Goldenseal

Volume 4, Numbers 2 and 3 April-September 1978

A Special Double Issue
To Commemorate Vandalia Gathering
A Festival of West Virginia Traditional Arts


HOLY BIBLE

Goldenseal

A Quarterly Forum for Documenting West Virginia's Traditional Life

Volume 4, Number 2-3 ❧ April-September 1978

CONTENTS

FRONT COVER: Impromptu string band session during the 1977 Vandalia Gathering. Photograph by Doug Cruise.

INSIDE FRONT COVER: Family group by S. L. Jones, Hinton. 1976. Carved wood, painted. Man 30" high. From the collection of C. Jane and Jeffrey Camp. Photograph by Tom Evans.

INSIDE BACK COVER: Phoeba Parsons beat sticks while her brother Noah Cottrill fiddled. The lifetime Calhoun Countians are invited to the festival again this year. Photograph by Steve Payne.

Published by the

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

John D. Rockefeller, IV
Governor

through its
Department of Culture and History

Norman L. Fagan *Commissioner*

Tom Screven
Editor

Michael Kline
Assistant to the Editor

David Ross-Robertson
Graphic Design

Nancy Balow
Editorial Assistant

GOLDENSEAL is published four times a year in Jan., Apr., July, and Oct. and is distributed without charge.
Manuscripts, photographs, and letters are welcome.
All Correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, GOLDENSEAL, Department of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston WV 25305.

Phone 304-348-0220.

© 1978 by the State of West Virginia.

40 Fairmont Printing Company

Vandalia Gathering 1978

A Festival of West Virginia Traditional Arts

The second Vandalia Gathering from May 26 through 28 is sponsored by the Department of Culture and History for the people of the State and our visitors. In planning this "Festival of West Virginia Traditional Arts" the Department's staff has brought together both famous and less well-known musicians from many parts of the State. The musicians, carvers, painters, craftspeople who are sharing their work with us have achieved a level of expressiveness that swells all of us with pride. It could be said that our native traditions have a way of aging gracefully just as their skilled bearers do.

Pictured here are a few 1977 Vandalia performers. Most of the musicians shown are here again this year. Many others are joining them to bring us pleasure. In the State Museum is an exhibition of the work of those whose artistic creativity is related more than casually to each creator's lifelong occupation. Showing in the Great Hall, the craftspeople are among the more talented and honorable in the State. Vandalia Gathering is a joyous coming together to celebrate the many talents of our neighbors.

Below. Outside the Center WWVU-TV filmmakers caught an impromptu string band and buck dancing session. Photograph by Doug Cruise.

Right. A banjo styles workshop was led by Dwight Diller (with cap, seated left). Included were Noah Cottrill and Phoeba Parsons. Photograph by Carl Fleischhauer.

Bottom. The Charleston fiddler, William O. Iman, was seconded by Joe Mirenna (banjo) and Paul Epstein (guitar), two members of the string band, Booger Hole Revival. Photograph by Tom Steyer.

Vandalia Gathering Schedule

Friday, May 26

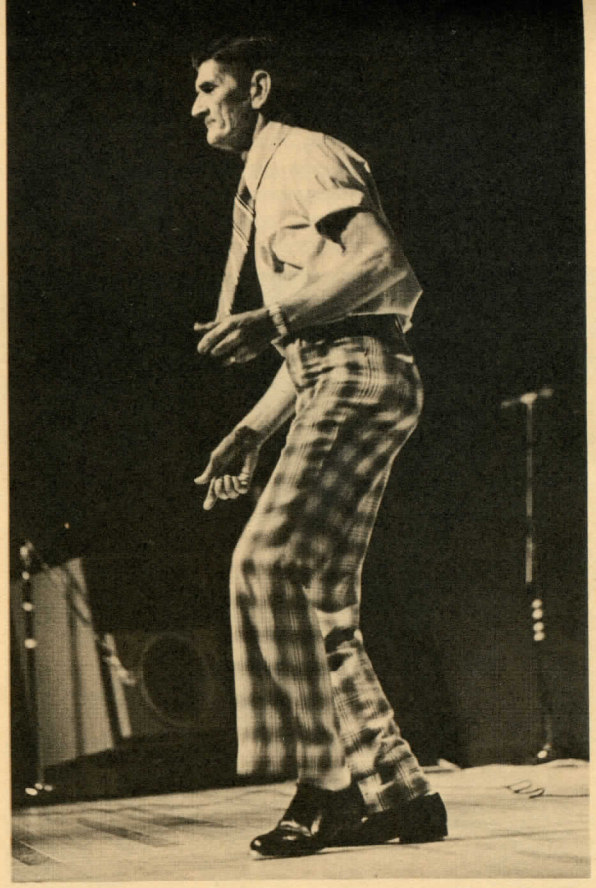
7:00 p.m. to midnight	Homecoming Concert, State Theater, saluting 1977 Vandalia musicians

Saturday, May 27

11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.	Concerts and workshops, Cultural Center and outside stage
7:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.	Concert, State Theater

Sunday, May 28

10:00 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.	Religious Music Program, State Theater
1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.	Concerts and workshops, Cultural Center and outside stage
7:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.	Concert, State Theater



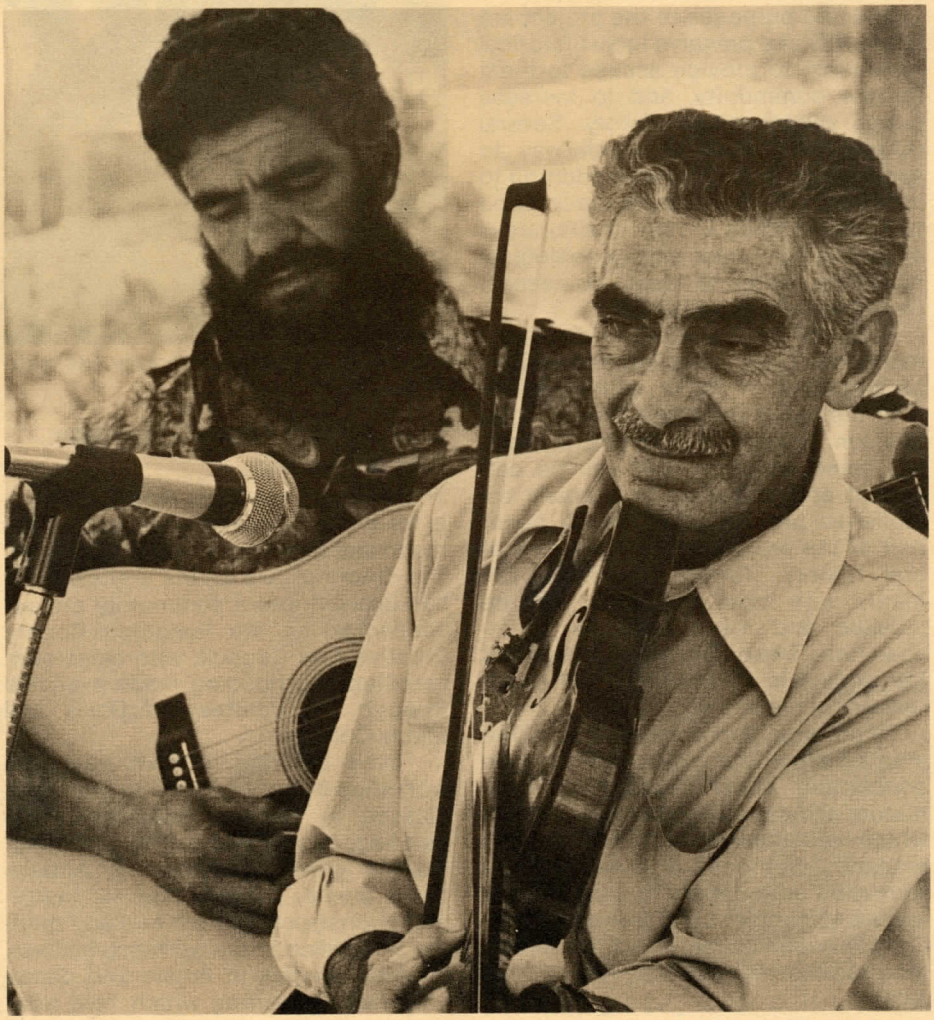
Right. D. Ray White, the lively dancer from Madison, and his family brought much music and merriment to a concert in the State Theater. Photograph by Carl Fleischhauer

Far Right. One of the informal music sessions in the Great Hall of the Cultural Center—this one revolving around fiddler W. Franklin George (seated center, with cap). Photograph by Steve Payne.

Below. Raleigh Countian Everett Lilly warmed up before a concert. The Lilly Brothers and their longtime friend, banjoist Don Stover are invited to the festival. Photograph by Carl Fleischhauer.

Bottom Center. Wilson Douglas at an outdoor workshop was seconded by fellow Clay Countian Clarence Stover. Photograph by Carl Fleischhauer.

Bottom Right. Melvin Wine, the fiddler and ex-coal miner from Copen, was seconded by his son Denzil. Photograph by Carl Fleischhauer.



current: programs • festivals • publications

Marshall County Local History Project

Marshall County's libraries have undertaken a project to collect, preserve and promote interest in local history. In September 1977 the Employment and Training Division of the Governor's Office of Economic and Community Development awarded the library system six CETA (Comprehensive Education and Training Act) positions to aid work on the project.

Specific purposes of the project are to identify and preserve local historical resources, to provide access to them for the community, and to increase public awareness of history. Several different activities are underway to accomplish these goals. In addition to indexing the *Moundsville Daily Echo* from its founding in 1892, the library is acquiring historical and genealogical materials related to local businesses, churches, and organizations.

A list of historical sites and landmarks has been compiled and current photographs of these will be made with the aid of the State Library Commission. In addition, old photographs are being acquired, and will be cataloged and preserved in a newly established picture collection. A major part of the project is the collection of oral history. Taped interviews, primarily with older residents, will be indexed and made available to researchers. The emphasis of this part of the project is on the industrial development of the county.

To promote public awareness of the area's history the project staff will be conducting short courses in local history and genealogy at local libraries which will include both history and research methods. Anyone with information or materials to contribute is invited to contact Larry Bukosky, City-County Public Library, 700 Fifth Street, Moundsville, WV 26041. Phone 304-845-6911.

Spinning class at Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop.

Sixth Annual Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop

The Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop is for those who wish to recapture the mood and talents of Appalachia's past. The dream of two Elkins craftswomen has evolved into a community project sponsored by the Randolph County Creative Arts Council, with classroom facilities and housing made available through the courtesy of Davis and Elkins College.

Now entering its sixth year, the workshop offers from one to five week classes in folklore, folkdance, tole painting, basketry, weaving, spinning, stained glass, woodcarving, Appalachian music, pottery, musical instrument construction, herb lore and quilting. In addition to the workshop courses, mini-residencies in music and dance are available, during which "old masters" will share their expertise.

The 1978 program will begin July 3 and run through August 4. On July 28 and 29 there will be a celebration of crafts, special concerts and dances—the workshop's climactic festival. Among those featured will be Martin, Bogan, and the Armstrongs, the old-time and blues black string band, and North Carolina's Green Grass Cloggers.

With the exception of a few classes, the basic fee will be $35.00 per week for West Virginia residents and $45.00 for out-of-state students, plus the cost of materials used in the workshop. Room and board are $60.00 per week. Applicants must be at least 14 years of age. Scholarships may be available on a limited basis, with preference given to Randolph County and West Virginia residents. For more information contact Eleanore Lesser, Director, Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop, P.O. Box 1725, Elkins, WV 26241. Phone 304-636-0006 or 304-636-1405.

Fort New Salem Events

Fort New Salem opens its "Publick Season" on May 27 with a weekend commemorating the first settlers of New Salem, Virginia, in 1794. During the season, which closes on November 19, the hours will be 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Wednesday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday, and 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sunday.

Other special events scheduled for this season include a Fourth of July celebration, to be held from July 1 to 3, in the manner of the early 19th century with flags and bunting, bell ringing and noise making, music and dancing.

From July 5 to August 18 the Fort will offer public workshops in fireplace cookery, 18th century lifestyles, apothecary, 18th century crafts, chair-bottoming, and other demonstrations.

September 2, 3, and 4 bring the "Muster of the Home Malitia" which recreates a historical situation of 1793.

Throughout September, October, and November students of the Heritage Arts Program will conduct exercises in 18th and 19th century life as part of their daily classroom procedure. For more information on the fort and its events contact Fort New Salem, Salem College, Salem, WV 26426. Phone 304-782-5233.

Early Bird Bluegrass Music Festival

The Butler Brothers, the bluegrass band, is presenting its annual Early Bird Bluegrass Music Festival on May 26 through 28 at Cox's Field in Walker. Originally held at Ashley, then Sutton, the festival has moved to this site nine miles east of Parkersburg on Route 47.

The festival attempts to appeal to families and will feature over 30 hours of staged concerts plus allnight picking around campfires. Also on hand will be a steam engine display and West Virginia wildlife display. Many of the musicians are West Virginia natives, and they include the Butler Brothers, the Black Mountain Bluegrass Boys, the West Virginia Travelers, the Brookover Brothers, Muddy River, Tackett Brothers, Blueridge Pardners, Sundown Valley Boys, Bluegrass Mountaineers, the Hughes Family and Frog and the Greenhorns. The festival begins Friday at 6 p.m., Saturday at 10 a.m.. and on Sunday at 10 a.m. with a hymn sing and worship service. Admission is $5.00 per day, or $12.00 for the weekend. Children under 12 admitted free with parents. Free camping space will be available. For more information contact Homer Butler, R.D. 2, Proctor, WV 26055. Phone 304-899-6017.

Huntington Galleries' Fourth West Virginia Heritage Festival

History lessons are brought to life at Huntington Galleries fourth annual West Virginia Heritage Festival. This year's festival is being held from May 14 through 28 at the Galleries. Made possible through financial support from the Arts and Humanities Commission and the Cabell County Board of Education, the main target audience of the festival is all eighth grade students of Cabell County. A full schedule of workshops are offered in folk dancing and singing, traditional games, crafts, gunsmithing, and folk tales, all designed to supplement the West Virginia studies curriculum in public schools.

As a part of the festival, the Galleries will sponsor an exhibition related to Mountain culture, with this year's emphasis on quilts and woven coverlets. Viewing hours are 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. May 14 to 19 and May 22 to 28. For more information contact Huntington Galleries, Park Hills, Huntington, WV 25701. Phone 304-529-2701.

At work on the "Heritage Quilt" at Huntington Galleries Heritage Festival.

Forks of The Buffalo Festival

The Mannington Folklore Guild is presenting its Third Annual Forks of the Buffalo Festival from June 2 through 4. Including music, art, crafts, contests, and games, the festival begins downtown on Friday evening with street entertainment capped by a fiddle contest. It continues on Saturday and Sunday at the Mannington Fairgrounds on Buffalo Street. Admission is 50c, with senior citizens and children under 12 admitted free. For more information contact Chris Mecca, Festival Committee, P.O. Box 127, Mannington, WV 26582 or phone 304-986-3407.

Outdoor Drama in Logan

The Logan County Chamber of Commerce will sponsor performances of an outdoor drama entitled "The Aracoma Story" the first two weekends in August. Presented in the new amphitheater at Chief Logan State Park, the play is entering its third season in its present form. Based on legend and fact, the play was originally written for Logan's centennial celebration in the early 1950s. It was revived and revised for the Bicentennial in 1976 and has become an annual event. "The Aracoma Story" tells about a small tribe of Indians who lived on Midelburg Island in the Guyandotte River when the Logan area was first settled by the white man, and of the intercultural relationships and conflicts between whites and Indians. Performances of "The Aracoma Story" will be held each evening on August 3-5 and 10-12, with tickets available in advance or at the gate. Advance tickets are slightly less expensive. For tickets and more information contact Logan County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 218, Logan, WV 25601. Phone 304-752-1324.

Outdoor Musical Theatre

The outdoor musical theatre at Cliffside Amphitheatre in Grandview State Park near Beckley opens its 1978 season on June 24 with a performance of *Hatfields & McCoys,* the musical play based on the history of the feuding families. It is in its ninth season. Performances alternate all summer long with performances of *Honey in the Rock. Honey,* entering its 17th season, tells the story of the birth of West Virginia during the Civil War period. The Theatre's season closes on September 3rd, and tickets for both plays are available in advance. For more information write Outdoor Musical Theatre, Box 1205, Beckley, WV

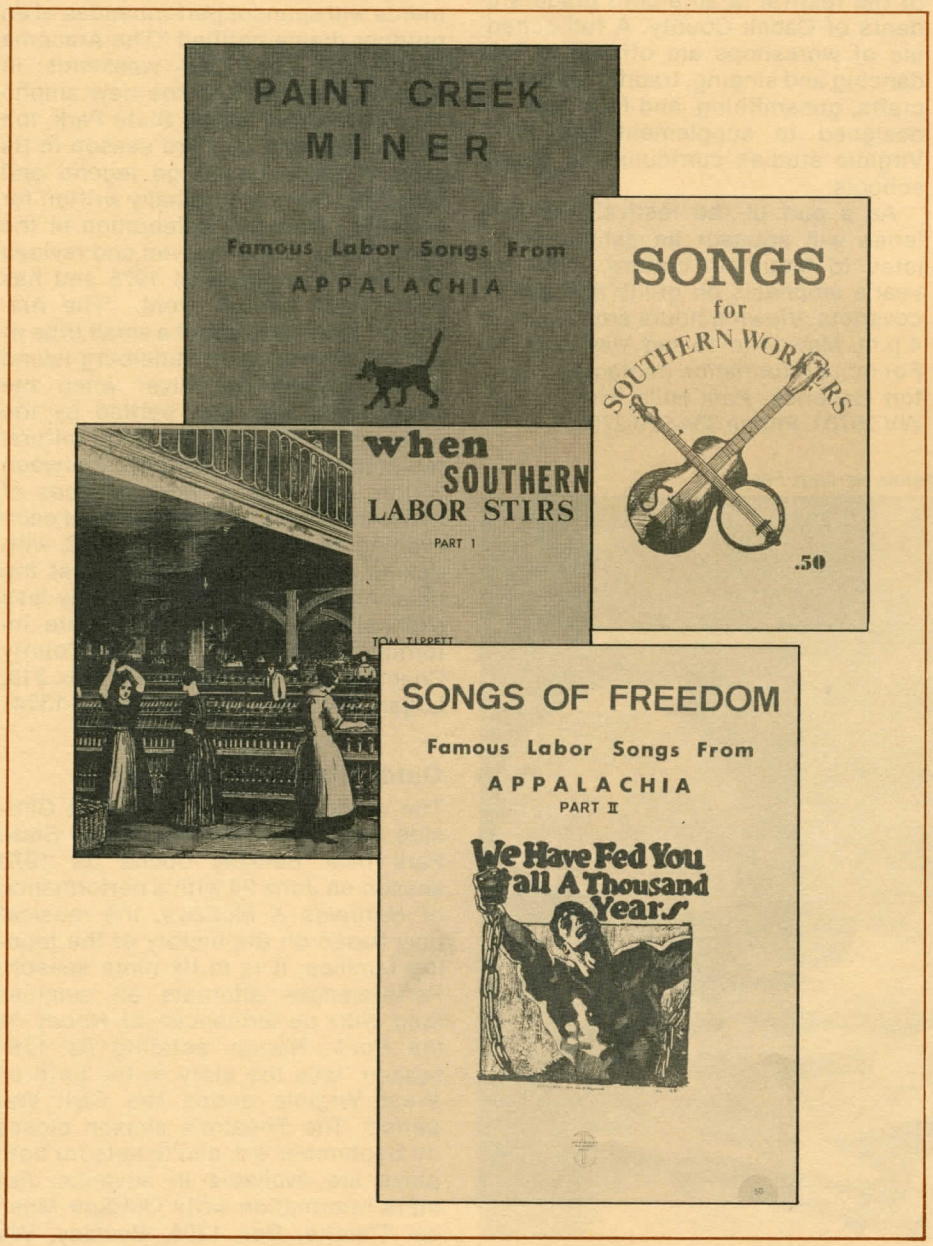
25801. Phone 304-253-8313. Within the State you can call (1)-800-642-2766 toll-free during June, July, and August.

Appalachian Press Revives Titles and Releases New Catalogue

Appalachian Movement Press began publishing in 1970 and anticipated the resurgent interest in Appalachian history, particularly labor history. Now called simply Appalachian Press, it has brought back into print many books and pamphlets that had long since been relegated to the rare book sections of libraries.

Some of the Press' titles have gone through three and four printings since 1970. The classic *Songs for Southern Workers,* originally published in 1937, has recently been reprinted and is available along with its companion volumes, *Paint Creek Miner, Famous Labor Songs from Appalachia,* and *Songs of Freedom.* Other titles being reprinted are the four-part *When Southern Labor Stirs,* originally published in 1931 by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith in New York, NY. The author is Tom Tippett, one of the five journalists represented in another Press title *The West Virginia Miners Union,* 1931, reprinted from *Labor Age Magazine.* Three of the five writers are women.

In addition to its own publications, Appalachian Press distributes for six other labor and regional presses. A free catalog is published twice a year and may be obtained by writing to Appalachian Press, 745 7th Street, Huntington, WV 25701.



Summer Crafts Workshops at Cedar Lakes

The summer session of crafts workshops at the Craft Center at Cedar Lakes near Ripley will begin on July 10 with classes in several areas. The schedule is:

JULY 10-14

Off-Loom Weaving/Knotless Netting
Instructor: Helen Dean

Basic Documentary Photography
Instructor: Bill Kuykendall

Ruck Sacks/Bag Packs
Instructor: Bill Ripley

Stained Glass
Instructor: Ann Farewell

Wood Sculpture-Carving
Instructor: Howard Werner

JULY 17-21

Advanced Watercolors
Instructor: Barbara Nechis

Beginning & Intermediate Floor Loom Weaving
Instructor: Beatrice Bannerman

Tole & Decorative Painting
Instructor: R. B. Copeland

Traditional Blacksmithing
Instructor: Michael Snyder

Wood Sculpture-Lamination
Instructor: Howard Werner

JULY 24-28

Basic Joinery
Instructor: Chip Jacobs

Batik
Instructor: Eloise Piper Zinner

Quick Quilting
Instructor: Holice Turnbow

Split Oak Basketry
Instructors: Kathleen & Ken Dalton

For more information about classes, registration fees, housing, or the program, contact the Crafts Center, Cedar Lakes Ripley, WV 25271. Phone 304-372-6263. Early registration is suggested.

State-related Song Program at Center

At the Cultural Center on June 18 from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m. a program called "Sing Out, West Virginia" will be emceed by Billy Edd Wheeler. For nearly a year Charlestonian Miss Louise Bing has searched for songs about the State, and as many of them as possible will be sung on the program. Celebrating the 115th birthday of the State on June 20, the songfest is free to the public, as are all events at the Cultural Center.

Franklin George Two-record Album

Swope's Knobs is the two-record album of W. Franklin George's old-time music that was put together last year by the versatile instrumentalist's family and friends. One of the four sides contains the twin fiddling of George and John Hilt, his western Virginia friend who died in 1970. On the other three sides there are performances by George on the fiddle and, on parts of side three, the hammered dulcimer. Sometimes accompanying the Monroe Countian on the records are Patrick Dunford, an Indiana banjoist-guitarist who died in 1976, and Dunford provided the only vocals for several cuts. John Summers, an Indiana fiddler born in 1887, is featured on side four while George mostly plays second fiddle. Charleston artist Ed Hicks designed the album jacket.

Swope's Knobs, which ought to be his last album, the fiddler has said, may be purchased by mail from the artist at Rt. 2, Box 6, Sinks Grove, WV 24976; and it is for sale at The Craft Shop at the Cultural Center in Charleston.

Aspects of State Regional Studies Spotlighted in North Carolina Journal

The Autumn 1977 issue (Vol. 5, No. 1) of Appalachian State University's *Appalachian Journal* is called "A Guide to Appalachian Studies." The 192-page special issue of the quarterly is devoted to articles that provide a sourcebook for and assessment of Appalachian Studies in higher education in the Region. Several scholars cite West Virginia resources, both those in print and phenomena which deserve the attention of researchers. West Virginia topics are aired especially in the article on traditional music by David Whisnant, one on folklore by W. K. McNeil, and the state of the study of religion by Loyal Jones. The bibliographic information in the issue is extensive.

Subscription rates for the journal are $6.50 per year, or the single issue is available for $2.50. Write to *Appalachian Journal,* 132 Sanford Hall, Appalachian State University, Boon, N. C. 28608.

Sixth Annual John Henry Folk Festival

The John Henry Memorial Foundation has announced plans for its sixth annual John Henry Folk Festival to be held on September 3rd and 4th on the grounds of the old mineral health spa in Pence Springs. Traditional blues and gospel music and arts and crafts will be emphasized at this intercultural event. Martin, Bogan and the Armstrongs, a black string band that was popular touring the State in the 1930s, will be featured at the festival along with a cross section of traditional musicians, artists, and craftspeople from the southern part of the State. Special events commemorating John Henry on Labor Day, the 4th, will include a spike driving contest and a musical program at the nearby John Henry Park at Talcott.

Efforts are being made to locate older traditional craftspeople and musicians from the area, especially those who know old railroad songs. For more information about the Festival, contact the John Henry Folk Festival, P.O. Box 135, Princeton, WV 24740. Phone 304-487-1148.

Martin, Bogan and the Armstrongs, who will be at the John Henry Folk Festival.

Mountain Heritage School

Residents of Monroe County and surrounding areas are being offered courses in crafts and native skills through a program established by the Mountain Heritage School of Union, WV. The school, a non-profit organization with funding assistance from the National Endowment for the Arts and the West Virginia Arts and Humanities Commission, hires talented local artisans and musicians to teach a wide range of activities. In the current spring term courses are being offered in pottery, quilting, weaving, banjo, fiddle, dulcimer, dobro, and guitar.

The courses are free and open to everyone with interest in learning a new skill. Some classes are held in the home of the instructor while others are held in the library in Union and the Monroe County Senior Center in Lindside. For more information on the school and classes, write or call the Mountain Heritage School, P.O. Box 346, Union, WV 24983. Phone 304-772-3159.

Letters from Readers

GOLDENSEAL welcomes letters of general interest from readers. Our address is Department of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305.

Elkins, WV
December 20, 1977

Editor:
I have just finished reading several copies of GOLDENSEAL and would like very much to have my name placed on your mailing list.

I was born February 9, 1904, and have lived my life in Braxton and Randolph Counties. . . .

I was living in Braxton County when the gas field was developed. Horse-drawn equipment was the rule, even oxen teams were used to pull the heavy drilling equipment over the muddy roads.
Yours very truly,
Byron Woods

Columbus, Ohio
January 5, 1978

Editor:
I am an English teacher and one of the courses I teach is folklore. A student brought GOLDENSEAL in for me to look at. I was very impressed and wonder if I may subscribe. . . .
Sincerely,
Paula Stenger

Montreal, Quebec
January 16, 1978

Editor:
I am interested in receiving . . . GOLDENSEAL. My wife is the former Beverly Folger of Middlebourne, West Virginia, in Tyler County. I am Canadian and we live here in Montreal with our son Jeffrey.

My interest in West Virginia goes back at least 25 years since I am a country music fan and have been listening to WWVA for that long at least. I can recall when Lee Moore was with WWVA. . . .
Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Foreman

Oneida, New York
February 8, 1978

Editor:
I am a 4-H leader, and would like to get on your mailing list for your GOLDENSEAL publication. I think it would be an asset to my work with children.
Thank you,
Mrs. Albert Schrank

Red House, WV
March 1, 1978

Editor:
I find GOLDENSEAL a very interesting magazine—especially since often I am more or less familiar with some of the stories.

For instance, I well remember when Mother Jones made her trip to Nitro shortly after the close of World War I.

I would like to see a story on another well-known Union leader, Mr. William Blizzard. I heard him say that he was one of three persons who were tried for TREASON—I believe they may have been Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold and Mr. Blizzard. His life would make a most interesting story in my opinion.
Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Lora E. Ambler

Cool Ridge, WV
March 13, 1978

Editor:
Thank you so much for sending us a copy of GOLDENSEAL, July 1975, which our brother Charlie Permelia is portrayed in. . . . We live six miles from the man that is a blacksmith in Shady Springs (J. E. Dillon) in this issue also. We've both heard our father speak of Big Andy Boggs who's remembered in the January 1978 issue. They were both miners and both worked at Eccles, where my wife's father was killed in a coal fall in 1937 in No. 5 mine. The old building at Eccles looks the same in this issue after 39 or more years. Thank you again for GOLDENSEAL.
Ernest E. Permelia

South Charleston, WV
March 14, 1978

Editor:
A friend of mine recently gave me a copy of the October, November, and December GOLDENSEAL in which I read with great interest an article about Auburn and Ritchie County. I was born and reared some five miles from Auburn at Lawford.

I have a picture of my brother, Bernard Hickman, and myself taken on the same animal rug that is shown on page 5. My brother and I also attended school in the building pictured on the same page. We walked five miles to and from school when we could not travel the mud road by Model T Ford, and got our 9th grade schooling there. Many of the persons named and the things pictured are familiar to me.
Sincerely,
W. Gail Hickman

Clarksburg, West Virginia
March 15, 1978

Editor:
Recently I was collecting newspapers for the Senior Citizens and in a bag of papers I found an issue of GOLDENSEAL. This was the first I had heard of this magazine. I am sorry I have missed all the back issues.

In this particular issue was an article on the Mother's Day Church at Grafton. This brought back memories. My brother, now deceased, was an officer in the Salvation Army and was at one time stationed in Grafton. He preached one time at that church. His son, interested in West Virginia history and now residing in North Carolina, sure appreciated me mailing this copy.

Also in this issue was an article on the oil fields of Ritchie County. This was interesting reading for my husband. His father, around 1915-1919 during the early years of his marriage, had worked in this county in the oil fields.
Yours,
Mrs. Porter Cain

Springfield, Ohio
March 18, 1978

Editor:
Thank you for placing my name on your subscription list. . . . The magazine, in addition to being well written, provides a wealth of history. . . .

The picture of Big Andy Boggs by the Stanton Studios of Springfield, Ohio, brought back many memories. They took our parents wedding pictures in 1903, as well as many other family photos.
Best wishes,
John O. Adler

Charleston, WV
March 21, 1978

Editor:
While reading the GOLDENSEAL article on 'Big Andy' Boggs in the January-March 1978 issue, I noticed an error in a caption on page 10. The gun illustrated on page 11 is of the percussion lock form rather than a flintlock. The text of the article identifies Boggs as a gunsmith whose percussion lock firearms were well known, and I assume that the gun pictured is one of the Boggs rifles.
Sincerely,
Anne P. Wainstein, Curator
State Museum, Archives and History Division
Department of Culture and History

Houston, Texas
March 22, 1978

Editor:
I recently saw a copy of GOLDENSEAL for the first time at a folk culture survey workshop in Temple, Texas. I immediately told our local arts council about the magazine and know that they have already subscribed. Now I would like to personally request to be put on your mailing list.

The magazine is such a delight that I would like to be able to enjoy it in my own home.
Thank you,
Kay Evans

Buckhannon, West Virginia
March 24, 1978

Editor:
Please place my name on your mailing list. I have read your last issue and your article about baseball reminded me of playing with the old "Kanawha Cubs" of Rock Cave back in 1917.
Yours truly,
Henry Fidler

Elkins, W. Va.
March, 1978

Editor:
I was very interested in the story of "Big Andy" Boggs. I am enclosing a copy of an old paper with his picture, the rock, the old house and Mr. and Mrs. William Hutchinson Boggs. William was the son of Big Andy. Big Andy was Andy Jr. His father's name was Andrew. He died November 12, 1859. Big Andy's sister Salome Boggs married George Lake on October 10, 1839 and they had five children, Talitha born August 19, 1840; Jerusha Lake (My grandmother) was born March 9, 1842; Richard C. Lake born June 22, 1843; Rhuana Lake born May 3, 1845 and Washington B. Lake born January 20, 1847. The Bob (Robert) McCray that stabbed the bear Big Andy was holding, was my grandfather.

Big Andy was born November 29, 1815 and died February 13, 1880.

I do enjoy GOLDENSEAL.

Sincerely,
L. McCray

Melbourne, Florida
April, 1978

Editor:
May your printer's ink curdle and the fleas of 2,000 coon hounds infest your armpits. In your January-March (1978) issue you referred to Fred Cadle's tale "An Early 1920s Baseball Game" as wry deceit. I have known Mr. Cadle almost threescore years as a gentleman and a scholar, a man who is truthful to a fault, and there aren't many of us left, you know.

Apparently the years have taken their toll and Mr. Cadle's memory has taken leave of him. However, when his memory is refreshed I'm sure he'll confirm my story as to what really happened.

After hopping off an N & W freight alongside the Naugatuck ball park, I was immediately shanghaied by the surviving Salt Fork players. Thanks to their ineptitude and the marksmanship of their fans in the stands, four had been lost in the second inning.

I was immediately pressed into service as a pinch hitter, and to the horror of all Salt Fork I faced the great and grim Fred Cadle. You could have heard a .30-.30 drop as Fred went into his windup. I knew I had to produce or suffer a fate similar to the late four Salt Fork teammates. So I clouted his first pitch and hit a line drive just beyond reach of the second baseman. As I rounded second I turned my head at the sound of what I thought to be cannon fire and collided head-on with that speeding horsehide, which had broken the sound barrier.

I was called out for having been hit by a batted ball, the first and only man in history to be hit by a batted ball which he had swatted himself.

Next inning I reasoned that to avoid a similar fate I had to swing still harder. My strategy was perfect. The balls were disintegrating before reaching the base line, just as a spent satellite burns itself out upon reentering earth's atmosphere. The ump was going wild trying to make an acceptable call, Fred Cadle was being carried off the field in a straight jacket, and the Salt Fork fans were busily engaged in tearing down the stands and building a scaffold to accommodate the ump should his decision be unfavorable.

Needless to say, Salt Fork won a decisive victory and I was the toast of the town. Ironically, my fame was short-lived, for after being named interplanetary champion, the Commissioner of Baseball, in his somewhat less than infinite wisdom, ruled that my name and feats be stricken from the annals of baseball and never again uttered in public. He knew that future generations would question the authenticity of such records and baseball would suffer untold humiliation.

Like the great Jim Thorpe, I am now endeavoring to clear my good name and have it forever enshrined in Baseball's Hall of Fame. The only known survivor of that historic game is Fred Cadle who I'm certain, in his lucid moments, will support my story in toto.
Truthfully,
K. K. Keenen

P.S. - An afterthought.

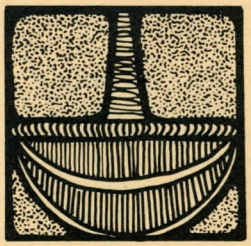
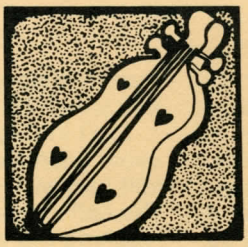
A wise man once said, "Every man should be proud of his native state whether he was born there or not." With unbounded pride I can claim Nicholas County, West Virginia, as the place of my birth, having arrived at Swiss sometime between the Spanish-American War and World War I.

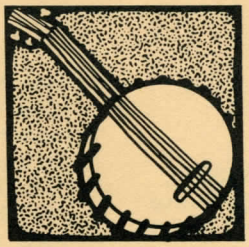
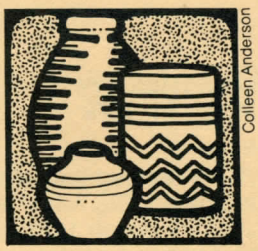
I was educated at Davis and amassed my "fortune" at Clay. Since retiring to Florida, I have studied under the master raconteur, Harold "Red" Neil, also a native Nicholas Countian who now resides in Apopka, Florida. It was at his knee, and some other bum joints, that I learned to never let the truth stand in the way of a good story.
K. K. Keenan

FOLKLIFE CENTER — 703 281-2228

Box 19303 20th St. WASH 20036

Summer Crafts And Music Events in West Virginia

Colleen Anderson

May 14-28	West Virginia Heritage Festival (Huntington Galleries)	Huntington
May 25-28	Webster County Woodchopping Festival	Webster Springs
May 25-29	Kanawha County Fair	Charleston (Camp Virgil Tate)
May 26-28	Early Bird Bluegrass Music Festival (Cox's Field)	Walker
May 26-28	Vandalia Gathering	Charleston (State Capitol)
May 26-29	Oglebay Institute's Spring Folk Dance Camp (Camp Russell, Oglebay Park)	Wheeling
May 27-29	Fort New Salem, opening weekend (open through November 19)	Salem (Salem College)
May 30	Memorial Day Celebration (City of Grafton & First National Cemetery)	Grafton
June 1-3	West Virginia Strawberry Festival	Buckhannon
June 1-3	Calhoun County Wood Festival	Grantsville
June 2-4	Forks of the Buffalo Festival (Mannington Fairgrounds)	Mannington
June 3	Red Clay Ramblers Concert (The Cultural Center)	Charleston (State Capitol)
June 4	Rhododendren State Outdoor Art & Craft Festival	Charleston (State Capitol)
June 8-10	Skyline Bluegrass Festival (Blake's Farm)	Ronceverte
June 9-11	Seventh Annual Mountain Heritage Art & Craft Festival (off U.S. Route 340)	Harpers Ferry
June 15-18	West Virginia State Folk Festival	Glenville
June 18	West Virginia Song Day (The Cultural Center)	Charleston (State Capitol)
June 24	Stompin' Crick Concert (The Cultural Center)	Charleston (State Capitol)
June 24-25	Harpers Ferry Gospel Sing (Harpers Ferry Cavern Green)	Harpers Ferry
June 25	Booger Hole Revival (The Cultural Center)	Charleston (State Capitol)
June 24-Sept. 3	*Hatfields and McCoys* and *Honey in the Rock*, outdoor musical theatre season (Cliffside Amphitheatre, Grandview State Park)	Beckley
June 30-July 4	Terra Alta Fourth of July Celebration (City Park)	Terra Alta
June 30-July 4	Mountain State Art & Craft Fair	Ripley (Cedar Lakes)
July 1	Fourth of July Celebration	Helvetia
July 1-4	Frontier Fourth Celebration (Pricketts Fort State Park)	Fairmont
July 1-4	Foot Stompin' '78 (Aunt Minnie's Farm, Rts. 33, 119, Frametown Rd., between Glenville & Spencer)	Stumptown
July 3	Wheeling Suspension Bridge Festival (on Wheeling Bridge)	Wheeling
July 7-9	Pocahontas County Pioneer Days	Marlinton
July 20-22	Appalachian Experience '78 (West Virginia University)	Morgantown
July 21-23	Joe Meadows' 3rd Annual Fiddlers Convention (Mason County Fairgrounds)	Pt. Pleasant
July 27-30	Beverly Community Week	Beverly
July 28-29	Augusta Heritage Arts Festival (Davis & Elkins College)	Elkins
July 28-29	Huntington Square & Round Dance Festival (Marshall University Student Center)	Huntington
July 28-29	Sixth Annual Bluefield Fiddlers Convention (New Glenwood Park)	Princeton
July 28-30	Fifth Annual Pocahontas County Mountain Music & Bluegrass Convention (Rt. 28, 5 mi. west of Marlinton)	Huntersville
Aug 3-5 & Aug 10-12	Outdoor Theatre (Chief Logan State Park Amphitheater, Rt. 10, near Logan)	Logan
Aug 11-13	West Virginia Square & Round Dance State Convention (Salem College)	Salem
Aug 12	Mountain State Bluegrass Festival (Mountain State Park, Rt. 15)	Webster Springs
Aug 15-19	Winfield District Fair (Bunner Ridge Park)	Fairmont
Aug 18-19	Square Dance Festival (North Bend State Park)	Cairo
Aug 18-20	Bluegrass Festival (Potomac Highlands Park)	Moorefield
Aug 19	Ice Cream Social (Lubeck Fire House)	Lubeck
Aug 19	Annual Chicken Supper-Dance (Helvetia Community Hall)	Helvetia
Aug 22-26	Mannington District Fair (Mannington Fairgrounds)	Mannington
Aug 25-27	Appalachian Arts & Crafts Festival (Raleigh County Armory Civic Center)	Beckley
Aug 25-27	West Virginia Bluegrass Festival (Cox's Field)	Walker
Sept 1-3	Stonewall Jackson Jubilee (Jackson's Mill State 4-H Camp, 2 mi. off Rt. 19 N)	Weston
Sept 3	The 25th Annual Braxton County Homecoming (Laurel Fork Airport)	Sutton
Sept 1-4	Oglebay Institute's Fall Folk Dance Camp (Camp Russell, Oglebay Park)	Wheeling
Sept 1-4	Heaven '78 Bluegrass Festival (Aunt Minnie's Farm, Rts. 33, 119, Frametown Rd., between Glenville & Spencer)	Stumptown
Sept 3-4	Sixth Annual John Henry Folk Festival	Pence Springs
Sept 9-10	Helvetia Community Fair	Helvetia
Sept 14-17	Treasure Mountain Festival	Franklin
Sept 14-17	West Virginia Oil & Gas Festival (City Park)	Sistersville
Sept 16-17	Harpers Ferry Gospel Sing (Harpers Ferry Cavern Green)	Harpers Ferry
Sept 22-24	Heritage Weekend	Moorefield
Sept 24-25	West Virginia Country Fling Outdoor Banjo & Fiddle Contest (Harpers Ferry Cavern Green)	Harpers Ferry
Sept 28-30	Molasses Festival	Arnoldsburg
Sept 29-Oct 1	Third Fall Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival	Harpers Ferry
Sept 29-Oct 1	Golden Delicious Festival (Bradley Field)	Clay

D & E COLLEGE LISTING

MACK SAMPLE DICK KIMMEL

GOECD

Shape-note Singing in Appalachia: An Ongoing Tradition

By Alice Fortney Welch and Jack Welch
Photographs by Jack Welch

God made the horse, and man made the harness.
God made the voice, and man made the harness to put on it.
That's the purpose of shape-note music.

W. E. Fortney

A FEW MONTHS AGO in Brooke County I crossed a wooden plank bridge into McKinleyville, a former coal camp that has transformed itself into a workers' village in which people commute a few miles down Buffalo Creek and spread up and down the Ohio Valley to work in steel mills, coal mines, chemical factories, etc. There is a mixture of old company houses and new brick split-level houses in the town, but the general impression of McKinleyville with its unpaved streets and small yards with garden patches jammed in between is one of Appalachian depression. Looks are deceiving in this case because the people are well employed and well paid. However, the tradition of coal camp dreariness has not yet been eradicated, though there are signs, in the new construction, of change for the better.

Into this community William Este Fortney has come to teach shape-note music. He will instruct in the meetinghouse of the Church of Christ, a religious group which uses shape-note songbooks exclusively as it, for doctrinal reasons, sings its praises to God without the use of a musical instrument. In the 40 or so years that W. E. Fortney has been teaching music in Appalachia, he has instructed more than 200 singing schools in the ways of shape-note singing. He continues to do so in spite of the 70 years he has now passed, and his services are still in demand.

W. E. Fortney came to shape-note singing through the traveling singing masters who were frequent visitors to the rural areas of Appalachia through the first two decades this century. In 1917 he attended a singing school at a schoolhouse in Coal Fork near the Ritchie County-Calhoun County border. The school was conducted by Roland Fortney, a relative of W. E. Fortney, and a keeper of a store in another section of Ritchie County. Rol Fortney taught the nine-shape-note system, as did his predecessors, by writing the scale and the shaped notes on the school's blackboard. He insisted that everyone learn to read the notes, and when that goal was accomplished, he rewarded his group by leading them in songs from a songbook entitled *Gospel Message In Song.* Rol Fortney learned his own technique of instruction from Peter J. Kelley, an earlier singing master who had taught in Appalachia.

Rol was paid $30 to $35 for his two-week school, and the money for schools of this time was raised in the community by having pie suppers. In this fund-raising activity, women of the community baked pies or cakes which were auctioned off to the highest bidder. A bonus for the purchaser was that he ate his pie in the company of the lady who had made it.

This article is a revision by the authors of a paper they read at the annual meeting of the American Folklore Society in Detroit, Michigan, on November 6, 1977.

A Brief History of Shape-note Music

Early shape-note singing was called "fasola" singing, the name being derived from the common scale in use in 16th century England. The scale, *ut, re, me, fa, sol, la, si,* had eroded to simply three syllables, *fa, sol, la* among the masses in England. To fill out the seven notes of the octave, people sang, "*fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi.*" Fasola singing entered America through New England. In the 17th century churches of New England, only a few tunes were used, no musical instructions were given by the churches, and the words of each song were lined out.

In 1721 a musical innovation in the region occurred when John Tufts and Thomas Walter published *An Introduction to the Singing of Psalm Tunes* (Boston, 1721), and it was a radical innovation because it contained 25 new tunes and was the first tune book compiled in the colonies.

Gradually, music expanded beyond church use into the secular environment. Singing schools began to be held in 1770.

Early singing schools were held in taverns and were generally frowned upon by religious people. Students learned the songs by note, and after much practice, they were allowed to sing the words of a song. The singing schools were usually 24 afternoons and evenings, ending with an "exhibition." Then the singing master would leave the community, and the pupils would fill the ranks of the local church choirs.

In order to make the learning of notes easier, various teachers began developing new methods of notation. The result was "character" or "shape" notation, now used exclusively in its original form by the fasola folks and in a further developed form by many others. This shape-note notation eventually was influential in separating rural from urban music and folk singing from art singing.

It has not been absolutely determined who first developed the note shapes. Some historians give the credit to the New England singing school teacher, Andrew Law, and some give the honor to two partners in songbook compiling, William Little and William Smith. Both the former and the latter could claim a "new method" because their methods were not exactly the same.

Law (c. 1803):

Little and Smith (c. 1802):

The best way to trace the growth of shape-note singing is to follow the trail of the songbook makers. The compilers of the songbooks were always singing teachers and composers. At least 38 different books appeared in the four-shape notation between 1798 and 1855. One of the most popular was James H. Hickock's *Sacred Harp,* published in 1844. The last one published was John G. McCurry's *Social Harp* in 1855.

The first Southern rural singing activity seems to have been in the Great Appalachian Valley of Virginia, the first singing master there being Ananias Davisson, who compiled *Kentucky Harmony* in about 1817. While Davisson was supplying the English-speaking people, the numerous Germans in the Valley were using *Choral-Music,* compiled by Joseph Funk and written in German. Funk was one of a large family of Mennonites who had emigrated from Pennsylvania and settled in a village called Mountain Valley, later changed to Singers Glen in honor of the musical activity of the village. This German songbook eventually fell into disuse as the German population learned English and became Americanized, but the German music teachers remained active.

Sixteen years after *Choral-Music* was published, Funk brought out *Genuine Church Music* (1832) in English, and it was a popular book. Years later, when the seven-shape-note system replaced the four-shape-note system, Funk's English book was published with the new notation and called *Harmonia Sacra.* Today, Joseph Funk's house remains and is occupied by a retired schoolteacher who will graciously invite visitors in and tell them about the place. Joseph Funk's grave is in the Singers Glen cemetery along with those of many of his descendents.

The fasola folk were mostly German and Scots-Irish with a little English thrown in. In spite of the fact that the Germans were more numerous (especially in the Great Appalachian Valley), and had a rich religious and musical background, their influence was not as great as the Scots-Irish because the German songs were wedded to the German language. Soon the Germans became regular fasola Americans. For this reason many of the tunes used by the fasola folk are of Scots-Irish flavor and secular in nature. The Celtic idiom was also evident in the scales upon which the tunes are based. Some of the scales are hexatonic. The majority of the fasola tunes were based on these "gapped" scales.

Other hymn-tune influences were ancient ballads, current popular songs, fiddle tunes, and dance tunes. George Pullen Jackson, the Southern religious song scholar, has written, "Fiddles and all that went with them were generally taboo with religious folks. But the fiddle tunes were too good to remain in the exclusive employ of the devil, and all it took to bring such tunes into books of 'sacred' tunes was a set of religious words." For example, a variant of "Turkey in the Straw" was used by both religious and political songwriters.

Another type of song used by the fasola folk was the camp meeting song. Camp meetings were religious meetings held in cabins or open fields. Songbooks being mostly unavailable, songs had to be already well-known or made up on the spot. These would come closer to real folk music than any other,

and the ones that had continued popularity eventually were included in hymnbooks. In fact, the camp meeting songs helped to sell books. "The Heavenly Port" and "Parting Friends" are two examples of camp meeting songs, "A Poor Wayfaring Stranger" being a variant of the latter. Many Negro spirituals are very similar to certain camp meetings songs and seem really to be variants of white spirituals rather than exclusively Negro creations. Historians are not in agreement as to whether blacks created their own songs or simply absorbed them from rural whites living nearby. Jackson has a whole chapter on this subject, including the tunes and texts of 20 "white folk" songs and the parallel Negro spirituals.

The fasola type songs were well suited to the rural folk and their primitive lifestyles, but the songs were eventually scorned by urban church people. At about the beginning of the 19th century, due to the influence of European music, the *do-re-mi* system was introduced into America and spread slowly from the city to the country. The new system met stiff resistance from the shape-note singers until some of the songwriters realized that the solution was to develop a seven-note notation to go along with the *do-re-me-fa-sol-la-ti* scale. The first to have great success was Jesse B. Aikin of Philadelphia. His book, Christian Minstrel, endured for decades and went into as many as 171 editions. At least six other different systems of seven-shape notation were developed including those by the previously mentioned Joseph Funk. It was the Aikin system which survived and is still used. The shapes are as follows:

It is interesting to note that tunes based on minor scales have mostly been abandoned to the extent that the seven-shape notation makes no provision for minor keys. The system uses a moveable *do*, so that in the key of C, *do* is on C, etc. However, in the key of the relative minor, which is A minor, *do* is still on C, and the tonic key of A is given the shape of *la*.

At the present time the seven-shape-note system is still used by millions, yet its very existence is unknown to most professional musicians. Most religious groups use instruments, making it unnecessary for the congregations to really learn how to sing. The hymnbooks are printed in round notes, and those who don't read music simply sing along with the organ. Churches of Christ, however, do not use instruments, and all the hymnbooks are printed in the seven-shape notation. The church members who know how to read music simply disregard the shape of the notes. The majority learn the songs by note, including even the alto, tenor, and bass parts, but those who have attended singing schools can use the shapes to teach themselves new songs.—A.F.W.

Much of the above history of shape-note singing came from George Pullen Jackson, *White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1933; Dover edition, 1965.)

Home of early shape-note singingmaster, Joseph Funk, in Singers Glen, Virginia.

This social aspect of the singing school was only the first of the social experiences connected with the singing school. The sessions were conducted each evening, and each evening there was conversation before and after. At the end of the school the singing master, in keeping with the tradition of former shape-note schools, conducted an "exhibition," which consisted of singing songs from the songbook.

W. E. Fortney was much interested in this music that was produced in these rural schoolhouses and decided to follow Rol Fortney to Ayres [Calhoun County], where he was conducting a singing school for that community. W. E. remembers that Rol was a banjo player as well as a singer but that no instrument was used in the singing schools. W. E. is an accomplished banjo player himself now, but then at age 11, he could play no instrument at all. The one aid that Rol brought with him was a C tuning fork. W. E. also remembers that Rol was an excellent reader of music and that he could even turn a songbook upside down and still sing the notes of a song accurately. He could also, incidentally, write with both hands. Other schools that he attended were at such communities as Prosperity [Raleigh County], Snyder Ridge, [Calhoun County], and Three Mile [Kanawha County]. These were taught by Jackson Richards, another pupil of Peter J. Kelley, and by "a fella by the name of Criss," his full name having been lost to memory.

W. E. Fortney also remembers that the countryside was rather full of singing. People "just loved to sing. You'd go by somebody's house and you could hear them in there singing, and they'd be singing the notes."

If W. E. had not become a member of the Church of Christ, he may never have conducted a singing school himself. He moved to Clarksburg in the 1920s, and there he learned to play the banjo both by ear and with music. He studied banjo with Homer Brown and sent to England for music for his instrument. He also played in a string band called the Dixie Brothers and performed on the radio and for dances.

But, by 1933 he was married, working in a steel mill in the Ohio Valley, and playing his banjo only for

his own amusement. When he became a member of the Church of Christ, he worshipped with a new congregation in Beech Bottom [Brooke County], near his home. That congregation had no preacher and no song leader. Otto Truex and Cliff Cronin, both of Wheeling, came to Beech Bottom to help with the singing and encouraged W. E. to lead the singing. When the congregation moved to Wellsburg, he found himself occasionally leading the singing and preaching. When a new songbook by Tillet S. Tedley was purchased and nobody knew any of the songs, W. E. said he would help people learn the new songs if they would agree to learn the notes. They agreed, and in 1935 he began Wednesday night singing sessions with the people so that they could learn the notes.

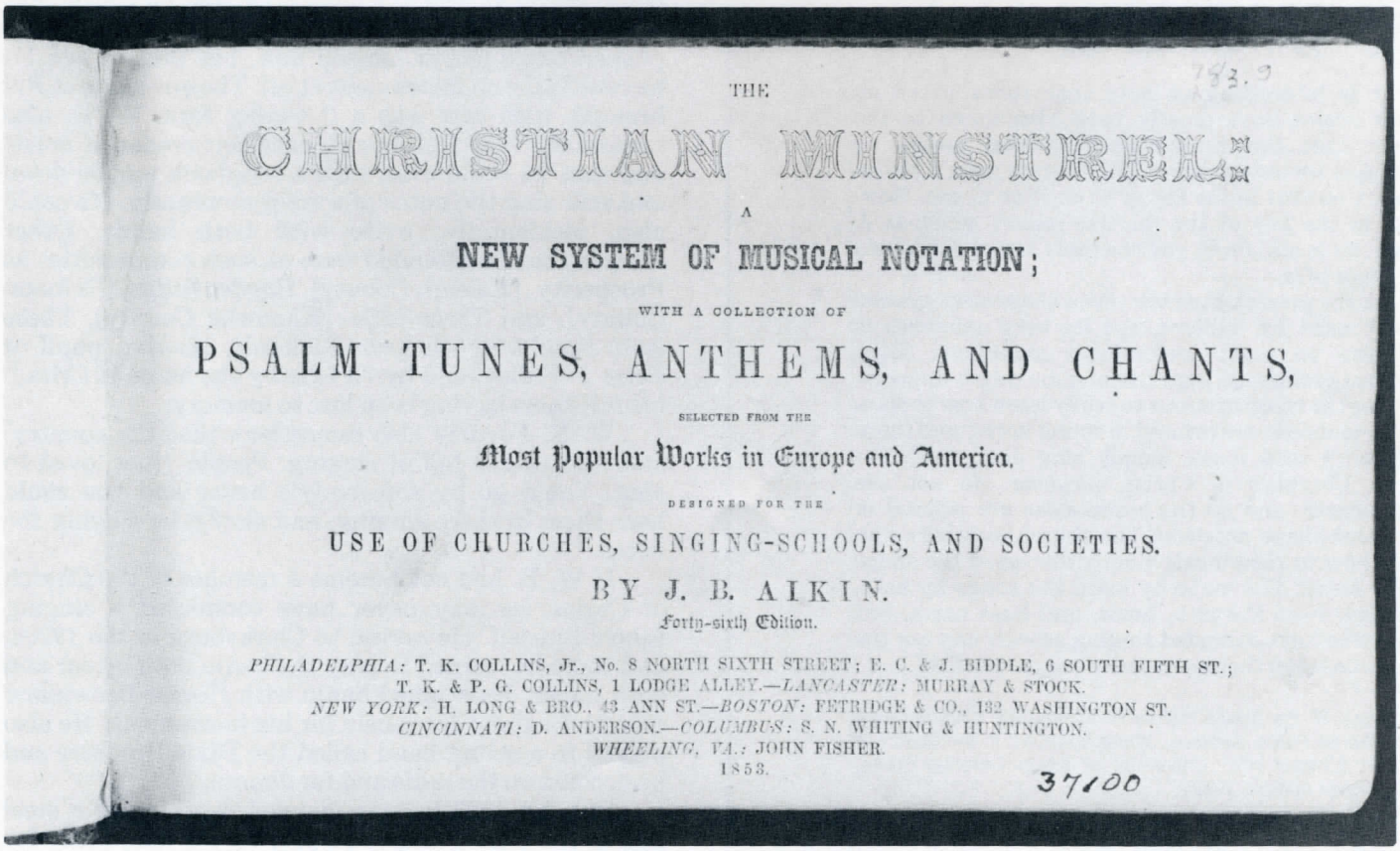
His teaching technique in those days consisted of writing the shape-note scales on the blackboard and reviewing them with people, thus keeping the 200-year tradition of instruction. He purchased a song director's book from McQuiddy Printing Company in Nashville and converted the suggested singing exercises into shaped notes so that people could take something home with them to practice. After about a year of this kind of work, W. E. Fortney decided that he had done what could be done with the church in Wellsburg, but, he says, "I kept on studying music. I had a lot of books, and I was figuring on some time teaching music."

From the late 1930s on, W. E. Fortney began to preach and to conduct singing schools. He was mainly an itinerant minister, conducting one- or two-week gospel meetings with Church of Christ congregations all over Appalachia, while maintaining a residence in Clarksburg where resided his wife and daughter (the co-author of this article). He can remember conducting singing schools in West Virginia in such larger cities as Clarksburg, Fairmont, Morgantown, New Martinsville, Paden City, Parkersburg, Wellsburg, and Weirton Heights. Churches in more rural areas were in Wetzel County at Eight Mile Ridge, Pine Grove, Reader, and Steelton; Tyler County at Dale, Iuka, and Pursley; Salem Church in Marshall County; and Porter Fork in Lincoln County. He also from time to time was invited to conduct singing schools in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Florida.

In these schools he generally at first conducted instruction on the fundamentals for two weeks on a Monday through Friday schedule, than rested on Saturday and preached on Sunday. The schools were conducted in the meeting houses of the Church of Christ, and visitors from other congregations or from the community were invited. When another singing master, Billy Gorrell of Tyler County, died, his singing charts were given to W. E. Fortney. When these charts were beyond use, he made his own charts on paper and had his wife transfer them to cloth.

Now in the 1970s, in such places as McKinleyville, W. E. Fortney carries on the tradition of the shape-note singing master, and people learn to read music and to harmonize in an amazingly short time. To begin the school, the charts are hung at the front of the building, and W. E. explains the "fundamentals" of

Title page of an 1853 songbook. Photo by Steve Payne. Courtesy Archives and History Division, Department of Culture and History.



THE

CHRISTIAN MINSTREL:

A

NEW SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION;

WITH A COLLECTION OF

PSALM TUNES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS,

SELECTED FROM THE

Most Popular Works in Europe and America.

DESIGNED FOR THE

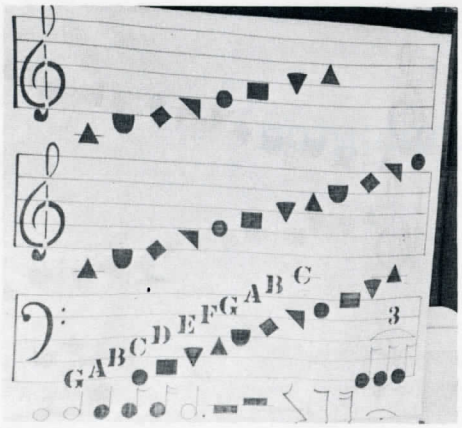
USE OF CHURCHES, SINGING-SCHOOLS, AND SOCIETIES.

BY J. B. AIKIN.

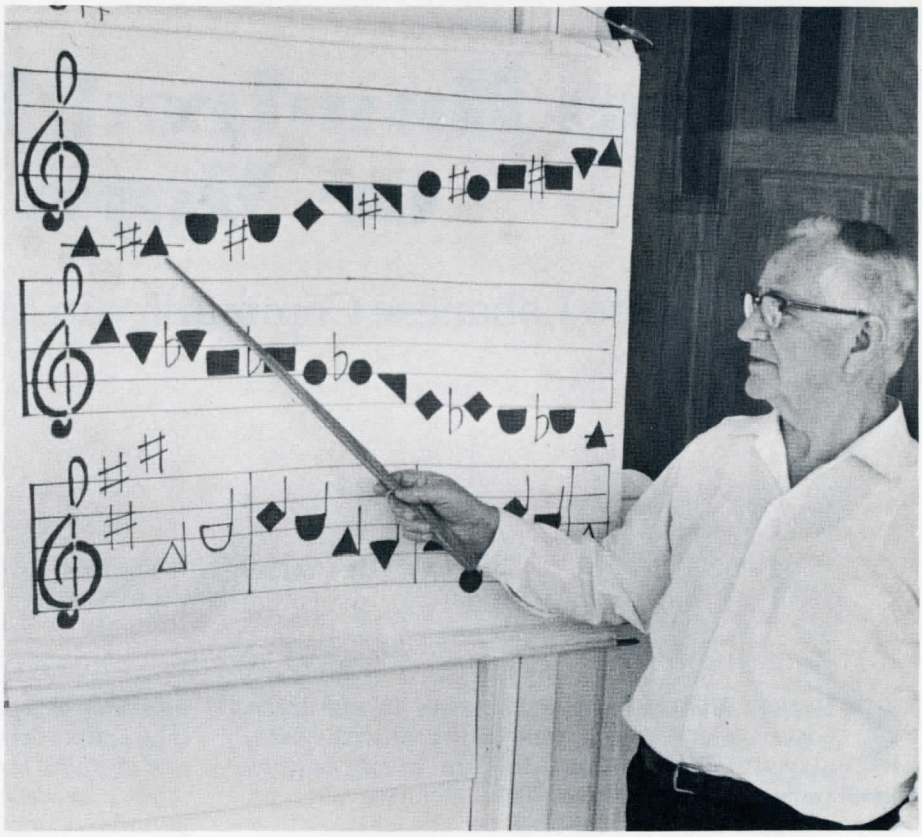
Forty-sixth Edition.

PHILADELPHIA: T. K. COLLINS, Jr., No. 8 NORTH SIXTH STREET; E. C. & J. BIDDLE, 6 SOUTH FIFTH ST.;
T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, 1 LODGE ALLEY.—*LANCASTER:* MURRAY & STOCK.
NEW YORK: H. LONG & BRO., 13 ANN ST.—*BOSTON:* FETRIDGE & CO., 132 WASHINGTON ST.
CINCINNATI: D. ANDERSON.—*COLUMBUS:* S. N. WHITING & HUNTINGTON.
WHEELING, VA.: JOHN FISHER.
1853.

783.9
37100



W. E. Fortney's teaching chart showing shape-note system, names of line and spaces, note and rest values.



Right. Fortney pointing to a *di* (*do* sharp) on his chart of the chromatic scale in shape-notes.

music, starting with the values of the notes and the meanings of the bar lines and the lines and spaces of notation. Then he begins in earnest to teach the meaning of the shapes of the notes that are on the scales and in all the songbooks the congregation possesses. Drills are conducted with the congregation singing the *do-re-me-fa-sol-la-ti* scale in unison while he himself points to the shapes on the scales. When this step has been mastered, he allows the voice parts to sing the scale separately. Finally they are put together to sing harmony. Usually by this time he has improved the tone quality of the congregation and has them projecting rather nicely. Also, he provides a patter of information about transposing, quality of hymns, and proper behavior while singing.

Singing of actual songs is, of course, conducted, too, with the congregation at first singing the names of the notes, not the words of the hymn. When the notes are all mastered, then the words are substituted for the names of the notes.

At McKinleyville, the congregation of about 60 assembled at 7:30 p.m. for the session I visited. All were there, from the oldest grandmother to the nursing infant. People sat in family groups with the teenagers usually choosing to sit in a group by themselves. All sang. Most knew little about music, but a few could play instruments from bluegrass experience or from school band experience.

Interest in the school was high and sincere, with people occasionally nodding to each other as the harmony they were producing pleased them. The session, though a singing school, was religious in tone with prayers beginning and ending it. This particular school went on for only one week, but by week's end people were singing through new songs with some confidence, beginning with the singing of the notes by their shape names and then proceeding to the addition of the words.

Two-week singing schools are really preferred for the maximum learning and reviewing potential, but much improvement can be seen in even a week. The congregation pays W. E. Fortney what it wishes, as he makes no formal charge. The amounts range from $200 to $300 for a one-week school with everyone usually thinking the experience well worth the time and the money.

There are others in the Church of Christ who teach by the shape-note method. Ralph Casey travels far and wide in the United States conducting these schools and charging usually around $100 per day plus air fare. Some of the colleges operated by the Church of Christ have one or more people who are able to teach song leaders in the shape-note method, the most famous being Irma Lee Batey of David Lipscomb College in Nashville.

But, in W. E. Fortney ones find a blend of the traditional shape-note singer who has adapted his knowledge to the needs of the non-instrumental Church of Christ in Appalachia. And, a very old and honorable tradition lives on.

Two Hundred Pounds or More

The Lebanese Community in Mannington

By Arthur C. Prichard

THERE WERE MANY Lebanese in our town when I was a boy. I went to school with them, played ball with them, and our family bought merchandise in their stores. The Lebanese were an important part of life in Mannington.

Living on our block was the Joseph Modi family. Although sons Ed and Paul were a few years older than I, I saw much of them when I was growing up. There were several things in their favor, one of the most important, at least in our young eyes, was their father's owning the Idle Hour Nickelodeon, an early movie theater. Located on the ground floor of the Masonic building on Clarksburg Street, the Idle Hour was something special.

For a nickel you could see far away places and exciting stories. There were segments of serials which left you in suspense for a whole week, left you wondering if the heroine, last seen tied to a railroad track, or the hero, dangling perilously over a cliff, would be able to escape almost certain death in the next episode. As I became a little older I not only enjoyed the movies but liked being with Ed Modi in his projection booth world, seeing how he kept the theater going mechanically and electrically. Ed grew up to become an electrical and mechanical genius.

Ball Playing Friends

In high school I played baseball and football with Paul Modi the year our high school educations overlapped. Continuing his formal education, Paul became a medical doctor.

Later the Lebanese brothers Fred and Philip Shine joined me in football efforts in high school, and Hamilton "Pete" Petres, a classmate, and I played basketball together. There were numerous young Lebanese in school, Anna and Blanche Petres and others.

One of them, Abdo Nassif, could have been a tremendous help, athletically, to Mannington High School if he hadn't dropped out of school, since he had strength and stamina far above the average youth. In the 1920s Abdo, fighting as a welterweight (between 142-147 pounds), along with Clarence Melatt, Mickey O'Brien, Gerald "Doc" Elliott, "Shorty" Ney, and other Manningtonians, engaged in many boxing bouts in our town and neighboring towns and cities. Abdo worked as a bricklayer's helper in constructing a new high school building in 1924-25. One day he had his teeth pulled, but continued working. Two days later, after carrying bricks, sand, and cement up flights of stairs all day, he boxed that evening in Morgantown against a larger opponent and won by a knockout. "The only difficulty," reported Abdo's manager, Gerald Elliott, "was in keeping Abdo's mouth packed enough to stop the bleeding from his gums, as his teeth had been pulled only two days before."

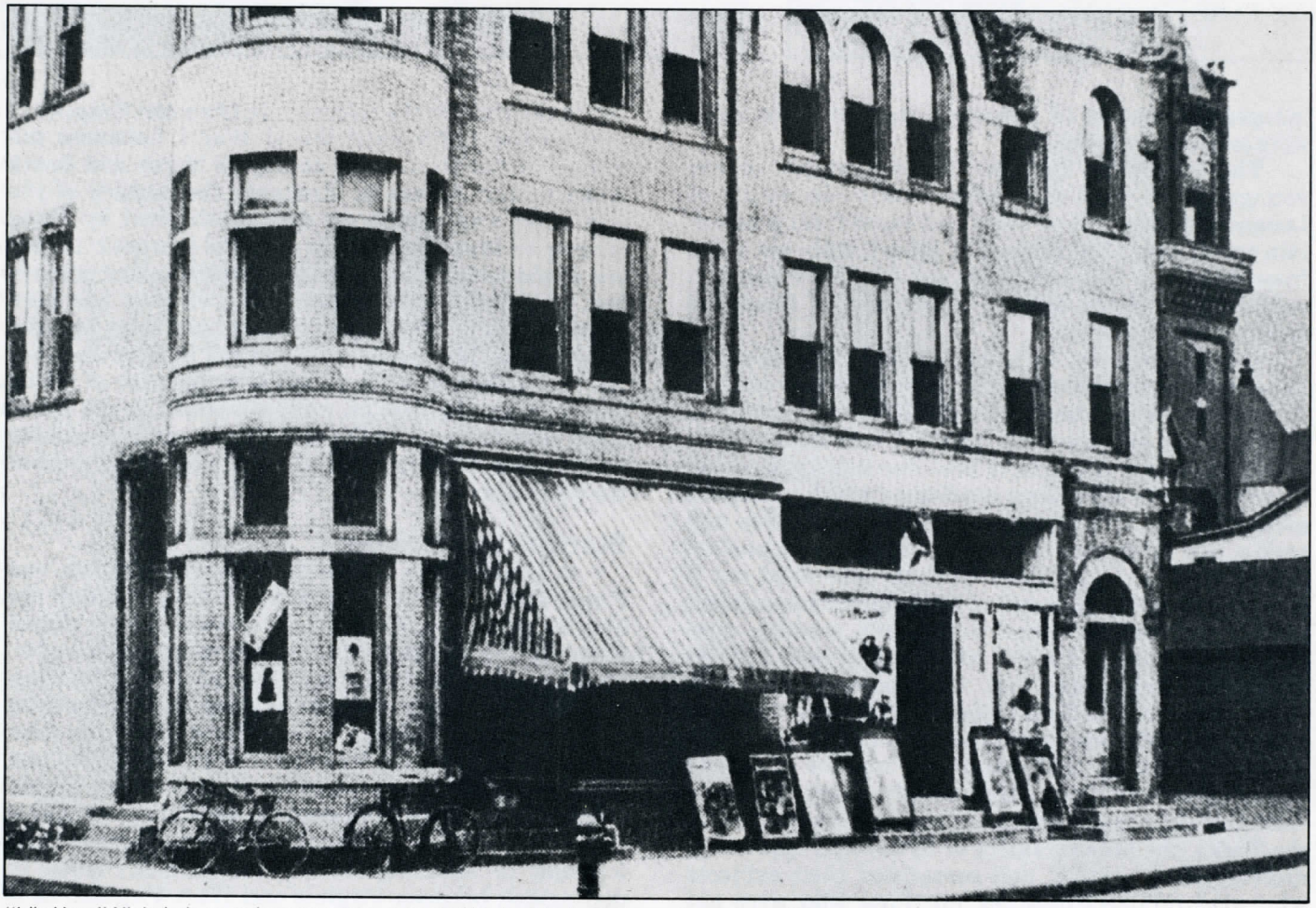
Both Elliott and Clarence Melatt, who trained with Nassif, declared Abdo hit with devastating force. "To be on the receiving end of one of his good punches was like being kicked by a mule." William Nassif, a younger brother of Abdo, said, "Once in a bout in Weirton, Abdo hit his opponent so hard the fighter spit out teeth."

How Syrians Became Lebanese

In my childhood and youth the Lebanese were called Syrians, not Lebanese, as Lebanon then did not exist as an independent nation, but was an integral part of Turkish-ruled Syria. After World War I the English and French assumed mandated power of Syria. Then a few years later the northern area was subdivided into several political units, which were given the collective name of the "Levant States." One of those units was called Lebanon. At the close of World War II the Lebanon subdivision became the

Far Left. Abdo Nassif grew up and boxed in Mannington. He had a punch that "was like being kicked by a mule." Photograph courtesy of Clarence Melatt.

Left. Mr. & Mrs. Joe Francis after wedding in Beit Meri, Lebanon in August 1922. Joe came to Mannington in early 1900s and served in U.S. Army in World War I. He returned to Lebanon in 1921, married, and returned to Mannington in 1922. Photograph courtesy of Mrs. Joe Francis.



"Idle Hour" Nickelodeon and grocery store operated by Joe Modi. Photograph courtesy of Branson Morris.

independent nation of Lebanon, and the other units were annexed by Syria.

The so-called "Syrians" in Mannington of my younger years were from what is now the nation of Lebanon. Almost all of them had come from a mountain town, Beit Meri (House of Mary), some six miles from Beirut; a few had migrated from Ein Saide, a neighboring village of Beit Meri; and at least one family was from Beirut.

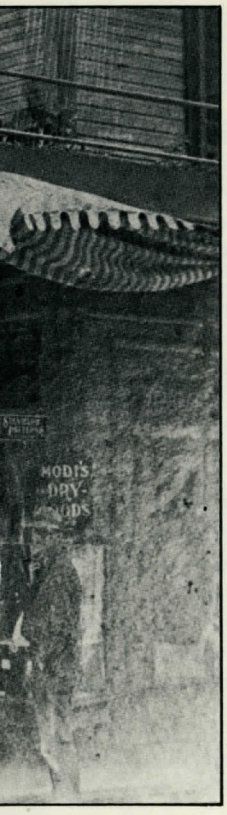
It is interesting to learn why large numbers of Lebanese (Syrians from what is now Lebanon) came to America and went elsewhere in the latter portion of the 19th century and the early 1900s. While through the ages many emigrations have been due largely to economic causes, the unsettling conditions which prompted great numbers of Lebanese to uproot themselves and seek a new land were a mingling of economic and religious factors. In addition to those who eked out a living farming the poor soil of the Lebanon mountains, plains, and valleys, there were many traders, merchants and manufacturers, who bought, sold and exchanged merchandise, and manufactured products. The opening of the Suez Canel in 1869 dealt a severe blow to the Lebanese traders and manufacturers of silk products, because that waterway brought in strong Japanese competition. Economically many Lebanese were hurt. Mingled with that injury were the actions of the Turks, the Muslim rulers of Syria, who oppressed, discriminated against, and persecuted their subjects who were infidels—meaning all those who were not Muslims. Of all the Arabic groups in the Middle East, the people of Lebanon had by far the largest percentage of Christians among them and consequently felt the heavy hand of the rulers of the Ottoman Empire.

From the 1880s until World War I Lebanese migrated by the thousands, chiefly to North and South America and Australia. Probably the pattern of the migration was similar to that established by those coming to Mannington; one or a few energetic Lebanese would emigrate to a locality which looked promising, go to work, live economically, as they had been forced to do in Syria, save money, and send for relatives to join them in the new location. In all probability the first Lebanese came to our town because of the oil boom. When the first oil well, completed in the fall of 1889, was followed in the spring and summer of 1890 by a number of successful oil producing wells, word of the boom spread.

Starting as a Peddler

A Lebanese to arrive early in Mannington was Frank Cook (David). The story is that one day the Mannington B & O Railroad station master found Frank in the waiting room, unable to speak or understand English, and wearing a tag labelled "Mannington, W. Va." When the railroad employee told others of the foreigner's plight, a local family took the newcomer home, provided food and shelter, and helped him get started in his new country. It seems that Frank, wanting to come to Mannington, had debarked from a ship at a Virginia port, for the person or persons routing him to Mannington, W. Va., U.S.A., failed to distinguish between Virginia and West Virginia, as is often the case. Finally Frank arrived at his destination by train.

Harry Golden, author of *Forgotten Pioneer,* a book



Far Left. Joe Simon as a boy, with sisters and parents around 1890 in Lebanon; photo may have been taken in late 1880s or early 1890s. A cook in U.S. Army in World War I, Joe was chef for John Modi in Arlington Hotel. Photograph courtesy of Abraham D. Modi.

Center. Modi Bros. Store on Buffalo St., Mannington about 1901. Left to right, boy and man, unknown; Joe Modi (vest, in doorway), A. K. Modi (coat), Mike Modi (arm around pole); others unknown. In apartments on second floor many Lebanese lived when they came to Mannington. Photograph courtesy of Edward J. Modi.

Left. The late Francis Abraham Modi, in 1921 with son Abraham D. Modi at 6. Francis peddled from Mannington for many years. His son Abraham now teaches at West Fairmont High School and is an upholsterer. Photograph courtesy of Abraham D. Modi.

on the early peddlers in America, answered the question, "Why did many immigrant boys and men take to peddling?", by saying peddling was the quickest way for them to get started in this country as they couldn't speak the language and, often looking different, were handicapped in finding work. By peddling they didn't present themselves, but their goods, and in the process they learned the language as well as supported themselves.

Frank Cook began by peddling, made a living, and after a while saved enough to send money to Lebanon for a relative to come to Mannington. Later he and his brother, Joe David, had a store. Sometime afterward Frank had his own store. Unfortunately he never learned to read or write English, and that, along with his readiness to extend credit to customers, some of whom took advantage of him, eventually hurt Frank economically.

Many of the young male Lebanese peddled on foot, taking merchandise from Mannington to people in isolated country areas. In their early days here a few Lebanese women also peddled. One of these was Mrs. Abraham (or Abeland) Shannon, who came here at the beginning of the oil boom. Often after a period of back peddling the men bought a horse or mule and a wagon or buggy and expanded their peddling business. Later some of them opened stores or other business establishments.

Abraham D. Modi, a West Virginia University graduate, who taught industrial arts at West Fairmont High School and operated an upholstery business in Fairmont, gave me a good account of his father's early experiences:

Back Peddling Years

"My father, Francis Abraham Modi, migrated to this country from Lebanon in 1899, coming to the little town of Mannington in the early oil excitement days. He began back peddling, bringing clothing and merchandise to the people in the country back of Flat Run, over to Fairview and on to Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. He stopped at many little farms and stayed overnight. His pack consisted of dry goods, mostly cut yardage, and clothing, shirts, work clothing, socks, pants, and underwear. These he carried in one large pack weighing 200 or more pounds. The pack was supported by a strap which went over his left shoulder, and although the strap was rather wide, it rubbed his shoulder enough to make a calloused place. The callous remained on his shoulder until his death, many years after he quit peddling on foot. In addition to the large backpack, he carried a hand grip, which held combs, thread, needles, and all such notions that women and men would need, like shaving soap, straight razors, and just about all the non-toiletries the farm folks would need. The women would ask him for powder, combs, needles, thread, and such.

"My father came to Mannington in the early spring of 1899 and, being a cousin to A. K., John, and Joe Modi, they helped him start by subsidizing him, getting him merchandise, as they were in business themselves. His route consisted, as I mentioned, of going to Fairview, Waynesburg, and so forth. There weren't any roads of any consequence, as it was the early oil excitement time, and often the mud was up to the wagon axles, and sometimes horses became bogged down in the delivery of oil supplies into the hills. Often

his contact with the people was their only contact, as few farmers ever went to the towns, and so sometimes he also would carry newspapers to them.

"When he started peddling he didn't know any English, so he had difficulty making himself understood. Yet the people would catch the idea and help him along. Many evenings when he was in the farm homes the children, who attended the country schools on the ridges, would be in the house doing their homework. They had slates, McGuffey Readers, and little books such as nursery rhymes, and while they were preparing their schoolwork, my father would learn English, reading and writing and what he called ciphering but which we today would say simple arithmetic. By constant contact with the children on his route throughout the whole territory, and with his own efforts, he was able to get what might have been a fourth or fifth grade education. It being a matter of necessity, he had to learn it, and he did.

"On his walking route, which took him about six weeks, there were times when he traveled in terrible weather. Sometimes the snow was knee-high. Wearing only felt boots which didn't have any insulation, in the winters his feet would freeze. He would go into a farmhouse and they would help him. On his regular round of peddling he would earn, after all expenses, about $25, and he would consider that a very good profit for his six weeks of work. After doing this for six years, from 1899 to 1905, my father was able to buy a horse and a spring-board wagon. Then he increased the amount of merchandise he carried.

"When he came in from his route, he would go to Wheeling on a train on a weekend and load up with enough merchandise for his next trip. After getting a horse and wagon he covered a larger territory; then consisted of going from Mannington to Waynesburg, then on to Garrison, Pennsylvania, and coming back to Route 250, and to Littleton, Hundred, and back to Mannington. On that route, up little hollows and in small country towns, like Wana, Buela, and the like, he would take care of the people's needs.

"If a man wanted a suit, he would take his measure, have the man describe what he would like, either blue serge or a gray cloth—there wasn't much choice in those days—and my father knew the sizes. On his next buying trip to Wheeling he would go to one of the clothing stores he knew well, and would get a suit to fit for $8.00, take it to the customer on the next trip on his route, sell it to him for $11.00, making $3.00 profit on the transaction. He took orders and sold hats and shoes the same way. These articles he could supply his customers after he had a wagon; when walking he couldn't carry that much. The horse and wagon helped him increase his business.

"He was single when he came to West Virginia. After being here a while he began bringing some of his family to this country. First he brought his sister Mary and she kept house for him; then he brought his brother Elias. After a period the two men working together were able to bring their brother William, and those three made it possible for their brother James to come. The rest of the family stayed in the old country.

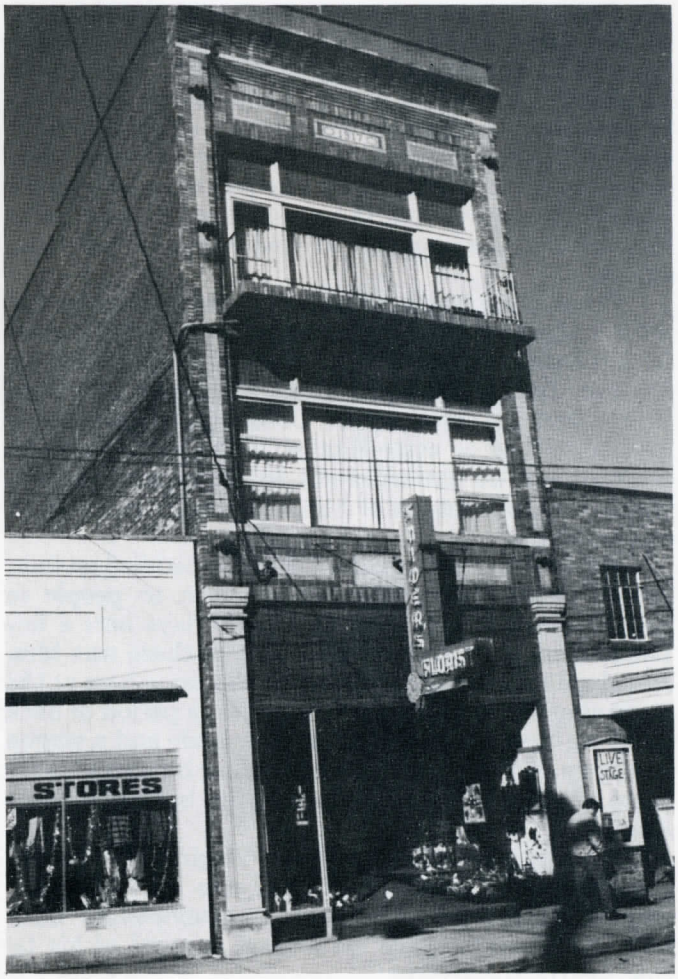
"In 1910 he returned to the old country and married Melbina Dibus, a sister of Thomas M. Dibus. They had two children, me, Abraham, and a daughter Evelyn.

"When my father was in his route and Sunday came, he would go to church with the family in whose home he was staying, even though he was a Catholic and they were Protestant. Although at first he couldn't understand much of what was being said in the service, yet he would worship. He carried a little book of worship, which was in his language, and he would read it when he couldn't understand English. He was well treated by the people he called on when peddling, and made many friends, who helped him learn English and the American ways, for which he was appreciative."

The Peddlers' Friends

Other Lebanese also benefitted from the helpfulness of Americans. Mrs. Margery Norton says her grandparents, the McIntires, didn't charge the peddlers who stopped at the McIntires' home between Mannington and Shinnston. Once when Mrs. McIntire was in Mannington to catch a train, she visited Mrs. Charles Ballous, who helped her brother-in-law, Joe

The A. K. Modi building in 1978. When built in 1917 it was the only commercial building in the city with a passenger elevator and housed Mr. Modi's retail and wholesale merchandising company. Photograph by Arthur Prichard.



Below. The late Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Nassif, parents of several children, including Abdo and Tom, who was killed in World War II. Gabriel was well-known for composing and singing ballad-type songs. He lived in Mannington in early 1900s, peddled and did other work, and later moved to Wheeling. Photograph courtesy of William Nassif.

Right. Joe Simon, a U.S. Army cook in World War I and chef for John Modi in Arlington Hotel. Photograph courtesy of Abraham D. Modi.

Ballouz, in the snack bar the Ballouses operated in connection with their bakery. Mrs. Ballous served Mrs. McIntire a lunch, and when Mrs. McIntire attempted to pay her, Mrs. Ballous refused, saying she well knew the McIntires never charged the peddlers for food or lodging.

Pete Daniel was only 14 years old when he came from Lebanon by himself and began working in the local sanitary pottery, which began in 1904. Unlike Daniel, however, the majority of his male counterparts peddled by foot as their initial employment. Back peddling was a difficult, and sometimes dangerous method of earning a living. The packs were heavy, although a beginner could carry a smaller load when he began foot peddling than he would later when he grew stronger.

Abraham D. Modi said his father often carried 240 pounds when starting on his route. The July 2, 1903, issue of the *Fairmont Times* carried an item: "Arrested Peddler-Sheriff Pulled an Asyrian [sic] in the County Today. Sheriff Joliff arrested an Asyrian peddler today and brought him in town to take out license. The peddler's pack weighed 250 pounds, but he carried it without any difficulty apparently . . . . "

Russell Fluharty, Mannington's well-known dulcimer player, reports a story of the great strength of Lebanese peddlers, which Russell's grandfather, Conrad Fluharty, often told. One day the peddler, whose name was Joe, when returning to Mannington with an empty pack, stopped at the Conrad Fluharty's home on Mahan's Run and bought a large cast iron stove, with it's attached water container, for 25 cents from Mr. Fluharty. After being helped to get the stove tied onto his back, Joe carried it to Mannington without taking it off. He secured his needed rests by backing up to a fence and resting the load on the rails. The distance from the Conrad Fluharty home to town by road was about three and one-half miles, but Joe took a short cut, going through the fields and over a high hill and down into Mannington, reducing the distance by more than half. Evidence of Joe's strength and endurance was seen in his carrying over rough terrain the stove and water container, which weighed more than 500 pounds.

One hardship of peddling was the weather. Traveling in all seasons brought discomfort, heat, wetness, cold, snow, and in at least one case, death, as when Jess Zeiden froze to death while he stopped to rest on a cold day in Wetzel County.

Lurking Enemies, Too

There was danger of being robbed. A number of the Lebanese peddlers were set upon by people who thought peddlers carried much money, which often wasn't the case; and being foreigners it was thought they would be easy victims. This wasn't always true. William Nassif tells a story about his heavyset, powerful father, Gabriel Nassif, who had farmed in the old country. Once when peddling he was attacked by two men; Gabriel backed up against a nearby building, flexed his muscles, and dared the hoodlums to come get him. On thinking over the situation, the two backed off and left him alone.

But many peddlers were not that fortunate; a number were robbed and several even murdered. Mrs. Joe Francis says four or five of her fellow Lebanese

Right. Lebanese Church in Wheeling, the only Maronite Catholic church in West Virginia. Photograph courtesy of Abraham D. Modi.

Below. Hotel owned and operated at one time by John Modi. Photograph courtesy of Patricia Kruza.

peddlers from Mannington were killed. One was Monsour Slibie (or Salabe) who was murdered on his route to Wetzel County, as was John Shine (Shannon), a brother of Fudlolla John Shine. Another was ambushed and killed on the ridge road between Mahan's Run and Lewellyn Run.

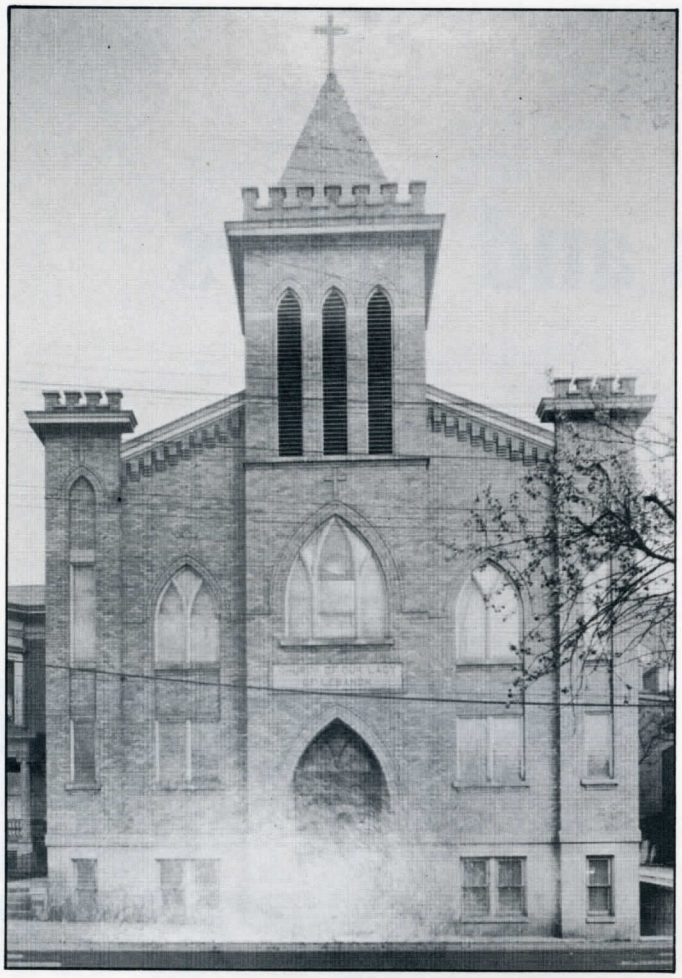
Fred Sweeney says a Lebanese disappeared in the 1890s while peddling in the vicinity of Center Point in Doddridge County, then the Sweeney family's home county. The man's horse and buggy were found separated in a suspicious manner, probably to make it look like an accident, but the peddler's body never was discovered. While this occurred previous to Fred's birth, his mother told him of it. She firmly believed the Lebanese had been killed and his body buried, and she recited several bits of evidence to substantiate her conviction. I wonder how many peddlers were held up and murdered in our State through the years.

The Lighter Side

Yet all that happened to those on the road was not unpleasant or disastrous. The late Solomon Francis Modi illustrated the lighter side of peddling in his story about one of his fellow countrymen. After a period of back peddling, the Lebanese merchant bought a mule and a wagon. One day when driving up the old Clarksburg Road, which was an extension of Clarksburg Street in Mannington, his mule stopped. The driver unsuccessfully tried different methods of persuading the animal to start moving again. Remembering having heard that a balking mule could be made to move if one built a fire under the animal, he tried the method. Putting combustible material in a heap under the mule, the peddler ignited it. Sure enough, the heat caused the mule to start walking forward, but, alas, it went only a few steps, just far enough to pull the wagon over the flame. But the wagon caught on fire. Quickly the man thrashed around, attempting to put out the blaze.

A woman living near saw him jumping around, and noticing the mule and the fire, telephoned the police that a Syrian was roasting his mule and was going to eat it. A policeman, maybe Mannington's entire force, arrived and arrested the peddler. Frank Cook learned of his friend's arrest, secured W. M. "Mellie" Hess, an able, Lincolnesque local lawyer, to defend the man when the case came before a Mannington justice of the peace. About all the accusing woman knew of the peddler was he was a Syrian and he wore a plaid shirt.

When the preliminary statements were made before the squire, she was asked if she could identify the accused peddler. She thought she could. Then "Mellie" Hess had the man and four other male Lebanese, all dressed in plaid shirts provided by one of the Lebanese clothing merchants enter the room.



When the peddler could not be identified, the case was dismissed.

Success and Storefronts

Many Lebanese, after acquiring experience, a better command of English, and a backlog of capital, went into various forms of business. They opened grocery stores, dry goods and general merchandising businesses, restaurants, hotels, bakeries, confectionaries, a furniture repair shop, pool rooms, a cleaning and pressing shop, ice cream factories, an ice cream cone plant, and even a pop plant.

By 1900, or maybe a year or two previously, Joe, John, A. K., and Mike Modi were operating a store, Modi Bros., Grocery, Bakery and Fancy Fruits, in the Snodgrass Building at the corner of Buffalo Street and Pyles Avenue. A little later they separated; Joe opened a grocery store in the Masonic Building, and after a few more years acquired the Idle Hour Nickelodeon in the adjoining room. John bought the Arlington Hotel on Railroad Street, and A. K. developed a large dry goods and clothing business, retailing to the public and selling at wholesale to the Lebanese peddlers. After being in several different locations, A. K. Modi moved his business to a three-story brick building which he constructed in 1917 on Market Street. The building now is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Snider, the florists. Mike Modi died in 1906.

Some Lebanese moved from Mannington to other places offering opportunities—Sistersville, New Martinsville, Morgantown, Elkins, Shinnston, Wheeling, and elsewhere. Sometimes a man would return to Lebanon, generally to Beit Meri, to bring back a bride to share life with him in the new country. A few returned to their homeland to live. One of the latter, Monsour Dibus, who had come here very early but decided to return to Lebanon, peddled all the way to New York City where he boarded a ship.

Religious Life

Almost all of the Lebanese coming to our town were Catholics, and they became members of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Parish. Although in their homeland they were Catholics, they belonged to their native Maronite Catholic Church, which numerically is the largest Christian group in Lebanon. While the Maronite Church is in union with the Roman Church, and under the pope, its spiritual head is the Maronite patriarch in Lebanon, whose title is "Patriarch of Antioch and all the East." The Maronites follow the Syro-Antiochene rite. Their church's language is Arabic but its liturgies are in West Syriac (Aramaic). The only Maronite church in West Virginia is the Church of Our Lady of Lebanon in Wheeling. It has the right to use its own liturgy and its priests may marry, however, it is subject to the local Latin rite bishop, who works in collaboration with the Maronite patriarch.

The next largest Christian group in Lebanon is composed of the Orthodox. While there are some different ethnic Orthodox churches in West Virginia in which Lebanese living nearby worship, there is only one Syrian-Lebanese Orthodox church in our State, St. George Orthodox Church in Charleston.

In Mannington during my youth there was at least one Lebanese Protestant, Mrs. Rose Modi, the wife of John Modi. Educated in an English-language Lebanese school established by Presbyterian missionaries in the 19th century, she had become a Presbyterian. I remember her interesting talks on missions, education, and customs in the Near East, which she gave in our local Presbyterian church and others in the area.

The Lebanese who came to Mannington had difficulties to overcome and restricted opportunities. They were in a foreign country with its strange ways and a different language. Many of the newcomers did not know English nor were they highly trained. Yet the vast majority made a living, brought variety into our society, learned to communicate, became American citizens, contributed to the community, and made a place for themselves and their families. A number of them aided their children to have greater opportunities than they had. Some second and third generation northern West Virginia Lebanese have become teachers, nurses, businessmen and women, skilled artisans, lawyers, dentists, medical doctors, engineers, computer experts, and other highly trained persons. We can only be grateful to the Lebanese who have enriched our town and many other communities in our country.

Out in the Weeds and Briers

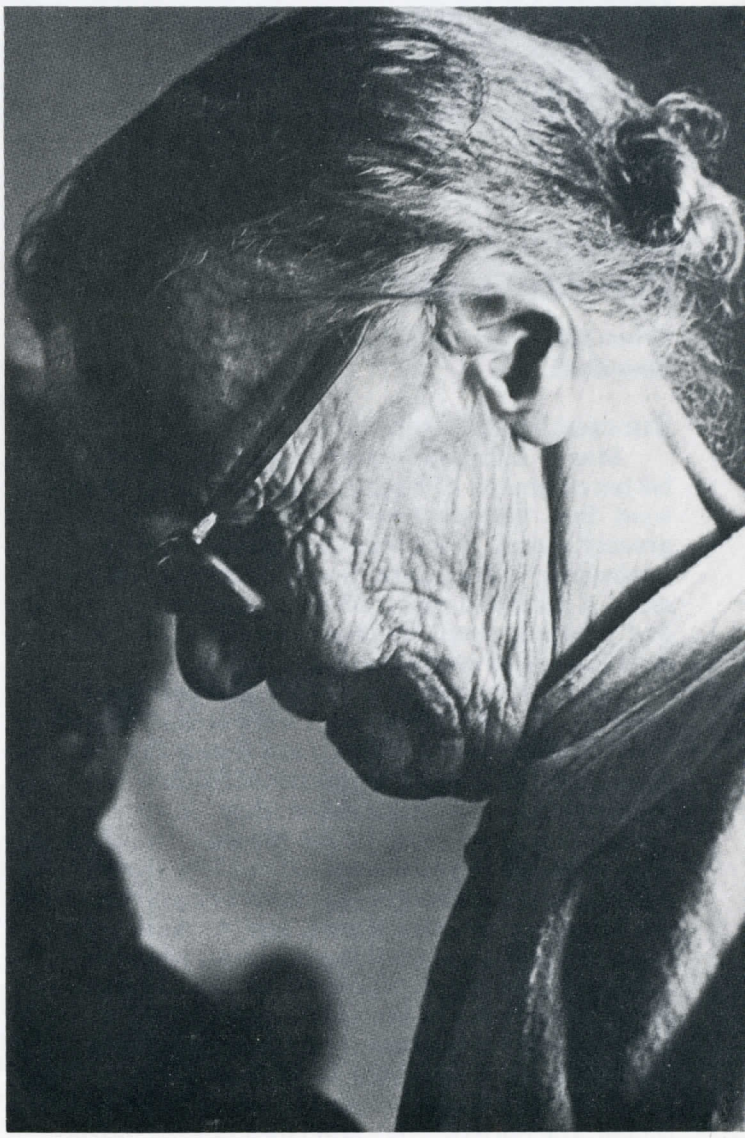
By Ken Sullivan
Photographs by Douglas Chadwick

ALL I WANT IS a decent place to lay. To get up when I get ready, and go to bed when I please. Because I'm old now, and nothing don't worry me."

Thus speaks Rosie Lee Shanklin, in a voice that rings of age and poetry. When I visited her early in December she told me she would be 91 years old "if I live to see the third of March 1978," and she has spent most of that long life on a remote ridge top overlooking the New River in the Cash's Hill section of Summers County. Her family and most of her neighbors have been gone for years and Mrs. Shanklin lives alone and fends for herself now, but she has no intention of leaving the ridge at this point in her life.

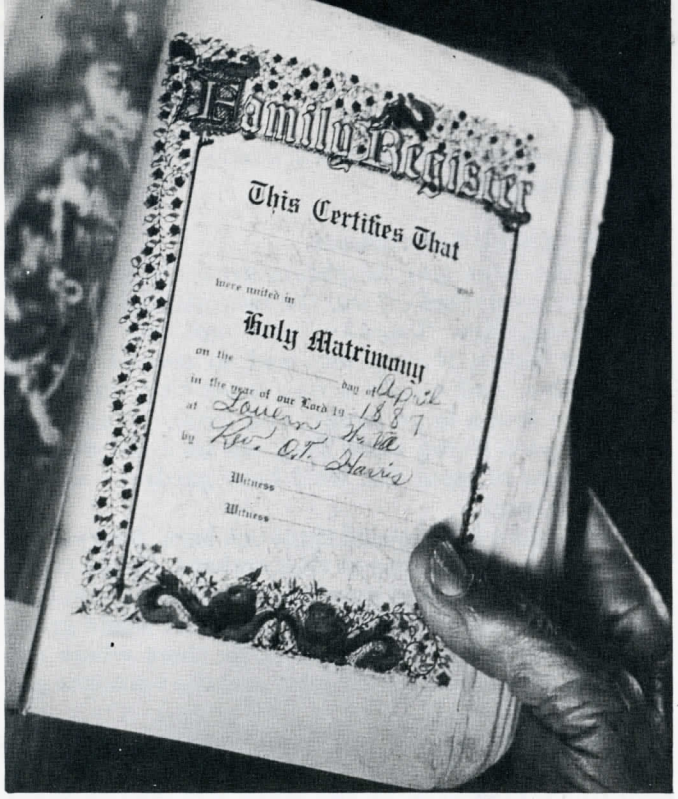
"I don't have to live up here," she says. "But I live in peace. Well, I do get lonely this time of year, but in the summer I don't. The grandchildren come back and forwards then, and I can get out, you know—out there in the weeds and have me a little garden and enjoy myself."

But even in winter Mrs. Shanklin manages to get out to Princeton regularly to see to her monthly shopping, usually catching a ride with one of her many friends. She had just returned from one such trip when photographer Doug Chadwick and I, along with her niece, Ada Gilliam, made our visit. On Ms. Gilliam's advice we had borrowed a four-wheel drive vehicle for our expedition and we were glad of that precaution, for we found Mrs. Shanklin to live in almost total isolation, miles even from her mailbox on the nearest paved highway. The muddy road to her house was almost impassable after a December rain, and must be completely so in snowy weather.



Changes on the Ridge

Mrs. Shanklin's closest neighbors now are a pair of elderly brothers who live half a mile across the ridge, but her sharp mind goes back to a time when the community was crowded. "Oh, my, my. It was an awful lot



Opposite Page. Rosie Lee Shanklin late in 1977.
Left. A page from the Shanklin's family Bible.

of people here then. Used to be, you couldn't sleep—they'd be passing here in the night going towards the river, hollering, whooping, and singing! Lord, you should see the people that lived here. But not any more. There's nobody at all who lives up here on what we call the ridge, but them two boys over there"—the brothers on the next farm. "It's so growed up you couldn't get a rabbit through here now!"

In that time when Cash's Hill and the ridge top were bustling with neighbors, Mrs. Shanklin remembers that her family, the Gores, and her husband's people, the Shanklins, were among the leading black families in the community. Summers County has always been farming country, and these two families were descended from slaves at local plantations. Many blacks in the coal counties, however, have grandfathers who came up from the South looking for work during West Virginia's early mining and railroading booms. Mrs. Shanklin still occupies her people's ancestral lands, handed down since the Civil War. She minces no words in recalling how the farms came into the hands of the ex-slaves at the time of emancipation.

"I'll just tell you plain," she declares, "when them old colored women was set free, them white men gave 'em these homes. That's exactly how it come to be. All this whole ridge here and even down on the river—every bit of this land was given to them old colored women, because the white men had children by them. Now, that's the truth of it!"

Passing these lands from generation to generation, the Gores and Shanklins, and other black families fortunate enough to possess their own homesteads had traditionally been independent and self-reliant farmers, beholden to no one for their livelihood. But Mrs. Shanklin recalls that her husband broke that chain when he came of age in the years before the turn of the century. Southern West Virginia was an exciting place in those days as the New River coalfield opened up in counties to the west of Summers. With new mines being developed on a regular basis, the demand for labor was great and the temptations were strong for a young man weary of the farm and chafing of the constraints of family life. Ed Shanklin left home after a quarrel with his stepfather.

"His daddy died and his mother married again," Mrs. Shanklin remembers. "Ed didn't get along with that stepdaddy, and he went to the coalfields. Just left home and went to the mines. He wasn't, I reckon, 16-17 years old at the time."

An Arranged Marriage

Ed Shanklin, who was a number of years older than Rosie Lee Gore, lived for several years as a bachelor before she came to join him in the coalfields as his bride. There was no courtship, for the marriage was an arranged one, suggested to Rosie Lee by an uncle because she was young and had no family of her own at the time.

"I wasn't nothing but a child when I married. I wasn't courting. I was put up to marry—my uncle Joe Gore told me to marry Ed Shanklin. I guess it was pretty good I did. I didn't have nowhere to go. I was just a little kid running around and had no home."

The new couple settled down to married life, and Mrs. Shanklin recalls that they were to spend the next several years in various coal towns, mostly up and down the New River. The first three of her six children were born during this period—Algie Edward in 1904, Weslie Brooks in 1906, and Leoney in 1908.

"Well, my goodness, I lived in the coalfields I don't know how many years. They's three of my kids born in the coalfields, three of 'em born in the coalfields, and three born back up here in the country."

"I lived in a place called Wrights, West Virginia, and I lived at a place way down the river below Thurmond. That's the first place I lived after I got married, where I had them children."

Coal company towns of the period were curious

mixtures of urban and rural conditions. Whatever their overall quality, space was ample in most towns and tenants were usually encouraged to maintain yards and gardens of their own. Additionally, most probably raised poultry of some kind, and many had hogs and cows as well, keeping them in their back yards, in company pens or pasture, or, most likely, allowing them to roam at large in the community. The Shanklins were farming people at heart and they were glad to fall back on their old lifestyle as much as they could, particularly in hard times.

"Now, when we stayed at Wrights, for many months they was a strike there and my husband had a nice garden that year," Mrs. Shanklin remembers, "everything we'd need in vegetables. Why, we even had our cows—had two cows we brought there, and a horse."

Ed Shanklin mined coal until his health was ruined, and then around 1909 he retreated back to the ridge to take over the family farm. It is this latter period of her husband's life that Mrs. Shanklin remembers best, and she almost invariably refers to him as "old man Ed." She recalls his being hardheaded as well as a hard worker. "Nobody couldn't tell him nothing," she snorted several times during our conversation, "and everything had to go his way."

A Surprising New Home

Mrs. Shanklin recollects the trip back to Summers County in great detail, and she recalls that Ed's obstinacy surfaced at this time. "When we moved back here, I had two bedroom sets, and I mean *new*," she remembers. "I bought oilcloth and put over them, and framed 'em up. Had a dining room set, and had a stove like the one I have now, only it was warped from burning coal. But old man Ed wouldn't ship the furniture like the rest of 'em did! He had a mule and a horse, and he put it all in somebody's wagon and we had to carry it on back!"

After years in rented coal town quarters, Mrs. Shanklin looked forward to moving her family into a new house on the farm, and she was buying some new furnishings for the occasion. But it turned out that her husband's arrangements had fallen through.

"I bought me a rug—and I mean it was nice—to put in our new bedroom. At least, that's what I thought, but when I got here the house wasn't built! Well, there was an old house back over here on the place, old log house nobody had lived in it for I don't know how long, and that's where we moved to. Now, Ed had already paid the man, a white man, to build this house here, three rooms all the same size. But my uncle had to finally build it, after we moved over there in the bushes!"

On the farm new babies continued to arrive at regular intervals. There was Pearly Mae, born in 1910, Hue Solman in 1912, and Mattie, the last child and now the only survivor of the six, in 1914. Ed and Rosie Lee Shanklin worked hard to support the growing family. "Why, I've been up many a morning at three o'clock, in that kitchen cooking." Mrs. Shanklin points to the wood cookstove she's treasured since 1912. "And Ed would be out to work when other people'd be in the bed asleep."

Farming and Abundance

As the sons and daughters grew old enough to help, hard work paid off and the farm yielded an abundant living. Mrs. Shanklin looks out over the surrounding fields, mostly returned to second growth timber now, and recalls a day when they produced enough to feed a large family, and more. "We always raised a good living here. That old man Ed used to raise houses of corn! Oh, we'd have gardens—wasn't no end to them!"

"We had a big orchard right out here. Everything that could be raised was in that orchard. Grape trees, plum trees, apples and peaches, damsons—I couldn't begin to tell you! All the kind of fruit that would grow. There's still a big 'simmon tree up there where the spring is. They done fell off now, and the varmints has eat 'em."

The family's fields ran down the ridge and even across the river. "I used to go across the river on a skiff. We'd tend corn on the other side, and then Ed used to plant cane on the other side. I used to make up molasses over there. And we kept cattle, mostly milk cows, and Ed had other cattle. He'd sell them, you know."

This was the family's heyday, and it ended only as the sons began to leave home. For like their father before them, the three boys tired of farming as they came of age, and one by one they followed Ed Shank-

lin's footsteps into the mines of the nearby coalfields. "All three of my sons worked in the mines," Mrs. Shanklin remembers. "And my oldest boy fell dead in the mines."

The other two sons returned to the farm after their mining careers had impaired their health. "My second boy Wesley ruined his health in the mines, and he had to leave it and come back to the country up here. I remember I gave Wes two cows after he moved back here. And my baby boy died right back there in that other room—you know, whenever something would get wrong with one, if he could he'd come to Mommy."

Taking No Chances

The three daughters in due time married and moved away, and after her sons had gone and her husband died, Rosie Lee Shanklin was left alone on the farm. For years she carried on the work by herself.

"I kept cattle," she recalls. "And I raised chickens by the hundreds. I had me a big chicken lot down there, wired in. And hogs—I had better hogs and chickens and things after old man Ed died than I did when he was living. But I got old . . . . "

Mrs. Shanklin's voice trails off, saddened that her farming is now restricted to the small vegetable garden by the side of the house. But she still lives a remarkably self-sufficient life, even by the standards of people much younger than she is. Her small house has electricity and a telephone, but she manages without indoor plumbing and still cooks on the beautiful antique wood stove that she says she wouldn't "take a farm for." She has a portable radio, but she firmly rejects television. "My relatives get after me for not having a TV. They brought one here, a little suitcase-handled thing, and I told 'em, 'Now, I can get one myself if I want it, but I don't want it!' "

Left. Mrs. Shanklin's home in Summers County.
Above. The stove in Mrs. Shanklin's kitchen, which she has had since 1912 and wouldn't "take a farm for."

"Ain't no harm in it—what harm is in it, you make it. If I had one, I'd be just like the rest of 'em—I'd be bound to watch it. And when I'd be doing that I ain't reading my Bible!"

Away from the World's Temptations

In her later years Mrs. Shanklin has given up many things to have more time for her Bible and her musings. She had always smoked when her family was at home, growing her own tobacco, but she gave up the habit as she grew older because she felt she was coming to rely too heavily on it. "I used to have a corncob pipe—Lord, I don't know how long I smoked a pipe. But after I got to staying here by myself I got to smoking too much, being lonesome, you know. And I just quit."

In addition to giving up smoking, Mrs. Shanklin has pretty much become a vegetarian in her later years, and she credits her longevity to clean living. But she also figures the Lord has kept her alive these many

Mrs. Shanklin at home with her niece, Ada Gilliam.

years for his own good reasons. "I'll tell the world that I've had trouble enough to be gone from here," she affirms, "but God's keeping me here for some good purpose. I know that."

Mrs. Shanklin continues, saying that she has had her "part of Hell right here," and that she anticipates a better life in the hereafter. She believes that it is easier for her to live religiously by herself on the ridge, away from the world's temptations. "If you ain't living right, you won't enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Absolutely! That's one reason I stay up here. 'Cause the way other folks lives, they can't get to Heaven, and that's a chance too big for me."

As she ponders God's purposes, Mrs. Shanklin looks forward to another spring, and to visits from her relatives. "Around the first of April, my granddaughter Pearlie Mae always comes in from Cleveland and stays a week with me," she says.

Nearer relatives come by at shorter intervals, and friends in the community take a neighborly interest in Mrs. Shanklin's welfare. One man in particular drops in very often. "He's just the same as one of my sons," she says. "He's a white man, Charles Owens, but he treats me just like Algie, my first boy, did. You know, he's got two little girls, and he named the baby after me. What do you reckon he named that baby? Rosie Lee Shanklin Owens! I said, 'Charles, what in the name of common sense did you put that *Shanklin* in for?' And he said, 'Rose, I wanted her named for you, didn't I?' That girl's just like home folks here."

When we leave Mrs. Shanklin, it's late afternoon and she is expecting a call from Pearlie Mae, who telephones long distance "*each* evening, as sure as the days passes." She expects her granddaughter will once again try to persuade her to move down off the ridge, at least for the winter months. "You know, she tried that when she called me the other day," Mrs. Shanklin tells us. "And I said, 'Mae, just cut it out.' I said, 'Now, I'll know when I want to go.' "

Mrs. Shanklin did travel to Cleveland recently, along with daughter Mattie, and she admits she enjoyed the trip. "But yet and still, I just don't like it there. You have to stay in the house too much. And I like to get out in the weeds and briers."

Every Tree, Every Bush, Every Rock

An Interview with Hyman Weiner, Charleston Tailor

By Michael Kline

THE FOLLOWING article was woven together from transcriptions of two taped interviews on March 20 and 29 this year with Hyman Weiner at his shop, Broad Street Taylor's in Charleston at 216 Broad Street. Included here is that portion of the interview in which Mr. Weiner described his childhood in Poland, the wartime destruction of his home, and his eventual flight from the homeland to avoid induction into the Polish army. He came finally to Charleston by way of Ellis Island. We hope in the next issue to include the remainder of his story, his life in Charleston from his arrival here in 1923 to the present.

Hyman Weiner was born in Ostrolenka, Poland—then under Russian domination—about the turn of the century. When Ostrolenka was burned to the ground in the face of the German advance of 1915 Mr. Weiner's birth certificate, along with all the family documents, was consumed in the flames. He learned from his mother that he was born in the week of Purim, The Feast of Lots, commemorating the rescue of the Jews of Persia from the destruction of Haman. And he seems fairly certain that he is 78, "not less." Because he never knew his actual birth date, he said, he has never celebrated a birthday.

The reconstruction of his life's story was a deeply moving experience for Hyman Weiner. Between sessions he said he had told me of things he does not often speak about. As he recollected the poverty of his childhood and the persecution of his people, the story brought pain to tell.

But out of his turmoil a dream was realized in the new land; he found the opportunity to work, to build a new life, to bring the family together again. Through struggling he laid down deep roots here; West Virginia became a home as no other place can ever be for him.

Hyman Weiner in his shop on Broad Street, March 1978. Photograph by Michael Kline.

Rabbi Samuel Cooper of the B'nai Jacob Synagogue of which Mr. and Mrs. Weiner are members described them as rich in their experiences and in the quality of their family life.

Michael Kline. Basically what we want to know is about your life, where you were born, how you came to this country, why, and so on.

Hyman Weiner. [When I think] what's happened to me years back, at no time can I wash it out, you know, how you live. I have a comfortable life here, a nice home. I'm not a poor man, not a rich man, but I live comfortable. I got enough, all I need. I got a little income.

But at no time does it leave me. Can remember every time—it was a time when I could live—I could sleep on a table without hurting. I got used to it. I had no mattress or pillow or pajamas or socks. To me sometimes I could live without, cause I was used to it. I could live almost in any little hole.

Course I'm getting older, it's a little bit handicapped—but you get older, you have your physical problems. One day you feel good, one day you feel better. But basically I don't think it's not too bad. I am 78 years old, going on 78 years, I would say, about 78, not less. And physically I'm doing pretty well. The store to me: a lot of friends and customers which gives me a great deal of satisfaction, my own business. You call me if you like, close me if you like; you want to go away for a week, ten days, you go.

We sat together for a time pouring over Hammond's New International World Atlas *until Mr. Weiner found his*

Czar's birthday celebration, c. 1910, in Ostrolenka's town square.

birthplace Ostrolenka and also located Sokolow, the birthplace of his father.

HW This is the state of Siedlce . . . the province, like, you know, Charleston, West Virginia. This is the capitol of the state, Siedlce. [The Jewish people] lived their own life, their own community, like a ghetto. They lived there and died there—was their only life. They couldn't even speak Polish and they were born and raised there, because they didn't have a chance even to—the average Jew actually had one aspiration, was to get the hell out and get someplace else where he can live in peace. He was lucky to go to the States. The reason people didn't more was [they] didn't have enough money to go out. Many would never be in Poland if they had the money to get out. . . . We were fortunate, we were able to get out, to make it. But millions would never be there if they had the chance to go. It would have been foolish to remain there.

Yes . . . we were barefooted. Now, you see in the street barefooted in the summertime . . . that's the way poor people live, without shoes. . . . Polish farmers used to walk to the city barefooted and put their shoes on when they'd get to the city.

Then the subject turned to his schooling.

HW For example, a lot of poles used to have anti-Jewish laws: there was a time Jewish boy couldn't go to school, only to a Jewish school, like the blacks here years back. You couldn't—then the universities and colleges had special benches for Jews. But if a Jew had money and could afford to send his children to go to Switzerland, or to London, other country, to go to school . . . Yes, because in Polish, in Russian [schools] he wasn't allowed to sit together with the other students; he has special benches; you couldn't go—I didn't go to school. I went to a parochial school. In fact, I couldn't read—was very backward. I wasn't backward, but . . . that school was a very poor school. I realize it couldn't happen here—teaches mostly religious matters, nothing of general education.

MK What language was spoken in the school, Hebrew? Could you read it?

HW Hebrew, a little bit, yes. You'd learn the five books of Moses and other religious teachings.

MK Do you remember that school? Was it close to your home?

HW Close, not too far—a few blocks away.

MK And how many kids went?

HW At that time between—probably about 40 or 50, all in one room. One teacher, one room.

MK Was the teacher the rabbi or—

HW Actually the term rabbi means teacher to begin with. . . . The rabbi teaches you your way of life, he teaches you your Biblical necessities, your five books. Then there was the prayer books, you pray all the time, pray, pray. Get so [you could] pray without even the prayer book. I could recite the prayer book without even reading it because every Jewish boy (laughing) prays three times a day, morning, afternoon, and the night. He prays before he goes to bed, see, like Christian children on their knee, you know. . . . Yes, the real religious boys, children then carried a pan of water under the bed. They get up in the morning, he wants to wash his hands before he gets up. Yes, there's so many [things] to tell you now it's impossible.

MK But the women never—the girls never went to school, the Jewish schools?

HW Very few, very little. Years ago . . . they had special schools for girls, special. The reason girls—first of all I want to tell you something else here. Poland was not even Poland until 1917 or '18. It belonged to Russia; you lived under the Russian—the Czar. If you walked into a school in Russia—The Czar, the Czarina—there would be a picture of him. You walked into the room you have to address him . . . . (makes a childlike salute with his hand raised)

MK So when you were a small boy, five or six or seven years old—

HW I started to go *cheder. Cheder* means the religious school. *Cheder* in Hebrew is a room where the teacher teaches—he's so poor that actually he teaches for so much a year, not for so much a month. . . . The teacher used to have about 40, 50 children. He was the only one. Used to go to *cheder* eight in the morning and sit there until nine o'clock or ten every night, summer or winter, no vacation. . . . [The teaching was] all pertaining to the Bible, to the five books of Moses, that's all they teach you. When you get out that's all you know.

You got a serious problem because first of all they don't teach you the language of the country. All you know is Yiddish and Hebrew. . . . In fact, I'll tell you something, there's Jews lived a lifetime and couldn't speak Polish, or very little.

They live in a little ghetto, they don't even fool with anybody else but Jews. They live in their own environment—they buy from Jews, speak to Jews, and live—of course they see Poles a lot, but they, basically they—don't go to school.

MK Tell me about your mother, was she a Yiddish-speaking person?

HW Oh, yes, yes, Yiddish. She could hardly speak anything but Yiddish . . . was born and raised in a small town called Myszyniec. It lays by the German border.

It should be remembered here that prior to 1918 the German Empire included a large portion of what is now Poland just North and West of

Warsaw. Ostrolenka and Myszyniec both were practically border towns, very near Germany, though today they appear more than half a country away.

Mr. Weiner's mother, Celia Delevy, was raised in a small village where her father was the harness maker for local farmers. His name was Ista Delevy and he raised six daughters and a son.

Of the six girls, two went to London where they married and raised their families. Mr. Weiner has never met his London cousins, but they exchanged letters, especially in the early 1940s. "When Hitler bombed London and the people lost their homes, we offered them several times financial aid, so we got acquainted. They didn't need it much. We sent some money occasionally for them, and stuff, while the War was on to help them out."

Another of the six sisters came to Charleston with her husband, Mr. Rosen, by way of South America. The year they arrived is hazy to Mr. Weiner —"sometime before 1920"—but the two of them opened a shop on Kanawha Street, "... all kinds of cheap clothing, you know, textile, cheap stuff.... She called it American Bargain House, I'll never forget it." The Rosens provided a contact in America for the Weiner family.

Mr. Weiner's father, Hersch, came to Charleston right after the First World War when things were "very miserable" in Poland. Mrs. Rosen helped him to come. As Hyman Weiner later explains, he had emigrated to Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1919.

Celia Delevy Wengrowska, (c. 1920) Weiner's mother's name before the family changed it.

HW My father came here to my mother's sister in '21. He settled here, and his aim was to bring the family here, which he did. He worked hard for several years for Woolworth and managed to bring the family here. He took his citizen's papers, which helped him [to become a citizen.] George McLintock helped him to accomplish that.... You have to learn a certain amount—have to go to school, learn the Constitution and many other requirements, before you can get the papers. Educational background, your conduct, your behavior—and if you don't you don't get it. My father did quite a lot in this respect. At that time my brother from Lithuania came here.

MK But your mother wasn't here then?

HW No, later on my father sent along—we boys helped my father financially to bring the family to the States. My mother came, and all the children.

MK Did your mother like this country? Did she make a good adjustment?

HW My mother? An old lady—she still remembered the way of life, Europe life—still remembered losing the children. Sixteen—and half died. (He cries) She lived for—Friday night ... each child had a candle (pounds fist on table in expression of grief). Each child died, she burned a candle ... she prayed. The average woman used to [light] one, two candle sticks. [My mother] used eight or ten, because for each child she—she burned a candle....

In the years Mr. Weiner's mother was in Poland without his father things weren't so hard for her. She was not, it seems, persecuted and, for an old lady, "she managed to survive somehow."

The father, meanwhile, put his old tailoring skills to work in Charleston. He was a good man, not a deeply religious man, "... but he lived a Jewish life. Yes. He belonged to a synagogue and lived...." And though a seasoned tailor, the father never influenced his sons too much as they tried to decide what their life's work should be.

HW I took up tailoring at the age of 13; tailoring is a trade which takes many years to learn. To my honest estimation, less than 20 years you can't be a good tailor. It's hard to believe, people don't realize these things.... At the age of 13 you completely go out—you're forced to quitting [school.] I was told by my father, he said, "It's time for you to decide a trade—baker, shoemaker, barber, tailor—what do you want? I will help you get into that." So I choose tailoring, which was a very hard life.

To be a tailor was a tremendous undertaking, it's hard to believe the misery, the heartache, the headache you go through to be a tailor. The first few years you're nothing but an errand boy, you wash floors, you might shine shoes for the elderly tailors—you're nothing but a flunky. After three or four years you know a little bit, but not too much. Three or four years doesn't make you a tailor. By that time you learn to make a pair of pants, then you get into learning vests, then you get into jackets or coats. To learn the trade, you must have not less than 20 years—to be a good tailor.

Now women go in to buy a sewing machine and take five lessons and have a tailoring business. It's nothing but a mockery—they know nothing, don't even sew a button. It takes a boy four years to learn to sew a button properly. He's not allowed to sew a button on a good overcoat after three years of being a tailor, or four years. Because ... no one but a tailor can sew a button properly.

Some of my friends went into tailoring and they got tired of it and they got into baking, because at a baker's shop you get something to eat. A baker's shop in Europe was a very hard life because you used to bake all night. In the clothing, even the Sabbath clothing, was full with flour, white—you could tell a baker on the street. His clothing is dirty from white, flour. You can tell a baker, his trade, because his hands, see, they used to mix with by hands. They have machine here, but in Europe they do that. Yes.

Returning to the subject of tailoring he spoke of the pay and conditions on his first job.

HW I used to make 30 rubles a year. You'd sleep on a table—I could sleep right here (pounding his own work table) and wouldn't mind. I couldn't afford a room. I slept on a table at the shop. After you sleep that way five or six months you don't know the difference, you sleep. Your blanket: your overcoat. And your pillow a tailor's ... pressing pad. They also have real big ones, large, you know, to pad the chest. That large pillow was the pillow for my head. Overcoat was my blanket.

I asked about a picture hanging on the wall above the sewing machine.

HW Oh this, yes I'll tell that. For a picture, I managed hard to get dressed up a little better. Yes. Of course a tailor had a better access to better clothing to fix a little. He used to take old clothing, tear it apart and finish that out.

MK Turn the material over, turn the fabric over, yes?

HW Yes, it's his work—buy an old coat, an old pair of pants and rip it apart . . . . Did you hear one time there was two friends met in a park and one guy says to his friend, he says to him, "Say," he says—a shirt years ago . . . had no collar, you'd buy collars. And you'd change collars, but you don't change the shirt, collar gets dirty. And you'd send it to the laundry or you'd wash it yourself. So he told him, "Say," he says, "your collar is dirty." He says, "I have no money to go to laundry or have it washed." He says, "Turn it over." He says, "I didn't know it's got three sides." (laughs)

MK In addition to the poverty I guess the persecution was severe, too.

HW Persecution was severe, yes.

MK You weren't even safe in your own small town?

HW No, you was—no, positively. You'd be careful because—it was in the blood with the Poles, a certain hate. They have reason: "[The Jews] killed Jesus." And the church itself didn't help matters—they used to take them and tell them stuff. They hated Jews with a passion. For nothing—they hate you because you're a Jew, nothing else. My brother in South America had a girl, engaged, even was sending to bring her. By the time she was ready to go she was raped and she died from heartache. A young girl—about 18 years old. . . .

MK So this place that you lived, was this—would you have called this the ghetto, the Jewish ghetto?

HW Well, I'll tell you, actually it wasn't a ghetto in a form of being closed or fenced in, but the Jews lived in a certain part of town because that's where—they, yes.

MK Did you ever go out of that part of town when you were a child?

HW Yes—you could have. It was dangerous to go out, it was dangerous to walk around where Jews don't live. See, they knock you in the head, you know, they throw a rock at you. It was common for a Polish boy to see a Jewish boy to kick him or knock him down. It was dangerous to get out of your—you were not sure that you would come home with a hole in your head. Mostly [we] go in groups, they

Weiner just before he left Poland, c. 1918.

are more protected. Yes. Of course you could not accuse all Poles to be that way. Some are nice, some are intelligent. Don't believe that all are bad. I've seen Poles which I adored, just like I would say adore you, for what you are. I have a great admiration for people [who] know more than I do or they're involved in the cultural activities, any kind of activities. If it's religious I adore it, because it's trying to do something good for somebody, for some people.

The disintegration of the Jewish community during various military campaigns among the Poles, Russians and Germans was devastating in the early years of World War I. The disjointed quality of the account that follows suggests the chaos which must live in Mr. Weiner's head as he tries to reconstruct those years.

HW We had a pretty nice home where we were. [The homes] were destroyed by the Russians when [the Germans] attacked, began to invade Poland. And the city where I come from was completely destroyed where you couldn't when you returned—you wouldn't recognize where you lived even. In 1915 the Russian army has an order to wreck the entire city, the city of about 20,000 was forced out by foot or by carriage, whatever you had you had to get out. So we had no place to go, so my father took us to his mother, she lived in Sokolow. The reason we are in Sokolow is because [Ostrolenka] the city where I come from, born and raised, was destroyed completely. [My father] was married and settled in Ostrolenka and he had a shop there, tailor shop. It was a prosperous city at the time, very nice, but in 1914 when the War began, the city became a battleground. You couldn't go back no more, no place to go. It was empty, it was a burned place, completely disappeared as a city, you know, except rubbish. So my father made his home with his mother in the city of Sokolow, where he was come from original.

The Germans advanced through entire Poland. They threw the Russians out [and] kept Poland under their occupation until the Germans lost the War, when the Poles took over. It was bad, too, yes. Every spot—every habitation of people lived wasn't there, nothing was there. It was nothing but chimneys, rubbish, just a war-torn city. At that time the Russians had a policy, if you destroy you take with you, you know, you put to fire everything. Not every city, but a lot of cities were destroyed.

When the War started, the First World War in 1914, for a year's time you could hear the cannons banging only a few miles from the city, day and night. You could see—you could even see the lights from the cannons. You lived there, until you were told to get out. But by night time you weren't allowed to go in the streets, there was curfew from nine until seven in the morning under the Russians during the War. And then when the Russians begin to lose they used to walk the street, they pick people 14 years and up to dig trenches. Take him away from home ten, 15 mile, and a cossack used to drive him barefooted to someplace about ten miles away from home to dig, to dig.

MK Did you ever do that?

HW Yes, at the age of 14, 15, by force—go into the house and take you out, you see. You had to go. They didn't even provide food or a place to sleep. In the middle of the night, used to escape to the fields, not to the highways. If you got caught you're in trouble.

MK What did they do to you?

HW Who knows? I wasn't caught, but there was a danger, because the highway was full with military, cossacks, army.

MK How many times were you recruited or, what's the word? It wasn't recruited exactly—

HW No, no it was force labor. This happened—by that time when I run away . . . the same day, the city was ordered evacuated, everything was to get out. By foot, no matter how, you

Below. Winer's sister Helen at 18, c. 1926.
Right. Weiner's sister Anna at 8, c. 1921.

walk, you have a horse or a buggy, you have to get out. By the time I was—my father and mother were on the wagon to leave. And I just came in. As soon as I came in barefooted I got on the wagon. At that time we went to Sokolow. My father hired a farmer with a wagon and paid him to take us. We grabbed what we could from the house, whatever we could, you know, the clothing or little odds and ends, or your cooking utensils and all that. We figured maybe someday we'll come back, but by the time, by that time the Germans have advanced and the Russians destroy the city. You couldn't go back no more, everything was destoyed. Whatever you had, it was all lost.

In Sokolow the family of 11 crowded into one room on the fourth floor of a tenement in Rogow Street. The room measured about ten by 15 feet and had no plumbing. "People slept on the floor and the tables." The building was large and crowded and each room was rented by the year from the owner.

Of three sisters, "Rachel died at home mostly from not having enough food." Helen and Anna survived. Anna eventually traveled to New York where she took up commercial art. "Lot of pictures she paint for us at home which I own."

The six brothers spread out all over the Americas, Solomon in Montevideo, Uruguay, and Isaac in Argentina. Jack, Irving, and Abe came also to Charleston, and each of the boys started his own shop. As each boy arrived he joined forces with the father and brothers to save enough for the passage money of those members of the family who were still in Poland. Fifty-five years later two of the brothers have died. "And I'm next," says Mr. Weiner. "I'm next to Abe. Sometime I kid people, Solomon left, Abe, now it's mine—I'm next."

He recollects again the family's plight in Sokolow.

HW The room where we were . . . it had no plumbing. . . . to urinate it was a large bucket in the middle of the room. Each one in the night made in the bucket. And the bucket was full in the morning. Used to carry it down four flights, dispose of it in the back yard. If you wanted to move your bowels you went down into the back; summer or winter you would have to go down.

MK Well, was there an outhouse there, an outdoor toilet?

HW There was a little outdoor toilet, yes, but the accomodation—all the people there, was a terrible smell, [an] odor for blocks. You'd be able to go in a little hut and dump there. And every few months a farmer came in and take it out and use it for fertilizer. It would stink for miles.

MK But all the little apartment houses had this same arrangement?

HW Most. I haven't seen plumbing until actually when I lived in Warsaw for a while. But in a small town there was no plumbing. You have to go down and bring the water from the river or from the well or from the little creek nearby; you'd get water from the creek. Most of the time there was wells in the yards: pull it down and you kind of dip it (bends down to demonstrate) and pick up the bucket of water and take it home. This was the water.

MK So you carried that up the four flights.

HW Yes. It was no problem, because you don't know no better. That's no hardship. Don't like it, but this is it. Everybody else does the same way. There was a business of water carrier; the man carries [a yoke] on his shoulders. It's kind of chiseled out, fits the shoulders and it hangs down here the buckets. That guy goes to the river, brings you the water and takes it to the prospect buyers. They pay him so much for every time, for a bucket of water, or so much. Every house had a barrel, in the barrel that you put water in. It's funny—the Jews—I don't know why it is. If somebody dies in the family and the barrel is full of water, the water cannot be used. . . . They have to pour it out. (laughs)

MK And that comes from Poland, or do you think—?

HW No, this is a Jewish—

MK Oh, very old?

HW Old, custom, yes, that the water cannot be used.

Mr. Weiner's father, without job or savings or hope, was, with his whole family, facing starvation.

HW In that time they begin—that time that real trouble begin, my father financially wasn't able even finance a loan. I see times, I seen a man eating an apple or a pear and if he wasn't too hungry he'd throw away a half. I'll watch, I'll pick it up. I wouldn't be proud to eat it. Yes, because there was nothing to eat. Yes. My mother had 16 children and half died from malnutrition. And those that remained—Miracle that they survived. It's a miracle. Used to—in order to cook, used to go out in the fields, in the streets, pick up pieces of wood. Couldn't afford to buy wood—your stove is made from bricks, little brick, a little grill, and you stick it in and you burn the wood and you cook. But you have to have wood, (laughs ironically) so you go out in the streets and pick pieces.

Used to go to the woods 'bout eight, six, seven miles, and if there's nobody to watch you, you used to steal little wood branches from trees. Take it home, carry it on your back. And then used to go to the farms and beg farmers for potatoes, piece of bread. That was quite common.

Left. "Boby" (meaning "grandmother") Cibulska, Weiner's father's mother, who kept the children from starvation during the hard years in Zokolow. (c. 1928)

Left. Weiner in uniform with older brother Abe around 1918. Hyman served a brief stint in the police force during the German occupation of Zokolow, 1917 and 1918. He was fired from the force when he was caught "keeping warm" in a baker's shop on a cold night in 1918. Shortly afterward he went to Warsaw and found employment as a tailor just prior to being drafted into the Polish army.

Do you see picture of my grandmother? (Shows photograph and weeps) She used to peddle needles and pins to the farmers, my grandmother. She used to have a little basket with needles and pins she used to sell and she come to the farm, to the house. They knowed her, she used to say, "Please give my grandson a little bread, piece of bread. Something, something to eat." And take home some for the house to give to the children. I couldn't take it—[she] had to take it home several miles—to the children. Think about it. Terrible memories. Can't—can't talk about it. (sobbing) She used to say to the farmer, "Please, give that little boy a piece of bread. Or potatoes." [The farmers had] known my grandmother from way back . . . [from] the time she used to peddle. I would say she died at the age of 80, 85. All her life she go every day to the farm. . . . Old as she was she carried potatoes on her back, eight or ten miles. Pieces of wood, potatoes, whatever she could carry. She helped the family to survive. . . .

My grandmother never owned a home for herself, even a room. Know what she had? She used to rent a part of a room by somebody. They gave her a little place for a bed, for a little table. (Demonstrates size of bed and table) The rights to cook. She had that piece of a room, she was allowed to come in to sleep in her little bed and burn a candlelight for the night. She had a little box to keep her, whatever she possessed . . . had a little trunk, made by hand, and she kept her stuff in there. I've never known my grandmother having a home. And she used to go every day to different farms to pick up little stuff to live on. Her aim is the children has to eat.

I've seen children drop off in Poland, right after the First World War, where we did not know the eggs, the butter, the cheese or meat—all we'd get is a couple of potatoes and a piece of bread to eat, in a day. To survive was a miracle, yes, miracle. Half a quart milk, quart water poured into it. [We] never ate, actually, milk, never tasted milk. It comes to my mind—I can't shake it off.

I've seen a sister at the age of 16 drop dead, die from—you've seen children in Africa, Hungary, with the big bellies—that's how I've seen my sister's. Several died, couldn't take it. That I have seen. Yes. It's always on my mind. When I go to the table I always think about it. All these years that's passed I still remember that. I could never shake it off.

And throughout those years of starvation and death, Mr. Weiner says it was his old grandmother who sustained the surviving children. She was bent with grief and loneliness, having lost two husbands. Mr. Weiner's grandfather was her first husband.

HW Her husband died by trying to dodge go to the army see, he's—I think he was—I think he removed a toe by somebody not to go to the army and he died from gangrene. Lot of Jews used to remove their fingers, shot themself, some told [they had] bad eyes, some Jews used to get himself couldn't hear in order to avoid going into the army. There was special men their business was how to remove—how to make you—

MK Mutilate you.

HW Mutilate you, not to go to soldiers. Used to be a time, four or five years, send you to Siberia. Some Jewish boys were highly religious and they couldn't afford to eat what they would feed them—pork or not kosher stuff. Not cause it was right; this is their way of life. They was told they cannot eat. They died.

Perhaps the one bright spot in those years after the family's flight to Soko-

Above. Weiner held a mandolin to pose in 1921 with various cousins and his sister Anna (third from left) while illegally visiting Poland. He was wanted for draft evasion.

Right. Weiner at 16 in Zokolow. He said he dressed up fancy for the picture. (c. 1916)

low was Mr. Weiner's relationship with the Spilman family, into which he would marry many years later. He gives a warm account of his love for Sarah, and of his great admiration for Mr. Spilman, a classical violinist, a man of great learning, "a cultured Jew."

HW [Sarah's] father was a musician and, in fact, at that time they had a small group like Kanawha Players, amateur groups. And I tried my best to participate or attend the shows, Yiddish stage shows and all. It had its own building, and in the upstairs they had a—they had a large room. At one time their father engaged me to take a part in a play, which I wasn't good at it. But I tried my best. There was a play by name of *Yeshiva Bocker.* A boy goes to Hebrew seminary to be a rabbi. I was supposed to play Hassidic—[Hassids were members of a mystical Jewish sect.] with the locks, you know—future husband, groom. And I wasn't good at it, but I tried several times. I was too shy to play where I actually loved a girl. And if I couldn't do it a friend of mine did it. The time before he was in the army he took my part.

MK Well, both her parents knew you then?

HW Yes, they know me well. They knowed me because her father had a cousin in Ostrolenka and they used to come to visit them. My father knew her father because my father was at one time engaged to his sister, which didn't come through. My father was engaged to my father-in-law's sister.

And Mr. Spilman was a good fiddle player. He was a professional musician. And I used to adore him because he played remarkably beautiful. I think he possessed a small library for people to come in to take books from, charge him little, little or nothing at all. To me it was quite cultural, more than average. The profession itself put him in a different category of the Jews with the long beards [who] keep on praying. Some Jews live a lifetime of eat and die. They wait to die; supposed to go to heaven. Praying was all their life so they prayed day and night, no end to it. . . .

[Mr. Spilman] used to teach violin. I presume he might have been a Rubinoff if he had been in America. They used to hire him for far and near, play for weddings and concerts. Used to accompany singers. And the children, all the children played. My wife can play even now at the mandolin. Yes. And I took mandolin because I always admire someone who plays some instrument . . . . (laughing with pleasure) I used to spend my time playing the mandolin, mostly Jewish pieces. Yes, I adored it . . .

[Spilman] had several [daughters], yes, he had one girl, Sarah, I fell in love with. And to me if I loved a girl it was just like me falling in love with Queen Elizabeth, just to talk about it. Because I couldn't take her out for a Coca-Cola, for a drink at all. I couldn't be dressed properly, I didn't have a necktie and my shirt was dirty.

MK But you loved her just the same?

HW I loved her, yes, she knowed it. I talked to her about that. First of all she was a good-looking girl, she was a good dancer and good singer, had a good voice. My chances for me to get Sarah was very poor. I mean, because I did not financially—I was not—but lucky for her an American boy who came for a visit then married her, took her to America. When I came to New York I decided to look her up . . . she was married, had a little child. She seemed to me very, very, very warm. And I told her how I'm getting along, what I'm doing. She said to me, "How about you to get my sister?"

But Hyman Weiner's fears of the future grew as manhood and the likeli-

hood of being drafted into the Polish army approached. Finally the induction came and with it Weiner's assessment that "the dark days" were upon him.

MK What do you mean "the dark days"?

HW Days of my life I faced almost destruction. I was drafted into the Polish army—to be drafted [is] like you give a guy a lifetime penitentiary: to endure three of four year of—in the army—be called "a goddamn Jew" every few minutes. Give you beans for breakfast—beans and black coffee.

MK How old were you then?

HW Was . . . drafted at the age of 18, 19. But I escaped . . . I was forced to. My father sent me some money from here. Were it not for my father I would have ended up going there—three years, four years—and every Pole look at you and your life is worth about five cents. Misery . . . I was admitted to the army, but I escaped. They gave me 60 days to get ready to come in. I was admitted. And one guy comes out and makes an announcement in his own language, "Hyman Weiner is declared a Polish soldier here from now on." And tell you you'll be in . . . second division. And where you will be stationed. And you go home to get ready to come back. I had enough time to get out.

MK How did you get out?

HW False passport, and years older—make a beard, and make a stick, and make look old!

MK You disguised yourself?

HW Disguise . . . yes. You take a chance. My cousin got caught and got four years. At that time there was a war between the Russians and the Poles and if you went to the front line your life wasn't worth five cents. Every Jewish boy had one aim—to get out . . . no matter what, no matter how and why—to get out. Some went to Palestine, some went to South America, mostly any place at all to go. They catch you, they get after you, you get shot. You'd see the signs "Death for Desertion." They took a chance to die. Yes. I would be in serious trouble. I didn't travel in uniform, but some traveled in uniform; [after escaping] they'd put it in the dump.

MK So how did you get the passport?

HW Okay, you can, for money, have it made, cause some people specialized. "Where do you want to go? Well, we can take care of you." They would make them. I had a brother, he was wise in these things so he helped me. He knew the channels, how to get it made. With the same passport I went to the Argentine embassy and they gave me a real visa. I got on a train to the Polish border. I was examined, my papers okayed. There was like ten men, they opened my passport and looked at it. Yes, after you get to the Polish border you know someday it will be a brighter day.

Traveling cautiously across Germany and France, Hyman Weiner finally got to the port of Bordeaux, where he booked passage to South America.

HW [It took a] month to get to Buenos Aires. I did quite well for the time I was in South America. In Buenos Aires, after they examine your papers you're allowed to leave the boat. In my case I had nobody—nobody was at the dock and I was advised about a place to go—they give you two weeks time, a place to sleep and they give you tea, and a roll in the morning. The place . . . is a lodge, and the beds are like shelves, and . . . canvas. Seven in the morning you have to get up and they give you breakfast. Then you go—you walk the streets and begin to learn how to get around. Buenos Aires in my time was an awful large place. But still it was easy to get around and I used to find tailor shops; you'd walk in and show him the thimble. And sometimes you'd go into a Jewish place and they'd talk to you a little Yiddish; then you can get half a day or a day. At the time you could have gotten dinner for ten cents, special for immigrants. If you only made five pesos a week you could have managed to survive a while until you got yourself settled.

After two weeks I was out of the lodge for the immigrants. [I found a job as] a coat maker for a contractor and he made coats for stores. I worked in his shop . . . in Callia Corrientas. And I lived in Callia LaRejas, not far from a large, very beautiful park. I used to spend much time in the park.

MK When you went to South America you encountered [no prejudice?]

HW No, In South America I did not notice this, no prejudice, no hatred, no Jewish problem. My time was—complete freedom, very happy, very contented. The people in South America, they didn't know who was a Jew. They know you are from Germany or from Poland or from Russia. I was quite contented and happy when my father talked me into come here, to settle here. Yet, my mother and other children are still in Europe and we are anticipating that someday we'll all . . . Still [in South America] is my brother.

MK What is his name?

HW Name is, uh—in fact my name actually is Weiner here, but at home it was Wengrowski. We changed the name . . . if you write him, why, you write Isaac Wengrowski. They didn't change in South America . . .

MK Why did they change here?

HW Well, it's easier to pronounce. A fellow tell you some Polish name, you say how you spell it? I think our name changed in 1912 by my brother which was in England. I have two aunts there, and uncles, and they told us, "You go to America or come to England better change the name."

MK How do you feel inside when you have to change your name?

HW Well of course it's better—for you, for your children. My children knew that we changed the name, but they know nothing about [the details.]

MK When you came here did you have to go to Ellis Island?

HW Yes. They examine your papers and . . . they help you . . . go to your people. In my case nobody came after me 'cause I didn't tell my dad I'm coming. When I came from Buenos Aires they just ask me were I'm going and I told them, "Charleston." They said, "Well, there's many Charlestons. Which kind of Charleston do you go to?" I said, "That's all I know. I don't know anything else. My father's in Charleston, in America." But after an hour later I came to my idea that after Charleston you put a "W. Va." That made it. I didn't know that this is part of the state. I called it "VooFa." The "W" is a "vay" and the "V" is a "fah." I says, "Maybe it is "VooFa." That will do it. So they took me to the train and they put me a [label on my lapel] and they told the conductor to keep an eye on me. And they came to the village of Charleston and told me to get off. And I came to Charleston, I gave the taxi driver my address on a piece of paper and he dropped me off at my father's home at three o'clock in the morning, November, 1923. Following day or two was Thanksgiving—was the happiest day of my life at that time.

When asked if Charleston had been good to him, if there might not be some place he would rather live, like New York, maybe, or Israel, Hyman Weiner replied:

HW Israel—I'll tell you—when Charleston is 55 years your home, your children, your grandchildren, your roots are here. Every tree, every bush, every rock is a part of you. I don't care if you take me to Los Angeles or New York, to any beautiful place, this is the beauty for me here.

The Champion of Greenbrier Valley

By Ted Green
Photographs by Carl Fleischhauer

Mose Coffman. Photograph by Ted Green.

Material for this article was acquired through interviews with Mose Coffman and his nephew Don Norman in Greenbrier County, November 1977 and February 1978. Most of the interviews were taped, therefore long quotes are close to verbatim, although they are somewhat edited to avoid repetition. —T. G.

MOSE COFFMAN, sometime fiddling champion of Greenbrier County, does not conform to the image many people have of Appalachian old-time fiddlers. He was born William Moses Coffman 72 years ago in Frankford and is descended from a wealthy German Mennonite from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Samuel Coffman, Mose's great-grandfather, came to a place near Ronceverte in a covered wagon in 1835. The area became known as Coffman Hill.

The family later bought a farm near Frankford as investment property and turned it over to a family of tenant farmers. The large house that went with the purchase of the farm was built by Colonel John Stuart for his son Charles. It was full of hand-carved woodwork and it has been locally regarded as a mansion over the generations. The house was boarded up for some 40 years until Mose's father decided to live there and manage the farm. He married Mose's mother in 1904. Of Scots-Irish descent, she was a granddaughter of Squire Jim Williams, a magistrate in Williamsburg, and she grew up in Frankford.

Mose's parents honeymooned in St. Louis, where they attended the World's Fair and saw automobiles and modern bathrooms on display. Had it not been for the poor roads back in Greenbrier County, they would have bought a car; however they settled for a bathroom and became the first proud owners in the area of an indoor-plumbing facility. Neighbors came by buggy from afar just to admire it.

Mose was the first child to be born in what is now known as the Charles Stewart house. He was followed by three brothers and a sister. Also connected with the house were a housekeeper, a maid, a cook, a governess, and a gardener. Mose first became acquainted with the

musical Hammons family through a Hammons who worked as a farmhand for the Coffmans. Years later, in 1970-1972, Mose joined Burl, Sherman, Maggie, and Lee Hammons to record *Shaking Down The Acorns* (Rounder Records 0018), the only record on which Mose has appeared.

Mose feels his musical talent comes from some of the women in his family. "The old set of Coffmans couldn't play a daggone note on the fiddle. But they married into the Humphreys and the Humphreys were Scots-Irish." Mose's "Grandmother Humphrey," wife of William Coffman, played the fiddle. Mose was close to her, but it was not she who inspired Mose to take up the fiddle. It was his "Grandmother Cogbill," from his mother's side, who did. As Mose recounts the story,

I was walking with my sweetheart and my grandmother at the county fairgrounds, what they now call the state fairgrounds. And I said, 'I believe I hear a fiddle. Lord, listen to that!' So we went and found this guy. He was a coal miner and had his back in a cast, had his back broken in the mines. At that day in time, by golly, I'll tell you no lies about it, they didn't get any compensation or anything for going under the earth. Well, he was playing banjo, one of the finest banjo pickers I ever heard in my life. There's another guy settin' across from him playing the guitar. Now my grandma said, 'Which one of you boys can play the fiddle?' There was a fiddle laying down there, so the guitar picker got it out of the case and started backing the banjo up with the fiddle. And my grandma turned around to me and said, 'Mose, why in the devil don't you learn how to play a fiddle?' Well, I tried to. . . .

It was actually a few years later, when Mose was about 20, that he really began to play the fiddle. Before that, he had played the banjo.

I just picked up an old five-string banjo one day and I got to thinking about it a little bit. That's how I played. But I'll tell you something else; some of those other fellers, by golly, laying all jokes aside, showed me how to roll the thumb from the thumb string clear over to the second string. That's what you call double noting with your front finger and your thumb. . . .

Even before taking up the banjo Mose had sung in school and church (his mother was organist for the church). The first person actually to teach Mose fiddle tunes was a man from Chestnut Flat named Glen Gillespie. By this time Mose had graduated from Frankford High School and had studied for awhile at Dunsmore Business College in Virginia. It seems that Mose had typhoid fever and while he was recuperating Glen Gillespie stopped at Mose's house and started him on some tunes. Gillespie was then in his 40s. Mose still speaks of him with highest praise. Gillespie held the fiddle against his chest and apparently used a number of non-standard violin tunings for his tunes.

This practice, carried on by Mose, lends special character to southern Appalachian fiddling. One of Mose's favorite tunes, which he learned from a left-handed fiddler named Tom Cochran, is "Silver Lake," tuned (from high to low) C-G-D-G. A commoner non-standard tuning is B-G-D-G, in which Mose plays "Jack of Diamonds."

Other fiddlers that Mose learned from as a young man include Pete Legg, Ed Price, Dave Baldwin, Elmer Zimmerman, Howard Getty, Edden Hammons, and Tom Fuller. He also learned fiddle tunes from listening to banjo players. He learned to read fiddle music from Ed Price, but he only learned a few tunes this way. One of them is "Soap Suds Over The Fence," which he introduces by saying, "I'm going to try and imitate Ed Price on this one!"

Mose picked up stories and legends with some of the tunes he learned. It is worth recounting one of them, and the story behind "Forked Horn Deer" is an appropriate choice because not only is this one of Mose's favorite tunes, but he also knows three or more parts in addition to the usual two parts played as "Forked Horn Deer" by fiddlers from other areas. The Pete Hammons in the story was Edden's uncle and the great-uncle of Maggie, Burl, and Sherman.

See this here story about 'Forked Horn Deer.' A feller by the name of ole Uncle Pete Hammons, he used to live way up yonder, what they call Cherry River, back in Pocahontas County. He later moved to the state of Montana. And, Lord, he lived to be way up in his 90s, by golly, and he's the one I think composed that tune 'Forked Horn Deer.'

This was while the Civil War was going on. Well, one day ole Uncle Pete was out hunting and he killed

Left. Blanton Owen, Mose Coffman, and Peter Bachman at a get-together in Pocahontas County in 1970, during which some of the recordings used on the record album *Shaking Down the Acorns* were made.

Below. Mose Coffman and Burl Hammons.

Bottom. Burl Hammons and Mose Coffman in Burl's living room near Marlinton.

himself a deer. He was coming back to his log cabin. Back in that time, you know, panthers would follow you. He'd done gutted his deer and so he brought it into his cabin. He went to bed. At that time they didn't nail the shingles on the roof; they tied them down with deer hide, you know. So here it was that night after he's laying there with his deer not far from him. Well, the panther had followed him. There was a tree over the top of the cabin. Well, the panther scratched some shingles off the cabin roof and fell right through and into the bed beside Pete. He had an ax setting there by the fireplace. He just got up, killed that panther with that ax, throwed the panther outside the house, turned around and went back to sleep—went back to bed like nobody's business. And he composed 'Forked Horn Deer.' I'll say to this daggone day that he was the one that composed it!

Green: Let me make sure I've got the connection here. Did that deer have forked horns?

Coffman (chuckling): I suspect it did.

Mose was drafted into the Army Air Corps in 1942. He was stationed at several bases, including overseas stints in Guam and the Philippines. He became a mess sereant and although he saw no combat action while stationed in the Pacific during the war, he nevertheless kept very musically active. Wherever he was stationed he organized an old-time string band, often teaching his buddies the guitar or banjo parts to accompany his fiddling. They performed in beer halls for servicemen.

Sherman Hammons, Lee Hammons, and Mose Coffman.

Upon his discharge in 1953, Mose returned to the family farm and worked on it until 1969 when his mother died. Then Mose worked for a few years at Denmar State Hospital for the aged chronically ill. This was in order to build up his social security, according to nephew Don Norman. By this time the family farmlands had shrunk considerably. The original farm and acreage had been sold to settle the estate among the descendants of Sam Coffman. Mose still owns 114 acres, but he rents it out and lives in Lewisburg with his nephew Don in the house of his late sister. The rest of his family is dispersed; one brother is in Cincinnati, one in Florida, and one in Charleston. Mose never married.

According to Mose, fiddling was not regarded as ungodly or immoral in his community. Square dances were frequent and fiddlers were also heard at the county fair. As a novice fiddler, Mose would observe the older fiddlers' technique. "I'd sit back, watch them play at square dances and I'd watch that jerk of the bow." In later years, Mose played at a great many square dances himself.

Hamp Carpenter and I used to play banjo and fiddle together many, many times. I used to know a lot of people by the name of Carpenter. In fact, Uncle Sol Carpenter was the one who composed the tune called 'Camp Chase' when he was in a prison camp in Ohio during the Civil War. . . . But me and Hamp used to get up around Pocahontas County and we used to go down to Mrs. Kellison's place and play for square dances. Nelson Scott was a banjo picker and there were several other fellows. . . . We'd all go down there together.

Old-time music and bluegrass festivals are a recent phenomenon in the Greenbrier-Pocahontas area, but fiddle contests were held at the old county fairs. Mose entered several of these and at least once won the Greenbrier Valley championship. He has also played at the Huntersville festival in Pocahontas County. Two years ago, Mose played at the Skyline Bluegrass festival, where, I was told, Vassar Clements sought him out to learn some tunes from him. This kind of story about Mose is typical in Greenbrier County, for people seem proud of him. I have noticed that his friends and acquaintences treat him with considerable respect, often addressing him as "Uncle Mose" or "Uncle Mo."

I was with Mose and Don Norman for several hours one night in a Frankford bar, or I should say *the* Frankford bar. Mose plays fiddle there quite often, just for the fun of it, and perhaps for the companionship. Different people in the bar would urge Mose to play, offering him a chair in front of a microphone and almost reverently taking Mose's fiddle out of its case and presenting it to him. Although the audience was unable to hear some of the tunes they requested—inevitably a few people repeatedly asked for "The Orange Blossom Special"—they were more than respectful when they heard fine traditional tunes like "Dance, Boatsman Dance," "Rocky Mountain Goat," and "Soldier's Joy." Mose received enthusiastic applauses and usually inspired a few couples to clog or otherwise dance. Leaving the bar that night, I thought of something Mose had told me earlier, "I've always loved my fiddle and my five-string banjo. I'd have been dead years ago if it wasn't for my fiddle."

Capitol Street, Charleston

Commentary on a Central Business District

Text and photographs by James E. Harding

AS THE CAPITAL of West Virginia and a center of one of the State's more diversified and cosmopolitan regions, Charleston offers resident and visitor alike a relatively broad range of attractions. Being situated astride the Kanawha River and having undergone industrial, commercial, and transportation development early by comparison with many sections of West Virginia, the city was perhaps the most important jobbing town in the corridor between Richmond and Cincinnati by the middle of the 19th century. Activities as varied as wholesale merchandising and labor organizing have centered in Charleston, a focal point in the political, social, and economic growth of southern West Virginia in particular and the State in general.

One feature of the 1890-1940 period of expansion that remains intact to a rather significant extent is the central business district, especially that segment housed in the old commercial buildings along Capitol Street between Virginia and Lee Streets. There are some detractors, no doubt, who would say that the best is gone and little of former grandeur survives. Some flavor of a pleasing mix in modern and old, however, is quite evident when one looks behind false facades or above the first-floor store fronts that have come to represent evolving commercial concepts. Most business and office buildings along this portion of Capitol Street were constructed between 1890 and 1940; a glance above street level should provide a basis for study of how this section of Charleston's business district has come to be whatever one sees in it today.

What follows is not intended as a critical review of architecture or an in-depth history; "critics" of architecture and history tend to be pretentious, so this shall be an early disclaimer. It is meant, rather, to be a limited commentary with a goal of helping Charlestonians as well as visitors to the city take a look at their surroundings and gain a better understanding of what there is and why it is there. Perhaps what is said below about general patterns here will apply elsewhere.

The Early Period

In the year 1890 Charleston had a population of 7,447, or so the census takers said. It was on the verge of a period of great expansion in number of inhabitants: 11,099 in 1900, 22,996 by 1910, 39,609 in 1920 and 60,408 by 1930.

At the turn of the century, businesses in the city included beer bottler Henry Dilcher; A. Boiarsky, retail jeweler and pawnbroker; and John Spaniol, shoemaker. George Ort and Company dealt in pharmaceuticals, the Dick and Stover firm were tinners; Cablish Brothers baked and made confections (Cablish's ice cream was the "Acme of Excellence!"); the Blusteins merchandised hides, roots and such things; and Fred Van Orman and Company ran a hotel. The wholesale district centered around Capitol, Virginia, and Summers Streets, while retailers lined the southern part of Capitol Street and took storefronts in the many new business blocks. What today forms the central business district was taking shape both in area and physical facilities.

Even before the new century began, the momentum of "modernization" had started influencing the character of the city. The Kanawha River had been bridged in 1890 by the Charleston and South Side Bridge Company at a cost of about $200,000, the county erected the first section of the present Ro-

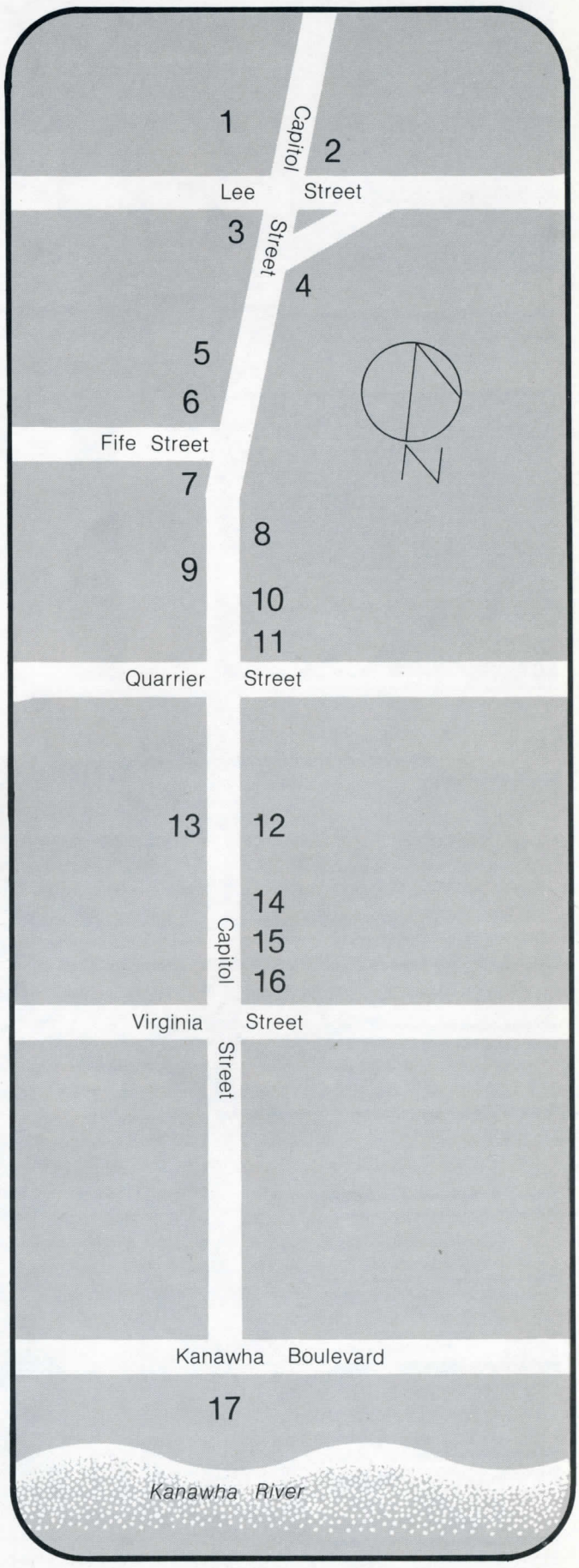
Right. Delicacy and subtlety on the facade of the old Washburn Hotel at 118 Capitol Street.

Far Right. Frankenburger's (left) and the former Kanawha National Bank Building at 100-104 Capitol Street.

Below. Capitol Street from Virginia Street northward.

Map and Key For Selected Buildings

1. Henry Gassaway Davis Monument
2. Kanawha Valley Building
3. Odd Fellows Hall, *formerly Miss Doddridge's School of Physical Culture and Dancing* (245-247)
4. Formerly Coyle and Richardson Department Store and National Bank of Commerce (240)
5. O.J. Morrison Department Store (231)
6. Scott Building (227)
7. Formerly Loewenstein and Sons' hardware and saddlery shop (223)
8. Fountain Block, *formerly Schwabe and Company, Grand Rapids Furniture and Jelenko Brothers and Loeb Department Store* (210-214)
9. Kresge's, *formerly Fleetwood Hotel and Rudesill and Mead Queensware* (209)
10. 204 Capitol Street
11. Formerly Kanawha Banking and Trust Company (200)
12. S. Spencer Moore's *part was formerly the Hotel Washburn* (118)
13. Kanawha Banking and Trust Company (107)
14. Silver Brand Clothes (108)
15. Frankenberger's (104)
16. Security Building, *formerly Kanawha National Bank* (102)
17. Union Building (Kanawha Boulevard)



manesque-style courthouse in 1892, and Frankenberger's clothing store moved to Kanawha and Summers Streets in 1895. When the latter opened for business in 1860 in a building along Kanawha Street, it was under the direction of Philip and Moses Frankenberger, brothers who had come here from Columbia, Pennsylvania. The operation had been interrupted for a short period during the Civil War when they were taken prisoners by Confederate troops who accused them of being Union sympathizers. After escaping, however, they renewed their commitment to the community by returning to serve the clothing needs of a widespread area in the southern part of the new state, even handling groceries and tobacco for a time. Philip bought Moses out in 1882 and soon set his "one price to all" policy, guaranteeing equal economic treatment to each customer; business built on "fairness and quality" enabled the firm, in 1915, to build the present structure that still houses their store at 104 Capitol Street.

Although the population of the city more than doubled between 1900 and 1910, it apparently was absorbed without the taxation on resources that usually accompanies boom growth. This was due in part because much of the increase came through annexations, and the economic infrastructure already in existence was geared to handle considerable expansion.

By 1907 the Kanawha National Bank conducted business at the corner of Capitol and Virginia Streets, and in 1915 it completed its new high-rise headquarters that is today the Security Building (the Kanawha National eventually merged with others to become part of the Charleston National Bank). Kanawha Banking and Trust Company occupied the structure

Opposite Page. Detailing in the surrounding elements of the entrance to the Union Building at 723 Kanawha Boulevard.

Below. Composite capitals and cornice designs on the Security building at 102 Capitol Street.

Right. Sculpting above the arched entrance to Kanawha Banking and Trust Company Building (newer section) at 107 Capitol Street.

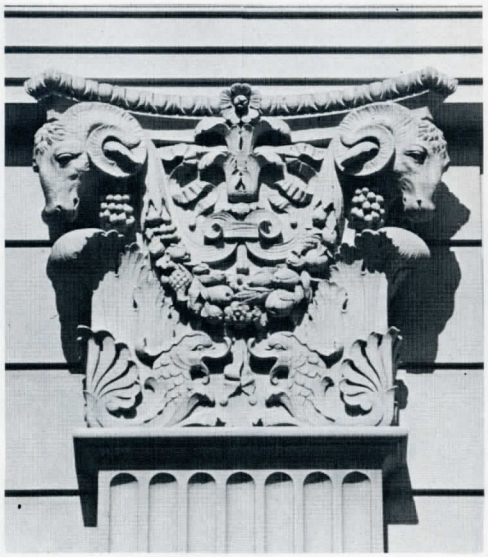
on the northeast corner of Capitol and Quarrier Streets that now houses a chain drug store on the first floor. Odd Fellows (I.O.O.F.) Hall at what is now Capitol and Lee Streets provided space for several businesses, including Miss Doddridge's School of Physical Culture and Dancing on the entire fourth floor.

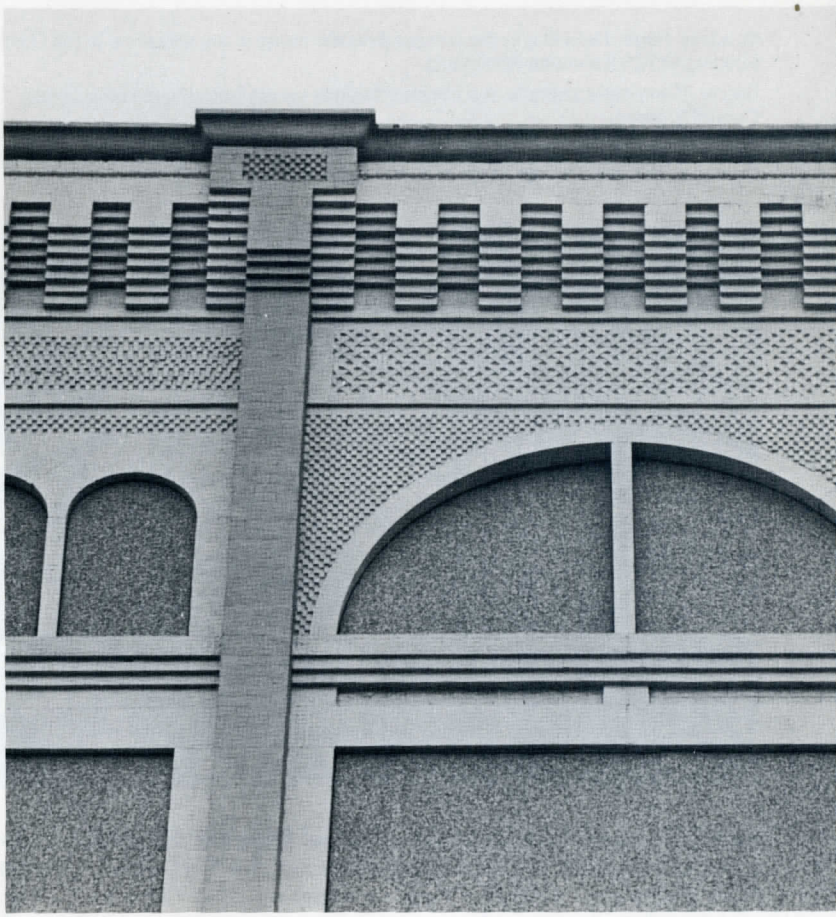
The Hotel Washburn, offering rooms at $1.00 and $2.00 per day at the turn of the century, occupied three buildings across from the present public library, including the one with the Washburn name above third-floor windows that is used now by S. Spencer Moore, another long-time resident firm. In 1906 that store advertised wallpaper to help make a house more attractive, for "the working man's home is his palace." The library edifice itself was constructed between 1911 and 1914, in part as a post office, the second federal building on the site.

A new newspaper began publication in May of 1906. The *Labor Argus,* with offices at 132-134 Summers Street, spoke in behalf of workers, and its activities included supporting striking coal miners in attempts to organize. Advertisers who purchased space in the *Argus* during the formative months of its operation consisted of a much smaller group than those who regularly made their appeal in the *Daily Gazette,* "the only Democratic Newspaper between Cincinnati and Richmond with the Associated Press dispatches," but they represented an interesting segment of the business community. The Jarrett-Kehoe Shoe Company at 29 Capitol Street (the street numbering system has changed since the early twentieth century), for example, advertised everyday and Sunday shoes with the union stamp; United Mills, "tailors to the masses," operated from 103 Capitol Street; and W. T. Eisensmith at 243 Capitol was a watch repairer, jeweler, and optician. Fielder and Turley Clothiers at 14 Capitol Street presented the following "Manifesto" in an issue of the *Labor Argus* during August 1906:

> We are the only merchants in Charleston who have nerve to advertise Union-Made Clothing. Our competitors are afraid of the other fellow. We are not. We are for labor organizations properly conducted, first, last and all the time. We don't mean by that we don't want the other fellow. We want it distinctly understood that we treat all customers alike, irrespective of politics, religion, nationality, creed or color. One man's dollar will buy as much at our store as anothers and they all get their money's worth. We handle a full line of Union Made Clothing made under clean and sanitary conditions and not in disease breeding sweat shops and penitentiaries and we have the nerve to say so. We guarantee our goods and prices and back up what we say.

It was 1906, too, when the building on the southeast corner of present Capitol and Lee Streets was completed, and it housed such enterprises as the Coyle and Richardson department store and National Bank of Commerce which moved from nearby Nitro early in this century (the latter's present tower at Lee and Hale more recently replaced the old Capitol Annex that had been converted into a library. It was not until after West Virginia's Capitol—roughly on the east side of present Capitol and Lee Streets—burned in 1921 and state offices were moved away from central city that expansion of the business district to the north took place. The lot to the rear of the Y.M.C.A., however, with its park-like atmosphere and monument to in-





Above. Ram's-head volutes, stylized fish, and cornucopias in pilaster capital on Kanawha Banking and Trust Company Building (older section) at 107 Capitol Street.

Center. Elaborate patterns and brick corbeling on the Fountain Block at 210-214 Capitol Street.

Right. Rock-faced lintels, brick arches, and a projecting header motif at 200 Capitol Street.

dustrialist-politician Henry Gassaway Davis predated this development and was commemorative of Davis' contributions to the building of the "Y" shortly after 1905.

The Later Period

Into the 1920s, as the city sustained its growth, wholesalers and retailers continued to locate on Summers and Capitol Streets and connecting thoroughfares. Around 1920 O. J. Morrison, a Ripley farm boy who turned businessman and had established a firm in Charleston in 1910, moved one of his department stores to its present Capitol Street site, replacing the old Burlew Opera House with an enlarged and more modern commercial outlet. Even before, in 1911, the Union Trust Building along the Kanawha River at the southern end of the street had been completed, and the main Kanawha Banking and Trust Company Building, still in use, was finished in 1918.

By 1930 Capitol Street's skyline as we know it today, from Virginia Street to Lee Street, had taken shape. Perhaps the crowning jewel of its evolution was the Kanawha Valley Bank Building, completed in 1929 on part of the site of the old Capitol. The banking firm had served Charleston since 1867, and now its new edifice dominated the city like none other. As if quality of design and construction were not enough, numerous tenants over the years have been among the more noteworthy (of some it has been said notorious) businessmen, professionals, and politicians in the state.

If you had walked around downtown Charleston in 1940, you would have seen signs for the Fleetwood Hotel, Dan Cohen Shoes, and Cox's Department Store, all in the block between Quarrier and Lee Streets. Devan and Company offered "every kind of insurance" from offices in the Union Building. The city was making great progress in the eyes of many. Greyhound Lines, which operated from a terminal at 155 Summers Street (phone CApitol 28-121), advertised "a great circle tour of all America, from Charleston, along your own choice of scenic routes—stopping at both New York and San Francisco and back to Charleston—for only $69.95 round trip."

A new South Side bridge was erected in 1936 and 1937 by Works Progress Administration (W.P.A.) laborers on the site of the former one. The Kanawha Boulevard project was underway, transforming the earlier splendor of busy Kanawha Street into the sterile but efficient broad avenue of today. In 1939 Charleston Transit Company, caught up in "this thing called progress," was replacing the street railway system with luxurious, 40-passenger buses powered by diesel engines. At this time, also, the Beer Institute of West Virginia advertised the economic benefits provided by the brewing industry and stated

> It is not blindly that we of today must choose our path. Many men before us have traveled each of the

three roads . . . the dead end road to excess, the harsh road of intolerance and the straight road ahead. The Way of Moderation is the Straight Road Ahead! Beer *does* offer the right way. It is in fact the bulwark of moderation, according to the verdict of history, the weight of scientific evidence and the everyday experience of millions.

Styles, Features, and Details

What of the architectural history of the business district? What may be said of the styles, features, designs, materials and builders of the structures we see? Eclectic and vernacular are apt terms to describe general characteristics, for elements of various 1890 to 1940 styles are combined in many structures and local interpretation of designs is evident along the street. High Victorian Italianate, Second Renaissance Revival, Neo-Classical Revival, Commercial, and Modernistic styles are present, but it is specific details and particular features that should be emphasized.

Most buildings in the central business district were completed before the age of steel, glass, and concrete. Stone and brick, therefore, are the common building materials. We should note the often subtle variety in colors, textures, and sizes of these, though, and also realize that fenestration played an important role in the structures; there were many windows for light and air. Buildings became taller as real estate prices rose, and improved technology made "skyscrapers" more feasible and fashionable; competition for the tallest and finest also grew, especially among the banking firms.

Examine each structure carefully, looking at individual features from the first floor to the top. Details in the surrounding elements at the entrance to the Union Building (at Kanawha Boulevard), for example, are elaborate. Included are egg-and-dart and dentil bands, and animal heads within a projecting cornice placed between stone and brick levels. Above this, around the central window at the third floor, are fluted columns with unusual capitals, and all is capped by cornucopias and urns.

In the block between Virginia and Quarrier Streets, note composite capitals (Ionic and Corinthian) on the attached columns and designs in cornices at the Security Building (102 Capitol Street); spiraling bands around the second, third, and fourth floors and inscribed patterns in the cornice between the eight and ninth floors at Frankenberger's (104); stylized lintels, stone belt courses, and brick corbeling at the cornice of the store housing Silver Brand Clothes (108); pilasters with recessed panels, an "S" above the central opening on the second story, rock-faced stone treatment over some third-floor windows, and the "WASHBURN" name with an acorn dividing its syllables at S. Spencer Moore's (118).

Closely inspect the Kanawha Banking and Trust

Conical cap, jack arches, and gable plate on the Scott Building at 227 Capitol Street.

Company Building (107), for it is distinctive in many respects. Discover the figures above the arched opening of the newer section, look at the ram's-head volutes in the capitals of the pilasters at the entrance to the main building, and notice the griffins to the sides of the inscribed name and date panel over the center doors.

Interesting detailing continues along the block between Quarrier and Lee Streets. It is evident in the rock-faced stone treatment of most window lintels of the corner building with a drug store on the first floor (200). It is seen, too, in the metal structural support rods with star-shaped end ties near the roofline of the building next door (204). The structure that now includes Kresge's (209) has a central triangular gable with two smaller, subordinate gables to the sides, each with a sunken panel beneath; and the semi-circular, recessed panels above third-floor windows have a herringbone pattern in brick. Elaborate corbeling in the cornice along with brick dentils between the third and fourth stories make the old Fountain Block (now housing Clothes City and Embees at 210-214) pleasing.

Perhaps the buildings at either side of Fife Street, however, are the most attractive in the block. The building to the south housing the ground level drug store (223) has jack arches and keystones above windows on the second, third, and fourth floors; Palladian windows are at either side of the central bay on the fifth floor. The stylized moldings and cornice details (now highlighted and offset by contrasting colors) are delightful. Note the oriel or turret at the corner of the Scott Building (the name "SCOTT" is included in the front gable) across Fife Street (227), with its stone belt courses, brick jack arches and conical cap. Then look at the front to see the recessed panels between second- and third-floor windows.

The present buildings and businesses along Capitol Street, especially in the blocks from Virginia to Lee, fundamentally are the product of Charleston's evolving mercantile and financial communities during the period from 1890 to 1940. Remaining examples exhibit styles, features, and designs common to that time and reflect changing activity and tastes.

Loewenstein and Sons' hardware and saddlery shop, once at 223 Capitol Street, was gone by the end of the period, as were the Grand Rapids Furniture Company (formerly in the Fountain Block), Jelenko Brothers and Loeb Department Store (also in the Fountain Block) and Petty and Wertheimer Clothing Store. The buildings that housed many of these have remained, however, to be reused (though altered) by today's retail outlets. In addition, the banks and offices that built along Capitol Street continue operations, for the most part. Some businesses that at one time opened along the thoroughfare have simply moved to different streets (e.g., Schwabe and May, which, under the direction of Isadore and Albert Schwabe and Sol May, built the Fountain Block in 1895), while others have changed in ownership or name.

This commentary concludes with the recommendation that we view our physical surroundings, wherever we happen to be, with an understanding of the rationale for their existence. And the next time you are in Charleston take the opportunity to visit Capitol Street. While there, tilt your head back a little and look up.

The Barns of West Virginia

Text and photographs by LeRoy G. Schultz

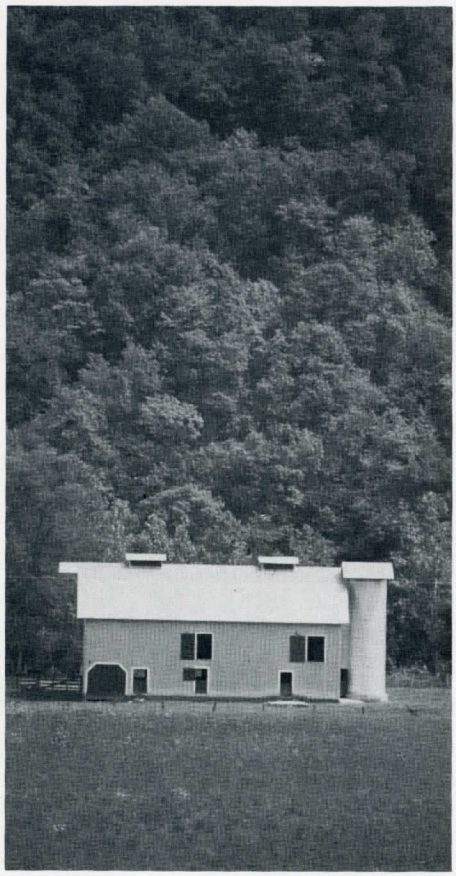
"A large wife and a large barn bring luck to any man"
19th Century Folklore

THE BEAUTIFUL barns of West Virginia are slowly fading away. We don't need them. They are obsolete by today's farm technology and our cult of the new. The vandalism of time, wind, fire, and insect damage have begun to wipe out a treasured part of our past. Ask a child in Charleston what a barn is and he describes it as a place behind which rural youngsters learned to honor their parents, according to his grandma. The boy in Wheeling claims barns were built to support "Mail Pouch" signs, while college students describe barns as the figment of an artist's imagination, such as Eric Sloane, Eric Arthur, or Dudley Witney.

Those of us raised on farms know the barn much more realistically and intimately. Who can forget his childhood days in those burnished castles —the warmth of cow's flanks on a cold day, intoxicating aromas of alfalfa and timothy, watching a midnight midwifery, squeezing warm milk directly in the mouth from an udder. If you were lucky you got your first kiss in a barn. Modern ecologists will never sense closeness to nature until they've pitched steaming manure on a frosty morning.

It's difficult to think of West Virginia as an agricultural rural state with our present stereotyped image as coal producers. In 1790 things were different. Then 95% of us lived on farms.

The Hamilton Barn, Marion County. West Virginia's best remaining round barn, built in 1912.



Above. Pendleton County-1890s. Beautifully cared for German-Pennsylvania barn with arched doors.

Above Right. The Bennett Barn-Pendleton County. Hand hewn logs in double crib construction with lean-tos, 1790s.

Opposite. Pendleton County-1819. Simple log barn with lean-to and cedar roof.

Opposite Page.

Top Left. Upshur County-1850s. This aged beauty has "paid its dues." Note saltbox roof with cedar shingles.

Top Right. Marshall County-1850s. Sheer simplicity barn for small farm with cedar shingle roofing.

Bottom. Logan County-1896. One of the few tobacco barns still standing. Once tobacco rolling became mechanized the small tobacco farmers lost out. Side of barn opens up for air drying of tobacco.

In 1795, the Indian War had ceased, increasing both farming and hunting, as well as grazing land. By the mid-1800s, the State's livestock was valued at 12 million dollars, there were 63,000 individually owned farms totaling 26 million acres worth 100 million dollars. Such expansion and abundance called for new barns to house stock, farm implements, foodstuffs, and hay. Before 1850, the State's farmers had little use or need for large barns, as herds were small, crops lean, and farm equipment simple.

Log barns were the first built in the State, and they were made with trees cleared from virgin land. In 1863 over half of West Virginia was in virgin timber, a most practical barn-building material. Tax records in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, indicate log barns were built as early as 1741. The logs used were left round, usually, and occasionally the spaces between the logs were chinked with mud. Machine made nails and hinges gained popularity after 1790, and were used for various types of barn doors, windows, and hayloft openings. Prior to 1790, wooden pegs were used instead of nails. English records indicate 67,200 pegs were used in one barn constructed in the year 1307. The square nails could still be ordered from the local blacksmith. Later logs were hewed square with

broad axes and the corners dovetailed. As the logs deteriorated many were later sheathed in clapboard.

The log barn, the senior citizen of barns, can still be viewed in all of West Virginia's fifty-five counties. The barn historian, Henry Glassie, traced the log barn's origin to early Europe and found them most common in Southern Appalachia. The first floor was used for housing oxen, a cow, or horses, and the upper level or loft for the storage of hay. The circular blade was adapted to West Virginia sawmills in 1820, making barn siding more available. As late as 1860 large barns were not needed. The West Virginia farmer was harvesting by the hand scythe and a good day's work consisted of cutting one acre of hay.

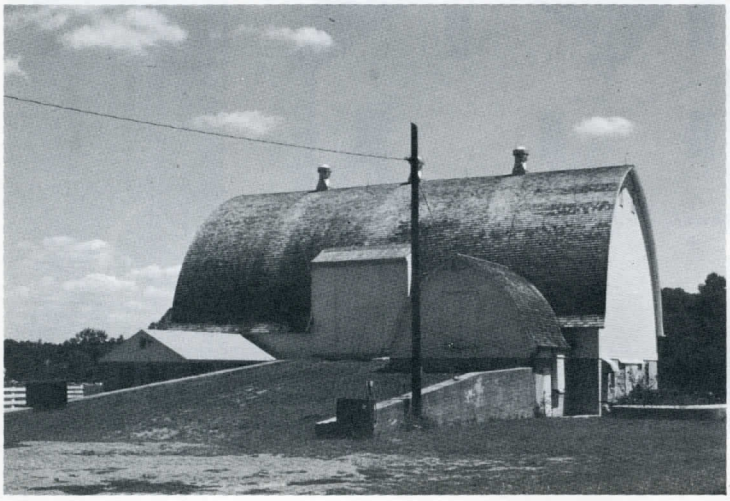
By 1875 new farm technology and fertilizers resulted in greater production and the individual capability of farming larger numbers of acres. New animal stock was introduced with new markets and the State's agricultural economy boomed. The horse drawn rake was introduced replacing hand labor. There were great increases in the numbers of beef cattle, and, later, dairy cattle as well as crop production of corn, wheat, buckwheat, apples, tobacco, oats, and potatos. These all called for larger barns.

The size of the barn in West Virginia varied to fit the needs of the farm, the contours and size of the land, and the wishes of the farmer. The new barns had to be large enough for fully loaded horse drawn wagons to enter directly inside, thus saving labor in hay removal and storage. From 1875 to 1925 West Virginia saw the building of the large barns which still stand today. They were called Switzer or bank barns, or more popularly, the German-Pennsylvania Barn, the most distinct contribution to American rural architecture in history. The original versions and their later adaptions are most prominent in the eastern panhandle, but they have impacted all of West Virginia. Their chief characteristics are the fore-bay or over-shoot and a second-story wagon entrance. The ground floor was used for housing of livestock and the main floor for hand threshing, while there were mows for hay storage. The silo, imported from Hungary, was first introduced in Illinois in 1873, and its use quickly spread to West Virginia. The first silos were made of wood much like a giant barrel, and later of various brick, stone, or cement. Silos were called "Watchtowers of Prosperity," since a farmer's wealth could be gauged by the number and size of his silos.

Top. Dodridge County-1870s. All wood barn with boarded up timbers and A-framed gable roof.

Left. Hampshire County-1908. Twelve-sided barn with silo built in center.

Below. The Kunkel Barn-Berkeley County. This is the best remaining model of the large German-Pennsylvania Bank barn. Built in 1910, it is 100 feet long by 60 feet wide, with limestone foundation and German siding.



Top Left. Greenbrier County-1940s. Beautiful modern large horse barn with Dutch gambrel roof.

Above. Morgan County-1880s. German-Pennsylvania barn is unique in having hand-laid stone pillars as foundations holding cantilevered over-bay.

Left. Jefferson County-1940s. Modern Quonset-style barn with bank entrance.

Below. Harrison County-1870s. The Boggess Barn with slate gable roof and large cupola with chestnut wood walls.

The Leatherman Barn-Hardy County. Built in 1904 of German siding and set on locust posts, this is three barns in one. Note church-like entrance on side and twelve cupolas.

Prior to 1850 barn wood could be cheaply replaced if destroyed by wind, insects, or time, but after this date it became necessary to paint wood to preserve it. The first paint was made of red iron oxide added to linseed oil, milk, and all leftovers. Barn doors were whitewashed with lime to waterproof. It wasn't long before the barn could be decorated for all to see.

Around 1900 yet another barn style was introduced to West Virginia. It was the round or many-sided barn first introduced in the New England states in 1824. By 1900 the round barn was highly recommended by most schools of agriculture of the land grant universities. I have been able to locate but six round barns still standing in the State, and in a world of squares they stand out. This exotic styled barn had the advantage of wind resistence, less building materials and massive open space without supporting posts at center. Some silos were built in the center of the barn to prevent food freezing and make feeding of livestock easier.

The Hamilton Barn near Mannington is the best preserved and stands as a landmark. Built in 1911 over a ten-month period with carpenters drawing 30 cents per hour, the barn was constructed of materials taken directly from the farm. The main floor is oak and the siding of yellow poplar. At center it stands 75 feet tall and the ceiling is ecclesiastical in appearance. The roof is made of several thousand pieces of slate brought in from Indiana. Folklore has it that a round barn left no corners for the devil to hide in.

When I took my last Sunday drive through our State, my passenger pointed out one of those new barns coming into common usage. It seemed out of place; it didn't naturally fit. Somehow all that cold glittering steel with polyvinyl trim and space-age color incites a bittersweet nostalgia for yesteryear. How's a boy to play "cops and robbers" in all that cold steel, or first encounter the mysteries of birth, life, and death when looking at a cattle sperm bank? There's no way we can duplicate these grand old buildings or the spirit that built them. Farming is now a profession, not a way of life. The rich agricultural legacy, as shown here, will soon no longer be.

References

E. Arthur, D. Witney. *The Barn: A Vanishing Landmark in North America.* New York: New York Graphic Society, 1972.

W. Barns. *The Centennial History of West Virginia Agriculture.* West Virginia University Library, 1963.

H. Glassie. "The Old Barns of Appalachia." *Mountain Life and Work.* 1965, pp. 21-30.

E. Sloans. *An Age of Barns.* New York: Ballantine, 1967.

University of Illinois. *The Round Barn.* Extension Service, September 1918, Urbana.

A Photographic Essay

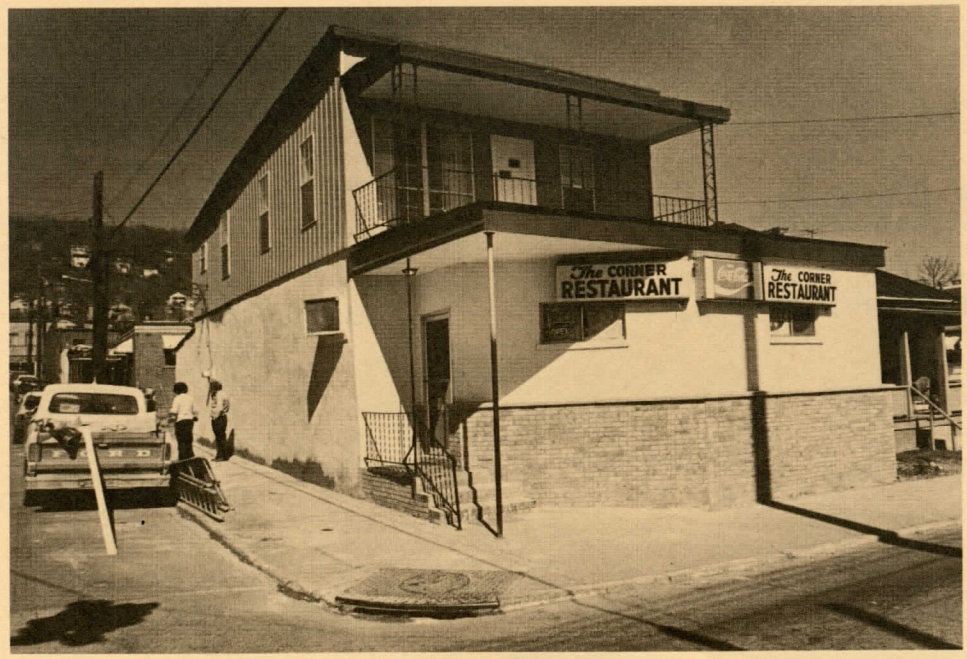
Capsule Guide to Charleston's Foodways

Photographs by James Balow
Text by Tom Screven

Visitors to Charleston and natives may want to investigate four food establishments, two restaurants and two grocery stores, that are steeped in tradition. Women who both began cooking as small children at their farm homes are the restaurant owners. The neighborhood grocery stores are run by people whose Italian immigrant parents got them started.

Much can be learned about earlier years in Charleston and in West Virginia by talking to the present owners of these businesses. They can tell us about coal mining, Italian immigrant life in coal towns and the city, black culture, the powerfully vital lore of women, city and rural foodways, and more.

Small neighborhood enterprises seem to disappear as quickly as fast food chains open franchises. GOLDENSEAL will endeavor to document such activity in the future as thoroughly as resources permit.



The Corner Restaurant
1534-7th Avenue

Mrs. Hallie Hamon (left) is the force behind this neighborhood restaurant at 1534-7th Avenue at Stockton Street. Her daughter Janet Scott (right) and several other of Mrs. Hamon's children and grandchildren help from time to time in the food service and behind the scenes.

Hallie Hamon was born on a farm near Ravenswood in 1903 and says, "I made my first biscuits when I was seven years old—buttermilk." Similar ones, now with sweet milk, are made at least once a day at The Corner along with cornbread, various pies, and a homey fare that surprisingly reflects rural West Virginia cooking.

Mrs. Hamon opened a small grocery market in the late 1930s on the west side of Charleston. In the years since she has operated several food markets in the general vicinity of Patrick Street, one the well-known outdoor produce market that passed into other hands in 1955 and has now been destroyed.

In that period she ran a grocery store at her present location. She started making carryout foods and then converted the place into a restaurant. Now newly renovated, the business serves three meals to at least 500 people a day. The menus are two blackboards chalked daily by hand, and most Sundays chicken and dumplings are included. The Corner's hours Monday through Saturday are 5:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m., and on Sunday from 6:00 to 9:30.

The Family Affair Restaurant

422 Shrewsbury Street

This soul food restaurant is almost always attended by its owner, Mrs. Alfretta Lee (Martin) Davis (right). Helping her are her daughters, Annette (to her right) and Tracie (left), and Darrell Richards. Virtually everything served Mrs. Davis learned to make as a small child on the Grannies Creek farm near Sutton where she grew up. Although she had five sisters and she was not the oldest of them, she was the one who "always stayed in the kitchen and asked questions." She was six when her mother lost her eyesight, so she "started cooking for a family of ten."

Mrs. Davis did not grow up cooking chitterlings, a restaurant speciality, but learned to make it when she married into a Fayette County coal mining family. Her connection with that county goes back to 1947 when she graduated from the one-room segregated Laurel Fork Grade School near her home and chose to move with a sister to Montgomery to attend all-black Simmons High School.

"Everything from scratch" is Mrs. Davis' byword as she offers, in part, cloverleaf light rolls, cornbread, barbecued ribs and chicken, fried fresh fish, and several vegetables. Her pies, nearly always on hand, are sweet potato, lemon, coconut creme, graham cracker, peach, and apple. Occasionally they serve lasagna, chicken and dumplings, ham and yams, German chocolate cake, and blackberry cobbler. The pies and cakes are often ordered ahead to take out.

This homey soul food place, where "you can take your shoes off," is open Monday through Thursday from 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. On Friday and Saturday its hours are from 7:00 a.m. to 4:00 a.m. the following morning.

Sam and Rose DeFranco in their old store at Washington and Truslow Streets in April 1940.

The interior of Lucenti's Market in June 1940.

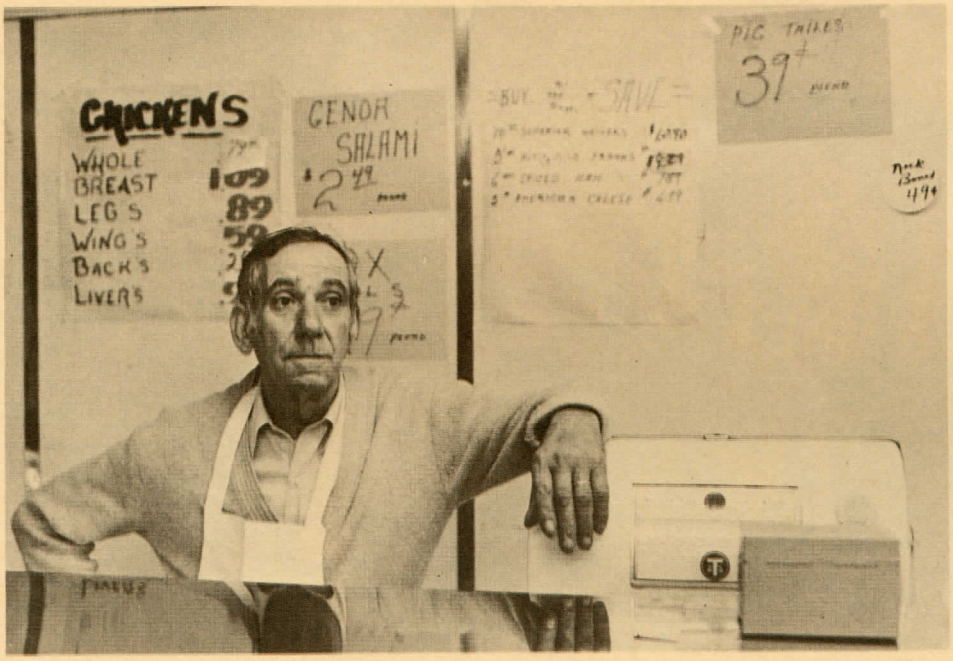
DeFranco Market
1003 Central Avenue

Now in its second location, this grocery store harks back to an Italian food market on Drew Street in St. Albans run by Mrs. Rose De Franco's mother, Victoria Muraca, a native of Savelli, Italy. Mrs. DeFranco's father Antonio came from San Giovanni; both towns are in Calabria, the mountainous region in southern Italy that forms the "toe" of the "boot." While her father mined coal in area mines, Mrs. Muraca ran the St. Albans store, supplied other coalfield stores with imported Italian foods, and influenced five daughters and their families to own Charleston grocery stores.

Mrs. DeFranco's husband Sam (Salvatore) immigrated from Italy in 1922 and died in 1967 at 67 years old. DeFranco Market first opened in 1929 in an 1870s red brick building on the northwest corner of Washington and Truslow Streets. Mr. and Mrs. DeFranco are shown (opposite, above) in that store in April 1940 when, according to Mrs. DeFranco, the stock, due to the Depression, was pitifully low. A pound of beef was 17 cents. In 1975 the store moved, as the old building was slated to be torn down.

Mrs. DeFranco, 71, was photographed this year at the market flanked by her grandsons, Shawn (left) and Patrick (right) Casey, who help their mother and the present manager, Mrs. Helen Casey. DeFranco's is known for its Italian foods section, including seafood for holiday feast dishes, and pig and hog parts popular with black customers.

Lucenti's Market
2509 East Washington Street



In the last two years James Lucenti has resumed ownership of the market he helped his Italian-born father run for some 25 years. About 1951 Vincenzo Lucenti retired, and the store changed hands three times before son James took it over again. His father died in 1974 at 90.

Both parents were born in the village of Caccuri in Calabria, the same southern Italian section where the elder DeFrancos were from, and their son knows at least one other Charleston family descended from immigrants from there. When James was born his father was a coal miner at Kayford, and he left the mines in the teens, he believes, when he narrowly missed being at work at the time of an underground explosion. The family moved to Charleston and, beginning around 1920, operated stores at the north end of Capitol Street and later at 1330 East Washington Street. In 1929 the market moved to its present location, where in June 1940 a photographer (page 48) caught James on the left of his father and Raymond Hanson, a longtime clerk, on his right.

Except for Genoa salami, the Italian foods at Lucenti's are few; but those who prepare soul food dishes know to look there for such swine parts as tripe (stomach walls), spareribs, hog mauls (testes), pig ears, chitterlings (intestines), and hog jowls. Many other meat and grocery items are available.

goldenseal index

GOLDENSEAL is "a quarterly forum for documenting West Virginia's traditional life," and is published by the State of West Virginia in January, April, July, and October. The first issue was produced in April 1975. The magazine is distributed without charge.

Subject Index

In this section each article is listed under its major subject areas. When more than one article appears under a heading the order is alphabetical by first word of title. Major industries, Coal, Timber, Oil and Gas, Railroads, appear as separate headings; others are found under Industry, Minor. Each entry is followed by the Month and Year, Volume and Number (shown in bold face), and the Page number. Page numbers shown throughout this section are the first pages of the articles. The short notices which appear in the regular department called "Current: Programs-Festivals-Publications-News Pages" have not been indexed.

author

illustration

Work cited in this section is editorial art only; the art work of subjects of articles is cited in the Article/Subject Index under Art and Artists. Photographers whose names are followed by the notation *dec.* (deceased) were professionals whose work we published. In most citations the page numbers shown are the first pages of articles containing the artist's work.

Photographers

Artists

Map Makers

location

West Virginia, Town, City, County

Outside West Virginia

New GOLDENSEAL Staffperson

MICHAEL KLINE, the new assistant to the editor of GOLDENSEAL, is a Washington, D.C., native who spent summers through his young life in Hampshire County. After receiving his B.A. degree in anthropology from The George Washington University in 1964, he went to the southern Mountains and worked in various poverty programs in Kentucky and West Virginia. In 1970 he and Doug Yarrow, the Raleigh County photographer, created a slide and live music program, "They Can't Put It Back," about social and ecological struggles in the Mountains. His LP recording with Rich Kirby of coal mining songs, also called "They Can't Put It Back" (JA 012), was re-pressed by June Appal Records last year.
Since 1971 Kline has been a resident of Hampshire County where he pursued his interests in traditional and topical music of the Region. He is married to Barbara Fuchs Kline, and they have a two-year-old son Sam.

In This Issue

JAMES BALOW was born in Detroit and grew up there and in New Jersey. He studied civil engineering at Brown University and received both the A.B. and Sc.B. degrees. Since 1974 he has lived in Lincoln County where farming and photography have commanded his time.
In the 1976-7 school year he was an artist-in-residence in McDowell County, teaching photography and filmmaking to high school students. He is currently employed by the John Henry Memorial Foundation and is documenting rural black life.

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, Washington, D.C., and at Sunrise Art Gallery in Charleston. He has periodically contributed to GOLDENSEAL.

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.

CARL FLEISCHHAUER, a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL, is a media specialist at the American Folklife Center of the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. He coordinates and oversees aspects of projects involving photography, sound recording, and video taping. Before November 1976 he was a reporter and photographer for WWVU-TV in Morgantown. A native of Columbus, Ohio, he graduated from Kenyon College and received his M.F.A. from Ohio University. In six years in West Virginia his "extracurricular" work included the Library of Congress documentary record album, *The Hammons Family*, produced in conjunction with Dwight Diller and Alan Jabbour.

TED GREEN was born in Washington, D.C., grew up in three continents, and is now assistant professor of anthropology at West Virginia University. His M.A. was taken at Northwestern University and his Ph.D. at Catholic University. In addition to the research he has recently begun on folk medicine in Central Appalachia, he spent two years living with a previously unstudied tribe of Maroons (descendants of runaway slaves) in Surinam, South America. He has written articles for several scholarly journals, and published his photographs in various magazines and newspapers. He also plays the fiddle with the Wild Turkey String Band in Morgantown. Last summer he was part of a group of Appalachian folk dancers and musicians from Berea College who were invited to tour and perform in Denmark.

JIM HARDING was born and raised in the Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, area. He received a B.A. in political science from Wilkes College in 1968 and an M.A. in history from West Virginia University in 1972. A resident of the State since 1970, he was staff historian for the West Virginia Antiquities Commission from January 1974 until its functions were absorbed by the Department of Culture and History in July 1977. Since then he has been staff historian with the Department's Historic Preservation Unit. One of his major responsibilities is researching properties throughout West Virginia for consideration of nomination to the National Register of Historic Places.

ARTHUR C. PRICHARD, born and reared in Mannington, was graduated from Mannington public schools, West Virginia University, and McCormick Theological Seminary (Presbyterian), Chicago, Illinois. He has been employed as boys' director and coach at a Presbyterian mission school on the Navajo Reservation at Ganado, Arizona. Mr. Prichard also served as the pastor of churches in Ohio and Pennsylvania and in Wheeling and Mannington before retiring in 1970. He was a moderator of Wheeling Presbytery and the Synod of West Virginia for his denomination. In 1969 the Soil Conservation Service chose him the Conservation Minister of West Virginia, and Davis and Elkins College honored him with a Doctor of Divinity Degree. For 25 years Mr. Prichard was chairman of the Good Samaritan Project in Korea, a missionary organization which helped operate two Christian agricultural training schools in South Korea. He chairs the board of directors of the Buffalo Creek Watershed Association, which works for flood control in Marion County. He has had articles in *Wonderful West Virginia, West Virginia University Magazine, Monday Morning,* (a U.P. Church publication), *The West Virginia Hillbilly,* and the Fairmont *Times-West Virginian.* He and Mrs. Prichard produced the color slide set, with script, "It's West Virginia!" for the West Virginia Department of Education—a program used in the schools throughout the State in teaching West Virginia subjects. Photography, operating a tree farm, traveling, and writing are Mr. Prichard's hobbies. He has written a number of articles for GOLDENSEAL.

LEROY G. SCHULTZ was raised in the Ozarks of Missouri, and came to West Virginia in 1968. He spent his youth around and in barns. His hobby is barn-ography. Persons interested in West Virginia's barns should contact him. When not in barns, he is Professor of Social Work at West Virginia University.

ALICE FORTNEY WELCH, a native of Clarksburg, has an ongoing interest in music, Appalachian and otherwise. She received Bachelor of Music and Master of Music degrees from West Virginia University and taught piano at David Lipscomb College for two years. She has taught piano for the past ten years in the Prepatory Department of the Creative Arts Center at West Virginia University. She is district chairman of the West Virginia Music Teachers Association, and she has written on the influence of Polish folk music on Chopin.

JACK WELCH, a native of Hancock County, is Coordinator of the Program for the Humanities at West Virginia University, teaches Appalachian literature, and oversees the Appalachian studies majors. He has written on Appalachian literature and education and is currently studying the paintings of certain Appalachian church decorations.

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

Address Correction Requested

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 271
Charleston, W.Va.

The Department of Culture and History
presents

VANDALIA GATHERING

A Festival of West Virginia Traditional Arts

at the Cultural Center on

May 26-28, 1978 - Memorial Day Weekend

Musicians in workshops and concerts.
Folk art exhibition.
Salute to senior craftspeople.

All events are free to the public.

For information write Department of Culture and History,
The Cultural Center, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305,
or phone 304-348-0220.