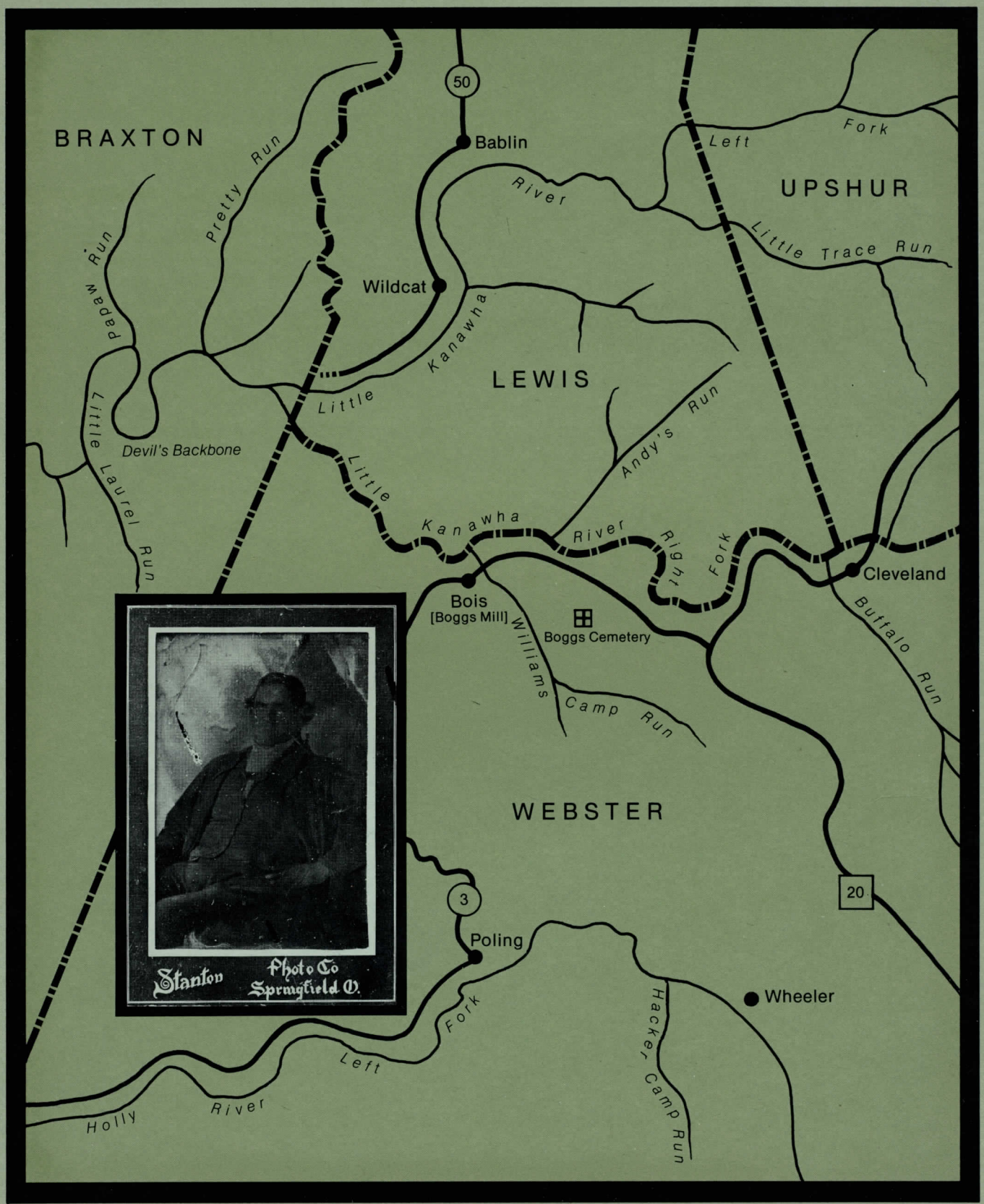
Goldenseal

Volume 4, Number 1 January-March 1978



Goldenseal

A Quarterly Forum for Documenting West Virginia's Traditional Life

Volume 4, Number 1 ❧ January-March 1978

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COVER: The only known photograph (actual size) of "Big Andy" Boggs that reveals his massive physique is superimposed on a map of the area where he lived.

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Norman L. Fagan *Commissioner*

Tom Screven
Editor

Gary Simmons
Assistant to the Editor

David Ross-Robertson
Graphic Design

Nancy Balow
Editorial Assistant

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Current: PROGRAMS • FESTIVALS • PUBLICATIONS

New Mountain State Press Under Way

The first volume to come off Richwood's new Mountain State Press is Davis Grubb's *A Tree Full of Stars,* and it is still available at many local bookstores in the State. The Press was founded by Jim Comstock, editor emeritus and publisher of *The West Virginia Hillbilly,* and his associates in the venture are present editor Peter Wallace and Logan Countian Robert Spence. There is an 11-member board of directors. The Press' membership goal of 200 has nearly been reached, but a very few spaces still remain. The membership fee of $25.00 entitles one to a personally autographed copy of Davis Grubb's book, a 40 percent price reduction on anything published by the Press, and occasional "bonuses and other surprises." To join send $25.00 to Mountain State Press, Richwood, WV 26261, and for Mr. Grubb's book only send $4.00 plus $.50 for postage and handling.

The Lilly Brothers to give Elkins Concert

On March 3 at 8:00 p.m. the Lilly Brothers, the Raleigh County traditional music duet, will perform at the First Methodist Church of Elkins. Arranged by musician Paul Reisler for the Elkins Dance Society (a program of the Randolph County Creative Arts Council) the concert will bring Bea Lilly from his present home, Boston, and Everett Lilly from Clear Creek to make one of their rare West Virginia appearances. Bea Lilly will play the guitar and Everett the mandolin and fiddle, and they will sing many of the songs they sang as teenagers in the late 1930s and which since have come to be called bluegrass music. As an added treat, their former Clear Creek neighbor, banjoist Don Stover, who now lives in Maryland, will join them for the concert. Tickets are $2.00, and there will be no advance sale.

West Virginia Included in Special Issue of North Carolina Journal

Articles on Melvin Wine, the Braxton County old-time fiddler, and long-renowned country music artists Wilma Lee and the late Stoney Cooper are included in a double issue of *Southern Exposure* for the summer and fall quarters of 1977. Edited by Alabamian, Allen Tullos, the book-length (224 pp.) issue is titled *Long Journey Home.* It was a two-year project for Mr. Tullos, who in 1976, while a graduate student at the University of North Carolina, also arranged for West Virginia musicians and craftspeople to attend the Smithsonian Institution's Festival of American Folklife in Washington, D.C. His field work that year for the Smithsonian took him over the entire Southeast. Mr. Tullos is now a doctoral candidate in the American Studies program at Yale University.

Notice to Subscribers

To All Readers

You may have noticed a new type of mailing label on the last issue of GOLDENSEAL, since we have transferred our mailing list to a computerized system. Please examine your mailing label to see if it is correct. If there are major errors on it or if someone you know on our mailing list has not received this or the October-December 1977 issue, we would like to know about it. Sending us incorrect mailing labels will help greatly. Our address is to your left.

To Those Wanting Back Issues

We are grateful for the fast-growing response to GOLDENSEAL, yet we must stress how scarce back issues are. Copies *are* available of *only* the October-December 1977 one, but all earlier ones are in such short supply we feel we must save them strictly for library replacement. If your library does not have a particular back issue, please ask your librarian to write us.

In the issue are articles about "craftspeople, storytellers, preachers, singers, healers, dancers, and cooks . . . from the Louisiana Gulf Coast to the Maryland-Pennsylvania border and all points in between." It also contains extensive listings of books and records as well as Southern folklife research resource information. In this latter section are short articles on the Princeton-based John Henry Memorial Foundation by Edward Cabbell and on the development of GOLDENSEAL magazine by editor Tom Screven. Too, the West Virginia Collection at the West Virginia University Library in Morgantown is included in a section describing archives of Southern materials. Copies may be ordered for $4.50 from *Southern Exposure,* P.O. Box 230, Chapel Hill, NC 27514, or an annual subscription to the quarterly is $8.00 and may begin with *Long Journey Home.*

Bluegrass Radio Program

"Just Bluegrass," a program of American string music, is aired on WVAF, the Charleston FM radio station, every Sunday night from nine to ten. Hosted by Steve Whisnand, the program presents everything from traditional to progressive music, featuring such artists as Vassar Clements, John Hartford, Flatt & Scruggs, and the David Grisman Quintet. Local and regional artists such as West Virginia fiddle champion Bobby Taylor and The Outdoor Plumbing Company are also presented. And, when available, early recordings and old-time music are played. Mr. Whisnand welcomes suggestions and donations or loans of tapes or old recordings from private collections. He can be contacted at WVAF Radio, Box 3418, Charleston, WV 25304.

West Virginia Dialect Study Published

A 190-page book about the speech of Mercer and Monroe Countians was published in 1976. Called *Appalachian Speech,* the scholarly study by Walt Wolfram and Donna Christian is of particular interest to linguists, many other Regional scholars, teachers, and to serious writers in this area. Taking a sociolinguistic approach, the researchers examined phonological and grammatical features of speech in the counties and explored the educational implications of dialect diversity. The publisher of the paperback book was the Center for Applied Linguistics, 1611 North Kent Street, Arlington, VA 22209, and the price is $8.00 plus $1.50 for postage and handling.

Regional Folklife Group to Meet

The Middle Atlantic Folklife Association will hold its second annual meeting in Annapolis, Maryland, on May 13 and 14. Inquiries about the meeting and joining the association should be addressed to Charles Camp, State Folklorist, Maryland Arts Council, 15 West Mulberry Street, Baltimore, MD 21201.

Greek Cookbook Still in Print

A small cookbook called *The Cooking of Greece* has recently come to our attention. It was published in 1976 by the Ladies Philoptochos Society of St. John Greek Orthodox Church in Charleston. The booklet contains ten traditional Greek recipes that were handed down by the grandparents of contributors and have been little altered from their original forms. To order send $1.50 to St. John Greek Orthodox Church, 3512 MacCorkle Ave. S.E., Charleston, WV 25304.

Appalachian Education Publications

Project Developmental Continuity, a program in the Monongalia County Board of Education, has published several paperback books during the past year. All are intended for elementary classroom use, but would be of interest to anyone seriously exploring the diversity of Appalachian culture. *Monongalia Blacks Speak* is a set of two text booklets created by black educators in the county. *Part I—Black Men* (24 pp.) and *Part II—Black Women* (16 pp.) each contain several short oral histories of black people in Monongalia County. Along with the taped interviews, there are photographs of most informants, and also drawings. Each book is $1.00 plus $.25 handling.

Starting Where You Are, "A Book of Multicultural Crafts, Customs, and Recipes," includes recipes, craft instruction, and cultural information

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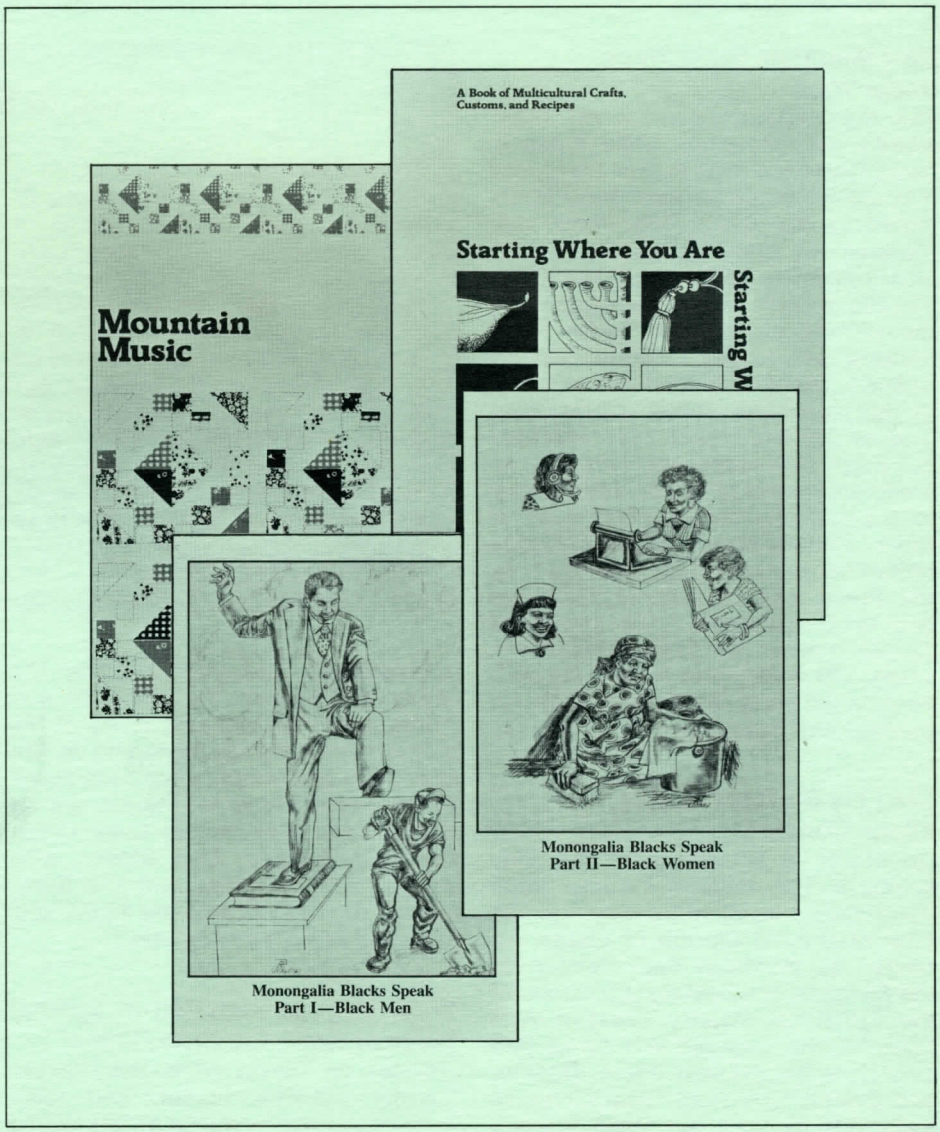


Folk and Folk-related Music From West Virginia: A Discography

By Louis Horacek

West Virginia has produced and continues to produce a considerable variety of folk and folk-related music. Most of this has been in the area of Anglo-American folk and country music, although there have been some notable contributions in other types of music; Don Redman and Chu Berry in jazz, and Frankie Yankovic in Slovenian polka music are probably the best known.

This list, originally intended to aid librarians and collectors, is selective and generally limited to in-print material. All listings are 12-inch LP's.

Included here are recordings from the 1920s to the 1970s—from the most archaic styles to the Nashville sound, commercial recordings by companies big and small, and scholarly editions prepared by folklorists.

A number of the records in this list are available at the Craft Shop in the Science and Culture Center in Charleston. Those interested in purchasing records may write for ordering information to Rebecca Stelling Winkles, Manager, Craft Shop, Science and Culture Center, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305.

The Amos Brothers and the West Virginia Bluegrass Boys
A contemporary bluegrass band.
Tall Pines . . . . . *Carpenter 20011*

Bailes Brothers
Country music of the 1940s.
The Bailes Brothers
. . . . . *Old Homestead CS 103*
The Bailes Brothers, Johnnie & Homer, Early Radio Vol. 2
. . . . . *Old Homestead CS 104*

Black Mountain Bluegrass Boys
A young traditional bluegrass band from Pocahontas County.
Million Lonely Days . . . . . *Lark 2140*
Talk of the County . . . . . *Lark 2141*

Butler Brothers
Tyler County bluegrass band.
West Virginia Bluegrass. . . . . *Jalyn 142*

French Carpenter and Jenes Cottrell
Legendary Clay County traditional musicians, the first deceased, and Mr. Cottrell very much alive.
Elzic's Farewell. . . . . *Kanawha 301*

Curly Ray Cline
Bluegrass fiddle player long associated with Ralph Stanley.
Little Home in West Virginia . . . . *Rebel 1515*
Fishin' for Another Hit. . . . . *Rebel 1531*
Kentucky Fox Hunt . . . . . *Melody 17*
Working Man . . . . . *Jalyn 126*

Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper
Very influential musicians who bridge the gap between traditional music and country and western.
Sunny Side of the Mountain
. . . . . *Harmony 11178*
Sing Carter Family Hits . . . . . *Starday 980*
Walking My Lord Up Calvary Hill
. . . . . *Powerpak 242*
Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper
. . . . . *Rounder 0066*

Hazel Dickens
Contemporary singer and songwriter working with traditional styles.
Hazel and Alice . . . . . *Rounder 0027*
Hazel Dickens and Alice Gerrard
. . . . . *Rounder 0054*
Won't You Come and Sing for Me
. . . . . *Folkways FA31034*

Little Jimmy Dickens
A very popular country and western singer of the '50s and '60s. All of his many albums seem to be out of print.

Wilson Douglas
Traditional fiddler from Clay County.
Right Hand Fork of Rush's Creek
. . . . . *Rounder 0047*

Russell Fluharty
West Virginia hammered dulcimer music.
West Virginia Heritage. . . . . *Page SLP601*

Worley Gardner
Old mountain folk and square dance tunes played on traditional hammered dulcimer.
Mountain Melodies. . . . . *Handy OL 3-7-2*

W. Franklin George
Younger traditional musician.
Traditional Music For Banjo, Fiddle, and Bagpipes. . . . . *Kanawha 307*
Swope's Knobs (with John Hilt)
. . . . . *Anachronistic 001*

Goins Brothers
Bluegrass band originally from the Beckley area.
The Goins Brothers . . . . . *Rebel 1543*
God Bless Her She's My Mother
. . . . . *Michigan Bluegrass 146*
In the Head of the Holler
. . . . . *Michigan Bluegrass 122*
Take This Hammer . . . . . *Rebel 1568*
Tribute to the Lonesome Pine Fiddlers
. . . . . *Michigan Bluegrass 139*

(Continued on next page)

Ed Haley
A very influential old-time fiddler.
Parkersburg Landing. . . . . *Rounder 1010*

The Hammons Family
Pocahontas County family whose songs, tales, and banjo and fiddle tunes are documented here. The LC set (2 records) is accompanied by booklet of extensive notes.
The Hammons Family
. . . . . *Library of Congress 65/66*
Shaking Down the Acorns
(with Mose Coffman). . . . . *Rounder 0018*

Hawkshaw Hawkins
Another very popular country and western singer of the '50s whose records are no longer available.

Hickory Wind
A young band originally from Morgantown who combine traditional and contemporary stylings.
At the Saturday Night Waltz . . *Adelphi 2002*
Fresh Produce. . . . . *Flying Fish 018*

Frank Hutchinson
A white blues singer of the 1920s.
The Train that Carried My Girl from Town
. . . . . *Rounder 1007*

Clark Kessinger
A very influential old-time fiddle player, who recorded in the '20s and again in the '60s.
Clark Kessinger, Volumes 1 and 2
. . . . . *Folkways FA 2336, 2337*
The Kessinger Brothers, 1928-30
. . . . . *County 536*
Memorial Album. . . . . *Kanawha 327*
Old Time Music . . . . . *Rounder 0004*
Sweet Bunch of Daisies
. . . . . *County 747, Kanawha 306*

Lilly Brothers
A very highly respected bluegrass/old-time group.
Bluegrass Breakdown. . . . . *Rounder SS-01*
Early Bluegrass Recordings. . . . *County 729*
Lilly Brothers and Don Stover
. . . . . *Folkways FA 2433*
Live in Japan, Volumes 1, 2, and 3
. . . . . *Towa 101, 102, 103*
What Will I Leave Behind . . . . . *County 742*

Lonesome Pine Fiddlers
An early bluegrass band, based on the Cline family, including Curly Ray, but including others such as the Goins Brothers.
14 Mountain Songs. . . . . *Starday 155*
Hylo Brown Meets the
Lonesome Pine Fiddlers . . . . . *Starday 220*
Lonesome Pine Fiddlers
. . . . . *Country Classics CC-3*

Charlie McCoy
A harmonica player, very active in Nashville session work.
Charlie My Boy. . . . . *Monument K2-33384*

Paul B. McCoy
Hammered dulcimer, plucked dulcimer, and musical saw music.
Rainbow's End . . . . . *Jewel 6020102*

Marshall Family
A bluegrass gospel group.
Come Springtime . . . . . *Rebel 1541*
Requests. . . . . *Rebel 1553*
The Valley. . . . . *Glory Land 1137*

Joe Meadows
Bluegrass fiddle player.
Portrait of a Fiddler
. . . . . *Old Homestead 90036*
Ralph Meadows and His
Bluegrass Fiddle . . . . . *Bluegrass BGR 002*

Lee Moore
Country singer long associated with WWVA, Wheeling.
Everyone's Favorites . . . . *Rural Rhythm 202*
Radio Favorites. . . . . *Rural Rhythm 137*

Mayf Nutter
Contemporary country singer from Harrison County.
Goin' Skinny Dippin' . . . . . *GNP 2104*

Molly O'Day
A very highly respected country singer with strong traditional roots.
A Sacred Collection
. . . . . *Old Homestead CS-101*
Molly O'Day . . . . . *REM 1001, Starday 367*

Blind Alfred Reed
Fiddler and singer of topical, traditional, and religious material in the '20s. From the Bluefield area. Booklet.
How Can a Poor Man Stand
Such Times and Live. . . . . *Rounder 1001*

Bob Smallwood
Singer, songwriter, and banjo player in traditional and bluegrass styles.
Have You Seen Papa's Coal-loading
Hands. . . . . *Old Homestead 90021*

Glen Smith
Performer of bluegrass songs and traditional fiddle tunes.
Glen Smith and the
Mountain State Pickers . . . . . *Kanawha 322*
Fiddler. . . . . *Blue Tick 101*

Kilby Snow
Virtuoso autoharp player and old-time singer.
Country Songs and Tunes . . . . . *Asch 3902*

Red Sovine
Country and western singer from Charleston of long-time popularity.
Best of Red Sovine. . . . . *Starday 952E*
Classic Narrations . . . . . *Starday 436*
Phantom 309 . . . *Powerpak 270, Starday 336*
Sunday with Sovine . . . . . *Starday 427*

Don Stover
Bluegrass and old-time banjo player and singer-songwriter, who also appears on most of the Lilly Brothers recordings.
Don Stover and the White Oak
Mountain Boys . . . . . *Old Homestead 90011*
Don Stover and the White Oak
Mountain Boys. . . . . *Rounder 0039*
Things in Life. . . . . *Rounder 0014*

Strange Creek Singers
A contemporary group performing mountain and folk music in traditional style, including performances by Hazel Dickens.
Strange Creek Singers . . . . . *Arhoolie 4004*

Trapezoid
Young group performing traditional material using hammered dulcimers, in addition to banjos, mandolins, etc.
Trapezoid Hammered
Dulcimer String Band. . . . . *Skylite 107*
Trapezoid. . . . . *Troubador TR-1*

Cliff Waldron
One of the pioneers of the progressive bluegrass sound.
Bluegrass Time. . . . . *Rebel 1524*
Gospel. . . . . *Rebel 1558*
Just a Closer Walk With Thee . . . *Rebel 1505*
New Shades of Grass. . . . . *Rebel 1539*
One More Step . . . . . *Rebel 1510*
One More Time. . . . . *Rebel 1518*
Right On . . . . . *Rebel 1496*
Traveling Light . . . . . *Rebel 1500*

Billy Edd Wheeler
Well-known songwriter, singer, and promoter of West Virginia. Many of his recordings are no longer available.
My Mountains, My Music
. . . . . *Sagittarius SR1975*

Wild Turkey String Band
Band from Morgantown that attempts to combine Southern and Northern string band stylings.
Wild Turkey String Band . . . . . *Kanawha 323*

Doc and Chickie Williams
Country singers of considerable popularity—in the East mostly—long associated with the WWVA Jamboree. Records available from Doc Williams Enterprises, Box 470, Wheeling.
Chickie Williams . . . . . *Wheeling 8001*
Chickie Williams
Sings the Old Songs . . . . . *Wheeling 4001*
Daddy's Little Angel . . . . . *Wheeling 9292*
Doc Williams
Collectors Series No. 2 . . . . . *Wheeling 1542*
From Out of the Beautiful
Hills of West Virginia. . . . . *Wheeling 2313*
Just a Melody. . . . . *Doxx 2001*
Reminiscing. . . . . *Wheeling 1010*
Wheeling Back to
Wheeling. . . . . *Wheeling 5151*

(Continued on page 42)

"Big Andy" Boggs

In Search of the Legends and His Real- life History

By Elaine Morrison Foster

Photographs by Gary Simmons

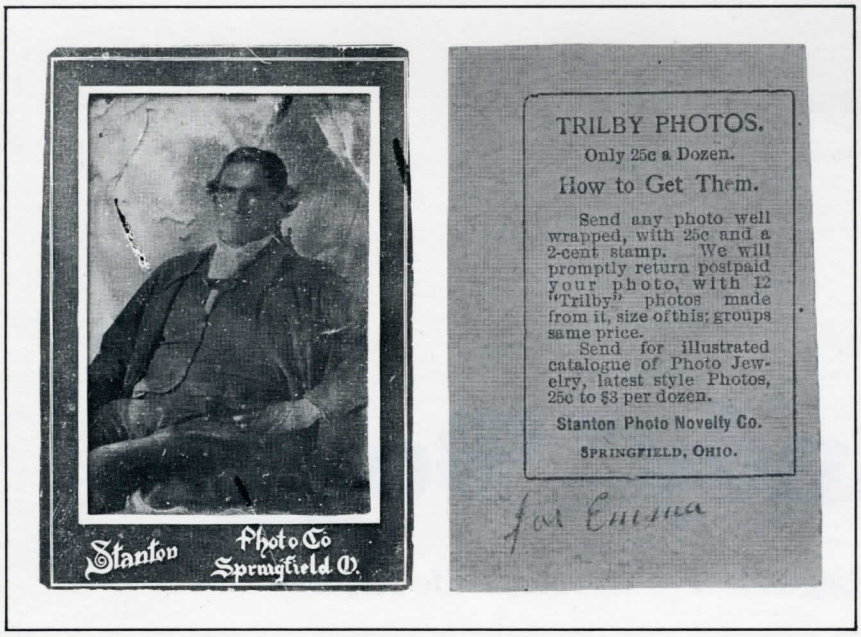
MAN'S UNIVERSAL admiration of human strength and cunning is the stuff and substance of legend-making. From the time of the ancient Olympians, when mighty Hercules vanquished Hera's godly challenges, to the period of our frontier settlement, when Paul Bunyan's powerful axe cleared the forestlands of the Northwest, the feats of men of strength have been told and retold with warm feelings of affinity, hearty laughter, and appropriately exaggerated embellishments.

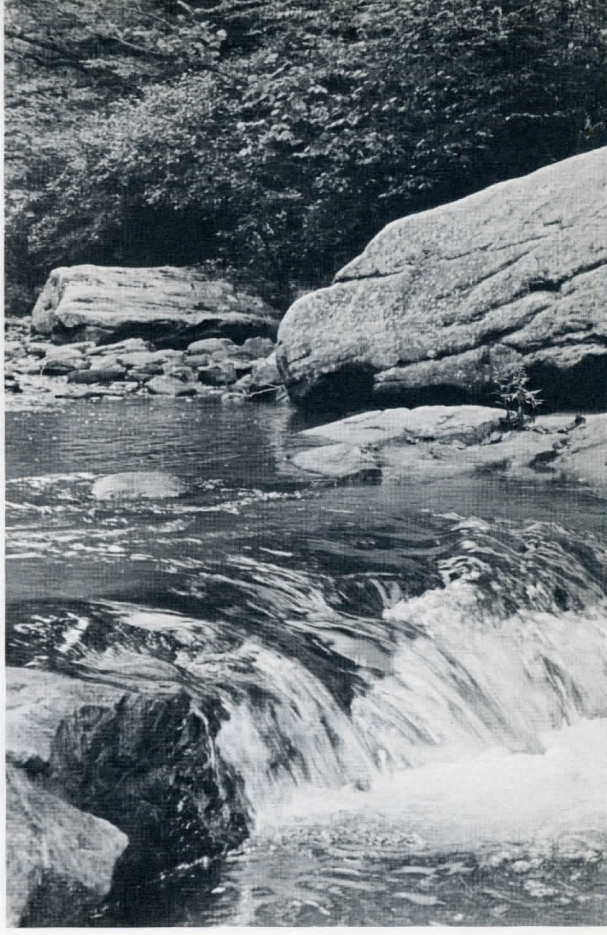
The legendary hero is nearly always a modest man who declines to use his great strength until provoked beyond endurance, and he overcomes his adversary by coupling that strength with sly tricks and cunning. Such a Herculean figure is Andrew "Big Andy" Boggs, Jr., yet he was a very real person who lived from 1815 to 1880. Readers will recognize legend-making processes at work in the following stories about Big Andy which central West Virginians have heard from their fathers and are passing on to their children.

"Andy was not unusually tall," explains his 96-year-old Lewis County granddaughter, Ora Shock, "but he had very broad shoulders." "He was five foot eleven!" declares Lawrence Norman of Buckhannon whose grandfather carried grist to Andy's mill. "But his shoulders were so broad that, when he laid on his side with his arm beneath him, his head would hang and swing freely from his neck; it would not touch the surface on which he was lying. Another thing, he could stand flat-footed on the floor and flip a somersault backwards and forwards, landing on his feet in the same upright position from which he started."

The two known photographs of Big Andy do indeed suggest a set of very broad shoulders and a massive chest but give us little indication of his height. Nor do his rather grim, determined features reveal the fun-loving character of the legendary Andy. Besides being known as a good blacksmith, gunsmith, and miller, he is reputed to have been a prankster, a bear hunter, a wrestler, and a fiddler.

The most incredible story about Andy's great strength is supported by a concrete, visible mass of evidence. At a certain spot in the back fork of the Little Kanawha River in Webster County, a site still known as Boggs Mill though the mill timbers have long since disappeared, a rock some 20 feet in length, five feet high, and six feet wide obstructs the flow of the stream. This is the rock which Big Andy moved from the opposite bank of the river to dam up the water for his grist mill. Some say he simply picked up the end of it and moved it, while others concede that he probably cut down and skinned some saplings to use as skids to maneuver the rock into place. All are insistent that he performed this feat entirely by himself.





Versions of the Mule Yarn

One of the most popular stories about Andy involves a mule which the big man lifted off the ground and placed upon the low pitched roof of a shed adjoining his blacksmith shop. The mule, most people say, was mean and ill-tempered. Andy's efforts to shoe it were frustrated by the mule's kicking. In a fit of anger at the beast, Andy put his mighty shoulders under the mule's belly and lifted it to a straddling position over the peak of the roof. The clapboards and the pitch of the roof prevented the mule from regaining a footing, and to teach the mule a lesson Andy left it there the entire day. He left it there, at least until its owner returned. When the owner questioned, "Where's my mule?" Andy is supposed to have answered in a very casual tone of voice, "Why, he's up there on the roof!"

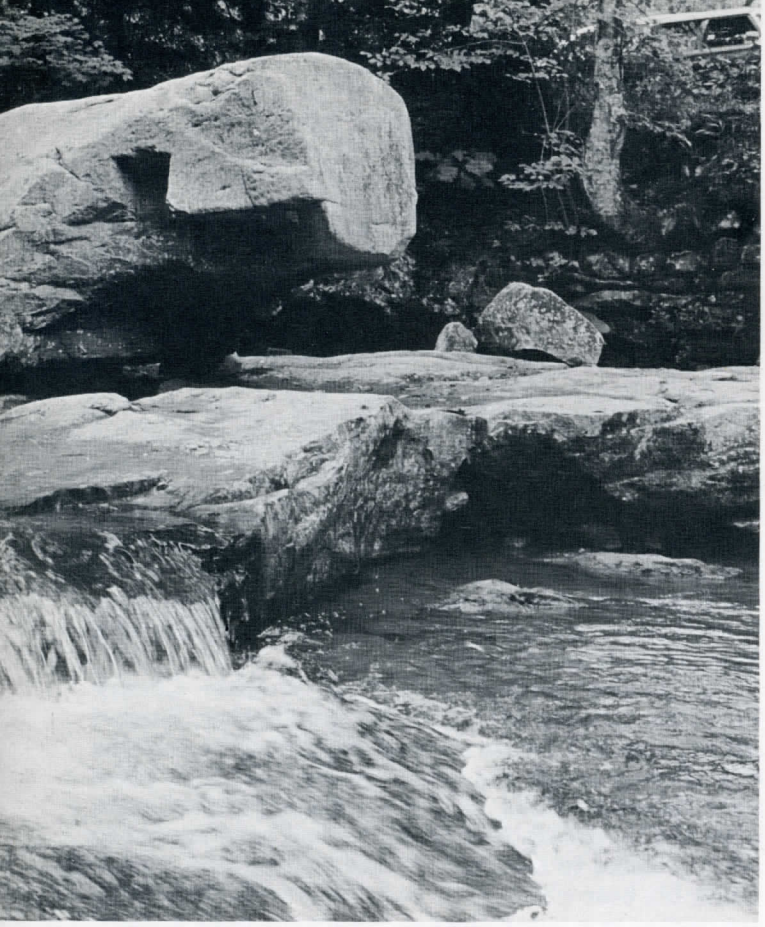
Another version of this story has the mule's owner refusing to pay for having the mule shod, whereupon Big Andy hoists the mule to the roof and refuses to bring it down until he receives the money due. This version is entirely false, maintains Andy's grandson, Charles Boggs. The good old man did the whole thing in fun. A certain Mrs. Perrine had brought the mule to be shod. While the work was being done she went to the house nearby to chat and visit with Andy's wife, Molly, who was preparing dinner. When she returned to the blacksmith shop to see if the shoeing had been completed, Andy urged her to stay for dinner. She graciously declined, whereupon Andy lifted the mule to the roof and told her, "Now, you will have to stay for dinner."

Andy's great-nephew Olin Boggs says Andy put the mule on the roof for a prank. The mule belonged to one of our blacksmith's young friends, a Dave Westfall. Lawrence Norman agrees he did it for a prank, but insists that a small boy brought the mule to the shop and then wandered off to play while Andy worked. Andy especially enjoyed playing with the children who, in those days when every adult hand was needed to hold back the wilderness and cultivate the land, were so often entrusted with the errands to the mill. So, when Andy finished his shoeing and the boy was nowhere in sight, he set the mule onto the roof. When the boy returned and found the mule gone, he asked the obvious question, "Why, where's my mule?" Andy is supposed to have looked around and said, "Well, I don't see it! It must have run away." The punch line is marked by the storyteller's delight in the disbelief with which the boy finally observes, "Why, my mule is on the *roof!*"

Much of what Hero Boggs Mollohan knows of his great-grandfather was related to him in his youth by an old man named Bill Mullins. Bill's knowledge of Andy was firsthand because he was one of the young boys who made regular trips to Andy's mill. On one of these trips Bill's father gave him a new set of horseshoes and instructed the boy to get Andy to put them on the mule. When Bill presented the new shoes to Andy, the big man picked one up with the pretense of examining it. "Why, Billy," he said, as he pulled the shoe apart and straightened it out, "these shoes aren't any good at all. They're just like wire!"

Pranks, Bear Meat, and Challenges

Lawrence Norman's grandfather, Ed Norman, was another of these young boys who made regular trips to Boggs Mill. Lawrence recounts how Ed and his friends plotted to push good old Uncle Andy into the millpond.



Far left. The photograph here and on the cover of "Big Andy" Boggs was one made most probably in West Virginia. Sometime later a copy was sent to Springfield, Ohio, where multiple copies were made and mounted on pasteboard for 25 cents a dozen. The advertisement of the Ohio mail-order company is seen on the reverse side of the 2" x 2 7/8" photograph.

Left. The rock today which Big Andy is said to have moved into place to dam the back fork of the Little Kanawha River for his mill.

Standing on a rock at the water's edge they screamed, "Look, Uncle Andy, come look at this big fish." Andy ran to the edge of the rock, peered over into the water and, with a mighty backward fling of both arms, swooped the entire group of boys into the water.

One of Ed Norman's trips to Boggs Mill was especially memorable because it took place in the dead of winter and he arrived there half-frozen and numb from the cold. Andy sent him to the house to thaw while the grist was being ground. In a few minutes Molly called Andy to dinner and Ed was invited to pull up his chair and eat. A platter with a huge slab of meat on it sat in front of Andy. The big man reached out, cut off a most generous portion, and put it on Ed's plate. "There, boy," he said, "eat that. It's bear meat. It will make you strong." In later years, when Ed told his children about it, he assured them, "I *did* eat it and it did make me strong!"

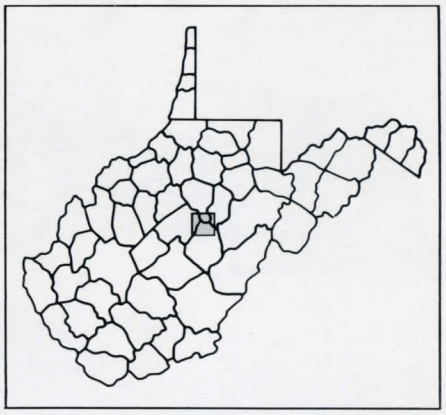
Andy's great strength, being noised abroad, brought many challengers to his door. Our legendary hero was, of course, in true John Wayne fashion, reluctant to pit his superior skill against an unmatched and obviously inferior one. One story of this kind concerns a young man who came to Andy's blacksmith shop and challenged him to a foot race. Andy declined, but the young man persisted. Finally Andy said, "Well, all right, but wait until I finish tempering this plow point." Thereupon he heated the plow point to a fiery, molten red and told the young man he was ready to teach him a lesson. As the challenger took off at top speed, Andy dropped into an easy but steady pursuit behind him, the plow point held to the seat of the young man's trousers.

A popular wrestling story concerns another brash young challenger who also persisted when Andy expressed a reluctance to take him on. So Andy said, "Well, all right! But there's no room to wrestle here. We'll have to go down to the road bank to clear a space big enough to wrestle in." When they reached the roadside the young man set hurriedly to work pulling up weeds. He turned tail and ran, however, when he suddenly noticed what Andy was doing. The big man was pulling up not weeds but hickory saplings.

Another version of this story names George Collins of Webster County as the challenger. George was himself a large man with a reputation for great strength. They met in the woods, so the story goes, and when George issued his challenge Andy suggested they clear a spot in which to wrestle. Each worked in total self-absorption for a few minutes. Then, each noticing the size of the saplings that the other had pulled up, they agreed to call off the match.

Still another version has a Charlie Collins nagging Andy to wrestle with him to settle once and for all the question as to whose strength was greater. Andy demurred and is reported to have said, "We can't fight here because there will be no one to part us." "Death will part us," Charlie vowed. Thereupon, they both set to work feverishly pulling up saplings until a hickory sapling of some size resisted Collins' effort. Andy then hooked his mighty arm around the hickory and pulled it out with comparative ease. Collins is reported to have looked at his friend and said, "Andy, we're the two best men in this country and they ain't a bit of use for us two to fight!"

Yet another version of a match between Andy and Collins finds them clearing land for a roadbed. When Andy pulled up a particularly large sapling and threw

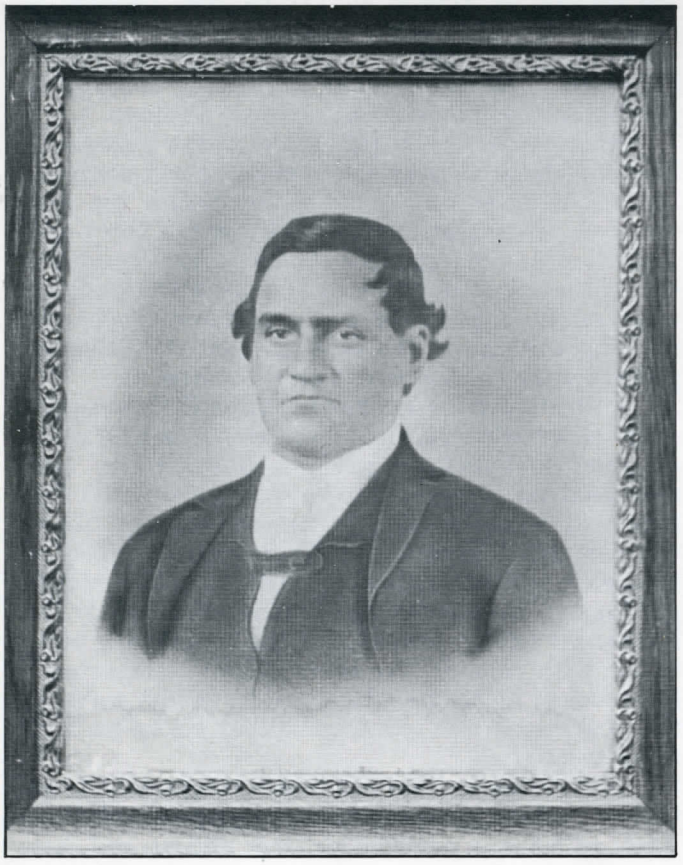


it over a hill Collins was prompted to challenge him to wrestle. Again Andy hesitated but Collins was insistent, and so the two men fell to the ground locked in a combatant embrace. Their struggles on the ground brought them close to a nettles bush. Andy had by this time succeeded in removing Collins' trousers and the lesson he taught the young man involved a handful of nettles applied to a bare bottom.

A Hunter of Bears

Whereas Andy was reluctant to pit his great strength against a fellow man, he was unhesitating when it came to a most favorite adversary, the West Virginia bear. Charlie Boggs recalls the time that Andrew gathered a party of friends together to go bear hunting. The dogs had treed a big one and Andy was running toward them when the bear jumped from the tree and broke to run. As it crossed a log close to Andy the big man caught the bear by the ears and held on to it until fellow hunter Bob [Robert] McCray plunged a hunting knife into its breast.

"Big Andy" Boggs, "the strongest man in West Virginia." The framed photograph is an enlarged copy of a tintype portrait. Photographer unknown.



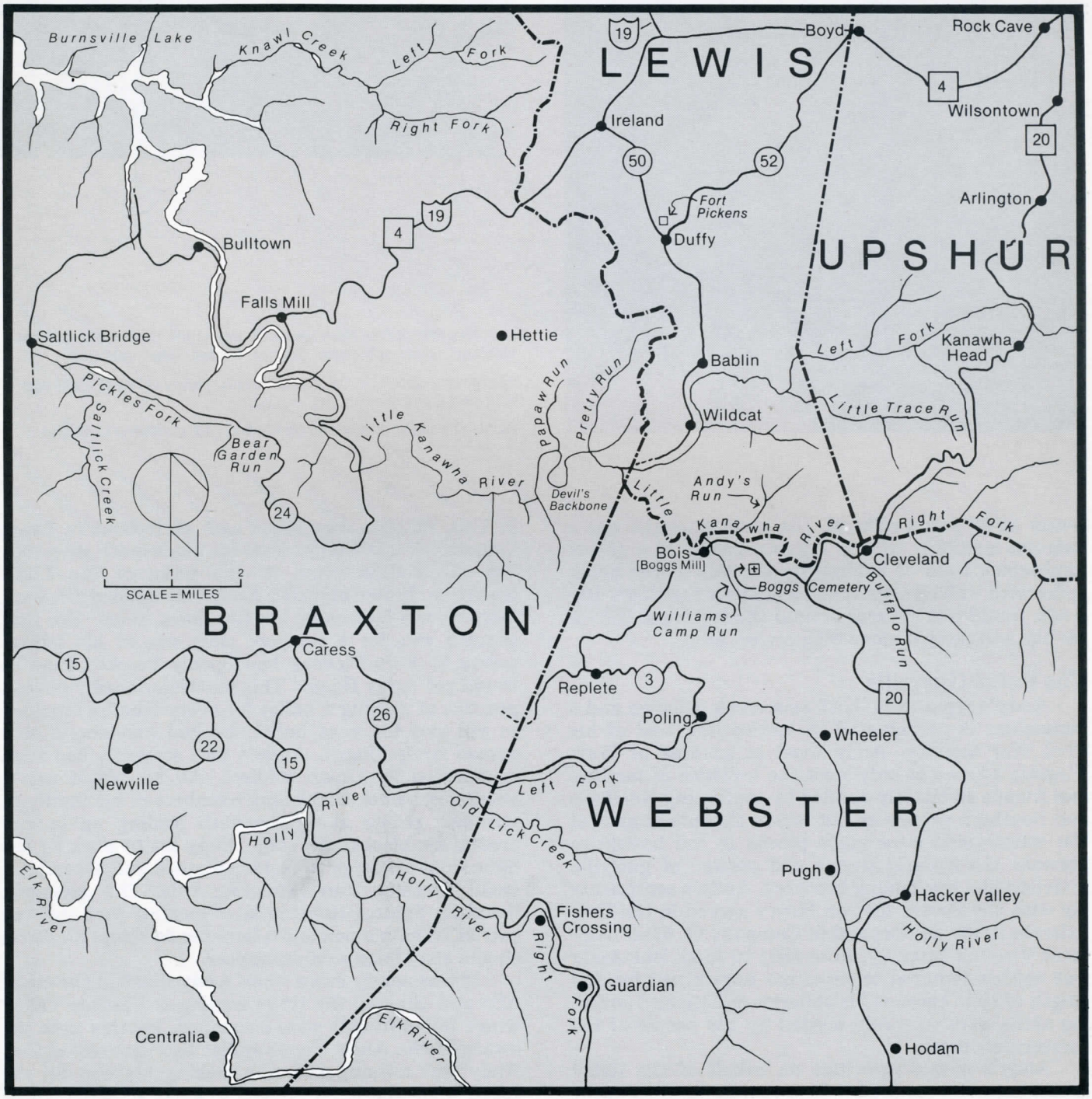
A similar version is told by Webster County historian, Samson Miller, whose grandfather, Samuel Miller, vouched for its authenticity, since he was the one allowed to kill the bear. The incident took place near Kanawha Head in Upshur County a few years after the Civil War. Samuel Miller had been invited to Andy's home to take part in the routing of a particularly big bear which Andy had discovered holed up for the winter in a laurel thicket. Again the dogs allowed the bear to break away and come lumbering past Andy. This time Andy shot at the bear and missed, whereupon he threw down his gun and took up pursuit of the bear on foot. He chased the bear almost a mile before he caught and held it against a big log until Miller came and killed it.

A slightly different version of the story is told by Ora Shock. Andy, after stationing his men at strategic places around the laurel thicket, went himself into the thicket which contained not one, but a number of bears. The sight of so many bears plunging out of the thicket with Andy in hot pursuit greatly frightened the men. They lost their nerve and ran. "This greatly infuriated Andy," Ora has written, "and he threatened dire punishment to the absconders for what he called rank cowardice." Never slackening his own hot pursuit, however, he overtook one of the bears a mile away and held it atop a log until Samuel Miller shot it.

Lawrence Norman's recollection of a bear story involves Andy's dramatic rescue of one of his hogs which were allowed to forage freely in the woods near the farmhouse. Hearing its frightened squeals, Andy grabbed up his hunting knife and went to investigate. A big black bear had buried its teeth into the back of the neck of the hog. Fearlessly Andy grabbed the bear by its ears, pulled its head back so as to raise its chin high, and slit the bear's throat from ear to ear.

Andy's reputation for great strength has been perpetuated in print as well as by an oral tradition. Samson Miller's *Annals of Webster County* identifies him as "the strongest man in West Virginia," a man who could pick up an 150-pound anvil by its snout end and pitch it 30 feet into the air. Ora Shock's unpublished sketch of her grandfather states that Andy could hold a .48 caliber rifle in one hand and drive

A number of place and creek names on this map were established by oral means by the author and will not appear on most current maps.



Left. Ora Shock now from Lewis County at the time she began her teaching career in Webster County. Photographer unknown.

Above. Ora Shock, at 96, easily recalls stories of her grandfather who died a year before she was born.

Right. The flintlock of a muzzle-loading rifle attributed to Boggs.

center at 60 yards offhand. His great strength was a welcome addition to any logging camp. If a fellow lumberjack tired of holding up his side of the handspike with which they carried a log between them, Big Andy would put his arm around the log, hoist it over his hip, and carry it alone with perfect ease.

The Rebel Guerrilla

Andy's reputation, both as a crack rifleman and a gunmaker, is perpetuated in stories still told of his Civil War activity. Andy lived in an area of West Virginia where not only were the loyalties of families and friends so bitterly divided by conflicting Northern and Southern principles but where the inhabitants of the countryside were made pawns in the hostilities between the Federal troops and groups of guerrilla activists like the Tuning brothers. Andy's sentiments lay with the South; his son Henry served in the Confederate Army as Corporal in Company G, 62nd Regiment Virginia Infantry, from 1861 to 1865. But Andy was neither required to serve nor imprisoned for any length of time because his superior milling and smithing skills were so sorely needed by the people of the surrounding area.

Andy's covert activities on behalf of the Rebel cause, however, resulted in his eventual imprisonment in Fort Pickens, two miles east of Ireland in Lewis County and a few miles from his blacksmith shop near the old Bodkin place at the forks of the Little Kanawha. Before nightfall Andy had escaped this local fortress and had made his way back home. His first concern was for a weapon, since one of his federal jailers at Fort Pickens had openly boasted that he would get Andy Boggs. This particular enemy made a practice of naming a bullet for every man he intended to kill and his next bullet, he had announced, was named Andy Boggs. Andy's own weapons had been confiscated by Union soldiers. All he owned was a small gun barrel. Stationing members of his family at strategic points along the path leading up to and around his blacksmith shop, Andy set to work by the light from his forge to fashion a stock and assemble a small flintlock muzzle-loading rifle. His youngest daughter Saloma Rebecca later recalled that she was entrusted with a pan and a hammer to sound an alarm should any Union soldiers appear.

It was nearly dawn when Andy finished the small rifle and climbed the ridge leading to Hacker Valley where Rebel friends were encamped. By this time the owner of the Andy Boggs bullet had discovered that Andy was missing and was making his way up the Little Kanawha River bottom to make good his boast.

He had arrived in time to see Andy start up the ridge and had quickened his pace to close the gap between them. From the top of the ridge Andy watched him gaining ground in the river bottom below. Feeling that his only hope lay in placing a shot from a distance greater than his enemy would attempt, Andy fired from the top of the ridge into the river bottom. The Union soldier stopped and then turned to retrace his steps as if seeking a sheltered spot from which to fight. Andy watched with a sense of failure. Then suddenly the pursuer staggered and fell dead. The little rifle had found its mark at a distance greater than 100 yards.

Andy is supposed to have hidden the little rifle in the woods, apparently avoiding, thereby, any connection with the death of the Union soldier. It was recovered at a later date by some member of the Boggs family from whom Bob McCray obtained it in trade for one of his shiny new rifles. Before McCray died, he expressed his wish that this gun should be handed down to the first Robert McCray born in each new generation. At the present time it is owned by Robert McCray of Bremen, Ohio.

Clues About his Gunsmithing

It is difficult to separate the actual from the legendary accounts of Andy's gunsmithing activity. Legend has it that Andrew Boggs could make the most accurate guns of his day. His muzzle-loading rifles with percussion lock and patched ball were widely known as the American squirrel rifle. Settlers who moved on west from West Virginia scorned the new factory-produced muzzle-loaders and returned to Webster County to obtain a Boggs mountain rifle.

Boggs rifles are characteristically marked by eight small incised circles on the end of the barrel and by a groove running the length of each side of the stock. Some people maintain that these hallmarks are incorrectly attributed to Andy; they belong instead to his brother Wesley, whose gunsmith shop was located at Centerville (now Rock Cave) in Upshur County. Lawrence Norman insists that Andy, though skilled at gun repair, made by himself only about 12 rifles. R. L. Thompson in *Webster County History-Folklore*, however, reports that the rifles supplied to that part of the territory which later became Webster County were made by the brothers, Andrew and Wesley Boggs, of Cleveland (pg. 175).

Whether this is true or not may never be known. One thing is certain. Several owners of these characteristically marked rifles believe they own an Andy Boggs rifle. Hero Boggs Mollohan of Webster Springs has inherited such a rifle from his grandfather, Andy's

Right. Charles Boggs, a 93-year-old retired teacher, is an active member of the rural community around Cleveland [Webster County].

Below. Pearl Berry in her Lewis County home. Her father was named for Big Andy.

son, Henry Boggs. The powder pouch is inscribed with the initials AB and an indecipherable date, and Hero has always been told that it was made by his great-grandfather Andy. Leonard Berry of Wildcat is another owner of a Boggs rifle. He acquired it in Kanawha Head [Upshur County] 51 years ago from James Cell Bennett, Andy Boggs' son-in-law. He, too, believes it to have been made by Andy Boggs. Jerry Dean, a gun collector of Adrian, has one of these rifles among his collection. He bought it a number of years ago from an old man named Ira Sanders. When Sanders was young, so he told Dean, his father had paid Andy Boggs to make this special muzzle-loading rifle with a left-handed hammer for his son.

Historical Framework

Unlike many legendary figures whose true existence is shrouded in myth, Big Andy's physical reality is well documented. The simple marble marker in the Boggs Cemetery atop a mountain overlooking the site of the old Boggs Mill gives his birth date as November 29, 1815, and the death date as February 13, 1880. There is evidence to suggest that Andrew's great-grandfather was Francis Boggs, Sr., who, with his wife Martha, may have come from Ireland sometime after 1757 and settled in eastern Pennsylvania. Considering Andy's reputation for skillful iron and wood fabrication, it is interesting to note that it was in this area of Pennsylvania that the muzzle-loading rifles, later to become known as the Kentucky flintlocks, were developed. The tradition began among the German and Swiss gunsmiths who settled there and was passed down to later generations of frontier gunmakers.

The movements of the family are documented with greater certainty after they moved to Greenbrier County, Virginia, between 1785 and 1790. We find both Francis Boggs, Sr., and Francis Boggs, Jr., among the Scotch-Irish who settled at the mouth of Spring Creek on the Big Levels of the Greenbrier River around an area identified in old deeds as Boggs Mill Place.

Sometime in the first decade of the nineteenth century Francis Boggs, Jr., and his wife Mary moved with the advancing American frontier to Nicholas

County, while their more daring son Andrew (Sr.) and his wife Christina Shock settled in Lewis County on Bear Garden Run of Salt Lick Creek, an area later to be taken in by Braxton County.

In 1839 Andrew and Christina sold a tract of their land to a new family of settlers, Nimrod and Elizabeth Lake. In the same year the Boggs and the Lake families celebrated two marriages between their children; Andrew Boggs, Jr., married Mary (Molly) Lake, and Saloma Boggs married George Lake.

Andy, Jr., and Mary Lake spent the early years of their married life in Braxton County, and all of their children were born on Bear Garden Run near Bulltown. Sometime before the outbreak of the Civil War they acquired a large tract of land on the border of Braxton and Lewis Counties, bounded by Papaw Run and the two forks of the Little Kanawha River. It is on this property, near the Devil's Backbone below the forks of the Little Kanawha, that old-timers say there is a lead mine. Its exact location was known only to Big Andy whose trips to the site were always made in secret. Jim Pickens of Buckhannon, Andy's 90-year-old grandson, says that his grandfather "never had to buy a nickel's worth of lead in his life."

It was lead from this mine that kept the neighborhood's rebellious forces supplied with ammunition during the Civil War. Old-timers say also that it was across the river from this site that Andy and his brother-in-law, Andrew Collins, built a fort to which they and their families could retreat when Union soldiers invaded the territory.

The site of Andy's mill in Webster County is on a small tract bounded by Williams Camp Run at the mouth of Andy's Run, a run that old-timers say was named not for Andy Boggs, as might be supposed, but for a lost and weary traveler, Andy Garvin. According to Andy's descendants, the big blacksmith acquired this land in an agreement made with an adjoining landowner, John Pickens. In the years following the cessation of civil hostilities the community's very survival depended to a large part on a man of Andy's talents. To keep him among the people who so sorely needed his services, Pickens guaranteed Andy's possession of the property as long as a mill was maintained upon the site.

Andy's great strength was finally no match for the cancer which consumed his lips and mouth, a cancer which started, his descendants say, from the black gunpowder which repeatedly permeated his chapped lips when he held the cork of his powder cartridge in his mouth so as to free both hands to load his rifle. Pearl Pickens Berry, the only daughter of Andy's grandson and namesake, Andrew Boggs Pickens, remembers hearing her father tell of being taken to see his grandfather just before the big man died. Pearl recalls that her father's visit was made memorable because Big Andy took his namesake upon the bed beside him and instructed, "You must always eat a lot so that you will grow up to make another Big Andy."

In the village of Cleveland, not far from the site of the old Boggs Mill, Andy's grandson Charles Boggs, at 93, lives by himself within walking distance of his nephew's general store. When asked about his grandfather, Charles offered a bit of his general store philosophy: "It's not that he was so strong, he just *exposed* his strength." In other words, he took advantage of an audience to perform, with casual abandon, some highly practiced skill, and left the assessment of his overall strength to the imagination of his observers. "You can do anything you think you can do," Charles declares. In fact, the big stone which Andy moved into place for his mill dam does not need to be there any longer, Charles muses, and someday soon he is going to move it back across the river.

This undated photograph of Mother Jones has been hanging on the wall in U.M.W.A. District 29 headquarters in Beckley for a number of years. An older miner gave it to Larkin Philpot, former International Executive Board member.

Warm Receptions and Cordial Invitations for Mother Jones in West Virginia

By Lois McLean

WHEN MOTHER JONES accepted the assignment of "walking delegate" or organizer for the United Mine Workers of America in West Virginia, she knew the coal operators would not have the "Welcome" mat out for her. The pay, three dollars a day plus expenses, was no great incentive, either, for being a union organizer in the Mountain State.

In 1890 the newly organized United Mine Workers of America designated all of West Virginia as District 17 and Michael F. Moran in Wheeling was its first president. Moran frequently reported the difficulties and hazards of trying to organize the West Virginia miners but most of his union brothers in other states thought he exaggerated or got his stories from the bottle. Organizers who followed Moran, including John Mitchell, confirmed Moran's reports of operators refusing to give union representatives the time of day, of miners being fired and blacklisted for being seen at meetings or with organizers, of organizers being jumped on and beaten by "peace officers," and of the time and trouble involved in just traveling around the state.

The Forceful Woman in Black

Following the 1900 anthracite strike in which Mother Jones played a major role, John Mitchell, now president of the UMWA, announced that the union would renew its efforts to organize West Virginia. The campaign began in December 1900 and Mother Jones, along with men from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, joined district president, Henry Stephenson of East Bank, in preaching the gospel of unionism. While all attempted to carry out their assignments, Mother Jones was the one hailed as "the new force" and who generated the most enthusiasm among the miners.

Mother Jones took the "walking" part of her assignment as seriously as her "delegate" duties, and the sight of the elderly white-haired woman dressed in black striding along the railroad tracks and dirt roads impressed the coal camp inhabitants as much as her words. Mother spent about a week or so that December speaking at meetings along the Kanawha River where she helped to organize new locals and reorganize old ones. She then moved into the New River field and spoke at Mount Hope, McDonald, Beury, Glen Jean, and other mining camps. She not only spoke to the miners and their families, she listened to their gripes and grievances and observed the harsh poverty of their lives and surroundings.

In January 1901 Mother Jones made her debut at the UMWA national convention in Indianapolis where she reported on the miners and conditions in West Virginia. She declared that "any man or woman who witnessed the scenes [I] saw in that state would betray God Almighty if he betrayed those people." Continuing, she stated:

> My brothers, I shall consider it an honor if, when you write my epitaph upon my tombstone, you say 'Died fighting their battles in West Virginia.' You may say what you please about the West Virginia miners being 'no good' [but] every

dirty old miner out there is not a Virginian [sic]. He is very apt to be an old scab that the rest of you hounded out of your fields. I met in Virginia some of the noblest men I have met in all the country . . . . Those poor fellows realize that they have been neglected. You have not dealt fairly with them. I wish you could see how some of them live. The conditions that surround them are wretched. They have pluck-me stores and every invention known to robbery and rascality to contend with. Why, the Czar of Russia, tyrant that he is, is a gentleman compared with some of the fellows there who oppress these people . . . . I AM GOING BACK THERE!

Mother Jones went back in May. After several speeches in the Fairmont field where she alarmed operators and politicians by urging workers to join unions, fight capitalistic combinations, and vote for government reform, she established headquarters at Montgomery in the Kanawha-New River field. Next, she took a New York City reporter, Dorothy Adams, with her on an inspection tour of the field. In her article, "Through West Virginia with Mother Jones." Miss Adams reported how the two women were met everywhere, from Quinnimont to Raymond City, by constables and squireens with injunctions forbidding Mother's meeting and speaking with the miners. She told of the ferryboat operator who refused to row them across the river because it belonged to the operator; of the miner's family that was evicted for letting the two women sleep on the floor of their company house one night; and of North Caperton, where Mother sat down on the railroad tie to wait while the constable went to Fayetteville for a copy of the law which said Mother Jones couldn't hold a meeting there. And when he didn't return, she held it anyway.

From Montgomery Mother moved to Sewell where she was joined by Illinois U.M.W. miner, John H. Walker, who was later a president of Illinois District 12 and of the Illinois Federation of Labor. Walker often recalled incidents of their organizing on the New River. On one occasion, when they were returning from a successful secret organizing meeting in the woods, one of the men spotted a large snake on the path. Mother Jones, without losing stride, just walked past it, but the man behind her who was carrying her hat jumped so high in fright that he landed feet first on Mother's hat.

'The New Force' Walked On

Within a year the organized and confident West Virginia miners asked for a joint conference with the operators to establish a union scale, shorter hours, and improved working conditions. The operators ignored the invitation and a strike was called June 7, 1902. Mother Jones was sent to the weak Fairmont field to work with U.M.W. "Field Marshal" Thomas Haggerty. The operators in this field had discovered the effectiveness of court injunctions during the 1897 strike, and once again their lawyers were put to work. Injunctions were issued promptly and in less than two weeks Haggerty, his associates, and Mother Jones

"Mine guards on Cabin Creek—'Old Tony' sitting beside machine gun on right" was the caption of this undated photograph used in Howard B. Lee's book, *Bloodletting in Appalachia*. Courtesy West Virginia Collection, West Virginia University Library.

were arrested for violating the court orders. Accompanied by a deputy marshal, Mother Jones was taken by train from Clarksburg to Parkersburg for the hearing. When her escort tried to direct her to a hotel, she insisted she was no better than "the boys" and would go to jail. Although she shared the family quarters of the jailor and his wife for only one night, she spent part of that time writing letters to her newspaper friends. Within two weeks several papers published them with the return address, "Parkersburg, W. Va. Jail." Judge John J. Jackson refused to give a jail sentence to Mother Jones, but not to "her boys." He let her off with a lecture and a warning. Mother left his jurisdiction and the Fairmont field.

When the New River miners had answered the strike call, the operators there met and agreed to close their mines and bide their time. The next day, however, operator Justus Collins reneged, and that evening a train discharged about 40 armed Baldwin-Felts guards at Collins' operation. Their arrival angered both the strikers and operators, for Collins continued to mine and sell coal under the protection of the guards.

Following the guards, Federal Marshal Dan Cunningham and his deputies arrived, armed with guns

Scene thought to be a Fourth of July or Labor Day parade in Fairmont or Clarksburg circa 1918. Mother Jones is believed to be the woman with her head turned to the side below the tip of the flag. The placard reads "The United Mine Workers of America Protects Our Homes Against Gun Men and Thugs." Courtesy West Virginia Collection, West Virginia University, Van A. Bittner papers.

and injunctions. By the first of August, 800 families had been evicted in the New River field. Despite pleas of sickness, death, and birth, the guards moved the miners' families from the company houses and piled their meager belongings along the railroad tracks. While their families took shelter with relatives and friends, the strikers took to the hills with their guns.

A Piggyback Ride

A month after her trial, Mother Jones was back in the New River field and on Sunday, August 24 she was on her way to a strikers' meeting. She was met at the Thurmond railroad station by Marshal Cunningham who handed her an injunction. She looked at the paper, the Marshal, and commented, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." Cunningham hesitated, then replied, "Six days shalt thou work and the seventh rest." Mother stuffed the paper in her black bag and continued on her way to Gatewood where an orderly crowd listened to her speech. A. D. Lavinder, a Gatewood resident, recalled that an earlier meeting in the area had not been as orderly. That one broke up when someone opened fire on the audience listening to Mother Jones. Lavinder carried Mother Jones piggyback across the creek and out of bullet range. For the small man with his sturdy burden, it was a staggering experience. Later when the two met again, they both laughed at the memory of their hasty retreat and the picture they made.

The New River strike, however, was no laughing matter. The arrogant and brutal tactics of the armed guards in carrying out evictions, as well as arresting and beating alleged trespassers and injunction violators, finally brought retaliation by the strikers. Snipers fired on guards at Caperton, Rand and Rush Run, and on August 27 a pitched battle at Red Ash between snipers and evicting guards started in the morning and continued until nightfall. Representatives of the coal companies and the C & O Railroad along with Fayette County Sheriff Daniels went to Charleston to ask Governor A. B. White for troops to put down the riot. Although he insisted that the members of the National Guard were not strikebreakers, two days after their arrival the troops were assisting in the evictions.

Hotel Fire and Armed Invasion

By the first of October, the strike was over in the Fairmont, Norfolk and Western, and most of the Kanawha fields, but the New River men voted to

continue the struggle. Mother Jones left the area to speak and raise funds for the strikers and their families. She returned to Montgomery the first of December. Editors and operators had credited Mother with the troubles in the New River field. Whether they planned her warm reception is not known, but the *UMW Journal* reported that Mother Jones, "the friend of the miners," narrowly escaped with her life from a burning hotel room in Montgomery early Tuesday morning, December 2, 1902. Her room was full of smoke when she was awakened. The fire, of incendiary origin, had started in an adjoining room which had not been occupied for three days. This was the third fire within a few weeks at the hotel and it was suspected that Mother Jones' stopping there was the reason.

The climax of the strike occurred in Raleigh County near the county seat Beckley. On February 21 Marshal Cunningham attempted to serve injunctions on a group of strikers who had marched from Quinnimont in Fayette County to Atkinsville (now East Beckley). Prevented from doing his duty by armed men in the crowd, Cunningham declared their action a federal offense and a riot. He returned to Beckley and asked Raleigh County's Sheriff Cook for a posse; then he went to Charleston for more deputies. The strikers meanwhile began returning to their New River home bases. A group of them spent Tuesday night with friends at Stanaford City, an unincorporated village atop a hill over the Piney Creek Gorge, midway between Beckley and the point where Piney Creek empties into the New River. Before dawn on Wednesday, February 25, Cunningham, assisted by Sheriff Cook and Howard Smith, a Baldwin-Felts detective assigned to the C & O Railroad, led their posse up the mountain to Stanaford City. Strikers and residents were awakened by the invasion. In the gun battle that followed, four miners were killed, three died later, and at least 16 others were wounded. One miner, W. A. Billups, lost a leg below the knee as a result of his wound. No one in the posse was hurt.

Following the attack, all males in the area, including a 12-year-old boy, were arrested and taken to Beckley. Although participants on both sides were indicted in Beckley, the federal judge, Kellar, in Charleston claimed jurisdiction, and the prisoners were taken to Charleston. The injunction servers were exonerated, but over 200 alleged injunction violators were indicted.

Defeated by injuctions and beaten by the "Baldwin thugs," the union men retreated from the New River field. To discourage their return, the operators hired more guards, erected iron gates with floodlights, and mounted Gatling guns on their property. Many of the blacklisted and evicted miners moved into the Paint and Cabin Creek areas that were being developed and to the Kanawha field where operators signed union contracts. After doing all she could to relieve the victims of the strike and the Stanaford tragedy, Mother Jones left West Virginia. Before departing, she made a final appeal to the reorganized West Virginia Federation of Labor at their convention in Huntington to quit criticizing each other and unite.

Special Escorts

Mother Jones traveled far and wide after she left the Mountain State, and the memories of West Virginia, Stanaford City, and "the damned Baldwin-Felts thugs" traveled with her. Her fame as a strike leader and labor agitator made her a popular speaker with union leaders, organizers, and working-class socialists. In her speeches she often cited her experiences in West Virginia as examples of the terrible conditions that exist where labor is weak and unorganized. She urged her listeners to unite to improve their economic condition and to vote for those who would protect their political and human rights.

Mother Jones was in Montana in April 1912 when she heard about the Paint Creek strike and the Baldwin-Felts guards arriving there. Cancelling her speaking engagements, she tied all her possessions up in a black shawl—"for I like traveling light"—and headed for West Virginia. She arrived in Charleston June 9 and that afternoon spoke at a miners' rally in Holly Grove. Later there were meetings, rallies, and reunions with her old labor friends and socialist allies who welcomed her back and brought her up-to-date. Her friend, A. D. Lavinder, reported he wouldn't be able to carry her across creeks anymore; he had been caught by the Felts brothers, Lee and Albert, on a train "without his laundry" and their beating and throwing him off the train had permanently damaged his spine. The mine guard system they had fought on the New River spread throughout the coalfields like a cancer eating at their organization. There were still some union men, but even the promising organization she had left on the Kanawha was affected. The depression, wage reductions, and former union leaders going over to the operators were also factors.

Their contract had expired on March 31, but they continued to work while their new officers, led by President Tom Cairns, met with operators. The union had pared its original 13 demands to two, a 5.26% increase which amounted to 2½ cents a ton and union recognition with the checkoff. The operators said no deal, the miners replied no work, and the strike began at noon on April 20. The Kanawha operators reconsidered and began signing. The Paint Creek operators refused to deal with the union or grant the raise, while men who didn't return to work were fired and given notice to vacate company houses in five days and get off company property. The owners contracted with the Baldwin-Felts Agency for guards who could be legally deputized to supervise the process. With the guards' arrival, Paint Creek became a replay of the New River strike with some of the same guards evicting the same families. By May 11 "the guards were as thick as bees" on the creek and their hive was located at Mucklow, just above Holly Grove. Anyone going up or down the creek had to run the gauntlet of guards patrolling the trains, stations, roads, and coal camps.

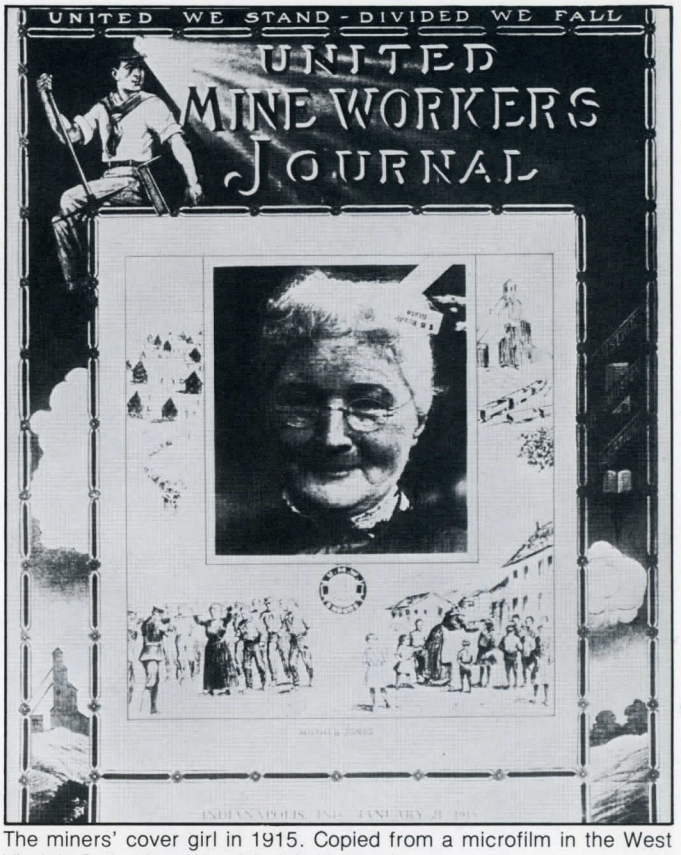
The 'Angel' of 'Slaves'

Over the ridge, west of Paint Creek, lay Cabin Creek where the union had been driven out in 1904 and replaced with guards. The Paint Creek and Kanawha

men had no intention of becoming company slaves like them. They had tolerated, for the sake of a job, company control of their hours, wages, and work places; their teachers, preachers, and doctors; their house rent, space, and location; company store prices for their work supplies, food, and clothing; and, indirectly, what they ate, drank, and wore—even the color and material of their wives' dresses. But they would not be bossed and pushed around by armed company guards and their every move reported. The American Revolution had been for independence, the Civil War against slavery and for preservation of the Union, and their 2½ cent strike became a war against the mine guards for the same reasons. On June 3 they warned the guards that the war was on by shooting up their camp at Mucklow. There were no casualties. The next day, the guards shot up the hillsides. One resident of nearby 'Taly Town was killed and one Negro looking for a lost cow was wounded; both were unarmed.

Mother Jones was glad to hear "her boys" were ready to fight for their rights; the "Angel of the Miners" would do all she could to help them. An imaginative reporter had described Mother Jones as "the Angel" during the earlier strike, but the West Virginia operators, guards, and certain prominent citizens never regarded her as such a celestial being. They didn't even consider her "a Lady," nor did they treat her like one. Mother's concern was for the miners, not the operators, whose opinion of her didn't matter. She was a woman and, in her opinion, "God made the women and the capitalists (later she substituted "the Rockefellers") made the ladies." She also believed "ladies were parlor parasites." To describe capitalists, operators, and guards Mother drew from her rich vocabulary said to have been the envy of sailors, sergeants, and mule skinners. One listener reported "she could cuss the chickens off the roost" and another ". . . a man's hat off his head." Some laughed, some winced, but all listened, for Mother Jones was a forceful speaker with a compelling message. She spoke for the miners as well as to them. As Daniel O'Connell, another "master agitator" from Ireland, once said, "How foolishly mistaken the men are who imagine that the agitators and leaders guide and direct the popular sentiment. They may echo that sentiment or give it voice but it pre-exists and operates only the stronger during its periods of silence."

The silence did not last long on Paint Creek, but the silence on Cabin Creek had been a long, almost dead one for eight years. The killing of the hated guard, Stringer, and the assault on miners led by another guard, Gaujot, on Paint Creek broke the silence there. Mother Jones upset Cabin Creek's serenity on August 6 when she spoke to a group of miners at Eskdale. She told them it was time to throw off the chains, but first they must organize and then strike. With her help, it only took five days to do both. Next, Mother led a large miners' delegation to Charleston to request Governor W. Glasscock's help in abolishing the mine guard system and restoring citizenship to the people on Paint and Cabin Creeks. The governor refused Mother's invitation to meet with her group. He



The miners' cover girl in 1915. Copied from a microfilm in the West Virginia Collection, West Virginia University.

did meet with a Citizens Committee who wanted him to get rid of Mother Jones and keep the guards.

Mother and the miners marched many times and many miles to bring out those miners still working on Cabin Creek. On one such occasion, they rounded a curve in the road and came face to face with a machine gun manned by Lee Felts. The group, led by Mother Jones, stopped when they saw the blockade. In his account to Major W. P. Tams, Jr., Felts told Mother Jones that he knew she wouldn't want any of her boys to get hurt, but if they came a step closer, he would open fire and Mother would be his first target. Mother Jones paused, looked at Felts, gave a laugh, and said, "Come on, boys, let's go back. That son of a bitch would do it."

Commuting to Washington

The strike and shooting continued. The governor appointed a Strike Investigation Committee, while Mother Jones went to Washington to push for a congressional investigation. Martial law was proclaimed twice, with time out for an election. The West Virginia legislators then spent six weeks fighting over who would be their spokesman, and the operators still refused to call off the guards or meet with the union.

On Thursday night, February 7, 1913, guards aboard an armored train, the "Bull Moose" special, fired into the strikers' colony at Holly Grove. Cesco Estep, a striker, was killed as he tried to get his son and pregnant wife to shelter under the house. Guns blazed from the train, hillsides, and camp. Two days

Mother Jones probably at a strike rally after World War I. Courtesy *Mother Jones* Magazine.

later the strikers attempted to wipe out the guards' camp at Mucklow. Mother Jones arrived from Washington on Sunday, and the next day the governor again proclaimed martial law. On Thursday Mother Jones spoke at a rally at Smithers and on her return to Charleston was arrested by "that big elephant Dan Cunningham" and Howard Smith, two leaders of the attack on Stanaford City. They took her to the military headquarters at Pratt. Mother wrote she was charged with "stealing a cannon from the military, inciting to riot, putting dinnimite [sic] under track to blow up a C-O road." Protesting that she and her friends were not there at all, Mother refused to enter a plea at her court-martial on March 8. She was a civilian and the military court had no jurisdiction. Dr. H. Hatfield, Governor as of March 4, visited Mother Jones at Pratt. She was running a high fever and the doctor prescribed a change of quarters. On May 7 she was released and

went directly to Washington where she testified about conditions in West Virginia. A senate committee was appointed, despite the protests of the West Virginia senators, to investigate the charges of federal violations on Paint and Cabin Creeks.

The unruly mountaineer miners finally received a hearing. Union recognition was conceded, even to the New River men, and they formed District 29. The mine guard system was not outlawed, and when another election came around in 1916 Mother Jones was back fighting. This time a truce was declared in the Fairmont field, where the Senate aspirant, Clarence Watson, agreed to eliminate the guards and deal with the union. Mr. Watson's change of heart was due to a change in the law which decreed Senators be elected by popular vote instead of legislative selection. No mean politician herself, Mother Jones agreed to speak from the same platform with Mr. Watson in acknowledgment of his generous gesture.

'Old Hag' or 'Matriarch of the Miners'

In Raleigh County's Winding Gulf field where new mines began opening in 1907-8, Justus Collins, formerly of the New River field, still preferred to deal only with the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency instead of the U.M.W.A. In 1917 Mother Jones was in Raleigh County to change Mr. Collins' mind and others'. Collins' superintendent, George Wolfe, indicated his pleasure in Mother's presence by writing his boss, "The Old Hag has announced that she will invade the sacred precincts of Winding Gulf on the 5th of May." The miners' children were excited and curious about this legendary woman and, in spite of both company and parents' orders, sneaked off and hid on the hillsides to hear her speak and to pick up a few new words.

Although seen on horseback carrying a high-powered rifle, Mother Jones' strength at this time was in Washington. Her friends and allies were working for the government and held wartime authority to influence coal production, prices, and operations which made the operators more agreeable to union recognition. As a result, miners and guards shared space on company property, but Mother Jones and her co-worker, "Peggy" Dwyer, were specifically banned by one company.

Cattle Car Passenger

Mingo, McDowell, and Mercer counties in 1919 were the last bastions of Baldwin-Felts control. The stubborn, octogenarian "matriarch of the miners" now moved into this territory with her message of unionism. While traveling by train through the enemy's stronghold, a friendly trainman warned Mother that the guards were on the train looking for her. He offered her a hiding place in the baggage car and she quickly accepted the offer. In Logan County, where Sheriff Don Chafin had replaced Baldwin-Felts men with his own army of deputies paid by the coal companies, Mother Jones was reported to have been shipped out of this territory in a cattle car.

The end of the Baldwin-Felts rule in Mingo County came in May 1920. Miners there had accepted Mother's advice to join the union, and, united, they struck against a wage reduction. The Red Jacket Coal Company gave Baldwin-Felts the job of evicting the strikers. The experienced guards, led by Albert and Lee Felts, were in Matewan when they were confronted by the mayor and Mingo County Sheriff Sid Hatfield about the legality of mounting a machine gun. Accounts vary as to the firing of the first shot, but when the shooting was over seven guards including the Felts brothers, the mayor, and two strikers were dead. Hatfield was killed the next year on the steps of the McDowell County courthouse in Welch where the judge had requested the trial be held to insure Hatfield's receiving justice at the hands of the court. Felt's influence in Mercer County continued until the death in 1937 of Tom Felts who had managed the agency.

The Famous Telegram

To break Chafin's iron grip the miners who threatened an armed march on Logan in 1919 decided in 1921 to do it. Having fought to preserve democracy in Europe, many of the soldier-miners felt it was time to fight for democracy in Logan County. But the most experienced veteran among the miners in their fight for democracy, Mother Jones, objected to their plans. One of the leaders said later that old age had weakened Mother Jones' fighting spirit, while others later charged with treason had more faith in their own intelligence than Mother did. She wrote later that one leader was so dumb he probably thought "treason" was a place in West Virginia. In a final attempt to stop the march, Mother Jones tried to bluff them with a presidential telegram. Miners who had benefitted and enjoyed Mother's bluffs on guards, soldiers, and others suddenly were very angry when she tried one on them. Mother Jones may not have had an actual telegram but she certainly had gotten the message that troops would be used against the miners. The march on Logan was a well-known failure. Bankrupt of leadership and funds, the West Virginia miners' union began to fail.

Mother Jones' health and legendary generosity to the mountaineer miners failed too. When asked to come back to West Virginia as a defense witness for some of the leaders of the disastrous march, she refused. She did return in 1923 to ask Governor E. Morgan to release those still-imprisoned miners who had families. Morgan agreed. He was the only West Virginia governor for whom Mother Jones had a kind word.

Just months after a nationally publicized 100th birthday celebration on May 1, 1930, "Mother" Mary Harris Jones died on November 30 at the age of 93. In her autobiography published in 1925, Mother Jones had promised: "When I get to the other side, I am going to tell God Almighty about West Virginia." In 1932 Congress enacted the Norris-LaGuardia Act, which recognized labor's right to organize and limited the use of injunctions in labor disputes. In 1935 West Virginia, at last, outlawed the mine guard deputies. Finally, somebody listened to Mother Jones.

A Former West

A Sketch of his Life and a Tape Recorded

By Tom Screven

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cadle in Detroit, November 1977. Photograph by Tom Screven.

When I attended the American Folklore Society's annual meeting in Detroit in November 1977, I also visited former Raleigh Countian, Fred Cadle, and his wife in their home. The following sketch is based on tape recorded remarks.

FRED CADLE, now 72 years old, is a former West Virginian coal miner who has lived in Detroit, Michigan, since 1927. His life has been punctuated by hardships and tragedy, yet after his youth his horizons expanded greatly and he has experienced periods of prosperity. Retired since 1971, he and his Kentucky-born wife no longer enjoy their adopted city, which has changed drastically since they married in the early months of World War II. They want to return to live in the State, but the woes of inflation, leaving behind a cozy home, and chancing possible damage to their impaired health cause them concern when they dream of coming home.

Born in 1905 in MacDonald, now part of Mount Hope, Mr. Cadle recalls moving a number of times as a child when his coal miner father would speak out against mine conditions and then be asked to leave the camp. Around 1913 the family with its five children moved to Eccles, "a beautiful coalfield town" where they were "well satisfied." In 1914 his two brothers, 14-year-old Clarence and 16-year-old Ernest, worked in Eccles' Number Five mine along with their father. Early in the afternoon on April 28, while Fred was in school, an explosion in Numbers Five and Six took 192 lives, leaving the nine-year-old boy alone with his mother and two sisters.

Mother Cadle, as she came to be called, managed

Virginian in Detroit

Baseball Story

to find room in their home to house boarders; and in 1918 Fred at 13 started as a trapper boy, like his dead brother Clarence. In 1923 when he was 18, yet another strike in the miners' efforts to rectify their working and living conditions caused young Cadle to move to Williamson and try it as a miner there.

Back in Raleigh County he had been an avid player of basketball, football, and baseball. Eccles' teams were known somewhat widely for their superiority, he remembers. As a newcomer in Mingo County, he excelled especially at baseball, a "disorganized" variety of the game in which the players often wore "cut-off overalls and undershirts."

He returned to Raleigh County in one year and stayed in the mines until 1924. "People started buying automobiles," he recalls, "and they fascinated me to such an extent that I just had to get into the guts of 'em to find out what made 'em tick." So that year—the proud owner of a 1921 Chevrolet—he took a job in a local garage as a mechanic. He believes it was 1925 when he bravely moved to "a big city" and began working on the impressive machines at Huntington Buick Company.

During the three-odd years he worked in Huntington a series of experiences determined the pattern of his later years. Although he had learned ballroom dancing at Eccles, he became addicted to the Black Bottom and the Charleston, particularly as they were danced at the Vanity Fair Ballroom—"open seven nights a week."

Then on April 28, 1928, he heard about the mine explosion at Benwood near Wheeling. Earlier at Eccles Mr. Cadle had taken mine accident rescue training and felt he "just had to go" to Benwood. Helping teams there recover 119 bodies surely had an effect on the young man's view of the future; at that point he had been closely involved in the aftermaths of the second and third worst mining disasters in the State's history.

Also in 1928 his employer sent him to Flint, Michigan, to the Buick technical school, and that did it. A few weeks later "Huntington seemed rather dead," and the sweet smell of greatly increased wages and really big city nightlife with its ballroom dancing to big bands—"even Lawrence Welk"—drew him and a friend to Detroit. He recalls now, "I liked Detroit. This was a real city then. It was a young man's paradise." There he began working in factory branches, the smaller shops where manufacturers sent new but defective cars to be repaired by trouble-shooting mechanics.

But the Depression struck the country in 1929, and Mr. Cadle's percentage work job began to pay less well. Then it got even worse. In his bleakest days in Detroit during the 1930s he took "shovel and pick work" with Detroit Edison, then in the process of laying downtown underground wiring.

World War II was a period of sacrifices but also renewed prosperity for the newlywed Cadles, as it was for many Americans made economically lame by the Depression. In the military he became a skilled aircraft mechanic, and after the war he returned to Detroit and the automobile industry, which soon began going through drastic changes due to accelerated automation. For most of the postwar years until his retirement in 1971 he worked in retail automobile showrooms as a mechanic and later as service supervisor. The Cadles have not been back to their respective mountain homes in many years but they keep in touch with a few relatives here. Mr. Cadle is a concerned observer of national and world affairs and writes an occasional highly readable letter to public officials and newspaper editors, some of them in West Virginia.

An Early 1920s Baseball Game in Mingo County

At the Cadles' home last November when I turned off my tape recorder, Mr. Cadle brought out one of his own to play a tape of a story he recorded around the time of his retirement. He generously allowed us to transcribe it for GOLDENSEAL'S readers. —T.S.

Fred Cadle:

As we travel down the pathway of life, we cannot help but look back on our past achievements, whether they be good or bad. And that is why, now that the new baseball season has just started, my memory takes me back to a ball game that I participated in in 1920. The game was between Salt Fork, West Virginia, and Naugatuck, West Virginia. Both of these little towns are located in the coal mining district of southern West Virginia.

It seems that a bunch of us kids were out watching a fast N & W passenger train go by at a speed of around 60 miles an hour. And they were throwing rocks at the train, as young kids will do. And it just happened that I threw a rock at the rear end of this passenger train and hit a light bulb and blew it up. And this word got around that I had terrific speed, that I could throw hard. And from that moment on I was destined to be a baseball pitcher.

So as time rolled on, by 1923 I had developed into somewhat of a fair-to-middling baseball pitcher. And I was pitching for Naugatuck. It's in the coal mining league that they have down there, and it was in the playoff game. The date was late October 1923, as I remember.

Well, this game was one of these—it was *the* game. Let's put it that way, it was *the* game. It was the most terrific game that I ever participated in, or anyone else for that matter. It went into the books of disorganized baseball as one of the screwiest ball games that had ever been played anywhere. As a matter of fact, it's the only ball game that I know of, or ever heard of, where the pitcher had to play third base too. And that was my job.

It seems the third baseman let an easy ground ball roll between his legs in the 15th inning of that game, and one of the fans in the stands shot him with a rifle. That's the way they did down there

Drawings by Willy Richardson

when you made a real bad error. If you made a real bad error with men on base, why, you either got shot or beat up or something. That was the way they had of developing ball players or punishing ball players.

Well, to get on with the game, the game went to the 16th inning, the 17th inning, the 18th inning, 19th inning, and it was in the 19th inning that I discovered that for the first time that I was pitching a no-hit, no-run ball game. Now, 19 innings of no-hits, no-runs—but we'd had that one error where the third baseman had got shot. Of course, all this did was advance the runner, and I struck out the next two men, so it didn't make any difference.

Well, anyway, we were going into the 20th inning, the 21st inning, the 23rd inning, the 24th, 25th, and the same old thing. I struck out 63 batters by the 39th inning.

And it was in the 39th inning that Naugatuck was at bat. The first two men up had struck out. This opposing pitcher was pretty rough. That guy, when he wound up, it would take him at least five minutes to just wind up and get ready to throw the ball. And when he threw the ball you didn't know whether it was coming down the third base line or whether it would be coming down the first base line. He had the most terrific curve I've ever seen in my life. It'd curve at least 12 feet. So I thought probably they'd put somebody else in for a pinch hitter for me, because I was completely done in. I didn't have nothing left. My arm was dead. As a matter of fact, my right arm had grown out—I'd thrown it out—until it was four inches longer than my left arm.

And of course the manager, he could see this effect that this long game had had on me, and I told him I didn't want to go up there and hit at this pitcher because I was afraid of him. He said, "Well, you go up there and hit, don't worry about a damn thing." Says, "You just go up there and hit." So he had three balls on me and two strikes, and he throwed a fast ball at me, and I closed both eyes and swung. And I hit the ball fully, right in the middle. And the ball took out over the ball park and over the N & W railroad tracks and across Tug River. And the center fielder went after it. Well, he went back

and back, back, back, back, back. I don't know how far he went back. Yes, the center fielder went back, back, back, and no one knew how far he went back to get that ball.

Well, everybody in the grandstands was setting there waiting, and it got cold. They built fires under the grandstand to keep warm waiting for the center fielder to come back with the ball. They didn't know whether he caught the ball and dropped it or whether he caught the ball and held it. They just didn't know, so they naturally didn't know how this ball game ended. Whether it was a tie game, or whether he caught the ball or dropped it, in which case Naugatuck, my team, would have won this little, well, championship. So, they waited and they—Finally the sheriff had to come down there and drive the people out of the ball park. Said, "You guys go home. Everybody's got to go home because it's too cold out here and you're not dressed for this kind of weather."

So all they did was talk until the next spring. They talked about that ball game. What happened to the center fielder? They hadn't found the center fielder. They didn't know where he went or anything. As it turned out, we had an awful hard winter down there with a lot of snow. It was awfully cold.

So finally April came and the snows melted. And there were two hunters going out along the side of the mountain directly above the ball park and across the N & W railroad tracks. And they came upon a phenomenon. That's what it was, that's the only word you could use to describe it. There stood the center fielder standing straight up in a solid cake of ice. And down at his feet was the ball that he had gone after, indicating that he had caught the ball and dropped it. And Naugatuck was declared the winner of that little world championship.

That's really and truly the most outstanding disorganized baseball game that was ever played in this country, or any other country for that matter. A resume of that game: I had faced 117 batters, I struck out 63. I had one error. That was when the third baseman got shot for letting the easy ground ball go between his legs. And my arm had grown out five-and-a-half inches longer than my left arm.

In other words, what I had done that day was ruin one of the finest baseball careers anyone could ever hope to have. And I could have been so much use to major league teams had it not been for this long baseball game.

They talk about $100,000 now as a salary for a baseball pitcher, $165,000 a year. Well, I pitched that game for a five dollar bill. I got five dollars for pitching that long ball game. The price of a half a gallon of moonshine. That was my wages for that long ball game. So long, folks!

To preserve Mr. Cadle's wry deceit in his tape recorded telling of the above fictitious story, we purposely refrained from labeling it a tall tale. When he played the tape for local players of Little League age and others he carefully gave it a casual, brief introduction. Although an invention, the tale reveals much of the color of a favorite coaltown pastime during the century's early years. Too, the tall tale storytelling style is particularly characteristic of the Region and Mr. Cadle's mother's farm family. He recalls they told stories about vegetables of exaggerated size, and their tales of outlandish hunting exploits were common. His father, on the other hand, seems to have spent a good deal of his verbal energies criticizing what he viewed as the unjust practices of his employers.

Readers Forum

AN APPEAL

Many older readers remember baseball games and playing that American sport in coalfield towns. We urge former coal miners and their families to write us about old family photographs of coalfield baseball games, say, anytime before World War II—the older the better. Also we will welcome learning of photos of the many other forms of early coal-town recreation and entertainment. This experiment may open a new way for us to develop articles on particular topics—if you readers respond.

Before sending photos please first write us and describe them.

Photo Information Appeal
GOLDENSEAL
Department of Culture and History
Science and Culture Center State Capitol
Charleston, WV 25305

A West Virginian's Experience In Germany After Hitler

By John A. Maxwell

THE STORMS of World War II ravaged the landscapes and institutions of great parts of the world. No less dramatic were the changes in the participants' lives. For one American soldier who was born in a log cabin in Preston County, it put an end to his teaching career and took him to Arkansas for armored infantry training and across the Atlantic to France and Germany for the liberation of Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. But even then his military career was just beginning. Awarded a battlefield commission, he was assigned to one of the most demanding positions of the American occupation of Germany after Hitler. His job was

> to ensure that all schools, when reopened, are freed of all Nazi influence; that no teacher at heart a Nazi is retained or employed; that books and teaching materials are not in the least tainted with militarism, with racial or national hatreds . . .

Thirty-two years after the end of the war, Lawrence A. Nuce of Kingwood inquired whether West Virginia University's Library would be interested in his records and collection. The curator of the West Virginia Collection, Dr. George Parkinson, assured Mr. Nuce of interest, turned to this writer as the German Historian at W.V.U., and the wheels were set in motion. I met Lawrence Nuce in his Kingwood apartment and found the recently retired head of his own construction business a vigorous and resourceful person. This opinion was reaffirmed by the documents of his war-time record. Several days were spent sorting materials and a sharp picture emerged of this West Virginian's contribution to an important historical era.

The Nuce collection is a fine one. It includes picture books produced by the propaganda mills of the Third Reich. Army newspapers, manuals, orders, reports, and correspondence can be used to trace Mr. Nuce's service. Perhaps the most important items are those that deal with Lt. Nuce's supervision of the schools, church organizations, and youth groups in Munich and Upper Bavaria from the summer of 1945 until the early autumn of 1946 when he returned to Preston County to assume a teaching position.

Nuce participated in an unprecedented attempt by Americans to transform a nation. Germans and their institutions were to be demilitarized, denazified, and democratized. Germany lay in ruins; a majority of buildings in Munich had been damaged. The greatest mass movement of peoples occurred during World War II and Bavaria was filled with displaced persons. Millions of Germans had been expelled from Eastern Europe and hundreds of thousands streamed into Bavaria. All levels of government had collapsed and basic services and utilities with them.

The records can be used to reconstruct the contributions of Nuce and other Americans who struggled in this chaos to restore order. Schools were closed until American approval was given to open; physical facilities, fuel, books, and, most importantly, non-Nazi teachers had to be found. Every teacher had to pass a rigorous screening process, and even then difficulties arose. Did Nazi party membership indicate fanatical support of Hitler? Who really opposed National Socialism? What proof could be found for collaboration or opposition in the ruins of 1945? How could German education be organized to impart democratic values?

George Parkinson, right, curator of the West Virginia Collection at the West Virginia University Library, inspects one of the books from Nuce's collection, while history professor John Maxwell, left, Joel Bean, second from left, librarian at Kingwood Public Library, and Mr. Nuce look on. Photograph by Gary Simmons.

Which youth organizations should be permitted to reorganize?

Faced with the occupation assignment, the U.S. Army was forced to reach down into the combat troops for occupation officials; thus Lawrence Nuce was selected for his background in teaching to become an Education and Religious Affairs Officer. With a small staff of trusted Germans and Americans, he supervised the area of Munich and Upper Bavaria in the critical days when schools, youth organizations, and religious institutions were put back on their feet. The abject chaos in Germany did not allow time for extensive training for the assignment. Nuce and others like him had to start from scratch. His replacement would be a trained civilian. In an interview, Nuce said, "We had to learn what our job was. Our replacements came knowing what their job would be."

Limitations on American officials were great and included the language barrier, Germans' confusion of suggestions for commands, place and position, as well as religious differences between Protestants and Catholics. Week after week the headaches continued. Nuce was appalled to find a wanted National Socialist war criminal in his office one day who was complaining that he had not received a teaching post; he was arrested on the spot. One of the most trusted anti-Nazi German officials was the object of scurrilous attacks that were proven false after much investigation. A remote rural village threatened a school strike if a non-Bavarian or Protestant teacher were hired; nothing came of it.

How well did Americans do in these tasks? Given the circumstances, probably very well. Schools were reopened, a non-Nazi cadre of school officials was found, non-Nazi textbooks were rounded up—although many were two decades old. Youth organizations were reestablished free of the ideals of the Third Reich. Criticisms have been leveled. Mainly, these have dealt with the reestablishment of the pre-Hitler elitist school system that excluded the vast majority of any generation from higher education and the curricula that ignored many aspects of modern life, particularly, citizenship. Nuce's office, for example, complained in its monthly report of March 1946 that no planning had ensured that schools would direct programs towards "democratic citizenship;" two months before, it had regretted the teaching methods which were considered "traditional and rigid." This latter report, however, qualified the criticism with the phrase, "but under existing conditions they could hardly be otherwise," and came to the conclusion shared by many in the occupation: "Progressive teaching with emphasis upon individual pupil's initiative and group activity will need to await more tolerable conditions."

In an initial interview with Lawrence Nuce, he said that amidst all the problems of 1945-46, the greatest assistance was plain "common sense." Later I taped the following interview in Kingwood.

John Maxwell. Mr. Nuce, can you tell me something about your family background? Is it German?

Lawrence Nuce. Yes, it is. The family has been traced back to a Yurick Nuce in Kockling on the Rhine River of Germany. His son, Jacob, my great, great, great, great-grandfather came to Heidelberg

Left. Hitler, at the extreme left directly under the wreathed swastika shield, reviews German troops. Both are German government photographs from the years of the Third Reich. *Right.* The Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler.

Historical Setting of Mr. Nuce's Third Reich Artifacts Donated to the University Library

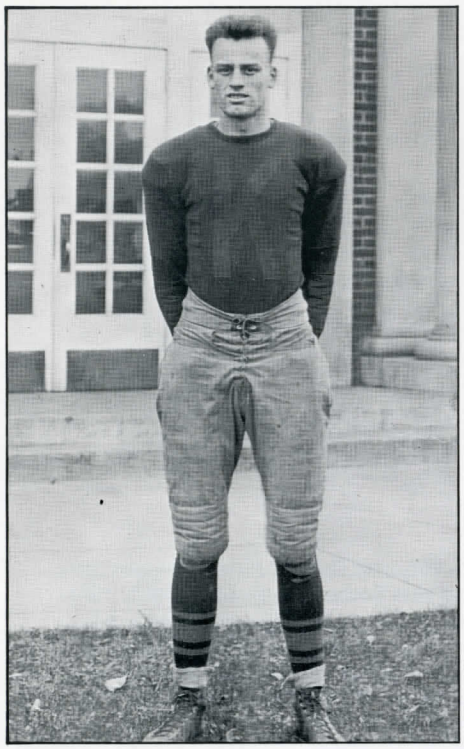
The photos and books from the Third Reich are typical of the mass publications Hitler and his party undertook. Propaganda in the Third Reich was outstanding for its use of radio, films, gigantic mass assemblies, and a barrage of books and photographs. The books were often published by a party-owned press and large royalties were realized. The books were "recommended" for both private citizens and public and school libraries. Many of Nuce's books, for example, came from schools. The books and photographs celebrated the "rebirth" of Germany under Hitler.

Countless books commemorated the end of the restrictions from the Versailles Treaty following World War I. This had enormous appeal among Germans of all groups and persuasions, since most Germans agreed that the treaty had been unfair. As well, propaganda celebrated the end of the depression and the economic surge that reduced unemployment from more than six million to less than one million in just three years after Hitler came to power. Hitler's personality and leadership were glorified in the ever-popular romantic tradition.

"The man in charge" appears before thousands of marching army units and Nazi party groups. On the other hand, a solitary Fuehrer often appears in the photographs, keeping his own counsel in his office or at home on the Eagle's Nest high in the Bavarian Alps. Hitler's plain uniform, adorned only by the highest military award, the Iron Cross first class he had won in World War I, and the Nazi party emblem, stood in stark contrast to the gaudy uniforms of foreign ambassadors or other Nazi leaders like Goering. The all-powerful state and the elite status of the Nazi party are cultivated in many photographs.

The propaganda books were relatively inexpensive and were found in many homes at the end of the war. In Nuce's collection are several with pasted-in pictures. Photos were earned by buying cigarettes from state monopolies. Hundreds were needed to fill some of the albums, yet the prints used were of very good quality.

Some propaganda books were less blatantly Nazi. Several appeared that were about the German army and its heroic past. When World War II occurred, many were published on the successes of the German armies, and heroes and distant places were made familiar to the public. Always, however, there is some statement or picture of Hitler and his party and their importance for all achievements.—*J.A.M.*



Left. Nuce as a football player at Kingwood High School in 1933. *Center.* Graduation day at Glenville State Teachers College, 1940. *Right.* Nuce training with the 201st Infantry, Company E of the West Virginia National Guard at Weston in 1940.

Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He took an oath of allegiance in 1757. He moved then into Aaron's Creek near Morgantown. The first family cabin there was burned down by Indians. The deed to this land was hidden in the stone fireplace and was partially burned; the family still has this deed. This Jacob Nuce fought in the Revolutionary War, as did his son. He inherited 300 acres of land in the Black Forest of Germany and returned to sell it around 1810. The Nuce's properties totaled around 1,000 acres in this area, including a tract of Morgantown on which the Old Stone House, the oldest house in Monongalia County, stands today. My grandfather, Daniel Boone Nuce (1859-1940), moved to Preston County. My father John Nelson Nuce worked at timbering and farming, contracted tuberculosis, but recovered.

JM Were there difficulties in your getting an education?

LN Indeed there were. Where we lived in Preston County, there were no schools until I was eight years old. My father would move so that his eight children could go to school in the Kingwood District. My father had tuberculosis and I had to help on the farm since I was the oldest son. I only went to school for two or three months a year. One teacher taught eight grades, and I actually went to the fifth grade before I could attend the fourth. I spent one year in the mines and did not start high school until I was 18 years old and only then on probation. I finished high school at age 22, attended Shenandoah College in Virginia, and finished my bachelor's degree at Glenville State College.

You must understand that my high school and college education occurred during the Great Depression. The depression made families in our area pull together to survive. I could not have finished my education without the considerable support of my parents, the encouragement of friends, and the cooperation and support of my teachers. Like many West Virginians, I volunteered for service in World War II and it took a lot of understanding from my wife to be separated from her and our first child for three years. I have certainly been a fortunate man in having the family and friends I have had.

JM Mr. Nuce, could you discuss the preparation you had for the American occupation position?

LN There was no formal preparation. I had training in education; I was a teacher and very much interested in education, especially of the troops in my command. I dug up all the information I possibly could on Germany.

JM From your files, I gather that when you went into Germany you shared the American view that all Germans were responsible for what happened under Hitler?

LN Yes, I'm sure that almost 100% of us had this feeling. The German people had created a situation where I felt it was my duty to participate in the war. This deprived me of my family life, put me into a grueling training, and then put my life on the line. We were fighting the German people as a whole, not just the army.

JM Did this collective guilt thesis prove

Left. Brigadier General Pierce commissioning Nuce as a Second Lieutenant, April 5, 1945.

Below. Lt. Nuce in November 1945 in Germany discussing applications for teaching positions with a Mrs. Albers, secretary and interpreter, and a Professor Martin, a German government liason.

unhelpful in your occupation duties?

LN Yes, and I realized quickly that I couldn't maintain the attitude that everybody was my enemy, because these were people with whom we could work and had to depend upon to ferret out the Nazis and return the school programs back to a democratic society.

JM What were the primary tasks that had to be done immediately in Germany in 1945?

LN We had to get the elementary school program back into operation as soon as possible. Our first job was to find teachers without Nazi ideals. You must understand that when the war was over in Germany, everything stopped; there were no teachers at work. Our job was to see that the new school programs did not encompass any Nazi philosophies.

JM How did you find acceptable teachers?

LN Anyone wishing to teach submitted a questionnaire, the "Fragebogen," that went to American authorities for a thorough investigation. Categories were established, ardent Nazis and criminals were excluded from teaching. One category included people who had to submit to Hitler's

followers to the point that they could obtain a livelihood. This gave us a lot of problems. We learned early in the game that we wouldn't exclude teachers just because they had been members of the National Socialist Teachers League, since many of them were forced to join.

JM You allowed German school authorities to hire those teachers whom you had screened for acceptable political pasts?

LN Yes. The Germans themselves hired the teachers on the basis of qualification.

JM What were the problems of finding textbooks?

LN There were no textbooks at the end of the war. We had the German officials prepare new textbooks. Fortunately we had some extremely professional and very good people with pre-Hitler experience who knew what a democratic society desired in its educational program. I don't remember any problems in this area.

JM When you left Germany in 1946, what did you feel were the greatest achevements you and your fellow American officials had realized?

LN My greatest personal achievement was the change in my own attitude toward the German people. I think we introduced democratic ideas into the German school system. I had come to Germany with the idea that this would be a forced issue and would have to be ordered. All we needed to do was show the way, and the Germans really developed the school program themselves.

JM Were there disappointments? Things you wanted to do and did not?

LN I wish we had been quicker to realize that there were Germans who really were not Nazis. We carried our hatred a little longer than necessary. The German people were pretty quick to realize this and they felt that cooperation was the only way to dispel this feeling.

JM In your files is a letter from an American captain who complained that the German schools denied many German young people higher education. Do you remember this being discussed?

LN Yes, we felt strongly about this. To understand Germans you must understand that they do have classes. Quite often capable people are left out.

JM Was it possible to introduce the American system with a greater number of students going into higher education?

LN In the beginning I think it would have been impossible. German educators would have reacted negatively. Had we attempted this we would have set up a block or created a situation where we would not have been as effective in our reeducation programs as we were.

JM Nazi youth organizations were banned. What system did you have for screening and approving new organizations?

LN We used the same criteria as for education. We also screened clergy. I had a short audience with Pope Pius XII in Rome and we discussed work with German clergy. He was very pleased with the American military's approach to the problems that existed in Germany.

Lawrence Nuce in Morgantown, November 1977. Photograph by Gary Simmons.

JM By the time you left Germany was there greater self-confidence or assertiveness shown by German officials?

LN As soon as they realized we were not in Germany to annihilate them but to help restore, Germans became more aggressive in their self-interest. By the time I left, the school programs were pretty well in the hands of the German people, supervised by our civilian American replacements.

JM Historians are interested in the "cleansing process" that removed Nazism from Germany. Would it have been better had Germans done it? Could they have denazified Germany themselves?

LN I don't believe they could have done the job. There would have been too much conflict. I don't think they had the strength to do it and to make any progress at all. I think it would have been a chaotic approach. They needed guidelines. I couldn't help but think back then, "My God. Here I am placed in this position. It's a terrible responsibility. I feel terribly inadequate." Without our direction and guidelines, I think I can say emphatically it would have been impossible for them.

When I left Germany I felt we had done a good job in education. We had turned it around from National Socialism and headed it back into the direction we wanted it to go—a democratic one.

A building at Ury, whose name represents a corruption of the given name of operator Uriah Cook, but is universally known as Cooktown for his surname.

Naming The Coal Towns

A Study in West Virginia Place Names

By Ken Sullivan

Photographs by Douglas Chadwick

JENKY AND JODIE, and Hiawatha, Cinderella, Jenkinjones, Big Stick and Big Four—the names stand out on the West Virginia map; and the practiced eye immediately distinguishes them from such other names as Oak Hill, Madison, Sutton, Lewisburg, and Philippi. If that practiced eye belongs to a born-and-raised mountaineer, the names will probably be recognized as those of some of the dozens of coal towns that dot the State.

Coal town names stand out because they fail to conform to the expected rules of nomenclature. Few of these towns were named for American presidents and state or national heroes, for example, and few even for the early settlers who are generally commemorated in place names. None of the names had time to evolve organically over generations of popular usage, but rather were assigned abruptly by the men and companies that built the towns. They have survived largely unchanged for the 75 or 100 years since they were given, with many, indeed, outliving the towns which they formerly served to identify. Remaining embedded in the local geography much like the fossils in the coal beneath them, they make an excellent index to the values and attitudes of the namers.

Over several years I have been compiling a card file of town names as a sideline to other research into coal-company towns. I gleaned their probable origins from a great number of sources, checking as many as possible against the listings in Hamill Kenny's *West Virginia Place Names.* My file has now grown to well over a hundred cases, and while it is by no means a scientific sample in the statistical sense, it does perhaps account for a majority of West Virginia's coal towns. Most towns covered are company towns in the strict sense of being owned and usually built by the resident coal companies, and all others are at least one-industry coal towns.

Surnames and a Cigar

On examining these names, it soon becomes apparent that the reasoning behind them runs the gamut from the inspired to the ridiculous. Coal men were a colorful bunch and they gave colorful names to their towns, occasionally indulging even the most outrageous whims. The Kanawha County town of Cinco, which nestles among such neighbors as Tad, Quick, and Pinch, was named, for example, for Cinco Cigars, its builder's favorite brand!

Ordinarily, town builders were less imaginative and they chose more mundane names for their creations. Coal men were not bashful, and most commonly they named their towns for themselves and their

Left. Independent store at Cinco, named for Cinco brand cigars.

Below. The remains of a stone power house at Eccles, named for the first six letters in the book of Ecclesiastes.

Right. Company store at McAlpin, built in 1910 and closed in the summer of 1977. Town was named for Elizabeth McAlpin, mother of operator John Laing.

associates. More than a third of the towns examined were named in this way, putting such prominent coalfield names as Caperton, Eccles, Page, and Tams on the State map. When the worthies to be honored outnumbered available towns, town namers resorted to various permutations, sometimes with pronounceable results such as Maybeury for operators May and Beury. More often, phonetic disasters ensued, such as Hiorra, built mainly around the surname of the Honorable Uriah Newton Orr—which took another beating in the naming of his brother Morgan's "Oral" mine at Fairmont. Occasionally, operators felt it necessary to fasten complete names onto the new towns, with such results as Itmann for coal man and Republican activist I. T. Mann, or Jenkinjones for operator Jenkin Jones who was proud of both his Welsh names.

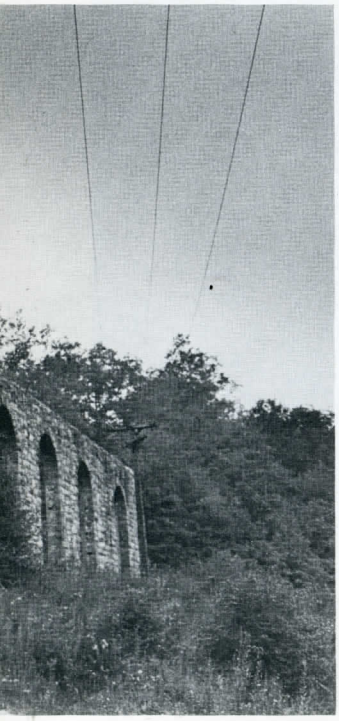
In addition to immortalizing their own names, coal operators astutely remembered the higher caliber individuals upon whom they were dependent, or whose favor they had enjoyed or hoped to enjoy. Especially prominent among this group were railroad men, whose rails formed the very lifestream of the coalfields. These people often held major interests in coal mining themselves, and their names were celebrated in such towns as Davin for a C & O official and Kimball for the N & W president. Flattery was intended but embarrassment may sometimes have been the main result, as with F. J. Kimball, who had previously rebuffed an attempt to name Roanoke, Virginia, in his honor when the arrival of Norfolk and Western headquarters had elevated that town from crossroads status and above its older name, Big Lick.

Others honored included major landowners such as Philadelphians Colonel William Iaeger and J. C. Maben. West Virginia town namers occasionally ranged even farther afield in search of subjects, as in naming the McDowell town of Vivian for the senior partner of the London banking house of Vivian, Gray and Company, which controlled a major interest in the N & W. Some considered it wise to court politicians as well as financiers, and so the town of Jodie was blessed with the nickname of Third District Congressman Joseph H. Gaines. Nor were industrialists left out. Judge Elbert Gary, whose U.S. Steel maintained "captive"* mines all over Appalachia, was remembered in the McDowell town of Gary and in its neighbor Elbert up the road, though both combined could scarcely do the steel-making judge the honor of the Steeel Corporation's glorified company town, Gary, Indiana.

Bows to the Ladies

Having accommodated themselves and their

* One owned by the company which consumes the mined coal.



partners, their financial backers, railroad magnates, and other actual and prospective benefactors, chivalry took hold and the coal men commenced naming towns for the women in their lives. Wives and mothers tended to be favored, with these ladies' names being attached to such coal towns as Maitland and McAlpin. William McQuail gave the town of Ennis his wife's maiden name, and then reveled in the play on words that gave him the title, "Duke of Ennis." And operator T. G. McKell gratefully named Glen Jean for his wife, Jean Dun, who had brought a dowry of 12,500 acres of bonanza coal lands in the Dunloup Creek section of Fayette County.

When occasion demanded, gallant coal men spliced names together with fine impartiality, though such blends as Isaban (for Isabel and Ann) may not have gladdened the heart of either woman. At other times female names were jumbled apparently for the sheer joy of the phonetic gymnastics—thus Caretta for Etta Carter. Some entrepreneurs felt obliged to unite their own names with those of their beloved, as when Cyrus Scott anticipated wedlock by arranging his and fiancee Mabel Shinn's names into Mabscott. Perhaps the most pleasing results were obtained when names were simply adopted as found, for example in the use of the beautiful name Arista, which was the borrowed Christian name of the operator's wife.

When the coal men, various capitalists and financiers, and their womenfolk are tallied in, just over half of my file can be accounted for. A handful of other individuals were honored in town names. These tended to be a widely varied lot, with the town of Jenky, named for an old Marshall College chum of the local operator, perhaps being representative.

Among the towns not named for coal-related individuals were several that did follow common rules of nomenclature and were named for early settlers or natural and geographic features. Some took the name of the local stream, including Ingram Branch and the Caperton family town of Slab Fork. The name Quinnimont in Fayette County derives from the five mountains visible from the town site in the New River Gorge.

More often, coal towns followed their own rules, in nomenclature as in other affairs. Many were named for the companies that built them. Occasionally these involved straightforward adoptions, as with the naming of the Mingo County town of Borderland for the Borderland Coal Company. More commonly, acronyms were resorted to, producing some of West Virginia's more unwieldy place names—thus Besoco for Beckley Smokeless Coal Company. Other combinations were tried, as with Ameagle and Greyeagle for the American Eagle Colliery and the Grey Eagle Coal

Company. Sometimes the common urban suffixes were tacked on for ballast, thus fortifying the acronym for Amherst Coal Company into Accoville. A similar rule was applied to form Kopperston, which was, of course, the creation of the gigantic Koppers Company.

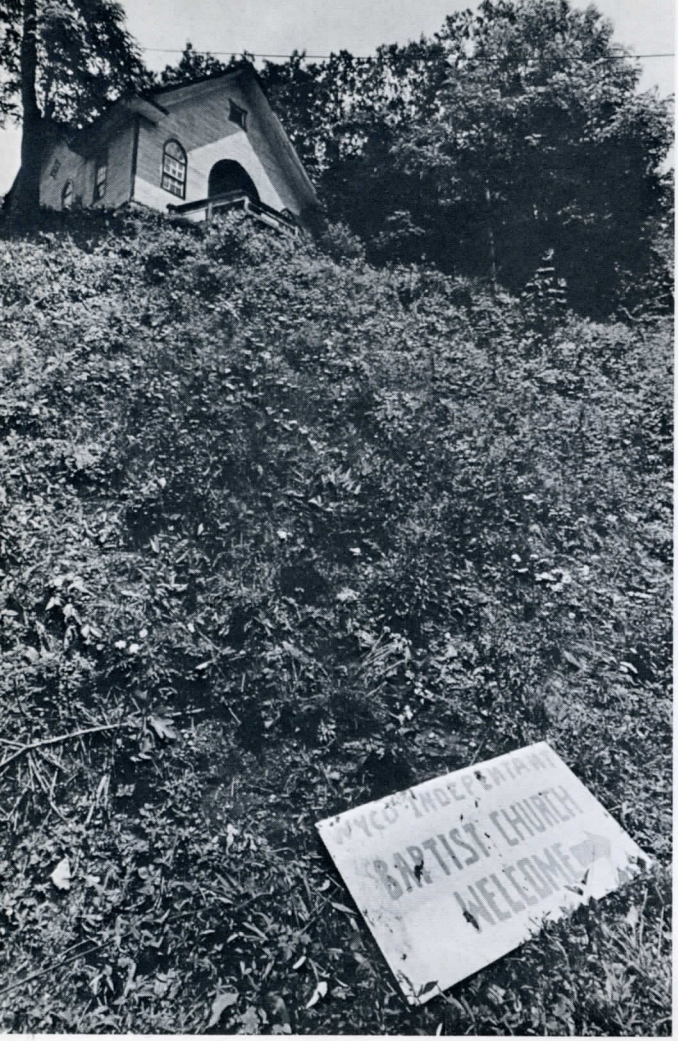
Other towns were named for the coal itself. Brand names had early come into wide use in the highly competitive coal trade, and some towns bore the commercial name of their mines' product. Cinderella in Mingo County was named for the coal produced there by the Sycamore Coal Company, whose trademark depicted Cinderella seated by a blazing hearth. Other names advertised real or imaginary qualities of the local coal, particularly its heating capacity—thus Burnwell and Hotcoal.

Nostalgia and Red Men

A number of towns were named for other places. Nostalgic foreign-born operators were especially noted for this practice, with Englishman Sam Dixon of the New River field leading the way. Dixon named Carlisle, Scarbro, and Skelton for English cities, the latter his birthplace, and threw in Parral for good measure, after a Mexican mine that had taken his fancy. The Laing clan responded with Lanark for their home county in Scotland, and young Bill McKell picked Kilsyth, another Scottish transplant, though McKell himself was old-stock American. He was, in fact, the son of Jean Dun McKell, but any inclination to follow his father's lead and honor a wife of his own was frustrated when his imported fiancee surveyed Glen Jean from the station platform and somewhat incredulously asked if she had to live there. Bill is supposed to have responded with a curt "no" and loaded her back on the train, alone.

In the Pocahontas field it was popular to give coal towns allegedly Indian names. Thus we have Matoaka and Iroquois, in Mercer and Wyoming counties, respectively. Such names stand out from West Virginia's authentic Indian names—as in Logan, for the great chief—if by nothing more than their overload of romanticism. Mercer County's Hiawatha was strictly the creation of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and coal operator D. H. Barger.

A great many pioneer operators were of British birth, and these men originated the custom of prefixing the British "glen" to coal town names. The prefix gave a nice ring to otherwise unexciting names and the practice became popular with native-born operators as well, producing, in addition to Glen Jean, such names as Glen White, Glen Rogers, Glenalum, and others. One misleading exception to this was the



Opposite page. The Glen Jean pool hall. Glen Jean was named for Jean Dun, wife of town builder T. G. McKell.

Left. Original Wyco community church, now the Wyco Independent Baptist Church. Wyco is an acronym for the Wyoming Coal Company.

Below. A street in Kilsyth, a town named by operator Bill McKell for Kilsyth, Scotland.

Wayne County town of Glenhayes, apparently a blend of the surnames of James Glenn and Rutherford B. Hayes. Hayes had speculated heavily in West Virginia coal lands during his pre-presidential years, and sold out to Glenn when he began contemplating high office.

U.S. Post Office Intervention

The final arbiter in the naming process was the United States Post Office, whose authority was based on the need to avoid confusing repetition of postal addresses within the same state. The Post Office astutely kept its political ear to the ground, and generally rubber-stamped the choices of local dignitaries. At times, however, it did exercise its prerogative—reversing, for example, Carbon into Boncar, to avoid confusion with Mount Carbon. And long names were routinely shortened, with Sam Dixon's Scarborough thus becoming Scarbro. Presumably the overruling bureaucrat was in this case blissfully unaware of the political and economic clout of "King Samuel," and in other cases a more general ignorance was displayed—thus the official misspelling of the town name Giatto, a cultured entrepreneur's slipup in trying to honor the Florentine painter Giotto.

The Post Office allowed the coal men a free hand in replacing traditional place names with others of their own choosing. Thus Ansted, which in 1873 took that name from the surname of a London geologist, had originally been called New Haven by the founding band of New England spiritualists whose "Contentment" commune is today preserved as a museum by the town. Another example is the town of English, renamed for the English coal operators who developed the local mines; yet it was previously known as Peeryville.

Once named or renamed by the reigning company, the coal town received no assurances against further double jeopardy. The town of Robins, first named for Dr. J. E. Robins of Robins Coal and Coke, received its present name of Export when a new company with an eye to the international coal trade took over. And the Webster County town of Arcola was assigned that name by the Lilly Coal Company after discarding the earlier name, Hardwood, which had been bestowed by a local lumber company. Carbon, after being officially renamed Boncar around 1920, received the completely new name of Alloy when taken over by a metallurgical company a decade later.

Sometimes the same company found it expedient to change the names of its towns. For the most startling examples, it is necessary to turn once more to coal baron Dixon, who blithely changed the names of Parral and Stuart to Summerlee and Lochgelly in an

Right. Recreation center at Scarbro, named by operator Sam Dixon for his birthplace, Scarborough, England, and shortened by the Post Office.

Below. Summerlee was first named Parral after a Mexican mine, but was changed in an attempt to distract unfavorable publicity following a disastrous mine explosion in 1906.

attempt to outmaneuver unfavorable publicity following catastrophic explosions in the shaft mines at those two places in 1906 and 1907, respectively. The combined disasters had cost a total of 108 lives, and Dixon evidently found it impossible to repopulate his mines with new workers until this evasive action was taken.

Name Upon Name

In some cases so many levels are involved that it is practically impossible to straighten out the naming process. Thus the town of Borderland, supposedly named for the Borderland Coal Company, leads to a chicken and egg which-came-first question, for the company itself was obviously named for its position on the Kentucky-West Virginia border. The Raleigh County town of Ury represents a corruption of the given name of landowner Uriah Cook—but is universally known to residents as Cooktown, for the man's surname. And the town of Boone, which might reasonably be supposed to honor the pioneer Daniel who lived for years in West Virginia, turns out upon examination to have been named instead for coal operator Francis Boone.

Driving through the coalfields today one finds few of the old communities, and often only fading signposts mark what were once lusty and brawling boomtowns. Sometimes the site has been swept clean by new mining operations, as at Affinity where not a single building survives. At other places hollow shells of the more substantial structures remain to give an eerie, bombed-out look, as at Ury or the once fabulous New River towns. Occasionally a new community thrives among the ruins of the old, as at Glen Rogers in Wyoming County. And in the one remarkable case of Tams, West Virginia, a dozen or so of the old families linger on under the leadership of the town's builder W. P. Tams, who until his recent death at 94 described himself as "chief ghost" of what he recognized to be a ghost town.

Indeed the coal towns have decayed with the industry's long season of decline and with the coming of cars and better roads. They are not likely to be revived with the current coal boom's housing crunch, and thus it may ironically be that the names will in the long run have more concrete impact than the towns themselves. These names survive as the colorful artifacts of hard-driving coal operators who, unlike Tams, mostly did not outlive their towns.

Nonetheless, the coal men have left their distinctive imprint on our social and geographical environment. Witness Gamoca and Alpoca, or Amigo, Annfred, Concho, and Dott.

Letters from Readers

GOLDENSEAL welcomes letters of general interest from readers. Our address is Department of Culture and History, Science and Culture Center, State Capitol, Charleston, W V 25305.

Huntington, WV

Editor:
I have read the past two issues of GOLDENSEAL. I found the issue that dealt with music in the Mountain State particularly interesting. In general, the two issues I saw offered impressive insights into West Virginia's past.

I would appreciate very much if you would add my name to your list of subscribers.
Thank you,
Bruce M. Winges

Wichita, Kansas
October 31, 1977

Editor:
I have really enjoyed the copies of GOLDENSEAL I've received during the past year. I think the magazine is a good example of the kind of publication to which other states could aspire. Unfortunately, Kansas has no remotely similar publications. As a folklorist I have appreciated the information GOLDENSEAL contains about West Virginia folklife.
Sincerely,
Steve Friesen

Murfreesboro, Tennessee
November 12, 1977

Editor:
A friend has just loaned me a copy of GOLDENSEAL for July-September 1977. May I get a copy of this issue and be put on your mailing list for future issues?

This magazine is extremely well written and well produced; congratulations. I wish we had something like it in Tennessee.
Charles K. Wolfe, Co-Editor
The Tennessee Folklore
Society Bulletin

Waterford, Wisconsin
November 23, 1977

Editor:
I would like you to send the GOLDENSEAL to me. I just read through the July-September 1977 issue and found it very interesting. The article on Henry Reed was especially good. I play fiddle and banjo and have been to Glenville for the folk festival the last two years. West Virginia music is the most beautiful that I've heard.
Lee Guthrie

Mentor, Ohio
December 12, 1977

Editor:
Would you be so kind to send me the GOLDENSEAL magazine for October, 1977, about the early 20th century oil and gas boom at Auburn, 1913-1929. I had a gas well at that time, and there is a picture of one of my sisters in the magazine, but I haven't seen it.
Thank you,
Robert H. Burns

Mars Hill College
Mars Hill, North Carolina
December 7, 1977

Editor:
A colleague here passed along the stack of GOLDENSEAL magazines you sent for our library. I'm impressed and we're proud to have a subscription. We use the *WVU Appalachian Bibliography* a lot, so I was glad to see that you're indexed in *Appalachian Outlook.*
Sincerely,
Laurel Horton, Appalachian
Room Librarian
Mars Hill College

Nashville, Tennessee
November 9, 1977

Editor:
Ivan M. Tribe's article in the July-August issue on "West Virginia Country Music During the Golden Age of Radio" is an excellent story documenting an area of state history about which little has been written. Considering how many state citizens were influenced via radio, it is a shame we don't have more ex-broadcasters and radio executives putting their remembrances in writing.

Undoubtedly WWVA's "Jamboree USA" received a great input during those years from the traveling musicians moving from town to town. It is good Tribe concentrated on that best-known station and the one which appears to be the only live country music broadcast survivor.

I feel the author missed WPDX Radio in Clarksburg which in the early 1950s did more than just feature live musicians. As a boy, I listened to Cherokee Sue and other WPDX regulars sing songs and huckster products between numbers. The station did not accept advertising from merchants. Instead, it sold its own line of bath towels, Bibles and dishcloths, and encouraged listeners to write to the station under a mail-order arrangement. The lady who was Cherokee Sue promised free autographed photographs of herself for each listener who purchased her products.
Keep up the good work.
Charles E. Arnold III

Thanks to our former co-worker and others who have written about recollections of this subject. We still want to urge readers to fill us in on West Virginia country radio history and lore. Dr. Tribe promises more articles for GOLDENSEAL on our music.—Editor.

Summersville, WV
June 6, 1977

Editor:
I want to express my appreciation for being able to see and read the January issue of GOLDENSEAL magazine. Last week a friend called to ask if I had a relative by the name of John Kyle in Clay County, who was born on Ugly Run. I was quickly interested since he is my brother. When I went down to look at my friend's copy, he never dreamed that the rest of the magazine would be of great interest to me.

On page 12 in the picture of the men sitting in the mine man trip cars, from left to right, the first man looking directly at the camera is Blain Hughes, who died several years ago of a brain tumor. The second man is

Dewey Asbury who was killed by a rock fall while running a Jeffrey 29-U cutting machine and could be the one in the picture on another page. My father worked at Widen prior to his death in February of '34 at age 64. My brother worked there, and I for 21½ years. It was an interesting place in its boom days. For many years there were no funeral homes. I can still see the BC & G train unloading from the baggage car caskets at the little station houses along the way. Someone with a wagon or sled would be there to pick it up to take to some mountain home.

I would like very much to have a copy of this issue, and a subscription, for I really like this type of thing. My brother should have told about the one-horse buggy my family bought from Sears Roebuck about the turn of the century. My first memory of it was it sitting in a shed, but cannot remember it ever being moved until my uncle bought it when I was seven or eight—the road was too narrow and bad for a buggy, he sold it to Luther Young who carried the mail from Cressmont to Enoch. Newman Thomas ran into it with a T model Ford. Luther took a sled and picked up the pieces and the last time I saw it, it was under a corn crib when I used to go there to mill when I was still a kid.

Now, if you want a good picture for your paper later, I have here in Summersville my grandfather Kyle's old two-wheel cart. I cannot remember ever seeing it being used, for it was stored overhead in a barn shed when we moved to Enoch in '29—there was an old Dort touring car in that barn. We never dreamed that in 50 years it would be worth $50,000, so my brother hooked the team to it and hauled it out into the woods. Several years later Huckleberry Kyle, a first cousin, took it for junk and never gave us a dime for it.

My grandfather also had an old bark grinder to grind bark for his three big tanning troughs that set below the yellow sulphur spring. I have the newspaper clipping that tells how that water became yellow. A hunter's bear dog bayed a bear in the swamp below the big chestnut tree that stood by the spring. Every time the bear started toward the dog the dog would run, so the hunter became angry and killed the dog and hung him on a limb of the chestnut tree. The grease from the dog ran into the stream of water making it yellow, and that spring is the head of "Dog Run Creek," that empties into Wallow Hole Creek four miles away. My grandfather had a water mill just across the hill. I had a picture of it that has since been lost. In the summertime it took a day to catch a head of water to grind one grist.

I could go on and on, but must close. I've scribbled this hastily while at work, and my mind on a half dozen other things. Again I thank you for a good magazine and hope you can send me a subscription, and if any of the staff is in Summersville in the future please look me up. Would feel honored to meet you.
Sincerely,
Theodore Kyle

Crestview, Florida
January 9, 1978

Editor:
I would like for you to put me on your mailing list for the GOLDENSEAL magazine as I was born and raised in West Virginia. The Clay County and Roane County line went through our house. They did not know that when the house was built.
Thank you very much.
Lee Hardway

Cincinnati, Ohio
December 31, 1977

Editor:
A friend, knowing that my family lived in Auburn from 1907 until 1920, sent me a copy of GOLDENSEAL Vol. 3, No. 4 which I found most interesting. I remember well most of the people referred to in the article and many of the photographs. In particular, the flowing oil well picture on the cover intrigued me. I was a spectator when it was taken, having driven my father, Dr. N. E. Eddy, referred to on page 10, and Perry Cox, the photographer, to the location that day. Specifically, the well had been capped in but Ira Cox wanted a picture of it flowing so it was uncapped and the photo resulted.

My father died in 1920 and the family moved to Marietta, Ohio, where my two sisters, my brother and I attended college. My mother died there in 1956 and my brother Dr. Ford E. Eddy still lives there. My older sister, Dr. Bernice Eddy Wooley, lives in Bethesda, Maryland, and younger sister Mrs. Thelma Eddy Markley lives in Tavares, Florida.

We are all proud of the fact that we were West Virginians by birth, and still know many people who originated there.
Sincerely,
Ralph W. Eddy, M.D.

A Discography

(Continued from page 4)

Aunt Jennie Wilson
Revered banjo player and storyteller from Logan County. A few copies of her record are available from Sagittarius Records, P.O. Box 7, Swannanoa, NC 28778.
Portrait of Aunt Jennie Wilson . . *Sagittarius*

Melvin Wine
Traditional fiddle player from Braxton County.
Cold Frosty Morning . . . . . *Poplar LP1*

Nimrod Workman and Phyllis Boyens
Father and daughter with rich repertoire of traditional ballads and labor songs. Booklet.
Passing Thru the Garden . . . *June Appal 001*

Collections of Particular Interest:

Songs about mining, including performances by Hazel Dickens and Nimrod Workman.
Come All You Coal Miners . . . *Rounder 4005*

Samplings of the work of Frank Hutchison, Roy Harvey, Leonard Copeland, and fiddler Jesse Johnston—among several others from the Region.
Old-Time Mountain Guitar . . . . . *County 523*

Bluegrass recordings from the 1940s, including West Virginians Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper, Peewee Lambert and Curly Parker, and Cecil Surratt.
The Rich-R-Tone Story . . . . . *Rounder 1017*

Field recordings made in 1940, about half in West Virginia.
Songs and Ballads of the
Bituminous Miners . . . . *Library of Congress AFS L60*

Current: PROGRAMS • FESTIVALS • PUBLICATIONS

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related to nine of the ethnic groups in Monongalia County. Price is $3.50 plus $.50 for handling. Another, *Mountain Music,* "A Book of Shaped-Note Music and Related Activities," is intended to help children develop an appreciation for the music notation system first used in America to further group religious singing. The book consists of a number of folk songs from the area written in shape-note form and accompanied by suggested dramatic and rhythmic activities. The price is $7.50 plus $.50 handling. Handling charges shown with each of the above prices are for single copies; for multiple copies include $1.00 for every ten books ordered. Checks should be made payable to Jerome Park/Woodburn Schools-PDC and sent to 1304 Montrose Street, Morgantown, WV 26505.

New Marion County History

Fort Prickett Frontier and Marion County by Walter L. Balderson is a book just published by the Cross Roads 4-H Community Center. Mr. Balderson is a retired teacher, historian, life-long resident of Marion County, and is currently curator of the Marion County Historical Association. He has also been involved with the restoration of Pricketts Fort. His book, partly funded by the State Bicentennial Commission, includes previously unpublished Civil War material, as well as the Marion County Centennial Report by Judge Hayman, which was never published because the Centennial occurred in 1943 during World War II. The book is hardbound and contains more than 300 pages with over 100 illustrations, mostly photographs. A limited edition of 1,000 copies has been printed. To order send $15.00 to Robert Brock, Route 4, Box 412, Fairmont, WV 26554.

Trapezoid, the popular band from the Elkins area. Left to right, Sam Rizetta, Tina Liden-Jones, Stuart Light, Paul Reisler.

Weirton History

Inez Orler, a 25-year resident of Weirton, has recently published a 56-page book entitled *The History of Weirton.* The hardbound edition sketches the story of Weirton from its settlement days through the founding of Weirton Steel Company and the resulting boom and continues to present times. It also contains ten illustrations and a five-page chronology (1812-1976) of the Hancock County School system, in which Ms. Orler has taught for many years. To order send $4.50 plus $.40 handling to Carlton Press, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

Heritage Days Festival

A college-wide committee at Parkersburg Community College has planned their annual Heritage Days Festival to be held from May 4-6. Traditional crafts and music will be emphasized. West Virginia's hammered dulcimer and string band, Trapezoid, and the Green Grass Cloggers from Greenville, North Carolina, will be featured May 4 and 5. A special musical event on Saturday, the 6th, will be a banjo or fiddle contest. Fifty craftspeople from West Virginia and the Region will be a part of the popular festival. For complete information contact Nancy Pansing, Heritage Days Chairperson, Box 167-A, Parkersburg Community College, Parkersburg, WV 26101, or phone 304-424-8252.

Local Artist's Sketch of Visiting New Orleans Jazzmen

Between December 1 and 4 the Science and Culture Center presented the State Jazz Festival. Ten jazz ensembles from West Virginia performed, conducted workshops, and shared the spotlight with nationally known groups from afar. Among the visitors to Charleston was one of the Preservation Hall Jazz Bands from the French Quarter of New Orleans.

During the Preservation Hall Band concert the night of December 3, Kanawha County artist Andy Willis, a young member of the Miners Art Group, sketched the New Orleans musicians and later had them sign the drawing, which is reproduced above.

In This Issue

DOUGLAS CHADWICK was born in North Carolina and grew up in Maryland. He attended Reed College in Portland, Ore., Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash., and the Institute de Stato per Cinematographia et Televisione, a state school for filmmaking and video in Rome. At Evergreen he received a B.A. degree in film, photography, and video. Chadwick moved to West Virginia in 1970 and has worked on the staff of the *Fayette Tribune* and the *Raleigh Register*. He has shown his work in Beckley and Washington, D.C., and will have a one-man show in March at Sunrise Art Gallery in Charleston. He has periodically contributed to GOLDENSEAL.

ELAINE MORRISON FOSTER, a native West Virginian, has returned to the state to pursue historical and genealogical research, and "to write about the people [she] loves." She holds a B.M. degree with a major in piano from Shenandoah Conservatory of Music; an M.A.T. in English from Jacksonville University; and a Ph.D. in Humanities from Florida State University. In 1975 at Ohio State University, under a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities, she studied music in medieval culture. Her background includes a ministry of music in a Florida church; the musical arranging and directing of numerous dramas including Richard Boone's initial offering for the establishment of a repertory theater in St. Augustine, Florida; and a professorship in Humanities at Flagler College. She finds her present work the most rewarding of all her endeavors in that it includes the three activities she most enjoys, research, writing, and interviewing people.

LOUIS HORACEK was born in Kansas, and has lived in West Virginia since 1960. He was educated at West Virginia University and the University of Illinois. He is currently Head of Children's Services and Technical Services at City-County Library, Moundsville. An avid amateur scholar of ethnic music of the Region, Mr. Horacek has written twice before for GOLDENSEAL.

JOHN A. MAXWELL was raised in Huntington and graduated from West Virginia University in 1958 in history and political science. He served in Army Intelligence for four years and studied with the late John Ford Golay. From 1966 to 1968 he studied at Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universitaet in Bonn, West Germany, on a Fulbright Scholarship. Returning to W.V.U. as a faculty member in 1968, he received his Ph.D. there the following year. Most of his writing has been on Germany since World War II, particularly its political parties and its foreign policy. Dr. Maxwell is now an associate professor in history.

LOIS McLEAN is a Hoosier born in Indianapolis. A graduate of Purdue University, she married a West Virginian, William D. McLean, in Germany and came to his home state for the first time in 1959. Beckley has been Mrs. McLean's home since 1962 and Mother Jones and labor history her avocation since 1963. She expects to finish writing a definitive biography of Mother Jones this year and is currently president of the West Virginia Labor History Association.

WILLY RICHARDSON has spent the major part of his 25 years in the State and is now living in Charleston. He attended Pratt Institute in New York to study fashion design and West Virginia University to study theatre design and acting. He has worked as an artist in many media and was art director of the Kanawha County Public Library for several years. He has worked with set and costume design as well as acting for both Kanawha Players and the Light Opera Guild. Mr. Richardson is currently developing a program of theatre training and has as his ultimate objective the formation of a professional repertory theatre company in Charleston.

KEN SULLIVAN is a native of Dickenson County, in the coal-mining country of southwestern Virginia. He received a B.A. from the University of Virginia in 1972 and an M.A. from the University of Rochester the following year. He is currently writing a Ph.D. dissertation on the history of coal company towns for the University of Pittsburgh while he teaches Appalachian history at Antioch College's Southern Appalachian Center in Beckley.

ANDREW WILLIS is a native of Pennsylvania who attended Columbus College of Art and Design in Columbus, Ohio. Since moving to Charleston in 1975, he has attempted to encourage art for and about working people. He is president of the Miners' Art Group, an organization of local artists, including coal miners. In order to develop interest in art in the coalfields and encourage potential artists in rural West Virginia, Mr. Willis has set up exhibits, taught drawing classes, and is developing a community art studio at the United Methodist Church in Rand. His works have been exhibited in the Kanawha County Public Library and the Charleston Art Gallery. He has also mounted shows in outlying coal mining communities, such as ones at the Cabin Creek Health Center and the Cedar Grove Community Center, as well as in Harlan County, Kentucky. The versatile artist has illustrated posters for labor union causes throughout the country; copies of one of them, created for the United Mine Workers of America, hangs in miners' museums in Canada and England. Mr. Willis has worked as a free lance illustrator for the Charleston *Gazette* and is a member of Allied Artists of West Virginia. He and some other artists are presently working on a mural at West Virginia State College at Institute.

Department of Culture and History
Science and Culture Center
State Capitol
Charleston, West Virginia 25305

Address Correction Requested