WV Music Hall of Fame • Fairmont's Last Living Slave • Blair Mountain

West Virginia Traditional Life

Goldenseal

Spring 2016 $5.95

The Hatfields

Folklife • Fairs • Festivals 2016

GOLDENSEAL'S "Folklife • Fairs • Festivals" calendar is prepared three to six months in advance of publication. The information was accurate as far as we could determine at the time the magazine went to press. However, it is advisable to ***check with the organization or event to make certain that the date or location has not been changed.*** The phone numbers are all within the West Virginia (304) area code unless noted otherwise. Information for events at West Virginia State Parks and other major festivals is also available by calling 1-800-CALL-WVA. An on-line version of this list, which includes links to many of the events, is posted on our Web site at www.wvculture.org/goldenseal/fflist.html

March 12 11th Annual St. Patrick's Day Parade
Mt. Nebo (445-5330)

March 17-20 Irish Spring Festival
Ireland (452-8962)

March 18-20 George Washington's Bathtub Celebration
Berkeley Springs (1-800-447-8797)

March 18-19 17th Annual Sisters Fest
Sistersville (532-8403)

March 19-20 W.Va. Maple Syrup Festival
Pickens (924-5509)

April 9 Lewisburg Chocolate Festival
Lewisburg (1-888-702-1364)

April 9-10 Wildwater River Festival
Webster Springs (847-7653)

April 16 Scottish & Celtic Heritage Festival
Parkersburg (488-8009)

April 22-24 24th Spring Mountain Festival
Petersburg (257-2722)

April 23 78th Feast of the Ramson
Richwood (846-6790)

April 30 Ramps and Rail Festival
Elkins (635-7803)

April 30 Helvetia Ramp Dinner
Helvetia (924-6435)

May 2-7 New River Birding & Nature Fest
Lansing (465-5617)

May 6-8 14th Scottish Heritage Festival & Celtic Gathering
Bridgeport (825-6983)

May 7 Cheat River Festival
Albright (329-3621)

May 7 20th Annual Heritage Farm Spring Festival
Huntington (522-1244)

May 7 12th Annual Engines & Wheels Festival
North Bend State Park (628-3587)

May 7 W.Va. Marble Festival
Paden City (337-2264)

May 7-8 SpringFest
Franklin (358-3884)

May 7-8 Antique Steam & Gas Engine Show
Point Pleasant (675-5737)

May 8 108th Observance of Mother's Day
Grafton (265-5549)

May 11-12 Mother's Day Founder's Festival
Webster (265-5549)

May 13-15 Webster County Nature Tour
Camp Caesar (847-2467)

May 14 St. Albans Founders Day
St. Albans (727-5972)

May 14-22 75th W.Va. Strawberry Festival
Buckhannon (472-9036)

May 18-22 Webster County Woodchopping Festival
Webster Springs (847-7666)

May 20-22 Siege of Fort Randolph
Point Pleasant (675-7933)

May 20-22 River City Festival of the Arts
Rowlesburg (329-1240)

May 20-22 Dandelion Festival
White Sulphur Springs (536-5060)

May 26-28 Three Rivers Festival
Fairmont (366-5084)

May 27-29 40th Vandalia Gathering
State Capitol Complex/Charleston (558-0162)

May 30 Bramwell Annual Memorial Day Celebration
Bramwell (248-7114)

June 4 Bramwell Spring Home Tour
Bramwell (248-8381)

June 4 Mountain Music Festival
Caretta (875-3418)

June 4 PattyFest
Fairmont (641-2376)

June 10-11 14th Annual St. Spyridon Greek Festival
Clarksburg (624-5331)

June 10-12 Old Central City Days Festival
West Huntington (963-6104)

June 11-12 Ronceverte River Festival
Ronceverte (647-3825)

June 16-19 Hometown Mountain Heritage Festival
Ansted (658-5038)

June 16-19 W.Va. State Folk Festival
Glenville (462-5000)

June 16-27 FestivALL
Charleston (470-0489)

June 17-18 Hatfield-McCoy Reunion Festival
Matewan (426-4522)

June 17-19 Mid-Ohio Valley Multi-Cultural Festival
Parkersburg (428-5554)

June 18 Charles Town Heritage Festival
Charles Town (725-2311)

June 18-19 Wheeling Arts & Culture Fest
Wheeling (280-2616)

June 21-25 W.Va. Coal Festival
Madison (369-9118)

June 22-25 36th Music in the Mountains Bluegrass Festival
Summersville (706-864-7203)

June 23-26 W.Va. Quilt Festival
Summersville (872-3722)

June 25 Shepherdstown Street Fest
Shepherdstown (1-855-787-3383)

June 25-26 19th Annual Little Levels Heritage Fair
Hillsboro (653-8563)

June 30-July 2 26th Annual Point Pleasant Sternwheel Regatta
Point Pleasant (593-2404)

July 6-10 50th Annual Pioneer Days
Marlinton (1-800-336-7009)

July 8-10 John Henry Days
Talcott (890-7983)

July 9 New Deal Festival
Arthurdale (864-3959)

July 9 23rd Wileyville Homecoming
Wileyville (386-4532)

July 13-17 Durbin Days
Durbin (1-800-336-7009)

July 17-23 Cowen Historical Railroad Festival
Cowen (847-2145)

July 22-24 Beverly Heritage Days
Beverly (637-7424)

July 22-24 34th Upper Ohio Valley Italian Heritage Festival
Wheeling (233-1090)

July 24-31 66th Mtn. State Gospel Singers Convention
Mt. Nebo (622-0546)

continued on inside back cover

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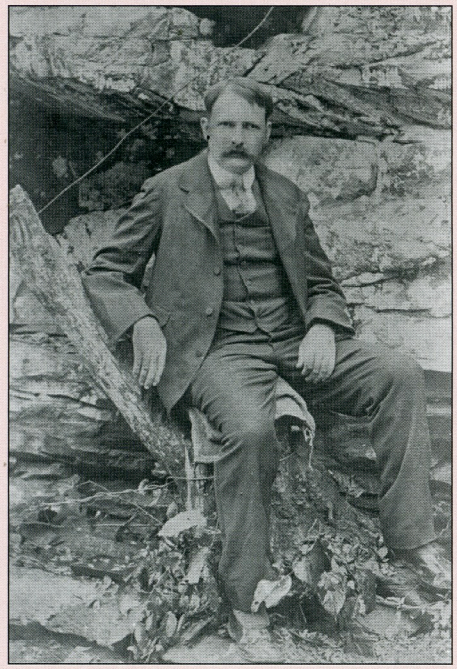

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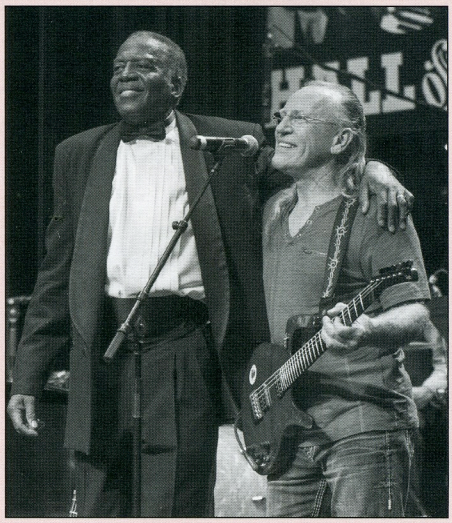

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On the cover: Armed to the teeth, members of the Hatfield family pose for photographer Tobias F. Hunt along Beech Creek in Mingo County in 1899. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

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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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From the Editor

Harry Truman famously said, "The only thing new in the world is the history you don't know." I think that's why so many of us love history. It's the mystery of it all. At heart, we're all explorers.

The *Hatfields & McCoys* miniseries profiled the most famous feud in American history. Even a nearly five-hour film, though, couldn't cover the whole story. In this issue, we examine two lesser-known aspects. F. Keith Davis writes about "Cap" Hatfield, who was still getting into shootouts long after "Devil Anse" Hatfield and Randolph McCoy had laid down their guns. Next, Randy Marcum highlights another side of Devil Anse: The Entertainer. Late in life, the elderly feudist and shrewd businessman discovered there was money to be made in the theater.

Sometimes, history's mysteries start with just a kernel of information. Such was the case when M. Raymond Alvarez found a 1941 newspaper clipping about the last living former slave in Fairmont. He not only tracked down "Aunt Hat's" life story but found a photo of her as a child.

James E. Casto's mystery also started with a worn newspaper clipping—describing the deployment of West Virginia National Guardsmen to Texas in the days of Pancho Villa. It's often hard to find photos from famous events let alone "lost" moments. In this case, however, the West Virginia State Archives had a photo collection of the Guardsmen encamped in Charleston and in Texas in 1916. We want to thank historians Terry Lowry and the late Jack Feller for making these rare photos available.

Fred Barkey, who's been contributing to GOLDENSEAL since our third issue in 1975, has researched nearly every facet of the West Virginia Mine Wars. When he started out, little did he realize that his own father-in-law had played a key role in the Battle of Blair Mountain. Sometimes, history's mysteries are closer than we think.

This issue also looks at the 2015 West Virginia Music Hall of Fame induction. And it's spring, so it's Vandalia Time! We recap last year's festival, featuring the biggest and littlest liars from the event. And we hope you enjoy Marketa S. Smith's loving tribute to her dad, Ben Carr, a longtime fixture at Vandalia and other music festivals. In addition, our contributors Kim Weitkamp and Carl E. Feather go on their own explorations around the Mountain State.

Stan Bumgardner

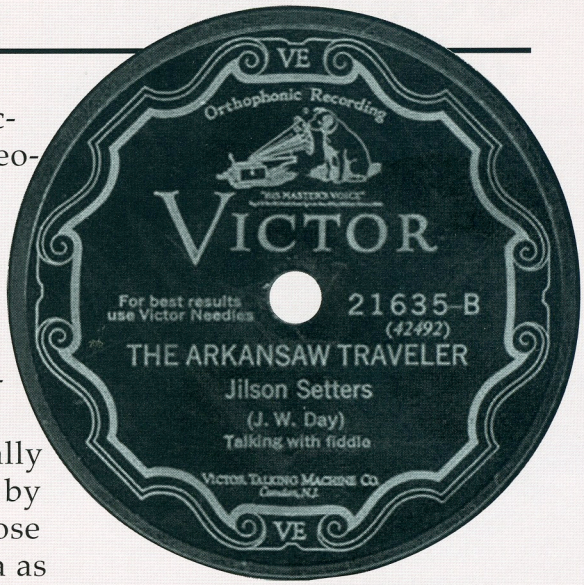
Letters from Readers

Square Dancing
December 3, 2015
Morgantown, West Virginia
Editor:
First, let me introduce myself. I have lived in West Virginia for 80 years. I love this state and GOLDENSEAL's stories of West Virginia people. My late husband and I loved square dancing and folk dancing at Jackson's Mill as a 4-H member and also a 4-H leader. Unfortunately, in the area where we lived, the only square dancing was in beer gardens, which usually ended in a drunken brawl. Because of this, when we were asked to join a western square dance club, we readily joined. We were amazed that no alcohol is ever allowed. It was also family oriented, which suited us fine.

The writers who wrote about the dance made disparaging remarks about western-style square dancing, but your picture of people dancing barefoot and drinking alcohol in the parking lot doesn't paint a very nice picture of our great state [See "The More You Dance, The Better You Feel" and "'Once that all clicks, you can really put it on the dance floor" by Becky Hill, Fall 2015]. Those who picture West Virginia as "Dogpatch" will get a kick out of this.

I am happy that people can dance in community buildings and, sans alcohol, that young people are learning and enjoying the dance. I am hoping they will keep this tradition alive.
Mrs. Shirley Austin

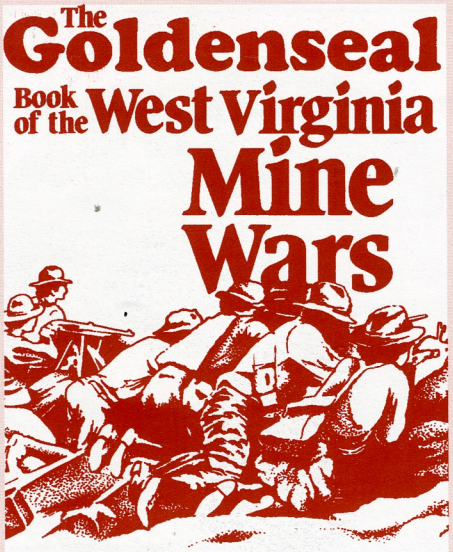
Ed Haley
January 5, 2016
Port Republic, Maryland
Letter to Goldenseal editor:



78 LP of "The Arkansaw (sic) Traveler" by Jilson Setters (aka J. W. Day).

Thanks for another great issue and the fascinating account of the life and family history of fiddler Ed Haley [See "Feuds, Fiddles, Family, and Friends" by Brandon Ray Kirk, Winter 2015]. Brandon Kirk's account is colorful, to say the least, and certainly has echoes of his book on feuds in the Mountain State. However, the sidebar on page 14 contains what I believe to be an error, connecting Ed Haley with Jean Thomas' character Jilson Setters. Setters is generally understood to be a "persona" of James William Day (aka Blind Bill Day). The Wikipedia article on Setters presents the usual explanation of the Setters character as it relates to Thomas' 1938 book, *The Singin' Fiddler of Lost Hope Hollow*.
Best Wishes,
Carl Fleischhauer

Dancers enjoy the outside dance stage at the 2015 Vandalia Gathering. Photo by Steve Brightwell.



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

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

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Note from a Reader
December 15, 2015
St. Petersburg, Florida
Editor:
We subscribe to eight other magazines, but GOLDENSEAL is by far the best. I wasn't aware of GOLDENSEAL until last week. I always stop in Clarksburg at the Oliverio's store in Glen Elk to get cases of peppers. The stories about blackberry picking and putting up hay bring back memories [See "A Blackberry Day" by Jack Furbee and "Summers on My Grandfather's Farm" by Sid Underwood, Summer 2015]. I was brought up on 46 acres in southern Harrison County.
Sam Clifton

Anton Mine Lights
Longtime reader and contributor Fred Barkey let us know he really enjoyed the article about coal mine lighting by Jim Lackey in our Summer 2015 issue [See "From Candles to Carbide"]. The article noted that the Anton Brothers of Monongahela, Pennsylvania, were one of the primary manufacturers of mining lamps. It turns out that Fred's mother was originally from Monongahela. Fred was able to track down this great photo of the Anton Brothers' factory from the early 20th century (see below), courtesy of his cousin Robert Louis Stevenson.

Appalachia
In our Winter 2015 issue, reader E. D. Michael inquired about a poem that explained why early West Virginia graveyards were located on hills. The winner of our (non-prize-winning) contest is Susan Scouras of the West Virginia Archives and History Library. She identified the poem *Appalachia* by Muriel Miller Dressler. We thought you might enjoy reading the entire poem. —*ed.*

Muriel Miller Dressler, 1983. Photo by Michael Keller.

I am Appalachia! In my veins
Runs fierce mountain pride: the hill-fed
streams
Of passion; and, stranger, you don't
know me!
You've analyzed my every move—
you still
Go away shaking your head. I remain
Enigmatic. How can you find
rapport with me—
You, who never stood in the bowels
of hell,
Never felt a mountain shake and open
its jaws
To partake of human sacrifice?
You, who never stood on a high mountain
Watching the sun unwind its spiral rays;
Who never searched the glens for
wild flowers,
Never picked mayapples or black
walnuts; never ran
Wildly through the woods in pure delight,
Nor dangled your feet in a lazy creek?
You, who never danced to wild
sweet notes,
Outpourings of nimble-fingered
fiddlers;
Who never just "sat a spell" on a porch,
Chewing and whittling; or hearing
in pastime
The deep-throated bay of chasing hounds
And hunters shouting with joy,
"he's treed!"
You, who never once carried a coffin
To a family plot high upon a ridge
Because mountain folk know it's
best to lie
Where breezes from the hills whisper,
"you're home";
You, who never saw from the valley
that graves on a hill
Bring easement of pain to those below?
I tell you, stranger, hill folk know
What life is all about; they don't
need pills
To tranquilize the sorrow and
joy of living.
I am Appalachia: and, stranger,
Though you've studied me,
you still don't know.

From Appalachia *by Muriel Miller Dressler (Charleston, WV: The Appalachian Center, Morris Harvey College, 1973).*

Announcements

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.

West Virginia Native Receives Medal of Freedom
On November 24, 2015, President Barack Obama presented Katherine Johnson with the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor. The 97-year-old White Sulphur Springs native and West Virginia State College (now University) graduate was a key member of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) team that calculated and verified trajectories for the first U.S. space flights and *Apollo 11's* trip to the Moon. In presenting her with the honor, President Obama said, "Katherine was a pioneer who broke the barriers of race and gender, showing generations of young people that everyone can excel in math and science and reach for the stars."

Until recently, her contributions to our nation's space program had been largely overlooked. A feature film is being developed to tell the stories of Katherine and three other African-American women who played significant roles in the NASA space missions of the 1950s and 1960s.

President Barack Obama presents the Medal of Freedom to Katherine Johnson. Baseball legend Willie Mays (seated to her left) was also honored. Photo by Bill Ingalls, courtesy of NASA.

Ship Named for Hershel "Woody" Williams
In a ceremony at the state Culture Center on January 14, Secretary of the Navy Ray Mabus honored World War II hero Hershel "Woody" Williams by naming the Navy's newest Expeditionary Sea Base ship for him. The USNS *Hershel Woody Williams* will be dedicated in honor of the last surviving Medal of Honor recipient from the Battle of Iwo Jima. He's also one of only 11 living Medal of Honor recipients from World War II.

On February 23, 1945, the 21-year-old Marine corporal repeatedly rushed Japanese lines on Iwo Jima and destroyed seven enemy pillboxes over a four-hour period. Eleven days later, he was wounded in battle, earning the Purple Heart. In October 1945, Williams was presented with the Medal of Honor by President Harry Truman. The 92-year-old Fairmont native now lives at Ona in Cabell County.

West Virginia LearningMedia
How did the work of Lemuel Chenoweth impact an engineering professor at MIT? Why is the Pythago-

(Left-right): U.S. Senator Joe Manchin, Medal of Honor recipient Colonel Wesley L. Fox, Congressman Evan Jenkins, Medal of Honor recipient Woody Williams, Ron Wroblewski (president of the West Virginia Marine Corps Coordinating Council), Secretary of the Navy Ray Mabus, and West Virginia Governor Earl Ray Tomblin. Photo by Perry Bennett, West Virginia legislative photographer.

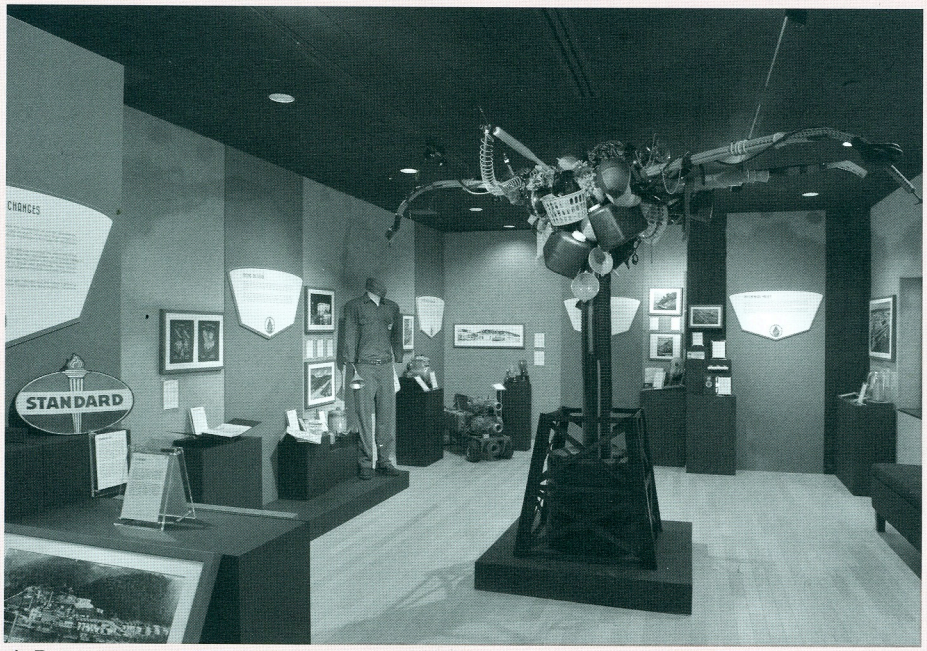
rean Theorem important to a pipefitter? What impact do West Virginia's three National Rivers have on the state? How did West Virginia become a state?

You can find the answers to these questions and so much more on West Virginia LearningMedia. This online digital platform includes more than 100,000 educational resources, developed through a partnership with PBS and the WGBH Educational Foundation. It provides PreK-12+ educators, students, and parents with access to free digital content that addresses all subject areas and grade levels.

West Virginia Public Broadcasting has published more than 300 audio and video resources relating to state history, geography, economics, and careers. In addition, lesson plans, activities, and discussion questions help enrich the educational experience for users.

Noted programs on WV LearningMedia include *The Road to Statehood* and *This Week in WV History*. *3 Rivers: The Bluestone, Gauley, and New* explores the geography and economics of our three National Rivers. The award-winning series *WV STEAM* looks at science, technology, engineering, art, and math careers. Outstanding West Virginia artisans are the focus of *In the Making*, a collection of demonstration videos created by educator Rebecca Recco. *Inspiring West Virginians* showcases individuals who are having a national or international impact in their professions and who continue to appreciate the importance of being from West Virginia.

For additional information, please contact education@wvpublic.org or visit www.wv.pbslearningmedia.org or www.pbsstudent.org.



A Byproduct of Change exhibit at WVU's Watts Museum.

Exhibit at the Watts Museum, West Virginia University

From the expansion of America's highways to the oil embargoes of the 1970s, West Virginia's petroleum and petroleum byproducts industries have played key roles in the state's industrial and economic development. *A Byproduct of Change,* an exhibit at WVU's Watts Museum, explores the lasting impacts of these developments on the local petroleum industry and West Virginia's economy.

After World War I, for example, the Kanawha Valley became a hub of the chemical industry. In the 1940s and 1950s, the Union Carbide Technical Center in "Chemical Valley" was one of the country's leading research centers, developing more than 30,000 patents. More than half of the 500 most widely used chemicals were invented or commercialized there.

Advancements in petroleum processing led to new types of oil and chemical byproducts that could be used for new purposes. The development of petrochemicals, synthetic fibers, and other petroleum byproducts changed the way Americans live their lives.

"The cultural changes that have come about as a result of the petroleum industry's development have impacted our lives in nearly every way imaginable—our technology and transportation, our man-made and natural environment, and our health and daily habits," says Danielle Petrak, museum curator. "It's hard to imagine living a single day without the plastics, gasoline, and chemicals that we've become dependent on."

A Byproduct of Change is on view through July 2016 and will be available to travel to other venues in West Virginia. The Watts Museum is located in the Mineral Resources Building on the Evansdale campus of WVU. For more information, contact the museum at (304)293-4609 or wattsmuseum@mail.wvu.edu.

New Music and Films

GOLDENSEAL is looking for new West Virginia-related music recordings and films to review in our year-end issue. The music can be any style, and we accept both nonfiction and fiction movies that relate to the Mountain State. As a note, every submission will not be reviewed in the magazine. Our music reviewer is longtime GOLDENSEAL contributor and multi-instrumentalist Paul Gartner. Our film reviewer is Steve Fesenmaier, another longtime GOLDENSEAL contributor and former research librarian and film advisor for the West Virginia Library Commission. Steve also cofounded the West Virginia International Film Festival.

Please send your music or films to GOLDENSEAL at the Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Boulevard East, Charleston, WV 25305-0300. Submissions must be received by July 1, 2016, to be included in our Winter issue. Submissions received after that date will be considered for review the following year.

Emily Hilliard, state folklorist. Photo by Michael Keller.

West Virginia Humanities Council Welcomes State Folklorist

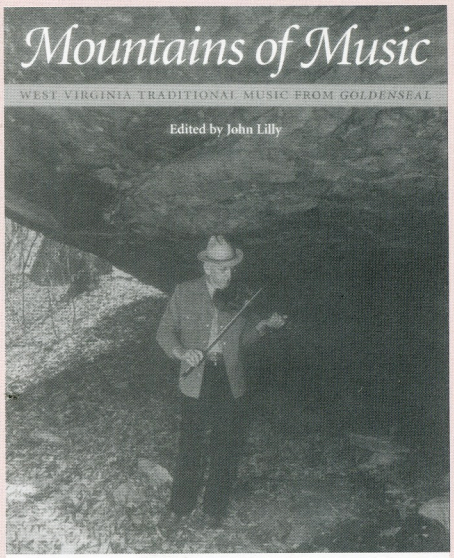
The West Virginia Humanities Council welcomes Emily Hilliard as the new state folklorist. The council recently received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to fund the position—the first time West Virginia has had a state folklorist in any official capacity.

Emily is well qualified for the job. She worked most recently at Smithsonian Folkways Recordings, the record label of the Smithsonian Institution, and worked previously with Maryland Traditions/Sandy Spring Museum, the National Council for the Traditional Arts, the North Carolina Folklore Society, and as a freelance food writer. She holds an M.A. in folklore from the University of North Carolina and a B.A. in English and French from the University of Michigan.

Emily is also an old-time musician and dancer and is familiar with West Virginia's cultural heritage through her work with Mary Hufford's Coal River Folklife Collection at the American Folklife Center, annual trips to the Appalachian String Band Music Festival at Clifftop, and other West Virginia music and dance events. In addition, she's published articles about Helvetia for the Southern Foodways Alliance and National Public Radio.

In her new role, Emily will conduct a statewide folklife fieldwork survey to assess and document current folklife activity in West Virginia. From there, she will develop programming and collaborate with other organizations to promote and preserve West Virginia's cultural heritage and living traditions. Initiatives could include a master/apprenticeship program to encourage amateurs to learn a traditional art or craft from an established practitioner, concerts and festivals, heritage trails, exhibits, publications, podcasts, albums, and more. Emily will also contribute folklife content to e-WV, the council's online encyclopedia of West Virginia history and culture (wvencyclopedia.org), and will write a regular column for GOLDENSEAL.

Emily can be reached at hilliard@wvhumanities.org or (304)346-8500.



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

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

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The Many Faces of West Virginia

I'm always surprised at how people from various backgrounds can be connected. In this case, a Goldtone WL-250 banjo brought these three faces together.

Dina Hornbaker
Age 26, Kanawha County

Dina was raised in the Kanawha Valley, tucked safely away in a home filled with music. Her father was music director at the University of Charleston and later opened a recording studio in the area. In her 20s, Dina left. We've all done it, in some way or another, stepping outside the invisible walls built by our families so we can find ourselves. After some traveling, she did find herself—right back where she grew up. Her roots just wouldn't budge.

"I learned to sing before I could speak."

Already skilled at singing, and playing the guitar and harmonica, Dina was ready to explore new areas of music. A friend e-mailed her about a grant opportunity from the West Virginia Division of Culture and History's Arts Section. Dina took a chance and applied. Her grant request was based on buying a banjo and finding a mentor. A month-and-a-half later, she got the good news that she'd been awarded the grant.

Her search for a banjo was quick. Walking into Bob's music shop in Randolph County, she looked at a lot of banjos but kept coming back to the Goldtone WL-250, and that's the one she left with.

Next up, she needed a mentor. She already had someone in mind, and now a musical relationship between two generations has bloomed.

"Paul is teaching me clawhammer style. Strumming versus clawhammer is hard, a challenge, but I like it because the banjo can also be a percussion instrument. I feel invigorated. There's a sense of moving forward to something greater. I'm amazed by the cultural and historical texture behind the music. All of it is drawing me in deep."

Photo by Caitlin Cook.

By Kim Weitkamp

Bob Smakula
Age 57, Randolph County

North of Elkins is a small music shop owned by Bob Smakula. There are no set hours on the door. If you're looking for a quality instrument, you might need to be patient and make a call.

Bob's dad was a master mechanic, so building things is second nature to him. Old-time music has been a common note amongst his friends and family. When Bob was a kid, if you wanted an instrument, you built it. At 14, he crafted his first dulcimer and then moved on to banjos. He met his wife, Mary, at a dance sponsored by the Augusta Heritage Center at Davis & Elkins College.

Bob has taught an instrument repair class at Augusta for nearly 25 years. He's competed and played in the banjo finals at the Appalachian String Band Music Festival eight times and, in 2014, won first place. But his true passion is repairing instruments, especially restoring vintage ones.

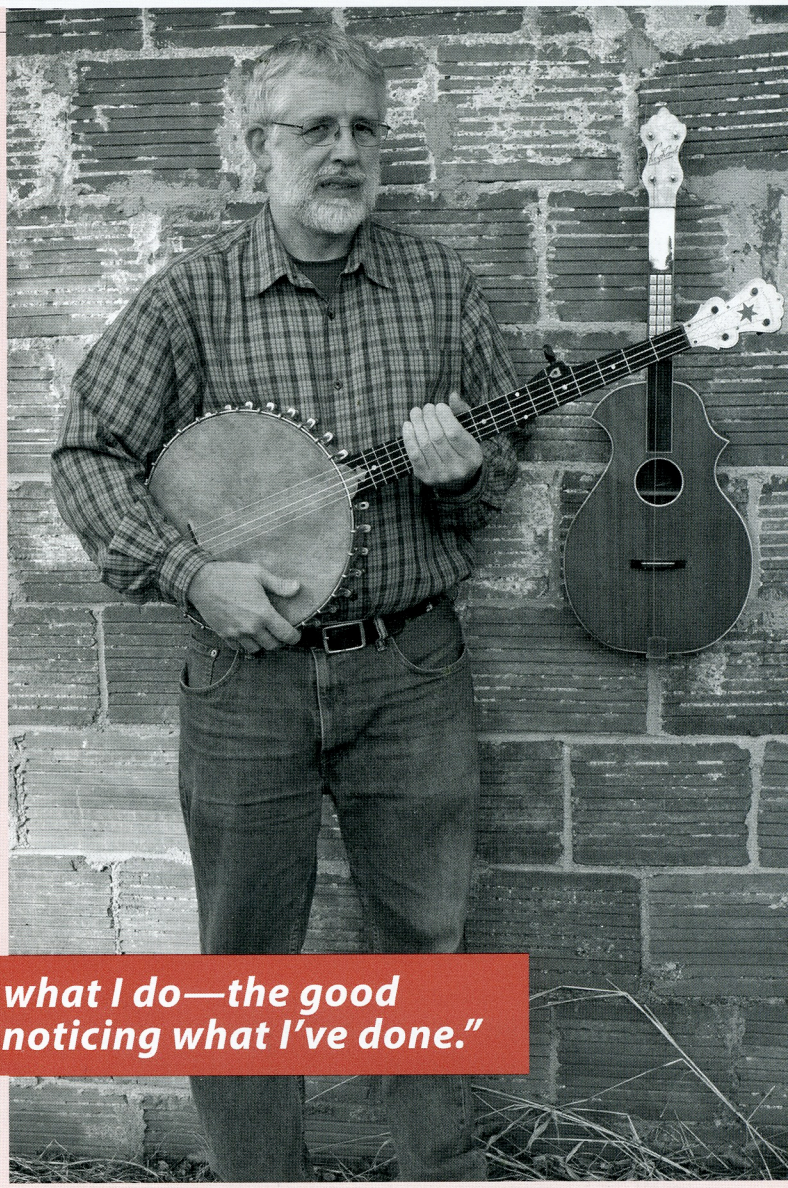


Photo by Glen Smakula.

"One of the interesting things about what I do—the good and bad side of it—is people not noticing what I've done."

"I love it. It combines engineering, chemistry, artistry, and now, electronics. But one of the interesting things about what I do—the good and bad side of it—is people not noticing what I've done."

That's the sign of a master, isn't it? You walk in and admire an older instrument that's been beautifully restored, and you can't tell where the past and present meet. Bob is an expert at what he does, and that's why folks pointed Dina in his direction.

"Dina and I had a great visit. She knew what she wanted, and no matter what we looked at, she kept going back to that Goldtone. She's a talented young lady, and I'm excited to see what happens with her and that banjo."

Paul Gartner
Age 63, Lincoln County

Paul was born in northern Ohio. His sister played piano. While he enjoyed her music, it didn't pull him in. Then, in 1977, he moved to West Virginia and fell in love with the beautiful landscape. Then, someone gave him an album.

"I finally heard what I'd been seeing."

"It was *The Right Hand Fork of Rush's Creek* by Wilson Douglas. I finally heard what I'd been seeing. It knocked me out."

And that's what music is all about, right? Taking a listener on a walk through what you're experiencing. And this walks hand in hand with teaching—taking the student on a journey through what you've experienced and learned. Paul was hired by the Augusta Heritage Center to teach, which sent him on a path to helping others learn. Now, thanks to a grant, he's mentoring and teaching Dina—just as another generation did for him in the '70s.

"It's hard work but fun. Dina is great. I'm honored to be her mentor. She is so quick and talented and has a killer voice. It's weird hearing someone play back what you've just played—you learn about the little nuances and quirks in your own playing."

And music wasn't their only connection. "Dina's mom is from Croatia," said Paul. "My grandfather was from Croatia. Her mom knows the town my grandfather is from."

It's interesting the many things that connect people together.

Photo by Scott Prouty.

Be sure to check out The Many Faces of West Virginia on Instagram: facesofwv. You can find out more about Bob Smakula's music shop at www.smakula.com.

KIM WEITKAMP splits her time as an author, public speaker, storyteller, performer, and singer/songwriter. She tours nationally and carries an armload of awards. She lives with her husband and two dogs in Raleigh County and truly believes West Virginia is one of the most beautiful places on earth. You can visit her Web site at www.kimweitkamp.com.

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

Olive Workman Persinger. Photo by Michael Keller.

Olive Workman Persinger, an early singing sensation on radio stations WCHS in Charleston, WWVA in Wheeling, and WOAY in Oak Hill, passed away in Fayetteville on October 30, 2015, at age 94. The entertainer quit the music scene in the mid-1950s to work as a nurse in Chicago. She returned to Fayette County about 1980. Olive was featured in our Spring 2000 issue in an article by Donna McGuire Tanner. When asked what she would have changed about her life, Olive replied, "I would learn more music. I would never have left West Virginia."

Kanawha County historian **Richard Andre** died November 9, 2015, at age 74. Richard was the go-to person for anything related to Kanawha County history. His "The Way It Was" feature in the *Charleston Sunday Gazette-Mail* was the first thing many people searched for in their Sunday papers. And his stories always made you feel like you were right there, whether he was talking about the 1850s or 1950s. Richard wrote several books, most notably *Kanawha County Images Volumes 1 and 2*, which he coauthored with Stan Cohen. In addition, he wrote five articles for GOLDENSEAL. Richard also helped preserve many Kanawha County landmarks.

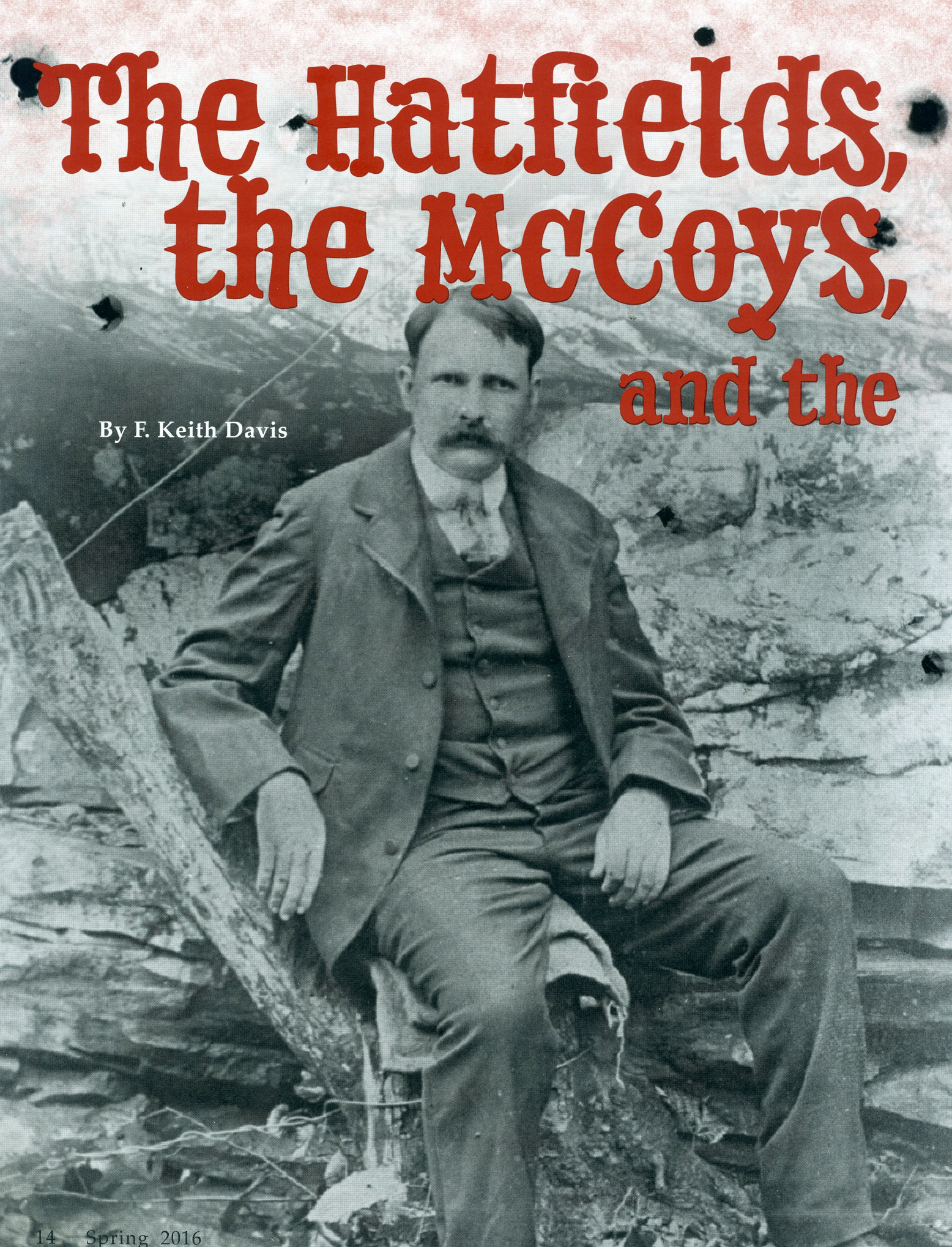
Richard Andre. Photographer unknown, courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

Bill Westfall. Photo by Michael Keller.

Bill Westfall of Ripley died on November 13, 2015, at age 91. During World War II, he served in the U.S. Navy. He later worked as a school bus driver and for State Construction. He and his wife, Hazel, who passed away in 2012, were regulars at West Virginia music festivals. In the 1950s, they performed with Basil Casto in the Country Gospel Singers. Bill and Hazel were interviewed by Bob Whitcomb for our Summer 2001 issue.

The Hatfields, the McCoys, and the

By F. Keith Davis

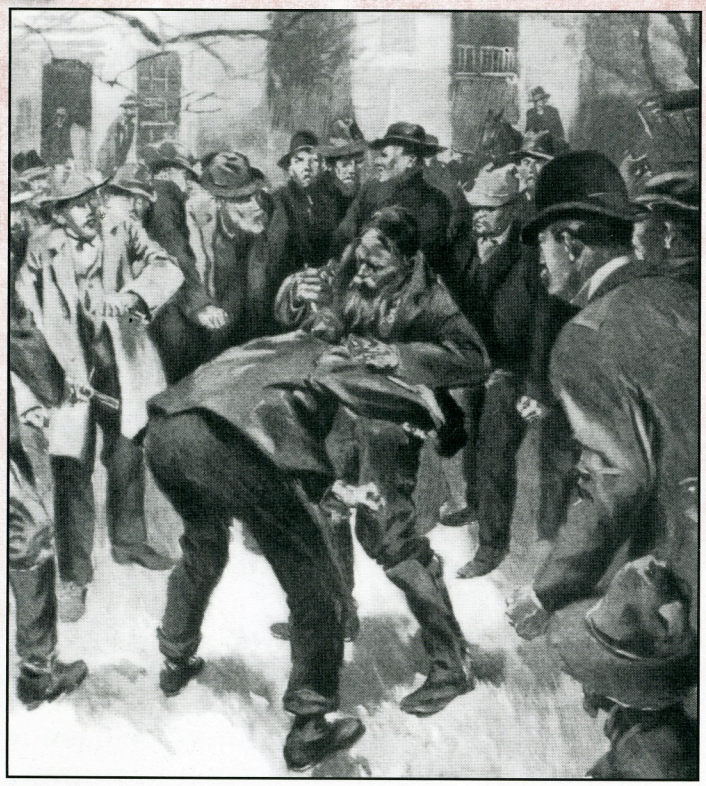


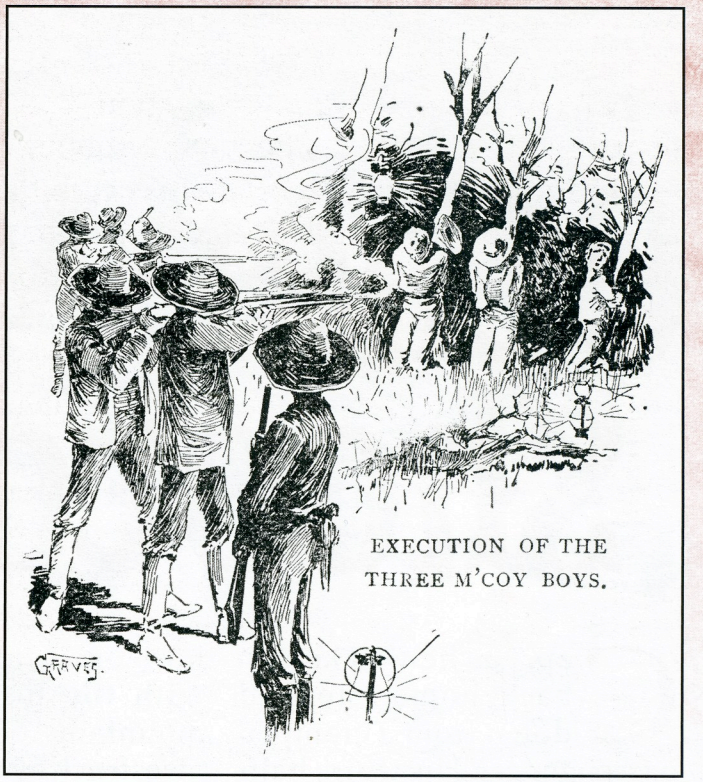
Other Matewan Shootout

"Cap," as he was known back home, stepped down from a cramped passenger car. His worn, half-length leather boots clumped along on the rickety boardwalk of the small train depot. Tightly clutching his Model 1873 Winchester repeater, he peered through the belching clouds of steam. The lingering smell of burning oak—the locomotive's fuel source—almost choked him as he gulped for air.

He peered around intently for anyone armed or suspicious. Gunnison City, Colorado, was smaller than he'd imagined—a cow town not much larger than where he was from in southern West Virginia. Much like home, mountains sheltered the community, but the barren stone formations stretched along the horizon, contrasting starkly with the lush Appalachian mountains of home. He was awestruck by the raw splendor as the sun rose over the foothills of the Rockies. As he assessed this strange environment, he was still convinced he'd made the right decision in running from the law.

Left: William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield. Courtesy of the Coleman C. Hatfield Collection. Right: Cap's parents, William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield and Levicy Hatfield, are shown here later in life. Courtesy of the Library of Congress.





John R. Spears wrote one of the early—and highly inaccurate—accounts of the feud. These illustrations are from Spears' *A Dramatic Story of a Mountain Feud*. Here, his illustrator depicts two key feud moments that occurred within days in 1882: the murder of Ellison Hatfield by the McCoys (left) and the retaliatory execution of the three McCoy sons. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives (hereafter WVSA).

Where he came from—perhaps the most rugged, isolated region of West Virginia—Cap was considered as proficient and dangerous with a pistol or lever action as any Old West gunslinger. So, how did this shootist from the Mountain State end up in the Colorado Rockies?

William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield was the second son of clan patriarch William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield. From the time he was a toddler, he'd been known as "Little Captain" after his father, who'd been captain of the Logan Wildcats, a loose band of Confederate irregulars active in Logan County and the surrounding area late in the Civil War. The nickname stuck, although it eventually was shortened to Captain, or, more frequently, just Cap.

Cap arguably had been the most violent accomplice in a nationally known blood feud between the Hatfields and McCoys in the late 1800s. The feud had raged off and on for years between the Hatfields of Logan County (now part of Mingo County) and the McCoys of Pike County, Kentucky.

Tensions between the two families likely went back decades but began escalating dramatically in 1878 after McCoy patriarch, Randolph, accused Floyd Hatfield of stealing a hog. From that point on, McCoy became obsessed with the Hatfields—to the point of rejecting his own daughter Rose Anna after she began seeing Devil Anse's first son, Johnse.

The feud snowballed as one event triggered another. Shortly after the hog trial, in which Floyd Hatfield was found not guilty of stealing the pig, McCoy supporters killed Bill Staton, who'd testified on Floyd's behalf. Then, on Election Day 1882, three of Randolph's sons seriously wounded Devil Anse's brother Ellison in a drunken brawl—apparently over a fiddle. Devil Anse gathered a posse and captured the three McCoy boys: Tolbert, Pharmer, and Randolph "Bud" Jr. When Ellison died, the Hatfield gang led their prisoners to the Kentucky side of the Tug Fork River, tied them to pawpaw bushes, and

This 1899 photo is one of the most famous of the Hatfields. Devil Anse is seated in the middle. In the front row are Tennis and Willis, the two youngest Hatfields. The men standing are O. C. Damron, Elias Hatfield, Detroit "Troy" Hatfield, Joe Hatfield, Cap Hatfield (holding his Winchester), and Bill Borden, a local store clerk. Seated in the doorway is Devil Anse's wife, Levicy. Standing behind her is Rose Hatfield. Photo by Tobias F. Hunt, courtesy of the WVSA.

executed them firing-squad style.

During the ensuing years, several more murders occurred, but much of the drama unfolded in lawyers' offices and in the state capitals of West Virginia and Kentucky. West Virginia Governor E. Willis Wilson continually refused to extradite the Hatfields to face murder charges in Kentucky. At times, it appeared the two states might go to war over the issue.

Perhaps the worst atrocity occurred on January 1, 1888. The Hatfields, led that night by Devil Anse's uncle Jim Vance, hoped to end the conflict once and for all. They crossed into Pike County under the cover of darkness, set fire to the McCoy cabin, killed one of Randolph's sons and a daughter, and bludgeoned his wife with a rifle butt. Randolph managed to escape the battle. A posse hunted down the perpetrators, and "Bad Frank" Phillips, a former lawman and McCoy supporter, gunned down Vance within days of the New Year's Day Massacre. In 1890, a Hatfield cousin, Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, was hanged for his role in the raid. This was the only legal execution of the entire feud.

According to many accounts, the feud died out after the hanging. This is largely because the

two patriarchs, Devil Anse and Randolph; had grown weary of fighting. Both moved away from the Tug Fork—Devil Anse to Sarah Ann at Island Creek in Logan County and Randolph to Pikeville, Kentucky. Some family members and friends, though, weren't as willing to give up the fight.

So many stories of violence during this period revolve around election days, which were festive and often drunken occasions. It was Election Day, November 3, 1896, when "Cap" and his 14-year-old stepson Joe Glenn arrived in Matewan in the new county of Mingo. By day's end, Matewan would witness its first, but not last, shootout. The 1896 event would be overshadowed in history books by a more famous Mine Wars-related gunfight in town 24 years later.

What happened that day in 1896 arose from feuding and politics. First, Cap had recently switched his political allegiance from Democrat to Republican. His political flip angered many local Democratic Party leaders, including John E. Rutherford. John's father, Elliot "Doc" Rutherford, was mayor of Matewan and had once been friends with the Hatfields before getting into a gun battle with Devil Anse's brother-in-law. After that, the Rutherfords were McCoy men. A few months before the 1896 election, John's house was shot up, and the Rutherfords blamed Cap. Because of this, tensions were already running high on November 3 when Cap and Joe rode into Matewan.

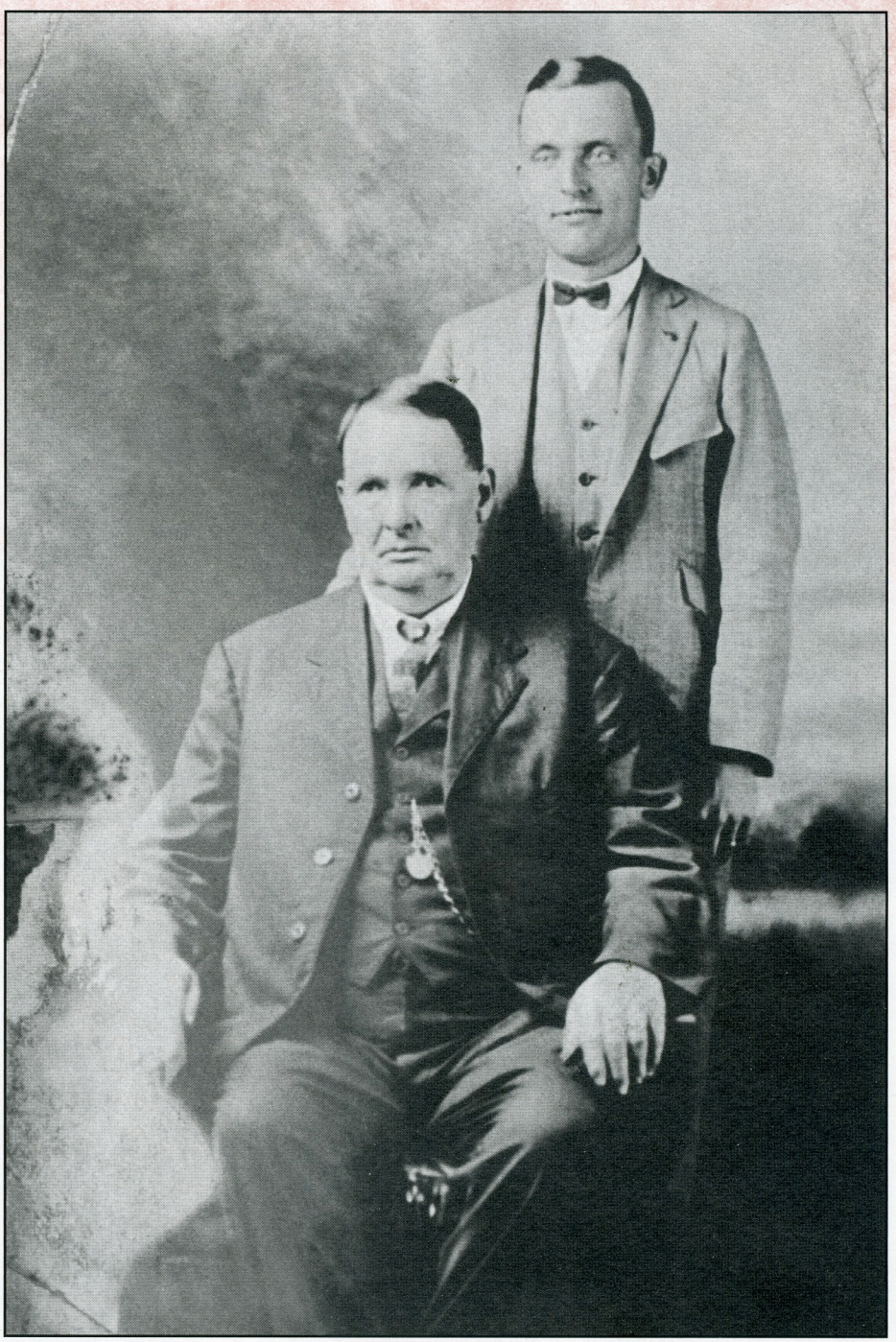
There's no consensus on precisely what happened that day. According to historian Otis Rice, Cap and John intentionally avoided each other most

Historical Novel about the Matewan Massacre and Sid Hatfield

Another, more famous, gunfight occurred in Matewan on May 19, 1920. That day, 13 men from the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency showed up in town and evicted striking miners and their families from coal company-owned houses. As area miners learned of the evictions, they began collecting their guns and heading toward the main street of Matewan.

The town's police chief, Sid Hatfield, supported the strikers. As the detectives were leaving town, Hatfield attempted to arrest detective Al Felts. Felts, in turn, tried to arrest Hatfield. As with the earlier Matewan shootout, no one will ever be sure who fired the first shot. Within minutes, though, 10 people were dead, including Felts, his brother Lee, and Matewan's mayor Cable Testerman. Hatfield was acquitted of all charges against him but was murdered by Baldwin-Felts detectives on the steps of the McDowell County Courthouse in Welch on August 1, 1921. The Matewan Massacre, as it's commonly known, and Hatfield's murder were pivotal moments in the West Virginia Mine Wars.

A new historical novel, *Return to Matewan*, revolves around these events. It opens with Hatfield's murder and follows Sid's fictional son Billy as he seeks to avenge his father's murder. It's written by Parkersburg native R. G. Yoho, who previously had authored several Western novels. It can be ordered from White Feather Press at http://www.whitefeatherpress.com/ or (269)838-5586.



Cap Hatfield is pictured here in later years with stepson Joe Glenn. Courtesy of the WVSA.

of the day before having an accidental encounter. More recent research by Dean King suggests that Cap was looking to settle a score with John. Another theory, put forth by Cap's son Coleman, is that John ambushed Cap. One point, though, is not in dispute: John spent most of the day drinking himself into an enraged stupor. Rice notes that when Cap and John finally bumped into each other, they "instinctively opened fire, with no one sure who shot first." John and his brother-in-law, Henderson Chambers, were shot dead. Joe saw John's nephew Elliott Rutherford firing away with two revolvers. The teenager emerged from hiding and shot at Elliott. While Rice suggests Joe killed Elliott, King believes Cap fired the fatal shot. Either way, Cap and Joe were wanted men.

The two fled town just ahead of an angry mob but were captured within days. In 1897, Cap and Joe were convicted of involuntary manslaughter. Cap was imprisoned in Williamson, and 14-year-old Joe was sent to the West Virginia Reform School at Pruntytown. After finding out he'd be hauled across the Tug to face old feud-related charges in Kentucky, Cap began plotting his escape from the Williamson jailhouse. He informed his wife, Nancy, who went by "Nan," of his scheme. During her next visit to the jail, she slipped him a hand drill from her purse. She also sold some property along Mate Creek for $500 to the Red Jacket Coal Company to finance Cap's getaway. Nan put the money in the bottom of a cane basket along with a change of clothes, a .44-caliber pistol, and a box of metallic cartridges. She waited for Cap along the road leading from Williamson on the night of his planned escape.

On July 30, 1897, Cap quietly drilled hole after hole through

the wall of his lockup and kicked out an opening large enough to squeeze through. He ran through the pitch-dark streets of Williamson and out of town without being detected. He met his wife at a rendezvous point, and they said their sorrowful goodbyes. Cap scrambled up a mountainside and fled into the thick woods.

He stayed the following night at a cousin's house, borrowed a horse, and rode to nearby Rich Creek the next morning. He traveled to his father's home in Logan County and gathered supplies for the next leg of his trip. He picked up his two younger brothers, Troy and Elias, and left for Williams River, a tributary of the Gauley River in Webster County.

Troy and Elias, then 15 and 17 years old, eventually returned home to Logan County, where Cap's wife and children were now living to be nearer Devil Anse and kinfolk. Shortly afterwards, murder charges were filed against Troy and Elias concerning an unrelated calamity at a logging site that had resulted in the death of a coworker, Dave Kenney. It was then that they chose to go west rather than face arrest and trial. Cap, who needed to flee from his own predicament, felt accountable for his brothers and agreed to guide the two westward—at least as far as Oklahoma. At Devil Anse's place, they loaded down a pack mule with supplies and prepared their horses for the long trek westward from the Appalachian Mountains. The three brothers saddled up and headed for the only place even more remote than southern

Elias Hatfield. Courtesy of the WVSA.

Troy Hatfield. Courtesy of the WVSA.

Cap (third from right) gives a tour of one of the Hatfields' hideouts near Sarah Ann in Logan County. Courtesy of the WVSA.

West Virginia—the American frontier.

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Cap was standing on the boardwalk in Gunnison City when the baggage master barked, "Captain Hatfield!"

He jerked, looked around quickly with squinted eyes, and peered through the steam to see if anyone had reacted to his name. It wasn't like he was unknown, even thousands of miles away from home. After all, he was an escaped convict and a key player in the most famous feud in U.S. history. Nobody looked his way, though, so he nodded at the baggage master, who tossed a frayed canvas bag and dog-eared saddlebags at Cap's feet. The train worker must have noticed his name scrawled on the inside flaps of his saddlebags. Cap muttered a quick "thank you" and whipped his belongings over his shoulder.

Cap strolled slowly toward the main street of Gunnison, with his Winchester in the crook of his arm, and resolved to begin his new life with a new name. He'd parted ways with Troy and Elias in the grasslands of Oklahoma and hopped a train to Colorado. Over the next few years, Troy and Elias would travel back and forth between the Great Plains and the Mountain State to avoid the law.

Cap's heart ached as he thought about his family back in West Virginia. The pain of missing Nan was nearly unbearable, but he kept telling himself it was only temporary until things settled down back home.

It was in the middle of the Colorado gold rush, but Cap's trip to Gunnison had nothing to do with gold fever. In fact, he wanted to be as inconspicuous as possible. He went to Gunnison because Nan's aunt lived there. He knocked on Magdalene Smith's door. She answered and asked, "What can I do for you, stranger?"

Cap smiled and said, "I'm Leland Smith from West Virginia."

Cap's son Coleman wrote that Cap had learned certain details of Aunt Magdalene's life from Nan. He introduced himself by giving the unsuspecting

Later in life, Cap Hatfield served as a Logan County deputy under his brother, Sheriff Joe Hatfield. Courtesy of the WVSA.

widow a misleading account of his life and times. "My father, Press," he started, "was a brother to your late husband, David Smith, who was the first clerk of Wayne County, West Virginia." Cap vividly talked of various family members, spouting facts and names he knew she'd recognize. Cap even described how Magdalene and her husband had ended up in Gunnison.

The two wiled away the afternoon in conversation. He claimed he had two sisters and lamented that one of them, Nan, was married to "that rascal Cap Hatfield, who was messed up in the war with the McCoy family." Aunt Magdalene believed Cap, aka Leland, and invited him to stay at her home.

Cap soon got a job as a farmhand for an elderly couple who owned substantial landholdings just outside town. Still identifying himself as Leland Smith, he eventually moved in with them, worked hard, and avoided trouble.

One evening, the couple asked Cap to stay for dinner. During the meal, the man and wife, whose names have been lost to history, asked him to remain calm as they confessed: "Mr. Hatfield, we want to let you know that we know who you are. The tales of the feud in West Virginia have been reported in newspapers here, too. But don't worry—you are not in any danger."

Apparently, the couple appreciated his hard work and kindness so much they made him a surprising offer. They explained they had no one to leave their farm to. If he'd agree to stay on and care for them in their old age, they would give him the entire farmstead; when Cap decided it was safe, he could send word back home so his wife and family could join him and live in relative peace and safety.

Coleman Hatfield wrote that he often wondered why his father turned down the gener-

Nan (far left) and Cap Hatfield (far right) pose with their grandchildren in the late 1920s. Seated is Devil Anse's widow, Levicy, in what is believed to be one of her last photos. Courtesy of the Coleman C. Hatfield Collection.

ous offer and speculated that West Virginia must have just been in his blood. Nonetheless, Cap eventually returned to the Mountain State. According to family legend, the Colorado couple was very saddened to see him go, and in later years, Cap thought he might have made a grave mistake. He certainly never forgot his travels across the American frontier. Perhaps his time in the Old West had expanded his thinking. Maybe, for the first time, he realized he needed to break from his violent past.

Within a few years, he'd learned to read (and tenaciously so). He studied law and became a respected law enforcement officer and successful attorney in Logan County. His stepson, Joe Glenn, followed in his footsteps and joined Cap's law practice.

As the 1890s ended, the region slowly modernized, and the violent memories of the Hatfield and McCoy Feud began to fade. Bounty hunters and detectives eventually gave up and no longer hunted down the Hatfields, although violence still plagued the family on occasion. Elias and Troy were killed in a non-feud-related shootout in Fayette County in 1911.

Cap and his father found a certain amount of peace in their later years. Devil Anse became a Christian in 1911. Preacher "Uncle Dyke" Garrett, a fascinating character in his own right, went home after Devil Anse's conversion and told his wife, "Today, I baptized the devil." According to Cap's son, Cap was also baptized at the same service in the chilly waters of Island Creek.

Devil Anse died of natural causes in 1921 at age 81. Cap died nine years later when he was 66. Joe Glenn passed on at age 73 in 1956. Devil Anse and most of his immediate family are buried in the Hatfield Family Cemetery at Sarah Ann. Cap and Joe were laid to rest at the Cap Hatfield Cemetery in the neighboring community of Stirrat.

You can learn more about the feud in the following GOLDENSEAL articles: "Men to Match Mountains: Devil Anse Hatfield and Uncle Dyke Garrett," by Joseph Platania, Fall 1984; "Hatfield History: Reconsidering the Famous Feud—Robert Spence Interviews Coleman C. Hatfield," Fall 1995; and "After the Feud: Livicy Hatfield's Photo Album," by Robert Spence, Fall 1998.

The story of Cap's oldest brother, Johnse Hatfield, will be featured in our Summer 2016 issue.

F. KEITH DAVIS, the CEO of Woodland Press in Chapmanville, appeared on the History Channel's 2012 companion documentary to the award-winning miniseries *Hatfields & McCoys*. He is the author of several books, including *Images of America: Logan County, West Virginia Tough Boys*, and *The Feuding Hatfields & McCoys*, coauthored with Dr. Coleman C. Hatfield, the grandson of Cap Hatfield and great-grandson of Devil Anse Hatfield. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

"Devil Anse" Hatfield: Soldier,

"Abashed the devil stood and felt how awful goodness is." –John Milton, **Paradise Lost**

Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield was many things to many people throughout his long life: leader of the Hatfield clan; vengeful executioner; loving husband to his wife, Levicy (Chafin) Hatfield; devoted father to his children; and eventually a showman who entertained thousands.

I've been researching the Hatfield-McCoy Feud for years. Popular topics like the feud have been covered so thoroughly, you often think you've heard it all. But, one day, I was looking through some old newspaper clippings and found a reference to 74-year-old Devil Anse hitting the Vaudeville stage in Charleston. Devil Anse Hatfield: Song-and-Dance Man? No, as newspaper accounts of the day attest, even if he'd had the talent for it, he suffered from frequent bouts of stage fright. It turns out he was getting paid to talk on the Vaudeville circuit about the violent days of the feud—or at least his version of it.

Devil Anse certainly didn't invent the idea of making money based on his celebrity. Even before the dawn of radio, television, or the Internet, famous people often cashed in on their celebrity status. Perhaps the most famous from that time period was "Buffalo Bill" Cody, who took his Wild West show around the world. In the late 1800s, Martinsburg native Belle Boyd had a popular stage act.

Devil Anse Hatfield appears far removed from his angry feuding days in this studio portrait taken in Charleston about 1913. The man on the right is unidentified. Courtesy of the Louise Gravely Eden Collection, the West Virginia State Archives (hereafter WVSA).

The most famous spy of the Civil War appeared before sold-out houses across the country, revealing how she'd lured Northern officers into divulging top-secret military information.

While Devil Anse's nickname implies a sinister personal-

Farmer, Feudist, Movie Star?

By Randy Marcum

ity—and some of his actions certainly bear this out—he was also a natural entertainer. This is apparent in stories he told to his family, friends, and casual acquaintances, and even in his tongue-in-cheek visit with journalist T. C. Crawford, who wrote the first nationally published—and highly sensationalized—account of the feud. Even Hatfield family photographs reveal a sense of humor, which could drift toward the dark side at times. All the while, he also wasn't averse to exploiting his notoriety—or possibly notoriousness—for a dollar or two.

By late 1913, the entertainment bug had bitten Devil Anse. National newspapers were reporting on his contract to appear on the Vaudeville circuit. Not only was he capitalizing on his own fame, he was taking advantage of his famous nephew, the newly inaugurated Governor of West Virginia Henry D. Hatfield.

During 1914, Devil Anse increasingly built a larger audience. By this time, many of the feud's main players had left their mortal coils. Several McCoy children had died by 1888—at least five directly at the hands of the Hatfields. McCoy family lawyer and provocateur Perry Cline had died in 1891. Finally, on March 28, 1914, Randolph McCoy—perhaps the most tragic figure in the entire feud—died from burns he suffered in a kitchen fire. As such, Devil Anse felt unleashed to tell whatever version of the story he wanted to tell, and audiences were more than willing to spend their hard-earned money to listen to stories of the Devil.

In this photo from about 1910, Devil Anse looks like he's better prepared to fight Mexican revolutionaries than McCoys. Courtesy of the Coleman C. Hatfield Collection, F. Keith Davis.

Some 25 years after the main events of the feud had ended, the public's interest in the Hatfields and McCoys was stronger than ever. A short movie that referenced the feud was released in 1914. *A Feud at Beaver Creek*, produced by early filmmaker Thomas Ince, was billed as "a strong two-reel drama dipicting (sic) the early days of the famous Hatfield-McCoy fued (sic) of West Virginia and Kentucky. A picture that is bound to please." It played at The Rex in Bluefield in August and in theaters across the country during the following months. While the movie is little remembered, its producer is part of Hollywood lore. Ince died suddenly in 1924 at age 42 of either a mysterious illness or the result of a fatal gunshot fired by newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst. According to the more exotic version of his death, Ince was shot accidentally by Hearst with a bullet intended for film legend Charlie Chaplin, who was having an affair with Hearst's mistress, Marion Davies. The cause of Ince's death is still debated as one of Hollywood's great mysteries.

These two photos (above and right) are presumably stills from the film in which Devil Anse is shown riding his horse and preparing for a shootout from his hideout. Courtesy of the Coleman C. Hatfield Collection, F. Keith Davis.

Devil Anse had no involvement with *A Feud at Beaver Creek*, but it might have inspired him to tell his own film version of the story. In July 1915, the *Logan Democrat* newspaper reported that within a few weeks, a Philadelphia movie company would be coming to the area to film three to five reels of re-created events from the feud. While the company would stage the scenes and locations, many of the original players, including Devil Anse, would appear as themselves. The *Beckley Raleigh Herald* stated that the production would be "an authentic record of the noted feud."

The movie's producer was Emmett Dalton, a member of the famous Oklahoma train-robbing Dalton Gang who was once shot 23 times in a holdup attempt. After his release from prison in 1907, Dalton discovered that even in the early days of movies, the public loved true-crime stories. So, he made a seamless transition from gangster to film producer.

The Hatfield-McCoy Feud movie was approximately 33 minutes long and included 63 different scenes, many of which were shot on actual feud sites; although, the scenery had changed significantly due to the arrival of industry over the last 25 years. In particular, the railroad tracks, coal mines, and telegraph and telephone lines looked historically out of place to local viewers. The recent *Hatfields & McCoys* miniseries on the History Channel avoided these types of inconsistencies by filming on location in areas of Romania where little industrial development had occurred. As part of the filming, Dalton said he'd "examined all guns before the sham battles came off for fear someone of the feudists might think he saw a chance to get even and slip a real bullet in his gun."

The Hatfield-McCoy Feud premiered to an overflow crowd at Logan's Palace Theater on

August 11, 1915. The *Logan Democrat* estimated the premiere attracted more than 2,000 attendees, including Devil Anse and his family, "popular favorites" who lent "an interesting and intimate touch to the exhibition." At the premiére, Devil Anse and his sons carried lever-action rifles—fully loaded—theoretically, in case of trouble but, in reality, for publicity purposes.

After the film's release in Logan, it was shown in Charleston, Parkersburg, and Huntington. Devil Anse appeared at several of the screenings and was always the main attraction.

When the movie debuted in Charleston in late August, Devil Anse was approached by Dan Cunningham, a legendary West Virginia lawman whose career had often walked a tightrope between lawful and unlawful. During the feud, he'd arrested members of both the Hatfield and McCoy clans. He'd also been captured by both sides. While he was fortunate enough to escape from the McCoys, the Hatfields had escorted him to Logan at gunpoint and turned him in as a prisoner. During his exchange with Cunningham in Charleston, Devil Anse mildly twitted the former U.S. marshal by reminding him of the humiliating capture and trip to the Logan County Jail.

When the film premiered in Bluefield, Devil Anse attended with his 24-year-old son Tennyson (Tennis). Upon their arrival, Devil Anse and Tennis were greeted warmly by a big crowd. Devil Anse regaled his "fans" with a number of stories and introduced Tennis as his "baby boy."

While those two were touring southern West Virginia and southwestern Virginia, another of Devil Anse's sons, Dr. Elliot Hatfield, was traveling around northern West Virginia with Emmett Dalton. On September 7, the two were in Clarksburg for a screening at the Bijou Theater. The *Clarksburg Daily Telegram* noted that even though Elliot had been very young at the beginning of the feud (born in 1872), he'd participated in some of the later events. The next day, the film was shown in Fairmont at the Colonial Theater.

When the film debuted at Beckley's Midway Theater on February 1, Tennis gave the presentation instead of his

In a still from the film, Devil Anse (second from right) leads a posse to rescue his son Johnse from the McCoys. Courtesy of the Library of Congress.

father. The next night, it made its way to the opera house in Beaver and then through the mining camps of Raleigh and Wyoming counties.

In April 1916, the West Virginia leg of the Hatfield-McCoy film tour wrapped up at the Urias Theater in Matewan. This region had been at the heart of the original feud activities. Matewan filmgoers were critical of the movie's modern look, the feel of the scenery, and the actors' clothing. According to the *Williamson Daily News*, many viewers concluded that "the author was not a country man, nor knew much about country life." For instance, Matewan residents complained that no feuding mountaineer would've ever marched into an open field just to be mowed down by gunfire.

The film was supposed to travel next to Pikeville, Kentucky, where Randolph McCoy had lived the last quarter-century of his life. Pike County's deputy sheriff, who just happened to be Randolph's son Jim, blocked it. All showings and presentations in Pikeville were canceled, and the banners advertising the movie were taken down. A film starring Devil Anse Hatfield would not be presented in McCoy country! While the shooting part of the feud might have ended, the Hatfields and McCoys were still far from friends.

So, why have most people never heard of a Hatfield-McCoy movie starring Devil Anse himself? The Library of Congress reports that only about 25 percent of all movies made in the silent era still exist. This is particularly true of films made before 1920. So, it's likely the film faded quickly from the limelight and was lost and forgotten.

Emmett Dalton continued with his film career. He began showing another film he'd produced, *The True Life History of the Dalton Brothers*, throughout the eastern United States as a double bill with *The Hatfield-McCoy Feud*. He went on to produce and appear in other movies and eventually made money selling real estate in Hollywood.

Devil Anse returned to the hills he loved in Logan County, where he died in 1921. Devil Anse's gravesite is marked with a life-sized statue of the feudist made from Italian marble. While it lists the names of his wife and children, it doesn't mention his role in America's most famous feud or his footnote to history as a Vaudeville and movie star.

No copy of the 1915 Hatfield-McCoy film is known to exist. There's always a chance that an old copy could be lingering around in a basement or an attic somewhere. If anyone knows of an existing version, the West Virginia State Archives would love to make a copy to preserve it. You can contact the author, Randy Marcum, at the State Archives: (304)558-0230.

RANDY MARCUM, a graduate of the University of Rio Grande in Ohio, has had a lifelong interest in the Hatfield and McCoy Feud. He is a direct descendant of Alexander Messer, one of the men who executed the three sons of Randolph McCoy, and a cousin to the Hatfields through the Vance family. Randy is a historian with the Archives and History section of the West Virginia Division of Culture and History. Presently, he is working on a compendium of individuals involved in the 1920 Matewan Massacre. This is Randy's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

The West Virginia Music Hall of Fame

By Nancy Adams

Last fall, the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame inducted six musicians, who, as a group, represent 130 years of musical history and diverse genres: old-time, jazz, country, and R&B. Although their styles differ, they shared a passion for music, a passion that drove them to persevere through personal and professional setbacks. Quite simply, they wouldn't stop playing, and they achieved recognition far beyond the state's borders for their extraordinary musicianship.

The 2015 inductees were old-time fiddler Ed Haley; singer, songwriter, guitarist, and radio and television personality Buddy Starcher; R&B pianist Harry Vann "Piano Man" Walls; R&B singer, songwriter, and guitarist John Ellison; steel guitarist Russ Hicks; and jazz pianist Bob Thompson.

CLASS OF 2015

All photos courtesy of the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame unless otherwise noted.

Courtesy of Lawrence and Pat Haley.

Ed Haley

Old-time fiddler Ed Haley was born August 16, 1885, on Harts Creek in Logan County. He had a difficult childhood [see the GOLDENSEAL article "Feuds, Fiddles, Families, and Friends: Ed Haley's Life on Harts Creek" by Brandon Ray Kirk, Winter 2015]. Ed lost his eyesight at age three; his father, Milt Haley, a well-known fiddler, was murdered in 1889 during the Lincoln County Feud; his mother died in 1891. Raised by relatives, Ed learned to play the fiddle by ear and, by all accounts, was a child prodigy. He developed an unusual style, anchoring the fiddle against his collarbone and shoulder and swiveling it beneath his bow. He also could play a more traditional style with the fiddle tucked under his chin. He injected subtleties into his playing—including what he called "slurs and insults"—which distinguished him from other fiddlers.

In 1918, Ed and his wife, Ella Trumbo, who also was blind, moved to Ashland, Kentucky. Ella accompanied Ed on mandolin and accordion. With a large and varied repertoire of sophisticated rags, jigs, waltzes, breakdowns, and show tunes, the couple earned a living by playing on street corners, at courthouse squares, and for square dances throughout West Virginia, Ohio, southwest Virginia, and eastern Kentucky.

Later in life, Ed made many home recordings on a disc-cutting machine. These discs were distributed to his children when he died, and most were lost. His son Lawrence, however, preserved some of the songs, which were compiled on the albums *Parkersburg Landing*, *Forked Deer*, and *Grey Eagle*. Ed died in 1951. Since 1996, the city of Ashland has hosted an Ed Haley Memorial Fiddle Contest as part of its Poage Landing Days Festival.

Kentucky fiddler J. P. Fraley described how Ed's fingers "seemed to possess a life of their own when he played, as if little men were running across the fingerboard of his violin." Renowned fiddler Bobby Taylor of Kanawha County says that old-time fiddlers are still chasing the "Ed Haley tone and sound" to this day, but never quite match it.

Courtesy of Ivan Tribe.

Buddy Starcher

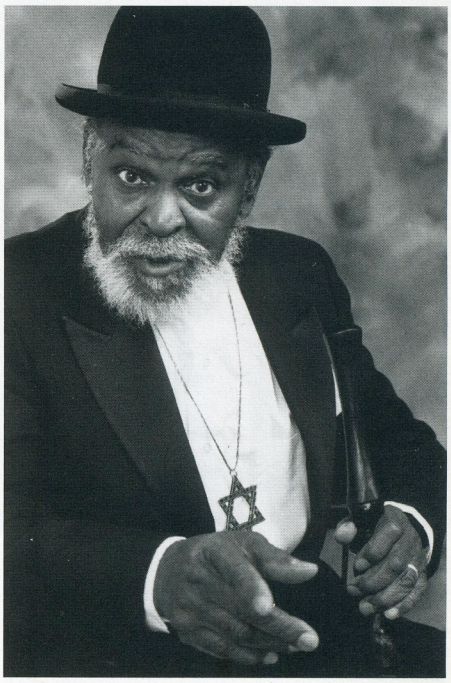
Oby Edgar "Buddy" Starcher was born at Kentuck in Jackson County in 1906. Buddy learned the basics of traditional music from his father, an old-time fiddler. Eventually, he accompanied his father on banjo and guitar at local square dances. In 1928, at the beginning of the Golden Age of Radio, Buddy began working as a singer on WBFR in Baltimore.

In the early 1930s, Buddy returned to West Virginia to work at WCHS in Charleston and then at WMMN in Fairmont and WPDX in Clarksburg. Buddy developed a loyal following with his simple, sincere singing style and was an effective on-air salesman. In 1946, he cut his first recordings on Four Star, including one of his best-known compositions, "I'll Still Write Your Name in the Sand," which climbed to No. 8 on Billboard's "Most Played Juke Box Folk Records" chart. He went on to record for Columbia, Deluxe, Starday, Heart Warming, and Blue Bonnet.

In the early 1950s, Buddy appeared on television in Miami and in Harrisonburg, Virginia. In January 1960, he returned to Charleston and started *The Buddy Starcher Show*, an early morning program on WCHS-TV. With its mix of country music and down-home humor, the show's ratings were higher in the region than those of *The Today Show*. Buddy's wife, Mary Ann, Sleepy Jeffers, and many other fine musicians contributed to the show's success [see the GOLDENSEAL article "The Buddy Starcher & Sleepy Jeffers Shows: Live Country Music on TV!" by Ivan M. Tribe, Spring 2013].

Buddy's best-known recording may be a spoken-word piece, recited to the music of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "America the Beautiful." "History Repeats Itself" compares the assassinations of Presidents Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy. It was released on Buddy's B.E.S. label in 1965 but reached a wider audience on Boone Records, hitting No. 39 on the U.S. Billboard Hot 100. The narrative was covered by Cab Calloway and Minnie Pearl.

In 1967, Buddy returned to radio and managed several radio stations until retiring in 1976. He died in Harrisonburg, Virginia, in 2001.



Harry Vann "Piano Man" Walls

Harry Eugene Vann was born in Kentucky in 1918 and moved to Charleston at a young age. He later took his stepfather's last name and eventually became known as Harry Vann "Piano Man" Walls.

Harry's mother taught him how to play piano. As a boy, he accompanied his church choir, where he developed his trademark style of stand-up dancing while playing. In his late teens, he turned to the blues, performing solo in Charleston's "Triangle District" clubs and on WCHS radio. Bandleader Cal

Harry is remembered as one of the architects of R&B piano.

Greer heard Harry and asked him to join his group, which was touring mining towns in West Virginia, Virginia, and Ohio. When Cal's band broke up, Harry moved to Columbus, Ohio, and started his own group.

Harry's career took off in 1949 when he joined the fledgling Atlantic Records, which capitalized on the growing popularity of what had been called *race music*. Renamed "rhythm and blues," the genre combined elements of gospel, work songs, jazz, and blues. Harry played on—and often arranged—some of Atlantic's biggest hits of the early '50s, including recordings by Big Joe Turner, Ruth Brown, The Clovers, The Drifters, and Sticks and Brownie McGhee. Thanks to this work, Harry is remembered as one of the architects of R&B piano.

In 1954, Harry joined The Nite Riders, a sextet of seasoned R&B professionals looking to make big money with a rock 'n' roll sound. They toured the northeastern United States and Canada and released an array of 45s for numerous small labels before splitting up in 1963. Harry relocated to Montreal, where he formed Captain Vann and the Pirates, a band that stayed together until the late 1960s. The overwhelming popularity of rock 'n' roll eventually surpassed R&B, which faded into the background. While Harry never stopped playing, the venues were much smaller—mostly taverns and motel lounges.

In 1990, Harry's former student, singer, songwriter, and multi-instrumentalist Mac Rebennack—better known as Dr. John—reintroduced Harry to larger concert audiences in New York and Montreal. Dr. John had great respect for Harry. "He had so many influences on me it was ridiculous," Dr. John said. "That was when I first learned what he considered jazz and rhythm and blues. His version of all that was off the hook, and then some."

Finding a new audience, Harry's popularity surged in the '90s, as he appeared at several jazz and blues events. In 1997, he received a Pioneer Award from the Rhythm and Blues Foundation. His last album, *In the Evening*, was released in 1997. Harry died of cancer in 1999. While he was in the hospital, he entertained other cancer patients with his piano playing. A documentary, *Vann "Piano Man" Walls: The Spirit of R&B*, was released in 2013.

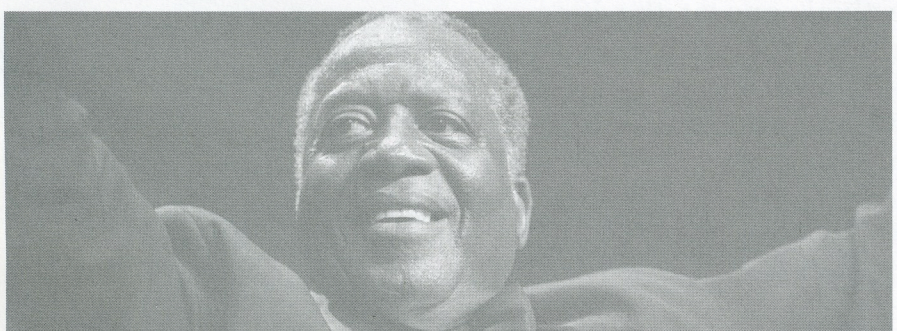
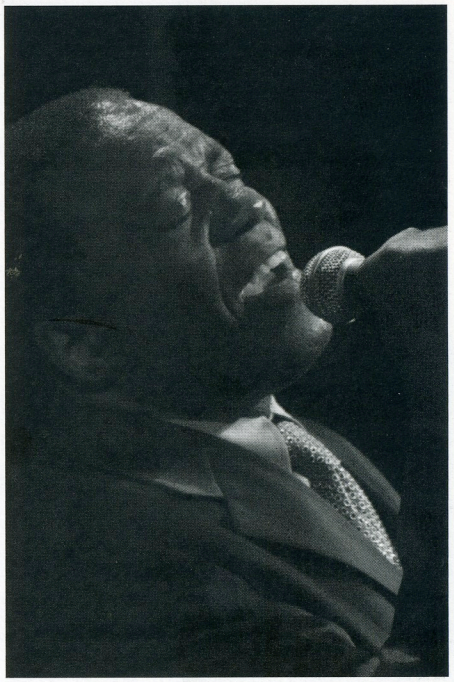


Photo by Rafael Barker.



John Ellison

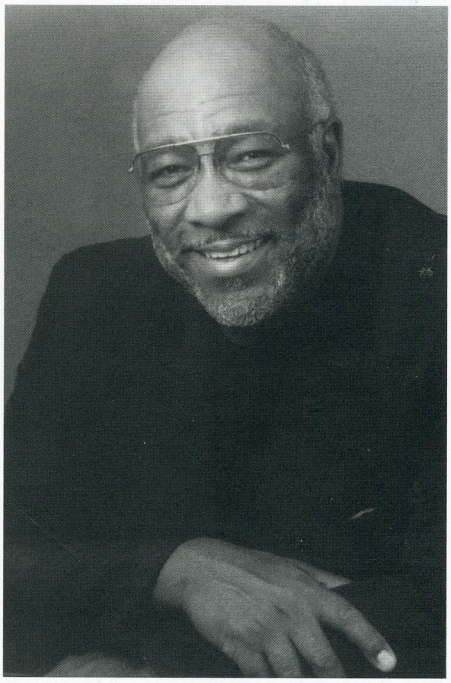
John Ellison was born in Montgomery in 1941 in a driftwood shack his father built on the banks of the Kanawha River. His family moved to wherever his coal mining father could find work, eventually settling at Landgraff in McDowell County. John faced many hardships during his youth, including polio, poverty, and racism.

While in high school, John brought in extra income for his family by working as a bellhop at the Carter Hotel in Welch. A neighbor introduced him to the guitar, and he set aside part of his earnings to buy his own. Seeing Chuck Berry perform "School Days" on *American Bandstand* made him realize that music was his destiny and possibly his ticket out of the coalfields.

"Some Kind of Wonderful" reached No. 91 on the Billboard Hot 100 chart.

When he was 18, John quit his hotel job, packed his clothes into a brown paper sack, boarded a bus, and headed for Rochester, New York, where a cousin lived. He worked odd jobs and played in a mixed-race band, Satan's Four. They almost were signed by a record company, but the company's executive balked after seeing that the band had two black men and two white men. In 1966, he joined the Soul Brothers Six as the group's lead singer, songwriter, and guitarist. They recorded for small labels before signing with Atlantic Records. Their first 45, "Some Kind of Wonderful," reached No. 91 on the U.S. Billboard Hot 100 chart. Since then, more than 60 artists have recorded the song, most notably Grand Funk, which had a top 5 hit with it in 1975. After leaving Atlantic, John released a number of gritty funk and soul singles for labels in the United States and Canada.

John has performed as a solo act and collaborated with many major artists, including Patti LaBelle, Diana Ross, James Brown, Smokey Robinson, and Little Richard. He continues to record his own songs and tour throughout the United States and abroad.



Bob Thompson

A West Virginian by choice, Bob Thompson was born in 1942 in Jamaica, Queens, New York. He started his music career singing bass vocals in the Doo Wop bands The Chanters and The Voices Five. In 1960, Bob received a music scholarship to attend West Virginia State College (now University). His instrument was the trumpet, but the school's jazz band already had a trumpeter, so Bob switched to piano.

While at West Virginia State, he formed the Modern Jazz Interpreters. In 1964, the trio played at the Notre Dame Jazz Festival, one of the longest-running collegiate festivals of its kind in the country. Soon after, the group toured in Africa and Europe.

After graduation, Bob decided to stay in West Virginia. At the time, the Kanawha Valley music scene was a vibrant mix of rock, pop, blues, soul, jazz, country, and gospel. "Most people don't associate jazz with West Virginia," Bob said. "You would more associate it with New York and places like that. So, it was kind of a strange juxtaposition. At that time, there were a lot of great jazz players in Charleston. It was a stop-off point for a lot of the jazz men."

Bob formed the jazz rock band Joi and taught music. In 1981, he signed with Capitol Records subsidiary Intima and later with Ichiban. He collaborated with nationally known musicians, including drummer Omar Hakim, bassist Gerald Veasley, and guitarists Larry Coryell and Kevin Eubanks. Bob later started his own label, Colortones. Two of his albums reached the top 25 in

Photo by Michael Keller.

the Billboard contemporary jazz charts, and four releases climbed into the top 10 on the Radio and Records jazz charts. In addition to his recording work, he's toured extensively in the United States and abroad. He also has maintained an active teaching schedule, inspiring many young people to pursue music careers.

In 1991, Bob became the house pianist for the National Public Radio show Mountain Stage, which is based in Charleston and broadcast throughout the world. *Mountain Stage* has introduced him to a broader musical audience. For 23 years, Bob has performed his Christmas show *Joy to the World*, now part of Public Radio International's holiday programming. He also keeps a busy performing schedule, both as a soloist and with The Bob Thompson Unit.

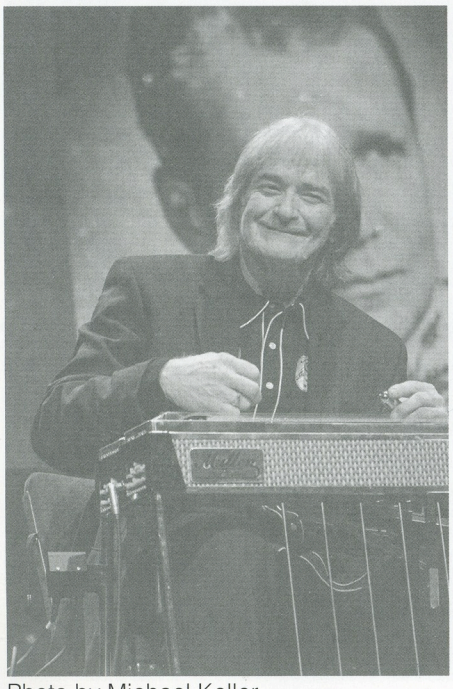
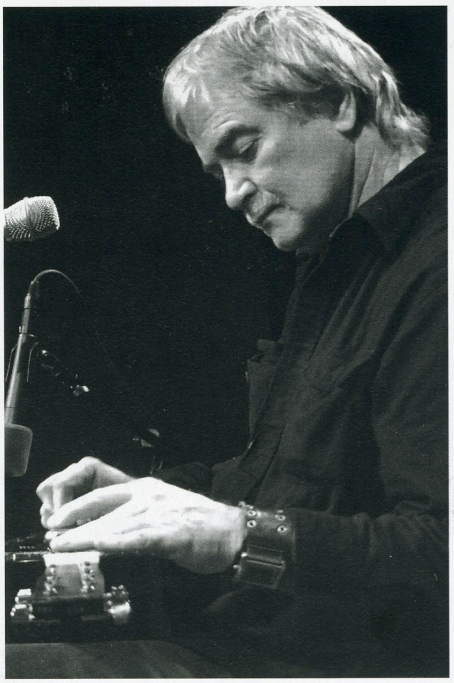


Photo by Michael Keller.



Russ Hicks

Russ Hicks was born in 1942 at Crab Orchard in Raleigh County. His musical journey began in his early teens when he learned to play guitar and formed the rock band The Teen Tones with his Woodrow Wilson High School friends, which included future movie star Chris Sarandon on drums. Within a year, the band had signed with Decca Records and issued its debut 45: "Yes, You May" / "Don't Call Me Baby, I'll Call You."

Russ left Beckley and moved to Las Vegas with a new band, The Keenos. After a year, he played clubs in Chicago and Houston before returning to West Virginia in the mid-1960s. He played as often as he could—two or three gigs a night in the Oak Hill-Beckley area. Afterward, his band, The Versa-Tones, often would stop for a bite to eat before driving to Charleston for an unannounced early-morning appearance on Buddy Starcher's TV show.

Inspired by the great Buddy Emmons, Russ began playing steel guitar and landed a job on the Slim Mims Show in Florence, South Carolina. He joined country singer Connie Smith's band in 1967. (Connie was a 2011 inductee into the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame.) He left Connie's band to play with Ray Price's band. In the early 1970s, Russ returned to the Slim Mims Show as musical director.

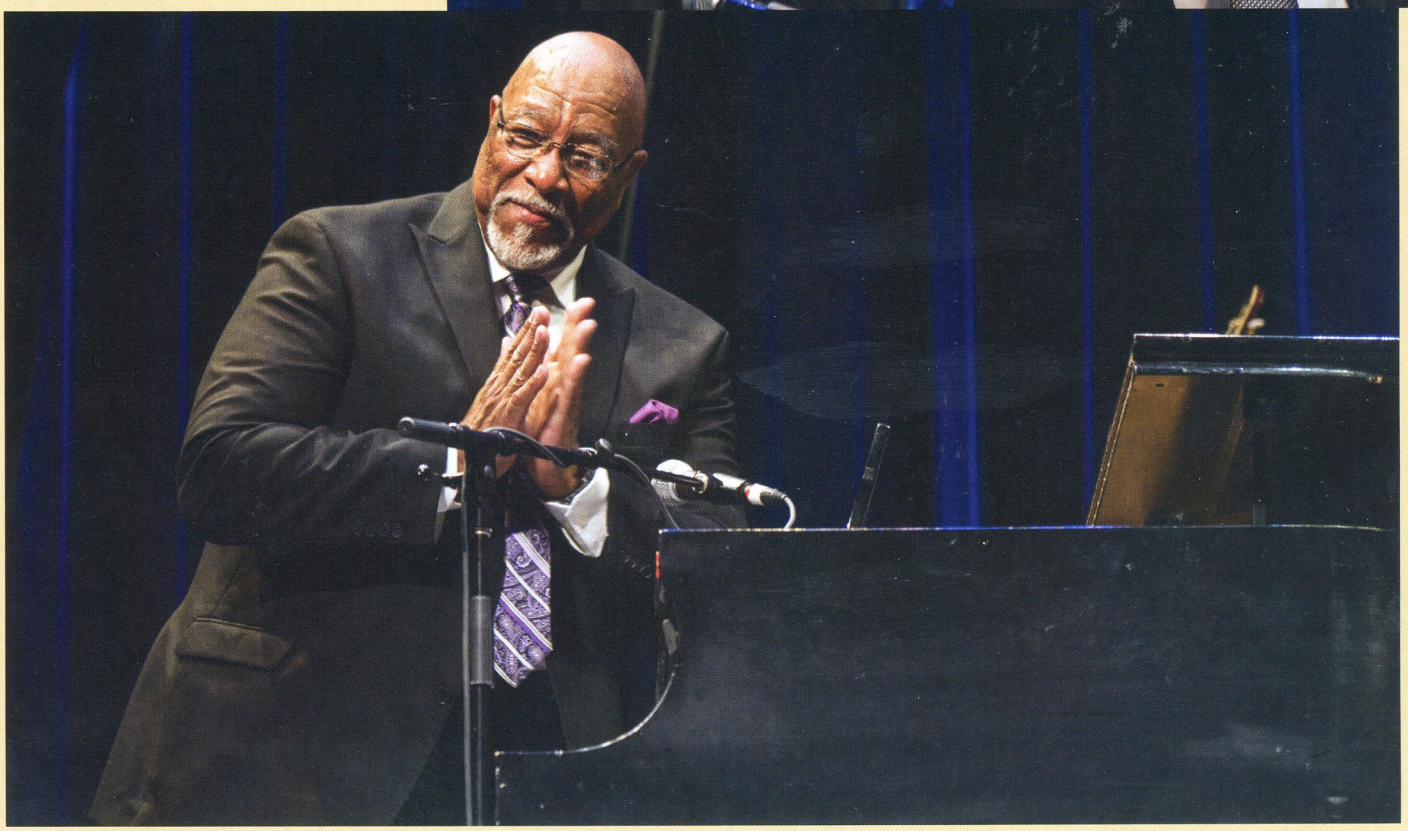
In 1972, Russ joined the legendary southern rock band Barefoot Jerry, a group cofounded by fellow West Virginian Wayne Moss—a 2013 Hall of Fame inductee. Russ continued to do session work in Nashville, where he met studio veteran Charlie McCoy, also a future West Virginia Music Hall of Fame member. In 1980, Russ joined the *Hee Haw* television show's house band, which Charlie directed. Russ played on *Hee Haw* until the show ended in 1993.

With hundreds of recording credits, Russ is one of the most sought-after pedal steel players in Nashville. In 2011, he was inducted into the International Steel Guitar Hall of Fame.

NANCY ADAMS has worked for *The Charleston Gazette*, Secretary of State Ken Hechler, and the West Virginia Humanities Council. For 12 years, she served as director of Pine Mountain Settlement School. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

INDUCTION CEREMONY

Top (left-right): Kim Johnson, John Preston, Bobby Taylor, and Andrew Dunlap honor inductee Ed Haley. Photo by Rafael Barker. Middle left: Hall of Fame inductee Russ Hicks. Photo by Michael Keller. Middle right: Hall of Fame member Bill Withers. Photo by Rafael Barker. Bottom: Hall of Fame inductee Bob Thompson. Photo by Michael Keller.



INDUCTION CEREMONY

Top: John Ellison (left) and Mark Farner (right) take a bow. Ted Harrison of The Carpenter Ants is on bass. Photo by Michael Keller. Middle: West Virginia Music Hall of Fame founder Michael Lipton. Photo by Rafael Barker. Bottom: Appalachian Children's Chorus. Photo by Rafael Barker.

Top left: Hall of Fame member Melvin Goins. Photo by Rafael Barker. Bottom left: Terry Adams of NRBQ pays tribute to inductee Harry Vann Walls. Photo by Michael Keller. Above (left-right): Butch Osborne, Chris Stockwell, Johnny Staats, and Ron Sowell accompany the Appalachian Children's Chorus. Photo by Rafael Barker.

The West Virginia Music Hall of Fame

By Nancy Adams

Established in 2005, the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame documents and preserves significant contributions made by West Virginians to all music genres. It recognizes exceptional musicians and composers at induction ceremonies held every other year; sponsors a traveling museum; and collects recordings, written materials, and memorabilia for its permanent collection. The traveling museum has visited dozens of schools, reached more than 20,000 students, and appeared at many festivals, conferences, and other events. Other educational tools include an interactive online map of more than 200 West Virginia musicians and songwriters and "Ideas for Teachers," which offers biographical material and lesson plan suggestions.

To date, the Hall of Fame has inducted 46 individuals and groups. Inductees are selected by a committee of people from across the state. For each induction ceremony, the committee chooses three living and three deceased musicians. Anyone can nominate a musician by going to the Hall of Fame's Web site, completing an application, and providing support documentation.

The West Virginia Music Hall of Fame was founded by Michael Lipton of Charleston. He's a guitarist in the house band for the *Mountain Stage* radio show and plays with his band, The Carpenter Ants. Michael and the Hall of Fame board are beginning to consider options for a facility to house the Hall of Fame's permanent collection.

For more information about the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame, including a complete list of inductees, please visit the Web site: http://www.wvmusichalloffame.com/.

VANDALIA TIME!

In 2015, the Vandalia Gathering marked its 39th anniversary at the State Capitol Complex in Charleston. We hope you enjoy this photo essay of the event captured by photographer Steve Brightwell.

2015 VANDALIA WINNERS

Vandalia Award
Ken Sullivan, Charleston

Senior Old-Time Fiddle *(age 60 and over)*
1 — John Morris, Ivydale
2 — Jim Mullins, St. Albans
3 — Terry Vaughan, Cross Lanes
4 — Paul Epstein, Charleston
5 — John Longwell, Gandeeville

Old-Time Fiddle *(age 59 and under)*
1 — Tessa Dillon, St. Albans
2 — Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
3 — Jesse Pearson, Huntington
4 — Jerrica Hilbert, St. Albans
5 — Cody Jordan, Point Pleasant

Youth Old-Time Fiddle *(age 15 and under)*
1 — Kiara Williams, Rock Cave
2 — Benjamin Davis, Marlinton
3 — Catherine Walker, Charleston

Senior Old-Time Banjo *(age 60 and over)*
1 — Paul Gartner, Yawkey
2 — Jim Mullins, St. Albans
3 — Dwight Diller, Marlinton
4 — John Morris, Ivydale
5 — Bernard Cyrus, Fort Gay

Old-Time Banjo *(59 and under)*
1 — Jesse Pearson, Huntington
2 — Nick Freeman, St. Albans
3 — Tessa Dillon, St. Albans
4 — Doug Van Gundy, Elkins
5 — Logan Hoy, Belle

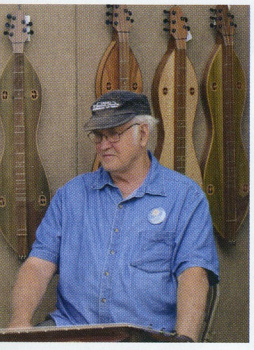
Mandolin *(all ages)*
1 — Matthew Hiser, Spanishburg
2 — Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
3 — Jake Eddy, Parkersburg
4 — Seth Marstiller, Elkins
5 — Silas Powell, Salem

Bluegrass Banjo *(all ages)*
1 — Rita Hunt, Premier
2 — Jake Eddy, Parkersburg
3 — Karl Smakula, Elkins
4 — Logan Hoy, Belle
5 — Josiah Underwood, Charleston

Lap Dulcimer *(all ages)*
1 — Martha Turley, Ona
2 — Will Manahan, Elkview
3 — Ezra Drumheller, Prosperity
4 — Trenton Pritchard, South Charleston
5 — Bernard Cyrus, Fort Gay

Flatpick Guitar *(all ages)*
1 — Dan Kessinger, St. Marys
2 — Matt Lindsay, Culloden
3 — Bryant Underwood, Charleston
4 — Jake Eddy, Parkersburg
5 — Rick Hall, Princeton

Youth Flatpick Guitar *(age 15 and under)*
1 — Jake Eddy, Parkersburg
2 — Caeli Massey, Athens
3 — Cassandra Sobieski, Charleston



2016
VANDALIA GATHERING
MAY 27-29, 2016

40TH ANNIVERSARY

This year, we will be celebrating 40 years of Vandalia! All events are free and open to the public. For more information, call (304)558-0162. For a complete schedule of events, please visit the Web site: http://www.wvculture.org/vandalia/

Friday, May 27, 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Opening Night Concert and presentation of Vandalia Award and Juried Quilt Awards

Saturday, May 28, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Old-Time for Young'uns, family activities, information and food booths, crafts circle, festival sales

Appalachian heritage dancing, competitions for senior fiddle, youth fiddle, fiddle, bluegrass and mandolin, flat foot and square dancing

Evening Concert

Sunday, May 29, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Old-Time for Young'uns, family activities, information and food booths, crafts circle, festival sales

Gospel sing; Appalachian heritage dancing; competitions for senior old-time banjo, lap dulcimer, old-time banjo, flatpick guitar and youth flatpick guitar, flat foot and square dancing, and storytelling; plus the liars contest

2015 LIARS CONTEST

Biggest Liar — *James Froemel, Morgantown*
Bigger Liar — *Ian Nolte, Huntington*
Big Liar — *Damon Hanshaw, Canvas*
Youth Award — *Fiona Sullivan, Charleston*

1ST PLACE
James Froemel, Morgantown

When I was about five years old, the teachers sat us all around in a circle and asked us what we wanted to be when we grew up. The answers were pretty typical. We had a lot of astronauts, and we had a lot of professional athletes in the class. Then one kid, Gary Cunningham, he stood up and said, "I want to be a dog."

And no one corrected him. They just let it go. There were even follow-up questions about what type of dog he would like to become. Well, the next kid up in class—on the total opposite end of the spectrum—was Dave.

Dave stood up, and he said, "I'd like to be a radiological technologist." They said, "Why is that?" And Dave said, "It's a good-paying job. It requires only two years of education beyond high school and has excellent health benefits."

And we just stared at him. It was the most sensible thing ever said by a five year old. Ever. Now, when my turn came, I let everyone know that I wanted to be a scientist. And I was still a few years out from my first major scientific discovery, which is that I am terrible at science.

But as the years went on, I changed my mind about a million times until, finally, I was getting ready to graduate from college. I knew I wanted to be a writer. But I understood all writers have to have day jobs, so I went out, and I got a really good day job with a big, ritzy, East Coast private high school as their assistant janitor.

But it was a great job. I loved it. I worked with some great people, and the best thing was that this school had all sorts of famous alumni—people who had gone on from this school to become movie stars, and authors, and politicians.

One day, I hear that one of these famous alumni, a movie star, is going to be back on campus. And I think, "Here's my chance!" I had just finished writing a screenplay, and I thought "If I can get it to him, he'll take it to Hollywood, get the movie made, and I'll be set."

2ND PLACE
Ian Nolte, Huntington

So all week, I look for this guy, and I keep the screenplay in my back pocket. Finally, that Friday, I walk into the dining hall, and I see him. He's at the other end, and I don't want to name-drop or anything so, for the purpose of this story, I'm just going to call this guy "Hollywood."

All right, so I see Hollywood down there, and just as I'm about to call out to him, he turns and starts going the other way. This is a packed dining hall, just full of kids all talking and texting at big oak tables, and I take off after him.

I'm doing one of those weird walk-run kind of things, and I'm not really paying attention to what's in front of me, so my foot catches on a chair just as I'm about to say his name. And so I twist my ankle, and in the pain, his name gets changed to a string of words that you're not supposed to say in school, or church, or anywhere outside of a bar full of pirates.

And everything happening in that dining hall stops, and they all turn and stare at me. I don't want to admit what I've just done, so I smile and try to keep moving forward. I'm smiling, I'm limping, and I'm crying just a little bit. None of it helps me look not crazy.

But Hollywood stops. Finally, I reach him, and I've had this speech in my head all week. I pull out the screenplay, and I say, "Uhhhh."

And he takes it and opens up to the first page. This guy's a legend. I wish I could tell you who he was, but I'm not going to do that. This Hollywood, he reads it. And he goes to the second page, and then he looks up at me. If you've ever had someone say something to you that changes your whole life, Hollywood looked at me, and he says, "No."

So then I drove myself to the hospital, and when I got there, who should be my rad tech but Dave. I said, "Dave, you've made it!"

He said, "Yes, I know."

I said, "How do you like it?" He said, "It's a good-paying job. It requires only two years of education beyond high school and has excellent health benefits."

So, he looks at my ankle, and I said, "How is it?"

He said, "Well, it's sprained, but you'll be all right."

I said, "So, you've seen worse?"

He said, "Oh, yes. Remember Gary Cunningham?"

I said, "Yeah, I remember Gary."

He said, "He was in here last week with a broken leg."

I said, "How'd he do that?"

He said, "He fell while chasing his own tail."

Ages ago, when the glaciers receded, they carved out a perfect spit of land—a triangle of the Earth that would one day form the confluences of the Ohio and Big Sandy rivers. Later, when the railroad men came, they called it the most beautiful word they could imagine: Kenova.

They set about building all the necessities of life: roads, and houses, and hospitals, and such. When they had those problems sorted, they set about building necessities that made life worth living, mainly the Dreamland Pool.

At the time of its construction, it was the largest municipal swimming pool east of the Mississippi. An amazing fact, particularly considering we all know how likely people west of the Mississippi are to lie about their swimming pools.

But, this famous pool was famous for many famous reasons—most famous among those reasons for being famous was the annual Big Splash Cannonball Contest held every year since 1926.

Now, my story takes place last summer during the 88th annual such event, or The Double Ocho as it was marketed on social media. Now, lots of people signed up for the Big Splash Cannonball Contest, but we all knew we were battling for

second place because surely it would be won by five-time champion "Tugboat" Cremeans.

Tugboat was a nickname but not one of those ironic nicknames, like calling a big guy "Tiny." No, Tugboat was one of those regular nicknames, like calling a man / mountain Tugboat. Tugboat played football for Spring Valley High School. When he was in ninth grade, he tipped the scales at over 500 pounds. The state athletic commission had never seen a freshman that gargantuan. He played center, left guard, and right tackle, simultaneously. But it wasn't until after graduation that Tugboat found his true calling: the rapid displacement of water via sudden immersion, or the cannonball.

Now, at the Double Ocho, Tugboat won easily. He blew his competition out of the water, literally. But it wasn't until after the contest, as he hoisted his record-setting sixth trophy into the air, that he was filled with such pride—but dangerous pride, the kind of pride that attracts dark forces.

He announced to the crowd, "No man can out-cannonball me!" They roared back with adulation at their hero. There was a sudden heat in Kenova—a flash of flame, a whiff of hideous brimstone—and Old Scratch, the devil himself, appeared poolside at the Dreamland Pool. He marched up to Tugboat, and he said, "Tugboat Cremeans, in this land of dreams, you say your cannonball has no match. But no creature on Earth has a cannonball worth the splash splashed by mean Old Scratch."

Now, you could call it bravery, you could call it foolishness, or you could call it a youth spent in Baptist church services, but Tugboat didn't blink. He looked the devil in the eye and said, "Now, old man, I heard your name, and, of course, I know you well. But the day hasn't come when Pam Cremeans' son would back down from a demon from hell."

So, a wager was made. The price to be paid was Tugboat's immortal soul. But, if he should win, the prize he would get was the devil's swim trunks spun from gold.

Now, the devil won the coin toss, so, of course, he went first. He barreled down the diving board like a big Mack truck and leapt high into the air, disappearing into the heavens. And he rocketed down towards the Earth with the force and velocity of a meteorite. The impact on the surface of the water vaporized all of the contents of the Dreamland Pool, and the crowd was overcome. When they gathered themselves and wiped the chlorine mist from

their eyes, they looked down into the empty pool to see the devil laughing. And they realized his trick. "Tugboat Cremeans," he cried. "How can you cannonball into an empty pool?"

But Tugboat was not scared. He did not waver, he did not quiver, he did not doubt. He took his turn, he squared his shoulders, and he marched down that diving board. He paused at the end and sprang three times—as was his custom—and he leapt to his fate. He tucked up his knees, tucked down his chin, and hurtled towards the empty pool floor. When he struck the concrete at the base of the pool, it sent a shattering crack and thud. The cement split, but Tugboat wasn't done. He drilled down

into the Earth, spraying out dirt a half-mile deep, they say he went, until he fracked into a layer of shale. The force of his cannonball unleashed an aquifer trapped since the age of the dinosaurs. And the resulting geyser propelled Tugboat eight miles into the air.

And when it came back down, he marched up to Old Scratch, and this is what he said:

You emptied the pool, you dirty old fool
But my cannonball did just fine
Everyone's wet, you lost your bet
Your swim trunks now are mine

And that is the night the devil went down to Dreamland and left defeated and bare-bottomed.

YOUTH AWARD
Fiona Sullivan, Charleston

I was outside in my yard chasing fireflies—the typical Saturday night for me—when one of them flew into a bush. I went over to catch it, and I saw a pot pie. It was a little blue and moldy and disgusting and fuzzy, but the thing that really caught my attention was that it had an eye. And it was just bulging out there.

It was beginning to creep me out, so I just threw it away. And then I just went up to my room, hopped in bed, closed my eyes, and wished I had never seen it. When I woke up in the morning, I looked around and the pot pie was there on my bedside table, except it had grown a mouth.

I knew they should not have put hormones in chicken because now pot pies are evolving. He said, "You ate all the people I love, so I'm eating all the people you love." And I'm like, "What? I've never eaten a pot pie in my life."

Then, when I tried to take him outside, I guess somehow he grew these carrot-like arms. I was sort of getting scared. Then he grew carrot legs. I didn't think things could get any worse, but I was wrong because he just grew really tall.

He was running around the town, scaring people, chasing dogs, and stomping buildings. I tried to calm everybody down, but it was a little late because he had taken a chunk out of the capitol. Now, I was beginning to panic, and all these thoughts were swimming around in my head like, "Would Charleston be destroyed?" "Would we have to move the capital back to Wheeling for like the thousandth time?"

Then my mind went completely blank when I saw a giant black hole, and I felt myself just falling forward, and everything went pitch black.

Then the lights came back on, and everything was back to normal. The capitol had its chunk back, and my lamp was back. And then I realized that he must have eaten West Virginia. So that's why, sometimes, when you sniff the air, you can smell roast chicken. And so, the lesson of the story is, "Don't eat pot pies or pot pies might eat you." And that's the truth.

Ben Carr and His Banjo

By Marketa S. Smith

All photographs courtesy of Marketa S. Smith and Molly Martin unless noted otherwise.

Ben Carr playing his banjo at the Stonewall Jackson Jubilee at Jackson's Mill in 2005. Photo by Kim Johnson.

What Music Means

It all began before he was eight. The young dark-eyed boy coveted a banjo but not an expensive top-of-the-line one; instead, he wanted a cheap no-name instrument—what older folks called a "toilet seat banjo."

Ben Carr was born September 22, 1938, in a humble home in Wilsie, Braxton County. He lived in this "shanty," as he called it, through high school. During his childhood, he listened to family and friends gather on their porches and play music, and the forests and meadows were his playground.

Growing up on a farm, daily chores were as much a part of life as music and the great outdoors. "We used to raise a lot of chickens from eggs," says Ben. "To test which ones would be the best, we put them in a bucket of water. I think the bad ones went to the bottom. The good ones would come to the top. We always raised the ducks with the chickens because the turtles would try to get the ducks. So, we would let them get a little size on them

before we would turn them out. Once we did turn them out, the chicken hen would just go crazy running up along the creek, while the ducklings went straight for the water.

"Sometimes, when I was looking through the hay for chicken eggs, I would find black snake eggs. In the barn, there were little jugs that had a little handle on the side that you could put your finger through. Once I found a black snake that had gone through there. He had swallowed an egg, and he couldn't get out."

Ben's outdoor adventures occasionally turned a bit dangerous. He recalls hunting duck and goose nests for their eggs, "I was probably 10 or 12 when a mama goose got a-hold of me. She was flappin' me with her wings. Boy, that hurt! When they get a-hold of you with their bill, they pinch and then twist." Come the holiday season, though, the tables were turned because the Carrs always had goose, instead of turkey, for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

He kept pet crows, groundhogs, squirrels (including the flying kind), and even skunks. Ben remembers, "A great uncle, Burley Kesling, operated on them and took the stink thing out. But I lost one skunk (before the operation), and I was looking under buildings for it. And you talk about something hurtin'. It hurt when it got in your eyes. They are pretty sharp shooters too. Once when we were night hunting, we dug this skunk out, and it got us. Skunk would bring about a dollar-and-half back then. Possums were a quarter. I got sent home from school a time or two from having skunk on me."

Remembering farm life, he explains, "I used to follow my grandpa, Criss Carr, around, and I would keep the hay cleaned out of the corners of the mowin' machine 'cause if you didn't, it would get clogged

Left: Ben in his front yard at Wilsie, Braxton County, a week before his fourth birthday in 1942. He still remembers this exact spot in the yard.

Below: Ben in the fifth grade, ca. 1948.

Right: Ben about the time he graduated from Gassaway High School, ca. 1956.

up. You sort of mowed in a triangle shape. . . . Then when it got drier, we would work it with a horse hay rake, shock it up into piles, and let it set overnight. That made it easier to stack. It would flatten out some, and you could get a big fork of it to put on the haystack. This was also around the time when Kool-Aid first came out, and my grandpa, Criss, would lift up the drink bucket, and I would have to blow the hay seed out of the way before I could get a drink."

His school days provided fond memories, including some practical jokes. "We had a pot-bellied stove," Ben reflects. "When the fire would get low, anyone could go get coal and get it warmed back up again. Somebody put firecrackers in the coal. When someone else put the coal in the stove, with the firecrackers mixed in, the smoke would come through the holes and cracks . . . and the stove would just jump and give off a low pop!"

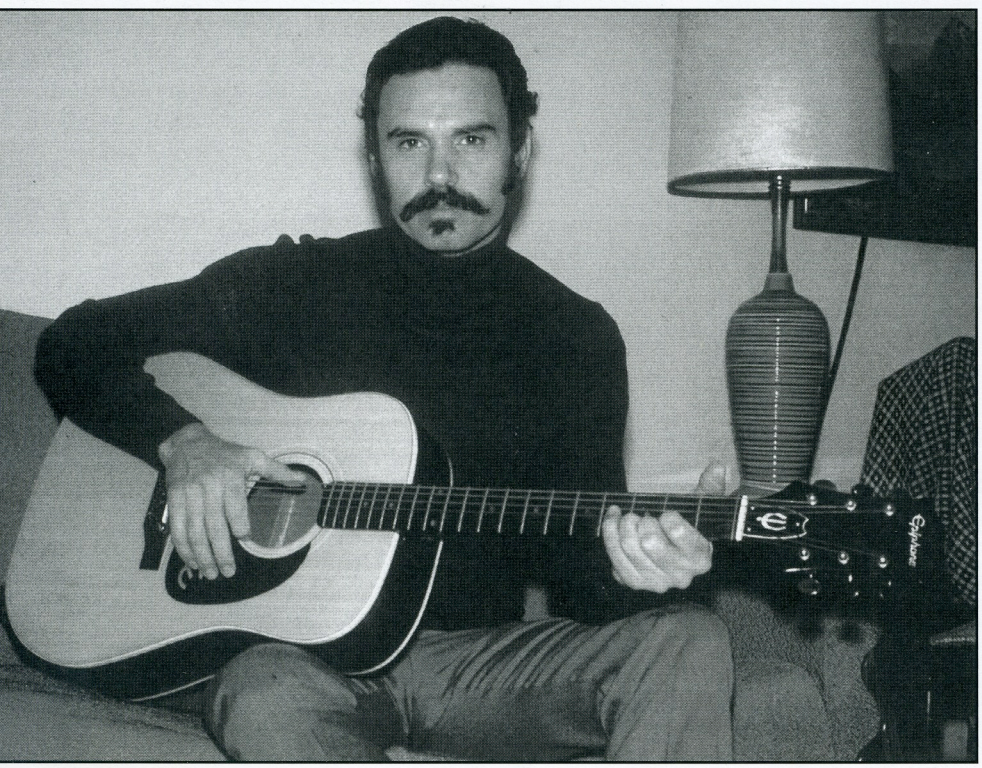
He adds, "There were times when we were rompin' around, and the stove would come apart. We would just keep kickin' it around so the floor wouldn't catch on fire. Back then, they would mop the floor with kerosene so it wouldn't be dusty. I remember our feet—you know you'd go barefoot in the warmer weather, and I'd walk home. Your feet, coated with that kerosene, would be all kinds of colors."

As he was going about his everyday adventures and chores, he kept thinking about that cheap banjo. Okey Meadows said he wanted $20 for it. Ben was determined to get it—a trait that's served him well through life. He remembers helping everyone he could in the hayfields for 50 cents an hour. It took at least two summers to raise enough to buy his no-name "toilet seat banjo," which he still has.

He started playing it during breaks at school when he was about 10. Some of his early musical influences were his step-grandfather Boyd Robinson and his uncle John Gratton Carr, who got him started on the guitar. At Gassaway High School, he played banjo in the Future Farmers of America Band. "At noon or between classes," remembers Ben, "we would go down in the furnace room, and my great uncle, Burley Kesling, would play the mandolin for us. He was a janitor, and he took care of the furnace. He was the son of Robert Kesling, who played the fiddle."

Ben's grandson Keseling Smith is now learning to play

Ben is a multi-instrumentalist, demonstrating his skills on the guitar in the 1970s and on the fiddle in 2002.



that same fiddle. Ben has passed down his love of music to many of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. So far, he's given six of them instruments.

After graduating high school in 1956, Ben joined the U.S. Air Force. After leaving the military, he worked in Akron, Ohio, for a short time before returning to West Virginia and getting a job with the Equitable Gas Company in Braxton County. He spent nearly 35 years at the company and retired in December 1996. All the while, his banjo was never far from reach, "That's where I learned to play the clawhammer—was at work—and I made baskets too." When "his girls" (what he called his daughters) visited, he'd play while they drank chocolate milk.

Ben kept meeting wonderful folks who shared his musical interests. He played with Chub Hacker, Anita Fisher, and occasionally Norman Adams at Chapel in Braxton County. Next, he played with Jim Tucker and Joe Morris. Ben and Jim advertised in the local paper for a tenor singer. Cliff Wylkie answered the ad, and then Terry Burke joined in as a bass player. They'd sometimes visit fiddler Gerry Milnes, who had a cabin in Webster County. One time, an electric bass player came by to sit in, but, as Ben recalls, "The guy kept looking and noticed there wasn't any electric poles. So, he wanted to be taken back out of the holler."

Music has always been close to his heart. As his youngest daughter, Khanisha Hervey, puts it, "Music is part of him." The Carr family doesn't remember a time when there wasn't jamming in the front room. Ben also competed in festivals around the state, including the West Virginia Folk Festival at Glenville and the Vandalia Gathering in Charleston. "The last time I won first place at Vandalia," Ben says, "was 2004. Entered every year, I won all levels, first to last, and everything in between."

Teaching himself to play and learning from other friends and family, he developed both bluegrass and clawhammer techniques on the banjo. He counts it an honor to have played with so many wonderful, talented people, including Norman and Gerry, Dwight Diller, Jake Krack, and the beloved Melvin Wine, just to name a few. Many of these people weren't only wonderful musicians but great friends as well. Ben also played in local bands, such as "Brothers in Christ" with Ron Lane and Mark Murphy.

Wherever Ben would go, his banjo followed—whether it was just down the road, in other countries, to Alaska on

"Pappy" Ben with his grandson Keseling Smith at Wilsie in 2005. Keseling is now learning to play the fiddle that was handed down to Ben from Ben's great-great-uncle.

mission trips, on vacation, or on countless hunting trips. He met people near and far, including some dear Amish friends he first encountered on a trail ride. Naturally, music was involved. "We'd play until way in the night," Ben remembers, "and we'd say, 'Well, one more tune,' and a lot of times, it was two more tunes."

What does music mean to Ben? His daughter Molly, who also loves singing and playing, insightfully explains, "Music is a lot of things. For Papa, it's a social thing. Getting better at a song, talking about a song, talking about techniques—it gives him a way to make friends with people who have the same interests as he does. Also, he is such a perfectionist. Music gives him a real sense of accomplishment. All these different people get together with their different instruments, and they work together until they are all in perfect synchronization.... Lastly, he expresses his feelings in song. It's a way for him to show feeling without having to talk about it."

His most recent long-standing band, The Variety Pack, got its start at the Flatwoods antique mall. The band was a favorite in central West Virginia, and its members became something of folk celebrities. The Variety Pack featured Ben on banjo, guitar, and harmony vocals; Jim Tucker strumming a 1921 Gibson mandolin and singing; Ed Rexroad on the guitar and singing; and Joe Nutter picking the guitar and singing lead. They came up with the band name because each member brought his own style of music. Jim and Ben knew Civil War and old-time tunes, Ed had a catalog of songs from the '60s and '70s, and Joe could belt out old country-and-western standards, such as songs by Hank Williams, Conway Twitty, and Johnny Cash. These men, sporting hats and suspenders, played nearly every Friday night for nine years at the John Skidmore Truck Stop in Flatwoods. During this time, they formed strong bonds among themselves and with their regular audience members. The Variety Pack also played at other venues, such as Seneca Rocks, Cass Railroad, family reunions, and a lot of churches.

Being the humble man he is, I don't think Ben comprehends, or has even considered, the influence he's had on other musicians and music lovers in general. But when I ask him, "What does music mean to you?" he replies wholeheartedly, "It means everything. It just gets right down in your soul."

Ben suffered a stroke in June 2011, two weeks after taking third prize in the Vandalia senior banjo contest. In the hospital, he repeatedly asked for his banjo—a thought that still brings tears to our eyes. Even though he can no longer play banjo, music is still a big part of who he is. He explains, "Because now, I don't have it, and I didn't realize how much I missed it." Music is in his soul, and only true artists can understand this deep connection. God blessed Ben with a love of and talent for music—and He blessed me by making him my dad.

Ben (left) warming up with John Preston at the 2005 Vandalia Gathering in Charleston. Photo by Kim Johnson.

MARKETA S. SMITH, Ben's daughter, was born and raised in Wilsie. She graduated with cum laude honors from Fairmont State University. Marketa gladly cares for her husband and son, serves in her church, and teaches elementary school near Raleigh, North Carolina. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Fairmont's Last Living Slave

When you're researching history, you never know what you might find. I first learned about "Aunt Hat" Wilson from a column by Ned Smith in a 1941 Fairmont newspaper. According to Ned, Aunt Hat was supposedly the last person living in Fairmont who was born a slave. I grew more intrigued when I searched the online photograph collection of the West Virginia and Regional History Center at West Virginia University. I found a photo of a young African-American woman identified as "Harriet, Hattie, Little Hat Wilson Whitely, Slave of Hiram Haymond of Marion County." With these clues in hand, I started my research journey into the life of Fairmont's last living slave.

Harriet "Hattie" Wilson came into this world on March 15, 1855, the daughter of Rebecca Wilson, also a slave, in Marion County, which was then part of Virginia. Since Hattie was a slave, her birth wasn't recorded in public records, and her father's identity is unknown.

When Hattie was about five years old, she was sold to Hiram Haymond on the steps of the Marion County Courthouse along with her mother, Rebecca (age 34), and older sister, Helen (age 16). There is no documentation on the seller; however, Hiram's wife, Margaret, was the daughter of a wealthy pioneer in the region named Benjamin Wilson. So, it's possible that Hattie, Rebecca, and Helen could've

Harriet Wilson, her mother, and her sister were sold on the steps of the old Marion County Courthouse in Fairmont about 1860. Courtesy of the Elizabeth Windsor Collection, the West Virginia State Archives.

"Aunt Hat" Wilson Whitely

By M. Raymond Alvarez

Harriet "Little Hat" Wilson, ca. 1861. Photo by H. B. Hull, courtesy of the West Virginia & Regional History Center, West Virginia University Libraries (hereafter, WVRHC).

been owned originally by the Wilson family.

Hiram and Margaret Haymond resided in Palatine, which would become part of Fairmont in 1899. The 1860 census lists him as a "grazier" (farmer) and merchant. By that time, he'd already purchased Hattie, Rebecca, and Helen—the only three slaves he owned. He served in the Virginia General Assembly and was an incorporator of the Fairmont-Palatine Bridge Company, which built the original suspension bridge over the Monongahela River. In 1861, he served as a delegate to the First Constitutional Convention of West Virginia.

By the time of the Civil War, Hiram had amassed considerable debt and was being dogged by creditors. In February 1862—about when the first regular session of the Constitutional Convention adjourned—he abruptly abandoned his property in Marion County and moved to Champaign, Illinois, where he died the following year.

It's not known what became of Hiram's slaves after his departure, but they apparently didn't accompany him to the free state of Illinois. One theory is that Sylvanus Hall, another West Virginia founding father from Fairmont, took possession of Hattie, Rebecca, and Helen.

It's possible that Hattie, her mother, and her sister could've remained slaves for up to three more years after Hiram's departure. A common misunderstanding is that West Virginia prohibited slavery when it became a state in 1863. In reality, West Virginia was the last slave state admitted to the Union. A congressional compromise known as the Willey Amendment allowed the new state to have slaves but directed that slave children must gain their

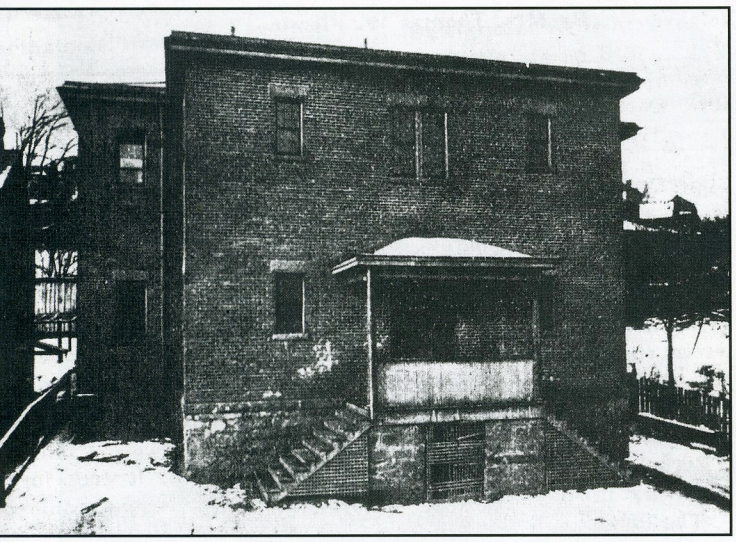
freedom when reaching the ages of 21 or 25, depending on their ages in 1863. In the wake of the 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which banned slavery nationally, West Virginia freed all its slaves in February 1865. So, if Hiram didn't free his slaves when he departed for Illinois—and no official records indicate this—Hattie, her mother, and her sister could've conceivably remained the slaves of Sylvanus Hall or someone else until as late as February 1865, shortly before Hattie turned 10.

In 1869, Hattie was among 27 pupils who attended the newly constructed school for African-American children in Fairmont, located near Madison and Jackson streets. The school, which received financial support from state founder Francis H. Pierpont and local businessmen, was organized by black community leaders, including Alfred Meade, a hotel porter who'd married Hattie's sister Helen about 1865. When the school first opened, Hattie was one of five students who could read or spell. Later census records indicate she completed four years of formal education.

From a young age until she was well into her 70s, Hattie worked as a cook and domestic for families in Fairmont. In the 1870 census, she was listed as a house servant for the Rev. James Snowden and his wife, Kate. Hattie's mother, Rebecca, lived nearby and was a domestic servant for William Ingram. In the 1870 and 1880 censuses, Helen Wilson Meade and her husband, Alfred, were raising a family. Helen would die in 1888 of heart problems at age 45.

Harriet's sister, Helen Wilson, ca. 1861. Photo by H. B. Hull, courtesy of the WVRHC.

Harriet's mother, Rebecca "Aunt Beck" Wilson, ca. 1861. Photo by H. B. Hull, courtesy of the WVRHC.



Left: Harriet attended the old Fairmont school for black children. Right: This is John Andrew Clark's former mansion on Gaston Avenue in Fairmont as it appeared in the 1970s. Harriet lived and worked here for more than 30 years. The house was later acquired by the Shaw family and served as a restaurant before becoming the site of Fairmont Clinic in 1958. In the 1980s, the structure was purchased by City National Bank and demolished. Both photos courtesy of M. Raymond Alvarez.

By 1880, Hattie was working as a servant for Sylvanus Hall, who, as noted earlier, might have taken possession of Hattie's family after Hiram Haymond's sudden departure for Illinois. Rebecca isn't listed in the 1880 census, so it's possible she died during the previous decade, although her death doesn't appear in Marion County records. On June 2, 1881, Hattie married Richard Whitely, one of the first black barbers in the area. He died of liver problems in 1897 at age 52. They never had children, and Hattie never remarried.

From 1891 to 1931, she was a servant for and eventually lived with the John Andrew Clark family. Clark and his wife, Nan Elizabeth, came to the Fairmont area in 1889, and by 1896, he'd opened three mines under the banner of the Clark Coal Company and was involved with various other businesses. Clark was described in a 1907 Fairmont publication as one "whose checkbook is ever at hand when contributions are solicited for purposes conserving the city's

Slavery in Present West Virginia Counties in 1860

The 1860 Slave Schedule of the U.S. Census counted 18,371 slaves living in the counties that would make up the new state of West Virginia in 1863; this contrasts sharply with the nearly half-million slaves who resided in Virginia at the time. Nearly one-third of western Virginia's slaves lived and worked in the Eastern Panhandle counties of Jefferson and Berkeley. More than one-fourth of the others were from Kanawha, Greenbrier, and Monroe counties. There were also 2,773 freed blacks living in what would become West Virginia. Marion County, where Hattie lived, had about 65 slaves and 35 slave owners, including Hiram Haymond and his two brothers.

The same census counted 3,605 slave owners in what is now known as West Virginia. Of this number, about 71 percent owned five slaves or less, suggesting that most were used in small farm settings. It's estimated that about half the slaves in this region were used for agriculture; the rest labored in commerce, industry, or multiple occupations.

Harriet Wilson Whitely is pictured here in Fairmont, front and center, late in life. The others are the family of her nephew (left-right): Ella Jones Meade and her mother (name unidentified), Bessie Meade Johnson (seated on the horse), Bill Meade, and Hiawatha Meade. Courtesy of Charlotte A. Meade.

physical, social, educational or industrial welfare."

He built a prominent Greek Revival-style home at 108 Gaston Avenue in Fairmont. It was home to his wife; sons John Jr., Harry, and Kenna; and eventually Hattie, who became known affectionately in the family and community as "Aunt Hat."

John Andrew Clark died in 1923, followed by his wife in 1931. No longer needed at the Clark residence, Hattie moved in with her nephew Howard Meade and his wife, Cora, on Field Street, where she spent the last decade of her life. She died at their home on April 26, 1941.

Aunt Hat's funeral at Trinity Methodist Church, officiated by the Rev. T. H. Carpenter, was well attended by black and white citizens. John Andrew Clark's sons paid for Aunt Hat's funeral expenses and purchased her a plot in Fairmont's Evergreen Cemetery, which had been established in 1935 by John Barker Williams as a perpetual-care graveyard for the city's black community. Her obituary, featured prominently in the *Fairmont Times*, noted her culinary skills and stated that many of her recipes found their way into local cookbooks.

Two days after Aunt Hat's passing in 1941, columnist Ned Smith wrote a tribute to her, emphasizing how she had been revered in the community:

"The death of Aunt Hat Whitely probably severed the last line in our town with those distant days of human bondage. It is hard to believe today, but Aunt Hat, when a child, stood in front of the courthouse where she was sold by the Sheriff to the highest bidder. . . .

"In a changing world, her passing will be noted with regret and in time, it will be a mark of distinction to have known her as one who was born in bondage and who considered the highest form of life the privilege to serve."

M. RAYMOND ALVAREZ is a Marion County native. He holds undergraduate and graduate degrees from West Virginia University and a doctorate in health care administration from Central Michigan University. He is a visiting assistant professor for WVU's Public Administration program and a health care consultant. This is Raymond's 11th article for GOLDENSEAL. His most recent works included two articles about Fairmont architecture in our Fall 2014 edition.

Finding Aunt Hat's Grave

By M. Raymond Alvarez

In fall 2014, I first contacted Nadine Williams Ezelle about the location of Aunt Hat's grave, which was unmarked in Evergreen Cemetery. Mrs. Ezelle, who was in high school in 1941, remembered Aunt Hat's death and burial. Last summer, Mrs. Ezelle's son Lambert marked the gravesite with a wooden post.

I began to inquire about a permanent marker for Aunt Hat's grave. Bud Ford of Ford Funeral Home provided me with costs for an upright stone. I spoke with Nancy Bickerstaff, president of the Woman's Club of Fairmont, and asked if her group could raise $1,200. She shared my information about Aunt Hat's importance at a meeting of her group; within 15 minutes, the club had raised the money. The installation date is set for April 2016, with the Woman's Club sponsoring the dedication.

HARRIET WILSON WHITELY
"AUNT HAT"
MARCH 15, 1855
APRIL 26, 1941

BORN INTO SLAVERY
LOVED AND RESPECTED
BY THOSE SHE CARED FOR
THROUGHOUT HER LIFE

Lambert Ezelle marks the spot of Harriet Wilson Whitely's grave with a wooden post. A permanent gravestone will be placed on the site in spring 2016. Courtesy of M. Raymond Alvarez.

Charlie didn't remember the exact date, but sometime in late spring 1921, fellow union member Herb Hall approached him about organizing miners. The goal was to free fellow United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) members who'd been jailed illegally in Logan and Mingo counties. Charlie's job was to help Herb mobilize miners living on the south side of the Kanawha River in eastern Kanawha County, specifically the area from Chesapeake to Pratt.

My father-in-law's role in the armed miners' march of 1921 was a stunning revelation to me. Since the 1960s, I'd studied and written about the West Virginia Mine Wars. Little did I know that my own father-in-law was a leader in the Battle of Blair Mountain. He even had proof of it—a slightly faded but well-preserved red bandana—an unofficial uniform accessory that earned the miners the nickname of the "Red Neck Army." The bandana is now on display in the West Virginia State Museum.

Charlie Holstein, about the time of Blair Mountain, 1921. All photos are courtesy of Fred Barkey unless noted otherwise.

"Blair Mountain changed my life!"

When I finally sat down to talk with Charlie, he was initially hesitant, like most of the march participants. This just added to the whole mystery. But, as I delved more deeply into his story, I realized why he was chosen to serve on the frontlines of the largest armed uprising of workers in American labor history.

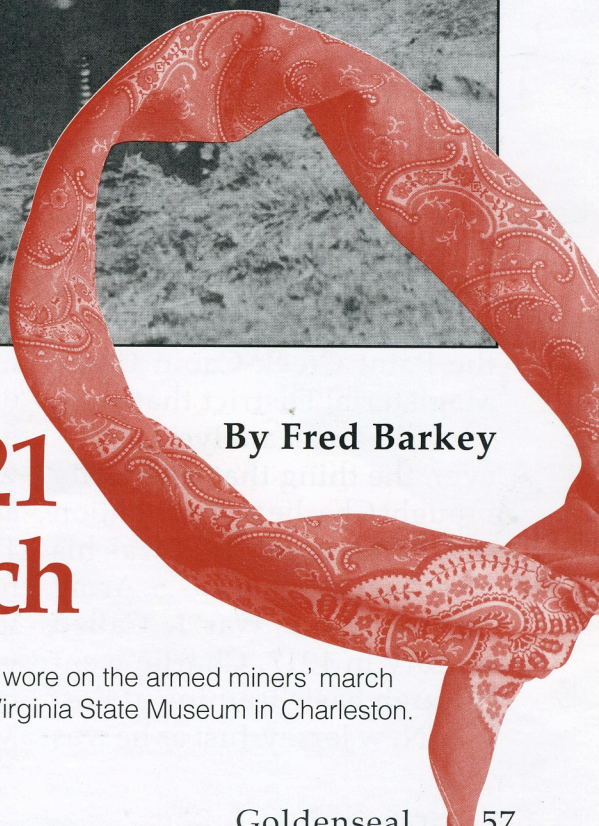
First of all, Charles Holstein was the son of a coal miner. Born in Winifrede in Kanawha County, he was the eldest child of Abraham Lincoln "Link" and Mattie McNeff Holstein. When he was about six years old, Charlie's family moved a few miles up the Kanawha River to Coalburg, where "Link" worked in the mines owned by William Seymour Edwards, a well-known coal operator and Progressive Republican.

Young Charlie attended the community grade school, whose teacher had a college education—a rarity in those days—paid for by Edwards. Charlie was an adept and eager student, and Edwards tried to persuade him to attend high school. However, like many teenagers in the coalfields,

Charlie Holstein wearing his World War I uniform; the woman is unidentified.

Reflections on the 1921 Armed Miners' March

By Fred Barkey



This is the bandana Charlie Holstein wore on the armed miners' march in 1921. It is on display in the West Virginia State Museum in Charleston. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

In 1921, Charlie Holstein and other union members broke into the basement of the Good Shepherd Church in Coalburg to capture guns and ammunition but were disappointed to find only "robes and a bunch of religious ritual books." The church, which is listed in the National Register of Historic Places, still holds regular services. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

the lure or necessity of a mining job was strong, so Charlie joined his father in the mines, where he labored for almost a decade.

During his time as a practical miner, Charlie became a union man and participated in several strikes, including the Paint Creek-Cabin Creek conflict of 1912-1913, the deadliest strike of the Mine Wars. His father ran unsuccessfully for office on the Socialist Party's ticket in 1914. If "Link" had run in 1912 instead, he probably would've won since the Socialists carried the Paint Creek-Cabin Creek Magisterial District that year.

In the final analysis, however, the thing that especially brought Charlie to the attention of UMWA organizers was his recent service in the U.S. Army during World War I. Called to duty in 1917, Charlie went through basic training at Fort Lee, New Jersey. Just as he was getting ready to ship overseas, he contracted a serious case of Spanish flu, which had reached epidemic proportions. By the time he recovered, the Great War had ended, and Charlie returned to the mines—little realizing that his military training would be useful after all.

Charlie and Herb were tapped for leadership at a critical time in the UMWA's drive to organize West Virginia's southernmost counties. Many miners in Boone and Mingo counties were already conducting *recognition strikes*—intended to coerce coal operators into recognizing the union. Frank Keeney, the president of the UMWA's District 17, was pushing coal operators to accept and deal with the union. The operators responded with heavy-handed resistance that, in turn, provoked a number of violent incidents—the most important being the Matewan Massacre in May 1920 and its aftermath, which coalesced upper Kanawha Valley miners around a common cause. As Charlie explained, "Herb and I had no problem in getting together a group of boys that we called the 'early birds,' who could be counted on to step forward when we needed to move on something." That something began with an attempt to stockpile arms and ammunition.

"At one of the first meetings of our people," Charlie acknowledged, "we raised that issue, and right off the bat, one of the boys from Coalburg reminded us that it was a well-known fact that our town's Catholic church had guns and explosives stored in its basement. [We] decided that a raid on the church should be high on the agenda."

A couple of weeks later, Charlie and several of the boys noticed that the *Farmer's Almanac* was predicting a virtually moonless evening a few nights later—perfect conditions for a raid. On that dark night, a small group broke into the church and searched the basement thoroughly. However, as Charlie complained, "We sure were disappointed. All we found for our efforts were some robes and a bunch of religious ritual books."

Although they couldn't solve their armaments problem right away, Charlie and Herb mobilized their contacts and offered aid to hundreds of striking miners who were living in tent colonies throughout Boone and Mingo counties. Charlie explained, "We had a num-

ber of vehicles that we could regularly load up with food and supplies for those folks that would help make their lives a little more bearable."

Tensions in the coalfields escalated dramatically on August 1, 1921, when Baldwin-Felts Detectives, paid by coal operators, murdered Sid Hatfield—the union hero of the Matewan Massacre—on the steps of the McDowell County Courthouse in Welch. Hatfield's murder incensed miners. From this point on, there would be no turning back. The union collected guns and ammunition, while the men brought from home their own squirrel guns, shotguns, and anything else they could shoot. Charlie, Herb, and the rest of the miners realized they'd all be laying their lives on the line.

Charlie Holstein and some other leaders of the march used cars to shuttle food and equipment to the front. For posterity, Charlie later re-enacted one of these moments and got his car stuck in the mud.

Most of the men checked in first at Marmet, just east of Charleston, during the first part of August. The plan was to march across Lens Creek Mountain to Danville and Madison in Boone County and then on to Logan and Mingo counties.

"I was up at Lens Creek with some of the boys," recalled Charlie, "helping to move people along. And I was there when Mother Jones made a speech saying that President Harding was going to straighten things out for us, and she read a telegram from the president to that effect." Charlie was one of those who thought the telegram was a fake. "When she read it," Charlie recalled, "she said it was signed 'Warren A. Harding,' but I knew his middle name was Gamaliel." When asked whether he openly expressed his skepticism, Charlie replied, "No I didn't, and I'll tell you why. There was so much tension at that meeting that I was afraid of what might happen." The fake telegram was one of many odd events that would occur over the next week. Mother Jones' deception seems especially peculiar since she'd always been such a friend of the miners and a fiery supporter of armed resistance. To this day, it's not clear why she tried to fool the men. A prevalent theory is that she was trying to dissuade them from making a march that would likely end in disaster for the men and the union. Regardless of her motivations, Mother Jones never fully regained the trust of rank-and-file miners.

Beginning on August 24, Charlie and thousands of other armed men started their march south. Although it was a daunting prospect, particularly in the sweltering heat of late August, the miners knew they'd receive food and other support along the way. "More and more of the boys knew the way to go," Charlie said, "and that they could get assistance along the route."

Another bizarre incident occurred when the men reached Madison. Federal and state officials were preparing to intervene on a grand scale. President Harding went so far as to refer to the march as a "civil war." Pressured by federal and state authorities, Frank Keeney, a firebrand and key leader of the march, gave a speech on August 26 urging the miners to end their march. He brought up the name of Logan County Sheriff Don Chafin, who was detested by the miners. Keeney pleaded with

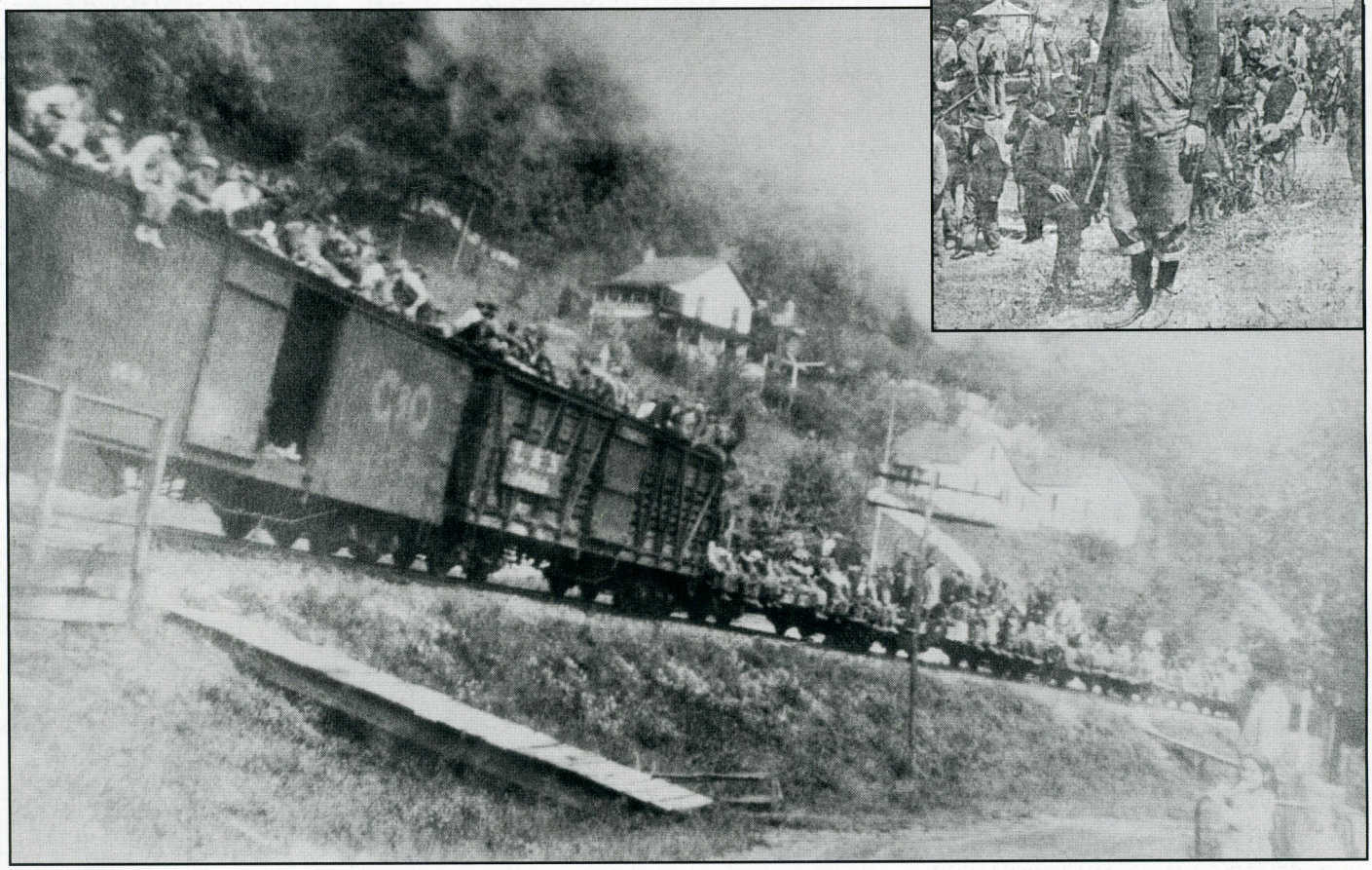
the men, "This time, you've got more than Don Chafin against you. You've got the governor of West Virginia against you. You've got the government of the United States against you.... You can fight the government of West Virginia, but, by God, you can't fight the government of the United States."

Many miners did, in fact, head home aboard special trains; although, there's speculation that even as Keeney was publicly advocating an end to the march, he was privately pressing the men to continue. While many more men were considering abandoning their effort, another twist occurred. Word soon spread that a couple hundred deputy sheriffs and state troopers had attacked a group of miners at Sharples, just across the Logan County line. Three miners were killed in this attack, and two more were wounded. Charlie compared this event to "pouring gasoline on the warm ashes of a campfire." The miner's march was back on and with a vengeance.

Possibly because of the confusion generated by these events, or because he had serious thoughts about the whole enterprise, Herb Hall gave up his position as commander of the Coalburg-East Bank miners. He told Charlie, "It's up to you. You're the leader now." Apparently shocked by the turn of events, Charlie explained to his leaders that he'd do his best but that, unlike Herb, he'd never been in the frontlines during World War I.

The day after learning about the Sharples incident, Charlie and a contingent of men moved out as quickly as possible toward the impending battle. "We had my car and a couple of others," Charlie recalled, "so we made great time back to Hernshaw and on to the

There are few photos of the miners' march. This grainy newspaper image shows the makeshift uniforms the marchers put together. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.



This photo presumably shows miners being transported home after the Battle of Blair Mountain. Other sources suggest it depicts the miners on their way to the battle aboard a hijacked train. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

camps around Lens Creek." The trip was anything but incident free. Charlie explained, "We stopped at a store up that way to see if we could pick up a few pistols, and we got some. Well, one of the fellas dropped the new gun he was loading. It went off and wounded the storekeeper's daughter, who was playing outside in front of the place." Charlie recalled that the little girl later became a hairdresser and would show customers where the bullet went through her ankle.

Charlie and his men camped along Hewett Creek that evening. They were joined by a steady slew of miners moving toward the front. "It was really something to see," Charlie remembered. "They were dressed about every way you could imagine, and quite a few like me wore a red bandana. . . . Some of the guys even wore their U.S. Army uniform."

Charlie's crew took up a position on the sprawling frontline along the Spruce Fork Ridge of Blair Mountain, a natural fortress that guarded the town of Logan. They were quickly dispatched to break through Don Chafin's defenses, which were manned by a private army of deputies, mine guards, and civilians, all funded by coal companies. Charlie described his time on the front as "an experience in organized chaos with us probing for weak spots and them shoring up the same." Charlie believed that the constantly shifting intensity of the struggle took a great toll on union resources. "This is where some chickens came home to roost," Charlie opined. "We were armed with every kind of gun you could think of, and a lot of fellas just plain ran out of ammunition for their older weapons." This and the arrival of U.S. Army troops ended the battle.

Like many of the Blair Mountain marchers, Charlie was pleased to see that 2,000-3,000 federal troops had arrived—a welcome alternative to Chafin's rogue army. Charlie's reaction changed, though, when he found out "on good authority" that he was on a list of 200 men to be arrested and charged with treason. Fortunately for Charlie, his younger sister Bea gave him a chance to flee the state. Beatrice Holstein had married a young man from a prominent Philadelphia family. Through this connection, Charlie moved to Camden, New Jersey, where Bea's in-laws got him a job at a City Service Company facility.

After the battle, Charlie fled the state to avoid prosecution. He's shown here leaning on a 1925 Maxwell with Ohio plates.

Seven years after the battle, Charlie married Alice Cassady, a young schoolteacher from Kanawha County. She's shown on the left stylishly dressed and with her best friend from high school, Fay Johnson (left).

Ultimately, only one miner was convicted of treason; Walter Allen, who skipped bail and was never recaptured.

During the next half-dozen years, Charlie built a new life away from his native state; however, he returned periodically to West Virginia for weddings, reunions, and funerals. It was at one of the latter that he met a woman who would become his future wife—an attractive young schoolteacher, Alice Cassady. Alice had grown up in the town of Chesapeake. As a young girl, she'd helped her father peddle and deliver all sorts of farm goods, but her goal was to teach school [see "According to Miss Alice: A Farm Girl Recalls Coal Town Life" by Fred Barkey, GOLDENSEAL, Spring 1997].

Alice and Charlie carried on a long-distance courtship for a year or two before marrying in summer 1928. The couple had barely begun to build their lives together in Camden when the Great Depression hit. The City Service facility where Charlie worked drastically reduced its labor force, but Charlie was one of the lucky employees who was offered a position with the City Service in Gary, Indiana.

During this economic crisis, Alice returned to West Virginia, where she'd been assured of a teaching position. Using all their own resources and borrowing money from Alice's mother, Charlie and Alice purchased a house in Chesapeake. Charlie remained in Gary for five or so years, with Alice visiting during summers and holidays and Charlie making occasional trips back to West Virginia. The Holsteins started a family in 1935 with the birth of a daughter, Sandra Suzanne.

In subsequent years, the couple drifted apart. Alice became more involved with her job, church work, and care for her mother, whose health was deteriorating. Charlie began

to wrestle with bouts of binge drinking, a pattern that would follow him with greater or lesser intensity the rest of his life. The trips to see each other became less and less frequent. The marriage limped along until 1943, when Alice had all but completed the legal steps for divorce.

However, after an absence of more than 20 years, Charlie returned to West Virginia and worked with Alice to save their marriage. Armed with endorsements of his work record and the influence of friends and neighbors in Chesapeake, Charlie got a job at the sprawling DuPont chemical plant across the Kanawha River at Belle. By this time, state and federal officials had long since lost interest in prosecuting miners involved with the armed march. So, Charlie and Alice lived the rest of their lives in peace.

Reflecting on the impact of the miners' march on him, Charlie said, "Blair Mountain changed my life! Had it not been for that, I probably would have spent my life mining coal like my father and brother. In its own way, the aftermath of the strike produced circumstances that helped determine who I would marry and what my relationship with my daughter would be. Even my name was changed. While we were living in Gary, the little girl next door to us called us 'Hoyten' instead of Holstein. Somehow, this evolved into Hody, and that's what people call me. Why, a lot of people in this town don't know my real name. Yes, I'd say that Blair Mountain definitely changed my life."

Charlie "Hody" Holstein died in 1980 at age 84. His wife, "Miss Alice" Cassady Holstein, retired from teaching after 41 years. She lived to the ripe old age of 93, dying in 1998.

Charlie Holstein in later years as an employee of the DuPont Belle Works.

For more information about Blair Mountain and the Mine Wars, see The GOLDENSEAL Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars, *edited by Ken Sullivan. Copies can be ordered from GOLDENSEAL at (304)558-0220. The large-format, 109-page paperbound book sells for $12.95, plus $2 postage and handling. West Virginia residents, please add 6% state sales tax (total $15.73 per book, including tax and shipping).*

FRED BARKEY holds a Ph.D. in labor history from the University of Pittsburgh. He is a retired professor from the University of Charleston and the West Virginia Graduate College. He has written four previous articles for GOLDENSEAL, including one in our third issue ever (in 1975). His most recent contribution to the magazine was in Summer 2001.

West Virginians on

All photographs are from the Jack Feller Collection, the West Virginia State Archives, unless noted otherwise.

By James E. Casto

The 2nd West Virginia Infantry color guard at Camp Kanawha, Charleston, 1916.

The 1st Battalion of the 2nd West Virginia Infantry at Camp Wilson, San Antonio, Texas, 1916. Courtesy of the Terry Lowry Collection, the West Virginia State Archives.

In 1916, Mexico was a country in turmoil. Venustiano Carranza was Mexico's de facto president, but bandits and self-styled revolutionaries, such as Francisco "Pancho" Villa, actually ruled much of the countryside.

On March 9, 1916, on the orders of Villa, an armed force of 500 Mexicans attacked the little town of Columbus, New Mexico, which was garrisoned by a U.S. Army detachment. The attackers killed 10 residents and eight soldiers, burned part of the town, stole horses and mules, and seized guns and ammunition before fleeing back into Mexico.

The U.S. government reacted swiftly. President Woodrow Wilson designated General John J. Pershing, who would soon earn fame in World War I, to command a "Punitive Expedition." Small Army units were immediately dispatched into Mexico to pursue Villa. Ultimately, Pershing commanded a force of more than 11,000 men.

However, an 11,000-man invasion of Mexico didn't ease the fears of nervous U.S. residents along the Mexican border, who were worried about more attacks. In response, Wilson called into federal service more than

the Mexican Border a Century Ago

100,000 members of the National Guard from every state other than Nevada (which had no Guard unit at the time) and sent them to protect the border communities.

That's how hundreds of West Virginia Guardsmen found themselves in Texas. President Wilson's order, issued on June 18, was delivered to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, who incidentally was a native of Martinsburg. The call ultimately reached West Virginia Governor Henry Hatfield on the morning of June 19. Within five days, members of the West Virginia Guard had assembled at a hastily arranged mobilization camp in Kanawha City (now part of Charleston). The West Virginia Guard had a proud tradition, dating back to a militia company formed by Morgan Morgan in present Berkeley County in 1735. More recently, the Guard had been called upon to quell the violence associated with the bloody Paint Creek-Cabin Creek coal mine strike in Kanawha County.

After Wilson's call, Guardsmen from around Charleston marched to the camp; others arrived on special trains from across the state. One of the first orders of business was medical exams. Many men were rejected for being too old or too overweight for military service. The *Huntington Advertiser* reported that 56 men had fainted and been carried off on stretchers when subjected to the double ordeal of being vaccinated in both arms. The men suffered no lasting ill effects, the newspaper said.

At the time, the West Virginia Guard consisted of two infantry regiments. The federal mobilization order required that West Virginia furnish only one regiment. However, the West Virginia Guard was so undermanned that the state's two regiments were rolled into one unit, designated as the Second Regiment. Even with two regiments combined, West Virginia still had an insufficient number of Guardsmen at its disposal.

Speculation ran high that the West Virginia troops would be on their way to the border in a matter of days, but that didn't occur. Instead, the Guardsmen remained at Camp Kanawha for four months as recruiting efforts continued to bring the Second Regiment up to full strength. The National Guard also had to gather the necessary supplies and equipment, including basic items like clothing, which were

Members of the 2nd West Virginia Infantry bide their time at Camp Kanawha in Charleston while waiting to be dispatched to Texas.

in short supply. West Virginia Adjutant General John C. Bond complained of having to spend state funds to buy shoes, underwear, and other clothing.

Guard officers tried to keep the men busy with training exercises. The regiment carried out a two-day field march from Camp Kanawha to Spring Hill, located about 10 miles west, in South Charleston. A planned four-day march to Clendenin in northern Kanawha County was canceled when the Department of War failed to authorize horses for the officers to ride.

On August 9, the drills took a tragic and unexpected turn when communities along Cabin Creek in eastern Kanawha County were hit by a severe flood. Five days later, the Coal River flooded at Racine in Boone County. The two floods killed more than 70 people and destroyed hundreds of homes. Guardsmen from Camp Kanawha were rushed to both disaster scenes, where they remained for two weeks, keeping order and aiding flood victims.

On October 17, the West Virginia National Guard finally left Camp Kanawha for Texas, traveling aboard a three-section troop train. At 1,182 men, the regiment was still well under its authorized strength. The Guard stopped off briefly in Huntington, arriving at the Chesapeake & Ohio (C&O) Railway depot at 4 a.m. Even though it was the middle of the night, more than 300 people had been waiting for hours to greet the troops. The three-minute stop was just enough time for some of the Guardsmen to wave from the open windows of their railcars. *The Herald-Dispatch* reported that "a mighty cheer went up" from the assembled crowd as the men pulled out. After a four-day train trip, they arrived at Camp Wilson at San Antonio on October 21.

One of the Guard members from Huntington, Second Lieutenant R. Starr Thornburg, worked as a reporter for the *Huntington Advertiser*. While he and his fellow Guardsmen were in Texas, he wrote a half-dozen newspaper dispatches, providing glimpses of camp life among the soldiers.

In his first article, published October 28, Thornburg wrote about Sergeant Major "Chick" Frampton's first encounter with a bucking bronco. The experience, as Thornburg described it, was brief as Frampton was tossed into the sagebrush "in a most unmilitary manner."

The regimental adjutant, Thornburg also reported, had been "furnished with a motorcycle and special driver." Members of the regiment's machine gun company, he noted, hoped to be issued automobiles to replace the mules they were using.

In early November, Thornburg described a 40-mile march undertaken by the Guard units. Only a few West Virginians in the group dropped out from fatigue, while units from other states lost many more men along the way.

For recreation, the West Virginians bested their counterparts from the District of Columbia, 6 to 0, in a football game. The game attracted a crowd of 5,000.

Many of the men had hoped to be home for Christmas, but the holiday came and went with the prospect of more months of service ahead. Still, the holiday had its bright spots. An avalanche of mail poured into the camp. Company B of Ravenswood erected a Christmas tree on its company street. A number of Guardsmen went into downtown San Antonio to play or sing in a large public Christmas concert. And the big day brought a traditional Christmas meal.

Rumors, of course, are always rife in an Army camp. "The latest," Thornburg wrote in his December 24 dispatch, was that the West Virginia soldiers, among others, "would go to Washington, D.C., for the inauguration of President Wilson" in March

The 2nd West Virginia Infantry regimental band, likely at Camp Kanawha, 1916.

1917 and then be mustered out. That didn't happen. In fact, the West Virginians were still in Texas when Wilson started his second term.

Pershing never captured Pancho Villa, who would be assassinated in 1923. Tensions with Mexico eased in late 1916 and early 1917, so the Punitive Expedition ended, allowing many Guard units to return home and be released from federal duty. In mid-March 1917, West Virginia's Guard members finally got the long-awaited word they could leave Texas.

The original plan was to muster out the Guard members in Charleston, but the Huntington Chamber of Commerce protested, arguing that its city offered "better housing facilities." Newly inaugurated Governor John J. Cornwell and Adjutant General Bond agreed to the switch. As it turned out, "better housing" meant the returning troops were quartered in nearly a dozen public buildings and private downtown businesses, including a drugstore and a pool hall.

When the troops arrived at Huntington's C&O depot, they were greeted by an enthusiastic crowd and a brass band. They then took part in a colorful parade through town. Addressing the troops as they stood on the lawn of the Cabell County Courthouse, Governor Cornwell thanked them for their service and noted the very real possibility that the United States could soon be drawn into the war raging in Europe.

"None can now read the future," Cornwell said. "Dark clouds hang over the nation. . . . I believe that should you again be called to the service of your country, you will perform your duty in the same faithful manner that marked the first call."

The formal mustering out on March 24 occurred at a temporary regimental headquarters at Huntington's Central Fire Station.

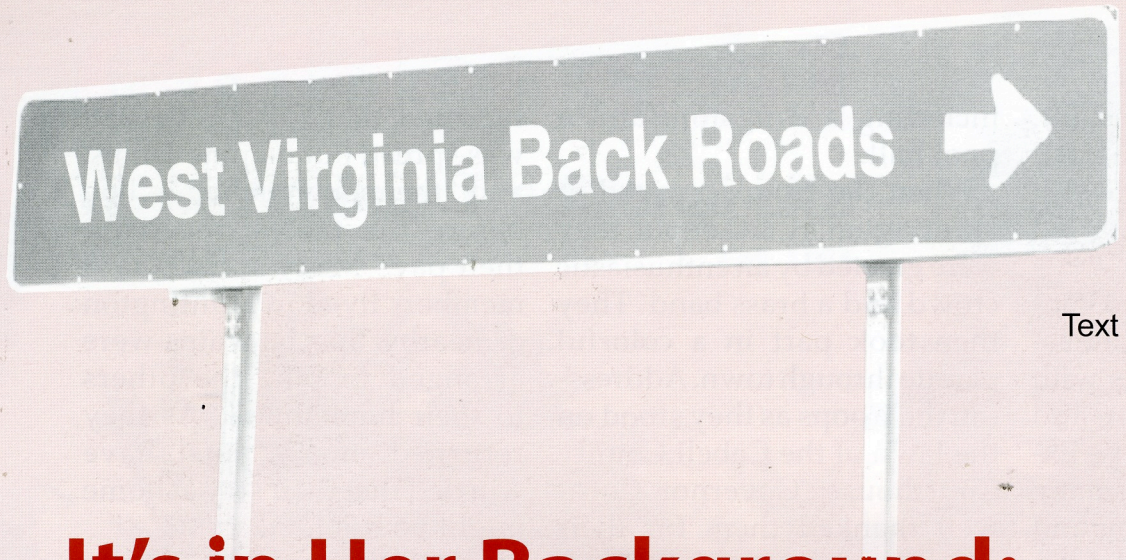
The *Huntington Advertiser* reported that $50,000 in cash was spread out on pine tables, and "the men marched in line before the tables, receiving their pay." Many of the Guard members lived in Huntington or nearby. Special trains were arranged to take the others to their hometowns. As they returned, many must have worried that their stay at home might be brief.

And they were right. Shortly thereafter, the United States entered World War I, and the members of the West Virginia Guard were again called into federal service. On April 4, 1917, Congress granted Wilson's request to declare war against Germany to "make the world safe for democracy."

West Virginia mustered 58,000 soldiers for World War I. The state's two National Guard regiments were reorganized as the 150th and 201st Infantry regiments under regular army command in the 38th Division. About 27,000 West Virginians who reached the war zone were deployed across the Western Front, but others participated in the Italian Campaign and in an Allied military expedition to Siberia in the revolution-torn Russia of 1918. West Virginia's casualties included 1,120 killed in action, 691 killed in training, and many wounded. Many more died of influenza and other diseases, often in camps on American soil.

The Guardsmen expected to be home by Christmas, but it would be three more months before they returned to West Virginia. Here, they display their Christmas turkeys. The photo is labeled, "The Bunch & the Turkeys."

JAMES E. CASTO of Huntington is the retired associate editor of *The Herald-Dispatch* and the author of a number of books on local and regional history. He has written eight previous articles for GOLDENSEAL.



Text and photographs by
Carl E. Feather

It's in Her Background: Helen Bowers' Garden

There are things Helen Bowers does to her garden she can't explain. Well, she has one explanation: It's in her background.

Take the way she grows potatoes, for example. They are Kennebecs, the same variety she helped her mother, Eva Simmons, plant six decades ago. They grew well, kept well, and tasted fine. No sense in trying to improve upon that.

She also has continued the tradition of using store-bought seed potatoes one year and, the following spring, planting the leftover, sprouted potatoes from the prior year's harvest. The next year, she purchases fresh seed potatoes from the feed mill. Helen has never tried to break with that tradition out of respect for the old ways of doing things.

"That's what we always did. That's my background. And I guess that's what makes the potatoes nicer," she says with a shrug of her shoulders.

Her vegetable selections are rooted in the same background as her gardening practices. The tomatoes are heirlooms: red and yellow oxhearts, Mr. Stripey, and Beefsteak.

"They are older tomatoes. I've kept seeds through the years. We don't like the store-bought tomatoes like we like the meatier ones I grow," she says.

Helen also grows German sweet potatoes, which resemble pumpkins more than potatoes, and banana melons—long, yellow watermelons.

"That's in my background, too," she says.

Helen's garden hugs a sharp curve on Route 33 just outside Franklin in Pendleton County. The garden's productivity exceeds the needs of a lady in her mid-70s, but Helen refuses to downsize. And so, the first of every March, she starts her pepper and tomato seedlings indoors and, by the end of the month, works up the rich soil on the curve with her rototiller; applies commercial fertilizer; and plants cabbage and broccoli, peas, carrots, and onions that won't be injured by a late visit from Jack Frost.

By early June, Helen has planted the rest of her garden, has harvested the peas, and is looking forward to her first strawberries. She's repeated this same cycle ever since her childhood years, when Helen and her eight siblings helped grow her family's sustenance on a mountain that keeps watch over Franklin.

"I love to garden," Helen says in between picking the bush beans and pole beans.

It's late July. Helen has just returned from a few days in Georgia, where her grandson lives. The crops, and weeds, have been productive in her absence. Helen and her cats are trying to regain the upper hand. A fat, gray feline named Nuisance rubs against the

Helen Bowers stands in her garden along Route 33 near Franklin in Pendleton County. Many of her gardening techniques are based upon traditions she learned while growing up on her family farm.

black plastic pail Helen is filling with beans. When Nuisance gets underfoot, Helen shoos the cat into one of the pole bean tepees. There are beans to pick, and Helen has no time for this nonsense.

She cans the excess in vaults of clear and green glass, insurance policies against the inevitable rainy and snowy days to come. Thrift is in her background, too.

"We grew up plenty poor," Helen says.

What she doesn't eat or can, she gives to her daughter, who lives next door, or friends at her church down the road. Helen wastes little of her labors or her garden's vitality.

"I don't sell my stuff," Helen says, even though the few extra dollars would help buy a 50-pound bag of fertilizer or her seed potatoes every other year. "There have been a lot of people who stop and get rhubarb and horseradish from me."

Helen's garden, close to the highway and pleasing to the eye, is somewhat of a landmark on this stretch.

"A lot of people stop and say I have a beautiful garden," Helen notes. "I just plant things, and they grow. I pray, 'Lord, make my garden beautiful.'"

God answers her prayers. A garden has been in this spot for at least 45 years, way back to when she and her ex-husband first moved to the property. At one time, the field hosted a barn with a dirt floor and a cattle lot, which is, in part, why the ground is so productive.

Nevertheless, Helen believes in augmenting the soil with commercial fertilizers. She buys several different mixtures and customizes their use to different vegetables. She uses a fertilizer high in nitrogen on the corn and applies 5-10-10 around the potatoes.

For irrigation, she drops the end of a water hose in the creek behind her house and uses a small pump to deliver a refreshing drink to her plants. For Helen, it's as if God intended a garden to be here and for her to be the caretaker. Or perhaps the garden takes care of Helen.

"I think it makes you healthier to stay busy," Helen says.

About 20 years ago, Helen faced the prospect of never gardening again. She was working double shifts at the now defunct Hanover Shoe factory in Franklin. Driving home one night, she fell asleep at the wheel and crashed into a tree. Transported to Charlot-

Helen says working in her garden helps her to stay active and makes her feel healthier.

Freshly picked beans from Helen's garden will end up in canning jars, the freezer, or as a gift to a neighbor.

tesville, Virginia, by helicopter, Helen was told she'd never walk again.

"I worked hard in rehab. I couldn't move; I couldn't walk," Helen recalls. "I even had to give up my driver's license."

Helen worked her way out of rehab and not only walked again but also got her license back and returned to her garden. Helen admits there are days she doesn't feel like picking and canning another gallon of beans or hoeing weeds, but something in her background keeps her going.

Helen says, "I remember telling my mom that I didn't want to pick the carrots when I was a kid, and she told me, 'You'll have to do things in life you won't want to do.'"

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 has been a longtime GOLDENSEAL contributor, dating back to his first article in our Summer 1987 issue. His "Back Roads" articles are regular features in GOLDENSEAL.

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___ Fall 2015/Traditional Dance
___ Winter 2015/Fiddler Ed Haley

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The Hatfields & McCoys: American Blood Feud

The Hatfields & McCoys: American Blood Feud is a traveling exhibit about the events that have become synonymous with the word *feud*. It was developed by the West Virginia Humanities Council and illustrated by West Virginia University graphic design students with financial support from ZMM Architects and Engineers.

Viewers can learn about the early settlers of the Tug Fork area of West Virginia, origins and events of the feud, coverage by the national press, the aftermath of the feud, and its ongoing place in scholarship and popular culture. At the end of the exhibit, viewers are invited to share their opinions about the hillbilly stereotype, which developed and has been perpetuated in large part because of the feud.

In 2015, *The Hatfields & McCoys* exhibit traveled to Morgantown, Williamson, Bramwell, Athens, Matewan, Logan, Huntington, and New Martinsville, as well as Pikeville and Ashland, Kentucky. Here's the current exhibit schedule for 2016:

> **March 7–April 9**: Jackson County Public Library, Ripley
> **April 11–May 6**: Wood County Public Library, Parkersburg
> **May 13–June 3**: United Hospital Center, Bridgeport
> **June 11–July 4**: West Virginia Folklife Center, Fairmont State University
> **July 11–August 6**: Morgantown History Museum
> **August 11–September 5**: Landes Art Center, Petersburg

Organizations interested in displaying *The Hatfields & McCoys* in fall 2016 or beyond should contact Humanities Council program officer Mark Payne at payne@wvhumanities.org or (304)346-8500.

There's no rental fee for borrowing the exhibit, but organizations must pick it up from the preceding display site, transport it, and set it up at their locations. Setup instructions are provided.

continued from inside front cover

July 30 W.Va. Hot Dog Festival
Huntington (525-7788)
July 31-August 6 Cherry River Festival
Richwood (846-9114)
August 1-7 W.Va. State Water Festival
Hinton (466-5332)
August 2-7 Pickin' in Parsons Bluegrass Festival
Parsons (478-3515)
August 3-7 Appalachian String Band Music Festival
Camp Washington-Carver/Clifftop (558-0162)
August 4-6 W.Va. Blackberry Festival
Nutter Fort (622-3206)
August 5-7 W.Va. Peach Festival
Romney (822-7477)
August 12-14 Augusta Heritage Festival
Elkins (637-1209)
August 12-14 Avalonfest Music Festival
Paw Paw (947-5600)
August 12-21 State Fair of West Virginia
Fairlea (645-1090)
August 14 Mahrajan Lebanese Heritage Festival
Wheeling (233-1688)
August 15-20 Town & Country Days
New Martinsville (455-4275)
August 19-21 African American Cultural & Heritage Festival
Ranson (724-3862)
August 26-28 Appalachian Festival
Beckley (252-7328)
August 27-28 W.Va. State Honey Festival
Parkersburg (424-7311 ext. 203)
August 27-September 4 Oak Leaf Festival
Oak Hill (1-800-927-0263)
September 2-4 12th Annual Aunt Jennie Festival
Chief Logan State Park (792-7229)
September 2-4 38th W.Va. Italian Heritage Festival
Clarksburg (622-7314)
September 2-4 53rd Rowlesburg Labor Day Celebration
Rowlesburg (454-2441)
September 2-4 Jackson's Mill Jubilee
Weston (269-7328)
September 3-4 Holly River Festival
Holly River State Park (493-6353)
September 8-11 CultureFest 2014
Pipestem (320-8833)
September 9-10 47th Nicholas County Potato Festival
Summersville (872-3722)
September 9-11 26th Annual W.Va. Black Heritage Festival
Clarksburg (627-4314)
September 9-11 Hampshire Heritage Fest
Romney (822-3371)
September 10-11 Helvetia Fair
Helvetia (924-6435)
September 10-11 Elizabethtown Festival
Moundsville (845-6200)
September 15-17 48th Annual Oil & Gas Festival
Sistersville (652-2939)
September 15-18 48th Annual Treasure Mountain Festival
Franklin (358-3298)
September 15-18 Gauley Fest
Summersville (1-866-262-8429)
September 16-17 15th Annual Mothman Festival
Point Pleasant (675-9726)
September 16-18 Mountain State Art & Craft Fair
Cedar Lakes/Ripley (372-3247)
September 16-18 Golden Delicious Festival
Clay (332-5018)
September 17 Camp Creek Fall Festival
Camp Creek State Park (425-9481)
September 17-18 Country Roads Festival
Hawks Nest State Park (658-5212)
September 17-18 Harvest Moon Arts & Crafts Festival
Parkersburg (424-7311 ext. 203)
September 17-18 Grape Stomping Wine Festival
Summersville (872-7332)
September 22 W.Va. Storytelling Festival
Prickett's Fort State Park (363-3030)
September 22-24 Molasses Festival
Arnoldsburg (377-2772)
September 23-25 St. George Greek Orthodox Church Greek Festival
Huntington (522-7890)
September 23-25 Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival
Shenandoah Junction (725-2055)
September 23-25 Volcano Days
Waverly (679-3611)
September 24 W.Va. Roadkill Cook-Off
Marlinton (799-2509)
September 26-27 Monroe County Autumn Harvest Festival
Union (772-5475)
September 26-October 1 Rocket Boys Festival
Beckley (992-9085)
September 29-October 2 Preston County Buckwheat Festival
Kingwood (379-2203)
September 30-October 1 Huntersville Traditions Day
Huntersville (1-800-336-7009)
October 1-2 11th Annual Pumpkin Harvest Festival
Beckley (252-8508)
October 1-2 Country Fall Festival
Point Pleasant (675-5737)
October 1-3 43rd Annual Old-Fashioned Apple Harvest Festival
Burlington (289-6010)
October 1-9 80th Mountain State Forest Festival
Elkins (636-1824)
October 6-9 W.Va. Pumpkin Festival
Milton (743-9696)
October 6-9 32nd Salem Apple Butter Fest
Salem (782-1518)
October 7-8 Pine Bluff Festival
Pine Bluff (592-1189)
October 8 21st Annual Bramwell Oktoberfest
Bramwell (248-8004)
October 8-9 Burgoo Cook-Off
Webster Springs (847-7291)
October 9 Oglebay Fest
Wheeling (243-4000)
October 13-16 W.Va. Black Walnut Festival
Spencer (927-1640)
October 14-15 Bridge Day
Fayetteville (1-800-927-0263)
October 15-16 & October 22-23 Hinton Railroad Days
Hinton (466-3255)
October 21-23 Fiddlers Reunion
D&E College/Elkins (637-1209)
October 21-23 37th Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival
Martinsburg (263-2500)
October 28-29 West Virginia Book Festival
Charleston (343-4646 ext 1287)
December 10 Feast of the Seven Fishes
Fairmont (366-0468)

GOLDENSEAL requests readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 2017 "Folklife • Fairs • Festivals," please send us information on the name of the event, dates, location, and the contact person or organization, along with their mailing address, phone number, and Web site, if available. We must have this information by December 31, 2016, to meet our printing deadline. GOLDENSEAL regrets that, due to space limitations, Fourth of July celebrations are no longer included in this listing.

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PERIODICALS

Inside Goldenseal

Page 45 — Banjo player Ben Carr of Braxton County shares his love of music with family and friends.

Page 29 — The West Virginia Music Hall of Fame inducts six new members.

Page 24 — "Devil Anse" Hatfield becomes a Vaudeville and film star late in life.

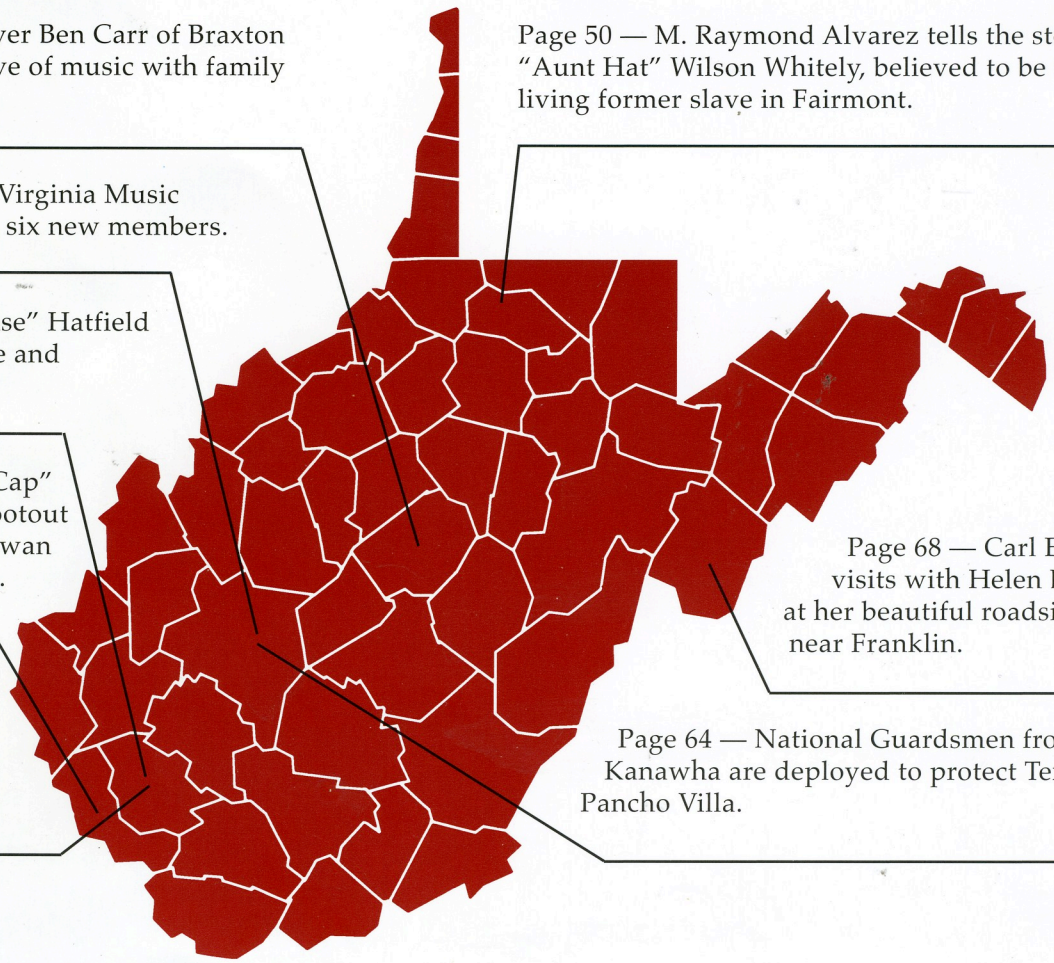
Page 14 — Feudist "Cap" Hatfield gets in a shootout in the streets of Matewan on Election Day 1896.

Page 56 — Fred Barkey writes about his father-in-law's role in the Battle of Blair Mountain.

Page 50 — M. Raymond Alvarez tells the story of "Aunt Hat" Wilson Whitely, believed to be the last living former slave in Fairmont.

Page 68 — Carl E. Feather visits with Helen Bowers at her beautiful roadside garden near Franklin.

Page 64 — National Guardsmen from Camp Kanawha are deployed to protect Texas from Pancho Villa.



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