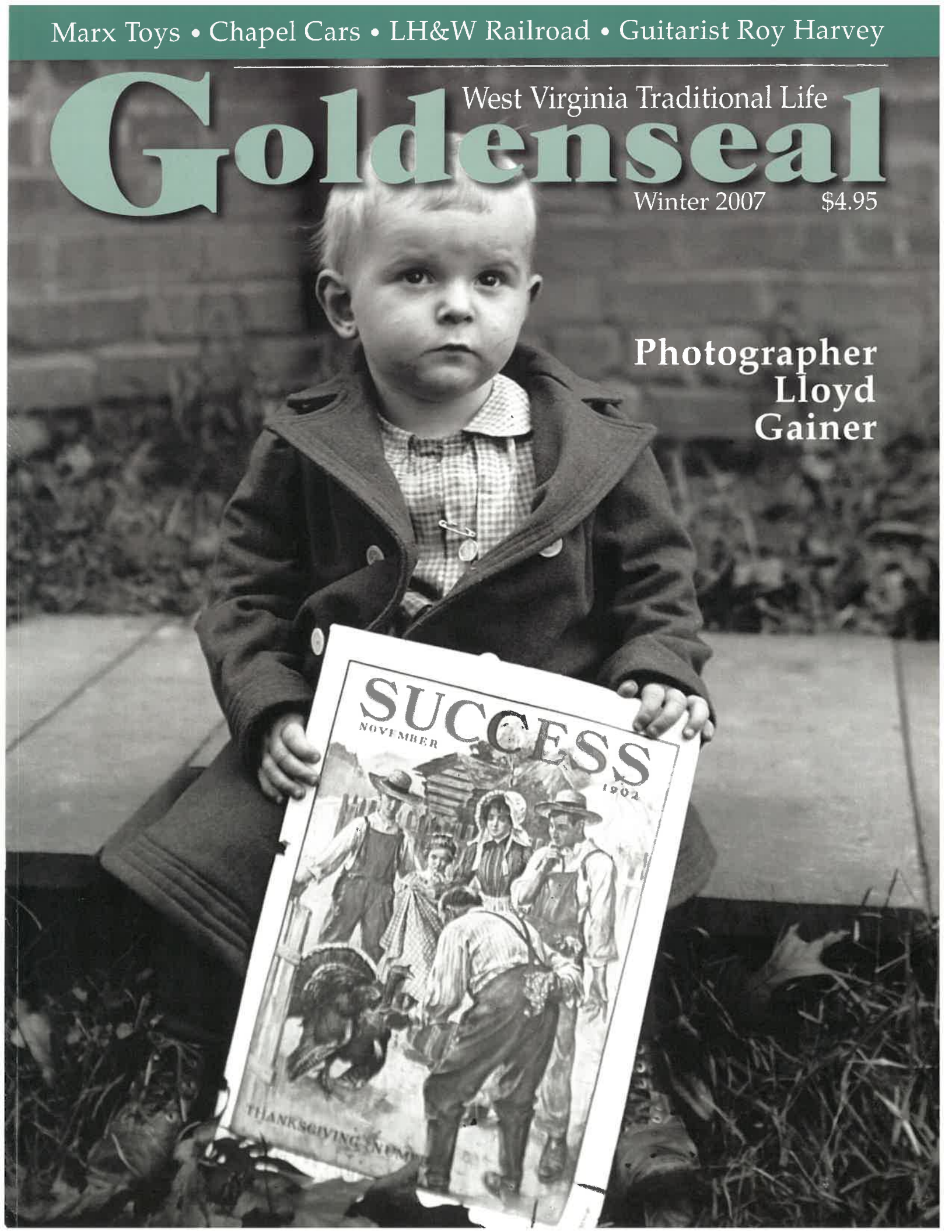
Marx Toys • Chapel Cars • LH&W Railroad • Guitarist Roy Harvey

Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Winter 2007 $4.95

Photographer Lloyd Gainer



From the Editor - Hall of Fame

There are certain advantages, or "perks" as they call them these days, that go along with most jobs. Mine is no exception. Last summer, you read about my positive experiences as a judge at the State Social Studies Fair. I've been invited to judge fiddle contests, beauty pageants, and cooking competitions and to sit on numerous boards and panels. These might not sound like perks to some folks, but I enjoy it, for the most part.

I was especially pleased a few months ago when I was invited to join the board of directors for the fledgling West Virginia Music Hall of Fame. Being a musician and a music fan myself, this looked like a good opportunity to participate at the ground level in a worthy effort that should bring some much-deserved attention to our state's rich and varied musical heritage.

Although the Hall is probably years from opening the doors to an actual physical facility, work has already begun to recognize some tall achievers in the state and to raise public awareness of the project. A few weeks ago, on November 16, a gala event was held at the Cultural Center theater in Charleston to induct the first group into the Hall of Fame. I played a small role in the selection process and am excited about the way it has all worked out.

Ten inductees were announced — five living and five deceased — spanning several styles of music. Most familiar to GOLDENSEAL readers are fiddler Clark Kessinger [see "Clark Kessinger: Pure Fiddling," by Charles Wolfe; Fall 1997], singer Molly O'Day [see "'Living the Right Life Now': Lynn Davis & Molly O'Day," by Abby Gail Goodnite and Ivan M. Tribe; Spring 1998], and songwriter and performer Hazel Dickens [see "'West Virginia, My Home': A Visit With Hazel Dickens," by John Lilly; Summer 2004]. Also honored were popular country music singer Little Jimmy Dickens, hit songwriter Billy Edd Wheeler, rock 'n' roll pioneer Johnny Johnson, jazz saxophonist Leon "Chu" Berry, rhythm-and-blues sensation Bill Withers, and classical composer George Crum.

The tenth inductee was itinerant street singer, fiddler, and composer Blind Alfred Reed. [See "The Life of Blind Alfred Reed," by the Rounder Collective; January-March 1976.] Alfred was born at Floyd, Virginia, in 1880, but lived most of his life around Princeton and Hinton. He was from the old school, playing fiddle for dances and meetings, singing for tips on the street corner, and preaching. He was best known for the songs he wrote himself. Most of these were either topical or religious, or both. He took on social issues of the day ("How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live?"), questions of morality ("Why Do You Bob Your Hair Girls?"), and tragic events ("Explosion in the Fairmount Mines"). He made 21 recordings for the Victor company between 1927 and 1929, which today are considered collectors' items.

In an inspired move, the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame decided to produce a CD recording, honoring Blind Alfred Reed. This CD was released at the November 16 induction, and it is wonderful. It includes 19 recordings of West Virginia artists, from the famous to the not-so-famous, each offering their own interpretation of a Blind Alfred Reed song. Little Jimmy Dickens, Kathy Mattea, Tim & Mollie O'Brien, Nat Reese, Dwight Diller, Connie Smith, Johnny Staats, Larry Groce, John Lilly (yes, the same), and many others contribute. The CD is called *Always Lift Him Up: A Tribute to Blind Alfred Reed*, and it deserves your attention. All proceeds go to benefit the Hall of Fame.

For details about purchasing the CD, becoming a Friend of the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame, or other information, call (304)342-4412 or visit www.wvmusichalloffame.com.

Happy holidays from all of us at GOLDENSEAL!

John Lilly

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On the cover: Bernard Gainer in Parkersburg, about 1903. Our story about photographer Lloyd Gainer begins on page 40.

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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.

Seneca Rocks

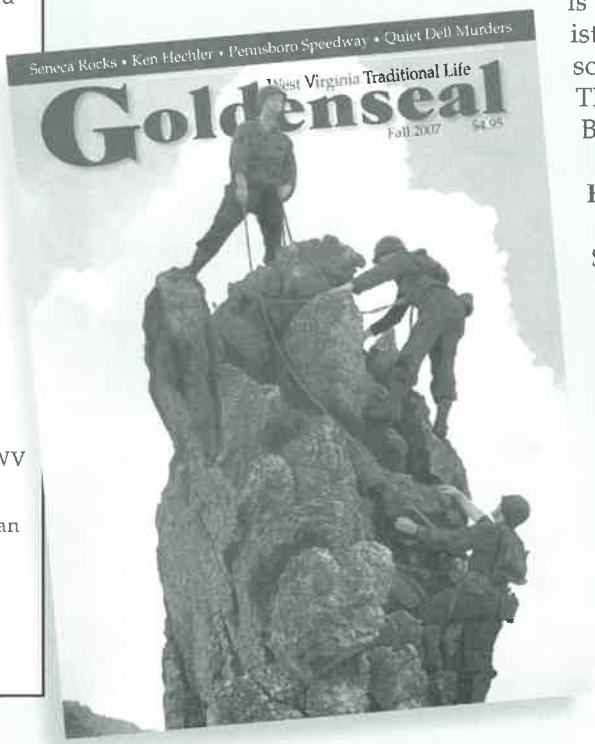
September 7, 2007
Wellsburg, West Virginia
Editor:
Imagine my surprise when the Fall 2007 issue of GOLDENSEAL arrived this week. First, the picture on the cover. The picture of the soldiers on the mountain was the indication of a story contained in the issue. I could hardly wait until I read the article, "Climbing to Victory: WWII Assault Training in Seneca Valley," by Robert C. Whetsell.

The following pages had added interest to me because I was there. As mentioned, an evacuation hospital was located in Stuart's Park. This was the 44th Evacuation Hospital, also on maneuvers from July 28 to September 22, 1943. [It was] our introduction to nursing in a tent hospital and life in the field.

So now you can see why I was overjoyed by this story.
Sincerely,
Annabelle Hayward
Captain, Army Nurse Corps, Retired

September 23, 2007
Barnesville, Georgia
Editor:
While visiting in our home recently, [Dr. Paul Lack] picked up the Fall 2007 issue. Although he never lived in West Virginia, he found an article that had a lot of ties to his life. He was a member of the 10th Mountain Division, stationed in Colorado in WWII. He didn't train at Seneca Rocks, but the ones who trained there came back and trained the others in Colorado.

The article was so timely, as he had just returned from a reunion in Colorado for the 10th Mountain Division, perhaps the last one, since there are so few left and their health is an issue. Dr. Lack, a retired minister, is 80 years old, and he was so interested in this article.
Thank you,
Betty Powell



Ken Hechler

September 17, 2007
Morgantown, West Virginia
Editor:
Your article, "The Lonely Battle: Ken Hechler's 1958 Campaign," by Gordon Simmons; Fall 2007, could not but attract my attention and interest as one who has known [Dr. Hechler] since he was a fellow graduate student at Columbia University in 1936-37. He and I were among some 30 grad students who were awarded graduate

Congressman Ken Hechler, center, shares a bite with West Virginia senators Jennings Randolph (left) and Robert C. Byrd. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Archives, date unknown.

resident scholarships that year. Ken was from Swarthmore, I from just having completed my M.A. at little Kalamazoo College in Michigan.

The awards provided each of us with a single room in a campus dorm with adequate living space, plus a lavatory. In addition, two meals daily were included in our scholarships.

The tables where the grad students were seated for the evening meal were a constant barrage of arguments and conflicting ideas about the current happenings in our Depression-ridden country. All shades of political opinions were expressed and argued about.

One afternoon, when the arguments were hot and heavy at the table at which Ken and I were sitting, someone remarked, "Hechler, you ought to go into politics." The GOLDENSEAL article tells how this came to be true.

In my estimation, West Virginia has been fortunate to have been the recipient of two New Yorkers, Ken Hechler and Jay Rockefeller, who decided to enter the political scene here, which also became my state in 1961, via West Virginia University.

Carl B. Taylor
Professor emeritus, WVU

Katherine Reemsnyder

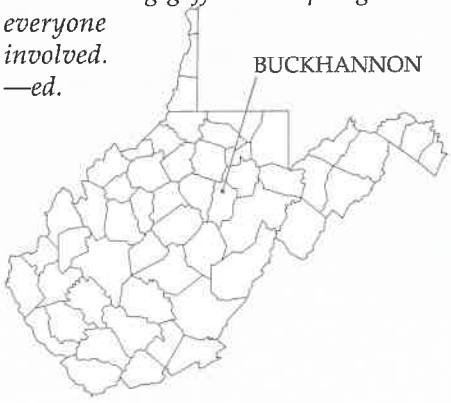
September 7, 2007
Via e-mail
Buckhannon, West Virginia

Editor:

Enjoyed your article on Mrs. Reemsnyder very much. [See "Katherine Reemsnyder of Buckhannon: A Wesleyan Family Legacy," by Carl E. Feather; Fall 2007.] But the last time I checked, we Buckhannonites were considered residents of Upshur County, not Barbour County, as shown on your back cover map.

Dick Ralston

Oooops! We know better than that. Thanks to you and all the other keen-eyed readers who caught this embarrassing gaffe. Our apologies to everyone involved.
—ed.



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Convicted Quiet Dell murderer Harry Powers. Photograph courtesy of the Clarksburg-Harrison County Public Library, date unknown.

Quiet Dell Murders

September 21, 2007
Omagh, Northern Ireland
Editor:
Greetings from the Emerald Isle. GOLDENSEAL arrived last week. The articles on the Quiet Dell murders were really fascinating. [See "The Quiet Dell Murders: West Virginia's Crime of the Century," by Stan Bumgardner; Fall 2007.] However, you should have brought country music into it. There are at least three old-time recordings about this murder. I have noticed that there are a number of old-time songs about various disasters in West Virginia. There is surely a great article there.

Please!!! More articles on country music in GOLDENSEAL.
With all best wishes,
Rodney McElrea

Thanks for writing, Rodney. It's great to hear from a faithful reader overseas. You might be interested in the Roy Harvey story in this issue, beginning on page 50. Roy did a fine job on the "Bluefield Murder" and other songs of tragedy. This issue also includes our annual "Mountain Music Round-up" feature. We hope you enjoy it. Thank you for getting in touch.—ed.

September 11, 2007
Via e-mail
Elkins, West Virginia
Editor:
Some GOLDENSEAL readers might wonder why the clean-shaven murderer of Quiet Dell was known as the "Bluebeard." This term goes back to a 17th-century fairy tale credited to the pen of Frenchman Charles Perrault.

The "Bluebeard" in this 1697 tale lures a young woman to his castle and persuades her to be his wife. Needing to make a trip away from home, he gives his young wife keys and access to storerooms where all sorts of riches, gold, and jewelry are held. He forbids her to enter one particular room, even though she has a key to open it. Just like Peter Rabbit, the temptation of that one forbidden thing is more than she can bear, and she opens the door and looks in. To her horror, she sees the corpses of several previous wives. She drops the key in a pool of blood, picks it up, and leaves. Later, she is not able to remove the bloodstain, implying that it has magical properties.

Bluebeard returns early from his trip, sees the stain on the key, and accuses his wife, who is sure she will meet her predecessors' sad fate. However, her brothers come to her rescue and dispatch the wretched devil. She then marries a handsome gentleman, and, with Bluebeard's fortune, they live happily ever after.

Since the time of this fairy tale, the "Bluebeard" name has been bestowed on various scoundrels who share his murderous ways.
Gerry Milnes

Georgia Wickline

The following letter came to author Barbara Rasmussen, who graciously shares it with us.—ed.

September 26, 2007
Pensacola, Florida
Dear Ms. Rasmussen:
My dad, Charles Garvin, subscribes to GOLDENSEAL and was truly

Georgia Wickline with author Barbara Wickline (Rasmussen), date unknown.

moved by your article on your grandmother. [See "Food and Rebellion in Monroe County: Recalling Georgia Wickline," by Barbara Rasmussen; Fall 2007.] My dad is also from Monroe County and was born in the home that your family purchased, pictured on page 40 of the magazine. [When I was] a girl, we always spent summer vacations in Greenville and ran into some of the Wicklines. My dad remembers many tales involving your uncles and aunts.

I am the last Garvin in my dad's family. Although I am married, I am so proud of my dad's heritage I did not change my last name, and my daughter has Garvin as her middle name. My parents moved to Maryland prior to my birth, but West Virginia has always been such a part of my family that I did my undergraduate work at WVU.

Thank you for your gift of writing and preserving the past. Your article made me realize that I need to memorialize my dad's stories. We are taking a car trip to Tampa this weekend for the Mountaineer football game, and I will be taking my voice recorder to tape my dad's stories and will have them transcribed.
Thank you,
Karin A. Garvin

Photo Curiosity

August 19, 2007
Via e-mail
Pocahontas County
Editor:
My name is Ruby Teter, and I live in Pocahontas County. When we go to do our shopping, we go to Elkins, and this caterpillar is on the way. [See "Photo Curiosity"; Summer 2007.] It is located in Randolph County. The owner, I think, lives across the street from it and owns the store there that sells lawn mowers and such. It is there all the time. Some local kids have their picture taken with it and have put it on their MySpace and such. When my brother came in one time from Pennsylvania, he had a friend with him, and we laughed and said that's a West Virginia caterpillar.
Ruby Teter

Photograph by Gerald Milnes.

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.

Bluefield Milestones

Known as "Nature's Air-Conditioned City" because of its high elevation, Bluefield, Mercer County, has a tradition of serving free lemonade whenever the temperature reaches 90 degrees. The recent 2007 heat wave broke the 1988 record as lemonade has been given out 18 days this year. [See "Free Drinks in Nature's Air-Conditioned City: Bluefield's Lemonade Escapades," by Stuart McGehee; Summer 1997.]

The Bluefield Orioles, farm team for the big-league Baltimore Orioles, also set a record this year as it marked its 50th year of affiliation with the major league franchise. No other farm team has enjoyed such a long and continuous affiliation, and it appears unlikely that any will again. [See "Bluefield Baseball: The Tradition of a Century," by Stuart McGehee; Spring 1990.]

The two record-setting traditions coincided when the start of the school year prevented students from serving lemonade on hot days. Orioles players, in team uniforms as a promotion for the local ballclub, took their places.

The history of the Bluefield Orioles is commemorated in a new CD-ROM available from the Bluefield Baseball Club, and sells for $10, plus shipping. The CD may be ordered by calling (276)326-1326, or by e-mail at babybirds1@comcast.net.

Wood Craft Education

Pocahontas Woods, a nonprofit program in Marlinton, is offering a college credit program in fine woodworking in partnership with the New River Community and Technical College. Eleven courses are offered for a two-year associate degree in woodworking, although students may opt for lesser certificates.

Classes are available in hand tools and machines, furniture construction, furniture design, veneer and inlay, woodturning, and other related skills. The program will enable some of the state's veteran artisans to pass their craft on to another generation, as well as enable students to learn a valuable occupation. To register for the spring semester, phone (304)799-6985. Registration deadline is December 15; classes start January 14, 2008. Course listings can be found at www.pocahontaswoods.com.

Col. Ruby G. Bradley, 1963

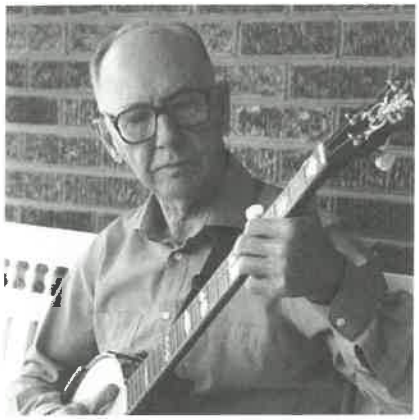
Ruby Bradley Honored

The 100th anniversary of the birth of Colonel Ruby G. Bradley will be commemorated on December 19 in her hometown of Spencer, Roane County. Bradley began her service as an army nurse in 1934. As a prisoner of war in the Philippines, she assisted in 230 medical operations in prison camp and later went on to serve in the Korean War, eventually becoming chief nurse for the 8th Army in 1951. Retiring in 1963, Bradley was the most decorated woman in U.S. Army history, with more than 37 military and civilian honors.

In addition to cake, ice cream,

Serving lemonade in Bluefield, 1941. Photograph courtesy of Eastern Regional Coal Archives.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes



Brooks Smith. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Brady "Brooks" Smith was one of the Kanawha Valley's most beloved banjo players and a welcome fixture at the Vandalia Gathering and other folk music events across the state. As a young man, he played for dances and performed over local radio stations WCHS and WKNA. Brooks earned a Purple Heart in France during World War II and later had a long and distinguished career as a draftsman with Union Carbide in South Charleston. He and his wife, Westine, raised three children in their Dunbar home. In 2000, Brooks received the coveted Vandalia Award; he released a CD recording of banjo instrumentals in 2001, titled *Kiser Point*. The article, "Brooks Smith: The Making of a Banjo Player," by Andrew Dunlap, appeared in our Spring 1996 issue. Brooks passed away on September 24. He was 84.

Dorsey Wiseman, renowned country and gospel music songwriter and performer, passed away July 26 at age 69. Dorsey made his home near Mabie, Randolph County, where he organized the annual Singing In the Hills music gathering for more than 30 years. His original songs, including "Beacon Light" and "When I Count My Blessings, the Best One Is You," have been performed and recorded by other West Virginia artists, such as the Currence Brothers and Little John Graham. Since 1996, Dorsey battled cancer and other health problems, but his determination, positive outlook, and religious faith proved an inspiration to others as he continued to perform music and run revival meetings for other cancer patients. Dorsey was the subject of a GOLDENSEAL story, titled "'Sounds of Home': Songwriter Dorsey Wiseman," by Carl E. Feather, in our Winter 2004 issue.

Dorsey Wiseman. Photograph by Carl E. Feather.

Harold P. Young. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Harold P. Young, originally from Glen, Clay County, recalled his early days in the article, "When I Was a Young Man in Clay County"; Fall 2002. In it, he wrote about his family's farm, how they managed in the days before electricity and indoor plumbing, and the valuable life lessons he learned there. When his father passed away in 1935, Harold took on adult responsibilities. He helped support the family by doing various jobs, including using a team of horse to pull mired automobiles out of the mud. In 1938, Harold moved to Charleston. There he worked for Jenkins Feed & Seed and Railway Express before embarking on a 31-year career with Union Carbide. Harold was 90 years of age when he passed away in Charleston on September 26.

speeches, and film, there will be a performance by Becky Bolte portraying Bradley, one of the History Alive! roles sponsored by the West Virginia Humanities Council.

For more information on the event, go to www.rubybradley.com. To contact Becky Bolte, phone (304)553-5603 or e-mail her at rmbolte@yahoo.com.

Gardner Winter Music Festival

The 30th annual Gardner Winter Music Festival will take place February 22-23, 2008, at South Middle School in Morgantown. A celebration of traditional Appalachian acoustic music, the festival is named for mountain music legend Worley Gardner. Gardner was not only a noted dulcimer maker, but a skilled player, as well, and was a featured performer at the Smithsonian Festival of American Folklife in 1977. [See "Worley Gardner: Mountain Music, Dance, and Dulcimers," by Mark Crabtree; Summer 1992.]

For more information, phone Margo Neal at (304)291-0482, or visit www.gwmf.org.

MARX Toy Company

Santa Claus himself supervises assembly line production at the Marx toy plant in Glen Dale in 1971. At one time, Marx was the largest toy manufacturer in the world. Photographer unknown, courtesy of Francis Turner.

Sometimes, the smallest thing can trigger long-forgotten childhood memories — like a favorite toy, for instance. Do you remember the Big Wheel cycle? Rock'em Sock'em Robots? How about Johnny West? Did you have a doll house? A gas station or a Fort Apache play set? Do you remember poring over the Christmas wish-book catalog when it came each year? If you answer "yes" to any of these questions, chances are that you owned, or wished you had owned, one of the many Marx toys made here in West Virginia.

At one time, Marx toys was the largest toy manufacturer in the world. At the heart of the Marx enterprise was the largest of its three domestic toy factories, the mammoth Glen Dale plant. In its heyday, the Glen Dale facility employed more than 2,000 workers and had multiple buildings in Glen Dale and McMechen, both located in Marshall County.

In 1946, the Glen Dale factory's automatic paint line dipped and baked approximately 3.5 million toys per month. That was just one line, and

Making Memories in Glen Dale

By Cheryl Harshman | Photographs by Michael Keller

Marx Merry Makers wind-up toy from 1931, pictured at the Official Marx Toy Museum in Moundsville.

that was before plastic toys began production. Ten years later, production figures of plastic toys and toy parts were in the millions per day. What made Marx play sets so popular during their years of production is what continues to make them and all Marx toys so desirable to collectors today: their amazing detail and completeness, their historical accuracy, and the quality of their artwork and design.

Known as the Toy King, the man responsible for this toy empire was Louis Marx. Born in Brooklyn, New York, on August 11, 1896, Louis Marx was born to German-Jewish immigrant parents, Jacob and Clara Lou Marx, owners of a small dry goods store of little success. As was true for many immigrant families of the day, urban America offered vast opportunities, given enough hard work and street smarts. Louis Marx possessed both. As a young boy, he excelled at all-American pastimes, including baseball, basketball, ice skating, and, dare I say, shoplifting. In a 1955 *Time* magazine interview, Marx was quoted as saying, "You weren't anyone if you couldn't steal." When he was nine, Marx convinced a friend to steal a canoe with him from a Brooklyn department store. They picked it up over their heads and left the store without being stopped. Marx remarked how that summer was spent with friends, canoeing on the nearby Prospect Park Lake.

Marx was intent on improving his lot and worked hard in school, graduating from high school in three years. Late at night, he pored over books on how to get ahead, how to become a "$5,000-a-year man."

Company founder and owner, Louis Marx, at his desk in New York during the 1950's. Photographer unknown, courtesy of Francis Turner.

In 1912, while still in his teens, Marx took a job with toymaker Ferdinand Strauss, whose Zippo the Climbing Monkey and Alabama Coon Jigger (a clockwork minstrel) were the first mechanical toys mass-produced in the United States. By 1916, Marx had been promoted to manage the company's New Jersey factory. Louis soon offered his first idea for a toy. After good sales figures, he was made a director of the company. When Strauss asked his directors whether the company should continue to manufacture as well as sell its toys, Marx alone took the stance to get out of the retail trade and stay in manufacturing. Strauss disagreed and got rid of Marx instead of the stores.

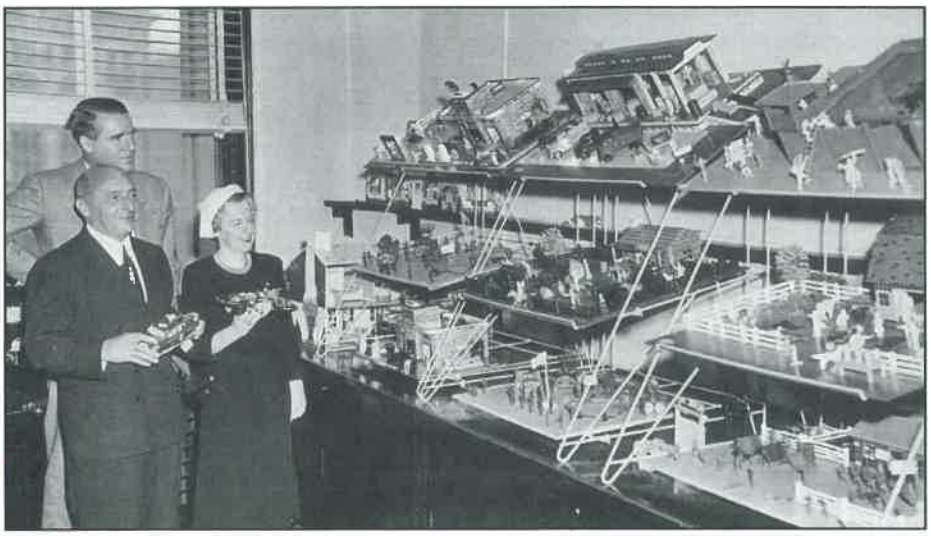
It was 1917, and the United States had entered World War I. Marx joined the army as a private. A year later, he returned to civilian life as a sergeant. From this experience, he brought back two things that would stay with him the rest of his life: his fondness for the army and his desire to create his own toy business.

With his younger brother, David, Louis Marx & Company, Inc., was established in 1919. The brothers worked as middlemen, selling toys made by other manufacturers and earning commissions. According to the 1955 *Time* magazine article, the brothers' business savvy included figuring out how to cut costs on a 10-cent toy. They would land a retail order, outsource the manufacturing of the toys, and realize the profit. In 1921, the brothers began manufacturing the toys themselves.

When Louis' former employer, Ferdinand Strauss, went bankrupt, Marx was able to purchase the old dyes for Strauss' original Zippo the Climbing Monkey and the clockwork minstrel. Believing that there's nothing new in the world of toys, Marx gave these 20-year-old toys new names and colors, brought out bigger models, and sold eight million of each in one year. By the age of 26, Louis Marx had far surpassed his boyhood dreams of becoming a $5,000-a-year man. Louis was a millionaire.

Marx took advantage of other Strauss assets and contacts and moved his operations westward to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he rented factory space from Strauss' associate Carter Toys and began manufacturing his own toys.

Louis Marx was not only a genius at designing toys but also at marketing them. By offering high quality at the lowest price possible, Marx became very popular with toy buyers and had virtually no need for salesmen or advertising. He and brother



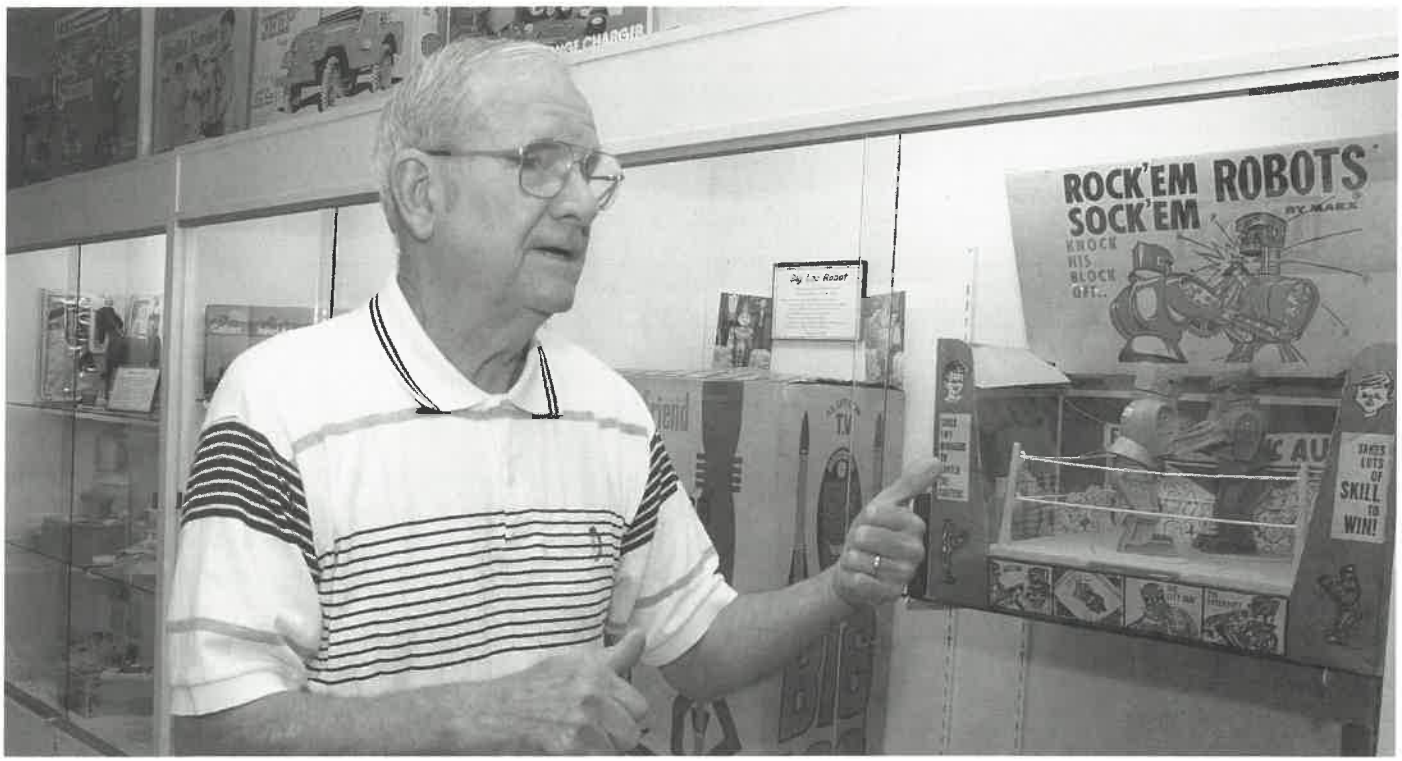
Detailed play sets, such as these, were a staple of the Marx product line. Here, Louis Marx surveys toys he donated to a children's hospital, along with an unidentified hospital administrator and a Marx salesman. Photographer and date unknown, courtesy of Francis Turner.

These pressed-metal cars were typical of Marx toys from the 1920's and '30's.

David, the quiet one running the behind-the-scenes operations, grew what became the world's largest toy manufacturer. Marx was frequently referred to as "the Henry Ford of toymaking," because he capitalized on mass production and low costs, which were passed onto toy retailers and customers. The company's success was philosophically based on two policies set in place from the beginning: "Give the customer more toy for less money" and "Quality is not negotiable."

The same *Time* magazine article cited above recounts the story of Marx coming upon a Filipino man on a Los Angeles street corner in 1928. The man was whittling a round block of wood. Marx watched as he attached a piece of string and then bounced the block up and down. Thus, the yo-yo was transformed from a primitive folk carving into a universal toy known around the world.

Marx toys dominated most dime store counters. This popularity caused rapid growth, and by the 1930's, Louis Marx built three new plants. The first was in Erie, Pennsylvania; the second was in Girard, Pennsylvania; and the third was in Glen Dale. Glen Dale had been the home to Fokker Aircraft Corporation, which ceased manufacturing in 1931. Marx took advantage of the large, empty facility and expanded his toymaking operations here. Marx toys brought steady employment to many in Marshall County for four decades. Even during war operations, the Marx facility at McMechen made shell casings and kept its workers employed. The facility proudly boasted the high number of shells it made per week. [See



Don Stewart, a 28-year veteran of Marx toys, still lives in Glen Dale. He is seen here during a recent visit to the Official Marx Toy Museum, standing in front of the popular Rock'em Sock'em Robots.

Loran Magers, at left, a retired machinist from Moundsville, visits with Chuck Davis. At age 94, Chuck is the oldest known retiree from Marx's Glen Dale plant.

"Wings Over Glen Dale: When Fokker Trimotors Flew Over West Virginia," by Louis Keefer; Winter 1991.]

During World War II, when virtually all steel and metal fabrications were turned into military production, Marx toys began experimenting with a new material, plastic. By the end of the war, polythylene production turned out toys 64 times faster than metal lithography, thus securing an even greater domination of the toy market for Louis Marx and company.

By the 1950's, Marx had factories in England, Mexico, and 10 other countries. His close friendships with the U.S. military, high-ranking generals in particular, allowed Marx to be chosen as a consultant to the Marshall Plan. This afforded Louis Marx early access to east European markets and facilities. Always the consummate businessman, Marx never ceased looking for ways to manufacture more toys even more cheaply. He also had early access to Japan after the war, and began manufacturing toys there.

On retirement, Louis Marx sold the business to Quaker Oats (Fisher-Price toys), which then sold it to a British company with ties to the original Marx company. Without the Marx drive and vision, though, the new owners could not produce profits high enough to succeed. Twenty-eight years ago, the Marx toy factory in Glen Dale closed its doors for good. The McMechen plant had burned in the early 1950's. Louis Marx passed away in 1982, at 85 years of age.

The closing of the Glen Dale plant was crushing to the local individuals who built and maintained the operation for nearly 50 years and to the community that would also experience the closing of Fostoria Glass and Allied Chemical. The toy workers found themselves adrift, like a family after a death.

"What a great bunch of people, like a big family," says Don Stewart of Glen Dale. Don retired from Marx toys in 1975, after 28 years of experience in virtually every department except rough assembly. "Everybody worked as a team with the same goal, to get the toys out! The girls would work on the assembly and the guys in the tool department, keeping everything moving," Don recalls. "The treat of working up there was all the people you got to work with."

"Everybody worked as a team with the same goal, to get the toys out."

Entire families worked at the factory. One such family was the Kielbasa family: Mike, John, Albert, Ann, and Mildred, plus stepfather Steve Gonchoff. Ann (Kielbasa) Mysliewiec worked for Marx in the McMechen facility during the war, making shells. After the war, when toy production resumed, Ann worked the drying ovens, where she removed painted metal toys that had been dried. Her sister Mildred (Kielbasa) Mysliewiec (yes, sisters married brothers) graduated from high school in May 1948 and started work at the factory in June. "They had already asked for me even before I graduated," she says. "I was 19 years old and worked on the assembly line."

"Most of the managers came up through the tool shop and engineering department to become managers," says Loran Magers, a retired Marx machinist from Moundsville. "Most workers had a high school education, some with additional training, but no professional engineers really ever worked at Marx."

In 1947, Louis Marx developed the plastics department at the Glen Dale factory. The use of plastic in toy production led to a new line of Marx play sets, which evolved throughout the 1950's and '60's. Each play set included hundreds of pieces, all very realistic and historically accurate. Mike Yankoski, foreman of the assembly department from 1947 to 1980, comments, "The Marx play sets were known as the 'KD toys,' because all the different pieces that made up the set were brought in from the different departments in the plant and 'knocked down' into the flat play set boxes. We used assembly-line production, so every girl along the line would be responsible for placing a specific part of the set in the box so that it would all fit by the time it got to the end of the line."

Many women entered the workforce in the 1940's, often earning less than men at the same job. Anita Grammer, Marina Wolfe, and Inez Rakoskie —

Sisters Inez Rakoskie, Anita Grammer, and Marina Wolfe (left to right) worked a total of 100 years at the Marx factory in Glen Dale. They are pictured here with Francis Turner, owner of the Official Marx Toy Museum in Moundsville.

all sisters — grew up within walking distance of the Marx factory. Eventually, all three women were employed in the plant's assembly room.

"My first job in the assembly room was working on doll houses," recalls Anita. "When I started there in 1944, I could make between $18 and $20 a day. That was great money back then, but it was especially good wages for a woman."

But the higher-than-average wages that the Marx employees earned were not the only benefit of working at the toy factory. The camaraderie among the work force was especially strong and is remembered fondly by former employees. Also important was their involvement in a very successful and forward-thinking union, the United Toy Workers of America, Local 149. But even with strong representation, the factory was unable to withstand the movement of international interests, and it closed its doors in 1979.

Without a doubt, the last great toy made by Marx came from the Glen Dale plant. In 1969, Marx released the Big Wheel. Although it was sold in various sizes and colors, memories of the Marx Big Wheel are consistent: worn out tires, 360-degree spins, and clicking wheels. In 1975, the Green Machine hit the sidewalks for kids who had outgrown the Big Wheel. The lean, mean Green Machine was steered by control sticks connected to the rear axle, enabling quick turns at sharp angles and high speeds. Soon after the release of the Green Machine, the story of Marx toys came to an end.

CHERYL HARSHMAN is librarian at West Liberty State College and a graduate of Bethany College. Author of the children's book *Sally Arnold*, she is a veteran storyteller and has participated in the Vandalia Gathering. Cheryl and her husband, poet and writer Marc Harshman, live in Wheeling. Her most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL was the Winter 1996 issue.

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

Louis Marx toy figurine, from the mid- to late 1950's.

The Official Marx Toy Museum

By Cheryl Harshman

Photographs by Michael Keller

Francis Turner never owned or played with a Marx toy as he grew up on a farm in Preston County during the 1950's. But he is making up for lost time. Francis began collecting Marx toys when he moved to Marshall County in 1972, and after the Glen Dale factory closed in 1979, his collecting began in earnest.

Having filled his house and barn with toys, Francis bought the former Bonar's Market on Second Street in Moundsville in 1998 and created the Official Marx Toy Museum of Glen Dale, West Virginia. He says, "Having adequate space and close proximity to the former Glen Dale factory site were the two biggest factors that determined the museum's location." A machinist by trade, currently working as a sales rep for a machine company, Francis gutted the building and began a floor-to-ceiling remodeling project. Slowly, but surely, Francis' dream took shape. After the construction phase neared completion, he installed dozens of custom-built glass cabinets. Then the fun began.

"In the winter of 2001, we began taking many of the toys, play sets, and dollhouses — many of which had never been opened before — and started setting them up for display," Francis explains. "Many toys you see on display here are one-of-a-kind, or, at best, only a handful of them still remain in the world."

The museum presents toys from Louis Marx & Company, Inc., from its five decades of production, in chronological order. Many displays include precise background information and details on the manufacture of the toys. "Most toys and play sets

The Official Marx Toy Museum in Moundsville includes a hands-on area for visitors of all ages.

Owner Francis and son Jason Turner seated in the museum's 1950's-themed café.

are in mint condition. We occasionally rotate new displays, so that no two visits to the museum are exactly the same," Francis says.

In a statement on their Web page, the museum affirms its dedication "to preserving the beauty and the history of Marx toys, the passion and the genius of the man who made them possible, and the talents and creativity behind the men and women who dedicated their lives to toy production. The Official Marx Toy Museum provides an opportunity for former Marx employees to reunite and admire their endless hours of labor, for families to renew and share their childhood memories, and for Marx enthusiasts to gather and admire the creativity and the quality of Marx toys."

For those who built or played with Marx toys, the museum is a walk down memory lane. On display are thousands of Marx items, from metal wind-ups made in the 1920's and '30's to period and historical play sets of the 1950's and '60's, push toys, trains, dollhouses, service stations, Johnny West figures, Big Wheels, and many others. "We wanted the museum to be as authentic and historically accurate as possible, but we also wanted the interior of our space to showcase the 1950's, because it is the era of the golden age of Marx Toys," Francis explains.

The Marx Prototype Room introduces visitors to the toy production process along with displays of original artwork, sketches, hand-carved prototypes, and one-of-a-kind molds.

The museum also introduces visitors to former factory workers, their unique stories about Marx toys, and their work in the toy factory. Shown in different parts of the museum are three movies: one is the history of Louis Marx, the man; another is a documentary made by the AFL-CIO, highlighting the workers in the Glen Dale plant; and the third features Marx television ads from the 1950's.

Visitors can view vintage Marx toys, from the metal mechanical toys of the earliest years to the Big Wheels of the final years. A life-size western street scene, complete with swinging saloon doors, provides a portal into the world of action figure Johnny West and many Wild West play sets. Transportation toys and service station play sets take up residence along one wall, while dollhouses through the years are displayed nearby.

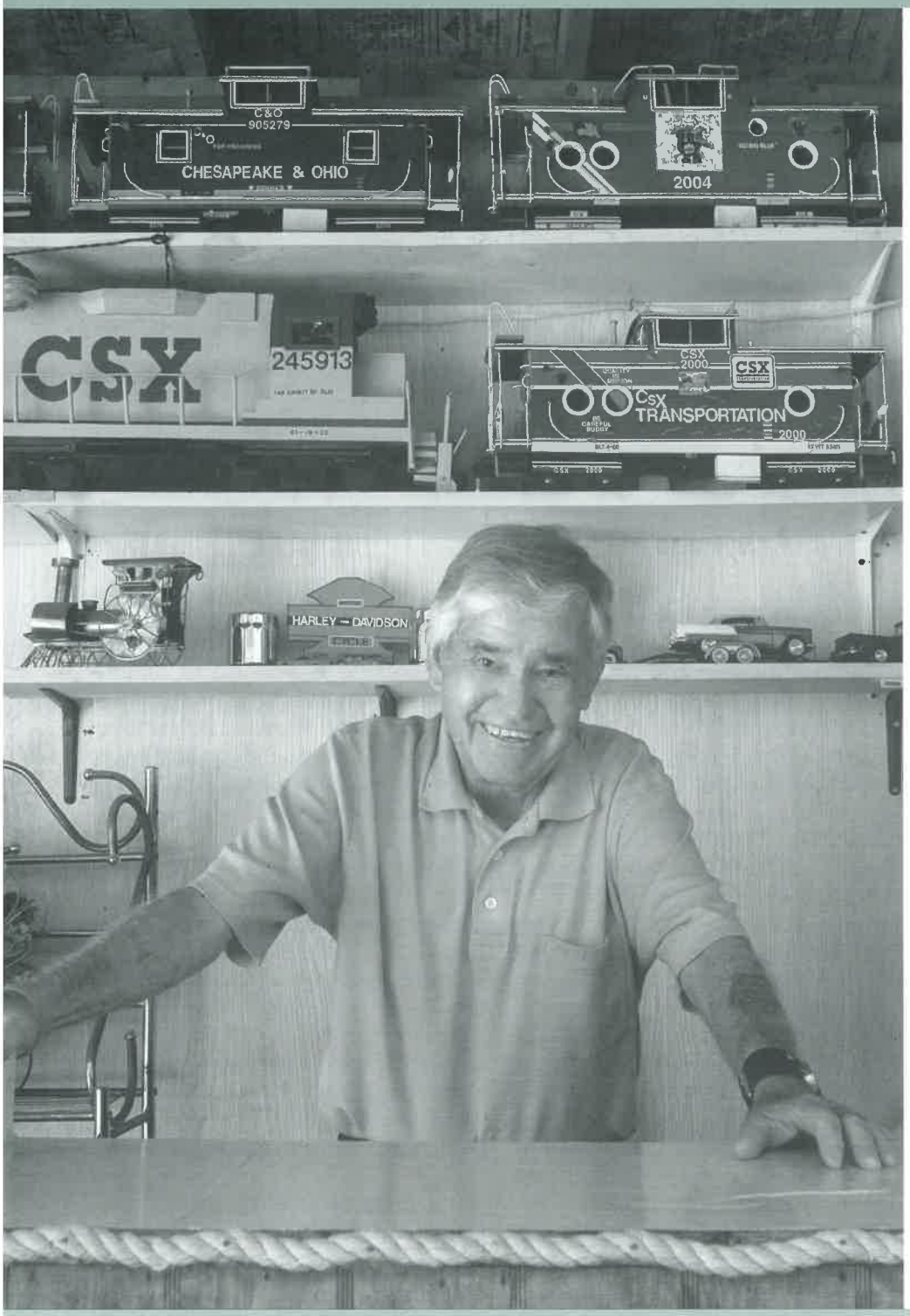
"Lots of people come here to relive their childhoods. The toys and the surroundings bring it all back," says Francis.

Louis Marx was known for his unwavering attention to detail, and the same can be said for the Marx museum. Clean, well-lit, accurate, and attractive, the museum is a welcome destination for those interested in preserving West Virginia's past.

The Official Marx Toy Museum is located at 915 Second Street, Moundsville, WV 26041. It is open Tuesday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., April through December. It is open anytime for scheduled group tours. Phone (304)845-6022 or visit www.marxtoymuseum.com.

The Caboose

By Bob Withers



Jim Mullins at home in Madison, Boone County, surrounded by his handmade replica cabooses. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Cabooses, those rolling cabins that tagged along behind every freight train in America to provide working space for train crews, have been gone now for more than 20 years. A whole generation is growing up without having watched "the little red caboose" rocking and weaving down the track as conductors and train watchers exchange friendly waves.

But if you want to still see cabooses, you can. Just go to Jim Mullins' home in the Boone County seat of Madison. He has dozens of them. In fact, he builds them.

Mind you, John M. "Jim" Mullins, Jr.'s, cabooses are not the 30-foot-long variety that used to bob along behind trains. His are miniature replicas about two feet long, a foot high, and not quite seven inches across. Each caboose is lovingly handcrafted in about 50 hours from 5.2-mm lauan plywood, wire, plastic sink-trap gaskets, water-bottle rings, reflective tape, and other odds and ends that, once assembled, have found their way across the United States and into other countries without having traveled on a single flanged-wheel or standard-gauge right-of-way.

Jim was born in the Lincoln County town of Ferrellsburg on July 19, 1932, one of John and Martha Mul-

Man A Visit with Jim Mullins of Madison

lins' 13 children. His father was a Chesapeake & Ohio Railway section foreman on the Logan subdivision's five-mile-long Ferrellsburg-Big Creek section, and he frequently took his son to work with him.

"I would ride the motor cars with him," Jim says. "I loved it."

Twenty years later, the younger Mullins went to work as a track laborer for his dad. He had worked only four months when he was drafted into the army, but his C&O seniority continued to accumulate. Jim was discharged from the service in 1954, and on January 19, 1956, hired out as a brakeman at Peach Creek, just in time to fire a few of the remaining steam engines.

"Back then, if they ran out of brakemen, they would use you as a fireman," Jim says.

He worked out of several terminals. "If you got cut off, you had to go somewhere else to work," Jim says. That included Russell (Kentucky), Handley, Cane Fork, Whitesville, Charleston, and once, after he was cut off in 1959, Chicago for two years.

"I didn't stay there any longer than I had to," he says with a smile. "It was too cold."

Jim was promoted to conductor in 1962, and after running a few trips out of Peach Creek, moved to Danville. He took a yardmaster's job in 1963 and held it for 17 years before giving it up and returning to his first love: being a conductor, the boss of the train.

Most of the time, he was assigned to long trains hauling coal to St. Albans and taking empties back to Danville, or mine runs delivering empties and pulling loads from the mines along the Pond Fork and Coal River subdivisions.

Jim served as safety director for

Jim comes from a long line of railroaders. This 1949 photograph shows, from the left, father John M. Mullins, Sr., brother M.C. "Moon" Mullins, uncle H.T. "Taft" Mullins, and neighbor Charles "Golden" Adkins. Photographer unknown.

Made of plywood, wire, reflective tape, and other odds and ends, Jim's caboose replicas are accurate to the last detail. Photograph by Michael Keller.

C&O successor CSX Transportation from 1994 to '97, traveling all over the system doing safety audits. But he got tired of being away from home so much, so he exercised his rights and became a conductor again.

"The last four years, I was a utility conductor," he says of the period immediately before his August 19, 2002, retirement. "They furnished me a brand new vehicle."

Utility conductors don't ride trains. They meet them to help road crews switch cars or drive ahead to line switches for them.

"I loved it," he says. "After you ride the trains so long, it ain't no fun no more. It's a job."

Somehow that assessment rings hollow, especially as Jim eyes a Pond Fork train rumbling past the Lincoln Court home in Madison where Jim and his wife, Donna, raised their son and daughter.

John Mullins III, incidentally, is a CSX conductor himself now. And five of Jim's brothers, a sister, and "all kinds of nieces and nephews" also worked for the C&O and CSX. The railroad bug must have bitten the whole family. It's in their genes.

Jim's conversation is peppered with railroad talk and memories:

"I fell into a sludge hole at Wharton No. 4. The taxi brought me a whole new set of clothes."

Or:

"In the old days, if you finished your work in three or four hours, you would lay up. You'd get paid for eight hours anyway. It's a different breed now. It's 12 hours or nothing."

Or:

"You had no radios. You only had hand signals. Everybody understood each other. You would turn the angle cock to tell him to stop. You'd shut it off, he'd go. These boys today couldn't get an engine off the pit without a radio."

Sometimes the jargon needs a little translating. The "pit" refers to engine servicing facilities at major terminals where diesel engines are refueled, sanded, inspected, and otherwise resupplied. It's the starting point for road crews going to work.

An "angle cock" is the small handle that regulates the flow of air through the pipes under each car that empower the air-brake system. Turn the handle parallel to the rubber hose that extends from the pipe under the coupler at the end of the car (the "open" position), and the air can flow through to the next car and keep the air supply charged. Turn it perpendicular to the hose (the "closed" position), and you stop the flow. If the cars separate unintentionally, the air rushes out of the cars' reservoirs and into their brake cylinders, jamming brake shoes against the wheels and bringing the train to a sudden, bone-jarring stop. After an intentional stop, like when you want to uncouple a string of cars, you leave the angle cock open on the cars you want to leave behind. When the hoses separate,

Jim Mullins and model cabooses in the CSX yard office at Danville, 2001. Photograph by John Hopkins.

boosters group. "We've been good friends for years. He'll just show up with one and say, 'It's yours.'"

Jim gave a caboose memorializing West Virginia University to Jo Ann Lowery of Wharton in Boone County for another victims' rights auction. Jo Ann, through her nephew, keeps Jim supplied with reflective tape of various vivid colors that have been rejected on account of manufacturing defects by a plant in Ohio.

"You wouldn't believe how pretty that caboose is," Jo Ann says. "My husband wants to give it to a guy that's with the university, but I told him it would cost him a lot of money."

Jim once met a railroader in Cancun, Mexico, who wanted one.

"I made him one and sent it to him in Texas," Jim says.

Another went to retired railroader Jesse Carr in Chattanooga, Tennessee, who had seen an article about him in *CSX Today*, the company newspaper.

"When I picked it up at the post office, I made a mistake," Jesse wrote to Jim. "I took it out of the package. Everybody wanted one and tried to take it away from me. I had to grab my caboose and run home."

At last count, 33 of Jim's cabooses repose in the Danville yard office.

"[Road foreman] Sam Shadd has 22 of them in his office, and [trainmaster] Randy Hall has 11," Jim says. "One of my cabooses is in the Seaboard Air Line Museum in Hamlet, North Carolina."

Jim made a caboose for retired CSX dispatcher Larry Fellure in Florida and received in return a homemade calendar featuring Fellure's excellent railroad photography from the good ol' days. [See "Recalling Bob Caruthers: Last of the BC&G Steam Railroaders," by Alan Byer; Winter 2006.]

As Jim remembers these people, he thumbs through a scrapbook, showing off his first and last train orders, photos, and railroad officers' letters of appreciation.

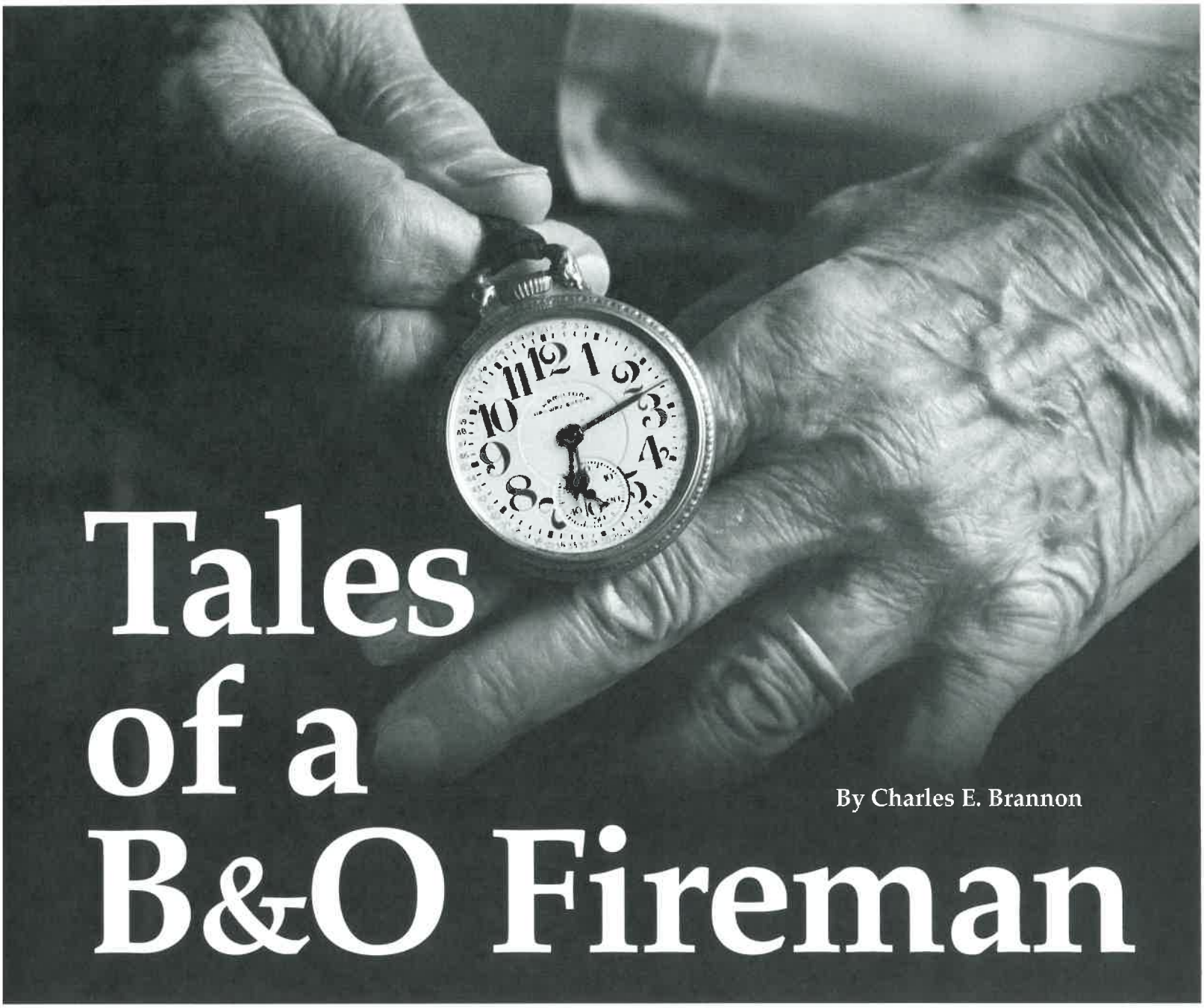
"Everybody on the entire railroad knows Jim Mullins, and most of us have his cabooses in our offices," says Al Crown, a retired CSX chief operating officer. "Jim's greatest strength was his dedication to safety, his family, his children in the community, and CSX — in that order."

Jim's 2002 retirement after 50 years of railroading, then, was something special. The railroad threw a catered party, in Madison Ballpark, complete with bluegrass music; model trains; more than 400 fellow employees, friends, and family members; and oodles of food. They then invited him and his immediate family to a private dinner aboard the spiffy diner Greenbrier, where he received his 50-year pin. Before the recognitions subsided, Jim had received more than a dozen pocket watches.

"They either thought a lot of you, or they were glad you were finally leaving," his wife quips.

Jim, fondly known as "the Caboose Man," knows which statement is true.

BOB WITHERS is a retired reporter and copy editor for the *Huntington Herald-Dispatch*. He is a journalism graduate from Marshall University, a Baptist minister, and a lifelong railroad enthusiast. He has written for a number of publications including *Trains* magazine, and is a frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor. His most recent article appeared in our Summer 2001 issue.



Tales of a B&O Fireman

By Charles E. Brannon

Author Charles E. Brannon holds his Hamilton 21-jewel railroad watch, a souvenir from his days as a fireman on the great B&O railroad. Photograph by Michael Keller.

In the spring of 1947, I was working at the Consol Mine No. 32 at Owings, about three miles from Shinnston. I was working on the building and rent gang. We took care of approximately 60 houses that the coal company owned, as well as taking care of the mine buildings and grounds.

At the end of the work day, I went over to the company store, where I happened to run into Vane Collins, who had married my Aunt Mildred years before. Vane was a conductor for the B&O railroad, and he was with a train crew there at the mines, placing empty cars and gathering up filled ones. After exchanging a little small talk, he asked me about the work there. He then said that the B&O was looking for a couple of fellows to work as firemen. He told me that if I was interested in the job, he would put in a good word for me.

I talked to the foreman, and he told me that if I wanted to look into it further, to go ahead. He said that I could probably get back my old job if the new job didn't work out. So I went down to the head railroad office at Fairmont. After a quick physical examination, they gave me the job.

Now I was a fireman for the great B&O railroad, for better or worse. For two weeks, I worked with another fireman, who explained all the particulars of the job and went over a lot of rules. They gave me a book about the size of a small Bible, which contained all the rules and regulations. I must say that it was hard to work any day without breaking a few rules.

Most of the first week, we worked in the yard, shifting cars back and forth on different rails. We got the cars ready for the crew to come in, pick them up, and take them out to some distant place. The fellow with me showed me how to shovel the coal. There was a foot pedal that you

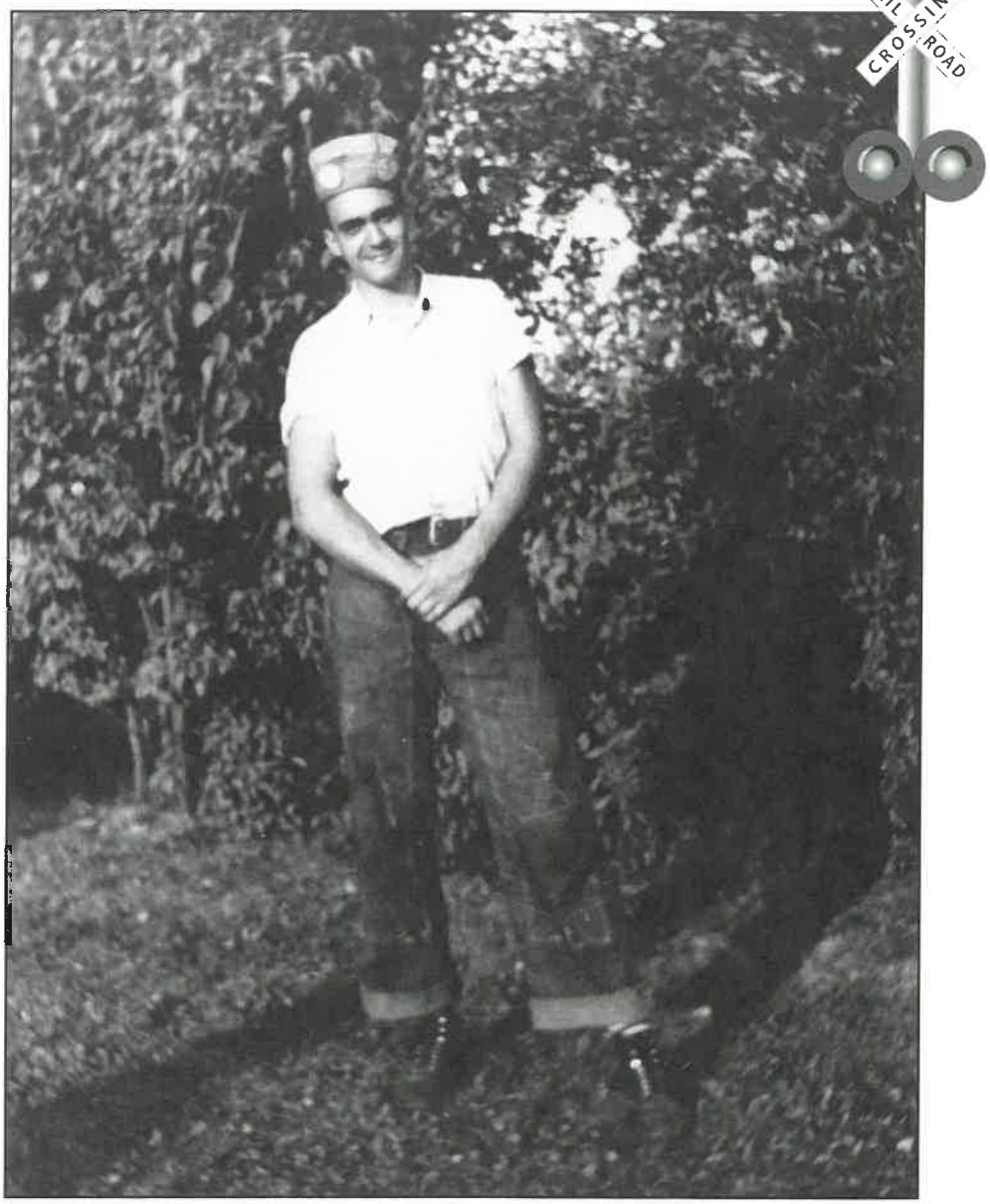
stepped on and the doors in the firebox would open. One had to hit the shovel on the bottom of the opening so the coal would scatter all over the bed of coals. As you threw the coal in, you would remove your foot and the door went shut fast. A big water tube showed the level of water in the boiler. When the level began to get low, we would open a valve by the foreman's seat and let a little water in at a time. This would keep from cooling off the boiler too much. You had to keep the pressure at a certain level in order for the engine to run. If the temperature got too low, the engine would not move. If the temperature got too high, there was a pop valve that would release the pressure.

On warm summer days, it was really hot working on the engines in the yard. The yard engines were a bit smaller than the road engines. The good thing about the road engines was that they each had a mechanical stoker. The fireman just sat in his seat and turned a valve, and the coal would feed into the firebox automatically. I can't remember what the wages were at the time, but I think it was about $25 a day for the yard work. When you went out on the road engines, the pay was three or four dollars more per day.

After spending four or five days working on the yard engines, we started going out on the road trips. These were more enjoyable than going back and forth in the yards. The road engines were massive pieces of machinery. It was a thrill to sit in the seat and look out the window as you went along the rails. Everyone usually waved at you, especially the children.

We would leave Fairmont with as many as 100 empty coal cars and head for the different mines around this part of the country. Going from mine to mine, we would leave empty cars and pick up cars that were filled with coal. Sometimes we would have some boxcars to be dropped off at different towns.

Some of the engineers were difficult to work with. The older engineers used to have to shovel coal into the engines when they were young firemen. I have heard tales from some of the old engineers that on a trip from Fairmont to Wheeling they would shovel as much as 20 or more tons of coal to fire the engines. Some of the engineers resented that a young fireman now could just sit on his butt, turn a valve, and the coal went into the firebox. The younger engineers were a lot easier to get along with, and were more apt to help you if you got into a jam.



Charles E. Brannon in 1942, a few years before he went to work for the B&O. Photograph by Laube Brothers Photo Finishers.

When I started going out on my own, there were good days and bad. I had not been on my own too many days when this one engineer stopped the engine as we were about to leave the train yards. He got out and walked about 50 yards down the track to talk to the engineer from another engine. After a little bit, he threw up his arm and motioned as if to say, "Come on down here." I didn't think much of it, and he gestured again. I wondered what the devil he wanted — he knew I was fairly new on the job. In a minute or so, he motioned again, and he looked a little irritated this time. Now, I had observed the engineer in all of his functions quite a bit. Well, if he wanted me to bring the engine and caboose — which was all we had at the time — down to where he was, I would try it.

I got into the engineer's seat and let off the handbrake, pushed the lever forward, and began pulling back on the throttle a little bit at a time. The engine started forward, and I proceeded down to where he was. I set the handbrake and pulled the lever back into neutral, and it was done.

The engineer came up into the cab and said, "I didn't mean for YOU to bring the engine down. Usually, the brakeman is watching and he brings it down when we stop here in the mornings." I told him that I thought he meant for me to do it. He asked me if I had ever run an engine before. I told him, "Heck, no! I don't know half what I'm doing as a fireman." So he just laughed and told me I could tell everyone that I had run an engine.

Another time I had been called about 8:00 in the evening and went with a crew that was taking a bunch of empties over to the mines around Mannington and Rachel. It was pouring down the rain, and everything was going along nicely. All of a sudden, I noticed the steam pressure was getting awful low. I got off my seat and opened the doors on the firebox. I had put way too much coal in with the stoker. The excess coal was smothering the fire. I happened to be with a younger engineer that night, and he could tell by the look on my face that I must be in trouble.

B&O EM-1 steam engine No. 7608 hauls a load of coal in 1952. Photograph by John "J.J." Young, courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives, WVSA. hereafter.

The engineer got off his seat and came over and looked in at the fire. He told me not to get excited about it. He said for me to just let him handle it for awhile. So he took the long rake and began raking the excess coal over to the sides. He turned the blower on, which helped the fire to burn better, and in about half an hour he had it all fixed up. He cautioned me not to put too much coal in without getting up and looking in the firebox. I sure remembered that lesson from that day on.

Another time, we were up around Zeising Zinc putting some boxcars into the plant. Going into their yard, the train went around a little bit of a curve, and it was on a bit of a downhill grade. My side of the engine was on the inside of the curve, which made me responsible for watching the signals from the flagman who was standing on the top of the boxcar. He had his arms stretched out from his body and made circles with his hands and arms. As we got nearer to the cars we were going to couple with, the circles were getting smaller. Well, that part of it I did not understand, and I kept telling the engineer to go back and back.

All at once, I saw that the flagman on top of the car threw himself down on the walkway on top of the car and held on for dear life. About that time, we hit the cars that we were going to pick up. The engineer and I were darn near thrown off our seats, and that engineer looked at me and hollered, "What the heck is going on, Fireboy?" I told him I didn't know what was going on. Soon, the flagman who was on top of the car came into the engine and asked if I was trying to kill him. I told him, "Not really." He proceeded to explain to me that as his arms were making smaller, slower circles, that meant that we needed to slow down and we were about to couple. So I learned something that day. There was never a day went by that I didn't learn something.

I was supposed to purchase a regular railroad watch within six months of starting to work. After about four months, I went to buy one and found

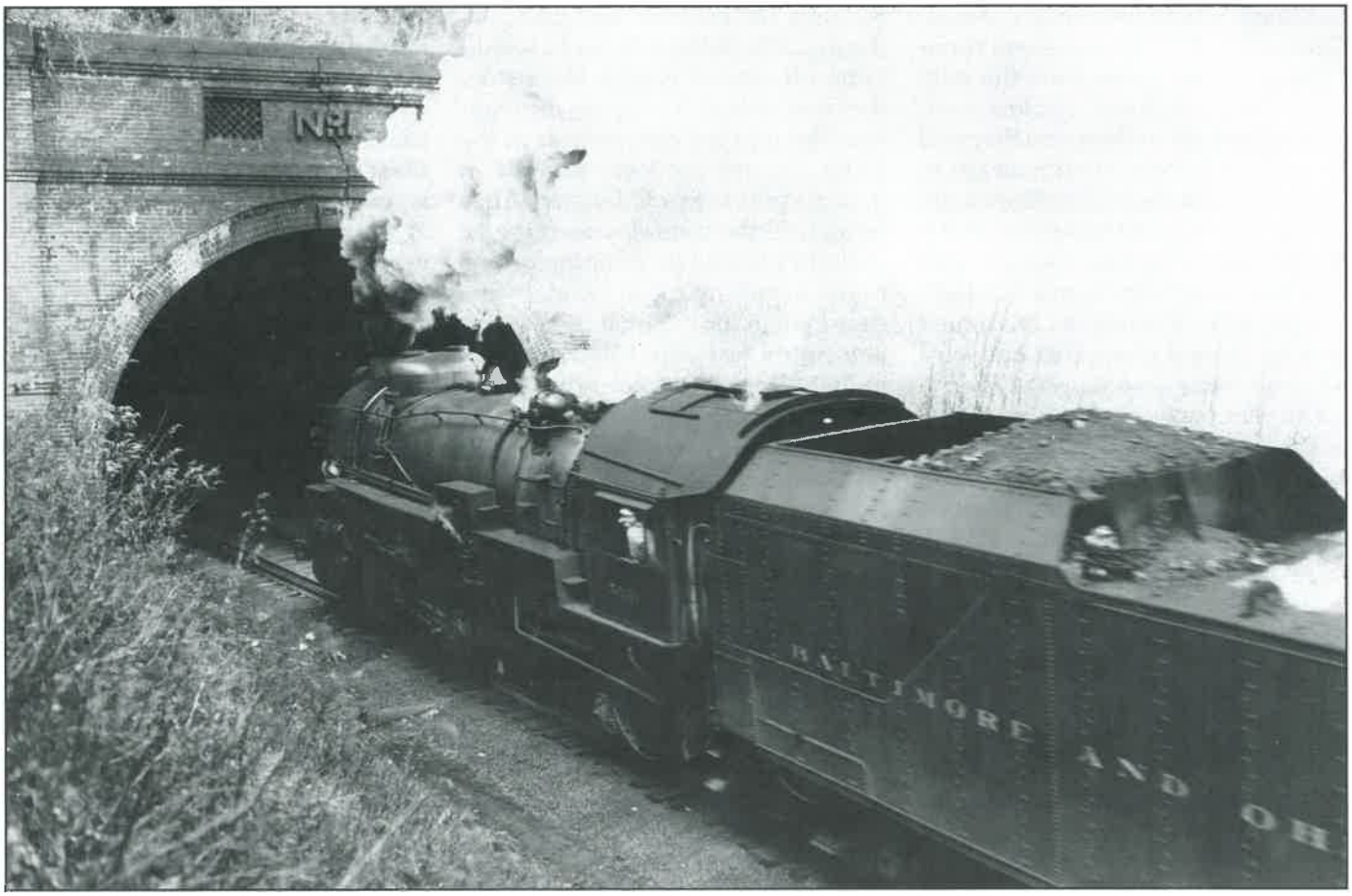
out that it would have to be ordered. The watch had to be a 21-jewel Hamilton or Elgin. Those were the only ones that the railroad would accept. So I ordered a Hamilton, and they said it would take four months to get it. The railroad office told me that would be okay as long as I had proof that it was ordered. The price for the watch was $69, which I thought was a heck of a price for a watch. At the time, I was carrying a watch that only cost $1, and it was keeping good time.

One day, I was called to meet a train at the Shinnston depot. Since I lived in Shinnston, I drove my car and left it at the depot. When we finished our shift, we were back in Fairmont. Now my car was in Shinnston, and I did not want to walk to town to catch a streetcar. There was a train ready to go to Shinnston, so I asked the conductor if I could ride in the caboose. He made arrangements with the engineer to slow down about the time the caboose was going by the depot at Shinnston, and I would jump off. As we neared Shinnston, the train slowed. I suppose the engineer thought the caboose was at the depot, but the caboose, with me in it, was a mile below Shinnston. After he slowed the train down where he thought I would be jumping off, he began to pick up speed again. By the time I got to the depot, he was going at a pretty fast clip. I had to jump, or I would end up some other place, probably Clarksburg, before he would stop. So I decided to jump. I threw my dinner box off, jumped, and hit the ground running. It was just by the grace of God that I didn't fall and skin myself up. I made it okay, I'm happy to say.

One time, I was with a crew that was placing empties at different mines and picking up the loaded cars. The engineer I was with was from Shinnston, and I had known him since I was a kid. He was an impressive-looking man. He walked erect and always wore his overalls and railroad cap when he went to town on errands. He was one of the older engineers out of Fairmont, and he was especially good at his trade. He commanded a lot of respect from everyone who knew him. Now here I was firing for him. We were going down to the Dawson mine, a little ways below Clarksburg. There was a little bit of a grade going down into the mine yards and, of course, it was uphill going back up to the main tracks.

The engineer was telling me that day that all the engineers played a little game in the process of pulling the loaded cars that they would pull out of Dawson. He said they always tried to see how many loaded cars they could pull out of there without spinning the wheels on the engine. An engineer really had to know how

Unidentified fireman in the cab of a P-class B&O steam locomotive, date and location unknown. Photograph by John "J.J." Young, courtesy of WVSA.



Billowing steam, smoke, and cinders, B&O No. 5091 prepares to enter the No. 1 tunnel in Wheeling, date unknown. Photograph by John "J.J." Young, courtesy of WVSA.

hard to work the throttle to do this. Spinning the wheels was something the railroad officials did not want to see an engineer do, for they said that it wasted fuel and also wore out the rims on the driving wheels. This engineer, whose name was Okey Hamrick, told me that he held the record by pulling 69 cars, if I recall correctly. Okey was a real nice fellow, as well as a great engineer.

The railroad had a road foreman of engines who roamed all over the rail system. He might show up any place you were working. He would climb into the engine and talk to the engineer and fireman, just checking to see if everything was going okay. He checked to see how clean and straight everything was in the engine. Sometimes he would question us on different rules and regulations. Being a fireman, you had to study all the time and take a test every few months. It was mandatory that you learn all about the different working parts of the engine, as well as all about the air-braking system. The railroad wanted you to advance, so when the need would arise after a few years, a fireman would be able to become an engineer.

Sometimes we would get called out on the Salem helper run. If a train going to Parkersburg had a lot of loaded cars, one engine could not get them over the long grade going west out of Salem. They would send one or sometimes two extra engines to help the train get over the hill. There was a long tunnel on this grade. When we would go through that darn thing, it would just about choke a person to death, especially if one was on the second engine. We would get a handful of waste, which was a bunch of strings or threads that the railroad used instead of rags. We would wet it from our drinking water and hold it over our nose and mouth. You could not hold your breath for as long as it took to get through the tunnel. The sulphur-smelling smoke out of the engines was really bad. After helping to get the train over the hump, we would just head back to Fairmont. I think I only had to make that run three or four times, but that was too many.

Late in the fall, the B&O railroad office girl informed me that in a couple of weeks I would have to go with a crew to work around Cameron. The crew would be there for a period of three weeks. We would stay there all the time and live in a boxcar that was converted into living quarters for such occasions. I told her, "No way!" I was not going to do anything that required me to be away from home that long. The office girl said I did not have any choice in the matter, but I informed her that I certainly did. I gave her my two-weeks notice.

She said I shouldn't do that. If nothing else, she said I should ask for a one-year furlough and not quit, for she had some good reports on my

work. I knew that if I stuck with the railroad, there would be lots of times I would be laid off. All the work out of the mine division depended on how well the mines worked. There were times that men would be laid off for months or maybe even years. I was discouraged with the work, as it seemed like such a rat race.

I worked my last two weeks, and it was more or less uneventful, except for an incident a couple of days before my last day. I was on a crew, and for some reason we were sitting on the siding at Monongah for a long time. It had been more than an hour, and it was hard to keep the fire going in the firebox and keep the steam up to par. All at once, the engineer climbed into the cab and was ready to go. This was one of those mean old SOB's, and he began giving me a hard time because I did not have up a full head of steam. I took his nasty talk for a minute or so and then I walked over, right in his face, and told him that if he did not shut his mouth that I was going to take my dinner bucket and get off the engine and catch a streetcar back to Fairmont. He could call the Fairmont office and have them send out another fireman. He could not do a darn thing to cause any trouble for me, because I was quitting and had only two more days to work. That engineer sat down in his seat and didn't say another thing to me during the three or four hours that it took us to get back into the yards. Evidently, he didn't say anything to anyone, for I never heard anymore about it.

I might add that darn watch finally came in about a month before I quit. So I carried a 21-jewel Hamilton railroad watch for the next 20 years or so as I did construction work. I still have the watch in my desk drawer to remind me of the nine months I worked for the great B&O railroad.

CHARLES E. BRANNON was born and raised in Shinnston, where he graduated high school prior to joining the navy during World War II. In 1950, he moved to Clarksburg and worked 40 years as a carpenter before retiring. Charles is the author of *The First 75 Years*, a memoir and book of family history. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Charles E. Brannon at home in Clarksburg. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Glory Bound

By Wilma Rugh Taylor

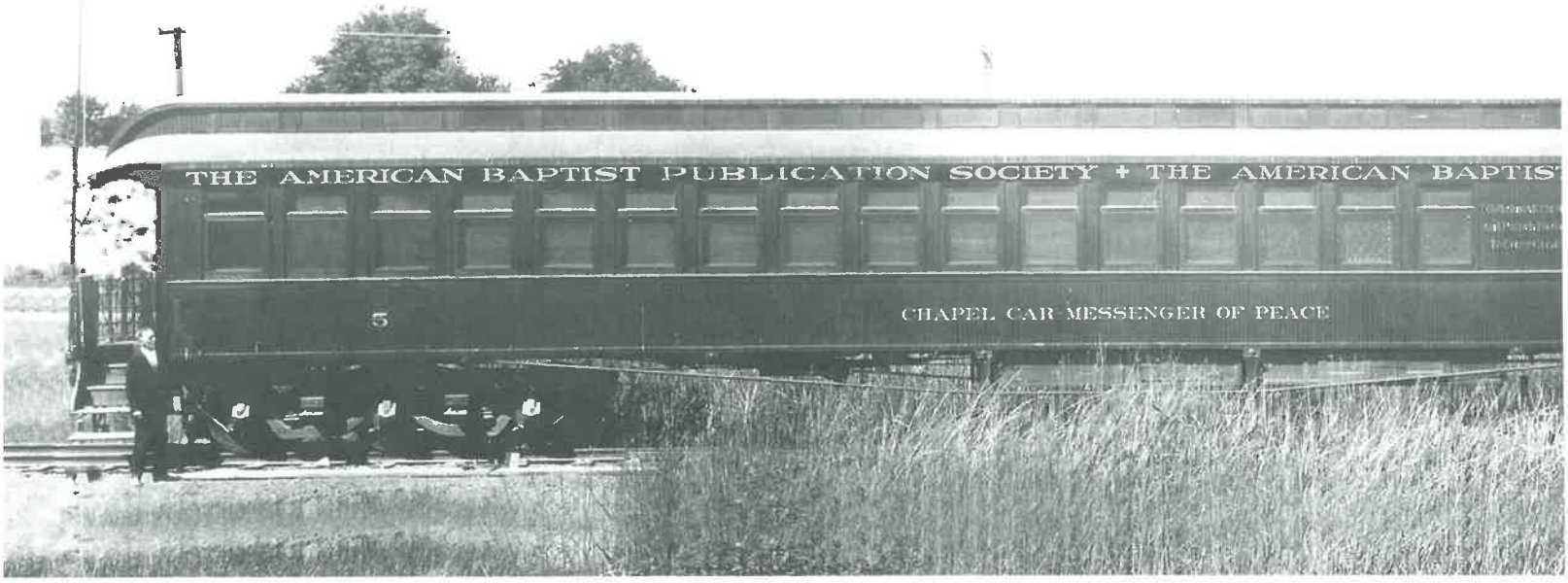
In the fall of 1911, along the lines of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, an unusual railroad car crawled along the New River Gorge on its way to the mining town of Thurmond Station. Gilded letters on the sides of the 85-foot varnished wood car announced "American Baptist Publication Society" and "Chapel Car Messenger of Peace." The purpose of this unique car was to bring the gospel to what Virginia Baptist missionary A.B. Withers called "the wickedest county in the state," attested to by Fayette County's contribution to the population of the West Virginia State Penitentiary. Thurmond itself was an island of sanity in a sea of immorality because of the strict moral code of the town's founder, Captain William Dabney Thurmond, but saloons like the Black Hawk, South Side, and Stackalee thrived in the Ballyhack district across the New River, where most of the crime occurred. [See "Thurmond: Change Continues for a New River Town," by W. Hodding Carter; Summer 1995.]

Railroad companies across the nation often provided the chapel cars with free or reduced passage and other amenities because of the improved moral climate in the railroad towns as a result of the chapel cars' work.

The Reverend and Mrs. Thomas R. Gale, missionaries working with the Railroad YMCA, came to help build a facility to provide the C&O rail workers with a wholesome haven from the desultory life of the saloons and brothels. Withers reported of the mission, "[Gale] has shaken Thurmond to its foundations. More than 50 people here have been converted, most of them railroad men." Before leaving West Virginia, the chapel car wound its way up the Loup Creek Branch to the tiny mining town of Redstar, Fayette County, where the Gales organized a church.

Another Baptist chapel car, *Herald of Hope*, came to West Virginia in 1915, this time hugging the curving banks of the Kanawha River and venturing back into the rowdy mining towns along Cabin Creek. *Herald of Hope*, the sixth of seven American Baptist Publication Society rail chapel cars, all built by the Barney & Smith Car Company of Dayton, Ohio, started its mis-

Chapel cars brought missionaries and their message to remote coal and timber communities in many parts of West Virginia during the early 20th century. The *Messenger of Peace*, shown here, came to Thurmond, Fayette County, in 1911.



Chapel Cars Come to West Virginia

Each chapel car provided a compact living space for its occupants, as seen here, in addition to an oak-paneled sanctuary for worship.

sion in Michigan in 1900. It worked its way through Illinois, Iowa, and Ohio before reaching the hills of West Virginia.

The first American chapel car, the *Episcopal Cathedral Car* of North Dakota, put in service in 1890, was followed by the seven Baptist cars, two Episcopal cars of Northern Michigan, and three Catholic Church Extension Society chapel cars. All the chapel cars were composed of a narrow sanctuary area and a compact living space. The last chapel cars in service, Baptist chapel cars *Grace* and *Messenger of Peace*, served until 1946.

The Reverend William F. Newton, who had received his ministerial training as a protege of Dwight L. Moody, along with his wife, Fannie, began work on *Herald of Hope* with railroaders and their families at Point Pleasant, and then went to Henderson. At St. Marys, Newton started a preaching tradition of witnessing in the town pool halls.

He explained that the mayor had given him permission, only he was not permitted to preach. "This is the only way to get at the crowd of railroad men who rarely attend any of the church services," he said.

The first evening they went into one pool hall, every cue was laid down, the balls were put in the rack, and the men sat or stood around the walls. Newton lifted his sweet tenor voice in his favorite hymn: "Then go out through the streets and byways/ Preach the Word to the many or few/ Say to every fallen brother/ There's honey in the rock for you/ Honey in the rock, my brother/ O there's honey in the rock for you/ Leave your sins for the blood to cover/ There's honey in the rock for you." According to Newton, the men "remained as quiet and listened as attentively as any congregation I have ever seen," and many came to the chapel car for services.

The men and company managers of the B&O at the St. Marys shops showed great courtesy to the Newtons and gave *Herald of Hope* "the best place on the siding," Newton said. Railroad companies across the nation often provided the chapel cars with free or reduced passage and other amenities because of the improved moral climate in the railroad towns as a result of the chapel cars' work. Without this courtesy, the chapel cars could never have afforded to operate.

From St. Marys, the chapel car traveled to Wheeling, where Newton said, "God moved upon hard hearts," then to Cameron to give support to a young church. After securing the poolroom at Wallace, an oil town on the Short Line Railroad in Harrison County, Newton organized a Sunday school with 45 members.

The Reverend William F. Newton, standing fourth from the left, came to West Virginia with the *Herald of Hope* chapel car in 1915. He remained here until his death in 1931.

The new congregation met in the oak-paneled chapel car, listening to Newton preach at the brass lectern and singing along with the hymns played by Mrs. Newton on the Estey organ. In an art-glass frame centered high above the platform were the impossible-to-miss etched words, "God Is Love."

Fannie Newton held meetings for the children in the afternoons after school, teaching them Bible stories and songs and giving out floral scripture cards. Often, she welcomed the town women to tea in the tiny parsonage behind the chapel, equipped with berths, a dining table, a roll-top desk, galley, and washroom, using china donated by Baptist women.

From 1915 to 1918, *Herald of Hope* visited the Coal & Coke Railway towns of Gassaway, Clay, Hurricane, and Pisgah Mines, and the Kanawha Valley communities of Smithers (Cannelton), Gauley Bridge, Boomer, Cedar Grove, and Belle, as well as Ronda, about two miles up Cabin Creek, an area they would come to know well.

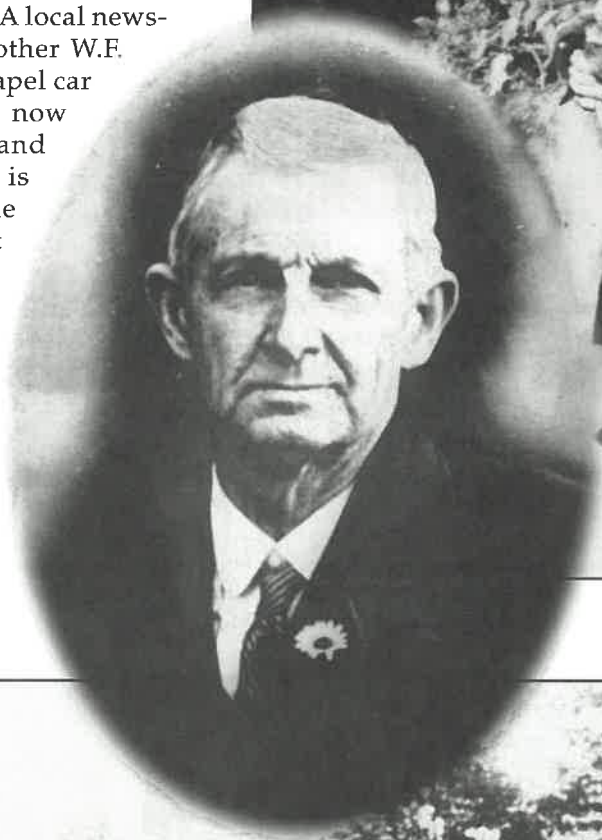
Newton organized the Hope Baptist Church at Frametown, Braxton County, on March 17, 1916, noting, "This new church has in it good material and starts with a good prospect of permanency. It is located at a common center where the people come to transact business." In Clendenin, still experiencing boomtown status starting with the discovery of oil and gas deposits in 1900 and continuing with the building of the Elk Refining Company in 1911 and the Cobb Compressor Plant, Newton revived the Sunday school.

"The object of the chapel car is to go to the people, but it has been reversed here, and they come to us."

At Malden and Dana (now Port Amherst), some six miles above Charleston at the mouth of Campbells Creek, the Newtons held services in the open air near the Kanawha & Michigan Railroad station, where large numbers of men would meet from night to night. At the closing service held at the Dickinson Coal & Coke Railway shops in the late summer of 1916, there were not enough seats for the crowd. The Quincy area, perched above the Kanawha River, was a coal mining and railroad center as early as the 1880's. *Herald of*

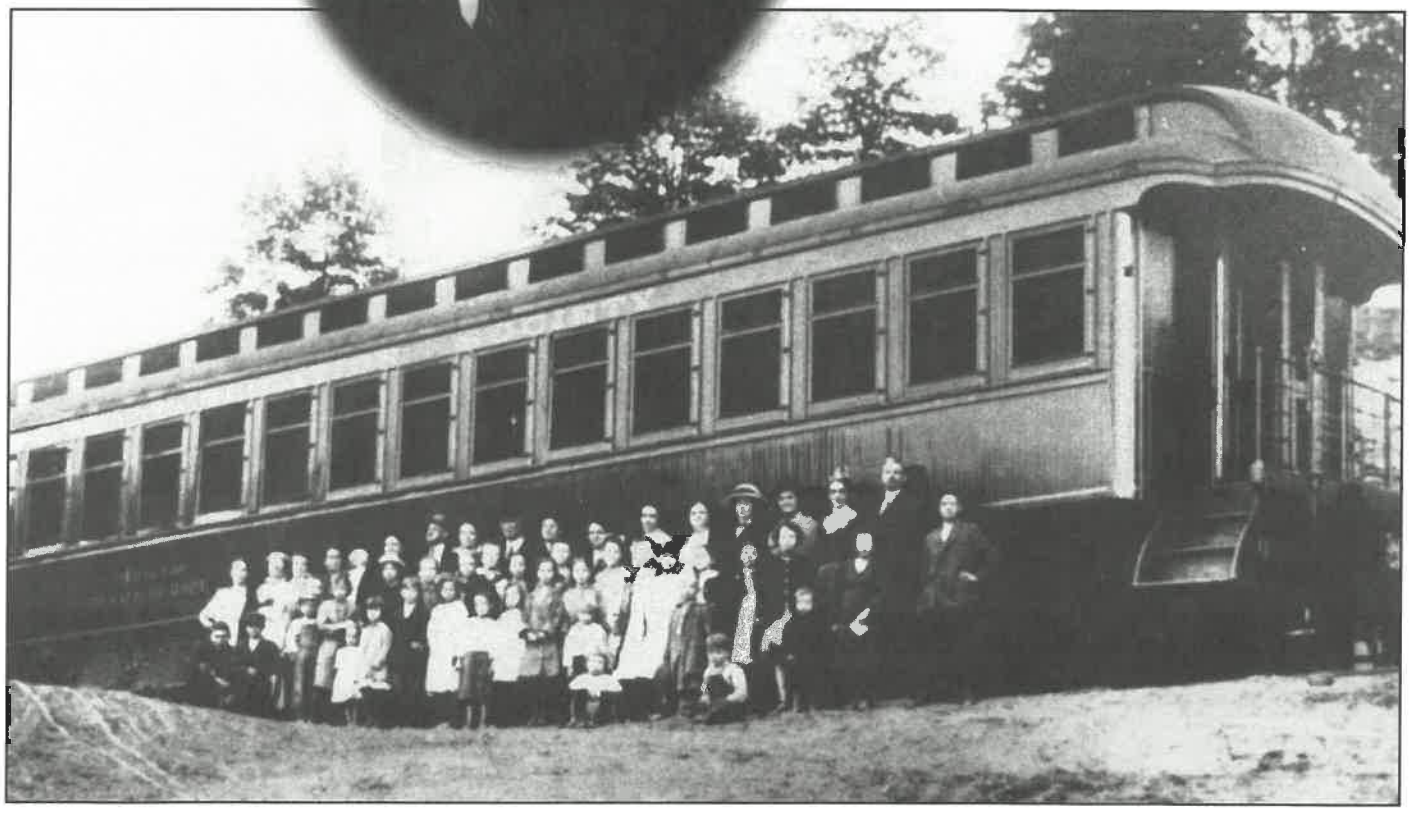
Hope was the site for services there, resulting in the reorganization of the Naomi Baptist Church.

During World War I, the government put a halt to movement of all private cars, including *Herald of Hope*. Newton found himself in the Dunbar/Nitro area during this time and said of this period, "The object of the chapel car is to go to the people, but it has been reversed here, and they come to us." A local newspaper wrote, "Brother W.F. Newton of the chapel car *Herald of Hope* is now at Lock Seven, and unusual interest is manifested in the work. At the first



Right: Rev. William Newton and his wife, Fannie, in the early 1930's. After taking their ministry around the state for seven years, the Newtons came in 1922 to Quinwood, Greenbrier County, where they stayed until Rev. Newton's passing in 1931. The *Herald of Hope* was their home for all those years.

Below: The *Herald of Hope* at Wallace, Harrison County, in 1915, where Rev. Newton formed a congregation from the patrons of a poolroom.



meeting, Brother Newton spoke to more than 1,000 men."

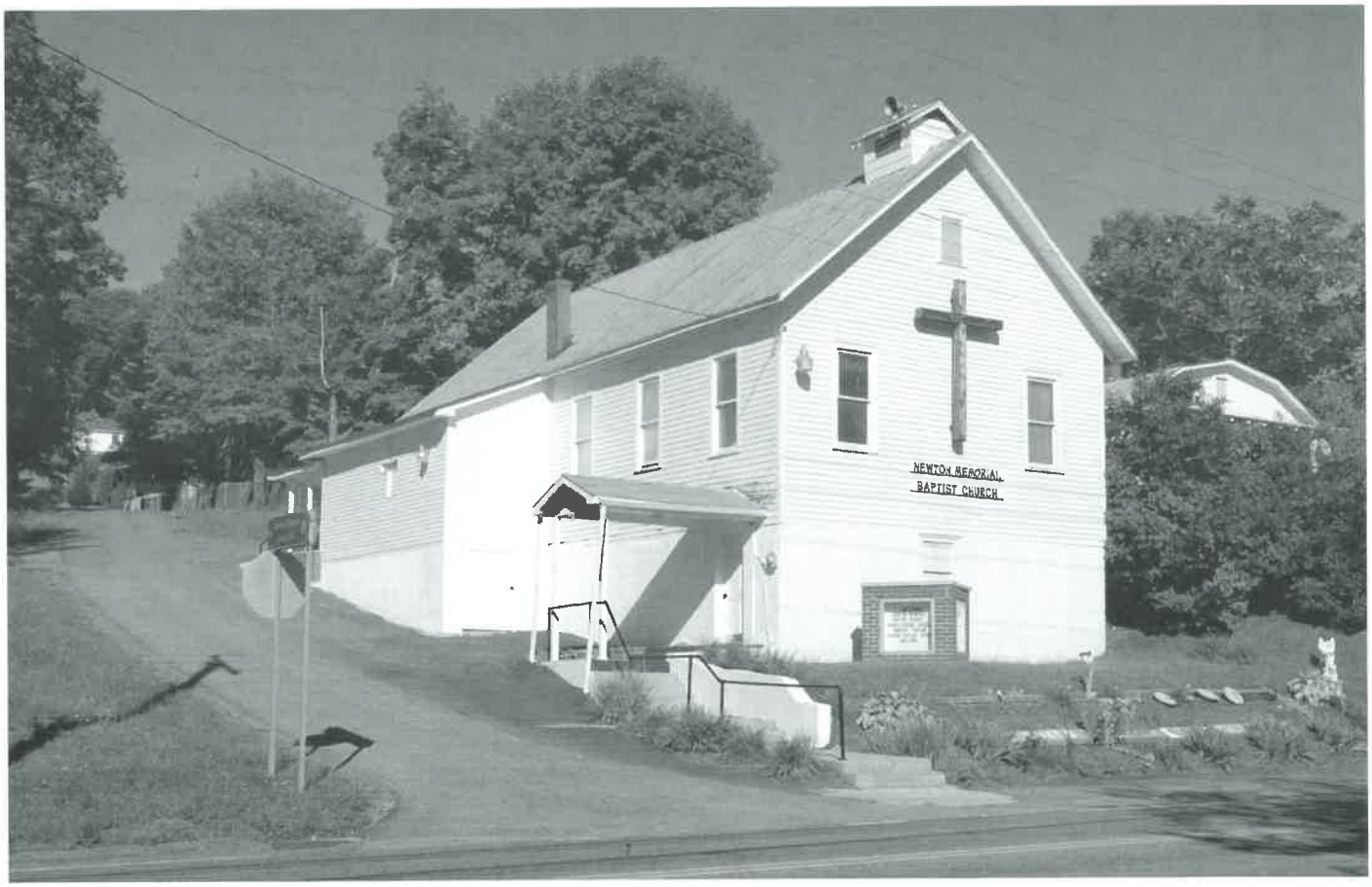
During the period of their service, the Newtons and *Herald of Hope* ventured down the Cabin Creek area several times, permission granted for movement of the car by the friendly Coal & Coke Railway management. Here, they ran into angry miners. Several of them at Eskdale along Cabin Creek tried to dynamite the chapel car. Tension was running high after the United Mine Workers' march of 1921. [See "The Red Neck War of 1921: The Miners' March and the Battle of Blair Mountain," by Michael M. Meador; April-June 1981, also in the GOLDENSEAL *Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars*; see page 5.]

This was a time when all outsiders were suspect. Newton told how as they pulled into town with the car attached to a coal train, "The devil put up a great howl. Men stood in their store doors with clinched [sic] fist, telling us to go right on through. That afternoon I went from store to store, bought a little here and there, and invited my knockers to come to the meeting that night. Some came; others followed."

"My dad would tell me when I was very small how he would tuck me under his arm and carry me across the snow to the chapel car."

As a result of Newton's visits among the logging and coal camps, relations in the Cabin Creek area were improved. Through the generosity of John Q. Dickinson of Charleston and his coal company, the Ronda church came into possession of property that had been used as a schoolhouse and later as a poolroom. Several hundred dollars were spent on the building in remodeling and equipping it for use as a church.

On September 15, 1922, *Herald of Hope* came to Quinwood, a new mining town near Rainelle, in the western part of Greenbrier County. Newton commented that the town was about 2,500 feet above sea level and would soon be a great town. Families, most of them with miner fathers who worked for the Imperial Colliery Company (sometimes called the Imperial Smokeless Coal Company) came to the growing church. Quinwood resident Lucille Pomeroy Fox became a favorite of Mrs. Newton, corresponding with her even after Rev. Newton died and Mrs. Newton returned to her home in Massachusetts.



The Newton Memorial Baptist Church in Charmco, Greenbrier County, was founded and built by Rev. William Newton, whose name it bears. Founding churches was a key element of the chapel cars' mission, and many of these churches remain in service in West Virginia today, this one included. Photograph by Doug Chadwick.

According to Mrs. Fox, "My dad, who worked for another company than the local Imperial Smokeless Coal Company, would tell me when I was very small (she was born in 1921) how he would tuck me under his arm and carry me across the snow to the chapel car. I remember it was Mrs. Newton who taught me how to keep myself neat and presentable as I grew older. She always stressed the importance of appearance.

"She taught my older sister, who was the first person baptized in the new church, how to play the piano. She and Mr. J. Wade Bell, the owner of the coal company, bought a beautiful Baldwin piano for my sister and had it shipped from up north somewhere to our home."

On January 17, 1924, the *Baptist Banner* reported, "A church lot, finely located, will soon become the property of the First Baptist Church of Quinwood. It is fully expected that a splendid $8,000 church house will be erected during the spring and summer."

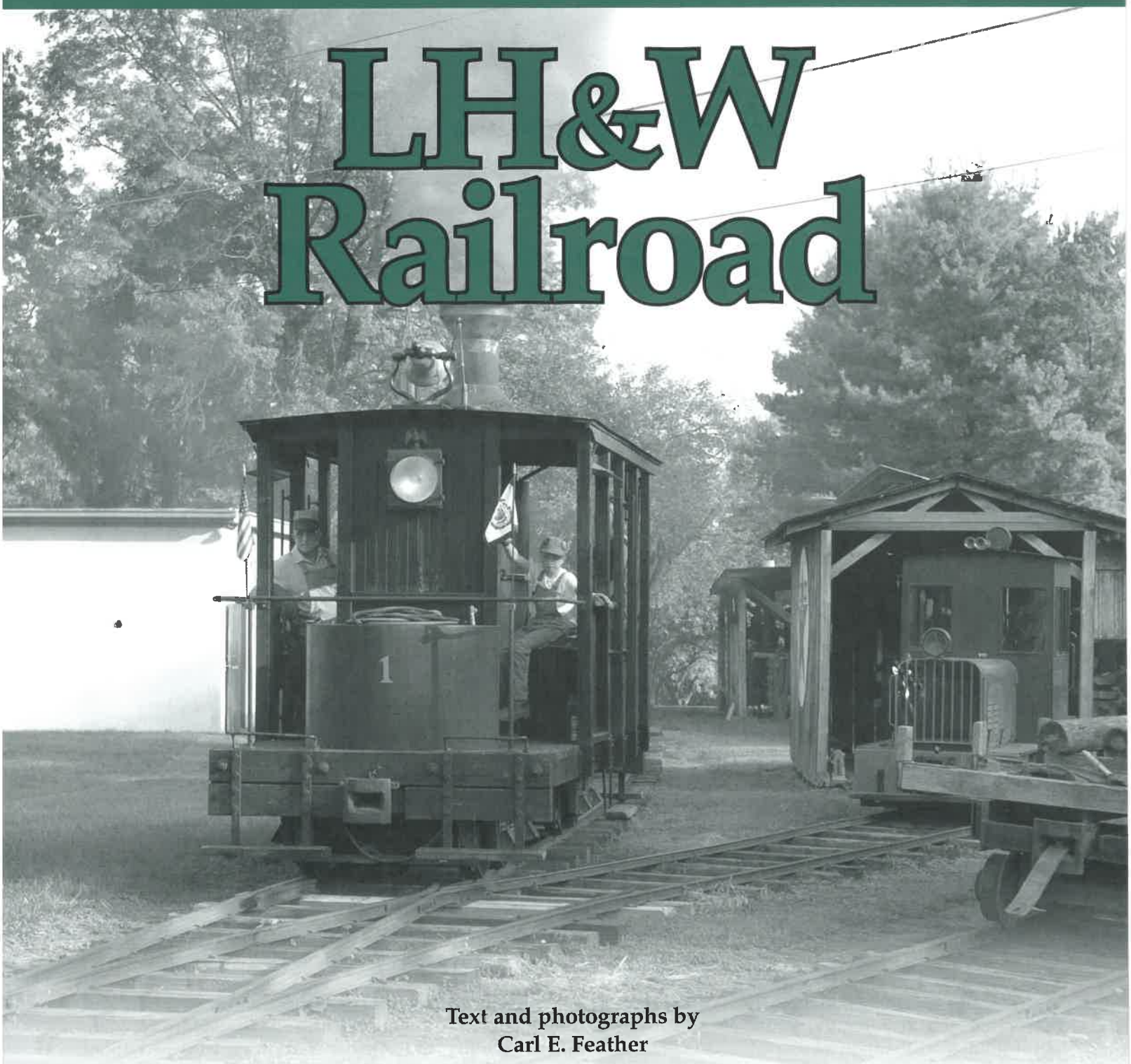
On June 4, 1931, Rev. Newton passed away while on vacation. The *Banner* reported that all Quinwood business places were closed during the funeral. Newton Memorial Baptist Church at Charmco was Newton's memorial to himself. According to West Virginia pastor Homer C. Piercy, "Brother Newton had an insurance policy that matured, and, perhaps sensing his mortality, he used the money to have the church and parsonage erected."

The Reverend Earl Ted Wall, pastor emeritus at the Winfield Baptist Church reminisced about his *Herald of Hope* experience: "I think it was back in 1938 or '39, I was asked to come to MarFrance, a little community just out of Quinwood, to conduct a revival service. I took with me a good friend, Wilson Mitchem, a good pianist and worker with young people. When we arrived, we learned the meetings were to be in a railroad car named *Herald of Hope*. I remember there was a pump organ. If you didn't pump, you didn't play. Although it was in the winter, Wilson would perspire as he pumped and played that organ. I didn't have a very wide audience, but I surely had a long one."

Lucille Pomeroy Fox of Quinwood grew up attending services at the *Herald of Hope* and has fond memories of Rev. and Mrs. Newton and their chapel car. "Almost everything I learned about my faith, I learned there," she says. Photograph by Doug Chadwick.

Lucille Pomeroy Fox, looking at a picture of *Herald of Hope* pasted in her scrapbook, said, "When Mrs. Newton moved back to her home east, Mr. Bell had the car moved to the coal company and used it as an office. I'm sure they tried to keep an eye on it. Mr. Bell thought a lot of that car. I never will forget that car. You know I spent most of my early years there. I can remember all the books, and the lights from all the lamps, and the music, and Mr. and Mrs. Newton. Almost everything I learned about my faith, I learned there."

WILMA RUGH TAYLOR of Indianapolis is the author of six books of church, railroad, and American history, including *This Train is Bound for Glory: The Story of America's Chapel Cars*, co-authored with her late husband, Norman Thomas Taylor. She earned a master's degree from Butler University and taught journalism and writing for 30 years, retiring in 1993. This is Wilma's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

Some people put a swimming pool or a garden in their backyard. Keith Mason of Clarksburg has a railroad. He is visible here, at left, at the controls of his Locust Heights & Western Railroad engine No. 1, while grandson Tre Roach rings the bell. The pair are preparing for their regular Wednesday night excursion.

The Mason Family's Backyard Train

The Locust Heights & Western Railroad hasn't turned a profit in more than three decades, as long as it has been running. Owners Keith and Jean Mason have never taken a salary from the venture, and their workers have never drawn a paycheck.

Nevertheless, every Wednesday from May through October, the LH&W makes its scheduled run from the depot in the Masons' backyard at 7 p.m. From there, the tracks parallel Spence Drive (the little street that runs through this Harrison County subdivision), cross a trestle, and ascend a five-percent grade. They terminate at the far reaches of the Masons' property, at a reclaimed strip mine.

The excursion lasts 20 to 30 minutes and is but one mile, round trip. The Masons don't charge a fare, although donations are gladly accepted. Nor do they advertise. As one first-time rider noted, he's lived in Harrison County all his life and didn't know this hobby excursion train existed until a friend told him about it.

Most people who ride it come back again and again to enjoy the novelty of the excursion, the genuine steam-railroading experience, and camaraderie of the owners and volunteer crew.

"We have a lot of faithful people who come and ride it every year," says Tammy Roach, the Masons' daughter and a trackside resident of Locust Heights. "We do it because we love it."

For at least 20 years, Bill and Norma Smith of Morgantown have been making the 30-mile trip virtually every night the train runs. They discovered the train while their son, Jeff, was a teenager. Norma says Jeff's interest in railroading is what initially drew them to the mini-excursion.

"We just started coming up on Wednesday nights, and that's the way it's been ever since," Norma says. "It's our lifestyle."

Railroading is a lifestyle for Keith and Jean, as well. Their home is surrounded by evidence of Keith's passion for all things mechanical and historical, from the antique gasoline engines he enjoys restoring and showing to the life-size locomotive and cars he built for his narrow-gauge railroad.

A retired machine shop owner — his shop is next to their home — Keith learned the trade from his late father, Kenneth, and four years of mechanical engineering classes

The crew of the LH&W includes, from the left, Bill Brady, Worthy Hall, Mark Ware, owner Keith Mason (seated in cab), Tom Proud, Kevin Snyder, Tammy Roach, and Tre Roach. Gerald Corder and Dave Schwartz also assist with the railroad's operation.

at West Virginia University.

He's never worked for a railroad, and there are no railroaders in his family. Nevertheless, Keith has always been fascinated with trains and what makes them run. When he was in junior high school, he built a working stationary steam engine. It was then just a matter of time and real estate before he built a steam locomotive and the railroad on which to run it.

Jean and Keith have three daughters: Michele, Tammy, and Kristi. When one of them asked for a playhouse, Keith instilled a bit of his railroading interest in the project.

"We started by building a caboose when my daughter Michele was six or seven years old," he says.

That was in the late 1960's. After his father died and the responsibility of the family business fell upon Keith in 1972, he decided to build a locomotive as a pastime.

Keith chose the Climax Class A locomotive, which was used in lumbering operations in many West Virginia forests. Using only photographs and drawings of these classic timber-operation locomotives, Keith built his engine over the course of a year. At 20 feet in length, his locomotive is slightly smaller than a Climax. It has a chain-sprocket drive rather than the conventional gear drive of the Climax. While some Climax engines ran on U-shaped wheels on "pole rails," he chose a narrow-gauge set of wheels. Otherwise, it's an accurate, fully functional, steam-powered reproduction built of wood.

The original boiler came off a steam winch found near Roanoke, Virginia. The two upright cylinders, manufactured by J.F. Byers, came off a steam winch Keith found in Ohio. The link and pin couplers are from log cars used by Ely-Thomas Lumber Company in Jettsville. The wheels are off lumber carts used at a sawmill near Franklin. The bell is from an antique store, and various steam whistles are used, including one made by Mark Ware, an LH&W crew member.

Keith fabricated and assembled the balance of the locomotive in his shop. "We ran it back and forth on the shop floor using compressed air and worked the bugs out of it that way," Keith says of the development stage.

Compressed air was used again to move the engine out of the shop and onto a spur of the mainline. Keith says its maiden run went well because of all the testing they'd done during development. "We had everything working pretty good," he says.

Keith says he named his railroad the Locust Heights & Western because Locust Heights is where they live, and the train runs west. A nameplate on the LH&W No. 1 states the date of manufacture as 1974.

Building a locomotive and the cars was only half the job, however. Keith also had to grade the land, put down a bed, and lay track. He scrounged around the state, looking for track on which to run his new locomotive. "A lot of the rails came from a sawmill in Franklin," he says.

The railroad ties were cut from discarded utility poles to the specifications needed by his railroad: five-by-seven inches around and five feet long.

Cutting the ties was no problem for Keith. Concurrent with building his railroad, he also ran a steam-powered sawmill behind his shop. Keith put his locomotive to good use hauling the utility poles from the drop-off site

A recent excursion of the LH&W included the train's engine, at right, a flatcar for hauling ties and other hardware, an open-air passenger car with benches for seating, and a caboose. The one-mile round trip winds through the woods behind the Masons' Locust Heights home, and back again.

Eight-year-old Tre Roach, a born railroader, is learning all he can about running a steam engine.

in his yard to the sawmill, where he built an elaborate system to convey the poles from the log railcar he built to the sawmill. Keith operated the mill 33 years before having to shut it down because of a bad boiler.

It takes a sizeable crew of volunteers to keep the track, locomotive, and rolling stock in good condition. The crew includes Tom Proud, helper and general hand; Kevin Snyder, brakeman; Bill Brady, a track worker who is married to the Masons' daughter Kristi; Mark Ware, the locomotive's fireman; Tammy Roach, who can do just about any job on the railroad; and Gerald Corder, a welder who does many different jobs. Worthy Hall hauls coal for the engine, and Dave Schwartz takes care of any job that comes along. The railroad also gets a helping hand from others, including Bill Smith, Bill Lance, Bob Fultz, and Jack Clayton.

"We all do track work," says Tom Proud. "Keith, we still consider him to be the engineer. We're all a bunch of grunts."

In 2003, this group of hobbyists nearly doubled the reach of the LH&W by spending many weeks cutting locust trees for ties and laying track up farther into the second-growth forest. Tom Proud says they put the railroad to good use hauling locust logs to the sawmill area. Worthy Hall sawed most of the ties for the railroad. Tom Proud says these locust ties present a formidable challenge to the trackmen. The wood is so dense, they have to drill starter holes in the ties before driving the spikes in them.

The men wrapped up the track extension project in 2004. The following year, they turned their attention to repairing and upgrading the original section of the railroad. Many of the ties had rotted and were in need of replacement.

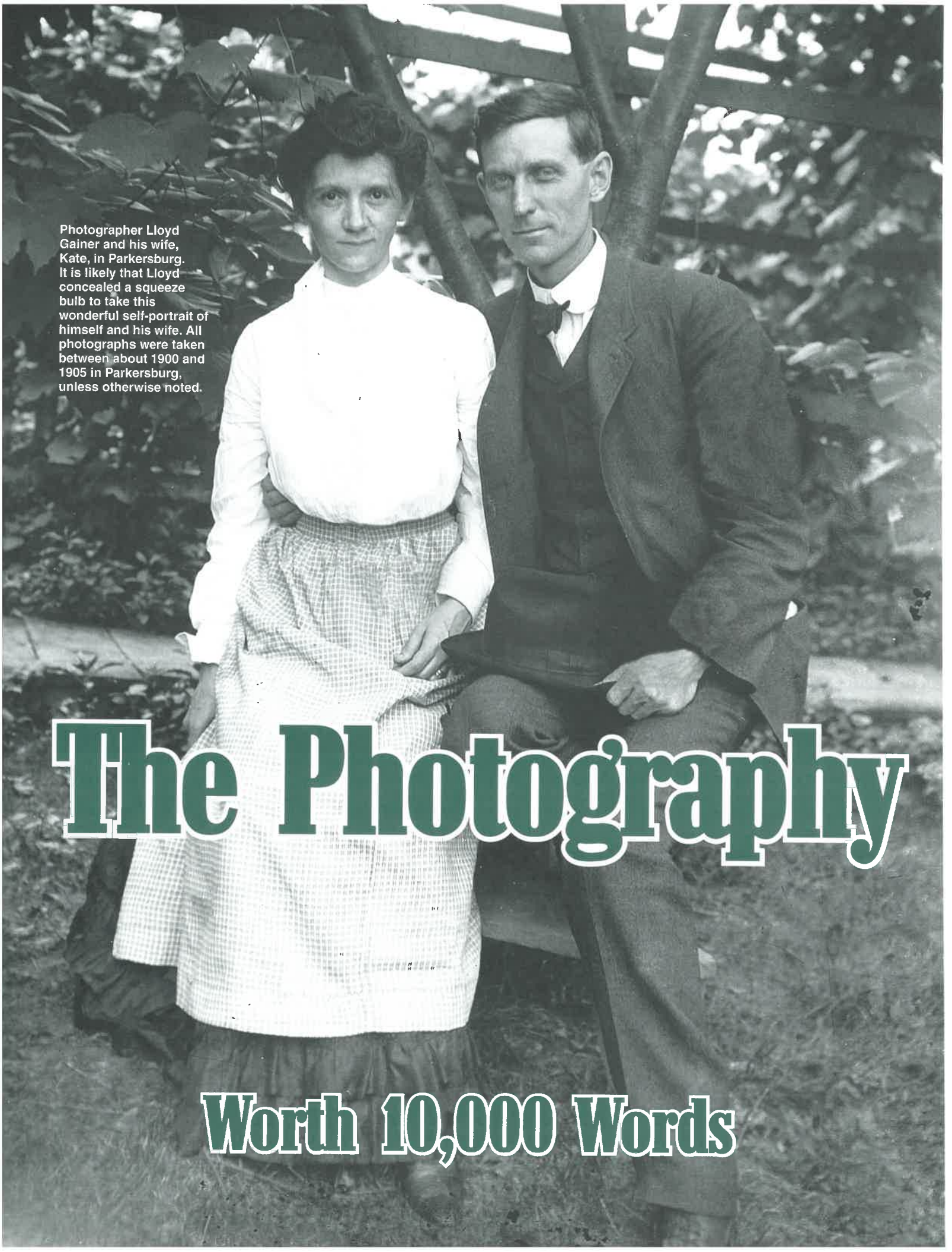
Their winter 2006 project was to replace the trestle, which was part of the original track from the early 1970's. The 40-foot-long trestle crosses a swampy area just before the track ascends the first grade. Although only six feet tall, the trestle still must bear the weight of the locomotive, which Keith estimates at 5.5 tons. Accordingly, the timbers supporting the trestle are set on concrete footers.

Crossing this trestle is one of the excursion highlights. Another is seeing the deer and wild turkey that frequently cross the track in front of the train. Passengers have the option of riding in the caboose or sitting on church pews fastened to a flatbed car. Tom Proud, who prides himself on being a bit of a comedian, likes to remind riders, "Just because you are sitting in church pews, don't fall asleep."

Although they joke around a lot with the passengers, the men who run this railroad are very serious about safety. The boiler, which was replaced about five years ago at a cost of $10,000, is inspected annually by the state. Only experienced boiler operators — Keith, Mark, Dave, and Tom — are permitted to steam up the engine and operate it. Dave Schwartz and Tom Proud have both volunteered on scenic railroads and are certified locomotive engineers.

Likewise, an experienced brakeman rides the caboose and carefully controls the train's descent down the five-percent grades. The engine doesn't run unless there's a full crew available to ensure safe operation, even though the train only goes five miles per hour.

Tom Proud has been working with Keith since 1985, when he visited the railroad for the first time. Tom, who worked for a utility company at the time, says he learned about the LH&W when he dropped off some contract work at Keith's machine shop. Railroading resonated with Tom, a native of the Thomas area, and he showed up for the next Wednesday night run.



Photographer Lloyd Gainer and his wife, Kate, in Parkersburg. It is likely that Lloyd concealed a squeeze bulb to take this wonderful self-portrait of himself and his wife. All photographs were taken between about 1900 and 1905 in Parkersburg, unless otherwise noted.

The Photography

Worth 10,000 Words

Francis (right) and Vincent, the two eldest of the Gainers' seven children. They appear to be preparing to "set sail" in a wooden produce crate. It was a custom in Irish families at the time for young boys under the age of seven to wear dresses, often over their pants, as shown here.

# of Lloyd Gainer

By John Lilly **Photographs by Lloyd Gainer**

Until the day that modern science can master the art of time travel, our best window to the past might be through vintage photography. And few of these windows are more inviting than the exquisite photographs of Lloyd M. Gainer (1870-1905).

Descended from one of western Virginia's earliest families, Lloyd traced his roots to Ireland through his great-grandfather, Cornelius Gainer, who emigrated from Dublin in 1725. His descendants made their way into what would become Barbour and Gilmer counties by Revolutionary War times, and they remain a prominent presence there still.

Lloyd McCubben Gainer was born in Gilmer County in 1870. He had one sister, named Myrtle. Though his family farmed, Lloyd moved to Parkersburg as an adult and made his living as an accountant. At some point, he developed an interest in the growing art of photography and became quite active as a hobbyist.

He married Kathryn "Kate" Gaston (1878-1956), and the pair had seven children. These youngsters, and other unidentified local children, were the featured subjects of many of Lloyd's finest photographs. He also photographed adults, scenery, floods, trains, and other sights in central and western West Virginia, but his casual portraits of children, taken mostly in Parkersburg between 1900 and 1905, stand out technically and

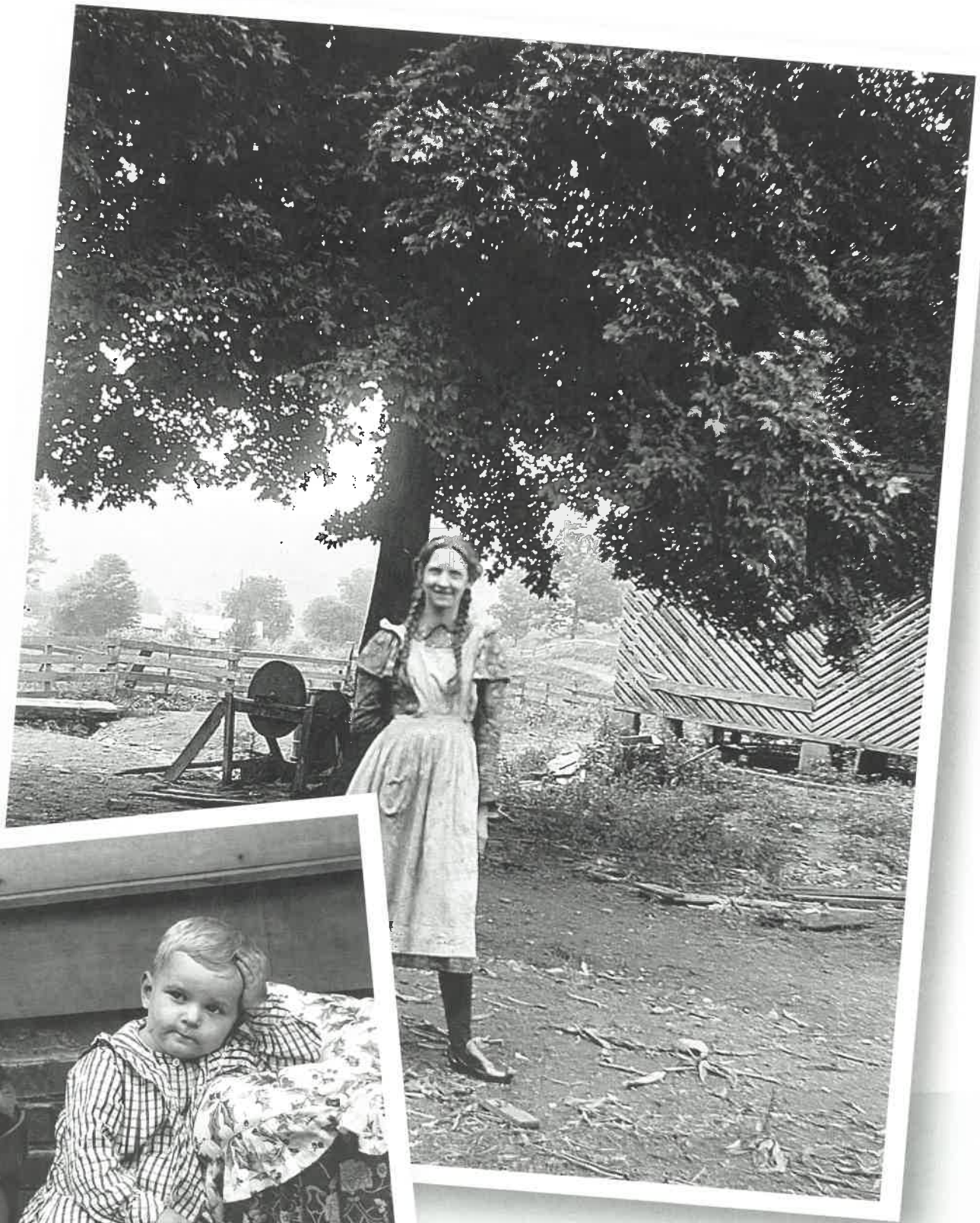
Francis Gainer (1897-1977) with a small pail of fresh-picked berries. As an adult, Francis was a combat veteran of World War I, where he survived a gas attack. He later had a career in civil service.

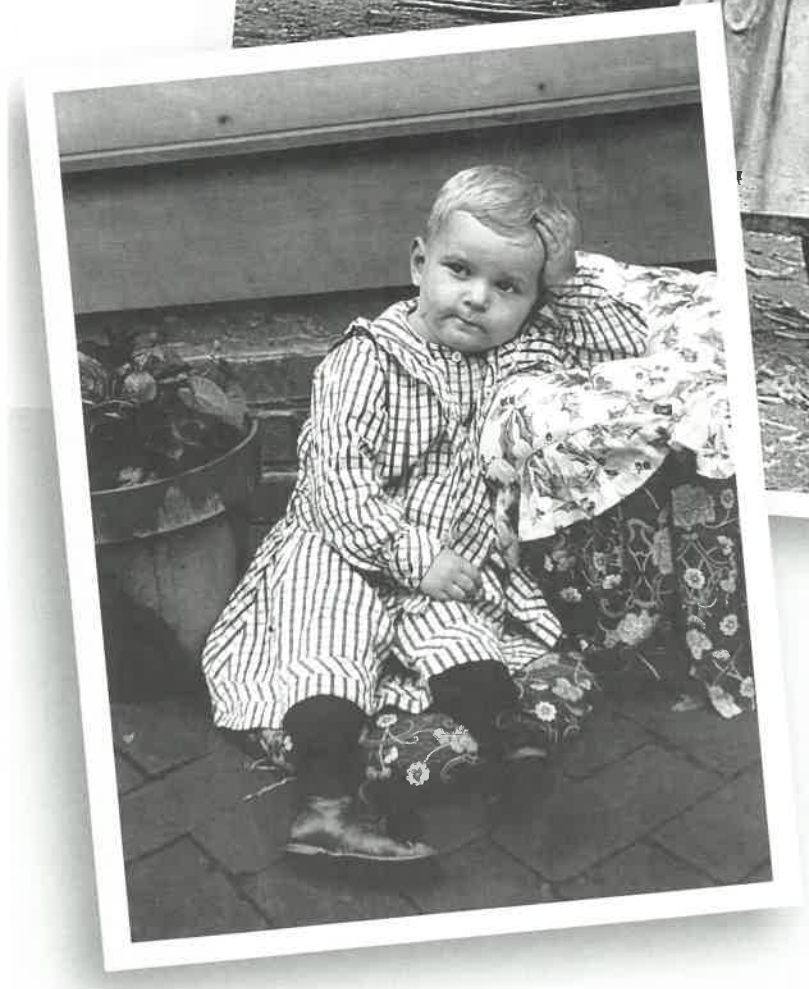
artistically, as exceptional works of photography.

No one is alive today who recalls when these photographs were made. Lloyd himself was stricken with appendicitis and died as a result in 1905, at the age of 35. Since Lloyd left no diaries or notes concerning his photography hobby, the Gainer family has had to piece together the details of these remarkable, if enigmatic, heirlooms.

Patrick A. Gainer of Tanner, Gilmer County, a retired aeronautical engineer, still lives on old family land, in a house built by his father in 1963. His father, Dr. Patrick W. Gainer (1903-1981), was a renowned folklore and English professor at West Virginia University, a prolific folk song collector, and founder of the West Virginia State Folk Festival at Glenville. [See "Dr. Gainer: Folk Festival Founder," by Paul Gartner; Summer 2000.] Patrick W. was still a baby when his father, Lloyd, died. As a result, Patrick W. had no recollections of his father. Son Patrick A. Gainer, a talented photographer in his own right [see front cover photograph; Summer 2000], has taken it upon himself to gather information about his grandfather and his photography.

According to Patrick, Lloyd was probably self-taught and never worked as a professional photographer. "He wasn't hired," Patrick says. "They were just for family." He says that as far as he knows, Lloyd only owned





Above: Lloyd's sister, Myrtle (1884-1905), most likely at the family farm in Gilmer County. Myrtle died of tuberculosis, shortly following the passing of her brother, Lloyd.

Left: Bernard Gainer (born 1901), the fourth-born son, in repose. As an adult, Bernard became editor of the *Clarksburg Exponent* newspaper.

Above: Lloyd's father, Francis "Frank" (1848-1928), with young grandsons Francis (left) and Vincent. A Gilmer County farmer, Frank raised the Gainer children following Lloyd's untimely death in 1905. He was considered a primary influence on the life and career of folklorist, musician, and educator Patrick W. Gainer.

Opposite page: Lloyd M. "Little Lloyd" Gainer (born 1900), the family's third child. He is said to have died young, date and cause uncertain.

the one field camera, which remained in the family for sometime, though Patrick can't say for sure where the camera or tripod are today. Lloyd probably didn't have a darkroom, Patrick says, but most likely developed and printed his pictures in a special tent put up in the yard, with red tinted windows, which was a common practice at that time.

Since photography was no more than a pastime for Lloyd, Patrick feels that his family took a rather nonchalant attitude toward it. This might have paid unexpected dividends for Lloyd, as he had little trouble putting his subjects — his children and their friends — at ease in front of the hooded, tripod-mounted contraption with the flash powder.

A disadvantage to his family's casual attitude toward Lloyd's photography was evidenced in a conspicuous lack of record-keeping and preservation concerning these photographs in the years following his death. "The people who came after him didn't think much of his negatives," Patrick says, "because those were stored in an attic, unprotected, in paper envelopes. On some of those [negatives], the paper is stuck to it."

After retrieving these fragile glass-plate negatives from his grandmother's attic, where they had been stored for more than 50 years, Patrick set about salvaging what he could of them. Some were broken, some had deteriorated, but others were still in surprisingly

Vincent (left) and Francis, with a nice pile of walnuts. Though one might not guess it to look at this picture, Vincent (1898-1977), the second eldest, grew to become a teacher and principal at Tunnelton High School.

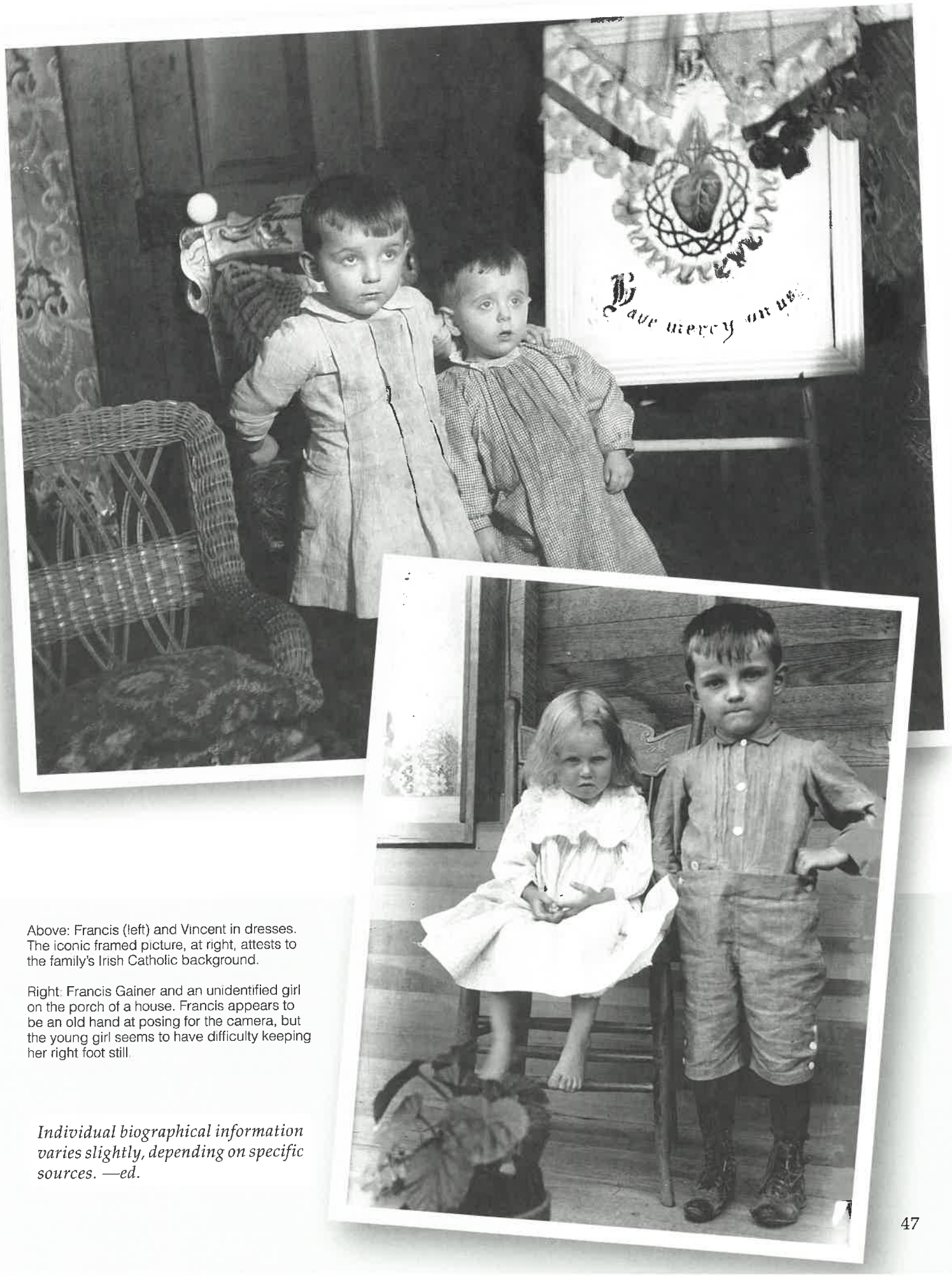
good shape. Patrick has always been savvy with modern technology (he did work for NASA, after all), so he eventually began the process of digitally scanning the five-by-seven-inch negatives into his computer. When he was done, he had digitally preserved more than 100 of these photographs, and safely stored many of the original glass-plate negative images.

Patrick is a nationally known author on technical aspects of photography, having published numerous articles in *Photo Techniques* magazine. While discussing photography with Morgantown photographer Mark Crabtree a couple of years ago, Patrick showed Mark a few of these Lloyd Gainer scans. Mark recognized the value of these images, acquired a computer disk containing the photographs from Patrick, and forwarded them to GOLDENSEAL. We recognized their value, as well, and began developing this special photo feature.

The most challenging part of that process was selecting relatively few photographs from this amazing trove of images. There are a small book's worth of pictures here, but we have tried to pick some of the best of them for this GOLDENSEAL tribute.

Our hats are off to Lloyd Gainer and his family, Patrick A. Gainer, and Mark Crabtree for making this feature possible. We hope that you enjoy it.

JOHN LILLY is editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine.



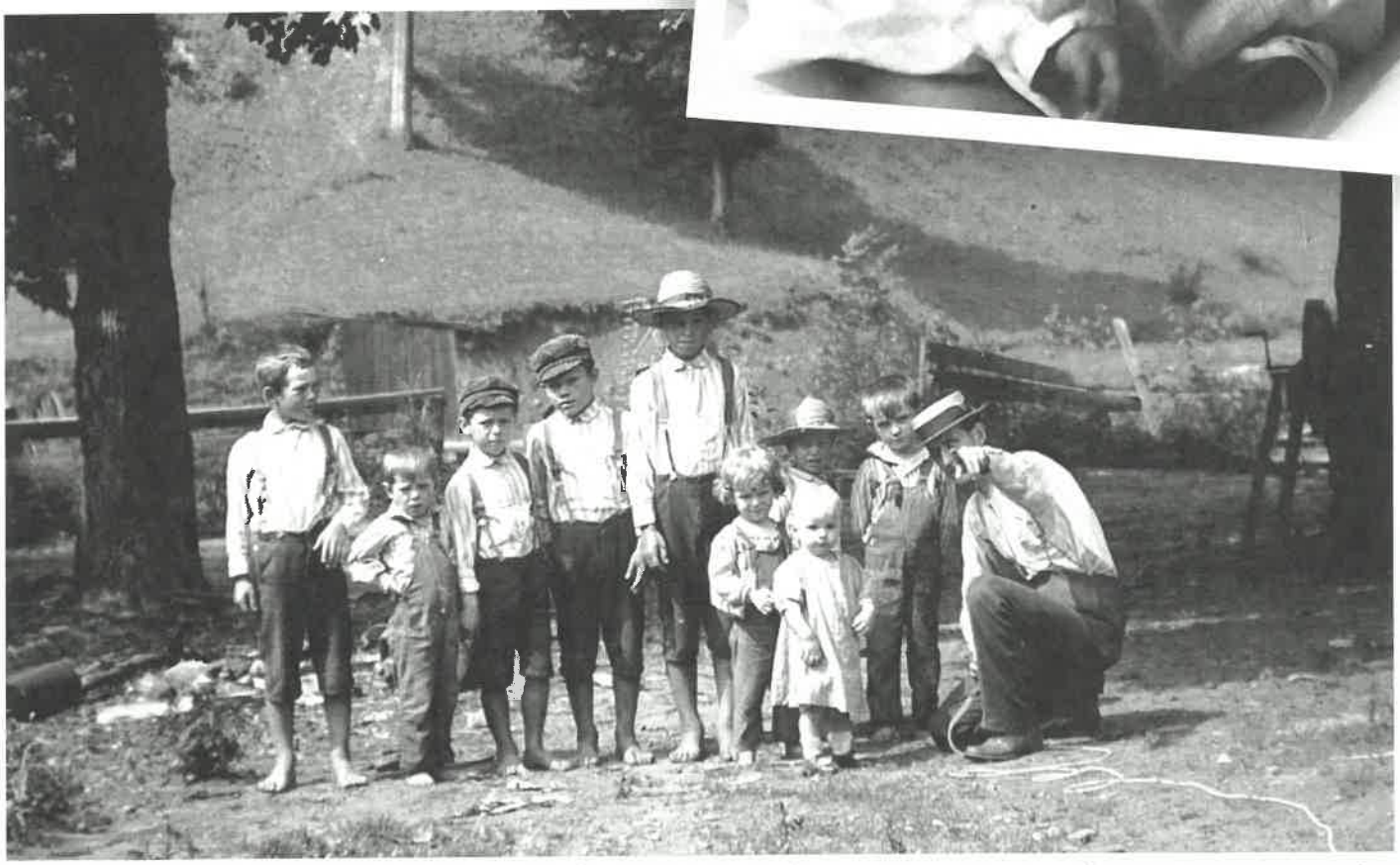
Above: Francis (left) and Vincent in dresses. The iconic framed picture, at right, attests to the family's Irish Catholic background.

Right: Francis Gainer and an unidentified girl on the porch of a house. Francis appears to be an old hand at posing for the camera, but the young girl seems to have difficulty keeping her right foot still.

Individual biographical information varies slightly, depending on specific sources. —ed.

From the left, Lloyd, Francis, and Vincent Gainer — the family's three eldest sons.

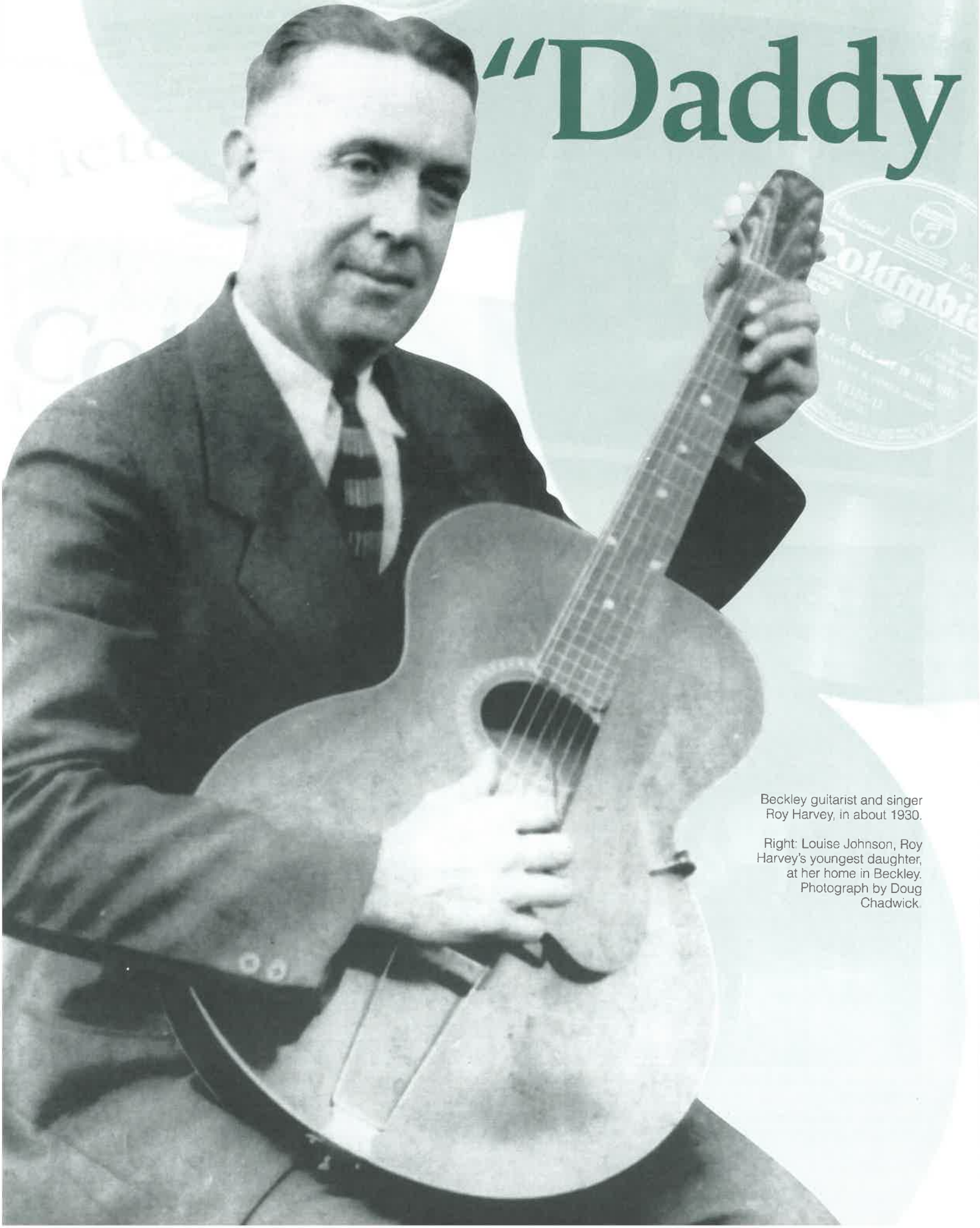
This smiling baby is most likely Patrick W. Gainer (1903-1981), Lloyd and Kate's sixth child. Born in Parkersburg, "Ward," as he was known, was not yet two years old when his father died of a ruptured appendix in 1905. The family then moved to a farm in Gilmer County. As an adult, Patrick W. Gainer was a respected folklorist, musician, and educator, and, in 1950, founded the West Virginia State Folk Festival at Glenville.



Above: Lloyd Gainer with children in Gilmer County. He is pointing at the camera with his left hand and taking the picture using a squeeze bulb in his right hand.

Opposite: Lloyd's grandfather, Nicholas Gainer (1815-1909), helps an unidentified child use a wagon to transport a box or cage over some rough terrain. This photograph was likely taken near Tanner, Gilmer County.

"Daddy



Beckley guitarist and singer Roy Harvey, in about 1930.

Right: Louise Johnson, Roy Harvey's youngest daughter, at her home in Beckley. Photograph by Doug Chadwick.

By Matt Meacham

Loved Music"

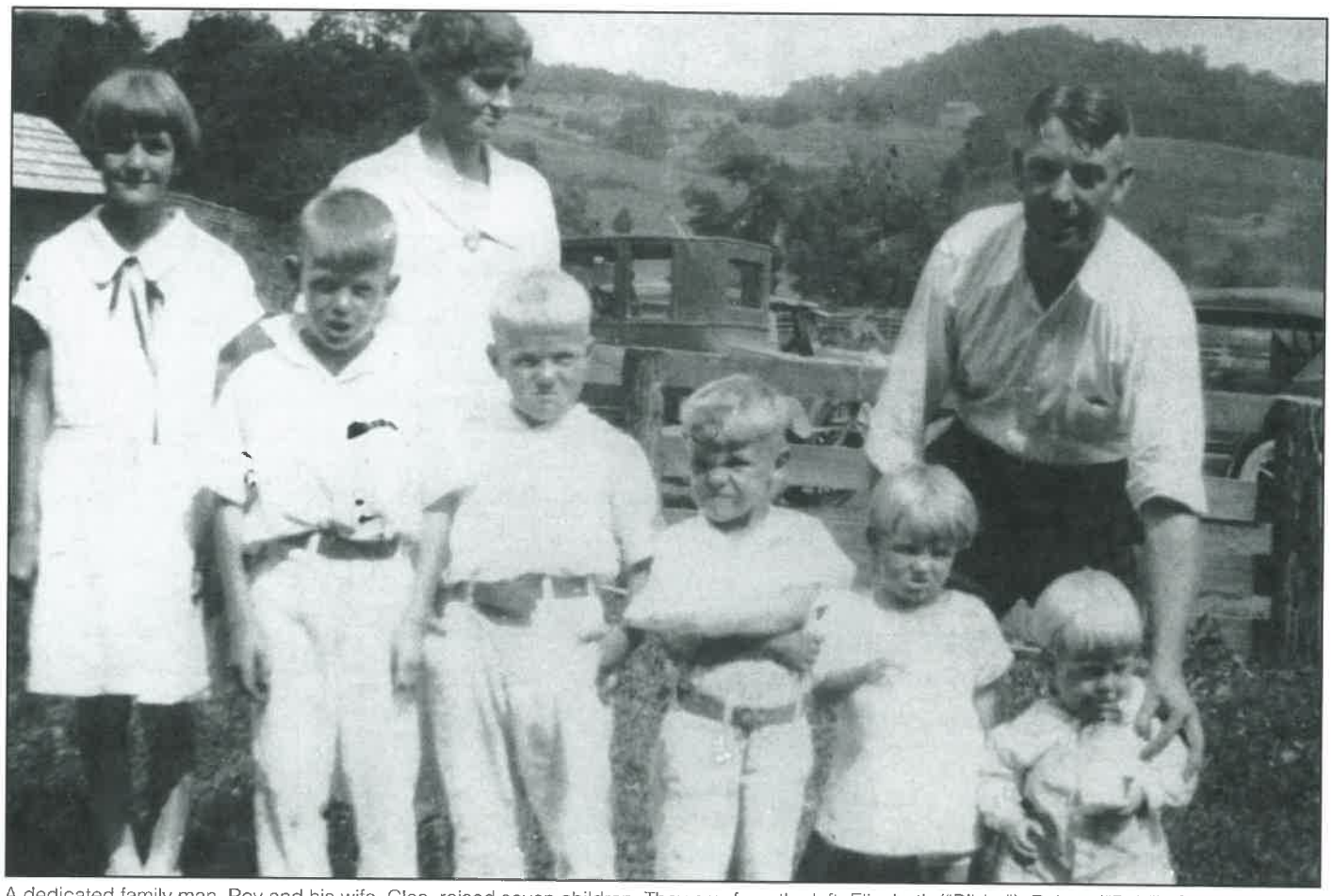
Recalling Guitarist Roy Harvey

West Virginia has been home to some of the most remarkable musicians in the country, some quite rustic in their style, others thoroughly modern. Pioneering guitarist Roy Harvey fits into this latter group, though "modern" in his case took place more than 70 years ago. Those years seem short, however, to daughter Louise Johnson of Beckley, who recalls her father, his music, and those times clearly.

Louise Johnson's memories of Roy Harvey are situated amid middle-class life in the bustling commercial centers of Princeton and Beckley, at the height of the southern West Virginia coal boom and the advent of the recording industry. After living elsewhere for most of her adult life, Louise returned to Beckley in July 2005 and has taken advantage of the opportunity to research her father's career and to reacquaint herself with people and places connected with it.

"I'd been gone from Beckley for 63 years," Louise says. "My father moved us to Florida when I was 14. He took a job on the railroad down there."

She returned to Beckley following her marriage to fellow Beckley native Bob Johnson. "We were childhood sweethearts together and engaged as teenagers," she explains. "When he came to Florida to get me, my mother [Cleo Harvey] said, 'You're never going back to West Virginia — no! You're not going to marry that



A dedicated family man, Roy and his wife, Cleo, raised seven children. They are, from the left, Elizabeth ("Bibby"), Robert ("Bob"), Carlyle, Marvin, Nadine, and Eugene. This photograph was taken in Monroe County in 1928, shortly before Louise was born.

Johnson boy.' So, she put her foot down, and I didn't marry Bob. I went my way and he went his for 57 years. And then we got together, and here we are, back in our hometown."

Roy Harvey was born in 1892 near Greenville, Monroe County. Harvey rarely discussed his initial musical development, and Louise is not certain exactly who or what inspired her father to take up the guitar or how he began to master the instrument.

"When he was about seven years old, people would come from all around up there for Daddy to tune their guitars," Louise says. "He had an ear for music. He could hear a song and play it immediately."

Harvey's teenage years and early adulthood took place in nearby Mercer County. "When he was probably about 15, I'd say, the family moved to Princeton. And by the time he was 19 years old, he was an engineer on the railroad — the youngest engineer the Virginian had ever had," Louise says. "Shortly thereafter, he and Mother were married, and they lived in Princeton until 1925." Louise, youngest of the couple's seven children, was born in Beckley in 1928.

Harvey's tenure with the Virginian Railway was short-lived. "They came out on strike in 1923," Louise continues. "The strike was never settled, so he never got that job back, but he never gave up his love for an engine. He did go to Florida and get a job on the railroad, but he got homesick for his family and came back." Roy Harvey later documented the labor dispute in a composition titled "The Virginian Strike of '23."

His decision to return home to Princeton proved fortuitous, for it was there that he had his "big break": a chance encounter with North Carolina banjoist, singer, and bandleader Charlie Poole, a rising star of what was then known as the "hillbilly" recording industry. Louise recalls, "After the strike, my dad was driving a trolley car in Princeton, and Charlie Poole and maybe two of his players got on the trolley with their instruments. And my dad says, 'Well, you must be musicians,' and so they kind of got together."

The 1924 meeting with Charlie Poole didn't lead immediately to a career as a professional musician, however. Louise says, "Shortly thereafter, Daddy moved his family to Beckley, and he went to work for the Beckley Music Company," which she describes as "just a typical old music store." It was located on Heber Street and sold instruments, sheet music, and records.

"It was while he worked for the Beckley music store that Charlie Poole's guitar player became ill — Norman Woodlieff — and [Poole] contacted Daddy and asked him if he would go to New York and cut a record with him. My dad did, and

that was the beginning of probably a five-year relationship with Charlie Poole," Louise explains.

Thus, Roy Harvey joined the ranks of one of the most popular — and, in retrospect, one of the most influential — string bands to commit its music to disc during the early years of the recording industry: Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers.

Louise is quick to point out that her father did not participate in the severe alcohol abuse and the reckless, often lawless, behavior that contributed both to Poole's untimely death at age 39 and to his status as a folk icon. "This wild character — you know, my dad was never associated with that part of him," she asserts. "He was too proud of a man to partake of anything like that or even condone it if it happened."

Harvey was neither a drinker nor a carouser, and he tried to curtail Poole's sodden antics — first as a band member and then in his role as the band's manager — to no discernible avail. Louise credits her father with keeping Poole's professional life on track, to whatever extent anyone could: "Charlie didn't know anything about managing anything, but Daddy had good connections with the music store, and he was smart enough to research. And Daddy wrote songs, and they recorded his songs."

Between 1926 and 1930, Roy Harvey participated in five recording sessions in New York for Columbia Records as a member of Poole's North Carolina Ramblers. Harvey also recorded with Poole and other musicians under the names "The Highlanders" and "The Allegheny Highlanders" in sessions for the Paramount and Brunswick labels. Among the selections that Roy Harvey recorded with Charlie Poole are "White House Blues," "Take a Drink on Me," "If the River Was Whiskey," "Monkey on a String," "Goodbye, Sweet Liza Jane," "If I Lose, I Don't Care," "Sweet Sunny South," "Flop Eared Mule," "Milwaukee Blues," "You Ain't Talkin' to Me," and "Old and Only in the Way." All of these songs are now regarded as important components of the string band repertoire of the period, at least in part because of Poole's recordings of them, and several are still performed frequently by traditional country and bluegrass musicians.

Though Roy Harvey took an active part in Poole's recording career, Louise does not recall him performing live with the banjo-playing celebrity very often. She comments, "I think most of what my dad did with Charlie was the recording. They may have played for some things, such as reunions and things like that. They may have done a few of those. Now, Charlie probably did a lot of them, but I'd say that my daddy didn't, because my dad always had another job."

Louise continues, "Not only did he work for the Beckley music store, he left there, and he became one of 'Beckley's finest'; he was a policeman. He [then] became circulation manager for *The Charleston Gazette*, and he traveled every single day of his life from Beckley to Bluefield and filled boxes on the way. [He] had to

Roy Harvey met popular North Carolina banjo player and singer Charlie Poole in 1924. He began recording with Poole as a member of the North Carolina Ramblers band in 1926. Pictured here in Beckley in 1927 are Posey Rorrer (fiddle), Roy Harvey (guitar), and Charlie Poole (banjo). Photograph courtesy of Kinney Rorrer.

Between 1926 and 1932, Roy Harvey made around 200 recordings, often collaborating with other West Virginia musicians. In this undated photograph, from the left, are Roy Harvey, Vance Weaver, Earl Shirkey, Wiley Weaver, and Odell Smith. Photograph courtesy of Kinney Rorrer.

meet a train over there about five o'clock in the morning. So, that's what he was doing when he got the job back on the railroad [in Florida] in '43. He had been with *The Charleston Gazette* for maybe three years by then, or maybe longer."

By that point, Roy Harvey's tenure as a recording artist had long since concluded. The Great Depression drastically stunted the previously robust growth of the "hillbilly" recording industry. For Harvey, the downturn in the recording market was compounded by Poole's death in 1931, which deprived him of his association with one of the industry's foremost celebrities.

During that period, however, Harvey found the time not only to contribute to Charlie Poole's recordings for Columbia but also to record at least 94 selections as a featured artist, most often in collaboration with other musicians, several of them fellow West Virginians. Capitalizing on name recognition, he released two dozen of these recordings under the "North Carolina Ramblers" moniker. Poole himself played on a few of the recordings credited to Roy Harvey and the North Carolina Ramblers. Some of these also featured the fiddling of Lonnie Austin, a Charleston native who replaced the Ramblers' original fiddler, Posey Rorrer.

Among the other Mountain State musicians featured on Roy Harvey's recordings were fiddler, guitarist, and pianist Jess Johnson (spelled "Johnston" in some sources) from McDowell County; fiddler Bernice Coleman and banjoist Ernest Branch, both from Slab Fork; fellow Beckley guitarist Leonard Copeland; Earl Shirkey, a native of Wirt County who specialized in yodeling and, according to some sources, acquired training in that art in Switzerland; and Harvey's sister, Lucy Terry, a pianist who also performed on several of Poole's recordings.

Because of contractual restrictions, Harvey sometimes recorded under the pseudonyms "Roy Harper" and "Fred Newman." He collaborated with Jess Johnson, Bernice Coleman, and Ernest Branch under the moniker "West Virginia Ramblers" on several recordings, and he also contributed to two recordings by the Beckley-based Weaver Brothers (Vance and Wiley Weaver).

Sales of these recordings varied widely, ranging from an impressive 72,545 for "When the Roses Bloom for the Bootlegger" to only 58 copies over a three-month period for "Wreck of the C&O Sportsman," released near the end of Harvey's recording career and in the depths of the Depression.

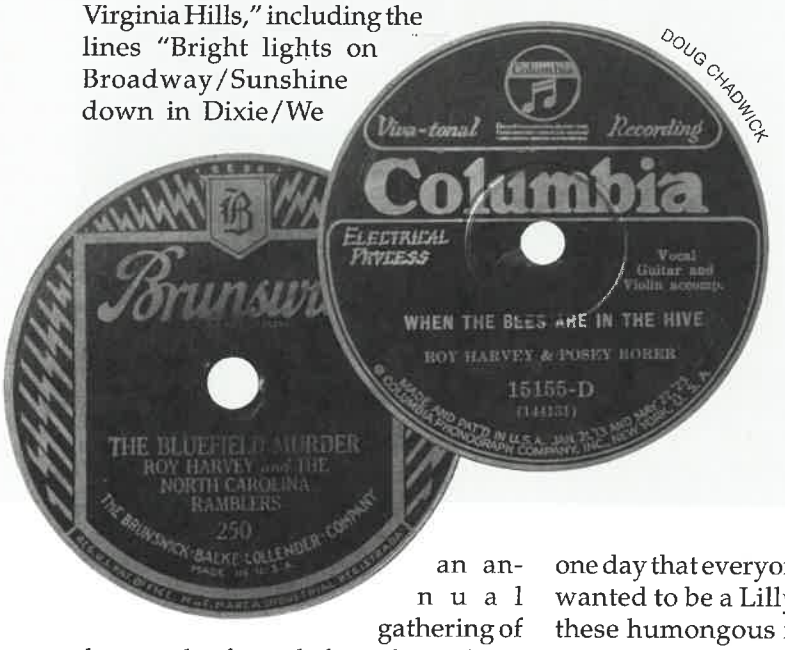
Even the best-selling recordings that Harvey made with Charlie Poole, however, did not enable the guitarist to make huge financial strides. According to Louise, the only payments that her father and his fellow musicians received for their efforts in the studio were the flat fees that they were given immediately upon completion of their recording sessions.

The Music of Roy Harvey

"Daddy had his own style of playing," remarks Louise Johnson of Beckley, referring to the music of her father, pioneering guitarist Roy Harvey. During a time when the guitar was still emerging as a serious musical instrument, Roy Harvey stood out as an unusually talented, innovative, and versatile player.

Employing a complex finger-style of picking, rather than strumming the guitar with a flatpick or plectrum, Roy Harvey effectively used his instrument to accompany hard-driving dance tunes, ragtime novelty numbers, and sentimental parlor songs, as well as performing intricate guitar instrumentals. A leader among the first generation of country music guitarists, Roy Harvey helped set the stage for such eminent musicians as Chet Atkins, Lester Flatt, Mac Wiseman, and Merle Travis.

As a songwriter and singer, Roy Harvey was no less accomplished and versatile, though his style was firmly rooted in the popular music of his day. He wrote and sang songs of local interest, disaster ballads, novelty and sentimental songs, "white blues," railroading songs, and a few gospel numbers. Many titles that he recorded later became part of the standard bluegrass and country music repertoire, including "When the Bees Are in the Hive," "What Is a Home Without Love?" and "(Down Among the) Budded Roses." One popular composition was a parody of "The West Virginia Hills" called "Moonshine in the West Virginia Hills," including the lines "Bright lights on Broadway/Sunshine down in Dixie/We have moonshine in the West Virginia Hills."



Roy Harvey's singing was a relaxed and articulate baritone, markedly different from the more intense, higher-pitched singing of many of his contemporaries and subsequent early country music stars. Harvey did not yodel — a popular vocal technique of the day — but he included yodeling on many of his recordings, provided by friend and band mate Earl Shirkey.

Thankfully, much of Roy Harvey's considerable recorded output from 1926 until 1932 has been preserved by collectors and reissued on various CD's. *Roy Harvey: Complete Recorded Works in Chronological Order* (Volumes 1-4) were issued by Austria's Document label in 1999 (DOCD-8050 to 8053). Also in 1999, Old Homestead Records in Michigan produced a collection of 24 tracks, called *Roy Harvey: Early String Band Favorites* (OHCD-4017).

In addition, Roy Harvey is well-represented in a series of three fine CD's produced by Virginia's County Records, called *Old-Time Music of West Virginia: Ballads, Blues and Breakdowns* (Volumes 1,2: CO-CD-3518, 3519) and *Old-Time Mountain Guitar* (CO-CD-3512).

Charlie Poole's catalog, along with the North Carolina Ramblers often featuring Roy Harvey, is widely available. County Records offers three individual volumes of Charlie Poole reissues (CO-CD-3501, 3508, 3516). A three-CD boxed collection from Sony/BMG Records, including 72 songs and a 36-page booklet, was issued in 2005, called *"You Ain't Talkin' To Me": Charlie Poole and the Roots of Country Music* (CK-92780).

Most of these recording are available through County Sales; phone (540)745-2001, on-line at www.countysales.com, or by writing to County Sales, P.O. Box 191, Floyd, VA 24091.

A four-CD boxed set, titled *Charlie Poole with North Carolina Ramblers and the Highlanders* (JSP7734), is available from the JSP label of London, England. More information can be found on-line at www.jsprecords.com.

The 2008 Charlie Poole Festival will take place June 13-15 in Eden, North Carolina. For more information, phone (336)623-1043 or visit www.charlie-poole.com.

an annual gathering of thousands of people from throughout the country who share the Lilly surname, at Flat Top in western Summers County. Louise recalls, "As long as I could remember, living in Beckley, he was in charge of the music for the Lilly Reunion. You know, that's the one day that everyone in West Virginia wanted to be a Lilly. They used have these humongous reunions.

"I can see him now, up there playing the guitar and singing, either by himself or with a couple of men. That has always been very vivid to me." Cleo Harvey herself was distantly related to the Lilly family, according to Louise. Roy Harvey even wrote and recorded a song titled "The Lilly Reunion," commemorating the event. [See "Lilly Reunion, 1979," by Yvonne Snyder Farley; January-March 1980.]

"And, of course, I could not talk to you without telling you about Dad's sister. Aunt Lucy was a piano player, and she cut rolls for a piano company," explains Louise. "She played in silent movies. There used to be a

Louise and Roy Harvey in Florida, 1950's.

"My father never received anything in royalties. They would go to New York, and they would cut a record, and they got maybe $500 — which was a big price. Well, if they got $500, if there would be five of them, then they would divide that five ways. They'd pay their expenses to New York and come home. My dad would have way less than $100, and that would catch up on our rent and our groceries for the past month or so. And that was all they ever got."

Connoisseurs of "hillbilly" music know Roy Harvey and the West Virginia musicians with whom he collaborated primarily as figures whose names appear in the personnel credits of recordings. Louise Johnson, however, knew those musicians as friends of the family and visitors to her childhood home. "My mind always goes back to Limit Street, where I was born," she recalls. "Limit Street is now Bostick Avenue. I had a brother-in-law, Gerald Bostick, who was killed in World War II. After the war, Beckley named a lot of its streets after veterans who had been killed. And it was just ironic that they would name Limit Street, 'Bostick Avenue.'

"By that time, we were gone. But I guess my fondest memories of growing up here are being a child on Limit Street, hearing my father play the guitar and my mother play the piano, all the musicians who came to our house to practice — and there were many. Our home was the base for them to practice before going to New York to cut a record. There were three or four of them that would come and camp for three or four days, and some of my memories revolve around that."

When Louise was 10 or 11 years old, the Harvey family moved to another house in Beckley. "We finally came to a place in that house where we had radiator heat; we didn't have to have a potbelly stove anymore. We had a furnace down in the basement. And I could walk to my little church, which was then the Methodist Church in East Beckley. Bob and I sang in the choir there together as teenagers."

During that period, Roy Harvey's involvement in music, at least as an avocation, did not wane. "Daddy loved music. Music was a very big part of the Harvey family," states Louise. "We always had music in our house. There was always either a radio or, mostly, a record. When I came along, I kept those records going all the time so I could learn them."

Louise continues, "Most of Daddy's playing after Charlie died was recreational playing. Men would come to the house — Ernest Branch and all that bunch, you know, would come to the house — and they would just have what I called a jam session, with nothing in mind, just a good, relaxing time. And, of course, he and Leonard [Copeland] continued to play up until the time that we left."

Among the local musical events in which Harvey participated during this period was the storied Lilly Reunion,

Beckley guitarist Leonard Copeland recorded several ground-breaking instrumental duets with Roy Harvey and was a frequent visitor in the Harveys' home. Leonard Copeland is on the right in this undated photograph.

Louise and husband, Bob Johnson, of Beckley look at a photograph of Louise's father, Roy Harvey. Photograph by Doug Chadwick.

little theater down in East Beckley that played silent movies, and Aunt Lucy played there. She went to New York with them several times and cut records with them. It was always a treat on Sunday afternoon for Daddy to load up his Gibson guitar in the trunk and take us up to Aunt Lucy's, where they'd have a little jam session — she on the piano and Daddy on his guitar. Those are some of my Beckley childhood memories that would be forever etched in my mind."

Another musician with whom Roy Harvey recorded, Earl Shirkey, lived with the Harvey family in Beckley for a brief period. "He'd go to South Carolina, and he would buy vegetables when they weren't recording or anything, and he set up a stand next door to our house. My sister and I had to sell his watermelons and cantaloupes and peaches. We didn't get any pay, but we had all the watermelon, cantaloupe, and peaches we wanted to eat, free," Louise recalls.

It was fellow Beckley guitarist Leonard Copeland, however, who was most nearly a kindred spirit to Harvey, both musically and personally, according to Louise. "I guess the person who stood out in my mind the most was Leonard Copeland," she says. "He was more parallel to my father than any of the musicians who came there to play."

Roy Harvey passed away in New Smyrna Beach, Florida, in 1958, at age 66.

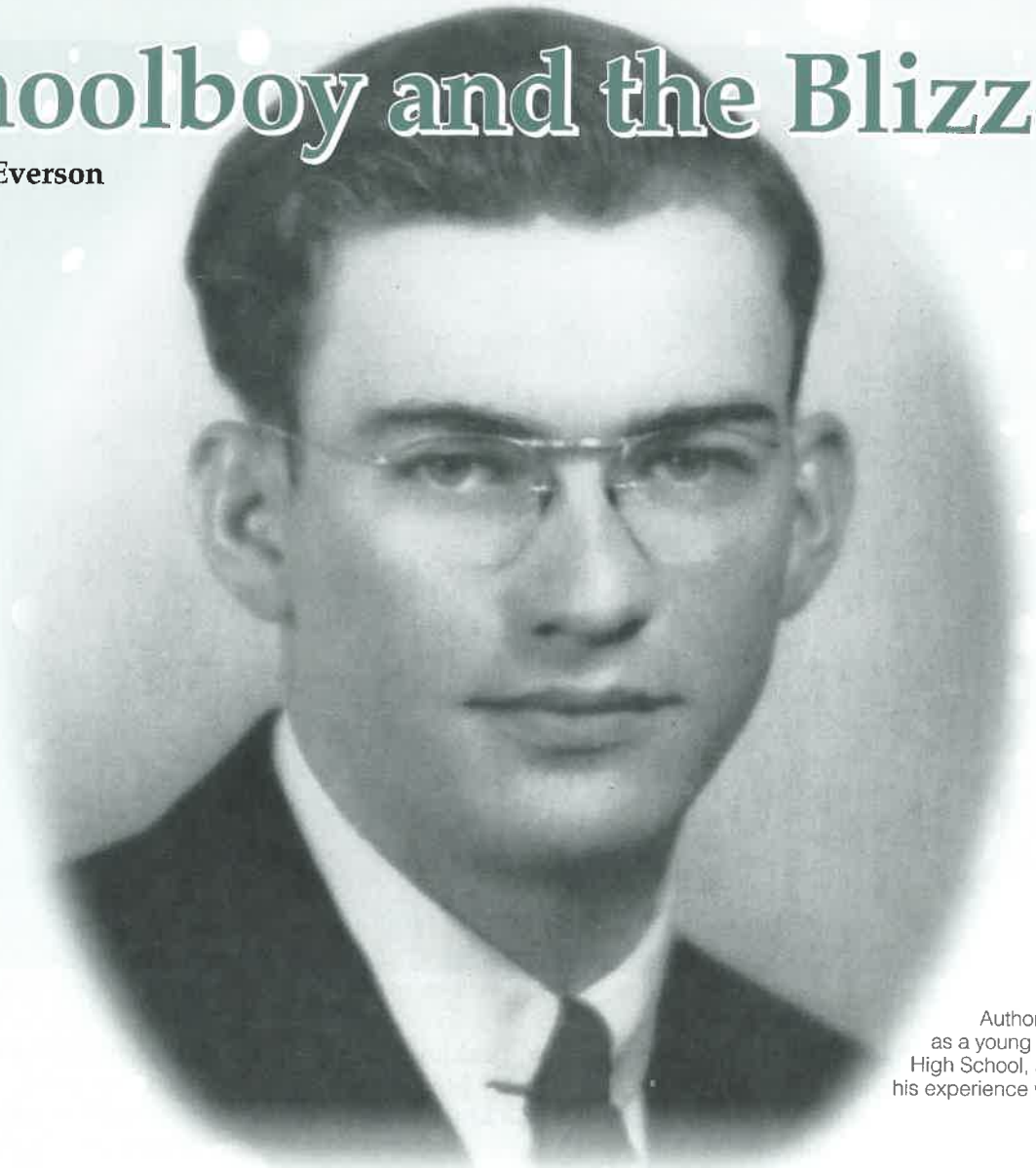
A resurgence of interest in Charlie Poole's career in recent years has resulted in renewed attention to Roy Harvey, as well. "I am the only living survivor, I guess, of anybody connected with the Charlie Poole band — that era. They have a festival every June down in Eden, North Carolina, Charlie's homeplace. Bob and I went year before last, and the people down there thought that Roy Harvey couldn't possibly have a daughter still living. They called me a 'living legend.' They're all just so nice to me," says Louise.

This rekindled interest coincides with Louise and Bob's return to the community where Roy Harvey's professional life and the lives of those in the Harvey family were tightly interwoven. Speaking of her and her husband's return to Beckley, Louise comments, "It's brought back a lot of the memories that we'd both cherished as young people, even though we had gone [our] separate ways — he had a family and I had a family. It brought us back to our childhood, and I guess that's where we are today — back in our childhood," she says with a laugh.

MATT MEACHAM, originally from southern Illinois, is currently a folklorist with the West Plains Council on the Arts in Missouri. In 2006, he conducted research on music in southern West Virginia, funded by the West Virginia Humanities Council. Matt has a master's degree in musicology from the University of North Carolina. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Schoolboy and the Blizzard

By Hobart Everson



Author Hobart Everson as a young man at Belington High School, about the time of his experience with the blizzard.

It began on a stormy winter night in 1941. The place was Belington High School, where I was a student at that time. It was about time for the intra-basketball tournament to begin, and class spirits were running at full blast. Practice was after school hours, and each class took their turn in using the gym. This particular evening it was my class' turn to practice. It was warm and cozy inside the gym, but outside a big winter storm was brewing.

When we stepped out of the gym, it was almost dark, and a wind was fiercely blowing out of the north. It was just beginning to snow, but the conditions were ripe for a full-fledged blizzard. I had seven miles to go to reach my home. Without hesitation, I started on a journey I would remember for the rest of my life. I had to get home. There was no telephone in the community, and I knew my parents would be worried about me.

To get home, I would have to walk down U.S. Route 250 for three miles toward Philippi, and then turn west on the Point Pleasant road, a dirt road, for four more miles. I would have company for the first three miles, as team member Jimmy Clark lived on 250 just before I would turn off onto the dirt road.

So with some trepidation, we started our journey. Route 250 runs due north, and the howling wind was coming right out of the north. The wind was blowing so hard, we had to lean forward into the wind to remain on our feet. Worse, the snow was like small chunks of frozen ice blowing right into our faces. No human being alive could have hurled those projectiles as hard as that fiercely blowing wind. We could use the whole highway to walk, because we did not see a single vehicle on that usually busy highway. After struggling against that wind for what seemed like an eternity, we reached Jimmy's house. He turned in to the warmth of his family and

home. I was all alone now.

Up the highway from Jimmy's house about 200 yards was the Gulf service station and general store of Bill Kisner. I stopped in at Mr. Kisner's for awhile to rest and get warm before I continued on my journey. Mr. Kisner tried to dissuade me from going the rest of the way, but I knew I had to get home. When he was convinced of my intent to go on, he offered to loan me some additional items of clothing. I was dressed in blue jeans, flannel shirt, a toboggan on my head, and four-buckle arctics over my shoes with the first two buckles fastened. My coat was a mackinaw that came down below my waist.

Mr. Kisner loaned me an overcoat and a hunting cap with ear flaps that tied under my chin. So with the overcoat over my mackinaw and the hunting cap over my toboggan, I started on the rest of my journey. The Point Pleasant road was fairly level for the first mile with no high banks along the road, so the wind blew the snow across the road into the fields beyond. It was snowing much harder now, but with normal snowflakes instead of the hard, icy projectiles as before.

Parents J. Elmer and Alice Daugherty Everson at their Barbour County home, early 1940's.

About a mile after I turned on the Point Pleasant road, I came to Chenoweth Hill. The hill was fairly steep and had high banks on the south side of the road. As a result, the snow was drifting in the road, which made walking even harder. Furthermore, the snow was getting in the tops of my arctics. Despite all the clothing I had on my body, the wind was going through to my skin. It was as though I was naked in that howling wind. When I reached the top of the hill, I began to get warm and sleepy. And tired. I was so tired. If I could only rest for a minute or two.

I sat down on the bank in the snow, and it felt so good. I was warm and at peace with the world. Then a thought came to my mind that startled me so profoundly that I actually jumped to my feet. I had heard stories of people lost in snowstorms, how they had become tired and sat down, never to get on their feet again. I just had to go on no matter how hard it was.

My next goal was the Point Pleasant school building. Beyond the Point Pleasant school building, the road made a big loop around Holbert's farm. I could cut a considerable distance from my journey by leaving the road at this point and going cross-country. This route, though shorter, was even more hazardous. I would go through Alva Findley's field, past his house, through dense woods to the Clements Road, down this dirt road a ways, and then over the hill through the Henry Shockey farm, across Uncle Roy Everson's farm, and a short distance on to my home and safety. But that all was to come later.

This leg of my journey was a bit easier. The road was more on level land, and the snow hadn't drifted here as much. Finally, I reached the Point Pleasant school building, where I planned to leave the road. When I came to the top of the short hill where the school building was located, I saw a light coming up through Alva Findley's field. The light was bobbing up and down, so I knew it had to be a kerosene lantern. Who could be out on such a terrible night?

It was my father coming on the hunt for me. To have a light and a companion with me made the rest of the trip easier. When we reached home, I discovered that my arctic tops had frozen to my pants legs. I had to sit by the stove until they thawed out in order to get them off.

Like I said before, I'll remember that night for the rest of my life, but it was just something I had to do to get an education. I learned some of life's most important lessons that night. I learned anything important in life comes with a price. I learned that the human spirit is capable of almost anything. And most of all, I learned about love: the love of God, and the love of parents who will make any sacrifice for their children. I am richly blessed.

HOBART EVERSON was born and raised in Barbour County. After graduating Belington High School, he earned a degree in elementary education and social studies from Fairmont State College and a master's degree in administration from Ohio University. Hobart retired from teaching in 1983 and lives in Texas. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

The Manger Scene

By Raymond Alvarez

Author Raymond Alvarez, at right, during the winter of 1960, at around the time he began collecting Nativity figurines. Also pictured, from the left, are neighbors Mike and Linda Jones, and sister Christine Alvarez.

As Christmas 1959 drew near, there wasn't much anticipation at my home north of Fairmont. A major recession had slowed the coal industry in West Virginia, and many Marion County miners, my father included, were unemployed. As a third grader at the J. Walter Barnes School, there were few opportunities for me to earn money, so my income came from collecting discarded pop bottles. Redeemed for five cents each, a never-ending supply of these bottles were tossed near the schoolyard or along Route 19.

After Halloween, I inventoried my pop bottle money and planned my holiday purchases at Fairmont's G.C. Murphy's Department Store, the best place in town for bargains. One December Saturday, I rode the City Lines bus to town. In Murphy's lower level, I found a new display for the season — Nativity figurines! A large counter held hundreds of little statues. I gazed at identical Marys, kneeling in lovely blue robes. The Josephs held a copper wire bent as a shepherd's crook. One of the beautifully adorned Wise Men had a pensive black face. This was a revelation, as no one had told me that one of the three kings was a Negro.

Baby Jesus was molded to a lumpy manger. Made of papier-mache with hollow cores, each had the word "Italy" embossed on the bottom. This was unusual, as most knick-knacks at Murphy's were stamped "Made in Occupied Japan." Each statuette was a bargain for less than a quarter, so I purchased a mass-produced but hand-painted Mary, Joseph, Baby Jesus, a shepherd, one angel, and three Wise Men. I now had the perfect family gift for $1.25, plus tax! With leftover change, I bought a puzzle for my sister and a blue bottle of Evening in Paris perfume for my mother. Total purchases equaled the three dollars I had laboriously saved.

Upon arrival home, I looked for a shoebox to create a Bethlehem diorama. Murphy's carried cardboard stables, but they were expensive and flimsy. After watching the procession of characters I produced from the shopping bag, my father went to the basement where he had woodworking tools and a supply of recycled boards from the crates that held grapes used in fall winemaking. The soft pine was marked with purple fruit stain splatters on the rough, unsanded grain.

He fashioned a 14-inch by six-inch stable with a pitched roof that peaked at 10 inches. He wired a small round bulb in the roof. The stable was divided into two sections: one for hay, one for animals. I placed dried grass from the field across the street into the left side. Pleased at the effect, I covered the roof with bits of trimmed evergreen.

It made a splendid addition to our home that holiday season. The light

bulb heated the wood and a piney/grapey smell permeated the small living room. In January, as I carefully packed away the figurines and placed them inside the manger, I resolved to add more characters next year.

By 1960, President Kennedy announced that the space race was on, so I was determined to ask not what my country could do for me most of that year. My father was still unemployed, but we made do with what we had or grew in our bountiful garden. My pop bottle recycling business was as profitable as ever. By November, I eagerly watched for seasonal items on display in Murphy's. That year, the Nativity figurines were better than ever. Mary, Joseph, and Baby Jesus seemed the same, but new shepherds, sheep, cows, donkeys, and even camels were now available. I purchased a bagpipe-playing shepherd and more animals for less than two dollars. My tableau grew and received many compliments that Christmas.

Each year thereafter, I checked out the latest figurines as soon as they arrived. By 1961, I had a small flock of sheep. Our dog ate a shepherd and one of the white Wise Men. These had to be replaced, but the replacements were now smaller than the originals and were made of solid plaster. The new shepherd knelt and offered coins held in his hat. Although the family dog had gnawed many sheep legs, I kept the amputee ewes because it made them appear to be kneeling. The manger scene was soon relocated to a higher spot, well out of the dog's reach.

My father found employment as janitor of Barnes school in 1962. Christmas the following year still carried some sadness, however, following the death of President Kennedy. In tribute to JFK, I added some of the new, higher-priced Murphy figures, now made of plaster: a small shepherd boy, a baby donkey, and a calf. The animals graced the left side of the manger, but the flock of sheep, shepherds, Wise Men, camel, and angels were arranged outside in the ever-growing panorama.

The manger still had its grape spots, but each season a new feature was added. In 1964, it was a cotton roof, sprinkled with silver glitter. In 1965, I realized that it didn't snow in the Holy Land, so I went back to natural products, including moss, ground pine from the woods near our house, or straw collected from outside Conaway's Feed Store on

Italian-made Wise Men, purchased for 15 cents each by Raymond Alvarez prior to Christmas 1959. Photograph by Raymond Alvarez.

Parents Manuel and Lorraine Alvarez at their home in Fairmont, Christmas 1965.

Monroe Street.

In the seasons that followed, the manger scene was retrieved from and returned to storage in the attic, arranged and dismantled as a Christmas ritual. Tree trimming wasn't as important to me as positioning the figurines. However, my purchases at Murphy's ended one evening when, as a senior in 1968, I purchased the last of my figurines: a group of angels playing assorted musical instruments.

The following August, I left home to attend West Virginia University. My college years found me with less time to be bothered with Christmas decorating between semesters. I moved out of state after graduation in 1973, married a year later, and returned to WVU for graduate school. My mother continued to get out the manger scene each Christmas in my absence. The Murphy's store closed around 1976, when Fairmont's retail district all but disappeared and the era of downtown shopping ended.

Fourteen years later, after both my mother and father had passed away, my sister, now living in my parents' home, called one December day to ask if I wanted the manger scene, which I had all but forgotten. I wondered if it was still in one piece, as her children had surely found it a source of amusement over the years. Finally, I told her to throw it out, but she insisted otherwise. "After all, it was yours," she said. "You should keep it."

When I retrieved the battered cardboard box containing the rickety wooden stable and figures, I assessed the dusty inventory. Joseph was missing his staff; his hand extended outward grasping nothing. Mary still had her blue robe, but her face was dirty and the bottom of her base had been punched away. Baby Jesus had a grimy face as well as many chips in his manger. Only two Wise Men remained. The black one was missing along with all the angels. Most of the sheep were now totally legless, their once-white plaster fleece grayer. The camel's legs were broken off but remained in the box. The small plaster shepherd boy was missing his entire painted face. The cow's horns were long gone, and where was her baby calf? The donkeys survived for the most part, though one was missing an ear.

I thought about pitching the box and its contents into the garbage. Looking closer at the remnants, I began to recall the yearly trips to Murphy's and how I carefully calculated the purchases each season. Perhaps the figurines could be salvaged. After all, they were 30 years old, hardly antiques but certainly collectibles with meaning.

Examining each closely, I showed them to my wife and my 11-year-old son. "I started buying these in 1959 with my own money," I explained. "I'm not sure why. My parents weren't active in church and not religious." I described how my father made the grape-crate manger and that our Christmases were very simple, with few presents and decorations. When my wife didn't say, "Get rid of that junk immediately," I had a thought.

With the aid of acrylic clay, I refashioned the cow's horns, donkey ears, and new legs for the sheep. I got out a set of oil paints and touched up all the figurines. Gold highlights were applied to Mary's and Baby Jesus' halos. The previously faceless shepherd boy now smiled again in a swarthy complexion as the plaster soaked up the paint. I re-glued the camel's legs;

Mr. Shoop, the Murphy's store manager, adjusts a sign in the window of his downtown Fairmont store during the 1968 Christmas season. This was the last year that Raymond Alvarez made his annual trek to Murphy's to purchase Nativity figurines. Photograph by Robert Heffner.

The Alvarez family's original Nativity figurines will be displayed this Christmas for their 48th year. Photograph by Raymond Alvarez.

it stood proudly but wobbly. Small pieces of green felt relined the hollow figurine bottoms that had been punched out by curious fingers.

It still needed one king and angels. My wife produced a ceramic angel, hand-painted a few years earlier. She was slightly out of proportion compared to the others; a behemoth in Bethlehem. However, she knelt so one didn't notice her size if placed off to the side.

Mary still had a wistful look about her, grasping her upraised hands in adoration. Joseph once again had a staff, a whittled-down bamboo skewer that looked more appropriate. The shepherds, even the swarthy one with the remade face, played their music as the animals gazed upon the Christ Child, whose countenance was clean and bright. It gave me a sense of pride to display the manger scene in our home once more that Christmas of 1990.

Since then, the manger scene makes an annual appearance at our home. In 1992, I stained the manger brown, finally disguising the purplish spots. In 1994, while browsing in a collectibles shop in Lewisburg, I found an original black Wise Man! On a television program that year about St. Francis of Assisi, who created the first Nativity scene, I discovered that my figurines were actually patterned after a famous Italian sculptor's originals in a creche that graces the Vatican in Rome.

This year marks the 48th year that the manger scene will be lovingly displayed in an Alvarez household. Now my teenaged daughter looks forward to retrieving it from storage and arranging the figures. She insists that we cannot put Baby Jesus out until Christmas Eve. The Wise Men have to start out on a windowsill, making a slow journey across the room to the mantle where it rests. They arrive at the manger on January 6. She is very insistent in her ways.

Though times were difficult in the late 1950's and early 1960's, fond memories of those austere Christmases are rekindled by the annual reappearance of the manger scene. Today, we are more hurried, more obsessed with spending, and generally stressed out at holiday time. The mere act of placing the figures in an arrangement helps to recall the true meaning of the Christmas season we mostly forget: the Nativity, the gifts of the Magi, and renewed hope for the future. With such a simple act, one can reflect on what is important and what is not so important after all.

RAYMOND ALVAREZ is a native of Marion County and a graduate of West Virginia University. He is former vice-president of ancillary services at Fairmont General Hospital and has written several articles published in health journals. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Winter 2003 issue.

West Virginia Back Roads

Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

Bible Walk in Morgantown

Father Jude Mili laments the fact there have been casualties in the forest behind the Good Counsel Friary, southwest of Morgantown. Among the high-profile victims is Adam, that old progenitor himself, whose right hand is missing two fingers. The duct tape around his neck suggests he also met with decapitation at some point in his career as a character on the friary's Bible Walk. Ham, of Noah's Ark fame, is missing his entire right hand. Abraham is missing fingers but fares better than the female figure next to him. She is prostrate with broken hands, puddles of water standing in the folds of her tunic.

The religious figures started out as clothing store mannequins in New York's Bronx, and, as the Bible predicts of all mortal creatures, they are returning to dust.

"We had two very bad winters, and it did a lot of damage," Father Mili tells me. Vandalism has likewise taken its toll on the Bible Walk, which is unguarded and open to the public.

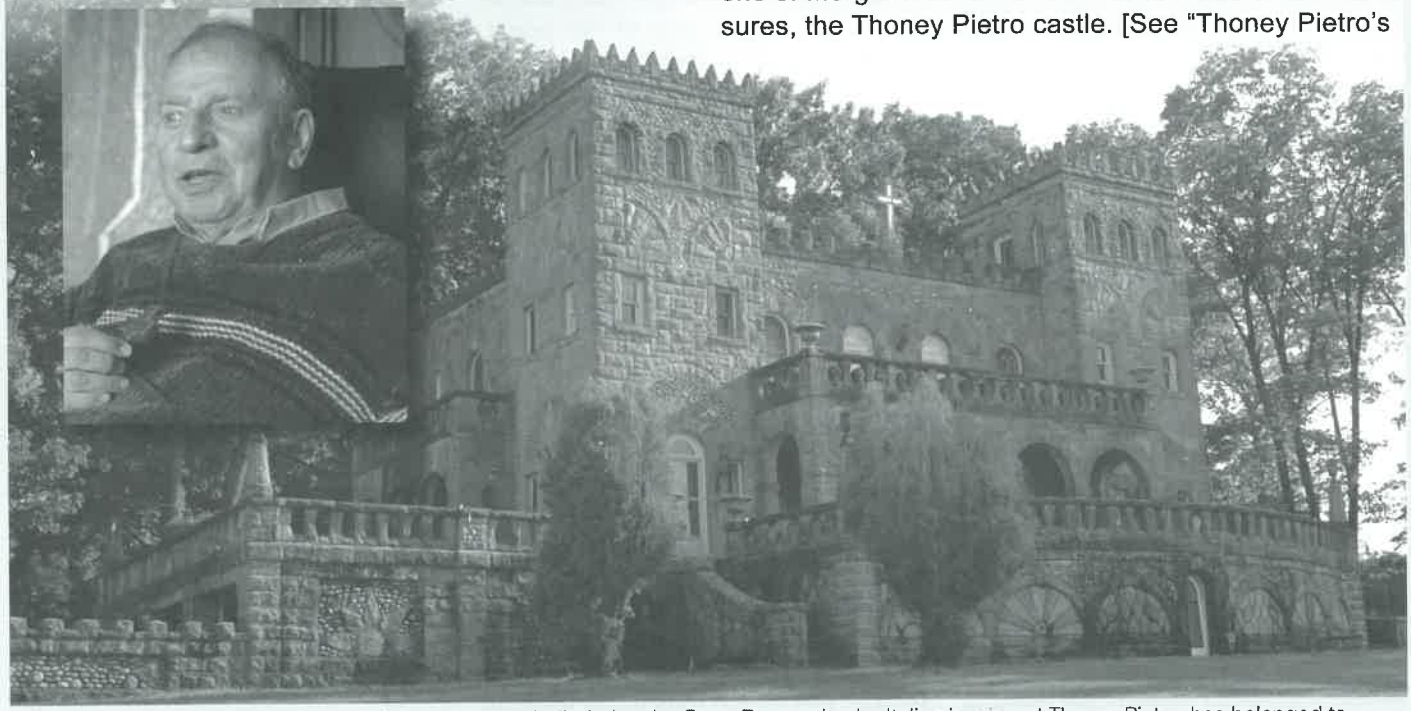
"People still come to see it, but they are very disappointed and discouraged to see what has happened to it," says Mili, the friary's resident priest and guardian since 1968.

The friary dates from the same decade. It was constructed as a house of study shortly after Father Mili arrived. A New England native, he came to Morgantown to head up the Franciscan ministry, which was to provide newly ordained priests a retreat in which to prepare for their service.

The timing was unfortunate, however. New priests were few and far between, and the house of study was soon converted into a retreat. It retains that function, although Father Mili worries about the friary's future.

"Right now, we're heading toward bankruptcy," he told me in the summer of 2006. "I hate to use that term, but right now, things aren't happening."

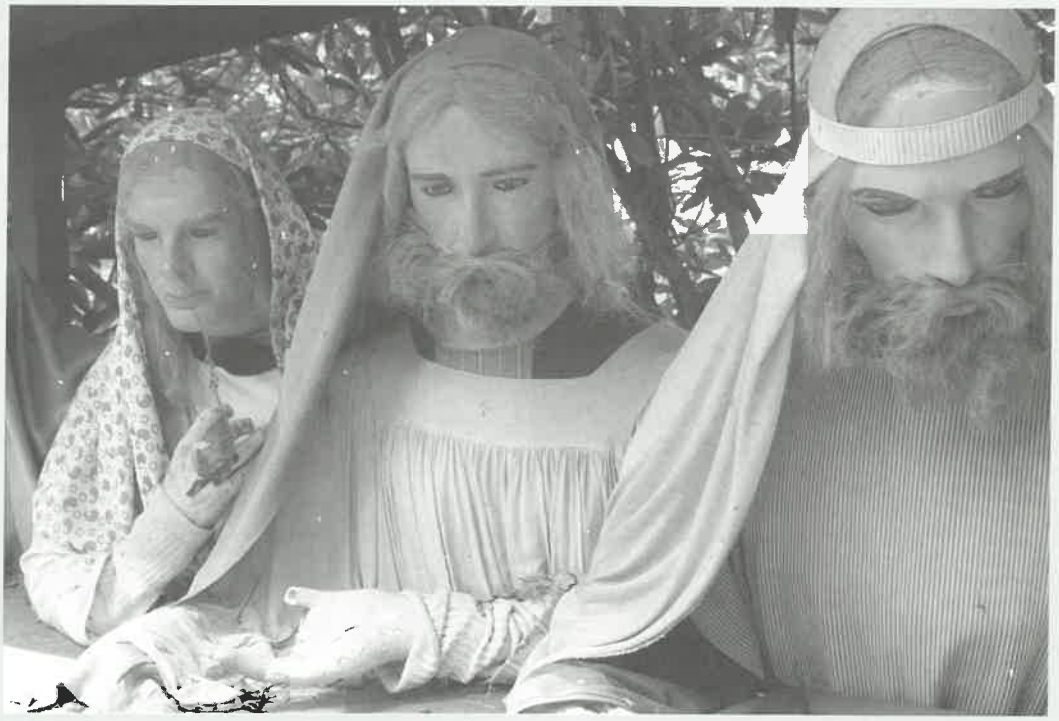
The property, located on Tyrone Road, is home to one of Morgantown's most unusual architectural treasures, the Thoney Pietro castle. [See "Thoney Pietro's



This castle at the Good Counsel Friary in Morgantown, built during the Great Depression by Italian immigrant Thoney Pietro, has belonged to the Catholic Church since 1949. The Bible Walk is located on the property. Inset: Father Jude Mili lived at the Good Counsel Friary since 1968. Parkinson's Disease has recently prevented him from maintaining the Bible Walk, which has fallen into disrepair.

Castle," by Norman Julian; Summer 1988.] An Italian immigrant, Pietro was a bricklayer who chose Morgantown as his home because it reminded him of Italy. He built brick streets, homes, and halls throughout the town. But his most amazing work was his own home, or castle, constructed from 1928 to 1933. The 23-room castle cost $200,000.

In 1949, he turned over this castle and about half of his estate to the Catholic Church, which used it as a place to train missionaries. In 1955, a chapel was built, and in 1968, the Franciscans completed the structure that provides shelter for Father Mili, as well as a library, conference rooms, and offices.



Mannequins depicting the Last Supper show their age and the effects of the elements. "I still hope and pray someone will come along and say, 'We want to repair the Bible Walk,'" says Father Mili.

Father Mili has never spent a night in the castle and has no desire to do so. The building is vacant and slowly succumbing to time, just like the Bible Walk behind it.

The walk came to the friary in the early 1980's through a contact with Bill Warren, a Pittsburgh-area businessman who felt called by God to create a Bible walk in Collier Township, near Bridgeville, Pennsylvania. Warren felt God was calling him and his wife, Gail, to build 30 biblical scenes with mannequins that would tell the story of redemption.

As with Thoney Pietro's castle, Warren's project cost $200,000. Warren traveled to the Bronx, where he purchased the mannequins from an outlet. Gail Warren researched and sewed all the costumes, using sturdy materials, like burlap or awning and ski fabrics. Signs painted on full sheets of plywood provided the scripture references for each scene.

The couple's neighbors objected to the thousands of visitors the walk attracted, and they took Bill to court. The court found the walk in violation of zoning ordinances, which sent Warren in search of a new location for the biblical figures and displays.

Through a series of events, Warren and Father Mili became acquainted, and Warren offered the walk to the friary. Father Mili says they really didn't want it, but they agreed to pray about the request. "Each time we prayed for the Bible Walk, it seemed like we'd get another letter from Bill Warren, or someone would write to us about it," he recalls.

Warren and his family hauled most of the Bible Walk mannequins to the friary and re-established it in the forest. The remaining 22 figures went to Diamond Hill Cathedral in Mansfield, Ohio, where they became the cornerstone of its Living Bible Museum.

Father Mili combined the walk with 14 marble stations of the cross, which had been removed from St. Peter's Shrine in Pittsburgh. "When it first came here, many people would come here to be healed," says Father Mili. "They came out of curiosity, and the Lord gave them the grace to be converted."

Despite the destruction that nature and neglect have brought upon the Bible Walk, Father Mili still has great respect and hope for the spirit of the walk. "I feel we are on holy ground on this place," he says. "We've seen many, many miracles happen."

Afflicted with Parkinson's Disease, Father Mili is unable to navigate the uneven ground of the Bible Walk, let alone maintain it. It's a huge task, one that would require money and many hands and weeks of work.

"I still hope and pray someone will come along and say, 'We want to repair the Bible Walk,'" Father Mili says.

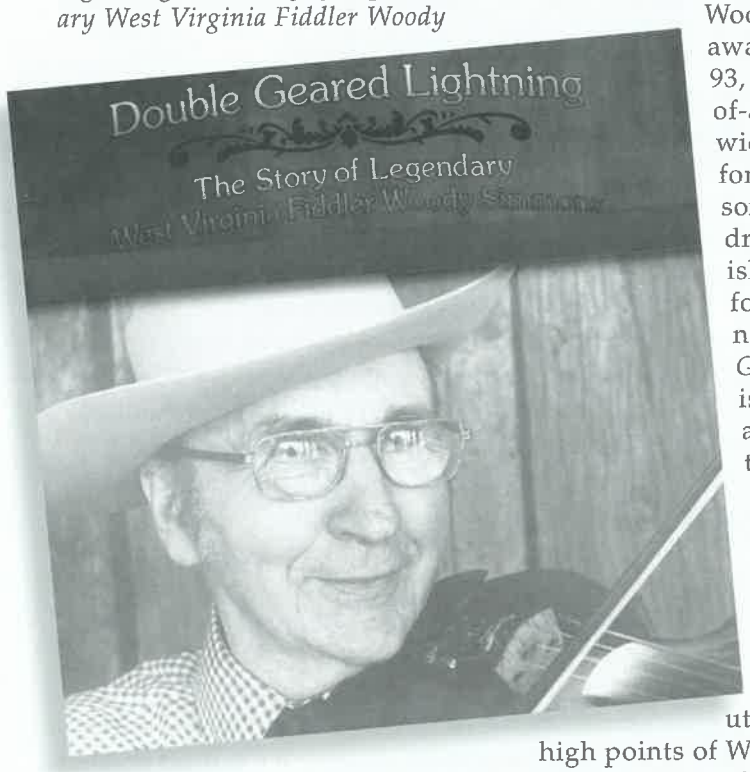
Sadly, Father Jude Mili passed away on March 12, 2007. He was 75. The Bible Walk has since been closed and the property put up for sale. For more information, phone (304)594-1714. —ed.

Mountain Music Roundup

By John Lilly

Great music continues to flow from the Mountain State, and we're pleased to bring you a sampling of new and recent releases featuring West Virginia old-time and early country music.

Topping the list is a wonderful and creative CD tribute to Randolph County fiddler and 1983 Vandalia Award recipient, **Woody Simmons**, titled *Double Geared Lightning: The Story of Legendary West Virginia Fiddler Woody Simmons* (PCC-012). Some readers might recall that, in 2005, we spoke highly of a related project, titled *Woody Simmons: Live at WVMR* (PCC-009), with a very similar cover and 29 tracks of Woody's fiddling and banjo playing, recorded live at the WVMR radio studios in Frost, Pocahontas County, between 1982 and 2002. This new project from Pocahontas Communications continues the story of Woody, this time highlighting spoken-word accounts of Woody's life and legacy, in addition to plenty of examples of his great music.

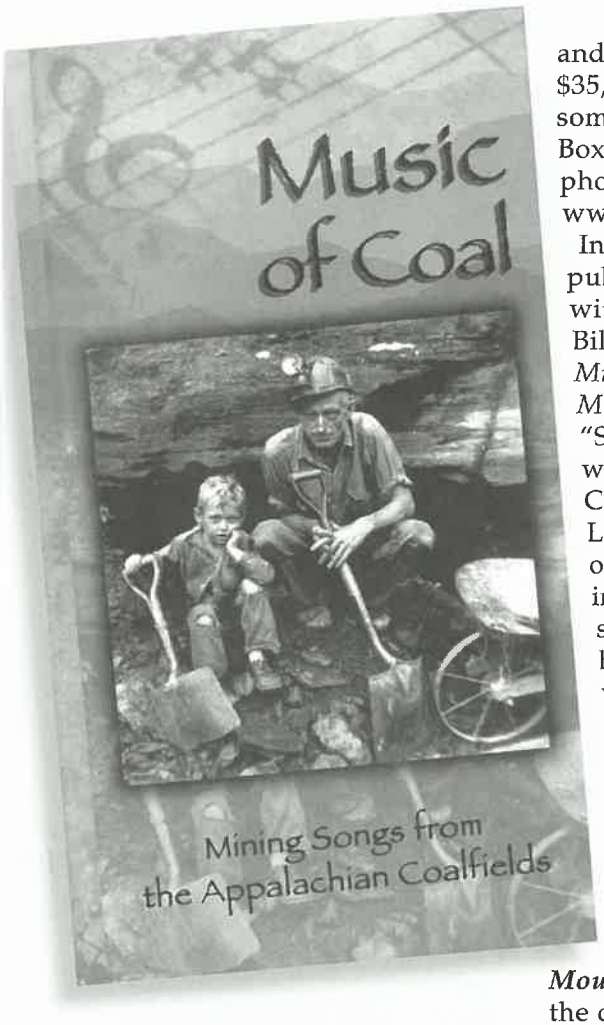


Woody, who passed away in 2004 at age 93, was truly one-of-a-kind and was widely recognized for his unique personality, sparkling dress, and outlandish tales as much as for his contest-winning music. *Double Geared Lightning* is an affectionate look back at this fine man, as told through his own words and those of people who knew him. Produced like a radio documentary, this 59-minute disk covers the high points of Woody's life and musical career, from his early days on Becky's Creek to his learning to play the banjo and fiddle, his experiences as a young musician, his family and home life with his wife and son, and his highly competitive and successful approach to fiddle contests. [See "Woody Simmons: Recollections of a Randolph County Fiddler," by Michael Kline; July-September 1979, also in the book *Mountains of Music: West Virginia Traditional Music from* GOLDENSEAL; see page 68.]

It's a pleasure to hear Woody's voice again — he had a wonderful and unmistakable way of speaking — and to hear again some of the old stories he was fond of telling and retelling. Fiddlers Bobby Taylor, Dave Bing, Gerry Milnes, Buddy Griffin, and others add tremendously to the project with their recollections and tributes to Woody. Anyone who knew Woody will certainly want this CD as a keepsake; those who never met him owe it to themselves to get to know this irreplaceable and irrepressible West Virginia musician. This one is a gem.

Copies of *Double Geared Lightning* are available for $17, postpaid, from Pocahontas Communications Cooperative, Rt. 1 Box 139, Dunmore, WV 24934; phone 1-800-297-2346.

Two new collections focus on songs of the coalfields. ***Music of Coal: Mining Songs from the Appalachian Coalfields*** (CD071) is a monumental release from the Lonesome Pine Office on Youth in Big Stone Gap, Virginia. Forty-eight songs, on two CD's, are packaged in an innovative and attractive hard-cover book format. These recordings span nearly a century, from a 1908 cylinder recording of Otto Langley & the Edison Concert Band ("Down in

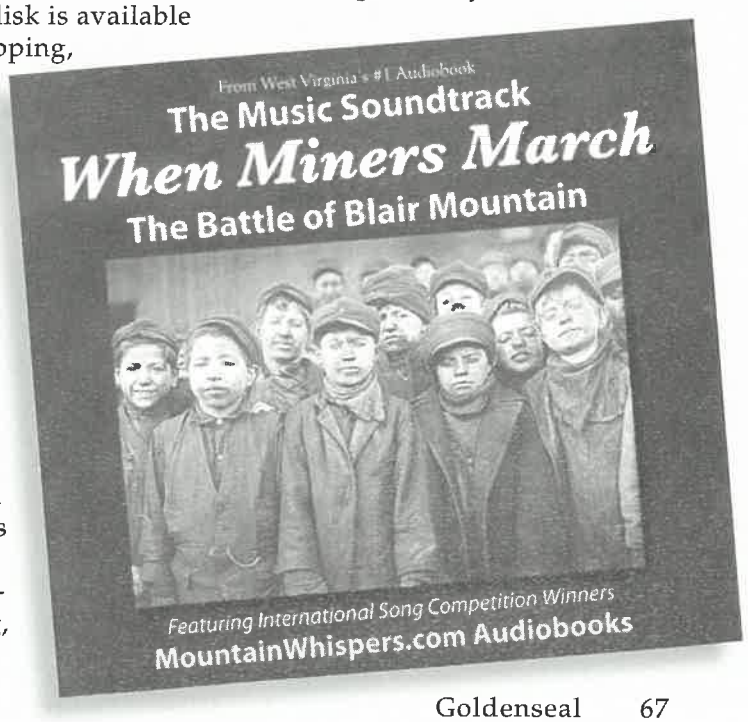


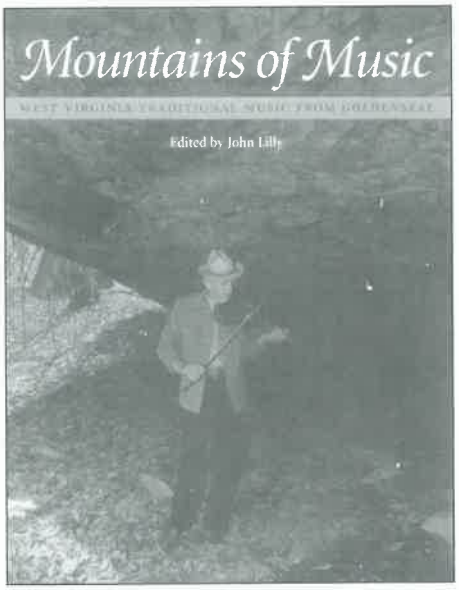
a Coal Mine") to Dale Jett's 2007 recording of Billy Edd Wheeler's "Coal Tattoo." Performances by musical luminaries, such as the Carter Family, the Stanley Brothers, Jean Ritchie, and Dock Boggs are interspersed with field and local recordings of church groups, folk singers, and bluegrass bands from the region. While there is an emphasis on the music and musicians of Lee, Stone, and Wise counties in Virginia, there is ample West Virginia content here, as well. Mountain State artists and writers represented include Hazel Dickens, Nimrod Workman, Orville Jenks, Michael Kline, and others; many of the songs refer specifically to events, disasters, and mining locations in our state. Adding to this broad and eclectic set of music is a detailed and informative 69-page book, including complete songs lyrics, photographs, and essays on each song and artist. *Music of Coal* sells for $35, plus shipping, from Lonesome Pine Office on Youth, P.O. Box 568, Big Stone Gap, VA 24219; phone (276)523-5064 or on-line at www.lpoy.org.

In our Summer 2006 issue, we published a fascinating interview with author and labor historian Bill Blizzard, author of *When Miners March: The Story of Coal Miners in West Virginia*. [See "Son of the Struggle: A Visit with William C. Blizzard," by C. Belmont "Chuck" Keeney.] Later that year, Ross Ballard of MountainWhispers.com, in Martinsburg, produced a successful seven-disk audio book of *When Miners March*, which included a bonus disk of mostly contemporary songs about mining and labor issues. Previously available only with the complete audio book set, Ross has now made the music CD available on its own. Titled ***When Miners March (The Battle of Blair Mountain): The Music Soundtrack***, the disk features 16 tracks, including performances by Hazel Dickens, Elaine Purkey, Mike Morningstar, John Lilly, and others. The settings range from bluegrass and old-time country to contemporary folk music. The *When Miners March* soundtrack disk is available for $14.95, plus shipping, from www .MountainWhispers .com; phone (304)267-4351.

The Hammons Legacy Team continues to document and preserve the music and heritage of the Hammons family of Pocahontas County. This talented family carried on ancient traditions of fiddling, banjo playing, ballad singing, and storytelling, in addition to the old-time ways of living, from their remote mountain homeplace. Fortunately, Maggie, Burl, Sherman, James, Ruie, Lee Hammons, and others were extensively recorded by researchers, folkorists, and younger musicians during the 1970's, and many of these field recordings are now being edited and released on a series of CD's. A good place to start is with ***A Sampler from the Hammons Legacy: Volume One*** (YPC-H-003). It includes a generous 31 tracks, spanning a range of instrumentation, vocal styles, and tales from these family members, plus a few friends and neighbors. This is rustic, unvarnished stuff, best appreciated by those who cherish the most soulful and authentic examples of mountain music and culture. CD's from the Hammons Legacy series are available on-line at www .morningstarfolkarts.com; phone (304)799-4965. They sell for $15.

At the other end of the spectrum are a number of recent releases by non-native musicians, who have been inspired by West Virginia music, have studied it, and have traveled here extensively in pursuit of it. Fiddler **Alan Jabbour**, former director of the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress, was among the early wave of





Mountains of Music: West Virginia Traditional Music from GOLDENSEAL gathers 25 years of stories about our state's rich musical heritage into one impressive volume. *Mountains of Music* is the definitive title concerning this rare and beautiful music — and the fine people and mountain culture from which it comes.
The book is available from the GOLDENSEAL office for $23.95, plus $2 shipping per book; West Virginia residents please add 6% sales tax (total $27.39 per book including tax and shipping). Add *Mountains of Music* to your book collection today!

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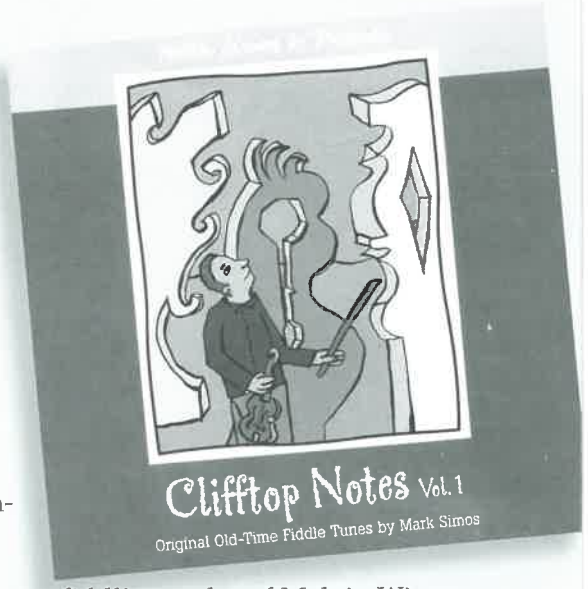
young enthusiasts who made their way into the mountains in search of old-time music. He is most closely associated with the Hammons family and fiddler Henry Reed. Since retiring a few years ago, Alan has rededicated himself to performing and recording his own music and has recently put out some nice CD's. His latest, *Southern Summits: 21 Duets for Fiddle and Banjo*, is a collaboration with New England banjo player Ken Perlman. Together, they offer energetic versions of mostly obscure instrumentals, more than half of them learned from Henry Reed. *Southern Summits* is available from Alan Jabbour via e-mail at jabbour@myexcel.com; phone (202)333-1089.

Canadian fiddler **Erynn Marshall** has been mentioned in these pages recently, largely as a result of her fine book, *Music in the Air Somewhere: The Shifting Borders of West Virginia's Fiddle and Song Traditions.* [See "New Books about Music," by John Lilly; Winter 2006.] It should come as no surprise that she is also an accomplished fiddler. Two recent CD's showcase Erynn's rich fiddling and deep repertoire of West Virginia, Virginia, and Kentucky traditional music: *Calico* (MO4EM), released in 2005 by Merriweather Records; and *Meet Me in the Music* (HJ01MC), a 2007 release on Hickoryjack Recordings with banjo player Chris Coole. Erynn's playing combines elements of her early classical violin training with years of immersion in the rustic



fiddling styles of Melvin Wine, Lester McCumbers, Leland Hall, and others. In her hands, these tunes sound full and luxurious, while maintaining their distinct mountain character. They are also well-recorded and attractively packaged, with informative liner notes. *Calico* is available on-line at www.meriweather.ca; phone (905)841-1879. *Meet Me in the Music* is available on-line at www.hickoryjack.com.

Each summer, thousands of old-time music lovers flock to Fayette County's Camp Washington Carver, near Clifftop, for the Appalachian String Band Music Festival, sponsored by the West Virginia Division of Cultural and History. [See "'Clifftop': Appalachian String Band Music Festival," by Danny Williams; Summer 1999.] Massachusetts fiddler **Mark Simos** has been making the trek since the festival began, or thereabouts, and won first place in the fiddle contest at Clifftop in 2003. A talented songwriter and composer, Mark has found himself pulling new tunes out of the air at the festival and has recently released a CD of original fiddle tunes, composed entirely at the festival between 1995 and 2005. *Clifftop Notes: Volume One* (5SP-CD05005)features Mark Simos and friends playing 11 new tunes, all written in the old style and all capturing the magic and mystique of the Clifftop festival. *Clifftop Notes* is available on-line at www.devachan.com/clifftopnotes.

Goldenseal Index

Volume 33, 2007

Articles that appeared in Volume 33 are listed in the index below under the categories of Subject, Author, Photographer, and Location.

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

The GOLDENSEAL Index is published each year in the winter issue. The cumulative index is available on our Web site at www.wvculture.org/goldenseal/gsindex.html.

Subject

Author

Photographer

Location

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY 39 U.S.C. 3685 FOR GOLDENSEAL: WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL LIFE (U.S.P.S. No. 013336), Filing date October 1, 2007, published quarterly, at The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Number of issues published annually: 4. Annual subscription price: $17. The general business offices of the publisher are located at The Cultural Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. John Lilly is the contact person at (304)558-0220.

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

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

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Publication Name: Goldenseal: West Virginia Traditional Life
Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: Fall 2007
The average number of copies of each issue during the preceding 12 months are:

A) Total no. of copies:	18,313
Net press run:	
B) Paid and/or Requested Circulation:	14,479
1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541	
2) Paid In-County Subscriptions	-0-
I. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution	1,286
I. Other Classes mailed Through the USPS	-0-
C) Total paid and/or Requested Circulation:	15,765
D) Free Distribution by Mail:	-0-
I. Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
I. In-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
II. Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS	-0-
E) Free Distribution Outside the Mail	-0-
F) Total Free Distribution	-0-
G) Total Distribution	15,765
H) Copies Not Distributed (Office Use)	1,852
(Returns/Shredded)	696
I) Total	18,313

Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 100%

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

A) Total no. of copies	18,750
Net press run:	
B) Paid and/or Requested Circulation:	
1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541	14,998
I. Paid In-County Subscriptions	-0-
II. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution	1,177
I. Other Classes mailed Through the USPS	-0-
C) Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation	16,175
D) Free Distribution by Mail:	-0-
I. Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
I. In-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
II. Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS	-0-
E) Free Distribution Outside the Mail	-0-
F) Total Free Distribution	-0-
G) Total Distribution	16,175
H) Copies Not Distributed (Office Use)	2,575
(Returns/Shredded)	-0-
I) Total	18,750

Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 100%
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
John Lilly, Editor

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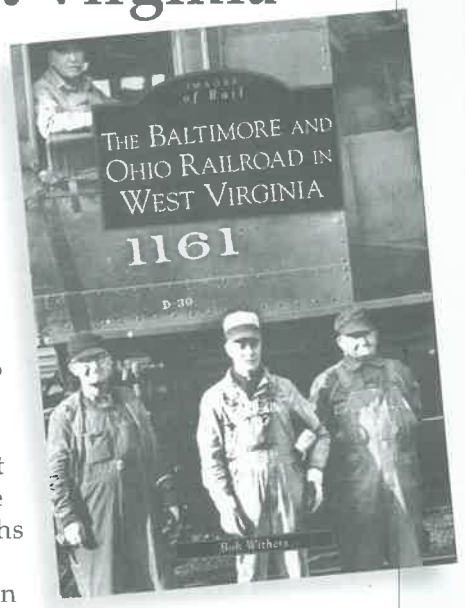
The B&O in West Virginia



The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in West Virginia, by Bob Withers, is a new book in the Images of Rail series from Arcadia Publishing. The volume includes a brief introduction by Withers, proving an overview of the railroad's significance in the Mountain State's history, followed by individual chapters of black-and-white photographs that illustrate that history, along with descriptive captions by the author. Bob Withers, of Huntington, is a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL. His stories include "The Caboose Man: A Visit with Jim Mullins of Madison," on page 16 of this issue. Most of the photographs in this new book are from the author's personal collection, many of them taken by Charleston railroad photographer, the late J.J. Young. [See "Capturing Steam: Railroad Photographer J.J. Young," by Bob Withers; Summer 2001.]

The story of the B&O in West Virginia begins when track first reached Harpers Ferry in 1834. The stretch between that point and Wheeling was completed at Rosbys Rock in Marshall County in 1852. [See "Rosbys Rock: No More, No Less," by Carl E. Feather; Winter 2005.] The history concludes when the B&O was acquired by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway in 1963. By that time, the B&O had served Grafton, Parkersburg, Huntington, and many other locations across West Virginia.

There are chapters on passenger, freight, and local trains, as well as a chapter on locomotives, featuring both steam and diesel engines. One set of photographs is devoted to special excursion trains, such the 1952 whistlestop campaign on behalf of presidential candidate Adlai Stevenson. Additional chapters deal with such topics as train wrecks and accidents, depots and stations, and the workers and passengers of the B&O.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in West Virginia is a 128-page paperback with hundreds of photographs and sells for $19.99. It is available from Arcadia Publishing, phone 1-888-313-2665; on the Web at www.arcadiapublishing.com.

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Flatfoot Dancer Lou Maiuri
- Water Witching
- Reed Organs
- The "Ramp Egg"

Photo Curiosity

Do you recall seeing the Stanley Brothers on live television in West Virginia? Carter (guitar) and Ralph Stanley, at right, were frequent and popular performers over TV and radio stations across the Mountain State during the late '40's and early 1950's. In addition to Huntington's WSAZ-TV, shown here during the summer of 1950, they appeared on Bluefield television, and on radio stations WSAZ (Huntington), WOAY (Oak Hill), WWVA (Wheeling), and elsewhere. [See "WSAZ: 'The Worst Station from A to Z,'" by Corley Dennison; Winter 2001.]

If you have any recollection of seeing and hearing these country music legends during the dawn of the television age in West Virginia — or if you can identify this fiddler, mandolin player, or cameraman — please let us know at the GOLDENSEAL office.

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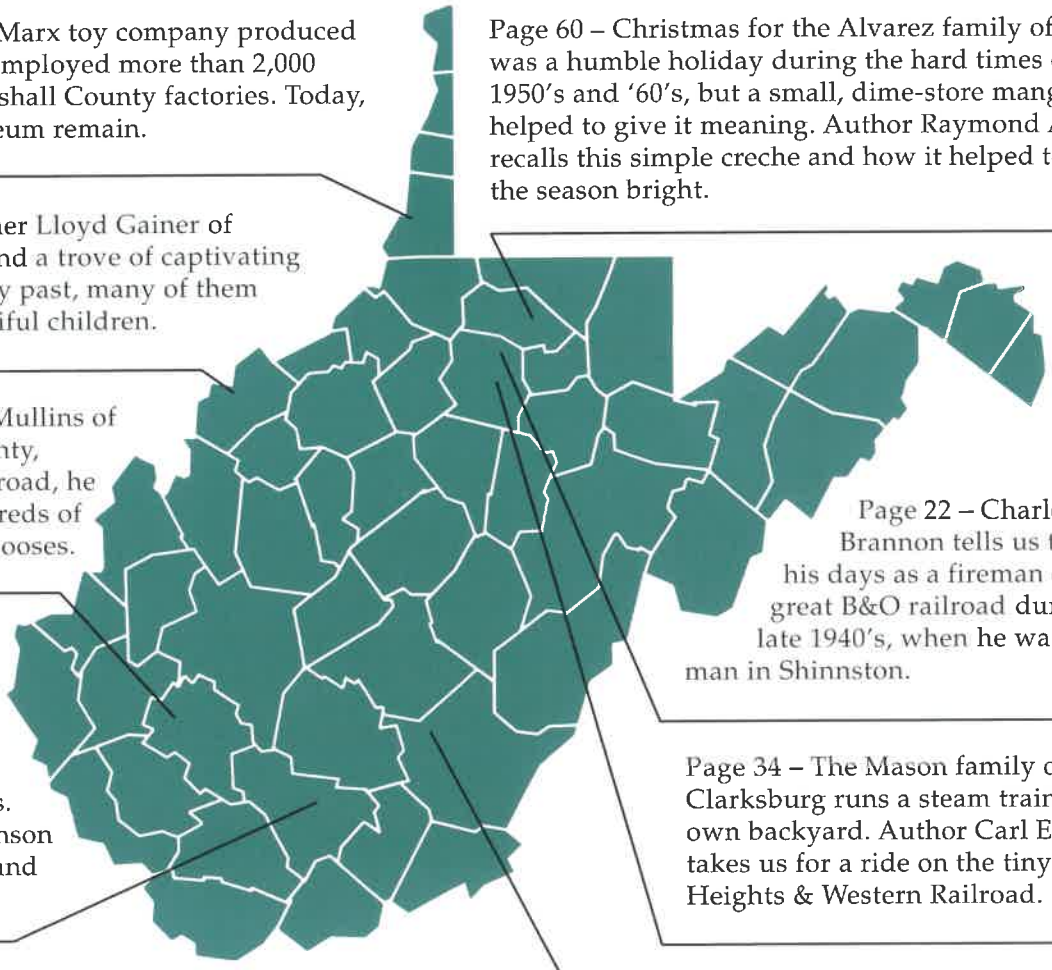
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, West Virginia 25305-0300

PERIODICALS

Inside Goldenseal



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