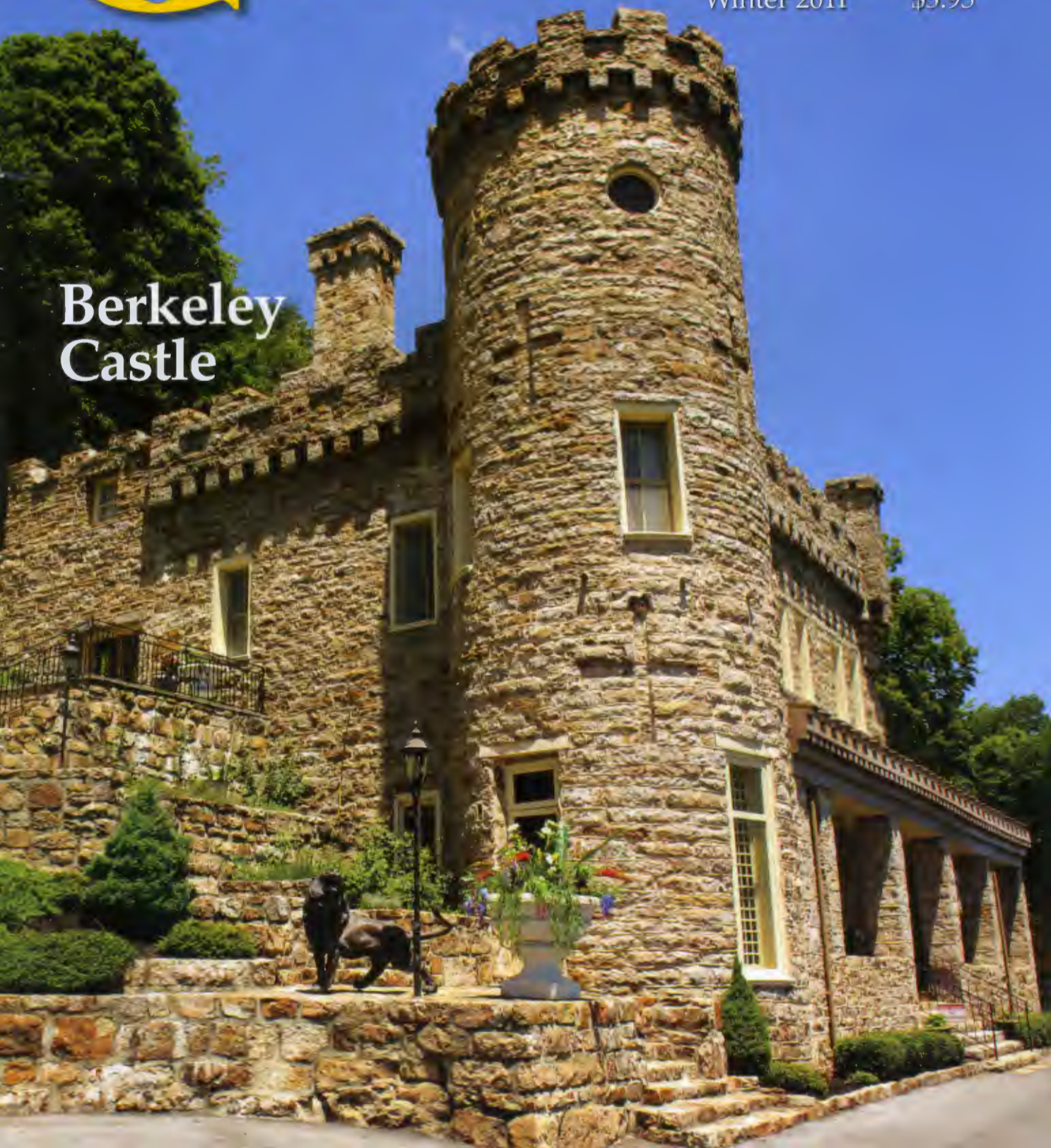
Belgians • Barns • Larry Gibson • Seven Fishes • Coal Show

Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Winter 2011 $5.95



Berkeley Castle

From the Editor: View from the Pillbox

I was startled by the discovery of this pillbox at the head of Cabin Creek while on a photo shoot last April. Photographer Tyler Evert and I were traveling with Larry Gibson, noted environmental activist and native of the now-extinct coal town of Kayford. [See "The Fighter: Larry Gibson of Kayford Mountain," by John Lilly; page 30.]

Yours truly, peeking out from a pillbox at the head of Cabin Creek. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

In a colorful running narrative as he drove the gravel and corduroy road up famous Cabin Creek — known as the site of some of the earliest salvos in the bloody West Virginia Mine Wars — Larry mentioned that the mine companies had built actual armaments from which they could defend the tipple and mine entrance in the event of labor unrest. I expected to see some ambiguous hovel of brick and dirt. Instead, Larry took us to this sturdy, extant pillbox made of concrete and steel. There was nothing ambiguous about its intended use. The heavy fortification and narrow slit were made to shelter armed forces during a time of battle.

Larry says there are several of these pillboxes up Cabin Creek. They are evidence of how serious the West Virginia Mine Wars actually were, and serve as a reminder of the deep divisions that still exist in our state over coal matters. What at one time was largely a struggle between management and organized labor, today is a struggle between coal producers and environmentalists. Larry Gibson is among the more visible and vocal combatants on the environmental side, though there are much more than environmental issues at stake, according to him. Kayford Mountain has become a sort of line in the sand, so to speak, as Larry and his family and supporters hold out against coal companies engaged in mountaintop removal coal mining, nearly up to his front door.

There is a huge other side to this story, however. Coal remains West Virginia's primary industry and #1 taxpayer. Though it is no longer the #1 employer — Walmart now takes that honor — coal mining and related businesses employ thousands across the state and supply the fuel that energizes our modern way of life. It's a good living for those who mine it, process it, and ship it, as well as those who make the machines that do this work and the spare parts that keep those machines rolling.

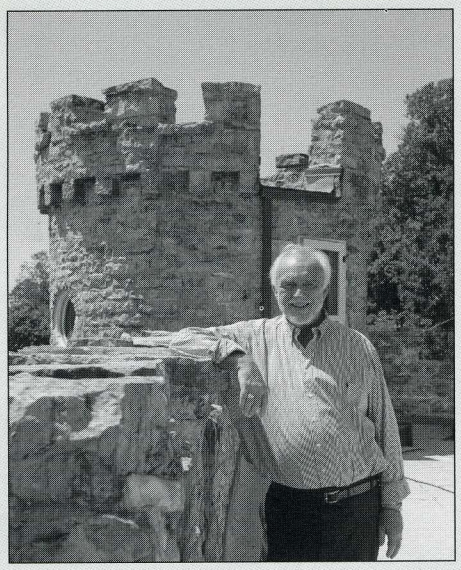
Tyler and I decided to pay a visit to these friends of coal at the big Bluefield Coal Show last September. We found a vibrant and cheerful group of folks, quick to smile and more than happy to talk about their work and the blessings of coal. [See "Where Coal People Meet: 2011 Bluefield Coal Show," by John Lilly; page 24.] Thousands of people a day — all of them involved in the coal industry in one respect or another — gathered at the Brushfork Armory to buy and sell equipment, parts, and services. And to celebrate coal. It's a good time for their industry at the moment, and they are hoping that government regulation and outside interference don't send it heading the other way.

So here I sit in my pillbox. The issues are momentous and complex. The stakes are high, as are the emotions and the rhetoric on all sides. Perhaps you live clearly on one side or the other of this modern-day struggle. Or perhaps you are like me — fascinated by the history and culture of our mining heritage, and bewildered by the challenges facing the industry today.

In this issue of GOLDENSEAL, we take what we hope you see as an honest, fair, and respectful look at two sides of a very difficult issue. If you need me, I'll be in my pillbox!

John Lilly

Volume 37, Number 4 **Goldenseal** Winter 2011



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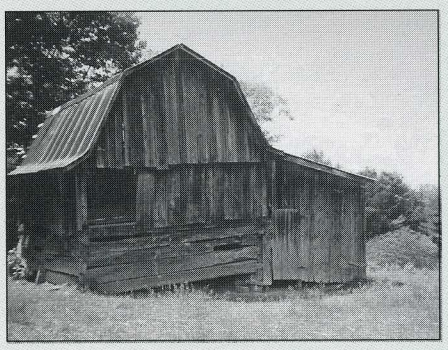

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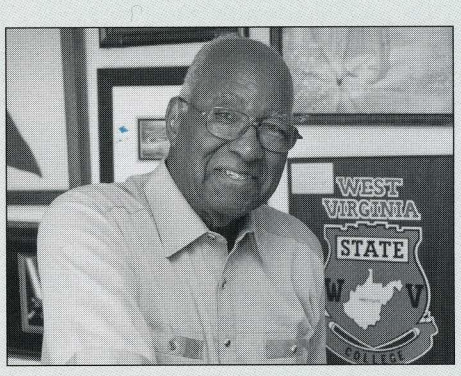

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On the cover: The historic Berkeley Castle in Berkeley Springs. Photograph by Carl E. Feather
Our story begins on page 8.

Published by the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

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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.

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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.

Forest Festival

October 16, 2011
Elkins, West Virginia
Editor:
I was delighted to see the article on the Mountain State Forest Festival in your Fall 2011 issue. [See "Mountain State Forest Festival," by Bill Rice.] I was taken aback, however, to see Queen Silvia at the top of the page 10 misidentified. I know this because I was part of that particular Forest Festival, and this is "My Queen."

The year is 1950, and it is a picture of Queen Silvia XIV, Penelope Spurr of Fairmont. The two train bearers are John Fowler on the left and Bill Snedegar on the right. I was a flower girl that year, and John and Bill were my classmates.

My husband, Jim, and I value our GOLDENSEAL magazines and have a collection of all of them. We enjoyed the article on the Forest Festival and appreciate that so much space was given to it. Thank you for carrying on with this consistently fine magazine.
Sincerely,
Scottie Roberts Wiest

September 24, 2011
Via e-mail
Elkins, West Virginia
Editor:
I enjoyed reading your story on the Mountain State Forest Festival. It's truly an event that involves everyone in the Elkins area in one way or another.

My eye was immediately drawn to the photo on page 13 of unidentified musicians. I can positively identify one of them as Dave Morgan from Ellamore, Randolph County. He's the one on the left playing the washtub bass. He could play it so well that you couldn't tell it from a bass fiddle. Dave added some comedy routines involving his tub bass.

I made a dozen cassette tapes of Dave's music and his life story. One of the bands Dave played with won a contest, and the prize was they were chosen to appear

Queen Silvia XIV, Penelope Spurr, in 1950. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Archives, Frank Wilkin Collection.

The Sleepy Hollow Ramblers at the Mountain State Forest Festival in 1958. From the left are Dave Morgan, Denver R. Caynor, Dave Caynor, and Carl Bunce. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives, West Virginia Photo Company Collection.

on national radio on the *Ted Mack Amateur Hour*. For your younger readers, this was equivalent to being on *American Idol* — maybe even bigger! They hoped to go on to a big career in country music, but when the time came to go to New York for the *Amateur Hour*, one of the band members had a cow about to give birth, and he refused to leave her. So they had to decline, and they never had such an opportunity again.
Margo Blevin Denton

September 22, 2011
Via e-mail
Buckhannon, West Virginia
Editor:
My husband and I are longtime subscribers of GOLDENSEAL. We really enjoy reading your magazine. Imagine my surprise when I opened the latest edition and read the article "Mountain State Forest Festival," by Bill Rice. On page 13 was a picture of unidentified musicians. The country music band was the Sleepy Hollow Ramblers. Starting from the left, the musicians are Dave Morgan on the "tubs," Denver R. Caynor (my husband), Dave Caynor, and Carl Bunce. For years they supplied the music for the woodchopper's contest and the queen's square dance.
Sincerely,
Betty Caynor

Trolleys

September 26, 2011
Vanceboro, Maine
Editor:
Enclosed is a postcard image of a Bethany trolley, dated 1908. Note the impressive bridge work spanning the deep ravine. The well-built structure — here labeled Gost Hollow Viaduct — must have been costly.

The image of #3 trolley reveals a busy scene. Characters abound. They are visible at the front plat-

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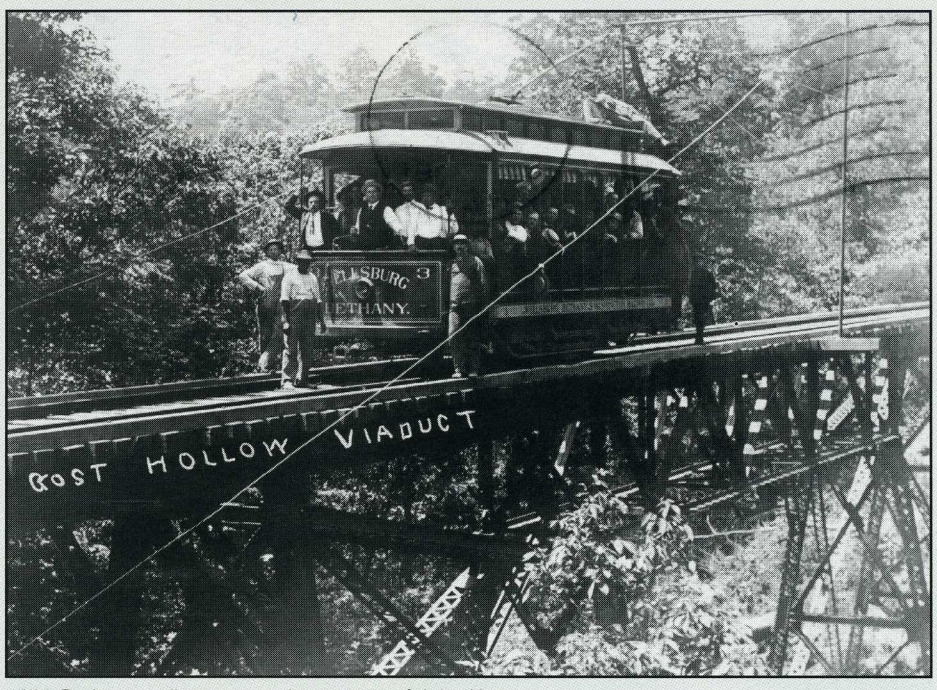


1908 Bethany trolley postcard, courtesy of John Kormos.

form, on the track to the left of the trolley, and near the rear of the car. One daredevil youth is perched on the roof, beneath a (live) trolley pole. In addition, the car is crammed with passengers.

Lettering of the original line can also be found along the lower side of this open-air car: "Wellsburg, Bethany & Washington Railway Co."

An unusual image of a trolley on another unique West Virginia line.
Borgon Tanner

Sesquicentennial Timeline

Milestones on the Road to Statehood

West Virginia CIVIL WAR STATEHOOD 150

- **December 3, 1861** – Delegates to the state constitutional convention changed the name of the new state from Kanawha to West Virginia.
- **December 13, 1861** – Confederate troops repulsed Union forces at the Battle of Allegheny Mountain.
- **December 29, 1861** – Confederate raiders burned the town of Sutton.
- **January 14, 1862** – Confederate troops under General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson took possession of Romney.
- **January 15, 1862** – Union soldiers burned the courthouse at Logan.
- **February 14, 1862** – Union troops attacked a Confederate force at Bloomery Gap in Hampshire County.
- **February 18, 1862** – Delegates to the state constitutional convention unanimously approved a constitution for the new state of West Virginia.
- **February 22, 1862** – Jefferson Davis was inaugurated for the second time as the president of the Confederate States of America.

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

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.

Presents for Patients

Presents for Patients is a program that provides Christmas gifts and holiday visits to patients in nursing homes and long-term care facilities in West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and New York.

Patients who wish to be involved in the program are matched with donors, who "adopt" them for the holidays. Individual donors participate in the program, as do community groups such as scout troops, school groups, church groups, and local businesses.

The program currently serves 13 nursing homes and assisted-living facilities in West Virginia. For more information call Donna Tennant at (304)599-5771; on-line at www.sundalecare.com.

12th Annual Victorian Christmas Home Tour

The Julia-Ann Square Historic District will showcase five historic homes of Parkersburg on December 3-4. The homes will be decorated for the holiday season.

The Caswell-Smith House in Parkersburg.

On Saturday, December 3, the tours will be escorted by guides dressed in period attire, and homeowners will be available to share the histories of their homes. A Victorian Tea will be included with the tours on Saturday only. The tours will begin at the First United Methodist Church at 10th and Juliana streets at 1:00 p.m. and at 3:00 p.m., with a candlelight tour beginning at 6:00 p.m.

The tours on Sunday, December 4, are from 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. The Sunday tours are self-guided, and there will be no Victorian Tea. Admission for the Saturday tour is $15, and $10 for Sunday. Children age 10 and under are admitted free when accompanied by an adult. Tickets can be purchased on-line at www.juliannsquare.org. Proceeds from the tours benefit the Julia-Ann Square Historic District. For more information, phone (304)422-9861 or (304)485-7184.

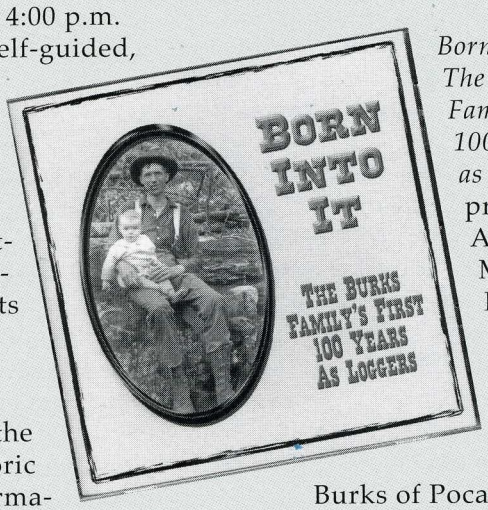
Blair Community Center and Museum

The Blair Community Center and Museum held its grand opening on September 4, commemorating the 90th anniversary of the Battle of Blair Mountain. The building, once the Blair Methodist Church, was donated to the Friends of Blair Mountain.

The center is located two miles north of the historic battlefield on State Route 17 in Logan County and features a heritage museum displaying artifacts from the Battle of Blair Mountain, as well as photographs and maps from Blair and the surrounding area. The facility also serves as a social center and gathering place for community events.

The center is open Thursday through Saturday from 10:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. For more information, phone (304)369-9800; visit www.friendsofblairmountain.org.

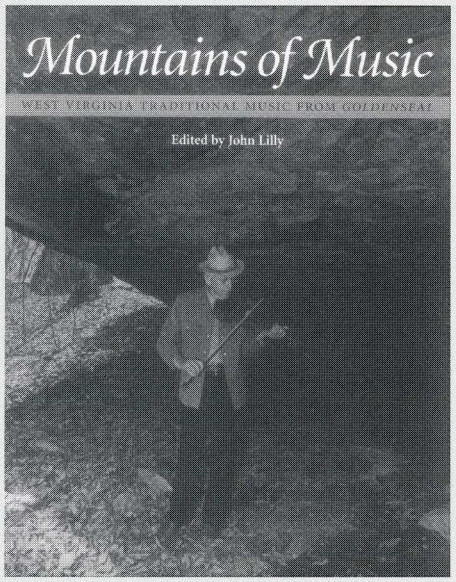
Logging CD



Born into It: The Burks Family's First 100 Years as Loggers, produced by Allegheny Mountain Radio, is an audio account of the life of the late Mose Burks of Pocahontas County. It tells how he began a logging business with a horse team in the backwoods and built it into Burks Logging, a family business still thriving today.

This CD is a compilation of taped interviews with Mose recorded by his daughter, Evalena Burks Triplett, and interviews with his children and other family members.

Born into It is available for $10, plus $2 postage, from Allegheny Mountain Radio, Rt. 1 Box 139, Dunmore WV 24934; on-line at www.alleghenymountainradio.org.



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

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

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Rocket Boys: The Musical

A musical adaptation of Homer Hickam's 1998 best-selling book *Rocket Boys* was presented at Theatre West Virginia's Cliffside Amphitheatre August 26 through September 4 to a capacity crowd. The week-long engagement enjoyed sold-out shows and standing ovations. Hickam cowrote *Rocket Boys: The Musical* and attended the festivities, greeting friends and fans after performances.

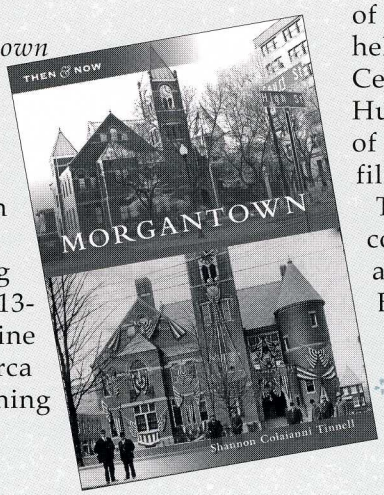
Rocket Boys: The Musical is the latest version of the story of a young boy growing up in a southern West Virginia coal town in the 1950's with dreams of outer space. The show starred Broadway and TV actor Carl Anthony Tramon as the young Homer Hickam, and includes several original songs.

For more information about *Rocket Boys: The Musical*, visit www.rocketboysthemusical.com.

Morgantown Arcadia Book

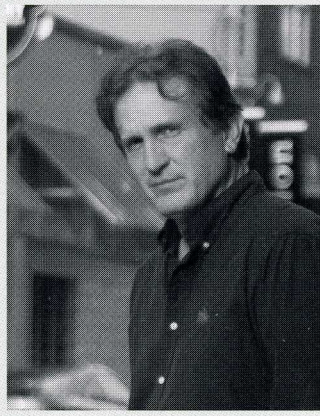
The city of Morgantown is featured in a new photo book from Arcadia Publishing's Then & Now series. *Morgantown*, by local author and historian Shannon Colaianni Tinnell, illustrates the growth of the town from an agricultural area to an educational and medical center.

Morgantown is illustrated with more than 200 historical images; photographer Addie Glotfelty's present-day images serve as comparison for the vintage photographs.



Morgantown is available for $21.99, plus shipping, from Arcadia Publishing at 1-888-313-2665; on-line at www.arcadiapublishing.com.

West Virginia Filmmaker of the Year


Filmmaker Robert Tinnell.

Robert Tinnell of Morgantown has been named 2011 West Virginia Filmmaker of the Year by the West Virginia Filmmakers Guild. The award was announced during the 12th annual film festival, held October 2 at the Landmark Studio for the Arts in Sutton. Robert is best known for producing the 1987 cult favorite *Surf Nazis Must Die* and his 1996 film *Frankenstein and Me*. His first film, *Kids of the Round Table*, was nominated for a Cable ACE Award in 1995. His most recent project is the short film *The Game*.

A respected director, producer, and editor, Robert is also acknowledged for his graphic novels *The Black Forest*, *The Wicked West*, *Sight Unseen*, and others. His on-line comic strip about family traditions on Christmas Eve became the book *Feast of the Seven Fishes*, which was nominated for an Eisner Award for best graphic album. The Feast of the Seven Fishes Festival is an annual event in Fairmont celebrating Italian Christmas Eve traditions. [See story on page 56.]

Music Hall of Fame Inductions

The 2011 West Virginia Music Hall of Fame induction ceremony was held October 15 at the Culture Center in Charleston, cohosted by Huntington native Peter Marshall of *Hollywood Squares* fame and filmmaker Morgan Spurlock.

This year's inductees included country singers Connie Smith and Kathy Mattea, rock bassist Billy Cox, drummer Butch Miles, blues singer Diamond Teeth Mary, composer Jack Rollins, and Red Clay Ramblers' cofounder Tommy Thompson.

The event was filmed for later broadcast by West Virginia Public Television. For more information, visit www.wvmusichalloffame.com.

Holidays at Tamarack

Tamarack will host a series of holiday events during the month of December. The Charles Dickens classic *A Christmas Carol* will be presented in the Governor Hulett C. Smith Theater on December 9-10. Tickets for this event are $7.50 in advance and $10 at the door.

Hammered dulcimer player and builder Sam Rizzetta of Inwood will present a concert on December 4 as part of Tamarack's regular Sunday@Two series. Sunday@Two concerts start every Sunday at 2:00 p.m. and are free of charge.

Other Sunday@Two events include the Beckley Dance Theatre performing selections from *The Nutcracker* on December 11, and the womanSong Chorale of West Virginia presenting a program of holiday songs on December 18.

For more information about these and other events at Tamarack call 1-888-262-7225; on-line at www.tamarackwv.com.

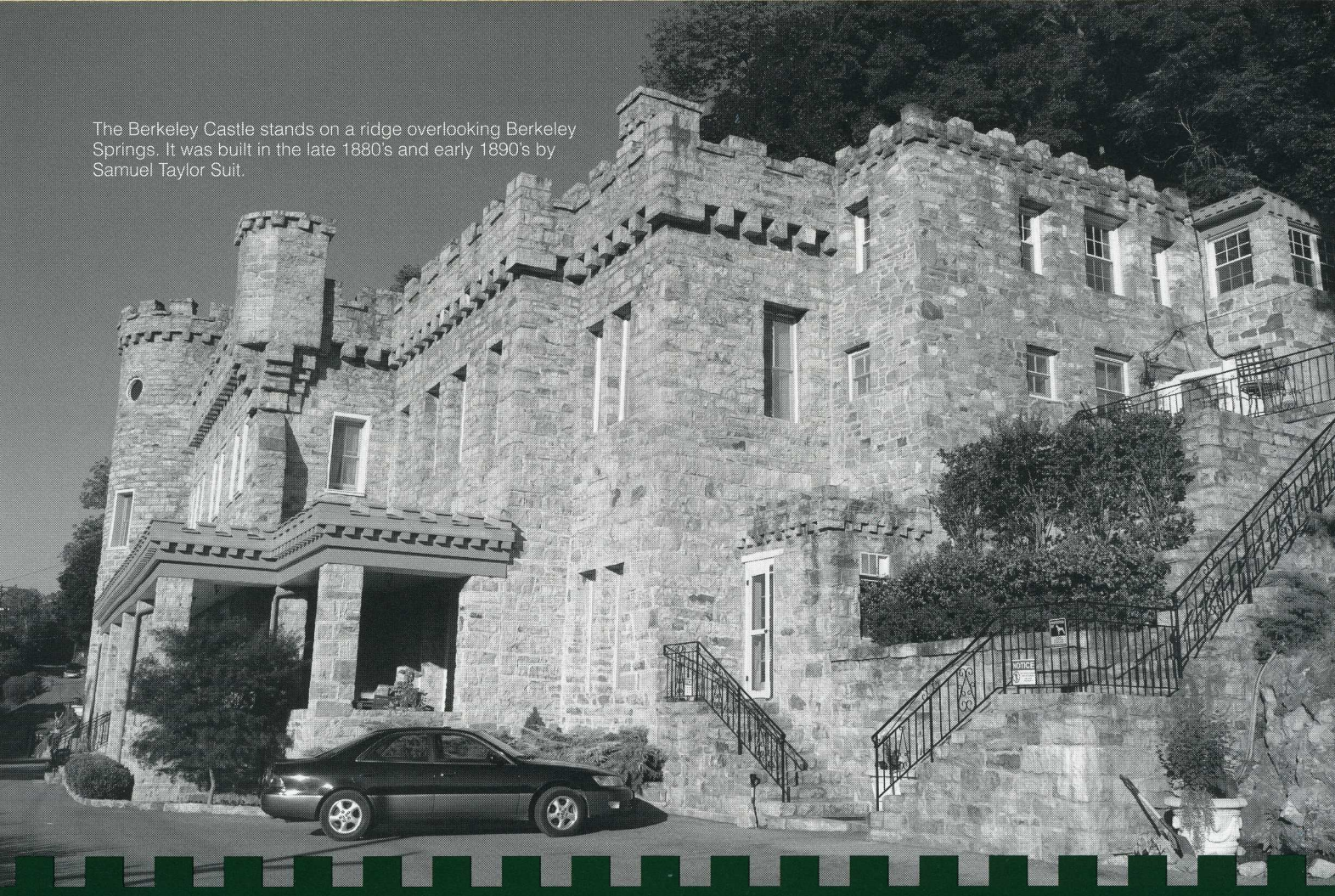
Joy to the World

World-renowned pianist Bob Thompson of Charleston will host his 19th annual Joy to the World concert at the Culture Center on Thursday, December 15. This popular holiday jazz program is considered by many to be the kickoff to the Christmas season. Joy to the World is produced by West Virginia Public Broadcasting and aired on public radio stations nationwide.

This year's guest vocalist will be Tom Lellis from New York, joining Bob Thompson (piano), Doug Payne (saxophone), Ryan Kennedy (guitar), John Inghram (bass), and Tim Courts (drums).

Joy to the World starts at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are available at 1-800-594-8499, and at Taylor Books in Charleston.

Billy Cox. Photograph by Michael Keller.



The Berkeley Castle stands on a ridge overlooking Berkeley Springs. It was built in the late 1880's and early 1890's by Samuel Taylor Suit.

Berkeley Castle

Andrew Gosline had never been to Berkeley Springs. He first learned of it and its legendary castle one day in early 2002, when he stumbled upon an intriguing announcement in the real estate section of the *Wall Street Journal*.

"I saw an ad for an auction in Berkeley Springs. I'd never heard of it," says Andrew, who is retired from the data processing side of the health care industry. He was living in Jupiter Island, Florida, at the time, and, because it was his birthday, decided to take a trip north and visit the castle.

Intrigued by the property and the auction's attractive terms, Andrew registered for the sale. As the bidding began on May 4, 2002, Andrew and his two older sons, Andrew and Matthew, took their place by the massive stone fireplace in the front room. They were competing with roughly two dozen others.

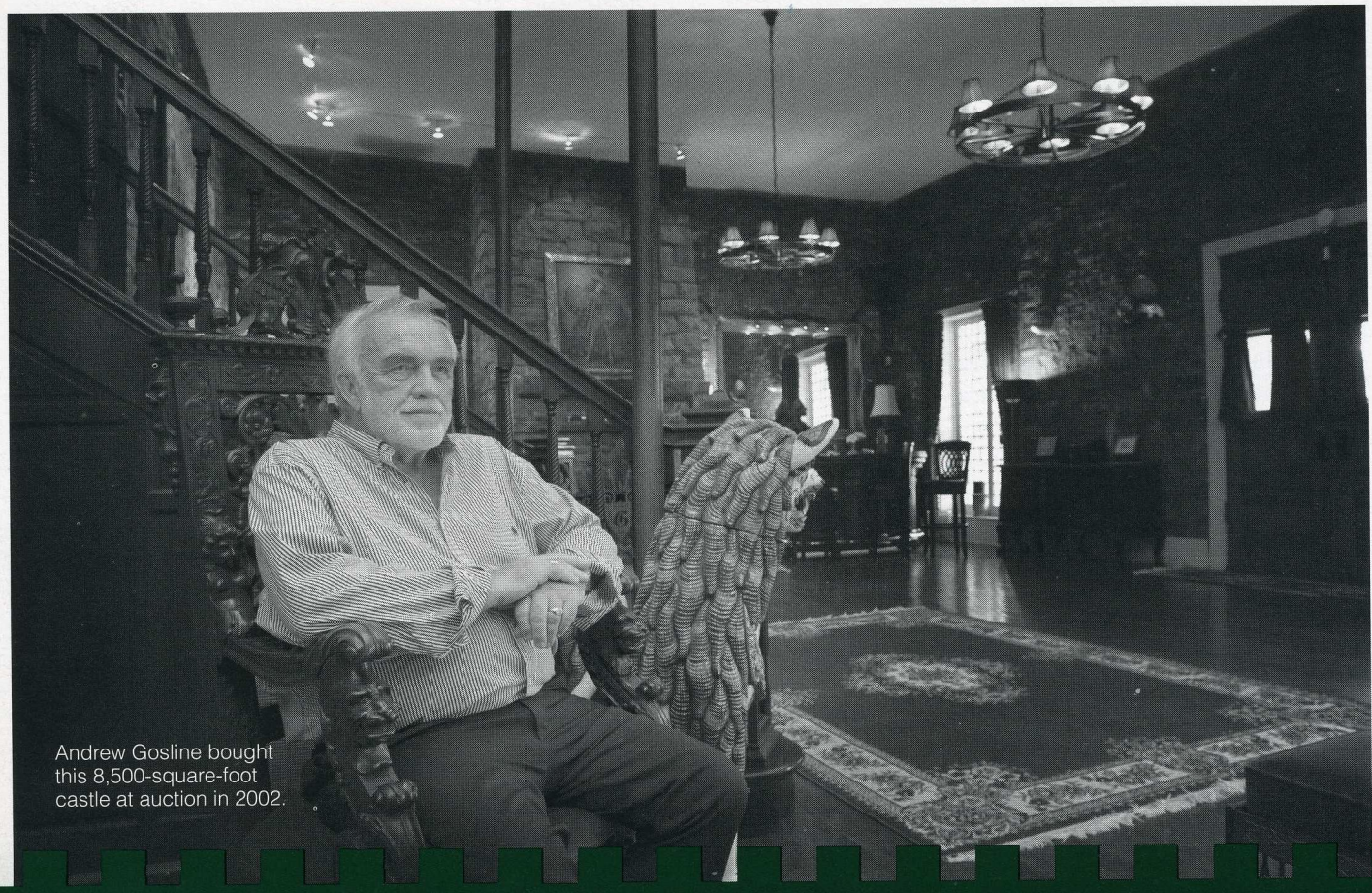
"I really didn't expect to buy it," Andrew says, standing by the same fireplace from which he did his bidding. "It's just one of those things you get caught up in."

The auction was completed in a matter of minutes. "It was amazingly short," Andrew says. "My older son looked at me and said, 'Dad, I think you just bought a castle.' I fell in love with it."

Nearly a decade later, Andrew is still fascinated and captivated by both his purchase and the old town of Bath, more commonly known as Berkeley Springs. His castle, perched on a ridge overlooking the town's iconic springs and bathhouse, has stood since the early 1890's. Built from native sandstone, it is thought to be the only Norman castle in the United States.

Andrew and his Doberman pinscher, Duke, are the 8,500-square-foot castle's only residents, except during the summer, when his youngest son, Mark, 5, comes to visit.

Although the castle was open to tourists from the 1950's to 2000,



Andrew Gosline bought this 8,500-square-foot castle at auction in 2002.

Living in a Landmark

Text and photographs by Carl E. Feather

Andrew maintains it as a private residence, except for the annual Museum of Berkeley Springs Yule Tea, when a 14-foot live Christmas tree is brought into the great room and decorated for the season. (The tea is held the first Sunday in December.) The castle is also available for weddings.

Tourists who visited the castle decades ago when it was operated as a for-profit attraction still come to the door seeking a guided tour. Shortly after moving in, Andrew left the front door unlocked for a friend who planned to stop by, then headed upstairs to shower. Upon stepping out of the shower, Andrew was startled by a man standing in his bedroom and the sound of the man's wife and children on the floor above him. They were looking for the tour.

"I said, 'This is my house.' And he said, 'Oh, I'm sorry,'" Andrew says, recalling the experience that was embarrassing for both the visitor and owner.

"I find I have to keep the doors locked. The people try to come in and walk through," he says.

Their fascination is understandable. Listed on the National Register of Historic Places, the castle enchants and entreats visitors with it history, architecture, romantic origins, and legends.

Samuel Taylor Suit was in his mid-50's when he began the project in 1885. Suit had lucrative careers in the stock market, distilling, railroads, dock management,

Built from native sandstone, it is thought to be the only Norman castle in the United States.

and politics. A Republican, he served in the Maryland Senate from 1873 to 1877, and was ambassador to England under Ulysses S. Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes.

Following the Civil War, Suit purchased several hundred acres of Maryland land near Washington, D.C., and established the town that bears his name. Suitland was home to his business, S.T. Suit, Fruit Grower & Distiller, which produced fruit brandies and a rye whiskey marketed in brown jugs.

He made his home in Suitland, as well, in a mansion modeled after an English manor house. On this estate, Suit raised a special breed of white ponies that he gave as gifts to the children of his friends. Often referred to as "Colonel," an honorary title from his Civil War days in Kentucky, Suit was considered a sentimental, loving person with a soft spot for young people, including young women.

His first wife died after giving birth to their son. His second, Aurelia, the daughter of a life insurance company's president, was 11 years his junior. Their 20-year marriage, while good for Suit's social standing, was contentious and ended in divorce in 1879

Three years earlier, while Suit was away serving as a judge of agriculture at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, his mansion burned to the ground. He was forced to file bankruptcy. Nevertheless, Suit was able to quickly regain his fortunes and eventually repurchased his Suitland property.

At some point in the 1870's, while still married, Suit met and soon fell in love with Rosa Pelham, the debutante daughter of an Alabama congressman. Seventeen at the time, Rosa rejected his attempts at romance. Five years of pursuit followed. In 1883 the couple met in Berkeley Springs.

Tradition holds that during this rendezvous, Rosa revealed that she always wanted to live in a castle. Suit promised to build one for her, a summer cottage on Warm Spring Ridge, overlooking the town, if she would marry him.

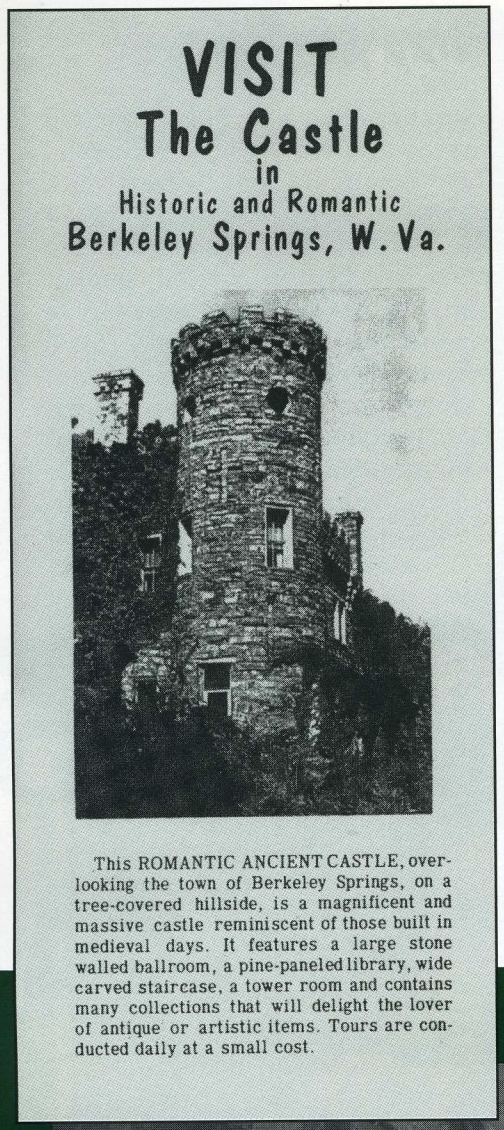
They returned to Washington, D.C., and on September 4, 1883, married, just three days after the proposal. She was 22, he was 51. Three children were born to the couple.

Work began on the castle in 1885. The land was purchased from H.H. Boyd and had been part of the Fruit Hill Farm. A.D Mullet, designer of the State, War, and Navy Building (Eisenhower Executive Office Building) in Washington, D C., is credited as designer.

The structure was thought to be modeled, on half scale, after England's Berkeley Castle, where King Edward II was murdered in 1327

In the West Virginia version, the great room measures 46 by 26 feet, has a 16-foot ceiling, hardwood

Andrew Gosline stands on the south side of the Berkeley Castle. He had much of the old stonework rebuilt and added stone patios and a waterfall.



Brochure 1988, courtesy of SHPO.

floors, and is bookended by two stone fireplaces. A wide staircase, which becomes twisting halfway up the rise, leads to the second floor bedrooms, library, and solarium.

The dining room and second-story library are paneled in carved Georgia pine. The turret rises three stories, providing reading nooks on the lower levels and a stunning overlook of the community from the top of the tower. Recessed crosses embellish the rugged stone façade, and battlements trim the roofline. There is no moat; modern security systems and a metal guide fulfill that role much more efficiently.

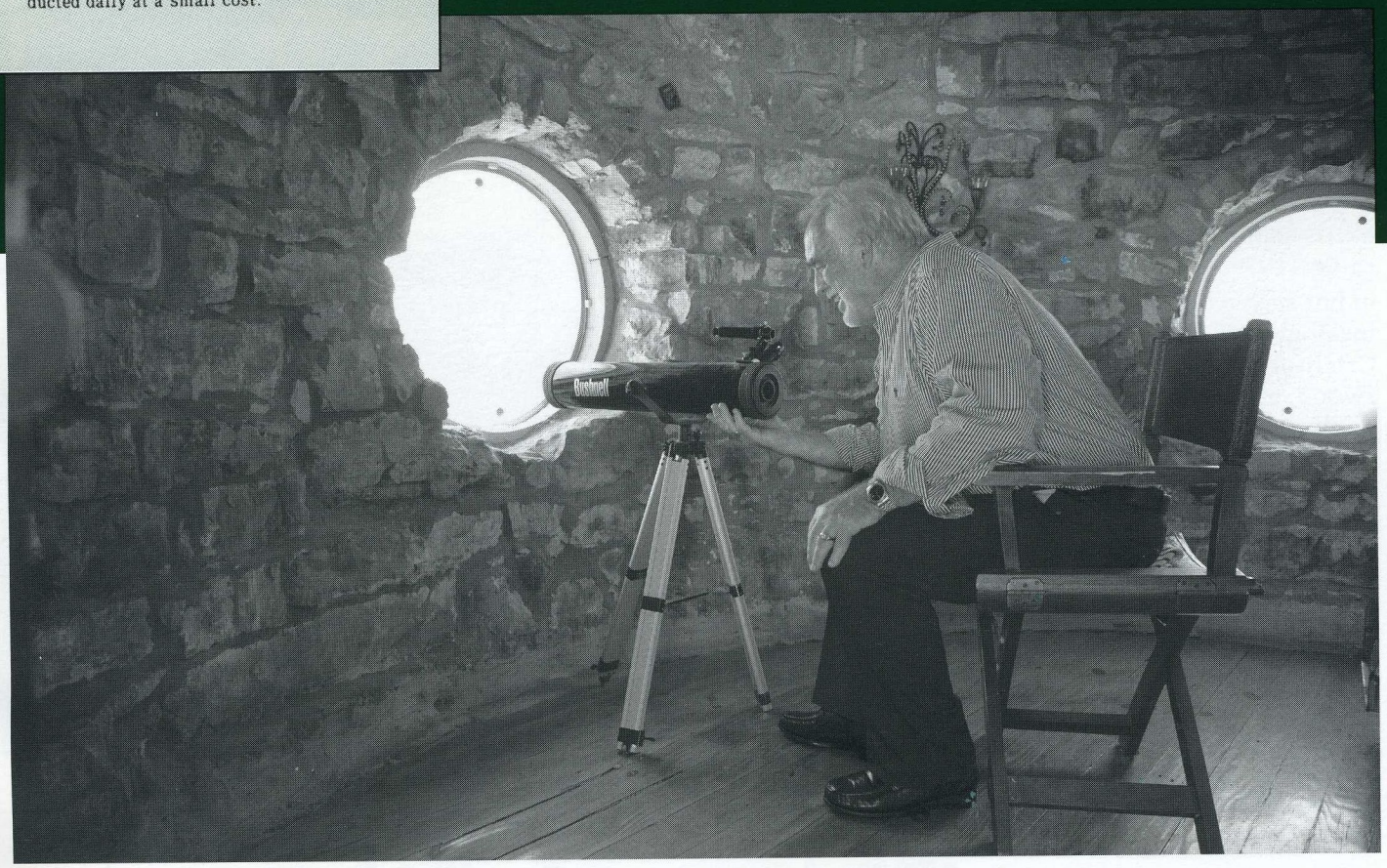
In keeping with the summer cottage concept, the kitchen, originally a pantry, is relatively small, but there is a spacious dungeon dug into the limestone — more than likely the wine cellar.

Built of native sandstone and lumber, the castle slowly took form as 100 German masons labored on the project. Each stone was hand cut and hauled to the site by horse and wagon. The Suits visited Berkeley Springs periodically to monitor the progress. Although the castle was still under construction, the Suit family spent a short while living there in the late summer of 1887 — the only time Samuel Taylor Suit resided in his castle. He died the following year.

Following her husband's death on September 1, 1888, in Washington, D.C., Rosa and their three children, the youngest just a year old, inherited the unfinished work and most of its master's fortune. Rosa requested work resume on the castle — reportedly a stipulation in her late husband's will in order for Rosa to inherit his fortune — and divided her time between Berkeley Springs and Suitland.

In May 1891, she and her three

The tower offers a spectacular view of Berkeley Springs and surrounding Morgan County.



children took up residence in the finished castle. Total bill for the 13-room castle was around $100,000.

Blue-eyed, slender, 27, and wealthy, Rosa Suit had no problem attracting suitors to her castle door. She gave lavish parties and was known as "Queen Rosa" by those who attended — and perhaps sarcastically so by jealous outsiders.

"Mrs. Suit was elegantly attired in black crepe with an elegant train giving her a queenly air," wrote a reviewer in *The Morgan Mercury* newspaper, July 1891. "She was untiring in her efforts in order that her guests be well entertained and made [completely] 'at home.' Not only the elite of our village were invited, but all of her friends received a cordial invitation to attend the festivities at her feudal home."

Although there were suitors, and scandalous stories of Rosa entertaining them, she never remarried. One of her serious suitors, from local gossip, was Malcolm Crichton, who owned Ravenswood, a large estate in the Eastern Panhandle.

Legend holds that one of Rosa's suitors fell or was pushed to his death from the roof of the castle; another that a suitor fell down the great staircase and was impaled on his umbrella. Some have claimed, perhaps to the enrichment of the castle's value, that the ghosts of these unfortunate suitors haunt the place.

The castle was updated with electricity and running water in 1895. While modern conveniences made living in the castle easier, Rosa's extravagant spending, coupled with the economic depression of 1893, brought tough times. The lawsuits and judgments became too much for Rosa's exhausted bank account; in 1902 she left the castle and moved into a small house she had built along Sleepy Creek. That same year, she sold off her property holdings in Maryland to pay debts.

Dogged by creditors, her glory days behind her, Rosa rented out the castle to raise cash. Neighbors along Sleepy Creek described her as poorly dressed and prone to act crazy at times.

The castle eventually went to public auction to settle her debts. Her sons, Samuel Taylor Suit, Jr., and Pelham Suit, purchased it in 1909 for $4,265. In the interim, Rosa's father had passed away and she inherited his money, allowing her to return to the castle — and extravagant living — for a few more years.

Poverty eventually caught up with Rosa, and she was once again evicted from the citadel. In 1916 the castle sold to the Bank of Morgan County. She moved into an old house and subsisted on gardening and raising chickens, until her son

Rosa Pelham Suit, circa 1890, photographer unknown. Courtesy of SHPO.

Pelham took her to live with him in Idaho, where he was a park ranger. She died out West at the age of 90.

George Cunningham purchased the castle for $7,500 in 1923 and used it as a tearoom, for dances and social events. Taylor Voorhorst, a Washington writer, briefly attempted to make it into a writer's retreat in the late 1920's. Dr. Ward W Keesecker of Berkeley County purchased it in 1936, opened it to tourists, and made it the headquarters of Monte-Vita, a summer camp for boys.

It was during Keesecker's ownership in the early 1950's that a row of bedrooms was added onto the rear of the castle. The addition brought to 20 the number of rooms in the castle.

Walter M. Bird and Henry Foil purchased the castle in 1954. Bird soon became the sole owner, and he and his family operated it as a tourist site until September 2000, when the castle and its contents went on the auction block.

The castle fell into disrepair in the mid-20th century, as shown here. Photograph 1965, courtesy of SHPO.

It sold for $360,125 to Virginia Scientific Research, a paranormal group that evidently hoped to rent the building to ghost hunters. The plans didn't gel — locals say it's because there are no ghosts in Berkeley Castle — and the property sold again, to Associated Investors Group, LLC, which renovated it with new heating and cooling systems, an electrical upgrade, new roof and windows, and installation of a commercial-grade kitchen.

Andrew Gosline says he paid about twice the price the castle brought at the 2000 auction. The only relics that came with the castle were two portraits of Rosa and one of Samuel, which he displays in the dining room and library.

Andrew spent his first six months of ownership addressing structural issues, including failing mortar, which was allowing water to invade the interior. Andrew says the biggest challenge was to find a reliable, knowledgeable stonemason qualified for the job. He found his answer in Dino Pretruci, who not only restored a century of haphazard patch jobs, but also rebuilt walls and the gatehouse. Andrew says the structure was in bad condition, and the stonemason had to use photographs to guide him in the restoration.

The roof had also suffered years of neglect, and layers of tarpaper had to be torn off to get to the beams, which had started to deteriorate from the standing water. When the rooms were added to the back of the castle, the addition created a barrier on the roof that kept water from draining. In order to preserve the exterior appearance of the castle, water now flows from the roof through two copper downspouts that run along interior walls. Concealing modern infrastructure, such as electrical wires, outlets, and plumbing lines, is a huge challenge.

"Everything I have done to it has been to try to preserve it," says Andrew, who has reversed many of the "updates" the castle underwent at the hands of previous owners. It could have been worse. At one point, a previous owner contemplated painting the dark paneling of the dining room to make it "more cheerful."

Andrew personalized the renovation by adding gargoyles to the battlements because he likes them and felt the castle needed that touch. He also had stone terraces and stairs built off the north and south sides of the castle's second story.

Poverty eventually caught up with Rosa, and she was once again evicted from the citadel.

By 2003, Andrew had adopted the castle as his home. His wife, however, was not as enchanted with the castle as her husband, nor was she fond of living in a climate that included snow. They divorced, leaving just Andrew and his dog to roam the castle's 20

rooms and five acres of grounds.

"There's plenty of room when it's only you and your dog," he says. He is never lacking for something to do. Just keeping an eye on the mortar, especially during a rainstorm, can be a consuming task.

"It takes a lot of time, a lot of work with the upkeep of the outside, the inside, and the grounds," says Andrew, who contracts for most of the work.

It is an expensive home to operate. It requires six air conditioning units to cool the massive rooms. Propane feeds the furnaces, which in the dead of winter will burn through 2,000 gallons of fuel in just 20 days. Accordingly, Andrew heads to Florida for the deepest months of the winter and puts the castle on idle to save expenses.

His favorite room is the solarium, which is on the second floor, just inside from the stone terrace.

"The best time of day here is in the early evening," Andrew says. "I enjoy sitting upstairs and reading. I enjoy the environment."

"You have to have a love of something like this to spend the money and time on it."

Much of his living space is on the third floor, where there is a modern, spacious family room fully equipped with home entertainment options.

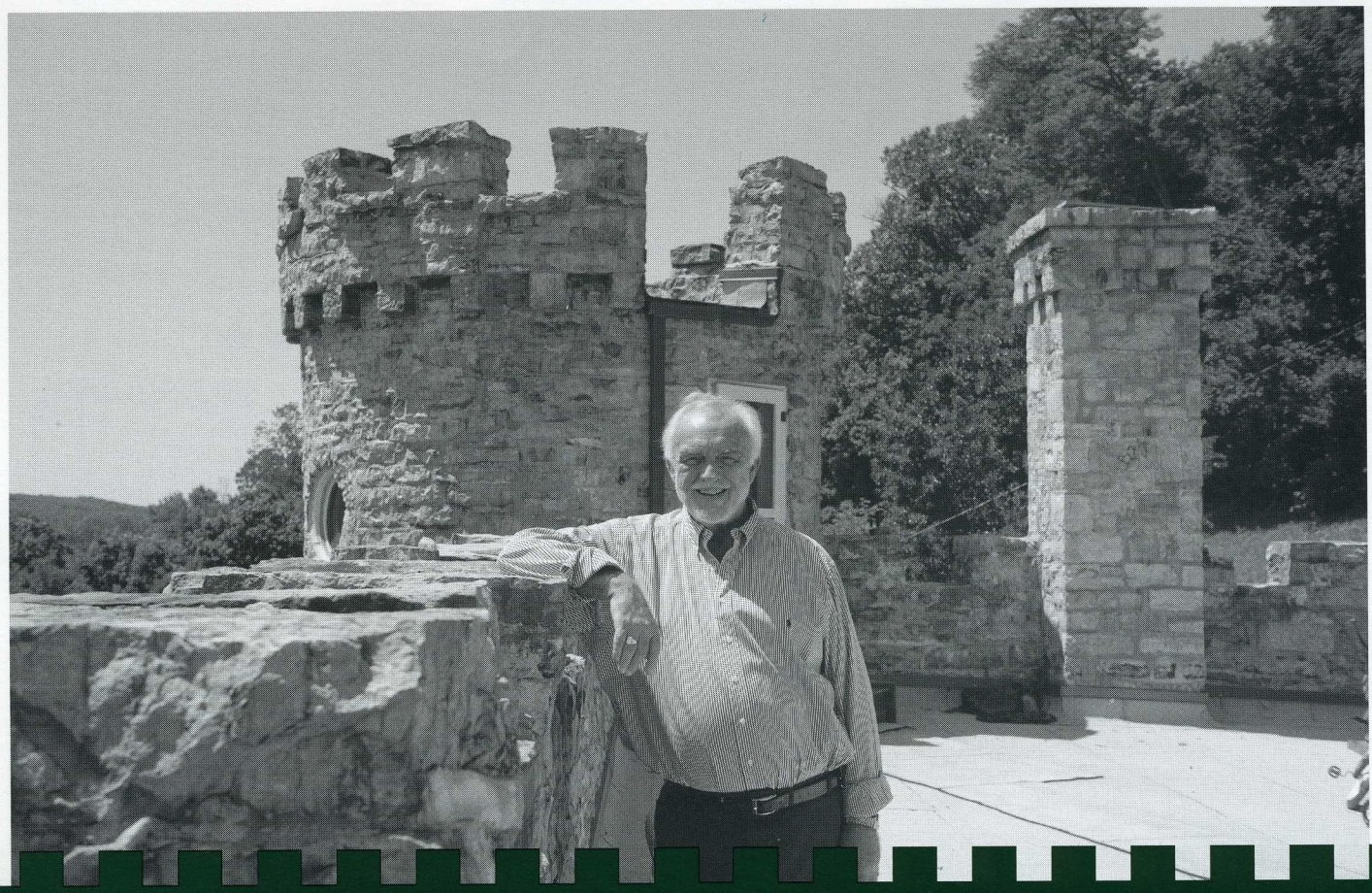
He says the castle has a very positive atmosphere to it and provides feelings of serenity, well-being, and peace. "You don't hear much in here," he says. "The walls are close to two feet thick on the first level."

Although at least one former housekeeper would say otherwise, Andrew has never sensed that his castle is haunted. Just to be sure, he agreed to allow a team of paranormal investigators access to the property several years ago. Their results were inconclusive. "One investigator supposedly saw traces of a ghost or spirit," says Andrew, who personally does not believe in ghosts.

Likewise, he doubts the various tunnel legends, especially one that linked the castle to the Potomac River. That would have been an incredible engineering feat as there are six miles of limestone between the castle and river. "It's not practical," says Andrew, who has found no evidence of any alleged tunnel. In 2009 Andrew put to test another legend about his house and traveled to the town of Bath, England, to tour the original Berkeley Castle.

"The [original] Berkeley Castle is a different design," he concludes. "It's more of a round castle. One side of

Andrew Gosline stands in the spacious dining room of his 20-room castle. On the wall behind him are portraits of Rosa and Samuel Taylor Suit.



"I think it is an important part of the town and the history of Berkeley Springs," says Andrew Gosline of his 19th-century castle. He has established a trust fund to ensure its preservation in years to come.

the castle is close to this one, but it is a different type and much bigger."

In his early 70's, Andrew has already made plans to keep the castle in the family after he is gone. He says his older sons have no interest in living there, but Andrew sees preserving this piece of history as his legacy. He has also invested extensively in Morgan County real estate and is restoring other historic properties around his castle.

"I think it is an important part of the town and the history of Berkeley Springs," he says of the castle. "I don't know if any of [my children] would actually come here and live, but I'll keep it in the family. You have to have a love of something like this to spend the money and time on it."

Unlike Rosa, however, Andrew understands that there is a limit to what can be spent.

"I don't want to end up raising chickens like she did," he says with a laugh. "I'm much more cautious than that."

His caution extends to setting aside preservation capital in a trust fund. "I have to leave enough money so the castle can be maintained," he says. "I don't expect to put that burden on my children. I think that would be unfair. It needs to be kept up."

Andrew says his favorite story about the castle and its original owners involves those dark times in Rosa's life when she was living in the poor part of town among the chickens. A group of citizens went to visit her. As they sat talking on the porch of her shack, one of them asked if she would have done anything differently or changed the way she lived — if given a second chance.

"She said no. She wouldn't have changed a thing — she had her memories," Andrew says.

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In the Beginning...

Prehistoric cultures had lived in the area for about 12,000 years. White explorers had found their way to the mouth of Davis Creek as early as the 1780's.

By Stan Bumgardner

Belgian immigrants Arthur and Gustave Dupierreux and their families in South Charleston, circa 1915. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Archives, WVSA hereafter.

Around the turn of the 20th century, the Kanawha Land Company, headed by former West Virginia Governor William A. MacCorkle, had acquired most of the bottomland on the south side of the Kanawha River, just west of Charleston. MacCorkle, however, was having trouble attracting residents. Other than an old iron ore company, businesses had yet to discover the community that would later be known as the Chemical Center of the World.

MacCorkle convinced his fellow investors to provide free real estate and two years of natural gas to any company willing to build there. As luck would have it, two glassmaking

But the history of the modern city of South Charleston dates to the arrival of a group of intrepid immigrant glassworkers and their families in 1907. Lured by free land and free natural gas — a key resource in glassmaking — these 20th-century pioneers relocated from two towns in Indiana to start glass factories in the Kanawha Valley. A large number of these glassworkers were Belgian, and their influence was strong in this important industrial community.

South Charleston's Belgian Roots

Banner Glass Company plant in South Charleston, date unknown. Banner Glass operated as a Belgian cooperative, producing handblown window glass from 1907 1920. Photograph courtesy of WVSA.

companies in Indiana were struggling to find enough gas to meet their needs. In the spring of 1907, Felix Dandois, Aimer Lefevre, and Alfred Gilbert — three Belgian-born officials with Banner Window Glass of Shirley, Indiana — decided to accept the Kanawha Land Company's offer after first considering sites in Huntington, Milton, and Clarksburg.

The Banner Window Glass factory was built near the Kanawha River, beside an ancient Adena burial mound. (Today, a Rite-Aid store stands at the entrance to the former plant.) After the plant was built, it took some three weeks to fire up the glass furnaces to the necessary temperature for glass production. On December 12, 1907, Banner Window Glass manufactured its first piece of flat glass. This was an inauspicious start as the factory burned down the next day. Undeterred by the setback, the Belgians rebuilt the plant and restarted production several months later.

Banner Window Glass was a cooperative owned by 50 Belgian immigrants, all of whom worked in the factory. This arrangement derived from the European guild system, where laborers controlled the means of production. This, in their view, produced a more cost-efficient product and generated greater pay for the workers.

In the guild system, glassmakers and other craftspeople would apprentice for years to learn a specific skill. The guilds became tightly knit, invitation-only fraternities. In many instances, only the relatives of guild members were allowed to join. As such, crafts like glassmaking became family traditions, handed down from generation to generation. With glassmaking essentially a family secret, these skilled craftsmen held a corner on the labor market. This inside knowledge also

Cherie Collard, a native of Jumet, Belgium, slices bread in her South Charleston home, photographer and date unknown. Also on the table are a pie and a basket of galettes — a waffle-like cookie popular in Belgium.

meant they had special insight into how a glass plant should be run.

An example of this Old World tradition was the Dumont family, who emigrated from Ransart, Belgium, and eventually ended up in South Charleston. The father, Camille, was a glass gatherer, and his 15-year-old son, Edgar, helped build the Banner plant. Edgar then served three years for no pay as an apprentice glass cutter while earning money at night by carrying and washing large sheets of glass.

South Charleston's second glass plant was not a cooperative like Banner. Dunkirk Glass was owned instead by non-glassworkers. This operation relocated from Dunkirk, Indiana, in 1908, lured by the same Kanawha Land Company offer as Banner. While some of the Dunkirk workers were Belgian, many other employees were French or German, including the lead officers: George, Adolph, and Edward Schlosstein.

Immigrant glassworkers and their families must have felt as though they had journeyed back in time when they arrived in South Charleston. Other than making the offer of land and natural gas, MacCorkle and his partners had done little to convert their swampy bottomland into a town.

"[There was] no running water nor any kind of sewer, no sidewalk, no paved street, and no electricity," recalled George Delforge, an original Belgian settler. "All the streets were laid out, but that was all they had done to them."

Jules Waterloo, the son of Banner's general manager, recalled the hardships: "Yes, South Charleston was a real mess.. [The land company] promised us streetcars, sewers, and so on. It was a long time before we got many of the improvements... When we moved here, South Charleston was nothing but a mud hole."

During that first cold winter, many glassworkers and their families had to live in railroad cars or shanties while waiting for the spring thaw so they could build permanent houses. The town also lacked adequate school facilities. Many Belgians sent their children by train to Fernbank Grade School in the South Hills area of Charleston or to St. Anthony's Catholic School on Charleston's West Side. Finally, a two-room school was built near the Dunkirk factory, but it quickly proved too small for South Charleston's growing population.

Denise Lefevre Flavion remembered the effort required to get to school and the scope of the schoolwork: "We rode the Number 14 train in the morning and Number 13 to get home. It was usually six o'clock when we got home. Most of the children got a good basic education through the eighth grade. But after that, there was the expectation they would go to work if they were boys, or, with us girls, that we would learn things that made us more marriageable."

Non-Belgians who arrived in South Charleston quickly had to adapt to this dash of Europe that had landed in the heart of Appalachia. Although many of the Belgians had been in the United States since the 1880's or '90's, they still spoke only broken English with thick French or Flemish accents, and frequently spoke among each other in their native tongues. As a result, most non-Belgians could not easily understand them or their unique culture.

While the Belgians embraced their adopted country, they never entirely lost touch with their roots. Once a year, the Belgians would shut down their furnaces, known as a "fire out," and take a vacation. The intense heat of the furnaces mixed with the humidity of the Kanawha Valley made summers a logical time for a scheduled shutdown. Some of the glassworkers would lay back money each month to pay toward a visit to Belgium in the summer. Edgar Michaux recalled:

"You could go by boat from New York for $20. Some would do it every year.. When I was seven, I went and stayed two years and went to school there. When the kids went to school in the morning, they would stop and holler, 'American! Hey, American!' If a fight broke out, a lot of them always went after me, because they thought an American just had to be a good fighter."

Hand-Blown Window Glass

The art of creating hand-blown window glass was developed in Germany in the 11th century and reached its peak in England and France during the late 1800's. Banner and Dunkirk glass companies in South Charleston — and other companies elsewhere in West Virginia — represented the swan song of this demanding and time-honored process. Hand-blown window glassmaking was all but abandoned by 1920 when Irving W. Colburn's sheet glass drawing machine replaced it.

George Grant was an English glass blower who came to Weston in 1903 as one of the original stockholders in the Crescent Window Glass Company. An article in the February 20, 1953, edition of the Weston Democrat *explains that Grant came from a long line of glass blowers, who plied their trade in the north of England. It says: "For 31 years [Grant] followed the difficult trade of blowing handmade window glass, retiring when machines were installed in the early 1920's." The article offers the following description:*

"George Grant learned the skilled art at a very early age. He showed this writer a blowing pipe that he had used for many years. It was a heavy steel affair about five inches in diameter on the gathering end and about an inch wide at the blowing end.

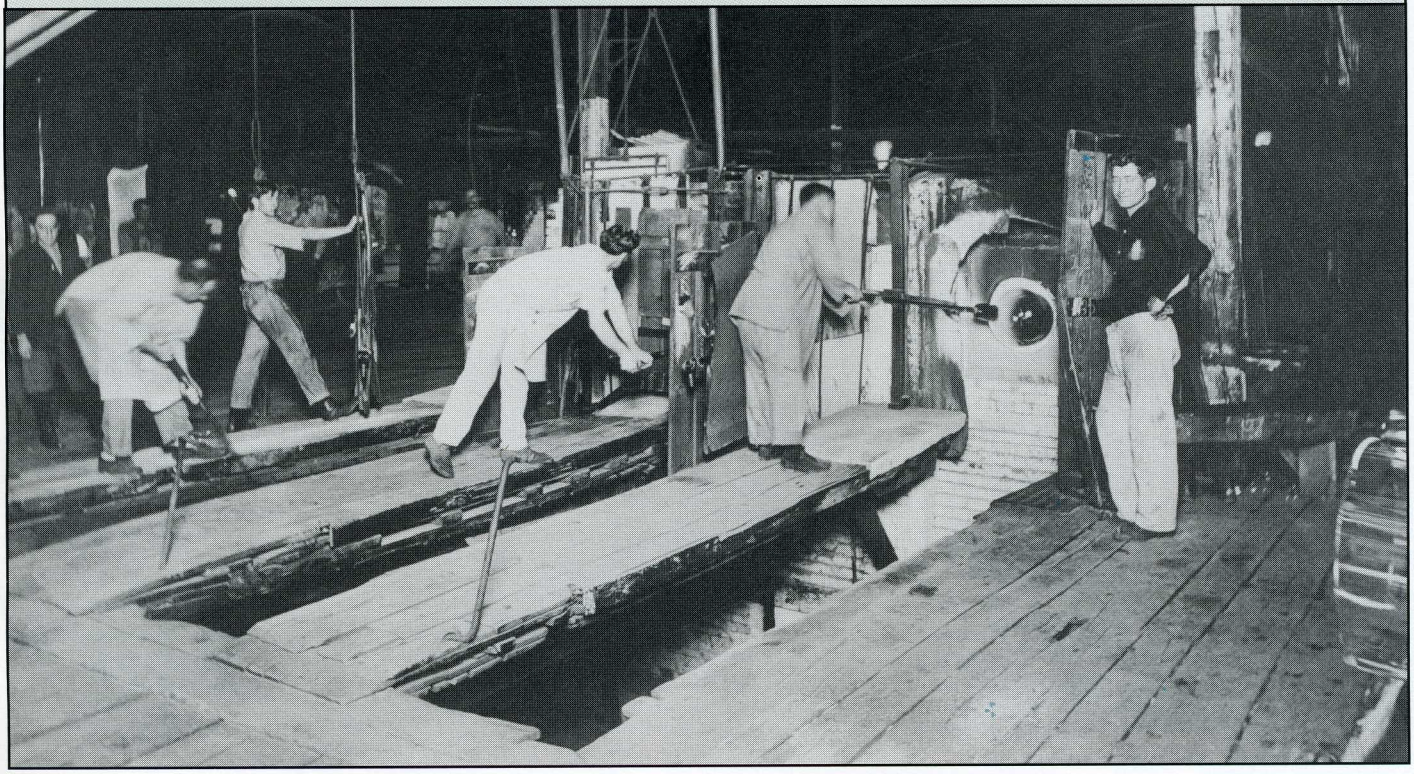
"The blower took the pipe from the gatherer after it had been placed in the furnace about four times and almost 50 pounds of glass had adhered to the pipe.

"The 50 pounds (a good gatherer could estimate from one to three pounds within 50 pounds) added to the 25-pound weight of the pipe made quite a load for the blower, Mr. Grant said. The ball of glass was then placed in a blow block, a cast iron affair shaped like a bowl, and the blower started to blow, pulling on the pipe slightly to begin the neck of the cylinder. After much reheating and tempering, a cylinder is formed and the blower then lowers the [gob] of glass down into a long hole in the floor called the swing hole. There he swings it back and forth gently as he blows through the pipe. After the cylinder is shaped it is snapped off from the pipe, later split from end to end and placed in an oven on a flat stone and heated again. The glass, softened, is flattened out into a sheet of glass and is ready then for cutting.

"Mr. Grant said that a blower was allowed to blow 30 boxes of double strength or 48 boxes of single strength glass during a shift. Six boxes an hour was about the limit of the best blowers. Wages were among the best in the country, Mr. Grant said.

"There were two handmade window glass plants in Weston at the time Mr. Grant was a blower. Crescent No. 1 was located where the West Virginia Glass Specialty is today and Crescent No. 2 was across the road. Machines were put in No. 1 first and the other plant operated about two years before the machines were installed."

Belgian glassworkers make handblown window glass at South Charleston's Banner Glass plant, circa 1908. Photograph courtesy of Fred Barkey.



After returning from their Belgian vacations, the travelers would regale the entire town with stories from family and friends back in the Old Country. Even non-Belgians would rush downtown to peruse the various treasures and treats that had been hauled back across the Atlantic. Frances Young Clay was one of the South Charlestonians who turned out to see Cherie Collard upon her summer return from Belgium. Frances recalled:

"We were served morning coffee from heavy, thick bowls, with a piece of tart — a piece made of cake, spread with a thin fruit filling. Our hostess, fat, jolly Cherie, was greeting everyone handsomely, eating with each group, and exchanging jokes in French that made everyone laugh. The beautiful things we had come to see were spread on tables, chairs, and a bed to be admired before they were given to eager friends. Yet nothing was as striking as the huge black wooden cross and rosary Cherie was wearing that hung down to her knees."

The Belgians kept their traditions alive in South Charleston with music, food, and drink. They formed the first town band and performed at various public functions. Local residents grew to love Belgian treats like *galette* (a sugar-coated waffle-like cookie) or *boudin* (sausage). The Belgians also continued Old World cultural activities, like the annual New Year's Day festivities. This celebration would begin with one family visiting another. Then those two families would pick up a third family and visit a fourth house. At each stop, they would sample an array of homemade whiskeys, beer, and wine — likely making for a rather raucous day for those making the full trek.

Another popular event was the annual summer festival. In an interview with Dr. Fred Barkey during the 1980's, George Delforge still recalled these events some 70 years later:

"It was just like a county fair with produce, preserves, with prizes for the best things, only it was only for the Belgians. They'd also raise pigeons and race them with quite a lot of lively betting. They'd take the birds down to Point Pleasant and release them. Sometimes the birds would beat the boys back. The transportation then was poor."

Martha Delbart Barker remembered how the glassworkers would send Belgian boys on errands, which would include fetching beer:

"The workers would give the boys a can and send them to the beer parlor to fill it up. They would give them so much money to get it. It was also common for beer to be delivered to your door in returnable canisters. Well, the boys would sometimes pour a little beer out of each of those back porch canisters, just enough so it would be hard to tell. So, the boys were selling the men their own beer."

A Belgian-only benefit society was established called *Le Secours Mutuel.* The clubhouse, located near the Banner factory, served beer, hosted card games, and sponsored dances featuring the Belgian band. Each society member would contribute one dollar per month and an extra dollar each six months. If any of the Belgians got hurt on the job or became ill, they could draw down money from the fund.

The arrival of the streetcar line in 1909 connected Charleston and South Charleston. This and other

This group of jovial Belgians gathered in South Charleston in 1909. Photograph courtesy of WVSA, Margaret Delforge Collection.

improvements attracted a variety of businesses, including the Ohio Tool & Machinery Company and the town's two first chemical plants: Rollin (later Barium Reduction) and Warner-Klipstein (eventually bought out by Union Carbide). Ironically, the glass factories began to decline just as South Charleston started to boom.

The year 1917 marked a turning point for South Charleston. The U.S. Navy began construction of an ordnance plant just west of the Banner factory, and the town was incorporated. [See "U.S. Naval Ordnance Plant: A Brief History", Spring 2010.]

For the glassworkers, however, 1917 was significant for another reason. In Kanawha City (now part of Charleston), Libbey-Owens opened what would soon become the largest flat-glass plant in the world under one roof. More importantly, Libbey-Owens had patented a glassmaking machine developed by the late Irving Colburn. These machines could make more glass using fewer workers. The glass was also cheaper to produce and was much clearer in appearance than the handmade wavy glass. [See "A.O. Barnette's Neighborhood: Changing Times in Kanawha City," by Jeffrey A. Green; Spring 1996.]

The writing was on the wall. Banner shut down almost immediately, reopened briefly in 1920 with a skeleton crew, but then shut down again. Dunkirk held out until 1927, when officials sold out to Libbey-Owens. Some of the glassworkers, mostly cutters, moved on to work at Libbey-Owens (soon to become Libbey-Owens-Ford). Others went to work for non-glassmaking industries, such as the Kelly Axe factory on Charleston's West Side.

Even before the South Charleston plants had closed, young Edgar Dumont and his father sold their Banner stock, moved to the West Side, and found jobs at the Charleston Window Glass factory, which was founded by Banner officers Alfred Gilbert and Aimer Lefevre, and several other Belgian immigrants. Edgar soon moved on to Libbey-Owens-Ford, where he remained until retiring in 1958.

Three girls visit the Delbart monuments in South Charleston's Glendale Cemetery, early 1920's. Photograph courtesy of WVSA, South Charleston Museum Collection.

The end of the centuries-old handmade glassmaking tradition must have been demoralizing to the Belgians of South Charleston. They endured, however, and many continued living in this now-thriving community. Oscar and Rene Henry built the town's first soda fountain at the corner of D Street and 7th Avenue. Felix Dandois, the former Banner president, opened a grocery on D Street. Cherie Collard and Tillie Dehinaut operated popular eateries that catered to school students.

Over time, the descendants of the original Belgians assimilated into the language and culture of West Virginia. Through marriage, most of the Belgian names disappeared from the phone book. Today, it's difficult at times to find visible remnants of the Belgian culture in South Charleston. Only a few of the original houses still stand. Some local residents, though, can still point out a Belgian house, such as the one Camille Dumont built on 9th Avenue. Many descendants of the original Belgian glassworkers still live in the South Charleston area, and there are occasional events held to recognize and honor the early Belgian settlers.

Perhaps the most visible legacy can be found in the city's Glendale Cemetery. The headstones at Glendale and the names found there are a lasting reminder of the Belgian immigrants who brought an ancient glassmaking tradition and a taste of their Old World culture to the Mountain State.

The South Charleston Museum has worked diligently to keep alive the memories of the Belgian immigrants through special events and an exhibit located at the South Charleston Interpretive Center, "Belgian Glassworkers and the Founding of South Charleston." For the opening of this exhibit in 2009, the descendants of Belgian immigrants donated photographs and artifacts. Peggy Thompson, a museum board member, made some of her grandmother Cherie Collard's Belgian pastries.

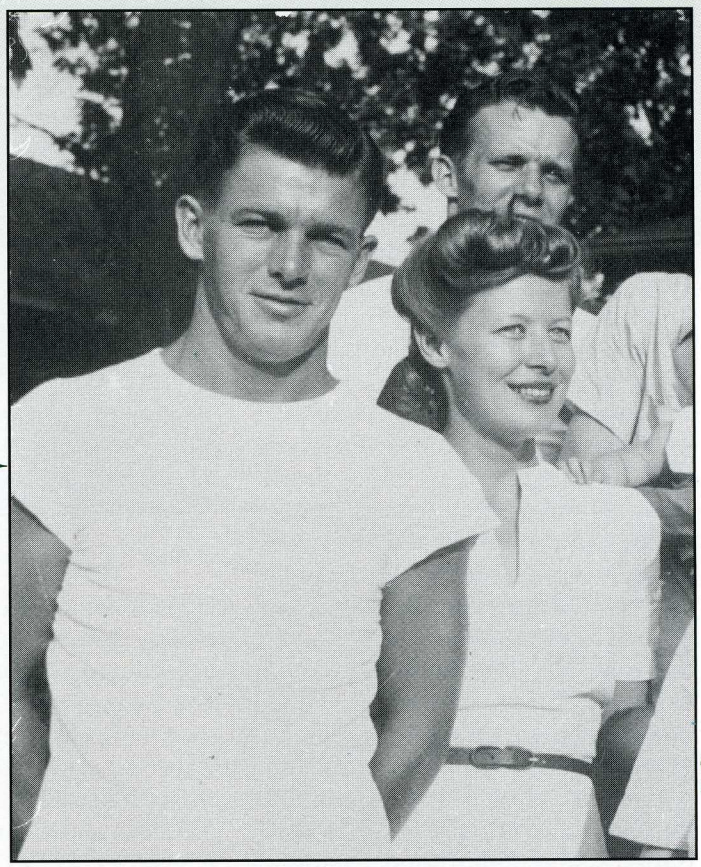
The South Charleston Interpretive Center, located at 313 D Street, is open Monday through Friday from 10-5, and on Saturdays from 11-4. Admission is free. Phone number is (304)720-9847 The author wishes to thank Dr Fred Barkey, who interviewed many of the original Belgian settlers in the 1970's and 1980's.

STAN BUMGARDNER is a native of Charleston. He holds a master's degree in public history from West Virginia University. A freelance historian and exhibit developer, Stan served as creative director for the West Virginia State Museum renovation. Stan's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared our Fall 2007 issue.

Remembrances of Grandma and Grandpa Dumont

By Edgar Dumont, Jr.

Belgian glassworker Edgar Dumont, Sr., along with his parents, Camille and Marie, emigrated to the U.S. in 1892, settling in South Charleston with the establishment of the Banner Window Glass Company in 1907 Edgar worked as a glass cutter there and at various other area factories for nearly 50 years. His son, Edgar, Jr., was born in South Charleston in 1921 Following service in World War II, Edgar, Jr., enjoyed a long career at Union Carbide, retiring in 1986 after 45 years. He wrote this brief memoir of his grandparents as part of an unpublished family history. —ed.



Author Edgar Dumont, Jr., at left, in South Charleston, in 1946. Photographer unknown.

Every Friday [Grandma] invited me to lunch. She knew I loved apples, bacon, and hot homemade bread, which she heavily buttered to make me grow. She sliced the apples like you slice a tomato and fried a stack of them like pancakes. Sometimes she would have hotcakes. They were about seven inches in diameter and very thin. She would turn them by flipping them in the air and catching them in the frying pan.

I was encouraged by her to open a Christmas Savings Club — 25 cents a week. To earn money to make my weekly deposit, she planned chores for me to do. On Saturday mornings, Grandma started the day off making homemade bread and tarts, such as pineapple, prune, apricot, gooseberry, or peach in season. The tarts were always made with lots of eggs. The crust was a bright yellow. She also made a large pot of white bean and parsley soup. To earn my 25 cents for my Christmas Club deposit, my job was to deliver soup, tarts, and homemade bread to her neighbors. I was always welcomed, and the neighbors were always pleased. Another chore was to pick tea leaves for her daily cup of afternoon tea. She had a hand-operated coffee grinder. My job was to grind up the coffee beans. I loved to do it because of the smell.

Grandma and Grandpa always had an immaculate garden with raised beds and perfectly straight rows. Some of the things they grew were leeks, parsley, garlic, three or four kinds of lettuce, plus other vegetables. They grew their own tea. Grandpa even raised his own tobacco. He had a small shed for drying his tobacco and had a hand-driven chopper to cut the tobacco. He fertilized the garden to make it more productive, collecting cow manure in a wooden wheelbarrow in a nearby field, where cattle grazed. A Belgian by the name of Jules LeChien had a dairy on Fifth Avenue in South Charleston.

In the afternoon Grandma would go to the living room for her daily prayers with her rosary. I can see her now, counting her beads on her rosary as she was praying. A nap always followed. I spent many an afternoon playing with her button box, or playing solitaire. Sometimes I would take her statue of Virgin Mary into a dark closet, because it glowed in the dark.

She had many lady friends and enjoyed going to their homes to play cards and exchange pleasantries of the day. The hostess would always prepare her specialty. Occasionally, Grandma would take me with her. I never refused to go.

Grandpa would go over to the South Charleston mound to gossip with his Belgian friends. They all smoked their pipes with their homegrown tobacco. I can see them now as they sat on the benches, laughing over their jokes.

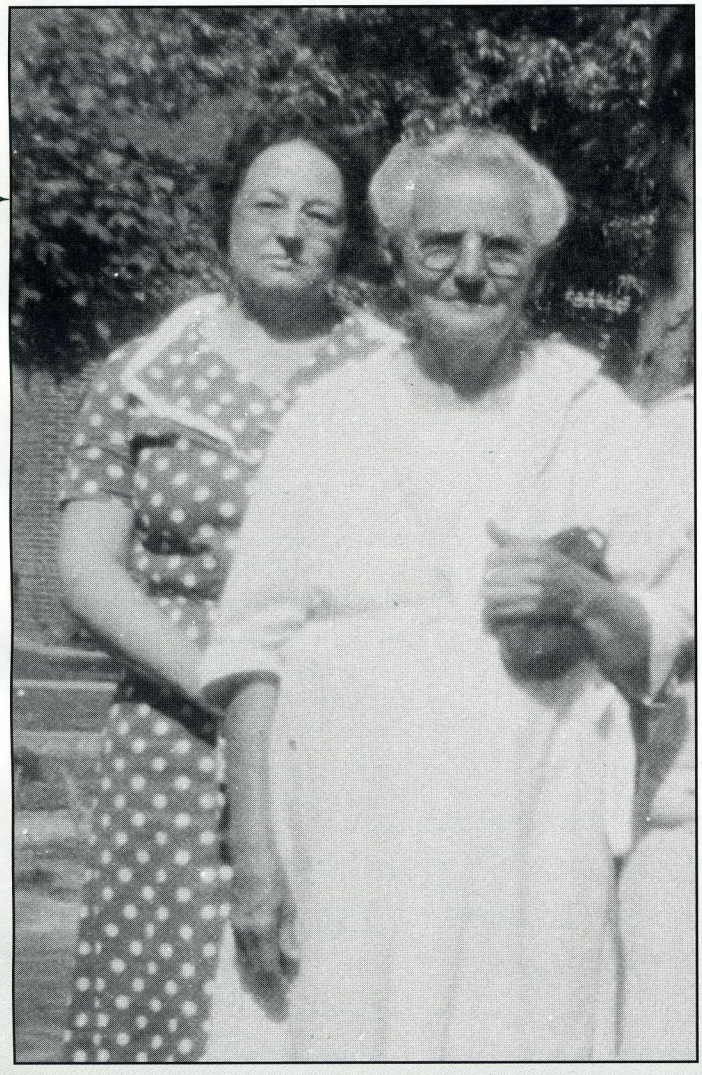
Holidays were always special. Grandma made *galettes*, French fruit cake, and tripe sausage. In preparing her roast meat, she used olive oil and onion and prunes to sweeten the meat. Grandpa made a contribution with his homemade red wine. A few days before Christmas, Grandma would dress up in a Santa Claus outfit, knock on our back door, and throw candy into the room, which was joyfully collected.

Before Aunt Alice was married, [my sister] Jean and I would take turns staying overnight at Grandma's house. We would sleep in the bed with Aunt Alice. She worked at United Carbon, where she met Uncle Arthur. Every other Sunday, Grandma would show us magic tricks with coins, and we would always end up with the coins to keep.

I had never owned a pair of long pants. One evening when I was 17 years old, to my surprise I received a call from Uncle Arthur. He asked me to meet him at 5:00 p.m. the next day at Frankenberger's Men's Store. I could hardly wait to see him. He had me try on several pairs of pants. With a grin on his face he said, "You need a sport coat to go with the pants." I was on Cloud Nine to receive these gifts, since I had never owned a sport coat and matching long pants. The quality was so good in those clothes, I wore them for the next 15 years.

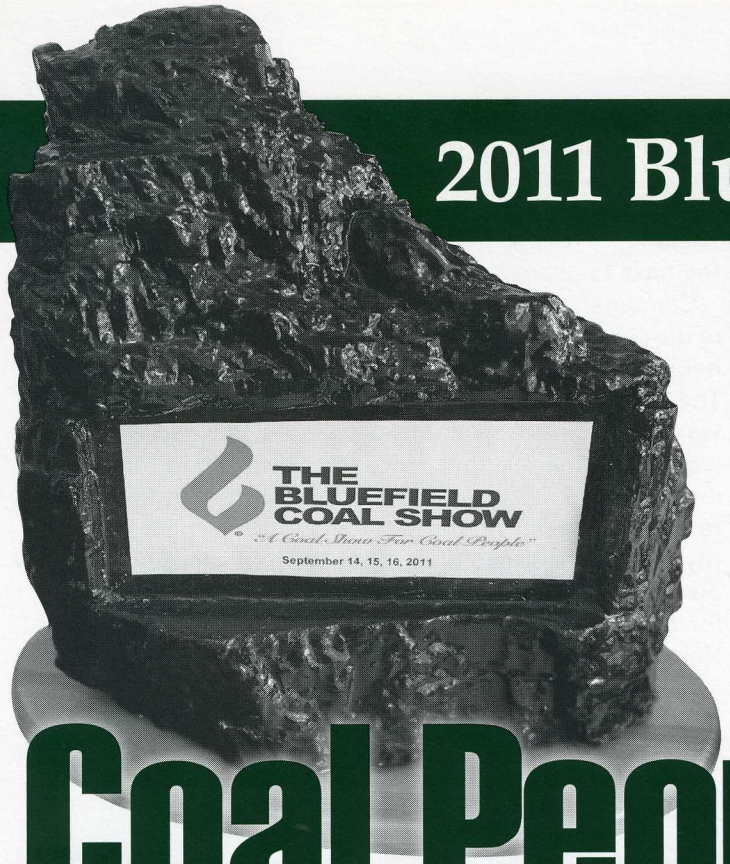
Grandma had a French friend, Alfadean, who was the nanny of the children of Oscar Nelson. She would visit Grandma on her days off. Grandma would occasionally return the visit. The Nelsons lived in the 1500 block of Virginia Street in a very nice home. It would be a special day when Grandma would take me with her, since the Nelsons had three children close to my age. The third floor of their home was a recreation room full of toys of all kinds. To me it was like toyland at Christmas time, since we had very few toys at our home. When Aunt Alice and Uncle Arthur would come for Sunday dinner, Grandma would occasionally ask the Nelsons for dinner too.

I will never forget the morning Mom woke me and told me that Grandma had passed away. It was a very sad day for all of us. I still have good dreams of her.



Grandmother Marie Dumont, in spotted dress, pictured in South Charleston, in about 1935.

Grandfather Camille Dumont with daughter Alice Dumont and grandson Jack Hanson, in 1932.



Where Coal People Meet

There are friends of coal, then there is the Bluefield Coal Show. This biennial gathering of the coal industry and its supporters provides a detailed look at the hardware and services employed in the mining and processing of coal. It is also an enthusiastic assembly of people who draw their livelihoods from the mining industry, most from southern West Virginia. This year they got together September 14-16.

Begun in 1975, the coal show takes place in and around the spacious Brushfork Armory in Bluefield — what they like to call the "Heart of the Coalfields." Indeed, U.S. Route 52, the primary approach to the coal show, leads past and directly over the Bluefield rail yard, which is stacked several trains thick with loaded coal cars, heaped to capacity with their shiny, bituminous cargo. The coal industry is booming at the moment. The mines are working at capacity, the trains are running full, and people are standing in line to get into the coal show

Once visitors make it past the initial traffic jam, backed up for more than an hour during prime time, they are greeted by the sounds of country music, the smell of barbeque, and the sight of colorful and massive mining equipment on display.

The coal industry is booming at the moment. The mines are working at capacity, the trains are running full, and people are standing in line to get into the coal show.

Phil Rosenstern of Franklin, Pennsylvania, sells continuous miners for Joy Mining Machinery. "This is a 14CM15 continuous miner," he says, pointing to a $2 million, bright-orange machine, measuring around 12 feet wide by 35 feet long and weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of 25 tons. "This cuts into the coal underground. They take this up to the coal face, raise the cutter head up, enable the cutters, and then they move this toward the face. This is called sawing into the coal. While the cutters are rotating, they

By John Lilly | Photographs by Tyler Evert

lower the head down and basically it cuts the coal. The coal falls into this pan down here, it's gathered up by these arms, and exits this machine by conveyer."

Phil is friendly, young, and knowledgeable. Like most of the marketing staff at the booths and displays, his background is in sales, not mining. Nevertheless, he can tell you all about this impressive piece of hardware and the job it can do.

"These are water sprays here, traditional water sprays," he says, pointing to nozzles located just behind the rotating drums or cutting surface. "Some of our machines have what are called wet heads, which actually sprays behind each bit."

The carbide-tipped bits surround three drums, powered by two drum motors. "They are always raising and lowering the cutting heads. That's how they cut," Phil says. "They go into the top [of the seam] and they cut down."

The particular unit on display in Bluefield is not especially large by industry standards. "They get bigger than this," Phil says. "This is a relatively small machine, not low-low, but for about four- or five-foot coal seams. I've seen them making 12-foot cuts in West Virginia. I've seen some mines that are even higher, but they do two cuts. They make one cut, they go through, then they back out and cut the bottom."

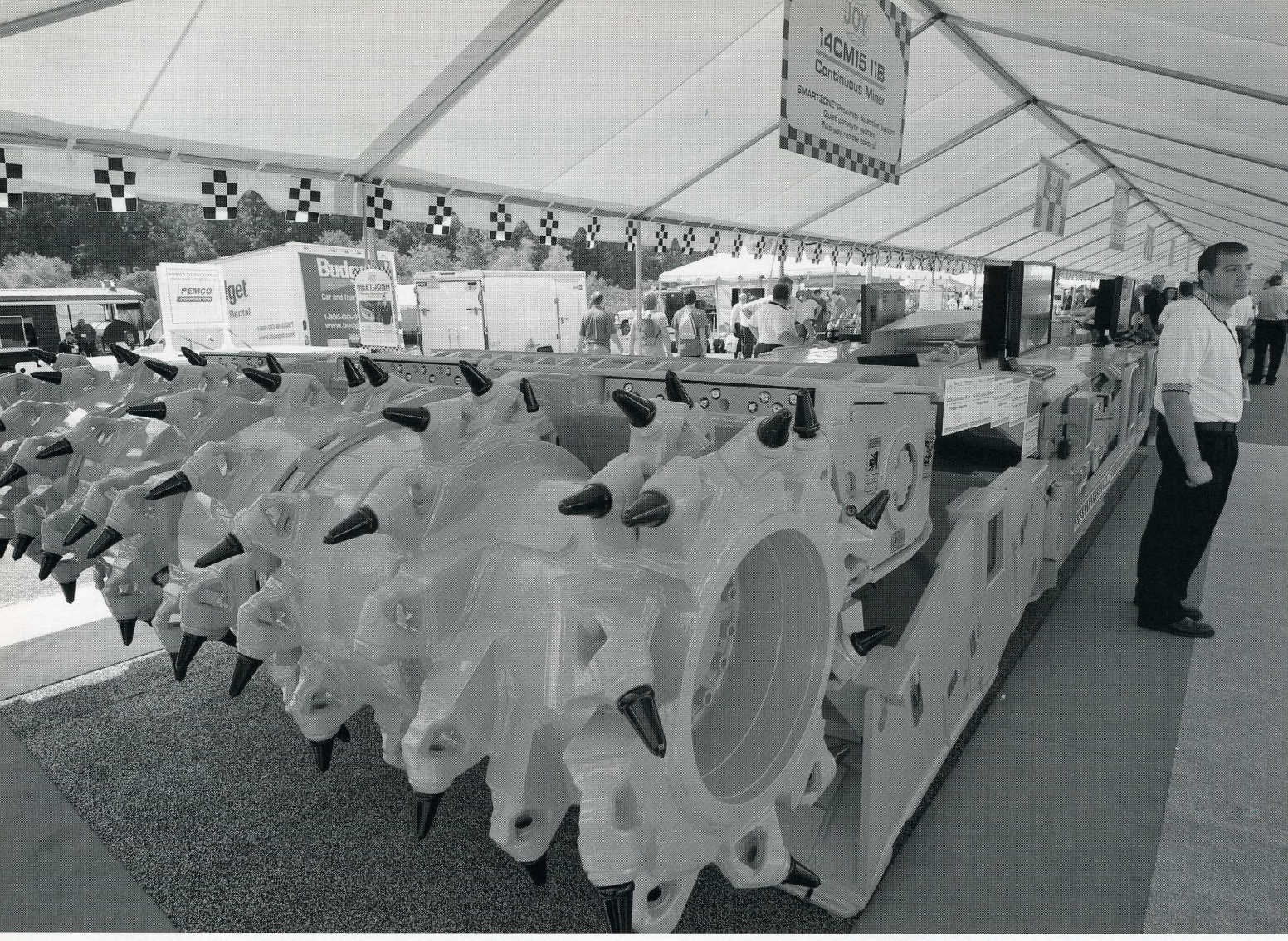
Powered by a high-voltage electrical line, the continuous miner is a formidable and essential tool in the modern underground mine. Phil estimates that there are about 1,000 machines like this operating in the U.S. each day.

"Coal is a booming industry right now," he says. "Lot of jobs, especially in the West Virginia area."

Once the continuous miner has extracted the coal from a section of the mine, roof bolters go in to secure the area. And, yes, you can buy a roof bolting machine at the coal show as well.

Larry Lester of Scott Depot sells roof bolting machines for J.H. Fletcher & Company out of Huntington. "This

Bluefield's Brushfork Armory was home to the 19th biennial Coal Show, September 14-16. Approximately 3,500 people a day attended the event.



Sales representative Phil Rosenstern stands by a Joy 14CM15 continuous miner at the Bluefield Coal Show. This 25-ton machine is relatively small as mining machinery goes, Phil says. It costs around $2 million.

is a CHDDR roof bolter," he says, referring to a mammoth yellow-and-black machine parked under a white tent outside the armory. "After the continuous miner has taken the coal out, they go in with this machine and put roof bolts in the roof, which holds the top up. It takes two people to operate it, one on each side. This particular one weighs about 40,000 or 48,000 pounds."

Larry has been in the mining business nearly 40 years — 20 years with U.S. Steel and 20 years with J.H. Fletcher & Company. "I've been to the coal show about 12 or 16 times — quite a few. It's gotten larger. But as much as it changed it stays the same. You still get a mixture of purchasing people, mine management people. There's a lot of operators and family people. So it's a very good mixture of the mining community."

A considerable number of vendors at the coal show sell after-market replacement parts for these big-ticket items.

"Business is terrific!" according to Tim Bailey of Bland, Virginia, a 60-something sales rep and delivery driver for W&B Fabricators of Princeton. "They're using their continuous miners and tearing them up and bringing them to me." Tim is boisterous and jovial. He seems to enjoy the steady stream of visitors to his small, outdoor booth. "They're tearing 'em up, wearing 'em out. We bring 'em in and redo 'em and bring 'em back to them," he says with a hearty laugh.

Mark Getz of Morgantown sells parts for Gauley-Robertson out of Hico, Fayette County. "These are all replacement parts," he says, referring to the chiseled examples of a machinist's trade on display at his booth inside the armory. "We make drive shafts, sprockets for feeders, timing arms for the shuttle cars."

Mark speaks surrounded by an impressive array of gears, shafts, and chains, each custom-made to fill a particular industrial need. He has been selling replacement parts for more than 20 years across northern West Virginia, southern Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Maryland. He thinks the recent surge in coal mining might be related to the March 2011 earthquake in Japan, which threatened to rupture a nuclear power plant.

"Business is better now," he says. "I'm not sure whatever happened in Japan wasn't a big spike for the coal industry. The earthquake scared some people out of nuclear power. That's just a thought, but things have picked up pretty well over the past

six or seven months."

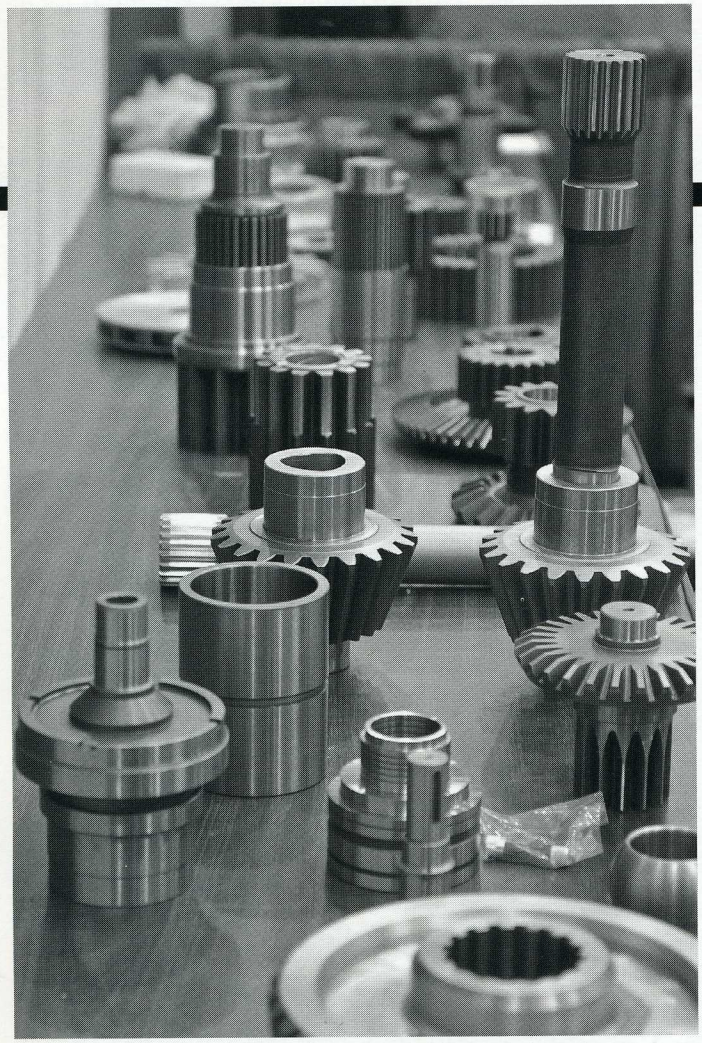
Safety concerns drive sales at a number of the booths. The mining mishaps at Sago in 2006 and at Massey Energy's Upper Big Branch mine in 2010 raised awareness and ushered in a wave of new safety regulations.

Frank Yesh sells for Rel-Tek Corporation out of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "This is an atmospheric monitoring system for underground escape chambers," he says, pointing to a compact but sophisticated collection of wires, lights, knobs, diodes, sensors, and tubes. "It measures the atmosphere within the chamber, measures the atmosphere within the mine, and measures the atmosphere inside the interlock that allows people to get into the chamber for survival."

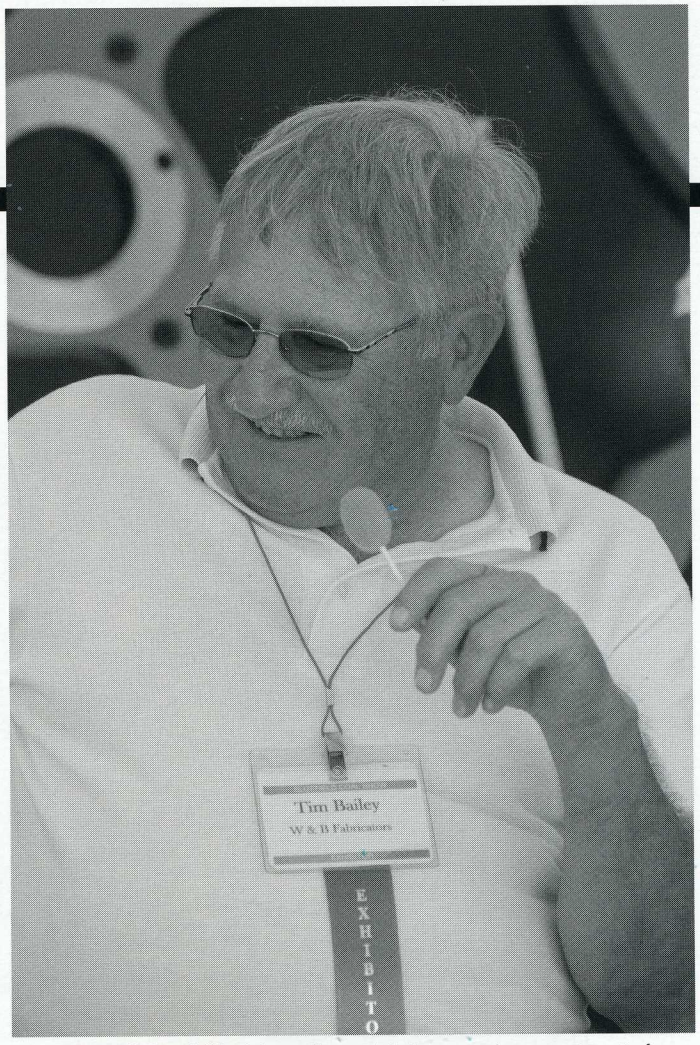
The high-tech smoke detector is designed to sense methane, carbon monoxide, and other lethal or hazardous gases that might be found in a mine following a fire or explosion.

"Whenever you enter the chamber, the first person hits the big red switch," Frank says. "From there on it's automatic." The machine calibrates itself and immediately begins sending data to the mine office or command center. According to Frank, this model outperforms previous sensors in terms of speed and accuracy.

"It communicates at a very high rate," he says. "Two years ago at the Massey disaster, the sensor system there, we've been told, 74 sensors took 20 minutes to register data. That means [the data] you were looking at were 19 minutes old. Our system will communicate with 120 sensors in one second. So what you see on



These gears, shafts, and sprockets are custom-made to replace worn parts in a variety of mining machines. After-market replacement parts were in abundance at the Bluefield Coal Show.



Tim Bailey of Bland, Virginia, sells and delivers replacement parts for continuous miners. "Business is terrific!" he says.

the screen is basically real time."

The battery-operated system can sit idle for two years, or run for 36 hours on a fresh set of batteries. Interest is strong in a product such as this, especially in light of the Sago disaster, where miners perished as a result of breathing poisonous air in a sealed mine before rescuers could reach them. New laws mandate the use of underground escape chambers, and this tool is designed to monitor conditions in and around those chambers. The invention is awaiting final approval from the Mine Safety and Health Administration (MSHA).

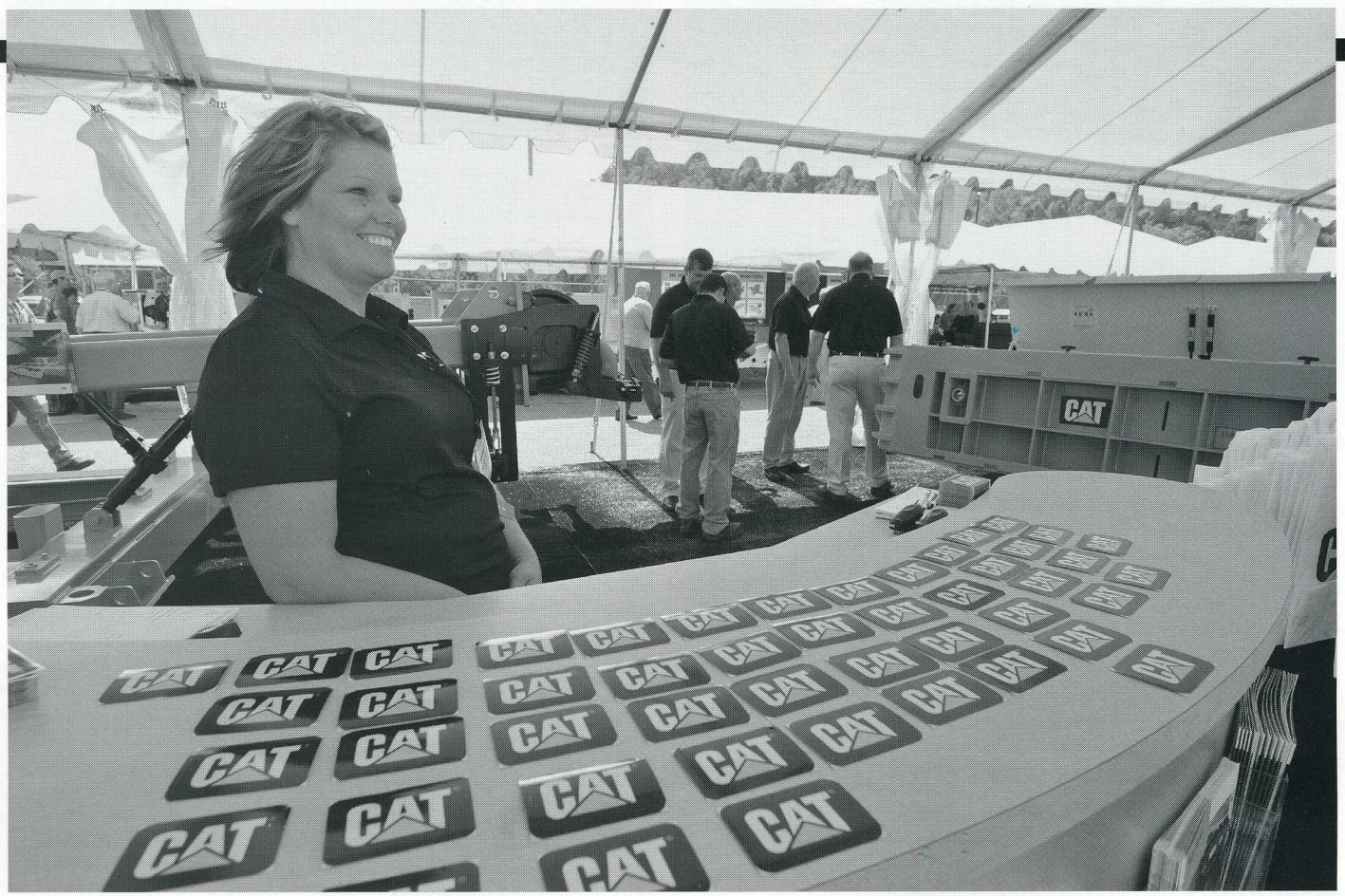
"We have customers waiting for their final approval," Frank says. "The bad guy in the pile here is MSHA and how fast they are or are not moving. We have over 120 citations with MSHA of pre-approved material. Everything in here is pre-approved. So any question they ask, we can refer to their file number of the pre-approval. But it's still taking them quite a bit of time to make sure it's right. The wheels turn slow."

Tom Hughes is owner of HSC Industrial out of Beckley. A distributor for Tunnel Radio out of Oregon, he sells underground communications and tracking systems.

"After the Sago accident," Tom explains, "it was mandated that everybody had to buy a communications system and use tracking systems. And so now people really realize just how valuable it is to have that radio and that communications.

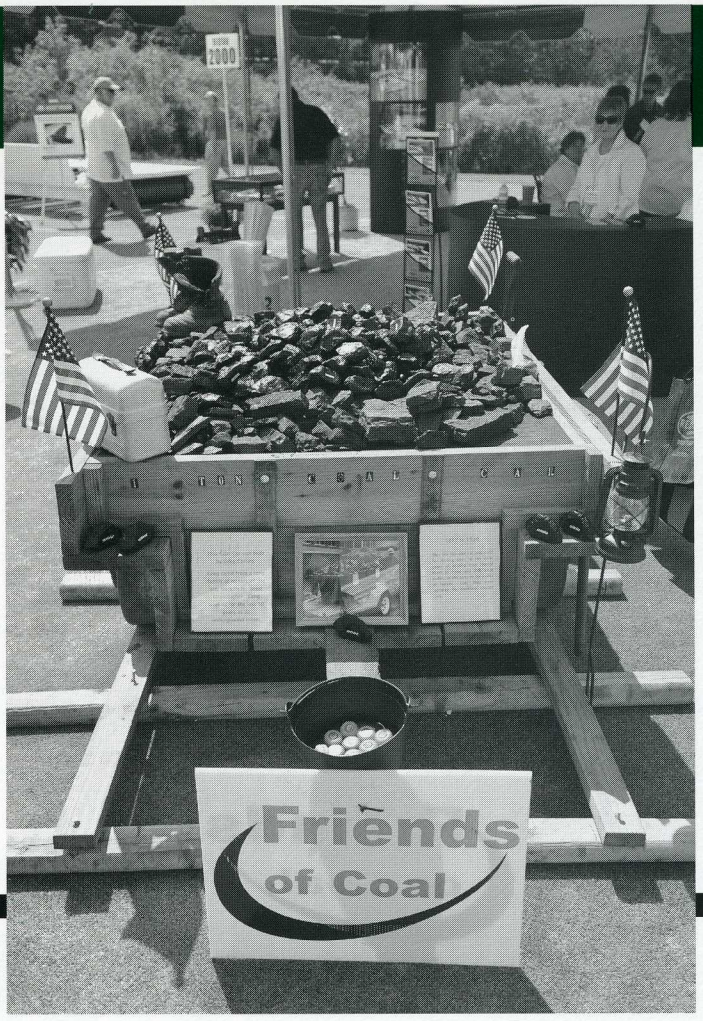
"Safety is one of the prime issues," he continues. "Safety is what got us started, but now they realize what a production tool it is. That's the best of both worlds when you can incorporate production with safety. And that's what the communications has done for us."

The system utilizes a distributed antenna system and what Tom calls a "leaky feeder" cable. All miners, visitors, or other individuals who enter the mine are issued electronic tags, which are tracked by the leaky feeder cable as the individuals move throughout the mine complex. The system is also handy for keeping



Smiling faces and give-aways help attract customers to this outdoor booth at the Brushfork Armory in Bluefield.

Frank Yesh of Rel-Tek Corporation, at left, discusses an atmospheric monitoring system with Mark Banyai of Patriot Coal.



This historical display includes a loaded one-ton coal car, boots, lantern, and lunch bucket. The 20th Bluefield Coal Show will take place in 2013.

track of mantrips, scoops, or other mining hardware, Tom says.

For communication, Tom's company sells Kenwood two-way radios, which send and receive signals using the same leaky feeder cable Tom sees the tracking feature as a valuable production tool, allowing management to better keep track of their assets. More importantly, however, the communications application provides a critical safety benefit in an emergency, allowing mining personnel to better maintain verbal contact and assess conditions quickly during an underground mishap.

Still, Tom feels strongly that safety should be a primary concern as miners and their supervisors seek to avoid disasters before they happen.

"I hate to refer to stuff as post-disaster," Tom says. "I really believe that more emphasis should be placed on prevention, prevention, prevention. Don't have the accident in the first place. Don't have the explosion. Don't have the fire or whatever. Prevention should always be #1. The tracking is a good asset to have. Communications to me is fantastic. But prevention is still and should always be the #1 thing to do."

An estimated 3,500 people a day attended this year's coal show, which included 237 exhibitors from around the world.

An estimated 3,500 people a day attended this year's coal show, which included 237 exhibitors from around the world. Sponsored every other year by the Greater Bluefield Chamber of Commerce, this is a coal event like no other. Admission is free, but visitors are asked to verify their involvement with the coal industry. That isn't hard to do in Mercer County, where coal is king, the coal industry dominates, and coal does, indeed, keep the lights on.

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

JOHN LILLY is editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine.

The Fighter

Larry Gibson drives his truck up Cabin Creek en route to his family homeplace on Kayford Mountain in extreme southern Kanawha County.

"I come from dirt," Larry Gibson says from the cab of his pickup truck. "I got coal dust under my fingernails. I come from these mountains here, from this area where I'm taking you through — Kayford. Over 230 years my people have owned this mountain range up here. My dad was a miner and all my people."

Larry is a fighter. A retired auto worker, he boxed as a young man. Today he fights every day to save what is left of his ancestral land in southern Kanawha County from the steady advance of mountaintop removal coal mining (MTR). His non-profit Keeper of the Mountains Foundation spreads information and rallies support for those who oppose this controversial mining method. For them Kayford Mountain is mission control, and they flock to this remote summit in the heart of coal country.

"I've been very busy," Larry says. "By about July of this year, I will have talked to over 18,000 people on my place. They have come to see me, not counting where I go. Mountaintop removal mining or the destruction of the mountains or the surviving of Appalachia is still the best-kept secret in the country. If you do a poll you'll probably find that less than 2% of the nation's population know anything about what's going on here."

Larry is doing what he can to change that. He has spoken twice at the United Nations, addressed members of the U.S. Senate, appeared numerous times on national television, and has been featured in magazines and newspapers in at least 40 countries. He travels widely, decrying what he sees as the destruction of the land and the way of life he cherishes.

Larry Gibson was born at the town of Kayford on March 5, 1946. "I had nine brothers and one sister," Larry

Larry Gibson of Kayford Mountain

By John Lilly
Photographs by Tyler Evert

Mountaintop removal mining has affected 187,000 acres in the area surrounding Larry Gibson's place on Kayford Mountain.

says. "I got one brother left and the one sister left. I was the second-oldest one, when the family was intact. I started to school in Decota up here, probably 400 or 500 kids in that grade school there. And then I went to Sharon where there used to be a school on down there for a little bit. I went to Dry Branch. Then I went to East Bank."

Larry grew up in a contentious home, where his parents fought openly. This was a rough situation for the children, Larry says, but he used his sharp wit and sense of humor to cope with the tensions. When Larry was 11, his father lost his job as an underground miner, and the family moved to Cleveland, Ohio. Larry eventually quit high school to work in a steel mill.

In 1966, he went to work for General Motors. Ten years into his career with the auto manufacturing giant, Larry was seriously injured on the job. According to Larry, the company was hesitant to pay his disability claim, and he was forced to wage an extensive battle with GM and its lawyers before finally receiving a financial settlement. Larry took the money and headed back to Kayford Mountain.

"I came here to clear my land," he recalls. "They were just preparing for mountaintop removal. I didn't know anything about mountaintop removal until I started hearing dynamite in the distance. In the spring of 1986 [is] when I started to hear it. And it didn't seem like much until the spring of 1987, and I could feel the ground shaking then. And by 1990, I was full-fledged outraged against what was going on. Who blows the mountains up like this? Who does this? To me, a mountain is a live vessel."

In 1992, Larry formed the Stanley Heirs Park Foundation to preserve

the last remaining 50 acres of land belonging to his family, whose history on this mountain dates back to the 1780's and to original landowner Jack Stanley. According to Larry, the family was cheated out of the majority of its land by unscrupulous businessmen a century ago.

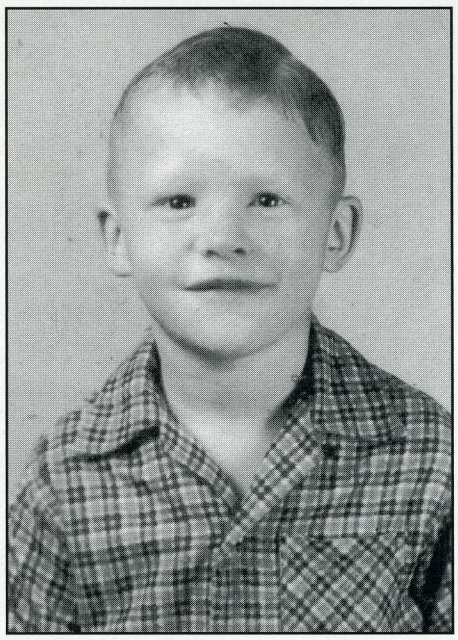
"My family owned 560 acres," Larry says. "They didn't sell off. They got cheated out of 476 acres [for one dollar]. Somebody signed their name, put three X's and signed their name. This was 1906 when this took place. You measured your wealth by the land you farmed back then. You didn't measure your wealth by what you had in your pocket, but by what you farmed. My people would have never sold their land for a dollar. As far as I ever know, this land's never been for sale and that's the way I look at it."

Larry's 50 acres sits like an island, perched high above the heavily mined surrounding terrain. And the coal company is anxious to mine those 50 acres, as well.

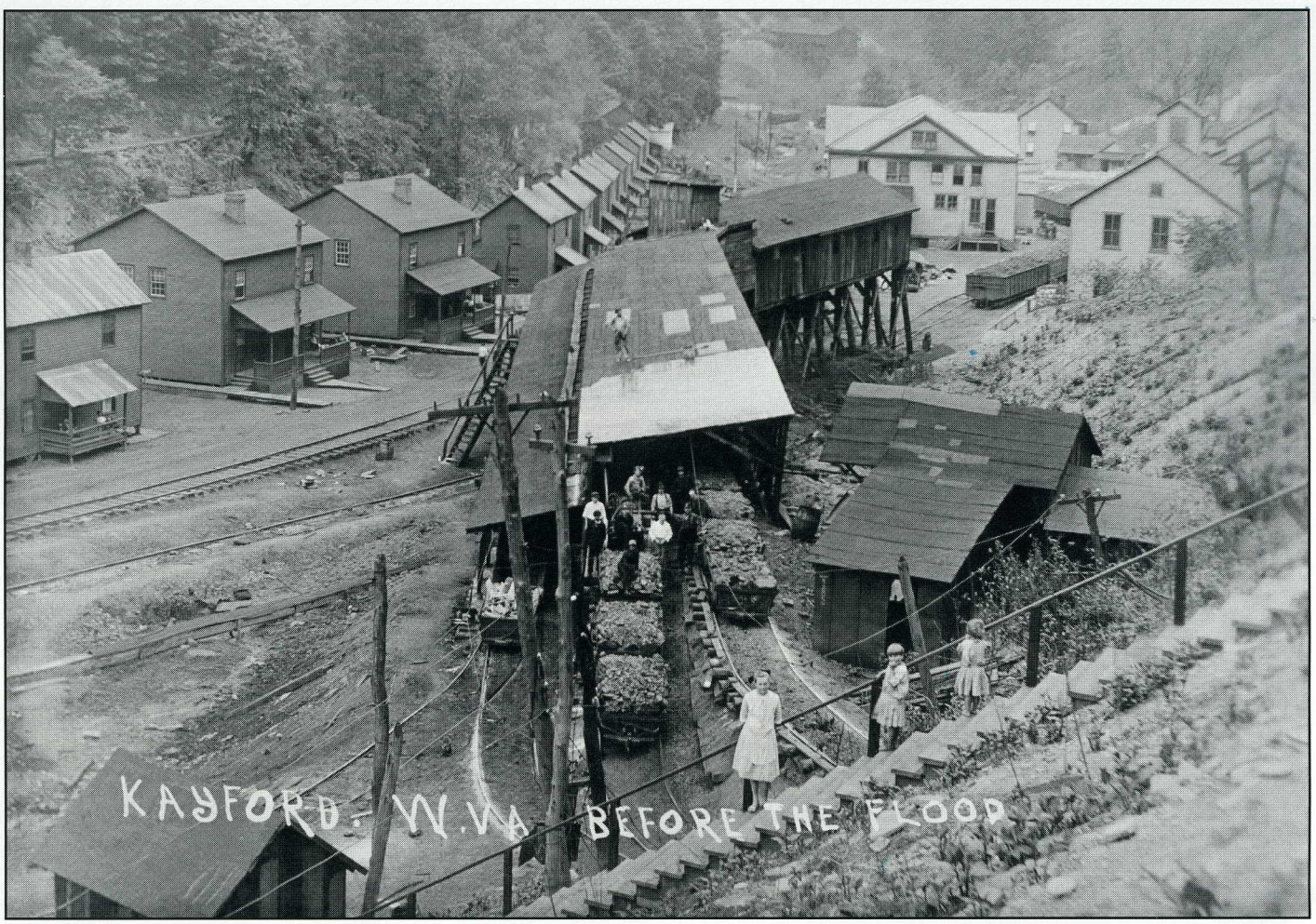
"[They] made us an offer," Larry tells. "First of all he told us it was worth a million dollars an acre, then he turned around and made us an offer of $140,000 and telling us how grateful we should be. I looked at him across the table — I had seven family members — I looked across the table and I said, 'I know we are 2,400 feet in the air and you don't get much oxygen up here. But you just can't hardly put the numbers together. They ain't matching all that well.'

"He got all kind of mad and said, 'All right. I'll tell you one thing. One day you're going to be an island, and we're going to be the ocean.' They've lived up to that. We are an island now. And they are the ocean. This land of ours sets in the middle of 187,000 acres of coal company land."

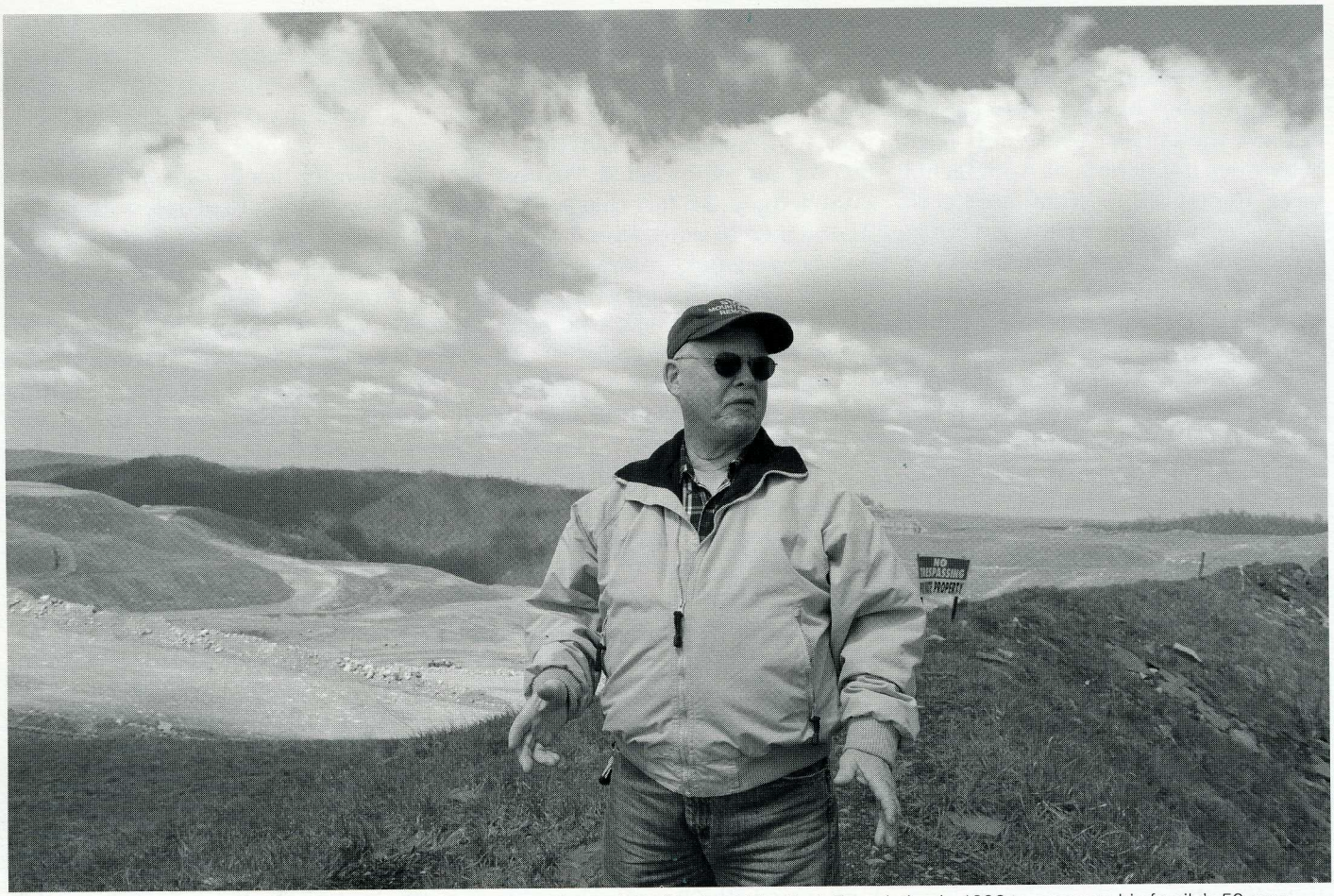
There are estimates that the coal beneath those 50 acres is worth as much as $650 million, and Larry



Larry Gibson at age seven at Kayford, Kanawha County. He was the second oldest of 10 children; three survive. Photographer unknown.



Tipple and houses at Kayford, circa 1916. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia State Archives, Mike Price Collection.



A vocal opponent of mountaintop removal coal mining, Larry formed the Stanley Heirs Park Foundation in 1992 to preserve his family's 50-acre homeplace on Kayford Mountain.

has been offered six figures for the mineral rights to his property. But he's not going anywhere.

"It has been suggested that I take a lot of money from them and leave and not talk to my people or anything," he says. "There wasn't no way. I mean, this is me! This land is me. When the land hurts, I hurt. Or my people hurts."

For Larry, it is not about the money. There are bigger things at stake, to his way of thinking.

"When I was 11 years old," he says, "my dad got forced out of here because he got laid off from the deep mine. I just wanted a continuation of my life here, but I was forced out with my family. I'll tell you now, they won't force me out again. That's not going to happen."

The town of Kayford was founded in 1901 by James Kay and Anzel Ford. Located up Cabin Creek, it was always a company town, as were the neighboring communities of Decota, Sharon, Eskdale, and Red Warrior. Among the companies to mine coal at Kayford were Carbon Fuel, Princess Beverly, Truax-Traer, and U.S. Steel. In 1910, Kayford boasted a population of 1,016. In 1950, the number stood at 1,479

"When I was a boy you could get the passenger train out of here twice a day," Larry recalls. "Plus the coal cars and coal trains, you know. Kayford itself had three voting precincts in it, had six or seven churches. Got one church left. Kayford had three rows of houses over in here, houses up through here. All company houses. The last house burned up here in 1993, about right in here somewhere."

Larry has great admiration for the people of this rugged region.

"These people who chose to live in the hills, they had to make it," Larry says. "So they became very crafty with their hands. They can do anything, make anything. They didn't depend on anyone. When I lived in these hills as a young boy, there wasn't any welfare out there. Now the government's got people depending so much on the government itself that if we had to revert back to the old ways of the horse and plow, we would truly be having people jumping out of 40-story buildings, if they could find one to jump out of.

"We come up here and time stood still. No drugstore here, no medical facility here, no grocery store here on this place. The land provided everything. It was self-sustainable here. It gave you the medicine you need, the food you need, the plants you need to subsidize your income. Moonshine was a money crop. Moonshine was our culture. It's what we did in our culture, a part of our life, you know."

Larry sees the advancement of coal interests in the area, particularly MTR,

as a destructive force, changing forever the land and the lives of the people.

"All my life I've seen what coal does to my people," he says. "My people deserve the same as everybody else. Why does my people of Appalachia have to negotiate from cradle to grave? Why does my people have to scratch and fight and negotiate every day of their life? We have the third richest county in the whole United States, okay? Yet we have the highest in poverty, the highest uneducated, the highest as far as unemployment. Wealth is supposed to be here for the people. It's not here. You don't see it. I've been here.

"These people could have done it," he says, referring to the coal industry. "They could have gave each kid here a college degree. They could have gave them decent food in school. They could have gave them jobs and still made money. They've got this greed. They have to get all they can get and as much as they can get in the time they have to get it in. It's not even about the people. It's about the profit, and it's about how much coal you can get.

"I did a 540-mile walk in 1999 through each mile of stream that had been destroyed. We have 3½ million acres in West Virginia destroyed right now. Five or six million acres throughout Appalachia destroyed right now. Not more than 5% they've ever put anything back on anything. We've got enough land set aside from what they've destroyed to stretch from California to New York and all the way back again, a quarter of a mile wide.

"And then we have industries going to come in here and look at the land. We got no water, no infrastructure, no nothing? What are you going to do?"

Larry points to air and water pollution, loss of life, persistent health problems, loss of bird and other wildlife, disruption of natural systems, fly rock from explosives, and the destruction of local culture and communities as the price that has been paid for coal.

"I can tell you why they still use coal," he says. "It's profitable. The head of the office of surface mining in West Virginia for 40 years, he said we didn't need this thing called coal, that we have enough hydro-dams throughout Appalachia. He also acknowledged the fact that we've lost 21,158 men to date. Now how in the hell can you make reference that coal is cheap? Who's keeping the calculator here? People who say coal is cheap never even lost anybody."

Larry's disdain for the coal industry extends beyond MTR to include all forms of coal mining.

"You take a lump of coal from a deep mine, or you take a lump of coal from a surface mine. And turn your head and let me switch them. And then you tell me which one will kill you. Coal is coal is coal. Coal will kill you. The science is already in. We've had so many studies on coal and what coal does. It's not like we don't know what coal's doing to us. You can find all these chemicals that's in the ground within the coal structure. Mercury and all this other stuff.

"When I was your age you couldn't have went in the store and bought water off the shelf. My God, what would you have bought water off the shelf for when you live in a state that's known for its fresh spring water? What's fresh water smell like? It doesn't have an odor. Get out and walk beside that creek for a couple of minutes. You'll find it has an odor. If it has an odor, it can't be good for you.

"There's a high rate of cancer here. My family has buried in the last 15 months, I think 18 people with cancer. There's three more that are ready to die."

Angry and tenacious, Larry is a man on a mission.

"I'm very, very vocal about what's happening and what they're letting happen to these people. The people of Appalachia are fine, hard-working people. They were not displaced to the mountain ranges. We chose to live on these mountains. We didn't need nobody to help us get off of them. Now we need people to help us stay on them."

Due in no small part to his anti-mining activism, Larry has been subjected to violence and intimidation on numerous occasions. Bullet holes are still visible in an old trailer Larry once occupied. In 2009, a group of about 25 miners disrupted a Fourth of July festival at Larry's place. As recently as this past September, police were called to Stanley Heirs Park to investigate reports that nearly a dozen cabins were broken into and ransacked.

"Shoot-ups?" Larry says. "We've had 148 acts of violence and shootings.

Larry Gibson maintains this part-time residence on Kayford Mountain in spite of shootings, break-ins, and other harassment from individuals who oppose his anti-mining activities.

That door there, it's four to six inches thick. I have bars on my windows. Got a bullet-proof vest here. They bought it and gave it to me the day that the miners came in 2009 Well, I ain't had the daggone thing on! It's kinda heavy and got to be uncomfortable. Why should I wear a bullet-proof vest on my own place?"

Despite all this, Larry has respect for working union miners.

"They're the most abused people we have within the system. They'll throw them away like they're nothing. They use people against people," he says, referring to the coal industry. "I don't have anything against the working man. Miners are prideful people. They had probably the same amount of love for their land as they had for their mother. Their mother gave them birth, but the land gave them life."

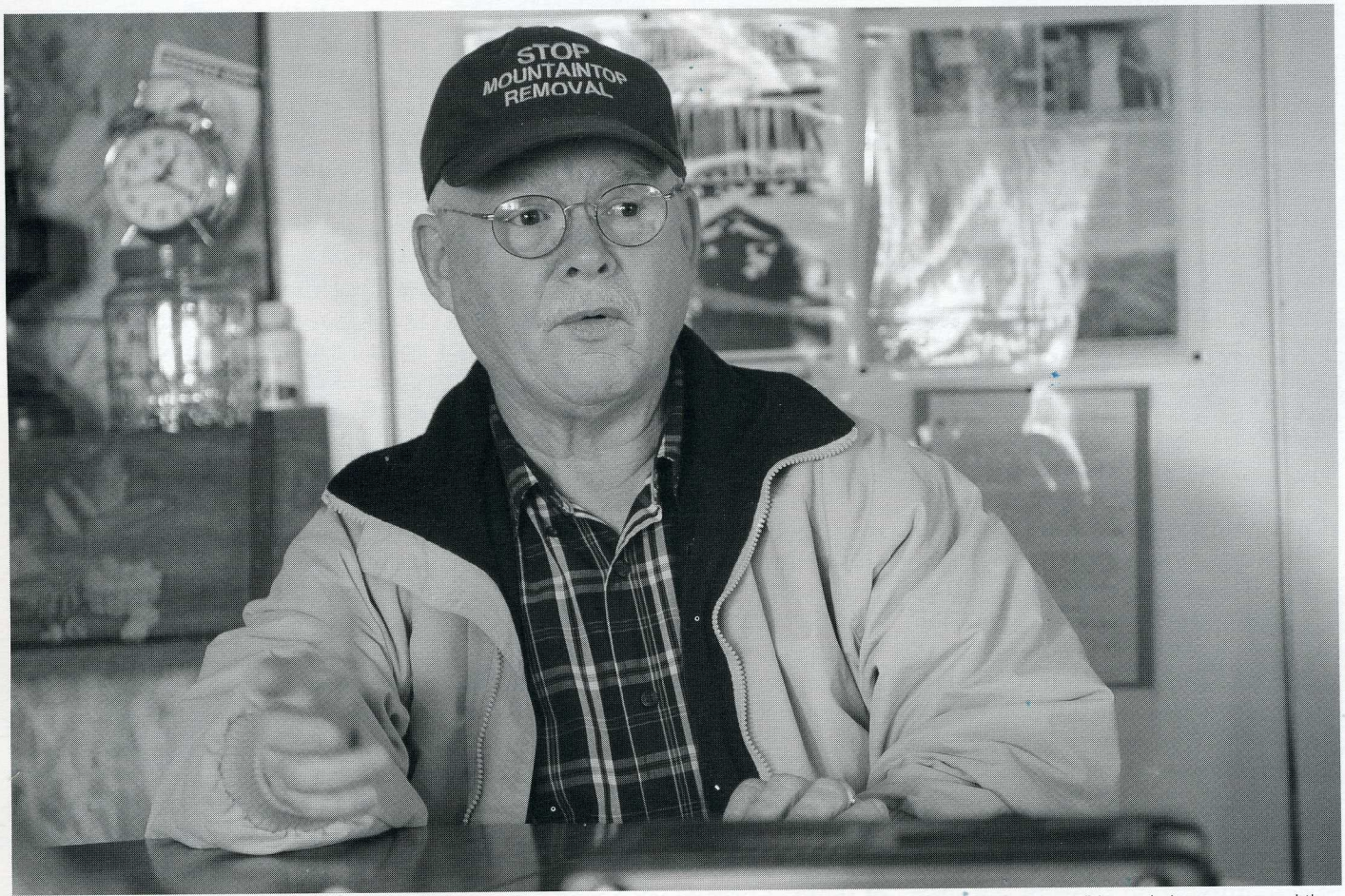
As public concern has grown over the environmental impact of MTR, Larry has emerged as a leader and a spokesperson for the movement. Some call him the "Keeper of the Mountains." What does he think of such a moniker?

"I would like to think that there's other people like me that wants to hold on to the mountains," he says. "Why me? Why wasn't there a whole wave of people that started this movement? Now we have a whole wave of people. What's different now is the education and the information is out there now. Maybe people do talk to me around the world. They come and see me all the time. You know, what's it matter if people come to me and listen but don't do anything? Contented people, they never change a damn thing. You know, coal may be good. It may be king to some people, but it never was to me.

"People look at me like I'm a movement. I ain't the movement. The movement is a wave of people. No movement should be about any one person. It's not about Larry Gibson, it's not about any one person. It's about the wave of all the people."

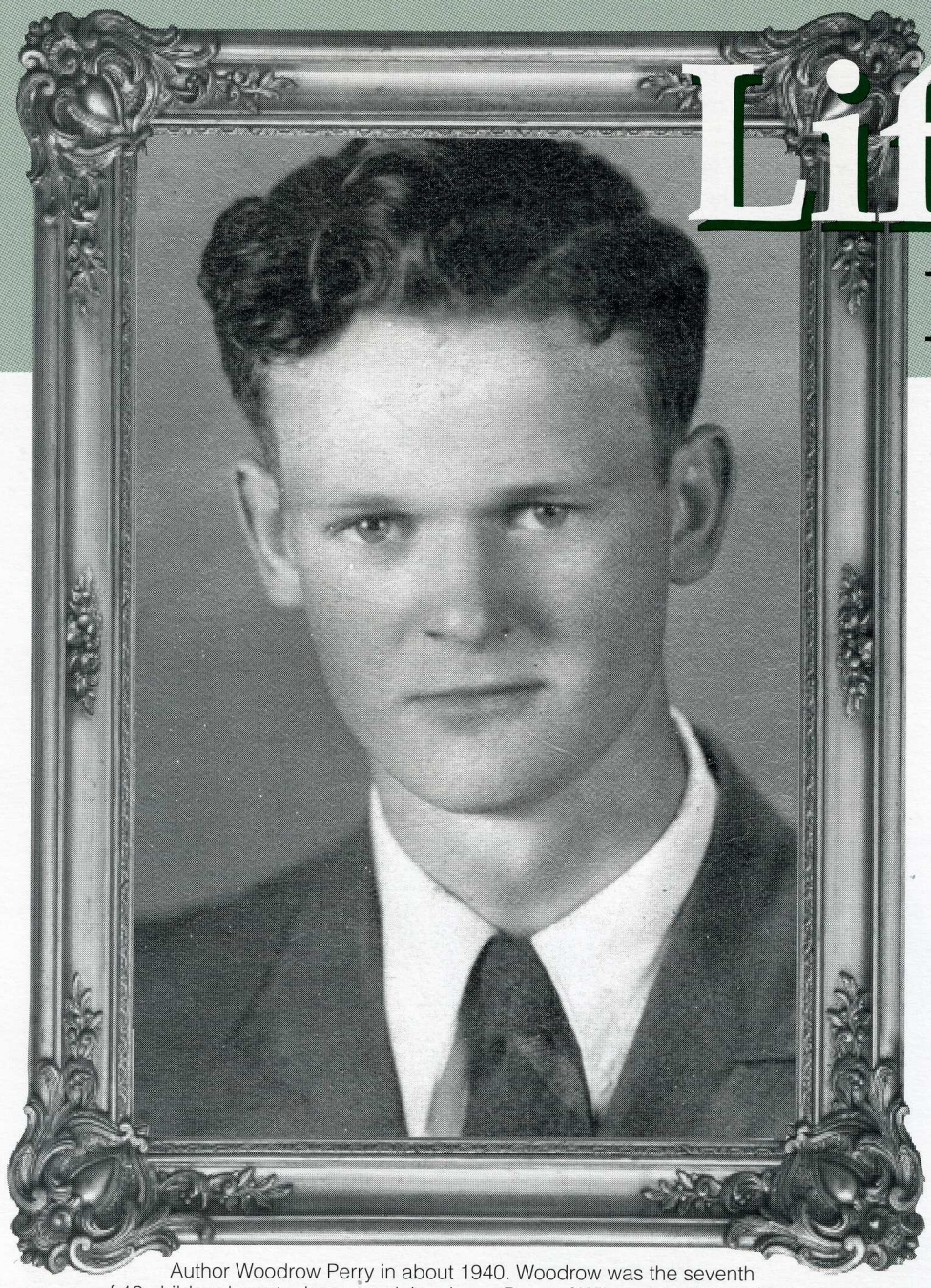
Larry faces an uphill battle to stop or even stem the tide of MTR — much less exact the extinction of the coal industry itself — but he holds steadfastly to his 50-acre island on Kayford Mountain. The reward for him is the fight itself, it seems, as well as the friends and admirers he has gained along the way.

"It's the people who I regard as my reward — the people who have finally had enough, who finally started doing something for themselves. I don't need no damn plaque to hang on the wall. It's the people. I will not become submissive to this, and that's why I do what I do. The bumper stickers all over my damn truck is not just to get attention but to stand up for an example to show people what they should be doing. Fighting back is what they should be doing."



"Coal may be good. It may be king to some people," says environmental activist Larry Gibson, "but it never was to me." Larry is known around the world for his tireless efforts to stop mountaintop removal coal mining.

Life on Memories



Author Woodrow Perry in about 1940. Woodrow was the seventh of 10 children born to James and Jannievee Perry of Wilsondale, Wayne County.

There were many families residing on Perry Ridge in southern Wayne County during the first four decades of the 20th century. Some of these families were very large, with eight to 10 children. One family had 16 children, with two sets of twins. Unfortunately several of these children died early in life.

By any standard, living conditions were primitive for all of them, including my family. There was no form of communication short of sending a messenger, no electricity, gas, or running water. Lights were obtained from lamp oil. Water was obtained from a nearby spring or shallow well, which often ran dry during the summer months. Our fallback source of water was from a spring dug in a cave under a cliff. Most of us that went down there for water wanted someone with us. Since it was impossible to see to the end of the cave, the slightest noise from back in that direction would get you out of there at breakneck speed.

I was one of nine children born to James and Jannievee Perry near Wilsondale, not far from today's Cabwaylingo State Forest. [See "Cabwaylingo State Forest: Bonnie Watts' Playground," by Carl E. Feather; Fall 2006.]

James was born on February 28, 1889, and died July 14, 1981, at the age of 92. While attending church at Missouri Branch in 1915, James met his future wife, Jannievee — her parents called her Janny — Jude. James was 10 years older, a fact that did not meet with the immediate approval of Jannievee's father, Harrison Jude, who was a minister of the church. James' persistent courtship finally paid off, however, and her father gave his blessings. They were married in her father's home on Moses Fork, on August 18, 1916, with the Reverend Arnold Perry — James' uncle — performing the ceremony. There were no pictures of the wedding, but the bride remembered it well. We know she looked resplendent in her calf-length, light blue dress interwoven with silver thread.

With the help of his father-in-law, James built a simple little house of about 700 square feet, mostly made from rough-cut lumber. Two rooms at first, it was later converted to three rooms. The walls were made of one layer of boards with another board centered over the crack where the first two boards came together. The inside was sealed with layers of paper to keep out the drafts. This construction was what was known at that time as a "board house."

Except for a brief period, this little house was the family home for the next 38 years. The number of children

By Woodrow Perry

Perry Ridge of a Wayne County Family

increased to nine before the oldest had reached adulthood and left home. It is undoubtedly mystifying to some as to how such a large family could live in such limited quarters. I don't have the answer.

In the 1920's James and Jannievee found themselves with a growing family, living on their small rock farm on top of Perry Ridge with very little income of any sort. James' plans for employment as a "station keeper" for Norfolk & Western railroad had fallen apart, and it seemed that he had run out of options. About this time his thoughts turned to the possibility of becoming a schoolteacher.

During the early years of education, it was possible to become a teacher without any college or even high school education. While it was the desire of the school board that teachers have some formal education above the eighth grade level, this was not an absolute requirement. The only requirement was that a prospective teacher pass a prescribed test, which could lead to obtaining a "teaching certificate," good for a period of one year.

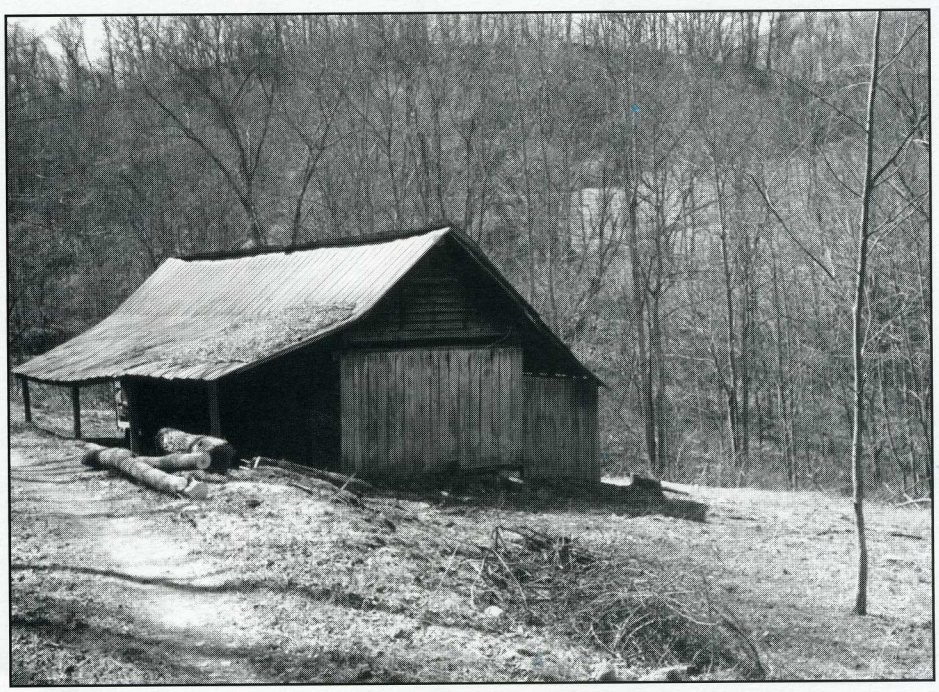
James was not a well-educated man, but he was determined to get a teaching certificate. His friend Edmund Napier suggested James attend Perry Ridge School plus take extra instructions under his tutorship in order to enhance the possibility of passing the test. It is not known how long James attended school or took the tutoring, but it was long enough. James succeeded in passing the test during the spring of 1924.

The Perry Ridge School was close to where we lived and would have been the ideal assignment as far as James was concerned. However Mr. Napier, the teacher who had assisted James in getting his teaching certificate, had been teaching at the Perry Ridge School for several years, lived reasonably close to the school, and would continue teaching there. Therefore James was assigned and accepted a teaching position at Wilsondale School.

Getting back and forth to the Wilsondale School was a real chore for James. He would ride horseback along the crest of Perry Ridge to Kelly Knob, down the steep hill to Wilsondale, then down the county road along Twelvepole Creek for about a mile to the school. The roundtrip totaled about 10 miles. Despite the fact that James sorely needed a job, he soon tired of this one. It certainly was a hard way to earn $55 per month. James often stated his intense dislike for the job of teaching.

Once while James was teaching at Wilsondale, a couple of adults showed up at the school and demanded that James hand over a student, not related to them, so that they could whip him. According to them the student had mistreated a smaller child of theirs. James firmly refused and blocked their way into the schoolroom, telling them that they would have to whip him first. They backed off, and after school that day James saw that the youngster arrived safely home.

Early in the school term, James learned that the Wilsondale store, which sold groceries and a few hardware items and included operation



The Perry barn on Perry Ridge in southern Wayne County. Photographer and date unknown.

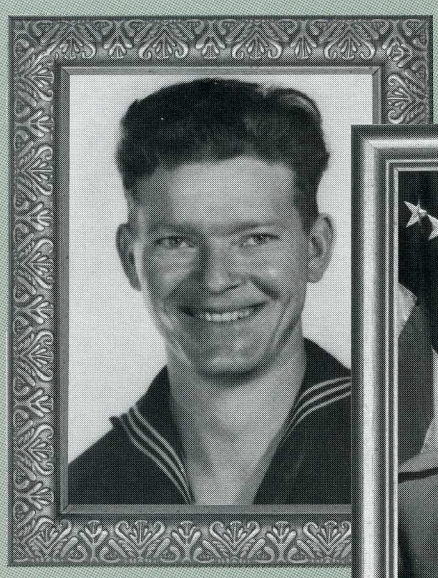
of the post office, was for sale. James and his brother Allen bought the business. Early in the fall of 1924, James moved our family and all our household belongings in horse-drawn wagons along the crest of Perry Ridge to Kelly Knob and down the primitive road to Wilsondale.

The James Perry family's stay at Wilsondale was brief, lasting only about three months. Our family was adjusting to our new life and getting along as well as could be expected when an incident occurred that was to greatly affect our family and keep us impoverished for many years. A late-afternoon fire totally destroyed our home, our business, and other buildings along with our meager possessions. Only Mom's Singer sewing machine escaped unscathed, one leg was broken, and it would henceforth be supported on one end by a wooden box. No other single piece of furniture or equipment could have been more valuable to a country family than their sewing machine. Mom had for years made almost every single item of her clothing, and made many things for her children. Much of our clothing would have patch on top of patch until they could be held together no longer.

James and Jannievee Perry in about 1966.

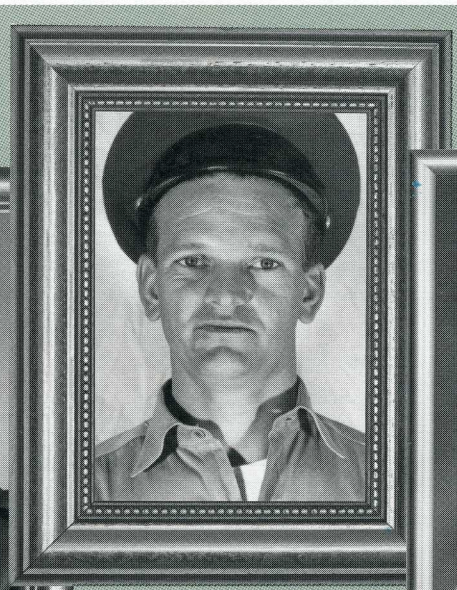
In a period of three months we had gone from a family that was reasonably secure in our little farm home on Perry Ridge to a situation where we had only the clothes on our back and were deeply in debt. We had no insurance on the property at Wilsondale.

During the years between 1925 and 1931, James and Jannievee were back on the farm at Perry Ridge. The farm provided most of the basic food items, with corn being the main field crop. A good corn crop insured food for

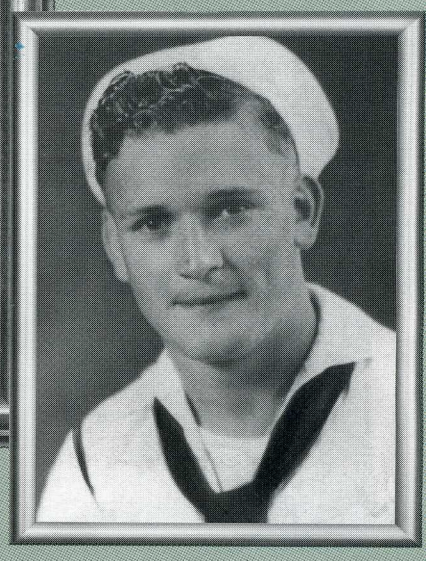


Clarence Perry – Born 5/24/18. Navy veteran, wounded in WWII. Ordained Baptist minister, died of a heart attack in 1950.

Raymond Perry – Born 8/25/20. Former CCC worker. Career navy veteran. Died in Florida in 2009.



Curtis Perry – Born 1/11/22. Former CCC worker. Career navy veteran. Died in Florida in 1984. [Note: William Harrison Perry was born 4/15/23. He died young, following an injury.]



Clyde Perry – Born 1/11/25. Former boxer. Navy veteran. Worked 40 years in the mines. Died in 2007.

the livestock, which in turn provided milk and other dairy products for the growing family. We usually had one or more hogs — also corn fed — for winter meat. The pork was salt cured and hung in the smokehouse.

There was a year, probably 1929, when James severely injured his back and just about any movement was painful beyond belief. He would drape himself over a rock pile and remain there for hours, this being the most comfortable position he could find. He was unable to prepare the fields for spring planting, and none of the boys was large enough to plow. Mom did what she could. The family had now grown to seven children, and caring for them, even in the most rudimentary way, was a full-time job. Good neighbors came to the rescue. Uncle Allen and Henry helped. There may have been others that helped too.

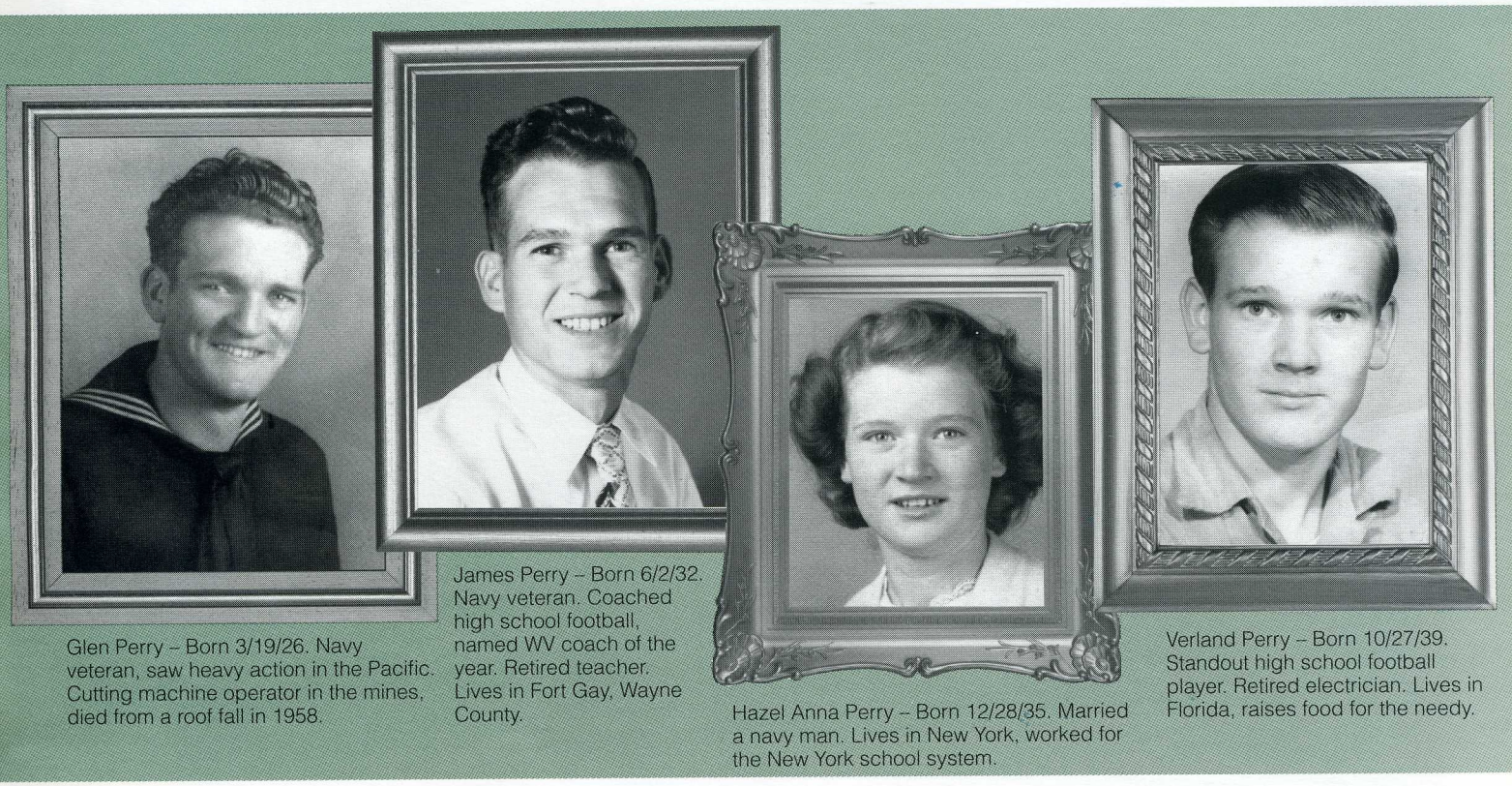
In 1931 we were living in a small three-room house on the 40 acres that was left of the original large farm. There were now seven children at home; the youngest was three years old. The Great Depression was in full swing, and the previous year's drought had been severe. Summer crops were devastated. Our situation was soon desperate and would remain so until the better crops arrived.

The war years were extremely difficult for our parents, especially Mom. During the darkest hours of the night, the young at home heard her many times praying that her sons be kept safe.

Money was always scarce. On many occasions some of us would leave our home on Perry Ridge with a bucket of eggs headed for the store at Wilsondale or Doane — it was about four miles to either store — to trade for essentials such as lamp oil, sugar, or salt. Curtis and Raymond, being the oldest, made the trips most frequently during this time.

In our family any organized form of recreation was discouraged. It was thought of as a waste of time that could otherwise be spent working. Despite the discouragement, boxing, marbles, groundhog hunting, and horseshoe pitching were our favorite activities, usually on Saturday evening or Sunday. Though Sunday was deemed "church time," young folks did not always go along. Many times we roamed the hills climbing trees, swinging on grapevines, and in general doing a lot of rough-and-tumble playing around. How we escaped serious injury is difficult to understand. Imagine swinging on a grapevine, far out over the edge of a cliff, 30 to 40 feet above the ground and returning, only to have the grapevine break where you could easily reach the ground!

James' first several attempts to establish financial security were met with frustration and failure. The store, railroad work, and school teaching had not been successful. James was not a quitter, though, and never wasted time feeling sorry for



Glen Perry – Born 3/19/26. Navy veteran, saw heavy action in the Pacific. Cutting machine operator in the mines, died from a roof fall in 1958.

James Perry – Born 6/2/32. Navy veteran. Coached high school football, named WV coach of the year. Retired teacher. Lives in Fort Gay, Wayne County.

Hazel Anna Perry – Born 12/28/35. Married a navy man. Lives in New York, worked for the New York school system.

Verland Perry – Born 10/27/39. Standout high school football player. Retired electrician. Lives in Florida, raises food for the needy.

himself. Following each adversity he would pull himself up and start once more from the position in which he found himself.

In the spring of 1933, James began another project that was to prove one of his most successful. He decided to turn a large area — eight to 10 acres — into an apple and peach orchard. This included the area from the house to the top of the hill and about the same distance in the other direction. He set out about 500 apple trees and over 200 peach trees.

James bought the fruit trees from the Stark Brothers in Fort Gay. I don't recall how he transported the fruit trees from Fort Gay to our farm. Most likely the owners of the nursery delivered them, since it was a large order. The peach trees began producing in their third year. For the next several years, we were practically overcome by the volume of apple and peaches. In order to get all this fruit to market, James bought his first truck. It was a 1935 ½-ton pickup. The truck was generally reliable except for the tires. It seemed to get a flat tire at least once a week, and we made these repairs ourselves. The inner tubes had patch on top of patch, and the inside of the tires had "boots" supporting the weaker spots. After a couple of months of this, we got a new set of tires from Sears Roebuck, and that solved this problem for the time being.

We used this little truck to haul load after load to various markets, mostly in the coalfields. The apples that I remember best were the great, large Golden Delicious. I have never seen anything like them since in size, shape, or taste. Most of the peaches were of the Early Alberta variety. They were equally impressive. Apples were mostly sold for a dollar per bushel; peaches sold for somewhat more. While James and the older boys were hauling them to the market, Mom and the smaller children would be picking more for the next day's trip. What a busy time we had!

They would leave early in the morning and sometimes were after dark returning. I recall James saying that we had hauled more than 500 bushels of apples to market one year. I don't remember how many peaches but there were lots of them too. Peaches were highly perishable and we would try very hard not to bring any back home, even if it meant selling the last ones at greatly reduced prices.

Mom was the real hero in all this fruit handling. She not only did

The Perry Ridge School, where James Perry got enough education to earn a teaching certificate in the early 1920's. He taught for a brief period at the nearby Wilsondale School.

Bill Perry Cemetery at Perry Ridge, Wayne County. Date unknown.

most of the picking and preparing of the load for the next day, but she managed to preserve large amounts of fruit for our own use. She never thought about putting up just the minimum amount that the family could get by on. She would continue as long as there were things to can. She canned 250 gallons of peaches one year. Imagine, 500 half-gallon containers!

Storage for canned items was a dug-out area under the kitchen. It was reached by lifting up part of the kitchen floor then going down a short stairway. The cellar was reasonably well protected from the cold as long as the open space between the top of the shelves and the kitchen floor was kept well closed in. Once, during a real cold spell, we were caught unprepared and lost hundreds of cans of peaches, blackberries, and other fruit. Loss of the Mason jars may have been a greater loss than the fruit they contained.

At the time of the United States' entry into World War II, there were eight living sons and one daughter in our family. All the sons who were of age or came of age during the war served in the U.S. Navy; five were on active duty at the time of the Japanese surrender.

Only two of the five suffered physical injury, and not severely. Clarence was hit in the head by a piece of shrapnel, just a couple of inches back of his right eye. Glen was struck in the left forearm. It is believed that Glen's injury occurred while his ship was undergoing attack by Japanese aircraft.

The war years were extremely difficult for our parents, especially Mom. During the later war years, four of the five that were in the Navy were in the Pacific War Zone. Another was in California on the way to the Pacific when the war ended. Each battle report with its associated casualties would bring new fears to Mom's heart. During the darkest hours of the night, the young at home heard her many times praying that her sons be kept safe.

The author wishes to acknowledge the use of unpublished family journals compiled by his brother Raymond Perry in writing this article.—ed.

WOODROW PERRY is a native of Wilsondale on Perry Ridge. A 1946 graduate of Wayne High School, Woodrow holds a master of science degree from Marshall University. He taught science, social studies, and safety education in Wayne County for 35 years. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

General

When Gary native Major General Edward Greer was promoted to Brigadier General in the U.S. Army in 1972, he became the first black person from West Virginia to achieve that rank.

"I was not surprised when he was named a general," LTC (Ret.) Preston Davis of Washington, D.C., says. "Of the many officers that I've known, Ed Greer had all of the attributes for promotion to general — the character, the military experience, and the warmth of personality that well fitted him for the tasks that the army set before him. He was always a person to be greatly admired."

With a career spanning more than 32 years, three wars, and numerous military postings, General Greer was among the early group of black men whose leadership capabilities propelled them into spotlighted positions in the early days of racial integration of the armed forces. Born March 8, 1924, in Gary, McDowell County, Greer was a May 1942 graduate of Kimball High School. He entered West Virginia State College that fall.

The college had a ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps) program with mandatory enrollment, so Edward Greer and his friend Preston Davis became a part of it. Although the progress of World War II did not permit either man to remain in college long enough to complete the ROTC training and gain a commission at

Major General (Ret.) Edward Greer at his home in El Paso, Texas. Among his many honors, he received the Distinguished West Virginian Award in 1998. Photograph by Lewis Woodyard.

By Ancella Bickley

Edward Greer

West Virginia's First Black General

that time, their enrollment in the ROTC program allowed them to delay entering the service and finish their freshman year. "Rather than wait to be drafted," General Greer says, "all of the males in our class enlisted when the school year ended in May 1943."

When WWII ended, both Greer and Davis went back to West Virginia State, finished their college degrees, and were commissioned as army officers through the ROTC. Named a Distinguished Military Graduate in the 1948 graduating class, General Greer received a regular army commission, which assured a lifetime army career if he chose to follow it. In 1950 he and Preston Davis served in Korea together in the 159th Field Artillery Battalion, supporting the 24th Infantry Regiment, a black unit honored for its deployment in the West in the early days of settlement there and known as the Buffalo Soldiers.

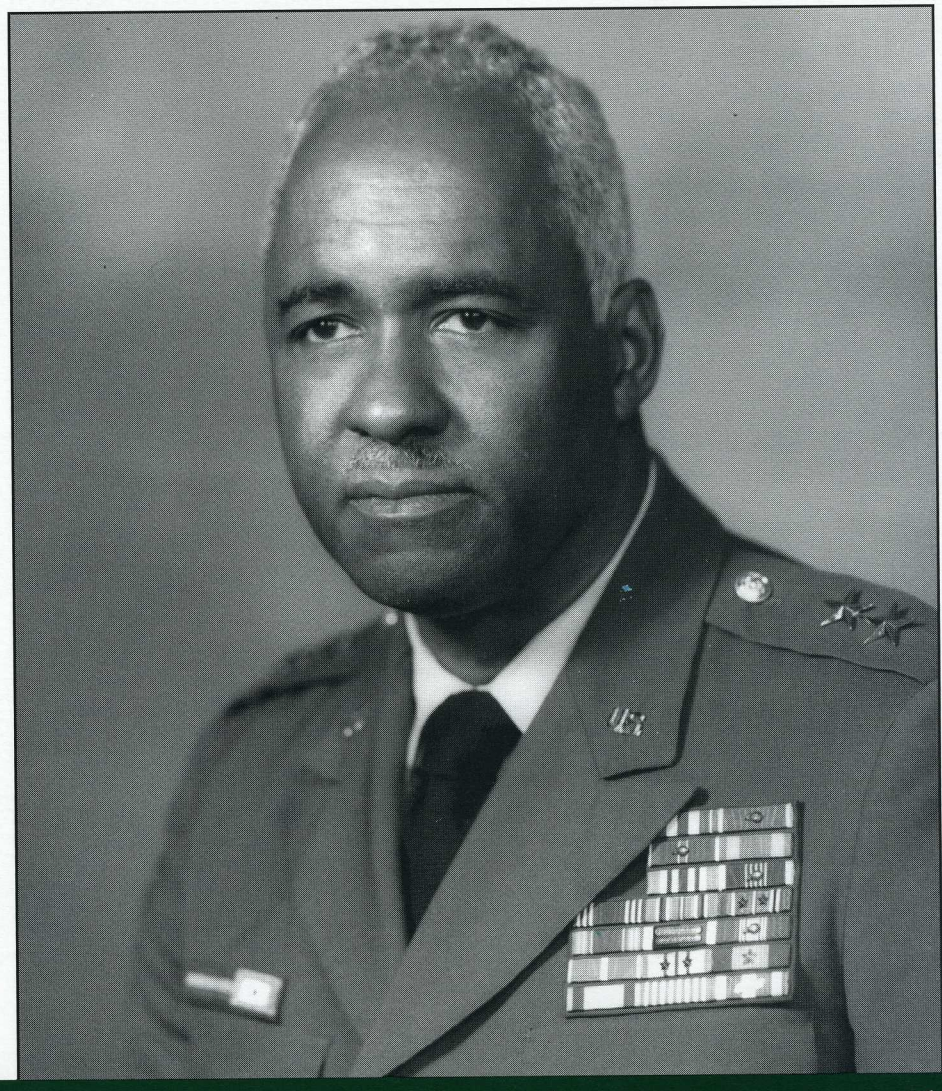
"We have maintained our friendship for over 60 years," LTC Davis says. "General Greer was a fine soldier and also our mentor. Many of us from West Virginia State who were in the service turned to him for advice if we had a problem. He talked straight to us. He was a friend, but he was honest with you. He told you what you needed to hear."

Receiving his second star — the promotion to major general — in 1974, General Greer retired in 1976. His last assignment was as the deputy commanding general of the U.S. Army Military Personnel Center at the Pentagon.

He looks back with pride at a distinguished military career and at his formative years in West Virginia. "I was born in Gary, West Virginia," he says while sitting in the kitchen of his home in El Paso, Texas. "But later we moved to Welch. There were 27 steps from our house in Welch down to the street," he says with a chuckle, as his wife places a bowl of fried apples on the table before him.

"His mother served apples every day," Mrs. Jewell Greer says. "I don't know if that was West Virginia cuisine or not, but he loves them."

Like many other black people, General Greer's family migrated to southern West Virginia in the early



This portrait of General Greer was made in about 1974, in Washington, D.C. Photographer unknown.

1900's to take advantage of work opportunities. When the mines were working at full strength, word of mouth, family connections, and even newspaper ads brought in black workers by train, automobile, bus, and any other means that they could muster to get to McDowell County.

"My folks were from North Carolina," General Greer says. "My father, Walter Greer, left there looking for work. He and my mother first went to Pennsylvania, and my older brother, Bob, and my sister, Lillian, were born there. Then my family came to Gary, where my father found work in the mines. He was employed by the Pennsylvania-based U.S. Coal & Coke Company, which operated the mines in Gary.

"I had a good childhood in West Virginia," he recalls. "The community was segregated, however. We didn't have things such as a swimming pool that black children could go to in Welch and Gary, but there was a roller skating rink, and we made our own fun. For example, we played sandlot baseball.

"We lived in a company house at the end of a street in Gary. Ours was the only house that had an indoor toilet. I went to school in Gary from the first through the third grades.

"When unionization came to the mines," General Greer continues, "my father was on the union side — the John L. Lewis side." U.S. Steel, which owned and operated the mines at Gary, opposed efforts by the UMWA to unionize its work force. About 1934, Walter Greer lost his job in the Gary mines, and the family was forced to move out of the company-owned house. He never returned to mining.

"After that, he got a job as truant officer for the black schools in McDowell County, and we bought a house in Welch, on Beech Street," General Greer recalls. "He chased kids all over those hills and brought them back to school. I had a good laugh about that with a fellow that I met during World War II. We were on a troop ship together leaving Germany on our way to Japan. 'I was one of those kids your father chased over the hills,' he told me. 'He tracked me down.'

"My mother, Vesta, was a homemaker, and she ran a tight ship," General Greer says with a chuckle. "I remember that I had to help clean house. I had to wax the floors — Johnson's Paste Wax. I have never forgotten that smell. She was also a devoted member of the St. James Baptist Church. We went to Sunday school and church and BYPU (Baptist Young People's Union). And during the summers we went to vacation bible school.

"We had a coal furnace at our house in Welch, and the delivery truck would unload the coal down the hill at the bottom of the 27 steps from the street to the house. My brother was nine years older than I, and he was away from home by that time. I had to bring that coal up those steps. I took it up any way I could. Sometimes I used a basket. Sometimes I used a sack, even a tub. It was hard work. We got a load of coal two or three times each winter, and I dreaded the sight of that pile of coal when I came home from school.

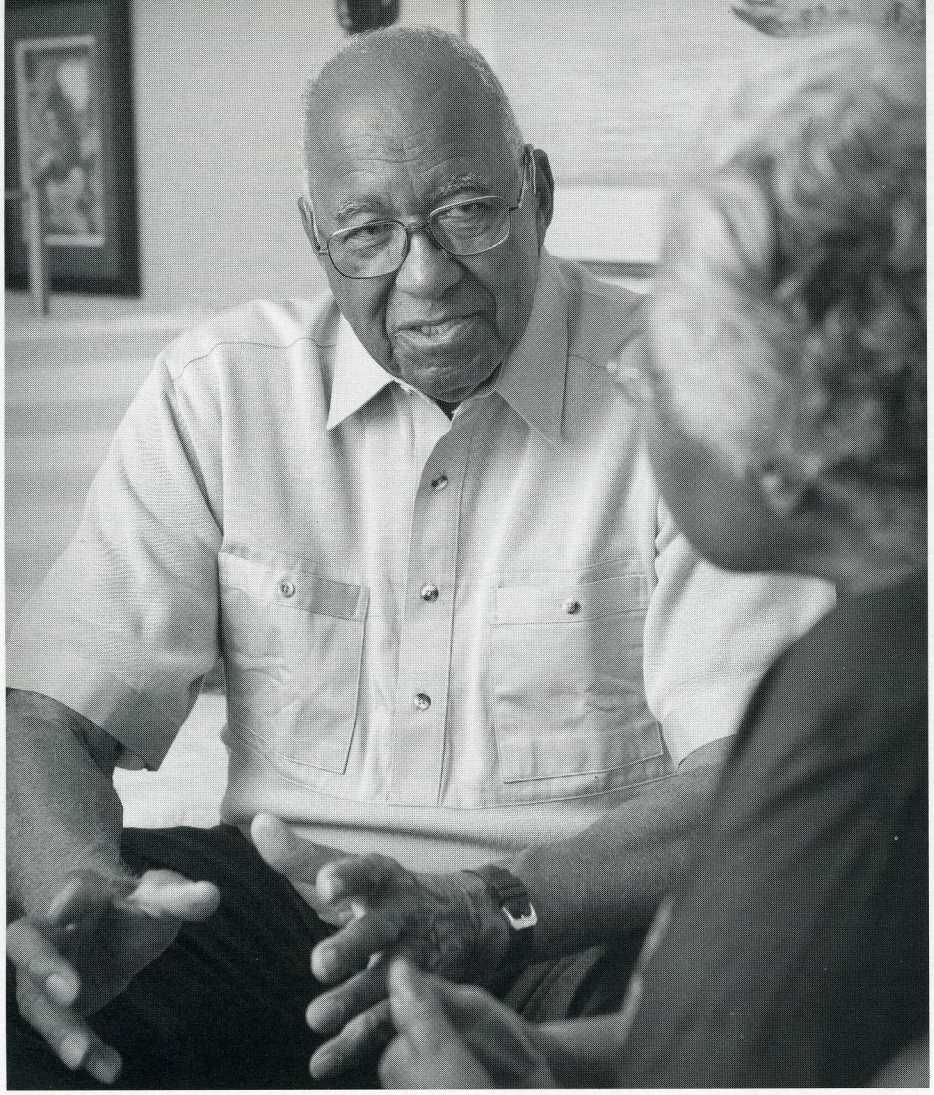
"I attended school in Welch from the third through the ninth grades," he continues. "Our junior high school was Welch-Dunbar. I still remember a bit of the school song, 'Our school, Welch-Dunbar. '" he intones.

"When I finished at Welch-Dunbar, I went to Kimball for high school. The school was on a steep hill about seven miles from Welch, and we took the school bus back and forth. That meant that we didn't get to participate in many extra-curricular activities, because we had to take that bus back home.

"While I was in high school, I worked on Saturdays for Mrs. Page, who was my high school English teacher. I also helped out at the home of Mrs. Alice Cardwell, who was Mrs. Page's sister.

"For two summers, eight or 10 of us from our high school worked for the coal company helping to drill air shafts for mines," General Greer says. "That experience made me know that

Edward Greer in 1948, the year he graduated from West Virginia State College. Photographer unknown.



At age 87 General Greer is going strong. Here he is in conversation with his wife, Jewell, at their Texas home. Photograph by Lewis Woodyard.

I did not want coal mining to be my lifetime work."

During General Greer's growing-up years, McDowell County had the largest black population in the state and was a center of activity for both black youth and black adults. According to neighbor Ellis Ray Williams, there were many churches, and there were some service-oriented black businesses, such as barber shops, beauty shops, and restaurants. Lodges, among them the Masons and the Knights of Pythias along with their women's counterparts, were prominent in the county. There was a black hospital in Kimball and a black newspaper, *The McDowell Times*, in Keystone. There were also some doctors and lawyers and some involvement with political activity. [See "Mining in the Melting Pot: The African American Influx into the McDowell County Mines," by Jean Battlo; Winter 1997]

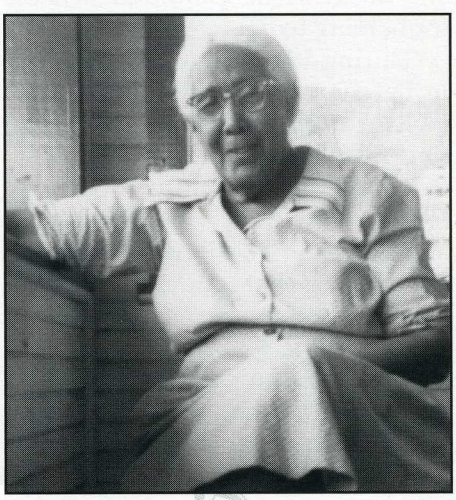
The black school-aged population was also large as indicated by the employment of over 200 black teachers. While only about half of the counties in the state had enough students for a single black junior-senior high school in each, McDowell County boasted five black high schools: Kimball, Elkhorn, Northfork, Gary District, and Excelsior. These schools provided for an active social life for many of the youth.

Sports offered healthy outlets for young people as well. The McDowell County black high schools had both football and basketball teams with hard-fought home, away, and state playoff games, particularly in basketball.

General Greer remembers that there was also a roller skating rink at Kimball and one at Gary. And lots of baseball. "Most of the coal companies sponsored a team," he says, "and the Negro Baseball League also played some games in the county."

Downtown Kimball was the site of the prestigious War Memorial Building, the first such memorial constructed in the United States to honor black veterans of World War I. It included a restaurant, a pool room, and a stage where plays and musical acts could be presented. It was a hospitable venue for social gatherings for the McDowell County black community. After a devastating fire and years of abandonment, the building, now on the National Register of Historic Places, was renovated and put back into service in 2010. [See "Kimball's War Memorial", Spring 2011.]

In addition to Kimball, Welch, like some other areas of McDowell County, held its own excitement for black residents in the 1940's. With black businesses and other popular gathering spaces, the town was an important



General Greer's parents, Vesta and Walter Greer. Photographers and dates unknown.

Edward Greer met Arkansas native Jewell Means when they were both students at WVSC in 1946. The pair have been wed for 63 years. Photograph by Lewis Woodyard.

spot for weekend relaxation.

In 1942, however, Edward Greer left Welch for college. So began what would become a permanent separation from his McDowell County home.

"I wanted to be an engineer," he says. "I saw West Virginia State as a start toward that. Another plus was that it was farther from home than was Bluefield State, from which my brother had graduated." Following his 1948 graduation from West Virginia State, Edward embarked on a long and fruitful military career.

"The army was intensely segregated in those days," he says, "and there were not many combat arms units for black soldiers. The 92nd Division was an all-black unit stationed in Italy, and there were also the all-black 349th and 351st Field Artillery Battalions. In particular, the 349th was a superior group; among other things, it did demonstrations for visitors.

"I was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for basic training and from there to Camp Beale, California, for a year's training in a new all-black field artillery unit. The enlisted men and the non-commissioned officers (NCO's) of the unit were black, but the officers were white. I saw no more than one or two black officers during that time. Those that I did see were in the cavalry.

"After World War II, the presence of black officers increased," he says. "I credit the ROTC units of the early '50's and the Officers' Candidate Schools for helping to enlarge the number.

"During WWII, I got into combat in Belgium with the all-black 777th Field Artillery Battalion. I have the flag from Battery C, of the 777th," General Greer continues, pointing to the nearby flag, which is framed and hangs on a wall in his home.

"I learned that artillery shells had no color on them. As an artillery outfit, our black group could fit into any unit and were sent wherever fire support was needed. So after Belgium, we were constantly on the move. We went on to Northern Germany. We went to the 9th Army, to the 3rd Army, and to a Canadian unit.

"I came out of the army in 1945 as a master sergeant and went back to college at West Virginia State, where I met my wife, Jewell Means, from Arkansas. I became a part of the ROTC again and received a regular army commission as a second lieutenant when I graduated in 1948. Right after graduation, Jewell and I were married in the home of Reverend Moses Newsome, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Charleston. I went on active duty immediately."

Asked about his service in Korea, General Greer says, "Before the Korean war, the U.S. had largely converted to a peacetime occupation army. A fair amount of our military manpower was in Japan, so when the war started, they were sent immediately to Korea. I was still rather newly commissioned, but in 1949, after a 17-day ocean trip from San Francisco, I reached Japan, where I joined the 159th Field Artillery Battalion and underwent six months of training at Nara, near Osaka. When our training was complete, we took LST's (landing ship, tanks) to Korea and landed in Pusan, where we went into wartime configurations — married up with infantry counterparts, particularly the 24th Infantry Regiment, where I served with Preston Davis from West Virginia State days.

"The Korean conflict was a different kind of warfare than I had experienced in Europe," he recalls. "In comparison, the war in Germany was almost like a gentleman's war. The terrain in Korea was totally different. There were mountain ranges, and we didn't have the kinds of forests and trees and towns that were in Europe. If we left the roads with wheeled vehicles, we were liable to sink into a rice paddy.

"We were also poorly equipped in the beginning. For example, boots were dry rotted, and the quality of the sleeping bags was inadequate for the kind of weather we were enduring. It was a chore to get through that first winter. Things got better after good supplies began to come in. But attacks often came at night when the air force could not offer any fire

power protection. We lost several of our classmates from West Virginia State during that period. I went to Korea as a second lieutenant, and left as a captain."

General Greer also served in Vietnam, where he was deputy commander of the XXIV Corps Artillery, and the commanding officer of the 108th Artillery Group. Other postings took him to Germany, back to Korea to command a Field Artillery Battalion, to Washington, D.C., where he served in the Pentagon, and to various other posts within the United States, including Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, where he served as deputy commanding general.

General Greer retired in 1976. Among his service honors are the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Legion of Merit, the Air Medal, and the Joint Services Commendation Medal. His home contains many mementos of his service years, and he is active with retired military officers' groups, with his fraternity — Kappa Alpha Psi — with old friends, and with associates with whom he served or whom he has met in El Paso. He and his wife visit regularly with their three children, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

His relationship with West Virginia continues through participation in the West Virginia State University Alumni Association and through contact with his friends.

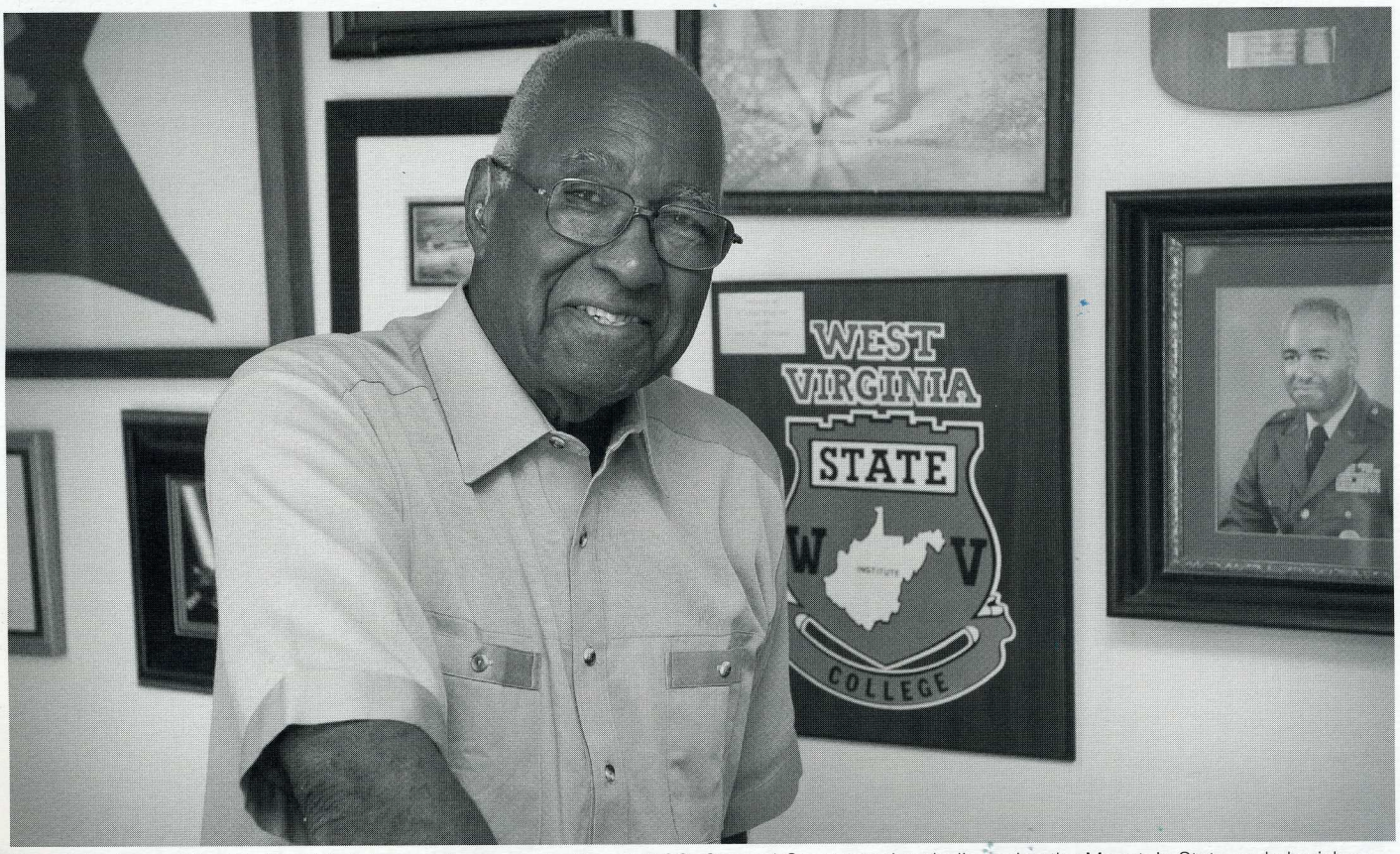
"I have no family connections left in West Virginia," he says. "My sister and my brother both left the state. My sister moved away after she married, and my brother became an educator in Indiana and Ohio, with a final appointment as head of urban education for the state of Ohio. Both of them are now deceased, and neither their children nor mine returned to the state. We kept the house in Welch until our parents passed away."

General Greer feels that some of the things that he learned from his youth in West Virginia carried over to his adult life. "For example, although my time as a worker on the mine shafts in McDowell County was brief," he says, "it gave me an understanding of the need for teamwork — one slip and a life-threatening incident could have occurred. Certainly in the army we had to work as a unit, as a team — just as we did in that mine."

Further, he regards his years at West Virginia State College, now West Virginia State University, as life-shaping ones. "We had some fine professors, and I got a good education. And there I met my wife, and there I formed some long-term friendships," he says.

In 1975, General Greer returned to Welch to lead the city's Veterans' Day Parade. He and his wife stayed on Beech Street with old friends, Christine and Ellis Ray Williams, but he didn't have to carry coal up the steps to the house.

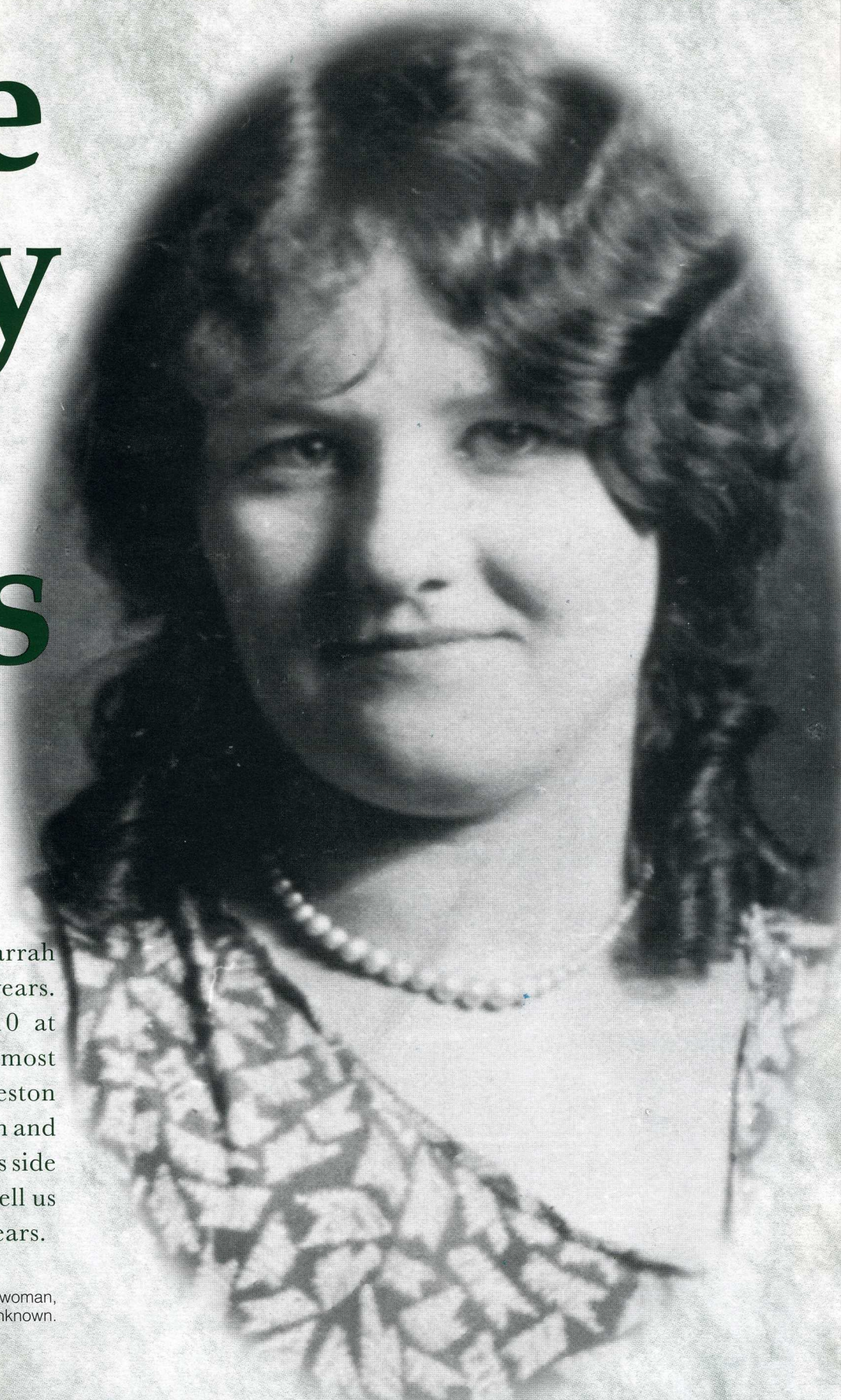
ANCELLA BICKLEY holds a doctorate in education from West Virginia University. She is a former professor at WVU and a former professor and administrator at West Virginia State University. She is the author or coauthor of several books and articles about West Virginia black history and a frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor. Ancella's most recent story appeared in our Winter 2006 issue.



Though he has not lived in West Virginia since he graduated from WVSC, General Greer remains dedicated to the Mountain State and cherishes the friendships he made and the lessons he learned while growing up in McDowell County. Photograph by Lewis Woodyard.

The Way It Was

By Nadine Davis



My mother, Glenna Harrah Weaver, lived almost 97 years. She was born June 1910 at Gauley Bridge, and lived most of her life in the Charleston area. She loved to have fun and appreciated the humorous side of life. She also loved to tell us stories about her early years.

Glenna Harrah as a young woman, date unknown.

Memories of Glenna Harrah Weaver

Glenna was one of nine children born to Essie and Robert L. Harrah. She was in the first group of three children. Everybody shared work and chores to keep the family fed. It was hard work with no union benefits. R.L., as my grandfather was called, was a builder of good repute. He built cement block and brick houses, as well as a school and a small hotel in Gauley Bridge. My grandmother, Essie, helped him run a general store there until the family moved to Kanawha County, just outside of Charleston, about 1917, when my mother was in the second grade.

R.L. continued to build, while at the same time the family did some small farming on the home properties. They kept chickens, at least one cow, usually a horse or two, vegetable gardens, honey bees, apple trees, cornfields, potato patches, and other items for their own use. They also ran a general store and held half ownership of Houghton Block Company on Bullitt Street.

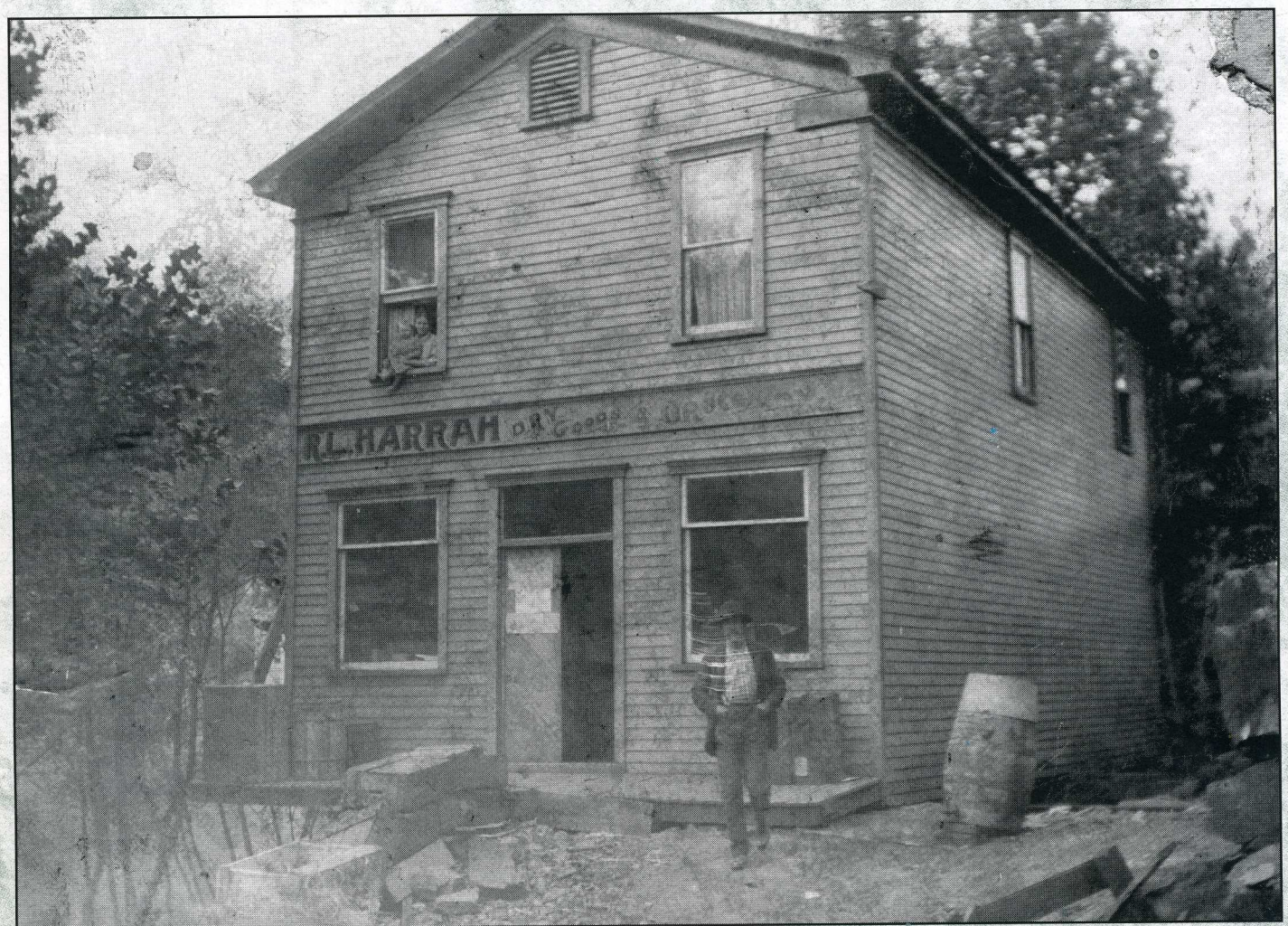
The children attended a small one-room grade school in rural Kanawha County until they were junior high school age. They all did chores before and after school. All the kids walked to school and back every day, for miles and miles and through two feet of snow, or so we were told!

As my mother told it, her father was always frugal. One day R.L. bought a bushel of shoes on sale from a store on Kanawha Street, now Kanawha Boulevard, and all nine kids got whatever fit. Period! Short-legged Glenna got shoes that were lace-up, high tops. They went clear up to her knees and beyond, so the tops were cut off. She hated them.

Glenna was the family tomboy. She certainly loved her father. In fact she thought she was his favorite because he couldn't "whup" her. He couldn't whip her, it turns out, because he couldn't catch her. She could run pretty fast in those shoes!

My grandmother, Essie, was the prototype for "the little old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do." Essie was jolly and devoted, worked dawn till dusk. All of her children survived until at least middle age. Miraculously, none were stolen by gypsies, although that threat was presented yearly, so they said, from a traveling gypsy band.

My mother loved to tell family tales. One of her favorites involved her mother, baby in arms, hopping in a tight hobble skirt across missing ties on a railroad bridge over a



The R.L. Harrah general store in Gauley Bridge, circa 1912. Possibly two-year-old Glenna with her mother, Essie, visible in the upstairs window.

R.L. and Essie Harrah in Charleston, circa 1950.

The Harrah home outside Charleston, circa 1920.

frozen Gauley, looking down at the river through the gaps. (Glenna sang and performed a little ditty about the inconveniences of hobble skirts, but it is too risqué for print!) Glenna also recalled stories of her mother's copperhead snake hoe whacking, green bean planting, corn husking, canning, milk churning, and other farm experiences. Oh, for the good old days!

With 11 mouths to feed and an economic depression looming, the family's small farm helped to keep a chicken in the pot. At one point a very pregnant Essie tried to shoot a rooster out of a tree but shot off a bunion from her own foot instead. R.L. cut the bullet out of Essie's toe with a pocket knife, and fussed and fumed, "You old fool! You old fool! You shot yourself in the foot." Mother didn't know what happened to the rooster, but she figured he was on the table with dumplings the following Sunday.

The Harrah family home was a big, two-story cement block structure with a lot of rooms. Mother always referred to it as "up on the hill." The bedrooms were all upstairs. She recalled one night when the family cat decided to set up her nocturnal nursery in Glenna's long blonde, curly hair. Bad decision! With all those wet, squirmy critters wiggling in the tangle of my mother's hair, hysterics ensued. My mother never appreciated cats thereafter and never ceased telling everybody so for the next 80 years.

Mother's older brother, Robert, and she fought, as siblings will. The pair had the chore of cutting wood with a two-handled saw, one on either end. The way my mother described it, the saw was about four feet in length, and the teeth got hung up in the wood when it pinched and twisted with the torque. Push, pull, push, pull — whoops! Things weren't going well enough to suit Robert, so he exercised the famous Harrah wrath and smacked little Glenna in the chops, which sent her tumbling and rolling over and over down the hill.

Mother and her sister Mabel milked cows before and after school. Chasing off flies, old Bossie swished her tail across Glenna's face one time too many. Enterprising as she was, Mother separated some of the long tail hairs and tied the offending tail to Bossie's leg. The flies were relentless, however, so the miserable bovine did the only thing she could. She stomped around and put her big, dirty hoof in the full bucket of fresh milk. "Glenna! Glenna! I don't know what you'll do next," my grandmother scolded. But the mischief continued unabated.

Laundry took seven hours every week on an old washboard. Glenna's job was to rock baby Willard while their mother toiled over the dirty clothes. When Glenna got tired, she would pinch the baby and he would howl in protest. That brought Essie, who stopped scrubbing long enough to nurse the baby and then hand him

back. "Now, Glenna, honey, he's a nice baby," Essie would say. This sorry process was repeated, and Glenna was ultimately fired from her babysitting chore and more agreeable sisters were assigned. This freed Glenna to go outside and climb trees, or maybe plow a field.

Glenna was once the ring leader of 40 or so school rascals who followed her up a hill at recess from their little grade school. They decided not to come back. Their teacher, Mr. Opie Lilly, went outside periodically and rang the bell and rang the bell. No kids. They finally came back at 3:45, and marched single file with Glenna in the lead through the schoolroom, up one aisle, and down another. Mother remembered chanting, "Left, right, left, right!" Mr. Lilly, a meek little man, vowed, "I'm gonna whip the last one of you." And he did!

On Sunday afternoons there often were family outings. One of the favorites was to go, well-scrubbed and dressed in their church clothes, "down the hill" to town to visit Uncle Somebody-or-other. R.L. would hitch the team of horses to a surrey-type conveyance — open to the elements and, yes, with a fringe on top — and ride up to a fine home belonging to one of his better-off relatives. The house was one R.L. built, and it still stands along Kanawha Boulevard.

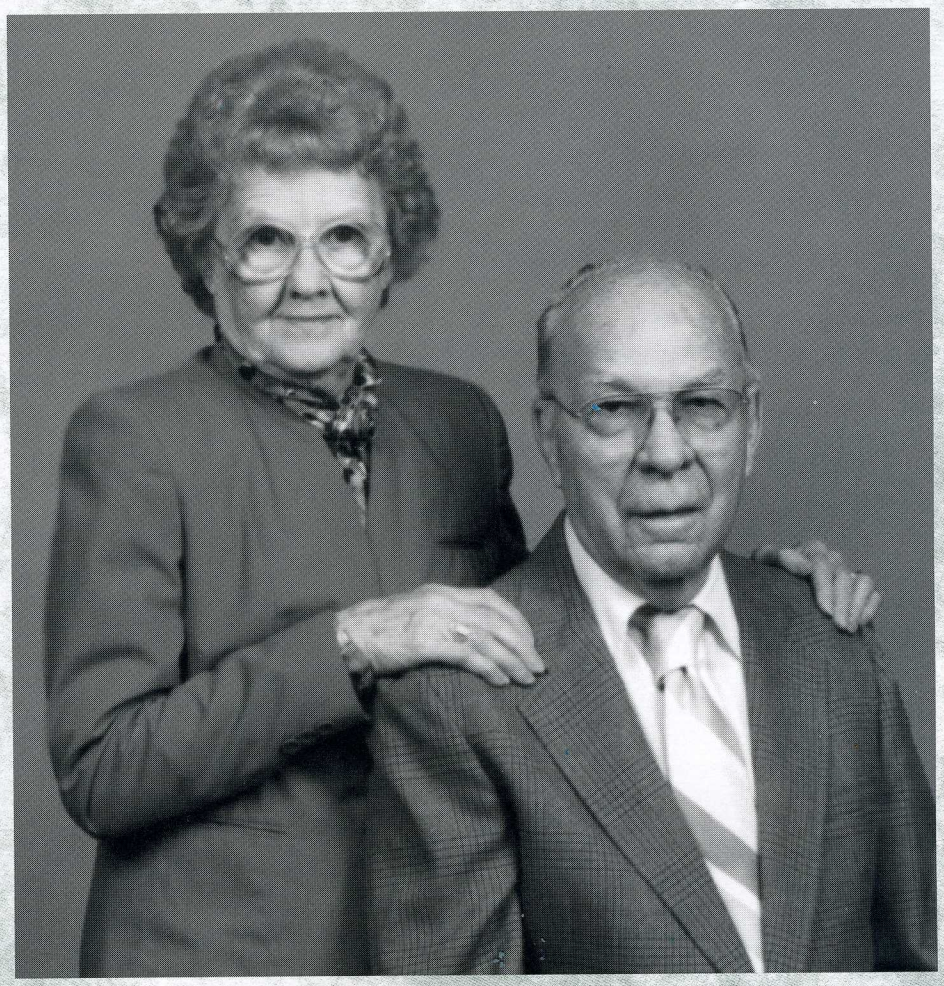
The aunt would be embarrassed that the neighbors might see these country bumpkins arriving at her upscale brick house, at least that's what Glenna thought. All of the kids from this sorry gaggle were discreetly sent just up the street to Luna Park for the rest of the day. Glenna never forgot a slight, though she loved Luna Park. [See "Remembering Luna Park," by Louise Bing; Fall 1982.]

There are too many epics to recount them all here, but the picnic story is too funny to miss. It was an all-day trip from Charleston to Ripley over rough dirt roads, many potholes, and wooden bridges. At least nine children were piled into an old Model-T Ford, which R.L. learned to drive from instructions given by the Ford salesman at the time of purchase. Kids were on top of one another. Hot and dusty, there was first one flat tire and then another. The tools were located under a back seat, so R.L. ordered all the kids out before each repair. Although very religious, R.L. let fly some pretty colorful language that day that won't be repeated here. Eventually, the tires were covered over by all the patches, and the rubber was down to the inner tubes. Then they blew, one by one. By that time, the Harrahs were back in Charleston, on Bullitt Street. Everybody piled out one last time and walked two or three miles to home. I don't know if they ever got to Ripley for their picnic, but Mother said they never went back.

After Glenna graduated from Charleston High School in 1929, she worked 10 years as a legal secretary for A.A. "General" Lilly and his son Glen at their Charleston law firm. She typed, took depositions in shorthand, researched deeds and other court records, and "other duties as assigned," while dating her future husband, Morrison Weaver, who was a student then at West Virginia University. He later worked as a chemical engineer for DuPont in Belle until he retired. When my younger sister and I came about, Mother quit her job with the law firm to become a full-time, stay-at-home wife and mother for about the next 60 years.

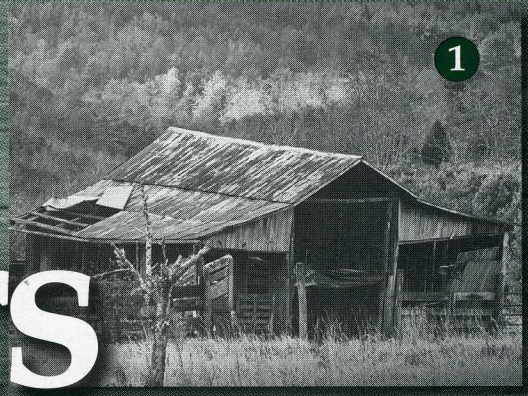
It took Glenna most of her 97 years to live all the stories and experiences she shared with us. She loved her family and was a loyal Harrah. She loved a good time and a good laugh. I think she would have enjoyed reading these vignettes almost as much as she enjoyed telling about them herself.

NADINE DAVIS, a native of Charleston, is a graduate of Stonewall Jackson High School and Morris Harvey College. Nadine has written articles for *Wonderful West Virginia* magazine. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



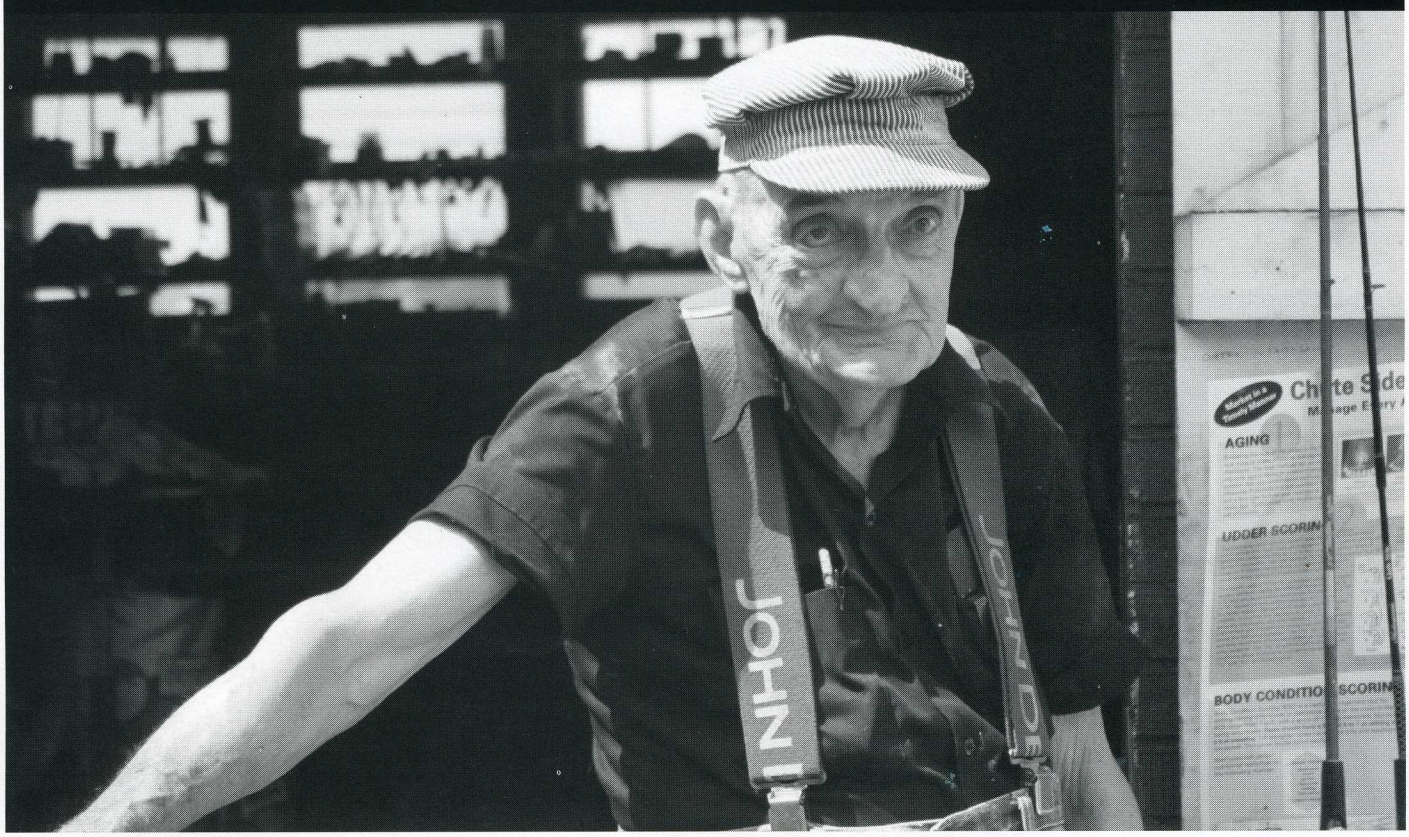
Glenna and husband, Morrison Weaver, in 1991.

Finding the Barns of Summers County



Text and photographs
by Phyllis Campbell Whitley

Above: The Oren Thompson barn in rural Summers County. The first barn photographed by author Phyllis Campbell Whitley, it inspired her to explore and document more than 200 additional barns in the area. Below: M.T. Montgomery at Zion Mountain, Summers County.



The Charles Barker barn, built of oak in about 1900. Following World War II, Barker raised chickens in a portion of this structure.

What started as a whim soon became a passion. In the fall of 2008, I took a few photographs of my grandfather Thompson's old barn in Summers County before it was torn down. When I was a girl, the barn had been a wonderful place to spend summer days, to visit the animals, and play in the hayloft. I finally decided to photograph the old barn before it was too late.

I then decided to photograph some of the other barns in the county for posterity. My cousin Joyce Waltman agreed to ride along with me. She lives at Forest Hill and knows many people in the county through her work. After a few visits I became enchanted with the stories I was hearing.

I set out to produce a book that would capture the heritage, the culture, and the people who created these barns. My goal was to visit every road in Summers County and capture as many of the barns built before 1950 as I could locate. Along the 756 miles of road in the county I traveled, I found more than 250 barns that met my criteria. A unique story unfolded with each barn I visited.

I had heard from several people that I must visit the farm of M.T. and Peggy Montgomery on Zion Mountain. What I found there were two barns that had been built in part from boards salvaged from older barns on M.T.'s grandparents' nearby property. One that immediately caught my eye was a small log barn with a unique roof.

Mr. Montgomery and I met at his workshop and chatted about many things: turn-of-the-century photographer John C. Wikel who had lived nearby, WPA workers who had come through the area rebuilding outhouses, and how the little barn that had belonged to his grandmother was brought from an adjacent farm. He said his father had disassembled the pre-1900 barn and brought it to the present location by horse-drawn wagon. The bottom logs had to be replaced as the originals had rested on the ground and had rotted beyond saving. The original wood-shingled roof had deteriorated and was replaced. The refurbished barn is currently used for storage of farm machinery.

In 1942 Charles Barker purchased a farm, prior to entering military service at the age of 20. His barn, with a roof design often referred to as a "gable-on-hip" roof, was built of oak around 1900. The name of the builder is unknown. The barn was on the farm when Charles purchased the property from a family named Perdue. While Charles was fighting in WWII, he sent money home to pay the mortgage. Upon his return to civilian life, he married, raised a family, and went into the beef cattle business.

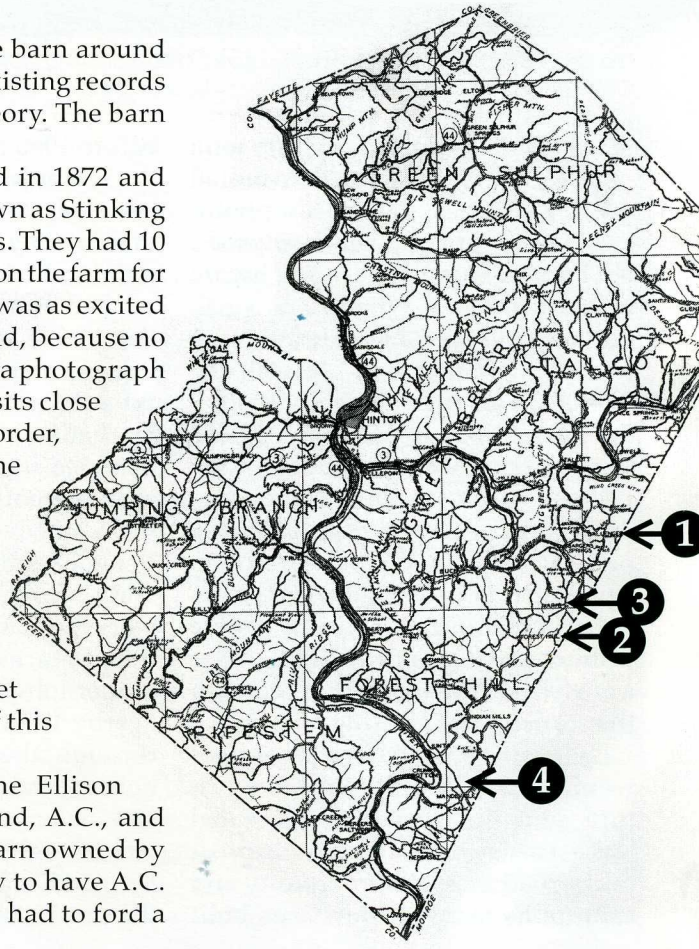
Times were hard after the war, and the Barkers, along with many other farmers in the area, arranged to raise

The Athoel Lilly barn, located in the community of Marie, Summers County.

chickens for Rocco Industries of Virginia. The company delivered seven to 10 thousand young chicks and feed to farmers, who raised them for about 10 weeks. The company then picked them up and took them back to the processing plant. While many of these farmers built separate chicken barns, Mr. Barker simply added to each side of his existing barn. This was a good decision. A few years later the company pulled their business from the area, leaving many farmers with buildings that were not of much use for other purposes. Charles and his wife, Betty, still live in the house on the hill behind the barn, located on Greenville Road near Forest Hill.

One day I received an excited call from my cousin Ginger Snyder. "I found it! I found it!" she shouted. She had discovered a photograph of a barn that had belonged to our great-grandparents, Sylvester and Catherine (Elliott) Thompson. The barn had a gambrel roof, with an addition on one side. It was built of a combination of logs and milled boards. It is possible that Sylvester built the barn around 1875, but there are no existing records to substantiate this theory. The barn no longer stands.

The Thompsons wed in 1872 and moved to the area known as Stinking Lick shortly afterwards. They had 10 children and remained on the farm for the rest of their lives. I was as excited as Ginger about this find, because no one in the family knew a photograph existed. Stinking Lick sits close to the Monroe County border, and some kin believe the barn might have been in the other county. But considering my personal connection to this barn, I decided to include it in my book anyway. I still get excited when I think of this great find.



One afternoon in the Ellison Ridge area, my husband, A.C., and I were in search of a barn owned by Jack Wills. I was happy to have A.C. driving that day, as we had to ford a

The Sylvester Thompson barn, near Stinking Lick, close to the Summers/Monroe county line. This barn no longer stands; photographer unknown.

stream to get to the location. I thought it was a creek, but it turned out to be the Little Bluestone River. Jack's home is in Fairmont, but fortunately for us we found him at the farm that day. We talked for a while, savoring the cool breezes passing across his front porch. I was impressed with how much family history he had at his fingertips.

The barn was near the front of the house. It was built in the late 1800's or early 1900's of various types of lumber from a nearby sawmill. The barn was small and set in the shade. I took several photos that reflected the quiet and coolness of the place.

Then Jack asked if we wanted to see the mill. We walked around the corner and saw one of the most beautiful gristmills you would ever wish to encounter. It is called Cooper's Mill and is thought to be the only remaining mill in Summers County. The mill was built in 1869 by Robert Calvin "Miller Bob" Lilly. Josiah Cooper purchased it in 1893. Jack is working with some others to restore it. Their group is called Friends of Cooper's Mill.

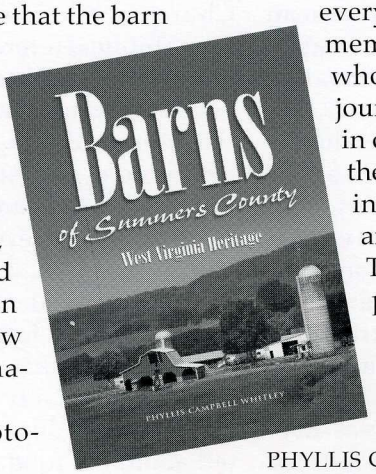
Another trip that surprised Joyce and me was on the farm of Athoel Lilly in the community of Marie. The trip down the mountain to the barn was a test for my four-wheel-drive Jeep on an extremely uneven, rocky, and steep road. I was doing my best to maneuver the vehicle, and I could see Joyce was just hanging on and wondering where we were headed. Finally the road petered out. What we saw just to our left and across a field was a well-preserved old barn that included storage space for farm machinery. Mr. Lilly had no history of the barn, but Mrs. Mary Jane Worley in Beckley, who had lived on the farm as a child, told me that the barn might have been built sometime before 1945 by her grandfather, William Linkus Rakes. Mr. Rakes was a blacksmith, and she believed his shop was in an area of the barn now used to store machinery.

After we photographed the barn, we drove across the field and discovered another interesting vernacular structure. This unusual house, obviously unoccupied for many years, boasted a superb example of a chimney made of stone and mortared with river mud that has remained intact all these years. Astonishing! We wondered if the cut stones were made on site or if they were carried here from another location. In either case it was a formidable task.

Mr. Lilly told us about the property, located a short distance from the Greenbrier River and the Summers County 4-H camp on Barger Springs Road. This piqued my interest, as my great-grandparents Andrew Lee and Eliza McKendra (Webb) Campbell had given the land for the camp, and timber to build cabins, to the county many years ago. A large dairy barn was built on their 350-acre farm in 1907 by H.W Ballard.

Summers County farmers are industrious, hard-working people. The farmers today have the advantage over their forefathers of electricity, modern machines, and improved farming technology. But it remains a labor-intensive occupation, often involving the entire family.

After two years of these excursions, I had to stop the search or I would be many, many years away from publishing a book. However each and every day of this project has been memorable. Friends and family who have shared my incredible journey agree that it will remain in our hearts forever. We hope the book will convey these feelings as people read the stories and enjoy the photographs. The book is scheduled for publication in late 2011, all proceeds from the sale of the book will go to the Summers County Public Library.



For book orders, visit www.barnsofsummerscounty.com or call (540)786-7010. All proceeds benefit the Summers County Public Library.

PHYLLIS CAMPBELL WHITLEY is a native of Summers County, but grew up in Beckley. She retired from Verizon after 32 years. Phyllis was recognized as a 2011 West Virginia History Hero.

By Shannon Colaianni Tinnell

Photographs by
Addie and Chelsie Photo

Feast of the Seven Fishes

Above: A crowd fills Monroe Street for the annual Feast of the Seven Fishes Festival in downtown Fairmont.

Left: Sam Manno (with accordion) and Ott Meale entertain at the 2010 Feast of the Seven Fishes Festival.

One Saturday every December, thousands of people flee the local malls and the big box stores, or abandon the warmth and comfort of home, to venture forth onto chilly Monroe Street in downtown Fairmont. They come for a day filled with authentic Italian seafood cuisine, wonderful — and free — performances of traditional holiday music, and unique gift-shopping opportunities at an open-air street market. These are a few of the things that make up the Feast of the Seven Fishes Festival, a holiday event designed to preserve Italian-American customs and foodways as exemplified by the traditional Christmas Eve meal of the same name.

The Feast of the Seven Fishes is a centuries-old custom observed primarily by southern Italians, consisting of a seafood meal served on Christmas Eve in observation of *La Vigilia*, or the vigil for the Christ child. The Roman Catholic tradition of abstaining from the consumption of meat on Fridays and specified holy days includes Christmas Eve. It was only logical that the faithful developed a meal of seafood for this special day.

But why seven fishes? Some suggest it has to do with the number of sacraments celebrated in the Catholic Church, while others contend it reflects Biblical references to the number seven representing perfection. Seven is the number most associated with the tradition, but — it can be any number of dishes, although apparently always an uneven number — three, five, seven, nine, and so on.

North-central West Virginia is known for its large and dynamic Italian-American community, and the feast is actively celebrated there. Nearly every family has stories to tell about the food and the laughter and the socializing.

Karen Kaye Bitonti Larry, of Philippi, recalls: "We ate smelts, eel, and a squid-tomato-hard bread-seasonings soup. There were also fruits and nuts. I remember what we called 'Italian celery,' which I think was probably fennel. After dinner we went to Midnight Mass."

Atelio "Ott" Meale, of Fairmont, fondly remembers the families as well as the calamari or seafood sauce that they ate. He recalls how his family would laugh and have fun and then get ready for Midnight Mass. "You didn't eat meat until after midnight," Ott says. He recalls how much fun it was to visit the neighbors and friends and how he couldn't wait to see everyone and drink the holiday wine and eat sausage.

Karen Larry agrees: "It was customary for people to go from home to home, eating sausage and drinking wine. That made a very long night and a very early morning when we called Mom and Dad to let us go to the tree!"

Joe Tristani, of Fairmont, remembers: "After Midnight Mass we'd go

up on the hill, and everyone would break out their new homemade wine. We wouldn't get home until noon the next day."

In the Fairmont area, where I am from, the feast is particularly beloved — even many non-Italians tell of their efforts to join their Italian friends on Christmas Eve to enjoy the delicious dishes that make up the feast. At our home, my husband and I frequently share the feast with our non-Italian friends Mike Anderson and his wife, Tiffany. According to Mike: "There are always rich, beautiful dishes complementing the atmosphere, the wine, and each other, laying the groundwork for solving the world's problems, sometimes before dessert." As much as the Andersons love the variety of seafood dishes, they especially look forward to the tiramisu and homemade limoncello desserts.

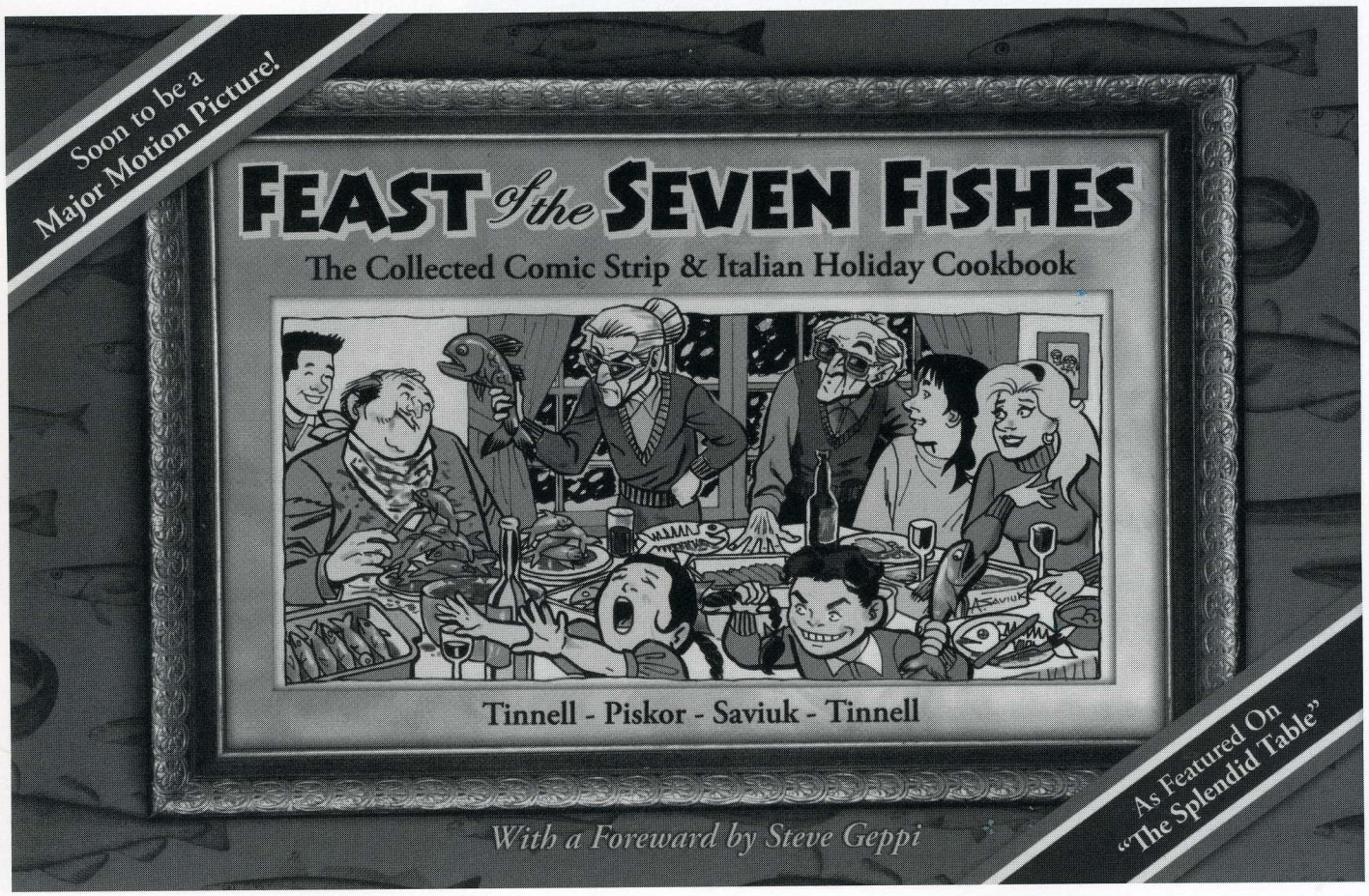
Among the Italian immigrant community, the observation of this tradition has managed to survive even as so many other traditions have disappeared. But time and assimilation are beginning to erode the practice.

The Feast of the Seven Fishes Festival helps preserve this custom through the collecting of foodways, traditions, and folklore of Italians and American Italians. I firmly believe nothing exemplifies a family's tradition better than their foodways. Foodways provide a context of who and what a family is; foodways are accessible to research, and do much to sustain ethnic cultures. This is abundantly clear among West Virginia's Italian community.

Nothing exemplifies a family's tradition better than their foodways.

The wave of Italian immigrants who came to north-central West Virginia during the Industrial Revolution generally came to work in the coal mines. Over the last 125 years, their descendants have prospered and added much to the fabric of the area. The festival honors the traditions of the earlier generations and attempts to preserve them for the future.

A few years ago my husband, writer and filmmaker Robert Tinnell, wrote *Feast of the Seven Fishes*, a daily on-line comic strip drawn by Ed Piskor and Alex Saviuk. This was the beginning of our efforts to preserve the tradition. The romantic comedy is a fictionalized account set against the backdrop of a West Virginia Italian-American family's celebration of the feast. When the collection was gathered in book form, Bobby asked me to write a cookbook section, which I did. The book was an immediate success, gaining a great deal of critical acclaim. My



Author Shannon Colaianni Tinnell demonstrates Italian eggnog at the Feast cooking show.

husband appeared as a guest on many popular radio and television shows, including *The Splendid Table* and Rocco Dispirito's radio show in New York.

But the real thrill came when the book was nominated for a prestigious Eisner Award for Best Graphic Album — Reprint. Clearly, there was an audience eager to join the celebration. In early 2006, Lou Spadafore, a family friend and owner of the popular Friendly Furniture store in Fairmont, bought a copy of *Feast of the Seven Fishes* and had an inspiration. Lou approached us about starting an Italian festival in Fairmont. We thought it was a great idea and partnered with Main Street Fairmont's executive director, Vera Sansalone, and have never looked back. Vera and I now co-chair the festival committee.

On Saturday, December 10, 2011, the sixth annual Feast of the Seven Fishes Festival will light up downtown Fairmont. The outdoor festivities have become a holiday homecoming for many people. There are covered warm places to sit and talk or enjoy a day's worth of free entertainment, including bands and accordion players, dancers, a children's choir, and theatrical performances. The festival has an old-school street festival vibe with vendors — mostly local businesses and citizens — serving fish dishes and Italian holiday delicacies, as well as merchants selling many Italian cultural items, especially homemade Italian Christmas cookies and pastries, such as the pita piata, an Italian Christmas bread from Calabria popular in north-central West Virginia.

The festival also hosts a Christmas parade, and a homemade wine and Christmas cookie contest. A Catholic Mass closes the evening festivities. A favorite aspect of the event for me is the Festival Cucina — a two-hour cooking school that demonstrates authentic Italian Christmas holiday dishes. I coordinate this activity and try and find new individuals to cook every year so that we can see how foodways are different in every home. Some years it's a little old Italian lady from down the street simmering her family's generations-old baccala sauce alongside a classically trained gourmet chef making rustic polenta squares with stewed Italian fruit and local honey.

A tradition that I started for myself is cooking with my father, Lawrence Colaianni, every year and throwing a little of my family's Abruzzese cooking traditions into the mix, because most of the Italians in the area are from Calabria.

[Calabria and Abruzzo are two of Italy's 20 major regions. Calabria forms the "toe" of Italy's famous "boot" shape; Abruzzo is about halfway up the eastern or Adriatic coast. —ed.]

Staying true to the religious context of the meal, I keep it a meat-free menu, which can be a challenge at times because there are so many wonderful Italian holiday foods that I want to preserve and some we chose to exclude in honor of the tradition's true origins. The Festival Cucina costs around $20 and always offers at least seven different demonstrations, from appetizers to desserts, and serves up generous samples of each dish. No one leaves hungry!

Some past demonstrations have included bagna cauda; orange, anchovy, and egg salad, fried smelt; baccala

Stuffed Calamari

THE SQUID:
2-3 pounds of fresh calamari (squid)

THE STUFFING:
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 bunch finely chopped parsley
1 head finely chopped garlic
1 whole egg
2-3 cups freshly grated Parmesan cheese
1 large can fine dry unflavored bread crumbs
½ to 1 cup of milk
1 teaspoon salt and pepper

THE TOMATO SAUCE:
2 large cans of tomato puree
1 small can of tomato paste
5 cloves of minced garlic
1/4 cup olive oil
1 small white onion, chopped fine
Fresh basil to taste
Salt, pepper, and red pepper flakes to taste

First prepare the sauce. Sauté the garlic and onion in olive oil over medium heat, being careful not to burn the garlic. Add the tomato products and seasonings. Simmer on low heat. Add the fresh basil at the end of the cooking time.

Preheat the oven to 450 degrees.

Directions:

1. Clean and prepare the squid by removing the tentacles, leaving only the body cavity.
2. Chop the squid tentacles very fine. In a bowl mix them with the stuffing ingredients. Mix by hand, slowly adding the milk until a thick, moist mixture is achieved.
3. Stuff the body cavities, being careful not to overstuff because the squid will shrink during the cooking process and burst. Drizzle the baking dish with olive oil. In the baking dish, lay the stuffed calamari in rows and cover with tomato sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese and fresh basil.
4. Cover tightly with foil and cook in a 450-degree oven for 45-60 minutes. The squid is done when it feels tender at the pricking of a fork.

Serves 6-8 people

sauce over pasta, whiting salad, tiramisu, pizzelles; and limoncello. The majority of the recipes selected as part of the menu are generations-old favorites, but I do try and incorporate at least one new or modern recipe, like the seafood lasagna I prepared last year.

Volunteers serve tuna meatballs with pasta and grilled polenta to cooking school patrons.

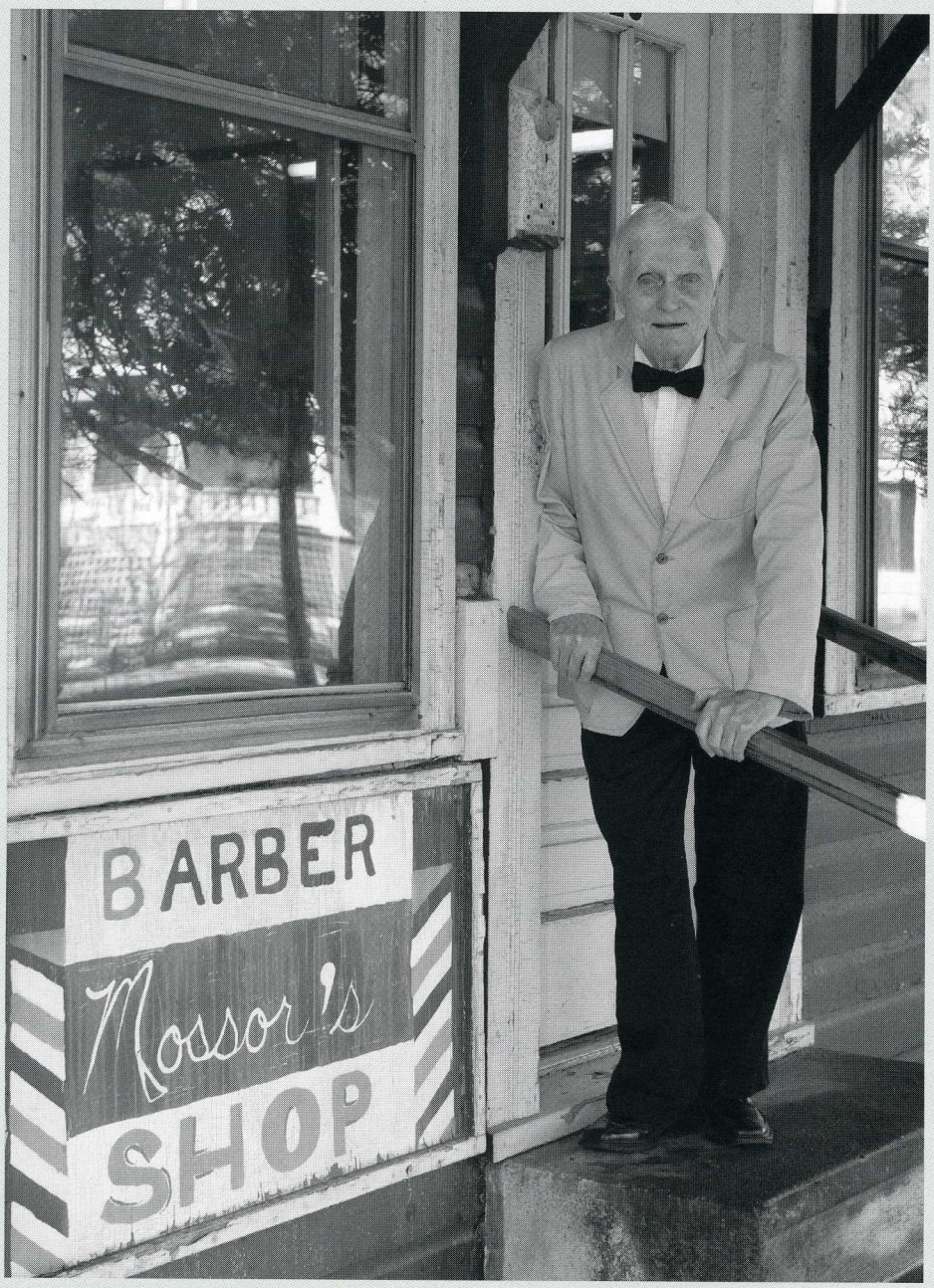
When we started organizing and first announced the festival, some people thought we were crazy. "Who wants to be outside in December eating fish and listening to polkas?" some of them asked. Well, as it turned out quite a few people did. More than 5,000 people now show up each year.

And yes, they eat fish — lots of fish. In fact the first year every food vendor sold out! Who knew there was a market for smelt on a cold December afternoon? Actually quite a few of us in the Italian-American community knew We hope you'll join us. As we like to say, "When it comes to Christmas Eve and the Feast of the Seven Fishes Festival, everyone is Italian."

SHANNON COLAIANNI TINNELL is a native of Lumberport, Harrison County, and a graduate of Liberty High School. She earned a master's degree in public history from West Virginia University. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

Shave and a $6 Haircut in New Martinsville



Ray Mossor has been barbering since 1947. He is shown here standing in front of his shop in New Martinsville.

It's a tossup as to which aspect of Ray Mossor's New Martinsville barbering business is most remarkable — the fact that he's still cutting hair years after most barbers would have retired, or that a haircut costs only $6.

"I don't like to rob people," says Ray, who has been cutting hair in these parts since 1947.

A resident of Sistersville, Ray has barbered at the corner of Clark and North streets in New Martinsville since 1962, when he and Ray Potts relocated their shop from Main Street. It's been a one-man shop since 1974, when Ray bought out his former boss.

The shop has changed little in appearance since the day he and Potts made the first rent payment to Wells Eakin, who is still Ray's landlord. The main room measures only 12 by 16 feet, and at one time it was divided into a living room/bedroom. A small kitchen/bath is at the rear. A boxy gas space heater, a wall of mirrors, two antique barber chairs, a row of waiting chairs, magazine rack, and cash register whose keys top out at $1 occupy the barbering area. There is no television or telephone. Any form of electronic communication would be an unnecessary, unwelcome intrusion into this oasis of male conversation, the topics of which range from church dinners and gardening to politics and community members, both living and departed.

Of the latter topic, Ray is well

versed by virtue of his occupation, age, and heritage. A native of the Tyler County hamlet of Wick, Ray was born in 1924 and grew up on a family farm. He had four brothers and two sisters, but he and his twin sister, Bernice, are the only ones surviving.

His older brother, Frank, took an interest in cutting hair and performed the service for his four brothers and some neighbor boys. When Frank headed off to war, Ray assumed the role. After high school, Ray went to work at a Jeannette, Pennsylvania, glass factory, saved his money, and in 1946, enrolled in the Moler Barber College in Charleston.

He graduated on a Friday in July 1947, and went to work as an apprentice under Sistersville barber Ralph Fox the next Monday. Fox gave Ray advice that he follows to this day:

"He said you treat your customer the way you would like to be treated," Ray says. "They taught that in barber college way back then, too."

Ray worked 12 years for Ralph Fox before casting his lot with Ray Potts in 1959. He said the Ormet Aluminum plant was under construction across the river from New Martinsville, and Potts had a shop in the lower level of a downtown bank building. There was a ferry landing near the shop, and men waiting for the ferry would drop in the shop for a haircut and/or shave while killing time.

Ray says there were seven barbers in Sistersville when he started working, and about as many in New Martinsville. Now there is his shop and another, plus the pricey salons, where a cut is $15 or more. Besides the high prices, Ray laments the fact that barbers — or hair dressers — often don't dress professionally. Ray insists upon wearing a black bow tie to work.

It was only in the last several years Ray raised his price, from $5. "I doubt if I'll raise it again," he says. "I got a lot of customers I've had for years. I know that price is cheap, but they usually give me a tip, especially around Christmas."

Orie Welch has been coming to Ray Mossor for his haircuts for more than 50 years.

Ray's oldest customer is Orie Welch, who is in his mid-90's and has had his tonsorial needs met by Ray for more than 50 years. Some of his customers first started with him when he was barbering in Sistersville. His customers are faithful in more than their patronage.

"I got one preacher who comes in here every Friday morning," Ray says. "Frank Conley. He comes in and if it's snowing, he gets the snow shovel out and clears the path."

Ray and his wife, Nancy Givens, were married in 1954. They have five children, seven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild — not a one of them a barber.

Nancy is 11 years younger than Ray and worked for the school system, which explains why Ray kept on working after he was of retirement age. But even after Nancy retired, Ray couldn't walk away from his career and all the friends he's made over the years.

"I'm not going to retire as long as I can walk," he says. "I never want to retire."

Even on his days and afternoons away from the shop, Ray is active and around other people.

"I can't sit on the couch and watch TV," he says. "I'll ride over to the Dairy Queen and get a cup of coffee and listen to the gossip."

Ray has worked continuously with the exception of a flu or cold bug that sidelined him for a few days, and a broken hip that closed the shop for six months. He feels that keeping active and eating right are the keys to good health. Ray is especially careful about his salt and sugar intake, and he avoids medications — and the doctors who prescribe them.

"If a person keeps busy, it's the best thing," he says. "I'm not a great person to run to the doctor if I get a splinter in my finger."

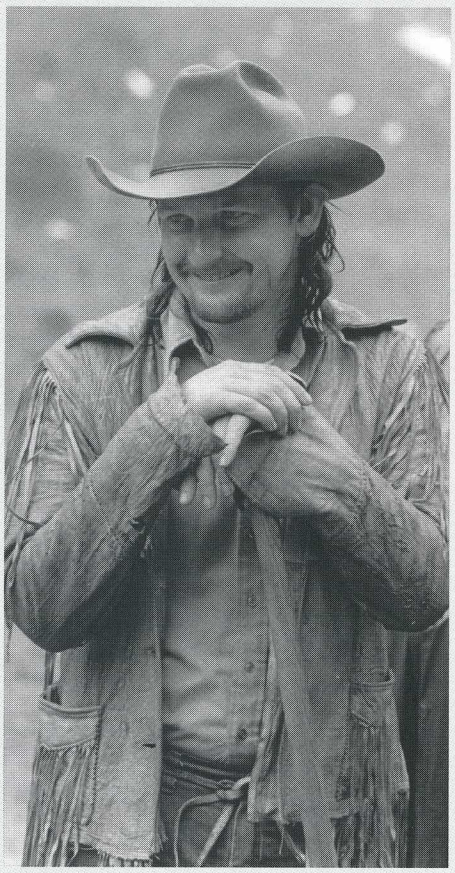
He hopes the health he's enjoying in his mid-80's holds for years to come; Ray has big plans for when he turns 100.

"I've always said I hope to barber until I'm 100, then I'll travel around. I still got 15 years to go," he says.

Ray Mossor's Barbershop is located at 223 North Street, New Martinsville. An appointment is not needed, but expect a wait of 15 minutes to an hour on prime mornings.

Special Music Edition

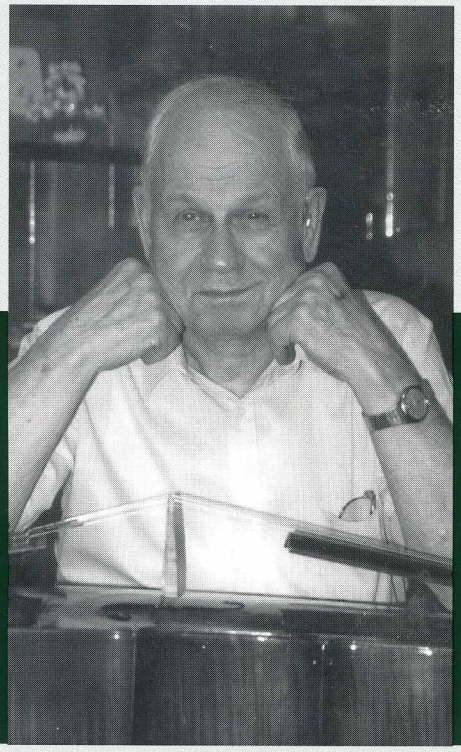
Films about West Virginia and Appalachia

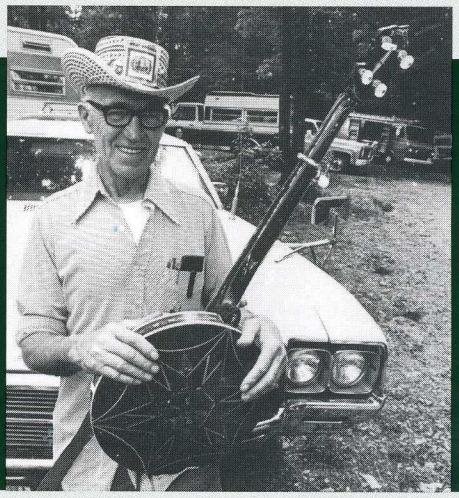


Each year, GOLDENSEAL highlights films, videos, and DVD's about our state and region in our annual film list. Many of these movies are about music, and many of these musicians or musical activities have also been featured in GOLDENSEAL over the years. This special edition of Steve Fesenmaier's annual film list offers a sampling of GOLDENSEAL story subjects that have also been film subjects. In print and in film, they help tell the story of Appalachia and its music. Note: Some of these films are no longer available for purchase, but many are held in the collections of the West Virginia Library Commission (WVLC). Call (304)558-2045 for availability. —ed.

Vandalia: The Tradition Continues
1996 VHS 60 mins.
Elderberry Productions
The Mountain State's colorful heritage has been celebrated at the Vandalia Gathering since 1977, held in Charleston each Memorial Day weekend. [See "Vandalia Time!"; Spring 2011.] This video offers a sampler of the festival's best. Watch as talented dancers, musicians, craftspeople, and storytellers turn the beautiful Capitol Complex into a bustling showcase. Fiddle, banjo, and dulcimer players compete for ribbons and prizes and for the satisfaction of being first among the very best practitioners of America's oldest music. Visitors of all ages stroll among performances and lively demonstrations, taking in the sights and sounds and being tempted by hearty foods from several traditions. The focus is on the bedrock Appalachian folk culture and the ancient ethnic customs that enrich it in West Virginia.
Access: WVLC

Morris Family Old-Time Music Festival
1972 VHS/16mm 30 mins.
Omni Productions
Dave and John Morris held their own music festival at Ivydale, Clay County, from 1969 to 1972. [See "Ivydale: The Morris Family Old-Time Music Festivals," by Bob Heyer; Summer 1998.] The festival was known for its traditional music, good times, and heavy rain. West Virginia filmmaker Bob Gates filmed the last festival in exquisite black-and-white photography. Sight and sound are fused to re-create the happy time everyone had in spite of the downpour.
Access: WVLC





Top left: David Morris. Photograph by Mike Meador.

Bottom left: Harold Hayslett. Photograph by Kamrooz Sanii.

Right: Andrew F. Boarman. Photograph by Dick Kimmel.

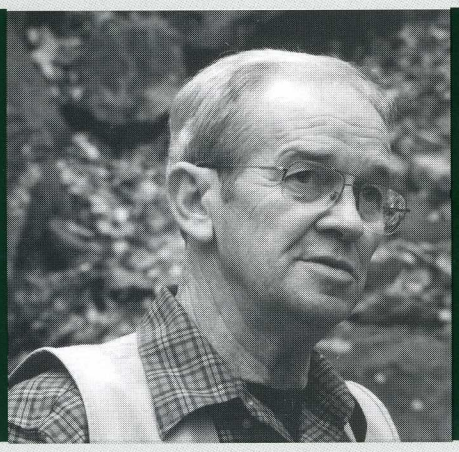
By Steve Fesenmaier

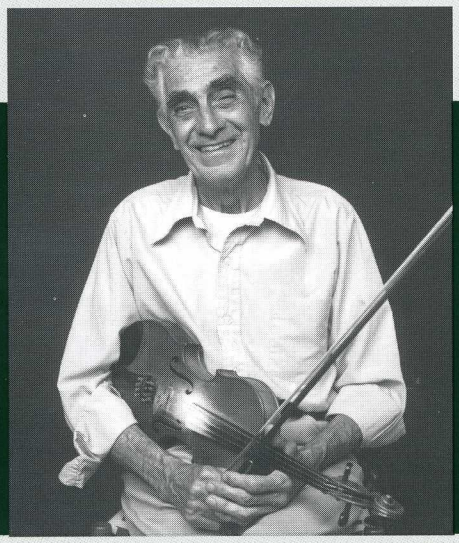
Building a Cello with Harold
1995 VHS/16mm 105 mins.
Bob Gates
West Virginia native and South Charleston resident Harold Hayslett is a noted builder of violins and cellos. [See "Musical Wood: Violin Maker Harold Hayslett," by Paul Gartner; Spring 2007.] In this feature-length documentary film, we follow the building of a cello from start to finish. We learn of Harold's understanding of wood and the woods as we search for the illusive "curly" maple tree. As the cello takes shape in his workshop, we get to know Harold and understand his Appalachian inventiveness and craftsmanship, as well as his thorough knowledge of the instruments and lore of Stradivarius. Ultimately, the cello and some of Harold's violins are taken to the rare instrument collection in the Library of Congress to see how they stand up to those of the old masters.
Access: WVLC

Catching Up With Yesterday
1990 16mm 28 mins.
Facets Multimedia
Andrew F. Boarman, a 78-year-old West Virginia instrument maker and musician, is featured in this documentary portrait. In addition to featuring a number of lively musical performances, the film illustrates Boarman's skills as a master craftsman of banjos, guitars, fiddles, and dulcimers. Interviews with Boarman provide a historical and regional context for the life and work of this leading representative of Appalachian culture and folk traditions. [See "Andrew F. Boarman, the Banjo Man from Berkeley County," by Peggy Jarvis and Dick Kimmel; January-March 1979.]
Access: WVLC or www.facets.org

Bernard Cyrus: Ancient Sounds and Wild Orchids
2008 DVD 74 mins.
Augusta Heritage Productions
Bernard Cyrus lives in Wayne County. A talented musician, instrument maker, hunter, gardener, and tale teller, he is also an avid botanist and photographer. [See "The Natural World of Bernard Cyrus," by Gerald Milnes; Spring 2009.] "Ancient Sounds" is a term Bernard uses to describe the music he plays on dulcimer and banjo. He also loves wild orchids and has taken countless photographs of these and many other wonders across West Virginia. Gerald Milnes, 2006 West Virginia Filmmaker of the Year, continues his documentation of the state's many talented musicians.
Access: Augusta Heritage Center

One More Time: The Life and Music of Melvin Wine
2004 DVD/CD-ROM
Augusta Heritage Center
Melvin Wine was born in 1909 and buried in 2003 at the mouth of Stouts Run, a hollow near Burnsville, in northern Braxton County. Hundreds of fiddlers learned about old-time mountain music from him during his 94 years. [See "Melvin Wine," by Susan Leffler; Summer 1991.] In 1991 he was honored as a National Heritage Fellow. Gerald Milnes and Margo





Far left: Bernard Cyrus. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Near left: Melvin Wine. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Above: Lester and Linda McCumbers. Photograph by Michael Keller.

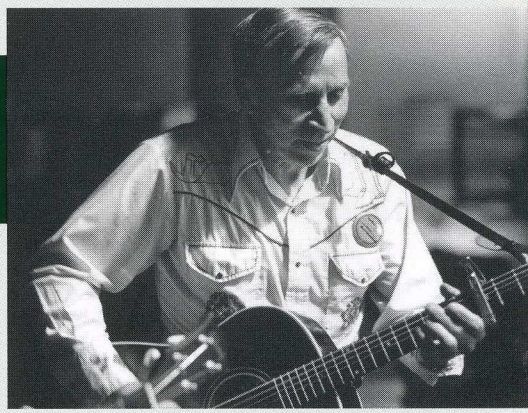
Blevin worked on this project for several years, resulting in a total of four films. This interactive CD-ROM contains many tunes, stories, photos, and biographical information. There is also instructional content where a tune can be slowed down or stopped to allow the viewer to study Melvin's playing and bowing techniques.
Access: Augusta Heritage Center

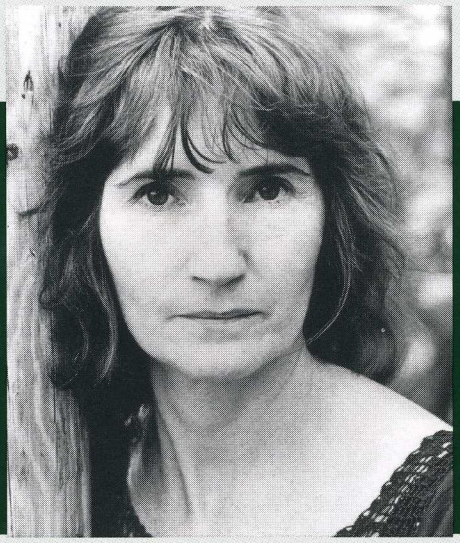
That Old-Time Sound
2005 DVD 60 mins.
Augusta Heritage Center
Gerald Milnes presents a varied look at the music, musicians, and folkways of Calhoun, Clay, Braxton, and Gilmer counties. Lester and Linda McCumbers are featured throughout the film in performance and interviews. [See "Satisfaction in My Heart: Lester and Linda McCumbers of Calhoun County," by Kim Johnson; Spring 2004.] Also featured are Phoebe Parsons, Noah Cotrell, and others. Dancing, coon hunting, and archival footage from the 1973 West Virginia State Folk Festival at Glenville are also shown.
Access: Augusta Heritage Center

His Eye Is On the Sparrow
1999 VHS 28 mins.
Appalshop
Appalshop filmmaker Ann Lewis made this film about West Virginia native Ethel Caffie-Austin, a daughter of the coalfields known as West Virginia's "First Lady of Gospel Music." [See "Hand-Clapping and Hallelujahs: A Visit with Ethel Caffie-Austin," by Michael Kline; Winter 1997.] This program features Ethel performing a range of spirituals, hymns, and contemporary gospel numbers that represent the rich cultural heritage of African American song and worship. Ethel's enthusiasm and belief in the redemptive power of faith are apparent as she is seen teaching gospel music to a youth group, ministering to inmates at a state prison, and leading the choir at the Black Sacred Music Festival. Oral history, archival material, and interviews are combined with performance footage to tell a powerful story of personal freedom and triumph through faith, wisdom, and the support of a caring community.
Access: Appalshop

Hazel Dickens: It's Hard to Tell the Singer from the Song
2001 DVD/VHS 55 mins.
Appalshop
From the coalfields of West Virginia to the factories of Baltimore, Hazel Dickens lived the songs she sang. A pioneering woman in bluegrass and traditional country music, Hazel influenced generations of songwriters and musicians. Her songs of hard work, hard times, and hearty souls have bolstered working people at picket lines and union rallies throughout the land. Her powerful, piercing vocals are included in the soundtracks for 11 movies, including *Harlan County USA* and *Matewan*. In 2001 the National Endowment for the Arts awarded Hazel a National Heritage Fellowship. [See "West Virginia, My Home": A Visit with Hazel Dickens," by John Lilly; Summer 2004.] In this intimate portrait, interviews with Hazel and fellow musicians such as Alison Krauss, Naomi Judd, and Dudley Connell are interwoven with archival footage, recent performances, and 16 powerful songs.
Access: Appalshop

Coal Camp Blues, Coalfield Struggle
2003 VHS 55 mins.
Jim McGee
Jim McGee made this film about his mentor, Carl Rutherford, a





Far left: Ethel Caffie-Austin. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Near left: Hazel Dickens. Photographer unknown.

Above: Carl Rutherford. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Near right: Wallace Horn. Photograph by Michael Keller.

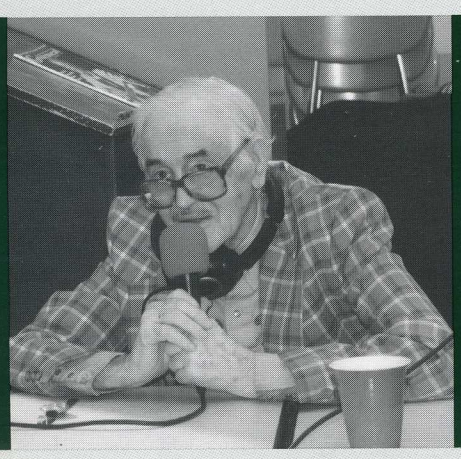
Far right: Appalachian String Band Music Festival. Photograph by Michael Keller.

well-known coalfield musician and activist. Carl was involved with the McDowell County grassroots group Big Creek People in Action (BCPIA). As a musician Carl was known as a fine guitarist and singer, writing his own songs about coal mines and the hard life he led. Archival footage and historical photographs are used to illustrate Carl's songs. [See "Carl Rutherford: Music from the Coalfields," by Jim McGee; Fall 1994.]
Access: West Virginia Humanities Council

***Friendly Neighbor Show*: Christmas 2005**
2005 VHS 60 mins.
George Daugherty
Wallace Horn of Chapmanville began recording and broadcasting his own radio show in 1967. [See "Pure Entertainment: Wallace Horn and the *Friendly Neighbor Show*," by Carolyn Harmon; Spring 2009.] He initially used his television repair store as his studio, later broadcasting from local garages, schoolhouses, or community centers. Most of the guests are local musicians, but others such as Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys have performed, as well. Elaine Purkey, a well-known local singer and songwriter, has performed on the show for 30 years. [See "'One Day More': Activist Songwriter Elaine Purkey," by Paul Gartner; Summer 2006.]
Access: WV State Archives

Clifftop 2008
2008 YouTube clip 27 mins.
WVPBS
The Appalachian String Band Music Festival takes place the first week of August each year at Camp Washington Carver in Fayette County, drawing thousands of musicians from across the country and around the world. Commonly known as "Clifftop," the festival has emerged as the premier gathering for fans and players of traditional and not-so-traditional old-time music. [See "Open Arms at Clifftop: 20th Appalachian String Band Music Festival," by John Lilly; Summer 2009.] West Virginia Public Broadcasting produced this half-hour documentary in 2008, featuring a close-up view of the music, laughter, dancing, and camaraderie found at this unique festival. This film has logged more than 25,000 views on You Tube.
Access: YouTube - search for "Clifftop 2008 [½ hour Documentary]."

Blind Alfred Reed
2010 Television broadcast 25 mins.
WVPBS
Blind Alfred Reed was one of West Virginia's first nationally recognized singers or musicians. [See "The Blind Man's Song: Recalling Alfred Reed," by John Lilly; Winter 2008.] Starting in 1927, his recordings and original songs were distributed widely. Today few are familiar with this visually impaired Hinton resident who supported his family using his musical skills, yet his songs have been recorded by Bruce Springsteen, Ry Cooder, and the New Lost City Ramblers, among others. This film was made by veteran West Virginia Public Broadcasting director and producer John Nakashima in conjunction with the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame. GOLDENSEAL editor, John Lilly, narrates this film while musicians Tim O'Brien, Kathy Mattea, Larry Groce, Michael Lipton, and others perform and comment on the importance and legacy of Reed's music.
Access: WVPBS, for broadcast only



Mountain Music Roundup

By John Lilly

Each year about this time, we take a look at the best of the most recent crop of recordings and reissues of mountain music from West Virginia. Times are apparently changing, however, and the steady stream of self-produced and small-label releases we have enjoyed these past several years did not materialize in 2011. Whether due to economics, emerging technologies, changing audience interests, or luck of the draw we likely will never know. But I would encourage performers and record companies to put us on their mailing lists for any new releases in the coming year so we can continue to promote and document these great recordings in our pages.

This year, in addition to the films highlighted on page 62, we have one very large boxed set of CD's to discuss, and two new books.

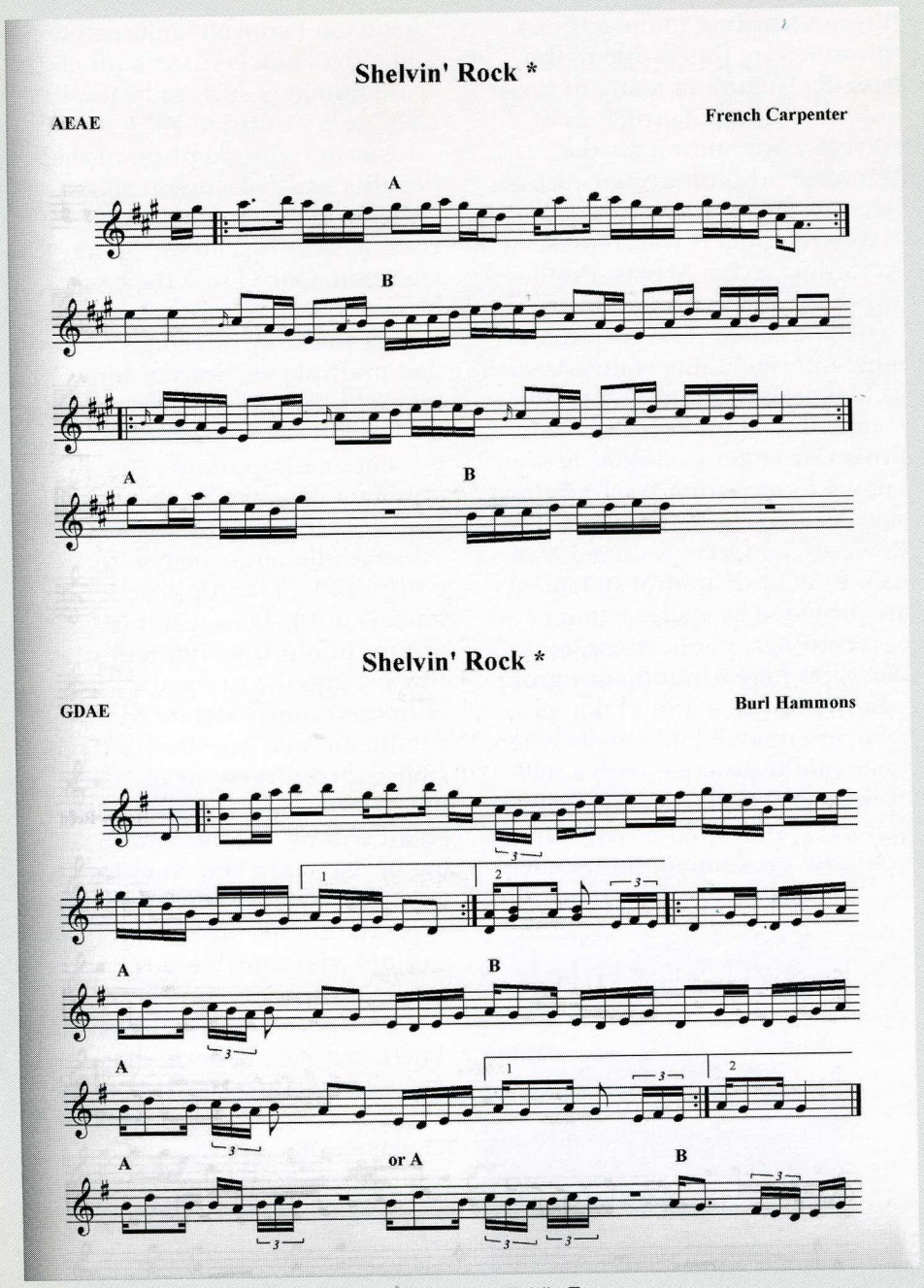
Everyone should know about the Bristol Sessions. Taking place in Bristol, Tennessee, in July and August 1927, these landmark recordings from Ralph Peer of the Victor Talking Machine Company marked the birth of the country music recording industry. Country music's first singing star, Jimmie Rodgers, and First Family, the original Carter Family, both got their starts there, and the ripples from that event — often called the Big Bang of Country Music — are still felt worldwide.

Bear Family Records of Hamburg, Germany, is known for its extensive, expensive boxed sets of historically significant recordings. Their 2011 release of the complete collection from the Bristol Sessions adds another feather in their cap and another must-have boxed set for fans of early country music.

The Bristol Sessions 1927-1928: The Big Bang of Country Music includes five disks, 41 artists, 124 tracks, and more than 385 minutes of music. It comprises not only every surviving recording from the famous 1927 sessions, but also from the lesser-known 1928 follow-up sessions. A gorgeous 120-page booklet written by Dr. Ted Olson and historian Tony Russell includes discography, personnel, song lyrics, and expert analysis, as well as photographs of nearly all the artists. (GOLDENSEAL magazine was proud to contribute photos of the West Virginia Coon Hunters and Blind Alfred Reed.)

The Bristol Sessions were a big success not only from the standpoint of the burgeoning field of commercial country music, but they also provided a valuable and immensely entertaining look at the "musical Main Street" of central Appalachia at that time. In addition to yodelers (Rodgers) and harmony singers (Carters), there were fiddlers, string bands, banjo pickers, balladeers, preachers, choirs, children, and comedians, most from a five-state area.

West Virginia sent two acts to the sessions in 1927 and one in 1928. The first to arrive, on a personal invitation from producer Ralph Peer, was Hinton fiddler and songwriter Blind Alfred Reed [see "The Blind Man's Song: Remembering Alfred Reed," by



Excerpt from *Milliner-Koken Collection of American Fiddle Tunes.*

John Lilly; Winter 2008]. Owing to a personal connection with Virginia singer and band leader Pop Stoneman and a topical song Reed had written called "The Wreck of the Virginian," Reed was among the first to record. He cut two solo versions of the "Wreck of the Virginian," both included here, on July 28. Reed also took the opportunity to record three of his original religious songs, as well, accompanied by guitarist Arthur Wyrick.

The West Virginia Coon Hunters string band, from Bluefield, were among the last to record. They cut two songs on August 5, the final day of the 1927 session. Singer/guitarist Clyde Meadows, fiddler W.B. Boyles, banjo player Joe Stephens, banjo-ukulele player Vernal Vest, and guitarist Fred Belcher played lively versions of "Greasy String" and "Your Blue Eyes Run Me Crazy." [See "The West Virginia Coon Hunters: On the Trail of a Lost String Band," by John Lilly; Spring 2003.]

The following year, Clyde Meadows returned to Bristol along with fiddler and singer Fred Pendleton, a member of the Coon Hunters Band who did not make the 1927 trip, to record once again for Mr. Peer. Their two performances on November 3, 1928, "The Young Rambler" and "The Last Farewell," were never issued by Victor, but are available for the first time in this new boxed set.

The Bristol Sessions 1927-1928 sells for $120 and is available from County Sales at www.countysales.com or by phoning (540)745-2001.

Interest in traditional fiddle music has never been higher, as indicated by the number of musicians playing these days and their growing attendance at workshops and festivals. Many younger musicians have discovered old-time music after taking years of formal training, such as the popular Suzuki method or involvement with school orchestras. This new generation of musically literate and technically savvy fiddlers in particular will welcome a new book of notated fiddle music called, ***Milliner-Koken Collection of American Fiddle Tunes***. Self-published by the pair's own Mudthumper Music, this monumental work includes the written melodies of more than 1,400 tunes, as well as an introduction and several useful indices and appendices.

Authors Clare Milliner and Walt Koken are accomplished and award-winning old-time musicians from Pennsylvania and New York, and have spent most of a decade researching and compiling this work. Unprecedented in its scope and content, the *Milliner-Koken Collection* seeks to document the earliest or essential versions of the myriad fiddle tunes commonly played at festivals, dances, and music parties across the country today. The book also pinpoints the

sources of particular versions of these tunes and offers brief biographical sketches of these source musicians.

Subjective as it may be, the 888-page large-format hardbound edition contains most of the tunes and information you might wish to find. "Turkey in the Straw" is included, along with "Turkey Buzzard," "Turkey in the Pea Patch," and "Turkey Knob." There is a rather advanced version of "Boil Dem Cabbage Down," along with five versions of "Black Eyed Susie" plus "Black Eyed Susan" and "Black Eyed Suzyanna." Indeed, many unrelated or distantly related melodies share a common name, and many tunes have more than one name. Ten pages of Comments address some of these issues.

Colorful titles abound, such as "Duck's Eyeball," "Up Jumped Trouble," "The Indians Are Over the Hill," and "Starvation on Hell Creek." Notation is in standard keys but is written without traditional measures or time signatures. According to the authors' introduction, this is due to the irregular nature of many of these old tunes and the problems of correctly accounting for the "crooked" rhythms often encountered in this music.

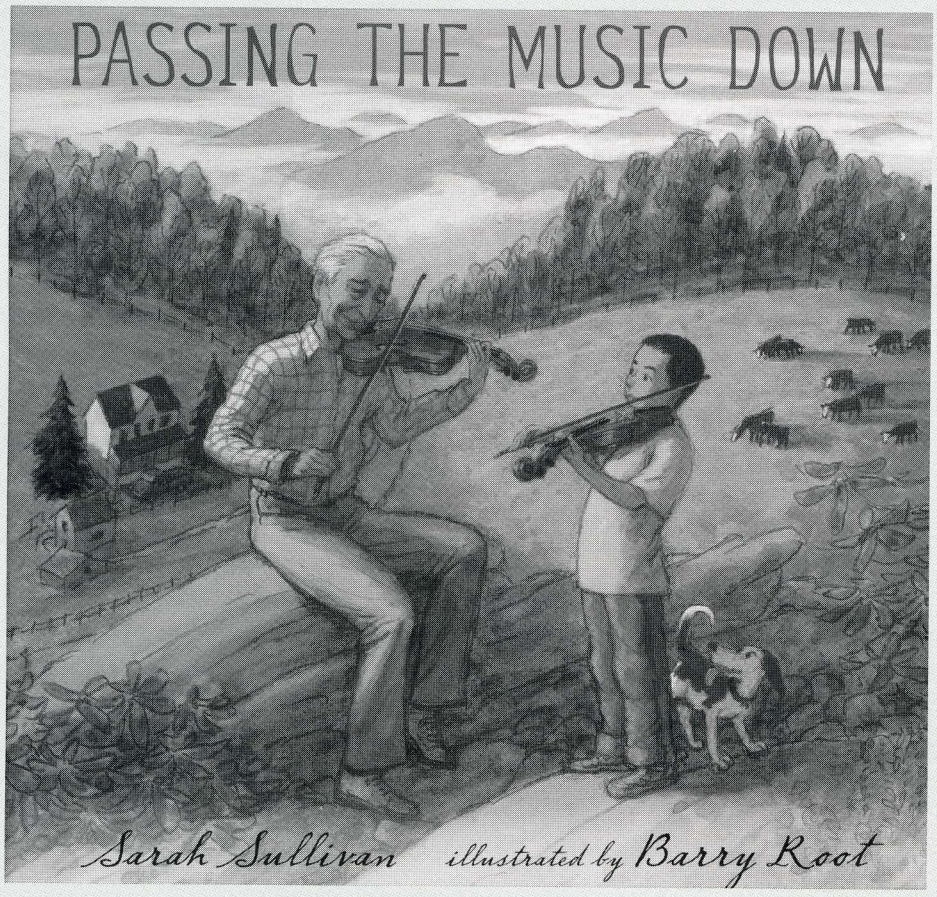
West Virginia is well-represented. According to the Artists' Profiles appendix, there are 24 fiddlers and two bands cited from the Mountain State, including stalwarts such as Melvin Wine, Burl and Edden Hammons, Clark Kessinger, and Ernie Carpenter as well as lesser-known figures from West Virginia, such as Sam Hacker, the Red Brush Rowdies, and John Scotland Hannah. Brief biographical statements are provided as well as references to recordings, publications, and Web sites for each fiddler or group.

In such a huge undertaking, there are unavoidably areas where some might disagree with a few of the many decisions and choices that have to be made. Why, for example, are common tunes such as "Whiskey before Breakfast" and "Ashokan Farewell" not included while the book is filled with obscure numbers such as "Squalling Cats" and "Untitled #4"?

I was initially skeptical of the benefits and risks involved in creating a written document from what is essentially an aural tradition. Once I saw the book, however, I came to see the value of this work. By offering variants and multiple versions of tunes and by providing ample source and background information, this book becomes an important reference volume rather than a shortcut for lazy or disconnected fiddlers.

Mercifully large, heavy, and costly ($90, plus shipping), this book is unlikely to result in groups of old-time fiddlers sitting around the camp at Clifftop with their music stands and a conductor, playing sterilized and standardized versions of "Old Jake Gillie." The far more likely result will be a wider understanding of the depth and complexity of traditional fiddle music and an appreciation for the collectors and authors who contributed to this wonderful volume.

The Milliner-Koken Collection of American Fiddle Tunes is available on-line at www.mkfiddletunes.com. For bulk orders, e-mail wkoken@comcast.net.



Speaking of fiddlers, a recent children's book titled ***Passing the Music Down***, by Sarah Sullivan of Charleston, offers a fictionalized account of Braxton County fiddler Melvin Wine and his relationship with young Indiana native Jake Krack. The 28-page hardbound storybook tells the tale of a young boy and an elderly musician who forge a friendship rooted in traditional music and wholesome values. It is illustrated with colorful watercolor and gouache paintings by Barry Root of Pennsylvania. The book is available for $16.95, plus shipping, from West Virginia Book Company; phone 1-888-982-7472, on-line at www.wvbookco.com.

Goldenseal Index

Volume 37, 2011

Articles that appeared in Volume 37 are listed in the index below under the categories of Subject, Author, Photographer, and Location.

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

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

Subject

Author

Photographer

Location

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY 39 U.S.C. 3685 FOR GOLDENSEAL: WEST VIRGINIA TRADITIONAL LIFE (U.S.P.S. No. 013336), Filing date October 1, 2011, published quarterly, at The Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Number of issues published annually: 4. Annual subscription price: $20. The general business offices of the publisher are located at The Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. John Lilly is the contact person at (304)558-0220.

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

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

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

Publication Name: Goldenseal: West Virginia Traditional Life
Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: Fall 2011

The average number of copies of each issue during the preceding 12 months are:
A) Total no. of copies: 15,250
Net press run:
B) Paid and/or Requested Circulation:
1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541 12,678
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Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution 697
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C) Total paid and/or Requested Circulation: 13,375
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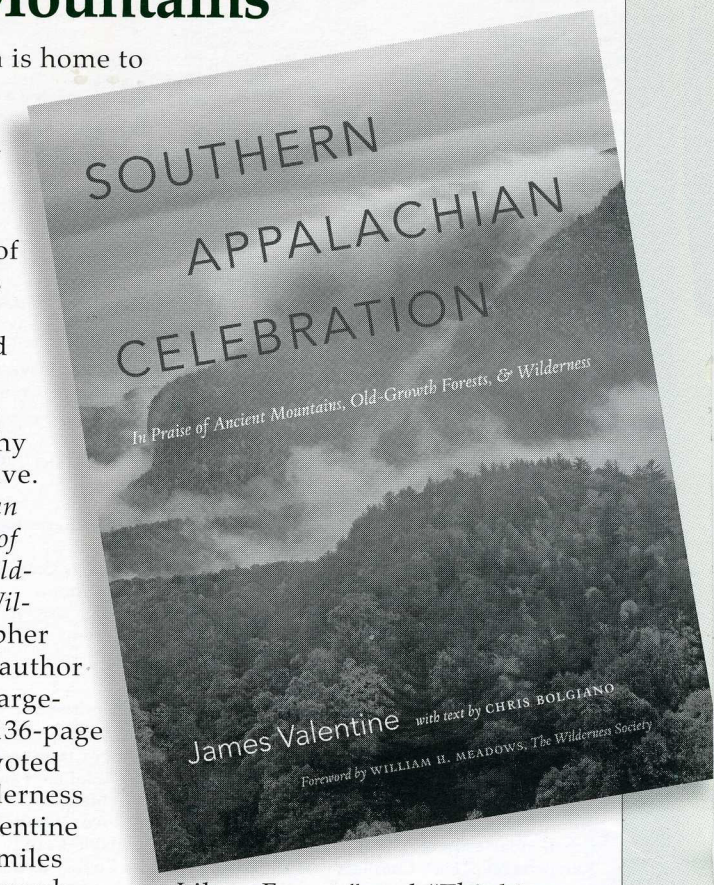
Ancient Mountains



Southern Appalachia is home to a dwindling wilderness, as changes in the landscape slowly replace timeless scenes. A new book from the University of North Carolina Press honors these fragile pockets of untouched natural beauty and marks their presence with lush photography and informed narrative.

Southern Appalachian Celebration: In Praise of Ancient Mountains, Old-Growth Forests, and Wilderness, by photographer James Valentine and author Chris Bolgiano, is a large-format, hardbound, 136-page coffee-table book devoted to the vanishing wilderness around us. James Valentine walked hundreds of miles over four decades through parts of eight states gathering these striking images. In West Virginia, he photographed the Gaudineer Scenic Area, Cranberry Glades, Dolly Sods, Blackwater Falls, Tea Creek, and Spruce Knob.

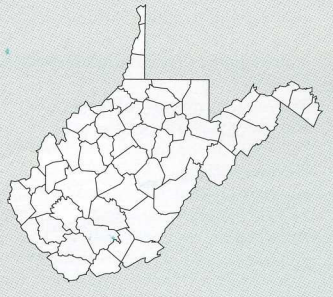
Chris Bolgiano's text reflects the theme of biodiversity and ecological responsibility. With chapter titles such as, "Thinking Like a Mountain," "Thinking Like a Forest," and "Thinking Like a Sacred Place," she leads the reader on a journey of discovery through these rare and irreplaceable locales and suggests sustainable practices for maintaining them.

Southern Appalachian Celebration sells for $35, plus shipping, and is available from the University of North Carolina Press on-line at www.uncpress.unc.edu; phone 1-800-848-6224.

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- West Virginia Rock & Roll
- Synthetic Rubber
- Richardson Hardware
- Photographer Lewis Hines



View from Spruce Knob, Pendleton County, highest point in West Virginia. Photograph by James Valentine. From *Southern Appalachian Celebration: In Praise of Ancient Mountains, Old-Growth Forests, and Wilderness*. See page 72.

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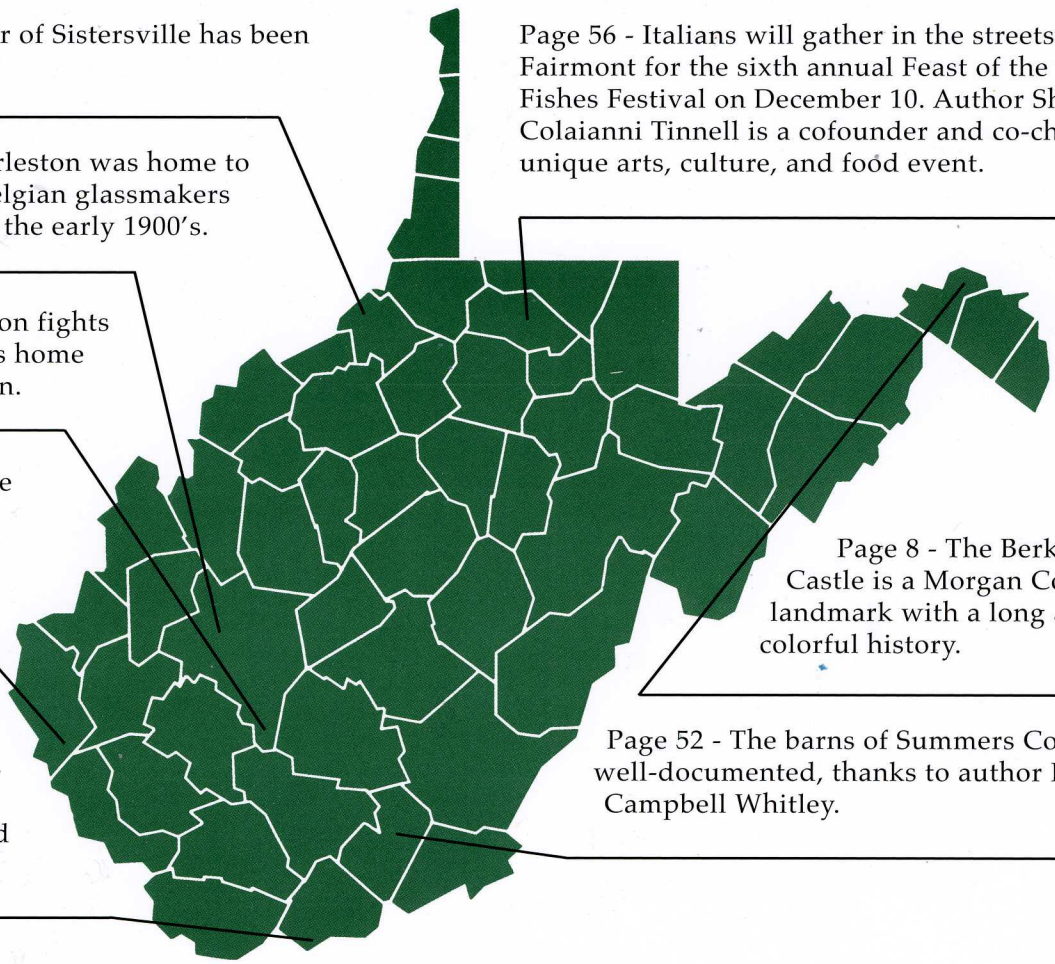

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