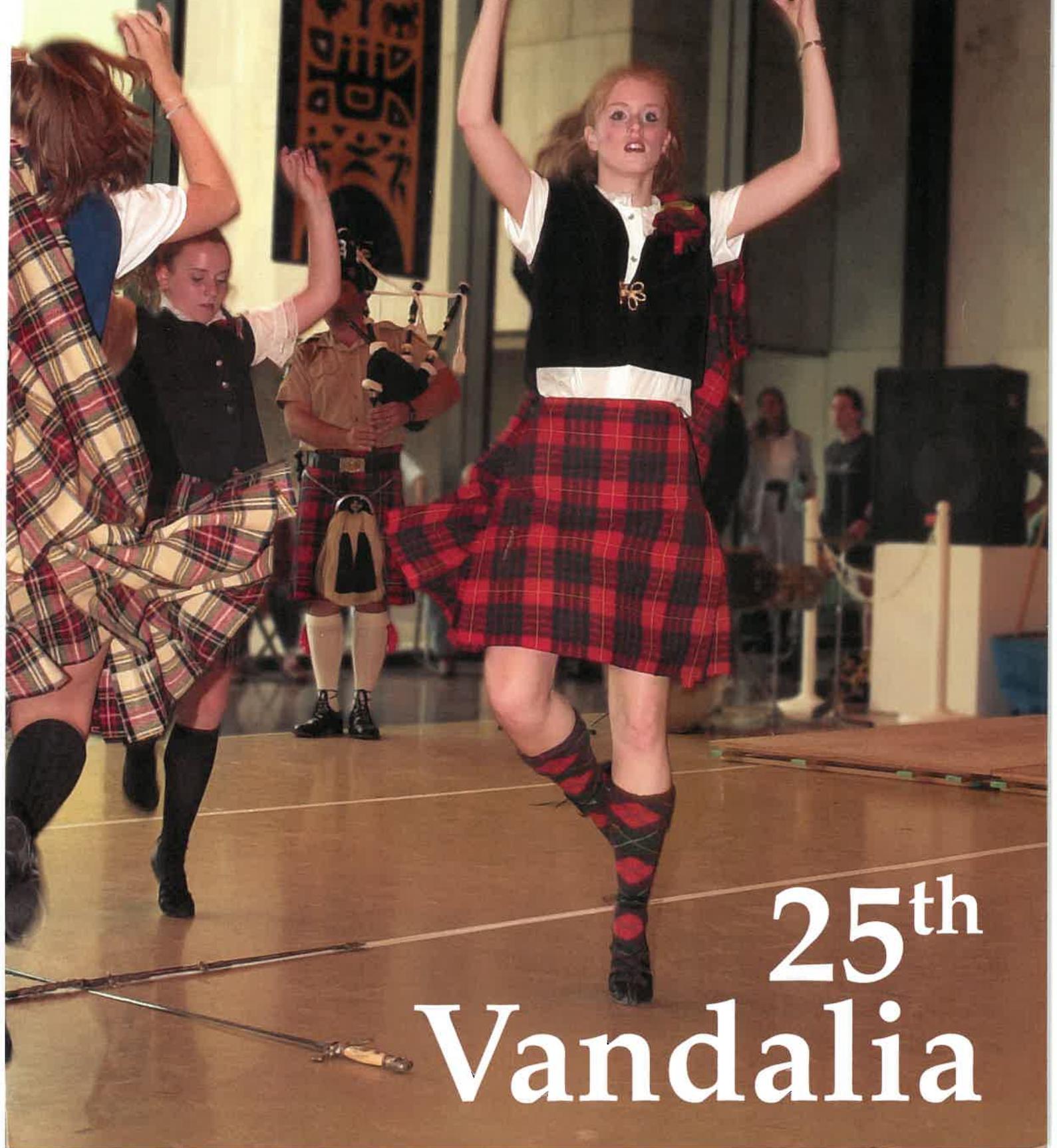


# West Virginia Traditional Life Goldenseal

Spring 2001 \$4.95



25<sup>th</sup>  
Vandalia

# Folklife\*Fairs\*Festivals

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

<b>March 15-20</b> Ireland (452-8962)	Irish Spring Festival	<b>June 15-17</b> Mannington (986-1089)	West Augusta Historical Society Quilt Show
<b>March 16-18</b> Berkeley Springs (1-800-447-8797)	Washington's Bathtub Celebration	<b>June 16</b> Huntington (522-3180)	Juneteenth Celebration
<b>March 17-18</b> New Creek (788-5482)	Maple Festival	<b>June 19-23</b> Madison (369-3391)	W.Va. Coal Festival
<b>March 17-18</b> Pickens (924-5096)	W.Va. Maple Syrup Festival	<b>June 21-23</b> Glennville (462-8427)	W.Va. State Folk Festival
<b>March 23-25</b> Pipestem (466-1800)	Appalachian Heritage Weekend	<b>June 21-24</b> Summersville (872-3145)	Bluegrass Festival
<b>April 21</b> Lost Pavement (863-6342)	Antique Plowing Contest	<b>June 22-24</b> Hillsboro (1-800-336-7009)	Little Levels Heritage Fair
<b>April 21</b> Richwood (846-6790)	Feast of the Ramson	<b>June 22-24</b> W. Huntington (525-1500)	Old Central City Days Festival
<b>April 21</b> Morgantown (879-5500)	Annual Mason-Dixon Ramp Feast	<b>June 26-July 1</b> Cass (456-4056)	Cass Homecoming
<b>April 21</b> Landmark Studio/Sutton (637-1334)	The Birthday Concert	<b>July 4-7</b> Cedar Lakes/Ripley (372-8159)	Mountain State Art & Craft Fair
<b>April 27-29</b> Huntington (696-5990)	30 <sup>th</sup> Dogwood Arts & Crafts Festival	<b>July 6-8</b> Talcott (466-1729)	John Henry Days
<b>April 28</b> Elkins (636-2717)	International Ramp Cook-Off & Festival	<b>July 7</b> Arthurdale (864-3959)	New Deal Festival
<b>April 28-29</b> Petersburg (257-2722)	Spring Mountain Festival	<b>July 7-8</b> Point Pleasant (675-5737)	Pioneer Days
<b>May 4-5</b> Kanawha State Forest (755-2990)	Frontier Gathering	<b>July 12-14</b> Ellenboro (869-3374)	Ellenboro Glass Festival
<b>May 5</b> Mount Clare (622-3304)	Spring Fling	<b>July 12-15</b> Bridgeport (842-3638)	Benedum Festival
<b>May 5</b> Cairo (628-3321)	W.Va. Marble Festival	<b>July 12-15</b> Marlinton (1-800-336-7009)	Pioneer Days
<b>May 9-13</b> Blennerhassett Island/Parkersburg (420-4800)	Rendezvous on the River	<b>July 15-22</b> Durbin (1-800-336-7009)	Durbin Days
<b>May 10-13</b> Blackwater Falls/Davis (259-5216)	39 <sup>th</sup> Wildflower Pilgrimage	<b>July 22-28</b> Cowen (226-3366)	Cowen Historic Railroad Festival
<b>May 12</b> Bramwell (248-7252)	Bramwell Millionaire Garden Homes Tour	<b>July 23-28</b> Moorefield (538-2725)	W.Va. Poultry Convention
<b>May 12-13</b> Webster (265-5549)	Mother's Day Founder Festival	<b>July 28-29</b> Oak Hill (465-5617)	W.Va. Fireman's Festival
<b>May 13</b> Grafton (265-1589)	93 <sup>rd</sup> Observance of Mother's Day	<b>August 1-5</b> Camp Washington-Carver/Clifftop (438-3005)	Appalachian String Band Music Festival
<b>May 19-20</b> Buffalo (937-2755)	Heritage Days & Civil War Weekend	<b>August 2-4</b> Nutter Fort (623-2381)	W.Va. Blackberry Festival
<b>May 23-27</b> Buckhannon (472-9036)	60 <sup>th</sup> W.Va. Strawberry Festival	<b>August 2-4</b> Spanishburg (425-1429)	Mercer County Bluestone Valley Fair
<b>May 25-26</b> Webster Springs (847-7666)	Wood Chopping Contest	<b>August 3-4</b> Meadow Bridge (484-7250)	Meadow Bridge Homecoming Festival
<b>May 25-27</b> White Sulphur Springs (536-2323)	W.Va. Dandelion Festival	<b>August 3-5</b> Buckhannon (473-8104)	W.Va. Square, Round Dance & Clogging Convention
<b>May 25-27</b> State Capitol Complex/Charleston (558-0220)	25 <sup>th</sup> Vandalia Gathering	<b>August 3-5</b> Wheeling (243-4121)	American Heritage Craft Festival
<b>May 26-28</b> Fairmont (366-3819)	Head-of-the-Mon-River Horseshoe Tournament	<b>August 4-5</b> New Creek (788-5129)	Living History Days
<b>June 2-3</b> Shinnston (592-0177)	Shinnston Rails to Trails Days	<b>August 6-11</b> Mannington (986-1911)	Mannington District Fair
<b>June 3</b> State Capitol Complex/Charleston (776-1308)	Rhododendron Outdoor Art & Craft Festival	<b>August 10-12</b> Pinch (965-3084)	100 <sup>th</sup> Pinch Reunion
<b>June 7-10</b> Matewan/Williamson/Delbarton (426-4239)	2 <sup>nd</sup> Annual Hatfield/McCoy Reunion	<b>August 10-12</b> Elkins (637-1350)	Augusta Festival
<b>June 8-9</b> New Cumberland (564-5385)	Hancock County Quilt Show	<b>August 10-12</b> Logan (752-1324)	Logan County Arts & Crafts Fair
<b>June 8-10</b> New Martinsville (455-3825)	River Heritage Days	<b>August 10-18</b> Fairlea (645-1090)	State Fair of West Virginia
<b>June 8-10</b> Ronceverte (647-3825)	Ronceverte River Festival	<b>August 12</b> Wheeling (277-3230)	Lebanese Heritage Festival
<b>June 15-17</b> Parkersburg (428-4405)	Mid-Ohio Valley Multi-Cultural Festival		

(continued on inside back cover)



p. 20



p. 32



p. 38

On the cover: Kara Beth Withrow and other members of the Appalachian Lads and Lassies from Putnam County perform the Highland dance, Argyll Broadsword, at last year's Vandalia Gathering. Vandalia will celebrate its 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary this Memorial Day weekend. Our stories begin on page 50. Photograph by Michael Keller.

- 2 From the Editor
- 3 Letters From Readers
- 6 GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes
- 8 Current Programs \* Events \* Publications

---

11 "Quilt of Happy Memories"  
Mabel Moore of Nallen  
*By Fawn Valentine*

16 Mabel Moore Talks Quilting

---

19 Book Review  
*West Virginia Quilts and Quiltmakers:  
Echoes From the Hills*

---

20 The Honeymoon's Over  
Selling Souvenirs on U.S. Route 50  
*By Carl E. Feather*

---

27 Born in the Hills  
Bill & Mary Moats of Preston County  
*By Donetta Nice*

---

32 Don Bosco  
Agricultural Education in Randolph County  
*By David W. Bartemes*

---

36 A Night on Kumbrabow Mountain  
*By David W. Bartemes*

---

38 Red Clay Memories  
My Early Life in Turner Hollow  
*By Charles E. Kirk*

---

44 "He Just Loved the Music"  
Traditional Fiddler Red Henline  
*By Robert Spence*

---

49 Remembering Red  
*By John Gallagher*

---

50 The Vandalia Award  
Portrait Gallery

---

61 Vandalia Wives  
*By Kim Johnson*

---

66 2000 Liars Contest



p. 11



p. 66

Published by the  
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA



Bob Wise  
Governor

Division of Culture and History  
Nancy Herholdt  
Commissioner

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Publication Design

GOLDENSEAL (ISSN 0099-0159, USPS 013336) is published four times a year, in the spring, summer, fall, and winter. The magazine is distributed for \$16 yearly. Manuscripts, photographs, and letters are welcome; return postage should accompany manuscripts and photographs.

All correspondence should be addressed to:  
The Editor  
GOLDENSEAL  
The Cultural Center  
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East  
Charleston, WV 25305-0300

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e-mail [goldenseal@wvculture.org](mailto:goldenseal@wvculture.org)  
[www.wvculture.org/goldenseal](http://www.wvculture.org/goldenseal)

Periodical postage paid at  
Charleston, West Virginia.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to GOLDENSEAL, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300.

The Division of Culture and History is an Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action Employer.

Printed in West Virginia by  
The Chapman Printing Company.

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## From the Editor

Spring has arrived with all of its beauty, and another fine issue of GOLDENSEAL has found its way to your mail box, right on schedule (I hope!). We are pleased, once again, to bring you our annual Folklife\*Fairs\*Festivals listing, highlights from the state Liars Contest, and another solid collection of stories from across our state. In many ways, it seems like business as usual for GOLDENSEAL.

In other important ways, however, big changes are afoot. I'm sure that you all join me in welcoming the new administration including Governor Bob Wise, Secretary of Education and the Arts Kay Goodwin, and Commissioner of the Division of Culture and History Nancy Herholdt. We wish them all the best as they tackle their new, challenging jobs and pledge our wholehearted support. Likewise, we appreciate their support as we publish GOLDENSEAL, and try do what is in the best interest of our 20,000 readers.

As you may recall from my editorial in our last issue [see "From the Editor: On Dogs and Taxes," Winter 2000], GOLDENSEAL is facing an uncertain future due, in part, to the new financial burden of the state sales tax. While our sister publication, *Wonderful West Virginia* published by the state Department of Natural Resources, was granted a much-deserved exemption from this tax by the state legislature in 1997, GOLDENSEAL continues to pay. We chose not to immediately pass this tax along to you

because we believe that there is an obvious issue of fairness here. We have tried instead to resolve the matter on a governmental level and avoid passing along an unfair tax to you, our faithful readers.

I appreciate the expressions of support and concern I received from many of you in response to my previous editorial on this subject. We have been in contact with legislators in both chambers as well as with the governor's office about this and fully expect to have our "day in court" during the current legislative session. We will need all of the help we can get.

**It is important that you make yourself heard on this critical issue. Please write, call, or e-mail your state legislators and tell them how you feel about the state sales tax as it relates to GOLDENSEAL subscriptions. We also appreciate hearing from you directly here at the GOLDENSEAL office.**

As this goes to press, we are still waiting for legislative details such as bill numbers, the names of specific legislative sponsors, or a schedule for committee action or debate on this matter. We will be following things closely, however, and invite you to do the same via the legislative Web site at [www.legis.state.wv.us](http://www.legis.state.wv.us).

Please help us resolve this troublesome matter so that we can devote our full attention and resources to what we do best — producing GOLDENSEAL magazine for you!

*John Lilly*

# Letters from Readers

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

## Parthenia Edmonds

December 20, 2000  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mrs. Edmonds,  
I just read the very nice story about you in the recent GOLDENSEAL magazine, and I just wanted to let you know how



Parthenia Edmonds in Tams. Photograph by Doug Chadwick.

much I admire you and what you have accomplished in life [see "A Dream Fulfilled: The Life and Times of Parthenia Edmonds," by Pauline Haga; Winter 2000].

As I read the story, I was struck by your determination to learn and your pursuit of your dreams. I can only imagine life in Tams while you were growing up, but it certainly sounds like that legendary coal camp provided you with both challenges and opportunities. You succeeded in your life's dreams despite the Great Depression and the societal constraints of the time, and have truly lived an amazing life.

I'm not at all surprised that you remain so active at age 85! I also

note that you will be celebrating a birthday soon, so please let me add my best wishes for a happy birthday. You're an inspiration for all of us, and I have no doubt that you will continue volunteering and working in the Beckley community for many years to come.

Sincerely,  
John D. Rockefeller IV

*We couldn't agree more, Senator! Thanks to Parthenia Edmonds for forwarding a copy of this letter to us, and special thanks to Senator Rockefeller for his kind permission to publish his comments. —ed.*

## Slovenes

December 14, 2000  
Doylestown, Ohio  
Editor,

Enjoyed the article, "Where the Rails Turn Up': Slovenes In Richwood," by Nancy Svet Burnett; Winter 2000. My mother and dad met in one of the lumber camps in Richwood, and were married in the Catholic church across the river on the hill. She was related to the Inthihars, Jonases, and to the author, Nancy Svet Burnett. Joe Svet and one of the Urbases stayed with us at Thorpe and worked in the coal mines with my dad, John Koprivnik. Dad often spoke of the camp's conditions and the work they had to do.

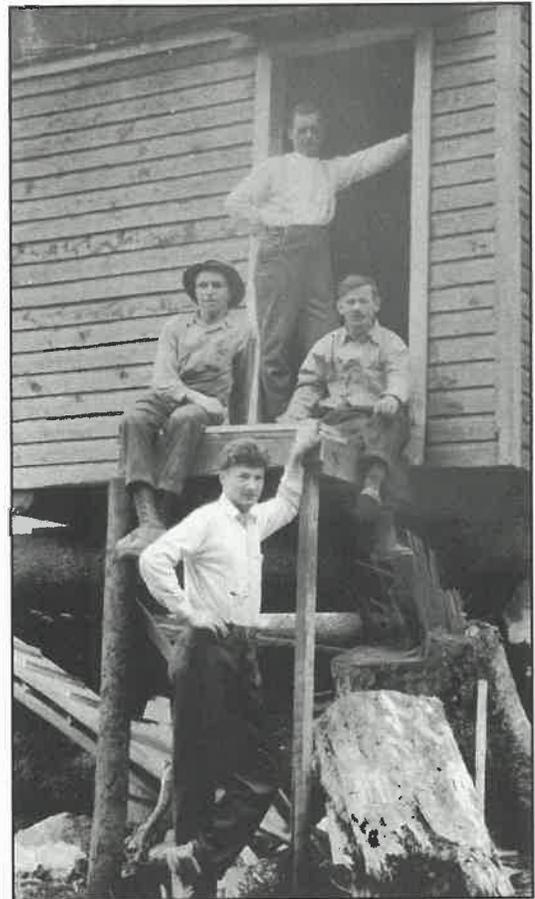
It was great to see some of the pictures and the folks that worked in the camps. I was born in Thorpe in 1915, then we later moved to

Elbert. We left West Virginia in 1930 — Dad not wanting us to work in the coal mines — to Doylestown, Ohio. Keep the good stories coming. I enjoy reading the magazine.

Joe S. Koprivnik

December 14, 2000  
Morgantown, West Virginia  
Editor,

Much thanks to GOLDENSEAL and to writer Nancy Svet Burnett for the enlightening and entertaining article, "Where the Rails Turn Up," the story of Slovenes coming to Richwood.



Slovenian immigrants Frank Tekavac (standing in front) and Frank Svet (seated at left) with Tony Grenat (seated at right) and Frank Loncar in Nicholas County, late 1920's.

This adds a heretofore neglected chapter about a little acknowledged ethnic group in West Virginia — Slovenians. Of course, I knew about them because my mom, Antonia Dillinger Julian, age 92 and a resident of Clarksburg, is one of them. Mom was born in Sagora, along the Sava River, about 30 miles from the town of Cerknica, where Nancy's ancestors are from.

Is it not true that without GOLDENSEAL, much of the history of many immigrant groups to the Mountain State would have largely gone untold to the general public? Kudos for that. Norman Julian via e-mail

### Woodturning

December 5, 2000  
Weston, West Virginia  
Editor,

There is just no way, and I have been pondering this for some time, that I can thank you and Dave Shombert enough for the



Woodturner Paul Weinberger. Photograph by Gerald Milnes.

honor you have given me in writing an article about me in the GOLDENSEAL magazine [see "Turning and Learning: Paul Weinberger's Woodshop," by

Dave Shombert; Winter 2000]. I have read that magazine and am often amazed at the caliber of people that live in our great state. Now to be included among these special people is just more than I can ever ask.

So, it is with great humbleness and much gratitude that I say "thank you" for making me feel somewhat special to myself and to many friends and family around me. I am struck with the fact that this article will be entered in the State Archives for all posterity to see. I am indeed humbled.

Yours truly,  
Paul Weinberger

### Monongah

November 20, 2000  
Lavale, Maryland  
Editor,

Over a year ago, a friend began sharing issues of GOLDENSEAL, which are of great interest.

My 97-year-old dad, J.W. Powell, reads them, too. The Winter 1999 issue included his picture in the Monongah mine feature [see "I Know Them All": Monongah's Faithful Father Briggs," by Barbara Smith]. He was shown with his violin. Said he was sorry his age wasn't noted. He is quite mentally alert.

I just was given the Summer 2000 issue showing Patrick Gainer's picture on the cover. It was so good to read the article, for I remember that he was my advisor at WVU and taught one of my classes — a fine man.

Your staff is to be commended for compiling such a wonderful magazine for a wonderful state. Lenna P. Leeson



J.W. Powell, seated, with Father Everett Briggs in Monongah, 1999. Mr. Powell is now 97 years of age. Photograph by Mike Furbee.

### Blacksville Pottery, Avery School

September 23, 2000  
Maidsville, West Virginia  
Editor,

Just a note as I renew my subscription to say how much we enjoy this magazine. The article on Blacksville pottery was excellent — knew Bess Richardson and enjoyed hearing her stories on many occasions [see "Blacksville Pottery: Local Hands and Native Clay," by John Lilly; Spring 2000].

Also, the article on the Avery School in the last issue was



*West Virginia hills are alive — in the pages of*  
**Goldenseal.**

*See coupon on page 72.*

## True Stories of Life

December 28, 2000  
Williamsport, Maryland  
Editor,

In 1996, I was at my work place when another employee gave me a copy of your magazine. I was simply amazed to find a magazine as yours. I worked for General Motors Corporation in Martinsburg for 30 years and retired from there in 1998. I began a subscription in about 1997, and I think it is the best magazine of any made today. It is a type that I read word for word and cover to cover.

The lives you write of in your

features are of great interest to me, and the way these people have made a life for themselves, the care to which each feature is written, is great. The people of West Virginia are diverse, proud, hardworking, kind, and gentle people.

My early life was a hard one, and my later life has been very good. I know what it is to have hard times and never forget where I have come from. Your magazine does so well to tell the true stories of life, and for that I will always remain a subscriber to GOLDENSEAL.

Many times I have wanted to write to tell you to keep the stories coming and to keep up the excellent work, but when I received Winter 2000 and read "Butchering as Ritual" by Lillian Poe Beeson, it really hit home. Butchering was a big point in my life, and the feature brought back so many memories.

Words cannot express how much I enjoy each issue of GOLDENSEAL. All I ask is to stay as you are, and keep up your excellent work.

Thank you,  
Robert W. Weaver, Sr.

enjoyable [see "Avery, Dear Avery," by Florence Lewis Godfrey; Fall 2000]. Knew many of the persons who attended Avery and Mildred Hancock, the teacher, is a friend and a member of my DAR and DAC chapters.

We have such a wealth of interesting persons in our state and such a varied history and culture. It is wonderful some of this is recorded. Continue the excellent work.

Frankie Cline

### Gospel Singing

October 23, 2000  
Memphis, Tennessee  
Editor,

I just received the fall edition of GOLDENSEAL and am enjoying it, as I do all the issues. I am the only living member of the original Blackwood Brothers Quartet, and although we were from Mississippi, I have many ties to West Virginia.

My oldest brother Roy, who sang in our original group, pastored churches in Morgantown and Logan. Then several years ago, I sang with The Masters Five Quartet at a Lilly Reunion. I have also sung all over

the state in years gone by.

My childhood days were spent on a sharecropper farm in Mississippi, but many of the scenes and stories about life in West Virginia during the '20's and '30's are very much like my life as a boy in Mississippi.

I am now 81, but I am still traveling and singing gospel music. I enjoyed the story on the Singing Doorkeepers [see "'Peace In the Valley': West Virginia's Singing Doorkeepers," by John Lilly; Fall 2000]. I would like to hear from old friends in West Virginia.

Sincerely,  
James Blackwood

### Renewal Mailbag

December 21, 2000  
Ball Ground, Georgia  
Editor,

My husband and I gave my mother a subscription to GOLDENSEAL last year. I cannot begin to tell you how very, very much my mother enjoys your magazine. Of all of the magazines my mother has read, this is truly her favorite.

Sincerely,  
Judy C. Lile

October 6, 2000  
Dhaka, Bangladesh  
Editor,

I just wanted to add my words of praise for your magazine, along with my renewal payment. Living in Dhaka, Bangladesh, working on an aid project, I wonder if I might not be your most distant subscriber?

I do look forward to receiving each edition of GOLDENSEAL.  
Mark Robbins

December 28, 2000  
Tunnelton, West Virginia  
Editor,  
Keep up the good work. Find it a pleasure to read. Has improved greatly in the last four years.  
Woodfield Cox

December 20, 2000  
Manitowoc, Wisconsin  
Editor,  
I am enclosing my check for another year of GOLDENSEAL. As a native of Mannington, your magazine touches my heart and memory. Keep up the good work. West Virginia needs more positive reinforcement, as you provide.  
Don Taylor

# GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

**Harley Warrick**, the famous painter of Mail Pouch tobacco barn signs, died November 22, at age 76, in Wheeling. In his long career, Harley estimated that he had painted more than 20,000 of the distinctive black, white, and yellow signs.



Harley Warrick. Photograph by Michael Keller.

He and the signs were featured in our October-December 1976 issue; much of this information was later reprinted and updated in GOLDENSEAL's special 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary issue in Winter 1994. Harley was considered the last of the tobacco barn sign painters.

**Lucy Lamm Bartlett** of Parkersburg passed away on October 30 at age 89. Lucy was the subject of our Winter 1995 story, "Back to Beason: Recalling Family Times on the Pullman Road," written by her son Larry Bartlett. Lucy



was a colorful individual who played a guiding role in many of Larry's fine stories which have appeared in GOLDENSEAL over the years. She will be missed.

Lucy Lamm Bartlett. Photograph by Michael Keller.

**Lynn Davis** passed away December 18, shortly before he was scheduled to deliver his daily radio broadcast from a studio located in his Huntington home. He was 86. Lynn and his wife, the late Molly O'Day, were successful country music entertainers during the 1930's and '40's, before turning their backs on worldly fame in favor of a religious calling. Lynn and Molly devoted their lives and music to ministry for several decades. Lynn broadcast the daily "Country Hymn Time" radio show on WEMM with Molly until her death in 1987, then on his own until the time of his death last December. Our story, "Living the Right Life Now": Lynn Davis & Molly O'Day," by Ivan Tribe and Abby Gail Goodnite, appeared in the Spring 1998 issue, and is included in our book, *Mountains of Music*.



Reverend Lynn Davis. Photograph by Michael Keller.

**Vernice Copeland Trimble**, originally from Nicholas County, passed away at age 92 at her home in Indiana. Vernice wrote



Vernice Copeland Trimble.

about her life in the Copeland family, growing up surrounded by the timber and coal industries, in her Spring 1993 GOLDENSEAL story, "From Morocco to Swiss: Family Life Around the Mines and Mills." Her brother Luther Copeland added to the story in Winter 1997 with "Confessions of a Lumberjack," which included details of his early adventures timbering with brother Lowell Copeland. Sadly, Lowell Copeland and sister Bertha Copeland Bays also died this past year. Our condolences go to the Copeland family.

**Margaret Tennant Gardner**, wife of dulcimer player and dance caller Worley Gardner, passed away December 29 in Morgantown, at age 82. The Gardners were mainstays of the northern West Virginia traditional music and dance communities for many years hosting jam sessions, organizing the annual Winter Music Festival



Margaret and Worley Gardner in 1992. Photograph by Mark Crabtree.

in Morgantown, and taking part in music and dance gatherings across the state. Margaret and Worley met in the 1930's when they were both students at Daybrook High School. They married in 1942 and raised four daughters. Worley was featured in our Summer 1992 issue; the article, "Worley Gardner: Mountain Music, Dance, and Dulcimers," by Mark Crabtree, is also included in our book, *Mountains of Music*.

For more about Margaret Gardner, see our story, "Vandalia Wives," by Kim Johnson, on page 61 of this issue.

**Dave Morgan** from Ellamore, Randolph County, died December 2, at age 88. Dave was a frequent participant at festivals and folklife events in and around Randolph County playing the fiddle or washtub bass, or demonstrating his unusual folk toys powered by old record players. Dave was an enthusiastic GOLDENSEAL supporter, and was pictured in our Summer 1997 issue (page 58) with one of his hand-carved creations.



Dave Morgan with washtub bass.

## Mountains of Music

WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL MUSIC FROM GOLDENSEAL

Edited by John Lilly



*Mountains of Music: West Virginia Traditional Music from GOLDENSEAL* gathers 25 years of stories about our state's rich musical heritage into one impressive volume.

*Mountains of Music* is the definitive title concerning this rare and beautiful music — and the fine people and mountain culture from which it comes.

The book is available from the GOLDENSEAL office for \$21.95, plus \$2 shipping per book; West Virginia residents please add 6% sales tax (total \$25.26 per book including tax and shipping).

Add *Mountains of Music* to your book collection today!

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *Mountains of Music*.

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1900 Kanawha Blvd. East  
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(304)558-0220

# The Goldenseal Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars



The West Virginia Mine Wars were a formative experience in our state's history and a landmark event in the history of American labor. GOLDENSEAL has published some of the best articles ever written on this subject. In 1991, former editor Ken Sullivan worked with Pictorial Histories Publishing Company to produce this compilation of 17 articles, including dozens of historic photos.

Now in its third printing, the book is revised and features new updated information. The large-format, 109-page paper bound book sells for \$9.95 plus \$2 per copy postage and handling. West Virginia residents please add 6% state tax (total \$12.54 per book including tax and shipping).

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *The Goldenseal Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars*.

-or-

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(304)558-0220

## 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.

### National Register Book

Historic sites and structures throughout West Virginia are featured in *Historic West Virginia*, a new book offered by the West Virginia

Division of Culture and History State Historic Preservation Office. The 156-page, paper bound volume identifies and describes 805 locations in the state which are listed in the National Register of

Historic Places. Properties listed in the Register include districts, sites, buildings, structures, and objects that are significant in American history, architecture, archaeology, engineering, and culture.

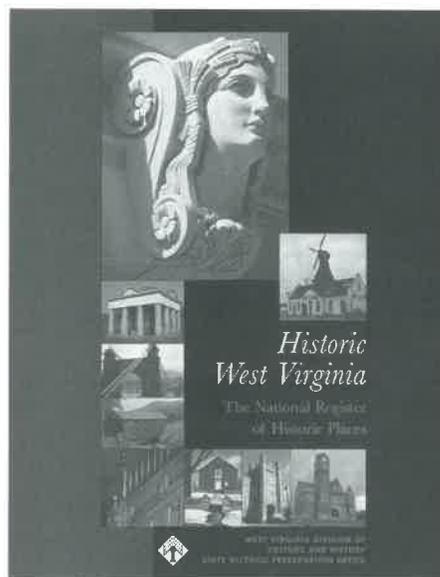
This impressive book lists these state sites by county and includes a brief description and explanation for each entry;

many are illustrated with current or historic photographs. GOLDENSEAL readers will

recognize many of these sites from magazine stories, and will find items of historical interest in this book from virtually every part of the state.

*Historic West Virginia* was funded in part by the National Park Service, Department of the Inte-

rior, and by West Virginia Celebration 2000. Copies, which are free while supplies last, may be obtained by writing to Katherine Jourdan, State Historic Preservation Office, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305, or e-mail [katherine.jourdan@wvculture.org](mailto:katherine.jourdan@wvculture.org).



### History Web Sites

Today's technology meets the past through a number of new Web sites on the Internet dealing with the history of our region.

McDowell County history is the subject of an extensive Web site located at <http://scioto.org/McDowell>. The site contains detailed genealogical information along with local biographies,

vital statistics, links, and a "message board" where queries and requests for information can be exchanged. A unique aspect of the Web site is a generous "photo album" feature, where dozens of historic McDowell County images are available for downloading.

The history of Dunbar, Kanawha County, can be found at <http://members.citynet.net/ourtown>. This small, friendly town along the Kanawha River was once an industrial center. Early businesses included the Gravely Motor Plow company, featured in the Summer 1997 GOLDENSEAL [see "Ben Gravely's Garden Tractor," by John Marra]. Dunbar's past and present are related in photographs and a series of short articles, many of them written for the Web site by GOLDENSEAL subscriber Ova Tolley of Dunbar.

As the Internet gains in popularity, more and more Web sites with historical interest and West Virginia content are being introduced. GOLDENSEAL welcomes information about these sites, and we will pass it along to our readers, as space permits.

### **Singing Doorkeepers Recording**

A new cassette tape is now available featuring the gospel



The Capitol Singing Doorkeepers. Photograph by Michael Keller.

harmonies of West Virginia's popular Singing Doorkeepers [see "'Peace In the Valley': West Virginia's Singing Doorkeepers," by John Lilly; Fall 2000]. Recorded this past summer, "It's Been a Wonderful Day" is re-released on Huntington's Harvest label (HGS-2707-2000N) and is the only recording now available of the four legislative doorkeepers: Ray Kinder, Bill Pauley, Parky Parkins, and Cliff Napier.

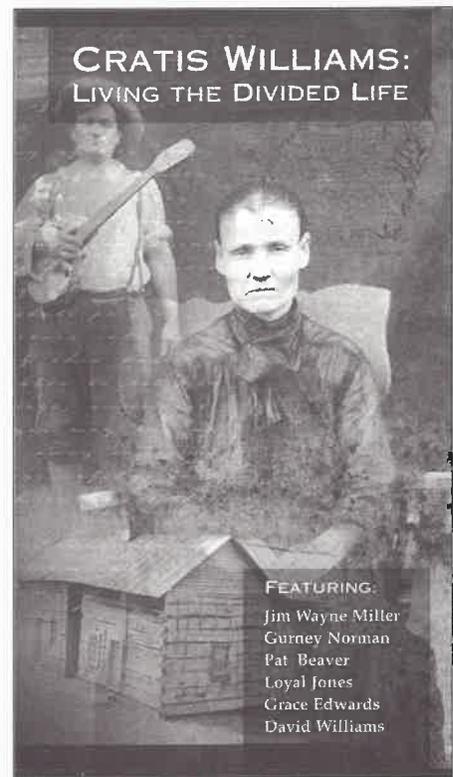
The 12-song cassette tape highlights the group's smooth singing and often lively repertoire, including traditional favorites such as "Church In the Wildwood" and "Just a Little Talk With Jesus," along with signature songs such as "You're Gonna Pay For What You Do" and the title track, "It's Been a Wonderful Day."

Copies are available for \$7 each plus postage; write to The Capitol Singing Doorkeepers, 9004 Maryland Avenue, Marmet, WV 25315.

### **Appalachian Video, Conference**

The life of one of the region's most influential scholars is the subject of a new video tape, "Cratis Williams: Living the Life Divided." Dr. Williams is widely credited as the founder of the Appalachian Studies movement. His expansive knowledge of the region, its history, and its culture, along with his tireless efforts to promote them, earned him the nickname of "Mr. Appalachia," at one time.

The hour-long documentary is based largely on interviews, presentations, and lectures given by Williams during his celebrated career as an educator. Produced by Jean Donohue and Fred Johnson for Media Working Group Productions of Covington, Kentucky, the video also features historic photography of rural mountain communities, visits with Williams to his ancestral



**CRATIS WILLIAMS:  
LIVING THE DIVIDED LIFE**

**FEATURING:**  
Jim Wayne Miller  
Gurney Norman  
Pat Beaver  
Loyal Jones  
Grace Edwards  
David Williams

home in eastern Kentucky, and interviews with other noted regional scholars including Loyal Jones, Gurney Norman, and Pat Beaver.

Those with an interest in Appalachian Studies will find the video to be a revealing look at the personality and philosophies underlying this fascinating area of study. For copies or more information, call (859)581-0033 or check their Web site at [www.mwg.org](http://www.mwg.org).

The Appalachian Studies Association will hold its 24<sup>th</sup> annual conference in West Virginia, March 30-April 1, at Snowshoe Mountain Resort, Snowshoe, Pocahontas County. The three-day gathering is expected to be the ASA's largest and most ambitious conference yet, and will include more than 100 seminars, panel discussions, and presentations on topics of regional interest ranging from traditional crafts and mountain foods to welfare reform and economic development. The

conference also includes entertainment, book signings, video screenings, art exhibits, kids' activities, and an extensive exhibit hall.

Along with students and teachers of Appalachian Studies throughout the 13-state mountain region, participants will include community leaders, representatives of government agencies, musicians, artists, and members of the general public. For more information, call (304)293-8541 or check their Web site at [www.appalachianstudies.org](http://www.appalachianstudies.org).

### North House Museum

The historic North House Museum in Lewisburg will undergo a \$1.2 million renovation later



North House Museum, Lewisburg.

this year. Located on a hill overlooking downtown Lewisburg, this stately building was constructed in 1820, and currently houses the collections of the Greenbrier County Historical Society. It serves as the Greenbrier County Museum and is one of the few buildings in the Historic District of Lewisburg which remains open to the public on a regular basis.

The renovation and restoration project will include preservation of the historic house and additions and improvements. Organizers hope to keep genealogical information and other research materials available to the public throughout the renovation process, which is slated to begin in

September.

The North House Museum is located at 301 W. Washington Street in Lewisburg and is open to the public six days a weeks. A small admission fee applies. For more information, phone (304)645-3398, or visit them on the Web at [www.greenbrierhistorical.org](http://www.greenbrierhistorical.org).

### Scotts Run

A new community newspaper in Monongalia County explores life in Scotts Run and neighboring communities. *The Compass* is produced by students of WVU's Perley Isaac Reed School of Journalism under the guidance of instructor and GOLDENSEAL contributor Mary Rodd Furbee.

The premier issue includes articles about Scotts Run's storied past along with extensive coverage of the many activities and programs taking place at the settlement today and profiles of some of the people working to celebrate and preserve this rich and diverse community. Scotts Run was the subject of a GOLDENSEAL story in our Spring 1989 issue [see "Why Don't You Bake Bread?": Franklin Trubee and the Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy,"



"The Shack" at Scotts Run during the 1930's. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia and Regional History Collection, West Virginia University.

interview by Ron Lewis].

For more information, call Mary Furbee at (304)293-3505.

### Folklife Center

The Appalachian South Folklife Center near Pipestem published a recent newsletter outlining its activities for the year 2000. The



Don West at the Appalachian South Folklife Center. Photograph by Yvonne Snyder Farley.

center was founded by poet and social activist Don West in the 1970's, and has been featured in GOLDENSEAL on a number of occasions [see "Don West: Poet and Preacher," interview by Ken Sullivan; October-December 1979 and "'More Than Butterfly Words': Don West Comes Home to Pipestem," by Rick Wilson; Winter 1988].

The newsletter, called *Mountain Life & Work*, describes recent activities at the center including youth camps, improvements and repairs to the facility, outdoor musical events, community outreach, and a number of social advocacy initiatives. For more information about the center, its activities, or the newsletter, write to P.O. Box 10, Pipestem, WV 25979; phone (304)466-0626.

# Mabel Moore of Nallen



Mabel Moore made this Grandmother's Flower Garden quilt in 1933-'34. She calls it her "Quilt of Happy Memories" in honor of the many friends with whom she quilted in the lumber town of Nallen. This 1997 portrait was taken by Jürgen Lorenzen.

# "Quilt of Happy Memories"

By Fawn Valentine

Quilting is an art as well as a craft — women's work as well as pleasure. Creating a colorful bed cover from scraps leftover from home sewing projects or salvaged from worn-out garments recalls the self-sufficient spirit of resourceful pioneers; snuggling into the protection of a family-made quilt wraps us in memories of love and care.

Patchwork quilts and the practice of quilting play a significant role in the lives of many West Virginia families. In 1990, a volunteer coalition of West Virginia women interested in quilt history — the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search — began the work of preserving the history of quilting in the Mountain State. They embarked on an ambitious documentation project in 1992, and traveled across the state, registering over 4,000 quilts made before 1940. They also met many of the women who had made these quilts, and learned from each of them.

In Fayette County, they met Mabel Moore, a veteran quiltmaker from Nallen. Mabel brought her "Quilt of Happy Memories," a Grandmother's Flower Garden pattern made in 1933-'34. As the women examined the quilt, Mabel recalls being questioned about her use of colored quilting thread.

Mabel relates, "I had a green lining on my quilt, and I bought green thread to quilt it with. One lady that was inspecting it mentioned that she didn't believe they had green thread back in the year that I made the quilt. And I told her, 'Oh yes, they did.' I used to make my daughter's little dresses and I'd pick the thread that was the color of the material. And she's up in her 60's now."

During the years before World War II, Mabel found a variety of quality sewing supplies at the Wilderness Lumber Company store in Nallen. "We got them convinced that there used to be green thread and red, yellow, and all the other colors," Mabel says.

Following their documentation project, the Quilt Search group pro-



Mabel Fleming Carmichael, 1912.

ceeded with an oral history project, sponsored by the West Virginia Humanities Council, in order to record the voices of many older West Virginia quiltmakers. One of these was Mabel whose 1993-'94 interviews were recorded and transcribed by Mary Nell Godbey, a founding member of the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search.

Mabel was 19 years old in this 1925 photo with her two-month-old daughter, Eloise. It was at around this time that Mabel first began learning to quilt.

They met at Mabel's home in Nallen to discuss her life and her ideas about quilting.

Mabel Moore came to Nallen in 1926; she was born Mabel Carmichael in Frenchburg, Kentucky, on March 13, 1906. Her mother died when she was two years old, so she stayed with her grandparents in Kentucky until she was 11. Mabel's recollections of her grandmother's home include seeing a quilting frame suspended from the ceiling and a handloom upon which her grandmother wove rag rugs.

In 1917, when her grandmother died, Mabel came to Fayette County to live with her father and stepmother. Clarence Carmichael, Mabel's father, had been a lumberjack in Kentucky, but found work in West Virginia as a coal miner in Greenbrier and Fayette counties.

While Mabel Carmichael was living with her father and his family





Wilderness Lumber Company sawmill at Nallen, date unknown. At its peak, the company employed about 800 men.

in Fayette County, she met Clacy C. Moore (1901-1980), a native of Divide, Fayette County. They married in 1924, when Mabel was 18. Clacy Moore was a railroad man. The couple lived in Fayette and Nicholas counties before settling in the Meadow River town of Nallen in 1926.

Nallen was a company town built for the Wilderness Lumber Company where Nicholas, Fayette, and Greenbrier counties come together. Clacy Moore was the Nallen stationmaster for the Nicholas, Fayette & Greenbrier Railroad Company. The NF&G was a branchline from the C&O main line which ran from Rainelle to Meadow Creek. Originally, the freight station at Nallen was the end of the

line. In about 1930, the line was extended to Swiss in order to reach the coal mines there. When the NF&G later merged with the C&O, Clacy continued to manage the Nallen railroad office and depot.

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*Nallen was a company town built for the Wilderness Lumber Company where Nicholas, Fayette, and Greenbrier counties come together.*

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The railroad through Nallen not only hauled lumber and coal, it car-

ried freight and products to the area farmers and townspeople. The train also brought mail and carried passengers. Mabel recalls how the people of Nallen would gather at the Wilderness Lumber Company store awaiting the arrival of the daily mail.

"Every night the mail would come in on a little passenger train that ran from Meadow Creek to Nallen," she recalls. "Everybody came down of a night to get their mail and gather in the store 'til the mail came. A big crowd about every night [would] come and see if they got any mail or get their newspapers through the mail."

In its early days, Nallen was strictly a lumber town. Mabel says, "When the Wilderness Lumber



Mabel met Clacy Moore at this well in Fayette County in 1917 when she was 12 years old, on her first day in West Virginia. The couple married seven years later. Photographer and date unknown.

Company first started, they employed about 800 men. It was in operation from 1916 'til about 1943, when the mill closed down." Mabel liked living in Nallen during the mill years. "The community was just all one big family," she says. "Everybody was real friendly and worked together on anything you'd undertake. Everybody would pitch in and help.

"There were two churches," she continues, "the Methodist and Baptist. Some people went to both churches. For prayer meeting, the same people would go to the Baptist [meeting] that went to the Methodist [church], and the same comes to Methodist [prayer meeting] that went to Baptist [church]. The young people had a MYF for the Methodist youth fellowship, and the Baptist church had a BYF. Well, it was the same bunch of children went to both to them. It was just a good

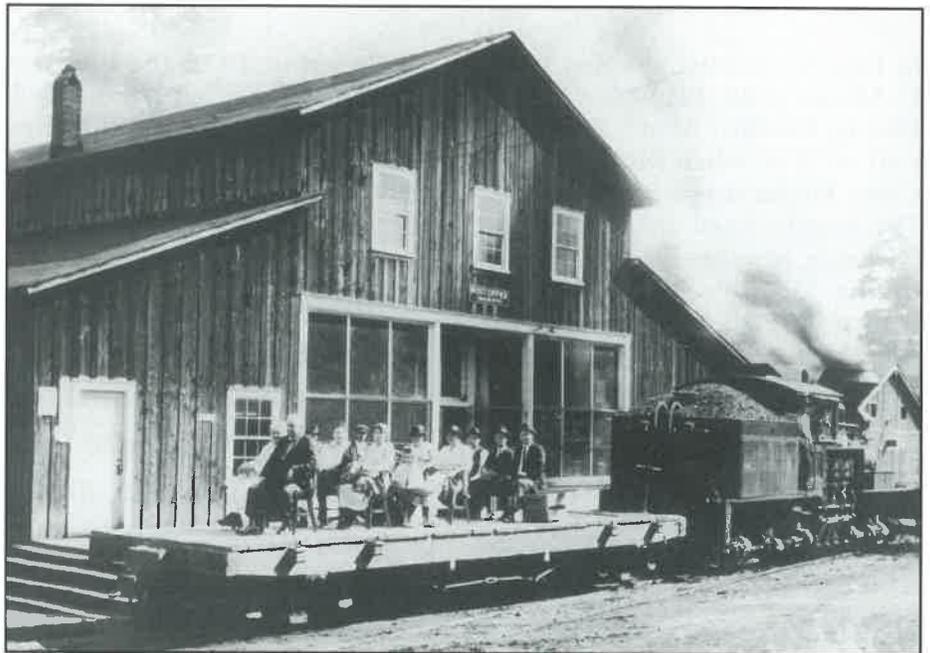
community to live in."

The company store in Nallen was one big building, housing the Wilderness Lumber Company offices, the retail store, and the post office. Mabel says that the store "kept just about everything you would need. The men could draw scrip to pay for their groceries. They had a supply of dry goods on one side of the store and the post office in the back of the store. One side of the store had food, meat, and milk and just about everything that you'd need 'cause everybody traded at the company store. They had clothing, too — work clothes for the men."

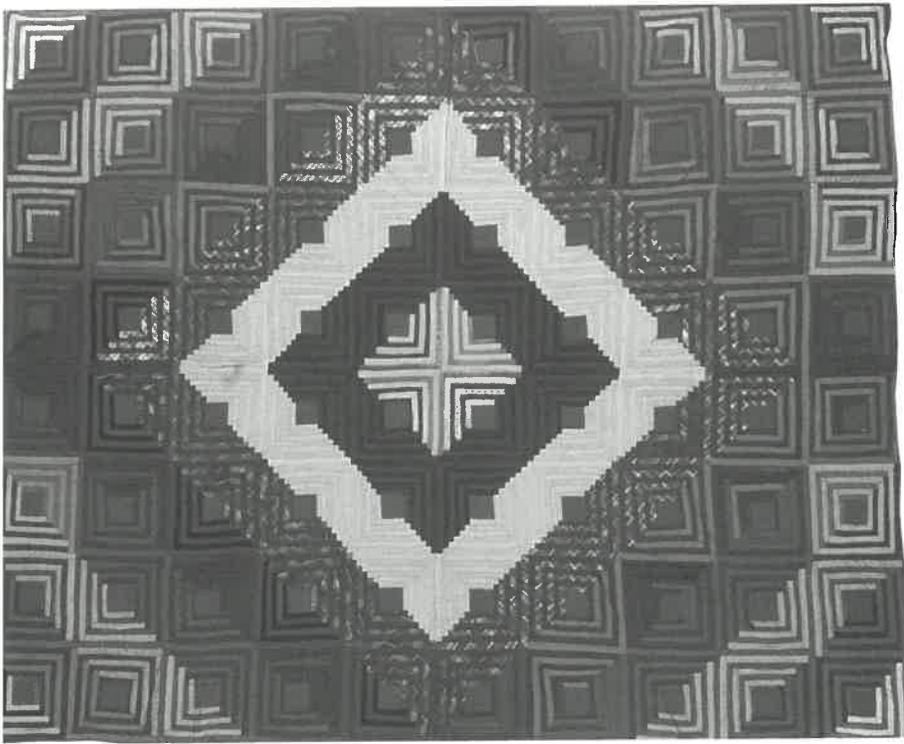
Mabel remembers that women in Nallen usually sewed their own dresses and their children's school clothes, using fabric and thread purchased at the company store.

Mabel learned to quilt while living in Russellville, a company town in Fayette County, where she and Clacy lived for two years before moving to Nallen. She was taught by an older neighbor, Mrs. Rachel McClung, who believed that every married woman should know how to make quilts. Under Mrs. McClung's instruction, Mabel's first project was to quilt a Log Cabin quilt top pieced by her grandmother. When asked if this quilt still exists, Mabel says, "No, I had to use it. We didn't have very many quilts when we first married, so I had to use it 'till it wore out."

A quilt consists of two layers of fabric with an insulating material sandwiched between. The top layer, made of patchwork, is decorative; the bottom layer, as lining, is usually plain. Quilting stitches secure the filling and hold the layers together. Though hand-stitching has been used by quilters for many generations, women like Mabel saw the advantages of the new sewing machines when they



"The Stockholders' Express" passes by the Wilderness Lumber Company store in Nallen, date unknown. Photograph courtesy of Janet Childers.



A traditional Log Cabin quilt by Betty Ann Dickinson, 1850-'80. This was the first pattern Mabel Moore learned to quilt when she began quilting during the 1920's. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Museum.

were introduced in the mountains.

Mabel purchased her first sewing machine when she moved to Nallen. She bought her machine "on time" in the 1930's, making a portion of the down payment in barter to the traveling salesman with several of her quilt tops. She soon paid for her sewing machine with her sewing skills.

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*Mabel was taught by an older neighbor who believed that every married woman should know how to make quilts.*

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Mabel found that she could earn money by selling her quilt tops and quilts, and by quilting for others. Her only advertisement was word of mouth. Mabel says, "I just charged by the quilt. Some people used to charge by the spool — ever how many yards of thread was on a spool. They quilted for a cent-a-yard or five-cents-a-yard or some-

thing like that. But I never done that. I just told [the client] how much I'd quilt it for, and they gave me the price that I asked. Some were more expensive than others. All depended on what pattern they used."

Mabel sold her pieced tops for \$3 to \$5 each and her quilts for around \$25. At that time, fabric used for quilting cost between 10 and 25 cents a yard. Mabel notes that today her quilts are "scattered all over the United States, almost."

In Nallen, Mabel belonged to a quilting group. The other women in the group were wives of Wilderness Lumber Company employees. The group met every afternoon, stitching the tops prepared by members. Often they stitched in the evenings, as well — a rather rare occurrence among West Virginia quilting groups where quilters usually confined their gatherings to the afternoon hours.

"We usually [met] just about every afternoon," Mabel recalls, "after we got our morning's work done, about noon. We would rush

## Capitol Quilting

The West Virginia State Museum has one of the largest collections of quilts, coverlets, and bedcovers in the state including more than 200 pieces, some dating back to the 1700's.

In connection with a 1998 museum display of examples from this collections, the Division of Culture and History produced an attractive, 18-page catalog called "A Canopy For Dreams: Historic Quilts From the West Virginia State Museum Collection." In addition to color photographs and descriptions of 25 of these quilts, the catalog includes background information about each quilt and an introductory essay by author Colleen Anderson. The catalog is available for \$12 including postage, handling, and state sales tax from Stephanie Lilly, Exhibits Coordinator, West Virginia Division of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Boulevard East, Charleston, WV 25305.

The Cultural Center in Charleston annually hosts a juried exhibition of quilts from across the state, which are displayed in the Great Hall of the Cultural Center. The exhibit this year will open on Friday, May 18, and remain on display through Sunday, September 2. Awards will be presented to the quiltmakers in a public ceremony held Saturday evening of the Vandalia Gathering, May 26, in the Cultural Center theater.

For more information, call Stephanie Lilly at (304)558-0220 ext. 128.

# Mabel Moore Talks Quilting

Mabel Moore estimates that she has made more than 100 quilts during her lifetime. She shared some of her wealth of knowledge and experience with researcher Mary Nell Godbey of the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search in December 1993 and September 1994 in interviews.

Mabel distinguishes between quilts made to serve as warm bedding and those used on top of the bed as decorative spreads. The quilts made to go on top of the bed were larger than those used as blankets, and more care was taken in their construction. These quilts were pieced in a pattern using matching fabrics. Mabel notes that women did not much use their best quilts. Some West Virginia quiltmakers displayed their good quilts on the tops of beds when the house was prepared to receive guests or for special occasions.

Quilts made for daily use were utility quilts. Mabel remembers one of her neighbors saying, "They're not ever'day quilts. They're ever'night quilts." Utility quilts were often made up in crazy patchwork, using sound fabric salvaged from worn garments.

Mabel remembers, "We just sewed little pieces, big pieces, anything we would get to sew

together, and called them Crazy Quilts, 'cause they were pieced kinda crazy-like. You didn't cut a certain pattern, just used the pieces like they were and then trimmed them off to make the edges straight. Sometimes we'd used woolen pieces; they made the warmest quilts. We would line [the woolen quilts] with what they called outing at that time." Outing is cotton flannel which was used on the back

still in use in West Virginia to this day.

Mabel enjoys piecing quilt tops by machine. Her favorite pieced pattern is the Lone Star.

To finish the edges of her quilts, Mabel sometimes used the traditional method known as hemming. This sewing technique is found on some of America's oldest quilts, from the late 1700's into the early 1800's. Mabel

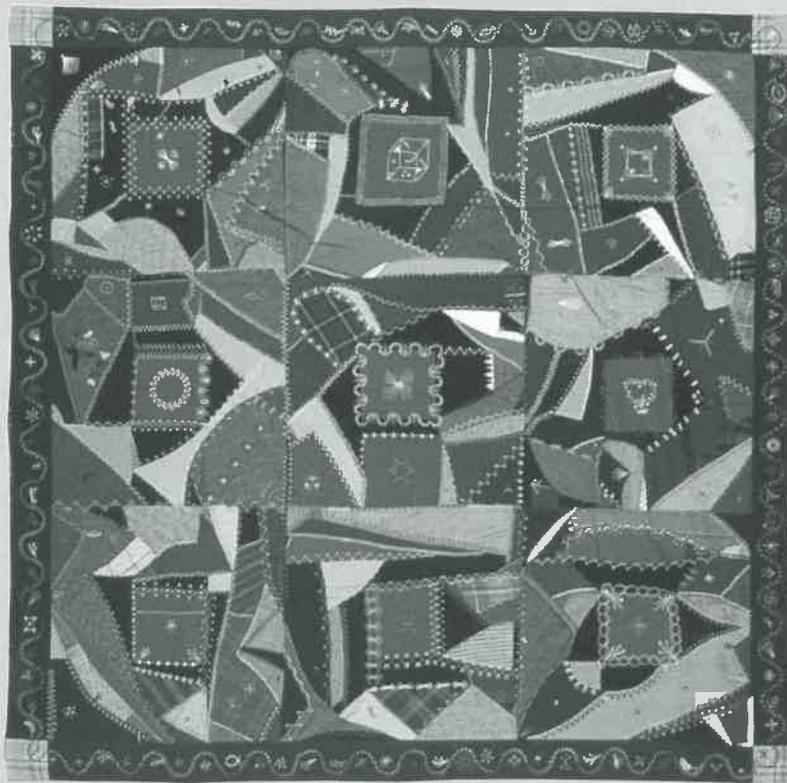
says, "Sometimes I'd just hem [the quilt] with part of the lining; just turn it up on the top side, and that way it makes a sort of frame around [the quilt]." Hemming a quilt is still practiced by West Virginia quilt-makers who learned how to make quilts at home, rather than through commercial instruction.

Mabel Moore has taught other women to make quilts, noting "I enjoy helping others." She tells Mary Nell Godbey that she hopes her interview for the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search will "help somebody start quilting again."

In January 1997,

Mabel wrote to me. In the letter, she wrote, "I'm 90 years and nine months old. Still love to work with quilts. Can't make 'little' stitches like I used to, but they still hold together. I live alone, still can read, write, see, hear, walk, talk, and do my housework and cooking. I thank the Lord every morning for this."

—Fawn Valentine



Crazy Quilts such as this are made from a mix of durable fabric scraps and function as utility quilts for daily use. This one was made by Adella Romaine Fuller Cox in 1890, courtesy of West Virginia State Museum.

of many West Virginia utility quilts into the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century.

Mabel says, "Some people would do the brier stitch around each one of the pieces, but I never went to all that trouble because I was just going to use mine on the bed [as blankets]." Brier stitch is embroidery known today as featherstitch. The term, brier stitch, comes from the 19<sup>th</sup> century — an older expression



Mabel Moore took this photograph of the Bays Chapel Church Ladies' Quilting Group in Nallen during the 1930's. From the left, they are Alice Huffman, Phenia O'Dell, Etta Kutz, Pearl Hanson, Leah Pridemore, Lola Foster, Nellie Bays, Kathleen Hill, and Rachel McClung. Young Hugart Pridemore stands in front; Reverend and Mrs. Frank Allen stand behind.

around and get our work done at home in order to get to go to the quilting that afternoon." The group stopped working in time to get back home by the time their children came in from school. Mabel remembers, "Sometimes we'd even go back after our evening meal and quilt at night. We kinda got obsessed with it, I think."

Etta Kutz organized the productive Nallen quilting group, teaching the women to create top-quality quilts. Etta Kutz came to Nallen with her husband from Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He worked at the Wilderness Lumber Company band mill. Etta remained in touch with friends in Johnstown; some of them were Amish families who purchased quilts made by the Nallen group. Mabel says that Etta had exacting standards for quilts sent to Pennsylvania for sale. Mabel re-

members that "we had to have them just exactly right or [Etta] wouldn't take them to sell for us." The women made primarily Lone Star quilts, a pattern Etta Kutz brought with her from Pennsylvania.

From Etta, they learned to cut bias binding to trim the edges of

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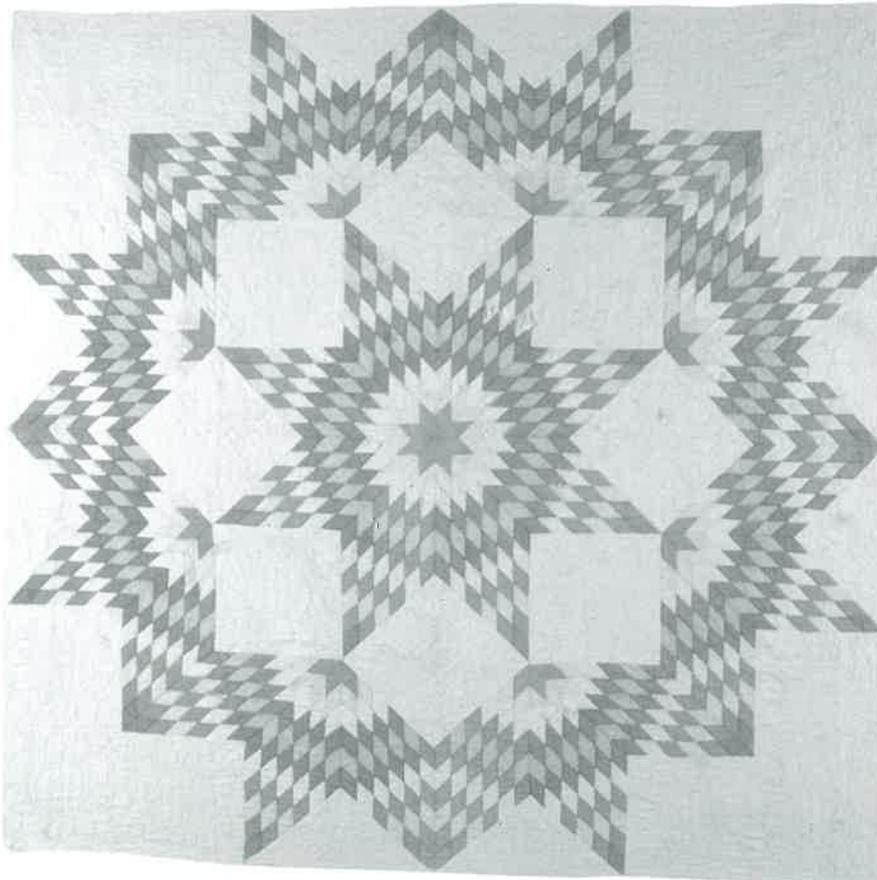
*"Sometimes we'd even go back after our evening meal and quilt at night. We kinda got obsessed with it, I think."*

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their quilts, and to perfect their quilting stitches. Mabel recalls, "After we learned how to make small stitches, you couldn't hardly tell where one started quilting and the other one took over." Mabel

remembers that unbleached muslin fabric was used for the lining. For filling, there was either unbleached cotton batting in two-pound rolls or China cotton — a premier product of the era. China cotton filling is noted for its ability to avoid matting during laundry. Mabel recalls that China cotton "was real soft and fluffy-like." When China cotton was no longer available, the quilters used Mountain Mist batting.

The Nallen quilting group made quilts to sell, for use by their own families, and for charity. One time, the group decided to finance a basement for the Bays Chapel Methodist Church in Nallen. Mabel recalls, "Our project was to help the men who were going to do the work. The ladies helped with buying the [building] material to make a basement under our church. We had no



Lone Star quilt by Hannah Campbell Flanagan, 1920's, courtesy of West Virginia State Museum. This was the primary pattern used by Mabel and her quilting group in Nallen.

basement in our church, just posts under there to hold it up." Etta Kutz marketed these quilts in Pennsylvania, enabling the women in Nallen to generate cash to pay for the blocks and mortar. "So we made a lot of money that way and helped to get a basement under our church," Mabel says.

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*"It gives you peace of mind to think that you're making something that will maybe be passed on to generations on down the road."*

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Mabel keeps a supply of quilts on hand to give to individuals who provide services for her. She says, "It gives me enjoyment to try to do something for them because they won't take pay for the good things

they do for me." Mabel gives simple, tied quilts to families who lose their homes to fire. She says, "Some of us usually had an extra [quilt] made. When we heard of someone being burned out, we'd send it to them or give it to them." She adds, "Hope it never happens, but then we'd have [the quilt] ready when it does happen."

Mabel and Clacy had two children: a son and daughter. Kenneth Dale Moore resides in Grove City, Ohio, and Margaret Elise Moore Amick resides in Kennedy, New York. In 1959, Mabel and Clacy Moore moved into the Nallen house in which Mabel

resided until 1999. Since 1999, Mabel has resided at the Fayette Continuous Care Center in Fayetteville.

Mabel has given quilts to her children, grandchildren, and other relatives. Echoing the sentiments of many West Virginia quiltmakers, Mabel says, "Everybody tries to make each one of their grandchildren a quilt. Some of us have great-grandchildren; we make them one." Mabel notes, "It gives you peace of mind to think that you're making something that will maybe be passed on to generations on down the road."\*

FAWN VALENTINE came to Monroe County in 1972 from her home in Ohio. She is a graduate of Concord College and Hollins University, has taught handweaving in Greenbrier and Monroe counties, and operated a handweaving studio in Monroe County. Her recent book *West Virginia Quilts and Quiltmakers: Echoes From the Hills*, published by Ohio University Press, is reviewed in this issue. Fawn currently lives in Hilldale, Summers County, and works for the Housing Authority of Greenbrier County and the College of West Virginia. This is her first contribution to GOLD-ENSEAL.



Mabel Moore, 1999. Photographer unknown, courtesy of Pam Klawitter.

## Book Review:

# *West Virginia Quilts and Quiltmakers: Echoes from the Hills*

By Fawn Valentine with the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search

“Quilts speak, and in these pages they speak eloquently,” Ken Sullivan concludes in his foreword to this excellent book. The metaphor is apt; *West Virginia Quilts and Quiltmakers: Echoes From the Hills* is largely a collection of true stories, each as arresting as the photographs that accompany them. Indeed, these quilts almost have the power of sound.

Almost any page of this book will entice a reader. Generally, a large, color photograph of each quilt faces a written profile of its creator. Family or historical photographs accompany most profiles, and some pages also feature enlarged details of quilts. Supplemental charts, maps, timelines, appendices, and a good index make this a must-have volume for any student of West Virginia history or lover of quilts.

Valentine’s text combines an historian’s passion for accuracy, an artist’s eye for beauty, and a storyteller’s gift of phrasing. Drawing on a formidable body of knowledge, she relates each human story and places it within a larger context. Some quilts, like the pieced block quilt made by Raleigh County quilter Lela Day Blevins, elicit descriptions of particular quilt styles and speculations about what they indicate: “Perhaps this tendency to disregard calculated arrangement in favor of spontaneity relates to Scotch-Irish cultural principles.” Others, such as Olive Berisford’s “Fala,” reflect social trends. Berisford’s quilt, pieced in 1934, depicts 39 perky terriers wearing jackets; the popular pattern was named after the pet dog of

Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Even fabrics have stories to tell. Louisa Bunten’s simply constructed woolen quilt is made from the salvaged military uniforms of her husband, who fought for the Union in the Civil War. Amanda Jane Gardner’s quilt includes bits of her wedding dress and her children’s baby clothes.

The 159 quilts in the book date from about 1795 to 1940, and were chosen from 4,204 documented by the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search during a 10-year volunteer effort to preserve West Virginia quilt heritage. The inspiration for such a labor of love goes back to 1983, when three county extension agents — Mary Nell Godbey, Margaret Meador, and Mary Lou Schmidt — saw an exhibition of quilts from the Kentucky Quilt Project.

Valentine acknowledges that the oral history component of the project, which she directed, was “a prodigious undertaking.” Selecting 159 quilts from more than 4,000 must also have been a challenge. The choices are not only pleasing to behold; they are calculated to elucidate a comprehensive, shapely historical document.

In the final chapter, Valentine reminds readers that West Virginia quilt heritage is part of a larger story, one that has already yielded recurring patterns — such as the companion quilts by Ankey Keaton

Hutchison, found in West Virginia and Nebraska — and will likely grow more resonant as other states undertake the work of documenting quilts.

Like a huge friendship quilt, the documentation is done piece



by piece, state by state. Thanks to Valentine’s rigorous scholarship and the dedication of the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search, West Virginia’s contribution to that cooperative effort is sure to be among the best.

The 282-page, large-format book is published by the Ohio University Press; it sells for \$60 hardbound, and \$29.95 paper bound. It is available at bookstores across the state, on the Internet at [www.ohio.edu/oupress](http://www.ohio.edu/oupress), or by calling (740)593-1158.

—Colleen Anderson



Carl Doll stands outside the New Creek souvenir stand on U.S. Route 50 that he and his late wife Margie Crites Doll ran for more than 50 years. The shop closed in 1999.

# The Honeymoon's Over

Text and photographs by Carl E. Feather

“Come back after 1:00. Mr. Doll should be up by then,” says Betty Thompson, a clerk handling the checkout counter at Doll’s Honeyymooners Gifts in New Creek.

It’s 11:00 a.m. on a Wednesday in late June 1999 when I stop at the white souvenir stand in Mineral County located on a narrow strip of land between U.S. Route 50 and the town’s namesake stream. I am stopping on a whim, hoping that a Doll family member still has a hand in the store and would make time for an interview.

My interest in the stand was piqued some 35 years earlier when, as a child, I traveled with my parents from Thomas in Tucker County to Baltimore and Washington, D.C., on vacations. The souvenir stand,

located just a few miles east of treacherous Saddle Mountain, provided a good place to rest our ’63 Ford Falcon at the foot of the mountain. While Dad checked the oil, my mother shopped for salt-and-pepper shakers, rooster collectibles, and chenille bedspreads. To this day, she still owns a fancy bedspread plus various nicknacks purchased at Doll’s.

More than once, I left the stand owning a genuine West Virginia souvenir, most likely made in a Far East nation. I particularly recall the Confederate flags sold during the Civil War centennial years and the felt “hillbilly” hats — a Chico Marx-style Alpine with a feather stuck in the top and “West Virginia” embroidered on the front. I owned one. It was purple, and I wore it

proudly as I marched around my grandparents’ home in Thomas. In Ohio, however, I discovered that such souvenirs were best kept concealed in my bedroom. Buckeyes had little appreciation for Confederate flags. Further, the comical hat would only confirm some people’s stereotypical image of a “genuine” West Virginian.

With those memories in mind, I’m expecting to see a yard full of bird-baths, gazing balls, painted concrete lawn ornaments, and bedspreads when I pull into Doll’s this June morning. What I find instead are a solitary Confederate flag and a faded “Almost Heaven” T-shirt dancing in the breeze, a couple of tacky plastic lawn ornaments, and a sign — “All items, 50% off.”

Betty Thompson assures me that Mr. Carl Doll, whose wife Margie started the store almost 70 years ago, remains involved in the business. However, Betty warns me, I’ll have to work around the proprietor’s schedule and infirmities. Mr. Doll is hard of hearing, she says, and he likes to sleep late. That’s okay. At 88, a man should be allowed to sleep as late as he likes.

Inside the dimly lit store, the stock has been condensed to occupy less than a third of the sprawling building. The atmosphere resembles a wake rather than a honeymoon despite the very appropriate *Honeyymooners* TV-show poster displayed just inside the entrance.

“We’re going out of business,” says Betty with a hint of melancholy in her voice. She explains that after decades of romance with U.S. Route 50, motorists had found a new relationship with Interstate 68 and mass merchandisers. The honeymoon with one of America’s great highways had ended.

Upon Betty’s suggestion, I return to the store that afternoon and meet Mr. Doll, whose house is located just west of the shop. He cordially invites me into his living room, clicks off the religious program on his television screen, and tells me to have a seat close to him. He is a

## Selling Souvenirs on U.S. Route 50



West Virginia salt-and-pepper shakers such as these shared the shelves with coal art, belt buckles, postcards, coin purses, and countless other souvenirs at Doll’s stand in Mineral County.



"We're going out of business," employee Betty Thompson said wistfully as she minded the store, shortly before its closing on June 30, 1999. Betty is seen here in the store with owner Carl Doll.

gracious gentleman who apologizes for his hearing deficiency, but does his best to accommodate my questions. Those he can't answer, he refers to his daughter Carla Sue Brown who lives next door and has joined us to talk about their family-owned business.

I open the conversation by asking the obvious: "Why close a shop that has become a landmark on U.S. Route 50?"

"When a man gets to be 88 years old, he's about had it," Carl says. "I hate to close it, but I ain't able to take care of it." His daughter tells me that the decision to close the store is the sum of familial and economic pressures. Perhaps most significant was the death of Margie Doll in August 1997. To the sales-

men, employees, and customers who patronized the stand for almost seven decades, Margie was Doll's Honeymooners.

The stand closed for a week following Margie's death. Carla says that it was important to keep some continuity in her father's life, however, so Carl reopened and operated the shop with help from Betty Thompson and Janet Fleming. But in October 1998, Carl decided to phase out the business. The final blow came with the arrival of a mass merchandiser in Keyser.

"When Wal-Mart moved in, that pretty well finished our business," Betty says.

There was a time when Honeymooners itself was the hub of an incipient

mass-merchandising complex for New Creek residents and tourists alike. The land occupied by Doll's is steeped in a tradition of retailing. Margie's father Herman "Boob" Crites opened the Home Rest Service Station on this strip sometime around 1925.

Carla says that her grandfather's store was the meeting place of New Creek — the classic general store where farmers gathered around the wood stove to practice their storytelling and chew their plugs of tobacco. Herman made his living selling gasoline, meats, cheese, produce, canned goods, and other necessities. He rounded out his income with a sawmill operation and several tourist cabins located where Doll's Honeymooners now stands.

The general store still stands, just west of the souvenir shop.

With an enterprising father as her mentor, Margie Crites embarked upon a business venture of her own in the early 1930's. Using a jigsaw, she cut lawn ornaments from 12-inch boards, painted them, and sold them to passing motorists, cabin patrons, and service station customers. "Animals, boys, girls, just anything," Carl recalls.

A native of nearby Antioch, Carl worked for Herman Crites, and it was through that association that he met Margie. He recalls helping Margie make her lawn ornaments. He cut, she painted.

Carl served in the Army during World War II, was wounded in Europe, and received the Purple Heart. Margie worked for G.C.



Young Margie Crites, date unknown. Photograph courtesy of Carla Brown.



Margie Doll was an astute and energetic store owner, constantly stocking and restocking her souvenir stand with the latest in roadside ware. She is shown here in the store during the late 1970's. Photographer unknown.

to buy one of the display baths, Margie charged them an extra dollar for the paint job.

"Bright yellow, blue, just about any color," Carla says, describing the color schemes they used on the birdbaths. "Dad used to mix colors and come up with any kind of color. It didn't seem to matter what color it was. People bought them."

Inside the store, shoppers could select souvenirs ranging from cedar memo-pad holders and jewelry boxes to figurines carved from genuine West Virginia coal. Apple-jelly candy from the Shenandoah Valley was a popular item purchased by some tourists as a thank-you gift, possibly for some kind neighbor who may have watched the dog or watered the lawn in their absence.

The stand also sold the typical array of scenic postcard views. Saddle Mountain cards were the most popular, so Carl set out to make the definitive photograph of the mountain. The challenge was

to capture the scene when the pervasive, blue haze did not obscure the view of the summit. Carl got his picture one morning after a rain had cleared the atmosphere, leaving the mountain standing majestically against a picture-perfect blue

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*Carla acknowledges that one of the nice things about having a gift shop in the family was that it provided a low-cost source for wedding, birthday, anniversary, and Christmas gifts.*

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sky. Carl had the photo made into a postcard, copyrighted it, and sold hundreds of them. "Everybody had just come off that mountain and wanted that postcard," Carl says.

The 1960's brought a new era of souvenirs inspired by cultural icons

and national personalities. There were plates, spoons, mugs, and myriad other items commemorating the presidency and assassination of John F. Kennedy. Carla recalls Elvis and Indian-head lamps as being among the tackiest souvenirs the shop sold. "You'd be surprised how many people would buy those things," Carla says.

Indeed, Margie Doll had a knack for buying items that enticed shoppers to do the "back-pocket stretch." She found and maintained a balance between the tacky and artistic, the useless and practical. Among the practical items were high-quality Minnetonka leather moccasins. Before her father went out of business, Carla stocked up on moccasins for herself, her husband Dennis, and son Ryan. "We always got a pair of moccasins from the store for Christmas," she recalls.

Carla acknowledges that one of the nice things about having a gift shop in the family was that it provided a low-cost source for wedding, birthday, anniversary, and Christmas gifts. Carla purchased a few pieces of West Virginia glassware from the shop for her own home, but she avoided collecting the other nicknacks sold by Doll's Honeymooners. "I don't have much of that myself," she says. "I figure there's a wealth of it in my dad's house."

Carla's attitude toward souvenirs reflects that of other baby boomers, who didn't share their parents' enthusiasm for owning 20 pairs of salt-and-pepper shakers, a spoon from every state, and cedar toilet-paper holders. "It got so we didn't sell much souvenirs," Janet says. "The young people didn't want to fool with them, I reckon." She says that T-shirts eventually replaced souvenirs as the preferred way of stating, "We were here."

The coming of Route 48 — now known as Interstate 68 — began to siphon tourist traffic from the stand, and local trade became more important to the shop's livelihood.



Carla and Carl Doll share a lot of memories of their family-owned souvenir stand. They are shown here at the old general store adjacent to their store property in 1999. Carl passed away in March 2000, at age 88.

Margie and Carl responded by branching into hunting and fishing licenses, ammunition, and outdoor supplies. Margie loved to fish — it's rumored that she didn't like tourists visiting the stream behind the shop because there was a trout pool nearby. Carl always had been an avid hunter, so the evolution of the business fit well with their personal interests.

Margie also loved to make cakes and craft items, so she dedicated a portion of the business to bakery and craft supplies. Carla says that her mother also used the store as an outlet for her own craft creations, bringing the shop full circle in its later years. It's likely that

Margie Doll's foam creations still grace the doors of more than one Mineral County refrigerator.

These changes in merchandise brought other changes, as well. Hunting season heated up at about the time Doll's normally closed to the tourist trade, so the store became a year-round operation, employing Betty, Janet, Margie, and Carl. Libby Fleming, Janet's sister-in-law, also worked for the shop.

Carla says that her father did the bookkeeping, but he preferred his hobbies of hunting and gardening to keeping shop. Margie continued to handle the buying and day-to-day operations as long as she could. Although she suffered from liver

disease in her later years, Margie worked in the shop until a couple of weeks before her death in August 1997.

Less than two years later, Carl and Betty locked up shop for the last time. Doll's Honeymooners joined the ranks of the Home Rest Service Station and Herman Crites' general store — a fading Route 50 landmark with a rich past and an uncertain future.

"It was bittersweet," Carla says of the closing. "There were people who made a big deal about it, yet they were people who lived in the neighborhood and never stopped by. They always went to Wal-Mart to buy their hunting licenses and supplies."

Carla says that she and her son Ryan, heir to the business, talked about the option of keeping the shop open. Ryan worked in the store as a teen and enjoyed it, but Carla leveled with him about the risks and the consuming commitment involved. "I wouldn't want to see him plan his entire life around that store," she says.

Ryan went off to Eastern Mennonite University in the fall of 1999, and Carl Doll settled into well-deserved retirement.

"There comes a time in people's lives when they got to make some changes," Carl says as we walk around the yard where Margie once displayed her wooden animals. "After all, since I've gotten to be 88 years old, I think it's about time I make some of my own." ❁

*Carl Doll passed away at home on March 21, 2000, one month prior to turning 89 years old. The store and his nearby home at New Creek stand as he left them, though his family expects to eventually sell the property. —ed.*

CARL E. FEATHER traces his family roots to Preston and Tucker counties. His book *Mountain People in a Flat Land* is published by Ohio University Press. Carl lives in northeast Ohio where he has been lifestyles editor of the *Ashtabula Star-Beacon* since 1991. He is a frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor; his most recent contribution appeared in our Spring 2000 issue.

of them grows right there in the yard."

Each piece of wood is cut into very small pieces — some only 1/4-inch wide and an inch or two long — with a rip saw. Bill then whittles each piece to the desired shape, and places it alongside the previous one to make a pattern. "I make a lot of small pieces into squares first, and then see how I can fit them together, like a puzzle. Then I just fill in with smaller pieces," Bill says.

The pieces are glued together, and the framework is attached around the perimeter. "There's a piece of maple — kiln dried — under it for the base," Bill notes. The frames are put together with four-penny finishing nails. After the frame or sides have been finished, he sands the surface and then finishes it with a coat of shellac.

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*We were welcomed into a way of life which was unfamiliar to me.*

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Bill, age 68, comes from a family of 11 children: three girls and eight boys. His father Cyrus and mother Edna Marie Moats reared their brood in the hollow named after their ancestors. Cyrus made a living working in the woods and at a flagstone quarry near his home. He mined flagstone with picks and chisels, and sold it by the ton.

"When I was growing up, from the time I was big enough to get away from home, I stayed with my grandma most of the time," says Bill. "I was about nine years old. I stayed with her for three years one time, and then went back and stayed off-and-on three or four more years. I just kept staying like that off-and-on because Dad had more than he could keep, to tell you the truth." Bill thinks the last grade he completed was fourth grade, but he has lost his report card as evidence.

This brief education, however, has not hampered Bill's cleverness.

"I talked the doctor into telling me he drank," Bill claims. "He said, 'How do you feel when you get one of those little seizures?' I said, 'Do you know how you feel when you get drunk?' He said, 'Yep.' 'Well, that's how I feel when I get a seizure.' Tricked him right into telling me."

Bill went to work for the Morrison & Gross band sawmill at Erwin when he was 15 years old. "I was water boy. That's what I did; I carried water and kept sticks from falling. I carried sticks to the pile to stick stacks of lumber. I still got the first half-a-dollar I ever made on a job. My first check was 60 cents — two hours, 30 cents an hour. I bought me a bottle of pop and a 'comb' of ice cream and kept the rest (50 cents)."

From Morrison & Gross, he went to work as a truck driver for Bill Hauser's stone quarry down on the Fox Road, carrying dynamite charges. He was driving a truck for Sisler Lumber Company in Erwin when he had to quit working.

"Well sir, I was getting seizures, and I started taking them bad," Bill recalls. "Most of the time, I'd get the truck shut off. One time, I upset it. Didn't get it shut off in time; it was coming down the hill. I was almost dead before I got home from the battery acid off the battery that set in the truck. The battery was setting in the cab, and when I turned it over, it busted to pieces, and I was almost naked from the battery acid. Yeah, it eat the clothes right off my back."

He continues to be plagued with seizures today, but he is under a doctor's care and has medi-



Bill and Mary Katherine Moats in 1952. Photographer unknown.

cation to help.

William Roy "Bill" and Mary Katherine Moats were married in 1953. They have six children and 15 grandchildren. They have lived in their present home for 28 years. Bill, Slim Hauser, and Os Lantz built it from lumber off of Jim Houser's place. They collected stones from Clarksburg, Morgantown, Bridgeport, Philippi, and Mary's homeplace to cover the outside.

Two of their rooms' ceilings are tiled with empty pop and beer cans. When asked how he came up with that idea, Bill replies, "Well sir, I didn't have anything to do, and I decided it would be something to



Empty cans adorn the ceilings of two rooms in the Moats' home. The cans are decorative and also serve as insulation.

hold heat. It did work good." He used "liquid nails" to secure them in place. "Other people saved (the cans) for me, and I saved them, too. Adrian Stemple got a mash can here somewhere. It's an Army can. About everyone around's got one in here." People still bring him cans to add to his collection, and he plans to continue with the other ceilings.

The wiring for the house is functional with light bulbs you twist in to turn on, and twist out to turn off. A wood pile stacked along one wall adds to the cozy atmosphere. Their living room is accented with deer and bear trophies bagged by their sons, along with a fine collection of hunting guns.

Bill and Mary have spent \$4,000 over the years on two wells. The first well was 170 feet. "When Bill was in the hospital," Mary tells us, "we had a well, and we could get water out of it. It was good water. I went to Philippi to visit him in the hospital, and when I come back, somebody had put a wild cherry post down in it. I couldn't get no water. The feller I think did it was back to buy the place, 'cause Bill

was in the hospital and he thought I couldn't make it.

"But he didn't know I was born in the hills. I told him I didn't have to sell it, because I knowed what to live on. I can go out in the woods and live. I could probably live better than you could in the woods," Mary says.

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*Their living room is accented with deer and bear trophies bagged by their sons, along with a fine collection of hunting guns.*

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The second well was drilled 280 feet, but it was ruined when a neighbor's septic system seeped into it. Consequently, Mary now does her laundry on the front porch with a Maytag and uses buckets to catch the rainwater from their roof. She hauls drinking water in milk jugs from a place down the back road a few miles.

"I don't have a heated potty like

the rest of the women around here does," she says. "And I have to go outside of a night, and there's bears out there."

Bill cuts in, "Yeah, there's one (bear) who used to come down here and eat all the junk. He come up here and was right here at the door standing. He just kept comin' and got into the honey bees and tore 'em all to pieces. Eat all the honey on 'em. I didn't kill him. He come back one time too often, and I filled him full of shot. He never come back."

The bear visits were back when they kept honey bees. "When they sprayed for the gypsy moths, I had 42 columns," Bills says, "and everyone of them died. That spray killed 'em. The bees left them hives. All the bees had went out and they never come back."

"Wild Mary," as she's sometimes called, is now 61 years of age. She spends her free time gathering yellow root and ginseng, when in season, which she markets. The yellow root, or goldenseal, is used for sore throats, colds, fevers, and for heart medicine [see "Goldenseal,"

by Earl Core; Fall 1999]. "It looks something like a maple leaf," Mary says, "something with a red stem up in the center of it, with seeds on it. We leave the seeds there, and they grow again. I wash it, put it on the roof, and dry it. About three or four days, then it's ready to sell."

She sells it the last of August, when it weighs more. When asked why it would weigh more then, she replies, "The longer you push it down in the sack, you get more. I don't know why."

She used to walk in the woods, but now she uses a four-wheeler because of the bears. Bill tells us that he took Mary "four-whillin'" once, and "she was setting too far on the back, and it upset right on top of us. It scared her. It didn't scare me much, but it scared her. I never could get her to go back up over that hill again.

"One time," Bills continues, "she had one of these little cars, and I went out over the ridge and came back with it. I was running fast, and I went up over that bank and upset that thing — turned it clear

over, back on its wheels — and kept right on going. Just mashed the top down just a little bit. I took my foot and kicked the top back up, and kept right on going. She didn't know about it for about a month.

"Some girls who lived out the road needed a ride. I took them home and I was coming back. I was just trying to help the ladies out," when the wreck occurred, Bill says.

Bill has always been willing to lend a lady a hand. Mary interrupts and goes off on a tangent of her own. She says that she remembers once "before I got married, he saw (a vision of) me in my wedding gown, down there when he was

going over to a neighbor woman's. He come home and went back over, and I came to him in the spirit."

"Yes sir, I never will forget that," Bill says. "That was just as plain as you settin' there. I was going over there, and she come from out the ridge. She was standing in the road, and then she disappeared. I turned around and went back home."

The members of this family have struggled through life and its hardships, but are happy to share their heritage with others. Bill especially loves to talk about his logging days, hunting experiences, and wood-working, while Mary loves to visit and chat with anyone coming by. We are pleased to add Bill and Mary to our circle of friends. ❁



Bill and Mary have six children, and are shown here with four of their 15 grandchildren. Back row, from left, are Christa Moats, Amber Moats, and Alicia Slaubaugh; front row, from left, are Mary, Kacey, and Bill Moats.

Bill's belief in spirits extends to gambling. His dad had told him not to play cards. "One time when we was playing cards," Bill says, "a bunch of us, we were arguing about it, as usual, and we were burning a kerosene lamp. Directly, those kerosene lamplighters went right up to the top of the wood like that, and set right back down on the burner again. We had two of 'em — one setting on each end of the table. Six of us playin' cards, arguin' about money, and gamblin'."

Did they quit arguing? "We quit arguin' and quit playin' cards. That was the end because that was the devil."

*The author wishes to thank Jana Freeman and Tamara Fauber for their assistance, companionship, and support in writing this article. —ed.*

DONETTA NICE is a lifelong resident of the Aurora community in Preston County. She holds a master's degree in education from West Virginia University and has taught business subjects in a high school in Accident, Maryland, for 28 years. Donetta and her sisters are members of the Aurora Area Historical Society and enjoy writing stories which preserve their local heritage. This is Donetta's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

RONALD FREEMAN is an amateur photographer from Preston County. He and his wife Jana operate a service station in Aurora where Bill and Mary Moats are among the customers. This is Ronald's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

# Don Bosco

## Agricultural Education in Randolph County

By David W. Bartemes

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I'll never forget the first time I saw it. It was the fall of 1952, and I was traveling south with my family on U.S. 219 from Huttonsville toward Valley Head in Randolph County. It was right where the directions said it would be — after a curve, on the right. It's a landmark that many people may have wondered about for the past 50 years. For me, it identified the place that became my home for the next two years.

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**T**he statue marks the location of what was once known as Don Bosco Agricultural School. This school, established in 1948, had its first students in January of 1949. The six-and-a-half-foot-tall statue was placed on its pedestal in 1951; I'm not sure of the exact date or its origin. What I do know is that I would remember that first view of the statue for a lifetime.

At the close of World War II, an order of Catholic priests and brothers conceived the idea of establishing vocational, technical, and agricultural schools to bring Catholic



This statue of St. John Bosco marks the site of the old Don Bosco Agricultural School in Randolph County. The inscription reads, "St. John Bosco taught the children of the people in Christian and pagan lands the dignity of labor in field and workshop in the interest of God and man." Photograph courtesy of State Historic Preservation Office.



Author Dave Bartemes is standing on the left in the back row of this photograph taken at Don Bosco in 1952.

education to rural areas of the United States. This order, the Salesians of Saint John Bosco, was founded by Father John Bosco, a priest who lived in Turin, Italy, in the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century. In Italian, the title "Don," meaning "Father," is given to priests. That is why the school was named "Don Bosco."

Attending school at Don Bosco was quite a bit different from my school experience at Saint Anthony's Elementary School in

Charleston. For the first time, I had teachers who weren't women, and the schedule wasn't the usual 8:30 a.m. to 2:50 p.m. Classes at Don Bosco were from 8:00 a.m. until noon, and then after lunch, we were given assignments on the 500-acre farm that served as our practical agriculture classroom. These assignments would last until 4:00 p.m., or later if we were on the milking crew that week.

The farm included 80 dairy cows,

a large chicken coop, pigpens, and a herd of beef cattle. Many of the buildings were new and were erected with bricks made by the students in the brickery. In addition to the class schedule, we had three study hall periods every day. Classes and study halls were held six days a week. As was inscribed on the statue pedestal, the Salesians based their teachings on the principle of "dignity of labor in field and workshop." Everyone was expected to do his best in their farmwork as well as in the classroom.

Some of the priests and brothers were Italian, and at first I had difficulty understanding them because of their accents. I especially remember Brother Peter. He was a short, stocky man, balding and very energetic. He was especially hard for me to understand, but as the farm manager and the teacher of all agriculture classes, there wasn't any way to avoid him. After a few weeks, however, I caught on to his speech pattern and cadence, and he soon became my favorite teacher and mentor. His classes were a mixture of lecture and drill. To this day, I can recite a litany of his pearls, some of which would fall into the category of trivia. Nevertheless, I will always know that a cow is a ruminant, and a ruminant has four compartments to its stomach: the rumen, the reticulum, the omasum, and the abomasum.



Don Bosco operated a 500-acre working farm, including this large dairy barn.



Gathering eggs at Don Bosco are students Joe McCann (left) and Joe Bilic in the 1950's.

I remember other teachers, as well: Fathers Leo Winterschidt, Alvin Manni, Aloysius Bianchi, and Daniel O'Donovan and Brothers Fiore Da Roit, Roy Morin, Ewald Gerken, and Frank Gambaro. If Brother Peter was my favorite teacher, Brother Frank was a close second. Brother Frank was a cook, and he ran a tough kitchen. KP in the Army was a snap after working my shifts in Brother Frank's

kitchen. Kitchen duty at Don Bosco had rewards, though, that I didn't get in the military. Brother Frank baked all the bread fresh every other day, and when I got kitchen duty on bread day, there were treats of fresh bread slathered with butter and jam. Brother Frank took care of his crew.

Life at Don Bosco wasn't all work and no play. We had lots of time for games. Basketball was the domi-



The 1954 Don Bosco basketball team included author Dave Bartemes, wearing number 16 in the back row. Others shown here include, front row, Frank Goebel, Terry Shawver, Jack Mullens, Bill Hagerty, and Jim Pitts; back row, from left, Father Leo Winterschidt, Robert Dostal, Bartemes, Joe McCann, Dave Bumgardner, and Louis Fiola. Photograph courtesy of Joe McCann.

nant sport, mostly because of the new gymnasium. We traveled on a schedule to play teams in Elkins, Weston, Coalton, Grafton, and Morgantown.

On Sundays, everyone except the milking crew had free time after Mass. The milking chores were rotated, so everyone had most of their Sundays free. When Sunday weather was good, Brother Ewald would announce that he was going on a hike. There were usually 10 or more students who would jump at the opportunity to hike over the hills of Randolph County. Hikes of 10 miles weren't unusual. We would go to the tops of mountains we could see from the school: Sugar Loaf, Cheat Mountain, Kumbrow, and other places that were all within our sight.

Every Sunday evening, just before evening prayers, there was a one-hour study hall that had a meaning all its own. At half past eight, Father Leo would come in and walk to the front of the room. Father Leo, in addition to being the algebra teacher, was also the disciplinarian. It was his responsibility to keep tabs on everyone's activities during the previous week. The grades that he would read aloud for everyone to hear were the grades that meant more than your report card grades. This was the reading of the three "A's."

Father Leo stood in the front of the room with a solemn face and a large notebook. He would open the notebook, and without explanation, begin to read the "A's." The first "A" was representative of the student's effort in his studies. The second "A" represented his effort in practical agriculture, and the third "A" was his grade for general discipline.

Everyone was expected to get an "A" in all three categories. Anything less was unacceptable. There were no smirks, no smart comments from anyone, just the reading of the "A's." He began with the names of the upper classmen and worked his way down. When he got to my

strained to see the creek about 20 yards in front of me. The snow was beginning to gather on the ground as I walked toward the creek looking for a landmark. As I neared the creek, I was startled. The creek! It should be flowing from left to right. Instead, it was flowing from right to left. For an instant I was calm, then a surge of heat crept up my back, then to my neck, and finally to my face. I was lost!

My first impulse was to run back up the mountain, but I knew that it would be impossible to retrace my steps in the dark. The snow would soon cover the ground completely. I sat down to gather my thoughts. After a few minutes, I started to get cold from the sweat that soaked my clothes, so I decided on a plan to try to determine where I was.

First, I went back to the creek and stacked three large rocks, one on top of the other.

From this starting point, I walked downstream looking for a familiar landmark. After some distance, I found a stick and stood it vertically at the edge of the water, then I retraced my steps to the three rocks, then continued upstream to set up another stick. I did this repeatedly, going first downstream and then upstream, each time moving farther from the rocks. After about an hour, I decided that I would

go upstream one more time. If I didn't find a landmark, I would return and follow the stream to wherever it went. I knew that I might end up miles from the school.

I went up the creek one last time. I was about to give up when a shape on the other side of the creek got my attention. I ran through the

creek, and as I got closer, I recognized an old saw blade leaning against a post. I remembered seeing the blade on one of Brother Ewald's Sunday hikes. I could make out the large conical shape of an old sawdust pile. I knew where I was, and I knew that there would

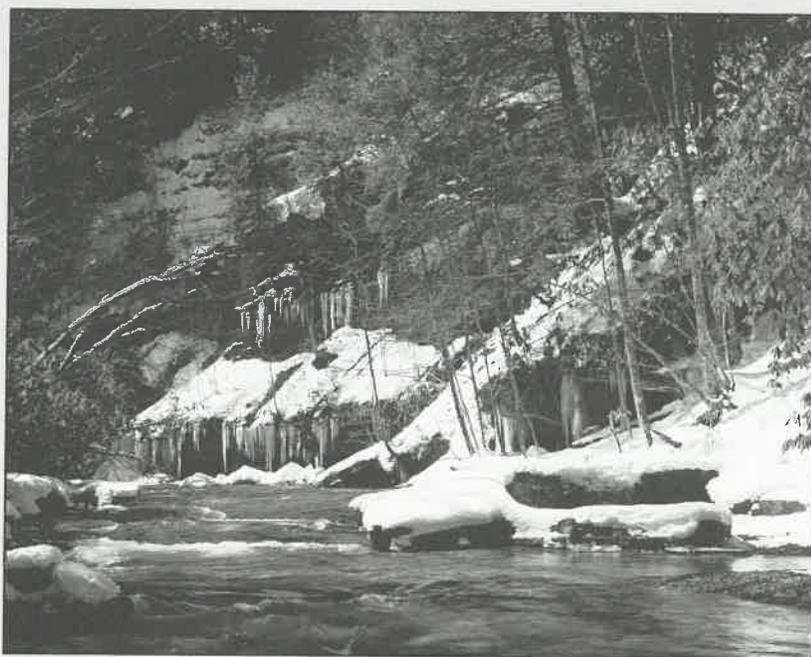
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*For an instant I was calm, then a surge of heat crept up my back.*

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be an old drag road about 50 yards farther up the creek on the opposite side from where I stood. I ran ahead, and when I crossed the creek, I could see the outline of the rut in the snow.

Walking up the old road was easy at first. But soon the climb became steeper, and the old road grew smaller and finally disappeared. At



Kumbrabow State Forest, photograph by Ron Snow.

this point, I turned straight up the mountain until I came to the ridge. I crossed over and started down, reeling from tree to tree, sometimes falling, sometimes sliding in the snow until I could grab a limb or root. When I got to the bottom, I was gasping. My clothes were soaked from the sweat, the creek,

and the snow.

I was exhausted, but I knew exactly where I was. I was in a grove of hemlocks that was a favorite place from some of our shorter Sunday hikes. While I stood there, I heard voices beyond the trees. After a minute, I could understand Father Leo and Brother Peter through the quiet. I cupped my hands around my mouth and yelled as loud as I could, "Tommy, Jimmiee!"

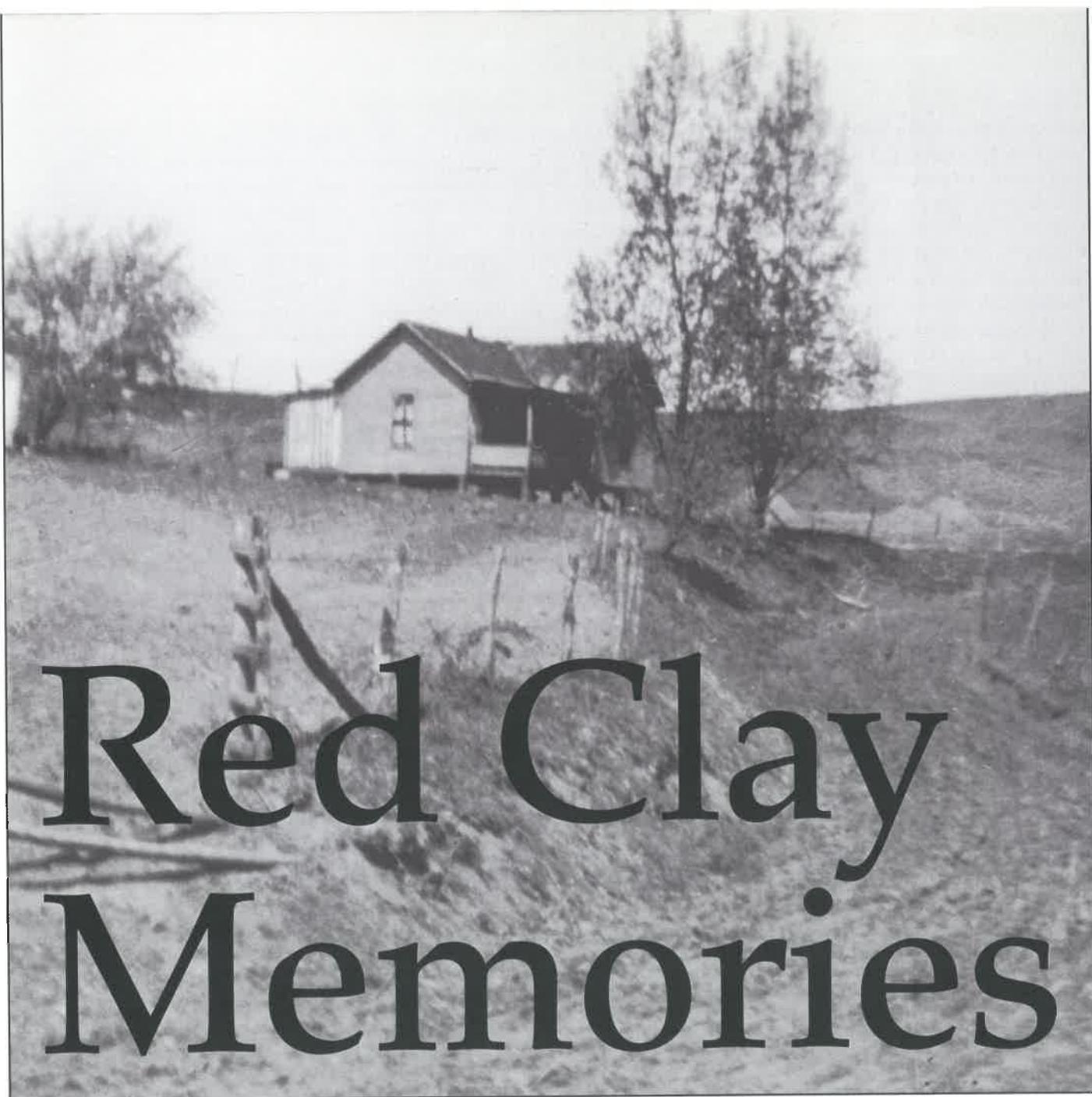
Brother Peter and Father Leo yelled back as they rushed through the hemlocks. "Where have you been?" they demanded when they got to me. "What have you been doing?"

"Oh," I replied, "I was just up toward Kumbrabow looking for Tommy and Jimmy."

"We found them hours ago!" Father Leo said, doing his best to hold his temper. "Look at you! You're soaking wet, and dinner has been over for two hours. Why in the world would you go so far toward Kumbrabow when you knew the boys were in the hollow?" he asked out loud, but not exactly to me. I didn't volunteer an answer.

We walked back to the school without talking. I knew that I had been lucky that day. Just the same, I knew that on another day, I would be drawn to the mountain again. ❁

*Kumbrabow State Forest, purchased by the state in 1934, takes its name from those of three prominent Elkins gentlemen: H.G. Kump, A.S. Brady, and E.A. Bowers. Herman G. Kump served as governor of West Virginia 1933-'37. The 3,855-foot mountain in Kumbrabow State Forest is identified on maps as Buck Knob. —ed.*



# Red Clay Memories

## My Early Life in Turner Hollow

By Charles E. Kirk

The Wood County farmhouse in Turner Hollow where author Charles Kirk and his sister were raised. The farmhouse is shown here in the 1920's.

**T**urner Hollow must have been the last place in West Virginia to move to. Otherwise, I can't visualize why anyone would end up there. The soil was pure, red clay. In order to coax any sort of vegetation to grow there, it took the expertise of a very good

farmer, and my grandfather was a very good farmer.

He was of the old Amish stock and seemed to do better than the rest of the farmers up that hollow. Some of the them didn't end up the year with much more than chicken manure. Grandpa didn't expect too

much from life — seemingly just a living. He never accumulated any semblance of wealth but always had enough of the essentials to see him through.

He spent 56 years in a never-ending battle to tame the clods of red mud that stood between him and a

crop. I don't think it ever entered his mind to give up on that old farm and look for greener pastures. He had essentially the same when he died as he had when he moved there — it was just a little more worn. He simply borrowed it from God for awhile and forced it to yield a living. He thought he had won the battle. I do, too.

My grandfather was Joseph Edward Matheny. He was born November 19, 1880, and died in 1973, a month short of his 93<sup>rd</sup> birthday.

He moved to Turner Hollow in Wood County in 1917. He had been born and raised in Harrisville, Ritchie County, and was a cobbler by trade, as were his father, brothers, and Grandfather Rueben. His father Tommy Matheny (1839-1912) was born in Highland County, Virginia, and had opened a shoe shop in Harrisville right after the Civil War. In that era, the two most important businesses in a settlement were a gristmill and a shoe shop.

His mother's maiden name was Nancy Brake (1849-1930), born at Rock Cave, Upshur County.

*He simply borrowed it  
from God for awhile and  
forced it to yield a living.*

Tommy and Nancy never owned a piece of property of their own. After Tommy's death in 1912, Nancy bought a house in Parkersburg and lived alone until she got old and sick, then moved in with her daughter Florence until she died.

In 1917, Grandpa bought the old McKibben place in Turner Hollow; it was about 15 acres and still had rail fences. It was located about three miles east of Parkersburg on old Route 50, about half-a-mile from the highway up a mud road that you couldn't get a horse and wagon up in the wintertime. Three miles from town was a very long distance in the horse and buggy days.

Grandpa and Grandma Matheny moved into the old house which



Author Charles Kirk plays a toy drum beside his grandparents' farmhouse in Turner Hollow, 1938. He lived here for 12 years and carries with him many mixed emotions about the experience.



Grandparents Maggie Alice Rhodes Matheny and Joseph Edward Matheny, feeding chickens in 1925.



The Matheny men were cobblers by trade, and opened a shoe shop in Harrisville following the Civil War. Here, Decater Matheny, our author's great-uncle, poses for a picture in the shop in about 1895.

had been built in the Civil War days, and was barely livable. Like all the houses of that time, it was made of unpainted, vertical yellow poplar boards and had a tin roof. It had a loft where the kids slept, and of course, no insulation. By late November, the snow blew through the cracks onto the kids' beds, and the only heat was a potbellied stove on the first floor.

At the time, Grandpa held a job working at a furniture factory in Parkersburg. He had to walk three miles to work in the morning; they had no car, and the buggy was impractical because you had to do something with the horse while you worked. He worked six days a week — 10 hours a day — for \$8 a week. Grandma said that some mornings after he had walked clear to town, they didn't need him that day and he would have to walk back home. He had to get up at 4:00 a.m., milk and feed the stock, then walk to town. By the time he got home in

the wintertime, it was dark, and then he had the same chores to do again.

That first November, when the weather started to get really bad, Grandpa rented a house on Desmond Avenue, and they moved back into town for the winter. He had enough ground in town to maintain his livestock through the

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*Grandpa's beliefs and opinions were cut in stone and were never compromised in his lifetime.*

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winter before moving them back to the farm in the spring. In the winters of 1918 and 1919, they were still on Desmond Avenue. In 1920, Grandpa bought a house and eight acres on Ellis Avenue where they stayed during the winter months

for the next few years; they always moved back to the farm, though, when the weather permitted.

In 1922, Grandpa bought the adjoining farm in Turner Hollow which had 20 acres and a nice house. They moved to the newer house on the farm, and Grandpa lost interest in working at the factory. From then on, they stayed on the farm all year round. I think he made up his mind that he would make his living as a farmer. He said later that he had thought that he was improving his life, but he didn't know if he had or not. He briefly went back to work part-time at the request of the factory owners because he was one of the few workers who could accurately set up a dovetail machine, but he worked very little outside the farm after that.

When the stock market fell in 1929, Grandma and Grandpa hardly even noticed. Their standard of living remained about the same. When the Depression finally faded



The "old Civil War house," where the Mathenys first lived after purchasing the Turner Hollow farm in 1917. The vertical, poplar siding and tin roof were common features at the time. Grandpa Matheny used this house as a workshop after the family moved into a newer home on the farm a few years later. This photograph was made in the 1950's.

into history, they were still on the farm trying to keep body and soul together.

My sister Glenna and I were left at Grandpa and Grandma Matheny's in 1935 when I was two-and-a-half years old and she was four. In Turner Hollow, we were thrust back in time and had to live like our grandparents did when they were growing up. The other families of our generation had refrigerators, electricity, running water, and inside bathrooms, but

Helen Matheny, our author's mother, grew up on the farm in Turner Hollow — one of four surviving children of the 10 born to Maggie and Joseph Matheny. As an adult, Helen placed her two children back on the farm following a divorce. She is shown here by the hog pen, next to the Civil War house, in 1923.

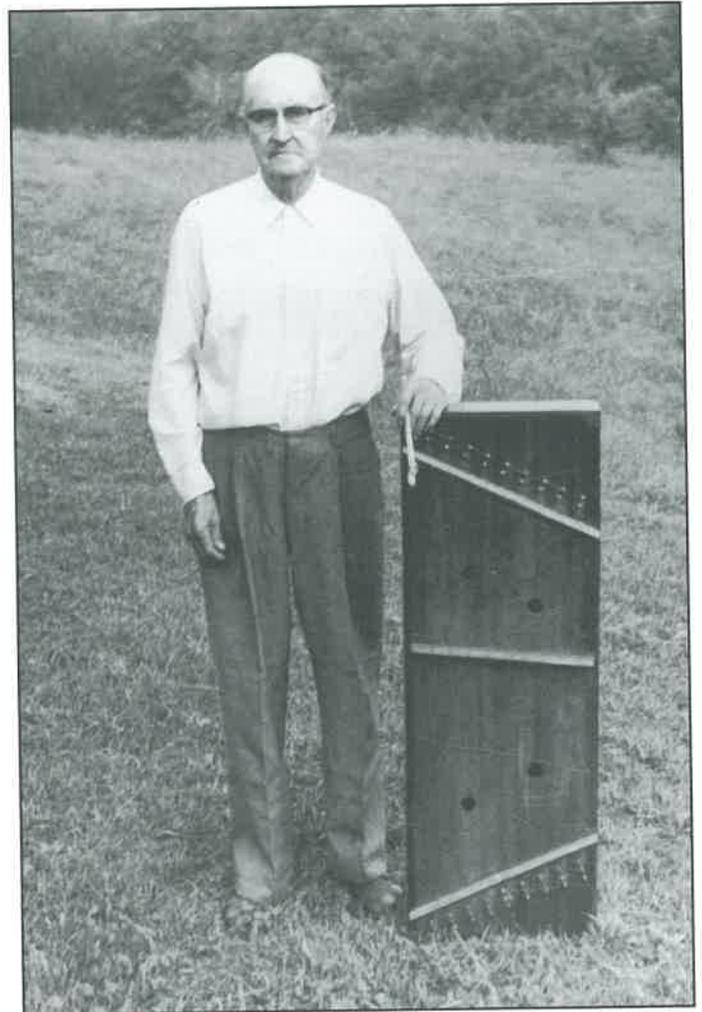
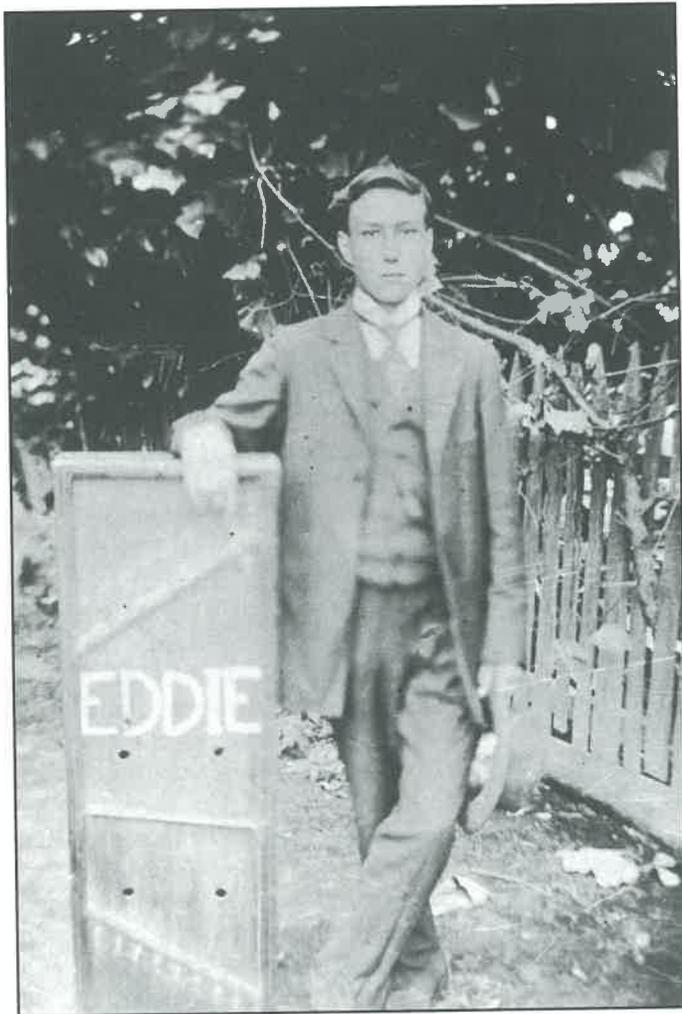


our living conditions weren't too far removed from those of the late 1880's.

Grandpa never changed his way of life too much from that of his father. It was his opinion that farm tractors were the ruination of family farms. (Yet he laughed because his father had said the horse-drawn moving machine would ruin all the meadows.) Grandpa's beliefs and opinions were cut in stone and were never compromised in his lifetime.

My grandparents were really too old to take on the responsibility of raising two small children; Grandpa was 52 years old when I was born. Usually grandparents dote on their grandchildren, but that wasn't the case in our situation. It was as if we were suddenly not his grandchildren but two unexpected boarders that had to be contended with. I'm not sure we were really welcome, but they needed the support money. Grandpa and Grandma were very bitter with each other and wrestled with their own feelings about how life hadn't been too kind to them. Grandpa only talked to us when he needed to tell us what work we were expected to do, and other than that, it was like we weren't even there.

Some in our family say that



Despite his stern nature, Grandpa Joseph Matheny was an accomplished musician who played traditional music on the fiddle and the hammered dulcimer. He is shown here, at left, at age 15 with a dulcimer of his own making. He had just won first prize at a music competition at the 1895 Ritchie County Fair. Seventy-five years later, he posed with a similar hand-made dulcimer at age 90. Charles Kirk recalls that his grandfather played what he called "old Civil War tunes," along with rare local melodies including "The Hughes River Glory."

Grandpa and Grandma couldn't have survived without the support money that was paid on our behalf. With the support money, their income was about one dollar a day — and without it, about 40 cents a day. This income had to support five people. I suppose the worst part of it was the lack of presentable clothes for school. Although Grandma did the best she could with very limited funds, we didn't even get close to the dress standards of our classmates. Grandma bought a lot of our clothes at rummage sales. I think this lack of clothes was worse for Glenna than it was for me.

By the time I was seven, Grandpa looked upon me as his hired hand. I had to take my hoe to the garden or my pitchfork to the hayfield ev-

ery time he went, and I was expected to do a man's work. When we hitched up old Prince to the sled, it was my job to drive him. But when I would ask where we were going, he would say, "You'll know when we get there. Just start out. I'll tell you if you are going in the wrong direction." Sometimes when we started out, he would immediately tell me to turn around and go in the opposite direction. If I would come to a crossroad or fence, I would have to wait for him to catch up and tell me which direction to go. It was his way of having control. Sometimes when we finished a day in the hayfield, I would say that we had put a lot of hay up, and he would reply, "Shttt, you don't know what a good day's work is."

I learned early on not to voice my opinion about anything, because if I did, Grandpa would stop what he was doing and turn and look at me and say, "And when did you get so smart?" On the other hand, Grandma would always say, "Oh, you have big ideas." They didn't have much tolerance for a little fellow's opinion. When they set down the rules, they meant for them not to be broken — not even bent. If you broke a rule, you had to pay the price, and it was usually harsh. We weren't even allowed to have a frown on our face because to them that was disrespectful.

Of course, it wasn't all work. We had a big homemade toy we called the iron horse. I don't know how old it was, but my uncle said that it



The "iron horse" was an unusual riding toy found on the farm at Turner Hollow. Charlie Kirk sits on the toy at right, along with cousin Leslie and sister Glenna in about 1936.

was there on the farm as long as he could remember. We could actually ride on it. It was about four-feet long and three-feet high. The body was a flat piece of steel about three inches across and a quarter-inch thick, and bowed up where the saddle was.

It had a spring-like action so that when you bounced up and down on the saddle, the motion would force the front wheels forward; the back wheels had a ratchet-like motion that only allowed them to move forward. When you bounced down on the saddle, the back wheels stayed put and the front wheels were forced forward. Then, the front wheels locked up and the back wheels were allowed to come forward.

It had a head mounted on a piece of metal and reins running back to the saddle. It even had a tail. The person that put that together was a genius. They had made it out of the old-time, flat steel car springs. It really worked. It would be worth a fortune today. When the kids all left home, Grandpa probably threw it in the dump.

I lived out there on the farm for about 12 years. If I had my druthers, I would rather have lived in town with young parents who could afford to support and dress their kids — where there was no mud or farm work.

I started writing this in February 1997, when I was 64 years old. I wanted to write it for my kids so they could preserve how it was growing up in the '30's on the farm, and understand how we lived without the modern amenities. Everything I have put down is the absolute way it was, as I remember it. Some of this was painful to dredge back up and write about, but that's the way it happened.

I have a recurring dream that I am back on the old farm in Turner



The old house at Turner Hollow still stands, though it is now abandoned and falling into disrepair. Here, our author's father Harry Kirk and sister Glenna Riley visit the home during the 1980's.

Hollow, but the old folks are gone. The apple trees are so loaded with apples the size of grapefruit that you could pick a bushel without even moving, and the peaches are as big as your fist. The garden is loaded with vegetables and the colors are so vivid and beautiful that they defy imagination. The vines are hanging heavy with green beans that are a foot long, and the pumpkins are as big as washtubs. I look over at the meadow and wonder how many times Grandpa stood in that very place and looked over at that hill. I always wake up very sad.

Would I change my life if I could go back and live it over? Just about all of it. Looking back, I would rather be 25 years old and penniless, so I could do it all again. 🍁

CHARLES E. KIRK left Turner Hollow in 1946 and went to live with his mother in Parkersburg. He later learned the meatcutters' trade and worked at various supermarkets in Parkersburg before opening his own meat shop in 1960 in the Wood County community of Kanawha. Charles sold his shop and retired in 1996; he still lives in Kanawha. His early memories of life in Turner Hollow were written as part of an extensive, unpublished autobiography. This is Mr. Kirk's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

# "He Just Loved the

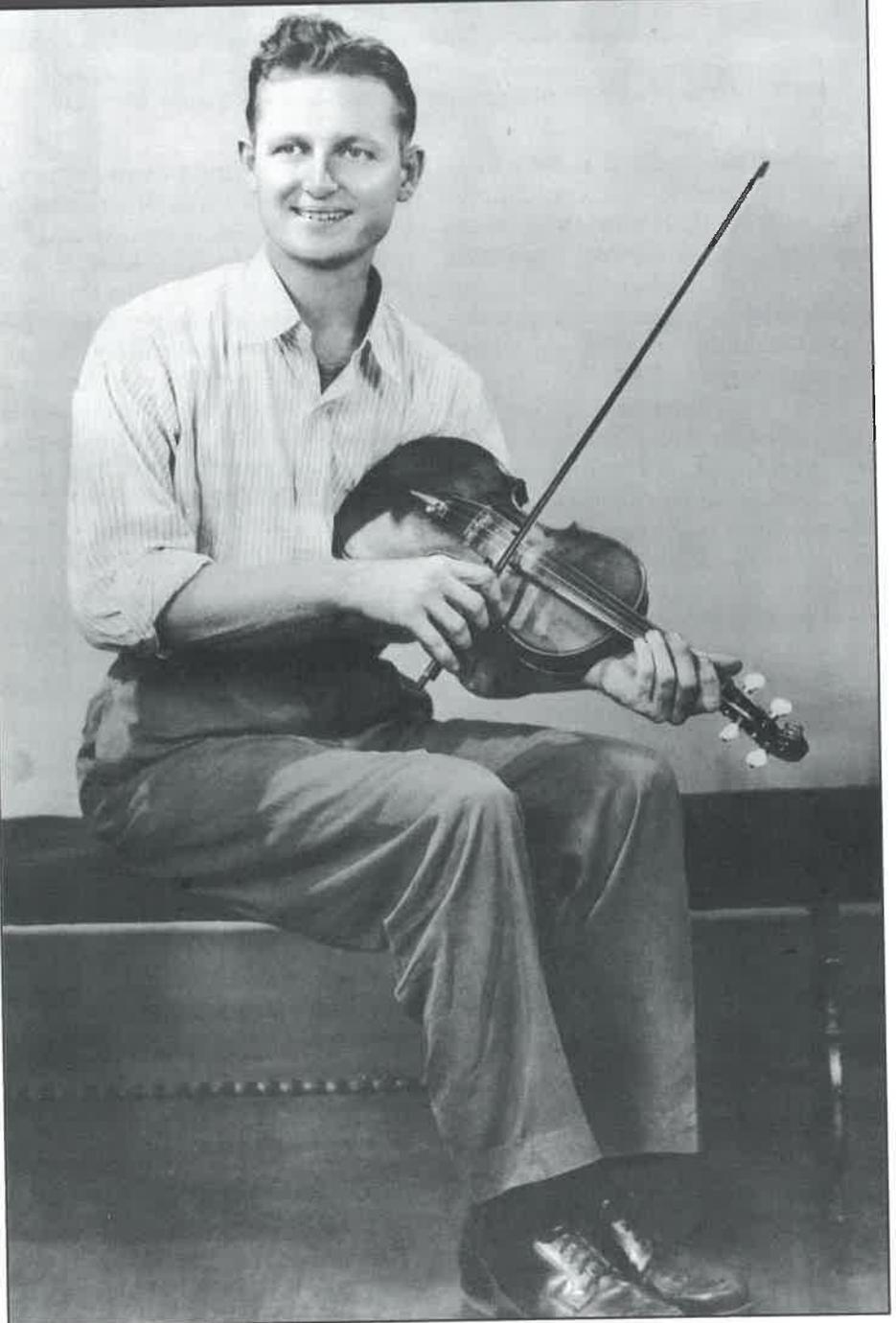
# Loved the

Some West Virginians believe that traditional fiddlers can make music sweet enough to charm the red from the apples or the green from the leaves. Such a fiddler was the late Earl Franklin "Red" Henline of Buckhannon. He was a man who loved humor and his family, but whose greatest skill was making fiddle music as smooth as the water flowing through the Buckhannon River.

"He just loved the music," says Charlotte Henline Reger, Red's daughter. "He learned from his grandfather and his father and other traditional fiddlers. Music seems to have been a pure gift with him, all his life."

Earl Henline was born in Buckhannon on March 21, 1923, the son of John Edward and Opal Edna Henline, and the grandson of traditional fiddler Floyd Henline.

Earl Franklin "Red" Henline in 1947. At age 24, he was regarded as a top fiddler around Buckhannon.



# Traditional Fiddler Red Henline

By Robert Spence

# Music"

Theresa Derico Henline, Red's wife of nearly 57 years, says that music began flowing out of Red when he was still a very young boy.

"His mother told me that he used to take pots and pans out from the shelves in their kitchen and play on them like they were drums," Theresa says. Red soon learned to play a variety of instruments including guitar, mandolin, and fiddle. "One time, someone wanted to take Earl with them to a city where he could get formal training because they thought he was that good," Theresa says. "But his parents wouldn't let him go."

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*Music began flowing out of Red when he was still a very young boy.*

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Charlotte adds, "That natural love of music remained his main characteristic. He would be sitting around the kitchen table after dinner chatting with us about the day's events, and he would begin beating out a rhythm with his hands."

Earl grew up during the Depression years, which were as hard on folks around Buckhannon as they were anyplace else in the nation. "I think those years left their mark on him," Charlotte says. "He was a serious child who handled responsibilities seriously. Almost everyone around here who lived through the Depression was the same way.

"But he began learning more

about music even then," Charlotte continues. "With one of his brothers, he began going down to the barbershop in Buckhannon and singing for people, taking in a little money from by-passers. I think that gave him his first sense of harmony, which became important to him a few years later when he began playing with string bands."

Brothers Floyd and John Edward Henline played mainly to entertain their family, but they recognized that Red had the gift. Their father bought Red his first fiddle when he was a teenager. Red learned quickly and well, adapting the sounds of such local traditional musicians as Punk Chandler and Floyd Henline into his own smooth style. "His music was midway between the traditional sounds of the Upshur and Lewis County fiddlers, and a waltz," Charlotte says. "He never told us how he learned to do that, but I have the impression this was his own creation."

According to fellow fiddler Bob Taylor, Red was a self-taught musician with highly developed technical skills. He held his fiddle unusually low on his chest and used a complex, but fluid, bow motion. Bob recalls that Red was equally adept at delivering smooth, tasteful waltzes such as "Wednesday Night Waltz," as he was at playing lively breakdowns such as "Leather Britches" or "Ragtime Annie."

Some of Earl's formative experiences were in school, which he enjoyed. "He was an avid reader,"

Theresa says. "He liked history, science, geography, and math, but sometimes he would have trouble with spelling. But he got good grades in most of the subjects."

Red had another interest while



John Edward Henline, Red's father, striking a match and a dapper pose. Photographer and date unknown.

he was in high school. That was basketball. "Dad never was that much of a sports fan," Charlotte says, "but he did love basketball. He was tall for boys of his time and joined his high school basketball



Red married Theresa Derico in 1943. The couple met while working at a Buckhannon garment factory.

team. But a doctor found that he had high blood pressure and advised him not to stay with the team."

Milford Reger, Red's son-in-law, recalls that there was another way in which Red impressed him. "He loved the Bible and religion," Milford says. "I never knew a man who knew more about the Bible. He had read it back-to-back more than once and could answer any question you had about it."

Theresa adds that after she married Earl, they converted to the Seventh Day Adventist Church. "At one time, he talked with me about becoming a preacher for the church," she says. "I told him to go ahead, if that was what he wanted. Instead, he thought it would be more practical to be a teacher, so he went in that direction."

Red's common sense about life became apparent in 1942. That was the year that he met Theresa Derico while they were both working at a garment factory in Buckhannon. He was 19 and she was 22. Theresa had already worked at the factory for four years and had risen to a posi-

tion of some responsibility. "It was my job to see that the other workers got bundles of cloth when they needed them, and I worked hard at that," she says.

Theresa had met Earl very briefly years earlier when they were teenagers. "I played the guitar some then and met him one day at a square dance," she recalls. "We all loved and played traditional tunes, and someone asked him to tune all the instruments the same, which he did. But I gave up music when I went to work in the garment factory, and didn't play much again until I met Earl the second time in 1942."

Earl left high school to go to work at the factory when the United States got into the war. "One day," Theresa recalls, "he said to one of my girlfriends, 'Who is that little gal that's working so hard with those bundles?' They told him who I was, and he asked one of them to introduce him to me. He already had the reputation as the best fiddler in Upshur County and around, and I had watched him play at several dances, so I was impressed with him. He asked me out, we dated about two months, and then we got married. That was on January 2, 1943."

Theresa is the daughter of Joseph and Anna DeFrancisco Derico. Her father was from northern Italy, and her mother was from the island of Sicily. Anna DeFrancisco came to the United States at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, when she was five years old.

Theresa's father came to the United States a few years later. Joseph Derico was a miner who settled in the small Barbour County town of Century, taking a room at the house of Anna DeFrancisco's parents. When Anna grew up, she married Joseph; their daughter Theresa was born in 1920.

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*"He already had the reputation as the best fiddler in Upshur County, so I was impressed with him."*

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Theresa was an interesting young woman who taught herself how to play traditional folk music on a guitar. Something of a rebel, she moved to Buckhannon in 1938 against her father's wishes, and took a job in the garment factory.

When Theresa left Century to work in Buckhannon, she met many



Theresa Henline today. Photograph by Michael Keller.



Charlotte Henline Reger today with one of her father's fiddles. Charlotte often accompanied Red on his musical outings and occasionally sang and backed him up on the piano. Photograph by Michael Keller.

other young people, including her future husband. By the time of Red and Theresa's marriage in early 1943, nearly all of the nation's young men, and many young women, were involved in the war effort. Red Henline was no exception.

"Earl [she never called him 'Red'] joined the U.S. Army just a few weeks after we were married," Theresa recalls. "But he wasn't in the service very long. They found out he had that high blood pressure, so they gave him an honorable discharge after just six months."

Through the war years, Red worked at different occupations around Buckhannon. "Earl's father had worked in a tire shop retreading tires, so Earl worked

at that some, as well," Theresa says. "Then he worked some on the railroad and a little bit of everything else before he decided that his future lay in education. In between times, he also worked in the local welfare office and for the mental health agency, just trying different jobs until he got his feet on the ground."

In the mid-1940's, Red and Theresa had their two children: John in 1944 and Charlotte in 1946. "I think Earl turned to education then because he knew he needed to support us. But it was a good decision because he also loved children and found it easy to relate to them with his music and his humor," Theresa comments.

Red's humor was one of the most effective ways he had to relate to everyone else. That humor was unusual and picturesque and remained one of the most memorable sides of his character. "He teased us all the time," Milford Reger says. "He kept all of us in stitches."

"He loved to joke and just be around other people," Charlotte adds. "He would call one of his friends on the telephone and say, 'This is old J. Willington Burnside's calling so-and-so.' That was one of his favorite jokes."

Theresa recalls that Red also liked to draw absurd caricatures of his family and then tell them that the drawings looked just like them. "He was outrageous that way," Theresa says. "One evening, he started doing that and came up with the most ridiculous drawings I ever saw. We all began laughing so hard about it

that, if someone had passed the window and looked in on us carrying on, they would have had us put away somewhere."

Some of the family's fondest — and some of the most painful — memories of Red are wrapped up with his music. Many of these memories concern competition. "Wherever he went, he would win," Theresa says. "Nobody could top Earl." He could be reluctant to go to fiddling contests, she says, but when he had made his mind up to go somewhere, he would practice for three or four hours the day before the fiddling and then go, usually winning first place.

"I don't guess he was the most aggressive musician who ever lived," Charlotte adds, "but he was always known as a top-flight competitor. He played like he was talking to you, not just playing an instrument. His style was mellow, not choppy at all."

In the early 1980's, Red traveled to Maryland for a statewide music



Johnny and Charlotte Henline in 1949.



Though he never made his living as a musician, Red appeared on local radio and television with many of the area's well-known entertainers. He is shown here fiddling with (from left) John Graham, Denny and Mary Lee Stutler, Bobby Jacops, and Kenny Doll.

If Red and his family were disappointed with the decision in Pennsylvania, there are other times they remember with great happiness. "I can't remember which year this happened, but I do know that he won the fiddling contest in the first West Virginia Strawberry Festival," Milford says. "That was one of the victories he was happiest about because he was just a teenager then." The victory was no doubt even sweeter because it came in his own hometown.

Among the songs that Red loved best were hymns like "Amazing Grace" and "Precious Memories." Like most other folk musicians of his era, Red learned his music from many sources. He could compose, as well, and his family remembers with pride how he invented the tune he named "Theresa's Waltz" in his wife's honor.

"Earl was born just at the time that traditional music was splitting

contest. He entered that contest as a fiddler, of course, but there were also guitar players and banjo players and folk musicians of every type.

"He topped everybody," Milford says. "He won the prize as the top folk musician there, not just for fiddling, either. He was named the best folk musician in that state that year."

"The crowd there gave him three standing ovations," Charlotte recalls. "It went on and on. They didn't want him to stop. And after the show was finally over, people were lined up and waited an hour to introduce themselves to him and get his autograph."

That triumph in Maryland was followed later the same year by a more painful experience in Pennsylvania. "The show ended," Charlotte says, "and we were putting on our coats to leave. Someone came up to us and told us not to go because Dad had won first prize.

"But then we saw the judges consulting each other and they told us that he was disqualified because he was a professional musician. Woody Simmons got upset with the judges and argued with them for quite a while, but the ruling stood. I cried all the way home," Charlotte recalls.

Like nearly everyone who played music but who held a "day job," Red occasionally made some music on local radio programs. His family recalls that he performed with popular radio personalities Little John Graham and Cherokee Sue. He also played on the radio from time to time with Leroy Patterson, another well-known name on that circuit.

"But Dad was never a professional in the sense of making his living with his fiddle," Charlotte says. "So we thought it was unfair that he was disqualified because he had played with professionals on the radio."



Red enjoyed playing his fiddle at local senior centers during his later years. This photograph is from the 1980's. Photographer unknown.

off from the sound that developed into today's country music," Bob Taylor explains. "So it is natural that his music would be a blend of the older tunes learned from traditional musicians, and more modern sounds."

Earl stayed involved with many of the other musicians in his community, and he once organized a group of senior-citizen musicians into a local band. Although he did not perform often in public during his later years, Red occasionally showed up at Glenville, Morgantown, the Strawberry Festival, or

at other contests to compete. He also enjoyed performing at some of the local senior centers. According to Bob Taylor, Red was always well-dressed, well-rehearsed, and very professional at these performances, and was often accompanied by Charlotte on the piano.

Earl Henline suffered a disabling stroke in 1992, and after that, could only get out and enjoy the music with the help of his family. They tell of how he would smile when they went to visit him in a rest home and sang for him. They took him to Elkins for the Augusta Heritage Center's Fiddlers Re-

union at Davis & Elkins College in October 1999, where he enjoyed hearing fiddle tunes again. That was his last public appearance.

Red passed away on December 31, 1999, at age 76, leaving behind many fond memories. ❁

ROBERT SPENCE was born and raised in Logan, where his people have lived since 1790. He graduated from Marshall University with a B.A. in journalism and worked for the *Logan News* for 11 years. He is a freelance writer and a frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor. His most recent article appeared in our Fall 1998 issue.

## Remembering Red

By John Gallagher

It was the October before last, just past 5:00 p.m. on the final day of the annual Fiddlers Reunion at Davis & Elkins College in Elkins. It had been a fine day of making music with old friends and new acquaintances. Fiddlers from all over the state — young and old alike — had played on the informal stage. Most people had already left for supper, and those few that remained were packing up instrument cases.

I was standing in the hallway, fiddle in hand, and ready to go, too, when a man approached me. He said, "Good evening. Would you mind playing for my father-in-law, Red Henline? We arrived too late to hear any of the fiddle music during the day. He is out in the car and would like to hear a tune or two."

The man introduced himself as Milford Reger. I followed him outside and found Red and his family waiting in the parking lot under the clear evening sky. They had driven over from Buckhannon that afternoon for a musical family outing, but as Milford had mentioned, arrived too late to take part in any of the scheduled activities.

Red sat in the back of the car, his face framed by the window. He looked out of the automobile with the quiet tranquility older people often have. He seemed frail.

His daughter Charlotte was up in the front seat. We introduced ourselves and passed the time getting acquainted.

Music was a source of fond memories in their family, I discovered, and Charlotte recalled her childhood growing up with her father's fiddling in the house. She said that he had often played at the Strawberry Festival in Buckhannon and was very popular there.

Images of days-gone-by kindled my imagination. I took out my fiddle and tuned the strings. I played a couple of pieces standing there in the grass beside the car. I think they were the "Miller's Reel" and "No Corn on Tygart." Red seemed to listen with a musician's discrimination. At one point, he loudly exclaimed something I didn't catch — I'd like to know now what that was. He made no mention of knowing the tunes or variants of them, but sat there in the back seat, inwardly regarding the music.

I have been interested in the older West Virginia musical traditions for years, particularly regional fiddling. The bowed rhythms, left-hand orna-

ments, and melodies that seem to mirror life's rawness and beauty have often lured me into homes and festivals around the state. Unfortunately, I haven't spent much time in Upshur County, and I regret I hadn't heard of Red Henline before that day. I would have liked to have played with him, but I was also glad for this chance to play for him. I feel a debt of gratitude to musicians of Red's generation and of previous generations for their knowledge of musical lore and their willingness to share it.

The air was noticeably cooler, it was getting late. As I slacked the bowhair, we began our good-byes. They thanked me for playing, and the visit ended as it began — spontaneously and with much graciousness from the Henline family. I am grateful to them for the invitation to return a little of what has been so freely given to me.

JOHN GALLAGHER is a fiddler and woodworker living in Elkins. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

# The Vandalia Award

## Portrait Gallery

**E**ach year at the Vandalia Gathering, West Virginia's highest folklife honor — the Vandalia Award — is presented in a ceremony on the stage of the Cultural Center theater. The individuals who receive this award embody the spirit of our state's folk heritage and are recognized for their lifetime contribution to West Virginia and its traditional culture.

To celebrate the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Vandalia Gathering, we present a gallery of the recipients of this prestigious award. Originally assembled as a 1999 exhibition in the State Museum, the collection was made possible in part by funds from a Folklife Infrastructure grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Division of Culture and History through the West Virginia Commission on the Arts.

We have revised and updated the exhibition to include the most recent recipients.



## 1981 MELVIN WINE

Fiddler Melvin Wine was born in Braxton County in 1909. His extensive repertoire and rustic fiddling style represent a long tradition of music from within his family and community. Melvin is acknowledged today for his powerful live performances and his willingness to teach his music and share it with others. Recipient of the first Vandalia Award, Melvin was also awarded the National Endowment for the Arts' prestigious National Heritage Fellowship in 1991. Photograph by Michael Keller.



## 1982 IRA MULLINS

Champion fiddler Ira J. Mullins was born in 1902 in rural Clay County. Ira (pronounced I-ree) was a true individual with a unique repertoire and an outrageous personal style. His competitive spirit, exaggerated gift for storytelling, and natural ability to entertain an audience made him one of the most beloved musicians in the state. He ran a sawmill for his living and was known in Clay County to be one of the finest sawyers in the area. Ira passed away in 1987. Photograph by Steve Payne.



## 1983 WOODY SIMMONS

Woodford "Woody" Simmons is a multi-talented musician from Randolph County. A fierce competitor, he has won countless prizes for his accomplished fiddling and banjo playing. He was born in 1911 on Becky's Creek near Huttonsville, and still lives close by in Mill Creek. Woody has many stories to tell about his long and adventurous life in the mountains, and he is one of West Virginia's most colorful personalities. Photograph by Michael Keller.

## 1984 AUNT JENNIE WILSON

Virginia Myrtle "Aunt Jennie" Wilson was born in 1900 near Henlawson in Logan County. She learned her banjo playing and ballad singing from the many talented family members and other musicians in her coalfield community. She was among the first women in her region to play the banjo. Strong-willed and articulate, Aunt Jennie became a folk legend in her later years and had a festival named in her honor. She passed away in 1992. Photograph by Michael Keller.



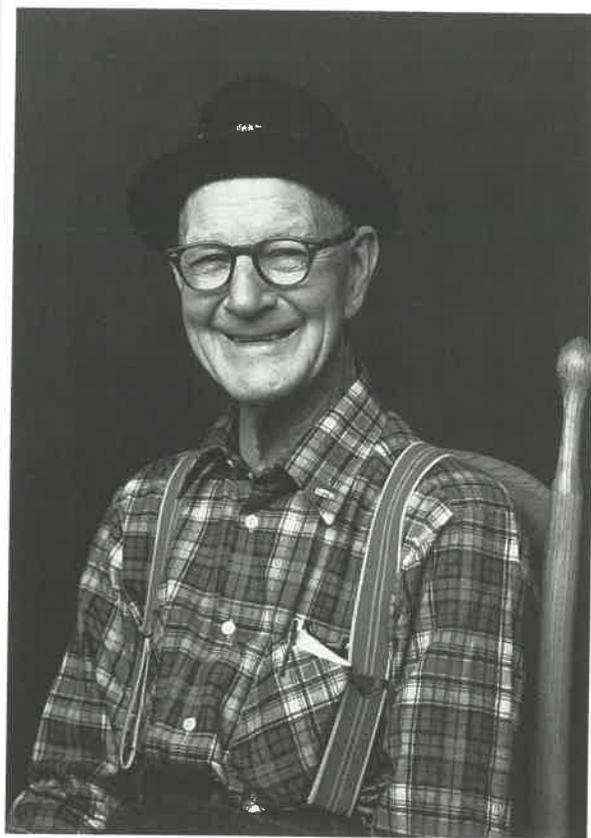


## 1985 MIKE HUMPHREYS

Fiddler Mike Humphreys was born in 1919 in Elkview, Kanawha County. His pure and polished fiddling, along with his quiet and genial personality, earned him the respect and admiration of all who knew him. Mike was equally comfortable with old-time, bluegrass, and country music styles. A popular performer at local festivals, Mike also appeared regularly on radio and television throughout the Kanawha Valley and in other parts of West Virginia. Mike Humphreys passed away in 1986. Photograph by Michael Keller.

## 1986 RUSSELL FLUHARTY

Russell Fluharty, "The Dulcimer Man," was born in rural Marion County north of Mannington in 1906. Adept at playing several instruments including the mountain dulcimer, Russell became a champion of the hammered dulcimer and is often given credit for popularizing this ancient and beautiful instrument in West Virginia. Russell was a tireless supporter of local history and folk culture, and he promoted — and performed — traditional music at every opportunity. Russell Fluharty passed away in 1989. Photograph by Michael Keller.





## 1987 PHOEBA PARSONS

Phoeba Cottrell Parsons was born in 1908 near Arnoldsburg in rural Calhoun County. Phoeba (pronounced Fee-bee) grew up surrounded by music and dance and became a fine banjo player while still a young girl. Her father John Cottrell was a fiddler and he taught young Phoeba to play the fiddlesticks; she later became a skilled flatfoot dancer and ballad singer. Now more than 90 years of age, Phoeba still enjoys sharing her talents with others, and will even thrill an audience with a little flatfoot dance if she's in the right mood. She still lives in Calhoun County near the town of Orma. Photograph by Michael Keller.

## 1988 ERNEST CARPENTER

Fiddler Ernest "Ernie" Carpenter was born in 1909 in rural Braxton County near the Elk River town of Sutton. Descended from a long line of musicians and pioneering river men, Ernie's fiddling echoed the stories, legends, and musical styles passed on to him by his forebears. Many of Ernie's tunes, which he later passed on to a new generation of fiddlers, commemorate important events in the history of his family and other early settlers in central West Virginia. Ernie Carpenter passed away in 1997. Photograph by Michael Keller.





## 1993 JANE T. GEORGE

Jane George wears many hats. Born Jane Taylor in rural Roane County in 1922, she is a fervent supporter of West Virginia's folk heritage and has devoted her adult life to teaching and promoting the traditional arts. Basket weaving and Highland dancing are areas of special interest to Jane, who was instrumental in establishing several heritage arts educational programs in the state. Today, Jane George and her talented husband Frank can be found at the Vandalia Gathering and anywhere the folk arts are celebrated in West Virginia. Photograph by Michael Keller.

## 1994 FRANKLIN GEORGE

William Franklin "Frank" George was born in 1928 in Bluefield, Mercer County, later moving to Roane County where he now lives with his wife Jane. Frank is a respected fiddler and an authority on the history of West Virginia traditional music. He is particularly interested in the Irish and Scottish roots of mountain culture. In addition to the fiddle, Frank plays the Scottish bagpipes, the pennywhistle, the fife, the mountain and the hammered dulcimer, and the old-time banjo. Frank frequently performs Celtic music with the band Poteen. Photograph by Rick Lee.





## 1995 NATHANIEL H. REESE

Nathaniel H. "Nat" Reese was born in 1924 in Salem, Virginia, moving to Itmann, Wyoming County, in 1928. He now lives in Princeton, Mercer County. Nat grew up in the coal camps, surrounded by gospel, swing, and blues music. A former coal miner himself, Nat later turned to music as a profession, plying his skill as a guitarist and singer in a wide array of musical styles. Today Nat is a consummate performer, focused primarily on the traditional blues and swing music he learned as a boy in the coalfields. Photograph by Michael Keller.

## 1996 ELMER BIRD

Elmer Bird, "The Banjo Man from Turkey Creek," was born in rural Putnam County in 1920. Elmer learned his music from family members and neighbors on Turkey Creek, and as a young man he began making local appearances with his fiddling cousin George Bird. Later, as a solo performer, Elmer developed an impressive "double drop-thumb" banjo style and attracted a wide following both within West Virginia and across the country. Elmer Bird passed away in 1997. Photograph by Michael Keller.





1997  
EMMETT M.  
"LEFTY" SHAFER

Fiddler, whistler, and singer Emmett M. "Lefty" Shafer was born in rural Roane County in 1915, and now lives in the Charleston area. A clean and meticulous fiddler, Lefty has won literally hundreds of awards over the years including the 1987 award for the West Virginia State Fiddle Champion. Though he is a formidable competitor, Lefty is also a patient and encouraging teacher who has shared his musical knowledge with many aspiring fiddlers over the years. Photograph by Michael Keller.

1998  
GLEN SMITH

Fiddler Glen Smith of Wirt County was born in Woodlawn, Virginia, in 1923. He moved to the Elizabeth area about 30 years ago to work in the timber industry. Since that time, Glen has become a fixture at West Virginia traditional music events, winning numerous awards for his fiddling and entertaining audiences throughout the state with his dry sense of humor and his hard-driving musical style. Photograph by Michael Keller.





## 1999 RUSH & RUBY BUTCHER

Dancer Brookley Rush Butcher and his wife Ruby Jewell Salyer Butcher have been instrumental in teaching and promoting international folk dance in West Virginia for the past 50 years. Rush was born in Braxton County in 1923, and Ruby was born in Fuget, Kentucky, in 1928. The pair met while they were students at Berea College, married, and moved back to West Virginia. Since then, they have lived, farmed, and taught dancing in Nicholas County. Photograph by Michael Keller.

## 2000 BROOKS SMITH

Brooks Smith from Dunbar, Kanawha County, has been playing the banjo for more than 60 years. Equally comfortable with clawhammer or traditional finger-style playing, Brooks has won many awards at festivals and music competitions across the state. He is a decorated Army veteran of World War II, and a retired draftsman for Union Carbide. Brooks is well-loved for his generosity with his music, particularly among the many younger musicians with whom he has shared his talents. Photograph by Michael Keller.



# Vandalia Wives

May is coming. And with it, comes the Vandalia Gathering. As we celebrate this year's 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary, it's a good time to also celebrate some of the special women who have played an important role behind the scenes of this annual homecoming for so many years.

By Kim Johnson

Photographs by Michael Keller



Women are the thread that holds the fabric of the West Virginia music community together. Whether they're going out to someone's home with their husbands for a get-together, or welcoming a group of friends to play music in their own home, these women cook and bake, make coffee, and generally create a homey and welcoming atmosphere. They encourage and support their husbands and the music in every way.

The Vandalia experience has a different meaning for each of these women. Helen Smith, wife of

Helen and Glen in 1944.  
Photographer unknown.



Helen and Glen Smith at their home in Elizabeth, Wirt County, 1990.

fiddler Glen Smith, says, "I've made many lasting friends at Vandalia. A lot of them are gone now, like Laverne Simmons, Wilson Douglas, French and Thelma Mitchell, Russell Fluharty, Worley Gardner, Elmer Bird, and Aunt Jennie Wilson. I really miss them all very much."

Glen and Helen Smith, from Wirt County, have been married for 57 years. "I didn't do much traveling around with Glen when our kids were younger," says Helen. "I have three children, and at that time, they were too young to enjoy the music which made it



Velva and Lefty Shafer in their Charleston home.

too hard for me to go to many festivals. But now I go to just about everywhere Glen plays. One of my favorite things about Vandalia is looking through all the wonderful handmade crafts. I like to sit under the trees in the nice, cool shade and listen to the fiddle contests, too.

"If he ever wins anything in a fiddle contest, I get the money, and Glen gets the ribbon and all the glory," Helen says, laughing. "We've always shared everything we have with each other, through both the good times and bad. That's how our marriage has lasted 57 years. It's the only way.

"If any woman out there is even thinking about marrying a fiddler, I hope she already likes fiddle music," Helen warns. "The marriage will never survive if she doesn't, because there's no changing a fiddler's mind. If you marry a person and intend to change them, you're just fooling yourself.

"I've had a good life with Glen," Helen says. "We've always had plenty to eat and clothes to wear. We've never had a fine home, but it's always been a comfortable home — what else could you ask for?"

Helen Smith is a joy to be around and is loved by all the musicians for her sense of humor. She can usually be found either sitting in the audience enjoying the show, or at a table selling CD's and

tapes for the musicians. Her assistance is appreciated by one and all. [See "'I've Always Loved Music': Champion Fiddler Glen Smith," by Jacqueline G. Goodwin; Summer 1990.]

Emmett "Lefty" and Velva Shafer have been married 63 years. They met while both of them were working at Fletcher Enamel in Dunbar. "Emmett was a dipper and I was a sponger," says Velva.

"At the Vandalia Gathering, I really enjoy looking at all the craftwork and also sampling something from the different food booths. I treasure the memory of the night in 1997 that our family was there when Emmett was presented with the Vandalia Award. Emmett and I have also met a lot of very nice people at Vandalia.

"We've been to many kinds of places and had lots of good times with the music," Velva says. "If you marry a fiddler, you need to get used to having a lot of people coming by to visit. Every Thursday evening, we usually have some music here, and before they start playing they always eat a piece of pie." Everybody knows that Velva's strawberry pie is just about the best there is.

"About the only downside of being a musician's wife is when he goes to a festival or fiddle contest far away from home and has to stay overnight," Velva says. "I always worry about him being out on the roads. I hope Emmett keeps on playing the fiddle as long as he can. It's been a big part of his life." [See "'A Lot of Good Music': Lefty Shafer Talks Fiddling," interview by Robert Spence; Winter 1984.]

Westine Smith met her husband Brooks while waiting for a bus on Summers Street in Charleston. "I was on my way home from working at a candy shop on Quarrier Street. Brooks was on furlough from World War II and going home to Dunbar. He asked me for a date, and we've been together ever since," says Westine. Brooks and Westine Smith have been married 55 years.

"When I was a young girl, I enjoyed the popular music like the big bands and such," Westine says. "My sister played the piano and we sang songs that were popular at that time, the 1930's and 1940's. I never listened to any kind of the fiddle/banjo music that was around back then. When I married Brooks, I got to listening to it a lot more, and I just love the old-time music now.

"I really enjoy all the music at Vandalia. Everything from the playing in the Green Room to the contests and the evening concerts," Westine says. "One of the most wonderful memories I have of Vandalia is when they gave Brooks the Vandalia Award last year.

"I also treasure all the good friends I've made since coming to Vandalia. Once, a couple from



Westine and Brooks Smith at home in Dunbar.

Covington, Virginia, was passing through Charleston on their way home when they saw all the activity around the Capitol grounds, so they stopped to see what was going on. Brooks and I had volunteered to be escorts for musicians coming to Vandalia and were in the Great Hall when this couple came in. We told them what Vandalia was all about and what was happening. They decided to get a motel room for the night, and ended up staying the entire weekend. They enjoyed it so much that they've come back here every year just for Vandalia," Westine says. "They've kept in touch with us over the years, and even came to Dunbar to visit us. I've met so very many nice people through being involved in West Virginia's music. It's been a great life, and we're still enjoying it." [See "Brooks Smith: The Making of a Banjo Player," interview by Andrew Dunlap; Spring 1996.]

Mary Kessinger of Saint Albans, wife of guitarist Robin Kessinger, especially likes the fact that at Vandalia everybody knows everybody else. "Our children Robby and Luke have grown up at Vandalia," says Mary. "We sort of mark time by the yearly Vandalia Gathering. Our family history almost revolves around it, remembering events by whatever went on at various Vandalia's through the years. Robby was two years old, and Luke was just a few months old the first time we went to Vandalia.

"I also really love to hear the quality, old tunes and to see the older musicians passing their knowledge on to the younger people," Mary says. "For me, it's an indescribable feeling to see our two sons play music at Vandalia. It's so wonderful for me to see some of my talents combined with Robin's talents and displayed together in the music. I thoroughly enjoy hearing Robin and my sister Jenny Allinder and several of the other musicians, but it's

entirely different when I see my sons up there. It's like a part of me is on the stage, and my genes are contributing to the music."

Mary Kessinger has been known to make a few stage appearances herself. She can play guitar and can sing, and can hold her own with anyone. [See "The Kessinger Family," by Paul Gartner; Fall 1997.]

Beulah Edwards had known banjo player Elmer Bird all her life. They were married in December 1945 after Elmer came back from World War II. Her favorite part of the Vandalia experience is all the good friends she has made

there over the years. Another highlight for Beulah was when Elmer was presented with the Vandalia Award in 1996.

"I've had lots of fun and met so many nice people.



Mary and Robin Kessinger of Saint Albans.



Beulah and Elmer Bird in 1945.  
Photographer unknown.

I just love the music at the Vandalia Gathering. One year at Vandalia," Beulah says, "Elmer and I met a couple from Illinois. I just got a Christmas card from them last year inviting me to come to spend the winter in Florida with them. One time, a family from India was visiting the United States when they came by and had dinner with us. They had heard of Elmer's banjo music and wanted to meet him."

After Elmer retired from Union Carbide, Beulah traveled the country at Elmer's side, going from one festival to another, supporting him all the way with her love and companionship. "I've traveled all over the country with Elmer while he played at different festivals. We've been to Tennessee, Florida, California, Washington, New York, Canada, and lots of other places. We wore out one camper and then got another one," Beulah remembers.

"I've never gotten tired of the music in any way, and I just love the people who come to visit and play it," says Beulah. "I've met some of the most interesting people there ever was, and I still get the most beautiful cards and letters from a lot of them. I really enjoy those."

Elmer and Beulah Bird were married 52 years. He passed away in 1997 at their home on Turkey Creek in Putnam County, and is greatly missed. [See "Elmer Bird: The Banjo Man from Turkey Creek," by Paul Gartner; Summer 1997.]

Worley and Margaret Gardner of Monongalia County shared a lifetime of good friends and good music. They went to high school together, and were married in January 1942. Worley built and played the hammered dulcimer, as well as the mandolin and fiddle. He was also well-known throughout the area for his abilities as a square dance caller. Margaret was always very supportive of Worley's music. Sometimes she played piano with him, other times she could be found selling tapes at the music tables. Margaret participated in Worley's life in every way. When Worley passed away in November 1992, they had been married 52 years. Margaret passed away in late December of last year. [See photograph and story on page 7.]

"I'll always remember Margaret as a wonderful friend and a good neighbor," says dulcimer player Patty Looman. "Margaret was always a very warm, caring person. She made

beautiful crafts, and she was always interested in handmade things. Margaret was also very active in her church and involved in our community. Worley and Margaret had an outbuilding behind their house where they held jam sessions regularly, and everyone was welcome to come play and enjoy the music. That building holds a lot of memories of good times with good friends."

Worley wanted to create a place for musicians to come and play music during the long, cold winter months, so in 1978 he organized Winter Music Festival in Morgantown. Margaret helped with the festival in all areas, working behind the scenes. After Worley's



Beulah and Elmer at their Putnam County home in 1997.

death, Margaret kept his dream alive and took over the work of organizing the festival. Although she was very ill, Margaret was involved with the planning for this year's festival, which took place the last weekend in February at South Junior High School in Morgantown. A special tribute was made in her honor. [See "Worley Gardner: Mountain Music, Dance and Dulcimers," by Mark Crabtree; Summer 1992.]

Woody and Laverne Simmons generously opened their Randolph County home to all kinds of musicians from practically everywhere. Laverne made them all feel welcome in her home with her warmth and hospitality.

"Laverne was 100% behind Woody, and she was always his biggest supporter," says John Loving, a guitarist and family friend. "If somebody came to their home to play music, no matter how late it got, Laverne always had pie, cake, and coffee. If mealtime came, Laverne fed everybody. She was the epitome of a loving and supporting wife."

"Laverne always helped me with my music, traveled with me, and encouraged me in every way," says Woody. "Laverne was a big part of who I am. She loved to cook and got a lot of satisfaction having people come in to visit. After I had cataract surgery, it was Laverne who drove me around to all the festivals and fiddle contests. She was just a tremendously loving and caring person."

"One day while we were out back planting potatoes and setting out onions, I had the thought of how lucky I was to have a wife like Laverne," Woody recalls. "The next day, we went to a festival at Philippi. That afternoon, Laverne mentioned that she wasn't feeling well, and slumped over in her chair. She died right there beside me on April 22, 1994. We had been married 62 years, ever since 1932. The hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life was to come home without her that evening."

Laverne Simmons is warmly remembered by her many friends. There is no replacement for women like Laverne. With her gracious hospitality, she created a comfortable and welcoming atmosphere in which everyone felt at home. This goes a long way toward helping old-time music to survive here in the mountains of West Virginia. [See "Woody Simmons: Recollections of a Randolph County Fiddler," by Michael Kline; July-September 1979.]

The never-ending, warm-hearted hospitality of these women has always been welcomed and appreciated by many musicians and friends. These unique women are the backbone behind the scenes of the music, particularly at the Vandalia Gathering. Although they usually receive minimal recognition from the public, they and their tireless encouragement and support are cherished by their husbands.

The kitchen humor, behind-the-scenes gossip, and stories shared by these women are also priceless and very entertaining. These tales and experiences add a rich color and texture to the whole West Virginia musical experience. After talking with some of these women, I'm sure that they could



Laverne and Woody Simmons at Clifftop in the early 1990's. Photographer unknown.

write a very interesting book, if they chose to get their heads together and do so. Like the man on the radio says, their manuscript would definitely reveal "the rest of the story!" ❁

*We offer a hearty salute to all of the wives, husbands, parents, children, and other family members of West Virginia traditional musicians for their ceaseless and unselfish support. Special thanks to storyteller and Vandalia Award recipient Bonnie Collins for inspiring this article. —ed.*

KIM JOHNSON is a banjo player and a longtime participant at the Vandalia Gathering and other folklife events across the state. She performed and recorded extensively with the late Clay County fiddler Wilson Douglas. Kim lives in Clendenin, where she was born and raised; she holds a degree from Glenville State College. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

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

# 2000 Liars Contest

While the rains came down in sheets during the 2000 Vandalia Gathering, participants found themselves knee-deep in some of West Virginia's tallest tales. The annual State Liars Contest began as usual on Sunday afternoon in the Cultural Center theater, then was abruptly moved to a basement conference room as the skies opened up and the festival "rain plan" took effect.

When all was said and done, **John W. Smith** of Meadow Creek was crowned the new state champion liar; **Mark Howes** of Helvetia won second place, **Gary Buchannon** of Calhoun County took third prize, and **Sean Wiegand** of Meadow Bridge received a Youth Award.

On the following pages, we invite you to enjoy excerpts from the three winning adult lies. For the first time, we now have the complete text of all the winning lies available on our Web site at [www.wvculture.org/goldenseal](http://www.wvculture.org/goldenseal). Congratulations to the winners!

## John W. Smith (First Place) Meadow Creek, Summers County

I went down to Pa's house down in Moonshine Hollow, and asked Pa if he wanted to go hassl'n, tassl'n, coonskin hunting, if he cared. And he asked me, he don't care.

We called all the dogs but old Shorty, and we called old Shorty, too. We went down the road about a mile, mile-and-a-half, two mile. We treed a coon in a great, old big gum sapling. Well, I asked Pa if he wanted me to climb that tree and shake him out, if he cared. He asked me, he don't care. I clumb that tree, and I shook and shook and shook. Pretty soon, I heard something hit the ground. I turned around, and I looked and it was *me*.

And all them dogs piled on me

but old Shorty, and old Shorty he piled on me, too. And I asked Pa to take a stick and knock them off, if he cared. And he asked me, he don't care. He took a stick and he knocked them all off but old Shorty, and he knocked old Shorty off, too. Well, I asked Pa if that would be enough of hassl'n, tassl'n, coonskin hunting for today, if he cared. And he asked me, he don't care. ...

We called all the



First place winner John W. Smith. Photographs by Michael Keller.

dogs but old Shorty, and we called old Shorty, too. We headed out towards home. ...

Well, we shut the fence and laid up the gate and went in the house, I asked Pa if I could go down to Aunt Sal's house for awhile, if he cared. And he asked me, he don't care. I went down to the barn, I got the saddle out of the barn, and I threw it on the fence and I crawled on. On the way down there, that fence got scared of a great, old big black stump. It threw me off right in the middle of the road — a great big hole in the road — and it like to tore the sleeve out of my Sunday britches. I got back up, crawled back on, went on down the road.

Now, you know, Sal she lives on Tough Street. The further down you go, the tougher it gets. She lives in the last house — a big, white house painted green, two front doors on the back side, a big, white dog was tied loose in the backyard on the front porch. Well, I went in and threw my hat in the fireplace, spit in the couch, and I sat down on the floor. Sal was glad to see me. I know she was, cause she didn't say so.

Well, I asked Sal if she wanted to go up to the apple orchard and pick enough cherries to make a huckleberry pie, if she cared. And she asked me, she don't care. And on the way up there, I walked just as close to her as I could get — her on one side of the road and me on the other. When we got up there, I asked Sal if she wanted me to climb up that apple tree and pick enough of them cherries to make a huckleberry pie, if she cared. And she asked me, she don't care.

I clumb up that tree and my foot got caught on a rotten twig. I fell right straddle a barbed wire fence, both feet on the same side. I like to ruined myself, and I ain't been back in Moonshine Hollow since! Thank you all.

## Mark Howes (Second Place) Helvetia, Randolph County

I went to a bingo and won! Everybody thought they hand out money around Helvetia for bingo, but we're not that lucky up there. What we had was some circus tents. And by me being the big winner, I got the grand tent, the granddaddy of them all. I loved that tent. So I tell my cousin Mike I said, "Let's go muzzle-loader hunting." He had never been muzzle-loader hunting.

So, we decided we would go down on the Back Fork of the Elk, which is above Webster's Springs, down in a big hollow. We got the tent down there and set it up on a great big landing. Well, the tent covered everything. It was so big that you could build a fire inside it. So, with the rain and the weather, we didn't have no problem with our hunting. Everything was dry.

But, lo and behold, that night there was a rain, and the Back Fork came up. In the morning, first thing Mike said was, "Look at it rainin' out there. Look how high the river is."

So, we pull up the middle pole. One good thing about a tent that size is you can move the fire and the tent at the same time. So, we moved it all up on a flat.

Got up there, and decided we'd

go hunting. Got out there, and I seen the biggest buck that's ever been seen anywhere in the state



Second place winner Mark Howes.

of West Virginia. I know it — I'm a good hunter. I levelled down on him and shot him. Anybody that knows anything about deer hunting, when you shoot a deer, you don't just run up to it. You give it a chance for the shock to set in, for the deer to die. Well, I stood there, stood there, and I thought maybe I'd missed it. But the deer just kept standing there.

So I whipped out my muzzle-loader and my powder horn, and I was pouring the powder in it, and I rammed the rod in it and the bullet. I pulled it up — it was raining so hard, it was wet. It didn't go off.

So, I ran back down to the tent, and I'm telling you right here today — *never dry your powder out over an open flame!* That tent went 50 feet in the air. And, you know, everything that we had was in there. My cousin comes running

down, he didn't know what blowed up. ...

He said, "Forget this camping trip. I'm on my way out of this hollow. Fifteen miles right across that ridge," he says. "I figure I'll be home by 3:00 in the morning, but I'm going to get there." He takes off.

I thought to myself, "Well, what am I going to do? I'm not going to leave that buck deer." So, I goes back up there. There's a great big set of rock cliffs — and it's still pouring the rain down — and I didn't want to walk up on that deer. I could see the deer again, but I thought, "If I get up on them rocks, I could probably see him a lot better."

So I head up on the hill, go around, circle the rocks, get out on the rocks, and I noticed there was a tree leaning out. So, I slithered out that tree, and I was laying out there watching him, and he's just standing there.

About now, that tree broke off. Just to tell you the size horns on that deer, that tree lodged right in the forks of that deer's horns. That deer hit the ground. Why, here I'd killed that thing dead cold; he'd died in his tracks and I didn't know it. So, I thinks to myself, "Man, this is nice. This is going to be the world-record deer."

I proceed to field dress him. In the meanwhile, all this rain and stuff had turned to sleet and snow. If anybody's ever been out there and you're wet and you're cold and you're excited, you seem to get colder quicker. I got cold.

But the inside entrails in that deer, it was so warm, you know, I just sort of slid right down inside it, after I got his entrails out. I pulled it up around me, and it kept me so warm, I just decided I'd sleep there tonight and rest. Evening was setting in, darkness came down, and it sleeted all night long.

During the night, all that sleet must have stacked up to six or

seven inches. The next thing I knowed, I was just shooting down off that hill. I was just riding right along, down the hill, and I hit right out into the Back Fork of the Elk.

And let me tell you people, I know what it's like when the Lord said, "Darkness upon the void of the deep." Cause there I went, and I had put a new ride into what kayaking is all about in West Virginia, let me tell you. Right down the Back Fork of the Elk I went. Every once in awhile, I could feel something hit me in the face. Trout was a-hanging off of the forks of that deer. They was stacking up on them like sardines. On down through, and I thought to myself, "I'm going to drown, this is it. My whole life is gone."

And, Lord have mercy, right here in front of me came the Sutton Dam. I was never so glad to see anything in my whole life, cause I knew that the water would still down, and I could just steer him over to the bank and slide up on the bank, real nice and easy.

Well, what would happen when

he hit the Sutton Dam? He was just coming right along real good, until I picked up a couple of trash bags and a great big catfish. Straight down I went into the fiery depths of that d--- dam.

And I knew that my end had come, so I just bent down to kiss myself good-bye. And when I bent over and stuck my head down in there, lo and behold, there was a great big vacuum of air in there — a pocket of air — that was going to give me enough life to live in the cavity of that deer.

Ahh! Through the dam we went, shot out down there at Elkview, right up George Daugherty's driveway. Right up to his front door. That deer had went so fast and so far that there was nothing on its horns — just stubs. The hide was wore off the deer. The deer was absolutely nothing. And if you know George Daugherty, he would tell you, just from the looks of the scalp on that deer, that it was the biggest deer in the state of West Virginia, but you try to tell that to the game commission. Good day. Thank you.

## What Does It Mean?

The state Liars Contest has been a popular feature of the annual Vandalia Gathering since the contest's inception in 1983. Traditionally held on Sunday afternoon of the festival, the Liars Contest usually draws a standing-room-only crowd to hear some of West Virginia's tallest tales.

Former GOLDENSEAL editor Ken Sullivan, now the executive director of the West Virginia Humanities Council, was instrumental in the founding of the contest and has remained active in the event for many years as emcee and recently as a judge.

Ken says that the point of the contest "has to do with getting a few hundred West Virginians together for a riotous good time. It has to do with the people, in other words." By that, Ken says, he means the people in front of the stage as well as the contestants. "The West Virginians, young, old, and in-between who get together for the serious business of laughing — they give meaning to the Liars Contest and to Vandalia as a whole."

This year's Liars Contest begins at 1:00 p.m., on Sunday, May 27, in the Cultural Center theater. Join us!

# Gary Buchannon (Third Place)

## Calhoun County

I raise hogs. Anybody else out here raise hogs? Well, if you did, you'd know me because I raise the best hogs in the whole state of West Virginia. The reason

they want, and that's why they're the best hogs in the whole state of West Virginia. ...

There in Calhoun County where I live, I have this little farm, and



Third place winner Gary Buchannon.

I raise such good hogs is cause I treat them so nice.

Well, I don't keep them penned up in the barn. I don't even have a small pen for them. I got a gigantic plot for them to run in. It's an acre, it's two acres, it's probably five acres big for all these hogs to run in. And they can go out in the woods and lay down if they want to. They can come in and get cool. They can lay in the sun. They can make a big wallow. They can do anything

we have some of the strangest weather last summer you ever seen anywhere. Well, it just wasn't in Calhoun County. It was just on our farm. Well, no, it wasn't just on our farm, either. It was just on that five-acre hog lot. One day, daylight to dark, it would rain. Not one of them flooding, toad-strangling rains like you get sometimes, just a nice gentle rain, all day long. And durned if the next day at sunup, the sun would come out bright, not a cloud in the sky, and the sun would shine all day long. It would get 80, or 90, or it would be 100 degrees them days.

One day it would rain, and the next day it would be sun. It just went on and on and on, all summer like that.

I noticed one day, them hogs was all getting just a little ball of mud on the ends of their tails. Now, in Calhoun County, we got red clay mud. When it bakes, it bakes hard. I didn't think nothing of it because I figured them hogs would get around on it. Then I noticed them balls starting to get bigger. One day, I went out there,

and there was a ball on the tail of one of them hogs must have been as big as a softball. So, I took that hog in the barn, and I put that ball of mud up on an anvil, and I hit it with a sledgehammer. It didn't even bust it. As a matter of fact, it broke the brand new, oak handle right out of my sledgehammer. ...

The balls of mud on them hog's tails just kept getting bigger and bigger and bigger every other day. And I was at a loss as to what to do. One day, I went out there and they was the size of a basketball. No, not a basketball, they was as big as a bushel basket. I didn't know what to do.

The next morning when I got up, I went outside, and every one of them hogs was dead. You don't think that's sad, do you? Well, let me tell you what happened. Them balls of mud got so big that it stretched the skin on them hog's bodies so tight that it pulled their eyelids right open, and every one of them hogs died from lack of sleep. And that's the truth!



Youth award winner Sean Wiegand. Sean's story is available along with the other winning lies on our Web site at [www.wvculture.org/goldenseal](http://www.wvculture.org/goldenseal).

# The Origins of Vandalia

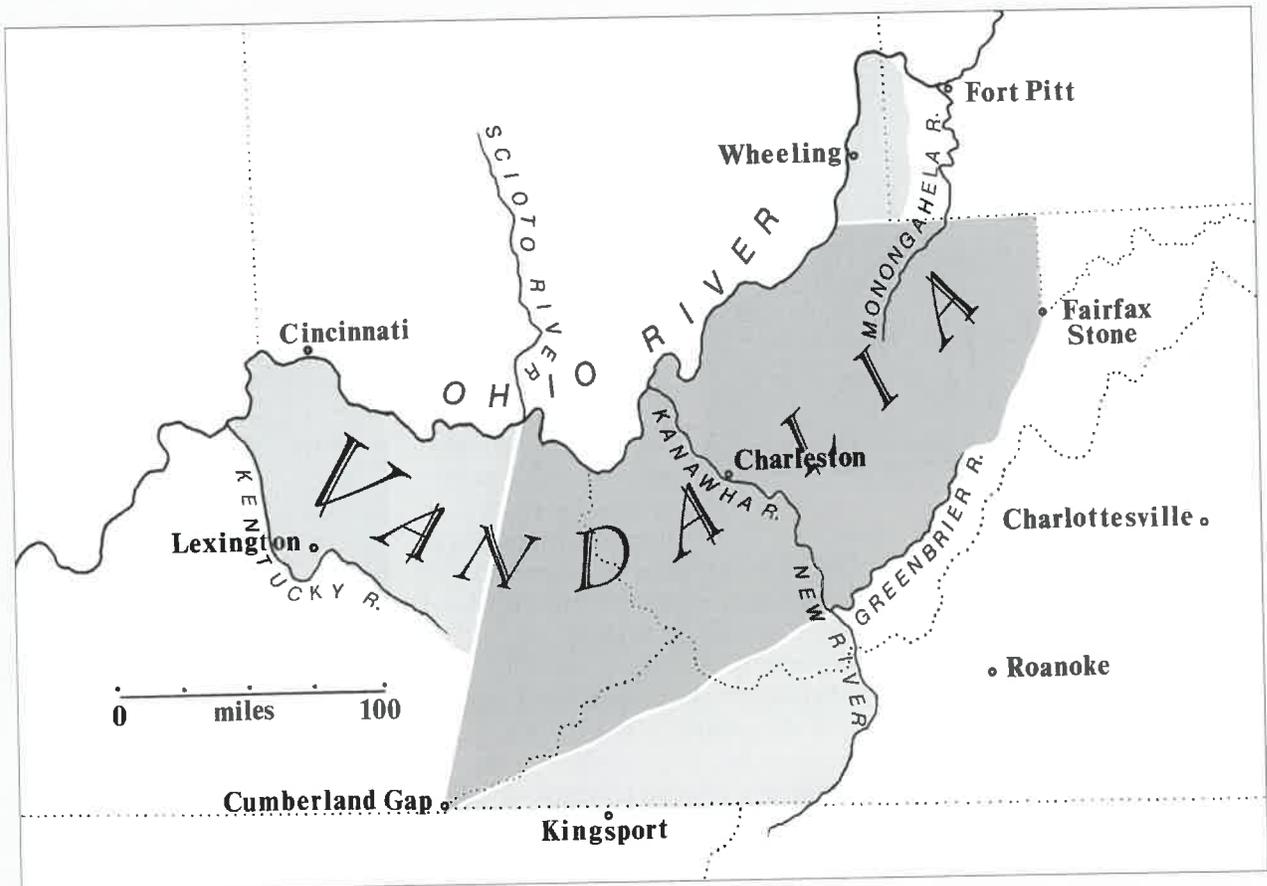
Vandalia was a proposed British-American colony west of the Allegheny Mountains — one of several land settlement projects which emerged in the years between the French and Indian War and the American Revolution, as settlers moved beyond the easy reach of eastern governments. What is now West Virginia, through a long history of dissatisfaction with the government in Richmond, can trace its roots to these pre-Revolutionary desires for western independence.

The Vandalia colony had its origins in the land speculation of politically influential Englishmen and prominent colonial Americans, some of whom became America's founding fathers. In 1768, Benjamin Franklin was one of the organizers of the Great Ohio Company which sought to acquire Ohio Valley lands for settlement. Franklin's group proposed the creation of Vandalia as a 14<sup>th</sup> colony, with its capital at Point Pleasant. The new colony would have included much of present West Virginia and parts of Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

Various boundaries were proposed over the next several years, and it seems that no two maps agree on the precise parameters of the proposed new colony. It was generally agreed, however, that Vandalia would include the land between the Ohio River and the Allegheny Mountains, and from Pennsylvania to North Carolina.

Vandalia was named as a political gesture to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, who proudly claimed descent from the Vandals through her birth to German nobility. The Vandalia proponents nearly brought their plans to fruition in 1772-'74, when deterioration of the American political situation made the British government back off. By the time those problems were resolved, King George was in no position to authorize governments of any sort in the American West.

The word "Vandalia" is rich in West Virginia heritage, and thus a fitting name for the the statewide folk festival sponsored annually by the Division of Culture and History.



The Vandalia colony was first proposed in the 1760's by land speculators and those who sought an independent government for the trans-Allegheny mountain region. In 1770, George Washington suggested the specific borders which encompass the heavily shaded area on our map. The lightly shaded areas were added over the next few years by other speculators and cartographers. Vandalia would have been the 14<sup>th</sup> colony. Map by Ed Hicks.



Clay County fiddler John Morris. Photograph by Michael Keller.

## 2000 Vandalia Winners

Vandalia Heritage Award — Brooks Smith, Dunbar

### Fiddle (age 60 and over)

- 1 — Elmer Rich, Westover
- 2 — Woody Simmons, Mill Creek
- 3 — Glen Smith, Elizabeth
- 4 — Lefty Shafer, Charleston
- 5 — Junior Spencer, Frankford

### Mandolin

- 1 — Steve Acord, Fairdale
- 2 — Brandon Bentley, Sumerco
- 3 — Fred Honaker, Oak Hill
- 4 — Robin Kessinger, St. Albans
- 5 — Virgil Osborne, Lorado

### Fiddle (under age 60)

- 1 — David Bing, Harmony
- 2 — Jake Krack, Orma
- 3 — Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
- 4 — Zack Fanok, Morgantown
- 5 — Jenny Allinder, Charleston

### Bluegrass Banjo

- 1 — Bobby Maynard, Huntington
- 2 — Rad Lewis, Winfield
- 3 — Virgil Osborne, Lorado
- 4 — Calvin Leport, Henderson
- 5 — Ben Harrington, Fairdale

### Old-Time Banjo (age 60 and over)

- 1 — Woody Simmons, Mill Creek
- 2 — Charles Loudermilk, Frankford
- 3 — Ben Carr, Wilsie
- 4 — Sylvia O'Brien, Maysel
- 5 — Gene Dickinson, Charleston

### Lap Dulcimer

- 1 — Alan Freeman, Renick
- 2 — David O'Dell, West Logan
- 3 — David Haas, Cross Lanes
- 4 — Timmy Gillenwater, Griffithsville
- 5 — John Stike, South Charleston

### Old-Time Banjo (under age 60)

- 1 — Tim Bing, Gandeeville
- 2 — David O'Dell, West Logan
- 3 — Andrew Dunlap, Morgantown
- 4 — John Blisard, Elkview
- 5 — Gerry Milnes, Elkins

### Flat Pick Guitar

- 1 — Robert Shafer, Elkview
- 2 — Matt Lindsey, Dunbar
- 3 — Robin Kessinger, St. Albans
- 4 — Timmy Gillenwater, Griffithsville
- 5 — Brandon Bentley, Sumerco

## Back Issues Available



- Spring 1989/Printer Allen Byrne
- Summer 1990/Cal Price and *The Pocahontas Times*
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- Fall 1993/Bower's Ridge
- Spring 1996/Elk River Tales
- Fall 1996/WVU Mountaineer
- Fall 1997/Harvest Time
- Fall 1998/Post Office Art
- Winter 1998/Country Vet Doc White
- Summer 1999/Woodcarver Herman Hayes
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- Spring 2000/West Virginia Women
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- Fall 2000/Ellifritz Rock Museum
- Winter 2000/Coondogs

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# 25<sup>th</sup> Annual Vandalia Gathering

May 25-27, 2001  
State Capitol Complex  
Charleston, West Virginia

### Friday, May 25

6:00 - 7:30 p.m. Square Dance

7:30 p.m. Vandalia Sampler Concert

### Saturday, May 26

11:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Heritage Dancing

11:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Contests, Performances  
(Fiddle, Bluegrass Banjo, Mandolin)

12:00 noon - 5:00 p.m. Flatfooting

2:30 - 4:00 p.m. Poetry Reading

4:30 - 6:00 p.m. Storytelling

6:30 p.m. Awards Ceremony

7:30 p.m. Concert

### Sunday, May 27

12:00 noon - 5:00 p.m. Heritage Dancing

12:00 noon - 5:00 p.m. Contests, Performances

(Old-Time Banjo, Lap Dulcimer, Flat Pick Guitar)

12:00 noon - 5:00 p.m. Flatfooting

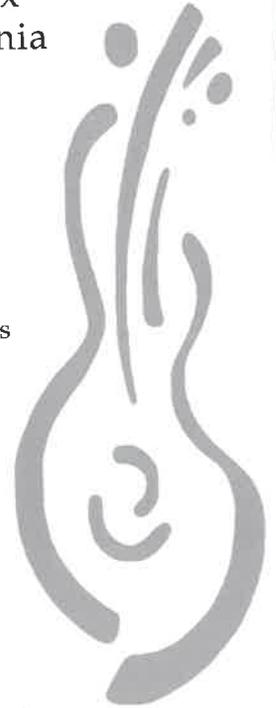
1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m. Liars Contest

3:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. Gospel Workshop

5:00 p.m. Awards Ceremony

6:00 p.m. Gospel Concert

All events free and open to the public. For further information, call (304)558-0220, or visit [www.wvculture.org/vandalia](http://www.wvculture.org/vandalia).



## Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Railroad Photographer J.J. Young
- Pinch Reunion
- Breece Coal Camp
- Danton Caussin at 105



(continued from inside front cover)

- August 11-12** Dulcimer Weekend  
Fort New Salem/Salem (782-5245)
- August 17-19** W.Va. Highland Games & Celtic Festival  
South Charleston (727-0068)
- August 18** Civilian Conservation Corps Reunion  
Camp Woodbine/Richwood (422-1997)
- August 23-26** Appalachian Festival  
Beckley (252-7328)
- August 24-26** Mountain Music Festival  
Pipestem (466-0626)
- August 25-26** Mason-Dixon Frontier Festival  
Core (879-5500)
- August 31-September 2** Holly River Festival  
Holly River State Park (493-6532)
- August 31-September 2** W.Va. Italian Heritage Festival  
Clarksburg (622-7314)
- August 31-September 3** Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts Jubilee  
Weston (1-800-296-1863)
- August 31-September 3** Oak Leaf Festival  
Oak Hill (465-5617)
- September 1** Mountain Heritage Day  
Fort Gay (648-5954)
- September 1** Reckart's Mill Days  
Cranesville (789-2225)
- September 1-2** W.Va. Autumn Festival  
Burnsville (853-2422)
- September 1-3** Hick Festival  
Parsons (478-3747)
- September 6-7** Old-Fashioned Apple Harvest Festival  
Burlington (289-6010 ext. 221)
- September 7-8** Country Music Assn. of W.Va. Fall Festival  
Fairmont (457-2439)
- September 8** Mound Festival Arts & Crafts Show  
South Charleston (744-9085)
- September 8** James C. McGrew Birthday Celebration  
Kingwood (379-7621)
- September 8-9** River Heritage Arts Festival  
Wellsburg (737-2787)
- September 8-9** Black Heritage Festival  
Clarksburg (623-2335)
- September 8-9** Hampshire County Heritage Days  
Romney (822-7221)
- September 8-9** Riverfront Festival  
Moundsville (845-2773)
- September 8-9** W.Va. Honey Festival  
Parkersburg (428-1130)
- September 8-9** Mt. Grove VFD Potato Festival  
Horseshoe Run (735-5035)
- September 8-9** Helvetia Community Fair  
Helvetia (924-6435)
- September 8-9** 9<sup>th</sup> Annual Mule & Donkey Show  
Sutton (364-8364)
- September 9-15** King Coal Festival  
Williamson (235-5560)
- September 13-16** W.Va. Oil & Gas Festival  
Sistersville (652-2939)
- September 14-16** Florence Merow Mason-Dixon Festival  
Morgantown (599-1104)
- September 15-16** Treasure Mountain Festival  
Franklin (358-2668)
- September 15-16** Country Roads Festival  
Ansted (658-5574)
- September 15-23** 13<sup>th</sup> Annual Leaf Peepers Festival  
Davis (259-5315)
- September 20-23** Clay County Golden Delicious Festival  
Clay (587-4455)
- September 21-23** FOOTMAD Fall Festival  
Fayette County Park/Fayetteville (768-9249)
- September 27-29** W.Va. Molasses Festival  
Arnoldsburg (655-8374)
- September 27-30** Preston County Buckwheat Festival  
Kingwood (329-0021)
- September 28-29** Appalachian Heritage Festival  
Shepherdstown (876-5113)
- September 28-30** Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival  
Harper's Ferry (1-800-624-0577)
- September 28-30** St. George Greek Festival  
Huntington (525-5634)
- September 29** Poca Heritage Day  
Poca (755-4677)
- September 29** Roadkill Cook-Off  
Marlinton (1-800-336-7009)
- September 29-30** Hardy County Heritage Weekend  
Moorefield (538-6560)
- September 29-October 7** Mountain State Forest Festival  
Elkins (636-1824)
- September 30** Cranberry Mountain Shindig  
Cranberry Mountain Nature Center (846-2695)
- October 4-7** W.Va. Pumpkin Festival  
Milton (743-9222)
- October 6** Burgoo Cook-Off  
Webster Springs (847-7291)
- October 6-7** Bunner Ridge Heritage Days  
Fairmont (363-3631)
- October 6-7** Fall Art in the Mountains Festival  
Tamarack/Beckley (256-6843)
- October 6-7** 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Apple Butter Festival  
Berkeley Springs (258-3738)
- October 6-7, 13-14** Harvest Festival  
Salem (782-5245)
- October 7** Heritage Craft Festival  
Lowell (466-3321)
- October 11-13** W.Va. Storytelling Festival  
Jackson's Mill/Weston (599-2219)
- October 11-14** W.Va. Black Walnut Festival  
Spencer (927-1780)
- October 12-13** Wayne Fall Festival  
Wayne (272-3221)
- October 12-14** Old Central City Harvest Festival  
W. Huntington (525-1500)
- October 18-21** Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival  
Martinsburg (263-2500)
- October 20** Pleasant Valley Craft Fair  
Fairmont (366-1694)
- October 21** Elmer Bird Tribute  
Hurricane (562-5896)
- October 26-28** Fiddlers' Reunion  
D&E College/Elkins (637-1209)
- November 3** Something Old/Something New Craft Show  
Glenville (462-8291)
- November 10-11** Over the Mountain Studio Tour  
Shepherdstown (725-2055)
- November 10-11** Railfest 2001  
Bluefield (431-2593)
- December 1** Christmas Greenery Bazaar  
Mannington (986-2636)
- December 1-2, 8-9** Spirit of Christmas at New Fort Salem  
Salem (782-5245)
- December 2** Souper Tastes of Christmas  
McGrew House/Kingwood (379-7621)
- December 9** Christmas Tours of Historical Homes  
Bramwell (248-7252)

GOLDENSEAL requests its readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 2002 "Folklife\*Fairs\*Festivals," please send us information on the name of the event, dates, location, and the contact person or organization, along with their mailing address and phone number. We must have this information by January 15, 2002, in order to meet our printing deadline. GOLDENSEAL regrets that, due to space limitations, Fourth of July celebrations are no longer included in the listing.

# Goldenseal

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

PERIODICALS

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## Inside Goldenseal

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Page 27 - Bill and Mary Moats were born in the hills and still live close to the land in rural Preston County. Author Donetta Nice introduces us to this creative and resourceful pair.

Page 38 - Red clay and hard times were all part of growing up for author Charles E. Kirk who recalls his early days in Turner Hollow.

Page 50 - The Vandalia Gathering celebrates its 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary this year at the State Capitol Complex in Charleston. Join us as we take an extended look at this lively folklife event.

Page 20 - Family-owned businesses once thrived along U.S. Route 50 in Mineral County. Author Carl E. Feather introduces us to the Doll family who ran their Honeymooners gift shop at New Creek for more that 50 years, and tells us why "the honeymoon is over."

Page 44 - Fiddler Earl "Red" Henline was the pride of Buckhannon. We look back at the life of this talented musician.

Page 32 - Don Bosco Agricultural School brought farm education to Randolph County during the 1950's.

Page 11 - Quiltmaker Mabel Moore of Nallen has made more than 100 quilts. Author Fawn Valentine introduces us to this delightful, 95-year-old artist.

