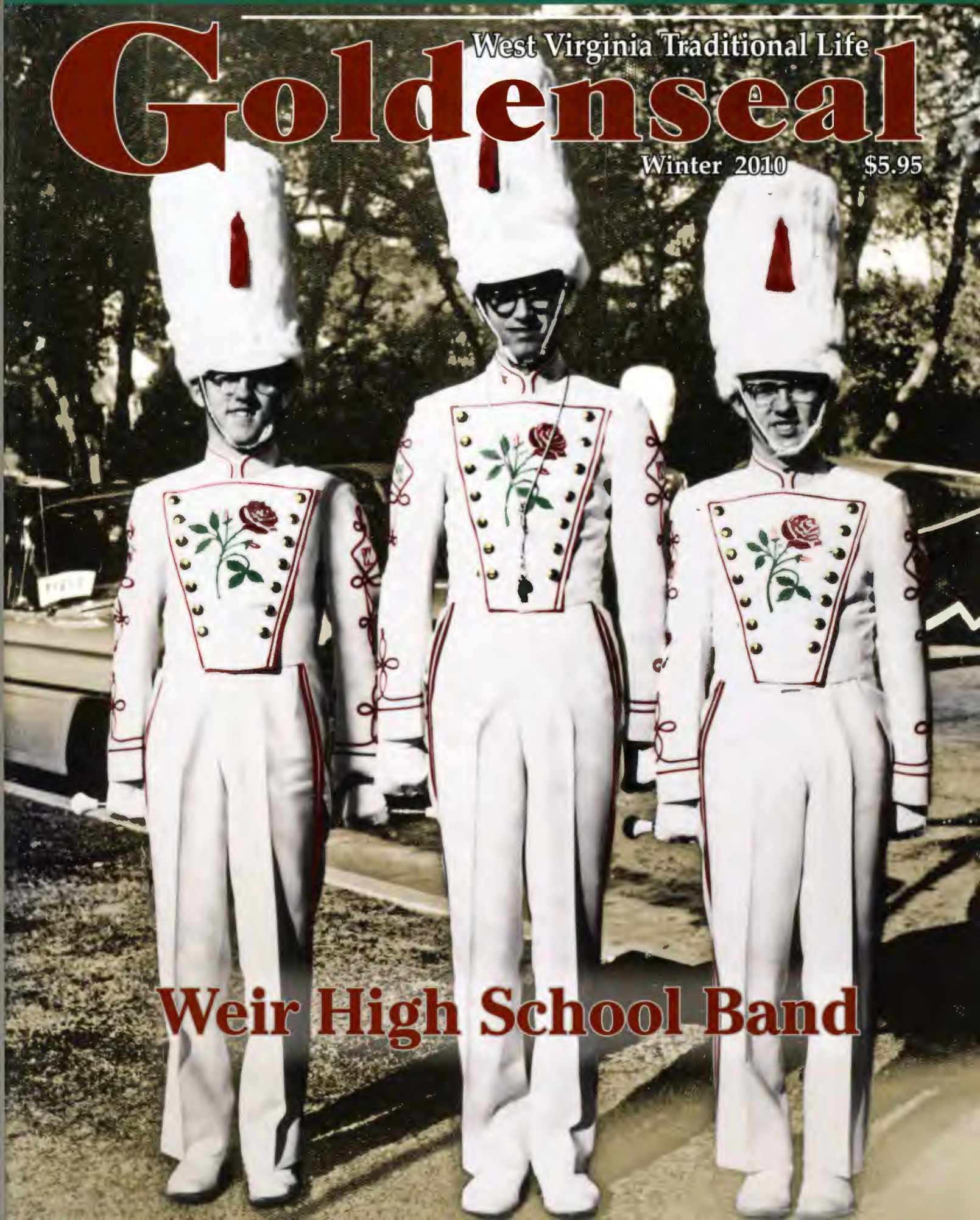
Bunker • Groundhogs • Clock Makers • Patti Powell • Lincoln

West Virginia Traditional Life

Goldenseal

Winter 2010 $5.95



Weir High School Band

From the Editor: Marching Proud

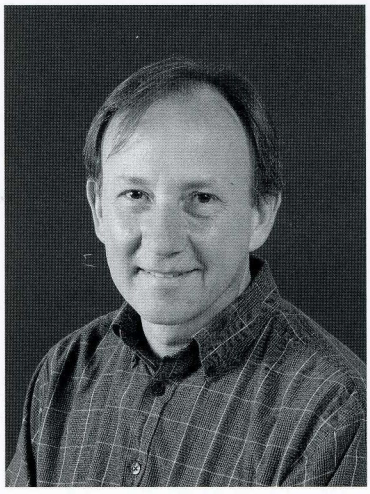
I've never been in a marching band, though I did once participate in a Christmas parade where a dozen or so old-time musicians stumbled along playing "Soldier's Joy" for a mile or two. Both of my sons are heavily involved in marching bands at their schools, however, and it makes me proud.

I recall how nervous I felt the first time I witnessed my older son's band as they presented their "drill" — band-speak for the choreographed movements and music they perform on the football field between halves. He did fine. More than fine. He looked sharp and confident, and the whole band seemed to move and play together as a single entity, rather than 50 or 60 hormone-driven teenagers with horns and drums. I have since seen perhaps dozens of halftime shows, competitions, rehearsals, and concerts, and I get a thrill each time.

A few years ago, my son's high school football team made it all the way to the state championship. I rode on the bus with the band and some other parents as we traveled to Wheeling Island for the big showdown. The weather was brutal — no more than 24 degrees, with a biting wind from the northwest. I bundled up with hand warmers, gloves, hat, blankets, and an umbrella to deflect the wind. I was miserable. And the game was a disaster. Our team fumbled the opening kickoff, which the other team ran in for a quick touchdown. The first play following the ensuing kickoff was intercepted for another opposing touchdown. Less than a minute into the game and the score was already 14-0. It only got worse over the next couple hours.

The entire time, there sat the band in their crisp uniforms, sitting erect, playing the school fight song from time to time. Come halftime, they took the snowy field with authority and performed their drill like it was the most important thing in the world. I know these kids were freezing, but they played their icy instruments and marched across the frozen grass in tight formation, with clear intonation and precise rhythm. I could barely contain my parental pride.

I get the sense that the whole town of Weirton felt that way when their high school band was invited to travel to California and march in the 1960 Tournament of Roses Parade — the Rose Bowl! I certainly got that feeling of pride as I visited with former Weir High Band members and listened while they looked through scrapbooks and reminisced about their band and its many accomplishments. Fifty years later and they still recall what song they played, who marched next to them, and what they ate for breakfast on New Year's morning. They also recall how hard the band worked to prepare for their trip and how the community rallied in their support. It's a great story, and I am grateful to author Tom Tarowsky for bringing it to my attention. See page 10.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL KELLER

Another worthy story in this issue comes from historian Bob Conte, concerning the legendary bunker at The Greenbrier, in White Sulphur Springs. Designed during the Cold War to house the U.S. Congress during a nuclear attack, the top-secret installation was revealed in 1992 and has since become a popular tourist attraction. Fascinating stuff! See page 18.

We are pleased to welcome back three longtime GOLDENSEAL contributors: Ivan M. Tribe writes about country music singer Patti Powell (see page 30), Pauline Haga introduces us to Lincoln impersonator Jim Rubin (see page 50), and Gerald Milnes takes us beyond the shadows and into the history and folklore surrounding Groundhog Day (see page 46). Richard S. Bailey returns for an interview with clay miner and brick maker Pete Henderson (see page 54), and GOLDENSEAL favorite Carl E. Feather tells us about the amazing one-handed clock maker Doyle Kisner of Parsons (see page 36). We hope that you enjoy this issue as much as we do. It makes us proud.

From all of us at GOLDENSEAL, have a blessed and peaceful holiday season!

John Lilly

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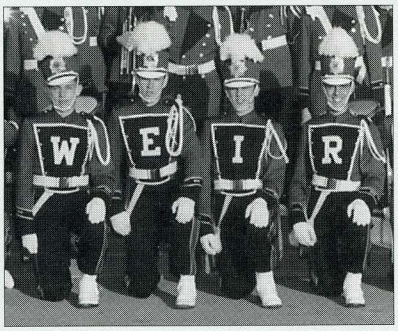

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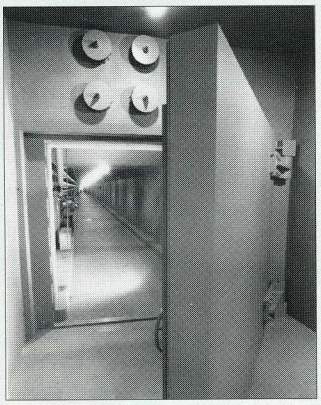

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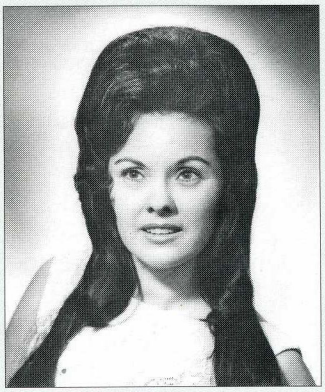
On the cover: Weir High School Band drum majors (from the left) Paul Kuhns, Tyrone Price, and David Kuhns at the 1960 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, California. Photographer unknown. Our story begins on page 10.



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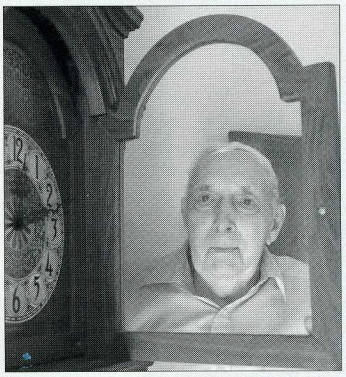

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Letters from Readers

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.

Senator Robert C. Byrd in Washington, D.C., 1978. Photograph by Carl Fleischhauer.

Senator Byrd

September 14, 2010
Washington, D C.
via e-mail
Editor·
It was terrific to see the marvelous tribute to Senator Robert C. Byrd in the Fall 2010 issue, highlighting his wonderful fiddle playing. [See "Robert Byrd. Mountain Fiddler," by Dave Wilbur.] There is a mention of recordings of Byrd made by Alan Jabbour for the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress in the mid-1970's. Alan was the newly named director, and I pitched in to assist with that project.

Some of my American Folklife Center photographs of the senator ended up on the record album that Barry Poss produced which, as you reported, has been reissued as County CD-2743. I was tickled to see another of my photographs on page 18 of your magazine. The photograph was made October 21, 1978, at a promotional event to celebrate the release of the new LP recording at Discount Records near Dupont Circle in Washington, D C. The musicians on the album are there: Doyle Lawson with guitar, James Bailey with banjo, and Spider Gilliam with the bass. Alan Jabbour and his family were in attendance, as well, though Alan's face is obscured by the peghead of the bass. The mustached figure in profile at extreme right is record producer Barry Poss.
Keep up the great work!
Carl Fleischhauer

July 13, 2010
Caldwell, West Virginia
Editor·
After my wife and I had lived here a few years, the state road department established a new 45-m.p.h. speed limit through Hart Run

Village on U.S. Route 60, terminating at the western corner of my lawn. After seeing names of large estates posted at their entrances, I decided that I would post one for our meager five-acre patch. In honor of the speed limit change, I decided to name our place "Resume Speed, West Virginia, Population Two Old People and Two Cats." I hung a sign to that effect by the wishing well at the entrance to our driveway.

One Saturday morning, I drove my car to Bob Nickell's Exxon station at Hart Run for an oil change. Within minutes, Senator Byrd and his wife arrived in a chauffeur-driven car. I was introduced to them by Bob, who informed me that they were old friends. Bob took a phone call while I poured some coffee for the senator and myself. Bob's phone call was lengthy, during which time the senator and I conversed. He asked me where I lived, and I told him that I lived in the smallest town in West Virginia.

He said, "Whip it on me! I know the location of every town in West Virginia, but I've never heard of that one. Where is it?"

"Four-tenths-of-a-mile up this hill," I said, pointing at Route 60.

"How big is it?" he asked.

"Two old people and two cats," I responded.

He produced a loud laugh and said, "You're pulling my leg!"

Bob's phone call ended, my car was finished, and I paid my bill. As I was leaving, the senator shook my hand and said, "Mr. Martin, if there is ever anything I can do for you in Washington, just let me know."

"I sure am glad you said that," I replied. "I've been struggling with the postal department for seven years trying to get a ZIP Code for my post office, but they won't cooperate!"

Senator Byrd slapped his leg and let out a horse laugh. He said, "They call me the 'King of Pork' in Washington, but not even I can pull that one off."

James E. Martin

Bobby Taylor

September 15, 2010
Lexington, Kentucky
Editor:

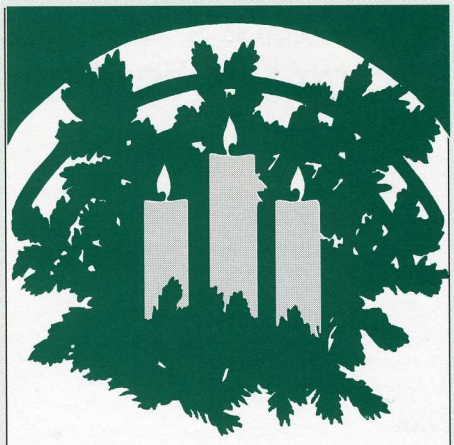
Upon receiving the Fall 2010 issue of GOLDENSEAL and scanning through it, I immediately began to feel that this looks like an award winner. After a cover-to-cover reading, those feelings were heavily fortified. Congratulations on a masterpiece!

I am a longtime reader and enjoy all the stories in GOLDENSEAL, but I will typically scan through and prioritize the order of my reading. Anything music-related will quickly grab my attention. With this issue, I hardly knew where to start, so I just began on page one. You addressed the sad news of the death of Senator Byrd with great dignity and brought much insight into the personal side of the man.

Fiddler Bobby Taylor. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

It was wonderful to see Bobby Taylor receive much-deserved recognition through the Vandalia Award. You further preserved the legacy of the Taylor family by including the well-written stories of Bobby and his dad in this issue. [See "'Soul of the Mountains' A Visit with Fiddler Bobby Taylor," by Josh Gordon.]

I don't know if there is such a thing as an awards program that recognizes cultural publications, but if there is, you sure need to submit this issue for consideration. I predict that it will take the top award and it won't even be close. With respect to the



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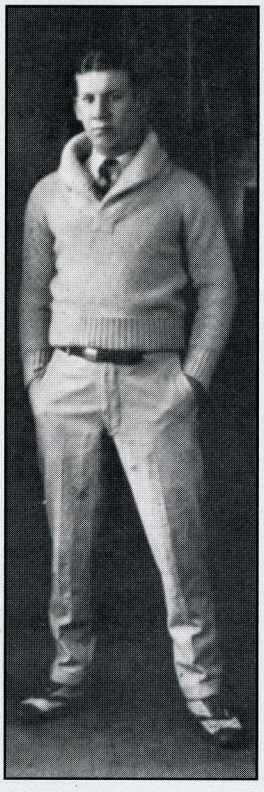
increased cover price, I totally agree that GOLDENSEAL is still a real bargain. You certainly will have my continued support.
All my best wishes,
Phillip G. Collins

Lonesome Pine DVD

September 2, 2010
Montgomery,
West Virginia
via e-mail
Editor:
In your fall issue, you reviewed the DVD of the 1936 movie titled, *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. [See "2010 Films on West Virginia and Appalachia," by Steve Fesenmaier.] It was not only a story of West Virginia, but also featured a WVU law graduate and Fairmont native, Forrest "Fuzzy" Knight. A recent review describes the movie as "still strong today, with fine performances and Fuzzy Knight's rendition of 'Melody from the Sky.'"

Fuzzy Knight was a musician, singer, and bandleader. He was featured in several early musical film shorts, and provided comic relief in more than 200 westerns. He was also a cheerleader at WVU and wrote its fight song. A story in the *WVU Alumni Magazine* a few years ago featured Fuzzy with a picture of him and Mae West.
Gordon Billheimer



Forrest "Fuzzy" Knight at WVU, 1924. Courtesy of the West Virginia and Regional Collection, West Virginia University Libraries.

Lonesome Pine Fiddlers

June 30, 2010
McArthur, Ohio
Editor:
I enjoyed the fine article on the Lonesome Pine Fiddlers in the Summer 2010 issue. [See "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine Fiddlers," by Bill Archer.] Following are a few clarifications and additions:

- Ireland "Ned" Cline played a tenor banjo.
- Prior to Bob Osborne and Larry Richardson's joining the band, the Fiddlers did not play bluegrass music. According to Curly Ray Cline, they sounded something like the Delmore Brothers.
- The second Goins Brothers stint with the Fiddlers came in 1961-64 and included a weekly TV show at WCYB–Bristol, as well as daily radio at Pikeville and all of the Starday recordings.
- Melvin Goins, Bobby Osborne, Paul Williams, and Jimmy Williams are the remaining living members of the group.

Again, this was a worthy article on the Lonesome Pine Fiddlers. Thanks for including it in GOLDENSEAL.
Sincerely,
Ivan M. Tribe

Chickens!

July 14, 2010
Huntington, West Virginia
Editor:
When I received my first GOLDENSEAL magazine in the mail a few weeks ago, I was immediately taken with the rooster on the cover. What a great photo! For some time now, I've considered raising a few chickens in my own backyard, so I thoroughly enjoyed Charles Morrison's reflections on his childhood "chicken chores." [See "I Remember Chickens," by Charles M. Morrison, Sr.; Summer 2010.]

A great cover, great article, and great way to start my subscription to GOLDENSEAL!
Sincerely,
Thomas R. Withers

July 21, 2010
Lehigh Acres, Florida
via e-mail
Editor:
Your story in the Summer 2010 edition about chickens takes me down a country road, called Turtle Creek in Boone County, to my youth. My family raised chickens about one mile from the bottom of Turtle Creek Mountain. We owned a small country store and service station. My father was "Panker" Bill Hager. My mother, Nellie (Baldwin) Hager, was a teacher at the one-room schoolhouse at the foot of the mountain.

We raised hundreds of chickens in a two-story chicken house. We wasted nothing. We sold the feathers to a bedding company and sold the entrails, feet, and blood to a fertilizing company. We contracted with Kroger in Madison to sell them fresh chickens and eggs. The rest we sold to the coal camps up and down the hollows of the mining camps in Boone and Lincoln counties.

I, too, had my run-ins with the roosters. Many a rooster met his demise at my hand after attacking me. I quickly found out that if you cut their spurs back almost to the quick when they are young, you could alleviate most of the problems with most of the roosters.

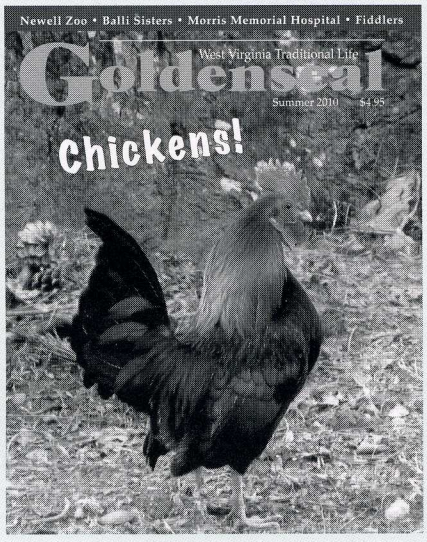
Sadly, my old homestead is no longer there. It is now under Corridor G. I am a retired Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission officer (game warden). To this day, I still raise chickens. I have 12. My one old rooster learned his lesson the hard way. Now he leaves me alone, and I leave him alone. He is one happy camper. Ha, ha!

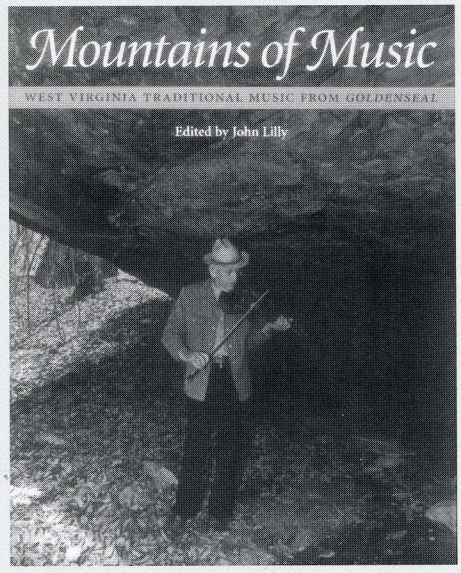
Keep up the good work. I enjoy GOLDENSEAL. It keeps me in touch with my youth. I miss the mountains and simpler times so much.
Raymond E. "Butch" Hager

July 22, 2010
New River, Arizona
via e-mail
Editor:
The GOLDENSEAL summer issue's cover picture of the rooster is a classic. It's identical to one that tormented me as a second grader each morning on my way to school. One morning when it was getting the better of me, a young man ran to the rescue and drop-kicked the rascal several feet. It laid off for a time, but shortly resumed its aggressive tactics, inspiring me to carry a big stick.

Most of my generation to whom I showed the picture shared memories of keeping chickens and had their stories about coping with aggressive cocks-of-the-roost, especially the Rhode Island Reds. Most remember the days when almost every rural and small-community family had chickens roaming freely during the day taking care of the garden bugs, and settling into the chicken house at night. With all the great chefs in the world, none have ever improved upon the taste of a homegrown pullet giving its all for Sunday dinner (now erroneously called lunch).

Congratulations on another outstanding issue!
Ciao,
John JJ Ward





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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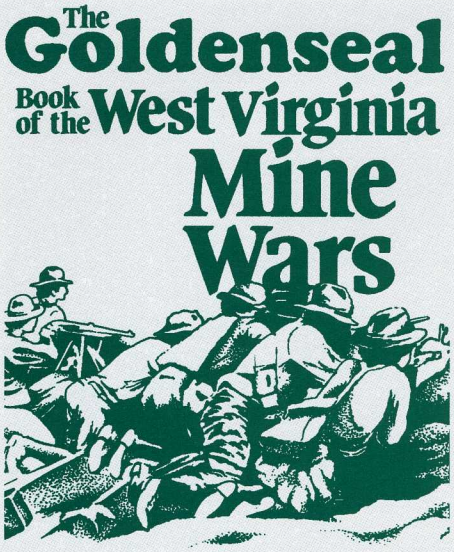

The West Virginia Mine Wars were a formative experience in our state's history and a landmark event in the history of American labor. GOLDENSEAL has published some of the best articles ever written on this subject. In 1991, former editor Ken Sullivan worked with Pictorial Histories Publishing Company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

Now in its fourth printing, the book is revised and features updated information. The large-format, 109-page paperbound book sells for $10.95, plus $2 per copy postage and handling. West Virginia residents please add 6% state sales tax (total $13.61 per book including tax and shipping).

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Balli Sisters

August 31, 2010
Hurricane, West Virginia
via e-mail
Editor:
I commend Alan Byer on his article titled, "Visiting the Balli Sisters of Helvetia", Summer 2010. This is great West Virginia folklore! It brings back many happy memories for me, but also some regrets, particularly about our failure to visit the Balli sisters, close neighbors for 37 years.

In 1957 five of my hunting companions and I bought 50 acres about a mile west of the Balli 200-acre mountaintop farm, known locally as Balli Ridge or Balli Mountain. Due to constant grass cutting, maintenance of the 155-year-old hand-hewed log house and outbuildings, scouting for game, and hunting, we never seemed to find our way up the river to Balli Ridge. However, many were the times when we took chairs from the house to the yard in the cool of the evening to listen to the melodious sound of Swiss cowbells drifting down the valley off Balli Ridge.

Each spring we did drive the 11 miles to Helvetia for the ramp dinner. Of course, we did buy the Balli sisters' great Swiss cheese to take back to camp for a special treat. In 1986 my wife and I toured Europe and enjoyed the great sounds of Swiss cowbells drifting down the valleys of Switzerland. The melody was just like those sounds drifting from Balli Ridge.
Regards and best wishes,
Russell Lee Davisson

August 5, 2010
Buckhannon, West Virginia
Editor·
We really enjoyed the story "Visiting the Balli Sisters of Helvetia" by Alan Byer. On July 18, 1993, we had lunch at Holly River State Park, then took a drive to Pickens and Helvetia and made a stop at the Balli sisters to buy some

The Balli sisters, 1959. From the left, they are Anna, Freda, and Gertrude Balli.

cheese and butter. The cheese was given to family members. The butter we kept for ourselves. We still have the pound of butter — kept it in the freezer for later use. I check the butter often — still smells like the day we bought it 17 years ago. We bet nobody has butter that the Balli sisters made! We do!
Regards,
Bob and Sammie Gillespie Allman

July 11, 2010
Weston, West Virginia
via e-mail
Editor:
A friend loaned us a copy of the Summer 2010 issue, and we were delighted to read about the Balli sisters. My husband was their veterinarian and made many trips to their farm over the years. Our daughters' first car ride was a trip to the Balli sisters' farm to treat a cow. The sisters were lovely ladies and will be missed by many.
Donalyn M. Aspinall

Morris Memorial Hospital

July 26, 2010
Barboursville, West Virginia
Editor:
I'm writing you concerning an article about Morris Memorial Hospital. [See "A Haven of Rest: Morris Memorial Hospital for Crippled Children," by Bonnie G. Lewis; Summer 2010.] The article said that the Morris Memorial Nursing Home in Milton was started by John and Rose Greene in 1964. The fact is that

my mother, Helen E. Ball, started that nursing home in 1961. I'm her son, and I worked there for her. I remember the first patient who came there and also the first person she hired to go to work there. She gave it up in 1964 due to health problems. I just wanted to set the record clear.
Thank you,
Thomas L. Ball

Grandma's First TV Show

August 2, 2010
Charleston, West Virginia
via e-mail
Editor:
My collection of GOLDENSEAL goes back to Volume 1, Number 1, and I have eagerly read every issue. I often used GOLDENSEAL as a resource in my eighth-grade West Virginia social studies classes. However, the Summer 2010 issue was especially rewarding. "I Remember Chickens" described my own experiences to a "T." "Visiting the Balli Sisters of Helvetia" reminded me of my favorite restaurant, the Hütte. "Grandma's First TV Show" by Phoebe Whittaker really brought back the memories, however. My mother, Georgia Stewart Grady, often spoke lovingly of Pricy Smith, her neighbor on Foster Ridge in Jackson County

Pricy Smith in Jackson County, 1954.

She would have so loved to have read that reminiscence of her beloved neighbors. Thanks for the memories.
Jerry Grady

Renewal Mailbag

September 20, 2010
Chapmanville, West Virginia
Editor·
I am 95 years old and have taken GOLDENSEAL almost as long as it has been published. I love GOLDENSEAL. It has the most interesting stories about people in West Virginia. I read everything in GOLDENSEAL as soon as I get the magazine. Keep up this GOLDENSEAL.
Mabel·Hill Ferrell

September 15, 2010
Washington Court House, Ohio
Editor:
Thanks for the GREAT historical articles on those West Virginia hills — my home. I love it! I'm originally from Logan County. My parents and family were from Calhoun and Gilmer counties.
Lloyd A. Doss

September 8, 2010
Carrabelle, Florida
Editor·
I enjoy this magazine so much. I'm from West Virginia, born in White Sulphur Springs and grew up in Greenbrier and Nicholas counties. This brings back lots of memories. My uncles and cousins usually gather at the Vandalia Gathering for the old-time banjo. Charles Loudermilk has played his fiddle since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. Keep up the great work. I do share my magazine with fellow hillbillies.
Thanks,
John Starcher

August 9, 2010
Mesa, Arizona
Editor·
I am from West Virginia. Left there in 1957 and came to Arizona for my husband's health. He was a coal miner with black lung. Strong union man. I really enjoy GOLDENSEAL. You write about things I knew or heard about.
Dolly Blankenship Stewart

September 20, 2010
Arden, North Carolina
via e-mail
Editor·
Just wanted to let you know how much I love your magazine. It is the best magazine about the old days I have ever seen. I was introduced to your magazine by the late Dennis Deitz, whom I met at the opening of Tamarack.

My mother was an engineer and announcer at WCHS back before World War II broke out. She remembers where she was when World War II broke out — the Homestead Restaurant, which is no longer there I've heard. Mom loved West Virginia. Good luck to all of you,
Melissa McCulloch

September 27, 2010
Pomfret Center, Connecticut
via e-mail
Editor·
I just had to write and let you know how much I enjoy the GOLDENSEAL magazine. I visited West Virginia the first time in 2008 with my then-boyfriend (now husband) to visit his family, who live in Morgantown. My husband and I visit West Virginia one or two times a year, and every time the state seems to get more beautiful.

My husband's aunt and uncle have a subscription to GOLDENSEAL, and I have enjoyed reading it when we visit. Now I have gotten a subscription for my husband and me. Your Fall 2010 issue was excellent (just like all of them, I'm sure). I read most of the stories. I enjoy the history of the "old-timers" and how life was and sometimes still is.

Thank you for publishing such a good magazine. Keep up the good work!
Nancy Wolfe

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.

e-WV: The West Virginia Encyclopedia

West Virginia Encyclopedia On-Line

The West Virginia Humanities Council has launched e-WV· The West Virginia Encyclopedia. The new on-line encyclopedia is the most comprehensive electronic research and reference resource available regarding the Mountain State. Based on *The West Virginia Encyclopedia* published in 2006, the new Web site offers a wealth of information concerning all things West Virginia, including in-depth coverage of the state's history, art, and sciences. The e-WV site also contains extensive information about the state's natural resources, flora, fauna, and scenic wonders.

The innovative site features audio and video clips, hundreds of photographs and illustrations, along with interactive maps and timelines. Like its printed counterpart, the e-WV Web site includes more than 2,000 articles by nearly 600 writers. Subjects are arranged alphabetically, can be browsed by categories, and are searchable by keywords.

An "Exhibit Hall" currently features slideshows of the Hatfield-McCoy Feud, John Henry, and the Kanawha County Textbook Controversy, including photographs, related links, and audio clips. A "West Virginia IQ" quiz feature and "What's New" test users' knowledge and keep them up-to-date with newer items that have been added.

The site is free of charge and is open to anyone with access to a computer and the Internet. Visit e-WV at www wvencyclopedia.org. For more information call the West Virginia Humanities Council at (304)346-8500, or visit www wvhumanities .org.

Groundhog Day

The 33rd annual Groundhog Day Celebration at the West Virginia Wildlife Center will be on Wednesday, February 2. French Creek Freddie, the center's official weather prognosticator, will make an appearance at 10 a.m. to forecast the onset of spring. [See "Groundhog!" by Gerald Milnes; page 46.] There is no admission charge. Free refreshments will be available at the center's gift shop,

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

Anna Shue Atkins was born at Spice, Pocahontas County, in 1918 and grew up on Droop Mountain. Her great-grandmother and her father taught her to identify and gather many edible and useful herbs and roots. Anna's ancestors came to West Virginia following the Civil War, and she devoted much of her time to the research and documentation of her forebears. At one time, she was a sustaining member of the Pocahontas County Historical Society. She attended West Virginia University and taught school in Chesterfield County and Richmond, Virginia. In Fall 1999, GOLDENSEAL published Anna's article titled, "'She Didn't Go Sangin' Alone,'" about her great-grandmother, Sally Scott. Anna Atkins passed away July 29, 2010. She was 91.

John Hahn. Photograph by Doug Chadwick.

John Hahn, a lifelong Hardy County resident and timberman, passed away July 22. He was 88. Descended from early German immigrants, John lived on old family land along Sauerkraut Road in Dutch Hollow, near Wardensville. He and his younger brother, Wilbur, began working in the woods as young men, eventually setting up their own sawmill. The brothers continued to work together every day, well past the age of conventional retirement. "We just like to be doing something," John said in the Summer 2005 article titled, "Ties that Bind. The Hahn Brothers of Hardy County," by Catherine Moore. In addition to their home-style sawmill operation, the Hahn brothers made their own beer, tended impressive gardens, fed large groups of family members, and sustained the family and farming traditions of their German ancestors.

and visitors are welcome to stay and stroll through the other exhibits on display.

The West Virginia Wildlife Center is located at French Creek in Upshur County, 12 miles south of Buckhannon on State Route 20. For more information, call (304)924-6211 or visit www wvdnr.gov.

Concord University in Athens will also celebrate Groundhog Day at its 33rd annual Groundhog Day Breakfast on Wednesday, February 2, in the Jerry L. Beasley Student Center Ballroom at the university. The celebration is free of charge; the cost of breakfast is $7 Festivities begin at 8 a.m. when Concord Charlie offers his predictions on the arrival of spring. The honor of being named Grand Groundhog Watcher will be bestowed on an individual who has positively influenced the life and culture of West Virginia.

For more information, call 1-800-344-6679 or e-mail advancement@concord.edu.

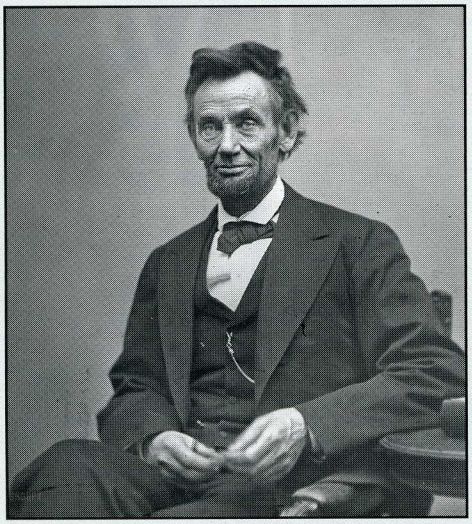
Greenbrier Exhibit

The history of The Greenbrier will be on display at the Culture Center in Charleston January 27 – April 24 in an exhibit titled, "The Greenbrier· West Virginia's Gift to the World." Artifacts and displays will highlight the 200-year history of the resort and will include the natural sulphur spring that attracted visitors in the late 1700's, the development of the spa into a prestigious destination resort, the coming of the railroad, the hotel's military use during World War II, and the famous bunker. [See "Hidden in Plain Sight: The Greenbrier's Bunker," by Bob Conte; page 18.]

For more information, call (304)558-0162, or visit www wvculture.org.

Lincoln at Tamarack

Jim Rubin, a popular Abraham Lincoln impersonator from Raleigh County, will portray Lincoln on President's Day, February 21, at Tamarack, from 1–3 p.m. The President will greet guests and give away commemorative pennies, depicting key moments in Lincoln's early life. [See "Honestly Abe: Lincoln Impersonator Jim Rubin," by Pauline Haga, page 50.]



Abraham Lincoln, 1865. Photograph by Alexander Gardner.

Tamarack is located near Beckley at Exit 45 of I-77 For more, visit www.tamarackwv.com or call 1-888-262-7225.

Sesquicentennial Timeline

Milestones on the Road to Statehood

- **December 1, 1860** — *Judge George W Thompson of the Wheeling Circuit delivers a speech titled "Secession is Revolution."*
- **December 20, 1860** — *South Carolina secedes from the Union.*
- **January 1, 1861** — *Citizens at Parkersburg hold a meeting and cast votes in favor of the Union.*
- **January 7, 1861** — *Virginia General Assembly passes a resolution opposing any Union attempts to force seceding states back into the Union.*
- **January 8, 1861** — *A detachment of more than 60 federal soldiers arrives at Harpers Ferry to secure the armory. Public meetings are held at Wetzel County, Kanawha County and Wellsburg*
- **January 16, 1861** — *Pro-Union meeting is held in Wheeling*
- **January 21, 1861** — *Meetings are held at Moundsville, Parkersburg, and Hancock County.*
- **January 25, 1861** — *Pro-Union rally is held in Kingwood.*
- **February 4, 1861** — *Secession convention election is held.*
- **February 13, 1861** — *First day of the Richmond Convention. Secession is discussed.*

(For more information, visit www wvculture.org/history/sesquicentennial/timeline.html)

Weir Going West

By Tom Tarowsky

A High School Band and a Very Big Parade

Band director Charles E. McKinney beams as he displays the headline heralding the Weir High School marching band's invitation to participate in the 1960 Rose Bowl Parade.

The 1959-60 Weir High School Varsity Band, posing for a school yearbook picture on the steps of the Weirton Community Center in Weirton.

1959 was a good year to live in Weirton. The city was booming as its population approached a peak of 28,201, according to the 1960 census. Weirton Steel was the largest employer and taxpayer in the state, jobs were plentiful, and the city was quite well-to-do as steel towns go.

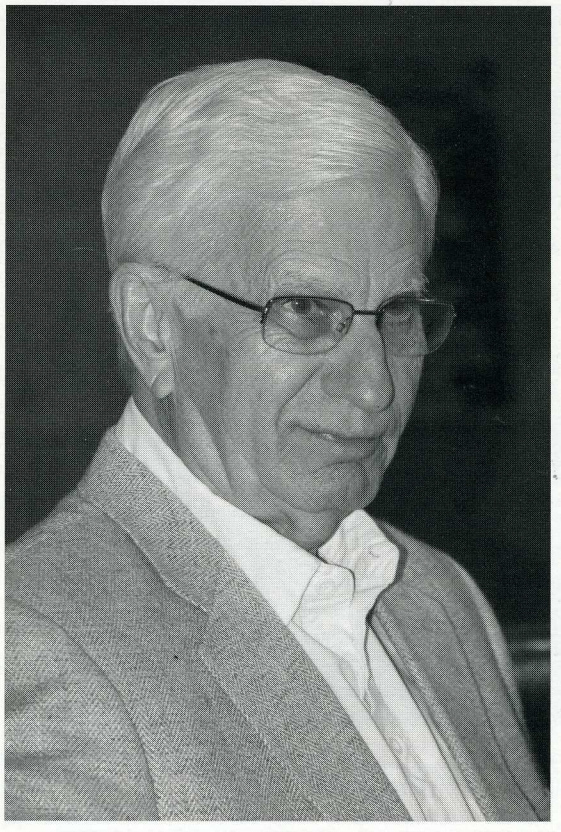
The nation's economy was recovering from a sharp recession that began in 1958. Car sales were up, pulling the economy along, in spite of what would prove to be the longest strike in steel industry history. Most American steelworks were idle with more than 500,000 steelworkers out on strike. Of major U.S. steelmakers, only Weirton Steel continued to operate throughout the debilitating strike. The thousands of hourly employees at the mill were represented by the Independent Steelworkers Union, as Weirton was not a United Steelworkers shop. Not a paycheck was lost to the "Big Steel" strike in Weirton during the summer of 1959

Although the Weirton of 1959 and the Weirton of 2010 are as different as can be, some things haven't changed in this Northern Panhandle town. Weirton people are still closely tied to their high schools and their teams. In 1959, as today, fans filled Weirton Municipal Stadium (now Jimmy Carey Stadium) on brisk Friday evenings to watch their Red Riders play opponents from West Virginia, as well as nearby Ohio and Pennsylvania. Unlike today, however, the football games of 1959 were punctuated by waves of smoke and grit from the open hearth and steelworks wrapped around the east side of the stadium.

Gridiron success provided a bond for the people of Weirton. But in the late 1950's, Friday nights at the stadium also brought something extra. Fans who came for the game remained in their seats

during halftime and stayed after the game to see and hear the marching band. And what a band it was! The Weir High School Varsity Band boasted 144 members, with three drum majors (including identical twins), plenty of brass, lots of drums, a color guard and the Weir High Dancing Majorettes.

On the evening of August 19, 1959, at its regular meeting in New Cumberland, the Hancock County Board of Education voted to accept a very special offer — an invitation for the Weir High Band to appear at the Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, California, on January 1, 1960. This was the first time that a high school band in West Virginia had received and accepted an invitation to this prestigious event, and the occasion swept the entire town in a wave of enthusiasm and community pride as Weirton rallied to support its band.



Dale Lutton was assistant band director during the Weir High School Band's Rose Bowl year. He became director the following year, a position he held for the next three seasons. Photograph by Pete Wildey.

Two young graduates of West Liberty State College — director Charles E. McKinney and assistant Dale Lutton — had reinvented the instrumental music program at Weir High over the previous three years. Both had grown up in northern Hancock County and had become the instrumental music faculty for Weirton's public high school. According to Tyrone Price, one of the 1960 drum majors and director of the Weir High Band from 1966 to 1969, McKinney began to build the band program immediately upon taking the job. He visited classes to recruit current high school students and established both a beginning band program (grade 6) and a junior band (grades 7 and 8) in the Weirton schools. Price recalls that Weir High Band membership swelled from approximately 60 members in 1956-57 to 144 in the 1959-60 school year.

McKinney actively structured the music program toward the Rose Bowl Parade and worked to seek the invitation while lining up strong backing and support for it, including that of Governor Cecil H. Underwood and First District Congressman Arch A. Moore, as well as U.S. Senators Jennings Randolph and Chapman Revercomb.

If the band were to make the trip, they'd have to raise the money for themselves.

According to the Board, if the band were to make the trip, they'd have to raise the money for themselves. The casual observer might think that a blank check would be forthcoming from Weirton Steel, which was riding a wave of prosperity Not so, according to then-assistant director Dale Lutton. Lutton, now of Pittsburgh, relates that the leadership of Weirton Steel, while encouraging employees to contribute to the fundraising, made it clear that no corporate support was to be forthcoming.

So, the band members and their parents would have to go it alone. The *Weirton Daily Times* of August 25, 1959, set the tone: "Band Director Charles McKinney spoke on efforts of the band in holding costs to a minimum. He pointed out that bus and rail transportation were then questioned. He said that the trip was not feasible because the return trip could not be made in time for students to resume classes at the start of the term following the holiday. The State Activities Committee would not look with favor on tardiness because of the band's appearance in California. The cost by train would be the most expensive, and was therefore ruled out. This means the trip would have to be made by airplane at a cost of $290 per student."

The cost for 144 band members to fly would be $41,760, and that didn't include chaperones and staff. This was a substantial sum in 1959 According to the U.S. Department of Labor's Cost of Living Index Inflation Calculator, the $41,760 of 1959 was the equal of $304,508 in 2009 dollars.

Some questioned asking a community of less than 30,000 people to come up with that kind of money between August and December. Director Charles McKinney asked his students and their community to do just that, and they responded. Oh, how they responded!

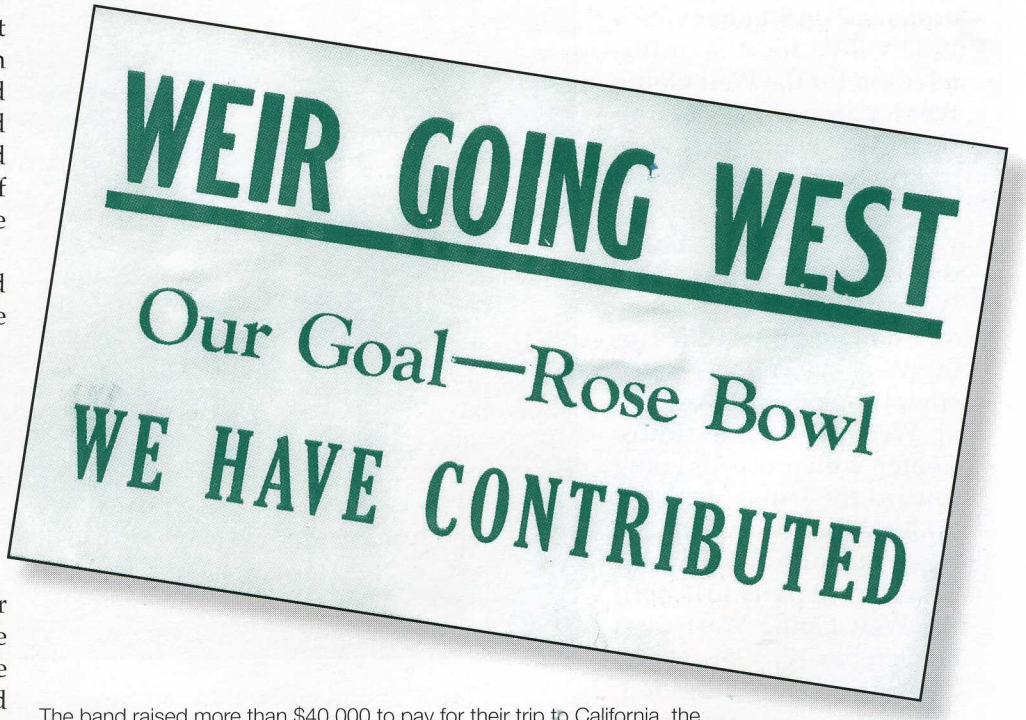
The Band Parent organization became even more organized and dedicated to the success of their children's band. They held spaghetti dinners every week, and they sold Christmas trees at the stadium. According to Lutton, they worked very hard, but they never tried to set the agenda for the band. Running the band was very clearly Chuck McKinney's responsibility, and the parents accepted that.

Mrs. Rex Fisher, a Band Parent member, was the general chairper-

All smiles, members of the band parade through the streets of Weirton, celebrating their Rose Bowl invitation.

son of the Weir Going West committee, which led community support for the effort. Within a month, an additional invitation was received and accepted — the Weir High Band would play a concert at Disneyland prior to the Rose Bowl Parade, if they could raise the money for the trip.

Later in September, the band members held a bucket brigade — door to door, visiting each household in Weirton. The result was $5,184. McKinney and Lutton helped the students organize a business known by the acronym HUTHO — Help Us to Help Ourselves. The band members washed walls, cut grass, or scrubbed floors to raise money for the trip. The Band Room telephone was the HUTHO hotline, and the people of Weirton were encouraged to call the Band Room to get their odd jobs done.



The band raised more than $40,000 to pay for their trip to California, the equivalent of $300,000 in today's currency. These signs helped to promote the community fundraising effort.

Band members did yard work, ran errands, and performed other chores to raise funds through a student-run business called Help Us To Help Ourselves (HUTHO). A telephone in the school's Band Room accepted calls for student labor. Clockwise from the lower left are Vic Karnoupakis, Tyrone Price, Dave Harris, and Don Earley.

Support began to come in from some unexpected sources. *Nine Teen Time*, a regional *American Bandstand*-type show of the day broadcast on Steubenville's WSTV-TV, held a mini-telethon for the Weir Going West campaign, raising $500. The majorettes were interviewed on the air by host Stan Scott. Intense rivals of the Weir High Band, the Follansbee High Blue Wave Band raised money and donated it to Weir Going West, as well. A professional boxing card was held at Weirton's Community Center, with proceeds going toward the trip.

The Weirton Madonna High School PTA had a benefit card party to benefit the Weir Going West fund on October 27, 1959, which 235 supporters attended. Proceeds were presented to the Weir Going West committee during the halftime ceremonies at Weirton Madonna's very first homecoming game on October 31. The Weirton School's Junior Band provided the halftime entertainment, with Dale Lutton directing.

The Weir High Band was featured in the *Sunday Roto* magazine of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph* on November 1, as the story of Weir Going West spread into western Pennsylvania.

By November 12, the Weir Going West fund had reached $27,033 — 65% of the way — with six weeks to go. The students and Band Parents would have to raise an astounding $14,727 over that span. Could they earn more than $2,000 a week as Thanksgiving and Christmas approached?

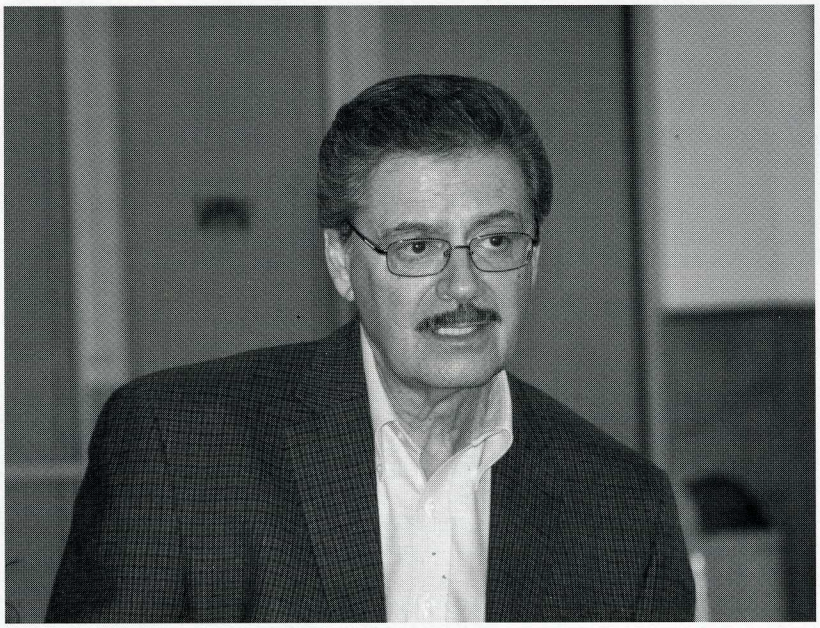
Local television news crews reported on the band's preparations for their trip to the Rose Bowl. In the weeks leading up to the parade, the students marched through every neighborhood in Weirton, building up stamina for their 7.5-mile New Year's Day trek.

And there were the scarlet-and-white uniforms for the Tournament of Roses, at the staggering cost of $10,000. "Everything was new for the parade," recalls Tyrone Price. "Chuck [McKinney] approached businesses all around town for sponsorships. He asked each store owner to cover the cost of one uniform. Between the store owners and contributions from individual parents, they did it."

The fundraising machinery soon ratcheted into a higher gear The band played an outdoor concert at the local Dairy Queen, with all donations going to Weir Going West. The menu for the Band Parents' fundraising suppers expanded to include ravioli and cabbage rolls, and the events went on.

Would Weirton Steel change its corporate mind? The *Weirton Daily Times* headline on December 16 was somber: "Band Fund Goal $5,000 Short." Weirton Steel president Thomas E. Millsop stated the company's position. "It has always been our policy to support community projects in which the money raised was used in Weirton and which produced some lasting benefit to the city. In this case, however, it is a matter of financial policy that we cannot contribute the stockholders' money to a cause that is not related to the community health and welfare." Mr. Millsop went on to state that he and the rest of the company's executives had contributed personally to the Weir Going West fund.

The January 1, 1960, parade loomed as preparations for the event continued. The band practiced for the parade by marching four evenings a week — Monday through Thursday — still preparing a completely new halftime show on Wednesdays for each Friday night football game. Anthony Torchio, city recreation director, supervised an exercise program to help band members get ready for the New Year's Day march. Ty Price recalls that mandatory one-hour physical training sessions were conducted at the Weirton Community Center three nights a week. Band members who missed sessions were required to make them up during the same week, no excuses. And they marched. And marched. Both Lutton and Price recall that they marched through every neighborhood of Weirton, including up and down steep and winding Marland Heights Road. Band members bought into the physical training and seemingly endless marches to ensure that none of them would drop out during the seven-and-a-half-mile New Year's Day parade.



Tyrone Price was drum major for the Weir Band. He later became a jazz musician and today lives in Hancock County, where he recently retired as a teacher with Hancock County schools. Photograph by Pete Wildey.

The band practiced for the parade by marching four evenings a week, still preparing a completely new halftime show on Wednesdays for each Friday night football game.

The travel schedule was finalized, and the Northwest Orient charter airplanes — two DC-6B airliners — had been arranged. December 27 was set as the departure date, providing that the last push for funds was successful. Would HUTHO and the Band Parents succeed? Would the townspeople of Weirton pull through?

The final report on Weir Going West was given on December 26, one day before departure: $46,080 had been raised! They had raised approximately $1,000 a day, the week before Christmas!

The two aircraft left Greater Pittsburgh International Airport at 10:00 p.m. on December 27, carrying 144 members of the Weir High School Varsity Band, as well as 14 chaperons, Chuck McKinney, and Dale Lutton. No band member missed the trip due to family finances. The seven-hour red-eye flight to LAX was grueling. They arrived at 2:00 a.m. Pacific Standard Time — 5:00 a.m. Eastern. (Ty Price notes that Band Parents and VIP's took a separate, jet-powered and much faster flight.)

It was the first flight and first trip to California for most of the students and some of the parents. When asked about student behavior on the trip, Price recalls that it was good. According to Ty Price, "McKinney wouldn't permit anyone who misbehaved to march on January 1,

Dale Lutton, Helen Jackson-Gillison, and Tyrone Price reminisce as they look through a scrapbook from their memorable 1960 trip to the Rose Bowl. Photograph by Pete Wildey.

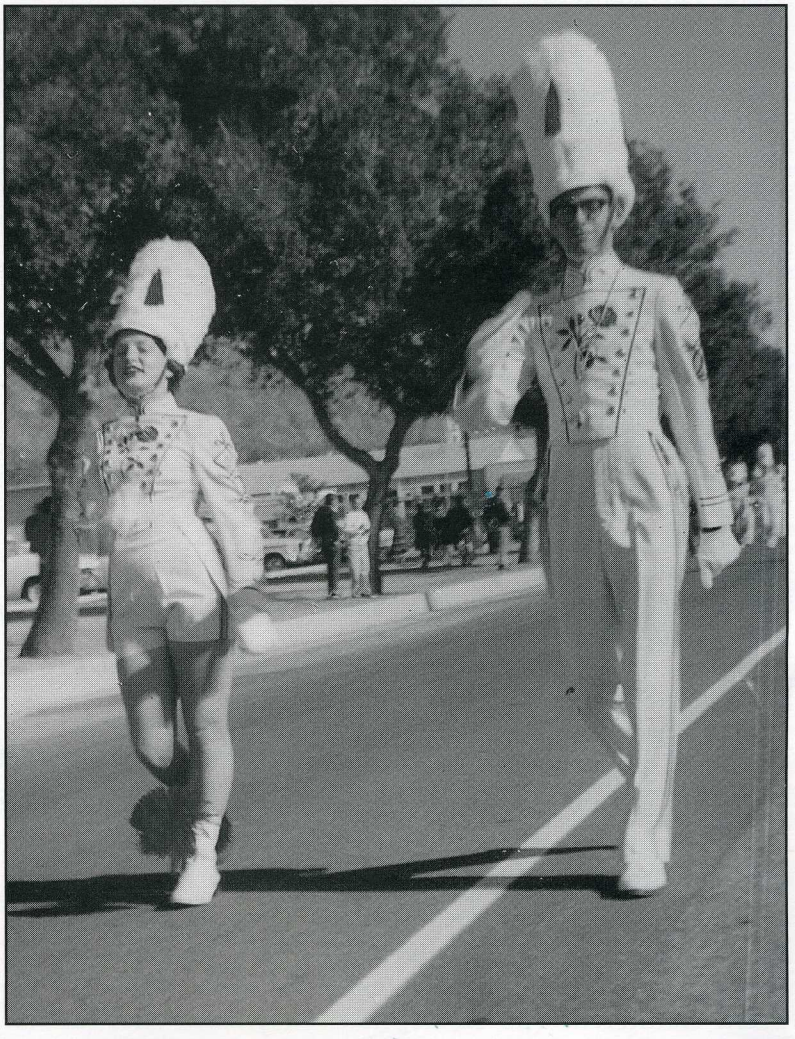
and I mean anyone! We all realized that we could be replaced, so we were all on our best behavior. We were assigned three to a room. I saw that the Page Cavanaugh Trio [a piano jazz combo] was playing at the hotel's lounge. After bed check, my roommates and I dressed in our suits and ties and snuck into the lounge. No one carded us, and we stayed until the lounge closed, sipping Cokes the whole time. Page Cavanaugh himself came over to talk music with us, and gave each of us an autographed album, which I still treasure. If we had been caught out of our room after bed check, we would have been out [of the band]."

The Weir Band schedule was hectic, with the concert at Disneyland, breakfast with Vice President Richard M. Nixon, and the all-important parade. Wake-up on New Year's Day morning was at 3:30. It was surprisingly cold that morning, according to Price, "Which was a blessing — it was comfortable for the entire 7.5-mile march."

Price's recollections are vivid. "There was a sea of people on both sides," he says, "and the road seemed to go on forever, with the mountains in the background. It didn't seem to be 7.5 miles when we were doing it. I marched next to head majorette Sandy Daugherty, and we talked to each other about the crowds and the experience for the whole parade." The hours of preparation had enabled Ty and Sandy to learn to communicate with each other while marching side-by-side without breaking parade decorum. The hours of physical training and the countless miles of marching served the band well — not one Weir student dropped out of the line of march.

Weirton attorney Helen Jackson-Gillison was a sophomore in the 1960 Weir Band. She still recalls the end of the Rose Bowl Parade: "How exciting it was to reach the end of the seven-mile parade with no dropouts, and to hear the cheers of the crowd, because we sounded as great at the end as when we started. It was the heart, soul, and spirit of what the Weir High Band was all about!"

According to the *Pasadena Star-News*, the 71st Annual Tournament of Roses Parade featured a theme of "Tall Tales and True" and included 20 bands and 61 floats from across the country There were 3,700 participants, including 300 event officials as well as 225 horses. From



Drum majorette Sandy Daugherty and major Tyrone Price marched side-by-side for 7.5 miles and never lost a step in the 1960 Rose Bowl Parade, Tyrone recalls.

start to finish, it took two hours for all units to pass any given point in the parade route.

They were all back in Weirton by January 2 and in class on January 4 The band had to prepare for their annual winter concert, "A Miracle in Music," which included the popular ballad "Apple Blossom Time," which was the song they played in the Rose Bowl Parade.

Although the Tournament of Roses Parade was a very special experience for the entire entourage, the freshmen of that Weir High School Band were to cross paths with three U.S. presidents before their careers as band members came to an end. In Weirton, during late November 1959, the band had filmed a pre-parade special for ABC-TV The host was Ronald Reagan. Band members had breakfast in California with Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

"We sounded as great at the end as when we started. It was the heart, soul, and spirit of what the Weir High Band was all about!"

Then, three-and-one-half years later, on the heels of Weir Band appearances at the 1960 Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade and the 1962 World Music Festival in Kerkrade, Holland, the freshmen from the Rose Bowl band had one final performance before graduating as seniors. It was a rainy morning as the Weir High Band played "Hail to the Chief" for President John F Kennedy on June 20, 1963, at the State Capitol on West Virginia Centennial Day, but that's another story.

TOM TAROWSKY grew up in Weirton and is a 1966 graduate of Weir High School. He earned a degree in secondary education at West Virginia University and a master's degree in counseling from Duquesne University. Tom currently works as education program director at the Cockayne Farmstead, located at Glen Dale, Marshall County. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

The Weir High School Varsity Band — 144 strong — looked sharp and played well as they marched past thousands of spectators at the 1960 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, California. The trip and the parade remain a highlight for the school, the community, and members of the band.

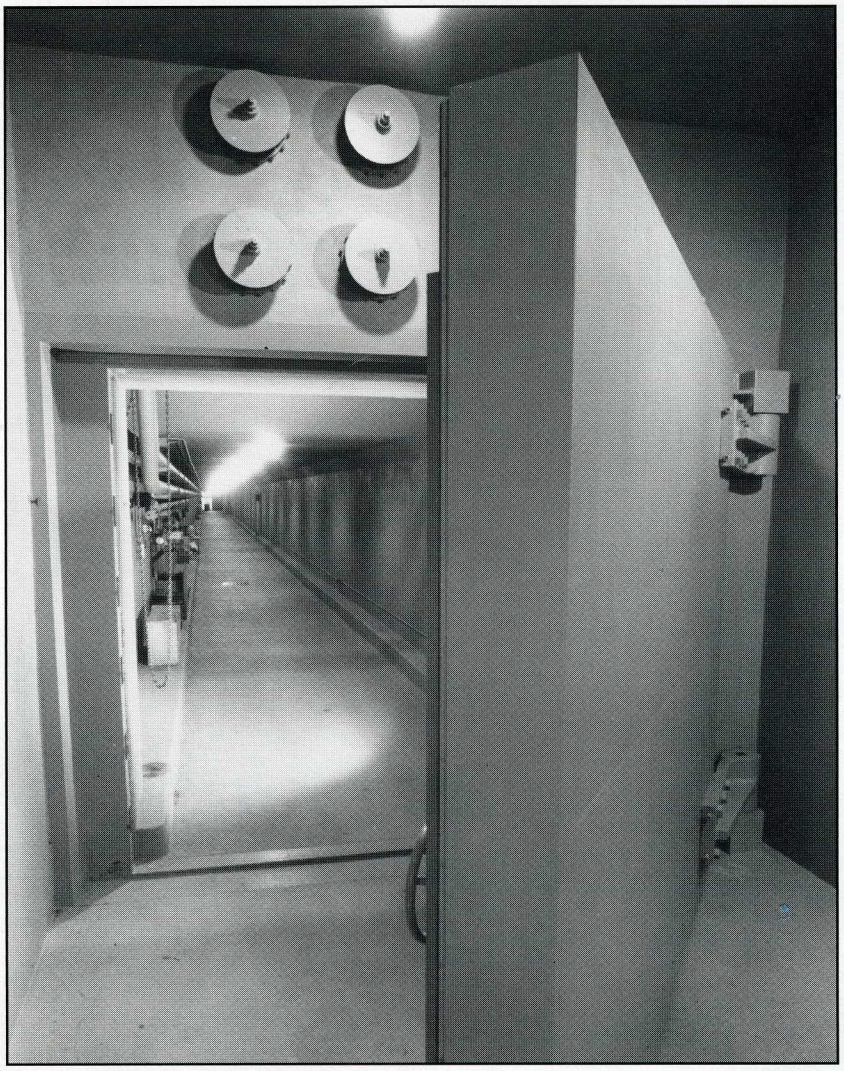
Hidden in Plain Sight

The Greenbrier's Bunker

By Bob Conte

In the darkest days of the Cold War, federal officials pondered the consequences of a devastating attack upon Washington, D.C. In the nuclear era such an attack would destroy the leadership of the government and thereby destroy the government's ability to respond to the crisis. In the face of this danger, an ambitious program was devised that entailed the construction of emergency relocation centers — bunkers — where government leaders might reassemble in a secure location and continue to function. Underground shelters were installed at Mount Weather, Virginia, Raven Rock Mountain, Pennsylvania; Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado; and elsewhere, each with a separate purpose.

The bunker at The Greenbrier resort in White Sulphur Springs was intended for the emergency relocation of the U.S. Congress. There were several reasons why government leaders turned to The Greenbrier for assistance in this project. For one, a relationship already existed between the government and The Greenbrier, forged during World War II when the resort served two special purposes. For seven months immediately after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the hotel was leased by the U.S. State Department as an internment center for enemy alien diplomats. German, Japanese, and Italian diplomatic personnel and their families were housed there while negotiations continued to exchange these foreign diplomats for American diplomats stranded overseas. Once the diplomats departed, in July 1942, the U.S. Army purchased the entire resort property and converted The Greenbrier into a 2,000-bed hospital. For the next four years, Ashford General Hospital — the resort's new wartime name — admitted nearly 25,000 wounded soldiers, who recuperated on the grounds and utilized the sports facilities as part of the hospital's mission as a rehabilitation center. [See *"The West Virginia WWII Home Front*: Ashford General Hospital. The Greenbrier Goes to War," by Louis Keefer; Fall 1993.]



This 25-ton blast door protects the vehicular entrance used to bring supplies into the facility. This became the iconic photograph used in scores of newspapers and magazines to depict the impressive steel-and-concrete construction of the bunker. Photograph by Dan Dry.

Ten years after the end of the war, when the government searched for a partner to serve as the location for the top-secret congressional bunker, The Greenbrier offered an attractive option because of this successful earlier relationship.

In addition, the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway line connected White Sulphur Springs directly to the center of Washington, D.C. Since the plan called for moving about 1,000 individuals 240 miles, this railroad connection was an important consideration. It also was beneficial that this same railroad, the C&O, owned The Greenbrier, helping to coordinate transportation should the need arise. In the 1950's there was also a small airport on the resort property located one mile from the hotel, which offered the option of air travel, too.

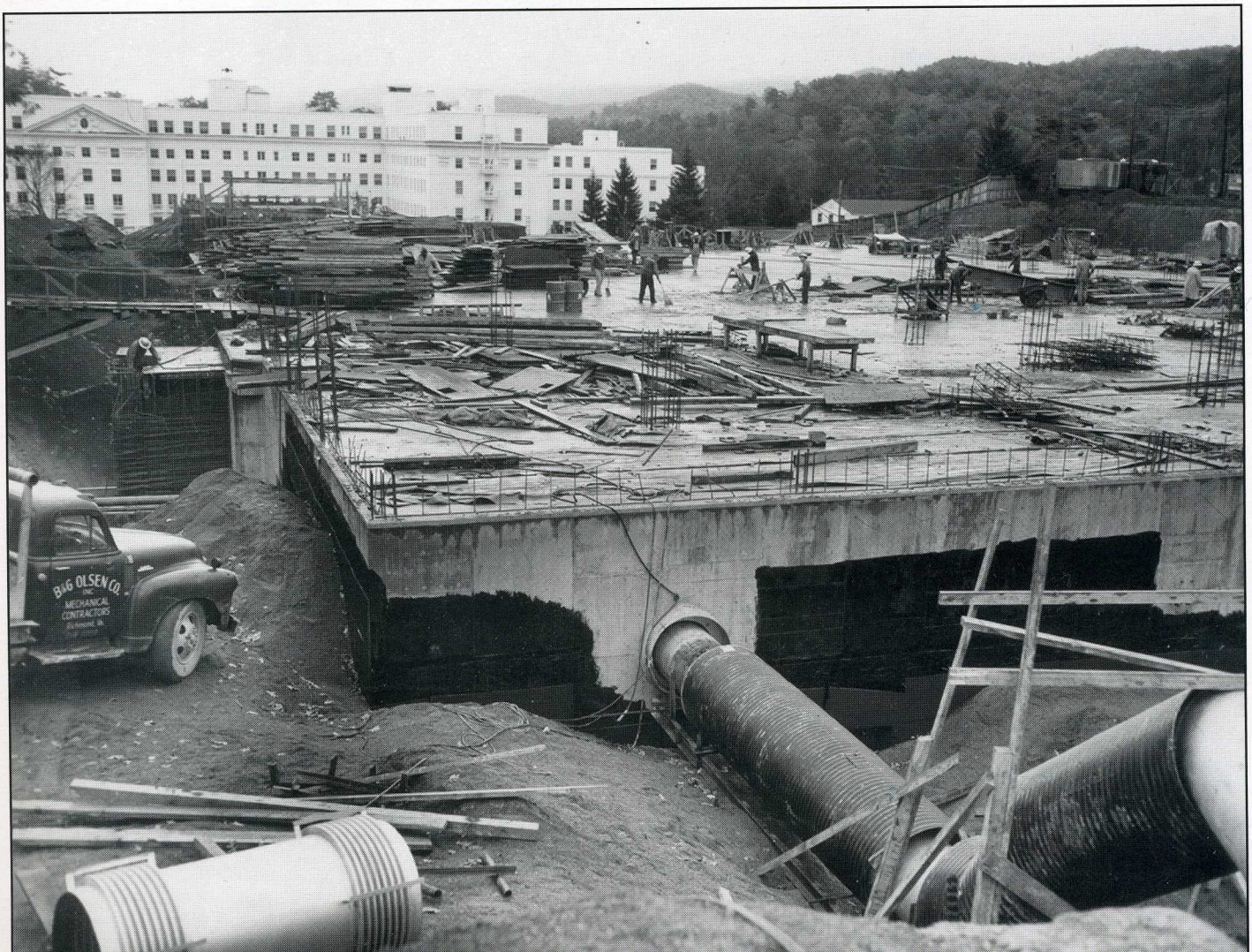
The first official contact between the government and The Greenbrier occurred in March 1956, shortly after President Eisenhower hosted a small but well-publicized conference at the resort. (The president's golf game with famed pro Sam

The north entrance to The Greenbrier hotel in White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County. One of the nation's premier destination resorts, this imposing and stately hotel was an unlikely location for a top-secret congressional bomb shelter. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

Early in the excavation phase of bunker construction, digging down into Copeland's Hill behind The Greenbrier hotel in January 1959.

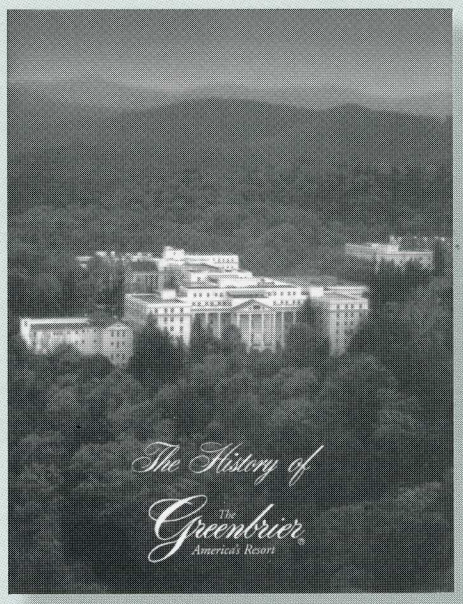
Snead generated considerable copy.) Congressional leaders, including Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, arranged a meeting between C&O officials and the Architect of the Capitol. From the outset the bunker project at The Greenbrier was supervised by the Architect of the Capitol, the official in charge of maintaining all buildings in Washington utilized by Congress. This organizational arrangement remained in place for the next 39 years, until the

Below: Looking across the top of the nearly completed bunker on October 31 1960. The large pipe in the foreground was part of the exhaust system to extract smoke from diesel generators inside the bunker's power plant. The Greenbrier is visible at left.



Read More about It

The Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia's premier resort, has a story to tell. That tale is given five-star treatment in a book titled, *The History of The Greenbrier: America's Resort*. Author Bob Conte, staff historian at The Greenbrier since 1978, knows he has one of the choicest jobs in the world, and his enthusiasm for his subject is evident in this attractive 224-page hardbound volume. Originally published in 1998, the book is now in its sixth printing and includes revised and updated material.



Conte takes the story of the famous inn from its roots as a wilderness spring to its development as a spa in the pioneer and colonial periods, through the opulent 1830's to the Civil War, when it was used as a Confederate hospital and a Union outpost. Rebuilt following the war, it soon regained its stature as a gathering spot for the wealthy and famous. The "golden age" of the grand resort came with the railroad, and the inn flourished until World War II, when it was converted to military uses. Following that war, guests returned, and "Old White," as it is known informally, was back in business hosting the well-heeled and elite traveler. Hard times in the early 21st century forced a sale to new owner Jim Justice, who has recently added a casino and other attractions.

Perhaps the most important section of the book from a historical standpoint is the extensive chapter about "Project Greek Island" — the bunker. Detailed and insightful, this is without a doubt the most authoritative account of the inception, construction, maintenance, and decommissioning of the bunker available to date.

The book includes riveting photographs, showing many of the luminaries who have visited there over the years as well as advertisements, programs, and memorabilia. Conte's text is clear and engaging, and the layout and presentation are exquisite, befitting the book's elegant subject.

The History of The Greenbrier sells for $29.95, plus shipping and in-state sales tax, from West Virginia Book Company; on-line at www.wvbookco.com or phone 1-888-982-1848.

official termination of the project in 1995.

Construction began on a cold, wintry day in December 1958. As soon as equipment began clearing a hill directly behind the existing hotel, an announcement to the press explained that the resort was embarking on an expansion project to add a new addition called the West Virginia Wing. In fact the new wing was a cover story to hide the construction of the underground bunker. For months officials had struggled with a difficult problem. The proposed bunker was to be as large as a football field — it would eventually measure out to 112,000 square feet — and the extensive excavation and construction would generate many questions amongst resort guests and local people. The ingenious solution was to build two buildings at one time, so that the construction of the above-ground West Virginia Wing became a plausible explanation for all the activity going on only a few hundred yards from the hotel. The underground bunker and the new hotel facilities were built simultaneously; thus the overt building disguised the covert building. One was literally stacked on top of the other. This technique came to be called "hiding it in plain sight."

Building the bunker was a massive undertaking. Its concrete walls stand two feet thick and are reinforced with steel. Four blast doors were specially made by the Mosler Safe Company. The largest of these measures 15 feet high, more than 12 feet wide, and 19½ inches thick, weighing in excess of 28 tons. Its hinges alone weigh 1½ tons each. A parade of trucks hauled 4,000 loads of concrete, delivering an estimated 50,000 tons to the site. Once completed, the bunker was covered with steel plating and buried under 20 feet of earth. The final cost of both the bunker and the West Virginia Wing was set at just over $14 million.

The construction phase of the project ended in early 1962, when the first guests checked into the new hotel rooms in the West Virginia Wing. That wing also included a large area for The Greenbrier Clinic, which had grown significantly since its start in 1948 as a diagnostic medical facility. Most of one floor of the building was (and still is) devoted to thorough medical examinations by a team of physicians and a staff that does laboratory work as part of that diagnostic process. The

West Virginia Wing also included new conference facilities at a time when the resort was pursuing the lucrative area of group business. The new wing was clearly an attempt by The Greenbrier to stay competitive with other resorts, which only made for a more effective cover story.

Certainly this whole process generated rumors that there was more to the story of the big construction project on the hill than met the eye. For years people whispered they had heard that some kind of bomb shelter was actually built and that it was for the president to use in case of war. Government and Greenbrier officials consistently denied these rumors. More importantly they were able to control access — absolutely no unauthorized person ever actually entered the facility — so that rumors remained unsubstantiated speculation. And The Greenbrier itself made an effective cover story. Who would build a bunker at such a lavish and famously expensive resort that was best known for its golf pro, Sam Snead, and its legendary interior decorator, Dorothy Draper, and catered to powerful business leaders and international high-society figures such as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor?

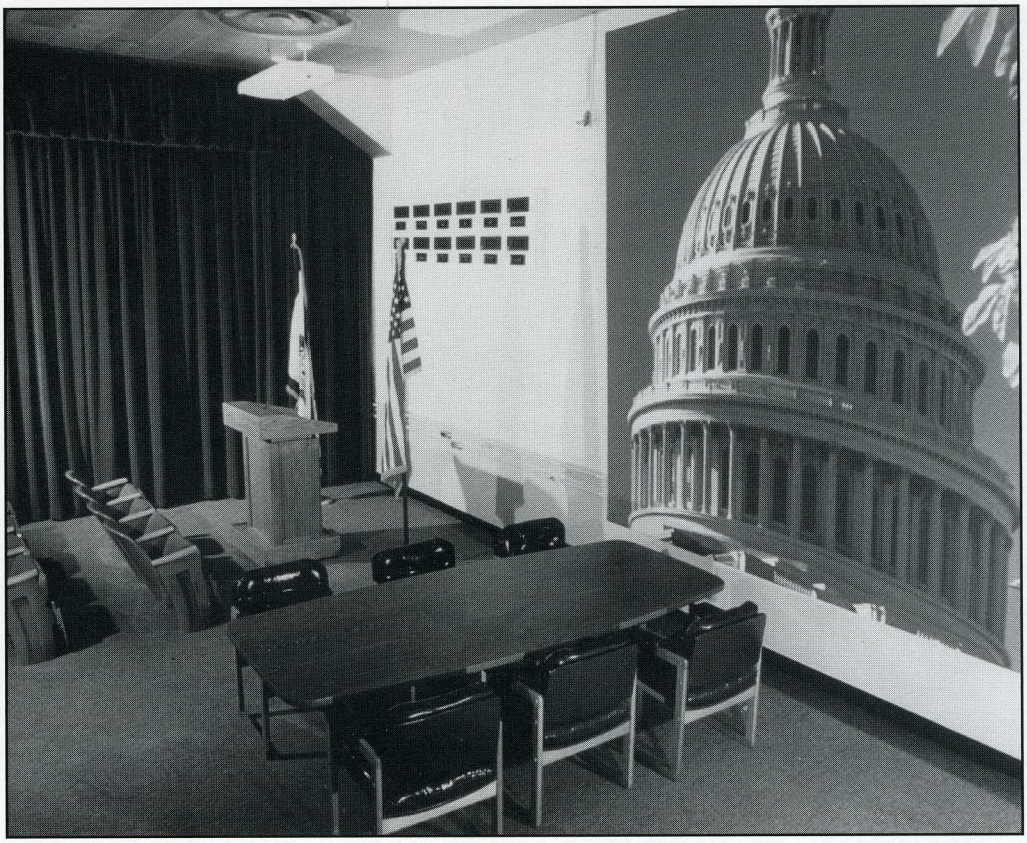
For 30 years the congressional emergency relocation center was maintained at a constant state of operational readiness. Selected members of The Greenbrier's staff, primarily in the engineering department, underwent

One of 18 dormitories inside the bunker that all together held 1,100 beds for members of Congress and their staff. There were separate dormitories for the House and the Senate. For 30 years, every bed was assigned to a specific senator or representative. As membership changed, the beds were reassigned.

Hundreds of cases of military C-rations line the 430-foot vehicular tunnel in this 1970's photograph. Later, freeze-dried provisions replaced these rations.

the government's clearance process and signed nondisclosure agreements in order to carry out routine maintenance work. Had war broken out any time during that 30-year period, hundreds of members of Congress and hundreds of their staff would have been quickly transported to The Greenbrier. So it was imperative that the bunker was immediately available and accessible.

The bunker contained dormitories with bunk beds, a cafeteria with freezers for food, meeting rooms, offices, a medical clinic, and media equipment as well as an extensive communications center. Two small auditoriums were designed to serve as House and Senate chambers, while a large Exhibit Hall could accommodate joint sessions. At the heart of the operation was a power plant, where diesel generators could supply electricity A filtration system was in place to purify air contaminated by nuclear fallout. Three 25,000-gallon storage tanks held fresh water from a nearby well, and another three 14,000-gallon tanks held fuel oil.



Within the bunker's extensive communications center was a briefing area — the podium and theatre-style chairs — and conference area. The large photomural of the capitol dome in Washington, D.C., was intended to serve as a backdrop when congressional leaders filmed announcements to be broadcast to the public. The image of the capitol would reinforce the message that in the face of crisis the legislative branch of government had reassembled and continued to function. Photograph by Dan Dry.

In contrast to the five-star hospitality offered at the resort itself, the bunker at The Greenbrier provided spartan accommodations at best for sequestered members of the U.S. Congress. A large shower room offered wrapped bars of soap but no privacy. False windows came with wooden frames and painted country scenes. A pathological waste incinerator was there to dispose of all manner of materials, including bodies, while guns, straitjackets, and riot gear were also in place, if needed.

Bringing in new equipment, keeping the food supply fresh, changing filters, and upgrading communications were tasks overseen not only by employees of The Greenbrier but also a small group of government personnel who operated under another cover, a consulting company called Forsythe Associates. Posing as audio-visual consultants, this group of about a dozen persons actually maintained the bunker's sophisticated radio, television, and telephone systems so that the U.S. Congress could stay in touch with the outside world and also work in concert with other elements of the government.

These complex arrangements and procedures remained in effect from 1962 until 1992. The Greenbrier functioned as an ideal location not only because the resort seemed such an unlikely place for something as ominous as a bunker but because the large scale of maintaining such an extensive property also offered opportunities to conceal the importation of supplies and equipment. It is a testament to how pervasive were the preparations for conflict during the Cold War that something as improbable as a luxury resort famed for its beautiful natural setting, its impeccable golf courses, fine dining, and genteel aura of style was

In contrast to the five-star hospitality offered at the resort itself, the bunker at The Greenbrier provided spartan accommodations at best for sequestered members of the U.S. Congress.

This blast door protecting an interior entrance to the bunker was hidden by a moving panel. The huge concrete-and-steel door was located just inches behind one wall of the lavishly decorated foyer leading to the hotel's Exhibit Hall. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

in fact an undisclosed but integral part of the national defense system.

Between the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989 and the implosion of the Soviet Union in 1991, the Cold War came to an end. Was the emergency relocation center at The Greenbrier still necessary in the post-Cold War environment? Could the fortifications designed to withstand weaponry of the late 1950's hold up to the high-tech nuclear arsenal of the 1990's? Did "Project Greek Island," as the bunker was known in code, still have a useful role? Apparently there were those in the government who thought not, because the bunker's existence was leaked to a reporter for the *Washington Post*, and a lengthy article appeared in the May 31, 1992, Sunday magazine that described the facility in such detail that it could no longer be denied.

The next day the leadership of the U.S. Congress announced that it no longer supported the bunker operation. Over the next three years, the legal relationship between The Greenbrier and the government was disentangled and the equipment inside the bunker was physically removed and transferred to other government properties. On August 1, 1995, the contractual agreement between the two parties officially lapsed by mutual consent. The bunker became property of The Greenbrier.

A few months later the once "most secret place in America" opened to the press and public, causing a sensation recorded in hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles as well as numerous television programs. Public tours of the facility began in December 1995 and remain one of the most popular activities at the resort today Hundreds of thousands of people have gone on guided tours, and even more have seen programs on dozens of cable channels and network programs. The History Channel has produced multiple stories over the years. Although the Cold War slowly fades from memory, the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, made the American public much more conscious of emergency planning. By the time of that catastrophic event, the relationship between the government and The Greenbrier had been over for six years. Despite speculation to the contrary, there never was any attempt to utilize the bunker. It was no longer a viable option because it was no longer maintained at a state of operational readiness since the contractual relationship had ended.

The facility remains today as tangible evidence of the fear that was always not far below the surface of daily life during the Cold War and the realization that only extraordinary means would ensure survival.

The facility remains today as tangible evidence of the fear that was always not far below the surface of daily life during the Cold War and the realization that only extraordinary means would ensure survival. As dire as those circumstances might have been, The Greenbrier stood prepared to come to the nation's aid in service to the government's leadership at a time of utmost crisis.

BOB CONTE is a native of San Jose, California, and a graduate of Santa Clara University. He holds a Ph.D. in American studies from Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Dr. Conte worked at the Western Reserve Historical Society and at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., before becoming the historian at The Greenbrier in 1978. Dr. Conte has written numerous articles, contributed to books and museum exhibits, and is the author of *The History of The Greenbrier: America's Resort*. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

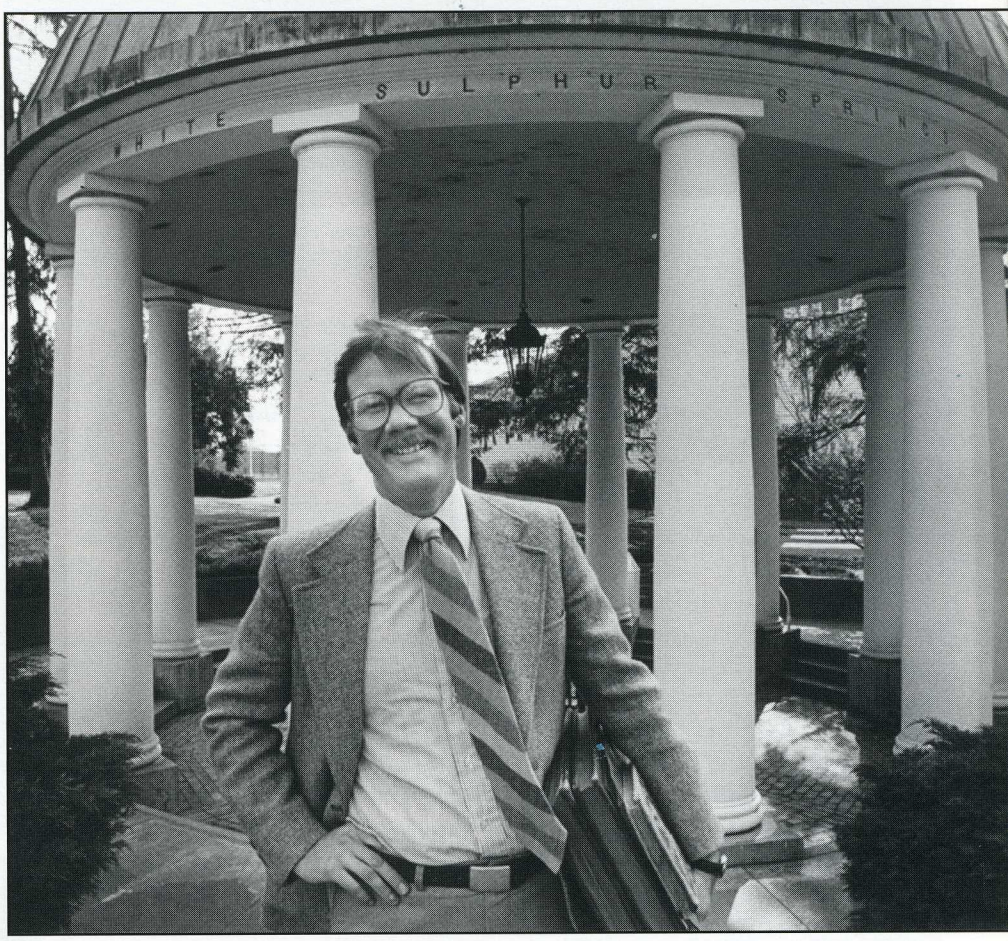
By Bob Conte

Debunking the Bunker

I first heard rumors about a bunker right after moving to West Virginia in 1977 but before I worked at The Greenbrier. A young woman said to me, "Do you know why there is such a large airport in Lewisburg?" I did not. "Because," she answered, "there is a bomb shelter underneath The Greenbrier, and in case of war high-ranking government officials will fly into the Lewisburg airport."

A year or so later, after I was hired as the resort's historian, I approached Luther Way, the chief engineer for The Greenbrier, and asked him about this bunker story, calculating that if such a thing really existed surely he must know about it. Luther Way was a fine gentleman, greatly respected, and he simply dismissed my question as "that silly old rumor." He said that a new West Virginia Wing was built in the early 1960's at the height of the Cold War when many fallout shelters were being constructed, and people simply jumped to erroneous conclusions. They knew that the government had been involved at The Greenbrier during World War II, that President Eisenhower and other high-level government officials had visited the resort, that the hotel includes a large Presidential Suite, and they put all this information together and speculated that there must be a bomb shelter at The Greenbrier. "We have never been able to successfully put that rumor to rest," he said.

I believed Mr. Way because he was clearly a man of integrity. It did seem pretty outlandish that there would be a secret bunker amidst the lavish opulence of The Greenbrier. During those early months of my employment in 1978, I was rapidly learning the resort's incredible history Organizing an archive for the resort introduced me to the transformation of that fashionable 19th-century summer watering place into a major American destination resort. Apparently rich and famous guests had always been the norm. Amazingly enough "enemy alien diplomats" representing Germany, Japan, and Italy were interned in the hotel at the outbreak of the Second



Author Bob Conte posed for this photograph on May 1 1980, in front of the Springhouse at The Greenbrier, about 18 months after he began his job as historian at the resort. Photograph by Wade Spees.

Luther Way was The Greenbrier's chief engineer for more than 20 years, until his retirement in 1979. Although he consistently denied all rumors of the bunker's existence, he was in fact involved in the construction and maintenance of the secret facility from the very beginning of the project.

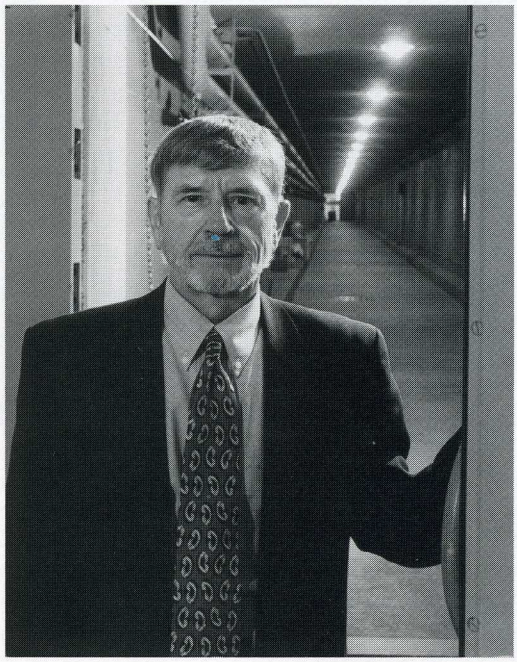
World War. Even more amazingly the whole place was later converted into a huge Army hospital for the remainder of the war. If that weren't enough, a famous New York designer named Dorothy Draper had completely redecorated the building's interior after the war, and then people like the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Ben Hogan, Prime Minister Nehru of India, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, and members of the Kennedy family were all regular visitors.

This was a lot to absorb for a young man from California who found himself working at one of America's most famous and historic resorts. And now there were stories of a secret government bunker? I had only recently completed graduate school, and with a fresh degree in American Studies, I had worked at a couple of short-term archives and manuscript collection assignments. The Greenbrier was like no other place I had ever seen in my life, and I was most interested in holding onto this new job.

After I had been working approximately two months, a newspaper reporter from the old United Press International (UPI) arrived to do a story on The Greenbrier's history. She interviewed me for a few hours but called back the next day with an unexpected question. She said when she returned to her office, people wanted to know if she had asked the historian about the bunker at The Greenbrier. "Is there a secret bunker there?" I froze. Remembering the recent conversation with Luther Way — and not knowing exactly what to say — I simply repeated what he told me. "There is no bunker at The Greenbrier. That is only a silly rumor that has been going around for years."

When her article appeared most of it concerned details of the resort's history but the last sentence was something to the effect that "the historian denies persistent rumors there is a secret government bomb shelter at The Greenbrier." Shortly thereafter the general manager called me into his office, and the public relations director was also there. I, of course, was expecting praise for generating a nice article about The Greenbrier. Instead the manager drew attention to the last sentence and said that we do not ever want the subject of a bunker at The Greenbrier to come up in the press, because whenever it does "we get calls from all sorts of kooks out there." The longer he talked the more agitated he became. Eventually he banged his fist on the desk with considerable force and said most emphatically, "THERE IS NO DAMN BUNKER AT THE GREENBRIER!" I got the message immediately. Under no circumstances do we ever talk about any bunker. Being something of a child of the 1960's, however, I instinctively concluded that anything that vehemently denied was probably true.

A month or so later, I thought that perhaps I could track down records of the architectural firm of Small, Smith & Reeb in Cleveland. They did design work at The Greenbrier from 1928 to 1962, their last project being the West Virginia Wing. Someone with the local American



Fritz Bugas was the on-site manager of the congressional relocation center from 1971 until the facility officially closed in July 1995. Locals knew him as the manager of Forsythe Associates, an audio-visual consulting company. Once the bunker closed he supervised bunker tours. Photograph by Dan Dry.

Institute of Architects told me that the firm was out of business, but he knew a woman in town who used to work for them. I called her.

Not long into our conversation, she started to tell me how back in the early 1960's members of the firm would come back from The Greenbrier with stories that a huge hole was being dug in order to build a very large government bunker. Oh, it was a giant project, she said, and it was all part of building the West Virginia Wing. I remember feeling quite nervous as she went on. When I hung up the phone, I stared into the distance and thought to myself, "What am I going to do with this information?" She had told me things I was not supposed to know

A couple of days later, I was sitting in the employee cafeteria. As everyone else left the table, I was soon sitting across from Jack Horton, a senior Greenbrier executive. Jack was always one of my favorite people, and we shared an interest in history. Once we were alone he said, "Bob, we don't call Cleveland." I had made a couple of long-distance phone calls without using the toll-free line, so I thought this was a reminder to follow correct telephone procedure.

He repeated, "Bob, we don't call Cleveland." It then dawned on me that he was referring to the call with the woman who told me the bunker stories. I am sure I blushed, and I started to stammer about how I was just interested in tracking down architectural drawings from the 1920's. That is, I was just doing pure historical research. (Which, in fact, was true). He proceeded to tell me that the woman called the office of the Chessie Railroad (which owned The Greenbrier at the time) in Cleveland and told people there that some guy from The Greenbrier had called her with a lot of funny questions about past construction projects. I stammered some more. He repeated, "Bob, we don't call Cleveland." I got the message one more time: We will all be a lot better off around here if you just stop pursuing that subject.

One day I was walking around the grounds trying to determine where certain 19th-century buildings once stood, and I found myself near a family cemetery on a remote section of the property. A road led up to a wide, green wall with a metal door and a sign on it, "Danger High Voltage." This wall and door were out in the woods not close to anything. I stood there staring for a few moments, wondering if this had anything to do with that secret bunker I kept hearing about. I remember thinking, "I am not supposed to be seeing this." I simply turned around, walked away, and tried to forget I ever saw it.

Every now and then I would meet people who seemed to know something about the bunker. A fellow employee told me tales how a friend of his was involved in bringing in some communications equipment during the West Virginia Wing construction. This was not, he said, equipment that a hotel would ever use. The person telling the story had been in the U.S. Navy and said this was the sort of communications equipment you would see on a battleship.

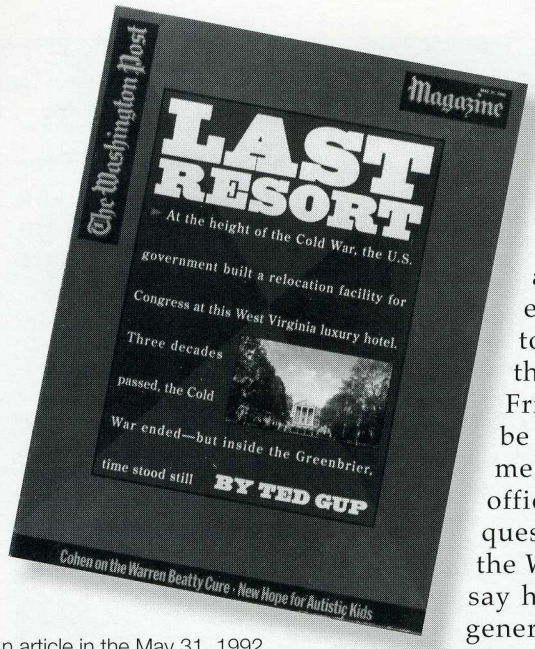
Another man's father had worked

See for Yourself

The historic bunker at The Greenbrier is open to the public for guided tours daily, year-round. The tour takes 90 minutes, and reservations are required. The cost is $30 per adult and $15 for children between the ages of 10 and 18. Children under 10 are not permitted to tour the bunker. Phone (304)536-7810 for reservations, times, or additional information, or visit on-line at www.greenbrier.com.

Author and historian Bob Conte welcomes personal recollections about the bunker from GOLDENSEAL readers. Those with a story to share can contact Bob at The Greenbrier, 300 West Main Street, White Sulphur Springs, WV 24986; e-mail robert_conte@greenbrier.com.

Part of the display area currently on view during bunker tours is this exhibition of original security and communications equipment: a telephone switchboard at left and a surveillance monitoring panel at right. (Note the three maps on the wall showing the locations of alarm systems.) The weapons in the center were intended for use in case of disturbances.



An article in the May 31, 1992, *Washington Post Magazine* broke the story of the bunker's existence. For days dozens of newspapers picked up the astonishing news that a secret wartime emergency facility lay hidden for 30 years under the lavish and manicured façade of the famed Greenbrier hotel.

for the telephone company The system installed here, he said, was clearly more than anything necessary for a hotel. No doubt, he said, it was for the secret bunker.

I met a young man once who asked about the bunker, and when I responded with the usual denial he said, "I am the grandson of L.T. Nuckols." I recognized that name as the man from the C&O who had supervised the building of the West Virginia Wing. So I stopped denying and asked him what stories he had heard. He said that his grandfather talked openly about it. This conversation was taking place right in the hotel's lower lobby, and again I was afraid someone might overhear what we were talking about.

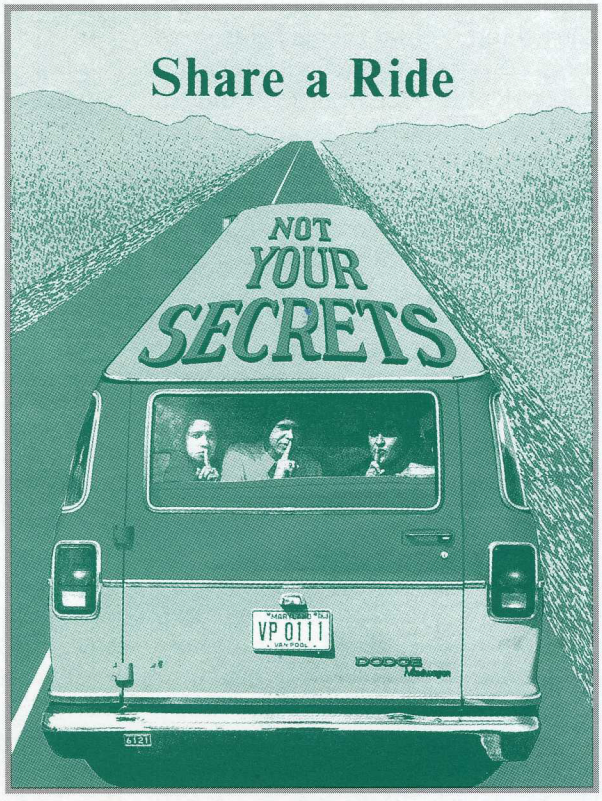
Most bunker rumors indicated that access was via elevators servicing the West Virginia Wing. As the stories went, the elevators could go much further down to wherever the bunker was located if you inserted the right key in the control panel. One person told me how limos carrying government officials could come from the Lewisburg airport, enter the hotel's massive Exhibit Hall, drive through some doors into a freight elevator, and be taken down to the bunker.

When Ted Gup, the reporter who later broke the bunker story in the *Washington Post*, arrived at The Greenbrier in early 1992, he wanted to talk to three people: Ted Kleisner, the president of The Greenbrier; Fritz Bugas, the man rumored to be in charge of the bunker; and me. Mr. Kleisner stopped by my office and told me that if asked questions about "what is under the West Virginia Wing," I was to say how it was just an old rumor generated by World War II stories, Eisenhower visits, the Presidential Suite, etc. In other words, he said I should repeat exactly what engineer Luther Way had told me 14 years earlier.

Ted Gup did call, came to my office, put a tape recorder on my desk, turned it on, and said point blank, "I'm here to talk about what is under the West Virginia Wing." I repeated what I had been told to say, "There is nothing under the West Virginia Wing, etc." Mr. Gup looked at me and I looked at him, and it was abundantly clear that he did not believe one word I said. I had shot all my ammunition, and I had no clue what to do next. So I offered to let him look though all my historical files and he would see that there was no information about any bunker.

He spent about an hour looking through material from the 1959 to 1962 period, including old issues of the *Brierchat*, an employee publication. From those pages he selected the names of people who worked here then, got out the local phone book, and started calling. He also found a Greenbrier publicity brochure, which inadvertently showed more available public space within the Exhibit Hall area than supposedly existed. A few photographs indicated a balcony around the Exhibit Hall that had been boarded up over the years. These little pieces of evidence indicated that there was more to the Exhibit Hall area than met the eye. Although Ted Gup never showed me any of his evidence, it was clear from his questions that he arrived at The Greenbrier knowing quite a bit about the whole bunker story.

Several days later I traveled to Marietta, Ohio, to speak at a Rotary Club luncheon. When I finished with my slide presentation of The Greenbrier's history, I asked for questions. A gentleman way in the back stood up and almost shouted, "What about that secret bunker down there?" One more time I repeated what chief engineer Luther Way told me, only now I was



One of many government-issue posters inside the bunker that reminded everyone involved that Project Greek Island was a classified, top-secret operation and not to be discussed even with family members.

denying the existence of a bunker knowing, following my encounter with Ted Gup, that it was only a matter of time until the story appeared in the press.

On Thursday, May 28, 1992, Dorothy Miller, a long-time secretary on the staff, told me to stay around because there was going to be an important meeting that afternoon. She said it was going to be about the bunker. I had never heard anyone in anything remotely approaching an official position say that word "bunker" out loud except when denying its existence.

The meeting was changed to the next morning. When I entered Ted Kleisner's office, there was a curious mix of people there. I noticed Fritz Bugas sitting quietly off to the side. Mr. Kleisner proceeded to announce that The Greenbrier was acknowledging a 35-year secret partnership with the federal government and explained that the story would be in the press that afternoon. Stunned and flabbergasted are the only words that describe my reaction. Fritz Bugas stood up and said that in fact what his company, Forsythe Associates, really did was "shelter maintenance" for the U.S. government. I thought I would fall over.

I spent that afternoon showing a reporter around the property, acting like I knew the whole story when I was repeating information I had only learned a few hours earlier. When the full *Post* story appeared on May 31, I read it with my mouth open not so much for what it said but simply for the fact that it was in print at all. After all those years of abiding by the unwritten we-don't-talk-about-that-around-here rule, the story was right there in black-and-white for the whole world to see. This was simply unimaginable.

Reaction in Greenbrier County ranged from a shrug — one employee remarked, "I never knew it was a secret in the first place" — to bewilderment among those who had never even heard rumors. Of course there were those who claimed that they knew about it all along, but most people felt that this only confirmed years of speculation. Many were highly offended that the press would reveal the secret after the local population had kept it under their hats for years. But most of all everyone wanted to actually see this mysterious entity for themselves.

That didn't happen for three years, until the government had moved out and all the legal complexities with The Greenbrier and its owner, the CSX Corporation, were resolved. Since I give tours as part of my job, it fell to me and a few others to guide the first tours that were offered to Greenbrier employees. Although no one said so in so many words, these initial tours were a kind of unspoken "thank you" to employees for years of deflecting questions about the rumored bunker.

Bob Conte today, with the main entrance of The Greenbrier over his shoulder. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

The vast majority of Greenbrier employees had the same reaction I did upon entering and seeing the facility for the first time. The bunker was huge, considerably larger than anyone had imagined. The wider plan within which it functioned — a movement of the entire U.S. Congress and staff members to this site where they could continue to work as a legislative body in the face of catastrophe — was much more complex than any rumors had indicated. It was a curious sensation. Here was an unusual case where reality was much larger and indeed much more interesting than all the preceding rumors and speculation.

A few days later public tours opened to an overwhelming response. Hundreds of people stood in lines for hours to enter the immense secret vault. The media descended in droves to film and interview. Over the next few years interest did seem to wane as Cold War memories faded. The terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, however, awakened a seemingly insatiable curiosity about emergency planning, and now, 15 years after the bunker's closure, tours are going strong.

Having given many a tour and many a media interview, I have concluded that this intense interest is also driven by the stunning incongruity of a bunker at The Greenbrier, best expressed by a visitor who said. "In West Virginia we always thought of The Greenbrier as the height of civilization. Then we come to find out that on the same property there was a facility for the end of civilization."

Patti Powell "Long Haul

By Ivan M. Tribe and Deanna Tribe

Patti Powell poses for a promotional photograph for her 1971 record titled, "Long Haul Widow."

In the spring of 1969, a young housewife and office worker from Banks County, Georgia, embarked on a career as a country music singer in West Virginia. Young Sybil Powell grew up enthralled with the sounds and voices of Hank Williams, Kitty Wells, Carl Smith, and Jean Shepard. For three years, she had been singing in the Atlanta area on a part-time basis.

Wheeling radio station WWVA with its popular *Jamboree U.S.A.* show would provide Miss Powell with her golden opportunity. She recalls that prior to this time, she had "never seen any part of West Virginia." She was impressed, however, with the state's "natural, untouched beauty. Somehow I knew then this was where I wanted to be."

For the next 17 years, her voice would be heard frequently on the stage, first at Jamboree Hall on Wheeling Island and then at the Capitol Theater, as well as on shows while touring throughout the eastern United States and Canada, where music fans and WWVA listeners knew her as Patti Powell.

Sybil Louise Powell was born to a rural family near Gillsville, Georgia, on January 7, 1937 Her parents, Arthur and Lillian "Grace" Powell, farmed an 82-acre plot until her dad had a bad truck accident

WWVA's Widow"

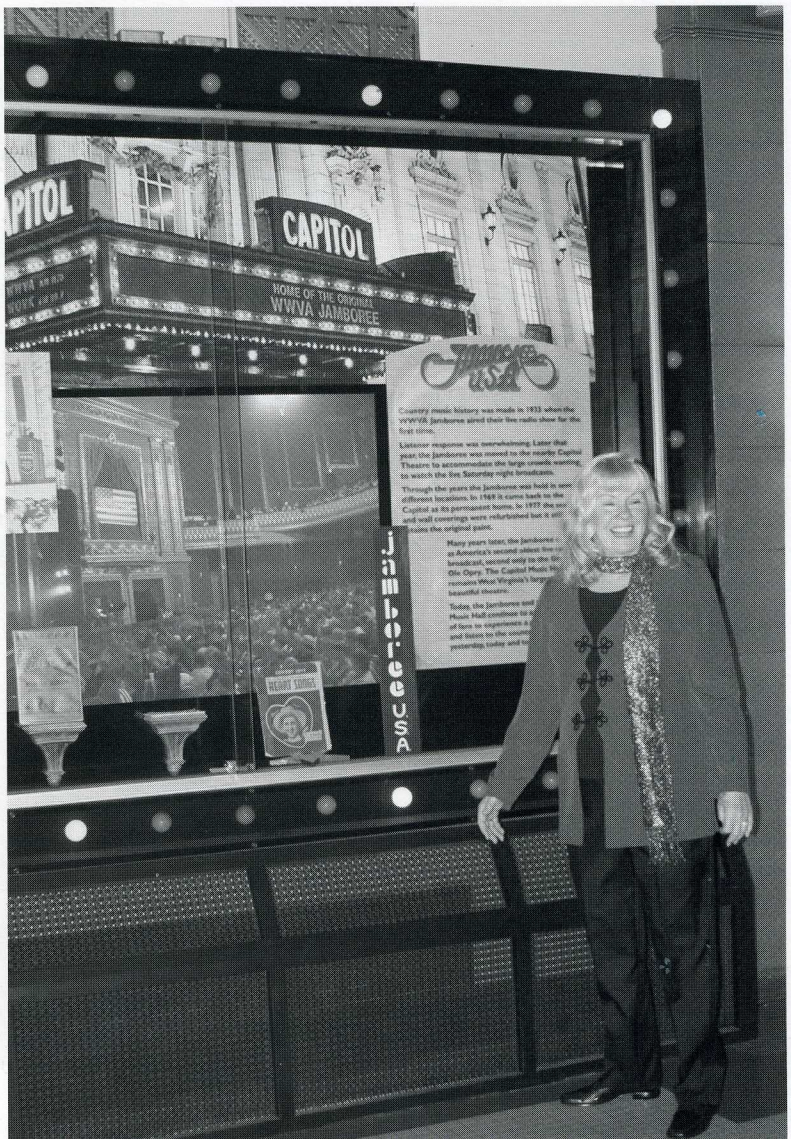
when Sybil was in high school and was unable to work. In time Arthur Powell recovered sufficiently to obtain a job as a night watchman at a textile mill. Sybil aspired to be a country singer. She would sing "at any gathering that I was asked," she recalls, including "brush arbor meetings which we would attend, church, community dances; [and] front porch singing with family, friends [and] neighbors."

Not long after finishing high school, Sybil, following the path of many Appalachian migrants, moved to the city, in this case Atlanta. She got an office job with Sears but also found opportunities for singing on a part-time basis These venues included a Saturday radio show at WEAS, in suburban Decatur, with a band known as Cowboy Jack and the Southern Drifters. She also sang on the *Dixie Jubilee* and the *Hoedown Matinee*, on Saturday evening and afternoon, respectively, both over WLWA-Channel 11 in Atlanta. All of these shows provided Miss Powell with much-needed experience, which she would soon put to good use.

A few years earlier, her singing career had been put on hold when she first married Bill Tarpley, a salesman, in 1958. Her mother, Grace Powell, had also become quite ill. Between home, working, and helping her parents, Sybil had little time for singing. Her mother died in August 1965. Reflecting back, Patti says, "Those were bad, sad years for me."

In April 1966, Sybil Powell Tarpley started singing again, taking up where she had left off eight years earlier. In the intervening time, more women singers had come to win increasing acceptance such as Loretta Lynn, Norma Jean, Wanda Jackson, and Melba Montgomery. The following January, Sybil signed to record her first disk for Hillside Records, a local label owned by Little Jimmy Dempsey — a lead guitarist of some renown. Dempsey thought that the name Sybil Tarpley did not sound sufficiently commercial, so she took the stage name "Patti," combined it with her maiden name, and became "Patti Powell."

The record, "Cry Room" (b/w "The End of the Line") received "lots of airplay," Patti says, and led to her performing several songs on the syndicated *Bob Poole Party Line* TV show, based in Greenville, South Carolina. Her next single, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," released in 1968 by Pete Drake's Stop Records of Nashville, garnered wider attention and national airplay. Among those who took note was WGUN Decatur artist and deejay, Bob Gallion. Bob, who grew up in Columbus, Ohio, relocated to Wheeling's WWVA in 1969, joining Mac Wiseman, popular *Jamboree* artist



Patti Powell recently revisited the lobby of Wheeling's Capitol Theater. Patti was a member of WWVA's *Jamboree U.S.A.* for 18 years. Photograph by Pete Wildey.

Bob Gallion (at left) and Mac Wiseman (with guitar) were instrumental in bringing Patti to West Virginia. Patti is at right in this 1982 photograph. Also pictured is singer Boxcar Willie. Photograph by Donna Campbell.

and talent director. Meanwhile, Patti joined the cast of Jimmy Smart's *JR Jamboree*, a Sunday evening program on Channel 17 in Atlanta, where she appeared for the next four months.

On April 26, 1969, Patti Powell made a guest appearance on *Jamboree U.S.A.*, a performance that would change her life. The events of that day are etched in her memory. Patti recalls: "Although I had worked on live TV, radio shows, personal appearances, [and] recording, when I walked up that long ramp to the side entrance of the stage where I was to perform on that famous Wheeling show, I was so nervous I didn't know if I could make it backstage to get in the early rehearsal, much less perform on the actual show being broadcast over a 50,000-watt station which covered millions of people. I did my rehearsal and then was informed they would like me to do more songs on each show, because one of the regular female *Jamboree* stars had canceled. By the time that night was over, I just felt I wanted Wheeling, the *Jamboree*, and West Virginia to be a part of my life."

Patti Powell became a regular *Jamboree* cast member in mid-May 1969 She and her husband moved to West Virginia, making their home on Wheeling Island for some years. Patti credits Mac Wiseman with being the main force in bringing her to WWVA, although Bob Gallion, who was aware of her vocal work in the Atlanta area, may also have had some influence.

The *Jamboree* in the late 1960's was in a state of rejuvenation. With a tradition going back to 1933, only WWVA's *World's Original Jamboree* and the *Grand Ole Opry* had

Quick with a smile and a song, Patti enjoys a few laughs during a recent visit to the Capitol Theater. She performed on this stage many times during her 18 years as a *Jamboree U.S.A.* cast member. Photograph by Pete Wildey.

survived the decline of the "Golden Age of Radio" on 50,000 watt stations. The *National Barn Dance* from WLS in Chicago, the *Louisiana Hayride* from KWKH Shreveport, and the *Big D Jamboree* from KRLD Dallas had all died earlier in the '60's. *The Renfro Valley Barn Dance* hung on by a thread as a live show, but without the major radio outlets it once had. The *Wheeling Jamboree* might have had less prestige than the *Opry*, but it still had a name.

Station management had given some consideration to closing it in the mid-1960's, but announcer Lee Sutton, Wheeling icon Doc Williams, and the newly arrived Mac Wiseman persuaded them to keep it going. Following a move to the spacious Wheeling Island Exhibition Hall, a two-show Saturday night *Jamboree* could accommodate more than 5,500 fans. A *Jamboree* renaissance appeared to be ascending, with Wiseman in charge of the talent and Patti Powell right in the midst of it. A move back to the Capitol Theater in December 1969 promised even more success.

When not on the road or at the *Jamboree*, Patti worked for Mac at the Mac Wiseman Talent Agency As a solo vocalist, Patti often found herself being backed by bluegrass bands, like the Shenandoah Cutups led by Jim Eanes and veteran fiddle ace Clarence "Tater" Tate, to which she adapted with ease.

In the winter of 1969-70, Mac Wiseman, newly signed to RCA Victor, had a hit record with the novelty song, "Johnny's Cash and Charlie's Pride." By spring, the "Voice with a Heart," as he was known, decided to move to Nashville and in May sold the talent agency to Bob Gallion and Patti, who had joined forces to form the Bob Gallion-Patti Powell Show in April. In addition to promoting themselves, the renamed Wheeling Talent Agency did booking for other *Jamboree* artists and eventually other acts and entertainment forms, as well.

Robert H. Gallion was born on April 22, 1924, in Ashland, Kentucky, and grew up in Ohio. He worked as a deejay and singer until briefly joining Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper's Clinch Mountain Clan. Soon he became a solo *Jamboree* artist and signed with MGM Records. After leaving WWVA, he often combined singing with deejay work, booking with the Acuff-Rose Artist Bureau, and songwriting. Along the way he had numerous recordings. A few of them were rockabilly, but most were hard country songs, including such hits as "Wall to Wall Love," "You Take the Table and I'll Take the Chairs," "Loving You Was Worth This Broken Heart," and "Let's Be Sweethearts Again," mostly for Hickory after leaving MGM. As a songwriter, Bob's compositions had been recorded by Kitty Wells, Carl Smith, Red Sovine, the Osborne Brothers, and others. In early 1969, he returned to WWVA as an artist, residing in his wife's hometown of Williamstown, 70 miles downriver from Wheeling.

Publicity photograph of Bob Gallion and Patti Powell from the 1970's. The two remained performing and business partners from 1970 until Bob's death in 1999.

The Bob Gallion-Patti Powell Show put together a band and toured extensively for about 16 years. Unlike most country bands that have conflicts and undergo frequent personnel changes, Patti says their main group went some 12 years and never had a cross word. Jay Stuman from Canton, Ohio, played pedal steel, and Benny Strong played the bass and fronted the group. Perhaps the key figure was lead guitarist Skeets Martin, a Pennsylvania native and veteran of several groups, including more than a year as a member of the *Jamboree* staff band. His son, Jeff Martin, rounded out the band as drummer.

In 1971, Patti finally got a major label contract with Hickory Records of Nashville Over a two-year period, she had four singles released. The first one, "Long Haul Widow" (b/w "To See the Kids Again") had the most impact. "Long Haul Widow" reflected the perspective of a lonesome truck driver's wife who missed her husband who was gone so much. Capitalizing on the popularity of trucking songs, it had been composed by Donald Sniffin, whom Patti describes as "a boy who showed up in Wheeling with several songs," some of which she recorded. The flip side, "To See the Kids Again," related the longings of a divorcee for her ex-husband. Patti says that in later years she got more requests for the latter song because

Riding the success of her song "Long Haul Widow" and the popularity of truck-driving songs in country music, Patti participated in the annual Truck Driver Jamboree for several years. Patti is pictured here at the 1973 event, with performers Red Sovine (second from left), Dave Dudley (fourth from left), and Dick Curless (second from the right). The others are unidentified fans.

so many persons identified with the lyrics. Patti reflects, "With the success of my recording of 'Long Haul Widow,' I had the honor of being on the annual Truck Drivers Jamboree held in the fall of 1972 and 1973 with Dave Dudley, Red Sovine, and Dick Curless with their great truck driving songs." For the next two or three years, Patti says, "I was many times referred to as the 'Long Haul Widow'"

Early in 1973, Patti and Bob recorded their first and best-known duet for Metromedia, "Love by Appointment." A somewhat typical country "cheating" song, it placed them firmly in the classic male-female duet style of the day. In later years, they waxed a few more duets, including Don Reno and Red Smiley's "I Know You're Married but I Love You Still."

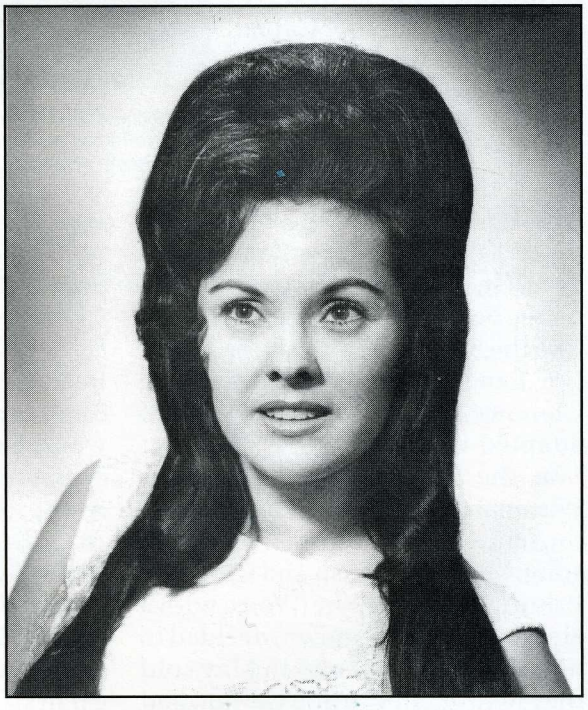
During their years on the *Jamboree* and touring as the Bob Gallion-Patti Powell Show, they played hundreds of shows at county fairs, firemen's carnivals, country music parks, and community events. Patti recalls that they worked mostly in the period from May through October, as the indoor club circuit held little appeal for her. Most of their shows took place in northern West Virginia, Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio, and upstate New York, with some forays into Maryland, Virginia, New England, and eastern Canada.

One especially notable experience was appearing in 1970 at the Montreal World's Fair ("Expo") at the U.S.A. Pavilion on West Virginia Day with other *Jamboree* artists Freddy Carr and Kay Kemmer. When performing at the federal women's prison in Alderson, Greenbrier County, on July 4, 1972, Patti met Irene Williams Smith, the elder sister of Hank Williams. Smith served time at Alderson in the early 1970's after she was convicted on drug-related charges.

The late Mel Street, a Bluefield native whom Bob and Patti booked on many shows, left many fond memories. He was "friendly and nice to everyone," Patti says. "We spent lots of time with Mel, [and] booked him on lots of shows. He was such a gentleman. And what a talent he was!"

Patti and Bob continued to record throughout the middle to late 1970's. They released a long-playing album *Together and Alone*, containing two duets and four solo efforts by each. Patti did a single and an album titled *Road Show Favorites* for Arby Records. In 1978, they did a *Bob Gallion & Patti Powell. Greatest Hits* album for Gusto, consisting of new Nashville-produced masters of their most popular numbers.

In 1983, Patti took a memorable trip to Pennsylvania on the Fourth of July weekend. An unapologetic animal lover — especially of cats — Patti spotted an injured male kitten



Country music singer Patti Powell. This 1970's publicity photo is her favorite, she says.

along the highway. Near death at the time, the cat had been badly abused. She cared for it for the remainder of the trip, took it home, and, with the help of the local veterinarian, nursed the cat back to health. By this time Patti and Bill had moved to a rural home in what she calls "a beautiful valley" several miles west of Wheeling, near I-70. The cat, named Hitchhiker, became her constant companion for more than 10 years. Patti has had other cats through the years, all much loved, but none had more impact than Hitchhiker. She even wrote a song about him.

Bob and Patti remained quite active musically through the end of 1985. Tiring of the road, they cut down on touring, released their band, and curtailed performing. Nonetheless, they continued to work in what was by then known as Show Case Attractions / Bob Gallion Productions. In addition to booking country music acts, they also scheduled demolition derbies, rodeos, and auto thrill shows. They handled county fair bookings throughout the better part of five states as well as many community festivals, which kept them almost too busy to play. All of this came to an end late in 1995, when Bob Gallion suffered a serious heart attack and retired to his home in Williamstown. He passed away on August 20, 1999

Looking back over her years at the *Jamboree*, Patti recalls with affection her fan club, created and run by a lady in Wheeling named Marian Bennett. At its peak, the fan club had several hundred members; it operated for more than 10 years. According to Patti, "I learned just how much love the fans had for *Jamboree* artists. Many times on a Saturday night when appearing on the *Jamboree*, I would get flowers, cards, letters, and notes from someone attending." Among the most loyal fans were Jack and Jo Ann Wilson, from Mannington, who "will always be part of my life," Patti says. She recalls that she, Bob Gallion, and his family "sat at their table many times through the years."

Patti Powell was musically inactive for several years, but in 2003 she began to appear on stage again. Accompanied by veteran lead guitarist Skeets Martin and other new band members, Patti has made several recordings and personal appearances in recent years.

In 2003, Patti made her first *Jamboree U.S.A.* appearance in many years. She attended four reunion programs in a row, including 2006, the year after the *Jamboree* officially ended. It gave Patti considerable satisfaction to be there again, saying, "I was honored to be invited to be a part [of it] and once again [step] on that great *Jamboree* stage to perform."

In 2006, Patti also appeared at the "Sagebrush Roundup" on Bunner's Ridge near Fairmont where ever-loyal fans Jack and Jo Ann Wilson were among the first to greet her. [See "'Seventh Heaven' Saturday Night at the Sagebrush Round-up," by Carl E. Feather; Winter 2004.]

Largely retired except for a few select appearances, Sybil Louise Powell Tarpley — Patti Powell — looks back with fond reminiscence over her years with *Jamboree U.S.A.* and traveling and performing throughout 18 states and six Canadian provinces. She has entertained tens of thousands, made lots of friends and fans, and earned a comfortable living through her singing and booking work. Reflecting over her life, Patti looks back to the *Jamboree* and the Wheeling Island Exhibition Hall and Capitol Theater, calling it "the place that holds so many wonderful memories and where so many dreams came true."

Patti sings a song with long-time guitar accompanist and friend Skeets Martin. Though officially retired, Patti still appears at occasional events in the Wheeling area and is working on a new recording. Photograph by Pete Wildey.

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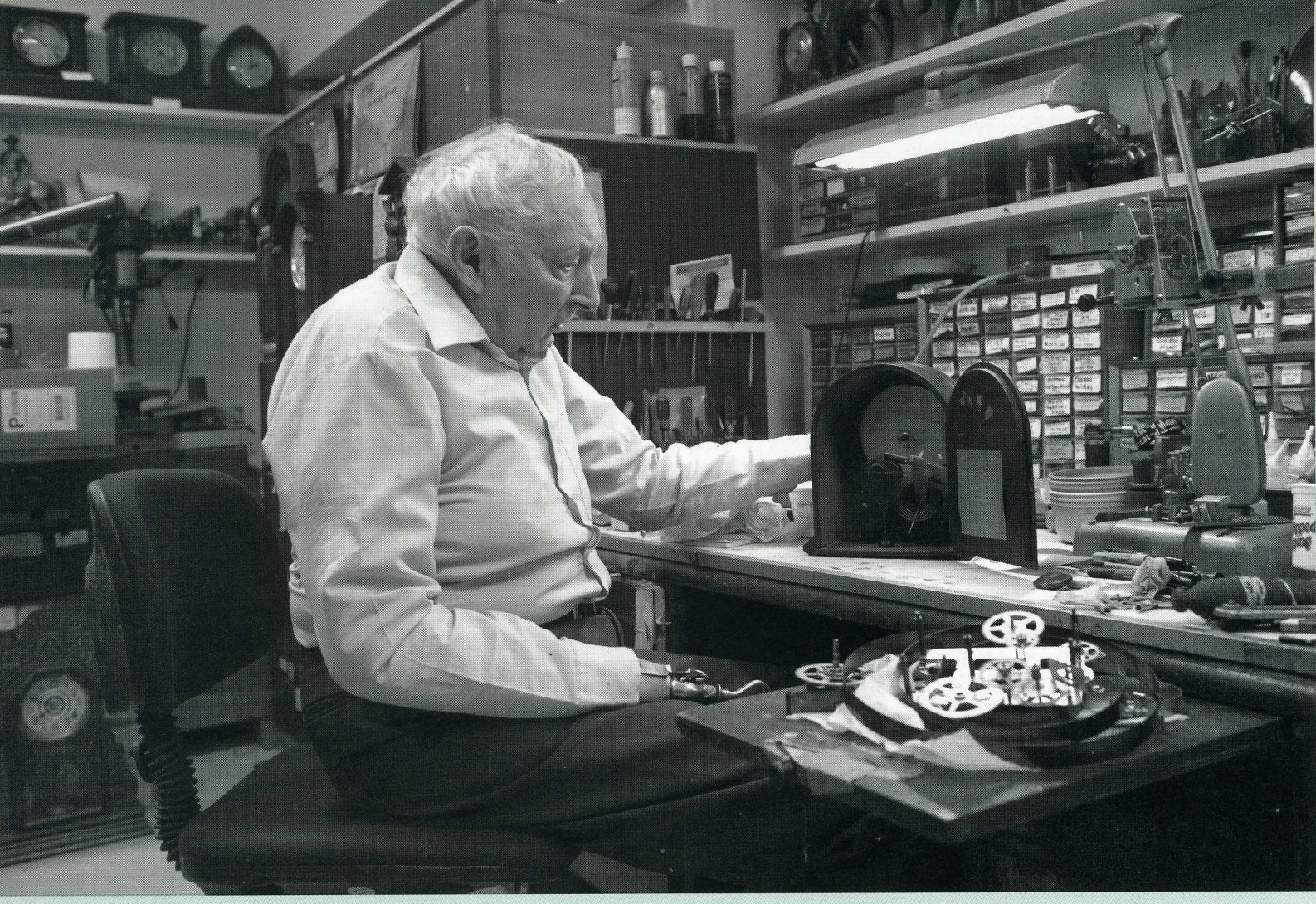


Doyle Kisner in his Tucker County clock shop.

Doyle Kisner

Tucker County's Single-Handed Clock Man

Text and photographs by Carl E. Feather

Doyle Kisner has but one hand, but he manages a lot of time with it. The 86-year-old Holly Meadows, Tucker County, resident is a clock repairman who lost his right hand in a farming accident. A metal hook substitutes for the lost hand. To make his job even more challenging, Doyle has rheumatoid arthritis in his left hand, leaving him with only a thumb and two fingers to manipulate the tiny gears, bushings, pins, and levers that go into a clock mechanism.

And then there's his lazy eye — Doyle sees only shadows and movement out of his left eye. His right one is 20/20, however, and this good eye is as sharp as his mind and his skills as a clock maker/repairman, marquetry artist, and woodworker.

"He's got a lot of talent and patience," a younger brother, Richard, says, summing up his remarkable brother's traits.

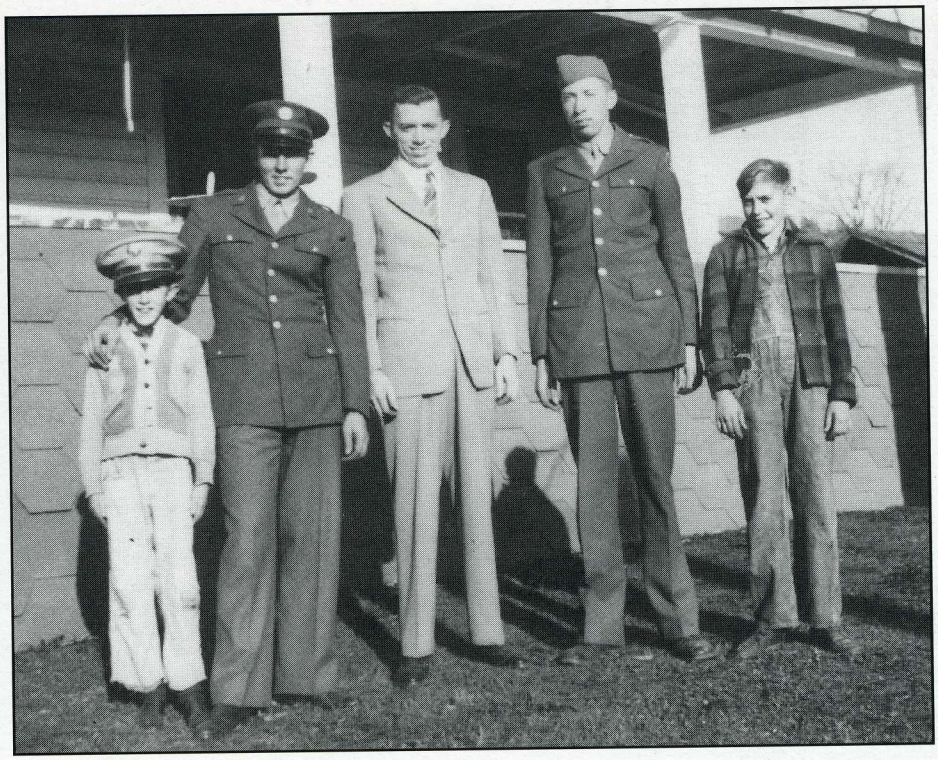
A bachelor all his life, Doyle lives in a new home that Doyle, Richard, and their sister, Dorothy, had built to accommodate their individual interests. The house overlooks the Cheat River and stands across from the old farmhouse where the trio was reared by Page Cross and Louella Kisner. The couple's five girls and five boys (a sixth girl died in infancy) grew up on this farm.

"They bought the farm in 1912," Richard says. "They had mostly chickens and hogs, dairy cows."

Doyle showed an interest in mechanical things at an early age, to the consternation of his mother. The family owned a kitchen clock, which eventually stopped working thanks to Doyle's constant tinkering.

"We played with it, did the wrong things to it," Doyle says of the clock that, to the best of his knowledge, was so badly messed up his parents disposed of it.

Doyle eventually redeemed himself, but it was a circuitous route. In a newspaper article by Dr. Heather R. Biola, Doyle observed. "People usually don't get interested in old clocks until they are older. It's about the time they begin to look up their ancestors. They see an old clock and it will remind 'em of one they saw at their grandmother's house."



The 10 Kisner children in 1943. From the left, the boys are Richard, Harry, Glen, Doyle, and James. From the left, the girls are Dorothy, Shirley, Freda, Evelyn, and Julia. Today Doyle, Richard, and Dorothy share a home outside Parsons. Photographer unknown.

In addition to his tinkering with the clock at home, as a high school student Doyle spent his lunch periods gazing in the window of a Parson's jewelry store, watching the complex movements of anniversary clocks.

With World War II under way, Doyle soon found himself using his mechanical skills at an airplane factory in Baltimore. When Doyle first applied at the Martin Aircraft factory, he was rejected because of his vision handicap. Doyle was told to wear a patch over the good

Having lost his right hand in a farming mishap in 1983, Doyle uses a prosthesis to carry out the delicate jobs of clock building and repair. Here he grips a pair of pliers with his left hand and a gear with his custom-built "hook."

eye; perhaps the lazy one would be forced to "wake up" and start pulling its weight.

Doyle used his ingenuity, instead. He memorized the eye chart and passed the physical the next time he applied. He worked at the factory seven months, building B-26 bombers. Then his draft notice arrived. Doyle could have used his lazy eye as a medical deferment, but once again he memorized the eye chart.

Assigned to the Army Air Corps, Doyle worked as an aircraft mechanic, responsible for the maintenance and repair of a P-51. He served from 1943 to 1946, and after the war returned to his aircraft factory job It was short-lived, however, and he returned to West Virginia, where he worked at a woolen mill before unemployment caught up with him again.

"I got discouraged, and I joined the farm training and bought a lot of farm machinery," Doyle says.

He teamed up with his brother, and they went into the custom silo-filling business. It was hard work, and after five years Doyle and his brother decided to pursue other paths. About that time, Doyle heard that Dr. Guy Michaels, a Parsons physician [see "A Life Well Spent: 'Doc Pete' of Parsons," by Tom Felton, Fall 2008], was looking for someone to manage his 192-acre beef, dairy, and sheep farm.

Doyle was primary operator of the farm for the next 20 years. In 1966, his performance won him the FFBL award from the Tucker County cooperative extension agent. "Doyle is one of the best farmers in Tucker County," stated Ralph Dunkle, the Tucker County cooperative extension agent, in an article about Doyle. "He has made many improvements and has obtained modern, up-to-date machinery needed to run the farm in a more economical manner."

In that same article, Doyle observed, "Farming has never brought me a better living in a material sense, but farming is to me the most pleasant thing I could be doing."

Nevertheless, the job was stressful at times, particularly when the hired help failed to show up for work or take their commitment seriously. Seeking a vent for that frustration, in 1969 Doyle built his first grandfather clock. He built it as a gift for his mother and a diversion for himself.

Doyle had only some basic power tools with which to cut the pieces of the cabinet and fashion the curved, decorative moldings. He didn't even have a workbench — a hay wagon in a former chicken house had to serve the purpose.

"She didn't know anything about it," Richard says of the clock, which still keeps time in their living room. "[Doyle] had it out there in that shed, and it was a surprise to her."

Doyle went on to build nearly a dozen grandfather clocks (he purchased the clock movements). Richard sold a few of them at the service station he operated; others sold by word of mouth. The six-foot-tall clocks were just the beginning, however.

He diversified into making reproductions of other classic clocks and selling them at craft shows and to acquaintances. "One year, I sold 14 clocks at the fair at the courthouse. That's the most I sold at one time," Doyle says.

As a woodworker, he had the advantage of also owning a sawmill, which kept him supplied in a variety of hardwood lumber for his projects, as well as unusual woods. An alder, or Tree of Life, that grew on a farm was cut down, and Doyle milled the timber into lumber. He used some of the very hard wood to build an E.I. Terry clock, which he gave to the family that was living on the farm where the lumber originated.

But the lady didn't like the wood's light tone, and she traded the clock to an antique dealer When Doyle heard the clock was on the market, he negotiated with the dealer to get it back, and it remains in his collection to this day.

Doyle's reproduction clocks make extensive use of veneers over plywood for the straight surfaces of the cases and turned hardwood for the spindles and other decorative touches. As a result of working with veneers in his clock-building capacity, Doyle branched into marquetry, a type of inlaid artwork done with veneers.

Doyle noticed an advertisement for the Marquetry Society of America in a veneer-supplies catalog. He wrote for information, became a member, and started making detailed marquetry images of any magazine or calendar picture that captured his fancy.

As with his clock-building, Doyle taught himself how to do it.

"I just picked it up," he says. "It's like you do with anything else, just study on it."

The process of expressing a scene in veneers is akin to painting by number, says Doyle. He starts by tracing the image onto paper, then converts the colors in the image to tones corresponding to the available veneers. This new map of the image is marked on tracing paper and transferred to the veneers. A fine blade, smaller than a coping-saw blade, is used to painstakingly cut the small pieces so they fit tightly and perfectly.

"You break a lot of blades," he says.

His most popular marquetry effort, in terms of sales, was a reproduction of the FBI's Secret Service logo. His sister worked for the agency in Washington, D.C., and Doyle made a wall plaque of the official logo to hang in her office. When fellow staffers saw the marquetry rendition, they wanted one, as well.

"I must have sold 40 to 50 of them," Doyle says.

Doyle's hobby of building clocks also took him on a clock repair tangent. Using instructional videos, his innate mechanical skills,

Marquetry is another of Doyle Kisner's skills. He uses a variety of wooden veneers to create intricate works of art, such as this woodland and mountain scene.

In 1990, Doyle Kisner and a partner repaired the clock on the Tucker County courthouse, bringing regional attention to his skills as a clock repairman. The total bill was $172.97, including supplies and materials. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives, photographer unknown.

and perseverance, Doyle learned how to fix timepieces ranging from small pocket watches and nightstand alarm clocks, to large grandfather and courthouse clocks. He purchased old clocks at auctions, estate sales, and from clock shops and repairmen going out of business. He took them apart, cleaned them, repaired their mechanisms, and restored the cases. Then he put them on the shelf with all the others.

"I like clocks, and I just bought them at sales," he says. "I bought out two retired clock makers. I got a lot from these stores that couldn't fix the clocks, and I fixed them up."

Doyle refuses to sell any of the timepieces in his collection, which includes anniversary and kitchen clocks, illuminated advertising clocks, Terry clocks, and mantel clocks. He will sell reproductions of them, but any originals he purchases go into his personal collection.

On a good day, when he's feeling well and the pain of his rheumatoid arthritis is under control, Doyle will spend three to four hours working on clocks. He always has a backlog of repair work, and customers understand when they drop off a timepiece that it will be done according to his schedule. Their time is literally in his hand — and hook.

A farming accident claimed Doyle's right hand in 1983. An operation temporarily saved his thumb and a portion of his hand and other fingers, but infection set in and the surgeon and Doyle decided he would be better off with the hand removed at the wrist. Doyle was then fitted with a metal hook that he can open and close with the movement of his opposite shoulder, via a strap that runs between it and the hook.

Doyle was able to continue his work as a farm manager, as well as his woodworking, clock repair, and marquetry hobbies.

"I never stopped," Doyle says. "It just slowed me down."

Doyle says he "rewired" his mind and shifted those functions once performed by his right hand to the left.

"It's amazing. A lot of people wonder how I get all this done, but it never fazed me," he says. "The only handicap I got is writing. My brain won't connect the letters when I write longhand." After the farm accident, Doyle even made five more marquetry projects.

"I just wanted to see if I could really still do it," he says.

It was after he lost his hand that Doyle tackled one of his most ambitious clock repair projects, reviving the nearly 70-year-old Tucker Coun-

ty courthouse clock.

The timepiece was manufactured by E Howard Company and installed in the early 1920's. It was allegedly purchased with fines from prohibition busts. The clock stopped working around 1984, and no one could figure out how to repair it. Doyle agreed to tackle the job in 1990.

"The first time I went up there, the janitor told me there had been a lot of people come up to fix it, but they couldn't do it," Doyle recalls.

Doyle Kisner's fascination with clocks dates back to childhood, when he destroyed his mother's kitchen clock by tinkering with it.

Working with another volunteer, Robert Pratt of Elkins, the men put in more than 200 hours on the project, which involved completely disassembling the clock, cleaning every component, and replacing several key parts. The records of the manufacturer had been destroyed in a fire, so Doyle had to track down the drawings for the clock on microfiche. Kidwell's Machine Shop in Parsons fabricated whatever gears needed replaced, while Porterwood Machine & Welding straightened the shaft that had become damaged through improper use. It has worked ever since. Total bill, $172.97, all for materials and supplies.

"After I fixed it, I put a sign up there telling them how to maintain it," Doyle says.

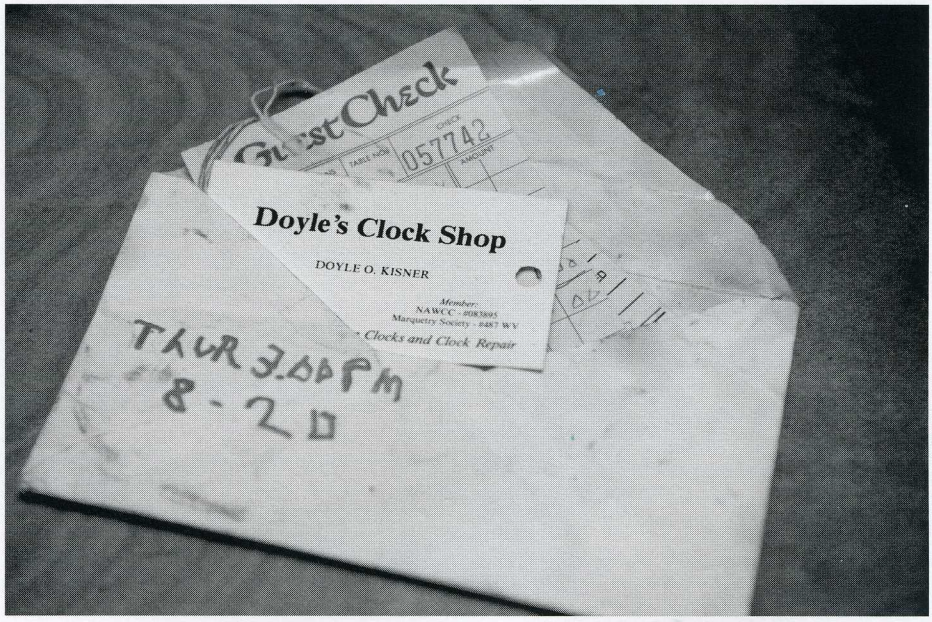
The publicity Doyle received from this project drove business to the door of his little chicken-shed shop. It hasn't slowed down any over the years, either. Doyle says he gets repair work from customers as far away as Florida and the Midwest. Even with shipping charges, it's less expensive to send the clock to Doyle than have it repaired elsewhere, he says.

For several years, Doyle has sought someone to assist him with the business and become an apprentice to his work, but without success. He says the commitment of time and the low pay associated with clock repair discourages beginners. For example, his labor on a job that takes him at least eight hours is just $15.

"I don't charge for my work what someone would charge who is doing it for a living," Doyle says. "That's what discourages people from learning this stuff."

Doyle, on the other hand, has never been afraid to try something new, regardless of what little monetary compensation might be involved. During the 1990's, Doyle got into beekeeping, and within six years won the state Beekeeper of the Year. But while loading hives onto a truck one day, Doyle was stung hundreds, perhaps thousands, of times on his legs.

It was about the same time that Doyle received a vaccination. Doyle says his doctor believes that the combination of the vaccine plus multiple injections of bee venom resulted in the onset of the autoim-



Doyle writes all his bills by hand and places a business card on the back of every clock he repairs. He has a record of every repair he's made.

mune arthritis. Doyle says the pain was so bad it took all his strength just to get out of bed. He begged his doctor to put him out of his misery before his physician finally found a medication that reduced the pain to a manageable level.

The illness has taken its toll on his efficiency Doyle says it now takes him eight hours to disassemble a clock mechanism, clean it, and put it back together. If he does one or two clocks a week, it's a good week.

Yet one more handicap Doyle must overcome to perform his work is hearing loss. A clock repairman can tell a lot about a clock's health by listening to its tick-tock. Doyle's unaided ears can't detect those low-volume sounds anymore, so he uses a small microphone attached to an amplifier to listen to the clock's "heart," like a physician using a stethoscope.

Despite these handicaps, Doyle prides himself in being able to fix whatever ailing timepiece is presented to him for repair. But a cuckoo clock brought in by a lady in 2009 proved to be his nemesis. No matter what he tried and how many hours he put into studying it, Doyle could not get the dancers and music to properly synchronize with the timing mechanism. He could get the clock to keep time, but he could not stop it from playing the music at the wrong time.

"I worked on it for a week, and I gave up on it," he says. "That's the first one I ever gave up on."

The presence of the unsynchronized clock, packed in a box and waiting for its owner, wears on Doyle.

"I hate to give up on anything," he says, glancing at the box. "To tell you the truth, I don't give up too easy."

At 86, Doyle is slowing down, like some of the tired clocks he's worked on over the years. Doyle says an old clock that slows down usually just needs a good cleaning to get it back in shape. It's not that simple for humans.

"I don't know how much longer it's going to be," Doyle says. "One of these days, I'm going to have to quit. I don't like to hear it, but it's a fact."

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.

Doyle Kisner inspects the first grandfather clock he built, a project that set him on the path to clock making and repair.

Rick Dillon works on a mantel clock in his St. Albans clock shop. Photograph by Luke R. Mitchell.

Back In Time

By Luke R. Mitchell

Clock Maker Rick Dillon

When entering my grandfather's clock shop in St. Albans recently, I felt I was stepping back in time. Though he has built and worked on clocks as long as I can remember, only recently have I come to fully appreciate and understand the historical significance of mechanically driven clocks and their counterparts.

My grandfather, James "Rick" Wesley Dillon, owns 51 American, French, and German-style clocks, spread throughout his and my grandmother's home. Some he has built, some he refurbished. He has given many others away to friends and family over the years. Disassembled and intact clocks, most working but some still needing repairs, line the walls and shelves of his clock shop, located in an addition built off their home. Others rest on a wooden mantel that reaches across each wall in the "clock room" — his old shop that has been converted into a family room.

While several pendulums are constantly swinging to slightly different rhythms, those clocks that are wound and running all seem to chime at about the same time. He says it's all in the timing. Some clocks, especially those with 36-inch pendulums, keep time in a slower count (tick, tock), while smaller ones run on a double-time count (tick-tock, tick-tock). The longer the pendulum, the more accurate a clock's timing will be, he says. But they're all fairly consistent if you keep them wound and the timing just right.

My grandfather says the need for repairs of mechanically driven

Some of the 51 clocks owned by Rick Dillon. "I like the old-fashioned ones," Rick says. Photograph by Luke R. Mitchell.

clocks is now almost a thing of the past.

"Before long, there won't be many people around here that will have mechanical driven clocks, because they're almost obsolete now," he says.

People still call on him to fix their old clocks, but more often he finds himself converting mechanically driven clocks into ones that are battery powered.

"I've had to replace the original windup movements in beautiful, antique mantel and wall clocks with battery movements so they didn't have to be wound once a week. I'm not a battery-clock man," he says. "I like the old-fashioned ones, but you have to wind them once a week. You might have a $300 clock, and at least half of the value is the movement. So, when you convert to battery you technically deface your clock. Plus, I like the sound of a mechanical driven clock's chime, not the computer-generated sounds of a battery clock. It's more natural to me.

"I understand this generation doesn't have the time to put into the maintenance, much less just winding the clocks. I mean, every Sunday I wind my clocks. But nowadays, people don't know what they're doing from day to day. Back in the day, a family may clean on Mondays or Tuesdays, and that's when they would wind their clocks, on a schedule. But not as much is so set in stone as far as routines anymore."

After 36 years, my grandfather still enjoys working on clocks, especially when he has the opportunity to repair an antique.

"There's something special about fixing a clock that's, say, 100 years old," he says. "I like to think it'll run for another 100 years after I'm done with it."

When I last stopped by, he was working on an old friend's antique mantel clock. His friend said he could remember hearing it strike during the night as it sat on his mantel years ago. My grandfather says he enjoys the fact that he could help his friend out to where they could both see it run again.

"The satisfaction of knowing it's running again is almost enough payment with this clock," he says. "It's a beauty!"

But at the same time, it's a business he has found to be rewarding enough to help sustain his finances through retirement. In all, he has built around 33 mantel and wall clocks and 20 grandfather clocks since he began in the early 1970's.

My grandfather first started tinkering on clocks in 1972. The first clock he built was one of a series of 12 bracket clocks that he gave as gifts that Christmas. He continued to build cases and teach himself about their inner workings until his employer, Union Carbide, transferred him to California in 1977, where he and my grandmother stayed for a year and a half. During that time, he took some classes on clock repair.

"I was overseeing the construction of a paint manufacturing facility then, and I thought I should take some sort of classes in my spare time," he recalls. "I took three semesters of clock repair classes through an adult education program while we were there in California."

Over the course of eight years, he ended up being transferred back to California two more times and ended up taking five semesters of clock repair, in all.

"The educational program cost four dollars a semester, and I thought it was a productive hobby," he says. "I thought I could bring the skill back home and take a go at it once back here in West Virginia."

Born and raised in South Charleston, my grandfather had an early understanding of both woodworking and mechanics from watching and helping his dad, who worked at Union Carbide as a maintenance supervisor. "I remember watching my dad fix a watch with a toothpick once and seeing him oil clocks, in general. It whetted my appetite and made me want to do what he could do. He was so inquisitive and just wanted to find out how things worked. And I did, too."

My grandfather was the oldest of three brothers. In 1950, all three brothers and their dad were awarded the Boy Scouts' eagle badge at the same time, an accomplishment that, for the most part, is still unheard of today. He was a lifeguard at several local

pools, including the old Rock Lake pool, and then worked as a part-time photographer.

The mathematics of woodworking came naturally to him, and it became second nature after he worked 15 years as an engineer. He began building end tables, cabinets, and other furniture pieces for pastime. After he retired from Union Carbide in 1985, he began building and repairing clocks on a professional level, which is when he opened his business, Rick's Clock Shop. He gradually gained business through word of mouth. Local jewelry stores contracted with him to repair antique and gold-trimmed clocks. Soon, he had a productive way to spend the idle days of retirement.

"It was a good thing, because I could make my own schedule from day to day," he says. He would set aside Tuesdays and Thursdays for picking up and delivering grandfather clocks, and would work on them at his leisure throughout the week. Sometimes he would work until lunch then take an afternoon nap. I recall those afternoon naps from when I was a child.

"At the time, those naps were mainly for you kids, but now we take naps because we need to," my grandmother, Sophia, says jokingly.

She describes the clocks as a "blessing" and says she is happy about how they have kept my grandfather productive over the years and "kept him ticking," so to speak.

"It's given him the ability to share his gift from God with others," she says.

He adds, "The most wonderful thing I ever did, I think, is go to that clock school. It was rewarding. It cost some money, but I made some money. It was really how I could retire at the time I did. I'm not one of those folks who can just sit down and read forever, you know."

He told me that while his grandfather clocks are as good as any, his are special because he uses native West Virginia lumber when making his casings. He says there's something special about working with materials that are around you. He would always get green wood from a West Virginia mill, maybe in Clendenin.

"I had two piles of mostly walnut wood, cut 1 1/8-inch thick that I had bought and took to my shop at home to plane down. I would stack it in layers to allow it to dry better. I let it sit for a couple of years to air dry and get the moisture out of it first."

He says if you use green wood to put a box together before allowing it to dry, it will twist and turn. First, the moisture has to be down to around 15 percent.

"But, I'm a walnut man anyhow. It's easy to work with, sands well, and takes stains the best."

Like his dad, my grandfather taught his son a lot of what he knows about clocks, and, thanks to my grandfather's knowledge, my uncle can repair most clocks now, as well. He started showing him somewhere around 1990. It was something that he enjoyed teaching his son, and it was a time that they had bonded.

I remember my grandfather working with my younger brother, too, showing him basics about working on clocks at a young age. My brother enjoyed working with his hands a lot more than I did. I recall both of them at my grandfather's worktable with magnifying visors on their heads, working on the brass movement of a mechanically driven clock, other clocks waiting patiently in line along the walls to be worked on next.

"There's something truly special about teaching your kid a hobby or craft while working with tools," he says. "But these days, it seems clock making is nearly a forgotten art. It's seen its day already," he says. "It's all about the patience it takes and the respect for its well-being that makes it an art and so special and worthwhile to me."

I've always loved my grandfather and respected his work. I now truly appreciate the level of patience, sentiment, and pride he puts into his work, as well as its historical significance.

LUKE R. MITCHELL is a native of St. Albans a graduate of St. Albans High School. He is a 2007 graduate of West Virginia State University, with a degree in English and professional writing. Luke has had articles published in the *Charleston Daily Mail*. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Starting young, grandson James Mitchell tinkers with the inner workings of one of his grandfather's clocks. Photograph by James "Rick" Dillon.

Groundhog!

By Gerald Milnes

Photographs by Tyler Evert

French Creek Freddie cautiously emerges from his den at the West Virginia State Wildlife Center, near Buckhannon.

On February 2 every year, West Virginians pay special attention to French Creek Freddie, our state weather-predicting groundhog who resides at the West Virginia State Wildlife Center in Upshur County. Each Groundhog Day, Freddie is brought out from winter slumber to either see his shadow and dive back into hibernation, or not see his shadow, it being a cloudy day, and bear tidings of better weather ahead. That being the case, folklore has it that spring is about to pop and we're done with winter.

But we shouldn't jump to conclusions. An old farmers' maxim goes:

On Groundhog Day,
Have half your corn and half your hay.

This saying tells farmers to be prepared for a lengthy stretch of winter weather following this special day. Folklore provides such beliefs and advice in order to help farmers prepare for future weather trends that directly affect their particular occupation. They might observe Groundhog Day, but practical farmers are skeptical.

Many eastern states in this country have their own groundhog weather predictors. There are Buckeye Chuck in Ohio, Octoraro Orphie, and Punxsutawney Phil in Pennsylvania, to name a few. But where did these traditions originate, and what do they really mean?

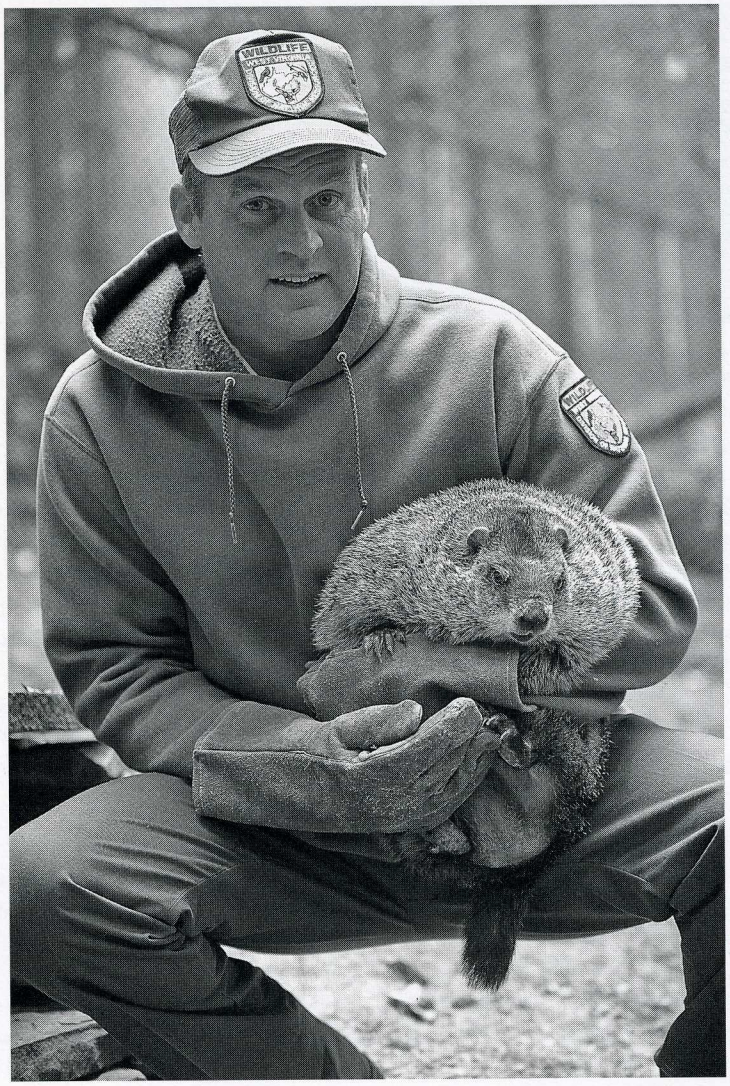
Weather lore is widespread and varied in West Virginia. Some folks talk about the "robin snow" and the "onion snow." Some count the number of fogs in

February to predict the number of snows that will be coming before spring arrives. We've all heard about the wooly worm and weather predictions based on how much black and brown he sports, or that the height of hornet nests from the ground relates to the intensity of winter. Some see various positions of the moon as indicating wet or dry seasons. All over West Virginia blacksnakes have been hung on fences, belly up, to bring on wet weather.

July 3 brings the onset of dog days — as proved by the appearance of the Dog Star, or Sirius. The weather on this day will portend the weather for the next 40 days. Sirius is so bright that the ancient Romans thought it added to the heat of the sun and brought on the hot, dog days of summer.

Most beliefs of this kind are not made up by any recent whim. They are based on traditions that often go back in history to sometimes confusing beginnings. Several western European countries have animals that predict weather. Celtic culture was widespread in ancient western Europe, and the date of February 2 has ties to an early Celtic festival. Before Christianity, this time of year was held in the Celtic world of western Europe as *Imbolc*, a festival marking the midpoint between the winter solstice and the spring equinox. In various parts of Europe, bears, hedgehogs, and badgers were used for weather prediction. One ancient *Imbolc* observance honored the goddess Bridgit, whose snake emerged from hibernation to test the weather. Pagan festivals were discarded after Christianity took hold, and those dates were reassigned to honor Christian saints. February 2 was ascribed to Candlemas, a holy Christian date honoring the Virgin Mary.

A sizeable portion of early settlers in what became West Virginia were Germans, who, like Scots-Irish and other early settler groups, came down the Great Wagon Road from Pennsylvania. Today numerous Pennsylvania towns have "groundhog lodges," or societies that perpetuate the groundhog myth — often with tongue in cheek — and have their own special version of French Creek Freddie. Various rituals, often involving strong drink, are a part of this tradition. Punxsutawney Phil is probably the most widely known and followed prognosticator. He is even televised on the morning of Groundhog Day as he reacts to conditions. [*The popular 1993 movie* Groundhog Day, *starring Bill Murray and Andie MacDowell, relives this ritual, repeatedly. —ed.*]



Freddie and his handler, wildlife aid Kenny Hall. Freddie is a two-year-old male and weighs about eight pounds. In the past 32 years, the Wildlife Center has had at least a dozen weather-predicting groundhogs, all called French Creek Freddie.

The ancient Romans celebrated February 2 as *Lupercalia*, thus laying their own claim to the ancient *Imbolc* observance date. *Lupercalia* was to honor the wolf (*lupus*) who, as the story goes, suckled the two babes Romulus and Remus, the twins who founded Rome and provided the city with its name. *Lupercalia* was observed with a torchlight parade. This is why candles later became part of the substitute Christian festival in honor of the Virgin Mary, which became known as Candlemas. After the Reformation, Protestant churches dropped many of the Catholic holidays and observances. Candlemas was destined to be forgotten as a Christian holiday among the reformed churches. Among early German settlers in Pennsylvania and shortly after in western Virginia, however, ancient powers of divination — such as weather-predicting groundhogs — were caught up in the folklore of the ancient festival day and now live on as Groundhog Day.

Oddly, groundhogs don't exist in Germany! In Germany today the animal for which we substitute the groundhog is the *dachs* – the European badger. This is the animal that the dachshund ("dachs hound") dog was bred to hunt. The *dachs* is ascribed numerous magical qualities in Germany, including the ability

Groundhogs *(Marmota monax)*, also called woodchucks or whistle pigs, are native to West Virginia and hibernate from mid-November until early February.

to predict the weather. Rendered fat from the *dachs* is considered to be highly curative and is still widely available there for medicinal purposes.

In the New World, at least in the East where European settlement began, there are no badgers or any close relative to the *dachs*. Like the *dachs*, however, the groundhog burrows in the ground. It has taken on the role of weather predictor and assumed some of his other magical properties, as well. An old friend in Braxton County told me that his mother would often use groundhog grease mixed with camphor and turpentine to treat their chest colds. He said that the groundhog grease would be rubbed on the chest and a heated flannel placed over it. He said that it would "break up a chest cold right now!"

While some hunt the groundhog for food, others hunt them to simply get them out of the way, as farmers fear their cows will break legs in groundhog holes. They can be voracious eaters and, being naturally burrowing animals, it's hard to restrict them with a fence. As a result many a West Virginia groundhog has met its demise at the hands of a protective farmer or gardener.

Many old-timers have talked about using groundhog skins for other purposes, including for banjo heads. Before synthetic heads were available, calf-skin heads were sold commercially. However many old-timers had a "make-do" attitude about life. If they could make their own banjo head they would, and groundhog skins were easily obtainable.

Both European badgers and groundhogs are seen as bearers of some magical qualities, as in forecasting weather and for folk medicine. A difference between badgers and groundhogs, however, is the fact that groundhogs are also seen as food. Many a West Virginia family turned to groundhog when times were tough, and many apparently developed a taste for it

Skunk Grease and Mutton Tallow

While the groundhog substitutes for the *dachs* when it comes to weather prediction and curative properties, our skunk is the native animal that looks the most like the *dachs*. While not a hibernating creature, because it looks like a *dachs* often with stripes over the head and down its back like animals of the badger family, the skunk seems to have taken on some of the *dachs'* magical properties, as well.

Dovie Lambert, a very tradition-minded woman from Randolph County, used skunk grease as a curative for lots of problems. Her recipes for home remedies used many animal products, but she always kept skunk grease for curing purposes.

A lady in Braxton County told me that while raising her family, she always kept rendered skunk grease around for doctoring her children. She would use it topically as a cure for croup, among other uses. As a topical cure, she said, "It has no smell about it."

Before the discovery of antibiotics, mutton tallow was used as a common cure of choice for dressing wounds to keep them from becoming infected, and skunk or groundhog grease seems to have the same curative properties.

A recipe comes from Raleigh County in verse form:

Beeswax and mutton tallow make a good plaster;
If you rub it in, it will work a little faster.

—Gerald Milnes

as it is still eaten by older folks around the state. In Harman, Randolph County, some public dinners have been staged with groundhog being publicized as the main course. An old Webster County neighbor was even choosy about which groundhog made the best meal. He preferred "young pigs," about two-thirds grown, for best culinary results. Groundhog gravy — or grease — gets mentioned in a folksong that is well known around the Mountain State:

Here comes Sally with a snicker and a grin,
Here comes Sally with a snicker and a grin,
Groundhog grease all over her chin,
Groundhog

Freddie prepares to bite his handler, which is one reason heavy gloves are worn when coming in close contact with this large, temperamental rodent.

Another common verse is:

Here comes Grandpa poppin' his cane,
Here comes Grandpa poppin' his cane,
(I) Swear he eats them groundhog brains,
Groundhog

Additional verses detail other uses for the critter:

Skin out the meat and save the hide,
Skin out the meat and save the hide,
Makes the best shoestrings ever was tied,
Groundhog

In West Virginia groundhogs are known by several names. He's often called a woodchuck, and some call him a whistle pig. When he is encountered in the woods or around edges of fields, he will sometimes whistle as a warning to other groundhogs that danger is near. Another less-common verse I've heard to the "Groundhog" song goes:

Up in the holler at the forks of the branch,
Up in the holler at the forks of the branch,
The old sow whistles and the little pigs dance,
Groundhog

And another:

The meat's in the cupboard and the hide's in the churn,
The meat's in the cupboard and the hide's in the churn,
If that ain't a whistle pig I'll be darned (durned),
Groundhog

People sing folksongs as an expression of their values. Songs about groundhogs point to the fact that people value them for all the ways mentioned in the song and probably in other ways, as well. There are dozens of songs, tales, and poems glorifying the lowly groundhog and his weather-predicting talents. Some may survive to take their place in American literature. The following poem was penned by Herman E. Hoch in 1927·

Since first a groundhog had a tail,
One sign was never known to fail,
From prehistoric times till now,
To one great truth all humans bow.

The truth is this — no birds will sing,
Nor flowers appear of early Spring,
When e'er it happily comes to pass,
The Groundhog sees on Candlemas
His shadow on the ground.

Why this should be, we do not know,
Except, that gods have willed it so.
Would'st thou be wise? By truth abide,
Take all the gifts the gods provide
With reverence profound.

GERALD MILNES is folk arts coordinator for the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College in Elkins. He has produced more than 20 recordings of West Virginia traditional music and has written three books and produced 12 films about West Virginia culture and folklife. A respected musician, Gerry performs with the string band Gandydancer. His most recent GOLDENSEAL contribution appeared in our Spring 2009 issue.

Honestly Abe

Lincoln Impersonator Jim Rubin

By Pauline Haga

Photographs by Tyler Evert

When lanky Jim Rubin was growing up in Coal City, Raleigh County, one of his least favorite classes at Coal City Elementary and Stoco High School at Lego was history. He noticed the large photos of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln in every classroom and knew they were important historical figures. But that was about as far as it went.

"I was not really interested when February rolled around and it was time to celebrate the birthday of the distinguished 16th president of the United States," Jim recalls. "I just knew we got the day off from school in observance."

Jim has become famous over the past several years for his uncanny resemblance to Lincoln. Looking back, he observes, "If there had been any photos of Lincoln as a youngster, then maybe someone would have picked up on the resemblance sooner and maybe history would have become more important to me."

Jim Rubin was born in 1932, the twelfth of 14 children born to Modesto "Mike" Fernandez and Ella Burgess Rubin. "My father came over

Jim Rubin, as Abraham Lincoln.

from Spain, landed at Ellis Island, and boarded a train for Fayette County loaded with Europeans on the way to the coalfields to seek employment," Jim says. His father ended up in a mining town down on Stonecoal called Lillybrook. "You could walk up the mountain to the new town of Coal City from Lillybrook, which was nestled in a small valley and given acclaim for the town's tall smokestacks," Jim says. [See "Lillybrook: The Memories Never Die," by Hucie Maxie; Fall 2008.]

Jim's grandmother, Ella Burgess, ran the boarding house in the town, and his father became one of the boarders. That is where Mike met Blanche Burgess, who became his wife and the mother of Jim and his 13 siblings. Jim had an older brother named James. When he started to school, they wanted to know why he was named Jim, as that was a common nickname for James. His father told them he had so many kids that he ran out of names.

A portion of Jim Rubin's vast collection of Lincoln memorabilia.

Jim says that many of the miners moved out of the coal camps when farmland was offered in lots, and that's how the Rubin family came to Coal City from Lillybrook. Historically, Jim says the name of the town was to be Cole City, as the Cole family were the true pioneers of the area and sold the land. The original post office was Abney, and, when a second one was formed for the growing town and the application was sent in, a misspelling tagged it as Coal City.

As the years went on, Jim gave very little thought to Abraham Lincoln, looking forward instead to graduating and "getting out in the world," he says. Upon graduation, he gained employment with Beckley Newspapers in the pressroom. Two years later, he signed up for a four-year stint with the U.S. Air Force. After serving in the military in Vietnam, Jim returned to Raleigh County and his job at Beckley Newspapers.

At the same time, Jim took classes at Beckley College, Marshall University, and West Virginia University, still not giving Abraham Lincoln much thought, except looking forward to a "holiday off from work." However the 16th president came into play for Jim when the state of West Virginia began preparing for its centennial celebration, having achieved statehood on June 20, 1863, while President Abraham Lincoln was in office.

Jim Rubin was asked by his employers at Beckley Newspapers to play the role of young Abraham Lincoln at a program to be held in the Raleigh County Memorial Building. "I gave it my best portrayal." Jim says. "But when the role was completed, I gave no thought to continuing the performances anytime soon."

Rubin and his wife, Edna, started their family, and he became active in a variety of community projects with his children, including the Boy Scouts. With the scouts, he began to participate in various holiday parades. Being a veteran, Jim decided to portray Uncle Sam in one parade. He became so popular in this character that he was sought out for other events, parading around in his bright red, white, and blue uniform. He was distinctive with his lanky figure and pointed finger, saying, "I Want You!" As Uncle Sam, Jim took a leading role in a "cleaning up Raleigh County of litter" campaign. His "I Want You to Clean Up Litter" phrase became popular. "My new name became Uncle Sam," Rubin says.

In time, Jim grew interested in politics and developed a close friendship with Cecil H. Underwood. "When he was elected governor [in 1997], I received an invitation to the inaugural ball at the Governor's Mansion," Jim explains. "I wore the typical ball attire, black suit, but I also wore a tall black hat." As Jim and his wife moved around the

floor at the ball, "we began to attract quite a bit of attention," Jim recalls. "People started approaching with cameras to have their photo made standing beside me and explained that it was uncanny the resemblance [I had] to Abraham Lincoln. As we set down at our table, people began coming over wanting to meet the president. A friend from Raleigh County, Vernon Barley, advised me to 'seize the moment.'

"I got home, put away my Uncle Sam suit, and became President Abraham Lincoln," Jim says. "At that moment I began to wish that I had paid more attention to my history teacher in school."

Rubin, retired from his profession in clinical social work, began digging into the life of President Lincoln and soon learned that he and Lincoln had many similarities: "I am the same height as Lincoln," Jim says. "I have a scar behind my left ear, left from surgery as a child." Lincoln had the same scar in the exact same spot behind his left ear. "I have been told that one of my most [striking] original features of Lincoln are my eyes," Jim notes.

Once averse to studying history, Jim became enthralled with the life and times of Abraham Lincoln in 1998. Today he is considered an authority on our nation's 16th president.

As he began to take his Lincoln persona more seriously, Jim says his family and friends joked about it and kidded him a lot. "But the more I began to portray Lincoln," he says, "I began to realize what an important role he [had] in the history of the United States and why he has been the most-loved president and why his photo was on display in schoolrooms all over West Virginia. I feel like I am a hero to the schoolchildren."

Over the past 12 years, he has made appearances in more than 200 schools in West Virginia. "I always have the principals assemble the students prior to my appearance. The reaction of the kids sometimes when I walk in is phenomenal," he says.

He laughs when he recalls some of their questions: "If I came up there, could I walk through you?" or "I thought you were dead!" or "Are your whiskers real?" or "Do you walk on stilts?" One little student said, "I voted for you!"

Jim has had some interesting experiences since he began to portray "Honest Abe." "You are not going to believe this," he says, "but I actually recited the Gettysburg Address for a cardiologist at CAMC hospital in Charleston as I was being treated." Two years ago, Jim suffered a heart attack. He was flown by helicopter to the hospital and heard the dispatcher tell the attending physician that they were bringing in "The President." "When we arrived, Dr. Warren met us at the door and said, 'Welcome, Mr. President.'"

After all the tests were completed, the cardiologist informed Jim that he could fix the problem, "but I had to recite the Gettysburg Address for him." Jim began to recite it as the doctor worked on him. "One of the first things I did when I knew I was to become the 16th president was to learn the Gettysburg Address by heart," Jim explains.

He was invited to attend the unveiling of the West Virginia state quarter in 2005. He has cut the cake at Tamarack during their West Virginia birthday celebration for the past eight years. When the town of Spencer celebrated its 150th birthday, Jim Rubin was there in long coat and top hat. He has been present for the re-enactment of the Gold Robbery of the Weston bank.

When Jim is not traveling all over West Virginia as a guest at one function or another, he volunteers his

time with local service organizations. He sits on the Beckley Veterans Hospital Advisory Board, presently serves as a member of the Raleigh County Children's Coalition on drug abuse prevention, is an active member of Crab Orchard Baptist Church, and was a scoutmaster for eight years.

"I held the post of Commander of the American Legion Post 32 in Beckley for six years and for eight years organized the Veterans Day parades in Beckley," he says. As commander, Jim oversees the upkeep of the American Legion Cemetery, where nearly 300 veterans are buried. [See "On Hallowed Ground. Jimmie McGrady and Beckley's American Legion Cemetery," by Pauline Haga; Fall 2008.] As Jim strolls down the rows of graves, he cuts quite a figure. As one passerby remarked, "I thought I was seeing a ghost when I looked over and saw Abraham Lincoln with his hands behind him, slowly moving past each monument."

This Lincoln hand puppet accompanies Jim as he visits schoolchildren. To date, Jim has visited more than 200 West Virginia schools.

These days, no one recognizes Jim as Post Commander Jimmie Rubin or Mr. Rubin the social worker anymore, but only as President Lincoln. He laughs. "When I walk around town or in a grocery store, even without my coat and top hat, people stop and take a second look."

Jim and Edna Rubin are the parents of three children and seven grandchildren. Edna attends various events in a 19th-century period dress, and sometimes a grandson joins Jim as the president's son. Jim says he looks forward to visiting children at Ruby Memorial Hospital's Cancer Ward each year. "The social workers bring cameras, and I pose with each child individually," he says. "Each one gets a framed photo."

Jim has participated in the annual Armed Forces Day parades in South Charleston. During Civil War celebrations at battle sites all over West Virginia, President Lincoln is usually there, thanks to Jim Rubin.

Jim hosted the 2001 National Convention of the Association of Lincoln Impersonators in Beckley, which brought 45 Lincoln impersonators from 18 states. As they paraded up and down the Beckley streets, Jim Rubin stood out as the "reincarnation" of the most famous and beloved president.

Jim Rubin's custom license plate turns heads even when he is not wearing his stovepipe hat and Lincoln overcoat. Portraying Honest Abe has been a rewarding retirement hobby, Jim says.

PAULINE HAGA is a freelance writer living in Crab Orchard, Raleigh County. Her books include *Tribute to the Coal Miner, Salute to the Veterans of World War II,* and around 50 research volumes for genealogists. Her most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Fall 2008 issue.

TYLER EVERT is staff photographer for the West Virginia Division of Culture and History.

"I Wish I Co

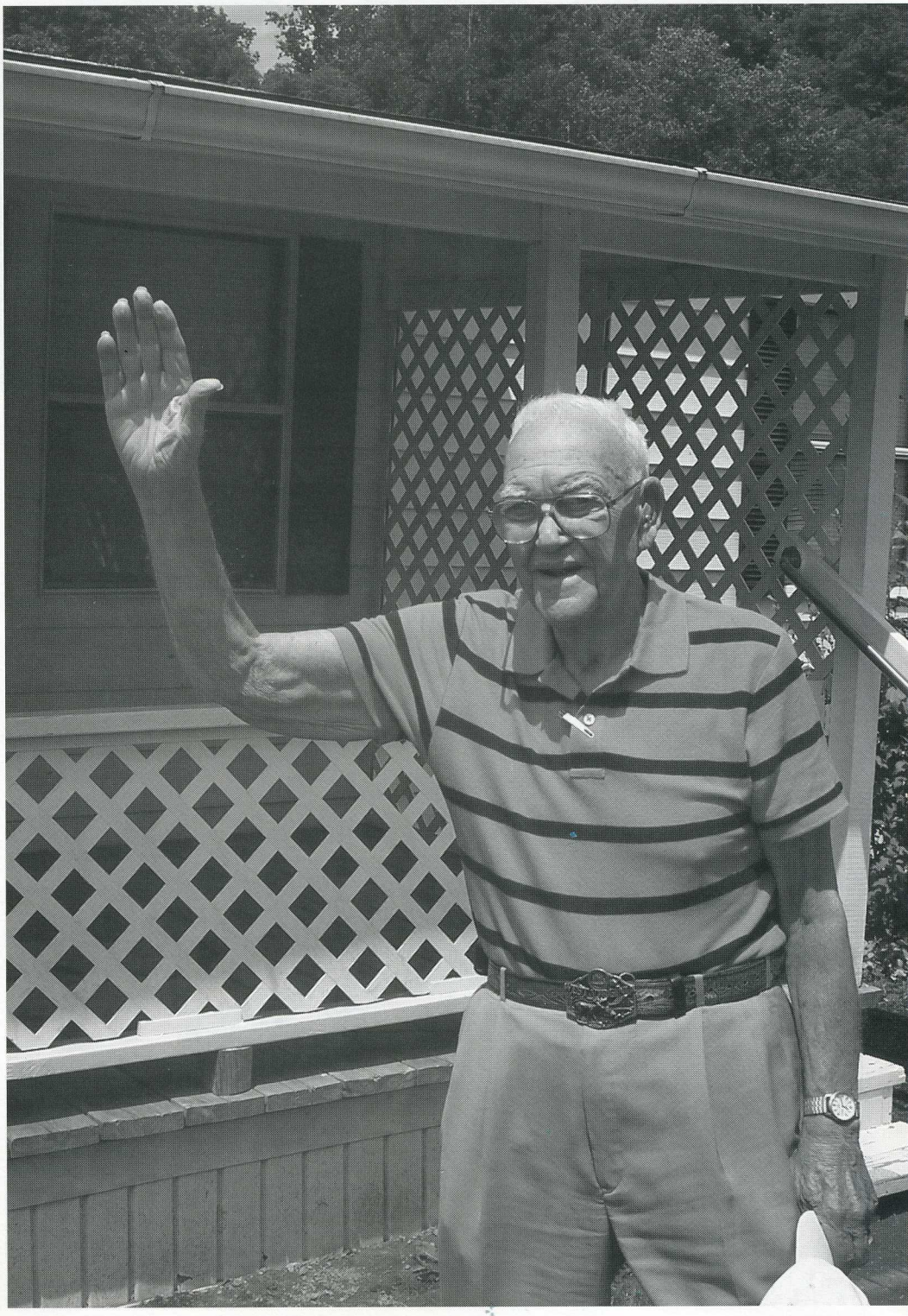
Theodore Martin Henderson was born in the little hamlet of Gilmer, Gilmer County, on February 27, 1915. His father, Theodore Bassle Henderson, worked in the coal mines until the union was broken in 1922. His mother, Amanda Virginia Toothman Henderson, was raised at the rural community of Plum Run in Marion County.

Mr Henderson was 94 years old when I first met him in July 2009 I had arranged to interview him about his long life in central West Virginia and especially about his experiences working in the clay mines and brick factories of Marion County. We sat down to talk at his modest home at Capri Acres on State Route 73 near Boothsville, southeast of Fairmont. The first thing he did was look me straight in the eyes and say emphatically, "Don't call me 'Theodore.' My friends call me 'Pete!'"

During the course of our interviews, Pete demonstrated an exceptionally sharp memory and revealed to me some very interesting life experiences. Pete had an authoritative voice, like a radio or television announcer It was a voice that one would not forget.

Richard S. Bailey: Could you name the places in West Virginia you have called home?

Pete Henderson: I've lived in Gilmer in Gilmer County; Opekiska and Maidsville in Monongalia County; Fairmont, Grant Town, Jordan, and Hammond in Marion County; and Gypsy Grove in Harrison County.

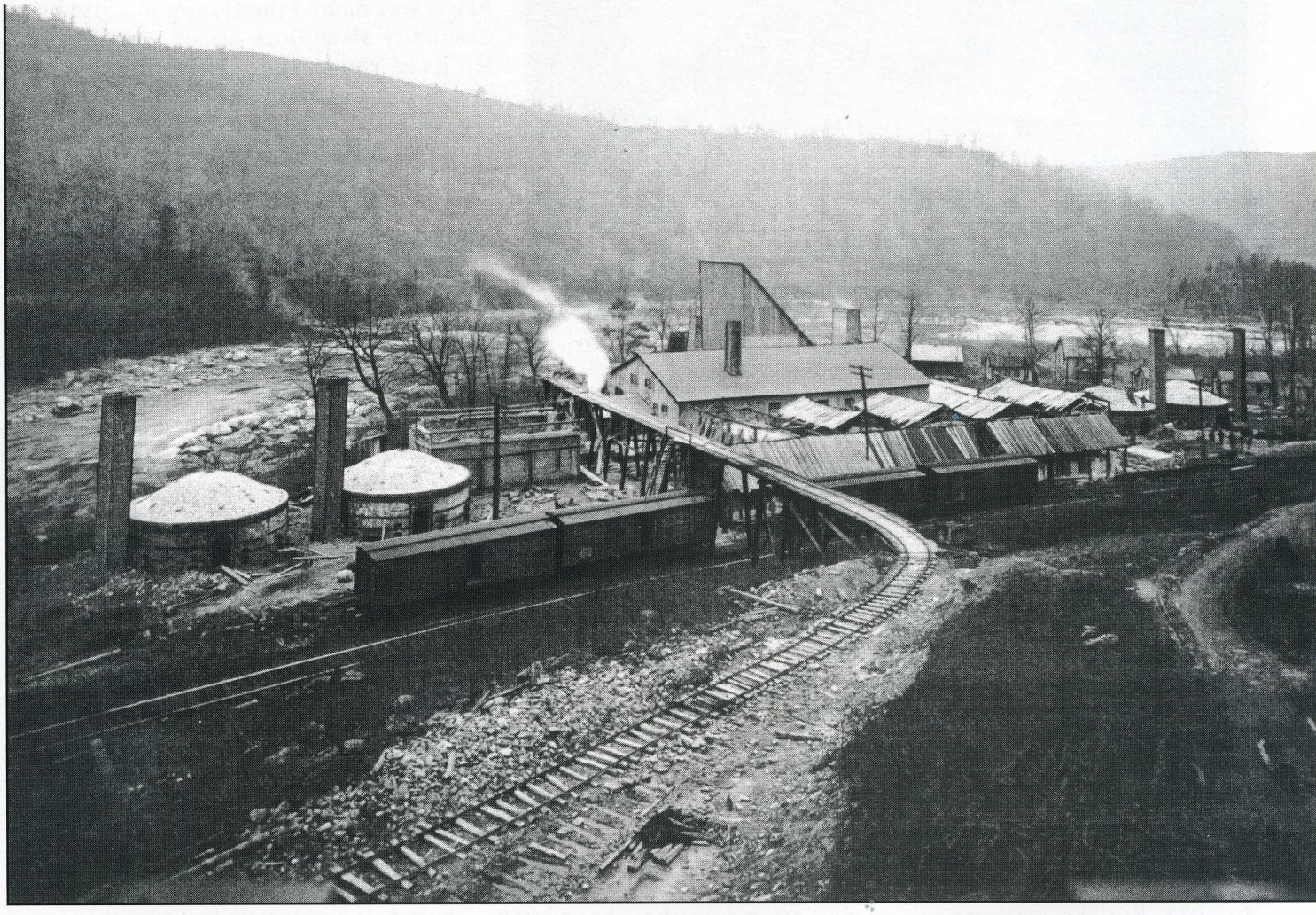


Theodore Martin Henderson at his home near Boothsville, Marion County, in 2009. "My friends call me Pete," he says. Photograph by Richard S. Bailey.

ould Go Back"

Interview by Richard S. Bailey

A Visit with Pete Henderson of Marion County



The Hammond Fire Brick Company plant in 1899. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Archives.

Pete Henderson as an infant with his sister Florence in 1915.

RSB: It sounds like your parents were positive influences in your life.

PH: Yes. Really good. Mom and Dad raised us to be Christians. Mom was always a very Christian woman. We didn't belong to any specific church. We all attended nondenominational churches. Dad found the Lord when I was a young boy, and [he] gave up drink for good. After that he insisted we read a chapter out of the Bible every evening before bedtime. That training stuck with me all my life.

RSB: What occupations have you held?

PH: I worked in the coal mines; the Hammond Fire Brick yard and clay mine; the Civilian Conservation Corps; state road at Point Mountain, Webster County; and retired from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad back in 1975. But the working in the clay mine was the toughest.

RSB: You were 13 years old, and you went to work down in a mine?

PH: Not just any mine, a clay mine. I was 13 when I went to work in the Hammond clay mine. I only worked during the summer and when there was no school. I was helping Dad out. You see, Dad had been nearly killed in a coal mine roof fall in Gilmer County. He wasn't much good at work after that. So Mom, my older brother [Homer], and I would go into the mine later in the afternoon when the blasting smoke and dust had cleared. We always loaded a car and fixed any tracks that needed fixed. That was how it was. It was Depression. Everyone had to help everyone out. We started really feeling the Depression there about 1928. We was as poor as poor could be.

RSB: Could you give us some background of the brick factory and mine?

PH: It was named the Hammond Fire Brick Company. Pete Sines leased out the mine. He lived right there in Hammond where he could keep an eye on things. He was a straight-shooting fellow Mr. Sines saw that I had a card to go into the mine in case I got hurt. That way I could get [workman's] compensation. The fire brick company had 17 brick kilns and a "hot floor" where specialty bricks were framed by hand, dried out to be put in the oven, and baked. When I was applying for a job with the railroad, the clerk told me not to expect an easy job. I told him that when you had worked a clay mine, you already knew what hard work was.

RSB: What was it like down in the clay mine?

PH: It turned out to be the hardest, most dangerous job I ever done. Anytime you worked down there, you breathed stale air. You couldn't hardly catch your breath. When the mule came in pulling two cars, one end of those cars was open so the workers could load. Just dragging them two cars in there brought enough fresh air so you could tell the difference in your breathing. That only lasted for about 20 minutes, then you went back to the stale air, gasping. Well, we worked two-and-one-half miles or so back under a coal seam. There was 13 of us. I can name ever one of those guys, but one.

Pitch dark! You know what that's like. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face. We wore carbide head lamps. There was no electricity. Everything was done by hand. Everything. You know how it is easy to

mold clay in your hands? The clay in a clay mine, like at Hammond, is hard as a rock. When you dig coal, you can use a pick. With clay, you have to hand-auger holes to load shots of dynamite. You couldn't get the clay out without blasting it.

It was common knowledge back then that the Hammond Fire Brick Company made the finest brick in the world. The Empire State building and the Ford Motor Company buildings in Detroit was built with our brick. Our high-quality brick was used all over the world, world famous! Many times, we'd ship raw clay chips out, and the buyers would process it at their own works. Getting that clay out was the hard part.

RSB: How could you work that far down in the mine with no fresh air?

PH: In no way was it easy. You gasped for breath. In the '30's when Roosevelt started putting safety standards in, the feds ordered that an air shaft be sunk in that mine. When that fresh air came in contact with the clay, the ribs of the walls crumbled, the ceilings collapsed. That mine closed down. They dug shallow surface clay around the mine for a while, I heard. After that I had moved on with my life.

We shipped the clay and bricks out by rail. We could put 17 [railroad] cars on a sidetrack. When we loaded "face brick" [brick with a smooth patina or surface], we had to pack straw between the layers. I have hauled brick out of a kiln that was over 700 degrees.

RSB: You had to work in 700-degree conditions?

PH. Hotter! Those kilns reached over 2,500 degrees. That was how it was. We couldn't load a full wheelbarrow and get out of [the kiln] with it 'cause we couldn't take the heat. We would run in with the wheelbarrow, then turn and run out! Then someone else would go in and try to load half the barrow and then run back out. That heat would get to you. You had to recuperate. Sometimes the boxcars we was loading caught on fire. Everyone really had to know what they was doing to get production!

RSB: You [also] worked at the fire brick company next to the mine. What was it like to work there above ground?

PH: You had to be in top shape. Top fitness. I was only 138 pounds, but I had strength and stamina. You needed all that. When I was a kid staying down at Barton, [now Curtin, Webster County], with my sister and brother-in-law, a heavy-set, well-built man with a Greek last name taught us to stay in shape. They called him Louie. According to my brother-in-law, [Louie] was a professional wrestler. This feller didn't work in the mines, but he seemed to always be there. Louie

The three Henderson boys in the 1920's. Pete is at left in the back row, with brother Homer. Charles is in front, standing on a box.

taught us how to stay strong, healthy, and even how to throw a punch. I'd say he was ahead of his time. That helped me greatly in later years.

I didn't mind loading fire bricks, but I sure hated going underground. As I said before, it was the toughest job I ever had or ever thought of having.

RSB. You had a little story about your first day working in the brickyard.

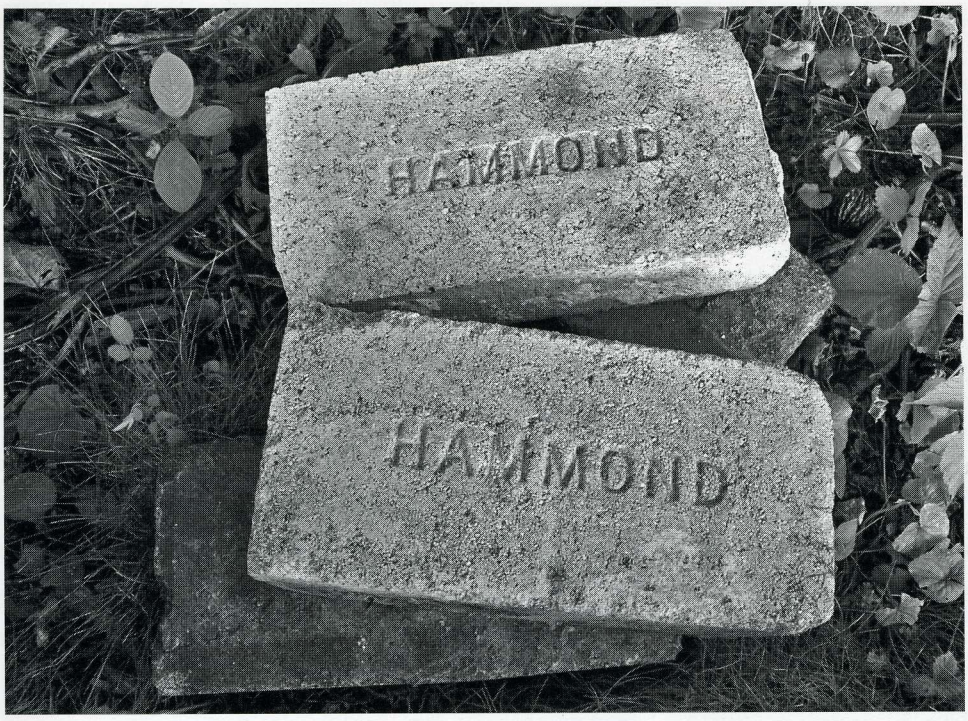
PH: I had never worked a brickyard. I used to help those guys load trucks when I was younger. I had no way of knowing how much those old heavy wheelbarrows could hold. They was heavy, [with] the wheel underneath the middle, otherwise it would have been nearly impossible. Those bricks weighed three-and-

Workers at the Hammond Fire Brick Company in 1926. Photograph courtesy of Cindy Haddix Smith, Aubrey Cheuvront Family Photo Collection.

one-half pounds each. These were cooled bricks. After I made about four trips from the kiln, Mr. Boyce, an experienced hand who had been showing me the ropes, came up to me and said, "I know this is your first day and all. Pete, how many are you hauling?" I said 100 a load. [Boyce] replied, "I've got a count of over 800 on the boxcar now ' I'd been hauling a wheelbarrow full, and those old wheelbarrows could hold 200! I was loading 200 and getting paid for 100! [laughter] We live and learn. Don't we?"

RSB: What was it like to live at Hammond?

PH: Hammond is back in the hills in eastern Marion County. There were about 23 homes, a brick factory, a clay mine, a church, and a store. After going to first grade at Gypsy in Harrison County, we moved to Hammond. Hammond had a nice little one-room



Considered among the finest in the world at the time, Hammond bricks were used to build the Empire State Building in New York and the Ford Motor Company in Detroit. Today the bricks are prized by brick collectors. Photograph by Richard S. Bailey.

so bad we ran out of work. My dad was out of work, too. I heard the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps) was paying $36 a month and sent $25 back to the family. I put in an application. My best friend, Johnny Boyce, and I caught the train at Grafton [to go work at C.C.C. camps in Arizona and California].

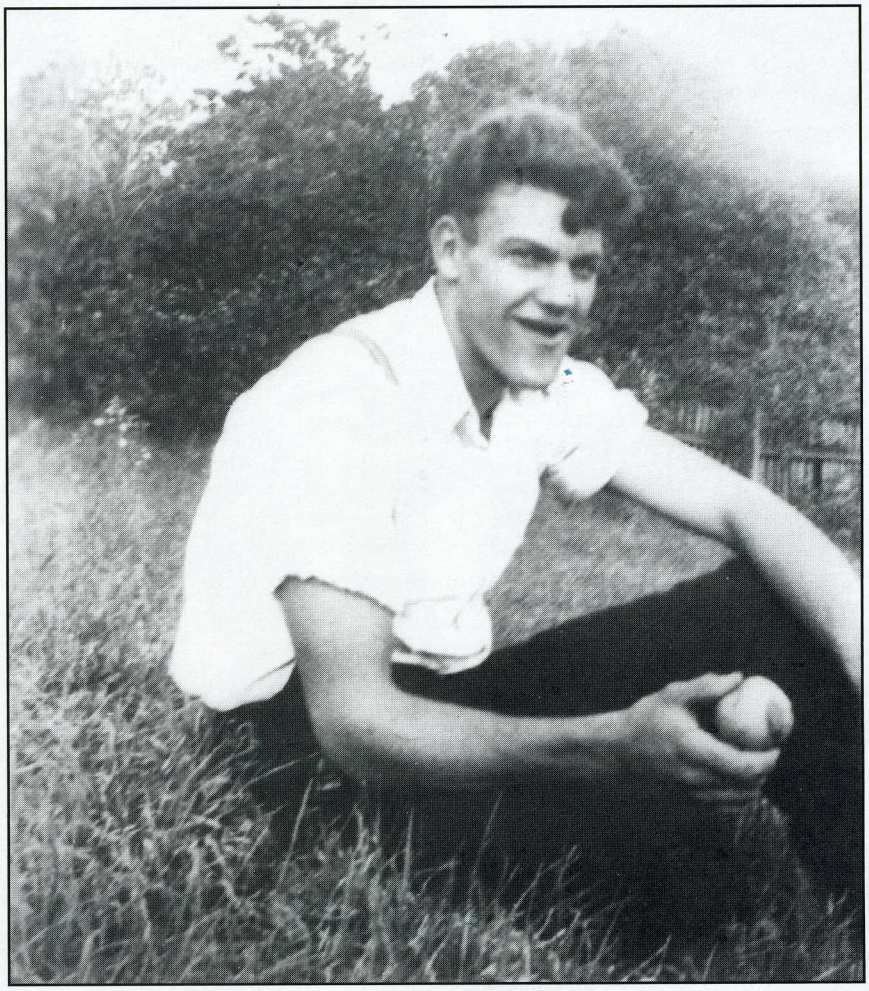
RSB: What was your family life like at Hammond?

PH: There was my two brothers [Charles and Homer], my half-brother [Walter Grant Henderson, who was killed in a 1928 accident at the National Mine near Morgantown], my two sisters [Hazel Pearl and Florence], Mom, and Dad in a small, five-room double house. People by the name of Collins was living in the other half. They

school. There was about 40 seats, but most of them wasn't filled. My favorite teacher at the Hammond school was Miss Dorothy McDowell, a frail, youngish woman. She prided herself on being fair with her students. Mr. Perrick was another good teacher — big and strict, but gentle in nature.

We had a handy little store that was operated by Philip Van Gilder, a kind and reputable businessman. Hammond sets along the Tygart [Valley] River. It flooded real bad back then. Even flooded Pittsburgh! That was way before they put the big dam up at Grafton. Valley Falls State Park is two miles up from Hammond. Along the river was little communities like Valley Falls, Jordan, Powell, and Catawba. A lot of poor, hard-working families lived in them little communities.

But Hammond had the fire brick factory. The best fire clay or bricks in the world, bar none. I quit at old East Fairmont High School in the tenth grade to go to work, like most young people at that time. By 1936, the Depression was



Pete Henderson, about 1930, at Barton (now Curtin), Webster County, holding a baseball. Pete was an avid ballplayer, playing on various coalfield teams in Monongalia, Marion, and Webster counties.

was good people.

During winter we took pasteboard bread boxes and put them on top of the bed springs. We used all kinds of comforters and quilts to keep from freezing. I can still see Mom sitting there working on those quilts. She enjoyed cooking the fish we caught in the river. There was a nice swimming hole there, too, with a smooth rock bottom. Fishing was good. The river was a food source during those hard times. Dad was bringing home $2.38 a day as a day laborer at the mine. We pulled together as a family to survive. We were happy there. Today, you can't hardly even walk into where Hammond was. The roads are gone. Very little remains to show that it was a thriving community, I am sad to say.

Pete receiving a Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C.) Hall of Fame award from West Virginia State C.C.C. Museum Association assistant treasurer Shirley Bergman in July 2010. Photographer unknown.

RSB: Pete, do you have memories of your mother to relate?

PH: With Mom, it was all about family. She baked homemade bread every third day You get the feeling she loved to cook. I will never forget when she baked pies, she would make 17 at a time, all kinds. Her favorite and most delicious pie was blackberry It melted in your mouth. We picked the berries, and she made the pies. She was busy all the time for us, all the while singing and singing.

RSB: Do you have any other memories of the way Hammond used to be?

PH: We had an L-shaped front porch. I will never forget those old-time summer days when my family, our neighbors, and friends would gather on that porch and sing, mostly gospel music. My mom was a singer. My younger brother, Charles, wasn't bad on the guitar. Dad sang bass. Grandpa Toothman, who lived with us for many years, would sit there with his cane at his side and tap, tap, tap his feet to the music. My older brother, Homer, and I just added volume. [laughter] It was always a pleasure to have the Reverend Boyers Boyce join us for dinner and singing on many an occasion. Reverend Boyce was well-known in the county. He was a freewill Methodist and preached at our little nondenominational church there in Hammond.

When old Grandpa [Toothman] wanted to talk to one of the kids, I still see him reaching out with the cane and pulling 'em over by the neck. [laughter] Yes, that was just about every evening during those summers way back. Boys, those "sings" made the hard times a little easier. I wish I could go back.

After Pete commented, he spontaneously sang from memory, one of his mother's favorite hymns:

"Oh Lord, you know I have no friend like you,
If Heaven's not my home, Oh Lord what can I do?
Angels beckon me from Heaven's open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore!"

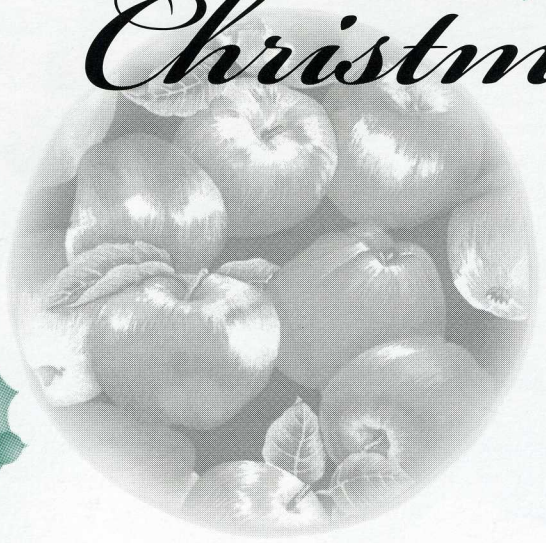
Pete's voice rang out with remarkable clarity. The kind and gentle man with the unforgettable voice had numerous recollections of his days back then. He looked at a photo of Hammond school and students dated 1931 Without looking at the list of students below the photo, Pete indentified every student by name and Opal Tatterson, the teacher

Sadly, Pete Henderson passed away on August 15, 2010, at his home in Boothsville. He was 95.

RICHARD S. BAILEY is a native of Clarksburg, currently residing in Bridgeport. A graduate of Fairmont State College, 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 Winter 2009 issue.

Christmas Apples

By Wanda Collins



Wanda and Walter Easton at the Whitehall Hotel in Harrisville, in about 1964.

In 1964 I was 25 years old and full of vim and vigor. My husband, Walt, and I had taken over the management of the Whitehall Hotel in Harrisville, Ritchie County [See "'A Home Away From Home' Harrisville's Whitehall Hotel," by Mary Lucille DeBerry; Winter 1999]

On the third floor lived several very old men. At the beginning they all disliked me. But they soon learned they could trust me, and I learned to love them during our time at the Whitehall.

In my mind I can still see Mr. Tibbs, helping me cook their favorite food — navy beans and cornbread. Doc Smith, the local druggist, became like a second father to me. Mr. Curry was the tallest of all — skinny as a rail and the most contrary person I have ever met. When Mr. Curry had his second heart attack in the lobby, a friend and I helped him to my private living room, and he died holding my hand. The last words he said were, "I want to thank you girls for being here with me." I was the only one to cry for him.

Mr. Sinnett was our young-at-heart "live wire." Mr. Davis, the retired schoolteacher from Maryland, interested me in genealogy, which has been my one and only hobby. He was also a second cousin to Walt. And then there was Mr. Hawkins.

Mr. Hawkins was very tall and of medium build. In his younger years he probably was heavier and, I'm sure, very handsome, but now was all drawn out of shape by old age. He had thick, white hair and a large mustache, which curled up at both ends. He was as cute as a button. He walked with a cane, and his room was the dirtiest in the hotel. He had lived there for years and only allowed us to clean his room "a little." The walls and floor were covered with tobacco juice. No one bothered to paint it. Why? Because it would only be a short while until it would be covered again.

Mr. Hawkins' favorite chair in the lobby sat beside the furnace vent. He would rock away his lonely days and spit tobacco juice in the vent. This was smelly and created a daily cleaning job. I'd say, "Please, Mr. Hawkins, don't spit in the furnace." He would look at me with his huge brown eyes and innocently reply, "Wanda, I wouldn't do that to you." At times I laughed. At times I felt like screaming or crying, or just felt mad at him. I would say, "Now, Mr. Hawkins, I just saw you spit in the furnace." He would grin and soon as my back was turned, he would spit again.

One day early in December, Mr. Hawkins became ill. Each day he became weaker. I started carrying his food to him and caring for him, thinking he would soon be better.

As our first Christmas at the hotel drew near, I made plans for our personal family and our hotel family to celebrate Christmas Day together. Walt and I went to a Christmas tree farm, and we cut down an 18-foot pine, bringing it home on top of a Volkswagen. What a funny sight that made! The lobby looked beautiful with its new decorations and the tree in the corner. I soon discovered that I only had trimmings for the first six feet. So off I went to Berdines 5 & Dime. I was their best customer that year. The tree was the most gorgeous tree that I have ever had. [See "Berdines: A Visit to Ritchie County's Old-Time 5 & Dime," by Maureen Crockett; Fall 2008.]

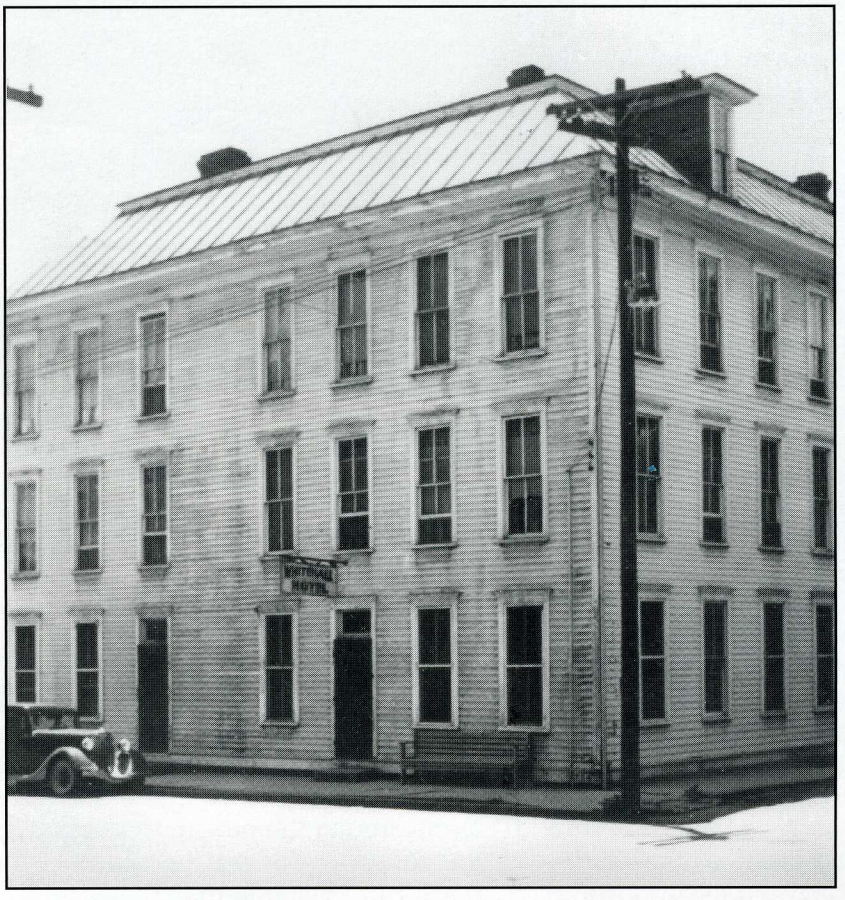
Christmas Eve morning, I was bubbling over with joy when Mr. Hawkins came slowly down the stairs. I said, "Mr. Hawkins, where are you going?" He replied, "I have to go to the store." I said, "I'll go for you. You stay here where it's warm." But he said, "No, I have to get something. I'll only be a little bit." I watched him go out onto the snowy sidewalk and worried until he returned. In his arms he carried a bag of red apples, my favorite. This he gave to me and told me it was my Christmas present. I was speechless, and that is one state I'm never in. I was touched deeply, thanked him, and then helped him to the third floor for the last time.

That year I received many nice and expensive gifts, but none meant as much to me as the bag of red apples.

In a couple of weeks he became very ill and was taken to the hospital. Cancer, we were told, and he died in a few months at the Pineview Rest Home. I cried tears of sadness, tears of joy that his suffering was over, and tears of lonesomeness, as I knew the old hotel would never be the same again.

With each passing year I think more about the unusual Christmas gift I received, and these memories become more precious to me.

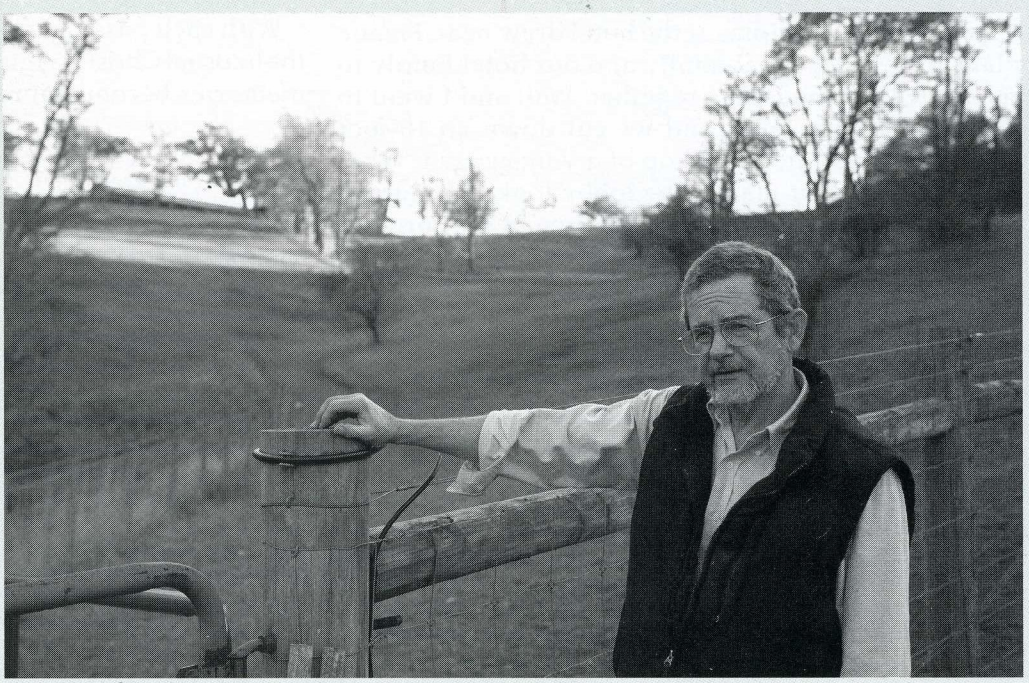
WANDA COLLINS was born in Ellenboro, Ritchie County. She graduated from Harrisville High School and currently resides in Ravenna, Ohio. This is Wanda's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



Whitehall Hotel, date unknown.

Text and photographs
by Carl E. Feather

"Farmer Lessons" in Preston County



Dave Moran at Crimson Shamrock Ranch near Eglon, Preston County. Dave and his wife, Lori, built a home and established a sheep and alpaca operation here about 10 years ago.

Dave Moran has never forgotten the advice Robert C. Byrd gave him when he told the U.S. Senator from West Virginia his plans to establish an alpaca and sheep farm in the Mountain State.

"Byrd said, 'We want you to come here, but come to learn, don't come to teach,'" Dave tells me as we sit in the kitchen of his home in Eglon, Preston County. Byrd's advice was a tall order for a college professor whose job had been teaching hydrodynamics at the U.S. Naval Academy and George Washington University.

Born in San Francisco, Dave spent the first five years of his life in the Portland, Oregon, area on a family farm. But when he was seven, Dave's parents entered Foreign Service, and he spent the next 10 years in Southeast Asia. He returned to the states to attend college and eventually worked for the U.S. Navy. Farming, however, remained in the back of his mind.

"My desire had always been that when I got into my 60's to try a different lifestyle, profession," he says. "As a kid I always wanted to raise sheep, to be a shepherd. So, here I am, a 60-some-year-old, raising sheep."

Dave and his wife, Lori, started Crimson Shamrock Alpacas in the mid-1990's, several years prior to owning land in West Virginia. The nature of the business allowed them to purchase high-quality breeding stock, board it at other farms around the nation, then sell the offspring. The profits helped pay for the Eglon farm.

Dave and Lori traveled to Peru and lived among the natives to learn as much as they could about the alpaca's diet and preferred habitat — a cold, mountainous environment. Back in the states, the couple launched a nationwide search for farmland with an environment matching that of Peru.

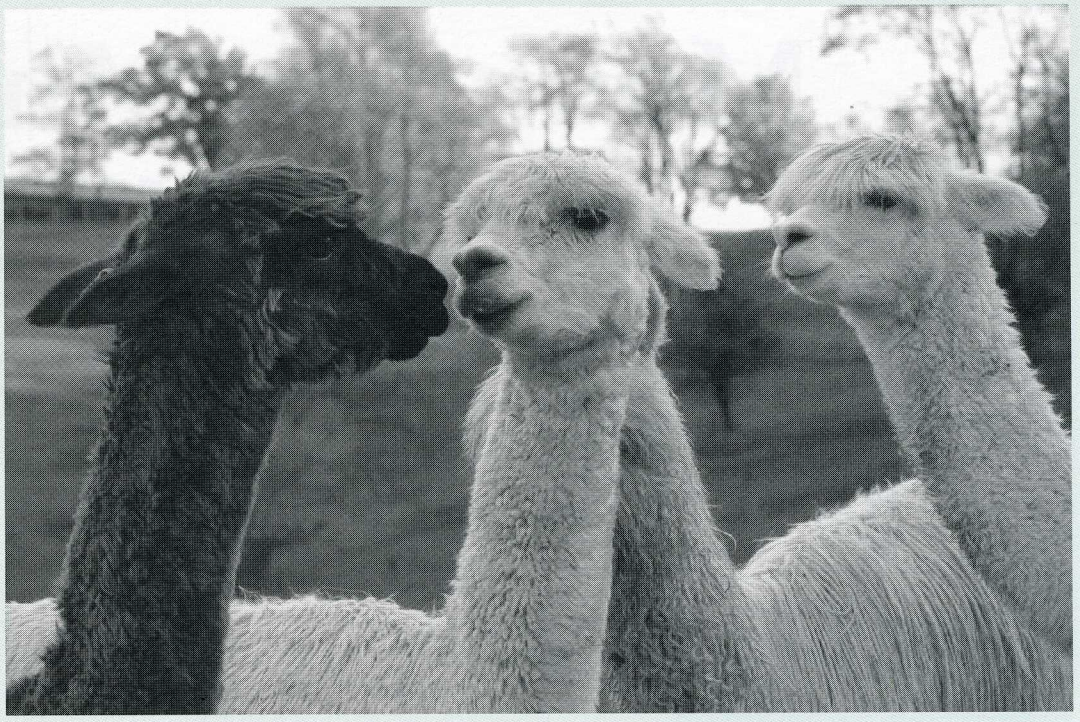
"It turns out West Virginia looked like it was about the best place: cold, lots of snow, mountains," he says. "I spent almost two years looking for a farm. Then one day I had an epiphany as I was driving through Aurora — this is the place."

It took two years to locate the right property, but Dave finally closed a deal on a mountaintop farm on the Eglon Road between routes 24 and 50. Previously owned by the Fike family, the for-

mer dairy farm needed new barns, fencing, and extensive land restoration. Dave moved into a doublewide mobile home on the property and went to work. Lori, a materials engineer, remained in their condo back in Virginia, where she continued to work.

Coming into the community as a stranger to both West Virginia and farming, Dave knew he would have to prove himself and yet be teachable. On the former task, Dave realized he would have to build his first barn by himself

"I knew I had to do that because I had all these other guys watching me," he says of the process of erecting a simple steel-frame building. "If I had not done it myself, I know that would have set a tone I never could have overcome."



Suri alpacas such as these find the mountains and climate of West Virginia very much to their liking. The docile, curious animals originated in Peru and are raised for their high-luster fleece, which brings a premium price in the fiber market.

When it came time to put the heavy plastic cover on the frame, Dave enlisted the assistance of area Amish and other neighbors, who worked into the night and through a late-November sleet storm to get the job done.

"It was amazing, absolutely amazing what they were willing to do," he says.

Two more barns followed, and, on the top of the mountain above his farm, a house he designed himself Each wall in the house is 20 feet long, and all the angles are 30 degrees. Generous use of windows gives the impression of being outdoors even when inside; Dave did not want to waste the stunning views with interior decorating.

Dave hired local contractors for tasks with which he was unfamiliar, while he worked alongside them so he could learn how to perform those tasks himself. Dave was eager to learn, and he found his neighbors to be accepting, patient, and willing teachers of the farming trade.

When his new tractor arrived at the farm, Dave told the deliveryman to leave it running, because he had no idea how to start it. The first time he used the manure spreader, Dave and Lori got sprayed with the bovine byproduct because Dave didn't realize the spreader continues to rotate when the tractor stops.

Inexperience on these steep hills can be dangerous, as well. Dave once rolled a wagon full of hay down the side of a mountain. He also experienced the harrowing helplessness of having his tractor's wheels lock up as it slid down a hill backwards on a slick track of freshly spread manure. Virtually every farmer in these parts has experienced that frightening loss of control. Dave calls these experiences "farmer lessons," and takes them in stride.

"I don't mind the challenge of learning, as long as it's safe. I don't mind looking foolish, because the next time I did it, I did it right," he says.

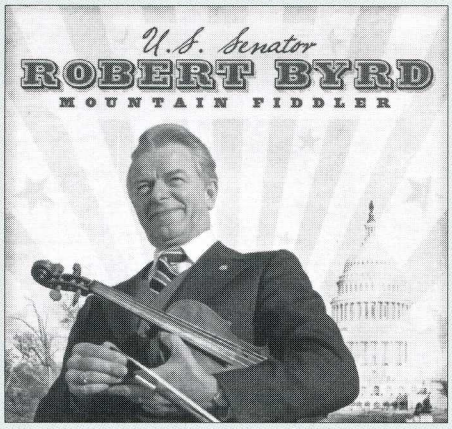
After a decade of concentrating on Suri alpacas, Dave finally achieved his shepherding dream with the addition of Wensleydale sheep to the Crimson Shamrock Ranch. A rare English variety, Wensleydale have long, curly locks of wool that's perfect for doll hair and Santa beards.

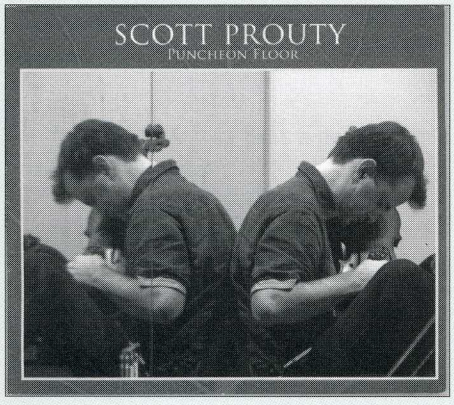
Dave is determined to transform his old farm into a sustainable business for the 21st century, just as the ancestors of his neighbors transformed it from wilderness to farmland centuries ago. He is equally committed to the community. He's a member of the local Lions Club and the Maple Springs Church of the Brethren, and has made West Virginia his state of residence. Lori, who continues to work in Washington, D.C., splits her time between the two areas and telecommutes over a high-speed Internet connection when she's in Eglon.

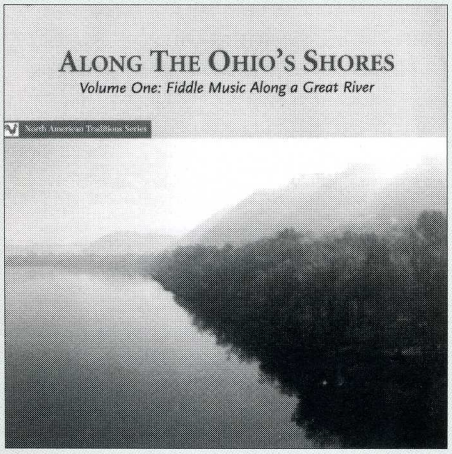
"These are good people, really good people," Dave says of his neighbors. "They are a lot different from me. Some of these folks, when they were farming, never went more than 25 miles from their farm. I've lived all over the world. The experiences we've had are different, but not better."

Mountain Music Roundup

By John Lilly







The late **Senator Robert C. Byrd** was one of a kind. As most GOLDENSEAL readers know, Byrd was an excellent old-time and bluegrass fiddler, who used his music as a campaign tool during the early decades of his lengthy career. [See "Robert Byrd: Mountain Fiddler," by Dave Wilbur; Fall 2010.]

Only one commercial recording was ever made of Senator Byrd's music, and it is a good one. Originally issued on LP in 1978, *U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd: Mountain Fiddler* (CO-CD-2743) has recently been reissued on CD by County Records of Charlottesville, Virginia. It features Byrd fiddling and singing his way through 14 numbers, mostly old, familiar melodies and songs, such as "Turkey in the Straw," "Cumberland Gap," "Old Joe Clark," and "Will the Circle Be Unbroken." Also included are a couple of relatively modern country music songs: "Don't Let Your Sweet Love Die" and "Come Sundown She'll Be Gone."

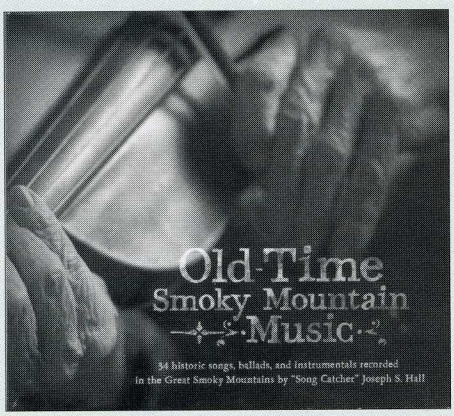
Accompanied by Doyle Lawson (guitar), James Bailey (banjo), and Spider Gilliam (bass), Byrd sounds relaxed and confident on the traditional numbers, performing them as he no doubt had done for better than a half century. The more modern selections sound less self-assured but add variety to the collection. Highlights for me include Byrd's enthusiastic vocals, as well as his spoken introductions to several of the songs, revealing where he learned these numbers and what they meant to him.

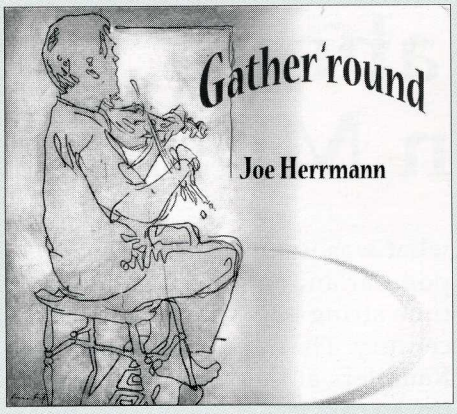
As West Virginia contemplates the legacy of this historic political figure, it is nice to have his music and personality preserved and documented, as well. *Mountain Fiddler* is available from County Sales, on-line at www.countysales.com; phone (540)745-2001.

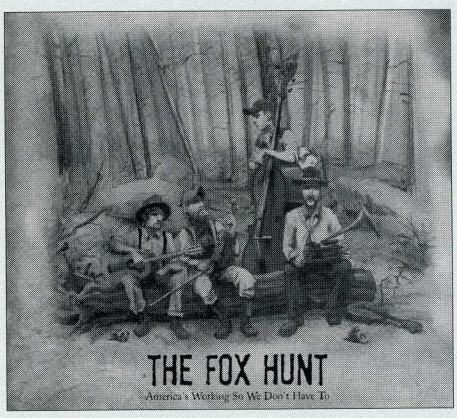
Fiddler **Scott Prouty** has quietly become one of the leading proponents of authentic West Virginia and Kentucky fiddle styles. A resident of the Washington, D.C., area, Scott has been influenced by West Virginia music for many years and has been awarded first place in the under-50 fiddle competition at the West Virginia State Folk Festival at Glenville several times. His playing is reminiscent of the music of Wilson Douglas, Melvin Wine, Edden Hammons and other tradition-bearers from central West Virginia — he uses open tunings, prefers rugged or "crooked" tunes, and generally plays either solo or with a single accompanist.

Scott's first CD is called *Puncheon Floor*, and it includes 17 relatively obscure old-time instrumentals from West Virginia and Kentucky. Roughly half feature Scott's rich, understated fiddling in a solo setting; the remainder include either guitar or banjo backup. *Puncheon Floor* is a wonderful collection of mountain fiddling from one of the finest young musicians playing today. I listened to this recording while driving across the Potomac Highlands on a crisp October afternoon, and it offered a near-perfect soundtrack for the spectacular fall scenery.

Puncheon Floor is available for $15 from Scott Prouty via e-mail at sprout333@gmail.com.





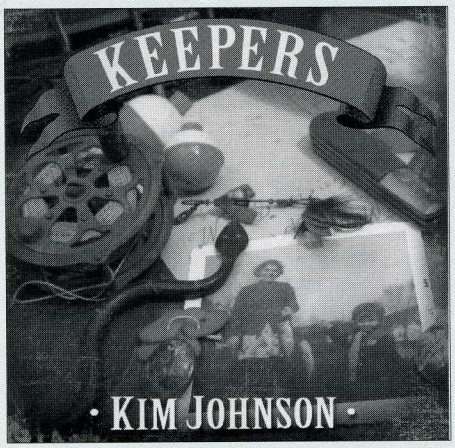


Along the Ohio's Shores *(Volume One: Fiddle Music Along a Great River)* [Rounder 11661-0544-2] is a remarkable collection of old-time fiddling from southern Ohio and northern Kentucky. Released in 2005 as part of Rounder Records' North American Traditions Series, this CD includes field recordings made between 1973 and 1999 of 18 fiddlers from the Ohio River Valley, between Ashland, Kentucky, and Madison, Indiana. A few of these musicians and their tunes have West Virginia ties, but the majority are firmly rooted in the small towns and farming communities where these musicians have spent their lives. The disk contains a pdf file, including a generous 22-page booklet of liner notes, biographical sketches, and contextual information. The tunes are generally uncommon and the playing is pure, strong, and straightforward. I highly recommend this CD to anyone with more than a casual interest in authentic fiddling styles, particularly to musicians searching for rare and unusual repertoire.

Along the Ohio's Shores is available from Rounder Records, One Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140; on-line at www.rounder.com.

Another remarkable collection of field recordings comes from east Tennessee titled, ***Old-Time Smoky Mountain Music***. Recorded in 1939 by linguist Joseph S. Hall, these tunes, songs, hymns, and ballads had previously only been available to researchers at the archives at the Great Smoky Mountains National Park or East Tennessee State University. Established in 1934, Great Smoky Mountains National Park eventually comprised nearly a half-million acres and displaced thousands of individuals and families. The park service commissioned Hall to document the language, stories, customs, and culture of these residents before they left. When they heard Hall was from California, many of the locals volunteered to perform musical numbers, thinking erroneously that Hall could help get them "discovered." The discovery has been a long time coming, but it is good that these marvelous performances are finally available to the general public. Similar in many ways to folk music collected by Louis Chappell and others in West Virginia during the same time period, this CD is as down-home and authentic as it gets. A few, especially unaccompanied singer Myrtle Conner, could easily have performed professionally, but the majority here are simply rock-solid mountain folks, sharing their music with a stranger from the city.

Old-Time Smoky Mountain Music is produced by the Great Smoky Mountains Association and is available for $14.95 by calling 1-888-898-9102, ext. 126.



Other recent recordings that bear mention include **Carrie & Michael Kline's** *Damp as the Dew: A Tribute to Appalachian Miners*, a fine collection of mining songs from these long-time GOLDENSEAL contributors (phone 304-636-5444); **Joe Herrmann's** *Gather 'round*, a varied disk of songs and tunes from a founding member of the Critton Hollow String Band (phone 304-947-7314); **The Fox Hunt's** *America's Working So We Don't Have To*, a relatively traditional set from one of the state's most exciting and popular young string bands (e-mail thefoxhuntband@gmail.com); ***Short Mountain String Band***, a relaxed collection of front-porch favorites from Hampshire County (phone 304-822-5818); and **Kim Johnson's** *Keepers*, an eclectic CD of duets from Clendenin's banjo-playing woman (e-mail banjowv@gmail.com).

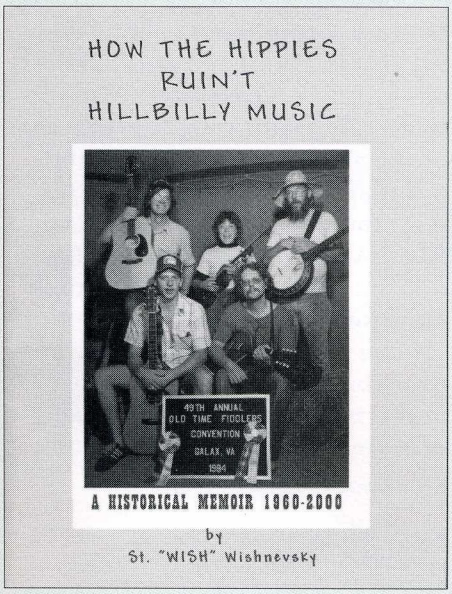
JOHN LILLY is editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine.

Books about Mountain Music

Musician and folk music stalwart Mike Seeger grew up listening to the Rich Family, a group of West Virginia musicians recorded in 1936 at Arthurdale by his father, musicologist Charles Seeger. Mike, before he passed away in 2009, had written about his enchantment with this Mountain State string band and the important role their recordings played in his early musical development. [See "Elmer Rich and 'Colored Aristocracy,'" by Mike Seeger; Fall 2009]

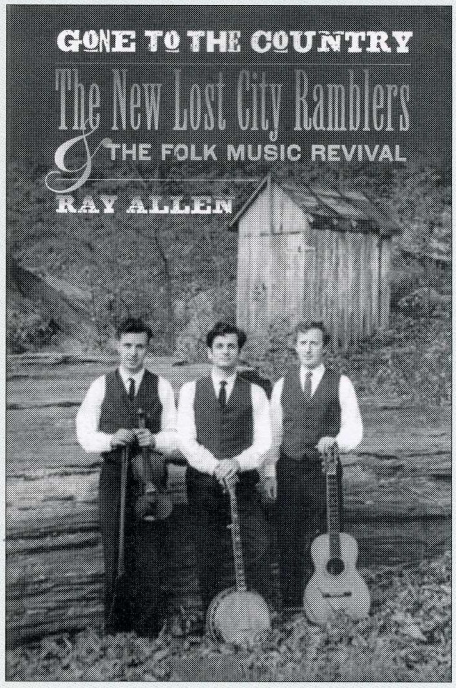
Mike was a member of the New Lost City Ramblers string band for nearly 50 years. A new book about the Ramblers begins by recounting how the band — yet unnamed — made its first recording at a Washington, D.C., radio station in 1958 and played a West Virginia fiddle tune called, "Colored Aristocracy," which Mike had learned from those Rich family recordings.

Gone to the Country: The New Lost City Ramblers & the Folk Music Revival, by Ray Allen, is a thorough and in-depth look at what was undeniably the most popular and influential old-time string band of the late 20th century. The author places the Ramblers at the center of the urban folk music revival of the late 1950's and 1960's, as well as the still-growing resurgence of interest in rural fiddle styles and string band music. The band was featured at the 2009 Appalachian String Band Music Festival at Clifftop, Fayette County, and nearly every one of the thousands of musicians in attendance could trace at least one of their tunes or songs to the playing, recordings, or research of the New Lost City Ramblers or their members. [See "Open Arms at Clifftop: 20th Appalachian String Band Music Festival," by John Lilly; Summer 2009.] From urban backgrounds, Ramblers Mike Seeger, John Cohen, Tom Paley, and Tracy Schwarz played and sang deeply rural music and, for the most part, chose to live rural lifestyles when not on the road performing. Band member Tracy Schwarz still makes his home in rural Gilmer County, where he has lived since 1989



Published in 2010 by the University of Illinois Press as part of its Music in American Life series, *Gone to the Country* is a 328-page paperback volume, with an index, discography, illustrations, and end notes. It is available for $25 from www.press.uillinois.edu.

A less formal look at the face and fate of old-time music in the late 20th century comes from a self-published book titled, ***How the Hippies Ruin't Hillbilly Music: A Historical Memoir 1960-2000***, by St. "Wish" Wishnevsky. The title is provocative and no doubt sarcastic, but the book is a legitimate documentation of the influx of mostly northern, mostly educated young people into the Appalachian Mountains, in search of rural music and a simpler life during the last half-century. [See "Back to the Land in Pocahontas County," by David Holtzman; Summer 2009.]



Comments and narrative by the author are interspersed with letters, interviews, e-mails, poems, and "depositions" from dozens of musicians, dancers, and others involved in the old-time music "scene." The language is salty at times, and the point often wanders. But the portrait develops quickly of a group of idealistic outsiders who were attracted to the best qualities of a fading rural tradition and, in many cases, gave up everything to become a part of its rebirth. Did these "hippies" actually "ruin" old-time music? Well, that answer is in the eyes and ears of the beholder. But Wishnevsky's book should give ample evidence for both sides of the debate.

How the Hippies Ruin't Hillbilly Music is a 181-page, large-format paperbound edition, available for $30 from the author via e-mail at wishnevs@bellsouth.net; write to 612 McCreary Street, Winston-Salem, NC 27105.

Goldenseal Index

Volume 36, 2010

Articles that appeared in Volume 36 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, 2010, published quarterly, at The Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Number of issues published annually: 4. Annual subscription price: $20. 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.

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Publication Name: Goldenseal: West Virginia Traditional Life
Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: Fall 2010

The average number of copies of each issue during the preceding 12 months is:

A) Total no. of copies:	16,250
Net press run:	
B) Paid and/or Requested Circulation:	
1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541	13,450
2) Paid In-County Subscriptions	-0-
3) Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution	566
4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS	-0-
C) Total paid and/or Requested Circulation:	14,016
D) Free Distribution by Mail:	
1) Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
2) In-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS	-0-
4) Free Distribution Outside the Mail	-0-
E) Total Free Distribution	-0-
F) Total Distribution	14,016
G) Copies Not Distributed (Office Use)	2,147
	(Returned) 87
H) Total	16,250
I) Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation:	100%

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

A) Total no. of copies	16,000
Net press run:	
B) Paid and/or Requested Circulation:	
1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541	13,182
2) Paid In-County Subscriptions	-0-
3) Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution	616
4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS	-0-
C) Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation	13,798
D) Free Distribution by Mail:	
1) Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
2) In-County as Stated on Form 3541	-0-
3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS	-0-
4) Free Distribution Outside the Mail	-0-
E) Total Free Distribution	-0-
F) Total Distribution	13,798
G) Copies Not Distributed (Office Use)	2,202
	(Returned) -0-
H) Total	16,000
I) Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation:	100%

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

John Lilly, Editor

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___ Summer 2002/*Princess Margy* Sternwheeler
___ Fall 2003/Artist Boyd Boggs
___ Winter 2003/Weaver Dorothy Thompson
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___ Fall 2005/Coke Ovens
___ Winter 2006/Whitcomb Boulder
___ Fall 2007/Seneca Rocks
___ Winter 2007/Photographer Lloyd Gainer
___ Spring 2008/Dancer Lou Maiuri
___ Summer 2008/Fenton Glass
___ Winter 2008/Coal Art
___ Spring 2009/Bernard Cyrus
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___ Fall 2009/Spanish West Virginia
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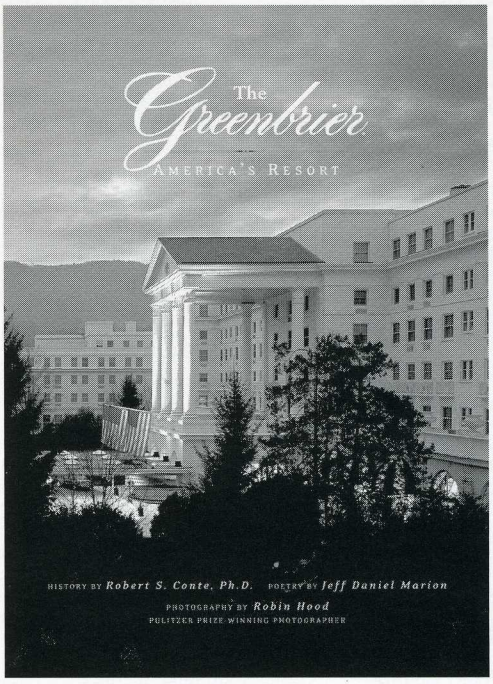
America's Resort



For those with a taste for luxury, there is no finer destination than The Greenbrier resort in White Sulphur Springs. Presidents, movie stars, royalty, professional athletes, celebrities — and those with the means to travel like them — have enjoyed five-star hospitality here for more than 150 years. A 2007 coffee-table book titled, *The Greenbrier· America's Resort*, offers a stunning visual tour of the resort, its grounds, and its storied past.

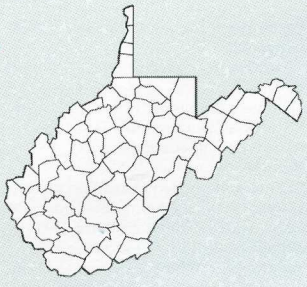
With text by historian Robert S. Conte [see "Hidden in Plain Sight: The Greenbrier's Bunker," by Bob Conte; page 18], and poetry by Jeff Daniel Marion, it is photography by Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer Robin Hood that is the focal point of this beautiful 146-page, large-format volume. The first 37 pages highlight The Greenbrier's history and archival collection, while the final 109 pages are a gallery of lush and lavish images, showing the resort in all seasons and from nearly every possible angle, both interior and exterior. From springtime blooms through summer, fall, and a variety of winter and holiday scenes, The Greenbrier appears picture-perfect through the eyes and lens of Robin Hood. The photos, many of them spread across two full pages, are rich, colorful, and artfully presented.

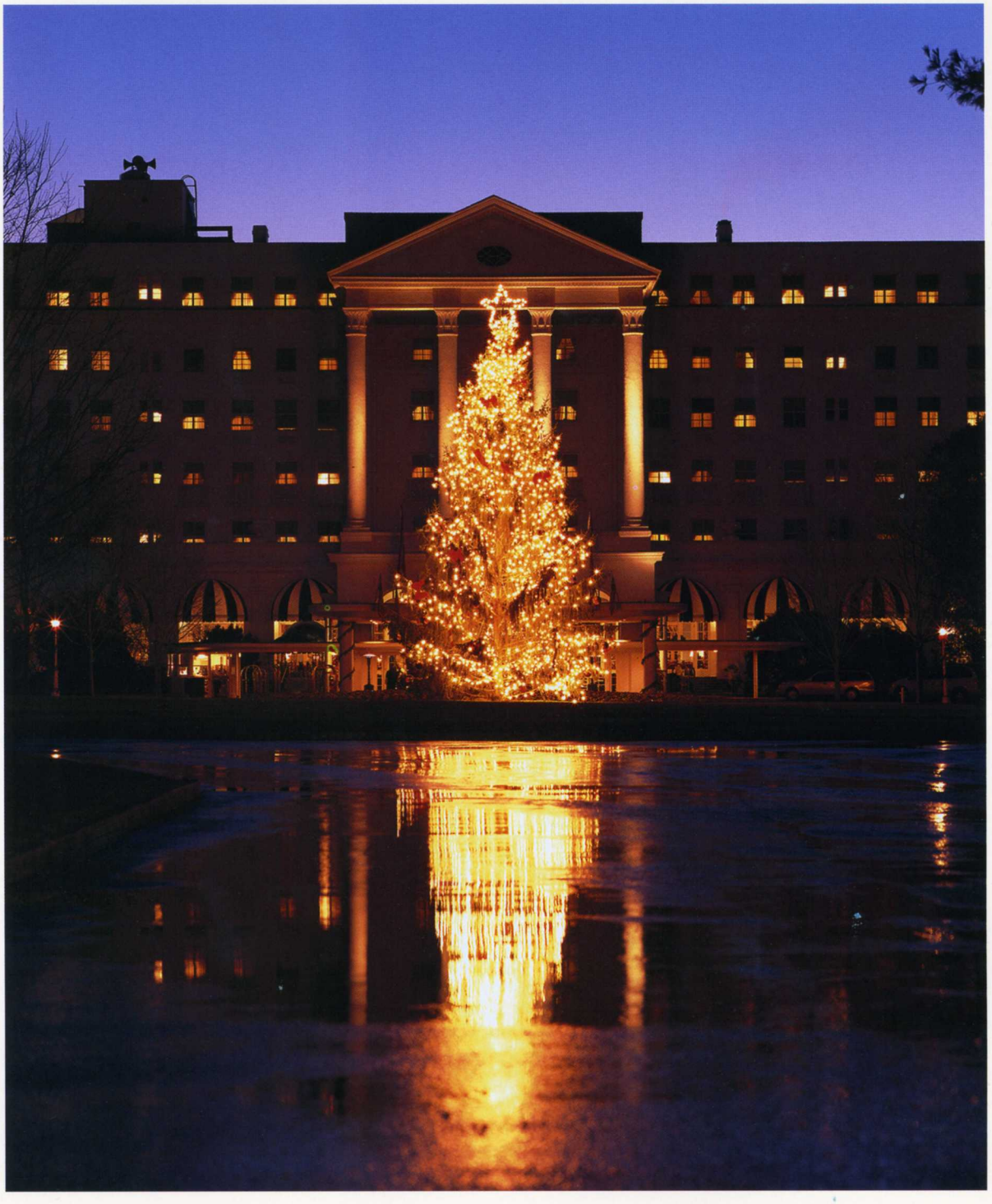
The Greenbrier· America's Resort is published by Grandin Hood Publishers and is available for $49, plus shipping and in-state sales tax, from The Greenbrier Shop; on-line at www.greenbrier shopping.com, or by phone at 1-800-321-1168, ext. 7294.

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Wheeling Riverboats
- Morris Brothers
- Kimball
- 35th Vandalia Gathering





A Christmas tree is reflected in the moist pavement in front of the main entrance to The Greenbrier hotel at White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County. Photograph by Robin Hood, from the book *The Greenbrier: America's Resort*. [See page 72.]

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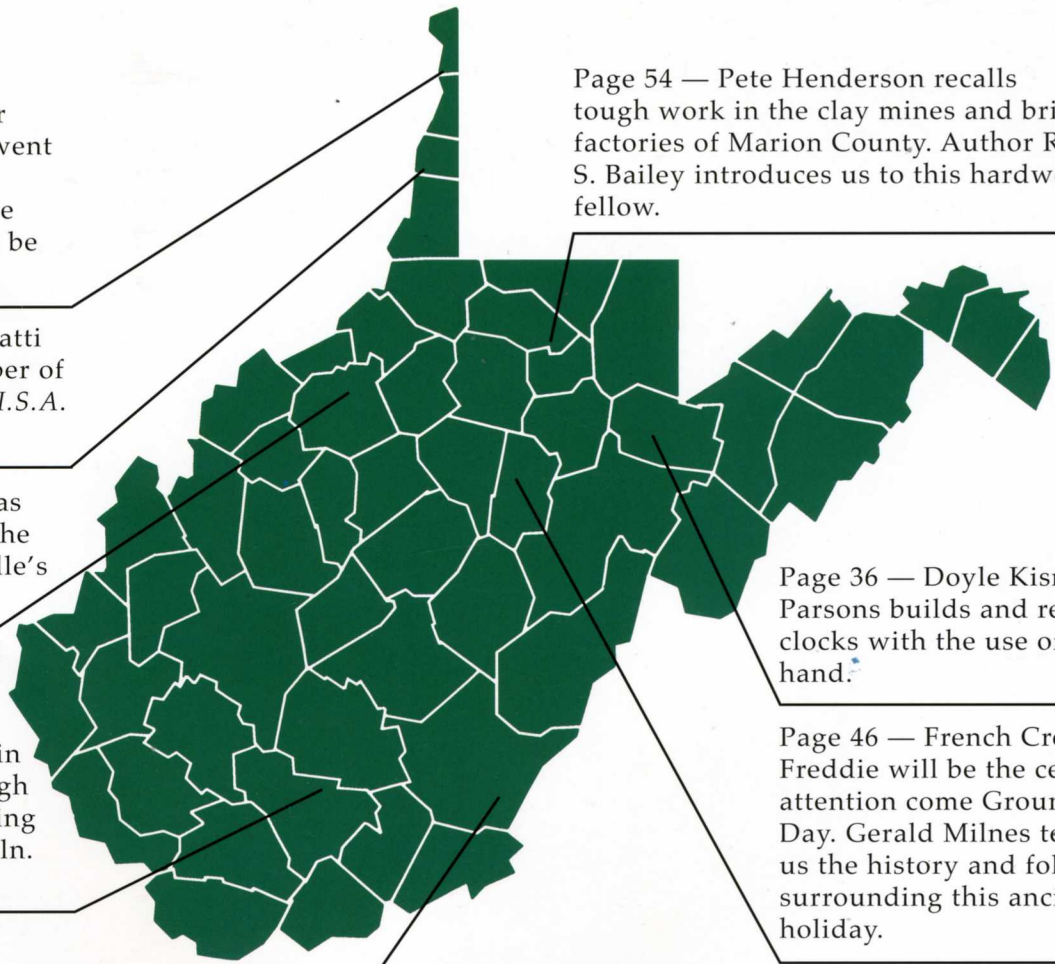
PERIODICALS

Inside Goldenseal



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