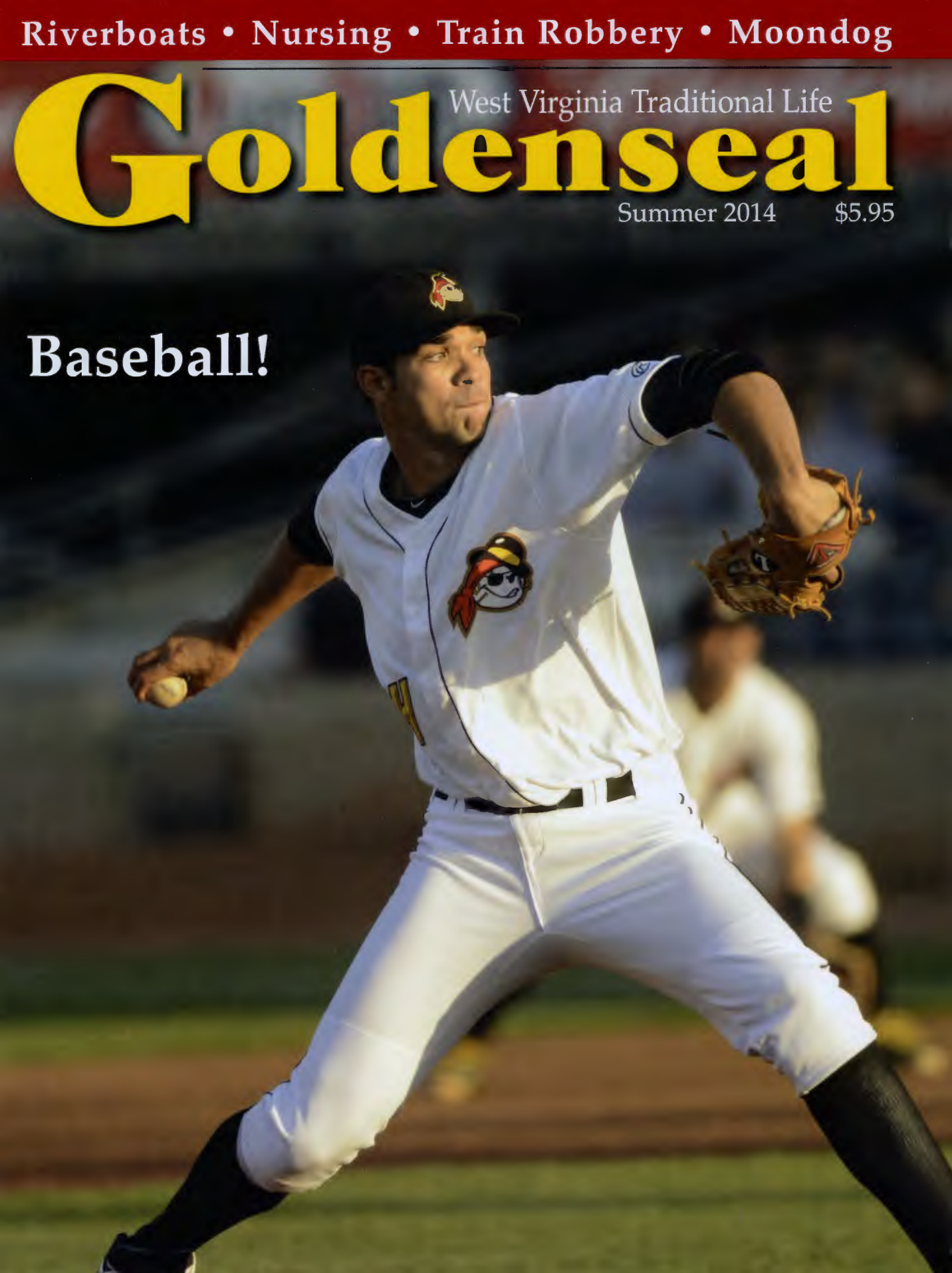
Riverboats • Nursing • Train Robbery • Moondog

Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Summer 2014 $5.95



Baseball!

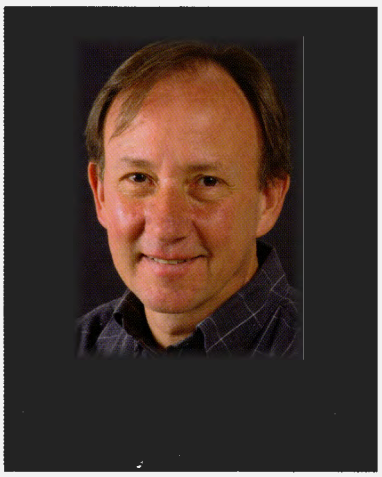
From the Editor – Play Ball!

As a boy I was obsessed with baseball. My father coached little league, so we had bats, balls, bases, home plate, catcher's mask, and pitching rubber in our garage. And we weren't afraid to use them! Many summers there was a diamond-shaped path worn into our back yard from April through October. My mother was forced to make a rule — no mitts at the table. I slept most nights with my baseball cap on.

I played second base and dreamed of greatness. In reality, I was little more than average at my peak, and was cut during the first round of tryouts in high school. But that hardly matters now. What does matter was the intensity with which we played the game. My dad, the coach, was fond of saying that there was not a lesson in life that could not be gained on the ball field. While I might quibble around the edges of that statement today, I still find it to be largely true.

A few baseball lessons: Everybody gets their turn at bat. Be patient, wait for your pitch, and keep your eye on the ball. You don't succeed every time you try — .300 is a pretty good average! You win a few and lose a few — be gracious as a winner and graceful as a loser. Success depends on individual excellence and a strong team effort. Sometimes it's boring. Listen to your coach. It's not over till it's over. Tomorrow is another game.

I still enjoy baseball, though I no longer sleep with my cap on nor bring my mitt to the table. I have found a batting cage about an hour drive from here and occasionally go out and drop five bucks. I am humbled and honored to sing the national anthem before the game at Appalachian Power Park a couple or three times a year. It is a thrill to stand at home plate, under the lights, in front of a couple of thousand fans and sing that difficult but grand song, of which the last unsung line is surely, "Play ball!"



Photograph by Michael Keller

My pay for singing the anthem is a couple of free tickets to the game, and I consider it to be a great deal. For those who have never had the pleasure of attending a minor league baseball game, I highly recommend it! It is affordable, you are close to the action, and it is a lot of fun to be in among the crowd. The players are barely out of their teens many of them, and there are a few who will indeed one day graduate to the Big Leagues. In fact many major leaguers have come through Charleston over the years on their way to "The Show." We are pleased that Bob Barnett and Mike Whiteford have written two fascinating stories about minor league baseball in Charleston. Those stories begin on page 8.

Elsewhere in this issue we meet several nurses (pages 20 and 26), and ride several boats (pages 30 and 38). We read about a daring train robbery up Campbells Creek in 1945 (page 44), and meet a World War II war bride from England who makes amazing miniatures in Bridgeport (page 54). Charles "Moondog" Waldrum takes a bite out of crime in Wheeling (page 60).

I hope that you enjoy these stories as much as I do. If you can make it to Charleston some summer evening, consider taking in a ball game. I just might see you there!

John Lilly

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On the cover: Matt Benedict prepares to deliver a pitch for the West Virginia Power baseball team in 2012. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia Power. Our stories begin on page 8.

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Letters from Readers

GOLDENSEAL welcomes letters of general interest from readers. Our address is The Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Published letters may be edited for brevity or clarity.

Spring Issue

March 11, 2014
Alum Creek, West Virginia
Via e-mail
Editor:
Last year we attended the Vandalia Gathering in Charleston, and our family had an amazing time. We do so every year. After making great crafts at the activities tent (even my 27-year-old helped others to be creative), my youngest nephew, River, was enjoying the music and the nearby trees. A very nice photographer asked if he could take pictures of River. We were a little reserved but said yes. He took several shots.

Last week his grandpa showed his mom and me the cover of your Spring 2014 magazine. We were tickled! The gentleman with the camera said he might use River's picture for a publication, but we had no idea it would be on the cover of GOLDENSEAL. Even his pre-K class recognized him.

It is an honor that he was chosen for such a wonderful magazine — one that was our mother's favorite. I know she looks down from heaven and is pleased. Thank you both for such a great honor. And thank you for all of the information you share.
Elizabeth Miller

Thank you, Elizabeth. We are glad to hear from you and especially pleased to finally put a name to the wonderful bright eyes and smiling face that graced the cover of our 40th anniversary commemorative issue. On behalf of photographer Tyler Evert and the entire GOLDENSEAL staff, please give our best to River and the rest of his family. —ed.

Red Jacket

March 11, 2014
Hedgesville, West Virginia
Forwarded from Joe Plasky
Joe:
I have been meaning to write to you since I saw your article in the Winter 2012 edition of GOLDENSEAL magazine titled, "Cable TV Comes to Red Jacket." It's not often that I personally know the author of something I read on a regular basis. I thought then that you had a real gift for writing and wanted to congratulate you on that fine accomplishment. Now before I get around to that writing, here is another article [written by you] in the new Spring 2014 edition titled, "'Worth Their Weight in Gold': Recalling Red Jacket Safety Day." I hadn't seen the original article when it first appeared in the Summer 2007 magazine. I'm sure you are very proud that GOLDENSEAL chose to reprint it in their 40th anniversary edition.

The cable TV article reminded me of the early 1960's when I was writing credit reports for Dun and Bradstreet. There was a guy in Webster Springs who built his own cable system and set up a company to provide service to the whole town. I remember him talking about the same sort of problems that you described in maintaining the setup. As I recall, he did pretty well financially with his cable company. Did all of Red Jacket eventually get the service?

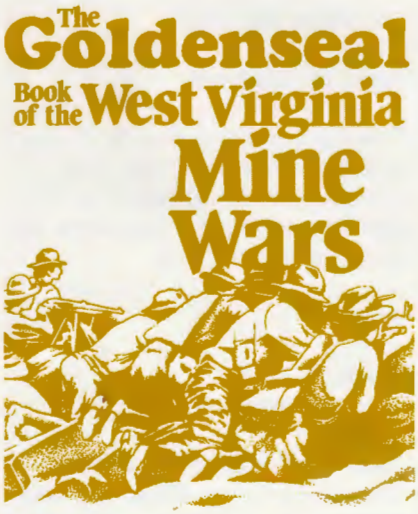
Again, it is wonderful to have read both of these articles, and I look forward to reading your next one before too long.
In hoc,
David M. Gladwell

We are grateful to author Joe Plasky for generously sharing this letter with us and to Mr. Gladwell for his glowing assessment of Joe's work. We concur completely! —ed.

Gypsies

March 24, 2014
Fairmont, West Virginia
Editor:
I read with interest the article "Death of a Gypsy King," by Jane Kraina and Mary Zwierzchowski in your Spring 2014 edition. In reading the article I was reminded of a story about my relative Caleb Nuzum who was indeed stolen by a tribe of gypsies when he was

Gypsy encampment in Maryland, 1888. Photograph by Frances Benjamin Johnston, courtesy of the Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.



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

Now in its fourth printing, the book is revised and features updated information. The large-format, 109-page paperbound book sells for $12.95, plus $2 per copy postage and handling. West Virginia residents please add 6% state sales tax (total $15.73 per book including tax and shipping).

I enclose $ ____ for ____ copies of *The Goldenseal Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars.*

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Charge my

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a young lad. I saw in your article that there was a question as to whether this was in fact something that the gypsies did. In my book *The Nuzum Family History* (1952, 1983) there is a story pertaining to this relative being taken in Belpre, Ohio. He was gone 11 months before escaping and returning to his home.

Thank you,
J.R. Holt

Winter Issue

February 4, 2014
Wheeling, West Virginia
Editor:

Was just reading through the Winter 2013 issue. Wow! What a range it covers! You seem to be doing more in Wheeling, and that is good. I was happy to see the Wheeling "Stages" story. [See "Stages: 20,000 Characters for Rent in Wheeling," by Carl E. Feather.]

Loved the Cindy Karelis article on Karl Dewey Myers — he surely deserves to be remembered. [See "Remembering Karl Dewey Myers: West Virginia's First Poet Laureate."]

How sad that his grave is lost, but this article resurrects his memory.

Margaret Brennen

Mailbag

March 14, 2014
Stewartstown, Pennsylvania
Editor:

We received our first GOLDENSEAL at Clifftop in 2009, as we entered the Appalachian String Band Music Festival. We ordered your magazine on our return to our home in Pennsylvania.

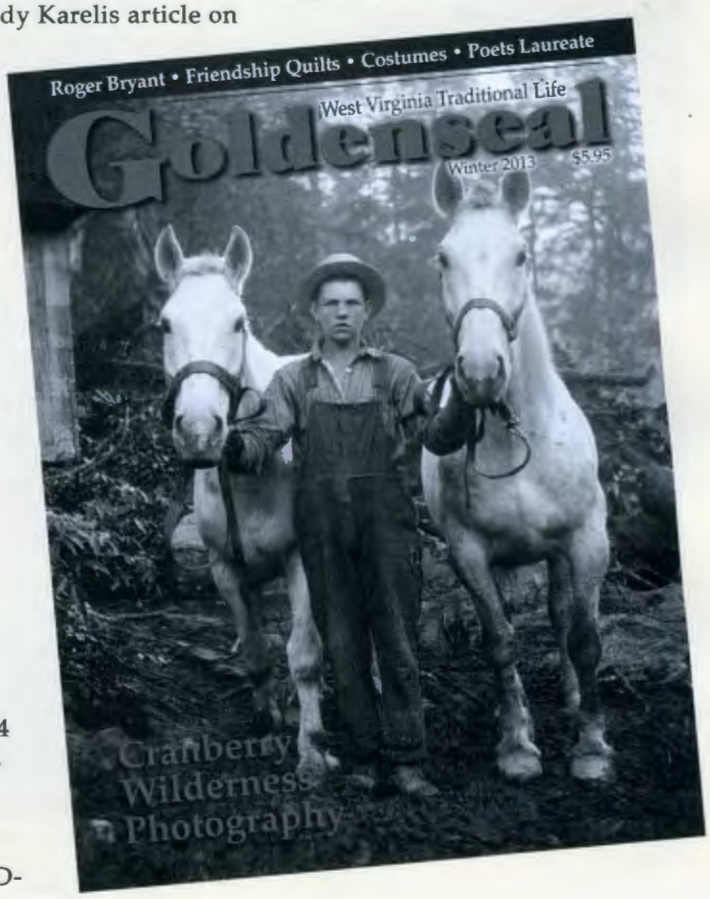
We enjoy each copy. The stories we find are so American — nowhere else could we find down-home people and places such as we find in GOLDENSEAL. We hate to miss a single issue.

Ron and Mary Boyer

April 1, 2014
Hinton, West Virginia
Editor:

We moved home to the mountains 20 years ago, and we love it! I've enjoyed rediscovering our state [through GOLDENSEAL]. Reading our history by the "older" generation (I am 75!) brings so many good memories and times to mind. My people are Lillys, and our roots run deep. So does our love of our state.

Virginia Fitzwater



Current Programs • Events • Publications

GOLDENSEAL announcements are published as a service, as space permits. They are not paid advertisements, and items are screened according to the likely interests of our readers. We welcome event announcements and review copies of books and recordings, but cannot guarantee publication.

Appalachian Power Park in Charleston.

Charleston Baseball

The West Virginia Power baseball team celebrates its 10-year anniversary at Appalachian Power Park this summer with a variety of activities and special promotions throughout the 2014 baseball season. Saturday, July 12, will be Appalachian Power Park Replica Giveaway Day. The first 1,000 fans in attendance will receive a desktop-sized replica of the ballpark. Appalachian Power Park opened in 2005 in downtown Charleston, replacing Watt Powell Park in Kanawha City.

Game time on July 12 will be 7:05 p.m. as the West Virginia Power meet the Greensboro (N.C.) Hornets. For tickets, directions, or additional information, visit www.wvpower.com or phone (304)344-2287.

Excursion Boat Cruise

On Monday, July 28, the Point Pleasant River Museum is hosting a dinner cruise aboard the *Belle of Cincinnati*, an ornate and majestic sternwheeler based out of Newport, Kentucky. The Ohio River dinner excursion will take approximately 2½ hours and will include entertainment, buffet dinner, dancing, and sightseeing. The *Belle of Cincinnati* is a luxury riverboat reminiscent of earlier excursion boats that were once a common sight in river communities like Point Pleasant. Tickets are $50 per person.

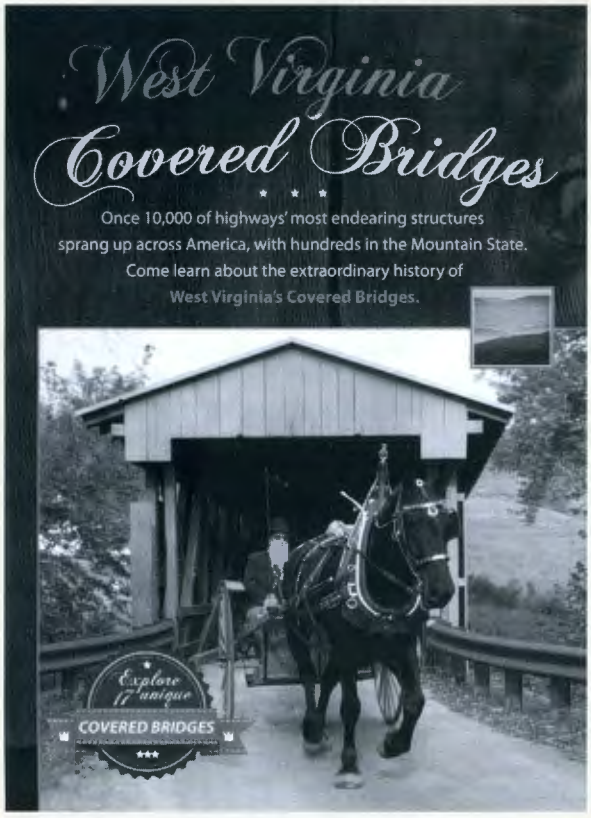
The Point Pleasant River Museum also is holding a Tribute to the River festival on August 28 and 29 at Riverfront Park in Point Pleasant. Activities will include a sternwheel boat parade in the Ohio River, a towboat tour, a whistle blow, a line throw demonstration, and other events and attractions related to river life and history. This is a free event.

For more information about the *Belle of Cincinnati* dinner cruise, the Tribute to the River festival, or the Point Pleasant River Museum, phone (304)674-0144 or visit www.pprivermuseum.com.

Covered Bridge DVD

Covered bridges from across the state are profiled in a new video titled *West Virginia Covered Bridges*, released in 2014 by Vandalia Productions and produced by Terry Lively. At one time, there were more than 10,000 covered bridges in the United States, though fewer than 900 remain. Seventeen of these are in West Virginia. The

The *Belle of Cincinnati*



new video provides directions to all 17 sites as well as engineering specifications, pictures, and details about each bridge. Commentary is included by retired West Virginia Department of Highways commissioner Fred Van Kirk, bridge engineer Jim Sothen, and restoration authority Dr. Emory L. Kemp of West Virginia University.

The 58-minute video is in DVD format. It sells for $16.95, plus shipping, and is available at www.wvcoveredbridges.com.

Mountain Music Trail

A new coalition in the eastern part of West Virginia is working to further tourism and cultural awareness along U.S. Route 219 and vicinity. The Mountain Music Trail promotes the traditional music, dance, and folkways of the Allegheny Mountain region in Monroe, Greenbrier, Pocahontas, Randolph and Tucker counties. Participating organizations include the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College, Carnegie Hall in Lewisburg, the Pocahontas County Opera House in Marlinton, Allegheny Echoes Summer Workshops, and others. Also involved are musicians, live music venues, instrument builders, radio stations, and tourism professionals.

Inspired by Virginia's Crooked Road, the Mountain Music Trail aims to take visitors on an exploration of the roots of the state's strong music tradition, influenced by West Virginia's Scottish and Irish ancestors. Festivals, concerts, dances, and workshops take place throughout the five-county region, and the Mountain Music Trail works to bring these activities to a wider audience, nurturing a growing tourism industry and furthering economic development in this remote but culturally rich part of the state. Among the activities planned this summer are:

- June 22-27 — Allegheny Echoes Summer Workshops
- July 6-August 10 — Augusta Heritage Arts Workshops and Augusta Festival
- July 26 — First Annual Lewisburg Music Festival
- July 26-August 4 — Pickin' in Parsons

For a complete schedule of activities or for additional information, visit www.mountainmusictrail.com or e-mail mountainmusictrailwv@gmail.com.

History Hero

Barbara A. Smith of Philippi, author, editor, and retired college professor, was given a 2014 History Award at History Day, February 14. Barbara was recognized for her tireless efforts to preserve and promote the history and heritage of Barbour County. Nominated by the Barbour County Chamber of Commerce, Barbara is a commissioner for the Philippi Historic Landmark Commission and a life member of the Barbour County Historical Society. A prolific author, she has written books, pamphlets, and articles about various aspects of the history of Barbour County, including 18 articles for GOLDENSEAL, dating back to 1984.

Congratulations, Barbara!

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

Don Page. Photograph by John Tice.

Ruby Butcher. Photograph by Doug Chadwick.

Don Page of Beckley, a prominent and influential advocate for the traditional folk arts and crafts, died February 3 in Beckley. He was 83. Don was featured in our Spring 2004 edition in an article titled "*Hearth & Fair*: Don Page and the Roots of GOLDENSEAL," by John Lilly. While working as head of the arts and crafts division of the West Virginia Department of Commerce in the early 1960's, Don worked to promote West Virginia folk arts and traditional crafts through a variety of initiatives, including helping to establish the Mountain State Art and Craft Fair at Cedar Lakes, near Ripley. Don hired editor Tom Screven and in 1973 launched *Hearth & Fair*, a magazine about West Virginia traditional life, which in 1975 became GOLDENSEAL.

Ruby Butcher of Summersville, Nicholas County, age 86, passed away on February 2. Ruby, together with her late husband, Rush, taught traditional and international folk dance to countless youngsters from the 1950's through the 1990's. Born in eastern Kentucky in 1928, Ruby met her husband while they both attended Berea College where they were introduced to folk dancing. After graduation Rush began his career as an agricultural extension agent in West Virginia, and he and Ruby taught folk dance through 4-H programs throughout the state. The pair received the 1999 Vandalia Award for their work with heritage dancing. They were the subject of an article in our Spring 2000 issue titled "A Pattern to Life: Folk Dancers Rush and Ruby Butcher," by John Lilly.

From Statesmen to Power

West Virginia has a long and honorable history of supporting minor league baseball teams. The first recorded sports event in West Virginia was an 1866 baseball game played in Wheeling between the newly formed Hunkidori Baseball Club and the veteran Union Club of nearby Washington, Pennsylvania. The Union Club used their experience to crush the Hunkidoris 45-12 before a rainstorm mercifully ended the game.

Interest in baseball reached a fever pitch across the United States in the late 1800's. In 1876 the National League, a league of professional teams, was founded. To fill the desire for professional baseball teams in smaller progressive cities, minor

Watt Powell Park in Charleston, July 25, 1949. Photograph by DuMetz/*The Charleston Gazette*, courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

Minor League Baseball in Charleston

By Bob Barnett

The Charleston Senators in 1932. Photograph courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame, Cooperstown, New York.

leagues were established beginning in 1877. Wheeling, which was then West Virginia's largest city, became the home of the Green Stockings, a team which joined the Ohio State League in 1887 as the first minor league team in West Virginia. Between 1887 and 1910 Clarksburg, Fairmont, Grafton, Parkersburg, and even tiny Piedmont also had teams that played in various minor leagues.

By 1910 Charleston, the state capital and a growing city with a population that had doubled in the previous decade to nearly 23,000, was more than ready for a professional baseball team. That year the Charleston Statesmen joined the Class D Virginia Valley League, (minor leagues then ranged from Class AA through D) a six-team circuit that included Montgomery, Charleston, Parkersburg, Point Pleasant, and Huntington, along with Ashland, Kentucky. The Huntington Blue Sox won the 1910 league championship with a 61-42 record. The Charleston Statesmen, who played at Wehrle Park in South Charleston, the best field in the league, placed second with a 62-53 record.

In 1911 the Charleston Statesmen joined the seven-team Class D Mountain States League where they also played in 1912. The ill-fated Statesmen went bankrupt, but only shortly before the Mountain States League collapsed in the middle of the 1912 season.

Baseball historian William E. Akin, in his excellent book, *West Virginia Baseball: A History 1865-2000*, contends that the 1913 season was the most exciting in Charleston baseball history. The team took the nickname the Senators and moved to Exhibition Park, which had seating for 3,500 fans. The Senators joined the Ohio State League, which included Huntington and Charleston from West Virginia, Lexington and Maysville from Kentucky, and four teams from Ohio cities.

The Senators opened the 1913 season with a standing-room-only crowd of 4,000. The Senators continued to draw well by playing winning baseball on the field. The team was led by outfielder Carl "Dolly" Gray who topped the league in hitting with a .366 batting average and clubbed a then-astounding 33 home runs (Frank "Home Run" Baker of the Philadelphia Athletics led the American League that season with 12 home runs), which was more than any major league player had ever hit in that "dead ball" era.

Near the end of the season Charleston was in a close race with Chillicothe, Ohio, for the league championship. If the Senators won both games in the season final double-header with Maysville, Kentucky, they would be the league champions. The Maysville manager requested that the games be shortened to seven innings so his team would not miss their train back to Maysville. The Senators agreed. After sweeping the double-header that afternoon, the Senators were treated to a banquet at the Hotel Kanawha and the manager was given a diamond ring for winning the championship.

"Charleston's celebration was a tad too soon," wrote Akin. "Chillicothe protested, arguing that league rules specified games must be nine innings unless called for rain or darkness. The Chillicothe protest was upheld, and Charleston lost the championship by a technicality," concluded Akin.

Enter Watt Powell, a career minor league baseball player who joined the Senators in 1915. From Millboro, Virginia, Powell had only one good season as a player when he hit .290 for the Class A San Francisco Seals of

the Pacific Coast League in 1911. The 31-year-old Powell was named the Senators' manager soon after joining the team. Low attendance killed the 1915 Senators, who were forced to move to Chillicothe, Ohio, to finish the season. When the season was over, Powell returned to Charleston where he became the face of baseball for more than three decades.

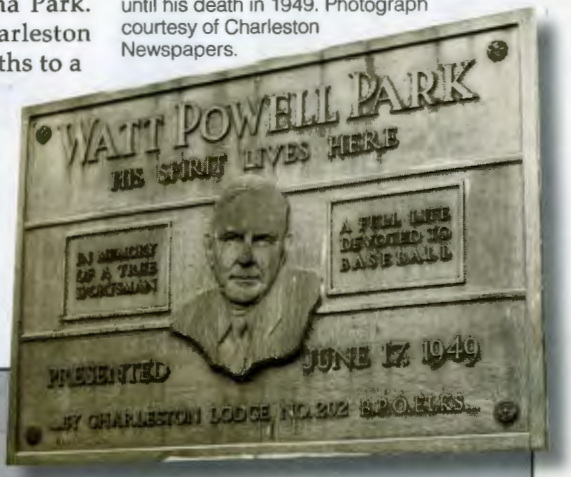
For the next 15 years, Charleston was without minor league baseball despite the game's resurgence after WWI. Powell kept baseball alive in Charleston by organizing and often managing high-level, semi-professional teams that played throughout the state and region. During the 1920's, West Virginia had minor league teams in four cities: Clarksburg, Fairmont, Wheeling, and Martinsburg. Charleston, despite the booming prosperity of the 1920's that saw the capital city grow to a population of more than 60,000, remained out of professional baseball.

Ironically, it was during the Great Depression that Charleston got back into professional baseball. In 1931 with the Depression worsening, Watt Powell accepted a bid to join the 12-team Class C Middle Atlantic League. The league added teams in Huntington and Beckley to the already-existing West Virginia teams in Fairmont, Clarksburg, and Wheeling and teams from Ohio and Pennsylvania to form an unwieldy 12-team league.

The newly formed Senators prospered immediately despite the hard times. Powell realized that the future of minor league baseball was in night games and was able to raise $11,000 to install lights at Kanawha Park. The night games drew Charleston fans like the proverbial moths to a flame.

In addition Powell hired the 42-year-old Dick Hoblitzell, who had an 11-year major league playing career mostly with the Cincinnati Reds, to manage the Senators. Pitcher Edward Marleau led the Middle Atlantic League with 23 wins to carry Charleston to the regular season championship with an 82-44 record. Unfortunately, the Senators lost the championship playoff 4 games to 2 to Cumberland, Maryland. Despite showing early potential Marleau never made it to the major leagues. The following season the Depression financial crisis reduced the number of teams in the Middle Atlantic League to six. Charleston and Beckley tied

A Virginia native and a minor league outfielder, Watt Powell came to Charleston in 1915 and became the face of baseball in the capital city until his death in 1949. Photograph courtesy of Charleston Newspapers.



Watt Powell, at left, and part-owner Chester Lewis at Kanawha Park in 1939. It was rebuilt in three weeks following a fire during the 1939 season. The stadium was destroyed by fire in 1942. Photograph courtesy of Kanawha Public Library.

Joe Nuxhall, "The Old Left-Hander," pitched for the 1949 Senators en route to a 16-year major league career. He later became a popular sports broadcaster. Photograph courtesy of Charleston Newspapers.

for the league championship with identical 70-54 records. The Senators won the playoff 4 games to 2 to capture the league crown.

The establishment of the farm system also helped keep minor league baseball alive during the Depression. In 1934 the Senators moved from being an independent team to becoming a farm team for the Detroit Tigers. The Senators remained a Detroit farm club until 1939 when they switched to the Boston Braves for one season. From 1940 through 1942 the Charleston Senators were a farm team of the Cleveland Indians. Regardless of whose farm team they were, Charleston continued in the Middle Atlantic League where they had varying levels of success, finishing second in 1936, 1939, and 1940.

In 1942, Charleston again had a successful season. Led by pitcher Bob Kuzava, who led the league with 21 wins, Charleston finished first with a regular season record of 75-51. The Senators lost in the semifinal championship playoff, 3 games to 0. Kuzava went on to enjoy major league success following the war, playing in three World Series with the New York Yankees from 1951-1953.

World War II made it difficult for minor league baseball to survive. The federal draft boards provided no exemptions for baseball players; gas rationing and military priority in using railroads made travel difficult. Night baseball was often curtailed as part of blackout drills, particularly in coastal areas. The number of minor leagues dwindled from 45 leagues in 1940 to 10 in 1943. Following the 1942 season, the Middle Atlantic League became one of the casualties of World War II, thus ending the Charleston Senators' second stint in minor league baseball.

Following the war baseball was rejuvenated and reached an unequaled level of popularity in the major leagues, minor leagues, and amateur baseball. Soldiers returning from World War II joined young men just reaching maturity to create a glut of players.

In 1948 through 1950, between 58 and 59 minor leagues were in operation ranging from AAA through D classification. This was a record high. Surprisingly, minor league baseball did not prosper in West Virginia after the war. Only three West Virginia cities — Charleston, Bluefield, and Welch — had teams.

Charleston did not have a team between 1943 and 1948, but the city had several advantages for attracting a team. Charleston had an extremely solid record as a baseball town with a well-organized operation and an ability to draw fans. But the move that solidified Charleston as West Virginia's leading baseball city was the construction of a new baseball stadium to replace Kanawha Park, which had been destroyed by fire in 1942. The Charleston City Council took a positive step in 1948 by investing $350,000 to build a new baseball field. The 4,474-seat, steel-and-concrete stadium was named for Watt Powell. Unfortunately, Powell died two months before the first game was played there, but Watt Powell Park became the ace that Charleston held when they went looking for minor league teams.

In 1949 Watt Powell Park became home for the Class A Central League Senators, a farm team of the Cin-

cinnati Reds. Twenty-year-old Joe Nuxhall pitched for the Senators that year and was named to the Central League All-Star team. At age 15 Nuxhall had pitched part of an inning for the Cincinnati Reds in 1944, the youngest player to ever appear in a major league game. Nuxhall made it back to the Reds in 1952 for a 16-year major league career in which he amassed a 135-117 record as a pitcher. Nuxhall was the Reds' radio broadcaster from 1967 through 2004.

The Senators drew an amazing 183,352 fans (a club attendance record until 1991) in 1949. Charleston remained in the Central League until the league folded at the end of the 1951 season, leaving Charleston without a team to begin the 1952 season.

But in June 1952, Charleston hit the minor league jackpot. The Toledo, Ohio, franchise in the AAA American Association, the highest classification in minor league baseball, suspended operation. The team was then moved to Charleston. This was big-time baseball, only one level below the major leagues. The rosters for the AAA Charleston Senators and their opponents were filled with the recognizable names of former major league players and with rising stars who would soon be in "The Show." For the next nine years the Charleston Senators played against Houston, Milwaukee, Kansas City, and Minneapolis — teams from places that would soon be major league cities. Charleston was by far the smallest city in the American Association, but even with the smallest population, it drew enough fans to rank in the middle of the league in attendance during most seasons. Unfortunately, sub-par teams and low attendance in the later years of the decade ended Charleston's run in the American Association in 1960.

The 1960's were not good for either minor league baseball as a whole or for Charleston baseball. Minor league baseball shrank from 292 teams in the 1950's to 130 teams in 1963. Charleston was lucky enough to attract a Class AAA International League team for part of the 1961 season. In 1962 and 1963 Charleston was a farm club of the Cleveland Indians in the Class A Eastern League and took the name Charleston Indians. One of the Indians' outstanding pitchers was Tommy John, who helped lead the Charleston Indians to the 1963 Eastern League Championship. Late in that season he was brought up to Cleveland where he began a 26-year major league career.

Charleston had no team from 1965 to 1970.

Wheelers pitcher Timothy Cecil prepares to tag a sliding base runner out at home plate at Watt Powell Park in the early 1990's. Photograph by Chris Dorst, courtesy of Charleston Newspapers.

West Virginia Power mascot "Chuck" entertains the crowd during a recent game at Appalachian Power Park. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia Power.

In 1971 Charleston again struck gold when Bob Levine purchased the Columbus, Ohio, franchise in the Class AAA International League and moved the team to Charleston. Levine named the team the Charlies after his father, not because it had any connection to Charleston. Even so, the alliterative name, Charleston Charlies, did have a certain ring to it.

The Charlies represented all that was best of Charleston baseball. The Charlies basked in the limelight of being a farm team for the Pittsburgh Pirates, who were in the process of dominating the National League East, winning five championships between 1970 and 1975. Charleston fans reveled in seeing future Pirates stars develop and then following their careers when they made the big-time.

The greatest of all of the Charleston teams was the 1973 Charlies. They were well-stocked by the parent organization, which had won the World Series only two years before and was talent rich. The Charlies breezed through the International League South with a league-best 85 wins and 60 losses. An astounding 19 team members of the 1973 Charlies went on to major league careers. Outfielder Dave Parker had a 19-year major league career, mostly with Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, where he hit for a career .290 batting average with 339 home runs.

The declining population in Charleston, however, and the aging Watt Powell ball park hurt attendance. In 1976, the Pirates relocated their farm team, and the Charlies became part of the Houston Astros farm system.

Houston stocked the Charlies with strong players in 1977 and 1978, and the Charlies finished second and first in the league standings, but the charm was gone and Charleston was in the bottom third of the league in attendance. It only got worse as the Charlies were either last or next-to-last in attendance for the next four seasons. Finally in 1984, the Charleston franchise was moved to New England where they surfaced under the name of the Maine Guides, ending Charleston's opportunity to play with the big boys of summer in minor league baseball.

After a hiatus of three years, a new era in Charleston baseball began. In 1987 Dennis Bastien brought a Class A South Atlantic League team to Charleston and named the team the Wheelers for the old Kanawha River paddlewheel boats. More importantly, Bastien represented the new breed of minor league owners who realized that they could not control the talent on the field because it depended on which players were sent to the farm team by the parent club. What the team could control was the quality and attractiveness of the event regardless of the win-loss record of the team.

Bastien spiffed up aging Watt Powell Park, heavily marketed advertising on the outfield wall and in the program, and had a promotion for every game. In addition, he encouraged fun traditions like the toast ceremony. Fans began to shout "toast" at visiting batters who struck out. Eventually, fans brought "you are toast" signs. One inventive fan brought a toaster, which he plugged into an electric outlet and made

toast that he threw into the crowd after every strikeout of the opposing teams' batters.

Purist baseball people hated the promotions because they believed it detracted from the sacred traditions of the game. But fans loved the new, irreverent, fun atmosphere. Bastien was so successful that in 1988 he was named the Minor League Executive of the Year (Class A) when the Wheelers drew 126,000 fans, finishing second in attendance, despite finishing fifth in the six-team North Division of the SALLY League.

In 1991, the Wheelers drew 185,389 fans — a record for Charleston. That same year, Bastien sold the Wheelers to a group headed by Mike Paterno. The new owners were not good at marketing, and a disastrous 1996 move to change the team's name to the Alley Cats just to promote souvenir sales proved to be one of their many wrong-headed decisions.

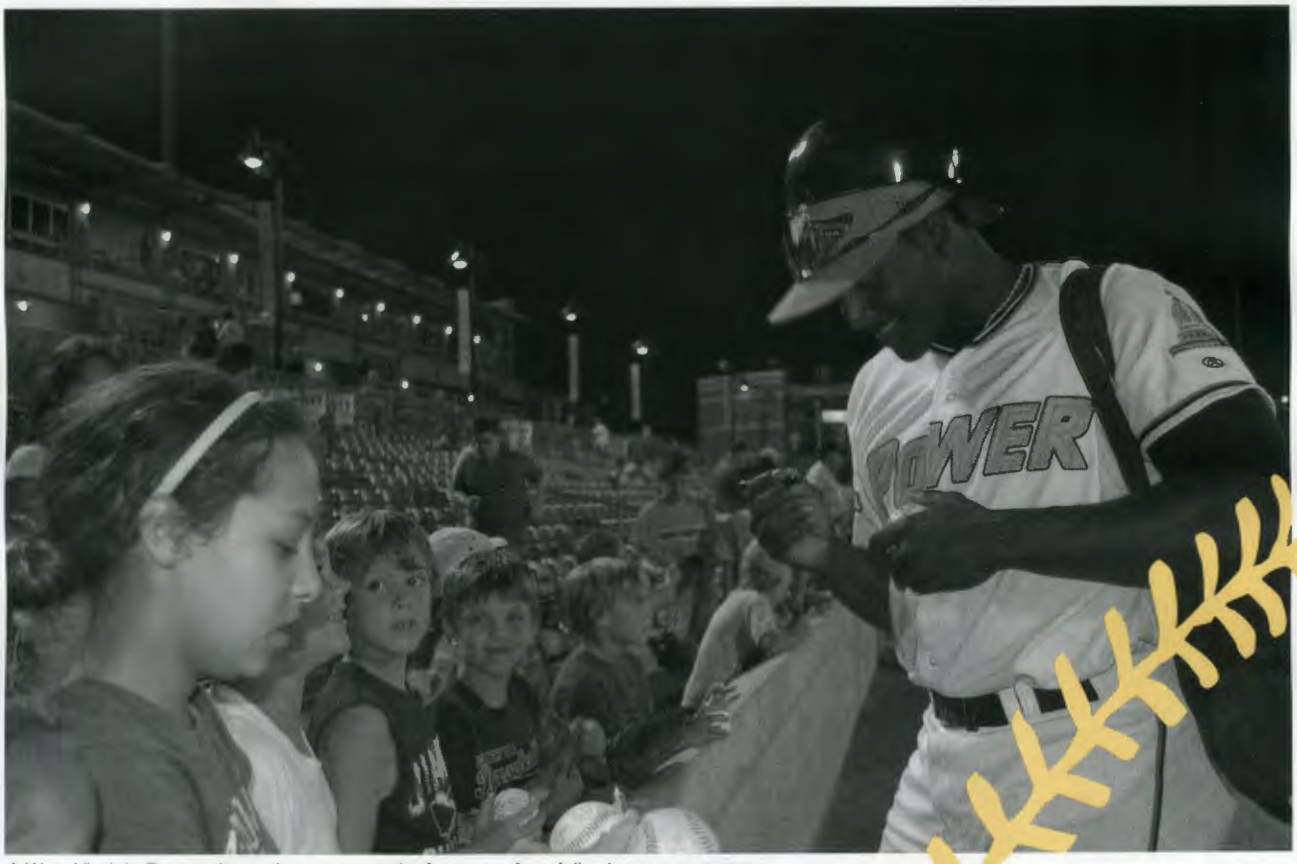
Fortunately, in 2004, the Palisades Baseball Company, headed by Tom Dickinson and Sherrie Mays, bought the team. Through political maneuvering, they were able to get a new ball field financed and under construction. The field, built at a cost of $23 million, was financed by the city, state, and the team. The city money came from the sale of Watt Powell Park to the University of Charleston.

In the spring of 2005, Appalachian Power Park, a 4,500-seat field, was opened close to the center of urban downtown Charleston. Along with the new field, the team's name was changed to the West Virginia Power. The team opted for the name West Virginia instead of Charleston to offer a more regional appeal. The new team did well in the first season at the new field, drawing 233,143 fans and eclipsing the old Watt Powell Park record by 48,000.

The new owners were savvy marketers. The vigorous use of promotions has been extremely successful as attendance increased to 248,766 in 2006, again a new record for Charleston baseball.

Charleston remains the longest-running minor league city in West Virginia. Charleston's Power Park is a place where baseball fans can grab a beer and a hot dog and watch the aspiring boys of summer play out their dream of becoming a major league baseball player. Minor league baseball remains alive, fun, and prosperous in Charleston, West Virginia.

BOB BARNETT is a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL. A native of Hancock County, he taught sports history at Marshall University for 35 years, retiring in 1998. His latest book, titled *Hillside Fields: A History of Sports in West Virginia*, is published by West Virginia University Press. Bob's most recent GOLDENSEAL article appeared in our Spring 2013 issue.



A West Virginia Power player signs autographs for young fans following a recent game.
Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia Power.

THE CHARLIES

By Mike Whiteford

The first night of what would be the golden era of Charleston professional baseball was an embarrassment.

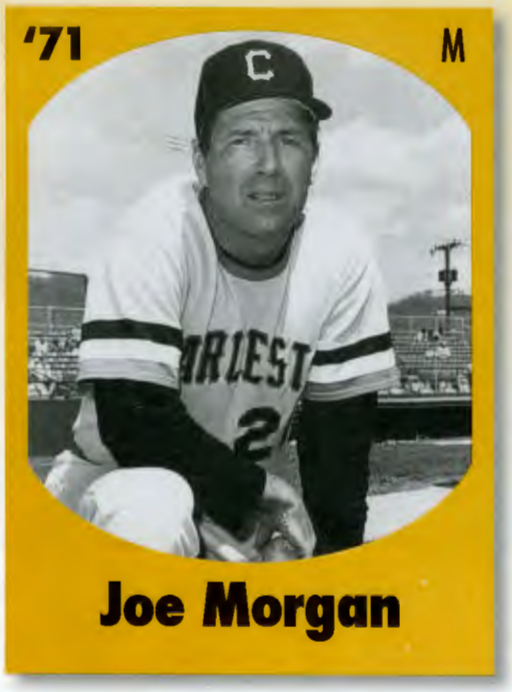
It was Friday April 16, 1971, and the Charleston Charlies were beginning their inaugural season at Watt Powell Park, embarking on a 13-year run in the Class AAA International League — one notch below the majors. It would be an era that would produce countless big-leaguers, many of whom contributed to a 1979 world championship for the Pittsburgh Pirates, the Charlies' parent team from 1971-'76. Memories of those 13 Charlies years are still fresh and precious to the area's middle-aged and older baseball fans.

But as pregame on-field ceremonies began to unfold on that historic first night, dignitaries quickly discovered they were talking into a dead public-address microphone. And out in center field, a young man pulled a rope on the belief the American flag would rise up the pole — but the thing wouldn't budge.

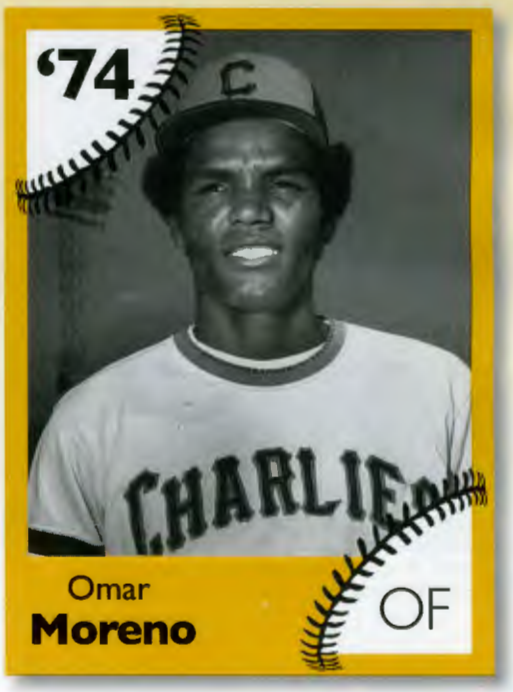
Meanwhile, the dignitaries, not easily deterred, hurried up the steep stairway to the press box and, after catching their breath, conducted pregame ceremonies behind a functioning microphone.

Back on the field, things did not improve. Charleston starter Ed Acosta, a 27-year-old right-hander who had appeared in three games for the Pirates the previous season, walked the first batter on four pitches. Later in the inning shortstop Pablo Cruz threw the ball away for an error, one

Joe Morgan began managing the Charleston Charlies in 1971, the team's inaugural year. All photographs courtesy of Charleston Newspapers, photographers and dates unknown unless otherwise noted.



Omar Moreno in 1974. Moreno spent parts of the 1974, '75, and '76 seasons with the Charlies. He twice led the National League in stolen bases.



RECALLING CHARLESTON'S GOLDEN ERA

of four the Charlies committed that night.

In the third inning, center fielder John Jeter muffed a shallow fly ball, leading to five unearned runs in an 11-3 loss to the Syracuse Chiefs.

"We stunk the dump up tonight," Charlies' manager Joe Morgan said afterward.

Other than the technical malfunctions and poor play on the field, it was a festive opening night. It drew a crowd of 5,105, third-largest in Watt Powell's 22-year history. Among those in the crowd were Governor Arch Moore and Mayor Elmer Dodson, as well as the Charleston Catholic High School band and the West Virginia State College drill team.

Young ladies fashionably dressed in hot pants worked as usherettes and helped fans find their seats. Earlier in the day, the Charlies were honored at a downtown luncheon.

Even before the Charlies' arrival, Charleston owned a rich baseball history. But when the Charleston Indians drew only 45,222 fans — an average of 648 a game — in 1964, the city lost its franchise, leaving Watt Powell Park to sit idle for the next six seasons.

Fortunately, a baseball benefactor emerged. Businessman Bob Levine, a native of New Castle, Pennsylvania, who had come to Charleston in 1953, owned Raleigh Junk Company and was willing to risk red ink to bring the game back to the city. The 47-year-old Levine was just a casual fan but wanted a team largely as entertainment for his baseball-obsessed father, "Poor Charlie" Levine, who had started the family business in Beckley.

Poor Charlie, who threw out the ceremonial first pitch of the April 16 opener, was a familiar figure at the ballpark, sitting behind the third-base dugout and wearing his trademark derby hat, chomping on a cigar, and occasionally delivering verbal jabs at offending umpires.

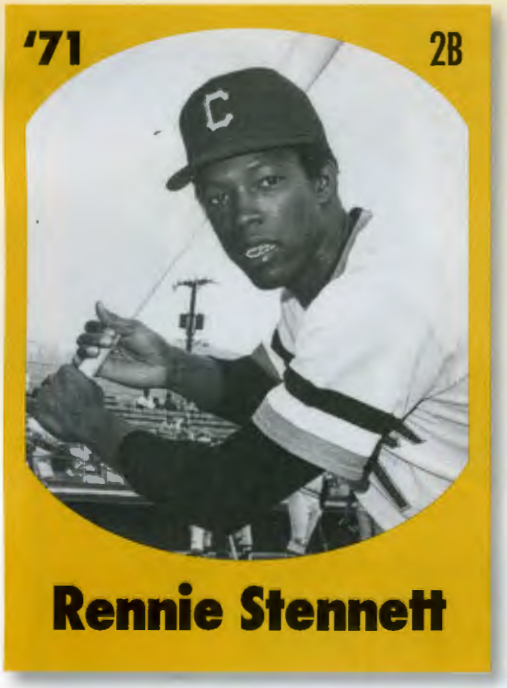
The elder Levine's granddaughter, Marilyn Levine Segal, remembers the unusual circumstances of the Charlies' 1971 arrival.

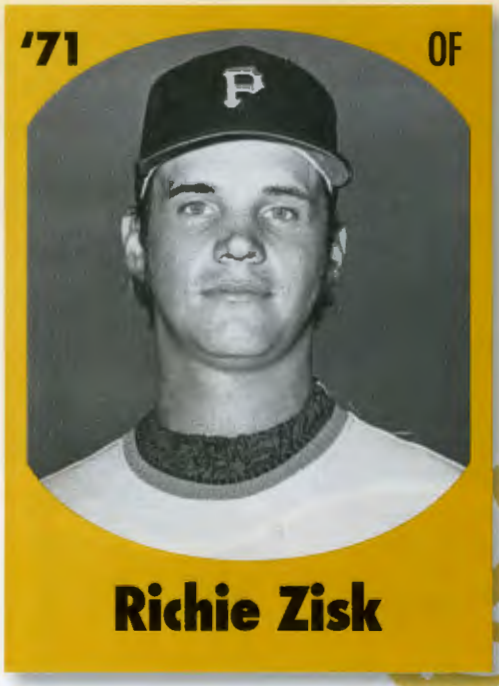
"My grandfather always liked baseball," she says in a 2010 *Charleston Gazette* interview. "For his birthday, my father purchased the team."

Poor Charlie, of course, is the Charlies' namesake, and the team logo was a baseball with his likeness superimposed on it. For many years, the *Gazette* ran a daily front-page box with the score of the day's game and, depending on whether the team won or lost, a smile or frown on Charlie's face.

The younger Levine bought the International League franchise from interests in Columbus, Ohio, where the Pirates' AAA affiliate had been located for 16 years. But in 1970, the Columbus Jets drew only 140,700 fans in a city of 540,000, and the team was up for sale. Levine took a chance, knowing he'd likely lose money in a city of just 71,000. In a chat with reporters a few days before the '71 opener, he seemed to know what he was getting into.

"I can only say there will be no pressure on anyone to come to the park," he said. "We're offering a





Rennie Stennett played for the Charlies in 1971. As a highlight of his 11-year major league career he went seven-for-seven in a nine-inning game — the only player ever to do so.

Richie Zisk hit 29 and 26 home runs for the 1971 and '72 Charlies, respectively. He had a 13-year career in the major leagues.

product, and we expect it only to get the support it deserves."

Levine, who lived in Kanawha City near the ballpark, occasionally invited players to his home for parties and, on game nights, would often roam the grandstand, visiting with fans.

And he didn't meddle in the baseball side of the operation.

"He was a great guy to work for. He really treated me good," Morgan told the *Gazette* many years later. "As an owner, he never said, 'Play this guy, do this, do that.' He was very cordial. It was a fun few years with the Levines. It was fun there. I liked Bob Levine a lot."

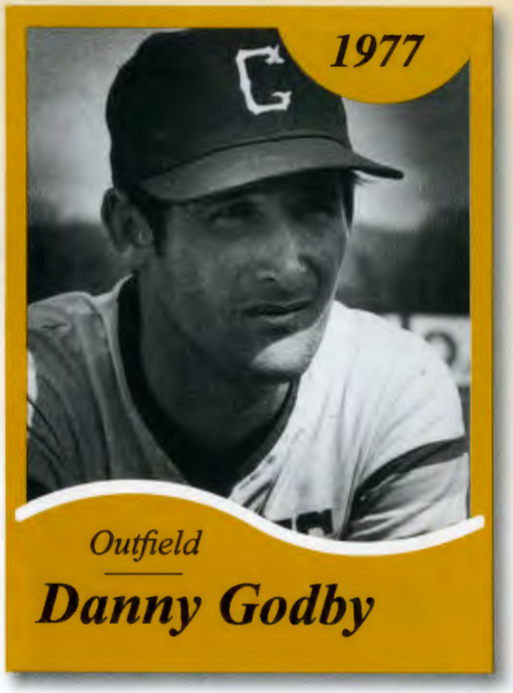
After the Charlies left town following the 1983 season and became the Maine Guides, Levine admitted he had lost big bucks over the years but declined to say how much. He died June 5, 2011, at age 87 at his home in Boca Raton, Florida.

Levine owned the Charlies through six seasons with Pittsburgh, three with the Houston Astros, one with the Texas Rangers, and two with the Cleveland Indians. After the 1982 season, he sold the franchise to Charlies' general manager Carl Steinfeldt.

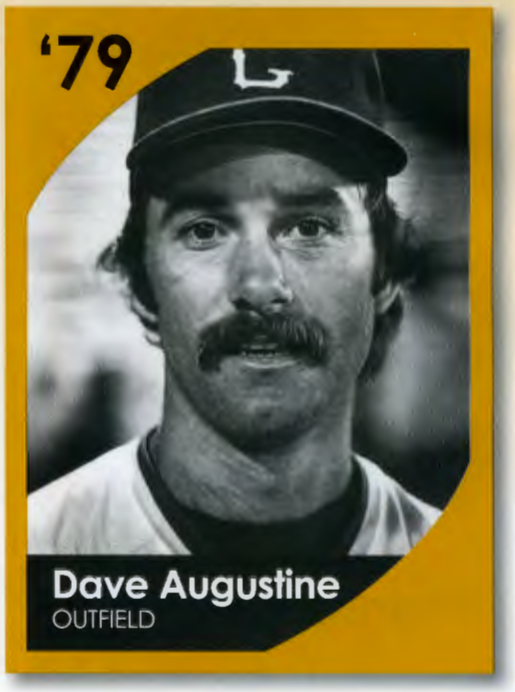
Steinfeldt, who had worked for the Charlies since the early 1970's, tried to keep the team afloat by soliciting donations from fans. But it was not enough, and after a year he sold the team to Maine lawyer Jordan Kobritz, who moved it to Old Orchard Beach, Maine, where it struggled with mosquitoes and sagging attendance and left town after five years.

The Charlies had a colorful, alliterative nickname that made them distinctive and, like their Charleston counterparts of the 1950's, played in the smallest metropolitan area in their league, competing against such bigger cities as Memphis, Richmond, Norfolk, Columbus, Toledo, Louisville, Rochester, and Syracuse.

Playing in the smallest market did not affect player personnel, but it meant the Charlies generally attracted smaller crowds than their I.L. brethren. Nevertheless, the '71 Charlies, helped by the novelty of



Danny Godby in 1977. A Logan County native, he played for the St. Louis Cardinals in 1974 and finished his professional career with the Charlies in 1977.



Dave Augustine in 1979. Born in Follansbee, Brooke County, Dave played 15 years of professional ball, including parts of two seasons with the Pittsburgh Pirates and parts of seven seasons with the Charlies.

pro baseball's return after a six-year absence and the refurbishing of Watt Powell Park, drew 131,359 to rank fourth in the eight-team league.

In the next two seasons, attendance dropped to 109,522 and 96,883 but still ranked a respectable fourth both years. After that, however, Charlies crowds never rose above sixth in the team's remaining 10 seasons. In five seasons, attendance was eighth, reaching lows of 72,543 in '76 and 72,609 in '79.

The most famous name to arise from the Charlies' 13 seasons was Tony La Russa. As a 29-year-old journeyman infielder who batted .260 for the '74 Charlies, La Russa already had spent 10 seasons in baseball, almost entirely in the minors, and would play three more minor-league seasons.

He eventually earned his way into the Baseball Hall of Fame as a manager, working 33 years as a big-league skipper and winning six pennants and three World Series titles.

La Russa was the only member of the Charlies to reach Cooperstown, but the team's 13-year honor roll is extensive. Twenty-five of the 35 Charlies on the '71 team spent time in the majors, led by Gene Garber, Bruce Kison, Rennie Stennett, Frank Taveras, and Richie Zisk.

In the Charlies' five remaining years as a Pittsburgh club, future big-leaguers included Art Howe, Kent Tekulve, Bob Veale, Omar Moreno, Dave Parker, Craig Reynolds, Tony Solaita, Doug Bair, Dave Augustine, Ed Ott, Mario Mendozo, John Candelaria, Tony Armas, Miguel Dilone, Ken Macha, Willie Randolph, Steve Nicosia, and Mitchell Page.

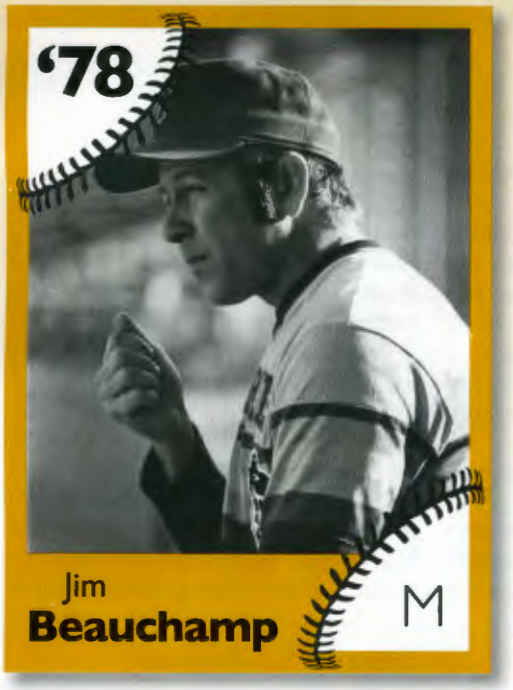
The '77 team, the first of three with the Astros, won the I.L. playoff championship, led by Terry Puhl, Rick Cerone, and Denny Walling. Logan County native Danny Godby, who played briefly for the Cardinals in 1974, appeared in 59 games for the '77 Charlies.

The '78 team finished with the league's best regular-season record but lost in the playoffs. Its most successful players were Mike Fischlin and Luis Pujols. Leading the '79 team were Gary Woods, Steve Foucault, and Dave Smith.

In their one year with the Rangers in 1980, the Charlies produced Danny Walton and John Butcher. In the remaining three seasons as a Cleveland team, the Charlies produced Joe Charboneau, Von Hayes, Ed Glynn, Carmelo Martinez, Neal Heaton, Ernie Camacho, and Ray Searage. Mingo County native Doc Edwards managed the team in '82 and '83, and he later managed the Indians.

Although the Charlies disappeared more than 30 years ago, their legacy still abounds at Appalachian Power Park, Watt Powell's successor. West Virginia Power players sometimes wear commemorative Charlies uniforms. Caps, jerseys, and T-shirts bearing the logo are available at the ballpark's souvenir shop. Older fans still reminisce. The legacy, thankfully, is being kept alive.

MIKE WHITEFORD is a Fairmont native and earned a degree in speech and journalism from Fairmont State College in 1968. He moved to Charleston in 1972 and worked as a sportswriter for *The Charleston Gazette* for 39 years, retiring in 2011. This is Mike's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



Jim Beauchamp (pronounced "Beech-am") in 1978. He managed the Charlies for three full seasons, 1977-79.

Von Hayes batted .314 for the 1981 Charlies and played 12 years in the majors.

Recalling Davis Memorial

Proud to Have

Above: Davis Memorial Hospital in Elkins, date unknown.

In the late 1800's, U.S. Senator Henry Gassaway Davis and his wife, Katherine Anne Bantz Davis, had a vision of a hospital in Randolph County. Mrs. Davis, known as "a woman of extraordinary altruistic character," sought to alleviate the suffering of the sick, and she dedicated the last years of her life to planning the project. Senator Davis shared his wife's compassionate nature and began building the hospital in the early part of the 20th century. Although Mrs. Davis died before its completion, Senator Davis dedicated Davis Memorial Hospital in his wife's memory in 1903.

The same year the hospital opened, the Davis Memorial Hospital School of Nursing was also established. The school offered a three-year basic professional program leading to a diploma in nursing and eligibility for licensure in professional nursing as a Registered Nurse.

Until 1937, the student nurses lived and trained in the hospital. That year the new training center and dormitory were built and equipped by William F. Hitt, a member of the board of trustees for the hospital. Much the same as Senator Davis dedicating the hospital in memory of his wife, Mr. Hitt bequeathed the Katherine Elkins Hitt Memorial Hall to the institution.

Early admission requirements were strict. "Personal qualities include sincere interest in nursing, the ability to work well with others, a love of people, patience, and sympathy. She must possess calm judgment, poise, self-reliance, and high moral standards. She must be capable of developing characteristics

Hospital School of Nursing

Been Called Nurses

By Tom Felton

Above: The freshman class of 1959 included Marie (Sycafoose) Cousin, shown here fourth from the right. Marie graduated as a registered nurse (RN) in 1962 then worked 41 years without a sick day.

and abilities essential to achieving the qualifications of a professional nurse."

It is little wonder many former nursing students liken the school to "being in the military." A set of rules given to each student from the early days of the school included:

- There must be no talking from the window to anyone in the street;
- Beds should be made and room in readiness for 7:00 a.m. inspection each day;
- Kindness, purity, and delicacy should characterize the nurses' conversation, both in social and professional life;
- Temperance in the use of intoxicants is considered paramount in maintaining the morals of the school and the dignity of the nursing profession;
- Chewing gum, lipstick, excessive rouge and nail polish or perfume do not harmonize with the nurse's uniform;
- Nurses are expected to speak in a well-modulated voice and to avoid the use of slang and unladylike language;
- All sources of avoidable noise, as banging of doors, singing, etc., should be avoided;

Children's ward at Davis Memorial Hospital, date unknown.

- Nurses are entitled to three hours off each day for REST. It is not permitted to go down the street each day. Instead spend some time mending your clothes, reading good books and magazines, relaxing in games, music, etc.;
- Do not congregate at the front entrance. It is not a place to entertain your friends;
- Avoid boisterousness as it reflects on the reputation of the school;
- Any uniformed group must be dignified. Speak to your friends but do not notice any unknown tourists.

Student nurses had to sign out and in upon their departure from and return to the school. If they did not, they would be grounded and could not leave, take telephone calls, or entertain visitors until the restriction was lifted.

The first six months after they entered school the nursing students were on probation and were referred to as "probies." During this time they took classes at Davis & Elkins College, but did not work the floors in the hospital. After they had completed this period they were given their caps.

In addition to the training they received in Elkins, each student was required to go out of state for affiliated training at larger, specialized hospitals. These "affiliations" each lasted three months. They included obstetric training at D.C. General in Washington, psychiatric training at Mayview State Hospital near Pittsburgh, and pediatric training at Children's Hospital in Cincinnati. Some of the students also received training at the Medical College of Virginia at Richmond. The students were responsible for their own transportation costs to these locations.

Among the graduates of the Davis Memorial School of Nursing are Labrita (Leombruno) Howell and Anita (DeMotto) Goddin, lifelong friends who grew up across the street from each other in Coalton, Randolph County. Labrita graduated from Coalton High School in 1947, and Anita in 1951.

In addition to all of their other obligations as student nurses, Labrita and Anita recalled, they were required to serve as dates for members of the fraternities at D&E.

When Labrita was in about the fifth grade, she would accompany her mother to visit her father, who was quite ill and a patient in the hospital. The nurses, with their starched white uniforms, made quite an impression on her. After one particular visit, she returned home and made a nurse's uniform out of a brown paper bag and pretended she was a member of the noble profession. In addition, her older brother was dating a nurse at the time. Employment opportunities for women were limited in those days, and for the next few years Labrita wavered between wanting to be a nurse or a beautician.

Then there were some incidents that caused her to decide on the medical profession. She had a cat with a "warble" in its neck. She took the ailing feline into the back yard, put some disinfectant on a sponge, and rubbed it on the afflicted area, inserted a pair of tweezers, and pulled out a worm. Also, she had a dog with a sore area on his leg, and she "doctored" him back to health. She then decided helping ailing people by being a nurse was the profession she wished to pursue. After high school she worked four years at Davis Memorial Hospital as a nurses' aide. One day she asked two of her fellow aides, "Why don't we go into nurses' training?" The threesome decided to enroll.

Eliza (Shaver) Calain at her capping ceremony in 1957. Eliza retired from nursing in 1992 after more than 30 years. She passed away in 2013.

When Anita was a child, she had a sister who was severely burned, and she also spent a lot of time at the hospital visiting her. She, too, was enamored of the immaculate nurses she saw there. Anita decided to join Labrita in the nurses' training. In 1951 she and Labrita entered the school and graduated together in 1954.

In addition to all of their other obligations as student nurses, Labrita and Anita recalled, they were required to serve as dates for members of the fraternities at D&E. If the fraternity was having a special party or dance, their representative would call the director of the nursing school and request escorts for a certain number of boys. She would then assign a girl to each one, regardless of whether or not they already had a boyfriend, according to their heights. The girls had no say in the matter. They would all dress appropriately for the function then gather in one of the front bedrooms to watch the males arrive and try to figure out which one they would be paired with. Anita recalls how sometimes when they arrived at the event, some of the older fraternity brothers would laugh at the younger ones and tease them for not being able to get a date on their own. The upside for the student nurses was they could stay out until midnight, a rare occurrence.

The two friends nearly had an untimely departure from the school their final year. Anita was working at the hospital, "reacting" patients after they returned from surgery. She had two young boys who had received tonsillectomies and were still under the effects from the ether. She was seated between them, observing and checking their vital signs as required, and ensuring they did not choke due to potential vomiting from the effects of the anesthesia. The head nurse came down and told Anita she should report to class. Anita told her she could not leave the two youngsters until they awoke. Diligently, she stayed with them and missed her class. When she eventually got to the school she had a note informing her to report to the office of Mrs. Jessie DeMotto, the director of the school, who also happened to be her aunt. The unhappy woman placed her niece on restriction. Anita telephoned her dad and told him what had transpired. He thought the sanctions against his daughter were unwarranted and telephoned the director and apprised her of this. He said, "Well, you know, Jessie, she doesn't have to stay there." The stern woman replied, "I'll help her pack her bags." Anita packed her belongings

and went home followed by her loyal friend Labrita. Mrs. DeMotto went to Anita's house and persuaded her and Labrita to return to school.

When Eliza (Shaver) Calain was in the eighth grade she had surgery at Davis Memorial Hospital. She remembered assisting with the feeding and holding the hands of other patients and comforting them, and when she was leaving the hospital the nurses bragged on her helpfulness. It was then she decided she wanted to be a nurse. Her father, Edward Shaver, paid for her to ride to Elkins High School from their home in East Dailey so she could take chemistry classes to help her prepare for that career.

Eliza, who passed away in April 2013, left home in 1956 to enter the Davis Memorial School of Nursing. She remembered the school as being very regimented and strict. She stated the students at that time could not be married and there were certain places in Elkins, such as nightclubs, they were not allowed to frequent. She said her uniform dress had to fall below her knees and had to be kept starched to the point the collar would make marks around her neck. They were locked in the library from 7:00 until 10:00 each evening and forced to study. She recalled the difficulty of sometimes working all night at the hospital and then walking several hundred yards, wearing her uniform, to D&E the next morning for chemistry or other classes.

Graduating class of licensed practical nurses (LPNs) at Davis Memorial Hospital in Elkins in 1967. In the first row, from the left, are JoAnn (unknown), P. Mole, G. Wolfe, and M. Miller. In the second row are Ms. Meffee, Carol Winebrenner (Isner), and Ms. Pritt. In the third row are Ms. Vance, J. Woodford, M. Reed, M. Swiger, and Ms. Koon. Photograph courtesy of Carol Isner.

Another of her vivid memories during her training was the required three months of working in the operating room. At that time virtually everything was reused. Syringes and rubber gloves that were not torn were washed, sterilized in an autoclave, powdered, and reused. Dull needles were actually sharpened on a whetstone before being reused.

Marie (Sycafoose) Cousin remembers always having a desire to be a nurse, and she fulfilled that aspiration when she graduated from the nursing school in 1962. As with the others, she recalls the training as being very tough, but states it was also fun. She clearly remembers walking up to D&E in snow up to her knees. She also has vivid memories of her "affiliations." She states that due to the excellent training they had received at Davis Memorial prior to these out-of-state assignments, many times the attending physicians would request their assistance. They appreciated the skills the student nurses had acquired from taking care of many patients at one time in Elkins.

The Davis Memorial nursing schools are long gone. However, the graduates have many fond memories of their school experiences and their many years of serving the community.

In the fall of 1964, the three-year nursing program ceased to exist and was replaced by the Davis Memorial Hospital School of Practical Nurses. This was a one-year program.

Carol Isner enrolled in the school in August 1966 and graduated in 1967. She is originally from Frostburg, Maryland. Before she graduated from Beall High School, she had to

meet with the guidance counselor. While she was there she picked up a pamphlet for the nursing school in Elkins and took it home. Her mother, whom Carol claims had an unfulfilled desire to be a nurse herself, saw the pamphlet and informed Carol that was what she was going to do. Carol applied and was accepted and made the trek to Elkins. After her graduation she began work at the hospital. She continued to stay in the school's dormitory, having the monthly rent of $10 deducted from her check. She lived there for about two years until she met and married her husband, Cecil.

Carol recalls some of the Registered Nurses being resentful of the new Licensed Practical Nurses since the LPN's had only had one year of school compared to the three that the RN's had endured. Many times she would be told, "You think you're a nurse when you only went to school for one year. Well, you're not."

Collectively, Labrita, Anita, Eliza, Marie, and Carol had almost 200 years working in nursing, most of it at Davis Memorial Hospital. Marie worked 41 years at the hospital and never took a sick day. Labrita spent almost 60 years in nursing. Eliza was very saddened when in 1992, with over 30 years working at the hospital, she had to retire due to medical reasons. None of them has regretted their decisions to become nurses.

These health care professionals witnessed many advances in medical care during their long careers. There were many diverse tasks they had to complete as part of their duties. As Eliza stated, "They had to wear many hats." Staffing was sparse, and they had to change the patients' beds, clean the bathrooms and windows, deliver trays to the patients, and fulfill other tasks that are now performed by more specialized personnel. Other duties, such as starting an IV, were always performed by physicians and not by nurses. However, the nurse was responsible for counting the drops coming from the IV bag, a tedious, time-consuming task. Today the nurses routinely start IV's, and a pump is set to administer the correct amount of fluid.

Nurse Labrita (Leombruno) Howell with a mother and newborn in the late 1950's.

To a person, the nurses noted the increased paperwork present-day nurses have to perform. The adage "If it is not documented, it didn't happen" certainly applies today. This makes it difficult to spend time with the patients, which was a frustration for the older nurses during the latter stages of their careers.

However, their careers made them witnesses to many great technological advances. Eliza remembered that years ago expectant mothers would be sedated with ether before going into delivery. Both arms and legs would be strapped down. Today there are family birthing centers, and the patient is left in bed to deliver her offspring in a more hospitable climate, many times with the father or other family members present.

The Davis Memorial nursing schools are long gone. However, the graduates have many fond memories of their school experiences and their many years of serving the community. Several of these former "ladies in white" gather each month in Elkins to share lunch and recall the many good times, and some not so good times, they shared. Rightfully so, they are very proud to have been called nurses.

TOM FELTON is the former sheriff of Tucker County and a lifelong resident of Parsons. A 1974 graduate of Parsons High School, he received degrees in sociology and law enforcement from Fairmont State University. He is the author of four books of local tales and history. Tom's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Fall 2008 issue.

CADET NURSES MAGGIE

The little Payne girls were bright, though their surroundings were as dim as any during the Great Depression. Perhaps even more so.

Their mother and father had separated; consequently, so had the five youngest of their eight children. The coal camp of Twin Branch, where they lived, had no work for its miners. To make matters even worse, their oldest sister's husband shot and killed their unemployed father, William H. Payne, in 1937.

Though the cause of death on Payne's death certificate cites homicide, more specifically, seven gunshot wounds, Wyoming County Circuit Court records indicate the man charged with the shooting was innocent of any wrongdoing.

The murder and its mysterious outcome in the justice system remain undiscussed among those who witnessed it, but one thing was certain: Alice "Maggie" and Wyvonna "Terri" Payne, along with younger brothers Bill and James and an older sister, Ruth, were living in extreme poverty.

Their father's death reunited the youngest children, but it left them without the slightest hope of steady income. Their mother, Ollie Carroll, took in odd jobs — laundry, domestic help, even making and selling apple butter. Mostly the family depended on its oldest sons — George and Lee — to earn what they could mining coal in whatever mines throughout the Winding Gulf region had work for them.

In the years following their childhood at Twin Branch, the Payne children lived at New Richmond, Iroquois, and Helen. And they lived with a mother who preached the values of having a good career. Despite the fact she never had one of her own, education meant everything to Ollie Carroll. She had no desire to see her daughters dependent on anyone but themselves for financial support.

"We shared books," Terri says, explaining there was no such thing as a free textbook program in that day. "We borrowed books from the library. And other kids let us borrow their books. And we both listened to every blessed word that came out of any teacher's mouth."

Their hard work paid off. In 1943 Maggie graduated at the top of her class at Mullens High School. Terri, who spent her senior year of high school with an aunt and uncle in Dante, Virginia, received the honor of being class valedictorian for Dante Central High School's class of 1942.

"Maggie didn't accept hers, but I did," Terri recalls. "We were so poor. Having a nice dress and getting up in front of the class and all was just a little too much."

Maggie recalls it differently. She says she did earn the honor of finishing at the top of her class, but the school chose another student — one from a wealthier family who owned nice clothing — to give the valedictorian speech.

What they lacked in material wealth, the sisters made up for in intelligence, and that was worth something. Their situation drew the attention of Helen's coal company doctor, who was willing to sponsor the girls if they would attend nursing school.

"He just knew us," Terri says. "A doctor of a mining town knows every human being in it, period."

The doctor's willingness to pay for their education thrilled the young ladies, but it wasn't because they had

The Payne family in Wyoming County, 1931, with puppies. Maggie is seated at far left; Terri is seated at far right. Mother Ollie Carroll holds baby James at right; father William Payne stands at left.

AND TERRI PAYNE

By Audrey Stanton-Smith

Wyvonna "Terri" (at left) and sister Alice "Maggie" Payne in their new nurse cadet uniforms in Charleston, 1943.

an overwhelming desire to become nurses. In fact, neither one can recall any experience during their young lives that led them into the field of nursing, other than a strong sense of practicality.

"Neither one of us wanted to be a nurse, per se," Terri says. "But we wanted to go to college. Back then, if you didn't have cash, you didn't go to college."

"Nursing was the cheapest [career choice]," Maggie says, "and mother encouraged us to have a way to support ourselves."

The sisters wanted an education, and nursing school — with financial assistance — appeared to be a sensible option. But even with the company doctor's help, there would be expenses. Terri, who finished high school a year earlier than Maggie, worked at the Helen company store, trying to save money so the two of them could attend nursing school together. She also spent seven months working after school her senior year and during the summer that preceded it. It was a factory job, loading 20-millimeter anti-aircraft shells at a munitions plant in Bristol, Virginia.

It was long enough to prove to Terri that she did not want to spend her future working in a factory of any kind.

About the time Terri and Maggie were enrolling in Charleston General Hospital's nursing program, fate played a hand. World War II might have carried with it all the tragedies of a war, but it brought the nation out of the Great Depression and two sisters from a poor coal camp out of the grips of poverty.

Nationwide, leaders in the field of nursing had been expressing concern about a potential shortage.

"If war comes, the cry of nurse shortage will become louder," Isabel Maitland Stewart, director of nursing education at Columbia University, said publicly in May of 1941. "...Some compromises may be required, but let us not forget that a period of crisis is also a period of opportunity."

On July 1, 1943, a year-and-a-half after the United States went to war against Japan, Germany, and Italy — and the same year Maggie graduated from high school — Public Law 74 established the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

The Corps was established to address a concern that war could bring about a nursing shortage on the home front. To replace the RN's joining the war effort, the program

trained promising young women to fill the void. Enrollment in the nation's nursing schools increased dramatically.

Timing for the two youngest Payne sisters could not have been better. Under the program, not only would the federal government pay cadets' tuitions, cadets would earn money while receiving an education—$15 a month to start. For Terri and Maggie, a pledge to help the government or military should they ever be called upon to do so was well worth making in exchange for tuition, education, free uniforms, boarding, and a promising future. In fact, 169,443 young women across the nation thought so, according to statistics cited in the book *Your Country Needs You: Cadet Nurses of World War II*, by Thelma M. Robinson.

According to Robinson's source, the Office of the Historian, United States Public Health Service, 2,210 nursing students participated in Cadet Corps in West Virginia between 1943 and 1946. Of those, 257 attended school at Charleston General Hospital, the most cadets of any of West Virginia's 17 participating hospitals. Terri and Maggie's class began the Corps' first year, 1943.

"Some of the girls didn't finish. They would have to quit if they married," Maggie says.

In all, 124,065 graduated from 1,125 of the nation's 1,300 schools of nursing as part of the Cadet Nurse Corps, according to the U.S. Public Health Service historian. Recruitment stopped in 1945, and the last cadets graduated in 1948. Maggie and Terri were among Charleston General's class of 1946. Once again, they stood out at top of their class.

"We shared a set of books," Maggie recalls, "even though the government paid for them."

The two remember how they lived in a house on Broad Street with 18 or 20 other girls. They trained, and they worked.

"We saw pneumonia, accidents, car wrecks, anything there on the ward, the first floor [of Charleston General]," Maggie recalls. "It was general medicine and surgical."

After two-and-a-half years, the Payne sisters were selected to continue the final leg of their Cadet enrollment at Mayview State Hospital, a mental institution near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"No, we didn't really care about seeing a big city," Maggie says. "We went because psychiatry was interesting to us."

They were also given a raise, Terri remembers. Though the raise was standard for cadets in their final six months of the program, Terri and Maggie felt it was well-earned in their cases. Their jobs at the mental hospital often placed them in danger.

"We were not allowed to work on the most violent wards," Maggie says, "but we did help with insulin shock, hydrotherapy, electric shock therapy, things of that nature."

Hydrotherapy? "Wet sheets. We wrapped them up in wet sheets. I never could figure out how that helped," Maggie comments. Back then, she adds, "Neurology and psychiatry had little to do with each other."

"It was sort of a jungle," Terri says. "A lot of persons in the institution were really criminals that smart lawyers had gotten off."

One afternoon, Terri was unlocking a large ward door using the key ring she and the other nurses wore around their waists. Just as she slid the key into the lock, a large female patient approached tiny Terri from behind and swept her feet from under her. She then began pounding Terri's face against the door. Maggie was never

Charleston General Hospital nursing class of 1946. Terri Payne is in the second row, second from the left; Maggie Payne is in the third row, far right.

far away; she saved her sister from serious injury by hitting the patient with a chair.

Unlike the negative experience with the woman who attacked her, Terri recalls another Mayview patient, a priest, "who was just as sensible as anyone I ever met. ...He taught me to play tennis."

The time off Terri was compensated after the incident with the female patient afforded her the opportunity to fly to Bristol, Tennessee, on her first airplane trip, to meet and marry her boyfriend, Thomas Ring, a Marine who had just returned from service overseas.

"We couldn't let it be known [that we were married]," she says. "They wouldn't have let me finish school."

The wedding took place in February. Both sisters graduated the following September. Neither Terri nor Maggie chose to make mental health part of her nursing career.

After graduation, Terri went to work at a small hospital in Dante, Virginia. Before she retired in 1988, in Lake City, Florida, she worked as a nurse at hospitals in seven states. She presently resides in West Jefferson, North Carolina. She is 91.

Maggie's first job was as a surgical nurse at Beckley Hospital. She worked there until Terri convinced her to move to Dante and work with her. That's where she met her husband, Jack Stanton, like Terri's husband a WWII Marine veteran.

Jack's sales career took Maggie back to West Virginia, into Logan County. She worked for a short period as a coal company nurse near Man, at Buffalo Creek. Then Jack took a job in Beckley, and so did Maggie.

In 1950 she became part of the inaugural staff of the Beckley Veterans Administration Medical Center.

"The VA hired me before it opened. But then when it was supposed to open, it couldn't because the surgeon didn't come. We had to postpone. The newspaper condemned us," she recalls.

Without the Beckley facility open, the hospital sent eight of its nurses, including Maggie, to a VA hospital in Ogden, North Carolina, for three weeks. She returned to Beckley when the VA opened and spent the rest of her career there, minus two maternity leaves.

"One of the nurses called me Doc Stanton," she says, explaining that over the years she developed a knack for properly "but not officially" diagnosing conditions before the staff doctors did.

She retired in 1990. She was the night supervisor at the time. Maggie, 89, still resides in Beckley.

On October 1, 2011, Maggie and Terri attended a reunion for graduates of Charleston General Hospital's School of Nursing. They were the two oldest nurses in attendance.

Maggie Stanton, left, and Terri Ring at a family gathering in 2013. Photograph by Alisa Ring.

AUDREY STANTON-SMITH is a Beckley native now living on a farm near Lester, Raleigh County. She is the granddaughter of Alice Virginia "Maggie" Stanton. A 1997 journalism graduate of West Virginia University, Audrey is a former reporter for *The Register-Herald*. Her work has also appeared in *West Virginia South* magazine. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Marietta Manufacturing Company

Between 1915 and 1970, hundreds of boats, barges, and other watercraft were built or repaired in West Virginia and either used locally or shipped down the Ohio River to the ends of the earth. A major producer of large tugboats for the U.S. Army during World War II, the Marietta Manufacturing Company (MMC) also produced mine planters and net tenders for the war effort, employing as many as 2,200 people at its Point Pleasant shipyard and dry dock. Today all is quiet at the former site. But, for some, memories remain of the riverboats and seaworthy crafts that came from this small Mason County town.

Building Ships and Boats in Point Pleasant

By Betty Rivard

Boat and shipbuilding operations employed thousands at the Marietta Manufacturing Company (MMC) in Point Pleasant. Here the hull of a U.S. Army MP6 mine planter is launched into the Ohio River in 1942. Photograph courtesy of the Point Pleasant River Museum.

The business that became the MMC began in the late 1840's or early 1850's in Beverly, Ohio. In 1852 a partnership was organized as W.F. Robertson & Company. Following a fire in the 1870's, the company resumed business in Marietta, Ohio, in 1881. The MMC was organized under an Ohio charter in 1892. Alla Windsor, one of the three original organizers and stockholders, served as president until his death in 1911. He was succeeded in 1912 by his son, Walter A. Windsor, whose first years as president occurred while he was still a law student at Harvard University.

Prior to World War I, the company operated as a foundry whose main products included stoves and ranges, iron and brass castings, plows, and compound and condensing engines and pumps for the steamboat trade.

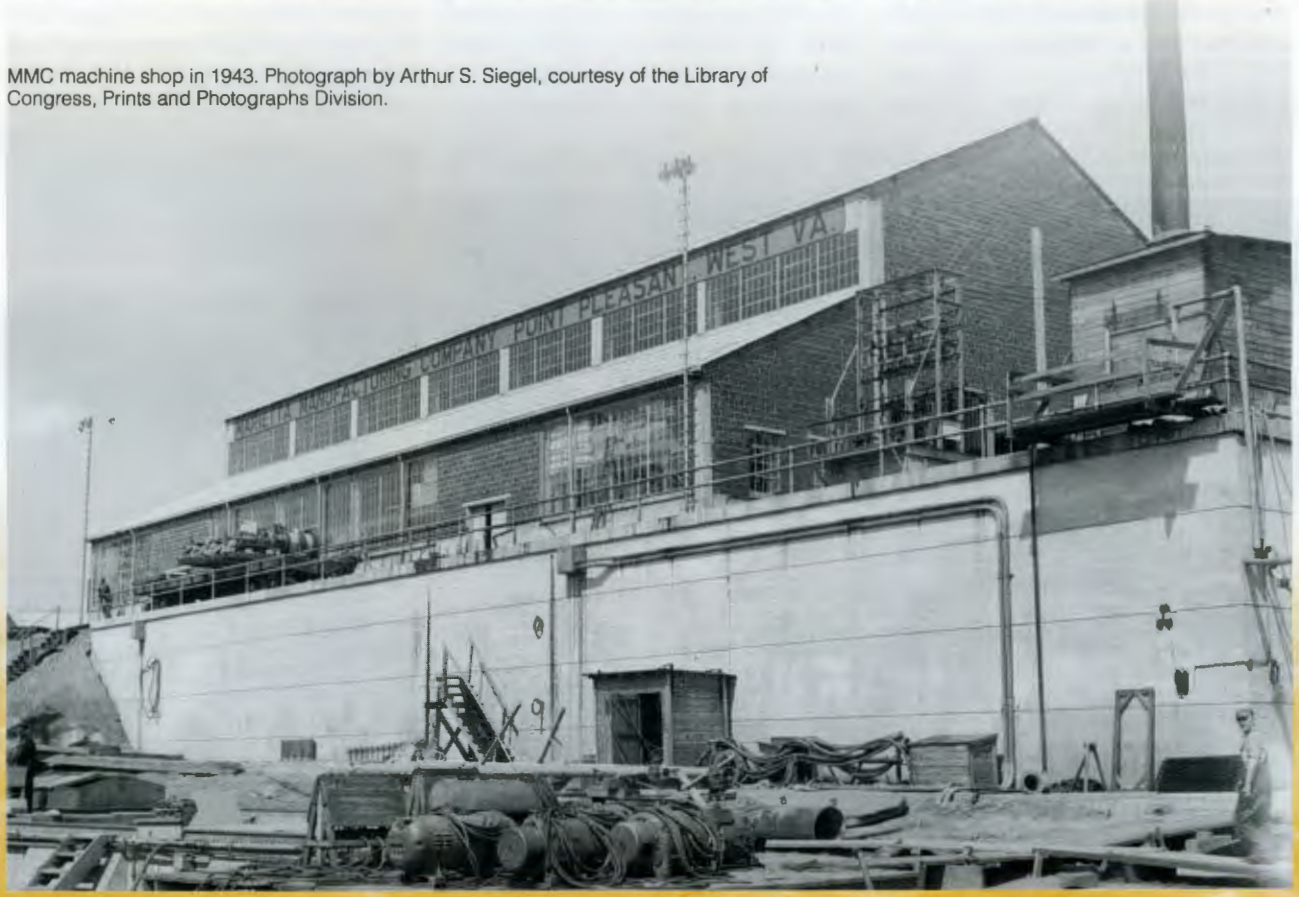
The Marietta plant was severely damaged in the Ohio River flood of 1913. Boosters in Point Pleasant, headed by Samuel Spencer, recruited the company to move to higher ground along the West Virginia side of the Ohio River. Walter A. Windsor agreed and moved the plant to Point Pleasant. The company was chartered in West Virginia in 1915 and moved into its new location the following year.

The new 42-acre site housed a general machine shop, with foundry tools and equipment. During World War I the company received federal contracts to provide marine components. By the end of the war, MMC had added a boiler shop and developed plans for a fully functioning shipyard. On that basis, it received a contract to build four river towboats to help meet the new demand for river traffic as a part of a growing national transportation system. Soon the MMC was building riverboats and seagoing ships at Point Pleasant, which it did for the next four decades.

In 1919 *The Waterways Journal* reported: "The company is now one of the largest builders of complete river craft in the United States. ... With the march of progress came the building of new buildings, installation of electric cranes, of locomotive cranes, of electric and acetylene welding, and all of modern practices in shipbuilding."

Windsor became integrally involved in the Point Pleasant community in a variety of commercial and civic roles and from that base extended the MMC into global markets. During the 1920's he oversaw the building and transport of 11 steam-powered sternwheel towboats and several barges for the Imperial Oil Company of Colombia, South America. In further diversifying the MMC's business, he pioneered the manufacturing of prefabricated commercial plants for producing carbon black, which was made from natural gas and used in the rubber industry and in making printing inks and paints. These plants were shipped as far as Russia and the

MMC machine shop in 1943. Photograph by Arthur S. Siegel, courtesy of the Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.



Orient, and an offshoot of the MMC was established to produce carbon black in Texas.

In 1929, Walter A. Windsor passed away at the age of 41 from complications following a tonsillectomy. He was survived by his wife, a native of Point Pleasant, and their two young children. One of the legacies of the Walter A. Windsor era is the MMC slogan, "Made Mechanically Correct," which appeared as part of its imprint in its products and advertisements.

Charles O. Weisenberger served as president of MMC from 1930 until 1944. Born in Illinois, he helped to build steel mills in Gary, Indiana, and Youngstown, Ohio, before coming to West Virginia to help with the construction of the MMC plant in its new location. He was vice-president of the MMC before his service as president.

The longevity of the MMC products is documented in stories about towboats like the *Cairo*, built in 1921, which was dismantled in 1955 before continuing as a crane barge as late as 1974. The *Trojan*, built in 1923, was rebuilt in 1942 and, as of 1998, was renamed as the *Tammy White* and was still in use.

Dredges built by MMC during the 1930's were designed and used by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. In 1988, the dredge *Jadwin*, which had been converted to diesel-electric after serving 50 years under steam power, helped to keep the lower Mississippi open for barge traffic during a period of low waters. According to *The Waterways Journal*, "The dredge was the primary mover of sand on almost 500 miles of river from Memphis to Baton Rouge."

In 1934 the *Captain Meriwether Lewis* was built for the Corps as part of a pair of sister boats that were integral to the opening of the Missouri River to commercial navigation. The *Lewis* is a side-wheeled steam paddle dredge that is dry-berthed in Brownsville, Nebraska, where it houses the Museum of Missouri River History and is a national historic landmark. A second pair of sister boats incorporated improvements based on experience with the first pair. The *William A. Black* is also a national historic landmark and serves as a "Boat & Breakfast" inn at the National Mississippi River Museum and Aquarium at the Port of Dubuque, Iowa.

In the 1930's, the MMC also built Coast Guard cutters, diesel towboats, steamers, pontoons, wharf boats, ferry flats, derrick boats, and boat houses. A mainstay of the company was barges, based on their own original design. In addition, the MMC continued to manufacture many kinds of marine steam engines, steering engines, and capstan engines.

The 73 ocean-going vessels produced by MMC during World War II included four U.S. Navy net tenders, 16 U.S. Army mine planters, and 53 U.S. Army landing tugs. The landing tugs were all single-screw steam tugs that were designated by a number instead of a name, such as LT #217.

During the war as many as 2,200 people were employed at the plant. The workforce included a number of women, or "Rosie the Riveters," as more than 200 men from the plant entered military service. In June 1943 the *West Virginia Review* summarized the contribution of the MMC to the war effort:

MMC workers with a hull under construction in 1943. Photograph by Victor Park, courtesy of the Point Pleasant River Museum.

Walter A. Windsor, MMC president from 1912-29. He was responsible for relocating the company from Marietta, Ohio, to Point Pleasant following a devastating flood in 1913, and led the company into boat and shipbuilding.

"Sea-going ships made in mountainous West Virginia may sound impossible to you. It did to others, too, even those in the ship-building business, for after all, how can you float an ocean ship, which draws 11½ feet of water, in water that is only nine feet deep? But C.O. Weissenburger [sic], president of the Marietta Manufacturing Company at Point Pleasant, knew that it could be done, and so four net tenders and 16 mine planters, made and fully equipped in West Virginia, have plowed down the Ohio, down the Mississippi, and from there to North Africa, to the South Pacific, and to the Atlantic trade routes."

The *West Virginia Review* also gave a first-person overview of the MMC operations:

"The shops are gigantic bays for the housing of mammoth and intricate machine tools powerful beyond ordinary conception, designed to fashion all metals, in amazing sizes, to complete the commands of a blueprint that indicates tolerance limits in minute fractional points of an inch. Polished steel, gleaming bronze alloys, pass through these great machines, are gnawed at, gouged, ground, sawed, bored, drilled, polished, and come from the shops ready for installation and service."

The author noted how the MMC was "an ongoing industry, not built especially for wartime," and expressed how the workers knew that it would be there when the war was over. The employees generally lived within a 50-mile radius of Point Pleasant — one estimate was that about 75% were from West Virginia and 25% from Ohio. Many of them owned their homes and some farmed part time.

In September 1944, while the war was still being fought, MMC was recognized with the Army-Navy Production Award — the "E" Award — that was given to the top three percent of the thousands of war production plants in the country. In his presentation speech, Colonel Herbert D. May, Executive Assistant Chief of Transportation and Director of Supply, recognized the innovative work of the company: "Just as your company pioneered with steam years ago, you now are constantly devising new ways and means of better arranging and equipping vessels for the particular operations which they are to perform. Within the last year your engineering department has completed full detailed drawings and blueprints for 26 different types of water craft, 10 sets of propulsion engines, 12 sets of steering engines, and miscellaneous small equipment. But this is only one part of your achievement. Your machine shops, foundries, mold lofts, steel fabrication, and erection departments all are working together — contributing vastly to the gigantic wheel of production."

A hull nears completion in 1945. This was part of a steam tug, one of six tugs sold to Russia.
Photograph by Victor Park, courtesy of the Point Pleasant River Museum.

At the same ceremony the company received the National Safety Council "S" Award for its outstanding record of accident prevention.

Production at the MMC peaked during World War II. Three presidents followed Weisenberger's death in 1944. Dewey A. Windsor, brother of Walter A. Windsor, was the manager of an East St. Louis refinery for 21 years before serving as MMC president from 1944-1953.

After completing its orders for World War II, the company again relied in part on building barges. For example, in 1950 it built 10 combination steel and coal barges for the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation. It also built 10 landing craft utility (LCU) ships for the U.S. government in 1953 and 1954.

During the 1950's the company also produced the McKinlay Automatic Coal Mining & Loading Machine, a machine that cuts coal out of the solid and delivers it into mine cars or on a conveyor, without manual labor or explosives, according to company literature.

H.R. Cole, who came out of retirement to help get the company back on its feet, served as president from 1953-1958. In 1956 the company built two crafts for the U.S. Navy that were called "berthing" and "messing." The 1950's and 1960's also saw the retrofitting and refurbishing of boats to incorporate new technologies and meet new needs.

Walter M. Windsor, the son of Walter A. Windsor, served as president from 1958-1970. The company built two survey ships for the U.S. Department of Commerce in 1963. It also had orders for three survey ships for the U.S. Navy. One was completed in 1964 and one in 1965. The third ship was launched in 1964 and taken to another shipyard to be finished due to financial trouble in the company.

After this the company became principally a boat and barge repair facility. The last inland waterway boat that was built at the facility, in 1960, was the *Oliver C. Shearer*. As described in *The Waterways Journal*, the boat, "incorporating the most advanced design features, is one of the most powerful towboats to operate in the inland waterways coal trade." This boat is still in service.

In 1970 the company went bankrupt and closed. This is still a sensitive issue in the community. Speculation is that the company bid too low on its last survey ships and then did not have the resources to get the job done. Some very smart men were let go and new people who were brought in did not have the necessary expertise: they were said to be "blue water" (ocean) people, versus people familiar with the inland waterways.

The property and equipment were sold at a public auction. The shipyard was later reopened as the Point Pleasant Marine Company and focused on repairing and rebuilding services and the construction of heavy-duty hopper barges until labor-management trouble and a strike led to its closing in 1984. The remaining buildings are now vacant.

Jack Fowler, age 79, and his cousin, John Sauer, age 77, were both born and raised in Point Pleasant. Their grandfather, Albert Sauer, was a veteran of the MMC. Jack's father, Charles E. Fowler, Sr., began there in 1924 and worked his way up to the position of production superintendent. Jack remembers the long hours his father spent as he stayed late to markup the blueprints and other directions for the workers to use the following day. Jack worked at the plant briefly while he was in school.

One of his most vivid memories is of witnessing the tragic explosion on December 22, 1953. Six men were killed while cleaning the inside of an empty gasoline barge that was tied up at the dock. Jack had just waved to his father, who was walking near the barge, from across the yard. He ran over to find that his father had been just far enough away to escape the fierce fire that followed the explosion.

John's career at the plant began in 1955 and continued until the company closed in 1970. John, Jack, and Vernon Clifton, age 70, remember the high quality that was maintained through mentoring and apprenticeships by the most experienced craftsmen. John says the MMC was a wonderful place to learn and that having worked there was an excellent credential for future jobs.

Vernon remembers welders who made flagpoles and how they knew from experience exactly when and where to weld so that they were straight.

Burring operation in the interior of a hull in 1943. Photograph by Arthur S. Siegel, courtesy of the Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.

"It was unreal what they were capable of doing," he recalls, "just old country and small-town boys. There wasn't anything they couldn't tackle." He notes that most workers didn't need post-secondary education, and that work in a classroom didn't necessarily mean that a person would love his work or do well at the plant. However, during his first year with the company, he took the extra steps to get government certification and, as a result, earned an extra 10 cents per hour. He says it didn't hurt that he was small at the time and able to crawl through places that other men could not get through.

Workers were required to belong to a union, including the boilermakers, construction, and the metal trades. Vernon says that his job at MMC "was the only job I ever had where I really looked forward to going to work. I really enjoyed the people around me and the kind of work. They took care of people."

Wilma Fisher, age 81, was born and raised in Point Pleasant. She worked at several different jobs, including time in the 1960's as support staff for the Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Maritime Administration, which were on-site in the office building of the MMC plant in order to oversee their contracts. At the time the only women employees were in the office, but Wilma says that she felt comfortable at the plant because she already knew most of the men from the community. She recalls, "MMC people were pretty tight knit. We knew everybody and we really worked."

The Point Pleasant community is dedicated to bringing back the energy and commerce of the town, with an emphasis on cultural and historical tourism, its rivers, and its other assets. The high standards of excellence and the work ethic that were established by the MMC live on in the people whose lives were touched by the company. Even though subsequent generations may not have direct experiences tied to the MMC, the museums created from its boats and artifacts serve as a visible touchstone for critical values that we continue to promote for the future of our state and beyond.

BETTY RIVARD grew up in Detroit and San Francisco, moving to West Virginia in 1971. She holds graduate degrees in education and social work from West Virginia University and retired after 25 years of service as a social worker and planner for the state of West Virginia. She is editor of the book *New Deal Photographs of West Virginia: 1934-1943*, published in 2012 by West Virginia University Press. Betty's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Fall 2012 edition.

Overview of the MMC operation in 1943, looking down the Ohio River. Photograph by Arthur S. Siegel, courtesy of the Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.

Point Pleasant River Museum

History and many details of life in a river town are depicted at the Point Pleasant River Museum and Learning Center, located near the confluence of the Great Kanawha and Ohio rivers in Point Pleasant, Mason County. Established in 2003, the museum provides visitors with a range of displays, artifacts, multimedia presentations, photographs, and interactive simulators — even a huge aquarium stocked with live fish — to give the feel and preserve the heritage of this proud river community.

Executive director Jack Fowler has lived in Point Pleasant all of his life. His father, Jack E. Fowler, Sr., and grandfather, Albert "Pop" Sauer, both worked for the Marietta Manufacturing Company [see accompanying story], and Jack has seen the floods, disasters, prosperity, and wonder of life along the river firsthand.

He worked in sales and marketing for Kaiser Aluminum at Ravenswood for 24 years, later serving as executive vice president of the Mason County Community Improvement Corporation for four years, director of the Point Pleasant housing authority for six years, and the city's economic development director for one year.

In 1999, Jack's cousin, Point Pleasant mayor John Roach, invited Jack to head up the local effort to build a river museum at a former grocery store at the lower end of town. The red brick structure was built in 1854 and needed a lot of work. Many in town doubted that it would ever come to fruition.

"There was a group of men, headed by Captain Charles Henry Stone — river men — most of them were engineers, pilots, or captains. It was their desire to build a river museum," Jack explains. "They had all these artifacts and memorabilia that they knew if they didn't find a place for it, their families would never keep it and it would be lost." [See "Captain Charles Henry Stone: 'God Gave Us a Beautiful Gift in These Rivers,'" by Irene S. Brand; Summer 1985.]

Jack met with the men, reviewed and revised the museum's architectural plans, and rolled up his sleeves.

"I would come here and work and tear down the brick wall that ran through

here, end-to-end on both floors," Jack says, indicating where the wall once stood. "[I'd] beat it down with a sledgehammer, put it in a wheelbarrow, and wheel it out the back door and dump it over in a dump truck that was sitting there."

A large number of volunteers helped out here and there, but Jack admits to doing the lion's share of the work himself.

"People would stop in and work for a day or two," Jack says. "Guys would say, 'I really want to help!' Well, they'd work a couple of days and say, 'I don't want any more of that!' They'd disappear and another one'd show up.

"The funny thing about it was every time we needed a particular craft, someone would walk through that door. If I needed someone to do concrete work, they'd walk through that front door. If I needed someone that could help with electric wiring, they'd come through that door. We didn't have the same people all the time — not very long any of them — but there was always someone coming in to help us keep going."

To the delight of the local river community, the Point Pleasant River Museum opened its first floor to the public on May 1, 2003. The second floor opened exactly one year later on May 1, 2004. The 2,400-gallon live aquarium was added in 2008.

Today the museum is continuing to develop and enhance its displays and features. Among the attractions are numerous large-scale models of sternwheelers and other vessels that have plied the Ohio River system over the past 150 years. Various artifacts are on display including pilot wheels, rudders, brass fittings, name plates, bells, and whistles from retired or disassembled riverboats.

The museum also boasts a working calliope, dozens of historical photographs, a gift shop, a media center and library, and several video monitors.

Special displays are devoted to flooding along the Ohio River and the 1967 Silver Bridge Disaster, in which 46 people perished. A multi-media pilot simulator invites visitors to try their hand at controlling a river tow as it works its way upstream.

One of the most extensive displays is devoted to the Marietta Manufacturing Company, which built or repaired hundreds of boats and ships and employed thousands of people at its Point Pleasant facility between 1915 and 1970.

"That was a big part of my life," Jack says. "[It was] a big part of starting this river museum. It's got its corner down here, and that's where it's gonna stay.' 'Cause it means a lot to me and to a lot of the people who come in here — the families whose grandfather or their dad worked there."

The Point Pleasant River Museum and Learning Center is located at 28 Main Street in Point Pleasant. It is open to the public year-round, six days a week. For hours of operation, admission details, and additional information, phone (304)674-0144 or visit www.pprivermuseum.com.

Above: Jack Fowler, executive director, is a lifelong resident of Point Pleasant. Photographs by Tyler Evert.

Left: Point Pleasant River Museum in Point Pleasant, established in 2003.

Right: The Marietta Manufacturing Company exhibit at the Point Pleasant River Museum.

WATERBORNE ENTERTAINMENT

New Martinsville 75 years ago prospered from farm traffic, a nearby B&O railroad junction and terminal, and river traffic. Summertime for older teens and adults meant the arrival of showboats or the long-awaited excursion boat at the cobblestone wharf along the beautiful Ohio River.

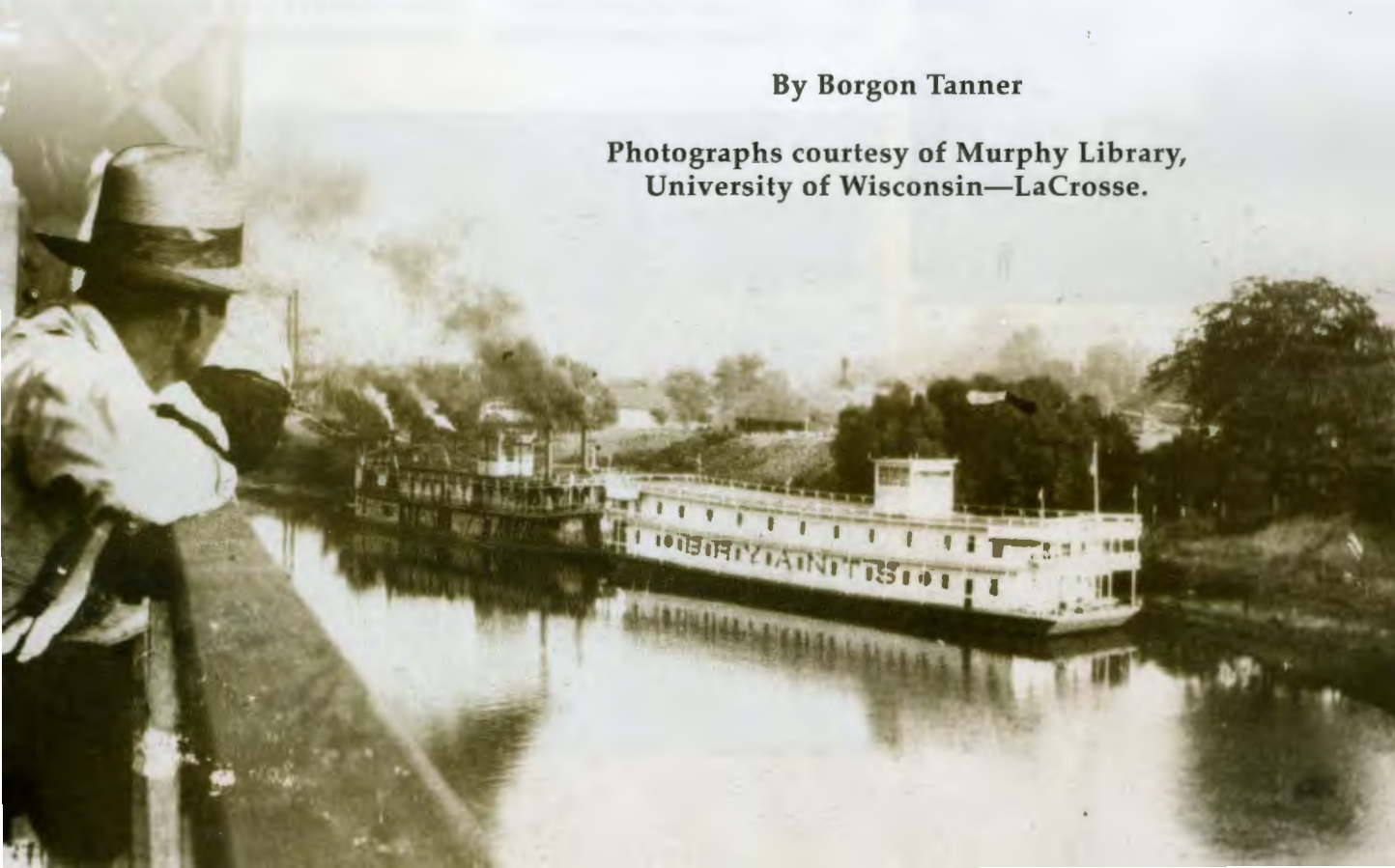
As I recall, at least two showboats arrived each summer but only one excursion boat. I was too young back then to board these unusual vessels, but I remember the arrival of each type. Friends have described the attractions of the showboats, and I learned about the patterns and at least some of the pleasures of the famed excursion boats from an older brother.

Showboats were more numerous and offered entertainment for many in our town. These floating theaters were at the peak of their performance by the "modern" times of the 1930's.

Showboats relied on a steam-powered towboat to move them from place to place. This arrangement allowed more space to be used and took away the responsibility of maneuvering the bulky vessel on the river and into landings. Towboats also provided steam for another use at each landing.

The special boats had their own way of advertising. The events were

Bryant's showboat, built in Point Pleasant in 1918, seated 880 people and plied the Ohio and Mississippi rivers until 1939. It is pushed here by an unidentified sternwheel towboat; date, location, and photographer unknown.



By Borgon Tanner

Photographs courtesy of Murphy Library, University of Wisconsin—LaCrosse.

ON THE UPPER OHIO RIVER

always listed in our two weekly papers: the *Wetzel Democrat* and the *Wetzel Republican*. Posters were placed in strategic locations around town, but more was to come.

Imagine it's a hot summer afternoon in the Upper Ohio Valley. A showboat has come upriver and is about to dock near our busy wharf. People from nearby buildings stream down to watch the large boat with its ornate lettering tie up along the bank. That marked its quiet arrival.

The wake-up call would come in late afternoon. That's when the calliope came alive. The proper pronunciation of this unusual instrument was supposed to be "ku-lie-uh-pee." We "river people" said it the right way: "kahl-lee-oap."

Anyway you pronounced it, it was loud — blame loud! The calliope was a steam-powered organ, driven by the coal-fired towboat engine. Soft tones were difficult to produce on it. We lived quite a distance from the river, but we well knew when one of the showboats was making a pitch for evening customers. From our distant location we not only received the full recital but were in a position to hear the "grace notes" as the sounds echoed back from the hills beyond us. Choice seats at these recitals were distant seats. If you were hard of hearing or lived 12

First mate Clarke Hawley plays the calliope aboard the excursion boat *Avalon* in about 1961.

blocks away, you could stay indoors and listen. If you lived on German Ridge on the West Virginia side or atop the hill above Duffy on the Ohio side, the music was great.

Actually the calliope was played with skill. Imagine sitting at a keyboard and pushing down keys that opened valves to let damp steam enter the chambers in the steam organ pipes — hands moving all over the keyboard, live steam emerging from the opening, and thunderous noise combined to produce stirring music.

After the last notes from the calliope had echoed back from the hills there would be a lengthy pause. Then the evening performance would begin on the showboat.

The showboats that graced the river towns provided audiences with drama and melodrama: tragedies, heartaches, and thrills. The types of plays varied little. Some of the most dramatic moments came from the renditions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or the never-failing "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Sometimes a slapstick comedy was offered, much to the delight of country folk and a few solid citizens in the audience. Humor was far less sophisticated 75 years ago. Many rustic actions and sounds were considered uproariously funny back then.

Showboat poster aboard *Bryant's* showboat; date, location, and photographer unknown.

One performance a night might provide light entertainment from a singer or two and the abbreviated orchestra. And a few showboats held matinees for youngsters and their parents, usually a puppet or Punch & Judy show.

Showboats on the Upper Ohio commonly had large audiences. Most local boats stopped twice every summer at New Martinsville, going upriver and then, weeks later, coming back downriver, heading south before cooler weather arrived.

The pattern of the excursion boats was quite different. In the operation of the excursion boats, one could truthfully say that the crew worked with the moon and the weather. They worked when the moon was a bit beyond the first quarter through the full moon, and a bit before the end of the third quarter — approximately 20 days a month in the summer season.

And by necessity they operated during dry weather. Rain or dense fog did not produce a romantic setting or a suitable surface on a hardwood floor for dancing.

The excursion boats were self-propelled. There were several advantages in this arrangement. A captain and one or two mates, plus a couple of deck hands who could double as firemen, took charge of running the boat. Otherwise the

excursion boats were staffed by a large crew of young men chosen for their ability to handle a variety of jobs. They might be used as cooks, waiters, deck hands, musicians, and, at times, bouncers to handle unruly customers. Both amateur and professional musicians were hired to play for the dances. And it was true that both stamina and talent were needed for long hours spent entertaining others. Many in the crew were college students anxious to earn money during the difficult Depression days.

In our town young people waited anxiously for the summer months, warm weather, and the arrival of the excursion boat. There would be advance notices, but bad weather and improper moon phases could make visits unpredictable.

If the weather cooperated and the moon phase was suitable, the arrival of the big boat would be announced by whistles and perhaps the penetrating sound of the steam-powered calliope. On that wonderful day crowds would gather, and happy passengers would board by early evening. The excursion boat would leave while there was still a bit of light in the sky. One mile below town was Dam #15, and people aboard the boat could enjoy the experience of "locking through" the dam before dark.

Once through the dam, the music and dancing began. The top deck, open to the sky, housed the dance floor. At one side were the musicians, perhaps five or six in number. The remainder of the deck was open for dancing. Not only did the moon play a romantic part in the maneuvers, at times it furnished most of the light.

The second deck usually contained a small café or restaurant where couples could be refreshed with food and nonalcoholic drinks. It was also a place to plan a future rendezvous.

Chaperones? They were there all right. Some were close relatives, determined to watch over their pre-

Below: *Senator*, a majestic excursion boat built in St. Louis in 1883, at Marietta, Ohio, in about 1950. Right: Dance floor on the *Avalon* in 1952.

cious charges. Others were older couples in their 20's or 30's who had not only volunteered to watch the "youngsters" but actually enjoyed the live music and dancing alfresco.

In our region the pattern had been established years before. The excursion boat would leave New Martinsville in early evening, travel slowly downstream, lock through Dam #15, and move on to Paden City. The boat would dock there briefly, pick up more young people and chaperones, and move downriver to Sistersville, another trip of about five or six miles.

Sistersville was an important stop. Not only would the boarding crowd be large, but good-natured comments (and others) would be bandied about. Both Magnolia and Sistersville high schools were thought to be the best in the Upper Valley, and their respective football teams waged an annual combat every Thanksgiving Day. At this third stop the boat would be full. The excursion boat would turn around and slowly head back upriver.

On this longer run, under a moonlit sky and with dance music filling the air, local animosities would sometimes be forgotten. Young people from one town could actually be seen dancing with partners from another town.

The excursion boat would arrive back in New Martinsville around midnight. There the local crowd would disembark, speeded by hugs, kisses, good wishes — and taunts.

The boat would turn again, go back through the locks and dam, and head for Paden City. At that wharf the Paden City crowd would leave, and the boat would continue downriver to Sistersville.

Early in the morning a tired but happy crowd of young and middle-aged adults would leave the boat at Sistersville. The boat's crew would also be tired, especially the musicians who had worked long hours to please others.

The *Avalon* on the Ohio River at Huntington in 1952.

Depending upon plans for the next cycle, the captain and his crew might tie up overnight or proceed to the next starting point while others slept. Their summer season was short, and little time could be wasted.

As I mentioned before, I was quite young at the time. I was at the awkward age — too old for Punch & Judy and too young to venture on the excursion boat. But my brother, seven years older than me, was more fortunate. And from him I learned about the boat's patterns and pleasures.

The excursion boats were enjoyed by many young people along our part of the Ohio Valley. Travel on this boat cemented many a friendship between a young man and his sweetheart. But the life of this boat was short-lived. The attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941 contributed to the demise of the excursion boats. They were manned by young men, the first age group to be drafted during WWII. Showboats that contained several generations of performers were not troubled as much, to the delight of many.

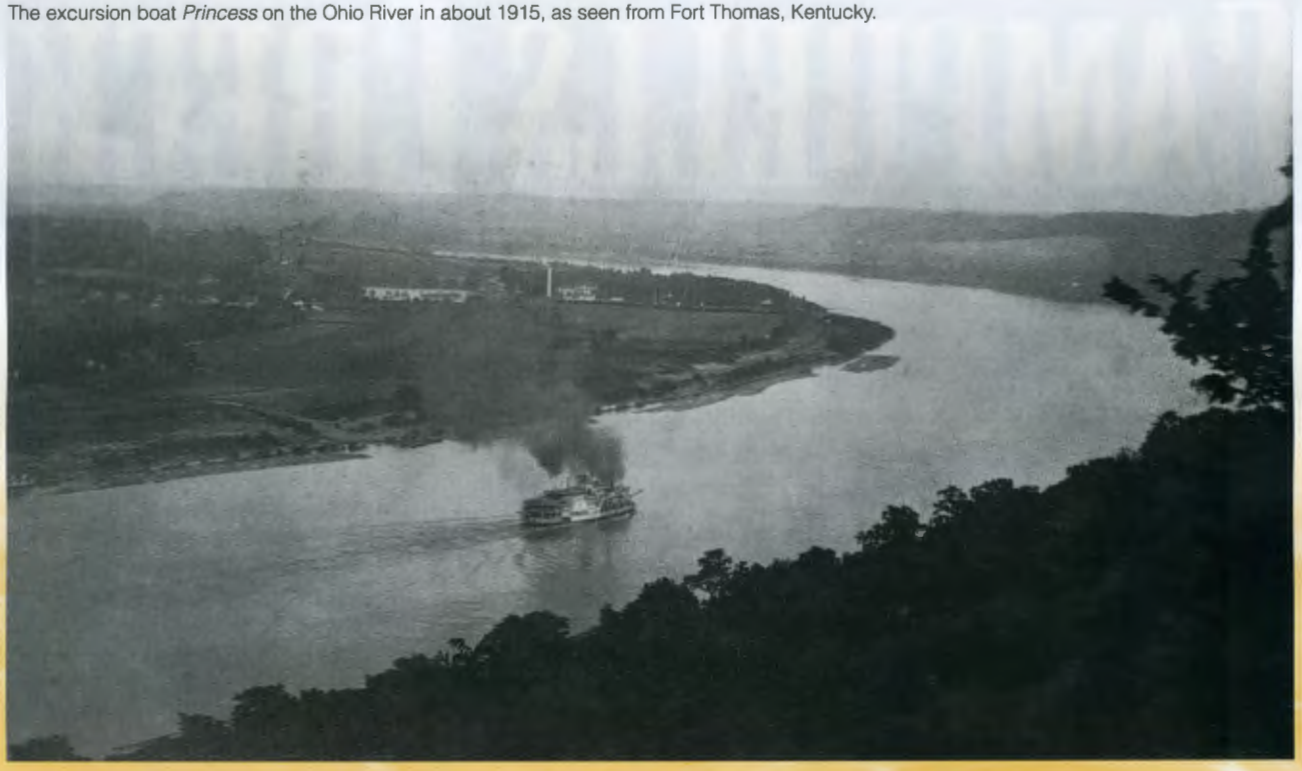
Today live theater may attract audiences with unusual advertising, stage design, and exotic sound effects. But nothing will ever equal 25 to 30 pounds of steam pressure belting out "The Stars and Stripes Forever," "Stardust," or "Deep Purple" across the land and hills of our Ohio River town.

And for others memories linger of their trip on the excursion boat — travel on a hot summer night, an orchestra playing dance music in the background, and couples gazing at moonlit scenery along a beautiful river.

Romantic nights to remember for years and years.

BORGON TANNER is a freelance writer, photographer, and historian with family roots in Harrison and Wetzel counties. His most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Summer 2012 issue.

The excursion boat *Princess* on the Ohio River in about 1915, as seen from Fort Thomas, Kentucky.



Hatfield/Campbell Creek Coal Company railroad yard at Putney, Kanawha County, date unknown. A train bearing the company payroll was bound for this location when it was robbed at gunpoint between Cinco and Putney.

CAMPBELLS CREEK

On a crisp September Saturday in 1945, an eight-year-old lad was outside playing near his home along Campbells Creek in eastern Kanawha County. Suddenly, the lazy late-summer day was interrupted by gunfire, transforming the scene into one reminiscent of something from an old Wild West movie.

Merely yards away from the innocent child, separated only by the narrow creek, a masked gunman was in the midst of a daring daytime holdup of the Campbells Creek Railroad Company's freight train. The old wooden caboose held the loot, a strongbox containing a large sum of cash. This was the Hatfield/Campbell Creek Coal Company's employee payroll en route to the mining town of Putney. [See "Putney: 'Model' Coal Town in Kanawha County," by Todd A. Hanson; Fall 2012.]

Left: Al Garten at around the time of the 1945 armed train robbery at Campbells Creek. Above: Engine No. 11 of the Campbell's Creek Railroad (CCRR) company. The engine was built in 1923 by Baldwin Locomotive Works. The C&O Railroad bought it in 1928 and sold it to CCRR in 1934.

TRAIN ROBBERY

By Todd A. Hanson

In true Jesse James style, a bandit was hanging from the train's caboose with sidearm blazing. The train crew was scurrying aboard the struggling locomotive as it labored to pick up steam and speed away from the scene. Caught up in the excitement, the youngster gave chase fearlessly following the action.

That young boy was Alton "Al" Garten, a third-grade student at the nearby Ten-Mile two-room schoolhouse, the son of Thomas and Thelma (Bostic) Garten, residents of the immediate area. Outside of the trainmen and bandit, Al was the only bystander to be caught in the middle of the chaos, the only one who actually witnessed the entire event unfold from start to finish. Although the train robbery has been common knowledge among the area's older residents, many people today would find it hard to believe such a thing could have happened in Kanawha County nearly 70 years ago.

Al Garten now resides in Charleston. He retired from Firestone Tire & Rubber Company with 35 years of service, having worked as manager of the Firestone store on Washington Street East in downtown Charleston from 1965 to 1994.

"I ran after the train to see what was going on," Al says, pointing in the general direction and standing in the road on a visit to the site of the robbery one Saturday afternoon in April 2013. He walked through the whole scenario, retracing his every step of that day as he described what had happened.

The robbery occurred on Saturday, September 15, 1945, approximately nine miles up Campbells Creek, in a

Caboose where the strongbox and payroll were kept en route to the mines at Putney.

narrow stretch of right-of-way nearly halfway between the coal towns of Cinco and Putney. This location seemed to be a perfect spot, close to a road crossing where a getaway by automobile would be easy, yet isolated nearly three miles in either direction from any major coal activity. The steep hillside cut and creek bed offered an unexpected approach unseen from nearby houses. With a few carefully placed railroad ties on the tracks under the cover of predawn darkness, the stage was set. A burst of the train whistle at the crossing would scream "no turning back" as the old steam engine approached the road block, setting the robbery attempt into motion.

Two passenger trains served the remote coal region daily as well as a number of freight trains, plying back and forth hauling coal and delivering empties. Putney was a bustling community employing nearly 300 coal miners and was home to almost 1,000 residents. The local mines produced more than 300,000 tons of coal annually throughout the mid-1940's.

This was payday, and the freight train caboose was carrying the Putney miners' two weeks' pay. It was the custom of the Hatfield/Campbell Creek Coal Company in those days to pay its wages in cash. On this particular day the strong box was filled with $15,898.85.

Al was in the dirt road a short distance below his house, playing with an old bicycle rim and hoop. He was engaged in a common form of play of that time, as children would run along rolling a makeshift wheel of some sort guiding it by a stiff wire or stick fashioned with a hook on the end.

"I saw the train had stopped," Al recalls, "and the trainmen hollered and asked me, 'Who put these ties on the track?' I told them 'I don't know, thinking it was probably some of my cousins," Al says with a smile.

Conductor Harvey Chapman reportedly remarked, "This looks like a robbery," as the train crew worked to clear the tracks. Al continued down the road playing with his rim and hoop opposite the train parked just on the other side of the creek.

"BANG! BANG! I looked across the creek and saw Acy Hackney [not knowing the man's identity at the time] hanging from the steps of the caboose," Al recalls, "with what looked like a sugar sack over his head, shooting as the conductor ran back towards the engine."

Astonished and confused as to what was happening, Al stood and watched the train slowly pull away before giving chase.

According to a newspaper report, company official Jess Coen relayed that John Anderson, who was guarding the payroll strongbox, had stepped out from inside the caboose to see what the halt was. John was reportedly staring toward the engine when the train began to move. The robber boarded on the opposite side, kicking or knocking the elderly man off the steps and down over the bank into the weeds along the right-of-way. This very well could have happened prior to the shots being fired that caught Al's

Engineer Harry Slack

Hatfield/Campbell Creek Coal Company and the Campbell's Creek Railroad Company office at Putney, date unknown.

immediate attention.

Engineer Harry Slack stopped the train again about a quarter-mile up the line, following the bandit's apparent escape into a reed patch. Realizing what was taking place, Al yelled to his mother as he ran past their house. She came hurriedly to the scene also, and shortly thereafter discovered the discarded strongbox unopened following the failed robbery attempt. By this time a few local residents had begun to gather.

"Mostly women and children," Al recalls. "Outside of the trainmen, all the men must have been working."

The train crew used a neighbor's telephone and called for help. It would be some time before state police could arrive from their Chelyan detachment more than 20 miles away. About this time William Dudding, a company electrician, happened upon the group of excited residents and was told what had happened.

According to the *Charleston Daily Mail*, a mongrel dog began barking at something in the reed patch where the robber had fled. William investigated and found himself looking down the barrel of .38 caliber pistol. Unnerved, William hastily retreated, and neighbors ran home to procure guns. West Virginia State Police Trooper Evan Moody, accompanied by Jess Coen, arrived by automobile to the scene.

William Dudding was handed a shotgun as Trooper Moody took charge and devised a plan to flush and capture the assailant. Men were placed around the patch of weeds and would be signaled when to begin beating the brush, according to the news article.

Al's pleasant smile quickly fades into a more serious appearance as he disagrees with the newspaper account. "That's not the way it happened," Al explains, his familiar smile once again returning. "Nobody was about to enter the reed patch knowing he [Acy] was armed."

Al is quick to point out that "no newspaperman ever appeared on the scene or conducted any interviews with local residents. They interviewed some trooper at the hospital who was getting his information secondhand from a police report."

With a gesture of hand movements and an imagination for the way things appeared nearly 70 years ago, Al points with a long sweeping motion as he describes the trooper's plan to go up the hollow and come in from behind because of the steep cliff.

"There was no dog, nor were there any men placed around," Al states. "Other than the trooper, train crew, and Mr. Coen, Dudding was the only man there, and he stood on the railroad tracks with a shotgun he borrowed from the residents before the state policeman arrived.

"All this time, a couple hours at least, Acy was holed up in the rocks at the base of the cliff just a few yards away," Al explains. "The trooper was heading up the hollow to come through the woods in behind, when I saw Acy stand up and take three or four steps, sort of like crawling up the steep rock embankment, when Dudding yelled, 'HALT!' and then, 'BANG!' he shot him."

Acy Hackney, an 18-year-old company employee, pled guilty and was sentenced to 15 years for the Campbells Creek train robbery. Hackney returned to the area after serving his time, although he never discussed the incident. He died of natural causes in 1988, and his burial plot overlooks the scene of the crime. Photograph by Todd A. Hanson.

It wasn't until they carried him out that the identity of the wounded assailant was revealed. "We were all surprised to see it was Acy Hackney," Al remembers. Acy was only 18 years of age and an employee of the company.

"His wounds were pretty severe," Al recalls. "Now there would be another long wait for an ambulance to arrive."

With the money recovered and assailant in custody, the train proceeded on to Putney.

Acy was taken to Charleston General Hospital in critical condition where he was placed under 24-hour surveillance by the West Virginia State Police. He was treated for a shotgun blast to the face and shoulder. Surviving the ordeal but with the loss of his left eye, Acy was released from the hospital after an extended stay and pled guilty to the charge of armed robbery. This came as a relief to members of the community and company officials. Though they were saddened by the whole ordeal, the plea spared them the possibility of having to testify in court. On October 24, 1945, Judge Cyrus W. Hall sentenced Acy Hackney to 15 years in the state penitentiary.

Jess Coen said, when asked about the incident, "It was a tragedy. I knew the boy's family. We didn't want to press charges but the company couldn't let something like this go without protecting the interest of the company and their employees."

"Everybody liked Acy," Al says. He adds, "He got a raw deal. As I look back, I recall seeing a strange white vehicle parked across the bridge at the crossing that day. Not many people had automobiles back then, and everybody that had one you knew. Nobody could have anticipated how many cars the train would be pulling that day. Had it been the 20 cars reported in the newspaper, [Acy] would have boarded the train right at the bridge and would have been gone never to be seen again. It was only the engine, tinder, three or four coal cars, and the caboose," Al remembers. "Maybe since the caboose stopped further up the tracks than they expected, this caused confusion that might have frightened the driver into speeding away."

Al is convinced there had to have been conspirators. "Those ties are heavy. One guy would have trouble piling them on the tracks."

Pondering for a moment, Al says, "I used to play cards a good bit with Acy after he got out, and never once did he ever speak about the robbery."

Acy Hackney passed away in 1988, taking any possible answers with him to the grave. Ironically he is laid to rest in the Garten Cemetery near the mouth of Little Nine-Mile Hollow of Campbells Creek. This peaceful little family plot overlooks the entire scene of that fateful day. The train no longer runs here, and the railroad tracks are no longer a part of the landscape. The sound of

Al Garten, age 77, is the only surviving witness to the 1945 Campbells Creek train robbery. Photograph by Todd A. Hanson.

the train's whistle and sight of the old coal-powered steam engine's smoke have not been heard nor seen in this community for nearly 60 years. The old railroad bed is faded, and the swampy reed patch is long gone. Time continues to erase these once-familiar landmarks as nature reclaims its hold.

The event has become somewhat of a legendary tale among the citizens of the region. For years the story was known but only talked about in whispers, perhaps because a local youth from a hard-working family was the culprit. The misguided young man who nearly lost his life in the incident and faced certain ruin of his future gained the sympathy of the community. Residents believed this unthinkable act must have been the brainchild of an accomplice or two who "chickened out" at the last moment. The thought of such a cowardly move leaving this young man to take all the blame was not easy for residents or company officials to accept. Had this been a stranger, or even an older citizen, the wrath of those whose hard-earned pay was in jeopardy would have been unmercifully displayed.

As time passed the sentiment for that 18-year-old boy only strengthened on Campbells Creek. Acy never revealed any accomplice and took his punishment like a man. After serving about half his sentence in the state penitentiary, he returned to the community to live out his life peaceably. Acy never spoke a word concerning the robbery, nor did anyone dare to ask, furthering the mystery and deepening the respect of those who knew him.

Al believes the shooting could have been avoided, even though Acy was armed. "They had him cornered against the rock cliff," he points out. "If he still had the pistol, it was in his pocket," Al says, as he demonstrates how Acy was trying to hold on and climb the steep rock face.

"I heard rumors that Acy broke his ankle while jumping from the moving train," Al says. "I guess because of his life-threatening gunshot wounds this injury was never really confirmed."

These speculations are supported only by the belief that Acy could have easily escaped just by running away. Perhaps knowing he was caught up in this ordeal alone caused a panic forcing him to stay put. We will never know all the details surrounding the holdup.

As unpleasant as it is to reflect on such a terrible deed and its cruel consequences, we owe it to history to record this account. Despite the tragedy that occurred there so long ago, somehow it has brought about a sense of heartfelt forgiveness from the community that seemingly has made Acy Hackney a local, if tragic, legend.

TODD A. HANSON is a sixth-generation native of Campbells Creek and author of *Campbell's Creek — A Portrait of a Coal Mining Community*. Todd's articles and photographs have appeared in *Wonderful West Virginia*, *West Virginia Hillbilly*, *Blue Ridge Country*, and elsewhere. His most recent GOLDENSEAL article appeared in our Fall 2012 issue.

Picture Day

We chose a day between Grandma Cartha Crabtree's numerous doctor appointments to schedule Picture Day, the much-anticipated day when she wanted to share her photos with me. Though I have been her daughter-in-law for nearly 40 years, I am married to her youngest son and am still considered a relatively new member of the family.

At 90 years old, Cartha no longer bustles about in the kitchen or rearranges the furniture, both activities for which she was once famous in our family. This day she stayed propped up in bed on pillows in a warm fragrant mist of Pond's cold cream and Ivory soap. Her body was slowing down, legs motionless under her pink flannel gown, her skin appearing as soft as the fabric. Her dark eyes sparkled and her trembling hands reached for mine to greet me and direct me to the Tupperware containers under her new hospital bed. The bins were so full of memories that they appeared to be swelling as the lids were pushed from the inside out. I pulled a straight-backed oak chair to the side of her bed. With the soft light of the late-winter sun flooding through the window behind her, we studied each picture together as I unloaded bins and picture albums for us to view.

Kyle and Cartha Crabtree, about 1940.

"I've seen these things a thousand times," she whispered as she stroked cardboard-backed sepia photos with her fingertips, tenderly patting images of places and people she couldn't touch any other way. I sat quietly respectful but without a clue how far I was to travel with her that day.

"Is that Roger?" I gasped as I was treated to big-eyed pictures of my husband as a preschooler. What fun to better get to know the little boy now married to me for so many years! One showed him as a chubby toddler in overalls facing down a rooster. In another, he was eating a piece of watermelon so big it hid his face. Several showed him embracing a puppy, not the same dog, but several different varieties. Close inspection of his face took my breath away again when I saw our daughters and grandchildren reflected in his baby eyes. Cartha beamed. She recognized those shiny dark-brown eyes from her own mirror.

Roger's six brothers and sisters posed in grassy fields, on front porches, and in old cars, singly and in groups. Tiny school pictures and those made at carnival booths slipped and slid from loose pages.

"That's Richard and Mildred and Barbara," she explained. "There's Loretta looking away from the camera again, and here is Rocky. He never

liked that picture. That is Charles, it was hard to get him to sit still long enough for a picture — he was always on the go."

If her adoration of her children wasn't obvious enough in her radiant expression as she handled the tiny pictures, it was reflected in their images — always scrubbed clean faces and newly parted hair.

As her children grew up, their pictures reflected the changing fashion of the times: bib overalls, rolled-up sleeves and slicked-back hair for boys; shirtwaist dresses and horned eyeglasses appear on girls. Mother Crabtree and I giggled at the extremes: pocket watch chains, pedal pushers, and pegged pants, big hair, bright lips, and bow ties. Family picnics were remembered, so were birthdays, flower beds, home sites, and funerals. The photos were simple black-and-white prints, but I could almost smell the fried chicken, hear the laughter, and taste the tears. The rich Kodak moments from years ago, generously shared, became mine.

Cartha raised seven children, so there are pages and pages of school pictures and graduation shots. Then new faces begin to emerge, and following them, pictures of tiny babies who grew up to look remarkably like their mom or dad from previous pages of the album.

Subjects of a few stray snapshots were not as easily recalled. The process Cartha used to identify these photo subjects would have made a private detective proud. She squinted and asked for her glasses to identify an unknown baby, then asked for the isinglass. I had never heard of isinglass but figured out it was the magnifying glass. Grandma studied the tiny eyes of the newborn and determined that it was a grandchild of her late husband's sister. The effort and discussion sapped my energy, but I learned the technique and it became easier. Family characteristics were important reference points. The year printed on the margin of the photo placed the people and events on a timeline. The second-best information came from the foresighted person who wrote names and locations on the backs; the best came from Cartha's extensive memories.

Without any hint of complaint, her commentary revealed that the richness of her memories was not from material items. She told me that she never had a new toy, hers were always hand-me-downs from neighbors or friends; that as a child it was a rare treat to have cake; and that her mother never allowed her to play outside in the winter for fear of sickness and not being able to

Left: Roger Crabtree with puppy in about 1955. Below: Isaac Blankenship.

By Becky Crabtree

see a doctor. There are no pictures of Cartha herself as a child, only as a teenage bride. These pictures are precious, and she handles them like some people count money or fondle jewelry.

I handed her a one-by-two-inch photo of a man in a jaunty, brimmed hat.

She explained, "That's Issac, my mommy's [Minnie Dunford's] brother." With that photo, the stories began. "His boy stole Kyle's [Cartha's husband] gun from my daddy's house. Then, [her lowered eyebrows indicated the next act was worse than simply stealing the gun] he denied taking it. Kyle took him to court, and the judge asked him how he could prove that it was his gun. Kyle told him that his initials were under a piece on the end of the gun. If the piece were taken off, they could see those initials. The judge ordered the piece removed, and there were Kyle's initials. His gun was returned to him, which was all Kyle wanted. The only thing that the judge said was, 'Case dismissed!'" Cartha smiled her approval.

A black-and-white photo of two staid, matronly women in dresses with corsages and hats brought forth another smile. "That's Carrie and Grandma Perkins," she said. "They went to church at the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Bramwell and got a ride with Chester Dunford every Sunday to the top of the hill. Kyle went up and got them, and they stayed with us all day until the evening church services. Kyle took them back up to the highway, and Chester picked them up again. Their church didn't believe in cooking on Sunday, so they came and watched me cook and ate with us every Sunday for years." Cartha shook with laughter.

Since her family lived in Mercer County down behind Pinnacle Mountain at that time, there were only sporadic trips to Bluewell or Bluefield to the grocery store, but Cartha recalled having plenty to eat. One source of food was canning. She "put up" so many jars of beans and berries and apples that there was no more room on the shelves for the jars so they stored the jars under the beds. Carrie and Grandma Perkins didn't go hungry on Sundays!

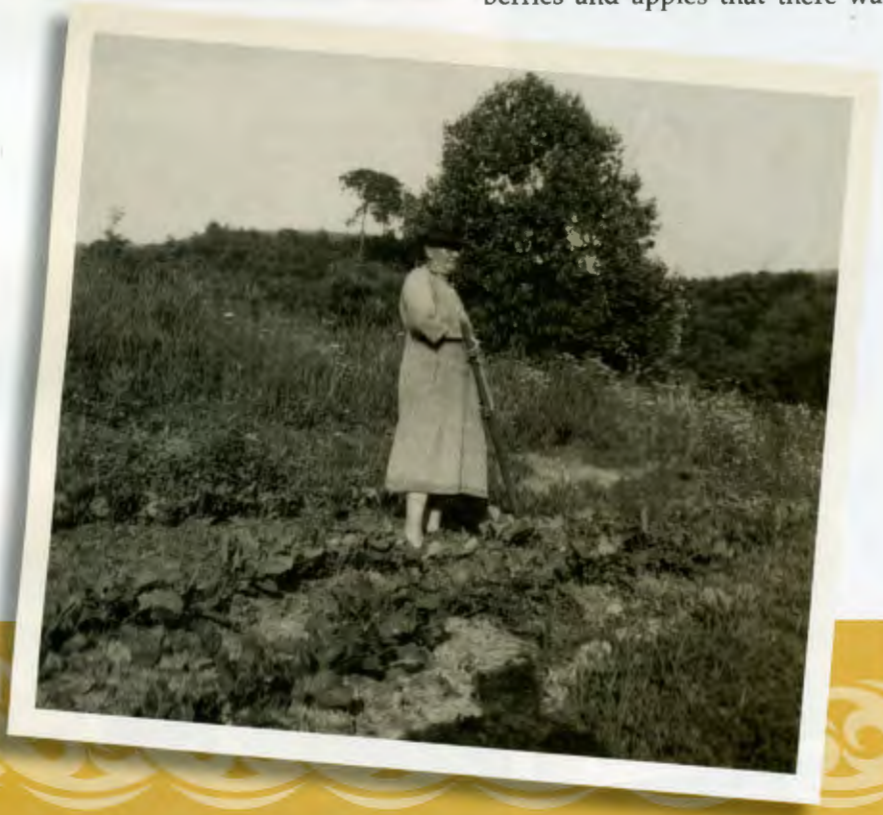
A photo from the 1950's shows Grandma Perkins, Cartha's mother-in-law, in a garden with what looks like a hoe. She's wearing long sleeves, a long dress and a man's hat.

"People were funny then. Grandma didn't want to be seen with a bottle, so she was hiding it in the picture," Cartha said. I was afraid to ask what kind of bottle, but her daughters, Loretta and Barbara, determined later it was water for her consumption while working in the heat of the sun.

"Awww, there is my favorite cousin in all the world, Willie Blankenship," she said, encountering a blurry picture from the 1920's. It showed a little girl in a plaid dress with blunt-cut bangs and high-top buttoned shoes.

"We were both born in McComas in 1921. There was six months difference in our ages; I was younger. She was my mother's sister, Aunt Bert's, daughter. They lived at Lamar and at Coopers. We played at Crane Creek, running in the slate dump. We loved to play with doll babies. I had a doll that a neighbor had given me that stood about two-feet tall [she held her hand that high]. You could spread out that doll's feet and she would actually stand up." She paused to study the picture.

"I would dearly love to know if she or any of her children are still alive. She married Glacial Byrd. His brother was Gernal Byrd whose daughter married Richard [Cartha's oldest son]."



Left: Grandma Perkins.

Right: Charles Crabtree in 1958. Far right: Cartha Crabtree.

Thus ensued a long discussion of the entangled relationship that would result in agreement that the two families were linked by third cousins, once removed, only by marriage.

I opened a big album that held the larger pictures. "That's Margaret, in one of the few pictures I have of her," Grandma said. Margaret is Grandma's younger sister, married to Albert Pizzini just after World War II. As it was with many postwar brides, Margaret's life had not been easy. The picture shows a teenager in a full skirt, a button-up blouse, bobby socks, saddle shoes, and a dress uniform hat from the army. In this frozen moment of Margaret's life, she is smartly saluting the photographer. Cartha chuckled and remarked, "That girl would do anything for a laugh."

There was a beautiful, full-color wedding photo of a couple whose marriage dissolved in a few years. When I asked why she kept the picture without perhaps tearing out the image of the offending bride, she sighed and explained, "They looked so pretty and happy on their wedding day that I couldn't bear to ruin the memory."

Other pictures triggered memories even when there were no pictures.

"Back then, we didn't say 'Mother' or 'Father,' we said 'Maw' or 'Paw.' I was a big girl when Maw told me that her mother, Grandmaw, was going to get remarried and that we wouldn't have to call him Grandpaw because he would be a step-grandpaw. So we could call him Uncle Riley. A few years later, he and a great-grandchild were taking a shortcut across the high trestle at Ingleside, and the train came. When that happened, you either had to outrun the train, get away from it if there was space on the side, jump off the trestle, or get run over. He was killed on that trestle. I think the boy survived." Eighty years later, she was still sorry but matter-of-fact when telling of this tragic event.

At the end of our day together, I packed the bins and albums away, exhausted. I hadn't moved from the room all day. I had barely moved from my chair at her bedside for hours. How could I be so tired? It must have been the mental miles and years that we sped through. I felt I had walked coalfield roads with a little girl and her best friend, watched my husband and his brothers and sisters grow up, held too many babies to count, met people and visited places that would have otherwise been lost to me.

The best gift of all, one that I will treasure forever, was the privilege of experiencing the pure joy of her rich and complicated lifetime.

Cartha Crabtree passed away on March 10, 2012. She was 90.

BECKY CRABTREE grew up near Princeton and graduated from Virginia Intermont College and Bluefield State College. She taught school in McDowell, Mercer, and Monroe counties before moving to Alaska. Becky now lives in Monroe County, where she is a substitute teacher and girls' basketball coach at Peterstown Middle School. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Living Small

By
Raymond Alvarez

Photographs by
Tyler Evert

Marjorie Wolverton displays three room boxes in the kitchen of her Bridgeport home.

Left: Marjorie and Gene Wolverton in 1947, shortly after they settled in Harrison County. Photographer unknown.

Below: This highly detailed dollhouse was inspired by a local antique shop. Marjorie has meticulously furnished it inside and out.

Marjorie Wolverton's Journey to West Virginia

Marjorie Wolverton decorates her Bridgeport home with miniature oil paintings, tiny embroidery pieces, and Tom Thumb-sized furniture. A native of Coventry, England, Marjorie was a "war bride" who has lived in West Virginia since 1946. She and her late husband owned and operated a TV sales and repair business for many years. Retired and widowed, Marjorie now spends much of her time creating and decorating dollhouses and other miniature items. She still recalls the dramatic circumstances that brought her to the Mountain State.

At the start of World War II, Coventry, England, situated northwest of London, was a bustling industrial city of 238,000 people. Coventry experienced numerous air raids during the Battle of Britain, but everything changed on the evening of November 14, 1940. Over 500 German bombers, intent on destroying Coventry's factories and industrial infrastructure, inflicted severe damage on the rest of the city, including monuments, cathedrals, and residential areas. The raid reached its climax around midnight, but the final "all-clear" alarm didn't go off until 6:15 the next morning. In that one night, more than 4,300 homes in Coventry were destroyed and around 2/3 of the city's buildings were damaged. More than 560 people were killed and thousands injured.

Marjorie Brownhill-Pass lived with her parents and two siblings on the outskirts of Coventry. She was 14 years old, the eldest of three children, and a student at a two-year technical school, studying shorthand, typing, and accounting.

Marjorie Wolverton and April Stottlemire, at left, open up a three-tiered English-style dollhouse. American dollhouses open from the top and back, while the English typically open to the front, Marjorie says.

Today at the age of 87, she still recalls the evening vividly from her home in Bridgeport.

"The moon was so bright that night you could see. The air raid warning sounded, and soon we were bombed completely," she recalls. "Of course, we had lots of experience going to the bomb shelters in the community, but most were full of water and couldn't be used."

Mary, her mother, kept the family in the house that night, but immediately pushed a large table next to the hearth where the family huddled beneath it until dawn.

"The roof and the windows of our house were gone," Marjorie says, but the family survived.

As did all Coventry residents, the Brownhill-Pass family began digging out of the rubble and restoring their lives. In mid-October 1943, American soldiers arrived from the U.S. Army's 2nd Armored Division. Eugene "Gene" Jasper Wolverton, a 23-year-old sergeant from Salem, West Virginia, was among the soldiers camped near Coventry. Gene was born in 1919, one of seven children born to Benjamin and Gretna Wolverton. As a member of the 702 Tank Destroyer Battalion, he was assigned to the unit's communication headquarters in an area called Packington Park.

He and Corporal Mike Rallo were in charge of all calls going through Coventry's phone system. Their official exchange was "Meriden 341." When connecting through the city, they often spoke to a young English telephone operator named Jean Carpenter. Jean enjoyed the opportunity to talk to the soldiers, but knew it was against regulations to have a personal conversation when she was supposed to be connecting incoming calls to local exchanges. Whenever a supervisor would be nearby or within earshot, Jean would just automatically plug the call to a trunk line and ring up her friend Marjorie, who worked as a secretary for Britannica Insurance Company.

"Jean would flirt with the soldiers, especially Mike, while she was on the switchboard. So I was used to her ringing me up and getting rid of the call. If she had been caught, she would have been fired," Marjorie explains. So it was easier for flirtatious Jean to connect the call elsewhere on the public branch exchange and make it look as if she had just said "number please?"

Like Jean, Marjorie enjoyed the opportunity to speak to an American soldier on the phone and looked forward to talking with the corporal and the sergeant from time to time. Otherwise, her mother would not have been likely to approve of such fraternization.

The high-spirited Jean eventually arranged to meet Corporal Rallo in person at a local movie house, but only if her friend Marjorie could go along. Otherwise it wouldn't have

This knight's bedroom features a tiny tapestry and hand-embroidered pillows.

Shadow box containing a scene from the popular English television show "Downton Abbey."

been proper as both were teenaged girls. Sergeant Wolverton agreed to the double date, and the girls met them at the theatre. Though follow-up dates were not easily arranged, the telephone switchboard proved to be a great method to keep in touch. Marjorie, whose mother had no idea that a budding relationship was developing, grew very fond of Gene, an American boy from a rural state she hadn't heard of prior to this time.

By late 1943, the 2nd Armored was sent to the southern part of England to prepare for the Normandy Invasion. Now that telephone calls were not possible, Marjorie and Jean began writing letters to both men. Their letter writing would span several years.

"Oh, we would write long letters of an evening," she recalls. "Even if we didn't have much to say, we'd just make 'happy' things up because they were going to war. You didn't write just a short note; you wrote several pages." For Sergeant Wolverton, having now been away from his West Virginia home for more than two years, these letters were much appreciated, and he responded as often as he could.

Following the invasion of Normandy, the 2nd Armored engaged in heated conflict across France, Belgium, and into Germany from June 1944 until July 1945. In July, well after Germany's surrender, 2nd Armored became the first American division to enter Berlin, taking up constabulary duties in the American sector of the city. Sergeant Wolverton was one of the first army officers to enter Hitler's administrative headquarters after the fall of the Nazis. He would later receive a Purple Heart for his bravery. Whenever possible, he found time to write letters to Marjorie.

"I guess that's how he decided he loved me," she reflects, "from my letters to him." She still didn't disclose her growing relationship with this American soldier to her family, however. "I didn't tell my parents until after the Battle of the Bulge!" she says.

"He once sent me a German flag," Marjorie recalls. "I made a skirt out of it because the material was so fine, just like linen. We didn't have fabric like that. It was a great skirt when I did the jitterbug."

By the fall of 1945, Sergeant Wolverton got a two-week furlough, crossed the English Channel, and journeyed back to Coventry to propose to Marjorie. It took one week to get there, so he went straight to the point of the visit — a marriage proposal.

"My mother thought she was just putting up a poor soldier passing by, not that he came to tell me he wanted to marry me," Marjorie says with a chuckle. Although her parents would not give permission at first, Marjorie later convinced them she should marry and go to live in the United States. After the furlough ended, Sergeant Wolverton completed his service obligation and was discharged in the spring of 1946 at the age of 27. He completed training in basic electronics in Chicago while waiting for Marjorie to arrive.

He sent Marjorie $700 to secure her air passage to the United States, and in November of that year, she left Coventry. Marjorie was 20 years old and about to embark on a journey of a lifetime. After many travel delays, she arrived in New York, where the civilian Gene Wolverton finally met his wife-to-be.

"But first we had to sign a lot of assurances in [U.S.] Immigration. When the official asked me to point him out, of course I didn't recognize him in civilian clothes," she says. Finally she was approved for entry into the U.S. The next day the couple boarded a train to Clarksburg.

"Although I came here with written parental consent, my mother made me promise to wait a month before we got married," she recalls. "But when he heard that, Gene said to me, 'Well, did you come here to marry me or not!?' So we got married the night before Thanksgiving."

They were married on November 27, 1946, in Glen Elk at the home of the Reverend Wilbur Richards, a Baptist minister.

Marjorie didn't have a fancy wedding dress, as she was not permitted to leave England with any large amount of money. But after sharing pumpkin pie with Rev. Richards and his wife, the young couple embarked on a long life, finally together.

The Wolvertons first lived in Clarksburg's Liberty Addition, a far cry from the life Marjorie knew in a large city. "Why, Coventry was the 'Detroit' of England, with all the automotive industry and manufacturing. We didn't even have running water in our first house [in West Virginia]," she adds.

Gene worked for Monongahela Power Company in the small appliances and radio division. "He earned 89 cents an hour," she explains. Marjorie soon found a job in a physician's office.

Marjorie continued her letter writing once she arrived in West Virginia. "I never missed writing my mother and father at least once week after I came to the United States. We moved to Bridgeport in 1950."

Daughter Candace was born in 1952 and son Gary in 1958.

"My husband established his own business soon after Gary was born. We sold and repaired televisions. I ran the business — did all the figures and also cleaned up the place." Wolverton TV on U.S. Route 50 in Bridgeport operated for 33 years until Gene retired at the age of 73.

When the Wolvertons built a new home in Bridgeport around 1960, Marjorie noticed her new neighbors had hobbies such as oil painting and decided she would like to try that as well. She had always sewed and knitted, making most of the clothes she and her daughter would wear. She knew she was talented and creative, and this seemed like a good idea to her.

"I went to James & Law and got a book on how to paint!" she says. By 1964 she was painting late at night. In the early 1980's, she attended a dollhouse exhibition in Bridgeport and became fascinated with the miniature décor and intricate decorations.

"I used to make dolls and teddy bears, and I always wanted a dollhouse," she says. So she ordered a dollhouse kit from a mail order catalog.

"It had about a thousand pieces. I saw them, and I couldn't do it. All that sanding! I put it away."

Eventually, she completed it. Once the house was painted and trimmed, with finished flooring and roofing, it was time for interior decorations. While items such as miniature furniture could be purchased, Marjorie began to turn out miniature paper flowers for shrubs and pots. She enjoyed incorporating many items obtained from her frequent visits to England. Marjorie's needlepoint skills were used to design wall tapestries and rugs. She sewed and embroidered miniature bedspreads, curtains, and pillows as well as the clothing for figurines that graced her houses. Her oil paintings now were often less than two inches wide. She crafted minuscule items and toys out of acrylic clay, all sized to scale. She did most of this handiwork in the basement of her home after everyone was asleep. When the business was sold in the early 1990's, she had more time to devote to her hobby.

She joined Mountaineer Miniatures, a club of miniature enthusiasts from Marion, Harrison, and Monongalia counties. The club, the only one of its kind in West Virginia, sponsors annual shows in the tri-county area. Marjorie quickly became one of the key members in the group.

"We traveled to Chicago, Philadel-

This large Colonial-style dollhouse includes eight furnished rooms with miniature oil paintings and other décor.

Marjorie Wolverton continues to create and show her miniature work in the Bridgeport area. She is shown here in the foyer of her home.

phia — lots of places to dollhouse shows," she says.

Gene passed away at the age of 90 in 2010. Marjorie is very active with her hobby, friends, and her family. Her Bridgeport home features miniature displays in a variety of settings, whether it is a house, a tableau, an enclosed diorama, a basket, or even in a teacup. For the latter, she used her mother's favorite china cup and created a miniature scene of Alice and the Mad Hatter having tea inside the cup. Most displays she has handcrafted have a name and sometimes a description.

Marjorie's handiwork is generally not for sale, but she does often sell individual miniature pieces at the annual shows.

"I've never enjoyed selling my handiwork," she says. "There are certain people interested in this, and those who are not. But this keeps my mind going, and I have no plans to slow down." In fact, she's looking forward to next year's show.

At the 2013 Mountaineer Miniature Dollhouse show, Marjorie displayed a specially designed gold frame attached to a shadow box. It included a replica of one of the bedrooms from the post-Edwardian television series, "Downton Abbey," a popular English drama aired on PBS. As she displayed her handiwork, she was asked to do a commission. "A very nice lady said she liked my work, and could I do a commission for her. At my age, to be asked to do something, well, it makes you feel really good!"

Although she turned down that offer, she remarks that "having a hobby makes you get busy, especially if you've promised to do something!"

She's not about to slow down. No doubt Marjorie Pass-Wolverton will be asked that same question by those who admire her talents at next year's event.

RAYMOND ALVAREZ is a Marion County native. He holds undergraduate and graduate degrees from West Virginia University and a doctorate in healthcare administration from Central Michigan University. He is a visiting assistant professor for WVU's Public Administration program and a healthcare consultant. Raymond's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Spring 2012 edition.

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

He can't exactly say why Wheeling residents call him "Moondog." As far as 54-year-old Charles Waldrum knows, he's always been Moondog, and that's fine by him.

"He loves that name," says Sheryl Small, his neighbor and a classmate from their school days in East Wheeling.

Randy Link, the city's postmaster, also grew up with Moondog. He says Moondog stood out from the other kids in his class, and because of his bold facial features, he looked older than his age.

"I was told that the reason he got the name Moondog was because [of his looks] and he barked at the moon," Randy says. "He's been Moondog ever since he was a kid. I never heard him called Charles Waldrum, but he's one of the nicest persons you ever want to meet."

"He's pretty nocturnal," says Dwayne Cummins, an employee of the 16th Street convenience store where Moondog is a fixture.

Whether by the light of the moon or the noonday sun, Moondog is one of Wheeling's most-visible if not best-known citizens. Spend a day in Wheeling and you will eventually encounter Moondog, often dressed in a firefighter's jacket, pedaling his bicycle along one of the city's main thoroughfares. Two fiberglass rods, each holding dozens of flags, extend from the back of his bicycle like the fin of a shark hunting for crime.

"I came here in 1975, and I saw this guy riding around town on his bicycle," says Dick Clark, hotel clerk at the Knights Inn on Main Street. "I asked who he was, and they said Moondog. You just look for him; he's part of us now. He's quite the guy. You'll never meet another character like Moondog."

"I think that if he ran for some office in Wheeling, he'd probably get elected," Randy Link says.

Moondog's persona reached cult status when the Wheeling Nailers produced a Moondog bobblehead doll in 2008. The collectible was issued on the occasion of Moondog tossing out the puck at the start of a hockey game in the WesBanco Arena.

Randy says the game drew a huge crowd that night because every resident wanted a shot at getting one of the 2,500 commemorative figures.

"You got to go on eBay to get one of them things," Moondog says as he stands in the convenience store

taking a bite out of crime in wheeling

Text and photographs by Carl E. Feather

Charles "Moondog" Waldrum is a volunteer crime fighter on the streets of Wheeling.

on East 16th Street. "They get a lot of money for them, over $100."

Sheryl says Moondog did not want to accept the small royalty he was offered for being on the bobblehead, though he did accept a new bicycle. You can call him eccentric, independent, or quirky, but no one can call Moondog greedy.

"A lot of people out on the street, he will just hand them money," Sheryl says. "And he will not take money from other people."

If a child approaches him, Moondog reaches into a jacket pocket, pulls out a dollar bill, and gives it to the youngster.

"I like little kids," Moondog says. "I'm like a little kid at heart. You can't take money with you, man. You know what I mean?"

"He's got a heart of gold. He really cares about people," says Sergeant Bill Nolan of the Wheeling Police Department and a personal friend of Moondog.

Moondog gets his money from his government benefits check. He says he also has a "whole bunch of money" buried in a hill, and that he is the only person who knows where to find it.

"That thing is buried where water can't hurt it," Moondog says of the container holding the stash. "Nothing can hurt that money. That thing is way down in the ground. It's bigger than I am."

Born September 18, 1958, Moondog is a Wheeling native and one of several children born to Mamie Walker and Charles Waldrum. He attended Wheeling schools and worked "at least 15" jobs before he became a full-time vigilante.

"He rides around town and looks for suspicious activity," Sheryl Small says. His "beat" is the entire city of Wheeling, which Moondog patrols from midnight until daybreak.

"We call him Moondog because he takes a bite out of crime," says Lance Miller, owner of Neely's Grocery, one of the Wheeling businesses that Moondog keeps an eye on at night.

Lance says that Moondog discovered an unlocked door on his convenience store one night and stayed with the store until the owner could arrive and secure the building. He says he's personally grateful that there's someone out there who is double-checking the security of his family's livelihood.

"I've found 47 businesses that left

His face illuminated by the lantern that he uses during his crime-watching activities, Moondog prepares for another night of patrolling Wheeling's streets on his bicycle.

their doors unlocked," Moondog says. "I [check on them] day and night."

Moondog also has been known to spot and stop a shoplifter in the stores he frequents.

"One time someone was in here shoplifting, and [Moondog] hurried over and locked the door and stood in front of it until the police came," Sheryl Small says.

"You got to be out there," says Moondog, who claims he chose to be a vigilante on Wheeling's streets because the professionals can't be everywhere.

"He does his fair share," says Sgt. Nolan. "Moondog has been a fairly good asset to us."

Wheeling Police Chief Shawn Schwartfeger is relatively new to the job, but the word he hears from citizens about Moondog is positive.

"They feel safer when he is around. He looks out for them," the chief says.

"In my opinion, he's been an upstanding citizen," says Sgt. Nolan. "He's a very private individual, and it takes time to get to know him and get him to open up."

The friendship between the sergeant and Moondog goes back to Nolan's days as a rookie cop walking the beat. He recalls working the area around a theater one night and seeing Moondog observing from an alley. Some pedestrians from out of town noticed him and gave Moondog a wide berth. When they saw Nolan, they expressed their fear of the strange man in the alley.

"I told them that if there were any person who was looking out for their safety in the city, it was Moondog. He will do whatever he can to help you in any situation," Sgt. Nolan says.

Over the years, Moondog says he has witnessed and frequently attempted to stop drug deals, muggings, fights, robberies, and arsons while on patrol. His formidable appearance and a broom handle covered with duct tape are his only weapons against guns, knives, and hatred.

"I've broken up a lot of fights and stuff in downtown Wheeling," says Moondog, who has escaped serious injury despite his dangerous work.

Moondog gets no pay from the city for his work; he does not even carry a cell phone. Sgt. Nolan says Moondog has memorized the location of every pay telephone in town. In June 2012, Moondog heard gunshots near a convenience store at 1:30 a.m. and called into police what turned out to be an attempted murder.

Two things stop Moondog from his appointed rounds: heavy rain, or snow that is too deep for his bicycle tires. Even a large, painful cut in his left foot did not keep Moondog from patrolling in 2012. He wore a tennis shoe on his right foot and a bandage on the other.

"There is nothing to be afraid of out there," Moondog says. "I've been punched, and I got beat up. And I take a lot of names. You can't trust nobody out there. You got to keep everything on your mind."

His vigilante work includes fire safety.

"I see this woman running out of the back [of a store building] into the alley," Moondog says. "I hollered at her, I told her to stop. She got in the car and took off, then I saw the fire. She'd put down a lot of gasoline in that store. I told the fire department everything."

Wheeling Fire Chief Larry Helms says Moondog shows up at virtually every fire scene, where he tries to assist the firefighters. Helms recalls when he was a rookie firefighter based at the Market Street fire station. There was a fire on Wheeling Island and as the truck passed the 7-11 store, Helms waved to Moondog from the rear. About the time firefighters were attaching hoses to the hydrant, Moondog arrived on his bicycle.

"He used to be pretty quick back then," the fire chief says.

Moondog's familiarity with the city and layout of its buildings has been an asset to the department at times. Larry Helms says there was a

fire call with smoke in an apartment that was part of a complex where Moondog lived. As the firefighters contemplated how to break into the locked apartment, Moondog came out the front door — he'd gone up a fire escape and through a window to get into the smoke-filled apartment.

The fire chief says Moondog has always been fascinated with fire, and at one point in his life, that infatuation put him in trouble with the law.

"At one time, he was the arsonist," Larry Helms says. "Back in the 1980's, he was incarcerated for a mental health condition and since then ... he's been around whenever we are on the job. In a sense, he does take a bite out of crime. He's changed because of his situation. He's definitely a special individual."

The city's firefighters showed their appreciation to Moondog for his assistance by donating to him some discarded turnout gear, which he wears as he rides around the city. Residents say it doesn't matter how hot the day is, Moondog always wears some kind of heavy outer garment.

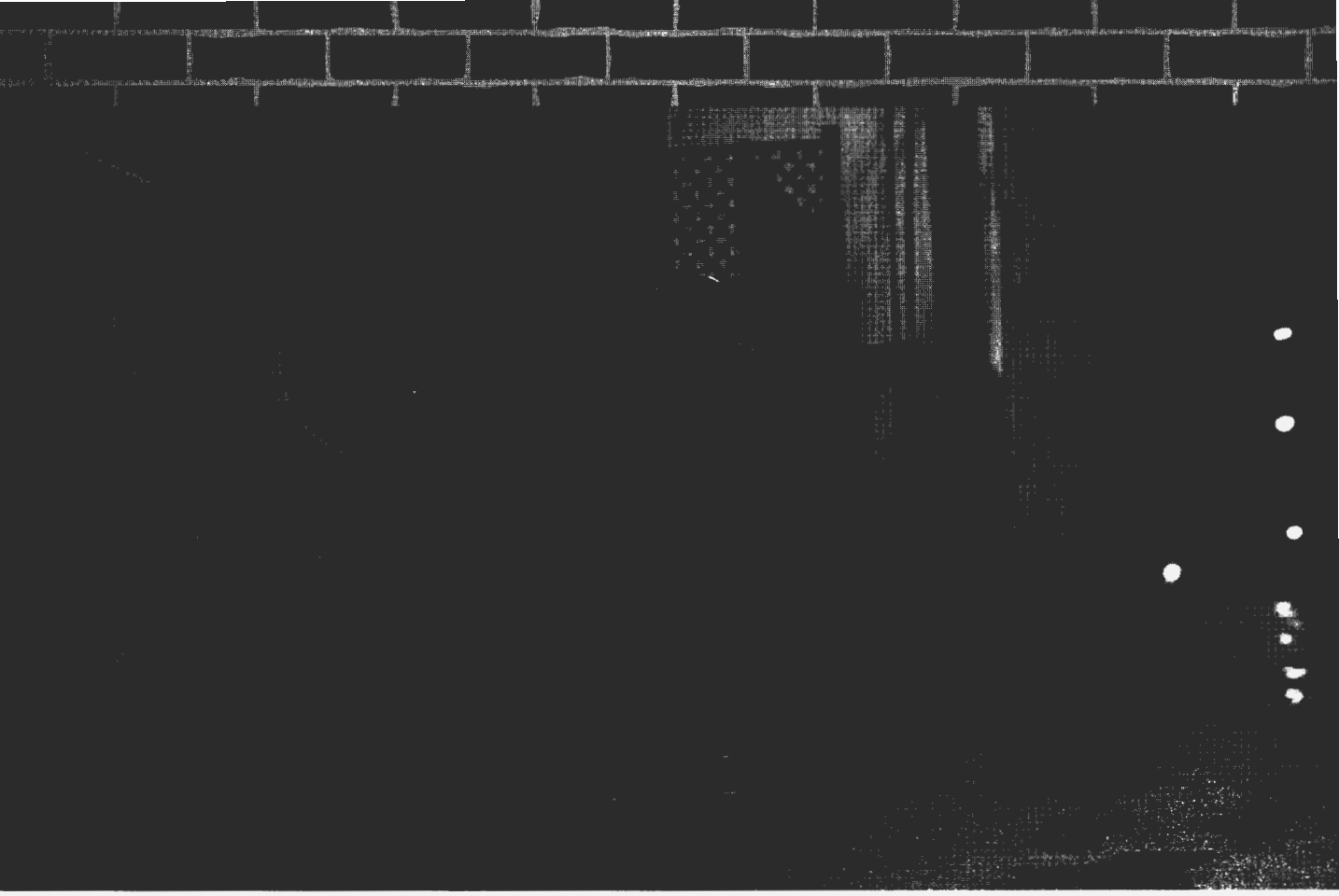
In addition to patrolling the city during the afternoons, Moondog is a fixture at the convenience store on East 16th Street, which is near his apartment. He sweeps, mops the floor, stocks coolers, and greets customers, like Janice Reed, who is Moondog's neighbor. She says Moondog plays his radio too loud for her tastes, but otherwise concurs with the others who praise Moondog for his protection and vigilance.

"He helps me watch over my house. He's a nice neighbor; I like him," Janice says.

Moondog treats his friends like royalty. A couple of weeks before Christmas, he surprised Sheryl Small and her coworker at the convenience store with ornate picture frames.

"This is my man, I love him," Kathie Loos says. "He's my 'Boo' — that's what we call him. He's a very thoughtful person."

Moondog stands outside of his apartment with one of the many bicycles he has owned. He estimates that he has had at least 500 of them in his years of battling crime and helping people.



Neighbor Janice Reed, at left, talks with Moondog as night falls on Wheeling's east side.

"Someday I'm going to be his wife," Sheryl says. "I love him." She adds, "But he won't marry me."

When asked why not, Moondog turns to the inquisitor and replies, "You marry her."

Moondog says he's never had a driver's license, but that has not kept him from traveling. By his accounting he has owned more than 500 bicycles. Whenever his bicycle is stolen or wrecked, the police department or a friend comes up with a replacement. The Wheeling Nailers gave him a new bike in 2008 as part of their Moondog recognition, but that prize is long gone. Larry Helms, the fire chief, says firefighters have given Moondog bicycles over the years, but he's fussy about what he rides and won't accept a bicycle he doesn't like.

Sgt. Bill Nolan has his own nickname for Moondog — "Tree Trunk Legs." "He's got legs like tree trunks," the sergeant says. Moondog adds weight and air resistance to his bicycle by attaching hundreds of flags to poles mounted on the rear of the bicycle's frame. There is a flag from every state, plus several Old Glories and flags of other nations.

"I got 283 flags. You put them on there, and then you can't pick up the bike with all that weight on it," Moondog says. "I got another bike at home that has 592 flags on it, and it's so heavy I can't ride it. I just leave it inside the house."

Leslie Thompson, administrator of Woodsfield Nursing and Rehab Center in Woodsfield, Ohio, says Moondog rides his bicycle to the nursing home, a distance of 50 miles one way, just to visit with his friends. His connection to the nursing home is personal: Moondog convalesced there on two occasions. Leslie Thompson says that during his first stay at Woodsfield, he received several hundred get-well cards from students in Wheeling's elementary schools.

True to his character, Moondog continues to remember Woodsfield's staff with gifts and cards.

"He uses the phone at the 16th Street convenience store to contact us, and they help him send presents and cards to us every holiday," Leslie says. "There is not a holiday that goes by that we do not hear from Moondog."

When one of Woodsfield's employees became gravely ill and was hospitalized in Wheeling, Moondog dressed up in a suit and visited her at the hospital, Leslie says. She knows of at least 10 visits that Moondog has made to the nursing home on his bicycle, just to reconnect with friends there.

"On most occasions we are not aware he is coming for a visit until he reaches Clarington, and someone usually calls to say they spotted Moondog," Leslie Thompson says. "We have gone to pick him up and given him rides home. One night he

Moondog walks his bicycle across the street shortly before midnight on a warm December evening. By the time the sun rises he will have patrolled every street in Wheeling.

had a flat on his bicycle, and one of the community members drove him back to Wheeling so he did not have to walk."

Moondog has known his share of mishaps as a cyclist. One of the most unpleasant ones occurred when he was riding his bicycle to Martins Ferry, where he planned to ride in the Christmas parade. But he encountered a large quantity of horse manure in the road. Moondog lost control of his bicycle and slid through the mess, totaling his bicycle in the process.

"I [smelled so bad] I had to go through the car wash and get washed off," says Moondog, whose biggest disappointment was not being in the parade.

Another time, while on the way to Glen Dale, Moondog wrecked when his bicycle's back tire blew out.

"I flipped over a guardrail and laid in the ditch," he says. As with his other crash, Moondog was on his way to ride in a parade when he crashed.

"He [rides in the parades] because he loves kids," Kathie Loos says. "It's because he's a kid himself."

In 2011 Moondog was excluded from the Wheeling Chamber of Commerce's Christmas Parade. His friends say the decision deeply hurt him, and the "town went crazy" because he was not part of it. The following year Moondog was invited to be grand marshal. He accepted on one condition: he transfer to his bicycle and ride at the end of the parade once the marshal's unit completed the route.

"The parade is not over until we see Moondog behind Santa," says Gael Fincham, a Wheeling business owner.

Moondog says he watches some television and listens to the radio when weather or illness requires confinement to the apartment. Sgt. Nolan says there are times Moondog will disappear from the city for several days, time that Moondog spends catching up on his sleep.

Most days, however, Moondog is on the street, passing out dollars to children, helping around the convenience store, patrolling the dark nooks and crannies of Wheeling, taking a bite out of crime, creating a legend.

"I do my good deeds, man," Moondog says. "Everybody needs help, man. Ain't nobody who wants to help nobody. Everybody wants things their way. ...I do this on my own. I do my good deeds, and I'm proud of myself and what I'm doing."

CARL E. FEATHER is a freelance writer and photographer who lives in Ashtabula County, Ohio. He has family roots in Tucker and Preston counties and is the author of the book *Mountain People in a Flat Land*. Carl is a regular GOLDENSEAL contributor.

Text and photographs
by Carl E. Feather

Center Point Covered Bridge

Roy and Iwana Jean Lackey are one of the few couples to have a genuine covered bridge in their backyard. The Lackeys' home is at the corner of Route 23 and Pike Fork Road in Doddridge County. The crossroads is appropriately known as Center Point, and the rogue covered bridge bears this community's name, as well.

The charmer has stood at this location since 1890, when carpenters John Ash and S.H. Smith completed the project and billed the county $230 for their labor and materials. Masons T.C. Ancell and E. Underwood charged $976.54 for the stone-block abutment work.

Just 42 feet in length, this single-lane artifact spans the Middle, or Pike's, Fork of McElroy Creek. These days, a concrete box culvert would take care of the aquatic obstacle very nicely, but the old bridge remains standing, thanks to the Lackeys' love of history, the Doddridge County Historical Society, and state and federal governments.

Sitting on the back porch of his house, Roy tells me that the bridge came with the property that he and his wife purchased in 1978. The bridge had become surplus decades prior to that, when the highway was rerouted and a reinforced concrete bridge built over the fork.

"It was covered with just regular old, rough lumber," Roy says. "Nobody had put stain on it, and the boards on the sides were bowed out. It had an old rusted tin roof on it, and one beam under it was broken and cracked."

A history buff and West Virginia Department of Transportation employee, Roy took pity on the bridge and gave it a cursory restoration, as best a private citizen could do.

"I was afraid it was going to cave in," he says.

During the 1980's, Roy and Iwana periodically received offers to sell or donate the bridge. At first the Doddridge County Historical Society wanted to relocate the bridge to Snow Bird Park, where it would receive more attention and exposure. "That's good, in a way," Roy says. "But to me it was built here, and I thought it should stay here right in its original place."

The late Alton Childers of the society finally cut an acceptable deal with the Lackeys. The bridge could stay in its original location, and the society and the Lackeys would be co-owners. Best of all, with help from the community, the bridge received urgently needed repairs.

"That's when they came down and jacked up the bridge and put a pipe under it," Roy says. "They fixed it up well enough to keep it from falling in." A plaque on the north portal of the bridge recognizes the donation thus made by the Lackeys and the rest of the community in saving the landmark.

Roy Lackey of Center Point, Doddridge County, seated on stone blocks that have supported this covered bridge for more than 120 years. He and his wife bought the bridge in 1978.

The 42-foot-long Center Point covered bridge is structurally sound, though it no longer carries vehicular traffic.

The bridge continued to be off limits to motorized traffic, but the fire department parked an engine inside. And Roy occasionally had to deal with a motorist or ATV driver determined to leave the highway and cut a path through his backyard to the covered bridge.

Such motoring diversions are not without precedent, for the back porch of their house is actually the front of the original structure — the old highway was just a few feet from what was then the front porch, as Roy discovered when he tried to dig a channel for a waterline. The impenetrable rock roadbed was just a few inches below the grass and topsoil.

Roy says that while he and the historical society managed to keep the old bridge standing, it required a federal grant and the West Virginia Department of Transportation to ensure a long future for the landmark.

It was a huge relief for the Lackeys, although it meant transferring the bridge and some right-of-way to the state. But it was worth it because the Lackeys knew their bridge would be protected and their liabilities assumed by the state.

"I was always afraid that someday a kid would be playing over there on the bridge, get hurt, and we'd be sued," he says. "A guy came out from Charleston, and we worked out the deal. We and the Doddridge County Historical Society turned it over to the Department of Highways."

According to West Virginia Department of Transportation Web site, the state spent $353,697 to restore the Center Point Bridge in 2002. The Rightner Company, a Columbus, Ohio, firm, performed the work.

A state employee, Roy says he received a lot of heckling from friends and coworkers when they discovered the state's investment in a bridge open to only foot traffic. Roy countered by saying, tongue in cheek, he was going to use it as a garage, so it works for him, regardless of the cost.

In practice, however, the bridge entrances are barricaded. Nevertheless, the bridge is traffic worthy, sporting a new floor, roof, and exterior siding. The wooden load-bearing members are original, however.

Roy still mows the grass around the bridge and keeps the weeds down along the creek. On average, the bridge gets about a dozen visitors every week, and the Lackeys welcome the company and their questions.

"I saw a group of people stop there one day and build a campfire," says Roy, motioning to the grassy area along Pike Fork Road, where several walnut trees grow. "It was a van full of people and they actually had a little fire going and were roasting wieners on it. Some people ask me why I didn't run them off. They weren't bothering anything. But I say if they had been cutting down my walnut tree to build their fire, that would have been a different story."

New Books Available

By John Lilly

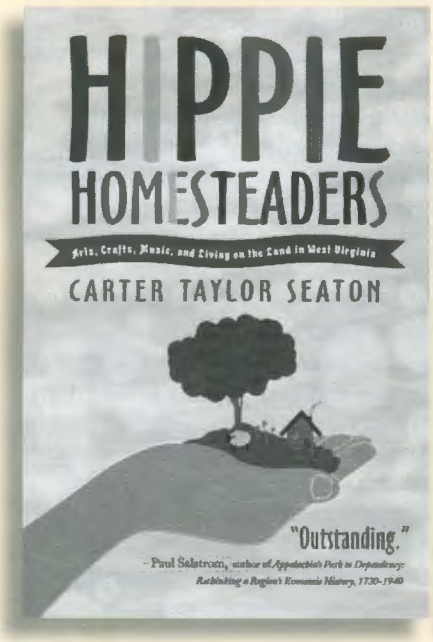
The so-called "Back to the Land" movement of the 1960's and '70's had a profound effect on West Virginia. [See "Back to the Land in Pocahontas County," by David Holtzman; Summer 2009.] After years of declining population, West Virginia gained thousands of new residents during those years, most of them young and educated, who came to the Mountain State to start a new life. Some left after a few years, but many stayed and became part of the fabric of life in their communities. Their legacy is significant, and a number of books are now available on the topic.

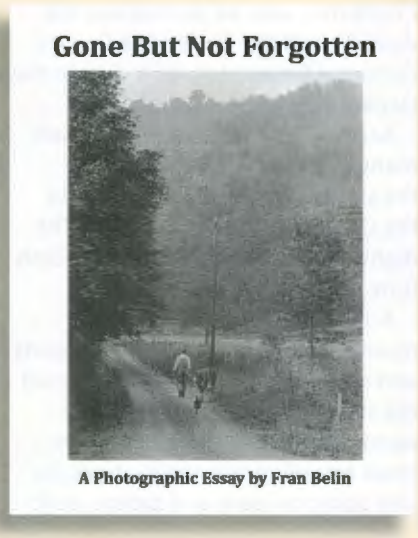
Hippie Homesteaders: Arts, Crafts, Music, and Living on the Land in West Virginia, by Carter Taylor Seaton, is a new book from West Virginia University Press that examines this movement both historically and from a contemporary point of view. The author, herself a potter, views the homestead movement in terms of the arts, as the subtitle indicates. She makes a valid case that creativity and artistic expression were prominent features of the back-to-the-landers in West Virginia, particularly for those who stayed here for a significant length of time. For many, their artistic ventures led to careers as musicians, potters, furniture makers, musical instrument builders, etc. She cites Tamarack: The Best of West Virginia retail craft outlet and *Mountain Stage* radio show as two prominent examples. Indeed the majority of this book is devoted to case studies and interviews with transplants, most of whom succeeded in carving out livelihoods as artists in West Virginia.

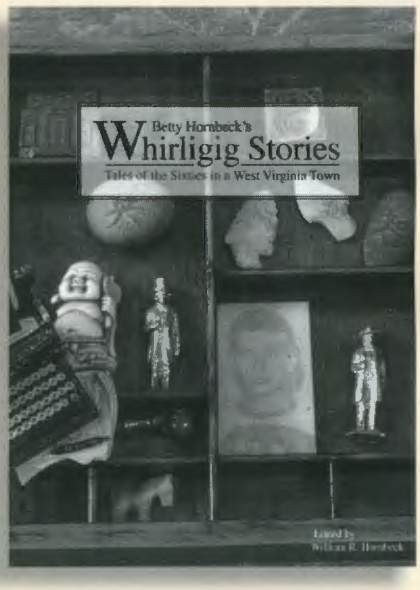
Hippie Homesteaders is the book to read concerning this movement and its impact on the arts, though there is more to the story and the field remains open for other perspectives on the hippie movement in West Virginia. *Hippie Homesteaders* is a 279-page paperbound edition that includes an index, bibliography, and 42 photographs, maps, and line drawings. It sells for $22.99, plus shipping, from www.wvupress.com; phone 1-800-621-2736.

Gone But Not Forgotten is a photographic essay from back-to-the-lander Fran Belin. She took these pictures in Monroe County between 1971 and 1979. A New York native, Fran bought a house and some farmland for $10,000 and arrived with little more than her camera and a head full of questions. Her neighbors welcomed her, and she began the long and rewarding task of learning to live off the land. The photographs in this book are black-and-white portraits of the animals, people, and places she encountered. Bucolic and gentle, they tell the story of a seeker and what she found.

This heartwarming collection, self-published in 2010, includes 74 photographs along with a brief foreword and introduction. It sells for $25, including shipping, from the author at Rt. 2 Box 104A, Union, WV 24983.







The 1960's were a formative time for native West Virginians as well, and those years and their attendant changes and struggles were the subject of a weekly column in the Buckhannon *Republican-Delta* newspaper called "West Virginia Whirligig." Assistant editor Betty Hornbeck wrote the column from 1959 until 1971, commenting and reporting on anything and everything, with or without relevance, according to whatever was on her mind. Her column was reputed to be the paper's most popular feature — it typically ran in the first column on page one.

Betty Hornbeck's Whirligig Stories: Tales of the Sixties in a West Virginia Town is an edited collection of these columns, put together and published by her son, William R. Hornbeck, a technology entrepreneur in Loudon County, Virginia. Taken singly, these are clever and casual missives on subjects ranging from local sports and election results to pithy observations about life and the passing of the seasons. Taken as a whole, however, they create a vivid picture of Buckhannon and Upshur County from 50 years past — much has changed while much remains the same.

Betty Hornbeck's Whirligig Stories is a 375-page paperbound edition, including reprints of approximately 370 columns. It sells for $24.95, plus shipping, from DenHoorn Publishing at www.WhirligigStories.com; phone (703)777-6840.

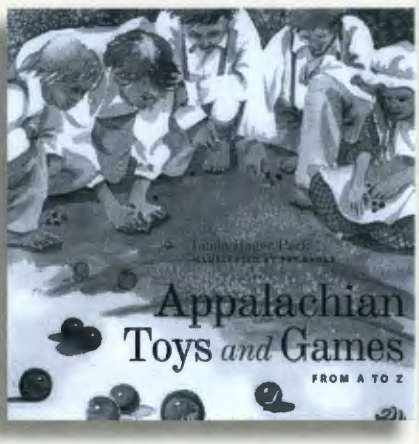
Several books for young readers and the young at heart have come to our attention recently, highlighting children's folklife and traditional stories, songs, and games.

Mountain Mother Goose: Child Lore of West Virginia is a monumental collection of songs, poems, riddles, games, and stories collected primarily during the early to mid-20th century. The work of editor Judy Prozillo Byers, *Mountain Mother Goose* is drawn from the vast collections of pioneer folklorists Ruth Ann Musick and Walter Barnes whose bodies of work are housed at the Frank and Jane Gabor West Virginia Folklore Center at Fairmont State College.

This 354-page paperbound edition, published by Fairmont State University Press, contains hundreds of playground games, rhymes, riddles, and songs. They are beautifully illustrated with line drawings and watercolors. The book includes academic notes and an index of first lines and familiar titles. It sells for $35, including shipping, from Fairmont State University Press at www.fairmontstate.edu/folklife; phone (304)367-4403.

Appalachian Toys and Games from A to Z, by Linda Hager Pack, takes a nostalgic look at 26 pastimes from the 19th century, such as marbles, limberjacks, slingshots, ragdolls, and pick-up sticks. Generously illustrated with watercolors by Kentucky artist Pat Banks, this 56-page hardbound book sells for $17.95. It is available from the University of Kentucky Press; visit www.kentuckypress.com or phone 1-800-537-5487.

Life in the shadows of the Weirton steel mill as seen through the eyes of a child in the 1950's is the subject of ***No Star Nights***, by Anna Egan Smucker and illustrated by Steve Johnson and Lou Fancher. The larger-than-life scale of the mill fuels a child's imagination in this dramatic story, deftly and



colorfully illustrated. The 40-page paperbound book sells for $8.95, plus shipping, and is available through the West Virginia Book Company online at www.wvbookco.com; phone (304)342-1848.

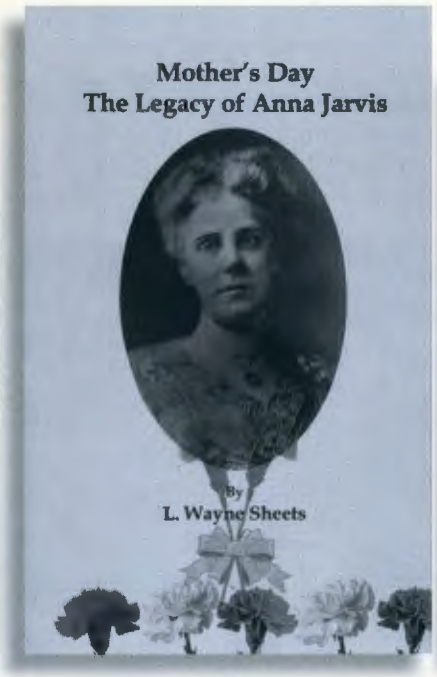
Kids' West Virginia Activity Book, by Erin Turner, is a coloring book and puzzle collection for elementary school-aged children. It introduces young readers to a map of West Virginia with its counties, the official state plants and wildlife, some important historical figures, and outdoor activities. The 64-page paperbound edition sells for $7.95 and is available through the West Virginia Book Company online at www.wvbookco.com; phone (304)342-1848.

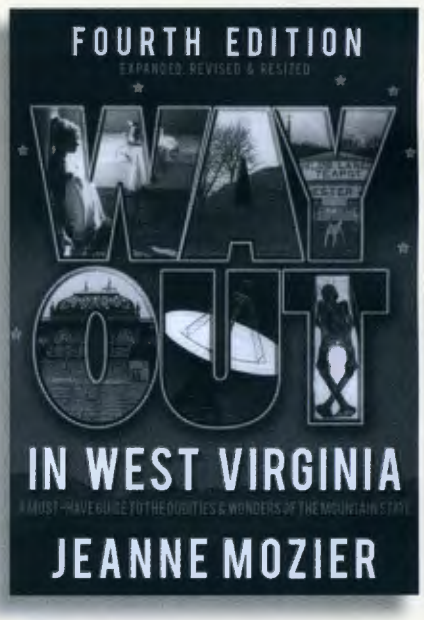
A number of GOLDENSEAL writers have recently published books based in West Virginia.

A Fog of Ghosts: Haunted Tales & Odd Pieces, by long-time *Morgan Messenger* newspaper editor John Douglas, is a collection of bizarre and unexplained items from the area in and around Berkeley Springs. [See "The Redhead Murder Case: An Unsolved Mystery from 1950"; Fall 2011.] Many years in the writing, this 228-page paperbound book reflects Douglas' penchant for the macabre and mysterious. It sells for $18.95 from www.blindspringpress.com; write to Blind Spring Press, P.O. Box 901, Berkeley Springs, WV 25411.

Author L. Wayne Sheets [see "The Pickens Leper"; Fall 1997] has written a book about Anna Jarvis and the founding of Mother's Day. First celebrated in 1908 in Grafton, Mother's Day was made an official U.S. holiday in 1914 and today is considered the most celebrated non-religious holiday in the world. ***Mother's Day: The Legacy of Anna Jarvis*** is a 216-page paperbound edition published in 2013 by McClain Printing Company. It sells for $24.95, plus shipping, at www.mcclainprinting.com; phone 1-800-654-7179.

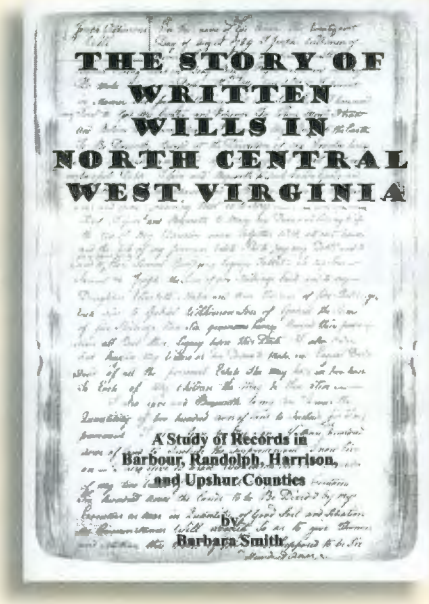
Way Out in West Virginia, by Jeanne Mozier, is a quirky compendium of oddities and wonders of the Mountain State. Now in an expanded and revised fourth edition, this light-hearted travel guide leads readers to out-of-the-way and out-of-the-ordinary destinations and side trips around the state. Author Jeanne Mozier [see "Postcards from the Pepperoni Highway"; Spring 2006] refers readers and travelers to little-known spots as well as to superlative and amazing places of interest. Expect Mothman, Old Sparky, Philippi mummies, Bridge Day, Avalon Resort, etc. *Way Out in West Virginia*, a wacky 376-page paperbound volume, sells for $19.95 and is available through the West Virginia Book Company online at www.wvbookco.com; phone (304)342-1848.





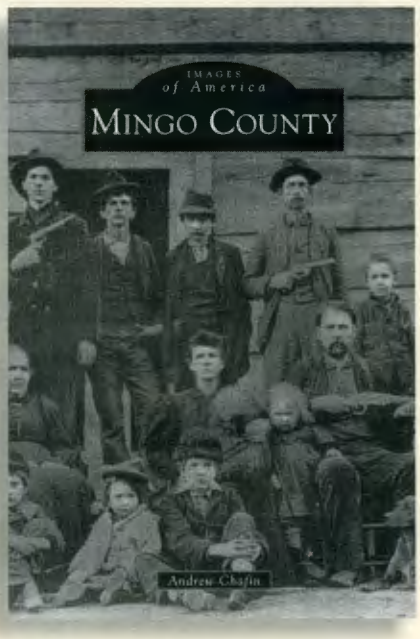
The Story of Written Wills in North Central West Virginia: A Study of Records in Barbour, Randolph, Harrison, and Upshur Counties, by Barbara Smith [see "Randolph County Cattleman Herman Isner"; Spring 2011], should receive a prize as the book with the most specific and accurate title. Precisely as it says, this 286-page paperback book examines hundreds of wills. The author discusses wills in general, their history, their legal provisions, their structure, and their intent. She also reveals her extensive experience accessing them and using wills as research tools. The largest and most interesting part of this book deals with the unusual and unique post-mortem instructions contained in many of these documents.

The Story of Written Wills in North Central West Virginia is available from the author for $20, plus $2 shipping. Call (304)457-3038; e-mail smith_b@ab.edu.



Mingo County, by Andrew Chafin, is a new book in the Images of America series from Arcadia Publishing. Like most books from this publisher, *Mingo County* takes a pictorial approach to local history, including approximately 200 vintage photographs, with captions. Though the cover photo features members of the famous and infamous Hatfield family, the interior of the book is surprisingly devoid of feudists. In their place are typical and interesting photos of average people, business and industry, sports and education, railroads, floods, and landmarks. It is refreshing to see this much-maligned corner of the state shown in a realistic light "with the same wants and needs as all Americans," according to the author.

Mingo County, a 128-page paperbound book, sells for $21.99 from Arcadia Publishing, online at www.arcadiapublishing.com; phone 1-888-313-2665.



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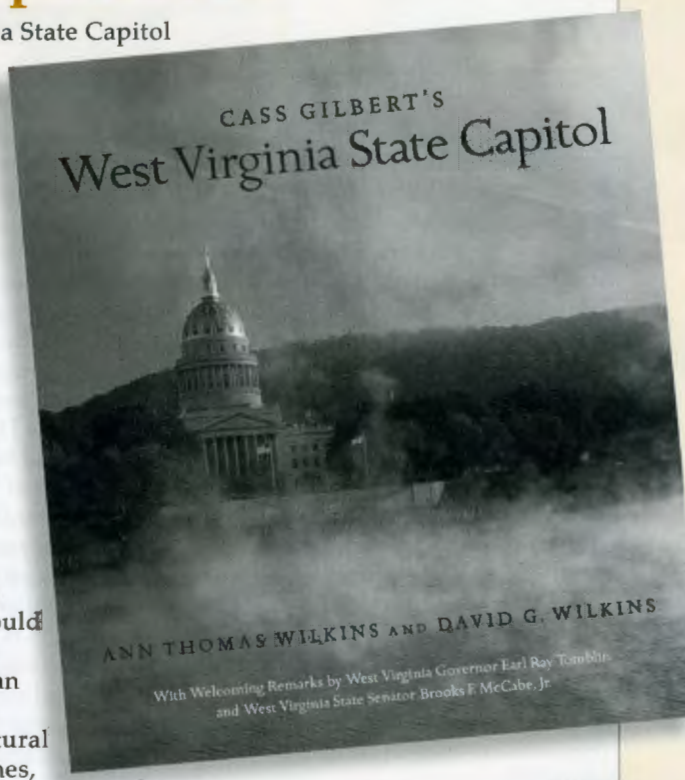
State Capitol Book



The West Virginia State Capitol is arguably the most impressive and majestic building in the state. A new book from West Virginia University Press examines this important landmark. *Cass Gilbert's West Virginia State Capitol*, by Ann Thomas Wilkins and David G. Wilkins, is as thorough a treatment of this subject as one could reasonably hope to find. More than 100 illustrations include architectural drawings, sketches, post cards, and photographs — both vintage and contemporary.

The text follows the capitol from its early peregrinations between Wheeling and Charleston to the 1921 decision to set it at its permanent location and subsequent design and construction. As the title suggests, architect Cass Gilbert is the central figure here, and the book offers extensive details about Gilbert and his career.

Cass Gilbert's West Virginia State Capitol is a 368-page hardbound edition. It includes forewords by Governor Earl Ray Tomblin and by State Senator Brooks McCabe as well as a comparison with other state capitols, end notes, a glossary of relevant architectural terms, a bibliography, and an index. It sells for $44.99, plus tax and shipping, and is available online at www.wvupress.com; phone 1-800-621-2736.

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Coming Next Issue...

- Turtle Hunting
- Fiddler Natchee the Indian
- WHAW's Swap Shop
- Water Street in Fairmont

West Virginia State Capitol rotunda interior, photographed by Thorney Lieberman. Courtesy of *Cass Gilbert's West Virginia State Capitol.* (See page 72.)

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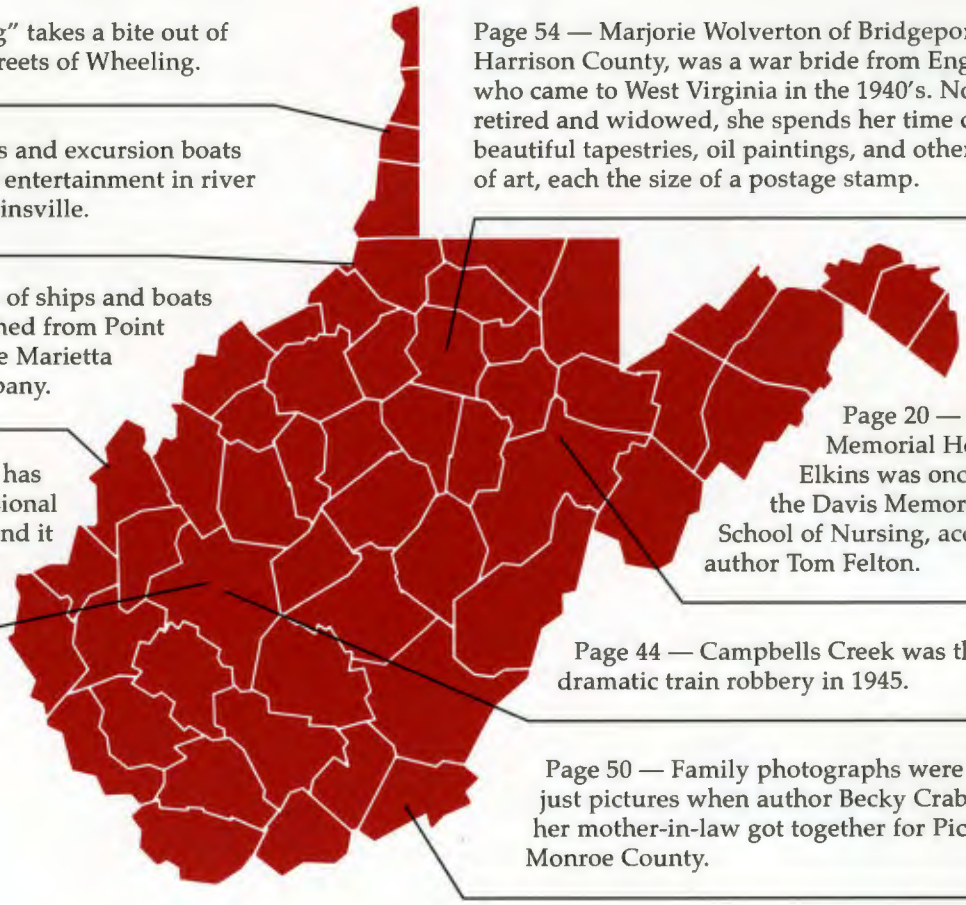

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