Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Winter 2001 $4.95

Taylor County Vets

USS *West Virginia*

Black CCC Camp

Huntington Radio

Spaniards

"Never Forget"

From the Editor: "Never Forget"

From the coins in our pockets and the stamps on our letters to towering gold and bronze monuments, we rely daily on public art to memorialize and give value to the past. Here in West Virginia, we are fortunate to have many fine artists whose vision and skill provide us with some of the finest public art to be found anywhere.

As I walk from the Capitol Complex parking garage to the Cultural Center on my way to the GOLDENSEAL office each day, I pass the West Virginia Veterans Memorial — one of the proudest and most significant displays of public art in the state. It's practically impossible to simply "walk past" the monument. The way that the sidewalks are configured, I must either go around it or through it. There is absolutely no way for me to ignore it. Even on days when I feel that I'm in a big hurry — most days — my eyes always pry at the monument as I pass, grabbing for some subtle detail. Sometimes, I catch a quick glimpse of a somber visitor, arm stretched and finger pointing, searching for the name of a lost loved one. It's a powerful place, and I'm there at least twice a day.

Designed by sculptor P. Joseph "Joe" Mullins, the memorial specifically honors West Virginians who lost their lives during major military conflicts of the 20th century. More than 10,000 names are etched in the black granite walls on the interior of the monument. On the outside, four "monument-scale" sculptures symbolize the four main wars — World War I, World War II, Korea, and Vietnam — and the four branches of service — Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines. These eight-foot-tall bronze statues are meticulously rendered, showing great care, precision, and insight in every detail.

Joe Mullins was born in Charleston and received a degree from the University of Charleston and a master's degree in fine art from Ohio University. He currently is an adjunct professor of art at West Virginia State College at Institute.

When Joe was preparing to work on the statue representing the Korean conflict, he came across a copy of GOLDENSEAL. In our Summer 1997 issue, Joe read the article "Dubie, Spanky, and Mr. Death: West Virginia's Pioneering Black Airmen," by Ancella Bickley. The article focuses on the pivotal role played by three local pilots who were trained at West Virginia State College and went on to participate as members of the historic Tuskegee Airmen flying corps.

I recall Joe stopping by our office one day and asking to look through our photo files from that story. According to Joe, Ancella's article gave him the impetus to depict an African American fighter pilot in his next sculpture for the memorial, and he was looking for some visual details to help him with his planning. We were happy to oblige. The finished piece was unveiled on Veterans Day 1998. I must say that it turned out quite nicely, thanks to Joe's talent and hard work, the incredible strength of the subject matter, and a little help from GOLDENSEAL. That sculpture is pictured on the cover of this issue.

For more information about the West Virginia Veterans Memorial, check the Web site at www.wvculture.org/history/wvvets.html. Also, see page 7 for information about the new Veterans Memorial database.

During these uncertain times, we can find renewed strength and beauty in public works of art such as the Veterans Memorial, and in the heritage and character of the people they represent. I hope that this issue of GOLDENSEAL, in some small way, helps to bring us closer together as we celebrate our common cause.

John Lilly

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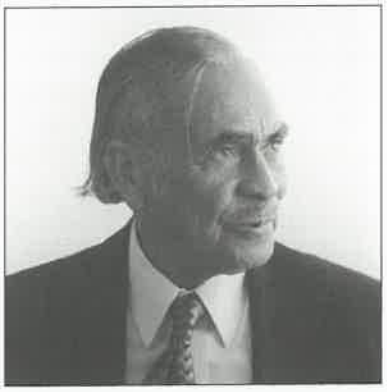

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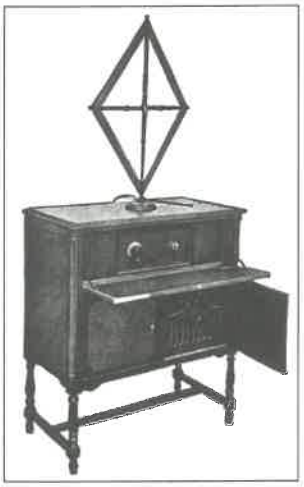
On the cover: Korean airman statue, West Virginia Veterans Memorial, sculpture by P. Joseph Mullins © 2001, reproduced courtesy of the artist. [See editorial, facing page.] Photograph by Michael Keller. Our stories begin on page 9.



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Letters from Readers

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

Apples, Apples, Apples

September 27, 2001
Charlottesville, Virginia
Editor:
Your article on "Apple Royalty" brought memories of my growing up in Berkeley County [see "Apple Royalty: Berkeley County's Miller Family," by Carl E. Feather; Fall 2001]. I was born in Martinsburg, and my father knew Gold Miller. I remember very well going to his orchard near Gerrardstown in southwest Berkeley County to get apples in the fall. At that time, there were many of the old-time varieties including Banana, which had the skin color and aroma of bananas; Snow, with white flesh; Pound, with almost that weight; Sheep Nose, which was shaped like red delicious but with a black blossom end; York, and others. The orchard is still there, but is quite old and not at all productive. Most of the old trees are gone, and not many replacements.

I enjoy your magazine, and look forward to more articles on the Eastern Panhandle.
Very truly yours,
John C. Weidman

September 10, 2001
Bunker Hill, West Virginia
Editor:
I just received the Fall 2001 issue of GOLDENSEAL, and have read the superb article written by Carl Feather featuring the Miller family and the history of the fruit industry in south Berkeley County. The Bunker Hill Historical Committee is very grateful for your interest in our historical preservation efforts and extends our heartfelt thanks for the excellent review of our video.

The apple-growing Miller family of Berkeley County in 1875. Gold Miller is standing, third from the left.

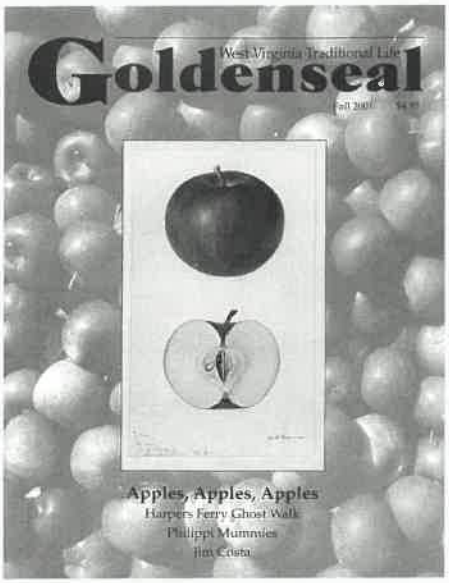
Again, we thank you!
Sincerely,
Susan G. Greenwalt, President
The Bunker Hill Historical Committee

September 17, 2001
Wetmore, Colorado
Editor:
I was overcome with nostalgia for my childhood after reading the beautiful prose of Helen Bradfield Shambaugh [see "Apple Butter Time"; Fall 2001]. Her recollections of making apple butter in Hampshire County reminded me of the legendary apple butter made by Mary Susan Williams of Romney. Mrs. Williams and her son Tim would often host us "town boys" at their historic home on the South Branch of the Potomac. During breaks in our exploration of the woods, or later in the season after a day spent ice skating on their pond, she would spoon her rich, brown apple butter on pieces of hot, homemade bread. The only things better than Mrs. Williams' apple butter and bread were her rice and gravy, and her patience and love for a bunch of wild boys ripping through her home and fields.
Paul Brown

October 3, 2001
French Creek, West Virginia
Editor:
Good work on the apple issue. We have apples for the third year in a row. I like to make apple butter in the crock pot. I let peeled and cored apples cook all night with the lid on, and cook all morning without the lid. Then I add the sugar and cinnamon and can it.
Sarah Sink

September 10, 2001
Fairmont, West Virginia
Via e-mail
Editor:
The Fall 2001 issue of GOLDENSEAL is outstanding! The cover is inspired art, and the use of red highlights throughout the issue is pleasing, but never more impressive as in the photograph on page 6. Well done.
Sharon Gardner

September 10, 2001
Charles Town, West Virginia
Via e-mail
Editor:
I thoroughly enjoyed the Fall 2001 issue of GOLDENSEAL. It arrived yesterday, and today the cover has been placed in a lovely oak frame. What a wonderful cover! I have already called Mr.



Carlos Manning and he is going to see if he can find an heirloom crab apple tree for us [see "Heirloom Apples," by Carl E. Feather]. Of course, the article about our rival Harpers Ferry was of tremendous interest [see "Harpers Ferry Ghost Walk," by Carl E. Feather].
Jane Taylor

September 20, 2001
Charleston, West Virginia
Via e-mail
Editor:
I just read the "Heirloom Apples" article by Carl E. Feather in the Fall 2001 GOLDENSEAL. It was very informative as the Henry Bryson they mention was my great-grandfather. I knew of the apple orchard but didn't realize the importance of it. The old Bryson homestead to which they later moved was sold by my family about seven years ago. It, too, contained a large apple orchard that was still producing apples many years after being abandoned.
Jeff Davis
State Historic Preservation Office

September 18, 2001
Vincent, Ohio
Editor:
I read with avid interest all the articles on apples, and not a word did I see about Early Harvest apples, or what some folks call June apples. They have taken the blight and are all dead, or so it is believed. Surely somewhere in this great land there exists at least one old Early Harvest tree that someone could get a cutting from and make a graft and get them started again.

When we moved here to a 28-acre farm in 1963, there was a small orchard. It was old — probably planted when the house was built, and it is over 100 years old. There was one small Early Harvest tree. We picked them, washed them, cored them, put them in a big kettle with the tiniest bit of water, cooked them, stirred them, and filled a large portion of the freezer with applesauce. The apples cooked up so fine you didn't even have to put them through a colander. Even the peelings disappeared and, of course, added vitamins to the sauce.

Our children and the friends they brought home with them from cities loved it. One girl especially would get a spoonful and slowly lick it off like it was nectar for the gods. Maybe that's why she wound up as our daughter-in-law.

People anymore don't know what good food is. I'll say one thing, though. Corn was really

good this year. In this part of the country, they say this was the best year for corn in years. Last year it was peaches and melons.
Sincerely,
Patty Floyd Johnson

Although our articles didn't mention the Early Harvest apple, there is a good deal of information about it in the book Old Southern Apples *by Creighton Lee Calhoun, Jr., reviewed in our Fall 2001 issue on page 17. According to Mr. Calhoun, the Early Harvest still grows across the South and is called by various names including Yellow June, July Pippin, Bracken, Glass Apple, Early French Reinette, and others. Carlos Manning of Lester carries the Early Harvest among the 300 varieties of heirloom apples on his orchard in Raleigh County. Thanks for a wonderful letter. —ed.*

Jim Costa

September 24, 2001
Wilmington, Delaware
Editor:
Another fine issue. Let me congratulate Belinda Anderson and Michael Keller for a superb article on Jim Costa [see "Jim Costa: West Virginia Renaissance Man"; Fall 2001]. I don't usually read articles about historic farm implements, but the writing and photography were so well done that I found myself fascinated by the subject! I'm sure that you're proud of these professionals on your staff.
Sincerely,
Bennett B. Smith

Jim Costa. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Yes, indeed. We are very proud of Belinda and of all of our freelance writers and photographers. We are equally proud of Culture and History photographer Michael Keller, whose work has graced nearly every issue of GOLDENSEAL *since 1984. We appreciate your encouraging words, as well. —ed.*

Malden

September 12, 2001
Luray, Virginia
Via e-mail
Editor:
I am a longtime subscriber to GOLDENSEAL and anxiously look forward to each edition with great anticipation. To my great surprise, I opened the most recent edition to see two dear childhood friends — the Cole sisters from Malden. The article about the Norton House was very nostalgic for me [see "Norton House: Malden's Best-Kept Secret," by Sarah Dempsey; Fall 2001]. It was very delightful to read about my hometown and place of birth.

However, the article about the history of Malden left me very disturbed [see "Visiting Historic Malden," by Colleen Anderson]. Nowhere in the article did the author mention the Ruffner family who settled there and operated many of the salt wells. It was in the home of General Lewis and Viola Ruffner that young Booker T. Washington got his inspiration to become educated. The Ruffner family held a reunion in Charleston/Malden in 1995 and will participate with the

Martha (left) and Lew Cole at Norton House, Malden. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Washington family when they conduct their reunion in Malden next June. I am president of The Ruffner Family Association and feel that your author overlooked an important aspect of the history of Malden.
Samuel H. McNeely

Author Colleen Anderson and the GOLDENSEAL *staff are grateful for the information about your family. Thanks, also, for telling us about the planned Booker T. Washington Family Reunion, June 19-22, 2002, in Charleston. Those seeking additional information may write to The Ruffner Family Association, P.O. Box 351, Luray, VA 22835. —ed.*

Philippi Mummies

September 24, 2001
Mogadore, Ohio
Editor:
Will you please send a copy of the Fall 2001 GOLDENSEAL to my brother? Our home was in Barbour County, three miles from Philippi. We both remember well about the mummies as they were brought to the county fair several years [see "Preserved Until Judgement Day: The Philippi Mummies," by Barbara Smith].

Also, our stepmother lived for a short while at Adaland when she was a child. In fact, her mother died there. In later years, our stepmother worked for Judge

Robinson when he and his family lived at Adaland [see "Making Judge Robinson's Death Mask," by Richard Crawford]. So this issue is very interesting for us. I have subscribed to your magazine several years and always look forward to each issue.
Sincerely,
Mrs. Irene Sommerville

September 19, 2001
Cedar Park, Texas
Editor:
I really enjoyed the mummy feature. I was fascinated, as a child, seeing them at the Philippi fair, which has led me to a continued interest in mummies found around the world.
Lois Goodwin Shuck

September 28, 2001
Baltimore, Maryland
Via e-mail
Editor:
I'm sorry to be a spoilsport, but am I the only person to be bothered that the bodies of these two women — who would probably be classified as "vulnerable adults" in today's parlance — are on public display?

Just as it's a cynical truism among the nursing home population today that the residents with the most frequent visitors get the best care, apparently only those deceased with caring family or friends can be assured of the proper disposal of their remains after death. The idea that anyone's body could be handed over to a stranger for experimentation simply because there were no family members to object, and that the results of that experiment could then be exhibited for more than 100 years, is more than a little repugnant to me.

Even the cadavers used in medical schools are decently buried or cremated. I, for one, think that those unfortunate women should now, at last, receive the same respect.
Mary Clawsey

Eagle Carving

October 11, 2001
Milton, West Virginia
Editor:
This is a photo of "The Great Seal," America's favorite bird, the bald eagle. It's all wood. I was about two-and-a-half years carving it, working pretty steady. I carved it piece by piece. It's assembled on solid black walnut and covered with epoxy resin.

Lots of people don't believe it's wood. You have to see it to believe it — the wingspan is 22 inches and the round walnut is 29 inches wide.
Darrell Manning

Eagle carving by Darrell Manning.

Renewal Mailbag

September 21, 2001
Blacksville, West Virginia
Editor:
We love your magazine. In almost every issue we find something that truly brings our past alive. I'm sure that every West Virginian who reads your magazine, young and old, can relate to the articles with much happiness.
Sincerely,
Joan Lewis Hines

September 17, 2001
Akron, Ohio
Editor:
Best magazine I get — read it from cover to cover. I'm from West Virginia, but they never took the "hill" out of me. I'm from Belington, Barbour County, and so many of the stories in and around there, I recognize the folk. Keep up the good work.
Mrs. Earl Staggers

October 4, 2001
Monrovia, California
Editor:
Thank you kindly for your bookmark. You have my earnest "thank you" for the fine GOLDENSEAL magazine. I read it "kiver to kiver." What a treat! I especially enjoy articles from the Montgomery and Oak Hill areas, my former homes.
Best wishes,
Marie Proffitt

September 29, 2001
Long Beach, California
Editor:
I am a West Virginian, born and bred, although I've spent some 40 years in California. An issue of your magazine is like a visit home. I've known so many of the people that you feature in your stories. Many of us have gone far, far away, but the unmistakable brand of the hills is on our very souls. Hail, West Virginia.
June K. Castleberry

October 18, 2001
Huntington, West Virginia
Editor:
On May 5, 2003, I will be 101 years old. Am I your oldest subscriber?
W.B. Newcomb

Congratulations to you, sir! And thanks for your three-year subscription renewal. —ed.

Current Programs • Events • Publications

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

Holidays at the Cultural Center

"Let There Be Peace On Earth" is the theme for this year's holiday celebration at the Cultural Center located in the State Capitol Complex. Visitors are greeted by outdoor decorations for which the Kanawha Garden Council has used all natural and dried items

Holiday decorations at the Cultural Center. Photograph by Michael Keller.

to adorn the trees leading to the Great Hall. Inside, the council continues its tradition of exhibiting holiday trees from around the world, decorated with handmade ornaments. Each tree represents a different country and includes information about holiday traditions in that country. Some of the nations included this year are Poland, Lithuania, and Scotland. The trees will be on display at the Cultural Center until January 2.

Children and their parents are invited to make ornaments and other seasonal crafts at a Free Family Fun Day at the Cultural Center on Saturday, December 15, from noon to 5 p.m. Children are advised to wear play clothes. The Cultural Center regularly hosts a Free Family Fun Day on the last Saturday of each month. For information, call Bil Lepp (304)558-0220, extension 131.

Concerts during the holiday season will take place in the State Theater at the Cultural Center. On December 8, Mick Souter's musical theater program, "The Road and Rails of Woody Guthrie," will be presented at 2 p.m., free of charge. Then, at 4 p.m., the Four Seasons Vocal Arts Ensemble will perform a free concert. For information on these performances, call (304)558-1062.

Jazz pianist Bob Thompson presents "Joy to the World," a holiday concert, on Thursday, December 13, at 8 p.m. The concert is sponsored by West Virginia Public Radio. For tickets or more information, call (304)556-4975.

The Charleston Metropolitan Band will present a free holiday concert on Saturday, December 15, at 4 p.m., in the theater. For information about this concert, call (304)558-0162.

Model Trains

"Choo Choo...Trains," a model train exhibit sponsored by the Island Creek Model Railroad Club of Logan and the N Scale Railroad Modelers of Kanawha Valley, is on display at the Cultural Center through December 16.

The Island Creek HO scale exhibit includes three active trains running throughout the day. The display depicts coal mines — deep mines, strip mines, and tipples — as well as mountains, creeks, and towns, all laced

Island Creek Model Railroad Club. Photograph by Michael Keller.

with tracks and running trains. Dave Long, one of the six members of the Island Creek Model Railroad Club, describes the exhibit as "Anywhere, West Virginia," because he says that almost everyone who views the display says that it reminds them of a different West Virginia location.

Historic Preservation Calendar

A new 13-month calendar, "West Virginia's Architects and Builders 2002," highlights historic buildings, structures, monuments, and archaeological sites across the state. It is available from the State Historic Preservation Office. Each month, the calendar features a color photograph of a unique West Virginia structure and a biography about the architect or

builder associated with that structure.

Calendar highlights include the West Virginia Children's Home in Elkins, featured in March; the Tucker County courthouse and jail in Parsons, featured in September; and the Arbuckle house in Glenville, featured in December.

The calendar is free while supplies last, funded, in part, by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior. To request a copy, write to Lora Lamarre at the State Historic Preservation Office, The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300; or call (304)558-0220, extension 711; or e-mail lora.lamarre@wvculture.org.

Veterans Memorial Database

A database devoted to West Virginia veterans has recently been developed by the State Archives and History section, including more than 10,000 names. Organizers are seeking biographical information to add to the database including photographs, obituaries, school records, military papers, letters, written biographies, and other relevant personal history.

Introduced in May of this year, the database provides an Internet listing of state veterans who died or were declared missing in action during a 20th century military action including World War I, World War II, Korea, Vietnam, Panama, Beirut, and the Gulf War. The database may be viewed at http://129.71.134.132/wvvetmem.html. For more information or to add information to a veteran's biography, e-mail Pat Pleska at pat.pleska@wvculture.org or call (304)558-0230.

Cass Railroad Book

Shay Logging Locomotives At Cass, West Virginia, 1900-60, by Philip V. Bagdon, is a new book about the history of the Cass logging operation and the role played there by a variety of steam-powered engines. Bagdon has studied the history of Cass since 1967 and has worked at the Cass Scenic Railroad State Park as a train commentator and seasonal historian. He wrote "Cass: A Short History" in our Summer 2001 issue.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Bye

Earl Ellifritz, folk artist, rock collector, and owner of the Ellifritz Museum, passed away at his home in Rippon, Jefferson County, on August 17, 2001. Earl enjoyed collecting rocks and other found objects and assembling them into one-of-a-kind sculptures which he displayed in his museum and throughout his property. He and his work were the subject of the cover story in our Fall 2000 issue [see "Beauty in Rocks: Earl Ellifritz and His Museum," by Carol Reece; Fall 2000]. According to Earl, "I wanted people to know how I feel about rocks." He was 76.

Earl Ellifritz. Photograph by Bob Peak.

Happy Holidays!

Simplify your holiday shopping by giving the gift of GOLDENSEAL.

Seventeen dollars buys a year's worth of good reading. GOLDENSEAL brings out the best of the Mountain State, stories direct from the recollections of living West Virginians, beautifully illustrated by the finest old and new photography. After more than two decades of publication, the stories just keep getting better. Stories that are just right for GOLDENSEAL and for you, not to mention those on your holiday gift list.

Share the gift of GOLDENSEAL! We'll send the gift card. All you need to do is to place the order. Look for a coupon on the other side of this page. Happy holidays!

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The 112-page book includes 87 black-and-white photographs of Shay engines and one Climax locomotive. The book profiles each locomotive with a history of its creation and provides details of its operation. A highlight of the book is the inclusion of oral histories collected by Bagdon in which Cass old-timers give first-hand accounts of their experiences operating the locomotives.

The book is available from TLC Publishing, 1387 Winding Creek Lane, Lynchburg, VA 24503; Web site www.tlcrailroadbooks.com. Copies autographed by the author may be purchased from Dog & Pony Show Productions, P.O. Box 1, Hinton, WV 25951. The price is $26.95 plus $5 shipping and handling. West Virginia residents, please add $1.62 per copy sales tax.

Black Sacred Music Festival

The Black Sacred Music Festival will be held February 8-10, 2002, at Ferrell Hall on the campus of West Virginia State College, Institute. Classes are planned for youth age 7-18, college students, adults, and seniors age 62 or older.

Ethel Caffie-Austin. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Ethel Caffie-Austin, known as West Virginia's First Lady of Gospel Music [see "Hand-Clapping and Hallelujahs: A Visit with Ethel Caffie-Austin," by Michael Kline; Winter 1997], is the founder of the festival and will be participating in the event this year.

The registration fee, which varies according to age and student status, covers all workshop materials, class handouts, souvenir packets, and special concert ticket discounts. Pre-registration must be postmarked by Tuesday, January 15. Late registrations will be accepted until the day of the event. Registration begins at 5:30 p.m. on Friday, February 8.

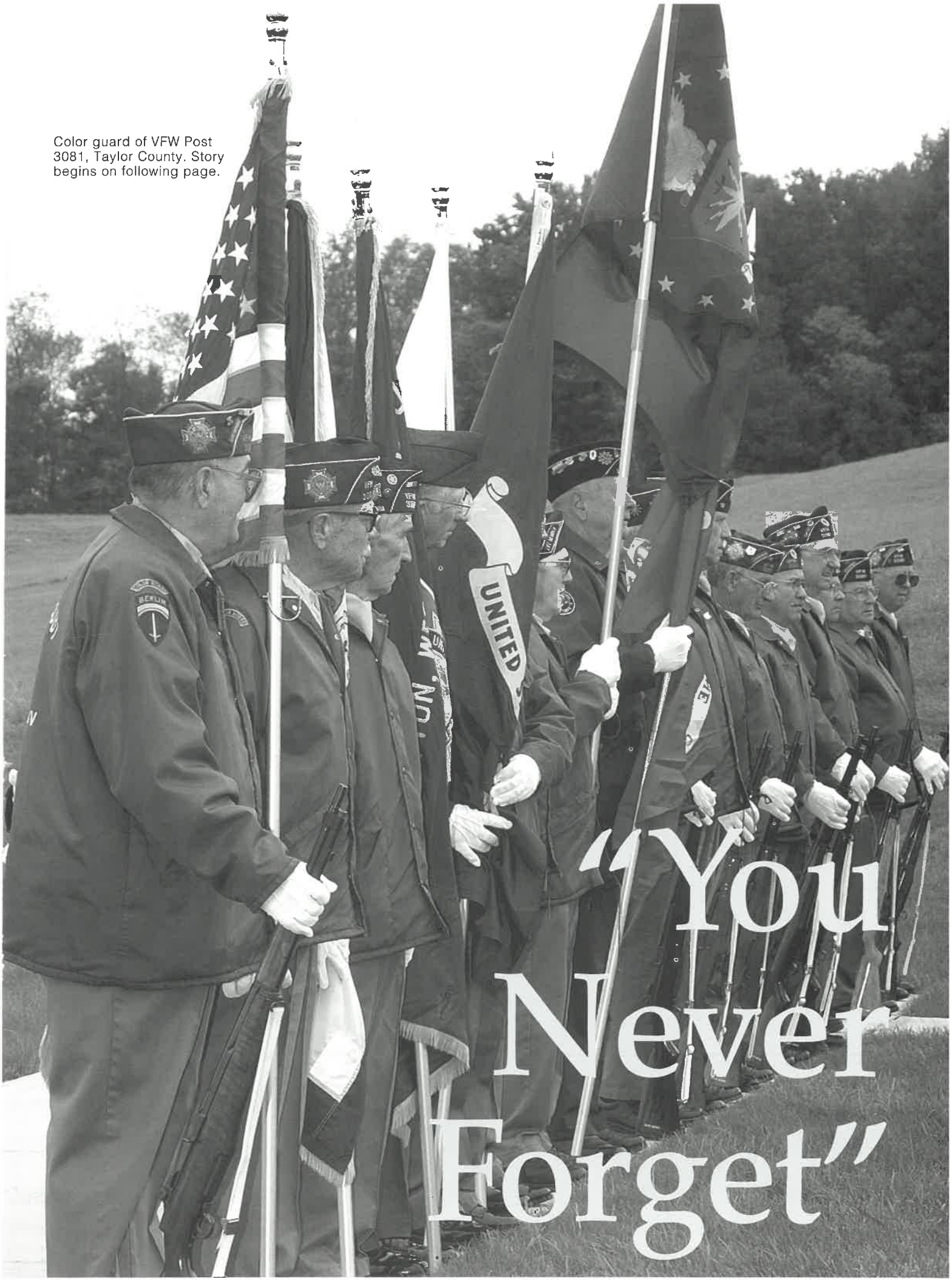
The festival concerts are open to the public. Tickets are $15 for the Saturday evening concert and $20 for the Sunday afternoon concert. For information, call Ethel Caffie-Austin at (304)766-1013 or Hilda Armstrong at (304)343-1763.

Hunters Helping the Hungry

Deer hunters, meat processors, the Mountaineer Food Bank, and the Division of Natural Resources join together to provide meals for needy families through the Hunters Helping the Hungry program. Hunters deliver harvested deer to the nearest participating meat processor who grinds the meat and packages it in two-pound packages for pickup by Mountaineer Food Bank.

The Mountaineer Food Bank is a non-profit organization which is inspected and approved by the West Virginia Department of Agriculture. It is a certified member of Second Harvest, a national network dedicated to feeding the hungry. Mountaineer Food Bank distributes the ground venison through their network of qualified charitable agencies which include soup kitchens, shelters, welfare families, and church pantries.

The program operates during the entire deer season which begins with bow season in November and ends in December with muzzleloader season. Hunters can obtain information and a list of participating meat processors by writing to the Division of Natural Resources, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Building 3, Charleston, WV 25305; or by calling (304)558-2771.



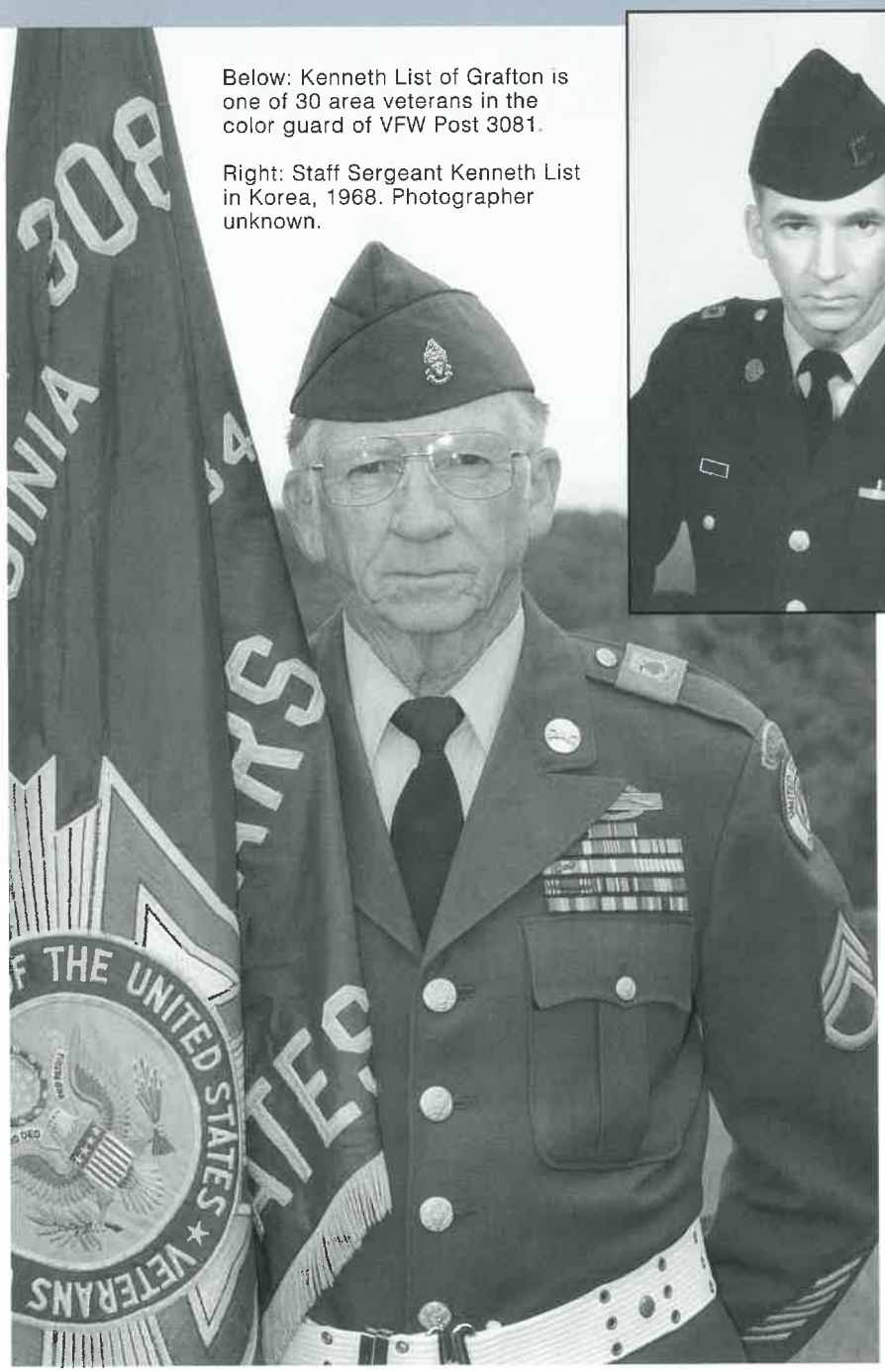
Color guard of VFW Post 3081, Taylor County. Story begins on following page.

"You Never Forget"

When a Taylor County veteran dies, he or she is laid to rest with the dignity a soldier deserves, thanks to a dedicated band of men — the color guard of VFW Post 3081. Since its inception 14 years ago, the color guard has never refused to perform rites, at times participating in as many as four funerals in one day.

Taylor County's Color Guard

By Cathy Meo Bonnstetter **Photographs by Steve Shaluta**



Below: Kenneth List of Grafton is one of 30 area veterans in the color guard of VFW Post 3081.

Right: Staff Sergeant Kenneth List in Korea, 1968. Photographer unknown.

The average age of the color guard members is 71, but they seem ageless. Kenneth List retired from the Army after serving in both Korea and Vietnam. For Kenneth, being a part of this volunteer group is just an extension of how he spent his career.

"The military is like one big family," he says. "Now, here we are — Air Force, Marines, Army, and Navy — all working together, looking out for one another again. That's what we're doing now, looking out for these guys, the ones we're putting in the ground."

The color guard has performed rites at more than 1,500 funerals. Although most of the funerals are performed in Taylor County, these men have traveled more than 250,000 miles to conduct military rites. Jim Fawcett keeps track of the miles the men travel and the number of funerals they attend. The men get volunteer service credit for performing funerals at the National Cemetery in Pruntytown. They also receive medals to represent the number of funerals they have attended.

"As long as a vet has been honorably discharged, we will perform the rites," Jim says. "We went clear down to Flatwoods once during the winter and got hung up in the snow. We also did one last year in St. George in Preston County." Jim is chaplain and founder of the group.

The color guard has 30 members, and

all but two live in Taylor County. Usually, around 15 show up at each funeral. Most of the members have served at hundreds of funerals; seven of them have served at more than 1,000 each.

These men spend a lot of time together, and it shows. Before the grieving families arrive at the cemetery, they are just 15 friends having coffee, talking, and laughing together. "We come to these funerals and do our duties, and we never fuss," says Marine vet Norman Deakins. "These are the finest guys I know."

The men share a lot of activities around Grafton. Many are members of the Masonic lodge as well as the VFW. The color guard also includes men from the American Legion Post 12 and the Disabled American Veterans Chapter 24. Norman Deakins and Jim Fawcett were members of the United Veterans National Cemetery Committee which spearheaded the effort to allot land for the National Cemetery at Pruntytown after the Grafton National Cemetery reached its capacity in 1961. Fawcett, a former Taylor County sheriff, started the color guard when the Pruntytown cemetery opened in 1987.

"At first, we would just gather up any vets we could find when we got a request for a funeral," he says. "The men each buy their own uniforms. Full dress uniforms were way too expensive, so we decided on green Dickey work clothes. It took about a year to get every man outfitted. We never dreamed we would end up like this."

World War II Navy vet C.E. "Shakey" Paugh has performed rites at more than 1,000 funerals. "I do this because of the buddies I lost," he says. "You never forget. I also do it because there is a special bond with this group. I think we would go to any length to protect each other."

The service performed by the color guard is simple and dignified. When the men arrive at the cemetery, they hoist the proper flag to indicate the branch of the service in which the deceased served. When the funeral procession is in sight, the coffee and donuts disappear, the chatting and teasing stop. At the cry of "Fall in," these men line up, straight and proud.

If a family has a religious rite, the men wait in position silently. Then, Fawcett begins the military eulogy with the words he has memorized. "Here is all that remains of a true-hearted comrade and fearless defender of his country and flag," he recites. He concludes his part of the service by presenting the family with the flag that has draped the coffin. Fawcett also gives the families a "next of kin" packet containing the words he has recited, some poems, and advice. "Most people are too emotional to listen to what was said," he notes. The 10-minute service ends with the traditional three volleys at graveside, and taps.

Most of the color guard are combat veterans who have seen bitter fighting. Derald Poling, age 74, a World War II Navy veteran, received a Purple Heart because he was seriously burnt in a ship fire. "I was an orderly," he says. "People used to say the orderly had to go down with the captain and the ship. I said 'Not this orderly!' I would have liked to have made the Navy a career, but I couldn't because of my injuries."

Above: Jim Fawcett is chaplain and founder of the color guard. These decorations on Jim's uniform attest to his having attended more than 1,400 military funerals.

Left: Eighteen-year-old Apprentice Seaman Jim Fawcett in Portland, Maine, 1941. Photographer unknown.

Norman Deakins, a retired teacher and Marine vet, wears braces on both legs because, during his service, a large oil drum crushed them. "Back then, if you were a Marine, you were overseas and in harm's way," he says. "Plenty of these guys are in worse shape than I am."

When it comes to their military service, the men

Color guard members share a close bond and an occasional cup of coffee before performing military rites. Pictured here, from the left, are Jim Kerns, Ralph Wolfe, and Bob Wyckoff.

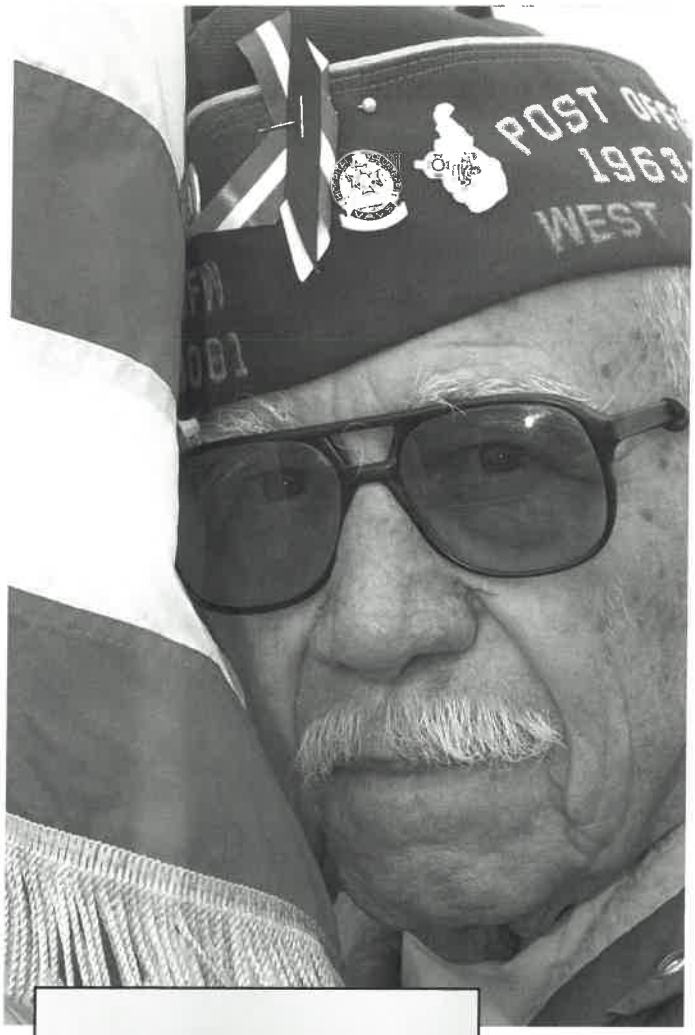
swap stories and tease. "None of us went in for the pay," says List. "I remember making $73 a month." All of the men banter about how little money they got and how little it mattered.

The group includes career vets, men who were drafted, Cold War veterans — the entire spectrum of the American military. Mitchell Opas, 84, is one of the few World War II vets who was stationed in the China-Burma-India theatre. Mitchell, a medic, served with Merrill's Marauders in World War II, and ended his service in Vietnam. In addition to the VFW Post 3081, he belongs to a Washington, D.C., Banshi for the China-Burma-India vets.

"In Burma, I can remember operating on guys by the side of the road," he says. "Mules would go by, and the dust would fly. But the guy would live. I think it's because we were doing surgery in places it had never been performed, and strep and staph — big dangers for surgery patients — did not exist there.

"I don't know that my war experience makes me a better American," he says. "I'm just glad to be alive. I don't like to hear people say, 'They gave their lives.' No one gives his or her life. The men who died in battle, well, their lives were taken from them. It's

Three volleys at graveside and the playing of taps are the traditional conclusion for a military funeral. The color guard are shown here at the National Cemetery in Pruntytown.



Above: Mitchell Opas at age 84. He has attended more than 860 funerals in his seven years with the color guard.

Left: Tech Sergeant Mitchell Opas in Nashville, Tennessee, 1944. Photographer unknown.

clear that the people who start wars aren't the ones who have to fight them."

Even when it comes to talking about war and suffering, no one complains. These men are just as tough today as they were the day they left for their respective service ranks.

"Freedom isn't free," World War II and Korean War vet Russell Ball says. "It's free because we were there."

Dale Cleavenger is one of the newest members of the group. Like most of these men, he is retired. "I came here from Ohio after I retired," he says. "I think this is such a good gesture, and this is such a dedicated bunch of guys. I like doing this because it makes me feel useful."

Sometimes, they have to bury their own. Since its inception, 17 members of the color guard have died. Snow, rain, nothing keeps these men from performing these services. Russell Ball has performed rites at more than 700 funerals. "I am proud of our country," he says. "I am proud of what I did then, and I am proud of what we are doing here today."

Derald Poling does not let cancer or his debilitating treatments keep him from attending these funerals, even if only to observe from the seat of his car. "This is my second bout with cancer," he says. "But I'm not dying of it, I'm living with it. I've done more than 1,000 funerals, and I do it because I think the families appreciate it. You know, all of us are getting up there. I'd like to think that when I pass away, someone will do this for me."

CATHY MEO BONNSTETTER is a part-time writer and reporter who writes about Taylor County for the Clarksburg *Exponent-Telegram*. Her work has also been published in *The Dominion Post* and *The Times West Virginian* newspapers and in *Bride's* magazine. Cathy was born in Fairmont and now lives in Morgantown with her husband and four children. This is Cathy's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

STEVE SHALUTA is a freelance photographer, and a staff photographer for the West Virginia Division of Tourism. He is originally from Grafton and now lives in the Charleston area. Steve's photography has appeared in *Time*, *Southern Living*, and *Wonderful West Virginia* magazines, National Geographic books, Sierra Club calendars, and in the Time/Life book *The Kentucky Derby: Run for the Roses*. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Fall 1999 issue.

Two Days That Changed Our Lives

By Borgon Tanner

Many years ago, early December held a special meaning for our family. I was a child growing up in New Martinsville, and December meant that important events in the Christmas season were close at hand.

My mother, of German lineage, loved that time of the year. Weeks in advance, card table and wrapping paper were in readiness in the spare bedroom. Christmas tree lights and ornaments were taken out of storage and checked. A Christmas tree was selected only if its top could touch the ceiling in the front room. Christmas lights on the porch and tree were turned on one week before Christmas, and the colorful evening display always continued until January 6 — Old Christmas. [See "Celebrating Old Christmas"; Winter 1999.]

In 1941, we began the Christmas season by making our annual trip to Mannington where we would visit family friends and later shop at their store. This trip was one of the most important features of the year to us.

My father was a B&O engineer, who worked irregular hours in through-freight service. Sixty years ago, he and many other railroaders worked a standard seven-day week. Whenever any travel time was needed, it was necessary for him to "lay-off" for at least one round-trip.

Our friends in Mannington faced similar obstacles. The husband owned a thriving business and worked long hours, six days a week. Most merchants back then used Sunday as a day of rest.

Sunday, December 7, 1941, we left New Martinsville and headed for Mannington in our family's pride and joy — our 1939 Plymouth sedan. Heavy, sturdy, and reliable, it was designed to cope with a variety of road surfaces.

Mannington was reached around noon, and soon we were enjoying good food and conversation with our friends Charles and Eleanor Martin. Charles was the owner of the Bon Ton Department Store downtown. Eleanor was a close friend of my mother.

Their house at the upper side of Mannington was bright, airy, and peaceful. A stairway from the elevated street led down into the lawn and along paths to the garden. Another flight of steps led up to a wide sunporch which, in summertime, was filled with flowers. Inside the house were greater treasures — books. Bookshelves stretched across one entire end of a large living room. (By comparison, our house in New Martinsville contained a Bible, a Montgomery Ward catalog, and random copies of *Better Homes and Gardens*.)

A youngster, loaded down with newspapers, appeared on the scene, shouting at the top of his voice.

That day, Eleanor Martin saw that my attention was focused on the rows of books. Before the visit ended, she rewarded me with the American classic *Penrod* by Booth Tarkington. My lifelong quest for books began after that memorable trip. I shall never forget that kind, gracious lady and her attention to a shy youngster.

Both Charles and Eleanor were excellent hosts. The meal and spirited conversation lasted several hours. Finally, in late afternoon, we all agreed that it was time to go to the store. This was the second reason for our trip to Mannington. Charles took us down to the Bon Ton, opened the store for our use, and we did our annual Christmas shopping.

The Bon Ton was long and narrow with several interior balconies along one side. The old store contained fascinating items. It is difficult to describe the excitement of a youngster shopping in a prestigious — albeit small — department store and buying gifts for family and friends. My parents helped me with some selections, but the major thrill was in choosing items myself. Many gifts were paid for with money that I had earned by mowing lawns in summer or by working part-time after school at our county newspaper — *The Wetzel Republican*.

We came out of the store around dusk, early Sunday evening. Normally, it would have been a quiet time with people enjoying their late Sunday meal at home. But not that day. Surprisingly, there were a number of people milling around on the street. Charles and Eleanor were puzzled by this odd turnout.

Suddenly, we heard someone shouting. The voice was indistinct at first, but soon a youngster, loaded down with newspapers, appeared on the scene. Shouting at the top of his voice, he announced, "Extra! Extra! Pearl Harbor bombed. Japanese Air Force attacks U.S. base overseas. Many dead and wounded. Extra! Extra! Read all about it!"

Like others, we were stunned by

FIRST EXTRA

The Fairmont Times

"Fairmont Is Friendly"

FIRST EXTRA

VOL. 42—NO. 76 FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA, FAIRMONT, (W. VA.), SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941. PRICE THREE CENTS

US AT WAR

Two Airfields Reported Hit By Jap Bombs

Foreign Warships Said Firing Into Pearl Harbor Defenses; London Staggered By Announcement Of Japanese Raid On U. S. Territory

BULLETIN!!

By EUGENE BURNS

HONOLULU, Dec. 7 (AP) — At least two Japanese bombers, their wings bearing the insignia of the Rising Sun, appeared over Honolulu at about 7:35 a. m. (Honolulu time) today and dropped bombs.

Unverified reports said a foreign warship appeared off Pearl Harbor and began firing at the defenses in that highly fortified post.

The sound of cannons firing comes to me here in Honolulu, as I telephone this story to the San Francisco Associated Press office.

Reports say that the Japanese bombers scored two hits, one at Hackim Field, air corps post on Oahu Island, and another at Pearl Harbor, setting an oil tank afire.

Shortly before I started talking on the transpacific telephone, I saw a formation of five Japanese planes over Honolulu.

American antiaircraft has set up a terrific din,

JAPS ATTACK HERE

BULLETINS!

BULLETIN!!

NORFOLK, Va., Dec. 7 (AP) — Col. Charles B.

Pearl Harbor and Manila Attacked By Jap Bombers

President Roosevelt Orders Army and Navy to Carry Out Undisclosed Orders Prepared for Defense of United States

BULLETIN!!

HONOLULU, Dec. 7 (AP)—Japanese bombs killed at least five persons and injured many others, three seriously, in a surprise morning aerial attack on Honolulu today.

BULLETIN!!

the news. An attack on the U.S. base at Pearl Harbor? Unbelievable. We soon learned that it was true. Somberly, we carried our Christmas presents to the car and drove slowly back to Charles and Eleanor's house.

The mood was grim. I was too young to know what war meant, but the adults certainly remembered the dismal days of World War I. Each family had private memories of that time. My father, for example, had tried to enlist in the Army to serve as an engineer on ammunition trains in France. Somehow, B&O officials learned of his plans and promptly informed him that locomotive engineers were needed more at home than in France.

Conversation was strained and appetites were diminished, but Eleanor insisted on serving sandwiches and coffee before we left. It was a sober leave-taking. The women were close to tears, and both wondered aloud when they might see each other again.

The trip home to New Martinsville seemed to reflect our mood. Everything was dark and dreary. Childlike, I stretched out on the back seat of the Plymouth to take a nap. Before I fell asleep, I listened to the sound of my parents' voices, and each word seemed to be filled with pain.

Monday, December 8, 1941, was a school day, but not a typical one. At Magnolia High School, our eighth grade history teacher was Orv Kyger. On that fateful Monday morning, he brought in a large radio and placed it at the front of the class. Normal classroom procedures were abandoned as we waited and finally heard President Franklin D. Roosevelt declare war on Japan and Germany.

With the outbreak of World War II, our annual treks to Mannington, our visits to Charles and Eleanor, and to the Bon Ton Department Store ceased. Gasoline and tires were rationed. A mandatory speed limit of 35 miles per hour was imposed. Highway travel became more difficult and slow. Railroad employees worked longer hours.

After the war, we did visit our friends in Mannington again. It was in early summer and their garden, flowers, and shrubs were in bloom. We had a grand time, but the anticipation and excitement of our former December visits were lost, along with the last stages of childhood.

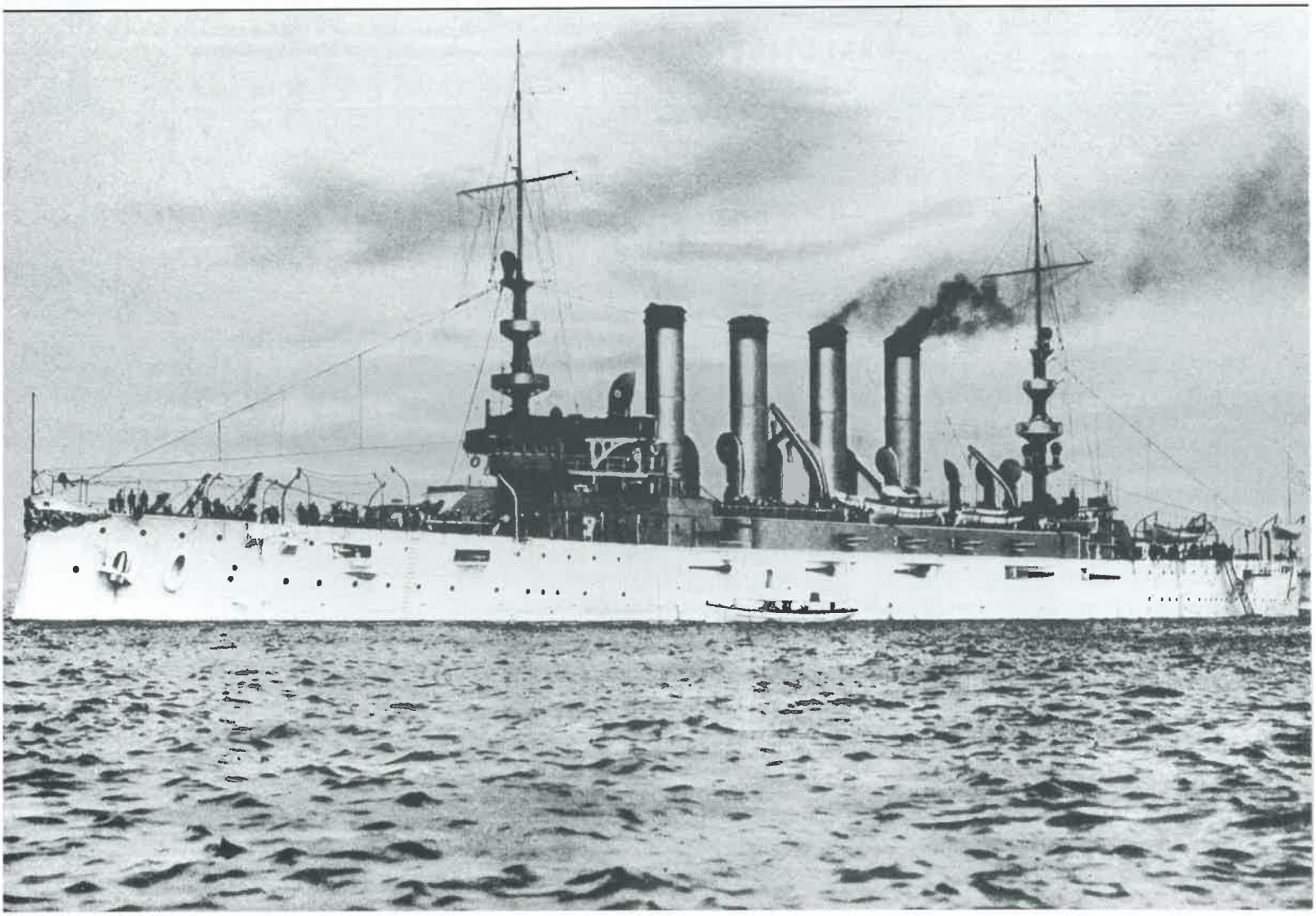
BORGON TANNER grew up in New Martinsville and has lived throughout northern and central West Virginia. He is a book collector. Borgon, who is retired, now lives in Canada. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

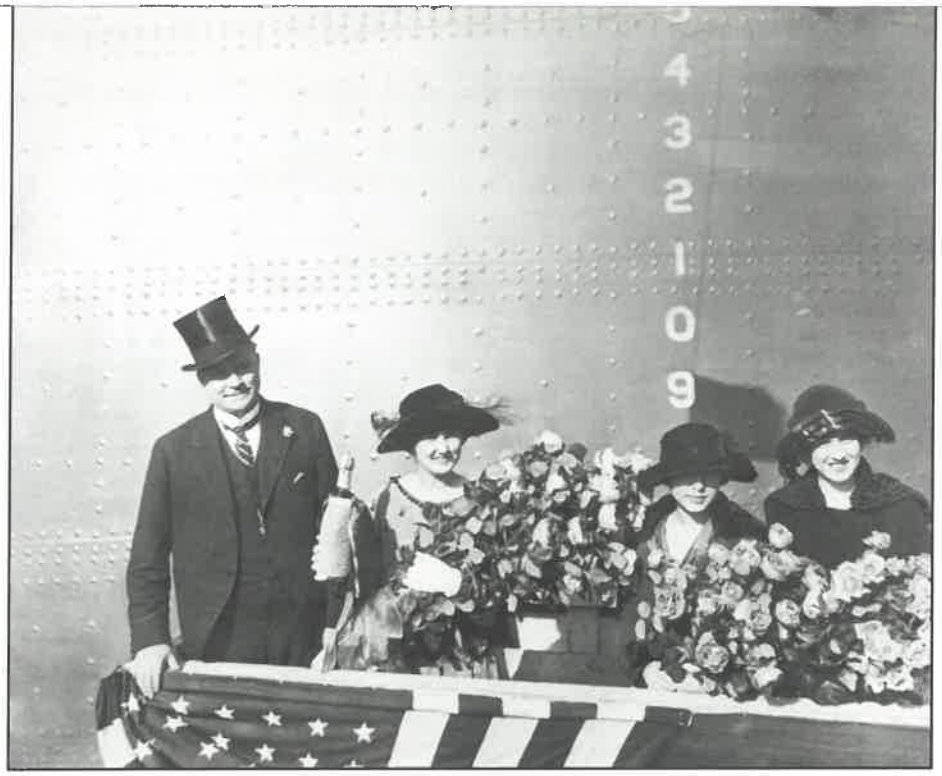
USS *West Virginia*

A Tale of Three Ships

By John Lilly

December 7, 2001, marks the 60th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Among the 21 ships sunk or damaged in the attack was the USS *West Virginia,* one of three vessels to bear the name of the Mountain State during the last century.

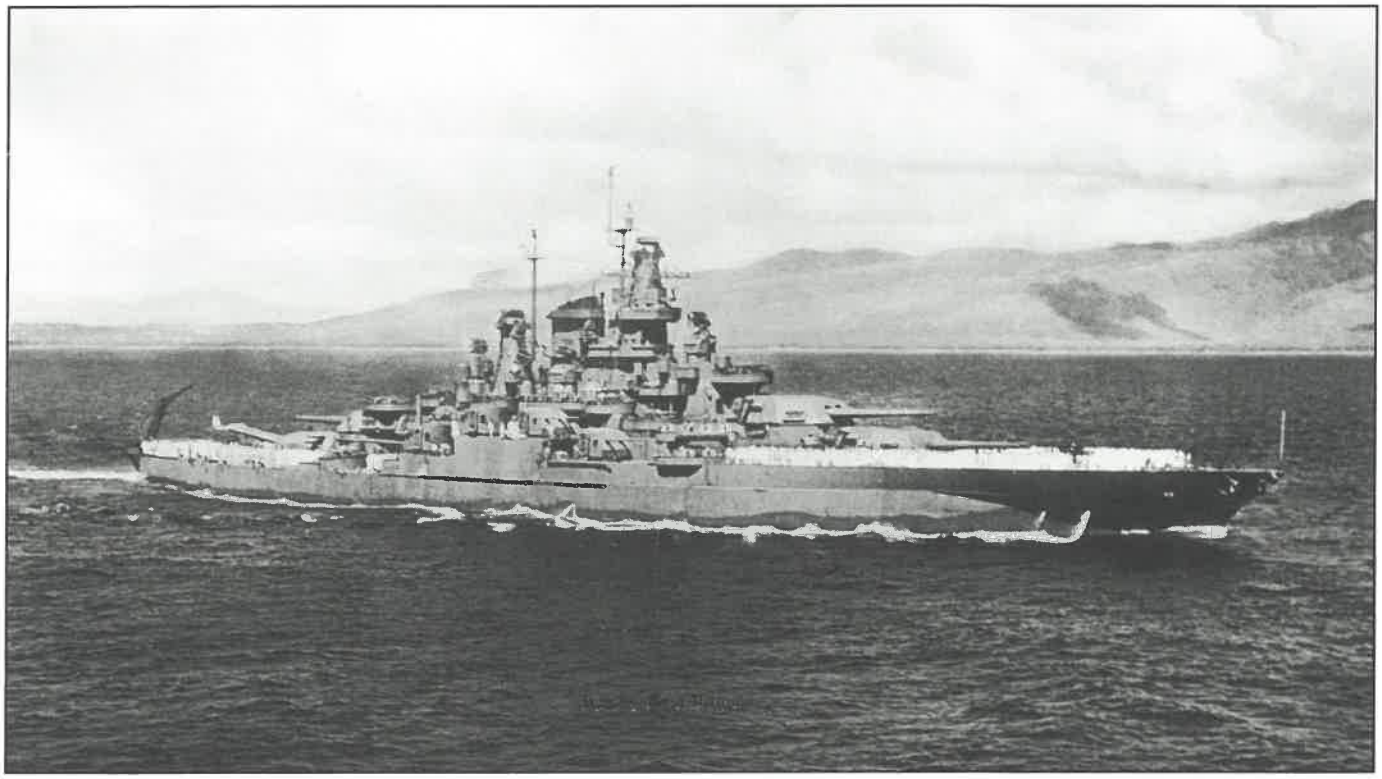




Previous page: The first USS ***West Virginia*** was an armored cruiser, launched in 1903. It was renamed the USS ***Huntington*** in 1916, and was decommissioned four years later. All photographs courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives, USS ***West Virginia*** Collection, unless otherwise noted.

Left: West Virginia Governor Ephraim Morgan and Alice Wright Mann christened the battleship USS ***West Virginia*** on November 19, 1921, at Newport News, Virginia. It was the last U.S. battleship built before World War II. Pictured at right are Alice Mann's maids of honor.

Below: The USS battleship ***West Virginia***, date and location unknown.



The first USS *West Virginia* (ACR-5) was launched from the naval shipyard at Newport News, Virginia, in 1903, christened by Katherine Vaughan White, eldest daughter of West Virginia Governor A.B. White. The coal-burning armored cruiser was commissioned in 1905 and served in both the Pacific and Atlantic fleets. In 1916, it was renamed the USS *Huntington* and, under that name, saw service in the Atlantic during World War I. It was decommissioned in 1920 and sold for scrap 10 years later.

The second — and most famous — ship to bear the name was also built at Newport News. Commissioned on December 1, 1923, the USS *West Virginia* (BB-48), nicknamed the "*WeeVee*," was the last American battleship built prior to World War II. It sailed throughout the world, seeing duty from Australia to the Caribbean, from Alaska to Panama.

During the 1930's, an abandoned Army post near Seattle was renamed Camp West Virginia and was used as a weekend getaway for the men of the USS *West Virginia*. A weekly newsletter, *The Mountaineer*,

Above: The USS ***West Virginia*** was struck nine times in the December 7, 1941, attack at Pearl Harbor, and sank in 40 feet of water. It is shown here with its hull submerged and the USS ***Tennessee*** in the background. U.S. Navy photograph.

Left: *The Mountaineer* newsletter from November 29, 1941, thought to be the final edition before the attack at Pearl Harbor.

chronicled activities aboard the ship.

As international relations deteriorated during the late 1930's, the Navy ordered the Pacific fleet to Pearl Harbor. The USS *West Virginia* arrived there on July 1, 1940. On the morning of December 7, 1941, the ship was attacked by Japanese bombers during their 30-hour surprise raid on the U.S. naval installation. More than 2,000 Americans died in the attack, including 104 aboard the USS *West Virginia*. Of those, there were two native West Virginians — 25-year-old Baker second class William Christian of Gary, and 23-year-old Seaman first class Clyde Richard Wilson of Marion County.

The ship was struck nine times and sank in the 40-foot-deep water of the harbor. Miraculously, and thanks in great measure to the heroism of Lieutenant Claude V. Ricketts, the ship rested in an upright position — "on an even keel," in nautical terms. This made it possible for the USS *West Virginia* to be raised and salvaged. Efforts to raise the battleship began in early 1942, and repairs were completed on May 7, 1943. The boat then sailed for Puget Sound and was fitted with radar and other modern equipment.

The reborn battleship was soon back in action and saw more than its share of heavy fighting during the latter part of World War II, participating in several pivotal cam-

A page from a scrapbook showing typical activities at Camp War, about 1940. Courtesy of the State Archives.

he didn't love me, so I said, 'Could I be excused?' He let me out, and I left."

Before enrolling, Peters and Spotts had both heard about the CCC from relatives who had participated in the program. "My brother Howard was in the CCC before me," Peters says, "and he told me about it."

"I knew about Roosevelt and what he was trying to do," Spotts remembers, "and I had a first cousin who was in the CCC. My cousin told them that I could cook a little bit, and when I got to Berwind, I was assigned to the kitchen. I never did go out on the forestry department work force. I never did get into that.

"I never wanted to be a leader," Spotts says, "but I guess they decided I had some leadership ability." As Spotts recalls, there were 22 leader and assistant leader positions at Camp War; those who filled the slots were selected from among the enrollees and aided the administrators, managers, and various professionals at the camp. "I made 'leadership' in a short time after I was there," he says.

"They sent me up to Ohio for a cooking class. They had a guy up there, an Italian fellow, and they were paying him over $200 a month to teach us. I went up there to go to school, but I ended up teaching. I only got $45 a month. There were 22 in the class, and they divided it and gave me 11 students and he had 11 students. I taught him how to handle meat — he was really a baker, more or less.

"At the camp, we used Army cookbooks, and the mess steward made out the daily menus and ordered the food. We'd get up about 4 o'clock to cook breakfast. We used coal stoves, and if we couldn't get the fire hot enough fast enough,

Company 3538-C Reunion

"I'm happy to be here," James Cashwell says. Originally from Marlinton, Cashwell traveled to Huntington by Greyhound bus from Washington, D.C., recently, to attend the first-ever reunion of men who had served with CCC Company 3538-C at Camp War, McDowell County, near Berwind. "I learned about the CCC from white people at Minnehaha, (Pocahontas County)," he says. "I didn't know that there was a colored camp. I arrived at Berwind in late October 1939 and remained there until September 1941. The train stopped, and the conductor said, 'This is where you get off.' It was cold and windy. I didn't have any luggage — only what I had on and nothing else. My first impression was, 'What in the world is this? Is this the camp?'"

"I knew all of those guys," John Spotts says, smiling and shaking his head in affirmation as Larry Sypolt of the West Virginia University Center for the History of Technology and Industrial Archaeology named members of a musical group composed of enrollees from 3538-C. Speaking at the reunion luncheon at the Christian Center at Marshall University, Sypolt noted that the Camp War group performed outside of the camp, as well as at camp activities. Additionally, there were a glee club and a quartet whose music was broadcast over WCHS in Charleston and over the Bluefield radio station. Sypolt also provided information about the CCC generally and Camp War specifically. He underscored the value of the public service work that the corps undertook, and cited statistics such as the number of forest fires which Company 3538-C fought.

Former CCC worker James Cashwell. Photographs by Michael Keller.

Coming together in Huntington on September 15, 2001, the six black men, whose ages ranged from 79 to 83, reminisced about their days in the Civilian Conservation Corps. Four of the men were from Camp War and two had served at other sites. Displays included photographs reproduced from a mini-yearbook owned by John Spotts and a number of CCC items which Sypolt brought to the reunion. Among these items were patches, training manuals, and copies of the Camp War newspaper which jogged memories and help to spur conversation among the former CCC men and guests.

In a roundtable discussion and in individual interviews with Joe Geiger of the West Virginia State Archives and History section, the men recalled some of their experiences. Most had a common reason for their enrollment in the CCC — the scarcity of other work.

"I joined because there was no work. I wanted to help my father. Dad couldn't do it all," comments

we'd put shortening on it. Lard was four cents a pound in those days, and we'd just put some on the fire to make it burn faster. Along with making breakfast, we'd make bag lunches to send out to the fellows by trucks.

"Sometimes we'd make big containers of soup and Kool-Aid," Spotts continues, "and take them out to the fellows. We had to work fast to get things ready. I got so I could cut up a whole chicken in one minute and I could break 15 dozen eggs in about 13 or 14 minutes. We worked through dinner and finished up about 7:30. We had KP's to clean up the pots and pans." He recalls that he worked every other day.

Peters stayed at Camp War for one year — from 1939 to 1940. "I got tired of it and came back to Huntington," he says. Spotts was there for four years — from 1937 to 1941. "I was a part of what they called the SSJ — the Specially Selected Juniors," Spotts explains. "There were 11 of us out of 200 fellows. Most fellows only stayed a year or so, but as an SSJ, I could stay in the CCC as long as I wanted to."

Although aimed at youth, the CCC also brought some economic benefit to families as a portion of the monthly salary of each enrollee was sent home. "When I went in, I got $30 per month," Peter says. "Twenty-five dollars was sent home to my family, and I kept five. Later, I became an assistant leader and began to work in the infirmary, and my salary was raised to $37.50 per month."

"I started at $30, too," Spotts remembers. "Then in about a month, I became an assistant leader, and I began to get $37.50 per month. In about three months, they made me a leader, and I got $45 per month. I

Kenneth Stevens who came to the reunion from Proctorville, Ohio. "Work was slow. I just made up my mind to help my dad. I was in the CCC twice. When I woke up and saw snow (at Camp War), I got out. But I came back."

In spite of his initial shock, James Cashwell credits his experiences at Camp War for his later adjustment to the military. He served as a truck driver while in the CCC, picked up the mail, and carried information.

Display of historical CCC materials from the collection of Larry Sypolt.

He even served as an orderly and drove the ambulance for a time. Cashwell went directly from the CCC to the Army, spending three years and three months in the South Pacific where he served as an MP. Later, as a civilian, he worked in security. He feels that the background from the CCC helped to prepare him for his Army service and for his civilian career.

When asked what his fondest memory was of the camp, Lawrence Peters immediately says, "Working with Dr. Spahr," referring to Dr. Aaron Spahr who was the camp physician.

John Spotts says, "I loved it from the first day I went in it. I liked the cleanliness about it. Everybody stayed clean. Everybody had to take a shower, and you had to keep your barracks clean." Spotts says that his fondest memory, however, was of the pretty girls whom he met there.

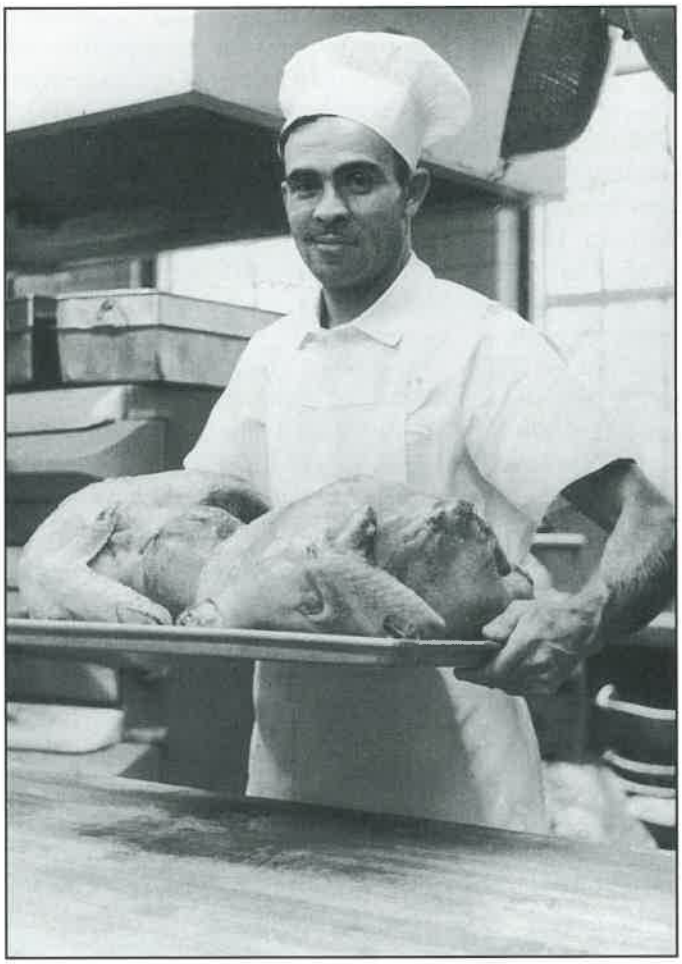
Greeted by Mayor David Fellinton of Huntington, given an award on behalf of Governor Bob Wise, and saluted with smiles and handshakes and the well-wishes of friends, family, and other guests, the men continued their reunion at a dinner at which former Secretary of State Ken Hechler was the speaker. Hechler, who spent many years in Washington, D.C., worked

Kenneth Stevens at a recent reunion of black CCC workers at Marshall University.

for President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He detailed the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps as reflected in President Roosevelt's public papers and addresses.

In considering the events of the reunion day, one person said, "This has been wonderful. It's a great bit of history. I'm just sorry that it didn't happen earlier when more of (the men) were still here to be a part of this recognition."

— Ancella R. Bickley



John Spotts made a profession of cooking after leaving the CCC, eventually becoming head of food services at Marshall University, where one of the dining rooms is named after him. He is shown here at Marshall during the 1950's. Photographer unknown.

was able to keep $20 of that for myself. The whole four years that I was in the CCC, however, my mother got the $25 per month. And believe me, that was a big help in those days."

Since black people were especially devastated by the Depression and by racial policies which restricted their access to jobs, there were more black young people who were eligible for service in the corps than the CCC was willing to enroll. The project was the joint responsibility of the Department of Labor which enrolled the men, the U.S. War Department which, through the Army, supervised the CCC with regular and reserve officers, and the departments of the Interior and Agriculture which organized and directed the conservation work which the enrollees performed.

Although the corps functioned reasonably well, its policies did not always bring equal benefits for black citizens. The Army was strictly segregated at the time and followed those same racial policies in working with the CCC camps. The administrators also made the decision to limit black enrollment to no more than 10% since that was the percentage of blacks in the country's population at the time.

Difficulties were encountered in determining where camps should be located. Many white communities were concerned about having groups of young black males in their midst for fear that white womanhood would be compromised. This was a particular issue where enrollees were to be brought in from outside of the state. To assuage this fear, it was eventually decreed that enrollees would be housed at camps within their own states, in so far as it was possible.

The black press and black organizations brought attention to the racial inequities of the program. They requested the inclusion of black officers in the administration of those camps which had an entire black enrollment. With one or two exceptions, however, the Army did not appoint blacks as commanders, although blacks did move into the administrative position of educational adviser at all of the black camps.

One of the black educational advisers at Camp War was Lawson W. Hawkins. He saw the role of the camp's educational program as helping the enrollees to develop self-expression, self-entertainment, self-culture and pride, and satisfaction in cooperative endeavors. Among the objectives were aiding the young men to understand social and economic conditions and to develop good habits of mental and physical health. Hawkins felt that the young men should be exposed to vocational training and academic work which would help to alleviate academic deficiencies.

"We could use the CCC now. It could take a lot of these kids off the streets and give them some training and discipline."

Both Peters and Spotts remember Hawkins. "He was from New York," Peters says, "and he was tough. Not only did he run the educational program, but he had high standards about other things. I remember that one night we were having a dance. Some girls had come to the camp for the dance, and one of the fellows was dancing with a girl in a way that Hawkins didn't think was appropriate. He went up to them and separated them and slapped the guy and said, 'We don't behave like that here.'"

No black person ever served as commander at Camp War, but Spotts and Peters believe that the black-held educational adviser's position was important. "The educational advisers really had the power," Spotts comments. "Hawkins had the power. If the captain or one of the lieutenants wanted to get rid of one of the guys, the educational adviser could step right in there and stop it — get you a fair shot."

Educational adviser Leonard Holland was one of the few blacks to hold an administrative position at Camp War. Photograph about 1940, courtesy of the State Archives.

"And Hawkins did it, too," Peters remarks. "He would step in in a minute."

Hawkins was followed by Leonard Holland who was also an educational adviser. "He looked a little like he was white," Spotts says, "but he was really black."

Neither Peters nor Spotts recalls any overt racial incidents directed toward them by the community or the people in charge at the CCC camp. "After a while, I worked in the infirmary with Dr. Spahr," Peters says. "You couldn't beat old Dr. Spahr. He'd do anything in the world for you, and he was white."

Although he does not feel that it was occasioned by racism, Peters remembers that one of the lieutenants at the camp got quite upset with him when he refused to give him certain items from the infirmary where he was working. "I told him that I worked for Dr. Spahr, and without his permission, I couldn't issue anything to him. He was pretty angry, but I still wasn't going to give it to him."

Spotts recalls an incident which occurred when he was journeying to Berwind. "I remember it well," he says. "When we were going to catch the train at Kenova, one of the fellows stopped to tie his shoelace which had come undone. The area where he stopped was in the white part of the waiting room and, you know, they didn't like black people in Kenova. As the guy stopped to tie his shoe, somebody came to him and told him that he was in the wrong part of the waiting room."

Both men remember being refused service in restaurants and bars in West Virginia, but simply accepted that as a way of life. "That really didn't change until Martin Luther King's time," Spotts says.

The CCC program ended in 1942. "They closed the camp at Berwind and took the fellows down to Panther at Iaeger," Spotts remembers. "That was in 1942, and the war had started. They were drafted from there and went directly into the service." Both Peters and Spotts had left the CCC by that time.

Both men look back on their time in the CCC camp with great nostalgia. John Spotts continued the career of cooking he began at Camp War. Before retiring, he became director of food services at Marshall University, where one of the dining rooms was named for him.

Lawrence Peters never really used any of the skills he developed at the CCC camp, though he says that he can still lay stones for a culvert. He held various jobs during his working life and retired as a deputy sheriff in Huntington. Both men agree that if they had their lives to live over again, they would still in enroll in the CCC, if they had the opportunity. They have no regrets about their experiences there.

"There were no jobs," Spotts says. "I had to have something to do. I learned a lot, and I could help my family."

"It was good," Peters says. "We had discipline in the CCC camp. It was the best thing for us. We could use the CCC now. It could take a lot of these kids off the streets and give them some training and discipline."

ANCELLA R. BICKLEY, a resident of Charleston, is the author and co-author of several books and articles on West Virginia black history including *Memphis Tennessee Garrison, In Spite of Obstacles: The History of the West Virginia Schools for the Colored Deaf and Blind, Our Mount Vernons,* and others. She holds a doctorate in education from West Virginia University and was a professor at West Virginia University and West Virginia State College, and an administrator at West Virginia State College. Her most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Spring 1997.

John Spotts, at left, and Lawrence Peters enjoy memories of the CCC at a recent reunion. Photograph by Michael Keller.

"Nothing But Just Fighting"

The 1936 CCC Race Riot

Interview by Susan Leffler

Photographs by Maureen Crockett

From May 25, 1935, until January 11, 1936, the Civilian Conservation Corps ran a camp in Pocahontas County called Camp Loring. According to West Virginia University history researcher and CCC expert Larry Sypolt, the camp was located near the intersection of State Routes 92 and 39 on Cochran Creek, near Minnehaha Springs in the Monongahela National Forest.

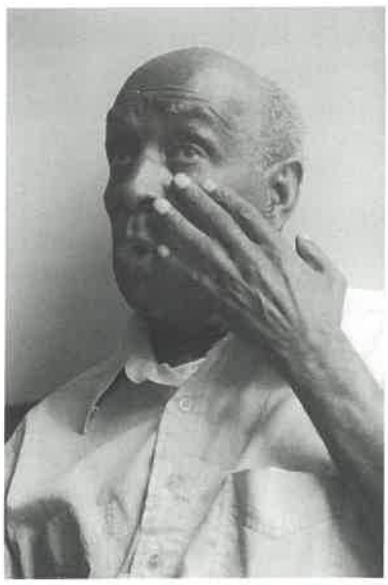
Prior to the establishment of Company 3538-C in McDowell County [see accompanying story by Ancella Bickley], many black enrollees were housed at Camp Loring. Race relations at the time dictated strict segregation of the workers at CCC facilities, and separate camps were eventually established for Black American and Native American enrollees. By most accounts, things ran smoothly at these camps — little has been written about the rare occasions when this was not the case.

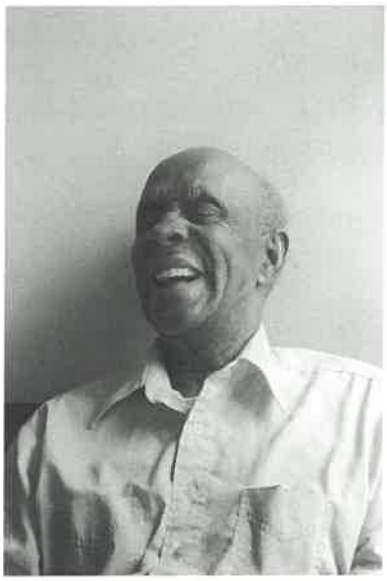
In about 1980, West Virginia Public Radio reporter Susan Leffler visited Sweet Springs in Monroe County to collect oral histories for her "Recollections" radio series. Sweet Springs was a magnificent old spa which was used at the time as a state-run retirement home called the Andrew Rowan Memorial Home [see "Old Sweet Springs: A Lewis Family Legacy," by Rody Johnson; Summer 2000]. While interviewing residents there, Susan encountered a blind, retired railroad worker and former "gandydancer" named Bill Dougherty, and spoke with him about his experiences on the rails. In the course of their conversation, Mr. Dougherty mentioned that he was involved in a violent racial incident at a CCC camp during the 1930's.

Susan brought the story to GOLDENSEAL editor Ken Sullivan. In 1983, photographer and writer Maureen Crockett visited Mr. Dougherty with her camera and attempted to gather additional information about the incident. Maureen tried for a number of years to find evidence to corroborate Mr. Dougherty's story, but was unable to find any published accounts of a race riot at a CCC camp in Pocahontas County in 1936. As a result, the interview and photographs were kept on file in the GOLDENSEAL office, but remained unpublished.

Recent evidence, however, lends added credence to Mr. Dougherty's story. A number of older black CCC workers recall hearing of this incident, and historians Ancella Bickley and Larry Sypolt concur with the likelihood that this event did take place.

As we reflect in this issue on life at the all-black Camp War in McDowell County, we have chosen this time to publish Bill Dougherty's gripping interview. It provides added depth to our understanding of racial issues surrounding the Civilian Conservation Corps in West Virginia, and brings to light a clear, first-person account of a little-known chapter in our state's history. —ed.





have guns and knives or things like that?

BD. Oh, yeah. They had knives. I never seen nobody with no guns. But they had all these knives and daggers and stuff like that. They all had them, cause [there] was a lot of cuttin' going on. Naturally, didn't nobody know who. If they did know, they wasn't going to tell it.

SL. Did they ever try to get you to testify against each other when they were investigating it?

BD. Huh-uh. They had one man, one colored man, the one messed up so bad. They had him in the office, had him acting sort of as a lawyer for the colored.

SL. So what did this guy, the black man that was acting as a lawyer, what did he come out and tell you that had happened?

BD. Well, they wanted to know who started it, and what it was all about. He said that, in the first place, they was wrong to even send us out that day and want people to go out and work [in] that kind of weather. Wasn't none of the camps anywhere had the men out. All the other camps stayed in that day. The weather was too bad. And the black camp's the only camp they put out to work. They said that that should never have been done.

SL. So then they never tried to discipline any of you?

BD. Never tried to discipline a one of us.

SL. What about medical treatment? Did they try to take care of the people that were beat up?

BD. Yeah, they took care of that. They said that the governor would look into that, and take care of the medical bills and things.

SL. How long did it take before they transferred you all to different camps?

BD. Just a little over a week till we was transferred out.

SL. Did you have any choice where you were gonna get transferred to?

BD. No, no. You had no choice at all. They [had a] place called Berwind down there, next to Keystone, down in there.

They had a colored camp down there, and some of them knew what it was like. They said it was so rough down there that they didn't want to go. Some of them just refused and wouldn't go. And so they just discharged them. They wouldn't go down there. [See "Camp War: Remembering CCC Company 3538-C," by Ancella R. Bickley; page 22.]

SL. But they didn't try to send everybody to the black camp down there?

BD. No, no. I guess they had too many, you know. They just transferred some. All of us went in different camps. I stayed in Thornwood. That's where I finished up.

SL. Did you notice any difference after that? Was there any difference in the way they treated the black men in the white camps?

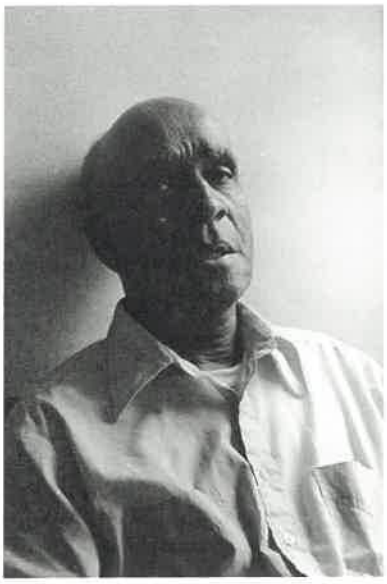
BD. Oh, yes, yes. It was much different. They got along fine. The ones that I talked to that went to some of the other camps around, they got along fine. They didn't have any trouble at all.

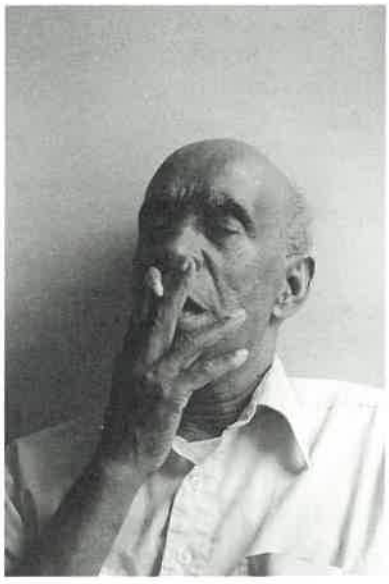
SL. Guess you scared 'em, huh?

BD. I guess we did.

SUSAN LEFFLER of Elkview produces special projects for West Virginia Public Radio. Susan received a degree in history from the American University in Washington, D.C., and has worked as a reporter in Central America and as the folk arts specialist for the Division of Culture and History. Susan has written articles for *The Charleston Gazette* and GOLDENSEAL, most recently in our Winter 1992 issue.

MAUREEN CROCKETT of St. Albans is a photo journalist and author whose work has appeared in a number of magazines and newspapers, including *The Charleston Gazette*. Maureen is a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL; her most recent article appeared in our Spring 1998 issue.





Just-Rite

Huntington's Air-Ola Radio Company

By Joseph Platania

A nameplate from a Just-Rite radio receiver, manufactured in Huntington between 1923 and 1926. Photograph by Michael Keller.

The years following World War I were a heady time in early radio. The nation's first radio station featuring regular broadcasts — KDKA in Pittsburgh — went on the air in November 1920 and reported the presidential election results. A year later, the first boxing match was broadcast, prompting thousands of people to buy radios for this event alone.

Large radio manufacturers, such as General Electric (GE) and the Radio Corporation of America (RCA), soon entered the broadcasting business to spur the sales of radios. The idea worked so well that manufacturers couldn't keep up with the demand.

Here in West Virginia, several companies joined the fray and mountain-made radios were soon bringing the world into local homes. In 1923, the Air-Ola Radio Company was founded in Huntington by Charles V. Cheuvront (pronounced "Chevront"). According to radio historian George A. Freeman of Madison, Indiana, the company began in "a buggy garage" in a barn owned by A.L. Shockey, a prominent building contractor. The barn was on an estate called Shockey's Knob, located in Huntington's Park Hills section.

Shockey's daughter Blanche had married Charles Cheuvront in 1919. Cheuvront was born in Wirt County in 1892 and was a veteran of World War I. After the war, he teamed up with another vet named F.W. Root to go into the radio manufacturing business. Freeman explains that

Shockey's Knob in Huntington's Park Hills section. The highest point in Cabell County, it was here that Charles V. Cheuvront built the first Just-Rite radios. Photographer and date unknown.

communicate with other hams from around the world, and stand ready in case of a local emergency.

More than 1,000 people visit the museum each year. A large map of the U.S. mounted on the wall near the entrance shows that since the museum opened in 1991, it has welcomed visitors from all 50 states and the District of Columbia, as well as from 18 foreign countries.

The museum is the brainchild of Lloyd E. McIntyre and Tom Resler. It began in McIntyre's Charleston living room, but moved to Huntington when the Harveytown Elementary School building became available for purchase. Lloyd McIntyre is now on the museum's board of directors and Tom Resler is treasurer.

The museum has two banquets a year for its 140 members, held in July and at Christmas. It also annually sponsors three flea markets and auctions for collectors of old radios, phonographs, and related gear.

The J.A. Moore Memorial Library at the museum has a large collection of 78 r.p.m., 45 r.p.m., and LP records, as well as technical books, booklets, papers, and other research materials for those exploring the history and evolution of radio and television.

Occupying almost an entire room is a 1935 Western Electric 5,000-watt radio transmitter that is water-cooled, which makes a unique exhibit. Woodrum explains that the giant transmitter was donated by WMMN radio in Fairmont, which used it until the 1970's. [See "The Miles Meant Nothing for WMMN," by Debby Sonis Jackson; Winter 1989.]

The museum has one of the first electric Victrolas — a Brunswick that cost $600 in 1926, which was a lot of money back then, says Woodrum. There also are floor-model radios designed to fit into a corner, a radio built to resemble a small suitcase, and huge Stromberg-Carlson consoles. From the late 1940's, there is one of the first transistor radios, which cost $49.95 when it was new.

Jack Woodrum, former museum president.

One unusual display at the museum is a replica of the Frank Lynch Radio Sales and Service store from the 1930's. On the counter is a Western Electric radio receiver from the mid-1920's — one of only two known to exist.

New at the museum is a display of early computers and related equipment, including a vintage Imsai 8080 computer.

There are about 20 volunteers who guide tours through the museum from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. on Saturdays, and on Sundays from 1 until 4 p.m. The Museum of Radio & Technology offers the opportunity to learn about the history of radio — the electronic marvel of the 20th century. For more information, call (304)525-8890, or visit their extensive Web site at http://oak.cats.ohiou.edu/~postr/MRT.

—Joseph Platania

"Hams" such as Geoff Bourne, shown here, use the fully operational radio station at the museum to communicate with fellow short-wave enthusiasts around the world.

WSAZ Radio

"The Worst Station from A to Z"

By Corley F. Dennison

Courtesy of Mike Kirtner

Huntington's first radio station started its life in Ohio. Despite financial and technical problems, WSAZ radio began a semi-regular schedule of broadcasts in the small Ohio River town of Pomeroy, in October 1923. WSAZ had been such a headache to radio engineer Glenn Chase that he claimed to have selected the call letters WSAZ to stand for the "Worst Station from A to Z." According to Chase, "Even a loud voice could put the station off the air."

There is some debate as to what the letters WSAZ actually represent. Station call letters were assigned sequentially by the Department of Commerce, and WSAZ came just after WSAX, Chicago, and WSAY, Port Chester, New York. Some local historians believe that the call sign was sequentially assigned and that engineer Chase later applied the slogan. Others contend that Chase requested those letters to reflect his frustrations with the fledgling station.

The original license authorized WSAZ to operate on 1160 kilocycles with 50 watts of power. In late 1924, WSAZ was notified by the Commerce Department to change frequency to 1230 kilocycles.

Broadcasting hours were irregular and sponsors were few as the new station struggled to make ends meet. After more than two years of trying to make the station financially viable, Chase packed his bags and went looking for help 45 miles downriver in Huntington. Chase sold controlling interest in the station to a Huntington businessman named W.C. McKellar, and accepted the position of radio service manager for the McKellar Electric Company. McKellar wanted to use the radio station to promote the sales of radio sets at his Fourth Avenue store. So, Chase spent several months setting up the studio and transmission facilities and building a special live-performance studio in the store's front window.

Broadcasting hours were irregular and sponsors were few as the new station struggled to make ends meet.

Irregular broadcasts took place throughout the winter months of 1926 and early 1927. By April 1927, WSAZ was ready to take to the air with 100 watts of power and a daily broadcast schedule of four hours each evening except Sundays, now at 1240 on the dial.

Each hour had one sponsor at a cost of four dollars per hour, or $24 per week. Minter Homes, Kenny Music Company, Graves-Thornton Hardware, and Lamb & Love Electric and Hardware Company were to become loyal advertisers for many years on WSAZ.

Glenn Chase broadcast

Live country music was a mainstay at WSAZ radio, particularly in the years before World War II when such stars as Hawkshaw Hawkins, Cowboy Copas, Little Jimmy Dickens, and Red Sovine appeared there. As late as the 1950's, country music was still popular with area listeners, and WSAZ-TV took its "Saturday Night Jamboree" show on the road. The lanky fellow in the doorway of the bus is unidentified in this 1957 photograph, courtesy of Mike Kirtner.

work in 1935. The four-member network consisted of WCHS, Charleston; WPAR, Parkersburg; WBLK, Clarksburg, and WSAZ. The stations created an intrastate news network and shared entertainment and sports programming. John A. Kennedy, editor and publisher of the *San Diego Journal*, owned the other three stations. In 1939, Kennedy acquired partial interest in WSAZ radio and later acquired 48% interest in WSAZ-TV.

As a member of the West Virginia Radio Network, WSAZ operated as a CBS "bonus station" until 1943. The network feed was picked up on a phone relay from WCHS in Charleston.

In 1943, the station switched to the nationwide Blue Network while remaining a liaison station with the West Virginia Radio Network. A federal government mandate forced the Blue Network Company to become the American Broadcasting Company on June 15, 1943.

ABC offered attractive entertainment programming for its affiliates and scored a major programming coup in 1946 when it wrested the "Bing Crosby Show" from NBC. The Thursday night show was one of the most popular on radio and the first to use magnetic recording tape on a network program.

Engineers for WSAZ received a power increase to 5,000 watts in 1946 and changed frequencies to a regional, nighttime directional allocation at 930 kilocycles. The station also moved again in 1946 to new studios on Third Avenue. Another move occurred again in 1953 when radio joined the TV operation at a newly renovated building on Ninth Street. These were top-drawer facilities with two soundproof studios, two control rooms, and a recording studio.

As with most stations of the time, local news and sports reporting were a mainstay for WSAZ. Residents of Huntington awoke on a cold January morning in 1937 to the news that the Ohio River was spilling out of its banks and into the streets of Huntington. WSAZ began broadcasting hourly reports of the rising waters on January 18. By January 22, the waters had blocked major intersections in the city and were continuing to rise. WSAZ sought and received permission from the FCC to broadcast continuously during the crisis. With this change in operation, WSAZ

On June 15, 1943, WSAZ radio switched from the national Blue Network to an affiliation with ABC. Here, Colonel J.H. Long throws the switch, while general manager Marshall Rosene, at far left, looks on. The other men are unidentified. Photograph courtesy of Mike Kirtner.

Fred Burns was WSAZ radio's sports announcer and the "Voice of the Herd" from 1931 to 1939. He is at left in this undated photograph with a WSAZ engineer, broadcasting from the roof of a Marshall University campus building. Photograph courtesy of Marshall University.

began the grueling task which lasted nine days until 8:00 the following Sunday night, January 31. Messages of inquiry concerning friends and relatives, warnings of gasoline-covered waters ever rising, appeals for help from marooned victims, and orders to relief agencies and workers began pouring into the cramped studios.

The station ran no commercial messages during the nine-day crisis as over 5,000 messages were broadcast and 7,500 telephone calls were logged every 24 hours. Reaching a crest at 69 feet above flood stage, the river finally began receding on Thursday, January 28, 1937.

In 1932, WSAZ premiered a new program called "The Sports Revue" with host Fred Burns. A former Marshall College football player and former manager of the team, Burns provided daily sports news and commentary. Burns, who also wrote for the local paper, was a mainstay of Huntington sports programming for eight years. However, WSAZ had already made some very innovative efforts in the area of live sports programming prior to the debut of "The Sports Revue."

Nearby Marshall College provided a staple of attractive sporting events and generated loyal advertiser support. On Tuesday, October 4, 1927, Marshall athletic director Roy "Legs" Rawley announced an agreement between the college and WSAZ to broadcast football, basketball, and baseball games on the radio. That Saturday, with chief announcer Beckley Smith and former Marshall player Pat Patterson at the microphone, football fans tuned in to hear Marshall defeat Concord College by a score of 18-6. The game was the first to be broadcast by a station in West Virginia, and the first to feature two teams from the state of West Virginia.

While the broadcast of home games was easily accomplished, the technology of the day prohibited regular live broadcasts of away games. A telegraph operator was sent to the away games with a newspaper reporter. The telegraph operator tapped out a summary of the action, which was then relayed back to the station and read over the air.

WSAZ radio continued to broadcast until 1970 when it changed call letters to WGNT. Today, it is known as WRVC and is believed to be West Virginia's oldest continuously licensed AM broadcasting station. Here, announcer Jay Nagel does a remote broadcast from Camden Park, 1960. Photograph courtesy of WSAZ-TV NewsChannel 3 Huntington-Charleston.

In 1933, The Huntington Publishing Company, owners of WSAZ, added a unique feature to the game coverage. A giant grid board of a football field was displayed outside of the newspaper office in downtown Huntington. A cut-out football was moved up and down the board to represent action on the field while the summary of the game action was played over a public address system. The newspaper gained permission from city officials to rope off Fifth Avenue and sell concessions during the game broadcasts. Police estimated the crowd at over 2,000 as people gathered in the street to listen to the results of the rivalry game with Miami of Ohio in October 1933.

In the years following World War II, WSAZ radio began to rely on transcribed and network programs, in part, to reduce operating costs and to increase profit margins. Hupco (The Huntington Publishing Company), owners of WSAZ radio, had decided to move into television, and profit margins needed to expand to help defray the cost of the new medium.

WSAZ-TV was the last television station in the United States to obtain an operating permit prior to the Federal Communications Commission licensing freeze of 1948.

In an ironic twist, two of the most popular programs on WSAZ-TV in its first decade of broadcasting were country music shows — the very format that WSAZ radio had forsaken at the end of World War II. The first was "The Saturday Night Jamboree" with host Dean Sturm.

The second show was a promotional tool for Martha White Flour featuring Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys. Every Thursday evening, the band appeared on WSAZ-TV to pitch "that good Martha White Flour with Hot Rize and Corn Meal Mix, too."

The station ran no commercial messages during the nine-day crisis.

WSAZ-TV and radio continued to generate healthy profits for the parent company throughout the 1950's. They did frequent remote radio broadcasts from locales ranging from automobile showrooms to amusement parks throughout Huntington, and began to use the slogan, "The Most Happy Station."

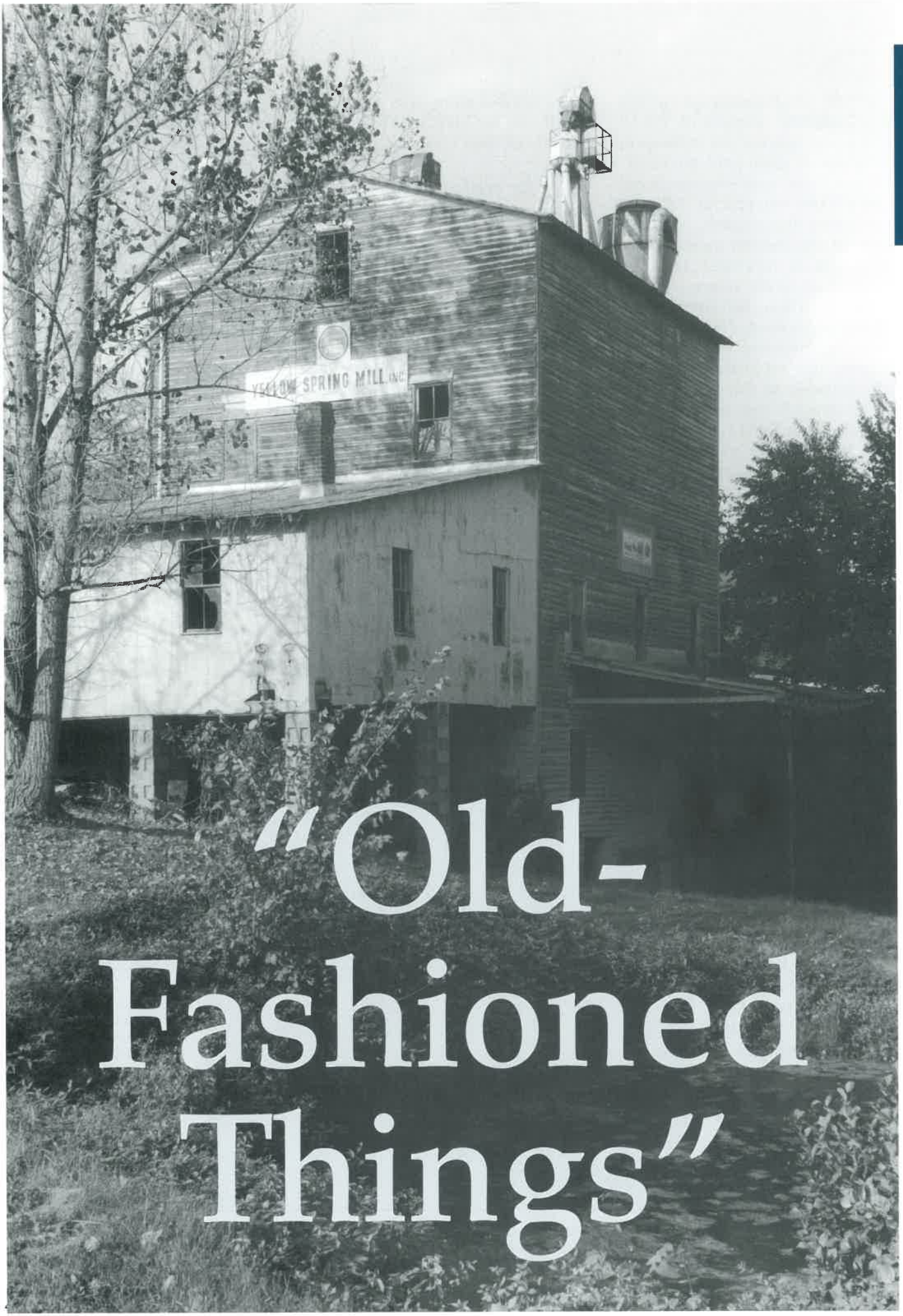
In 1961, Hupco sold WSAZ-TV and radio to Goodwill Broadcasting for approximately $6 million. WSAZ was again sold to Capital Cities (CapCities) Broadcasting in 1964. CapCities sold WSAZ radio to the Stoner Broadcasting System for $900,000. On June 1, 1970, WSAZ radio changed call letters to WGNT and experimented with several format changes before trying to revive the country music format that had made the station so popular prior to World War II. The studios were moved to their present location in the Coal Exchange Building on 11th Street and Fourth Avenue.

Another sale to Kindred Communications brought another call sign change to WRVC with a news/talk/sports format. The call sign WSAZ survives today through WSAZ-TV, a longtime NBC affiliate station.

Even though WSAZ radio is gone, one aspect of its programming remains from the old days — WRVC continues as the flagship station for the Marshall University sports broadcasts and can still be heard at 930 on the AM dial.

WSAZ-TV began broadcasting in 1949. They proudly unveiled their combined radio and television studio at 201 Ninth Street in 1953. Photograph courtesy of WSAZ-TV NewsChannel 3 Huntington-Charleston.

CORLEY F. DENNISON is a professor of journalism and mass communications at Marshall University where he has taught for 16 years, and has served as the assistant dean of the University College since 1999. He holds a doctorate in education from West Virginia University. His interest in the radio industry and broadcasting has led to numerous articles and presentations at national conferences. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



"Old-Fashioned Things"

Yellow Spring Memories

By Cecelia Mason Photographs by Michael Keller

Southeastern Hampshire County is a lush and sparsely populated corner of eastern West Virginia known for its popular resorts and excellent hunting and fishing. Nestled along the Cacapon River is the tiny town of Yellow Spring — a don't-blink-or-you'll-miss-it cluster of small homes and businesses scattered along State Route 259 at the foot of Timber Ridge. Yellow Spring was once a hub of rural activity, however, with a history dating back nearly 250 years.

Yellow Spring and the surrounding Capon Valley were surveyed by George Washington in the mid-1700's. Early businesses in Yellow Spring included an ink factory that used local sumac berries to make red ink and a factory that produced parlor organs in the late 1800's. A local entrepreneur named Tilbury Orndorff achieved quite a reputation for distilling legal rye whiskey, while a successful hymn-book publisher named Jesse B. Aiken also lived nearby. The center of activity in Yellow Spring was a large grain mill which stayed in operation for more than 150 years. Before it closed in 1990, the mill produced as much as 40 tons of poultry and animal feed a day. The mill still stands in the middle of Yellow Spring — one of the many remnants of the community's long and colorful past.

Yellow Spring also holds fond personal memories for Robert Orndorff, a retired medical technician from Bunker Hill with deep family roots in Hampshire County. Robert's relatives — the Orndorffs and the Clines — go back several generations in the region. In 1912, his father and grandparents moved from Yellow Spring to Jefferson County to "better their lives," Robert says, "because they were just crop share farmers around Yellow Spring."

The family remained in close contact with their Yellow Spring relatives, however, and when Robert was a child in the 1930's, his family spent many weekends and vacations at the home of his aunt and uncle, Lona and Clarence Cline. Lona Orndorff Cline was his father's sister.

"We had a 1928 Dodge automobile," Robert recalls, "and it would take quite a while for that old car to get up the mountain. You'd go up past Winchester and get up Lockhart's Hill, as it was called. And once you got up that hill, you were up in the top of the mountain, and Yellow Spring was on down the way there."

Robert describes his Aunt Lona as being a little bit plump, with beautiful facial features and dark, straight hair which she kept in a bun. "I remember her with the lace collars," he says. "She was always in the cooking mode. And she always had her apron on, which was [made] from the feed sacks from the mill."

He says that Lona did her own sewing and kept an immaculate home. The curtains and windows were always clean, and the floors were always polished.

Robert recalls that his Uncle Clarence didn't walk very briskly, but "sort of trudged along." He didn't seem to work as hard as Aunt Lona. "He chewed tobacco," Robert recalls. "He would do farm work in the fields, but most of the time when I was up there, he was just sitting talking to us, and over to the store. He would spend a lot of time across at the store."

Yellow Spring supported two general stores at that time. One of these was located across the road from Clarence and Lona's home and was operated by Cecil and Alma Long. Cecil was a popular store-

Above: Robert Orndorff of Bunker Hill, Berkeley County, has deep family roots at Yellow Spring, and many fond memories of visits there during the 1930's and '40's. Here, he explores the former home of his aunt and uncle Lona and Clarence Cline on a recent visit.

Left: The grain mill at Yellow Spring, Hampshire County, was the center of activity for this Capon Valley community for more than 150 years. The mill ceased operation in 1990.

Lona Orndorff Cline is at the center in this 1907 portrait made at Capon Springs. Robert Orndorff's father Marshall Lee Orndorff is at left. Their mother Frances Jane Fishel Orndorff is seated at right. The family later moved to Jefferson County, while Lona stayed in Yellow Spring with her husband.

keeper who garnered a reputation as "the nation's most obliging neighbor," according to a local newspaper. Long's general store was a center of commerce and social life at Yellow Spring for many years, and Uncle Clarence was undoubtedly in good company around the woodstove as he made his frequent visits. The hunters would often congregate around the pot-bellied stove to exchange stories. Robert remembers sitting on a bench in the store as a child, listening to the hunters talk.

"You would walk in, and the stove was to the right," Robert says. "There were shelves with all kinds of dry goods and canned articles. There was a counter to the left. That's where Mrs. Long — Alma — she would wait on you. It wasn't like a supermarket. You'd have to ask for what you wanted, and she'd go off a shelf and pick it up."

Cecil Long died in 1956, when he was about 50 years old. His wife kept the store open for a time after that and called it Alma's Cafe. It burned down a few years ago.

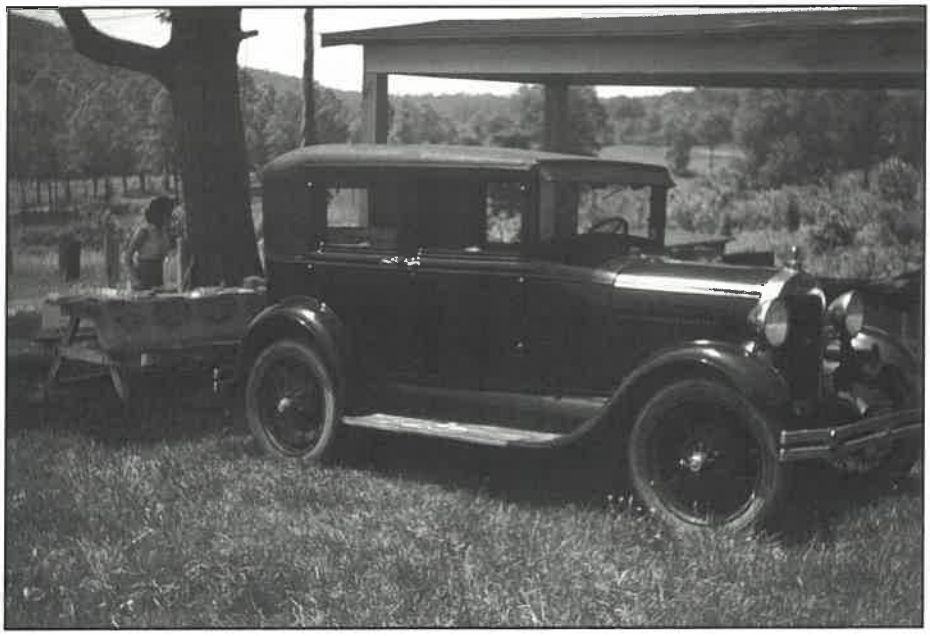
The Yellow Spring area has long been a haven for hunters, especially during deer season. Robert recalls that his aunt often made early morning breakfasts for the deer hunters every fall.

"I was up there one weekend," he says, "when my aunt, she gets up, like three o'clock in the morning, and fires up the cookstove out in the kitchen. She had this huge breakfast for all the hunters to come in. She had this huge table — you could hardly get around in the room. And the hunters would come in and eat a very early morning breakfast." Robert says that his aunt served hearty meals of eggs, hot cakes, sausage, coffee, and juice.

Lona and Clarence Cline, at center and right in this photograph, visited her brother Marshall Orndorff, at left with hat, in Charles Town, 1962. Photograph by Robert Orndorff.

His father, grandfather, and uncles would all hunt, but Robert never joined them. Although Robert did not hunt, he did enjoy fishing. He says that his dad was a great fisherman who would catch sun perch, which his Aunt Lona would cook for supper. "Dad built his own six-foot flat-bottomed boat with three seats," Robert says. "And he used to have it tied up there. You didn't lock it or anything. Just tie it with a rope to a tree right there at the landing."

Robert says that he can't swim, but that he used to enjoy wading in the Cacapon River. He remembers getting leeches on his feet during one of those excursions. "I never even knew what leeches were," he says. "My aunt was with me. We walked across, and I looked down and I said, 'There's blood on my



Clarence and Lona Cline's old Model A Ford, which they drove to church up into the 1960's. This photograph was taken near their home in 1962 and shows the car in remarkably good condition. Photograph by Robert Orndorff.

driving their old Model A Ford to the church on Sunday mornings. "My aunt, with her hat on with the lace thing over her face, would sit in there," Robert says. "At first she'd go up there, socializing with the other ladies at church, [thinking] that it was not so good to arrive at church in such an old car. But later on, in her later years, she was proud to come in that old car up to the church."

Robert says that he visited Yellow Spring frequently during his early childhood but didn't go there much when he was a teenager. He graduated from Charles Town High School in 1950 and attended Shepherd College, where he studied premedicine. After college, Robert joined the Air Force for four years, serving two years in Alaska. He later worked as a medical technologist in Berkeley County, retiring in 1988 after 26 years.

He recalls taking a trip to Yellow Spring after returning home from the service. "I bought a 1954 Ford when I got out of the Air Force, and I remember driving that up there," he says. "It was such a good feeling to me that I could drive, because I always used to go with Dad driving. So the first few times I drove my car up there, I enjoyed that a lot."

With his aunt and uncle gone, Robert doesn't visit Yellow Spring very often these days. On a recent visit, though, he was pleased to find that Kenneth Seldon, a neighbor of Aunt Lona and Uncle Clarence, has maintained the Clines' home as a hunting cabin. The water still flows under the house, although now it is little more than a trickle.

Kenneth Seldon also runs the local general store, gas station, and post office located just up the road from the old Cline house. The mill stands close by, and there is some talk of renovating it. The Asa Cline Bed and Breakfast Inn is well-tended by owners John and Merrie Hammond, and nearby Capon Springs Resort is filled to capacity on most weekends. Rimrock, a popular camp for girls, attracts youngsters to Yellow Spring each summer.

Newcomers, longtime residents, and descendants of the original settlers have pulled together in recent years to help preserve Yellow Spring's history, its natural beauty, and the warmth of the community. Robert Orndorff, meanwhile, savors his memories, enjoys talking about the old days, and looks forward to visiting Yellow Spring whenever the opportunity arises.

CECELIA MASON was born in Charleston and now resides in Martinsburg. She has been the Eastern Panhandle bureau chief for West Virginia Public Broadcasting since 1991, primarily producing stories for the weekday radio news show "Dateline: West Virginia" and television stories for "West Virginia Journal." This is Cecelia's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

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

Kenneth Seldon, at left, owns the one remaining general store in Yellow Spring, which also serves as post office, gas station, and game checking station. Here, he visits with Robert Orndorff and shares memories of Yellow Spring.

En las montañas

Spaniards in Southern West Virginia

By Tom Hidalgo

In 1920, 17-year-old Avelino Cartelle found himself in New York City, down to his last 50 cents and no job. He had arrived with high hopes a few months earlier from the town of Arnoya, in the northern region of Galicia, Spain, but now was thinking about trying his luck in Uruguay where he had a brother.

Then, Manuel Basquez, a Spaniard who had come from Spain with Cartelle, paid him a visit. Basquez had been to Logan County, West Virginia, where he had an uncle, and was preparing to go back there. He encouraged Cartelle to return with him to Logan and get a job in the mines.

West Virginia? Coal mines? It wasn't what Cartelle had in mind when he set sail for the Americas. "I wanted to stay in New York. I wanted to go to school. I didn't want to go to the mines," he recalled in a 1993 interview, at age 90.

He decided to go to West Virginia anyway, taking with him a two-dollar guitar he had brought with him from Spain. "I wore it over my shoulder all the way to Logan County," he said. Arriving in Logan, he went to work for the Guyandotte Coal Company for $10 a day.

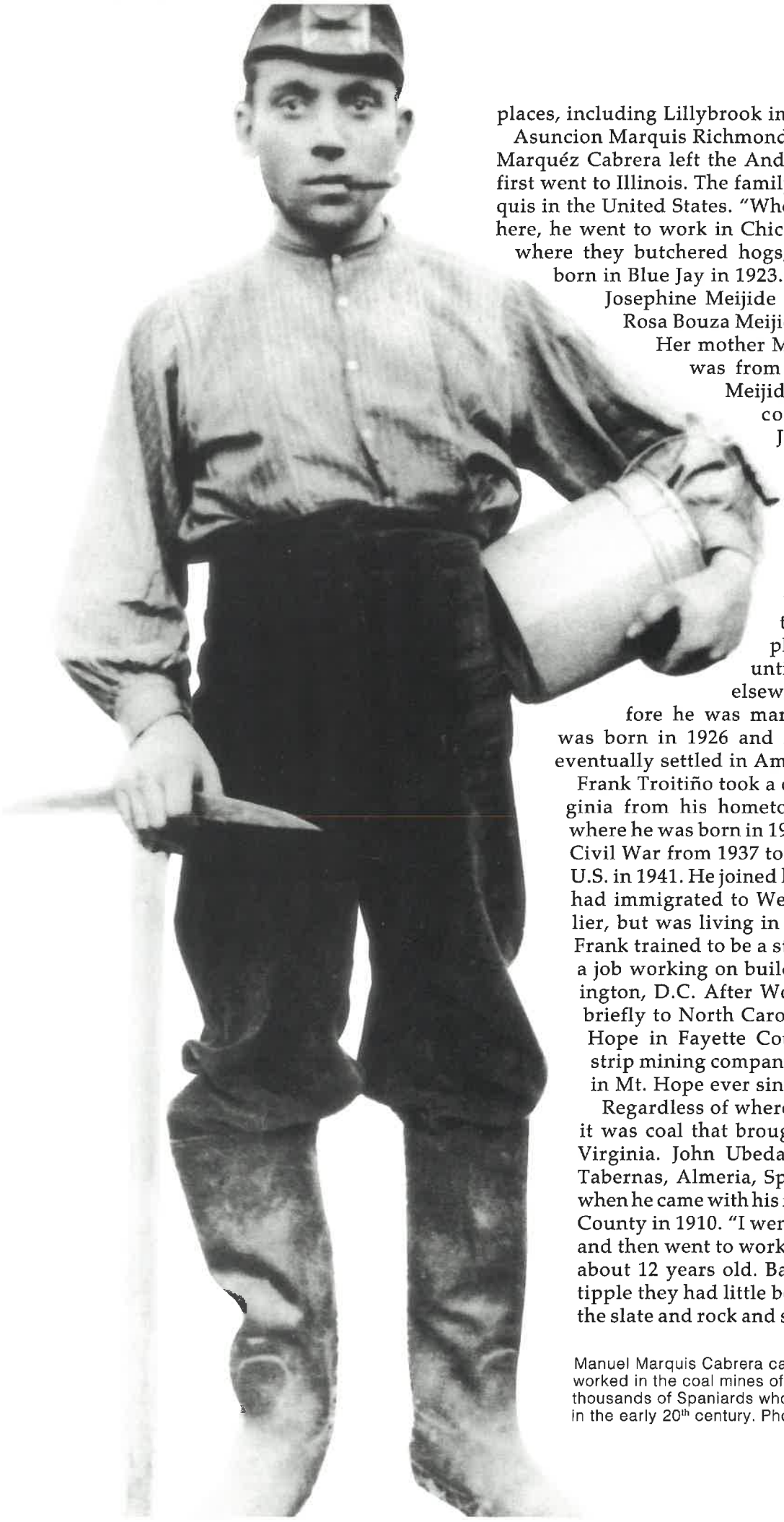
Regardless of where they went first, eventually it was coal that brought most Spaniards to West Virginia.

Cartelle eventually settled in Oak Hill, and for many years owned and operated the popular Skyline Drive-In. He was one of thousands of Spaniards who came to West Virginia in the early part of the 20th century, drawn primarily by the prospects of jobs in the coal mines.

State Department of Mines records reveal that Spaniards first entered the mines in West Virginia in 1908, when seven were working at New River Coal Company's mines in Raleigh County. The number grew steadily over the years, peaking at 2,212 in 1921, when Spaniards were present in 19 of the state's 55 counties. Raleigh County had the most with 557. Logan had 467.

Spaniards came from throughout Spain, but most were from the southern region of Andalucia or the northern regions of Galicia and Asturias. Apparently, few came directly to West Virginia.

Francisco Ubeda Guirado left Almeria, Spain, and first went to Panama, according to his son Frank, who was born in Dun Loop, Fayette County, in 1914. "Daddy came over in 1908," Frank says. "He and a friend of his from Spain stopped off at the Panama Canal when they were building the canal. They just worked there a very short while because they were so afraid of the malaria mosquitoes. They thought they had better leave that and come to the coal camps, where they had originally intended to anyway." Francisco landed in Prudence, Fayette County, then lived in many



places, including Lillybrook in Raleigh County.

Asuncion Marquis Richmond says that her father Manuel Marquéz Cabrera left the Andalusian town of Belmez and first went to Illinois. The family name was changed to Marquis in the United States. "When my daddy first came over here, he went to work in Chicago in a meat packing plant where they butchered hogs," says Asuncion, who was born in Blue Jay in 1923. She now lives in Beckley.

Josephine Meijide Midkiff's father Juan Maria Rosa Bouza Meijide was from Leiro in Galicia. Her mother Maria Socorro Paz Fernandez was from Alen, also in Galicia. Juan Meijide made several stops before coming to West Virginia. Josephine pieces together the saga. "I think his first trip must have been in 1913. Looking [through] some of the passports, I found that date. He made several trips across the Atlantic. He also went to places like Argentina and Cuba. He'd go to a place and get a job and work until he got itchy feet again to go elsewhere. This, of course, was before he was married," says Josephine, who was born in 1926 and now lives in Beckley. Juan eventually settled in Ameagle in Raleigh County.

Frank Troitiño took a circuitous route to West Virginia from his hometown of Pousada in Galicia, where he was born in 1909. He fought in the Spanish Civil War from 1937 to 1939 and immigrated to the U.S. in 1941. He joined his brother Joe Troitiño, who had immigrated to West Virginia many years earlier, but was living in North Carolina at the time. Frank trained to be a stonecutter in Spain and took a job working on building the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. After World War II, Frank returned briefly to North Carolina and then settled in Mt. Hope in Fayette County, where he operated a strip mining company for many years. "I've lived in Mt. Hope ever since," Frank says.

Regardless of where they went first, eventually it was coal that brought most Spaniards to West Virginia. John Ubeda was born in the town of Tabernas, Almeria, Spain, and was five years old when he came with his family to Prudence in Fayette County in 1910. "I went to school to the fifth grade and then went to working in the mines when I was about 12 years old. Back in them days, even on a tipple they had little boys picking dirty coal out — the slate and rock and stuff like that," John recalled

Manuel Marquis Cabrera came from southern Spain and worked in the coal mines of Raleigh County. He was one of thousands of Spaniards who came to southern West Virginia in the early 20th century. Photographer and date unknown.

Josephine Meijide Midkiff today at her home in Beckley. Photograph by Michael Keller.

in a 1997 interview at age 92. He helped his father in the mine for about a year and then got his own job there. "I run a motor in there, and I got hurt. Motor run over my foot when I went to get on it. It smashed [my foot], got blood poisoning, and they had to cut it off." John received $12 a week for 160 weeks for the injury. Incredibly, he was fitted with an artificial leg and returned to work in the mines for almost 20 years before leaving to start his own trucking business. He died in 2000.

When Avelino Cartelle and Manuel Basquez arrived in Logan County from New York, they immediately set about getting Cartelle a job at the mine where Basquez was working. Cartelle was then 17 years old. As he recalled, "The big boss was from England, and he

Josephine's parents Maria Socorro Paz Fernandez and Juan Meijide Bouza at the time of their marriage in Spain, 1921. Juan traveled widely before this time, crossing the Atlantic several times before returning to Spain to claim his bride. The couple eventually settled in Ameagle, Raleigh County.

Josephine Meijide and her three sisters posed for this picture in 1928. Two-year-old Josephine is on the right. Sister Mary is at left, Rose is seated, and baby Mercedes is in her lap. The family ran a boarding house for coal miners in Ameagle at the time.

spoke a little Spanish. He asked me how old I was, and I told him 20. He said, '*Muy chiquito* (too little).'"

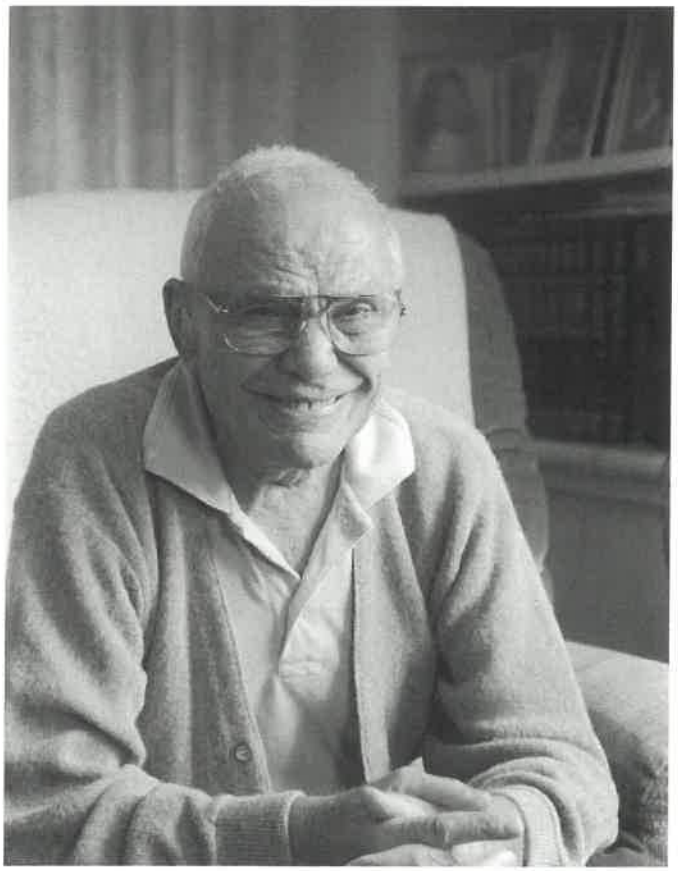
Bazquez intervened on his behalf, Cartelle recalled. "He said, 'He doesn't have a family over here. He has to eat.' So my buddy took me in the mines. He said, 'He's working with me, and I'll pay him.'"

Cartelle met my grandfather Cayetano Hidalgo who immigrated from the Andalusian town of Peñarroya in 1920. They became close friends and co-workers. When Hidalgo moved to Rocklick in Fayette County, Cartelle followed. Cartelle was there when my grandfather was killed in a mining accident in 1927. "*Dejame descansar* (Let me rest)" were his last words, Cartelle recalled. Cartelle died in 1996 at the age of 93.

Asuncion Marquis Richmond recalls that her father Manuel Marquéz Cabrera was hurt several times in the mines. When he was injured, her mother Maria helped prepare him to go to work. "Let me tell you what my mother did," Asuncion says. "My mother had a thing — it was as long as from here to that wall over there. It was like a scarf, and it had all kinds of colors — blue and green and yellow — and it come from Spain. Well, Dad got hurt in the mines a time or two and hurt his back. So Mama wrapped him every time he went to the mines. It's cold in the mines anyhow, no heat or nothing down there, and she wrapped that thing around him every day. When he went to work, he always wore that thing to support his back."

After the Depression hit, life often became a day-to-day struggle for miners and their families. Jose Torrico Caballero and his wife Irene Garcia Gomez came from Belmez, Spain, in 1913. They lived in Stanaford and Blue Jay before eventually settling in Beckley. Their son Pedro, born in Blue Jay in 1921, describes what it was like. "There were nine of us altogether. I can't understand anyone having that many children. I used to envy kids whose parents had one or two children. I went to bed hungry half the time. That was the worst. They'd kill a chicken on Sunday and had to split one chicken between nine kids and two parents. But Mother made all kinds of stuff out of that chicken. We'd eat everything but the bill on that thing. We never starved or anything, but stayed hungry."

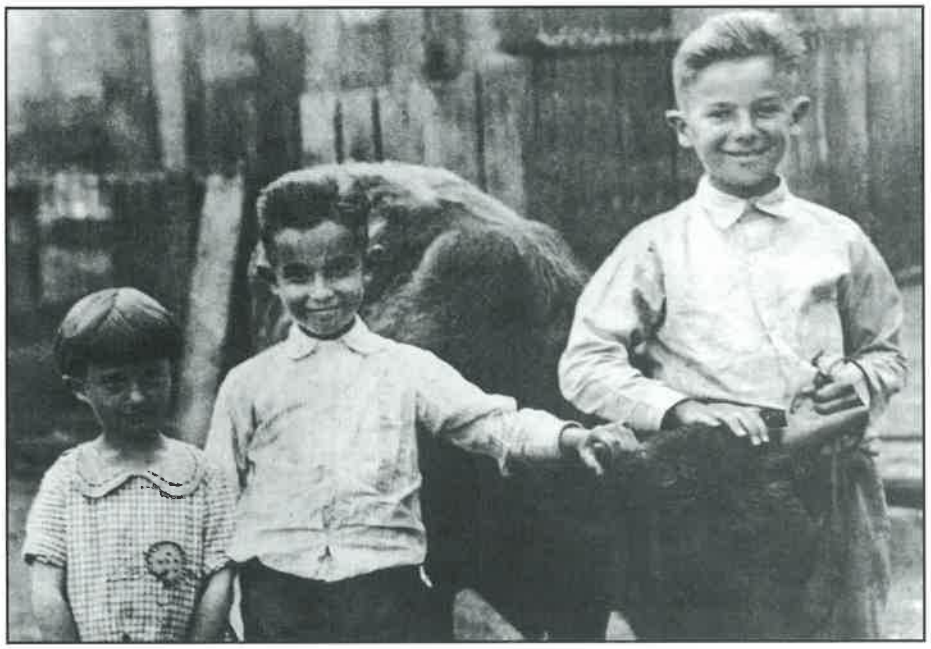
When the children were old enough, they were expected to work to make a few dollars to help the family. Pedro caddied at a country club golf course for several years from the time he was 12 to about 15, and turned over all the pay to his parents. He then landed a job at the old Valencia Café in downtown



Frank Troitiño today at his home in Mt. Hope. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Frank and Joe Troitiño are shown here at a coal show in Charleston in 1952. Frank is at left, and Joe is second from the right.

Frank Ubeda today at his home in Beckley. Photograph by Michael Keller.



Frank, at center, with his brother Joe and sister Teny Ubeda at Fireco in the early 1920's.

John Ubeda with his truck in front of the Beckley Ice and Feed Store in the late 1930's. John died last year, at 95 years of age.

Beckley, which was owned by two Spaniards. He worked Saturdays from 6 a.m. until midnight. "They paid me a dollar and all I could eat. I couldn't hardly wait until the weekend. That's the only time I could get full. I could eat, eat all I wanted to."

Boarding houses were common in the coal camps, and Spaniards often ran them and lived in them. Frank Ubeda's family ran the boarding house in Fireco. He recalls, "These men had their wives in Spain, or were single. Instead of them going out and staying in separate homes with different people, they stayed together in the coal camp house called the 'Spanish club house.' There were about 14 or 16 people that stayed there that mother had to cook for, laundry, and all that."

Although boarding houses often served a specific ethnic group — with "Americans" having their own — the Meijide family usually had a mix of nationalities represented at their boarding house in Ameagle. "We had a couple or three who were Greeks, we had Hungarians, we had Italians," says Josephine Meijide Midkiff. "We really learned a lot from all these people, and they liked staying in our place and eating my mother's food. We would gather around in the evenings around [the] fireplace, and they would tell us stories about how life was back in their countries. It was very entertaining. We didn't need television."

Typically, only Spanish was spoken at home. Many adult immigrants never learned to speak English fluently. Several parents even provided formal Spanish lessons at home. Frank Ubeda recalls, "At home, we spoke Spanish. Mom and Dad never could speak English, so we had to talk Spanish. As soon as we got outside, it was English." Frank's brother John, nine years older, recalled that his parents pro-

The Spanish Hall on Prince Street in Beckley was built in 1938 by the Ateneo Español. It became a popular gathering place for the many Spaniards and people of Spanish descent in the area. This photograph from March 1940 shows a festive gathering in the hall's lower level. Upstairs were a stage and a large dance floor. Avelino Cartelle is shown seated at the right-hand table, wearing glasses (see arrow).

the early 20th century.

The current Ateneo president is Brenda Troitiño, Frank Troitiño's daughter. Brenda says that, at age 52, she is "one of the youngest members." She points out that it is mostly the older generation of Spaniards who keep the organization going.

The group gets together about three times a year and is "strictly social," according to Brenda. They gather at various meeting halls in the Beckley area, enjoy a "Sunday-type" meal (usually not Spanish food), have a short business meeting, and spend the rest of their time talking and visiting. While the business meeting is conducted in English these days, most of the conversation is still held in Spanish. Brenda says that they occasionally listen to recorded music from various parts of Spain and sometimes contribute money to local charities.

"The main goal," Brenda says, "is to keep the group together and to generate interest in the history of the Spanish people in this area — keep alive some of the heritage."

For membership guidelines or more information about the Ateneo Español, call Brenda Troitiño at (304)256-8688.

The Ateneo Español sold this building in 1997 to a local lumber company, which uses it as a storage facility. The Ateneo now holds its meetings elsewhere in Beckley, about three times a year. Photograph by Michael Keller.

THOMAS HIDALGO grew up in Beckley. He is the grandson of Cayetano Hidalgo, a Spaniard who emigrated from Penarroya, Spain, in 1920, to work in the West Virginia coal mines. This article is based on research Thomas conducted for his doctoral dissertation. A graduate of the University of Massachusetts, Thomas now lives in Springfield, Massachusetts, where he works as an education consultant. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Author Betty Langford as a young girl on her family's Gilmer County farm. She is seated on a sled with her brother Bill, date unknown.

A Good Start on Duck Run

By Betty Langford Woofter

I remember when I was very young in the 1930's, living in Gilmer County. Our house and farm were just up the road about a half-mile above Duck Run School. Our four-room house sat on a hill along with the granary, chicken house, hog house, blacksmith shop, and shed. We had a back porch where our weekly laundry was done, and a front porch with a swing.

I lived there with my mother, father, and brother. My brother Bill was 20 months older than me. My father Carry Langford was a tall, strong man, and a hard worker. My mother Irene was short and plump. Oftentimes, friends referred to them as "Mutt and Jeff."

Our water supply came from a hand-dug well. Having no refrigerator, in the summer we would put milk and butter in the bucket and lower it down to the water to keep it cold until mealtime.

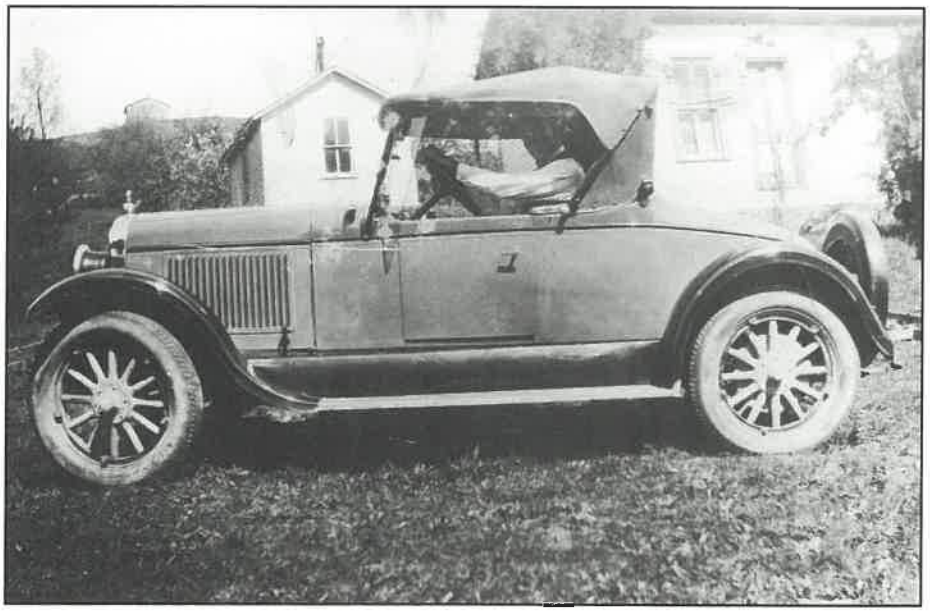
Our home, like most other homes in the 1930's, had a wooden wall telephone with a crank. Each family in the neighborhood had a different set of rings because several families were on the same party line. It was fun, I thought, to eavesdrop on other families' conversations, until my mother put a stop to it, saying that it wasn't nice.

My dad owned a Ford roadster car in the early days, and later, a Chevrolet pickup and a larger Chevrolet truck. Glenville was our nearest town, approximately 10 miles from our home. Going to town was an important event in those days. The four-mile road from our house to the Duck Run Bridge was unpaved, and when it rained, the road would become very slick. If we went to town or visiting and it rained while we were gone, sometimes we had to walk back up the hill to our house, as my Dad was afraid it wasn't safe to ride in the truck with him. I would watch as he whipped the truck from one side of the road to the other to get it up the muddy hill.

My Grandma and Grandpa Shiflet, my mother's parents, lived at Richwood. Our early trips to see them were made in the Ford roadster on roads that were not yet paved. My grandfather was a boss at the lumber mill in Richwood, and my grandmother ran a boarding house for the mill workers. Sometimes there would be 25 or 30 men as boarders. She cooked for the men and did their laundry. I remember her ironing sheets with a mangle iron. There was always a good, clean smell everywhere — kitchen, laundry room, and dining room. I remember returning home after one trip to Richwood in December 1935. While we were gone, Santa Claus had paid a visit and left a toy gun for my brother Bill and a doll for me. Getting a present for Christmas was a real joy.

Irene and Carry Langford, known to their friends as "Mutt and Jeff." Date unknown.

In the summer, my father did the usual farm labors of raising corn, putting up hay, tending a garden, and raising cattle. He also owned a threshing machine and traveled to other farms, threshing wheat and oats for the farmers. In the winter,



Carry Langford sits at the wheel of the family car in about 1930. The Langfords traveled to Richwood in this car to visit relatives — a long and arduous trip at the time.

Carry Langford stacking hay in 1975, using much the same method as he did during the 1930's. Note the vertical haypole at center.

Bill Langford and dog Skip, seated at the well, 1940.

he hauled coal to schools, businesses, and families. After the hard labor of shoveling the coal into the truck and shoveling it out again at the destination, sometimes my father would not get paid. He would still haul coal to the same people the next year, though, to make sure that they could keep warm.

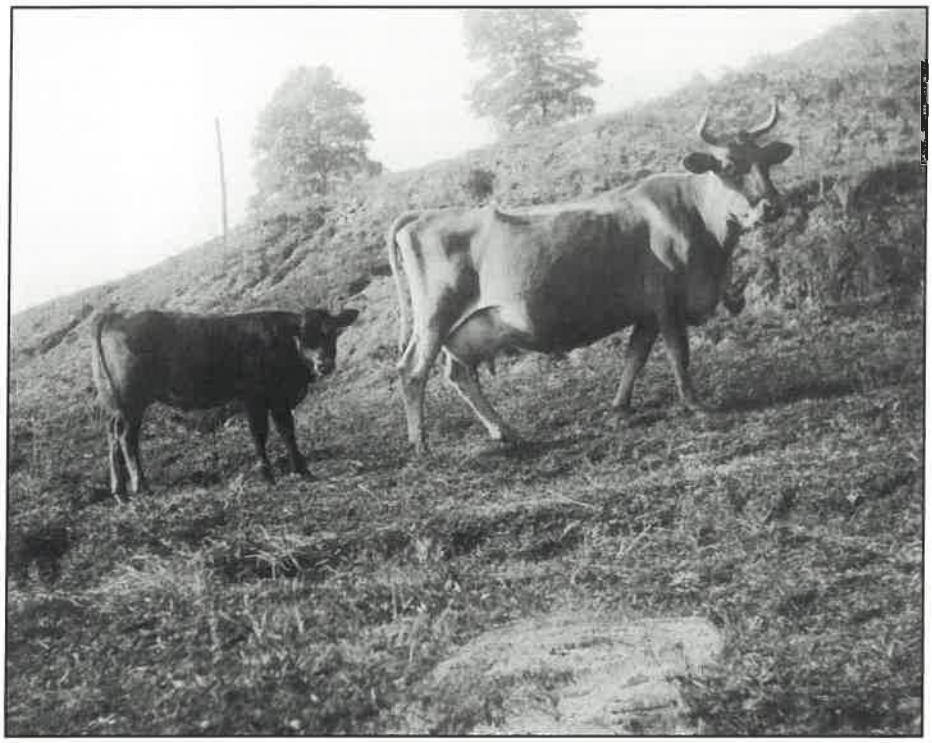
In his blacksmith shop, he shod his horses and many times the neighbors' horses, too. His shop had a table where the red-hot coals heated the horseshoes so that they could be shaped to the horses' hooves. I liked to help my dad by turning the crank on the blower that was used to fan the hot coals. I worried that nailing the shoes on the horses' hooves would hurt them, but my dad assured me that it if was done right, it wouldn't hurt the horse.

I remember when my dad and his helpers would cut hay. They would come to the house for lunch and tie the horses under a shade tree to rest, drink, and eat their grain. I carried water to the hayfield for the men to drink. Sometimes my dad would let me ride the horse and haul hayshocks. A hayshock is a small mound of hay, roped or chained to a pole so that the hay could be pulled to where the men were building the large haystack.

To make a haystack, a long pole had to be put into the ground. Then, one or more persons would throw the hay from the hayshocks up to the top of the pile while the person stacking would tromp the hay down. This was repeated until the hay reached almost to the end of the haypole. My dad was usually the one to stack the hay. Finally, the men would rake down the outside of the haystack so that it would shed water. When it was finished, the haystack looked like a big rounded triangle, or a huge brown Christmas tree. I liked hauling the hayshocks, but I didn't like the hayseeds that would stick to my skin in hot weather.

My brother Bill had a dog named Skip. He taught the dog to pull the wagon and sled. We would ride in the wagon, and Skip would pull us down the road. My dad made a harness for the dog, similar to a horse harness. It was made from heavy webbing, complete with rivets and trim. My brother taught Skip to "gee" and "haw," fashioned after the horse commands. Skip obeyed them as well as the horses did. We used Skip and the wagon to haul dirt and rocks. Even though we loaded the wagon heavily, Skip would pull with all of his might. He was very devoted to my brother. Once, my brother dropped a heavy rock on his finger, cutting it badly. Skip whined and fretted, but stayed by my brother's side while I ran to get my mother.

Bill and I had to do chores around the farm. As we grew older, the chore of milking the cows fell to us, especially when my dad was away threshing grain. My dad instructed us to take turns milking. While one of us milked, the other was to hold the cow's tail. One of our cows, a Jersey, had a habit of swishing her tail to chase flies, but instead of hitting the flies, she would hit us in the head with her tail as we sat milking. One evening, we decided that instead of holding her tail, we would tie it to the barbed wire fence that was around the cowpen. When the cow tried to swish her



Ol' Jersey and her calf, apparently before the tail mishap.

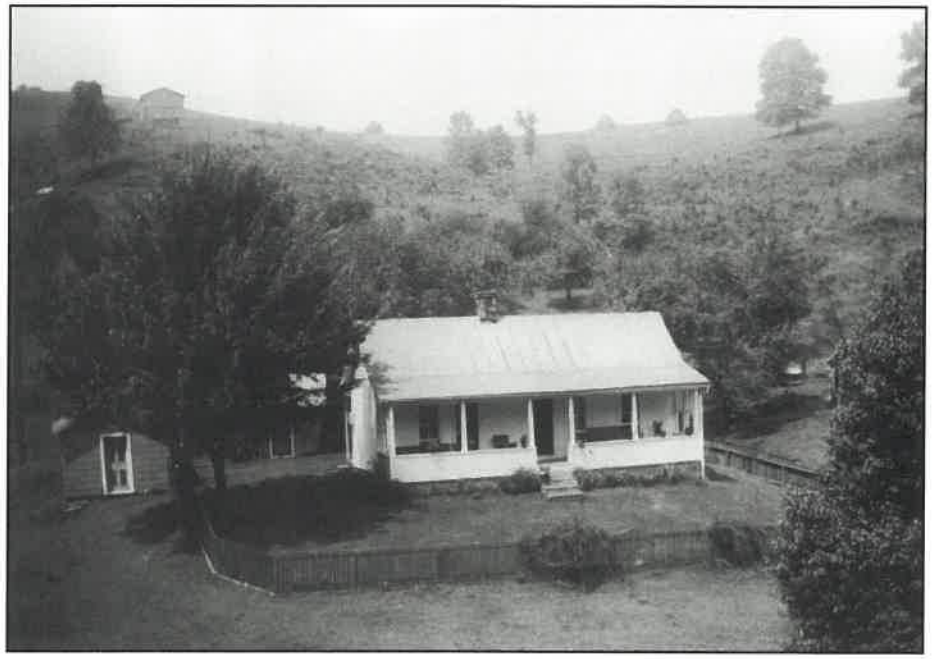
tail to chase flies and discovered that it was fastened, she lurched forward, backed up, and lurched again. The end of her tail came off and was left hanging on the fence! We knew we were in big trouble. We disposed of the part hanging from the fence and vowed to not tell our parents. We held the secret for many, many years. Not until we were adults did we divulge what happened to Ol' Jersey's tail.

On washday, we would catch rainwater from the house roof and heat it to wash and rinse the clothes. If the clothes were very dirty, my mother would build a fire outside and put a big iron kettle on a three-legged hoop over the fire. Then she would put water, lye soap, and the clothes into the kettle. After heating the clothes for some time, they were sparkling clean. If the weather was very dry and there was no rainwater, we would go to the creek to do the wash. We would hook Skip to the wagon and haul the kettles, tubs, clothes, soap, and washboard to the creek. I always thought that it looked like fun to use the washboard until I tried it and lost all of the skin off my knuckles. We would build our fire by the creek bank, heat the water to wash and rinse the clothes, then haul everything back up the hill and hang the clothes on the clothesline to dry. The smell of clean clothes drying on the line stays with me still. When the clothes were dry, they were sprinkled with water and rolled into a tight ball and placed in the laundry basket to be ironed. Our "good" clothes were starched. My mother made the starch from flour and water, heated it until it was the right consistency, and it worked perfectly.

My mother had a cure for colds. She would seat us in front of the open fireplace where lamp oil and lard had been warmed to grease our necks. After applying the hot, smelly liquid to our necks, she pinned a hot flannel cloth around our necks and put us to bed. I don't know which was worse — the cure or the cold! One night, the lamp oil and lard caught fire and burned my mother's gown and my black patent-leather shoes. Luckily, none of us were burned, but I thought that losing the black patent-leather shoes was a tremendous loss.

My paternal grandparents, Mort and Madora Langford, lived just across the hill from us on a farm. My parents later purchased this farm, and my mother still lives there. My father and his seven brothers and sisters all grew up there.

My dad's large family meant that there were usually some of the extended family visiting my grandparents, and my brother and I would walk across the hill to visit



The home of grandparents Mort and Madora Langford, across the hill from where Betty grew up on Duck Run. Betty's parents eventually bought this farm, where her mother still lives. Photograph 1952.

Betty and Bill Langford attended the one-room Duck Run School. Betty is at right in this 1939 photograph. Others pictured are, from the left, Pauline Jones, Betty Jane Langford, and Wanda Wilfong.

and play with our cousins. My grandmother had problems with her hearing, and I can remember her cupping her hand behind her ear to better hear our conversation. She wore her hair in a bun on the back of her head and covered her head with a bonnet most of the time. My grandfather worked hard at farming and owned many acres of land.

The school had a big pot-bellied stove that would burn one side of your body while the other side froze.

My brother and I walked the half-mile to Duck Run School. For several years, the teacher boarded with us, and we would walk together. The winters were very cold, and many times the snow was deep. In the one-room schoolhouse, we had a recitation bench. As each class learned their lesson, they would be called to the bench to recite it.

The school had a big pot-bellied stove that would burn one side of your body while the other side froze. Our recesses varied from one half-hour to one hour, depending on the weather, but we always had two recesses during the day and an hour recess at noon. One winter, our teacher took us skating on the ice on the creek. We skated until we wore holes in the bottom of our boots. Our parents were not too happy about that!

Christmas at school was so much fun. We always began early in the year to practice for our program. Everyone for miles around came to see the program, and the schoolhouse was filled to capacity. We had recitations, songs, plays, and of course, Santa. When the time came to perform, we had butterflies in our stomachs, lumps in our throats, and our knees would knock together. The audience seemed to enjoy our presentations, though, and told us so by rounds of applause.

Bill and I finished eighth grade at Duck Run School in 1944. My brother had actually finished the year before, but my parents had him wait a year so that we could begin high school together. For the first two months, we walked four miles to the Duck Run Bridge where we caught the school bus. Starting in November of that year, our parents rented a house closer to the bridge, and we had only one-and-a-half miles to walk. The road to the bridge was muddy, so we wore our boots and carried our "good" shoes until we reached the bus house. Then we changed our shoes and boarded the school bus. Living in the rented house afforded us the conveniences of gas lighting, heat-

Betty Langford graduated high school in 1948, the year this photograph was made. She attended Glenville State College and taught school for nearly 30 years.

ing, and cooking. Studying was much easier with gas lights. I was only 12 years old when I began high school. I couldn't take the driver education class during high school because it was only offered every other year. One had to be 16 years old or a senior to take the class, and I was neither — I turned 16 two weeks after my high school graduation.

After four years of high school, a decision had to be made about going to college. My brother said that he had spent enough time in school and didn't want to go to college. At that point, I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life, but I liked school and thought that I'd like to go to college. My parents didn't have the money for me to stay in the college dormitory, but my best friend's family offered me the chance to board with them and attend Glenville State College, so I went. I stayed all four years of college with my friend's family. This family became very dear to me.

In the summers, I went back home and helped with the farm work. By this time, my parents had purchased my grandparents' farm on Duck Run, just across the hill from where we had lived. My grandparents were older and were no longer able to keep up with the farm work.

In 1950 at Thanksgiving, I went home for a week off from classes. It snowed, snowed, and snowed some more. By morning, we were buried under four feet of snow. Everything was at a standstill. My Thanksgiving vacation lasted longer than a week. When we heard that classes would resume for those who could get there, my dad saddled one of our farm horses for me. He walked alongside while we made the slow four-mile trip to the Duck Run Bridge. My brother met me there and took me the rest of the way to Glenville. I know that my dad must have been exhausted after walking through the waist-high snow, but he never complained. [See "More Bad Weather: The Big Snow of 1950," by Joy Gilchrist; Spring 1997.]

I graduated from Glenville State with a teaching degree on my 20th birthday — May 27, 1952. I still wasn't sure what I wanted to do, but I accepted a job as a stenographer with a gas company for the summer. I was offered a teaching job at Spencer High School in the fall of 1952 and began what would prove to be many years of teaching.

In June 1953, I married my sweetheart and we started a family. He was in the Army. He later took a job with a gas company, and I took time off from teaching until our two children were in school. Once I resumed teaching, I substituted in schools in Gilmer County for nine years and then took a permanent position at Gilmer County High School, where I taught business and home economics for 19 years. I retired in 1995, but it was not an easy decision. My husband had retired a year earlier, and I wanted to spend time with him. But I hated to leave my many teacher friends and the students, who were dear to me.

Many changes have taken place over the years. The one-room school I attended has been torn down. Students no longer walk to catch the school bus; they are picked up at or near their homes. Many of the residents of our little community have passed away. The old home where I grew up has burned. However, I still have pleasant memories of my childhood there.

I feel very fortunate to have had the wonderful family I had. Both my parents worked very hard to give us a good start in life. They sacrificed the things that they wanted and needed in order to provide for us. They instilled in us their values of hard work, honesty, and perseverance. Hopefully, I have instilled some of these same characteristics in my two children, two grandchildren, and the many students I taught over the years.

Author Betty Langford Woofter retired from Gilmer County High School in 1995. She returned for homecoming in 1996 and served as the homecoming parade marshall. She is shown here with students Sarah Morrison, at left, and Sarah Smith, at right.

BETTY LANGFORD WOOFTER was born on Duck Run in Gilmer County. She now lives in Baldwin, 12 miles from the original Duck Run family farm where her mother still lives. Betty tends 386 acres of farmland in Lewis and Gilmer counties. Betty, who enjoys writing, has written several newspaper articles. This is her first published magazine article.

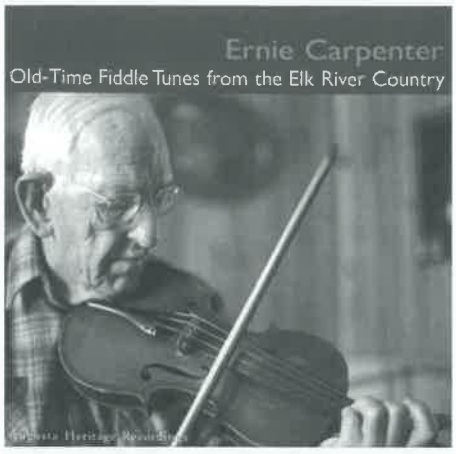
Mountain Music Roundup

By John Lilly

Music can be a great comfort and a welcome release in times of trouble. Although this is true for nearly every style of music, here at GOLDENSEAL, we try to keep our readers informed of the latest recordings of old-time and traditional country music from our state and region.

Topping the pile this year are two new releases of older West Virginia fiddle music from two of the masters — Ernie Carpenter and John Johnson. Both of these talented gentlemen have now passed on, but we are grateful for the fine recordings they have left behind for us to enjoy.

Ernie Carpenter of rural Braxton County was the last in a long line of Carpenter family fiddlers. Ernie learned his time-honored repertoire from older family members and other musicians in his community, and was quick to share the history and



lore associated with his music each time that he played. He was featured in a GOLDENSEAL article in Summer 1986 [see "Ernie Carpenter: Tales of the Elk River Country," by Gerald Milnes and Michael Kline] and is also pictured on the cover of our book *Mountains of Music*. [See page 67.] He received the Vandalia Award in 1988. Ernie's fiddling was rustic, complex, and passionate. He drove his dance tunes hard and wrung deep emotion out of the slower numbers. He was also very opinionated and articulate about music and life and freely shared his views concerning the value of preserving older musical styles.

All of this is included in what is certainly the definitive Ernie Carpenter collection, newly released from the Augusta Heritage Center in Elkins. "Old-Time Fiddle Tunes from the Elk River Country" is a generous two-CD set containing 54 tracks. Of these, all are instrumentals except for two well-chosen spoken tracks in which Ernie talks about his feelings toward the music. Disc one reissues 17 tracks from Ernie's "Elk River Blues" LP plus four previously unreleased tunes from that session. These recordings were made in 1986 at Davis & Elkins College and feature Ernie on fiddle accompanied in most cases by Gerry Milnes on banjo and Michael Kline on guitar. There are also seven solo fiddle performances on this disc, which are a special treat.

The second disc is a collection of previously unreleased field recordings made between 1981 and 1987. These 32 tracks provide a broad view of Ernie's talents and his surprisingly varied repertoire.

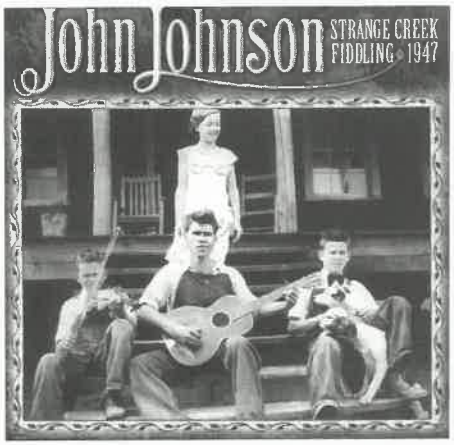
Producer Jimmy Triplett, himself a fine fiddler, has taken great care with this project and is to be congratulated on a job well done. Copies of "Old-Time Fiddle Tunes from the Elk River Country" are available from the Augusta Heritage Center by calling (304)637-1209 or by visiting their Web site at www.augusta heritage.com.

Clay County fiddler **John Johnson** provides a sharp contrast to Ernie Carpenter, both musically and personally. A rambling man with eccentric ways, John Johnson sought out music wherever he could find it, whether from local fiddlers such as Cheney Armstrong or Edden Hammons, from radio broadcasts and popular recordings of the time, or from his own creative and restless spirit. John Johnson was featured in the Winter 1981 issue of GOLDENSEAL and in the book *Mountains of Music* [see "'A Pretty Good Thing All the Way Around': Michael Kline Interviews Fiddler John Johnson"].

While living in Strange Creek, Braxton County, in 1947, John was visited by West Virginia University professor and folklorist Louis Chappell who was traveling around the state documenting traditional singers and fiddlers on his homemade aluminum-disc recording machine. The recordings Chappell made of Johnson on August 27 of that year have been archived at WVU for more than 50 years. Thanks to a new CD release from West Virginia University Press, these performances are now commercially available for the first time. "Strange Creek Fiddling 1947" is

a collection of 24 solo fiddle pieces displaying John Johnson at the youthful age of 31 — arguably at the peak of his fiddling powers.

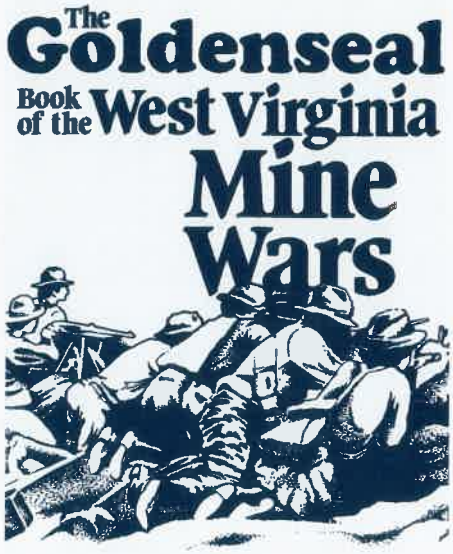
"Strange Creek Fiddling 1947" has much in common with Johnson's 1982 release on the Augusta Heritage label, "Fiddling John Johnson" (AHR-001/AHR-001C). Both recordings present a highly accomplished and broad-



minded fiddler playing in a solo setting. This new CD, however, shows Johnson's music from an earlier time, and has the spark and fire often associated with the playing of a younger musician. Producer Danny Williams has done a fine job with the University Press in releasing these historic recordings. We hope that he continues to mine the Chappell collection for more gems such as this. "Strange Creek Fiddling 1947" is available by calling (304)293-8400 or online at www.as.wvu.edu/press.

Fans of West Virginia banjo music will be pleased to learn that 78-year-old **Brooks Smith** has finally released his first recording. This Dunbar musician has long been a mainstay of the Kanawha Valley musical scene and has been a prize-winner several times in the banjo competitions at the Vandalia Gathering. He was the subject of a GOLDENSEAL story in the Spring 1996 issue [see "Brooks Smith: The Making of a Banjo Player," by Andrew Dunlop] and in 2000, he received the Vandalia Award. A friendly, outgoing, and gentle man, Brooks' amiable ways are reflected in his music. He plays the banjo in a clean drop-thumb clawhammer style. His tone is clear and pleasant, the melodies are well-stated, and the tempos are always under control. On waltzes and slower numbers, Brooks uses an old-time fingerstyle of playing which is quite refreshing. His new self-released CD, "Kiser Point," takes its name from an original tune which recalls a high place on the Jackson County farm where Brooks was born in 1923. This collection of 26 instrumentals features traditional numbers such as "Ragtime Annie," "Walking In My Sleep," and "Soldier's Joy," along with several of Brooks' original compositions. Accompanying Brooks throughout is guitarist Peter Kosky. Copies of "Kiser Point" are available by calling (304)768-5505, or by writing to 323 23rd Street, Dunbar, WV 25064.

The **West Virginia State Folk Festival** in Glenville celebrated its 50th anniversary in June 2000 [see "'Let's Keep It Traditional': West Virginia State Folk Festival Turns 50," by Bob Heyer; Summer 2000]. A new CD recording marks this grand occasion with highlights from the festival's concert stage. "Lest We Forget" collects live festival performances by some of our state's best older traditional folk artists such as Brooks Smith, Glen Smith, Patty Looman, Phyllis Marks, Melvin Wine, Lefty Shafer, Woody Simmons, and many others. Several younger musicians are also included. The final ten tracks on the CD feature fiddler John Morris who shares his memories of several great West Virginia musicians who have now passed on, interspersed with tunes that



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 Virgina residents please add 6% state tax (total $12.54 per book including tax and shipping).

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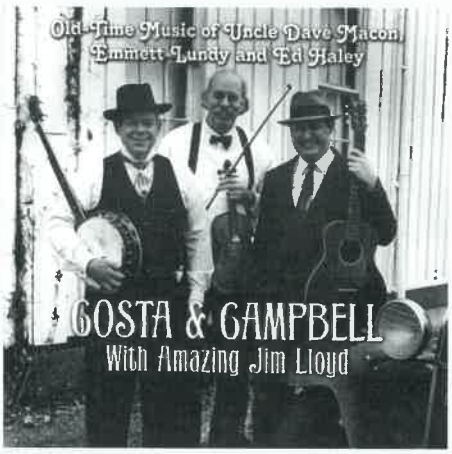
he learned from these individuals. This CD is an important keepsake for anyone who has ever enjoyed attending the State Folk Festival, or an excellent introduction to the gathering for those who have not yet attended. Copies of "Lest We Forget" are available by calling (304)462-8427, or by writing to Rt. 1 Box 132, Cox's Mill, WV 26342.

The 50th Annual West Virginia State Folk Festival

Two new CD's by younger West Virginia musicians provide ample evidence that our older music is in good hands. **Gandydancer** is an old-time string band featuring Dave Bing, Gerry Milnes, Ron Mullennex, Mark Payne, and Jim Martin. They have recently issued their first, self-titled recording. These are all well-seasoned and multi-talented musicians. Each has spent many years at the elbows of West Virginia's finest master artists, and much of Gandydancer's repertoire has been chosen from these older sources. Generally, Dave Bing and Gerry Milnes play fiddles, Ron Mullennex plays the banjo, Mark Payne plays guitar, and Jim Martin plays bass, but there is plenty of "switching around" and plenty of variety on the 22 tracks of this CD. Highlights include a rollicking twin-fiddle treatment of "Hell Up Coal Holler" and a chilling unaccompanied vocal performance of Craig Johnson's song "Piney Mountains," based on the bittersweet memories of a former lumberman at Cass. Copies of "Gandydancer" are available from Jim Martin Productions, P.O. Box 152, St. Albans, WV 25177.

Jim Costa has been a fixture at the West Virginia State Folk Festival and at other musical events across the state for many years. He was also featured in our Summer 2001 issue for his efforts to collect and restore historic tools and farm implements [see "Jim Costa: West Virginia Renaissance Man," by Belinda Anderson]. At long last, Jim's music has been captured on a CD recording. He performs here in the company of fiddler Mark Campbell and guitarist Jim Lloyd, calling themselves Costa & Campbell with Amazing Jim Lloyd. The title of the new CD, "Old-Time Music of Uncle Dave Macon, Emmett Lundy and Ed Haley," is quite descriptive as the three entertainers faithfully replicate the sounds of these early country music pioneers. Costa is especially effective on the several Dave Macon songs included, while Campbell fiddles the tune "The Poor Little Thing Cried Mammy" to within an inch of its life. The liner notes are brief but interesting, and the sound quality is excellent. Copies of the CD are available from Mark Campbell at 804 W. 29th Street, Richmond, VA 23225; phone (804)232-1132.



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John Lilly, Editor

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Mountain Fruit Sales

We enjoyed bringing you the photograph of the young lady and the huge apple in the back of a truck as a "Photo Curiosity" in our most recent issue [see inside back cover, Fall 2001]. As usual, our keen-eyed readers have been able to tell us more than we ever expected to know about this light-hearted photograph and the people in it.

The picture was made in Romney in the early 1950's. The gentleman standing at the left is Robert L. "Bud" Sumner, owner of Mountain Fruit Sales of Romney. The woman is his longtime secretary Margaret Johnson Twigg.

Mountain Fruit Sales operated out of the Bank of Romney building and was a wholesale distributor for several fruit growers in Hampshire and Berkeley counties. Bud Sumner moved to the area in about 1946 and sold fruit from 1947 until about 1980. He was a colorful individual with a lively sense of humor and a knack for promotion. Over the years, Mountain Fruit Sales produced a variety of interesting sales items including several clever postcards, such as this one.

Bud Sumner retired to Texas and passed away about 10 years ago. Margaret Johnson Twigg is also deceased.

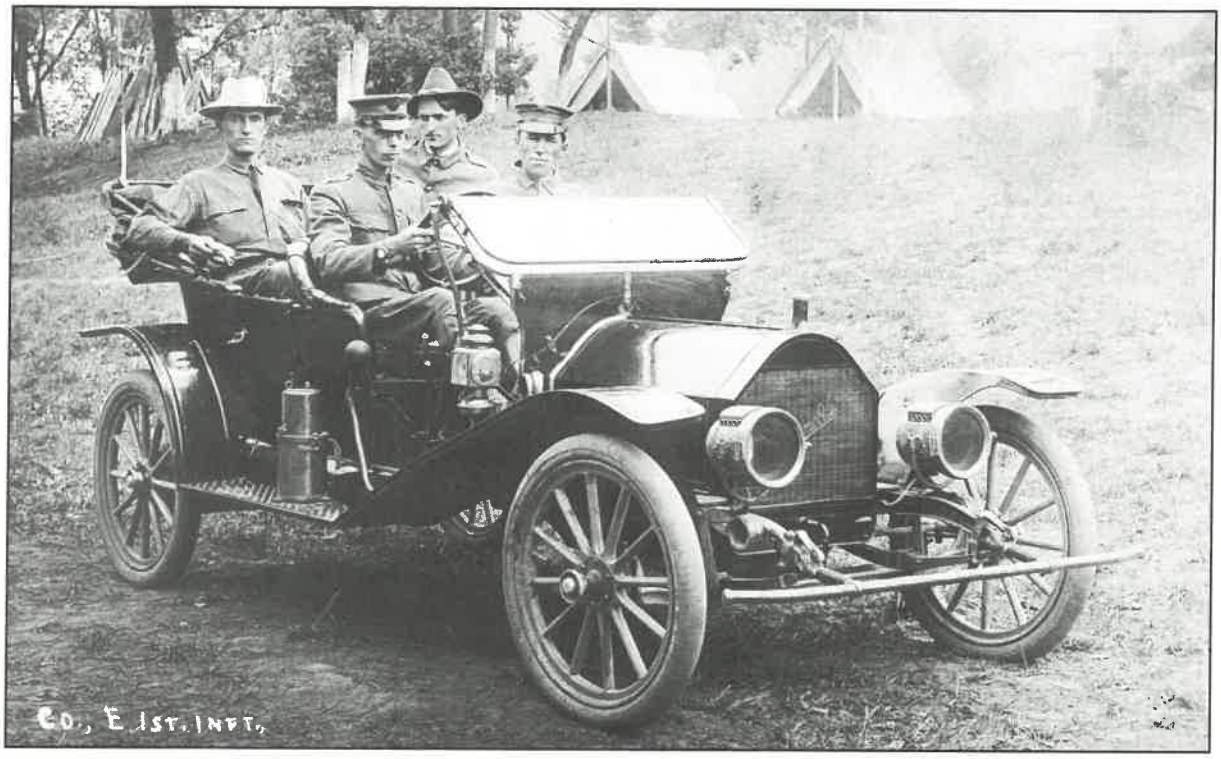
Thanks again to all of our readers and local residents who have helped GOLDENSEAL solve another "Photo Curiosity" mystery!

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Coal House
- Filming *Stage Struck* in 1925
- Good Hope Church
- Winning Vandalia Liars

PHOTO CURIOSITY



Do you recognize these soldiers or their vehicle? Our friend "Red" Martin from Ripley sent this picture to us. He confesses that he is old enough to recall seeing automobiles such as this, but too old to remember many of the details. We know for certain that the photograph was made at Camp Dawson, a National Guard training facility in Preston County. Located near Kingwood, Camp Dawson opened in 1907 and was named for Governor William M.O. Dawson, also of Preston County. The picture appears to date from about the time of World War I. The men are unidentified, except for the designation Company E, First Infantry, in the lower lefthand corner.

If you can identify these men or this beautiful vehicle, please let us know at the GOLDENSEAL office.

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