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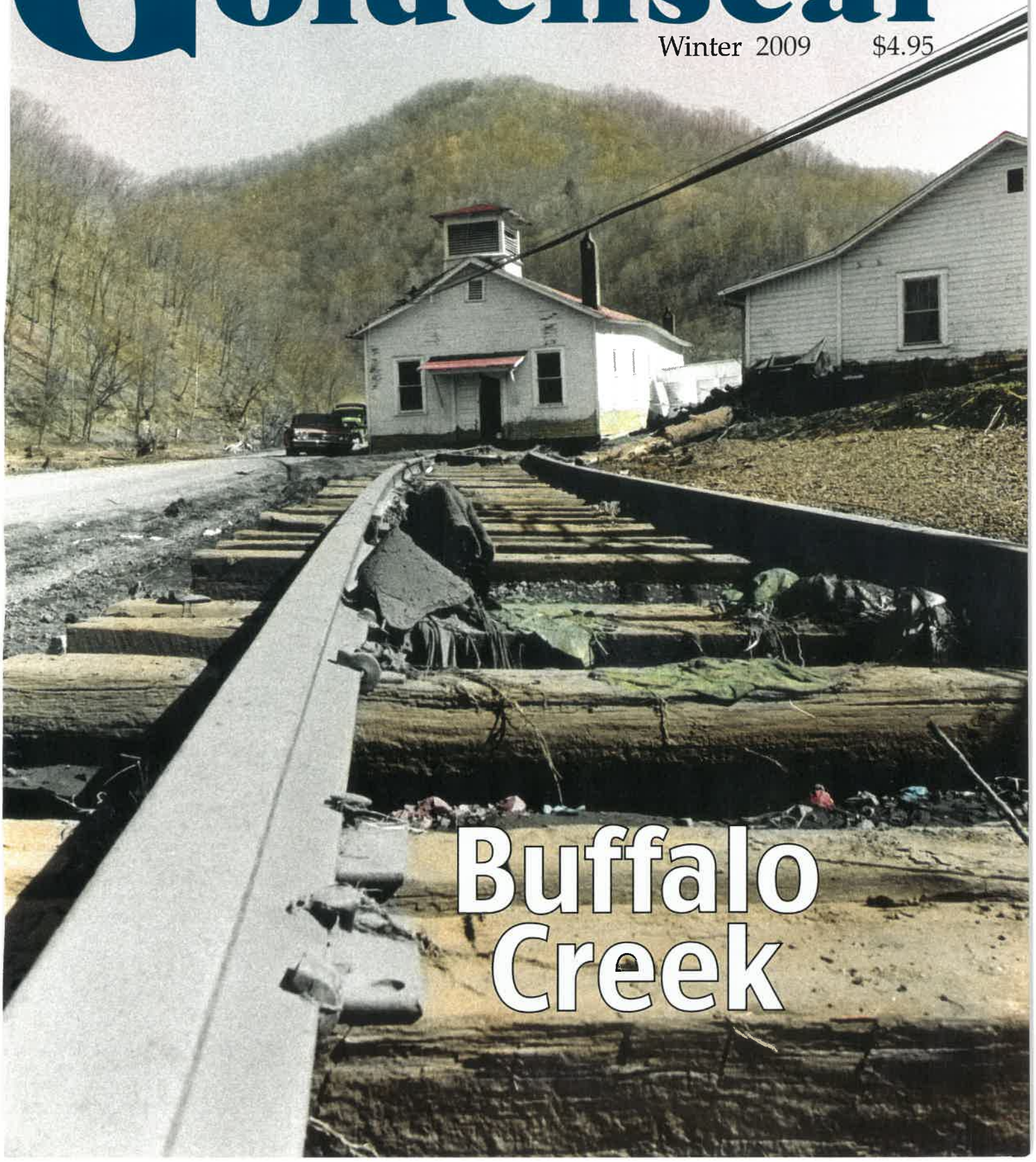
Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Winter 2009 $4.95



Buffalo Creek

From the Editor: Happy Holidays!

Holiday greetings from the staff at GOLDENSEAL! From the left: Cornelia Alexander, John Lilly, and Kim Johnson. Photograph by Michael Keller.

How do we look, dressed up fancy for the holidays? Cornelia and Kim agreed to wear these attractive reindeer antlers if I played a slimmed-down Santa, with my bag of GOLDENSEAL gift subscriptions. We had fun scouting around the State Museum with photographer Michael Keller, looking for an appropriate setting and attracting curious looks from October museum patrons. We amused a few adults and baffled a few children, but that was about it.

We usually use this page to preview the current issue, update you on any changes or news with the magazine, or — frequently — plead our case for your continued generous support. Well, we might do a little of that — particularly the last one — but I thought it would be fitting this once to introduce our staff and bring you up-to-date on the people who devote 40 hours a week to bringing you West Virginia's finest magazine.

Cornelia Alexander has been with GOLDENSEAL for more than 22 years. Her current title is circulation manager, though she has also has been called secretary, office manager, and "administrative professional." In other words, she keeps the place running smoothly. Her cheerful voice is likely the one you hear whenever you call our office with a question or comment. She also answers countless e-mails and old-fashioned paper letters. Most importantly, she opens the mail and handles the 15,000, or so, subscriptions, gift subscriptions, and renewals that come into our office each year. Cornelia is a native of Mercer County, raised at Glenwood Park, near Princeton. She graduated from Princeton High and attended Concord University. For the past 35 years, she and her husband, Herb, have lived in Hurricane, Putnam County. She has two adult children and twin infant grandbabies. Wanna see her pictures?

Kim Johnson joined our staff in August 2008, though she was already familiar to many GOLDENSEAL readers through her work as an author. Kim serves as editorial assistant, which means she is everywhere all the time doing whatever needs done. Some of her chores include compiling our annual Folklife•Fairs•Festivals list, maintaining our manuscript and photograph files, writing the Current Programs•Events•Publications feature each issue, etc. She was born in Clendenin, where she lives today, and is a graduate of Herbert Hoover High School and Glenville State College. A talented banjo player, Kim has released two CD recordings and recently returned from a musical tour of Australia.

I have been editor of GOLDENSEAL since 1997. I came here from Davis & Elkins College, where I graduated in 1996 with a degree in arts administration. While at D&E, I worked as publicist for the college's Augusta Heritage Center for five years. Earlier, I served as a tour guide at the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum in Nashville, and spent four years as a member of the Green Grass Cloggers dance team out of Asheville, North Carolina. I was born in Illinois, raised up outside of Chicago, and have traveled to every state but Hawaii and North Dakota. I'm very active as a musician and singer and have released four CD recordings of original and old-time country music. My wife and I have two fine teenaged sons, who have lived their entire lives in West Virginia.

Our staff is eternally grateful to photographer Michael Keller, designer Anne Strawn, proofreader Chris Atkins, the folks at Chapman Printing, the staff and administration at the Division of Culture and History, and all of the generous and talented freelance contributors who add so much to West Virginia's story with each issue of GOLDENSEAL. Most of all, our thanks to you, our faithful readers. We literally could not do this without you, your encouragement, and your continued support.

Let's hope the holidays are joyous and peaceful, and the new year rewarding in every way!

John Lilly

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On the cover: A flood-damaged church rests on the railroad tracks following the 1972 disaster at Buffalo Creek, Logan County. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University. Coloration by Michael Keller. Our stories begin on page 9.

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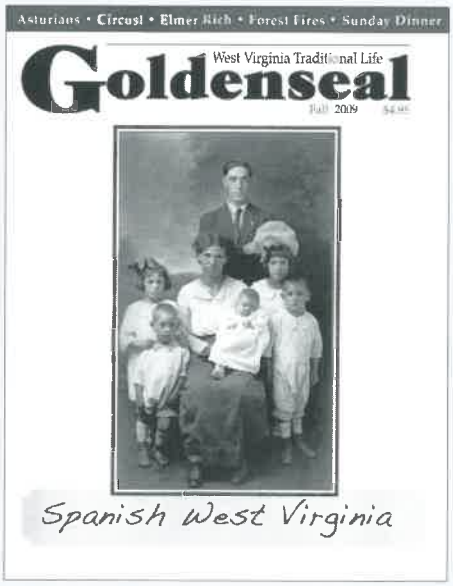
Letters from Readers

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

Spanish West Virginia



September 14, 2009
Columbia, Tennessee
Editor:
I had many friends that lived and worked in Anmoore, where the National Carbon Company was, adjacent to the Grasselli Chemical Company. [See "Asturian West Virginia," by Luis Argeo; Fall 2009.] I started my employment with National Carbon before World War II and was transferred to an expanding plant here in Columbia, Tennessee. West Virginians in this area still have an annual get-together picnic.

A story was told about the Spanish get-together each fall [in West Virginia]. Each family was to bring a jug of their homemade wine and put it into a large keg to be served during the meal. Many hated to depart with their homemade wine and thought if they just put in a gallon of water, no one would notice the difference. Well, when the keg was tapped, nothing came out but water. Each family thought their little bit would not hurt.

Thanks to you and all involved for another fine issue of GOLDENSEAL. It's about the only publication that I have to read completely before putting it down. I look forward to the next issue. Keep up the good work. Greetings to all my hillbilly friends.
Roy M. Pritchard

September 15, 2009
Shinnston, West Virginia
Via e-mail

Editor:
I want to thank you and your staff.
I loved the [Spanish] story. Our history is but a footprint in time, now you help to get our story told. Last year, I was invited to a local high school, where some students from Asturias were visiting. They knew nothing of the Asturian people of West Virginia. Through the documentary film and magazines like GOLDENSEAL, I hope the forgotten people will have their story told.
Ron Gonzalez

Josie Walton's Journal

September 12, 1009
Union, West Virginia
Editor:
I really enjoyed the story in the last issue, "'Bad Luck Hit Us Again': Josie Walton's Journal," by Betty Jo Giudice; Fall 2009. Read it two times. You see, I don't live too far from there. Thanks for having the GOLDENSEAL to read.
Richard Taylor

Josie Walton, photographer and date unknown.

October 3, 2009
Reston, Virginia
Editor:
I'm sure this is the best article GOLDENSEAL has ever had or ever will have. Everyone under the age of 60 should read it to find out what it was like back then. The days and conditions described may be coming back to this country.
Regards,
David V. Dettner

Map Corrections

September 8, 2009
Harrisville, West Virginia
Editor:
I have been a subscriber to GOLDENSEAL since June 2005, in addition to a couple of gift subscriptions I am providing for friends of mine. This publication should be of interest to every individual who is proud to call West Virginia their home — myself since 1939.

I received the Fall 2009 issue on September 2. Speaking as a lifetime resident of Ritchie County, I was most interested in reading "Sunday Dinner in Ritchie County," by Katherine Roberts. However, upon viewing the back cover, I was a little surprised that your [map indicator] has moved Ritchie County to Wirt County. No easy task, I must confess. However, years of experience have taught me that many residents of the Kanawha Valley have no clue as to where Ritchie County is anyhow! Ha!

Keep up the good work with GOLDENSEAL. This is a relevant and appreciated publication that all West Virginians should treasure.
With kindest regards,
Don King

Thanks, Don. We appreciate the kind words as well as the geography lesson. We apologize for the error. On the same map, our apologies go to residents of the Clarksburg area, whose map indicator for Spanish West Virginia simply ended in the margin, presumably leaving them somewhere in Ohio. You can be sure we'll be checking our map a second, third, and fourth time in the future! Thanks again for your note. —ed.

Back to the Land

August 11, 2009
Meadows of Dan, Virginia
Via e-mail
Editor:
I truly enjoyed the article, "Back to the Land in Pocahontas County," by David Holtzman; Summer 2009. It brought back many memories. Having grown up in Upshur County, I was one of those rare local persons who

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Back-to-the-lander John Campbell Ford, with son, Taylor, in 1982.

married a back-to-the-lander and moved into an old farmhouse, complete with outhouse, goats, and one of the first home computers! The neighbors weren't sure what to feel: suspicious of the bearded fellow from Baltimore, or complete acceptance since he married Doc Almond's girl. So they acted like West Virginians usually act and were kind and generous to us.

One point I'd like to make in regard to the back-to-the-landers is the high level of success so many of their children have achieved. I'm not sure if it was growing up poor in money, but rich in culture and hard work, that resulted in this fact. My own son (homebirth) was a bit of a rebel to his hippie parents. He wanted to wear a suit and carry a briefcase to kindergarten. He's now an attorney, clerking for a federal judge. Do tell, as my grandmother used to say!

Thank you for the article. The back-to-the-land movement was a part of West Virginia's history that has lived on.
Beth Almond Ford

Renewal Mailbag

September 24, 1009
Marmet, West Virginia
Editor:
I've been a faithful subscriber to GOLDENSEAL for 10 or 12 years now. I'm happy to extend my subscription for another three years!

I think it is well beyond time for me to acknowledge you and the fine staff of yours for the finest book I've read over these many years. I enjoy it tremendously!

Thanks to all of you who have maintained this unmatchable effort all these years!
Sincerely,
James "Eddie" Crowder

September 16, 2009
Charleston, West Virginia
Editor:
I enjoy your magazine very, very much. You do a super job. I usually read my copy from cover to cover the same day I get it.
Sincerely,
Pauline Shumway

September 12, 2009
Fort Spring, West Virginia
Editor:
My reason for not ordering any more than one year, I'll be 95 on December 12, 2009. Hope I make it. Ha! I enjoy the book so much.
Thank you,
Bertha Trainer

September 15, 2009
Morristown, Tennessee
Editor:
We are from Summers County. Me and my extended family are still Mountaineers and come back once or twice every year. GOLDENSEAL is one of our ties. Thank you all for keeping us grounded and for helping us remember from where we come.
B.V. Beasley

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.

Costumed merchants at Harpers Ferry.

Olde Tyme Christmas at Harpers Ferry

The historic town of Harpers Ferry, Jefferson County, will host its 39th celebration of Olde Tyme Christmas the weekends of December 4-6 and December 12-13, as well as December 19. Town merchants will dress in period costumes from the 1860's, and their shops will be decorated in old-fashioned, 19th-century style with bows and holiday evergreens.

Activities include tree and Yule log lightings, live concerts, and a living nativity scene. Children's activities include cookie decorating and ornament making. Call Gary DeBrueler at (304)535-6911, or visit http://historicharpersferry.com, for more information.

Holiday Open House

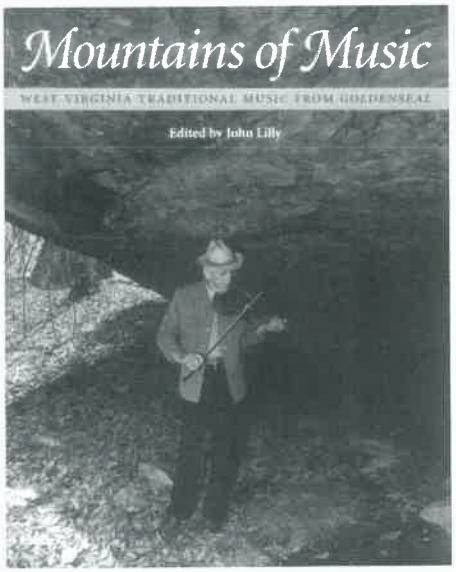
West Virginia Independence Hall in Wheeling will have a holiday open house on Saturday, December 5, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. The day of activities will include free guided tours of Independence Hall, children's activities, storytelling, refreshments, and holiday music.

West Virginia Independence Hall, the site of many pivotal events leading to the creation of the state of West Virginia during the Civil War, is located at the corner of 16th and Market streets in Wheeling. For more information, call (304)238-1300, or e-mail melissa.brown@wvculture.org.

Holiday Lights

The West Virginia State Farm Museum in Point Pleasant will host the Holiday Light Festival from December 11-21. Millions of lights will sparkle in the displays each evening from 6-9 p.m. Santa will attend the festival every evening, with free hot chocolate and cookies for children. The Country Kitchen and Country Store will also be open for the event. The Holiday Light Festival is free, but donations are appreciated and will be used for museum maintenance and upkeep. Call the West Virginia State Farm Museum at (304)675-5737, or visit www.wvfarmmuseum.org, for more information.

Tomlinson Run State Park at New Manchester will light up their campground from dusk to 9 p.m. at the Christmas Light Up on December 11-12 and December 18-19. Admission is $5 per car, or $2 per person, for a wagon ride through the park for the light



Mountains of Music: West Virginia Traditional Music from GOLDENSEAL gathers 25 years of stories about our state's rich musical heritage into one impressive volume. *Mountains of Music* is the definitive title concerning this rare and beautiful music — and the fine people and mountain culture from which it comes.

The book is available from the GOLDENSEAL office for $29.95, plus $2 shipping per book; West Virginia residents please add 6% sales tax (total $33.75 per book, including tax and shipping). Add *Mountains of Music* to your book collection today!

— — — — — — — — — — — —

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show. Call Tomlinson Run State Park at (304)564-3651, or visit www.tomlinsonrunsp.com, for information.

The Fox Hunt band performs at the Gardner Winter Music Festival in Morgantown.

Gardner Winter Music Festival

The 32nd Gardner Winter Music Festival will be held February 26-27 at South Middle School in Morgantown. In 1978, Worley Gardner and his friend Sloan Staggs found themselves bemoaning the fact that there was nowhere for them to play music with their friends during the long, cold winter months, so they organized a Winter Music Festival. The name was changed in 2000 to honor the memory of Worley and Margaret Gardner and their contributions to West Virginia music. [See "Worley Gardner: Mountain Music, Dance, and Dulcimers," by Mark Crabtree; Summer 1992.]

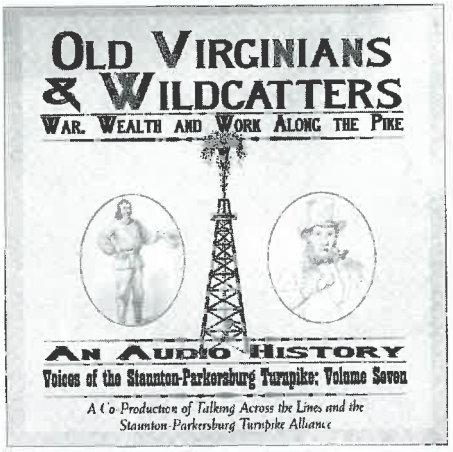
The Gardner Winter Music Festival features workshops, jam sessions, and performances, as well as a square dance beginning at 8:00 p.m. on Saturday night. Admission is $3 for Friday night and $5 for Saturday, no charge for musicians. For more information, call Margo Neal at (304)291-0482, or visit www.gwmf.org.

Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike

The final three volumes of a seven-CD series titled *Voices of the Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike* have been released. Produced by Michael and Carrie Kline, the recordings are a project of the Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike Alliance.

The turnpike was authorized by Virginia in 1826, and construction was completed in 1848 from Staunton, Virginia, to the Ohio River at Parkersburg. The toll road opened the western Virginia lands for settlement and commerce. Folklorists Michael and Carrie Kline have spent several years collecting oral histories about the turnpike and editing them together with music and narration for this series of audio CD's.

Volume 5, *The Old Stagecoach Line,* offers a look at the history of the region and the immigrants who traveled the turnpike on their way to the western lands. Volume 6, *Took Off Running: Race and Culture Along the Turnpike,* is



a glimpse at the lives of Italian, Irish, and other immigrants who worked along the turnpike. Accounts of the African American slaves in the area, racial attitudes of the time, and the Underground Railroad to freedom are told. Volume 7, *Old Virginians & Wildcatters: War, Wealth, and Work Along the Pike*, explores effects of the Civil War and Reconstruction, and the discovery of oil and gas, timbering, and coal mining in north-central West Virginia.

The CD's are available for $15 each, or all three for $40, from Talking Across the Lines, 114 Boundary Avenue, Elkins, WV 26241, with free shipping for GOLDENSEAL readers. For more information, call (304)636-5444; on-line at www.folktalk.org.

A visitors' guidebook to the Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike is available from the Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike Alliance, on-line at www.spturnpike.org; phone (304)637-7424.

Leona Sponaugle. Photograph by Grethel Bennett, 1977.

Field Recordings Available

The Grant County Arts Council has digitized a 1978 field recording project, previously only available on cassette tapes. Eight musicians from the Potomac Highlands area of northeastern West Virginia were recorded by Bill Wellington as part of a joint project of the Grant County Arts Council and the West Virginia Division of Culture and History. The new CD's are available at the Grant County Library or through interlibrary loan.

Included are square-dance musicians Tom and Israel Welch from Petersburg [see "The Welch Brothers Band: 'Always Come Home After the Dance,'" by Bill Wellington; Summer 1984], fiddlers Blaine Likens from Burlington and Rob Propst from Upper Tract, banjo players Herm Pennington from Mt. Storm and Arlie Cosner from Elk Garden, ballad singer Florena Duling from Maysville, and organist Leona Sponaugle from Spruce Knob.

On December 8, a CD release celebration and audio slide show will take place, coinciding with the opening of the Smithsonian Institution's *New Harmonies* traveling exhibit. Activities will take place at the Landes Art Center in Petersburg; admission is free.

For more information, call Cynthia Geary at (304)257-4674 or Nancy Cooley at (304)257-2144, or visit http://sites.google.com/site/gcartscouncil/

Wallace Horn. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Wallace Horn Award

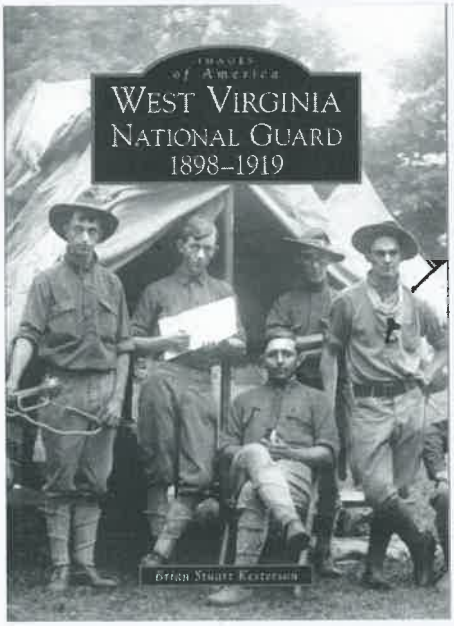
Wallace Horn of Chapmanville was inducted into the West Virginia Broadcasting Hall of Fame during the fourth annual induction ceremony at the Museum of Radio and Technology in Huntington on September 26. The Hall of Fame recognizes West Virginia's contribution to radio and television broadcasting through the years.

Wallace founded and has hosted the *Friendly Neighbor Show* for more than 40 years. The program is recorded weekly and features local musicians and plenty of downhome humor. It is broadcast 8:30 to 9:30 Saturday mornings over WVOW radio in Logan: 101.9 FM and 1290 AM. [See "'Pure Entertainment': Wallace Horn and the *Friendly Neighbor Show*," by Carolyn Harmon; Spring 2009.]

For more information about the West Virginia Broadcasting Hall of Fame, visit http://oak.cats.ohiou.edu/~postr/MRT/Tour9.htm

New Arcadia Books

West Virginia National Guard 1898-1919, by Wood County author and historian Brian Stuart Kesterson, has recently been published by Arcadia Publishing as part of



their Images of America series. Kesterson collected photographs and compiled information for this book, which illustrates the period of West Virginia National Guard history prior to World War I.

Kesterson is employed by the Wood County Board of Education and has been recognized as a History Hero for promoting West Virginia history through his writings, lectures, and living history programs.

West Virginia National Guard 1898-1919 contains more than 200 vintage photographs. It includes chapters regarding Mother Jones and the Guard during the miners' unionizing efforts, and also the period when the Guard was sent to New Mexico to help apprehend Pancho Villa.

The Great Ohio River Flood of 1937, by James E. Casto, is also part of Arcadia Publishing's Images of America series. Casto is a retired newspaperman from Huntington, a local historian, and GOLDENSEAL contributor.

The Great Ohio River Flood of 1937 contains 127 pages of historical photographs, illustrating the raging flood waters and their effect on the people of the Ohio River Valley. The 1937 flood drove thousands of people from their homes and claimed nearly 400 lives. Also included is a chapter about taming the Ohio River by the construction of floodwalls and earthen levees.

Both of these books sell for $21.99 each, plus shipping and handling, from Arcadia Publishing, on-line at www.arcadiapublishing.com; phone 1-888-313-2665.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Bye

Walden Roush, an instrumental figure in Mason County education and past president of the West Virginia State Farm Museum in Point Pleasant, passed away October 3 at the age of 101. Walden was a fourth-generation school teacher, who served in the Mason County public schools for 36 years as both a teacher and administrator. His recollections of those years formed the basis of a GOLDENSEAL story titled, "'An Important Part of Our Heritage': Walden Roush Recalls Mason County's One-Room Schools," by Tony L. Williams; Winter 1986. Mr. Roush's photograph was featured on the cover of that issue.

Walden Roush. Photograph by Michael Keller, 1986.

Groundhog Day

The West Virginia State Wildlife Center's 32nd Annual Groundhog Day Celebration will be held on February 2, at 10:00 a.m. The Center's furry weather predictor, French Creek Freddie, will make an appearance and forecast the coming of spring.

The wildlife center is located at French Creek, 12 miles south of Buckhannon on State Route 20. The Center is open from 9-5, seven days a week, year-round, but hours may vary due to weather conditions. Admission is free from November through March.

For more information about Groundhog Day at the Wildlife Center, call Robert Silvester at (304)924-6211, or e-mail robsilvester@wvdnr.gov.

History Day

History Day 2010 will take place in the Capitol rotunda in Charleston on February 18 from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Historical and genealogical organizations from across the state will share information about their groups' efforts to preserve and promote West Virginia history and culture, and the annual History Hero awards will be presented. GOLDENSEAL will be there, so please stop by our table for a visit.

GOLDENSEAL on Facebook

Are there any GOLDENSEAL readers on Facebook? If so, become a fan of GOLDENSEAL. The more, the merrier!

The GOLDENSEAL page features photographs and links to articles from the current issue, as well as space for sharing comments, photos, and videos. Facebook is a free-access social networking Web site located at www.facebook.com.

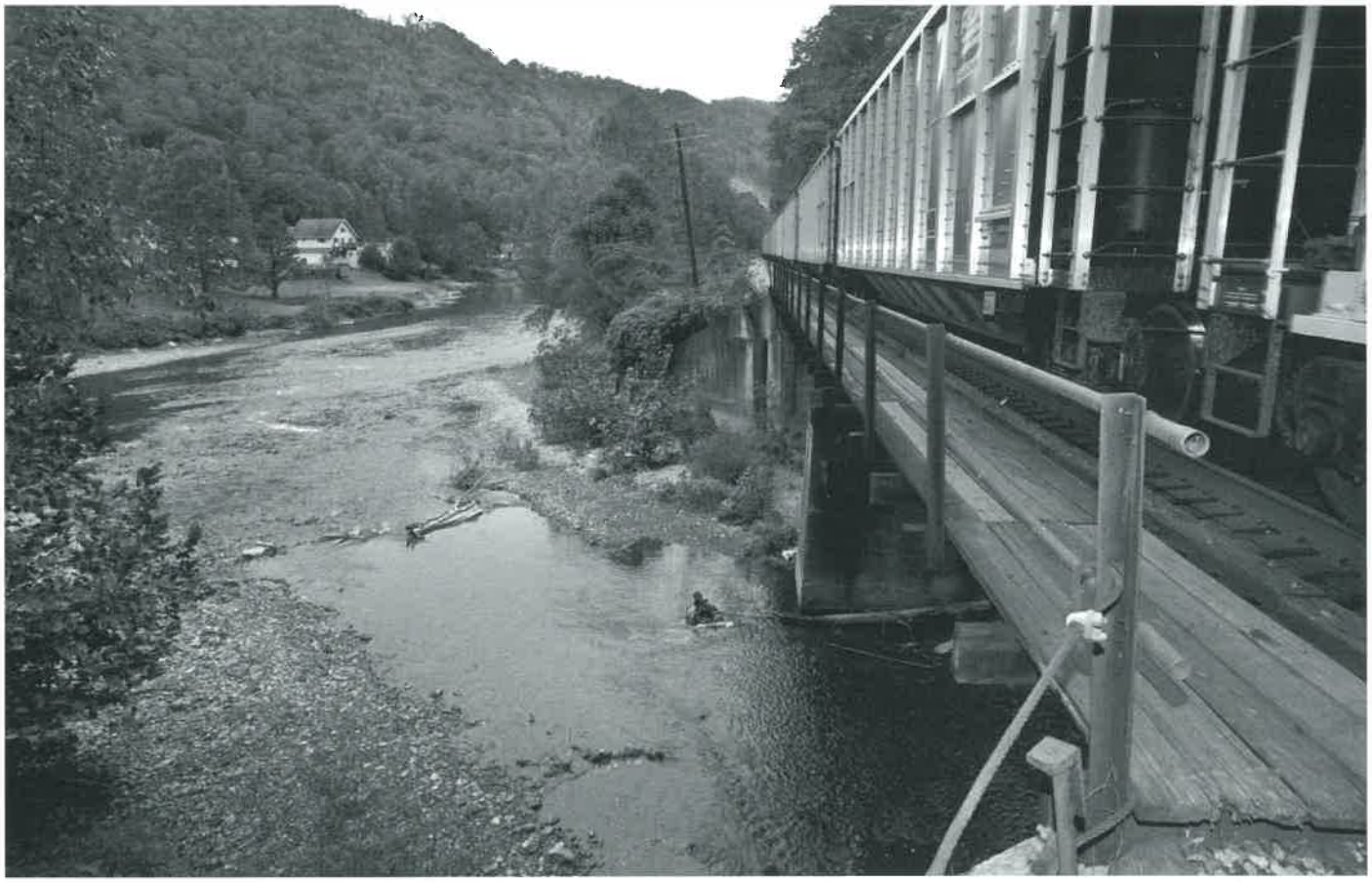
Special Report

Echoes of Buffalo Creek

An Introduction

by John Lilly

They still have nightmares whenever it rains. The survivors of West Virginia's most deadly flood disaster carry the indelible scars of a tragedy that didn't need to be. On the morning of February 26, 1972, 15 miles of the narrow Buffalo Creek Valley in Logan County were scoured by more than 6 million cubic feet of coal waste, water, and debris. In its wake, 125 were left dead. Seven were never found, and three were never identified.



Buffalo Creek today. A loaded coal train leaves Buffalo Creek Valley and crosses a bridge at the confluence of Buffalo Creek and the Guyandotte River, at Man, Logan County. Photograph by Michael Keller.

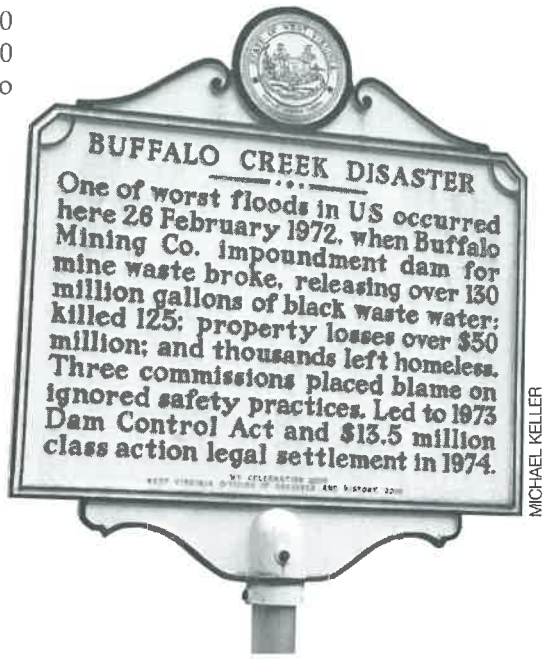
The Buffalo Creek flood actually had its roots in a minor tributary, the Middle Fork of Buffalo Creek, located 12 linear miles northeast of Man, where Buffalo Creek empties into the Guyandotte River. Coal mining began in this area around 1900 and increased when the C&O ran rails up the valley in 1914. In time, approximately 17 small communities developed along Buffalo Creek, many of them at the mouths of small streams, others at wide spots in the valley.

The town of Saunders was located at the mouth of Middle Fork. Most of the men there worked for the Lorado Mining Company, which began operations in 1945, opening a preparation plant, or tipple, two years later. Refuse from the prep plant was trucked to the foot of the holler and dumped in an ever-growing waste bank, or gob pile. In 1959, they began to pump waste water, which had previously been vented directly into the stream, into a reservoir formed behind the coal waste. The idea was that the water would be filtered by the coal waste and could then be recycled. The effectiveness of the reservoir improved in 1960, when Lorado began surface mining, which produced finer particles of waste, resulting in a large water impoundment.

In 1964, Lorado Mining was acquired by the Buffalo Mining Company, which continued to dump coal waste and impound water, pumping between 400,000 and 500,000 gallons a day, including about 500 tons of suspended solid waste, into the settling pond.

In 1967, a minor breach of the waste bank caused an explosion as liquid waste interacted with the smoldering gob pile, doing local damage at Saunders. The company responded by building a second waste bank, called Dam 2, just above the original impoundment, now called Dam 1. These impromptu structures were hardly dams in any technical sense, however. They were simply piles of coal waste, clay, shale, red dog, and other by-products of the coal preparation process, dumped off the back of trucks and bulldozed to an even height. Many in the downstream communities were keenly aware of the unstable nature of these impoundments, and expressed their concern to government officials.

In February 1968, Mrs. Pearl Woodrum wrote the following letter to Governor Hulett Smith:



MICHAEL KELLER

Previous page: Flood debris at Buffalo Creek. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University.

Dear Sir,

I live 3 miles above Lorado. I'm writing you about a big dam of water above us. The coal co. has dumped a big pile of slate about 4 or 5 hundred feet high. The water behind it is about 400 feet deep and it is like a river. It is endangering our homes and lives. There are over 20 families here & they own their homes. Please send some one here to see the water and to see how dangerous it is. Every time it rains it scares every one to death. We are all afraid we will be washed away and drowned. They just keep dumping slate and slush in the water and making it more dangerous every day.

Please let me hear from you at once and please for God's sake have the dump and water destroyed. Our lives are in danger.

State inspectors visited Middle Fork on February 26, 1968 — four years to the day before Mrs. Woodrum's prophetic letter came true — but no action was taken. The coal company's response was to build a third, larger impoundment above Dam 2. Dam 3, built on the permeable foundation of Dam 2's sludge heap, was destined for catastrophic failure.

In 1970, faced with new and costly government regulations, Buffalo Mining was sold to Pittston Coal Group, one of the four largest coal companies in the nation. Business continued unfettered. With offices in New York, Pittston placed Steve Dasovich, a local son of Yugoslavian immigrants, valedictorian of Man High School, and graduate of WVU, in charge of its Buffalo Creek operations. By 1972, under Dasovich's guidance, the Buffalo Creek prep plant was processing 5,000 tons of raw coal a day, from five deep mines, a strip mine, and two auger operations. It was also producing 1,000 tons of solid waste and using a half-million gallons of water a day. All of this waste went into Dam 3 and its ever-growing water and sludge impoundment.

On Monday, February 21, 1972, it was raining in Logan County. Though rain was not unusual for this time of year, Jack Kent, superintendent of strip operations for Buffalo Mining, began to keep an eye on the impoundment behind Dam 3. On Tuesday, Steve Dasovich took a look at the rising water levels. By Wednesday, the rain was falling harder, and the condition of Dam 3 was termed by then "a major concern."

On Thursday, Dasovich voiced his concerns to Pittston officials in New York. Three Pittston executives flew to Logan County that afternoon to review a new strip-mine permit. They reportedly discussed the rising water at Dam 3, but never so much as glanced at the bloated impoundment. Friday morning, Dasovich inspected the pond, and erroneously declared that the water had receded, in spite of relentless rains.

Heavy rain Friday night brought flash flood warnings, and Jack Kent began to inspect the dam every two hours. Several people from Saunders, recalling the 1967 dam fail-

A coal tipple looms above the flood-strewn valley at Buffalo Creek in 1972. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University.

The remains of the failed dam at Buffalo Creek in February 1972. Photographer unknown, courtesy of Glen Jackson.

ure, retreated to the schoolhouse at Lorado, where they called the sheriff at Logan and requested that the National Guard be called out to warn people of an impending disaster. Mrs. Maxine Adkins told the sheriff's wife that the water was about to go over the dam and the people should get out. She said that the older residents were very concerned that the dam would not hold till morning.

The sheriff notified coal company officials, who assured him that there was no trouble with the dam. Jack Kent, alarmed when the water rose to within a foot of the top of the dam at about 5 a.m., called Steve Dasovich. After stopping for a cup of coffee, Dasovich arrived at Dam 3 around 6 a.m. He told the deputy sheriff and the frightened citizens huddled at Lorado that they "didn't have anything to be concerned about."

Another unidentified witness inspected the dam between 7:30 and 8:00. He reported sinking to his ankles in the saturated material. "I could see that the front of the dam had broken off and was sliding in on the lower side," he said. "About 20 feet of the face had broken or slid off during the night. It was like walking on soup. It had gotten real juicy, buddy, all the way down. I got in the car and got the hell out of there."

Dam 3 failed at 7:59 on Saturday morning, unleashing a wall of water and slurry approximately 37 feet high. It crashed through Dam 2 and Dam 1. Three or four huge explosions followed as the torrent reached the burning gob pile at the base of the holler, where it entered Buffalo Creek. The town of Saunders was destroyed immediately, killing 18 people. The violent flood surged down the valley at an initial speed of 20 feet per second, picking up houses, cars, rocks, and trees as it went.

Dam 3 failed at 7:59 on Saturday morning, unleashing a wall of water and slurry approximately 37 feet high.

Those in its path, most sleeping to the steady sound of driving rain, had little or no warning. The black water bludgeoned their homes with the homes of their neighbors, rocking them off their foundations and piling them up at bridges. Twenty-three people were killed at Lorado, 54 more at Lundale. The roiling, grinding flow was merciless as it cascaded down Buffalo Creek Valley, taking three torturous hours to wend its way to Man, where it finally emptied into the Guyandotte River.

Steve Dasovich jumped in his car when the dam broke and tried to beat the flood. The water caught him and slung him against a hillside. Rescued by some local residents, Dasovich was dazed and ran himself into a ditch. "I've killed the whole valley," he was reported to have said. Dasovich ended up in a Mingo County hospital, before retreating to Florida following the disaster. When he was killed in a private plane crash at Logan in 1977, rumors swirled suggest-

Flood damage at Lorado, where 23 people died on February 26, 1972. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University.

ing that the crash was no accident.

Pittston Coal immediately issued a statement that the disaster was an "act of God," enraging survivors and local observers. Several subsequent legal battles and official reports proved conclusively that corporate negligence and insufficient government oversight were the cause.

Buffalo Creek never recovered. Some of the towns have rebuilt, coal is still mined, and memorials of various kinds dot the landscape. Most survivors settled with Pittston Coal Group for their losses and suffering, establishing the legal precedent of "psychic impairment," also called "Buffalo Creek Syndrome." The State of West Virginia, which had filed suit against Pittston for $100 million, settled for $1 million in a deal brokered by outgoing Governor Arch Moore in 1977, three days before leaving office. The state ended up paying the Army Corps of Engineers $9.5 million for clean-up. No criminal charges were ever filed.

Today, Buffalo Creek looms as a sad reminder of the need for diligent oversight of industrial operations and the potentially tragic results of inadequate enforcement of environmental and public safety laws.

In the following pages, GOLDENSEAL revisits the disaster, remembers the victims, and honors the survivors of Buffalo Creek.

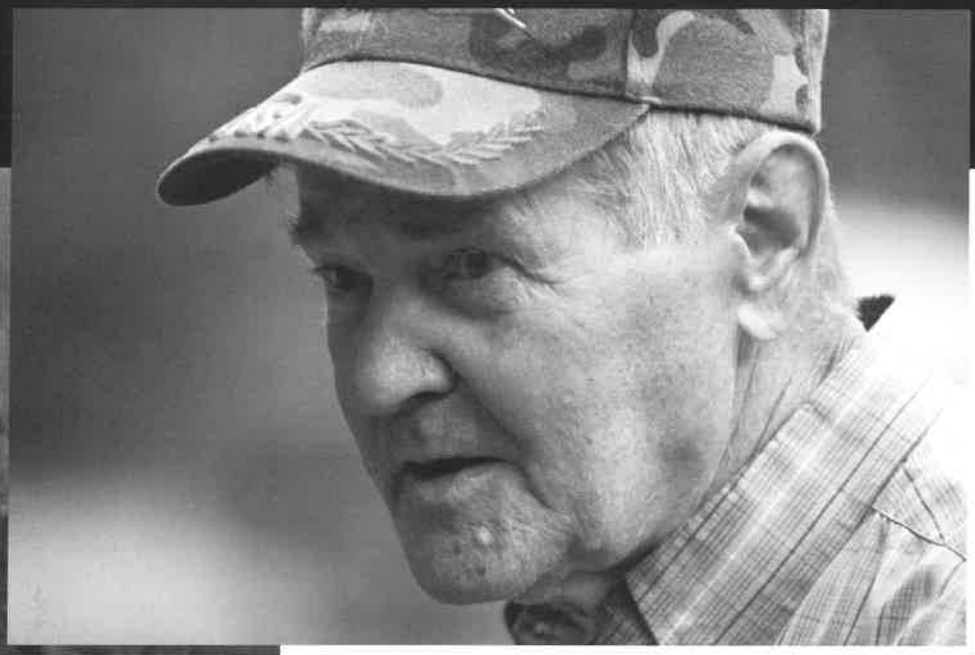
JOHN LILLY is editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine.

Today, this coal preparation plant marks the spot where water and sludge from the failed slurry impoundments up Middle Fork entered Buffalo Creek, at the town of Saunders. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Echoes of Buffalo Creek

Leon Ball

By Crystal Elkins



Leon Ball today, at his home near Hewett, Boone County. Photograph by Michael Keller.

On February 26, 1972, the sleepy valley of Buffalo Creek awoke to people shouting, water rushing around their homes, and fear in their hearts. After the black water subsided, searchers found an estimated 118 dead bodies; seven bodies were never found. Many families lost more than one family member.

Leon Ball was 36 years old at the time of the flood. He worked for the Pittston coal mines as a supply man. On that dreadful day, he was at Davey Hollow at the mine's electric shop. He was supposed to be doing a job with his friend Al Hedinger. Fortunately for Leon, he forgot exactly what he was to do that day. So he hung around the electric shop waiting on his boss to call and give him his orders again. The electric shop building was only a half mile from the dam.

Leon was standing in the building talking to Carmen Johnson, when he happened to look out the door and saw water. What he saw is still clear in his mind, 37 years later. The wall of water looked to be about 15 feet in the air. He watched the water coming toward them, not realizing what it was or where it came from. He yelled, "My God! Carmen, look here!" The lights flickered off and on.

As he and Carmen ran for the hills, they saw a trailer go by in the water. They heard someone screaming inside. He saw the trailer hit houses and push them on down the stream. The trailer was found later with a dead woman inside.

Leon recalls seeing a man in a car speeding by, blowing his horn, warning people. Many people ignored this warning. Power poles were knocked down from the force of the water.

Leon saw houses being lifted off their foundations and moving with the water. Those houses that couldn't stand such abuse crumpled like toothpicks. He recalls that some houses were easily targeted because they were low on the ground. Trailers were picked up like they didn't weigh as much as a feather.

When they realized that it would be safe to move on, Leon and Carmen walked on to get out of the hollow. They waded through water past their knees. They saw a stud horse on a little patch of yard, with water surrounding it like an island. Leon says that the horse was acting crazy. No one could get close to the horse to settle it down.

The next things that Leon saw haunt him to this day. He saw a body lying on its back in the middle of the road. The body was black from the sludge, but Leon knew who it was. He recognized his friend and working buddy Al Hedinger from Chapmanville. Al was a lab technician-

Left: Water, coal sludge, and debris rage through Buffalo Creek Valley, Logan County, on February 26, 1972. Photographer unknown, courtesy of Glen Jackson.

Stunned survivors gather on a porch, surrounded by debris and devastation at Buffalo Creek. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University.

miner. If not for his bad memory, Leon would have been driving his dump truck with Al that morning. Al's body was found between the electric shop and the tipple. He was last seen driving his Volkswagen. Some said that the water pulled him from the car. Al was the only working miner killed.

Leon went in houses, hoping he would find survivors. Carmen yelled at him the whole time, just wanting to get away from all the death and destruction. Leon walked from house to house, finding only naked bodies gathered together. Most of them were cuddling each other, like they knew that they were going to die.

Carmen and Leon walked on down what used to be the road before the flood. Looking down on the ground, they would see heads sticking out of the mud. Leon wanted to cover their faces up with something, but Carmen told Leon to go on so they could just get out of there. The sight of all these dead bodies lying around and sticking out of the mud haunts him to this day. He recalls that it took years for him not to have nightmares about them.

Roads were washed out. Mudslides were just about everywhere. Carmen and Leon started walking to where the railroad tracks used to be, but the tracks were washed out or torn to pieces. Some of the tracks were twisted like a Twizzler. They were walking across railroad tracks when they came upon a man crying. He told them that both of his parents were dead. He had tried to get them out of the house, but the house kept moving out of his reach, rocking in the water like a boat. He just couldn't get them out.

As Leon waded on out of the hollow, he saw many dogs and pigs swimming. They seemed to be everywhere. At one point, Leon kept hearing a car horn. Finding the car horn, he went to see what the trouble was. He didn't find anyone in the

A splintered house and other debris pile up behind a bridge over Buffalo Creek. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University.

Man High School today. In February and March 1972, the school served as disaster relief and command center, emergency shelter, and morgue. Photograph by Michael Keller.

In 1972, Lewis Bondurant was a disaster relief specialist with the American Red Cross, working out of the Louisville, Kentucky, headquarters. When he got a call telling him to get to Man, West Virginia, as soon as he could, Lew dropped everything and drove there, expecting to assist the local Red Cross staff and return home in a few days. He had no idea the ordeal he would find.

At the age of 89, Lew can still remember the names, faces, and details as though it has just occurred.

This is a remembrance of the people of Buffalo Creek, by an outsider who became caught up in their struggle to cope with this tragic event.

Left: Lewis Bondurant at Louisville, Kentucky, in 2008. Photograph by Margo Blevin Denton.

Lewis Bondurant. I was disaster director for the Kentucky division of the American Red Cross, which meant that wherever disaster happened in Kentucky, I was to be there to help the people. It was because of this experience that they called on me in 1972 to go over to Man, West Virginia, and work with some of the disaster victims.

Well, I'd had practically every type of disaster that Red Cross handled, beginning with the flood of 1964. I found that it isn't easy getting people to come to a shelter or accommodating them once they'd arrive. It primarily involves getting them army cots and blankets. That's about all we can do for them except feed them, usually from a school cafeteria or someplace like that.

Margo Blevin Denton. You were primed and ready for a big disaster?

LB. I certainly wasn't primed for what I found there in Buffalo Creek. I don't think anyone would have been because of the hardships that those people were living under and the experiences they had. My initial contact with it was on the news. They said that there had been a flash flood in West Virginia, and five people had been killed. Later that afternoon, I got a call from Washington requesting that I go to [West Virginia]. So I got a station wagon from the chapter here, and took off for West Virginia. I was instructed to go to Logan, where there would be Red Cross volunteers who would tell me where I was to go. I was surprised that there weren't more Red Cross people at the disaster site when I arrived.

MBD. You still had no idea how big this was?

LB. No, none whatsoever. In fact, even the news people didn't have any information about how massive this disaster was. I had some supplies, but not as many as I would have taken had I known.

It was a full day's drive, about eight hours, going up through Kentucky and over into Huntington and then on down. Naturally, the

Survivors gather in the Man High School gymnasium following the flood. Photographer unknown, courtesy of the American Red Cross.

mountain roads were difficult to travel. But from Logan on over to Man where the shelter was, they had boulders in the road. The shoulders had washed out from this creek that erupted, and there was just black coal and black dust. All the way up the road you could see the markings along the roadside as to just how high the wall of water had been. This was my first realization of the magnitude of the disaster. I had anticipated the normal flash flood like we experience every year in Kentucky.

MBD. Did you have others coming to help, once the enormity of this was known?

LB. Well, I had hoped that I had help and was expecting it. When I got [to the shelter, which had been set up in Man High School], you could see all these people gathered together. For the most part, they were just sitting around blocking the aisles. They were hanging from the rafters, literally.

Fortunately, there had been some early work done. There had been some cots brought in, so they at least had some place to sleep. A lot of the cots were brought in by the National Guard. I know that there was some use of helicopters because of roads being out and because of it being so difficult to go into the area.

This is getting into the second day now. You could see that there was a real fire hazard [from overcrowding], and that was one of my first concerns, the danger from fire. So I called the fire department, and I said, "Do you all have a pumper, and how far are you from the Man shelter?" I'm sure we were violating all fire codes. They said that they did have a pumper and would come by and explain what they had.

Then I called the police and said, "We're bound to have some difficulties here. We'll need to be able to get in touch with the police, and I'd like for you to patrol every so often, to send somebody about every hour." And I got an entirely different reaction. The police chief told me, "Hell, man, I've got every man I have out trying to recover bodies. There's nothing that I'm going to be able to do for you. You'll just have to do the best you can with whatever you may need, and work it out yourself."

MBD. Is it true that you were cut off from going in or out?

LB. I was cut off right after I arrived. This mountain which was between Logan and Man erupted, and about a 30- or 40-foot-high pile of dirt just spilled over the road. So there was no way, other than going the back way, to get in at all. And even that was pretty difficult because of the roads being washed out.

MBD. So they weren't able to get the families out to some other place?

LB. They were stuck in Man, and would be for some time. That is what made it bad. It also meant that I wouldn't have any help arriving.

"They were in shock — bound to have been — but they were most cooperative and wanted to do whatever they could under the conditions. They really were the inspiration that was needed for the others that had undergone this."

The other real unfortunate situation was the telephones were all knocked out, so we didn't have any contact with the outside world and were unable to call for assistance that we might have needed.

MBD. So here were all these people who have just lost relatives, family, everything they had. Were they crying, screaming?

LB. No, they were very well-behaved. They were, I'm sure, in shock — bound to have been — but they were most cooperative and wanted to do whatever they could under the conditions. They really were the inspiration that was needed for the others that had undergone this.

Another thing that helped: There was a restaurant in town that kept playing the John Denver recording, "West Virginia... Mountain Mama... Country Roads, Take Me Home" [through a loudspeaker], time after time. And people seemed to relate to that.

Of course, they were accustomed to shock and death. As one man told me, "When you're around coal, you're gonna always be around death. And these people, even after this is over, they'll go back. Because they're gonna want to be around coal. They will adjust to whatever happens."

After I'd been there for awhile, they'd finally begun to accept me. What I did was to go around and say, "I'm from the Red Cross. I'm here to help manage the shelter. Who is in charge?" And after getting about six "Nobody in charge," I knew that somebody had to step up, and that I was going to be it, as much as I didn't want it to be that way. So

Aerial view of the flood damage at Buffalo Creek. Photographer unknown, courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

"There must have been about 2,000 in the high school building. The other 2,000 went wherever they could."

Red Cross workers serve food to disaster victims at the Man High School cafeteria. Photographer unknown, courtesy of the American Red Cross.

I absconded with the principal's office [in the high school] and set up in there where I had made the calls to the police department and the fire department.

At that time, the phone still worked. But when this mountain came crashing down, the phones all went out. There was no way we could contact anybody on the outside. They estimated it was going to take a week before they could get it cleared. It was just the top of the mountain had collapsed. The rain had collapsed it, and it was a 40- or 50-feet-deep barrier between Man and Logan.

MBD. How many people lived in those 16 towns, do you think?

LB. Oh, I've heard various estimates. They mentioned 4,000 people, but there may have been more.

MBD. How many people did you have in your shelter?

LB. I imagine that there must have been about 2,000 in the high school building. The other 2,000 went wherever they could. I know that at first they built fires along Buffalo Creek, and some of them stayed out on the mountainside.

There were about 125 dead. The bodies were buried in the debris that washed down from the dam, and they had to get them washed up. They brought them to one of the schools used as a morgue, and they would go there and identify their relatives. The hospital was fairly close, too. We tried to get the information as to the condition of the people in the hospital so we could let those in the shelter know, and also let them know what bodies had been identified.

The only thing that really gave us trouble: 99% of the refugees were very helpful. But we also had a drinking problem in the shelter. And when you have open areas like gymnasiums, if someone comes up in there disrupting everything, loud — there were very few of these, but it was a problem that we had to do something about.

So I asked two of the men to get together with the ones that were causing the disturbance and meet me in the principal's office. I knew that I had had bad experiences in the principal's office when I was in school, and I thought maybe that might help them to straighten out a little bit. They got about 10 of their buddies and met with me in the principal's office. I told them that they might not think that I had ever been through an experience similar to what they went through. And in reality, I maybe hadn't been.

But I had been in World War II. ... I said, "Therefore, I sort of feel like I've been through an experience that is similar, and we did exactly what you did. We were in Italy, there was plenty of wine, and we all got drunk. That was our immediate reaction, and I can sympathize with you wanting to drink, to try to forget the horrible situation you've been in. But we're also going to have

Helicopters search for dead and wounded and provide emergency transportation in the days following the flood. This chopper prepares to land or take off from a damaged road bed at Buffalo Creek. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University.

A patrolman stands watch at Buffalo Creek while others search for bodies and survivors. Photograph by Jeanne Rasmussen, courtesy of the Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University.

A bullet-riddled sign along Buffalo Creek today. Photograph by Margo Blevin Denton.

to take into consideration these people that are out there that have been through the same thing. They need rest, and they're gonna have rest."

And I said, "What I'm gonna do is empty one of the classrooms of the refugees and put you all in it as a group. I'll extend the hours that you can be there. I'll give you some advantage. You can be your own clean-up people and your own supervisors of that particular room. But we're not going to have any disturbance of the people sleeping in the gym and the people that are out there throughout the school." And they accepted this.

MBD. What did the others do?

LB. Unfortunately, there was very little they could do. Listen to the radio, and there was a TV or two. There was a room in the school that they could have used for meetings or for entertainment, this sort of thing. But everybody had put their clothing there and things they had carried from the houses. It was filled with used clothing and items that people had brought with them to the school. So it was impossible to utilize the auditorium in that way.

One of the ironic things was that this was Hatfield-McCoy country, and there were both Hatfields and McCoys that were killed in the disaster. But they all got along well. They were sort of all trying to get along together, to make the best of the situation, which was totally bad.

After a week, they got the road cleared that had isolated us from Logan, and I got some help from Red Cross. An assistant manager from Pittsburgh joined me, and he was real helpful.

MBD. How did this all come to an end for you?

LB. There was a barge loaded with chlorine that was on the Ohio River,

Memorial to the victims of the Buffalo Creek Disaster along County Road 16 — now called the Buffalo Creek Memorial Highway — just outside of Man. Photograph by Michael Keller.

and it broke away from its tow. I was called back to Louisville to work in setting up a shelter for the people that were evacuated because of this barge. But that was not anything close to the difficulty that the shelters were in West Virginia.

I'm afraid I slipped out quietly. I had some people that had been tremendous help, and I did try to tell some of them the reason that I was leaving.

I would love to go [back], and had always thought that I would. But it seemed like there was always something else. And then, too, I wonder how it would have affected me. I still have all the sympathy in the world for these people. There are some that I would like to see, and yet I hesitate to. It's kind of like combat. You don't ever want to go through combat again, but you had some good memories and you try to forget the rest.

There was never any experience that was as bad as that particular one. And I worked on many other disasters. The shelter life is not good, at best. Somehow I felt that some of the "psychic impairment" could have come from people being in the shelter for so long and the hardships that they had to live under. [Seeing] what the people were able to absorb was an inspiration to me. I don't think there would be many people that could have taken what these people took and come out with the strength that they did.

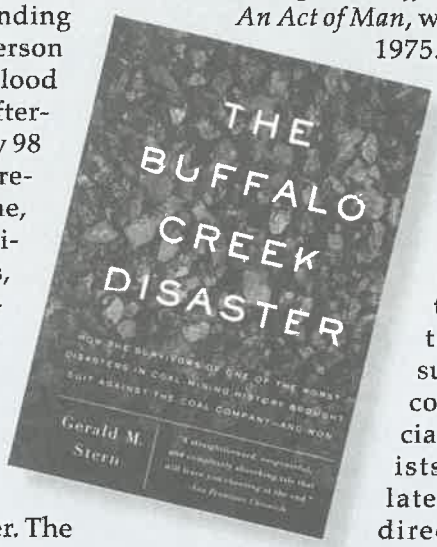
Lew Bondurant was interviewed at the Red Cross Building in Louisville, Kentucky, on October 22, 2008. Special thanks to David Denton for research, preparation, and assistance with this interview. —ed.

MARGO BLEVIN DENTON holds a bachelor's degree from Temple University and a master's degree in arts education from West Virginia Wesleyan College. She was director of the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College for 25 years, and is co-author of *The Low Blood Sugar Cookbook*. She lives in Elkins with her husband, David, and does portrait sculpture. This is Margo's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Learn More About It

The Buffalo Creek Disaster attracted national attention, both at the time of the flood and as a result of the legal battles that followed. It has been the subject of numerous articles, books, and films, including the following:

Buffalo Creek: Valley of Death, by Dennis Deitz and Carlene Mowery, is a heartrending collection of first-person accounts of the 1972 flood and its immediate aftermath. Approximately 98 individuals are represented in this volume, including flood survivors, rescue workers, coal company officials, and labor leaders. These personal reflections are illustrated with dozens of poignant photographs taken at the time of the disaster. The 285-page large-format, paperbound book was published in 1992 by Mountain Memories Books and sells for $29.95.



The Buffalo Creek Disaster, by Gerald M. Stern, chronicles a class-action lawsuit filed by several hundred survivors of the disaster, in an attempt to obtain monetary damages from the Pittston Coal Group. This well-written book has been required reading at many law schools. It reveals the complex workings of the legal system as the case makes its way through the arduous process of private litigation, coming to a triumphant conclusion in 1974. This 282-page paperback volume was first published in 1976 by Vintage Books and has recently been reissued, with a forward by former President Bill Clinton. It sells for $11.95.

Both *Buffalo Creek: Valley of Death* and *The Buffalo Creek Disaster* are available from West Virginia Book Company at www.wvbookco.com; phone (304)342-1848, and from Frog Creek Books, www.frogcreekbookswv.com; phone 1-800-395-7074.

At least three films have been produced about this disaster, including two by Appalshop's Mimi Pickering. *The Buffalo Creek Flood: An Act of Man*, was released in 1975. This 40-minute black-and-white documentary mixes footage of flood scenes and destruction with interviews of survivors, coal company officials, and activists. A decade later, Pickering directed *Buffalo Creek Revisited*. This 31-minute color film explores the survivors' efforts to rebuild and some of the obstacles and frustrations they faced. Both films are produced by Appalshop of Whitesburg, Kentucky, and are available in VHS and DVD formats at www.appalshop.org; phone (606)633-0108.

Charleston filmmaker Robert Gates was at the scene of the disaster within hours and captured some of the most riveting footage of the flood's aftermath known to exist. Some of this film was used in Mimi Pickering's *The Buffalo Creek Flood: An Act of Man*, as well as on the History Channel. Recently, Gates has released his original black-and-white footage as a silent montage, called *Buffalo Creek Disaster*. This powerful 22-minute DVD is available from Omni Productions, P.O. Box 5130, Charleston, WV 25361; e-mail omni@ntelos.net.

Ulysses S. Grant Dye, known to family as "Lyss," ran a construction crew, building oil rigs, from the turn of the 20th century until the mid-1940's. This photo, from around 1920, shows Lyss (in the foreground) and his crew, posing with a substantial bull wheel, location unknown.

Building Rigs the Old Way

Oilman U.S. Dye

By Steve Dye

Photo restorations by Henry Gernhardt

shooting over the frozen hill like a miniature bobsled. They watched as it slid farther and farther, picking up speed as it went. Finally, it hit the level ground in the valley and struck a road ditch, nearly a quarter of a mile from the base of the hill. Perturbed at the danger the bar could have presented to the ground crew, Granddad hollered up to the guy and told him that since he'd thrown it down, it was up him to go get it. The guy's ill temper probably wasn't helped any by the razzing he got from the rest of the crew as he climbed down from the rig and headed over the hill.

One important part of keeping the crew in good spirits was to find a good place for them to board. There were often no hotels or boarding houses for miles around some of the rural areas where they found themselves working. Sometimes, they resorted to living in big wall tents like the army used on some bases back then. Whenever possible, though, they'd try to find a nearby farmer with extra room and pay the fellow for room and board. Such accommodations were usually spare, but adequate, and the food was usually "farm fresh." During warm weather, they sometimes found themselves sleeping in barns, but colder weather required at least a converted chicken house with a stove. The ideal, of course, was to find a family with extra rooms in their home and a housewife who was a good cook.

Though Granddad tried to make it home most weekends, there were times that neither he nor his men saw their families for weeks on end.

Choosing a place to stay could be a weighty decision. Being rushed for time arranging a job in one of the back counties that involved several rigs and an extended period of time, Granddad delegated the choice of where to stay to a responsible young nephew, Harry, who was working for him at the time. Not liking the idea of getting stuck with such a potentially controversial decision, Harry decided to teach his uncle a lesson. Homes in the rural area were few, and folks willing or able to take on boarders were downright rare. Of those willing to board the crew, Harry deliberately picked the worst of the lot and gave them a signed contract to board the crew for several weeks. There were no screens in the windows or screen doors on the entrances to the dilapidated-looking old home. Chickens, pigs, and flies all entered

These unidentified men are standing at a Dye-built steel derrick, with a large, wooden bull wheel in Wood County. Three of the men are holding checker-poled hatchets, date unknown.

Lyss Dye posed with his father (left), wife (right), and four daughters at home, probably around 1930. From the left are Henry Dye; daughters Cora, Beatrice ("Biddy"), Lillian (standing behind), and Ida Mae (on lap); Lyss; and Mae Dye.

and left the residence with equal impunity, and the farmer and his wife seemed quite downtrodden by life.

Imagine Harry's surprise when they all arrived a month later to start the job and found the house freshly scrubbed from top to bottom, screens on all the windows and doors, and the entire home freshly painted! The whole crew enjoyed boarding there, for the lady did their laundry perfectly and was an outstanding cook. Just before they left, the woman came to them and thanked them profusely for choosing to board in their home. With tears in her eyes, she explained that she and her husband had been in dire straits, couldn't afford to fix the place up, and were just about to lose the farm to the bank. However, by taking the signed contract to the bank, they were able to get a little more money to fix the place up. The money from boarding the crew paid that small loan off, plus caught them up on their farm payment, thus saving the couple from losing their place.

Harry said he felt like a heel when he learned the story. When he told Granddad what he'd tried to pull, Granddad had a good laugh at his expense, and probably for many years to come. Granddad worked a lot in that area for several years, and whenever he did, he always boarded the crew at the home of the folks where Harry had originally chosen to "teach him a lesson." Harry said that he ended up being the one to learn something from that experience.

In the 1940's, as war clouds gathered and more people went to work in factories, it was increasingly difficult to find men willing to take on the demanding work of the oilfields. Perhaps, too, the wages Granddad paid weren't keeping up with the times. He was 61 years old as we entered World War II and might not have realized just how fast the world was changing around him. He blamed a lot of the difficulty in finding workers on the unions, saying that they would be the ruination of the country. Many today would probably agree with him. I suspect, though, if he'd grown up in a coal camp or mill town and seen his friends and family underpaid or paid in scrip, he might have had a different perspective.

If workers were scarce before the war, they were almost nonexistent once the war got into full swing.

If workers were scarce before the war, they were almost nonexistent once the war got into full swing. Men weren't only getting drafted, but were enlisting in droves. Granddad didn't feel as confident at the top of a rig as he once did, so he depended more and more on the agility of others. He even had my father go up to New Philadelphia, Ohio, one weekend in 1943 to finish off the top of a rig he was building there. It was one of the last rigs that Granddad ever built.

Dad was soon drafted and sent to the Pacific, and Granddad bought a little two-headblock sawmill and became a farmer and sawmill operator in his "retirement," sawing out crossties for the war effort. Twenty years later, in 1963, Granddad passed away. But the sawmill business that he started survived him by another 30 years, first run by my father and then by me.

STEVE DYE is a native of Parkersburg. He is descended from farmers, going back six generations. A former sawmill operator and factory worker, Steve is a graduate of Mountain State College and currently works as a charity fundraiser. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

By Richard S. Bailey

"Hand Tools and Hard Work"

Oil and Gas Man Darrell Bush

If there was any place that was almost heaven, it would be Grass Run, located in the hills of Gilmer County. In the early 20th century, it had it all — abundant natural resources; hard-working families; and a quiet, traditional community that people loved to be a part of. Out of that community came Darrell Bush, the last of a breed of oil and gas men who worked with hand tools and steel cables to get a valuable product out of the ground. Though thin in stature, Darrell is strong in will and rich in practical know-how. He has lived through Depression and boom times.

Darrell Olonzo Bush was born in his parents' home at Grass Run on December 14, 1921. He is the son of the late Forest Olonzo "Tip" Bush and Mima Heckert Bush. Darrell is known for his extensive experience in the early oil and gas drilling days. During his long career, he worked in the gas and oil fields of Gilmer and surrounding counties as a roustabout, a tower man, tool pusher, driller, horse jockey, blacksmith, and carpenter. However, he might best be known as one of the last of the old-time "cable tool drillers" in West Virginia.

A cable tool driller is one who operates the kind of drilling rig that uses steel cables and tools in the way that the early oil, gas, and salt drillers used to get to their product. Cable tool drilling had long been used before rotary drills and diamond bits moved into the forefront in the late 1940's.

Darrell spent his early years in Gilmer County, where his father worked as a teamster.

Darrell Bush. Dad taught me all he had learned about the oil and gas business, and much more practical knowledge. Gilmer County had been booming in energy production for many years prior to the turn of the 20th century. They actually had been shipping oil [down] the Little Kanawha River to Parkersburg since the 1840's.

Richard Bailey. What are some of your earliest memories in your youth?

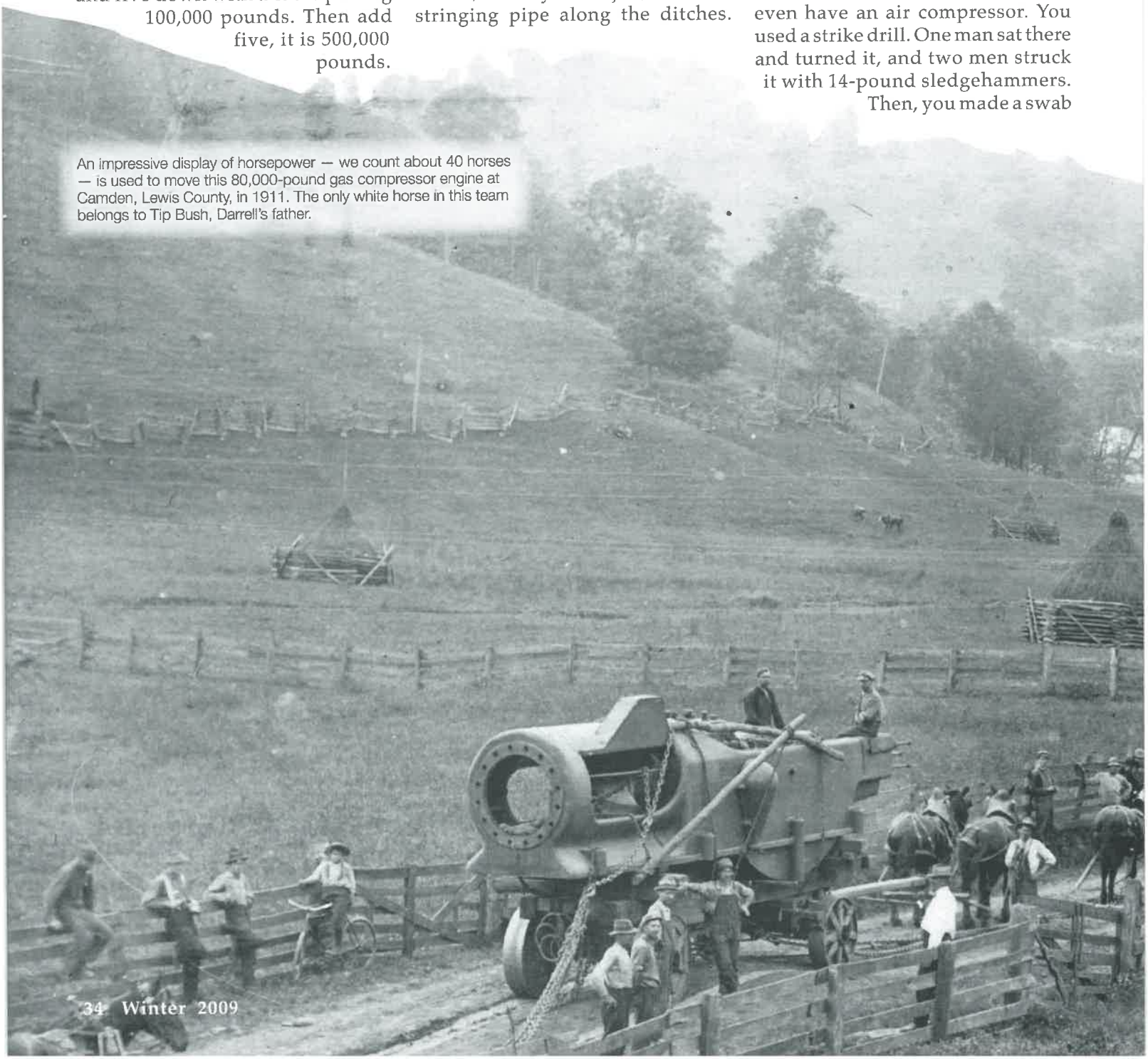
Darrell Bush on a recent visit to the former site of the Gilmer County race track, near Glenville. Originally from Grass Run, Gilmer County, Darrell has made his home in Bridgeport since 1960. Photograph by Richard S. Bailey.

DB. I grew up in and around Grass Run. I quit school at 16 to go to the oil and gas fields to work with my dad. Dad was a very capable teamster. He taught me how to use horse and oxen teams to move heavy loads. That was real important back then. Dad showed me how to harness the power of the block and pulley. You could move just about anything. You tie off to a tree, and you go to a pulley from a block. Every block doubles your power. Like on a drill rig, five blocks up and five down with a cable pulling 100,000 pounds. Then add five, it is 500,000 pounds.

RB. Do you remember your first day working on the wells?

DB. I remember very well going out the first time by myself. I went to move a tree limb from the road that had fallen off a wagon. When I got up there, them old-time drillers laughed and hollered, "He's a branch off the old tree." Guess I was at that. I was drawing a dollar a day. The team was making 12 dollars a day. That was very good money back during the Depression.

Well, on my first job, we was stringing pipe along the ditches. Transport it up on a wagon and throw it off. My job was to hook on to a joint and place it. Usually gas lines. I had to learn to keep the pipe a-laying flat on the ground. If there was a hump, you took it off. The boss would come along, and [the pipes] had to touch. The "grade-nut men" were the fine tuners. The land had to be smooth, no humps, no rocks. We brought sand bags in. We got into some tough places, and all we used was hand tools and hard work. Everything was sledge hammers, mattocks, and shovels. You didn't even have an air compressor. You used a strike drill. One man sat there and turned it, and two men struck it with 14-pound sledgehammers. Then, you made a swab



An impressive display of horsepower — we count about 40 horses — is used to move this 80,000-pound gas compressor engine at Camden, Lewis County, in 1911. The only white horse in this team belongs to Tip Bush, Darrell's father.

RB. What about this jockeying you did?

DB. I had been around horses and livestock my whole life. When I was 15 years old, I could only ride for my dad. But, when I turned 16, I could ride for anybody. A young man took me under his wing in the racing side of the business. His name was Pat Fitzpatrick. We was friends. I introduced him to my eighth-grade teacher, and he married her. Like I said, the '30's was tough, but I never suffered. I always had a little money. I could jockey and take girls on the Ferris wheel. As soon as the race was over, [there was] another race coming up. I would take my silks off right quick, put them in a water bucket, wash the mud out, hang 'em up, and then maybe two hours later, another race. My racing colors were blue and gold. I was pretty well-known at the fairs. I always rode winners. These were some of the best of times before the war.

RB. Is there anyone special you want to recognize today?

DB. Oh yes. There were at least two people that really stood out in my life. One was John Aman, the driller. John Aman was one of the first drillers I worked with. I was probably 16 or 17 when I met him. We worked as a team. You go out to the doghouse and work, [it] was a pleasure. You had two men way back on a hill. Way out. There was never a doubt he was the head man. You never dreamed of a big boss coming or nothing. So we was left alone and was like two brothers together. A team. We worked great. Never had a problem. Never. John was 50 when I was 16. I knew him all my life.

RB. And you mentioned Pat Fitzpatrick.

DB. Oh yes. Pat was the very best. He owned a big hardware store in Glenville. He never turned anybody down for credit. And all man. He was strong in will and in muscles. Didn't get married until his mid-30's. Of course, he was a good bit older than I. All those years we ran around at the horse races and to the many old-time square dances, he never had a bad word. I never heard him cuss. He was a genuine friend to everybody.

One of the most popular places Pat liked to go [dancing] was up in Lewis County on Mertz's Straight. Many a man and woman, boy and girl learned to old-time dance at Mertz's Dance Hall. It still stands today. During my time, the '30's and '40's, after World War II, it was the place. On a Friday or Saturday night, cars would be parked on both sides of the road as far as you could see. It was well-run and well-chaperoned. No funny business. Just a fun place to take a girl or go with friends to dance the night away to some great live music!

Pat was truly a smart man. He could cipher in his head fastest I ever seen to this day. He had graduated at the top of his class at Glenville College in business. He was most admired in Gilmer County as a successful and well-respected man. Pat was just an honest guy. Mary and I attended his funeral in Glenville a number of years ago. And that was quite a story in itself.

Driller, teamster, jockey, hunter, square dancer, and family man, Darrell Bush has led a rich life. He reminisces at the family homestead, where he was raised. Today, the old home serves as a hunting cabin. Photograph by Richard S. Bailey.

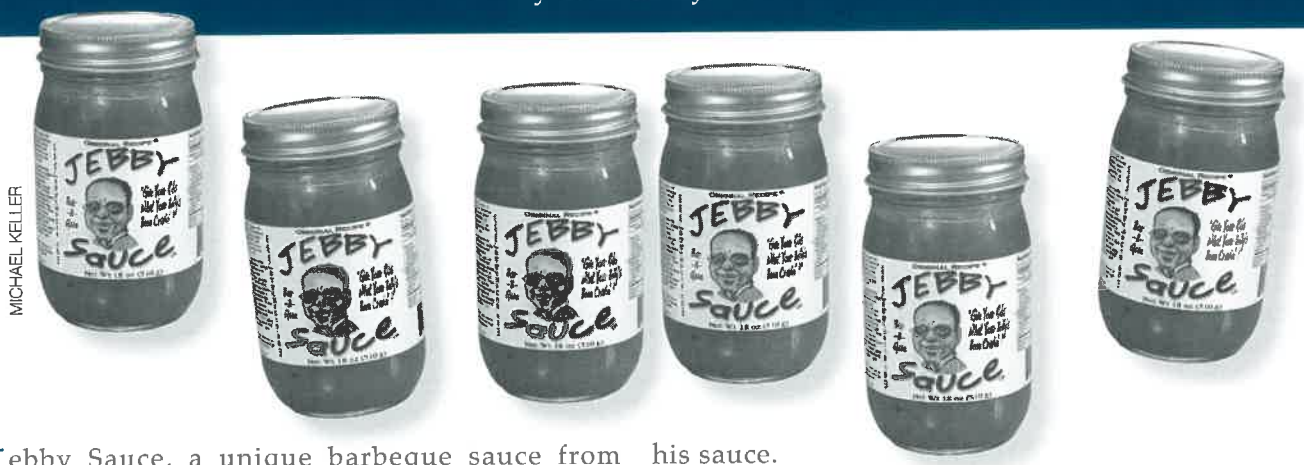
Mr. Bush finished the interview with tears in his eyes. Today, Darrell resides on Blackwell Street in Bridgeport, Harrison County. He and his wife, Mary, made Bridgeport their home from 1960 until her death this past March. Darrell retired in 1989 as one of Hope Gas' most experienced drillers. The Bushes raised five children. Darrell has nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Every year in November, the Bush family gathers at the old Grass Run homestead and celebrates the annual "Rabbit Roast," an old family tradition begun in 1952.

RICHARD S. BAILEY is a native of Clarksburg, currently residing in Bridgeport. He graduated from Fairmont State College in 1969. Richard retired from Harrison County Schools in 2004, after a 34-year career as a history teacher and coach. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Summer 2008 issue.

Help a Belly Out!

The Story of Jebby Sauce

By Brittani Lynch



MICHAEL KELLER

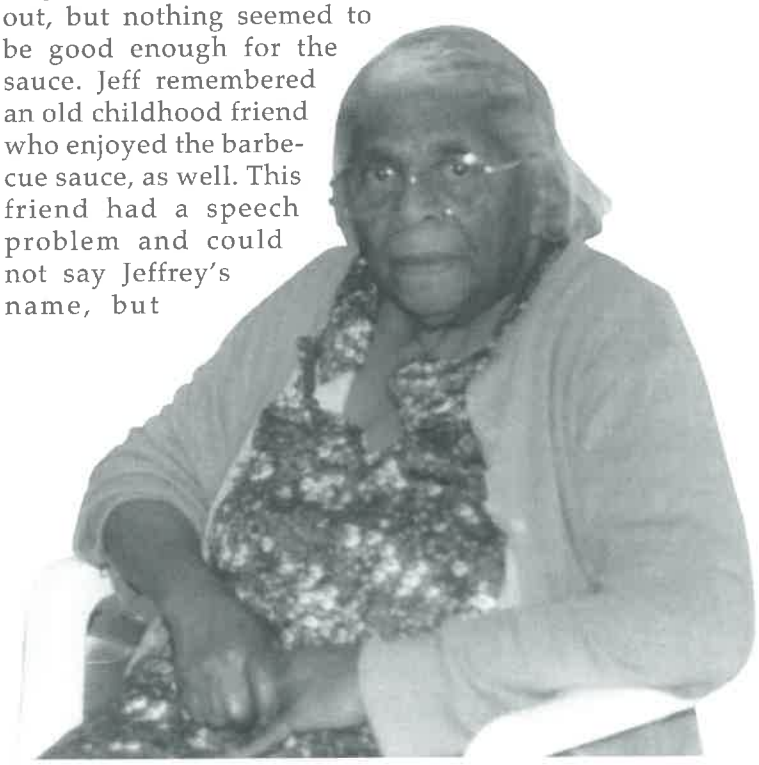
Jebby Sauce, a unique barbeque sauce from the coalfields of Boone County, started in my grandmother's kitchen many years ago. My father, Jeffrey "Jebby" Lynch, was the youngest of four children. Born January 4, 1948, he was reared in Sang Creek, a small town outside of Whitesville. Jeff was a typical coaltown boy, but he loved the time he spent with his mother in the kitchen. During that time, my grandmother, Mrs. Hattie Lynch, taught him how to cook.

One of Jeff's favorites was her barbecue sauce. The sauce was created by trial and error, and only she knew the specific blends of spices and ingredients to use. No one ever dared to ask for the recipe, and the only other person that ever knew it was Jeff. And she made him swear he would never give out the family secret.

After graduating from Sherman High School, Jeff joined the army and graduated from a school in California. He retired from the military and returned to West Virginia to work and start a family. After several decades as a car salesman, Jeff found himself looking for something else to help fill his time.

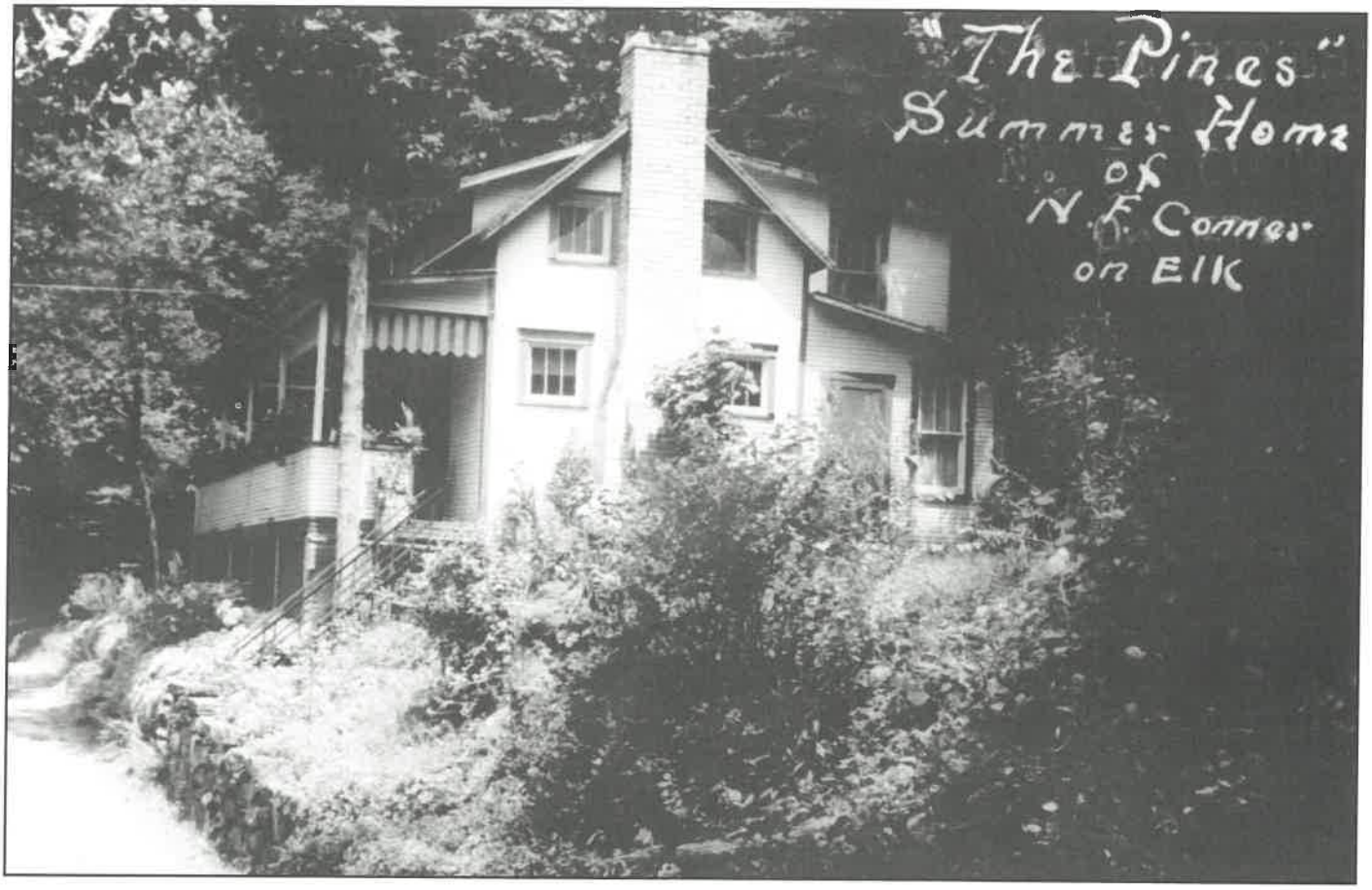
Tim Fortune, a good friend whom Jeff had met while working at Joe Holland Chevrolet in South Charleston, suggested that Jeff should sell his barbecue sauce. Tim had attended several Lynch family cookouts and various events and knew that Jeff's sauce was a hit! Everyone always wanted to know what was in the special sauce. After a period of convincing, Tim persuaded Jeff to try to market his sauce.

Once they had the appropriate financial supporters and backing from family, friends, and other businesses, they decided to make the sauce. But what would they call it? Several names were thrown out, but nothing seemed to be good enough for the sauce. Jeff remembered an old childhood friend who enjoyed the barbecue sauce, as well. This friend had a speech problem and could not say Jeffrey's name, but



Mrs. Hattie Lynch, of Sang Creek, Boone County, developed the "secret recipe" for Jebby Sauce in her kitchen by trial and error. Photographer and date unknown.

Memories



"The Pines," located in Mink Shoals, was originally the Conners' summer home, but later became their year-round residence. This photograph was made in the 1940's.

would head for the swings, which were some of my favorite things around "The Pines." I would make the rounds, going from swing to swing. My favorite swing would carry me way out over the creek, which was quite enjoyable. Other swings hung from poles, chains, and cables.

The house had interesting rooms in it, especially for us grandchildren. One of the rooms was unique because it was in a small area that had been dug into the hill underneath a large rock. This is where my grandmother stored her canning jars. I enjoyed going with her to see where she kept the jars on shelves all around the sides. Water dripped continuously from the large overhead rock, which was covered with moss. It seemed like I was going into a cave.

One of the rooms was unique because it was in a small area that had been dug into the hill underneath a large rock.

The bathroom had an unusual view of the side of the hill. I could look out the window, and ferns would be peeking in at me. The bathtub was an old claw-footed, free-standing tub.

Next, I liked to visit Granddaddy's office. It was typical of Granddaddy, as it had papers stacked everywhere and notes pinned to the walls.

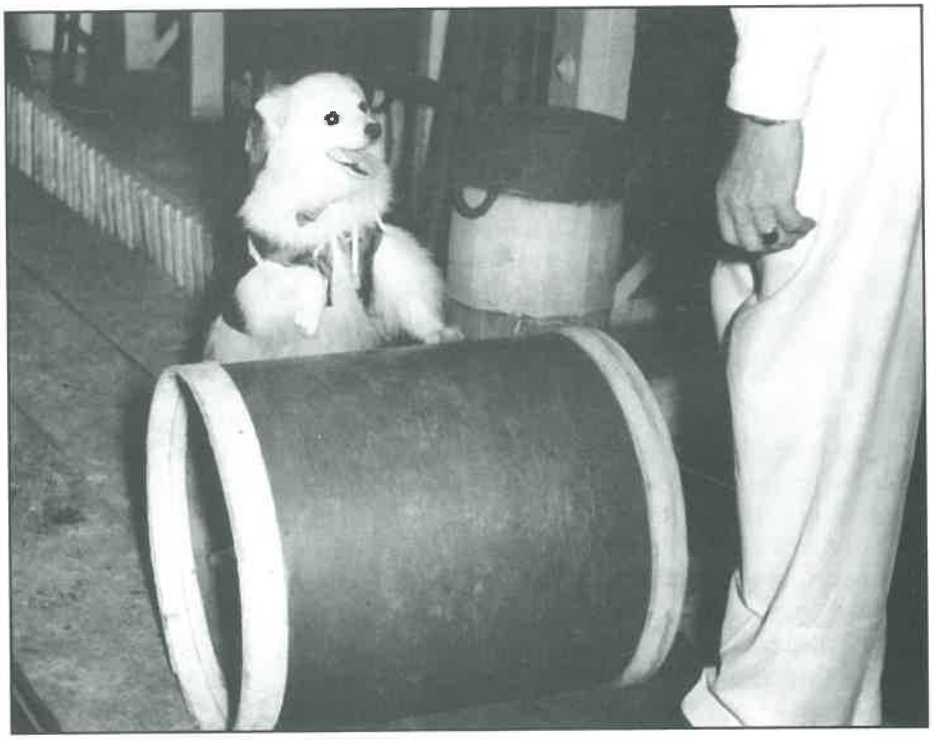
But the most exciting room was the magic room. This was a whole new world for a child. It, too, had every space covered from wall to wall and even some things hanging from the ceiling. If we were lucky, some of us kids would go to this room with Granddaddy, and he would perform his magic tricks while we sat on our stools. He took pennies from behind our ears and on top of our heads with his magic wand. He instructed us to say "hocus pocus" before these things would work. He trained Lassie, his small spitz dog, to perform 13 types of tricks. She could climb a ladder, push a baby carriage, walk between my

grandfather's legs, and stand on her hind legs. Granny made her two satin outfits, consisting of jackets, ties, and hats with feathers. Lassie was very attentive to Granddaddy during these shows and at all other times.

Then my grandfather would become a ventriloquist with his large dummy, Windy Higgins, a sailor boy. Windy talked and sang with Granddaddy, and we all enjoyed it. It was quite an ordeal to get Windy Higgins' long black legs back into his case, which looked like a suitcase. But my favorite dummy was Peedro, who was small and looked like a weasel. He appeared out of a red hat. When he responded to a question, he would whistle his answers. This act kept everyone's attention. These performances were a highlight of my life. Granddaddy performed at schools and churches, and Granny was always there to assist him during his presentations.

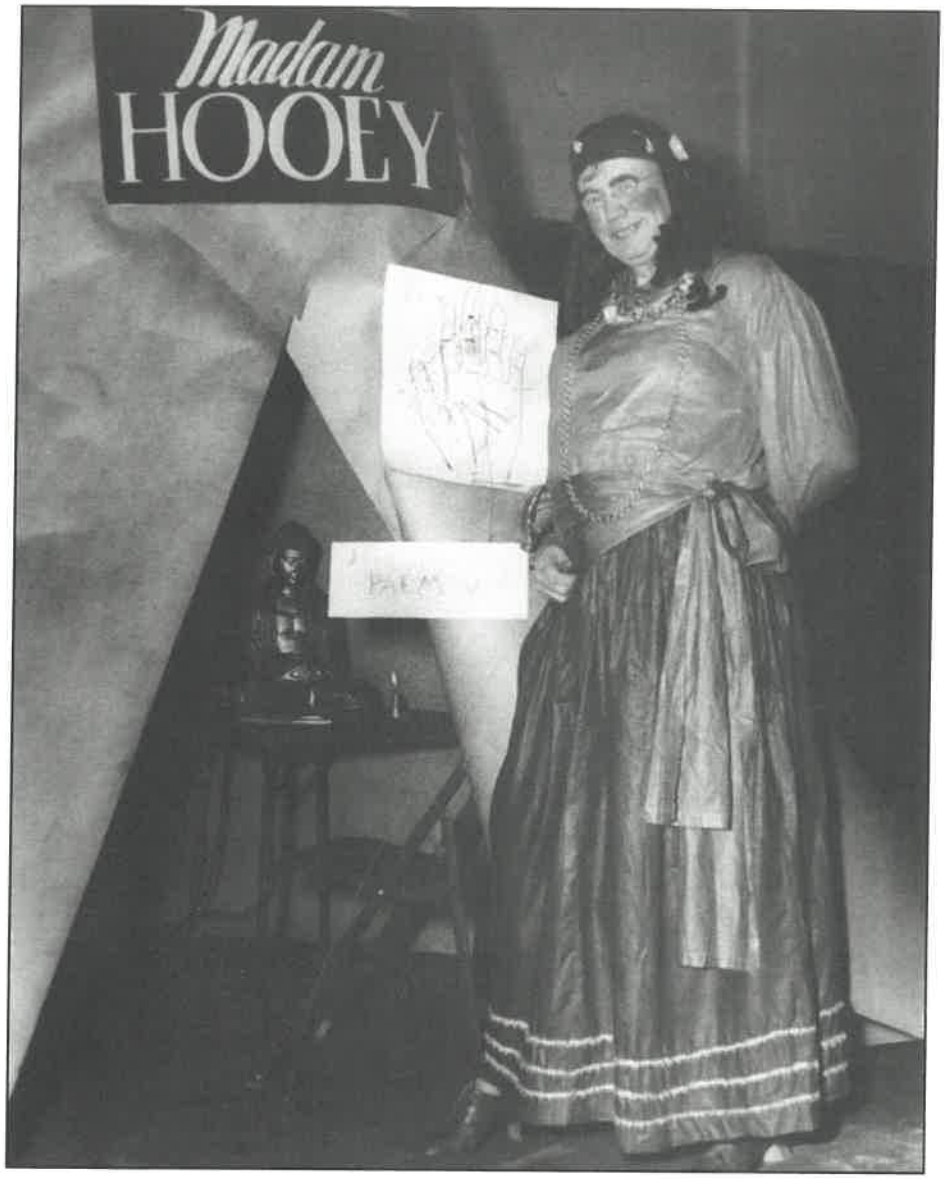
An amateur magician and ventriloquist, Noble Conner entertained grandchildren as well as local school and church groups. Here, he sits with daughter Millie and grandson Bernard Conner. From the left, the dummies are Windy Higgins, Janey, and Oscar. This photograph was made in 1949.

Some of my other fond memories of "The Pines" are crossing a small footbridge and stopping to find a few crawdads under rocks. We might need them for fishing. We also rolled dough balls for fishing. Granddaddy insisted that we roll them until they were perfectly round. I guess this was the way the fish preferred them. In addition to fishing, sometimes we would go in the boat to check the trot lines with Granddaddy. I will never forget the one time there were two or three of us kids in the boat when Granddaddy pulled up a great snapping turtle. When it got in the boat, we got out!



Lassie, a small spitz dog, performed tricks during the 1950's.

Before my grandparents moved to



Noble Conner as "Madame Hooey," in 1955.

"The Pines," they lived on Bigley Avenue with their four sons and two daughters. While living there, Granddaddy and one of his brothers opened the first self-service grocery store in Charleston. The oak counter from this store is now part of the West Virginia State Museum at the Capitol.

Around this time, Granddaddy had the opportunity to ride in his first horseless buggy. This experience convinced him to buy a large touring automobile, which was one of the first in the Kanawha Valley. Soon after this purchase, he took his family to Morgantown to see his brother, Frank. There was no direct road to Morgantown, as there is today, so they went to Point Pleasant, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and then finally to Morgantown. Each night they stopped, pitched a tent, cooked their food, and were on the road again the next morning. The trip was plagued with flat tires, since tires had not been perfected at that time. When they arrived in Morgantown, they camped in Frank's yard. I never saw Granddaddy's touring car, but I remember him owning a large, black Packard. He picked me up for Sunday school in this car when my father was working shift work at DuPont in Belle. The Packard had the license plate 388.

Every year, Granddaddy would send out hundreds of postcards to announce the date and time for the Conner reunion. When the reunion invitation arrived, we always knew it was from Granddaddy because he had his own form of calligraphy and used a little red pencil most of the time. He would touch the tip of the pencil to his tongue to keep the letters nice and crisp. He signed the invitations with his initials, which were his mark and resembled John Hancock's signature.

At the reunion, Granddaddy would set up sawhorses with planks and tablecloths. At the end of the table was a large stone, where Granddaddy would put a crock of Kool-Aid. This was Granddaddy's trademark drink. It was orange with orange slices and was very sweet.

People came from miles around to attend the reunions. There was much pomp and circumstance, and a "Conner Queen" would be crowned each year, complete with a tiara, roses, and pictures. The local paper always printed a picture of the queen.

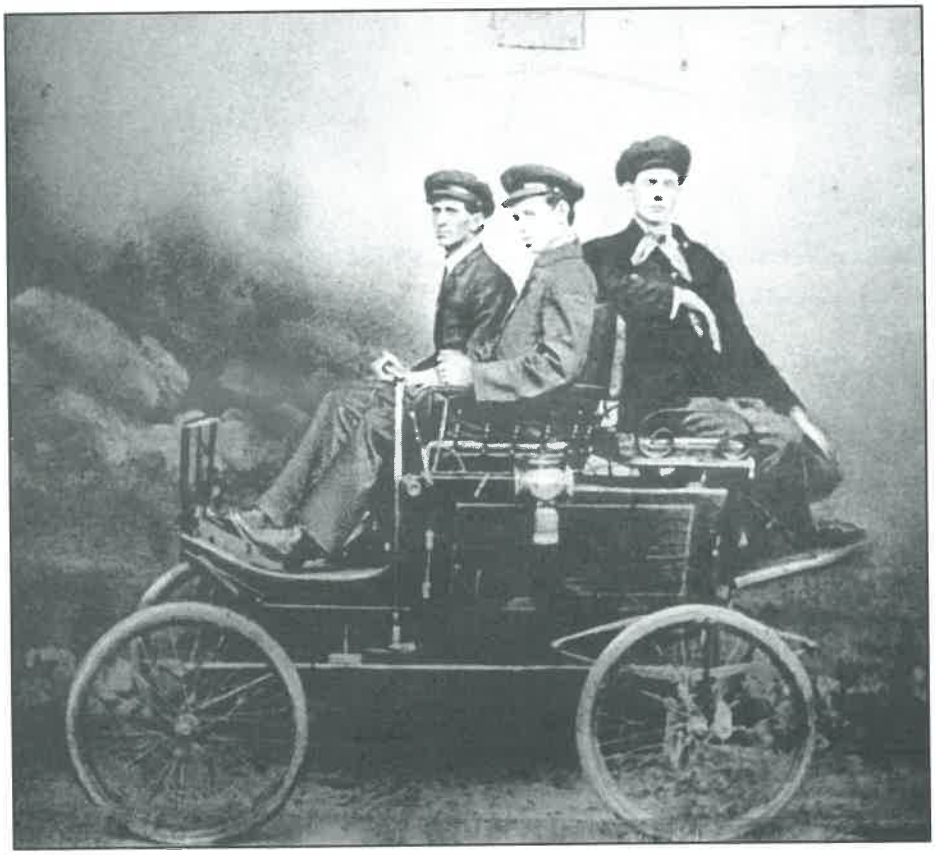
If you saw my grandfather downtown, he might be wearing his traditional white suit. He had one for summer and one for winter, including white buck shoes. He always had a fresh flower in his lapel, even if it was just a dandelion. He might be headed to the Capitol where he was chief of the consumer sales tax division of the State Tax Department for years and set up the tax system here. At one time, government officials from Italy came to observe his system. At another time, he ran for secretary of state, but was defeated.

In the afternoon, he might be scurrying off to check on an oil or gas well that he owned. He enjoyed selling portions of these wells to different parties. Even after nearly 50 years, I still receive small dividends from these properties. He bought property in many places and owned some of it with other people. After his death, it was hard to find many of these locations.

In the early 1900's, the Conner brothers opened and operated the first self-service grocery store in Charleston, located on Bigley Avenue. Today, the oak counter from this store is on display in the West Virginia State Museum. Noble Conner stands at right in this undated photograph; others are unidentified.

Granddaddy and Granny were charter members of Central Methodist Church. At church, they always sat in the same pew, which became known as the "Conner pew." They taught Sunday school and held different offices at the church. My greatest memory from Sunday school was when Granddaddy was superintendent of the junior department. I was in junior high school, and he set up an attendance contest between two teams. Each team had a cardboard car. One was red, and one was blue. He attached strings with marks representing miles. The cars were set up on the heating vent that stretched the length of the Sunday school room. Each Sunday when we went to our rooms, a head count was taken. It was a great moment as the teams cheered on the cars as they moved along the strings toward the finish line.

When my grandmother's health was failing, Granddaddy would drive her in the car so she could sit and watch him working in the



Noble Conner sits in the "rumble seat" for his first ride in a horseless buggy, in abut 1905. Also pictured are Ernest Conner (left) and J. Harry Bowles.

than watch me drink water?

The first round of judging was the municipal division, also known as tap water. There were 23 finalists, some nearly flawless. But most were impaired, making it easy to taste the chlorine, fluoride, and other additives municipal systems use to clean their water. After that, 11 purified waters arrived. This was municipal water that has undergone reverse osmosis, carbon filtration, or some other treatment in order to purify municipal water and sell it as drinking water. The quality of the purified waters is far superior to the municipals. However, one notices a uniformly sanitized element to the waters. After all, most naturally occurring minerals have been stripped out.

To fight palette fatigue, judges are given water crackers (insert your own joke here), which activate the saliva in the mouth, bringing back a balance so that the water can be judged by viscosity (silky or flat mouth feel), aftertaste (there should be no aftertaste), specific unwanted odors (sulfur, potassium, or fluoride), and clarity (water varies in appearance from cloudy to brilliant).

A break follows, and we judges have a light dinner of fairly bland food and are denied wine or coffee, which seems rather cruel. Returning from our break, it is stunning to see the room nearly packed with the public. The ranks have swelled, and reporters representing NPR, NBC, and local media are present. The ambient noise has increased exponentially, and there is a palpable energy in the room. We judges have returned in suits and ties and formal wear, giving an almost red-carpet feel to the place, though no paparazzi seem willing to chase us.

The next category includes the 20 finalists for bottled non-carbonated water. These are the natural spring waters bottled for consumption, unadulterated and as pristine as you can get. The last category is sparkling water, and 14 carbonated waters dance in the glasses before me. The majority are effervescent with pinpoint bubbles and restrained carbonation. In the back of the room, a public tasting allows anyone to sample the same waters we are judging, and, surprisingly there are animated discussions. Cue the tabulators, and the awards are handed out.

After the awards, it's game on for the "water rush," which allows the public to rush the stage and lay claim to the untold number of unopened water bottles on display. I had heard about this and found it odd. Then I saw it. People take this seriously, and it's not uncommon for suitcases, plastic trash bags, and oversized canvas bags to be at the ready, as eager adults and kids seize the moment to score their share. Some people devised a plan to split up and score different bottles on different sides of the stage. One young girl collected more than 35 different bottles from a variety of countries, and she was hoping to add to her collection.

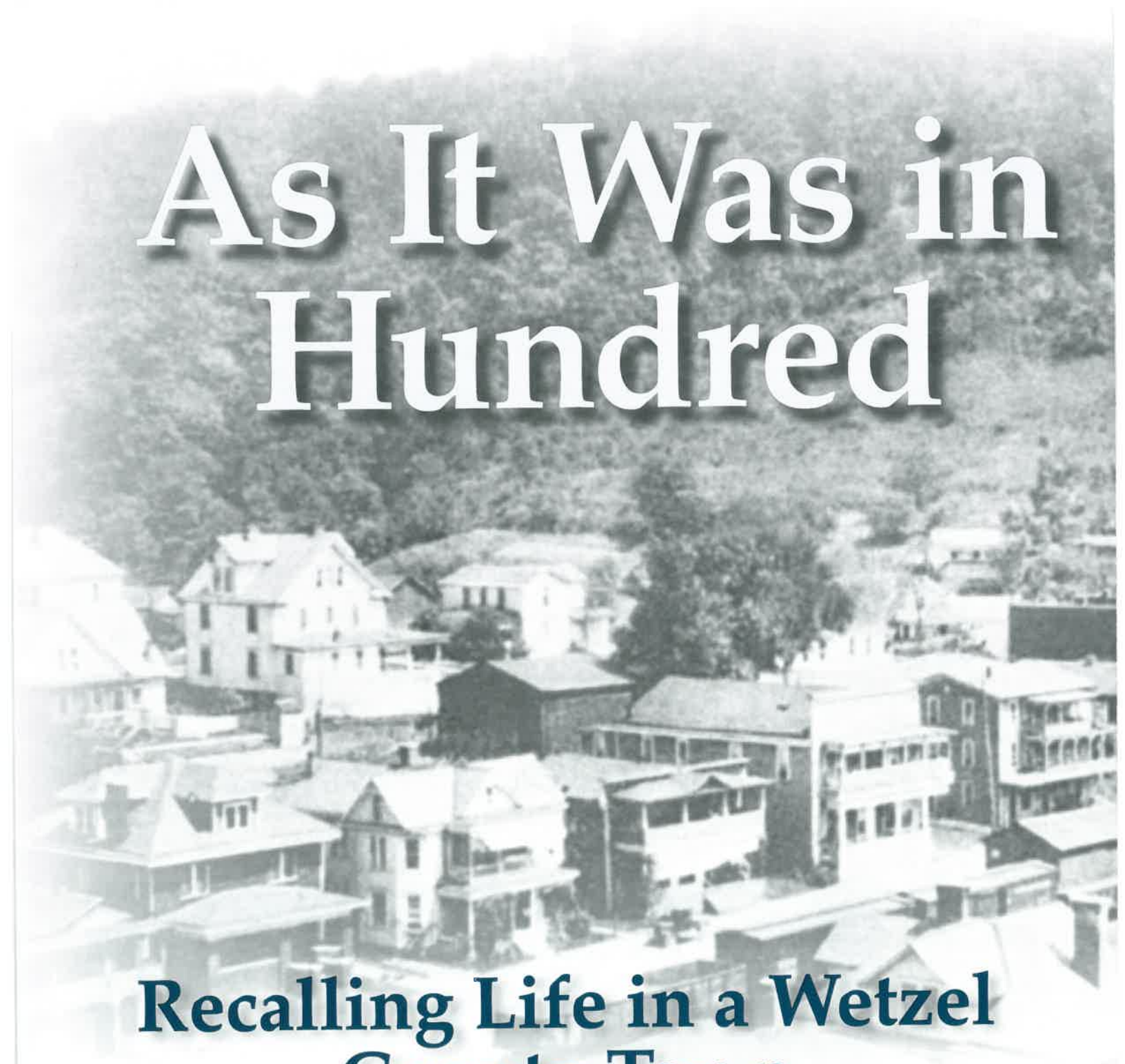
"I'm ecstatic and astounded at what we've accomplished with the tasting. It has put Berkeley Springs on the map," says Jeanne Mozier, one of the founders of the tasting. "It's a significant event for the industry, and it brings municipal and bottled waters together."

She acknowledges that when the idea began percolating two decades ago about forming the tasting, people were bemused. "Everyone thought I was totally insane," she says. Insanity or marketing genius, every year in the dead of winter, water is held in high esteem in this small corner of West Virginia.

For complete results, visit www.berkeleysprings.com/water/winners09.htm

MICHAEL CERVIN makes his home in Santa Barbara, California, where he is the restaurant critic for the *Santa Barbara News-Press*. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Attendees flash victorious smiles following the "water rush" at the close of the competition, where they are encouraged to grab all the free water they can carry. The 2010 International Water Tasting will take place February 25-28 at the Country Inn, Berkeley Springs.

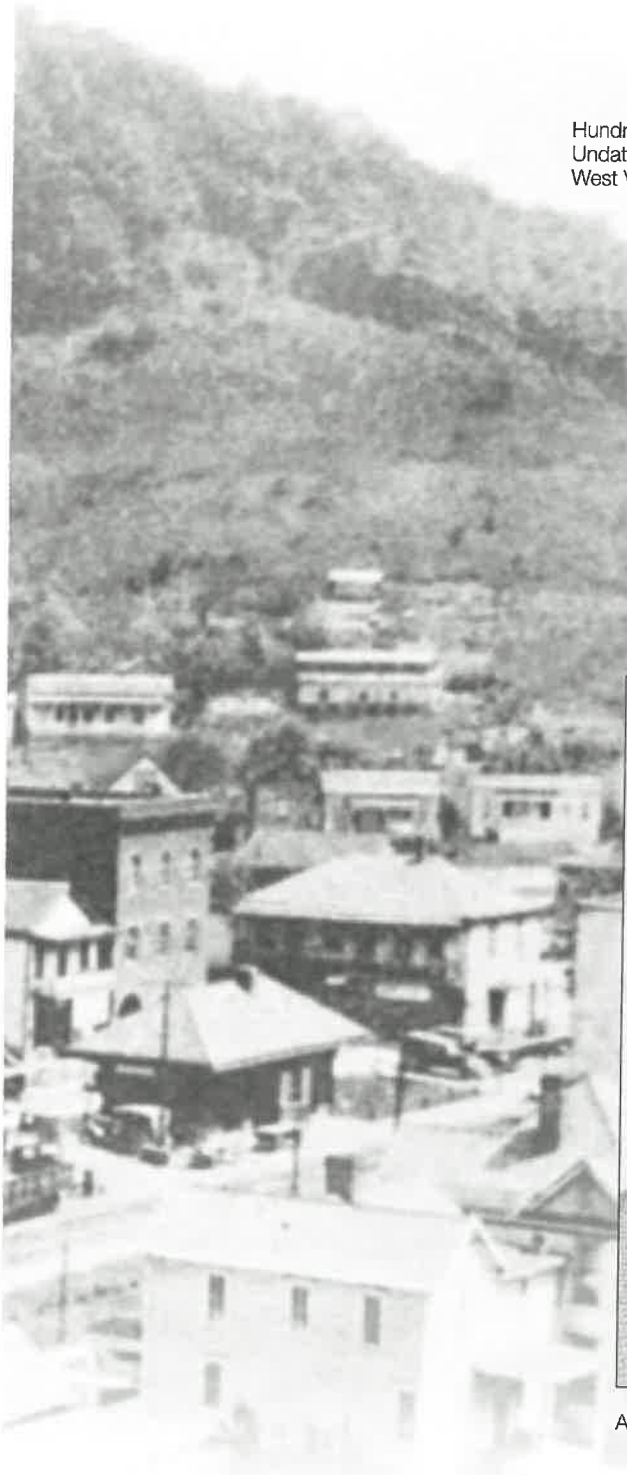


As It Was in Hundred

Recalling Life in a Wetzel County Town

By Bob Masters

At a recent high school reunion, some old friends and I reminisced about life in Hundred, the Wetzel County town where we grew up. We soon began to e-mail one another and share memories of the town during the 1940's and '50's, when we were kids. It was a time when Santa Claus came down the chimney on Christmas eve, when witches rode their broomsticks across the moon on Halloween, and when there was splendor in the grass on summer mornings. It was a time when this small West Virginia town was the center of our universe.



Hundred, Wetzel County, looking east. Undated postcard view, courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

Author Bob Masters, in the late 1950's.

Looking back, we can remember a town with fewer than 1,000 inhabitants, but which held all of the delights and amusements that a youngster could want. It was a place where kids could roam and play without being in any real danger. On Saturdays, the town teemed with folks who arrived early and stayed late. Sidewalks the length of Pennsylvania Avenue were crowded with people. All businesses located along this short thoroughfare were open until 9 p.m. There was a busy excitement about the place that is hard to imagine today.

Maxine (Bartrug) Straight recalls that she and her family came to Hundred every Saturday night. They would sit in their parked car and watch the people go by. She remembers seeing, on more than one occasion, Bob Keffer, the town cop, holding some miscreant by his shirt collar and escorting him to jail. Maxine's family lived just outside of town in the Burton area. For several years now, Maxine and her husband, Gail, have made their home in Norwalk, Ohio.

My friends and I have been able to identify more than 50 locally owned businesses that existed in Hundred during those years. Here are a few we recall.

Fred Berline's lumber shed was located in the west end of town. Kids were drawn to the shed like a magnet. It had ladders, catwalks, and nooks and crannies created by the stacks of sweet-smelling lumber, which made wonderful hiding places. Johnny Oliver recalls having twice witnessed what he thinks must have been "ball lightning" when playing in the vicinity of the lumber shed. He and some of his friends were astounded by the phenomenon, but not frightened enough to stop them from playing in and around the lumber shed. That building was razed many years ago. Johnny retired from Hope Gas in 1994, after 36 years of service. For the past 20 years, he has been an amateur paleontologist and fossil hunter, working with the faculty of Marietta College. Johnny and his wife, Charlotte, live in Williamstown, Wood County.

The Hundred Milling Company was situated between U.S. Route 250 and Wetzel Street. This business was owned jointly by John Snider and J.E. Shull. The main part of the structure housed a mill for grinding corn. The west end of the building contained a feed store with a creamery in the basement. On the north side, facing Wetzel Street, there were large piles of sand and gravel. In summertime, boys and girls from all over town

The Commercial Hotel, located across the street from the B&O depot in downtown Hundred. During the years when it was owned by stationmaster E.C. Riddle, it was known as the New Commercial Hotel. After he sold it in the mid-1950's, it became known once again as the Commercial Hotel, as reflected in this late-1950's photograph.

moved back to Hundred in 2006.

When I was a small child, my family lived directly across the street from the mill. I remember people coming to town in horse-drawn conveyances and tying up to a hitching rail located between the sand pile and the creamery. I recall one outfit in particular, pulled by a mismatched team that included a large horse and a small mule. The wagon was an old, ramshackle affair with wobbly wheels that looked as if they might fall off at any minute. The driver and his wife sat on a seat in the front of the wagon under a large, black umbrella, and their

came to play in the sand pile. They would build sand castles, construct roads for their toy automobiles, and jump from a retaining wall into the loose sand below. Kids would also sometimes sneak into the feed store and climb around on the sacks of feed, which were stacked up to the ceiling. This was strictly forbidden, and, if discovered by Hump Snider or Doc Garrison, the children were told to leave the building. However, Katy (McNeely) Watson says that she and Sandra (Smith) Bradley, Mr. Shull's granddaughter, were always allowed to play around in the feed store. Katy and her husband, Perry, moved to Willoughby, Ohio, in 1956 and lived there for 50 years. They

He-Boy Hennen used this vintage Studebaker touring car as a taxi, picking up passengers from the train depot, visible at right. This undated photograph shows Hennen and his Studebaker in a Fourth of July parade through downtown Hundred.

numerous children were strewn here and there in the bed of the wagon. It was a scene right out of a William Faulkner novel and one that I shall never forget. The entire structure that housed the mill, the feed store, and the creamery was torn down in 1969.

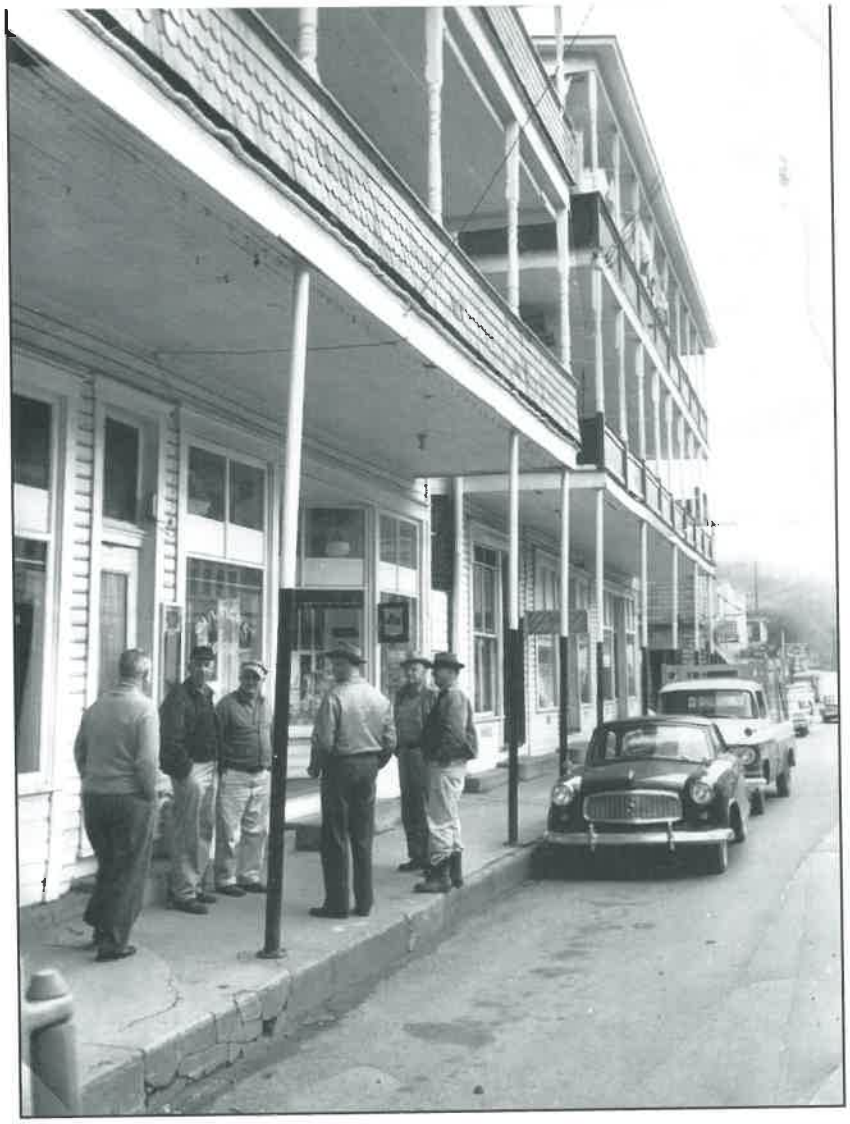
The New Commercial Hotel was situated directly across the street from the B&O depot. The hotel, a three-story frame structure, remains today but has been vacant for several years. Mr. E.C. Riddle, who was the B&O stationmaster, also owned the hotel. Ethel Riddle, Mr. Riddle's daughter, was an elementary school teacher who worked for many years in the Christian education field and in the travel industry, retiring in 1989. She now resides in Marysville, Pennsylvania. Ethel tells about servicemen coming home by train at the end of World War II. She recalls observing soldiers disembarking from the train and being greeted by her father. Often the exact date and the time of their arrival in town would not be known in advance by the families. Mr. Riddle would allow the returning soldiers to use the depot telephone to call home. If the boys needed transportation, they would hire He-Boy Hennen to take them home in an aged Studebaker touring car, which he used as a taxi.

The children of Pierce and Nancy Masters, preparing to attend their mother's funeral in 1942. In front, from the left, are Merle, Earl, George, and Rosemary. Behind are Jack, Betty, Cecyle, and Joan. Their outfits were purchased at Hinerman Brothers in Hundred.

Drummond's Dry Cleaning stood on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Wetzel Street. Boys and girls coming home from the grade school would pause briefly to smell the pungent odor of naphtha that emanated from the building. Bud, one of the Drummond boys, played the bass drum in a community band that often performed on Saturday nights. He was always the center of attention, a showman of consummate skill. Bud used two beaters and played on both sides of the drum, twirling the beaters, making crossover licks and flourishes without missing a stroke. The building that housed Drummond's Dry Cleaning was razed a few years back.

Hinerman Brothers, an establishment that carried clothing primarily for women and children, was located on the first floor of a two-story frame building at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and U.S. Route 250. The second floor of the building housed the Orioles Club. Hinerman Brothers had a genteel atmosphere not to be found in other businesses around town. Joan (Masters) Myers recalls being taken to the store when she was 10 years old by her aunt and uncle to buy new clothes for her mother's funeral. Joan came from a family of eight children, and each of them was brought to the store to purchase a new outfit. She remembers two large windows at the front, which displayed various kinds of wearing apparel. The inside of the store seemed cool, quiet, and rather formal. Joan's aunt and uncle had picked out a somber outfit for her, which would have been appropriate for the occasion. However, Joan spied a yellow-and-brown dress with a white collar and a bow in the back. She quietly took her uncle's hand and whispered that she liked the dress. Suitable for a funeral or not, the dress was hers. Joan retired from U.S. Airways in 1995 and lives with her husband, Bob, in the Laurel Highlands of southwestern Pennsylvania.

Heinie Snyder's Five-and-Ten Cents Store was located on the ground floor of a three-story frame building on Pennsylvania Avenue, the main street of town. Heinie's store was adjacent to Junky Bill's Clothing. The Five-and-Ten was a fascinating place for kids. Bob



Left: Men gather on Pennsylvania Avenue in Hundred during the late 1950's.

Haines grew up in Hundred and taught at Hamilton Junior High School in Parkersburg for 35 years, retiring in 1999. He and his wife, Marilyn, continue to live in Parkersburg and have two daughters. Bob recalls that during the Christmas season, some of the regular merchandise in the Five-and-Ten was temporarily relocated in order to make extra room for toys. The windows at the front of the store were also filled with toys at that time of year. Boys and girls would stand on the sidewalk and gaze at all of the wonderful things on display. This building was torn down a few years ago, as well.

Taylor's Barbershop and Dick Arnett's Clothing Store were housed on the ground floor of a three-story frame building to the immediate right of the Five-and-Ten. The barbershop was a hangout for older, retired men. In bad weather, they would congregate inside the shop. But in fair weather, the men would sit outside on a bench facing the street. Most of them

Below: This Ford Tri-Motor airplane flipped off the end of the runway of the Hundred Airport in the 1940's. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Youngsters exploring the wreckage discovered that the plane had wicker seats.

Several graduates from Hundred High School posed for a picture at a recent reunion. In the front row, from the left, are author Bob Masters, Maxine Straight, Katy Watson, and Joan Myers. Behind are John Oliver, Bob Haines, and Sonny Masters. Photograph by John Oliver.

chewed tobacco, and the sidewalk was stained dark brown from all of their chewing and spitting. Local residents referred to the place as the "Liar's Bench." Johnny Oliver says that one time he and some other boys were walking past the barbershop when one of the men sitting on the bench sneezed and his false teeth flew out into the street. The man casually walked over, picked up his teeth, and promptly shoved them back into his mouth.

The Hundred Airport was constructed in the 1930's by the federal Works Progress Administration (WPA). Some hilltops above town were leveled off to create a short landing strip. It was the only piece of flat ground in the entire area. During the 1930's and '40's, there were air shows at the airport, featuring stunt pilots, parachutists, and plane rides. Sonny Masters recalls that a Ford Tri-Motor, which was there for a show, came in for a landing and went over the south end of the airport, coming to rest on its back. Fortunately, no one was hurt in the crash. After the plane was hauled back up to the airfield, Sonny and some of his friends went inside the aircraft and discovered it had wicker seats. Sonny Masters grew up at Carnegie, a mile or two below Hundred. He was a Marine during World War II and served in the South Pacific. Sonny retired from Solvey Chemical in Moundsville, where he and his wife, Madge, continue to live.

With the help of a few old friends and the aid of their collective memory, it is possible to look back in time and to see our hometown as it was when we were young.

The airfield was last used in the late 1940's, when Texas pipe buyers came to purchase casing extracted from oil and gas wells that had been plugged. One buyer, Cliff Collins, wore a cowboy hat and boots, flew a Cessna, and looked just like Sky King from the popular television program. In the 1950's, the airport became primarily a hayfield and a playground for the kids. Bob Haines remembers spending many a fine day playing soldier with friends on the abandoned airfield. Local fox hunters built a shanty on the north end of the field sometime during this same period.

And so it was, in this small town some 50 to 60 years ago. We may not be able to go home again, and we certainly can't relive the past. But with the help of a few old friends and the aid of their collective memory, it is possible to look back in time and to see our hometown as it was when we were young.

BOB MASTERS grew up in Hundred, Wetzel County. He is a graduate of West Virginia University and holds a master's degree from Vanderbilt University. Bob retired as library director at Fairmont State College, now Fairmont State University, in 1999. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Summer 2009 issue.

Christmas In a One-Room School

By Norma Payne

My mother, Norma (Sinsel) Payne, was born outside of Philippi, Barbour County, two days after Christmas in 1930. She always dreamed of being a teacher. After graduating from Belington High School, she studied at Alderson-Broaddus College and then at Fairmont State, where she earned her teaching certificate. She was a teacher for more than 40 years, much of it in urban Ohio, but her fondest memories were always of the time when she taught in one-room schoolhouses in rural Barbour County. After her death, I found an old spiral notebook, where, written out in longhand, she had recorded her memories of those teaching assignments of so long ago. Here is an excerpt. —Kevin Payne

The real highlight of the school year always came at Christmastime. The annual school Christmas program was something that the whole community looked forward to, and it was up to the teacher to get the whole thing up and running.

I would start by searching for the just the right skits, plays, and poems that were appropriate for each group of children. Once those were selected, each child got busy memorizing their lines. Each child would have a part. In the case of the older children, they would usually get several parts. The students were each responsible for their own costume, and with their mothers' help, they were always dressed just right for their roles.

With my aid and supervision, the whole class would set up our stage. But when it came to the Christmas tree, that was another story. The older boys at the school, with permission from their parents, would always be responsible for going out and cutting down a tree, a task that always seemed to take them most of a whole school day to do. It never failed that the tree they brought back was way too tall, and one side would usually be almost completely bare of needles after they had dragged it all across the country. I learned very quickly that silver icicles could perform miracles. The other children would trim the tree from top to bottom with ornaments of their own making, and when it was finished, everyone would always exclaim how beautiful it looked.

Author Norma Sinsel (Payne) during her senior year at Belington High School.

Students would draw names, and the person whose name you drew was the person you had to buy a gift for. The children would also spend part of their time during the holiday season making gifts that

Norma with students at her first teaching job at the one-room East Bend School in Barbour County, 1950.

they would later give to their parents.

On the last day of school, just before Christmas vacation, we would do a full dress rehearsal of the program. Afterwards, the children would exchange their gifts from each other, and school would be dismissed early. The program itself was always held at night so that everyone could come.

I can still vividly remember walking to the schoolhouse on the night of the big event. It was so still that I could hear the sounds of the snow crunching underneath my boot heels. The mountain air was crisp and pure, and the sky itself was lit up with a thousand stars. One particularly bright star seemed to be shining right down right on the top of the schoolhouse. I couldn't help but think of the star that led the three wise men to the manger on that first Christmas night.

Within the school, there was standing-room only. Parents, grandparents, family, neighbors, in fact most of the whole community were packed inside.

We opened the program with the students singing "Silent Night." While the children hummed, I read the Christmas story out of the Bible. The students in the play got ready while other children stood up front and recited poems. The final skit of the evening would always be filled with a lot of humor. To wrap things up, everyone in attendance would join in with some caroling.

Then came the moment that all the children had been waiting for. The students would form a line, from the youngest to the oldest. It was a well-known fact in that part of the country that if a large group of children sang "Jingle Bells" long enough and loud enough, that Santa Claus would hear it and come running. Usually, about the third time through the song, there would be a tremendous noise outside on the porch followed immediately by the sounds of stomping boot heels. And then Santa himself would burst through the door with a huge pack slung over his shoulder. The clamor of his heavy boots, the sounds of his walking stick pounding against the school's wooden floor, and the loud "Ho, Ho, Ho!" he was shouting were almost deafening. It was about that time that the younger brothers and sisters in the audience would start crying.

Santa would shake hands and greet people as he made his way to the front of the room. Just as he passed by the potbellied stove, he would trip over the coal bucket and scatter coal all across the floor. This happened every year, without fail.

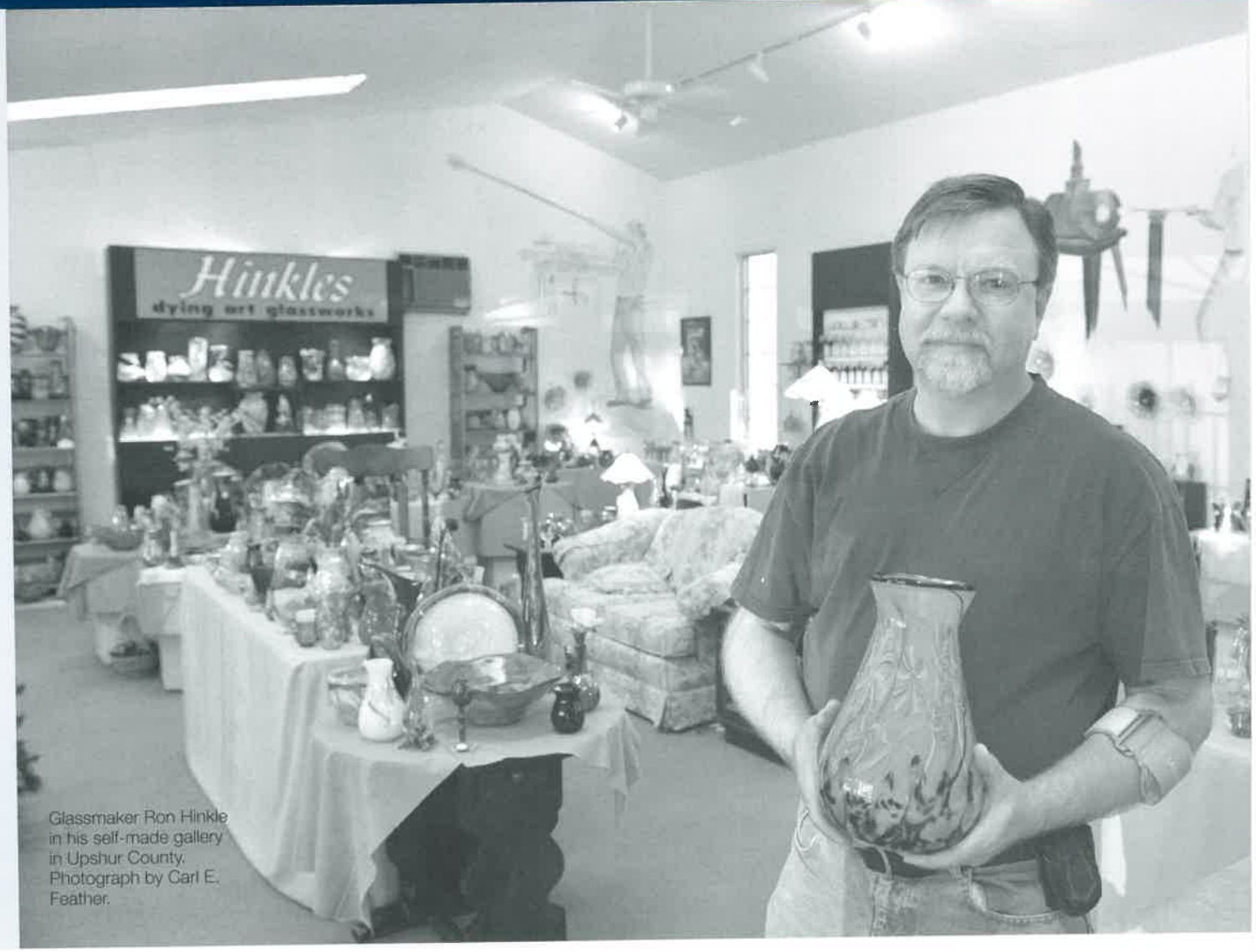
Finally, Santa made it over to the students and gave each one some candy, an orange, and a gift from the teacher. Back then, there were no PTA's or PTO's, so the teacher was responsible for buying all of that.

After distributing his loot, and after even more fanfare, Santa would make his way to the back of the room and disappear out the door. As soon as he left, the students would immediately ask each other who Santa reminded them of. Or they would speculate over what man was now missing from the audience who had previously been there. The older students would always ask me who he really was, but I would never tell.

After the program, with a sigh of relief, I walked home to my father, mother, and brother. We had hot chocolate, coffee, and cookies. Later, friends stopped over, and somebody would pull out a guitar and we would sing every Christmas song and carol that we knew. It was a time in my life that I'll never forget.

"I Have All I

By Carl E. Feather



Glassmaker Ron Hinkle in his self-made gallery in Upshur County. Photograph by Carl E. Feather.

Ron Hinkle is triple blessed. He lives on the family farm, makes his living doing what he loves, and he is very good at what he does.

Ron is a glass artist, one of a handful remaining in West Virginia, a state historically associated with glass. At the industry's zenith, there were an estimated 500 producers in the state. Today, this Upshur County resident can count the remaining glassmakers on his fingers, with a few digits left over.

The exodus left unfilled niches in the art glass market — limited runs of commemorative and award glass, unique ware for the collectors' market, and gift-shop novelties bearing the elusive "Made in U.S.A." label. These are the voids filled by Ron, who has seen a steady increase in sales since his Hinkle's Dying Art Glassworks began turning out its stunning work in the fall of 1993. Ron, who has since changed the studio's name to Ron Hinkle Glass, says the original name reflected what was happening in the industry at that point.

"What I was hoping to do was keep alive the art of glass blowing in a state where it was quickly be-

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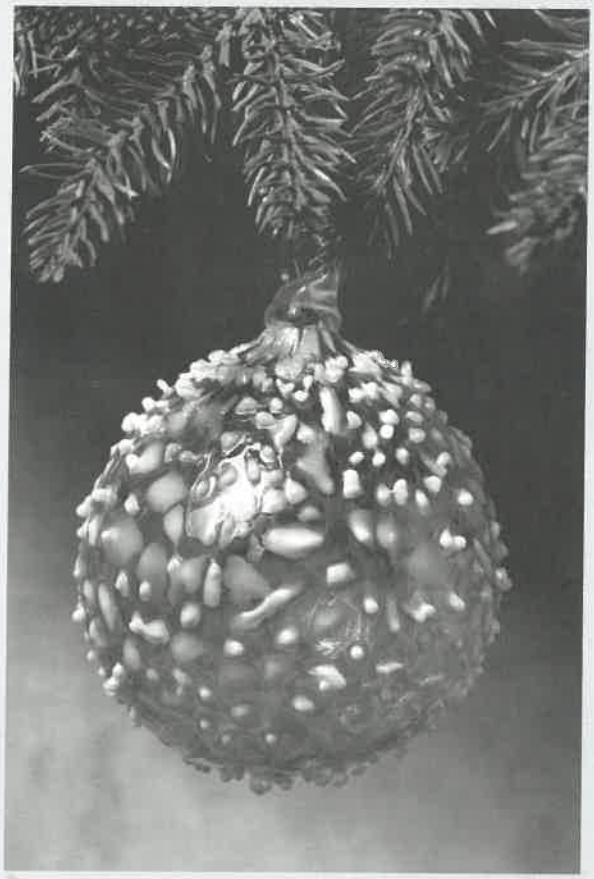
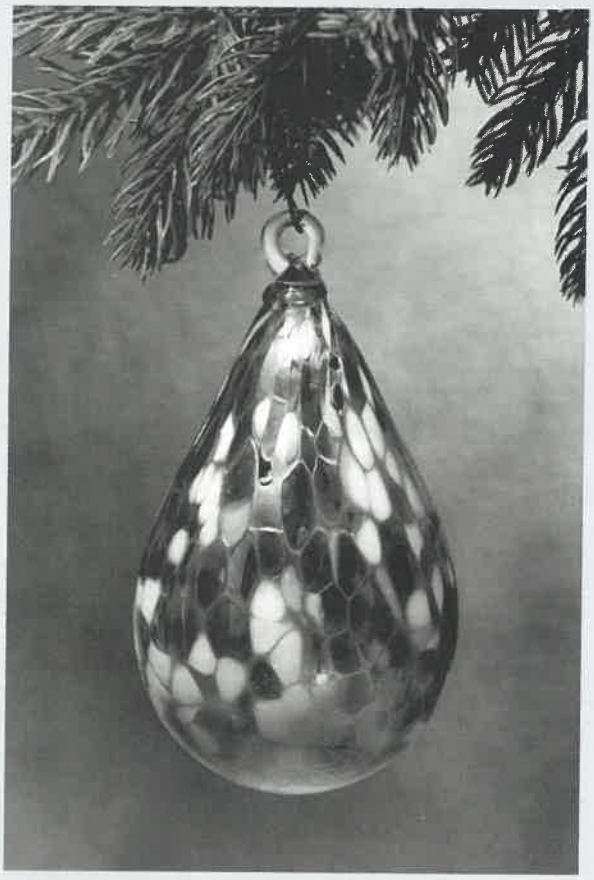




Holiday ornaments are popular items for Ron. His ornaments have been displayed on trees at the West Virginia Governor's Mansion and at the White House. Photographs by Kitty Vickers.

Glass Artist Ron Hinkle

coming a dying art," Ron says.

His studio, gallery, and home stand on former farmland that's been in the Hinkle family for at least four generations. A narrow dirt road that branches off the Sago Road, south of Buckhannon, leads to the studio. From this modest, secluded setting, Ron ships his glass to gift shops in more than 30 states and several international locations. His work is featured at the MountainMade Artisan Gallery in Thomas and at Tamarack in Beckley. It has also garnered Ron numerous awards and prestigious commissions.

His commissions have included making ornaments for the West Virginia Governor's Tree and the Christmas Pageant of Peace trees at the White House. He crafted hundreds of glass peaches for distribution to dignitaries and guests of the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta, Georgia. Ron demonstrated glass blowing at the Mountain State Art & Craft Fair at Ripley for four years, and has participated in numerous other shows and festivals in West Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey.

His greatest pleasure, however,

Ron learned the art of blowing glass while working at Louie Glass in Weston during the 1970's. He is shown here blowing glass at his studio, south of Buckhannon. Photograph by Kitty Vickers.

is introducing studio and gallery visitors to the art of glass production by watching him work in the studio.

"I actually encourage it," Ron says of having visitors walk up the hill from his gallery to watch him and his two extremely skilled employees, Richard Debar and Scott Meyer, at work. "I like to share the knowledge we have."

He is especially interested in sharing that knowledge with school groups. Perhaps one of the students will find in the glow of Ron's furnaces the fire to kindle a career in art glass.

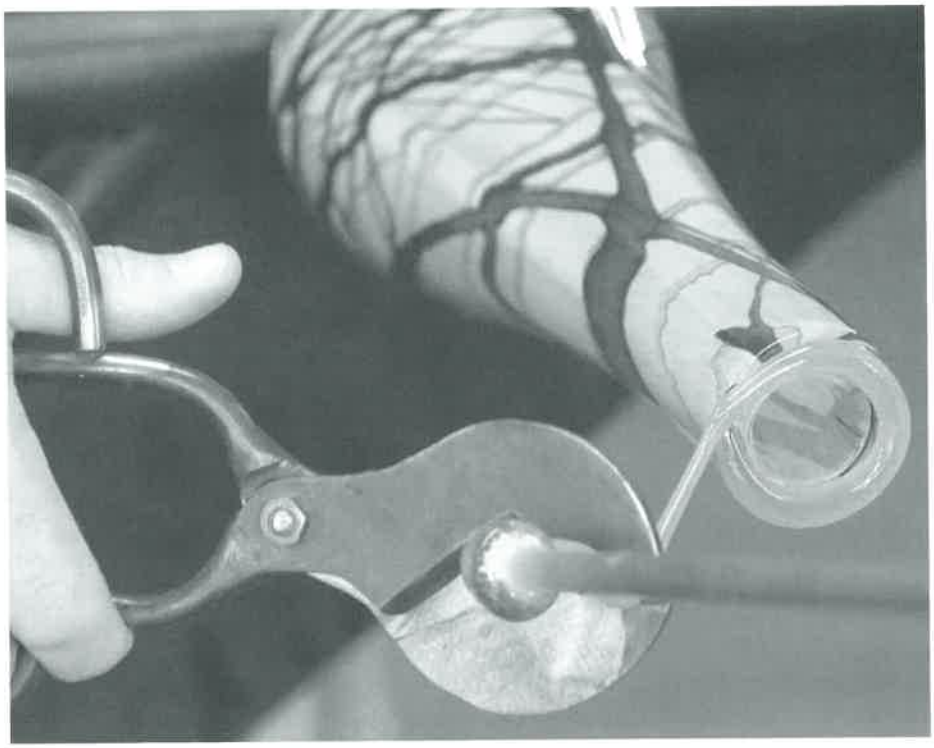
"I hope when [the children] are 60 or 70 years old, they will remember this day I spent with them," Ron says.

Ron's family has been in this area — on the map it's marked as Hinkleville — for several generations. At one time, there was a mile-long stretch of Hinkle-family owned farms along this ridge. Surrounded by grandparents, aunts, and uncles, Ron and his sister, Linda, grew up on the family farm in a nurturing environment.

"It was a close family, and I felt I was special," Ron says. "There was no doubt in my mind I was special. I wasn't sure why, but I felt there was not anything I could not accomplish."

His parents, Paul Eugene and Doris Hinkle, modeled a strong work ethic, which Ron "involuntarily inherited" by virtue of living on a family farm. His father taught him the skills involved in farming, such as welding and fabricating repairs, not unlike the processes used in glass making. His mother taught him how to do crafts and shared a love for natural beauty through her flower gardens.

It was his aunt, Jenneve Hamilton, who introduced Ron to art.



Over the past 30 years, Ron Hinkle has developed into a master glass artist. Here, he adds a bead of molten glass to a vase, a process that requires great skill and two workers. Photograph by Carl E. Feather.

Glass Artist Ron Hinkle

swings the hot piece on the end of the pipe, or rolls it back and forth to create symmetry impart personality. And sometimes, that personality is the result of more than one set of hands.

"Some of the pieces we make are bigger than one person's skills," Ron says. A large bowl can require manipulating 15 pounds of molten glass on the end of a five-foot-long pipe, which makes it feel like 30 pounds.

Ron feels there are several qualities that every successful art glass maker must possess. First is being able to master the movements.

"[Some] people try and try and cannot master the moves," he says. "I believe it's the way the brain is wired."

Second is having the desire to learn and improve, something that has obviously played a significant role in Ron's success. Along with that must come a respect for the dangers associated with the work. Every piece begins as a blob of hot glass that emerges from the propane-fueled furnace maintained at 2,100 degrees.

"A lot of people cannot get over that fear of heat," Ron says. "If you are going to make glass, you got to get over the fear of heat and being cut."

Ron says most glassmakers suffer a serious cut and burn in their first year. All it takes is one incident to hone their awareness. Ron's painful tutors were a cut to his left thumb that went to the bone and required five stitches to repair. His burn was to the lip — a 1,200-degree piece of glass flew up at his face and became lodged in his flesh.

"That smarted pretty good, but it was something I learned from," he says. "You develop this radar. You can feel heat coming toward you. And when you are working around other glassmakers, you keep track of who is where."

Ron says the fourth trait is creativity. "All these things you have to be able to work with, then be able to persevere and learn the trade," he says.

In Ron's case, there's another factor at work — heritage. He is fortunate to work in a state with a rich glassmaking history and plenty of natural beauty and family connections to inspire and sustain him as an artist.

"I feel like I'm still in a very infant state," he says. "This state, as old as it is, has potential to start anew and make it grow. I have the resources and the privilege of having good neighbors and friends you grew up beside, and will be there all your life."

Ron says the thought of relocating his studio from its off-the-beaten-path location to an art glass center has not crossed his mind.

"I'm not getting rich, but I live well," he says. "In West Virginia, you don't have to have a lot to live well. One of the greatest values I have is to sit out here at the end of the day and listen to the crickets chirp and look at the barn my grandfather and his three sons built. That is more valuable to me than the extra money I could make by being elsewhere. I have all I need here."

Concentration shows on the face of glass artist Ron Hinkle. Photograph by 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.

Text and photographs
by Carl E. Feather

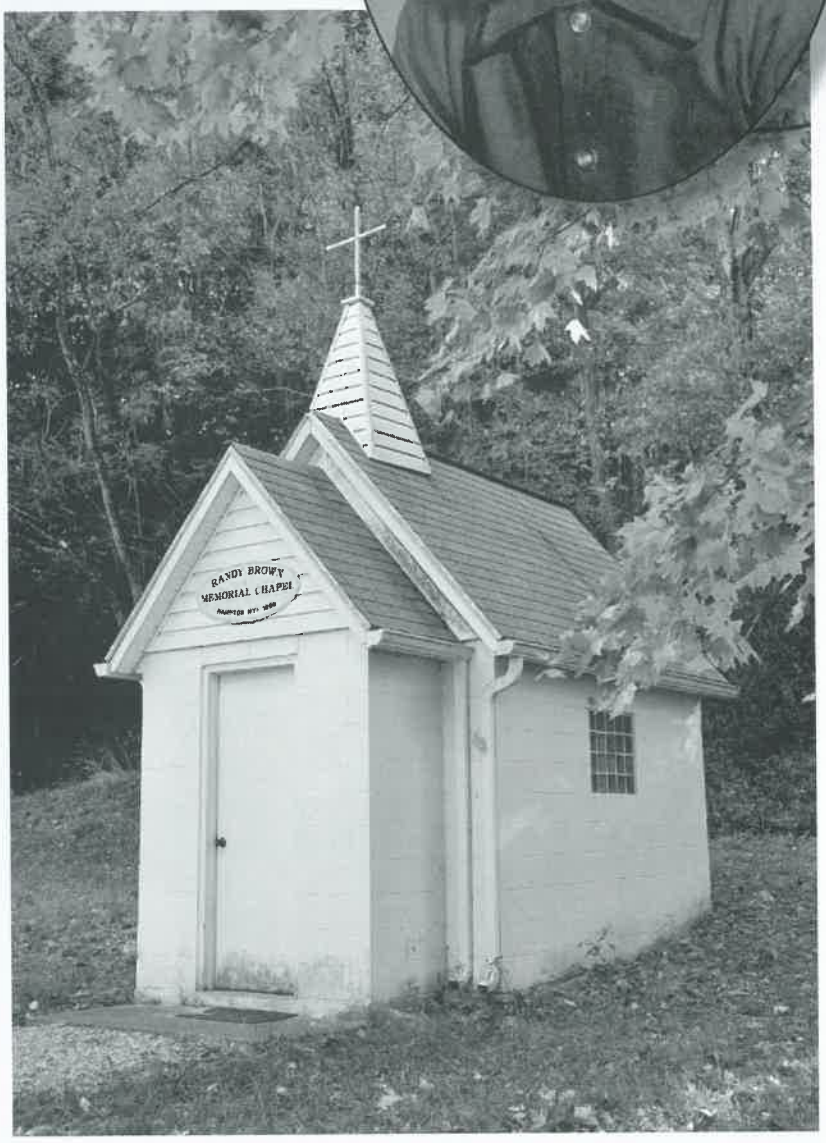
Chapel for a Boy in Upshur County

Seven-year-old Randy Brown died from complications of kidney failure in 1965. This photograph of Randy hangs in the chapel, photographer and date unknown.

The sign reads, "Randy Brown Memorial Chapel, Hampton MYF 1966." Immediately inside the door of this steeple-topped miniature chapel hangs a fading color portrait of seven-year-old Randy Brown, who died in 1965.

The chapel is built on a wooded knoll just off the Sago Road in Upshur County. Its interior is plain — white walls; four short, simple, low pews facing a slightly elevated platform; and a simple pulpit upon which rests an open Bible. A few children's books are scattered across the front pew. A glass-block window arranged in the shape of a cross is at the center of the front wall, and similar windows on each side wall contribute what light the overhanging trees permit.

A poem hangs above a podium toward the rear of the chapel; a registration book rests on the podium. The signatures indicate a steady stream of visitors, local and distant, whose visits to the chapel and Childrens Memorial Park raise more questions than answers. Who was Randy Brown? What claimed him at such a young age? What was so special about his life that it compelled those



The Randy Brown Memorial Chapel in Upshur County, erected in 1966.

West Virginia songwriter Blind Alfred Reed. [See "The Blind Man's Song: Recalling Alfred Reed," by John Lilly; Winter 2008.] The three women alternate singing the melody and harmony parts, resulting in a pleasant variety of vocal arrangements. The lyrical content is consistent with the fundamentalist beliefs held at the Brownsville Holiness Church, where several of these recordings were made. Song titles include "I'm a Child of a King," "Don't Let a Drop of His Blood Be Wasted," and "I Feel He's Already Here."

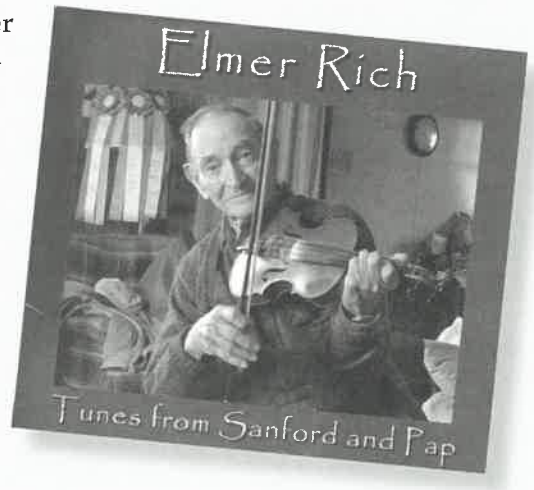
Released by the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame in November 2008, *A Cry From the Mountains* was featured on National Public Radio in August 2009, resulting in widespread interest and sales in excess of $5,000 — unusual for an independent release of this kind, but not surprising considering the unique appeal of this recording.

Copies of *A Cry From the Mountains* are available from the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame, on-line at www.wvmusichalloffame.com; phone (304)342-4412.

Monongalia County fiddler **Elmer Rich** was featured in our Fall 2009 issue. [See "Hard Work and Music: Fiddler Elmer Rich," by Mark Crabtree.] As that story indicates, Elmer was born near the town of Booth in 1919 and grew up in a musical household. As a youngster, Elmer played mandolin in a band that included his father, fiddler Harry "Pap" Rich; and Elmer's uncle, fiddler Sanford Rich. In 1936, the group played for Eleanor Roosevelt at Arthurdale and were recorded for the Library of Congress.

Retired from the railroad since 1980, Elmer has collected many prizes and ribbons for his own excellent fiddling. A new CD release from Augusta Heritage Recordings takes us back to Elmer's roots, as he recalls and plays two dozen tunes from his childhood. *Tunes from Sanford and Pap (AHR 029)* is a field recording, made in Elmer's living room by Mark Crabtree over several visits during 2008 and 2009. Elmer makes a few comments about some of the tunes, then dips into his memory for some wonderful, almost-forgotten melodies. Except for a little unobtrusive guitar accompaniment on a few of the numbers, this CD features solo fiddle. Elmer's command of the instrument is apparent, as he explores these old tunes in a relaxed and comfortable manner. Some are simple melodies, others are quite complex, and several use unusual timing. The CD concludes with four tracks from the famed 1936 Library of Congress session, including the popular "Colored Aristocracy" and an exciting "Lop-Eared Mule," with live square dance calls.

Tunes from Sanford and Pap is an excellent source for fiddlers searching for obscure tunes and a fine sampling of Elmer Rich's soulful and accomplished fiddling. It is available for $15, plus tax and shipping, from the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College, on-line at www.augustaheritage.com; phone (304)637-1209.

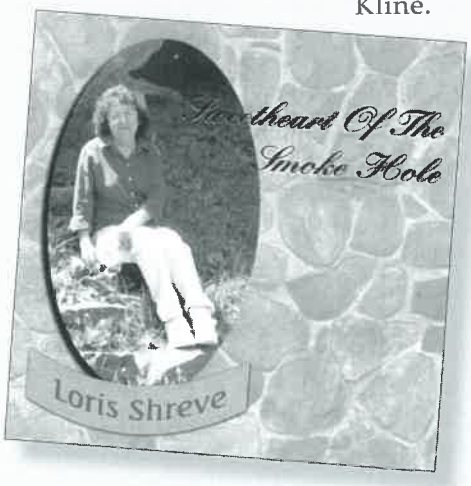


Bobby Taylor is a largely unsung hero of West Virginia's traditional music scene. A fourth-generation fiddler with roots in the Kanawha Valley and Roane County, Bobby is also contest coordinator for both the Vandalia Gathering and the Appalachian String Band Music Festival. [See "Open Arms at Clifftop: 20th Appalachian String Band Music Festival," by John Lilly; Summer 2009.] Though he is one of West Virginia's most respected musicians, Bobby has an acknowledged aversion to recording studios. It is a treat, therefore, that Missouri's Vigortone Records has released a new collection featuring Bobby's fine fiddling.

Bobby Taylor Plays "Ragged Shirt" and Other Favorite Fiddle Tunes from West Virginia (VT-2005) includes 22 instrumentals, with Bobby Taylor on fiddle and St. Louis musicians Jim Nelson on guitar and Jeff Miller on banjo. In the informative liner notes, Bobby cites his sources and influences, including Clark Kessinger, Mike Humphries, and Curley Herdman, from whom he learned his smooth, rolling style. Fans of Bobby's music will probably miss his usual accompanists and the fire in his fiddle on his most popular, show-stopping numbers, but few can find fault in this enjoyable CD of one of West Virginia's hidden masters.

For more information, write to Vigortone Records, 6130 Tennessee Avenue, St. Louis, MO 63111; or visit www.vigortonerecords.com.

Sweetheart of the Smoke Hole, a new CD from **Loris Shreve**, offers an unusual combination of unaccompanied mountain songs and western-style yodeling. Loris and her husband, Lon, own and operate Shreve's Store, about 10 miles below Upper Tract, Pendleton County, located near Smoke Hole Caverns. They host an informal musical gathering there each Memorial Day and Labor Day, where Loris and her singing are always a popular attraction. Born in 1935, Loris and her sister grew up harmonizing and yodeling, accompanied by nothing but the natural sounds of their country home. Her sister is now deceased, so Loris sings by herself, as she does on this 2007 CD, recorded and produced by Michael and Carrie Kline.

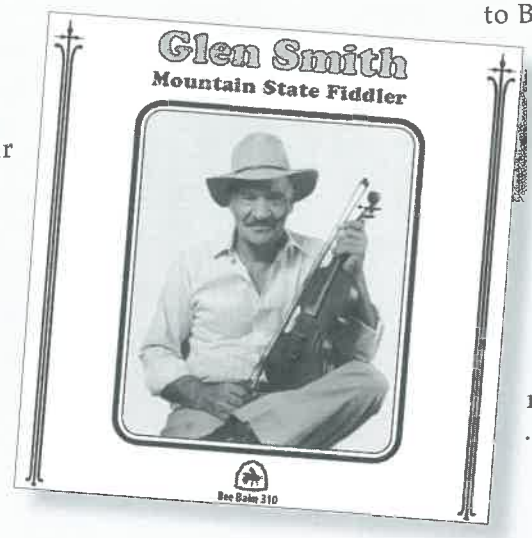


Sweetheart of the Smoke Hole comprises nine songs and a brief oral history from Loris, unaccompanied, except for the sounds of birds singing softly in the trees and some guitar back-up from Michael Kline on one song. The combination of a capella yodeling and mountain songs and hymns might be unexpected, but it is enjoyable and shows off Loris' singing and her unique influences. The CD is available from www.folktalk.org, or e-mail klines@folktalk.org.

A new record label from Springfield, Ohio, is taking on the task of reissuing classic West Virginia recordings on CD. Bee Balm Records, the work of old-time musicians Doug Smith, Barb Kuhns, and Tom Duffee, is cooperating closely with Ken Davidson, founder and former owner of Kanawha Records and Tri-Agle-Far Records. Three new releases from Bee Balm bring back some excellent West Virginia fiddling, some of it long out of print.

Curley Herdman's *Fancy Fiddle* (Bee Balm 309) highlights one of the best fiddlers ever to pull a bow across the strings. Born in Jackson County in 1918, Curley traveled far and wide with his music, including stints at Nashville's WSM radio, Kentucky's Renfro Valley Barn Dance, and elsewhere. This recording was made in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1967, and it features Curley on fiddle, Troy Herdman on guitar, Bob Tanner on mandolin, and Joe Tanner on banjo. The music is top-notch, with smooth, powerful fiddling, snappy mandolin work, and equally strong banjo and guitar playing. Fiddler Bobby Taylor considers this one of his favorite recordings of all time.

Mountain State Fiddler by **Glen Smith** (Bee Balm 310) features Glen and his Mountain State Pickers tearing their way though 14 familiar dance tunes. [See "'I've Always Loved Music': Champion Fiddler Glen Smith," by Jacqueline G. Goodwin; Summer 1990.]



Clark Kessinger is an iconic fiddler, and Bee Balm has reissued a selection of his earliest 78-r.p.m. recordings with nephew Luches Kessinger on guitar. *The Kessinger Brothers: Original Fiddle Classics, 1928-1930* (Bee Balm 307) includes eight of Kessinger's most popular dance numbers — one with calls — along with four waltzes. [See "Clark Kessinger: Pure Fiddling," by Charles Wolfe; Fall 1997.]

For more information on these or other Bee Balm releases, write to Bee Balm Music, 4825 Lower Valley Pike, Springfield, OH 45506; online at www.beebalmmusic.com.

Goldenseal Index

Volume 35, 2009

Articles that appeared in Volume 35 are listed in the index below under the categories of Subject, Author, Photographer, and Location.

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

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

Subject

Author

Photographer

Location

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY 39 U.S.C. 3685 FOR GOLDENSEAL: WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL LIFE (U.S.P.S. No. 013336), Filing date October 1, 2009, published quarterly, at The Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Number of issues published annually: 4. Annual subscription price: $18. The general business offices of the publisher are located at The Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. John Lilly is the contact person at (304)558-0220.

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

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

Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities: NONE.

Publication Name: Goldenseal: West Virginia Traditional Life
Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: Fall 2009

The average number of copies of each issue during the preceding 12 months are:
A) Total no. of copies: 18,063
Net press run:
B) Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 14,465
1)Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541
2) Paid In-County Subscriptions -0-
3. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution 733
4. Other Classes mailed Through the USPS -0-
C)Total paid and/or Requested Circulation 15,198
D) Free Distribution by Mail: -0-
1. Outside-County as Stated on Form 354 -0-
2. In-County as Stated on Form 3541 -0-
3. Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS -0-
E) Free Distribution Outside the Mail -0-
F) Total Free Distribution -0-
G) Total Distribution 15,198
H) Copies Not Distributed (Office Use) 2,013
(Returned) 852
I) Total 18,063
Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 100%

The actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date are:
A) Total no. of copies 16,500
Net press run:
B) Paid and/or Requested Circulation:
1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541 14,209
2. Paid In-County Subscriptions -0-
3. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution 523
4. Other Classes mailed Through the USPS -0-
C) Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation 14,732
D) Free Distribution by Mail: -0-
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3. Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS -0-
E) Free Distribution Outside the Mail -0-
F) Total Free Distribution -0-
G) Total Distribution 14,732
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

John Lilly, Editor

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MTR in Pictures

Mountaintop removal coal mining (MTR) is a common and controversial practice in many parts of West Virginia and elsewhere in Appalachia. To supporters, it "keeps the lights on" by producing thousands of tons of high-energy coal, it employs a well-paid workforce of largely union miners, and it pumps millions of dollars of taxes and other economic support into local economies while avoiding the hazards of underground mining.

To its detractors, MTR destroys mountains, ecosystems, communities, and watersheds while sending the majority of the profits out of state. A new book from Earth Aware Editions presents the argument against MTR in dramatic and graphic form. *Plundering Appalachia: The Tragedy of Mountaintop Removal Coal Mining* is a large-format, hardbound volume, featuring more than 200 pages of bold color photographs.

The sparse text is provided by such respected authors as Denise Giardina, Ken Hechler, Mary Hufford, Wendell Berry, and Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.; it is arranged in chapters such as "Appalachia Under Attack," "Disfiguring a Region," and "Resistance: The Long March to Abolition." The book includes a brief account of the 1972 Buffalo Creek Disaster [see "Echoes of Buffalo Creek: An Introduction," by John Lilly; page 9] as well as a grim assessment of the present-day plight of Marsh Fork Elementary School in Raleigh County.

This is a book with a clear agenda. Editors Tom Butler and George Wuerthner have held back nothing in their efforts to present a powerful and visually arresting argument against MTR. It is difficult to look at, in some cases, but impossible to ignore. Perhaps the Friends of Coal or another organization will sponsor a rebuttal publication at some point. But for now, *Plundering Appalachia* makes a gripping case.

Plundering Appalachia sells for $49.95 and is available on-line at www.earthawareeditions.com; phone 1-800-688-2218.

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Fairfax Stone
- South Charleston in WWII
- 1958 Mine Rescue
- Runaway Plane!

"Jewels of the Nile." Glass vase by Ron Hinkle. Photograph by Kitty Vickers. See story on page 56.

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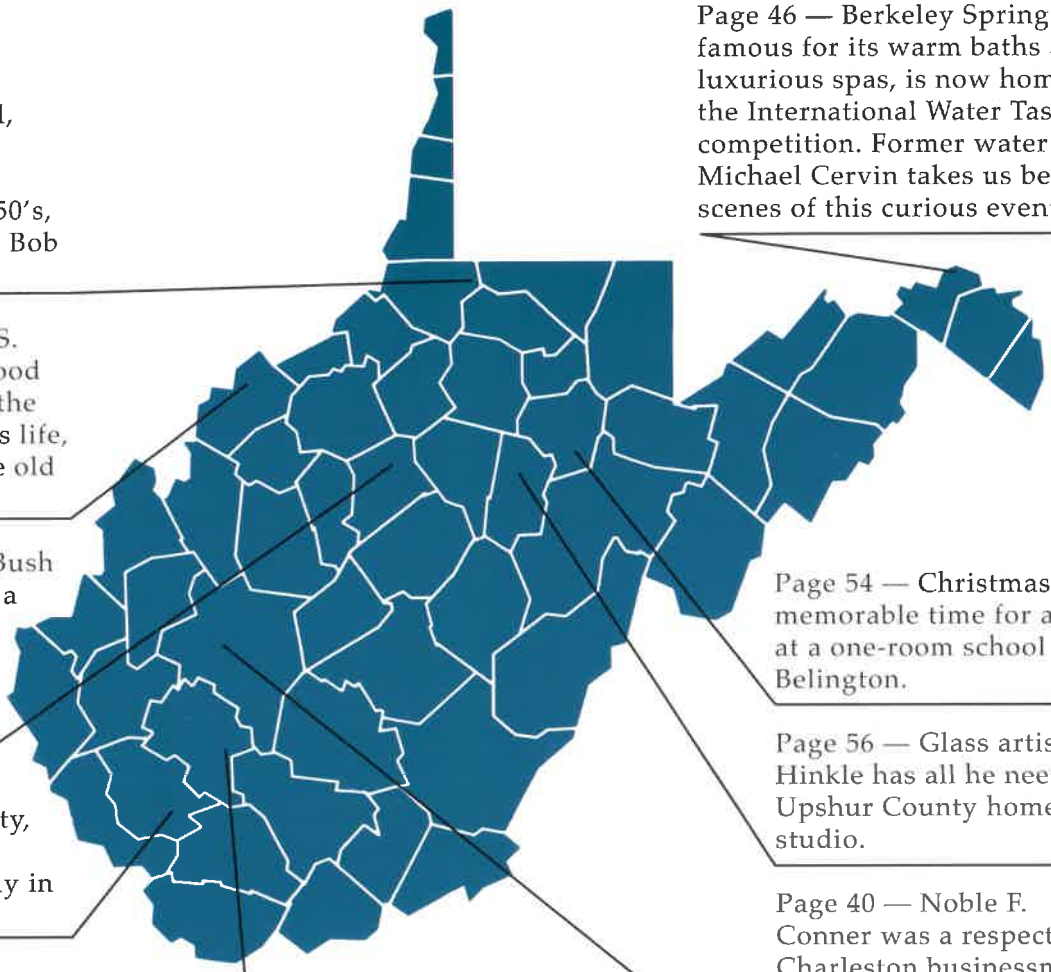
Inside Goldenseal



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