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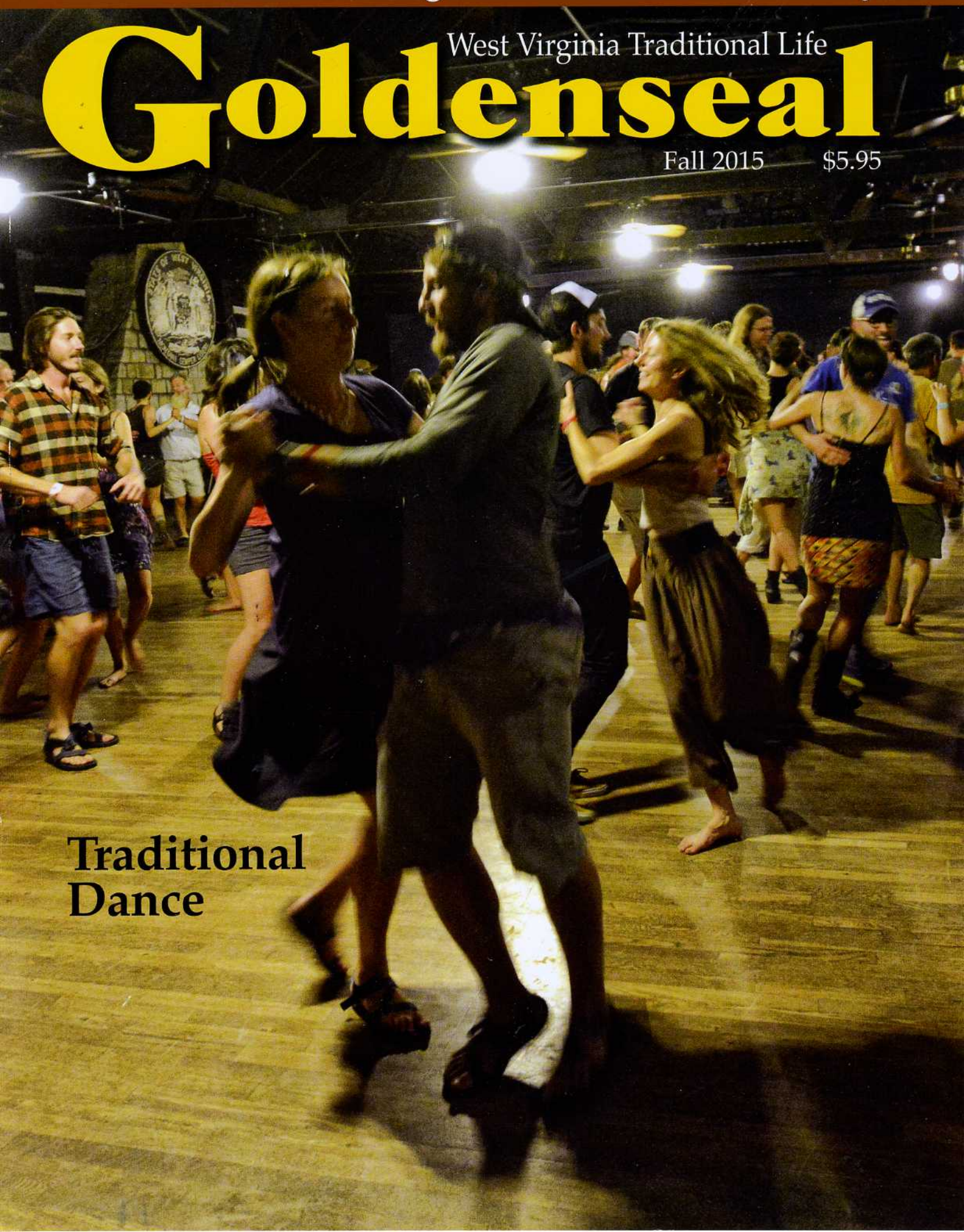
West Virginia Traditional Life

Goldenseal

Fall 2015 $5.95



Traditional Dance

From the Commissioner

I often tell people that the West Virginia Division of Culture and History is the creative side of "Wild and Wonderful West Virginia." It is our privilege and our responsibility to ensure that the state's wonderful heritage and history, culture and communities, and incredible stories are preserved and shared, so that those who have lived those stories and those who will learn from them can know more about the Mountain State.

For more than 40 years, GOLDENSEAL magazine has been one of the most important ways we share the traditions of our daily lives and the stories of the events, people, and places that have forever made a difference in our state and, sometimes, the world.

The stories we share with our readers in GOLDENSEAL are as diverse as our backgrounds and our families. Sometimes, as with this issue's story about apple harvests, our writers share their best memories of the rhythms of their lives. Other times, as with the dance trail story, our writers are young and just discovering a tradition that makes their hearts sing. We share the good news of Mountain State successes and the sad news of losses, like the deaths of Elmer Rich and Norman Jordan.

Searching for the stories, recognizing the gems that will make readers laugh, smile and, yes, cry, takes a special person. It takes an editor who knows our state and its people; it takes an editor who sees the nugget of a true traditional story in every conversation.

In this issue, we are introducing our new editor, Stan Bumgardner. I know, from my own experiences, that he is the best person to carry on the traditions of GOLDENSEAL and to help us share our state's rich heritage with readers around the world.

I hope you will join me in welcoming him back to our agency and support him in his new role as Folklife Director and GOLDENSEAL editor. Stan previously worked

West Virginia Division of Culture & History Commissioner Randall Reid-Smith and new GOLDENSEAL editor Stan Bumgardner. Photograph by Steve Brightwell.

with our agency in the Archives and History and the Museum sections at the Culture Center. He served as the creative director of the West Virginia State Museum renovation.

Stan is a West Virginia native and a graduate of Marshall University and West Virginia University. Some of you will recognize him without his shoes as a musician who has performed with bands at the Appalachian String Band Music Festival and other musical venues around the state.

Stan is a historian by trade. He authored *The Children's Home Society of West Virginia: Children–Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow* and has edited and written articles, book chapters, and internet publications on topics as diverse as technology in arts education, food heritage, and coal heritage.

He is diving headlong and happily into his new role as editor. We are excited to have him on our team and believe that you will be excited to see his handiwork in future issues of GOLDENSEAL.

Randall

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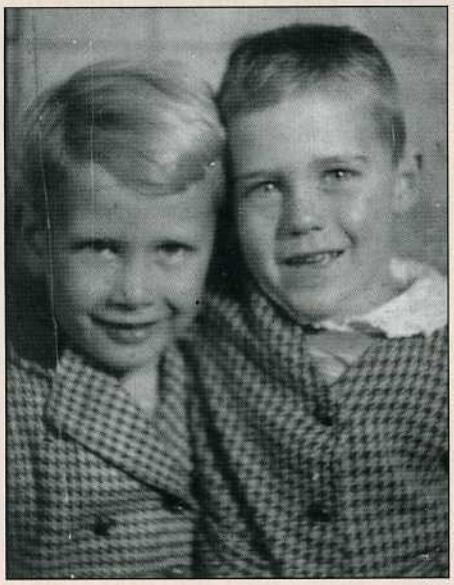

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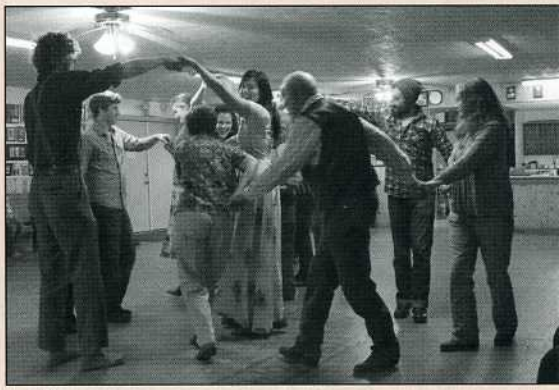

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On the cover: Dancers at the Appalachian String Band Music Festival, Clifftop, Summer 2015. Photograph by Steve Brightwell.

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Earl Ray Tomblin
Governor

Kay Goodwin
Secretary
Department of Education
and the Arts

Randall Reid-Smith
Commissioner
Division of Culture and History

Stan Bumgardner
Editor

Kim Johnson
Circulation Manager

Karin Kercheval Design
Publication Design

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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

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Letters from Readers

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

WHAW's Swap Shop

June 22, 2015
Buckhannon, West Virginia
Editor:
I enjoyed the article on Lewis County long-time radio station WHAW in your Summer 2015 issue.

My parents, Richard and Freda Ralston, along with Francis and Ruth Andrew who lived in Buckhannon, owned the station for many years, beginning in the late 1950s. The business was operated by the Central West Virginia Service Corporation.

The era of their ownership by the Central West Virginia Service Corporation was not mentioned in your article, and based on my memory with a good bit of help from Irene White (who was the wife of Terry White, manager of the station for many years), and from his son Terry, I was able to add the information below. I believe the information is pretty accurate (with the exception of the exact years involved).

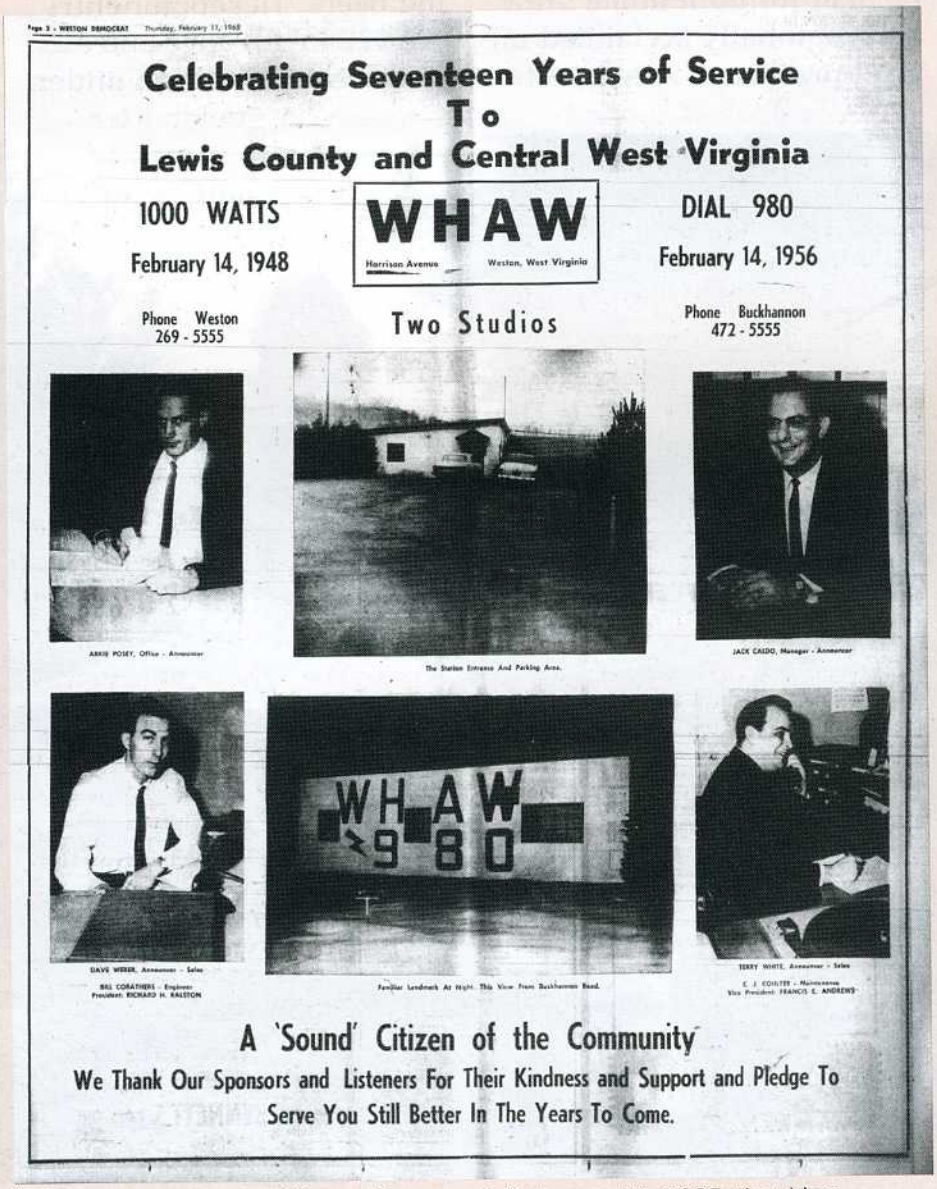
I have a lot of fond memories from atop East Weston Hill, where the station has always been located. In the summer of 1958, when I graduated from high school, I worked at the station as an announcer. The facility was small and was located in a field, which also served as a cow pasture. One Saturday afternoon, while I was the lone employee at the station, I heard a strange noise in the transmitter room. I got up from my seat at the board, went to that room, and learned that someone had forgotten to lock the screen door, and a cow was in the room. No damage—just some silent air time while I got rid of the cow.

Jack Caldo was the initial manager, and Terry White became manager in 1957, a position he held for two years. He moved to Arkansas, where he lived for several years before returning to Weston and was again manager of the station for several years. The station during those years was known as WHAW 980. A few years later, the corporation opened and operated a sister station WSSN at 102.3 on the radio dial. I do not recall who purchased the stations from the Central West Virginia Service Corporation, but the station was closed in bankruptcy.

The "Swap Shop" referred to in the GOLDENSEAL article was begun by Mr. White in the late '50s.

For a few years in the '60s, and maybe even into the early '70s, my father and I went on the air for 15 minutes Monday through Friday mornings with an Upshur County news broadcast featuring the official weather statistics gathered daily by Prof. and Mrs. Arthur Gould from their farm on Brushy Fork, the latest news from the local funeral homes, the latest from law enforcement officials, and announcements of interest to Upshur County listeners. That was part of our chores as owners of the *Buckhannon Record*, a weekly newspaper operated by my father.

Sincerely,
Richard H. Ralston II



Full-page ad from the *Weston Democrat*, February 11, 1965, thanking listeners for tuning into radio station WHAW since 1948.

July 21, 2015
Grantsville, West Virginia
Editor:

I have some information regarding your story about WHAW featured in the Summer 2015 GOLDENSEAL. I'm glad people still remember that the call letters stand for Harold and Wilda McWhorter. Harold grew up near Lost Creek—the community of McWhorter is on the Harrison/Lewis county line. Wilda lived in Harrisville, Ritchie County, and was a talented musician. She studied piano in Austria.

On page 55, you mention one of the founders of WHAW was H. A. Raggle. Actually, he was H. G. (Harrison Gaylord) Raiguel, the father of Wilda McWhorter. The name Raiguel is hard to spell and harder to pronounce. Phonetically, it is sort of like "Ray-gyule," with the "g" pronounced as in goat.

Mr. Raiguel operated a funeral home in Harrisville from 1928-1950. Raiguel Funeral Home is still located there. His wife, Eleanor (Faust) Raiguel, was my father's first cousin.

The Raiguels raised my father, Charles R. Bonar, from the age of six after his father died in 1928. My father then owned the funeral home from 1950-1999. We lived next door to the Raiguels until they relocated to Florida.

Sincerely,
Robert G. Bonar

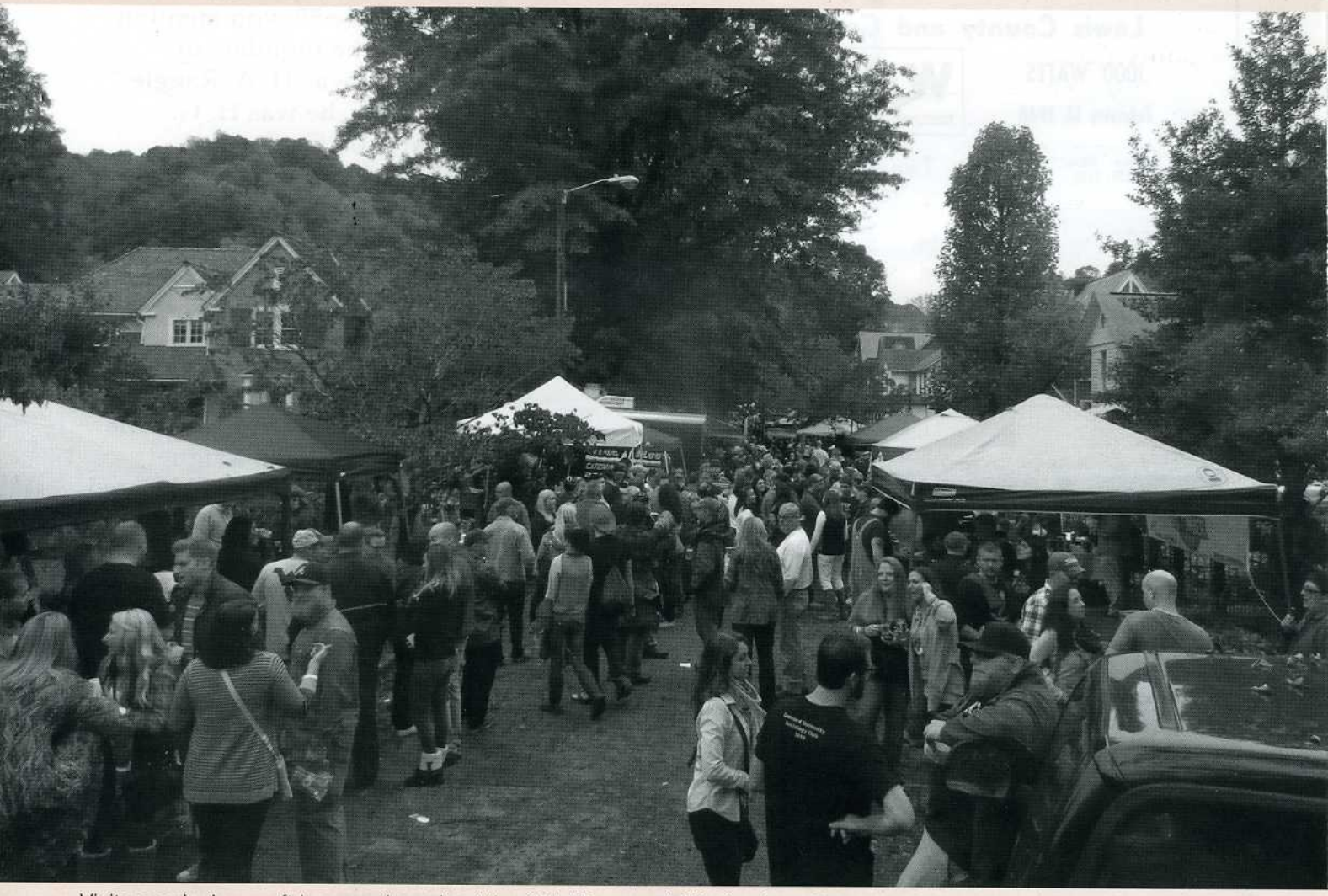
Current Programs • Events • Publications

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.

Bramwell Oktoberfest

On Saturday, October 10, the city of Bramwell in Mercer County will celebrate its 20th annual Oktoberfest. The festivities will take place from 2-8 p.m. on Brick Street in the Bramwell Historic District.

The festival, known for its outstanding live musical entertainment, will feature traditional folk, blues, bluegrass, and alternative artists throughout the day. During the event, competitions will be held for both home brew and regionally acclaimed micro-brew beers. Any guests under 21 years of age can gain entry to the contest and musical entertainment areas. Visitors over 21 who have bought general admission tickets are allowed to sample 2-oz. portions of the competing beers. Tickets for entry are $20 in advance and $25 at the gate. Children under



Visitors enjoying craft beer and music at the 2014 Bramwell Oktoberfest. Photograph courtesy of Dana Stoker.

12 can enter for free.

The city of Bramwell is located near Bluefield on Route 52, nestled beneath Pinnacle Rock State Forest in a horseshoe bend of the Bluestone River. Bramwell is known as the "Home of the Millionaires" because in the late 1800s and early 1900s, it was supposedly home to more millionaires per capita than any other city in the United States.

To purchase tickets in advance, contact the Mercer County Convention and Visitors Bureau at (800) 221-3206. For more information about the Bramwell Oktoberfest, visit http://www.bramwelloktoberfest.com or contact the event supervisor, George Sitler, at gvsitler@hotmail.com or (304) 248-8004.

Burgoo Cook-Off

The Burgoo International Cook-off in Webster Springs will be held on Saturday, October 10. This annual event, which began in 1995, will be held at the Baker's Island Recreation Area from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Burgoo, also known as hunter's stew or road kill stew, is a highly seasoned

Children taking a hayride at the annual Burgoo International Cook-off. Photograph by Randy Timm.

dish made of any combination of meats and vegetables. The meats typically include fowl or wild game, such as squirrel or even bear, with some type of starch for thickening.

At the Burgoo Cook-off, families can enjoy various activities, including an apple pie contest, children's activities, live music, arts and crafts, apple butter making, and a scarecrow contest. Cash prizes will be awarded in several categories to the burgoo and apple pie contest winners.

Admission is free. For additional information, contact Webster Springs Main Street at (304) 847-7291 or e-mail webstermain@citilink.net.

Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival

The 36th annual Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival will kick off this year on Thursday, October 15, and continue through the weekend. It will take place on Queen Street in Martinsburg, Berkeley County.

The festival offers activities for all ages. Friday's events include the coronation of the new Queen Pomona and Friday Night in the Park. The selection of a new Queen Pomona—in honor of the Greek goddess of fruit—is a festival tradition. Friday Night in the Park is free and features live music, food vendors, and fireworks.

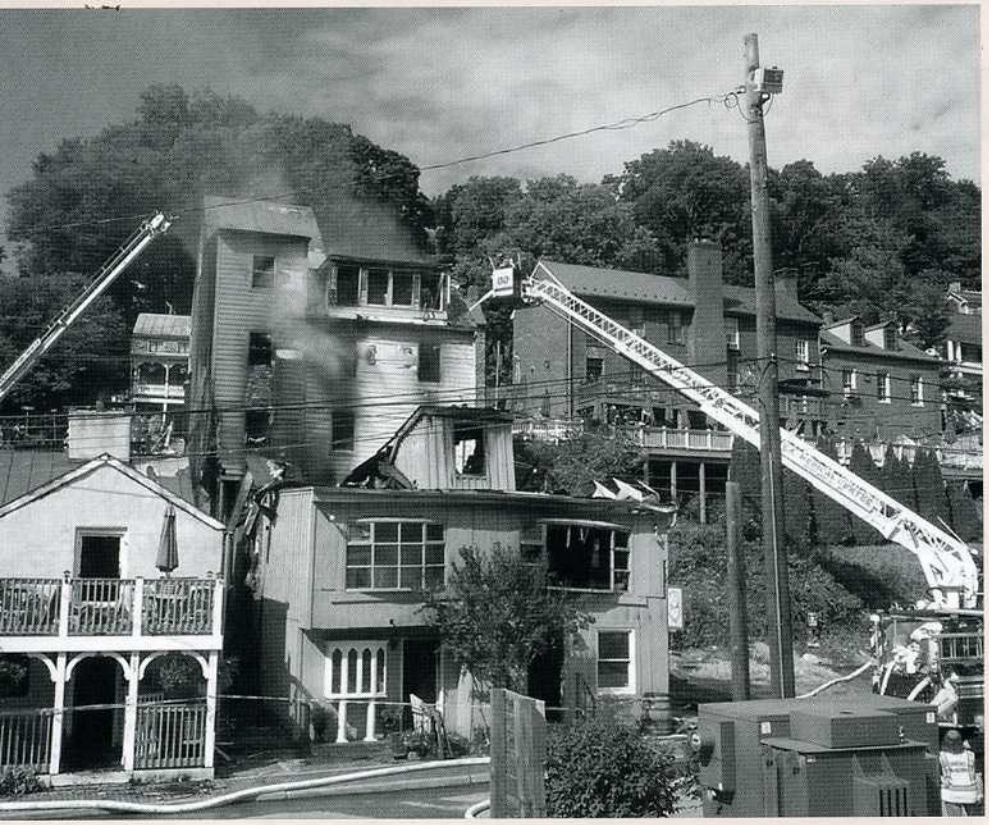
Two of the festival's biggest attractions are a parade on Saturday afternoon and an arts and crafts fair. With more than 100 vendors, the fair has grown significantly over the years. Other activities include the Apple Trample 5K run, an apple-eating contest, an apple-peeling contest, a sampling of fresh-made apple butter, an antique car show, and a grand ball.

For more information, visit www.msahf.com or call (304) 263-2500.

Hinton Railroad Days

The town of Hinton, Summers County, will celebrate its history during the Hinton Railroad Days festival on the weekends of October 17-18 and 24-25. This event, sponsored by the Hinton Railroad Museum, is held in association with the New River Train Fall Foliage excursions. Admission to the museum is free.

During the festival, Temple Street will be filled with vendors selling arts and crafts, such as rings, coal scrip and old coins, handmade wooden banks, wood furniture, hand-painted items, quilts, and jewelry. Food options will satisfy a range of tastes—from hamburgers and chicken and dumplings to funnel



The devastating July 29 fire smoldering at Harpers Ferry. Photograph courtesy of MetroNews.

cakes and kettle corn. Carriage and pony rides will also be available along with a 5K run/walk. The entertainment will run each day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

For more information on Hinton Railroad Days, visit www.hintonwva.com/railroaddays.html or call the visitor's center at (304) 466-6100. For more information on the New River Train excursions, visit www.newrivertrain.com or call the Collis P. Huntington Railroad Society at (866) 639-7487.

Harpers Ferry Fire

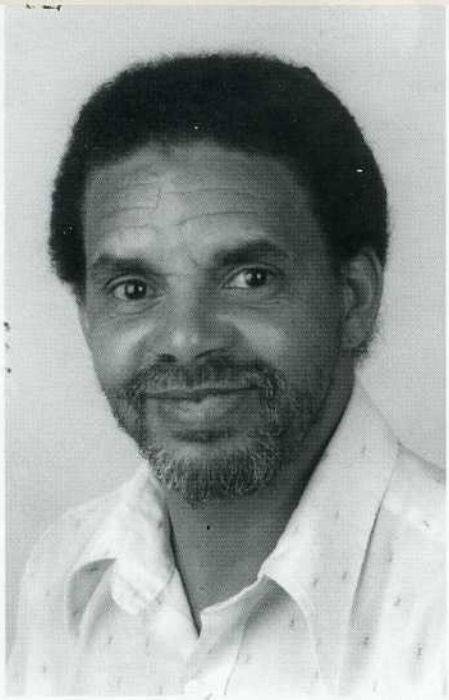
In the early morning hours of July 29, a three-alarm fire gutted several historic buildings in Harpers Ferry, Jefferson County. The structures, which are located outside the boundaries of Harpers Ferry National Historical Park, housed privately owned businesses and apartments. All the damaged buildings dated to before the Civil War and were a regular part of the Harpers Ferry experience for many visitors. Local residents credit firefighters for keeping the blaze from spreading to the buildings in the national park. Harpers Ferry, the site of abolitionist John Brown's 1859 raid on the U.S. Armory, has seen its share of disasters over the years, most often in the form of devastating floods. Harpers Ferry National Historical Park hosts more than 250,000 visitors a year.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

Elmer Rich, an award-winning fiddler from Monongalia County, passed away at his home in Morgantown on June 20. He was 95. Music was an integral part of the Rich family, and all the children played at least one instrument. Elmer started out by learning the mandolin and guitar and, at 14, was playing with his family at dances. He taught himself to play fiddle while living with his sister Neva and her husband in Webster County. One of his first contests was at Arthurdale, a New Deal model community built in Preston County during the Great Depression. Elmer came in second, and First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt pinned the red ribbon on his shirt. He worked for the Monongahela Railroad for more than 40 years while playing music in his spare time. Elmer won contests at the Vandalia Gathering in Charleston, the Appalachian String Band Music Festival at Clifftop, and the Mountain State Forest Festival in Elkins, among others. He was featured in our Fall 2009 edition in an article titled "Hard Work and Music: Fiddler Elmer Rich" by Mark Crabtree.

Elmer Rich. Photograph by Mark Crabtree.

Norman Jordan was a giant in West Virginia history and culture. Norman, who died on June 27 at age 77, was West Virginia's most-published African-American poet, a renowned playwright, and a gifted storyteller. His poetry has been featured in more than 40 books, including *Make a Joyful Sound: Poems for Children by African-American Poets* and *In Search of Color Everywhere: A Collection of African-American Poetry*. But the mark Norman left as a poet is only a small part of his story. He served as president of the West Virginia African American Arts and Heritage Academy and had plays produced across the country. He cofounded the African American Heritage Family Tree Museum in Ansted, Fayette County. His museum interpreted the important role played by blacks in the industrial development of southern West Virginia. The Ansted native began writing poetry as a child after being struck with rheumatic fever.



Norman Jordan, ca. 1998.
Photograph by Michael Keller.

How to Sprout a Poem

By Norman Jordan

First place
About six
Tablespoons of words
In a gallon jar

Cover the words
With liquid ideas
And let soak overnight

The following morning
Pour off the old ideas
And rinse
The words with fresh thoughts
Tilt the jar upside down

In a corner
And let it drain

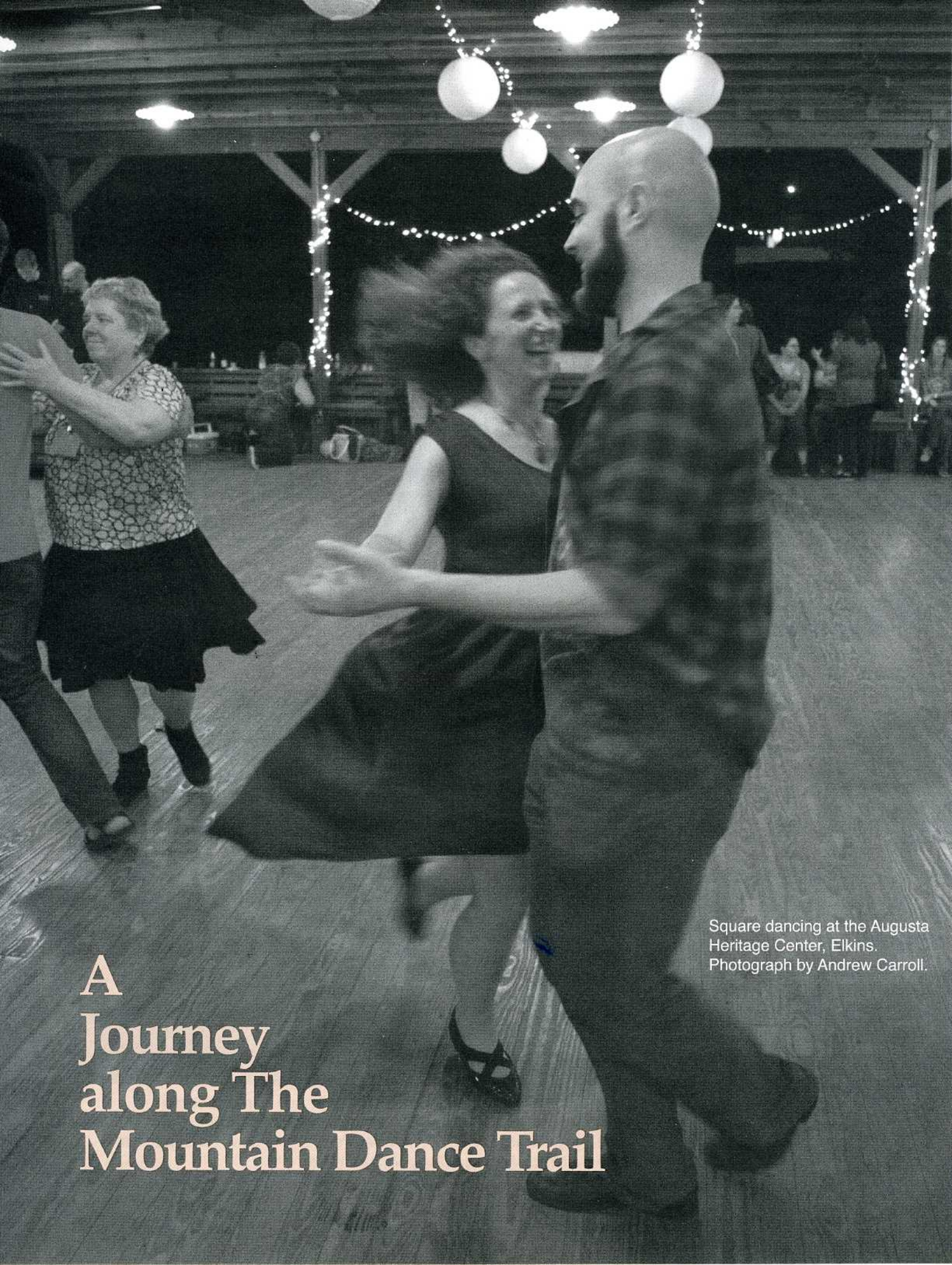
Continue rinsing daily
Until a poem forms

Last, place the poem
In the sunlight
So it can take on
The color of life.

From the anthology Wild Sweet Notes: Fifty Years of West Virginia Poetry: 1950-1999, *edited by Barbara Smith and Kirk Judd (Huntington, WV: Publishers Place, 2000).*

His family moved to Cleveland, but Norman returned to his native state in 1977 to attend West Virginia University, where he earned a bachelor of fine arts degree in theatre. He became a leading force in what was known as the Black Arts Movement. During the 1980s, he worked for the West Virginia Division of Culture and History, leading the African-American Heritage Arts Camp at Camp Washington-Carver in Clifftop. In 2000, he was honored by his home state with the Martin Luther King Jr. Living the Dream Award and, in 2008, was inducted into the select community of Affrilachian Poets.

Staff of the 1985 African-American Heritage Arts Camp at Camp Washington-Carver. Norman Jordan stands at far right. Others pictured are (left-right) Elizabeth Rogers, Marshall Petty, Elaine Blue, Ed Cabbell, and Sandra Milner. Photograph by Michael Keller.



Square dancing at the Augusta Heritage Center, Elkins. Photograph by Andrew Carroll.

A Journey along The Mountain Dance Trail

The More You Dance, The Better You Feel

By Becky Hill

On a warm August evening about four years ago, the Dunmore community center in Pocahontas County was packed for the annual Dunmore Daze, a summer celebration that felt like a family gathering. Events had been happening all weekend. When we arrived, the square dance was about to kick off. The smell of hotdogs caked with mustard, ketchup, and onions lingered in the air. Older couples nestled up to one another sipping soda from straws. Children ran in and out of dancers, dodging the swinging couples. Their giggles echoed through the hall. Everyone had half an eye on me, wondering what I was all about. I probably stood out because I didn't have a dance partner, was excited to dance, and was 21 years old. I grew up practicing different types of percussive dance, including flatfooting, and had attended several Augusta Heritage Center workshops at Davis & Elkins College in Elkins. I've always been attracted to social dances with live music, so I instantly

felt at ease when I walked into the hall.

Gerry Milnes, who was the Folk Arts Coordinator for Augusta Heritage Center at the time, invited me to Dunmore. Within five minutes, he'd left me on my own and vanished into the string band to become the honorary fiddler of Juanita Fireball and the Continental Drifters. I sat down and started talking to Miss Dorothy, who told me about the old style of mountain square dancing. I found out it usually takes until the end of the night to get everyone up and dancing—after

Some come to dance, and some come to listen, at the Dunmore community center, Pocahontas County. Photograph by Carl E. Feather.

enough sips from Mason jars in the parking lot. Many of the older folks were overwhelmed with nostalgia and eager to tell their stories. I listened as they said many variations of, "Oh, dances are different now." I heard how dances used to be held in houses, on outdoor platforms on farms, and in beer joints. These stories took me back to a time completely different from today.

Ellen and Eugene Ratcliffe from Monterey, Virginia, were the callers that evening. Everyone who got up to dance knew what to do when the Ratcliffes shouted out, "Ladies do-si-do, gents you oughta know." All evening, a rotating cast of eight couples filled the dance floor.

A majority of the folks that night came to listen and not to dance, which puzzled me. The floor was almost empty during waltzes, and it struck me that square dancing had lost popularity over time. Although the scene had a vibrant community feeling that resonated with me, community members let me know that the number of dancers had dwindled over the years.

By the end of the evening, I felt like I was part of the community and was grateful to have been welcomed so quickly at the Dunmore square dance. I honestly couldn't think of anywhere else where that kind of interaction was possible. Some people spend a lifetime searching for a sense of community, and I started wondering if square dances could help fill that void. This community square dance had a unique feel. I wanted to celebrate it and introduce others to this rich tradition. I was processing all of these thoughts as we drove through the mountains along Route 219. By the time we arrived in Elkins, Gerry had convinced me to help him build The Mountain Dance Trail to preserve these old-time square dances.

Gerry's inspiration for the idea was the Ceilidh Dance Trail, which he had visited in Nova Scotia years earlier. Having played for many similar types of square dances in Braxton County, he thought, "We should be promoting traditional dances like this in West Virginia." Comparing Nova Scotia to West Virginia, Gerry said, "In both places, the people were friendly, open, and inviting to newcomers, and I was sure it could work."

We agreed on the goal of The Mountain Dance Trail: to honor, embrace, and promote dances at small communities across West Virginia. The project grew slowly. Gerry and I applied for an AmeriCorps position to develop The Mountain Dance Trail, and, in November 2011, I started as a VISTA worker with the Pocahontas Communications Cooperative and Augusta Heritage Center. We also received a West Virginia Humanities Council minigrant and launched a Kickstarter campaign.

Through a Challenge America Grant from the West Virginia Division of Culture and History, we were able to award honoraria to callers and musicians throughout the state, cover rental fees, and print and distribute a dance schedule. I started a Web site and Facebook page, hung posters, wrote press releases, and began to teach 4-Hers and high school and college students how to square dance.

We intended to document specific community traditions before the word got out—so we wouldn't alter the traditions that made each community so unique in the first place. We started with 10 dance communities the first year and expanded to 15 the next: Lewisburg, Marlinton, Franklin, Dunmore,

Square dancing in Marlinton, Pocahontas County. Photograph by Becky Hill.

Monterey, Riverton, Thomas, Morgantown, Elkins, Helvetia, Pickens, Ireland, Sutton, Glenville, and Henderson.

In the beginning, the morale at the dances was rather low. The demographic was aging, families and teenagers weren't attending in large numbers, some communities were having a hard time covering the rental fees of the dance halls, musicians and callers weren't being compensated, and it felt like people were losing hope.

Beyond The Mountain Dance Trail, something more needed to be done to encourage young people to dance. I started talking to people of all ages and heard some traumatic stories about square dancing in public schools—for instance, students of the opposite sex being forced to hold hands and dance to recorded music in a gym. Other young people pictured big square dance skirts with crinoline and bolo ties. None of this sounded fun to me, so I was determined to change the youth perspective on square dancing. Fortunately, my experience with square dancing was entirely different. My first dance was during an Augusta workshop in an open-air pavilion with hard-driving old-time tunes, a great caller, a relaxed atmosphere, and lots of people my age. I was hooked and wanted the youth of West Virginia to have a similar experience.

Folks in the broader old-time scene suggested that I host a Dare to be Square weekend in West Virginia. Phil Jamison launched this idea with Nancy Mamlin in 2004 in Asheville, North Carolina. He said, "The goal of Dare to be Square was to promote old-time square dancing, which was becoming

a lost and forgotten art with the growing interest in modern contra dancing around the country. These weekends also were meant to be a resource for the next generation of callers."

Since 2004, 18 of these weekends have been held across the country.

When I decided to host one here, I wanted to introduce the broader old-time scene to these West Virginia square dance callers. More than 150 people attended our first workshop weekend. Participants varied in age and traveled from all over the United States and

Gerry Milnes, former Folk Arts Coordinator at the Augusta Heritage Center, playing fiddle for the dancers. Photograph by Jesse Wright Mendoza.

Canada. We held the event for three years, once on Rich Mountain in Beverly and twice in Helvetia. Next year, it will move to Kentucky.

Recently, a group of Elkins teenagers organized a square dance for a senior capstone project. Nineteen-year-old caller Olivia Seibert said, "Everyone playing in the band was my age, everyone dancing was my age, and everyone calling was my age." When I asked why she started calling, she said, "I always loved to dance, and every month, my entire group of friends would go to the square dance. I guess I started calling because it was something new I could try

The young and old swinging their partners in Harman, Randolph County. Photograph by Jesse Wright Mendoza.

and get a little deeper into the culture of it. Once I did it, I loved it. I found a new love of calling."

When I started working on The Mountain Dance Trail, most dances would have one caller all evening. Today in Elkins, we have several open mic dances a year. No one gets to call twice, and the dance floor is packed with five or more squares made up of dancers of all ages. The same is happening in Pocahontas County and all throughout the state. The local 4-H organizes its own square dance each March, and many flock to the monthly dances at Dunmore.

Gerry Milnes observes, "The main difference since the formation of the trail is that younger people have brought new energy to the dances. Some musicians realize what their music is actually for, and a few younger people have taken to calling figures. I think these square dances offer a gathering place for people, and communities need that. There aren't many places in today's society you see an 80 year old interacting with a 14 year old who isn't their grandchild, let alone dancing together."

As a result of this shared enthusiasm, we're in the midst of a square dance revival. The joy of square dancing is spreading in popularity, not just in West Virginia but all over the country. At the annual Appalachian String Band Music Festival at Clifftop, the dance hall is packed with dancers, as callers teach traditional Appalachian figures. Groups such as the Dance Collective in Washington, DC, are attracting more than 400 people to their events. Youth all over are getting interested in square dancing, and it's having an impact on all those involved. Ellen Ratcliffe believes square dancing "is part of our tradition. It needs to be passed on to the rest of the world. It's just a little bit of all of our heritage, and it's in our blood. It should be in our blood."

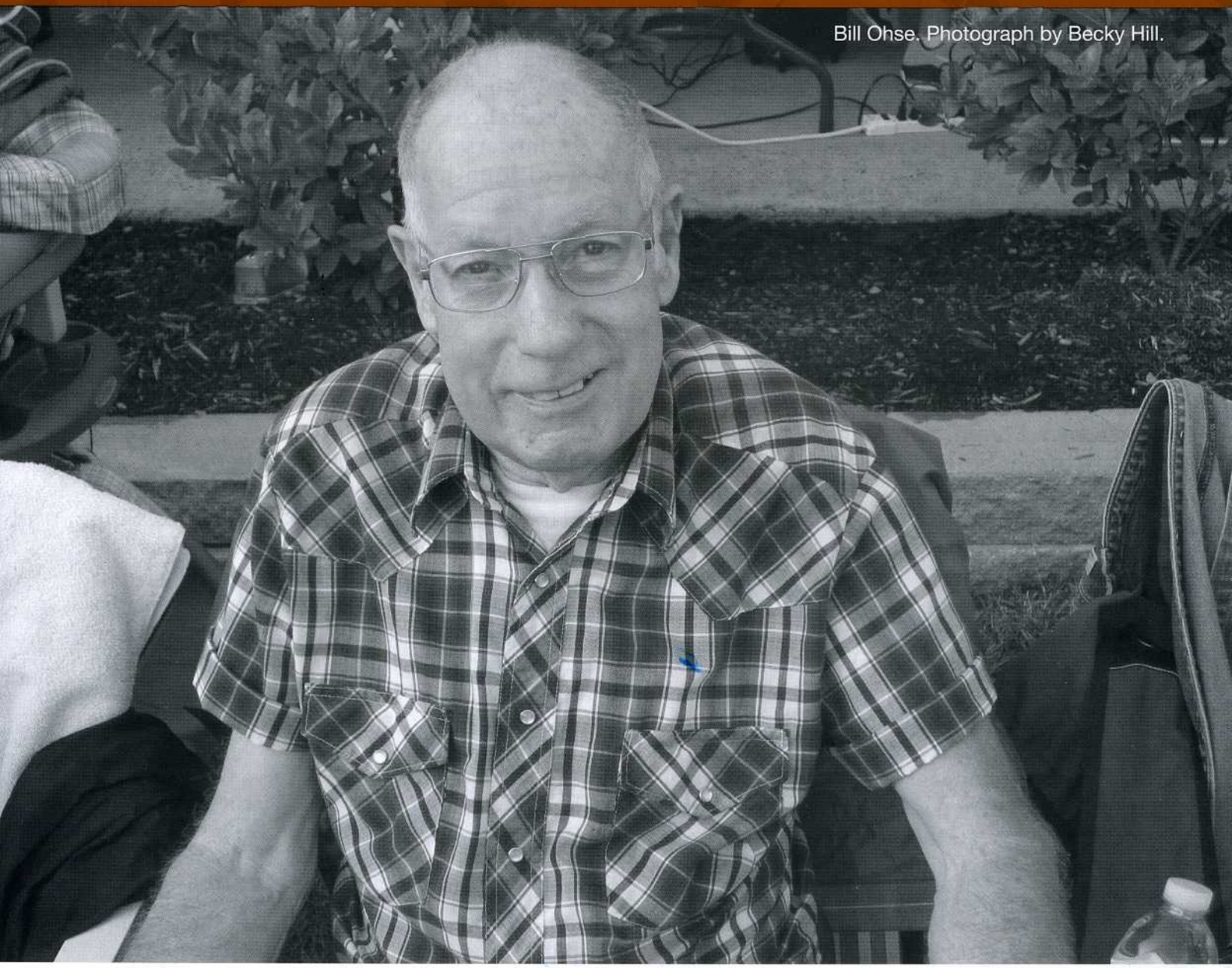
"Square dancing is part of our tradition. It needs to be passed on to the rest of the world."

Tradition acts in the present. Things have changed from the way they used to be and will continue to do so. But square dancing isn't going anywhere. The best way to keep the tradition thriving is to attend. Bring your family and your friends. You can find a square dance somewhere in West Virginia almost every weekend, accompanied by local musicians. All dances are beginner and family friendly. Participants don't have to come with a dance partner, and listeners are welcome. Caller Mack Samples is always ready to teach a beginner. He says, "Those old dances are simple. You can learn them in no time. Everybody knows them. That's what you do."

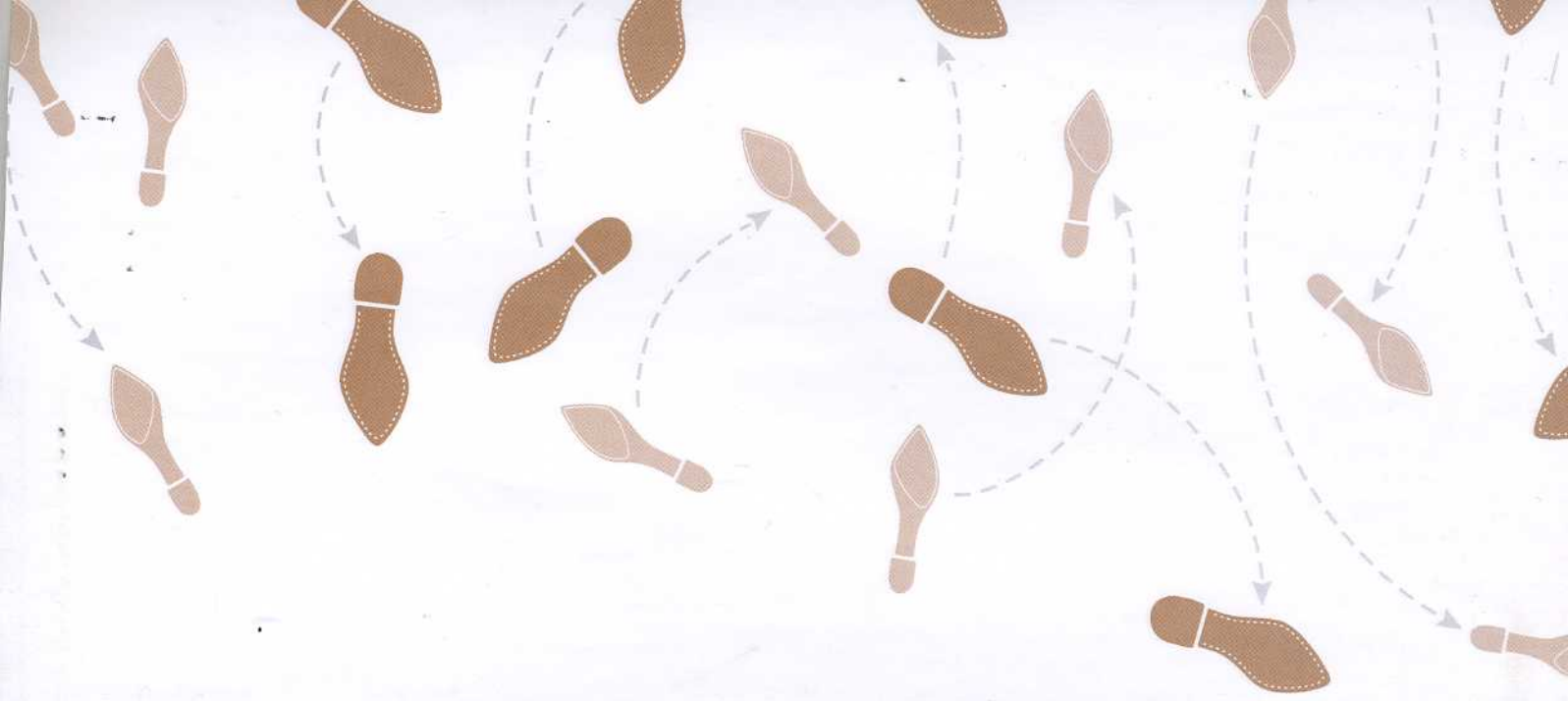
To learn more about the history of these traditions, check out Reel 'Em Boys, Reel 'Em: A Film about West Virginia Dance Traditions *produced by Becky Hill & Gerry Milnes. It is available for purchase through Augusta Heritage Center. To get involved with The Mountain Dance Trail, visit http://mountaindancetrail.org.*

BECKY HILL teaches percussive dance at Davis & Elkins College, where she codirects the Appalachian Ensemble, works for Augusta Heritage Center, and performs with Good Foot Dance Company. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

"Once that all clicks, you can really put it on the dance floor"



Bill Ohse. Photograph by Becky Hill.



Bill Ohse is a legendary Appalachian square dance caller from Ripley, in Jackson County. He is known for his smooth timing, rhythmic calls, and high-energy square dances. Musicians all over the region regard Bill as one of the finest callers around, and dancers love to tear up the floor as he calls.

Bill has been calling square dances at The West Virginia State Folk Festival, Appalachian String Band Music Festival, and Dare to be Square workshop weekends throughout the region for years. He calls at his local dance hall in Henderson in Mason County on the first, second, and third Fridays of every month. I sat down with Bill and asked him a few questions about square dance calling and the tradition he represents.

An Interview with Square Dance Caller Bill Ohse

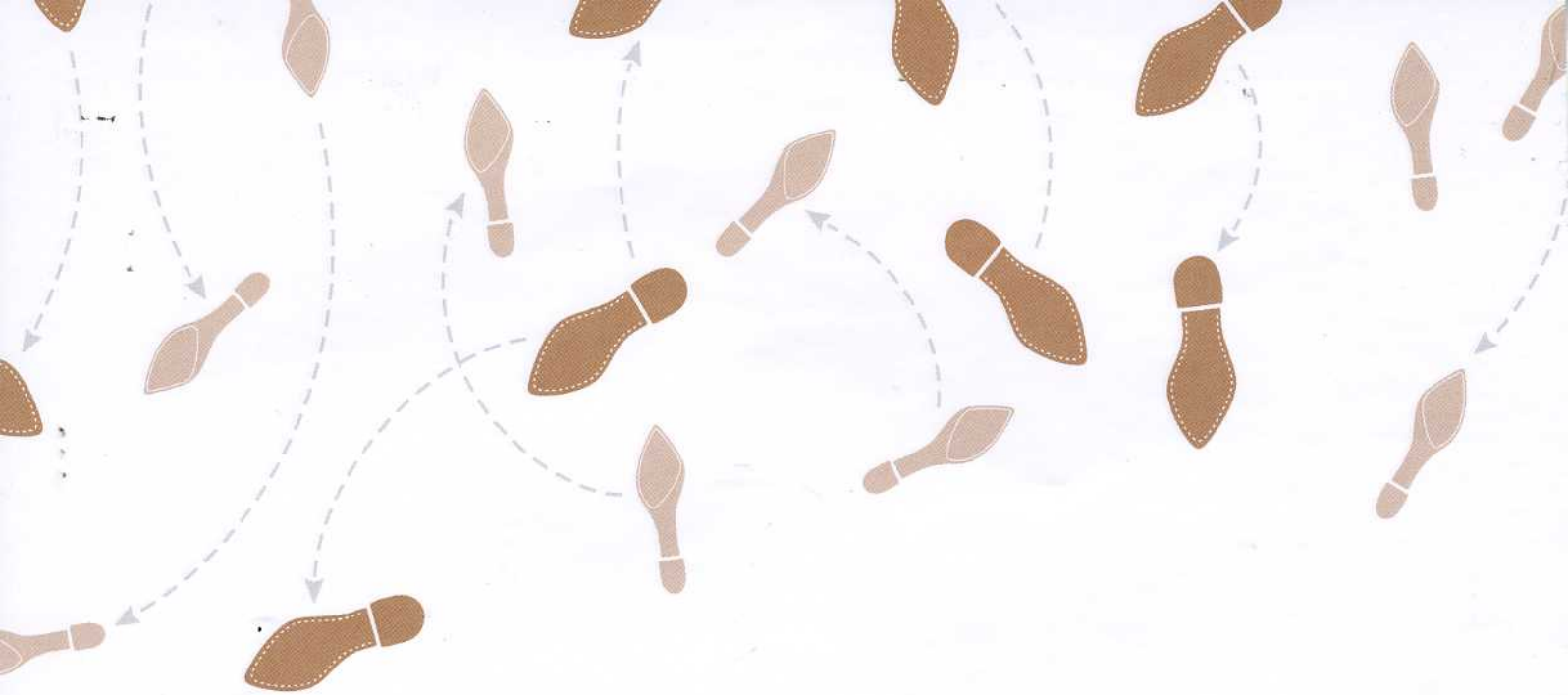
By Becky Hill

Becky Hill: How did you get into dancing?

Bill Ohse: I never really got into dancing 'til 1979. We went out to a Western-style square dance, and the caller told me of a lady that gave clogging lessons, and I wanted to go. She got me started clogging. I worked and worked on that thing, and then finally, one day, it just clicked, and I been dancing since. It hits you all at once, doesn't it? It all just comes together. I realized then that mountain-style square dances were much more fun than Western style.

BH: How did you learn to call square dances?

BO: When I'm out dancing and hear a new call, I try to remember it and put it in my calling. Ken Turley and I were learning to call at the same time. And we'd go through library books and teach workshops together. As we taught the dances, we learned to call them. I like to call hash calls. Whatever comes to my mind



that rhymes, I just stick it in there when I'm calling a dance. I don't really think about it when I get up to call. When the music starts, whatever comes off the top of my head, that's what I do.

BH: How many square dances do you know?

BO: Sally Goodin, Ocean Wave, Texas Star. Probably not that many altogether, probably about 25 to 30 different figures.

Ken Turley and I kind of changed the ways things were done here. It used to be that when we first got into calling, when the old-time callers called a set, they called the same for all couples all the way around. If it was "take a little peek," all four couples did the same thing constantly. Dancers already knew what was coming, and I'm watching those dancers while trying to keep my timing with the music and the dancers. They kept getting ahead of me, and it really threw me off. We decided we would mix it up so dancers would have to listen to what's going on. We may do four or five different calls in one dance. The dancers around here are used to it now. It's fun for us because we can keep in time with the music and dance to the music. It worked out really good, I think. Several of the callers do a little bit of our style now.

BH: What instrumentation do you prefer for square dances?

BO: If you're going to call a square dance, you can call it to other instruments, but fiddle is the one you got to have to really make it work. All the instruments together suits me. I like the bass. And when you got the banjo and guitar, when it all comes together, it's got a certain rhythm about it that gets me ready to go. I just love the music. Wherever it's at is where I go.

BH: What are good square dance tunes?

BO: Sourwood Mountain, Grey Eagle, Old Joe Clark, Sally Goodin. On occasion, you'll get a tune, and a band that plays at just the absolute right speed and beat, and the dancers are steppin' just right to it. And you can just really get into it. Once that all clicks, you can really put it on the dance floor. It doesn't always happen that way. But two or three times during the night, that'll happen, and you can really just get that thing going.

BH: What do you think is the future of square dancing in West Virginia?

BO: Right now, it's 20 times bigger than when I started. I think it'll grow with the way things are structured now. And if we keep on teaching and holding Dare to be Squares, it'll grow. It had been fading out to hardly any dances, but now it's coming back. I think Dare to be Squares have really encouraged young people to get out and dance—young callers and young friends. We've

picked up a lot of dancers doing that.

BH: Do you have any advice for new square dance callers?

BO: I don't guess there is any particular thing about calling. It's important that you call and stay with the music. If you're going to be a caller, you need to know how to dance. That's right! You can't get up and call it if you don't know it! Now, I've noticed some callers that have notes so they don't forget what to call. When I get up to call, I never think about the dance 'til I get up there, and then I decide what I'm going to do. I don't plan it out ahead. It never works out if I do that. If you can get that right community atmosphere with people participating, you'll have a good dance, I'll tell you. I've had a lot of fun dancing, met a lot of people, made a lot of friends.

Bill Ohse calling a dance. Photograph by Megan Albee.

BH: Is there anything else you'd like to say about square dancing in West Virginia?

BO: Come to Glenville. Come to Glenville! It's the granddaddy of them all. Great music, a nice outdoor floor. The atmosphere is the thing over there at Glenville. People come to square dance; that's what they come for. The tradition is living right there.

The West Virginia State Folk Festival is held at Glenville each year on the 3rd weekend in June. For more information about this event—which focuses on old-time music, traditional square dancing, and Appalachian arts and crafts—visit www.wvstatefolkfestival.com.

Riding on That New River Train

By Margaret Moore Meador

This story is excerpted from an interview Michael Meador conducted with his mother, Margaret Moore Meador (1924-2012), in 1993. She tells of her daily commute from Hinton, the Summers County seat, to attend the West Virginia Institute of Technology (now West Virginia University Institute of Technology) in Montgomery between 1941 and 1943. It recalls a time in southern West Virginia when trains were the only reliable means of transportation. –ed.

Margaret Moore (Meador) (right) and her mother Lora Greer Moore (left) in front of their home on Temple Street in Hinton, ca. 1945. All photographers unknown.

Ode on Education—$5.00

Each and every morning
As the clock is striking eight
I rush down to the station
But I am often late.

The train is pulling westward
The porter pulls me on.
I join my hands in travel
And roll on and on and on.

We often die of boredom
When we've nothing else to do.
Then someone buys a deck of cards
And we play a game or two.

Sometimes we get disgusted
And eat each other's lunch.
And then you hear a rattle
A rumble and a scrunch.

We read the morning paper
As we rattle on our way.
Then we near our destination
And we begin to pray.

For our lessons we have shunned
Our work we have not done
And for tasks we have completed
No honors have we won.

Signed –"Rambling Wreck from W.Va Tech"
Margaret Moore, Lee Williams, and Bob Thompson

Education was very important in our household because my father, Virgil Everette Moore, dropped out of school in the third grade to go to work to help support his family. Looking back now, that doesn't seem possible, but there weren't any welfare agencies then. When my grandfather died in the early 1900s, Daddy had to drop out of school and go to work to help support his family. I'm talking hard labor, like farming, mining,

Family of Margaret Moore Meador's mother, Raleigh County, ca. 1912. (From the left) Lora Greer (Moore) (her mother), James Tazewell Greer holding Eugene Greer, Rosalee (Rosie) Greer, Alice Miles Greer (her grandmother) holding Mildred Greer, Sally Greer.

busting rocks, and cutting timber! Daddy always had a complex about not having an education, but I don't think it really hit him about how important education was until he got drafted in World War I. He would often tell us about his army induction—where they asked for any man with a college or high school degree to come forward or men with technical training, such as engineering or mechanics, to step out. Even men who could type were given special jobs. He would often say that he was left with the group of uneducated men that could only cut trees and dig ditches, and he always felt that is why he was assigned to an army engineering company that dug ditches, built railroad tracks, and cut trees on the battlefields in France. He must have been close to the frontlines because he would tell us about being gassed with mustard gas.

Margaret Moore (Meador) and unidentified friend. Hinton railroad station, early 1940s.

After the war ended, Daddy secured a job working for the C&O as a brakeman. He worked hard to educate himself through correspondence courses but never got over the embarrassment that he had only gone through the third grade. He had an obsession that his children would have the educational opportunities that he never had. He was always very proud of the fact that all three of his children would eventually finish college, and, had he lived, he would have been very proud that we had all excelled in life.

As far as I know, I was the first person in my family to graduate from high school, and I was also the first person to graduate from college! It's pretty incredible to think that Daddy insisted that his daughter receive an education in 1941! At that time, most parents were satisfied if their children finished high school, and girls were just expected to marry and have children! He sent me to college!

Mother also had a rough upbringing. She grew up in a large family in the Raleigh County coal camps. Grandpa Greer was a mine foreman and fathered several children. Unfortunately, he and my grandmother didn't get along too

well. As a foreman, he tended to move the family frequently, and Mother attended several elementary schools. Her family lived in free company housing because of Grandpa Greer's job.

When Mother was in the sixth grade, her father left home for work one day, and he never returned! At first, they didn't know what had happened to him, but, after about a week, they learned that he had abandoned them! He had taken up with another woman and moved to a different coal camp. The company had a rule that he was entitled to only one rent-free house, and it was the one that he was living in. This was a disaster for Mother's family because the company quickly evicted Grandma and all of her children. They were homeless and had nowhere to go! This seems incredible in this day and age, but they were just turned out of their home with all of their furniture!

Fortunately, Mother's oldest sister, Rosie, had gotten married and was living in a coal camp near Mount Hope. She and her husband were able to find everyone temporary housing and help Grandma and the older children find jobs. Mother went to work as a hired girl in a miner's boarding house ironing clothes. She found lodging with a family by the name of Moore that needed help with a new baby. As these things go, Daddy (Virgil Moore) was the brother of Jack Moore, who was the father of the baby where Mother was staying. This is where Daddy met her. When they got married, she was only 16.

Mother never was able to finish school. She, like Daddy, carried a complex about her lack of education, and she insisted that all of us excel in school. My brother Ernie and I didn't cause her too many problems, but she had to make several trips to the high school principal's office because our brother Virgil kept getting in trouble over minor infractions that seem laughable by today's standards.

Even though Daddy and Mother didn't have much formal education, they both were intelligent and educated them-

Margaret Moore Meador's father, Virgil Everette Moore, wearing his C&O conductor's uniform, early 1940s.

Margaret Moore (Meador) and her younger brother Ernest Moore in front of their home in Hinton, ca. 1945.

selves. I remember Daddy taking correspondence self-study classes when we lived at Gauley Bridge; he worked very hard to pass these classes. He and Mother both enjoyed reading, and their spoken and written English grammar was good. Mother excelled at spelling games and crossword puzzles. For about 30 years, she was the treasurer of a Masonic woman's group in Hinton and was proud that her math always tallied at the end of the year when they did the annual audit.

Mother taught me to read from sugar bags and cereal boxes before I ever started school at the age of six. During my first year at Gauley Bridge Elementary School, I completed both the first and second primers. The primer determined what grade you were in. The next year, I started in the third grade. In the fourth grade, the teacher promoted me early to the fifth grade, and then they demoted me back to the fourth. It about broke my heart.

We lived in Gauley Bridge during the 1920s and '30s. The 1930s were the Depression years, and Daddy worked for a while for the railroad, but then he lost his job, and times were really rough for us while he looked for work. During all that time, though, I kept going to public school and doing my best. In the late 1930s, Daddy moved us for a year to Mount Hope in Fayette County, where I started high school, and then he moved us to Hinton, where I finished high school. I was 14 when we made the move.

When we arrived in Hinton, I felt like I was in New York City! I had never seen so many cars, and I was impressed with the sidewalks, the busy stores, and all of the people downtown. The first time that I walked downtown by myself, I got lost! A kindly white-haired elderly man that I met on the street was nice enough to direct me home. I later found out that he was William Price, the editor of one of Hinton's daily newspapers. I always thought that it was

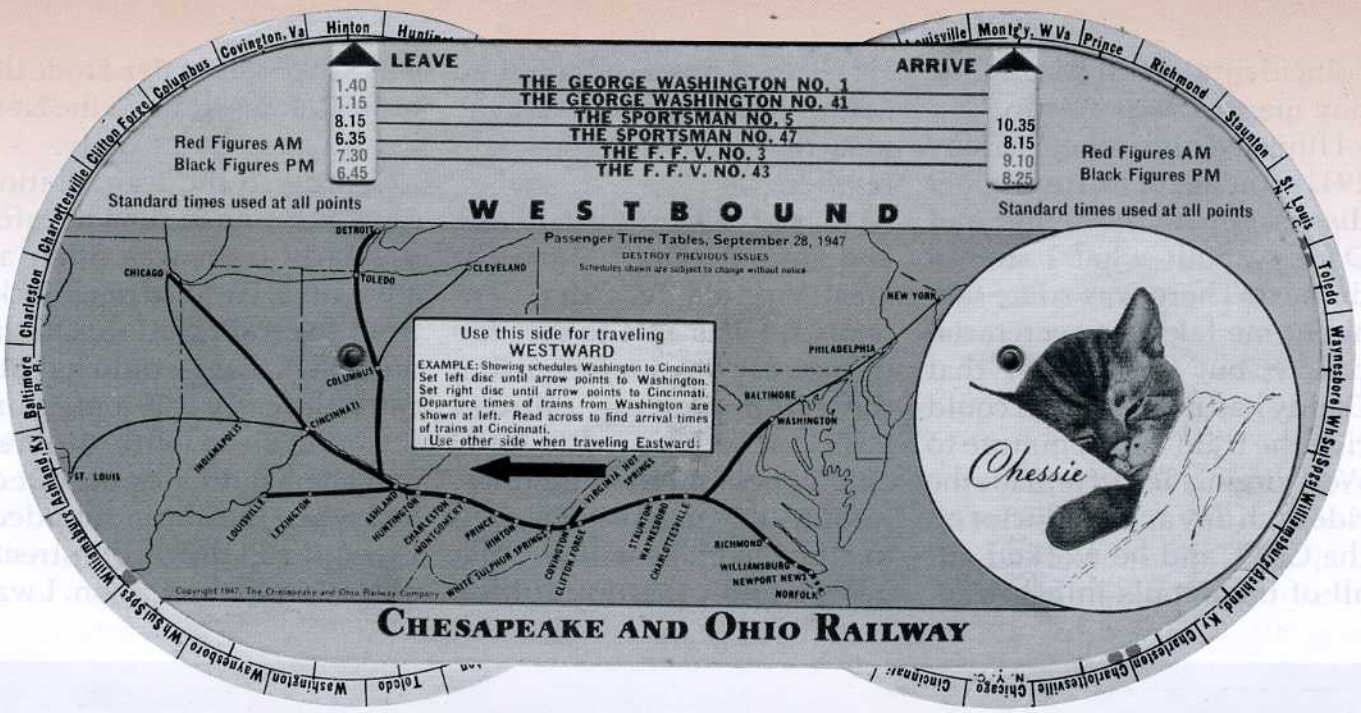
coincidental that I would one day marry his grandson.

I finished high school in May 1941 at the age of 16. I remember discussions with Mother and Daddy about what I should do next. There was some talk about me taking a secretarial course, but I remember that Daddy had the idea that I could ride the train and commute to West Virginia Tech. He made the ride each day as a conductor on the C&O, and he worked out all of the details in his head. He seemed obsessed that I go to college! He also liked the idea that I should become a teacher.

I turned 17 in August of 1941 and started as a freshman at West Virginia Tech that September. I was able to ride the train every day for free, using the complimentary railroad pass that was issued to C&O employees and their families. I could never have afforded to attend college without that pass. I think that my tuition was $25 per semester. I rode the train 71 miles through the New River Gorge twice daily.

Getting to the train station each morning in time to catch the early train was often an adventure. We lived nine blocks from the train station. On the mornings that I would have to catch the early 5:30 a.m. train, I would sleep with Mother, and she would kick me out of bed when the alarm sounded. I would run down the streets of Hinton to the station. I was

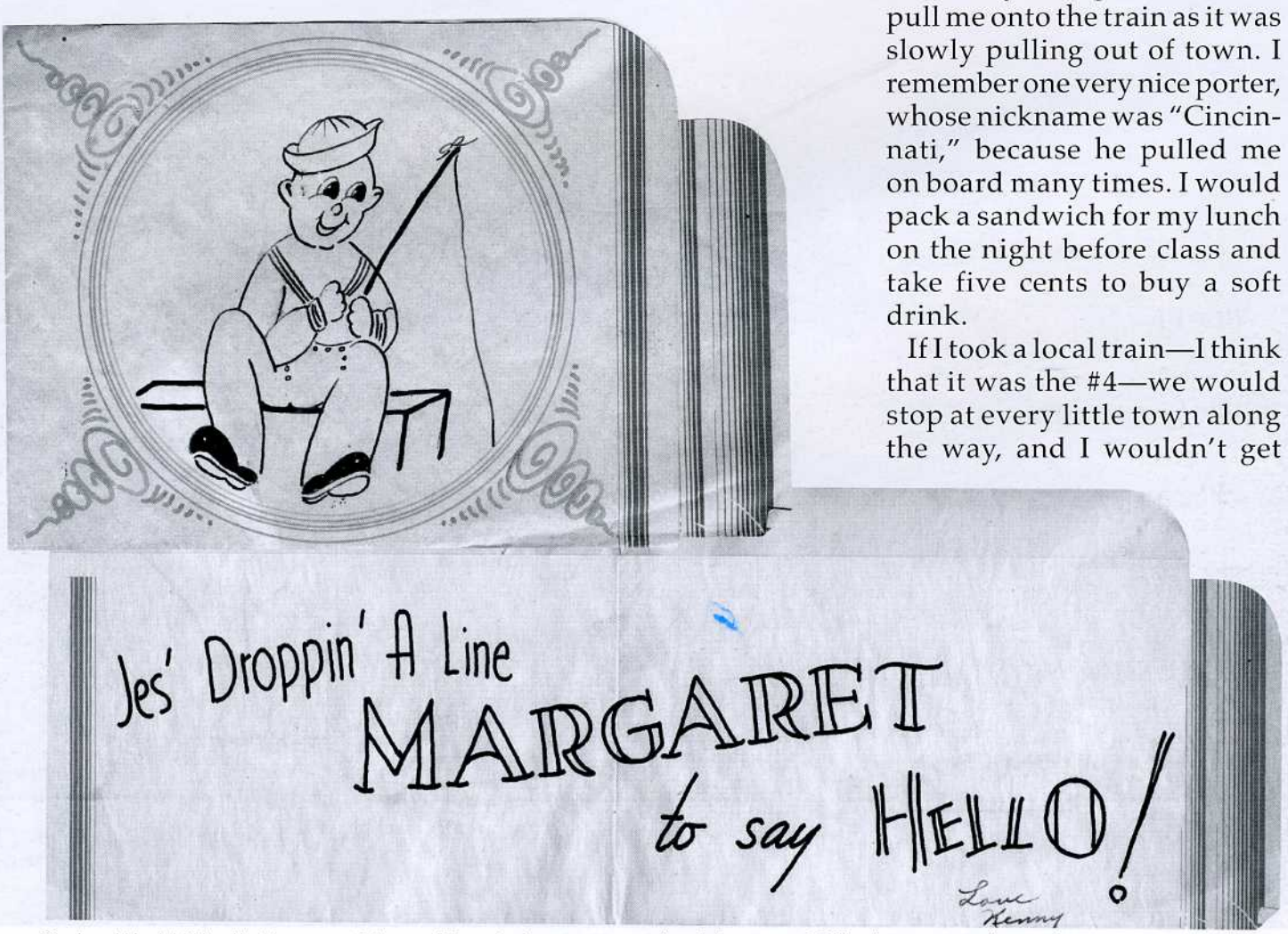
Passengers gather outside the Hinton railroad station, May 1946.



C&O train schedule showing departure and arrival times for Hinton and Montgomery, 1947.

often late, and, many times, the kindly train porters would pull me onto the train as it was slowly pulling out of town. I remember one very nice porter, whose nickname was "Cincinnati," because he pulled me on board many times. I would pack a sandwich for my lunch on the night before class and take five cents to buy a soft drink.

If I took a local train—I think that it was the #4—we would stop at every little town along the way, and I wouldn't get

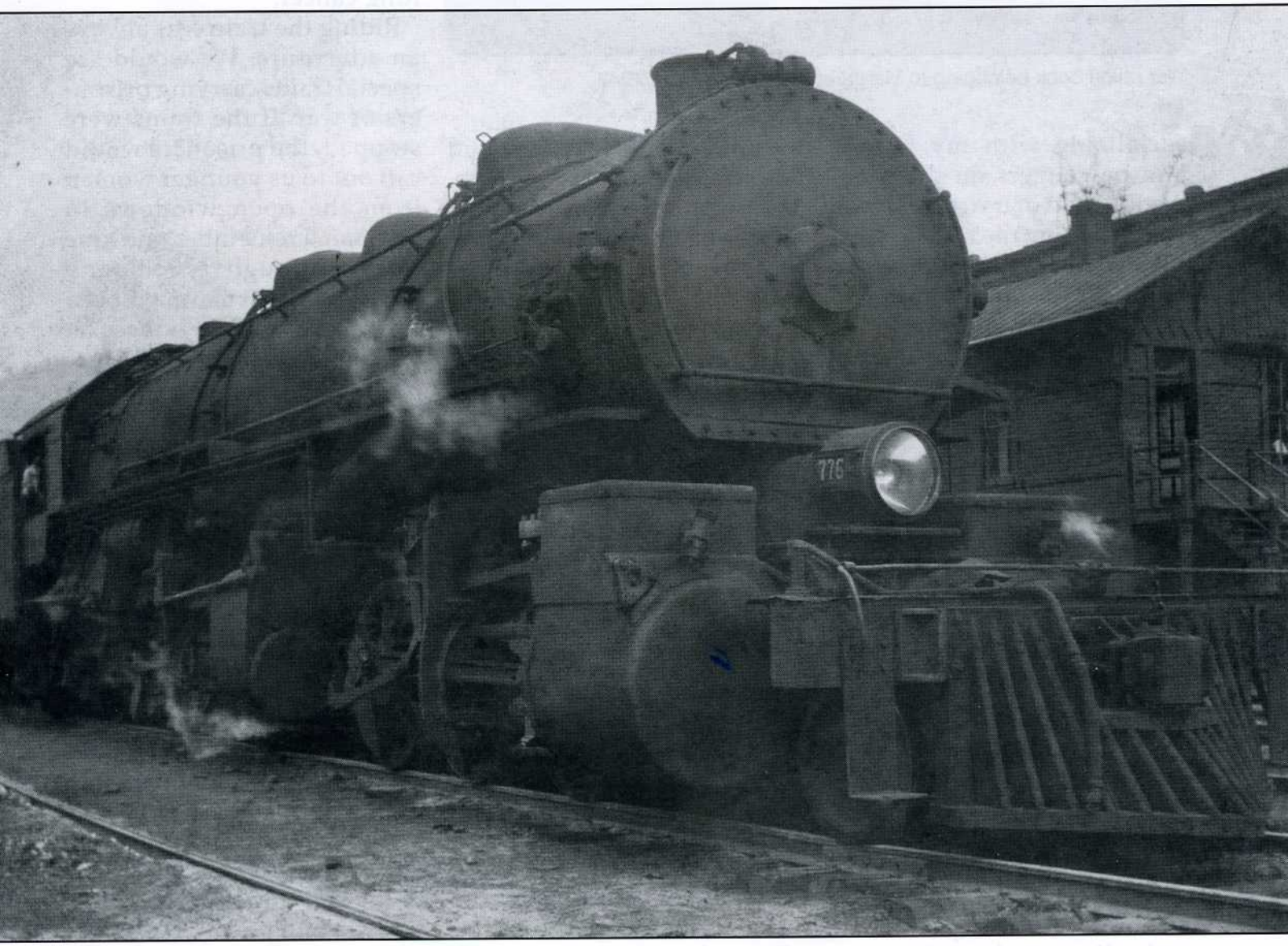


During World War II, Margaret Moore (Meador) was pen pals with several GI's she met on the train.

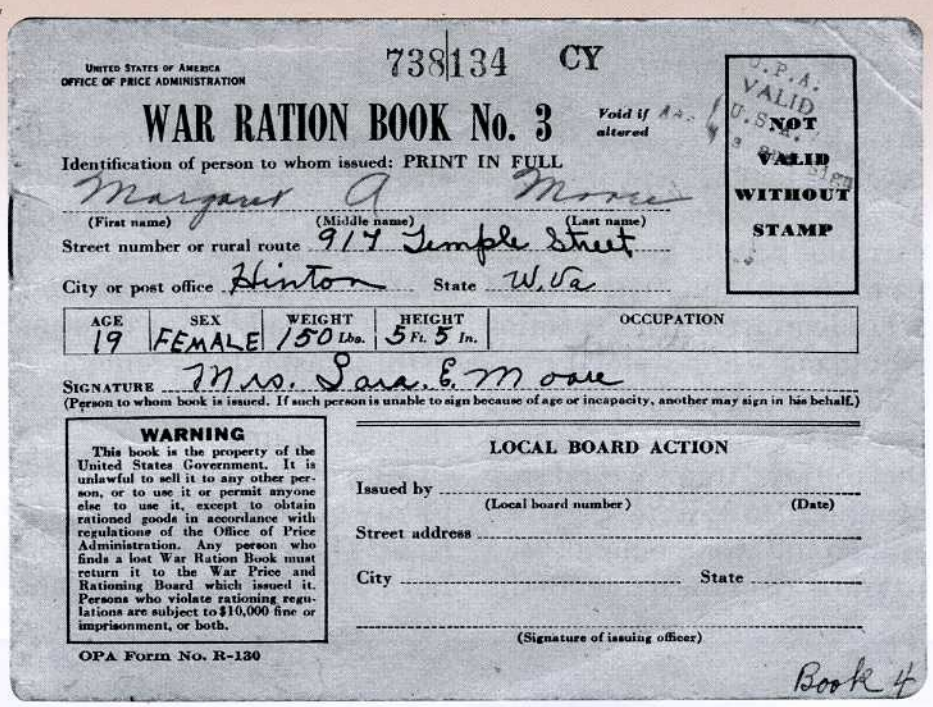
to Montgomery until 8 a.m., so I was always late for my 8:00 classes. I got many dirty looks from my professors! On days that my classes started at 9 a.m., I could travel on the later train that didn't make the local stops—I think it was the FFV, the #3. It would get to Montgomery in 1½ hours—in time for my classes without my being late. I would come home on the local train, the #7, which would get into Hinton at 8:30 p.m. I would walk the nine blocks home and repeat the commute the next morning. I would be worn out.

The trains were different in their level of comfort and in the people that rode on them. The local trains were usually carrying people going to and from work and had lots of schoolchildren. These trains would make lots of stops, traveled slowly, and the seats were not very comfortable. I think that the local trains would stop around 20 to 25 times between Hinton and Montgomery. I used to know all of the names of the stops by memory. Many of the names were very descriptive, such as Cotton Hill, Deep Water, Sandstone, Meadow Creek, Fire Creek, and Kanawha Falls. The faster-through trains were more comfortable, had wider seats, weren't as crowded, and often had dining cars and bathrooms. I don't remember that these amenities were on the local trains.

One would think that I'd have plenty of time to study on the train. That was my intention, but I did a lot of visiting and



Steam locomotive at Hinton, 1945.



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Identification of person to whom issued: PRINT IN FULL

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Street number or rural route 917 Temple Street

City or post office Hinton State W. Va.

AGE	SEX	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	OCCUPATION
19	FEMALE	150 Lbs.	5 Ft. 5 In.	

SIGNATURE Mrs. Sara E. Moore

(Person to whom book is issued. If such person is unable to sign because of age or incapacity, another may sign in his behalf.)

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War ration book belonging to Margaret Moore (Meador), 1943.

socializing with my friends and passengers on the train. About eight of us from Hinton started riding the train to West Virginia Tech in September of 1941. We'd play cards and visit. We entered World War II in December 1941, during my freshman year, and, by my second year at Tech, most of the younger men had gone to war. After they left, I didn't have as many friends to play cards with, and I began to knit socks for the soldiers, using yarn supplied by the Red Cross. The trains were used extensively to transport military men and women, and I remember teaching servicemen how to knit as we rode along together.

There were many soldiers and sailors on the trains, and I would get their names and addresses and write to them. They would send me pictures and little souvenirs. I remember that one soldier sent me a grass skirt from Hawaii that didn't hold up very long when I wore it to a dance. I was glad that I was wearing clothing under it because the skirt started dropping its grass the minute that I put it on. I also received perfume and souvenir pillows from servicemen that I met and wrote to. The war years were pretty scary for us because we weren't sure if we were going to win or not up until after the Battle of the Bulge.

I was able to ride the train every day for free, using the complimentary railroad pass that was issued to C&O employees and their families. I could never have afforded to attend college without that pass.

Everything important, such as gasoline, tobacco, clothing, tires, sugar, and most food was rationed for the war effort. We all had ration books with little stamps that we had to carry and use if we wanted to buy anything. [My brother] and Daddy smoked cigarettes, and they would ask Mother and me to buy tobacco for them with our ration coupons. Looking back now, it probably wasn't such a good idea for us to have stood in the ration line to buy them cigarettes, particularly since Daddy later died from lung cancer.

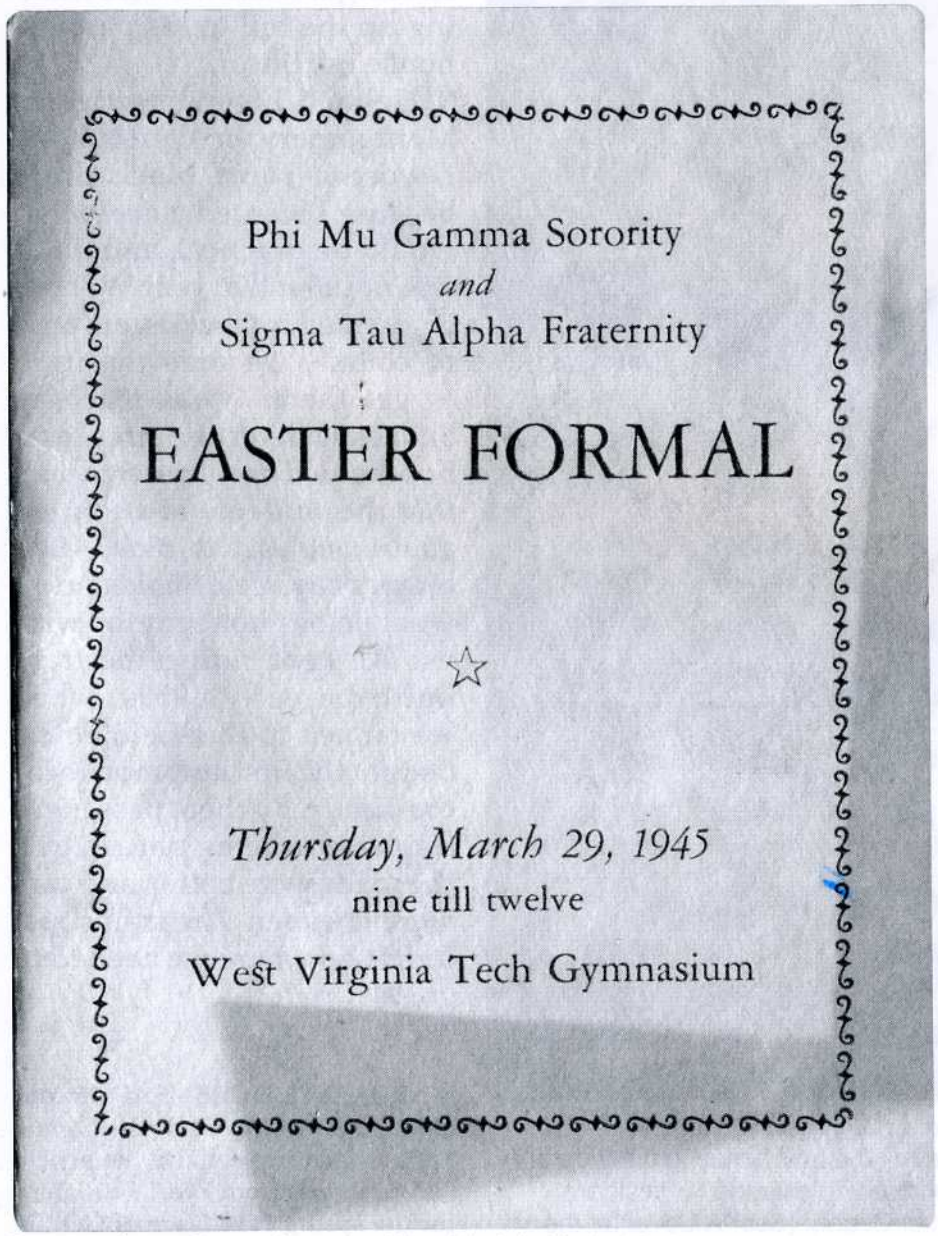
Riding the train was always an adventure. We would see special trains carrying prisoners of war. If the trains were stopped, the prisoners would call out to us younger women from the open windows in German. I remember one time riding through a company town—I think it may have been Kaymoor—and the houses on either side of the tracks were on fire. We passed through without stopping. It was a very strange experience.

Another time, I was on #6, and we hit a rockslide near Cotton Hill. I don't remember that it caused any major damage to the train or that anyone was injured, but it shook us up. I also remember one time riding along and seeing the New River at flood stage, and the water was nearly up to the train tracks. The water was washing away the riverbank! I was very scared and

was sure that we were going to fall over into the river. Daddy was on that train heading home—riding "deadhead" as his work shift had ended—he didn't seem at all concerned. I remember that he was sitting as if he didn't have a care in the world, trimming his fingernails!

My daily train commute ended in the fall of 1943, when I moved into the dormitory at West Virginia Tech. I would then ride the train home to Hinton on the weekend. I had a job working in the office of the *Montgomery Herald* as a linotype operator.

We did our best during my four years at Tech to have a normal college life, but it was difficult as more and more of the young men got drafted, and the class sizes got smaller and smaller. We continued to have athletics, clubs, and dances, but, at times, it was a challenge to round up enough men to have a dance. We relied on the few boys who were too young to be drafted and the men who had failed their physical examinations or who had been discharged for various reasons. I was elected president of the student body during my senior year in 1945, which sounds impressive, but there were only 12 of us in my graduating class!



Program for an Easter formal at West Virginia Tech, 1945.

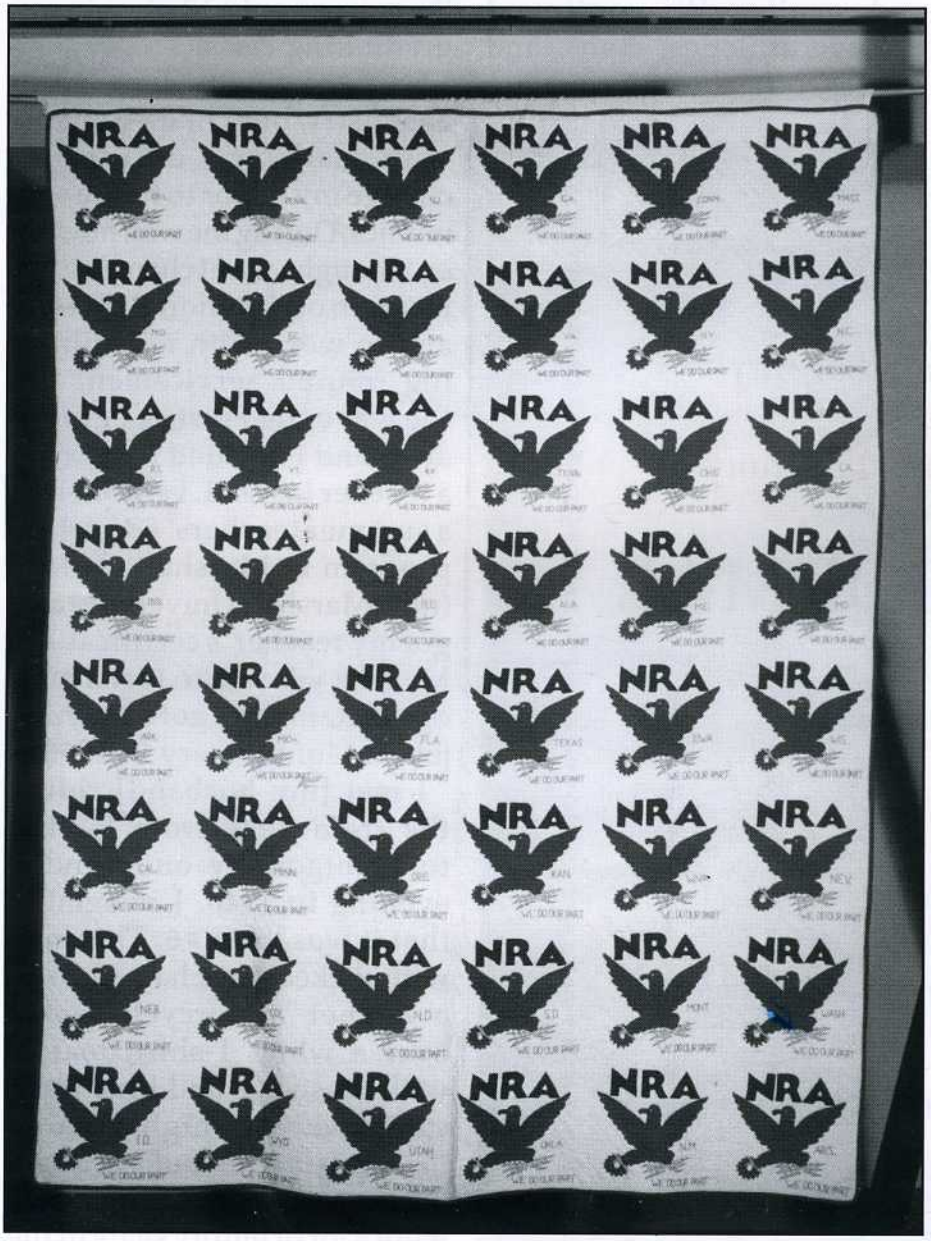
I was originally enrolled in chemistry, but I had problems with math and decided to change my major to home economics. During the war, however, I thought about changing my major to occupational therapy and to work with rehabilitating injured servicemen, but the war ended just as I graduated, and I decided to become a teacher instead. I enrolled in a summer teachers' education program at Marshall College (now Marshall University) and got my teacher's certification. My first job was to teach biology in Rainelle. I got a teaching job in Montgomery in 1946.

I met [my husband] riding the train back from Hinton to Montgomery one Sunday evening in 1946. I remember that it was train #6. This man with slicked-back hair, glasses, a leather motorcycle jacket over a white T-shirt, loafers with no socks, and blue jeans (they weren't high fashion then) asked if he could sit down beside me. I noticed that there were a lot of empty seats in the car, but, despite how he was dressed, he seemed harmless, and I thought that I recognized him from Hinton. So, I said,

"Yes." We made small talk as we traveled, and I learned that he was from Hinton, he was single, that he had been in the Army in Europe, and was a student enrolled in the printing program at Tech. As the train was pulling into Montgomery and we were getting up to leave the coach, he asked me, "How's your brother Zip?" I thought that he sat beside me because he liked my looks! He thought that he knew me!

When I told him that I didn't have a brother named "Zip," he became very red-faced and embarrassed and confessed that he thought that I was the sister of L. T. Anderson, who was originally from Hinton and now writes a column for the *Charleston Daily Mail*. (Anderson, a popular Charleston newspaper columnist, was twice nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. He died in 2004.) Once Bob got over his embarrassment, he asked me if he could walk me to my dorm. He later invited me to go out on a date with him, and the rest is history. He gave me a diamond ring and proposed to me under a streetlight while we were walking up the hill to his parents' house in Hinton.

[He] and I were married in Montgomery on April 3, 1947; I wore a short black dress because I wanted a dress that would be practical, and black was popular that year. We honeymooned in Charleston, and, of course, we rode the train to get there. I was teaching Shakespeare at the time, and Bob helped me grade papers that the students had written about one of the plays. Bob always says that Shakespeare went on our honeymoon with us. We kept riding the train until the early 1950s, when we moved to Bluefield, and I bought the first automobile for the family. By then, passenger trains were being phased out, the roads were better, and cars were cheaper. The trains just didn't go where we needed to go.



In 1987, Margaret Moore Meador played a role in having this historic quilt donated to the West Virginia State Museum. The quilt honoring the federal National Recovery Administration was originally presented to President Franklin Roosevelt by Ella Martin of Mercer County. [See "A Cover for the Nation," by Michael Meador; Fall 1988.]

MARGARET MOORE MEADOR contributed entries to the *West Virginia Encyclopedia* project and the article "More Words from Pearl Faulkner" for the spring 1995 issue of GOLDENSEAL magazine.

Margaret Moore Meador

By Michael Meador

Margaret Moore Meador at the Culture Center, ca. 1988.

Margaret Meador (1924-2012) taught public school for 20 years in Fayette, Kanawha, and Mercer counties before becoming a home economics extension agent with West Virginia University. She received a master's degree from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in 1969 by driving daily back and forth from Princeton to Blacksburg.

In 1974, Margaret Meador co-wrote and appeared in a 10-part nationally televised series produced by West Virginia Public Television called "Food Preservation." For many years, she wrote a weekly column for a Bluefield newspaper and appeared on local television and radio programs. She retired from the Extension Service in 1989 as a tenured professor.

In retirement, she was a volunteer tutor with the Mercer County Literacy Council, led adult education classes on quilting and sewing, and became a certified quilt appraiser and judge. In 1990, she was instrumental in organizing the West Virginia Heritage Quilt Search, which documented more than 4,000 quilts made in the state before 1960. This project culminated in the book *West Virginia Quilts and Quilt Makers*, authored by Fawn Valentine, and the information about the project is housed in the West Virginia State Archives.

MICHAEL MEADOR, a native of Hinton, grew up in Princeton, attended Concord College (now University) and Marshall University, and is a graduate of the West Virginia School of Osteopathic Medicine. He has published several articles in GOLDENSEAL.

MY FIRST FLIGHT

It began the fall that World War II ended. Life was beginning to return to normal as the veterans came home and picked up their lives. The mood was upbeat, and Americans were anxious to move on. The West Arden School, in Barbour County, was perched high on the side of a hill above the Tygart River. The school year started with a record enrollment and a first-grade class numbering about 12. I was part of this class along with my best buddy, Murphy, who I had known as long as I could remember.

Fate had decreed that this class include Sue Proudfoot, the girl who was destined to be my first love and subsequently cause my first broken heart. In fact, I fell in love with her the first moment she came through the door of our one-room school. Her golden tresses, which her mother had doubtlessly curled that morning, framed a perfect face with the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. I was done in.

Unfortunately, I was doomed to learn about love triangles before I learned addition and subtraction. Alas, my love had eyes only for Murphy, who hated girls and steadfastly ignored them. So there we were, with Sue staring moodily at Murphy, me staring longingly at Sue, and Murphy staring grumpily at me.

At recess, Sue would gravitate to wherever Murphy was playing, while I struggled valiantly to divert her attention from him. One day, though, after being rebuffed yet again

Steve Weaver (left) with his best buddy, Don Murphy, ca. 1945. Photographer unknown.

By Steve Weaver

by Murphy, she turned her attention to me in desperation. Perhaps she thought I could get her a date with him. But the reason didn't matter because, for once, I had her attention and wasn't going to waste it. Frantically, I groped around in my cluttered mind for something to say that would grab her attention. "I CAN FLY!" I heard myself blurt.

Classmates at Don Murphy's birthday party, summer 1948. Photographer unknown.

"Where the heck did that come from?" I thought. It worked, though. I definitely had Sue's attention, albeit her very dubious attention.

"What do you mean you can fly?" she responded skeptically.

Well, I wasn't sure because my synapses were firing so fast I couldn't keep track of them. I heard myself answer that I had a cape at home with Superman flight capabilities and that I put it on every night and flew around the yard. I was astounded. Was this really me saying this stuff?

Her blue eyes bored into mine. "Prove it," she said. "Bring it to school tomorrow and show me."

I ran home and said, "Mom, I need a cape."

I described how the cape would need to look as much as possible like Superman's. She asked if it was for a play at school. Crossing my fingers, I muttered, "Uh huh."

I remember walking the quarter mile to school the next morning carrying Mom's creation in a brown paper sack. It was a proper cape, sure enough, made of a turquoise material that was probably an old curtain. It fastened around my neck with a brown shoelace.

At school, I quickly stuffed the bag in my desk before anyone could ask me what was in it, but the rumor had already gone viral. All across the room, you could hear the students in grades one through eight hissing at one another, "Hey, Weaver's gonna fly at recess." Our teacher Miss Stewart restored order, but she'd apparently heard enough and knew what was scheduled to happen at 10:30. I remember a lingering, and somewhat amused, appraisal she gave me. In fact, I wasn't sure she had even noticed me before.

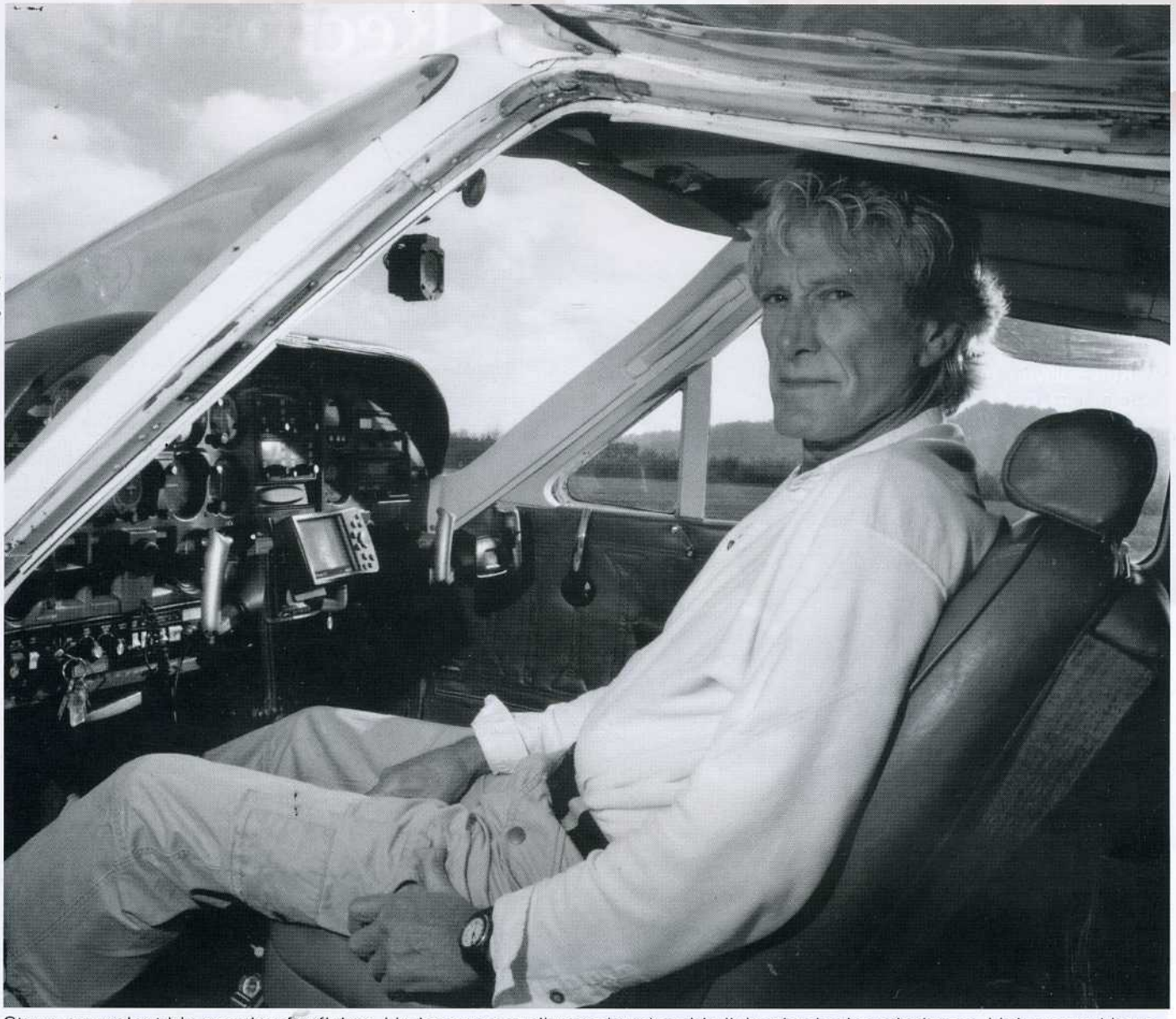
"Had anyone besides Superman ever done this?" I wondered. I hadn't heard about it if they had.

The morning's lessons droned on while my mind buzzed with the important issues of the upcoming flight. On takeoff, I had to hold my hands just so. "Had anyone besides Superman ever done this?" I wondered. I hadn't heard about it if they had. Mom made the cape just like Superman's, so it should work, right? Should I just go once around the school or maybe out over the river and back? I wondered why more people didn't do this. I hoped I could do a standup landing the way Superman did it. The teacher dinged the little bell she kept on her desk. It was recess.

During an ordinary recess, the school broke up into little cliques of children. The sexes and the grades all had different interests. They usually scattered as they came through the door but not this time. The entire school had united to watch Arden's first airshow—and perhaps, they smelled blood. Miss Stewart, who normally stayed at her desk at recess, followed the students outside, and everyone clustered by the "runway."

I was counting on the steep hill where the school stood to give me the boost I needed to get airborne. In addition, there was a spot beside the school where the ashes from the pot-bellied coal stove had been dumped over the years and grown into a sort of ramp. Between the hill and the makeshift coal-ash ski jump, I thought I might be able to get enough momentum.

Poised at the top of the ash dump, I reached into my brown paper bag and pulled out the cape. My finest moment came when Sue, sensing her chance to be part of history and doubtlessly realizing her responsibility for this whole



Steve never lost his passion for flying. He became a pilot and makes his living brokering airplanes. He's seated here in a Cessna Cardinal at the Upshur County Regional Airport. Photograph by Michael Keller.

spectacle, stepped forward and tied the brown shoelace around my neck.

A few years ago, I was visiting my old buddy Murphy and asked him if he remembered the day I flew. He smiled and said, "You know, Weaver. There for a second, I thought you'd done it."

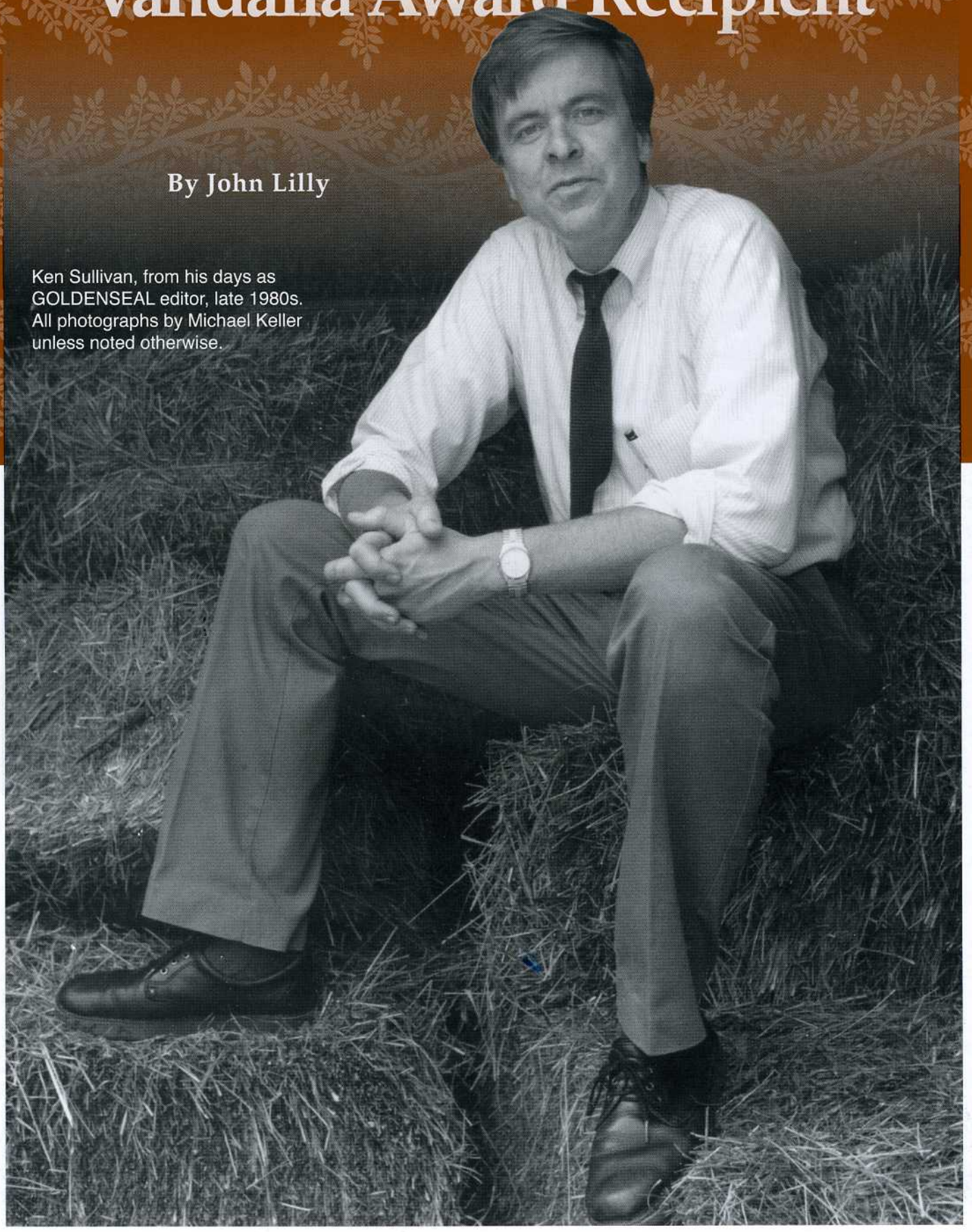
There for a second, I thought I had too. I held back nothing. Once I was horizontal, I did fly, hands outstretched to break the air. This lasted until I caught up with the slope of the ash dump, and then it was like the country song says, "It's funny how falling feels like flying . . . for a little while."

If there ever was a moment when more laughter ascended to the heavens from the West Arden schoolyard, I don't know when it was. I do remember one particular laugh that rang above the juvenile glee, though—as I was trying to unwrap myself from the cape. It was the only time I ever heard Miss Stewart belly-laugh.

STEVE WEAVER is a native of Arden, Barbour County, and a graduate of Philippi High School. He attended Alderson-Broaddus College and West Virginia Wesleyan College. Following a stint in the Marine Corps, Steve took flying lessons, became a flight instructor, and opened a flying school in Buckhannon in 1968. Steve's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared on the cover of our Spring 2010 issue.

Vandalia Award Recipient

By John Lilly



Ken Sullivan, from his days as GOLDENSEAL editor, late 1980s. All photographs by Michael Keller unless noted otherwise.

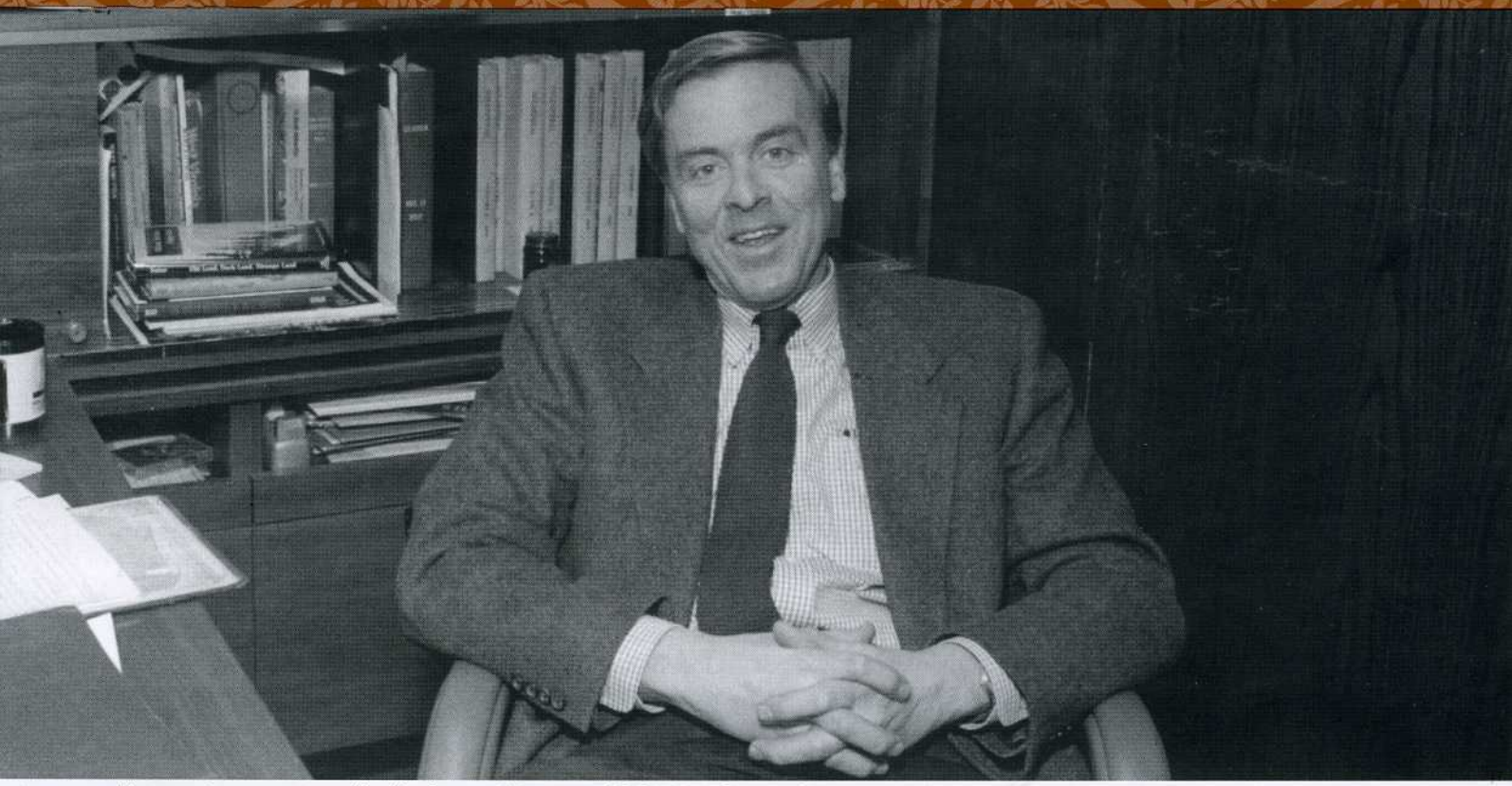
Ken Sullivan

Ken Sullivan thought he would be a history professor. That is in fact how he began his professional career. Life had other plans for this son of the Appalachian coalfields. After only two years in academia, Ken became editor of GOLDENSEAL magazine—a position he held for 18 years—then executive director of the West Virginia Humanities Council for the last 18 years. An astute scholar of regional studies and mountain literature, Ken has contributed much to the appreciation and documentation of West Virginia's folk culture. He deservedly received the 2015 Vandalia Award, West Virginia's highest folklife honor.

Ken was born in 1949 in southwest Virginia. His mother was an avid reader, and Ken took an early liking to books as well.

"I was always a reader—big reader," Ken says. "My mom was a reader, and I was fortunate to have several teachers in school that encouraged that. While I was definitely soft on the science and math side, I

In our magazine's most memorable subscription renewal photo, Ken push-starts Vandalia Award winner Melvin Wine's tractor in Braxton County, 1991, demonstrating how hard the GOLDENSEAL staff works for its money.



Ken, as he appeared in his farewell issue of GOLDENSEAL, Spring 1997.

was reading everything I could find in high school.

"I grew up in what I am sure is one of the absolute worst school systems in the country," Ken says, reflecting on his first taste of formal education. "I don't think there is any doubt that the central Appalachian counties, including the counties in which I went to school, had inadequate education. But there always were people around, certain teachers that I recall, who worked with kids. While most children coming out of those schools probably were inadequately educated, there always was a sizable minority who went on to college. There was something in that experience that inclined me to go to college."

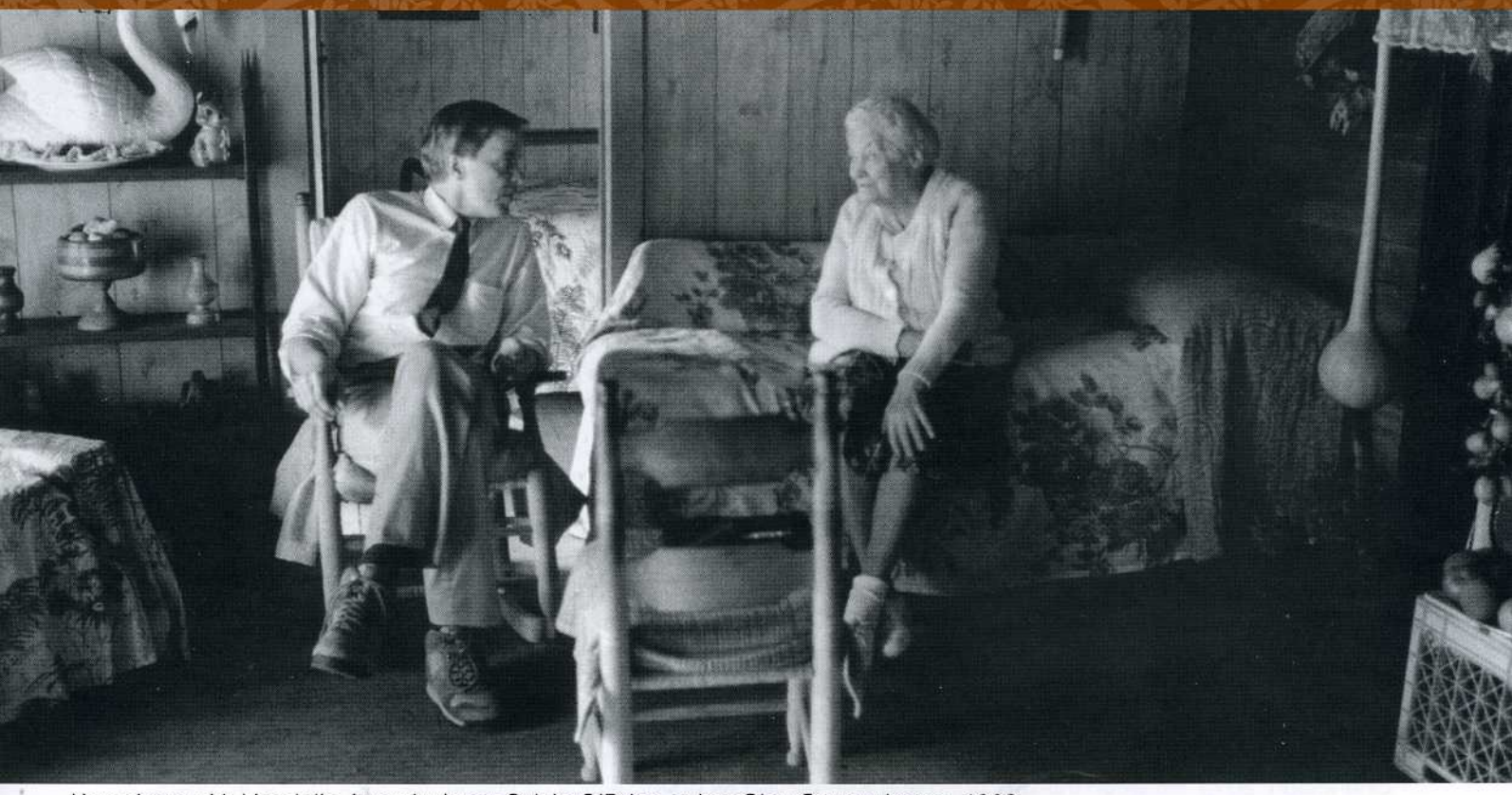
Intrigued by jobs he had held in construction, Ken applied and was accepted into the engineering program at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

"That was a big mistake!" Ken concedes. "My first semester in engineering school, I had four F's: engineering, calculus, chemistry, and physics. They had a course in engineering school called humanities, and I got an A in it. I saw the light!"

He switched his major to history and graduated with honors in four years. He went on to receive a master's degree in history from the University of Rochester and a doctorate in history from the University of Pittsburgh. While working on his dissertation about the coal industry in southern West Virginia, Ken took a job teaching history at Antioch University's Appalachian Center in Beckley.

"It was just like being thrown into the briar patch for me," Ken says. "I had an opportunity to teach history at the college level right in the very area of my professional interest. It was 1976—I remember because the fire hydrants were all painted up as little colonial soldiers!"

During this time, Ken contributed to GOLDENSEAL and had, ironically, applied and been turned down for a job as GOLDENSEAL assistant editor. The West Virginia Labor Department was looking for a researcher at this same time, and Ken moved to Charleston and accepted the job with the Labor Management Advisory Committee (LMAC). He worked there less than a year



Ken chats with Vandalia Award winner Sylvia O'Brien at her Clay County home, 1989.

before he was hired to replace founding editor Tom Screven at GOLDENSEAL in 1979.

"I was turned down for assistant editor and hired within a year as editor," Ken recalls with a smile.

GOLDENSEAL had been established by the West Virginia Department of Commerce in 1975, growing out of an earlier state publication called *Hearth & Fair*. [See "*Hearth & Fair*: Don Page and the Roots of GOLDENSEAL," by John Lilly; Spring 2004.] Screven, editor of both publications, was an authority on folk art. Both publications reflected his interests and expertise. Ken brought a different skill set with him to GOLDENSEAL.

"Each of the editors has put a stamp on the magazine," Ken comments. "And I think it reflects who we are personally. My training was as a historian. I had from birth the experience and interest of things Appalachian, but I was also interested in the history of West Virginia and the history of the region.

"The main thread of continuity is that I pursued stories the way Tom had, which primarily is through interviews. And that method works as well for history as it does for documenting the folk arts. I don't think the mechanics of the magazine changed that much—it certainly got bigger and reached more people over time—but the tone of it never really changed. I'm interested in the folk culture. I'm interested in the archaeology of the region. But my core interest is as a historian."

Ken had an exposure to folk art and traditional culture as a matter of course from childhood.

"Growing up in Appalachia, you are exposed [to folk culture]," Ken says, "and maybe part of the value of it, part of the charm of it, is that you don't really know it. It's part of the environment."

With Ken's natural affinity toward traditional culture and professional interest in industrial history, the magazine's content became a unique mix of history, oral accounts, and folklore, illustrated with contemporary and archival photography. The quarterly publication grew in size to 72 pages and at one time was mailed to as many as 30,000 subscribers.

"The thing about GOLDENSEAL is that it is essentially

Former GOLDENSEAL editor John Lilly (right) interviews Ken (left) at the West Virginia Humanities Council offices in Charleston, 2015. Between the two, John and Ken served as editor of GOLDENSEAL for 36 of its first 40 years.

history—the story—as told by the people who made it. That is probably the defining characteristic of the magazine. Regardless of the subject, almost always the prime source is going to be the people that lived the story—history and culture from the people who made it.

"The main strength of the magazine is that the people who like it, like it a lot! It's never going to out-compete TIME magazine or any of the 'big boys' as regards to circulation, but it's got a core of really, really interested and supportive readers."

Ken remained as editor until 1997. In that time, he developed a wide-ranging set of contacts, including freelance writers, photographers, and historians. He also developed friendships with many of the traditional musicians and storytellers who would gather each year at the State Capitol Complex for the popular Vandalia Gathering—a state-sponsored festival of traditional arts held each Memorial Day weekend.

In 1983, Ken founded the State Liars Contest as part of the Vandalia Gathering.

"That was a lot of fun!" Ken says. "I was involved in Vandalia—it's a huge effort. I had attended almost all Vandalia Gatherings—maybe missed one or two before I started with the agency. We did storytelling. People have a deep need for stories—basic human need—and we're going to satisfy them one way or the other. But in labeling it 'storytelling,' a lot of people thought it was for kids. And the attendance was, frankly, pretty spotty.

"Vandalia has continued storytelling. I think it should continue storytelling labeled as 'storytelling,' but you won't get the big attendance that the liars contest will get. There is just something fun in the title, something outrageous about the idea.

"So we started it the second year that I was there. We did the storytelling one year, the liars contest the next year. The very first year, our winner was a fellow with a story about a dead mule in a bathtub. I knew we were on to something!"

The State Liars Contest is among the most popular events each year at the Vandalia Gathering, generally packing the theater for two hours on Sunday afternoon for tall tales, exaggerations, and humorous prevarications. Ken has hosted

this unique event for 30 years, and GOLDENSEAL continues a tradition Ken established of publishing excerpts from the winning stories each year in the spring issue.

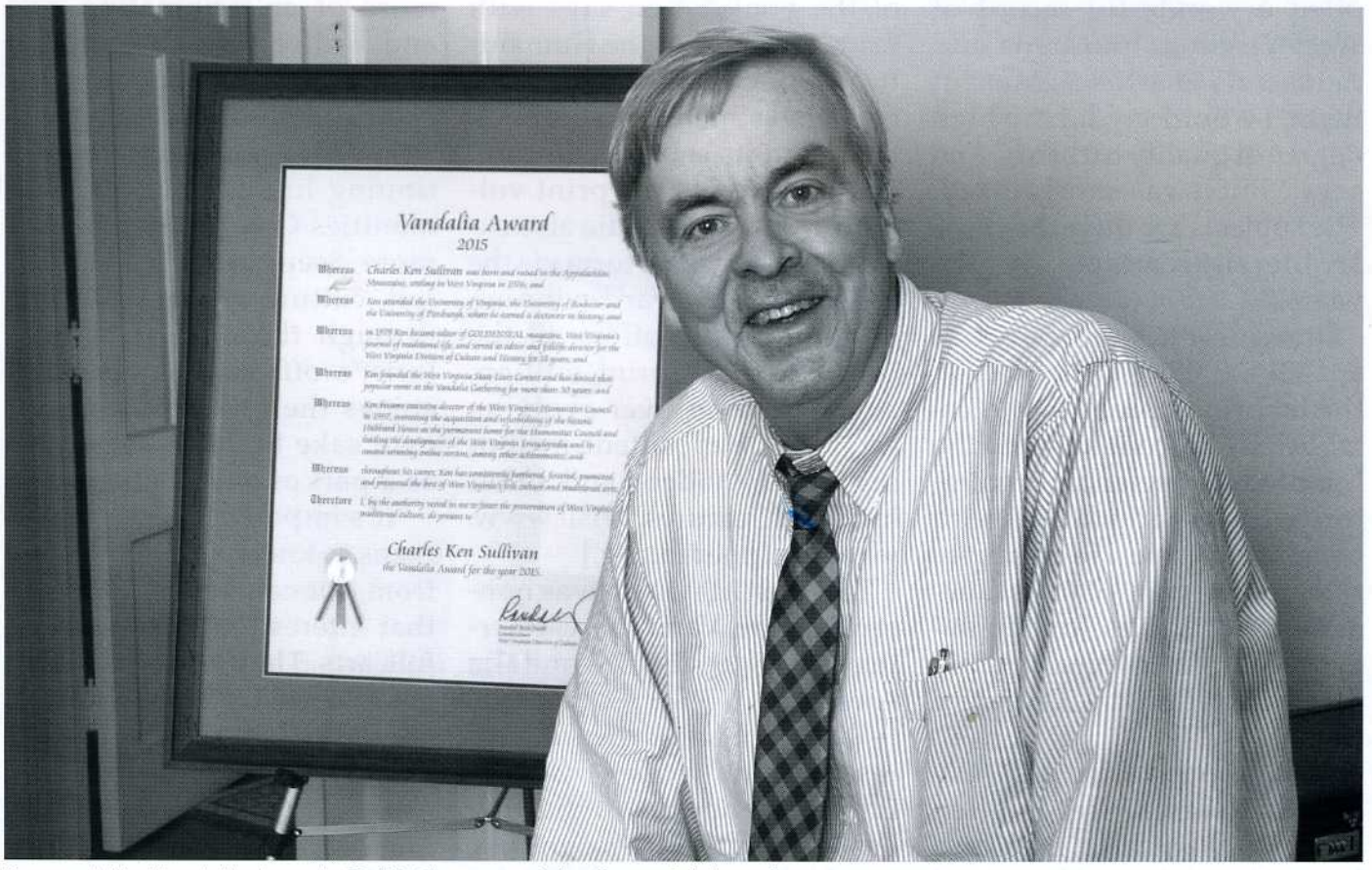
In 1997, Ken left GOLDENSEAL to head the West Virginia Humanities Council. Charged with promoting a vigorous program in the humanities statewide in West Virginia, Ken and his staff promote, encourage, and facilitate resources for the humanities, which includes history, literature, folklore, archaeology, philosophy, and related disciplines.

Almost immediately after landing at the Humanities Council, Ken took on two major projects: the acquisition and renovation of the historic MacFarland-Hubbard House and the creation of the *West Virginia Encyclopedia*.

The MacFarland-Hubbard House dates back to the 1830s and is one of Charleston's most prominent and recognizable homes. Located on Kanawha Boulevard and overlooking the Great Kanawha River, the house was vacant at the time Ken was looking for a new home for the Humanities Council. The First Presbyterian Church of Charleston was the owner, having inherited the house the previous year, and Ken arranged to purchase the property.

"We did buy the property in late 1999 and spent about six months renovating, restoring, and then moved in here in May 2000," Ken recalls. "We did our dedication on West Virginia Day in 2000.

"The house was sound, and that is so important in a historic house. The people who had lived here had been people with sufficient means to keep it up



Ken and his Vandalia Award, 2015. Photograph by Steve Brightwell.

throughout its history. Miss Hubbard was old when she died. She had frankly neglected a few things—painting and routine maintenance—but the place was solid as a rock."

Settled into their new accommodations, Ken and his staff took on what was perhaps a bigger project: the *West Virginia Encyclopedia*. It had been nearly a century since the last single-volume encyclopedia had been published about the state. Ken was determined to produce the definitive West Virginia reference book for the early 21st century.

"GOLDENSEAL had compiled a wonderful record of West Virginia, hundreds and thousands of articles. Most of them, I would say, have a high degree of quality to them," Ken says. "But it was unorganized. The subjects are there, but they are literally scattered over the years."

Drawing on his experience at GOLDENSEAL, Ken began the laborious process of reestablishing his contacts with the hundreds of freelance contributors who he had worked with on the magazine. He estimates that more than 600 authors submitted entries for the encyclopedia on topics ranging from abolition to Ebenezer Zane.

"What I brought from GOLDENSEAL was the recognition of the need and also, frankly, a lot of editorial experience and a lot of contacts," Ken says. "We spoke earlier about the strength of GOLDENSEAL's readership. But the strength of its writers is a great strength as well. Freelance photographers as well as the staff photographers—those things have been a great strength. When we undertook the *West Virginia Encyclopedia*, we had a network, a starting point."

The finished book took most of nine years to produce, cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and weighed in at 927 pages.

"We raised about half-a-million dollars for the support of the book," Ken says with pride, noting that the Humanities Council has recouped all of its investment, and the book is now in its second printing.

In addition to the print volume, the encyclopedia also exists in an electronic form via the Internet. The award-winning e-WV Web site offers all the content of the print edition, along with an ever-evolving array of bonus content, including audio, video, and other high-tech features. [Visit www.wvencyclopedia.org.]

This past May, Ken was honored at the Vandalia Gathering with the 2015 Vandalia Award.

"The Vandalia Award represented my work at GOLDENSEAL," Ken says, reflecting on this unexpected recognition, "at the liars contest—which I regard as a great accomplishment, still very much alive—and since I have been at the Humanities Council, we have been very mindful of folk arts, folklore projects, and have funded such projects to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars."

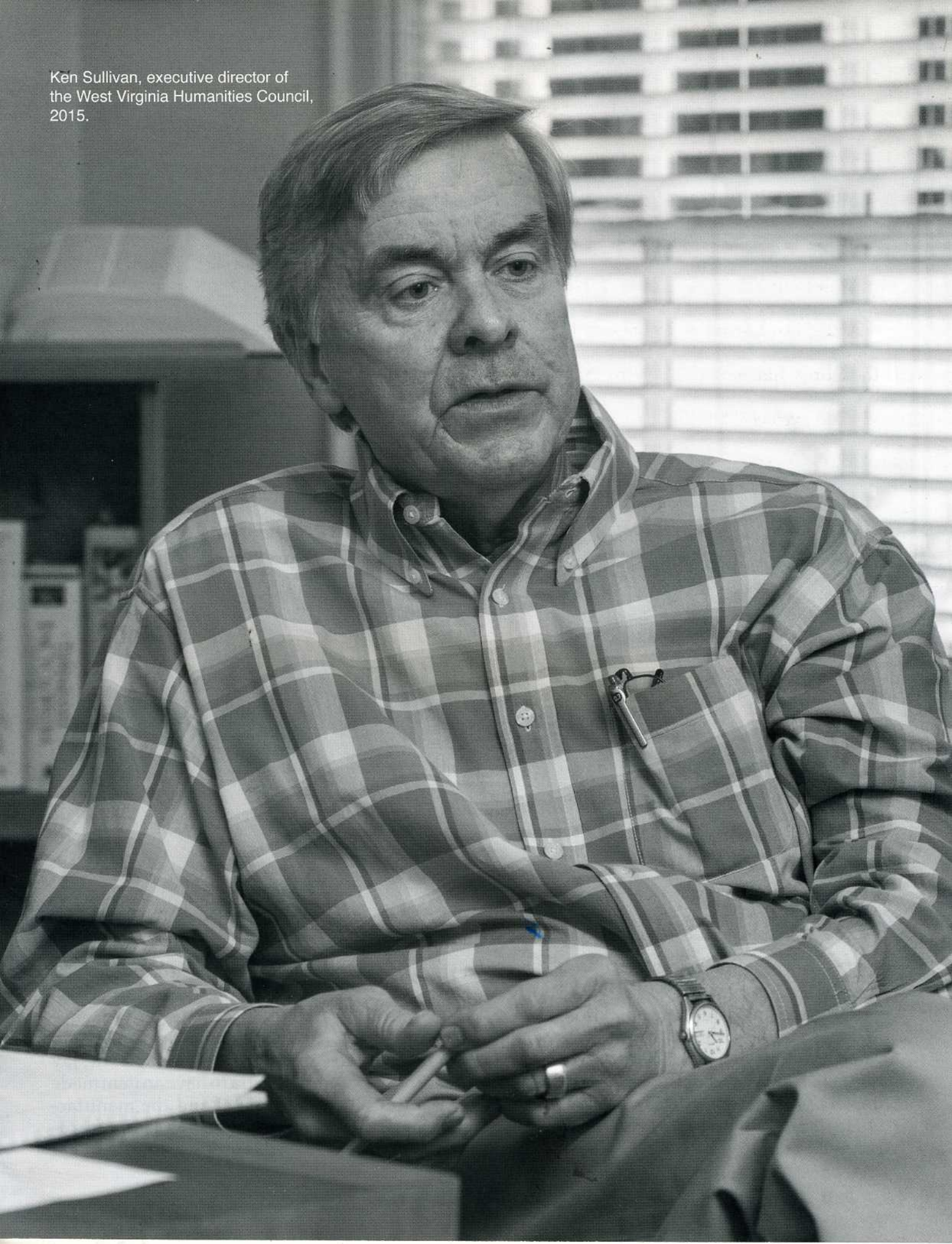
Beginning in 2015, the West Virginia Humanities Council will manage the state folklorist's position through a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

"That's a tremendously new, exciting direction for us," Ken says. "Now, with a folklorist here, we will be able to take more of an originating role and a directing role in that important work than we have been able to do in the past."

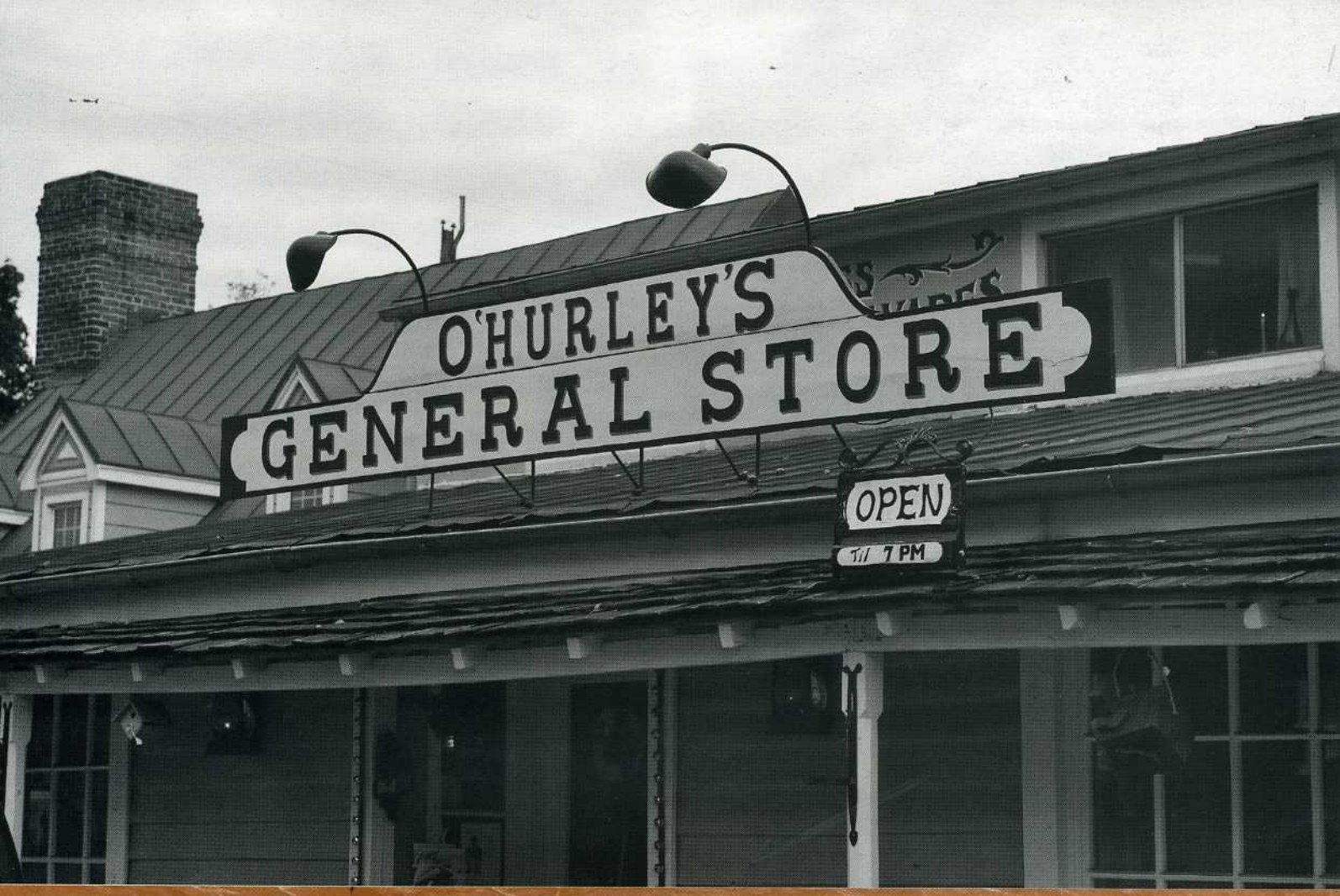
Ken looks forward to continuing his work at the Humanities Council and getting more deeply involved in the folk culture of West Virginia through the new state folklorist's office. He personally enjoys the folk arts for their own sake but also sees them as a part of our heritage.

"It's important for us as humans to know where we came from," he concludes. "We have that interest and need for the folk arts. They are part of what made West Virginians who they are today."

JOHN LILLY of Charleston was editor of GOLDENSEAL from 1997 to 2015.



Ken Sullivan, executive director of the West Virginia Humanities Council, 2015.



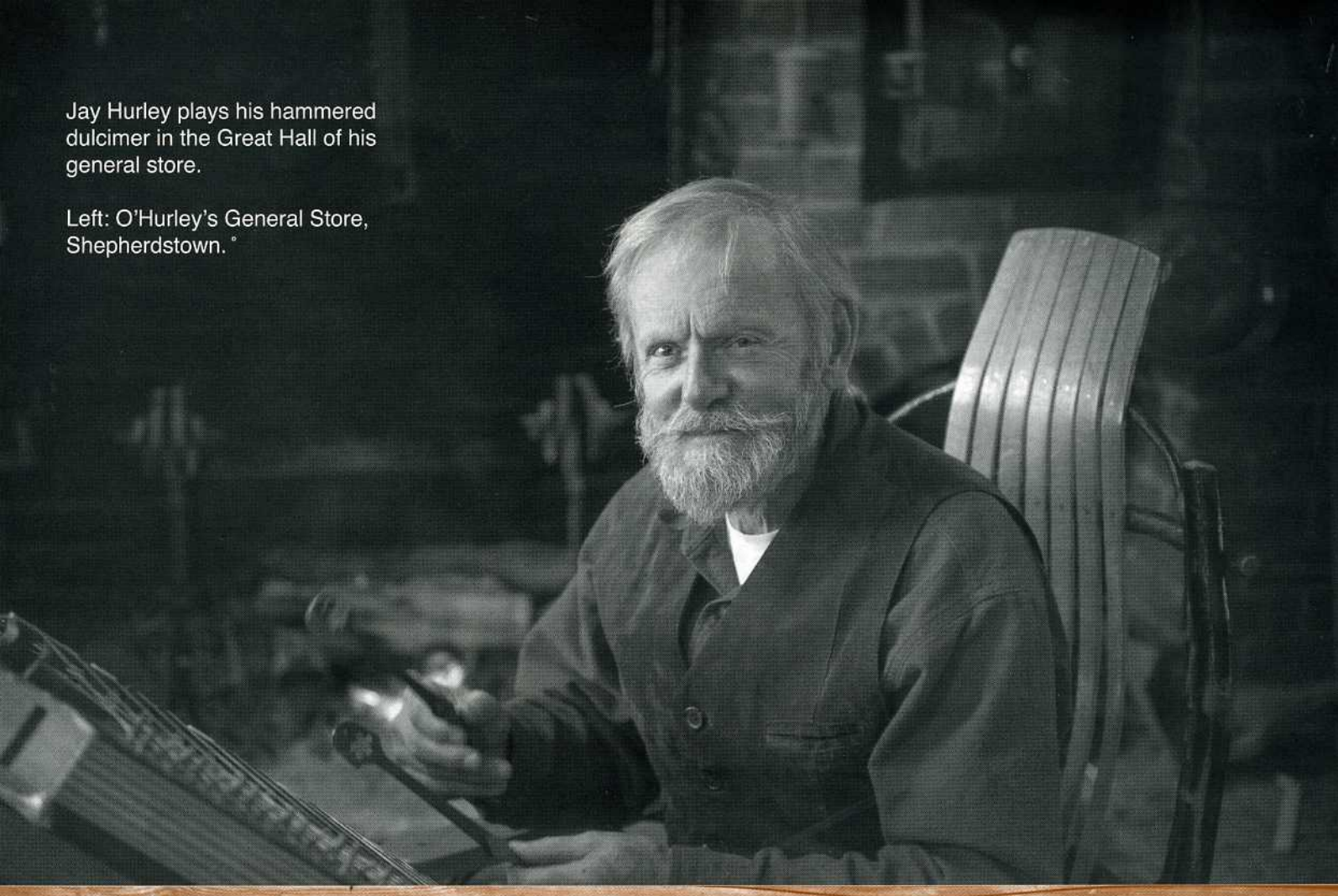
Really Fine People

Text and photographs by Carl E. Feather

On the day Jay Hurley held the grand reopening of his family's Shepherdstown store, an "educated lady" peeked in the door, looked around, and delivered one of the nicest compliments O'Hurley's General Store ever received.

"She stood in the middle of the doorway and said, 'Attention to detail,'" Jay says. "It was a well-placed compliment. I will go the extra measure to get the detail I want."

At times, going that extra measure involves driving across the countryside to track down a craftsman who builds a rocking horse or clothes drying rack to Jay's standards. Because O'Hurley's eschews goods and packaging made of plastic, Jay pays extra to have an item made from metal and the manufacturer to package it in a cardboard box rather than a blister



Jay Hurley plays his hammered dulcimer in the Great Hall of his general store.

Left: O'Hurley's General Store, Shepherdstown.

O'Hurley's: Home to Sweet Music

pack. This obsession with detail means that O'Hurley's deals with up to 150 different suppliers and craftsmen, many of them "grassroots operations," like O'Hurley's itself.

Jay imparts these values to employees Genevieve O'Loughlin, who manages the store, and Loretta Shorts. Jay pretty much gives these women carte blanche when it comes to buying and displaying merchandise but will chastise them for getting "carried away" with what he calls "foo-foo" items.

"If I was totally focused on the store, I'd be more into homesteading supplies. They are needed," he says. Then again, Jay is not one to allow the market to drive his vision.

"Making money has never been my primary driving force," he says.

Jay spent eight years tweaking his concept before moving back to West Virginia to take over the business from his father, Milburn Glenn "M. G." Hurley.

"I could see in my mind the merchandise that I wanted in my store. It's all merchandise that you would expect to see in a general-store atmosphere. I wanted useful, practical, functional, and nonplastic," Jay tells me as we sit in The Great Hall of his East Washington Street store.

Our conversation is periodically interrupted by the horn and rumble of a Norfolk Southern Railway freight train passing so close you could almost shake hands with the engineer. Jay is unfazed by the racket; he grew up hearing the roar of steam locomotives on this line.

"I was born 150 feet from the tracks," Jay says, referring to his home birth in 1941. This gave Jay a front seat to railroading as he watched the locomotives pass, their firemen feeding the voracious belly at the rear of the contraption, and smoke puffing out the top. Curious about the engineering of these beasts, Jay soon was asking questions like, "Why does the smoke come from the opposite end of the engine?" and "Why does it make a 'poof, poof' sound rather than a continuous roar?"

Jay says his family was poor, and there was rarely money for travel, but he recalls a glorious moment in his childhood when his mother, Ruth, took him and his brother to the railroad depot about two blocks from their home and purchased three tickets to the next stop: Sharpsburg, Maryland. He still recalls the thrill of crossing the Potomac River on the high-level bridge and seeing the legendary waterway from a new vantage.

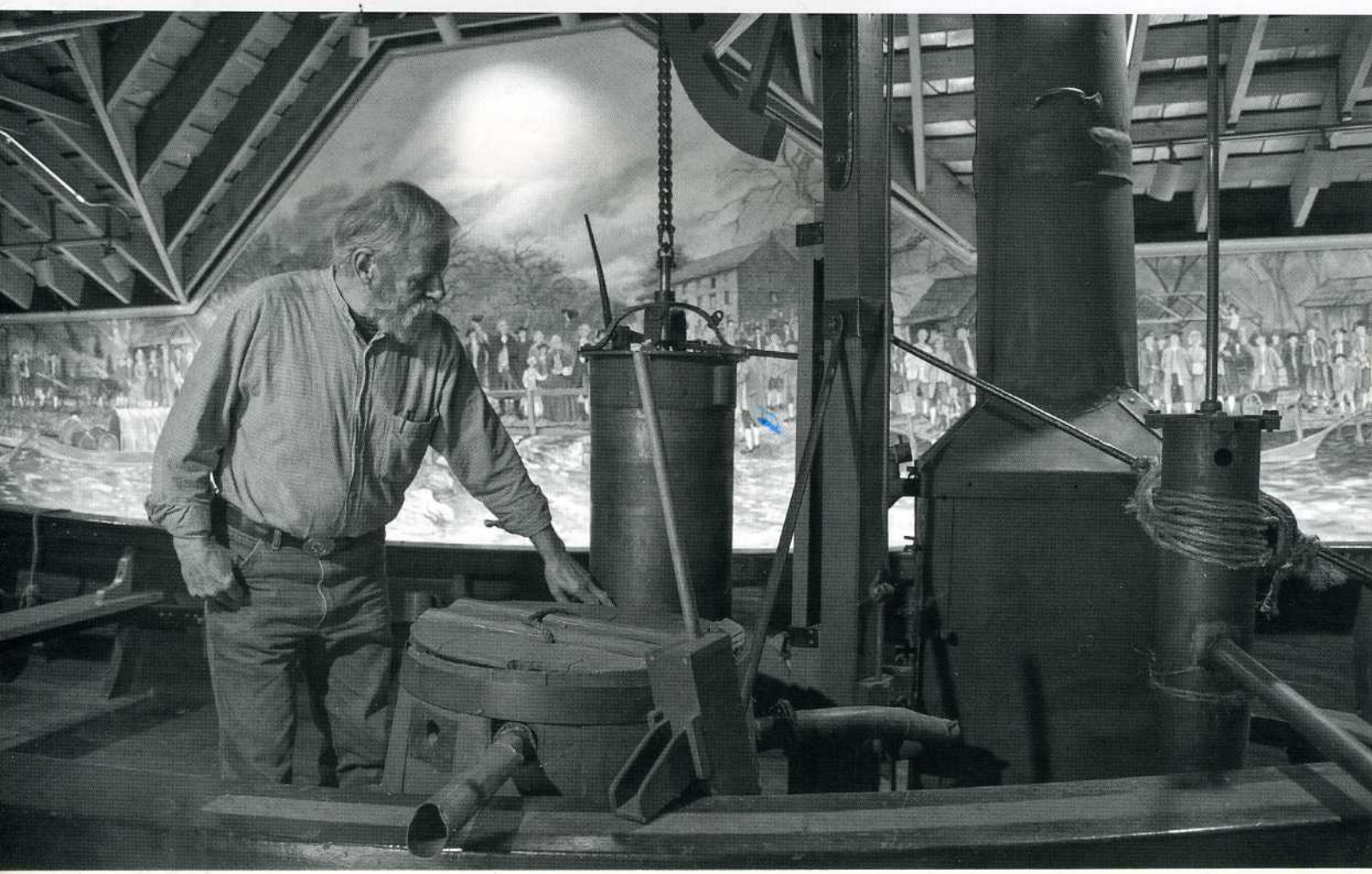
"And then we got off the train and walked the four miles home," he says.

Jay had no interest in taking over his father's store or staying in Shepherdstown after high school. He worked on farms around the area then headed off to Chicago, where he earned a degree from DeVry and dabbled in radio for several years. His training helped him land a job with General Electric, which assigned him to a remote radar site in the Aleutian Islands. Next was an assignment in Turkey, where he was "adopted" by a Muslim family. From there, Jay worked in the automotive industry in Michigan.

By the mid-1970s, M. G. Hurley was terminally ill. Jay's brother had no interest in the store, so Jay decided to carry on the family business and become his mother's caregiver. He disposed of his investments in Michigan and returned to Shepherdstown with about $20,000 to his name—money he would invest to transform his store.

"Dad died one-and-a-half months after I got here," Jay says. "I spent the first year collecting the materials I'd need to rebuild the store."

Jay revamped the store's interior to give it a more authentic late-1800s look. He spent half his life savings on the renovation, most of which he did



himself with help from college kids he paid by the hour.

"But the most difficult part was spending $10,000 on merchandise," he says. "I'd never run a store, but I knew the kind of store that I wanted. . . . It was two to three years of living on cheese and crackers. Any (cash) that came in went into more merchandise."

Jay's father had been an accomplished carpenter and woodworker whose workshop was in the basement. Although he was blind, he had an amazing ability to work with power tools. Jay still recalls the night he heard the power saw running in the dark basement. Jay went downstairs and found his father hard at work in his world of darkness. Achieving that degree of familiarity with wood and tools escaped Jay.

Left: Jay and dozens of volunteers built this model of James Rumsey's original steamboat. They took it for a successful test run on the Potomac River at Shepherdstown.

Right: Robert "Doc" Thatcher works part time in O'Hurley's Store. He brings years of retailing experience to the job.

"Dad tried to make a carpenter out of me, but he failed," Jay says; although, Jay's cabinetry and renovations suggest otherwise.

Jay is more confident in his metal-working skills. As part of the renovations, Jay added a workshop and stocked it with all manner of lathes, drills, presses, and other metal-working equipment, much of it vintage. He also has a blacksmith's forge and various pieces of welding equipment. His shop has been the birthplace of numerous projects for Jay's friends and the town of Shepherdstown, including the restoration of the clock tower and weathervane of Shepherd University's McMurran Hall.

Jay spearheaded construction of a half-scale model of James Rumsey's steamboat. Rumsey demonstrated his steamboat on the Potomac River at Shepherdstown in 1787—20 years before Robert Fulton developed his commercially successful steamboat. The replica, which also had a successful run on the Potomac, is housed in a museum near the former Entler Hotel, one of several historic preservation and restoration projects that captured Jay's attention.

Jay's primary role in the store appears to be greeting customers and sharing stories about Shepherdstown's history, people, and the bison's head that hangs above a doorway. The animal has a tobacco pipe in its mouth. If a customer questions it, Jay launches into a long story that ends with one hunter saying to another, "I've been hunting all my life, but that's the first time I've ever seen a buffalo smoke himself to death."

Robert "Doc" Thatcher, who works in the store several days a week, says his boss has kissed the Blarney Stone, and Jay's stories affirm that achievement. Jay, however, says he never actually kissed the stone. "I did not go in the castle; I stood downwind from it, however," Jay says.

Doc also is gifted in gab. He was a retired salesman from New York City when he first walked into O'Hurley's and ended up being hired.

"I didn't feel like working real hard, and I don't," Doc says, explaining why he came out of retirement. "But I do enjoy working here."

Doc is a meticulous worker—a

trait that fits O'Hurley's well because every item is priced by hand. Doc carefully removes Christmas merchandise from a box, writes a sticker for each item, applies it, and then returns the item to the shipping container.

He can be found at the counter most every Thursday night, when Jay and more than a dozen local musicians gather in The Great Hall to play old-time music with a strong Celtic bent.

"What it is all about is friends getting together with friends," Jay says of the sessions, which have been held for more than 34 years. "I'd say we've missed only a couple of dates in all these years."

Jay says the sessions got started behind the store's counter. At the first Thursday session, the

Left: Genevieve O'Laughlin manages O'Hurley's and sticks around on Thursday evenings to play her harp and sing during the jam session.

Right: O'Hurley's has the look and feel of an old-fashioned general store.

only musician was Jay playing his hammered dulcimer.

Dave McDaniels, a guitar player who now lives in Arizona, was the first to join him. Then, a well-known local fiddler, the late Walter Caton, added his instrument to the mix.

The group continued to attract musicians, some from just down the street, others from across the Potomac or from Berkeley County. As the size of the ensemble grew, so did the audience, who came to appreciate the quality of playing and nostalgic atmosphere.

In the early 1990s, Jay began thinking about building a room onto the store to accommodate more merchandise and to provide a commodious and inspiring atmosphere for the musicians. Roger Nair, a West Virginia timber-frame expert, assisted Jay with the design, which uses queen-post, timber-frame construction. Jay, who dismantles post-and-beam barns and other buildings as one of his many pastimes, turned to his stockpile for the timbers.

"I like barns. I appreciate them," he says. "When someone says to me, 'You can have this barn,' I'm going to take it. I'd rather see it stand, but I hate to see a barn go to waste."

Throughout the project, a divine force seemed to be guiding construction of The Great Hall because "when I really needed something that was important to this project, it would show up," Jay says.

For example, Jay needed bricks for the massive 10-foot-wide fireplace as well as the expertise to build it. He found his material in the basement of an 1828 house that a developer had bulldozed some four years earlier.

"We had just enough of them to get to the ceiling," says Jay, who ended up using more modern bricks in the section covered by the ceiling.

Jay traded two days of his labor assisting a friend, Doug Claytor, in dismantling a log house for one day of Doug's work on the fireplace. Halfway through the project, Jay realized the timber he had selected for the fireplace lintel was going to be too small. So, he contacted another friend, Larry Barkdoll.

"I told him what I needed, and (Larry) said he had this timber that came out of a house near Harpers Ferry. He said it wasn't good enough to use on one of

his jobs but [was] too nice to throw away," Jay says.

The hardwood timber was damaged and required about 1.5 gallons of epoxy to repair. When Jay was done with the job, though, he had a magnificent lintel and fireplace to match.

When it came time for the flooring, four friends contacted Jay about large oak trees that had come down in their yards. Jay extracted enough flooring lumber from the casualties to cover the entire room. He chose to do it the hard way, however. Jay wanted boards 32 feet long and 5/4 inches thick. After much searching, he finally found a mill in Urbana, Virginia, that could cut a log almost to his specification—an inch or so at the end required working with hand tools because the log was just too long for the mill's sled.

To transport the log to the sawmill, Jay used his welding skills to modify a mobile home frame that could be pulled by a pickup truck. When the lumber came back from the mill, Jay set up a series of sawhorses that could support the 32-foot-long flooring while he used power tools to cut the grooves and tongues in the boards.

Why not simply cut shorter sticks and piece the flooring laterally, as most floors are done?

"There are a lot of things that are important to me that are not important to others," he says. And he invites all who walk into the 28-by-32-foot room to look for the continuous pieces of flooring.

Above the floor hangs a huge chandelier with wrought-iron arms and a solid oak center post carved in the shape of an acorn. The fixture's myriad low-wattage bulbs bathe the plaster-and-wood room with luminous warmth. Smaller lamps, actually merchandise, provide secondary lighting. Hanging from the ceiling are flags of Ireland, Northern Ireland, and The Irish Brigade,

Left: Musicians perform in O'Hurley's Great Hall during the Thursday night jam session.

Right: Glasses, vases, cookie jars, salt shakers, you can find almost anything you want at O'Hurley's General Store.

a Union Army infantry unit from the Civil War. Queen-post trusses soar above the room and impart a sense of security, timelessness, and hospitality.

Musicians sit on folding wood chairs arranged in an oval; an upright piano stands against the wall opposite the fireplace, where a row of rockers provides premium seating for early birds. Three rows of gray folding chairs encircle one side of the musicians' circle; a second section of brown chairs provides another two rows near the fireplace; a fire crackles and dances to the music when the weather turns chilly.

There is no admission fee for the audience and no participation fee for the musicians. But there are rules, and Jay expects everyone to play and listen by them. Musicians must leave their instrument cases in the room next to The Great Hall. They can play only original compositions or songs on a list researched and published by Jay. The public domain songs ensure that the performances won't raise the suspicions of ASCAP, which "would love to charge us for playing registered music," Jay says.

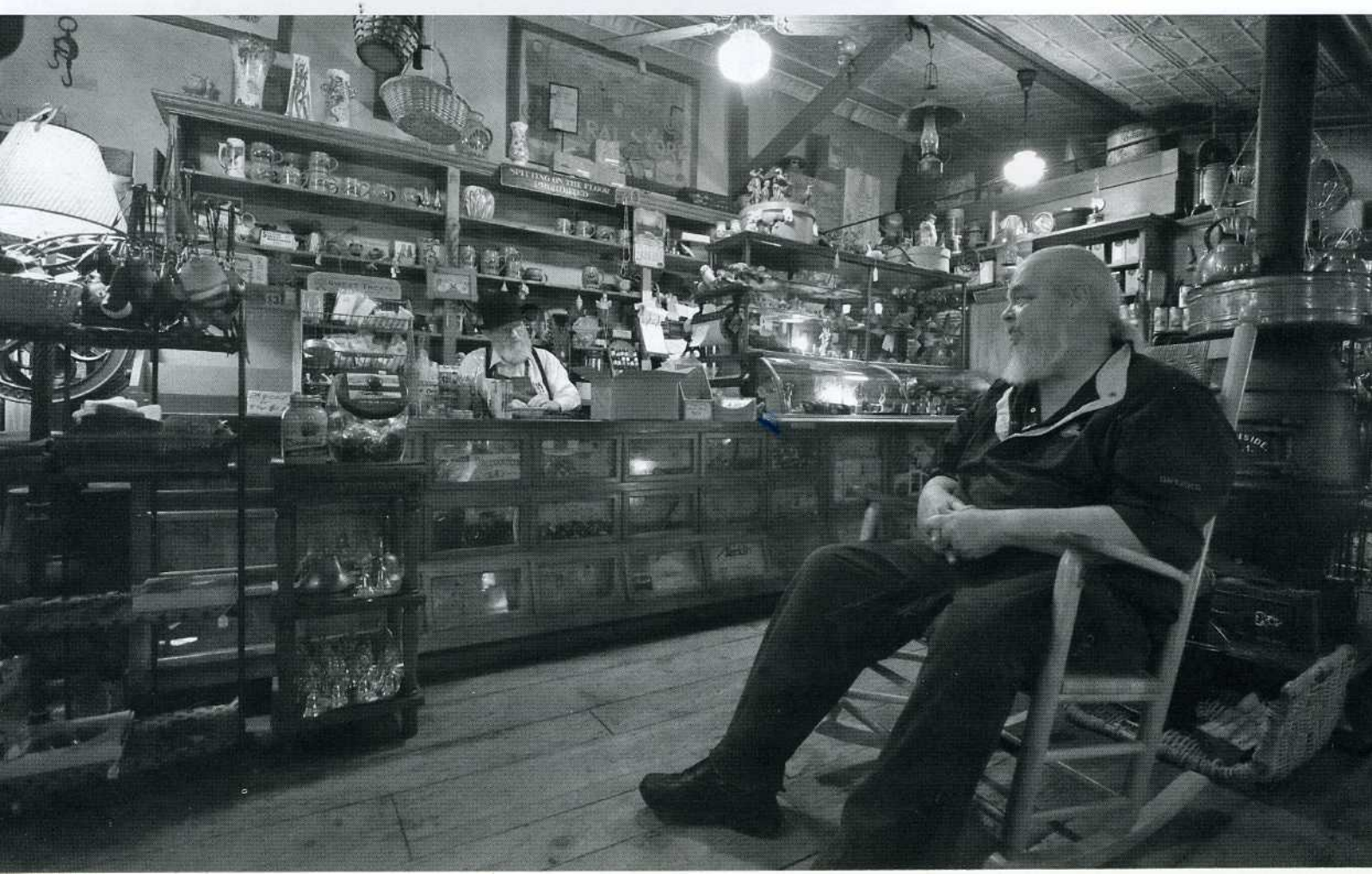
Each musician gets the opportunity to select a composition to play. Audience members are asked to show their respect by not talking during the performance.

"Thou shalt not stand in doorway," with a reference to Deut.6:24. is scrawled on cardboard and taped to the doorframe between the great rooms. Jay says that if one person stands in the doorway, a second will invariably walk up, start talking, and block the doorway.

"My overriding guideline is that if it is okay for one person to do it, it is okay for everyone to do it. And what would happen if everyone did it?" he says.

The rules are there for safety and courtesy and to create an enjoyable experience. As host and organizer of this tradition, Jay is usually the one who has to address infractions or conflicts. Sometimes, for example, a musician will join the group and insist upon using it as a way to spread dogma. While the group enjoys an old-time hymn, Jay is adamant that musicians not preach or string together a number of hymns—or secular songs, for that matter—into 20-minute medleys that steal the show.

"I don't allow dirty blues



playing, and I don't allow the pendulum to swing the other way to evangelism," he says.

He's also careful to make sure a prima donna does not hijack the session. "My biggest fear is that some hot-shot musician will dominate the session," he says.

The group has been joined by numerous well-respected musicians over the years, including GOLDENSEAL Editor John Lilly and Sam Rizzetta of Inwood. Rizzetta is a composer, author, innovator, and builder of hammered dulcimers. He teaches and performs throughout the United States and frequently adds his talents to O'Hurley's group.

Once Jay starts talking about all the great musicians who have held or continue to hold court in this hall, he has a difficult time changing the subject. There was Dan Weah, a bass player who came faithfully until his job took him out of state. Rick Ricqardi, a guitar player from New York, has become a mainstay. Martinsburg chocolatier Charlie Cassabono plays banjo, mandolin, and fiddle. Becky Lidgerding, a nurse by day, plays flute and piccolo, and Genevieve O'Loughlin plays harp and fiddle and sings like an "Irish cailín." And Jay admits there are musicians he knows only by their first names, and others, he simply has no idea who they are. They just show up and, as long as they respect the other players, are welcome to join the group.

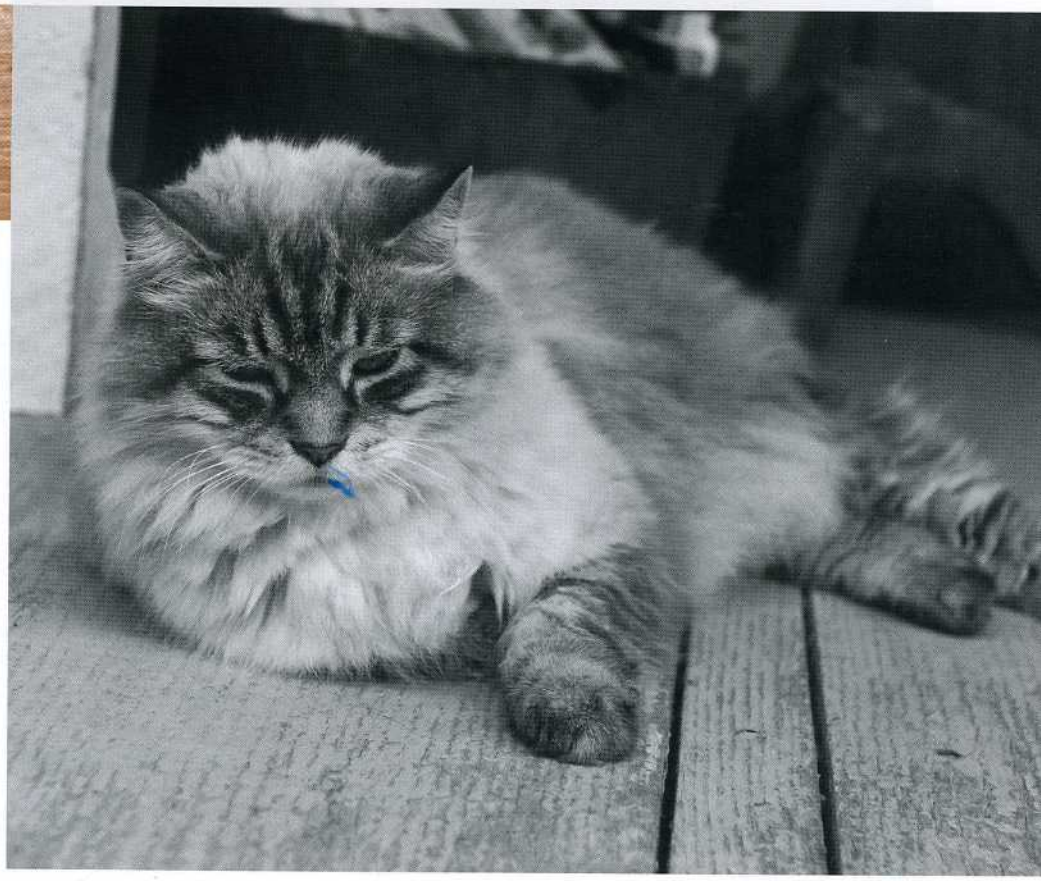
Jay can't say how many more years this gathering will continue but insists his involvement is nonessential. "It kind of runs by itself. I'm here for environmental control," he says.

"Doc" tends the store while its owner immerses himself in the Thursday night jam session. Although two rooms separate The Great Hall from the sales counter, the sweet strains are very audible to those who gather about the wood-burning stove.

"I love the music," Doc says, looking up from pricing merchandise.

"The people I work for are marvelous people," he adds. "Really fine people."

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



Left: Like old-fashioned general stores of the past, O'Hurley's is a great place to hang out and share stories.

Right: Milo, the store's cat, passed from the scene in December 2014. He was beloved by the staff, shoppers, and community. O'Hurley's sells a postcard featuring Milo's portrait.

Instilling a Passion

The 1970s

Growing up in Parkersburg in the 1970s, music was a huge part of my life. I was lucky to be a student in the Wood County music program during that era. I began taking violin lessons at the ripe old age of nine at McKinley Elementary School. The lessons were offered by junior high teachers, who traveled to grade schools each week as part of the music feeder program. The students who stuck with the program arrived in junior high already knowing how to play. The junior high program, in turn, fed into high school—in my case, the Parkersburg High School Big Red Band and Orchestra.

My teacher at McKinley was Sheila Owney, who relied on the Muller Rusch Violin series. I still remember the excitement of holding my first violin (my older sister purchased it for

Deborah McHenry Ross, ca. 1975. All photographers unknown.

for Music in Wood County Schools

By Deborah McHenry Ross

Parkersburg High School Big Red Band, downtown Parkersburg, ca. 1976.

$45 at Skeet Shaw's Pawn Shop) and awkwardly trying to pull the bow across the strings. Reading the notes was equally confusing. I mistakenly thought I was supposed to look at the tops of the sticks on the notes to tell one from another. Miss Owney realized what I was doing and corrected me. Our lessons were a treat not only because I loved the music but also because I got to miss my regular classes.

One or two other girls started violin with me but didn't stick with it. I felt like the Lone Ranger and took lessons through the rest of elementary school. We'd sometimes meet for lessons in the school cafeteria and sometimes in an empty teachers' lounge. Those 30 minutes were golden times to me, opening up a whole new world of music.

My musical enrichment continued at Hamilton Junior High. There, under the tutelage of Rocky Wiseman, I arrived early each morning and joined other students in the band room. These early mornings were great opportunities to practice, learn the finer points of playing in tune, and master difficult rhythms and techniques. My orchestra in seventh and

eighth grade was quite small; however, Mr. Wiseman made the most of it. I got to perform at evening concerts for parents and faced my first case of stage fright when a fellow violinist threatened me with the stern reprimand, "You'd better not make any mistakes!"

Although the band program was the musical focal point at most junior highs, Mr. Wiseman admirably supported our orchestra as well as a smaller chamber group with two violins, a viola, and a cello. Sadly, Mr. Wiseman moved to another school after my eighth-grade year and was replaced by a music teacher who, although equally talented, clearly preferred the band over the orchestra. My beloved junior high orchestra was disbanded.

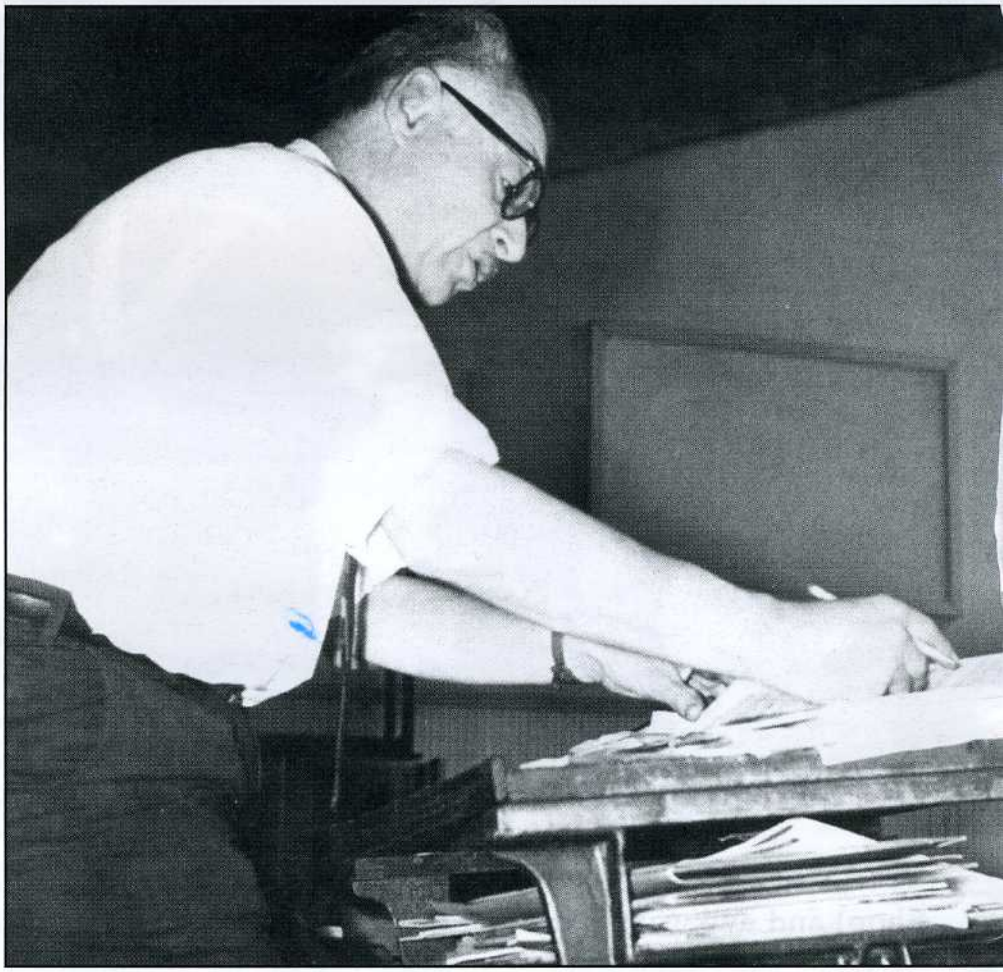
While I could've gone the way of many other string players and simply given up, I got the chance to play violin in the band! This unorthodox solution was the bane of my ninth-grade year as I adapted oboe parts to the violin. To say I was the butt of a few good-natured jokes is putting it mildly! However, the opportunity allowed me to continue with the violin, knowing I would be playing in the Parkersburg High School Orchestra the following year.

My favorite ninth-grade memory was participating in the Wood County Mass Band Festival. Each year, students from across the county joined together as one band and performed in the vast spaces of the Parkersburg High School Field House. I'll never forget the thrill of being one of two violinists performing with hundreds of other young band musicians. Many directors commented on the uniqueness of having violins in the mass band. Elizabeth Henderson, the head director of music for Wood County Public Schools, talked about the importance of this experience for young musicians. Although I didn't know it then, my future husband was also present at that performance. He and I have discussed our shared memories of Miss Henderson telling the young musicians, "Children, you don't know how lucky you are!"

After the school year ended, my instruction continued in the summer music program. The weeks of hot-weather practice culminated with a final end-of-summer performance in the City Park band shell. These concerts were always well attended.

In 1974, the band and orchestra rooms were still located in classrooms under the Parkersburg High stadium. That's where I got my first taste of competitive music. Being a little fish in a big pond, as it were, I came face to face with some really good string players, many of whom hadn't been playing oboe parts in a band; rather, they'd been taking private lessons.

Luckily, I was gifted with an amazing orchestra teacher,



Parkersburg High School Orchestra conductor Frank Gelber, 1970 yearbook.

Frank Gelber. He quickly put me at ease and became one of my favorite and most beloved teachers. During my high school years, a new music building was constructed on campus. It was spacious enough to accommodate an orchestra/choir room on one end and a larger band room with a smaller classroom on the other. Mr. Gelber led his students through rigorous All-State Orchestra auditions and solo ensemble contests, all designed to help young musicians learn to compete and hone their skills. We had some memorable trips to Charleston and Morgantown for state music performances. I was inspired by hearing the West Virginia University Symphony, conducted by Dr. Donald Portnoy, and started considering music as a college major.

I began taking individual lessons with Mr. Gelber and his wife. I spent many happy Saturday mornings at the Gelbers' home in Vienna, studying violin, recorder, piano, and theory. When I consider the cost of private lessons today, the $4 Mr. and Mrs. Gelber charged was a real bargain. I felt a genuine sense of caring from them and benefited not only from their instruction but also their warmth and acceptance. Mr. Gelber's retirement at the end of my sophomore year left a void, but I continued studying privately with him and bought my own violin, paying it off in installments I earned from directing my church choir.

Michael Berry, a former student of Mr. Gelber's, was my orchestra director for my last two years of high school. During this time, orchestra and band students could audition for the All Star Symphony Orchestra, which included musicians from across the country. I submitted a tape and was thrilled to be accepted. I traveled to Pittsburgh for the rehearsals and performance. As luck would have it, though, my tape was misplaced, so I was given the last chair in the second-violin

Deborah McHenry Ross, Marietta College, 1981.

section—a kiss of death for any musician. Mr. Gelber always told me it didn't matter what seat a musician sat in as long as everyone worked together, so I tried to make the best of a very bad situation.

Life sometimes has a way of making lemonade out of lemons. In this instance, my chair at the back of the orchestra happened to be right next to a cute first-chair trumpet player, who tried to cheer me up. It was none other than the man who would become my husband. Our 30-plus-year love affair began as a result of my lost audition tape.

After high school graduation, I continued my music studies at nearby Marietta College, right across the river in Ohio. Sadly, Mr. Gelber passed away before my senior music recital at Marietta. To my surprise, he bequeathed his instruments to former students. I was lucky enough to inherit one of his violins, which I still treasure and play to this day.

Many years have passed. The first-chair trumpet player from All Star Orchestra and I married in 1983. At our wedding, our former music teachers—including Mr. Wiseman and his wife, the former Miss Owney—performed in a brass quintet. Today, my husband and I are teachers ourselves but not music teachers. Both of us continue to play and recall fondly the Wood County music program, where we learned about more than just music. Thanks to teachers like the Gelbers, the Wisemans, and Walter Suchanek, we developed a passion for the arts and learning. As I walk into my classroom, I hope to inspire my own students in the same way. As Miss Henderson said, "Children, you don't know how lucky you are!"

Deborah McHenry Ross and husband Bill Ross, still making music together, ca. 2005.

DEBORAH McHENRY ROSS was born and raised in Parkersburg. She holds a master's degree in education from Western Carolina University and has taught in North Carolina for more than 25 years. Her most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Fall 2010 issue.

Promoting Music in West Virginia Schools

Randall Reid-Smith, commissioner of the West Virginia Division of Culture and History, often says the number one reason to attend a football game is for the halftime show. He readily acknowledges that band is in his blood.

It should be no wonder then that in his nine years as commissioner, he has introduced two programs that help West Virginia school music programs flourish again.

The first program is the VH1 Save The Music Foundation program. This unique statewide program is reaching hundreds of middle school children, providing $30,000 worth of musical instruments annually to help foster the love of music that Deborah McHenry Ross shares in her story about the Wood County music program.

With help from supportive community partners, enthusiastic individuals, and generous corporations, businesses, and nonprofit organizations, the Division of Culture and History and VH1 are putting these musical instruments in every qualified public middle school.

Since 1997, VH1 has provided $51 million in new musical instruments to 1,900 public schools, impacting the lives of more than 2.3 million children nationally. In West Virginia, 51 schools in 40 counties have received $1.53 million in instruments. VH1 Save The Music Foundation provides $15,000, and West Virginia businesses, foundations, organizations, and individuals contribute $15,000 in matching funds annually. This partnership was recognized nationally this past spring when the National Association of Music Manufacturers presented the Division of Culture and History with a Support Music Award.

"It is our hope that these middle school programs will reconnect young students with the wonderful world of music and give them the knowledge and confidence to continue to play in high school bands and orchestras," said Reid-Smith. "We are hearing from high school band directors that the counties that have received the music instruments are, indeed, seeing an increase of enthusiastic new band and orchestra members."

Knowing that, the Division of Culture and History introduced the West Virginia Marching Band Invitational in 2012. The invitational is held each fall, featuring high school marching bands from across the state. Bands compete in categories, and winning bands receive cash awards that can be used to benefit the music programs in their schools.

"The invitational is a great way for us to showcase our outstanding students and bring attention to the importance of the arts—in this case music—to our students," Reid-Smith said. "Besides, what could be better than a whole day of halftime shows?!"

Students at Rainelle Elementary School, a K-8 school in Greenbrier County, showing off their instruments purchased through a collaboration between the West Virginia Division of Culture & History and the VH1 Save The Music Foundation. Photograph by Tyler Evert.

Unidentified individuals making apple butter at Fort New Salem, Harrison County. Photograph by Milton Furner, courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

Apple Heritage

By Leona Brown

When I got my May 2014 issue of *National Geographic* magazine, it was like opening an old photograph album and finding pictures of friends from my youth. This issue featured "heirloom" apples, many of which used to grow on the Brown/Trail farm near Daniels in Raleigh County—where my husband's family lived for four generations. Others grew at Round Bottom, my grandparents' farm near McKendree in Fayette County. (See GOLDENSEAL 10:1:p.16, "Round Bottom: Home of the New River Gwinns.") The pictures and names brought back some great memories for me.

Like many West Virginia farms, these two places no longer exist. Round Bottom, now within the boundaries of the New River Gorge National River, has completely reverted to forest. The farm at Daniels is now a housing development. Since pioneer times, apples have been an important part of West Virginia cuisine and culture. From the Ohio River to the large apple farms of the eastern panhandle, nearly every farm had an apple orchard. The Grimes Golden and Golden Delicious apples originated in West Virginia.

Applesauce, apple pies, baked apples, cobblers, and dumplings have graced the tables of the state's kitchens, dining rooms, and restaurants. Apple butter, apple jelly, fried apple pies, dried apples, and cider have been sold at countless church fund-raisers and local markets. Making these products has been part of the social life of rural communities.

At Arbovale in Pocahontas County, where my husband and I lived for 30 years, making apple butter was a fund-raising project for the Arbovale United Methodist Church, as it has been for many rural West Virginia churches. It was a community enterprise for many church members and friends.

The evening before making the apple butter, the church women would gather to peel bushels of donated apples and start the cooking process. The next morning, they poured the applesauce into a large copper kettle. The men of the church built and fed a wood fire most of the day. Women and men took turns stirring the applesauce with a large wooden paddle on the end of a long handle. If the stirring would stop, the apple butter would burn. They added sugar as the applesauce continued to

cook. After several hours, they placed some of it on a saucer to test for thickness. When the sauce reached the approved consistency, they added oil of cinnamon or cloves and tasted it. Meanwhile, they set out canning jars and equipment on long tables. When the apple butter passed the taste test, the women canned it in quart and pint canning jars—to be sold later to raise money for the church. Scents of wood smoke and spices made this a pleasant, if arduous, task.

Cider making is another group enterprise, whether for a community or a family. Many farm families owned a cider press. The family gathered to cut bushels of apples into manageable pieces, which were then placed in a wooden bucket made of slats. Two people, one on each side, turned a handle, which pressed down a wooden paddle to crush all the juice from the apples. The juice was caught in a large pan then strained through cheesecloth or flannel to remove twigs, bugs, and apple debris. The cider was then poured into glass jugs or jars. Pasteurization never crossed our minds. Anything strained through cheesecloth or flannel was presumed to be fit for consumption. If you drank the cider immediately, it was delicious; however, if you set it aside for about three days, it would begin to fizz and become like carbonated soda.

A neighbor, who shall remain nameless, shared his recipe for storing cider. He put the juice into a wooden keg then added five pounds of brown sugar and a pound of wintergreen mints. The keg went into his cellar for a few months. The resulting potable was delicious, but it was not wise to drink a mug of it on an empty stomach or if you had to go anywhere!

Each heirloom apple had its own distinctive flavor and uses. The Wolf River was a giant among apples. The fruit often grew to six inches in diameter and was suitable for making applesauce, apple butter, or cider. The red peelings, cooked and strained through a flannel jelly bag, contained enough pectin to make beautiful pink jelly without adding commercial pectin.

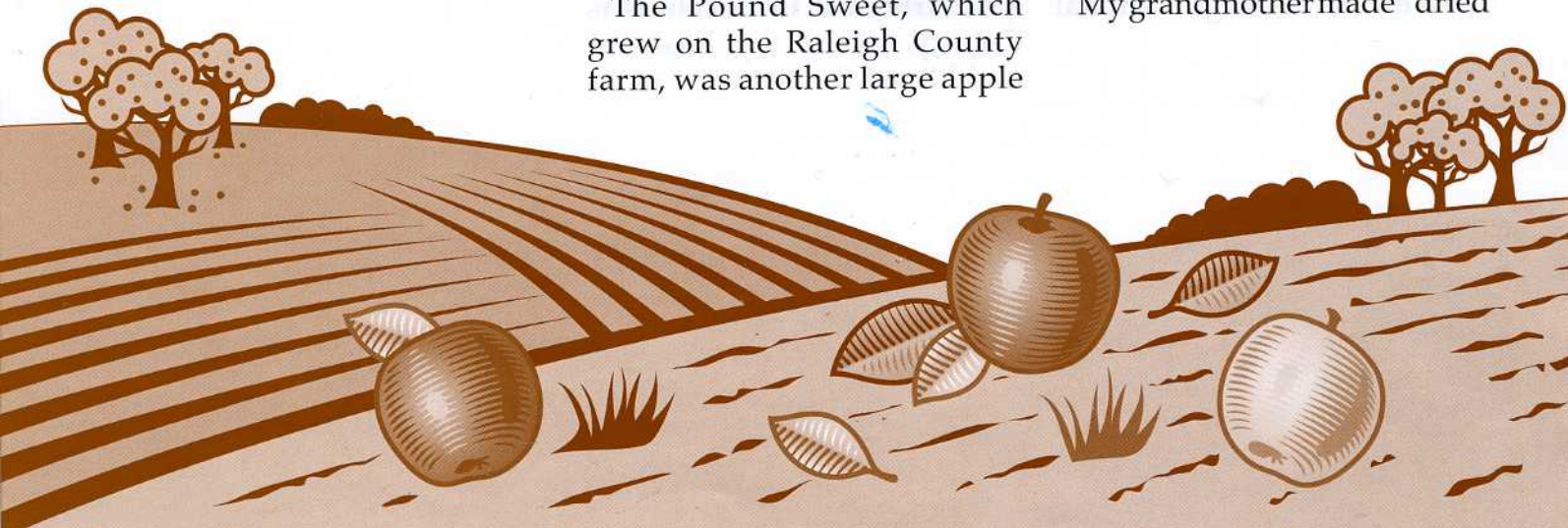
The Pound Sweet, which grew on the Raleigh County farm, was another large apple that could weigh up to a pound. It was very sweet but not suitable for cooking—except for making preserves—as the pieces stayed whole. It was not a good "keeper" for storing in the winter but made good dried apples.

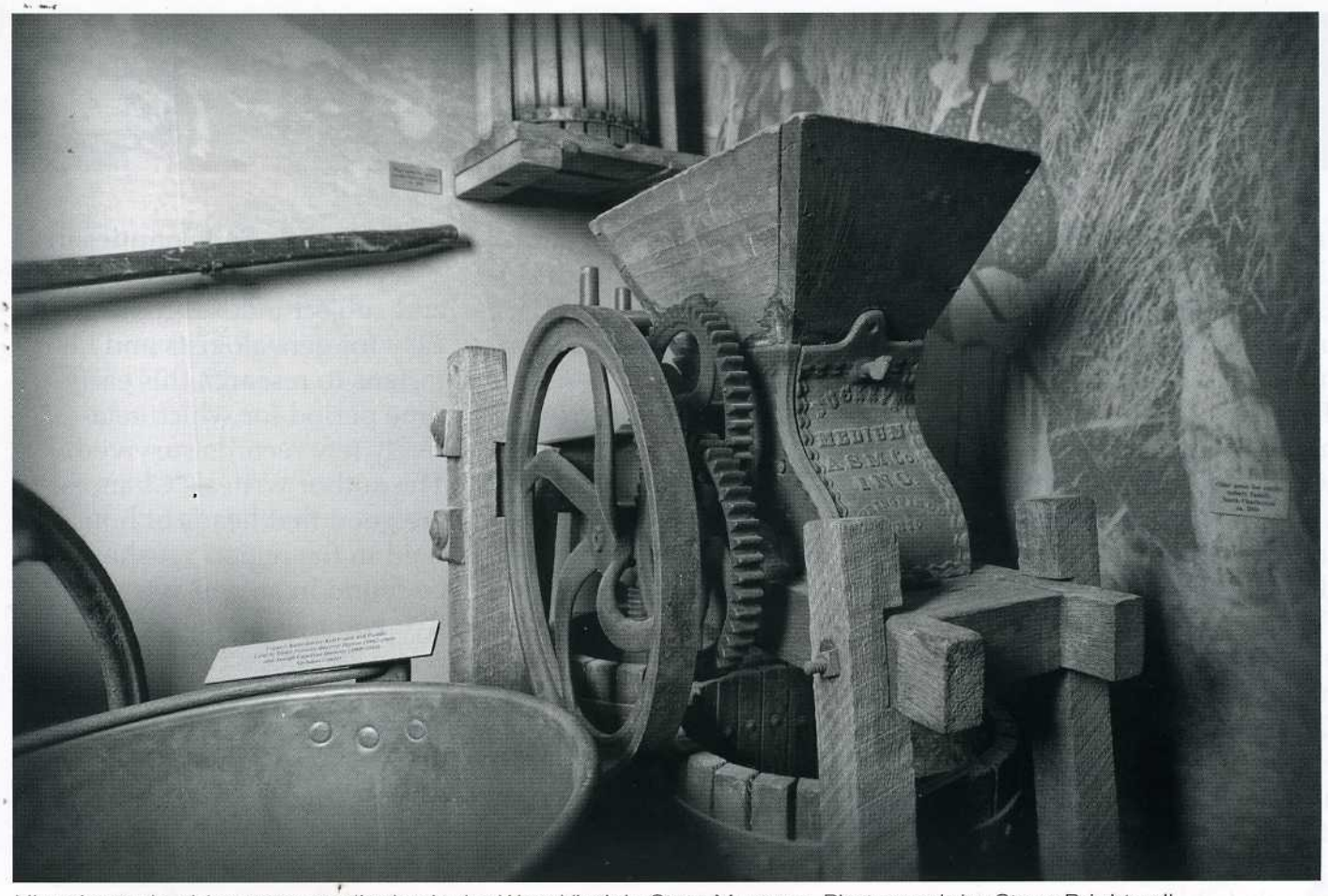
The Pippin, an heirloom apple said to have grown in the orchards of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, was suitable for eating raw or cooking. It could be stored in a cool cellar and kept fresh for most of the winter.

The winter banana apple was another "keeper," with a distinctive flavor hinting of banana. This one grew on my grandparents' farm.

There are now electric dehydrators for making dried apples and other dried fruit and vegetables. My grandmother used a wooden frame covered in cheesecloth. She spread the sliced apples on the cloth, covered them with another cloth to keep the flies and bees away, and placed them in the sun for two or three days until they became like leather. Stored in a dry place, the apples would keep all winter.

My grandmother made "dried



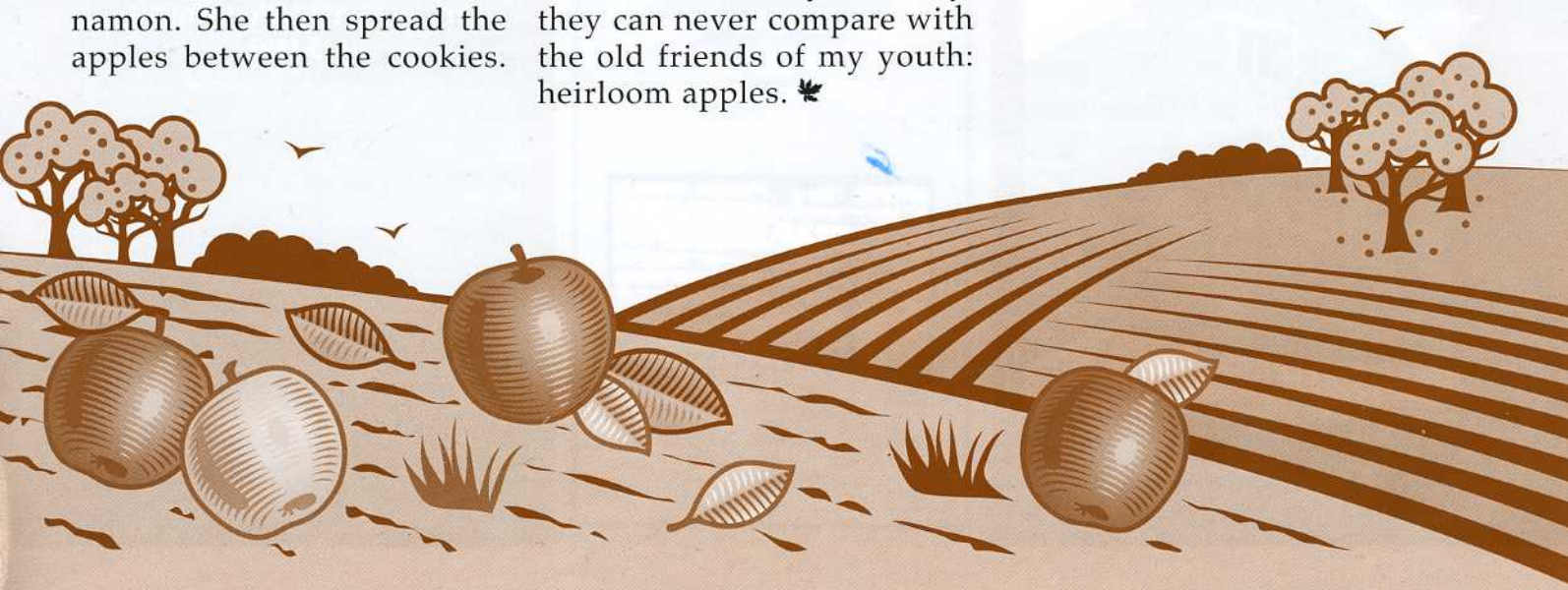


Historic apple cider press on display in the West Virginia State Museum. Photograph by Steve Brightwell.

apple stack" by dividing a batch of sugar cookie dough into thirds and baking them in layer cake pans. She soaked apples in water until they were soft and cooked, sweetened, and flavored them with cinnamon. She then spread the apples between the cookies. With a glass of cold milk, dried apple stacks were the perfect after-school snack.

Commercial growers have developed "pretty" apples, such as Red Delicious and Granny Smith; but, in my memory, they can never compare with the old friends of my youth: heirloom apples.

LEONA BROWN was born in Fayette County and now lives in North Carolina. A retired schoolteacher, Leona has written a book on her family's history and published numerous articles. Leona's most recent contribution to GOLDENSEAL appeared in our Fall 1995 issue.



New Books Available

By Stan Bumgardner

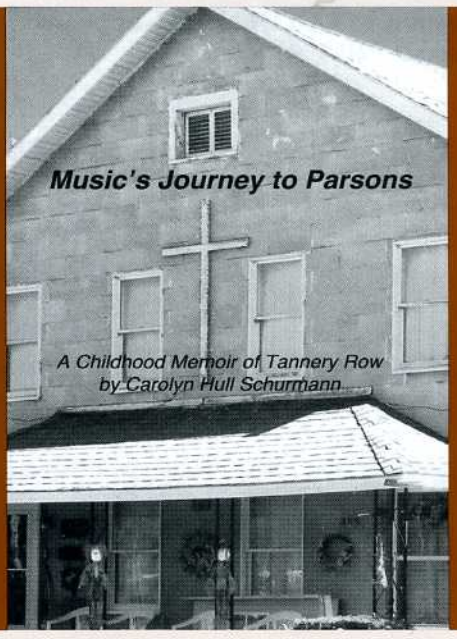
In the Summer 2015 issue of GOLDENSEAL, editor John Lilly spoke of the importance of music in West Virginia history. In ***Music's Journey to Parsons***, Carolyn Hull Schurmann interlaces song verses with various memories of her childhood growing up during the Great Depression in the Tannery Row section of Parsons, Tucker County. The area consisted of 12 double homes built to house the families of 24 tannery workers. The author recalls family and friends, pastimes, her dog, and a number of other tales that range from witty to heartbreaking. As the author notes, "My family, by today's standards, would be called dysfunctional, but my point is to show our humanness." After World War II, the tannery jobs disappeared, and the name *Tannery Row* disappeared from most people's memories in Parsons. All but one of the original Tannery Row houses were destroyed in the 1985 flood.

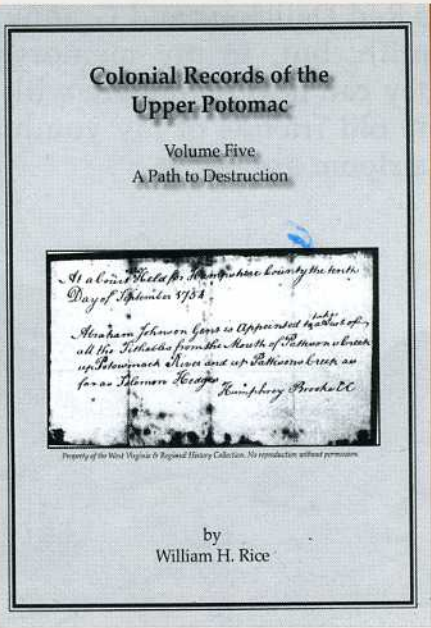
Music's Journey to Parsons sells for $15, plus tax and shipping. It is available online or from McClain Printing at 212 Main Street, P.O. Box 403, Parsons, WV 26287.

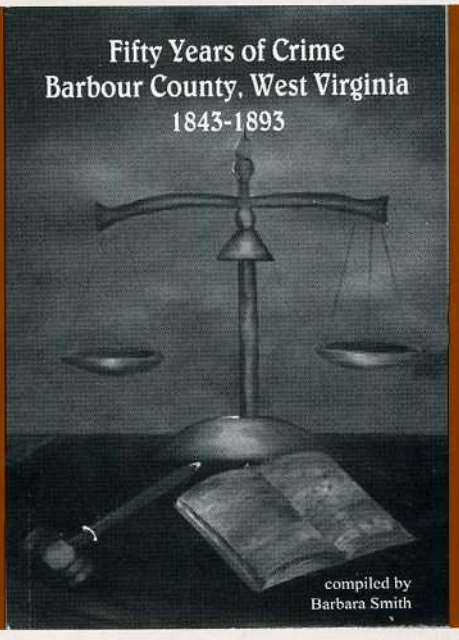
McClain has also published the latest volume of William H. Rice's ***Colonial Records of the Upper Potomac***. This edition, volume 5 in the series, is subtitled *A Path to Destruction*. Like earlier editions, Volume 5 details pre-French and Indian War records from what would become Morgan, Hampshire, Mineral, Tucker, Hardy, Grant and Pendleton counties in West Virginia and counties in Maryland and Virginia. Name and subject indexes make it easy for genealogists and historians to research this early time period for which relatively few records survived. The author writes, "Chances are good that heads of household in the region . . . should be found in at least one of the five volumes."

The 266-page *Colonial Records of the Upper Potomac: Volume 5* is available online or from McClain Printing for $29, plus tax and shipping.

Original records form the basis of another local history book. ***Fifty Years of Crime: Barbour County, West Virginia, 1843-1893*** by Barbara Smith relies on circuit court Law Order books. A chapter on "Crimes against Property"







shares various cases of vandalism, land disputes, and theft, including the stealing of everything from wine, to horses, to fiddle strings. "Crimes against Morality" provides more accounts of robberies, broken contracts, perjury, fraud, slander, political corruption, and riots, among other topics. "Crimes against Persons" tells of nonviolent and violent acts, including murder and domestic violence. Other chapters recount crimes related to the Civil War and some of Barbour County's most influential citizens.

The 273-page book sells for $20 (postpaid) and is available from the author at 304-457-3038 or at Mountain Treasures at 1 North Main Street in Philippi, WV 26416.

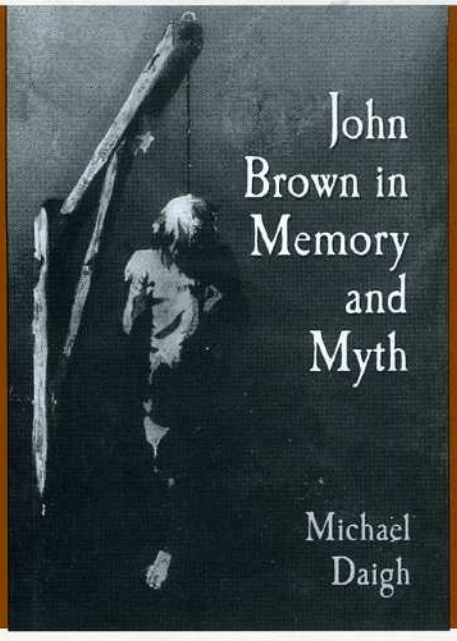
Historian Michael Daigh has written a new scholarly book, ***John Brown in Memory and Myth***. Brown, a devoted but violent abolitionist, was a polarizing figure in the North and South before the Civil War. Brown's crusade to end slavery culminated with his failed raid on the U.S. Armory at Harpers Ferry and subsequent hanging in Charles Town in 1859. Over the last 150+ years, his legacy has remained just as controversial, as historians debate whether he was a hero or a villain. The author examines the impact of Brown's actions on American history and how our view of the abolitionist has evolved over time.

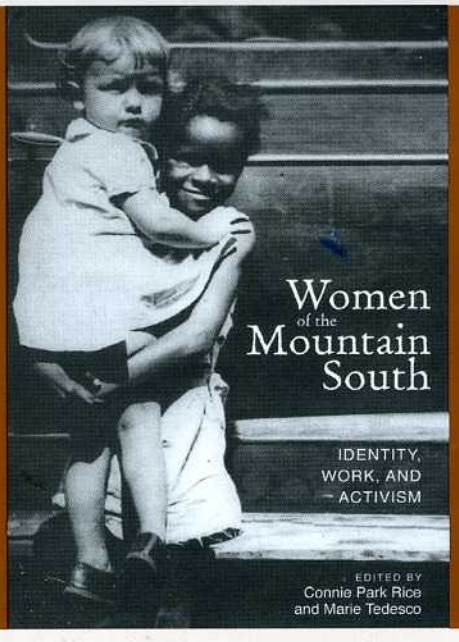
This 259-page book was published by McFarland, Box 611, Jefferson, NC, 28640, 1-800-253-2187 or www.mcfarlandpub.com. It sells online for $37.95, plus tax and shipping.

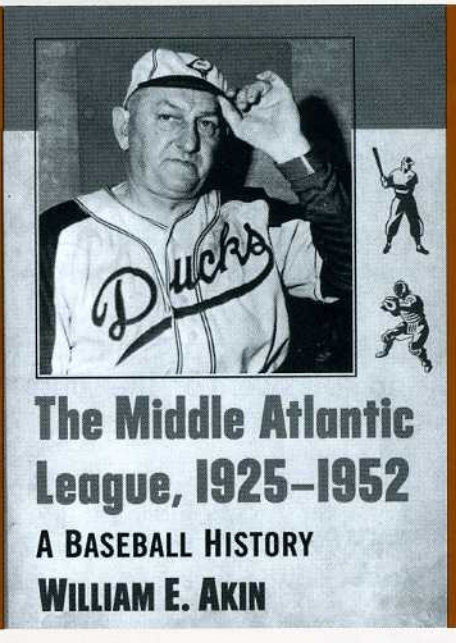
Another new scholarly work is ***Women of the Mountain South: Identity, Work, and Activism***. The editors, Connie Park Rice and Marie Tedesco, feature a number of subjects specific to West Virginia, including the founding of Mother's Day; prostitution in Wheeling during the Civil War; women steelworkers; race, class, and activism; and the fight for environmental heritage and economic justice.

The 506-page book is available online and from the Ohio University Press, 215 Columbus Road, Suite 101, Athens, OH 45701-1373. The paperback version sells for $29.56, plus tax and shipping.

Finally, William E. Akin writes about minor league baseball in ***The Middle Atlantic League, 1925-1952***. The Middle Atlantic League once included the Beckley Black Knights and Beckley Miners, Charleston Senators, Clarksburg Generals, Fairmont Black Diamonds, Huntington Red Birds, Parkersburg Parkers, and teams in Maryland, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The 232-page paperback book, published by McFarland, is available for $35 online or by contacting the publisher.







Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

Heart of the Town

"By odds the most remarkable thing in Shepherdstown is a wooden eye a foot long. It rests on a Bible; also of wood and is inserted in the wall of a little bit of a market-house, over which is an Odd-Fellows Hall. The 'all-seeing eye' was never more boldly treated. You must go to see it."

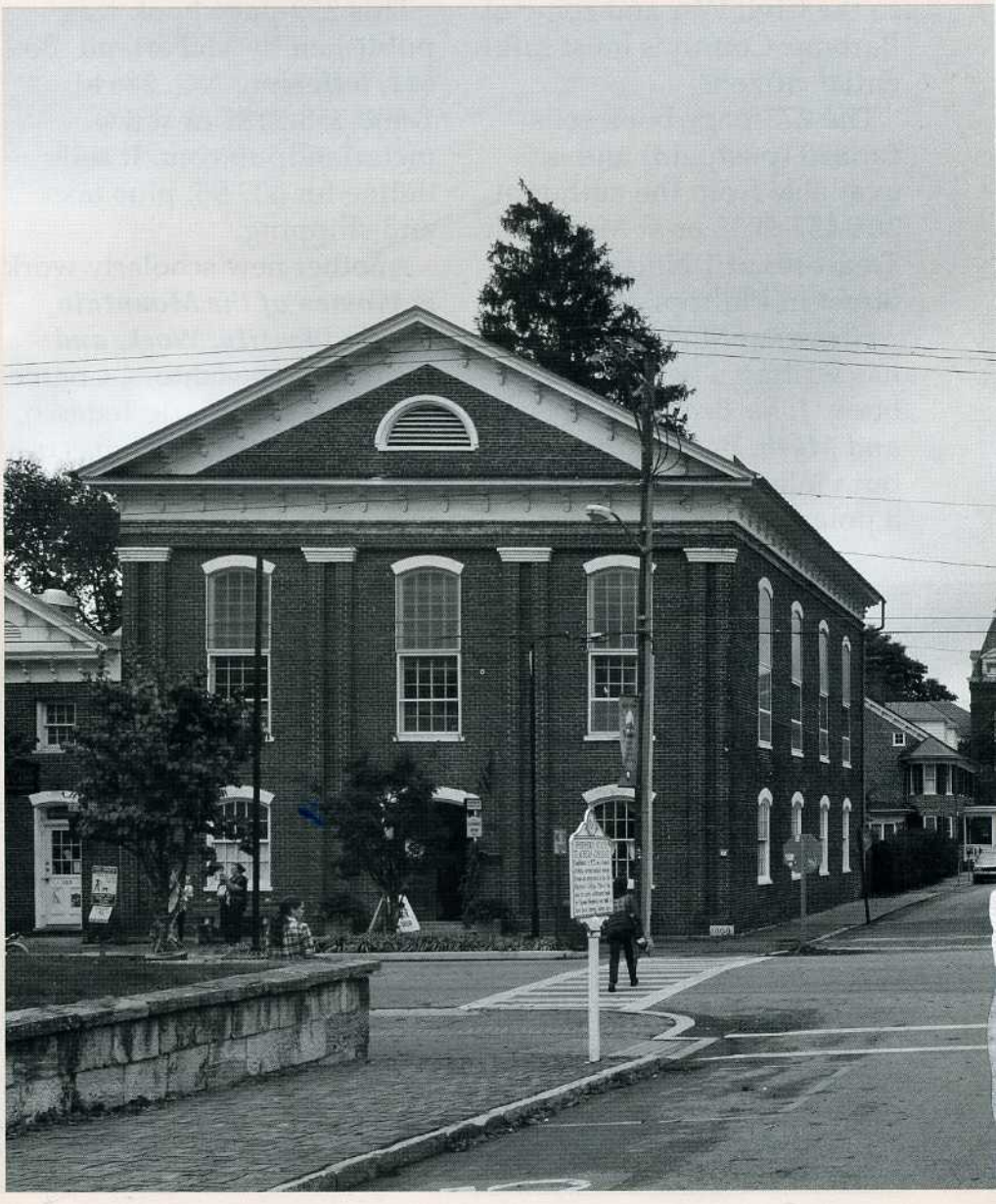
George W. Bagby, 1881

Bagby's words remain as true today as they were when he penned them—the old market-house building in Shepherdstown, and its wooden eye, are must-see attractions.

The two-story narrow structure stands in the middle of King Street; although, its address is 100 German Street. Flanked by alleys, the building's odd siting is the result of its original use as a one-story market-house. It was built in 1800, a single-story structure measuring 57 by 20 feet.

This spot was the heart of both commerce and restitution. A whipping post and public hog pen were on the south side of the building. Persons found guilty of violating town ordinances were punished here, and any hog found running loose in the community would be rounded up, placed in the pen, and sold at auction.

In keeping with its function, the building had an open construction with stalls on the sides facing King Street.



The Shepherdstown Public Library, at the corner of King and German streets.

When the market was closed, wooden slats covered the stall openings. Large doors were at each end of the building.

In 1845, the Shepherdstown Town Council granted a 999-year lease to the International Order of Odd Fellows, which added a second story to the building for its hall. Nine years later, the town market closed, and the first floor was renovated to create a firehouse. The stalls were enclosed with brick exterior walls, setting the

The all-seeing eye of the Odd Fellows logo remains in place long after the lodge was dismantled.

stage for a string of future uses: council chambers, a private school, and a meat market.

By the early 1920s, however, only a couple of jail stalls remained behind. Shepherdstown citizens called for demolition of the building. But that 999-year lease was a problem; it blocked demolition just as the building itself seemed to block traffic by dissecting King Street.

The Shepherdstown Women's club, in 1926, obtained permission from the town council to use the building as a public library. For some 50 years, the club had operated a public library that was staffed by volunteers and funded by donations. Despite the limitations placed upon it, the library managed to accumulate a "reasonably balanced collection of books," says Hali Taylor, director of the Shepherdstown Public Library, successor to the women's club library.

The town council was happy to be done with this "white elephant" of a building; although, the jail cells continued to occupy the back of the building. In 1948, the cells were finally removed, freeing up space and removing a stigma.

In 1962, the Odd Fellows agreed to sell the remainder of its second-floor lease to the women's club. The club continued to operate the library until 1971, when it relinquished the structure to the West Virginia Library Commission. With that move, the library was expanded into the entire building, with the exception of a kitchen, which the women's club retained.

Hali, the library's only full-time employee, says Shepherdstown is one of three public libraries in Jefferson County. Because Shepherdstown also has a college library that residents can use, the public library focuses on fiction, biography, current events, gardening, and home improvement.

Thanks to a robust intra-library loan system, materials can be obtained quickly from other participating libraries.

The first floor is stuffed with materials housed on bookcases, built decades ago by the husbands of the women's club members. Hali has carved an office out of this space, a desk next to the table that holds patron computers.

The library's second floor, formerly the lodge meeting room, is used for children's books and programming. The door to this room dates back to lodge days; a small, hinged cutout—once used to confirm the guests' credentials—is still there but painted shut. At the front of the room is a stage that was used by the lodge.

The windows in this room also hark back to lodge use. Their frosted pattern allowed members to operate in secrecy. In 1994, Hali thought it would be wise to add a second entrance to the upstairs, so the library hired carpenter Larry Barkdoll to cut a hole through the stage and install a drop-down staircase. When Larry looked at the underside of the wood cut from the stage, he saw the all-seeing eye staring back at him. It had been painted on the underside of the stage surface. The library keeps the panel as an artifact of the building's varied history. Unfortunately, there is precious little space for materials that patrons increasingly expect to find in their community library. The library has about 15,000 volumes on the shelves, and Hali says it has reached the point where they cannot bring in a new book without storing or discarding another.

"We need space, parking, and accessibility, all of which [are] not met in this building," she says.

A proposed 12,000-square-foot new library would address those needs. The new library would be about one-half mile from the German Street site, which would remain open for convenience and tradition. A community library would continue to occupy the first floor; a genealogy research library would be on the second floor.

"We'd have to renovate it with a lift," Hali says.

Sentiment toward the building is intense in the community, and Hali says that passion will be respected as plans go forth.

"It's wonderful. I love it," she says of the old building. "It's basically the heart of the town. The building itself is an icon."

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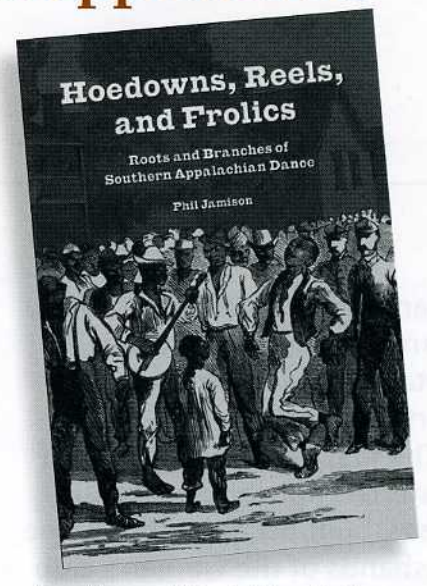
New Book about Appalachian Dance



Hoedowns, Reels, and Frolics: Roots and Branches of Southern Appalachian Dance is a new book by nationally known old-time musician and flatfoot dancer Phil Jamison. He shows that square dances, step dances, and reels are not really the same jigs and reels introduced to Appalachia by early settlers from the British Isles—as many had previously thought. Rather, they have evolved from those European styles, with influences from African American and American Indian cultures.

Rhiannon Giddens of the Grammy Award-winning band Carolina Chocolate Drops observes that Jamison's book "will have you re-evaluating what you thought you knew about Square Dance—this ain't just a do-si-do in the school gym!"

The 304-page paperbound book features stories from West Virginia and across Appalachia. Illustrations range from Christian Friedrich's famous 1838 painting of a kitchen ball at White Sulphur Springs; to a Randolph County square dance, sketched by David Hunter Strother in 1872; to a cakewalk at the West Virginia State Folk Festival in Glenville in 2011.

Hoedowns, Reels, and Frolics sells in paperback for $28. It can be ordered online or from the publisher, University of Illinois Press, at 1-800-621-2736.

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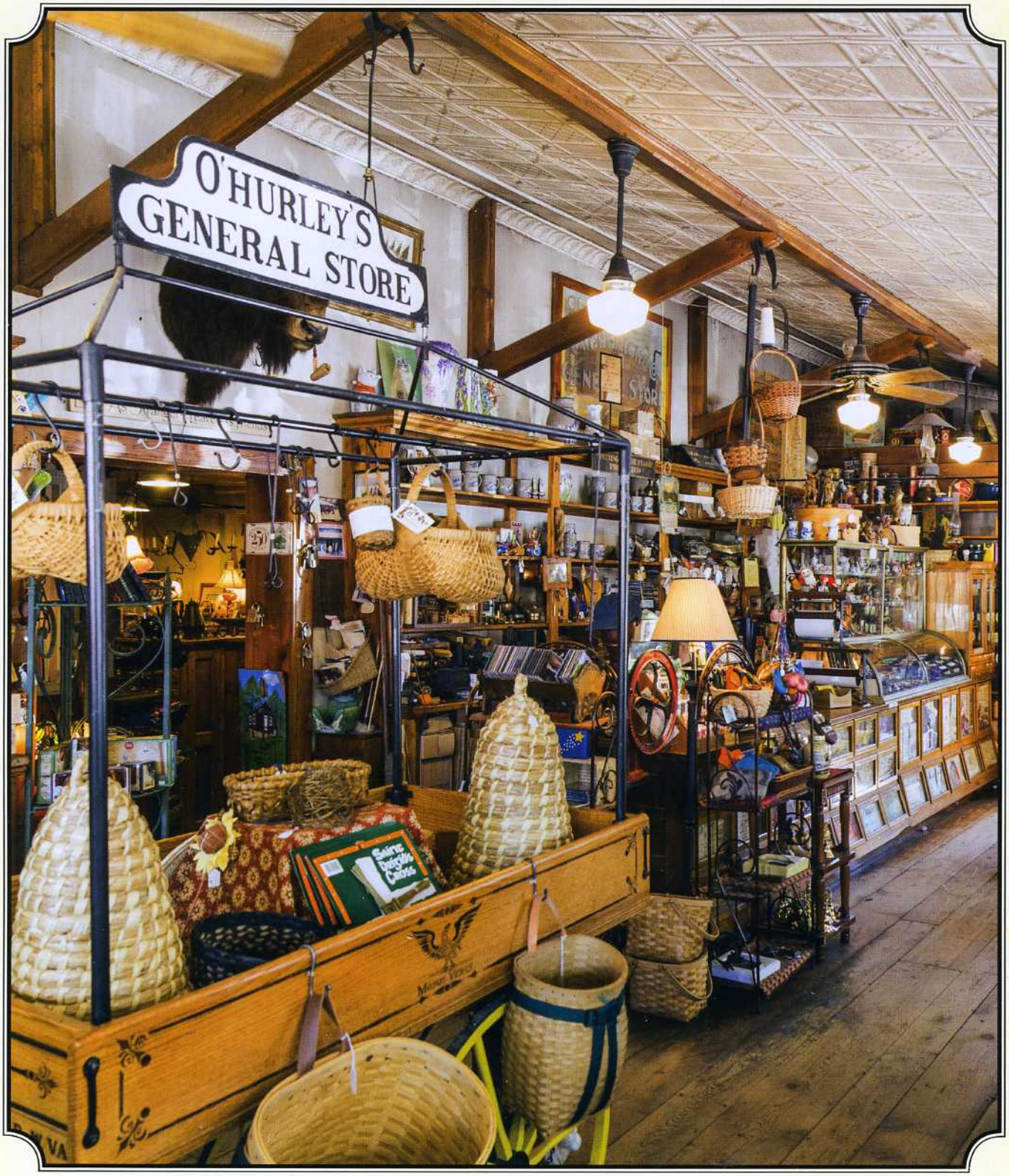

O'Hurley's General Store, Shepherdstown, Jefferson County. Photograph by Vincent Juarez.

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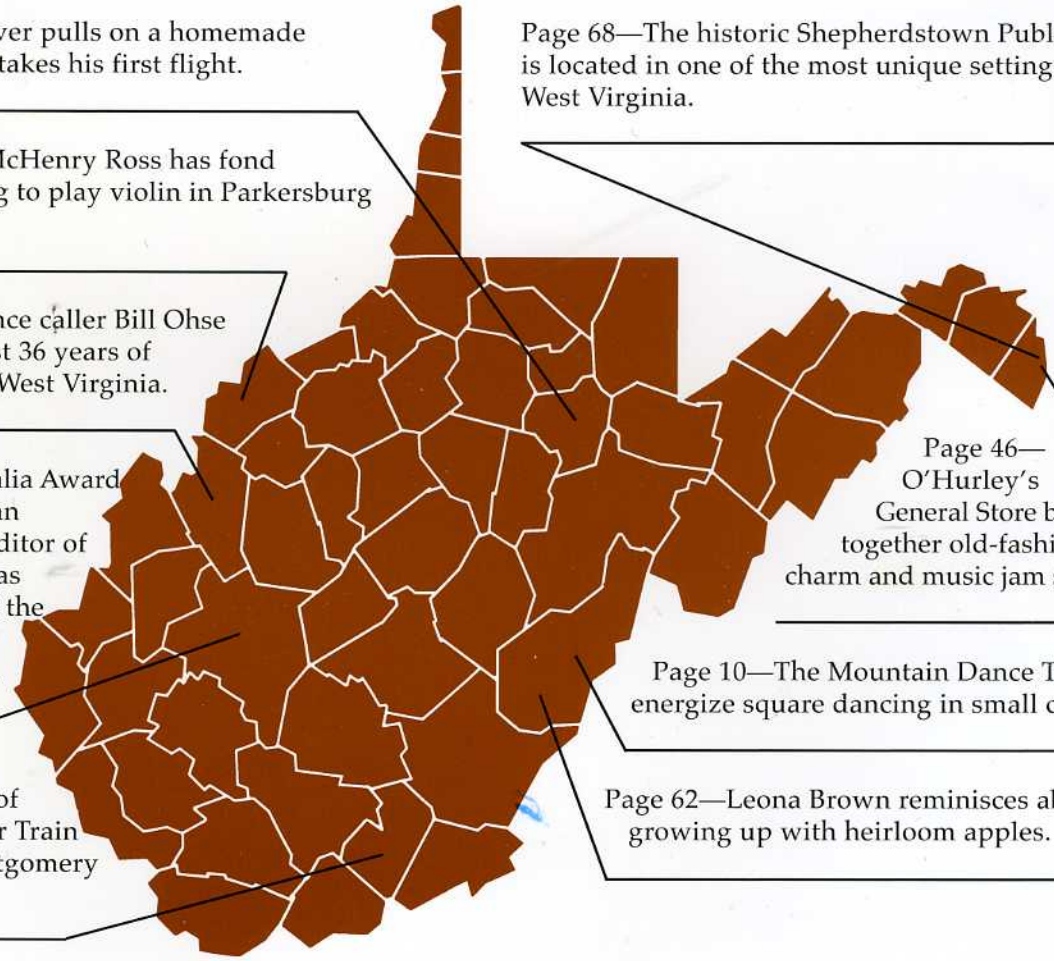

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