state began to supply uniforms, the color forest green was chosen. It blended into the foliage and did not show dirt easily. Many times a trooper would be on duty at a coal mine or on stake-out. He might be watching a still in the morning and have to testify in court that afternoon with no time in between to change his clothes. Wearing a forest green uniform, he would still look presentable. Over the years, the cut of the uniform has changed but the color has remained the same. No other law enforcement agency within the state is permitted to wear forest green. In keeping with their military beginning, the troopers still wear campaign hats.

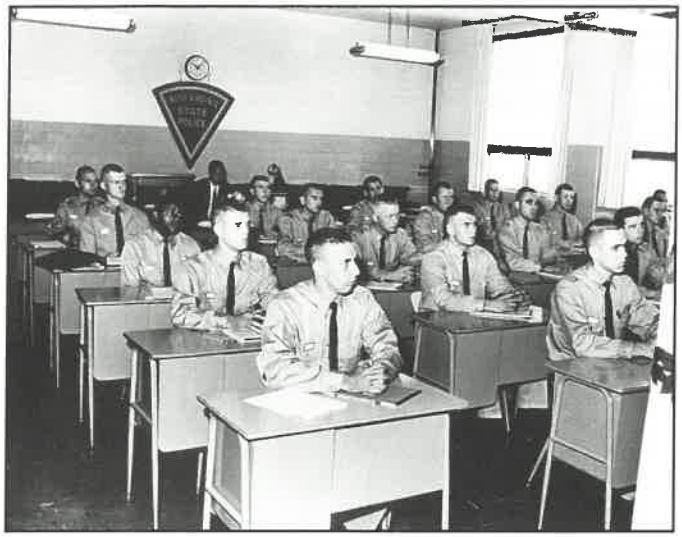
Arnold had great difficulty in maintaining his quota of officers during the first three years. Over 300 men were discharged between 1919 and 1921. The following year, another 141 were discharged. Many were not suited for the job, others couldn't take the long hours and the loneliness of being away from home for weeks at a time and just quit. Also, the job was dangerous. Several of the early troopers were shot from ambush.

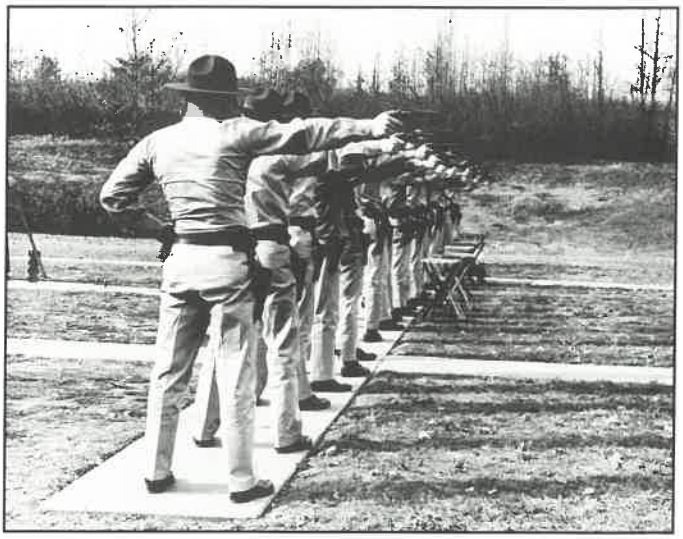
In his first biennial report, Arnold requested that the name be changed to the "Department of State Police." It would be more than 75 years before that would happen. During the Caperton administration the name was changed to the "Division of Public Safety" and finally to the "State Police."

Originally, there were two companies. This was eventually expanded to five companies. Today, they are called troops instead of companies, with nine altogether designated 0 through 8.

When Arnold left office in 1924, the Department's strength stood at 200. The ensuing years brought new duties as well as innovations to the department.

In 1929, the state police began to enforce traffic laws. Two years later, West Virginia began requiring applicants for driver's licenses to be tested by the state police. A Bureau of Criminal Identification was established in 1933. A communications network was started in 1938 with two-way radios in all patrol cars. By 1948, a switch from AM to FM was complete. Now, all





Modern training methods were in place when the West Virginia State Police Academy opened in 1949. Cadets now undergo intensive classroom instruction, firing range drills, and a wide variety of other training over a seven month period leading up to graduation. Photographs courtesy WVSP, early 1960's.

cruisers are equipped with both CB and two-way radios, and some with cellular phones.

Those early troopers got a catch-as-catch-can training. At the very beginning, it was sometimes little more than, "Here's your gun and badge, go and enforce the law." Formal instruction was started in 1927. This military-oriented training lasted for 60 days. Classrooms were churches, city halls, schoolhouses, or armories.

Captain Charles Ray, who joined the state police in 1924, more than any other individual dragged the Department of Public Safety into the 20th century [see "'To Keep the Peace': Captain Charles W. Ray, State Policeman," by Ken Sullivan; October-December 1980]. As a young trooper, he pioneered the use of scientific investigation to solve crime.

Experience taught Ray early on that the more highly trained an officer was, the better his performance. He lobbied his superiors to build a permanent facility for training new recruits. In 1945, he got his wish. The legislature appropriated $60,000 to build a state police academy. Twenty-four acres were purchased near Institute. Originally, the department planned to use convict labor. Unions opposed the idea, so as a result union labor was used. In order to save money, however, much of the work was done by the troopers. Work began in October 1947 and the first group of cadets began class in 1949.

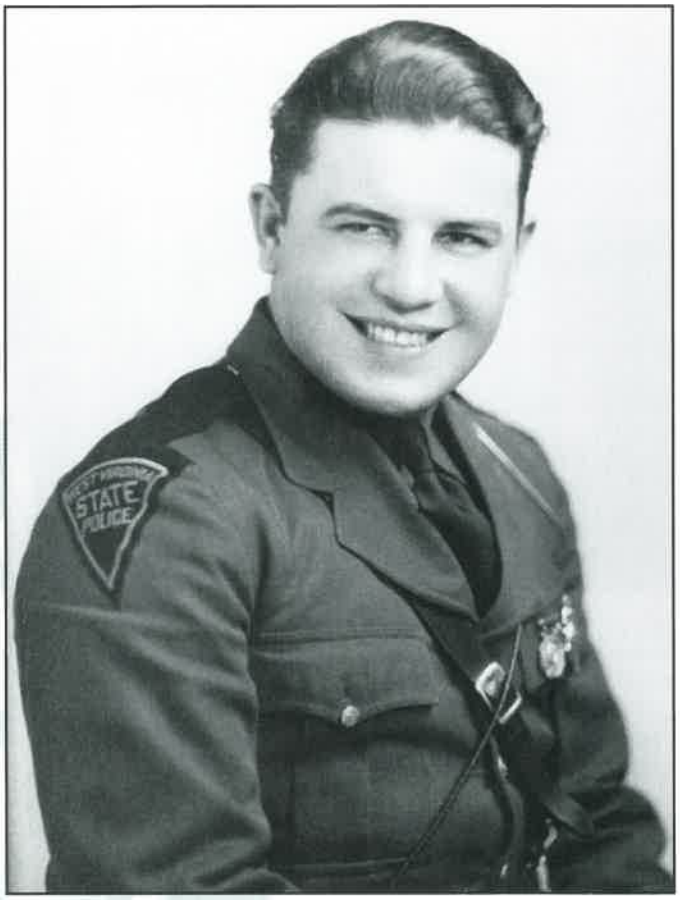
Today, cadets undergo seven months of training, which has been described as a "cross between West Point and Parris Island." Their day starts at 5:30 a.m. and ends about 11:00 at night. They start off the morning with physical training and are in class by 8:30 a.m. They spend between 10 and 12 hours a day in class. When they are not in class or in their rooms, there is a training officer — the equivalent of a Marine DI — in their faces.

Upon completion of their training, the cadets are given a green uniform, badge, and side arm, and are assigned to a detachment. Following a 13 month probationary period, they have an associate degree in criminal justice from Marshall University and a guaranteed job.

The West Virginia State Police have come a long way in the past 80 years. They have evolved from a bunch of rough-and-ready soldiers into an elite unit of modern police officers that are second to none.

Captain Charles Ray from Roane County was a pivotal individual in the development of West Virginia's modern state police force. In 1933, he was named the first head of the Criminal Investigation Bureau. He later spearheaded the movement to build the police academy and was appointed as its first director. Even after his retirement in 1949, Captain Ray continued to serve as a volunteer instructor at the academy for another 20 years. He passed away in 1986. This photo shows Captain Ray at the academy in Institute during the late 1970's, courtesy WVSP.

A Boy's Dream



Our author in 1935 when he joined the state police, fulfilling his lifelong dream.

By C.C. Stewart

It was a hot, humid day in August 1935. The 97 young men assembled in the chamber of the West Virginia House of Delegates were all identically dressed in brown high shoes, leather puttees, riding breeches, long sleeved shirts, military blouses with Sam Browne belts, neckties, and Stetson hats. The clothing was green wool serge and the stiff-brimmed hats were what we now call "Smokey the Bear" hats.

Since the legislature was not in session, the chamber had been closed. The air was stale and musty smelling and the men were sweating profusely in the hot room. However, at least one of them was so elated by the whole thing that the heat and uncomfortable uniform meant nothing. For him this was the climax of a dream that had started many years before.

I looked around the room and wondered if any of the other men realized how I felt about the ceremony that was about to take place.

It had started when I was ten years old. My father took my brother and me to the Harrison County Fair at Norwood Park, just outside of Clarksburg. We had ridden the streetcar and when we descended onto the walkway beside the trolley, I saw three men in green uniforms squatted down beside the main entrance to the fairground. They were holding the reins of their horses and appeared to be casually observing the people coming and going.

I was fascinated by them and asked my father who they were. He replied "States." And I said, "What are 'states?'" He said, "State police." I asked my father if I could go over and talk to them and he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Go ahead."

I walked over and stood there looking at them until one of them said, "What do you want son?" I was almost speechless, and so awed that I couldn't think of anything to say. One of the policemen asked "Cat got yer tongue?" All I could do was nod my head and tremble. Finally, I managed to say "Your horses are beautiful."

One of them said "Hey, he can talk." They all three laughed, and the one who had talked to me first said, "Yes, they are pretty and we like them very much."

I asked one of them what they did, and he replied, "Hunt moonshine, people who break the law, and things like that."

"How do you get to be a state policeman?" I inquired, and one of them replied, "Son, you don't have to be crazy, but it helps."

The policeman in the middle said, "Aw, hush. The boy really wants to know." Then he turned to me and stated, "Son, you have to be 21 years old, 5'10" or above and weigh right

for your height, be a high school graduate, of good character, able to ride a horse and drive a car, also be able to learn to ride a motorcycle."

The third policeman said, "Also, the department gives preference to ex-servicemen." The first one then turned to the others and said, "Let's mount up, we have a long way to go tonight." I watched them ride off, and vowed that someday I would be one of them.

I never forgot what the state policeman told me as a child — that I must have a high school diploma. I graduated from Washington Irving High School on June 1, 1930.

I also remembered that I had been told when I was ten years old that ex-servicemen got first choice for state police school and enlistment. On June 6, 1930, I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, after managing to get a birth certificate that stated I was born in 1912 instead of 1913.

In June 1934, I was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps. I knew I had that extra boost the state policeman mentioned when I was ten, so I went straight to the state police headquarters at the Capitol building and put in an application.

In March 1935, I received a letter from the Colonel in which he said the legislature had appropriated money for 100 additional state policemen, and I was invited to attend a class that would be held at Camp Conley near Point Pleasant in Mason County. My mother told me she would make sure I got the 150 miles from Clarksburg to Point Pleasant, and gave me money to ride the B&O to Parkersburg, and the bus from there to Point Pleasant. The bus driver dropped me off about a mile from the camp and I walked the rest of the way. I was so happy to be going to that state police school I probably would have walked the entire 150 miles.

Camp Conley was a national guard tent encampment. Each tent had four cots in it with locker boxes at the foot, and a single light bulb hanging from the center. There were no other furnishings.

Sharply dressed troopers with beautiful horses made a big impression on our author as a boy. These riders are shown crossing Cabin Creek in the 1920's. Photograph courtesy WVSP.

I reported to headquarters, where a huge captain who appeared not to like anyone, and especially me, was seated behind a desk. The nameplate said Captain Brockus. I guessed him to be about 50 years of age. When I gave him my name, he checked a list and told me to report to the large assembly tent where I would be told about the school.

"Aye, aye sir," I said in my best Marine Corps manner, and he exploded, "This is no damned Navy. We operate and talk like the Army and don't you forget it."

I was so scared I trembled in my shoes but managed to reply, "Yes, sir." He glared at me and said, "That's more like it. You might have sense enough to last a couple of days."

He then waved his hand in dismissal, and I went outside where a sergeant said softly, "Well, well, kid — you met J.R." I asked, "Who's that?" And he laughingly replied, "J.R. Brockus, the meanest old son-of-a-bitch that ever s*** behind a pair of shoes." I smiled back weakly

Captain J.R. Brockus, courtesy WVSP.

and headed to the assembly tent. I had taken the first step toward realizing my childhood dream.

More and more men kept arriving, and we all assembled in the large tent. There were several state policemen on the dias and suddenly one of them called us to attention, and captain J.R. Brockus walked in. After we were seated he started his speech, indicating that he felt we should feel honored that the great state of West Virginia had seen fit to invite us to attend this school. From his demeanor, I gathered we should genuflect every time "West Virginia" or "state police" was mentioned.

He told us that out of the 200 men invited to the school, 100 would be chosen for the state police. No pay or other inducement was offered for attending the school, other than room and board. He advised that we would be trained in self-defense, military drill, woodcraft, criminal investigation, shooting, and other skills of a policeman.

The Captain advised that those of us who graduated and were accepted by the state police would always adhere to the chain of command and follow orders. He then turned the meeting over to one of the lieutenants and informed us that he and the other lieutenant would be our company commanders, and we were to report to the supply sergeant for uniforms.

We made a mad dash for the supply tent and drew our clothing, consisting of khaki shirts and pants and an overseas hat. We found out from the bulletin board to which tent we were assigned, and changed into the uniforms — making trades until we had passable fits.

I found two guys who had been in the Marine Corps with me, one of whom was the best poker player I ever met. He was in the other company and I asked "Where's the game tonight?" He replied, "With the schedule we have to keep in this place, there ain't no time for poker."

We compared notes on the Captain and both agreed that he was one mean old bastard.

When chow time came we found that the food was cooked in an outside kitchen, similar to the way cattle drives cooked. They sure as hell must have had a better cook than we did, or they would have lost all their cowboys. The guys in my tent agreed that it was the worst food they had ever eaten, but we all knew if we didn't like the accommodations, we were free to leave at any time.

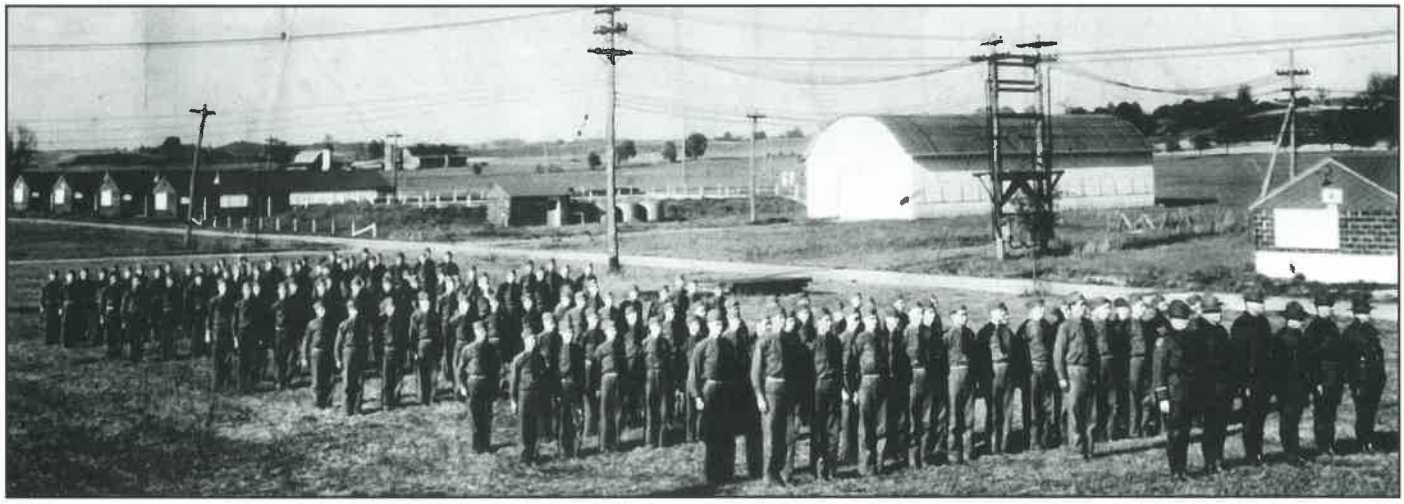
An assembly was called, and we were informed our day started at 6:00 a.m. with physical exercises and finished at 9:00 p.m. with breaks for lunch and supper. We would then have one hour to study, and lights had to be out by 10:00 p.m.

Our first class the next morning was on the history of the Department. We learned that it had been established in 1919 by an act of the legislature.

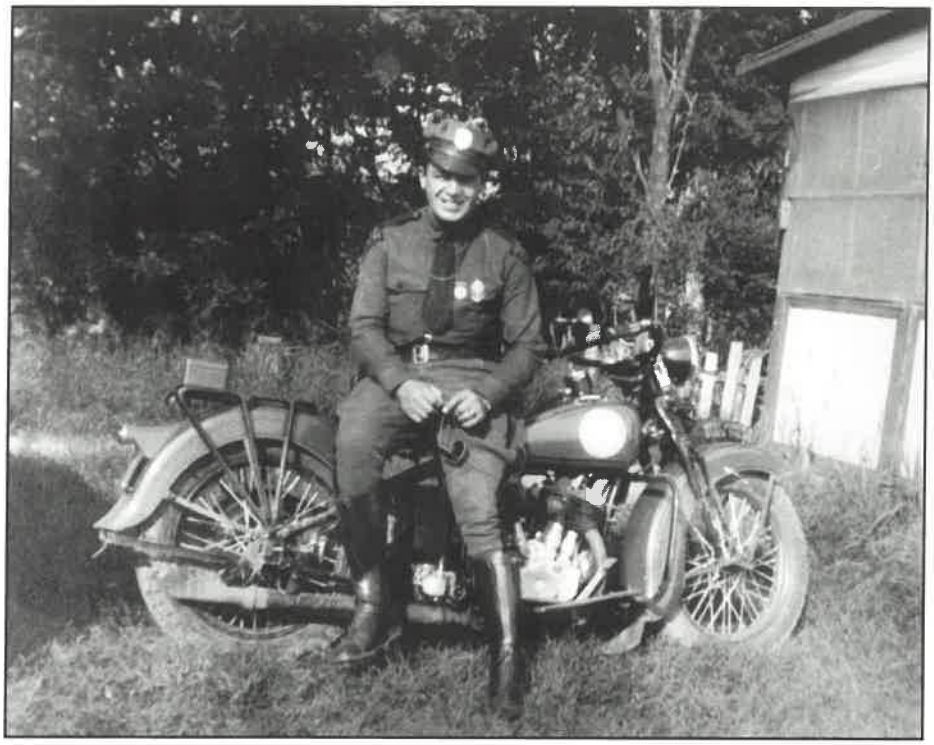
We were instructed that a state policeman had the powers of a constable, sheriff, deputy sheriff, game control officer, fire marshal, city policeman, and, in fact, any officer in the state who had arrest powers. A state policeman is empowered to enforce state laws, county and city ordinances, federal statutes, and when in hot pursuit can make arrests in neighboring states through reciprocal agreements. After that class, one of the recruits remarked, "Man, we will have more power than the Holy Ghost."

We were taught note taking, fingerprint classification and indexing, the lifting of latent prints, first aid, boxing and self-defense, as well as law by the state Attorney General's office.

The first weekend some of the guys went home to see their wives and girlfriends and failed to show back to school, so we were down to about 175. Things started getting tougher and tougher. I have always



C.C. Stewart and Bill Seal, (see page 43), were both members of the class of 1935 at Camp Conley near Point Pleasant. Photograph by Scim Thompson, courtesy WVSP.



Our author poses with a 1934 Harley-Davidson motorcycle in Waverly, Randolph County, 1936. Photograph courtesy WVSP.

heard that the West Virginia State Police take a recruit into training camp, and if he is good at anything, they have someone who is better. They finally beat him down to nothing and then start molding him into a state policeman.

I found that a class "A" motorcycle rider received five percent extra pay so I volunteered for the bike class. In a very short time I decided that the extra pay should have been 50 percent! We rode through mud, over ditches, standing, standing on the footboards across boards, and any other torture they could dream up. However, I made it and graduated as an "A" rider.

Our number grew fewer and fewer as the weeks wore on. We had Department regulations drilled into us until we knew them by heart. We found we would be enlisted for two years, and could be prosecuted for desertion, and, if convicted, could receive up to six months in the county jail. We could be fired for mistreating state equipment, disobedience to orders, cowardice, insubordination, intoxication, failing to answer a summons, failing to pay our just debts, and just about any other offense that might embarrass the department.

State trooper Paul Ebbert served as the model for the ingenious wooden school signs which were used across the state for many years. He retired from the department in 1957 and is now deceased.

GOLDENSEAL mistakenly published Paul Ebbert's photograph in our Winter 1998 issue in connection with a notice about the recent passing of fellow trooper C.C. Stewart. We sincerely apologize to both families for the error.

After five weeks, we started getting shooting instructions with the various weapons in the department. Since the state did not have enough money for us to use live ammunition, we had to "dry fire." I found out later that expert shooters use dry firing to sharpen their skills.

The recruits were beginning to feel as if they were already members of the department, when in actuality we were just rookies playing at being policemen. Our numbers quickly decreased to that magic 100. We had finished our fingerprint courses, criminal investigation, accident investigation, and first aid. We had investigated moot crimes, moot accidents, and had directed traffic. We had been taught how to write warrants, and we were just about ready to go out and harass the fine taxpayers of West Virginia.

During one of our classes, a girl ran screaming into the room with two guys chasing her, one of whom had a revolver. After a brief conversation with the lecturer, they left, and he finished the class. On our final examinations, we were asked to describe this incident in detail with complete descriptions of the couple, what they said, etc. All the time it was happening, we thought it was just a break from class.

After our examinations, we were reviewed by the governor and the superintendent with our families present. We were then sent back to our homes to await a call from the department.

On August 6, 1935 I received my notification directing me to report to Charleston for a physical and to be enlisted. I was directed to report to the supply room where I drew my clothing. Some older troopers were there to help us get

dressed and we were finally outfitted in the green with black trim uniforms.

My head is large, and I wear a 7 7/8 long oval hat. The hat I received was a regular and I knew I would have a headache before the day was over, but I would have worn that hat if my head exploded!

C.C. Stewart had been on the job about 16 years when this photograph was taken during the early 1950's.

I did get the headache, but I didn't give a damn — I was about to become a state policeman.

We were led into the legislative chamber where the governor and the superintendent appeared. The governor welcomed us and we were then sworn in by the superintendent. I felt like Caesar when he said, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

At that time, a state trooper made $100 a month, plus a subsistence allowance of $60. Fifteen dollars a month was deducted from the subsistence if a trooper stayed at a barracks. If a mess was available, the other $45 would be deducted to cover the cost of food.

We were told that a state law required all corporations doing business as passenger carriers to haul a state policeman for nothing, if he was in uniform and properly identified himself.

My orders directed me to report to Elkins and I asked one of the older troopers how to get there. He told me to go out on Washington Street, grab a trolley and go to Summers Street. At Summers Street, I was to walk one block to the bus station and take a Greyhound going to Elkins.

My leather was creaking, and I was loaded down with equipment, wearing a hot wool uniform and a hat that was really squeezing my head, but somehow I made it to the bus station. In addition to the hat, my new shoes were hurting my feet, the leather puttees were cutting off the circulation in my legs, and I was sweating like a coal miner.

However, I would not have traded places with the governor. I felt like a prize bull at the fair, and it seemed to me that everyone was watching me.

The bus for Elkins finally arrived and when I climbed aboard with all my gear, the driver grinned and asked "Just starting out, kid?" When we reached Elkins, the driver took me by the courthouse and dropped me off.

The company commander had an office in the basement of the courthouse. He turned me over to Sergeant Woodell, who told me I would be on the motorcycle squad at Elkins and that I would have to go back to Charleston the next day to pick up my motorcycle. He also told me to take the heavy blouse off and wear a cartridge belt, as that was the summer uniform.

Department regulations required all single men to stay at a barracks and if a man wanted to get married, he had to write through channels to get permission. He would have to furnish the name of the girl, her age, her parents' names and address, and after the department made an investigation, he would either be given permission to get married or be denied such permission. Even after he was married, he had to request permission to move out of the barracks.

We were told that the department did not provide for any days off. We were assigned to work seven days a week, and if conditions permitted we could get eight hours sleep.

All our perspectives were slanted toward the thinking of the state police, so we "slept and ate" the department. We were told to stay alert or the people would have our scalps, and that politicians were especially bad, always trying to corrupt the department. We were forbidden to associate with whores, gamblers, thieves, or any other lawbreakers. We soon got the idea that the only safe person to be around was another state policeman.

And so it was that I started my first assignment as a state policeman some 62 years ago!

Author **C.C. Stewart**, of Mt. Nebo, passed away last July. A long-serving member of the West Virginia State Police and an avid collector of law enforcement history, C.C. wrote such GOLDENSEAL articles as "Strike Duty: A State Trooper Recalls Trouble in the Coalfields," in Winter 1996; and "Street Life in the Capital City," and "The Buffalo Bank Robbery," both in the Spring 1997 issue. This 1956 photo was taken after Mr. Stewart retired from the force and worked for a Charleston car dealership. GOLDENSEAL mistakenly printed an incorrect photograph when we first announced Mr. Stewart's passing in our Winter 1998 issue. We deeply apologize for the error.

"All in a Day's Work"
Former State Trooper William R. Seal

Interview By Ben Crookshanks

(Bill Seal, West Virginia's oldest living former state trooper, celebrated his 89th birthday in February. Writer Ben Crookshanks recently visited Mr. Seal at his home in Fayetteville, where Bill reflected back on 41 years of law enforcement. -ed.)

I was born on February 17, 1910, in Moundsville, where I lived until I joined the state police. I was in high school and I started working at Fostoria Glass the summer I was 16. In the fall, I didn't start back to school, I continued working.

In 1935, the middle of the Depression, if I worked a full week, which was very seldom, I made $23.25. When I saw an ad in the paper that the state police were recruiting men, I knew that would be steady work. I wrote to Charleston and they sent me an application.

At the time I owned and rode two motorcycles. The state police were looking for new officers, but if you met all of their qualifications and could ride a motorcycle, it gave you an edge. They wanted men who could ride for the highway patrol.

In time, they called me to headquarters in Charleston for an examination. After that, they told us to go home and they would notify us if and when to report for training. I was one of the ones chosen. I was told to report to Camp Connelly, the national guard camp at Point Pleasant.

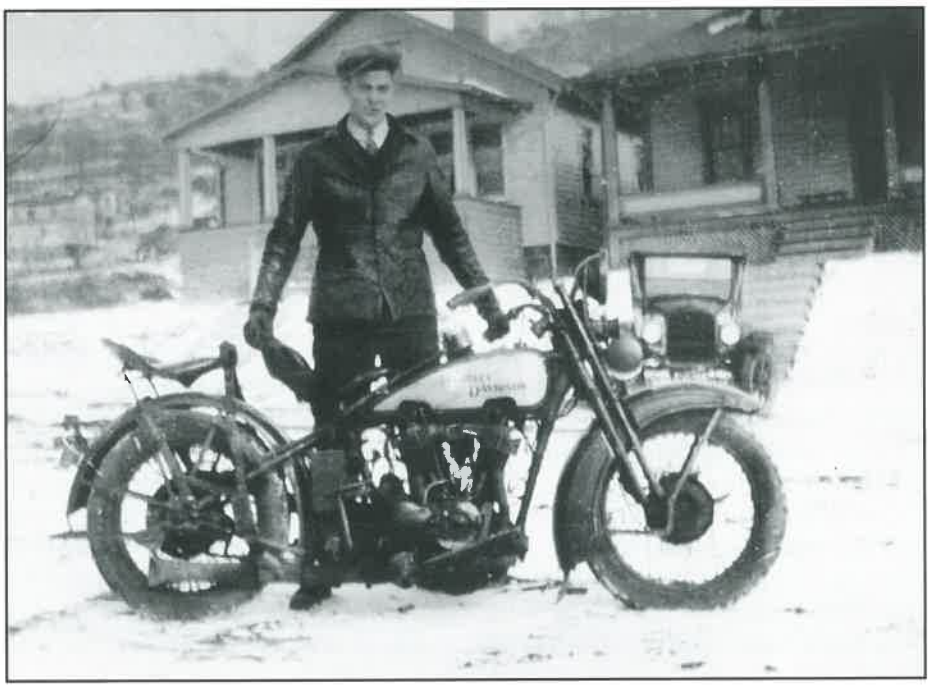
I joined the state police on August 2, 1935. They stationed me at Lewisburg. We got paid $100 a month. Sometimes we worked 15-18 hours a day. Early in the Depression, the troopers would get paid and have to wait three weeks to cash their checks. The state just didn't have money to pay them. Things were beginning to pick up when I came along.

I worked during several strikes. We never had any real trouble. One time at Elk Ridge we come close. It must have been in the early '40's. You know how a coal company will stockpile coal before a strike? Well, this coal company had a stockpile and they wanted to move it in case the strike ended so they would have room for more coal. The United Mine Workers had already agreed to let them move the coal. There was this organizer from Kentucky, I can't remember his name, came up to Smithers and talked a bunch of people into going with him to stop the company from moving that coal. We heard there might be trouble, so we went up there.

There was Jim Childers, he was the sergeant, and me from Fayetteville. Let's see, there was Taylor, a corporal from Montgomery and three or four other troopers. I don't remember their names. We were standing along the road just before you get to the coal company property. Jim had driven his car up and turned around, came back down and parked his car beside the road. Then we waited. Here come this convoy. There must have been 35-40 carloads of them. They

Bill Seal, at 89 years of age, is the state's oldest living former state trooper. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Jim stepped over to his car, reached in, and pulled out a Thompson submachine gun.



Bill owned this rare Harley-Davidson JDXL in the late 1920's before he joined the state police.

stopped and the organizer got out. He took a wooden pop crate like they had back then, got up on it. He said, "Gentlemen, we come here to stop them from moving that coal! So, what are we going to do!?" Somebody said, "Let's go stop 'em!"

Jim stepped over to his car, reached in, and pulled out a Thompson submachine gun. He held it up in the air, pulled the bolt back and let it slam shut. That got their attention. Jim hollered out to the crowd, "First man who sets foot on that property, won't be coming back. Any of you men who sets foot on the property won't come back."

Somebody said, "I make a motion we have another meeting — somewhere else."

They got back in their cars and left. Good thing they did. Childers would have shot them; he was just that sort of a man.

We raided a moonshine operation at Eagle once. Eagle is a little place across the river from Smithers. The old boy had the still upstairs in his house. The kitchen was only one story. It extended out from the rest of the house and had a tar paper roof. Just beyond the kitchen the ground sloped downhill. The still was in operation when we went in. Well, we arrested the fellow. We had to dismantle the still and carry it downstairs. The mash and whiskey we just dumped out the window down on that tar paper roof and down over the hill. Well, about six weeks later he was back in business and we had to come back and do the same thing over again. Don't know what was in that whiskey, but it had eat that tar paper right down to the boards.

I've had a few close calls. One happened while I was stationed at Montgomery. A couple of prisoners escaped from the state pen in Frankfort, Kentucky. They come over into West Virginia in a stolen car. They robbed a black taxi driver named George Jackson and let him go. He reported it to us. The sergeant told me to take Trooper Jack Milam and see what we could do. We thought they might still be in the area so we took the taxi driver and drove up Cannelton Hollow. The car I was driving was a 1935 Chevy roadster and Jackson rode in the back seat. I backed the car up under a coal tipple where we would be facing the road. It wasn't long before a car come along. I said, "We'll check that one first." I turned the lights on and Jackson hollered, "That's them, that's them!"

We pulled them over. I had a sawed-off pump shotgun. I took it with me and walked up to the driver's side. Jack walked over to the other side. I laid the barrel of that shotgun on the door and said, "You move and I'll blow your head

Trooper Seal and Lieutenant L.A. Taylor pose next to a Chevrolet patrol car. Courtesy WVSP, date unknown.

Bill and wife Thelma stationed at Lewisburg in 1936.

off. Now where's your pistol?"

He said, "What pistol?"

I said, "The pistol you robbed this man with."

There was a woman and the other fellow in the front seat. The other fellow said, "He's settin' on it." The driver gave me the pistol and I told him to get out. I gave the shotgun to Jack and I put the cuffs on this fellow. At that time, it was standard procedure to handcuff a prisoner with his hands in front. Jack gave the shotgun to the black guy. "If that other fellow makes a move toward you, kill him."

We put the driver in my car and came back. The other one was settin' in the car shaking — scared to death. We cuffed the man and woman and Jack drove the car back and we impounded it.

I went back and got in my car and was about to pull out when this guy said, "Do you know what a Bowie knife is?"

Well, I didn't understand him and I said, "What did you say?"

"I said, 'Do you know what a big, Bowie knife is?'"

"Yeah, I know what it is."

He said, "Well, that's what I got," and he drew this knife out of his belt. I was lucky. He had the handcuffs on. Still, it took me a while to get him settled down. I grabbed him by the arms and wrestled that knife away from him and threw it out the window.

He said, "That didn't work out the way I thought it would."

I asked him, "What did you think would happen?"

"I thought you would give me the car."

They tried him and he got 35 years. That was a close call, but it's all in a day's work.

I was stationed at Lewisburg in 1935 and 1936. I was transferred to Montgomery and was there for ten years. After that I was transferred ten times. I was at Beckley and held the rank of lieutenant when I retired from the state police on January 1, 1965. I had a job waiting for me. Doug Epperly had been elected sheriff of Fayette County in 1964 and I was his chief deputy for eight years. After that I was appointed director of security at West Virginia Tech. I did that for two and a half years. Following that, I was a security guard at Oak Hill hospital. Altogether, I was a police officer for 41 years.

I grabbed him by the arms and wrestled that knife away from him and threw it out the window.

I'm 88 and a half; I have most of my teeth, some of my hair, drive my own car, and I have a lady friend. My wife passed away in 1992 and about four years ago I met this widow. We hit it off and have been seeing each other ever since.

BEN CROOKSHANKS is a native of Rainelle, Greenbrier County. A former disk jockey and radio producer, Ben is now a freelance writer. His interest in the state police began with an article he wrote for the department's 70th anniversary featured in *West Virginia Trooper* magazine. His latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL was in Winter 1991.

Trooper William R. Seal received many honors and awards during his years with the state police. A champion marksman, Bill is particularly proud of 2 medals (center) he won in the 1956 Mountain State Tournament for both individual shooting and the two-man shooting competitions. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Stella Fuller with children on the streets of Huntington. Salvation Army photo, 1930's.

West Virginia's State Stores

A Legacy of Prohibition

By Joseph Platania

Each year at Christmastime, Stella Fuller, the "Angel of Huntington" and founder of the settlement house which bears her name, sat on a metal folding chair just outside the door of the state liquor store on Third Avenue in downtown Huntington. Wearing her trademark midnight blue bonnet, she held out her tambourine or other container to accept cash donations from store patrons during the holiday season.

The state liquor store was part of West Virginia's social, economic, and political landscape for more than 50 years. Born in 1935 during the aftermath of the repeal of Prohibition, West Virginia's system of state stores was an attempt to control the sale and consumption of liquor and wine, also called "spiritous liquors," within its borders.

West Virginia has a history of being predominantly "dry." On July 1, 1914, West Virginia banned the manufacture and sale of beer, wine, and liquor within its borders. This was five years before national Prohibition. Prior to statewide Prohibition, a system of licensing had excluded the sale of intoxicating beverages in a large portion of the state. In 1911, 72 percent of the population lived in counties in which no beer, wine, and liquor were sold.

In 1919, West Virginia became the 21st state to ratify the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution instituting national Prohibition. The state soon became caught up in the wave of anti-Prohibition sentiment sweeping the nation, however, ush-

ering in a thriving system of moonshining and bootlegging. Combating this problem became a major concern of the new West Virginia Department of Public Safety.

In 1934, the Amendment, which was won in 1919 with considerable effort by the temperance movement, was repealed by the voters. In its place the legislature enacted a state monopoly plan, an innovation in liquor control in West Virginia. The purpose of the system was "to assure the greatest degree of personal freedom that is consistent with the health, safety, and good morals of the people of the state," according to the 1935 law.

Counties and municipalities could now determine for themselves whether or not to allow the local sale of liquor but the new law gave the state a monopoly on sales. The law established a West Virginia Liquor Control Commission of three members and charged them "to establish state stores and agencies at places throughout the state as to serve adequately and reasonably the demand for the sale at retail of alcoholic liquors."

The first annual report of the Liquor Control Commission states that there were "62 stores open from May 9 through August 9, 1935, as well as two agencies," or non-public distribution centers.

In 1957, the Liquor Control Commission was abolished and replaced with a single Liquor Control Commissioner. This position was abolished in 1965 when the post of Alcohol Beverage Control Commissioner was created.

A 1985 report by the Commissioner states that there were 152 stores and 28 agencies in operation. Kanawha County topped the list with 16 stores including six in Charleston and one agency. The report adds that the stores had $57 million in gross sales with a 22 percent rate of profit statewide.

My mother, Mrs. Marceline W. Platania, worked at the former Anderson-Newcomb Department Store on Huntington's Third Avenue, across the street from the downtown state store. She recalls a woman customer who lived in the nearby Frederick Hotel. The woman told her that because of a blood condition, her doctor recommended that she drink a glass of wine with her evening meal. When she visited the state store to buy her medicinal bottle of wine, it was placed in a telltale plain brown paper bag. She then went across the street and into Anderson-Newcomb where she asked for a department store bag, into which she placed the bag bearing her bottle for her discreet trip back to the hotel.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union was still a potent force when this 1931 photo was made. Courtesy Bollinger Collection, State Archives.

In 1990, West Virginia "got out of the liquor business" and privately owned retail stores and chains such as Big Bear supermarkets, Rite-Aid stores, 7-Elevens, and Giant Eagles bid on and received licenses to sell liquor at the retail level. Many former state store operators also bid on and received licenses for liquor stores.

The state currently retains the wholesale liquor business, though in his recent State of the State address, Governor Cecil Underwood suggests that the time has arrived for state government to say goodbye to these interests, as well.

JOSEPH PLATANIA, a Huntington native, earned his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Marshall University. He has worked for the West Virginia Department of Welfare and the U.S. Veterans Administration, and is now a freelance writer whose work is published in the *Huntington Quarterly* and other publications. He has contributed to GOLDENSEAL for many years, most recently in Summer 1995.

State liquor stores operated in West Virginia from 1935 to 1990. Photograph courtesy the *Herald Dispatch*, 1978.

Brothers Fortunato (left) and Antonio Battaglia shortly after their arrival in West Virginia. Photograph circa 1914, Northfork Photo Company.

"Lavoro e Casa"

Memories of an Italian Mining Family

By Jean Battlo

Fortunato as a cowboy in 1912. Photograph restoration by Ed Hicks throughout.

At the dawn of the 20th century, Europe was a boiling cauldron. Adolf Hitler was an ambitious young man filled with awesome visions and warped talents; Vladimir Lenin was bristling to overthrow the czar and practice his own pragmatic version of Marxism; hostilities and nationalist conflicts threatened to erupt across the continent. The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo during August 1914 exploded Europe into a war that would effect the entire world, including the secluded hills and hollows of faraway West Virginia.

That war was fueled chiefly by coal. The discovery of the Pocahontas coal seam turned the rural, sparsely populated towns of southern West Virginia into a viable economic territory. Thus, the angry, the hungry, the discontented, the poor, the adventurous, and the dreaming peoples of many nations spilled out of the cauldron of European conflict and into the melting pot of McDowell County.

Working among his father's olive trees in Reggio, Calabria, in the southeast of Italy, 16-year-old Fortunato Battaglia knew little of the European history that surrounded him, and nothing of the Pocahontas coal seam that was his destiny. A relatively contented boy in 1907, he was happy surrounded by nature and studying the seasons and ways of pruning.

Only a short Calabrian distance away, near Catanzaro and Nicastro, 13-year-old Concetta Maria Roschella was living the mesmerizing life of so many of her nation and generation, madly in love with God and dreaming of becoming a bride of Christ. Sitting beside a beloved aunt who was already a nun, Concetta listened to the stories of

Vivian, McDowell County, coal camp, circa 1939.

her faith that would serve her through a lifetime. So sheltered were the ladies of this time and place that when one of Concetta's friends became engaged, the girls' friendship had to be restrained. Concetta was not even allowed to sit with her in church. The judgment was that the betrothed girl was more "worldly," and such a friendship might lead to a reference to males that was not appropriate.

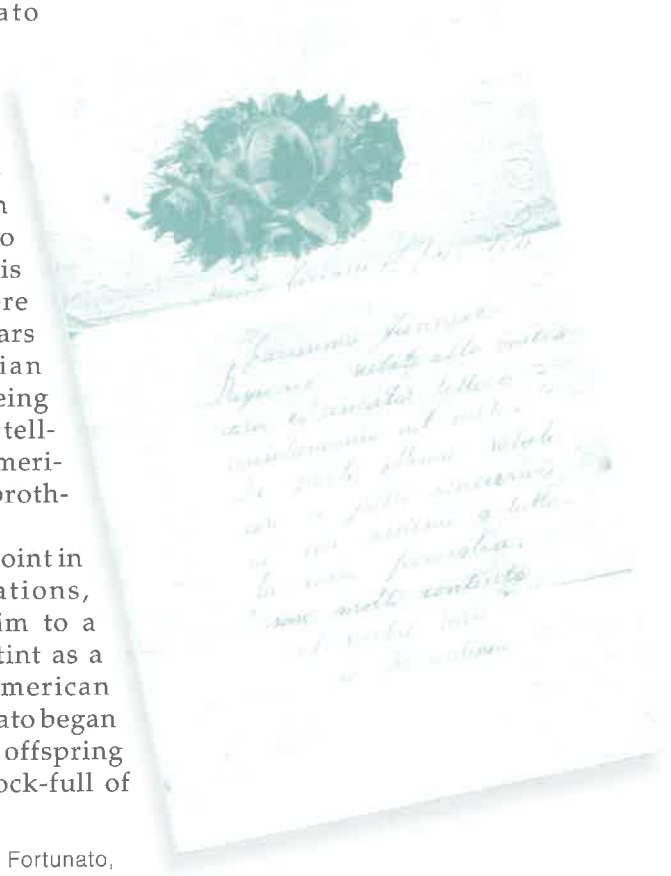
Such were the parameters of the world for Concetta and Fortunato. Neither of the two had ever heard of West Virginia, or of the other.

While Concetta's father, Domenico, fought with Garibaldi for Italian independence, Francesco Battaglia did not intend to invest his sons in any war. The family believes this to be one of the reasons that the peasant farmer decided to send his sons, Fortunato and Antonio, to the fabled land of America.

Fortunato and Antonio left home in 1911, fully expecting to return. Neither of them ever did. As they sighted the uplifted and welcoming arms of the Lady of Liberty, the brothers were ready to take on the new country. For some time they rousted around New York and New Jersey doing any and all odd jobs that presented themselves, from washing dishes to construction.

Young Fortunato Battaglia was filled with a gargantuan gusto for life that included the storyteller's embellishment when reality threatened to diminish the tale. His eight children were later told of four years of magical Italian nights, veracity being the albatross to the telling of the early American exploits of the brothers Battaglia.

At some alleged point in their peregrinations, Fortunato laid claim to a highly unofficial stint as a cowboy in the American West. When Fortunato began releasing his eight offspring into the world, chock-full of these stories, most of them doubted this one. His seventh child, however, Mary Green, now living in Idaho, believes that her



Letter from Concetta to Fortunato, December 16, 1915.

father may have actually spent time herding cattle in Texas. Mary recalls him saying that, inexperienced as they were, the two brothers took the jobs just for the adventure. According to Mary, they were given room and board, but no pay. To his youngest child, Fortunato produced a photo of himself as a young man in chaps to prove that he was a cowboy. No need, his youngest believed everything. It took more stout realists in the family to point out that trick photos could be had even in 1912.

Whether Fortunato and Antonio's cowboy era was real or not, they were back east in 1914 as the shot heard in Sarajevo started a World War and fueled the demand for coal. The young men increasingly heard rumors and tales that were true: There was gold to be had in the coal of West Virginia.

Fortunato and Concetta were married in Powhatan, McDowell County, on November 5, 1916.

With only two Italian words in their vocabularies — *lavoro* (work) and *casa* (housing) — mine company agents approached them, and Antonio and Fortunato opted for the work and housing offered. Understanding that this *lavoro* would pay salaries, the young men took a train to southern West Virginia.

Arriving in McDowell County in late 1914, they did as most single miners did, hopping from mine to mine. Fortunato Battaglia's name was anglicized to Fortunato Battalo, then to Tom Battlo. Though it must have been jarring to his pride, Fortunato never spoke of his feelings about the name change. Instead, he buried that lump of disappointment in the array of enjoyments and excitements of his new life and work, loving the coal mines from the day he entered.

For Fortunato, the "perks" in southern West Virginia at that time were many: blonde women, mountains like those in his memory, hard physical work that his body always preferred, poker games with new friends, and more money than he was used to. The developing macho "code of the pits" created a unique form of comradery that crossed race, nationality, and religion.

Years later, when former miner Salvatore Russo visited the Battlos from his home in New York, amid the grapes and wine, the cheeses and fresh bread, the two old men revisited their first days in the mines. "Master Tore," as the children called him, engaged the moreshy Fortunato in talking about their pursuit of the girls. The favorite tale was of asking the native Appalachian boys what to say to the pursued damsel. The young mountain lads instructed, "Well, Sal, you go up, see, and you take your hat off, hold it in your hand and you smile as broad and friendly as you can, and you say — now listen — get this exactly right — you say, 'Why, hello there, you (censored), will you please to kiss my (censored)?'" Story was that it took many attempts and cheeks crimsoned from slaps to teach the immigrant boys that they needed to refine their approach.

Though there were good times, the brothers still coped with sad feelings of homesickness. The condition was allayed somewhat when the Battaglia brothers moved into a boardinghouse for Italians. The Lagana (Larkin) family ran the Italian boardinghouse at the bottom of Kimball Hill. It was while boarding in the Larkin house that Fortunato saw a photograph that would become the cornerstone of his life.

In Italy, Concetta Maria Roschella was still living in dreams, as her father's disapproval kept her from entering the convent. Impossible to imagine the coal camp hardships ahead, Concetta spent her days in genteel fashion, crocheting, embroidering, reading her missal, and praying.

Though no young stalwart had come to claim the maiden, she was a comely beauty. That was certainly the conclusion of Fortunato Battaglia when he saw Concetta's photo at her aunt's boarding house in Kimball. In the sweetest romance this writer has ever come across (greatly enhanced by the fact that it gave her literal birth), Fortunato and Concetta began corresponding.

Fortunato sent his sporty, handsome photo and the words began to sail warmly across the Atlantic. The two apparently began to realize the potential of their budding relationship, and soon Concetta, now a little less convent-focused, agreed to come to Kimball to meet Fortunato. The understanding was that he would pay her passage, they would spend time together, and if either was not content, Fortunato would pay her passage back to Calabria.

Here was a woman who until her dying day on November 27, 1983, was fearful of everything: the dark, being alone, strangers, some

The funeral of Antonio Battaglia, circa 1917. Fortunato is at the immediate left of the casket, Concetta — the only woman in attendance — is to the immediate right.

friends, and an occasional moth who might flutter indoors. Among the amazing things about Concetta Maria was how this ever-terrified lady became temporarily intrepid and sailed the sea alone to meet this raw rare Romeo. There was obviously something in the letters that was never fully translated.

Upon her arrival in Kimball in the summer of 1916, the couple met under the totalitarian chaperoning of Aunt Concetta Zucco Larkin, often accompanied by a rowdy cadre of young male cousins. Although the youthful Italian miners in the coal camps enjoyed the blonde chase, when the time for serious romancing arrived they sought a good Italian Catholic girl. Thus, Concetta Maria Roschella's entrance into McDowell County became a minor Italian festival, with the Latin coal miner-swains soulfully smitten. During the first tumultuous days, a scar was cut on Fortunato's face which the couple never fully explained. Family speculation was that he got it in a fight over his lovely Calabrese.

Among the smitten was Fortunato's brother, Antonio. In her 80's, having seen everything two or three times, Concetta still became coy and a little melancholy at the memory of Antonio. Antonio gave Concetta a locket as a token which she always treasured, but she had already given her heart to the fortunate Fortunato.

Roman Catholic churches were springing up throughout the coal camps of southern West Virginia, and in November 1916, the Roschella-Battaglia wedding was among the first to be held at Sacred Heart at Powhatan, about 12 miles from Kimball.

This storybook romance quickly gave way to reality. The Roschella family lived in considerable comfort in southern Italy. Concetta only had one sister and two brothers, a relatively small family for this era and this contributed to their better economic conditions. Adding to Concetta's personal advantage was the fact that her sister Theresina was apparently the more aggressive and stronger of

Proud parents with their growing family in 1923. Children are Frank, Dom, and Angeline (left to right).

Author Jean Battlo with her mother in 1944.

the two, and did most of the housework. Concetta was assigned to the more fragile tasks of sewing, crocheting doilies, etc. Though it could cause another Italian Revolution, Fortunato always claimed that he had to teach Concetta how to make bread.

The Battaglia land and groves in Italy also meant economic stability for that family, so neither of the two immigrant brothers were well-prepared for the real hardships that lay ahead.

In West Virginia, Fortunato and Antonio still traveled to where the jobs were the best and the new bride made the moves from one coal camp to another as best she could. When their first son, Frank, was born in August 1917, Concetta entered motherhood as if it was a monastery. She filled the temple in the following years with Dominick, Angeline, Melly, Kat, Tony, Mary, and the "little saint" Jean. The Battaglias — newly created as the Tom Battlos — seesawed up and down through life's peaks and valleys.

Among the greatest griefs the young couple ever faced was the death of Antonio, who was killed in a mining accident soon after the wedding. He was buried in Pocahontas, Virginia. For a time, Fortunato and Concetta were on their own without any relatives nearby to comfort and secure them. The development of an Italian community soon lent the needed support as more Italians, as well as people of other nationalities and backgrounds, came to the prospering coal fields [see "Mining in the Melting Pot: The African American Influx into the McDowell County Mines," by Jean Battlo; Winter 1997]. Eventually, Concetta's father and brother Joe also joined them.

On some occasions the mines closed and there was no work. Following the "good business" of World War I, excessive production led to the Crash of 1929. With six children to nurture through the Depression, Fortunato worked four mines at one time. It is the family's loving joke that, while raising several rotundities, Fortunato and Concetta always made sure that there was food, if only *pasta e figlolo*, on the table.

Daughter Mary has fond memories of Fortunato's divided tin lunch pail: the upper section for sandwiches, provolone, salami, etc., and the bottom for water. The children would run to the crest of the hill to watch for his return and, inside his lunch pail, their "surprises" would be left, usually the cake he should have eaten. Fortunato Battaglia was not the sort of man who generally stopped his work day for lunch. He also took great joy in all his *bambinos* and *bambinas* and in their delight with any surprise he could bring to their lives.

One form of food insurance was Fortunato's famous garden. Educated as a child as to earth's potential for provisions, Fortunato was still shouting tomato-lessons to his youngest gardener from the porch

Read More About It

McDowell County in West Virginia and American History

For a more extensive look at the history of McDowell County, author Jean Battlo has also recently published a book about her home, entitled *McDowell County In West Virginia and American History.*

This 550-page volume goes back to colonization then follows the story of the southernmost county in West Virginia through the American Revolution, the Civil War, the birth and rise of the coal industry, and its subsequent decline in more recent years. While Battlo goes into great depth about the history of Welch in particular, she also includes an addendum from the McDowell County Historical Society which provides a brief history of each town in the county from Asco to War.

Over 50 historical photographs are used to illustrate life in the coalfields from coke ovens and boom towns to the African American population and immigrant families — including the Battaglias.

The hardback book sells for $45 and is available from the McClain Printing Company, P.O. Box 403, 212 Main Street, Parsons, West Virginia 26287, or by calling 1-800-654-7179.

the summer that he died, at age 82. Tom's tomatoes were a byword during his life, and neighbors, friends, and strangers were supplied during the best and worst of times. Mary recalls when she gave him haircuts that he paid her in tomatoes. Among Concetta's curiosities was the fact that she could not eat a raw tomato, even married to the tomato man. In his prime, he walked miles to the mines at dawn, worked a full day, then walked another half mile up Carswell Hollow where he worked his garden until dusk.

Fortunato Battaglia, later known as Tom Battlo, loved his work as a hand loader in the coal mines. He is shown here in the 1940's at the Tidewater mine when he received a bonus for loading the most coal in a shift. On one occasion, he claimed to have loaded 53 tons in a day.

In addition to work ethics, Fortunato and Concetta left other lessons and values to their children. They held ideals that evoked plentitude in times of scarcity. The older children who went through the hardest times tell of Fortunato's pushing the serving dish away, saying that he didn't want some delicacy until he saw that all his children were fed. No guest ever visited when food and drink, even if meager, were not offered.

The lessons of sharing extended to include Dom. The second son was born with a rare muscular disease which left him thin among the rotundities, and all of the children were taught to favor him with the best of the meal.

For the couple's youngest, a developing poet, one of the most poignant lessons involved a coat. As Frank was about to start school, Concetta ordered a coat for her eldest son from everyone's dream book — the Sears catalog. There was no money to buy one for Dom, 14 months younger. Sears erroneously sent two coats, though the billing was only for the one. The couple talked and struggled with their consciences. Finally, need overcame scruples. They kept the two coats. With conscience the casualty of necessity, Concetta Maria lamented the circumstances in long memory. Admitting the frailty of imperfection, the story became another hue in a rainbow array of values.

Yet, despite any grief, sorrow, or hardship, Fortunato and Concetta passed on to their children and grandchildren the sense of life as a festival. Christmases glowed in the Battlo household like sparkling glints flicked off heaven itself. The company gave the miners a huge basket of goodies including kumquats that were such a small globule wonder that the two youngest would hold them as they lay in bed waiting for both Santa and the Baby Jesus, lulled by the chink of coins as the elders played poker until Midnight Mass — the latter not even seeming an irony until this writing.

Whatever the conditions, Concetta and Fortunato held another vow which they kept: All of their children graduated from high school. It was only the last of their children who was fortunate enough to go to college. She returned, their liberal kid, lamenting Fortunato's mistreatment in the mines.

Fortunato eschewed this vision, saying that his paycheck, the doctors, the homes, etc., were the product of the companies. This most singular man would even argue for the mine owners while suffering the horrors of black lung, saying that the owners did not know, and certainly did not intend, any harm. His love of mining ran deep, and nothing ignited his conversation so much as memories of the mine.

"I just like to work," he once told a reporter. "Once I'd start, I'd rarely stop. One day, back during the second war, I loaded 53 tons of coal by myself." His eyes twinkled when he told how, during the late 1940's, he was one of the few miners issued a number five shovel capable of scooping 75 pounds of coal.

Though the older children suffered some discrimination during the 1920's and '30's in the coal camps, it was chiefly of a benign nature born of unfamiliarity. Those conditions were already changing by the 1940's, when the great equalizer, World War II, neutralized most intolerance. When Frank became a prisoner of war in Germany,

The successful Battlo's Super Market on Kimball's Main Street was a family affair. Here, sisters Mary and Kat help out at the counter of the new store in 1950.

Concetta's closest friend was Blanche Woods whose son, Gordon, was reported missing in action. Telegraph operator Thomas Payne came personally, amid a group of Kimball townspeople, to tell the Battlos of their son's capture. The town, including A.P. Woods and his wife, were also part of the celebration when Frank eventually returned home. Concetta and Fortunato, as well as most of the townspeople, grieved with the Woods forever: Gordon never returned but entered the small town's mythology.

After Frank's return, Concetta and Fortunato realized a lifelong dream. They had saved enough money to begin building their own home. They also bought a building on Main Street in Kimball to set Frank and Dom up in their own grocery store. The brothers, with the whole Battlo crew working with them, were successful enough to build a new building and opened Battlo's Super Market in 1950.

There followed rich warm days of plenty for Fortunato and Concetta. Cooking for the increasing Battaglia battalion, Concetta's sauces filled the house with aromatic Mediterranean hauntings.

During the next four decades, the Battlo branches spread across the United States, from Idaho to Birmingham, Alabama; from Moultrie, Georgia, to El Paso, Texas; from Seattle, Washington, to Pensacola, Florida; throughout West Virginia; to granddaughter Wendy just outside London, England. The professions include a bevy of beauticians, a newspaper reporter, grocers, a physical therapist, a speech therapist, and a child psychologist. One is president of PMC, an arbitration company that settles chiefly for mining companies. There is a doctor, a nurse-anesthetist, several teachers, a surgical assistant, an insurance broker, and the husbands and wives who raised these people.

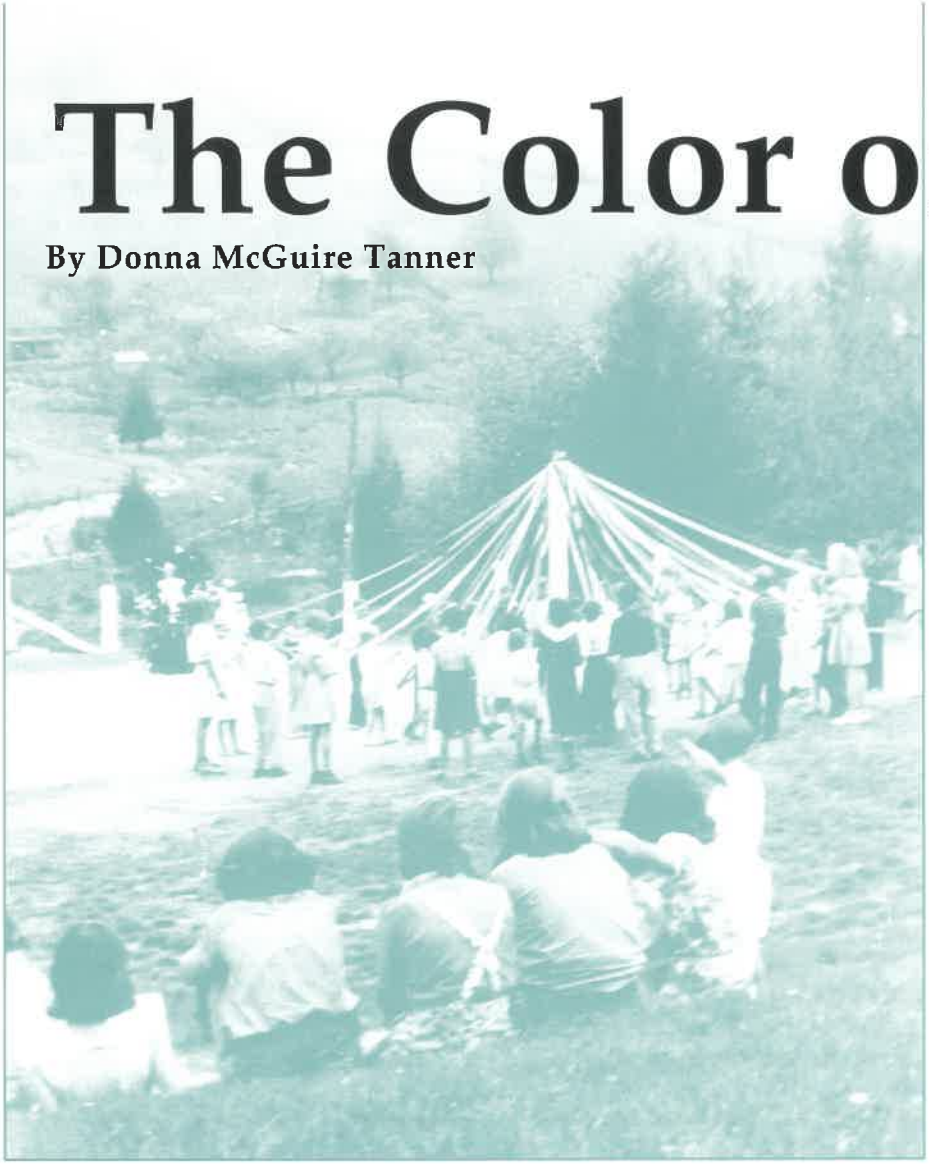
Their youngest child, the aforementioned poet Jean, writes plays, poetry, and articles like this one in which she delights in having the privilege to commemorate the legacy of the two greatest souls she has ever known.

The Battlo family in 1953. Seated in foreground are Kat (left) and Jean; center row Dom (left), Concetta, and Tom; standing (left to right) Tony, Melly, Angeline, Frank, and Mary.

JEAN BATTLO was born in Kimball, the youngest daughter of Fortunato and Concetta Battaglia. Still living in the small McDowell County community, Jean is a teacher, poet, and playwright and has had numerous works produced by professional and community theater companies. She recently published the book *McDowell County in West Virginia and American History*. Jean's latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Winter 1997.

The Color of May

By Donna McGuire Tanner



A traditional Maypole dance in Randolph County during the late 1930's or early '40's. Photographer unknown, courtesy Thelma Zickefoose.

White flowers of dogwood, blooming lilacs, and budding green leaves color the mountains of West Virginia in the month of May. But I will forever color my childhood May memories orange.

In the early 1950's at Pax Elementary and High School in the small community of Pax, Fayette County, we still held on to the tradition of celebrating May Day with a program in the large school gymnasium. It was decorated in the colors of spring.

Some things remained a permanent part of the program. In long pastel dresses, the May Queen with her attendants paraded past the audience. They stood in front of their white seats — chairs covered with bed sheets — while the Queen was crowned with a golden paper crown.

Following the coronation, the Boy Scout troops of the area marched in a straight line with their pride buoyed by the thunderous applause of the overflowing audience of parents, friends, and relatives.

Next came the dance to wrap and unwrap the two Maypoles with a rainbow of different colored streamers.

The program after the Maypole dance changed every year. Months were spent in preparation by grades from one to 12.

In our large family, it was usually an unspoken rule that if a costume requiring money was needed, we couldn't participate. Money was scarce and was needed for necessities.

I was in the second grade when I first had a chance to be in the May Day festivities. We were to do a square dance. To my surprise and delight, a few days before May Day, my mother Rachel bought me a beautiful blue dress at the company store. After a stretch of being laid off from work, my father Basil had been called back to his job in the coal mines.

Three years later he was laid off again. My younger sister Brenda was now in the second grade. The students in her class were to do an Indian dance for May Day. The time to order her costume was coming nearer and nearer. Four dollars was all that was needed, but it might as well have been a million.

Brenda wore a mask of despair. She knew the dance routine by heart, but without the Indian dress she would have to sit on the sidelines and watch.

Despite many offers, our grandmother Bertha Workman hardly ever sold one of her handmade quilts. Just before the deadline, she handed Brenda the $4. Grandma had parted with one of her beloved

Our author in the second grade, the first year she was involved in the Pax May Day celebration.

Parents Basil McGuire and Rachel Workman McGuire, during the early 1940's.

quilts. Never was there a prettier Indian princess. I loaned Brenda some of my "pop beads" (plastic beads that snapped apart) to wear with her costume.

May Day when I was in the sixth grade was to be the last May Day observed by the school. After that year, students from grades ten through 12 were to be bused over a mountain to attend Mt. Hope High School.

For our last May Day program, the girls in our class practiced for many hours the "soft shoe" routine we were to perform. Then I learned we were required to have two things. The first was $1 to purchase an orange top hat made of cellophane. The other was a pair of white gloves dyed orange to match the hat.

I had 50¢ stashed away, so I had to come up with the other half-dollar. I went to my brother Danny — he had a paper route by this time. He gave me a quarter. I called my younger brothers Jackie and Randy, and my younger sister Brenda together. With some reluctance, they parted with the pennies they had hidden away.

Now I had my money for the hat. But a bigger hurdle lay in my path. We couldn't afford to buy a pair of white gloves.

I was about to give up on being able to dance in the program. One day Mom gave me a nickel and told me to go to the store and buy a package of orange-flavored Kool-Aid. It wasn't unusual for me to walk the mile to the store for a package of Kool-Aid on warm days.

When I returned to the house, I saw a pair of wet white women's gloves hanging on the clothes line. They looked like the light blue ones Mom wore in cooler weather. As I stared at them, Brenda whispered, "She bleached them white while you were gone."

After the bleached gloves dried, Mom soaked them for hours in the orange Kool-Aid I had bought — she had poured only enough hot water to soak them.

On May Day, I wore the orange gloves, but I also wore the guilt that I had taken something Mom needed. But she didn't seem to mind as she watched me dance my "soft shoe."

I still have the orange top hat, but the orange gloves had another destiny. Christmas Eve of that year I wore those gloves as we made the long trip to Grandma's house in Richwood. On the trip back over the mountain, all visibility was blocked by a sudden snowstorm. Every inch traveled became perilous.

My father pulled the old family station wagon off the road to put the snow chains on the tires. As I watched him out the car window, I noticed that he didn't have any gloves. He stopped every few seconds to blow on his hands.

I rolled down the car window and handed him my orange gloves. He looked at them with indecision because he knew I cherished them. Then he put them on.

After the chains were securely on, he climbed back into the car. As he handed me my gloves he said, "Sorry about that, but they kept sticking to the chains."

My orange gloves were shredded to just a memory. It took us six hours to make it home safely to spend the rest of Christmas Eve in the warm safety of our home.

Those May Days of my yesterdays are gone, but I color their memories orange.

DONNA McGUIRE TANNER was born and raised in Pax, Fayette County. She is now a freelance writer in Ocala, Florida, but writes most of her stories and poems about West Virginia. She has been featured in *Wonderful West Virginia*, *Coal People Magazine*, and *Appalachian Log*, among many others. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Classmates Connie Huber (left) and Deanna Hall the same year that orange top hats and gloves were used in the May Day "soft shoe" dance. The Pax High School is behind them at left. The gym which housed the annual May Day shows is at right.

By Belinda Anderson

Photographs by

Michael Keller

Clingman's Market is easily overlooked among the fine galleries and shops lining Lewisburg's Washington Street. It's not particularly impressive inside, either. A few plain tables and chairs accommodate customers. There's no decorating scheme — just old scales, shelves of ceramic cooking pots, and six-pound cans of fancy whole beets and other vegetables.

"It's a dump," proprietor 86-year-old Gwen Clingman says. Gwen, white-haired, maybe five feet tall, wearing an apron smock covering her blouse and pants, doesn't try to impress. "It's just an eating place."

Her customers, from around the globe as well as West Virginia, will argue that Clingman's Market is much more than an eating place. One man wrote in the guest register, "There's only one other place to get food like this — my grandmother's!" Customers walk to the back of the establishment, peer inside the kitchen and point to what they'd like to have. Once, they could help themselves to the pots on the stove, but government health standards now prohibit that practice.

Clingman and her helpers are rustling up breakfast as early as 5:30 a.m., fixing apples, grits, sausage gravy, ham, bacon, eggs, biscuits, and more. For lunch, they prepare from scratch as many as 15 vegetables a day — cabbage, greens, carrots, broccoli, mashed potatoes, and more. Customers are welcome to any of the vegetables of the day, plus rolls, and can add a meat for a grand total of about three dollars. A lot of folks ask for plates to go, while others take a seat at one of the tables, greeting those they know, or striking up conversations with those they don't.

"It's a place where people come, not only for the nourishment of the food, but for the nourishment of friendships," says Alice Hollingsworth, one of Clingman's daughters. Alice, a vice-president at Greenbrier Valley National Bank, often walks over to have a bowl of brown beans and to help out.

Gwen has no thoughts of retiring, although macular degeneration has left her with little more than peripheral vision. "I think too many old people sit down and wait to die. I can't think of anything worse," Gwen says. In fact, she's more active now than ever. She just started serving breakfast a few years ago. And at age 79, she started

taking vacations with the Primetimers, a group of senior citizens organized by Greenbrier Valley National Bank. She's been to Great Britain, Switzerland, Austria, and Nova Scotia. "I've seen things I thought I'd never see." But she always heads back to her kitchen on Washington Street.

Lewisburg has undergone many changes in the past half a century, but Clingman's Market, its oldest continuing business, has remained a constant. "I haven't changed a thing," Gwen says. "I don't intend to change a thing." She doesn't mind working in the summer heat without air conditioning, but calling attention to herself makes her uncomfortable. The recognition includes being named Career Woman of the Year by the Lewisburg Business & Professional Women's Club in 1980, and again in 1997. The city even once declared a Gwen Clingman Day on April 23, 1995.

"She's a fantastic lady. Honest, sincere, forthright. I feel like we need more of that in this world," says Frankford artist Patt Legg, who was inspired to paint a water color of Gwen leaning against a glass display case, talking to customers.

"I haven't changed a thing," Gwen says. "I don't intend to change a thing."

The West Virginia Osteopathic School of Medicine in Lewisburg made her an honorary alumnus in 1998. That's particularly noteworthy to daughter Alice. "She actually went to college to be a doctor," Alice says. "She went to Concord College with her cousin Roland Sharp, who was the first president of the osteopathic school. She met my father at a dance, they fell in love, and four months later they got married and she dropped out of school."

But Gwen has contributed to medicine in her own way. "She's fed practically all of our students over the years," says Dr. Olen E. Jones, president of the medical school. "They find the food phe-

Gwen Clingman has operated Clingman's Market since 1945 making it the oldest continuing business in Lewisburg.

Lunch can feature as many as 15 vegetables a day, prepared from scratch.

Students from the nearby Osteopathic School are frequent customers.

nomenal, and at a reasonable price. And she is always so nice to the students."

"She is referred to as Granny Gwen," says Dr. Bob Foster, who teaches at the school. "She has fed literally thousands of medical students. For many of them, that's the only hot meal they get in a day." Foster has been a regular customer for 20 years. His wife, Mary, has known Gwen even longer. When Mary first arrived in Lewisburg, she was an actress from New York working in summer theater. Gwen let her run up a tab, which Mary paid when she got her monthly salary.

Gwenivere Carey Jordan Clingman, circa 1915. Photograph by McElfish studios.

Bob Foster has persuaded Gwen to use less salt and butter these days, but whatever fuels Gwen is high-test stuff. "In osteopathy, we say motion is life. She just won't sit down," he notes. "It's amazing what she turns out." He says one Christmas, she made 300 dozen cookies in a day.

One night, Clingman's family called from the hospital to let Dr. Foster know that Gwen had broken a shoulder. The next morning, he went by her house to check on her. She wasn't there. She'd been at the restaurant since 4:30 a.m. "She was making rolls one-handed, with her left arm all wrapped up."

As well known as Gwen's cooking is today, the Pocahontas County native had never cooked a meal until she married Garland Clingman. She didn't learn about cooking from her mother or meat cutting from her father, a butcher. "I was an only child. I didn't do anything," she says.

When she took on the role of homemaker at age 18, "I cooked up the durndest messes," she says. "I had the best mother-in-law. She never criticized a thing I cooked. His mother hated to cook worse than the devil hates holy water."

Clingman learned by trial and error. To this day, she uses few recipes. Her husband worked at a meat market in downtown Lewisburg until he joined the Navy during World War II. When the owner tired of dealing with ration books and shortages, Garland took the opportunity to buy the

"His mother hated to cook worse than the devil hates holy water."

business on April 1, 1945. He paid $1,500 in a deal that included $43 worth of inventory in bulk lard and dog food. Gwen ran the market by herself until her husband returned from the service. Rationing had its up side, too, she says. "You could sell anything you got."

Gwen and Garland operated the business and reared three daughters. Nancy Deitz, the oldest, now living in Staunton, Virginia, remembers seeing the slabs of bologna and barrels of salt fish, and nibbling on a bite from a round of cheese. "I can remember delivering groceries with my father," she recalls. She also remembers carry-

Garland and Gwen Clingman in 1971. Photographer unknown.

ing wedding cakes for her mother, with emphatic instructions to support the cake with a hand under the bottom of the cardboard.

When Garland died in 1977, Gwen continued. Over the years, the business changed. The market began selling more meals than groceries. Back when the elementary, junior high, and high school students were allowed to walk downtown for lunch, Gwen served hamburgers and sandwiches. Later, business people started coming by. Then tourists discovered Clingman's Market. Her visitors have included a group from the Australian Embassy in Washington.

Clingman's Market has never advertised, yet the business usually serves at least 100 lunches a day, and Clingman caters for such groups as Lions and Rotary. She grinds and cuts her own meat. "I cut meat as well as any man," she says.

"My mother was independent before it was fashionable," says daughter Sharon Shutzer, an eighth-grade language arts teacher and city councilwoman in New Jersey. "My mother instilled that in the three of us, and we have passed on that heritage to our children."

"She was a tough taskmaster," Sharon remembers. "We never left the house that my mother did not say to us, 'You remember that you are a lady.'" When Sharon left home for Marshall University, her mother told her, "I have tried my best to teach you the difference between right and wrong. Now it's up to you to make the right choices."

"That give-back attitude of hers is another thing she gave to us," Sharon says. She remembers that even when the family had little during World War II, her mother fed others. One hobo would come to the back door. "That man would always get a plate of whatever it was that we had," Shutzer says. "I can still picture that old man. All he had to do was knock on that door and he would have food."

"She helps shut-ins, she sends meals to them. She is not just fixing meals. She is ministering to many, many people," daughter Nancy says. "I can't tell you how many people she has helped," Alice adds.

Gwen has been advised that she should raise her prices, that she could earn a lot more, but she says she makes enough. "I enjoy what I'm doing. What is money? I don't need a lot of clothes, or anything, really." It gives her satisfaction to offer affordable meals. "There's no use to pass this way if you don't help people a little bit."

BELINDA ANDERSON is a native of Monroe County and is a freelance writer and teacher. After many years spent out of state, she recently returned to Asbury, Greenbrier County. "The mountains called me home," Belinda says. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

The long arm of the law reaches for lunch at Clingman's. Veteran lawmen Sargeant L.E. Reed (left) and D.W. Cook have eaten at Clingman's every Friday for as long as they can remember.

My Favorite Recipe

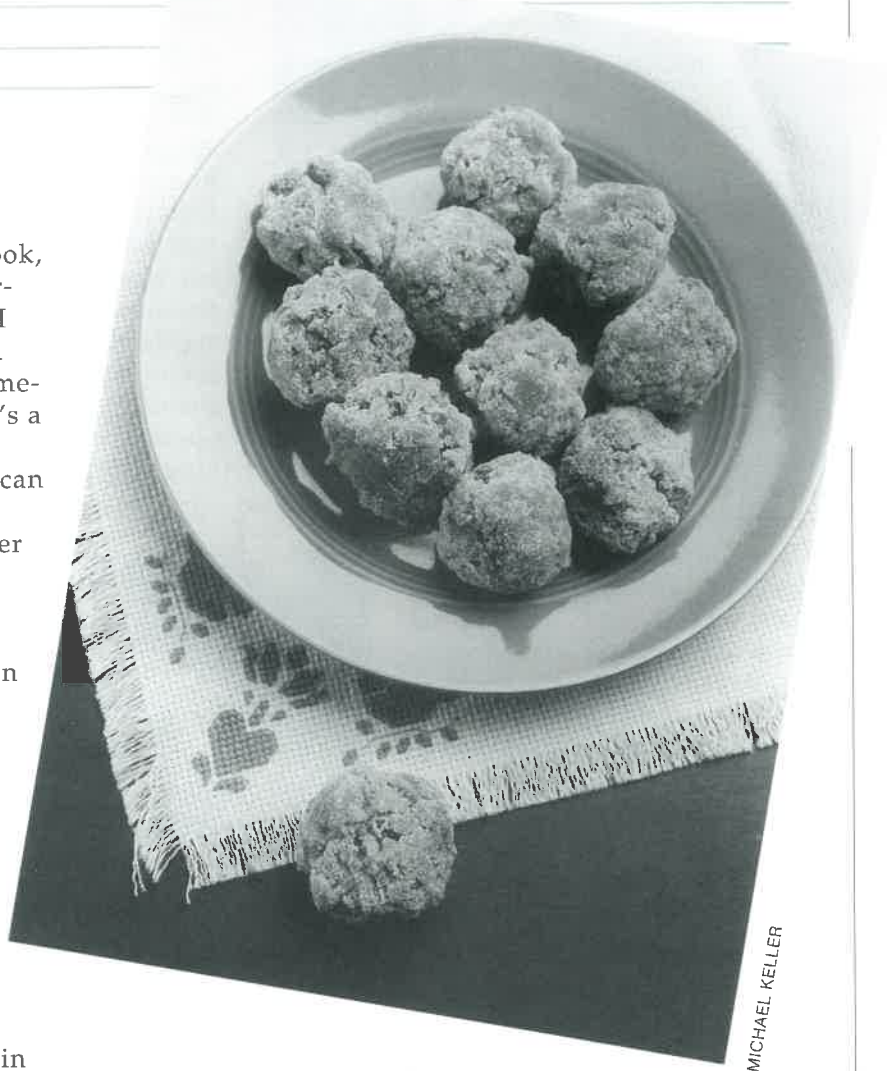
Gwen's Cookie Balls

We're happy to share a rare and tasty item — a recipe from Gwen Clingman. She seldom follows recipes.

"I never saw my mother use a cookbook, and I didn't use recipes when I got married," she says. "Artists paint 'by ear.' I figure you can cook that way. Trial and error. Sometimes you come up with something better than the original. I think it's a lot of fun to experiment. I like to mess. I've got enough curiosity to see what I can do."

A failed batch of cookies prompted her to create Cookie Balls, which was published in a local cookbook some four decades ago.

-Belinda Anderson



MICHAEL KELLER

Cookie Balls

1 - 1 lb. box brown sugar
3 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
Pecans
½ can coconut
1½ cups flour
1½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

Mix eggs and brown sugar then throw in all other ingredients. Stir well — pour into a greased pan. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Stir the edges to the center of the pan once while baking. If using a small pan bake only 28 minutes. Make balls, roll in granulated sugar. It's very important not to overcook.

A note from the GOLDENSEAL test kitchens...
When I made these delicious cookies, I used equal parts coconut and pecans. I poured the batter into a square casserole dish, and let the pan sit for 15-20 minutes or so to cool before I began forming the balls. They were a big hit here in our office. Circulation Manager, Cornelia, recalls a similar recipe she has used in the past called "Casserole Cookies." They are rolled in red and green sugar for the holidays. - Connie

Vandalia Celebrates 23 Years

Join us for the 1999 Vandalia Gathering, May 28-30, at the capitol complex. This free event brings together West Virginia's finest traditional musicians, craft artists, dancers, and storytellers for a weekend of family fun and entertainment.

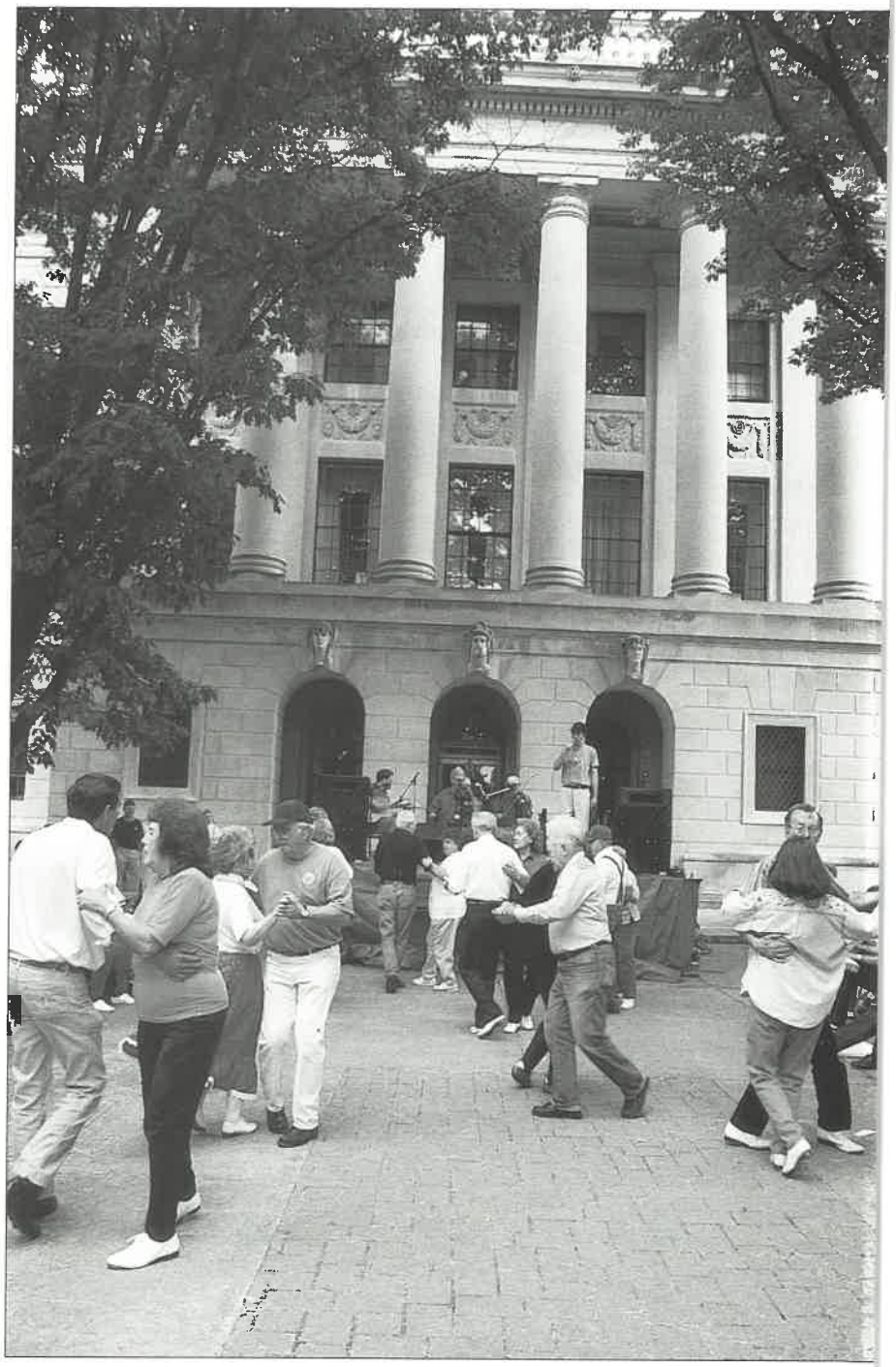
Concerts each evening in the State Theater of the Cultural Center highlight performers from across the state. Many of these artists have been featured in the pages of GOLDENSEAL over the past 25 years, and you don't want to miss this chance to see them in person.

The prestigious Vandalia Award, honoring a lifetime of commitment to West Virginia folklife, is presented during the Saturday evening concert. Last year, the award was presented to fiddler Glen Smith by Commissioner Renay Conlin. Plan to be with us this year to honor the 1999 recipient.

The state Liars Contest is always a highlight of the Vandalia Gathering (see page 66). Sign-up begins Sunday at noon, and the contest gets underway in the State Theater at 1:00 p.m. All West Virginia residents are invited to try their hand at spinning the best yarn. For information or a copy of the contest rules, contact the GOLDENSEAL office.

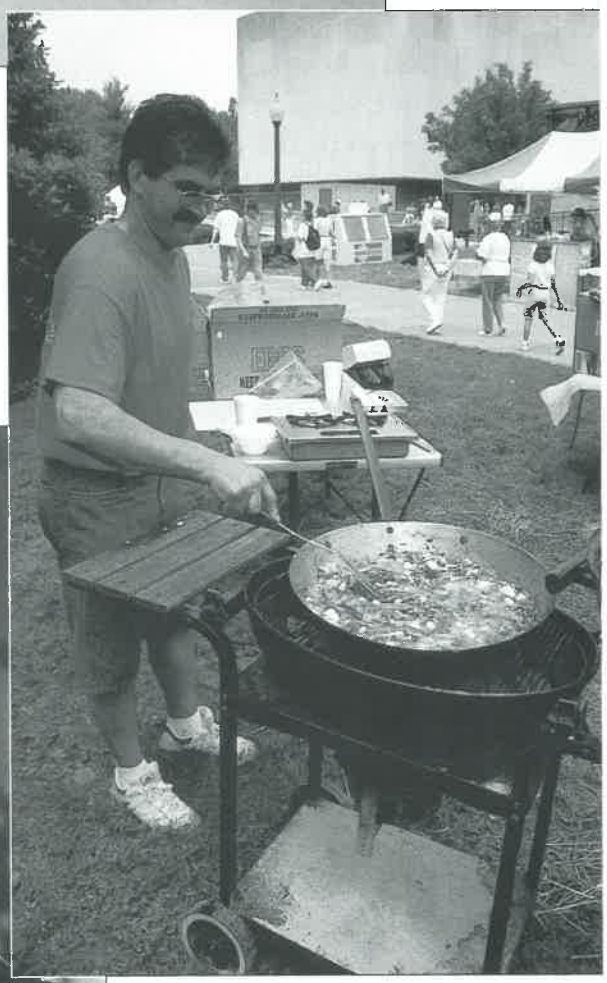
Contests, jam sessions, dancing, crafts, food, and kids' activities spread across the capitol complex and fill the weekend with fun, festivities, and West Virginia folklife.

All this, and it's free! See you there.



Photographs by Michael Keller.

For more information or a complete schedule of events, call (304)558-0220.



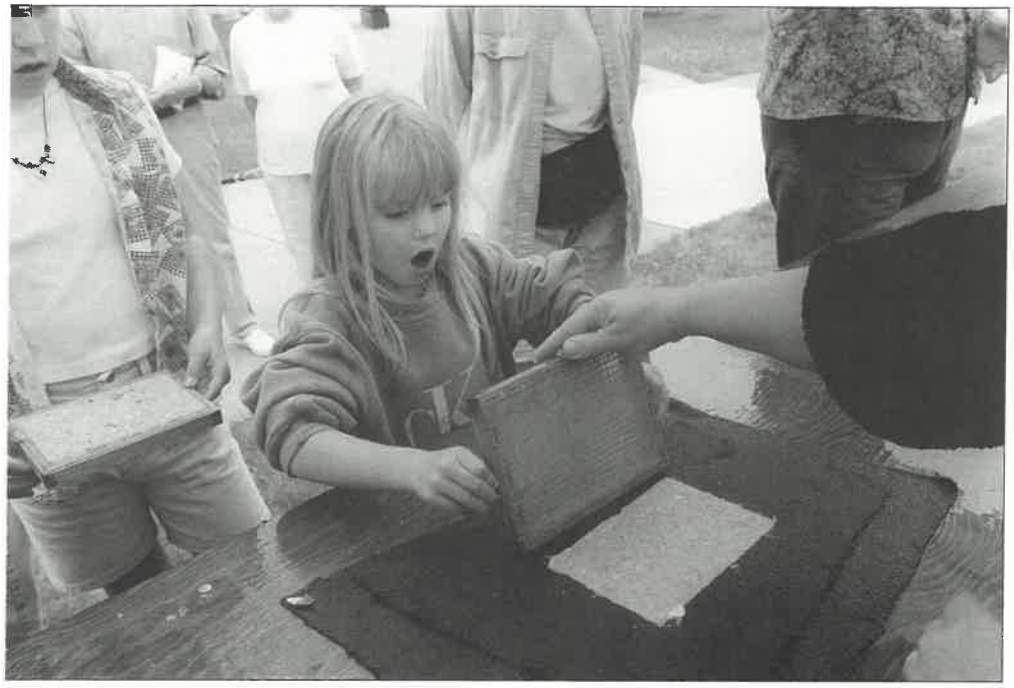
Above: Mack Samples swings his partner at a Vandalia square dance.

Above right: Papermaking at the children's tent.

Bottom right: Guitarists Robin Kessinger and Jaimie Rhodes, and bassist Mike Smith, find time to jam.

Right: A volunteer from the Dunbar Lions Club cooks up a mess of ramps.

Below: Fiddler Woody Simmons has been a regular Vandalia participant for more than 20 years. He has won countless prizes for his banjo and fiddle prowess, and received the Vandalia Award in 1983.



VANDALIA GATHERING

1998
Vandalia Winners

Vandalia Heritage Award
Glen Smith, Elizabeth

Fiddle (age 60 and over)
1 — Glen Smith, Elizabeth
2 — Lefty Shafer, Charleston
3 — Woody Simmons, Mill Creek
4 — Carlos Dalton, Lewisburg
5 — Junior Spencer, Frankfort

Fiddle (under age 60)
1 — David Bing, Harmony
2 — Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
3 — Jenny Allinder, Charleston
4 — Gerry Milnes, Elkins
5 — Terry Collins, Nitro

Flat Pick Guitar
1 — Robert Shafer, Elkview
2 — Johnny Staats, Sandyville
3 — Robin Kessinger, St. Albans
4 — Ron Lane, Sutton
5 — Jaimie Rhodes, Hurricane

Mandolin
1 — Mike Melton, Charleston
2 — Robin Kessinger, St. Albans
3 — Virgil Osborne, Lorado
4 — Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
5 — Tim Gillenwater, Griffithsville

Bluegrass Banjo
1 — Butch Osborne, Parkersburg
2 — Rad Lewis, Dille
3 — Virgil Osborne, Lorado
4 — Richard Hefner, Renick
5 — David Douglas, Ivydale

Old-Time Banjo
1 — Tim Bing, Gandeeville
2 — Pam Lund, Marlinton
3 — Andrew Dunlap, St. Albans
4 — David O'Dell, Spencer
5 — Ron Mullennex, Bluefield

Lap Dulcimer
1 — Alan Freeman, Charleston
2 — David O'Dell, Spencer
3 — Bob Webb, Charleston
4 — John Goodman, Cross Lanes
5 — David Gladkosky, South Charleston

The 1998 Liars Contest

The state Liars Contest was once again the hands-down highlight of the annual Vandalia Gathering. The 1998 showdown featured the return of the contest's founder, former GOLDENSEAL editor Ken Sullivan. After a one-year hiatus, Ken returned to host the 1998 event and was in fine form.

The winners of the 1998 Liars Contest were: First Place, **Bil Lepp** from Meadow Bridge; Second Place, **Rich Knoblich** from Wheeling; Third Place, **Mark Howes** from Helvetia. A special Youth Award was presented to 14-year-old **Eric Diehl** from Meadow Bridge. Other youth winners were **Sean Wingand** of Dunbar, and **Jeremiah Hall** of Clendenin.

Please join us for the 1999 Liars Contest. For information, see page 63.

Photographs by Michael Keller.

The Monster Stick's Last Ride

Bil Lepp. This story is for Paul. As many of you know, my brother Paul, West Virginia's greatest unelected liar, passed away in January. Many times he stood on this very stage and bedazzled us all with stories of the monster stick. Now, the monster stick was Paul's nine-foot surfcasting rod complete with six miles of brand-new 50-pound test Stren carp cord. It was the castingest outfit he ever did own. And he always said how the monster stick was a dangerous thing in the hands of the untrained because it was such a bear to cast.

Casting the monster stick involved a two-handed full body twist that was a cross between an Olympic hammer throw and a ballet pirouette. Casting from shore presented a myriad of problems and casting from any vessel smaller than an aircraft carrier almost always resulted in the boat being capsized.

The monster stick was the Pandora's box of fishing equipment. Strange things just happened again and again whenever it reared its head. Take the time my grandfather was bringing the monster stick to this country. He cast off the deck of a huge cruise liner, snagged what he thought was a whale, and only realized his mistake when he brought the thing alongside deck and the guy in the crow's nest hollered, "Iceberg!!"

I'm pretty sure that bringing my dog Buck along in that boat was one of my first mistakes.

To my grandfather's great embarrassment, that ship sank in something less than two hours.

Needless to say, I was always scared stiff of the monster stick. I steered clear of the thing — never liked to touch it. But then just this past April, I was out in my garden tilling and I heard a voice say to me, "If you bait it, catfish will come."

I looked around and I didn't see anybody and then I heard it again, "If you bait it, catfish will come." By the slow, West Virginia drawl, I could tell that that voice could only belong one of two people. It was either God or my brother Paul speaking to me. I knew it was a message from heaven and the revelation was clear. The monster stick needed one more fling and I was going to have to be the man to do it.

So I snuck into my brother's house, stole the monster stick, bought a bass boat and a five-gallon bucket of raw beef livers, and set sail on the mighty waters of the Buckhannon River.

Now sitting in that river with that giant pole, well I have to tell you, I

felt as dangerous and as volatile as a third-world dictator with nuclear capabilities. I was heavily armed, crazy with power, and right likely to do something stupid enough to put all of humanity in jeopardy.

Well, it's difficult to say exactly where things started to go wrong that day. But I'm pretty sure that bringing my dog Buck along in that boat was one of my first mistakes.

Now Buck-dog, for those of you who don't know, is my super mutt. His mother was a German shepherd but his daddy was a prolific and extremely determined basset hound. Like most of the men in my family, Buck is funny looking, and he ain't too smart. In fact, when God was passing out brains, Buck thought he said "drains" and so he asked for one that emptied quickly. On the other hand, when God was passing out noses, Buck thought he said "roses" and so he asked for one that smelled real good.

So there I was, sitting in that bass boat with the monster stick, a five-gallon bucket of raw beef livers, and Buck-dog. Well, I threw one whole beef liver to Buck to keep him quiet while I was fishing and then I pulled out one whole beef liver and put it on the end of the monster stick. I stood up and readied myself to cast. Now as I went into my cast, well, that unleashed a series of events that one can scarcely imagine.

You see, when I was coming around in that cast, I put all my weight on my right foot and that made the boat list in that direction and it pushed all the water on the right side of the river against the right bank. Well, then I put all my weight on my left foot and that pushed all the water on that side of the river against the left bank and that bass boat just plopped down onto the muddy bottom of the Buckhannon River. When I opened my eyes and saw those two walls of water divided like they were, felt the power of that rod in my hand, I knew just what Moses felt like at the Red Sea.

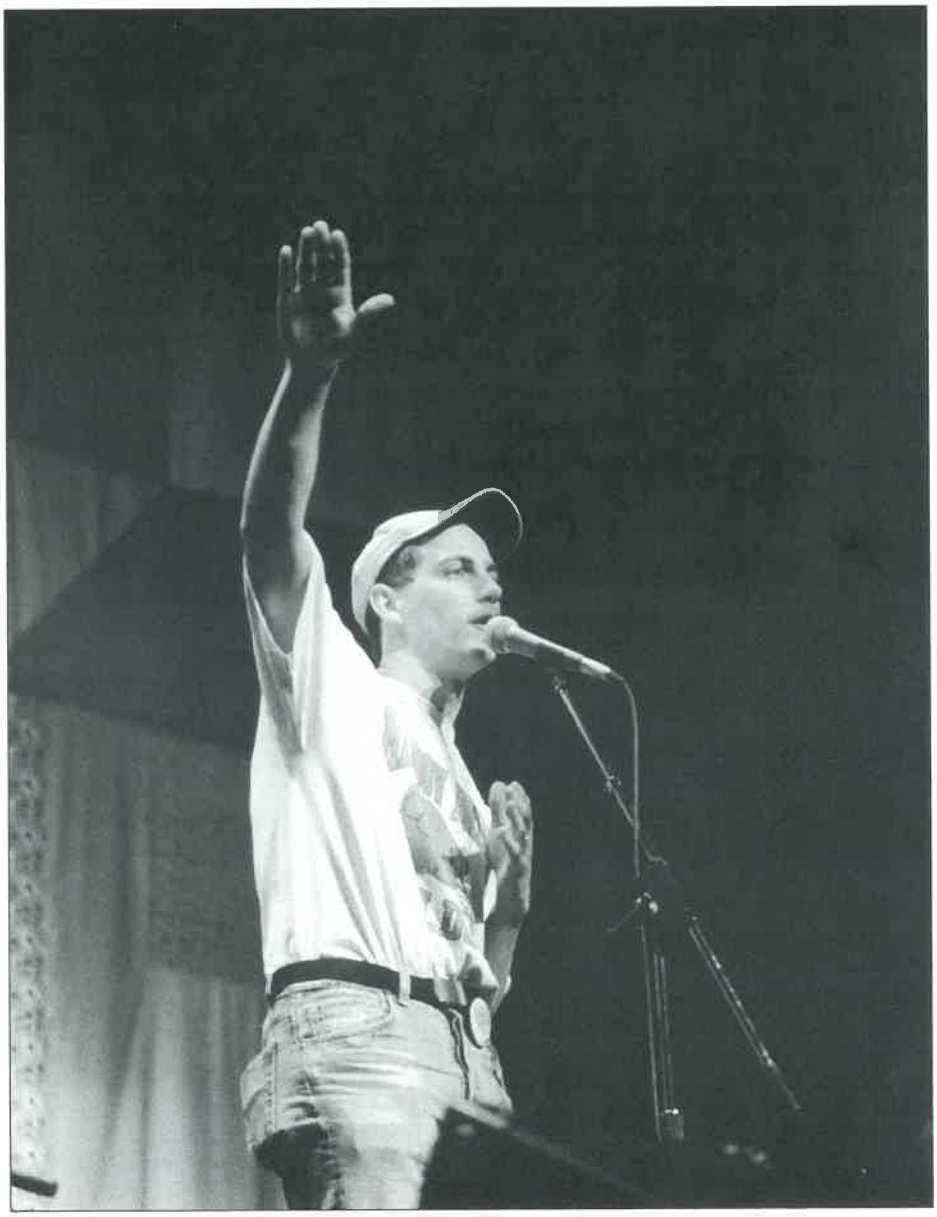
When I looked again and saw those two walls of water coming back on top of me, I knew what Pharoah and his armies felt like at the Red Sea.

Well, as the waters were coming down I happened to notice a couple of things. The line on the monster stick was still buzzing out just as fast as it could, and Buck-dog, for whatever reason, was now hooked to the end of the monster stick.

Bil Lepp demonstrates his technique with the "monster stick." The handle of the coveted Golden Shovel Award is visible at left. To date, Bil owns every shovel given since the award was initiated in 1996.

As near as I can figure, he was a little bit jealous that I was going to toss a whole beef liver away to the catfish and so he had jumped for it just as I cast, and got his collar snagged on the hook. And so he was shooting down the river. Well, those two walls of water hit me with such force that they drove that bass boat eight inches into the muddy bottom of the Buckhannon River and I was stuck in the mud but the line on the monster stick was still streaming out even from beneath all that water.

Well I knew that Buck was going to fall into the water and he was either going to be swallowed whole by a catfish or he was going to drown. And I didn't want that to happened 'cause I didn't want to have to explain it to my wife. So I reached in my pocket and pulled out my stainless steel 74-function Swiss Army-type knife and I quickly opened up the scuba gear. It's the Jacques Cousteau special — I had to pay ten extra bucks for that. Well, I put that gear on, pulled my feet out of the mud, and I made it to the bank of the river just as Buck-dog started his downward arch. But another thing happened then, I heard the low whistle blow.



Champion liar Bil Lepp.

I could feel the earth begin to rumble. I looked up just in time to see the first engine of a six-engine, 168-car CS&X monster train loaded down with 19,364 tons of pure West Virginia bituminous coal rolling by.

Well, it wasn't just running on any tracks either. Those tracks that run alongside the Buckhannon River, that's the fine and famed run of Weirton's world-famous steel, fashioned into CS&X railroad tracks running clear from Cowen to Grafton via Burnsville, Buckhannon, Carrolton, and Philippi. That's my home turf. And this is my kind of get-away car. I made it up to the train just as the last car was passing and I pulled myself aboard just as Buck-dog splashed into the water. I jammed the monster stick into the rungs of the ladder of the last car of that train.

Monster stick meet monster train.

Well, now for various physical and scientific reasons which I really don't have time to go into here, the momentum of that train going in the opposite direction of the cast was just sufficient to pop Buck out of the water. He got his feet under him and he was kind of skimming across the surface like a water skier. In fact, he even started to enjoy it a little bit, he picked up his front feet and did a couple of fish tails, spun around a little bit, and then did some flips over a fallen tree.

All the while I was reeling in with the monster stick trying to get him back to me and when I had him about ten feet from me and just off the shore, I flipped my wrist and popped him up out of the water. And I think everything would have been just fine then if a catfish the size of a Buick hadn't chosen that moment to strike for the bait.

He swallowed up Buck's hind end and when I flipped my wrist the hook, Buck-dog, and the catfish came right behind the train and plopped down on the tracks. That catfish was just wide enough that he straddled the tracks and he was being pulled behind that train like a flatboat on the Erie Canal. Well, I

Buck-dog. His mother was a German shepherd, and his father was a prolific and determined basset hound.

had to get Buck out some way so I reached in that bucket of raw livers and tossed a liver to the catfish, figuring that when it got within range he would open his mouth to grab it and I could reel Buck in. But when the liver got to the catfish,

Everything would have been just fine if a catfish the size of a Buick hadn't chosen that moment to strike for the bait.

Buck sprang up and swallowed it whole. I said, "Bad dog! Bad dog!" and tossed another liver. Buck swallowed it too. And another and another until the five-gallon bucket was empty and my five-gallon Buck-dog was full. I was out of ideas and looking around desperately for something else to try.

Fortunately, Buck is not totally without means of his own. You see, all that raw liver started to react with the fear and the adrenaline in his stomach and, well, to put it politely, Buck's gastro-intestinal El Niño went into hyper-drive. Buck released enough methane into that catfish to put Columbia and Mountaineer Gas out of business. That catfish swelled up like the Hindenberg and lifted off the tracks, with Buck still in his mouth. I had to play out line as fast as I could to keep it from snapping and before long the catfish and Buck-dog were trailing at the end of all six miles of that 50-pound test Stren carp cord.

Every time that train went around a curve it whipped the fish and Buck all around. The train was gaining speed and sped around a particularly sharp turn. When it did, it flung that huge catfish at near mach speed around the bend. The fish was going so fast, and the line was pulled so tight, that when the carp cord hit a mountain about 50 feet from the top it just cut right through the rock like a hot knife through butter. The force was so great that the top of that mountain just popped up and then crashed back down into place. Well, I smiled then. If nothing else had gone right for me that day, at least I had just completed the only 100% successful mountain top removal and reclamation operation.

I looked over my shoulder and noticed that the train was headed into a tunnel. I started reeling as fast as I could and I had Buck-dog and the fish right behind the train when we hit the tunnel. The catfish slammed face first into the hillside and his giant lips filled the entrance of the tunnel. He was clamping down on Buck as hard as he could, but the train was still moving along and the strain was too great. I leaned back on the monster stick and Buck shot out of the catfish's lips like a cork from a champagne bottle.

The catfish went out of the tunnel backwards and flew around the sky like a deflating balloon until he dove into the river. I grabbed Buck, the empty bucket, and the monster stick, and jumped off the train and we headed home. I snuck back into Paul's house and set the famous fishing pole in its place of honor over the mantle. The last fling was completed.

May Paul and the monster stick rest in peace.

Eric Diehl, a 14-year-old liar from Meadow Bridge, earned a special Youth Award with his tall tale about a supercharged hovercraft.

Back Issues

Celebrate 25 years of GOLDENSEAL!

Take advantage of this special offer during our 25th anniversary year. All GOLDENSEAL back issue are now just **$2.50** each plus shipping while supplies last.

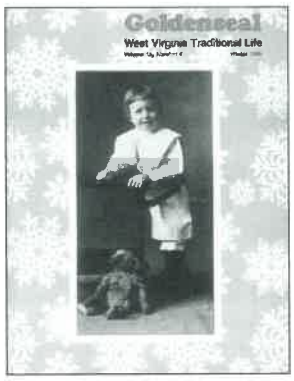
Better yet, buy them all! For a limited time, GOLDENSEAL subscribers may purchase the entire set of **25** back issues listed here for **$25** plus $4 shipping while supplies last.

Don't delay! This offer is only good during 1999.

July-September 1976
-Banjoist Clarence Tross
-Artist Thermond Fletcher
-Logger Benjamin Matheny
-Model Maker John Guerrant Smith

October-December 1980
-Recalling Mother Jones
-Coalfield Baseball
-Thomas Opera House
-Ellison Family

Fall 1985
-Dulcimer Maker Ray Epler
-Holly Jack Perkins Love Letters
-Kenna -Dried Apple Pie



Winter 1985
-Huntington 1913
-Going 'Senging
-Fiddler Mike Humphreys
-Bicycles

Spring 1986
-Blacksmith Jeff Fetty
-Fiddler Harvey Sampson
-Hopemont
-*Moorefield Examiner*

Summer 1986
-Draft Horse Revival
-Charleston Broom Company
-Fiddler Ernie Carpenter
-Beaver Creek

Fall 1988
-Wilbur Vieth
-Blue Eagle Quilt
-Gary
-"Mountain Stage"

Spring 1989
-Printer Allen Byrne
-Cartoonist Irvin Dugan
-Scotts Run
-Storyteller Bonnie Collins

Summer 1990
-Cal Price and the *Pocahontas Times*
-Fiddler Glen Smith
-Broadcaster Ernie Saunders
-Pence Springs

Winter 1990
-Sisters of DeSales Heights
-Stonecutting
-Home Comfort Stoves
-Folk Medicine

Summer 1991
-Fiddler Melvin Wine
-Mason County 4-H
-Gunfight at Matewan
-Job's Temple

Winter 1991
-Meadow River Lumber Company
-Silver Yodelin' Bill Jones
-Clarksburg Chautauqua
-Point Pleasant Floods

Summer 1993
-Fairmont Romance
-Basket Maker Homer Summers
-Marbles
-West Virginian Hotel

Fall 1993
-Bower's Ridge
-West Virginia Walnuts
-The Greenbrier Goes to War
-Douglass High School

Spring 1994
-Sculptor Connard Wolfe
-Helvetia Cheesemaking
-Airmail Arrives
-Railroad Humor

Winter 1994
-20th Anniversary
-Ramps
-Leatherman Barn
-Water Witching

Spring 1996
-Elk River Tales
-Banjoist Brooks Smith
-Kanawha City Memories
-Liars Contest Winners

Fall 1996
-WVU Mountaineer
-One-Room Schooling
-Movie Maker Ellis Dungan
-Brinkley Bridge

Spring 1997
-Capon Springs
-Old-Time Dancing
-1950 Flood
-Winning Liars

Summer 1997
-Draft Animals
-Gravely Tractor
-Banjoist Elmer Bird
-Bluefield Lemonade

Fall 1997
-Harvest Time
-Fiddler Clark Kessinger
-Manheim
-Pickens Leper

Spring 1998
-Storytelling
-Pendleton County Barns
-Lynn Davis & Molly O'Day
-Irish Tract

Summer 1998
-Miss West Virginia
-Village of Lilly
-Old-Time Music at Ivydale
-Shinnston Tornado

Fall 1998
-Post Office Art
-Governor Marland
-Hatfield Photos
-Pitcher Lew Burdette

Winter 1998
-Veterinarian Doc White
-Tygart Dam
-Gypsies
-WPA Outhouse

Mark the issue(s) you want and return with a check (payable to GOLDENSEAL) for the correct amount. You may also charge your order using VISA or Mastercard.

___July-September 1976/Clarence Tross
___October-December 1980/Recalling Mother Jones
___Fall 1985/Dulcimer Maker Ray Epler
___Winter 1985/Huntington 1913
___Spring 1986/Blacksmith Jeff Fetty
___Summer 1986/The Draft Horse Revival
___Fall 1988/Wilbur Vieth
___Spring 1989/Printer Allen Byrne
___Summer 1990/Cal Price and *The Pocahontas Times*
___Winter 1990/Sisters of DeSales Heights
___Summer 1991/Fiddler Melvin Wine
___Winter 1991/Meadow River Lumber Company
___Summer 1993/Fairmont Romance
___Fall 1993/Bower's Ridge
___Spring 1994/Sculptor Connard Wolfe
___Winter 1994/20th Anniversary
___Spring 1996/Elk River Tales
___Fall 1996/WVU Mountaineer
___Spring 1997/Capon Springs
___Summer 1997/Draft Animals
___Fall 1997/Harvest Time
___Spring 1998/Storytelling
___Summer 1998/Miss West Virginia
___Fall 1998/Post Office Art
___Winter 1998/Veterinarian Doc White

(Please include $1 shipping for orders of 1-3, $2 for orders of 4-9, $4 for orders of 10 or more.)

I enclose $_____ for_____ back issues of GOLDENSEAL.
-or-
Charge my
_____VISA ___ Mastercard
#_____
Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Please make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL.
Send to:
GOLDENSEAL
The Cultural Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300
(304)558-0220

New To GOLDENSEAL?

We're glad to make your acquaintance and hope you want to see more of us. You may do so by returning this coupon with your subscription payment for $16.

Thanks—and welcome to the GOLDENSEAL family!

Your Name_____

Address_____

_____

Please make your check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL. Send to:

GOLDENSEAL
The Cultural Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300
(304)558-0220

ADDRESS CHANGE?

Please enter old and new addresses below and return to us.

OLD

_____
Name

_____
Address

_____

NEW

_____
Name

_____
Address

_____

Fiddlers Three. . .

Three of West Virginia's finest fiddlers. Vandalia Award recipients Lefty Shafer, Melvin Wine, and Woody Simmons (left to right) represent 258 years of age between them. They are shown here at Prickett's Fort near Fairmont in May 1998. Photograph by Jim Thornburg, courtesy Lefty Shafer.

Postal Alert!

Is your mailing address correct? Please take a moment to help us ensure that your GOLDENSEAL subscription is delivered on time, every time.

Particularly if you live in a rural area or have recently been assigned a new "911" address, it is important that we have your complete and correct mailing information.

You may call Cornelia Alexander at (304)558-0220, ext. 153, or simply use the form at left, to inform us of any necessary changes.

Thanks for your help!

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Woodcarver Herman Hayes
- Gladys Larew at 100
- Holiness People — Revisited
- String Band Festival

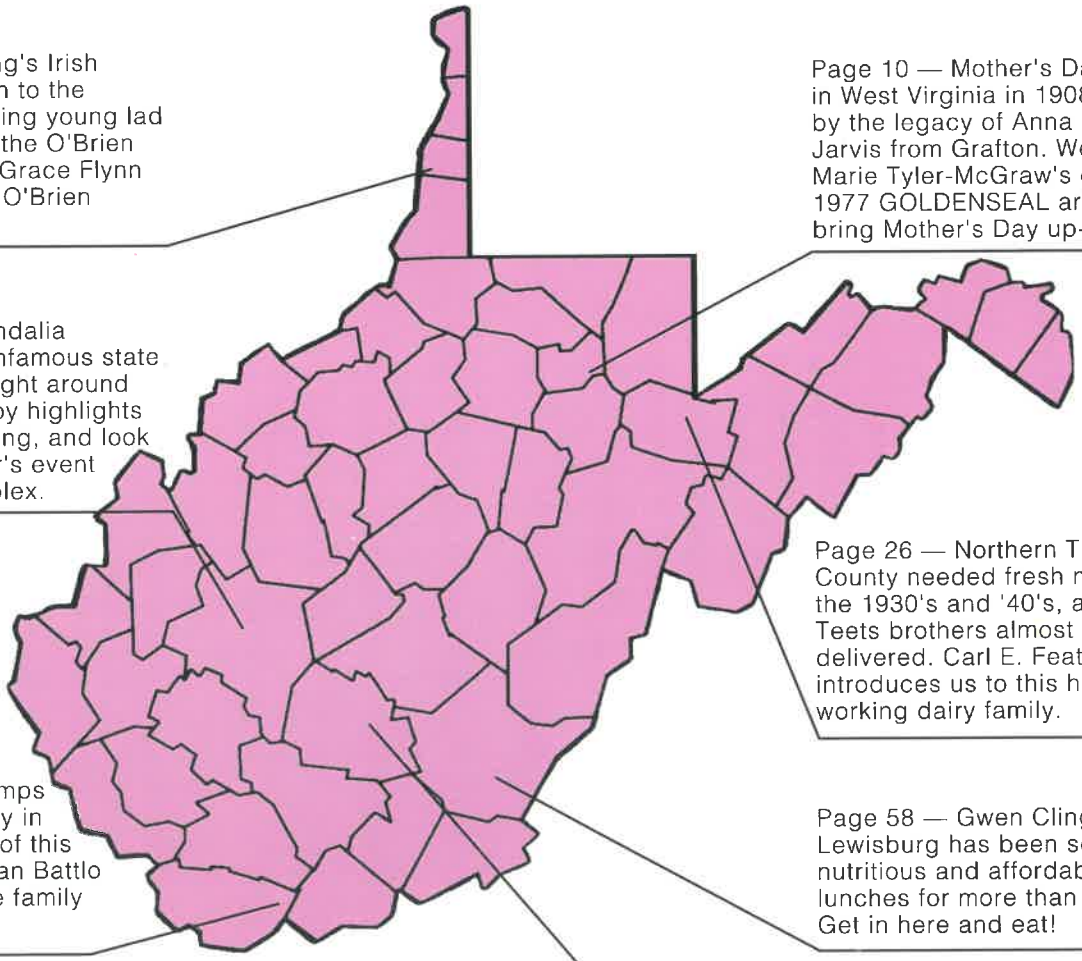
(continued from inside front cover)

August 5-7 Mercer County's Bluestone Valley Fair
Spanishburg (425-1429)
August 6-8 W.Va. Square, Round Dance & Clogging Convention
Buckhannon (963-5563)
August 7-8 Dulcimer Weekend
Fort New Salem/Salem (782-5245)
August 8-14 Cherry River Festival
Richwood (846-6790)
August 9-14 Magnolia Fair
Matewan (426-4239)
August 9-15 39th Town & Country Days
New Martinsville (386-4444)
August 13-14 Augusta Festival
Elkins (637-1209)
August 13-15 Lilly Family Reunion
Flat Top (466-0476)
August 13-21 State Fair of West Virginia
Fairlea (645-1090)
August 20-21 W.Va. Highland Games & Celtic Festival
South Charleston (727-9513)
August 20-22 Mountain Music Festival
Pipestem (466-0626)
August 21 Civilian Conservation Corps Reunion
Camp Woodbine/Richwood (422-1997)
August 21 Muddy Creek Music Festival
Albright (379-3141)
August 27-29 Appalachian Arts & Crafts Festival
Beckley (252-7328)
August 28 W.Va. Hardware Olympics
Cairo (628-3321)
August 28-29 Dunkard Valley Frontier Fest
Core (879-5500)
September 3-5 15th Firemen's Arts & Crafts Festival
Jane Lew (842-4095)
September 3-5 W.Va. Italian Heritage Festival
Clarksburg (622-7314)
September 3-6 Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts Jubilee
Jackson's Mill/Weston (1-800-296-1863)
September 3-6 Wyoming County Labor Day Festival
Pineville (732-6700)
September 4-5 Walnut Hill Arts & Crafts Festival
Huntington (696-5954)
September 4-5 Down Home Days Arts & Crafts Show
Buffalo (937-3475)
September 4-6 Hick Festival
Parsons (478-2660)
September 5-11 80th Webster County Fair
Cowen (226-3069)
September 10-12 Upper Potomac Dulcimer Fest
Shepherdstown (263-2531)
September 10-12 Hampshire County Heritage Days
Romney (822-3185)
September 11-12 Hilltop Festival
Huntington Museum of Art/Huntington (529-2701)
September 11-12 W.Va. Honey Festival
Mineral Wells (1-800-752-4982)
September 11-12 Mt. Grove VFD Potato Festival
Horse Shoe Run (735-6104)
September 11-12 Helvetia Fall Fair
Helvetia (924-6435)
September 11-12 7th Annual Mule & Donkey Show
Sutton (364-8364)
September 12-18 King Coal Festival
Williamstown (235-5560)
September 16-19 W.Va. Oil & Gas Festival
Sistersville (652-2939)
September 17-19 Mason-Dixon Festival
Morgantown (599-1104)
September 18-19 Country Roads Festival
Ansted (658-5196)
September 18-19 Mineral County Fall Festival
Keyser (788-1590)
September 22-25 Fall Fest '99
Barboursville (736-9820)
September 23-24 32nd W.Va. Molasses Festival
Arnoldsburg (655-8374)
September 24-25 FOOTMAD Fall Festival
Camp Sheppard/Gandeeville (768-9249)
September 24-26 Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
Harper's Ferry (1-800-624-0577)
September 24-26 Hardy County Heritage Weekend
Moorefield (434-3050)
September 24-26 Annual Greek Festival
Huntington (552-0773)
September 25 Gauley River Festival
Summersville (586-2355)
September 25 Poca Heritage Day
Poca (755-4677)
September 25-26 Appalachian Herb Festival
Cottageville (273-2254)
September 30-October 2 Oak Leaf Festival
Oak Hill (469-3435)
September 30-October 3 Preston County Buckwheat Festival
Kingwood (329-0021)
October 1-3 Appalachian Heritage Festival
Shepherdstown (876-5113)
October 1-3 W.Va. Pumpkin Festival
Milton (743-9222)
October 2 Nemours Harvest Festival
Nemours (248-7087)
October 2-3 Fall Festival
State Farm Museum/Point Pleasant (675-5737)
October 2-3 Old Fashioned Apple Harvest Festival
Burlington (788-1953)
October 2-3 Golden Delicious Festival
Clay (548-7821)
October 2-10 Mountain State Forest Festival
Elkins (636-1824)
October 7-9 W.Va. Storytelling Festival
Jackson's Mill/Weston (599-2219)
October 8-10 19th Annual Arts & Crafts Fair
Fairlea (645-4210)
October 8-10 Autumnfest
New Martinsville (775-2805)
October 8-10 Pumpkin Festival
Thornton (265-2342)
October 9 Taste of Our Town
Lewisburg (645-7917)
October 9-10 Fall Art in the Mountains Festival
Tamarack/Beckley (1-88-TAMARACK)
October 9-10 26th Annual Apple Butter Festival
Berkeley Springs (258-3738)
October 11 Heritage Days Celebration
Parsons (478-2402)
October 14-17 Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival
Martinsburg (263-2500)
October 14-17 W.Va. Black Walnut Festival
Spencer (927-1780)
October 16 3rd Annual Street Luge Competition
Ansted (658-5901)
October 16 Bridge Day
Fayetteville (465-5617)
October 16 22nd Annual Pleasant Valley Craft Fair
Pleasant Valley (366-1694)
October 16-17, 23-24 Railroad Days Festival
Hinton (466-3930)
October 17 Elmer Bird Tribute
Hurricane (562-5896)
October 24-30 Old-Time Week & Fiddlers' Reunion
D&E College/Elkins (637-1209)

GOLDENSEAL requests its readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 2000 "Folklife•Fairs•Festivals," please send us information on the name of the event, dates, location, and the contact person or organization, along with their mailing address and phone number. We must have this information by January 15, 2000, in order to meet our printing deadline. GOLDENSEAL regrets that due to space limitations, Fourth of July celebrations are no longer included in the listing.

Goldenseal
The Cultural Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, West Virginia 25305-0300

Inside Goldenseal



91
0 94295 76645 1