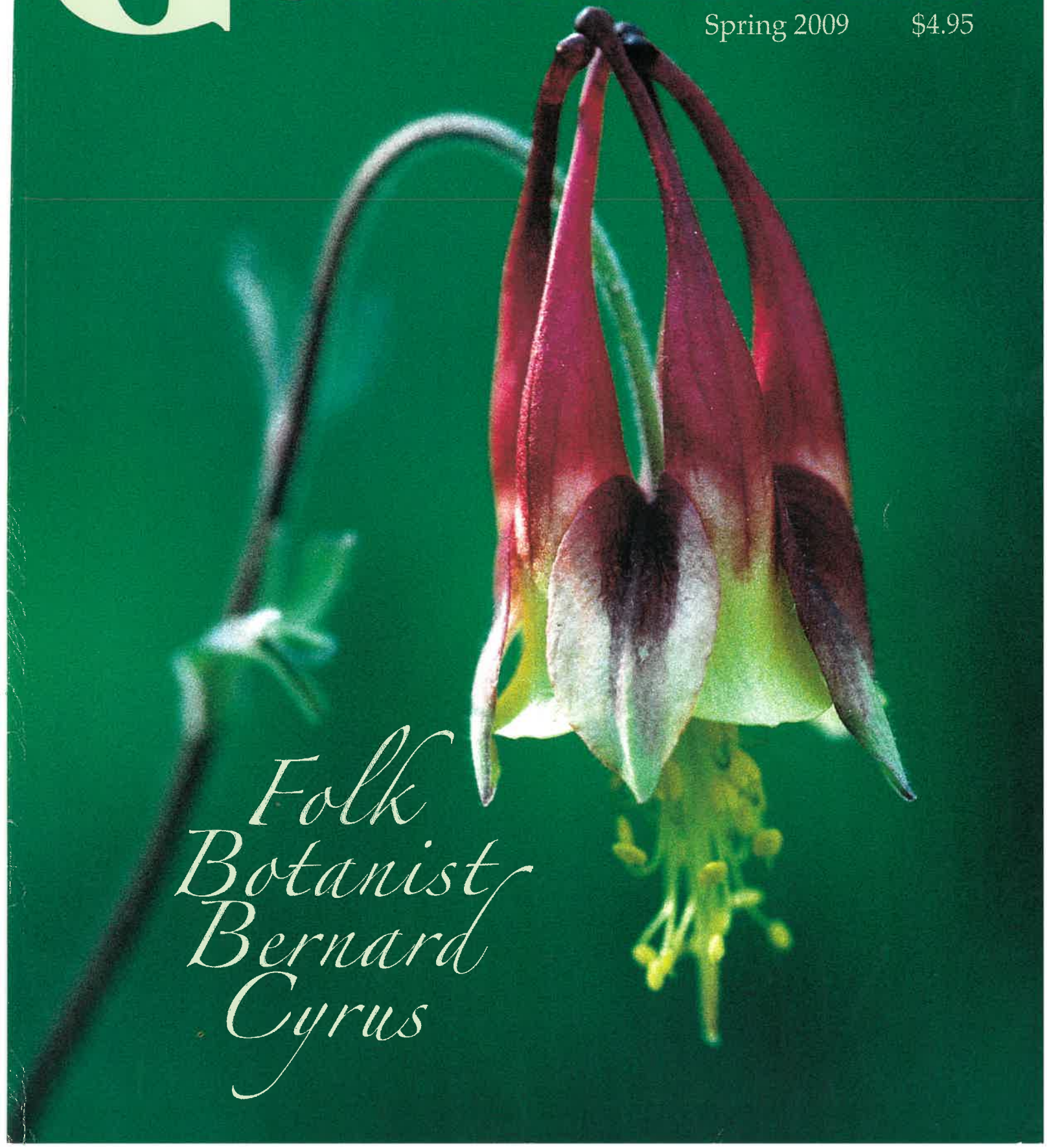
Friendly Neighbor Show • Weston State Hospital • Basketball

West Virginia Traditional Life

Goldenseal

Spring 2009 $4.95



Folk Botanist Bernard Cyrus

Folklife • Fairs • Festivals 2009

GOLDENSEAL's "Folklife • Fairs • Festivals" calendar is prepared three to six months in advance of publication. The information was accurate as far as we could determine at the time the magazine went to press. However, it is advisable to check with the organization or event to make certain that the date or location has not been changed. The phone numbers given are all within the West Virginia (304) area code unless otherwise noted. Information for events at West Virginia State Parks and other major festivals is also available by calling 1-800-CALL-WVA. An on-line version of this list, which includes links to many of the events, is posted on our Web site at www.wvculture.org/goldenseal/fflist.html.

March 13-14 10th Annual SistersFest
Sistersville (771-8699)
March 13-15 George Washington's Bathtub Celebration
Berkeley Springs (1-800-447-8797)
March 14 Irish Festival
Pipestem (466-1800)
March 20-22 Upper Potomac Spring Dulcimer Festival
Shepherdstown (263-2531)
March 21-22 Potomac Highlands Regional Maple Festival
New Creek (788-1834)
March 21-22 W.Va. Maple Syrup Festival
Pickens (924-5096)
April 4-5 Wildwater River Festival
Webster Springs (847-5449)
April 18 71st Feast of the Ramson
Richwood (846-6790)
April 18 Pickens Ramp Dinner
Pickens (924-5415)
April 24-26 Dogwood Arts & Crafts Festival
Huntington (696-5990)
April 24-26 Glass Fest
Weston (269-1030)
April 24-26 Spring Mountain Festival
Petersburg (257-2722)
April 25 Helvetia Ramp Dinner
Helvetia (924-6435)
April 27-May 2 New River Birding & Nature Festival
Oak Hill (1-800-927-0263)
May 1-3 Engines & Wheels Festival
North Bend State Park (643-2931)
May 1-3 Scottish Heritage Festival & Celtic Gathering
Bridgeport (842-3457)
May 1-3 Spring Fest
Franklin (358-3884)
May 2 Cheat River Festival
Albright (329-3621)
May 2 Heritage Farm Spring Festival
Huntington (522-1244)
May 2 Frontier Gathering
Kanawha State Forest (755-2990)
May 2-3 Steam & Gas Engine Show
Point Pleasant (675-5737)
May 7-10 Mullens Dogwood Festival
Mullens (732-8000)
May 8-9 15th Annual Bluegrass Festival
North Bend State Park (643-2931)
May 9 Mother's Day Founder's Festival
Webster (265-5549)
May 9 Berkeley County Heritage Day
Martinsburg (267-4713)
May 10 101st Observance of Mother's Day
Grafton (265-1589)
May 13-17 W.Va. Strawberry Festival
Buckhannon (472-9036)
May 15-16 Buffalo Heritage Days
Buffalo (937-2755)
May 16-17 Elizabethtown Festival
Moundsville (845-2552)
May 21-23 Three Rivers Festival
Fairmont (363-2625)
May 21-25 Dandelion Festival
White Sulphur Springs (1-800-833-2068)
May 22-24 Webster County Woodchopping Festival
Webster Springs (847-7666)
May 22-24 33rd Vandalia Gathering
State Capitol Complex/Charleston (558-0162)
May 22-25 Spirit of Grafton Celebration
Grafton (265-3950)
May 23 Matewan Massacre Reenactment & Hatfield McCoy Reunion
Matewan (426-6512)May 23-24 W.Va. Wine & Arts Festival
Martinsburg (263-0224)
May 28-31 Blue & Gray Reunion
Philippi (457-2368)
May 30 Appalachian Music Festival
Tamarack/Beckley (1-888-262-7225)
June 2-6 Bend Area Gospel Jubilee
Ripley (373-2286)
June 3-6 Calhoun County Wood Festival
Grantsville (354-6671)
June 5-7 Rail Trail Festival
Cairo (643-2931)
June 6 Mountain Music Festival
Caretta (875-3418)
June 6 Pattyfest
Morgantown (864-0105)
June 11-14 Ronceverte River Festival
Ronceverte (647-5855)
June 12-14 Spring Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
Harpers Ferry (1-800-624-0577)
June 16-20 W.Va. Coal Festival
Madison (369-9118)
June 18-21 W.Va. State Folk Festival
Glenville (462-5000)
June 19-21 Hometown Mountain Heritage Festival
Ansted (658-5065)
June 19-21 Mid-Ohio Valley Multi-Cultural Festival
Parkersburg (428-5554)
June 19-21 Old Central City Days Festival
West Huntington (522-1062)
June 19-28 FestivALL
Charleston (364-8972)
June 24-27 Music in the Mountains Bluegrass Festival
Summersville (872-3145)
June 25-28 St. Albans Riverfest
St. Albans (722-2865)
June 26-28 Little Levels Heritage Fair
Hillsboro (1-800-336-7009)
June 27 Lavender Fair
Alum Bridge (269-7681)
July 2-4 Gassaway Days
Gassaway (364-5111)
July 2-4 Point Pleasant Sternwheel Regatta & River Festival
Point Pleasant (675-6788)
July 2-5 Mountain State Art & Craft Fair
Cedar Lakes/Ripley (372-8159)
July 9-11 43rd Annual Pioneer Days
Marlinton (1-800-336-7009)
July 10-11 Benedum Festival
Bridgeport (1-800-368-4324)
July 10-12 John Henry Days
Talcott (466-1729)

(continued on inside back cover)

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Goldenseal

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p. 20

p. 54

On the cover: Wild columbine (*Aquilegia canadensis*), photographed by Bernard Cyrus on Montgomery Ridge, Wayne County. Gerald Milnes' story about Bernard Cyrus begins on page 10.

p. 44

p. 68

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From the Editor

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KELLER

Are the times tough enough for you yet? We often hear from older folks who recall the 1930's with great affection, claiming they didn't realize the country was in a Great Depression until years later. They were too busy living close to the land.

Perhaps those times are coming back. I just got off the phone with Bernard Cyrus, whose beautiful photography graces our cover and who is the subject of our lead story in this issue. [See "The Natural World of Bernard Cyrus," by Gerald Milnes; page 10.] I was beginning to get concerned, since I had been trying to reach Bernard by phone for several days. Turns out he and his wife and dog have been holed up in his shop, without power or phone, since an ice storm blew through Wayne County last week. They've been doing fine, Bernard tells me. They'd put up plenty of food from the garden, had split and stacked enough wood for heat, and used candles and oil lamps for reading. "My banjo never sounded sweeter," he says.

Playing well the cards we are dealt is a noble trait, and one that flourishes in the mountains. Bernard Cyrus, for example, not only survives close to the land, but thrives. The same can be said for Junior D. Hayes, whose story of family life on Jordan Creek begins on page 48. Wallace and Pauline Mauk of Romney, who bought the Koolwink Tourist Home with not much more than spare change and a prayer, have spent the past 53 years building their American Dream by the side of U.S. Route 50 in Hampshire County. [See page 54.] These folks have much to teach us during these challenging times.

Other inspiring people in this issue include basketball stars George King and Earl Lloyd, who shredded record books and tumbled racial barriers in the world of sports. [See pages 38 and 44.] Wallace Horn started a small radio program at Chapmanville in 1967, and his *Friendly Neighbor Show* continues to grow and prosper today. [See page 20.] Dot Clark grew up in Mercer County and returned to her home state recently to trace the final steps of her mother, an unfortunate woman whose sad journey ended at Weston State Hospital in 1947. [See page 31.]

We hope you find strength and encouragement in these stories. It's a pleasure to bring them to you. And thank you for your continued support of GOLDENSEAL. We need all the friends we can get, now more than ever.

John Lilly

Letters from Readers

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

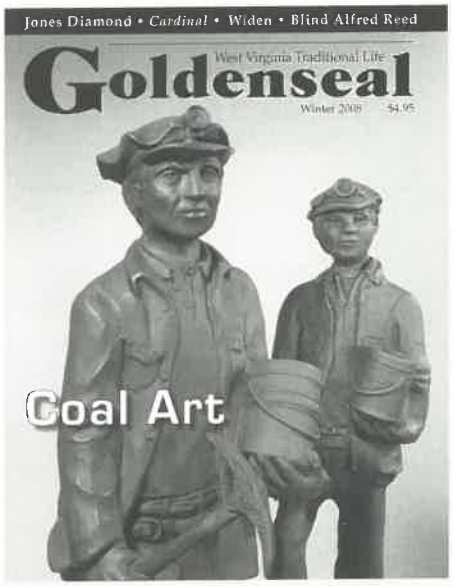
Coal Art

December 16, 2008
Indiana Department of Correction
Bunker Hill, Indiana
Editor:
I received my Winter 2008 Coal Art issue and really loved being able to take it to my Ball State University Art History 101 class this week. [See "Coal Art: The 'Other' West Virginia Coal Industry," by Jean Battlo.] People around here were very intrigued by this cultural art of our region, and it was my pleasure to introduce them to GOLDENSEAL magazine. I passed out subscription cards.

My projected outdate is going to be summer 2011, after I receive all my educational time-cuts. So, I am really trying to imagine myself in the "free world," as a productive part thereof and capable of contributing in some very significant way with the rest of my life. I have some ideas, like feeding the poor and needy with a big organic community garden and a community workshop on canning methods to store foods.

I never received a single response from GOLDENSEAL readers when we put my request for pen pals in a couple of years ago, which surprised me a lot. The idea of trying to return to my roots and my people of West Virginia would be an awesome thing, and I continue to ask God for that before my release. I would love to rebuild my shattered life in the land of my ancestry.
John Golden

Thanks, John. It's good to hear from you. If any GOLDENSEAL *readers wish to correspond with inmate John Golden, please let us know at the* GOLDENSEAL *office. —ed.*



December 26, 2008
New Canton, Virginia
Editor:
The Winter 2008 articles on coal sculpturing reflect an ongoing interest in the subject. In my book, *Kelly's Creek Chronicles*, I highlight a diary entry of James A. Jones. Seems Jones corresponded with Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1933, sending him one of his own sculptured pieces. I suspect many households were involved in such folk art.
William R. Hudnall

New River Train

December 15, 2008
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Via e-mail
Editor:
I am now a Tarheel, but I'll always be a hillbilly and a railroad kid in my heart. Bob Withers' fine articles in the Winter 2008 issue took me back to my childhood, when my dad was a telegraph agent and often ticket agent for the C&O. [See "The *Cardinal* and Its Rolling History Lesson" and "The Duke of Prince: Ticket Agent Marvin Plumley."]

We never owned a car. The local trains were our transportation to Hinton for doctors, dentists, and shopping; to Charleston for bigger shopping trips; to Huntington to visit relatives; and to McKendree to my grandmother's house. [See "Round Bottom: Home of the New River Gwinns," by Leona G. Brown; Spring 1984.] That New River Train will always be in my heart.

Thank you for all the fine articles in this issue.
Leona G. Brown

Blind Alfred Reed

December 2, 2008
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia
Via e-mail
Editor:
I just opened the package you sent and WOW! I read it from cover to cover. I absolutely love your magazine! It was the first time I ever read it, I'm sorry to say. I fully intend to subscribe in the near future.

I was so pleased with the article you wrote about Grandpa Reed. [See "The Blind Man's Song: Recalling Alfred Reed," by John Lilly; Winter 2008.] I called my mom to see how she liked it, and she said she loved the article but hated the photos of herself. She especially loved the picture of her Grandpa on the first page. She said it was the first time she had ever seen such a young photo of him and exclaimed how handsome he looked.

The article inspired my 19-year-

Blind Alfred Reed with daughter Violet in about 1925.

old daughter, Autumn, to Google her great-great-grandpa, and she was amazed at the info she dug up. Tonight, she's discovered a new reason to be proud of her heritage. My 13-year-old-son, Jacob, has been picking around on the guitar and is now realizing he has a knack for it and wants to pursue it more seriously. I guess he may get that honestly, eh? What a wonderful lesson for the new generation.

Just a note about the Punch Jones Diamond article. [See "The Jones Diamond: Mixed Blessings for a Peterstown Family," by Carl E. Feather; Winter 2008.] Giles Jones was my high school principal at Union High School. I knew about the diamond but was pleasantly surprised by the rest of the details. My friends and I always referred to Mr. Jones as "Babyface" Jones. He wore double-breasted suits to school, just like the ones his brothers are pictured wearing in the lined-up photo of the family. Guess he got that honest, as well!

Thanks again for the magazine.
Debi Fraley

Jones Diamond

December 14, 2008
Bunker Hill, West Virginia
Editor:
I want to write to you about the article in your most recent issue about the Punch Jones Diamond. The story is very interesting. You can't beat our native West Virginians and their struggles at life! Enough that Grover C. Jones raised a family of 17 children on a school teacher's salary, but to discover a famous diamond along the way really tops off the amazing and heartwarming story.

The next day after I received my GOLDENSEAL, my phone rang. It was my good friend Mr. Renwyn T. Triplett, who lives up in Middletown, Virginia. Renwyn is about 84 or 85 years old. He said, "My father held that diamond in his hand." It was in a tin can in that shed. I just received a Christmas card from Renwyn, and he wrote more about the diamond:

"Dad taught school at Rich Creek for a couple of years. It was a poor area and couldn't pay teachers much, so Dad more or less thought he would help in teaching for less money. He enjoyed the people and holding the diamond."

I'm sure that Renwyn's father, Ralph, met Grover C. Jones, since both were school teachers. I'm also am pretty sure Ralph taught some, if not all, of those 16 boys and one girl.
Robert Orndorff

Punch Jones Diamond, 1984. Photograph courtesy of Sotheby's Jewelry Department.

Widen

December 8, 2008
Clarksburg, West Virginia
Editor:
I enjoy reading all the stories in your magazine. Each magazine is like a history class for me. I really enjoyed your story about Widen. [See "The Train, the Smoke, the Whistle, and the Bell: Memories of Widen," by Barbara J. Young Workman; Winter 2008.] My father was from Strange Creek and Dille, and his first job was in the Widen mine. I remember all the stories my father told me about Widen. Your story confirmed so many of the stories I heard from my father about Widen, as well as from other family members that lived in Widen and worked in the mines.

Having lived in Widen myself during the 1980's, it was hard to believe what a "booming" town Widen was during those years. What an amazing story! Many people don't know some of these towns exist anymore. Guess that's why I enjoy your magazine and stories so much. The history of West Virginia is very interesting to me.
Rebecca Murphy

Yokum's Vacationland at Seneca Rocks. Photograph by Carl E. Feather.

Yokum's Vacationland

October 16, 2008
New Martinsville, West Virginia
Editor:
Your story on Yokum's Vacationland is both inspiring and educational. [See "Yokum's Vacationland: Carving Out a Big Life at Seneca Rocks," by Carl E. Feather; Fall 2008.] My husband, Jim, and I have been going to Seneca Rocks and other Pendleton County areas for many years, starting in the 1950's. We went there before Princess Snowbird fell from the rocks.

There is so much quality information in your story. I've read it several times. Senator Robert Byrd should be commended for his work in having laws passed to protect the citizens of West Virginia.

In September 2000, my grandson, Dillon, wanted to go to Seneca Rocks for his ninth birthday party. We took 11 persons to Yokum's Vacationland. The Yokums were wonderful hosts. Everyone in the party, except my husband and I, took the horseback ride to the top of Seneca Rocks. Everyone came back excited to have been on the trail ride. We will all remember the time we spent at Yokum's Vacationland, and we still share the story and pictures with family and friends.

Thanks so much for your great magazine.
Best wishes,
Ruth Jackson

Chesney's Totem Pole

October 17, 2008
Taylors, South Carolina
Editor:
It was a special delight to read the article on Chesney's Totem Pole in the fall issue. [See "Chesney's Totem Pole: Tribute to a Fairmont Landmark," by Raymond Alvarez; Fall 2008.] For several years, I have been trying to find a way to learn more about the life of a doctor in Fairmont whose first name was Chesney.

Dr. Chesney Ramage in 1938.

Here's My GOLDENSEAL Gift List!

Please add the following name(s) to the GOLDENSEAL mailing list. I enclose $18 for each subscription.

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[ ] I'm adding $5 extra per subscription (total $23). Please send the current issue along with the gift card!

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Please make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL.

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My mother was a Morgan, born on the Morgan farm — now the John Amos plant. I have been involved in that family's genealogy for many years. A few years ago, I came across some letters that had been written to my mother in the 1920's by her nakesake, Alice Elizabeth Morgan, in Rivesville. In one of the letters, she mentions that "Chesney" had graduated from Johns Hopkins and was having a very successful medical practice in Fairmont.

Neither Alice nor her brother, Will Morgan, had married. They have both been dead for decades, and I had no idea if "Chesney" was a relative or not. He was mentioned in such a fond way, however, that I thought he might have been their nephew.

When reading your article, I discovered that in Chesney's early days, he had lived for a time with a farmer in Rivesville, who had encouraged him to further his education. I'm now quite sure that the farmer was Will Morgan, descendant of David Morgan, the famous Indian fighter.

I would appreciate hearing from any of the Morgan descendants from that part of the state, in an effort to confirm our relationship. Also, if any of Chesney Ramage's descendants would be interested in discussing further information about Dr. Chesney, I'd surely love to hear from them, as well.

Thanks for all you do for our beloved Mountain State!
Mary Griffith Bird

Thanks for writing. If any members of the Morgan or the Ramage families wish to get in touch with Mary Bird, please write to us at the GOLDENSEAL *office. —ed.*

Berdines 5 & Dime

December 23, 2008
Wardensville, West Virginia
Editor:
I look forward to your books. I live in Hardy County, a couple of miles from the Virginia line.

A sister settled in Harrisville, a lovely town. She took two of my granddaughters home with her from a visit here last summer. Whenever they visit, she says they hurry into her house, drop their suitcases, and disappear down to Berdines first thing, and go back several times during their visit. When they saw the story in my book, they each had to have one copy. [See "Berdines: A Visit to Ritchie County's Old-Time 5 & Dime," by Maureen Crockett; Fall 2008.]

Thanks for the good work.
Hilda Ewing

Proprietor Dean Six and manager Karen Harper at Berdines 5 & Dime in Harrisville. Photograph by Michael Keller.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes


Carl E. Feather

Carl Yokum, lifelong resident of Seneca Rocks and cofounder of Yokum's Vacationland, passed away on November 6. He was 92. Carl and his wife, Shirley, established a tourism and hospitality empire at the base of this popular natural landmark, including two motels, campgrounds, rental cabins and teepees, riding stables, restaurant, and general store. He also farmed, worked for Columbia Gas, sat on the Pendleton County Board of Education, and served as county fire warden for 45 years. Carl was pictured on the cover of our Fall 2008 issue and was featured in the accompanying article, "Yokum's Vacationland: Carving Out a Big Life at Seneca Rocks," by Carl E. Feather.

Cecil H. Underwood, the 25th and 32nd governor of West Virginia, passed away at age 86 on November 24. First elected to the House of Delegates from Tyler County in 1944, he became the state's youngest governor in 1956. When re-elected in 1996, he was the state's oldest governor. Between his two gubernatorial terms, Mr. Underwood served as president of Bethany College, worked at Island Creek Coal Company, Monsanto, and New York Life Insurance Company. He also taught high school biology and was an adjunct professor at Marshall University. Governor Underwood was interviewed about his first predecessor, William C. Marland, in our Fall 1998 issue: "Underwood on Marland," by Rod Hoylman.


Michael Keller


Carl E. Feather

John Graham, country music singer and radio star from Bridgeport, died on November 30. He was 88. Performing as "Little John and Cherokee Sue," Graham and his first wife, the former Hattie Robinson, were popular radio performers over WMMN Fairmont, WWVA Wheeling, and WPDX Clarksburg, during the 1940's and '50's. Their 1941 on-stage wedding was attended by 14,000 paying audience members. Following his wife's death in 1967, John retired from professional entertainment, got into the plumbing business, and remarried. John was featured in our Winter 2004 issue, in an article titled, "Little John Graham and Cherokee Sue: A Radio Love Story," by Carl E. Feather.

William "Bicycle Bill" Currey, of St. Albans, ran one of the largest Schwinn Bicycle dealerships in the country at his West Side Charleston shop. He also owned many rare and unusual bicycles and displayed them at his self-styled bicycle museum. An avid cyclist himself, Bill personally cycled 40,000 miles by the time he was 18 and created more than 100 bicycle routes throughout West Virginia. He was the subject of a series of stories in our Summer 1999 issue: "Sprockets, Spokes, and Mountain Roads: A Visit with 'Bicycle Bill' Currey," by Tim Boring; "Bill Currey's Bicycle Museum"; and "The Man in the Bicycle Shop," by David W. Bartemus. Bill Currey died December 14 in Teays Valley. He was 84.

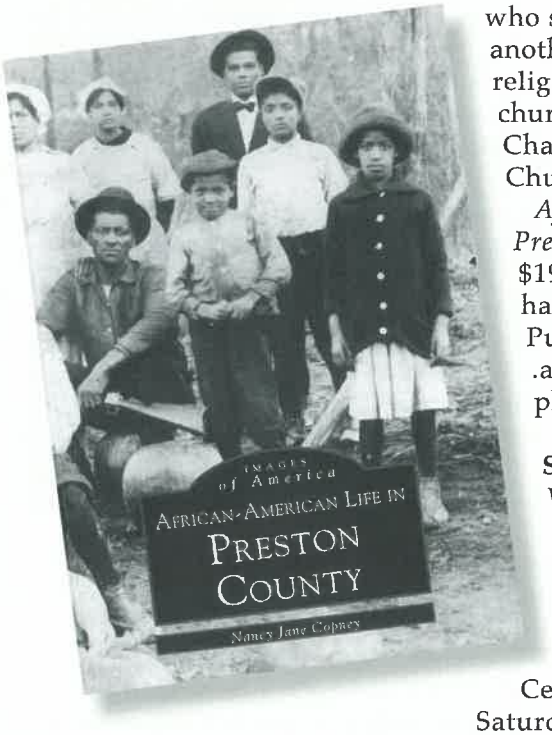

Michael Keller


Michael Keller

William C. Blizzard of Winfield passed away on December 29, at age 92. Born on Cabin Creek in 1916, William was the son of legendary labor leader Bill Blizzard, leader of the "Red Neck Army" during the 1921 Battle of Blair Mountain. The younger Blizzard received his training in journalism and photography and served in the U.S. Army Air Corps from 1942-48. He wrote for numerous labor publications throughout his long career and compiled some of these writings into book form; *When Miners March: A History of the West Virginia Coal Miners* was published in 2004. An interview with Mr. Blizzard was featured in our Summer 2006 issue, titled "Son of the Struggle: A Visit with William C. Blizzard," by C. Belmont "Chuck" Keeney.

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.



African-American Life in Preston County

African-American Life in Preston County, by Kingwood author Nancy Jane Copney, is part of Arcadia Publishing's Images of America series. A local historian and community leader, Copney collected photographs and compiled background information for this book, which documents the daily lives of the black community of her hometown. Copney worked for the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington, D.C., and later retired from the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

This book contains 128 pages of vintage photographs, illustrating the everyday lives of black families at work, school, and play, primarily in Kingwood. A section is dedicated to members of the African-American community who served in the military, and another includes photos of religious life and various church activities at the Love Chapel United Methodist Church.

African-American Life in Preston County sells for $19.99, plus shipping and handling, from Arcadia Publishing, on-line at www.arcadiapublishing.com; phone 1-888-313-2665.

Split-Bottom Weaving Workshop

Gilmer County basketmaker Joyce Cain will present a workshop on split-bottom weaving at the Cultural Center in Charleston on Saturday, May 2, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Participants at the workshop will learn the split-bottom weaving technique by creating the seat for a footstool.

Cain has been making baskets since 1984 and has been a basketmaking instructor for about 15 years. She has taught at the Augusta Heritage Center in Elkins, Cedar Lakes in Ripley, the West Virginia State Folk Festival in Glenville, and the West Virginia String Band Festival at Clifftop.

Registration is required for the May 2 workshop. The cost is $15, plus $22 for materials. Call (304)558-0220, ext. 130, for registration or more information.

Joyce Cain also offers weekend basketmaking classes as well as classes in needle felting, spinning, and quilting at Joyce's Basket Tree, located near Tanner. For more information about these activities, call Joyce at (304)462-5351.

Split-bottom stool seat woven by Joyce Cain.

Ghost Rails III: Electrics (Upper Ohio Valley)

A new book by Wayne A. Cole offers an in-depth history of the electric streetcar transportation system in the Northern Panhandle of West Virginia and the upper Ohio Valley, as well as the streetcar "ghosts" of that era that remain behind today.

Ghost Rails III: Electrics (Upper Ohio Valley) is richly illustrated, with hundreds of historic photographs, maps, and original paperwork. It provides a well-documented record of the streetcar system that existed from 1890-1940.

Three important streetcar bridges that crossed the Ohio River at Weirton, Chester, and Newell are also featured. The Chester bridge is no longer in existence, while the Newell bridge, built by the Homer Laughlin China Company and still in operation today, remains one of the few privately owned bridges in the country.

Chester businessman C.A. Smith, who constructed the Rock Springs amusement park, was involved in the development of the streetcar system. [See "Rock Springs Park: A Panhandle Playground," by Susan M. Weaver; Winter 1985.] Other trolley amusement parks included Laurel Park in Newell and Stanton Park in Steubenville, Ohio.

Ghost Rails III: Electrics (Upper Ohio Valley) is a 312-page hardcover edition. It is available for $30, on-line from www.atlasbooks.com; phone author Wayne Cole at (724)843-0355.

Historic diesel and steam engines between Cass and Elkins in July 2008. Photograph by Walter Scriptunas II.

Cass Railfan Weekend

The 2009 Cass Railfan Weekend will take place at Cass Scenic Railroad State Park, in Pendleton County, from May 15-17. Activities include a variety of steam and diesel excursions, photographic runbys, and whistle-blowing opportunities for participants, as well as meals, shop tours, swap tables, exhibits, and vendors.

Of special note will be the first-ever joint operation of steam and diesel engines at Whitaker Camp, as well as the first operation of mainline diesel on Cass Hill and the operation of four geared steam engines at Cass — another first.

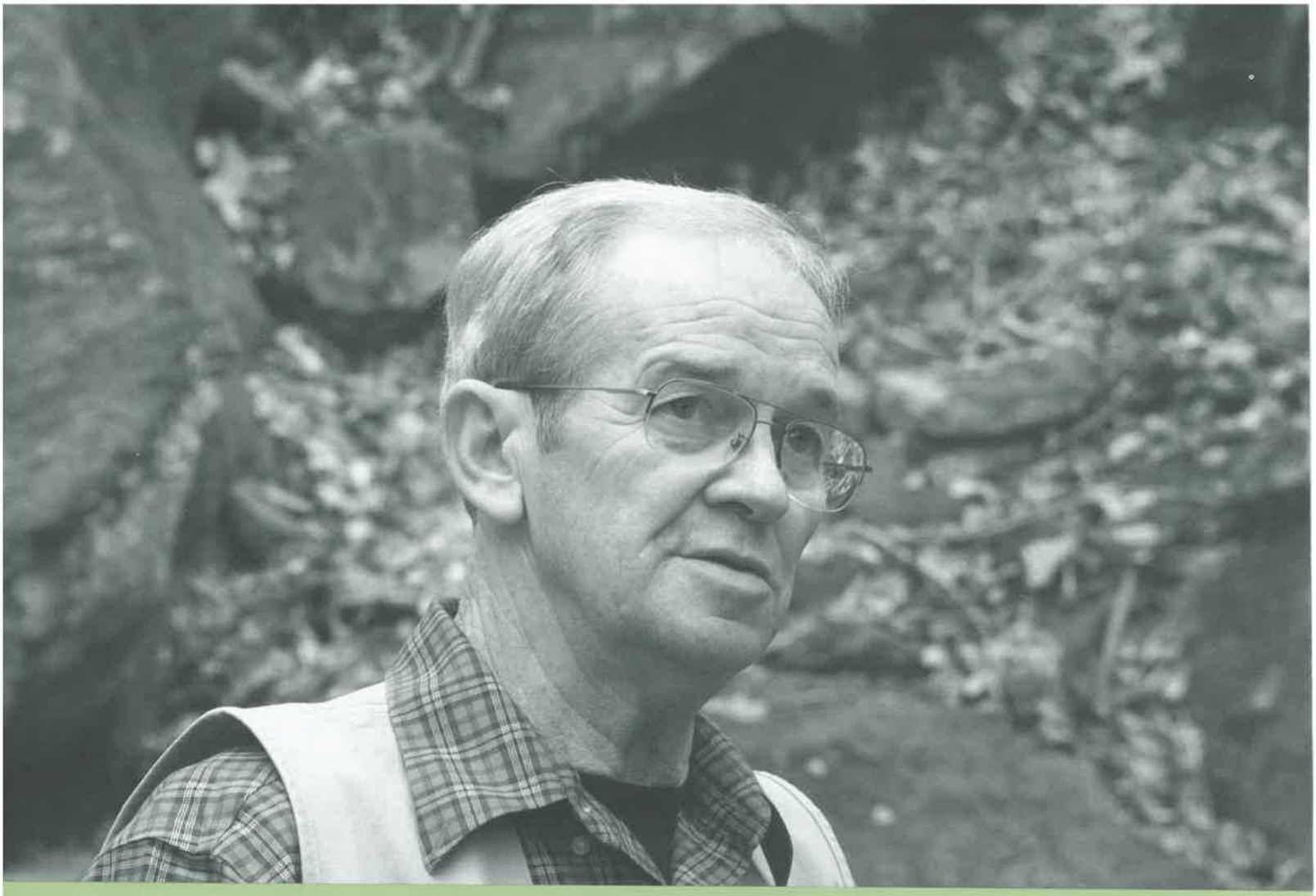
The 2009 Cass Railfan Weekend is sponsored by the Mountain State Railroad and Logging Historical Association and Cass Scenic Railroad State Park, in cooperation with the Durbin & Greenbrier Valley Railroad. Ticket options and weekend packages vary. For more information, write to Railfan Weekend 09, Cass Scenic Railroad State Park, P.O. Box 107, Cass, WV 24927; visit www.msrlha.org/rfw/ or call 1-800-225-5982.

Ramps

Ramp dinners can be found across West Virginia in mid- to late April at schools, volunteer fire departments, church fellowship halls, and senior citizens centers. These dinners traditionally feature potatoes fried with ramps, brown beans, cornbread, and ham. Sassafras tea is served as the beverage of choice. Some of the larger festivals also include ramp cook-offs and unusual items, such as ramp candy, ramp jelly, ramp wine, and even ramp ice cream.

One of the most well-known ramp festivals in West Virginia is the Feast of the Ramson in Richwood, planned this year for Saturday, April 18. This festival has been going on since 1937 and is now sponsored by the Richwood Chamber of Commerce [See "Ramps, "by Yvonne Snyder-Farley; July-September 1980 and Winter 1994.] For more information, phone (304)846-6790 or visit www.richwooders.com.

Other ramp events across the state include activities at Clay, Helvetia, Glenville, Big Otter, Pickens, Buckhannon, Amma, and Weston, among others. For more information about ramps, visit www.kingofstink.com.



The Natural World Bernard Cyrus

By Gerald Milnes

Photographs by Michael Keller

When he was eight years old, Bernard Cyrus swung on a grape vine out over a steep hollow, slipped, and fell into a ravine below. It was an incident that would change the direction of his life forever. Outside of a few bruises, he wasn't injured in the fall. He landed in a patch of green plants with red berries on them. Not knowing what the berries or the plants were, he took one home and showed his grandma.

She told him it was ginseng and that it was very valuable. Bernard went back and dug the plants, dried the roots, and sold them across the Big Sandy River from his Wayne County home at Louisa, Kentucky. The plant roots were selling for $8 a pound at the time.

This discovery started Bernard on a woodland journey that continues to this day. It has led him up and down hills, across mountains, into deep hollows, through swampy glades, and around craggy rock outcroppings, always with an eye to the natural world.

"I wanted to know what was around me," Bernard recalls. And so, he set out to find out what was "around him." This became a lifelong task, one that he still gets enthused about and will discuss for hours.

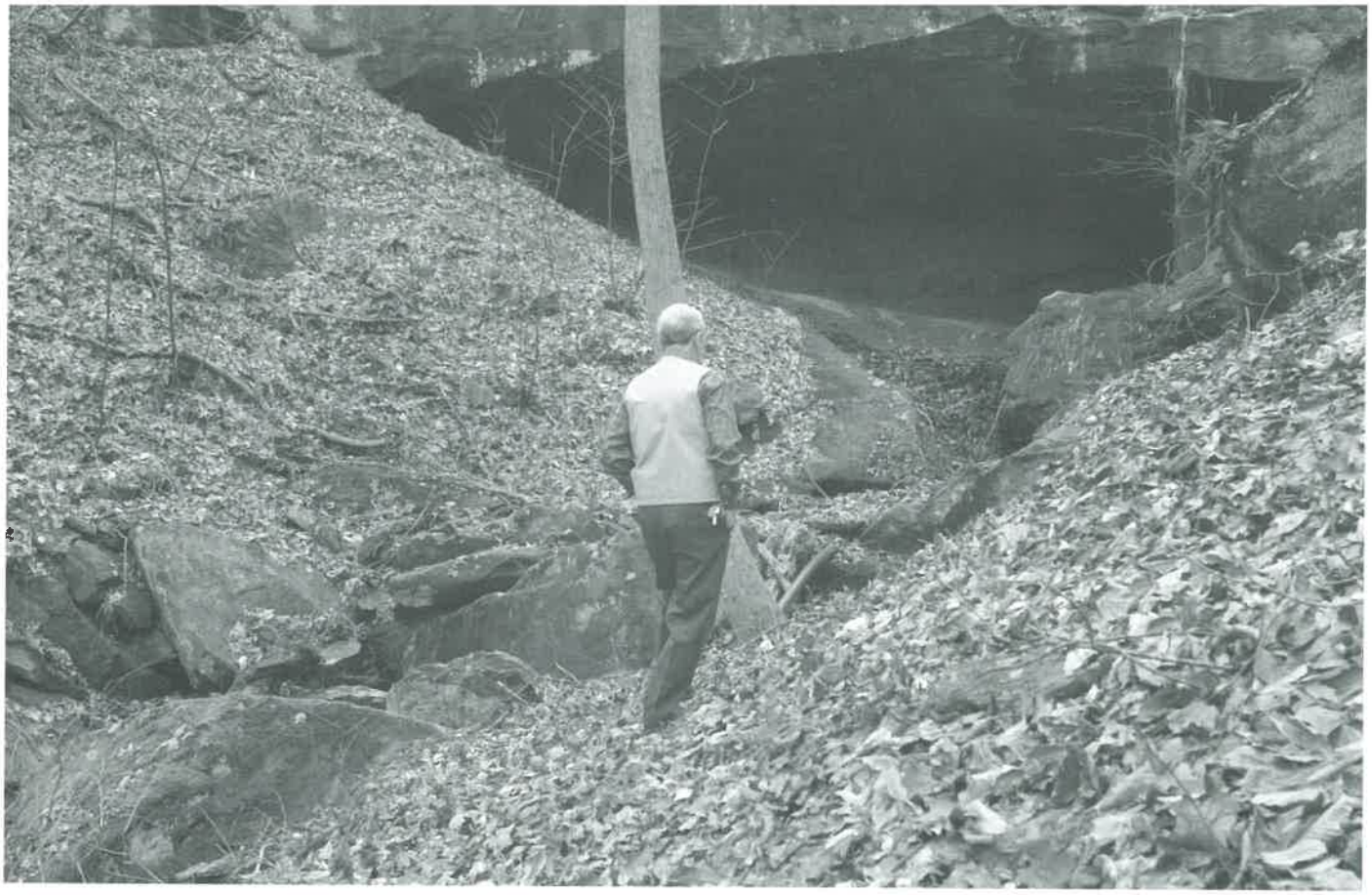
At first, Bernard consulted with the older generations of his family and neighboring families. Then, he began getting his hands on any books he could find about the flora in West Virginia and the Appalachians. While his formal schooling only went to the ninth grade, Bernard's informal learning has never ceased.

The initial quest, begun around Wayne County, later spread to include the whole state and adjacent areas of neighboring states. It even included some treks with other botanists to various points around the country, in an effort to locate exotic flowers and plants.

At some point, Bernard's main interest was directed toward wild orchids. He has seen and photographed every one that occurs in West Virginia — some 40 species. One variety, the small whorled pogonia, was first located by Bernard on a trip with some other botanists to Greenbrier County. It had never been found in the state before, nor has it been found since. Bernard made seven subsequent trips to the spot in years following, but it never showed itself again.

Opposite page: Bernard Cyrus of Big Hurricane Creek, Wayne County.

Left: A self-taught botanist, Bernard can find and identify wild plants even in the dead of winter. This rattlesnake plant is a common variety of orchid.



Bernard walks the property where he has lived his entire life. This overhang, or rockhouse, once hid a moonshine still, Bernard says.

Bernard's interest in botany soon led to photography, so that he might document the flora he was discovering. Bernard has amassed more than 10,000 slides of rare and beautiful plants found in West Virginia. [See photo spread on page 18.]

Bernard was the first person to find a round-leafed catchfly in West Virginia. He located another plant, yet unidentified, under a rockhouse (overhanging rock), high above a rugged hillside. Shortly after locating it, a forest fire scorched the 22 plants he found there, so, unfortunately, he never saw it bloom. He does have excellent color slides of the plant, however. He believes it to be in the mustard family.

Bernard has carefully pressed and preserved hundreds of native West Virginia plant specimens, the results of his extensive collecting efforts. He hopes to leave his collection to West Virginia University.

Bernard is one of two people known to have ever found sweet pinesap in West Virginia. This is a low, fungus-like plant, similar to Indian pipes, but has a beautiful bloom and emits a sweet-smelling odor. Because it is so small, smelling the plant is the best way to locate it, Bernard says.

Professional botanists of the region all know Bernard, often check with him for advice on where to find certain species, and invite him along on their field trips.

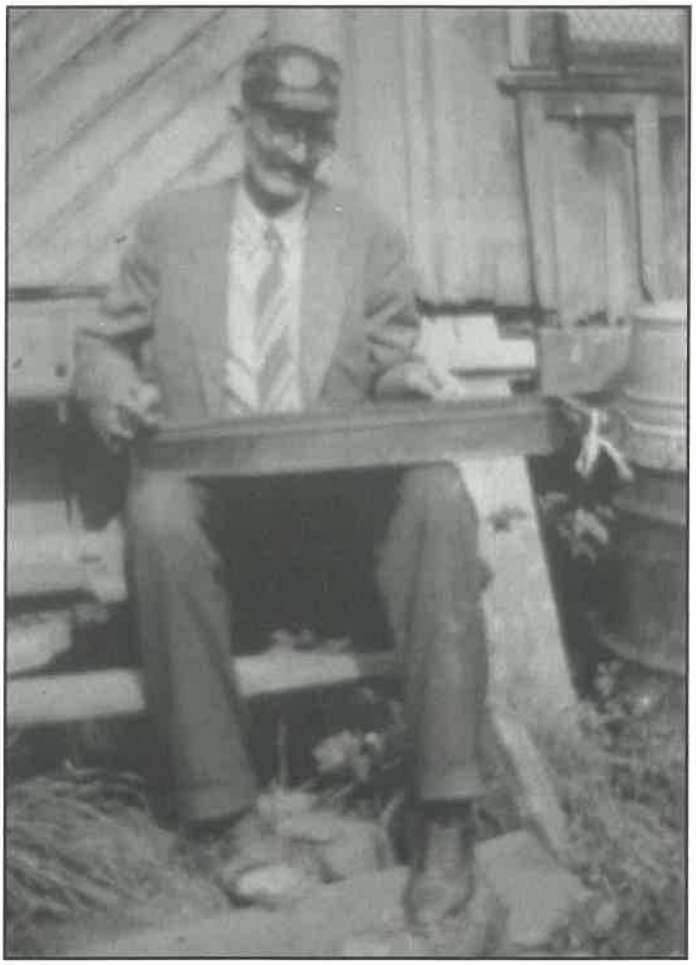
Many have trekked to Bernard's home on Big Hurricane Creek; enjoyed the home cooking of his wife, Delores; tried some traditional, locally made spirits; and listened to his homemade music. They have great respect for the man himself and his various talents, over and above his botanical achievements.

These professionals know that Bernard is the expert in the literal "field" — the rural woods and fields of West Virginia. Bernard often mentions P.J. Harmon, West Virginia's state botanist, who operates out of the Division of Natural Resources office in Elkins. Bernard considers P.J. to be one of the finest men he's ever met, and a capable teacher.

P.J. notes that Bernard has "an incredible eye" and considers him to be one of the last of a dying breed. He says that Bernard's ability to use the woods as his place of study — his laboratory, if you will — represents an older approach, whereby the natural world provides the questions and often parts of the answers. This, P.J. feels, is a refreshing diversion from the contemporary academic approach, mostly studying published books and journals, with occasional trips to the field to verify the data.

To many who attend the annual Vandalia Gathering or other West Virginia folklife events, "Bern," as his friends call him, is also known as a remarkable musician, talented on both the old-time banjo and the mountain dulcimer. He started playing more often in public upon retiring from a local power plant, where he spent most of his working life.

Bernard's interest in old-time music goes back to his childhood on Big Hurricane Creek. Two older neighbors, brothers, lived separately at the mouth of the hollow where Bernard still lives. They played banjo and dulcimer. Once, while riding on his bicycle past Benny Bartram's house (which Bernard describes more or less as a chicken coop), the old man bid him to come in because he wanted to show him something. Benny took an old banjo from the wall, warmed up the head over a coal-oil lamp to tighten it, put his foot up against the hearth, spit tobacco in the fire, and played Bernard some banjo tunes. This proved to be another life-altering event for Bernard, whose involvement with the banjo, both building them and playing them, traces back to that cool afternoon when Benny invited him in for a few tunes.



Ezra Bartram was Bernard's neighbor when Bernard was a young man. Ezra and his brother, Benny, taught Bernard to play the dulcimer and banjo. Ezra is pictured here with the dulcimer, photographer and date unknown.

Bernard notes that Benny's brother, Ezra Bartram, was a differently "turned" individual. While Benny frailed away at "Kittypuss" and other traditional tunes on his old tobacco-stained banjo, his brother Ezra was usually dressed up a bit, often with a suit and tie, and was more refined in his ways.

Ezra and his dulcimer made a lasting impression on Bernard. One of Bernard's fond visual memories of Ezra was when Bernard passed Ezra's house one time in the spring, and Ezra was sitting out in the yard

Neighbor Jared "Newt" Doss, at left, looks on as Bernard demonstrates how to build a banjo rim. Bernard helped the 16-year-old musician construct his own banjo, through the West Virginia Folk Art Apprenticeship Program. Photograph by Gerald Milnes.

under an apple tree, playing his dulcimer. White petals from the apple blossoms were floating down like soft snow on the old man as he played.

Whether it is wild orchids, old-time banjo and dulcimer music, or other interests, Bernard is the kind of fellow who likes to learn all he can and get to the bottom of things. In music, that led to the desire to build instruments. Long after his old neighbor, dulcimer player Ezra Bartram, died, a grandson who worked at the power plant with Bernard brought him Ezra's old dulcimer to repair.

Bernard accepted the challenge. Before he returned the instrument, however, he "took a pattern" off it and boasted to his wife that he would undertake to make one. Despite her doubts, he did it, marking the start of another hobby.

He has refined that old pattern over the years. Now Bernard's dulcimers are finely made instruments that show off his incredible craftsmanship. Buyers come from far and wide, and his instruments are played all over the country. Bernard also makes well-crafted five-string banjos.

These instruments — along with all the jigs, altered machines, and methods he has worked out to make them — are an extension of Bernard's woodworking skills. He recently taught neighbor Jared "Newt" Doss to make banjos through the West Virginia Folk Art Apprenticeship Program. [See "Passing It On: West Virginia Folk Arts Apprenticeship Program," by Gerald Milnes; Winter 2000.] Newt, a teenager with an appreciation of old-time and bluegrass music, has made a beautiful banjo for his own use with Bernard's help.

One aspect of craftsmanship typical of older instrument makers in West Virginia is the desire to use materials that hold some sort of special meaning or appeal. Bernard took me to an old homestead of some neighbors whom he was fond of as a boy. The house and outbuildings were "going to rack," a phrase some older folks use to denote a building in serious disrepair. Bernard said, on one visit, he'd noticed that some boys had been in the house and had vandalized it. They had kicked some boards loose in an upper interior wall. Bernard collected one of these loose boards, a yellow poplar board of huge width.

Old-timers point out that when the original virgin poplars were sawn, entire boards were cut from the yellowish heartwood, which turns reddish in time. These "yaller" poplar boards have tremendous lasting ability when compared to second-growth boards, that usually show a band or are mostly made up of the whiter outer wood that is of inferior quality.

Bernard took his yellow poplar board home and used it to make the back and sides of a dulcimer. Because of its make-up, it is a link back to the family home from which the board came. Bernard did the same with a walnut board out of another old house to which he

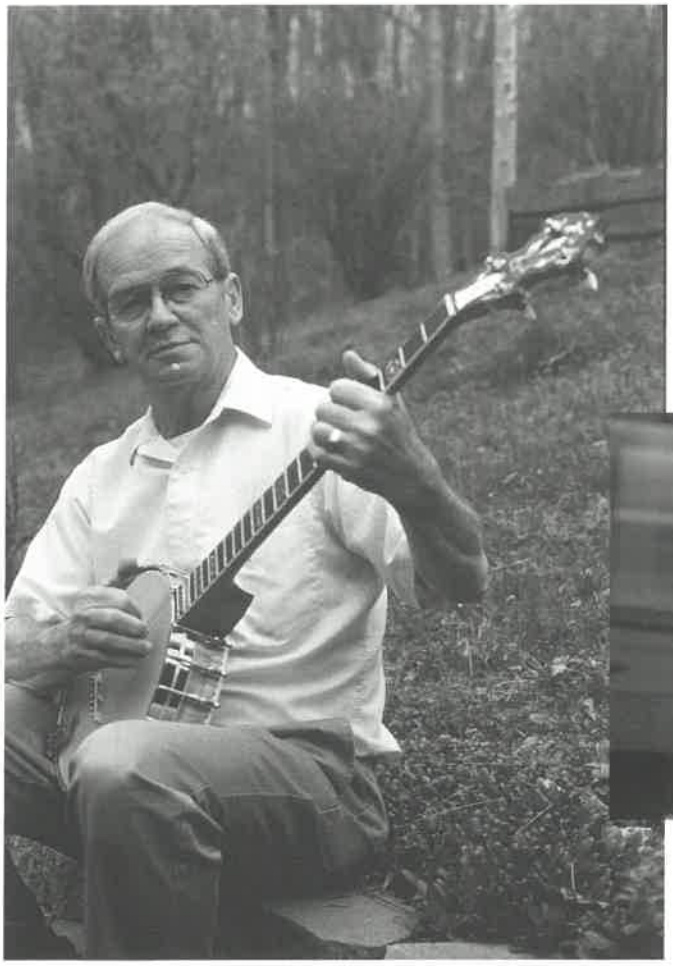
Bernard built this dulcimer with wood from a house built in the late 1800's, and from an old cedar telephone pole.

had personal connections. These dulcimers have very special and personal meaning for Bernard and are not for sale.

Bernard's banjo playing is in the older clawhammer style, although his personal style is slightly different than that of most clawhammer players. He plays with picks on his fingers, giving a clear, crisp sound. He also incorporates a brush and occasional up-picking of notes within the dominant down stroke he uses. Bernard has won awards at the Vandalia Gathering and has performed at other traditional music venues in the region, including the Augusta Heritage program. He remarks that it is the ancient sounds that he likes when playing both dulcimer and banjo in the old, traditional keys and tunings. From the local melodies like "Hook and Line" that he learned from his old neighbors, to more standard tunes like "John Henry" or "Reuben," Bernard puts his personal stamp on all the music that he plays.

It was while engaging Bernard in the West Virginia Apprenticeship Program, and learning about his many varied skills, that I decided to make Bernard the subject of an Augusta Heritage film. During several filming trips to various nature sites, usually wooded or swampy areas known to hold interesting plant life, I was amazed at Bern's knowledge of woodslore and plant life. Not only does he know all the plants and trees by their common names, sometimes their local names, and often their Latin names, he also has eye-witness knowledge about animals, birds, and reptiles. From "doodlebugs" (sand lions) to "chutelings" (wood thrushes), he keeps up a running commentary that explains many aspects of nature. I witnessed him call up a turkey, after hearing it gobble, by simply bending down, picking up a blade of grass, and blowing on it positioned between his thumbs.

Bernard seems to discern how living creatures think, which has made him a good hunter all his life. One time, he played a tune on a dulcimer for



An accomplished banjo player, Bernard has won the Vandalia senior banjo contest numerous times. Photograph by Gerald Milnes; inset photograph by Michael Keller.

Resourceful and imaginative, Bernard sometimes wakes up at night with an idea for a new tool or device for his woodshop. Bernard designed and built this innovative tool, used to bend the sides of a dulcimer.

me by using a feather for the pick. When he finished, he said, "That was 'Turkey In the Straw.' But," he said, holding up the feather, "this turkey's in the freezer!"

Before retirement, Bernard spent his working life at the power plant located across Big Sandy River from Fort Gay. At a young age, however, Bernard learned the art of picture framing while working one of his first jobs in a framing shop. He still maintains a small business, framing photographs and pictures for a word-of-mouth clientele. He doesn't advertise, knowing it would bring in more work than he could handle.

Since retirement, Bernard hasn't let any moss gather. He keeps fully engaged in many subjects: music, woodwork, botany, honeybees, gardening, picture framing, and photography. Through an appreciation of old-time culture, he has developed literary interests. Bern became a fan of the well-known Appalachian writer James Still and has made several visits to Still's Kentucky home to visit. He has sought out numerous characters — eccentric, individualistic mountain people both in and around Wayne County and over in the higher mountains of east-central West Virginia. Most he met while on botanical trips. He delights in telling about these folks, and he has an excellent collection of photographs through which he remembers them.

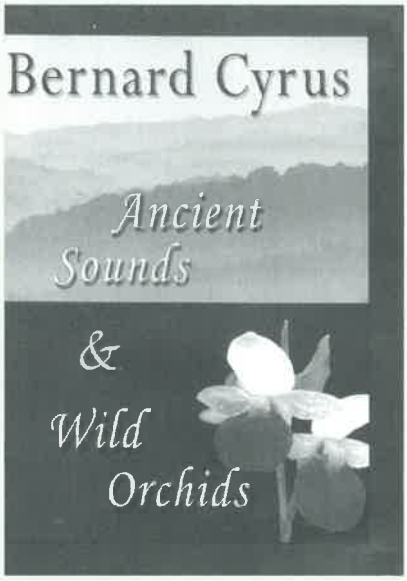
Bernard is a wonderful storyteller, and he retains a remarkable storehouse of stories from his own experience and those handed down from family and neighbors. He showed me a picture of an old, simple log house, with a stone chimney, which had been the home of his great-grandparents. This triggered a story that has passed down through the

Bernard Cyrus DVD

The photography, music, and colorful stories of Bernard Cyrus are captured on a new DVD from Davis & Elkins College's Augusta Heritage Center. Titled *Bernard Cyrus: Ancient Sounds & Wild Orchids*, the 74-minute film was produced by author and documentary filmmaker Gerald Milnes of Elkins.

Following the general contour of Milnes' accompanying GOLDENSEAL article about Bernard, the DVD shows Cyrus discovering hidden plants in remote wooded locations, playing the banjo and dulcimer, working in his woodshop, and recounting experiences and family stories. One highlight is a generous slide-show look at Bernard's marvelous close-up plant and flower photography.

As with other Milnes / Augusta productions, this DVD takes its time and allows the subject to reveal itself without narration or intrusive post-production effects. Bernard is a particularly fine banjo player, and the viewer is treated to several banjo solos, along with Bernard's equally attractive mountain dulcimer playing and detailed explanations about his homemade instruments and the materials that comprise them.



Bernard Cyrus: Ancient Sounds & Wild Orchids (AH-CMS-08 DVD) is available for $20, plus tax and shipping, from the Augusta Heritage Center, 100 Campus Drive, Elkins, WV 26241; online at www.augustaheritage.com or by calling (304)637-1209.

Orchids

Photographs by Bernard Cyrus

Rosebud orchid (*Cleistes bifaria*) — extremely rare, photographed at Cabwaylingo State Forest.

Queen lady's slipper (*Cypripedium reginae*) — extremely rare, photographed in Greenbrier County.

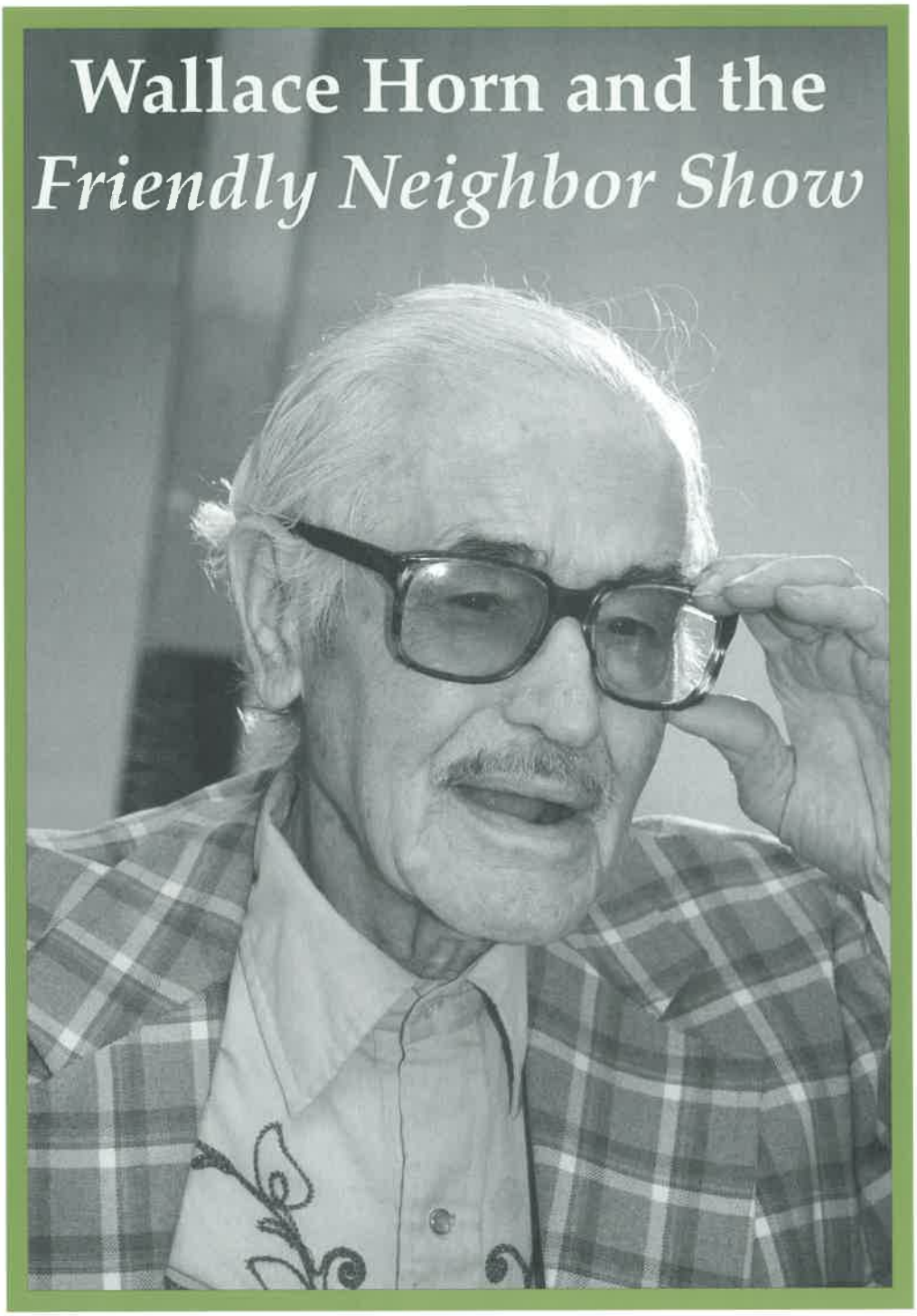
Spring showy orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*) — widespread, photographed in Kanawha State Forest.

Yellow fringed orchid (*Platanthera ciliaris*) — common, photographed at Kanawha State Forest.

By Carolyn Harmon Photographs by Michael Keller

"Pure Entertainment"

Wallace Horn and the *Friendly Neighbor Show*



Wallace Horn of Chapmanville, host and producer of the *Friendly Neighbor Show* for more than 40 years.

Show was already an established programming feature. Our ratings show typically close to about 2,000 people tune in each week to hear it. We want to keep it going in some way, shape, or form, and certainly would like Wallace's input.

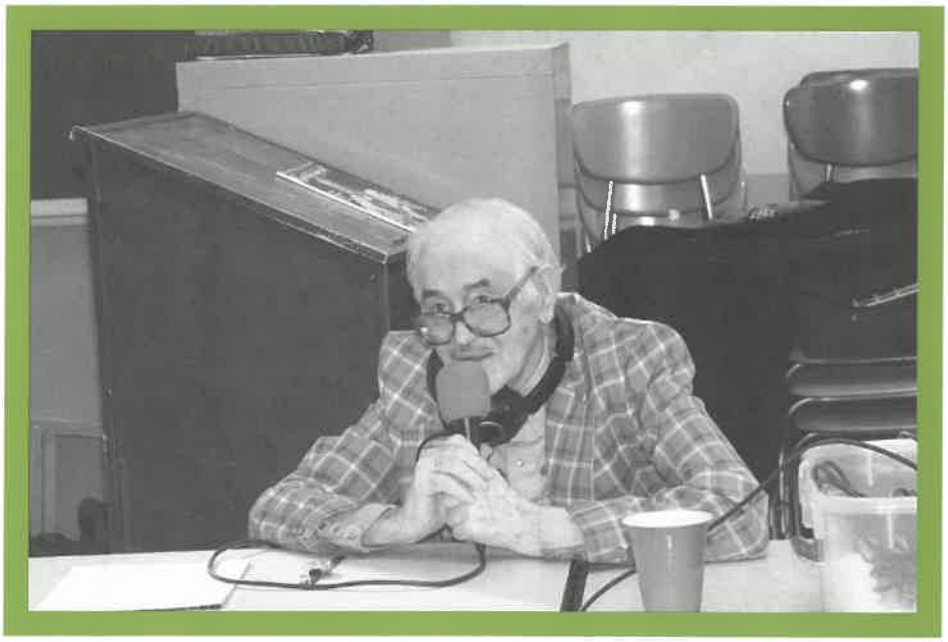
"That is not a decision that I would want to make. Him and his audience and those who support the show should have the input on what happens, when that day comes. I'm more interested in carrying on the legacy and foundation that makes the show, and he knows best how that should be done."

Wallace wonders sometimes about the up-and-coming entertainers that showed up in his studio over the years. He wonders if any of them ever went on to the big time. But he is sure of one thing: Fans are still listening out there.

"As far as I know, people still sit around and listen," Wallace says. "Whether the younger generation would cater to it or not, I'm not sure. But there are a lot of people out there my age that still would like to hear it. I went to that carnival over there, last week, and a lot of people said, 'Boy, I listen to you.' And, boy, that makes you feel good!" Wallace says.

"Whether the younger generation would cater to it or not, I'm not sure. But there are a lot of people out there my age that still would like to hear it."

Elaine Purkey and Carolyn Frye harmonize while Zane Jude accompanies them on guitar.



At age 88, Wallace Horn is still active and energetic. "I hope the show keeps going for a long time," he says.

The Friendly Neighbor Show *airs on Saturday mornings from 8:30 to 9:30 on WVOW radio in Logan, 101.9 FM and 1290 AM. For more information, call Wallace Horn at (304)855-3341 or WVOW at (304)752-5080.*

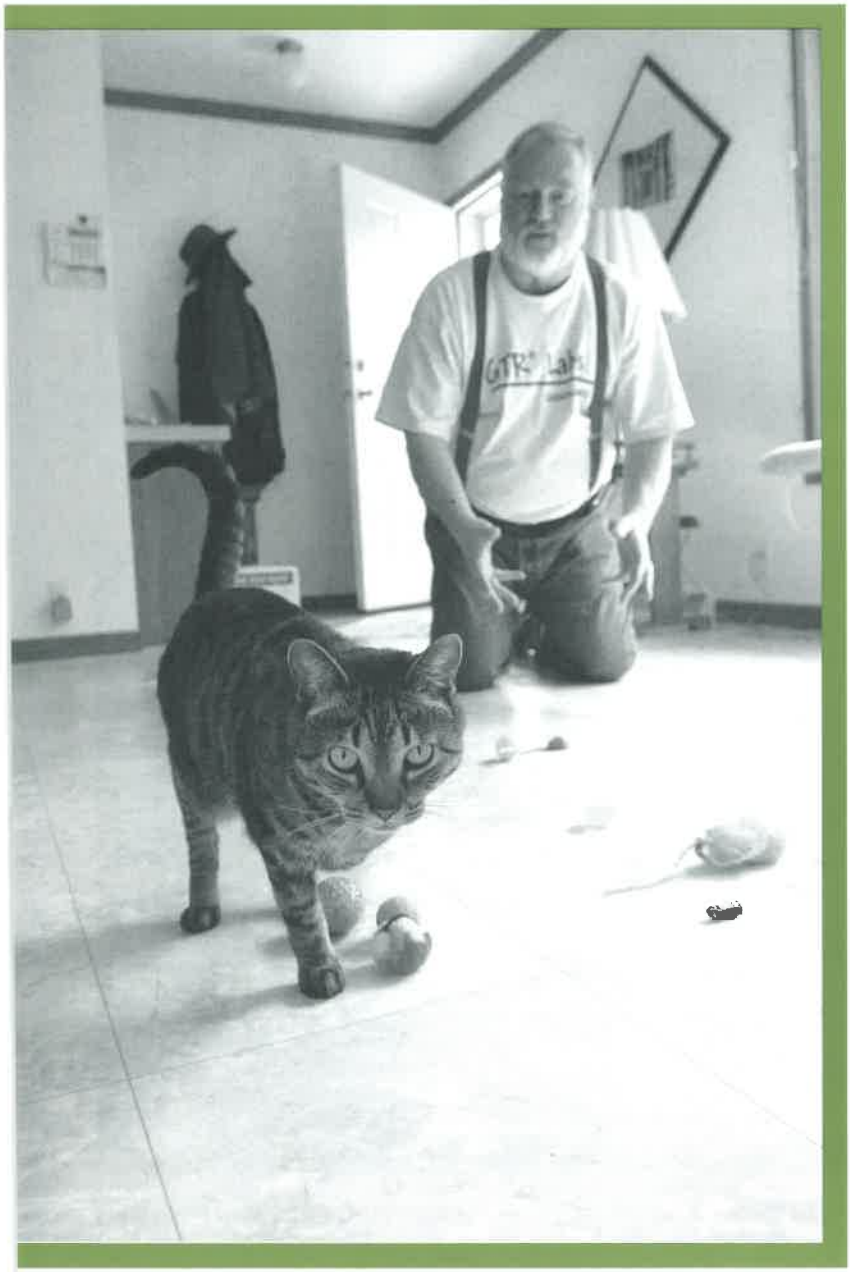
CAROLYN HARMON of South Charleston holds a master's degree in journalism and is a writer for the West Virginia Standard Company. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Buster the Bluegrass Kitty

Text and photographs by Carl E. Feather

I drove 800 miles to meet a three-legged cat. Buster the Bluegrass Kitty is the feline mascot of the Bluegrass Preservation Society (BPS), a nonprofit organization formed in 2004 to preserve Appalachia's bluegrass roots through performance and recording. Its founder, Ewell Ferguson, does a weekly radio show heard on several stations in central West Virginia and is posted as a Podcast on the society's Web site [www.bluegrasspreservation.org].

The show features recordings of society-sponsored concerts, which are held the first Saturday of the month at Mid-Mountain Lanes and Convention Center in Flatwoods. The broadcasts feature mostly West Virginia talent whose work meets the society's parameters of traditional bluegrass: all-acoustic, no drums or piano, and done in the style of Bill Monroe or Flatt & Scruggs.



Working in his home studio overlooking the town of Gassaway, Ewell puts the show together on his computer, introducing each song and adding commentary and plugs for advertisers — mostly Gassaway-area businesses.

Ewell says he added Buster to the show because he needed a sidekick. "It wasn't going to be fun with just me," he says. While recording the shows, Buster would "ask" questions, help Ewell push the buttons, and give his "meow" of approval to the music. That's the magic of radio and Podcasting — the audience never knew it was just a digital sound bite Ewell called up on his computer. Truth be known, Buster was probably snoozing or playing with a toy in the living room as Ewell recorded each program at his convenience. Ewell did all the work, Buster got all the glory.

"After a little while, that little booger started getting to be more popular than me," Ewell says. "He was getting hundreds of e-mails from fans, asking for autographed photos."

That's okay with Ewell, because Buster's popularity ultimately drove listeners to the Web site and helped promote bluegrass music, the whole purpose for the society and the broadcasts. "The kids especially love the kitty," Ewell says.

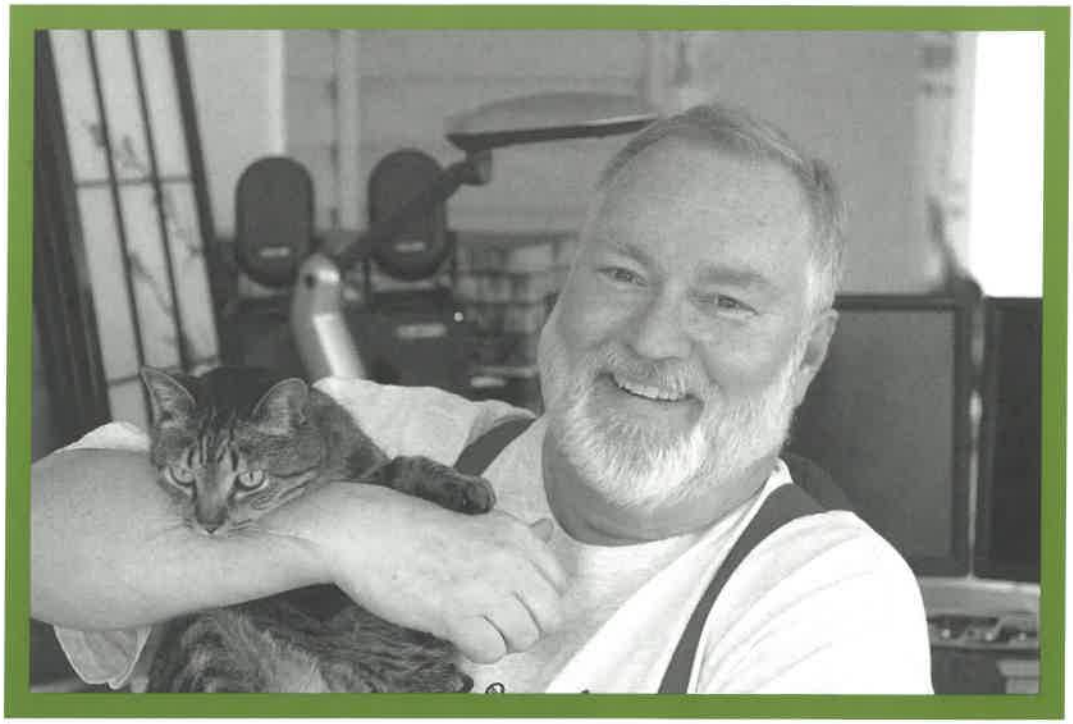
Buster, a silver-gray tabby, came from the Kanawha County Animal Shelter. Buster was a hard-to-place animal. Most of his front paw was missing from a gunshot wound, and he'd been pegged for euthanasia if someone didn't soon adopt him. "A sign on Buster's cage said 'This kitty needs a special home.'" Ewell recalls.

Buster found that home with Ewell, who found a friend and business partner in this shelter cat. "He doesn't know he's handicapped," Ewell tells

Ewell Ferguson plays with Buster the Bluegrass Kitty in this photo taken at Ewell's Braxton County home in May 2008.

me during our visit in the spring of 2008. "He leads a normal life. He's a good example of how to overcome a handicap — just don't pay attention to it."

A native of Damascus, Virginia, Ewell spent his childhood in many Southern states as a result of his father's work as an organizer for the International Ladies Garment Industry Union. The young Ewell was constantly exposed to the music of Appalachia. He recalls his first favorite bluegrass song as the 1948 version of "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" by Lester Flatt & Earl Scruggs.



Ewell rescued Buster from the Kanawha County Animal Shelter and made the three-legged feline the mascot of the local Bluegrass Preservation Society (BPS) and a featured personality on Ewell's weekly bluegrass radio show.

Ewell studied electronics after serving four years in the Air Force and worked for several manufacturers of diagnostic X-ray equipment before deciding to launch his own company in 1994. The seminal event was having his Miami-based employer wiped out by Hurricane Andrew that fall. "That was my first land hurricane, and I wanted to go somewhere where they didn't have hurricanes," he says.

A friend had retired to Gassaway, and he encouraged Ewell to visit and consider the Braxton County community as the new home of his company, GTR Labs. After spending a week in Gassaway, enjoying the slow pace, and meeting the friendly residents, Ewell determined this was the right match for him and GTR. The company, which builds power supplies for diagnostic X-ray equipment, has 16 employees and is doing great. Owning a thriving business gave Ewell the discretionary income to start the BPS, which is overseen by a board of four directors.

Ewell says the society's original project was to sponsor contests that encouraged live performance of traditional bluegrass. With help from Neal Gentry of Wolfpen Digital, they recorded those contests so the performers would have CD's of their work.

"After four or five sessions, we had several hundred excellent audio recordings of old-time bluegrass songs by local groups," Ewell says.

That led to a Web site where the music could be downloaded for $1 a song. Next came one-hour radio shows on BOSS 97 in Sutton, KISS FM 104.2 in Bridgeport, and WHAW 980 AM in Weston.

The Podcasting came next. "Now we have listeners all over the world," Ewell says. The society's latest venture is concert videos, edited for television broadcast. The *Bluegrass TV Show* made its debut in spring 2008 on WDTV in Bridgeport.

The society makes both audio and video recordings available for sale through its Web site, as well as a variety of merchandise featuring Buster. As confirmation of just how popular Buster had become with listeners and viewers, hundreds of e-mails, cards, and letters were sent to Ewell back in February 2008, when Buster became gravely ill after drinking contaminated water.

Buster recovered, but five months later, on July 5, 2008, just a few weeks after my visit, the Bluegrass Kitty succumbed to kidney failure.

"Nobody wanted a three-legged kitty cat," Ewell wrote on his Web site. "I've never regretted my choice. I'll sure miss him a lot."

Update: Two new bluegrass kitties, Harley Davidson and Cleopatra, have since joined the Bluegrass Preservation Society and Ewell's show. Harley, an orange tabby, wandered up to Ewell on the sidewalk the day Buster died and sat down next to him. Cleopatra came from the same Charleston shelter as Buster. Ewell reports that the cats are slowly learning the routine of producing the show and appreciating bluegrass music. You can hear them messing with the controls on Ewell's weekly podcast. —Carl E. Feather

CARL E. FEATHER, freelance writer and photographer, is owner of Feather Multimedia. Carl is a resident of Kingsville, Ohio, with family roots in Preston and Tucker counties. He is a regular GOLDENSEAL contributor.

Night Riders On the Air

by Linda Myers Browning and Donna McGuire Tanner

Author Donna McGuire Tanner collected this oral history in 2006 from her cousin, Linda Myers Browning, of Princewick, Raleigh County. We are grateful to Donna for sharing this with our readers. —ed.

Linda Myers Browning. Even before I was born in 1945, my parents, Olive and Melvin Myers, were weekend entertainers. They belonged to a group called the Night Riders. [See "A Country Girl Comes Home: A Visit with Olive Workman Persinger," by Donna McGuire Tanner; Spring 2000.]

Besides Mom and Dad, there was a married couple named Billie Jean and Red Lydick. Red performed as Roscoe the comedian. Sometimes, Mom's brother Philip was included in the band, as well. My cousins and I would sing with the band on certain occasions.

The Night Riders went almost any place they were called to perform, including fairs or theaters. By the early 1950's, it had become a Saturday routine to travel from our home in Richwood to the WOAY radio station in Oak Hill. This was a 100-mile journey. Sometimes my Uncle Philip; his wife, Thelma; and children, Noel, Claude, Emily, and Bertie, would follow in their own car. More often than not, the boys would stay home, and the rest of us would crowd into Dad's Studebaker.

As soon as my uncle's and parents' guitars were placed in the trunk, Mom, Dad, and Philip crowded into front seat, with me, my two cousins, and aunt in the back. We were off for a three-hour trek over mountain roads. It did not matter the weather. If it was snowing, chains were brought out. Rain did not stop us. And if it was sunny, it was all the better.

Melvin and Olive Myers with daughter Linda in 1947.

My dad and uncle were coal miners, so usually we would stop at a company store to buy bread, luncheon meat, and cakes for our lunch. My cousins and I would often become restless during the long trip, and sometimes carsick. The windows were kept down in warm weather, because no one had heard of air-conditioned cars during that era.

The last mountain we crossed was the winding, curving Fayette Mountain Road. It took nearly an hour to go down one side, across a bridge, then back up. Now, it takes less than a minute to cross over from one side to the other on the New River Gorge Bridge.

Sometimes, we would stop at the Tastee Freez for a frozen custard. Then we would go into a nearby park so that my uncle could change his guitar strings. He always had to have new strings before he performed anywhere.

A few more miles down the road, we finally reached the radio station, which was located right across from the Top Hat drive-in restaurant at Oak Hill. The inside of the radio station was small. I remember that the booth where the entertainers waited for their turn to perform was very tiny.

Musicians from all around West Virginia came there, but the Night Riders were the regular ones. Other regulars were Charlie Tucker and a man named Carl Story. Carl was well known, because he made records. Billie Jean Lydick hosted the show. My cousins Emily and Bertie sang together. Their singing voices were very mature and pretty. When it came my turn, I was lifted onto a chair so I could reach the microphone. I would sing my song that I was told to do.

Behind a glass wall was the announcer, named Elmer Hickman. I remember he sometimes made faces and tried to make us laugh. One day when we arrived, it was raining hard and our hair and clothing were very soaked. We entered the booth in time to hear Mr. Hickman announce, "We have outstanding talent in our area." He paused when he saw us, then continued, "And they have been out standing in the rain."

Very often, after the program, we would go to my Aunt Rachel and Uncle Basil McGuire's house in Weirwood for dinner. They and their family would listen to the program and would wait for the secret signal that they could expect us. There was a station rule that no one could speak personally to any listener, so someone in our family would either sing or play a short instrumental at the end of the hour-long program, of the song "She'll Be Coming Around the Mountain." One day, time was running short. When my Uncle Philip finished his piece, he spoke directly into the microphone, and said, "Rachel, put on the coffee. We are coming."

It was not far from the radio station to my aunt and uncle's home, about 15 miles or so, but it meant a trip over Packs Branch Mountain. Supper was always ready, hot, and on the table when we weary travelers arrived. After the meal and some happy chatter, we were ready for the long trip home. Sometimes we would all stay the night, but if we needed to go, my dad had his own signal to my mother. He would tell her, "Shake down, Ollie," which meant we had to get going.

My own grandchildren will never know real traveling over curving mountain roads. So much has changed in recent years. West Virginia now has the best roads in the country. Time from one place to the other has been cut to a fraction. How lucky I am to have grown up in the days when our travels took us on roads around the mountains.

Red and Billie Jean Lydick in front of the WOAY radio studios in Oak Hill during the 1950's. Red performed as Roscoe the comedian, and Billie Jean served as emcee during performances of the Night Riders.

DONNA McGUIRE TANNER is a 1966 graduate of Mount Hope High School, now living in Ocala, Florida. She is a freelance writer who has had more than 500 articles published. Donna's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Spring 2003 issue.

By Dr. C. R. Thomas

Cough Drops and Mother's Day

Mother's Day remains a special occasion, especially if you are a mother or if your mother is still living. But if she is not, then Mother's Day might be a bittersweet time.

I know the deep pain of losing a mother and the pain that follows that loss. Though it happened when I was only 10, I can still vividly remember walking up to the Clarksburg funeral home with my grown sister, Dollena, and seeing two elderly ladies, friends of my mother, I guess, coming out the funeral home door.

Stopping when they got close to us, they told my sister they were sorry my mother had died. The older one said, "So you're little Charles, Myrtie's little boy."

I said, "Yes."

And then she said, "I'll bet you're really going to miss your mother, aren't you?"

Again I said, "Yes," but inside emotionally I wanted to strike her because her remark hurt me so much. Even that young, though, I understood that she meant well. I didn't cry, but it hurt even more to then go inside the funeral home and see my mother lying in her casket.

I touched her hand when no one was looking. Then I did something that only a little kid would do. My mother kept this box of Luden's Cough Drops on her dresser. I had taken those cough drops with me to the funeral home, and when no one was looking, I put one of the cough drops down in the casket with her. I told myself that as long as I had the rest of her cough drops, I'd somehow be close to my mother. She wouldn't really be gone. I suppose something like that might sound a little silly to an adult.

Author C. R. Thomas with his mother, Myrtle May Thomas, in 1941.

The funeral's hazy, and that's pretty much it, except for one more memory. A few months after my mother died, I remember taking a little wall sampler that my mother had hung in her bedroom. I took it to my secret place between two houses and behind some bushes. I sat on the ground and kept reading the framed sampler message over and over: "A Home Without a Mother Is a Home Without a Soul."

I adjusted after a while, except for things like going to church on Mother's Day. You know, people wear red carnations if their mothers are still living and white if they're not. I hated some of the middle-aged or older adults in church wearing red flowers. I understood how most kids my age still had their mothers, but it seemed very unfair to me that so many adults still had a mother when I didn't.

But time does pass, and pain is gradually replaced by more pleasant memories. On this Mother's Day, I hope you will take the time to remember your own mother. If she is still living, be sure to tell her how much you appreciate her for all she's ever done for you and tell her that you love her. Don't wait until it is too late.

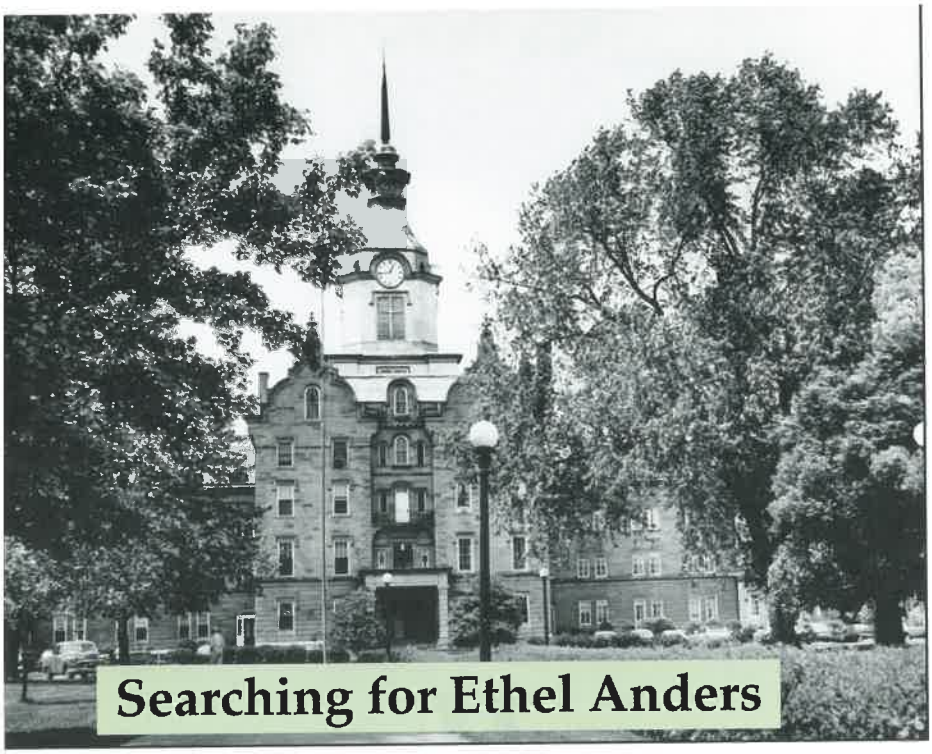
DR. C. R. THOMAS, originally from Clarksburg, is emeritus professor of English at California University of Pennsylvania. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

"I Wish I Could Remember Her Face"

By Joy Gilchrist-Stalnaker

Searching for Ethel Anders

Dot Clark (left), Tammy Muster, and Becky Muster on the grounds of the Weston State Hospital in June 2007.



Main entrance to the Weston State Hospital as it appeared in the 1950's. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives, WVSA hereafter.

Searching for Ethel Anders

Vague childhood memories of a mother long gone led Dorothy "Dot" Clark; her daughter, Tammy Muster; and granddaughter, Rebekah Muster, to the shady lawn of the now-closed Weston State Hospital. They had traveled from Arizona in June 2007 on a quest for a connection to Dot's late mother, who died at this facility in 1947.Dot squinted her eyes and peered inwardly as she revealed misty memories of comforting her mother, Ethel Otie Hurt Anders, as her mother sat crying in front of a fireplace — "someplace."

"It was the dark of night," Dot says. "Mom was staring into the light of the fire. She was in a rocking chair, and I sat on the bare floor beside her, not knowing or understanding her sadness and loneliness. I tried to comfort her as only a four-year-old child could, laying my head on her lap and patting her shoulder. I wonder what made her cry and be so sad."

Dot and her three younger siblings grew up in southern West Virginia. One was raised by a family member. The others were cared for in foster homes after their mother was hospitalized for mental illness, first at Bluefield Sanitarium, then at Spencer, and lastly at Weston. Their father was not around much. He drank to excess, and there was never enough money to provide for the rapidly growing family. Now in her late 60's, Dot has lived most of her adult life wondering about her mother's illness and what precipitated it. Her siblings told her to not worry about it, to let go. She did not, could not, would not do that.

Another tiny memory, one of only four that Dot has of her mother, wouldn't let her forget. Dot and her brother were playing in the creek below a bank close to the mining home were they lived.

"The creek was a forbidden place for us to play," Dot recalls. "But we were kids, maybe three or four years old. The beautiful, babbling creek with giant trees all around and huge slick, moss-covered boulders going across enticed us. It was great fun playing on the rocks, throwing pebbles into the water, and looking for treasures. It all came to an end when I slipped off a rock and fell into the water, cutting a big gash in my foot on a broken glass bottle someone had thrown into the water. We climbed up the bank, with me crying all the way, to get help from Mom," she continues. "Mom tried to clean up my foot and bandage it with some old rags she had torn up. She said the sight of blood made her sick, and she thought she was going to faint.

"I know that's not much to remember, but bits and pieces are better than no memories at all. I try to remember what she looked like, but her face is gone from my memory," Dot says. "I wish I could remember

This early 1940's photograph of Ethel Anders shows her with two of her children and pregnant with a third. Dot Anders (Clark) is at left; at center is younger sister Josephine.

her face."

Dot has only two pictures of her mother. One, saved for the children by a loving grandmother, shows Dot and a younger sister with their mother, who was obviously pregnant with her next child. Dot says, "She looks at us with such loving eyes in this picture. I know she was very proud of us. But with the lighting in the picture, we don't really see very much of her face."

The other photo, recently discovered by Dot's sister in the possession of a family member, shows Ethel, long-faced and with her eyes shut, with her parents, Ward and Martha Hurt, and brother, Elbert, in their home community of Beaver Pond, Mercer County.

Ethel Hurt (Anders) as a teenager in the mid-1930's. From the left are mother Martha, brother Elbert, Ethel, and father Ward Hurt.

"The day my mom was taken away is the day that changed the lives of my brother, two sisters, and me forever," wrote Dot in a recent letter. "My memory is not very clear, but I do remember them placing her in an ambulance. I was crying and begging them to take me, too. I just wanted to be with my mom. I ran down the road behind the ambulance screaming and crying, wanting to go with Mom. Today, as I write this at age 69, I still cry."

After that, Dot was separated from her family and placed in many different homes. Sometimes she lived with family. Sometimes she did not. Once she lived in a white house on top of a hill, with green grass and woods around the house. She thinks this was at Spencer. There was a porch around the house and a road down the hill in front. A hammock strung between two trees in the front yard provided hours of summertime fun. The cook would tell her that she was going to school soon and needed to learn to spell. She made Dot spell words like "ice cream" and "Jell-O" before she could have some. Dot believes she was sick while she was there, because two women doctors gave her medicine and examined her.

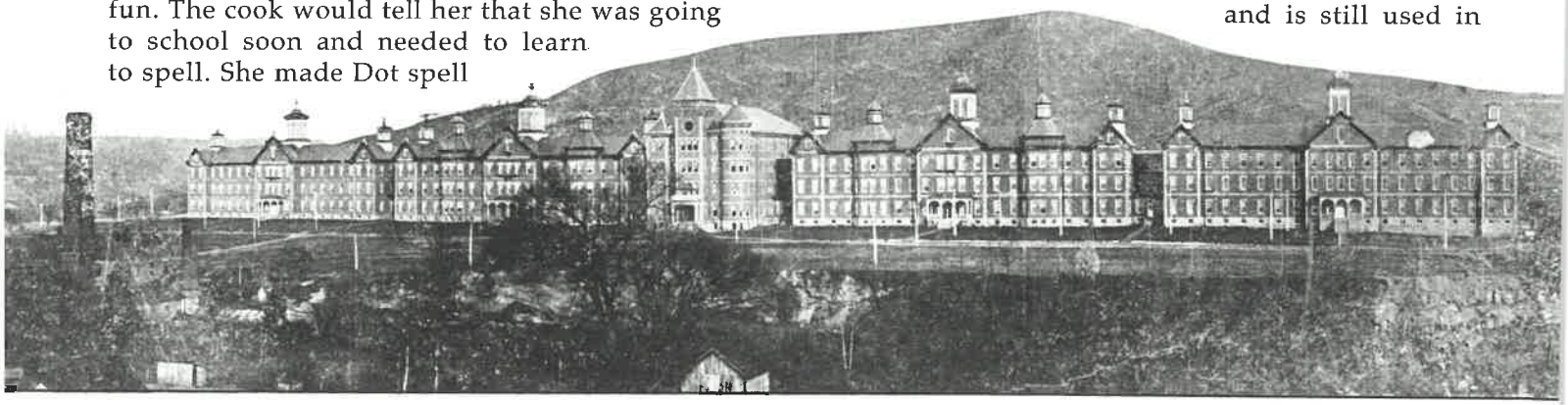
There was also a woman who would scream and cry, and they would place her in a tub of ice cubes and cold water, Dot recalls. The tub had a hard cover over the top of her body, so you could only see her head and a tiny part of her neck and shoulders. She was locked in and could not get out of the tub.

"I was allowed to go into the room where the woman was screaming and sit on a chair by her side," Dot says. "I would talk to her, pat her on the head. She would stop screaming. I believe that woman was my mother, but I don't remember her face.

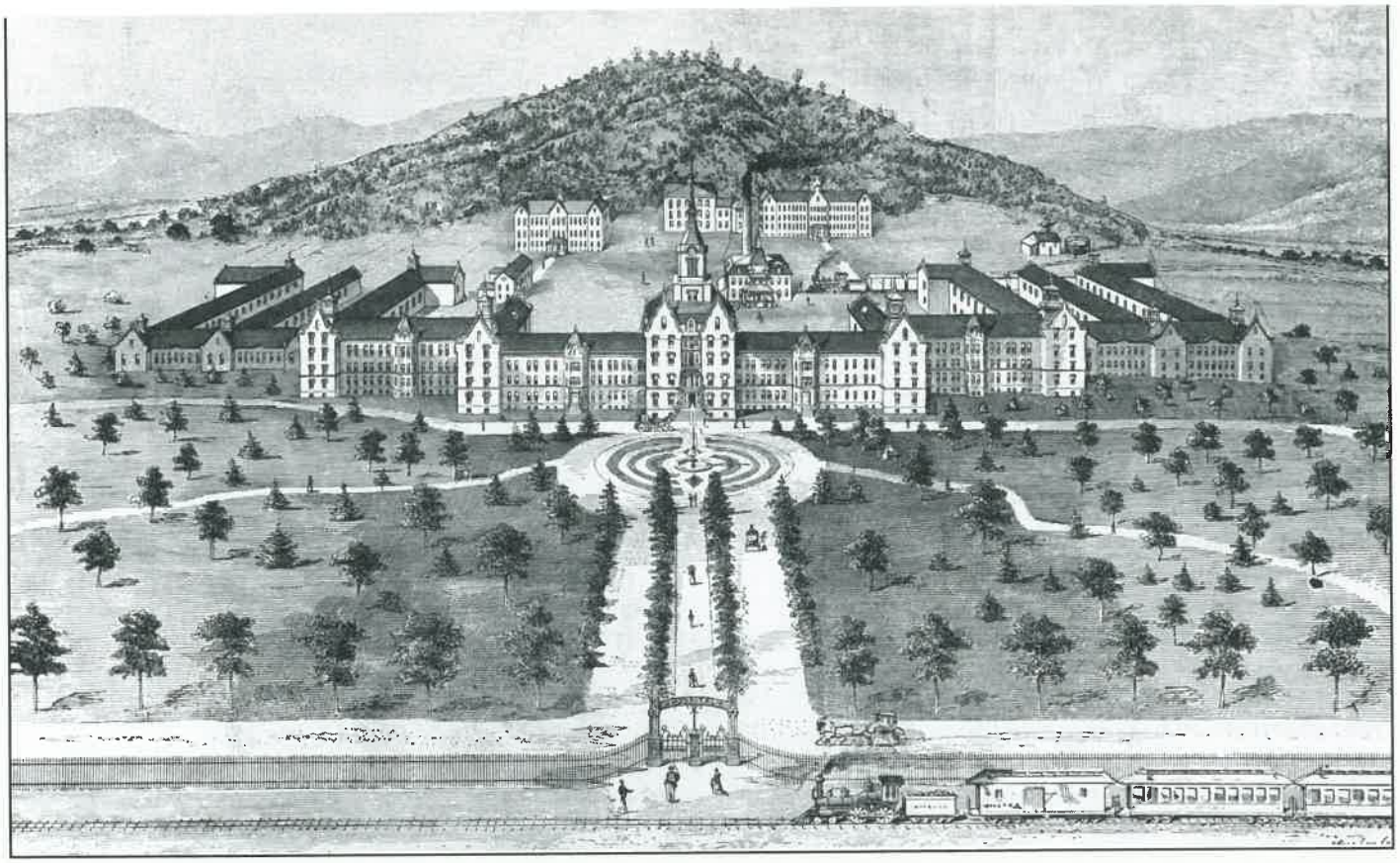
"I have since learned that tubs like this were used for hydrotherapy of the mentally ill. Sometimes they held ice water and other times warm water. It was believed to have a calming effect."

Dot recently saw a picture of a tub similar to the one she describes. Immediately upon seeing the picture, Dot exclaimed, "That's it! That's it!" While the picture was of hydrotherapy tubs in Weston, those at Spencer would have been similar.

In the 1940's, there were very few medications to effectively treat these patients. Frontal lobotomy, where a portion of the brain is deadened with an instrument that looked like a crochet hook, was a procedure used to calm the most violent from 1936 into the 1940's. Shock therapy developed as a treatment in the mid-1940's and is still used in



Hospital for the Insane at Spencer, more commonly known as Spencer State Hospital, opened in 1893 and operated until 1989. Ethel Anders was committed here from 1943-46. Photograph courtesy of WVSA, date unknown.



Engraving of Weston State Hospital from the frontispiece of the 1891-92 annual report, courtesy of WVSA.

Weston State Hospital

The oldest and one of the largest institutions in West Virginia, the former Weston State Hospital has had a checkered past. Located conspicuously along the banks of the West Fork River in downtown Weston, the hospital has roots extending to the mid-1850's.

At that time, the Commonwealth of Virginia maintained two asylums, as they were called: one in Williamsburg and one in Staunton. As the population spread further west, patients and inmates considered to be insane were housed temporarily in prisons and hospitals in Ohio. In 1858, Weston was selected over Sutton or Fayetteville as the site for the new Lunatic Asylum West of the Allegheny Mountains, also referred to as the Trans-Allegheny Asylum for the Insane. Construction began that year on a new state-of-the-art facility, destined to become the largest cut-stone building in North America, second in the world only to Russia's Kremlin.

Construction ceased in 1861, as the Civil War intervened. On June 30, Colonel Erastus Bernard Tyler led the Seventh Ohio Infantry into Weston and established Camp Tyler at the partially built asylum and surrounding grounds, controlling a chief trade and transportation route and preserving $27,000 in Union gold.

Following the war and West Virginia's separation from Virginia, the hospital was the only piece of state property willingly bestowed on the new state from its previous owner. The first patient was admitted to the newly renamed West Virginia Hospital for the Insane on October 22, 1864. She was reportedly a housekeeper from Ohio County who suffered from dementia. Construction resumed, and the hospital held 45 patients by 1867.

When it was completed in 1881, the hospital's main building was a sight to behold. It stood 1,295 feet long, was covered by three-and-a-half acres of slate roof, and contained more than two miles of corridors. Hand-cut Lewis County blue sandstone blocks formed solid walls two-and-a-half feet thick, backed throughout by bricks, baked on the premises. The hospital included 921 windows, 906 doors, and 15 miles of steam pipes. It and subsequent buildings eventually sat on more than 600 acres of land, including a reservoir, water treatment plant, oil and gas wells, working coal mines, ice plant, dairy, beef barn, chapel, morgue, and four cemeteries.

By 1927, *The Clarksburg Exponent* newspaper estimated that the facility, whose name was changed in 1913 to the Weston State Hospital, had handled upwards of 13,000 patients. Some were temporary residents, while others were permanently committed. During the 1880's, the following were listed among

the reasons for admission:

Grief
Domestic trouble
Sun stroke
Religious excitement
Jealousy
Parents were cousins
Political excitement
Hereditary predisposition
Kicked in the head by a horse
Snuff
Rumor of husband's murder
Bad company
Egotism
Novel reading

Treatment was generally considered progressive at the time, depending on the current thinking of the day. From exposure to pleasant views and fresh air during the early years, mental disorders were later treated with brain surgery, color therapy, hydrotherapy, convulsive therapy, electro-shock treatments, lobotomy, and psychotropic drugs. Many patients derived benefits from occupational therapy, including woodworking, building maintenance, textile shop, and grounds keeping.

The Weston Hospital — the word "State" was eventually dropped — reached its population peak during the 1950's, with as many as 2,200 inmates plus a live-in staff of 650. By the 1970's, the hospital was considered rundown and outmoded, as mental-health advocates railed against the deteriorating facility and what they deemed ineffective treatment methods. In 1972, director of clinical services, Dr. Richard Bracca, told a local newspaper, "Well, since I've been here, conditions have gone from atrocious to bad."

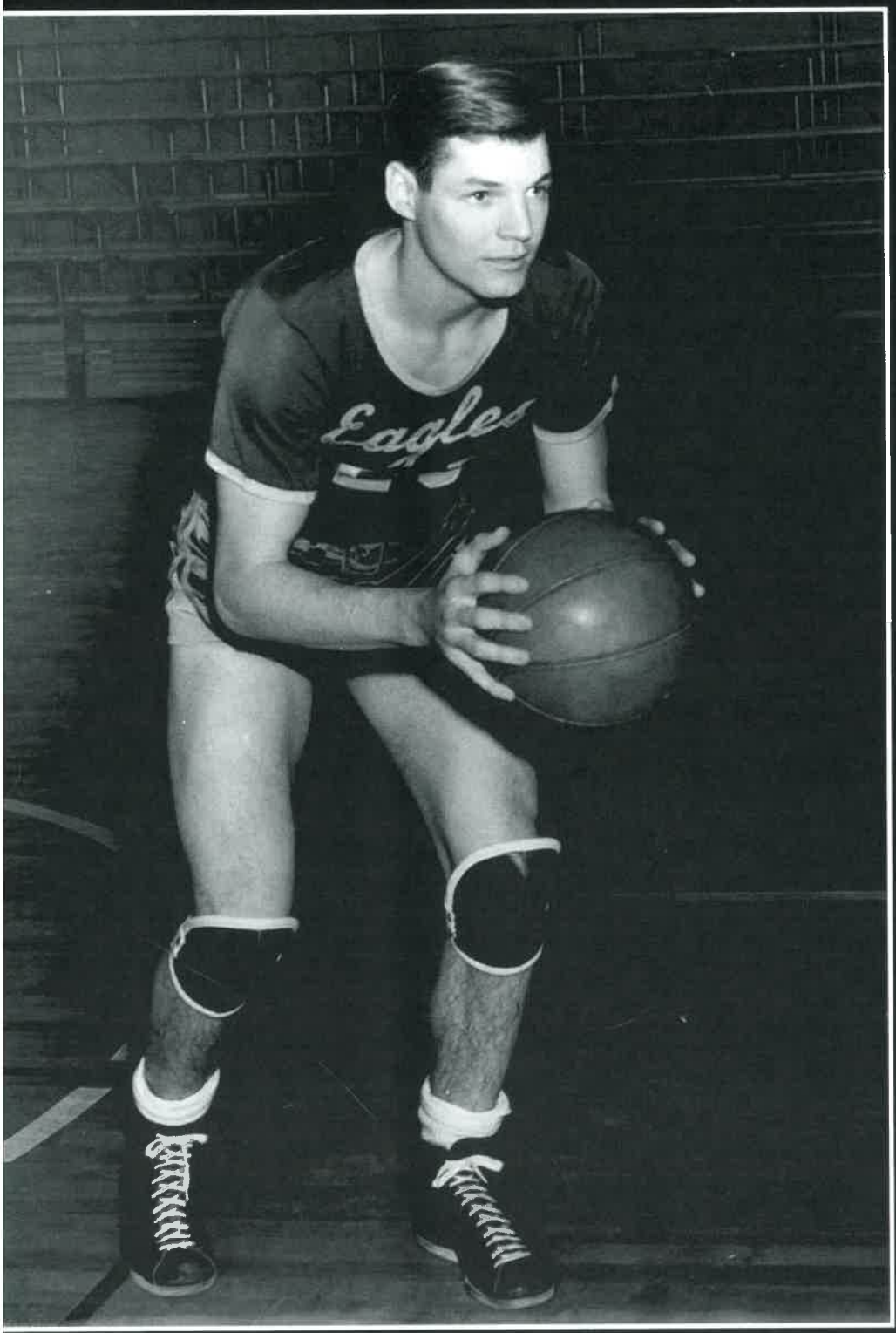
Since that time, the fate and fortunes of the hospital and its grounds have been the subject of unending debate as preservationists, developers, state health officials, and Weston residents have attempted to come to grips with the future of this enormous and historic complex. In 1978, the main hospital building was listed on the National Register of Historic Places. In 1986, Governor Arch Moore announced plans to convert the hospital into a 600-inmate prison. This set off a grassroots movement to save the facility, and Moore's plan was declared unconstitutional the following year.

The hospital was declared a National Historic Landmark in 1990. The last 141 patients were moved out in 1994, as work was completed on the new $28-million William R. Sharpe, Jr., Hospital, located on 230 acres of the Weston tract. In 1997, Attorney General Darrell McGraw suggested the old hospital could be used as a casino; in 1998, Governor Cecil Underwood proposed it be converted into a Civil War museum and research center. In 2000, others considered having it designated a National Park.

In August 2007, Morgantown contractor Joe Jordan purchased the hospital and surrounding property at auction for $1.5 million. He and his family changed the name to the Trans-Allegheny Lunatic Asylum and have been giving historical tours of the hospital as well as offering ghost tours, complete with costumed actors and fake blood. According to their new Web site, "We've been working hard to provide a horrifying experience." Some mental-health advocates have been horrified at the current owners' renewed use of the word "lunatic" in reference to the mentally ill, as well as with their sensationalized tours, "Psycho Path" dirt-bike races, and mud-bog truck events. The Jordans assert that these activities help to raise money for upkeep and renovation of the aging facility.

Tours are available on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday year round; Thursday and Saturday from March 15 through November 1; or by appointment. For more information, phone (304)269-5070, or visit www.trans-alleghenylunaticasylum.com.

Clock tower at Weston State Hospital in 1982. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Historic Preservation Office.



Morris Harvey's George King

By Bob Kuska

Before his death in 2006, George King often chuckled whenever he reflected on his storybook basketball career at Charleston's Morris Harvey College. Then, in a slightly hushed, confiding tone, he added, "When I stop and think of all the points that I scored, I can hardly believe it. My dad wasn't an athlete. Neither were my siblings great athletes, as such. I don't know where it came from. I really don't."

Top Score

King scored a total of 2,495 points at Morris Harvey, falling 23 points shy of the national intercollegiate four-year career scoring record. In 1949 and 1950, King led the nation in scoring with 29.1 and 31.2 points-per-game averages, respectively. The latter figure made him the first player in the history of college basketball to average 30 points, or more, per game.

King's was a storybook career that almost never happened. After graduating in the spring of 1946 from Stonewall Jackson High School, where he was a good but not great gym rat, George reluctantly quit the sport and enrolled at Marshall College. "I was only about 5'7" in high school, and I didn't have any scholarship offers," said George, the youngest child of a traveling hardware salesman. "I decided that I was just too small to keep playing."

Then, shortly before leaving for Marshall, the phone rang at his home. On the other end was the booming voice of Eddie King, the new basketball coach at Morris Harvey College, no relation to George. "Eddie said he wanted to talk about me coming to Morris Harvey on a scholarship," George recalled. "My eyes opened real wide, and I thought, 'What is this all about?'"

As George would learn later, the phone call was placed out of necessity more than true interest. Coach King had been recruiting George's taller high school teammate Bill Jarrett, and Jarrett had been reluctant to commit to the college. Jarrett finally acquiesced but with one stipulation: His high school buddy George King would need a basketball scholarship, too.

Coach King, a barrel-chested former college football lineman who also had a brief run as a middleweight boxer, told George that the offer on the table was free tuition.

George King was recruited by legendary Morris Harvey coach Eddie King in 1946. Here, Coach King (at right) presents George with the ball George used to score his 778th point of the 1950 season, eclipsing the national record. Photograph courtesy of *The Harveyan* yearbook.

But there was a catch: To reimburse the college for the roughly $150 tuition waiver, George had to serve as one of the lowly managers of the football team. George didn't think twice.

Two weeks later, the kid who would earn the campus nickname "Lil' Abner" for his likeness to the happy-go-lucky comic-strip character was straddling the sidelines, spit bucket in hand and a white towel draped over his shoulder. King had grown about four inches since high school and stood a more respectable six feet. He also had pushed himself at the Charleston YMCA, improving his quickness, refining his ballhandling skills, and becoming a better all-around player than Jarrett, who quit after less than two seasons at Morris Harvey.

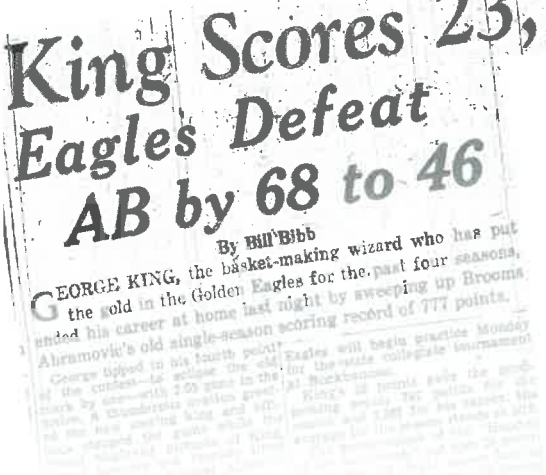
When basketball practice began in the fall of 1946, Coach King immediately noticed George's new-and-improved court game, penciled him into the starting lineup alongside four older war veterans, and his star freshman's baptism-by-fire began.

"I'll never forget in one of my first games, I started to make a cut to the basket and my defender punched me in the stomach," said George. "The guy doubled me right over, and we had to call a timeout. I made it over to the bench and said to my teammates, 'That guy just busted me with his fist.' The old timers — the big war heroes — just looked at me and said, 'Hey, boy, we've got our own problems. You've got to take care of yourself.'"

While George toughened up his game, he also had to make peace with the stomach-turning, two-lane mountain roads of the late 1940's. "We drove two cars to away games, and I always rode in Eddie King's car," George recalled. "Eddie would be behind the wheel, and I'd sit next to the front passenger window, because I used to get car sick. Sitting between us was a player named Ferg Lamakis, a war veteran who was probably four or five years older than me. Ferg had a great sense of humor, and he would look at me and Eddie in the front seat and chuckle, 'Two kings and

Opposite page: Morris Harvey basketball star George King played for the Golden Eagles from 1946-50, setting several national and school scoring records. Photograph courtesy of University of Charleston, Morris Harvey Archives, date unknown.

King Scores 23, Breaks Single-Season Mark



King Scores 23, Eagles Defeat AB by 68 to 46

By Bill Bibb

GEORGE KING, the basket-making wizard who has put the cold in the Golden Eagles for the past four seasons, ended his career at home last night by sweeping up Brooms Abramovic's old single-season scoring record of 777 points.

The Charleston Gazette, February 26, 1950.

an ace.' Eddie would mumble back, 'Two kings and an ass.'"

"Eddie was a tiger," said Ralph Holmes, who played for Morris Harvey during this era. "He would cut your heart out and hand it to you on a platter. If guys started fighting in practice, he'd just say to the players, 'Move over to the side,' unless it was George. Eddie kind of looked after George.

"Although Eddie was better known as a football coach, he was a great tactician on the basketball court," continued Ralph. "He had three or four different defenses, and he would play to his team's strengths to win. Eddie used to say, 'Notre Dame isn't going to beat me at home,' and that was the truth. He was that kind of a competitor."

Despite Coach King's passion for the game, Morris Harvey still couldn't beat the better teams in the conference. The Golden Eagles finished the 1946-47 season 10-14 and, per usual, exited the league tournament in the first round. The lone bright spot was George King, who averaged a healthy 15 points per game and landed a spot on the WVIAC's all-tournament team, a rarity for Morris Harvey.

After the season, George tucked a basketball under his arm and bicycled downtown to the Charleston YMCA, where he worked tirelessly to improve his game. He literally couldn't stop dribbling and shooting.

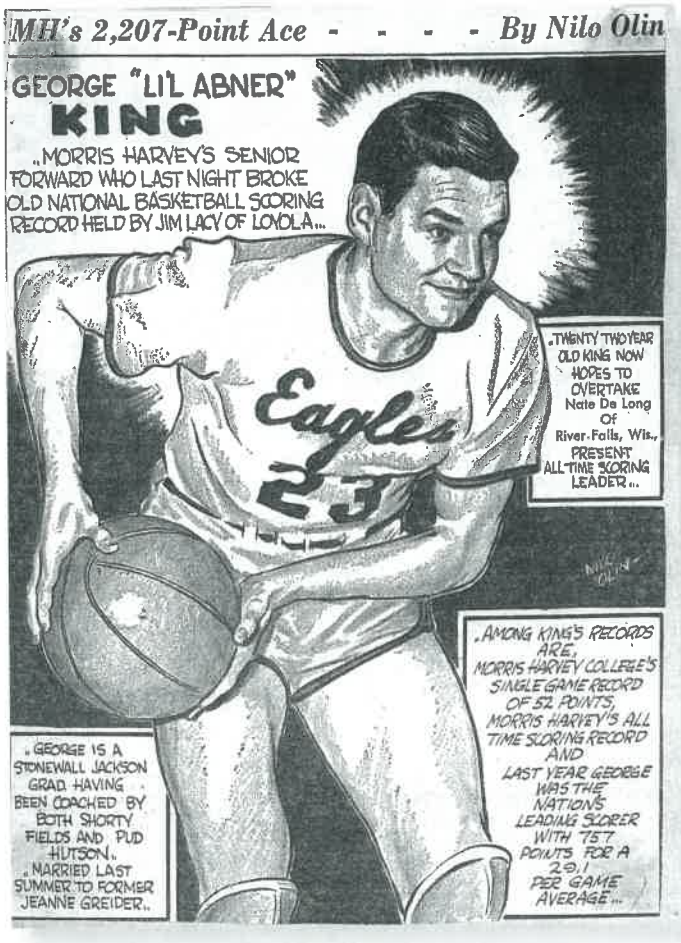
"George was a self-made player," recalled Holmes, who grew up two years behind George on Charleston's West Side. "While the other guys ran around chasing girls and drinking beer, George worked out at the YMCA every day and every night, practically."

"He was up at the 'Y' all the time," recalled Charleston basketball legend Rod "Hot Rod" Hundley. "They played four guys on four, because the gym was so small, sometimes five on five. The games were to 20 points. The winners stayed on the court, and the losers went to the back of the line. If you got beat, you had to sit around for an hour or so before you got to play again. So, the competition was fierce."

As a sophomore, George averaged 18.3 points per game, sixth-best in the conference. But, with a less-that-outstanding and undersized team, Morris Harvey managed just a 12-12 record. Then, in his junior year, everything changed when George King broke in the college's brand-new 3,100-seat fieldhouse with a string of 20- and 30-point games. Now 21 years old, George King had filled out his six-foot frame, and all of those extra hours at the YMCA had transformed him into a savvy, cat-quick basketball player. On a team that played wild-and-wonderful West Virginia fastbreak basketball, George King handled the ball with the command of the best guards of his era.

"George would come down the court and draw the defenders over to him with his head-and-shoulder faking," recalled teammate Sonny Moran. "When he fed you the ball, it was darn near shot."

If the opposing team hustled back on defense to stop the fastbreak, per Coach King's latest winning strategy, George handed the ball to a guard, trotted into the paint to position himself for a pass, and waited for a chance to go one-on-one against the taller but slower players inside.



The Charleston Gazette, February 12, 1950.

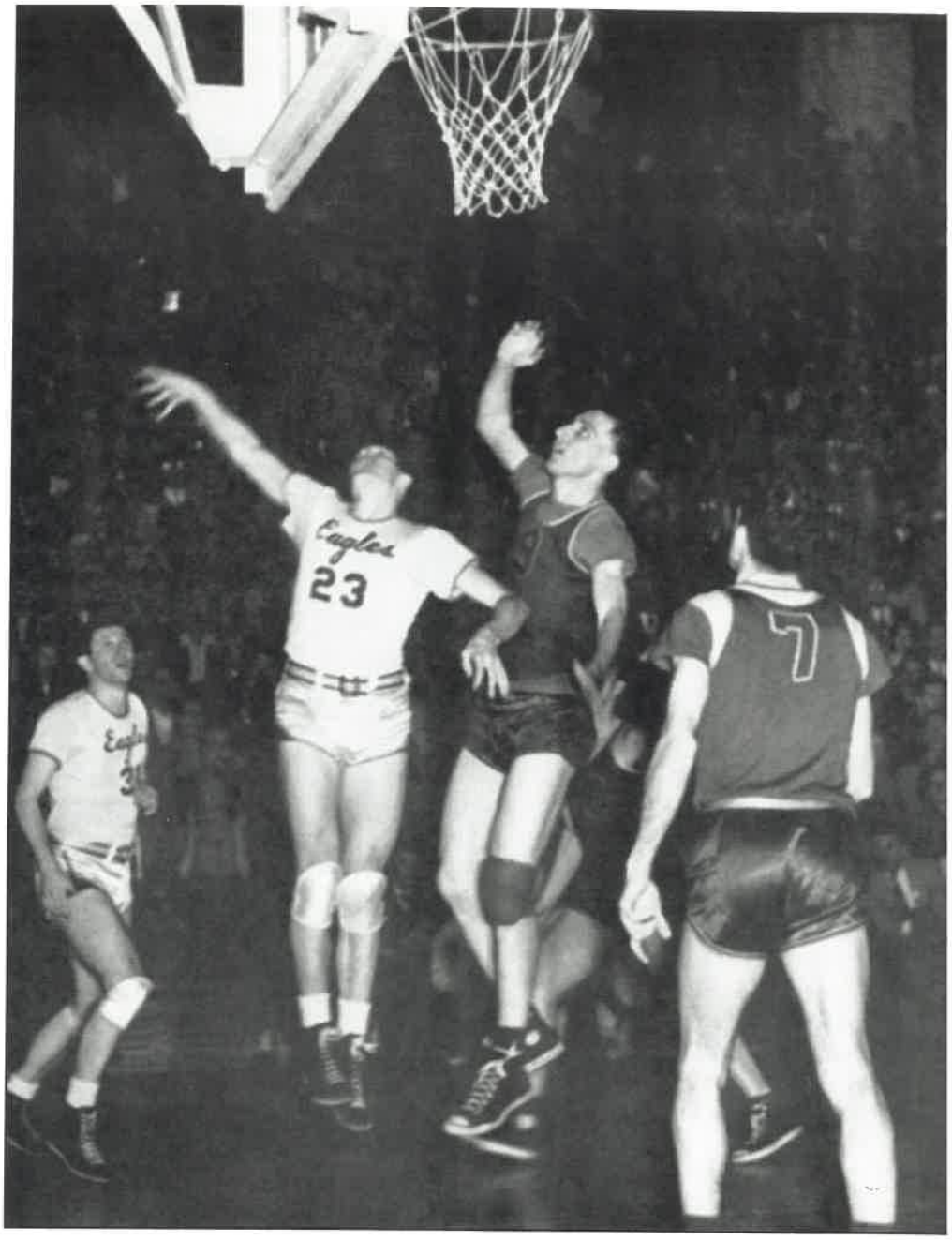
"I was the original point center in college basketball," said George, with a mix of pride and bemusement. "Sometimes, I'd set up in the corner as a forward, but most of the time I was in the pivot. It put me close to the basket, and I had the moves to beat the bigger players and the jumping ability to take it to the hole."

With the big men unable to match his quick first step, George scored in bunches and surprised everyone by winning the national collegiate scoring title with a 29.1-point average. He also pushed Morris Harvey to a best-ever 18-8 record, its first WVIAC regular season championship, and the national team scoring title.

During the 1949-50 season, the nation's reigning intercollegiate scoring champion became a local celebrity. The reasons are rooted in Charleston's then-proud but somewhat complicated self identity. The city was a first-rate sports town, but primarily at the local level. On the national sports scene, Charleston was a no-show, and many in town longed for an All-American to boost the image of the capital city and steal some of the thunder from the nearby big university towns. George was possibly the first collegian in Charleston history to crack the national record book, and the city lived vicariously through his every shot.

"More than half of the people who attended Morris Harvey games keep George King's score and can tell you at any stage of the game how many points he has, not only for the contest itself but for the season and for King's career," wrote Shorty Hardman of *The Charleston Gazette* at the time. "A few nights ago, just for the fun of it, official scorer Bob Baylous, when someone from the floor yelled up to ask Bob how many points King had made in this particular game, replied '42.' And almost in unison the crowd roared out '44.'"

The hoopla in Charleston aroused a mix of excitement and derision across West Virginia. Whenever the George King Show rolled into town, the lines outside the rival gymnasiums were at least twice as long, and the yell leaders and fraternity pranksters whipped the crowds into a partisan, foot-pounding frenzy when George trotted onto the court for pregame warmups in Morris Harvey's despised gold and maroon, the now-famous number 23 stitched to the back of his T-shirt-style jersey.



George King (#23) battles under the basket during the 1949-50 record-breaking season. Photograph courtesy of *The Harveyan* yearbook.

George was immune to the jeers, although not because he had ice water in his veins. "I still got car sick traveling to games, and, when we'd get to the gymnasium, I'd usually be pretty woozy from the trip," said George. "I'd walk onto the court, shake off the cobwebs, and just play. The funny thing is I never felt any pressure to perform. The game came naturally to me."

As George's career wound down, Charleston focused on his race with fellow senior Nate DeLong of River Falls College in Wisconsin to break college basketball's single-season and career scoring records. On February 25, 1950, George's fans roared louder than ever when he broke the single-season collegiate scoring record of former Salem star Brooms

Abramovic. "A thunderous ovation greeted the new scoring king, and officials stopped the game while the crowd displayed pictures of King, waved banners, and literally lifted the roof off the Student Activities building," wrote *The Charleston Gazette*. Two days later, "because of the importance of the occasion," WGKV radio replayed the booming ovation for Charleston to celebrate at home.

Despite the sheer thrill of it all, their hero's place in history remained precarious. On the night King broke the single-season scoring record, his nemesis DeLong canned 47 points to pull to within 36 points of the new record. Since DeLong's first-place team would earn a postseason trip to a national tournament and second-place Morris Harvey likely would not, "Big Nate" had a chance to play more games in March and possibly claim the single-season scoring record. What miffed many was DeLong's coach reportedly already had added five games during the season, and rumor had it some of these late additions were patsy teams that allowed DeLong to pad his statistics. Given the facts and innuendo swirling around DeLong, Coach King needed little coaxing to schedule a last-minute final home game with Tiffin College. Tiffin, known for its meager basketball teams, would serve as George's record-securing sacrificial lamb.

After a brief but successful career as a pro, George King coached at Morris Harvey in 1957, at WVU from 1958-1965, and at Purdue University from 1966-1972. He retired from Purdue as athletic director in 1992. He is shown here coaching the Mountaineers in 1961. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia University Libraries, West Virginia and Regional History Collection.

For King, a fierce but fair competitor who felt embarrassed dwelling on scoring records, the extra game was a sign that everyone had lost their minds. When the Tiffin game rolled around, the sell-out crowd chanted "Shoot" every time he touched the ball. Even his teammates caught the record-breaking spirit that night.

"We were coming on a three-on-one, and George was handling the break," said Ralph Holmes. "George gave me a nice bounce pass, and all I had to do was lay it in. I faked the shot, hooked the ball back to him coming down the lane, and he laid it in the basket. As we headed upcourt, he grabbed me by the arm and told me in no uncertain terms, 'I pass you the ball; you shoot it, or else you're going out of this ballgame.' Well, anybody who shot that night other than George was going to get killed by the crowd."

When the final buzzer blew, the crowd had run out of fingers and toes to track King's highest point total ever of 63 points in Morris Harvey's 117-52 victory. Afterwards, an exasperated George excused himself to reporters. "Heck, I didn't want to keep shooting, but those other guys wouldn't, and somebody had to," he said.

King's fifth-highest scoring game in college basketball history helped to ward off Nate DeLong and secured George's single-season scoring record, but it wasn't enough to overtake DeLong in the race for the all-time career scoring mark. The irony was these records, so seemingly Olympian and indelible at the time, would fall within a few seasons. George's most enduring achievement would be his 30-points-per-game scoring average, a first in college basketball.

In King's senior year, Morris Harvey finished with a best-ever 22-9 record, including a second-straight national team scoring title with 79.9 points per game. But the question on everybody's mind was: What did the future hold for Charleston's greatest player ever? The city received an answer from Duke Zilber, a scout for the Baltimore Bullets of the brand-new National Basketball Association (NBA). In January,

Zilber made a trip to Charleston to evaluate the nation's leading scorer, shook hands with local newspaper reporters, and said all of the right things afterwards.

Away from the throng, however, Zilber was more equivocal. "He said afterwards, 'Well, you're a fine little player, but you're not going to be able to play pro ball, because you just can't shoot,'" recalled George. "That was quite a thing to say. I had 44 points that night. But most of them came from inside, so, Zilber wasn't wrong. I had started to rely on my inside moves to score, and that hurt my outside touch."

Despite Zilber's lukewarm response, the NBA Chicago Zephyrs drafted King in the eighth round. But he opted for the Phillips Oilers, an Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) powerhouse and member of the National Industrial Basketball League. The Oilers, sponsored by the Oklahoma-based Phillips 66 Oil Company, offered young players like King a steady office job and a foot in the corporate door in return for playing on the company team. Ironically, Phillips helped George get his foot in the NBA door.

"At Morris Harvey, we used to kid that we'd let the opposition score so we could get the ball back," said George. "That really, by itself, should have doomed me to ever play pro ball. But I was lucky to have joined the Phillips Oilers. They had a coach by the name of Cap Rennigan, who was considered one of the great defensive players in AAU ball, and he taught me how to play defense. It took away some of my offensive stuff, but, in my opinion, that's the reason that I was able to stay and make pro ball and play as long as I wanted."

In 1955, the Nationals defeated Fort Wayne 92-91 in the seventh and deciding game of the NBA championship series on George's winning free throw and game-preserving steal.

In 1952, George King signed with the NBA Syracuse Nationals, where he earned the reputation as one of the league's better assist men and averaged about 10 points per game. In 1955, the Nationals defeated Fort Wayne 92-91 in the seventh and deciding game of the NBA championship series on George's winning free throw and game-preserving steal. King retired after the 1955-56 season but returned for the 1957-58 season with the Cincinnati Royals. He then headed to Morgantown, where he served as an assistant coach under Fred Schaus at West Virginia University. When Schaus departed for the NBA in 1960, George took over as head coach, earning a 102-43 record over five seasons, winning two conference titles and racially integrating the basketball program. In 1965, he left for Purdue University, where he served for several seasons as head basketball coach, then moved into the athletic director's chair, where he remained until 1992.

When all was said and done, though, George King's greatest legacy remained popularizing Morris Harvey and WVIAC basketball in Charleston. As Morris Harvey student Walter T. Shea rued at the end of old number 23's career:

There'll be many a team whose golden gleam
Will streak the polished floor;
With cause for cheers in future years,
As there have been before.
But when things are tough, without points enough,
The flashing memory
Of that strictly legal, regal Eagle,
The kid with the grin, will tip them in,
The ghost of 23.

George King's jersey on permanent display in the foyer of the University of Charleston's Eddie King Gymnasium. Photograph courtesy of University of Charleston.

BOB KUSKA of Shepherdstown holds a master's degree in journalism from Northwestern University. He is a career science writer and a nationally recognized basketball historian. He is the author of two books: *Hot Potato: How Washington and New York Gave Birth to Black Basketball and Changed America's Game Forever* and *Cinderella Ball: A Look Inside Small College Basketball in West Virginia*. This is Bob's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

"Moonfixer"

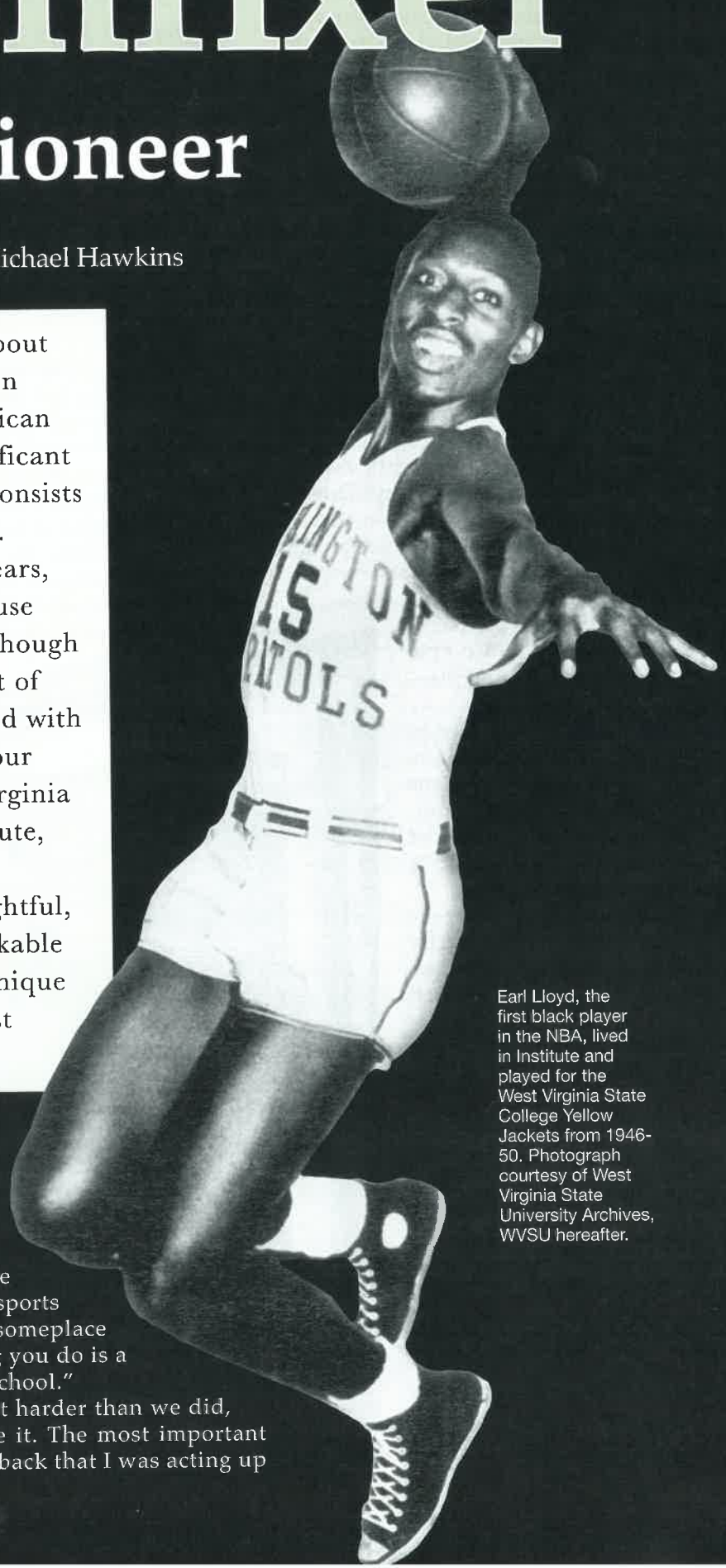
Basketball Pioneer Earl Lloyd

By Michael Hawkins

Earl Francis Lloyd is a little-talked-about pioneer in sports and civil rights. Born April 3, 1928, Lloyd was the first African American to play in the NBA, a significant feat, considering that the NBA now consists predominantly of African Americans.

He played professionally for nine years, with the Washington Capitols, Syracuse Nationals, and the Detroit Pistons. Though a native of Alexandria, Virginia, part of Earl's roots will forever be intertwined with the soil of West Virginia. He spent four years as a star player for the West Virginia State College Yellow Jackets in Institute, Kanawha County.

Lloyd, now in his early 80's, is insightful, wise, and funny. He has had a remarkable life, and he reflects on some of his unique experiences and his time here in West Virginia.



Earl Lloyd, the first black player in the NBA, lived in Institute and played for the West Virginia State College Yellow Jackets from 1946-50. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State University Archives, WVSU hereafter.

Michael Hawkins. Who was the most influential person in your life?

Earl Lloyd. The most influential person in my life was my mother. She got up to a fourth-grade education. She was tough, but fair. I played three sports in high school. My mother told me, "You going someplace where people don't know you, and everything you do is a reflection of this town, this family, and your school."

I grew up in segregation. The teachers had it harder than we did, but they wanted to make sure students made it. The most important people in town were the teachers. If word got back that I was acting up with a teacher, my mother would kill me.

King and Lloyd

Though Charleston basketball stars George King and Earl Lloyd never met in an official game during their college careers, they eventually became friends and teammates, playing together on the NBA champion Syracuse Nationals for five years. In the blustery winter of 1950, the two crosstown titans reportedly did play in an informal contest here in West Virginia.

In an interview, King recalled driving to Institute to scrimmage against the Yellow Jackets in the now-venerable Fleming Hall. "I think they were the first black players that I had ever played against," recalled King. "It was a hell of a good game. As I recall, there were no fans. It was strictly a scrimmage, and I can't remember now who won. You know, people told me later that I played against Earl Lloyd there, but I didn't remember Earl at all from the game," King continued. "Maybe he didn't remember me either, but we ended up playing five years together in the pros."

King and Lloyd formed a friendship that would lead to the integration of the men's basketball team at West Virginia University. In the spring of 1965, as King recounted, he was the men's head basketball coach at WVU and had suffered through a rough season that winter. "I got a call from Earl one day, and he asked me if I might be interested in taking a look at a kid from his hometown [Alexandria, Virginia]. His name was Jimmie Lewis. Earl was serving as his mentor."

Lloyd sent a grainy tape of Lewis in action, and King responded with a full scholarship offer. Lewis became one of four African Americans whom King recruited that season — the first black players for the Mountaineers. King claimed he had no civil agenda in mind. "I had played with black players in the pros, and I thought of them as being basketball players just like me," said King. "Nothing more, nothing less. All I remember is I thought that these kids could play. That's why I brought them to Morgantown." —Bob Kuska

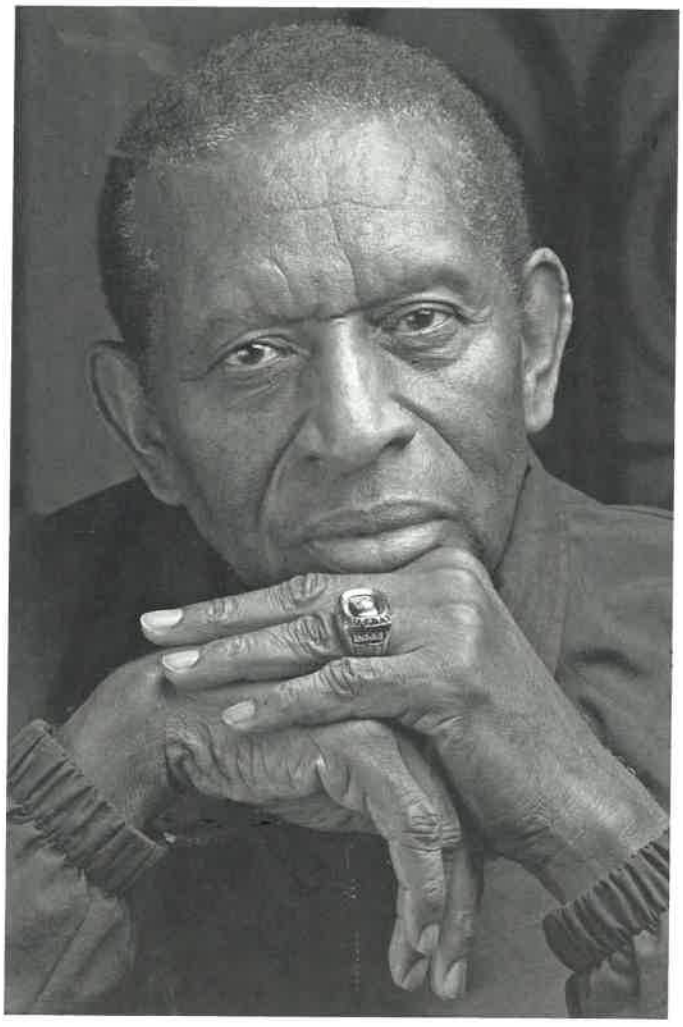
especially after an 82-game season.

MH. What was your fondest memory of West Virginia?

EL. I have a lot of memories. The people that I was with at the school were beautiful. [They] made it real fun. Every memory that I had at school was fond. People took care of each other and made it real easy.

MH. What is the fondest memory of your career?

EL. The part of my career that I treasure the most was being the first black to play in the NBA, being an assistant coach, and being inducted into the [Basketball] Hall of Fame. I looked around the room at Dean Smith, Red Auerbach, Larry Bird — a roomful of heavyweights. When I was born in 1928, black babies had nothing in store. For a young black kid to grow up in Alexandria and end up in Massachusetts for the Hall of Fame is amazing.



Now living in Tennessee, Earl sat for this portrait at his home in 2005, highlighting his Basketball Hall of Fame ring. Among his many achievements, Earl Lloyd broke the race barrier in the NBA on October 31, 1950, as a member of the Washington Capitols. Photograph by ThePurpleLens.com/Wade Payne.

Earl Lloyd credits West Virginia and his experiences here with his rewarding life and career. He went on to say that when he got to West Virginia, he was like a big black butterfly coming out of his cocoon. He spread his wings here. Without West Virginia, he says, he wouldn't be where he is today.

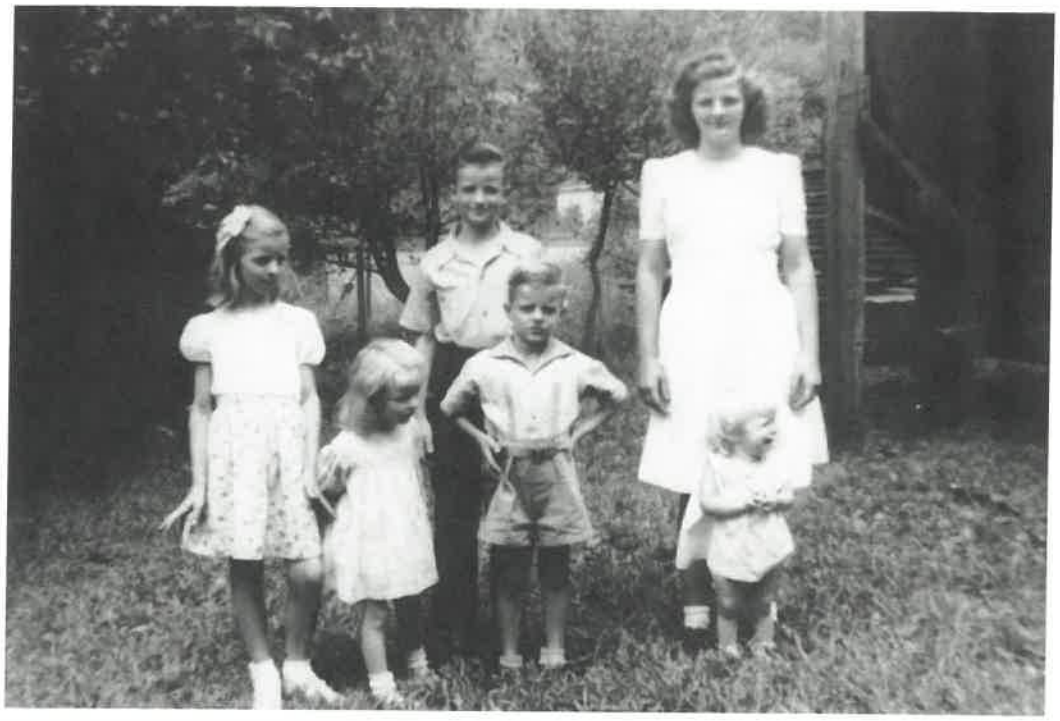
—Michael Hawkins

MICHAEL HAWKINS, originally from Largo, Maryland, is a senior at West Virginia State University in Institute. He wrote this article as an assignment for a West Virginia History class.

By Junior D. Hayes and Barbara L. Hayes

The Family Man of Jordan Creek

Junior D. Hayes of Jordan Creek with grandson David Deel.



Bliss Mick, at right, with five younger siblings, at about the time Bliss met Junior Hayes. From the left, they are Justine, Sharon, Stanley, Carl, and Joyce.

What makes a family? A cousin here, a sister there, kids all over the place. If planted with love and care, the roots will run deep and will survive. These are the memories of my dad, Junior D. Hayes of Jordan Creek. In these pages, he fondly recalls his family, the meeting of my late mother, and the life they started together.

Jordan Creek is a small hollow, 20 miles north of Charleston. Junior Dale Hayes was born there on May 23, 1925, at the house of his grandpaw, George Washington Hayes. Junior was the son of Virgil Cephas Hayes and his wife, Delphia.

Junior built his homeplace across the hollow from where he was born, on land that has passed down in his family for over 100 years. Except for a stint in the Army during WWII, he has lived here all his life. When he was small, he had a head full of curly, blonde hair. He still has his head full of hair but not his curly, blonde locks. His face and hands are well-worn from hard work, but his smile has not changed or faded.

—Barbara L. Hayes

I was discharged from the Army in 1946. When I came home, I run around with Roy John Hayes, my cousin. He was my best buddy. Roy had a sister named Betty, and she introduced me to Luella Bliss Mick of Clendenin at her house one day. Betty told her, "Don't you think he's cute?" Bliss said, "Yes, I think he's cute."

We talked out on the porch and walked up and down Jordan Creek. There wasn't much to do for dating. We went to either her house in Clendenin with her mom and five younger brothers and sisters, or went to my house with my mom, dad, six younger brothers and sisters, and Grandmaw Huffman.

Grandmaw moved in with us after Grandpaw died. They had lived at the head of Lynn's Fork, up from the mouth of Jordan Creek. Grandpaw was a stone mason. He made chimneys and foundations for houses.

Bliss loved my grandmaw. They would talk for hours and hours. Grandmaw liked her, too. She would tell me, "I like that little girl — you should marry her." Grandmaw died before Bliss and I were married. I had

Junior's maternal grandparents, John and Minnie Huffman, in about 1945. Mrs. Huffman lived with Junior and his family after her husband passed away.

gone to Bliss' house to visit one day, and when I returned, my grandmaw was dead. The undertaker from Myers Funeral Home came to get her to prepare for burying. He brought her back to the house the next day for the wake. Grandmaw's coffin was placed in the living room on a cloth-covered folding cradle.

The whole community came to our house to pay their respects, bring food, and stay up with us all night. The youngest kids were sent to bed early in the evening, and the older people, as well, had to rest a bit. We had no electricity, only oil lamps that glowed as people milled around the house eating, talking. The mourners sang their songs, such as "Behold Your Loved One Sleeping Their Last Long Sleep," "Give Me the Roses While I Live," and "You've Got to Walk That Lonesome Valley."

When the undertaker returned in the morning, he loaded the coffin in his ambulance for the trip to the funeral and graveyard. Bliss' mom would not let her come to the wake because of her age, which wasn't at all what I thought it was. When we started going together, I asked her how old she was. She said she was 16 and could pass for it. It wasn't for a year or more before I found out she was 15. When I asked her mother if we could get married, she said, "You don't mean that." I said, "Yes, I do." She said, "If you'll wait until she is 16, I'll sign for the wedding."

That night, Bliss told me that she didn't want to wait to be married. Truth be known, I didn't want to wait either. If we were going to sneak off, I knew we had to make some plans. She would ask her mom if she could come to Betty's house after school and stay the night. Then I would come get her the next morning, and we would catch the bus to Kentucky.

Junior and Bliss Hayes, shortly after their wedding in 1947.

I knew Bliss only had one skirt and blouse that she had to wash every night for school, so I borrowed some money from Dad to buy her a wedding dress. It was a beautiful blue satin — she was very pretty in it. I packed it in a suitcase and waited for her to come to Betty's. When she got there, we were ready.

But getting from Betty's house to the bus was still a problem. A man drilling a water well on Jordan Hill offered to take us to the end of the hollow in his truck, where we could get the bus.

We waited for a half hour or more. I don't remember what we talked about — we must have talked about something. When the bus came, we were on our way to Charleston, where we could catch a bus to my uncle Jess Huffman's house in Catlettsburg, Kentucky. Uncle Jess had told me to find a taxi driver by the name of High Walker, and he would bring us right to his house.

When we got up there, him and Aunt Rosetta was carrying wash water. He saw us and put the water down and came running to meet us. We went to the house to visit and have supper. The next morning, Aunt Rosetta told Bliss she would have to fix her hair a little bit to make her look a little older before we could go to get the license and blood tests. She fixed her hair to one side to make her look at least 18, then we went down to the courthouse.

While we were waiting for the tests to come back, Uncle Jess took us to Camden Park, over in Huntington. We rode the Ferris wheel and roller coaster. I remember having the best time of my life, because I was with Bliss. Then we went back to the house, and Uncle Jess and Aunt Rosetta went with us to the justice of the peace to be married. We took the bus back to Charleston on Sunday. I had one nickel to my name. When we got back, I bought me a big cigar.

We stayed with my parents at first. I had a 1936 Plymouth, and while we were getting settled I tried to teach Bliss how to drive. She wasn't very good — she almost ran over a cow. I sold my car to buy lumber for a house. Dad sold me a lot out the road from his house. We had one room to start. I made a table with a shelf in the bottom for the cooking utensils. We had two 50-pound nail kegs for chairs, two plates, two spoons and forks. We borrowed a bed from my parents and blankets and quilts.

The night we moved in, all the family and neighbors came after we had went to bed to give us our "serenade." They came with their pots and pans, banging them with spoons and lids. They sang and hollered at us until we came out on to the porch. Bliss gave the kids some candy. The mob was satisfied and went away laughing and singing.

I worked construction of a day, then came home and worked on the house at night. Bliss would build a fire outside to cook beans and fry potatoes for meals until my brother Orville gave us a wood cookstove. Bliss' little three-year-old sister would come stay with us. Joyce was considered a special child, because she was born without ever having seen her father's face. According to the old wives' tales, she could cure the thrash. Bliss' mother would receive a call, and she would take the child to the sick person's house to have her touch them.

When Joyce would come to stay with us, she loved to watch the cows. The pasture fence ran clear down into the yard, giving her a close look. One day she hollered, "Hey Bliss! Hey Bliss, come here. This is the first time I ever seen a cow use a 'mode."

The Hayes Quartet featured Junior, his brother, and two sisters. From the left, they are Shirley, Erma, Orville, and Junior Hayes, pictured here at the Jordan Chapel Methodist Church in 1950.

Eventually, we got better entertainment. I traded for a radio, and we listened to *Lone Ranger, All American Boy, Jack Benny, The Shadow,* and *Roy Rogers and Dale Evans.* Although there wasn't too much time for the radio, we enjoyed it. We liked to play our own music best. My brother Orville bought our first guitar for $7. We would sing gospel songs and pick for hours. I could play the guitar, fiddle, mandolin, harmonica, Jews harp, and steel guitar. I can also play piano by ear.

Since I can't read music, I would listen to old Carter Family songs over and over to learn how to play. My sisters Shirley and Erma and brother Orville and me formed a group. We sang in churches and at the family reunions. We were called simply the Hayes Quartet.

A water well was drilled on my property, after being located by Orville using a peach branch. He was known as a "water witch." He found water for everyone until he was 80 years or more. If somebody needed a well drilled, they would ask around to see who could find water, because not everybody could. He would take a three-prong peach branch and clean all the leaves and small branches off of it. Then he would walk the land, watching and waiting for a tug on the end of the branch to point to water.

The last water Orville found on our land was in the late 1970's. My son Allan wanted a well drilled on the land I sold him

for his home. Orville came down the hill from his home, found a branch, and went to work. What a show! All the kids followed him up and down the hills and out around the road and back until he stopped, with the branch pointing at the ground. "Drill here," he said, pointing to a spot at the end of the trailer.

The drill company was called and the equipment moved in. The drilling started to take place in the early morning. Fifty feet down, no water; 100 feet down, no water; 120 feet down, no water. After 150 feet, the drillers were sure it was a dry site. Orville felt bad. He had never missed before, and Allan was being charged with each foot drilled. The drill man said he would go 50 more feet for free, because he felt bad there was no water, too. At 180 feet, water was struck right under a coal seam, which gives the water a nice sulfur taste and smell, but very usable.

Even though I worked during the day and on the house at night, I still helped my dad in the fields. I had helped him since I was a little feller. Those rows of corn and potatoes seemed to me like they were 10 miles long. Dad had fields at the homeplace, across the hollow from the house, and over in Sand Run across from Youngs Bottom. He planted corn, beans, potatoes, and turnips. My mom and my three sisters took care of the garden closest to the house, and us four boys would follow Dad to the field.

Modern tools were not on our equipment list. Dad always had a plow animal. The three I remember most were the white swayback horse that would bite you if you got close enough; an old, stubborn mule that would only work when he wanted to; and Sally, my dad's favorite horse. That horse would work as long as you drove her. Dad liked her so well he even had his picture taken with her one year, right before the spring plowing.

Virgil Hayes, Junior's father, with his favorite plow horse, Sally, in about 1960.

In later years, the fields were not needed, and I planted my own truck patches near my house. My dad taught me to work hard. He would say, "If you can't find a job for three dollars a day, work for a dollar."

Dad got his first job when he was 14, driving oxen hauling rig material. I got my first job when I was 16, taking up a gas line. I made $3.50 a day. When I got my first payday, I went to Charleston to Berman's Jewelry Store and bought me a guitar for $20.

We never went hungry. Dad always had food on the table for his children. He would work in fields, do construction and other odd jobs to take care of his family, then walk to Clendenin, buy 50 pounds of flour, meal, or feed for the animals, throw it over his shoulder, and hike across the hills to the house.

After I had gotten married, I did the same to take care of my family. I would work wherever I could to keep food on the table, clothes on our backs, and shoes on our feet. I tried to help my dad all I could, though he still had my brothers to help with the livestock and plowing.

When I was able to buy another car, I took Dad and Mom to church and to the store so they wouldn't have to walk and carry heavy feed sacks on their backs. Sometimes, Dad and me worked at the same

job, and I could drive him there, too. We worked at lots of different building sites in Charleston. We dug the ditches for the plumbing as they were developing Kanawha City.

At Christmastime, we always had all we needed. When I was little, we would head back on the hill or down the hollow to cut a Christmas tree. Mom would decorate it with big, colored bulbs with wire hooks and used white rope around the branches. Her and Dad would walk across the hill to Clendenin to get our Christmas presents. We got stuff to eat, like nuts, oranges, apples. Dad always bought a bag of candy.

We would hang up a long sock for our presents to be put in. I was always afraid of Santa Claus, and when he would come in the house, I would hide behind Mom. I think it was just Uncle Howard in a red suit and beard. When we would get our stockings, we would get our treats and a small toy. The boys usually got a 10-cent car or truck with rubber wheels, and the girls would get a doll baby. One year, when my oldest brother, Albert, took down his stocking, all he found was nut shells and orange peels. He just looked up and said, "I guess I didn't get anything." Then they gave him his present.

I did about the same thing to Bliss after we got married. She wanted a toaster — that's all she talked about. She wanted a toaster for Christmas. I took a box about that size and filled it full of nuts and bolts, wrapped it, then put it under the tree. She shook that thing every day and was sure it was a toaster. On Christmas Eve, we always opened our presents. She tore into the box and found those nuts and bolts — she was very disappointed, to say the least. She chased me all around the house, but she still didn't get her toaster.

Junior Hayes, age 84, with his new concert zither.

I am proud of my family, then and now. We weren't rich in money by any means, but the Lord always provided anything we needed. We were rich in love. We depended on each other, we helped each other, we loved each other — still do.

Today at the family reunions — where I always win the prize for the oldest — we pull out the guitars and gather around the old songbook for a verse or two of "Amazing Grace" or "Home On the Evergreen Shore." A few of us are missing now, more every year. But as long as we hold them in our hearts, they are still with us.

Retired from Union Carbide, Dad still works in his woodshop, making crafts for Sunday school class, when needed. A few years ago, he helped remodel his church, hand carving the altar and building shelves.

More recently, he is working to restore a WWII Jeep to haul gardening supplies and tools back on the hill. He still plays his music, mostly around the house, but occasionally in church and at family functions. He also helps any of the young family members that want to learn to play. Most of the family can play two or three different instruments, just like Dad.

One recent Christmas, he received a new toy — a concert zither, which he is learning to play. "It's just like the one I saw played in Germany in WWII," he says. "I just don't play it as well."

Oh yes, he will.

—Barbara L. Hayes

BARBARA L. HAYES is a lifelong resident of Jordan Creek. She works for the West Virginia Supreme Court Law Library as a periodical assistant and is pursuing a political science degree at West Virginia State University. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

The American Dream in Romney

Text and photographs by Carl E. Feather

Mr. Koolwink greets late arrivals at Romney's Koolwink Motel.

Owners Pauline and Wallace Mauk take a rare and much-deserved break at the Koolwink. Wallace built this little two-room unit with lumber salvaged from an old garage.

For more than five decades, weary motorists on U.S. Route 50 have found Romney's Mr. Koolwink to be a most accommodating chap. Looking like a suave character from a 1930's magazine, Mr. Koolwink is the logo for the eponymous motel on Romney's east side. He pervades the place, from the exterior plastic signs bearing his figure to the ceramic coffee mugs and complimentary stationery and postcards offered at the front desk. Little notepads and red pencils bearing his logo are parked next to the telephone in each room, and Mr. Koolwink adorns the wrappers of the mints that greet new arrivals to their rooms. Logically, Mr. Koolwink's image is also on the ice buckets.

The Koolwink Motel, owned by Wallace and Pauline Mauk, blends the no-frills hospitality experience of the mid-20th-century mom-and-pop operation with modern amenities, like in-room microwave and wireless Internet connection. The furnishings and exterior are retro, yet immaculately preserved and maintained.

This hospitality anachronism has been family owned since a fateful day in 1955, when the then-30-year-old Wallace Mauk grew impatient at an auction.

"They'd been jumping the bids by just $50 each. So for some crazy reason, I raised it by $500," recalls Wallace, describing the situation that led to him purchasing his great-aunt's Koolwink Tourist Home at a liquidation sale. "It was up to about $12,000, and I jumped it $500. Then another guy jumped it $500, and I jumped it $500 more and bought it."

To this day, Wallace, who is in his early 80's, cannot explain his initial interest in the motel business. A Romney native, he was living in Cumberland, Maryland, and working as a freight agent for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad when he and Pauline decided to load their six-month-old twins, Kay and Jay, in their station wagon and drive to the auction that would set the course of their lives for decades to come.

"I had never thought about it," Wallace says. "Just suddenly I bid on it, and here we are."

Begun by Nora and Henry Kline in 1936, the Koolwink Tourist Home consisted of a house with several rooms for tourists and two cabins on the lower portion of the property. Wallace says his great-aunt and -uncle were getting up in years and wanted to liquidate the business. Ironically, the Mauks have sur-

passed the Klines in longevity with the business, operating it more than 20 years past conventional "retirement age."

While Wallace and Pauline no longer attend to the day-to-day aspects of the business, they remain as owners and participate in any decisions involving the expenditure of capital or changes to the operation. And they live in the house that, over the years and with constant expansion and renovation, has served as a tourist home, restaurant, and motel office, while providing shelter for the Mauks and their children.

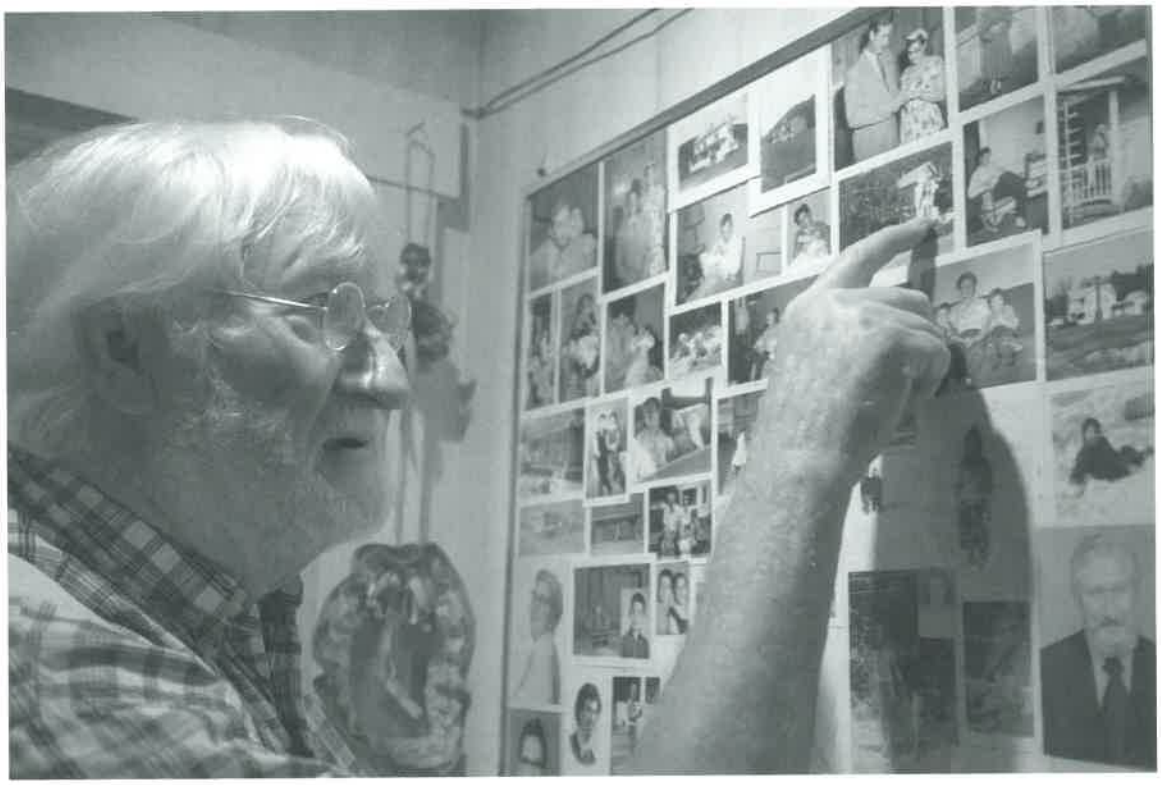
The original Koolwink Tourist Home was begun by Nora and Henry Kline in 1936. This photograph shows how it appeared around the time the Mauks bought it at auction in 1955.

Robert Lee, the Mauks' son-in-law, manages and runs the motel, with assistance from three employees. Robert says his father- and mother-in-law lived the American dream, building a small business that provided a livelihood during their working years and a residence and retirement income in the sunset years.

"We've come from being poor to middle class," says Wallace, summing up their 53-year journey.

Making a living was all Wallace wanted from life. "I was living good, and I wasn't all that ambitious," he says. "I didn't want to get rich. I just wanted to get to the point where my wife and I could live comfortably."

Despite Wallace's modest goal of living comfortably, the only person who got comfortable in their business was the traveler. And as for Wallace lacking ambition, a tour of the Koolwink reveals otherwise. Indeed,



This board of photographs holds plenty of memories for Wallace, who has been an unintentional innkeeper for more than 53 years.

Successful partners, Wallace's and Pauline's strengths and personalities complement each other. "Mother is the one who had the personality to meet and greet the public," says their daughter, Kay.

hanging above the trellis that marks the outside entrance to their living quarters is a sign that says "Slave Quarters." Wallace is responsible for the sign, and although some travelers have questioned it, Wallace says it means what it says: He and Pauline were slaves to the business throughout the decades they ran it.

"I'm the slave," he says. "I don't think you have to be black to be a slave. Some people are offended by that sign and said it was racist. I don't see it that way. That's where I live, and I'm the slave to it."

Probing into the lifestyle of a motel owner's family reveals the restrictive nature of the business. Wallace worked a full-time job at the railroad and had a part-time plumbing and heating business to provide reliable cash flow for the family.

In his "leisure hours," he served as the cook in the restaurant, designed and constructed additional motel units, did the building and grounds maintenance, and helped raise the family. Pauline worked day and night, tending to the business side of the operation, checking in guests, and, during the year or so it operated, taking care of the restaurant.

"That's all she's done, all her life, is work, work, work," Wallace says of his wife.

Daughter Kay says Wallace and Pauline had strengths, skills, and personalities that complemented each other in the business and made it successful.

"Mother is the one who had the personality to meet and greet the public," Kay says. "She had the stuff it took to manage the day-to-day operation of the business and to keep going every day. She knew everyone by name and where they liked to stay. People still come there and ask to see Mother."

Wallace and Pauline were blessed and cursed by having only a door and telephone between their home and business. A full night of sleep was virtually unheard of, as there was always a late check-in or middle-of-the night call to address an issue or special need.

"I would get up at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and rent out a room, then get up and go to Petersburg in the morning," he says. "We can't imagine what it would be like to work eight hours a day and be off for 16. I still have to get out of bed in the middle of night if a guy locks himself out of his room or some other problem comes up," Wallace says.

The motel is situated on a narrow stretch of sloping land between the north side of Route 50 and an unnamed creek. Only a parallel drive and thin strip of land with a fence along it separate the lower units from the very busy highway.

Wallace admits the site is poor for a motel, and yet the location is one of the reasons he was able to snag the whole 25 acres,

The neatly kept Koolwink Motel rests on a narrow strip of land between U.S. Route 50 and an unnamed creek, near the outskirts of Romney.

tourist home, and two cabins for a very cool $13,500. "If it had been more valuable property, I wouldn't have been able to offer $13,500 for it and get it," Wallace says.

As it was, Wallace had a very difficult time coming up with the money to make good on his bid. "When I bought this place, I think we had 75 cents between us," Wallace says. "We were worried about having enough gasoline to get back to Cumberland."

The auctioneer didn't have much faith in Wallace, either, and threatened to offer the property to the back-up bidder. But somehow Wallace managed to convince a banker to loan them a portion of the sale price. The owners carried the balance.

"I didn't know anything about the business, I didn't know anything about the finances. I had no idea how much business [the tourist home] generated. As a matter of fact, there are 25 acres here I didn't know anything about it until after I bought it," he says.

Pauline had been employed by a camera store in Cumberland. She gave up that line of work for the motel. The family moved into the downstairs of the tourist home. The upstairs rooms were rented at the time, and they needed the cash flow provided by that arrangement. Kay says when she and her brother were five, the apartment was vacated, allowing the twins to have separate bedrooms. But then their parents decided to convert the downstairs to a restaurant, which squeezed the family upstairs.

The pervasive Mr. Koolwink logo has been a fixture at the motel since the early years of the Mauk's ownership.

Wallace says the Koolwink originally had only two cottages to rent to tourists. Each cottage had two small rooms in it, each room just large enough for a bed, small desk, chair, and shower. The rooms rented for $4 a single, $6 a couple. Pauline took care of the cleaning and laundry associated with the rooms.

"She would go down there and put the kids on a swing on the porch and clean," Wallace says. "She did the laun-

dry in an old wringer washing machine and hung the sheets on the line."

The rooms lacked amenities like air conditioning and television, but the family compensated by providing superb service. As a child, Kay recalls carrying pitchers of ice water and glasses to guests.

Wallace says the motel was literally the last resort in town, and business suffered because of that. "We didn't fill up unless the other two motels in Romney did," he recalls.

Wallace and Pauline Mauk started with two cottages and a tourist home in 1955 and built up their business through steady growth and reinvesting their profits.

Wallace felt the need to expand and offer amenities, so the business would grow. Pauline, on the other hand, was content to offer superb customer service while keeping the operation small. His banker also preferred Wallace pay the principal rather than reinvest profits in the struggling business.

"In the very beginning, the bankers would call me down and rake me over the coals for not paying on the principal," Wallace says. "Whatever I could squeeze out, I would put back into it."

Wallace says the name given to the motel by the Klines derives from the fact there is a cool breeze that regularly flows through this gap. The wink portion comes from the idea of getting "40 winks."

It was a banker who helped carry over the Koolwink's logo to the motel operation. Wallace asked several artists to develop a logo that would capture the Koolwink concept. One of the artists, a man whose name Wallace has forgotten, came up with Mr. Koolwink. The logo resonated with his banker, ensuring a spot for Mr. Koolwink.

"I had a tremendous mortgage on the place. I could barely keep up with it," Wallace says. "The president of the bank said 'I really like your new logo.' That sealed that."

Robert says his father-in-law's first attempt at expansion was to build a long foundation and place one of the original cottages on each end. Additional units were built between them.

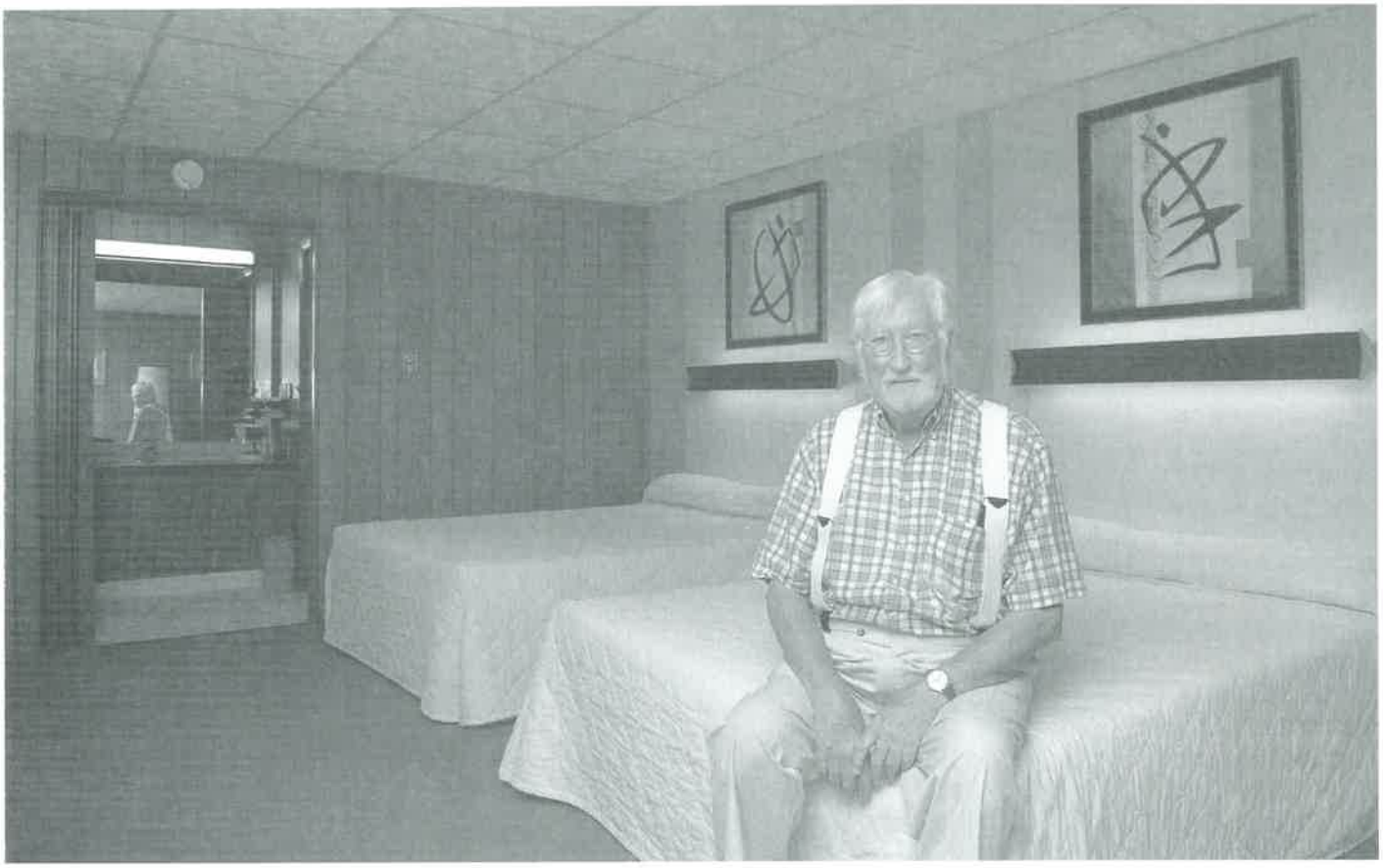
"He went from four rooms to eight," Robert says.

The original cottages still stand behind the brick facade of the lower building. Rooms 21 and 24 are the original Koolwink cottages. Next came a two-unit building between the original cottages and the tourist home. Wallace says he built that unit using recycled lumber from a garage. Wallace followed that with another six-unit addition to the east of the tourist home.

The buildings' clean lines and use of bright colors easily date them to the 1960's. The interiors are further dated by the use of paneling and modern art. Wallace points out the unusual harvest-gold-and-green commodes and bathtubs, which make staying in the Koolwink a truly retro experience. Until recently, some of the rooms even had 1960's-era shag carpet.

Robert says his father-in-law designed the buildings and did much of the construction himself. Wallace and Pauline decorated the rooms. "I saw that in a magazine," Wallace says, explaining where he got his inspiration for the Japanese art over the beds and diagonal accents on the unit fronts. "I forget exactly what one it was."

As travelers became more sophisticated and demanded larger rooms and more amenities, Wallace responded by combining small rooms in his original building to create four



Wallace sits in one of the tidy rooms at the Koolwink Motel, decorated with stylized Japanese art.

larger ones. In the 1960's, the family briefly experimented with an in-house restaurant that served dinner only. Wallace says running both businesses put the family under a great strain, a situation he illustrates with a story:

"I worked on the railroad, and there was a guy came up from Baltimore. I was a freight agent at Petersburg, and I traveled back and forth," Wallace says. "He came in the freight station at 8:00 one morning. I was sitting there, pounding that typewriter. It was hot, it was the summertime, and I was perspiring. He said, 'It's too hot in here. I can't stand it in here. I'm going up to the paper plant, and I'll talk to you later.'

"He called me back in the middle of the afternoon and said, 'I understand you have a motel in Romney.' He said, 'Make a reservation, and I'll stay with you tonight.'

"So he came down. I was out in the kitchen, cooking steaks. I closed down at 9:00, and I went in and stopped to talk to him. But there was a problem with the icemaker. The girls were having some kind of problem like that, and it was payday night — so much confusion I couldn't talk to him. I was too busy.

"He came by here again at 11:00 at night, and I was in here counting the money, closing out the books. He drove by and waved at me. The next morning, he came in [the freight station] at 8:00, and I was sitting up there pounding that typewriter. And he said, 'Wallace, I couldn't stand that routine you go through for two days in a row.' So that's the story of the Koolwink."

Thank-you notes from satisfied and well-rested guests.

After a year or so of running two businesses, the Mauks closed the restaurant and focused on the hospitality side. Wallace turned his attention to fulfilling what had become a long-term dream: building two modern motels on the side of the mountain behind their sprawling motel.

"Wallace always had this theory that the bigger a place is, the more you'll attract," Robert says.

The first of these, a two-story brick structure with 12 units, was built over a 10-year period. While an access road was cut for a second unit, it never materialized. The stress of building a motel by himself, as a part-time job, was just too great.

"I got sick one time. I got ulcers," Wallace says. "I went to the hospital. The doctor found out what I was doing, and he said, 'No wonder you got ulcers, with that schedule.'"

Wallace retired from the railroad when he turned 65, but rather than devote his free time to the motel, he became interested in driving a tractor-trailer. Without ever having driven one, he purchased a rig and went on the road for the next decade.

"I just decided I wanted to drive a tractor-trailer," he says. "I'd be gone a week at a time."

While Wallace had looked to the motel to provide a retirement income for him and his wife, corporate America had other ideas. Robert says the operation took a big hit in 2004, when a 61-room luxury hotel opened on the hill above the Koolwink.

"We celebrated our 50th anniversary by losing money for the first time," Robert says. "When big business comes into town, the mom-and-pop can't compete with them."

Competition from corporately owned motels and hotels puts the pressure on small operators to provide expensive amenities, such as gyms and pools, or lose an entire class of guests. Robert says the new hotel siphoned off virtually all of their business and government clients, about 15 to 20 percent of their business.

The design of the motel — five major structures to take care of — is inefficient and costly. Despite rising costs on all sides, the family has chosen a very conservative pricing schedule that ranges from $45 for a single economy room to $63 for a double first-class room, plus tax.

After two years of losses, the Koolwink was back in the black in 2007 and 2008, thanks, in part, to strong tourist traffic driven by the *Potomac Eagle* excursion train. Hunting season brings an influx of visitors to the area, as do family reunions and weddings. During the week, most of Koolwink's business is from construction workers and the occasional traveler. And Robert says there is a class of tourists who appreciate and seek out the value and personal service that only a mom-and-pop operation can offer.

"Some people still like to come in and want talk to Mom and Pop," Robert says.

Being in business five decades also ensures a certain amount of repeat business, if for nothing but nostalgia's sake.

"Just recently, I had a man come in here and request Room 36," Wallace says. "He was coming back for his 40th wedding anniversary and wanted to stay in the same room. I put some flowers in there and a sign that read 'Happy Anniversary.'"

Wallace and Pauline Mauk with daughter, Kay Lee, and son, Jay, at the Koolwink. The twins were six months old when their parents purchased the motel and 25 acres for $13,500.

Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

Driving a Bargain On Route 50

Melvin Secrist has to make a substantial sale in order to break even on his vendor expenses. It doesn't look promising.

"My biggest problem is I buy more than I sell," says the Kitzmiller, Maryland, resident as he tends his flea-market stand along U.S. Route 50, west of Burlington. "I started in the hole this morning. I bought a crock and a bank."

Melvin and his brother-in-law, Pat Harrison of Winchester, Virginia, are selling their "junk" in the parking lot next to the Old Stone House, a restoration project of the Mineral County Historical Foundation. It's the third weekend of May — the date of the annual Friday-Sunday Route 50 Garage Sale, a coast-to-coast event designed to draw bargain hunters to one of the nation's most historically significant highways.

A homemade sign points the way to bargains along U.S. Route 50 in Fellowsville, Preston County. The Route 50 Garage Sale is held coast-to-coast along the highway each year on the third weekend in May.

"We've made it a pretty big deal here," says Kermit Garretson, foundation president, as he dribbles funnel cake batter into hot cooking oil. "It's getting a little bit bigger every year."

Along the West Virginia portion of this cross-country road, stretching from Parkersburg to Augusta, there are a smattering of colorful, hand-written signs, directing motorists down this hollow or up that hill a half-mile or so to a family's effort to simplify their lives. Most of the activity, however, is conducted alongside the road, on dusty semi-tractor pull-offs or the lawns and parking lots of accommodating businesses.

The gathering at Fellowsville in the side yard of Tom's Auto Parts is part neighborhood picnic, part garage sale. Even before the sale officially starts, vendors are trading and selling among themselves. Jack Murray has acquired a large plastic hobby-horse and a set of golf clubs while most folks in Fellowsville are still in bed. To raise money for his purchases, he'll have to spend the day pitching

the homemade apple butter and walnut stamp dispensers made by his cousin, J.D. Huffman, and a variety of used tools displayed on an old hay wagon.

"He gave them to me and said I get all the commission. I get everything, it don't matter what I sell them for," Jack says of the mailbox-shaped dispensers. "So I'm selling them for $5. You try making one of them for that."

Jack Murray has a hay-wagon load of merchandise ready to sell at Tom's Auto Parts in Fellowsville.

Sharon Crosco and her parents, Rose and Charles Stone, spread their collection of clothing, toys, and household goods across the hood of a friend's gold Chevrolet station wagon, also for sale. Sharon and Rose have plans for every nickel they raise. They're going to leverage their earnings at the Junior Fire Department's bingo night. The jackpot is flirting with $12,000.

"We'll be here until three, then we got to go to Elkins," Sharon says. "Bingo starts at quarter to seven, and you got to get there early to get a seat."

Back in Burlington, Danny Watts, an Elk Garden resident, sells merchandise to pay off some bills in preparation for retirement.

"I deal in the older stuff," Danny says, showing off an old hay knife. "I don't like that stuff from China." Danny has no shortage of stock. "I got eight, 10 buildings at home full of stuff. I've been buying for 30 years, going around to auctions buying things," he says. "I started in 1995. I started this because I was a coal miner, and I'd lost my job. I didn't have no money and had three kids at home. What was I going to do? You got to pay the bills."

This cool, breezy Saturday comes on the heels of two soggy weeks, and Patterson's Creek is running fast, muddy, and deep behind the flea market. The days of deluge seemed to have put a damper on spending and optimism, as well.

"Poor," says Pat Harrison, summing up business.

"Poor ain't the word for it," shouts a vendor from a booth down the way.

"Gas prices, that's the cause," Pat explains. "Everything is based on gas prices."

Melvin and Pat break into a discussion about how truck drivers and the working man ought to go on strike and bring the nation and big oil to their knees, a discussion that ends as quickly as it started when a new arrival holds up a rolling pin and speaks the words that make flea market vendors cringe: "What's the best you can do?"

Melvin gives his price, but it doesn't resonate with the buyer and she returns the item. At this point in the game, it doesn't matter one way or the other to Melvin. He has bigger issues.

"It's just a hobby for me," Melvin says. "Stuff I've accumulated over the years, and I got to get rid of it. I'm fighting cancer right now."

Melvin explains he's already fought and won three such battles, but the radiation and chemotherapy have just about destroyed his body. On Monday, he'll go back to Morgantown and consult with doctors about the latest symptoms.

Melvin's battle puts the gas prices, weeks of rain, and poor sales in perspective. All that stuff, spread on tables from coast to coast, isn't as precious to Melvin Secrist as one more day along Route 50. The hope of such things keeps him going.

"I'll probably bring it all back for the Apple Butter Festival weekend in October — if I'm still here," he says.

2008 Liars Contest

Tall tales drew a capacity crowd once again to the 2008 State Liars Contest, held May 25 in the Norman G. Fagan West Virginia State Theater in Charleston. When the smoke cleared and the prizes were awarded, the following were declared the winners:

1 – Justin Wood (Morgantown)
2 – David Yaussy (Charleston)
3 – Gary Buchanan (Annamoriah)
Youth – Noah Lepp (Charleston)

Congratulations to our winners, and thanks to all those who participated and attended. On the following pages are selections from last year's winning stories.

Justin Wood, First place
"West Virginia Studies"

I am a liar. It's taken a long time to admit that and come to grips with that, but now I'm okay with that. I've accepted the fact that I am a liar. It's part of who I am. I wasn't always a liar though. It wasn't until eighth grade that I became a liar.

I made a good friend named Ray, and Ray introduced me to this whole world of lying. It was in our eighth grade West Virginia Studies class. It started with fibs, but what they say about fibs is true — fibs is a gateway lie that leads to bigger and harder lies. Soon we were lying left and right.

This class was taught by a wonderful teacher named Miss Doompah. She was a wonderful lady, but she wasn't quite qualified to teach West Virginia Studies.

So we would start telling her little lies. We started out simple enough. We would tell her that Marshall University was actually founded as a clown college by John Marshall, the first man to invent the pogo stick.

We told her that we had played basketball with Jerry West and the Mothman. (By the way, me and Jerry West beat Ray and the Mothman two out of three times).

We told her that the dodo was the original state bird of West Virginia until the wild and wonderful West Virginia dodo went extinct, and they made it the cardinal.

We told her that Abraham Lincoln was not going to make West Virginia a state until he realized he needed to keep Tudor's Biscuit World out of the hands of the Confederates.

We told her the one lie that I

First-place winner Justin Wood. Photographs by Michael Keller.

almost regret telling her: The two men who appear on our West Virginia state flag don't actually represent farming and mining. No, they are symbolic of this grand, global conspiracy that has hidden the Holy Grail deep underneath the ground in West Virginia, and it now rests right below the gold dome of our capitol.

The kicker about telling Miss Doompah these lies was that she believed them so full-heartedly. She would whip out her white-out and correct her teacher's edition of her book with our lies. She would teach the classes after us the lies that we told her. We were pretty proud of ourselves.

It was great fun, but we started to grow up and stopped thinking about Miss Doompah. Eventually, Ray moved away. I was heartbroken, but I continued to lie without him. I stood strong. I graduated high school uneventfully, and went up to college in Morgantown to get my master's degree in lying at WVU. No, actually it's Executive MBA at WVU.

I hadn't thought about Miss Doompah in years, until the day Ray called me. He was distressed. He was like, "Justin, you have to save the gold dome." I said, "Ray, what are you talking about?"

He told me that after Miss Doompah retired, she came up with a great plan to fund any project in West Virginia. She'd been going across the state from Charleston to Clarksburg, from Fairmont to Fairfax, to anywhere. From Frazier's Bottom to Fort Ashby, she was everywhere. And she was selling this plan, this plan to get the Holy Grail. She even got a bill through the West Virginia Legislature that called for the demolition of our capitol, to dig and get the Holy Grail to bring untold riches to the state.

So I jumped into my lie-mobile and started heading down I-79.

The legislature was so excited to bring untold riches to the state without mountaintop removal, new taxes, or gambling that they passed it immediately. And it was already going to be signed by the governor. Ray said that I only had hours until the ceremony, and my good friend Joe Manchin was going to sign this bill into law. The wrecking balls were already parked outside.

I knew I had to do something. So I jumped into my lie-mobile and started heading down I-79. Now, in hindsight, I do realize that I just could've made a phone call. It would've been safer, and I could've saved on gas. But, no, I was in the moment.

I finally made it into the Capitol, and I got up to the ceremony. I jumped on the stage, and I said, "Stop! You can't do this!" And everybody fell silent. Joe looked at me, with Miss Doompah at his side, ready for her bill to be signed into law. Hundreds of thousands of people had shown up for this bill-signing ceremony. They were all excited to get to the Holy Grail. And I thought, "I'm going to have to do the right thing. I might have to tell the truth."

Gasp! So I thought about it, and I looked up and I said, "You guys can't do this. This lady is crazy! She makes up all kinds of stuff. She told me how she played basketball with the Mothman, how the dodo used to be the state bird, and how Abraham Lincoln loved Tudor's Biscuit World. You can't listen to a word she says."

And Joe stood up and said, "Oh, my gosh! Oh no!" And he tore that bill in half, and he shook my hand and said, "Thank you, Justin. Thank you for saving our state yet again."

We all had a good laugh about how close we came to actually listening to a teacher. So, that's how I saved the secret of the Holy Grail stashed here in West... No, wait! That is how I learned that no matter how much trouble a lie gets you into, lying will get you out of it.

Gary Buchanan, Third place

"Go West"

When I graduated from high school, I wasn't much different from kids who graduate from high school today. I just wanted someone to give me a job where I could make a lot of money and I wouldn't have to do much work. But I found out those state jobs are hard to come by.

So I had to decide some way to make a living. I'd always enjoyed working with plants and propagating and grafting, so I came up with the idea that I'm going to cross a pine tree with an apple. And instead of having fruit, it would have lumber. So if you needed a two-by-four, you'd just go out in your backyard and pull one off the tree. I was going to call it Plankintosh. Well, that didn't turn out too good. So I decided I'd probably have to try to think about some of the things I learned in high school, and maybe that would help me.

Someone famous once said, "Go west, young man." So I decided to go out west. I packed up a few things, and I went out west. What struck me most was that the most they had out west was nothing. Everywhere you looked, no matter where you looked, was more and more nothing. The place was plumb full of it.

I decided what that place needed was some trees. So this time, I decided to cross a redwood with a cactus. And guess what? It worked! Pretty soon, I had dozens of seedlings to plant. I went around the desert planting all these seedlings. When I finished, something happened to me that happens to all West Virginians when they leave the state for a little while. Something started tugging me back. So I knew it was time to go back to the Mountain State. So I packed up my stuff, and I came back. And I went to work for a timbering company.

About two years later, I got a call from the United States Secretary of the Interior, and he said he understood I was the one responsible for all those new trees out west. And I said, "Yeah, yeah that's me, all right." I was thinking they were going to give me some kind of award. He said, "Well, we'd really appreciate it if you'd go out there and get rid of those trees. All the people that live out there are complaining because they can't see the nothing for the trees."

So I got a crew from our timbering company together, and we went out west. I said, "Well, boys, we got to get rid of these trees." To our surprise, those trees had grown to about 40 feet tall in two years. So we get out a chain saw and go over to cut off one of the trees, and it didn't fall over. You see, what happened when I crossed that redwood with a cactus, instead of having limbs, these trees had these big thorns that stuck out on all sides. So when I cut it off, instead of falling over, it just sort of leaned.

When I crossed that redwood with a cactus, instead of having limbs, these trees had these big thorns that stuck out on all sides.

So I asked the crew if anyone else had an idea about how to get rid of these trees. They said, "Why don't we just burn 'em?" I said, "That sounds like a good idea." So we tried to burn those trees, and they would not burn. Later I learned that in the two years since I planted those trees, that area had gone through two seasons of incredibly dry rain. The rain was so dry, in fact, that it dried out those trees so bad that they would not burn.

So one of the other crew members said, "Why don't we just blast 'em out?" I thought, finally a good idea. So we went around and dug a little hole in the bottom of all those trees, and put in a charge, got back and hooked them all together, and set 'em off.

BOOM! You know that probably would have worked if any of us had any experience with explosives whatsoever. But since we hadn't, when that explosion went off, all those trees shot straight up into the air completely out of sight. We were all standing around, looking around to see if we could figure out where those trees was, thinking, "Man, we can't have anymore bad luck."

And we were right. We actually had some good luck. See, at exactly the same time that we set off that charge, a flock of ducks were flying over. And the force of that explosion was so strong that it completely cleaned and roasted those ducks. And they just fell out of the air. So we're all standing there looking up, and all of a sudden we were able to catch a couple of roasted ducks. Since it was getting late in the day, we decided we just might as well eat our roasted duck and turn in.

When we got up the next morning, you know what we found? All those trees, they came back down. But they came point down, like huge arrows. When they came back down to the ground, they completely buried themselves in the holes we blasted them out of. So when we got up the next morning, all we had to do was smooth off the dirt a little bit, and it looked just like it did when we came out there.

So then we packed up our stuff, came back to Almost Heaven, and we never went out west again.

Noah Lepp, Youth award "Jack and the Bovine"

This story is a Jack and the Beanstalk version all about cows that I made up all by myself.

Once Jack and his mama were very happy, but they were very poor, so they were going to trade their last bag of beans for something to eat. So Jack got the beans and headed down to the marketplace, when he saw a farmer.

The farmer said, "I'll trade you these cows if you give me those beans."

Jack said, "That's ridiculous. Why would I trade these perfectly good beans for those lousy cows?"

The farmer said, "Because they're magic cows."

Jack said, "Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

So he got the cows and went on home. When Jack's mama saw the cows, she said, "Jack, what in the world were you thinking? Those are cows, not food. We needed food."

Now, Jack's mama was about as bright as a three-watt light bulb, which hadn't been invented in Jack's time, so that wasn't very bright at all.

She picked up the cows, went inside, and threw the cows out the window. And overnight the cows grew into a big vine — a bovine, of course. Let me describe what the bovine looked like for a second. It was white with black spots and had horns instead of branches.

Jack's mama, when she saw the vine, said, "Jack, look what you've done."

Then Jack started climbing up the bovine, and with every step

Youth award recipient Noah Lepp.

he took, milk squirted out. And Jack's mama said, "Now here we are starving to death, and our garden is drowning in milk."

When Jack got to the top, he saw a giant cow farm, and across it golden cow pies were scattered. So he picked up the cow pies, put them in a bag, and went on down.

When Jack's mama saw the pies, she said, "Jack, I sure like pies, but if we tried to eat those, I bet they would break our teeth out."

So he climbed back up, Jack did, and saw a cow giving birth to a golden calf. So he got the golden calf and went back down. And when Jack's mama saw the calf, she said, "Lordy Jack, don't you know that if we do anything with that calf God will give us 10 more commandments?"

So Jack climbed back up, and when he got to the top, he heard beautiful music. Entranced, he started walking towards it. And when he got in the barn, he saw a bull tooting his own horn. Now you might be tempted to think that this was a bull horn, but it was a full-fledged trombone, which Jack realized minus the "rom" was a t-bone.

So he got the trombone. When the giant cow farmer realized the music had stopped, he woke up, and said, "Fee-fi-fo-foy. I smell me a stinky boy."

The giant started chasing Jack, and Jack started playing the trombone. With every toot he did, t-bone steaks fell out. So he got back down to the bottom of the bovine, and they burned the bovine so the giant cow farmer couldn't get down.

Then Jack said to his mama, "Look, Mama. Food!"

She said, "You can't eat horns, Jack. What were you thinking?"

Jack said, "Watch this." He started playing it, and with every toot, t-bone steaks came out. And as far as I know, Jack and his mama are still cooking out every single night.

Unidentified trombone player at the 2008 Vandalia Gathering.

To hear the winning entries in their entirety, log onto www.wvculture.org/vandalia/liars2008/index.html.

VANDALIA TIME!

Each year on the weekend preceding Memorial Day, the West Virginia Division of Culture and History presents the gala Vandalia Gathering. People fill the Capitol Complex to enjoy music, dancing, stories, food, crafts, and fun at this free festival of West Virginia traditional life. Here, we look back at last year's Vandalia Gathering and look forward to the next one, coming up May 22-24. Please join us!

Photographs by Michael Keller

2008 Vandalia Winners

Vandalia Heritage Award — Lou Maiuri, Summersville

Fiddle (age 60 and over)
1 - Gerry Milnes, Elkins
2 - Don Jones, Scott Depot
3 - Jerry Lewis, Nettie
4 - Elmer Rich, Westover
5 - Junior Spencer, Frankford

Fiddle (under age 60)
1 - Meredith Pheasant, Fairmont
2 - Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
3 - Ray Cossin, Mt. Alto
4 - Jesse Milnes, Elkins
5 - Darrell Murray, Charleston

Youth Fiddle (age 15 and under)
1 - Meredith Pheasant, Fairmont
2 - Ray Cossin, Mt. Alto
3 - Annie Fowler, Scott Depot

Old-Time Banjo (age 60 and over)
1 - Gerry Milnes, Elkins
2 - Ted Samples, Harrisville
3 - Ben Carr, Wilsie
4 - Bernard Cyrus, Fort Gay
5 - Ken Sheller, Elkins

Old-Time Banjo (under age 60)
1 - David O'Dell, Glenville
2 - Tim Bing, Huntington
3 - Paul Gartner, Yawkey
4 - Chad Ashworth, Nitro
5 - Elijah Ray, Ripley

Mandolin
1 - Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
2 - David Asti, Morgantown
3 - Matt Hiser, Beckley
4 - Robin Kessinger, St. Albans
5 - Jarrod Doss, Fort Gay

Bluegrass Banjo
1 - David Asti, Morgantown
2 - Andrew Kidd, Hurricane
3 - Doug Cossin, Mt. Alto
4 - Jim Gabehart, Hamlin
5 - Logan Browning, Summersville

Lap Dulcimer
1 - Alan Freeman, Renick
2 - Tish Westman, Mabscott
3 - Dave Haas, Cross Lanes
4 - Heidi Muller, Charleston
5 - Hunter Walker, Beckley

Youth Lap Dulcimer (age 15 and under)
1 - Hunter Walker, Beckley
2 - Shalor Gore, Charleston
3 - Katie Stricker, Charleston

Flat-Pick Guitar
1 - Adam Hager, Kenna
2 - Heather Adkins, Wayne
3 - Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
4 - Richard Adkins, Cross Lanes
5 - Josh Moody, St. Marys

Youth Flat-Pick Guitar (age 15 and under)
1 - Jake Ryder, Marlinton
2 - Doug Cossin, Mt. Alto
3 - Ray Cossin, Mt. Alto

Apple Cake Winners
1 - Ella Hoffman, Charleston
2 - Tracy Carte, Charleston
3 - Ashley Hager, Kenna

Youth Apple Cake Winner (age 15 and under)
Ashley Hager, Kenna

Apple Pie Winners
1 - John Carte, Charleston
2 - Kris Rollins, Scott Depot
3 - Mary Jane Bradshaw, Chesapeake

Youth Apple Pie Winner (age 15 and under)
Rachel Stevens, Charleston

33rd Annual Vandalia Gathering

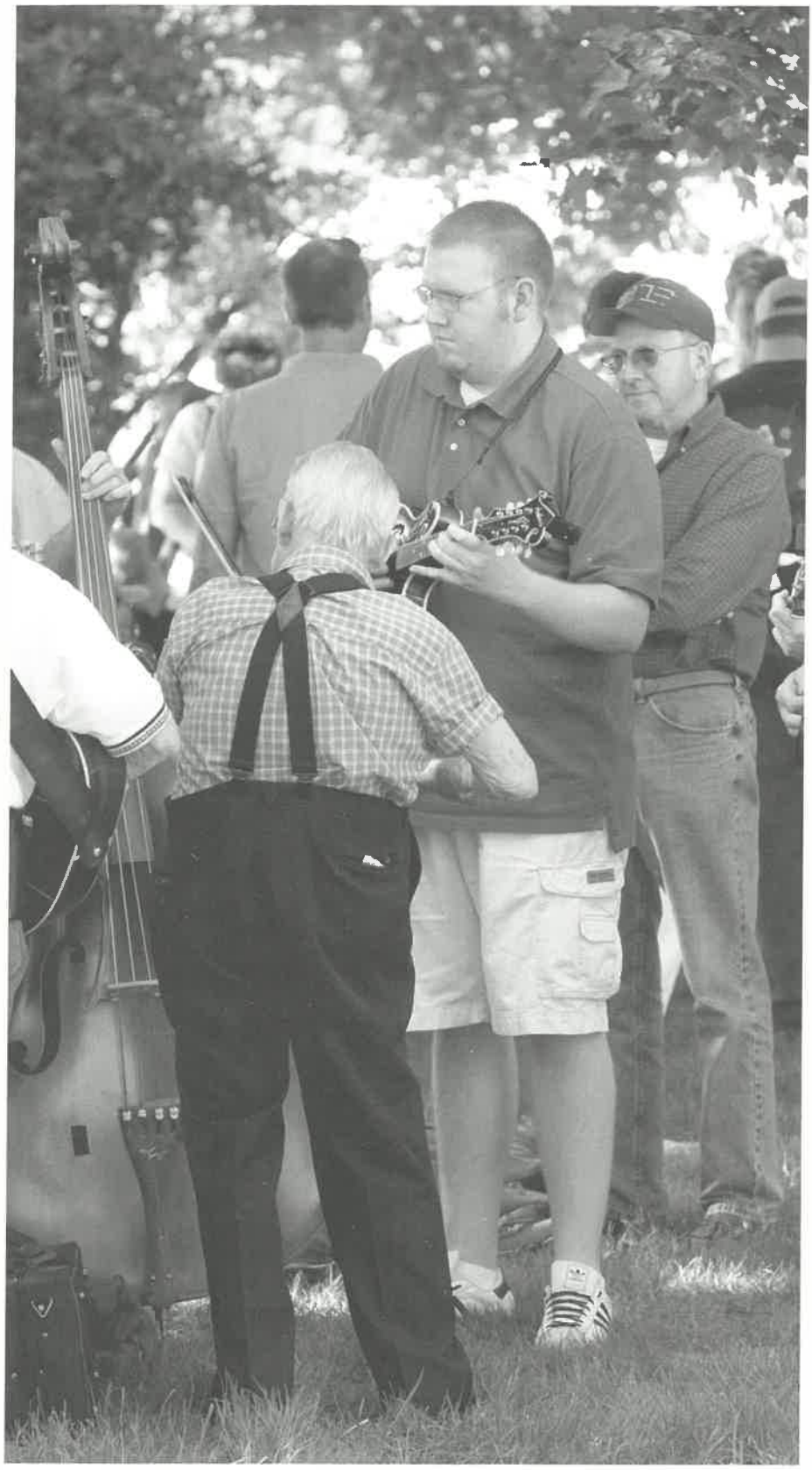
May 22 – 24, 2009
State Capitol Complex
Charleston, West Virginia

Friday, May 22
7:00 p.m. Concert

Saturday, May 23
11:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Appalachian Heritage Dancing, Jam Tent, Kids Activities, Storytelling
12:00 noon - 5:00 p.m. Performances, Contests (Fiddle, Bluegrass Banjo, Mandolin), Old-Time Square Dancing, Flatfooting
1:00 p.m. Cobbler Contest
4:00 p.m. Cobbler Walk
6:30 p.m. Awards Ceremony and Concert

Sunday, May 24
12:00 noon - 1:00 p.m. Storytelling
12:00 noon - 5:00 p.m. Appalachian Heritage Dancing, Jam Tent, Kids Activities, Youth Concerts, Performances, Contests (Old-Time Banjo, Lap Dulcimer, Flatpick Guitar), Old- Time Square Dancing, Flatfooting
1:00 - 3:00 p.m. Liars Contest
3:30 - 5:00 p.m. Ethel Caffie-Austin Gospel Workshop
6:30 p.m. Finale Concert

All events are free and open to the public. For more information, call (304)558-0162 or visit www.wvculture.org/vandalia.



Back Issues Available

___ Summer 2002/*Princess Margy* Sternwheeler
___ Spring 2003/Stained Glass Dome
___ Fall 2003/Artist Boyd Boggs
___ Winter 2003/Weaver Dorothy Thompson
___ Summer 2004/1939 World's Fair
___ Fall 2004/Grafton Trains
___ Winter 2004/Toymaker Dick Schnacke
___ Fall 2005/Coke Ovens
___ Spring 2006/Pepperoni Rolls
___ Fall 2006/Pumpkin House
___ Winter 2006/Whitcomb Boulder
___ Summer 2007/Raising Goats
___ Fall 2007/Seneca Rocks
___ Winter 2007/Photographer Lloyd Gainer
___ Spring 2008/Dancer Lou Maiuri
___ Summer 2008/Fenton Glass
___ Fall 2008/Yokum's Vacationland
___ Winter 2008/Coal Art

Stock up on GOLDENSEAL back issues! Purchase any of the magazines listed above for just $3.95 each, plus shipping, while supplies last. Pay just $2.50 each, plus shipping, for orders of 10 or more.

Better yet, take advantage of our Deluxe Gift Package: receive all 18 back issues listed above, plus a copy of the book *Mountains of Music: West Virginia Traditional Music from* GOLDENSEAL, a copy of *The* GOLDENSEAL *Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars*, and a full-color reprint booklet featuring our 1985 Homer Laughlin China article, all for only $50, plus $4 shipping. That's a savings of more than $30 off the regular price!

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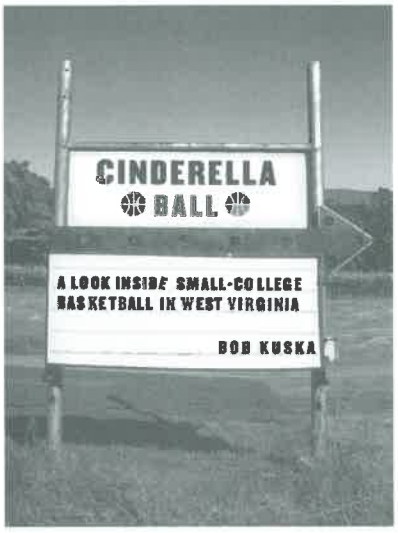
Read More Hoops



Cinderella Ball: A Look Inside Small-College Basketball in West Virginia, by Bob Kuska, follows the changing fortunes of the Division II basketball program at Philippi's Alderson-Broaddus College, from its inception in the 1920's, through its growth under legendary coach Rex Pyles, its heyday during the 1950's through the 1980's, to the mixed fortunes the program experiences today.

The core of the book is a detailed story of the team between 2001 and 2005, as the Broaddus Battlers overcome numerous challenges to eventually capture three consecutive West Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Conference (WVIAC) tournament trophies. Taking his cue from the popular 1980's movie *Hoosiers*, Kuska introduces us to coach Greg Zimmerman, who recruits and trains a ragtag gang of misfits and forms them into a smooth and effective team. The book employs a colorful narrative style, capitalizing on the inherent drama on and off the court as the Battlers win, lose, and eventually triumph against considerable odds.

The greater point the author seeks to make deals with the tremendous value of small-town athletics and the sad void that exists as the public's attention has recently been drawn to large-arena sporting events and televised contests. As Kuska states in his afterword, "We've had enough greed and laissez-faire capitalism in intercollegiate athletics. Let's take back our communities and enhance an already positive experience for the small-college student athlete. It's a win-win situation."

Cinderella Ball is a 283-page paper-bound edition, with notes and illustrations. It is published by the University of Nebraska Press and is available for $19.95, plus shipping, from University of Nebraska Press, 1111 Lincoln Mall, Lincoln, NE 68588-0630; phone 1-800-755-1105 or on-line at www.bisonbooks.com.

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Back To the Land
- String Band Festival
- Poor Farm
- Everett Lilly

(continued from inside front cover)

July 18 Alpine Lake Bluegrass Festival
Terra Alta (789-2481)
July 18-26 Cowen Historical Railroad Festival
Cowen (226-3222)
July 24-26 Upper Ohio Valley Italian Heritage Festival
Wheeling (233-1090)
July 29-August 1 Appalachian String Band Music Festival
Camp Washington Carver/Clifftop (558-0162)
July 30-August 1 W.Va. Blackberry Festival
Clarksburg (622-3206)
August 1 Swiss National Holiday
Helvetia (924-6435)
August 3-8 Cherry River Festival
Richwood (846-6069)
August 7-9 Multifest
Charleston (421-1585)
August 7-9 Logan County Arts & Crafts Festival
Logan (752-1324)
August 7-9 Avalon Folk Festival
Paw Paw (947-5600)
August 8-9 Mahrajan Lebanese Festival
Wheeling (233-1688)
August 10-15 Town & Country Days
New Martinsville (455-4275)
August 14-16 Jefferson County African American Cultural & Heritage Festival
Ranson (725-9610)
August 14-22 State Fair of West Virginia
Fairlea (645-1090)
August 28-30 Appalachian Festival
Beckley (1-877-987-3847)
August 28-30/September 4-6 W.Va. Monarch Butterfly State Festival
Snowshoe (737-4411)
August 29-September 6 Oak Leaf Festival
Oak Hill (465-5617)
September 4-6 W.Va. Italian Heritage Festival
Clarksburg (622-7314)
September 4-7 Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts & Crafts Jubilee
Weston (1-800-296-1863)
September 5-6 Festival of the Rivers
Hinton (466-1401)
September 5-6 Apple Butter Weekend
Blennerhassett Island (420-4800)
September 6-7 Full Gospel Jubilee
Point Pleasant (675-5737)
September 6-7 Paden City Labor Celebration
Paden City (337-9080)
September 10-13 CultureFest 2009
Pipestem (320-8833)
September 11-13 Braxton MonsterFest
Flatwoods (765-3300)
September 11-13 Lincoln County Fall Fest/Fair
Hamlin (346-5315)
September 12-13 Hampshire Heritage Days
Romney (822-7221)
September 17-20 Golden Delicious Festival
Clay (587-4455)
September 17-20 Treasure Mountain Festival
Franklin (249-5117)
September 19-20 Country Roads Festival
Ansted (658-5282)
September 19-20 Grape Stomping Wine Festival
Summersville (872-7332)
September 19-20 Harvest Moon Arts & Crafts Festival
Parkersburg (424-7311)
September 19-20 Mothman Festival
Point Pleasant (675-9726)
September 24-26 W.Va. Molasses Festival
Arnoldsburg (655-7371)
September 24-27 Preston County Buckwheat Festival
Kingwood (379-2203)
September 25-27 Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
Charles Town (1-800-624-0577)
September 25-27 Annual Leaf Peepers Festival
Davis (1-800-782-2775)
September 25-27 Fall Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
Harpers Ferry (1-800-624-0577)
September 26 Harvest Festival Day
Cass (456-4300)
September 26 W.Va. Roadkill Cook-Off
Marlinton (1-800-336-7009)
September 26-27 St. George Greek Festival
Huntington (522-7890)
September 26-October 4 Mountain State Forest Festival
Elkins (636-1824)
October 1-4 W.Va. Pumpkin Festival
Milton (634-5857)
October 2-3 Pine Bluff Fall Festival
Shinnston (592-1189)
October 2-3 Southern W.Va. Italian Festival
Bluefield (589-3317)
October 2-3 Appalachian Heritage Festival
Shepherdstown (1-800-344-5231 ext. 5113)
October 2-4 Oglebayfest
Wheeling (243-4066)
October 3 October Sky Fall Festival
Coalwood (297-2999)
October 3-4 Roundhouse Rail Days
Martinsburg (260-4141)
October 3-4 Country Fall Festival
Point Pleasant (675-5737)
October 8-11 W.Va. Black Walnut Festival
Spencer (927-5616)
October 9-11 27th Lumberjack Bluegrass Jamboree
Mullens (294-4000)
October 9-11 Wardensville Fall Festival
Wardensville (874-3424)
October 10 Bergoo International Cook-Off
Webster Springs (847-7291)
October 10 Oktoberfest
Bramwell (248-8004)
October 10-11 Apple Butter Festival
Berkeley Springs (1-800-447-8797)
October 15-18 Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival
Martinsburg (263-2500)
October 17 Bridge Day
New River Gorge (465-5617)
October 30-November 1 Fiddlers Reunion
D&E College/Elkins (637-1209)

GOLDENSEAL requests its readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 2010 "Folklife • Fairs • Festivals," please send un information on the name of the event, dates, location, and the contact person or organization, along with their mailing address, phone number, and Web site, if available. We must have this information by January 15, 2010, in order to meet our printing deadline. GOLDENSEAL regrets that, due to space limitations, Fourth of July celebrations are no longer included in this listing.

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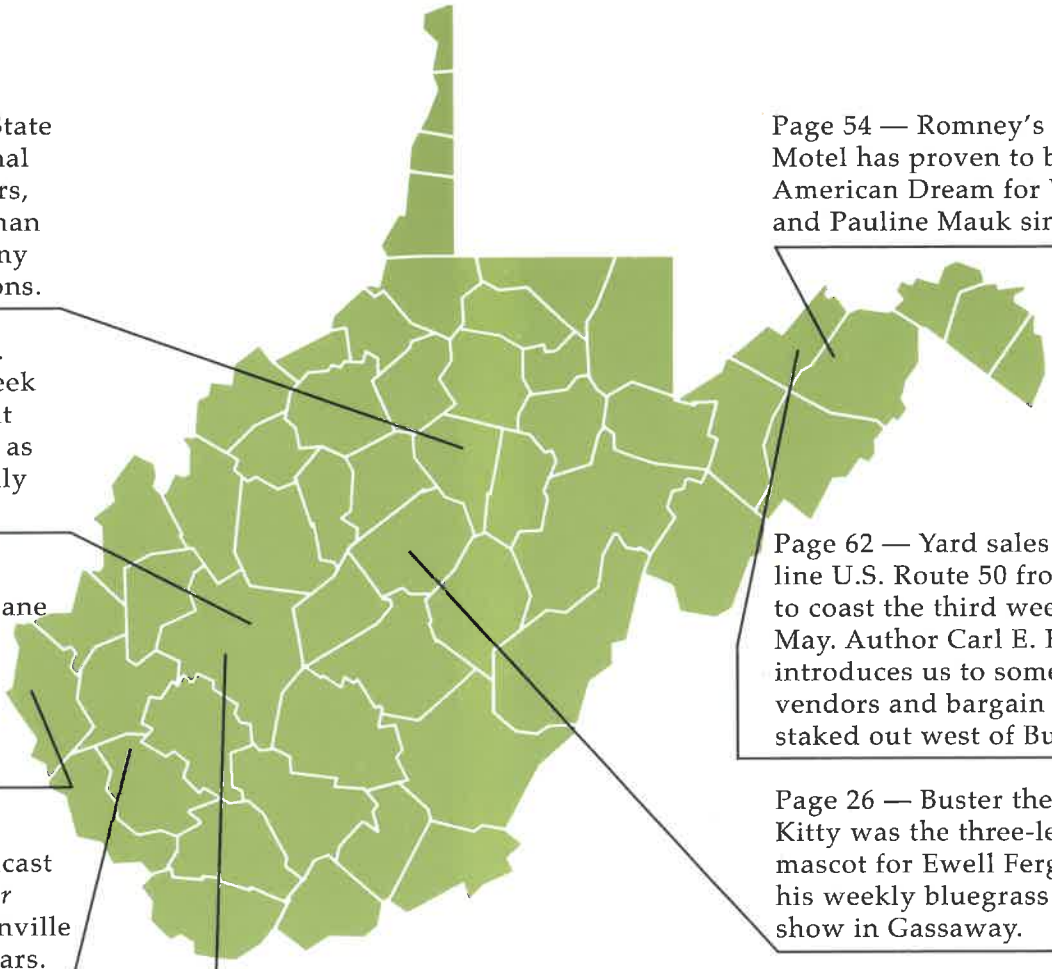
PERIODICALS

Inside Goldenseal



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