Buddy Griffin • Textbook Controversy • Tanneries • Osage

Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Fall 2011 $5.95

Mountain State Forest Festival

From the Editor: Leave 'em Laughing

Yesterday I spent the afternoon with Ken Sullivan. Ken was editor of GOLDENSEAL for 18 years and now serves as executive director of the West Virginia Humanities Council. As my predecessor in this job, Ken left some awfully large shoes to fill. He also left behind a pretty clear road map, which I consult daily, even after more than 14 years behind this desk.

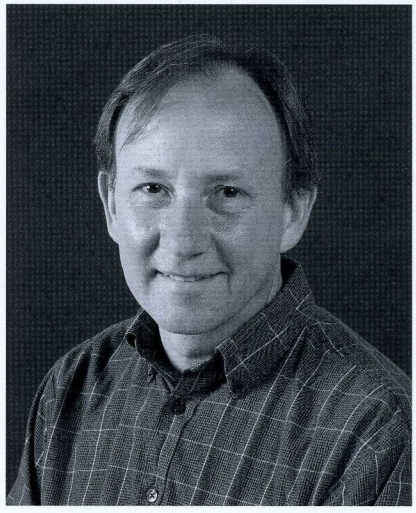
Busy as we are, it is rare that both Ken and I find a free afternoon, much less on the same day. Yesterday was different, however. We were taken by surprise by the death of a West Virginia treasure — the inimitable Bonnie Collins. At 96 years of age, Bonnie's passing was not entirely unexpected. I guess we thought she'd go on forever, telling stories and jokes, making up songs, and keeping us all on our toes and in stitches. That was not to be.

So Ken called and generously offered to drive us both to Pennsboro for the visitation. I gathered up an armload of page proofs for this issue and took him up on his offer. And I'm glad I did. It was a pleasure to spend the day with someone I admire. And a sad privilege to pay our respects to someone as talented and revered as Bonnie Collins.

As we drove the two-and-a-half hours each way, we talked of many things, but our thoughts always returned to memories of Bonnie. Ken knew her better than I did — they went back together to the early years of the Vandalia Gathering. Ken recalls her holding forth in the Green Room with others of her generation, creating a lively cacophony of tall tales, laughter, and music. Those days — and those folks — won't be back again.

My memories of Bonnie are no less endearing, though they date back only to the late 1990's, when I came here to work. Bonnie was always quick with a joke and a warm greeting, and full of comments and advice about GOLDENSEAL. She called me frequently to tell me what she thought of the latest issue or to suggest a story or two. I think she liked me. I know I liked her.

Vandalia audiences loved her! Bonnie's Saturday night concert sets were much anticipated and are fondly remembered by thousands of West Virginians. Her last appearance was in 2008. Here are a few gems from that performance:



Photograph by Michael Keller.

"I was born and raised in Doddridge County, graduated from Marion and then Marshall. I've been everywhere. I know people from five or six miles away from where I was raised! ...

"I remember when [my husband and I] were first married. He had a little drinking problem. He came out of the beer joint one night and put a nickel in the parking meter. He said, 'Oh my God, I've lost 100 pounds!'

"He said, 'I tried to take a shortcut through the cow pasture. The wind blew my hat off, and I bet I tried on six before I got one that fit.' ...

"I heard of a guy who went to the doctor. The doctor said that he was so sick he was going to die, and if he wants to get right with the Lord, now's the time to do it. The guy said, 'I don't need to. I've lived as much like Christ all my life as I could. What else can I do? Well, call me a good lawyer.'

"He called this lawyer in. The lawyer was on one side of the bed and the doctor on the other. The lawyer said, 'Did you want me to draw up a will?'

"'Oh, no! I've had a will since I was 20 years old.'

"'Well, what can I do for you?'

"'It's like I told this doctor. I lived as much like Christ as I could all my life, and now I want to die just like He died — between two thieves!'"

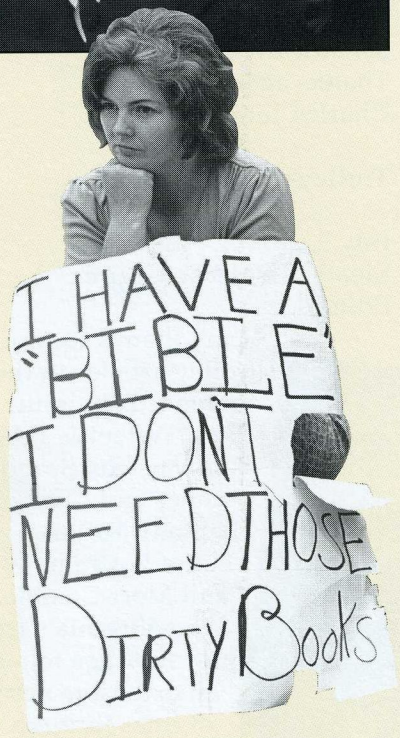
Even from a wheelchair at age 93, Bonnie Collins held the audience in the palm of her hand. And she left 'em laughing, one last time. Godspeed!

See page 7 for more about Bonnie Collins.

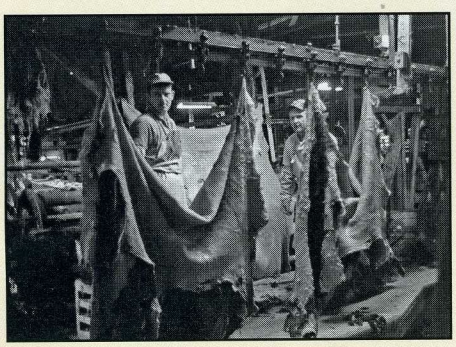
John Lilly

Volume 37, Number 3 **Goldenseal** Fall 2011

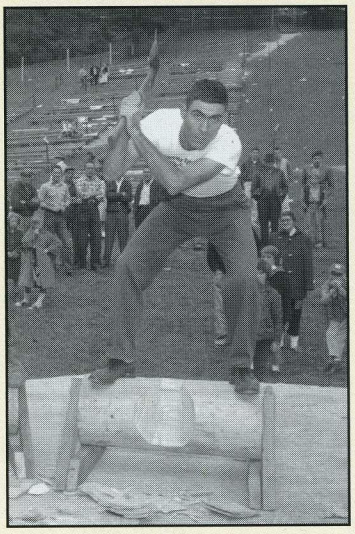
p. 20



p. 34



p. 50



p. 9

p. 48

On the cover: Queen Silvia LIX, Megan Elizabeth Hartley, at the 1995 Mountain State Forest Festival in Elkins. Photograph by Brent Kepner. Our story begins on page 9.

Published by the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Earl Ray Tomblin
Governor

Kay Goodwin
Secretary
Department of Education
and the Arts

Randall Reid-Smith
Commissioner
Division of Culture and History

John Lilly
Editor

Kim Johnson
Editorial Assistant

Cornelia Crews Alexander
Circulation Manager

Karin Kercheval Design
Publication Design

GOLDENSEAL (ISSN 0099-0159, USPS 013336) is published four times a year, in the spring, summer, fall, and winter. The magazine is distributed for $20 yearly. Manuscripts, photographs, and letters are welcome; return postage should accompany manuscripts and photographs.

Correspondence to:
The Editor
GOLDENSEAL
The Culture Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300

Phone (304)558-0220
e-mail chgoldenseal@wv.gov
www.wvculture.org/goldenseal

Periodical postage paid at Charleston, West Virginia.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to GOLDENSEAL, The Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300.

The Division of Culture and History is an Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action Employer.

Printed in West Virginia by Chapman Printing
Charleston - Huntington Parkersburg

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.

Summer Issue

June 22, 2011
Via e-mail
Keystone Heights, Florida
Editor:
The Summer 2011 issue is stunning. From railway and trolleys to the last words of Willie and Vera Nestor in their story about Arden: "living out their lives peacefully in the little mountain community along the river they have come to love." [See "Arden: Willie Nestor Recalls Life in a Barbour County Town," by Richard S. Bailey.]

Every story was a gem, and the accompanying illustrations were picture perfect. You and your staff will have to work very hard to match the quality of this issue. It is certain to be in demand from your readers for years to come.

A superb job by all of the contributors and staff.
Regards,
Bill Jarrett

June 16, 2011
Via e-mail
Charleston, West Virginia
Editor:
The recent issue of GOLDENSEAL has been eagerly read. I have some interest in trolleys. The stories of old-time life are always fun and touching.

Thanks for a great job.
Best wishes,
Lawton Posey

July 2, 2011
Watauga, Tennessee
Editor:
I commend you for the best magazine I have ever received. West Virginia is still home to me. We will be attending the Byrd and Teter reunions the same weekend. My first wife, the daughter of William Byrd of Elkins, was related to Senator Byrd.
Thanks again,
Charles Teter

Trolleys

July 9, 2011
Moatsville, West Virginia
Editor:
Many thanks for the trolley articles in the Summer 2011 issue. [See "Wetzel & Tyler Railway," by Borgon Tanner and "The Bethany Trolley," by Laura L. Cramblet and Mort Gamble.] West Virginia's trolley heritage relied on an extensive network of lines through West Penn Power Company, a Pennsylvania company that served southwest Pennsylvania as well as West Virginia. These lines covered much of the north-central portion of our state, including Clarksburg, Fairmont, and Morgantown as well as western lines in Wheeling, Parkersburg, and Marietta, Ohio. During the West Penn heyday, one could ride a trolley from Weston to Fairview, near the Pennsylvania border. If one knows where to look and

looks carefully, there are still a few vestiges of the line from Fairmont to Mannington.

Having been personally interested in the trolley car since a child, permit a few clarifications:

The double overhead wire as a source of power was short-lived because the trolley "trolled" (hence the name "trolley") this four-flanged wheel "box" as the car moved. The box frequently fell down on top of the car, especially as it was pulled around curves. The upward spring-fed pole was the invention of Frank Sprague. And while "hooks" may have been used to leverage a wayward trolley pole back onto the wire, the picture on the front of the magazine clearly shows the rope and "reel" mechanism which, very early on, made the task much easier.

The cultural impact of the trolley in America was such that the trolley was claimed to be "the car that built the cities." Kennywood Park in Pittsburgh was a trolley park, many of which were built at the peak of the trolley's popularity. Many of the parks were built by trolley companies and were typically located far enough out of town that one had to ride the trolley to get there!

Dan R. Unger

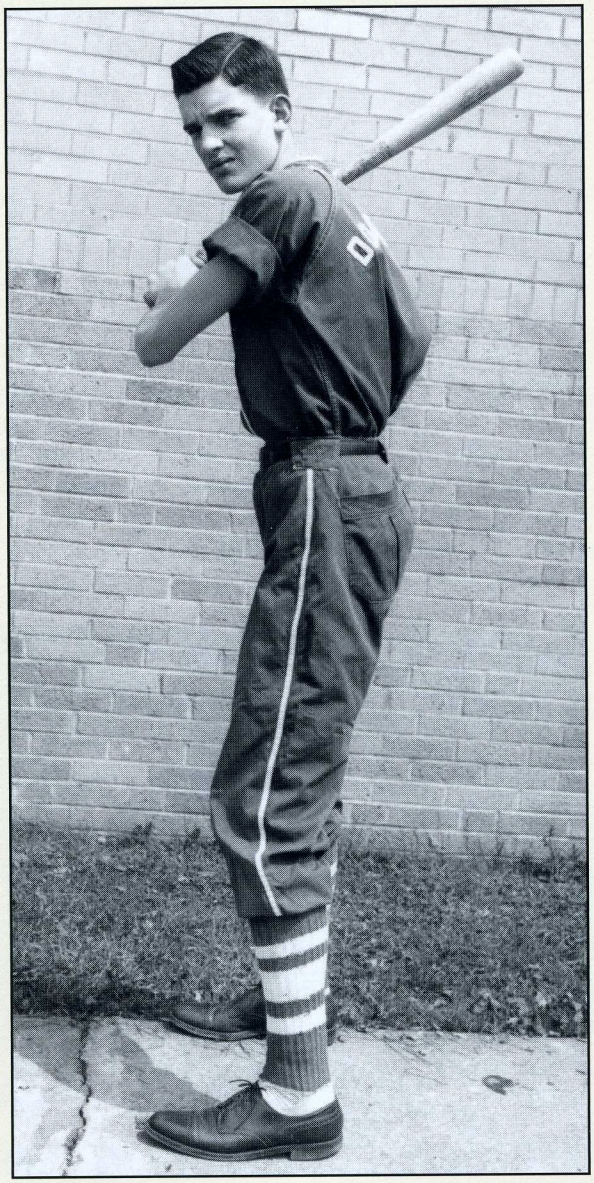
Baseball

June 21, 2011
Vanceboro, Maine
Editor·

It was good to see my story in the summer issue ["Wetzel & Tyler Railway"]. I do wish more of my text could have been used. However, the shortened story reads well, and your skillful editing should be complimented for achieving that goal.

Baseball doesn't interest me, but the name Duane Ellifritt does. [See "Baseball Crazy in Doddridge County," by Duane Ellifritt; Summer 2011.] I believe Duane Ellifritt was commissioned to travel over the state and report on antique engineering projects, everything from water-powered mills to bridges and industrial buildings. Jim Comstock [of the *West Virginia Hillbilly*] printed a weekly report with photos of Ellifritt's finds back in the 1970's or early '80's.

Sincerely,
Borgon Tanner



Duane Ellifritt.

June 14, 2011
Woodstock, Virginia
Editor:

The article by Duane Ellifritt stimulated a latent memory of the first time that I met Duane. It was in the fall of 1953, not in a baseball setting but as a freshman in engineering at Marshall College.

Following freshman orientation week and wearing our green "beanies," we had an engineering slide rule (circular rule that I still possess) orientation class on Tuesday nights in the Science Building, hosted by Dr. Ambrose Everett McCaskey, Jr. —"Dr. Mac."

As I recall, there were over a hundred "wanna be" engineers who attended that first class. Dr. Mac started the class with a comment that I'll never forget. It was something like this: "Only about 10 of you guys will graduate as engineers. I could give you a test now that would give me an indication which 10, but that would spoil your and my futures, so I'll not."

Most engineering classes were graded by a "curve" system. As I recall, Duane was always one of the students that set the curve very high for the rest of us. Dr. Mac was right about the number of students from that first orientation class who would become engineers. The comprehensive and varied curriculum that he and others concocted gave us all a foundation on which to succeed. Many engineering executives were spawned from that program.

As stated at the end of his article, Duane's career took the noble path of passing his knowledge on to many generations. He took one of the most difficult disciplines of engineering to its highest professional level.

Thank you for your outstanding editorial decisions and dedication, which result in an outstanding magazine every time, all the time!

Sincerely,
David Halsey

Here's My GOLDENSEAL Gift List!

Please add the following name(s) to the GOLDENSEAL mailing list. I enclose $20 for each subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

[ ] I'm adding $6 extra per subscription (total $26). Please send the current issue along with the gift card!

Gift Giver's Name _____

Address _____

_____

Name(s) to be signed on gift card:

_____

[ ] Add my name too! I enclose $20 for my own subscription.

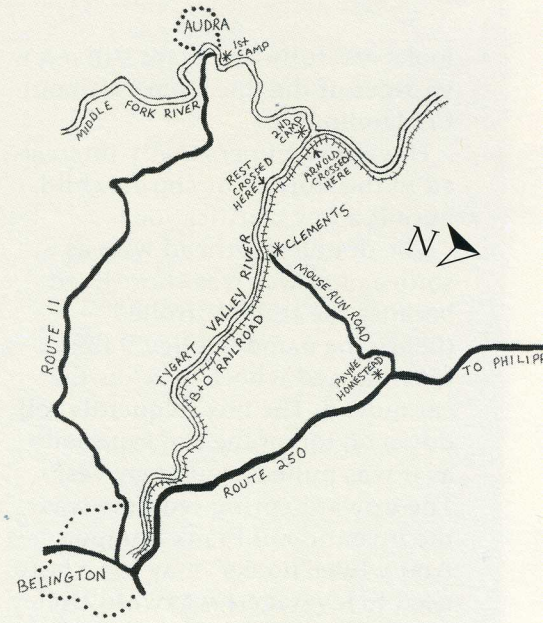
Please make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL We also accept VISA and MasterCard.

Send to:
GOLDENSEAL
The Culture Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300

Middle Fork

June 16, 2011
Via e-mail
Cleveland, Tennessee
Editor:
Today I received my copy of GOLDENSEAL, which I look forward to receiving. As a West Virginia native born in Erbacon, Webster County, I really enjoy your magazine. But when I read the story on page 38, [see "Bad Luck on the Middle Fork," by John Payne; Summer 2011], I noticed something wrong with the map. It is printed upside down! Belington is southeast of Philippi, not southwest, as shown in your magazine.
Richard Carpenter

Thanks for writing, Richard. We stand guilty as charged. Our map of the area between Belington and Philippi shows north at approximately 115°, with southwest approximately 0° A simple arrow indicating due north would have been an easy solution. Thanks for drawing this to our attention. —ed.

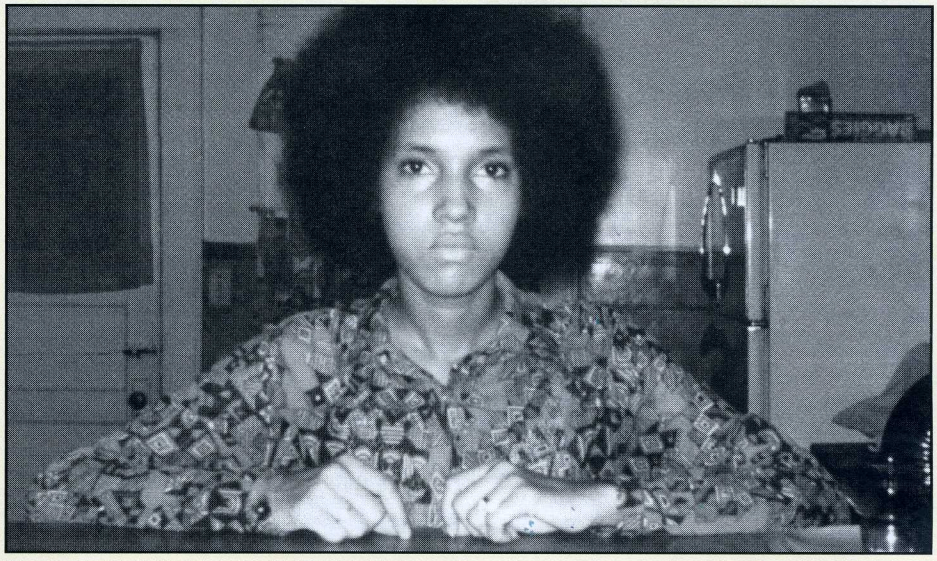


Decota

July 4, 2011
Dunbar, West Virginia
Editor·
The fine story by Jennifer Mosley touched my heart strings. [See "Surviving the Tough Times in Decota", Summer 2011.] I grew up in Kilsyth, Fayette County, in a family of five girls, very similar to Jennifer's family.

We had our running cold water, our bathtub hanging on the back porch, the bathroom in the backyard. All of our neighbors had the same. We got a lot of exercise by walking several miles to school, coming home for lunch, going back to school, and then back home in the evening. There were no school buses. Oh, how I remember the deep, heavy snows and cardboard insoles in my shoes!

I value my life back in the '30's because I'm so contented in my

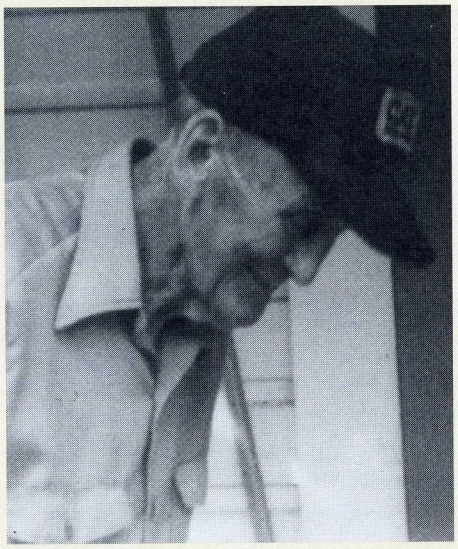


Phyllis Crider in Decota, early 1970's.

life today. Thanks for the memories, Jennifer and GOLDENSEAL.
Mary Alice Carpenter

Chaney Boone

June 27, 2011
Via e-mail
Memphis, Tennessee
Editor:
Reading Elesse D White's article about her great-grandfather's farm was to re-experience life in rural Braxton County six or seven decades ago: sinking into the feather beds with straw ticks, priming the pump out back, shelling the chickens' corn. [See "Hard Work Was a Must: Chaney Boone's Braxton County Farm," Summer 2011.] I hope that her interview with her great-aunt Babe Short, Boone's daughter, mentioned in the article, will be published in due course. Babe Short and her husband, Ralph, bought our farm on Big Run near Frametown in 1945.
Best wishes,
John T. Dulaney



Chaney Boone of Braxton County.

Stepping!

June 14, 2011
Via e-mail
Washington, D.C.
Editor:
I wanted to make a comment in reference to the comment made by the editor concerning "Stepping!" [See "Stepping!" by John Lilly; Spring 2011. Also see "Letters from Readers", Summer 2011.] Hats off to you for your most appropriate response.

I'm looking forward to seeing more articles pertaining to the black and Native American populations of West Virginia. Heck, I might have to write a few myself.
Regards,
Darlene V Farmer

June 16, 2011
Via e-mail
Editor:
I am a subscriber of GOLDENSEAL and a "Mountaineer in Exile" in Texas. I want to thank you for an excellent publication. I was very impressed by your reply to the letter of Steve Bledsoe in the Summer 2011 edition. Mr. Bledsoe apparently doesn't believe that a picture of a step show was "appropriate" for the cover of GOLDENSEAL. Your answer was exactly how many of us would have replied!
Keep up the good work.
David Sotelo, J.D

Renewal Mailbag

April 2, 2011
Naoma, West Virginia
Editor:
Yes, we have missed receiving your magazine. But with living and food prices going so high, it's hard to buy anything nowadays other than the basics, food, utilities, etc. My husband and I are elderly and have a large family, also a lot of sickness, especially with my husband. We always enjoy your magazine, and I'm ordering it again for him.

We will be celebrating our 60th wedding anniversary this month, and this will be a gift for my husband — one he will enjoy reading.

Thank you so much, and God bless.
Sincerely yours,
Bill and Betty Ross

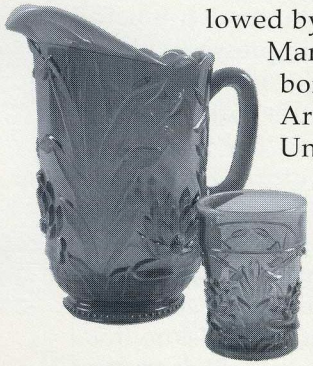
Current Programs • Events • Publications

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.

Glass Gathering

The 20th Annual Glass Gathering will take place October 21-22 at the Museum of American Glass in Weston, where glass enthusiasts and collectors from across the country will share their interests and knowledge of glass.

The Gathering begins with a road trip on Friday, October 21. Participants will visit glass artisan Eddie Seese in Ellenboro, followed by stops at Davis Marbles in Pennsboro and Boyce Art Glass in West Union. Several glass-related presentations are scheduled throughout the day on Saturday. Topics include pioneer glass, glass insulators, and the stained-glass church windows of Weston. A highlight of the Gathering will be exhibits of selected items from the museum's vast collection. There will be a banquet on Saturday evening, followed by a silent auction, with proceeds benefiting the museum.



Located at 230 Main Avenue in Weston, the Museum of American Glass has 12,000 glass items on permanent display and is home to the National Marble Museum.

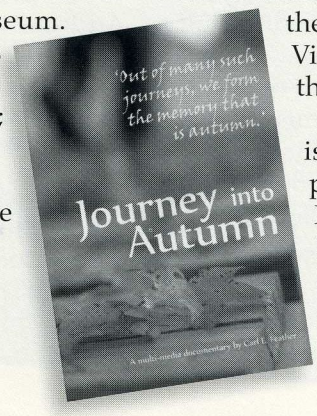
Admission to the Glass Gathering is $89 for non-members of the museum; $79 for members. Registration is required, and forms are available online at www.magwv.com. For more information, call (304)269-5006.

Arnout "Sonny" Hyde, Jr., memorial at Blackwater Falls State Park.

Journey into Autumn

Journey into Autumn is a DVD written, photographed, and produced by regular GOLDENSEAL contributor Carl E. Feather. Spectacular autumn scenery of West Virginia's Potomac Highlands is featured in this 45-minute DVD Stunning photographs and video of the Dolly Sods Wilderness, Blackwater Canyon, Cass Scenic Railroad, and pastoral scenery on the back roads are showcased throughout.

Also included are three bonus programs: Autumn in Blackwater Country, Rafts Set Forth on the River of Autumn, and Photographer Commentary, in which Carl E. Feather shares his lifelong love for the mountains of West Virginia and autumn in the hills.



Journey into Autumn is available for $15 postpaid from Carl E. Feather, 6087 Mill St., Kingsville OH 44048, online at www.feathermultimedia.com.

Sonny Hyde Memorial

A memorial plaque honoring legendary West Virginia photographer Arnout "Sonny" Hyde, Jr., was placed at Pendleton Point in Blackwater Falls State Park on June 18. Pendleton Point was a favorite photographic location for Sonny and provides one of the most impressive views of the Blackwater Canyon.

Hyde was a photographer for *Wonderful West Virginia* magazine from 1968 until 1982, when he became editor until his retirement in 1988. He also published five coffee table books of his West Virginia photographs. His stunning nature photography also appeared in *Southern Living*, LIFE, *National Wildlife*, and other publications.

Arnout "Sonny" Hyde, Jr., passed away in 2005.

Fairmont Totem Pole

A replica of Dr. Chesney Ramage's famous totem pole has been erected at C.J Maggie's restaurant in

downtown Fairmont. The original totem pole was designed and carved in 1942 by Fairmont surgeon Dr. Chesney Ramage, and featured images of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Popeye the Sailor, a large serpent, an owl, and other figures. The 24-foot pole overlooked downtown Fairmont for 40 years.

After restaurant owner C.J Rylands read an article in GOLDENSEAL [see "Chesney's Totem Pole; Tribute to a Fairmont Landmark," by Raymond Alvarez; Fall 2008], he commissioned artist Jeff Pinney to reproduce the pole. It is now on display in front of the restaurant.

C.J Maggie's is located at 207 Jefferson Street in Fairmont. Call (304)366-2000 for hours of operation or additional information; online at www.cj-maggies.com.

Totem pole at C.J. Maggie's restaurant in Fairmont. Photograph by Hannah Vickers.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Bye

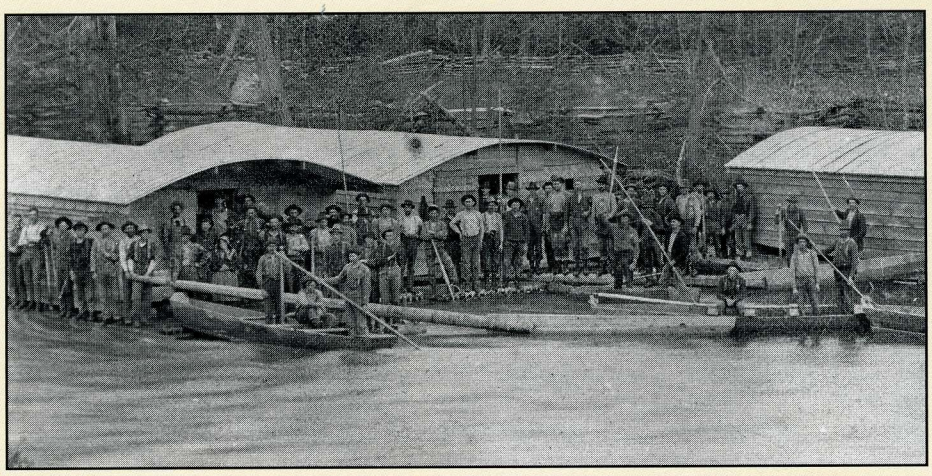
Bonnie Collins, beloved storyteller, poet, humorist, author, and musician, passed away in Clarksburg on August 6. Bonnie Mae Starkey was born in rural Doddridge County in 1915, one of 13 children. Her father farmed and ran a sawmill, among other occupations, and was also a gifted singer and teacher. Bonnie began telling stories as a 4-H leader in 1963. She later took a job as a school cook and was hired to write poetry for the county's early childhood education program. Bonnie began appearing at folk festivals and events during the early 1970's and became a fixture at gatherings such as the West Virginia State Folk Festival in Glenville, the Mountain State Art and Craft Fair at Ripley, the Stonewall Jackson Jubilee at Weston, and the Vandalia Gathering. Bonnie received the Vandalia Award in 1990 and was a frequent judge at the State Liars Contest. She was the subject of a story in our Spring 1989 issue titled, "Raised Among the Hills: Storyteller Bonnie Collins," by Marc and Cheryl Harshman.

Bonnie Collins. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Forest Festival Exhibit

The history of the Mountain State Forest Festival is the subject of a new exhibit on display at the Culture Center in Charleston through mid-October. The display includes 31 vintage gowns worn by forest festival queens through the years. Crowns, shoes, jewelry, and various ceremonial accessories are also included. The exhibit also features classic photographs, festival programs, and other memorabilia dating back to the 1930's.

For more information, call exhibits coordinator Betty Gay (304)558-0220 ext. 128.



Arks accompany a log run down the Greenbrier River in 1898. Photograph courtesy of the Pocahontas County Historical Society.

Smithsonian Exhibit in Marlinton

The Way We Worked, a traveling exhibit from the Smithsonian Institution, will be on display at the Marlinton Municipal Building from September 10 through October 22. In addition to 2,000 feet of photographs and display space, the exhibit includes music, drama, and oral presentations focusing on a wide range of occupations and work experiences.

Unique to the exhibit in Pocahontas County will be a large-scale model of a logging ark, a wood-chopping competition, displays of fine furniture made from local wood, herbal tea seminars, and an old-fashioned "wood hick" lunch. Demonstrations, exhibits, dramatic readings, food sampling, and music will be offered at various locations throughout the county.

The Way We Worked is a joint project of the Smithsonian Institution, the National Archives, and the West Virginia Humanities Council. For detailed information, phone 1-800-336-7009 or visit. www.pocahontashistorical.org/smithsonian.htm.

Sesquicentennial Timeline

Milestones on the Road to Statehood

West Virginia CIVIL WAR STATEHOOD 150

- **September 1, 1861** – A skirmish at the Boone County courthouse in Madison resulted in a rout of Confederate forces and burning of the town.

- **September 10, 1861** – Battle of Carnifex Ferry in Nicholas County, where both sides claimed victory. Twenty-seven were killed, 104 wounded.

- **September 16, 1861** – A group of Morgantown women wrote to the *Wheeling Intelligencer* requesting that the name of the new state be changed from Kanawha to Western Virginia.

- **October 5, 1861** – A knitting association was formed in Ohio County to provide stockings and mittens for Union soldiers.

- **October 7, 1861** – Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson was promoted to major general in the Confederate army.

- **October 24, 1861** – Voters in western Virginia voted overwhelmingly to approve the formation of the new state of Kanawha.

- **November 11, 1861** – Confederate troops burned the town of Guyandotte, Cabell County; took prisoners.

- **November 26, 1861** – Delegates to the Constitutional Convention in Wheeling began debates and proceedings concerning the creation of a constitution for the new state.

- **November 28, 1861** – Governor Francis H. Pierpont proclaimed a day of Thanksgiving.

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

Mountain State Forest Festival

By Bill Rice

Photographs courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives

On Monday night, August 11, 1930, a meeting was held at the YMCA in downtown Elkins to finalize plans for an upcoming homecoming festival. The festival was destined to become one of West Virginia's premier events. Chairmen of the various festival committees would decide that night what to call their celebration. Several names were suggested, and the choices were eventually narrowed down to one — the Mountain State Forest Festival.

Mountain State Forest Festival Grand Feature Parade through downtown Elkins in 1980. Photograph by Ron Snow, Department of Commerce Collection.

Left: Queen Silvia XX, Ann Lyon Alexander, processes across the campus of Davis & Elkins College at the 1956 Forest Festival. Photograph by Frank Wilkin/*The Charleston Gazette*; Frank Wilkin Collection.

Right: Queen Silvia III, Emily Frances Maxwell, and her royal court at the 1933 Forest Festival. West Virginia Photo Company Collection.

1973 Festival Queen Silvia XXXVII, Katherine Ann Huffman.

Planning for the celebration had been going on for several months, but a meeting three nights earlier at the nearby Tygart Hotel had greatly stimulated the process. It was attended by as many as 150 people, representing more than 50 organizations and business firms. The principal speaker was W W Glass, a former mayor of Winchester, Virginia, and the assistant director of the popular Apple Blossom Festival held in Winchester each May. He pointed out that the Elkins area had something unique to offer and that people would come to the area if you let them know about it. Mr. Glass made several suggestions that would help make the new festival a success and offered the cooperation of his organization in planning the event.

In addition to Mr. Glass and his delegation were William Trapnell, H.H. Marsh, and F.H. Fowler of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who of-

fered the support of their company in the preparations for the festival. Elkins was at that time a railroad town, and support of the B&O was invaluable.

Presiding over the meeting was the director of the Elkins festival, George Henry Dornblazer, who had visited Winchester the previous month with a delegation from Elkins, including Alfred Spates Brady, Sr., a Randolph County coal operator and member of the Elkins city council, Lewis Henry Buzzell, president of the Elkins Businessmen's Association; Leslie L. Cook, the secretary of the Elkins Businessmen's Association, and Bernard F Groves, a former resident of Winchester and the assistant manager of the Randolph Garage in Elkins.

Contributing to the support for a celebration in Elkins were the results of the primary election on August 5. Elkins resident Jennings Randolph had won the Democratic nomination for congressman for the 2nd Congressional District. The general election would be on November 4, just three days after the last day of the festival. Jennings Randolph had moved to Elkins in 1926 when he joined the faculty of Davis & Elkins College, and the "silver-tongued young Democrat from Elkins" is often credited with having helped to make the Mountain State Forest Festival a success over the years. [See "Jennings Randolph: 'Always Remember the Man and the Woman By the Wayside of the Road,'" by Michael Kline and Gene Ochsendorf; Summer 1983.]

The selection of the queen and her court is of central importance to the festival.

George Dornblazer is also credited with much of the early success of the Forest Festival. A native of Wyoming County, Pennsylvania, he bought his home at 204 Henry Avenue in Elkins in 1917 His home telephone number there was "1," suggesting he was a person of some importance. He was a lumberman associated with the influential brothers John and Thomas Raine, whose Raine-Andrews Lumber Company founded the town of Evenwood in 1904, located about 14 miles east of Elkins. The Raine brothers also founded the town of Rainelle in 1908. In 1929 John Raine was the president of the Meadow River Lumber Company, whose mill at Rainelle was considered the largest hardwood lumber mill in the United States. Hotel Pioneer in Rainelle, operated by the Raine family, purchased a full-page advertisement in the 1930 festival program.

The Grand Feature Parade in 1974 included square dancers, performing on the Elkins Builders Supply Company float. Photograph by R.L. Hughes, Department of Commerce Collection.

[See "Nothing but Hardwood. The Meadow River Lumber Company," by Ben Crookshanks; Winter 1991.]

Another development that played a part in the birth of the Forest Festival was the increasing popularity of the automobile. In 1930 the state road commission was upgrading several highways in the state, few of which had previously been paved. One of those was State Route 24, which went from the Maryland line in Tucker County to Bluefield in Mercer County. It passed through Elkins and was named the "Seneca Trail." Today's U.S. Route 219 follows approximately the same route. The construction on Route 24 was expected to be completed in the fall of 1930, and the formal opening of this highway was included in the first day of the Forest Festival schedule.

Other factors that helped generate public support for the festival related to the economy, which was continuing to deteriorate as a result of the stock market crash of October 1929 Also, in the summer of 1930, the U.S. Census Bureau announced that the population of Randolph County had declined by 1,000 people since the 1920 census was taken.

The purpose of the Forest Festival was to stimulate economic development and to promote widespread public interest in the natural beauty of West Virginia and the educational, agricultural, and business opportunities it offered. It was also designed to promote the restoration, rehabilitation, preservation, and conservation of the state's natural resources; to attract tourists, sportsmen, and investors; and to educate people about the history of the region. On August 21, 1935, these principles were formally included in the seven-page charter of the Mountain State Forest Festival recorded in the Randolph County courthouse.

In the 74 Forest Festivals of the past, several events have always been on the schedule.

In the planning of the first Forest Festival, policies and guidelines were established that in many cases are still followed today. With the exception of that first festival, which was held from October 30 to November 1, the dates of the festival coincide with the most colorful time of the changing of the leaves in the fall, usually about the first weekend in October.

The forest theme is reflected in the naming of "Queen Silvia," which is the feminine form of *Sil-*

A unicycle team participates in the 1973 Forest Festival parade. Photograph by R.L. Hughes, Department of Commerce Collection.

Live country music has long been a regular feature at the festival. These unidentified musicians were photographed in 1958. West Virginia Photo Company Collection.

vanus, the Roman god of uncultivated land and a form of the Latin word *silva*, which means wood or forest. The selection of the queen and her court is of central importance to the festival.

Mildred Scott Smith, sister-in-law of Governor Herman Guy Kump, directed and advised the queen's department for many years. In an interview with Brad Stalnaker in his 1987 publication *Fifty Years of the Forest Festival*, she described the process. According to Smith, selections are based on several factors, including experience with meeting the public, appearance, and having a family that "can afford to participate" — there is a considerable financial component. She emphasized that it was not a "beauty contest." The queens are supposed to be from West Virginia, but not from Elkins. An exception to that rule occurred in 1933 when Westwood Beverly Byrd of Berryville, Virginia, daughter of U.S. Senator Harry F Byrd (D-VA), was selected as Queen Silvia IV

The princesses are supposed to represent the entire state of West Virginia. In 1930 the appointments were to be made by each of the senators in the state's 15 senatorial districts, each of the congressmen from the state's six congressional districts, by the two U.S. senators, and the governor. The minor court, which is made up of children, is chosen from residents of the Elkins area. While outright political campaigning during the festival is not permitted, incumbent politicians, distinguished guests, festival officers, and participants get plenty of publicity.

Beginning in 1930, the Mountain State Forest Festival has taken place each fall except during and shortly after World War II. In the 74 Forest Festivals of the past, several events have always been on the schedule: the coronation of the queen, the queen's

Above: President Franklin D. Roosevelt addresses the Forest Festival in 1936. Julia Holt Coyle Collection.

Left: Governor Jay Rockefeller crowns Queen Silvia XLIII, Grace Ann Gainer, in 1979. Department of Commerce Collection.

ball, the grand feature parade, a children's parade, an antique car parade, the tennis and golf tournaments, the horse show, the lumberjack sawing and chopping competitions, the muzzleloading contest, a dance or cabaret, and exhibits.

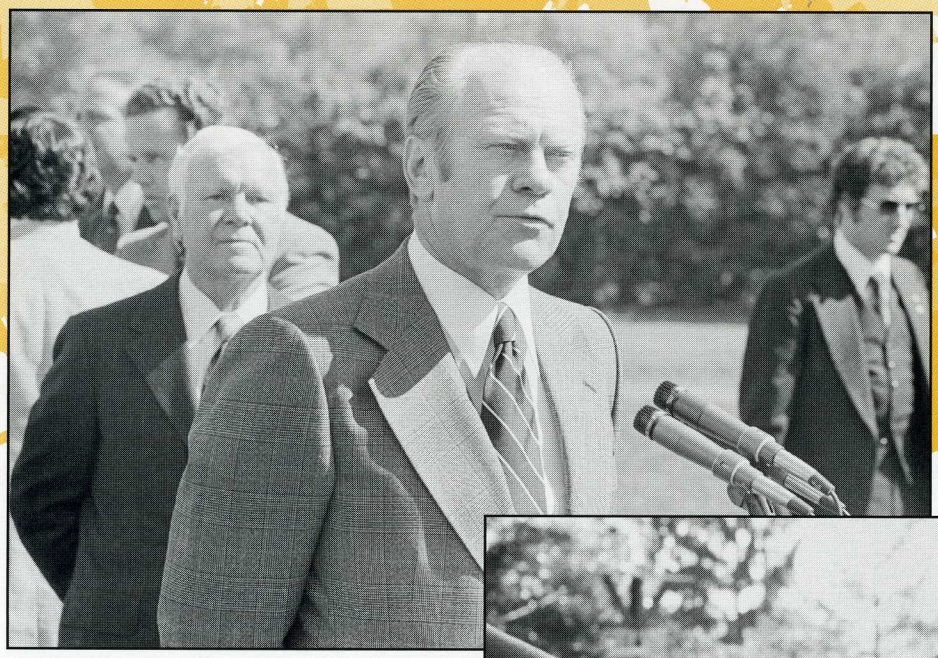
The carnival, which has become a money maker for the Forest Festival, has probably been downtown or nearby each year, but it got very little publicity in the early festivals. The Thomas Joyland Show was on Third Street in 1963; the Deggler Amusement Show had the downtown carnival in 1965. Gambill Amusements has had the carnival downtown since 1967

Each year the festival has also published a program. The cover and artwork for the 1930 program were done by Lloyd Teter, Sr., of Elkins. [See inside back cover.] From 1955 through 1963, the program was published quarterly.

Some events in the first Forest Festivals were later discontinued. A major presentation called a "pageant," run by volunteers from the Elkins Women's Club, hasn't taken place since the 1960's. Air shows were featured in many of the earliest festivals, but very few have been scheduled in recent years. The Davis & Elkins College Scarlet Hurricane football team played a college football game during each festival until the late 1950's, when the college discontinued its football program. On a separate day, the Elkins High School football team played one of their regular football games, but home games are no longer scheduled during the festival. Sightseeing tours were offered in most of the earliest festivals but not in recent years. The fiddle and banjo contest was part of the festival for many years.

From 1959 to 1983 there was a Grand Ole Opry show that brought Ray Price, Flatt & Scruggs, Skeeter Davis, Del Reeves, Sonny James, Crystal Gayle, and many other stars to the festival. A modern country music show continues to bring contemporary artists to the festival each year. In 1962 there was a rock 'n' roll show that featured singers Bobby Vinton and Bryan Hyland. One event that has come and gone was the Cass Scenic Railroad excursions, which ran from 1964 through 1976. From 1993 through 1999, the festival included an atlatl competition, an obscure spear-throwing event

While outright political campaigning during the festival is not permitted, incumbent politicians, distinguished guests, festival officers, and participants get plenty of publicity.



President Gerald Ford served as honorary parade marshal at the 1975 Forest Festival. Here, Ford speaks while Congressman Harley Staggers looks on. Department of Commerce Collection.

based on an ancient Aztec tradition.

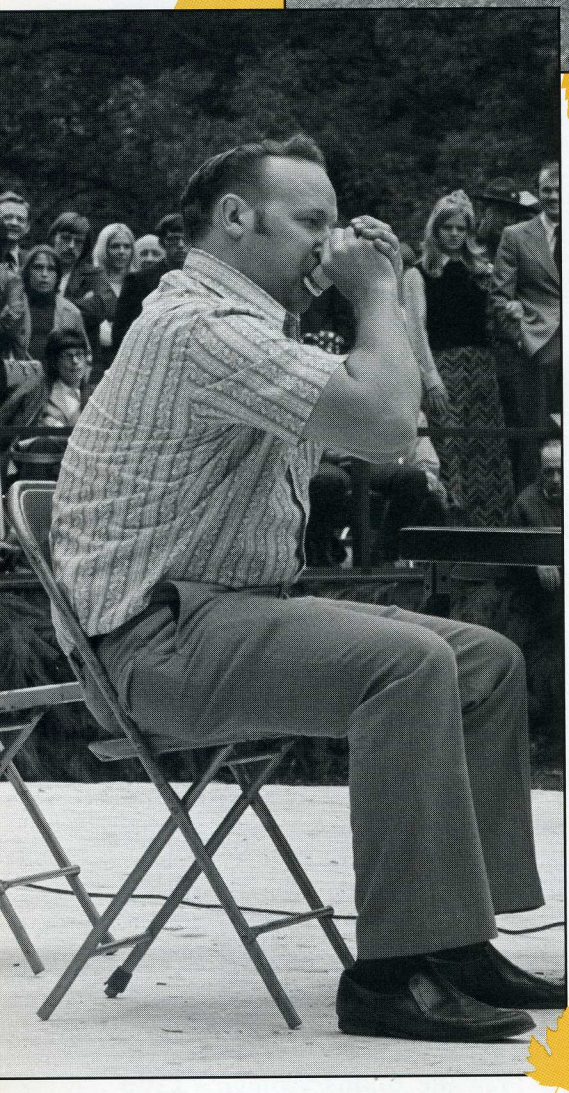
Over the years several events have been added to the festival schedule, including the fireman's parade, talent show, a 10K run/walk, band competition, and gospel music show.

Unpredictable weather has always been something the festival has had to cope with. Two inches of snow fell on Thursday morning of the 1932 festival, which resulted in the rescheduling of all Thursday events to Saturday. The coronation was delayed by rain in 1952 and 1960 and was moved indoors due to bad weather eight times from 1955 to 1989 One of the worst potential weather problems was in 1930 when, according to the *Randolph Review*, drought dried up the Tygart Valley River and 600,000 gallons of water a day had to be pumped into Elkins from the Cheat River.

President Richard M. Nixon at the 1971 Forest Festival. Photograph by Frank Wilkin/*The Charleston Gazette*; Frank Wilkin Collection.

In order to improve attendance, particularly in its early years, festival officials invited well-known people to participate in the events. In 1930 former West Virginia Governor John J Cornwell from Hampshire County, general counsel for the B&O railroad, spoke at the formal opening of the Seneca Trail. His wife, Edna Brady Cornwell, a first cousin of A. Spates Brady, cut the ribbon. In 1931 U.S. President Herbert Hoover's secretary of agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde, spoke at the festival. In 1932 celebrated forester Major Robert Y. Stuart, the head of the U.S. Forest Service, attended the festival. He died the following year, and Stuart's Park and Recreation Area east of Elkins was named in his memory. In 1933 Colonel Robert Fechner, director of the Civilian Conservation Corps, spoke at the festival. C.C.C. boxing and wrestling championships were part of several forest festivals during the 1930's. Secretary of War George H. Dern spoke during the 1934 festival, the same day the Elkins Municipal Airport was dedicated. In 1935 the Elkins Women's Club hosted a luncheon for First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt. In 1936 President

1973 draft horse competition. Photograph by Tom Evans, Department of Commerce Collection.



Participant in the 1972 turkey calling competition. Photograph by Gerald Ratliff, Department of Commerce Collection.

Franklin D Roosevelt traveled by special train to the Elkins depot and spoke at the coronation. In 1938 aviators Jimmy Mattern and Blanche Noyes spoke at the airport. World War I flying ace Eddie Rickenbacker, the president of Eastern Airlines, spoke at the airport during the 1940 festival, and Eleanor Roosevelt spoke before the coronation in 1941.

The forest festival was suspended from 1942 through 1948 because of World War II.

Mother Nature provided some entertainment of her own on Thursday night of the 1949 festival with a total eclipse of the moon.

During the 1950's the position of honorary parade marshal was added. Well-known personalities served in that capacity each year, including former astronauts in 1970 and 1987, President Gerald Ford in 1975, NBC president Fred Silverman in 1979, and several famous athletes and television stars in other years. In 1978 President Jimmy Carter walked through part of the grand feature parade.

The tradition continues, and many of the things that made the festivals of the past worthwhile will be presented again in Elkins during the first week of October.

The governor of West Virginia usually crowns Queen Silvia. In 1951, however, that honor went to U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Charles F Brannon. In 1952 the queen was crowned by Speaker of the House

A muzzleloader competes in 1980. The muzzleloading event has been a part of every Forest Festival since 1930. Photograph by Ron Snow, Department of Commerce Collection.

The Riding Tournament

Students of medieval history probably know why the riding tournament has been included in all of the Mountain State Forest Festivals. Years ago the riding tournament was an integral part of the coronations of kings and queens. In fact, the word "tournament" originated with this event. It comes from the French word that means "to tilt." Webster defines the noun "tilt" as "a military exercise on horseback, in which two combatants charging with lances try to unhorse each other."

During the Middle Ages a knight in armor mounted on a horse and armed with a lance was one of the most powerful weapons in a king or queen's army. At the coronations the knights would demonstrate the kingdom's military readiness before the new king or queen by having a tournament. In the 13th century, in an effort to reduce the number of knights killed in the tournaments, lances without sharp points on them were used. Even then, jousting, a synonym of tilting, resulted in injuries and deaths.

In about the year 1600, knights in England began tilting at rings rather than at each other. A ring about an inch or two in diameter would be suspended about seven feet above the ground. A knight on horseback would then attempt to insert the tip of his lance into the ring while at a full gallop.

And that is what they do today in the riding tournament at the Mountain State Forest Festival. —*Bill Rice*

Riding tournament competitor spears the ring at full stride during the 1962 Forest Festival. Department of Natural Resources Collection.

Above: Chain saw, or "hot saw," competition in 1980. Photograph by Ron Snow, Department of Commerce Collection.

Right: Woodchoppers at the underhand chopping event at the 1958 Forest Festival. West Virginia Photo Company Collection.

Tree falling event in 1973. Competitors seek to fell the tree so that it strikes the small peg in the ground, visible at right. Photograph by Gerald Ratliff, Department of Commerce Collection.

Sam Rayburn. In 1966 Vice President Hubert Humphrey spoke at the coronation. In 1971 both President Nixon and his wife, Pat, participated in the coronation. Pat Nixon was accompanied by her press secretary Constance Cornell Stuart, who had been Queen Silvia in 1959

Prior to the war the office had been located in the Wilt Building, where A. Spates Brady had his coal business. In the spring of 1949 director C. Wood Crawford opened the festival office in the Forestry Building. In 1964 the festival association moved their office from the Forestry Building to the Arbogast Building at 300 Davis Avenue in downtown Elkins. That building burned in April 1967, and the photos and documents of earlier festivals were lost.

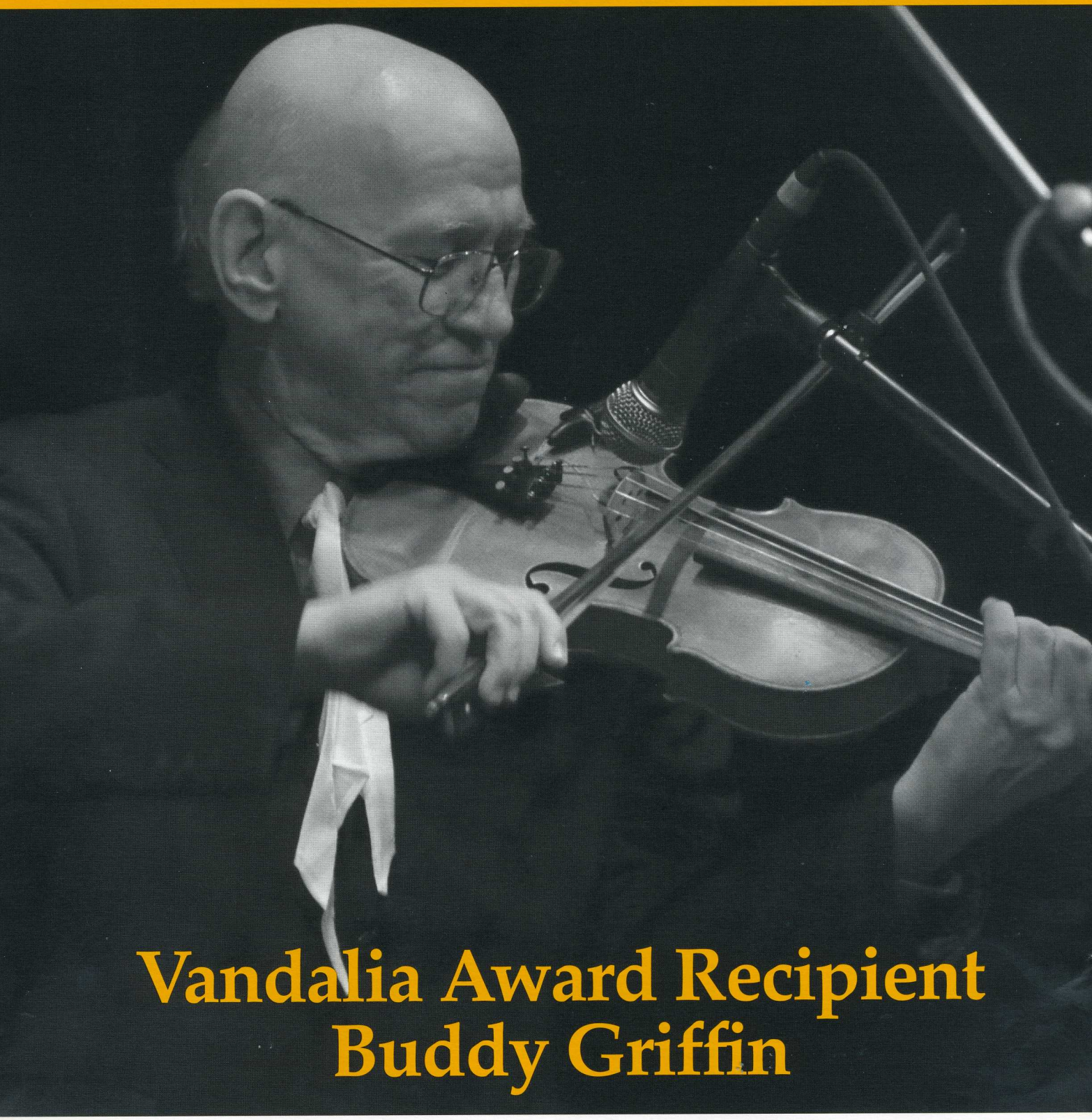
A new festival office was opened in the Delmonte Hotel building at 316 Railroad Avenue until 1976, when the festival office was moved to its current location on the corner of Yokum and Lough streets.

Over the years much has been written about the many facets of the Mountain State Forest Festivals. To fully appreciate this unique and memorable event, however, you really have to be there. Fortunately the tradition continues, and many of the things that made the festivals of the past worthwhile will be presented again in Elkins during the first week of October 2011 at the 75th Mountain State Forest Festival.

A competitor in the 1980 axe-throwing contest releases his axe toward a wooden target 20 feet away. Photograph by Ron Snow, Department of Commerce Collection.

BILL RICE of Elkins was news director for WDNE-FM and WELK-FM radio stations, and worked as a journalist for the *Tygart Valley Press*. Retired, Bill is a freelance historian and author. His books include *Elkins, West Virginia 1889* and *Colonial Records of the Upper Potomac (Volume 1)*. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

"There Was



Vandalia Award Recipient Buddy Griffin

Always Music"

"Everybody in the family played music," says Glenville resident Buddy Griffin, recalling his Nicholas County childhood. "It was never expected, it was never forced on us. Nobody ever handed us an instrument and said, '[You have to play this].' ...It was just trying to be part of what was going on, 'cause there was always music at the house."

Buddy was a part of his family's music from an early age. He later became a staff musician at WWVA's *Jamboree USA*, played more than 200 times on the Grand Ole Opry, toured the country for more than 30 years with some of the biggest names in country and bluegrass music, appeared on more than 150 record albums, and established the world's first college degree program in bluegrass music at Glenville State College. In May 2011, he received the coveted Vandalia Award, recognizing his lifetime of devotion to entertainment and education.

Buddy Mason Griffin was born at Richwood on September 22, 1948, the sixth of eight children born to Richard and Erma Griffin. Both parents were talented musicians and singers, and music was a natural part of their home life. "Everything I do came from them," Buddy says.

"While all of us [children] played in the yard, they'd sit there and play [music]. That sticks out [in my mind] like sunlight. I remember that very well. ...They'd sit there and play music right after supper until it got so dark or damp or cold that we had to go inside."

Erma played the guitar and bass and sang harmony. Richard played guitar and fiddle, along with other instruments, and sang the lead. Richard's father, Joe Griffin, born in 1883, played the old clawhammer style of banjo. Joe traveled to logging camps in Roane, Lincoln, and Calhoun counties and played dances on Saturday nights with some of the local fiddlers, mostly Enoch Camp. Joe lived to be 104, Buddy says, adding that Joe's mother, Angeline, lived to be 112. Parts of Buddy's family tree can be traced to Revolutionary War times; some of his ancestors reportedly received land grants from General Washington.

Buddy had five sisters and two brothers, one of whom died in infancy. Erma and the children managed a small farm while Richard worked a variety of jobs. "Dad coal mined a while, he was in the army, and worked on the state road — Department of Highways," Buddy says. "While he was doing that, he went back to school and got training and became a radio and television technician. That's what he did from about 1947 until he retired."

Richard and Erma kept their home well-supplied with the musical tools of their trade.

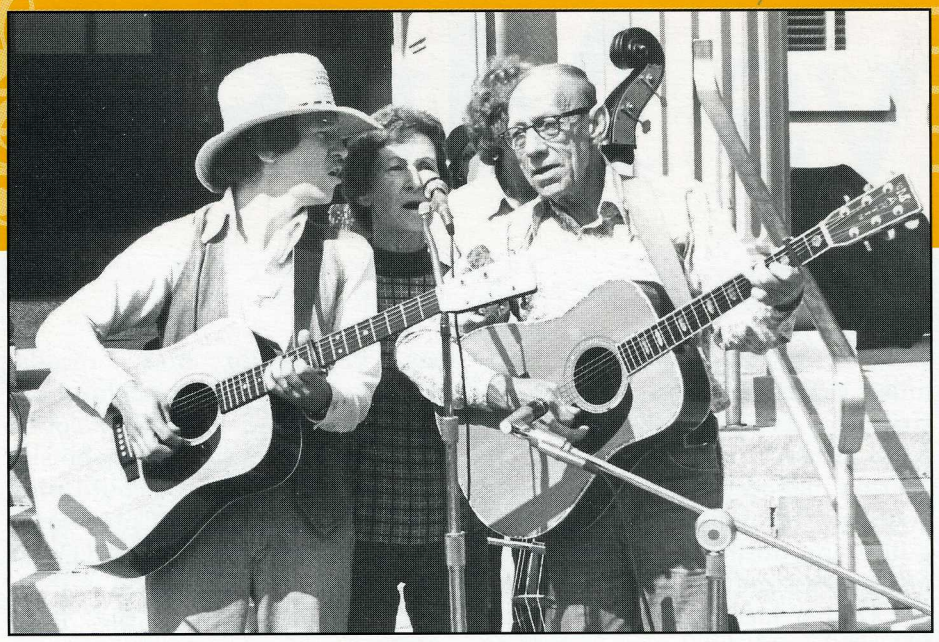
"The first instrument I ever touched was a bass fiddle," Buddy recalls. "They kept it leaned up behind the couch. I'd stand up on the couch when I was about five, maybe six. I couldn't note it, but I could play the strings. So if they'd play some old fiddle tune in [the key of] D, I'd have all three chords to go with it. I'd stand there and just play [the] strings."

Buddy soon learned to play the guitar, mandolin, fiddle, and banjo. His parents were good singers especially

Left: Musician and educator Buddy Griffin, performing at the Clay Center in Charleston in January 2011 Photograph by Amos Perrine.

Right: Buddy with grandfather Joe Griffin in 1951

By John Lilly



Raised in a musical household, Buddy spent many years playing with a family band. Here, Buddy harmonizes with mother Erma and father Richard Griffin in 1979.

in the style of the Carter Family, and they taught their children the older country music. The Griffin children, however, tended toward the faster, more modern bluegrass music of the day.

"In the late '50's, early '60's, everyone was trying to learn the three-finger roll on the banjo," Buddy says, noting the local popularity of Lester Flatt & Earl Scruggs and other professional bluegrass musicians. "You had the 'Beverly Hillbillies' at that time. We saw Reno & Smiley every morning on TV from Roanoke, Virginia. We saw the Goins Brothers on Channel 6 in Bluefield. Where we were [in Summersville], we could pick up all these things on TV Bluegrass was just what everybody was playing."

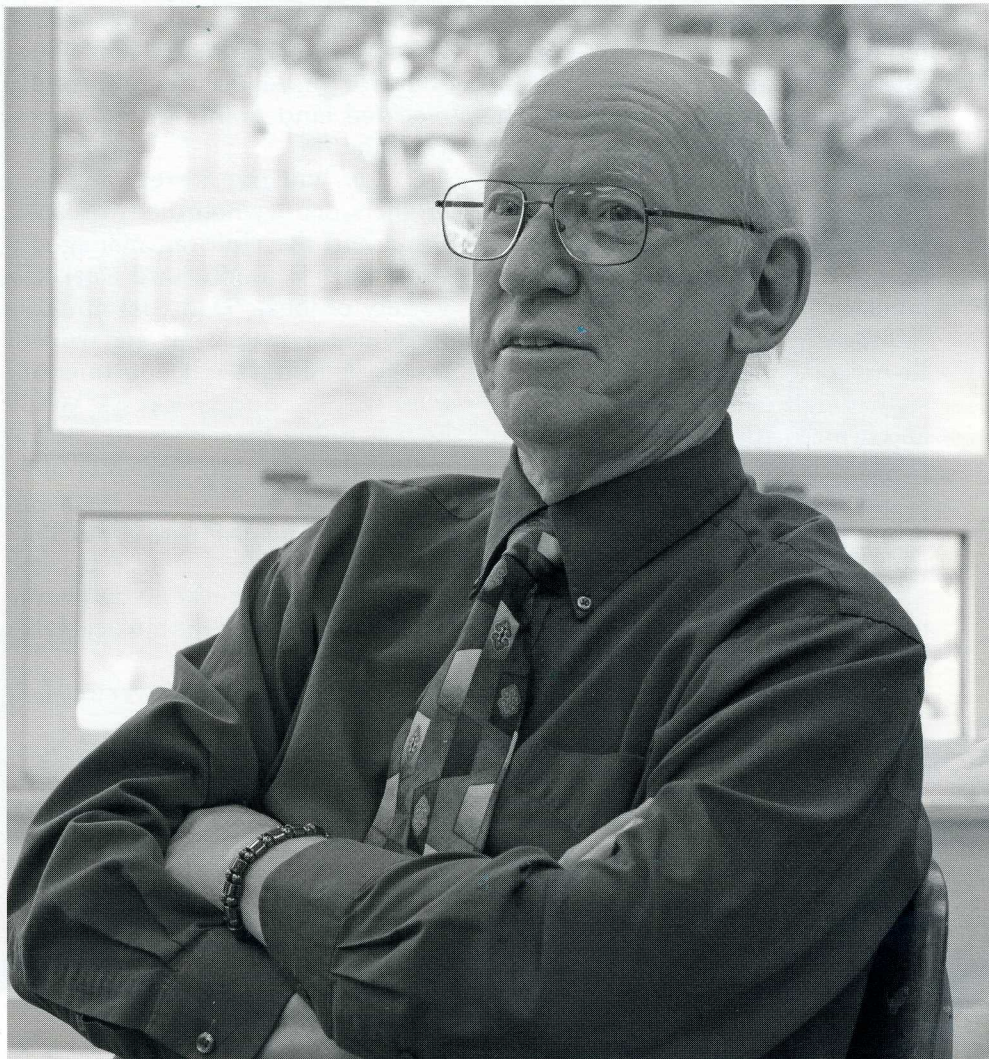
The family band became adept at bluegrass as well as the older and more modern styles of country music. An ad for the Nicholas County Fair in the early 1960's listed their band, the Sunny Valley Boys, as "West Virginia's #1 Bluegrass and Square Dance Band."

"By that time I was a skinny 15-year-old banjo player, who thought he knew everything," Buddy says with a chuckle. The band kept a busy schedule of schoolhouses, pie socials, and square dances. "A lot of 4-H stuff," Buddy says. "[We] weren't involved in 4-H, but [we] were the local musicians."

In 1966, the family moved to Sutton, Braxton County. At the time of their move, the Sunny Valley Boys performed on three radio programs a week.

"The one at Sutton — we did that live on Saturday night," Buddy recalls. "Then we'd tape the programs we sent to Richwood and Oak Hill. We'd [also] do TV shows whenever the opportunity arose."

Buddy still has treasured recordings of himself and his parents performing over WSGB — "Sutton, Gassaway,



"I had no intention of teaching," says Buddy, who has spent the past 14 years on the music faculty at Glenville State College. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

Buddy pays a visit to a fifth-grade classroom at Sand Fork Elementary School to advise students on a project. Seated from the left are Ashley See and Sammie Lamb. Standing are Summer Carder and Caleb Collins. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

Burnsville," Buddy notes — back in the 1960's. "It was great!" he says. "We had that one big microphone in the middle. The announcer, who always wore a shirt and tie, he was also the local postmaster."

Operating at a grassroots level, the Griffin family took seriously their roles as entertainers.

"Entertainment was it," Buddy says. While Richard was more circumspect in his personality, Erma's sense of fun and cleverness rubbed off on Buddy and his siblings. "I think that's where we got it," Buddy says, commenting on his own lighthearted nature. Indeed, Buddy's sharp wit and sense of comedic timing are earmarks of his many live performances.

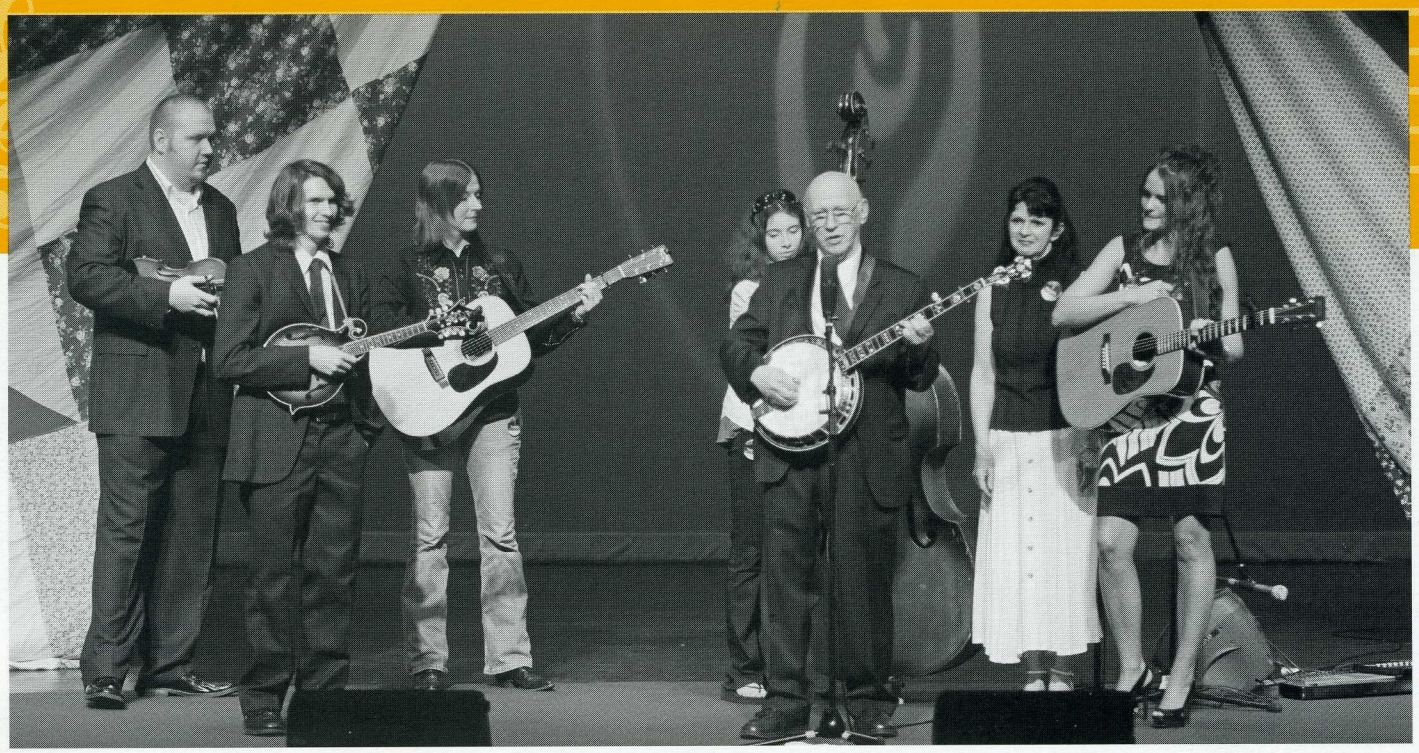
At the core of Buddy's success, however, is his tremendous depth and agility as a musician. From his early training as a member of a family band, Buddy grew to become an accomplished, self-taught musician. He developed an instinct for knowing exactly what is needed, what would contribute the most to a given song in a particular situation. If the song in question needs a lively bluegrass banjo, Buddy plays the liveliest banjo in town. If it needs a slow, crying fiddle solo, he knows how to break your heart. If the chorus needs a baritone harmony part, Buddy is the man for the job. This versatility became his calling card and paved the way for a long and varied musical career.

Despite his accomplishments and promise as a young musician, Buddy chose to continue his education. "I had no intention of teaching," Buddy says. "My intention was just to have a college degree to fall back on, and still go out and play [music]." In 1971, he received an education degree from Glenville State College, as an English major with a minor in social studies.

Years earlier, during high school and continuing through college, Buddy taught string music at Leivasy Elementary School in Leivasy, Nicholas County. "[Principal] Clinton Jenkins gave me my first opportunity to teach," Buddy says. Buddy also credits Nicholas County High School teacher Bill Mullens as an inspiration for him to teach, as well.

For two years following college, Buddy taught eighth-grade English in Nicholas County. Opportunity came knocking in 1973, however, when he was offered a position as a staff musician at WWVA's *Jamboree USA* in Wheeling. This was a chance for Buddy to play on a regular basis with some of the finest musicians in the country. It also presented Buddy with one of his most cherished experiences in his long career as a musician — playing with Mother Maybelle Carter.

"She was a guest on the *Jamboree*," Buddy recalls. "We did a little tour with her and the sisters — Anita and Helen. She asked me if I would play with her on the stage, play the



The Glenville State College Bluegrass Band performing at the 2011 Vandalia Gathering in Charleston. From the left are Luke Shamblin, Ryan Spangenberg, Jennifer Lilly, Trish Cottrell, Buddy Griffin, Carol Belknap, and Megan Murphy. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

banjo. She wanted me to play as much like Earl [Scruggs] as I could play it. Well, she didn't have to ask me twice! So I got to play banjo with them on all the shows we did on that tour. What a really nice lady! She asked me about my mom and dad. She signed a picture to them, and I mailed it from on the road to Mom and Dad. I still have that picture. I've kept it through all the years."

Buddy met and established friendships with many prominent musicians during this time. Among these were the Goins Brothers, Mac Wiseman, Johnny Russell, Earl Taylor, Red Allen, John Hartford, Keith Whitley, Kenny Baker, and Josh Graves. Buddy declined offers to play full-time with Bill Monroe, Conway Twitty, and Charlie Pride. Quite active throughout the 1970's, Buddy moved between Wheeling and Cincinnati and traveled and recorded with various artists. He won both the West Virginia state banjo and fiddle championships in 1973 and was nominated for "Most Promising Bluegrass Fiddler" by *Muleskinner News* in 1975.

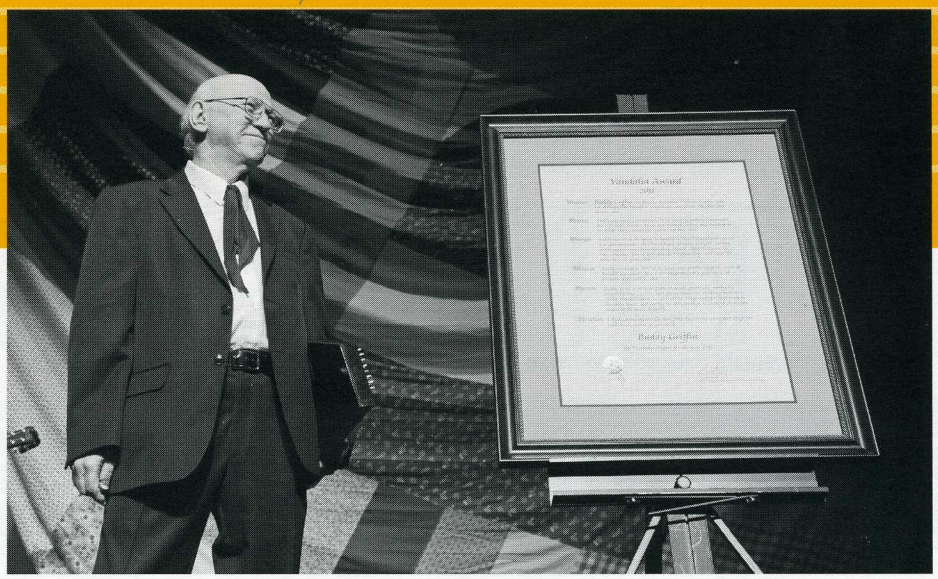
True to his lifelong calling to teach, Buddy performed regularly at schoolhouses in eastern Kentucky, southeastern Ohio, and southern West Virginia throughout this time. In 1979, he accepted a position to teach social studies at a middle school in Gassaway, Braxton County.

Buddy was back on the road by the early 1980's, however. He and his parents appeared in a feature film about the Carter Family called, *Keep On the Sunny Side*. Buddy also appeared on Public Radio's *A Prairie Home Companion* and in 1982 made his first appearance on the Grand Ole Opry as the fiddler with country music singer Johnny Russell.

It was with Russell that Buddy made the move to northern Arkansas, where Buddy was based for much of the 1990's. He later became the fiddler for bluegrass stars Jim & Jesse [McReynolds] and the Virginia Boys. During the 10 years that Buddy played with them, they were weekly guests on Nashville's Grand Ole Opry radio and TV show. Buddy's list of accomplishments and accolades during this period of time is extensive.

By 1997, however, Buddy's parents back home in West Virginia were in need of assistance. The only one among his siblings who was unmarried, Buddy felt he was the obvious choice to move back to Braxton County to help his parents in their later years.

Buddy spent 10 years on the road as fiddler with popular bluegrass act Jim & Jesse and the Virginia Boys. This photograph was made inside their tour bus in 1999. Jesse, standing at left, and Jim McReynolds are at center. Peeking out from their bunks are, clockwise from the lower left, Matthew Allred, Jim Britton, Luke McKnight, and Buddy Griffin.



Buddy Griffin and his Vandalia Award proclamation on May 27 2011 Photograph by Tyler Evert.

"I was living in Arkansas, and I was doing a program on the fine arts network in Chicago," Buddy recalls. "Mom and Dad were getting to the point where they needed a little help. After a long discussion (with myself), I finally said, 'Well, I'm the one that's going to have to do it.' So I decided to pull up stakes and come back to West Virginia."

Good things began to happen as a result. Almost as soon as Buddy returned home, he was invited to be guest artist with the Glenville State College Percussion Ensemble. The unusual combination of traditional bluegrass music and percussion struck a chord with Grand Ole Opry veterans Jim & Jesse who then came to Glenville for a performance of their own. The entire percussion ensemble joined them in performance that night. Later, the Opry duo made arrangements for the young percussion players to travel to Nashville and present their show at the famed Ryman Auditorium — long-time home of the Grand Ole Opry.

This experience stirred up a notion Buddy had harbored since childhood. Glenville State College chair of fine arts John McKinney asked for Buddy's advice about how to incorporate traditional music into a college curriculum. "That's a question I'd been waiting to hear since 1965," Buddy says. Knowing this might be his only chance to make this long-held dream a reality, Buddy carefully put together a proposal, describing what the school could offer, how it would be taught, and what the students would learn.

The college liked Buddy's ideas, and they developed a certificate program in bluegrass music with Buddy serving as the director. Five years later, the West Virginia Higher Education Policy Commission approved a bachelor of arts degree in bluegrass music — the first of its kind.

"If there is any one thing that I've done in my life to get any recognition for, that's it," Buddy says with pride, referring to the bluegrass music program. "It's a culmination of everything I have ever done up to that point."

Indeed, the list of classes and school assignments reads like a table of contents to Buddy Griffin's life story: learning about the history of bluegrass music, the basics of music theory, mastering an instrument, video and audio engineering, business practices, and marketing. Buddy's students play in a bluegrass band, rehearse and record, travel, and perform. Some write their own songs. Those with vocal abilities learn about that high, lonesome sound. The students also learn how to put together an effective set list, how to add variety to a show, and how to use their personalities and sense of humor to keep the audience entertained — just like Buddy learned when he was coming up in his family band.

To date, approximately 30 students have come through the program. Among these students is Rebekah Long, the first degree graduate. Rebekah now works full-time in Nashville for songwriter Tom T. Hall as a recording engineer and bluegrass bass player. Her sister, Lizzie Long, also a former Glenville State student, plays professionally with banjo legend Earl Scruggs and in a duo with Little Roy Lewis. Luke Shamblin, a 2011 graduate, recently released his first CD, has signed with Tom T. Hall's record label, and plays regularly with bluegrass veteran Melvin Goins. Mandolinist Rachel Singleton plays in an award-winning bluegrass band called No One You Know. These and other students not only earned college credit for their musical experiences, but left Glenville with marketable skills, Buddy notes.

For his part, Buddy has landed in a near-ideal position. He remains involved with the music he loves, continues to learn and grow as the college program evolves, and has the satisfaction of passing on his knowledge and experience to a new generation of talented musicians. When Buddy received the 2011 Vandalia Award, the official proclamation declared that Buddy has "distinguished himself as a musician, entertainer, educator, mentor, and advocate for bluegrass and traditional country music." Truer words were never spoken.

JOHN LILLY is editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine.

"I Am Going to Tell the Story"

Al Anderson of Osage

By Norman Julian

Listen to Al Anderson talk about Osage and you may see, feel, and touch poignant history while imagining a vital future.

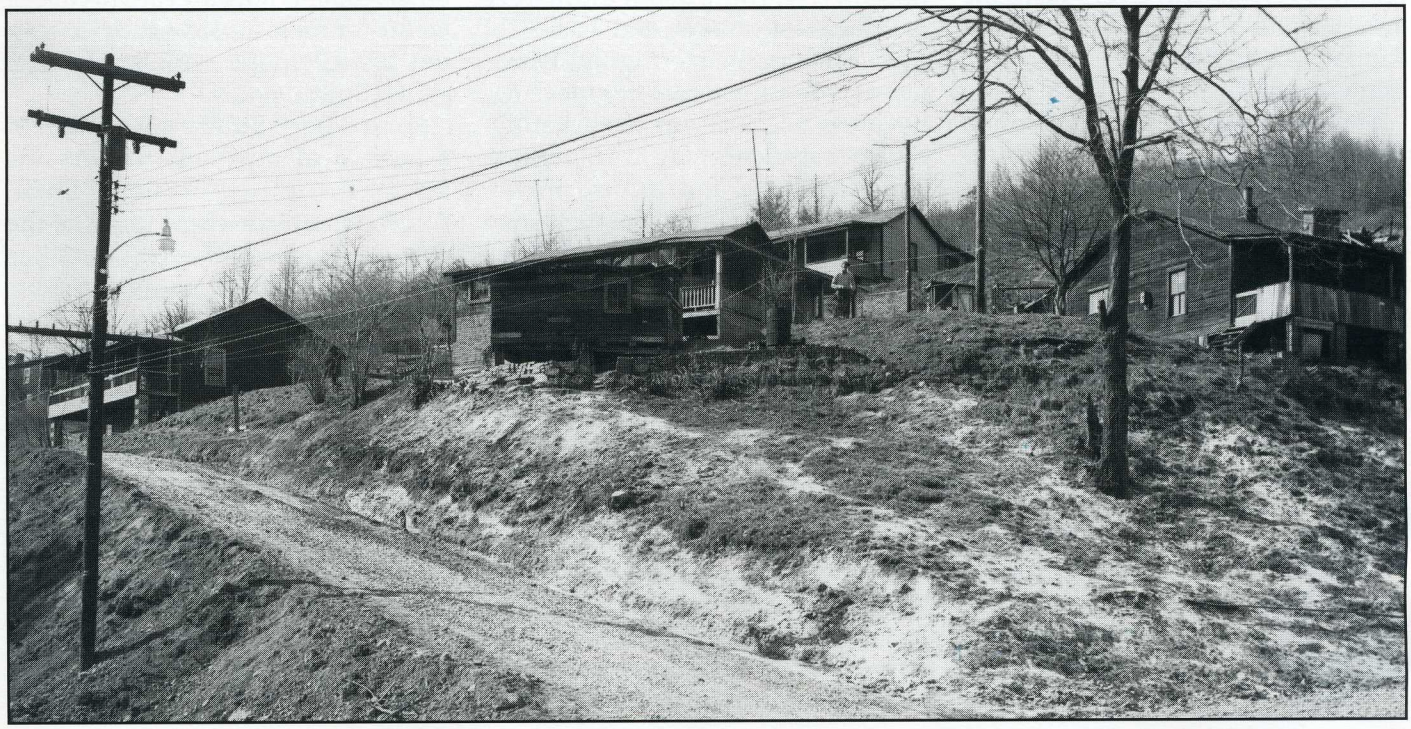
"When I was a kid," says Al, gesturing toward the surroundings of this once-bustling Monongalia County coal town, "on those hills were maybe 500 houses. The people of this town gave an awful lot to this state and county."

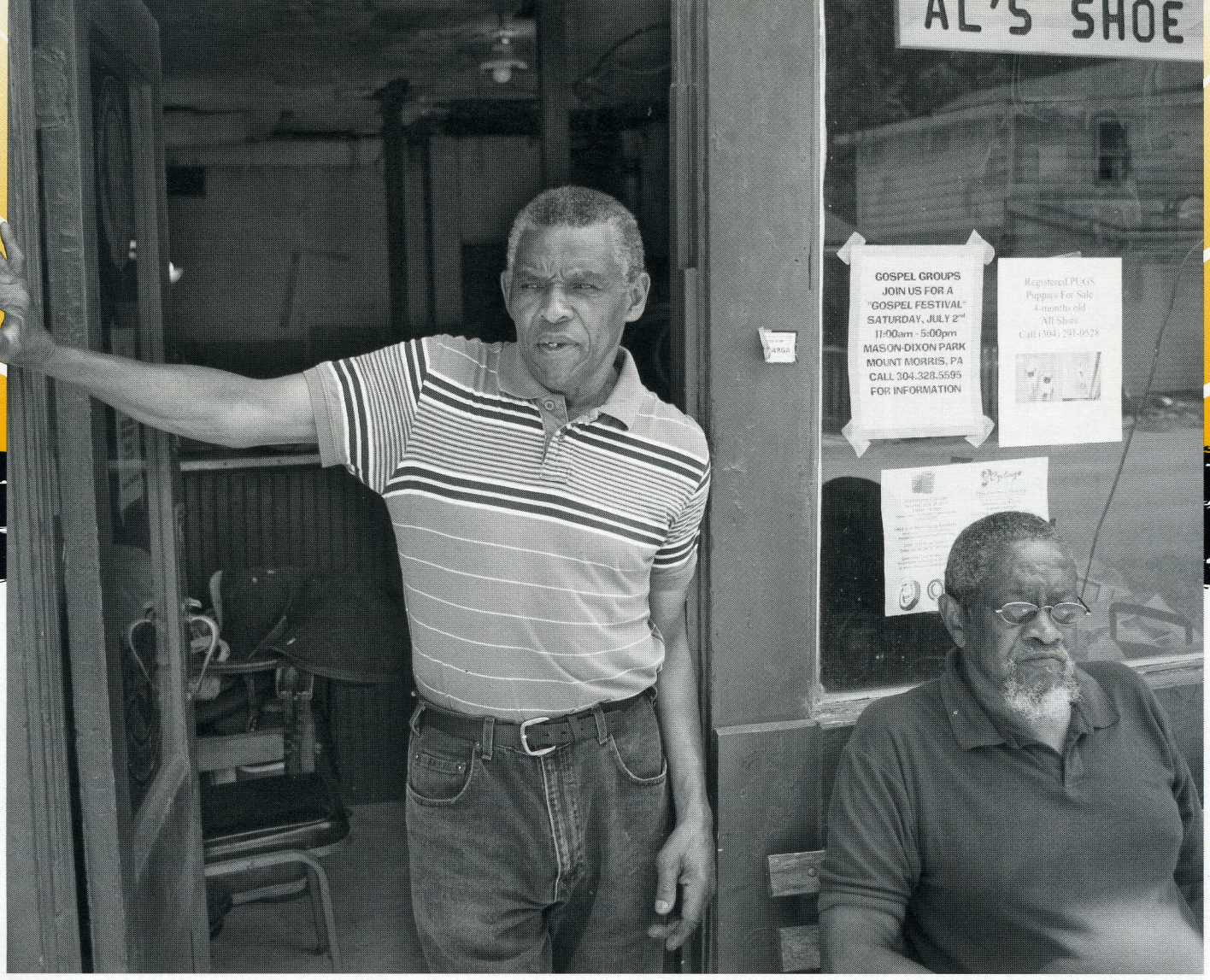
Anderson has lived all but about 20 of his 73 years in Osage. He recalls the storied, often turbulent past with both regret and pride. "When my dad worked in those mines back in the '20's, '30's, and '40's, it was the hardest work you could do. It was pick and shovel. A lot of it was low coal. They had knee pads. They paid a price."

Osage, now with about 160 souls, is the hub of the historic Scotts Run mining area that once boasted an estimated 7,000 residents and 42 mines. "Not many still alive remember how it was," says Al. "As long as I am here, I am going to tell the story."

It was thought that Osageville, whose name was shortened to Osage in about 1920, is named for the Native Americans who once occupied the land. A burial ground lies at the outskirts today. The late botanist Earl Core in his book *The Monongalia Story* offers an alternate origin. He believed the town, established in 1873, was named for a grove of Osage orange trees that once thrived there.

Though never prosperous, Osage was once a bustling community of approximately 7,000 people. Today it holds about 160 souls. This hillside view shows houses at Osage in about 1958. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia and Regional History Collection, West Virginia University Libraries.





Al Anderson standing in front of his shoe repair shop with Tony Phillips in Osage, Monongalia County. Photograph by Mark Crabtree.

It also went by the names Charlotte and Frum. The first post office was established in 1890, under the name Charlotte, with George Lemley postmaster. The first telephone lines arrived in 1895 and the first trolley in 1911. By then, mining had begun.

Several seams of desirable coal were discovered in the hills around Scotts Run. It wasn't until 1917, though, when the United States entered the Great War, that a surging demand for coal made Monongalia County a large-scale supplier and Scotts Run one of West Virginia's greatest industrial districts.

The local population, mostly farmers, couldn't supply the labor, so blacks from the South and immigrants from Europe came by the thousands. By the heyday of mining in the 1920's, villages and coal tipples lined the five-mile extent of Scotts Run. Residents included African American, Austrian, Bohemian, Canadian, Croatian, English, Finnish, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Irish, Lithuanian, Polish, Rumanian, Russian, Scottish, Serbian, Slovakian, Ukrainian, and Welsh.

Al remembers when a coal-fired steam engine pulling a string of gondolas chugged down the main street of town to pick up coal at a mine opening at the western end of town. To cross the street, sometimes people had to wait hours for the trains to move out or crawl through stopped gondolas.

"Main Street was a busy and noisy place," says Al. "You'd have a thousand people on the streets and a lot of things going on."

There were theaters, barber shops, bowling alleys, dentists, and company doctors. Crowds on the main street were more the rule than the exception.

Al and I talk outside his shoe repair business on the main drag in this community at the head of Scotts Run. The stream itself slips through town hardly noticed, except when denuded hills and excessive rain come together and it swells and turns mean. Scotts Run empties into the Monongahela River about a half mile away. In 1980, the run turned into a river itself and got onto Main Street. It flooded again in 1985. In 1995 came the big one, when water stood waist-high outside Anderson's shop. The water moved mobile homes, picked up trucks and set them askew, and inundated homes and businesses.

Up Scotts Run valley, coal tipples once pocked the landscape, icons of the culture that pulsated with life and industry, turmoil and sacrifice. The dangerous occupation of bringing out the coal left many dead. Famed photographer Walker

Evans encamped at Scotts Run from June 27 to July 9, 1935, chronicling the plight of the people and calling national attention to it. The worst calamity was the mine explosion on May 12, 1942, that took 56 lives.

It is that past that dominates conversations with Al, whose father worked a half century at various mines. As chair the past 13 years of the Scotts Run Public Service District, Al works to change the status quo while pushing for a resurgent future.

He works at dual careers — shoe repair and professional singing. But his heart and much of his energy are devoted to the town. I like hanging out at Al's place. I like the mix of people and the milieu of Osage, where the old bones still show through. I like hearing people toot their horns when they drive by. They wave and shout. Most of all I like hearing the people talk about their past. Al's shop sits next to the post office. The informality of the bench-front forum outside his business seems to loosen the tongues of even the shy.

One day while I am there, Richard Fuller, an underground miner in local mines for 39 years and still working, holds forth on life in the mines while seated on a bench in front of Al's shop.

Olin "Dickie" Gould, a career Marine Corps veteran, stops by for his thrice-weekly shoe shine and tells what it was like growing up on Chaplin Hill, one of the promontories that looks down into Osage, or did before I-79 split it away from the town center. The fact that an underpass was not built to join the two neighborhoods rankled citizens who felt that if they were more affluent they would have gotten it. That neglect is an old story, a theme that runs through their talk.

An older couple brings Al a coveted shoe that had been chewed up by their pet dog. "Can you fix this?"

He answers, "Yes, come back on Thursday and I'll have it for you." Al confides, "I'm in this business because I like challenges."

Almost any day, a steady stream of folks visit the shop, including politicians seeking votes. More often than not, the politicos leave with an earful of opinions and a wish list. A nod of approval from Osage doesn't come easily.

Virgil Coulter, a Vietnam veteran and former mayor, comes by and seems a center of conversation.

"My shop is where folks come for information and friendship," says Al. "Some are down, like on their last legs, but I always say something that makes them feel better. When you come here you may be in a pity mood. When you leave, you are in a better mood. They may bring shoes in to be fixed, but it's more than the shoes. It's the conversation they come for."

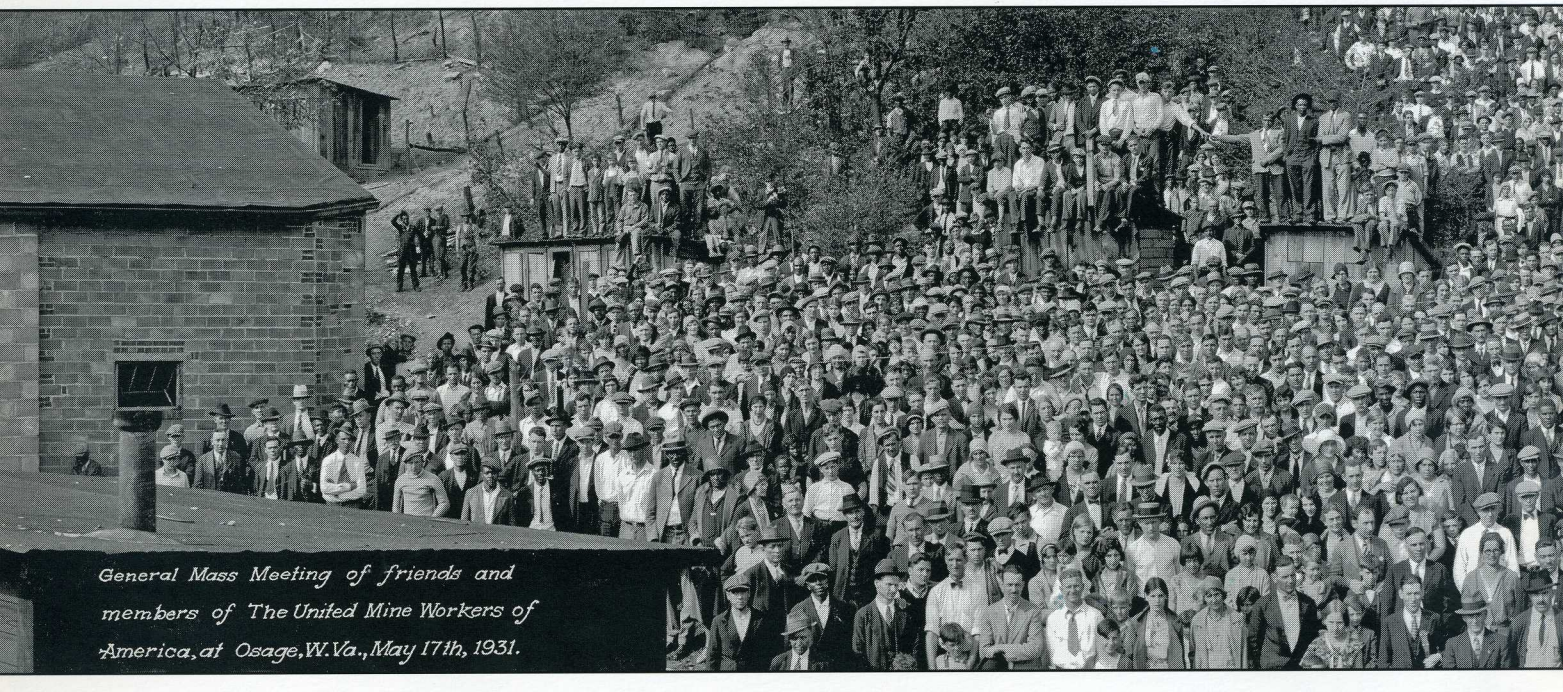
In good weather visitors and regulars stand around or sit on the bench outside, recently shored up with cinder blocks. They vent freely. This issue or that is mulled over in conversation, not unlike a mini-town hall confab. The future of the town in light of a controversy about its official status as a municipality is an oft-discussed subject.

Al brings out a thick three-ringed notebook crammed with copies of legal documents, and I spend hours over several days examining them. Later he provides a satchel of newspaper clippings, town petitions, and more materials dealing with the town's legal status.

Anderson's 10-year-old cat, Buddy, defines the laid-back ambience of the shop and the town. He seems never to have met a stranger.

"Buddy has my back," Anderson says as he mends a shoe and I pet the cat that is ensconced on a countertop next to his food bowl. "When I need comfort or someone to talk to myself, Buddy is the one."

Osage and the surrounding Scotts Run area once supported 42 mines. This panoramic photograph was taken at Osage on May 17 1931



Between visiting and venting, petting a cat, and repairing shoes, Anderson explains that prejudice in Osage was limited when he was growing up here. "We had several restaurants where anyone could eat. If we [black people] went to Morgantown [two miles away], we could not eat anywhere. You could take out, but you could not sit down. If we went to the movies, we had to sit in the balcony.

"Osage wasn't like that. With all kinds of foreign-born people living here, it was hard to be prejudiced against blacks. If you were a Russian or Slovak immigrant who could hardly speak the language, you maybe envied black people who spoke good English.

"Everyone looked the same when they came out of the mine, covered with black dust," Al continues. "My brother and I would go and greet my dad as he came from the mine at dusk. All you could see at a distance were the lights on the miners' hats as they came out of the mine. In the daylight, they were all black as dust. There was no bathhouse then, and all the mines were covered with dust. Everyone looked almost alike. You didn't know who was black or white. We could tell my dad because he walked bowlegged."

A steam engine pulls a load of coal through the center of Osage in 1938. Photograph by Marion Post Wolcott, courtesy of the Library of Congress, FSA/OWI Collection.

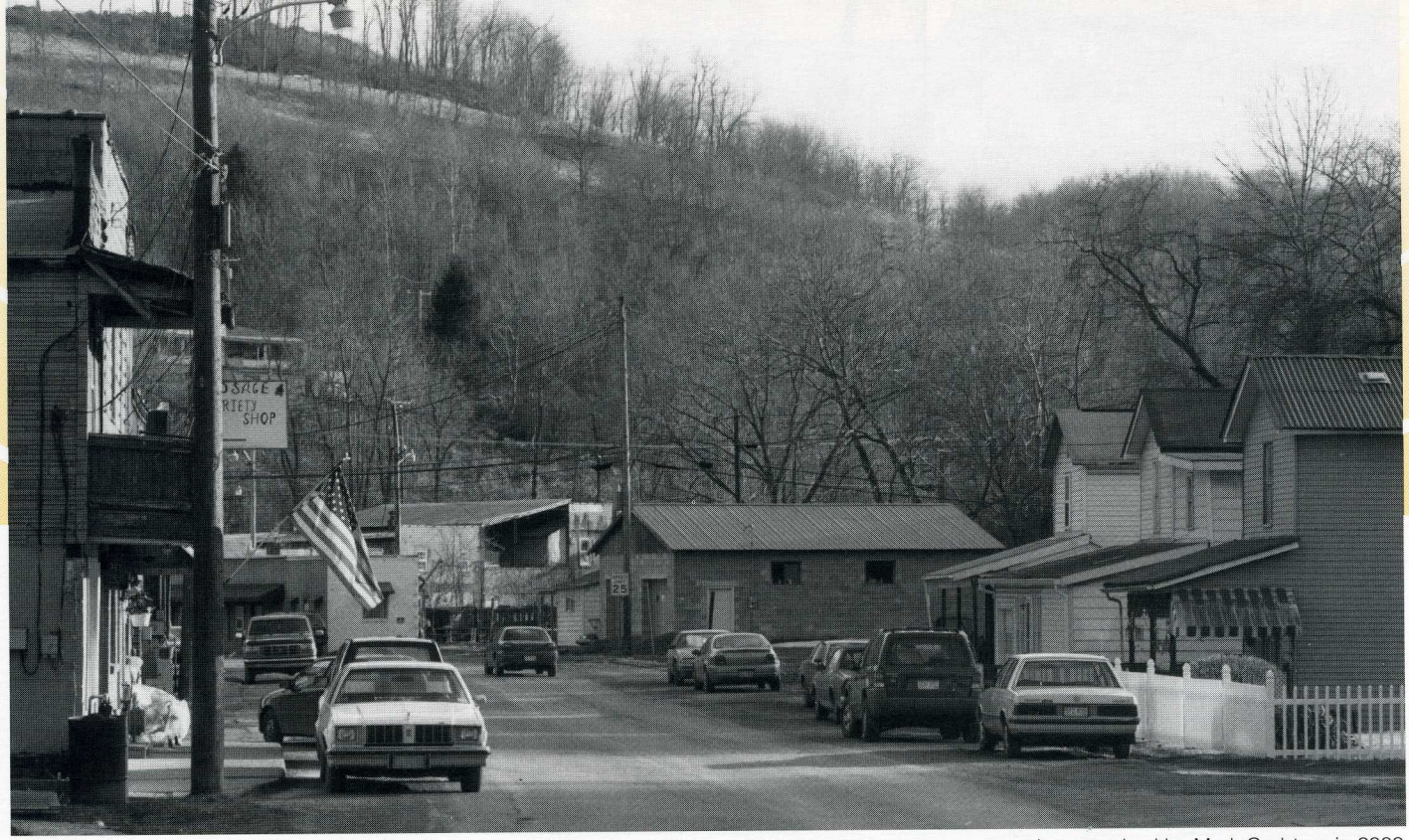
Through the hard life of mining coal, the tough lessons of survival were learned. Coping strategies included establishing gardens on backyard plots, caring for each other, learning to live with less, and sharing what they had.

"If anyone killed a hog, they shared the meat," says Al. "Different nationalities like different things: The Russians liked blood pudding. The Italians liked tripe [stomach]. My people liked chitlins [intestines]. It was a delicacy. The head, the feet, everything from the pig was used. Even the skin was used to make cracklings [fried skin]. The only thing they didn't use was the hair.

"Everyone had gardens. They raised corn, potatoes, tomatoes, green beans. Everything you could use you canned for the winter, and you were good to go."

But sharing also entailed giving back. "We had a basketball court on my dad's property," Al recalls. "Before my dad would let us play, he would put everyone to work. He'd say, 'Go get two buckets of coal,' or, 'Go hoe two rows of corn.' Then they could play. When they came there, he fed them, gave them pop. It was only right that they should do some work, too."

The plight of the miners and their families was addressed by social outreach programs through local churches. The Wesley Methodist



Osage tenaciously holds on, despite more than a century of adversity. This view of Osage's main street was photographed by Mark Crabtree in 2009.

and Presbyterian churches of Morgantown helped form the Scotts Run Settlement House in 1922. A facility known as The Shack occupied various buildings during the 1930's and continues to do good work to this day. [See "'Why Don't You Bake Bread?' Franklin Trubee and the Scotts Run Reciprocal Economy," by Ronald L. Lewis; Spring 1989.]

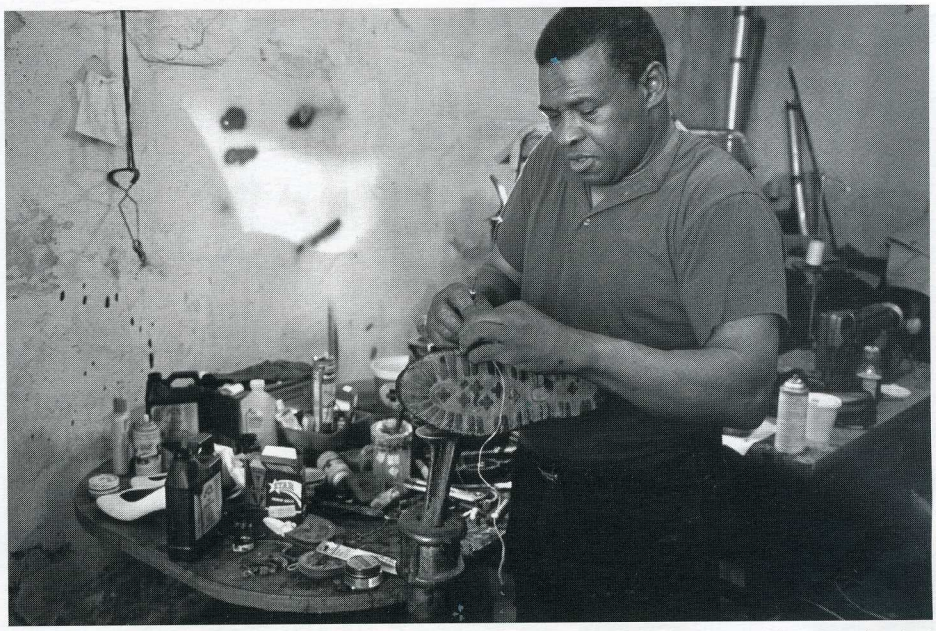
"Many of the immigrants learned to speak English at the Settlement House," says Al, who was on the board there for eight years. "They learned to cook and sew and do other useful skills there." The Shack offered social and recreational services and included a swimming pool and gymnasium.

Meantime, Al used other resources in the community to get on in life. His friendships in the community eventually helped him when he went into business. Al has been repairing shoes for more than 50 years. He became familiar with his trade when he worked for long-time resident Willie Zeleznic.

"My first job, in 1948, when I was 11, was working for him as a shoeshine boy," remembers Al. "I left Osage in 1954 for the army. I learned how to fix shoes in Washington, D.C. For several years after I got out of the army, I managed a retail store there, the Bootery. I wasn't allowed on the front of the floor because I was black. The owner put in a shoe repair business, and I learned from the guys who worked there. They had attended Spingarn High School, where they were taught how to fix shoes.

"But back here in Monongalia County, guys of various nationalities fixed the shoes, and no one trained the black guys. When I came back to Osage in the early 1980's, Willie was in his 80's and couldn't do much work. The other shoemakers were older.

"None of the children of the shoemakers in Monongalia County went into their parents' business, so there was an opportunity for me. When Willie had to go to a rest home, I



Al Anderson has been fixing shoes for more than 50 years. Here he stitches a sole onto a boot at his Osage repair shop. Photograph 2001 by Mark Crabtree.

Osage or Not?

Al Anderson is passionate about Osage and its future as a community. This sign and empty storefront stand ready, as soon as Osage's civic ambiguities get straightened out, Al says. Photograph by Mark Crabtree.

The brief history of Osage as an official municipality is rich and varied. Controversy lingers, however, and the future is still clouded.

On June 14, 1958, citizens voted 113-80 to incorporate. On June 14, 1994, residents signed a petition asking for a resolution from Osage city council to hold an election of eligible voters on whether the town should be dissolved. Subsequently, residents voted 49-24 to disincorporate. Al Anderson disputes those results. He says most of the 37 people whose names were on the petition did not live in Osage and never had.

A problem with the town was that not enough people were interested in serving on city council. An investigation into questionable traffic ticketing and indebtedness added to the town's malaise. The challenged vote to dissolve the town as a legal entity has led to an ongoing dispute.

In a thick, ringed notebook, Al Anderson keeps copies of the official correspondence among government agencies about whether or not the town exists. Chapter 8, article 35 of the state code states that a municipality cannot be dissolved as long as it owes debts.

In 1994, Mary Ratliff, then-Deputy Secretary of State, explained that Osage owed $20,000 in debts. "Law provides they must pay debts," she said, "just as a corporation can't dissolve until they've paid their debts or gone into bankruptcy."

In 1995, Osage town property was auctioned off but the $16,201.50 taken in did not pay all the debt. On that technicality about debt has hinged a debate.

As late as November 2006, Osage was listed as a municipality on the Secretary of State's Web site. Later that year, Phil Magro, attorney for the Monongalia County commissioners, said he thought the town had been dissolved "and if anyone desires to challenge that, they would have to file the appropriate action in the Circuit Court of Monongalia County."

The state Department of Revenue, Secretary of State, the Monongalia County Commission, and the Monongalia County Prosecuting Attorney's office all have weighed in with opinions, none of them apparently definitive.

The issue of whether Osage is or isn't an official entity is important, Anderson points out, because efforts to get government help are normally denied unless there is a viable entity to deal with. He shows a letter he received from the late Senator Robert C. Byrd, stating he wanted to help but was hindered by the hazy status of whom the senator might be dealing with in an official capacity. At stake also are coal severance taxes that were once paid to Osage but are no longer.

Still another bone of contention are the official geographic boundaries of the town and whether or not the adjoining town of Granville could officially annex property that once fell within the boundaries of Osage. As recently as November 10, 2010, the Monongalia County Commission denied Granville's request to enlarge its borders to include a firehouse adjacent to Osage. People from Osage and Scotts Run who had packed the commission's chambers cheered the decision.

The lucrative University Town Centre mall already was built on land that Anderson said is part of Osage.

"This mall came in. The county commission had redrawn the boundaries and gave it to Granville instead of tiny Osage. That shows that stigma is still there."

To try to resolve the matter, a citizens' group in Osage is meeting to officially revive the town.

"There should be an investigation from the Secretary of State or the Attorney General to see what the proper status of Osage is," says Anderson.

If the town is irrefutably reinstated, all well and good. If not, Anderson says, the townspeople must begin again to go through the steps that will result in its again being an official municipality.

— Norman Julian

Al Anderson — Musician

Al Anderson is to a song like a physical therapist is to a patient: he massages the sensitive spots, he works the deep sinews, he applies one technique or another, and the result is you feel more alive.

Anderson, like the town he grew up in, is many kinds of singers in one. Rhythm & blues may be his forte, but when he croons love songs, he reveals a soft touch that makes one think of Nat King Cole or Ray Charles. Which is not to slight his renditions in rock 'n' roll. He'll make you get up in the aisles and dance. Which is not to diminish his talents for singing country music. In 2008, in a citation signed by members of the West Virginia legislature, he was inducted into the Golden Circle Country Music Honor Society because of his "many years as an entertainer and advocate of country music in the Mountain State." In recent years, Al is also in demand for singing gospel music.

In 1962 Billy Ward of the Dominoes placed ads in black newspapers nationwide advertising for a new singer with the popular doo-wop group. "The Dominoes were the toughest in the country," Al says. "Sammy Davis, Jr., and Ray Charles opened shows for [them], so you know how good they were."

Anderson auditioned in front of Ward and was hired. Al had a contract ready to be signed to go on tour with the Dominoes. All he had to do was ink his name, but he had the problem of being under contract with another group. So rather than be dishonest with Ward, Al wanted to legally nullify his old contract first. So he rode a bus three days from Hollywood to Pittsburgh to take care of the matter and then rode the bus three days back — ready to go to work. When he returned to California, though, Al found that the Dominoes had already gone on tour without him.

Ward asked Al to rejoin the group to go on tour. In 1965 Anderson returned to California to do just that. Soon after, however, his brother back in Osage called to say their father was seriously ill, so Al came back to care for him.

Al's singing career started with a Morgantown group, the Fabians. From 1959 to 1962 the group was known as north-central West Virginia's "original rock 'n' rollers." In addition to Anderson, musicians included Roger Britton, Ed Collins, Keith Collins, Ronnie Kemper, Malcolm Swisher, and Dave Whiston. Whiston, now an oral surgeon in Virginia, got the group together.

"People ask if we took that name from [pop singer] Fabian," says Al. "We say no. We had that name in 1959, and Fabian didn't come out until the 1960's. He was well after us. This goes back to the time of James Brown, Wilson Pickett, Sam Cooke, Jackie Wilson, and those guys."

Al has worked in clubs from Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles. He numbers some of the greats in music as former associates or friends. He and Roberta Flack became fast friends in Washington, where she often introduced him to her audiences.

Al Anderson is a man of many talents. He splits his energies between restoring his hometown, repairing shoes, and singing music wherever it is going down.

"I'm happy with the way things happened. I'm back here in my hometown," Al says. "I had no intention of returning when I left the first time. When my dad died in 1966 I went back to D.C., but there was always something that drew me back [to West Virginia].

"If I went back to D.C. now I could always get a job in any of the clubs I sang in. But now here at home I still sing old-time rock 'n' roll, country, and gospel. When I go to my musical engagements now, people know I have a shoe repair business. Someone always has boots or shoes they want me to work on. I see some of the same people at various shows, so I keep the repaired boots in the car for them."

— Norman Julian

Al Anderson got his start as a singer with the Fabians in Morgantown in 1959. He is pictured with singer Dave Whiston in 1960. Also in the band were Keith Collins (bass), Ed Collins (saxophone), Roger Britton (drums), and Ronnie Kemper (guitar). Photographer and location unknown.

bought the machines from his niece and nephew. He didn't have any children himself."

Now Al's many customers drive to his shop from Morgantown or from southwestern Pennsylvania, often referred by other shoemakers. "I love to repair shoes," Al says.

For the last 20 years, Osage has hosted a street fair each September. When visiting it in 2010, I walked down the main street over its half-mile length. I saw only a few businesses, but they are housed in handsome new buildings. This is indicative of the change that Al hopes is on the way. "Not many of us are left who remember how it was when [Osage] was thriving," he says. "We can make it work again."

Al shares a song with, from the left, Sarah Little, Patty Thomas, and Kitty Hughes at Calvary Baptist Church in Morgantown last March. Photograph by Mark Crabtree.

In 1999, Al received the Martin Luther King Achievement Award from the Center for Black Culture at West Virginia University. He is on the board of Coalition for Social Justice in Monongalia County. For his efforts on behalf of Osage and for human rights, Al was named Monongalia County Citizen of the Year in 2009 He was listed one of the 100 Most Influential Citizens in Monongalia County by the Morgantown *Dominion Post* newspaper in 2008.

A woman with one foot in the old Osage and another in the new is Sarah Little, coordinator of the Settlement House food pantry and secretary of the Scotts Run Park and Recreation, Inc., board. "We've been trying to hold things together until something better comes," she says. "We've been struggling. We hear we are not a town but when we check with Charleston, there is no legal document to prove that."

Sarah moved away from Scotts Run, but after 17 years in Philadelphia, she returned in 1979 "It's home. A lot of people who moved away from here are moving back because they don't like the conditions in the big cities. It's quiet here," Sarah says. "When you get to be a senior you appreciate coming back to what I call a sane life.

"We've tried to reunite the people of Scotts Run. We posted a sign just beyond the Star City Bridge that welcomes people to the Scotts Run Historical District. We're raising money to put up another sign at the Cassville end [on Route 7]. There's so much history here. I hate to see it not appreciated."

Sarah sang at the White House with the Monongalia A Cappella Choir in 1942. Franklin Roosevelt was present. Eleanor Roosevelt visited Osage in 1933. She was so influenced by the abysmal Depression-era conditions that she established the first of her New Deal homestead communities at Arthurdale, about 30 miles away in Preston County, to give people from Scotts Run a second chance. [See "Arthurdale: The New Deal Comes to Preston County," by Kathleen Cullinan and Beth Spence; April-June 1981.]

Applicants needed to fill out an eight-page questionnaire that dealt with moral character, intelligence, church affiliation, debts, and so on. While blacks and recent immigrants constituted the majority in Scotts Run, they were not chosen to resettle in Arthurdale.

"People should remember that we made Arthurdale possible for those fortunate ones," contends Anderson.

If you want to get Al Anderson's ire up, speak of Osage as a dissolved municipality. He will challenge whether the town was ever officially closed. "We can't get anything done if we are not recognized as a town. They treat us like a third-world country," he says. "All the wealth that came out of here, and we can't get anything.

"In the 1960's when the coal mines were winding down, people started moving to the cities," Anderson says. Still, the vitality of those who have prevailed over hard times characterizes those who stayed.

A professor of landscape architecture at Carnegie Mellon University recently directed her students to create a detailed rendition of a possible master plan for Osage. Pictured are a cooperative greenhouse, a grocery stall, a cafe, a laundry, and a clinic on Main Street. A mixture of apartments, townhouses, single-family houses, and an assisted-living building at the former Cass Elementary School are also included.

"This is how it can be," says Al, beaming.

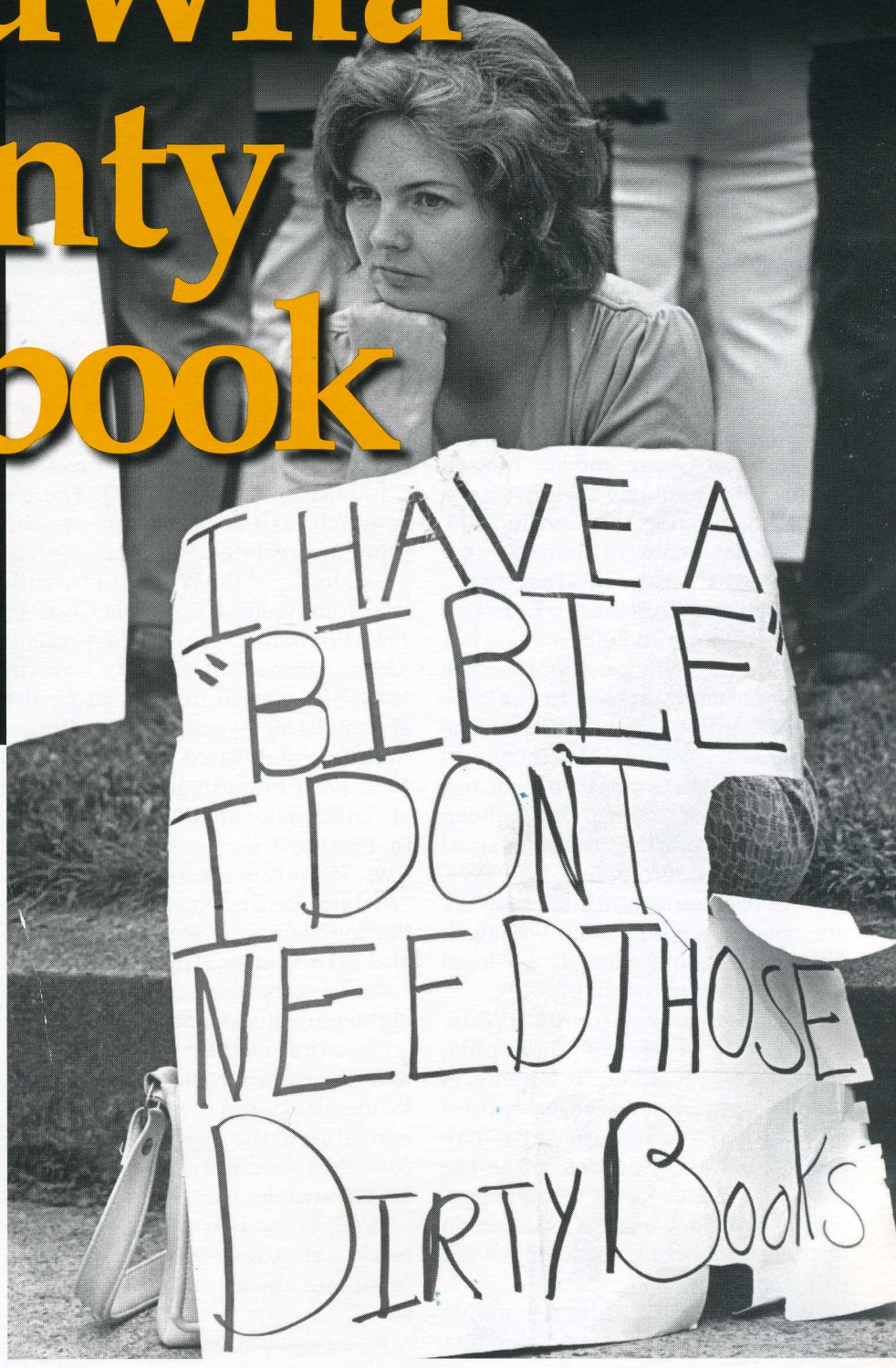
NORMAN JULIAN is a longtime columnist for *The Dominion Post* in Morgantown. A graduate of Victory High School in Clarksburg and West Virginia University, Norman is the owner of Trillium Publishing and author of five books about West Virginia. His latest contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in Fall 2004.

Great Kanawha County Textbook War

By Trey Kay

Photographs courtesy of Charleston Newspapers

In September 1974, a storm was brewing in the mountains and hollows of West Virginia. I was 12 years old and about to enter seventh grade. When the bus rolled up to Charleston's John Adams Junior High that first day, I saw a group of women holding homemade signs. One read, "I have a Bible. I don't need those dirty books!" In the next few weeks, our community was turned upside down. Neighbors threatened and harassed each other. The Ku Klux Klan marched on the state capitol steps and burned crosses in the community. A man was shot,



Textbook protester in Kanawha County in 1974. Photographer unknown.

and schools were bombed. A war began that in the view of some still rages today.

The affluent neighborhood in Charleston where I grew up is known as "The Hill." Our neighbors were doctors, lawyers, and businesspeople. Outside the city, however, twisting, bumpy roads wind through hills and hollows, past small towns and mining camps. There are general stores and filling stations, men in grease-covered overalls, and dozens of little churches filled to capacity on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings.

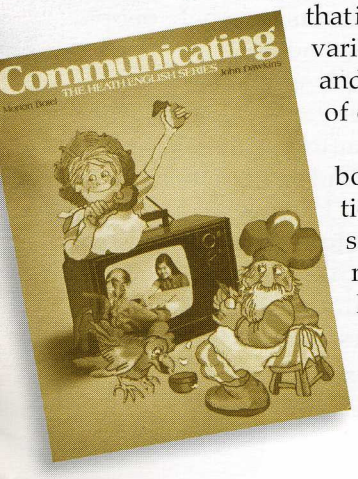
Much separated urban and rural Kanawha County — then as now. One institution did tie the county together: the board of education, which oversaw Kanawha County's 125 schools. On April 11, 1974, the Kanawha County Board of Education met to consider some new textbooks that were being proposed for adoption.

"I remember it, going into it, as a typical meeting," says Becky Burns, one of the five-member 1974 textbook selection committee. "I had attended these before, but just as a teacher. Thelma Conley presented the rationale for the selection."

As Thelma Conley explained to the school board, "Not only did the committee look for multi-ethnic content, but also multicultural."

"We were operating under state guidelines," Becky Burns continues. "One of the guidelines, which was a new one, was that the textbooks should be multicultural in their content and in their authorship."

"Multiculturalism" was a relatively new concept in curriculum planning at that time. Across the country, schools were beginning to use textbooks that included more varied viewpoints and more writers of color.



When the book presentation concluded, school board member Alice Moore questioned a term used in the report: "dialectology." It was intended to encourage students to feel comfortable in expressing themselves by using their natural dialect.

Midway Elementary School was bombed twice during the textbook controversy. No one was injured in either blast, though the school building sustained damage. AP Wirephoto.

"I just don't think I agree with that approach at all," Alice Moore said at the time. "In fact, I'm sure I don't."

Alice Moore was the lone female member of the Kanawha County Board of Education. She was a minister's wife with four children in the schools and the only board member without a college education. To Mrs. Moore, it didn't seem right to teach incorrect English in school.

"There's a correct way to speak," she said. "Now, there may be some slight variations, but 'dem' is never correct. 'Dat' is never correct for 'that.' Now if we're talking about this in dialectology, I won't approve these books."

Moore's objection caused a sensation. It was rare that an ordinary member of the community, a parent, had questioned the decisions of education professionals. Alice Moore may not have had a college degree but she was well-read and well-informed. She'd been keeping an eye on attempts to bring sex education into the curriculum. And for some time, she'd been reading about the radical left and their attempts to use American schools to change society. In her mind, all the talk about multiculturalism and dialectology was just a cover-up for a larger liberal agenda.

After some discussion the board moved to approve the books but held off purchasing them until they'd had the chance to review them more closely. No sooner had the meeting adjourned than Alice Moore's husband pointed out to her a quote from the autobiography of Malcolm X — a selection in one of the approved textbooks: "All praise is due to Allah that I moved to Boston when I did.

Alice Moore, a member of the Kanawha County Board of Education, was the first to raise questions about the content of new school textbooks. She remained a central figure throughout the controversy.

If I hadn't, I'd probably still be a brainwashed black Christian."

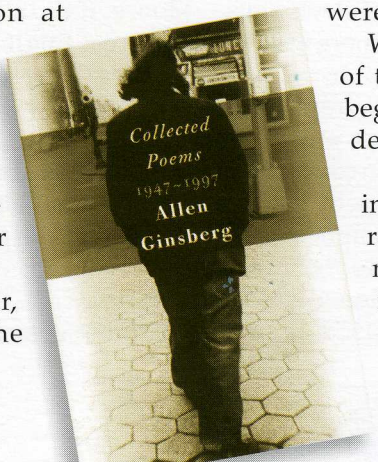
Alice Moore was so offended by this quote that she asked the superintendent to deliver every book to her house — all 300 of them. She planned to read them all personally. These were mostly high school supplemental books, available as additional reading at the teachers' discretion. Alice's objections at the board meeting had been mostly about grammar. Now she found other things that made her even more uncomfortable: "four-letter" words scattered throughout stories, sexually suggestive works by e.e. cummings and Allen Ginsberg, and excerpts from memoirs by Black Panthers George Jackson and Eldridge Cleaver that combined anti-Americanism and sexual vulgarity.

Alice began giving interviews to the media, spreading the word about what was in the books. "Every vice known to man has been introduced to our children in these textbooks," said Alice Moore in a radio debate. "Not from the standpoint of showing them to be wrong but in a totally nonjudgmental atmosphere. By vices I mean adultery, stealing, prostitution, revolution, murder, and such like."

"As the people were reading the newspapers, reading letters to the editor, and going to various meetings, they started choosing up sides," recalls Dr. Kenneth Underwood, superintendent of the Kanawha County Board of Education at that time. "And it wasn't about a passage. It wasn't about a portion of a book. It was 'The Books' — you were either for them or against them."

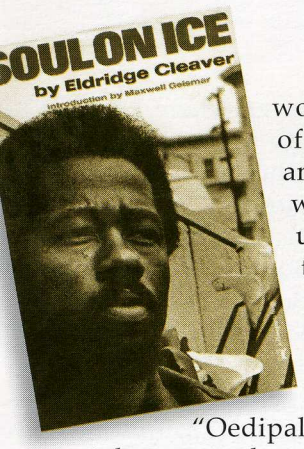
A few months later, it was time for the board to make its decision about whether or not to purchase 'The Books.' June 27, 1974, was a rainy day in Charleston. People were flooding in from all parts of Kanawha County to the board of education meeting, hoping to voice their opinion on the textbooks.

"They were standing out in the rain," Alice Moore recalls. "You could just see this sea of umbrellas. There must've been 2,000 people there, I guess. The building was full, down the hall, all the way to the outside where people were standing."



With underlined copies of the texts in hand, Alice began to question those who defended the books.

"I knew what I was going to be accused of," Alice recalls. "'These narrow-minded religious fanatics just want to censor textbooks.' I knew we



would be accused of book burning, and Nazi Germany would be brought up as this terror threat."

Alice questioned a Sigmund Freud essay about the "Oedipal Complex" in one of the texts. The objections moved from Freud to fairy tales to felons. Moore brought up an excerpt from *Soul on Ice*, the memoir by Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver, who had spent time in prison for rape and assault.

"They represented the worst of society and called that multiculturalism," Alice recalls. "I don't think that represents black culture, or at least that was what I was trying to say to the black community· 'This is not a fair representation of your culture.'"

The Reverend Ronald English, a member of the local chapter of the NAACP, felt uncomfortable having a white school board member suggest what was the best representation of the black community. He objected to Mrs. Moore's assertion that Cleaver, Jackson, or Malcolm X were unsuitable for the classroom.

"I think they have a message from the other side of the American experience that ought to be told," Rev. English said.

There were several parents, like Mike Wenger, who also defended the books:

"I believe these books present a balanced and realistic view of today's world in a manner that respects students in their intelligence," Wenger told the school board.

The passion-filled speeches went on for more than three hours before the board made its decision. The textbooks were approved by a vote of three to two.

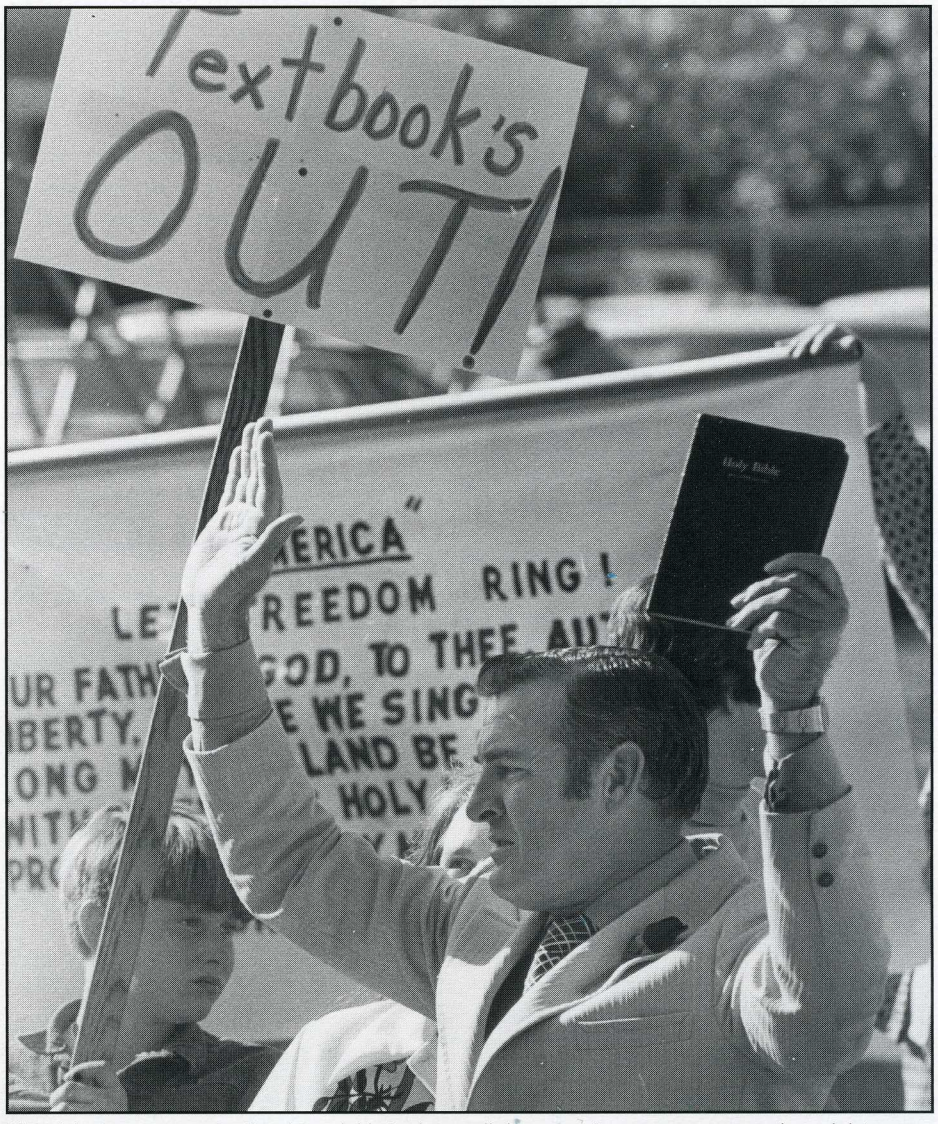
Over the summer months, parents throughout Kanawha County pored over their children's textbooks, unsure of what they were reading. Alice Moore had started the fight against the books, and a number of fundamentalist preachers joined her cause. The Reverend Marvin Horan, a truck driver and preacher from Campbells Creek, called for a school boycott. Leaflets circulated with excerpts from the texts.

One lesson on mythology used the example of Aesop's fable about the gladiator Androcles and the lion, who spares him because he'd once pulled a thorn from his paw. It seemed innocent enough, only the lesson also cited the biblical story of Daniel in the Lion's Den.

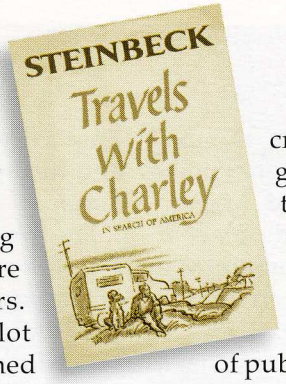
"I don't have a problem with *Androcles and the Lion*. What I have a problem with is comparing a myth, which is clearly a myth, to the Bible. That's the problem," said parent and future U.S. Congressman Mick Staton.

The rhetoric kept ratcheting up. The Reverend Avis Hill called for school boycotts. The Reverend Charles Quigley was heard to pray for God to strike down the school board members who had endorsed the books.

On September 3, the first day of school, officials estimated 20% of Kanawha County's 45,000 students stayed home — the protesters estimated the number much higher. National television networks, which had been focused on the anti-busing riots in Boston, turned their cameras instead toward the angry parents of West Virginia. It seemed that the more



The debate over new textbooks quickly took on religious overtones, as conservative ministers and their congregations joined the protest movement. Here the Reverend Ezra Graley lifts a Bible as he addresses a group of protesters.



people who came, the more volatile the controversy grew.

Parents who did bring their children to school were met by taunting protesters. Seeing the picket lines, a lot of parents gave up and turned their cars around, while other parents simply kept their children home for safety sake. Rural Kanawha County is union country, and it took a lot of nerve to cross a picket line. The book-protesting mothers began showing up at morning shifts at the mines, urging the men to join the protest. It worked. Despite union orders, thousands of miners walked off the job in support.

The miners knew an economic boycott would have more power than just a school walkout. Within days, mines were shut down. So were chemical plants and grocery warehouses. Even municipal bus drivers stopped work. The business community itself was split on the protests. Most were against them, but others with fundamentalist leanings gave money. The miners who were pro-union and mostly Democratic weren't all "church goers," but they didn't like their children being taught outsider notions.

Thousands of Kanawha County parents pulled their children out of public schools and sent them to independent Christian schools, which began popping up like dandelions in church basements, storefronts, and old filling stations.

In addition to objections on religious grounds, the textbook controversy had racial overtones. Kanawha County's black and white populations might have held similar values, but to many blacks, the book protests seemed racially motivated.

"I think it was about race," says Mildred Holt, an English teacher in Kanawha County at the time. "I don't think it was culture. I think it was a pent-up fury about the civil rights movement, and they were afraid of blacks becoming so well-educated they would take their jobs. That's the way I felt.

"Then I saw signs about 'Get the n_ _ _ _ _ books out of the county.' Oh, the signs were everywhere. When I looked out of my office window and saw the Ku Klux Klan, I knew then that it was purely racial."

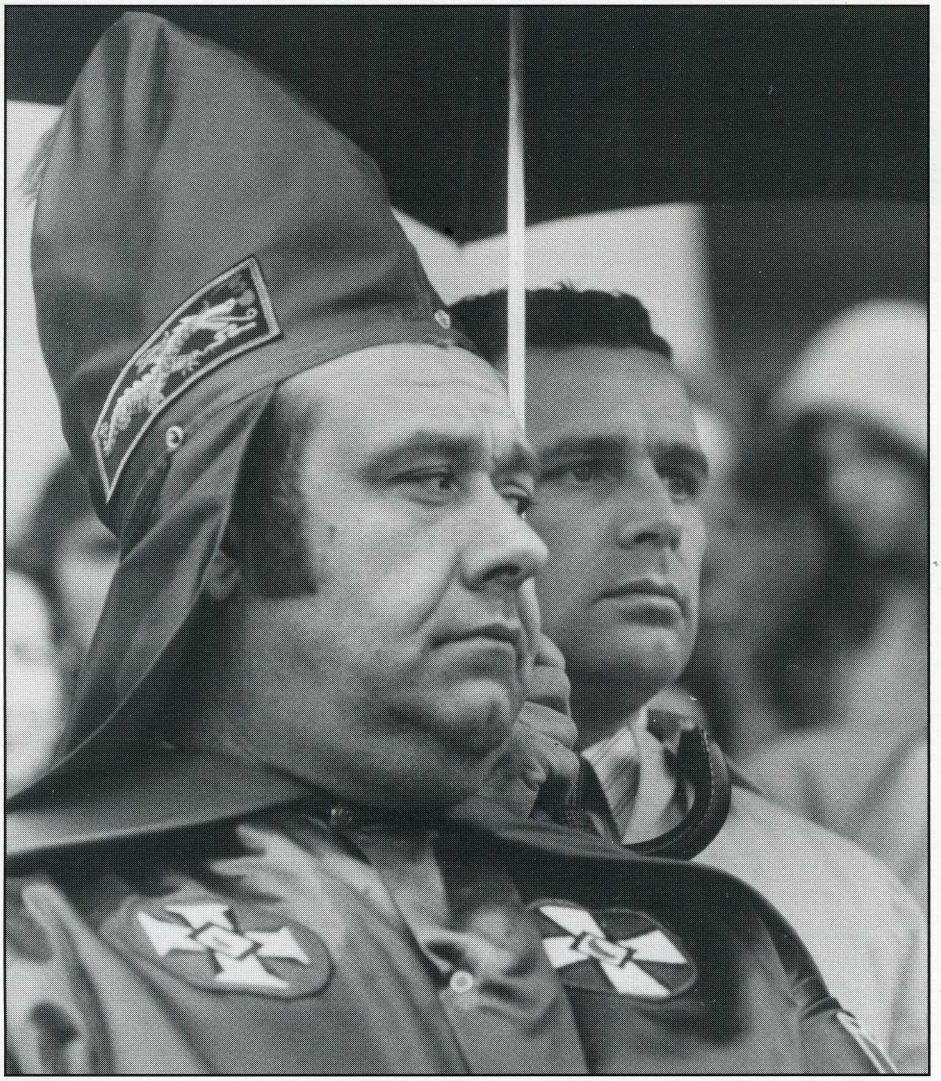
The Klan made its presence known during the textbook controversy, though the textbook protesters had to spend time and money publicly disavowing them.

As the protests gained media visibility, other national groups, on the right and the left, took interest. The John Birch Society, the National Education Association, future California Congressman Bob Dornan, and representatives from the newly formed Heritage Foundation came to Kanawha County.

At one point, anti-book preachers Ezra Graley and Avis Hill staged a rally in front of the school board office. Such a demonstration was in violation of a court injunction restricting protests close to school buildings. So they, along with many other protesters, were arrested and jailed. Heritage Foundation attorneys took up their legal defense.

The protests and counter-protests quickly turned violent. Snipers fired

Counter-protests took place in Charleston. Here approximately 1,000 students at George Washington High School stage a walkout rather than surrender their textbooks. AP Wirephoto.



National organizations, including the Ku Klux Klan, sent representatives to Kanawha County as the controversy grew. Here, Klansman Dale Reusch attends an anti-textbook rally at the state capitol while the Reverend Marvin Horan looks on. Photograph by Lawrence Pierce.

at school buses; a book protester was shot through the heart but survived. Schools around the county, including Midway Elementary at Campbells Creek, as well as the school board headquarters in Charleston, were dynamited or firebombed. No one was injured, but people became wary about sending their kids to school.

Shortly after the bombings, the school board announced it had come up with a compromise: Most of the textbooks would stay in the schools, but parents would have to sign permission slips allowing their children to read them. Children whose parents didn't sign could go sit in the library during the lesson.

The compromise did little to satisfy many protesters, some of whom brought their frustration to the next board meeting. While speakers addressed the board, angry men and women began to gather around board members.

"All of a sudden fists were flying," recalls one witness.

"I looked over and some woman was just beating the hell out of [board member] Matthew Kinsolving with her bag. I mean just pounding him," says another.

"There was a woman in the crowd, and she pulled out a can of mace, and she was spraying at the board of education," says Rev. Avis Hill. "She was trying to spray the mace on the superintendent."

About a week after the "rumble in the boardroom," there was a break in the Midway Elementary School bombing investigation. Federal agents had been questioning a suspect named Delbert Rose, a Campbells Creek resident who had spent a lot of time at the "anti-textbook headquarters," located up that hollow. Delbert confessed to throwing the dynamite bomb into Midway Elementary School. Then he told the investigators about another plan, one that sent a chilling message to parents who continued bringing their children to school.

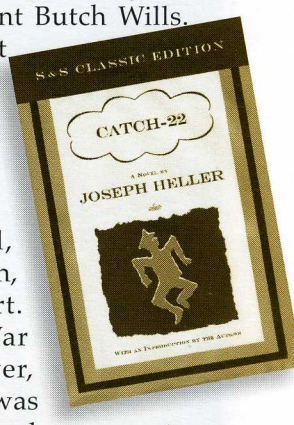
According to Wayne Rich, who, at the time, was the assistant United States Attorney in the Southern District of West Virginia, "[Rose] said there was a discussion at school textbook headquarters that night on Campbells Creek that they could take a blasting cap and put it inside the gas tank of a car and hook the wires to the brake lights. When the kids got into the car and you backed down onto the road and hit the brakes, it would blow the gas tank on the car."

Up to this point, most of the violent acts had been leveled at empty buildings. Wayne Rich moved fast, indicting six people for conspiracy. People were shocked to see Rev. Marvin Horan's name at the top of the list.

At Horan's trial, Delbert Rose was the main witness for the prosecution. He told the court that Rev. Horan had given the conspirators a biblical basis for the violence they were committing.

Marvin Horan was convicted on one count of conspiracy and served three years in a federal penitentiary. His conviction did not sit well with people from Campbells Creek.

"He was railroaded, the way I look at it," says resident Butch Wills. "You got to say what you believe, and that's what 95% of the people up here believe. They still believe that way."



After the trial, things settled down, for the most part. The Textbook War seemed to be over, but reconciliation was hard to come by. Book supporters claimed victory because the books went back into the schools. On the other hand, some schools refused to use them. Some teachers wanted to avoid any kind of controversy and

Read More about It

The 1974 Kanawha County textbook controversy remains a topic of conversation and fascination, 37 years after the fact. As the accompanying story suggests, issues brought up by book protesters served to launch the so-called "conservative revolution" in the mid-1970's, paving the way for politicians such as Ronald Reagan, organizations such as the Tea Party and the Heritage Foundation, and media figures such as Sean Hannity and Rush Limbaugh. Authors and scholars have studied the textbook controversy at length, and a number of books have been published on the matter.

Storm in the Mountains: A Case Study of Censorship, Conflict, and Consciousness, by James Moffett, tells the story of the controversy through the eyes of a liberal pro-textbook activist. Moffett was the director of the *Interaction* program for Houghton Mifflin, the group that developed and published many of the disputed textbooks. Moffett makes no apologies for his group and their work, providing a behind-the-scenes look at how the book content was developed and how Moffett and his team reacted to the challenges they faced in Kanawha County. *Storm in the Mountains*, a 264-page hardbound edition, was published in 1988 by Southern Illinois University Press. It includes references, footnotes, and an index and is available in West Virginia libraries.

Protester Voices: The 1974 Textbook Tea Party, by Karl C. Priest, is written from the perspective of a young teacher at the time who opposed the textbooks. Author Karl C. Priest of Poca remains active in conservative causes in the Charleston area. In this book he looks back on the 1974-75 events with considerable pride and nostalgia, praising Avis Hill, Alice Moore, Marvin Horan, and other protesters and presenting the protest as a righteous cause, justly fought. Priest devotes an entire chapter to a detailed analysis of GOLDENSEAL author Trey Kay's award-winning 2009 radio documentary. *Protester Voices* was published in 2010 by the author's Praying Publishing, 141 Karmel Lane, Poca, WV 25159. The 353-page paperbound edition sells for $14.95.

Reading Appalachia from Left to Right: Conservatives and the 1974 Kanawha County Textbook Controversy, by Carol Mason, attempts to provide a bipartisan view by analyzing the broader context of both the pro-textbook supporters and the anti-textbook protesters. Mason looks at societal trends and historical precedents to put the 1974 controversy into a contemporary perspective. Intended for a scholarly audience, this 242-page paperbound edition includes a glossary, footnotes, references, and an index. It was published in 2009 by Cornell University Press and is available in West Virginia libraries.

Anti-textbook rally at Watt Powell Park in Charleston. Date and photographer unknown.

Textbook supporters smile as they walk past the Charleston Civic Center in 1974. Though most textbooks were allowed in classrooms, many teachers hesitated to use them.

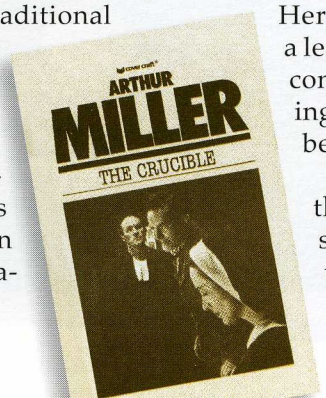
just never assigned much modern literature to their students. Becky Burns, who was on the committee that selected the disputed texts, says the protesters' angry words stayed with her for years.

"I hate to admit it, but I think they're still in my head," she says. "I'm a brave person. I'm a brave teacher and I was going to do the best for my kids, but I did think twice on occasion. I know of some teachers who never used those books even though they were restored. They said, 'I'm not going to go there. I'm not going to put myself out there to be threatened, to be criticized, to have constant turmoil in my class.'"

Distrust of public education was a permanent legacy of the Textbook War. The protesters feared a schoolroom that was devoid of "traditional values." Even some people within the public school system were troubled by that. Dr. Phillip Suiter was Assistant State Superintendent for West Virginia's Department of Education in 1974. He was also a fundamentalist Christian. Some years after the protests, he resigned his post and worked to pass laws to make Christian schools and home schools legal in West Virginia. To Suiter, the whole controversy boiled down to one question.

"What is the role of a parent?" he asks. "What should a parent be able to say about the education of their own children? I think parents in West Virginia or any other state should have much to say about the education of their own children."

The Heritage Foundation focused on this same question and built on the Kanawha textbook protests to rally the support of values-minded conservatives throughout the country. School boards became launching pads for New Right politics, and Heritage went on to play a leading role in shaping conservative policy during the Reagan years and beyond.



Reflecting back on these turbulent times, some book-supporting teachers' antipathy for the protesters is just as raw as it was more than three decades ago. Teacher Nelle Wood, who chaired the selection committee, doesn't take kindly to suggestions that she see the situation from the protesters' point of view

"I think it is necessary for us to grow up and recognize that it's a big, wide, wonderful, scary, ugly, beautiful world. There's everything in it, and we have to learn to look at it and not fall apart."

This article is based on the award-winning radio documentary The Great Textbook War, *produced by Trey Kay and Deborah George. That piece received George Foster Peabody and Edward R. Murrow awards, as well as a duPont/ Columbia Silver Baton. —ed.*

TREY KAY grew up in Charleston and graduated from George Washington High School. He studied theater at Ohio University and is now a radio journalist and documentary producer based in Red Hook, New York. Trey has produced several award-winning radio documentaries. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Victory Loan

By James Spencer

In the fall of 1945, Americans were celebrating political and military victories in Europe and Japan. Soldiers came home, women gave up factory jobs for housekeeping, and a sense of normalcy returned. But all was not yet well. Europe needed to be rebuilt, and our former Soviet allies were now viewed suspiciously. Most of all, after nearly four years of war, the United States was faced with massive debt.

Despite the fact that many Americans were financially strapped, their willingness to pay — literally — for the freedom they had earned militarily was not underestimated by the federal government. Since World War I, bond drives had been successfully launched to finance military efforts past and future. The eighth and last of these, dubbed the Victory Loan, was established shortly after the war's end to ease the country's estimated $300 billion debt.

Bond drives had always been part military, part Hollywood. The military played to patriotism, encouraging enlistments, sponsoring parades, and displaying the latest in equipment to entice volunteers. Hollywood offered celebrities, newsreels and films, beauty pageants, and contests to spur donations. The combination provided an effective means of inspiring Americans to open both their hearts and wallets. The final bond tour would prove no exception.

The Victory Loan was planned by War Finance Director Ted Gamble of the Treasury Department. It was originally scheduled to begin on October 30 and end on December 8, 1945, though the end date was ultimately extended through the close of the year. Each community in the country had a target total to be achieved by the tour's close. In West Virginia, the goal was $34 million, a lofty figure for a sparsely populated state. Kanawha County's share was nearly 10% of that, at $2,720,000.

Somewhat like modern telethons, localities provided events for their

The Victory Loan Tour raised approximately $21 billion during November and December 1945, intended to pay down the national debt following World War II. The tour made several stops in West Virginia. This photograph was taken in Grand Central Terminal in New York on November 5, 1945.

Tour of 1945

Photographs courtesy of University of North Carolina, Wilson Library, Thaddeus Shaw Page Collection

citizenry to attend for the express purpose of buying bonds. Interspersed with these local festivities were nationally sponsored tours, conducted jointly by the military and the Treasury Department. Highlighting the final bond tour were three such events: the Victory Planes, the Victory Trains, and the touring of captured Nazi vehicles. All of these made stops in West Virginia that fall.

On November 17, 1945, one of three Victory Planes touring the country flew over all major West Virginia cities, exhorting citizens to buy bonds through a specially fitted loudspeaker system. The plane, a 4Y Naval Patrol Bomber, would begin its sweep of each locality with a version of "Anchors Aweigh," followed by bond purchase messages. The loudspeaker could be heard from an altitude of 5,000 feet within a 10-mile radius. All the three planes had seen service in the Pacific theater. Stationed in the Mariana Islands, the aircraft would bombard the Japanese populace with surrender messages. When the planes landed as part of the loan tour, local citizens could examine the workings of the loudspeakers, with the aircraft's mechanic on hand to answer questions.

Visitors view surrender documents in New Haven, Connecticut, on November 7 1945.

The notion of bringing the nation's historic documents and artifacts to its citizens aboard mobile displays had been broached in the months before the war began. After Pearl Harbor, the security risks for such a project were considered too great, and the idea was shelved. After the Japanese surrender, however, it was reappraised and judged to be a perfect marriage of civics lesson and fundraising for the Victory Loan. Railroads were deemed the appropriate venue for such an undertaking, and the Victory Trains were born.

Each of the six Victory Trains had a similar template. Seven cars, including two Pullmans and three baggage, were prepared with exhibits of the various service branches' latest innovations, coupled with battle-tested equipment and weaponry. Accompanying each train were roughly two dozen personnel, all combat veterans, both officers and enlisted. They served to both guard the exhibits and explain the significance and details of each to local citizenry, who could enter each car and view and touch the various displays.

The trains were given designations 1 through 6, with Train 1 carrying the original war surrender documents. The remaining trains

Crowds lined up to see war items aboard one of the Victory Loan Trains. In Parkersburg, 7,000 people toured the displays in one day. This photograph was taken in South Norwalk, Connecticut, on November 6, 1945.

carried facsimiles. Launched from Baltimore and Richmond, the trains traveled the nation, utilizing track from the country's leading railroads. Throughout November 1945, the trains crisscrossed America, visiting 40 states and 500 cities. Three of these, the Navy Blue and Gold (Trains 3 and 5 respectively), and the Armed Forces number 4, visited West Virginia during that month.

The Navy Gold train — Train 5 — arrived at the C&O station in Charleston on the morning of November 7 and traveled to Huntington later that afternoon. The Gold Train included exhibits of a helicopter, radar (in its first public appearance), a Hellcat dive bomber, an amphibious tank, and a submarine torpedo. Some of the displays allowed citizens the opportunity to "man the controls." In Charleston, both the governor and mayor welcomed the crew The Red Cross offered free coffee and donuts to bond purchasers, as well as providing for the needs of the train's personnel. Several thousand attendees visited the exhibits in both cities on that day.

The Navy Blue train — Train 3 — visited Fairmont, Clarksburg, Wheeling, and Parkersburg on November 8 and 9 Like its Gold counterpart, its baggage and flat cars were camouflaged to resemble a submarine deck. Arriving from Baltimore via Cumberland, Maryland, the train carried exhibits similar to its Gold cousin, but did boast a unique display· the gun from the USS *Ward* that fired the first shots at Pearl Harbor.

7,000 Parkersburgers Go Aboard Navy's Victory Loan Train Here

Spectacular Fighting Navy Equipment Inspected at Close Range by Local Throng

Parkersburg Sentinel; November 10, 1945.

On November 26, the Armed Forces Ground Train 4 arrived in Bluefield, near the end of its cross-country journey. Themed somewhat differently than the Navy trains, its exhibits included a Sherman tank, anti-aircraft guns, and a field kitchen. One of the major attractions for the estimated 6,500 individuals who visited it was a jewel-encrusted baton once owned by Reichmarschall Hermann Goering.

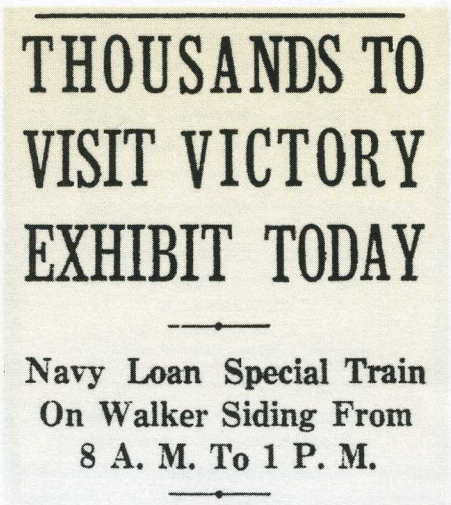
The last days of the war in Germany had been chaotic. Berlin fell in late April 1945, but the American army continued to sweep east and south, first toward Munich, then toward Salzburg. The retreating German army left many prizes, both military and civilian, unguarded, before their surrender. Among these were many vehicles owned by Nazi leaders, including Hitler himself. In early May, two such vehicles, a Mercedes-Benz roadster and larger 770K limousine, were captured by the

A searchlight provided an added nighttime attraction to the Victory Loan train in New Haven, Connecticut, on November 7 1945.

101st Airborne Division. Another, also a 770K, was captured by the 20th Armored at almost the same time. All three were eventually recruited to appear in the bond tour. Accompanying each car were their captors as well as regular military support personnel. The 101st cars toured the Midwest and Mid-South. The 20th Armored's prize zigzagged its way down the Eastern seaboard. This car visited West Virginia from November 22 to 25, 1945 — Thanksgiving weekend.

The Mercedes tour was headed by its primary captor, Sergeant Joe Azara, accompanied by fellow 20th Armored personnel Corporal James Pendas, Sergeant Ed Lasko, and Lieutenant John Cole. Assigned to them as support crew were a number of stateside military men, including Private First Class George Hunt, Private First Class Walter Lewis, and Corporal Walter Spencer, my dad. (I should mention that I knew nothing of my dad's service on the tour until after his death in 1997, when mention of it was found in his effects.)

The entourage toured in a three-vehicle caravan: the captured Mercedes, fresh from a stay at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, where it had been examined, restored, and repainted silver; a vehicle provided by the Third Service Command, which presumably had responsibility for the military aspects of the 20th Armored's tour; and an army truck, driven by my father. Traveling from city to city, the car would appear, typically with local authorities and appropriate pageantry, for sometimes only a few hours at a time. Sergeant Lasko, the only known surviving member of the tour, would often serve as spokesperson. The public could view the car from a distance and would hopefully purchase bonds during their visit. Photographs with the car could be purchased for a sufficient price, usually $100 or $200. For $1,000, buyers could have their picture taken sitting behind the wheel.



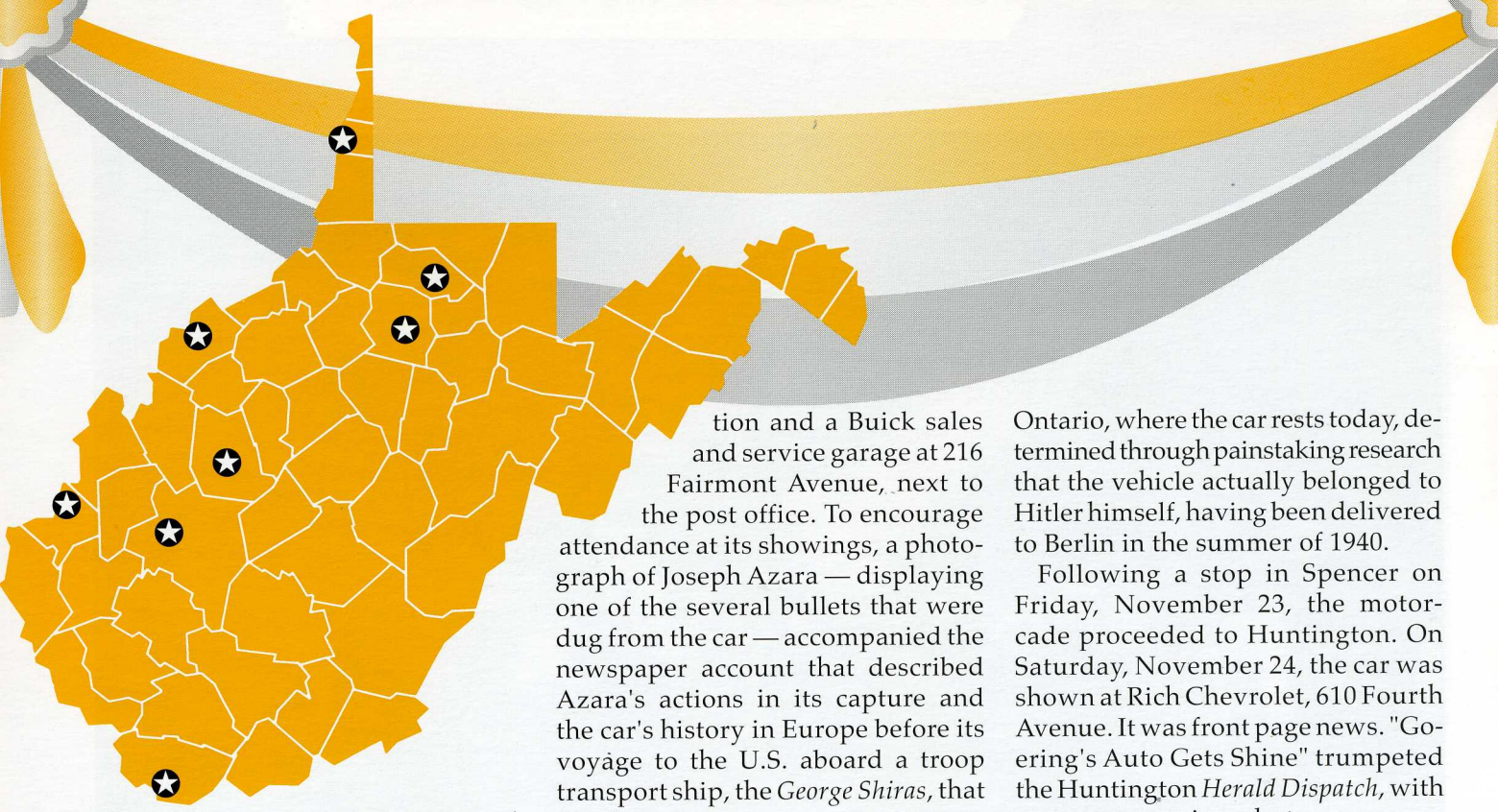
THOUSANDS TO VISIT VICTORY EXHIBIT TODAY

Navy Loan Special Train On Walker Siding From 8 A. M. To 1 P. M.

Fairmont Times; November 8, 1945.

The 20th Armored's tour began on November 2, 1945, in Washington D.C. Its origination point was partly symbolic, beginning in the nation's capital, but was also likely pragmatic. The Third Service Command was centered in Baltimore, and the car itself was at the nearby Proving Ground. The captors had attended the War College in Washington, and the support personnel were likely stationed locally.

It then proceeded to New York City and several cities in the central por-



tion of that state. Meandering south through central Pennsylvania, the captured Mercedes and its caravan reached Maryland by midmonth, and then headed west for West Virginia, reaching Fairmont on November 22, Spencer on November 23, Huntington on November 24, and Charleston on Sunday, November 25.

Of all the states that the 20th Armored tour visited — New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida — it is fair to say West Virginians placed the greatest import on it during its four-day stay, with Charleston giving it a special welcome.

The car reached Fairmont on November 22, Thanksgiving Day, after what must have been a perilous drive through the mountains from Cumberland, Maryland, about 100 miles distant. This particular vehicle was roughly 20 feet long, seated nine, and with its additional armoring, weighed more than four tons. It averaged perhaps five miles per gallon of gas, necessitating regular fill ups. Navigating through pre-Interstate roads from western Maryland to northern West Virginia in uncertain weather was likely not for the faint of heart.

In Fairmont, the car was displayed, according to newspaper accounts, at two locations: a local service station and a Buick sales and service garage at 216 Fairmont Avenue, next to the post office. To encourage attendance at its showings, a photograph of Joseph Azara — displaying one of the several bullets that were dug from the car — accompanied the newspaper account that described Azara's actions in its capture and the car's history in Europe before its voyage to the U.S. aboard a troop transport ship, the *George Shiras*, that previous August.

At this time, the vehicle was thought to have belonged to Hermann Goering, commander of the German air force and Hitler's lieutenant, and it was typically advertised as such. It was not until more than 35 years later that Ludwig Kosche, a curator at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa, Ontario, where the car rests today, determined through painstaking research that the vehicle actually belonged to Hitler himself, having been delivered to Berlin in the summer of 1940.

Advertisement from *The Charleston Gazette* on November 25, 1945.

Following a stop in Spencer on Friday, November 23, the motorcade proceeded to Huntington. On Saturday, November 24, the car was shown at Rich Chevrolet, 610 Fourth Avenue. It was front page news. "Goering's Auto Gets Shine" trumpeted the Huntington *Herald Dispatch*, with an accompanying photo.

On Sunday, November 25, the car arrived in Charleston with considerable fanfare. There had been mention of its impending arrival throughout the week in the local papers. *The Charleston Gazette* of that day shows the four 20th Armored soldiers — Azara, Lasko, Pendas, and Cole — together, the only known instance during the tour where all four men were pictured collectively in a newspaper account. The car was shown at Tag Galyean Dodge and Plymouth, on Virginia Street at Truslow (now the site of the Robert C. Byrd Courthouse), from 1-9 p.m. on that day. Galyean may have had more than patriotism on his mind. Having purchased the dealerships earlier that year, it was he who bought most of the advertisements announcing the tour in the local papers, so he may have hoped to increase business as well during the tour.

A *Daily Mail* article of the next day reported that more than 11,000 West Virginians viewed the automobile in Charleston and bought nearly $42,000 worth of bonds in only eight hours. Amazingly, nine individuals had their photographs taken behind the wheel of the car, at a cost of $1,000 each. A Victory Day Parade on December 8, the original ending date of the Victory Loan, capped off

Approximately 6,500 Persons Visit Army Ground Forces Victory Train

Approximately 6,500 persons toured the army ground forces Victory special train which was at the Norfolk and Western pas- [illegible] station from 8 until 12 o'clock yesterday in the interest of

Bluefield Daily Telegraph; November 27 1945.

the fundraising in the capital city. Similar events were scheduled throughout the state during that week.

The car left Charleston bound for Philadelphia. The return journey must have been even more harrowing, as a major snowstorm struck during the middle of the week. The car arrived in time for the annual Army-Navy game on December 1. The entourage had the opportunity to meet Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis, prior to the contest.

From there, the car made stops in South Carolina and Florida. Ed Lasko, now retired and living in Iowa, remembers visiting with the Barnum & Bailey Circus troupe in Sarasota.

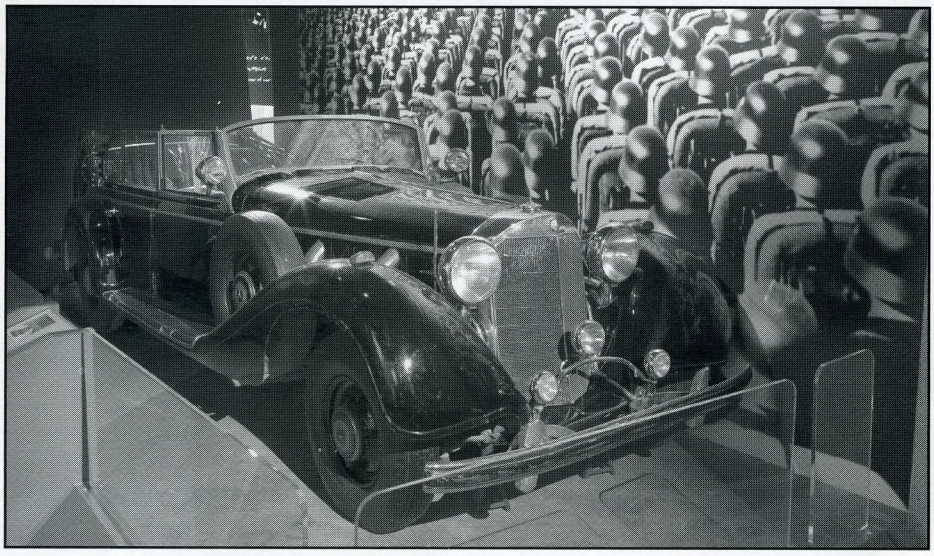
In mid-December, the Mercedes tour concluded. The crew dispersed and soon returned to civilian life. Each member of the entourage received a personalized letter from Ted Gamble, the tour organizer, commending their service.

The car itself, however, had just begun a new voyage of its own. In 1946, the vehicle was returned to the Aberdeen Proving Ground, where it remained, untended, for 10 years. In 1956, it was sold at auction by the military to Canadian businessman Herbert J O'Connell for $2,725. When purchased, the car was in a serious state of neglect. O'Connell attempted to restore it to its original condition.

The car made appearances in Canada in the 1960's, notably Expo '67, before being donated to the Canadian War Museum in 1971 by Claude Pratt, its final civilian owner. It remains there on display today, fully restored.

The end of the bond tour also meant the dismantling of the six Victory Trains. The concept of such traveling displays was resurrected two years later in the form of the popular Freedom Trains, which traveled the nation between September 1947 and January 1949 Privately funded by the American Heritage Foundation, these trains served an educational purpose, to "rekindle an awareness of citizens' duties and responsibilities." On a much larger scale than their predecessors, the Freedom Trains visited more than 300 cities and were viewed by approximately 3.5 million people, including a visit to Charleston in September 1948, where crowds lined Kanawha Boulevard to witness the accompanying parade. [See "The Box It Came In: Saving the French Gratitude Train," by Richard Hartman; Fall 2005.]

The last bond drive accomplished its purpose. All West Virginia counties met or exceeded their objectives. The lofty goal of $11 billion nationwide was actually nearly doubled, as $21 billion was amassed. In a nation of roughly 140 million, roughly $150 per each American man, woman, and child was collected. Just as the Greatest Generation won the war through military might, sacrifice, and perseverance, it had also found the generosity in difficult times to fund the victory it had already earned.



This Mercedes-Benz 770K limousine, once thought to have belonged to German Reichmarschall Hermann Goering, toured West Virginia from November 22-25, 1945. It was later determined that the car belonged to Adolph Hitler. Photograph courtesy of the Canadian War Museum.

JAMES SPENCER is a native of western New York, and a graduate of Canisius College in Buffalo. He holds a Ph.D. in comparative psychology from Ohio State University. James currently lives in Cross Lanes and is a professor of psychology at West Virginia State University. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

My First Job

By Hobart G. Everson

Just out of high school in 1943, I decided to get a job. Western Union was looking for an assistant with the aim of training the assistant to be a future line inspector. I applied for the job and got it. This meant I would have to go to the company headquarters in New York City for a period of training. The biggest city I had ever been in was Clarksburg.

Western Union sent me a train ticket to take me to New York. Western Union offices were high up in a skyscraper building. This was my first experience with express elevators. About two seconds later I was at the correct floor, but my stomach was still on the floor where I got on.

My training consisted of learning to make symbols on onion-skin paper from which the blueprints would be made to inform the construction crew what materials were needed and where they were needed. Every pole had to be accounted for in sequence from the very first pole to the very last pole. By doing this, the supply train would know exactly where to drop off the needed materials for any necessary repairs. Since the telegraph lines always followed the railroad tracks, this was a simple matter.

The symbols were easy to learn, and they really made sense when I knew them. A circle represented a telegraph pole, and every pole was represented, whether it needed repairs or not. If the pole needed replaced, the circle was blacked in. If cross arms were needed, the correct number of straight lines would be drawn through the circle. If the upper part of a pole was sound and the bottom bad, a circle would be drawn next to the first, indicating that the pole would have a shorter pole placed beside it and bolted to the original, and then the bottom part of the original pole would be cut off. If a guy wire was needed or one replaced, a slanting line from the side of the circle would be used.

Author Hobart Everson at about the same time of our story.

In a few days, my training was completed and I was ready to begin work. I was assigned to work with line inspector Joe Mahoney from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I really liked Joe and we got along just fine. Joe is the one who told me how West Virginia came into existence: He said that after God had finished creating the world, He had a lot of rocks and dirt left over. So He dumped it out in great big piles and called it West Virginia.

The second assignment we had was inspecting a line between Flatwoods and Charleston. The terrain was mountainous, much of it unsettled, and very rough. Valleys were so narrow there was only room for a river and a road, with small houses built on the hillsides with the front of the house several feet off the ground. When the railroad entered a tunnel, the telegraph line went over the mountain. This terrain was extremely hard to traverse, not to mention the danger of poisonous snakes. We did kill a few.

I carried a mattock used for digging around the base of the pole to see if it was decayed. I also carried an old-fashioned brace and bit for boring into the inner part of the pole to determine its condition at the center. The company let us set our own hours of work.

In addition to a small salary, I was given $50 a month for expenses, which was supposed to cover meals and lodging. At the end of the month, I would submit a list of my expenses, and the company would bring my expense money back up to the original amount. We were given a company car, but it was impossible to drive the car to most of the places we needed to go. Sometimes we drove that car down roads that looked like dried-up creek beds. The company also provided us with railroad passes, which we used often.

Some of the places we ate our meals or stayed overnight were quaint by today's standards. Luckily they were inexpensive, or else my expense money would never have lasted until the end of the month. The restaurants would pack us a sandwich for our lunch. One little town didn't even have a hotel — motels hadn't been heard of yet — so we stayed at a private home that rented rooms to travelers. At a hotel in Gassaway that had been built for railroad personnel, all the guests ate around one big table in the dining room. Heaping dishes of food would be set on the table and the guests helped themselves. I soon learned what it meant to have a "boarding-house reach," that is, if I wanted to get anything to eat.

Before we reached Charleston, I was having second thoughts about my job. One day as we were eating our lunch near Camden-on-Gauley, I asked Joe what he thought about the job of working for Western Union. He said when I got to be a line inspector I would make good money, but I would only get home once every two weeks, if I was lucky. That wasn't for me. I had fallen in love with a girl I was later to marry, and I couldn't stand the thought of being away from home that much. I sent in my resignation effective when we completed the job we were on. When we reached Charleston, I went back to my home in Barbour County. Several months later I married the girl, a marriage that was to last for over 62 years.

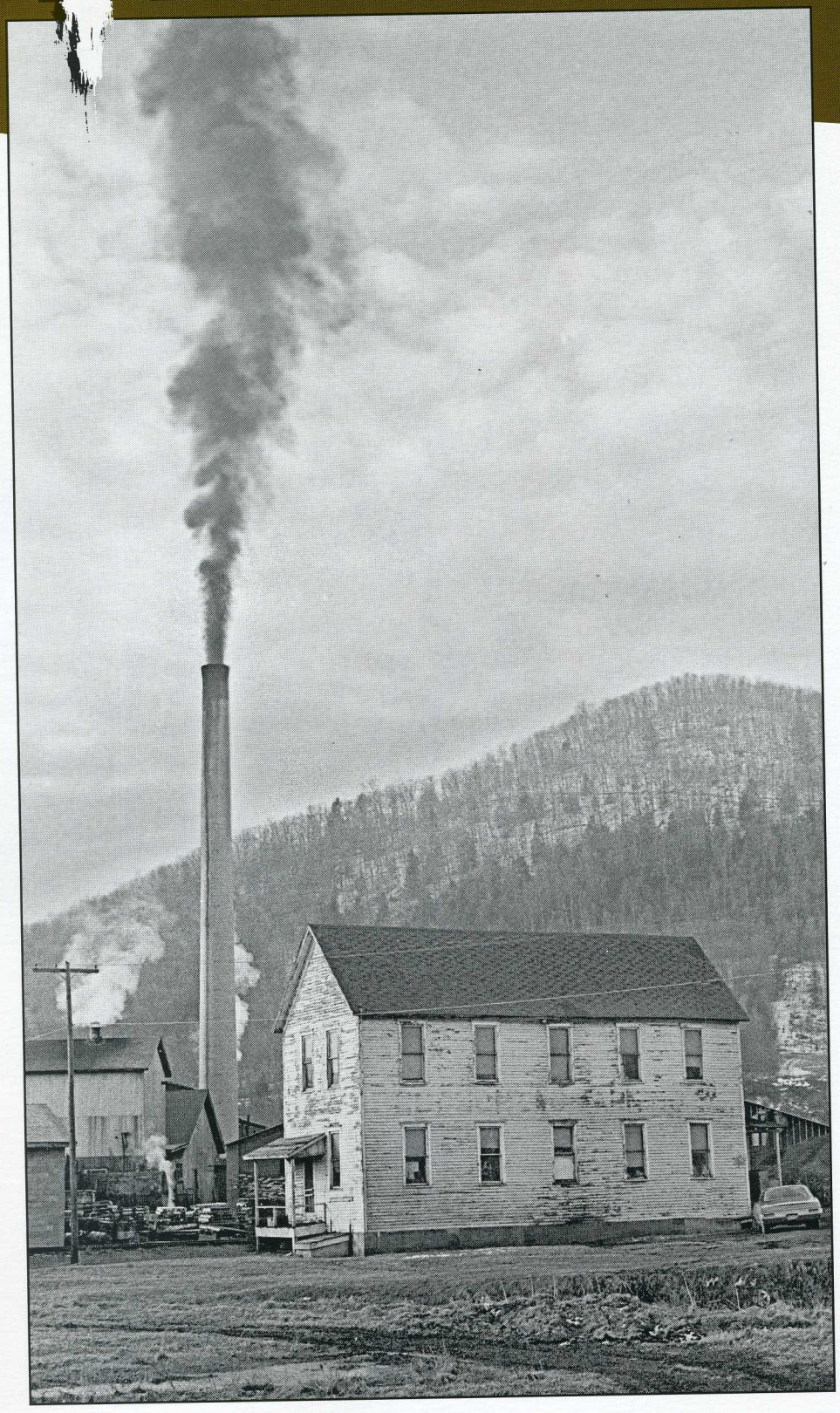
Betty Moats, our author's fiancée. The pair were wed in 1945, a marriage that lasted for 62 years.

That first job was more than 63 years ago, and my mind may be a little hazy about some of the smaller details. But I'm glad that I had this acquaintance with Western Union and this brief introduction to a very interesting area of the Mountain State.

HOBART G. EVERSON is a Barbour County native and a graduate of Belington High School, Fairmont State College, and Ohio University. Hobart retired from teaching in 1983 and now resides in Texas. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Summer 2010 issue.

The Howes

Text and photographs by
Laurie Cameron

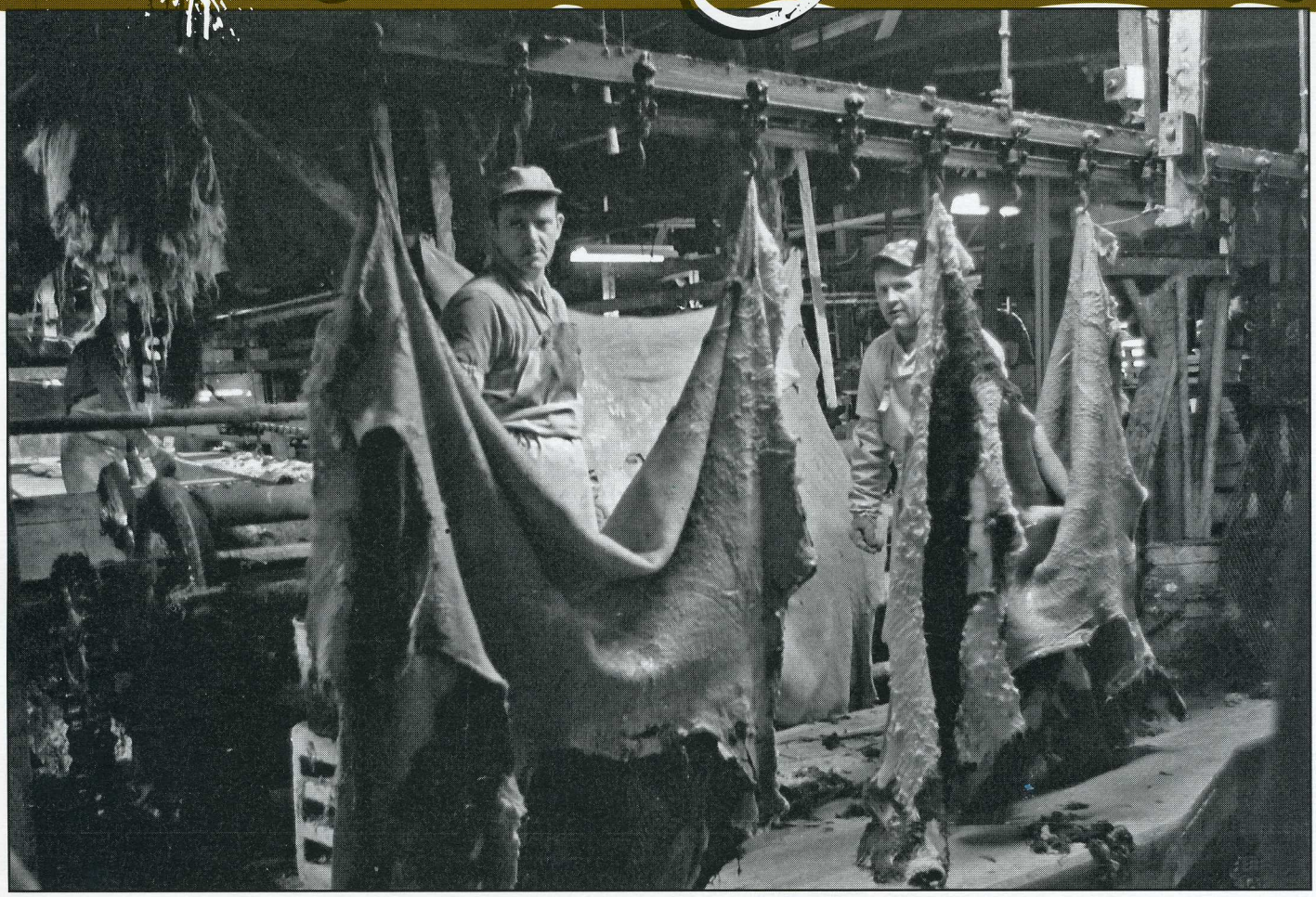


My first glimpse of the interior of the Howes Leather Tannery near Durbin, Pocahontas County, came in 1972 when I went there to buy a 55-gallon drum. What I saw looked so interesting that I asked if I might come back and take some photographs. To my surprise they said yes. I showed up a few days later with my camera. As I went in, it was as if I had climbed out from a time machine into a scene from the industrial revolution, which wasn't all that far from the truth. The Pocahontas Tanning Company factory had opened here in 1903, and the plant still contained much of the original machinery.

Howes Tannery operated in the town of Frank, Pocahontas County, from 1903 until 1994. At one time, it was the world's largest producer of shoe sole leather.

Tannery

Making Leather in Pocahontas County



George Hipes, at left, and Melvin Shinaberry prepare hides for hair and flesh removal in the beam house.

The J.G. Huffman & Sons company of Wheeling built the tannery in a joint venture with Howes Leather, a Boston leather brokerage. The new town, consisting of the factory, an office building, some 40-odd company houses, and a boarding house, was named Frank in honor of Frank Huffman and Frank Howes, presidents of the two venture partners. Durbin and Frank are located in the north end of Pocahontas County, along the Greenbrier River at the foot of Cheat Mountain.

In the early to mid-20th century, there were a large number of tanneries in West Virginia in places such as Petersburg, Elkins, Davis, and Marlinton — wherever there were the right trees, a river, and a labor force you could site a tannery. Hemlock provided the bark of choice for tanning shoe sole leather in the early days of the century. The timber and leather-tanning industries were complementary· one sold wood, the other used tree bark to make tanning extract.

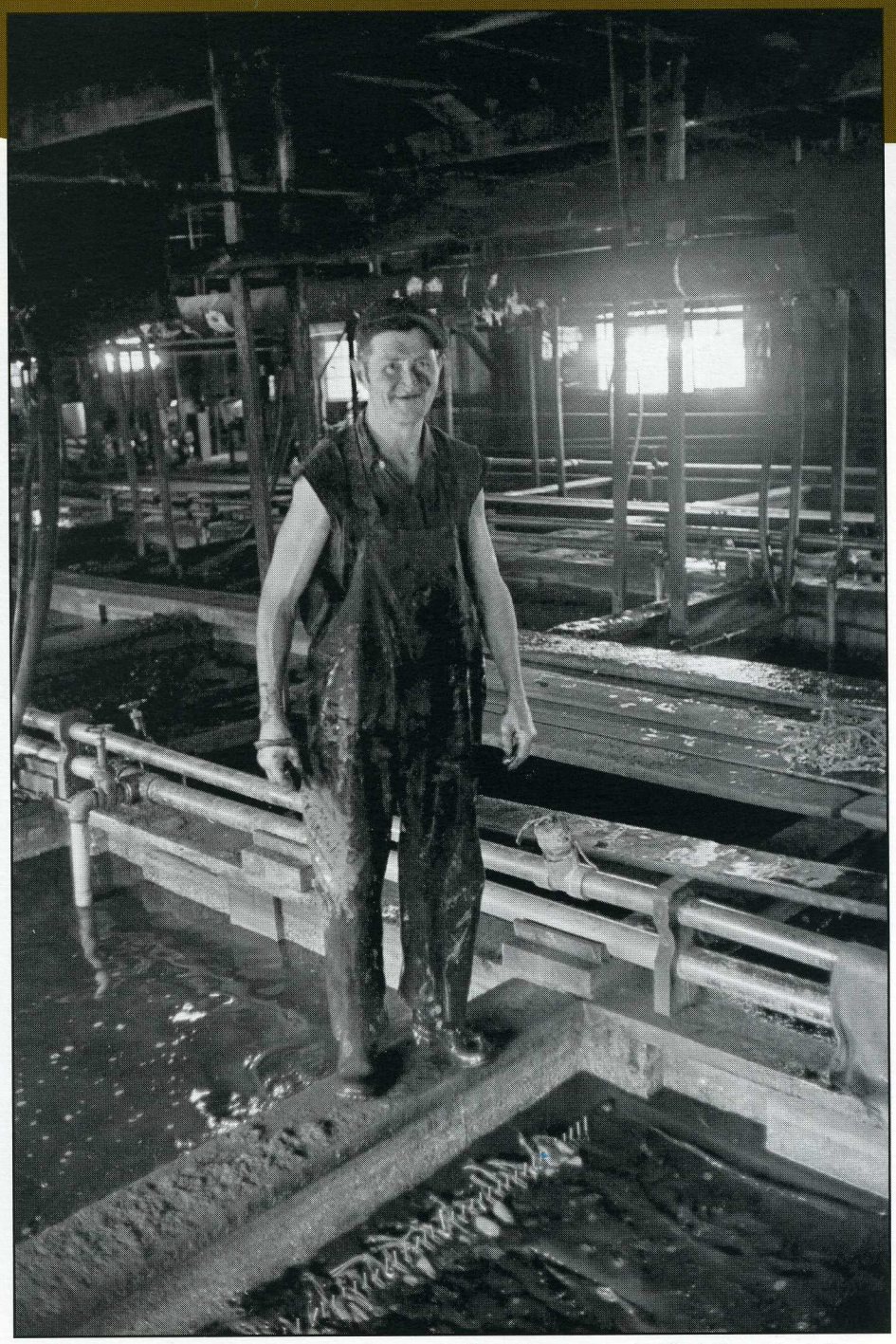
Frank was built under the supervision of John W Goodsell who served as general manager until 1921. Howes management, believing that Goodsell was insufficiently responsive to reduced demand for the very hard hemlock-tanned leather, sought his resignation. When Goodsell declined either to resign or change tanning practices, he was demoted and replaced.

His replacement was Harry M. Widney, who had been superintendent of a series of tanneries in Pennsylvania owned by U.S. Leather. Harry M. moved to Durbin with his family, which included a very young Harry J (for "Junior") Widney, who would take over management of the Frank operation from his father in 1943. Harry M. was promoted to a vice presidency of Howes, a position he held until his death in 1965.

Harry J., now 92 and very much in possession of his faculties, lives in Lewisburg. Growing up in Durbin, he attended local schools, then graduated from West Virginia Wesleyan in 1939 The Great Depression was still on, and "jobs were scarce," Harry J recalls. "My dad asked me, 'What're you gonna do? You might as well come here and learn the business.'" The younger Widney went to work as an apprentice in the tanning yard and married Dallas Propst, daughter of a Howes worker, whose mother ran the Frank flour and feed store.

Vegetable tanning with hemlock produced extremely hard and durable shoe soles that went into manufacture of peg boots, so named because workers had to hand-drill the soles and fasten them to the uppers with wooden pegs. Due to their toughness, the soles also served as solid beds for hobnails, so useful to loggers and others for whom a slip could mean injury or death.

During World War I, increased demand and technical advances brought in sewing machines to replace hand tools in boot and shoe manufacture. Hemlock-tanned soles were too hard, however, and broke the sewing machine needles. So tanneries switched to chestnut and other barks, which yield a softer product. Chestnut trees were locally abundant until the early 20th century blight began killing them off. Over time chestnut and other barks, such as quebracho and acacia, had to be imported from Europe, Africa, and South America.



Hal Slavin, the tannery's yardman, was charged with testing the tanning liquid in each vat for proper strength and acidity.

The "Roaring '20's" were boom times, but were killed off by the stock market crash of '29 and the ensuing Depression, during which a large number of West Virginia tanneries went out of business. The Frank tannery survived, but "the work got to be four hours a day, four days a week," Widney remembers. "But people still needed soles on their shoes, and we never missed a payroll."

World War II brought an immediate need for lots of boot soles on the ground. By war's end Howes Leather had accumulated a huge, taxable

The toughest job in the tannery, four men unload a 200-pound frame from a vat in the tanning yard. Clockwise from the upper left are David Tenney, Bill Lambert, James Louk, and unidentified.

amount of cash, which its owners sought to preserve by donating the company to the non-profit New York University Foundation in 1947 This tax dodge was fairly widely practiced in the post-war years and was challenged by the IRS. The issue went before the U.S. Supreme Court, which upheld Howes/NYU

In response to legislation that in effect undid the Supreme Court decision, NYU sold Howes Leather in 1971 to a consortium of three of its young managers as well as the Hanover Shoe Company. Harry J Widney was invited into the consortium because, as he says, "I was the only one who could handle the tannery. The others were all Boston business people. I think the purchase price was somewhere around a million dollars."

Under its new owners and management, Howes — including the Frank facility — branched out to other related products such as leather gloves and leather dog chewing toys. Later one of the four owners, Richard Phelps, traded his Howes stock to the others in exchange for sole ownership of the pet products business, which he ultimately sold to Nabisco for a reported $42 million.

Between the 1940's and its eventual shutdown, the Frank tannery was the largest producer of shoe sole leather in the world.

Between the 1940's and its eventual shutdown, the Frank tannery was the largest producer of shoe sole leather in the world, peaking at around 3,000 hides, or 150,000 pounds of finished leather, per day. It operated its own power plant and its own fleet of trucks. Most of the leather tanned at Frank was shipped to Howes sales points in Boston and St. Louis. It was the only supplier of sole leather to the Florsheim and Hanover shoe companies. Hanover enjoyed a large presence locally with a sole-cutting factory in Marlinton and a shoe manufacturing plant in neighboring Pendleton County.

By 1972, when I took the photographs shown here, the Frank tannery was one of three Howes tanneries still operating. But things were turning sour for the U.S. shoe and leather business in general and for the Frank

operation in particular. Despite modernization and cost-cutting efforts, the U.S. shoe and leather manufacturing business was on the skids, along with many other manufacturing sectors. Other Howes facilities had already closed down as shoe manufacturers increasingly used synthetic materials rather than leather, and foreign competition ate into their market. "The shoe and leather manufacturing businesses were moving abroad in order to compete," Widney says.

The Frank facility, a large one as tanneries go, had a waste disposal problem. It had found markets for some of its waste products: Hair scraped from hides went into rug pads, horse blankets, and wads for shotgun shells; flesh could be rendered into grease. But there was no industrial use for the spent tanning liquor and the impurities it contained. Following passage of the Clean Water Act in 1972, Howes laid out nearly $3 million for treatment of its liquid waste, but the effluent nevertheless coated the Greenbrier River bottom with slick settled solids along with a small snail that fed on them. "We were the largest sole leather tannery on the smallest river — and a trout stream at that," Widney points out.

"Oh, it was an excellent company to work for. The pay was competitive — good benefits, full medical and drug — a real good union job."

The Greenbrier River originates in the high mountains of Pocahontas County and all but dries up most summers — especially at the Durbin end. Water testing in the early 1970's made it obvious that further major

Richard Arbogast, at right, and an unidentified coworker wheel a pile of tanned shoulders out of the lower tanning yard.

outlays would be required to comply with federal clean water standards. There was also a problem with accumulated sludge from the treatment lagoons.

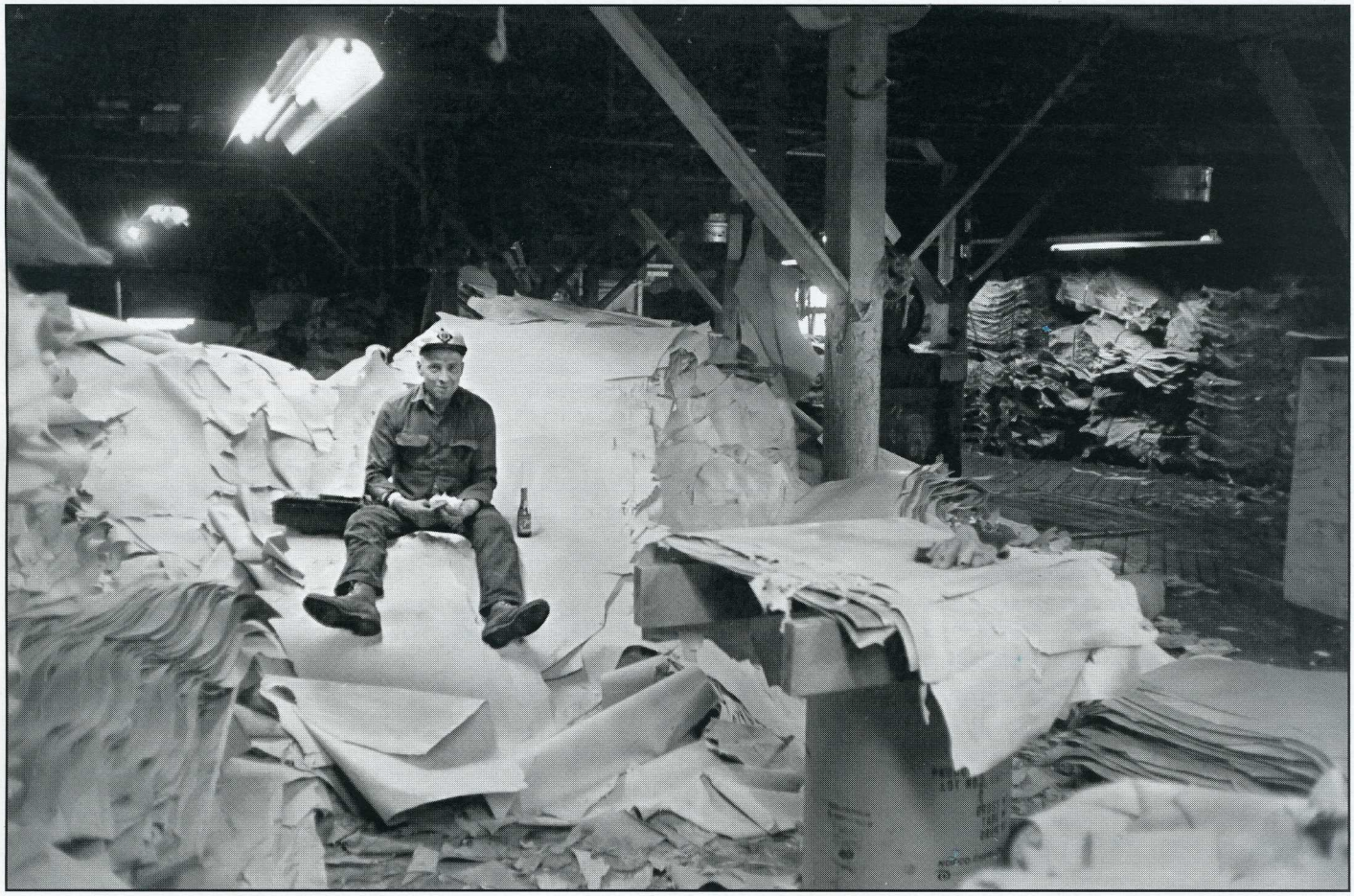
The post-war years brought other changes, as well. The workers unionized under District 50 of the United Mine Workers in 1949 Later they affiliated with the Fur, Leather, and Machine Workers of the AFL/CIO. Harry J Widney retired as plant manager in 1981, but remained an owner and vice president of Howes Leather.

Labor peace was generally the rule up until just before the tannery's demise. A strike in June 1993 lasted over a month, during which time Howes moved production to its remaining two tanneries in Curwensville, Pennsylvania, and Ashland, Kentucky. Despite this, Howes lost customers as a result of the strike, and when it ended over one quarter of the Frank workers were never called back. The main issues were health insurance and enmity between then-plant manager Steve Getto, son of Howes president Barry Getto, and the plant work force. Unlike previous managers, the younger Getto had no history of employment in a tannery.

John Simmons still lives across the Greenbrier River from the Howes site. He went to work in the warehouse in 1964 and ran a belt knife splitting machine for eight years. For a time he was head of the union but moved into management as a department supervisor, relief foreman, quality control manager, and finally as industrial engineer and safety director.

I asked him how he liked working there, especially before he moved into management. "Oh, it was an excellent company to work for," he says. "The pay was competitive — good benefits, full medical and drug — a real good union job."

Factory floor work could be very strenuous. "The hairing and fleshing machine operators in the beam house



Arleigh "Pete" Vandevender pauses for lunch on a pile of finished leather.

had to handle 150-pound hides," Simmons says. "But pulling the frames from the vats in the tanning yard was probably the toughest. That was work for strong young men."

Howes chose to self-insure against worker compensation for injuries and disability payments. It set up a fund out of which it disbursed both workmen's compensation and bonus payments to the workers in departments with the best safety records. Like most factories with large machinery and hazardous chemicals, the Frank plant could be a dangerous place, though the workers I spoke to regarded it as relatively safe compared to logging, sawmill work, and even farming — pretty much the only alternatives for earning a living around Durbin.

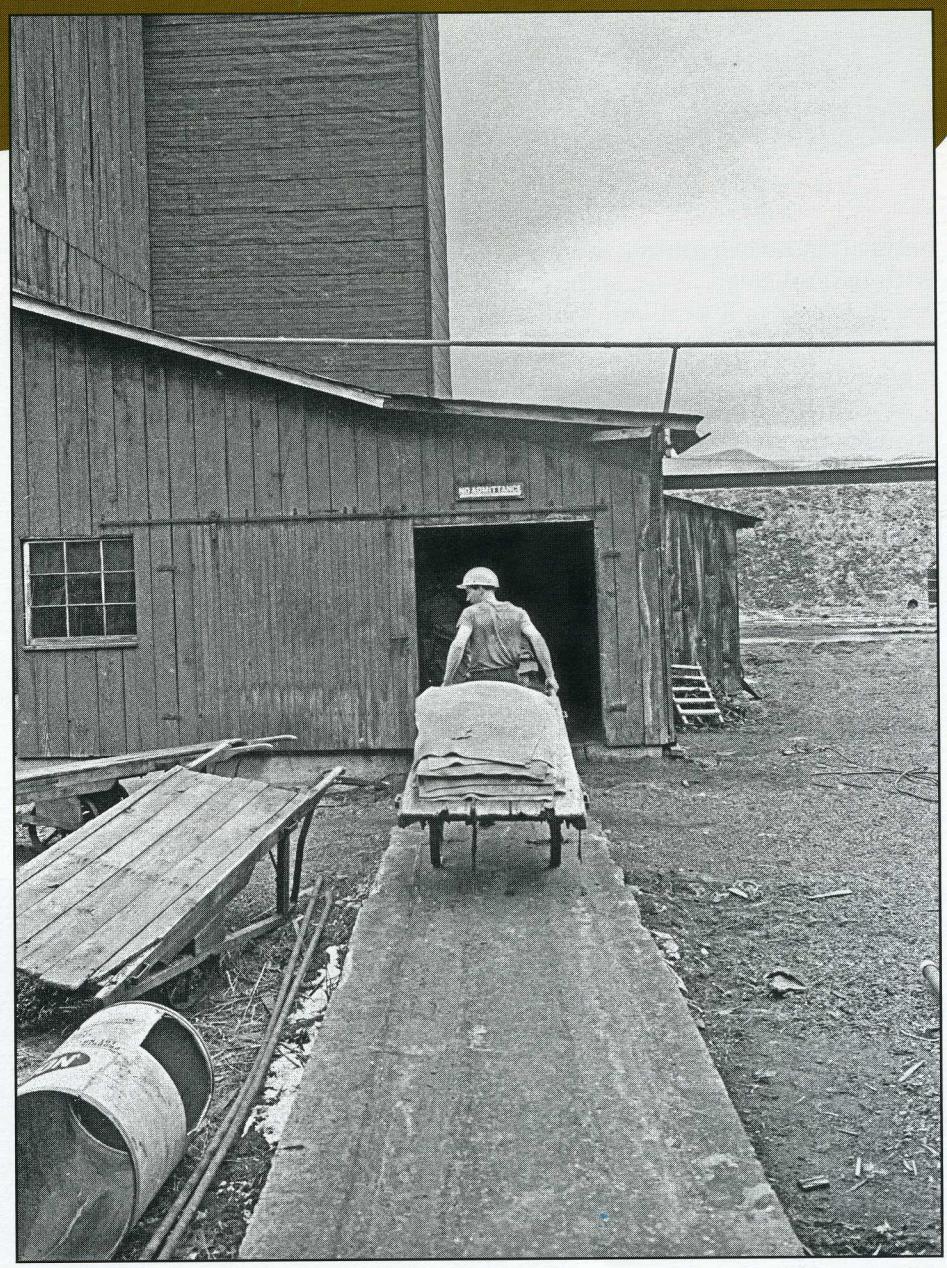
Most of the tannery jobs were either unskilled or semi-skilled, so retirements and vacations left room to hire local college students in the summer. Until the 1980's the tannery hired only men, but they eventually began hiring women to work on the factory floor. Simmons recalls one or two women in particular who held their own heaving lye-soaked hides in the beam house.

In 1969 the company houses were sold to the workers who were living in them. Two-story houses went for $3,500, and the single-stories for $2,000.

When the tannery opened in 1904, it hired around 150 workers. At one point employment went to near 350. That number came down as production became more efficient and automated. When the tannery closed 184 workers lost their jobs.

In 1994, 90 years after it opened, the Frank tannery closed for good, victim of globalization, synthetic shoe soles, and the Clean Water Act. Two years later the older buildings were demolished. An accident with a cutting torch during demolition ignited a huge fire that burned most of what remained, including the more modern and potentially reusable structures. John Simmons remembers it well. "I saw all this smoke, and I went down to the road and watched it burn," he recalls. Not long thereafter Howes Leather, the parent company in Boston, went out of business.

Today, all that remains of the tannery are a few incombustible iron hulks and the brick-built company office. There is a weed-obscured sign that designates the site as the "East Fork Industrial Park Project." Interstate Lumber, a next-door neighbor, has built a large wood products processing plant in the industrial park. The only other business is a small LP gas distributor. What was once one of the world's leading tanneries is now a thing of the past.

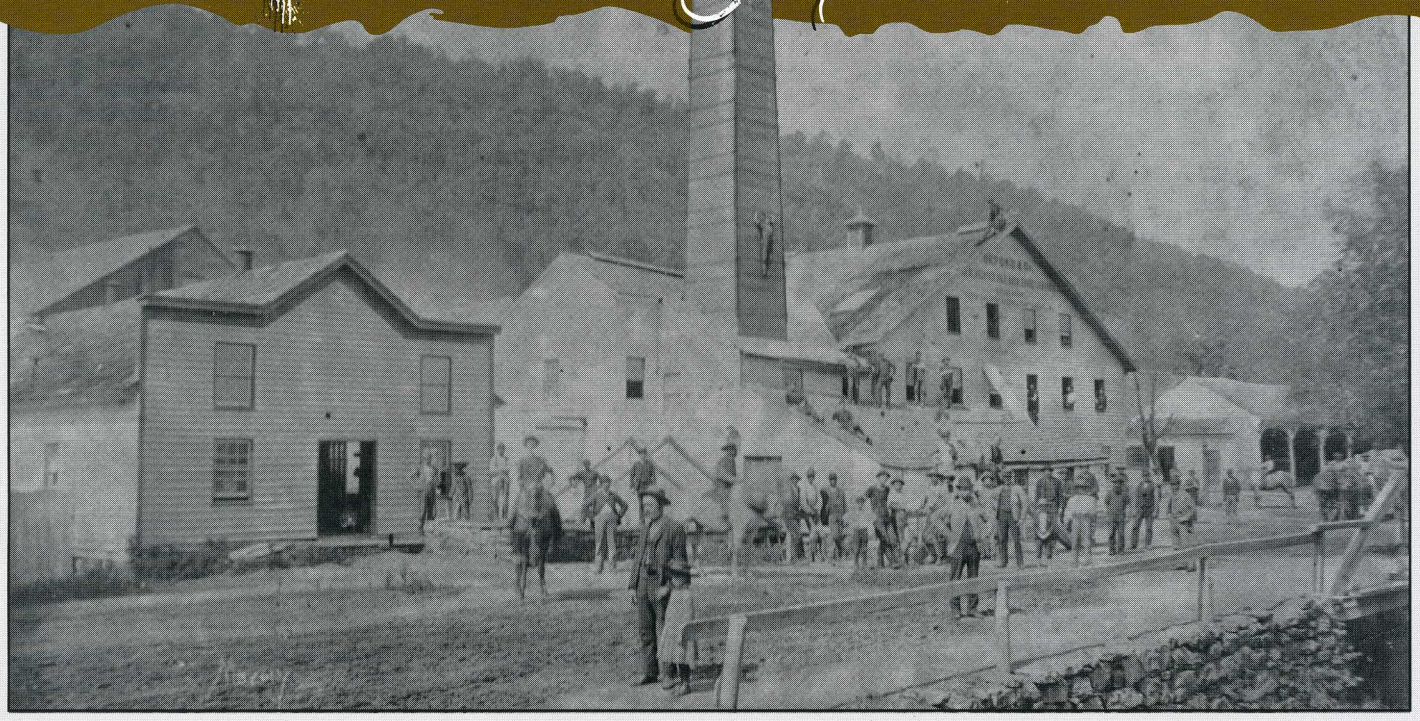


Lonnie Arbaugh wheels tanned and oiled hides from the scrub house to the dry loft. Once dry, they will be re-wetted, smoothed, and compressed on setting-out machines, then go back to the dry loft.

LAURIE CAMERON is a graduate of Penn State University and a retired energy conservation consultant. Laurie has lived in Hillsboro, Pocahontas County, since 1971. A lifelong photographer, he published a book of his work, *Wissahickon Dreams*, in 2003. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

DeFord's Tannery at Berkeley Springs

By Jeanne Mozier



DeFord Tannery at Berkeley Springs in 1887. The tannery was located a half-block north of the famous mineral springs and park, on Washington Street and Congress.

These waters have a peculiar effect in the process of tanning leather which cannot be gained by others, giving to the leather a toughness and durability that cannot be equaled. — The News, *March 1888*

After the Civil War, Berkeley Springs was divided between two conflicting economic forces. Hotels and bathhouses dominated the streets surrounding the warm mineral springs. The buildings of DeFord's First National Tannery bumped up against them, filling the area beginning at the alley just a half block north of the park on Washington Street.

While the local spring water was deemed beneficial, bark, especially oak, was the secret ingredient of the local tannery's success. It was used to tan the hides. Thousands of pounds were peeled, carted into town, and sold by country folk every May. It was stored in sheds spread over a couple blocks of downtown. In 1888 a dispute over bark led to the county's first murder in over a decade.

The tannery had a complicated relationship with life in Morgan County. It provided jobs, undertook community tasks, and donated generously to various churches and civic causes. Owner Benjamin DeFord was an active supporter of bringing a spur of the B&O railroad directly into town, which happened in 1885. In 1890 leather from DeFord's in Berkeley Springs won first place at the World Exposition in New Orleans.

The tannery expanded dramatically in the late 1880's at the same time Berkeley Springs was once again becoming a fashionable summer resort. Smells from the tanning process, pollution in Warm Springs Run, the unsightliness of overflowing bark sheds, and the tallest smokestack in the state affected public opinion. Anti-tannery forces gained momentum. Ironically, it was the railroad that DeFord championed that ended the tannery business by making it easier to transport bark elsewhere.

The tannery finally closed in 1898. Over the next decade or so the buildings were damaged by fire or razed, opening blocks of downtown for other commercial development. [See "Fire on Fairfax Street," by Clifford Hackett; Spring 2008.]

JEANNE MOZIER lives in Berkeley Springs, where she and her husband own and operate the Star Theatre. Jeanne's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Spring 2008 issue.

Tanning Process

The process used to produce shoe sole leather at the Frank tannery, known as vegetable leather tanning, derives from an ancient process, similar to that used by the Romans to produce leather armor.

1) Don Lovelace, at left, and James "Crow" Wilfong string hides together and hang them on a conveyer, which will carry them through a washing process to rehydrate them and remove salt preservative.

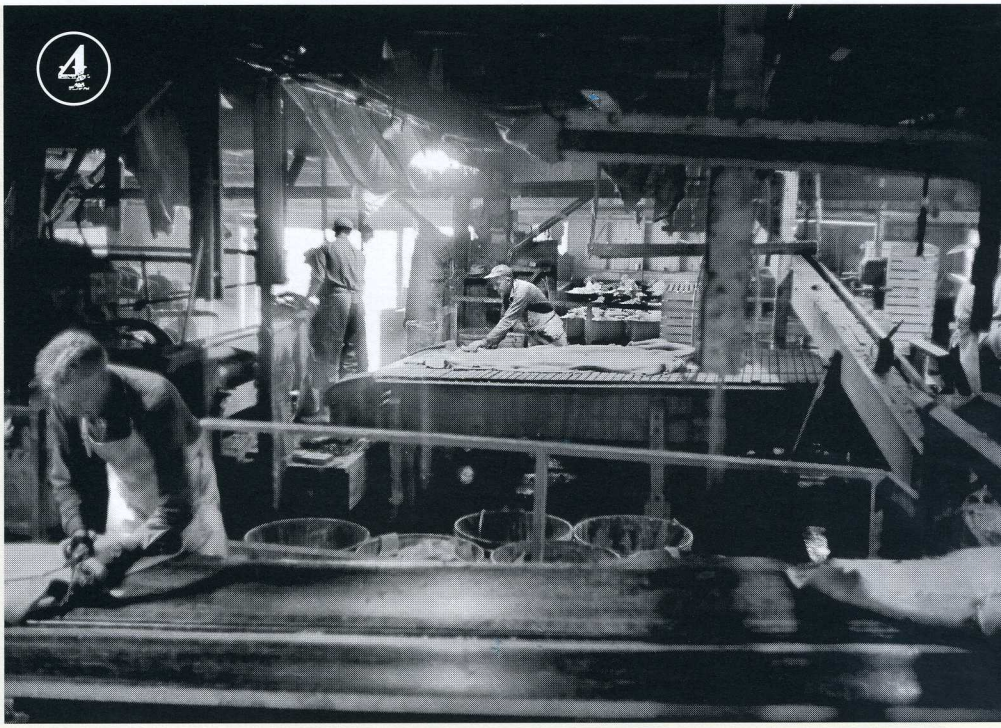
2) Paddle wheels carry the hides through a series of lime vats, where they soak for nine days to soften them so hair and flesh can more easily be stripped away. Here, Paul Mace, at left, and Bub Good pull hides from the paddle wheel at right.

Photoessay by Laurie Cameron

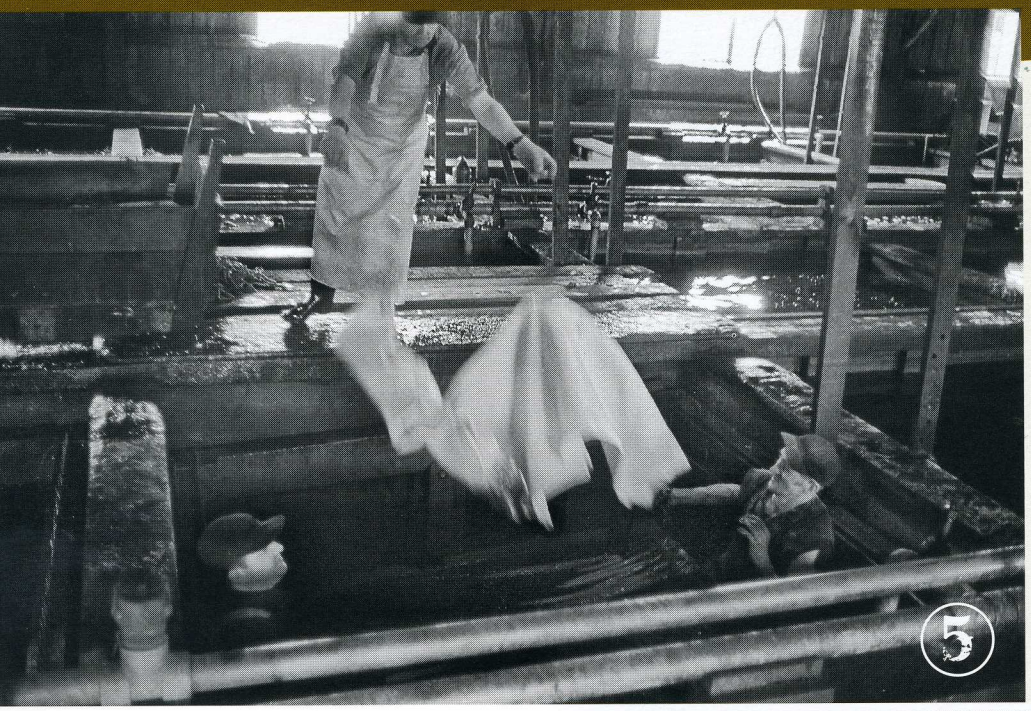
While the Frank facility operated on electric machinery and "modern" process heat, it closely resembled a factory of the 19th-century Industrial Revolution. Indeed Frank was built in 1903 and much of the original machinery was designed before 1900.

3) Ed Peck, at left, and an unidentified coworker operate a hairing machine to strip hair from hides. All of the work to prepare hides for actual tanning takes place in the beam house, so called because of the complex array of I-beams hung from the ceiling.

4) Shoe soles are made from the flanks, called bends. Here "beamers" trim bellies and heads away from the shoulder and flank parts of the hides. The bellies and heads couldn't be used for shoe soles and went either to a special tanning process on the premises or were "pickled" and shipped elsewhere for tanning.

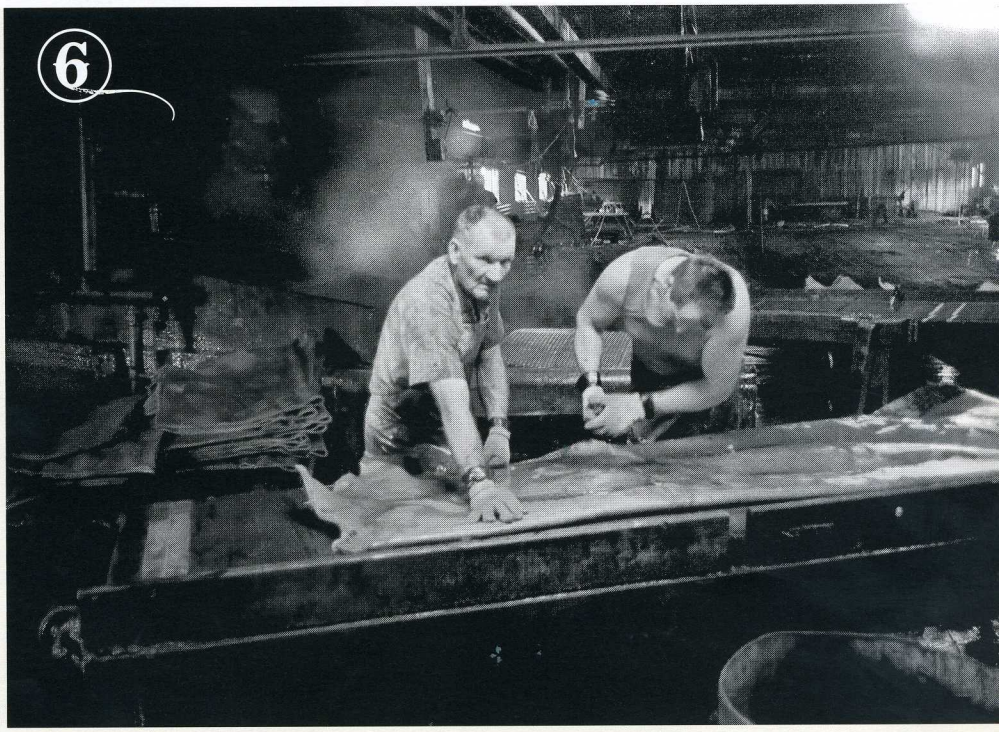


At one time, steer and bull hides arrived from the Midwest, packed in salt, on Chesapeake & Ohio Railway boxcars, which were often heavily deteriorated from the hydrochloric acid formed from the salt and water leeched from the hides. Often the hides had to be disinfected during bouts of foot-and-mouth disease before they were off-loaded.

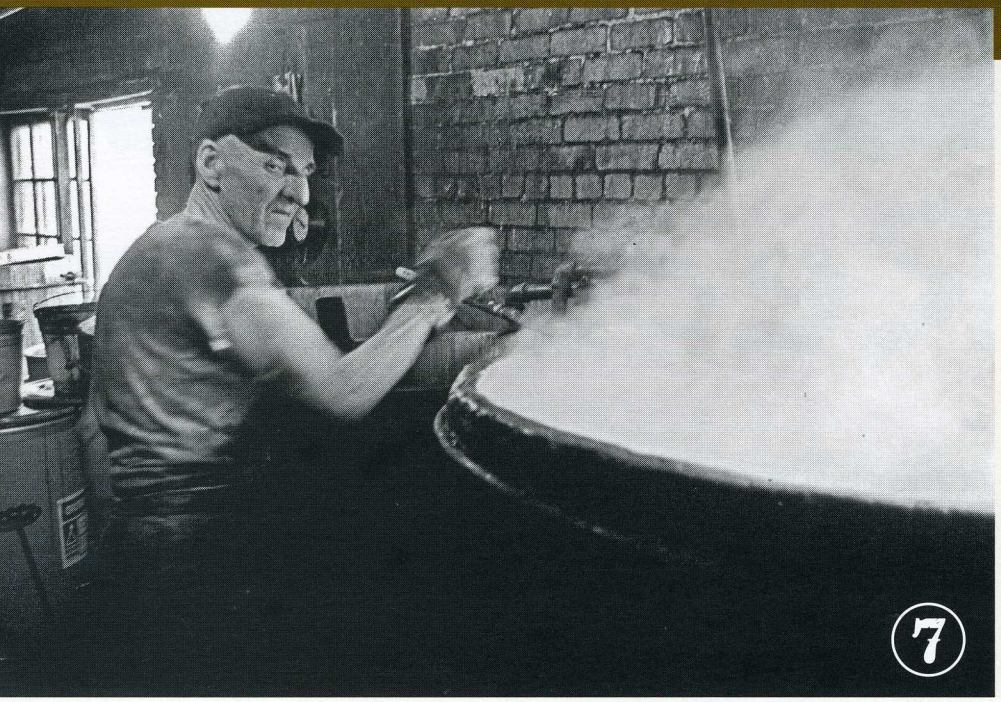


5) After being washed to remove surface lime, the shoulder/bends went to the tanning yard. Carl Jolley, at left, and Carlen Shinaberry stand immersed in tanning liquor as Bob Shreve feeds them hides for hanging on rocker frames. The rocker frames kept the hides in constant motion for 13 days, during which the strength of the liquor —essentially a mixture of bark tea and acid — was periodically increased. Although the tanning liquor was warm, it wasn't hot and the acidity was only high enough to neutralize the residual lime from the hairing/fleshing operation.

6) Earl Galford, at left, and Mayo Arbaugh work in the cropping area at the lower end of the yard. They are cutting the shoulders away from the bends and slicing the double bends along the line of the backbone to yield two single bends. Shoulders were split to specified thicknesses to be shipped to manufacturers of straps, belts, gun holsters, and other products.

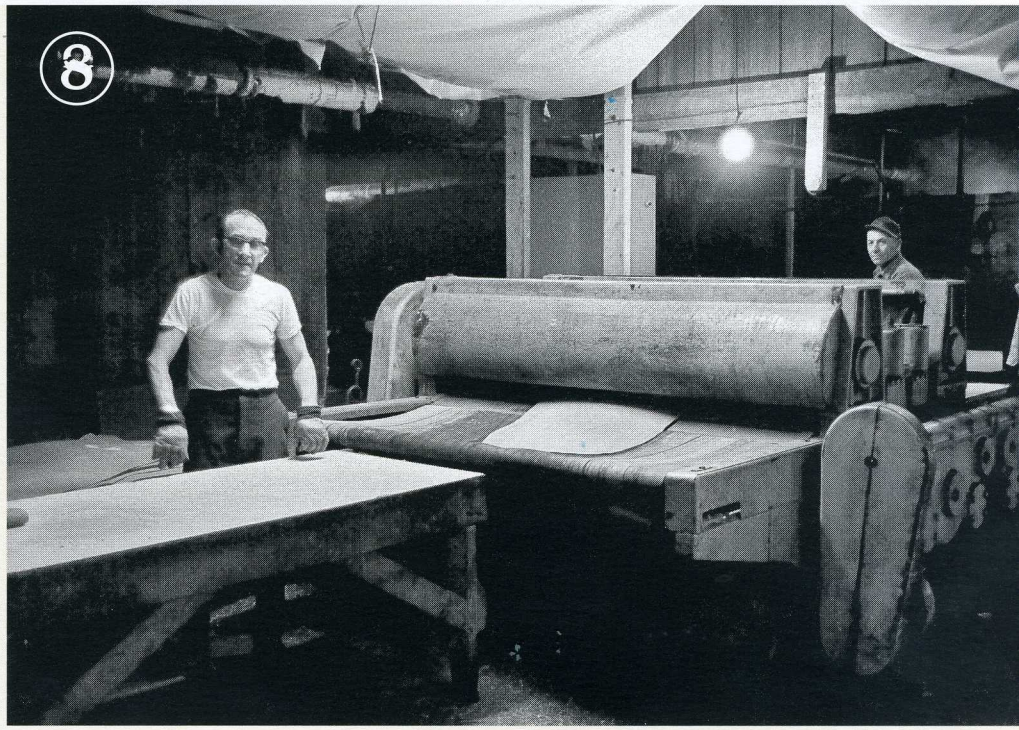


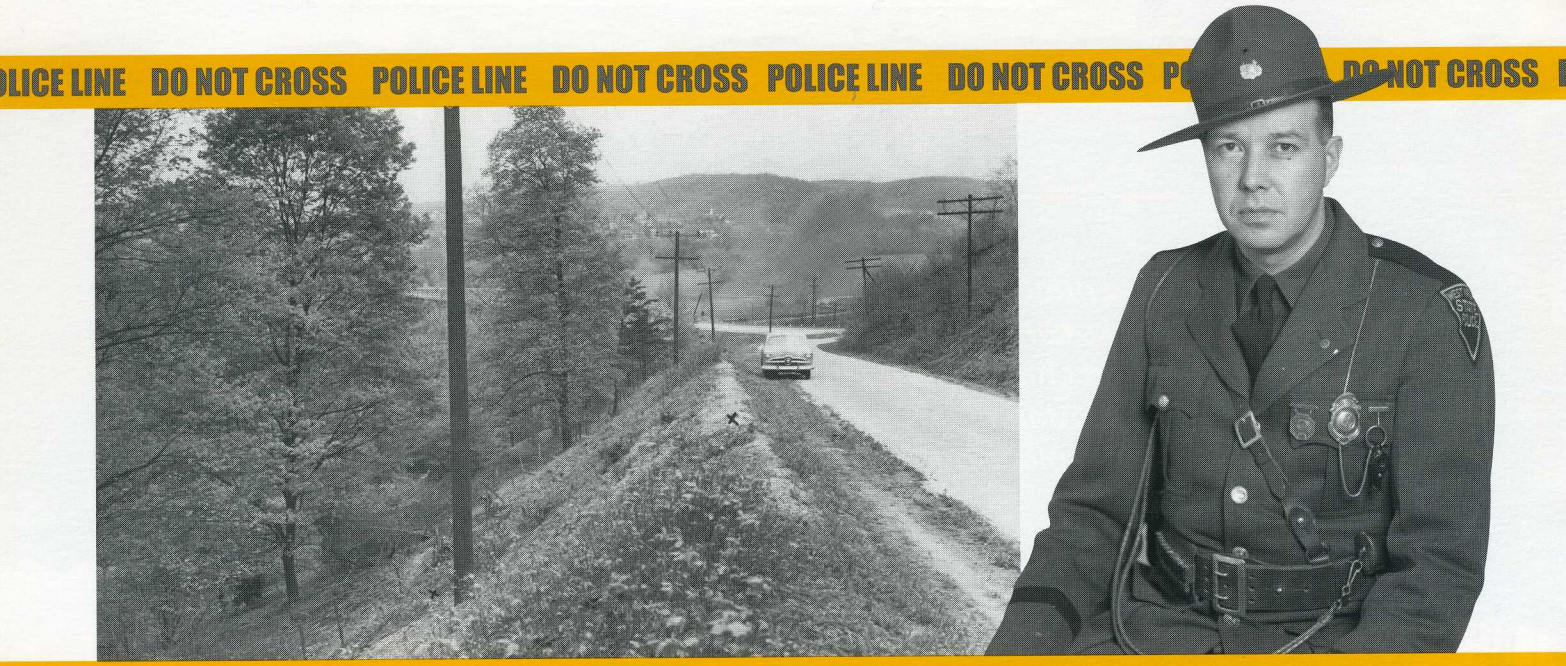
By the time I took these photographs in 1972, most of the hides came from South America, and the tanning barks came from all over the world, rather than local trees. But the basic tanning process had changed very little. Although the photographs and their captions represent a simplification of a complex process, hopefully they capture its essence and the atmosphere of the place and what went on there.



7) Reed Turner brews extract used to remove tanning liquor and make the leather denser, more durable, and flexible. Part of the extract brew was sugar, some of which occasionally found its way to a different brewer named Charlie who, on the half shares, would deliver a well-known West Virginia beverage for the enjoyment of the tannery work force.

8) Max Cox, at left, and Clark Beverage operate a setting-out machine, which stretches, flattens, and smoothes the sole leather. From this final operation in the scrub house, the leather was moved to the dry loft, where it went through a series of wetting, drying, rolling, and waxing steps before being shipped to shoe manufacturers.





The Redhead

On Wednesday, May 10, 1950, began a saga that has yet to find a fitting end. Benjamin Mills was out hunting for mushrooms on that warm, cloudy afternoon. The 45-year-old Hancock, Maryland, man crossed the Potomac River bridge into West Virginia and was walking along the edge of old U.S. Route 522 when he looked down the hill and spotted a woman's naked body.

Since he was barely 300 yards south of the bridge, Mills hurried back to Hancock in search of police chief Howard Murfin. Soon Mills, Murfin, and Maryland State Trooper R.E. Garvey were back at the gully where the body lay.

West Virginia State Trooper Charles S. Burke, 40, got the call around 4:30 p.m. Morgan County Sheriff Paul Munson was away on a fishing trip. From his office on the first floor of the Morgan County jail, trooper Burke called deputy sheriff Lawrence Michael and coroner Clifton Dyche. Before long the three were driving the six miles to Brosius Hill to meet the Hancock men.

When Burke climbed down the steep 42-foot embankment to the body, he never imagined the case would keep police working around-the-clock for weeks, or that it would stick in his mind the rest of his life. His first impression was that the case didn't look complicated and they'd solve it quickly. He was wrong.

None of the officers recognized the victim, a white woman with a reddish tinge to her short hair. They guessed she was in her 20's. Her face was swollen and discolored. Her body had been marked by brambles and thorns as it tumbled down the hillside. On her neck were what appeared to be puncture marks or indentations. She wore no jewelry.

Waiting for a hearse, the men combed the hillside for clues, but found no clothes or anything that seemed helpful. When undertaker Bill Hunter and his assistant, Knute Graham, got there, they covered the body with a white sheet, lifted it onto a stretcher, and carried it up from the gully.

Morgan County prosecuting attorney S.D "Sy" Helsley was at Hunter Funeral Home when the body arrived. Doctors C.G. Powers and J.H. Armentrout were immediately summoned from Martinsburg for an autopsy.

Meantime, trooper Burke fingerprinted the victim. Sheriff Paul Munson soon showed up, having rushed home from his fishing trip. Word circulated rapidly People lined up for a look at the woman. Reporters began turning up, too. By 11 p.m., when the Martinsburg doctors arrived, nearly 500 people had viewed the body.

That night police got the first of dozens of leads that led nowhere. Two women thought the victim looked like the ex-wife of a man who'd moved to Cumberland, Maryland. So at 1 p.m., trooper Burke and sheriff Munson headed for Cumberland to find the fellow

Lewis Buzzerd, who covered the case for *The Morgan Messenger*, watched them leave. Years later he remembered being steamed because he thought he saw a *Washington Star* reporter hop in the back seat, and they hadn't invited him to go along.

Working with Maryland State

An Unsolved Mystery from 1950

Murder Case

By John Douglas

Far left: Hillside along U.S. Route 522 in Morgan County, where the body of an unidentified woman was found on May 10, 1950. The case continues to baffle investigators. Photograph by Henry Ruppenthal, courtesy of the West Virginia State Police.

Near left: West Virginia State Trooper Charles B. Burke, the chief investigator for the West Virginia police in the case of the "Redhead Murder."

Police, Burke and Munson made the rounds of Cumberland boarding houses in the middle of the night. They found the man at 5:30 a.m. and brought him back to Berkeley Springs. After a look at the redhead, he said the murder victim wasn't his ex-wife. A call confirmed she was living in Pittsburgh.

Completing their autopsy at 3 a.m., doctors Powers and Armentrout concluded the redhead had been strangled 48 to 96 hours earlier. The indentations on her neck were caused by a rope or "similar object" being drawn tightly around her throat. She'd been beaten about the face and head, but there was no sign she'd been raped.

They placed her age at 35 to 40, older than police originally guessed. She was 5'5" and weighed 125 to 130 pounds. The body showed well-healed scars from a hysterectomy and an appendectomy. She had a "Y" scar on the outside of her right wrist and a "W" scar on her forehead. She also had a strawberry birthmark on her calf, a fact withheld to aid police in sorting out leads. Those who attended the autopsy remembered that a strong smell of tobacco rose from the woman's corpse.

On Thursday, May 11, the weekly *Morgan Messenger* headlined: "Body of Nude Woman Found Off Old Brosius Hill Road." Newspaper stories appeared in Martinsburg, Cumberland, Baltimore, and Washington and as far away as Newark, New Jersey. Soon an Associated Press story was printed all over the country, setting the general tone with its headline: "Slain Redhead's Nude Body Found."

Slain Redhead's Nude Body Found

BERKELEY SPRINGS, W. Va., May 10 (AP)—The nude body of a pretty young red-haired woman was found near a little-traveled road leading to the Potomac river bridge into Hancock, Md., late today.

West Virginia State police said she apparently had been murdered and thrown or carried from a car earlier in the day.

There were two puncture wounds on the back of the neck, just under the close-cropped mod-

Associated Press wire story; May 10, 1950.

Ever after even the police referred to the investigation as the Redhead Murder Case. Trooper Burke never liked to describe the victim as a redhead. In his report he carefully specified "auburn red," meaning reddish-brown or brown with red highlights. The autopsy report stated, "The hair is curly and auburn in color."

While millions read about the Redhead Murder Case on Thursday morning, Burke and Munson were on the road again with Maryland State Trooper Harold Basore, a Hancock resident. Since the body was found near the state line, Basore was assigned to follow Maryland leads.

The three drove to FBI headquarters in Washington in hopes that the woman's fingerprints would match prints on file. They spent the day searching fingerprints of female criminals, women who'd worked in World War II defense industries, and others who'd been fingerprinted. They left Washington without a clue.

"It was a real letdown to me when I came out of the FBI lab and real-

Deputy Sheriff Lawrence Michael, coroner Clifton Dyche, Hancock Police Chief Howard Murfin, and funeral director Bill Hunter prepare to move the body. Photograph by Henry Ruppenthal, courtesy of Retha Michael.

ized she hadn't been fingerprinted," Burke said 40 years later. "I'd hoped she'd been in trouble."

Back in Berkeley Springs a river of people filed past the woman's body at Hunter Funeral Home.

"Some would say they were almost sure who she was. For three or four days, it was almost steady, night and day," Bill Hunter recalled.

As Burke had predicted inquiries about missing women poured in from all over. A Washington lawyer came looking for a woman who'd dropped out of sight after testifying at a gambling trial. Relatives of a Waldorf, Maryland, woman who had been kidnapped a week earlier by a man in a black panel truck came as well. The lady wasn't identified by any of them.

Returning to Berkeley Springs on Thursday night, Burke and Munson found a new report awaiting them. A stolen 1946 Plymouth had been recovered near the C&O Canal at Sharpsburg, Maryland. Auburn hair had been discovered on the seat and on a pair of gloves in the car. There was even a length of rope. Burke drove back to Sharpsburg, an hour away, where he combed the car with state troopers from both Maryland and West Virginia.

Burke was given a buff-colored summer dress that had been found in a field a few miles away. The dress, size 16, was taken to the funeral home and put on the body. Photographs of the victim wearing the dress were circulated to police and newspapers in three states. To many she looked like the movie actress Joan Crawford.

Friday morning Burke, Munson, and Basore made a second trip to the FBI lab. This time they took hair samples and other items from the abandoned Plymouth. That night they again returned home empty-handed. The hair didn't match that of the victim.

Police eventually tied the Plymouth to John Raymond Shriver, a prisoner who'd escaped from the West Virginia Penitentiary in Moundsville on May 4. The 32-year-old Berkeley County native was serving a life sentence as a habitual criminal, having been convicted of numerous burglaries and car thefts.

All day Saturday police questioned Shriver's relatives and searched homes along the Potomac River. They turned up nothing. In fact, Shriver was never recaptured.

Having heard about the Sharpsburg events, *The Baltimore American* all but announced the case had been cracked. "Hair of Victim Clue in Woman's Slaying" read the headline over an error-strewn article on Sunday, May 14. The newspaper wrongly alleged prosecutor Helsley had received a telegram from the FBI confirming that the hair from the Plymouth belonged to the redhead.

The Baltimore American's false story added to Helsley's irritation with the press. For days he hadn't been able to cross the street without reporters throwing questions at him. Undertaker Hunter said they even grabbed the phone when it rang at the funeral home.

"I didn't have any privacy for a week," Hunter said. "They hung around everywhere. They listened to everyone's reactions when they were viewing the body. It was a little hard to cope with."

For his part Helsley was coming to doubt this was a case of a Morgan County woman killed in Morgan County by a Morgan Countian. He figured the redhead was murdered somewhere else and her body was dumped in West Virginia.

One of the decisions facing Helsley was how long to keep the body at the funeral home. The corpse had been on display for more than three days by Saturday night, and she'd been dead for days before that. On May 13, after 2,000 people had viewed the body, the remains were taken to Newton D Baker Veterans Hospital in Martinsburg.

State Police Sergeant Emmett Roush had the unpleasant task of rolling the body out of cold storage whenever relatives of missing persons came to inquire. Some days it seemed like he did this every few hours.

One day a hearse came to claim the body. Turned out that a woman from Essex, Maryland, believed the victim was a former roommate. She described her friend down to the scars. Police became skeptical because the description closely matched the details given in Baltimore newspapers. Then they learned a $400 insurance policy — equivalent to more than $6,000 today — had been kept up on the missing woman. Police decided her "friend" needed a body to collect the money.

For a time State Police turned their attention to the Morgantown area after a landlady reported one of her tenants had seen "a terrible sight" near Hancock on May 9 Story went that a 31-year-old man from National, Monongalia County, had been driving home from New Jersey and pulled off U.S. Route 40 in Maryland outside Hancock for a nap. There he'd seen the nude, battered body of a woman down an embankment. Frightened, he drove away.

Police took the fellow into custody for questioning. This time it was the *Washington Times-Herald's* turn to overreact. The headline read, "Lie Test For Suspect in Redhead Murder."

For a few days the suspect was dragged from his cell at all hours and questioned. He passed two lie detector tests and never wavered from his story. He was eventually released but had the distinction of being the only person ever taken into custody in connection with the murder.

Every unusual event in the region, every item found by a roadside, every death or disappearance was seen as possibly being tied to the slaying.

As trooper Burke said in 1990, "I was just going to a blind wall about every way I went. The girl was a T-total stranger. It's awfully hard to solve a case when you don't know whose body you have."

The victim as she appeared at the funeral home. Authorities estimated her age as 35 to 40, her height was 5'5" and she weighed about 130 pounds. Her hair was cut short and curly and was auburn in color. She appeared to have been strangled to death. Thousands viewed the body, though none could identify her.

Police Seek Identity Of Woman Discovered Slain Near Hancock

Redhead Strangled, Doctors Say; Body Found By Mushroom Hunter

Special Dispatch to The Star

BERKELEY SPRINGS, W. Va., May 11 —The nude body of a red-haired woman, about 40 was found at the foot of an embankment, within a few yards of the Potomac

Washington Star May 11 1950.

Like prosecutor Helsley, Burke became convinced the body was simply dumped in Morgan County by a driver who'd detoured off of Route 40. As newspapers pointed out, "The scene is not far from main roads to Washington, Baltimore, the Pennsylvania Turnpike, Cumberland, and Winchester."

On May 23 the unknown redhead was buried in an unmarked grave in the "potter's field" section of Greenway Cemetery, Berkeley Springs. Buried that day too was most of the national attention.

Sheriff Munson and Maryland State Trooper Basore didn't attend the funeral. They'd left the day before for Columbus, Ohio, to follow what authorities considered their best lead so far.

A week earlier Burke and Basore had talked to R.H. Grossnickle, a bus driver for Blue Ridge Lines. Grossnickle had told people about a red-haired woman who'd gotten off his bus in Hancock at 1.35 a.m. on Friday, May 5. Shown a photo of the dead woman, he said she looked a lot like his passenger, who'd had a one-way ticket from Columbus.

Turned out five women were missing from the Columbus area at the time. The most likely candidate was Lottie Gibson, 31, a native of Akron who had friends near Hancock and worked at times in West Virginia.

Back home the officers began asking about Gibson. A cab driver admitted he'd given her a ride from Hancock to the Charles Bishop home in nearby Black Oak, Pennsylvania, on May 5. Members of the Bishop family said Gibson was looking for Bishop's son, Preston Bishop, with whom she'd spent the previous winter in Florida and Georgia. She left Black Oak on May 7 or 8 without finding Preston. They agreed she looked a lot like the dead redhead.

Police were still sorting this out when on June 15, another of Bishop's sons, Walter, was charged with shooting and killing his brother Lester during a quarrel. No motive for the slaying was ever given. Police believed they were on to something, but on July 11 that bubble burst too. Lottie Gibson's relatives reported she was living in Michigan. To prove the point she traveled to Hancock and met with Maryland authorities. Everything they'd heard about her was true, she said, except she wasn't the murder victim.

By summer's end all trails had grown cold.

On a bitter January day in 1951, police got a fresh tip when a Morgan County resident told Burke that her family believed the redhead was Dorothy Phillips, originally Dorothy Johnson, of Cumberland. Phillips had lived with Bernard Phillips in Colonial Beach, Virginia, where they ran a tavern. She hadn't been heard from since April 1950. Virginia authorities had written town police in Berkeley Springs when the murder was in the national headlines. But the letter was ignored by a town officer whose wife was related to Bernard Phillips.

Prosecutor Helsley arranged for Burke and Munson to travel to Colonial Beach along with FBI agent John Anthony of Martinsburg. Once again they felt certain the case had been cracked, but once again the circumstantial evidence soon began to spring leaks. Police tracked Dorothy Phillips to Miami, Florida, where she'd remarried and started a new life.

In March 1951 Burke closed his police report with the words, "To date, all clues have run out." Still he added optimistically, "Investigation will continue on this case until it is solved."

The case never quite died. The FBI magazine featured a story in February 1951, and a New York newspaper wrote about the redhead a year later. Now and then *The Morgan Messenger* reminded readers that the body had never been identified nor the killer arrested.

Trooper Burke kept the auburn-haired woman's photo on his desk and showed it to people from time to time, but the months spread into years. Burke, who retired to Grafton, never got the case out of his head. "It was one that stuck out," he said. "It really caused me sleepless nights. I wish I could have come through, but

An FBI forensic team and West Virginia State Police exhumed the body in 2007 and took tissue samples for DNA testing. The case is ongoing.

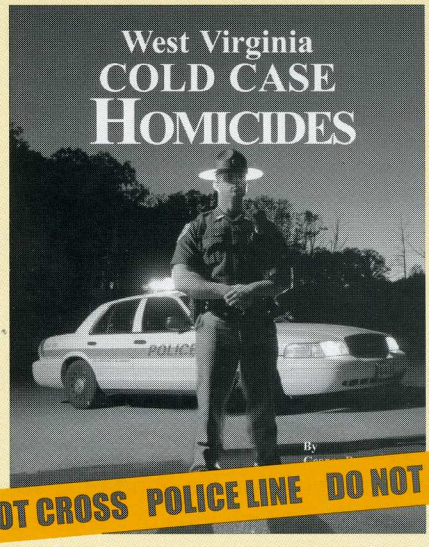
More Unsolved Cases

Police files across West Virginia are peppered with mysterious homicide cases that have never been solved. A recent book by Fayette County author George Bragg brings into focus more than 30 of these cases, some involving multiple victims.

West Virginia Cold Case Homicides, published in 2007 by Bragg's own GEM Publications, gives brief descriptions of gruesome, baffling, frightening, and strange cases from across the state, some dating back more than 100 years. One involves a wealthy Beckley socialite and her lover; another tells of the 1977 murder of a nun in an Ohio County convent.

The 1962-63 "Mad Butcher" murders in Fayette County feature allegations of cannibalism. The 2003 Kanawha County Sniper Murders are included, though an arrest was recently made in this case. The book includes a $100,000 reward offer in that case; a $20,000 reward is offered to anyone who can solve any of the Fayette County mysteries.

The 110-page large-format paperbound edition — second in a two-volume series — sells for $16, plus shipping and in-state sales tax. It is available from the author at 269 Maplewood Lane, Beaver, WV 25813; phone (304)256-8400.



POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

as far as I know, we did everything we could."

The murder's 10th anniversary was marked by a United Press International wire service story by John Kady, who called it "one of the great mysteries" of all time. This brought a few inquiries about long-missing relatives, but nothing developed.

By the time Corporal Don Sharp joined the Berkeley Springs State Police detachment in 1968, the Redhead Murder Case was the stuff of legend. Of course there were plenty of people who remembered the details, including Sy Helsley, who continued as Morgan County prosecutor until 1973.

In the fall of 1974, deputy sheriff Frank Harmison got a letter from an elderly woman in Florida who for years had been trying to find her sister. The sister had even lived briefly in Morgan County as a child. Eventually she moved to the West Coast where she "sort of went bad," her sister said. Corporal Sharp contacted police in the West and found that she'd been arrested several times for prostitution during World War II.

The State Police laboratory determined that three of the woman's fingerprints matched the redhead's, or at least appeared to match, given the poor quality copies that the lab was given. The identification was considered inconclusive.

That's where things stood until the summer of 2007, when Sergeant D.B. "Danny" Swiger got a court order to exhume the body for DNA testing. Swiger is one of two cold case investigators for West Virginia State Police. He wanted to see if the DNA matched that of the daughters of Elizabeth Ann Bouslog Davis, who had been last heard from in 1942.

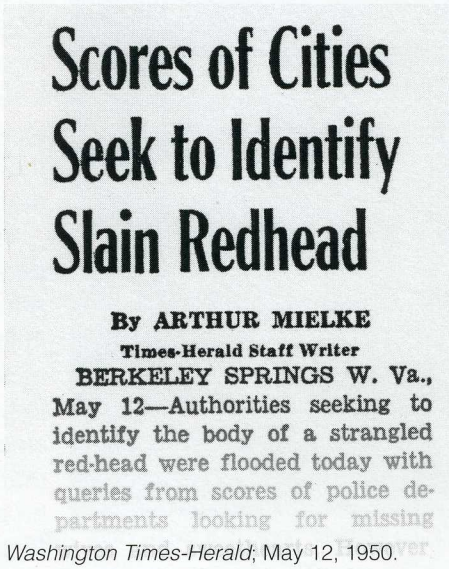
On a hot August day, state troopers and an FBI forensics crew opened the redhead's grave. Samples were sent to a Marshall University lab, but because the remains were in such poor condition they were sent on to a lab at University of North Texas.

Meantime a second family checked in about a grandmother who hadn't been seen since 1950. The Ohio woman was said to be a native of Fairmont who sometimes visited the Berkeley Springs / Hancock area.

When the results came back, neither missing woman's DNA profile matched that of the redhead.

So the case remains exactly as it stood on May 10, 1950, the day the redhead's body was found. victim unknown, slayer unknown.

Interest in the case continues. The redhead's DNA is now part of a national database, so it will be easier to check out leads in the future. Maybe science and technology will someday break open a mystery that old-fashioned, pound-the-pavement detective work couldn't solve.



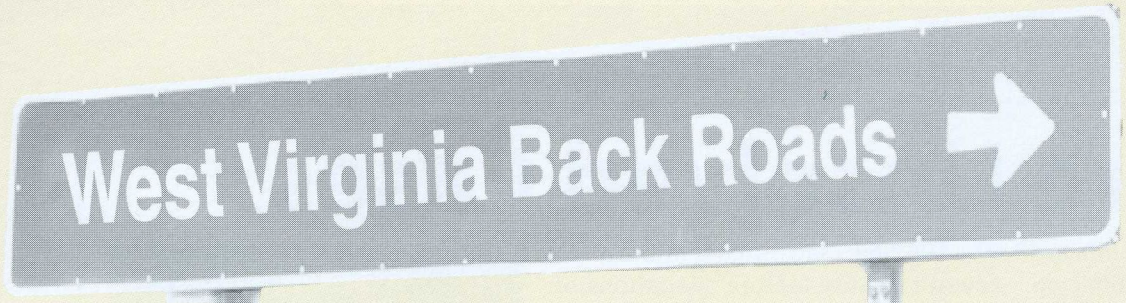
Scores of Cities Seek to Identify Slain Redhead

By ARTHUR MIELKE
Times-Herald Staff Writer

BERKELEY SPRINGS W. Va., May 12—Authorities seeking to identify the body of a strangled red-head were flooded today with queries from scores of police departments looking for missing

Washington Times-Herald; May 12, 1950.

JOHN DOUGLAS is a music journalist, author, and mystery writer from Berkeley Springs. He has served as editor of the *Morgan Messenger* newspaper for more than 20 years and as a reviewer and columnist for *Blues Access* magazine and the *Washington Post*. John is currently working on a book of ghostly tales and mysteries. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Spring 2002 issue.



Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

Harpers Ferry's Haunted Cottage

One night in late 2009, shortly after moving into the cottage at Harpers Ferry, Vince Wilson heard footsteps on the second-story floor above him. Vince assumed it was a burglar.

"Get out! I'm calling the police," he shouted. "I heard a new kind of step above me," Vince recalls. "A lazy trot, a heel-to-toe kind of walking, back and forth."

Vince switched on his hand-held voice recorder and captured several minutes of the sound before the batteries in the recorder went dead. If you visit his cottage, Vince will play the recording of the footsteps for you. And if you are really curious about tracking down a few ghosts in this Harpers Ferry house, you can sign up for one of the training sessions he leads in this laboratory and museum for the paranormal.

"We're not here to make up stories," says Vince, who feels television programs about the paranormal have misled people to believe that they can become ghost hunters without paying their dues under an experienced mentor "We don't exaggerate what has happened in here just to get people in the door."

A paranormal investigator and author of four books on the subject, Vince was drawn to violent, mysterious Harpers Ferry long before the Booth House became available. Like many ghost hunters, he had poked around the alleys and buildings of the historic confluence as a visitor [See "Harpers Ferry Ghost Walk," by Carl E. Feather; Fall 2001] But he is not one to embellish or exaggerate about what he found there. Indeed, most of Vince's encounters with the paranormal in Harpers Ferry have occurred right under his nose.

He rents the Booth House, a pre-Civil War property just off Campgrounds Road, and uses it as his residence, a training center, and The American Museum of the Paranormal. The sign outside simply says "The Haunted Cottage."

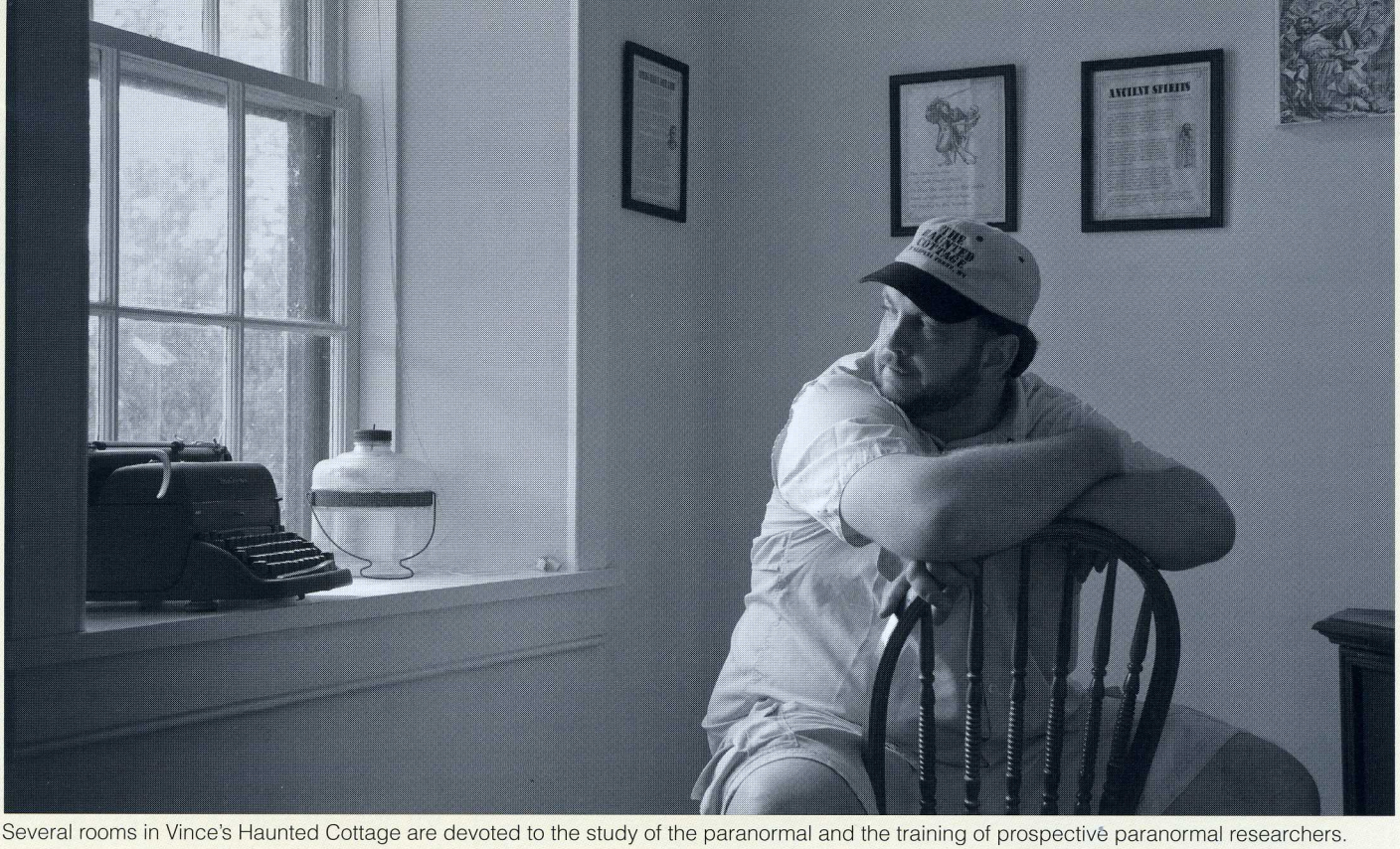
"I've always loved Harpers Ferry. I love the history and culture out here," Vince says as we sit in his training room on a Saturday afternoon. "We knew about this place for three years, but it wasn't until [2009] that we heard it would be available. It had everything we were looking for "

They were looking for space for the research library, museum, and training room, plus easy public access, proximity to a national park, and perhaps most important, a high likelihood of a few resident ghosts.

Vince Wilson of Harpers Ferry stands outside his Haunted Cottage, home to a paranormal museum and training site.

As Vince interviewed previous residents of the house he received conflicting reports of its paranormal activity. One person said there had been many incidents, while another said nothing in the way of paranormal activity occurred there during her watch as a resident.

Vince believes conditions conducive to paranormal activity exist in the cottage. After all, nearly a dozen deaths occurred in the structure, departed souls who may have left behind a bit of their energy to pester future residents. He said that since moving into the property, an act that's known to disturb a home's ghosts, he or others working in there have heard footsteps, singing, and talking. They



Several rooms in Vince's Haunted Cottage are devoted to the study of the paranormal and the training of prospective paranormal researchers.

have experienced the sense of someone tugging on their clothes or hair Closet doors have opened and shut on their own.

The most perplexing and ongoing incident involves a child's bicycle with training wheels that a previous resident left behind in the basement. When placed in the middle of the dank, stone-walled basement, the bicycle changes position. And not by just an inch or two. Vince says it's moved several feet from the middle of the level, dirt floor

As with other rooms in the house where paranormal activity is suspected, the basement room housing the bicycle is under video surveillance. But the bike never moves when the camera is on. The closest it has come to being caught in the act was when another investigator noted that his electromagnetic meter was going crazy while taking readings in the basement. As he turned away from the room, he heard a crunching sound. When he looked back, the bicycle had changed position by four feet.

He suspects the bicycle creates some manner of association with a ghost from a different era, one of the ways investigators lure ghosts. Upstairs, in a second-story room, Vince sets another trap, a child's rocking chair with a doll in it..

A video camera is fixed on the chair, as well as in several other rooms of the house. These surveillance images are monitored around the clock and recorded.

Despite what television and movies would have you believe, Vince says there is no such thing as a "ghost meter" or other device that can detect ghosts.

"We look for their impact on the environment," he says. Investigators use devices that measure temperature variations, changes in air pressure, and magnetic field fluctuations, as well as the refraction of light (photographs) to indirectly detect their presence.

Those methods of detection, and the men and women who helped hone their use in the arena of paranormal investigation, are the focus of the modest museum.

Vince has studied paranormal activity all over the state. He says the West Virginia Penitentiary at Moundsville is one of the most active places he's ever visited. But his most frightening experience came at the former Waverly Sanatorium in Louisville, Kentucky, where tuberculosis patients were sent to die. About 6,000 people passed from this life at this hospital, and there is plenty of energy lingering around from that passing.

Vince said they were on the third floor of the old building when several shadowy forms appeared. One of them started to move toward Vince.

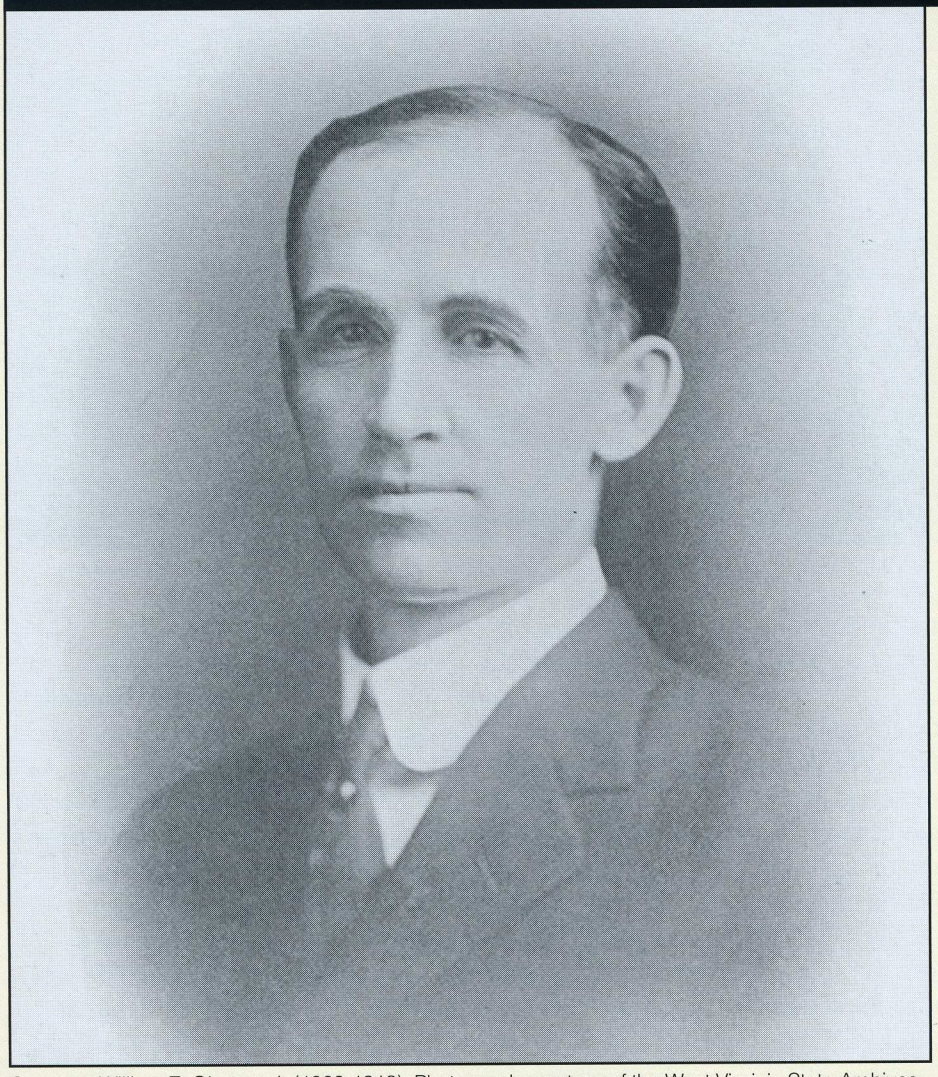
"When it got about 12 feet away from me, I turned the flashlight on," he says. "And it was gone just like that."

Vince didn't stick around long after that encounter, either

Visit the Haunted Cottage at 63 Old Taylor Lane, Harpers Ferry; online at www.thehauntedcottage.com. Call (304)885-0707 for availability.

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

Senate "Kidnapping" of 1911



Governor William E. Glasscock (1909-1913). Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

The recent legislative impasse in Wisconsin, in which 14 state senators fled the state to avoid a vote on contentious legislation, reminds us that history does repeat itself. The same thing happened in 1911 right here in West Virginia, 100 years ago.

By John Lilly

The trouble started in November 1910, when the state's general election yielded an even number of Republicans and Democrats in the state senate — 15 apiece. As the time came for the legislature to convene in early January, several difficult matters faced this divided chamber. First, there was the issue of organizing the senate — selecting who would serve as senate president, which senators would sit on which committees, and who would serve as committee chairs.

Perhaps more important, however, was the selection of two seats in the U.S. Senate. At this time, U.S. senators were selected by the state senate, and both West Virginia seats were vacant. Ties were decided by the House of Delegates, where the Democrats held a majority. This worried the Republicans.

Governor William E. Glasscock, a Republican from Monongalia County, said following the election: "I am very sorry that the next legislature will be Democratic, but we must be good losers as I know we would have been good winners had the result been different. We must be patriots before we are partisans, and so far as I'm concerned I shall go ahead and work for what I believe to be the best interests of the people of the state just as I would have done had there been a Republican legislature elected."

The governor must have felt differently upon further reflection, because on January 11, 1911, he summoned all 15 Republican senators to his chambers, where they were sequestered under guard of state Adjutant General Charles D Elliott and state mine inspector John Laing. Without a quorum of at least 16, the senate could not conduct business. The Republican senators wanted assurances that they would be equally represented in the senate organization and that all disputed matters would be decided by the Committee on Privileges and Elections, made up of five members from each party. A particularly sticky point was the appointment of the senate president, who stood next in line of succession to the governor. The Republicans sorely wanted to control this position — Glasscock and the three previous governors

Republicans, Fearing Arrest, Flee State; Caldwell Is Seated and Senate Organized

The Charleston Gazette, January 18, 1911

had all been members of the GOP

The Democrats felt that the November election had provided them with a popular mandate and pleaded with Secretary of State Stuart Reed to call the roll and allow them to proceed. Reed, a Republican, refused.

A bitter impasse ensued. Men with clubs guarded the recalcitrant senators as they barricaded themselves in the governor's reception room. On January 13, arrest warrants were issued for the absent legislators, charging them with obstructing the state's business. Senator Dr. Henry D Hatfield, Republican from Logan County, pledged not to be taken alive.

Negotiations continued for the next three days, leading to what was termed an armistice. This temporary peace allowed now-weary Republicans to move about freely without fear of arrest while legislative leaders tried to hammer out a compromise. To nearly everyone's surprise, the Republicans took this opportunity to board a train and flee to Cincinnati in the early hours of Tuesday, January 17 While the Republicans settled into the relative comfort of the Hotel Sinton, the Democrats moved quickly in their absence.

In the First Senatorial District election, Republican Julian Hearne had narrowly defeated Democrat Charles F Caldwell. Caldwell had contested the results. In exile in Ohio, Hearne was available neither to take the oath of office nor refute the contested election results. The Democrats therefore seated Caldwell, providing the elusive sixteenth member and the constitutional quorum necessary to conduct business. From their perch in Cincinnati, the Republicans denounced the move as illegal.

Governor Glasscock refused to recognize the legislature, though both chambers determined to carry on with or without the governor's approval. At their first session, the reconstituted senate filled the two vacant seats in the U.S. Senate by appointing Democrats William E. Chilton and Clarence W Watson.

In the early hours of Tuesday, January 24, the 15 absentee senators returned to Charleston. A deal had been struck that guaranteed them immunity from prosecution and established an arbitration agreement on all other disputed matters.

Peace did not come easily, however. Nearly a week of contention and continued conflict prevented the senate from organizing. Finally, on Saturday, January 28, the 15 Republican senators entered the senate chamber and took their seats. Republican Henry D. Hatfield assumed the role of senate president. Julian Hearne reclaimed his seat in the state senate, while Chilton and Watson retained their seats in the U.S. Senate. Other committee appointments and chairmanships were worked out in a generally bipartisan fashion. Dr. Hatfield was elected governor the following year and later served in the U.S. Senate.

The events of January 1911 were unprecedented in U.S. history at the time. As recent events in Wisconsin illustrate, however, even the most unexpected of developments can occur again, given the right circumstances and enough time. As West Virginia's own Buddy Starcher said in his popular 1966 song, "History does repeat itself!"

New To GOLDENSEAL?

We're glad to make your acquaintance and hope you want to see more of us. You may do so by returning this coupon with your annual subscription payment for $20.
Thanks — and welcome to the GOLDENSEAL family!

I enclose $_____ for a subscription to GOLDENSEAL.
-or-
Charge my
___VISA ___MasterCard
#_____
Exp. Date _____

Name_____

Address_____

_____

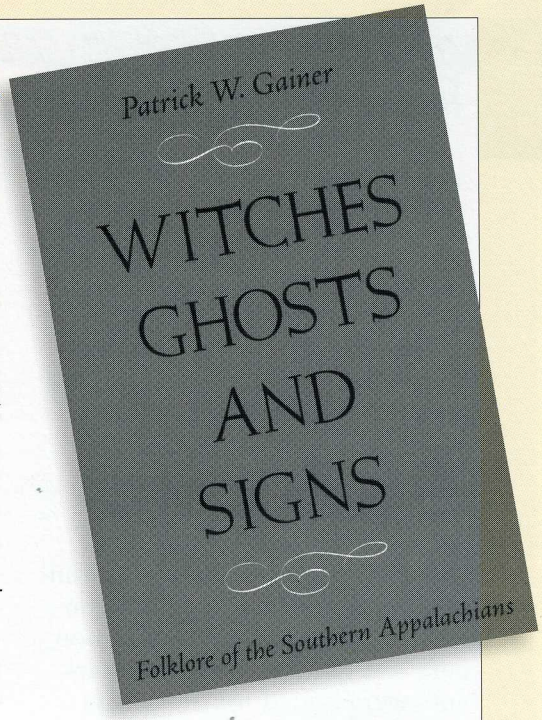
Please make your check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL.

Send to:
GOLDENSEAL
The Culture Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300
(304)558-0220

Note from the West Virginia State Treasurer's Office:

When you provide a check as payment, you authorize the State Treasurer's Office to use information from your check to make a one-time electronic funds transfer from your account or to process the payment as an image transfer. Funds may be withdrawn from your account as soon as the same day you make your payment. You will not receive your check back from your financial institution. For inquiries, call 1-866-243-9010.

Folklore Book



Dr. Patrick W Gainer of Tanner, Gilmer County, spent his career researching and documenting the history and folk culture of the Mountain State. In 1950, he founded the West Virginia State Folk Festival in Glenville. [See "'Let's Keep It Traditional' The West Virginia State Folk Festival Turns 50," by Bob Heyer; Summer 2000.] He taught English at Glenville State College and folklore at West Virginia University; he served as president of the West Virginia Folklore Society until his death in 1981.

In 1975, Dr. Gainer retired from teaching. That same year, he published his monumental text titled, *Witches, Ghosts and Signs: Folklore of the Southern Appalachians*, which summarizes much of what he taught during his long career in the classroom. Topics include Appalachian speech patterns, mountain customs, folk cures, nature lore, and farming. The bulk of the book, however, is devoted to the study of witchcraft, superstitions, and ghostlore. Dr. Gainer considered these occult aspects of Appalachian life to have been essential to the character of the early Mountaineer and his ancestors.

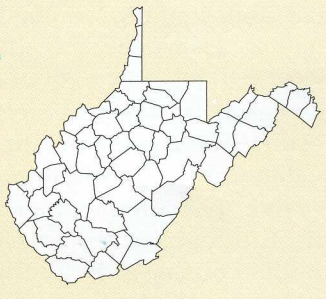
In 2008, West Virginia University Press republished *Witches, Ghosts and Signs*. The new second edition includes a preface by Dr. Judy Byers of Fairmont State University as well as an index to superstitions and motifs found in the original book. This index is handy, as it provides references to such beliefs as "It is bad luck to kill a cricket" and "If you drop a spoon, a female guest is coming."

Witches, Ghosts and Signs is a 216-page paperback volume and is available from West Virginia University press for $18.95, plus in-state sales tax and shipping. It is available in an electronic version for $17.95. For additional information, visit www.wvupress.com, phone 1-866-WVU-PRES (1-866-988-7737).

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Berkeley Castle
- Summers County Barns
- Belgian Glass Makers
- Seven Fishes Festival

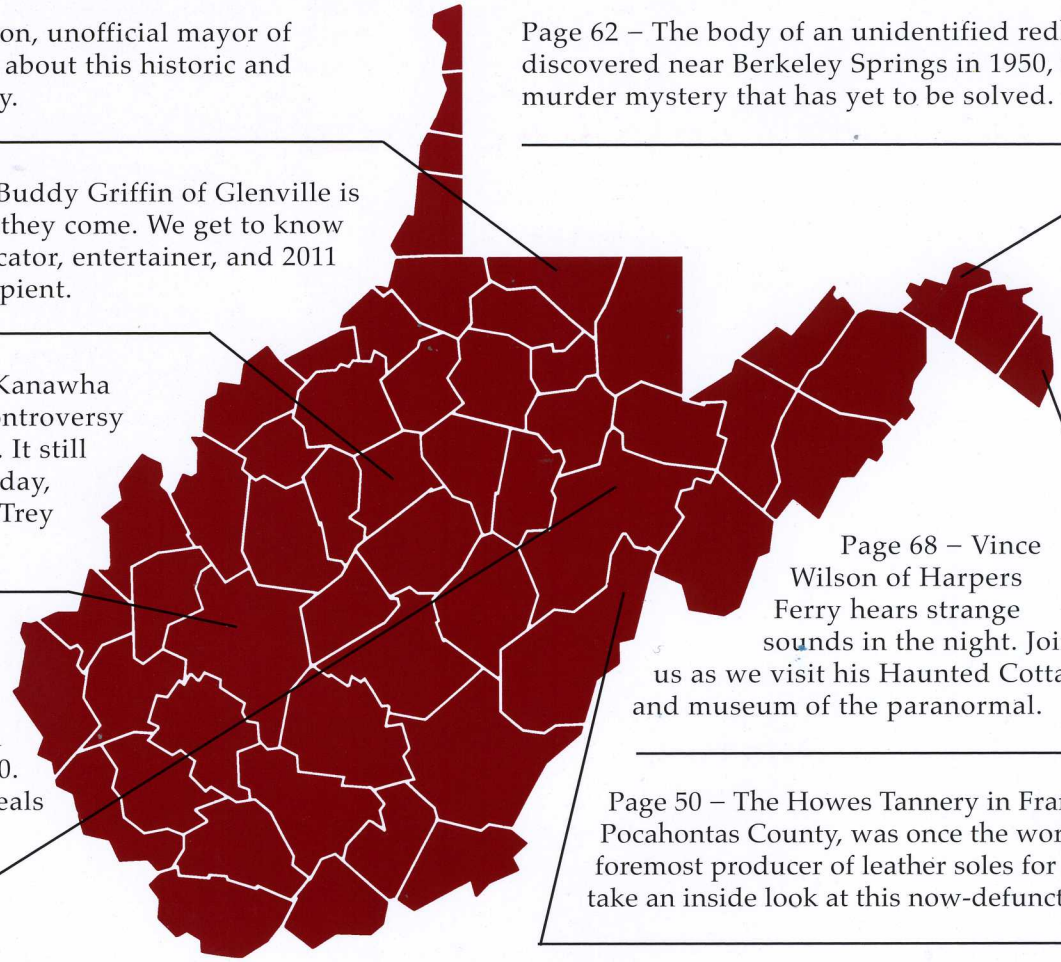


1930 Mountain State Forest Festival program, courtesy of West Virginia State Archives.

Goldenseal
The Culture Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, West Virginia 25305-0300

PERIODICALS

Inside Goldenseal



13
0 94295 76645 1