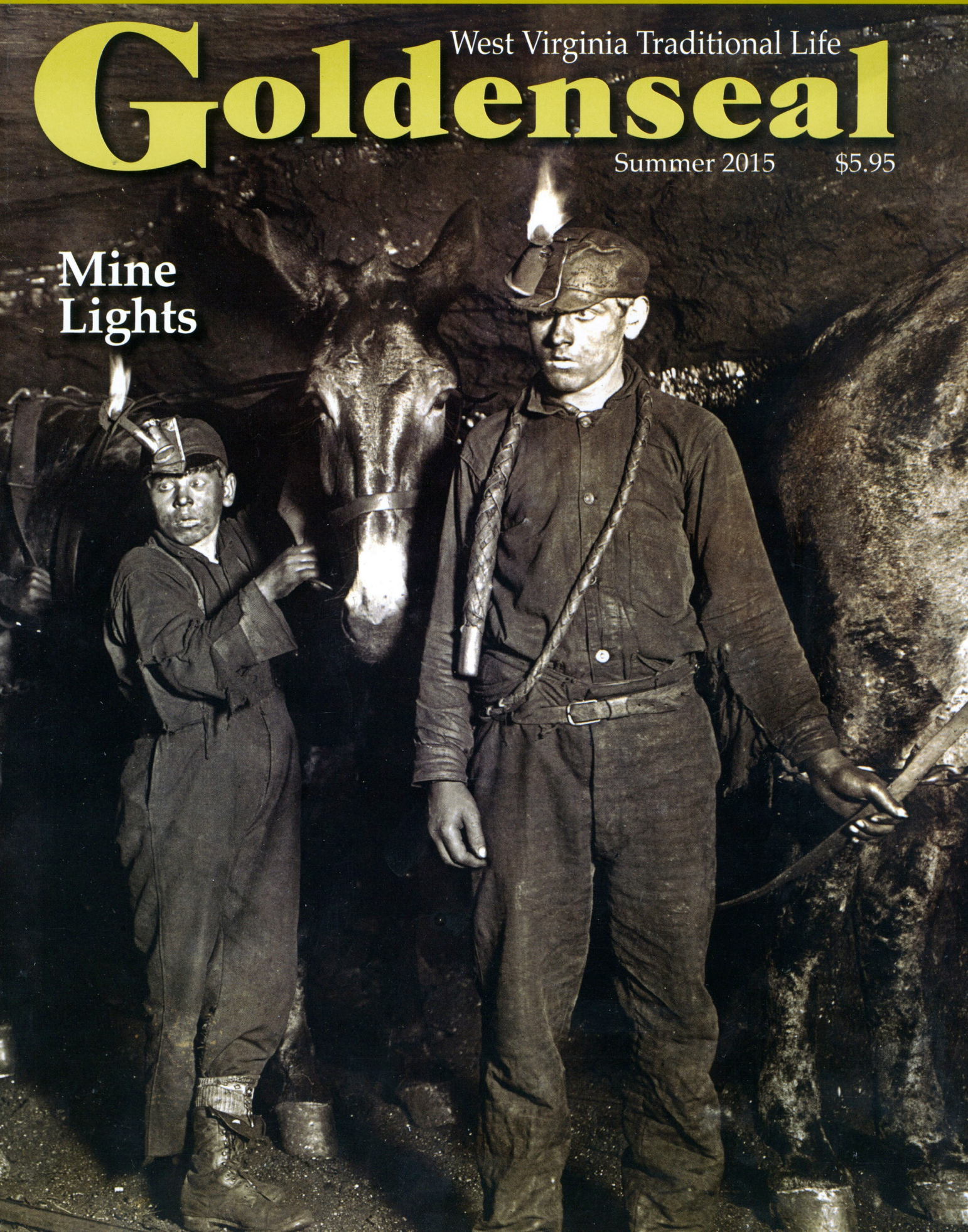
Golf • Farmerettes • WHAW Swap Shop • Tintype

West Virginia Traditional Life

Goldenseal

Summer 2015 $5.95

Mine Lights



From the Editor – Fond Farewell

Eighteen years ago. I moved from Elkins to Charleston and took on the biggest challenge of my life. I became editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine, with nothing but the slimmest of credentials. My college degree, which I had received the previous year from Davis & Elkins College, was a bachelor's in arts administration. My work for five years as publicist for D&E's Augusta Heritage Center had introduced me to many of the realities I would face in my new job. But there was nothing that could have prepared me for the road ahead.

Eighteen years ago. What I didn't know could fill a library. I recall sitting at a booth selling magazines at the Mountain State Art & Craft Fair in Ripley just a couple of months after taking the job. A man came up and asked in a sharp tone, "You got anything about Morgan Morgan in any of these books?" I was befuddled. Nothing about his question rang a bell. I stammered, and he walked away with a snort.

Eighteen years ago. My first issue finally made it to the printer and from the printer to the post office. The morning after it went in the mail, the phone was ringing as I unlocked the door to my office. I excitedly answered the phone. "Are all these magazines messed up?" said the grouchy voice on the other end of the line. I was once again befuddled and remained so for an hour or two until several more people called to tell me that there had been a mistake at the printer, and some of the magazines had missing, blank, or upside-down pages.

Eighteen years ago. I didn't know Charles Town from Charleston, Blue Creek from Bluestone, Mason from Masontown, or Mountain from Mole Hill (they are the same place!). I didn't know how to spell Philippi, pronounce Onego, or find Big Ugly.

Much has changed in those 18 years. If my math is correct, I have overseen the publication of 73 magazines, which adds up to 5,548 pages. I have edited more than 800 stories and captioned more than 8,000 photographs. I have learned much, laughed a lot, cried a time or two, traveled to all 55 counties, met many inspiring people, won and lost a few battles, heard some great music, and eaten some good food.



Photograph by Michael Keller

I am indebted to the many fine freelance writers and photographers who have supplied the content of this magazine. I particularly wish to acknowledge the work of Carl E. Feather, whose fine words and pictures have graced nearly every issue since I started here. Staff photographers Michael Keller and Tyler Evert and designers Anne Strawn and Karin Kercheval have made us look good. Cornelia Alexander, Kim Johnson, and others in this office and within the Division of Culture and History have helped keep it "between the ditches."

With this issue I take my leave. It has been a wonderful experience, and I will always cherish the opportunity I have had to work for you. I plan to return to playing, writing, and performing music on a full-time basis — I hope you will come and see me if I ever come to your town! It is with mixed feelings that I leave this job behind, but it is time for someone else to punch these keys and travel this road. Whoever that person may be, I hope that you will continue to support and challenge them as you have me. Blessings upon us all!

John Lilly

Volume 41, Number 2 **Goldenseal** Summer 2015



p. 26



p. 52

2 Letters from Readers
6 Current Programs • Events • Publications
9 GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

10 From Candles to Carbide
Early Mine Lighting in West Virginia
By Jim Lackey

18 WVU's Watts Museum
By Sharon E. Kelly

20 H.B. Huffman Coal Company
By Lynette Swiger

26 Tee Time in the Mountain State
West Virginia's Golf History
By Bob Barnett

34 Farmerettes in the Field
The Women's Land Army at Media Farm
By Patricia Wilkins

40 World War II West Virginia Land Girls
By Patricia Wilkins

42 Summers on My Grandfather's Farm
By Sid Underwood

48 A Blackberry Day
By Jack Furbee

52 Buy, Sell, Trade, or Give Away
WHAW's Swap Shop
By John Lilly

58 Lisa Elmaleh and the Modern Art of Tintype
By John Lilly

66 *West Virginia Back Roads*
No Gas in Monongah
By Carl E. Feather

68 New Books Available



p. 10



p. 42



p. 58

On the cover: Drivers and mules in a mine at Gary, McDowell County, in 1908. Photograph by Lewis Hine, courtesy of the Library of Congress. Our stories begin on page 10.

Published by the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Earl Ray Tomblin
Governor

Kay Goodwin
Secretary
Department of Education
and the Arts

Randall Reid-Smith
Commissioner
Division of Culture and History

John Lilly
Editor

Kim Johnson
Circulation Manager

Karin Kercheval Design
Publication Design

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

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

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

Periodical postage paid at Charleston, West Virginia.

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

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

Printed in West Virginia by Chapman Printing
Charleston – Huntington – Parkersburg

©2015 by the State of West Virginia

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.

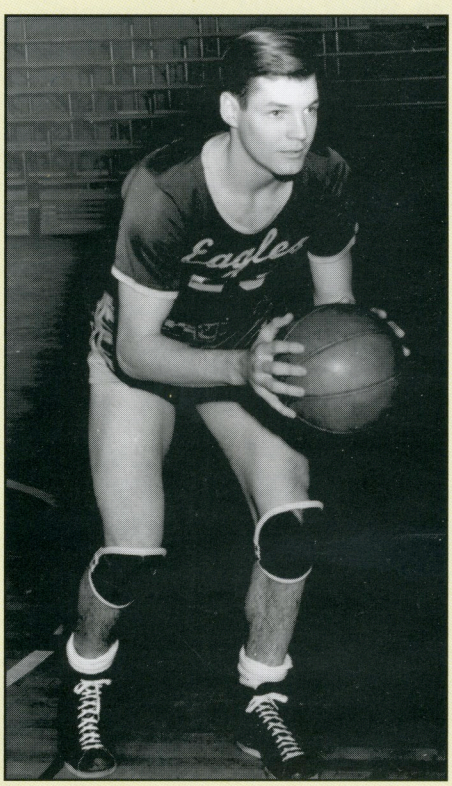
Unthinkable Game

March 30, 2015
Via email
Editor:
I am writing to express how much I appreciated the editing and illustrations in the Spring 2015 issue. It was a terrific issue, and your presentation of the accompanying stories enhanced my story immensely. [See "The Unthinkable Game," by C.W. "Bill" Jarrett.]

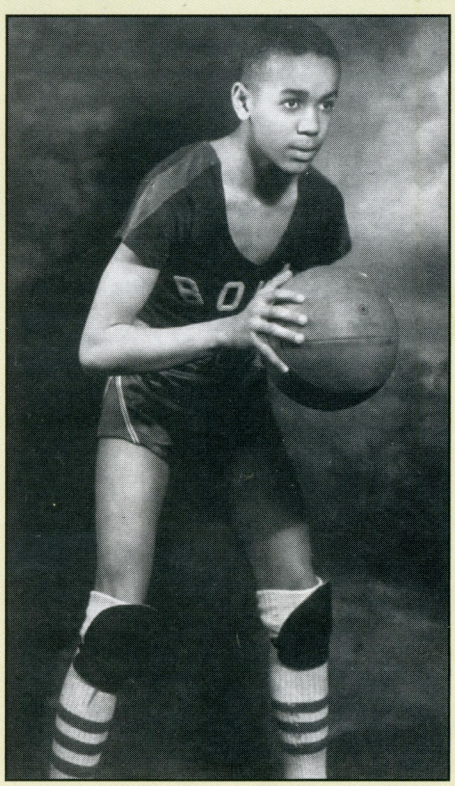
In fact, I have asked your office for a few more copies that I might give one to each of my grandchildren and great-grandchildren along with a keepsake letter. Your current issue of GOLDENSEAL will be read for decades to come.
Thanks again,
C.W. "Bill" Jarrett

April 8, 2015
Huntington, West Virginia
Editor:
I was very interested to read the article "The Unthinkable Game" by C.W. "Bill" Jarrett in the Spring 2015 issue of GOLDENSEAL. The article told of an informal basketball game, played after the season without coaches present, between the all-white Stonewall Jackson High School and the all-black Garnet High School in Charleston in 1946.

I am working on a book, co-authored with Dana Brooks and Ron Althouse, with a working title, *Separate but Equal Playing Fields*, about black high school and college sports in West Virginia. In doing research for the book I found other examples of similar informal games.



George King.


Jack Norman.

In Huntington, the Catholic high school, St. Joseph, and the all-black high school, Douglass, played an annual series of two official games a year beginning in 1948. The first game on December 19, 1948, was played before a standing-room-only crowd at Huntington East High School gym. The second game was played at Radio Center, the home court of Marshall University, to accommodate the crowd. Both games were closely contested with St Joe winning the first game 31-27 and the second 45-44. The *Huntington Advertiser* said that was the first official integrated game in West Virginia.

The series of home and away games continued between St. Joe and Douglass until the closing of Douglass in 1961. I would be interested to know of other formal or informal games between black and white high schools before the 1954 Supreme Court school integration decision. Thank you for printing the wonderful article.
Sincerely,
Bob Barnett
Professor Emeritus
Marshall University



Flooding in New Martinsville, early 1930's.

March 26, 2015
Port St. Lucie, Florida
Via email
Editor:
I grew up on Charleston's West Side and attended Stonewall Jackson High School. I can remember listening on the radio to the state championship game in 1946 that Beckley won by three points over Stonewall Jackson.

In 1946 and '47, I was a newspaper delivery boy with the *Charleston Daily Mail*, the afternoon paper. All the paperboys in our area picked up their papers on Florida Street, which was close to both the major black section of town and also the white section. Black and white paper boys would sit together and talk as we waited on the delivery of our newspapers.

I formed a very good relationship with a black fellow named Leroy (I can't remember his last name). We talked about sports mostly. We arranged for his neighborhood slow-pitch softball team to come to our neighborhood and play a friendly game on our field. It was in the 900 block of Main Street on the West Side. There was no problem, and I don't remember who won. No one complained!

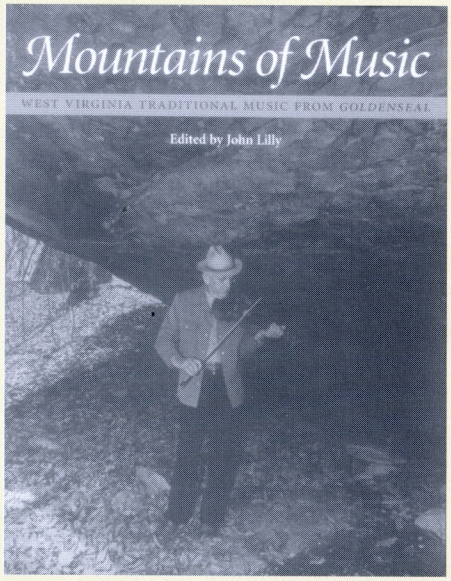
The last time I saw Leroy was about six years later, when he got on a city bus and I got up and got his attention. He smiled and gave me a big hug! He was in a U.S. Air Force uniform. I had been working for the government in Washington, D.C., and going to college.

Race relations were never bad in Charleston, except in some hotels and eating places.
Thank you,
John N. Cook

Floods

April 1, 2015
Charleston, West Virginia
Via email
Editor:
As always, GOLDENSEAL's articles evoke memories of my own and my family's experiences in eastern Kentucky. The flood articles in the Spring 2015 issue [see "Flood of Memories: High Water in New Martinsville," by Sam McColloch and "The Great Harmon Creek Flood of 1912," by John L. Davis] reminded me of my growing-up years in Paintsville, Kentucky, where my dad was a volunteer fireman and member of the civil defense program.

He would routinely pull people from flooded homes along Big Sandy River and its feeder creeks



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

The book is available from the GOLDENSEAL office for $33.95, plus $2 shipping per book; West Virginia residents please add 6% sales tax (total $37.99 per book, including tax and shipping). Add *Mountains of Music* to your book collection today!

— — — — — — — — — — — —

I enclose $ ____ for ____ copies of *Mountains of Music.*

-or-

Charge my

___VISA ___MasterCard

#_____

Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Please make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL.
Send to:
GOLDENSEAL
The Culture Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300
(304)558-0220

into a federal surplus "duck" amphibious vehicle and take them to safe shelter. Most of them would say this was the last time they were going to go through a flood, but flood after flood (two or three times a year in some areas) he would rescue the same families from the same homes. No doubt some of them could not afford to move and would have had trouble selling property that was in a frequent flood zone, but many who could move did not.

I never lived in a flood zone, but I snuck off to the cliff over the Big Sandy, along with the other neighborhood kids, to the forbidden spot where we could watch houses, barns, sheds, dead cows, whole trees, and the occasional car or truck rush by in the heaving, muddy floodwaters.

We could do that because we would be out of school (even though the kids in town still had to go to school) since the floodwaters covered the lower ends of the arched bridge the school bus had to cross between our small subdivision (or "addition," in the terminology of the day) and town. I remember one time we were let out of school early, but almost too late to get home safely. By the time we crossed the bridge the water was up over the wheels of the school bus.

Susan Scouras

GOLDENSEAL Good-byes

April 10, 2015
Wheeling, West Virginia
Via email
Editor:

To you I am indebted for the wonderful tribute you printed in the Spring 2015 GOLDENSEAL, acknowledging the death of my husband, Harlan P. "Ted" Carter III. [See "GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes."]

We met author Carl Feather quite by accident. He was in Wheeling to write an article about Irish road bowling, and Ted and I were seated on the terrace of Everbreeze, which overlooks the contest route. We were cheering on the participating teams, when Mr. Feather approached. He asked, "Who lives in the pre-Civil War home?"

When we responded that it had been the Carter family's residence and farm since 1796 and we were the fifth generation to be the "caretakers," he asked if he could come back at a later time and visit. We assured him he would be most welcome, and were pleased to hear from him later and the date for his visit was set. Since we were long-time readers of GOLDENSEAL, we felt honored that he wanted to visit, never dreaming that he would write such a "true-and-tell-it-like-it-is" article that



Harlan P. "Ted" Carter III. Photograph by Carl E. Feather.



Water Street in Fairmont, late 1940's.

you chose to publish. [See "Everbreeze: Life at an Ohio County Landmark," by Carl E. Feather; Fall 2013.]

It was a pleasure for me to be Ted's partner for almost 62 years. Because of your far-reaching magazine, both before and after his death friends from coast to coast have responded. I am eternally grateful for your preservation of a bit of family history, and the acknowledgment of my husband's death.

Everbreeze has passed to the sixth generation since the Carters settled here from Maryland, and our son Richard and his wife, Kim, are now in the role of "caretakers."
Jeanne Sheets Carter

Water Street

February 3, 2015
Arlington, Texas
Via email
Editor:
Being a native of Fairmont, I thoroughly enjoyed reading in the Fall 2014 issue the article "Water Street: Rise, Fall, and Renewal in Fairmont," by Richard Alvarez. I grew up during the period when Water Street had a bad reputation, and later witnessed its conversion to a beautiful park. My parents made no exceptions when it came to Water Street. We were warned that under no circumstances were we allowed to be in that area of town. Enough said.
David G. Rogers

George Karos

January 13, 2015
Bunker Hill, West Virginia
Editor:
About your Winter 2014 issue of GOLDENSEAL and the George Karos story [see "George Karos: Martinsburg's Pharmacist Mayor," by John Lilly], I know that drugstore very well. I wrote a letter to George Karos congratulating him on having his GOLDENSEAL story published.

Right after Thanksgiving, that drugstore always gives out calendars to their customers. I anonymously go in every year and purchase some small item and ask for a calendar, because those calendars have such dark printed numbers on them. Every year since I can remember I've always got a drugstore calendar — when I lived in Charles Town, I'd get my yearly calendar on Main Street at Scott & White's drugstore.

I told George Karos this, and when I got up the next morning, I found a paper bag and a calendar hanging on my doorknob. He had had his delivery man bring it to me — plus a second calendar was also attached. Fortunately, at age 82, I presently take no medication so I do not regularly visit drugstores, as I did occasionally in the past.
Robert S. Orndorff

Snapping Turtles

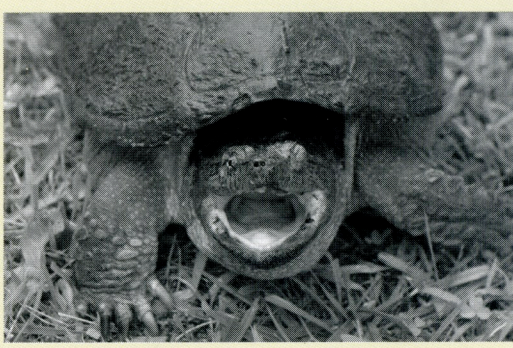
December 19, 2014
Vanceboro, Maine
Editor:
The snapping turtle article in the Fall 2014 issue [see "Turtle Man of Lubeck," by Mike Brant] provoked memories — some from my father and others from me.

My father recalled that he — as a young B&O fireman — and a young daredevil brakeman would on occasions go at night to certain secluded spots in Harrison County. There, with the aid of carbide lights, they would catch frogs for frog legs. If that action didn't satisfy the young hellions, they would go along the muddy banks, delve into holes, and drag out snapping turtles. (My father's feelings about such actions did not match that of the young brakeman.)

In the middle of the 1950's we owned a 200-acre farm at Champwood, located halfway between Keyser and Fort Ashby. One time, with the help of a neighbor, we were cleaning up brush after logging in a narrow valley beyond the house and barn. A small stream ran down through the valley.

While we were working, the teenage boy spotted a turtle along the bank of the stream. He knew what to expect. He broke off a hardwood branch about 1½" to 2" in diameter and stuck the cleared end out to the turtle. SNAP went the jaws over the branch. The jaws stayed imbedded until the turtle was dispatched.

We had never eaten turtle meat before, but were told there were many different tastes to be encountered. They were correct. We agreed there were at least seven different sections of fine eating in that meat — much better than chicken.
Borgon Tanner



Snapping turtle. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

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.



Berry Hills Country Club in Charleston. Photograph by Steve Payne, courtesy of the West Virginia Golf Association (WVGA).

Golf in West Virginia

A full schedule of golfing activities is planned throughout West Virginia this summer.

The Wyoming County Open will take place at Clear Fork Valley, near Beckley, on June 13-14. Anyone is welcome to compete in this tournament. For additional information, phone (304)682-6209.

On Monday, June 15, the First Tee of WV will be held at Berry Hills Country Club in Charleston. This event is part of the West Virginia Golf Association's First Tee of WV Fundraiser series. For more information, call the Golf Association at (304)391-5000.

The Greenbrier Classic, West Virginia's premier golf event, will take place at The Greenbrier July 2-5. Part of the PGA TOUR, The Greenbrier Classic attracts thousands of spectators and features some of the top golfers in the world. For additional information, phone the West Virginia Golf Association at (304)391-5000.

In Mason, Mason County, the Riverside Open will take place July 11-12 at the Riverside Golf Club. For more information about this event, phone Riverside at (304)773-5354.

More information is available at www.wvga.org or by phoning the Golf Association at (304)391-5000. [See "Tee Time in the Mountain State: West Virginia's Golf History," by Bob Barnett; page 26.]

Tintype Workshop

Lisa Elmaleh will teach a class in tintype photography at the Augusta Heritage Center of Davis & Elkins College this summer as part of the 2015 Augusta Heritage Arts Workshops. The workshop will take place July 5-10 on the campus of Davis & Elkins College in Elkins.

Called "Wet Plate Collodion Photography," the class will cover tintype, ambrotype, and glass plate photography. Participants will learn how to hand coat their own collodion plates, how to create and expose wet collodion images, how to properly and safely mix all of the chemistry needed to achieve the process, plus how to build one's own darkroom and modify one's own camera. Students will learn the techniques of preparing the plate, cleaning glass,



Lisa Elmaleh with camera. Photograph by Bill Fraley.



pouring collodion, exposing, developing, fixing, and varnishing. All materials including cameras, enlargers, chemicals, glass, and metal will be supplied. [See "Lisa Elmaleh and the Modern Art of Tintype," by John Lilly; page 58.]

To register for this class, or for additional information, call the Augusta Heritage Center at (304)637-1209 or visit www.augustaheritagecenter.org.

WHAW at Jubilee

Steve Peters and WHAW/WOTR radio will broadcast live from the Stonewall Jackson Heritage Jubilee at Jackson's Mill, located outside of Weston, September 4-6. A Lewis County tradition, the Jubilee features local crafts, children's activities, folk dancing, heritage music performances, historical encampments, home-cooked food, authors and book signings, gristmill demonstrations, a photography contest, quilt displays, fire truck rides, and other activities.

WHAW/WOTR radio will set up and conduct a remote broadcast all three days of the event, reporting live from the Mill, interviewing participants and attendees, and airing live music performances. Steve Peters encourages listeners to stop by their broadcast table and say hello. [See "Buy, Sell, Trade, or Give Away: WHAW's Swap Shop," by John Lilly; page 52.]

For more information about the Stonewall Jackson Heritage Jubilee, phone (304)269-7328 or visit www.stonewallcountry.com.

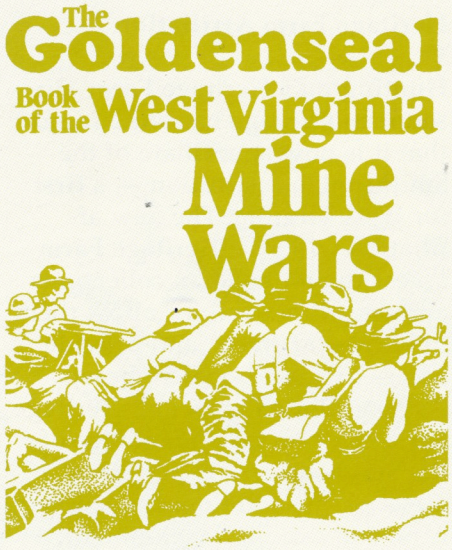
Heritage Farm Affiliation

Huntington's Heritage Farm Museum and Village has announced that it is now an affiliate of the Smithsonian Institution — a first for West Virginia. The new affiliation will give Heritage Farm access to Smithsonian collections and traveling exhibits, allow them to borrow artifacts, and provide access to educational Webcasts. As an affiliated museum, Heritage Farm can also take advantage of the Smithsonian's expertise in areas of conservation, collections care, and exhibit development.

The museum and village, located on the outskirts of Huntington, comprise 30 log structures and other refurbished buildings and more than 25,000 square feet of artifact displays. [See "Back to



Church at Heritage Farm Museum and Village.



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.*

-or-

Charge my

___VISA ___MasterCard

#_____

Exp. Date_____

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Please make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL.

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

the Future: Huntington's Heritage Farm Museum," by Jeanie Prince; Summer 2002.]

Heritage Farm Museum and Village cofounder Mike Perry passed away on February 25, 2015. [See "GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes"; page 9.] His son, Audy Perry, is the new executive director.

For more information, visit www.heritagefarmmuseum.com or phone (304)522-1244.

State Folk Festival

The West Virginia State Folk Festival will take place in Glenville, June 18 to 21. Founded in 1950 by Glenville State College English professor Dr. Patrick Gainer, the festival is the oldest of its kind in the state and one of the oldest folk festivals in the country.

Activities begin Thursday evening, June 18, with a public square dance in the street in downtown Glenville, featuring live music and calling. The dance is free, and all are welcome to participate. Dances take place Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.

The State Folk Festival continues on Friday with the over-50 fiddle and banjo competitions, storytelling, singing tent activities, craft displays and demonstrations, and an evening concert in the college auditorium.

Saturday's schedule includes the under-50 fiddle and banjo competitions, car show, parade, gospel sing, spelling bee, and quilt show. There are also an evening concert and square dance.

The festival concludes on Sunday morning with a worship service at Job's Temple, located eight miles west of Glenville on State Highway 5.

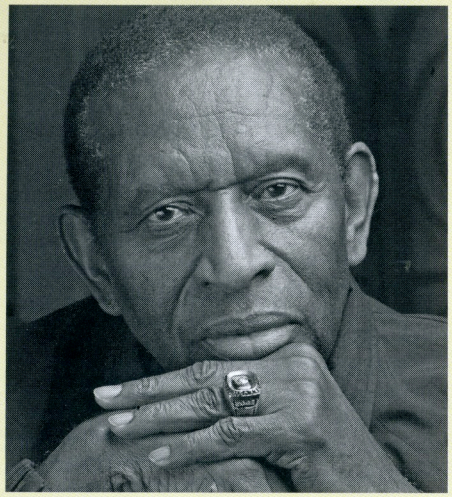
Special guests throughout the entire festival are the West Virginia Belles, women from each county who have spent their lives in service to their families and communities and who represent the spirit of the State Folk Festival. [See "'Let's Keep it Traditional': The West Virginia State Folk Festival Turns 50," by Bob Heyer; Summer 2000.]

The West Virginia State Folk Festival is run by a volunteer committee, which presents a series of square dances as fundraisers throughout the year. For information about the festival or square dances, call (304)462-9644 or visit www.wvstatefolkfestival.com. The Folk Festival is also on Facebook.



Belles at West Virginia State Folk Festival, 1971.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes



Earl Lloyd. Photograph by ThePurpleLens.com/Wade Payne.

Earl Lloyd, the first African American to play in the National Basketball Association (NBA) died on February 26. He was 86. The six-foot-six, 220-pound athlete played center for the West Virginia State College Yellow Jackets from 1946 to '50, then broke the professional basketball color barrier when he took to the court for the Washington Capitols on October 31, 1950. Lloyd went on to play nine seasons as a professional, then became the first black assistant coach in the NBA and the first full-time black head coach. He was inducted into the Basketball Hall of Fame in 2002. He was featured in our Spring 2009 edition in an article titled, "'Moonfixer': Basketball Pioneer Earl Lloyd," by Michael Hawkins.

Mike Perry, cofounder of Huntington's Heritage Farm Museum and Village, died February 25 at age 78. A retired attorney and banker, Perry and his wife, Henriella, began collecting antiques and heritage artifacts more than 40 years ago, eventually putting many of them on display at their Wayne County homestead. Heritage Farm Museum and Village opened for a one-day event in 1995, eventually developing into a six-day-a-week destination for tour groups, students, and families. Mike was well-respected as a businessman and philanthropist, and received numerous awards and honors for his efforts. His work was featured in GOLDENSEAL in Summer 2002, in an article titled, "Back to the Future: Huntington's Heritage Farm Museum," by Jeanie Prince.



Mike Perry. Photograph by Michael Keller.



Jerry Shaffer. Photograph by Michael Keller.

Jerry Shaffer of Coopers Creek, Kanawha County, was a nationally known trainer of coondogs. Together with his wife of 37 years, Yvonne, he ran a 100-acre training facility at the head of Coopers Creek. Dog owners from across North America would fly their dogs to Charleston for Jerry to train into champion hunting dogs. Not all of them were champion material, but Jerry knew a lot about dogs and helped bring out the best in those hounds that showed a natural ability. He was featured in the article, "Coondog Heaven," by John Blisard, in our Winter 2000 edition. Jerry was featured in several publications and produced and sold instructional videos and DVD's. He passed away on April 7, at age 73.

Here's My GOLDENSEAL Gift List!

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

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

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

Gift Giver's Name _____

Address _____

_____

Name(s) to be signed on gift card:

_____

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

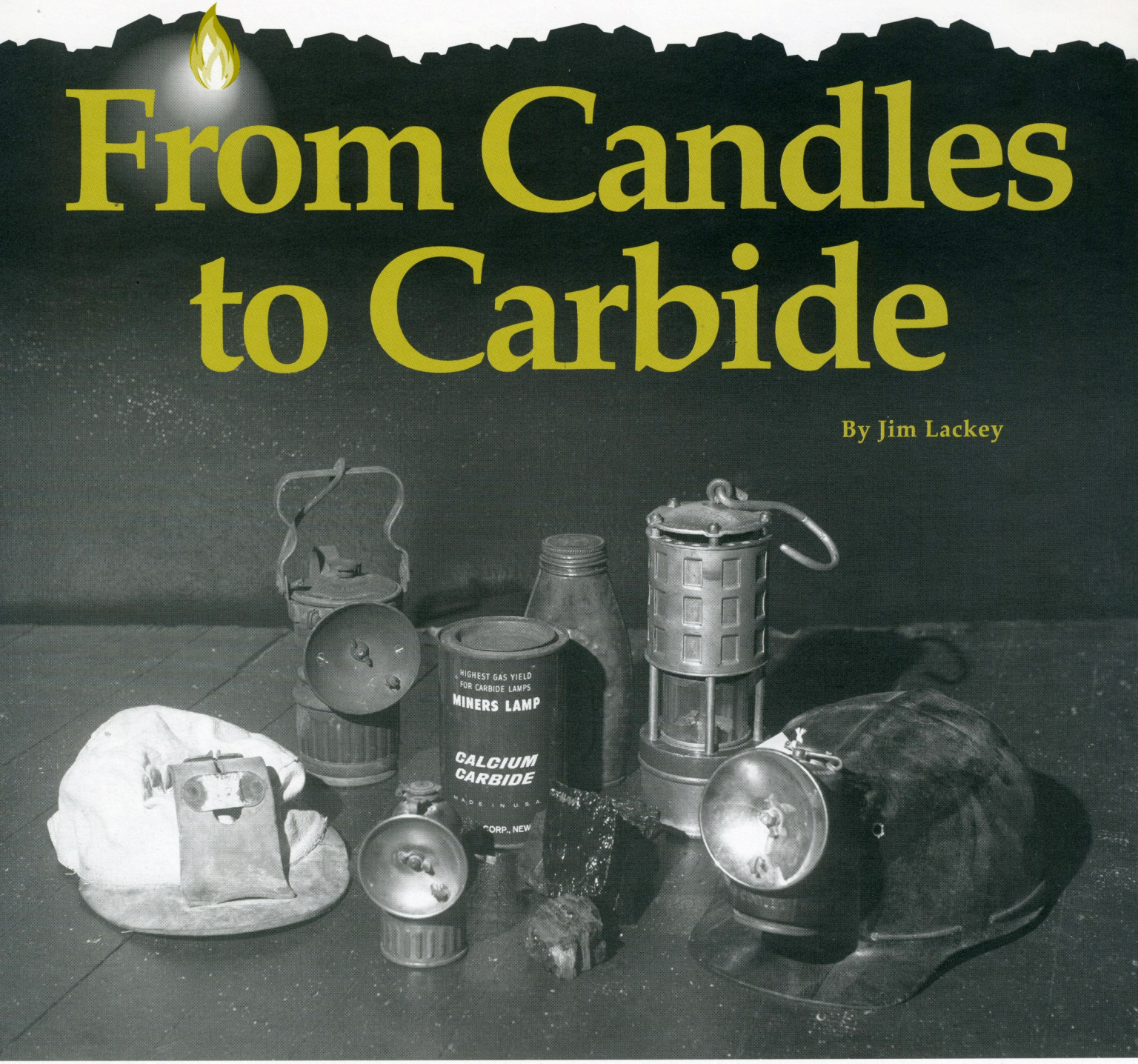
Please make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL. We also accept VISA and MasterCard.

Send to:

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

From Candles to Carbide

By Jim Lackey



Mining lamps and related materials, courtesy of the West Virginia State Museum. Photograph by Kelli Dailey.

The small "teapot"-style lamp was used in the eastern United States; western and hard-rock miners preferred candles and candlesticks. European miners emigrated to the U.S. in great numbers at this time, and many brought their lamps with them. American miners adopted this type of lighting, and this gave rise to another industry, that of supplying the demand for lamps and fuel. Several manufacturers began supplying this need. Some were involved in the lamp trade only; some were part of larger manufacturers. There was also a large cottage industry developed, as any good tinsmith could make a wick lamp — many were very proficient at their trade.

Some form of liquid or semiliquid was used for fuel. Mineral oils, animal fat, vegetable and seed oils were common, as were several manufactured oils and home concoctions. Some fuels smelled or smoked so terribly that several states outlawed them and set standards for lamp fuels. One common fuel was a paraffin wax substance that miners could whittle or shave from a solid block.

Usually called Sunshine, it was popular with miners because they could slice off some to chew, which would help to keep coal dust from being swallowed. The Sunshine lamp

Early Mine Lighting in West Virginia

If you were an underground miner in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, light was as essential as food and water. When railroads opened up the coalfields of West Virginia, most underground mining was done with the aid of some form of open-flame lighting. Safety lamps were in use at this time and were used for gas detection, but working by them was not an easy task.



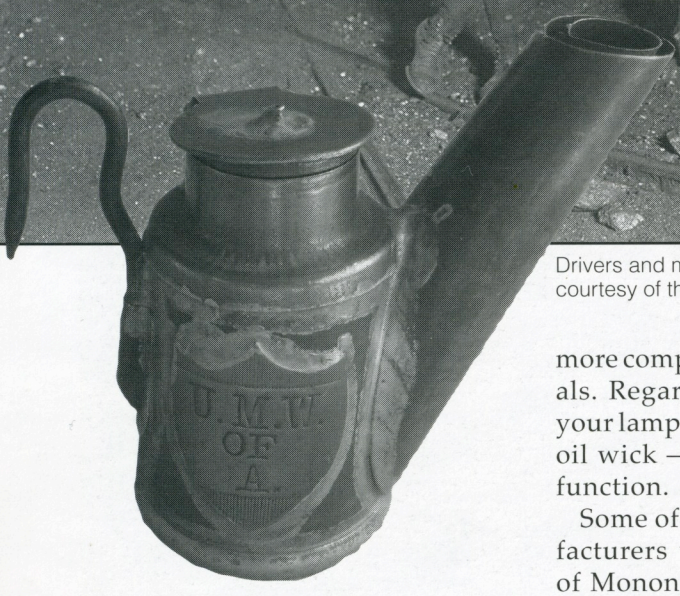
Miners with wick lamps in 1884. Photograph courtesy of the Eastern Regional Coal Archives.

usually had a double spout, because there had to be enough heat to melt the wax. The outer spout protected the inner from being cooled below the point where the wax would return to a solid form. Sunshine was not developed until later in the life of the wick lamp, but it quickly became the fuel of choice. A good form of cotton wicking was as necessary as good fuel, and many companies supplied this demand.

Installing a new wick in your lamp could be a humbling experience, but most miners soon became proficient. Wicks would regularly burn down to the point where they needed to be raised. Most miners would turn the lamp upside down and strike the base of the lamp at the point where the spout began, on the heel of their boot. This trick damaged many a lamp, and some manufacturers combated it by soldering a metal clip, called a bumper, to the lamp at this point to prevent damage.

Equally important was the method by which miners carried their fuel. Pocket flasks were common, but most chose a round flask, carried on the belt or by a strap hung over the shoulder. Some were quite small, but others were much larger. Miners

Drivers and mules underground at Gary, McDowell County, in 1908. Photograph by Lewis Hine, courtesy of the Library of Congress.



U.M.W. of A. Sunshine lamp, made by the Trethaway Brothers of Parsons, Pennsylvania. Photograph by Jim Lackey.

usually carried drinking water in their lunch pails. If the miner carried a water flask, it normally had a cork stopper. Some flasks are found with cork gaskets and could have been used for oil or water.

Lamps were manufactured by 50 or more companies and many individuals. Regardless of what you called your lamp — teakettle, teapot, spout, oil wick — they were all similar in function.

Some of the more common manufacturers were the Anton Brothers of Monongalia, Pennsylvania, who had at least three concerns making lamps. Fred Zias of Frostburg, Maryland, was a large manufacturer, and Martin Hardsocg of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Ottumwa, Iowa, was another.

Prominent as well were the Trethaway Brothers of Parsons, Pennsylvania; C. George Company of Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania; and the Grier Brothers and W.A. Dunlap of Pittsburgh. T.F. Leonard of Scranton, Pennsylvania, was another prominent maker of lamps.

West Virginia was not left out as the Bluefield Hardware Company and the Miller Supply of Huntington had their own brand of lamps, but these are conceded to have been made by one of the larger companies and labeled for them. The Bluefield Hardware lamp is commonly acknowledged to have been made by Trethaway, and the Miller Supply lamp by Grier Brothers.

Wheeling also had a lamp known as the Nail City, sold by Greer & Lang, dealers in hardware. It is not

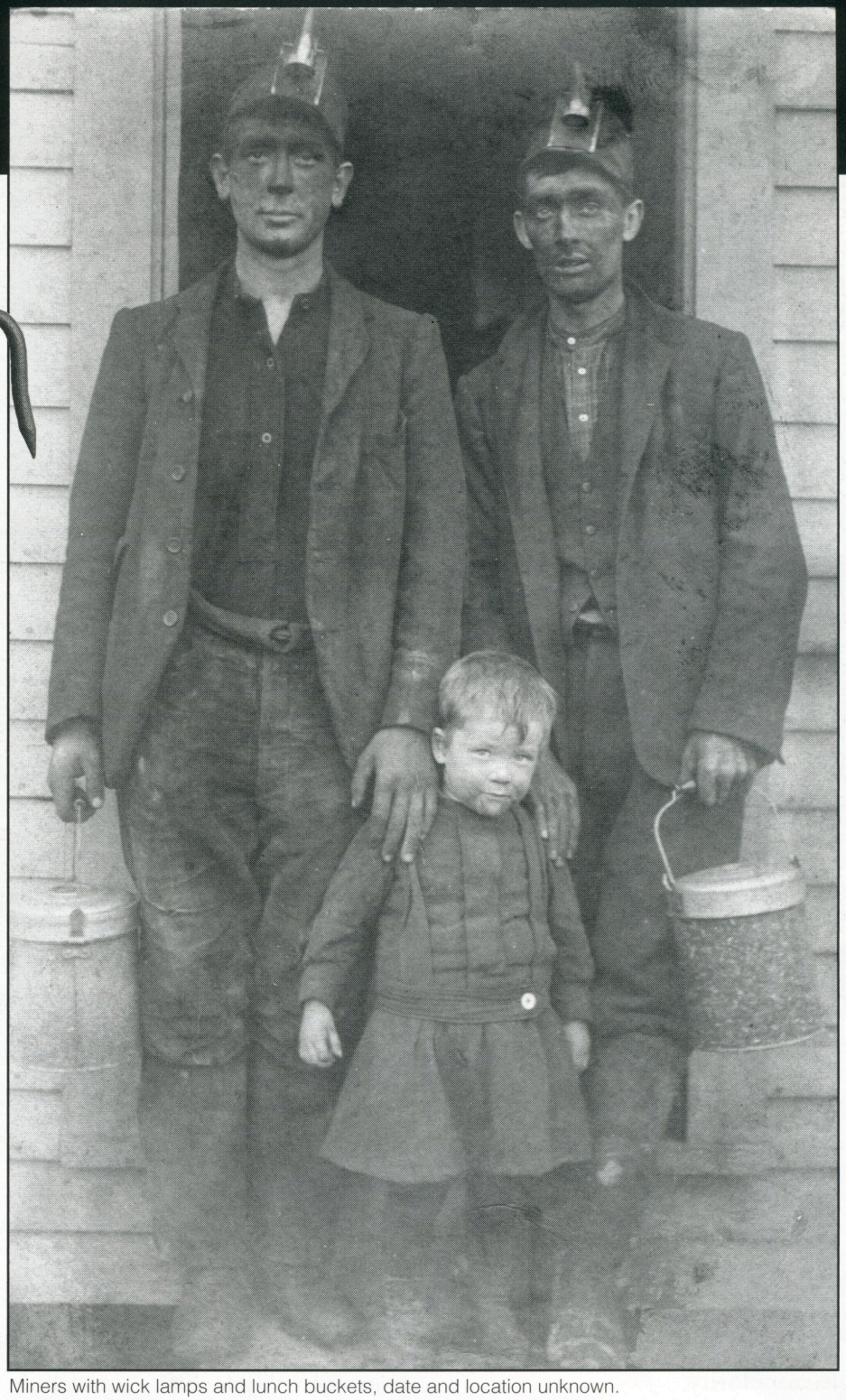


Wick lamp from the Bluefield Hardware Company. Courtesy of Anthony Moon.

known whether the hardware firm manufactured the lamp or had it made by another company. The name came from the fact that Wheeling produced more nails than any other city in the United States during the late 1800's. At least one example of the Nail City lamp is known to collectors.

Many innovations were tried during the life of the wick lamp, but the basic form remained throughout. Wick lamps were made of tin, cast aluminum, brass, copper, or a combination of these. Most lamps were between two and three inches tall, but the spout could be taller. Lamps with a tall spout were usually worn by drivers where the airflow was brisk. Some were equipped with shields to protect the driver from the open flame.

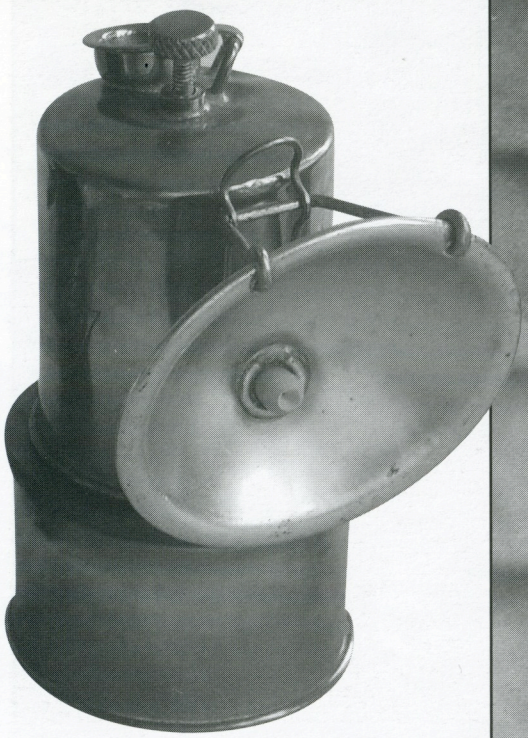
Mules even had their own lamps, worn on the head, which was protected by a leather covering. These were usually much larger than the ones used by miners.



Miners with wick lamps and lunch buckets, date and location unknown.

Some things one never messed with were a miner's lunch, water, or lamp. Miners usually carried a large lunch and extra water, never intending to use all of it, unless they should be trapped underground. Your author and his wife, both children of miners, fondly remember what our fathers carried home. We usually had to fight with our brothers and sisters as to who would get the leavings.

The miner also carried extra fuel for his lamp for the same reason. Some



Scranto carbide lamp. Photograph by Jim Lackey.



Miner with carbide lamp, date and location unknown. Photograph courtesy of the Eastern Regional Coal Archives.

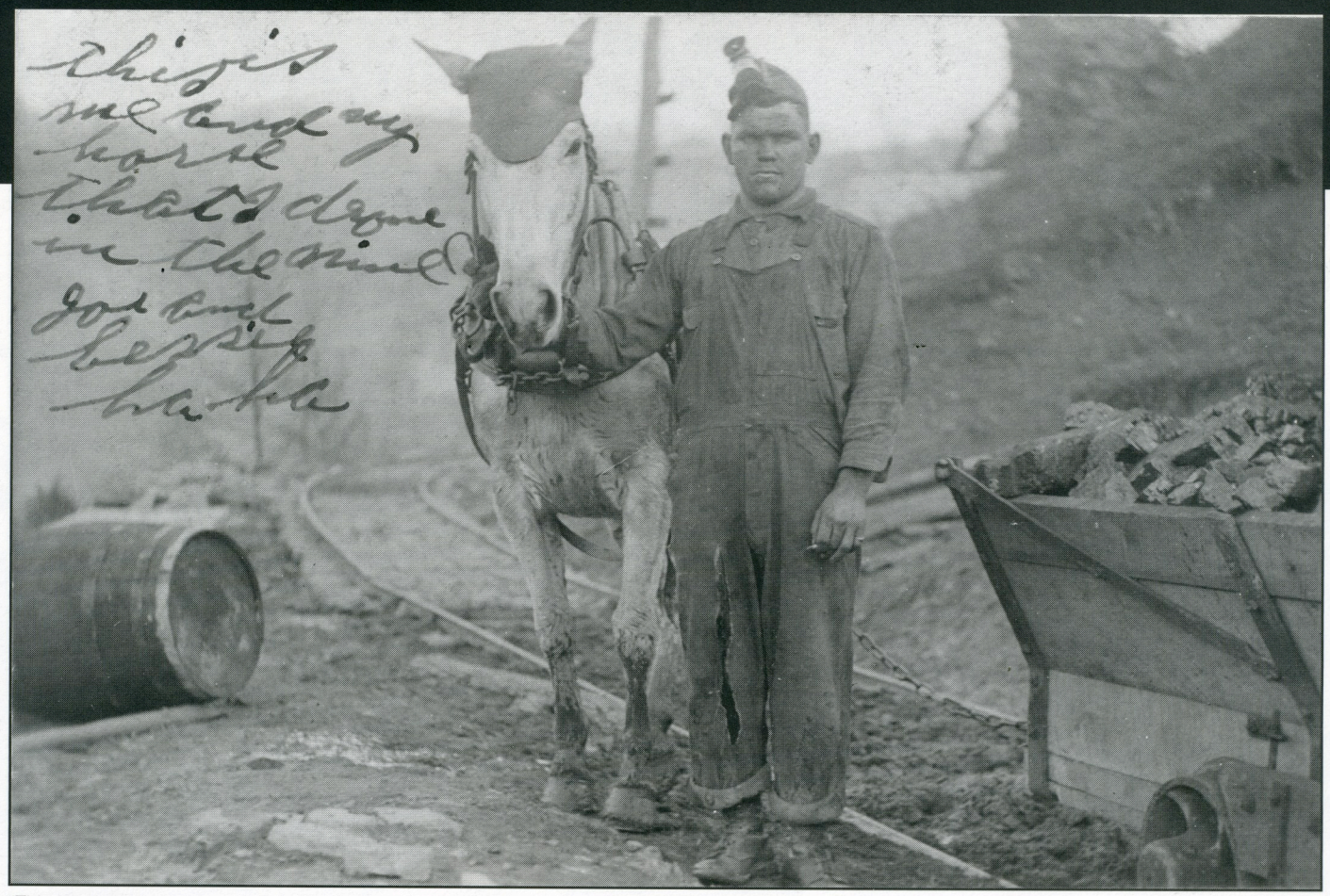
coal companies furnished fuel in order to comply with state mine laws, but some did not. It was normally available at the company store. If it was provided by the company, the cost would be deducted from the miner's pay.

The wick lamp remained popular until about 1910 when carbide began to gain favor, but some miners were reluctant to change and carried the little lamp for a few more years. However, carbide was a much better source of light and quickly gained in popularity.

The U.S. carbide industry had its beginning in Spray, North Carolina. J.T. Morehead and T.L. Wilson began experimenting at making aluminum. They used various elements and accidentally arrived at a concoction that turned out to be calcium carbide. When mixed with water the resulting gas turned out to be acetylene. They quickly recognized the potential of this new discovery, and the carbide industry was born. One of the first manufacturing facilities for carbide was at Niagara Falls, New York, about 1896. This operation became the Union Carbide Corporation in 1898.

The bicycle industry and fledgling automobile industry were the first users of carbide along with commercial generators for industry and home. By 1910 the underground mining industry had recognized the superior quality of carbide for mine lighting, and the carbide lamp industry for miners was well established. Actually, some companies were making carbide lamps around 1900, but their popularity did not reach full potential until a few years later.

The majority of carbide lamps for miners were known as "cap lamps" because they were usually attached to a cloth cap that the miner wore.



"This is me and my horse that I drive in the mine. Joe and Bessie ha ha." Miner Joe Wickline and horse at a mine in Monroe County, 1910. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia & Regional History Collection, West Virginia University Libraries.

They were fastened to the cap by a hook or blade, and some also had braces that would prevent the lamp from moving.

Larger examples were designed to be carried in the hand or to be used as stationary lamps. Most manufacturers also made the smaller cap lamps with handles. These were usually carried by bosses. The popularity of the carbide cap lamp gave birth to a new industry, and many manufacturers were quick to recognize the opportunity for growth.

Fredrick Baldwin is usually credited with being the first successful designer whose lamp would go on to be adopted by the mining industry. However, John S. Cummings & Company of Tunnelton, West Virginia, has been credited with manufacturing the first successful miners' carbide cap lamp sold in the U.S. His lamp, known as the "Standard," was a very crude concoction, never saw much success, and soon faded from the scene. The Emmons & Hawkins Hardware Company of Huntington marketed a lamp called "Fulton," but it was made for them by Justrite.

Early manufacturers who did see success were Baldwin, Justrite, Autolite, and Shanklin. The F.E. Baldwin Company lamps were made and sold by Albert H. Funke of New York City and would later evolve through a series of manufacturers. Autolite was owned by the Universal Lamp Company, and the Shanklin



Repair kit for Justrite carbide lamps. Photograph by Jim Lackey.

Miners at a scale near a mine entrance, date and location unknown. Several of these hand loaders have removed the reflectors from their carbide lamps to prevent the bright light from shining in the eyes of their coworkers.

Manufacturing Company made the "Guy's Dropper" lamp. Universal would later purchase Shanklin. Justrite was the last manufacturer of carbide lamps in the U.S. Other popular makers were Grier Brothers, Anton, Springfield, Hughes Brothers, Wolf, Scranton, Simmons, and Ashmead Manufacturing Company of Ashland, Kentucky, who made the Elkhorn and Buddy lamps.

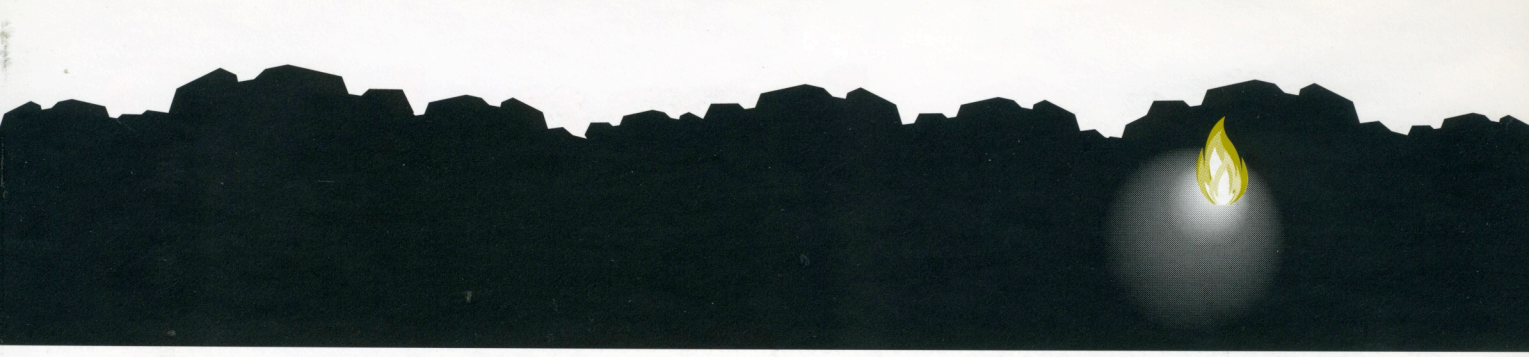


Guy's Dropper lamp. Photograph by Jim Lackey.

Many of these companies made lamps that carried other names, and some made lamps for retail establishments. Early lamps did not have self-lighting devices, commonly called "strikers," but they soon became a standard. One of the most popular made was the "Guy's Dropper." The water feed had been invented by Frank Guy, a miner from Illinois, and manufactured by Shanklin. Guy had failed to patent his invention and lost his rights to be compensated. The Guy's Dropper mechanism gave a steady flow of water to the carbide, which in turn gave a steady flame. Around 80 brands of carbide lamps were made in the U.S., but most would be gone by the 1930's.

Carbide lamps were made from a variety of materials, but brass was by far the one most used. Some lamps were nickel plated, but a "real miner" would not be caught dead with one. These were called "sissy lamps" and were usually carried by bosses or rookies. The new miner soon realized that if he was to be accepted he needed to rid himself of a nickel-plated lamp.

Lamps were made in a variety of shapes and sizes, but the basic principle of a carbide container — water reservoir with delivery device and burner tip — was characteristic of them all. One of the first things a new miner learned was how to keep his lamp repaired while underground, and most carried repair parts for that purpose. Lamps were usually manufactured with braces that held the lamp firmly to the miner's cap, but many would remove these and let the lamp swing by the hook only.



This was done to prevent spilling their water. Many miners would remove the reflectors from their lamps, especially hand loaders. This was done to prevent blinding your buddy when you looked directly at him. Many simply turned their cap at an angle to avoid this problem. Early miners suffered from Nystagmus, a disease of the eye caused by working under poor lighting conditions.

Carbide was manufactured by several companies, and devices for carrying it were many. The most popular was by a simple flask carried in the pocket, but hip flasks and multiple lamp bottoms were used. The miner's "service station" was also used. This container had compartments for carbide, water, and matches.

The extra-bottom and multiple extra-bottom carriers were a favorite with the miner as he only needed to unscrew one and place it on his lamp, thereby saving valuable time. Remember, if you were working by yourself, this task had to be performed in total darkness.

The coming of the portable electric light, which made it possible to work gassy mines, spelled the end of the carbide lamp for underground work. Carbide lamps hung on for a while in small operations, but that too would soon be gone.

The demand for carbide continued into the 1950's and '60's as hunters, fishermen, and cave explorers kept the need alive, but it is now a thing of the past except for commercial purposes. But the popularity of the oil wick, carbide, and safety lamps remains as a dedicated group of enthusiasts now collect and treasure these relics of the past.

JIM LACKEY of Huntington was born in Mingo County in 1936 and graduated from Lenore High School. He retired following more than 30 years of work in the electrical construction industry. Jim is a collector of mining lamps, scrip, antique cars, and antique motorcycles, and has written extensively on these topics. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Photograph by Kelli Dailey.



WVU's Watts Museum

By Sharon E. Kelly

Royce J. Watts served in the U.S. Army, is a recipient of the Silver Star Medal, has worked at West Virginia University in various roles for more than 55 years, and was inducted into the West Virginia Coal Hall of Fame in 2008. One thing he is perhaps most proud of, however, is the renaming of WVU's College of Mineral and Energy Resources (COMER) Museum after himself and his wife, Caroline.

The museum provides a home for artifacts and archival materials from the mining and petroleum industries, collected by the university since the early 1900's. In 2005, the West Virginia Coal Mining Institute (WVCMI) endowed the COMER Museum and requested that it be renamed The Royce J. and Caroline B. Watts Museum, in honor of "two individuals who have tirelessly supported its mission through both financial support and other resources."

An associate dean at WVU's Statler College of Engineering and Mineral Resources, Royce Watts was born in 1929 in a coal company camp in Cassidy, Randolph County. Having never worked in a mine himself, Royce's connection to mining centers around his father, of whom he has many memories. In 1940, Royce's father took a mining job near Whitesville, in Boone County. He was killed in a mining accident when a roof collapsed on him and one of two men he was training in late November 1942.

Royce remembers seeing some of his father's mining equipment and feels connected to his family's involvement in the industry: "On my father's side, there were quite a few people that worked in the mines; and on my mother's side, one of my uncles worked in the mines. So I grew up with some knowledge of mining, and of course you gravitate toward that family relationship."

Royce says that it is important to consider the full story of local and regional industrial history, including labor issues, environmental problems, and mining accidents like the one that killed his father. He adds, though, "I've heard a lot of complaints about various things, but I do not recall any of my family ever being critical of the life that they lived — none of them."

His interest in the past and passing on knowledge led him to education, a passion he shares with Caroline, who is a retired biology teacher at Morgantown High School. Their mutual love of education meant that support of the museum was an easy choice.

The early stages of the museum began in 1979 when Royce came across numerous mining lamps and other mining artifacts in White Hall, where WVU's mining and petroleum engineering departments were then housed.

"When I started becoming familiar with the building we were in at that time, White Hall, I began to notice a lot of artifacts in the building's laboratories and offices, some in display cases, but most in storage," Royce recalls. "I got



Royce J. Watts and Danielle Petrak. Photographs courtesy of WVU UR News/Photographer Brian Persinger.

the idea that we should try to display those items."

Plans for building the Mineral Resources Building took shape in 1986, and Royce made sure that a dedicated museum space was included in those plans. The COMER Museum was formally organized at that time, and its mission statement was established: to preserve and promote the social, cultural, and technological history of West Virginia's coal and petroleum industries through the collection, preservation, research, and exhibition of historical objects and archival materials.

Both COMER and the COMER Museum were moved to the Mineral Resources Building in 1990. They are now part of WVU's Benjamin M. Statler College of Engineering and Mineral Resources.

Dr. C. Gay Bindocci, who had been working in COMER's Department of Mining Extension, was the first person to take on the responsibility of running the museum. After Dr. Bindocci left WVU for the Smithsonian in the mid-1990's, the museum lay dormant for almost a decade until a full-time curator, Danielle Petrak, was hired in 2009.

"I started my new position with a love for history, a background in museum work, and a strong appreciation for our region's cultural identity," Danielle says. "But the mining and petroleum industries were unfamiliar territory for me."

Danielle has transformed the physical space of the museum by putting in upgrades like new wood flooring. She has dedicated significant resources to cataloging, preservation, and storage of the museum's extensive collections of objects and is currently working to implement a traveling exhibits program, which will expand the Watts Museum's outreach and provide other institutions the chance to display its collections.

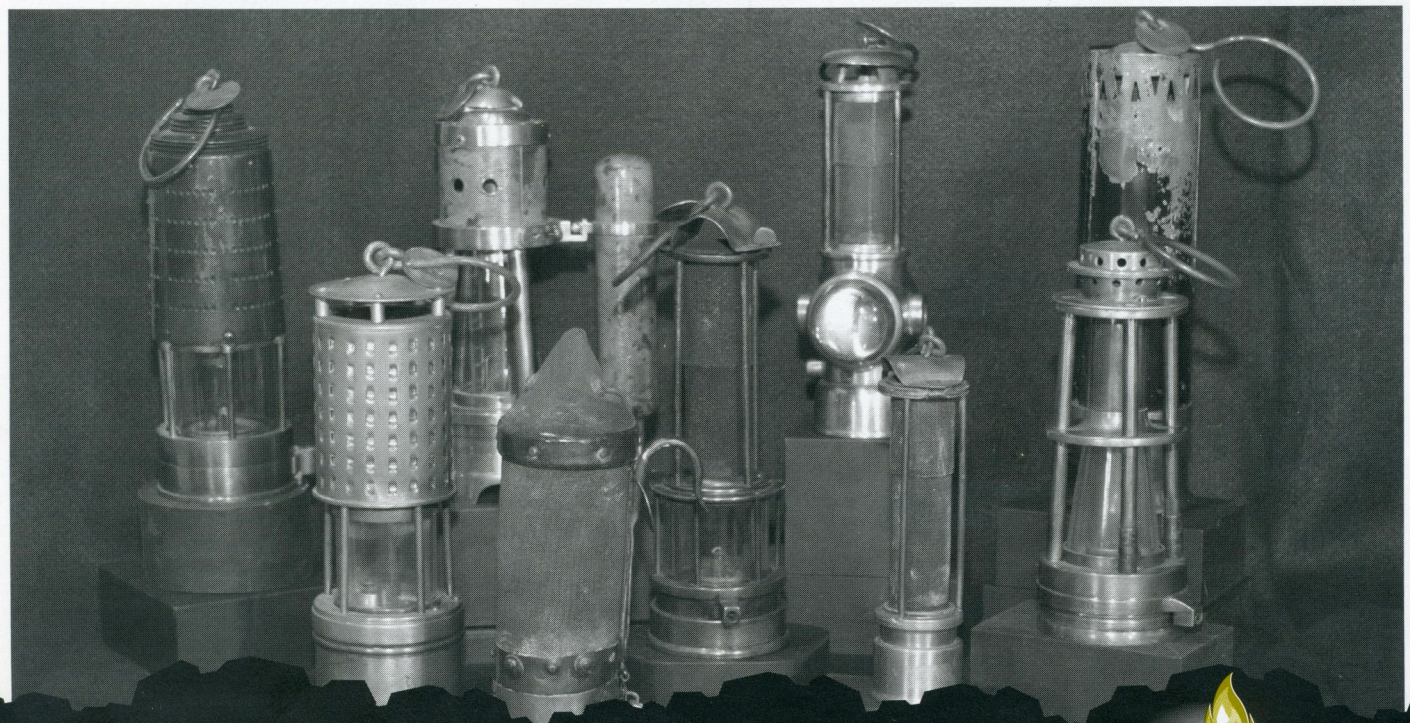
"It's a great way to bring our exhibits to new audiences and new venues across the state," Danielle says of the traveling exhibits program. "I'm really devoted to telling the stories behind the objects, the people and the events of coal mining's past. Each new exhibition is a chance for me to share these stories with the public and to help others learn, enjoy, and appreciate their industrial heritage," Danielle says.

The Watts Museum holds one of the finest collections of mining lamps in the United States. From November 2011 until July 2012, a special exhibit called "Defying the Darkness: The Struggle for Safe and Sufficient Mine Illumination" highlighted this collection. It featured a wide variety of mine lighting implements, from early oil lamps and candles to carbide lights and battery-powered cap lamps.

Museum exhibitions change once per year, emphasizing different objects and themes. Both Royce and Danielle have ideas for future exhibitions, events, educational experiences, and expansion, as well as inclusion of other aspects of engineering and history. Royce says an exhibit featuring mine accidents, like the one that killed his father, and the evolution of safety practices would be of interest. He hopes to stay involved in the museum when he retires from WVU.

The Watts Museum is located in Room 125 of the Mineral Resources Building on the Evansdale Campus of WVU in Morgantown. The museum is open Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 1 to 4 pm. Admission is free. For information, call (304)293-4609 or visit http://wattsmuseum.wvu.edu/.

SHARON E. KELLY, originally from western Maryland, is a doctoral candidate at West Virginia University, where she teaches and studies English literature. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



Collection of safety lamps at WVU's Watts Museum.

H.B. Huffman

By Lynette Swiger

Large coal operations dominate the conversation when it comes to West Virginia energy production, but there is a rich history of small, family-run coal companies as well. Author Lynette Swiger tells this story about her grandfather, Harry B. Huffman, and his coal mines around the Fairmont area during and immediately following the Great Depression.

The Huffman family included father, Harry; his wife, Fern (Costello); sons Lonnie, David ("Bunny"), Rob, June, and Eugene; and daughters Helen (Reese) and Harriet (Toothman). Fern's brother Lynn Costello also worked in the Huffman family mines. Today only Eugene, Harriet, and Helen survive. Harriet is our author's mother.

In December 2000, Lynette Swiger interviewed Lonnie, Harriet, Bunny, and Helen. Lynette recently shared the following information with GOLDENSEAL. —ed.



Harry and Fern Huffman at the time of their marriage.

Coal Company

The H.B. Huffman Coal Company had its beginnings during the Great Depression when Harry B. Hoffman hauled ice for the North Pole Ice Company in Fairmont. As he hauled the ice, people would inquire as to his availability to haul coal. At that time almost everything, both industrial and household, was run by coal. Recognizing the need for coal delivery services, and the lack of jobs during the Depression, Harry began to fill that need. This eventually led him to decide that mining the coal himself, as well as delivering it, would be even more profitable. The mines that Harry operated were leased from larger coal companies, Consolidation Coal being the main company from which he leased. In addition to a lease fee, Harry paid a fee to the parent company for each ton of coal produced.

His first of five coal mines was located in White Hall beside what is now Coyne Industrial Services. When he opened this mine, he moved his family from their Watson home, which was located behind what is now the Watson Methodist Church, to White Hall to be nearer his business. His youngest child, Harriet, was about a year-and-a-half old at this time. Harry's father and mother had lived near them in Watson on Hunsaker Street, and the coal company store was located farther behind them, past what is now the Knights of Columbus Hall, toward the city of Fairmont.

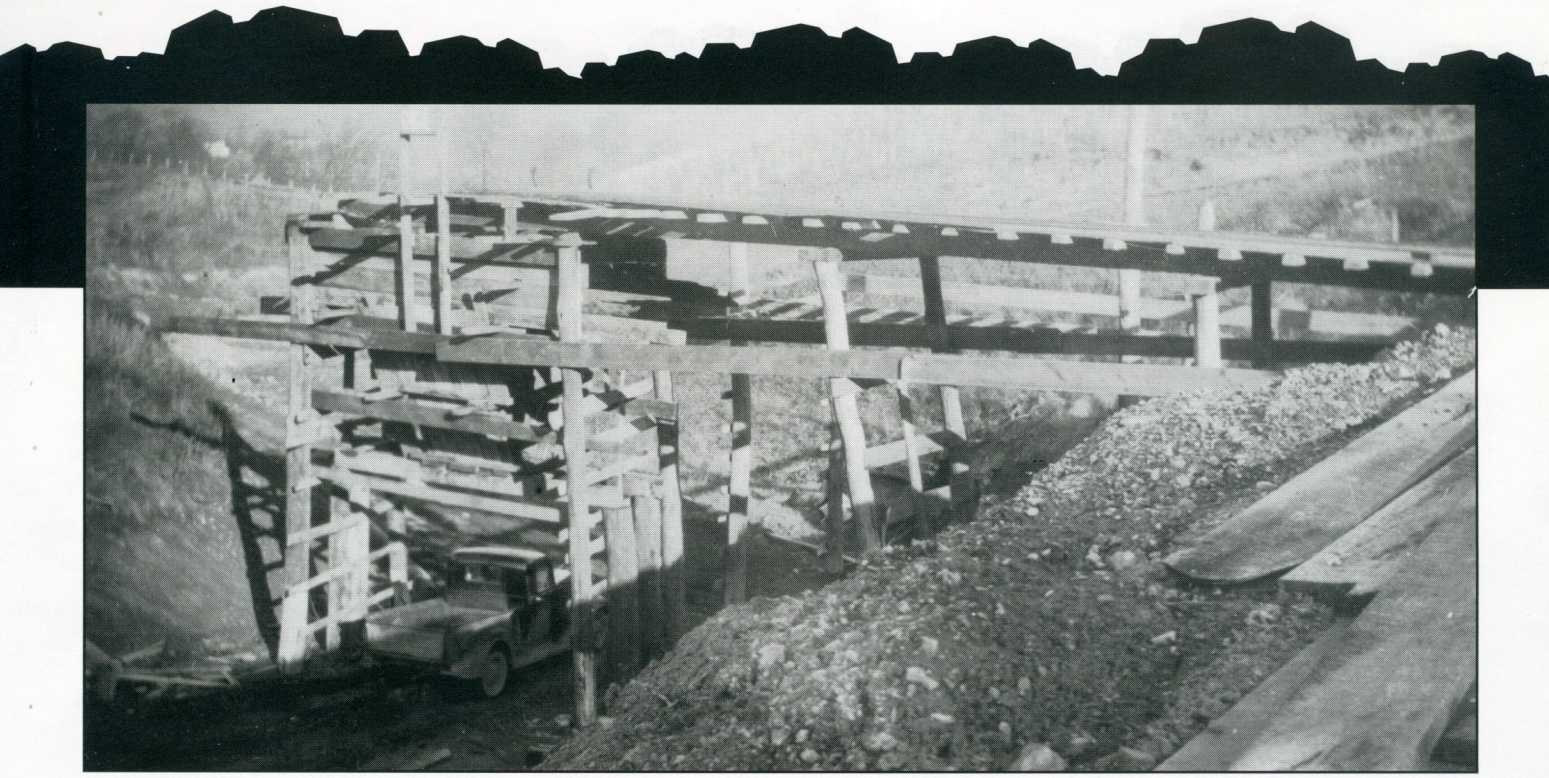
The Huffman home was built by Harry himself of blocks that he made by hand. According to Lonnie Huffman, his father also had plans to use coal dust and cement to produce a black brick for sales purposes, but was never able to follow through on his plans. According to daughter Harriet Toothman, "Daddy always had some kind of plans."

The first mine at White Hall had no tipple. Coal would be hauled out in coal cars, each of which held approximately one ton of coal. The coal was dumped into waiting trucks and delivered directly to homes. The mine opening was at the bottom of the hill. Another opening to this mine was very close to the back door of the house, but was used to supply ventilation instead of bringing out coal.

This coal was graded into three

Harry Huffman with an early coal delivery truck. The H.B. Huffman Coal Company began as a delivery service, then expanded into mining. The family-owned company eventually operated five mines in Marion and Harrison counties.





Coal tipple at Huffman's Eldora mine near Fairmont. Harry Huffman designed and built this tipple.

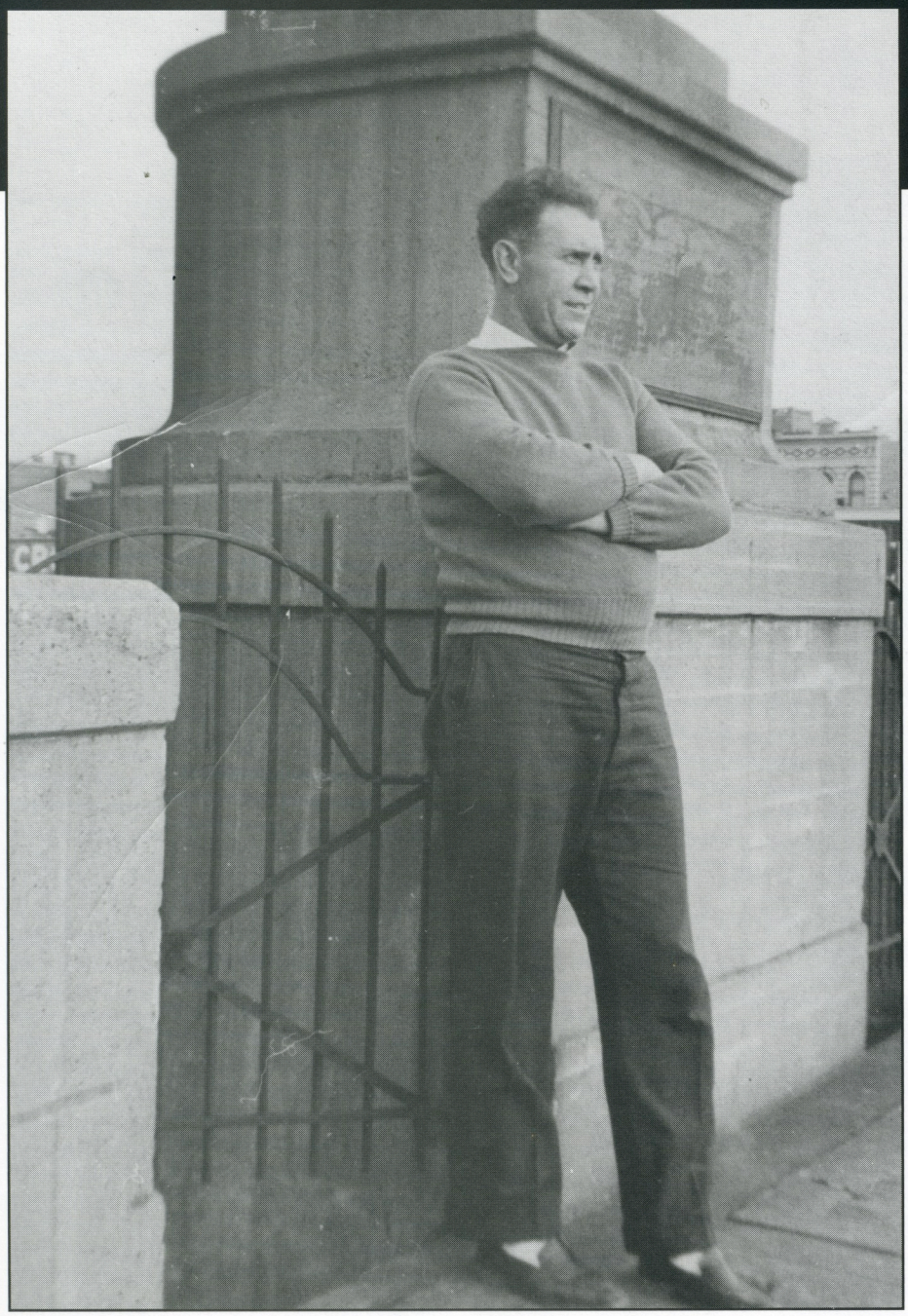
categories. The smallest grade was termed "slack" and was used by the Fairmont Box Company to run their furnaces. A delivery of four to seven tons of slack was made to Fairmont Box every day to fuel their furnaces. The next largest grade of coal, "stoker" or "nut" coal, was also acceptable to Fairmont Box. Their plant automatically fed the coal continuously into their furnaces. The largest grade of coal was termed "household" coal and was the type desired by households for heating. Slack was not wanted by households except in small amounts. Slack was used by households to "bank" furnaces at night, but large lumps were used by day.

The coal was graded by a system designed by Harry that consisted of screens with varying-sized holes. The screens were arranged one above the other and shaken to let appropriate-sized coal chunks through. Small holes on the top allowed the stoker and slack through, but kept the household coal on top. The middle screen allowed only the smallest pieces through and kept the stoker coal in the middle. In order to shake the screens to sort the coal, Harry used a car engine or other motor to turn a wheel. Attached to the wheel in various places were three large chunks of steel. As the wheel turned, the chunks would alternately bang and shake the screen, which in turn would cause the coal to shake and sort.

According to Lonnie and Bunny Huffman, Harry also devised a method of transporting the coal cars to and from the mine using mules. The mule would pull the car to the mouth of the mine, then the mule would be unhooked from the front of the car and reattached to the rear of the car so that the mule was facing the entrance to the mine. The cable that was hitched to the mule ran through a pulley system whereby as the mule re-entered the mine and pulled on the cable, the coal car went in the opposite direction and up a railway ramp. When the car reached the top of the ramp, the mule was halted and the car dumped its load into waiting trucks. The mule was then led the opposite way back out of the mine, and the pulley system caused the car to re-enter the mine. The mule was unhitched from the pulley system and re-hitched to the car to pull the car back into the mine to be refilled.

One story told by Lonnie in regards to slack coal and the Fairmont Box Company took place while he was in high school at West Fairmont. Lonnie wanted very badly to play football, but was required each evening after school to haul the daily coal order to Fairmont Box. This interfered with his attendance at football practice. When Lonnie told his dad, who was never described as an easy person to work for, that he wouldn't be able to make the daily delivery due to football practice, Lonnie was told in no uncertain terms that the delivery came first, and football practice came second. So every evening after school, Lonnie raced to Fairmont Box and single-handedly unloaded seven tons of coal then barreled into football practice, late as usual. The coach took a dim view of tardiness despite the fact that it couldn't be helped, so every evening he required Lonnie to take laps around the football field as punishment for being late. By the time the laps were completed, football practice was over, and Lonnie went home only to repeat the experience the next day. Asked how much he actually played in games, Lonnie replied, "Not much!"

Harry eventually worked five



Lynn Costello, Harry's brother-in-law, was killed in a roof fall at the Eldora mine.

mines, but he never opened one mine until the operational mine was completely worked out. My uncles remember that around 20 men were usually on the payroll, and that included Harry's own sons. The Huffman boys would begin work in the mines when they were 12 years old. They didn't go down inside the mines at that age, but were required to work outside the mines. Lonnie remembers a large garden just outside the back door of their home. The children were given the choice of working in the garden or working in the mines, and the boys seemed to prefer the mines. The girls did not work in or around the mines but did drive the coal trucks in order to get around town if a car or other truck was not available. The girls don't remember driving a coal truck as an embarrassment, but rather enjoyed the notoriety they received.

Harry B. Hoffman opened his second mine in the old Kingmont workings across from Shaffer's Flying Field, which is now the Industrial Park. Across from the Industrial Park is a dirt road next to a small convenience store. At the end of this road is a blocked-off entrance to Fair Oaks housing development. Near the Fair Oaks sign that can be seen from the entrance is a small lot of trees. It was near these trees that the opening to his second mine was found. Lonnie and Bunny remembered that it was in this mine that workers dug into a chamber that had filled with water. When the water was released, machinery and everything else in its path was washed out of the mine in a sudden flood.

At some point in time, Harry Hoffman realized that people were having difficulty locating his name in the telephone book when they wanted to order coal. They were misspelling his name and looking under "Hu" instead of "Ho." So to simplify matters, Harry Hoffman simply changed his name to Harry Huffman. This was not done legally, but rather informally in the course of his day-to-day business dealings.

The third mine opened by H.B. Huffman Coal Company was across the valley from mine number two, and was located at Eldora on what is now known as Manuel Drive. This was his most profitable mine and operated with three tipples, one of which had the screen system with the rotating wheel that banged and shook the coal.

A tipple deposits the coal into waiting trucks. Harry's tipples, which he designed himself, funneled the coal into a narrowing chute. The chute had an oak beam covering the opening. Through one of Harry's designs, the beam was moved to open or close



One of three stone houses at Watson, Marion County, built by out-of-work coal miners during a union-related work stoppage. All three houses still stand.

the chute. This mine had one track running into the mine, but switches were used to route the coal cars as they exited the mine to whichever of the three tipples the coal was to be dumped into. In order to dump the car, Harry designed an upwardly curved track. The coal car would run up this track and be held in place by an oak beam that lay between the tracks. The beam would be lifted up in order to hold the car in place as it stood on the curved tracks and dumped its load of coal.

Along present-day Manuel Drive is an old farmhouse that was standing during this phase of Harry's mining career. The mine openings were situated behind this house in what is now a large, open field. The field as it appears now is probably 30 feet higher in elevation than it was during the mining phase. After Harry closed his operation, the area was strip-mined, and reclamation efforts built the land higher than it originally appeared. Before Harry's opening of this mine, another operator had tried to mine this same mountain on the backside and met with a very low coal seam. Mining was too difficult, so he closed his operation. Harry's side of the mountain, however, provided a large seam that was close to nine-feet high in places and was easy to mine.

To reach this Eldora mine, Harry's trucks had to ford Booth's Creek. Homeowners, too, crossed this creek in order to drive into White Hall and Fairmont. In order to alleviate the problem of crossing the creek with his trucks, Harry built the first bridge across this creek. It was a wooden structure with oak beams underpinning it and a concrete foundation. Lonnie has been told that a new structure was recently completed here, and Harry's original piers were used in the bottom, and concrete was poured over these.

It was in the Eldora mine that a death occurred. Uncle Lynn Costello was a favorite uncle of the children, and was a brother to Fern. He was working in the Eldora mine with Bunny, and they were putting mine props in place. They were on a mine car, and Bunny remembers reaching up and being able to put his hand between cracks that had appeared in the slate. Just as he mentioned this disturbing fact to Uncle Lynn, he heard a crack and the ceiling came down. Uncle Lynn was hit by a rock on the left shoulder and neck, then by another on the back of the head. Bunny remembers that Uncle Lynn was almost able to escape the cave-in.

Harriet remembers that someone came to school to tell her about her uncle's death, but she was not taken out of school. Reports were to be given in school that day, and while giving her report she began to cry and continued crying throughout her report. She said that it wasn't until a long time later that the teacher asked her what had been wrong that day, and she was able to tell about it.

The unions did not play a big part in Huffman Coal until the early 1940's. At that time, they began pressuring Harry's workers to unionize. In spite of big expectations from his workers, Harry was a fair employer, and his miners chose not to unionize. Several frightening incidents occurred, and one involved Lonnie. As he was driving with a load of coal, union miners stopped his truck and forced him to exit the truck. They dumped the



Four of the seven Huffman children in 2000. From the left are Harriet Toothman, David "Bunny" Huffman, Helen Reese, and Lonnie Huffman.

coal, and sent him walking home.

Another incident was more frightening and involved Bunny. He, too, was driving a load of coal. After stopping the truck and dumping the coal, he was hit in the jaw and beaten. He reports that he "looked for a long time for that guy," but was never able to find him.

Rob was a little more fortunate. At the time that he was stopped, his truck was empty so he was permitted to resume travel.

Harriet and Helen remember six union men arriving at their home. Fern was evidently expecting them because she had a camera ready in case they should be destructive. Instead, they stopped the car at the foot of the porch steps. Fern stood at the top of the steps with a wet mop grasped in both hands and prepared to do battle. Helen and Harriet stood as ready backups behind her. She was evidently more intimidating than the boys because the six men quickly returned to their car and left.

The unions eventually picketed H.B. Huffman Coal Company and succeeded in closing Harry's mines for a while. During this time, in order to keep his employees working and earning wages, Harry had them build three stone houses in Watson. They still stand today. Two of the homes are two-story, and one is a one-story home. The first of the two-story homes was built for June and his wife. June's wife, however, decided that the one-story home was more to her liking, so they moved into it and their two-story home was sold. Rob and his wife, Doris, lived in the other two-story house.

Mine number four was opened on the backside of the mountain from the Huffman home and mine number one. Coal was brought out of this mine at the front of the mountain, driven to the top of the hill on a road that ran next to the house, and dumped into the tipple. On top of the mountain was a cemetery, and the mining activities disturbed the graves. At that time there were no laws related to grave disturbances, and some of the graves actually opened enough to allow some of the caskets to fall through the earth into the old mine openings below. Harriet remembers going up to the hill to play and being able to look down in the cracks in the earth to see caskets still in their graves. She remembers going to see this phenomenon with Helen and other friends in order to give themselves a fright.

Harry's final mine was at Wolf Summit near Clarksburg and was his downfall. Until Wolf Summit, the mining business had proven profitable. Wolf Summit, however, required much more preparation than originally anticipated to get it ready to work. Lonnie remembers dozers and workers laboring one entire summer without any coal being mined. Wolf Summit took such a toll on finances that Harry was forced to shut down his mining company and retire. This was the end of the H.B. Huffman coal-mining era.

Asked what Grandpa Huffman lived on for retirement, no one knew for certain. There was probably a social security check each month, and there may have been a small pension from his service in the Marines during WWI, but no one is sure. By then all the children were married and Fern had died, so he sold the house and moved into a small home with June, which was located beside Helen. The sale of the house was also able to contribute to his income. Helen and Harriet remember him telling everyone to come and get what they wanted from the house, but being busy, they kept delaying. They didn't realize that since the house had been sold, the contents must be removed. When they didn't arrive to choose what they wanted, Harry assumed nothing was wanted, so he burned the contents of the house.

LYNETTE SWIGER has lived in Fairmont her whole life. She holds a bachelor's degree in education from Fairmont State College and has taught elementary school in Marion County for 33 years. This is her first published writing.

TEE TIME *in the Mountain State*

By Bob Barnett



West Virginia's first country club was chartered in Charleston in April 1898 as the Glenwood Athletic Club. Its clubhouse was located on the Kanawha River near Park Avenue and Kanawha Boulevard with its golf course in what is now part of downtown Charleston. But when the club's land was subdivided for housing, the club moved to the Edgewood Addition and was rechartered in 1907 as the Edgewood Country Club. A new clubhouse and tennis courts were built that year. A nine-hole golf course came later, almost as an afterthought.

Edgewood Country Club was a social center in Charleston through the 1920's, despite not having a passable road leading to the club. Members rode streetcars to the club and, when major dances or social events were scheduled, a special streetcar traveled through Charleston, picking up partygoers and depositing them at the clubhouse door. That ended after a paved road was completed in 1930. Bus service began in 1934.

The Parkersburg Country Club, incorporated in 1902, considers itself to be the oldest in West Virginia. Its colonial-style clubhouse was completed in June 1903 at a cost of $12,000. When the lights were

Photograph by Michael Keller.

West Virginia's Golf History

Golf has been a sports staple in West Virginia ever since the country's first golf course, Oakhurst Links, was built in 1882 on Russell Montague's farm in Greenbrier County. [See "Oakhurst Links: Golfing the Old-Time Way," by David Cottrill; Summer 2004.] Country clubs were founded throughout the state from 1898 to 1940, and a boom in golf course construction began.

turned on at the inaugural dance, the power surge overloaded the circuits and the dancers were plunged into darkness. However, the staff found enough lanterns to cast a romantic glow over the dancers. The club's only outdoor activity was tennis until a six-hole golf course was added in 1905. Increasing interest in golf encouraged the Parkersburg Club to build a regulation 18-hole golf course in the 1920's.

In 1921 Huntington's Guyan Golf and Country Club was founded when the club bought the house and land of industrialist John Ensign. Guyan opened a rolling 18-hole course in 1922. The 1930's were difficult for Guyan. In 1932 the clubhouse was destroyed by fire. In 1938 the club went bankrupt because of the Great Depression and was sold on the courthouse steps for $18,000.

In 1929 the Raleigh Coal & Coke

Sheep roam free at Oakhurst Links, the oldest golf course in the country, located in Greenbrier County. Photograph by Michael Keller.



Company established the Black Knight Country Club in Beckley to provide recreational and social amenities for its executives and visiting businessmen. The club had a par 36, nine-hole golf course and a three-story clubhouse. Three rooms on the third floor of the clubhouse were used to house visitors, and liquor was served at the club during Prohibition. Golf was a secondary attraction.

Likewise the Williams Country Club was built in the Northern Panhandle town of Weirton in 1932 by the Weirton Steel Company. The largest employer in West Virginia in its heyday, the company needed a place to entertain business clients in style. Named for John C. Williams, the president of the company from 1929 until his death in 1936, a clubhouse was built on top of a hill, providing a spectacular view of the Ohio River Valley. An 18-hole golf course was built along the flat top of the hill. A lavish apartment, called "The Lodge" was built near the clubhouse for visiting clients and company officials, especially E.T. Weir, one of the founders of Weirton Steel, who lived in Pittsburgh and commuted to Weirton.

Other early West Virginia golf clubs were built at the Fairmont Field Club in 1912; at the Bluefield Country Club, which built a short, hilly, nine-hole course in 1914; and at the Princeton Country Club in 1921. The Logan Country Club in Chapmanville built a flat, nine-hole course along the Guyandotte River in 1934.

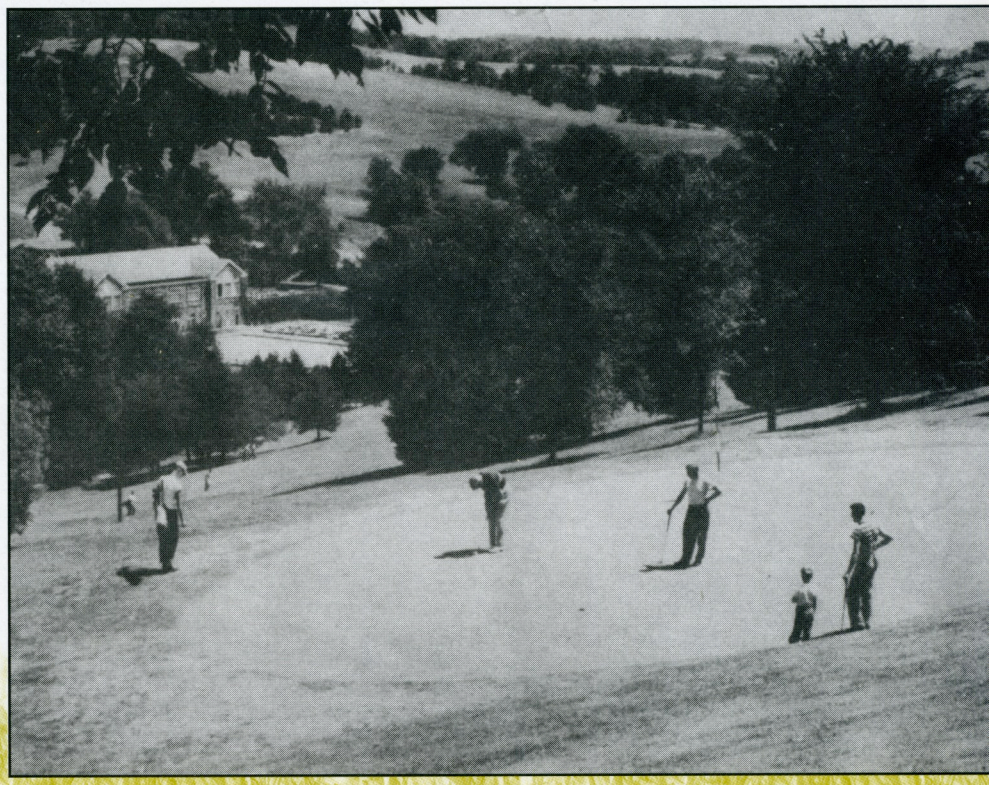
One of the outstanding public courses built during this era was the original course at Oglebay Park in Wheeling. The first nine holes were built in the 1920's, but the second nine were not completed until the late 1930's through a cooperative effort by three New Deal work relief agencies.

Golfing began early in Wheeling when the Wheeling Country Club was incorporated in 1902, financed by the sale of stock. A list of the first stockholders read like a "Who's Who" of Wheeling society, a community that included a number of millionaires. The clubhouse and golf course opened in 1906 with memberships costing a $100 initiation fee and $100 annual dues. The club's main focus was golf, and it soon began to turn out champion golfers. In fact, Wheeling golfers dominated both men's and women's golf in West Virginia through the 1940's.

"Wheeling had the most millionaires per capita of anywhere in the United States. So we had a lot of people with leisure time to devote to golf," says Stuart Bloch, a Wheeling golfer and long-time Professional Golf Association (PGA) official, past president of both the U.S. Golf Association (USGA) and the West Virginia Golf Association (WVGA),

Left: Sharp-dressed golfers at Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe County, 1918. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia & Regional History Collection, West Virginia University Libraries. Right: Golf course at Oglebay Park in Wheeling. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia & Regional History Collection, West Virginia University Libraries.





and 2014 inductee into the West Virginia Golf Hall of Fame.

The WVGA was formed in 1913 and held the first West Virginia Men's Amateur Golf Championship that year at the brand-new Fairmont Field Club. Julius Pollock, Jr., a 28-year-old insurance agent who played at the Wheeling Country Club, won the first championship. He won again in 1914 at the Parkersburg Country Club and in 1915 at his home course, the Wheeling Country Club. Pollock was small, at about 5-feet 5-inches tall, and weighed only 135 pounds. He was described as a fierce competitor who would do anything to win. A lifelong bachelor who was quiet and aloof, Pollock was not popular among his fellow competitors.

"In addition to being a great golfer, Pollock was an avid pool player. I don't think that he did much work — just played golf and pool. He may not have been well-liked, because he would often go into a pool hall and clean out the place," said Randolph Worls who, as a child, was Pollock's newspaper carrier. Pollock continued to dominate the men's amateur championship, winning nine of the first 18 events. He won his ninth and last championship in 1931, at the age of 47.

Champion golfer Fritzi Stifel in 1936. Photograph courtesy of Oglebay Institute's Stifel Fine Art Center.



Country clubs also stimulated women's participation in golf. In the first half of the 20th century, golf was one of the few sports considered ladylike and acceptable, and the country club courses provided suitable places for women to play. The Women's West Virginia Golf Association (WWVGA) was founded in 1916, and held its first tournament in July 1916 at the Fairmont Field Club. Thirty women from five clubs entered the event, which was won by Mrs. E. Curtis Dawley of Charleston's Edgewood Country Club.

In 1927 the WWVGA tournament moved to The Greenbrier, where it was played concurrently with the men's amateur tournament until 1970. The 1927 tournament was won by Fritzi Stifel of the Wheeling Country Club, who would dominate women's golf just as Julius Pollock dominated the men's amateur. The two shared more than a country club connection however — Pollock was her uncle.

Although Fritzi's mother, Emily Stifel, never played in the state women's amateur championship, she was an avid golfer, as well. She even had a green constructed in the side yard of her palatial 39-room home, along the fashionable National Road section in east Wheeling. Emily practiced her putting there, and Fritzi joined her as soon as she was big enough to pick up a putter. The practice paid off, for from 1927 through 1940 Fritzi won 10 of the 14 West Virginia

amateur championships, the last in 1940 under her married name, Fritzi Stifel Quarrier.

The history of golf in West Virginia is tightly tied to The Greenbrier resort. The Greenbrier built its first 18-hole golf course in 1914 at a cost of $60,000. The course, originally called Number One, later became known as the Old White course — "Old White" being a popular nickname for the luxury hotel. The Greenbrier tried to catch the crest of the popularity of golf in the 1920's by building a second 18-hole course in 1924 and a third course later in the 1920's. From 1927 through the 1970's, it was the site of the West Virginia men's and women's amateur championships.

During the 1930's The Greenbrier made its most significant move yet to position itself as a major golf resort by hiring Sam Snead as its golf pro. Snead was a local boy from Ashwood, Virginia, just across the state line. One of six children in a working-class family, Snead was a phenomenal high-school athlete in football, basketball, and track, but his first love was golf. He played most of his early golf on a homemade course that he built in his family's pasture by pounding tomato cans into the ground for holes, and where he played with clubs he carved from wooden sticks.

Snead took the position as The Greenbrier's golf pro in 1934, at a salary of $45 per month, plus room and board. The resort management encouraged Snead to play in fledgling professional events by giving him time away from the resort and allowing him to keep any money he won. Snead quickly became the face of West Virginia golf. During the 1940's and '50's, he was one of the most successful and most popular players on the PGA TOUR. His tour victories helped publicize The Greenbrier as a golf destination, and The Greenbrier's fame grew along with Snead's.

World War II completely changed golf in West Virginia. Shortly after Pearl Harbor was bombed, the U.S. State Department took over The Greenbrier. From December 19, 1941, through July 8, 1942, diplomats from the nations at war with the

Golf pro Sam Snead gives an exhibition at The Greenbrier, date unknown. Photograph courtesy of The Greenbrier.



United States were housed at The Greenbrier. The diplomats and their families were under heavy guard, and outsiders were not allowed on the resort's grounds. With The Greenbrier closed to the public, the West Virginia men's and women's amateur golf tournaments were canceled for the duration of the war.

The U.S. Army took over The Greenbrier in September 1942, and by October 1943 the resort had been transformed into the Ashford General Hospital for wounded soldiers. The golf courses, tennis courts, and indoor swimming pool were heavily used by the recuperating soldiers. After the war the hospital was no longer needed and was closed in June 1946. The army then sold the property back to the C&O Railroad, which planned to reopen The Greenbrier resort. [See "*The West Virginia WWII Home Front* Ashford General Hospital: The Greenbrier Goes to War," by Louis Keefer; Fall 1993.]

Golf returned to normal in West Virginia when The Greenbrier reopened in 1948. A lavish, three-day grand reopening celebration was held April 15-18, 1948, which was free for 300 invited guests. LIFE magazine quipped that the guest list read like a sampling of the Social Register, Dun & Bradstreet, and the Congressional Directory. Guests included the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who were regular Greenbrier guests; the Kennedys, including young U.S. Congressman John F.; publisher Henry Luce; and representatives from the Armour, DuPont, and Pulitzer families. However the most recognizable guest, at least to the general public, was singer and actor Bing Crosby, whose latest movie, *The Emperor Waltz*, premiered during the weekend.

The celebration became an annual Spring Festival, held in the second week of May just after the Kentucky Derby, and represented the height of the social season at The Greenbrier. The event was a house party combined with The Greenbrier Open Golf Tournament, which usually drew a cast of outstanding professional golfers.

From 1948 to 1963, every West Virginia amateur championship was

Bing Crosby, second from the left, appears to be leading his foursome in a song at The Greenbrier in 1948. Photograph courtesy of The Greenbrier.



won by either Bill Campbell or Ed Tutwiler. Both were golfing prodigies. While a student at Phillips Exeter Academy, a prep school in Exeter, New Hampshire, Campbell won the 1941 Eastern Interscholastic Golf Championship. He won the 1943 and 1946 Eastern Intercollegiate Golf Championships while a student at Princeton University. Campbell then returned to Huntington, where he became an insurance executive and a high-level amateur golfer who won his first West Virginia Men's Amateur Golf Championship in 1949.

Ed Tutwiler, Jr., was the son of the general manager of the New River Coal Company stores in Mount Hope. He won the 1938 Eastern Interscholastic Championship while a student at the exclusive Lawrenceville School in New Jersey. He won his first West Virginia state amateur championship in 1938, at age 19. Tutwiler passed up college to work for his uncle in the Oklahoma oil fields.

The two met in the finals of West Virginia Men's Amateur Golf Championship seven times. Tutwiler had defeated Campbell in six of the seven West Virginia amateur finals, prompting some to say that Tutwiler owned a car dealership and Bill Campbell. That would change when the two met in 1964 in the finals of the U.S. amateur championship at Canterbury Golf Club in Cleveland, Ohio, when Campbell defeated Tutwiler on the final hole to win the 1964 U.S. Men's Amateur Golf Championship.

In his career Tutwiler won 11 West Virginia amateur, one Oklahoma amateur, and two Indiana amateur championships before he died in 1988. In addition to the 1964 U.S. Men's Amateur Golf Championship, Bill Campbell won 15 West Virginia Amateur Championships, was elected USGA president in 1982 and 1983, and was named captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in St. Andrews, Scotland, only the third American to be given this honor at the hallowed birthplace of golf. Campbell died in 2013.

The West Virginia Secondary School Athletic Conference (WVSSAC) began the state golf championship in 1954 with Madison's Scott High School winning the first title. Since then the sport has been opened to girls, who compete from shorter distances in the co-ed matches. The West Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Conference (WVIAC) held its first men's golf championship event in 1949 and continued through the demise of the conference in 2013. The men's tournament was won by 11 of the conference colleges. The WVIAC added women's golf in the late 1990's.

The dominant force in West Virginia men's amateur golf in the post-Campbell/Tutwiler era has been made up of Marshall University or Marshall golf-team alumni, who have won 30 of the 34 men's amateurs between 1976 and 2010. They were led by Harold Payne, who won five amateur championships, and Pat Carter, who won 13 championships, second only to Bill Campbell's 15.

Among women, golfers from the Wheeling Country Club continued to dominate the WWVGA state tournaments. Nancy King Stumpp won five championships in the 1950's. Sally Carroll won seven championships, and Susan Vail won eight championships between 1959 and 1970. By 1998 Wheeling women had won 20 West Virginia amateur titles.

"There were a couple of reasons that Wheeling women golfers won so many women's championships" says Vail. "First, the Wheeling Country Club is so hilly, with tough greens, that it makes other courses seem easy to play. We had a tradition of winning, so it was just expected that we would continue to win. Plus, the older golfers mentored the younger ones. Nancy and Sally would play rounds of golf with me and teach me how to play the difficult holes. They really mentored me throughout my career." The Women's West Virginia

Golf instruction in a physical education class at West Virginia University in about 1965. Photograph courtesy of West Virginia & Regional History Collection, West Virginia University Libraries.



Amateur Golf Tournament remains the longest-running sports event for women in West Virginia, and in 2015 will be 100 years old.

West Virginia is home to more than 120 golf courses. The vast majority are open to the public, with more than 90 classified as public courses. Included in West Virginia golf courses are some 24 country clubs; State Park courses such as Pipestem and Twin Falls; and resort courses at Stonewall Resort, Glade Springs, and The Greenbrier. The 18-hole Twisted Gun course in Wharncliffe is unique because it was built over a reclaimed strip mine.

The Greenbrier remains the center of golf in West Virginia. "West Virginia has the best amateur championship of any state because it is played at The Greenbrier," says Joe Feaganes, who played in the West Virginia amateur tournaments in the late 1960's through the early '80's; he retired in 2013 as Marshall University's golf coach after serving for more than 40 years.

"The Greenbrier is just so rich in golf tradition. When you drive up that narrow valley that leads to The Greenbrier on tournament week you just get chills. It is just so exciting to play there," Joe says.

The tradition continues because in 2009 Jim Justice, a former Marshall University golfer and Greenbrier County businessman, purchased The Greenbrier from Chapter 11 bankruptcy. Vowing to restore it to its former glory, Justice immediately began working to bring a PGA TOUR event to The Greenbrier.

In July 2010 The Greenbrier Classic premiered as a nationally televised PGA tournament. It drew 40,000 spectators on each of its last two days. With the tournament's success and strong financial support from the state of West Virginia, the PGA extended the contract for The Greenbrier Classic through 2021. Jim Justice has put The Greenbrier, one of West Virginia's lasting treasures, back on America's golf map. Every July, The Greenbrier Classic shows off the beauty of West Virginia to a nationwide television audience.

The author wishes to thank George Reger for his research assistance on the Bill Campbell/Ed Tutwiler section of this article. —ed.

BOB BARNETT grew up in Newell, Hancock County. He taught at Marshall University for 35 years, retiring in 2007. He is the author of *Hillside Fields: A History of Sports in West Virginia*. Bob is a frequent contributor to GOLDENSEAL, whose work most recently appeared in our Summer 2014 edition.

A large crowd looks on during the 2010 Greenbrier Classic. Photograph courtesy of The Greenbrier.





Since the American Revolution, women have played important roles in military conflict and on the home front. As the nature of war changed, women adapted, whether they supported war or simply wanted to hasten peace. In the absence of their husbands, women ran farms and businesses and proved that they were capable.

This is the story of Women's Land Army recruits who worked on a farm in West Virginia during World War I.

Women left the cities to work on farms during World War I, as part of the Women's Land Army. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia GeoExplorer Project, Julia Davis Collection.

Farmerettes

The Women's Land Army at Media Farm

By Patricia Wilkins

Clouds of war rolled across the Shenandoah Valley the spring of 1917, creating a storm of uncertainty for Jefferson County farmers. Cultivation and planting were delayed by April snow and killing frosts in May. With the slogan "Food Will Win the War," President Woodrow Wilson called on farmers to aid the war effort by producing more crops.

Labor scarcity and a looming food shortage called for the unconventional. Homemakers signed food pledge cards, enlisted in canning armies, and planted war gardens. The ladies of the Woman's National Farm & Garden Association and Garden Club of America had a practical idea to save the food supply. With the help of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense and the Young Women's Christian Association, women were organized into experimental units to replace men on farms.

Women from all walks of life embraced the land-army movement as a patriotic call to arms. Full of enthusiasm and good intentions, they were called "farmerettes." They cast aside convention; packed a bag with overalls, old shoes, and a big straw hat; rolled up their sleeves; and let the farmers know they were ready to work.

Overcoming the farmers' skepticism was the challenge.

During this crucial time, John Yates McDonald was welcomed home to Media Farm, near Charles Town. McDonald was 30 when he graduated from Oregon Agricultural College. His brother Marshall managed the farm until he went to war. Brother Percy also was called for duty in France. John was the youngest of six brothers, and now only brother Will remained on a farm that had belonged to their ancestors for generations.

Before America entered the war, the McDonald brothers had been in discussions with agricultural students from the University of Wisconsin to help with farm work that summer.

As the merit of women on the land was debated in Congress, at agricultural meetings, and in farmhouse kitchens, the McDonald clan made a bold move to not only invite the

Barn, corn crib, and silo at Media Farm, near Harpers Ferry. Cultivation and planting were delayed in the spring of 1917 by April snow, seen here, and killing frosts in May. Photograph courtesy of the National Park Service.



in the Field

college students to work at Media Farm, but also to build an orchard cottage for the farmerettes.

The McDonald brothers were enthusiastic about a Woman's Land Army. They told a reporter from the *Farmers Advocate* that they thought employing the farmerettes would "release some men for other farms."

Esther Louise Forbes, a senior at the University of Wisconsin, was one of the first women to sign up. Forbes told the *Worcester Evening Gazette*: "When suddenly the idea presented itself, the idea of working on a 500-acre farm near Harpers Ferry seemed to hold great fascination. The labor situation was desperate, and anything was worth a gamble."

Girl Scouts and high school girls stepped up "to do their bit" on the farms. Schools allowed students to leave class and earn credit for pitching in for the war effort. Dozens of girls from Charles Town High School and St. Hilda's Hall, a girl's finishing school, helped harvest the apple crop the fall of 1917.

Farmerette Carlotta Lowell Taber told the *Gazette*: "It is the patriotic duty of young college graduates who are not otherwise employed to go out into the fields and help gather the harvests. The men are enlisting and being drafted into the country's service, and the effect is already being felt on the farms."

Taber, who studied agriculture at Cornell for two years after graduation from Bryn Mawr, said: "If a girl is able to learn the various kinds of apples and to know the trees by their barks, there is no need for close supervision by overseers. The apple trees flourish best if planted helter-skelter, but the pickers must go from one tree to another of the same kind, to keep the various brands of apples separate.

"The apple-picking squad was composed mainly of treasury clerks on their vacation. In the picking and sorting of the apples, the men were faster. This is due partly to the fact that they are stronger and find it easier to climb out on the limbs of the trees and keep their balance while they pick, than do the women. A second reason is that the women are more careful in sorting the apples and therefore take more time."

Working along with Taber and Forbes in the orchard were two students from Wellesley College, Kathryne Riley and the maternal niece of John Yates McDonald, Julia McDonald Davis, who summered every year at Media before starting college.

The Women's Land Army of America incorporated on April 25, 1918, and pressed on with a spring membership drive. Newspaper headlines praised the determined "soldiers of the soil." President Wilson endorsed their efforts, and farmers set aside their distrust and called for farmerettes in greater numbers.

Esther Forbes organized a Land Army unit to return to the McDonald apple farm in 1918. More than a dozen of Forbes' university friends traveled to Jefferson County, including her sister Cornelia and Carlotta Taber, who had worked the previous season. Taber managed the farm work while Forbes was in charge of

Three "farmerettes" in the field. "We liked our work. Oh my, yes, but we soon found what was the great joy of farm labor — the wonderful joy of stopping," said farmerette Minnie Lippit. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia GeoExplorer Project, Julia Davis Collection.



household chores in the grey tenant summerhouse. The girls took turns with kitchen duty.

Among the University of Wisconsin students mobilized for farm work were Ingrid Nelson, Mary Rouse, Jean Patterson, Winifred Bartholf, and Jeanette Lamb. The *Capital Times* of Madison, Wisconsin, said, "Many will go for a month or two; others will stay until opening of school in the fall."

The *Farmers Advocate* reported that the first contingent of farmerettes arrived on June 1 and "without any loss of time on preliminaries, went to work thinning corn on the farm of the McDonald brothers. The young ladies in the party were Helen Zillmer, a medical student at Johns Hopkins; Edith Henderson, an art student from New York; Winifred and Dorothy Bosworth of Elgin, Illinois; and Gladys Hodgson of Chicago."

Forbes told the *Worcester Evening Gazette*: "The farmerettes were paid 20 cents an hour and learned the art of cutting corn and wheat, picking and packing apples, driving horses, mending fences, painting rooftops, catching and saddling horses. The life was new, hard and utterly different from anything we had ever experienced.

"We used four large Percheron draft horses to draw racks carrying four tons of alfalfa. The men tossed the alfalfa onto the rack, and Carlotta Taber and I stood on top stowing it away."

When the McDonald brothers discovered Forbes had grown up with horses and had extensive riding experience, they asked her to drive the farm's team. Forbes recalled, "One of the proudest moments of my life was when the farmer appointed me as a teamster to work only with horses, instead of merely shucking corn and picking apples like the other girls."

The farmerettes harvested several thousand barrels of apples that season. Red Delicious apples sold for $6 a barrel in Jefferson County during the war and were among the highest-priced apples on the market.

For recreation, the farmerettes explored historic Harpers Ferry and spent summer evenings at an inviting swimming spot on the Shenandoah.

That summer, a global influenza epidemic escalated, and by autumn, it had become a pandemic. [See "Fall Victory: Huntington's 1918 Flu Epidemic," by Joseph Platania; Fall 2005.] Farm life continued as usual. Cows were milked, eggs gathered, and crops harvested. Many schools remained closed in the fall, enabling the farmerettes to stay through November.

The armistice ending the war took effect at 11 o'clock in the morning — the "11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month" of 1918.

In December, the Women's Land Army and the U.S. Department of Labor signed an agreement to continue Land Army work under government direction.

The war was over. Julia Davis recalled that her Uncle Marshall "served on the chief engineer's staff in France and then returned to Media, for he was rooted there like the oaks."

A sorority-like atmosphere developed around cottages like this one, where farmerettes were housed. Photograph courtesy of the National Park Service.



Not so for many soldiers. Newspaper headlines the spring of 1919 said the boys were back but were not returning to the farms as hoped. Farms were undermanned, and farmers were calling for the Women's Land Army on an even broader scale.

Farmland in France and Italy was unfit for cultivation after the war, and America was obligated to help prevent widespread starvation in Europe. War gardens became "victory gardens." America pledged 20 million tons of food to its allies, so Uncle Sam asked the Women's Land Army to carry on.

Esther Forbes recruited friends to return to Media Farm to harvest the apple crop in September 1919. The *Lowell Sun* reported, "Forbes, along with Mary Smith and Barbara Burgess of Worcester, and Amy Wheelock of Southbridge, would work eight hours a day with other college girls for the next six weeks."

Government support of the farmerettes was temporary, and in October 1919, the U.S. Employment Service closed placement offices. The Women's Land Army of America corporation dissolved in February 1920.

That summer, the McDonald brothers hosted farmerettes at Media. Rebecca Ruhl, a graduate of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, led the unit. Ruhl was the daughter of Julia Walker Ruhl, a suffragist leader in Clarksburg and an officer in the Woman's Committee of the West Virginia Council of National Defense.

Ruhl, Minnie Lippit, and Gene Outhouse stayed the entire summer, while other college students overlapped their stays to cover busy harvest seasons.

Lippit described their adventure in the November 1920 issue of *The Country Magazine*. She said: "We began at eight o'clock, and we didn't get up until the last minute. But, let me tell you, girls' trousers and shirts and the like with a bandanna for one's hair means that dressing time can be quite short indeed.

"There was always one sad face at the breakfast table, and that belonged to the girl whose day it was to stay in the house and cook. Once a week, each girl had to be the housekeeper for the rest, and it was not a very popular job. We could cook, though none of us had a very wide experience. We had Fannie, the home economist's friend, up on the shelf for ready reference, and that ensured successful meals. It was just that we liked the outside work better."

In July, the girls were "duly initiated into the mysteries of shocking wheat," Lippit said. "It was hot; we were thirsty. In spite of gloves, our wrists were raw and sore. The shocks we were capping seemed to be higher and higher and the sheaves farther and farther away. Each burden we felt would be our last. But even then, there came into being an enthusiasm for farm work that never waned the whole summer through.

"Haymaking was voted by all the best job on the farm. What was the worst was always a question for dispute. Thinning apples was possibly the most unpopular — it was such a bore. But some voted for mowing

Four farmerettes dressed for a recreational outing on a summer evening in Jefferson County. Photograph courtesy of the West Virginia GeoExplorer Project, Julia Davis Collection.



weeds as being the most laborious.

"We liked our work. Oh my, yes, but we soon found what was the great joy of farm labor — the wonderful joy of stopping. Never, until one had been working hard for hours in the hot sun, can one appreciate the perfect contentment of lying flat on one's back in the shade and just resting."

The college students interested in farming as a profession were fortunate to be on a farm that had "been well-run for many years, and not only by the present manager but also by his father before," Lippit said. "There were windmills to pump water, even for the animals in the farthest field, a tractor and engines to do the work whenever possible. The work was planned out carefully so that no time was wasted, and there was no laborious overtime work either for the men or women on the farm.

"Another thing of interest to the prospective woman farmer was to see how much of the farm work could actually be done by the women themselves. A great deal of the work they could do, but occasionally there were heavy tasks, which it was foolish or wasteful for them to attempt. Men always pitched the hay onto the wagon, and in the packing house, the barrels were usually headed and moved out by one of the workmen. On the other hand, there was work, especially in the harvesting of fruit and vegetables, where the woman's quickness and care were of great value."

Lippit described John McDonald for *The Country Magazine*: "He has a master's degree in agriculture and is interested in farm management. He keeps careful account of all his labor expense and has had wide experience in practical farming. He raised our wages twice without being asked to do so, and he knew what he was doing. Four years ago, he started to have farmerettes on his farm and has had them every year since. He evidently thinks they pay."

The young women who worked the McDonald farm thought the experiment was successful. A sorority-like atmosphere developed around the orchard cottage each summer at Media. There was a sense of kinship and pride among the farmerettes in being a part of a patriotic and historic adventure. Lifelong friendships were cultivated, and at least one romantic relationship blossomed. Dorothy Bosworth, an Illinois farmhand who came to Media the summer of 1918, married John Yates McDonald in 1922.

Throughout history, women received little acclaim for their contributions to war efforts, but conflict was an opportunity for transformation. The McDonald brothers of Jefferson County were pioneers in their support of the Women's Land Army, a movement that inspired change and planted seeds for another campaign, when millions of patriotic women were mobilized on the farm front during World War II.

PATRICIA WILKINS is originally from Parkersburg, now living in north Georgia. A graduate of Parkersburg High School, she is retired after serving 40 years in the medical imaging field. Patricia's mother and aunt were Land Girls during World War II. This is Patricia's first published writing.

Media Farm residence. Photograph courtesy of the National Park Service.



World War II West Virginia Land Girls

By Patricia Wilkins

It was the task of the Women's Land Army (WLA) to recruit volunteers for a farm-labor shortage during World War II. Jessie Lemley, of the Cooperative Extension Service in Morgantown, was the state WLA supervisor.

Small family farms in the Mountain State expressed little interest in women workers, but urgent requests came from large commercial truck and fruit farms in Ohio and Maryland.

Recruits were secured for an Ohio camp in 1943. Skeptical farmers soon were convinced that non-farm women could do the job. In June 1944, young women from 18 West Virginia counties traveled to farms in northern Ohio to harvest crops. Kanawha County recruits Genevieve Wolfe, Susan Crosier, and Pauline Bumgardner met at Charleston's Greyhound bus depot, where they joined Mildred Jenkins, Cecelia Plymale, and Esther Nearman.

Nearman accompanied a group of Marshall College coeds and Huntington High School seniors housed at Camp Gillmore Manor on Lake Erie. Nearman told *The Charleston Gazette*, "I thought it would be a wonderful opportunity to help the war effort."

Frances Watts and Georgia and Hettie Murphy, of Charleston, made their way to a camp at the historic YWCA carriage house in Elyria.

Hazel Cole, a Grafton high school biology teacher and 4-H leader, was supervisor of a Land Army unit at the Fremont American Legion. Cole and her sister Nelda chaperoned a bus with Taylor County high school students Irma Tingler and Jo Ann Kisner and teacher Mary Jean Abbott.



In 1944, women from 18 West Virginia counties traveled to farms in northern Ohio to harvest crops, as seen here. Photograph courtesy of the Mary Tyson Owens Collection.



Land Girls on a farm truck at Silver Fleece Orchard in Clyde, Ohio. Photograph from the Jo Ann Kisner Jones Collection, courtesy of Cynthia Dalrymple.

Marie Owens, a schoolteacher from Wirt County, was the Fremont camp cook. Owens likely enlisted to keep an eye on her teenage daughters Mary Nell and Betty. Wood County recruits Rose McAtee and Geraldine Boggs traveled to Ohio with the Owens group.

Morgantown girls Irene Forbes and Jane Spangler had never been away from home or worked on a farm before. Spangler was surprised her mother let her go.

The Land Girls made about 50 cents per hour, and travel expenses were paid if they stayed all summer. They had to pay eight dollars a week for lodging and meals.

Genevieve Wolfe wrote daily letters home chronicling her experience. "In the peach trees, we are usually more comfortable in slacks [rolled up], shirts [sleeves rolled up and unbuttoned at the top] and no shoes. We have to keep our hair tied up, or it gets caught in the trees," she wrote.

Wolfe, one of the top wage-earners in 1944, planned to pay for Morris Harvey College with her savings. In August, she wrote, "I think this life is good for any girl — experience, fun, cooperation, and independence."

In 1945, West Virginia dispatched Land Girls to Camp Mil-Bur, Maryland, and Fremont, Ohio.

Farmers were enthusiastic because the work of the WLA helped save their crops. Their need was an opportunity for young women on the home front to serve their country.

The West Virginia Land Girls, an agricultural counterpart to "Rosie the Riveter," pitched in and proved their worth during World War II.



1944 hayfield scene at the Williams farm in Doddridge County. From the left are Edna Finley, Kay Stephens, Johnson Williams, Wayne Underwood, author Sid Underwood (age 2), and John Roberts.

Summers on My

I have many memories of spending summers of my youth on my grandparents' farm in Doddridge County. It was known to us grandchildren as the Old Home Place, owned by Johnson and Elsie Williams, who were our grandparents on my mother's side. This farm was located on Upper Nutter's Fork, in West Union District, off Rock Run Road, four miles from the town of West Union.

It seems to me that I actually lived two different lives: one life growing up in Grantsville, where my father was a teacher and coach at Calhoun County High School, and another life spent on my grandfather's farm during summer months and weekends.

When my father started teaching and coaching, teachers drew a small salary during the nine-month term, and there was no income during the summer months. My grandfather, having lost his only son, James, in 1940, needed someone to help with the hay harvesting. My Uncle James died of what we now know was leukemia. The best medical technology of that era could not save him, and the family was devastated by his untimely death. It became a matter of fate that my parents returned to the farm during the summer months. My father helped with the farm work, and my mother helped her mother with the gardening, canning, and general housework. The summer months on the farm became an annual cycle in my parents' lives and also for me.

As a young man, my grandfather was determined to become successful through hard work. He worked as photographer during the summer months, traveling by horse and buggy, carrying a big wooden box camera that was state-of-the-art for 1890. He was very resourceful, sometimes accepting food or live chickens in lieu of money for his photographic services. He shot anniversaries and weddings, and June was always his best month. During the cold-weather months, he and a partner were butchers, delivering meat by wagon to communities and local general stores in Doddridge and Harrison counties.

Grandfather met my grandmother, Elsie Harbert, sometime after 1900. She was from Big Rock Camp, near the village of Marshville, in Harrison



Johnson and Elsie Williams around the time of their wedding.

Grandfather's Farm

By Sid Underwood

County. They were married in April 1906 at her parents' home. He was 36 and she was 31. The couple took up residence at his stepmother's home on Israel's Fork in Doddridge County. His stepmother was living there alone as her husband, who was a Civil War veteran, had died in 1905.

After his stepmother's death in 1910, grandfather continued to work the farm but was landlocked by neighbors. He started looking for more acreage. In 1914 he purchased a farm located on Upper Nutter's Fork from Mr. P.B. McClain. Grandfather started farming there full-time and raising a family that would eventually include three daughters and one son. Over time, he acquired more adjoining land until that farm encompassed 700 acres with nine storage barns. He raised Polled Hereford cattle and purchased purebred breeding bulls from the Goff Farm at Hazelgreen in Ritchie County.

The Old Home Place, built in 1878 by the McClain family, was typical of the farmhouses of that era. It was of square design with two large, native-stone fireplaces. As one entered the door from the front porch, there was a full-length hallway leading to the back door. Inside the doorway to the left was a staircase leading to an upstairs hallway that accessed four bedrooms. The downstairs area contained the living room, kitchen with adjoining pantry, dining room, and parlor. Sometime around 1900, the house was plumbed for natural gas from a local well. The fireplaces had cast-iron gas inserts that complemented the oak mantle. There were unvented open gas space heaters in two of the upstairs bedrooms, but the hallways were unheated and always cold in winter. Gaslights were located in each room. In 1935 grandfather had indoor plumbing installed in a small bathroom that enclosed a portion of the full-length back porch. The West Penn Company brought electricity to the house in 1946. Grandfather had the necessary wiring completed and was pleased with this new electricity, but insisted that the gaslights not be dismantled



Johnson Williams with wrenches in 1944.

as he had some misgivings about the dependability of electric service.

It was a common sight in the 1920's and '30's for several farmers in the area to pool their cattle together and drive them on foot in a large herd over the main roads to the railroad loading pens at West Union and Smithburg for consignment where they would be shipped to points east for processing. My grandfather grew tired of this weary task and purchased a well-used flatbed truck in the late 1930's. It was a surplus State Road 1929 Ford Model AA one-and-a-half-ton truck. Grandfather's son-in-law Ed Cutright was a good mechanic and had purchased the truck at auction and repaired and replaced the necessary parts to make it serviceable again. With new cattle racks and new green paint, the truck probably looked as good as other older trucks of that era. That truck hauled quite a lot of livestock to market over the years.

I remember the trips that my father and grandfather made when the livestock was sold. My mother, grandmother, and I would wait in the dining room of the old house in the late evening for them to return from the Weston and Bridgeport markets. It would be completely dark and, looking out the dining room window down the road, we would eventually see two headlights set close together, and we would know that another trip had been successfully completed. My mother and grandmother always worried that there would be a breakdown along the way; as I recall, the only problems encountered were occasional flat tires.

I do remember one special incident concerning that old truck. This was during the winter of 1950, and I was eight years old. The B&O railroad was purchasing crossties locally at the Smithburg depot. My uncle, Ed Cutright, had sawed out a load of ties for grandfather. The truck was loaded to capacity when grandfather, my father, and I started for Smithburg. Sitting between two big-shouldered men with my legs sort of sidesaddle so my father could work the floor-mounted gearshift, I remember being fascinated with watching the road stream past below me as I could see through the spaces between the wooden floorboards.

My father, who was driving, shifted into the lowest gear as we started up Rock Run Hill. As we neared the top of the hill, the truck started losing power. We continued on for a short distance before the truck quit. I had never seen an 80-year-old man move so quickly. Grandfather opened the

passenger door and jumped out, grabbed two chock blocks, and quickly shoved them behind the rear dual wheels. My father found a wrench behind the seat and then lifted the left side of the hood. He unthreaded the copper fuel line from the glass sediment bowl and let the gasoline drain. It was the color of coffee. As it was draining, he unthreaded and unhooked the sediment bowl. When the gas ran clear, he used a rag and a small amount of it to clean the bowl. After he had reassembled everything, he said that we should be okay.

I remember it was cold and raining, and we had heavy coats because the truck had no heater. When we crowded back into the cab, we smelled of damp wool with the lingering odor of gasoline. The old truck started, and we traveled on to the depot without further incident. I remember that my father suggested along the way that a newer truck might be in order, and it would be nice to have one with a heater in the cab. Grandfather thought for a moment and then observed that this truck had some miles left in it and was still serviceable for his needs.

My memories of working in the hayfield are very clear even after all these years. I was envious of my cousin Eddie Cutright because he was the designated tractor driver and the tool always handed me was a hayfork. Eddie was three years older than me, and I thought it unfair that he rode while I had to help grandfather pitch the loose hay. This would have been the summer of 1952 when I was 10 years old. I asked Dad one day if I was ever going to get my turn at driving the tractor. He told me that Eddie was better at handling the Farmall, and my turn would come when I was older. Seeing that I was crestfallen, grandfather came over and felt of my arms and said that I was getting stronger every day and soon would have big muscles just like him. That sort of helped, but I still envied my cousin's "cushy" job.

Grandfather always chewed Mail Pouch tobacco manufactured by Block Brothers of Wheeling. One day we were stacking hay, grandfather and I pitching it up to Father who was placing it around the pole. Grandfather told me to go rest in the shade while he finished with the long-handled topping-out fork. I was glad to take a short respite under the shade of a big maple tree, because it seemed to always be hot in the hayfield. I saw grandfather reach into his back pocket for his Mail Pouch, and I watched as he realized that the package was empty. He wondered aloud if it would be worthwhile to walk the half mile up to the house for a fresh supply since we were going to a lower field next. My father said that he would share his tobacco, and in a moment of generosity tossed it down to grandfather who caught it and looked at it dubiously. He opened it, sniffed it, and took a small amount and placed it in his mouth. He stood there for a moment with a perplexed look on his face and then spat it out. He looked up at my father and said that his tobacco was too sweet. Perhaps it was the heat of the day or grandfather's earnestness, but my father



Author Sid Underwood, at left, and cousin Eddie Cutright with bicycles in 1952.



Barn on the Williams farm as it appears today. Photographer unknown.

thought that statement so funny that he couldn't stop laughing and had to grab the stack pole to keep from falling.

Before he bought the tractor, grandfather farmed with horses. They were white medium-size draft horses, named Fred and Joe. They worked well together, moving at a slow, steady pace when pulling the farm equipment. What amazed me was the fact that after the day's work was done, they would really step up the pace headed back to the barn, making the mowing equipment rattle as it bounced along behind. Father would unhook and unharness them in the barnyard, and they would go to the creek for water. Afterwards, on their own, they would head back to the barn and enter their horse stalls. Sometimes Fred would forget and go into the first stall that belonged to Joe. Joe would then bite Fred on the rump, and Fred would squeal and back out and go into his adjoining stall. Outside, we would hear this commotion and laugh and say that Fred had forgotten again.

The barn that housed Fred and Joe was grandfather's pride and joy, but it had to be somewhat bittersweet for him. He had planned for his son, James, to succeed him and continue the farming tradition, but it was not to be. My Uncle James designed the barn while an agriculture student at West Virginia University in 1936. It took two carpenters a year to complete the work, and when finished it was state-of-the-art for 1938.

Upstairs in the hay storage area, it had a monorail track mounted underneath the roof with a large mechanical fork that could be pulled by rope out the top center doors and lowered down to the hay wagons. The horses — and later the tractor — would pull another heavy rope away from the barn that was connected through the barn by a series of anchored wooden pulleys, and a large amount of hay would be lifted up to the monorail and glide into the barn.

It was always my job to wait outside for grandfather's signal to pull the rope attached to the fork that would unlock it to drop the hay in the right place. One time in 1953, I was distracted by one of my cousins and not paying proper attention to the task at hand. I failed to make the drop in a timely manner. Grandfather came down the steps from the loft and handed me a hayfork and told me to go upstairs and move the hay to where it should have been dropped. What a job that was for an 11-year-old boy! I never made that mistake again.

The barn contained large feed bins located upstairs that had three gravity chutes to the downstairs. These bins contained corn and various grains for the livestock.

This barn also had another monorail system downstairs to which was attached a manure bucket. This bucket could be lowered and raised by a series of chains and gears and, when shoveled full, could be pushed around and through the back of the barn into an adjoining shed, where the contents would be dumped into an iron-wheeled manure spreader. We grandchildren were told by our mothers never to ride in that bucket as it was unsanitary. But we did it anyway. Although it was scaly on the inside, one could fit rather well in the thing. It was great fun to be pushed along — especially at night with the riding "engineer" illuminating the way with a flashlight so as to avoid obstacles lying on the floor.

Grandfather had several sheep barns, all located on the hillsides. Each sheep barn had a narrow, curving hayfield, and it was difficult to get the mowing equipment up to those fields. There were never any accidents, but there was always the danger of rakes and tedders leaning precariously on those steep and sloping paths. It was always my responsibility to go into the sheep barns and climb the ladder to the upstairs loft and open the little door to the outside. I would wait there with my hayfork while my cousin Eddie backed the tractor with the "Buck rake" toward the barn.

Soon my father and grandfather would start pitching the hay up to me, blotting out the sunlight and creating clouds of dust. I would drag the hay to the back and place it evenly on the loft floor. Over time I would get closer to the rafters and the dreaded wasp nests. On several

occasions I was stung by the buzzing wasps, but I soon learned how to avoid them.

Often Eddie would jump off the tractor and relieve grandfather and start pitching the hay faster than I could handle it. He would yell up to me that we were trading daylight for dark, and I needed to pick up the pace. Eddie was the older brother that I never had. It seemed that he never tired of tormenting me.

One Friday evening after we had returned from the hayfield, grandfather handed me $10 for my work that week. He said that we would be going to West Union the next day for supplies. He wanted to know what I was going to do with the money I earned. I said that I would get some ice cream and maybe buy something at the dime store. He said that the ice cream would be a real treat. But he said something else that I will never forget. He said that I had worked hard for this money and I should make it work hard for me. I asked him what he meant by that. He said that I could start a savings account at the bank or buy a U.S. Savings Bond when I had earned $18.50. That way, he said, the money would be working just as hard for me as I had worked for it.

I have many memories of sleeping upstairs in that old farmhouse. On rainy summer nights with the windows open, I would be lulled to sleep by the pitter-patter of the rain on the metal roof. Late in the night, I would be awakened by the distant, lonely sound of a whistle as a train neared the crossings at Smithburg and West Union. I would lie there in bed and think about the people sleeping in the Pullman cars and would wonder where they were going. Trains were a common sight in West Union during the 1950's and '60's, and I always enjoyed watching them when I was in town. I still miss their special sound and regret the fact that they are now gone.

On the farm we used long-forgotten terms. Grandfather accepted visitors into the "sitting room." Grandmother entertained her guests in the "parlor," which contained the best furniture and had an upright piano in the corner. There was a "pantry" used for storing kitchen supplies. Meat was smoked in the "smokehouse" and laundry was done in the "wash house." Overnight guests occasionally slept in the "cellar house." Bread bought in town was called "light bread." Breakfast was breakfast, but lunch was "dinner," and dinner was "supper."

When I look back now at the time I spent on that farm, I ask myself, did I really live this other life, or was it all just a figment of my imagination? This much I know for sure: my grandmother Elsie Harbert Williams was the kindest and most loving woman in the world. She was always the peacemaker when we grandchildren had our little fights and squabbles. My grandfather Johnson Williams was the second most important man in my life. I realize now that my grandparents enriched my life in so many ways. I am forever indebted to them and will never forget them. Today, as a grandparent myself, I pray that I may be as positive an influence for my grandson as my grandparents were for me.



From the left, author Sid Underwood, grandmother Elsie Williams, cousin Eddie Cutright, grandfather Johnson Williams, and cousin Bobby Cutright; October 1957.

SID UNDERWOOD spent most of his life in Grantsville, Calhoun County, and now lives in Parkersburg. He graduated from Calhoun County High School and earned a degree in business and social sciences from Glenville State College. Sid served 31 years as a social worker and is now retired. This is his first published writing.

A Blackberry



Gertrude Furbee, our author's mother, with a milk pail used for blackberry picking.

It was a good summer for blackberries. They cascaded abundantly from thickets of vines in numerous patches on the Long farm, the 70-acre hillside of my birth and first eight childhood years. From New Martinsville in Wetzel County, two miles as the crow flies east of the Ohio River, a remote area along today's State Route 180 provided a plenteous picking of the wild, juicy fruit. Its beauty of ebony-purple glow attracted the attention of all eager pickers, of whom I was one in early childhood.

Our farm was a virtual blackberry paradise. The Bernan Hill, which identified the acreage to locals, was named after an itinerant frontiersman who cleared much of the hill for crops and livestock in the early 1800's. Brush was burned or discarded in the hollows at the edge of which grew the most luscious blackberries. Profuse vines or canes found their best habitat on the edges of these abandoned hollows, which drained the property. Coolness of the hollows and partial shade of oak, poplar, and ash trees created an environment where grew the largest, most moist, and sweetest mountain fruit.

On a mid-Depression June morning as fluffy clouds floated in an azure sky, such a blackberry scene awaited us. From the highest point of the Bernan Hill as the fog cleared from the low bottomland in the valley below, Mom and I started from the back door of the Long's Appalachian bungalow ready to pick berries. Dressed in at least two layers of trousers and long-sleeved shirts, mother and son ambled between small and simple farm buildings carrying berry-picking paraphernalia. Two milk buckets were soon to become stained from ripe berries settling down into their sparkling cleanness.

Within each of the larger milk buckets was a smaller one-gallon container stained purple from many a blackberry-picking foray. In a former life it had served as a Karo container. In a feat of Appalachian ingenuity, the Karo can was morphed into a blackberry-picking pail by puncturing a small hole in each side near the top rim. A wire was threaded through the holes to form a carrier. Upon locating a choice blackberry area, the carrier was attached to the belt around the waist of the picker thus allowing both hands to pick simultaneously.

As if our multi-layered clothing were not enough, Mom insisted that we wear Dad's five-buckle boots. Sears and Roebuck called them Arctics, but in our mountain dialect we called them "five-buckle 'ardics.'" Thus, we trudged along with straw hat brims waving, shirts bulging, and "overhaul" pants tucked into our "five-buckle 'ardics.'" Mom would have hidden in the bushes beside the farm road had she met anyone from the valley below, especially her country school and church friends.

Our berry-picking equipment rattled while we shuffled along a farm road traveled mostly by horses pulling loads from Pleasant Valley below to the Long place above.

Finally after passing through a low stone wall, the botanic object of our extensive trek appeared unmistakably before us on the edge of a deep hollow. All along the parameter of the hollows, nature had propagated

Day

By Jack Furbee

a continuous mass of tangled blackberry vines covered by their leaves and fruit.

The clanging of our milk buckets with their picking pails inside was silenced suddenly as we stood in astonishment enthralled at the sight of varicolored shades of black and green glowing in the morning's brightness.

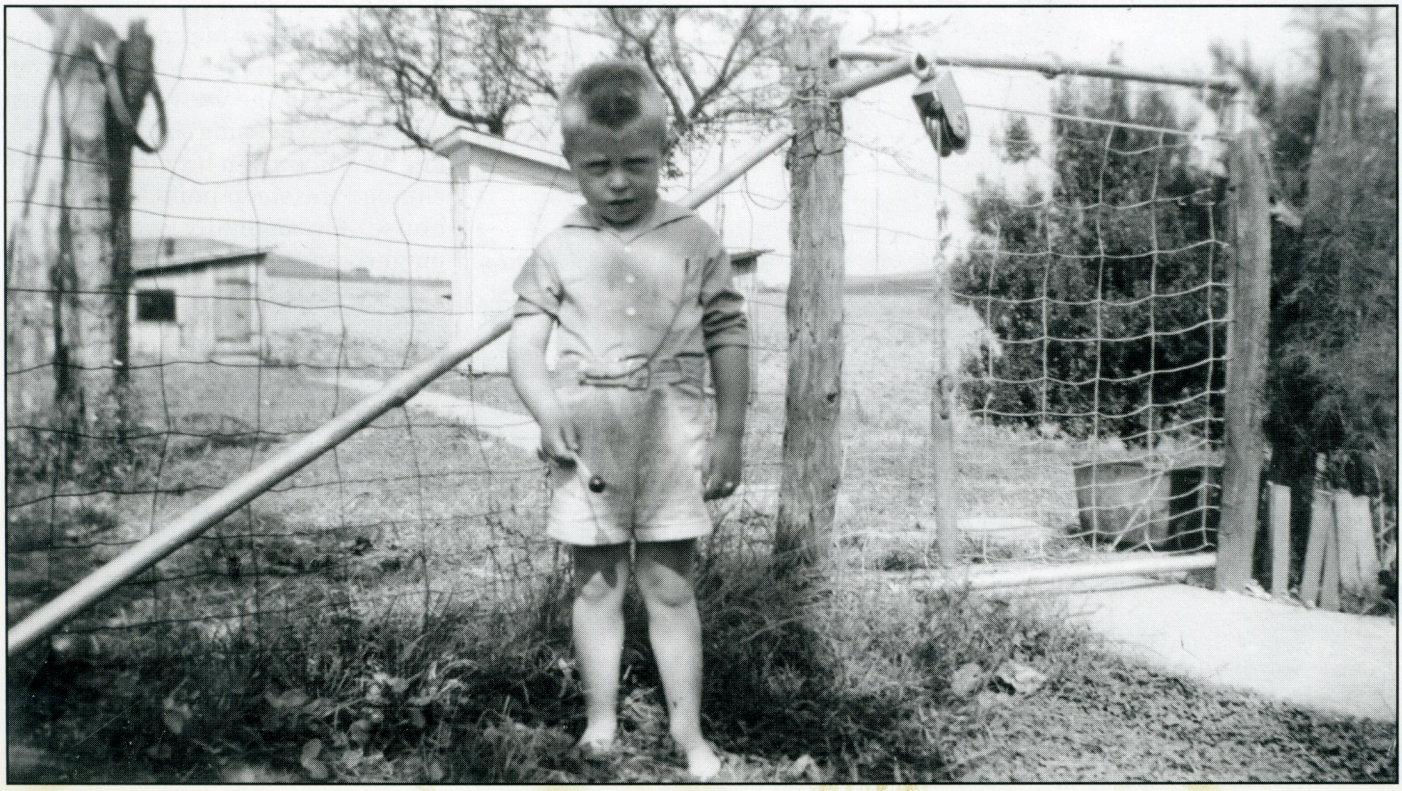
Mom approached the thicket with a determined stride, and said, "Jackie, bring the buckets." She was thrashing away at the vines with her feet protected by the "five-buckle 'ardics.'" Soon she had exposed a veritable wall of fruit dripping in clusters of ten-to-20-berry cones each. Everywhere! Above, below, left, and right vines hung heavily with well-ripened, juicy bunches of black fruit ready to be picked.

Forgetting the overwhelming task ahead of her she exclaimed, "Oh! Jackie, this is the nicest patch of blackberries I have ever seen. Give me my picking pail." Taking the pail, she strapped the carrier to her belt. Mom beckoned me to come closer as she said excitedly, "Now stand still while I buckle your picking pail to your belt."

"There!" she said with finality and determination. "We are ready to pick berries."

Not nearly as skilled at the art of picking berries, I picked from the lower vines while she stretched to pick the more luscious fruit higher up. Only a few minutes later, we couldn't resist a strong temptation which afflicts every berry picker. Our stained, sticky fingers picked a handful of the choicest fruit. After momentarily looking at one another somewhat sheepishly, eagerly we began munching on the black fruit of Appalachia with unmitigated delight. "Jackie, these are the sweetest berries Bernan Hill ever produced!" whispered my beautiful, mountain mother while removing her ragged straw hat, a sign of sheer joy as she relished the wild delight.

In about 30 minutes of steady picking, left and right hands working together in a synchronized motion, Mom filled her berry pail to



Author Jack Furbee as a boy in Wetzel County.



Jack with his parents, Clyde and Gertrude Furbee, in about 1938.

overflowing. My picking was not so productive since familiar surroundings distracted me. Glad to have my company in this remote corner of the farm, Mom tolerated lapses in attention to my work.

Finally, as the rays of the noon sun shone on our straw hats most directly and the afternoon sun began its journey down to the horizon, one after another the picking pails were emptied into the two milk buckets filling each to overflowing. Huddling reflectively over our fresh picking and somewhat tired, we were ready to go home when Mom endeavored to recover my attention. "Wait a minute; we are not finished. What about our picking pails? They are as empty as when we started!" Her admonition drew me back to picking berries until the job was done.

The hills in the west began to cast their earliest evening shadows. As the late afternoon sun hit our backs, we climbed the steep point to the Long house. Occasionally we stopped, gingerly setting our berry buckets on a rare level place to prevent spilling the objects of hard work, mostly on Mom's part. In the shade of a few large trees where the cattle lay munching their cuds and loitering to avoid the hot sun, one veteran blackberry maid and her novice son removed their straw hats one more time, breathed deeply, and enjoyed the cool breeze from Pleasant Valley below.

Arriving home, we placed the buckets of berries on the dirt floor of the cellar, a small dug-out area under part of the aging house. There the precious cache rested until the following day when our blackberry bounty was canned to preserve the fruit.



The Long house, home to our author's grandparents, where Jack Furbee spent his early years.

The next day while canning was in progress in an oppressively hot canning kitchen, Mom rolled out dough for a blackberry cobbler which she baked in the oven of the wood cooking stove. Zinc lids with glass linings tightened on rubber rings made the Mason jars ready for the hot water bath that sealed them. Twenty colorful quarts of canned berries were placed on shelves in the cellar to await opening in the winter. When the ground was frozen and the snow was deep, we relished the pies, cobblers, jelly, and jam causing us to forget blackberry-patch labor of June. Often on a very busy day like Monday washday, Mom served blackberries for dessert in well-worn dessert bowls. Cream and sugar made the berries a dish fit for royalty. Dad expectantly crushed the berries with his fork thus mixing the delicious juice with the cream and sugar. After having eaten most of the serving, he raised the bowl to his lips to relish every drop of the blackberry goodness.

After we moved from the hill in the 1940's, the area of childhood enchantment grew into a forest to be harvested many times for timber. Nevertheless, the dew still falls, the sun still rises, and the moon still sheds her light on what had once been a paradise of bounty for two happy blackberry pickers.

JACK FURBEE was born in Wetzel County in 1934. He holds a doctorate in education from West Virginia University and served 35 years as an educator, counselor, and administrator. He is professor emeritus at Olivet University in Bourbonnaise, Illinois. His autobiography is titled *Growing Up Appalachian in the Van Camp Community of Wetzel County, West Virginia*. Jack's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Spring 2015 issue.

Buy, Sell, Trade, or Give Away



Steve Peters mans the controls at WHAW radio in Weston.

"You are listening to WHAW radio, 980 AM, along with WOTR 96.3 FM, broadcasting from Weston/Lost Creek. Good morning, this is the Swap Shop"

"Good morning. This is Randolph County. I'll tell you a little secret. I don't have near as much since the snow went off. I do have a four-wheeler for sale — a Suzuki. It's got a snowplow on it. It's a '99 model. And it's in good shape and I'm asking $1,400 for it. The price is negotiable on it.

"I still have a Red Ryder wagon and a scooter, and iron-runner sled; it sells for $135 and the price is negotiable on them.

"I still got two wooden chairs — kitchen chairs — for $30. I also got that metal iron stand; it's got rollers and it's in excellent shape for $15.

"I sold one of them boards; I got the other board. I'm asking $10 for it. It's an inch-and-an-eighth thick, it's

WHAW's Swap Shop



The coffee pot works hard at WHAW. The station went on the air in 1948.

By John Lilly
Photographs by Mark Crabtree

seven-and-a-half-foot long, it's 16 inch on one end and 19 on the other. They've not been pressed together or nothing; they're solid boards. I'm asking $10 apiece for them.

"And I sold my stereo, but I still got an air-conditioner/heater core for a Ford pickup truck for sale for $25. Also got an aluminum bell housing for a Ford pickup. It'll fit a 302 or a six-cylinder. Everything goes with it, for $25. It goes from an '80 back down to a '72; it'll fit that six-cylinder down to a 302. There's nothing wrong with it.

"I still have a window for sale. And I got a storm door — a 36-inch storm door. Vinyl door, and I'm asking $20 for it, and all the hardware's with it.

"That's about it today. I've sold about everything else I got. And my phone number is 636-5106 or 642-4807 is my cell phone number. You all have a good day, and take care!"

Since 1997, radio listeners in Lewis County and surrounding areas have tuned into WHAW on Saturday mornings to station co-owner Steve Peters and his weekly Swap Shop. Cars, swimming pools, coon dogs, tire rims, pepperoni rolls, domestic relationships, and who-knows-what-else go on the block as listeners wheel and deal over Weston's airwaves.

"Good morning. You're on the Swap Shop."

"Good morning. I've only got two items today. I got a lot of kids. I got one that'll haul junk. And he's here in Lewis County. I've got a collection of Avon Christmas plates. And the number for them is 997-8470."

"Do you have a price on them?"

"No, no, no. I've got to get them out and see how many I got."

"Is that it?"

"That's about it. You all have a good day."

"269-5555. We're coming back. Y'all come back with us."

Steve Peters is a genial fellow, probably in his early 60's, with a relaxed manner, graying temples, and a pleasant radio voice. He doesn't like to talk about himself, but it is clear that he loves Weston, West Virginia,



"Good morning. You're on the Swap Shop." Steve has aired the Swap Shop every Saturday since he and a partner bought the station in 1997.

people, radio, and old-time country music. He and his son do some performing around central West Virginia, and Steve opens his studios to local and traveling musicians on a regular basis.

This station is a labor of love and appears to need a lot of love and determination to keep it going. Listeners call when the signal gets sketchy, and Steve goes in the back room and shakes some wires and electronic appliances. Sometimes it helps, sometimes no. But Steve and his devoted listeners take it all in stride.

Most of the broadcast day on WHAW is taken up with various music programs, some syndicated, some originating from the humble WHAW studios, located high on East Weston Hill, above the Kentucky Fried Chicken on U.S. Route 33 on the eastern edge of town. Steve is an avid music fan and is very knowledgeable about West Virginia traditional music. Over the years he has broadcast live from many music events in his listening area, including remote broadcasts from the Stonewall Jackson Heritage Jubilee at Jackson's Mill.

"Good morning. You're on the Swap Shop."

"Uhh, yeah. This is Ruth Mitchell, and my cousin has an upright freezer for sale. And he's wanting $175 for it. And I have two phone numbers for him. It's 1-304-373-7466. The other one is 304-266-2167.

"And myself, I have an organ — a real nice organ – for sale, and it's a medium type and it's got buttons all over the top, all over the middle, all over the bottom. And on the right-hand side, on the bottom row, across, it has a cassette player. And I'm asking $100 for it. It's medium-sized, and it's got the pedals on the bottom, as well."

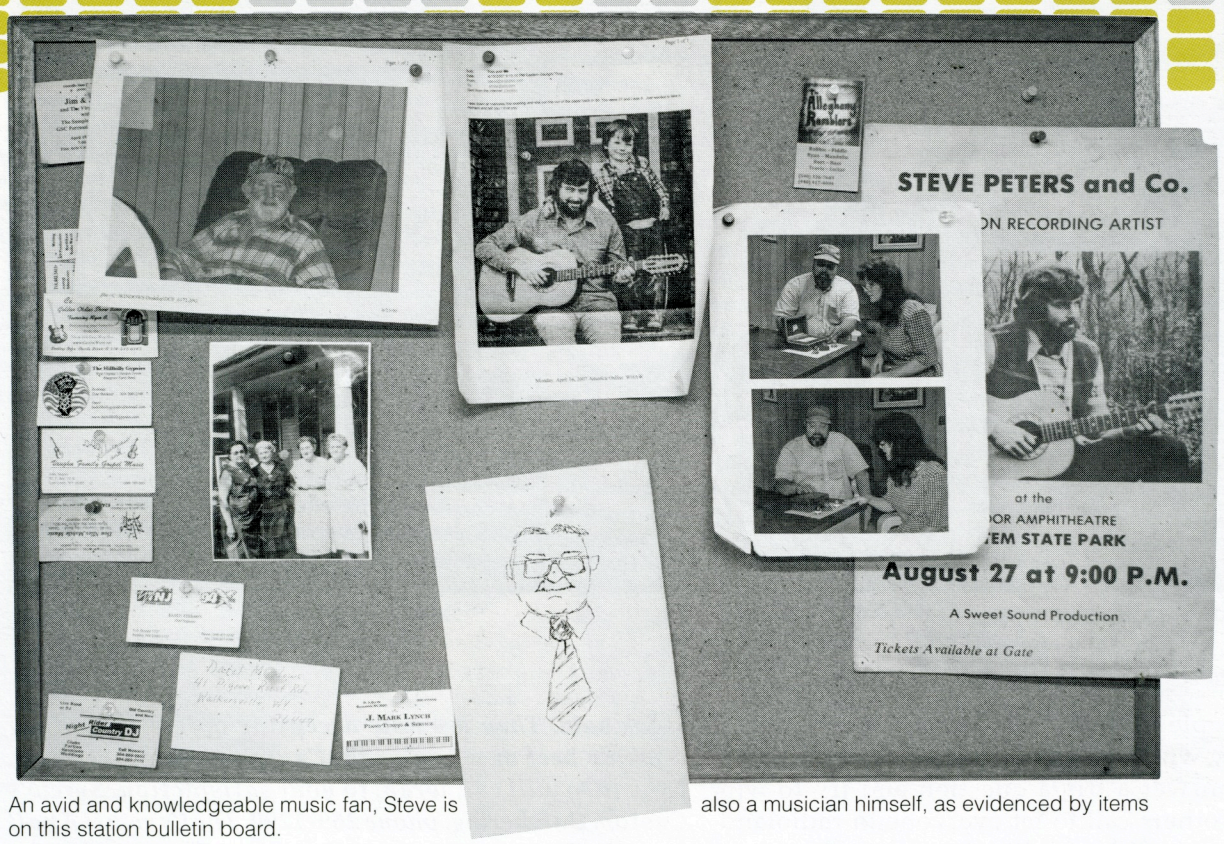
"Is there a brand name on this organ?"

"If you'll hold on — It's 'W' 'U' 'R' 'L' 'I' 'T' 'Z' 'E' 'R.'"

"Great! And what's the phone number that people can call for this organ?"

"It's 462-5062. It's either 5062 or 0562. Okay! Hi, Steve!"

"Hi, Ruth!"



An avid and knowledgeable music fan, Steve is also a musician himself, as evidenced by items on this station bulletin board.

WHAW has been around in one form or another since 1947, when it was founded by Harold McWhorter, H.A. Raggle, and H.R. Pritchard (former owner of the *Weston Democrat* newspaper). They formed the Lewis Service Corporation for the purpose of building a radio station. The station went on the air in February 1948, using the call letters WHWM, named for Harold and Willa McWhorter, with 250 watts of power. The frequency was 1450 AM. In December 1948, the call letters were changed to WHAW.

The station went off the air from 1952 to 1953, but was revived in 1954. The power was increased to 1,000 watts in 1960, and the frequency was changed to 980 AM. WHAW-FM went on the air in 1973 at 102.3, and the call letters were later changed to WSSN.

Steve Peters and Janie Woofter bought the station and property on December 18, 1997. The station was in bankruptcy, and Steve and Janie had to hustle to get it back on the air before the license expired with the FCC. The license was awarded to Steve Peters in April 1998.

A 25,000-watt station was built in 2006. Steve obtained a backup transmitter from WSM in Nashville and purchased seven acres on a hill above Weston to house it. Lloyd's Electronics in Jane Lew built the tower. Steve and Janie purchased a log cabin from Mountain State Log Homes to house the transmitter. Steve did most of the construction and wiring himself. WOTR 96.3 FM went on the air in 2009. Since then the stations have been up and down, on and off the air, and dealt with a variety of adversities. Still they soldier on, providing a forum for listeners in Lewis County to broadcast their needs and desires over the airwaves every Saturday morning.

"Good morning. You're on the Swap Shop."

"Good morning. I'm looking for a cook stove at a reasonable price. They can call me at 997-8262."

"Is this a gas-burning cook stove you're looking for, or wood-burning?"

"Gas."

"Thanks for your call."



Steve stands outside of the WHAW studios on East Weston Hill in Lewis County.

Sometimes people call just to talk or wish someone a happy birthday, which invariably leads to some singing. Some call to answer a trivia question and try to win a small prize, others call to let everyone in radioland know about a car wash or a hot dog sale to benefit a local church or charity.

"Welcome back to this edition of the Saturday Swap Shop. We are being brought to you by Kentucky Fried Chicken in Weston, Buckhannon, and Elkins."

Steve is grateful for his sponsors, and he produces for them earnest and enthusiastic advertisements.

(Lively music plays, featuring a harmonica, fiddle, and drums) "Heads up on this deal. Syrew's Custom Butchering, LLC. Located Route 19 North, located beside the stock sale. They are now accepting orders for half or a whole beef or a hog — that's right! — beef OR hog. Now they will cut, wrap, to your satisfaction. Syrew's Custom Butchering, phone 269-1290. That's right! A half or a whole hog or beef. YOU choose! Phone 269-1290. Syrew's Custom Butchering."

There are several regular callers to the Swap Shop, and Steve always takes the time to catch up on their news and give them the opportunity to report on their latest misfortune, tell a joke, or sing a song.

One recent caller wanted to find a suitable husband, and found one. She is hesitant to walk down the aisle with him, however, until he straightens up. If and when he does, Steve has put together a gala wedding ceremony, with donated items and services from Swap Shop listeners.

Travelers along I-79, between Bridgeport and Flatwoods, can often tune into 980 AM or 96.3 FM and hear what amounts to the heart and soul of rural West Virginia. People — real people — speaking for themselves, telling what they want to find, what they want to be rid of, and what they are willing to trade.



Steve recognizes many of the callers to his weekly Swap Shop show by the sound of their voice.

Steve says this is not the first romance spawned by the Saturday morning radio show. He says there have been others over the years, but several have ended in divorce. Swap Shop goods don't come with a guarantee, and that goes for romantic partners as much as anything.

"Good morning. You're on the Swap Shop."

"Good morning. I've got four 275-65R-18 Goodyear Wrangler tires. They've got about 25% of the tread on them, and they can have those for free if they'll come and get 'em.

"I've got a Woods Rototiller with a three-point hitch for a tractor. It'll fit a compact tractor or a normal tractor. I think it's a 42- or a 48-inch width. It's like brand new. And I'll take $700 for it. It's got a drive shaft with it. Still got all the paint and everything on it. It's good, it's not wore out or anything like that. I didn't use it that much, so I'm going to sell it. And the phone number is 462-5745."

The broadcast signal seems to vary according to the whims of fortune, at times reaching from Mill Creek to Wetzel County, other times, it seems, barely making it to the edge of town. But Steve Peters is as steady as he can be, promoting local culture, local businesses, and his faithful sponsors from dawn till dusk. Travelers along I-79, between Bridgeport and Flatwoods, can often tune into 980 AM or 96.3 FM and hear what amounts to the heart and soul of rural West Virginia. People — real people — speaking for themselves, telling what they want to find, what they want to be rid of, and what they are willing to trade.

"Good morning. You're on the Swap Shop."

"Yes, I have for sale a TV console stand. It has a built-in small refrigerator. With a lock and keys. And it also has a electric fireplace. And it is very nice! And I'm asking $200 for that. And my number is 304-266-3563."

"Thanks for your call."

The Swap Shop airs live from 9:00 to 11:30 a.m., each Saturday, over WHAW 980 AM and WOTR 96.3 FM. It streams live on the Internet on www.WHAWradio.com — click to listen.

JOHN LILLY was editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine from 1997-2015.

MARK CRABTREE is a professional photographer and freelance writer living in Morgantown, with family roots in Brooke County. He is a frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor; his photography appeared most recently in our Winter 2014 issue.



Paul Roomsburg, with fiddle.

By John Lilly

Photographs by Lisa Elmaleh

LISA ELMALEH AND THE



Gerry and Mary Alice Milnes, with fiddle and banjo.

MODERN ART OF TINTYPE



Keith McManus, with banjo and fiddle.

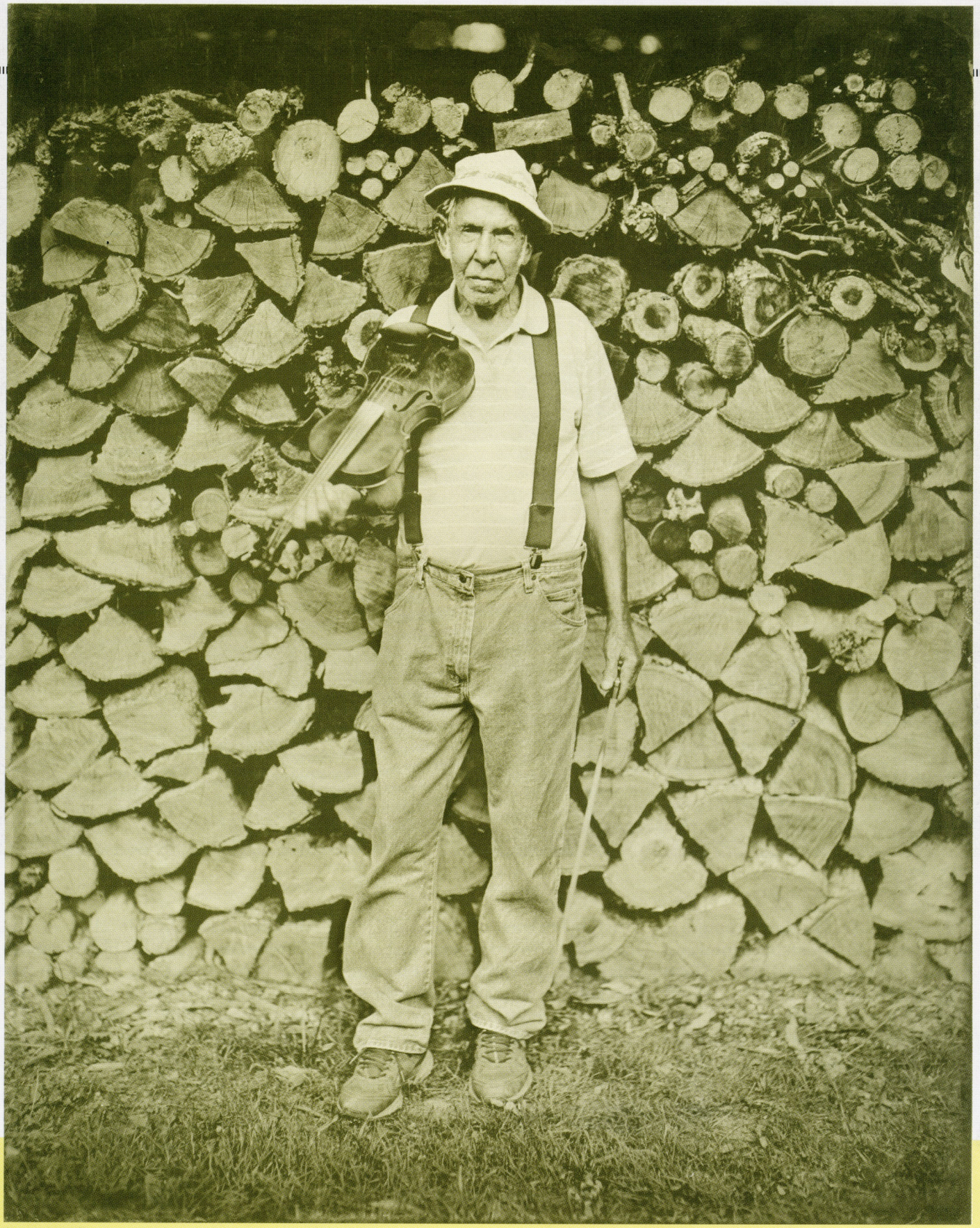
As the art of photography becomes more digital, automated, and instantaneous, a young woman in Paw Paw, Morgan County, is devoting herself to the time-honored and painstaking process of creating tintype images for the 21st century. Lisa Elmaleh prefers the look of the older, analog photographs. So she learned — and now teaches — the laborious process of taking and developing tintype photographs.

The subject of her photography is unique, as well. Fascinated by West Virginia old-time musicians, Lisa has spent the last five years traveling around the state making portraits of fiddle, banjo, guitar, dulcimer, accordion, and mandolin players, as well as at least one flat-foot dancer. Lisa estimates that she has taken more than 400 tintypes of West Virginia old-time musicians, and has documented more than 100 individuals and groups.

The daughter of a photographer, Lisa was captivated by the strange and magical world of film photography; she loved watching her father evoke visions on paper through the chemical processes used in developing, enlarging, and printing his pictures. A Miami, Florida, native, Lisa eventually went to school in New York to study photography and attended workshops in tintype photography.

Tintype was developed in Ohio in the late 1850's and came into popular use during the Civil War. Its popularity continued into the 1920's when it faded in favor of other photographic systems. At its peak during the 1860's and '70's, however, tintype offered a durable and affordable alternative to the earlier glass-plate photographs.

Lisa bought a vintage Century Universal camera, probably made in



Ralph Roberts, with fiddle.



John Lilly, with guitar.

the early 1920's. This large camera is mounted on an adjustable tripod and exposes 8x10-inch metal plates. These thin plates — Lisa uses lacquered aluminum — are then covered with a sticky substance called a collodion emulsion. The coated plate is placed in a bath of silver nitrate and water; after several minutes it is ready to be exposed.

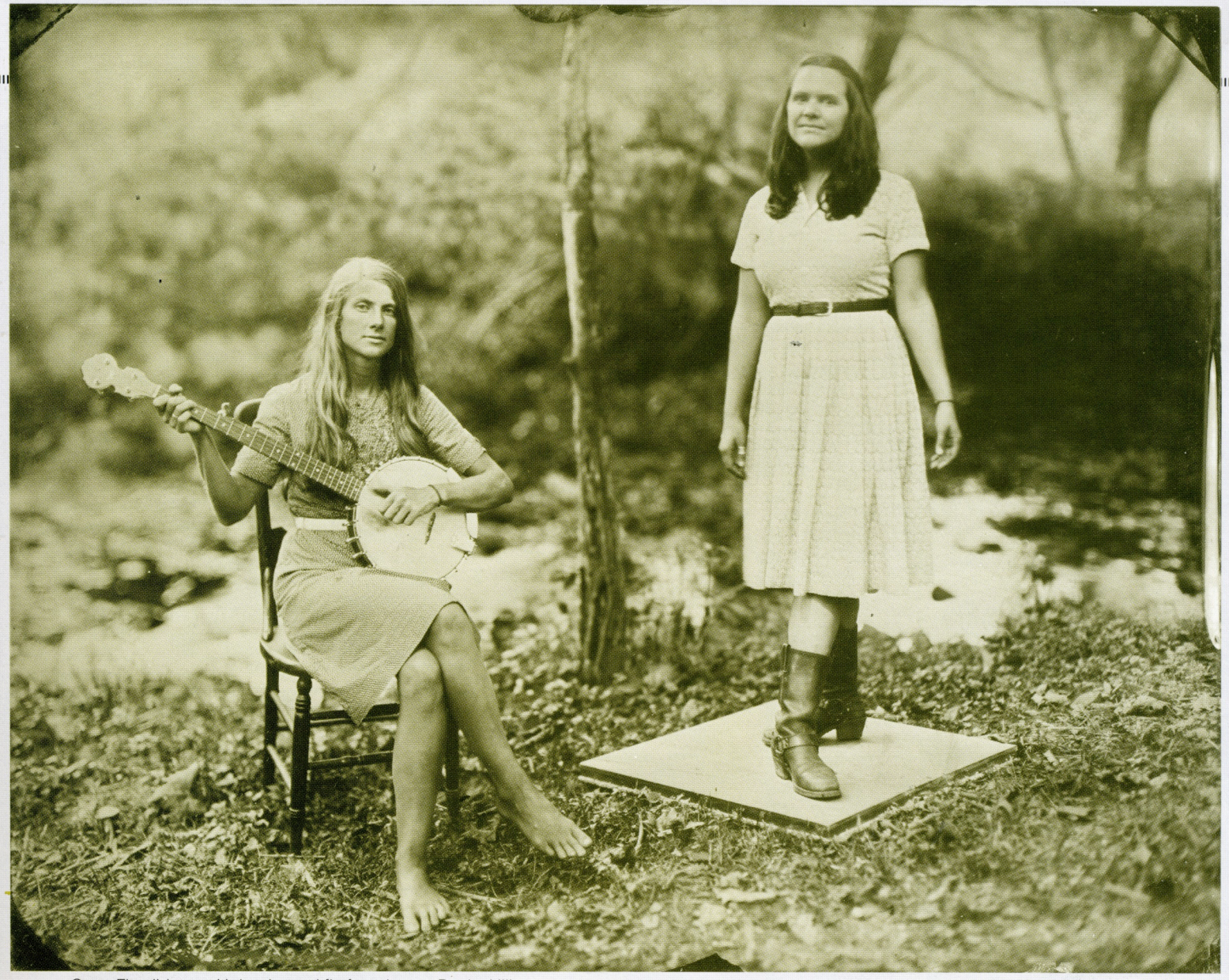
The exposure can take anywhere from less than a second to several seconds, sometimes as much as a minute or more. Lisa prefers to work out-of-doors with available light, so the exposure times can vary widely. Trusting her own judgment and relying on her years of experience behind this particular camera, Lisa instructs her subject to stand perfectly still and count however many seconds she feels it will take. The result is a meditative moment, she says, a calm, pensive portrait as the subject holds his or her breath, tries not to blink, and lets his or her personality and spirit show through.

A distinctive black hood hides the camera operator and the light-sensitive plate from the sun and from onlookers, as the photographer adjusts the camera's focus and other settings. The audible click of the shutter closing tells the photographer and subject that the exposure has been made. For Lisa, the developing process begins immediately. Her portable darkroom is housed in the bed of her old pickup truck, where she keeps the chemicals, basins, drying racks, and other accoutrements of the tintype trade. Under cover of a makeshift canopy, she takes the metal plate from the camera, releases it from its holder, and rinses it in the developing solution.

Less than a minute later, she rinses the plate with water then immerses



Frank George, with banjo.



Greta Fitzgibbon, with banjo, and flatfoot dancer Becky Hill.

it in a fixing bath of potassium cyanide, which removes the unexposed silver and stops the development. Since Lisa works out of her truck, she temporarily coats the exposed plate in glycerin until she can get indoors where the plate is rinsed again then allowed to dry for about 45 minutes before it is finally varnished and heated. Once finished, the tintype is a highly durable object, which explains why many of them have lasted more than a century.

Given that history of longevity, one can only hope that Lisa Elmaleh's early 21st-century tintypes of West Virginia musicians will outlast modern digital or even paper photographs. Her immediate hope, however, is to publish a selection of her photographs in book form. She has already been featured in several magazines and art galleries. She also teaches a class in tintype photography at a school in New York City — she makes the ambitious commute once a week.

She feels that it is all worth it, however. Though she is not highly paid for her work — yet — she says it is rewarding nonetheless. Thanks in part to the encouragement and support from her mother, Kim Elmaleh, Lisa is able to follow her passion, work with her hands, and be part of a growing and nurturing community of West Virginia musicians. They have welcomed her, she says, and she plans to embrace and visually depict them for the foreseeable future.

"I'm doing this project out of profound respect for the people who play this music and carry this tradition on," she says of her tintype photographs. "That is my homage to them."

To see more images or to learn more about Lisa, visit www.lisaelmaleh.com.



Peter Kosky, with guitar.



Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

No Gas in Monongah

John L. Boggess is a supporter of the petroleum industry. The Monongah resident owns a safety supplies business that takes him all over the northern part of West Virginia. On an average workday, he spends at least $50 on gasoline.

"My truck gets about nine miles to the gallon," John says as I visit with him in his office/family room. "Some days I spend $100 on gasoline."

John's relationship with gasoline pumps spills into his hobby of collecting and restoring vintage pumps and other service station items, such as signs, soda dispensers, oilcans, and advertising. Many of these items are mothballed a few blocks from his home in a former general store located on U.S. Route 19.

Although John says the old general store is not a museum, he occasionally gets phone calls from passersby who want to tour the two-story, frame building. The old store retains most of its original appearance: the south side sports a colorful Coca-Cola advertisement, the front is a panel of windows with wavy glass, the interior floor is wood, and the ceiling tin. The walls are hidden behind rows of wooden shelves that once held everything from carbide lamps and miner's boots to fabric and salt.

The store was built circa 1891. By 1922 P.P. Shenasky and his wife, Nellie, were the owners. John, a native of Monongah, says Nellie was still running the store when he was a child in the early 1960's.

The Shenaskys' daughter, Amelia, and her husband, Bruce Zentz, were the next owners, followed by Alan Williamson, an employee who ran it until the mid-1980's. He was the last one to operate it as a general store. After a short stint as an antiques shop, the building was sold.

"I bought it for storage," says John, who was deeply involved in collecting gas pumps and signs at the time.

John has collected this memorabilia for more than 30 years. The germ of this activity was a metal cigar sign a friend put in the trash while they were cleaning out an old house.

"I thought it was pretty neat," John says. "As I picked up a few more signs, local collectors would come to me and talk about things. A friend had a gas pump in his living room, and I thought it was just the neatest thing."

His first acquisition, a Sinclair pump with the familiar green brontosaurus on the globe, came from the garage of a customer on John's sales route.

"It took me a couple of months to persuade him to sell it to me," John says.

John Boggess stands outside his general store in Monongah, Marion County, where he houses a portion of his extensive collection of gas pumps.





This majestic restored pump stands 10 feet tall, too tall to fit in his home. Behind John is a row of pumps awaiting restoration.

John did a complete restoration, which included rebuilding the pump's mechanisms and sandblasting and painting the exterior.

"I am self-taught," John says of the skills demanded by a restoration. "I had a few friends I could call and ask questions when I needed help. It takes patience, and I had to work on that part of it."

Patience has been in good supply since John's interest in pumps got sidetracked by a go-cart track venture near Grafton. That responsibility, taken on in 2004, has left him little time for his gas pump restoration work.

"I got a pump I started to restore about eight years ago that is only half done," he says. "It's been untouched since then. I plan on getting back into it if I ever retire."

The pumps patiently await that day. Lined up along the walls of the old general store, they stand in various states of suspended decay. Some are missing their faces, many lack the globe. All have seen better days, except for the ones John already restored.

Five of the restorations are in the family's recreation room, where virtually every square inch of wall space is claimed by gas station advertising signs. The most significant exception is the pipe-organ pump that stands about 10 feet tall. Purchased from a Clarksburg man, the pump was restored to a Shell motif and dates from 1915 to 1920. It's an attractive piece that hints at the latent glory of the other pumps awaiting restoration.

While the stunning pipe-organ gas pump would look great in his family room, there's one problem. "It won't fit. When I built the addition, I never thought to put in 12-foot ceilings," John says.

John points out that the branding treatment pumps receive upon restoration is often inconsistent with the oil company brand whose gasoline was originally pumped by the device. One of his restorations is for the Polly Gas brand, a West Coast company. John selected that treatment simply because he liked the color scheme and the company's gorgeous parrot logo. But the pump itself was picked up in South Carolina.

John restored another pump with the Gilmore Red Lion logo.

"I look through a book and find the one that appeals to me, and that's what I make it," he says.

He even created his own brand, "Andy's and Jake's Garage," and restored a pump with a logo that features the faces of his two sons, Andrew and Jacob.

Andrew, the older son and in his 20's, has no interest in his father's collection. Jacob, in his teens, has shown some inclination as a result of watching the TV show "American Pickers." But his interest is not at the level that will help him deal with the massive task facing his father.

"I have about 100 pumps in my collection," John says. "I've restored only a dozen or so. I have a long ways to go."

CARL. E. FEATHER is a freelance writer and photographer who lives in Ashtabula, 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 contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

New Books Available

By John Lilly

Music has long been among West Virginia's leading exports, and perhaps its longest-standing proponent has been — and still is — Wheeling radio station WWVA. Beaming 50,000 watts at 1160 on the AM dial, WWVA has made big stars out of several of its Wheeling-based radio personalities.

A new book from Wheeling publisher Creative Impressions recounts the history of this important and influential radio station, from its humble start in 1926 in the basement of a home on the National Road, to the Golden Age of Radio during the 1930's through the 1950's, as well as more recent developments. *Radio Station WWVA: A Photographic History*, by Robert W. Schramm, is a 188-page large-format paperbound edition. As the title indicates, its emphasis is on the many photographs that appear in the book, depicting a large population of singers, announcers, and other radio entertainers who have contributed to this iconic station's success.

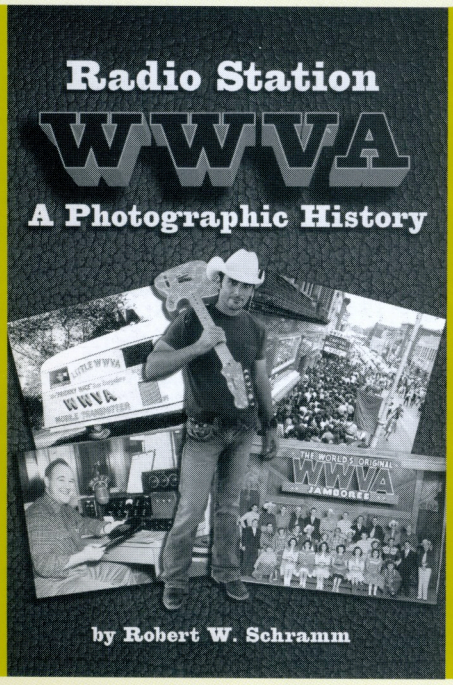
Of particular interest are sections about The World's Original WWVA Jamboree and It's Wheeling Steel, two of the station's most enduring and most endearing programs. While WWVA has broadcast a wide range of musical styles, such as opera, jazz, and rock, country music has been its mainstay. The dominant presence of country music in this book coincides with the current success of Glen Dale native Brad Paisley, who is featured on the book's cover.

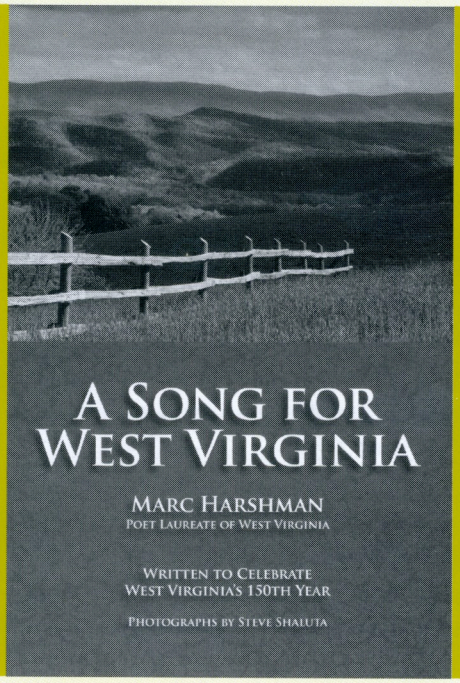
By coincidence, Dr. Ivan M. Tribe's new book titled, *West Virginia Traditional Country Music* features Wheeling powerhouse Doc Williams and his band on the cover [see page 72]. Taken together, these two books add significantly to our appreciation and understanding of West Virginia's country music heritage, and Wheeling's pivotal role in that history.

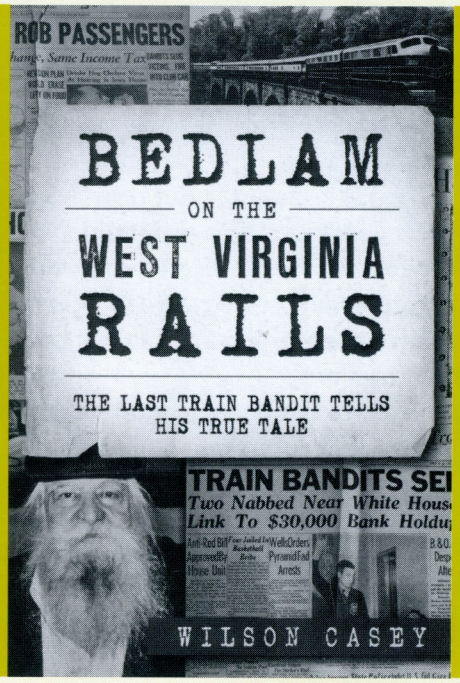
Radio Station WWVA: A Photographic History sells for $29.99, plus tax and shipping, and is available online at www.cre8m.com; e-mail cre8m@comcast.net.

West Virginia's poet laureate and GOLDENSEAL contributor Marc Harshman created *A Song for West Virginia* in honor of the state's sesquicentennial in 2013. Harshman's poem is richly illustrated with scenic photography from Steve Shaluta and is published by Charleston's Quarrier Press. It sells for $9, plus tax and shipping, from the West Virginia Book Company, online at www.wvbookco.com; phone (304)342-1848.

Train robberies were once a relatively common crime and are often associated with the Wild West and romantic stories of daring and bravery. [See "Campbell's Creek Train Robbery," by Todd Hanson; Summer 2014.] In reality, they







were frightening and sometimes brutal affairs, victimizing innocent travelers and railroad employees.

Bedlam on the West Virginia Rails: The Last Train Bandit Tells His True Tale, by Wilson Casey, recounts such a crime. Taking place on a passenger train near Martinsburg in 1949, the crime netted $30,000 for the four young men who were soon apprehended after a harrowing shootout near the White House in Washington, D.C. Thought to be the last robbery of a moving train in the U.S., this story made headlines at the time.

Wilson Casey bases most of his 142-page paperbound text on a 2009 interview with one of the perpetrators, Lu Ramsdell, whom the author met through a chance encounter. The result is an engaging account of crime, punishment, and regret. The book is available from The History Press for $19.99, plus tax and shipping, online at www.historypress.net.

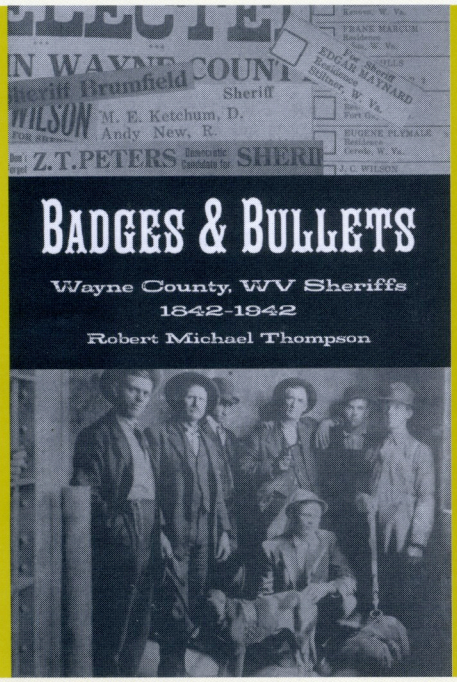
Badges & Bullets: Wayne County, WV Sheriffs (1842-1942), by Robert Michael Thompson, tells about the men who enforced the law in this rugged county during its first century of existence. Some were slave owners, some were politicians, some were Civil War veterans, some were cold-blooded killers. Thirty-two of the 45 men who have served as the Wayne County sheriff are discussed in this 206-page paperbound edition.

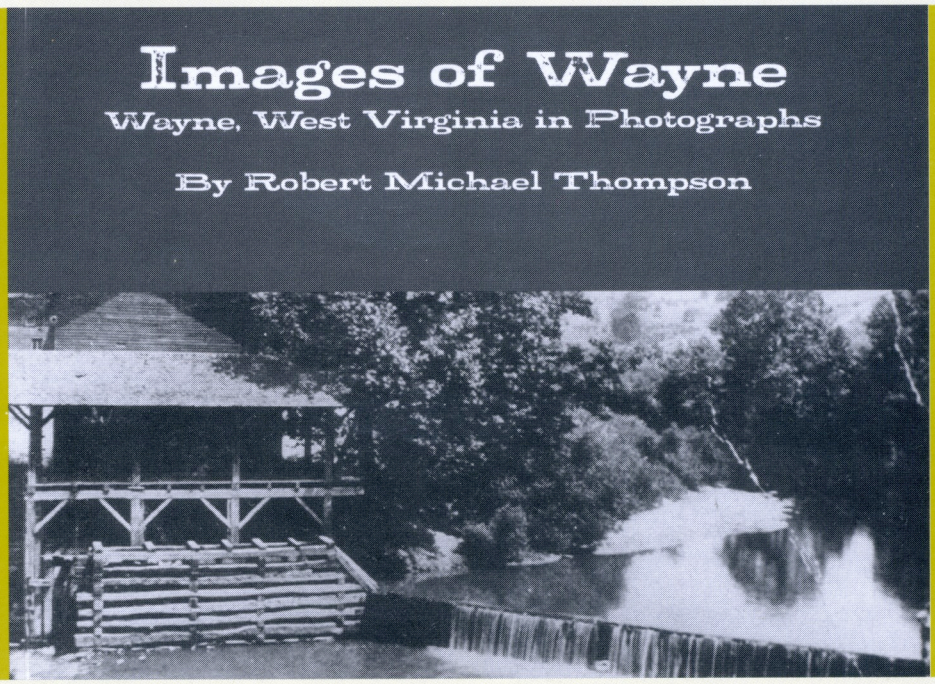
Of particular interest is Sheriff Menis E. Ketchum, who served as Wayne County sheriff from 1929-32. A colorful and charismatic character, Ketchum received national attention for his down-home manner and clever election slogan based on his initials and his last name — M.E. Ketchum (Me Ketchum!). Sheriff Ketchum was good at catching criminals; he reportedly never once fired his service revolver or used handcuffs to apprehend a suspect. [See "Ketchum Caught 'Em: Remembering a Wayne County Lawman," by Joseph Platania; Summer 1989.]

Badges & Bullets is published by the author and sells for $20 a copy. Contact Robert Thompson at P.O. Box 221, Wayne, WV 25570; phone (304)416-2661.

Also from Wayne County author Robert Michael Thompson is *Images of Wayne: Wayne, West Virginia in Photographs*. Exactly as the title indicates, this 213-page paperbound volume tells the story of the town of Wayne, located in Wayne County, through photos. The book is arranged chronologically, beginning with the earliest maps from 1819 and early settlers, and continuing to the present day. There are brief captions, but that is the extent of the text here — the pictures tell the tale.

Images of Wayne is also published by the author and sells for $20. Contact Robert Thompson at P.O.





Box 221, Wayne, WV 25570; phone (304)416-2661.

Burnsville: A Pictorial History, by David Parmer, is a photographic history book on an entirely different scale. This 457-page, large-format tome tells more than most people could imagine about this modest Braxton County community. A talented writer, David Parmer grew up in Burnsville. He shares personal memories while revealing page after page of interesting facts, characters, businesses, and events related to the town on Burnsville.

Burnsville: A Pictorial History sells for $55, plus $6 shipping, from David Parmer, 119 Ballengee Street, Hinton, WV 25951; phone (304)466-4466.

While the infamous Hatfield and McCoy family feud has received ample attention from writers and historians, much is left to tell about other feuds that have erupted in these mountains over the years. In a new book titled *Blood in West Virginia: Brumfield v. McCoy*, author Brandon Kirk recounts details of one of the most virulent and violent feuds on record. Beginning in 1889 in the Lincoln County community of Harts, members of these two families engaged in hostilities that eventually resulted in at least four deaths and ignited a decade-long vendetta.

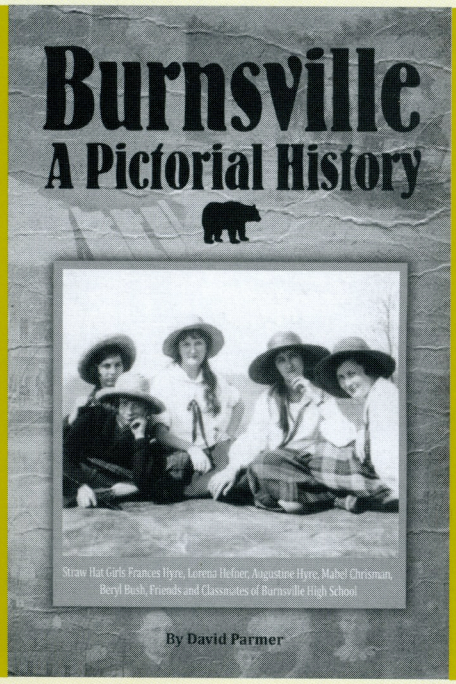
Blood in West Virginia is a 320-page hardbound publication and includes 22 illustrations, a map, a list of feud participants, an extensive index, and a bibliography. It is published by Pelican Publishing Company and sells for $26.95 online at www.pelicanpub.com; phone 1-800-843-1724.

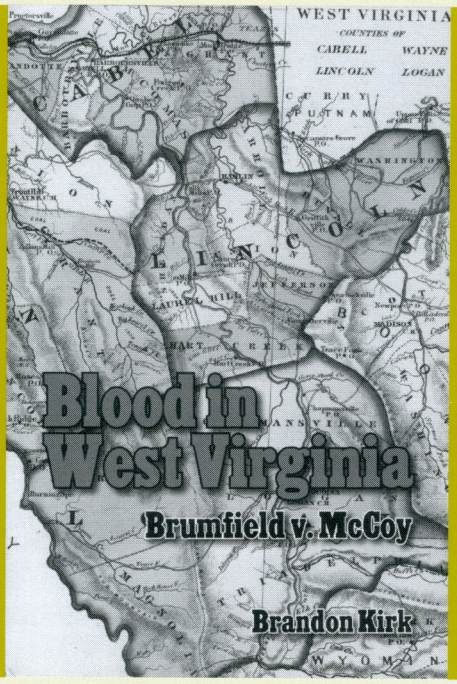
Two new books about the coal industry call into question the safety of the workers and the ethics of the companies who employ them.

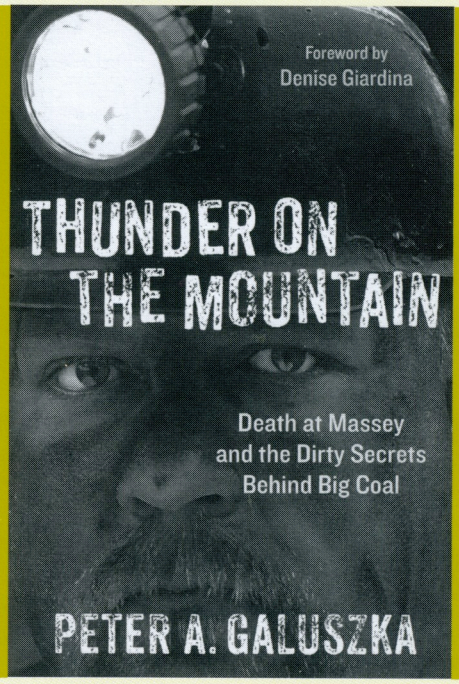
Thunder on the Mountain: Death at Massey and the Dirty Secrets Behind Big Coal, by Peter A. Galuszka, recalls the April 2, 2010, explosion at Massey Energy's Upper Big Branch mine in which 29 coal miners were killed. Accusing Massey of greed and gross negligence and personally blaming former Massey CEO Don Blankenship for the tragedy, this exposé is an indictment against the global coal industry and its passion for profits at all costs.

Thunder on the Mountain, a 300-page paperbound edition, is published by Vandalia Press, an imprint of West Virginia University Press, and sells for $19.95, plus tax and shipping. Visit www.wvupress.com; phone 1-800-621-8476.

The Devil Is Here in These Hills: West Virginia's Coal Miners and Their Battle for Freedom, by James Green, provides an overview of the so-called West Virginia Mine Wars — the bitter series of events







during the first half of the 20th century that eventually led to the unionization of the coal industry in these mountains.

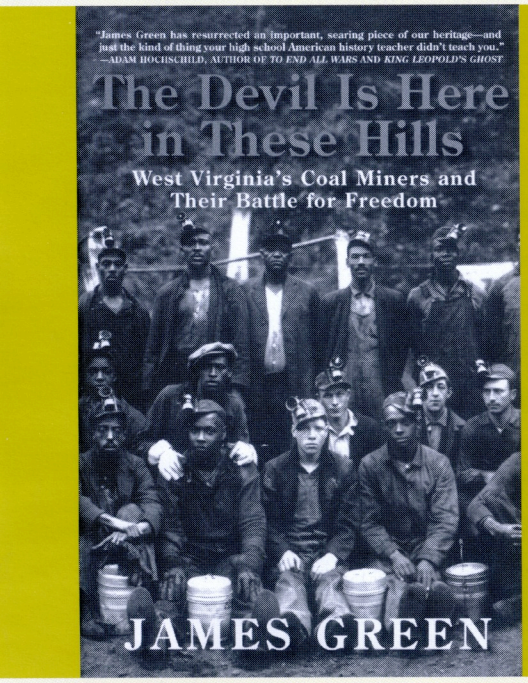
This 440-page hardbound text sells for $28 and is available from the Atlantic Monthly Press, online at www.groveatlantic.com; phone (212)614-7850.

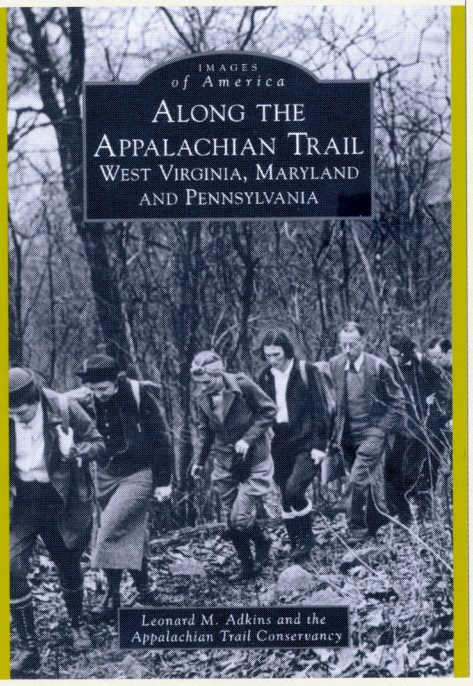
The Appalachian Trail extends from Georgia to Maine, more than 2,000 miles along the crest of the Appalachian Mountains. Most of the trail has been carved out of federal land, but the 270-mile West Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania sections came from private sources. This required some creative routing and imaginative negotiating with property owners and local jurisdictions. In the end, trail planners succeeded in placing the trail in some of these states' most scenic areas.

Along the Appalachian Trial: West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania is a part of the Images of America series from Arcadia Publishing and the History Press. The 128-page paperbound book includes more than 200 historical images, plus extensive captions.

There are two West Virginia sections to the trail. The southern section zigzags across the West Virginia/Virginia border in Monroe County for approximately 10 miles, before dropping off into Virginia for 360 miles. The northern section — only four miles long — enters West Virginia just above Harpers Ferry and exits the state at the Potomac River. The book devotes 20 pages to those two sections of the trail.

Along the Appalachian Trial: West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania is written by Leonard M. Adkins and the Appalachian Trail Conservancy. It sells for $21.99 and is available online at www.arcadia publishing.com; phone (843)853-2070.







Back Issues Available

___ Fall 2004/Grafton Trains
___ Summer 2005/Tygart Homestead
___ Summer 2006/Elaine Purkey
___ Summer 2007/Raising Goats
___ Spring 2010/Pilot Steve Weaver
___ Winter 2010/Weir High School Band
___ Summer 2011/Trolleys
___ Fall 2012/Cameo Glass
___ Winter 2012/Travelers' Repose
___ Spring 2013/Sam McColloch
___ Summer 2013/Sesquicentennial
___ Fall 2013/Folklife Goes To College
___ Winter 2013/Cranberry Wilderness
___ Spring 2014/Celebrating 40 Years!
___ Summer 2014/Baseball!
___ Fall 2014/Fairmont Architecture
___ Winter 2014/Hammons Family
___ Spring 2015/Food Heritage

Stock up on GOLDENSEAL back issues! Purchase any of the magazines listed above for just $3.95 each, plus shipping, while supplies last. Pay just $3 each, plus shipping, on orders of 10 or more.

Better yet, take advantage of our **Deluxe Gift Package**. Own all of the issues listed here, a copy of The GOLDENSEAL *Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars*, a color reprint of our 1985 article about Homer Laughlin China, plus other assorted reprints while supplies last, all for the low price of $50, including shipping.

Treat yourself or treat a friend to this memorable collection from GOLDENSEAL!

(Please include $1 shipping for orders of 1-3, $2 for orders of 4-9, $4 for orders of 10 or more.)

I enclose $_____

-or-

Charge my ___VISA ___MasterCard
#_____
Exp. Date _____

Name _____
Address _____
_____

Please make check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL.
Send to:
GOLDENSEAL
The Culture Center
1900 Kanawha Blvd. East
Charleston, WV 25305-0300

New To GOLDENSEAL?

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

Thanks — and welcome to the GOLDENSEAL family!

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

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Please make your check or money order payable to GOLDENSEAL.

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

Address Change?

Please enter old and new addresses below and return to us:

Old

Name _____

Address _____

_____

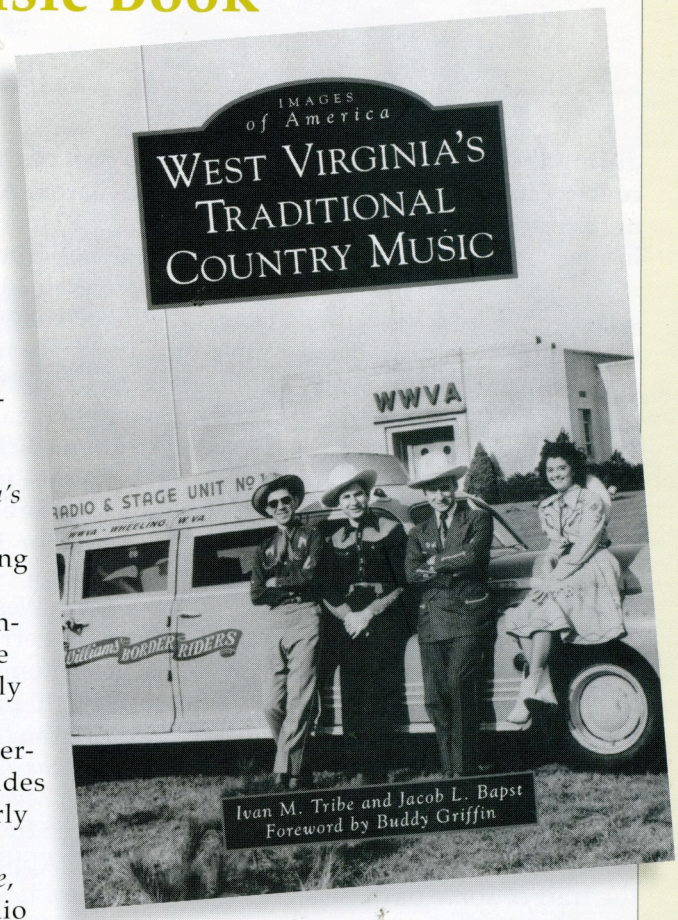
New

Name _____

Address _____

_____

New Music Book



West Virginia's Traditional Country Music is the title and subject of a new book from frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor Dr. Ivan M. Tribe and Jacob L. Bapst. Published by Arcadia Publishing as part of their Images of America series, *West Virginia's Traditional Country Music* is an intriguing collection of photographs and commentary dating from the early 1920's to nearly the present day.

The 126-page paperbound edition includes chapters on The Early Years, WWVA Radio and the *Jamboree*, Mountain State Radio to 1945, Later Radio and Live Television, Real Folk Musicians and Bluegrass, and West Virginia Goes National.

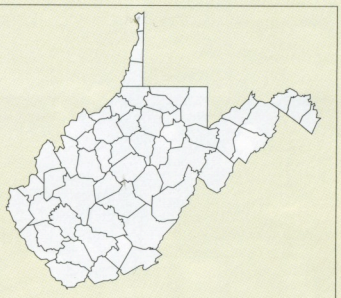
Ivan Tribe is the author of *Mountaineer Jamboree*, the definitive history of West Virginia country music, published in 1984 by the University Press of Kentucky. *West Virginia's Traditional Country Music* is a continuation of that earlier work as it reveals the breadth and depth of country music and country music performers from around the state over the past century.

West Virginia's Traditional Country Music sells for $21.99, plus tax and shipping, from the publisher at 1-888-313-2665 or online at www.arcadiapublishing.com.

Goldenseal

Coming Next Issue...

- Traditional Dance
- Blue Jay, Raleigh County
- Riding the New River Train
- O'Hurley's Store





Carbide lamps and mining caps at the West Virginia State Museum in Charleston. Photograph by Kelli Dailey.

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

PERIODICALS

Inside Goldenseal

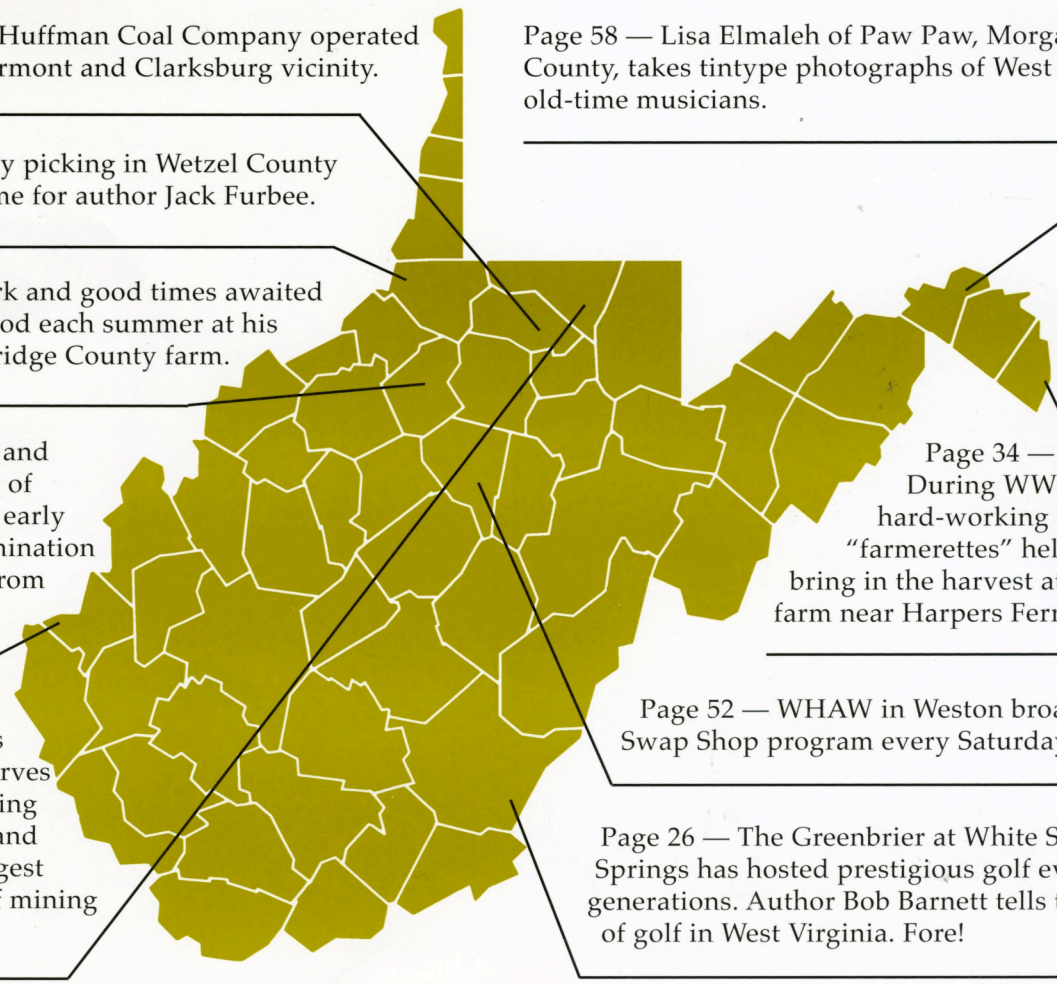
Page 20 — The H.B. Huffman Coal Company operated five mines in the Fairmont and Clarksburg vicinity.

Page 48 — Blackberry picking in Wetzel County was a memorable time for author Jack Furbee.

Page 42 — Hard work and good times awaited author Sid Underwood each summer at his grandfather's Doddridge County farm.

Page 10 — Collector and historian Jim Lackey of Huntington tells the early history of mine illumination in West Virginia — from candles to carbide.

Page 18 — West Virginia University's Watts Museum preserves the mineral and mining history of the state, and boasts one of the largest known collections of mining and safety lamps.



Page 58 — Lisa Elmaleh of Paw Paw, Morgan County, takes tintype photographs of West Virginia old-time musicians.

Page 34 — During WWI, hard-working "farmerettes" helped bring in the harvest at a farm near Harpers Ferry.

Page 52 — WHAW in Weston broadcasts its Swap Shop program every Saturday morning

Page 26 — The Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs has hosted prestigious golf events for generations. Author Bob Barnett tells the history of golf in West Virginia. Fore!

52
0 94295 76645 1