Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Fall 1999 $4.95

Goldenseal

Chestnut Ridge

Barrackville Bridge

Heirloom Seeds

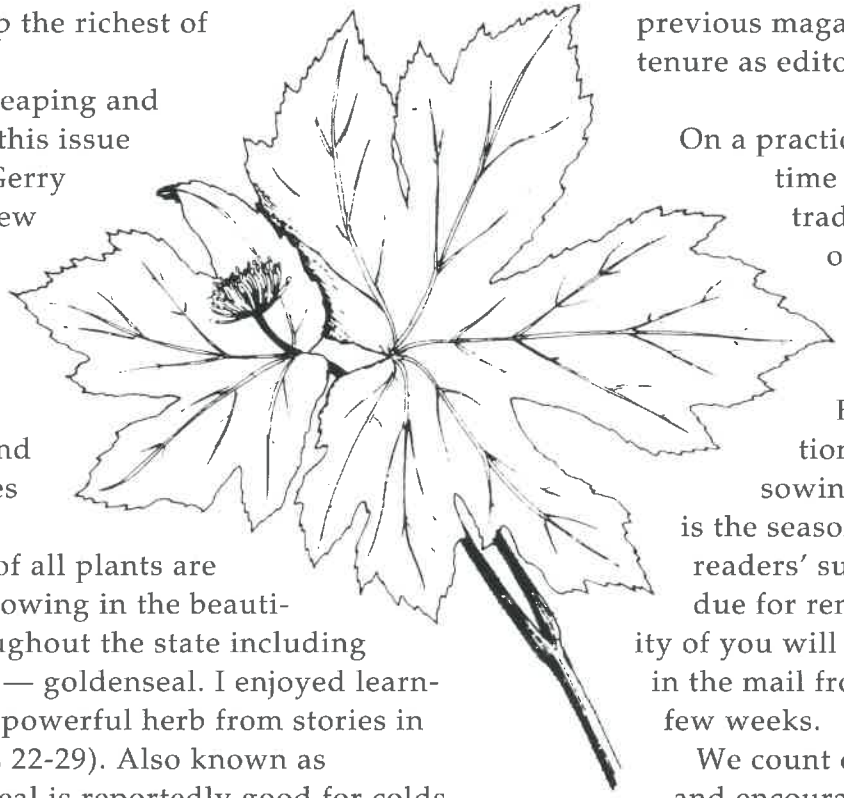
Outdoor Justice

25th Anniversary

From the Editor: Reaping and Sowing

This time of year, I always think of harvest. Even after a searing summer and a parching drought, God's good earth still seems willing to give up its treasures for us. Our hearts and prayers go out for those farmers and families across the state for whom this has been a *very* bad year. We hope they will make it through. I believe that in time, however, we all reap the richest of harvests.

There's plenty of reaping and sowing going on in this issue of GOLDENSEAL. Gerry Milnes' 1984 interview with gardener Ruby Morris opens our eyes to the importance of sustaining historic varieties of plants and vegetables (see pages 10-21).



The most historic of all plants are those wild things growing in the beautiful woodlands throughout the state including our namesake plant — goldenseal. I enjoyed learning more about this powerful herb from stories in this issue (see pages 22-29). Also known as yellowroot, goldenseal is reportedly good for colds and, suffering from a rather nasty mid-summer cold myself, I decided to try some. I'm pleased to report that I feel a lot better now — you be the judge!

Speaking of judges, I'm very happy to have heard from Judge David H. Sanders about his unusual outdoor trial in Morgan County last fall (see page 62). The harvesting of standing timber in a remote housing development was the issue and "Judge Dave" gives us his view from the bench.

On a less literal plane, we continue to "harvest" the bounty of GOLDENSEAL's 25th anniversary in this issue with reprinted stories, and the return to our pages of veteran contributors like Gerry Milnes, Doug Chadwick, Carl Feather, Mark Crabtree, Michael Keller, and Joe Platania. On the "planting" side, I'm very excited about the wealth of talent represented by the large number of first-time contributors in this edition — more than in any previous magazine during my tenure as editor. Welcome aboard!

On a practical level, this is the time of year when we traditionally remind our fair readers of the importance of staying current with your GOLDENSEAL subscriptions — reaping and sowing, once again. Fall is the season when most of our readers' subscriptions come due for renewal, so the majority of you will receive "greetings" in the mail from us in the next few weeks.

We count on your support and encouragement. As you surely know by now, we receive absolutely *no* state operating funds to publish GOLDENSEAL and must generate our entire annual budget from the sale of magazines to people just like you. This year, that budget will run about $300,000. We can reach this goal — as we have in the past — thanks in large measure to your financial support.

The harvest for you will be another year of some mighty good reading. I hope you enjoy it!

John Lilly

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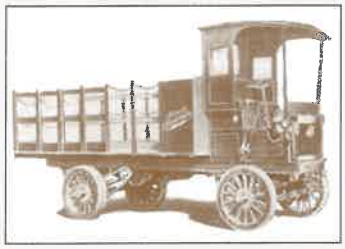

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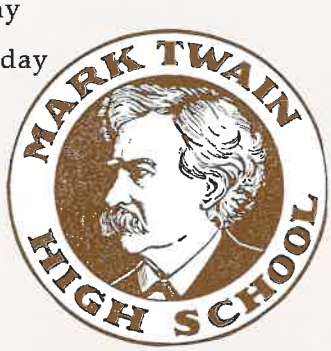
On the cover: Goldenseal, or yellowroot, grows wild in much of West Virginia. Shown here is a beautiful example of cultivated goldenseal from the garden of Joe Coberly in Randolph County. Our stories begin on page 22. Photograph by Judith Stutler.



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25th Anniversary

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John Lilly
Editor

Connie K. Colvin
Assistant Editor

Cornelia Crews Alexander
Circulation Manager

Anne H. Crozier
Designer

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The Editor
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Letters from Readers

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

Gladys Larew

June 26, 1999
Saint Albans, West Virginia
Editor:
Naturally I would think the recent publication to be one of your better issues and it *was*. I was surprised that you allowed so many pages to our mother ["Good for the Soul: Gladys Larew at 100," by Virginia Steele; Summer 1999], which was nice. You used a good choice of photos. The one with the long hair, I hadn't seen in years. From the story I learned, among other things, that my great-grandpa Callaway was a jailor and a shoemaker. And I had long forgotten the story about the starched underwear!

Gladys Broyles, right, at age 14 with sister Helen. Gladys married Robert Larew in 1919, and celebrated her 100th birthday last January.

I thank you for all the time and effort you spent. You all have made a whole bunch of Larews very proud.
Your friend,
Margaret Larew Moore
P.S. Bicycle Bill lives down the way from us. We bought two Schwinns from him; one, we still have — 1960's model.

"Bicycle Bill" Currey

July 9, 1999
Saint Albans, West Virginia
Editor:
Thank you all so much for the wonderful story on my family and my former bicycle history ["Sprockets, Spokes, and Mountain Roads: A Visit with 'Bicycle Bill' Currey," by Tim Boring; Summer 1999]. I've had dozens of compliments from readers of GOLDENSEAL. Plus, I've introduced dozens of people to GOLDENSEAL who had never been aware of it.

My children are: Bill Roy Currey, age 54; Linda Ellen Tulloh, age 52; and last, but not least, is my youngest charming daughter, Jerribeth Currey, age 36.
Thanks again for the super story.
Respects,
Bicycle Bill

Bus Tour

June 24, 1999
Bluffton, South Carolina
Editor:
Memories were awakened when I saw Michael Keller's mill photograph in the advertisement for the GOLDENSEAL Road Trip in the Summer 1999 edition.

Blaker Mill exhibits mill technology starting in the very late

MICHAEL KELLER

Blaker Mill at Jackson's Mill. Photograph by Michael Keller.

18th century through the early to mid-20th century. Quite a remarkable historical artifact.

Michael's picture shows the stone nut (vertical gear at top) and two of the great wooden gear wheels of the Blaker Mill, which was moved from Greenbrier County to Jackson's Mill in 1985-1986, and restored as a working grist mill. The mill was completely disassembled (after match marking), moved to Jackson's Mill, and reassembled in a restored condition. The move is a wonderful story [see "Rebuilding a Dream: The Other Mill at Jackson's Mill," by Joy Gregoire Gilchrist; Fall 1994].

The road trip looks interesting and exciting, covering a wide range of West Virginia history. West Virginia's mountains are breath-taking in October! I hope

Ice-Cream Cone

June 23, 1999
Vienna, West Virginia
Editor:
I am writing to you in regard to Roy M. Pritchard's photo of the ice-cream cone-shaped building in the "Photo Curiosity" of the Summer 1999 GOLDENSEAL. This "cone" was operated by my great-aunt, Beulah "Polly" Clark — Aunt Pat, as we knew her. It was an outlet for the Pure Ice Cream Company.

I can remember going there as a child with my brother and parents, and my aunt would make us banana splits, sundaes, and the like. It was a great treat to go across town from Broad Oaks for these treats.

Next door to the cone on Milford Street in Clarksburg was an Esso service station, operated by her husband Harles Clark. Harles retired as teller from the Empire National Bank. These two businesses were a supplemental income for them.

The cone was torn down and replaced with a modern one-story brick building, some time in the 1940's. I do not remember just when. I believe this building still stands. This photo has brought back many memories for me. This is why I enjoy GOLDENSEAL magazine.
Sincerely,
George W. Scholl

June 16, 1999
Huntington, West Virginia
Editor:
What a treat it was to see the picture of the Ice-Ceam Cone in the summer issue of GOLDENSEAL. Now, so many, many years later, the memories of walking to the Ice-Cream Cone came flooding back. I remember the prices of the ice-cream cones when I was a child. One dip was three cents and two dips were five cents. The flavors were vanilla, strawberry, and chocolate.

The Ice-Cream Cone was a popular — and refreshing — landmark in Clarksburg during the 1930's. Photograph courtesy of Roy M. Pritchard.

Once I stood at the counter and held my money so very tight in my hand and struggled to make the best choices for two dips of ice cream. I don't remember the two dips I chose first, but when I opened my hand to pay the lady I only had three cents, so the top dip had to be taken off. The lady did it with such grace and compassion. Being the happy little girl I was, I just ate my one dip and walked home. It was several blocks to my house, but I always felt like a little princess when I got the money to go to the Ice-Cream Cone. It was magical!

Thanks for the picture. It was a delight to remember the past.
Sincerely,
Martha "Janet" Stump

Snow Ice Cream?

July 19, 1999
Lewisburg, West Virginia
Editor:
I am writing to see if there is any information on snow ice cream. I had it many times growing up, but I cannot remember how it was made.

Would you be so kind to help me if the recipe is available through GOLDENSEAL? I thank you very much.
Sincerely,
Mrs. Beverly Pauley

Sounds delicious! We welcome any information from our readers about this, and will publish it in the winter issue. Thanks for writing. —ed.

you will particularly enjoy Blaker Mill at Jackson's Mill. We were proud to have been part of its history.
Sincerely,
Paul D. Marshall, Historical Architect (Ret.)

Thanks for those kind words. There are still a few seats left on the bus, in case you can join us. Thanks again for writing. —ed.

State Fair

June 17, 1999
Lewisburg, West Virginia
Editor:
In the Summer 1999 issue, the picture on page 35 is of Kelly Tuckwiller and my daughter, Brianne Williams ["'Something for Everybody': Going to the State Fair with the Tuckwillers," by Belinda Anderson]. My family, the Raders, were also original stockholders with the West Virginia State Fair. The Tuckwillers and our family have been neighbors and friends for a long time. Ed and Sandy, Kelly's parents, and I are current 4-H leaders together. The girls love competing against each other but the best times are when they get to help one another.

I hope that it will be possible to get a couple of extra copies of the summer issue so it can be added to her scrapbook. We knew that pictures had been taken but had no idea that she would be included in your publication. I was very surprised when my boss walked in last week with his issue and showed it to me. Thank you for your fine choice, in this mother's eyes.
Sincerely,
Vickey J. Neel

Kelly Tuckwiller and friend Brianne Williams at the state fair in 1998. Photograph by Jim Edwards.

Wilson Douglas. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Wilson Douglas Tribute

June 11, 1999
Ronceverte, West Virginia
Editor:
Thank you for sharing with us the excerpted tribute from "Good-bye Wilson Douglas," in GOLDENSEAL Summer 1999 ["Epitaph from a Front Porch," by James Wilson Douglas]. What a delightful and inspirational tribute to a father in remembrance by a son.

The moralness of this teaching is so applicable to this day and time. The kindness shown by Mr. Wilson Douglas was so commonplace when we were coming out of the Depression years, the ending of World War II, and in the midst of the Korean War. Such individual and personable attributes are certainly necessary — now, more so. It emphasizes how we were raised in earlier times here in the mountains. The very reminder of this image in time captivated me deep in my soul. This is what is most lacking today.

The way the son memorialized this special occasion is remarkable, as is his willingness to share it with us. I pray that his dad is receiving his accolades in heaven. As a senior citizen near his dad in age, this epitaph prompted me to respond with a small donation to his dad's memorial fund.

Thank you, James Wilson Douglas, for sharing and may God bless you and your family.
Sincerely,
William Lindsay

Thank you for a heartfelt letter. Others who wish to contribute may send donations to the Wilson Douglas Memorial Fund c/o City National Bank, 101 2nd Street, Sutton, WV 26601. —ed.

Uptown Outhouse

May 11, 1999
Baker, West Virginia
Editor:
I think your GOLDENSEAL is the most, but I wish you could get more articles from the Eastern

An outhouse with all the comforts of home.

Panhandle. I am 77 years old and enjoy reading. I well remember the WPA. I think Roosevelt was a president for the poor people. My dad worked digging holes and making the little houses out back ["The Roosevelt Outhouse," by Norman Julian; Winter 1998].

My daughter and her husband have theirs but don't use it. They put siding on it, put a small window in the door, electric light, carpet on the floor. By the way, it is a two-holer. Enclosed is a picture of it.

Keep up the good work with your magazine. I sure enjoy it.

Mary V. Miller

Lilly Lumber Company

Arlington, Texas

To the Editor:

The Lilly Lumber Company began operation in Hinton around 1900 [see "The Lost Village of Lilly," by Jack Lilly; Summer 1998]. Thomas H. Lilly was the owner. Uncle Hubbard, as Thomas was known to me and my siblings, was a cousin of my father Arthur D. Lilly, whose father was John A. Lilly. He was the oldest brother of A.A. "Uncle Abe" Lilly. Uncle Abe was the first president of the Lilly Reunion [see "Lilly Reunion, 1979," by Yvonne Snyder Farley; January-March 1980].

The company's office was in the Ewart-Miller Building, which was located across Bellenge Street from the Summers County courthouse. My father was the manager of the office, taking care of the buying and selling of the different materials passing through the lumberyard. He also managed the lumberyard which was located in Avis, a small town adjacent to Hinton.

There were no child labor laws then, so my brother Orville and I could earn money by working for our father. In 1923, after school had let out for the summer, we worked at the yard loading rough lumber into boxcars. Orville took ill that weekend, which developed into blood poisoning. He passed away within a few days at the age of 13.

One part of the business was the buying and selling of cross ties, which were sold mostly to the C&O Railroad. Some ties came in by horse team and wagon. Most were floated down New River in rafts. Each raft had 150 ties, held together by saplings and spike nails. Two rafts were fastened together and a longer tie — called a switch tie — was on each end of the raft. A steering oar made from rough lumber was attached to each end, and two men with poles walked each side of the raft as it floated down New River. There was also a man who steered the raft. The raft was moored at its destination by a steel cable. Many rafts would be moored before an inspector would arrive. Then there would be a few days — maybe two weeks or longer — before all the ties would be loaded. My father took an older brother and me to watch a raft being put together. We then rode the raft down the river to its destination.

Arthur D. Lilly (1883-1964).

A Mr. Beaman was called in to inspect the ties as they were loaded into boxcars. There was a chute from the river to the loading dock that had a revolving chain with hooks spaced about 12 or 15 feet apart, powered by an electric motor. The saplings were pried loose from the ties, and the ties would then float to the loading chute. I would wade into the shallow water and push the loose ties to the chute. After each tie had been guided to the spot by a man using a long pole with a hook spike on the end, another man at the bottom would pull a tie into the chute with his tie pick.

A crew of seven men were used: four men at the river, two in the boxcar, and one on top to guide the ties into the boxcar or off the platform if they didn't pass inspection. I was the water boy. Mr. Beaman, the inspector, had a hammer-like tool with the initials of the railroad who had bought the ties. He would stamp the tie on the end if it passed inspection.

Later on in the year, father would have the culled ties hauled to our home. He had taught me to use a crosscut saw and a double bit axe. The ties would be cut into one foot blocks, then split into stove wood. The crosscut saw had an upright handle on each end. Father and I could finish off a tie pretty fast. This saw is still in the family.

Late in the 1920's, the Lilly Lumber Company was sold to Hinton Builders Supply Company. These are some of the memories I have of the Lilly Lumber Company.

Sincerely,

Wilbur L. Lilly

General Fox

December 24, 1998
Titusville, Florida
Editor:
I served in the West Virginia National Guard for most of General Charles R. Fox's tenure as Adjutant General ["Letters from Readers," Winter 1998]. The following is probably *not* in the general's memoirs.

In 1955, most of the West Virginia Guard was at Camp

General Charles R. Fox. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Archives.

Breckenridge, Kentucky, for "summer camp," as we called it in those days. Breckenridge was a standby post which was only activated for Reserve and Guard summer training. For that purpose, its cadre was beefed up by troops from the 101st Airborne Division. Most military commanders when levied sent their worst troops and thus were relieved for awhile of the constant disciplinary problems caused by such troops. As events unfolded, the 101st was no exception in that regard.

The first night in camp, the paratroopers cut the pants off a guardsman because "only paratroopers could have their trousers bloused (tucked into the boots) after sundown." On Tuesday night, two sergeants in Weston Company, which I commanded, were beaten because they stepped on the grass to allow the paratroopers to pass. My battalion commander was unwilling to do anything but did give me permission to talk to the regimental commander. When I could not find that officer, I went straight to General Fox's quarters and got him out of bed. I explained that already some hotheads in my company were talking retaliation and, while I had restricted the company that night, I felt further restriction was unfair. General Fox did not ask for a recommendation but immediately picked up the phone and called the Army's post commander. I only heard one end of the conversation but it went like this:

"Smee, this is General Fox. The paratroopers have done it again. They beat up on two of our men tonight. (At this point I heard sputtering on the other end of the phone.) I'm telling you now to get this straightened out or tomorrow night I am going to turn these West Virginians loose and I remind you that we outnumber you three to one."
There were no more incidents at that camp.
Sincerely,
Robert D. Henderson
Colonel USA (Ret.)

Love GOLDENSEAL!

July 11, 1999
Biscoe, North Carolina
Editor:
I love GOLDENSEAL! My brother, John Perdue of Stuarts Draft, Virginia, passes them on to me when he visits.

We are West Virginia natives. I was born at Winding Gulf, May 17, 1924. Shortly thereafter my family moved to a farm in Summers County. Our mailing address was Marie, but we went to school and church at Forest Hill.

As war clouds began to form in 1941, we navigated to defense plants in Newport News, Virginia, where I met my husband. He served in the Pacific area in the Navy and when he returned home, we made our home here in North Carolina.

But part of my heart will always be in West Virginia. I don't go back very often but have many memories which I treasure dearly.
Sincerely,
Louise Perdue Lamonds

Nice to hear from you. Perhaps this would be a good time to begin your own subscription to GOLDENSEAL! Thanks for your interest and support. —ed.

July 6, 1999
Elkins, West Virginia
Editor:
Renewing GOLDENSEAL has always been a happy occasion for our family, but this year it is a special treat. Your magazine is a jewel. We don't even need to say "Keep up the good work!" since it gets better with every issue.

In the meantime, we are looking for several back issues to complete our collection. Alert your readers who may have volume one or volume two issues back in 1975 and 1976 that they would be willing to part with, that we would love to give them a good home.
Sincerely,
Pleasant and Judy Williams

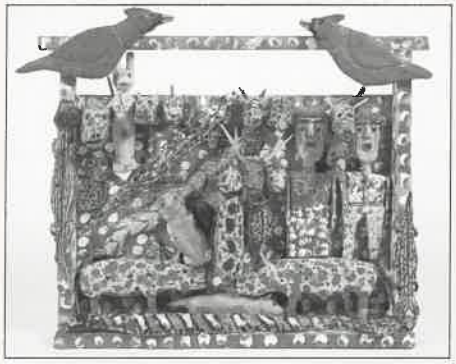
Thanks, Pleasant and Judy, for those nice comments. Readers, if you can help these good people complete their magazine collection, let us know at the GOLDENSEAL office and we'll pass along the information. —ed.

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.

Folk Art Exhibit Opens

"It's a Jungle Out There," an exhibit of works by self-taught artists in Appalachia, is now open at the Huntington Museum of Art. The power of Appalachian flora and fauna is obvious in such works as the sculpture "Daniel Boone Kilt a Bar," by Donnie Tolson, the fanciful gourd creatures of Kentucky artists Minnie and Garland Adkins, or the writhing snakes in the wood carvings of Oscar Spencer. Cabell



"Noah's Ark," by Carl McKenzie.

County woodcarver Earl Gray's work will receive special attention in the exhibit.

The exhibit, which opened July 18, will be on display through October 3. For more information, call (304)529-2701.

African American Veteran Honored

The late Colonel George Spencer "Spanky" Roberts was honored again in Fairmont when the South Side Bridge was recently renamed in his honor [see "Dubie, Spanky, and Mr. Death: West Virginia's Pioneering Black Airmen," by Ancella R. Bickley; Summer 1997].

Roberts was the first black American to direct an integrated unit in the U.S. Air Force. A member of the famous World War II Tuskegee Airmen, he was also commander of the 51st Air Base Group in Korea.

Roberts was honored last year when a statue based on his likeness was erected as part of the Veteran's Memorial on the state capitol grounds.

Fall Folklife Events

The **1999 Harvest Festival** will be held October 2-3 and 9-10 at Fort New Salem, a living history frontier settlement near Clarksburg. The festival, which runs from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. each day, will include applebutter making, craft demonstrations, music, and food. Admission is $5 for adults and $1.50 for children. For more information, call (304)782-5245.

Wood County's **10th Annual Volcano Days**, a celebration of the oil and gas industry and steam and gas engines, will be held September 23-26 at Mountwood Park off of U.S. Route 50 near Volcano. The festival will feature several working engines as well as applebutter and molasses making, a shingle mill, music, dancing, and food. The event is free to the public. For more information, call the Wood County Visitor's Bureau at 1-800-752-4982.

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 your payment for $16 per subscription. *We'll send a card announcing your gift right away, and begin the subscription with the upcoming issue.*

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Hampshire County Heritage Days will be held September 11-12 in Romney. It includes the 13th Annual Antique and Collectible Show & Sale on September 10-12. The event will include music, food, an artisans' village, Civil War encampment, soapbox derby, nature activities, a children's corner, and much more. The festival runs from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Saturday, and noon to 5:00 p.m. Sunday. There will be a parade at 6:30 p.m. on Saturday. All events are free to the public.

Sunset View, built in 1857, is one of the historic Hardy County homes included in the upcoming Heritage Weekend tour.

Hardy County Heritage Weekend will take place September 24-26 in Moorefield. Many of the area's historic homes and buildings which were built during the 18th and 19th centuries will be on display. There will also be plenty of arts and crafts, a Civil War re-enactment, quilt shows, and many other activities. Tickets are $8. Call the Hardy County Tour & Crafts Association at (304)538-8080 for more information.

The **Appalachian Heritage Festival** at Shepherdstown will take place September 27 through October 3. Weeklong events include a photography and quilt exhibit at Studio 105, plus a variety of activities throughout the week with Appalachian novelist-in-residence Sharyn McCrumb. Friday and Saturday evenings offer concerts at 8:00 p.m. Scheduled performers include West Virginia artists Glen Smith, David O'Dell, the Samples Brothers, and the Helvetia Dancers along with emcee, GOLDENSEAL editor John Lilly. Jam sessions, workshops, demonstrations, and lectures will take place throughout the town and across the campus all day Saturday. Evening concert tickets and additional information are available by calling (304)876-5113.

Augusta's October Old-Time Week and Fiddlers Reunion takes place October 24-30 on the campus of Davis & Elkins College in Elkins. Weeklong workshops in traditional music will be taught by West Virginia musicians such as Dwight Diller, Bobby Taylor, and Pam Lund. The weekend Fiddlers Reunion is one of the state's largest gatherings of older-generation traditional fiddlers. For more information call (304)637-1209.

Clarification

Pastor Gary Blankenship has contacted the GOLDENSEAL office concerning our article "Holiness People Revisited," by Yvonne Snyder Farley in the April-June 1979 issue, which we reprinted in the Summer 1999 magazine along with a story update written by editor John Lilly. The update, based on information provided by pastor Ray Stewart, stated that Blankenship left the Besoco Church of Jesus inspired to start his own church. Gary Blankenship informs us that he left the Besoco church 17 years ago uninspired, and that his current church has no connection to what is now the Lego Church of Jesus in Besoco. We regret any confusion or hard feelings this might have caused for Gary Blankenship or any members of his church.

Paula and Bil Lepp. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Lepps Join Staff

A familiar face to GOLDENSEAL is the newest face at the Cultural Center. State Liars Contest champion Bil Lepp is now the Director of Educational Programs for the West Virginia Division of Culture and History. Bil, who is also a United Methodist minister, came on board in June.

Bil was featured on the cover of the Spring 1998 issue of GOLDENSEAL. The article, entitled "The Lying Lepp Brothers," tells the story of Bil and his late brother Paul, both accomplished long-time participants in the State Liars Contest.

Bil's wife, Paula, is now working with GOLDENSEAL and *Wonderful West Virginia* magazines. As part of a new joint marketing venture between the Division of Culture and History and the Department of Natural Resources, Paula is traveling to fairs and festivals around West Virginia this summer and fall promoting both magazines, and selling joint subscriptions. Look for our colorful display, and stop by and say hello to Paula!

GOLDENSEAL Good-byes

Howard L. "Bee" Murphy, twice champion of the State Liars Contest, passed away June 29. He was 90 years old. Bee was retired from the Trojan Steel Corp, MPC Division in St. Albans. He was a Cultural Center volunteer and a regular participant at the Vandalia Gathering for many years. Bee's winning lies may be found in the Spring 1989 and 1995 issues of GOLDENSEAL.

Champion liar Bee Murphy. Photograph by Michael Keller.

GOLDENSEAL contributor **Paul H. Fansler** passed away last January 29 at age 73. Paul, a native of Martinsburg, served as a U.S. Merchant Marine during World War II and was a retired engineer with C&P Telephone Company. Paul's articles include "Martinsburg Memories: My Life as an Urban Outdoorsman," Fall 1991, and "Falling Where They May: West Virginia Walnuts," Fall 1993.

We recently received a letter from GOLDENSEAL reader Pauline C. Hall of Hamlin informing us that her husband, **Merida D. "Murdie" Hall,** passed away in 1996. Murdie was featured in the article "Shanty Pickers," by Bob Schwarz, in the Fall 1986 issue of GOLDENSEAL. Murdie and his friends spent many hours in Murdie's "picking shanty" playing traditional music. According to Pauline, "He was a lover of music and taught a lot of his friends to play."

Murdie Hall. Photograph by Bob Schwarz.

MIKE FURBEE

Karen Vuranch.

Storytelling Festival

The 4th annual Voices of the Mountains storytelling festival will be held at Jackson's Mill October 7-9. This three-day event will offer many workshops and storytelling sessions as well as ghost tales, special sessions just for teachers, and a History Alive! performance of Mary Ingles Draper by Karen Vuranch.

Among the 17 featured tellers will be champion liar Bil Lepp, GOLDENSEAL contributors Colleen Anderson and Jimmy Costa, plus many others. The festival is one stop on the upcoming GOLDENSEAL fall bus tour (see page 72).

The event is open from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily with overnight packages available. For more information, contact Bob McWhorter at (304)599-2219.

"Boy, That Was a Fine Bean!"

[Originally published in GOLDENSEAL Fall 1984; Volume 10, Number 3.]

Harvesttime Interview with an Old-Fashioned Gardener

By Gerald Milnes

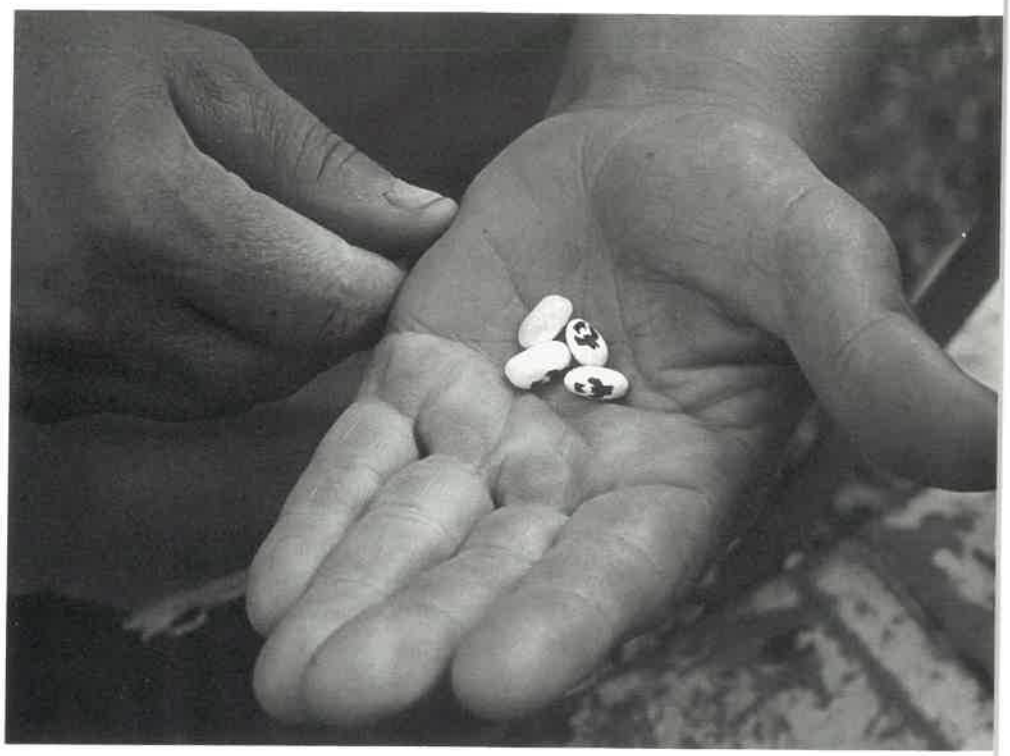
Photographs by Rick Lee

Ruby Morris keeps acres of truck gardens in Braxton County. She prefers the older vegetable varieties, saying, "I like old furniture, old houses, and old seeds."

Gerry Milnes is a Webster County farmer who can quote poetry about his love for growing plants, and especially his passion for collecting seeds of the old handed-down varieties he calls "heirloom" vegetables. A particular favorite of his is a verse by George Starbuck Galbraith:

This was the goal of the leaf and root
For this did the blossom burn its hour
This little grain is the ultimate fruit
This is the awesome vessel of power.

Gerry thinks those four lines pretty well sum up the ultimate purpose of any plant, which is to make seed and thereby reproduce itself, and he's pleased to see it all expressed in the romantic form of poetry. But he also knows the practical side of farming and his accompanying essay, "Seed Saving," suggests he understands more of the underlying science than he generally admits to.



Bird's Eye beans have a perfect bird on each seed. The heirloom variety is one of many kept going by people like Ruby Morris.

While there is a lot of study and experimentation in Gerry's agriculture, mostly he gets his information as well as his seeds from experienced farmers in his rural neighborhood. Many of these people are older residents, eager to pass on their knowledge as well as the plant varieties which in some cases have been treasured for generations. And some of his teachers are not so old. Ruby Morris of Braxton County is one of the latter. She keeps one of the biggest truck gardens in the area, filled largely with heirloom vegetables, and when we got after Gerry to do an article for GOLDENSEAL he at once thought of her. He caught her at a good time, after the crops were in last October. Gardeners are naturally reflective at harvesttime, it seems, so we've saved their conversation for publication this fall when perhaps you yourself are looking back on a season of gardening triumphs. —ed.

Ruby Morris. I always liked to help Mom in the garden when I was little, and as the years went by I had a garden of my own, just a small one. I got to liking farming, each year more and more. Finally I really got into big farming with this three-acre garden and I got into raising seed and collecting old ones especially. The older they was seemed like the better the taste to them. I've traced back to seeds from the early 1900's now, including the Little Red Cut Short beans, and the old-fashioned Yellow Ox Heart tomatoes.

Gerry Milnes. Where did you grow up?

RM I was born in Widen, February the 21st, 1937, in Clay County. My daddy took sick, so we moved up to a place called Two Lick Run and we stayed there until I was five. Daddy died when I was between five and six and we moved to Birch River. That was during the war times and everything was hard to get a-hold of, food and everything else. Then we moved from Birch River up on Little Birch, and then from there on down to here. I think I was between eight and nine years old when we moved down here and we've been here ever since.

Food was so hard to get back then. I can remember Mama picking berries. I didn't know the times were really so hard, but she'd feed the kids the berries and if there was any left she'd drink the juice. That was when things was rationed and you couldn't buy unless you had a stamp. You just did lucky to have food. I guess maybe something scared my mind then that makes me can all the food I can today. We can things we know we're not going to eat. It's better to know it's in the jar and never use it than to want it and not have it.

GM Do you have any seeds that were in your family since your mother?

RM Well, as far back as 20 or 30 years ago. As far as the little Thousand-to-One beans she had when I was a lot younger. I have them, but it took me awhile to get them back. They almost got away from me but I finally got a start of them again.

I've got the black soup bean that belonged to Mommy's brother. It's been, oh, 70 years probably, since he moved from his old house. He just moved away and a few of these seeds was left behind, in a crack of the floor, and a neighbor man found 'em. From them he got his start and then I got them off of him, but they originally belonged to Mommy's brother, Anderson Dennison. That's the original old black soup bean.

I collect seeds from everybody. If I go to somebody's

house and they've got any age on them, I start inquiring about seeds. Sometimes I really come up with some good ones, like the Blue River squash pumpkins that I hadn't seen since I was little. I got a-hold of it last year, just in a bunch of seeds that a neighbor woman give me to get rid of. And then I come up with a Little Red Bunch bean in that bunch. So I really have a collection of old-fashioned seeds.

GM Now, how many beans did you grow last year?

RM Oh, how many different kinds? Probably 30 different kinds of beans. Everything from the white navy beans to the Trout beans to the Grandpa beans and the Red Cut Short beans. There was a couple of them that I had to name myself because I didn't know what the name of 'em was. I just called them the Baby Ground Squirrel and the Little Baby Brown Cut Short bean. Then I had the corn beans, Golden Cut Shorts, the Fatbacks, the Fat Man, and then the white corn beans, the old-fashioned ones. And there's a few that I have been looking for that I don't have. There's a little White Ice bean and the Lazy Wife pole bean. I'd like to have just a start of them.

Cabbage from Ruby Morris' garden.

GM I've seen them every once in a while in the *Bulletin*.

RM White Ice? Yeah, there's a woman down on Wolf Creek has some of 'em, a Shaw woman. I meant to go down there and see about getting some. But the Lazy Wife pole beans I ordered from a lady and never got.

A neighbor woman gave me something called a horticultural bean, and boy, they were really heavy-bearing beans. I had an awful crop of beans. I even have two kinds of them. One is called Dwarf Horticultural bean, and then right out from that it says October bean. But I also have the original October bean, the old-fashioned one. That's called a Bird Egg bean.

GM How did the Purple Bunch beans do for you?

RM I had several of them, and I found out the original name of them are the Purple Valentine bean. The old-time Purple Valentine beans. They did pretty good, I had a pretty good supply of them. I got them from Flavie Rose. I called 'em Flavie's Purple Bunch beans, till Mommy said they was the old-time Red Valentine beans.

GM Has Flavie had them a long time, do you know?

RM Yeah, and there is another bean that family has kept going. That's the little tan-colored bean called a Mutton bean. When people would butcher and have a mutton, they'd always cook these little beans. Their mutton wasn't on the table unless they had these beans to go with it, and that's how they got their name. That was the little tan-colored one, a bunch bean that you can have two crops a year of. Flavie has had them, I think, since back in the early '30's. They make their pickled beans from them. They say they're really good.

Then there's the Little Red Bunch beans that I got from Rachel Hoover. She's had them a long time, I think since 19 and 32. I think the most of these old-fashioned seeds originally came from the generation of Cliftons, 'cause I found out there is where the good seeds were. Everything I can find that Clifton's used to own, I get a start of it, because there's where the old-fashioned seeds are.

GM The Cliftons up on Crites Mountain?

RM Yes. The lady that originally had the Yellow Ox Hearts, she's 96 now and I heard that they was her grandmother's. And her grandmother had raised them and down through the generations she's hung on to them. Now I have several other people, you know, starting to get them. They're all over the country, 'cause I must have sold $300-worth to people from places I never heard tell of. They wrote for them when I put 'em in the *Market Bulletin*. They're an awful big, nice tomato, smooth.

GM What other seeds can you trace back to the Cliftons?

RM Well, that yellow tomato, and what we call the Clifton Pink Beefsteak. And then what they called the Yellow Beefsteak, an awful big tomato. I got hold of some plants of them this year off of Lanty Rose's wife. She had gotten seeds and plants originally from Cliftons, years and years ago.

Then I got a trace of the bean that first came out in

The garden stretches into the distance behind Gerry Milnes and Ruby Morris. Both experienced farmers, they rely on each other for advice.

Hoover times, from her. In fact, it's the only bean I think that you could get back when the war was on. You know, everything was rationed and that was about the only beans, you know, that you could go buy seeds of to raise in a garden. They're really heavy-bearing corn beans, and in the same group you'll have dark brown ones and light brown ones and black ones but they all come out of the same hull. They're changeable colors. I have a nice supply of them.

I just beg seeds and bum seeds and I trade seeds with anybody I can find. I've got boxes up on top of boxes of seeds.

GM You mentioned the Blue River squash. Where did you get that?

RM The Blue River squash? I got it last year. Della Rowan, Everett Rowan's wife, gave me a poke of seeds that she said her aunt had given her. She said she didn't know what they was, but for me to take them and then I could give her something out of the garden. So I come home and I started sorting through them. I think I come out with about 12 little purple beans, which I named Della's Purple Bunch beans, since I didn't even know what they was. And come through these punkin seeds, and it said Blue River squash on them. I just couldn't believe it, 'cause I think I was about nine or 10 the last time that Mommy ever raised any. So we planted some this year and we had some terrible big ones. I saved every seed out of it, even the ones that my son threw down because the punkin was starting to rot. I picked the seeds up out of them and I kept all of them too. I have a lot of them.

Then my other punkins I raised, I had one that looked like a Blue River only it was pink. I don't even know where I got it, unless George Massey gave it to me. He brought me down some pumpkin seed in, I think May, just before he died. He gave me several different kinds of pumpkin. He said it's awful good, and I think that's where I must have gotten that one. And then I had Mrs. Prine's Giant Butternut squash that I got from you. It turned out really good.

GM I'm not sure, but I think that Blue River squash might be in what they call the banana squash family. And if it is, then it won't cross with a lot of these other squashes.

RM Well, mine didn't, 'cause I had mine close to a lot of others. In fact, maybe I've just been lucky, but I've never had anything to cross. Only my corn.

GM Corn, yes. But there's about four different families of squash, and the butternut is in one that will hardly cross with anything else. Sometime I'll give you that list of what squashes will cross with what other ones. That can really help you out, because if

you do plant two that you really like and they're in the same family, they'll cross and you'll lose your seed.

RM I've never heard these called anything else, just the Blue River. I don't know where they got that name at, unless it was from someplace away off where they have a Blue River, maybe. I don't know.

GM Maybe they called it Blue River because it's blue and because it grew along the river. It's a nice squash.

RM I think one I had must have weighed maybe 50 to 55 pounds. Really nice, and it was the biggest one I had ever raised. And then I got some big ones off those butternut squashes. I saved the seeds out of them. They were really nice.

One thing that I raised has this really long neck on it. I'm not even sure whether it's a pumpkin or whether it's a squash. I want you to take a look at it and see what you can figure out. Maybe it's one Massey gave to me since he brought me down those two or three different kinds. I still have some of his seeds. I never plant all my seeds. I try not to, for fear of losing them. That's what happened to the Thousand-and-One beans. I only had enough to start, and I planted them all and I just about lost them.

GM Why don't you tell me the story about how you lost them.

RM The Thousand-and-One? It's really funny. Twenty-nine years ago I was one month pregnant, I think, with my first son, and my husband moved us up on this hill to where there was no people, only two old people. And I'd get lonesome, I'd walk out to their house, and the woman would give me a piece of hot cornbread and cow butter. And I just loved her, so we got to talking about gardening. She told me she'd give me this little bean, and she said whatever you do, don't let it get out of your hands because there is no more seeds of it. And I said, okay. So that summer, I thought I'd plant a lot of 'em, really get a good start of 'em, and I'd give a neighbor woman one of Mommy's snuff boxes full to get her start.

It came a flood and washed all mine out and the neighbor woman was the only one that had any of them left. And through a squabble over land over the years I could never get her to give me a start of 'em back. But on Friday the 13th, 29 years later, she walked down to the house and bought some plants off me and brought me down a fourth of a pound of the Thousand-to-One beans, so I planted all of them but one of Mommy's snuff boxes full. Only *I* kept it. And I raised a little peanut butter bucket full off of them. Off of the quarter of a pound I came off with about probably four pounds. So now I have them again. And I don't think that there's been any seeds of them on the market for pretty close to 90 to 100 years back, what I can trace.

GM Have you ever heard of the Goose bean?

RM The Wild Goose bean? Yeah, that's one Mommy says they used to raise all the time. I'd love to have some of them. Mommy said that they used to plant them in the corn, and when the wild geese would go over they would come down in these cornfields and search for 'em. That's the reason that everybody got to calling 'em the Wild Goose bean. Yeah, she's talked about them from when she was a kid. If you get a-hold of those, I'd like to have a start of 'em. In fact, if you get a-hold of *any* bean that's strange to me, I want to have it.

GM I've got about a pint and a half of those Trout beans, so I'll give you a cup of them.

RM Yeah, I'd like to get me a start of them. Now about this long-necked squash, I don't know what it is. All I know is, it's delicious. You have to be the judge of what you think it is, 'cause it's not Mrs. Prine's Giant Butternut squash. The same texture of 'em don't always grow in the same size. I got to watching on the same vine and so many different things started coming on there, different shapes.

GM Well, that might be a sign that it's a cross. If it is, it won't be the same next year.

RM But, oh boy, I'll tell you, you talk about pumpkin pie — like I say, they really make some good ones. I don't know where I got it, unless George Massey did give it to me. I meant to call his wife and ask her. But I just hated to, 'cause he just passed away recently. But I meant to ask her if some of them that he gave me had a long neck on them. It seems to me like George did mention something about one kind having a long neck. I don't know where he got them at.

GM What about some of your other beans? What about the Grandpa bean? Where did you get that one?

RM Well, the Grandpa bean I got from Evelyn Long down there. She said some of her people brought it in here from out in Arizona, I believe it was. It was some state out west. And she had had it since she had been married, I'm pretty sure, and that's been longer than 20-some years ago. They raise 'em all the time and shell 'em out for winter use. That's where I got the start of the Grandpa bean, and I've had a pretty good supply of old-fashioned seeds. Most all the Roses do, because they're raised over in there in the vicinity of Bays and up here on Little Birch close to Cliftons and I'd say originally that that's where the Ground Squirrel bean came from around here. But it's been a main bean that everybody always wanted a few seeds of, 'cause it's so heavy bearing.

I had corn beans this year that I got off of Lanty Rose's wife. She gave me a pokeful, it was all mixed up, about seven different kinds. And some of them, I tell you, I never seen beans could bear any harder in my life to them. They was brown ones and they was sulphur-colored, and they had three or four sides to 'em — they didn't look like a bean. Some of 'em was flat and oblong, the bean part of 'em. And they bore so heavy that they rode field corn clear to the ground. There was beans from the first blade on the corn clear

Harvesttime is the payoff for any gardener and Ruby Morris' harvest was well underway by mid-July the year this picture was made. Here she has cabbage and squash in abundance with a few beans thrown in for good measure.

to the top of 'em. And they broke my poles down, too. They were really old-fashioned seeds. She said she had them way back there in the '30's and '40's. I meant to go back over there. In fact, she told me, come on back.

GM Macel Rose gave me a Little Red Cut Short that looks a little different than that Red Cut Short you showed me.

RM Well, I have got a-hold of a Red Cut Short that don't look like mine. It has a deeper color than mine. It's so deep it almost looks purple. But I noticed in the ones I raised this year that there was a lot difference in the color than the ones that Flavie raises. They're just as round as a button, the ones he raises; it reminds you of a piece of candy.

GM He has a Red Cut Short?

RM He has the original, old-fashioned Red Cut Short. He said he saved almost a quart of beans this year off of 'em. He'd probably be glad to give you a good start of 'em. That's where some of those sulphur-colored beans come from. They're corn beans. And then there was the solid brown corn bean that I ordered from a woman up there in Oak Hill. Boy, it was a fine bean! It was really heavy bearing, and the beans just solid brown. I had beans down there this year, just one that had red and white bloom on the same vine. They must have mixed. We traced this one bean vine completely to the end of it and it really did have the purple ones and the white ones mixed.

And Lanty's wife was telling me that she absolutely had a red and yellow tomato on the same vine, and she was never one to tell something that wasn't so. She said she got the plants from over there, and she saved the seeds from it hoping something would come out different next year.

GM I guess as far as crossing goes, corn's one of the worst things.

RM Yeah, I've noticed that. I've kept my corn completely separate and it still come out with a difference in the color. I had some awful pretty Bloody Butcher and a Blue Grain White. I had some of the most beautiful ears of that Blue Grain White I ever saw.

GM I got some of that from Pearly. Most of it has crossed up, but I got a few ears that were just pure white with the blue grain.

RM Yeah, I did too. Did you see that ear Pearly had where the blue comes around this way and then the white streak and then blue and white? That was the most beautiful thing. I wouldn't have shelled that one if I'd a had it. He says he has a whole granary full over at the old farm, of that kind. He said he'd go over and get me some more of it.

GM He has a blue potato too.

RM Yeah, he said he was getting a good start of them. Now I raised a whole bushel of the Early Rows potatoes. He gave me just, oh, about a gallon and I raised a bushel off of 'em. I've got them for seed.

GM We've got to keep looking for that White Elephant potato.

RM Yeah, I've meant to run an ad in the paper again. Nobody answered when I did. A man that worked with my brother-in-law at the mines up there at Leivasy, a few years back, had raised that White Elephant potato. But he just gave up on experimenting and I don't know whatever happened to the potato because he said he didn't have it no more. They may have just let them run out.

GM That's too bad. Seems like I've heard of lots of potatoes that used to be around that you just can't find anymore.

RM I'll tell you another kind that I used to raise about 25 years ago, called a Green Mountain, and I haven't seen any more of them. They were a dry, woody potato. We raised them one year when we couldn't get the Kennebecs, or the Irish Cobblers.

I didn't even plant seed potatoes this year. I planted my second-growth potatoes, and fertilized them twice. I fertilized them when I planted 'em and then when I hilled 'em up and covered them over again I put more fertilizer to 'em. I raised — well, we figured up what we had dug was about 105 bushels. Really a nice bunch of potatoes. I didn't put no corn or anything in between 'em this year, but kept 'em so I could tend 'em all summer long. I mean, they were really nice potatoes. We got a neighbor man with a Jeep to plow 'em out this year, and a couple of neighbors pitched in and helped us pick 'em up. I've kept the little ones 'cause that's what I'm gonna plant next year. On up to about two inches, I'm probably going to put three or four in each hill and tend 'em good. Whenever you order potatoes all you get's the eyes anyway, so you know small potatoes would grow just as good.

GM I read about this man out west someplace who raises about 1200 different varieties of potatoes. He's got every one you could imagine.

RM Do you reckon he'd have the White Elephant?

GM Yeah, I think so.

RM I'm going to move my potatoes next year. If I have any help I'm gonna put 'em over on the creek bank and run 'em from one end of that garden clear to the other. Keep my potatoes all there, and then I'm going to treat the cornfield so I don't have to hoe it. That'll leave all my time back for the rest of the garden. But I really had a...

GM I've got a corn called Pencil Cob. Ever heard of it?

RM I'll bet you a dollar that's what you're calling Stool corn, isn't it? Pencil Cob? Mama's talked about that. Where'd you find it at?

GM A good friend of mine from Alabama sent it to me.

RM Well, I've got a friend in North Carolina is supposed to send me some peas that grow in bushes. They say that they're so plentiful that they grow even wild in the fields and you can take a water bucket around a bush and by the time you get around the other side you've nearly got a water bucket full of peas. They say they're the best things that you ever tasted, almost like a soybean. That's another thing I raised this year, was soybeans. I had a crop and a half of them. But if I can get a-hold of those peas I'll give you some of them too.

GM What was that corn? Stool corn?

RM Yeah, that's one thing we're hunting for, Stool corn.

GM And you used to have it years ago?

RM Yes. It's a white sweet corn. Looks a whole lot like the Country Gentleman, only it don't have as many rows of corn on the cob. Mama says there's no silk on it.

GM She says there's no silk on it? I never heard of that.

RM I never either. But Mama said you could just wipe it, you know, and everything comes right off. Just like fine hairs. I saw some corn advertised in a book, it was spelled S-T-O-H-L, and I just wondered if it's the same thing.

GM There's one called Stowell's Evergreen, that's an old kind.

RM I was thinking maybe that was what Mama was calling Stool corn. You know, they sound so much alike, I thought maybe I'd order some and let her see if it was the same thing.

GM That Stowell's Evergreen's supposed to be from back before the Civil War.

RM I'd say that that's probably what she had. I saw that last year when I got so many seed books. I got a stack of seed books that high. Now, I got some field corn called White Dent. Did you get any of that?

GM No.

RM That's where every grain looks like you punched it with something or creased it. That's what you find on your old corn, just like the Bloody Butcher. This corn here was just called White Dent. It's a big white field corn, every grain in it has a dent in the end of it.

GM I had some yellow dent corn. I still have the seed too.

RM Pearly had some. He has all that old-fashioned corn. I'm gonna make another raid on Pearly. He has the old-time punkins. He saves his punkin seed in his empty tobacco pokes. When he chews his tobacco he saves his pokes and puts his punkin seeds back down in them. He says that keeps the bugs out of 'em. And he had about seven different tobacco pokes one day and he was just taking, you know, like two seeds out of each one of 'em and putting 'em in one bag and then he gave it to me. So that might be where my long-neck squash come from. He said there was punkins from all over the place. So that might be where that come from.

GM You mentioned canning awhile ago. How much canning did you do this year?

RM I'll take you and show you. You're not going to believe it — probably 2,000 quarts! Plus a big jar of picked corn, the best you ever tasted. I just took down a can of green peppers a while ago where I'd picked about two days ago out of my garden. These little pimentos just keep setting on the plant. Seems like faster than you can pick them they're ready to pick again. Altogether, it was probably in the neighborhood of 2,000 jars that we've canned.

Now we're getting ready to start canning apples about next week. We already made a turn of apple

butter in the kettle, stirred it down. We and the neighbors down here split it three ways. I think we had 27 jars a piece. It was really nice. We run them through a colander and then boiled them down so it didn't take us long, just setting out all day stirring it down. We're going to make another big kettle full probably next weekend, get our apples and get them all peeled. And we're going to dry some apples.

I had to move all my canned stuff from the old cellar. Sorted it all out and kept the good and opened the old, filled those back full of fresh vegetables, and moved it all to my new cellar that we built. It's 10 by 38. We dug it all out by hand and took the rocks and built the creek bank up down here. We took the dirt and filled in behind the creek bank. In fact, we had three jobs going at once, building the creek bank and filling in behind it and digging the cellar. So we got the cellar completed and got a cement floor in it and built all my shelves. Me and Shirley built two sections of shelves. We got one big shelf over the potato bins, holds probably two or three hundred quarts. Just about got it full now.

I'm hoping at deer time we can get us a deer. I've been hunting some and getting ready to go on a big day hunting tomorrow. We don't get to hunt that much, because we've had so much outside work to do. Had to put a roof on my greenhouse, for example. I tore the plastic off and put a wooden roof on. I need to get enough shade to keep from burning my plants up.

GM Are you going to sell plants again next year?

RM Probably. I'm going to probably finish my little greenhouse in the back and keep plants, like my cabbage and broccoli and brussel sprouts, that cold weather don't hurt, back there. That'll leave the one out here for my other plants, tomatoes and so forth. I want to sow my peppers in December. In order to get them to blooming by early May to make really nice and early peppers, I'm going to sow my seeds about the last of December. That'll put them one month ahead of what I had last year. Most of the peppers are not old-time, but the Bell or Bull Nose is. Mom raised them back when she was a girl.

GM It seems like those old-time seeds turn out to be the best ones for me.

RM Yeah, as far as I'm concerned I don't really care about planting anything up-to-date. Of course, I don't like anything up-to-date, as you can tell. I like old furniture, old houses, old seeds. I'm really trying hard to get as many more old seeds as I already have now. If I do, I can say I've got a collection that's really nice. And I want to keep a start of everything I've got now, so in case something happens one year I'll have enough to get a start the next year. I'll never forget about losing the Thousand-to-One bean.

GM I've always thought there's one thing you can hand down, and that's seeds. Especially if they've been in your family for years and years. One generation after another just keeps them going.

Author Gerry Milnes says the reward of farming is in the harvest, and in the labor itself.

RM Keeps them going. You know, it's harder nowadays to find members of the younger generation that's really interested in farming but I think over the past two or three years a lot more young people are farming than did 10 years ago. They always relied on the older ones to do their farming, but I see so many young people now that's really taking farming seriously.

Now, I don't know how they'll be about the sentimental value of old seeds, to keep them going. I know that my daughter does care, because she's really old-fashioned too. She's another one likes to farm. And I've always told her that if anything ever happened to me, whatever she done to keep my seeds going. We don't want to let them get stopped.

GERALD MILNES is the Folk Arts Coordinator for the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College. He is a regular contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

Seed Saving

By Gerald Milnes

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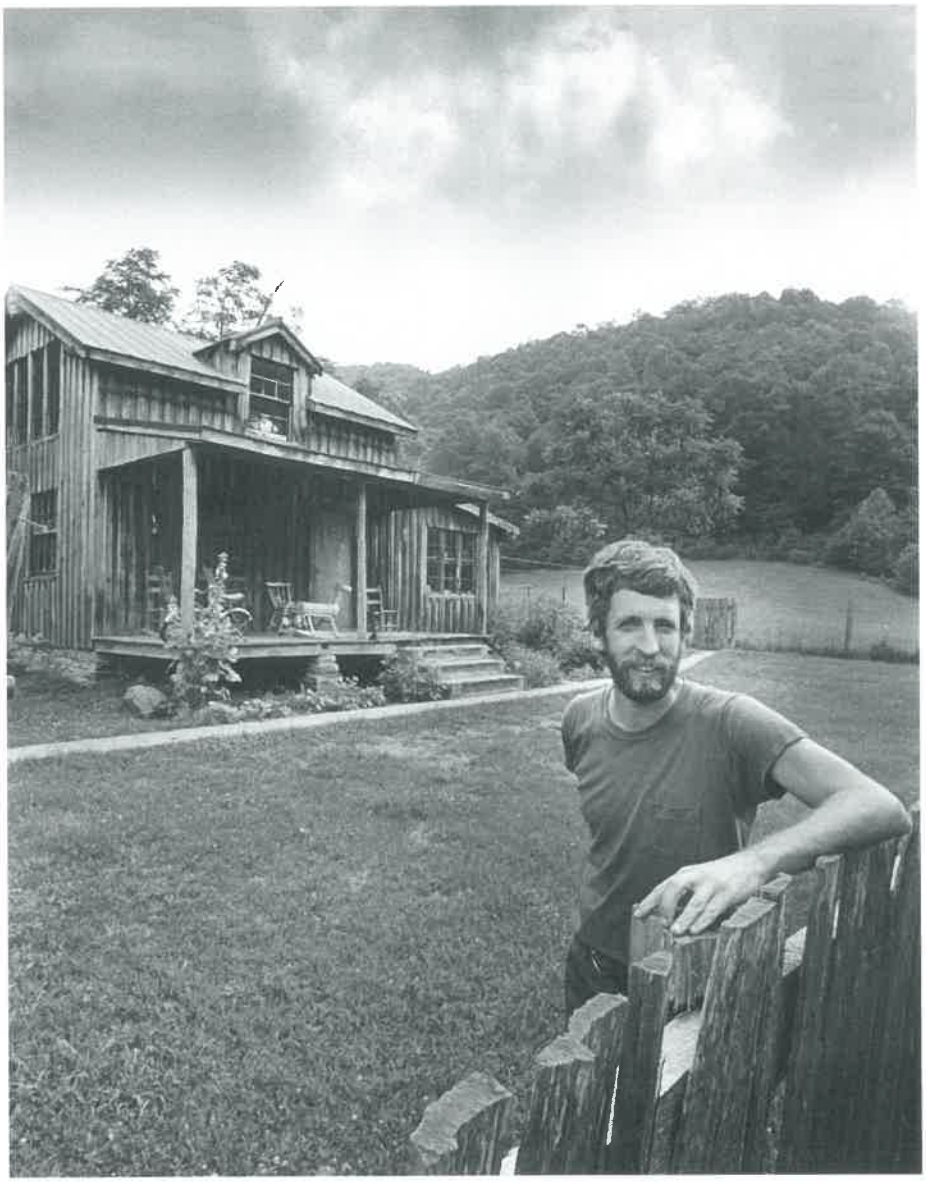
"Don't thank me for the seed," warned May Bowers of the Bays community near Birch River, when she gave me seed of the old-fashioned purple tomato that she has raised for many years. May was referring to an old superstition, that if you thank someone for seeds they won't grow. Perhaps she was right. I tried not to thank her, as grateful as I was, and the purple tomatoes now grow well in my own garden. I hope they'll be there for many years to come.

Although I've helped in my family's gardens and have had my own for a long while, it has only been in the last eight years that I have realized the importance of seed saving. I first obtained some old-time Bloody Butcher corn from Monk Snyder, a Webster County man. Bloody Butcher is a "dent" corn, white flecked with red, and is prized for corn meal. It was sold commercially in the 19th century but is raised only by private individuals today as the hybrids have taken over the commercial seed inventories. So if one wants to plant Bloody Butcher today, you either have to have your own seed or get a "start" from someone still maintaining the variety, as I did.

Impressed with the quality of the Bloody Butcher corn and the way it grew in my soil, I saved my own seed to plant the following year and every year since. That was my first experience with seed saving and my garden now includes many old-time varieties of beans, tomatoes, squash, corn, lettuce, cantaloupes, cucumbers, and potatoes. None of them are available commercially.

Seed saving is a practical part of gardening on my homestead, but I also take a philosophical view of it. Seeds are where our human culture and agriculture come together. One can't exist without the other. In most of our country today the pressures of modern living are causing us to lose touch with the earth. But in the garden the time-honored laws of nature, and not economics, politics, or the latest technology, still



Author Gerry Milnes at his Webster County homestead. This portrait by photographer Rick Lee was on the cover of the Fall 1984 GOLDENSEAL.

rule. Cultivated plants must be nourished and carefully tended in order to reach their goal, which is producing seed. Fortunately, in West Virginia many of the old ways, including seed saving, linger on.

The seeds have been in our mountains as long as our people have. By way of knapsack, saddlebag, and wagon, early settlers to the region brought them as a precious bit of their old homeland. They carried their future as well as their past, for saving their own seed was the only way of assuring a continuance of their food supply. It was a simple act of self-sufficiency, and descendants carried on the tradition. Of the hundreds of old seed varieties no longer or never available commercially, a surprising number still survive in West Virginia. They grow mostly in the gardens of older folks who appreciate the qualities of vegetables passed down for generations. Undoubtedly, some fine old varieties are lost and gone forever, but some of those believed lost have turned up in unexpected places.

Seeds are where our human culture and agriculture come together.

Traditional gardeners don't view themselves as plant scientists, but their heirloom vegetables have reached their present perfection by careful selection over many plant generations. It was a patient, natural selection process, with plants intuitively being bred for qualities desirable in the home garden. Unfortunately, the vast majority of commercial plant breeders have different goals today, producing varieties to withstand mechanical harvesting, cross-country shipping, and artificial ripening. Such vegetables are not well suited to the home gardener, for taste and nutrition may be near the bottom of the list of priorities.

Traditional seed selectors also sensed the importance of maintaining a large genetic base for our food crops, preserving many strains so that some may be lost without disastrous results. This is a lesson from history. The catastrophic Irish potato famine was the result of a population depending on only a few varieties of a crop, none of them resistant to the potato blight. As we move from a nation of seed savers to a country of fewer and fewer gardeners and farmers depending on fewer and fewer hybrid varieties, such a threat becomes very imaginable again.

Seed savers also breed naturally for local conditions. While commercial seed farms may be located in far away climate and soil zones, seed saved at home must adapt to the local climate and soil. If a plant does not do well the seed is discarded, or perhaps it won't even make seed under the unfavorable conditions.

Similarly, seed savers can improve their seed stocks through selection of vigorous plants. I find many of the old-time varieties superior to commercial hybrids in comparisons made on my Webster County farm, and it's sad to think of the centuries of careful seed selection invested in other heirloom plants which have disappeared in recent years.

To keep my garden going, I've had to learn as much seed saving lore as possible. I know, for example, that some seeds are more easily kept pure than others. Beans are popular among seed savers, because, except for limas, they will not cross-pollinate. Different varieties may be grown together and the seed produced will be like the seed planted. Tomatoes likewise usually produce true. Corn, on the other hand, cross-pollinate easily. The pollen is air-borne and different corn types must be separated by great distances. Squash and pumpkins are pollinated by insects and also cross easily, although there are four distinct species which may be planted together without fear.

I've also learned that hand-pollination for seed purity is an option only for the adventurous. And that some vegetables are biennials, taking two years to produce seed. These include most root crops. Hybrids do not reproduce true and the resulting seed is usually inferior and should not be saved. Potato sets are simply clones of their parents and remain pure, since the seed is not dealt with.

Most seeds may be kept two or three years if stored in a tight jar in a cool, dry place. They may also be frozen. I have heard of 10-year-old corn from open cribs germinating. Beans have been found sealed in vessels for thousands of years, in caves in dry climates, and still growing when planted. However, careful handling and frequent replanting is a must for the home gardener who values his seed.

Cooperation is also important. Anyone with a crop variety they feel is in danger of being lost should take steps to preserve its future, and the best ways is to get it into the hands of other gardeners. There are seed exchanges which distribute seeds to those interested in maintaining rare kinds of vegetables, grains, and fruits. The State Department of Agriculture's *Market Bulletin*, free to West Virginians, is an excellent source of older non-hybrid seeds. Gardeners may use the *Bulletin's* "Plant Sales" column to buy, sell, or swap favorite seeds and plants. You may also advertise there for varieties you want to find. And be sure to seek out older gardeners about the seeds they keep. Many are eager to pass their seeds on to someone who will care for them.

(The monthly Market Bulletin *is still an excellent source of information on this topic. The* Bulletin *is free to West Virginia residents, and is available to those out-of-state for a modest subscription fee. For information, call (304)558-3708. —ed.)*

West Virginia's Mortgage Lifter is one of 750 varieties of tomatoes included in the seed collection at West Liberty State College. This Mortgage Lifter photograph by Michael Keller graced our cover in Summer 1994; the accompanying article by John Marra included extensive information about seed saving.

GOLDENSEAL Update: Seed Saving Today

A lot of gardens have come and gone in the 15 years since these stories first appeared in GOLDENSEAL. Sadly, Ruby Morris passed away a few years ago, though we hope that her love of plants and her work to perpetuate heirloom vegetables will live on in the countless seeds she saved and shared.

Seed saving and the preservation of heritage plants continues in West Virginia and throughout the Appalachian region. A recent project at West Liberty State College in Ohio County has resulted in a seed archive of some 750 varieties of tomatoes. According to project coordinator, Dr. Roger Seeber, the college Biology Club not only documents each seed, but also the historical information and human stories which accompany each item in their collection. Plans call for the establishment of an experimental garden, along with the possibility of conducting high-tech genetic testing to identify these varieties at the molecular level. Dr. Seeber welcomes new seeds and stories. Contact him for further information at Biology Department, West Liberty State College, West Liberty, WV 26074; phone (304)336-8317.

Heirloom beans are the focus for Berea College professor Bill Best of Berea, Kentucky. This year, he reportedly has planted 20,000 linear feet of beans, totaling more than 60 varieties. A number of these beans came from West Virginia, including a few which Bill obtained from Marion County's Anna Lee Terry [see "Making Jam from Sour Grapes: Anna Lee Terry and her Mountain Cookbook," by Mary Rodd Furbee; Winter 1997]. Bill is a leader in the Appalachian seed-saving movement and has recently formed the Sustainable Mountain Agriculture Center at the college. To contact Bill or to request a copy of his informative heirloom bean brochure, write to Bill Best, CPO 42, Berea, KY 40404.

A growing movement is underway to preserve older non-edible plants, as well. According to Sally Emory of Charleston's Valley Gardens, Inc., there has been a strong interest lately in heirloom varieties of plants used in landscaping, particularly roses and peonies. She has also seen a strong demand for older plants with romantic names such as Love-in-a-Mist, Bleeding Hearts, and Loves-Lies-a-Bleeding. Sally indicates that about 12 years ago, there was an upsurge of interest in the preservation of the old shrub roses, and she says that this interest has grown considerably over time. For more information, contact Sally at Valley Gardens, 1109 Piedmont Road, Charleston, WV 25301; phone (304)342-4636.

There are many good reasons to save, grow, and share traditional plant varieties, as indicated in the preceding stories. In addition to the practical, financial, and dietary motivations, there also lies a cultural and philosophical groundwork for this movement.

According to Bill Best, "Concurrent with the renewed interest in heirloom vegetables, it often occurs to me that heirloom values might also be making a comeback for many of the same reasons. Mainstream values...have proven to be bland and tough and to ship well, but when it comes to human relationships, they leave much to be desired. Our older values of neighborliness, honesty, trust, and compassion, while perhaps considered trite and naive by the sophisticated, just might be a good antidote for some of the cynicism bred by our large generic and impersonal institutions."

GOLDENSEAL Update: Gerald Milnes

Author Gerald Milnes now lives in Elkins. He still keeps and plants a few of the old seeds, though his gardening is now on a "drastically reduced scale," he reports, compared to when these stories were written during the 1980's. Gerry and his family left their rural home in Webster County in 1990 when Gerry took a full-time job with the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College.

Considered by many to be West Virginia's leading folklorist, Gerry has applied some of the same methods and philosophy which he described in his "Seed Saving" essay to the work of documenting and perpetuating a broad range of folklife activities in the state. As Augusta's Folk Arts Coordinator, Gerry has worked with gunsmiths, boat builders, egg decorators, cheese makers, quilters, weavers, singers, dancers, musicians, and others, recording their comments, photographing and videotaping their work, and arranging for apprenticeships.

Begun in 1989, the West Virginia Folk Arts Apprenticeship program has approved more than 100 apprenticeships in nearly every county of the state. The program pairs older individuals – or "master artists" – with younger members of their community for the purpose of teaching and learning a specific traditional art or skill. Recent apprenticeships have included old-world wine making, ballad singing, wood turning, Croation music, and edible and medicinal herbs.

Gerry serves as coordinator of the program, matching younger individuals with potential master artists and facilitating the application and review process. Gerry also documents these apprenticeships. Through this documentation, Gerry has developed into an accomplished videographer and editor with several video releases to his credit. His latest video, *Fiddles, Snakes, and Dog Days,* is available by calling (304)637-1209.

The results of Gerry's research often find their way into the pages of GOLDENSEAL. He has been one of our most valued contributors over the years. His most recent article was "The Barns of Pendleton County" in the Spring 1998 issue; his striking photograph of Herman Hayes' woodcarving appeared on the cover of our summer issue.

An area of special interest for Gerry has been traditional music. Just as he became an accomplished gardener as a result of his love for old plant varieties, Gerry has also grown into one of West Virginia's most respected traditional musicians, playing rare and beautiful tunes on the fiddle and banjo, many of which he has collected from older musicians in remote parts of the state over the past 30 years.

Two recent projects for Gerry include his new book, *Play of a Fiddle: Traditional Music, Dance, and Folklore in West Virginia* (see review on page 71), and a new CD recording. The CD features Gerry on fiddle along with talented dulcimer player Lorraine Lee Hammond. It is called "Hell Up Coal Holler" (Shanachie 6040), and includes many old West Virginia melodies, such as "Down at the Mouth of Old Stinson," "Sally Comin' Through the Rye," the title tune, and 17 others.

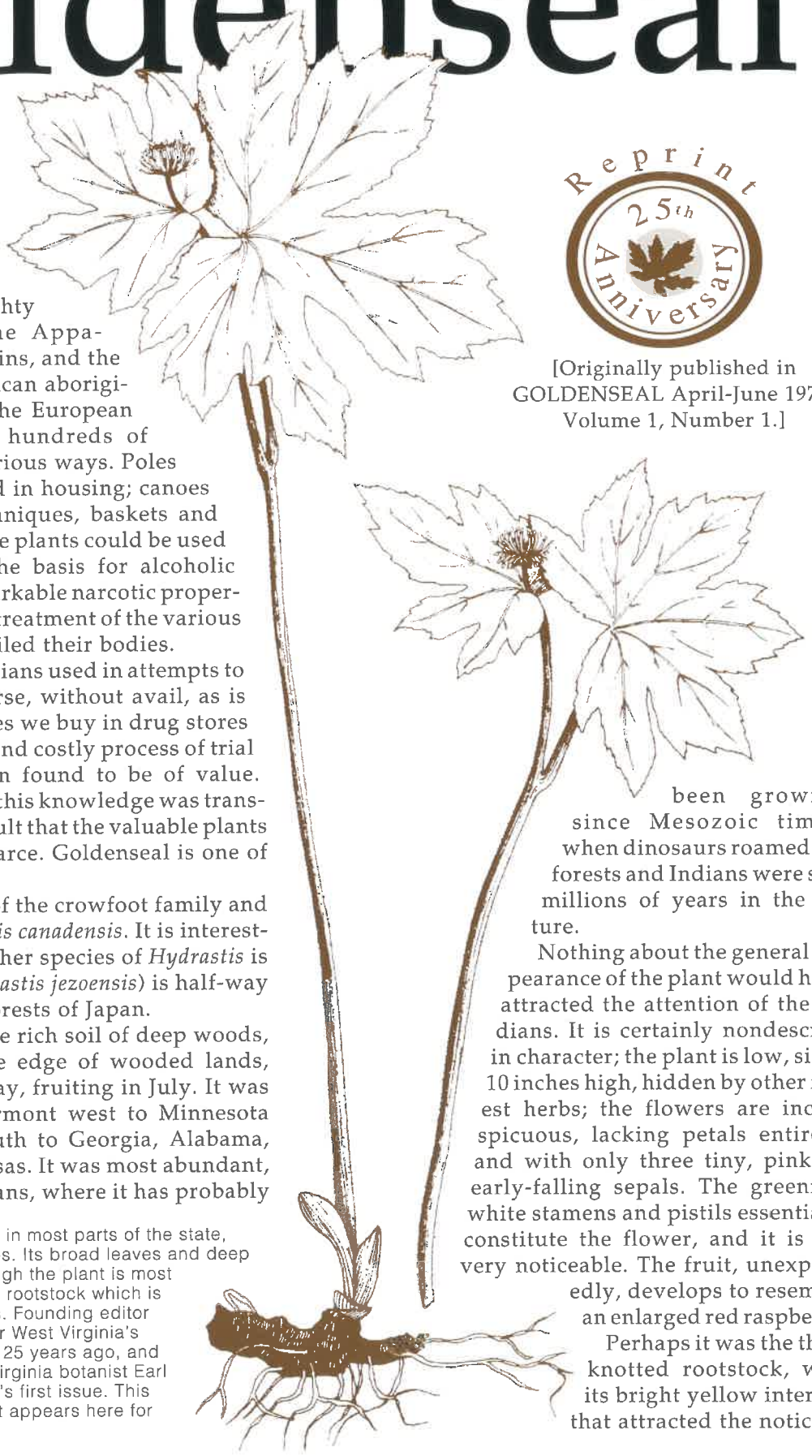
Gerry and his wife Mary Alice live in a restored older home in Elkins, and have two college-age children. They keep an impressive garden in the lot behind their house and always seem to have enough at harvesttime to can and to share with friends.

For more information about the West Virginia Folk Arts Apprenticeship Program, or to send Gerry an old tune or a rare bean, contact Gerry Milnes, Augusta Heritage Center, Davis & Elkins College, Elkins, WV 26241; phone (304)637-1334, or e-mail gcm@dne.wvnet.edu.

Gerry Milnes, center, is one of West Virginia's top traditional musicians. He is shown here with guitarist Mark Payne and fiddler Dave Bing on stage during the 1998 Vandalia Gathering. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Goldenseal

By Earl L. Core



Reprint 25th Anniversary

[Originally published in GOLDENSEAL April-June 1975; Volume 1, Number 1.]

In the shadows of the mighty forest that covered the Appalachian, or Endless Mountains, and the hills to the west, the American aborigines before the coming of the European invaders had discovered hundreds of plants useful to them in various ways. Poles and bark of trees were used in housing; canoes were made by certain techniques, baskets and bags by others. Parts of some plants could be used for food; others formed the basis for alcoholic drinks; still others had remarkable narcotic properties. Many were used in the treatment of the various physical ailments that assailed their bodies.

Many of the plants the Indians used in attempts to cure diseases were, of course, without avail, as is true of many of the remedies we buy in drug stores today. But, through a long and costly process of trial and error, others had been found to be of value. When the Europeans came, this knowledge was transmitted to them, with the result that the valuable plants quickly came to be very scarce. Goldenseal is one of these.

Goldenseal is a member of the crowfoot family and has the Latin name *Hydrastis canadensis*. It is interesting to note that only one other species of *Hydrastis* is known to exist and it (*Hydrastis jezoensis*) is half-way around the world, in the forests of Japan.

Goldenseal is found in the rich soil of deep woods, and in moist places at the edge of wooded lands, flowering from April to May, fruiting in July. It was found originally from Vermont west to Minnesota and eastern Nebraska, south to Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, and eastern Kansas. It was most abundant, however, in the Appalachians, where it has probably been growing since Mesozoic times, when dinosaurs roamed the forests and Indians were still millions of years in the future.

Nothing about the general appearance of the plant would have attracted the attention of the Indians. It is certainly nondescript in character; the plant is low, six to 10 inches high, hidden by other forest herbs; the flowers are inconspicuous, lacking petals entirely, and with only three tiny, pinkish, early-falling sepals. The greenish-white stamens and pistils essentially constitute the flower, and it is not very noticeable. The fruit, unexpectedly, develops to resemble an enlarged red raspberry.

Perhaps it was the thick knotted rootstock, with its bright yellow interior, that attracted the notice of

Goldenseal, or yellowroot, grows in most parts of the state, especially west of the Alleghenies. Its broad leaves and deep crimson fruit are distinctive, though the plant is most highly prized for its bright yellow rootstock which is collected for medicinal purposes. Founding editor Tom Screven chose this name for West Virginia's fledgling folklife magazine some 25 years ago, and this essay by preeminent West Virginia botanist Earl Core appeared in GOLDENSEAL's first issue. This 1970's drawing by Diane Lenhart appears here for the first time.

the Indians. The color was pleasing to their eyes, and the root became the source of a yellow dye for their clothing and their implements of warfare.

A rootstock so handsome in color must certainly possess other virtues. Some of these, through experimentation, the Indians discovered: they used it as a general tonic, a stomach remedy, as an application to ulcerations. It even served as an insect repellent.

Perhaps it was the thick knotted rootstock, with its bright yellow interior, that attracted the notice of the Indians.

The fresh rootstocks, gathered in autumn, were chopped and pounded to a pulp, then perhaps boiled in water and the resulting liquid applied as a wash for skin diseases or sore eyes, or as a gargle for inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat. For use as an insect repellent the Cherokees pounded the rootstocks with bear fat and smeared it on their bodies. The pioneers chewed the rootstocks to heal a sore mouth.

Goldenseal in the wild. Gerry Milnes took this photograph in the fall of 1988.

The results secured from the various uses were in general so satisfactory that the plant was highly valued by the aborigines, and also by the early settlers. The rootstocks were included for many years in the U.S. Pharmacopoeia and commanded a high price, probably second only to ginseng. In 1909, for example, when most crude plant drugs were selling for five cents or less a pound, goldenseal was bringing $1.50 a pound. It is no wonder that in many places it became completely extinct and in most places quite rare. Most of the drug is now secured from plants grown in cultivation. Production amounts to seven or eight tons of rootstocks annually. The wholesale price of the powdered root, in 1975, was about $50 a pound.

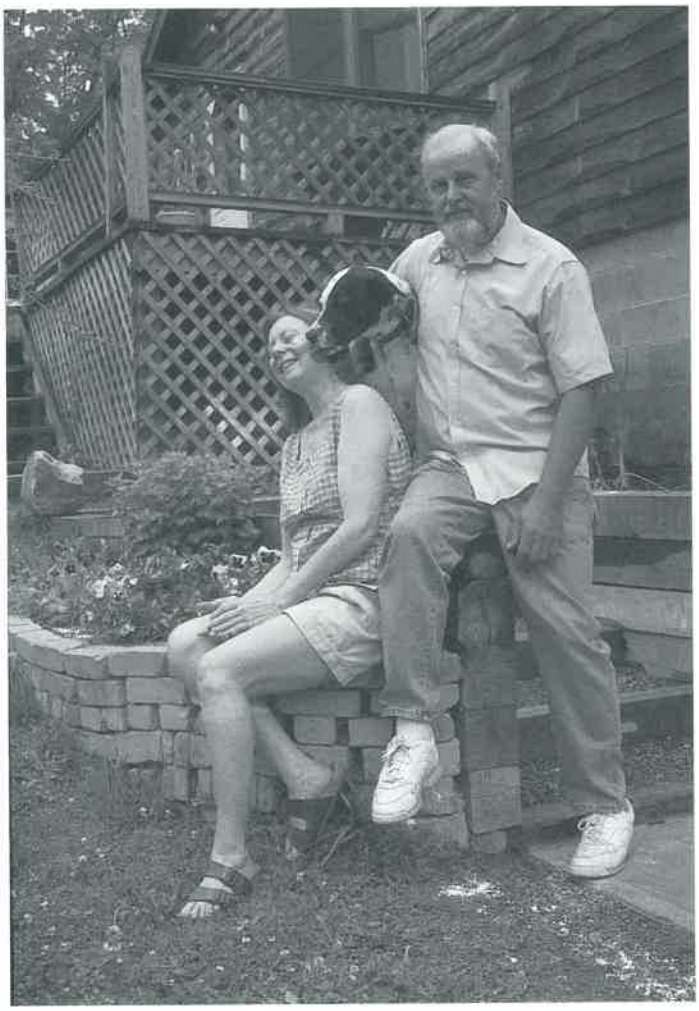
Its use in so many different ways could be explained by the fact that the rootstocks contain at least three alkaloids: hydrastine, canadine, and herberine. It is valuable as an astringent and thus helps in the treatment of ulcers and sore eyes. Whether the drug is really useful as a tonic or in treatment of stomach disorders is not known; perhaps it is only psychological, as is certainly true of many pharmaceutical preparations today.

A tincture, in alcohol, as prepared today, has a reddish-orange color, staining everything with which it comes in contact a deep yellow. It has a persistent bitter, then burning taste, no distinguishable odor, and a slightly acid reaction.

Many other common English names have been used, such as golden-root, orange-root, yellow puccoon, eye-balm, ground raspberry, Indian tumeric, Indian paint, Indian dye, and yellowroot.

In Search of the Wild Goldenseal

By Marion Harless



Joe Coberly, his wife Jo Ann, and friendly dog Bud at their home in Kerens, Randolph County. Photograph by Judith Stutler.

By the time he was six or seven, Joe Coberly was going on ginseng-digging excursions with his dad, Barnem or "B.J.," as he was generally called. "He always liked to take a couple of us boys along. Just for company, I think," relates Joe, blue eyes twinkling.

B.J. Coberly was born in Glady and reared on Summerfield Run in Randolph County. Joe's mother, Marjorie Raines Coberly, was born in Sully, also in Randolph County. In the 1920's the Coberlys moved from Bowden, east of Elkins, to Stalnaker Run, north of Elkins. There, Marjorie raised her ten children along with four borne by B.J.'s deceased first wife. Some of those children still live up Stalnaker Run. Today, a few miles north in Kerens, Joe shares a home with his wife Jo Ann, their son Michael, the family dog Bud, and "too many cats."

On those long ago sangin' trips, the Coberlys also dug goldenseal or yellowroot and the boys learned about other useful plants of the steep-sided hollows in the area. For longer forays, the Coberlys most frequently went over to Belington in adjacent Barbour County, or to Bowden. They could get home from the Belington area that same day, but when they trekked to Bowden, they spent the night with Arlie Arbogast.

The walks home covered different hollows, and allowed them to look for wild plants in a variety of different settings. Ginseng was dug from many, many locations. The same was not true of yellowroot, though. For example, goldenseal did not grow at higher elevations like Bickel's Knob, or with certain other plants, such as in a walnut grove. On the other hand, ginseng found growing in a cluster of walnut trees was actually bigger than ginseng growing elsewhere. Joe says that if you see rattleweed — also known as black cohosh or bugbane — you are likely to find goldenseal growing nearby, unless it's been dug out. Goldenseal grows on both north and south slopes, but "of course it's bigger on the north side, the shady side," says Joe.

In earlier days, B.J. and his sons had four or five good-sized goldenseal patches on their land, but "someone got in and cleaned them out" — the common lament of those who plant ginseng, goldenseal, cohoshes, snakeroot, or other woods plants. To increase their patches, the Coberlys planted goldenseal "berries" and transplanted small plants, many from "runners" or rhizomes.

In Randolph and nearby counties, Joe still sees goldenseal patches as big as 100 feet across, but more often the really big patches these days are 30 to 50 feet across. He admires such patches and goes on. "It's been years since I dug any to sell. The last time I sold it, I got three dollars a pound. Nah, it just wasn't worth it. Now I understand it's $35 a pound. But it

The fruit of this goldenseal plant will ripen to a deep red color this fall. The Coberlys plant these berries and have cultivated a number of vigorous plants around their house. Photograph by Judith Stutler.

still takes a lot of roots to make a pound, dried or even green."

The Coberlys used sticks to dig out plant roots in the early days, but about 15 years ago Joe and his brothers started fabricating a sangin' hoe from a cut-down garden hoe and a broom stick. The narrow, sharp, hook-like ginseng hoe works best with a stout street-broom handle, which lasts a long time.

The Coberlys washed their collected roots in Stalnaker Run and many people still say that the roots

Goldenseal - Caution!

By Marion Harless

No "old-timer" or "backwoodsman" I spoke with was willing to be featured or even mentioned in a magazine article about goldenseal, and definitely not photographed. They believe that people would come and bother them, and there are enough bothersome people coming, already. (Including me, I'm sure!) Thanks to these gentle people for sharing their lives as much as they did.

Joe Coberly is not an "old-timer" yet — perhaps a "middle-timer." He was extremely gracious in allowing us this interview and in sharing with us his valuable knowledge of the fragile goldenseal plant. He does not have goldenseal to sell or give away. Neither does he have time to take curious people into the woods to scout out goldenseal. In other words, gentle reader, please, please do not bother this kind man.

The West Virginia Department of Natural Resources does not consider goldenseal to be rare or endangered, but everybody else that I talked with feels that goldenseal is getting harder to find. Some attribute the population decline to over-collecting; some say the too-numerous deer and the increasing number of turkeys are contributing. Should you see ripe, red goldenseal or ginseng "berries" atop the plants, gather a few — not all — and plant them just a few feet away. Don't take them home!

Goldenseal is now being grown commercially, and pharmaceutical companies are beginning to insist on "certified organic" crops with no chemical fertilizers, fungicides, herbicides, or pesticides used in the cultivation or processing.

If you want to try your hand at growing goldenseal for your own use or just to have it, buy some seeds or seedlings and plant them in the woods where it probably once grew, or mimic the sites as much as possible. Try to get locally-raised seed.

— Marion Harless

should be washed in fresh running water. Joe, however, cleans the occasional root he digs today at the kitchen sink and figures that if everybody had had running water in their homes 100 years ago, they would have used it then, too. The Coberlys spread the clean roots out on pans and set them in sunny windows to dry and Joe still does that today.

Like others in the area, B.J. would take his roots to Raymond Fisher's store in Kerens and exchange them for groceries, clothes, and shoes. Sometimes Mr. Fisher would order items for them in exchange for the bartered roots. Fisher's unpainted, long, narrow general store closed more than four decades ago; this local landmark was dismantled around 1979.

Over the years, Joe has sold roots to Brad Johnson, Red Nutter, and Elmer Nestor. Today, his few ginseng roots usually go to Mr. Cross on the Audra Road.

At home, Joe's mother added honey to goldenseal tea to make the brew taste a little better. The tea was drunk for colds and croup, often accompanied by another traditional remedy. Onions were fried in lots of grease and then rags were put in the strained, warm grease. Pinned inside the croupy child's shirt — front and back — the cloth with onion ointment put the wearer on the road to recovery. Making a face at recalling the smelly memory, Joe says he skips the grease part but still has a cup of goldenseal tea if he's getting a cold. He adds that he hasn't had any tea lately because he made it through the past mild winter without getting sick.

Asked whether he ever had any adventures while seeking goldenseal, the soft-spoken woodsman says no, but recalls some bear encounters including "a big old sow with three or four big cubs one fall up on Bickel's Knob." Everybody went his and her own way with no problems. "And snakes. I don't like snakes."

Occasionally his job as a gas company leakage inspector takes Joe — or "Coby" as his fellow workers call him — into the woods, but otherwise these days he's generally in the woods hunting animals instead of plants. His success is visible in the Coberly's living room where a mounted whitetail buck's head and a bearskin flank the big stone fireplace. His woods time is still shared with brothers Jeff (B.J., Jr.), John, and Dave. Joe also makes sure he has plenty of woods-walking and hunting time with his 19-year-old son, Michael. They dig about three pounds or so of ginseng each year. And they take home a root or two of goldenseal. Just in case.

Herbs and Woods Crops Contacts

Former West Virginia University Extension Service agents Zeke Wood and Andy Hankins pioneered efforts to get landowners interested in woods crops and those efforts continue today. For an extension publication on growing ginseng and goldenseal, or for further information, write David Cook, Boone County Extension Service, 200 State Street, Madison, West Virginia 25730.

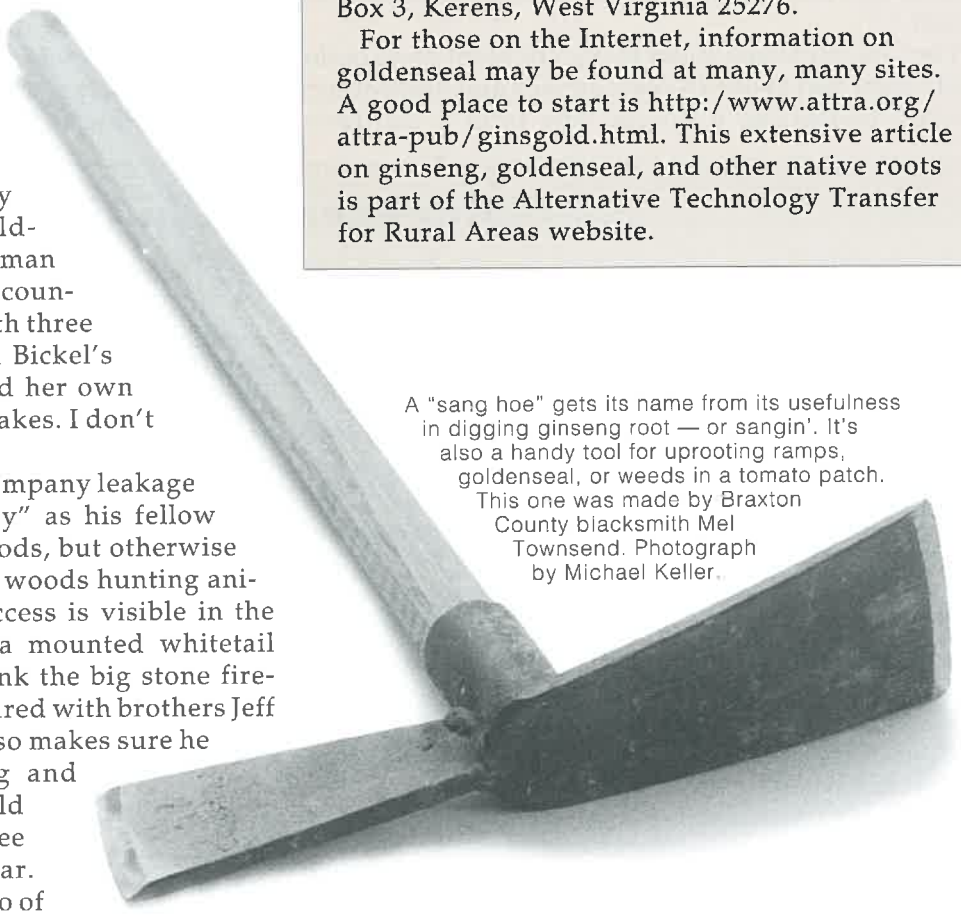
Recently, a contract herb growers group was established in the state. For more information, write Nona Conley, Wildwyck Herbs, Rt. 1, Box 46B, Hamlin, West Virginia 25523.

For more information on the Native Plant Society, write P.O. Box 76403, Charleston, West Virginia 25375.

For more information on the West Virginia Herb Association, write Don Montgillion, Smoke Camp Crafts, Rt. 1, Box 263SS, Weston, West Virginia 26452.

For more information on organic certification, write the Mountain State Organic Growers and Buyers Association (MSOGBA), Rt. 1, Box 3, Kerens, West Virginia 25276.

For those on the Internet, information on goldenseal may be found at many, many sites. A good place to start is http:/www.attra.org/attra-pub/ginsgold.html. This extensive article on ginseng, goldenseal, and other native roots is part of the Alternative Technology Transfer for Rural Areas website.



A "sang hoe" gets its name from its usefulness in digging ginseng root — or sangin'. It's also a handy tool for uprooting ramps, goldenseal, or weeds in a tomato patch. This one was made by Braxton County blacksmith Mel Townsend. Photograph by Michael Keller.

"She Didn't Go Sangin' Alone!"

By Anna B. Shue Atkins

I've no idea when or where Great-Grandma Scott learned which wild weeds were edible greens or which were herbs useful for medicinal purposes, but she knew. She taught her grandchildren to find ginseng. One of them was my father, Emery E. Shue. We called him "Pap." And Pap taught me.

Pap taught me to enjoy the odor of the trailing arbutus and to pick and store its leaves for a medication for kidney problems. He taught me pip-siss-away. Pull it up and use its root and leaf. Clean and dry it to make tea. It's also a kidney remedy.

He showed me how to cut a sliver from the inner bark of a slippery elm tree when the sap was up. Cut this white bark into pieces the size of chewing gum, dry and store it. You can soak it in warm water and use the resulting emulsion on cloth over sore or tired eyes. Or chew a dry piece for scratchy-sore throat.

He had me pick bouquets of pennyroyal mint that grew in old pasture fields and hang them to dry, tied in bunches. We used the tea for colds. It made a person sweat.

He knew where a few clumps of horehound grew. Hang the bunches up to dry and make tea for sore throat. Or boil the tea with sugar to make hard-crack candy to suck for sore throat.

The wild woods atop Droop Mountain where I grew up also had tea berries, or wintergreen — the kind Teaberry chewing gum is flavored with.

Sarah Elizabeth "Sally" Grant Scott was born in 1839. She knew a great deal about the woods around Droop Mountain and about the useful plants which grew there, and taught her young grandchildren. Photographer and date unknown.

Pap's grandmother, Sarah Elizabeth "Sally" Grant Scott, lived from September 1839 until December 1935. Luckily, I was privileged to listen to Great-Grandma Sally Scott as she told of places and events of her early life.

She was the fourth of 10 children of Preston and Caroline Gilbert Grant. Prior to the Civil War, she roamed the woods in, over, and around Natural Bridge, Rockbridge County, Virginia, along with a sister or two and a pal their age, Negro Josie. Baptizings were in Cedar Creek beneath the Natural Bridge, and Sally Grant was baptized there.

"We did not live in the big house, not in the slave quarters either. We never owned any slaves. We were Tuckeyhoes," she said. Her father was hired by the plantation owner as a slave driver to see to the planting of tobacco beds, transplanting seedlings in the fields, keeping worms off the plants, picking the leaves at the right time, and sticking them to hang in the tobacco barns where a fire dried the tobacco. It was

Emery Shue, "Pap" to his children, worked as a lumber man and dug herbs when he got the chance. He is shown here on Droop Mountain in late 1976.

sold in Lynchburg, Virginia.

One song Great-Grandma Scott sang:

Going down to town,
Going down to town,
Going down to Lynchburg town,
To take my tobacco down.

Tobacco selling high,
Tobacco selling high,
Fifteen cents when it's green,
A dollar when it's dry.

If I had a pretty little girl,
I'd take her down to town,
Everything she asked me for,
I'd lay the money down.

"When the war ended Pappy had no job," she said. "He'd heard that there were jobs in the Greenbrier River mountains. He went. The girls at the big house lamented that their slave help wouldn't button their shoes. I told them to use that hook and button their own shoes like I'd always done, to plant and grow their own smoking tobacco, like I do."

At the end of the Civil War, the Grant family moved from Rockbridge County, Virginia, to Pocahontas County in the newly formed state of West Virginia to the north side of Droop Mountain.

Being descendants of crofters — a Scottish occupational way of life — they lived frugally, but well, off the land. They built their own log cabins and cooked on a fireplace. They raised sheep for mutton and sheepskin rugs, and for wool to card, spin, knit, and weave into garments and blankets. They had geese for eggs and feathers to fill bed ticking and pillows. Also chickens for eggs; a cow for milk, cream, butter, and cheese. Sometimes a beef. They raised a hog or two, hunted, fished, and raised a garden. In new ground, corn grew amid stumps and rock.

Sally Grant married Moses A. Scott, an ex-C.S.A., in Greenbrier County where Moses lived with his mother, not far from a natural phenomenon of clifts, locally called Bear Town.

Their first born of three children was Elizabeth Josephine "Josie" Scott in October 1875. They moved to the old McClure house on the eastern side of Droop about a quarter-mile from a dirt road called the Seneca Trail. After their second daughter Lucy Caroline was born, they built a log cabin on property they'd bought by the Seneca Trail on top of Droop. They lived there the rest of their lifetimes. Their only son Billy died young.

Josie Scott married John P. Shue in August 1892. Pap, my father, was born in March 1894 and lived until June 1979. He spent a lot of his early boyhood days across the Seneca Trail at the home of his grandparents, Moses and Sally Scott.

Great-Grandma Sally Scott went sangin' many and many a day. Before Pap was big enough to go with her, he stayed with Moses, whom he called "Pappy." He and Pappy often sat on the fence rail and watched for a wagon, a buggy, a cart, or a rider to come along. If so, they'd stop and "jaw" a spell.

When Pap went sangin' with Grandma Sally, they took their lunch along wrapped up in paper. It was buttered cornbread with sugar on it. They'd find a spring on the mountainside and drink by lying down to sip the fresh, cold, clear water. Grandma Sally always carried a knife, not a regular pocket knife, but

The Shue homestead, shown here in about 1925. This is where Pap was raised.

a strong, sharp peeling knife. She had her sang hoe, too. A sang hoe was a custom-made tool by a blacksmith.

Pap's brother Bob Shue went sangin' with Grandma Sally when he was old enough. She taught Pap and Uncle Bob the herbs to dig, to carefully wash them, and to dry them bone dry. By the ounce they were a money crop, of a sort.

Pap and Uncle Bob began as timber cutters, sawing the trees they'd felled into sawlogs. Pap never neglected his timbering work to search for herbs, but if he saw it — sang, goldenseal, blacksnake root — he dug it. Sometimes if he was unemployed, and the crops he raised to feed the animals and us kids was tended, he'd hike on a mountain in the woodland in hopes he'd find a three-prong sang root. He'd be thrilled when he found it.

This portrait shows young Emery (left) and brother Bob Shue in about 1910. Dressed in their Sunday best, they posed with a dog and a gun. Both boys learned to dig herbs from their Grandma Sally.

Pap was 24 years old when he met the girl Pearlie Blanche Williams. They were married in the parlor of his parents' home on top Droop, December 12, 1917. I was born in October 1918, and we lived in that house until I was six weeks old. During the next four years we moved four times. Much of the time Pap was sawing timber down and Mom was home alone. As well as two small children, they accumulated a flock of turkeys, chickens, guineas, a hog, cow, and calf.

Pap never neglected his work to search for herbs, but if he saw it — sang, goldenseal, blacksnake root — he dug it.

They found for sale 19 acres of woodland, mostly hardwood, with undergrowth of ivy laurel, rhododendron, and huckleberry brush. It had a four-room tar paper shack on it with room enough cleared in front of the shack to turn a team and wagon. They sold all their livestock except a horse and calf for a $300 down payment, and we moved in spring 1922.

I recall in late spring 1922 after having moved to the wildwooded few acres atop Droop, Grandpap John Shue came. He rived palings to fence a garden spot and Pap grubbed stumps and plowed, and they planted the fenced garden.

One day when Pap was away at log camp on Cherry River, Great-Grandma Sally Scott came. Pap had bought a quarter-mile from her house.

"Pearl," Grandma said, "there are plenty of wild greens down over the hill, below where the clift rocks crop out. Let's go get some." The garden produce was not yet big enough to eat.

Mom replied, "I don't know Grandma. What is there?"

"Poke, bear weed, crow foot, dandelion, rock lettuce, touch-me-not, and watercress."

"I can't pick greens. I'll have to tote the baby and lead Anna."

"Pearl, I'll lead Anna."

I well recall that day. They helped me down over the clifts — easy for an adult, but I was scared. Trees grew tall. Sun splotched through leafy tops. A lot of rocks stuck up with green moss on them but an undergrowth of weeds — some high as my knees — covered the non-rocky places. At times we were on steep terrain where the rocks were slippery. Mom found very few edible weeds and thought she'd better go home.

"Just a little further, Pearl. There is more on down, just rest a bit."

Mom sat on an old fallen log. Great-Grandma Sally and I walked not far. Mom could see us. Grandma suddenly let loose my hand and shouted, "I've found it! I've found it! I knew that I'd find it!"

Mom yelled, "Found what?" as if shocked.

"Come, Pearl, look at the beautiful sang."

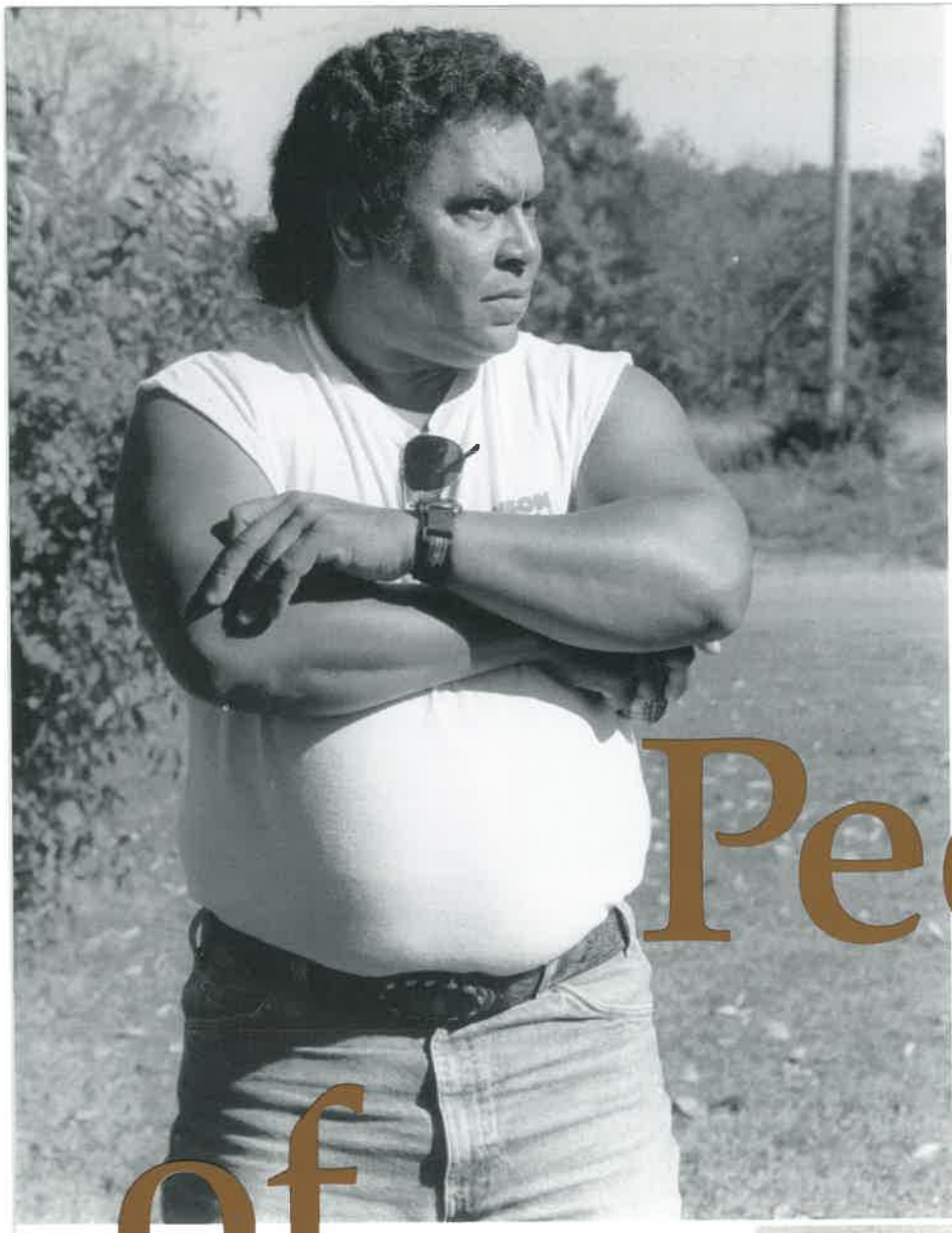
"Sang," Mom said, rather disgustedly.

Great-Grandma Sally was then 83, a wiry, spry, nimble little lady in widow's weeds, dark clothing, poke-bonnet, and skirt to her ankles. She dug three stalks of ginseng and was ready to go back up the hill.

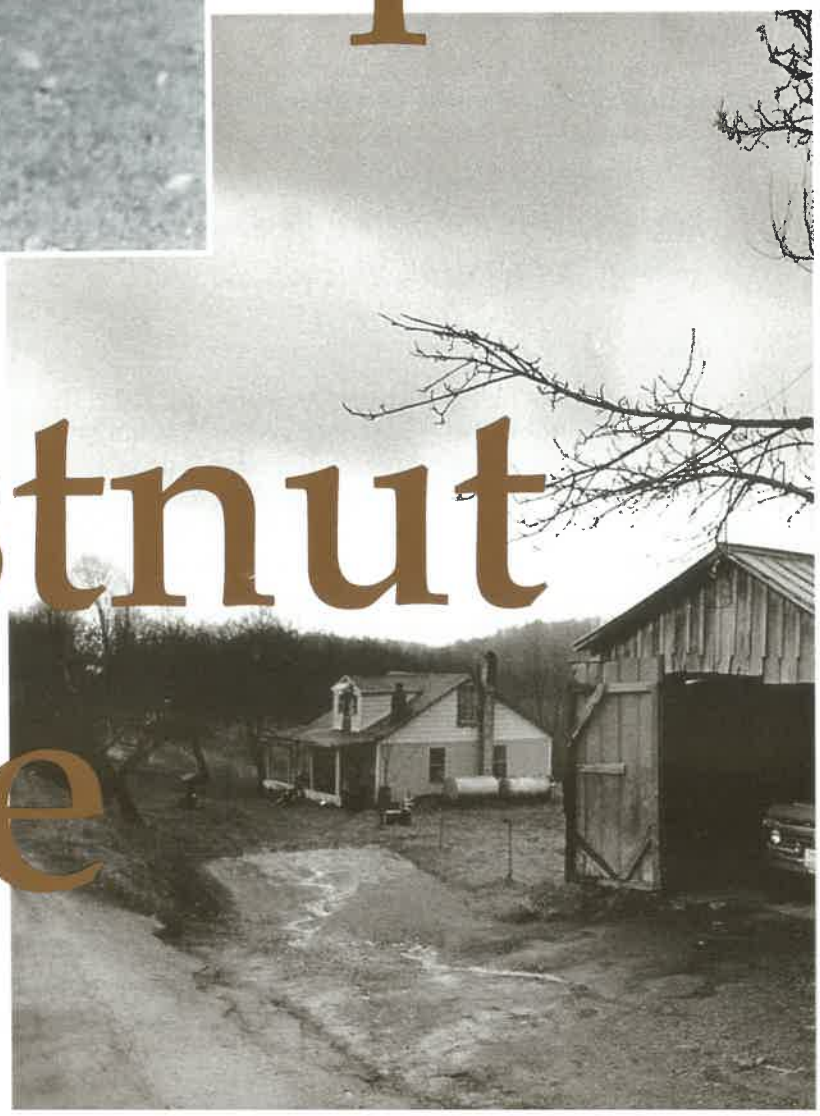
Pap had been at camp a fortnight, arrived late having walked from Cherry River. Mom told him about hunting wild greens.

I wish you could have heard Pap laugh. "Grandma Sally took you sangin'," he said. "She didn't want any greens. She knew that area like a map. She didn't go sangin' alone!"

ANNA B. ATKINS left Droop Mountain in the 1930's to attend high school, and later West Virginia University. After marrying serviceman Paul Atkins and moving to Chesterfield, Virginia, Anna finished her bachelor's degree and earned a master's degree in education. Today, she cares for her husband and says that, born with "the gift of gab," she never slows down. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



We, the People of Chestnut Ridge

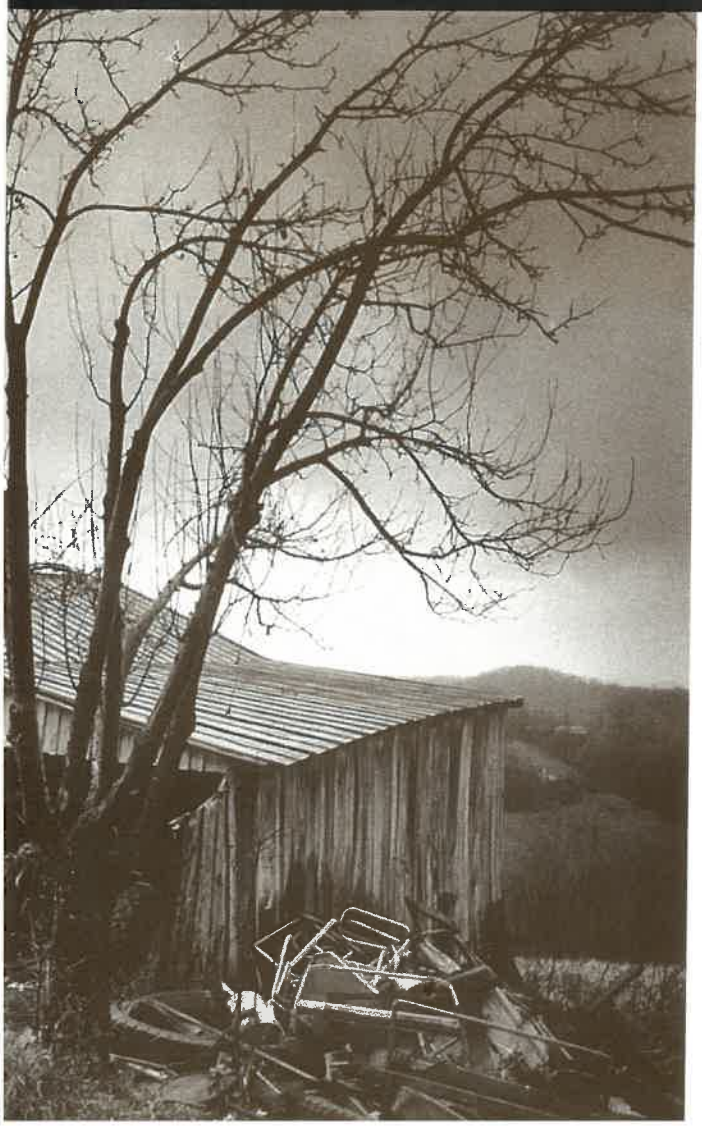


Many historians hold that West Virginia was never home to any Native American tribe, but maintain that it was used only as a hunting ground. There remains today, however, a well-documented native community which has existed since the late 1700's on Chestnut Ridge in Barbour County. Many outside writers have attempted to tell the story of these people, but never has it been told by the people themselves. That is, until now.

Author Joanne Johnson Smith is a first-generation descendant of Chestnut Ridge on both sides of her family. Lois Kennedy Croston and Florence Kennedy Barnett, the other two authors, were born on Chestnut Ridge during the mid-1900's. Now living in Ohio, these three women have devoted the past 18 years to tracing their roots. Here is their story.

A Native Community in Barbour County

By Joanne Johnson Smith, Florence Kennedy Barnett, and Lois Kennedy Croston
Photographs by Michael Keller



We grew up and experienced life on Chestnut Ridge in much the same way as our ancestors had for nearly 200 years. Our earliest memories involve associating with our own people in the community. Everyone we came into contact with was related to us in some way.

We lived on a side road off Chestnut Ridge Road. The neighbors called it Kennedy Road because the Kennedy clan lived there. Our fondest memories are of our grandfather walking up our road on his way home from town. He carried a large handbag full of groceries, but we waited for the candy he passed out to all the grandchildren. Although he never drove a car, he always had a ride to town and back. He started out walking but was usually picked up by someone from the community.

Grandpap's two sons from his first marriage were already grown. He married a second time and raised three sons who were our age. We played and worked with our uncles and cousins. Our extended family worked together in the summer to provide the necessities to live through the winter. We picked blackberries, elderberries, apples, and wild strawberries. We

Above left: Ronald Dean Johnson of Hanging Rock, the brother of co-author Joanne Johnson Smith, takes his native heritage seriously. Born in Ohio, he moved to the Chestnut Ridge area as an adult in order to be close to his people.

Left: A view of Chestnut Ridge in Barbour County, 1984.

Kids on the ridge during the 1940's. Joanne Smith's aunt Mary Kennedy is the little girl at center.

also raised gardens and shared our harvests. Our mothers canned or dried the vegetables and fruits. Our fathers buried the remaining harvest in the garden to preserve it during the winter months. These were not mere activities, but provided us with a means of survival and a sense of belonging. It was our way of life.

As we grew older, we started playing with the Norrises, our distant cousins from around the hill. Most of our entertainment revolved around nature. We met in the woods between our houses to swing on grapevines and make mudcakes to throw at each other. We picked a reed-like plant and hollowed it out for the purpose of shooting berries through it. Dammed-up creeks were great swimming places during the summer. Although real airplanes seemed a distant dream to us, the children on the hill transformed June bugs into airplanes by tying a string around their leg. We would hold the string and feel them fly. These were typical activities for most children in the community, and compensated for the lack of store-bought toys.

On Sunday mornings, along with the Norrises and most other families in the community, we walked to the little white church on Chestnut Ridge. The gathering provided spiritual food and an opportunity to socialize. After church, one family would invite another family home to have dinner with them. Very few families had televisions to watch and books to read, yet we enjoyed the afternoon together before returning to church for the evening service. The elders passed the afternoon by telling stories about our ancestors and their traditions.

One of the favorite incidents that was told was about our Great-Grandpap, "Big Hans," going to town in his horse-drawn wagon. When Big Hans turned up in town, a local store owner named Smitty yelled over the loud speaker, "Big Hans Croston is in town!" Everyone ran and hid because of his size and reputation. He was well over six feet tall and a B-I-G man. He was known to drink a little and when drunk, he liked to fight. People said he had a double skull

Adam Male and wife Mary Ann Norris Male sat for this portrait in the early 1900's.

Ed and daughter Ciera Dalton on the porch of their Belington home. Ed moved off the ridge a few years ago in hopes of finding work, but times are still hard.

and would butt bulls. He cracked hickory nuts with his teeth.

Storytelling such as this helped us bridge the gap between past and present. Our ancestors came alive through the vivid stories told to us by the older people in our community.

Through the years, our people have been called "Guineas." This is probably a corruption of the word Ganawese, defined by John R. Swanton in *The Indian Tribes of North America* as, "Conoy: probably a synonym of Kanawha, but the meaning is unknown; also spelled Canawese." We, however, refer to ourselves as "our kind of people" or "our people."

The Ganawese or Conoy is a subtribe of the Delaware or Lenni Lenape. In 1696, William Penn transferred the Delaware to the territory which included Green County, Pennsylvania, parts of Washington and Fayette counties, and nearby territory in what later became West Virginia. This is now Monongalia County, in the vicinity of Morgantown. It is from here that our first recorded Native American ancestor, Sam Norris, came.

According to our oral history, Sam's mother was an English girl named Elizabeth "Betsy" Norris. She was the daughter of William Norris of Monongalia County, Virginia, who also had two sons. William Norris captured a young Cherokee boy traveling north with a party of Cherokees. William named the boy Sam. Betsy and Sam went to get the cows each evening, and guess what? Betsy got pregnant. As the oral history states, Betsy's two brothers took Sam into the mountains and killed him. She gave birth to the half-Cherokee child in 1750. Named for his father, Sam Norris became the father of the Norris line in Barbour County.

In 1764, young Sam left Monongalia County with a family by the name of Gaul, and came to what is now Barbour County. According to Bill Pete Norris, "Sam Norris takes him a Delaware Indian named Pretty Hair as his wife and builds him a cabin and starts his life with the Indians." Sam and Pretty Hair started their family on what later became known as Hackers Creek, named after a white man who settled there by the name of John Hacker.

It was around this time that Wilmore Male, his wife, and family arrived in this area from Hampshire County. Wilmore Male is the earliest Male we find in our direct line. The name is also spelled Mayle and is pronounced "male" or "mayle."

Although Wilmore Male and his family were counted as "10 white souls" in the 1790 census in Hampshire County, subsequent marriages to individuals of Indian descent led to a reclassification. In the census of 1810, Wilmore Male, Sr., and his family were listed as "eight free persons of color."

Along with the Males, came the Dortons (Daltons), Canadays (Kennedys), Newmans, and Crostons. Henry Dorton, the father of the Dorton (Dalton) line, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Gustavus Croston, the father of the Croston line, also fought in the Revolutionary War, along with Wilmore Male, Jr.

Isaac Canaday was the father of the Canaday (Kennedy) line. Isaac's son Thomas married Sarah Cook. Both surnames, Cook and Canaday, are common names in the Powhatan tribes. William Newman was the father of the Newman line. The Newmans came from the Piscataway or Conoy tribe of Maryland.

All of the above-mentioned families were married into the Norrises early and thus began the native community of Chestnut Ridge. Not only did the racial classification of the Males change around this time, but it also changed for all of the other allied families.

The plight of this group, as well as that of many other Southern Indian groups, is summed up well by anthropologist Dr. Louise Heite. In her article, "Delaware's Invisible Indians," she states, "Where they had once simply been farmers and

Our three co-authors stand in front of the one-room Croston schoolhouse. Florence Barnett and her husband recently purchased the building and are in the process of restoring it to its original condition. They hope to develop it into a visitor center and historical museum devoted to the people of Chestnut Ridge.

neighbors, they began to be [seen as] people of color. What color was often in doubt, as certain families [who] had never been slaves were also obviously too brown, too exotic, and somehow too different to be [seen] anymore just like the rest of the neighbors. As law and expectation began to demand the classification of these people by race, record-keepers grasped at whatever terminology their society and their prejudices allowed. As the record-keepers assumed that the Indians had all 'gone west,' there had to be a category for these people. The category of convenience was 'free mulatto.' Slightly more careful record-keepers used the alternative term, 'free person of color,' when classifying. But classify they did, and that classification had a virulent effect on the future of the undocumented, settled Indians."

This was the beginning of the isolation of our community on Chestnut Ridge that still exists today. Our Indian identity was all but lost due to the categorizing into only two races: white and colored. "Colored" meant any race other than white, and this was the classification under which Indians were included. As time went on, the "colored" classification took on the definition of "black."

As stated by author Joanne Smith's daughter, Leslie, we've had to deal with the injustices and the discrimination of being Native American, yet we can't share in the privileges of it. A white person doesn't have to prove he's white; a black person doesn't have to prove he's black. But the American Indian person has to prove his native heritage. Our religion and language were taken away from us, and we nearly lost our identity. Through all of this we have retained many of our native traits.

Through all of this we have retained many of our native traits.

According to Thomas McElwain's book *Our Kind of People*, "The use of corn is typically native and illustrates a continuous tradition to the present generation, marking the [Chestnut Ridge] community as culturally distinct from the white community. One person mentions five methods of preparing corn: 1) parching, 2) parched corn soup, 3) roasting ears, 4) ash boiling, and 5) ash-baking."

Also identified as native is the use of certain greens such as poke greens, plantain, and Dutch lettuce. In addition, flour is made from acorns and chestnuts. Wild meat has always been an important part of our diet. Another native trait is the use of herbal remedies for ailments. Some of the remedies are polecat grease for croup or asthma, red oak bark for toothache or rheumatism, and yellowroot for sore throat. Sheep nanny tea is used to make the measles come out.

McElwain further states in a 1979 letter to Mary Tichenor, "At the present state of research, it is possible to say that the so-called Guinea community is definitely Indian (Native American) both culturally and ethnically. A non-professional note on physical types may be mentioned. These do not seem to differ from those encountered on some reservations in [the] Eastern Woodland area during other periods of fieldwork."

Although the racial classification

of the community changed, the genetic makeup did not. Until recent times, the Norrises intermarried for the most part with only the aforementioned families, most of them also being of Indian ancestry. This kept the Native American bloodline nearly pure. Today, there are approximately 13 surnames common to the group. Mayle is the most common name. These surnames are the means by which the surrounding dominant society identifies members of the Chestnut Ridge group.

Directly across the road from the Chestnut Ridge church while we were growing up, was the grade school. This was one of a number of schools attended by our native people only. These native churches and schools were inseparable and community life revolved around them. Even before starting school we were familiar with the setting because we had often attended community socials there. The socials were comprised of eating hot dogs, dancing, and visiting. There was also a cake walk. The schoolyard was familiar to us from playing on the swings and watching our older relatives play baseball on the school ball diamond.

At age six, we started our education at this one-room school which housed eight grades with approximately 30 students and one teacher. We attended school with most of the same children with whom we went to church. Recess was our favorite time of the day. The girls played jacks while the boys played marbles. We felt happy and secure.

During Christian holidays, Christmas and Easter, once again the school and church were inseparable. We learned speeches and recited them at both school and church during special programs. When there was a death in the community, the teacher dismissed school early. The children carried flowers and sang in the choir at the funeral. The realities of life and death were openly displayed among members of the community.

Likewise, when someone in the community was sick, we had church services with them in their home. Christians and sinners, children and adults, all participated in the funerals and the church services.

Joanne Smith's parents, Shirley Johnson and Opal Mayle Johnson, were among the many ridge residents to leave for Ohio during and after World War II. An extensive community of displaced Chestnut Ridge people exists today in the Canton and Youngstown area. This photograph was made in Philippi about the time of Shirley and Opal's marriage in 1945.

The community was very closeknit in every way. Extended families lived in almost every household, working together to ensure the survival of our native people. Uncles, aunts, and cousins lived with each other for weeks and months at a time. Life began and ended at home. For us, life within the community was complete.

However, interaction with the world outside was inevitable. The native community experienced much prejudice from the surrounding society, and conflicts arose because of being classified as "colored." The people in the community became very belligerent at being forced into a category which they felt was not their ethnic origin. The mention of the slang name "Guineas" became a fighting word to our people because it had taken on a derogatory connotation of being identified as part of an inferior group. Our people have never been able to escape the stigma placed on them. It has affected every facet of our being.

Going into the 1900's, we find that our people were able to obtain employment outside the community, but they seldom interacted socially with other communities. They made a living through farming, coal mining, hunting, trapping, and fishing. They worked as farm hands on large farms, and farmed for themselves, as well.

The first large coal mine in the area for which our people worked was located at Morrel, about one mile east of Philippi. Some individual families had small mines for the purposes of cooking and heating their homes. Later, a large coal mine opened in Galloway, and many of the men from our community went to work there. Because of the distance to the mines, it was necessary to travel by car. One person in the community would have a car and all the workers would ride with him. The mine is where they came into contact with Italians, blacks, and other minorities.

Reverend Okey Mayle, above, was an early leader in the drive to recognize the native heritage on Chestnut Ridge. Okey passed away in 1994. Right, Reverend Menelus Mayle, Okey's son, still pastors his father's old church, known today as Okey's Gospel Chapel.

However, they seldom intermingled or married with any of the outsiders.

Then by the mid-1900's, during World War II, many left the community to obtain employment in Ohio and Michigan. Because of the emotional ties to the community and the clannish nature of the people, they chose to work their five-day week and return to their native community on the weekend. Some worked construction during the summer and returned to their home in the winter. As one interviewee states, "I was sitting looking at a water hole and I told the guy, 'That water will not freeze over before I go home.'"

Our people have not always been fortunate enough to obtain even a grade school education. Schools for our Native American children were built in the community in the early 1900's, and they attended only these community schools. However, when the local board of education stamped "colored" in the textbooks, the controversy began. Some parents withdrew their children from school and the local board of education was taken to court. Two of the schools, Chestnut Ridge and Croston, mysteriously burned. The schools were rebuilt, but the education provided was far below that of other schools in the area.

One of the authors of this article cites an incident involving her mother winning a spelling bee while attending one of the native community schools. The student won the right to go to Charleston. Her mother was fearful for her to go. The county educators, however, assured the mother that the 13-year-old girl would be staying with them. When the group arrived in Charleston, the girl was taken to the black area of town and put in a hotel by herself.

After the supposed integration of the schools, the native community schools were closed. The closest elementary school for the native children to attend was at Philippi, however the bus took the children past Philippi and on to another school at Silent Grove. All the native children were still together in the one school; they were just integrated with a few whites.

Due mostly to the Civil Rights Act, conditions have improved for our people over the years. But in many ways, the hands of time stand unmoved for the inhabitants of Chestnut Ridge. We still experience the painful feelings of hopelessness and desperation that our ancestors experienced. The dream of being a part of an educational system where participation is based on merit, or being treated as an equal to any other citizen in Barbour County, is certainly still but a dream.

This feeling was strongly expressed by members of the community during recent interviews. One young man's voice trembles as he fights back tears while relating his educational experience. He says, "Up to about the fifth grade, I fought a lot because I was called names." When asked what he was called, he answers, "Guinea and other names." He goes on to say, "By the time I got to middle school, I knew I didn't fit in. I would even fight with the teachers. They would pronounce my name 'male' and I wanted it pronounced 'may-le.' When I told them how it was pronounced, they would want to give me detention. Then by the time I got to high school, it was a total

Johnnie Croston flashes an infectious smile during our visit to Chestnut Ridge last October.

loss. I just didn't want to be there. I feel I have been discriminated against really bad and couldn't get a fair education."

Today, the members of the community are more educated and are involved in a wide range of occupations. Some own their own businesses, while others are in such trades as carpentry, bricklaying, and cement finishing. Many have gone into professional fields such as teaching, accounting, nursing, and engineering. Our people have been able to obtain higher education through the Indian Manpower program operated by the Three Rivers Indian Center located in Pittsburgh. We have maintained our own Indian organization for the past 20 years, the Allegheny Indian Council & Cultural Center, Inc.

The first formal church was built around the turn of the century. This church was the Chestnut Ridge A.M.E. — the Methodist conference that was open to our people. The conference sent ministers for many years who were not a part of our people. When the original church burned in the early 1990's, it was rebuilt by the pastor of the church, Reverend Okey Mayle, a member of our community who was in his early 90's at the time. Other people in the community volunteered their time and money to help in the rebuilding project.

Okey Mayle was a wise and gentle man, and a true community leader. According to journalist Barry Paris of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, Okey worked in the coal mines from the time he was 14. He left the ridge but returned in the early 1960's to work in the church and to help build pride among the local native people. Okey also organized a powwow on Chestnut Ridge with representatives attending from the Hopi, Piscataway, and various other Indian tribes. Okey passed away in 1994. His church, now called Okey's Gospel Chapel, continues today pastored by his son, Menelus Mayle.

Over time, different denominations have established independent churches within the community pastored by our own people. Some of the other denominations are Wesleyan Methodist, Seventh Day Adventists, and Pentecostal. The Christian teachings have given our people the moral basis that has carried from generation to generation. The support and loving attitude displayed in the community while we were growing up is still characteristic of our people today.

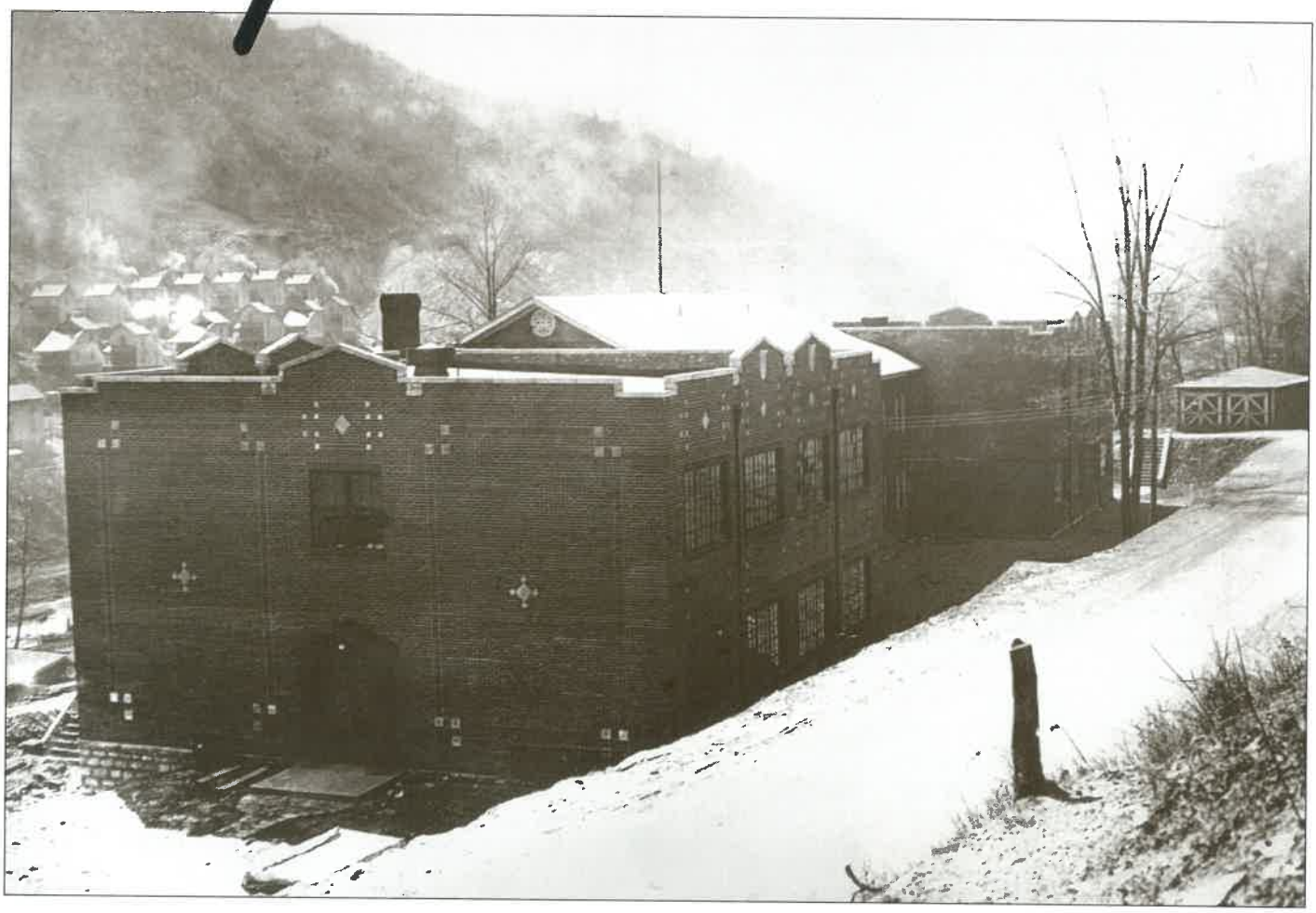
We, the people of Chestnut Ridge, have retained our native culture and bloodline. Now, it is past time for our people to be recognized as an Indian tribe, because we are the only historically documented Indian group in West Virginia.

FLORENCE KENNEDY BARNETT, left, was born and raised on Chestnut Ridge and graduated from Alderson-Broadus College in elementary education. According to Florence, she has always been interested in genealogy and began doing serious research on her people in 1982. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

LOIS KENNEDY CROSTON, center, Florence's sister, was also born and raised on Chestnut Ridge. After moving to Ohio and marrying, she and her husband helped to establish two Native American organizations. According to Lois, she has "always desired to uncover the identity of the community so the people could have pride in their heritage." This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

JOANNE JOHNSON SMITH, right, was born in Canton, Ohio, but all of her summers growing up were spent on Chestnut Ridge. Joanne has always identified very strongly with her people and has been doing research on Chestnut Ridge since 1980. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

My Memories



Mark Twain High School was built in 1922 to educate the children of Raleigh County's mining communities.

Oh, to have my old high school building back. It was called Mark Twain High School and was located in Stotesbury, Raleigh County. It was Slab Fork District's most unique high school, and was filled with the writings and photos of the famous author for whom it was named.

The brick high school building was the brainchild of the coal company owners, who felt the children of their employees deserved the best. It was constructed in 1922 at a cost of $35,000, on a high knoll overlooking part of McAlpin and Stotesbury. From 1923 until 1977, hundreds of coal town children were educated there. It was home to some good memories.

During its heyday, Mark Twain High School had outstanding music and sports programs. Known as the Authors, the football, basketball, and baseball teams made local headlines. The school offered a fine library with all the Mark Twain novels on its shelves. The old building served grades one through 12 from 1923 until 1964. After consolidation in 1964, it continued as an elementary and junior high school until it was destroyed by fire in 1977.

Some of the coal towns served were Hot Coal, Big Stick, Woodbay, McAlpin, Stotesbury, Tams, Cooktown (or Ury), Helen, and Amigo. Before Sophia High School was constructed, they came from Sophia and Slab Fork to Mark Twain. One of those coal camps was my own, named Big Stick in honor of President Teddy Roosevelt who believed in walking softly and carrying the "big stick."

I recall that warm September day in 1946, my first day of school. Those were the days when preschool and kindergarten were unheard of, and you had to be six

# of Mark Twain High School

By Pauline Haga

years old before the end of September to attend the first grade. I had turned six years old that June.

Our family came to the coal fields from Smyth County, Virginia, when I was a little over a year old. I had a brother who was 14 months older. We lived on the hillside, near the Big Stick tipple four of those years in a neat, cozy little four-room house with a good view of the entire community. My brother attended his first year of school in the two-story Hot Coal elementary school, which was across Winding Gulf Creek at Hot Coal. You could see the building from our hillside home and I used to watch him walk home from school each day of 1945. Consolidation closed the school that spring and the students were bused to Mark Twain beginning in 1946, the year I started school.

I still recall that first day, we saw the school bus rounding the curve as it circled in front of the company store to make its stop. We scurried down the alley to join the other students. It seemed there were at least 100 or more to get on that old yellow bus which, to me, resembled a giant dinosaur. I was scared to death. It was push and shove to get on the bus and the older kids had no pity on the younger kids. The bus driver told us little kids to sit up front and you took a seat where you found it.

We made our way out of the circle past a double row of tenant houses. We passed a one-room schoolhouse on the left and a row of garages on the right. A teacher and students were outside playing, waving at the bus. I wanted to go to school there, but of course there was segregation, which I did not understand. We drove through another coal mining town called Woodbay, through McAlpin, and finally onto a paved highway. We were about two miles from home.

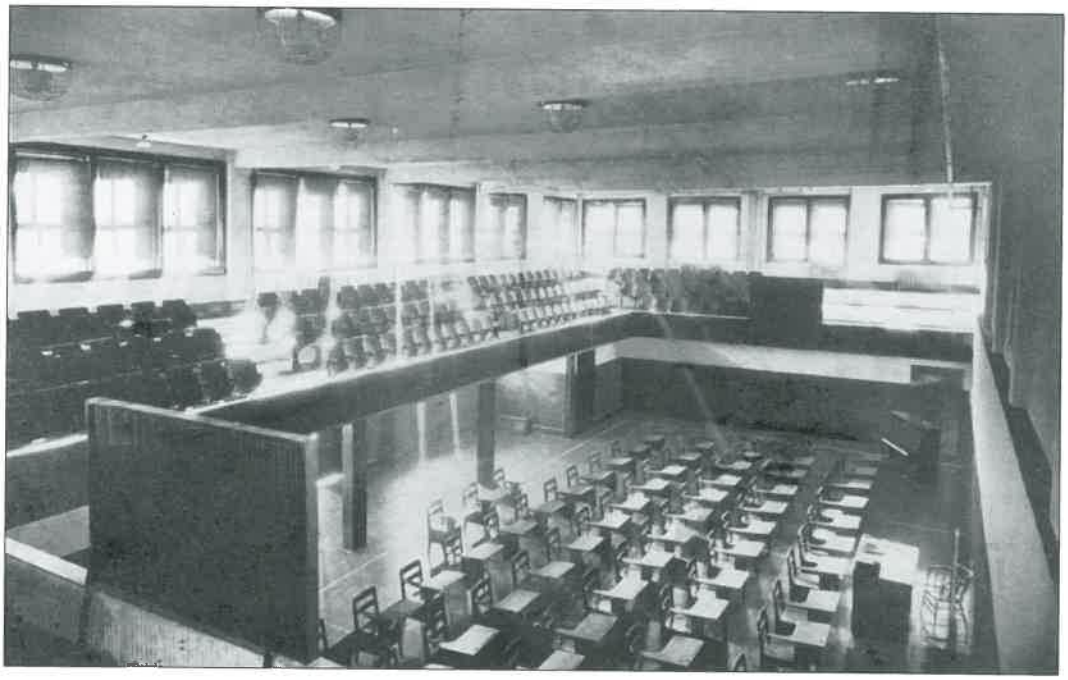
Just a short distance further was the largest building I had ever seen in my life — much bigger than the coal tipple or the company store. I was to attend Mark Twain elementary school which was in the south end of the big high school building. The school bus drove to the south end and let the elementary school students off.

That first day of school has always been etched in my mind. I cried almost all day, what time I was not hanging over the trash can. "Rule one, don't upchuck on the floor," I was told. My first grade teacher June Mabe kept hugging me and assuring me that I would be fine, and by the end of the first week not even a flood could keep me from missing school.

At least twice a year when the snow melted and the rains came, the Winding Gulf Creek would overflow its banks and the school bus could not make it into our community. Sometimes when we discovered the bus was not coming, several of us "walkers" walked

under the tipple, got on the Virginian Railroad tracks, and made our way down the tracks until we arrived at McAlpin. Then we walked the main highway to the school.

One day after school as I was coming up the railroad tracks, I just knew I was going to get a whipping for walking to school because I had been told not to. But instead, I found a box of ten cent crayons on the table with my name on it. My father had gone to the company store and purchased them for me because I chose to go to school, even if I had to walk two miles.



This impressive gymnasium and assembly hall was one of the school's most unique features. It provided classroom, athletic, and performance space.

I not only loved school, I loved that building. It was three stories tall with long halls whereby you could walk from one end of the building to the other. Coming into the south end of the building, you passed through two double-doors with classrooms on either side of the entrance. Just beyond the first classroom on the left was a set of stair steps which led to the second floor. Another set of steps went down to the basement level which housed the vocational classes, the spacious gymnasium, stage, shower rooms, and the furnace room.

On the second level, separating the elementary and high school classrooms, was a balcony encased with iron railings. It had seating space for 500 and overlooked the gymnasium. On the first day of school we were marched around the balcony by classes, the first graders in the lead, all the way around. It was quite scary.

School officials considered the gymnasium and assembly hall to be one of its outstanding features. "Here, true conservation of space and money was applied advantageously," the first high school annual indicated in 1924. "By constructing this floor with a high ceiling, floor free from all obstructions and then using movable desk chairs, Mark Twain has a spacious assembly hall [and] a splendid gymnasium with a 30 by 60 foot playing court for basketball, all in the same place," the annual explained. With the balcony, the school was said to have had the largest auditorium in Raleigh County.

I not only loved school, I loved that building.

Among the unique things about Mark Twain High School were the gigantic windows, providing solar heat in the winter months. You could really get some studying accomplished, bringing the outside world into the classrooms through those windows. The foundation for the building was laid of native stone by the most accomplished masons, immigrant workers whose children later became students in that building.

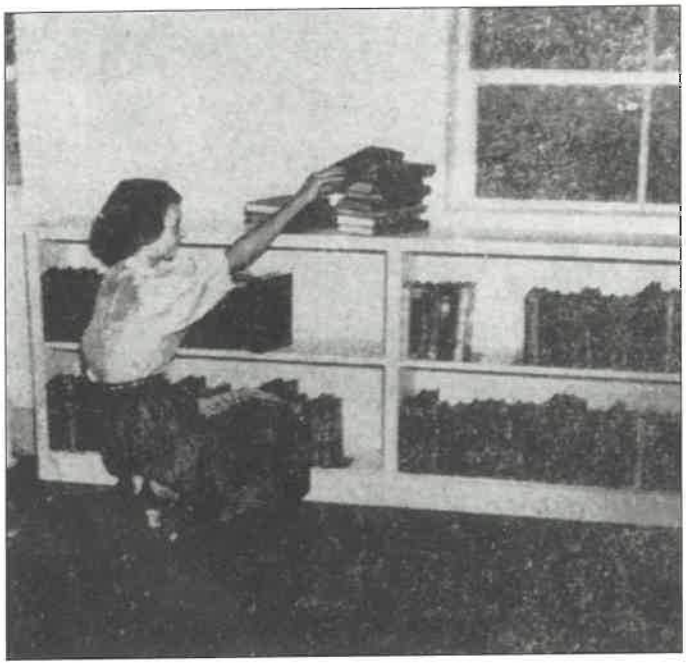
The first three grades were on the middle level and the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade classes were on the third level, along with a cafeteria. This upper floor had a spacious hall which extended back into the junior high and high school classrooms. It included the home economics and science laboratories, the music department, a small "sick room," the business classroom, plus two more large classrooms.

The principal's office was in the middle. He could look down that hall and see clear through to the cafeteria and take in all the activities on that entire floor. His office also overlooked the entire north end of the campus. And the principal was "always looking."

A few years later when I entered my first year of junior high, a spacious new library was added to the top wing. I became assistant librarian, a position I held for the next six years.

When the local coal mines closed, there was a depression in the coalfields. My father's mines shut down and many families moved out. Dad had to walk down the tracks to find work, and we had to depend on the Greyhound bus for transportation. Our old coal town of Big Stick became a ghost town. We moved to Woodbay, but I was determined to graduate from Mark Twain High School.

I wanted to be a writer. You had to be a sophomore to be accepted into the journalism class, but jour-



Author Pauline Haga was an assistant school librarian while a student at Mark Twain. She is shown here shelving books during the 1950's.

nalism instructor H.L. Knapp was also my seventh grade English teacher, and he let me into the class. On one occasion, he assigned us to design a newspaper as a credit. I marched into the company store and demanded a large sheet of meat wrapping paper. "Whatever for?" the manager asked. I replied, "I plan to start my own newspaper."

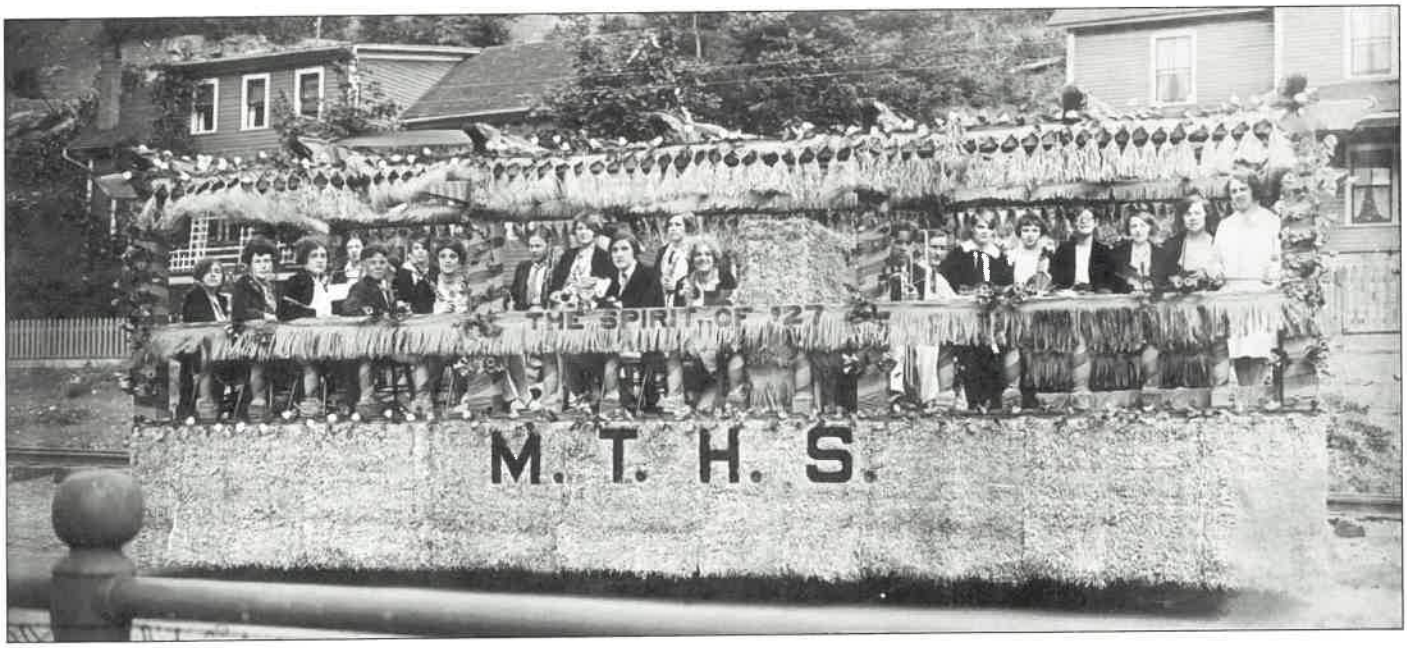
I folded it four ways and turned out a front page, a society page, sports section, and a news page with much art work. I think I would have been in quite a bit of trouble if the entire town had read some of my "news" articles. I even described where you could find the makings of "home brew" and who had been to the company store to purchase a good supply of sugar and malt for the makings. My instructor was quite amused, though he gave me a lecture on "freedom of the press" and what it meant. I received an "A" and kept that newspaper among my prideful possessions for many years after I graduated.

I ended up on the staff of the student newspaper, called the *Mark Twain Authors*, before my sophomore year, and as a senior I was the newspaper editor. Four days after I graduated on June 4, 1958, I was called by the old *Raleigh Register* to become a proofreader. Having served as their school reporter during my senior year, they knew of my work and within a week I was advanced to a cub reporter and have spent the last 39 years writing and writing. Like Mark Twain, I now have the status of being an "author."

During the first few years of being a reporter I went back down to Stotesbury quite often and brought many stories out of that coal mining town and that unique old school. I even tried to help get the building restored as a historical landmark before fire destroyed it in 1977.

My first grade teacher, Mrs. June Mabe, still lives in Raleigh County. When I see her at the grocery store or out and about, she always receives a big hug like the one she gave me on my first day of school. She still has the same big warm smile today that I remember way back when. Some good memories.

PAULINE HAGA has been writing almost non-stop since her days at Mark Twain High School. A freelance writer now living in Crab Orchard, Raleigh County, her books include *Tribute to the Coal Miner, Salute to Veterans of World War II*, and around 50 research volumes for genealogists. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



A proud Mark Twain High School float parading down a local street in 1927.

Early Automobiles of West Virginia

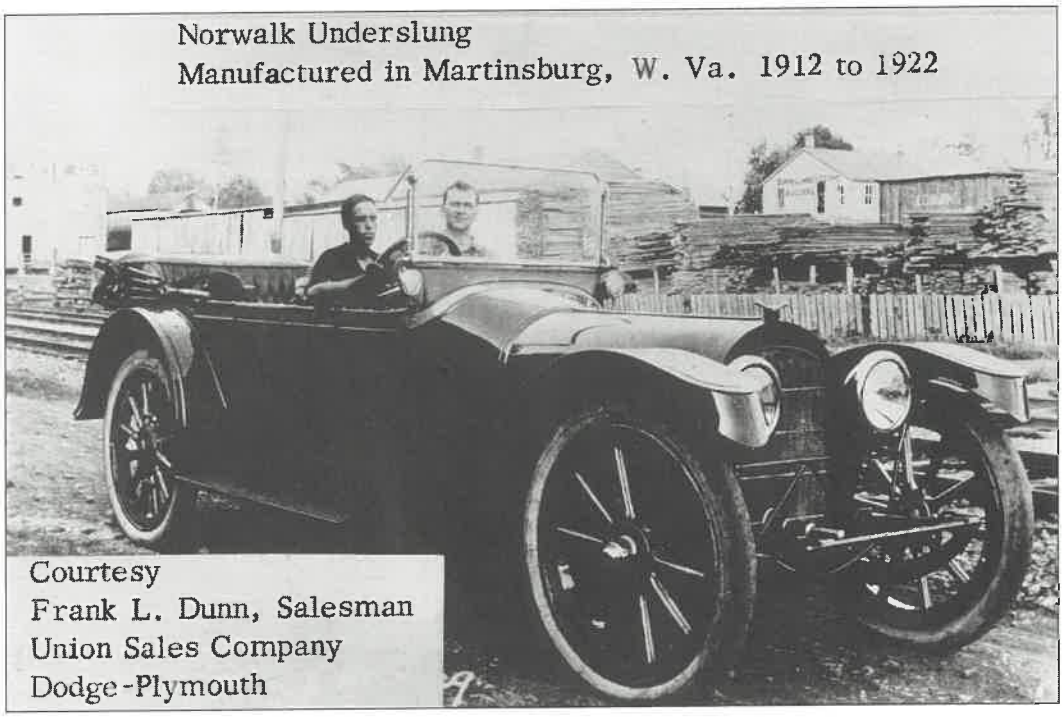
The Elusive Jarvis-Huntington

By Joseph Platania

Photographs by Doug Chadwick

The Jarvis-Huntington Gasoline Car was on the market for only one year. None are known to exist today, but West Virginia car collectors and historians remain hopeful that one will be found. This 1912 eight-passenger Model M touring car sold for the princely sum of $5,000. Photograph from the March 1912 *Automobile Trade Journal*, courtesy of Jim Lackey.

By the arrival of the 20th century in West Virginia, there was something new in the air. That something was the smell of exhaust fumes from the gasoline-powered internal combustion engine. This olfactory experience usually was accompanied by the clatter of the "auto" and the honk of its squeeze horn as the driver steered his vehicle along city streets.



The West Virginia-made Norwalk Underslung was among the most successful automobiles manufactured in the state. This innovative vehicle was made in Martinsburg from 1912-22, and featured a smooth ride due to the unique "Underslung Principle" of body design. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives, photographer and date unknown.

It took a while for the automobile to catch on in the Mountain State. Many people thought the machines were simply "toys for the wealthy." Slowly, but surely, however, motorized vehicles began to replace horse and buggy as Stanley Steamers, Flying Clouds, Overlands, Great Northerns, Jewells, Hupmobiles, and Henry Ford's immortal, if plain looking, invention took to the city streets and mountain roads. By 1912, what had been considered a toy of the rich was fast becoming a necessity of life.

Into the ferment of the new Automotive Age came an array of unique West Virginia-made automobiles and trucks.

First to appear was the Pierce Steam Tricycle that was made in 1895 by W.A. Pierce of Sistersville. Next was the Hambrick, or "Grey Goose," automobile built by Walter Hambrick in Huntington in 1905 and '06. It is likely that these first two models were built as prototypes, since no subsequent production records are known to exist for either the Pierce or the Hambrick.

The Enslow, which was made in Huntington in 1910 and named for local attorney and businessman Frank B. Enslow, came next. Automobile historian Jim Lackey comments that this automobile might have had the most recognizable name in this part of West Virginia since Frank Enslow was a prominent figure in state and local business and civic affairs during the early years of this century. This car was most likely a one-of-a-kind machine built for Mr. Enslow's personal use.

The Remington automobile was built in Charleston from 1910 to 1913, but little is known about it among local automotive collectors or historians.

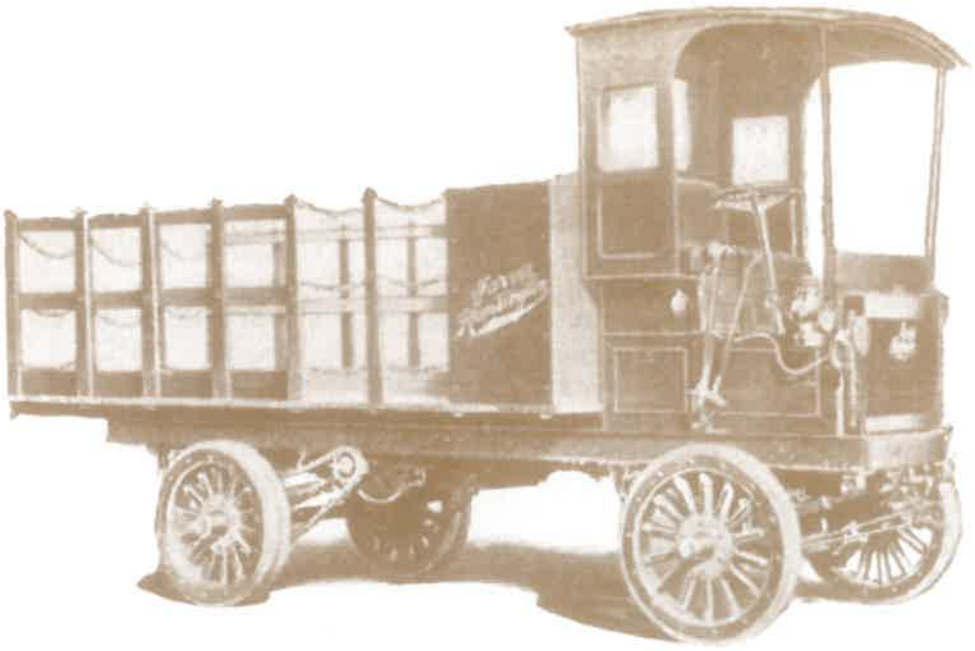
The Norwalk Underslung was manufactured in Martinsburg from 1912 to 1922. Thought to have originated in Norwalk, Ohio, this company found success in West Virginia's Eastern Panhandle. A 1912 Norwalk brochure details the beauty of the "Underslung principle in motor car construction." According to the brochure, "the main frame of the car is *slung under* the axle and *suspended from* the springs instead of being placed on top of the axle and *supported by* the springs." This ride, similar to that of an old-fashioned baby buggy, was thought to be smoother and more stable. It also required over-sized wheels and had a very low body clearance, no doubt a liability on rough West Virginia roads.

The Jarvis-Huntington Automobile Company arrived in 1912. It evolved from the Jarvis Machine and Supply Company, an established Huntington firm founded in the late 1800's, located at the corner of 20th Street and the B&O railroad, near Second Avenue.

The Jarvis-Huntington was a huge car. It was available in two models: "a $4,000 45-horsepower, six-cylinder on a 128-inch wheelbase; and a 70-horsepower, six-cylinder on a 142-inch wheelbase," states *The Standard Catalog of American Cars 1905-1942*. It adds that "final drive was by double chain; the transmission was a three-speed selective."

By comparison, a Model T Ford from that era was a 20-horsepower, four-cylinder with a 100-inch wheelbase which sold for around $800.

In addition to the Jarvis-Huntington "Model 6," there was a "Foredoor Touring Car" which was able to accommodate up to eight pas-



The Jarvis-Huntington truck line was apparently more successful than the car, staying on the market from 1912-14. This five-ton model sold for $4,250 in 1912, and had a top speed of 10 mph. Photograph courtesy of Jim Lackey.

sengers, plus a "Fore-door Roadster" and a "Fore-door Limousine" available to the prospective car buyer.

The car book adds that the Jarvis-Huntington automobile was on the market for the 1912 model year only.

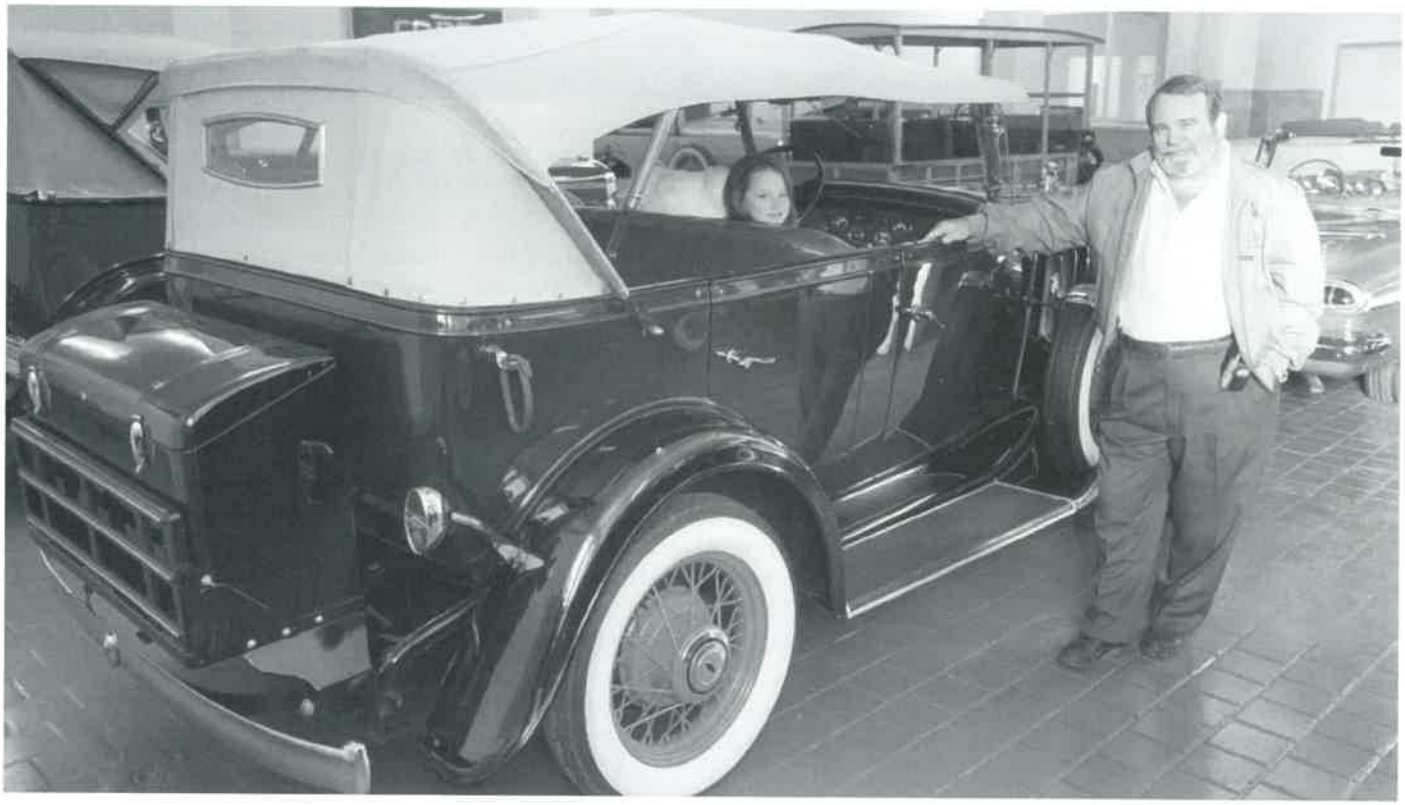
The Jarvis-Huntington truck line was equally massive with four-cylinder engines and three- or four-speed gearboxes. The top of the line was a five-ton capacity truck that rested on a 12-foot-long wheelbase with speed limited to 10 miles an hour. It was priced at $4,250. The Jarvis-Huntington truck line lasted until 1914.

In 1912, a Swiss-born racing driver designed his first car. His name was Louis Chevrolet. That year, 170,211 Fords were produced with its nearest competitor turning out a scant 28,572.

Also that year, the Jarvis-Huntington automobile made its appearance on the fledgling automotive market. Now because of its age and scarcity, the Jarvis-Huntington has attracted the interest of car collectors.

Chuck Runyon, owner of Huntington's Classic Cars automotive museum, states that he first read about the car in an automobile book. "I saw this little tiny short paragraph about it," he says, and since then he has been looking for the car for his collection. He has called antique car dealers and collectors from New York to California, but without success. He says that he understands that the Jarvis-Huntington was a huge car "built on a truck chassis." He adds that they were "low production cars," that is, very few of them were made.

Chuck has always been interested



Chuck Runyon established Huntington's Classic Cars Automotive Museum and Showroom in 1997. He is shown here with daughter Keshia, seated in the front seat of a 1932 Chevrolet Phantom four-door convertible. Photograph by Chris Spencer.

This 1929 Rolls Royce Brewster Town Car featured hand-embroidered seats, a wet bar, and crystal rose vases in the passenger compartment. It sold for $49,000 new, and currently sports a sticker price of $150,000.

in classic cars. He recalls that when he was 16, he paid $35 for a 1955 Nash Ambassador. It wasn't a collectible, however; it was transportation.

"When I was 16, your daddy didn't run out and buy you a new car," he says. "It was the only transportation I had."

But he sure would like to have that car now. It could take its place beside the 65 classic cars that he owns and has on display at his car museum and showroom at 401 Third Avenue in Huntington. The museum, which opened in November 1997, transformed Runyon's hobby into something everyone can enjoy.

"The car business has been awful good to me, and this is a way to give back," Chuck says. His car museum is the only one registered in West Virginia, and is part of a growing national trend of saving cars from the scrap heap and preserving them.

When Runyon began selling new cars for a living, he became interested in the older, classic models. Although today's cars last longer and are more powerful, Runyon says that "the cars of yesterday were better built."

It has only been in recent years that they have been appreciated. "With some of these cars, it's a miracle they were even saved because a lot of them went into junk yards," Chuck says. "Believe it or not, every day someone drags another one of them out of a barn or a cornfield and restores it."

His first classic car was a 1932 Chevrolet four-door convertible. "There were only 419 built. This is one of 10 known left," Runyon says about the shiny blue and black two-tone car that was rumored to have been built for the mayor of New York City.

Another eye-catcher in his collection was a 1956 Packard Caribbean Convertible, one of only 278 that were ever built. It was distinctive for its orange seats and immaculate condition, and was recently sold. Runyon says that he purchased the car from a Danville, California collection along with a 1929 Rolls Royce Brewster Town Car and a 1941 Cadillac.

The Rolls Royce, which has a wet bar in the back and hand-embroidered seats, sold for $49,000 the year the Great Depression began. More than likely it was driven by a chauffeur.

Chuck comments, "There's a page and a half on how to start the darn thing." He adds, "It's the worst driving car I've ever set foot in. It's hard to drive, it's hard to steer, it's hard to start." Despite the inconveniences, "this was an all-time date-getter," Chuck says with a smile.

Now that his museum — which is open from 9:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. Monday through Saturday, and by appointment on Sunday — is in operation, there's one car still on his wish list. That is the Jarvis-Huntington.

Runyon says that in early 1998, he heard that there was a Jarvis-Huntington in New York State. He later found out that it was another

old car — one that he had never heard of — owned by a man named Huntington.

Runyon is optimistic that one still exists, however. He says that it is probably sitting in someone's barn or garage and they don't know it. He adds that although he doesn't restore cars, if he finds a Jarvis-Huntington, "I'll restore it and put it on display in the museum here in Huntington."

Jim Lackey spent 14 years restoring this 1923 Jordan Playboy which he takes to car shows and parades across the country. It runs like a top, but Jim has a special trailer which he uses to transport this beauty on the open road.

Jim Lackey of Huntington has been interested in antique cars for as far back as he can remember. His first was a Model A Ford that he owned in the 1960's.

Lackey, who is very knowledgeable about automotive history, belongs to the Automobile History Society. He is a regular contributor to the Automotive History Collection at the Detroit Public Library and is a researcher at the Philadelphia and Cleveland libraries which have automotive history collections. He is a founding member of the Huntington regional chapter of the Antique Automobile Club of America.

It is probably sitting in someone's barn or garage and they don't know it.

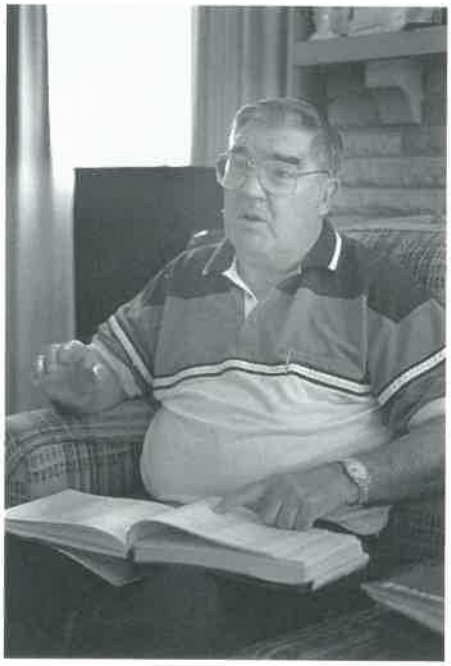
Jim has never seen a Jarvis-Huntington. He has been familiar with them for some time though, and states that the automobile company "was a going concern for a while." He adds that the Jarvis-Huntington's $4,000 to $5,000 price tag was steep. The Model T Ford was priced at from $800 to $900 during the earliest years of production before its price came down to less than $500.

He adds that the "double-chain drive" and the two- and three-speed gearboxes found on the Jarvis-Huntington were common in early cars.

Jim owns a 1923 Jordan, a line of automobiles that was manufactured in Cleveland from 1916 to 1931. He bought the '23 Jordan Playboy in Friendship, New York, and spent the next 14 years restoring it. Jim is currently writing a book about Ned Jordan and his celebrated car company.

Lackey also owns a 1919 Hudson and a 1931 Chevrolet sedan. In addition to his antique cars, Jim has an extensive collection of West Virginia license plates and says that he is especially on the lookout for early plates — the "earlier the better."

Throughout America during the early decades of this century, there were farsighted persons dreaming, tinkering, and experimenting with driving machines propelled by the internal combustion engine. Among such visionaries were Mountain State craftsmen and engineers who designed and built the elusive Jarvis-Huntington and other West Virginia-made automobiles and trucks.



Automotive historian Jim Lackey consults a reference book at his home in Huntington.

We welcome further information about these or other West Virginia-made motor vehicles. Contact us at the GOLDENSEAL office. For more information about Classic Cars Automotive Museum and Showroom, call (304)523-6088. There is an admission fee. —ed.

Clifford Weese and the West Virginia License Plate

By Joseph Platania

Photographs by Michael Keller

Of the many accessories connected with automobiles and driving, one of the least praised but most important is the common license plate. For nearly a century, the West Virginia license plate has served as an effective system of identification for a variety of vehicles and has provided an important source of state revenue.

Clifford Weese of Harrisville is West Virginia's most avid license plate collector, and a knowledgeable authority on the history of the state plate. He is shown here with a few prized items from his collection. Plate #598, directly behind Clifford, is from 1908.

In the 1960's when West Virginia changed the colors of its automobile license plate almost every year, you could easily build a collection of old plates to hang on a nail or to display on a wall in a garage or workshop. The oldest tag affixed to the wall in my small workshop collection dates from 1961 and has white numbers and letters on a maroon background.

For Clifford Weese of Harrisville, Ritchie County, however, collecting West Virginia license plates and other state automotive memorabilia is a serious matter. He has 1,450 plates on display in a large room above his garage, in what is a virtual license plate museum. Included are West Virginia plates of every description for cars, trucks, trailers, and motorcycles from the earliest days to the present.

Weese, who works as a mechanic by day at the Witco O.S.I. chemical plant at Sistersville, became interested in collecting old license plates and other automotive memorabilia as a teenager working at a Ford garage. The owner of the business had several antique cars. Clifford says that this sparked his interest in learning more about the different plates: what they were for, their history, what made each plate unique.

Since the first state-issued license plate was fastened onto the back of a motor car in 1903 in Massachusetts, a variety of materials have been used in its manufacture including iron, porcelain, tin, and even cardboard.

During the early years, plates of porcelain-enameled iron were popular. They were expensive to

West Virginia first issued license plates in 1905. One of the few plates not in his collection, Clifford borrowed this '05 photograph from a collector in Vermont.

The city of Wheeling issued this 1917 plate for a horse-drawn wagon.

A 1915-16 Parkersburg city plate.

These small pins served as chauffeur and operator's licenses during the 'teens.

make but attractive to the eye. Porcelain plates reached the peak of their popularity around the time of World War I then quickly declined, replaced by the more durable embossed metal tags used today.

The West Virginia license plate was created by an act of the State Legislature in 1905. Licensing at the time was handled by the State Auditor's office. Drivers were issued a certificate of license plus "two metal tags or plates bearing the same number as the license and the word 'licensed.'" The statute goes on to specify, "One such tag or plate shall be securely attached in a conspicuous place on the front and the other tag or plate on the rear end of such automobile."

Weese states that his license plate collection is complete from 1907 to the present for cars, and from 1922 to the present for trucks. The only car tags he needs are for the years 1905 and 1906. According to Clifford, only one 1905 West Virginia plate is known to exist, and there is some controversy among collectors over its authenticity. Clifford believes it to be real. Weese explains that the controversial '05 plate is in the hands of a collector in Vermont.

Two-thirds of Clifford's collection has been purchased from dealers who live outside West Virginia, usually by mail or through telephone calls. Most of his collection was purchased, rather than acquired through trading. He explains that since he collects only West Virginia tags and other automotive memorabilia from the Mountain State, it is sometimes difficult to trade with out-of-state collectors.

In some states, including West Virginia, certain cities issued their own license plates for motor vehicles. According to *License Plates of the United States: A Pictorial History*, these city plates "are mainly porcelains from about 1911 to 1917." Known city plates from the state include examples from Clarksburg, Fairmont, Parkersburg, and others.

Rarities in Weese's collection include a city automobile license plate from Wheeling from around 1905, and a 1917 Wheeling plate for a one-horse wagon used to deliver milk, ice, and coal. He also has city license plates for automobiles issued by Morgantown in 1910 and by Parkersburg in 1915.

His collection also includes a Charleston chauffeur's license for 1914-15 and a Charleston operator's license for 1915-16. He explains that the first state operator's license wasn't issued until 1921, and adds that the first chauffeur's license was issued in 1911. It was required of anyone who was hired to drive an automobile or a truck, as well as chauffeurs.

There are several curiosities and

anomalies associated with the history of the state's license plates. The 1906 plate measured three and seven-eighths inches by six and three-fourths inches — a little larger than an index card — and was made of a stamped tin material so thin that it could almost be crumpled in the palm of the hand. According to Clifford, the porcelain plates that were issued from 1907 to 1915-16 are valuable. In 1909, the state ran out of porcelain plates near the end of the year and issued the last few car owners a thin cardboard plate instead.

The 1960-61 West Virginia plates "appeared in the conventional embossed metal, colored white on maroon," says *The American Car Since 1775*, but "shortly after sales began, it was decided to use reflectorization." Because plates with lower numbers had already been issued, only plates with higher series of numbers were reflectorized.

Beginning with the 1962-63 series, the state began alternating yellow with blue. All of these plates were reflectorized, the yellow on blue having recessed letters and numbers, and the blue on yellow carrying raised characters, says the car book.

West Virginia celebrated 100 years of statehood with the slogan "1863 Centennial 1963" on the 1963-64 plates. The slogan "Mountain State" appeared from 1964 until 1976 when it was replaced by the current slogan, "Wild, Wonderful."

License plates are made under the auspices of the state's Prison Industries which was created by a 1933 act of the State Legislature. George Hampton, director of Prison Industries, says that all of the license plates issued by the state, including "vanity plates," are made at the prison. Also, "school plates," sold for an extra fee to supporters of Marshall University, West Virginia University, and other state colleges, are made at the penitentiary. Hampton adds that for the past several years, plate validation stickers, or decals, have also been prison-made.

In 1909, the state ran out of porcelain plates near the end of the year and issued a thin cardboard plate instead.

One of the most interesting developments in recent license plate history is the issuance of special antique license plates for use on antique cars under special conditions, usually for vehicles of a certain age or for off-highway purposes such as parades, meetings, and historical and educational events.

Most of today's West Virginia drivers are issued permanent or semi-permanent plates and yearly validation stickers. There is also a choice of plates with alternative background designs available for an additional fee.

Weese says that he usually attends the annual National License Plate convention; this year it is in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He also goes to service station memorabilia shows. He recalls that last year the license plate convention was held in Niagara Falls, New York, and it drew some 552 people.

Clifford states that the Internet has opened up new opportunities to buy plates and other automotive memorabilia from dealers from all over the country and from around the world.

With avid collectors like Clifford Weese on the job, the West Virginia license plate is in good hands.

JOSEPH PLATANIA, a Huntington native, earned his B.A. and M.A. 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 Spring 1999.

MICHAEL KELLER is chief of photographic services for the Division of Culture and History.

A State Police cut-out does a license check among Clifford's 1,450 plates on display at his home in Harrisville.

Sweeter Than the Flowers

Edith Baker of King Knob

By Susan Goehring

Early last summer, five months pregnant and hotter than hot, I made my first trip to visit Ritchie County native Edith Hedge Baker at her home in Massillon, Ohio. I planned to interview Edith for GOLDENSEAL about her experiences at a women's educational camp in West Virginia

Edith Baker holds a 1916 photograph of her family's farm in King Knob, Ritchie County. Edith says that the picture has always bothered her — her brother's diapers are drooping! Photograph by Carl Feather.

Edith is held by her mother at the center of this family portrait taken around 1914 at King Knob.

in the 1930's. The drive was a quick 30 minutes from my home. I easily found Edith's pretty frame house on a quiet side street near downtown. To break the ice, I had brought along a bunch of blue irises from the garden; but when I arrived, I was greeted with such warmth and enthusiasm that in comparison the flowers seemed only a small gesture. Edith instantly made me feel like family, arriving from afar for a West Virginia homecoming.

That first visit lasted all afternoon and into the evening. We sat in Edith's fan-cooled living room, surrounded by photographs, books, and keepsakes from Edith's home place. We two women, both well-blessed with the gift of gab, talked and talked, looked at pictures, and talked some more. I soon learned that Edith had a very interesting story to tell about her life in West Virginia — first growing up in a rural community surviving on farm products and hard work, and later making her way as an ambitious young woman during the difficult years of the 1930's. Edith's lively personality and poetic speech made her story all the more interesting.

Born in 1912 to James and Gennie Hedge, Edith was the second youngest of six children. She grew up in the farming community of King Knob, the highest point in Ritchie County. Edith explains that, in the late 1800's, her grandfather Carpenter came with his family from Ohio to West Virginia to farm. "But I'll never understand," Edith says, "if he was wanting to farm, how he got so mixed up on where he was going, because West Virginia is not a farm land — farming is a disaster!"

Nevertheless, her family persevered and lived well for many years on products from the farm and surrounding countryside. There was little cash money, but life was good. Her description of those days is delicious: "We raised everything. We had apples, we had pears, we had quinces, we had wild goose plums, we had Damson plums, we had green gage plums, and we had grapes — white grapes, blue grapes, red grapes, and a little grape we called the Hoover grape. ...And we could always sell fruit — well, always mostly. And my mother was a cheese maker. We made white cheese — white cottage cheese, you know, and we put plenty of cream on it, and always had sale for that. Then, if you got scarce of everything and there was no money, we'd pick black walnuts. ...And of course we sold our eggs and sold chickens in the fall and canned everything that came along."

Edith's young life in rural West Virginia was far from isolated. Besides the strong social ties provided by church and school, many visitors stopped at the Hedge farm. "When they finally got a road made from Harrisville to Smithville, we were on the main highway. That's the reason, I guess, that I know people and am not afraid to meet them — because everybody that passed on the road had to stop to get a drink. See, we were on a ridge. And the horses'd be thirsty and they'd have to have water. Well, then, by the time the Model T came along, *it* had to have water. So everybody stopped at our house.

"And Mother and Dad kept everybody that came along. Some people came with teamsters and

they'd pay you a dollar a night to stay overnight and for breakfast. And we had bushels of relatives on every side. There would be more people eating in the kitchen on the big table than there was in the dining room. They were the government before the government took over with the 'ABC' projects!"

In the fifth grade, Edith was introduced to 4-H by home demonstration agent Pauline Johnson. Edith became an active member of 4-H and fondly remembers winning blue ribbons for her canning projects for four years running. Edith was so impressed with Polly Johnson and so enjoyed her involvement with 4-H that she set her heart on becoming a home demonstration agent herself. She learned that this would require a college education and so that's what she determined to do.

Just to finish high school, though, required ambition and sacrifice that we can't even imagine today. At the time, in the late 1920's and early '30's, the school district near her home did not have a high school. And, Edith explains, "To take and go to Harrisville [to high school], to board would cost as much as it did to go to college. And so people just couldn't send their children off." Because of this, Edith and several of her classmates returned to 8th grade for another two years. During these years, she enjoyed playing with the girls' basketball team.

But fortunately, around this time, two of Edith's sisters and their husbands purchased the Whitehall Hotel in Harrisville, the Ritchie County seat. At their invitation, Edith waited tables at the hotel restaurant and boarded at the hotel so she could attend high school in Harrisville. We don't even have room to go into the many interesting stories Edith has about her experiences there! *[A feature story on the Whitehall Hotel in Harrisville is planned for the Winter 1999 issue. — ed.]*

Edith remembers having to buy her own school books. One summer, she and her younger brother Harley sold 140 gallons of blackberries to raise money for school books. "We'd pick them and put them in a lard tank — it'd hold eight gallons. So Harley'd just get a couple of those, he'd put the lid on them and he'd go. He thumbed and delivered them to Harrisville, where he'd have them already engaged. We were business people — even as kids! And we always worked as a team."

The King Knob women's basketball team were grade school champions in 1927-28 and 1928-29. Edith is fourth from the left.

Edith remembers another business venture — this one aimed at raising money for college — after winning the astounding sum of $27 on a five-cent chance while in her junior year in high school. "Well, I got my class ring, and that cost me nine dollars, and I had that much left from the $27. So I decided to go into the pig business and make some more money. I got a brood sow and we bred her, and she had eight or nine pretty little pigs. Right

The Monongalia 4-H Camp at Uffington was the site of a 1935 women's educational camp. Attending this federally sponsored camp was a life-changing experience for Edith.

then the bottom fell out of the pig market." A neighbor kindly agreed to barter for the pigs in exchange for driving her brother Harley to high school, there being no school bus at the time. Edith remembers this as a fortunate outcome to an otherwise disappointing venture.

After Edith graduated in 1933, her mother became ill. Her father had been ill for several years following a stroke. As the last daughter at home, Edith needed to stay close enough to home to provide care and earn some income to help support her parents, as well as save for college. She briefly considered working at a tin factory in Clarksburg, but was discouraged from this after a visit to the factory initiated by her brother Tom. "Well, boy, as soon as I saw what it was like — great big sheets of tin! And there were young pretty girls — all of them practically had come from Italy. And it was all new to them. ...And they were being cut with that sharp tin and the nurses were comin' in. Tom said, 'I knew you wouldn't like it too well.'"

It was a discouraging time for Edith. "So they wanted me to go back to the farm where there was no way of making any extra money up and above what we were living on. We were selling cheese, were selling apples, and we sold off the beef cows cause there was nobody to cut our grass. ...I knew I'd never get no place, just from off the farm — there wouldn't be any place I could get! What could you do to get any training? ...And you had to be four years to college to get to be a home demonstration agent, what I'd dreamed of."

By now the Great Depression was fully felt in urban and rural communities alike. Franklin Roosevelt had taken office as president in March 1933, and his New Deal administration quickly enacted many federal programs designed to address the dire economic conditions of the nation. These programs soon reached Ritchie County, and in 1934 Edith experienced her first job under a federal relief program. "They advertised for somebody to teach canning to people on relief that didn't know how to can. Well, I knew how to can! I put my application in and I got it. I rode all over to relief homes on horseback. Took my own lunch with me and something to wash my own hands with. ...But when fall stopped, that project stopped, you know."

Edith's canning abilities landed her a summer job with a federal relief program in 1934. These jars of peaches, grape juice, and relish attest to her continued talents in this area today. Photograph by Carl Feather.

In 1935, the Roosevelt administration created the Works Progress Administration, or WPA, a vast federal agency charged with providing employment on socially useful projects. These projects ranged from major highway construction to providing recreational opportunities for the unemployed. Edith's high school principal Mr. E.J. Culp became superintendent of schools in Ritchie County about this time. He was contacted to recommend young women from his area to attend a National Youth Administration (NYA) women's education camp near Morgantown. Mr. Culp was acquainted with Edith through school and the hotel; he knew of her ambition to attend college and he recommended her for the camp. Of course Edith was delighted with this opportunity and agreed to go.

So, in the fall of 1935, Edith packed her suitcase, and, with two other girls from Ritchie County, boarded a truck provided by the Ritchie County Board of Education, and embarked on a nine-week adventure in the woods at Monongalia 4-H Camp in Uffington. The women's education camp was administered by the West Virginia Relief Administration and the NYA. It was one of many youth camps established at that time to provide employment for teachers and training for young men and women. Edith recalls that this camp was intended for women high school graduates, and was held in West Virginia only in 1935. "You had to be out of high school and ready for college, but didn't have the money to go. I really think they were just taking a chance, because in my way of thinking, it didn't last long enough for a lot of people to get a hold of anything that they could really get a job with. But I was determined that if there was any job coming out of it, I was going to have it. And so I signed up for everything."

A program book that Edith has in

"Everybody just loved each other!" Edith recalls about the women's educational camp. Edith, front right, embraces a friend in this photo dated November 23, 1935.

a cherished scrapbook from the camp details the classes offered. They include English, home economics, workers education, handicrafts, beauty culture, music and art, health, and athletics. Each student selected several courses to study during the nine-week program. Recreational activities were offered every evening. These served both as entertainment for the students and as vocational training for those interested in the recreation field.

Edith served as a senior member of the camp's Recreation Council, and in this position assisted the Recreation Director in planning and leading recreational activities. These included horseshoes, volleyball, croquet, and softball as well as dancing, music, charades, and plays. There were also leisure-time activities like knitting, sewing, weaving, and other handicrafts. An outline of goals and outcomes for the camp's recreation program notes, "Many girls expressed a desire to learn to become Recreational Directors, ..." which is just what Edith did in the following years.

Edith remembers the 1935 women's educational camp as one of the most enjoyable and important experiences of her young life. "It was just a holiday, now. ...And we had the best eats you ever saw — I went away at 99 and came home weighing 120! It was a perfect camp. Everybody got along well — there was never a hard feeling or hard *anything* about that camp. ...And there was wailing and crying and everything when the time came for us to leave, because everybody just loved each other!"

Edith credits Eleanor Roosevelt with the idea of the camp and with its impact on her life. "Her dream [resulted in] a change in my whole life. The camp itself lasted nine weeks, but the work that I learned to do is what put me through."

Soon after returning home from the camp, Edith was appointed as Recreation Director for Ritchie County, a position also supported by the NYA. "After my nine weeks of camp was over, I came home and got started. I knew exactly what I was to do, because I'd been well-trained for it. The government sent me so much stuff to do with that I actually had one room full. I had croquet, I had horseshoes, I had 'Tell it to the Judge,' Rook, I had dominoes, I had checkers, I had Monopoly. Name it and I had it."

Edith's recreation work was based at the Harrisville schoolhouse. She started her day with noontime recess at the playground, then led activities in the playground after school. After a suppertime break, Edith explains, "I'd go about 5:00 p.m., and we'd start with volleyball or something like that, and then some more [people] would come in and if they wanted to play horseshoe, they'd play horseshoe or basketball. And if they didn't, then they could sit down and play Monopoly and games like that. And when 9:00 p.m. came, we left. And everybody'd sing — I taught them this:

> Let's run along home and
> jump into bed,
> Say our prayers and cover
> our head.
> This very same thing I say
> unto you,
> You dream of me and I'll
> dream of you.

We'd all just go, then."

A former playground participant recently told her, "Edith, I don't know what we'd have done during the Depression if it hadn't been for you and that playground. We all just lived to come to the playground. All the children did!"

Although the program was intended for "youth," Edith remembers young adults enjoying the recreational activities as well. "Nobody had any work. The program was to keep the people *happy*. It was to keep the people content. Men that did not have work came and played Monopoly and Flinch. I didn't have any playing cards, for Mother would *never* have allowed that, but everything else. They'd come and play Rook, and then there'd be checkers, and then we'd put on plays, and things like that."

Edith worked in this position from 1936 through 1939. She eventually supervised two or three assistants from the NYA and organized similar programs at other school playgrounds in the county.

Edith and her Harrisville School playground group held a doll show during the late 1930's.

She also attended a training program to become a Girl Scout leader, another federally-sponsored recreational activity. "I had Girl Scouts at Smithville and one at Harrisville. But those were the only two scout groups, because one person can't operate it all. But I organized the first Girl Scouts in Ritchie County."

Like many other federal relief workers of that period, Edith had a very unfortunate experience related to the political nature of federally-funded appointments. She started her position as Recreation Director for Ritchie County at the generous wage of $128 per month. But after her first month, a man, whom she only met one time, replaced her as director. She continued her work responsibilities as before, planning and conducting recreational programs throughout the county, but at the new wage of only $52 per month. To this day, Edith regrets this very unfair episode during an otherwise wonderful period of her life.

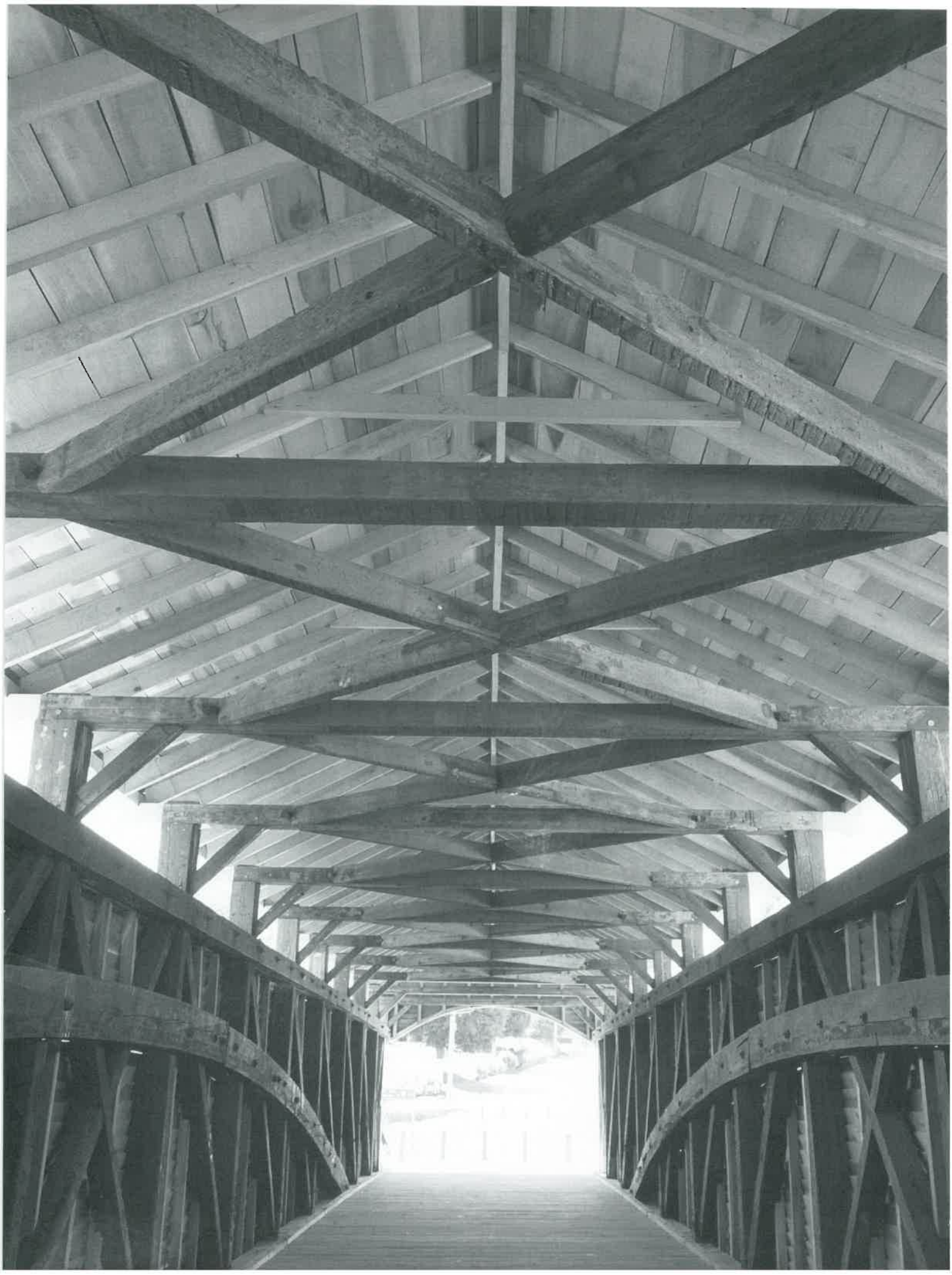
All this time Edith was still saving money for college. By the fall of 1939, six years after graduating from high school, she was finally able and ready to go. With the continuing responsibility of caring for her parents, Edith elected to attend Glenville State College. She had a cousin there with whom she could commute home on weekends. Most of Edith's brothers and sisters, as well as many former classmates from King Knob, had become teachers, so Edith decided to pursue a teaching certificate, too. "I knew I couldn't go ahead and be a home demonstration agent. I had to be at home too much to look after Mother and Dad — there wasn't nobody else. There was nothing else for me to do!" If she had become a home demonstration agent, she explains, she'd have had to travel all over the state. "But I just loved teaching after I got started," Edith notes, always one to see the bright side.

After completing her first year at Glenville, Edith continued her college education at Salem College, where she received her teaching certificate in 1941. Here she also met the man she later married, Wilson Baker. She taught her first two years in one-room schools in Ritchie County, where she could walk home for the weekends. Then in 1943, Edith took a position teaching first grade in Harrisville, where she taught for 17 years. She and Wilson came to Ohio in 1960 where she continued teaching in Tuscarawas and Stark counties. When she "graduated" from teaching in 1983, she had taught for 42 years. But that is another story.

In her mid-80's now, Edith's bright, rosy countenance and lively spirit seem to tell of a full and successful life. Rarely have I met such an energetic woman of any age! Looking back, she appreciates the many opportunities and people who helped her along the way — from kind neighbors and family members to Eleanor Roosevelt and the federal relief programs of the 1930's. Of course it also required the energy and determination of a strong and remarkable woman.

SUSAN GOEHRING is historic site manager for the Ohio Historical Society at Schoenbrunn Village in New Philadelphia, Ohio. She holds a master's degree in American history from Ohio State University. A fine old-time musician, Sue sings and plays guitar with the award-winning Red Mule String Band. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Edith at home in Massillon, Ohio. She prefers visitors to ring the bell rather than use the buzzer. Photograph by Carl Feather.



Saved - Again!

Restoring the Barrackville Covered Bridge

By Mark Kemp-Rye

Photographs by Mark Crabtree

Why do covered bridges have such a hold on people's imagination? Perhaps they foster a romantic view of a bygone era. "They identify a much simpler way of life," says James Sothen, director of the Engineering Division for the West Virginia Department of Highways. "The bridges are part of our history," adds Barrackville Mayor James Doyle. "With our fast-paced lives now, things from the past are important to see and enjoy. We are too often in a hurry to tear things down rather than to preserve them."

Perhaps people also understand that a bridge represents — both literally and metaphorically — a link between people, places, and times.

Covered bridges first appeared on the American landscape nearly 200 years ago. Songwriters wrote jingles about them. Lovers took to calling them "kissing bridges" because they offered a moment or two of privacy when riding in a horse and carriage with that special someone. And businesses learned early-on that they could advertise their wares on the sides of the bridges.

With its abundance of trees and numerous creeks and streams, West Virginia had both the necessary materials for these structures and the need to build them. Although there is no way to know exactly, there must have been hundreds of wooden bridges in the Mountain State by the end of the 19th century. According to historian Eric Sloane, there were some 52 covered bridges left in West Virginia in the 1950's. By the 1970's, this number had dwindled to 19 and today, as we approach the year 2000, only 17 remain. [See "Spanning Time: West Virginia's Covered Bridges," by Nan Bolling and Henrietta Watson; Summer 1988.]

A bridge represents a link between people, places, and times.

While the number of covered bridges in the state has dwindled to but a few, efforts are underway to preserve them for future generations. The most recent example of these efforts is the restoration of the 1853 covered bridge at Barrackville, Marion County.

"This is an exquisite bridge, really," says Dr. Emory Kemp, professor emeritus of history and civil engineering at West Virginia University and preservation engineer on the Barrackville bridge restoration project. "It's significant from both the historic and engineering perspectives," he says. "It is one of three antebellum bridges that remain in the state [the bridges at Philippi and Carrollton are the others]. It is a fine example of the Burr truss, developed by Theodore Burr and patented in 1817, and it's in substantially original condition. The man who built the bridge, Lemuel Chenoweth, was a native of West Virginia and one of the masters of this craft."

Born in the Randolph County town of Beverly in 1811, Lemuel Chenoweth worked as a furniture

This 1870's photograph of the Barrackville bridge was instrumental to engineers in the recent renovation effort. This view from the hill to the east shows the bridge reflected in Buffalo Creek, with Ice's Mill at the lower left. The man at the right is unidentified. Photograph courtesy of Dr. Emory Kemp.

maker, carpenter, and wagon builder before turning his talents to bridge construction. Although he received little formal education, he was apparently known locally for his extraordinary mathematical abilities. By the time of his death in 1884, he had constructed more than a dozen covered bridges in Randolph, Lewis, Upshur, Barbour, and Marion counties. Two of these bridges remain — the famous bridge at Philippi, site of the first land battle of the Civil War, and the one at Barrackville. Most of Chenoweth's bridges were destroyed during the Civil War, including the one in his hometown. In fact, his last job was rebuilding the Beverly bridge in 1872-73.

"Chenoweth was quite ingenious," says Dr. Kemp. "He was one of the great traditional bridge builders in the mid-Atlantic area. His structures should be admired for his designs and for the details he incorporated into his bridges: the heavy timber joined with wooden pegs called 'trunnels.'"

There are several versions of how Chenoweth got the contract for the Barrackville bridge and the rest of the bridges on the Fairmont-Wheeling Turnpike. According to one version, Chenoweth constructed a plain wooden model of his design, so that it could be easily assembled when he arrived in Richmond to submit his bid. Carrying the model in his saddlebags, he started the 200-mile trip across the mountains on horseback.

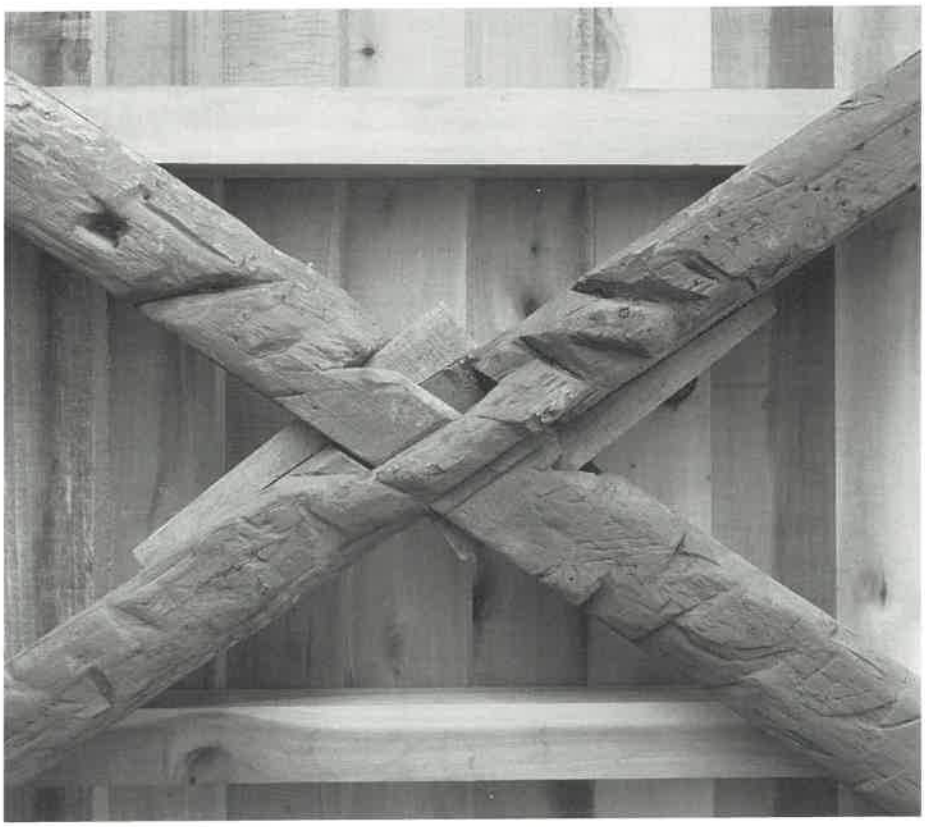
If walls could talk, the Barrackville bridge would certainly have some tales to tell.

When he arrived, the Board of Public Works was considering the many designs that had already been presented during the bidding process and it seemed that they were impervious to any further sales talk. When Chenoweth, as the last bidder, was asked to submit his plans, he took the wooden members of his model and slowly assembled them.

When he had finished, he placed the miniature structure between two chairs so that it spanned the distance between them. He stepped onto his model and walked from one chair to the other. He then dared the other bidders to put their models to the same test. None accepted the challenge.

The Board was so impressed with this feat and with his low bid, that they gave Chenoweth and his brother Eli the contract, which included all the major river crossings for the new turnpike. [See "Lemuel Chenoweth," by Debby Sonis Jackson; Summer 1988.]

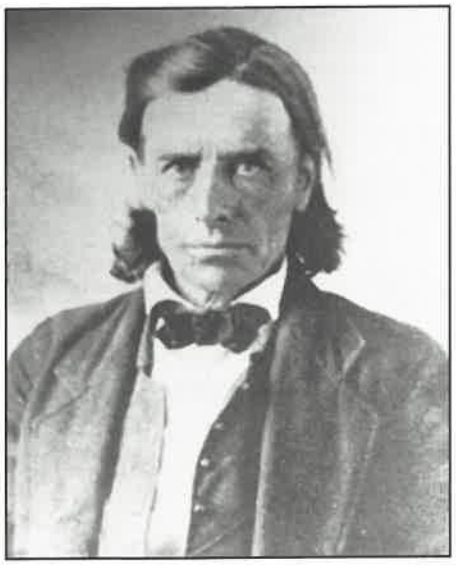
Work began on the Barrackville bridge in the summer of 1853 and was completed by December the same year. The bridge was 130 feet long and 17 feet wide. It consisted of two multiple Kingpost trusses flanked by a pair of arches and was made of poplar. The masonry work on the abutments was by William



Heavy bridge timbers were joined with wooden pegs called "trunnels," according to Dr. Kemp.

Ice and Edward Conaway.

The original bridge was built at a cost of $1,800. It seems humorous now given the fact that the bridge is nearly 150 years old, but part of the contract specified that the Chenoweths would be responsible for fixing "at their own cost and expense for the term of one year from the completion of said bridge all defects in the original construction of the said work which shall arise from the unauthorized departure from the requisition and obligations of this agreement."



Bridge builder Lemuel Chenoweth. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy West Virginia and Regional History Collection, WVU.

In addition to its engineering significance, the Barrackville Covered Bridge also has a prominent place in the history of the area. By the middle of the 19th century, Marion County was changing from a rural frontier to a collection of bustling communities. If walls could talk, as the old saying goes, the Barrackville bridge would certainly have some tales to tell.

According to George Dunnington's 1880 book *History and Progress of the County of Marion, West Virginia*, Confederate General William Edmundson "Grumble" Jones led a raid in 1863 in order to "destroy property and obtain for the Confederate Army horses and provisions." While the railroad bridge near Fairmont was destroyed, the Barrackville bridge was spared. Local legend has it that area farmers talked the Confederate soldiers into leaving the bridge because it was the only means for getting their grain crops to Ice's Mill, the grist mill located across Buffalo Creek. As Mayor Doyle observes, the covered bridge was "saved once during the Civil War, and now it's been saved again."

In 1852, a year before construction on the bridge began, the B&O finished laying its main line across West Virginia. The combination of the new rail line and the several bridges completed in the county about this time led to much new development in the region. "With these connecting links established between the primitive backwoods settlement and the outside world," wrote James Watson in his 1917 book *Marion County in the Making*, "the people of the section imbibed new ideas and took on new manners and customs, and it is probable that the county changed more in the ten years following the completion of this thoroughfare [the B&O line] than it had in all the previous years of its existence."

People who remember the bridge from 10 or 20 years ago will notice that it looks different now. It is no longer painted red, for one, and the walkway on the west side — known as a "wart" — is gone. Dr. Kemp says, "We had good historical information on what the bridge looked like: its color, the details of the siding, and the arches. All of the records of the turnpikes survived in Richmond, which is quite remarkable given the conflict that occurred there during the Civil War. In addition to the original specifications and archival material, we had an 1870's photograph to guide us."

One of the primary goals of the restoration was to have the bridge resemble as closely as possible what it looked like when it was first enclosed in about 1867 — it was not covered when it was first con-

Above, during renovation, a temporary metal bridge erected inside the covered bridge was used to raise it off its abutments so that repairs could be made to various parts. Photograph courtesy of the author. At left, the Barrackville bridge today.

structed. "Certain structural members were rehabilitated or replaced with material that was fabricated by local blacksmiths," explains James Sothen. "This was done to match the original material and appearance as much as possible. The intent was to make the final product look as authentic as possible."

Restoring the Barrackville bridge posed several interesting challenges. Department of Highways officials and others working on the project knew that it could take several years to complete. They also knew that they needed to "stabilize the aging structure to prevent it from failing," recalls Sothen. For these reasons, they wanted to avoid erecting scaffolding in the stream.

called the case, it became clear that the defendant lot owners hadn't had enough time to prepare. They had only recently hired local real estate lawyer William Harmison. An agreement was reached to hold the trial on a later date, and I set trial for October 6.

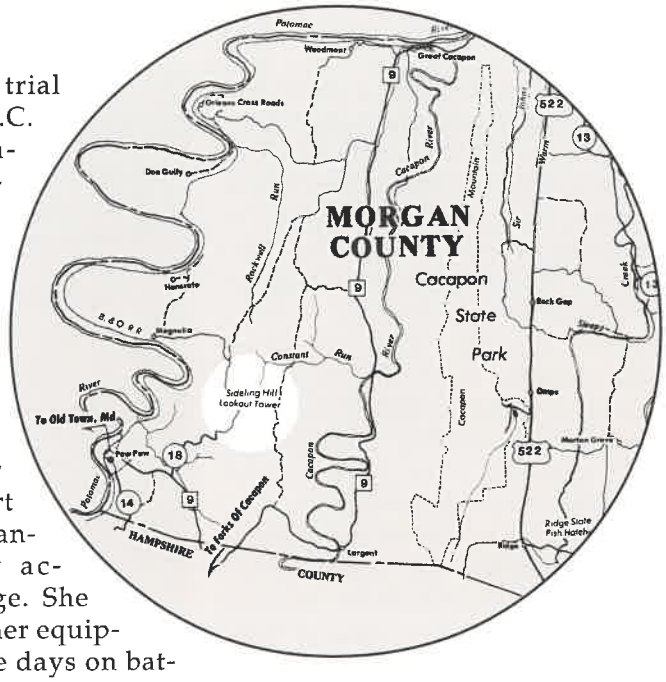
As we were about to recess, some of the parties said they wanted me to go out and look at the site. The other cases set for that morning had settled leaving several hours free, so I said "Let's do it now!"

Without much difficulty, I talked my secretary Barbara Sieglaff into coming along and driving her 12-year-old Chrysler LeBaron convertible. We put one plaintiff's lawyer and the defendants' lawyer in the back seat and the rest of the courtroom crowd made up a convoy of about five trucks.

We drove over Cacapon Mountain, through the village of Great Cacapon and traveled part way to Paw Paw before turning and following a network of back roads which eventually put us on a high ridge atop Sideling Hill Mountain. In a spectacular view, Cacapon Mountain ran along one side and the last ridge before the Potomac along the other. We were out in God's fresh air, breathing in the sunshine and drinking in the views. It was great!

Unfortunately, some fatalities occurred during our tour. Members of our outing killed three snakes, one with a frog in its mouth. Also, someone accused my secretary of running over a squirrel, however I believe she's innocent of the charge.

The outdoor setting was so exhilarating that I proposed having the actual trial out there. Bailiff A.C. Bohrer, an accomplished outdoorsman, enthusiastically embraced the idea. The lawyers on each side also seemed friendly to the idea of an outdoor trial. Back at the courthouse, we broke the idea to our sweet-natured court reporter Marcy Chandler who gamely accepted the challenge. She said she could run her equipment for up to three days on batteries.



Sideling Hill Mountain lies between Cacapon Mountain and the Potomac River in beautiful Morgan County. Map courtesy of the Martinsburg-Berkeley County Chamber of Commerce, used by permission.

The morning of October 6 dawned cool and wet. I kept a wary eye on the sky as I drove to Berkeley Springs. The crowd of litigants and witnesses showed up at the Morgan County courthouse before nine. Lawyers Richard Gay and Margaret Gordon were present for the plaintiff, as was Bill Harmison for the defendants. Harmison was joined by his partner, the witty David Savasten, who is also the Prosecuting Attorney. Everyone arrived dressed for roughing it in the out-of-doors.

Bailiff A.C. Bohrer had been excited by the prospect of an outdoor trial since it was first mentioned and had undertaken the logistics in a manner worthy of his military background. He'd enlisted his buddy Donald Sharp, a retired magistrate and state trooper as well as a fellow big game hunter and an outdoor chef extraordinaire, to help realize all the necessary details.

The weather remained stalled, not raining but misting heavily. The word was that the sun would burn it off by 11:00 a.m., however, and that no real rain was in the cards. Encouraged by these reports and prognostications, we decided to head for the high country and to proceed to trial. We set off for the fairly long drive in assorted pickup trucks and cars. As we gained elevation, the mist deepened into a wet fog and windshield wipers were required to negotiate the country roads.

The lawyers, litigants, and witnesses arrived at the site first. We parked along a dirt road adjacent to one of the development lots in question. Again we were atop Sideling Hill Mountain, paralleled on either side by long mountain ridges. In September, this site had been magnificently scenic. On this day, however, the view was shrouded and obscured by the fog. There was some concern that the fog might make it difficult to see the 450-pound bear recently spotted in the vicinity.

We milled about for a time, like a hunting party waiting to plunge into the woods after game, awaiting the arrival of A.C. Bohrer and Don Sharp with the expected tables, chairs, and cooking facilities. We had almost decided to start the trial sitting on rocks when they arrived with two large folding tables and 20 folding chairs which were quickly set in place to constitute a courtroom. We determined where the witness stand would be,

propped a rock under a chair leg, and everyone took their positions. I sat on a rock ledge at the brink of the long drop into the valley. I wore my judge's robe over my jacket, as much for warmth as anything. Barbara Sieglaff and Marcy Chandler wrapped themselves in a large blanket, looking like a pair of Indian maidens snuggling together. The ever-gallant bailiff hovered beside them holding a sheltering golf umbrella to keep the court reporter's steno machine dry.

The bailiff called us into session with the formal cry,"Oyez! Oyez!" and the full prayer ending with,"God save the State of West Virginia and this Honorable Court." The lawyers each made short but spirited opening statements surrounded by the very land in question, sitting as we were upon a logging landing at the top of a skid road.

Deputy Circuit Clerk Brian Snidemiller swore in the first witness and we started hearing the evidence. I hunched over my legal pad to keep it as dry as possible so that my pen would continue to write. We were able to hear from several witnesses before noon. The sun had definitely not burned off the fog and the environs continued cool and damp.

The issue in this trial is an interesting one. Several lot owners had contracted with the same logger to have timber and pulpwood taken from their lots. Officers of the property owners' association testified that they became alarmed when they noticed large logging trucks rolling through the development. Their fear was that the natural environment of the development would be destroyed by the logging and the roadways damaged by heavy trucks.

The plaintiff's position is that there is a single family residential use limitation upon all lots, as well as a restriction against "noxious or commercial activity" within the development. They feel this should be read to prohibit logging. Their position is that logging is a commercial activity which violates the restrictive covenants. The plaintiffs are also relying upon the testimony of the original developer who said he never intended that logging should occur in the development. (The restrictive covenants do not, in so many words, say anything about logging.)

Lunch is served! Judge David Sanders can be seen through the mist, still in his robes, enjoying a lunch break in the cool mountain air. The menu included elk burgers and hot coffee.

Each of the lot owner defendants appeared on the stand and articulated a set of reasons for having had their trees removed, including clearing for homesites and views, as well as general thinning and removing trees that had been fire-damaged years ago. An average lot in this development is 25 acres and no lot had been "clear cut." All had left some percentage of standing trees. The defendants were paid for their trees, from as little as $1,000 in one case, up to an as-yet-unrealized contract of more than $20,000 in another. As one forester testified, the standing timber on a tract may have a market value which exceeds that lot's purchase price.

It should be noted that some other lot owners, who are members of the property owners' association and are not defendants in this case, have also cut trees for views, homesites, and driveways. At least one of these employed the same logger as the defendants.

Magistrate Sharp set up his full camp-kitchen about 50 yards from the "courtroom." The smells drifted our way and were encouraging to our chilled assemblage. Finally, we broke for lunch which was set out on several big tables. Sharp was flipping elk-burgers as we descended on him.

He made sure I got my fill of elk. Hot dogs and hamburgers had also been provided in abundance. Barbara Sieglaff had baked a splendid large, chocolate cake and Marcy Chandler had made some fine gingerbread. Shirley Bohrer contributed a good supply of sugar cookies. Sharp had a large percolator of coffee spurting atop his enormous gas grill.

Standing there in the woods with my black robe open over my boots, the taste of freshly grilled elk and hot coffee was a welcome treat. Everyone present was encouraged and warmed by the spread and we spent a sociable lunch break together. With hot food in every belly, the prospect of continuing the trial

Dr. Emory Kemp and his son, author Mark Kemp-Rye, review an architectural rendering of the Barrackville bridge in Dr. Kemp's Morgantown office.

Dr. Emory Kemp came up with a unique plan that would allow them to repair various parts of the structure without moving the bridge from its site. In a nutshell, the engineers put together a temporary metal bridge inside the existing covered bridge, with its ends extending several feet beyond the covered bridge. Counterweights were then added to both ends of the temporary bridge so that it bowed up in the middle, raising the covered bridge and allowing repairs to be made. "The temporary bridge would hold up the entire covered bridge while we repaired the various members. We could support the trusses to such an extent that we could take any truss member out and repair it without moving the bridge," says Kemp. As far as anyone involved with the project knows, it is the only time this technique has ever been used.

Although every effort was made to use the existing wood in the bridge, there were occasions when replacement parts had to be used. In an interesting twist, the restoration team used space age technology to mend the damaged parts. "We used fiber-reinforced polymers as a replacement for the steel reinforcing bars that had been added to the bridge," says Kemp. "We mounted these in epoxy inside the wooden members. It's very discrete: I don't think you'd be able to tell where we did this. We used the very latest construction material to repair one of our oldest bridges—it's paradoxical, I guess."

The restoration, begun in December 1997, was completed in June of this year at a cost of $1.25 million. Mayor Doyle has already noticed more visitors to Barrackville. "We always saw out-of-state license plates on vehicles at the bridge," he says. "Now we're noticing more." And even though there are no specific plans yet, Doyle and others would like to see the site around the bridge developed as a park.

Doyle sees the Barrackville bridge as a fitting symbol for the town. "It shows the tenacity and spirit of the people here," he says. "Even when times were difficult, the people stuck to it and the town survived. The bridge, too, has been through tough times and survived. With the restoration we have saved a part of old Barrackville for the future when, in fact, we could've let it die."

MARK KEMP-RYE is an editor with the National Drinking Water Clearinghouse at WVU in Morgantown, where he lives with his wife Laura and daughter Adrienne. His father, Dr. Emory Kemp, was the preservation engineer for both the Barrackville and Philippi bridge restoration projects. According to Mark, some of his earliest memories are of family visits to engineering sites, including covered bridges. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

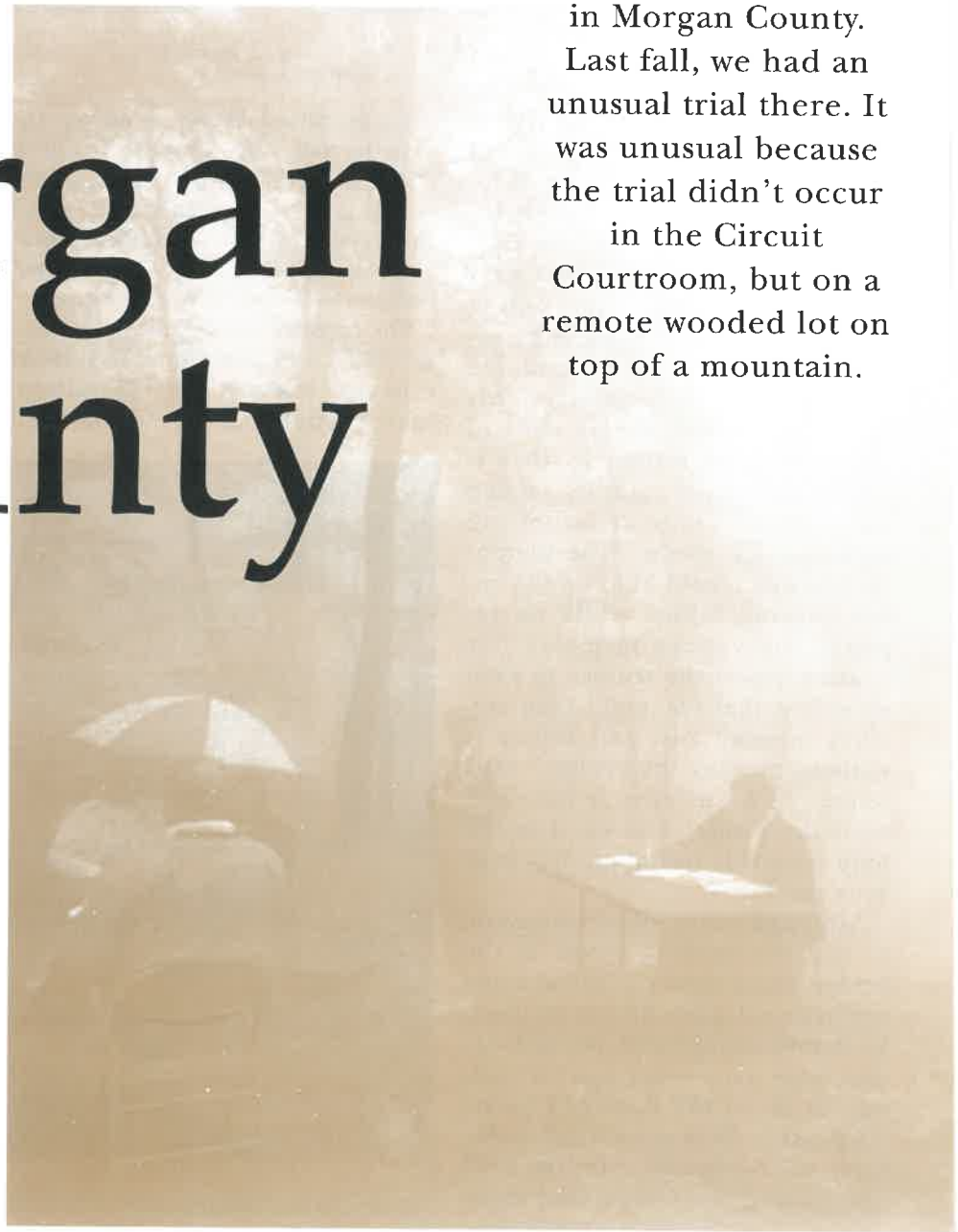
The renovated bridge has been a boon to the local tourist trade, according to Barrackville Mayor James Doyle.

Outdoor Justice In Morgan County

The 23rd Judicial District of West Virginia is comprised of Jefferson, Berkeley, and Morgan counties, which together make up the state's Eastern Panhandle. I'm one of three Judges in this Circuit. All three of us rotate around, and last year I regularly sat in Morgan County. Last fall, we had an unusual trial there. It was unusual because the trial didn't occur in the Circuit Courtroom, but on a remote wooded lot on top of a mountain.

By the Honorable David H. Sanders

The first thing on my docket the morning of September 10, 1998, was an injunction hearing. The plaintiff was a property owners' association trying to block logging within its subdivision. The association was represented by Berkeley Springs lawyer Richard Gay — a combative, barrel-chested dynamo — and his articulate sidekick Margaret Gordon. As soon as I



Circuit Court Judge David Sanders held court on a wooded mountaintop lot in an unusual outdoor trial last fall. The judge is shown seated here in his robes at a makeshift bench. Photographs by bailiff A.C. Bohrer.

was more endurable.

As the afternoon session began, it had clearly warmed up a bit. Two of the defendants — a father and son logging company from near Oakland, Maryland — had not been able to find anyone to represent them and were forced to be their own lawyers. The burly, fully bearded son undertook these duties. He was very down-to-earth and straight forward. He was also very excitable and emotionally invested in the case. At one point, he was on the stand being examined by the feisty Dick Gay who objected to one of the logger's answers. Gay, as is his style, was making his point forcefully and the big logger started swaying back and forth on the witness chair, holding both hands in front of him, beckoning Gay, and saying, "Come on, come on," like he was ready for a fight. I quickly reminded the witness that despite our natural surroundings we were in a court of law and he must conduct himself appropriately. He calmed right down.

During another portion of his testimony, the logger jumped up from the witness chair and walked over to several large, freshly cut stumps, some 15 feet into the rough. The court reporter turned and strained to record all that was said as the lawyers and I followed him. As we looked on, he pointed to evidence of how an old fire had damaged the core of the trees.

Each side to the lawsuit was well represented. The parties all got to testify and each side presented expert witnesses such as foresters and real estate appraisers. The foresters seemed particularly comfortable on our outdoor witness stand.

Don Sharp had packed up from lunch and stopped by to shake hands at the bench on his way out. I stopped the proceedings and we all rose and gave him a standing ovation.

At the conclusion of the evidence, we also rose to applaud Court Reporter Chandler for the effort she had made under adverse conditions. She had kept up her spirits in spite of the cold. I was grateful for her good humor. (My secretary told me later that, during the coldest part of the morning, the court reporter whispered that I should be pushed over the precipice by which I sat.)

We broke camp — rather, adjourned court — around 4:30 p.m., having heard all witnesses. Due to the cold, I decided to receive final arguments in the form of written briefs rather than to stay there on the mountain. The lawyers were given 10 days to file written arguments with the Court, then the case would be decided.

DAVID HARTLEY SANDERS was born in Berlin, Germany, to American parents and grew up in Princeton, Mercer County. He graduated from WVU College of Law in 1983 and moved to Shepherdstown where he became a public defender. In 1992, he was elected judge in the 23rd Circuit, an eight-year term which he is still serving. "Judge Dave" now lives in Charles Town with his wife Mary Anne and their four children where they "generally love life in the Eastern Panhandle."

The Verdict

Within a few weeks of the conclusion of the outdoor trial, the case having been briefed by the lawyers, a decision was reached. Aided by the highly particularized testimony taken from the litigants and other witnesses at the site, and the firsthand view of the areas in question, it was determined:

1. Contrary to the allegations of the plaintiffs, the roadways of the development were found to have suffered no damage from any activities of the defendants;

2. Timber has been removed from many lots within the development for a variety of apparent purposes: for driveways, homesites, expanding lawns, recreation and gardens, and to clear for views. Varying from lot to lot, this timbering had been more or less extensive and had been done on numerous lots of members of the property owners' association. Not all lot owners who had taken timber from their lots had been sued by the association. Some of those not sued had their timber cut by the very same logger who was made a defendant in this lawsuit;

3. Each of the defendants had expressed specific reasons for the timbering they had performed on their lots, reasons which, with one exception, were consistent with enhancing their "single family residential" usage of the lot. The testimony of the lot owner defendants was clear, sincere, and compelling and did not violate the express terms of the restrictive covenants;

4. The single exception was a couple who testified that they owned two lots. One they had thinned of some timber to better determine a homesite, clear for a view, and allow for a more agreeable use of their land. Another lot, owned by this same couple, was purchased to sell off its standing timber for profit to fund the building of a residence on the other lot. This was a clear violation of the restrictive covenants;

5. In the Court Order in this case, the timbering for profit of the couple's second lot was prohibited. The other defendants were found not to have acted in violation of the restrictive covenants and all other aspects of the case were dismissed.

The outdoor setting added a dimension to this trial that permitted the issues to be developed with ready reference to actual features of the site. It made the controversy between the parties seem real and immediate. I believe it enhanced the presentation of each side. While such a trial required considerable resources and made demands on court personnel which could not be accommodated in every case, the experience in this case was a successful and positive one.

While the property owner's association may appeal the ruling, there has been no appeal filed to date on this unusual case.

— David Sanders

Steam Power

By Edward L. Johnson

As told to Robin Adkins Nash

Ed Johnson, now in his 80's, has many tales to tell of an era that is long gone. This little article was brought to his mind by the accompanying photograph.

There was an era when steam was a dominant force in our state and nation, as well as the world. It powered trains from coast to coast, ships from continent to continent, and filtered all the way down to isolated farm communities.

The accompanying photo was made in 1917, the year I was born. At that time there was a ready market, much of it foreign, for the prime virgin timber produced in Appalachia. This picture was given to my dad, J. Dewett Johnson, when A.J. Young set up a sawmill on our farm some years later.

At that time, timber for milling was cut only when the trees were dormant and "the sap was down." Also during that period, few farmers had the necessary means to transport logs to a distant mill since only mature trees were cut. So, if a sufficient number of farmers promised logs to justify it, the sawmill was brought into the community and a suitable seat selected near a ready water supply. That could be a spring, creek, or pond.

In our case, when Dad rounded up sufficient business, the mill was brought in and set up just beyond the pond in front of our house there in Scott Hollow, Monroe County. Whether it was the same engine in the enclosed photo, I do not know, but it was the same owner.

I was very small then, and even though I can remember the set, I can only remember a few details. But there is one thing I can remember. That was the sing of that big saw blade as it ate its way through the logs. My brother Joe and I would sit for hours on the bank of the pond and look and listen.

But the sawmill operation was not the last we saw of A.J. Young and his steam rig. I was still a small lad when Young came back through our community each year with his threshing box and steam engine, which was then referred to as a traction engine since it pulled itself along.

Along with the threshing rig came a water wagon which in Young's case was drawn by a yoke of oxen. The wagon was fitted with a framework that supported a series of barrels placed on their side so that the bung, or stopper, was up. At the pond a hand-operated force pump filled the barrels. At the engine the water was pumped into the boiler as needed.

One exciting incident that I will always remember was the day the oxen ran off. Most oxen back then were so well-trained that they were driven by voice command only. On this particular day the oxen brought one load of water and stood by the engine until the water was needed and pumped into the boiler. Now they were hot and thirsty. As they went down the steep bank in front of our house, the oxen broke into a run. They were out in the middle of the pond before they paused to drink. Once they had satisfied their thirst, they pulled the wagon to the far side of the pond

A traction engine hauling a big log in Monroe County 1917. Photograph courtesy of the author.

where the barrels were filled, then up the steep bank with a full load of water.

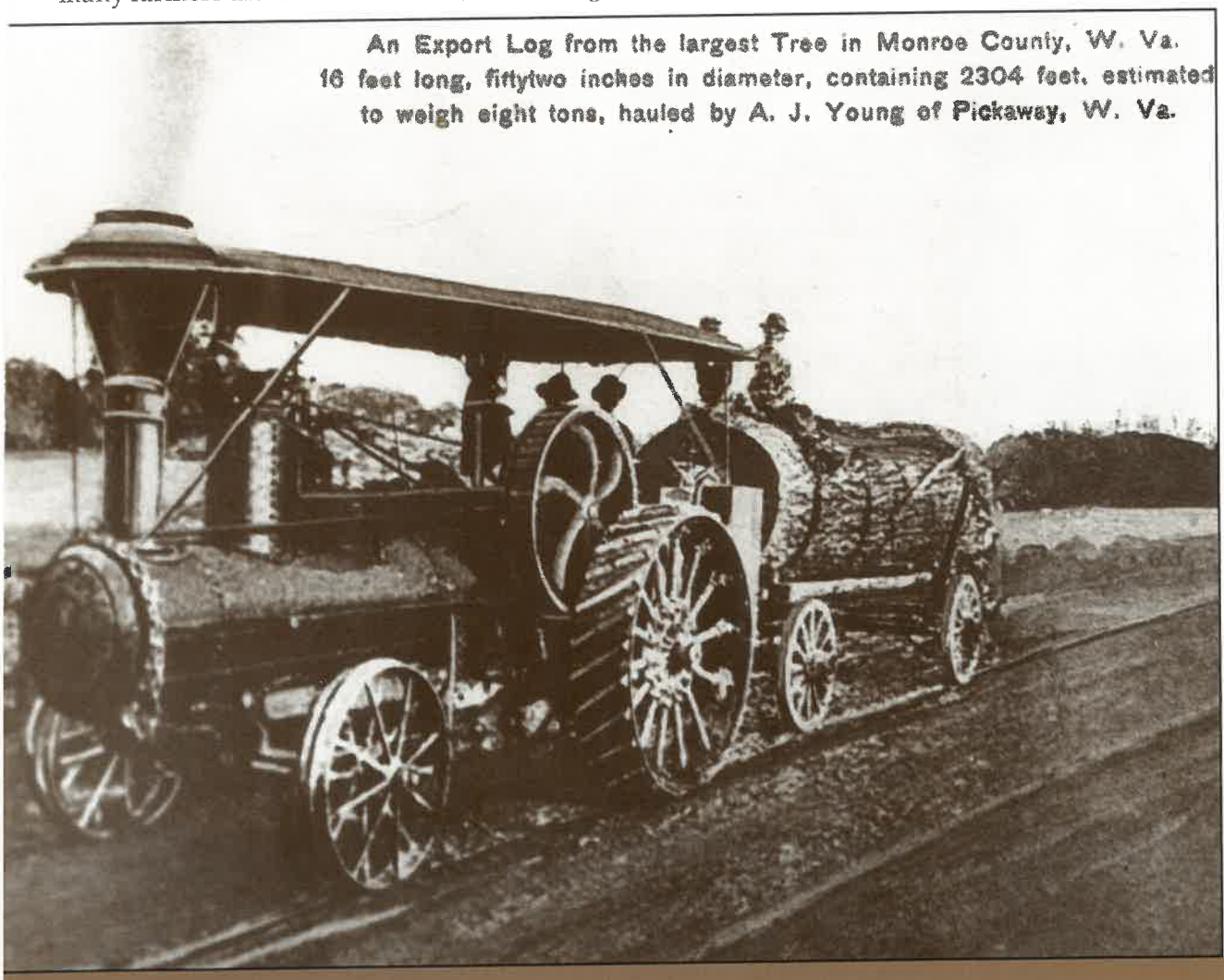
Although the steam engine traveled slowly, it was surprising how quickly the threshing box was placed and leveled. And that was about the time the steam whistle was blown to call in the thresh hands, most of whom were already there. I can still recall the excitement of that musical sound as the whistle reverberated throughout our quiet secluded valley.

Another essential item to the operation was a supply of dry wood. In that period, many of the rail fences that had dominated the scene for years were coming down and being replaced with woven wire. That made for an ample supply of well-seasoned fence rails at our place.

Dad usually stacked his wheat or oats, but many farmers did what was called, "threshing of the field." In that case the wheat was cut, shocked, and later when sufficiently dry, threshed. That required a few neighbors to bring teams and wagons and haul in the wheat as needed.

Although steam gave way to the gasoline and diesel engines in subsequent years, an ancient old steam rig came back into our community somewhere in the early '30's. I think it was about 1932. And after that episode, we were happy to have the newer rigs back.

EDWARD L. JOHNSON lives near Salt Rock, Cabell County, and has been writing all of his life. A former banker, he also traveled with a circus for several years and owned, operated, and performed with a rodeo. At 82 years of age, Ed is a frequent contributor to *Wonderful West Virginia*, likes to garden and make dulcimers, and has just had his second book published. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

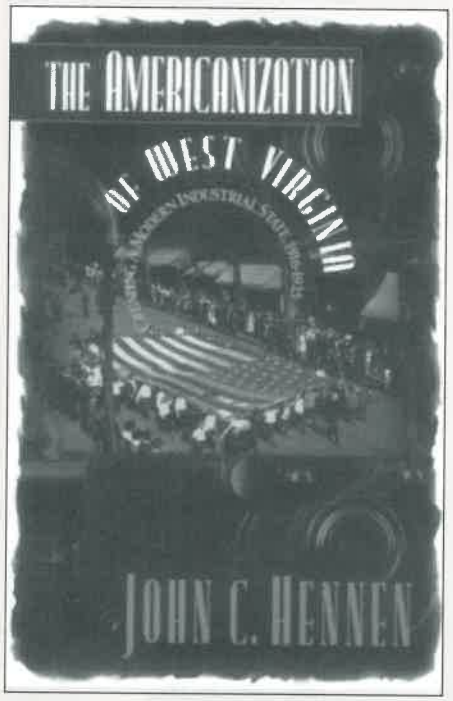


An Export Log from the largest Tree in Monroe County, W. Va. 16 feet long, fiftytwo inches in diameter, containing 2304 feet, estimated to weigh eight tons, hauled by A. J. Young of Pickaway, W. Va.

New Books Available

The Americanization of West Virginia: Creating a Modern Industrial State, 1916-1925
By John C. Hennen

Americanization, according to University of Kentucky Professor John C. Hennen in this 1996 book, was the phenomenon during and after World War I which sought to unite all Americans behind their country as loyal, literate, and obedient citizens. American leaders promoted this sentiment through complicated public



relations tactics, causing Americans to feel positive and stable in uncertain times, and boosting America as a world power.

West Virginia was not isolated from this movement, and in fact strove to become a part of the American mainstream. Hennen follows the course of these events in the Mountain State, illuminating a little-known side to our state history.

The 240-page hardbound book is available for $32.95 plus shipping from the University Press of Kentucky, 663 South Limestone Street, Lexington, KY 40508-4008; phone (606)257-8761.

Confronting Appalachian Stereotypes: Back Talk from an American Region
Dwight D. Billings, Gurney Norman, and Katherine Ledford, editors

According to editor Gurney Norman, an Appalachian novelist and professor of English at the University of Kentucky, "Mountain people are the last group in America it is acceptable to ridicule." In this 368-page book, 23 writers and scholars from the region speak out against the widespread stereotyping of Appalachians that continues today.

The book addresses the origins and perpetuation of these disparaging stereotypes, and offers writers' personal experiences growing up or living in Appalachia.

The hardbound book is available for $29.95 plus shipping from the University Press of Kentucky, 663 South Limestone Street, Lexington, KY 40508-4008; phone (606)257-8761.

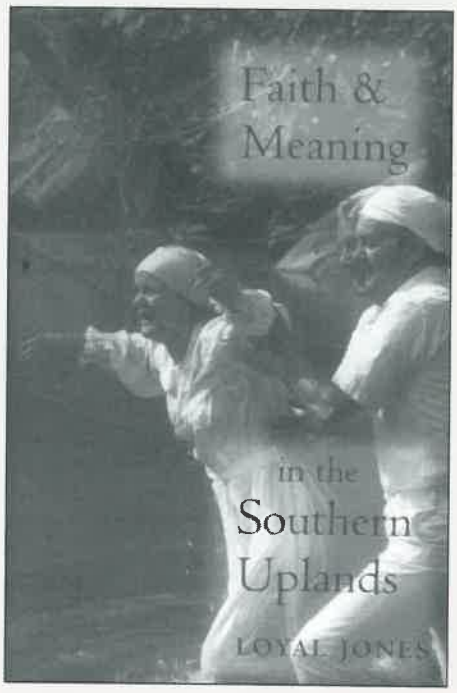
Religion in Appalachia

Several new books address the topic of religion in Appalachia. ***Christianity in Appalachia: Profiles in Regional Pluralism,*** edited by Bill J. Leonard, is a compilation of essays by 20 different religious scholars who have spent many years studying both the independent mountain churches and mainstream religious bodies that are strongly linked to the Appalachian culture. Topics such as Holiness groups, serpent handlers, Southern Baptists and other denominations, and church-affiliated colleges are discussed.

The 328-page paperback is available for $17.50 plus $3.50 shipping from the University of Tennessee Press, Chicago Distribution Center, 11030 South Langley Avenue, Chicago, IL 60628.

Faith and Meaning in the Southern Uplands, by Loyal Jones, also examines the importance of religion in Appalachia. He addresses the conflicting stereotypes which depict the region as home to either unchurched people of little religion, or break-away fundamentalists and wild-eyed believers.

Jones, the retired director of the Appalachian Center at Berea College and one of Appalachia's most eloquent spokesmen, spent



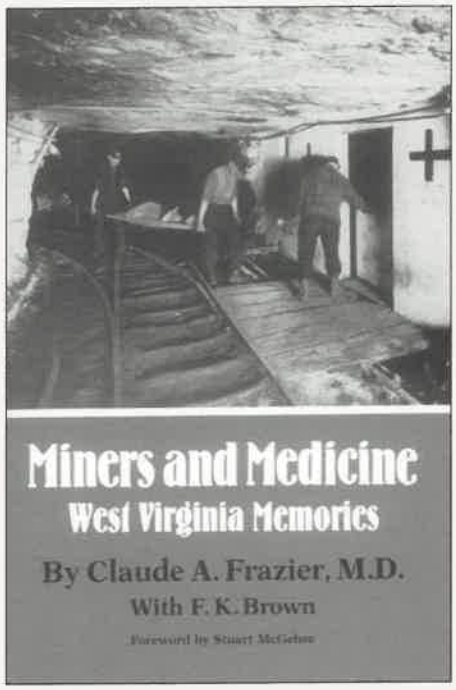
over 30 years interviewing the people of Appalachia, and in this book allows them to speak for themselves about their religious experiences, revealing a deep conviction that is often misunderstood.

The paperback is available for $16.95 plus shipping from the University of Illinois Press, 1325 South Oak Street, Champaign, IL 61820.

In the Hands of a Happy God: The "No-Hellers" of Central Appalachia is the first book to examine the Primitive Baptist Universal Church still found in a handful of counties in Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, and West Virginia. The so-called "No-Hellers" believe in a happy God who condemns no one to eternal damnation. The only hell is here on earth where man is tempted to sin. Author Howard Dorgan has done extensive research in PBU congregations, interviewing members and observing their emotional, joyous worship services.

The 208-page paperback is available for $17 plus shipping from the University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, TN 37996-0325.

A related CD recording called ***Songs of the Old Regular Baptists: Lined-Out Hymnody from Southeastern Kentucky*** (Smithsonian Folkways CD 40106) features 70 minutes of the oldest English-language religious music in North America. The lonesome mountain sounds of traditional hymns, such as "Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah" and "I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord," are sung by the Indian Bottom Association at Defeated Creek Church in Linefork, Kentucky. The CD comes with a descriptive booklet and is available from Smithsonian Folkways by calling 1-800-410-9815.



Coal Mining

In ***Miners and Medicine: West Virginia Memories***, author Claude A. Frazier, M.D., looks at a unique aspect of coal camp life — that of health care and the coal-company doctor. Through the memories of doctors, nurses, miners, and their families, Frazier tries to convey the many problems facing health care workers in the coal fields.

The first few chapters of the book give a history and description of life in the West Virginia coal mines and the imminent danger involved, leading into the discussion of coal camp medical practices.

The 131-page hardbound book was written in collaboration with F.K. Brown, and includes a number of historic photographs of the coal mines. The forward was written by coal historian Dr. Stuart McGehee.

It is available for $21.95 plus $3.50 shipping (West Virginia residents add 6% sales tax) from Pictorial Histories Publishing Company, 1416 Quarrier Street, Charleston, WV 25301 or call 1-888-WVA-PHPC.

GOLDENSEAL contributor Raymond Alvarez returns to his youth in ***Coal Camp Boys***, a fictionalized account of life in a West Virginia coal camp in the 1950's and '60's.

Through the book's main character, Nicholas Torelli, Alvarez explores the struggles of growing up and coming of age in a dying coal camp during a period of great change.

The 425-page paperback novel is available for $14.50 from Word's Worth Writing Services, Rock Lake Box 250C, Fairmont, WV 26554, or from www.amazon.com.

Maryat Lee's EcoTheater: A Theater for the Twenty-First Century
By William W. French

Maryat Lee, the inventor of the "street theater" movement, came to Summers County in 1970 and began EcoTheater, an innovative program that allowed rural West Virginians to get on stage and act out their own community's stories for their neighbors. Her plays were performed throughout southern West Virginia from


Maryat Lee.

1972-1980.

Her life story and the story of EcoTheater in West Virginia are the subject of a new book by West Virginia University Professor William W. French.

The 152-page book, called ***Maryat Lee's EcoTheater: A Theater for the Twenty-First Century***, also includes scenes

and photographs from some of her West Virginia plays, including "John Henry," "Old Miz Dacey," and "Four Men and a Monster."

The book is available for $15 plus shipping and handling from the West Virginia University Press, Eberly College of Arts and Sciences, P.O. Box 6296, Morgantown, WV 26506-6296; phone (304)293-5021.

The Melungeons: The Resurrection of a Proud People (An Untold Story of Ethnic Cleansing in America)
By N. Brent Kennedy with Robyn Vaughan Kennedy

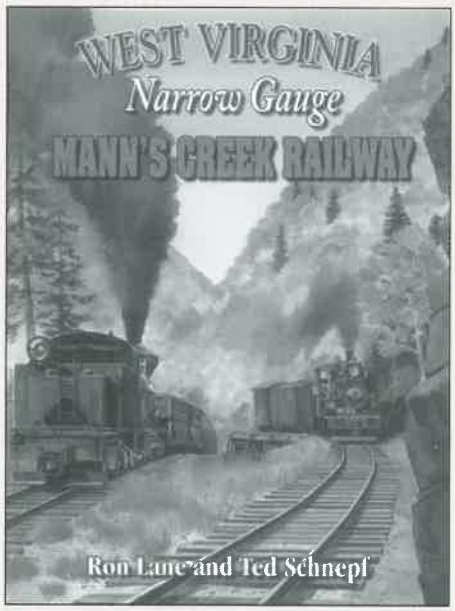
A forgotten native group in the Appalachian region is the Melungeons of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia, and parts of West Virginia.

The origin of the Melungeons is the subject of much current debate. According to Kennedy, Melungeons are the result of several groups intermixing in the late 17th century, and because of their dark skin, have, over many years, completely lost their sense of identity. In this revised edition of an in-depth study of his own heritage, Kennedy attempts to explain the history and genealogy of this group of early settlers who have been unable to find a place in American society.

This book is available in paperback for $17.95 plus $4 shipping from Mercer University Press, 6316 Peake Road, Macon, GA 31210-3960 or by calling 1-800-637-2378, ext. 2880.

West Virginia Narrow Gauge: Mann's Creek Railway
By Ron Lane and Ted Schnepf

The authors of ***West Virginia Narrow Gauge: Mann's Creek Railway*** spent over 30 years in detailed, hands-on research of the tiny, eight-and-a-half-mile, three-foot gauge rail line which ran coal and lumber through the New River Gorge for more than 75 years.



Of interest to railroading fans and historians alike, this wonderful large-format, hardbound book includes over 300 photographs, numerous maps, drawings, and facts about the Mann's Creek Railway.

The 200-page volume sells for $29.95 plus $4 shipping and handling from TLC Publishing, Inc., 1387 Winding Creek Lane, Lynchburg, Virginia 24503-3776.

Guides to West Virginia Reprinted

The 1984 book, ***West Virginia Courthouses: A Pictorial History***, by Mary Thrash, has recently been reprinted. In this informative guide, Thrash takes readers to each of the 55 county courthouses throughout the state. Along with a black-and-white photograph of each, a brief description and history is given of every courthouse. The 109-page book is available by writing to Mary Thrash, 515 E. Main Street, Clarksburg, WV, 26301.

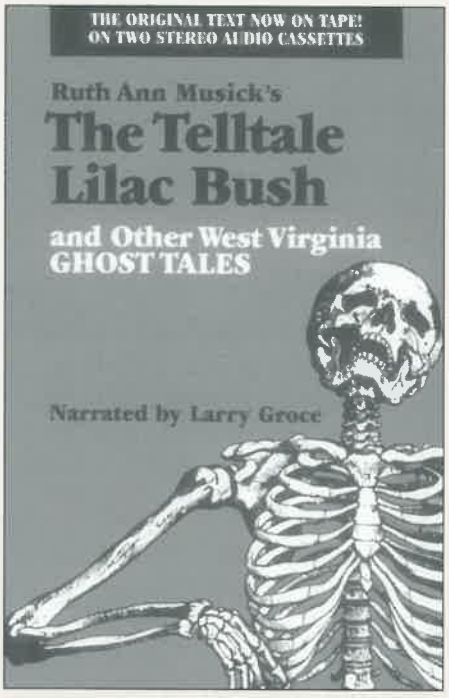
Also recently updated and reprinted is E. Lee North's ***The 55 West Virginias: A Guide to the State's Counties***, which was first published in 1985. This informative book offers a brief history of each county along with photographs, maps, and detailed updated statistics. The 129-page large-format paperback is available for $25 plus $3 shipping from Books, Box 422, Brightwaters, NY 11718.

The Telltale Lilac Bush and other West Virginia Ghost Tales
By Ruth Ann Musick

Just in time for fall, Ruth Ann Musick's classic volume, ***The Telltale Lilac Bush***, a collection of local ghost stories first published in 1965, is now out on audio cassette.

Narrated by Larry Groce of West Virginia Public Radio, the double-cassette package features 53 tales and nearly two and a half hours of spooky listening.

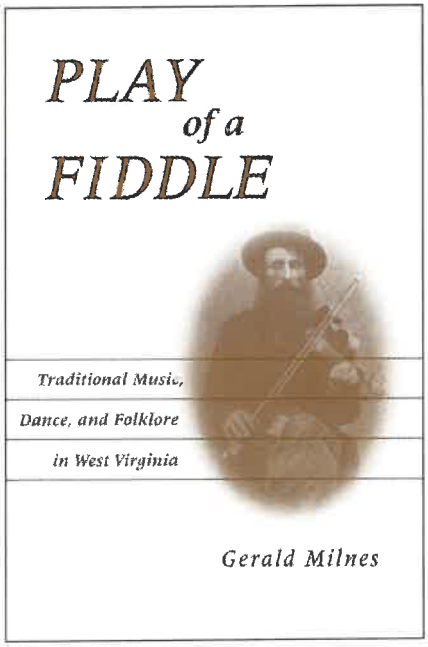
The tapes are available for $15.95 plus $2.50 shipping (West Virginia residents add 6% sales



tax) from Pictorial Histories Publishing Company, 1416 Quarrier Street, Charleston, WV 25301, or by calling 1-888-WVA-PHPC. The paperback versions of Musick's spine-tingling ghost stories are also available.

Play of a Fiddle: Traditional Music, Dance, and Folklore in West Virginia
By Gerald Milnes

For the past 30 years, Gerald Milnes has scoured the mountains and hollers of West Virginia, researching and documenting the folk culture of our state. His interest in preserving older varieties of plants and vegetables led to a 1984 GOLDENSEAL article, which is reprinted in this issue (see page 10). With *Play of a Fiddle*, Gerry's years of dedicated research into West Virginia's traditional folk music are finally available in published form.



This book is essential reading for anyone with an interest in mountain music. Gerry focuses most of his attention on the traditional music found in West Virginia's remote central counties — Braxton, Webster, Nicholas, and Clay — and offers clear and intelligent analysis of that region's unique musical features. He introduces us to Melvin Wine, Ernie Carpenter, the Hammons family, and many others whose music and personal stories speak volumes about the history, culture, and dignity of mountain life.

Gerry also offers several chapters on general subjects such as religious music, dancing, and the "folk process." To serious researchers, Gerry's chapters on the ballad of Omie Wise and West Virginia dulcimer traditions are particularly valuable as they reflect new perspectives on these complex topics.

The book contains many illustrations including a wonderful photograph circa 1906 showing three members of the legendary Hammons family. For this obviously formal portrait, these three rugged mountain men chose three important possessions to accompany them into posterity: a fiddle, a gun, and a wind-up cylinder phonograph. Gerry discusses the significance of these items and what they say about values and influences at the turn of the century in rural West Virginia.

Play of a Fiddle is peppered with humorous anecdotes and personal observations which are a welcome addition to Gerry's thoughtful analysis and occasionally-academic writing style. The book makes intensive use of footnotes, pointing the reader to scores of related books and supporting research; the extensive index is also quite helpful.

This 224-page hardbound book is available for $35 from the University Press of Kentucky, 663 South Limestone Street, Lexington, KY 40508; phone (606)257-8761.

Back Issues Available

A good selection of GOLDENSEAL back issues are still available, while supplies last. During our 25th anniversary year, we are offering back issues for the low price of $2.50 each plus shipping.

Better yet, buy them all! For a limited time, we are offering any 10 — or more — back issues listed below for $1.00 each plus shipping. For $20, we'll send you all 19 back issues listed below, plus a special color reprint of our 1985 story on Homer Laughlin China!

Complete your collection, get a jump on your holiday shopping, or simply stockpile some great reading.

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___Winter 1991/Meadow River Lumber Company
___Summer 1993/Fairmont Romance
___Fall 1993/Bower's Ridge
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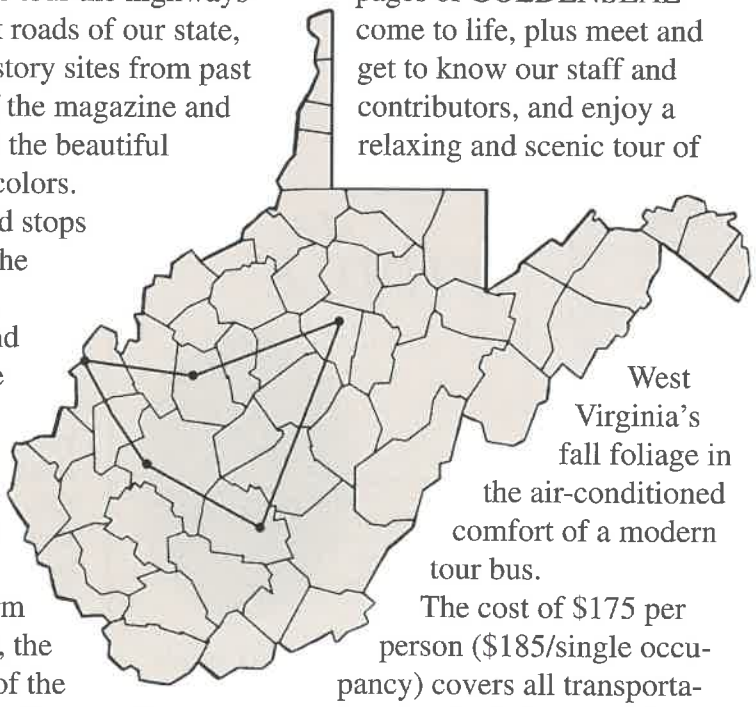
GOLDENSEAL Road Trip IV

There are still a few seats left on the bus for GOLDENSEAL's fall excursion. Join us October 8-9 as we tour the highways and back roads of our state, visiting story sites from past issues of the magazine and taking in the beautiful autumn colors.

Planned stops include the Winfield Locks and Dam, the village of Eleanor, the West Virginia State Farm Museum, the "Voices of the Mountains" storytelling festival at Jackson's Mill, Camp Washington-Carver, and Hawk's Nest State Park to name a few. We'll meet with the authors of several GOLDENSEAL stories along the way, and be treated to special tours, presentations, and entertainment at each stop.

This is a chance to see the pages of GOLDENSEAL come to life, plus meet and get to know our staff and contributors, and enjoy a relaxing and scenic tour of



West Virginia's fall foliage in the air-conditioned comfort of a modern tour bus.

The cost of $175 per person ($185/single occupancy) covers all transportation, meals, lodging, and planned activities.

For a complete description, see details in our Summer 1999 issue, or call our office at (304)558-0220 ext. 153. Make plans now to join us!

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- **Glass Paperweights**
- **Whitehall Hotel**
- **Monongah Mine Disaster Revisited**
- **GOLDENSEAL Index**

PHOTO CURIOSITY

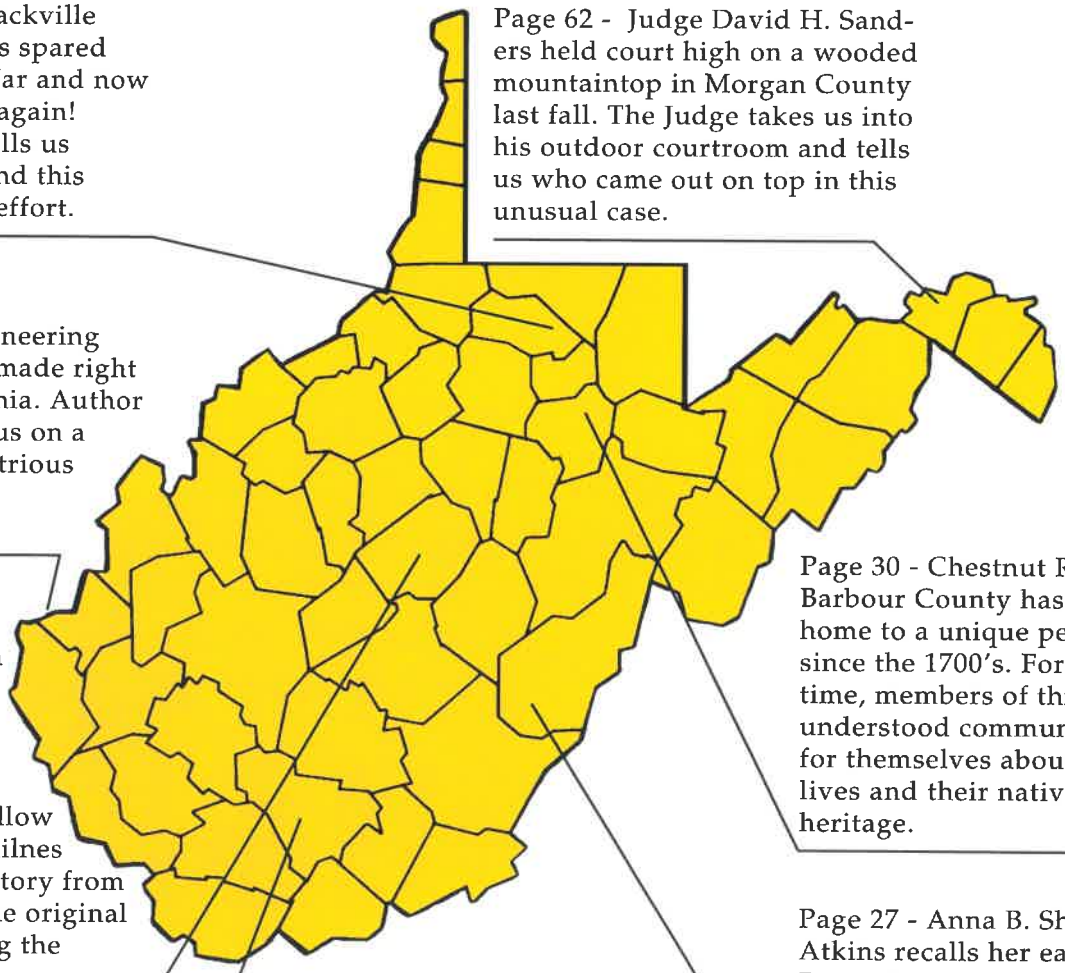
Were you there? President Franklin Delano Roosevelt spoke at the 1936 Mountain State Forest Festival on the campus of Davis & Elkins College in Elkins. Among the dignitaries seated on the platform are young U.S. Representative Jennings Randolph, Governor Herman G. Kump, U.S. Senator Matthew M. Neely, Enoch W. Channel, A. Spates Brady, and Arthur A. Wood.

We would love to hear from any of our readers who recall FDR's address from that day or can give us any further information about this photograph. Courtesy of West Virginia State Archives, West Virginia Photo Company Collection.

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

PERIODICALS

Inside Goldenseal



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