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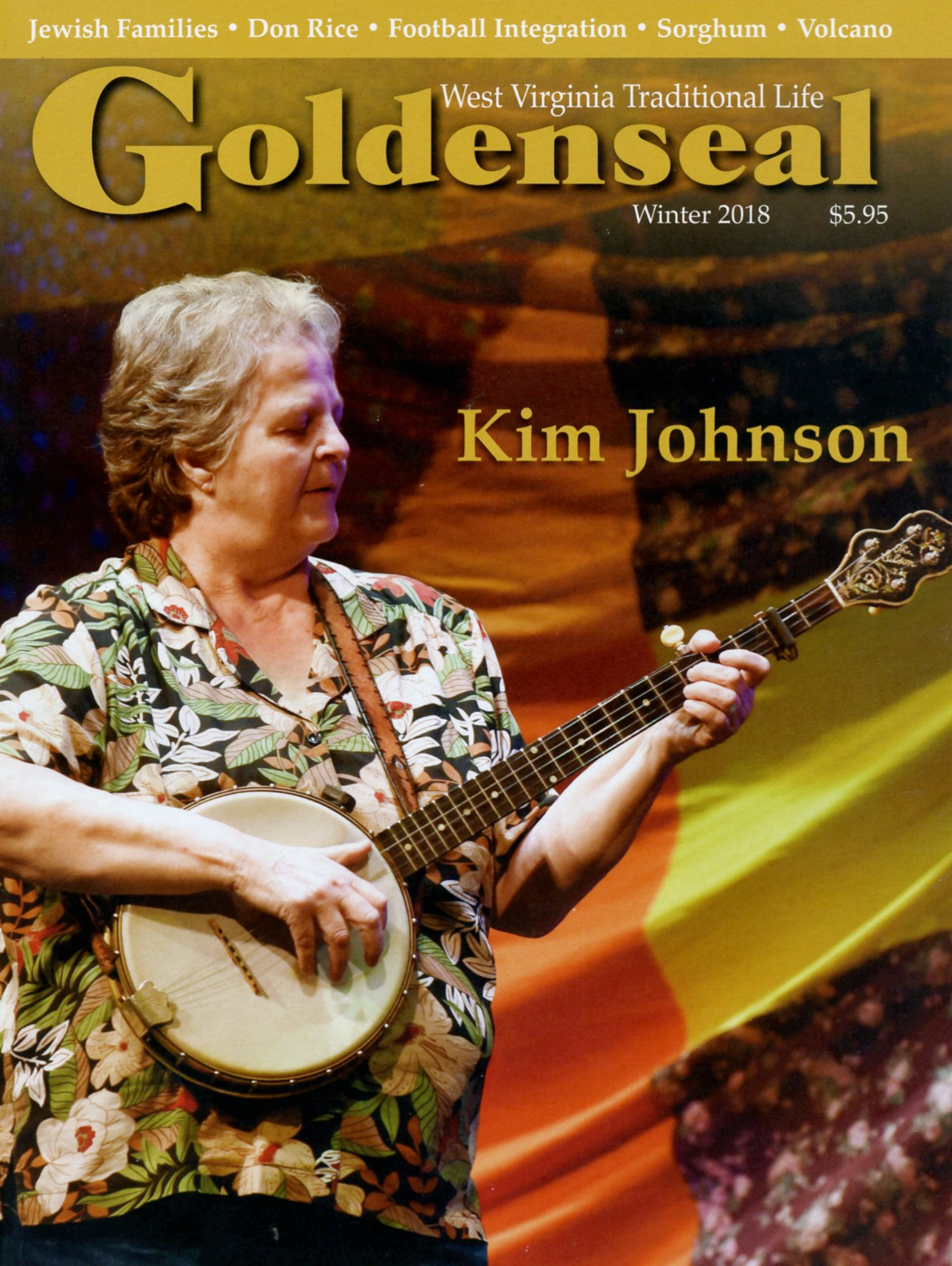
Goldenseal

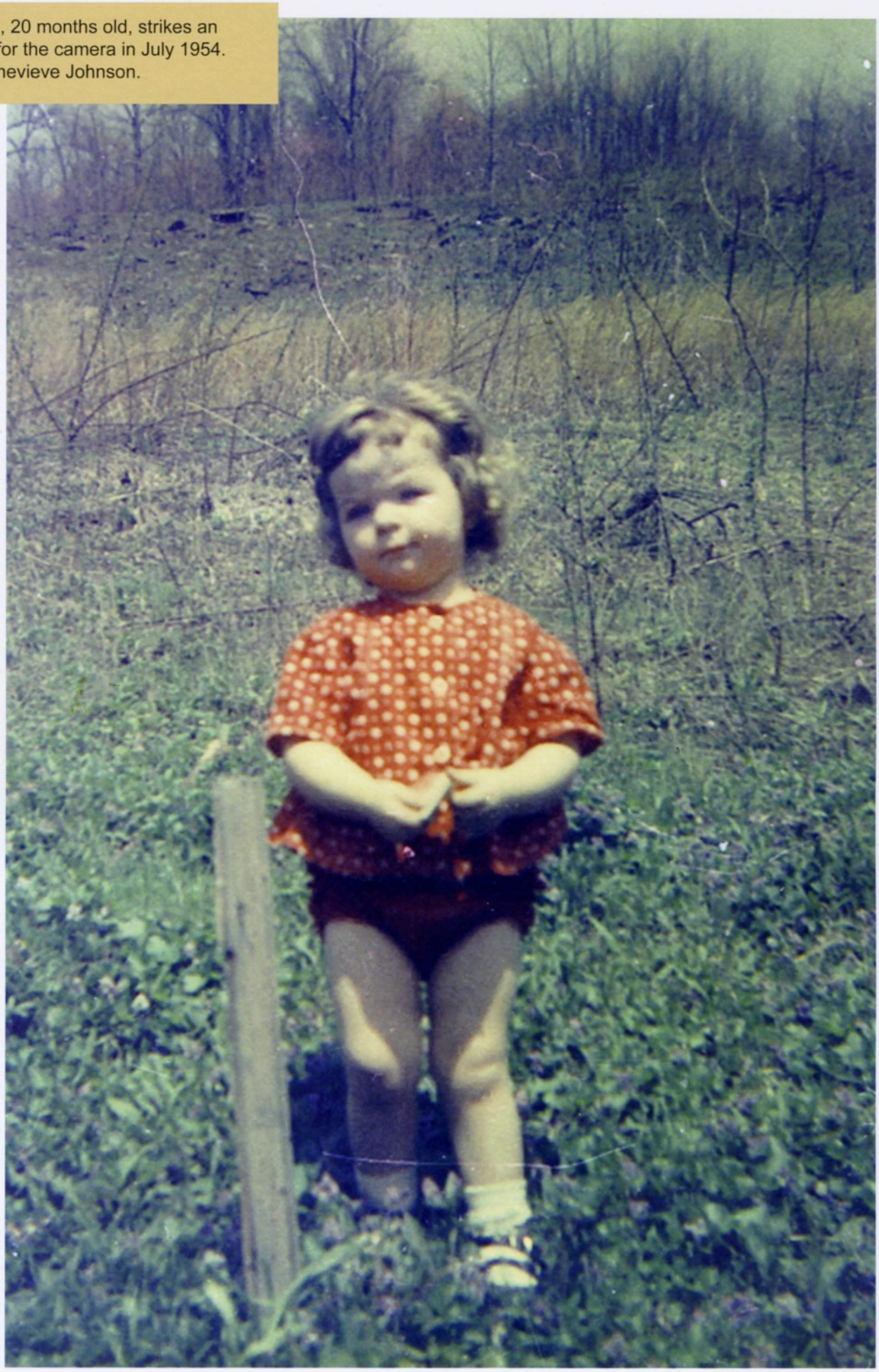
West Virginia Traditional Life

Winter 2018 $5.95



Kim Johnson

Kim Johnson, 20 months old, strikes an angelic look for the camera in July 1954. Photo by Genevieve Johnson.



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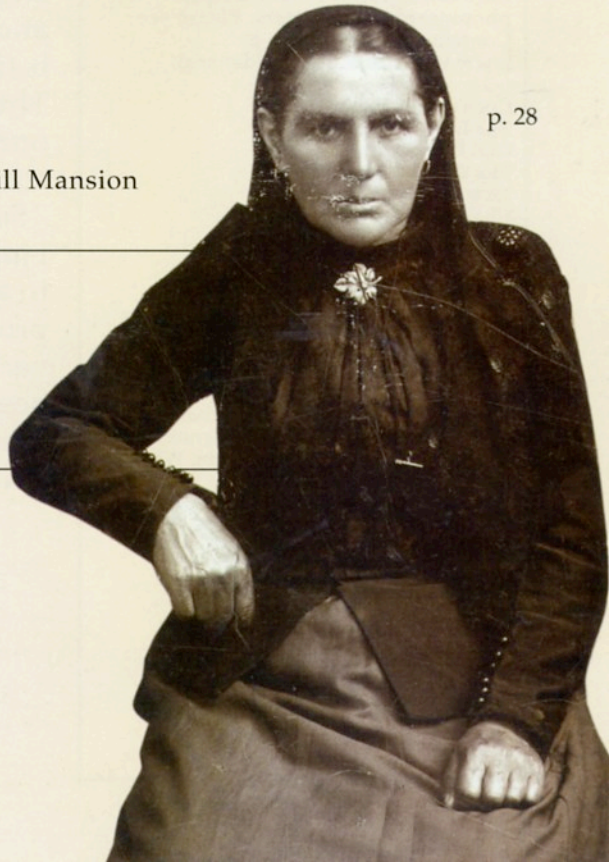

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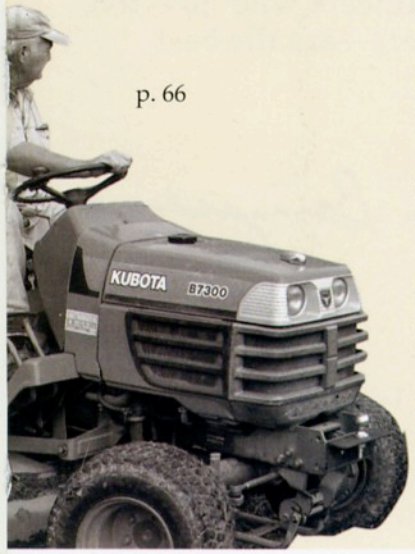

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On the cover: Recently retired GOLDENSEAL Editorial Assistant Kim Johnson performs at the 2015 Vandalia Gathering. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

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From the Editor

A few weeks ago, Kim Johnson (now recently retired) got a call from a spry woman who was re-upping her GOLDENSEAL subscription for three years. Kim gets calls like this every day, but I could tell from her voice that this one was special. It turns out the subscriber is 97 years young and is looking forward to renewing again in another three years. An 87-year-old subscriber informed us recently that she reads every word of each GOLDENSEAL and has been for 37 years.

I can't express how grateful I am for all our subscribers. While GOLDENSEAL is published by the state of West Virginia—specifically, by the Department of Arts, Culture and History—the magazine is financially self-sustaining. This is entirely due to you, our loyal readers; we literally couldn't do this without you.

So, in the spirit of the holidays, I just want to say "thank you" to all our readers. In my entire professional life (going on 30 years now, yikes!), I've never been involved with anything that means as much as GOLDENSEAL does to our readers. We hear it in your calls to our office, in e-mails, on our Facebook page, and even in notes written on our subscription cards. Even when we receive criticisms, your suggestions are always constructive and civil. In fact, they are so polite that they often make me feel ashamed of how I complain about things that don't really matter much in the big scheme of things.

So, to all our readers, thank you! Thank you for subscribing, for sending gift subscriptions to family and friends, and for sharing the magazine with others once you've finished reading it. As I wrote in my first column in 2015, GOLDENSEAL captures the essence of what it means to be a West Virginian. Thanks to your generosity and kindness, more and more people are learning that West Virginians—including proud Mountaineers who now live elsewhere—are the best.

Stan Bumgardner

Letters, Corrections, & News

Jane George

June 18, 2018
Hondo, Texas

Thank you for sharing the story of my sister Jane George in your Summer 2018 issue. While Jane spent her entire life in West Virginia, my career took me away. She kept my "Mountaineer" spirit alive over the years, and we visited often after she moved back to Roane County. Much of her motivation and drive was inspired by our parents, Ray and Beulah Taylor, who were preeminent and pioneering educators in Roane County. Thank you, David O'Dell, Bill Hairston, and Beth Parkins Cox.

Robert R. "Bob" Taylor

Farmington

September 23, 2018
Eaton, Ohio

As an avid reader of GOLDENSEAL, I find each issue to be educational, enlightening, and often entertaining. Your Fall 2018 issue devoted to the Farmington Mine Disaster was all of these and more. It was touching. The writing showed a very human side to the story, and to all who took part in writing, photographing, and researching this issue, I say, "Well done."

B. J. Price

October 11, 2018
E-mail

Congratulations on your latest issue detailing the Farmington Mine Disaster. Its description of the event was gripping, and I couldn't put the magazine down. By far, the best issue of GOLDENSEAL yet.

Rick L. Tennant

Corrections

We need to clarify a few mistakes from our Summer 2018 issue. In our article about the West Virginia Music Hall of Fame induction, we repeatedly misspelled the name of Wheeling native and ceremony cohost Mollie O'Brien. We offer our sincerest apologies to Mollie. In the article "Hickory Hill," we referred to two paintings on page 65 as Solomon and Catherine Cunningham; the portraits are actually of Felix Welton and Jane Cunningham Welton. In that same issue, the article "Fort Hill" mistakenly identifies Patricia Bonar as a direct descendant of farm founder James Sloan Sr. Patricia is actually a descendant by marriage. Her husband, Charles Bonar, is a fifth-generation descendant of Sloan who also managed the farm for many years.

Point Pleasant River Museum

On July 1, 2018, the Point Pleasant River Museum & Learning Center suffered a devastating fire that destroyed many of its artifacts. Rick Steelhammer, a columnist for the Charleston *Gazette-Mail*, has described the museum, which

Photo by Eddie E. Lowe.

opened in 2003, as a "must-see attraction."

The staff members of West Virginia's finest river museum were especially gracious in helping us with our Winter 2017 issue, which featured the tragic Silver Bridge Disaster. The museum does plan to rebuild. In Rick's article, museum Executive Director Jack Fowler talked proudly about how local people have pitched in: "Right from the start, they have helped us keep growing and stay debt-free. Now, they're helping to save what was in the museum, and so many are calling in offering money to get us back on our feet."

A benefit concert, featuring Landau Eugene Murphy Jr. will be held at Point Pleasant High School on December 20, 2018. General seating costs $35, and tickets can be purchased by calling 304-674-0144. Proceeds will go toward the renovation. You can also make donations by visiting www.pprivermuseum.com/donations/.

Mountaineer Opry House

After 46 years, Milton's Mountaineer Opry House has closed its doors for the final time. 83-year-old manager Larry Stephens and his wife, Mary, had leased the barn-red facility since 1991. Larry blames the closing on dwindling crowds and pushback on ticket prices. Over the years, the Opry hosted nearly all the greats of bluegrass, including Bill Monroe, Ralph Stanley, Jimmy Martin, The Country Gentlemen, and Doyle Lawson, who loved the Opry so much he made it a regular tour stop. On June 2, 2018, music filled the rafters one last time with a blow-out for the ages, hosted by Jim and Valerie Gabehart. Near the end of the show, everyone broke into song with a slight paraphrasing of a Billy Edd Wheeler classic: "Don't let'em tear that little red building down." Songs alone, though, aren't enough to keep our ever-dwindling music venues standing. The building was demolished days later to make way for a new Valley Health facility.

Photo by Jim Kirk.

West Virginia Music HOF Career Counseling Program

The West Virginia Music Hall of Fame's Music Career Counseling Program (MCCP) targets 10th graders who might want to pursue careers in entertainment. Through this program, funded by a Challenge America grant, West Virginia musicians and music/entertainment industry professionals visit schools and explain various career opportunities to 10th graders. To date, the MCCP has visited 30 schools, with overwhelmingly positive comments from teachers, students, counselors, and other staff. Many students are surprised at the many non-performing opportunities in the arts: engineering, event production, catering, wardrobe, photography, journalism, stage tech, and songwriting. And, just as importantly, many of these jobs are available in the Mountain State. For more information, call 304-342-4412 or e-mail wvmhof@gmail.com.

Photo by Michael Keller.

Farewell, Ken and Debby!

It seems like the season for retirements. In October, Ken Sullivan and Debby Sonis retired from the West Virginia Humanities Council as executive director and administrator, respectively. In 1979, Ken became GOLDENSEAL's second editor, and Debby joined on as his assistant in 1988. Ken left for the Humanities Council in 1997 [see "Vandalia Award Recipient Ken Sullivan" by John Lilly, Fall 2015], and Debby followed him the next year. Together, with help from historians and authors across the country, Ken and Debby compiled the classic *West Virginia Encyclopedia* in 2006 while overseeing scores of public programs and grants to historical societies, museums, and others who specialize in the humanities.

On her next-to-last day at the Council, Debby looked back at her 30 years with Ken: "I've been fortunate to have had two dream jobs—assistant editor at GOLDENSEAL and managing editor on the *West Virginia Encyclopedia* project. I call them that because they both had everything to do with West Virginia. I've loved the state since I was a kid. My mother, Mary Sonis, was the promotions person for the West Virginia Centennial Commission, and in 1963, she took me to Cass Scenic Railroad, the Mountain State Art & Craft Fair, the National Youth Science Camp, and more county fairs than I can remember. I learned so much about the place I was born and raised. I was lucky that my work experience eventually brought me to my two dream jobs. Ken Sullivan was at the helm of both, and somehow, we logged 30 years together working for West Virginia. He set a good example and shared a lot of knowledge—about West Virginia and editing. He insisted on quality and clarity, and understanding that as editors, we work for the readers—always. That's what stuck!"

GOLDENSEAL Good-Byes

Photographer unknown.

Kate Quinn

(1946 – 2018)

Kathleen "Kate" Quinn passed away on January 22, 2018, at age 71. The Wheeling native loved giving presentations about Wheeling history and the Woodsdale Kids program. She also served as vice president of the Friends of Wheeling. She wrote three excellent articles for GOLDENSEAL: "Fighting a Good Fight: Billy Sunday Comes to Wheeling" (Summer 2012), "Woodsdale Kids: Memories of a Wheeling Neighborhood" (Spring 2013), and "City Kids on the Farm" (Summer 2016).

Photo by Kim Johnson.

Ben Carr

(1938 – 2018)

Ben Carr died on July 2, 2018, at the Clarksburg VA Center at age 79. Ben was a stonecutter, a basket maker, and an award-winning woodworker, but we remember him best for playing his banjo at festivals across West Virginia. His daughter Marketa Smith wrote affectionately about his life in "Ben Carr and His Banjo" (Spring 2016). While Ben played music with just about everyone over the years, he was a regular member of two bands: Brothers in Christ and The Variety Pack, a popular attraction at John Skidmore's Truck Stop in Flatwoods (Braxton County) for a dozen years.

Ed Cabbell

(1946 – 2018)

By James "Sparky" Rucker

Staff of the 1985 African-American Heritage Arts Camp at Camp Washington-Carver. Ed Cabbell is at the back right, beside Marshall Petty. In the front row are (left-right) Elizabeth Rogers, Elaine Blue, Sandra Milner, and Norman Jordan. Photo by Michael Keller.

Edward "Ed" Joseph Cabbell died on May 13, 2018, at age 71. He was born in Eckman (McDowell County) on June 26, 1946, the son of John Marshall Cabbell and the late Cassie King. Ed graduated from Kimball High School with honors and earned a bachelor's degree in education / social studies at Concord College (now University), where he taught history and directed the school's Upward Bound and Special Services programs (1969 – 1975). He was the first African-American to earn a master's in Appalachian studies from Appalachian State University.

Over his 50-year career, Ed became a recognized authority on Appalachian studies, especially in terms of the African-American experience. With William H. Turner, he co-edited the pioneering book *Blacks in Appalachia* (1985). Ed was the founder and director of the John Henry Memorial Foundation / Festival, the publisher of *Black Diamonds* magazine, and a teacher at the African-American Heritage Arts Camp at Camp Washington-Carver. Gifted with a powerful singing voice, he regularly performed spirituals as he explained the history and meanings behind each. He also wrote three articles for GOLDENSEAL: "Uncle Homer Walker" (Fall 1980), "'Where Could I Go But to the Lord?' Shape-note Singing Among Blacks in Southern West Virginia" (Winter 1981), and "The Soulful Side of Mountain Life: Ten Years of the John Henry Festival" (Fall 1983).

Ed was a caring father and grandfather who loved history and singing. He was also a VERY good friend and colleague of mine. We worked together producing and performing at the John Henry Folk Festival for many years. In addition, we performed together at the Smithsonian Festival and other events across the country. Ed and I had a similar goal: sharing with others the unique impact of African-Americans on Appalachian culture. He will be missed by many. R.I.P. my friend. Blessings on your children, grandchildren, and other relatives.

East Tennessean JAMES "SPARKY" RUCKER has been singing songs and telling stories from the American tradition for more than 50 years. He and his wife, Rhonda, have released 15 albums. Sparky has been a social activist all of his adult life and has served on the boards of *Sing Out!* magazine, the John Henry Memorial Foundation, and the Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project. He was on the staff of the Council of the Southern Mountains in 1972. Sparky has contributed to the *Encyclopedia of Appalachia, More Ready-To-Tell Tales,* and *August House Book of Scary Stories.*

Ellie Mannette

(1927 – 2018)

By Travis D. Stimeling

Dr. Elliot "Ellie" Mannette, internationally renowned steel drum innovator and steel band evangelist, died of kidney failure in Morgantown on August 29, 2018. Born in Sans Souci, Trinidad, on November 5, 1927, Ellie transformed oil barrels into musical instruments, producing a unique sound that's become widely incorporated into calypso, jazz, pop, and even country music.

The steel pan emerged as an instrument in Trinidad in the 1930s based on the island's rich percussion traditions, which were featured prominently during Carnival season. As Stephen Stuempfle documents in *The Steelband Movement: The Forging of a National Art in Trinidad and Tobago*, Ellie and his friends significantly innovated the instrument's design through experimentation. Notably, he hammered the barrels' bottoms into numerous configurations to provide more musical range and to make them easier to play. During the 1940s, Ellie led The Invaders, which often battled successfully with other bands across Trinidad.

In 1951, Ellie's success took him to the world stage, traveling to Great Britain with the Trinidad All-Steel Percussion Orchestra. This government-sponsored all-star band was led by Antiguan Joseph Griffith, who gave Ellie formal musical

Photo by Bob Beverly, 1996.

training and encouraged him to add a bass to his band. In 1959, Ellie's Invaders signed a recording contract with Columbia Records, which brought him increased attention in the United States, where he moved permanently in 1967.

In 1991, Ellie moved to Morgantown at the request of West Virginia University College of Creative Arts Dean Phil Faini, who appointed him artist-in-residence. In addition to founding WVU's steel band program, Ellie established the University Tuning Project, which instructed students in steel drum construction and maintenance. Through this work—and later through Mannette Steel Drums, which he founded in 2000—numerous West Virginia public schools were able to obtain their own steel drums, bringing the sounds of Trinidad to the hills and hollows of the Mountain State. He retired from WVU in 2007 but continued building drums and mentoring musicians until his death.

Ellie received numerous awards and honors. In 1999, the National Endowment for the Arts named him a National Heritage Fellow, the highest honor for traditional artists in the United States and one of only four West Virginia recipients. In 2000, the Republic of Trinidad and Tobago awarded him the prestigious Chaconia Medal for promoting the national welfare and strengthening community spirit. In 2003, the Percussive Arts Society—the leading professional organization for percussionists—inducted Ellie into its hall of fame, where he joined the ranks of such legends as Ringo Starr, Vic Firth, and Evelyn Glennie. And in 2012, Ellie performed with members of the WVU Steel Drum Ensemble at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival, just months short of his 85th birthday.

Ellie Mannette transformed his youthful passion for percussion into a lifelong career of performance and teaching. His former students and apprentices around the globe continue to build upon his legacy. And in Osage, near Morgantown, the team at Mannette Steel Drums continues to build and maintain drums using Ellie's techniques and tools. As a consequence, his impact will be felt for generations to come. To learn more about this music pioneer, see "Steel Drums in Morgantown" by Michelle Wolford (Winter 2006).

TRAVIS D. STIMELING is associate professor of musicology at WVU, where he also directs the school's bluegrass and old-time bands. A native of Buckhannon, he's written about a wide variety of musical topics, including *Songwriting in Contemporary West Virginia: Profiles and Reflections*, published by WVU Press.

The Gospel of the Blues
Lady D & Xavier Oglesby

By Emily Hilliard

When I asked Xavier Oglesby how he learned to sing, he laughed, "Ah! How did I start singing? Lord have mercy!" Was there ever a time that he hadn't?

Settling on an origin story, he admits that he learned sitting in his mother's kitchen: "When I was about four or five years old, she got all of the kids together in the kitchen while she was cooking and said, 'Okay y'all, you're gonna sing!'"

But growing up, Xavier found himself reluctant to perform in public until one day his brother, who normally sang lead, didn't show up to their Beckley church. "The choir director looked at me and told me to sing—and I was really stunned! I was surprised when I opened my mouth to sing, it actually came out, and I've been in love with it ever since."

Xavier, 47, is big and tall, but his voice is a gentle honey-sweet tenor (he burst into song frequently during our interview). After a few years away from singing on a public stage, he has devoted this year to studying the West Virginia blues and black gospel tradition with "West Virginia's First Lady of Soul," Lady D (Doris Fields), through the West Virginia Folklife Apprenticeship Program.

"Doris was able to quantify for me how we, as a people, created an art form, just doing something that we naturally do," says Xavier. Though Doris performs a range of genres from soul to jazz to blues under her Lady D stage name, she grew up in the Baptist church, listening to West Virginia gospel musicians Ethel Caffie-Austin, The Penn Family, and the Gospel Family Affair.

Together, Doris and Xavier have been exploring the connections between blues and gospel. Doris says, "What a lot of people don't know or want to accept now is that Thomas Dorsey ["The Father of Black Gospel Music"] was known as Georgia Tom and Texas Tom, and his wife was Ma Rainey's wardrobe mistress. He wrote over 400 blues tunes. He took the beat from blues and put it behind religious music so that's where you get the handclapping and the tambourines and all that in gospel."

To illustrate her point, she sings the work song "Take This Hammer" followed by the gospel song "Glory, Glory Hallelujah," which share a melody. Both blues and gospel songs also share the phenomenon of "floater verses" that can extend a song depending on how long dancers want to dance at the juke joint, or preachers want to preach in church. "You've got all kinds of verses that are interchangeable just depending on how you feel at the time," says Doris. Xavier adds, "They say you can't sing the blues on a Saturday night and then get up and sing the Lord's music on Sunday morning, but the truth is, most everybody who was an artist—that's exactly what they were doing!"

Along with churches, one of the ways blues and black popular traditions perpetuated in the Mountain State was through the *Chitlin' Circuit*, a group of venues throughout the Eastern United States that were safe for African-American performers. Xaviers's great-grandparents owned a Raleigh County venue called The Dew Drop Inn, which was on the Circuit. Doris says that after performers like Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Sarah Vaughan would play at the Municipal Auditorium in Charleston, they'd go perform in black clubs around town until early in the morning, backed by local musicians. "So all these West Virginia musicians would get to play with national acts. They learned certain licks, and so then they carry it on, teach it to someone else in the coal camp."

To share their work and research, Doris and Xavier have taught public programs at the quarterly West Virginia Baptist Quartet Conventions. The first was held in May at the Eagle Central Baptist Church in Montgomery, with a follow-up in Beckley in August. They hope that by documenting older practitioners and promoting the tradition in their own work, young people will take interest in carrying on the old gospel standard repertoire once common in black churches in West Virginia.

"I think with programs like this apprenticeship program and more recordings that it would open it wide open so today's generation can see what it really sounds like," Xavier says. Doris agrees, "Hopefully people will start to remember the old gospel, the standards again, and maybe go back to that every once in a while. You don't want to forget those traditional hymns, and sometimes for what you're going through, only 'Amazing Grace' is gonna take care of it."

EMILY HILLIARD is West Virginia's first official state folklorist with the West Virginia Folklife Program at the West Virginia Humanities Council. She writes a regular column for GOLDENSEAL. Learn more about the West Virginia Folklife Program at wvfolklife.org.

Lady D, "West Virginia's First Lady of Soul." Photo by Emily Hilliard.

Kim Johnson
Our Beyoncé of the Banjo

By Stan Bumgardner

Anyone who's called into, subscribed to, or submitted an article to GOLDENSEAL over the last decade has dealt, either directly or indirectly, with Editorial Assistant Kim Johnson, who retired at the end of November. Her well-earned retirement likely will come as a shock to much of the GOLDENSEAL nation: to our readers, our authors, and, most selfishly, me, the editor. While I wrote a few articles for the magazine over the years, virtually everything I know about being editor of GOLDENSEAL, I've learned from Kim. So, it seemed like a fitting time to learn a little more about this "Elk River girl" who's become such a vital part of the GOLDENSEAL family and a transitional figure on the old-time-music scene.

Kim Johnson with frequent collaborator singer-songwriter Rob McNurlin, 2017. Photo by Gina Schrader.

Kim was born November 2, 1952, at her Grandma Cleo Sweeney's house in Clendenin. "The house sat right where the on-ramp to I-79 North is now," Kim says. She and her three siblings—Teresa, Karen, and Chuck—were raised primarily by their mother, Genevieve Sweeney Johnson, near Clendenin. Through the third grade, Kim went to a one-room school at Bufflick and then to Doctor's Creek School (named for pioneer Dr. William Cobb), Clendenin Junior High, and Herbert Hoover High, graduating in 1970.

She, her brother and sisters, and her friends did the "normal stuff that country kids do": playing in creeks, fishing, camping. While nobody played an instrument, they had some old Hank Williams' records and even a few rock 'n' rollers. Other than music from the mountains and from the Rat Pack Era, Kim and I don't exactly share the same musical tastes. I know this quite well because Kim isn't shy about her opinions. So you can imagine my shock when one day, I was listening to The Doors, and she started singing along. I was even more stunned to find out that she saw one of her favorites, Led Zeppelin, at the Charleston Civic Center in the late 1960s (for $5). She still laments that

Kim is being held by her mother, Genevieve Johnson, in front of the place where she was born—her Grandma Cleo Sweeney's house in Clendenin. All photographers unknown unless noted otherwise.

she hasn't learned any Led on the banjo.

Thinking she wanted to be a teacher, Kim moved on to Glenville State College in 1971. She recalls, "I thought it'd be fun to be a schoolteacher until I student-taught and later substitute-taught." She quickly realized, "This isn't for me."

But Glenville instilled in her a lifelong love of old-time music. Every June, she looked forward to (and still does) the state Folk Festival in Glenville. She'd walk around, listen to music, and take photos; however, it still hadn't occurred to her to get her own instrument.

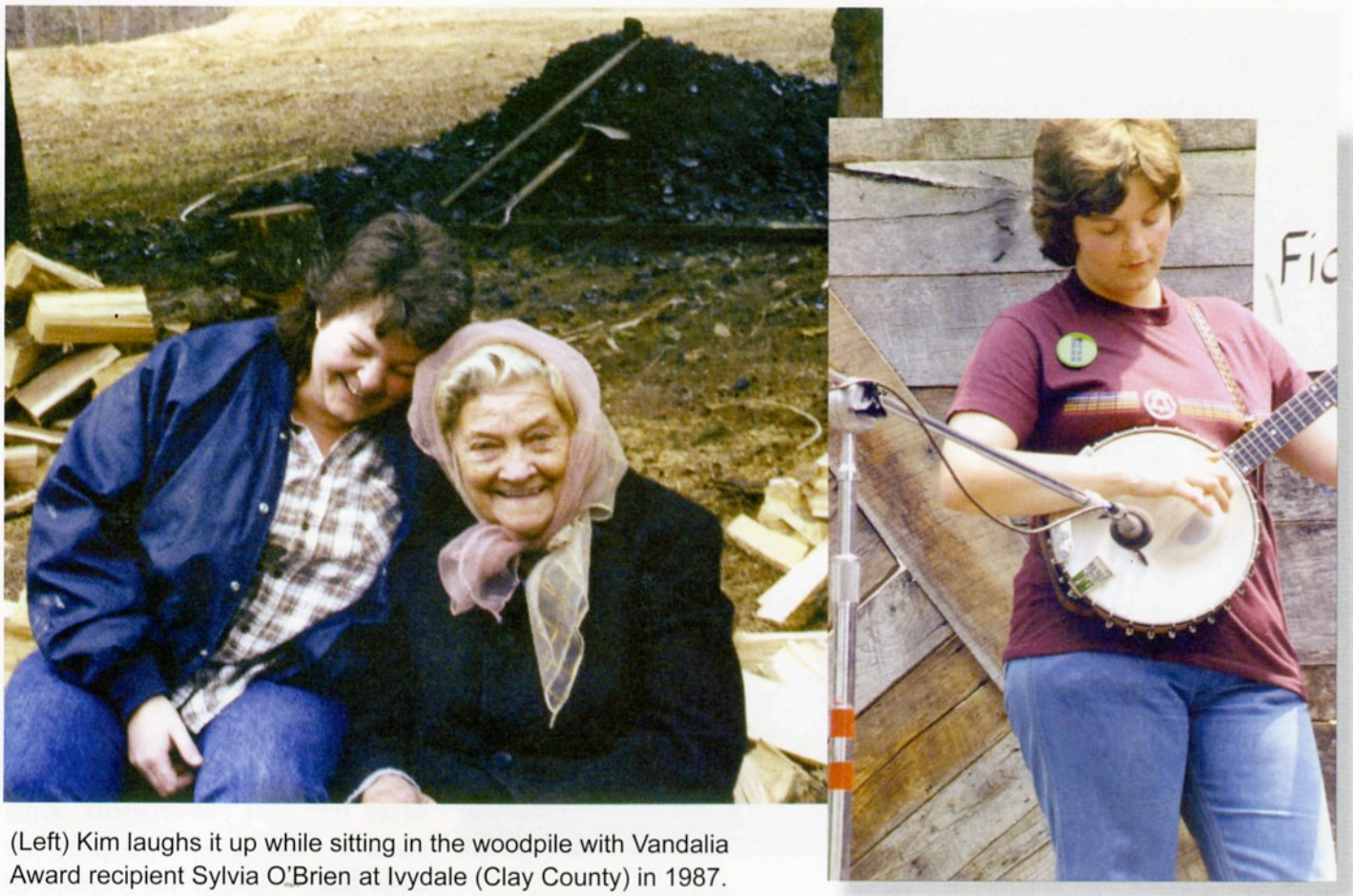
That finally changed after graduating from Glenville. Kim bought a $100 Hondo banjo and "fooled around with it a little bit." Asking her why, of all possible instruments, she chose the banjo, Kim laughs, "Well, the fiddle's too hard, a guitar hurts your fingers, and a bass is too big to lug around."

As for her career, she took a part-time job as a stagehand at the newly opened Culture Center in Charleston. She liked the work but wanted something permanent, so she became a C&P Telephone (later AT&T) operator in 1978. At the switchboard one day, she fielded a collect call to a family in New York City. When she asked who the call was from, the caller said, "John Gotti." He was serving time in Illinois and could make only collect calls. His family jokingly refused to accept the charges at first. Gotti wasn't pleased and started yelling unmentionables at his bemused family.

She stayed with the phone company until 2001 and then later took a part-time job with the Division of Health and Human Resources, but the pay was too little to live on. Then, in 2008, the editorial assistant job came open at GOLDENSEAL, and she landed back at the Culture Center three decades after her last go-around. Kim calls it "the most fun job I've ever had" (likely no thanks to the current editor, who's known for his random, nonsensical rants on virtually any topic).

Not only did Kim like her new job, the skills she'd developed as a phone operator, her knowledge of old-time music, and her love of history were a perfect combination for the work. John Lilly, who edited GOLDENSEAL from 1997 to 2015, notes that "her writing and photography skills came in awfully handy over the years. Kim was especially handy with historical photographs—she sometimes called them *hysterical* photographs—and she almost always knew where we could find a particular image."

John adds, "I am proud to have hired her! And equally proud of the magazines we put out together."



(Left) Kim laughs it up while sitting in the woodpile with Vandalia Award recipient Sylvia O'Brien at Ivydale (Clay County) in 1987. Photo by Wilson Douglas. (Right) Kim performs at the 1982 Vandalia Gathering. Photo by Genevieve Johnson.

Meanwhile, jumping back to the 1970s, Kim kept falling more and more in love with the banjo. Kanawha Parks and Recreation sponsored community education events in Clendenin. She went once a week for two months and learned the banjo basics from Paul Epstein, who's still active on the old-time music scene. She also started attending old-time picks at banjo player Brooks Smith's house in Dunbar. She learned a few simpler tunes, like "Cripple Creek," and asked Brooks for advice. He told her to pick out a fiddler she really liked and ask him if she could play along.

Kim went to the annual Vandalia Gathering and listened to every fiddler there. She recalls, "The last one to play was the one I liked best." So, she went up to Clay County's Wilson Douglas and asked if she could play some tunes with him. She got his phone number and began making regular trips to Wilson's house in Maysel.

Kim reflects fondly on those times, "We'd sit in his kitchen, and he'd play first and then ask me to follow him. Well, I could barely play 'Cripple Creek,' but Wilson kept encouraging me. He'd tell me to play what he was playing on the fiddle, but he'd say, 'You won't get all the notes but get what you can. And if you try to get them all, it won't sound any good. Once you learn how to do that, you can play with anybody.'"

And that's what Kim did. She and Wilson started playing the Clay County Heritage Nights (accompanied by Dana Perkins or Clarence Stover on guitar), ramp dinners, square dances in Sutton, and basically any place they could. As other old-time musicians know, not just anyone could play along with Wilson Douglas, who had his own unique style. Kim, though, found him easy to follow because "I didn't know any different."

Wilson introduced Kim to many old-time-music legends

who are no longer with us: Sherman and Burl Hammons, Woody Simmons, Sylvia O'Brien, and Blackie Cool, to name a few. As good as the music was, Kim—who'd always had a love of history—enjoyed the old timers' stories as much as anything. She still recalls the Hammons brothers' tales about fishing on the Williams River, trapping minks, and digging ginseng.

Decades later, she remembers those stories as much as she does the tunes themselves. Cody Jordan, a young old-time musician who currently plays with Kim, notes that she "can tell you not only about the tunes the old timers played and the way they played them but also about their lives and families; all of the little details which make it so much more than just something dead in history but something that is personal and meaningful and that lives on."

Being a relative newcomer to the environment, Kim didn't entirely realize what a special time it was for the old-time revival. Beginning in the 1980s, Kim became just about everyone's favorite go-to person on banjo because she could seemingly blend in at the drop of a hat. Fiddler Bobby Taylor notes that "Kim's style of banjo playing is never overstated and fits nicely into many settings. Although her leads are great, she seems most happy to contribute to the overall band sound. She never plays too much or too little. It is always just right."

Kim cracks up as her first musical mentor, Wilson Douglas, tells a story at the 1982 Vandalia Gathering.

Kim used to attend regular picks hosted by David O'Dell in Spencer. David, a banjo master himself, echoes Bobby's comments, calling Kim "one of the most underrated banjo players in the old-time-music world. She's not about the spotlight; she's not about self-promotion; she's not about fancy hot licks."

I asked Kim when she first realized she was the go-to banjo person in West Virginia, and she replied self-deprecatingly, "I don't know when that happened. In fact, I didn't know I was."

It was a big blow to Kim when her mentor, Wilson Douglas, died in 1999. They were prepping for a performance at Melvin

Wine's annual birthday shindig in Sutton, and Wilson wanted to sing, "Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?" while Kim played it on banjo. His idea was even more unusual since he'd had the last of his voice box removed 10 years before; he'd talk and sing with the aid of an *electrolarynx*, which Wilson called "his electric teeth." That night, just days before they got to perform their unique duet, Wilson died in his sleep, leaving Kim devastated.

She started looking around for someone else to play with and found Lester and Linda McCumbers of Nicut, Calhoun County. The couple had just lost their banjo player, Carroll Hardway. So, Kim stepped in and filled the void, sometimes with Andrew Dunlap on guitar, playing festivals around West Virginia. Lester wasn't big on traveling. One time, though, Kim talked him into performing at a festival in Richmond. As they crossed into Virginia, Lester looked back, waved at the "Welcome to Wild and Wonderful West Virginia" sign, and said, "Good-bye, these United States."

In time, Kim traveled to Washington state and even Australia, often accompanying Frank George of Roane County. At the Berkeley Old-Time Music Convention in California, Kim says that Frank—who was largely unknown in West Virginia outside the old-time community—was feted like a superstar: "All these hippies out in Berkeley had a copy of Frank's album from 1967. They were all waiting in line to get his autograph, like he was Frank Sinatra instead of Frank George."

Kim accompanies her second great mentor, Lester McCumbers, in the 2007 Vandalia Gathering fiddle contest.

Sadly, just about all of Kim's musical mentors eventually passed on, including Lester and Linda McCumbers and Frank George in 2017 [see Spring 2018]. But Kim was about to find a new band and a new audience. In 2014, she was at the Appalachian Studies Conference in Huntington and heard a young fiddler and guitarist. Jesse Pearson (fiddle) and Cody Jordan (guitar) were in their mid-20s and playing old-time music "the way it should be played," according to Kim. She listened for a bit and asked if she could play a few tunes with them. The three, as The Modock Rounders, were soon performing on the main and dance stages at the Vandalia Gathering and recording two old-time CDs. Fittingly, their first CD was a tribute to the late Wilson Douglas.

Cody sees Kim as a crucial part of our old-time-music family tree, "as much a part of the sound of classic West Virginia traditional music as the recordings of any of the legendary figures like the Hammons Family or French Carpenter. Her style contributed to the sounds of the greats that she played with."

In retirement, she's looking forward to traveling around, playing more music, and doing "a lot of fun things before I get too old to do them." Just recently, she played on fiddler Tessa Dillon's debut CD; Tessa is even younger than Jesse and Cody.

Kim and The Modock Rounders, with Jesse Pearson (fiddle) and Cody Jordan (guitar), at the Mountaineer Opry House, 2017. Also pictured is Tim Corbett on bass. Photo by Linda McDonald.

Kim Johnson is one of those rare individuals who's been able to bridge the gap between musicians born in both the early and late 20th centuries. She observes, "I was about 26 or 27 when I started playing with Wilson. Now, I'm the age of Wilson playing with these young folks, who are the age I was back then."

In that time, she's learned more than a thing or two about old-time music. She knows the tunes by heart but also the stories behind them and the stories of those who inspired her. Bobby Taylor calls Kim a "top-notch historian in the world of old-time music. She continues to leave a lasting legacy for future generations. She will never hesitate to set the record straight, so watch out musicologists."

David O'Dell adds, "She's all about preserving and promoting traditional music and the history that goes with it, and she's a walking, talking banjo-playing encyclopedia of West Virginia's rich old-time music culture."

Personally, I can't wait to hear Kim play more often—something you'll rarely, if ever, hear a fiddler say about a banjo player. Maybe she'll even have time now to learn "Misty Mountain Hop."

But it's impossible for me to imagine the GOLDENSEAL office without her laugh and caustic wit. When I'm sitting here at work listening to Neil Young's high-pitched vocals, who else is going to ask me, "Can't they do something to make him sound better?"

I'll miss you, Kim!

STAN BUMGARDNER is the editor of GOLDENSEAL.

Kim with Bill Monroe at Aunt Minnie's Farm, Gilmer County, in 1979.

Kim with Slab Fork native Bill Withers at the 2015 West Virginia Music Hall of Fame induction ceremony. Withers dubbed Kim the "Beyoncé of the banjo." Photo by Victoria Bosley.

Kim with Chance McCoy, from Harpers Ferry, a multi-instrumentalist with the band Old Crow Medicine Show, 2013. Photo by John Lilly.

Frank George slaps rhythm (a technique he learned from his grandfather) as Kim plays at the Berkeley Old-Time Music Convention, 2014. Photo by Mike Melnyk.

Kim plays with Clay County fiddler John Morris while perched in the trunk of his car at the 2004 Appalachian String Music Festival at Clifftop. Photo by Michael Keller.

Kim clowns around with Boone County native Billy Edd Wheeler, 2016. Photo by Rob McNurlin.

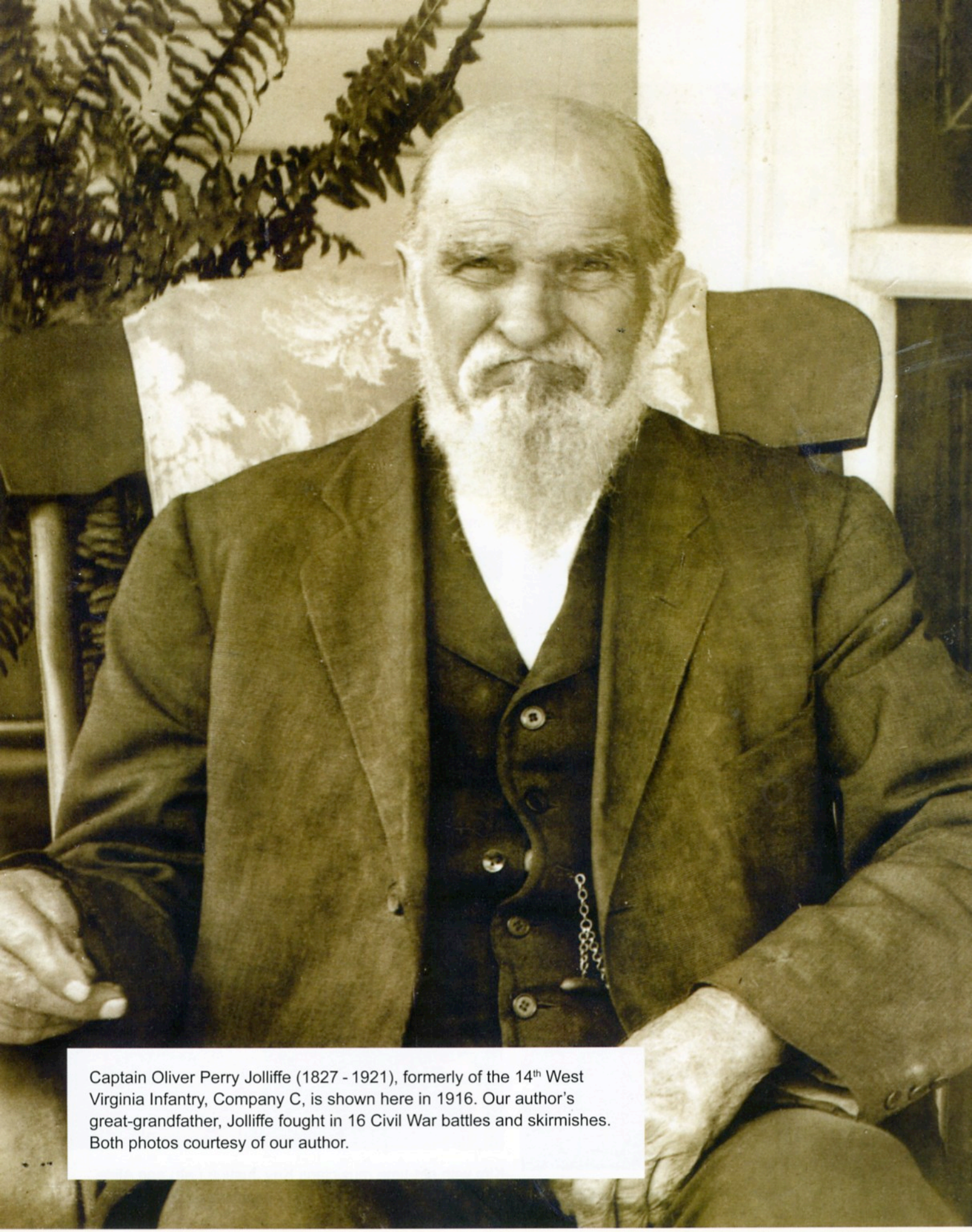
Four of the best: Kim with (left-right) Bobby Taylor, David O'Dell, and Andrew Dunlap, about 2006. Photo by Hallie Dunlap.

Kim and The Modock Rounders, with Jesse Pearson and Cody Jordan, at the GOLDENSEAL booth at Clifftop, 2015. Also pictured is Maddie Pearson. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

Kim flanked by John Hartford (left) and Wilson Douglas (right), 1994.

Kim with Mike Seeger, the half-brother of folk legend Pete Seeger, at Clifftop, 2004. Photo by Scott Prouty.

Kim with old-time musicians Kay Justice (left) and Alice Gerrard (middle) at the Augusta Festival in 2017. Photo by Amos Perrine.



Captain Oliver Perry Jolliffe (1827 - 1921), formerly of the 14th West Virginia Infantry, Company C, is shown here in 1916. Our author's great-grandfather, Jolliffe fought in 16 Civil War battles and skirmishes. Both photos courtesy of our author.

Armistice Day

By Ellen Lambert

In 1918, on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, the world rejoiced the end of the war that would "end all wars"—now referred to as World War I. The Armistice was signed, but not many years went by until World War II broke out. The Armistice did not last.

Later, the name Armistice Day was changed to Veterans Day. It is not a day to honor war but to honor the sacrifices made by others in all wars for our freedoms.

My grandfather Joseph Arlington Jolliffe often told me stories about his mother but rarely mentioned his father, Captain Oliver Perry Jolliffe, who served in Company C of the 14th West Virginia Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. But he did tell me the date of his father's death: Armistice Day, November 11, 1921.

That may not seem significant, but Captain O. P. Jolliffe fought in some of the fiercest contests of the Civil War. He was with General Phil Sheridan during the 1864 Shenandoah Valley campaign and rendered great service at Cedar Creek. He stoutly and bravely encountered and surmounted the hardships and dangers to which his command was subjected. He was never wounded, disabled, or absent from duty in the three years he served.

In later years, he continued with his agricultural, civic, and religious pursuits but remained rather militant, hawkish, and perhaps a bit pugnacious (as I was told in 1990 by a 96 year old who remembered him as a child). He was interested in the Great War developments because of his knowledge of Civil War tactics, the advancement of warfare equipment, and the fact he had three grandsons in the service.

Grandfather often related this touching coincidence to me. In fact, perhaps he was proud of it.

But it goes further. Captain Jolliffe named his oldest son, Ethelbert (Bert) Oliphant. Bert ironically died on Armistice Day 1922—one year to the day after his father's death.

Grandfather often spoke of this unusual occurrence. But it goes further.

Grandfather's death certificate states that he died in Owensboro, Kentucky, at 12:45 a.m. on November 12, 1969. Since I am a nurse, it is my contention that his earthly remains were discovered on routine rounds at 12:45 a.m. but that his soul had already gone to meet his appointment with his father and older brothers on the anniversary date of their deaths: Armistice Day, November 11.

Joseph Arlington Jolliffe (1875-1969), our author's grandfather.

ELLEN LAMBERT was reared by her maternal grandparents in Grafton in the 1940s. They instilled in her the love of history and genealogy. Local activities also left her with fond memories of the B&O terminal in its "finest hour," but family history has outweighed all others. This is Ellen's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Charleston's Man with a Vision
Harry Silverstein

By Patricia Richards McClure

"He was larger than life." Lois Silverstein Kaufman's eyes sparkle as she revisits her father's life. Sitting in an apartment at Charleston's Edgewood Summit, the place she now calls home, she leans forward to impart some significant insight. "It was fun being Harry Silverstein's daughter." She laughs.

In 1894, Harry Isadore Silverstein became the first of five children born to Lithuanian immigrants Alexander P. (A. P.) and Lena Rosen Silverstein. By 1900, they'd made their way to Charleston (via a brief stay in Montgomery), and A. P. started what would become a lucrative scrap metal business. Although Harry left school after the 10th grade, he ensured his siblings received a college education. Lois can't emphasize enough how smart he was. Not only smart, but industrious and passionate about the arts.

Harry married Florence Jordan in 1916 and enlisted in the Navy the next year, when the United States joined World War I. He served as a storekeeper at the Navy Yard in Washington, D.C. After being discharged from Pelham Bay Park in December 1918, he returned to Charleston.

Harry Silverstein, 1930s. All photos courtesy of Lois Silverstein Kaufman unless noted otherwise.

Harry and Florence had three children: Marion, Philip, and Lois. Harry eventually took over his father's business, which evolved from A. P. Silverstein and Sons into Midwest Steel. Despite being an executive in a nationally known steel corporation, Harry always found time to promote the arts. Florence had aspired to go to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music but ultimately couldn't go. Still, engaging in what she

loved, she gave private piano lessons; meanwhile, Harry played violin in a local string quartet with Marcus Cohn and Harry and Joe Bekenstein.

While Harry and Florence encouraged all their children to become musicians, only Lois pursued a full-time career in the field. As a professional pianist, she worked in New York for years before returning to Charleston, where it had all started. "My mother was my first piano teacher," she says.

Prompted by his devotion to the arts, Harry helped form and became the first president of Charleston's Community Music Association (CMA). Conceived in 1932, in the heart of the Great Depression, the CMA made every effort to provide quality music at affordable prices. Adult season tickets were five dollars, while students could attend for only a buck. The first six concerts were held in 1933-1934 in the 2,004-seat Charleston High School auditorium.

Harry was the voice of the association, and local newspapers provided him a forum. He wasn't above chiding the audience. At one time, he told concertgoers they must be in their seats by 8:15 for an 8:30 performance or their tickets would be offered to others. Likewise, he once reminded audience members it was rude to be bustling about and getting ready to leave when they should be applauding for an encore. He would regularly arrive early and fret about the readiness of the place so he could maximize the artists' and the audiences' experiences. In addition, the Silversteins frequently entertained visiting artists, allowing the children to meet some of the world's greats, many of whom kept in touch over the years.

Harry Silverstein's classical string quartet, featuring (left-right) Joe Bekenstein, Harry Bekenstein, Harry Silverstein, and Marcus Cohn.

Lois' scrapbooks, including programs and next-day newspaper reviews, chronicle some of Charleston's greatest performances. Only a young child at the time, Lois wouldn't realize the scrapbooks' significance for several years.

Acclaimed U.S. orchestras, especially those nearby, predominated the early concert scene. Lois notes that the CMA was partial to the Cincinnati Symphony, which kept down transportation costs since the musicians could travel by train. Several other East Coast symphonies appeared multiple times, including those from Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Detroit, as well as Washington's National Symphony. Audiences were treated to such illustrious conductors as Eugene Ormandy and George Szell and internationally acclaimed orchestras such as the London Philharmonia with Herbert von Karajan and the London Symphony, led by Sir George Solti. Violinists were another big draw: Jascha Heifetz (1933) was followed by Mischa Elman (1938), Efrem Zimbalist (1939), and Yehudi Menuhin (1940). The popularity of female voices cannot be understated. Helen Traubel, Eleanor Steber, and Beverly Sills played various times for the CMA.

But it was the graciousness of Lily Pons that Lois Kaufman remembers most vividly. Getting the famed Metropolitan Opera coloratura soprano to do a concert in Charleston was a real coup for Harry. The six-concert series for 1938-1939 had already been set, but he dropped one artist when he found that Pons

Early concerts of the Community Music Association were held in the cozy confines of (left) Charleston High School (photo by Amy Rochette) and the Shrine Mosque (photo by Steve Brightwell).

was available on April 10, 1939. She began her program with three Rossini tunes, including "Una Voce Poco Fa" from *The Barber of Seville*. Writing in the *Daily Mail*, journalist Jack Maurice estimated more than 2,000 watched Pons at Charleston High, with a standing-room-only crowd pouring into the aisles. He felt that Pons' voice initially lacked the enthusiasm of her radio broadcasts but later changed his tune: "The artist warmed to her task and displayed . . . an expressiveness and feeling not ordinarily associated with the florid coloratura voice."

What Lois remembers best is the excitement Lily Pons brought to the city. Pons liked Charleston so much she extended her stay; the next night, she was the Silversteins' guest on the *Bryant Showboat*, where she got to boo and hiss at the *mellerdrammer*. Nor was this her only visit to the city. She returned on another occasion with her husband, famed conductor André Kostelanetz, to celebrate a wedding anniversary.

In just a few years, the CMA had brought myriad singers, instrumentalists, symphonies, and dance troupes to the capital city. But there were a couple of problems. First, the association was so popular that by 1936, it had 2,030 members, more than Charleston High's auditorium could accommodate. So, some concerts were moved to the Shrine Mosque, a facility that still exists as the Scottish Rite Temple on Capitol Street. Poor acoustics, though, were another ongoing issue. The increasing ticket demands and poor sound elicited Harry's push for an auditorium worthy of hosting renowned artists, with seating for more than 3,000.

And so began the campaign for the Municipal Auditorium, which Lois believes was a driving force behind her father joining the city council in the 1930s. On April 8, 1939, Councilman Silverstein, running for re-election, delivered a radio speech, "The Development of a Modern City." Looking back, the speech is refreshingly naïve. He didn't ask so much to be re-elected but for the citizens to give Mayor D. Boone Dawson's current administration a vote of confidence. After describing how the winter of 1935-1936 had wreaked havoc on Charleston's streets, he added, "Despite a deficit of approximately $250,000, inherited from the previous administration, the present administration repaired those streets at great expense and without delay." The speech has a very contemporary feel, emphasizing that well-paved streets and ample parking attract people to downtown areas. He advocated for a strong local government and, by name, finishing the city's Municipal Auditorium.

His auditorium proposal, though, wasn't without controversy; opponents considered it a frivolous waste of public funds. But supporters won that skirmish, and, in 1936, the city applied for a $412,000 grant from the Public Works

Administration (PWA), part of President Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. The initial application was rejected due to a lack of federal funds. Not to be deterred, the city applied again in 1937, backed by the approval of a $250,000 municipal bond issue. Charleston didn't get the full requested amount, but $212,000 from the PWA provided 45 percent of the necessary construction funds.

Harry had envisioned three possibilities for the new venue. One proposal was for a combination auditorium and farmers' market. The second would enlarge the Shrine Mosque. The third was to establish a 3,500-seat auditorium on the newly proposed Morris Harvey College (now University of Charleston) campus. The final choice was a hybrid of the first proposal: a freestanding auditorium near downtown, but without a farmers' market.

The Art Deco building was designed by Charleston architect Alphonso F. Wysong, who described the style as "conservative modern." The main floor originally held 2,411 persons, while the balcony held 1,158, for a total capacity of 3,569. The building fell well within Harry's vision of a place where more than 3,000 could enjoy the arts. Moreover, 1,500 temporary seats could be placed on the stage and still leave room for performers.

The Municipal Auditorium was dedicated on November 5, 1939. The four-hour ceremony was attended by 5,000 people.

Lily Pons enjoys a showboat performance during her visit to Charleston in 1939. Pictured are (left-right) Florence and Harry Silverstein, Pons' secretary, and Pons. The others are unidentified.

Two days later, the CMA hosted noted violinist Zino Francescatti at an event attended by 4,000. Jack Maurice proclaimed the concert a resounding success: "To speak briefly of that other attraction—the new auditorium—it must be said it is a joy. Acoustics seem to be satisfactory, once the ventilation system is quieted. The architecture and decoration, although they leave something to be desired in the way of coloring, are definitely on the side of comfort. If for nothing else than the ample leg room between the aisles of seats, someone deserves a gold medal."

Harry became the auditorium's first general manager, a position that required a lot of work with no pay. Always civic minded, he once gave free tickets to Morris Harvey College journalism students so they could practice writing critical reviews. He also saw that high school and college students could get free tickets to the venue's popular Broadway series. In addition, he donated all rental profits from the facility to Charleston's parks and playgrounds.

At the same time, Harry carried on the family business. In fact, his business acumen was so highly regarded that he advised the U.S. government about scrap metal during World War II. We think of recycling as mostly a 21st-century development, but in wartime, just about everything, especially scrap metal, needed to be re-used. Lois explains that all the metal from downed planes, crashed vehicles, and the like was brought back to our country, melted down,

Charleston's Municipal Auditorium, built in 1939, as it appears today. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

and repurposed. Domestically, conscientious citizens added anything they could spare, and Harry Silverstein was at the epicenter of this effort.

And there was a sidelight to scrap metaling during the war, as 80 percent of Harry's private business involved rail lines. His company bought a small railroad, about 20 miles long, running west from Knoxville, Tennessee. The firm soon sought to divest itself of its "Toonerville Trolley," but the government said no. It wasn't until the end of the war that the Silversteins learned their little railroad was ferrying workers from Knoxville to Oak Ridge, where the government was conducting important atomic research.

The government relied on Harry's expertise, Lois notes, but also profited from his advice. "He decided if he couldn't beat them, he'd join them," she offers, noting why a successful businessman in his late 40s would volunteer for the U.S. Army.

Enlisting in August 1943, he expected to stay stateside. He started out advising the Army from the relatively secure standpoint of the newly built Pentagon. But when his son Phil was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge, Harry pulled some strings and was sent to England to visit Phil in a Cambridge hospital. On his train ride back to London, Harry had a heart attack and died on February 7, 1945, at age 50. His untimely death sent shock waves throughout Charleston. First buried in the Cambridge American Cemetery, Lt. Col. Harry I. Silverstein was later interred at Spring Hill Cemetery in Charleston.

Harry Silverstein's role in Charleston's history can be evaluated in several ways, some large, some small. Civic leaders would do well to instruct themselves in his bipartisanship and could learn from his willingness to step aside from a comfortable life to take on new responsibilities in times of turmoil. He's memorialized in several places: at Spring Hill Cemetery, on a monument at Charleston's Lee Street Triangle, and on the West Virginia Veterans Memorial at the capitol. Perhaps the most fitting monument to Harry Silverstein, however, is the Municipal Auditorium; for as long as it stands, he will inhabit Charleston.

PATRICIA RICHARDS McCLURE has lived in West Virginia for more than 40 years. A graduate of Baldwin-Wallace College and Ohio University, she retired from West Virginia State University, where she was an associate professor of English. For eight years, she has been writing biographies of veterans as part of the West Virginia Veterans Memorial project, a task that has become a lifetime commitment. This is her third contribution to GOLDENSEAL. Her other articles appeared in our Winter 2016 issue, commemorating the 75th anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

Charleston's Municipal Auditorium

Almost from its beginning in 1939, the Municipal Auditorium was plagued by several persistent problems. It originally had no air conditioning (typical of the day), and its furnaces were inadequate, limiting its use during the summer and forcing patrons to shiver in their overcoats during the winter. Despite careful planning, poor acoustics remained a complaint; however, as Lois Kaufman observes, the Charleston Community Music Association "would not have been able to book the best talent if the auditorium was as bad as people said."

While best remembered for classical music performances and stage plays, the auditorium saw several other, perhaps unimaginable, uses. It hosted the Ice Capades in the late 1940s and 1950s, the Shrine Circus, and home basketball games (with the court and bleachers on the stage) for Morris Harvey College before the school built its own gym. For many, though, it's best recalled as the home for the Charleston/West Virginia Symphony until the opening of the Clay Center for the Performing Arts in 2003.

In 1957, Mayor John Copenhaver banned rock'n'roll events from the auditorium after a "boisterous crowd of youngsters" got into a "free-for-all," as one newspaper termed it, at a concert headlined by The Drifters and Bo Diddley. The ban was eventually lifted, and the Municipal attracted numerous rock acts in the 1970s and 1980s, including Alice Cooper; Crosby, Stills, and Nash; Bob Dylan; Billy Joel; The Kinks; and Stevie Ray Vaughan.

But the auditorium was more than a showcase for these stellar performers. At one time, Union Carbide had its own band, as did the Beni Kedem Shrine. High school bands and choruses regularly scheduled their concerts at the Municipal, which also saw its share of high school—and college—graduations.

Two decades of heavy use caused major deterioration to the building, and by 1959, discussions sprang up regarding its future. A large new facility, the Charleston Civic Center, had just opened nearby, and Charleston City Council had to decide whether it could afford to operate both sites. Some advocated scrapping the Municipal entirely, while others proposed selling it to private enterprise. It took almost another decade of planning, but by 1967, the city had spent more than $100,000 on renovations. The sprucing up paid off, and, according to the National Register of Historic Places application, "The auditorium made more money on bookings during the first seven months of 1967 than any comparable period since the Civic Center first opened its doors in 1959."

John Robertson, longtime general manager of the Charleston Civic Center and other venues, says the building fits a niche not occupied by either the Civic Center or the Clay Center. The Municipal, he notes, is still in great demand for high school graduations, dance productions, and concerts. He estimates it's used about 90 days a year.

As John points out, it was once predicted that the state-of-the-art Clay Center would replace the Municipal, but that hasn't happened. He sees the two venues as non-competitive and feels the auditorium is "embraced by the community."

Maintaining the auditorium's pristine appearance has always been a challenge. Yet, the magnificent Art Deco structure that arose from the Great Depression has survived. The Community Music Association, Harry Silverstein's other major vision for the city, hasn't been so lucky. After filling the auditorium to capacity for many decades, audiences tapered off in the new millennium. The concert site was relocated to the University of Charleston campus, but the association could no longer sell enough subscriptions to secure the kind of performances it wished to present. It disbanded in 2015. –Patricia Richards McClure

The Effects of Segregation

In their early years, the Municipal Auditorium and Community Music Association faced controversies due to the discriminatory policies and the racial and social climate of the times. Lois Kaufman rues that the facility's and association's policies limited blacks from attending the early concerts. Members of the African-American community had long indicated an interest in live classical music, but they were told by the association that they must sit in the balcony; instead, most boycotted the performances they so desired to see.

The Municipal Auditorium's National Register of Historic Places application (1999) puts it this way:

> Theoretically, the city afforded both groups [blacks and whites] the same opportunity to rent the space, but in reality, the black community often found itself shut out of many featured offerings due to the restrictive policy. This fact created considerable tension after blacks claimed discrimination by the Community Music Association, which only allowed its members and their guests to attend its programs. Harry Silverstein said the association's board of directors would consider admitting blacks to the concerts, but only in certain sections of the balcony.
> The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and the Charleston Business and Professional Men's Club call[ed] for an end to discriminatory practices. After years of forced segregation, integrated audiences began to attend performances . in the 1950s.

The *West Virginia Digest*, an African-American newspaper headquartered in Charleston, elaborated in a February 1940 editorial:

> The Negro citizens of Charleston are waging a fight to have Negroes admitted to all public performances at our new Municipal Auditorium on an equal basis with other citizens. On various occasions groups of Negroes have attempted to purchase tickets for the concerts, plays and entertainments but have been refused because of their racial identity. Committees have been sent to the Mayor, D. Boone Dawson, but he refuses to take a stand in the matter saying that there was nothing he could do about admittance to Negroes. He takes the position that the auditorium is leased by private corporations and groups for these entertainments and that these groups can say whom they want to admit.

According to the *Digest*, Charleston's powers that be refused to take a stand against renting or leasing the auditorium to any organization that would discriminate against black citizens. Various committees sought to work with the city council's Ordinance Committee, which blamed the mayor. The mayor, in turn, blamed the Ordinance Committee.

The Silversteins, especially as Jews, empathized with the African-American population. Lois points out that despite her father's personal feelings that African-Americans should be admitted to all events, he was up against some strongly biased sentiments and was unable to convince the association, the mayor, or city council to change their policies. –Patricia Richards McClure

Lois Silverstein Kaufman

Harry Silverstein (1894 - 1945) didn't live to see most of his children as adults, but he would surely have been pleased to see how they carried on what he deemed important in life. Each reflected some facet of his existence. Phil, after the war and college, married the gracious and gregarious Jane Pincus and returned to Charleston, where he dealt primarily in real estate. Harry's daughter Marion became an artist and married businessman Carl Lehman, who served as president of the Charleston (now West Virginia) Symphony Orchestra during the 1960s.

But it was Lois Silverstein Kaufman, the youngest of the siblings and the only living member of her immediate family, who was the musician. She earned her degree at Charleston's Mason College of Music and took additional courses at the Eastman School of Music. She could have pursued a permanent career in New York, where she held a position with Community Music, Inc., and taught at a private school.

Her heart was in Charleston, though, and she married Lawrence "Larry" Kaufman Jr. and began teaching piano and music theory at Mason College. In 1955, she was named registrar at the school, which soon merged with Morris Harvey College, and she moved to a position there. She was regularly an accompanist for John Lambros, concertmaster of the Charleston Symphony and a Morris Harvey professor, as well.

Lois Silverstein Kaufman, age 94, always with a twinkle in her eye. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

Lois also continued her father's legacy by serving as president of the Community Music Association in the 1970s. Her favorite part of the job was transporting famous entertainers from the airport to their hotels.

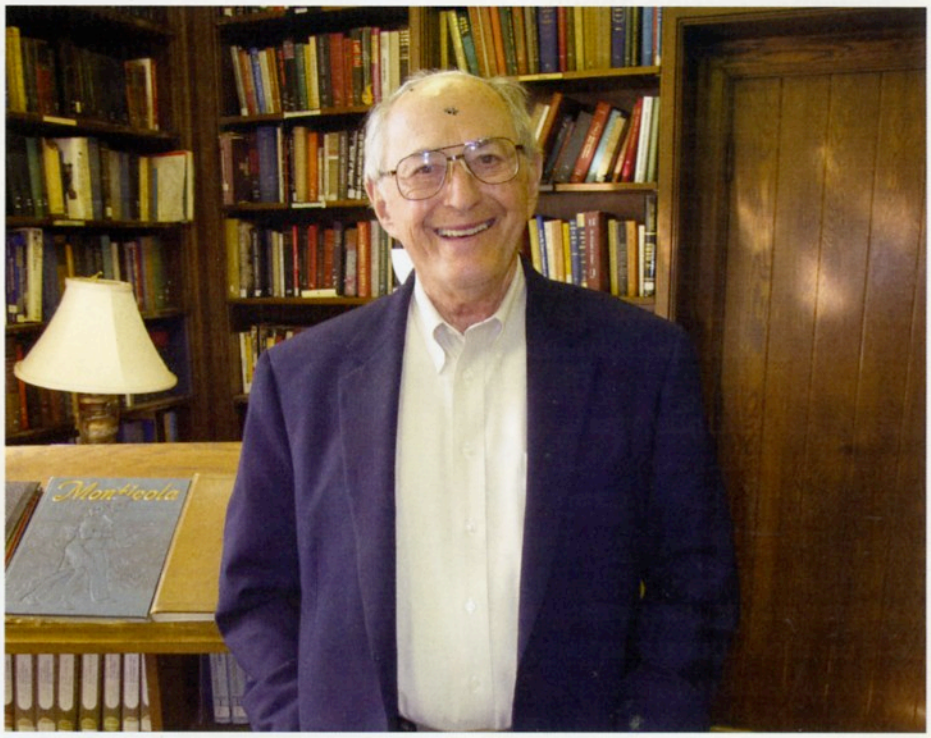
Music, however, was not her sole claim to fame. She was an avid golfer, amiable hostess (a trait passed on from her mother), and a Charleston fashion icon. At an association champagne dinner in 1974, a local newspaper reported, "Lois Kaufman and husband Larry were a gloriously-garbed twosome. The association president was gowned in a floor-length creation of floral design featuring hot pink blossoms and jungle green leaves. Her T-strap jewel-encrusted sandals were molto expressivo." –Patricia Richards McClure

Growing up Jewish in Charleston

By Eric Douglas

Attracted by enticing job prospects, tens of thousands of immigrants poured into West Virginia in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Prior to that, our state was mostly of German and Anglo-Saxon stock, with a few notable exceptions, such as the Irish Catholic immigrants who helped build and then settled along the lines of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Wheeling, in particular, became more diversified as early as the 1840s and 1850s.

While acceptance and integration haven't always been easy, many immigrants and minority groups have made the Mountain State their home. Charleston's Jewish community is a great example. Its members have met challenges, such as acceptance, but they've been able to work and thrive here.



Charleston's Stephen Meyer. Photo by our author.

"My mother's father came to West Virginia in 1890 from Lithuania in the Baltic areas near Russia," says Charleston attorney Stephen Meyer. "He left home to avoid being drafted into the Russian army. It was a 25-year tour of duty. He came to Charleston with the C&O railroad as a watch inspector. There weren't computers and all that, so his job was to make sure all the watches had exactly the same time. He ended up with a small shop on Kanawha Boulevard, and he and my grandmother had seven children: my mother, a sister, and five sons. All their children, but one, were college graduates. My mother was the first Jewish woman in West Virginia to go to college. It's amazing how these immigrants came over from the Old Country without any schooling, couldn't speak English, and survived. My grandfather was 15 years old when he got here."

Sherman "Nemo" Nearman tells a similar story of immigration and hard work. "My grandfather came here in the 1880s. He came from the Old Country, trying to escape the tyranny of eastern Europe. I have documents that he lived in a village in Poland. My grandfather worked as a backpacker. He started backpacking in the coalfields. They would go to a supplier of some kind . . . [and] carry blankets and linens into the coalfields. When he made enough money that way, he bought a house on [Court Street]."

Nemo's grandfather Julius Nearman was integral to Charleston's Jewish community. There was already a Reformed Jewish temple, now known as Temple Israel, but Julius and others were from a more orthodox Jewish background. As their

numbers grew, they decided to create a synagogue in the 1890s: "Being very religious and being orthodox Jews, they banded together and formed the B'nai Jacob Synagogue," says Nemo. The Church of Jacob, as it was originally known, held its early services in the Nearman family house on Court Street.

As the city's Orthodox Jewish community grew, it began renting increasingly larger halls in the downtown area and, in 1908, bought the former State Street Methodist Church at Court and State (now Lee) streets, near where the Charleston Town Center is now. Then, in 1949, the congregation moved to Charleston's East End and built the present B'nai Jacob Synagogue at the corner of Virginia and Elizabeth streets. "I am a third generation of B'nai Jacob," says Nemo. "We have six generations here."

Sherman "Nemo" Nearman. Photo by our author.

The grandfather of brother and sister Gary Borstein and Linda Borstein Toborowsky escaped religious persecution to get to America and eventually West Virginia. It was a trip fraught with peril and fear.

"Our maternal grandfather, Nathan Ostrin, came from Poland, near the Russian border," explains Gary. "He got out in 1905 after the pogroms. He lived through three of them. The Cossacks would come through and shoot everything they would see and then report to the central government that they put down a Jewish uprising. He had all the aptitude in the world but was reduced to selling well water in his hometown."

According to the Borsteins, when their grandfather got out, he went to New York. He started out with no money, no shoes, no education, and not even the ability to study. He was one of the first guys to work on the subway system, where he learned electrical work; it was 1905, and that was the height of the subway's construction. While in New York, he saw an ad for a job at a barrel factory in Nebraska. He wasn't in the Midwest very long, but he did learn welding and plumbing. And then his uncle told him to come to Charleston. So, he got on another train. Although his name was Nathan, when he got to Charleston in 1919, he was called Pete, and that name stuck. He gathered some money together and opened the Ostrin Electric Company near today's Town Center. He bought it from the city livery, where they cared for horses, and wired most of the big downtown buildings.

Nemo Nearman's parents, Philip and Mae, bought a house on Laidley Street, not far from his grandparents' home on Court Street. That's where Nemo was born and raised. His grandfather Julius owned a grocery store and a saloon and eventually bought the house of civic leader George M. Laidley.

"It was downtown," says Nemo. "We walked to Capitol Street. It was that kind of town. It was a free childhood. We didn't have to report. Our

Nathan "Pete" and Eva Cohen Ostrin about the turn of the 20th century. Courtesy of Linda Borstein Toborowsky.

parents knew it was a safe community."

It's difficult to speak to someone who grew up in the 20th century about their Jewish identity without discussing World War II and anti-Semitism.

"I remember I was always frightened of Nazi Germany and the anti-Semitism," Stephen Meyer recalls. "I followed the war quite closely. I was concerned about the destruction of the Jews."

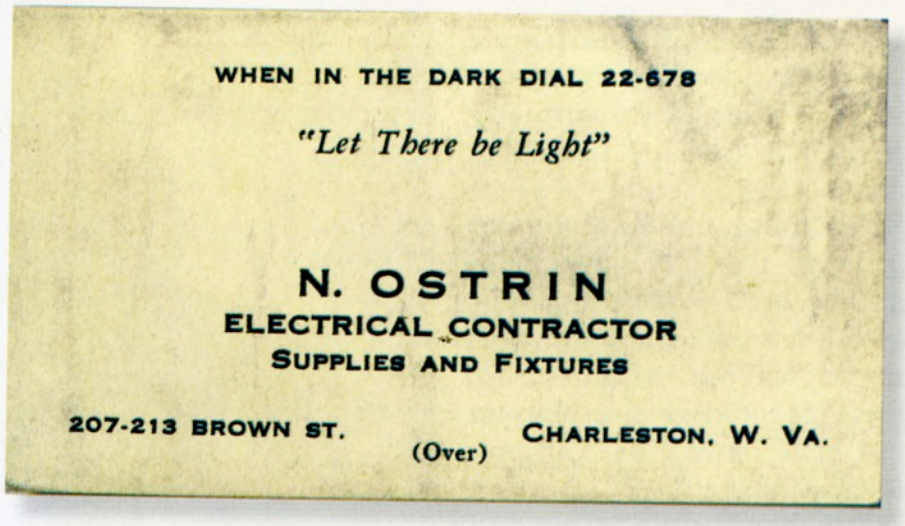
Nemo remembers hearing about the bombing of Pearl Harbor: "On December 7, 1941, I was at a synagogue youth meeting above the Kearse Theatre when they announced that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. Tremendous shock, even at that age. I was 14 or 15. The realization hit all of us then. We knew we were all going to be fighting the war, and two or three guys sitting there didn't come back."

The perspective on the Holocaust is different for Millie Snyder: "I remember as early as age six, and certainly seven or eight, asking my mother, 'What did the United States do about all of those Jews who were being killed?' and my mother would say, 'We did nothing.' As time would move me along, I made it my business to understand that. Just a couple years ago, with a big shot of bravery, I actually went to Auschwitz [concentration camp] in Poland. It was without a doubt life changing. I bought every book I could find about it. I have learned so much; so many people's stories were the same. As many as have been told, there are that many more that need to be told. Reading the books, I would say it can't get any worse, and then I would turn the page and it would be worse. I can say I am so regretful that being Jewish was that costly. And the crimes are hard to put into words. I want to understand it, and I want my children to understand it. The important thing is it has increased my compassion for people from every walk of life."

Postwar life in West Virginia was still fraught with problems, but some felt the impact more than others.

"That era," Stephen explains, "we had maybe 2,500 Jews total to support a reformed congregation and a traditional congregation. We had a small but very vibrant population. I think we have half the Jewish population today that we had then. I have always been proud of Charleston in terms of its race relations. There were segregated schools and such, but there was no real animosity. When I lived in the country, they called me a Hebrew, but they got that out of the Bible. They didn't know what it meant; it was just a word. I never felt any strong racial prejudice in Charleston."

Lynn Meyer, Stephen's wife, remembers things a bit differently. She didn't move to West Virginia until she was an adult: "I moved here and felt it right away. In my neighborhood, they were all [Union] Carbide people and felt a certain way. We lived [within] walking distance from the neighborhood pool. When I married Stephen, he joined it. I'd been here only three years. One day, I had the five kids. We all packed up our gear, and we walked to the pool. In the background I heard, from a man, 'Oh, there's that new damn Jew family.' I turned around and said to the kids, 'Don't unpack. We're leaving.' They wanted to know why, and I told them why. I said, 'We're not going to stay in a place like that.' The next year, we built our own pool.



"I was a physical therapist for many years. I was working at [Charleston Area Medical Center] in the hydrotherapy department. One of the aides, I don't think she realized there were other religions, like I didn't when I was young. But she wasn't young. For some reason, she came over and said to me, 'If you don't get saved, you're going to hell.' I told her that this was work and not the place for this. I told her, 'You and I are good friends. Let's not let religion ruin that.' And that was the end of that."

Nemo graduated from Charleston High School in 1943. He was drafted into the Navy and assigned to the Pacific Theater. Just as his fleet reached Pearl Harbor, ironically enough, word came that the war was over.

After World War II, the 6'6" Nemo attended the University of North Carolina on a basketball scholarship. He notes, "People will ask me, 'You were at the University of North Carolina for four years. Did you run into any anti-Semitism?' Never. Never ran into it. Never saw it in Charleston, either. I don't think there was ever any overt anti-Semitism here. I'm sure there were pockets of it, but it never affected my life one way or the other. I always got along. Occasionally, I have been called a "damn Jew," but it was usually from the basketball stands. Maybe I did ignore it, but I can't recall an instance where it affected my life."

There were periods of unspoken discrimination and exclusion, including areas in Charleston where Jews (and others) weren't allowed—spelled out in plain words in real estate deed covenants. Gary Borstein explains, "The different groups—the *ethnics*, they were called—couldn't come uptown. They had to live down in The Triangle." The Triangle District, an area where many African-Americans lived, was formed by the confluence of the Kanawha and Elk rivers. During the 1960s, the city launched an urban renewal campaign,

displacing most of these people and tearing down their houses. Some of this space eventually made way for the interstate and the Town Center; 50 years later, though, much of the old Triangle District consists of empty lots overtaken by weeds, with a few historic reminders of what was once a flourishing, yet segregated, section of town [see "The Block," by Anthony Kinzer, Spring 2017].

Gary continues, "Grandad bought a piece of land on Dixie Street [on the East End]. Back then, you wanted to be as close to the synagogue as you could. You couldn't drive, you couldn't have money, you couldn't do anything on the Sabbath. He built our home that we live in today, but he couldn't live in it. They didn't allow Jews to live in the area."

His sister Linda adds, "They moved into the house in the middle of the 1940s, about 1945. The war was still going on, but at the end. There was prejudice here, but compared to other places, West Virginia was very good to us."

Gary notes, "We couldn't join the country clubs, but the Jews opened their own. It was called Southmoor. Interestingly, when the county needed a location for South Charleston High School, they took land from the one Jewish country club. Of course, by that time, all the other country clubs in the area had dropped their barriers and allowed Jews to belong. Our uncle Alvin wanted to buy a house in Lake Chaweva in Cross Lanes (about 10 miles west of Charleston). He tried to join when it originally opened. They wouldn't let him do it because he was Jewish. They accepted him [at first], and then they realized he was Jewish and sent him a letter to tell him they were still considering his application."

This photo of Libia Cohen Compinsky Ostrinsky (1854 - 1931), the mother of Nathan Ostrin, was taken in Russia in the late 1800s. She later emigrated to the United States, joined her family in Charleston, and is buried in the city's B'nai Jacob Cemetery. Courtesy of Linda Borstein Toborowsky.

So, how you were treated as a Jew depended a lot on the time and place. Each Jewish family had its own experiences, some better than others.

"I'm happy to say that I never felt my being Jewish had anything to do with my success or failure," says Stephen Meyer. "It never played a part, and I think that is Charleston. I think my friends who are non-Jews appreciate and respect you being observant of your religion. I've always thought that if you are Jewish, they want you to be Jewish. After all . . . we're [all] Mountaineers."

ERIC DOUGLAS is a Charleston-area author. He grew up in West Virginia, and even though he left the mountains for a few years, they never left him. He has a series of adventure novels and has recorded more than 150 oral histories. This is Eric's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Charleston's Orthodox Jewish community breaks ground on the B'nai Jacob Synagogue on the East End in 1948 (the city's Woman's Club is in the background). The synagogue opened a year later. Courtesy of B'nai Jacob Synagogue.

Hoops Are Life for Nemo Nearman

From his beginnings at Charleston High, basketball has factored into just about every aspect of Nemo Nearman's life. After graduating from Charleston High in 1943, Nemo left for the U.S. Navy. In the service, he filled out and grew two more inches to get to 6'6". As soon as he got home, opportunities came knocking. He was in Morgantown trying out for WVU when he got a call from University of North Carolina Coach Tom Scott, offering him a full scholarship. Nemo was on a train south the next day.

Nemo started all three years he was eligible at UNC (1947-1950) and was team captain his senior year. He then played in the pro National Industrial League in California, spent time in Guadeloupe teaching English and social studies, and developed a youth basketball program in Chile.

After returning to Charleston, Nemo and George King (a former NBA player and graduate of Charleston's Stonewall Jackson High) began a summer basketball league; Nemo took over the league when King moved on to coach at WVU. Nemo also did radio and TV broadcasts, was general manager of the Charleston Gunners of the Continental Basketball Association, and ran the state Senior Sports Classic.

His career took many detours, but Nemo Nearman never gave up playing basketball at the YWCA. He's 92 now and still loves the game. –Eric Douglas

A Christmas Day Tragedy

By Donald L. Rice

Elkins, like many towns, was gripped with excitement about aircraft following World War I, as professional and novice aviators bought up surplus military planes. In the 1920s and early 1930s, these *barnstormers* visited Elkins and frequently took off from Scott and Harper fields for short passenger flights throughout the Tygart's Valley.

By the early 1930s, the region was feeling the effects of the Great Depression. In 1931, Christmastime festivities were even further muted when word spread that an Army aircraft and its pilot had possibly disappeared in the mountainous terrain of eastern West Virginia.

In the last week of 1931 and the first few days of 1932, a plaintive call was repeated throughout Randolph and surrounding counties: "Where is Bobbitt?"

Bobbitt was Second Lieutenant Everette Harman Bobbitt Jr., who was flying from Selfridge Field, near Detroit, to his home at Hot Springs, Virginia, on Christmas Day, December 25, 1931.

Bobbitt, age 25, the son of Everette Harman and Jesse (Rennix) Bobbitt, was a graduate of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He had completed pilot training on June 26, 1931, and been assigned to the Army Air Corps' 36th Pursuit Squadron, 8th Pursuit Group, at Selfridge.

Second Lieutenant Everette Bobbitt Jr. Courtesy of the Bath County (Virginia) Historical Society.

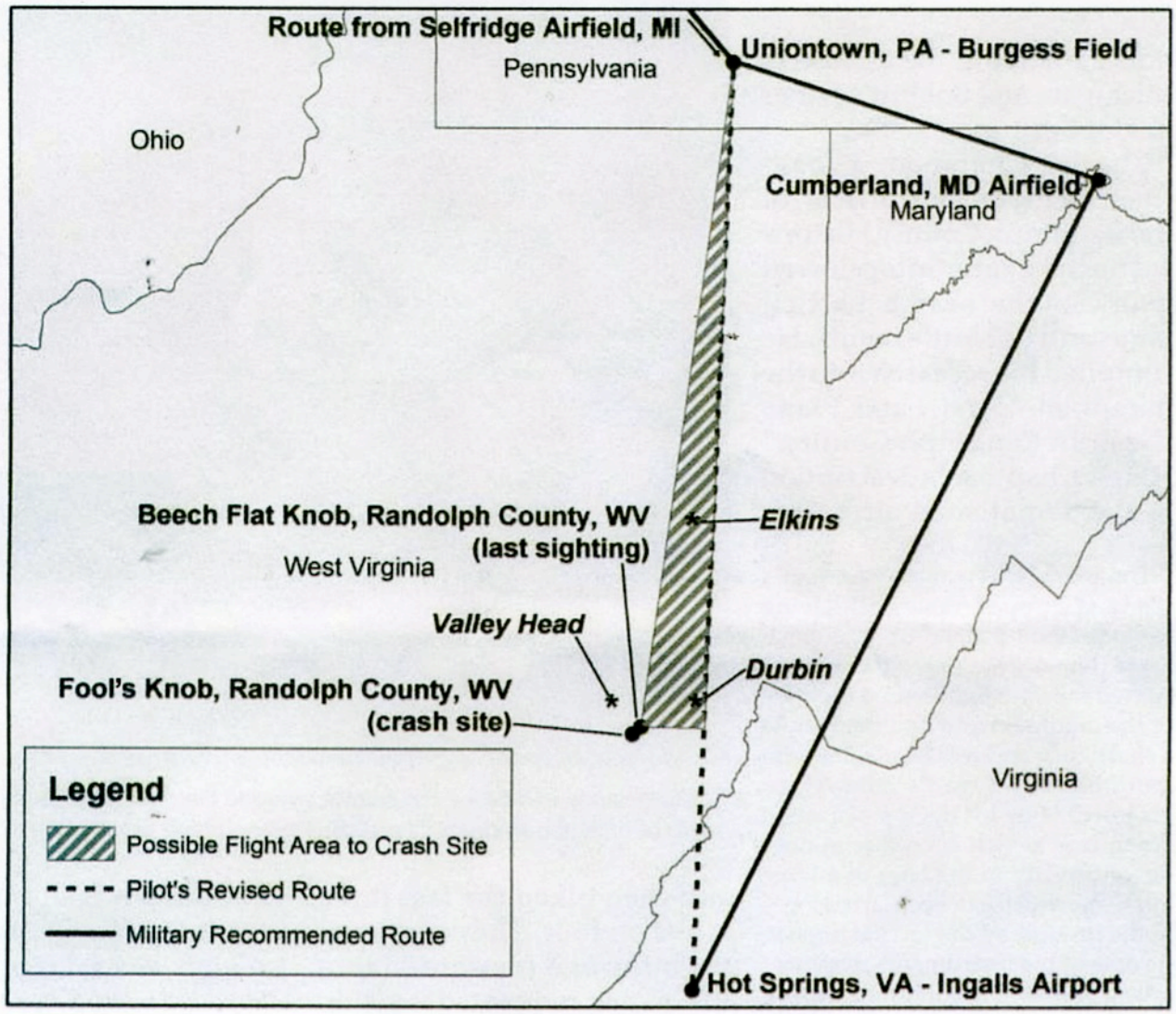
For Christmas that year, Bobbitt had been granted leave to visit his home—at least a 16-hour trip by automobile—so he decided to fly, cutting his travel time to only two-and-a-half hours and logging the rookie pilot some needed flight hours.

At 9:30 a.m. on Christmas morning, Bobbitt climbed aboard a Curtiss P-6A Hawk pursuit (fighter) craft, powered by a 600-horsepower Conqueror engine. He made a brief refueling stop at Burgess Field in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and was cleared to continue by way of Cumberland, Maryland—keeping him east of the prominent Allegheny Front to the south.

He took off from Uniontown at 12:20 p.m. but ventured too far south, toward West Virginia's highest mountain peaks. He eventually flew into the Tygart's Valley, where observers at Dodson Run, near Beverly, saw him flying at a low altitude. The weather wasn't a concern at this point, although a low-lying fog was beginning to form.

Southeast of Valley Head, in the Windy Run and Ware's Ridge section of Randolph County, John and Mary See saw the plane circle "shortly after noon on three occasions," as Bobbitt tried to avoid the falling snow and accumulating fog on Cheat Mountain. Jim Ware, a local woodsman in the Beech Flats region, was the last to see the plane, headed toward what's known locally as Fool's Knob, near the Pocahontas County line.

Meanwhile, members of Bobbitt's family had gathered at Ingalls Airport in Hot Springs. When Bobbitt failed to show by 3:29, requests were sent to the Uniontown airport to find the missing plane. By the next day, as many as 14



Map showing Bobbitt's flight route and crash site. Map by Thomas Rice.

aircraft were involved in the search; at least seven took off from Harper Field, site of the present Elkins Airport. One of these was flown by Weston's Dudley Reed, who later managed the Elkins Airport for many years.

For several days, the search was hampered by snowy conditions, making visibility extremely difficult. Most of the search planes had open cockpits, which exposed the crews to frigid conditions at high elevations and limited their flight times. In addition, local citizens, sometimes as many as 50 to 60 per group, conducted ground searches for several days without success.

It wasn't until Wednesday morning, January 7, 1932, that two local woodsmen and trappers who'd been assisting with the search decided to look around the Cheat Mountain Summit near Fool's Knob. Marley S. Simmons and Carl Reaser, accompanied by Simmons' dog, Coaley, proceeded to the highest point on the summit (elevation 4,670 feet). After looking for several hours with no luck, they decided to give up, but Coaley refused to leave. They began following Coaley, who led them to the concealed crash site. There, they discovered the badly damaged aircraft and the deceased remains of Bobbitt.

Simmons and Reaser made the four-hour trek back to Valley Head, telephoned the state

police in Elkins, the airbase in Michigan, and Bobbitt's father in Hot Springs.

Charles Chapman, a longtime member and officer of the Randolph County Historical Society, later interviewed many of the search participants and Bobbitt's family. He compiled his research into the pamphlet "First Fatal Plane Crash In Randolph County." Here's Chapman's description of the demolished aircraft:

> The plane was a mass of twisted steel and stripped framework having exploded and burned upon impact. From the position of the plane it appeared the flyer had cleared the crest of the mountain and had then made a sharp turn and was headed back in the direction of Tygart's Valley, when his lower wing hit the top of a small beech tree, which caused it to nose down directly to the base of a large birch tree which had been jarred loose in the ground by the terrific impact.
>
> Some of the instruments remained intact, showing the ignition was on and the throttle wide open. The pilot's body, burned beyond recognition, was thrown from the seat and jammed against the instrument panel. The goggles was [*sic*] still on his face and the remains of his parachute was [*sic*] still attached to his body, indicating that death had come quickly. A watch bearing his initials was later found under the plane. It was broken with the hands stopped at 1:10 p.m. indicating the time of the crash.

On the evening of January 7, personnel from Elkins' Runner Funeral Home—accompanied by more than 60 citizens from Valley Head, Mingo, and Monterville—drove partway to the crash site via a small dirt road about one mile south of Mingo and then hiked the last three miles on foot. They removed the body and forwarded it to Elkins, as requested by U.S. Army officials at Bolling Field in Washington, D.C.

The tombstone of Second Lieutenant Everette Harman Bobbitt Jr. (1906 – 1931) at Arlington National Cemetery. Photographer unknown.

For almost two weeks, the saga of the missing pilot had been widely publicized throughout the region and had made for national newspaper and radio headlines. The military's official investigation attributed the crash to (1) "lack of experience," (2) "error of judgment," (3) "the weather," and (4) other causes. A military funeral was conducted for Second Lieutenant Everette Bobbitt Jr. with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery on January 9, 1932, more than two weeks after the accident.

The author would like to acknowledge the following contributors and sources: Charles Chapman, Larry See, Bath County (Virginia) Historical Society, Thomas Rice, Donna McClung, Lynne Petrosky, Howard Reed, Air Force Historical Research Agency, National Museum of the U.S. Air Force, The Elkins Inter-Mountain, *and* The Pocahontas Times.

DONALD L. RICE, a graduate of Davis & Elkins College and West Virginia University, is a retired teacher and administrator from Randolph County schools. He's published a number of books on the history of that region, including *Randolph 200: A Bicentennial History of Randolph County, West Virginia* and *Elkins Centennial Album*. This is his third contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Don Rice
The History Guy

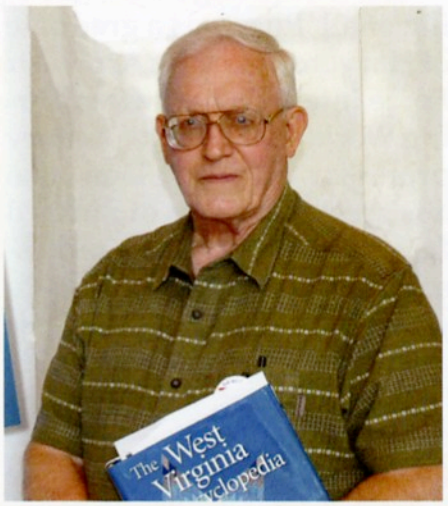
By Donna Rice McClung

Long before he's put the finishing touches to his latest writing, Donald "Don" Rice already has his next project in the works, either on paper or in his mind. The indefatigable 89 year old shows no signs he'll ever stop doing that which he loves.

Don Rice is Randolph County's "history guy." Although he'd never describe himself that way, Don has been a sought-after authority on matters pertaining to state, local, and family histories for a long time. He fields inquiries from authors, historians, genealogists, and others from all over the country.

Since the 1950s, Don has been involved with history and its preservation in a public way. He was active in the Randolph County Historical Society for close to four decades, including 22 years as its president. He has been a member of various statewide boards and committees dedicated to preserving state and local history.

He was the driving force behind the Randolph County Historical Society Museum, housed in the Blackman-Bosworth Store building in Beverly. That effort began in the mid-1970s and continues to this day. The museum complex now includes the relocated and restored log home, the Stalnaker Cabin, and an original one-room subscription school.



Don Rice, Randolph County's "history guy." Photographer unknown.

Don was born in Bridgeport in 1929 but has been a lifelong resident of Randolph County. He was the youngest boy of 10 children born to Lewis Jordan Rice and Florence Nutter Rice.

Don carried on a family tradition established by his older siblings by becoming an academic and athletic standout at Elkins High School. He graduated in 1947, having served as senior class president and co-captain of the football team. He was a four-year letterman in three sports, garnering personal recognition at the state and conference levels. In 1945, he played on Elkins High's last undefeated football team. This remains a source of pride for him and his surviving teammates, with whom he still maintains contact.

Don went on to play football at Davis & Elkins (D&E) College while earning a bachelor's degree in political science and economics. He earned a master's in political science from West Virginia University, after which he began a long career in education.

He taught at Durbin School in Pocahontas County and at Elkins High, and served as principal of the 12-grade Harman School. In 1987, he retired as assistant superintendent of Randolph County Public Schools, following many years of service as an administrator.

He's also retired from the West Virginia National Guard, with more than two decades of service, including nine years as a full-time administrator. He rose to the rank of Master Sergeant but officially retired as a Sergeant First Class.

He and his wife of 65 years, Carolyn Canfield Rice, have three children, seven grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

"If I were to trace my lifelong love of history to a singular influential person or event," Don says, "it would have started

with my grandfather and his shared firsthand accounts of life in West Virginia during the Civil War."

Don's maternal grandfather, Hiram Turner Nutter, resided with the Rices at their home in Elkins in the late 1930s and early '40s. "One story of his in particular sparked my imagination," Don says. "During the Civil War, around 1863, Grandpa Nutter made a trip on horseback from the family farm on the Barbour-Harrison county line to Beverly. The trip was made for the purpose of checking on a relative, a soldier who had been wounded or fallen ill in Beverly. Grandpa was eight years old at the time.... He described the landscape along the route as 'heavily forested' and 'wilderness terrain.' I contemplated how the intervening years could have wrought such drastic changes to the landscape."

Don remembers Grandpa Nutter as a "pretty smart fella," with a beautiful singing voice. He'd entertain the Rice children with an unusual style of song, which involved clapping and chant-like singing.

"Grandpa lived with us during the 1930s and '40s," Don recalls. "He was in his 80s at the time but would return to his farm near the Barbour-Harrison county line to work the tobacco crops during the summer months."

Don's love of history was also nurtured by an aunt, Georgia (pronounced "Georgie") Rice Harper. As a boy, he spent a great deal of time with Aunt Georgia on the Harper Farm near Elkins. He also credits a number of his professors and instructors at D&E for being very influential.

Dr. Thomas Ross, he says, was the most inspiring and motivating of all. Ross was a graduate of Harvard, a former Army Air Force Intelligence Officer during World War II, and a history professor at D&E. Don also has great memories of Richard Long, a political science professor; Dr. Harriet Shoen, a history professor who Don describes as "colorful"; Lydia Driggs, his Spanish teacher, whose stories about missionary work in India fascinated Don; and Madame Tatiana Jardetsky, his Russian language instructor, who Don describes as well-educated and sophisticated; she was an émigré who had fled Russia. At D&E, Don began writing articles that were published in *The Davis and Elkins Historical Magazine*.

Just as he can point to those who influenced him, Don has likewise inspired many others, starting with his own family. It's no small coincidence that two of his own children, one granddaughter, and two nephews can all claim the title "Golden Horseshoe recipient." The same granddaughter was named Most Valuable Player of the West Virginia History Bowl. One grandson won the West Virginia Sesquicentennial teen essay contest.

Like so many other proud West Virginians, one of Don's big regrets is that he never earned a Golden Horseshoe of his own. He did attain the second-highest score among eighth graders in Randolph County; however, he wasn't designated a winner, as that honor was instead conferred upon some students who attended underserved or underrepresented schools in the county. He holds no ill will toward those recipients, and he was later, as an adult, awarded an Honorary Golden Horseshoe and named a West Virginia History Hero for his service and dedication in the furtherance of education about our state.

Don's love of history is rivaled only, perhaps, by his love of hunting, fishing, and the great outdoors. His favorite fishing grounds are the Shavers, Glady, and Laurel forks of the Cheat River, east of Elkins. He holds firm that there is no better meal to be had than "trout, ramps, and fried potatoes" and jokingly regards trout as the "only fish worthy of the chase." He's fished for the elusive fish across the country but prefers spending time at his family log cabin on Glady Fork, where fishing and hunting opportunities abound.

He's always combined his outdoor pursuits with his study of an area's history. In particular, he loves the history of timbering, early industrialization, and the military. His early interest in military history focused mostly on Civil War activity around Randolph County. Later

Growing Up Rice

The year was about 1967, and the event was an oft-repeated one, typical of any given Sunday afternoon, in any given year of the 1960s or '70s, on any given road in West Virginia.

With Dad at the wheel and our picnic lunch in tow, our family set out by car for an afternoon excursion to parts and destinations unknown. We knew not where the road or Dad would take us, but experience told us it would be neither quick nor direct. It would involve hours of navigating highways, byways, and unimproved roads through the rugged mountains and forests of the Allegheny Mountains, and it would seem interminable.

His Pontiac negotiated the twists, turns, and crests at speeds that bespoke Dad's comfortable familiarity with the terrain. Then, there was the unannounced, but recognizable, swerve to the berm, followed by an abrupt halt!

A collective, practiced groan arose from the car's backseat as we, the child passengers, knew all too well what the sudden stop foretold. A West Virginia Highway Historical Marker loomed nearby, and it wasn't to be ignored!

Dad would bypass our feigned annoyance and use these opportunities to their full advantage. To him, the written narrative of a roadside marker was just a prelude to additional discourse about the subject at hand. Many highway markers provided backdrops for these teachable moments. Dad was forever the teacher, and we kids were forever his students.

Feigned annoyance aside, we were at once awed and amused by the breadth of Dad's encyclopedic knowledge of, well, just about everything. The occasional unwitting friend who came along for the ride would inquire earnestly how Dad knew so much. Rather than answer what seemed a rhetorical question, we implored them to show no further interest, lest it spur him on.

There was nothing feigned about Mom's annoyance with the tired old game. But she always persisted and played her all-important roles of cook, chef, and picnic preparer. That was her thing, and she did it like a boss. In short order, she could prepare a nutritious, full-course lunch, replete with tablecloth and award-winning potato salad, guaranteed to please the hungry troops. We ate well, and the picnic became the most anticipated part of each excursion.

The Rice kids on an outing—this time outside West Virginia. Courtesy of our author.

We kids were in a perpetual state of boredom, at worst, or indifference, at best, with the tedious steady diet of local history, Civil War history, geography, and nature. Instead of "Destination: Beach," we derisively dubbed our family vacations "Destination: Battlefield." Of course, as an adult, I've shed most of my childish sarcasm and fully appreciate Dad's unique character. We do still joke, however, that Dad's gravestone will actually be a West Virginia Highway Historical Marker. We'll make sure we have the last laugh. –Donna Rice McClung

writings reflect an expanded interest in World Wars I and II, with special emphasis on locals who rose to prominence during those wars. Donald Rice is the author of several local history books as well as articles for the *West Virginia Encyclopedia* and GOLDENSEAL. In short, Don Rice is a Randolph County, and a West Virginia, treasure.

DONNA RICE McCLUNG, Don's daughter, grew up in Elkins and graduated from Elkins High and West Virginia University. She's retired from the U.S. Marine Corps and currently lives in Sissonville with her husband, Benjamin, and is the proud mother of two college students This is Donna's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Black and White
Fairmont West vs. Fairmont Dunbar

By Bob Barnett and Lysbeth Barnett

On September 30, 1954, Fairmont Dunbar High School and Fairmont West High School took the field at the city's East-West Stadium to play a historic football game—the first between a black high school and a white high school in West Virginia history. From our state's beginning in 1863, West Virginia had a segregated school system, with more than 40 black high schools and three black colleges. There were separate football champions, basketball tournaments, and track meets for black schools. The only athletic competition between a black and a white high school was a series of basketball games between Huntington St. Joseph and Huntington's Douglass High, which had met for two games a season beginning in 1948.

Then in 1954, the unanimous *Brown* v. *Board of Education* Supreme Court decision declared segregated schools and the laws that created them unconstitutional. On May 18, 1954, the day after the decision was handed down, West Virginia Governor William Marland stated, "Gentlemen, the decision of the Supreme Court is the law of the land, and we shall abide by it." W. W. Trent, the longtime and powerful state school superintendent, attended Marland's press conference. He stood firm with the governor on integrating our schools and colleges. Trent's stand wasn't that surprising since he had historically supported a high-quality, yet separate (according to the law), education for West Virginia's African-American children. He sent a letter to each county superintendent with carbon

Program for the first football game in state history between a white and a black high school, September 30, 1954. Courtesy of D. D. Meighen.

Here are a few of the Dunbar Tiger standouts in 1954: Frank Johnson (14), Obie Kilgore (28), Timothy Harton (29), Sterling Hicks (11), Paul Nelson (12), Sammy Garrett (24), Milton Johnson (19), Charles Terry (16), and Moreno Miller (20). The other players are unidentified. Courtesy of D. D. Meighen.

The 1954 Fairmont West Polar Bears. Courtesy of Kerri Grandstaff.

copies distributed to county boards of education, advising them to "begin immediately to re-organize and re-adjust their schools to comply with the Supreme Court decision."

Seven Marion County schools integrated in fall 1954, with 58 black students enrolling in white schools. The only problem encountered in the county was at Annabelle School in Four States, a small coal camp of the Rochester and Pittsburgh Coal Company. Fairmont Dunbar—a black school, with grades 1-12—remained open that fall because there wasn't enough planning time to integrate its 500 students into other county schools.

On September 13, the schools announced that the Fairmont West and Dunbar football teams would meet on an open date for both: September 30. Adding the game gave Fairmont West a full 10-game schedule. Dunbar Head Coach Horace Belmear was particularly pleased because he'd been able to schedule only five games up to that point. Black high schools ordinarily played fewer games because of the long travel times between black schools in the

Mountain State. But scheduling had become especially difficult this year since Dunbar's traditional African-American rivals—Morgantown Monongahela and Elkins Riverside—had both been integrated into white schools.

The West Virginian, one of Fairmont's two daily newspapers, editorialized, "The problem of integrating the school system has brought out some unpleasantness in certain sections of the county, and a game between West and Dunbar would go a long way in eliminating some of that unpleasantness."

The Fairmont West Polar Bears were favored because they were in Class A, based on enrollment, while the smaller Dunbar was in Class B. However, the Dunbar Tigers were not without resources. In 1953, Dunbar had been awarded West Virginia's black football championship based on its undefeated 6-0 record. Dunbar had already opened the 1954 season by beating a good Weirton Dunbar team 26-0; Weirton's squad featured fullback Bob Jeter, a future Purdue University and NFL player.

The Polar Bears didn't take the Tigers lightly. "We knew that they were good because we had gone to their games," said Stan Beafore, who played for West.

In addition, West had lost the services of its standout quarterback, John Carbone, who'd broken his ankle against Farmington in the season's second game. "We were pretty good with Carbone, but when he got hurt, we became just an average team. He went on to play at Texas A&M," says Pete Zeck, a starting end for West, which had a 1-1-1 record going into the game.

Stan Beafore, a junior back for Fairmont West in 1954, still has great memories of the first integrated high school football game in state history. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

East-West Stadium was packed that Thursday night. There was tension in the air because nobody knew if trouble might break out at an interracial game. Some of the crowd just wanted to be part of the historic event, while others were curious to see how a good black team would match up against a team from a larger white high school. But the historic importance was quickly lost on the players.

"Nobody said anything, but we knew that the game was different. But once it got going, it did not seem that much different," says Pete. Stan recalls, "We knew all of their players because we played with them growing up. Moses Guin played

on the Watson coal camp baseball team with me in the summer Marion County League."

Moses, Dunbar's fullback, recalls, "It was no big deal. We grew up together and hung out together; we just did not go to school together. The game seemed like a big pickup game. I knew everyone on the other team. We did not question things then. That was just the way things were. We did what we were told to do."

The game's first half was scoreless. West dominated the statistics but couldn't score. "That was not unusual because we had trouble scoring all year without Carbone," says Pete.

In the middle of the third quarter, Dunbar got a break and recovered a Fairmont West fumble on the 37 yard line. Dunbar completed a pass to Curtis Guin, Moses' younger brother, who pitched the ball back to Tom Edwards, who carried it to the four yard line, putting Dunbar in good scoring position. Dunbar had used the play, an early version of the modern hook-and-lateral pass, to score a touchdown against Weirton. "That play was improvised," recalls Moses. "We did not have any plays like that, but they just knew each other so well from using it on the playground." On the second running play from the four, Moses carried the ball into the end zone to give Dunbar a 6-0 lead. A running play for the two-point conversion was stopped short.

It looked like that lone touchdown might hold up. The West Polar Bears would gain yards only to be turned back by Dunbar's heroic goal line stands. But, late in the third quarter, West returned a short Dunbar punt to the 26 yard line. After a short drive early in the fourth quarter, Johnny Fargo, a center converted into a fullback, plunged two yards for a Polar Bear touchdown. Skip Delligatti kicked the extra point, giving West a 7-6 lead, which turned out to be the final score.

Only a couple of grainy photos from the historic game are known to exist. Here, West's Pete Zeck tries to fake out a Polar Bear defender after catching a pass from Bill Morosco. Photo by Galen Kyre.

Moses Guin remembers it as a clean well-officiated game. "There were not any problems or any of that kind of stuff," he says. Pete Zeck adds, "I remember playing against Donald Bates, who played for Dunbar. He had been my next-door neighbor and best friend in the Hutchinson coal camp, where we lived for the first seven years of my life. After the game, we did not hug or anything. You did not do that then. I am sorry that we did not talk more or even keep in contact after the game. Also, I remember that Moses Guin was the hardest runner that I ever tried to tackle."

The next day, Emlyn Thomas, sports editor for *The West Virginian*, was effusive with praise about the game, writing it had "one of the nicest crowds from the standpoint of behavior [and] the officials said that it was the cleanest game they had ever worked." He added that the game was "proof that the integration problem, if there is such a thing, can be handled smoothly with a little cooperation from both sides." West went on to finish the season with a 3-5-1 record and defeated Fairmont East 12-6 in its season-ending rivalry game. Dunbar won its next four games, finishing with a 5-1 record—only one point away from an undefeated season.

Even as integration progressed, Dunbar remained open in 1955-1956, but with only a few students and teachers and no sports teams. Most of Dunbar's students had moved on to formerly all-white high schools, Fairmont East or West, or to high schools in smaller Marion County towns. For example, Moses and Curtis Guin, who

lived in Barrackville, about five miles from Fairmont, stayed at home and went to Barrackville High. "There were no problems when we integrated Barrackville High School because we all grew up together and knew each other," says Moses. The Guin brothers were the football team's star players, and Curtis led the basketball team to a state championship in 1956 and a second-place finish in 1957. Both years, he was named to the all-tournament team.

Pete Zeck returned for his senior year at Fairmont West, which was integrated that year. "We had black students and black teachers," Pete remembers. "Two of the black players were on the starting 11 on the football team, and we had some black kids who were subs. I never heard anyone say a word that year about integration." Stan Beafore adds, "Some people thought that there would be problems when we integrated, but there were no problems at all."

Later, both Moses and Curtis Guin were among the first black athletes at Fairmont State College (now University). Moses was the leading ground gainer and all-conference in football. Curtis was an outstanding end on the football team and a leading scorer in basketball. Mike Arcure, a former assistant basketball coach at Fairmont State, recalls, "Curtis played a whole football game in the first West Virginia Bowl in 1960, and then that night, he dropped in 20 points in a Fairmont State basketball game."

Fairmont West's end Benny Gwynn gets smothered by Dunbar's swarming defense. Photo by Galen Kyre.

The Fairmont Dunbar – Fairmont West football game was a success from almost all points of view. It was a clean hard-fought contest, but it was more than just a football game. It helped demonstrate that integration was going forward and that the vast majority of people in Marion County—including the press, school administrators, coaches, principals, game referees, and players—supported it. Most black and white citizens in the county seemed to stand squarely behind integration. For many white people, the game shattered some old racist stereotypes, showing that blacks were good sports, played fair, were smart, and were skillful. To black people, the game demonstrated they could expect fair treatment from whites and that they could compete successfully in an integrated society. The following year, in fall 1955, all schools and football teams in Marion County were integrated.

BOB BARNETT grew up in Newell, Hancock County. He's a professor emeritus at Marshall University, where he taught for 36 years. His book *Hillside Fields: A History of Sports in West Virginia* was published by WVU Press in 2013. He's currently working on a book, with Dana Brooks and Ronald Althouse from WVU, on the history of sports in West Virginia's black high schools and colleges. This is Bob's 11th contribution to GOLDENSEAL. His first article was in 1983.

LYSBETH BARNETT is a native of Chester, Hancock County. After completing an MBA at Marshall University, she was a professor of management and coordinator of the business technology program for 25 years at Ashland Community College in Kentucky. This is her second contribution to GOLDENSEAL. The Barnetts now live in Sarasota, Florida.

Integration Problems at Four States

Although both schools were in favor of the Dunbar - West football game, no one was sure how the community would respond. A conflict over integration, which had been simmering since the beginning of the school year, became more aggressively confrontational the week of the game. When 13 black students were admitted to Annabelle Grade School in the Four States mining community, parents protesting integration kept their children home from school. Nearly 70 of the school's 178 pupils were kept out of school.

On September 9, the fourth day of school, women from both factions, many wearing blue jeans "just in case it comes to a fight," gathered near the school. Those protesting integration wanted black children to be bused to a segregated school and Annabelle's pro-integration principal, Lloyd Securro, to be removed. Although no black parents were present, white mothers supporting integration stated they were there "to stand up for what is right—the privilege of colored children to go to school where they please."

Marion County School Superintendent J. J. Straight met with the protesting parents and explained that black pupils had a right to attend Annabelle; however, black students who wanted to attend one of the remaining segregated schools could ride an integrated bus to that school. None of Annabelle's black students chose to attend a segregated school. As one mother explained, "Why should I get my children up to leave around 6 in the morning . . . when the law says they can go to school right here?"

Women form a picket line, protesting integration at Annabelle. Courtesy of *The West Virginian*.

On September 13, protesting parents formed a picket line at Annabelle. Children cried, and parents complained of intimidation by the protestors. A school board meeting was called. Some protestors considered starting a private school. *The West Virginian* editorialized in favor of integration, citing the Constitution and the Bible and concluding, "If we are to preach freedom abroad—as against Communist slavery—we must LIVE freedom at home."

On September 16, the school board informed protesting parents of the penalties for not complying with compulsory attendance laws. Fines of $3 to $20 a day could be levied for each unexcused absence. The picketing stopped, and all was quiet until the week of the Dunbar - West game.

On Monday, September 27, a picket line of 16 to 18 women stopped a school bus carrying Annabelle's principal and five teachers. The group said there would "be trouble" if the principal and teachers tried to enter the school. The bus was turned away, and the school was closed.

The next day, the bus was again turned away. This time, three carloads of picketers followed the bus, and threats to the principal were reported. The county board of education, with the full support of the PTA, sought an injunction against the picketers. Circuit Judge J. Harper Meredith issued an injunction, naming 53 protesters as defendants. "If necessary," said Meredith, "I will fill the jail until their feet are sticking out the window."

On Wednesday, Annabelle reopened, with 95 percent of the students present. The children played happily in the schoolyard until the bell rang, and they went inside—black and white together. On Thursday, September 30, West Virginia's first interracial football game was played with no incidents. –Bob Barnett and Lysbeth Barnett

Coach Underwood, My Dad

By Sid Underwood

If you travel to the south side of Grantsville, you'll see the old Calhoun County High School, constructed of native stone with WPA funding during the 1930s. Unused since 1997 and in disrepair, it's a silent sentinel of a time gone by. Nearby is the original football field, referred to by locals as Wayne Underwood Field. It's currently used for community activities and as a popular walking track. Continuing south on state Route 16 to Mount Zion, you'll find the new middle / high school complex, an impressive display of modern architecture. Behind it is the new football field, where above the north stands, you can visit the Wayne Underwood Museum, filled with conference trophies and memorabilia.

Who was this man who was so beloved that he had a field and museum named for him? Who was this man who achieved near-legendary status in the long-ago memories of his former student athletes?

Wayne Underwood was my dad, and I'd like to share his story. To do that, we must go back to the darkest years of the Great Depression. A football scholarship gave Dad a chance to attend Davis & Elkins (D&E) College and play for legendary coach Cam Henderson. In 1935,

Wayne Underwood in his coaching days. All photos courtesy of our author.

Henderson moved on to Marshall College (now University) and took several D&E players, including Dad, with him. Today's NCAA would frown upon these types of player transfers. Dad played for Henderson's undefeated Buckeye Conference champions in 1937, graduated from Marshall, and had a very brief career in the NFL: three games for the old Cleveland Rams.

In 1945, after serving as an assistant coach at the new Doddridge County High School and at Logan High, he was hired to teach social studies at Calhoun County High and to assist Principal and Coach M. T. Hamrick in all sports. That first season, Hamrick saw something special in Dad's ability to inspire young athletes and promptly turned over his coaching roles to him, freeing up Hamrick to focus on being a principal. In 1950, Nick Murin became head coach of the men's basketball team and manager of the baseball team (note: girls' varsity sports didn't arrive at Calhoun County High until Title IX in the 1970s).

As an only child, born in 1942, I got to view Dad's success in coaching and his positive effect on students. At class reunions, when I'm introduced to other alumni as Coach Underwood's son, people invariably come forward, shake my hand, and tell me a story about Dad. These stories always have a few common themes: how Dad could relate so well to them, what an impact he had on them—in the classroom and on the field—and how he was a rather quiet father figure who counseled them through rough periods. The former athletes always tell me how proud they were to have worn the Red Devil uniform and been a part of something they'll cherish for the rest of their lives.

I've heard men of Dad's era marvel at his quiet and calm demeanor during moments of stress. They never saw him exhibit any outward emotion, whether his teams were win-

ning or losing. Some say that if he'd been more demonstrative, he might have relieved some of the stressfulness of coaching and lived a longer life. But that simply wasn't his way, and he wouldn't have been the same Coach Underwood.

They say the measure of a man is how he's remembered after he's gone. Several of his former student athletes show why Dad was so admired.

When Dad learned he would be Calhoun High's head football coach in 1946, he quickly reached out to Jessie Jackson, a young player about to start his senior year. Jessie and his parents lived in Grantsville, so he was considered a *town kid*. At the time, most players in Calhoun County lived out in the country and were considered to be better athletes because of the demands of farm work. But Dad had watched Jessie put in long hours the previous year and told him he would be the starting Red Devil quarterback that fall. He also named Jessie the team captain with one stipulation—to lead by example. Jessie ran home, shared the news with his mother, and was so excited that he couldn't sleep that night. Inspired by Dad's confidence in him, Jessie started running wind sprints up and down Grantsville's town hill several months before training camp started. He was determined to be in great shape (even if he did live in town).

Jessie also told me about basketball trips the Red Devils made in 1946 in the back of an old International Harvester Travelall that belonged to the school maintenance department. Designed to haul cargo, the truck had no backseats or windows. Dad, who was also the head basketball coach, would drive while the players sat cross-legged in a circle in the back, playing cards to pass time. Jessie said that on cold winter nights, he could reach out and touch the frost forming on the inside metal walls of that old truck. Dad ran the heater wide open (much to his own discomfort) so his players wouldn't freeze. According to Jessie, the heater made the players' situation bearable (but not enough to remove their varsity jackets). He recalled those moments as being the happiest and most carefree times of his life—playing basketball in dimly lit band-box gyms in places like Harrisville, Burnsville, and Cairo. Dad told the players they were building memories that would last a lifetime; they had no idea how right he would be.

Fred Lowe (Class of 1953) played all sports and was also a *town kid*. He told me that Dad was like a father to him. Fred explained that he was a *gym rat*, constantly asking Dad if he could stay after basketball practice to work on his foul shooting. One day, as practice was ending, Dad gave him a key to the gym and said, "Stay as long as you want. Just be sure to turn out the lights and lock everything up when you leave."

Wayne Underwood in his playing days.

The gift of that key turned into a worthwhile investment. Fred led the Little Kanawha Conference in scoring and was subsequently awarded a scholarship to Ohio University, where he played basketball and baseball. Fred just passed away in September 2018, following a successful business career.

Pat Fetty (also Class of 1953) told me he was the first Red Devil quarterback to be allowed to call his own plays. Dad told him that play calling was dictated by situational awareness, and he saw that Pat was a student of the game. Pat was pleased with the compliment but wondered if he was up to the task. As the season progressed, though, so did his confidence. Pat also remembered Dad saying, "Wearing the scarlet-and-white uniform comes with the responsibility

of working hard to achieve success." Pat took that advice to heart and, several times, refused to leave football games when he was hurting. Dad would have to call a timeout, take Pat out of the game, and insist that he take a breather.

The 1952 Calhoun County High School Red Devils football squad, led by quarterback Fred Lowe (74) and Coach Wayne Underwood (second row, far right).

Dad was determined not to make the same coaching mistakes he'd endured as a young athlete. For instance, he didn't withhold water from the players as punishment—a common practice in earlier days. He wanted his players to be well-hydrated, dismissing the old football myth that withholding fluids makes players tougher. He planned practices so his players were adequately prepared for that week's opponent but limited physical contact because he wanted his team fresh and healthy when game time approached. He never ran up the score in one-sided games, preferring to empty the bench so younger players could get valuable experience. He gave praise when it was deserved and offered constructive criticism when it was needed. Above all, he made all the team members feel that their contributions were important.

I never heard Dad curse on the sidelines. He kept his composure, even when everything was in disarray. And there was no one better at making halftime adjustments to turn a game around. Many times, I saw him draw up plays on the locker room floor, using a piece of chalk to revise blocking assignments and make other adjustments while the players peered over his shoulder. His quiet confidence was exactly what they needed. He was a rock, and the players would have run through a burning wall for him.

I accompanied Dad to players' homes during the summer. He'd hand out new football shoes and tell the players to break them in before reporting to camp. He'd always explain to the parents, especially the mothers, that their sons were representing Calhoun County High School. He expected them to comport themselves well and not get into trouble.

I was fortunate enough to play football for Dad. I can tell you that he made me earn my spot in the starting lineup my senior year. He showed me absolutely no favoritism, although I did see him smile when I did something right.

As a social studies teacher, Dad constantly told his students to treat everyone with dignity. He emphasized that they must be responsible for their own actions and be respectful of women. He stressed the importance of proper etiquette, teaching students how to tie a tie and other social graces. Many female alumni have told me that they've had to teach their husbands the proper way to tie a Windsor knot. The husbands are always surprised to learn that their wives learned the skill in "Mr. Underwood's social studies class."

In 1961, Dad had to give up his head coaching duties due to health problems. During his 16 years, he'd posted a combined football record of 125-33-7, with undefeated seasons in 1948, 1950, and 1959. After stepping down, he continued on as head of the school's physical education department and as an assistant coach under Don Weaver.

Dad died of heart disease on October 26, 1967, just before his 54th birthday. Bypass surgery was on the horizon but not yet available. It saddens me to think that if he'd lived a few years longer, that surgery might have extended his life. In tribute to my dad, Calhoun County High School closed for a day, and the Little Kanawha Conference's 20 head football coaches served

The North's Good Luck Charm

My dad, Wayne Underwood, was involved in several memorable North-South Classics, which showcase West Virginia's top senior high school football players. These games have been especially important for players from small, rural schools who otherwise might not have had a chance to exhibit their talents for college coaches.

Dad got to play in the first North-South game ever. It was on New Year's Day 1934 at Charleston's Laidley Field (now University of Charleston Stadium). He represented the North as a senior lineman from West Union High School (the next year, West Union was consolidated with Carr High to form Doddridge County High School.)

The North team had been practicing in Clarksburg—mostly at the local armory due to cold, snowy weather—and staying at the city's Gore Hotel. Farley Bell, a former standout at Glenville State College, was the coach. He'd been turning out winning football teams at Clarksburg's Victory High School and also led Victory's basketball team to a state title the previous season.

The night before the game, the North team stayed at Charleston's Holley Hotel. The players didn't get much sleep. Most were country boys, unaccustomed to the sites and sounds of a big city such as Charleston.

The game started during a steady, freezing rain; by halftime, the well-worn field was reduced to freezing mud, topped by a layer of pelting snow. About 3,500 spectators braved the miserable conditions to watch a defensive struggle, which ended with the teams deadlocked in a scoreless tie.

Then, from 1949 to 1951, Dad was an assistant coach for the North staff. Since the North prevailed in all three games, some sportswriters suggested that Dad was the "North's good luck charm." In 1952, he was elevated to head coach for the North upon the untimely death of Follansbee coach Argus "Gus" Winters at age 44.

Herb Royer, head coach of the 1952 South squad, and Dad had a long history, dating back to their time as teammates at Marshall in 1937. In 1941, Dad started his coaching career as an assistant to Royer at Logan High. It seemed fitting that these former college teammates would now oppose each other in the 19th annual North-South game. Some of the notable players that day were Sam Huff of Farmington, Fred Wyatt of Weston, Bill Underdonk of Moundsville, and Bruce Bosley of Green Bank.

The South was favored, but it turned out to be an even, and exciting, contest. That year, Dad wasn't quite enough of a good luck charm. In the fourth quarter, the South tied things up at 18 when Huntington Vinson's Dale Boyd ran for a 73-yard touchdown. Bobby Maxwell of Dunbar then connected with Barboursville's Gary Bunn for a two-point conversion, ensuring the South's first victory since 1948. The next season, Herb Royer started a five-year stint as Marshall's head football coach. –Sid Underwood

For more about the North-South Classic, see "North-South: The Big Game of '43" by Louis E. Keefer, Fall 1994.

as honorary pallbearers at his funeral.

Dick Sturms (Class of 1961) summed up Dad's life very well: "He was not a great man because he was a great coach. He was a great coach because he was a great man." Those words are now inscribed on the monument encased in the north exterior wall of the Wayne Underwood Museum above the football field at the new middle / high school at Mount Zion.

SID UNDERWOOD spent most of his life in Grantsville and now lives in Parkersburg. He graduated from Calhoun County High School and earned a degree in business and social sciences from Glenville State College. Sid served 31 years as a social worker before retiring. This is his second contribution to GOLDENSEAL. His previous article recounted his boyhood days on his grandfather's farm (Summer 2015).

E. S. Evans
A Terra Alta Pioneer

By Nancy S. Hoffman

As a Preston County community, Terra Alta is unique in that it sits at the highest elevation (2,558 feet) of any incorporated town on the old Baltimore and Ohio (B&O) Railroad main line from St. Louis to Baltimore. Being at the top of the B&O east-west grades, it became a key shipping point for outgoing farm products from Preston and Grant counties and an incoming distribution point. The B&O later became a central point for shipping timber.

The arrival of the B&O in the 1850s completely changed transportation south of the National Turnpike (present U.S. 40) and north of Cheat River. By the early 1900s, Terra Alta was the largest commercial center in Preston County, and its population grew from 443 in 1890 to 1,126 in 1910. The growth was so dramatic Terra Alta nearly unseated Kingwood as the county seat in the early 1900s, falling short by only 6.6 percent in a countywide referendum.

Early Terra Alta was a town of culture, refinement, hospitality, and wealthy vacationers escaping the summer swelter of eastern cities. These attributes are why Terra Alta earned the moniker "Jewel of the Alleghenies."

E. S. "Jim" Evans, 1920s. All photos courtesy of our author unless noted otherwise.

One of the town's commercial pioneers was entrepreneur E. S. "Jim" Evans. A native of Allegheny City (now part of Pittsburgh), he was born on January 4, 1880, to Owen and Mary A. Evans. Jim Evans' given name was Erasmus Sesotrus; however, on his second day in this world, his older brother nicknamed him "Jim." Not surprisingly, Jim hated the name "Erasmus Sesotrus"—so much so that he wouldn't even tell his wife his formal name. Since Jim wasn't his legal name, though, he always advertised his businesses as E. S. "Jim" Evans.

In 1887, when Jim was seven years old, his parents moved to Preston County and settled at Glade Farms. His father, Owen, died six years later at age 40.

Although schools existed in the area, Jim rarely attended. By the time he became an adult, he could hardly write his name legibly. But he had acquired some practical skills as a blacksmith, carpenter, horse trader, and logger. He'd also learned how to dig, burn, and scatter limestone over his family's farm fields.

While logging and working as a teamster, Jim saved up $600 and, about 1902, moved to Markleysburg, Pennsylvania, where he bought a small stock of buggies, harnesses, and farm implements. In his 21 months in Markleysburg, he made $2,800 in profit before hitting the road

as a traveling salesman. He covered all 55 West Virginia counties (and other locations) on horseback and by rail.

For his next business venture, he returned to Preston County and opened a sawmill with Lloyd Lininger near Fearer in the Hazelton area. After 90 days, the firm had invested $1,500 without prospect of any return. Jim bought out his partner and, going it alone, cleared $2,000 in three months. He then sold the mill and remaining timber and went back to Glade Farms to visit his mother.

Alone on the farm for more than a decade, she'd saved up enough cream from her four milk cows to keep Jim churning butter for four days. At one point, he grew disgusted with the drudgery and asked his mother why she kept so many cows. She replied that taking care of them was one of her chief pleasures. He couldn't understand her thinking; so, when she wasn't looking, he propped his feet up against the churn and shoved it off the high porch into the yard. Shortly thereafter, he left home to tackle problems that weren't so perplexing, and his mother would eventually come to live with him in Terra Alta.

About this time, he decided he needed an education, and West Virginia University was only 30 miles away. While enrolling, he failed to tell university officials about his lack of education. After sitting through a few courses in Greek history, mathematics, and English grammar, he quickly realized how unprepared he was. He dropped out of WVU and told the school to keep his tuition. Instead, he visited the Mountain State Business College at Parkersburg, completely confessed to his education background, and humbly requested what amounted to grade-school courses. A teacher named Mench permitted him to sit near his desk and come to him with his problems when other pupils were away. Jim studied at the school for four months, after which his teacher told him he'd improved more than any other pupil in the school.

In 1912, E. S. "Jim" Evans opened the first Ford car dealership in Preston County and one of the first in our state.

After his four months of schooling, Jim came back to Preston County and opened a livery stable in October 1910. Semi-annually, he would sell everything he'd traded for during the previous six months. Then, in January 1912, he opened the first Ford automobile agency in Preston County and one of the first in West Virginia. He initially purchased 50 Fords but soon took orders for 87. Since automobiles were relatively new to the state, Jim even taught his customers how to drive the cars. He kept his own books and, assisted by one mechanic, operated a garage. Jim's ledger book had columns for profits and losses. He figured his losses were the equivalent of an education. Before long, he was telling folks that he'd received a $1,000 education.

He built the E. S. "Jim" Evans Garage in Terra Alta in 1914 and added substantially to the structure three years later. He also opened a Ford dealership in Oakland, Maryland. In 1920, he did $485,000 in overall business. That same year, he established what would eventually become Clem Teets Oil Company. By the next year, he'd nearly doubled his income by selling 600 Ford cars, 52 Fordson tractors, and more than 700 horses and 1,000 head of cattle. At one time, he had more than 40 people on his payroll.

During the Great Depression, Jim gave many men a job on one of his farms, at the garage, or at the oil company even though he didn't really need extra workers. Jim was noted to have said, "A dime a day was enough to keep the man going until the Depression was over."

Evans' semi-annual auctions pulled in crowds from miles around. He can be seen here, on a platform on the right, leading an auction in Terra Alta in the early 1920s.

In 1936, Jim brought the first rodeo to Terra Alta for the Firemen's 4th of July celebration. A year later, he started the Terra Alta Stockyard and eventually opened stockyards in Elkins and Bridgeport. *Sale day* remains a Terra Alta highlight, as every Friday, farmers line up their tractor trailers, pickup trucks, and cars for junk and livestock sales. Jim Evans is remembered as saying, "Now boys, if you do not have the money to make the horse go, then leave the horse here," meaning that if you don't have the means to care for an animal, don't buy it. It was a quite a sight to see sheep and cattle being driven down from the sale barn to the B&O for shipping.

Meanwhile, Jim and his wife, Emma Belle Thomas, raised four daughters (he'd met Emma in Markleysburg and courted her for 12 years before getting married in 1916). Jim, having disliked his given name so much, wanted his daughters to have short, simply spelled names: Ruth, Faye, Jean, and Sue.

Joyce Bolyard McGinnis began working in the Evans' home at age 11. She remembers Emma as being an excellent cook who could make food appealing to the eye as well as the taste. Joyce recalls one dish in which Emma made shredded fried cabbage and a meatloaf with a row of sliced hardboiled eggs in the center to make it more colorful when cut open. At home, Joyce had been used to barrel-shaped drinking glasses, pottery dishes, and nickel-plated flatware. She'd never seen lovely china, crystal goblets, and sterling silverware like the Evans family had. Joyce says that Emma was a wonderful mother and grandmother. Emma also gave Joyce her first wristwatch for her 16th birthday (Joyce still has the watch).

While Jim was the boss at his many businesses, he obviously had a soft spot for his four daughters. Once, Jim and his family were driving home in a new car where the passenger doors all opened from the center post. He told the twins, Ruth and Faye, to jump out and open their home's garage doors. They each got out, but neither girl closed their car doors. Jim didn't notice. He hit the accelerator, struck the garage, and sprung both doors. The girls hightailed it to the house, but all their father did was tell them not to do it again. He also loved his grandchildren dearly. His grandson Jim Teets remembers going to the old garage to see his granddad, who would allow him to sit on the white horse mannequin if he'd been REALLLLY good.

Jim was noted all around the region for his kindness and business integrity, especially with friendly customers. But with smart alecks who acted

Courtesy of Jim Teets and the Preston County History House Museum.

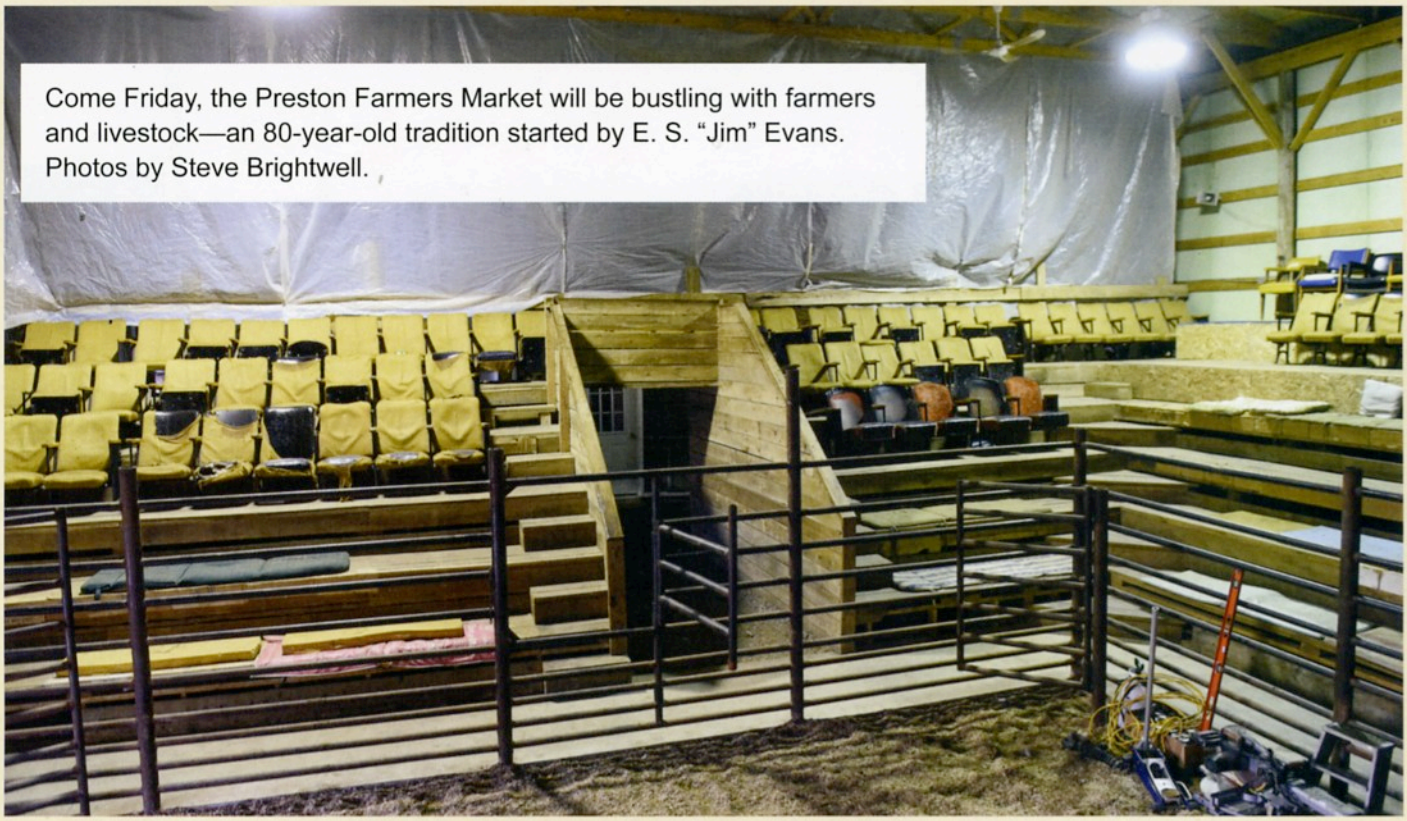
like they knew it all, Jim could get the best of them every time. This isn't to imply, though, that Jim couldn't be taken advantage of. Once, when he was traveling on Route 40, he traded horses with a farmer. On a return trip, the farmer told Jim he'd like to trade the horse back in for another. Jim saw the horse standing off in a pasture under a tree, so he made the deal. It turns out the horse was dead and just propped up against the tree, even though Jim could have sworn he'd seen the animal twitch his tail. Anyway, Jim climbed back on his own horse and left the dead animal behind.

E. S. "Jim" Evans died in 1950 and left his Ford business to Emma, who died eight years later at age 72. Their daughter Jean and her husband, Dean Yester, continued the Ford business for four years before selling it to Cliff Lambert in 1962. After another sale, Mike Flannigan closed the dealership (then known as Mountaineer Ford) in 1975.

As for Jim's gasoline-and oil-distribution business, his son-in-law Clem Teets joined him in 1945 and took over the gasoline part. In 1952, two years after Jim's death, the enterprise became Clem Teets Oil Company. Clem died in 1974, but the business continued under the same name. In 1975, the oil company moved into the former Mountaineer Ford dealership. This more spacious facility accommodated the oil company offices and an Ace Hardware store. The oil company closed for good in 1999. Today, the original E. S. "Jim" Evans Ford Garage is home to Shorthorns Saloon, which specializes in wood-fired pizzas. The restaurant's walls are lined with enlarged pictures depicting the past heyday of E. S. "Jim" Evans' various enterprises.

E. S. "Jim" Evans was surely a respected man. He will long be remembered as one of Terra Alta's leading businessmen who left a lasting impression on the community. He, no doubt, would have liked this colloquialism: "If one drop of water can make a difference in the sea, then what is the difference I can make?" –author unknown?

NANCY S. HOFFMAN is a third-generation pioneer and a lifelong resident of Preston County; a retired health information management administrator; and a graduate of West Virginia University, with a bachelor's in general studies. Nancy contributes both written and oral histories to the monthly meetings of the Terra Alta Day history group, or to anyone who has time to listen. She is a hand quilter and well-known cook, loves to paint, and probably knows more about farming than most books could teach. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



Come Friday, the Preston Farmers Market will be bustling with farmers and livestock—an 80-year-old tradition started by E. S. "Jim" Evans. Photos by Steve Brightwell.

The Preston Farmers Market

By Nancy S. Hoffman

I recently paid a visit to the Preston Farmers Market, formerly the E. S. "Jim" Evans Stockyard, to interview manager Delores Roy Pomeroy. She told me to "come on over to the restaurant and we will talk." We wove through the hallway, past the auction ring, and on over to the restaurant. The ring was busy with the Friday Morning Junk Sale. I gazed upon the items to be sold and waved to the auctioneer and many friends in attendance.

In the restaurant, we were greeted by a cashier, the head cook, waitresses, farmhands, and other employees. Also, a host of friends and neighbors were out and about on this unseasonably nice January day. Conversation, generally, erupted about our recent cold weather, problems with the trash pickup, a raging number of flu cases, and the expected weekend snowstorm. The cashier and head cook were sampling the freshly made coleslaw, and I ordered a cup of coffee with cow's cream. While looking at the menu, the cook told me today's lunch special was cranberry beans—ohhhhhhhhhhh my! So, I ordered the cranberry beans with lots of broth *splathered* over whole-wheat bread. (I knew there was nothing as good as my Granny's homemade bread to go beneath those beans.) I fortified myself with the beans, some slaw, and coffee and began talking to Delores about how she got started in the stockyard business.

"Well, I was 16," says Delores. "My father was working here, and he came early each day. It was a treat on Fridays about 9 a.m. for my mother, my three siblings, and I to catch the Osgood Bus at Corinth to travel to the stop in Terra Alta at Sanders Street. There, we would get off the bus and walk up Sanders Street to the stockyard. We would spend the day, and then we went home in the evening with Dad. That was in 1952. As a farm girl, I was impressed as to how the animals were run through the auction. Most animals came to the auction by means of a truck, and sometimes, the trucks had

small or large trailers hitched, depending upon the size and amount of animals to be trucked. Once the animals were unloaded, they were weighed; graded as to weight, age, etc.; tagged; given a lot number; and penned until it was time to drive them through the chutes into the auction ring. In the ring, the animals were easily prodded to show all views to the expected buyers. The auctioneer would cry the sale to get the best bid and then announce, 'Gone!'"

E. S. "Jim" Evans built and started the Terra Alta Stockyard (now Preston Farmers Market) in 1937.

It was moved to its current location on Sanders Street about 1940. After Evans' death in 1950, the business was owned by Sue Evans Gebhart and her husband, Rex.

Delores' father, Clarence Roy, took over in 1960. She recalls, "In 1963, when I started working at the Preston Farmers Market, the auctioneer, Howard Dawkins, always wore a Stetson and a white shirt similar to how E. S. "Jim" Evans dressed. The men who worked the sale with my father, Clarence Roy, in the '50s all dressed in three-piece suits."

After 33 years doing a little bit of everything at the stockyard, Delores became manager in 1996. In her regular duties, she serves as a registered weighmaster, ticket sorter, clerk for the livestock auction, and restaurant manager. Several years ago, she was recognized by the Livestock Marketing Industry for her 50 years of service. The honorary plaque notes that Delores is a "'people person' who strives to be kind, caring, considerate, and compassionate in dealing with farmers."

Delores Pomeroy has been working at the market for more than 50 years, managing it for the last 22. She notes, "There is no limit to the role of women in agriculture. I think we bring a heightened awareness of health and welfare not only to our livestock but our community as a whole."

She told me that one of the "big things" here at the stockyard is to be invited to the farms. There, she can review and select cattle, bring them in to be weighed, and find a market for them. Many of these cattle are purchased and sold directly to feedlots all over the country. Tractor trailers owned by a feedlot in Iowa regularly haul cattle back from Terra Alta. Additionally, locally franchised trucks line up at the stockyard on Fridays and Saturdays to load on and haul cattle to their next destinations.

On average, the market employs about 30 part-time people, including about 15 steady employees. They drive cattle trucks, feed and care for the livestock, build and mend fences, and maintain the buildings. Then, there are clerks, auctioneers, cooks, and computer experts.

A couple of years ago, *Preston County Journal* editor John Dahlia wrote about his visit to the market: "I was amazed at the skill, knowledge, and professionalism happening here. This little asset tucked away in Terra Alta is a quiet, multi-million-dollar gold mine that unquestionably has been and continues to be a huge part of Preston County's fragile economy." According to the article, the Preston Farmers Market moves around $8 million annually in and out of Terra Alta.

Delores is a big reason for the market's success. Like E. S. "Jim" Evans, she has an innate instinct for working with people, moving livestock, and running a prosperous business.

William Cooper Stiles, Jr., and Thornhill Mansion

By Patricia Carder

Marcellus Shale gas is the latest boom industry in our state, especially along the Route 50 corridor from Parkersburg to Clarksburg, where you'll encounter a daily caravan of tankers, water trucks, and huge semis carrying pipes and well-drilling equipment.

In the early years of West Virginia statehood, we had a similar industrial craze. Men came from all parts of the eastern United States to stake claims in our newly discovered oil fields. One of those pioneering entrepreneurs was William Cooper Stiles, Jr.

The Stiles family plays on the porch and front yard of the Thornhill mansion around the turn of the 20th century. All photos courtesy of Mike Naylor unless noted otherwise.

William was born into a prominent Philadelphia family in 1839 with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. He established a name for himself by heading the family business, the Gratz Company, which had merged with the American Meter Company to make equipment for the coal and gas industries. He also branched out into other areas. For instance, he developed a style of water canteen, using Gratz's canvas cover, that was used by many Union soldiers during the Civil War.

He soon heard reports of oil discoveries in Ohio and invested in some test oil wells. Like most successful men, he learned the lesson of failure early in life and lost his entire investment. He returned to Philadelphia a bit poorer but a lot wiser.

He then learned about large oil discoveries in the new state of West Virginia, specifically at Burning Springs in Wirt County and Volcano in Wood County. Rumors said that oil was literally bubbling out of the ground. Not one to let moss grow under his feet, in 1864, he left for the greener pastures and black gold of West Virginia.

By now, he and Ella, his wife of four years, had two children

William Cooper Stiles, Jr., and Ella Stiles.

and were expecting a third. He temporarily left them behind in Philadelphia and traveled to the soon-to-be boomtown of Volcano. It was a long, arduous trip because the railroad spur lines were sporadic in some areas. After arriving in Parkersburg, he rode in a horse-drawn buggy the last 12 miles to Volcano. It must have been an eye-opening trek for a 25-year-old man born into privilege. The roads weren't much better than cow paths, and William was used to riding first-class.

Dressed in his usual meticulous business attire, he was a sharp contrast to the local residents, who were mostly farmers and oil roustabouts. The few exceptions were some oil producers who'd already made their fortunes. He soon became a respected part of the scenery as he went about buying property at a furious pace—about 2,000 acres in a relatively short time. His name was becoming a household word in Volcano as the go-to person for anything oil related. People respected him for his important stature, knowledge of the industry, and concern for his new neighbors.

As soon as William obtained suitable housing, he brought his family to Volcano and began to build his oil empire. He worked long hours, supervising the construction of oil rigs and coal-powered steam engines that drove the pumping cables. William's workers had a true respect for his work ethic and his understanding of how to do the job more easily. While William Cooper Stiles, Jr., is hardly known in West Virginia history, he's a legend in the oil industry.

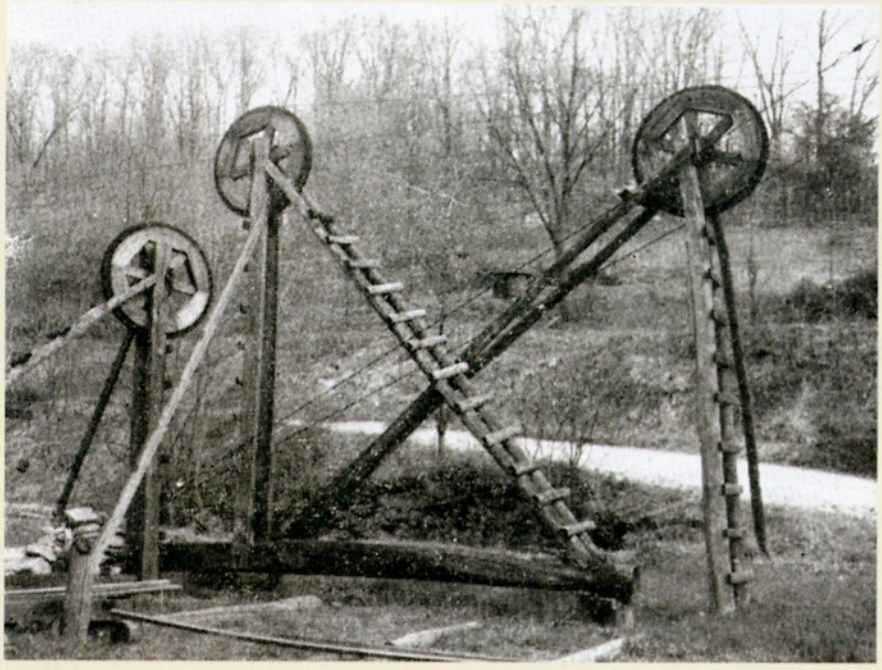
His most famous innovation was the *endless cable system*, which could pump up to 40 wells from a central power station and transport the oil through a system of graduated handmade wooden wheels and cables. He also established the regular-gauge Laurel Fork and Sand Hill Railroad, which connected Volcano with Parkersburg's oil refineries and the main Baltimore and Ohio Railroad line. The rail line eliminated the laborious task of hauling barrels of oil by horse and wagon.

For more on the history of Volcano, see "'The Only Product Is Oil,'" by Mark Rowh, Winter 1981, and "'I'm the One Who Stayed,'" by Betty Leavengood, Winter 2002.

After increasing his fortunes, William put down permanent roots in Volcano and spared no expense with his mansion, to be located on a high flat ridge overlooking the town. His first obstacle was overcoming a steep incline with huge trees and a profusion of tangled thorn bushes and underbrush. Construction began in 1874 and became a focal point of local interest. In that era, it was more common for wealthy families to live in urban areas, miles away from laborers and the less-than-pristine industrial towns. William, on the contrary, felt right at home with his neighbors. But Volcano also

Endless Cable System

The greatest contribution of William Cooper Stiles, Jr., to the oil industry was his brilliant endless cable system, which he first implemented at Volcano. His system made oil production much more profitable. In some regions of our state and country, light crude oil flows freely and has been used typically in home lighting. The oil at Volcano, however, was thicker, making it more useful as a lubricant in various industries. The more viscous oil, though, didn't flow freely. Each well had to be pumped individually, making the enterprise more costly.



William Cooper Stiles, Jr., developed the so-called endless cable system that revolutionized the oil industry. Remnants of his system can still be seen at Mountwood Park near Parkersburg.

Inspired by the Philadelphia cable car system, Stiles envisioned a similar potential for using wire cables to transmit oil from only one power source. *Volume 2 of The Derrick's Hand-Book of Petroleum* (1900) described the process at Volcano as an "endless wire cable which is set in motion by a large wheel at the power house and is carried around the counter of a band wheel at the several wells by means of angle wheels, which are small grooved wheels set on movable frames, so the rope can be run under this counter wheel on any angle from which it may come. This system of pumping also enables the pumper to pull the tubing and rods, the same as with steam, thus making a well that only pumps a quarter of a barrel a day a paying well."

While Volcano's boomtown days essentially had ended by the early 1900s, small producers kept using Stiles' system to produce oil in the area until the 1970s, when the West Oil Company Endless Wire Pumping Station closed down operations. –ed.

had developed a reputation as a wild hard-drinking town, so the high ridge helped isolate his family from the saloon-brawling atmosphere.

Stonemasons constructed steps up the ridge, chiseled from the surrounding sandstone, and workers cut a road to deliver materials by wagon. Another of William's ingenious ideas was to install a pulley system, which allowed drivers to open the gate across his road without ever setting foot on the often-saturated muck.

A massive foundation was laid up to support the three-story 25-room mansion. Ella, who also was from a well-to-do Philadelphia family, purchased many furnishings from larger cities and from as far away as Europe.

The building gradually took shape. Next came one of the most cutting-edge modernizations of his time: an indoor bathtub. To collect water, workers excavated and lined with

Oil workers at Volcano in 1907 (seated, left-right): David Reece, Mr. Morrison, Charles Taitt, Ulysses Fleming, and Rev. John Reece. Clark Reece is standing at the far left; the other two are unidentified.

stone a huge cistern near the mansion. William, with his knowledge of pumping oil, was able to pipe water directly into the house, making it one of the first residences in the region with indoor plumbing. When the mansion was completed, the family called it Thornhill in honor of the prickly thorn bushes they'd sacrificed on the ridge.

The Stiles farm grew with the additions of large barns, a caretaker's home, and cold storage cellars. The productive farm sustained the family's needs, and William sold his surplus crops to the Volcano General Store—another of his investments. He'd taken a keen interest in seeing Volcano grow and prosper. It's no wonder people were soon calling him the "Father of Volcano."

William and Ella enjoyed socializing, hosting picnics and parties, and watching their children play with friends. By 1870, the little town had grown to 1,500 residents and 200 wooden structures, including homes, churches, all kinds of repair shops for horses and wagons, carpenter shops, and, of course, the ever-present boomtown saloons. Clustering these structures so closely together would one day prove disastrous.

The citizens of Volcano must have thought that William led a charmed life, but he was no stranger to tragedy. During his first year in Volcano, he returned to Philadelphia for the birth of his daughter, Charlotte, in 1864. During this visit, his oldest son, Edward, died at age two. Then, back in Volcano, on a March evening in 1875, Ella complained of heaviness in her chest. William told her to sit up straight and rest, but before the night was over, she was dead.

William and his children took a train to Philadelphia to bury Ella in the family plot beside Edward. William was now a 35-year-old widower with five small children. Although the Stiles family had plenty of domestic help, Ella's parents, William and Elizabeth Magill, moved to Volcano from Philadelphia to help run the

Archaeologists and volunteers have helped uncover and stabilize Thornhill's foundation in recent years. It and many other relics from Volcano's boomtown days can be seen at Mountwood Park. Photo by Stan Bumgardner.

Thornhill household and raise the children.

In 1879, sorrow came knocking again when 15-year-old Charlotte became ill and died within a week. William summoned the forlorn funeral train back to Philadelphia and laid Charlotte to rest beside her mother and the brother she never knew. He then returned to Volcano with his four remaining children.

On August 4, 1879, eight days after Charlotte's death, a historic fire nearly destroyed Volcano. Stiles must have thought of Armageddon as he looked down from his lofty expanse to see the town ablaze. As fire bells rang, the town's fire brigades, which consisted of local volunteers and horse-drawn wagons filled with barrels of water, were a pitiful defense against the inferno, which hopped from one structure to another. Within hours, much of the town lay in ruins. The smoldering smoke could be seen for miles.

The farms dotting the hillside were spared, but their sources of supplies were now some distance away. The residents still had their land, but many decided not to rebuild and filtered away to nearby towns. Some of the roustabouts went on to other oil fields. Even though oil production continued for many years, Volcano would never be the same.

For the hardy people who remained, there was a long rebuilding process, and the oil kept pumping. Even for those who left, Volcano held a special place in their hearts. Beginning in 1893, locals and displaced citizens began holding a reunion to relive their memories. The reunion continues to this day. Their stories, shared informally, are one reason we know so much about Volcano's history.

After many years of transporting oil by rail, the industry was moving into a new era. Pipelines were much faster and less costly. William didn't want to lose the revenue from his rail line, so he sued the pipeline companies to bar them from Volcano. He lost his suit in the state Supreme Court, and West Virginia's first oil pipeline was built from Volcano to Parkersburg in 1879. After that, pipelines became, and remain today, the primary oil transport.

William lived in his beloved Thornhill until his death in 1896 at age 57. His three surviving sons—Albert, Robert, and Samuel—became the next generation of oil magnates. Their main business was in Parkersburg, with holdings as far away as Philadelphia, where William's only surviving daughter, Ella Virginia, lived with her husband. Sam Stiles continued to operate the business until his death in 1957. Sam is buried in Parkersburg's Mount Olivet Cemetery along with his brother Albert, whose three surviving grandchildren grew up in Parkersburg: Annette, Constance, and William.

After the death of William Cooper Stiles, Jr., Thornhill was

Mountwood Park

The old town of Volcano is now part of Mountwood Park, managed by Wood County. Over three summers, Dr. Annette Ericksen and her archaeology students from Hocking College (Ohio) unearthed many artifacts from the Thornhill site. The Friends of Mountwood Park, formed to keep the memory of Volcano and its citizens alive, fought Thornhill's nasty thorn bushes to make the site more accessible. Today, you can walk up William Stiles' steep steps to see the foundations of Thornhill and its outbuildings.

Most of Mountwood's trails are easy to moderate; visitors can take in 50 miles of scenic paths and explore remnants of this once-thriving industrial town. The former site of Thornhill consists of foundations of the caretaker's house, huge cistern, barn, wine cellar, gardener's residence, and mansion itself. The stone steps leading to the mansion, now restored, are a marvel.

The visitor center / museum is open every Saturday and Sunday from May through September, 1 to 4 p.m.

The exhibits include many of the items unearthed during the archaeological digs and memorabilia from Volcano's glory days. Tours are available for groups at any time. Just be sure to call ahead of time to schedule. During the last weekend of September, the park hosts the Volcano Days Festival, which features tractor-drawn wagon tours, all kinds of working oil pumping rigs, and other production equipment. If you haven't visited Mountwood, you're missing a large part of West Virginia history. –Patricia Carder

Mountwood Park is located 12 miles east of Parkersburg on Route 50. It is open year round, but it's best to call ahead for tours of the museum: 304-679-3611. To learn more, visit www.mountwoodpark.org/.

sold, and the remaining contents were split up among the living children as family heirlooms. Some of Ella's treasures were sold or given away and have been lost to history. Thanks to a donation by the Stiles' great-granddaughter Ann Stiles Sinski, visitors to Parkersburg's Oil & Gas Museum can see the family grandfather clock (made in 1810).

For years, Thornhill stood as a reminder of the past splendor of Volcano. However, in the 1930s, the house was rented out, and then the Great Depression took its toll. Eventually, the house stood empty and forlorn. It gradually disintegrated and was stripped of anything of value. Over time, the thorn bushes reclaimed their ancestral land, and, in only a few years, the entire house, except for the foundation, was gone. Today, Thornhill's foundation, a few buildings, and some industrial remnants are all that's left of Volcano.

PATRICIA CARDER, who resides in Vienna, Wood County, graduated from Parkersburg Catholic High School in 1955. A retired realtor, she now spends her time playing golf, attending St. Margaret Catholic Church, and volunteering for groups such as the West Virginia Philanthropic Educational Organization (PEO) Chapter Z , Read Aloud WV, and the Friends of Mountwood Park. This is her second contribution to GOLDENSEAL, her first being in our Winter 2012 issue.

Tapping into History

By Jeff DeBellis

A simple highway map is all you need to see how important sugar maple trees were to West Virginia's early settlers. Sugar Creek (Fayette County), Sugar Camp (Doddridge County), and Sugar Grove (Pendleton County) are some of the dozen or so towns named for *Acer saccharum*, the sugar maple. Sugar maples grow in nearly all 55 counties, and, in 1949, the West Virginia Legislature named it the official state tree.

The numerous holes indicate that this old Pendleton County sugar maple has been tapped for many years, and possibly centuries. All photos by our author unless noted otherwise.

Wander through the sleepy woods near one of these towns, and there will likely be remnants of an abandoned sugar camp, where people collected maple sap in buckets and boiled it down to make syrup or sugar. Kent Simmons finds himself in these camps often. His job with a power company frequently takes him into the woods near Sugar Grove. He's found more than a few crumbling stone arches surrounded by large sugar maples—telltale signs of forgotten sugar camps. At one site, he found an old pan with channels, which moved the sap as it thickened into syrup. Often, these quiet vestiges are all that remain of the places where families and communities came together, spent long hours hauling buckets, and boiled sap in the icy darkness of mountain winter.

Sap from the maple tree can be processed into maple syrup or maple sugar, which were the primary sweeteners in most rural West Virginia homes well into the 20th century. Cane sugar was expensive and difficult to come by. "People in this area didn't have money running out of their ears in those days," recalls Kent, who continues to make syrup just as his parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents did. "Everyone was just looking for ways to eat and to stay alive."

Everett Hedrick, whose family has been tapping maple trees in Pendleton County since the early 1900s, shares a similar sentiment: "Most all the farmers tapped their trees and made *sugar cakes* 'cause times was tough back then."

Sugar cakes are hardened blocks of granulated maple sugar that can be stored in a freezer or cellar. When a dish calls for sweetening, the family cook can scrape off some granules from a sugar cake.

"Evolutionary methods are more or less common to all industries, but probably in no way has it played a greater part than in the manufacture of maple sugar and maple syrup."

–D. W. Idleman, *History of Mt. Storm Community* (1927)

Sugar camps, like this one near Pickens in Randolph County, used to be a common site. Early settlers had to trade precious items to obtain cane sugar, when it was available at all. Instead, pioneers often sweetened their food with maple sugar or syrup, honey, or even sugar beets. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives.

Since boiling occurs in late winter and early spring, many West Virginia children used to find sugar cakes in their Easter baskets.

West Virginia never had a large commercial maple industry like parts of New England and the Great Lakes Region, but there were some commercial producers, particularly in the Eastern Panhandle. The 1900 census for West Virginia counted 1,507 farms producing 141,550 pounds of maple sugar and 14,874 gallons of maple syrup. These totals placed it ninth among states in terms of total value of maple products.

Most farmers, though, made it simply because there were no other sources of sugar. In addition, families could trade syrup for other farm products, such as eggs, a cured ham, or part of a cow. In the mid-1800s, a Lutheran pastor in Pendleton County's Germany Valley would accept maple sugar, rather than legal tender, as payment for performing a wedding. Families would sometimes sell a few gallons of syrup each year, as well. Often, this was their only cash commodity, and they depended on it to pay their property taxes.

The process for turning sap into sugar or syrup is simple but laborious. Sap begins to flow in late winter, when the days become warm but the nights still linger below freezing. Other types of maples have sugar in their sap, but the sugar maple (sometimes called a hard maple) has the highest content, so it requires less boiling.

The first step is to make a hole in the tree to drain the sap. You then tap a thin tube, called a *spile*, into the hole. Plastic spiles have replaced their metal predecessors in recent years. The old-fashioned way was to heat up a thin piece of wire and drive it through a sumac branch's soft pith to create a hollow tube.

You can use a variety of vessels to catch the sap as it flows from the spiles. The earliest method was to place a trough at the base of the tree. Homemade maple wood buckets, called *wheelers*, replaced troughs. Eventually, the norm shifted to store-bought 10-quart galvanized pails, which have become the bucolic emblem of the syrup industry. You can hang the buckets from the spiles, and when the sap is flowing, the buckets fill quickly.

"You maybe couldn't tap all your trees because you couldn't handle it," says Kent. Neighbors would often help one another out. If one landowner had a lot of maples and a neighbor didn't, he might invite the neighbor to help with the harvest in exchange for sugar or syrup.

Historically, as the buckets filled, the team would empty them into open-top 55-gallon barrels, called *hogsheads*. The

barrels would then be loaded onto a sled with a board placed across the top to keep the sap from splashing out. Originally, horses dragged the sleds to the boiling site. Tractors became more common in the 1930s and were replaced in many places by pickup trucks in the 1950s.

It takes 40 or 50 gallons of sap to make a single gallon of maple syrup. Making sugar requires even more. As with spiles and buckets, the methods for boiling down, or evaporating, the sap have varied. The most common method in the past was to suspend a 40-gallon iron kettle filled with sap above an open fire. Some farmers would set up multiple kettles at once. These days, you can also order or build an evaporator and convert your workshop into a *sugar shack*.

Ronnie Moyers of Highland County, Virginia, just south of Sugar Grove, continues to make syrup the old-fashioned way. Each year, his family constructs an evaporator by dragging two large green logs into place with horses. They then flatten the tops of the logs with hewing axes so they can set a large, old English tin pan across them. They build a chimney with rocks and dirt and start a fire beneath the pan. "The boiling is a big community event," says Ronnie. "Folks . . get together and drink hard cider and play fiddle music, mountain music."

Finishing the syrup or sugar is one of the more nuanced parts of the entire process. Back in the day, there were no

Spiles are used for tapping into the tree and draining out the sap. This bucket shows two different eras of spiles: hand-carved wooden ones and newer metal ones.

hydrometers, which precisely measure the liquid's density. To test the viscosity without a hydrometer, some farmers used to dip a wooden spoon into the thickening sap and observe how quickly it ran down the handle. Another method was to sprinkle a few drops onto a bucket to see how long they took to solidify.

Kent Simmons describes how his family clarified the syrup by taking it off the heat and throwing in scrambled eggs. The eggs would attract most of the residual dirt, which could then be scooped out. Then, they would bring the syrup back to a boil to finish it and strain the finished syrup through fine mesh into storage jars.

Making sugar, rather than syrup, requires extra boiling time. The old-fashioned way was to pour the boiled-down sap into a pan, leave it on a stove to dry, stir the sugar with a wooden paddle until it hardened, and then break it up with a rolling pin. For this reason, it's called *stirred sugar*, which can be converted into sugar cakes or stored in a crock on the kitchen counter. And if you decide you want some hotcakes, you can always reconstitute the stirred sugar into syrup (just as syrup can always be cooked longer until it becomes sugar).

Family-scale maple sugar production was already starting to taper off at the beginning of the 20th century. Nationwide, the amount of sugar and syrup being produced fell by a third between 1850 and 1900, according to the 1906 U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) *Farmer's Bulletin*. "In the Southern Appalachians and Kentucky the decrease seems permanent and undoubtedly comes from the cheapening of cane sugar in the mountain districts," the bulle-

The Maple Syrup Industry Today

In 2016, the USDA included West Virginia in its *U.S. Maple Syrup Production Report* for the first time, acknowledging the industry's growth. In 2017, West Virginians produced more than 9,000 gallons of syrup—a 33 percent increase from 2016. With a growing appetite for locally and naturally produced foods nationwide, these numbers are expected to rise. According to the director of Cornell University's maple syrup research and extension field station, West Virginia has more tappable maple trees than Vermont.

There's also evidence that the syrup in southern Appalachia, including West Virginia, may be higher in antioxidants than northeastern syrup. Commercial maple syrup-making methods have advanced considerably since pioneer days. The process has become much more efficient in the past 20 years, in particular. There are, however, still plenty of Mountaineers that hang empty milk jugs from their maple trees each season and make just enough syrup to share with family and friends. –Jeff DeBellis

tin read. It added, however, that "in Western Maryland and the adjacent parts of West Virginia the production has decidedly increased, showing that sugar and sirup [*sic*] are . . being produced for the market, and that the southern mountains possess latent possibilities for the development of the maple-sugar industry."

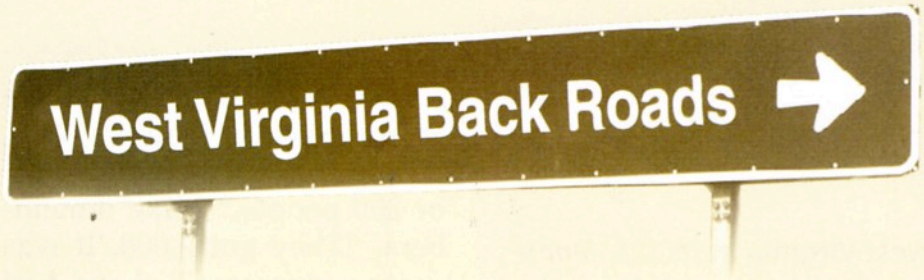
Thomas Condit Miller and Hu Maxwell confirmed the decline of family-scale maple sugar production in their 1913 *West Virginia and its People*: "In recent years, sugar making has greatly declined for two reasons: Sugar can be bought much cheaper than it can be made at home; and most of the old-time sugar groves, which usually occupied a field or a hillside, have died of old age, or have been cut down [to allow room for] farm crops."

In the Sugar Grove area, which is more remote than many places, it wasn't until the mid-20th century that production began to decline. That's when sugar became available and affordable at general stores, so syrup makers lost their bartering power. Everett Hedrick offers another explanation that doesn't pull any punches: "I think the younger generation got too lazy."

To preserve this heritage of old-fashioned sugar making, Highland County began a maple festival in 1958. Mike Richter of Pickens was so impressed that he wanted West Virginia to have its own festival. He started the West Virginia Maple Syrup Festival in the early 1980s. "[Pickens] was planning for 200 or 300 people," Mike remembers. "They got 2,000. It was quite a success. Pickens had never seen anything that big."

With maple syrup, as with so many things in West Virginia, memory and modernity exist side-by-side. This is evident at Rachel and Adam Taylor's Frostmore Farm in northern Pocahontas County. The Taylors run a modern maple sugaring operation. A vast network of pale blue plastic tubes carry sap from the trees to a stainless-steel evaporator, where it's boiled down to syrup. The tubes run past a silent wooden building, surrounded by waist-high grass, where Adam's grandparents boiled sap when they bought the property in the 1960s. The family had started constructing a new sugar house but discovered that their evaporator had holes in it. "Progress on the sugar house came to a halt, and it sat empty and unused for over 30 years," says Rachel, "until a new generation of Taylors decided it was time to give syrup making a try again."

JEFF DeBELLIS has lived in Pendleton County off and on since 2008. Look for more of his recent work in *Appalachia*, *Gastronomica*, and *The Wilderness Medicine Newsletter*, where he is a regular contributor. He is a member of the West Virginia Maple Syrup Producers Association and makes, at most, about a gallon every year. This is Jeff's first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.



An Old Crop Finds a New Home

Text and Photos by Carl E. Feather

Sorghum: Think of it as autumn's "maple syrup," but sweeter and kinder to the farmer.

Although more widely grown in the Southeast, sorghum is often offered as an alternative to maple syrup at pancake breakfasts in the Mountain State. And niche growers are picking up on its high value as a farm product and planning events centered on its harvest and syrup production, just as maple growers have done.

An example is Family Roots Farm in Wellsburg. This Brooke County farm has been in the Hervey family since the 1770s, when Henry Hervey homesteaded the mountaintop tract. Now in its seventh generation of Hervey family ownership, it's operated by Charlie and Britney Hervey Farris with help from her parents, Fred and Cathy Hervey. Their farm produces maple syrup and seasonal produce sold directly to the consumer. Sorghum was added to the mix in 2015.

Sweet sorghum starts as a sap extracted from the canes of a grass: *Sorghum bicolor (L.) Moench*. Some believe the first sorghum seeds in the United States were introduced by African slaves. As early as 1757, Benjamin Franklin suggested using the crop to produce brooms. Because it's heat and drought resistant, sorghum has long been a popular plant in the Southeast.

Roger Rothwell keeps an eye on the row of sorghum cane as he drives a tractor and corn binder during the sorghum harvest at Family Roots Farm.

Today, Tennessee and Kentucky are the nation's leading producers of sorghum, but the Herveys are helping to make it a viable commercial crop in West Virginia. To generate consumer interest, they planted an acre of sorghum next to their sugar shack. When the slender stalks grew to 12 feet in height, customers started asking questions. "They'd say, 'That's a really nice field of corn you got growing there,'" says Charlie. "And then they'd ask, 'Where are the ears?' But the older people knew exactly what it was.'"

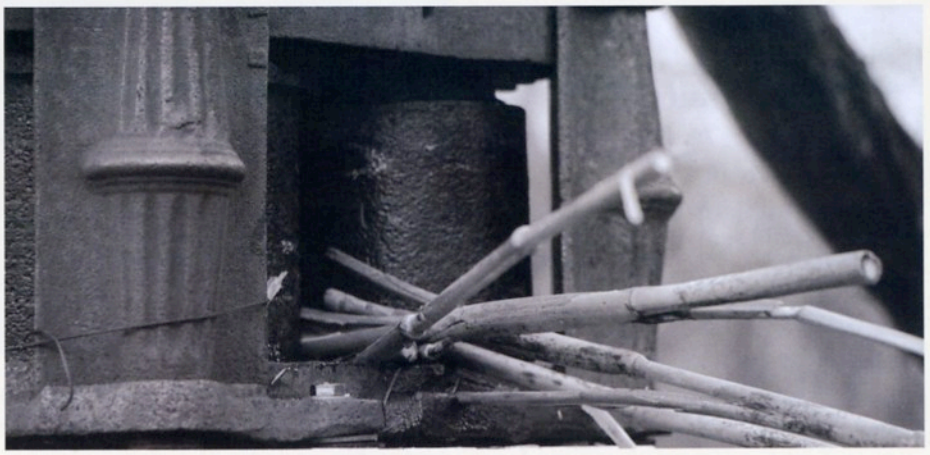
Although both Charlie and Britney come from rural backgrounds, neither had experienced sorghum until 2013, when they encountered it at the Algonquin Mill Festival in Carroll County, Ohio. It piqued Britney's interest, and she began researching the crop as yet another way to expand

the farm's output. Because they were already producing maple syrup and had an evaporator, sorghum seemed like a good fall product. Further, consumers increasingly are seeking natural sweeteners, and the production process has agritourism appeal. So, it was a good time for the Herveys to build an event around the harvest. They hosted their first Sorghum Days in October 2016.

"One of the goals of our farm is to become sustainable," Britney says. "Being able to open our farm up to folks of all ages to learn the process of sorghum making and to see smiles on everyone's faces as they take part in the harvest are rewarding. We have a love and passion for agriculture and truly enjoy sharing that with others."

The Herveys' decision required investment in a cane press, a piece of steampunk that crushes the cane to access the light-green sap. Typically powered by a horse or mule walking in circles, the press uses metal rollers to coax the sap from the cane. A trough at the bottom of the roller array then collects the juice.

Because most small farms got out of sorghum production in the last century, many sorghum presses languished in the corners of barns until farmers sold them for scrap. Because successive generations had no idea of the oddity's purpose, other presses were lost to ignorance. Esoteric, rare, and antique presses are best located by tracking down someone who owns one; chances are they own several, and one of them will be for sale.



Dried sorghum canes are crushed by the iron cylinders inside the antique press.

Charlie and Britney bought their Western Cane Mill No. 2 in Salem, Ohio, for a good price. Charlie says larger presses can weigh up to 1,000 pounds and cost thousands of dollars when restored. He notes that their relatively small press would be more efficient if it was restored. The surfaces of the three rollers have been worn down by years of use and need new grooves cut so they can better grip and crush the cane.

The press rests on a frame of angle iron to distribute the weight and keep it from tipping over. The arm, which connects the power source to the mill shaft, must be of sufficient length, weight, and shape to transfer the power. Their mill came with a locust branch that a previous owner had selected for its strength and curvature.

"It's a little bit hillbilly," Charlie says. "But it came with the press, and it works."

Charlie says that their press creates a substantial amount of resistance when loaded with cane and that while a strong man could power it for a short stretch, he'd get a good workout in the process. A garden tractor, while not as rustic or historically authentic, is a good substitute for a beast of burden.

Roger Rothwell volunteers for the monotonous task of driving the tractor in a circle, about 25 feet in diameter with the mill at the center. Roger is a family friend who worked on the Herveys' dairy farm before it closed.

"He's a really good family friend," says Britney, who credits both Roger and Gary Rush, a coal miner, for always being available to help re-invent the farm.

Roger sets a pace of slightly more than two revolutions per minute. One person feeds the cane into the mill while a second pulls the spent rods from rollers. People working around the mill soon learn to duck about every 30 seconds,

when the long arm approaches their noggins.

For convenience and efficiency, the mill is located between the cane field and the evaporator. The canes are fibrous and rigid; a machete is typically used to harvest them. For obvious reasons, this can be dangerous. So, Charlie and Britney sought a mechanized solution and found it in yet another piece of steampunk: a corn binder.

Pulled by a horse or tractor, the binder grabs the stalk and holds it in place while an articulating blade cuts through it. The severed stalks are collected in a metal arc at the rear of the binder; an operator riding next to it discharges the bundles of stalks into the field when the holder gets full. A forklift at the front of the tractor gathers the bundles, which weigh 50 pounds or more.

The stalks must be trimmed by stripping shoots and leaves from the canes and cutting off the seed head that tops the stalk. This requires many hands but can build a sense of community across generations and backgrounds.

"I think it's pretty fun," says Emily Tribett, a middle school student and daughter of Methodist pastor Carl David Tribett. Emily and her brother, Sean, are home-schooled and come to the farm for field trips. Miriam Faulkner, 75, a family friend at the other end of the age spectrum, works alongside Elizabeth Mitchell and her daughters, Emy and Elizabeth, and their cousins, Madison and Mason Rees.

Fred Hervey, Britney's father, drives the tractor that powers the antique sorghum press. The locust branch, which came with the mill, is an integral part of the apparatus.

"It never gets boring," says Mason, who keeps feeding the mill with the cleaned canes. "I love being in the outdoors."

The work gets the pastor thinking about sermon potentials. "I could talk about the sweetness of life and God, the laborers in the field," says Rev. Tribett as he pulls spent canes from the mill. "There are all kinds of metaphors I can use here."

Neighbors, curious about all the traffic, gather to watch and often get drawn into the work. "I saw the event sign and got to wondering what they were doing today," says Tim Stanley. "So, I went on their website and read that they were making sorghum."

It's a new experience for virtually every person who contributes. Few had tasted sorghum before Charlie and Britney introduced it to this ridge, and the experience of harvesting and processing it is even more obscure to them. Charlie says that, aside from the farmer who introduced them to the plant, "every other person I've talked to [who is producing it] is 55 years old or older."

It also appears to be a new experience for the land here. "There is no record of sorghum making on the farm. [It was] previously a dairy farm, with a record of grains being grown during the 1800s," Britney says.

Britney is the educator; Charlie calls her "the brains of the operation." She shares recipes and samples with visitors and explains how molasses, often confused with sorghum, is a byproduct of making refined sugar rather than a primary product. She talks to them about brix, a scientific measurement of sweetness based upon the amount of sucrose in an aqueous solution: 1 gram of sucrose in 100 grams of water is 1 brix. Sorghum is finished at 78 to 80 brix, so it packs a lot of sugar in a thick package. Used in baking and cooking as a substitute for molasses or sugar, sorghum also can be eaten straight up or in combination with maple syrup on waffles and hotcakes.

Sorghum prices roughly follow those of the farm's maple

syrup. Visitors who witness all the labor that goes into producing 20 or 30 gallons quickly come to appreciate the fair asking price.

The labor input is similar to that for maple syrup, but Charlie points out that the farmer can determine, within a window of several weeks, when the sorghum processing will be done. With maple syrup, however, the window is opened and closed by weather alone.

To promote her product, Britney organizes a craft make-it / take-it event at the farm during Sorghum Days. The project incorporates sorghum canes, seed heads, and leaves with other fall staples, like Indian corn, to create door decorations.

Moira Dunlop, who lives in Great Britain, was visiting her daughters and their families in the Wellsburg area and joined them for the farm visit. "It's amazing," Moira says of the sorghum process. "This is a real job for us. I had never seen this process before, and it's amazing."

Moira says sorghum syrup is unknown in her part of the world, so she was eager to sample it in various forms. "I tried the cookies, fudge, and popcorn," she says. A piece of bruised cane, passed around the craft table, gives the guests a sweet taste of the syrup's humble origin.

It was getting late in the day when Moira visited, and only one row of sorghum cane remained to be harvested. Gary Rush was riding the binder, while Fred Hervey was driving the tractor. Inside the sugar shack, a wood fire in the evaporator was bringing the sap to a boil under the watchful eye of Elizabeth Mitchell.

Harvest requires many hands, young and old, to get the job done. From left to right are Britney Hervey Farris and Sean Tribett cleaning canes; Miriam Faulkner; and Charlie Farris and Emily Tribett working the mill.

Britney says sorghum is boiled at 228-230 degrees, a higher temperature than maple sap. It also has to be skimmed throughout the process. "When you boil it, you are constantly skimming off the starches that come to the top as a green film," Charlie says.

Neither the film nor the sap is visually appealing. It's only when the heat completes its transformative work and the amber syrup emerges from the tap spout that the genius of the process is realized. By then, it's late in the evening or early the next morning. Most of the neighbors are at home sleeping or watching television, but the lights are still on in the evaporator house and steam is rising into the chilly October air.

Britney says their yield was only about half of what the couple anticipated. Part of that was because they planted two varieties to compare. As with everything on the farm, the results will be charted and used to guide their variety selection and planting decisions.

Perhaps more importantly, though, are the intangible yields of Sorghum Days: building community and spreading education as neighbors and friends come to appreciate the laborious story tucked inside each jug of sweet sorghum.

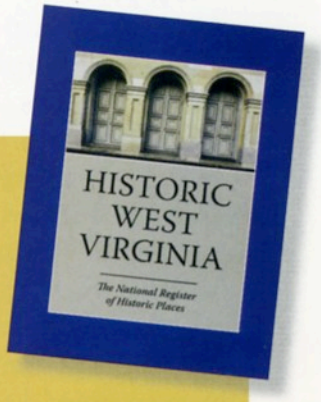
"Like anything in agriculture, it doesn't happen overnight. It takes time, patience, and a lot of hard work," Britney says.

Family Roots Farm is at 245 Hervey Lane, Wellsburg. Catch up with them at www.familyrootsfarmwv.com.

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*. You can also follow Carl's blog at the-feathercottage.com, where he often writes about West Virginia. Carl has been a longtime GOLDENSEAL contributor, dating back to his first article in our Summer 1987 issue.

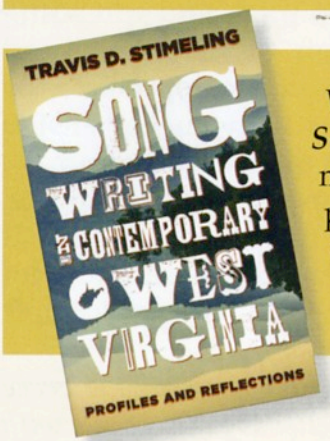
Recent Books on Appalachia

By Stan Bumgardner

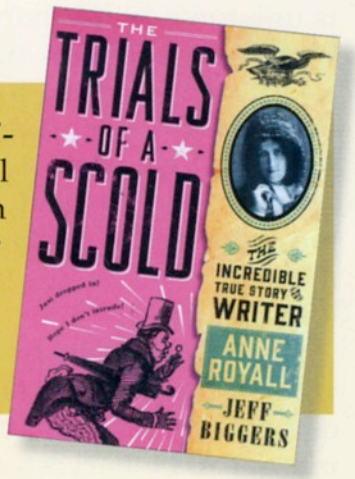


West Virginia has more than 1,000 listings in the National Register of Historic Places. To showcase these places, the State Historic Preservation Office (SHPO) of the West Virginia Department of Arts, Culture and History has updated its 2000 version of ***Historic West Virginia***. The new nearly 300-page soft-cover book includes brief descriptions of the sites and 17 special areas of interest, including the Civil War, farms and barns, African-Americans, coal heritage, railroads, women's history, the New Deal, and National Historic Landmarks. Maps show their locations.

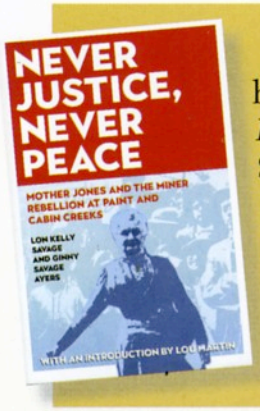
The book has been provided to public libraries, schools, historical societies, and historic landmark commissions. Copies of this limited edition are available at no cost from the SHPO while supplies last. Please send your request with full mailing address to John Adamik at John.D.Adamik@wv.gov. Please limit your request to one copy.



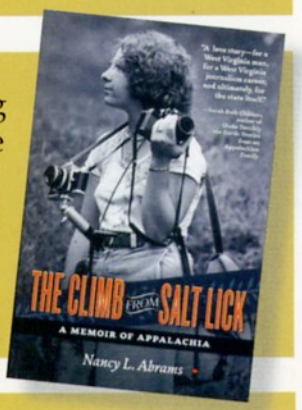
WVU Press has published Travis D. Stimeling's 288-page paperback ***Songwriting in Contemporary West Virginia***. An associate professor of musicology at WVU, Stimeling conducted countless oral histories in preparing this publication, which is billed as "the first book dedicated to telling the stories of West Virginia's extensive community of songwriters." It's available from WVU Press at 304-916-7730 or from online sellers.



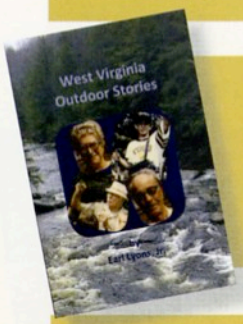
Award-winning journalist and author Jeff Biggers brings us ***The Trials of a Scold: The Incredible True Story of Writer Anne Royall***. Royall (1769 - 1854) was born and raised in Monroe County and later lived in Charleston, which she described in less-than-glowing terms. She later made her mark in Washington as one of America's first muckraking journalists. The 272-page book, published by Thomas Dunne Books, is available for $10.55 plus shipping from online sellers.



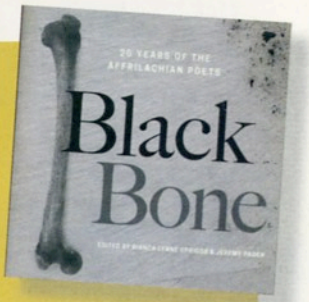
Ginny Savage Ayers has taken an unfinished manuscript by her late father, historian Lon Savage, and produced the new narrative ***Never Justice, Never Peace: Mother Jones and the Miner Rebellion at Paint and Cabin Creeks***. Lon Savage previously wrote one of the most popular histories of the West Virginia Mine Wars: *Thunder in the Mountains*. This new 360-page book is the "first book-length account of the Paint Creek-Cabin Creek Strike of 1912-13," one of the most important, and deadly, labor conflicts in American history. The paperback can be purchased from WVU Press at 304-916-7730 or from online sellers for $20.47 plus shipping.



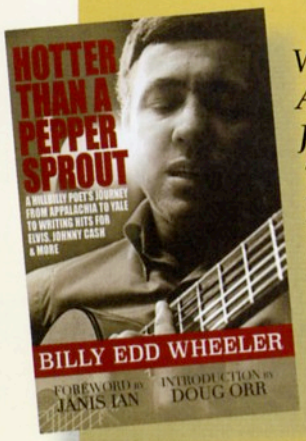
Nancy L. Abrams tells her own story in a 276-page memoir of a young Midwestern photojournalist who moves to rural Preston County in the mid-1970s and learns the Appalachian traditions of heating with coal and wood, gardening, and preserving produce. ***The Climb from Salt Lick: A Memoir of Appalachia*** is available for $26.99 plus shipping from WVU Press and online sellers.



West Virginia Outdoor Stories by McDowell County native Earl Lyons, Jr., is filled with humorous anecdotes about fishing, hiking, and sight-seeing throughout the Mountain State. The 160-page paperback retails for $12 from McClain Printing at 800-654-7179.

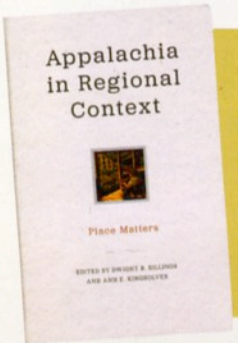


Black Bone: 25 Years of the Affrilachian Poets, edited by Bianca Lynne Spriggs and Jeremy Paden, features outstanding poetry from the last quarter century written by some of Appalachia's best African-American poets, including West Virginians Crystal Dawn Good, Ellen Hagan, and the late Norman Jordan. The 150-page paperback, published by the University Press of Kentucky, is available from online sellers for $24.95 plus shipping.



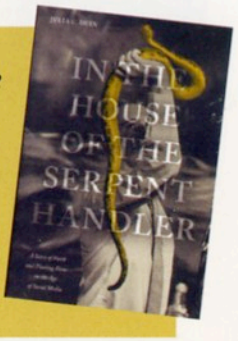
Boone County native musician, singer, songwriter, poet, and artist Billy Edd Wheeler has written his long-awaited memoir. ***Hotter Than a Pepper Sprout: A Hillbilly Poet's Journey from Appalachia to Yale to Writing Hits for Elvis, Johnny Cash & More*** takes its title from a line in perhaps his most famous song, "Jackson," a 1967 Grammy winner for Johnny Cash and June Carter; although, his list of great songs seems endless: "Coward of the County," "The Reverend Mr. Black," "High Flyin' Bird," and (a personal favorite of mine) "Ode to the Little Brown Shack Out Back," just to name a few. He traces his beginnings in Jarrolds Valley to the Nashville Songwriters Hall of Fame and tells the back stories behind many of his greatest songs. The legendary Janis Ian provides an insightful and humorous foreword to the 250-page hardback book, which is available from online sellers for $18.68 plus shipping.

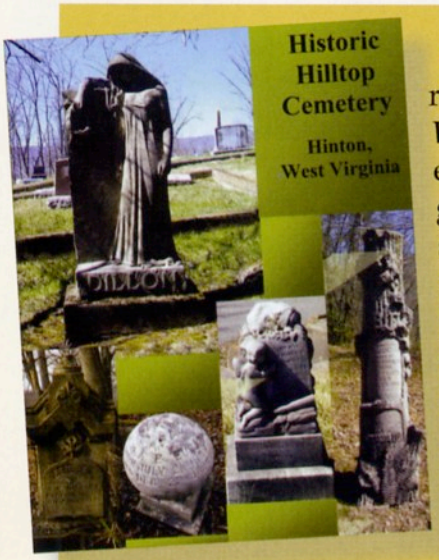
Three recent books recount personal stories about growing up in the Mountain State. ***Levi*** relates the hardscrabble youth of D. Truman Shrewsbury and his family on a Wyoming County farm. This 104-page paperback retails for $18 from McClain Printing at 800-654-7179. ***Ted! It's Too Close Till Sunday!*** is a memoir by John Jordan, who grew up in the Boone County coal town of Nellis. He reminisces nostalgically about another place and time where "no one locks their doors, church congregants are referred to as 'Sister' and 'Brother,' [the] community . . . has one phone, and fried chicken is a main staple." This 160-page paperback is available for $7.99 plus shipping from online sellers. In ***The Way It Was***, Matthew Wolfe illustrates southern West Virginia culture through seven specific days between 1965 and 2010. His 148-page paperback is available for $7.50 plus shipping through online sellers.



Appalachia in Regional Context: Place Matters, edited by Dwight B. Billings and Ann E. Kingsolver, examines the ever-growing field of Appalachian Studies. Various authors contribute to this book, which focuses on issues such as resources, power, and stereotypes related to isolation and intolerance. This 264-page hardcover, published by the University Press of Kentucky, is available through online sellers.

In the House of the Serpent Handler: A Story of Faith and Fleeting Fame in the Age of Social Media, Julia C. Duin, former religion editor for the *Washington Times*, looks at the latest generation of Pentecostals who "take up" venomous snakes as tests of their faith. She pulls much of her information from the social media posts of pastors in six states. The 227-page paperback, published by the University of Tennessee Press, is available from online sellers for $16.96 plus shipping.





Finally, the Summers County Historical Society has released a rather unique cemetery book. ***Historic Hilltop Cemetery: Hinton, West Virginia*** provides traditional information about Hinton's largest cemetery—names, births, and death dates. The book, though, goes much farther. As a labor of love, society member Bobby Cox spent countless weeks and months researching and telling the stories of many of the people buried in the cemetery. By looking through death records, obituaries, and newspaper clippings, Cox has helped the society compile what is, at least in part, a history of Hinton. Published by the West Virginia Book Company, the 212-page paperback is available for $30 plus $5 shipping from Ben Vest at gvestmountain@gmail.com, or from Hilltop Cemetery, 146 Cross Street, Hinton, WV 25951. Sale proceeds will be dedicated to the cemetery's preservation.

Mountain Music Roundup

By Paul Gartner

Blue Yonder
Rough and Ready Heart

Singer-songwriter (and former GOLDENSEAL editor) John Lilly has been busy. In addition to touring, John and his band Blue Yonder (with Robert Shafer on guitar and Will Carter on bass) hold down a weekly gig at Charleston's Bluegrass Kitchen. Their latest recording, *Rough and Ready Heart*, is dedicated to their Tuesday night fans. Joining Blue Yonder on this project are Nashville veterans Russ Hicks on pedal steel and Tony Creasman on percussion, plus Gar Ragland and John Cloyd Miller on harmony vocals.

Lilly's songwriting often brings to mind classic Nashville sounds from the 1940s, '50s, and 60s, but with a fresh spin all his own, as in "Lost in Yesterday":

The doorbell's ringing
Or is that the phone?
Or am I still thinking you're coming home?
I hold your memory here by my side
And live and love and leave in days gone by

"I Dream of Jeanie" will get people out on the dance floor. Listen closely to "Lonely Hour," and you can almost hear the late great Roy Orbison covering this. "Well Acquainted with the Blues" has a swingy feel, with Hicks' tasteful steel guitar and twin lead lines with Shafer's guitar. "Memories and Moonlight" and "Emerald Eyes" are wonderful love songs:

Oh, how they shine and brighten up the shadows of my mind
I'll be surprised to find the kind of light that outshines your emerald eyes

Charleston is fortunate to have such top-notch musicians. Shafer always displays well-thought-out guitar licks; Creasman's spot-on drumming and Carter's unassuming bass underscore Lilly's songcraft. "Windswept" brings to mind the days of CinemaScope with movie theme songs and memorable lyrics. "Tombstone" has a kind of ain't-no-hurry rockabilly feel, with another super break on guitar. "You Can't Get There from Here" displays Lilly's storytelling skills. The driving "Green Light" passes on a curve with bad tires. And that's good!

What are you waiting for? Tuesday is coming up. Come check out Blue Yonder! *Rough and Ready Heart* is available from blueyonderhonkytonk.bandcamp.com/

Tessa Dillon
It's Hard to Love

Fiddler Tessa Dillon is a regular finalist in the banjo and fiddle contests at the Vandalia Gathering. She's joined here by two of West Virginia's top traditional musicians: clawhammer banjo player (and recently retired GOLDENSEAL editorial assistant) Kim Johnson and multi-instrumentalist Jesse Milnes on guitar. In September, Dillon took first place at the 2018 Ed Haley fiddle competition in Ashland, Kentucky. She's also a founding member of The Big Possum String Band, which won the 2018 traditional band competition at the Appalachian String Band Music Festival at Clifftop.

Dillon pulls a nice woody tone on "Wagoner One Step," and "Forked Deer" has some pretty slick bowing and variations. "Morris Allen's Brickyard Joe" is a fine Kentucky tune, with nice banjo playing. Dillon lends some sweet vocals to "Bottled in Bond," which she learned from an Aunt Jennie Wilson recording. "Blue Goose" was first recorded by the wonderful Kentucky fiddler Buddy Thomas and gets a fine workout here, complemented by the expert banjo and guitar accompaniment. Dillon does a fine job on Edden Hammons' "Fine Times at Our House" and fiddles and sings a vocal duet with Milnes on the old ballad "It's Hard to Love." On "Paddy on the Turnpike," her masterful bowing is worthy of Kenny Baker. The drawings and colorful package design by Gabriel Skoglund are delightful. This fine first outing is available at store.cdbaby.com/cd/tessadillon.

T-Mart Rounders
[self-titled]

The T-Mart Rounders are an old-time music trio from Elkins, with Jesse Milnes on fiddle and vocals, Kevin Chesser on banjo, and Becky Hill on foot percussion. Webster County native Milnes is a fine traditional fiddler who stays true to the old tunes while making his own interpretation known. "Indian Girl" (sometimes known as "Indian Nation") has solid bow and banjo work. Hill, who's becoming nationally known in traditional dance circles, accompanies throughout the recording, which is well-mixed to achieve a balance of all three sounds.

"Margaret's Song" is a bluesy original from Milnes, in the form of a traditional ballad but with a modern feel:

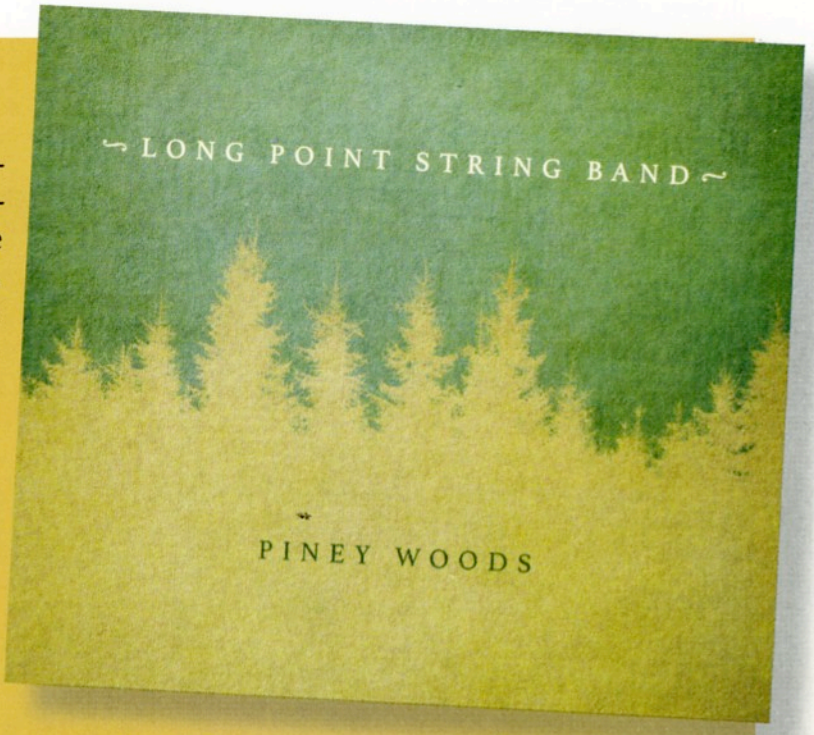
They said that John would never go and work and pay the rent
But at least John didn't beat on me, like all my sisters' men
My daddy was a mean old man, he never did no good
He ran my Johnny out of town, the only way he could
He said I couldn't marry John since I was just 16
So we ran away to Baltimore, my little John and me

As there are no liner notes, I hazard a guess at the sources for some of the tunes. The slippery "Green Corn" is from the late Harvey Sampson's repertoire, with nice finger-picked banjo from Chesser. The central West Virginia standard "Betty Baker" sounds like Ernie Carpenter's version, with a couple of great verses about a strong-minded woman:

Over the river to see Betty Baker
She wouldn't work, and the devil couldn't make her

Milnes sings a heartfelt "Federal Soldier," with more finger-picked banjo, which adds variety to the trio's sound. The recording concludes with a blazing "Yew Piney Mountain." Traditional fiddle and banjo music is alive and well in Randolph County.

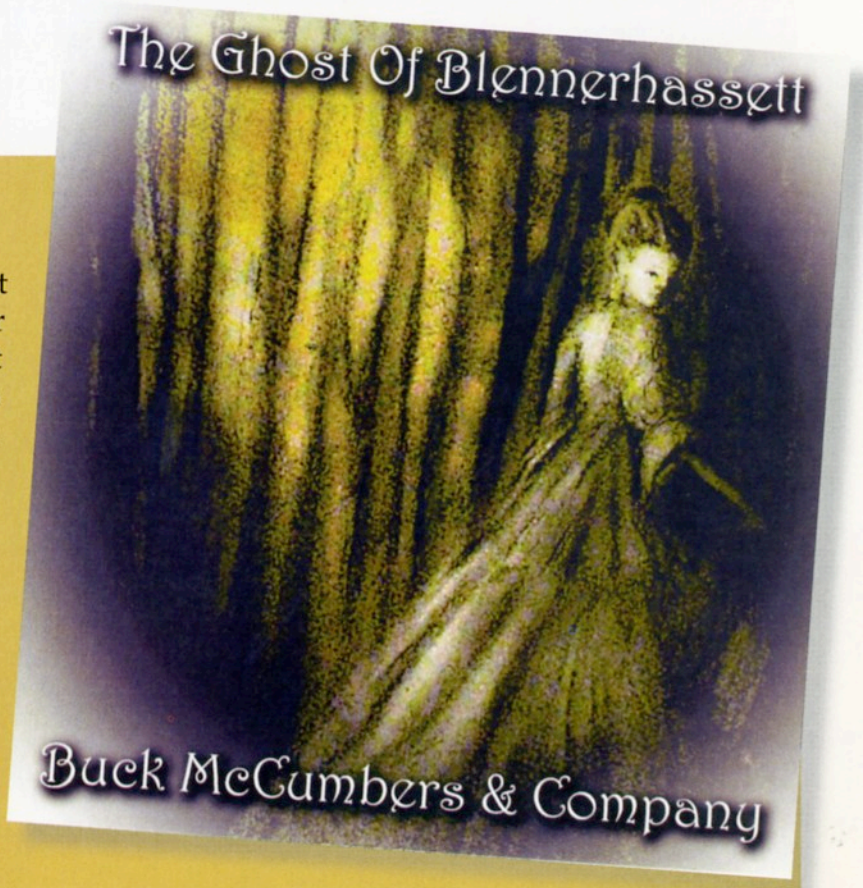
Long Point String Band
Piney Woods



The Long Point String Band is a Beckley-based ensemble with old-time instrumentation and a modern feel. The members are Lewis Prichard on fiddle and mandolin, Lars Swanson on bass, Vandalia contest winner Hunter Walker on banjo and dulcimer, and Brian C. Bell on guitar. Their latest project combines fiddle tunes, some standards from the string band and bluegrass canons, and one original. Prichard steps up on the mandolin with a well-played version of "Crazy Creek." The arrangement of "Piney Woods" for dulcimer and mandolin is a nice atmospheric piece. The band goes into festival jam gear with "Wild Horse at Stoney Point." "Run Mountain" features some band harmonies, and while the CD doesn't say who's singing what, it's an ambitious arrangement. These guys haven't quite found their sound yet, but they will. "New Dawn Waltz" is a lovely original for dulcimer from Hunter Walker. The band cuts loose on the North Carolina string band standard "Breaking up Christmas," and Prichard's sparkling mandolin highlights a spankin' "Roanoke." It's available from KidInTheBackground.com at 105 West Prince Street, Beckley, WV 25801 or 304-250-7172.

Hay Fever
[self-titled]

This self-described neo-traditional trio hails from Hampshire County. The members are Dakota Karper on fiddle, Josh Haza on mandolin and guitar, and Jim Morris on guitar and banjo. "Gavotte" / "Cold Frosty Morning" is an artful pairing, proving once again that a little classical music background never hurts. "Jerusalem Ridge," a tune you can't hear often enough, has a super clawhammer banjo break. And there are plenty of festival standards, such as "Fall on My Knees," "Lazy John," "Chinquapin Hunting," "Whiskey Before Breakfast," and more. Maybe next time, we'll hear a few regional tunes from the Eastern Panhandle area. But the trio achieves a strong acoustic blend. Recorded live in a studio, *Hay Fever* is available from store.cdbaby.com/cd/hayfever1.



Buck McCumbers & Company
The Ghost of Blennerhassett

This six-piece band from the Wirt County area has provided music for re-enactments at historic Blennerhassett Island in Parkersburg. This bluegrass lineup features Buck McCumbers on mandolin and fiddle, Connie Hardman on guitar and vocals, Jerry Hardway on bass, Dan Murray on banjo, and Dwayne McCumbers on dobro. "Ghost" is a pleasant snapshot of music heard by visitors at Blennerhassett. The tunes (six originals, four fiddle tunes, and two covers) have some good picking and heartfelt vocals. Nothing goes too fast, and things roll along with a front-porch feel.

The band's original "Ghosts of Blennerhassett" recounts a bit of history about Harman and Margaret Blennerhassett (who lived on the island in the early 1800s) and a legend about Margaret's ghost. Another, "Days of Johnny Appleseed," reflects more of the area's rich heritage and folklore:

His dress was a coffee sack
A tin hat he did wear
Although he was barefooted, he was welcome everywhere
He traveled through Indiana on the way to Illinois
Planting trees for the settlers and bringing lots of joy

"Sister Sarah" was written and sung by guitarist Hardman, and a favorite here is "West Virginia Birdie." It's available from Patty McCumbers at 304-474-3116 or from buckandcompany.com.

If you're a West Virginia musician or band, feel free to submit a review copy of your recording, with a promo kit (if available), to GOLDENSEAL, Culture Center, 1900 Kanawha Boulevard, E., Charleston, WV 25305-0300.

PAUL GARTNER moved to West Virginia from Ohio in 1977 and lives in Lincoln County. He's a multi-instrumentalist who has placed in the old-time banjo competition at the Vandalia Gathering. He performs with his band Born Old and is a copy editor for the Charleston *Gazette-Mail*. Paul's most recent contributions to GOLDENSEAL were in our Winter 2017 issue.

Films of Appalachia
2017-2018

By Steve Fesenmaier

Two films over the last two years have profiled one of the greatest mathematicians our country has ever produced: Katherine Coleman Goble Johnson. She was born and raised in White Sulphur Springs (Greenbrier County) and graduated from West Virginia State College (now University) with a mathematics degree. She was a virtual human computer (prior to the IBM 709 super computer) for the organization that would become NASA, working in a room of segregated black women to calculate the early space flights. She later performed key calculations for the Apollo missions. A building at NASA is named for her, and she was honored with a Presidential Medal of Freedom. In August, she celebrated her 100th birthday.

Hidden Figures, which runs just over two hours, is a dramatized biography of Johnson, played by actress Taraji P. Henson, and two of her African-American colleagues. It notably points out how astronaut John Glenn refused to make his historic orbit of the Earth in 1962 until Johnson (then Katherine Goble) had made her calculations. The film received much acclaim, garnering Oscar nominations for best picture, best adapted screenplay, and best supporting actress. It won the Screen Actors Guild Award for Outstanding Performance by a Cast in a Motion Picture.

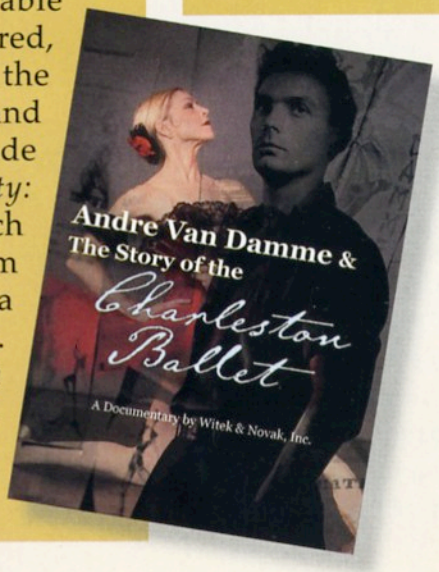
Outlier, a 55-minute documentary from Motion Masters, focuses more on Johnson's time in West Virginia, including her graduation from West Virginia State College's high school department at age 14 (since Greenbrier County had no black high schools) and the fact she took some classes at the all-white West Virginia University in the 1930s because they weren't available at West Virginia State.

Hot Rod, a 90-minute documentary from Motion Masters, portrays the life of one of West Virginia's all-time great athletes. "Hot Rod" Hundley starred first at Charleston High School and then at West Virginia University—becoming WVU's first player to be drafted by the NBA. While he played six seasons for the Minneapolis and Los Angeles Lakers, his most stellar years were in college, where he was a one-man Harlem Globetrotter team, doing trick shots and passes that thrilled the crowds. After his six years in the NBA, during which he toned down his style greatly, he became the radio voice of the Utah Jazz for 30 years. The film also examines Hot Rod's life off the court, from growing up poor on the streets of Charleston to his sometimes-rocky family life.

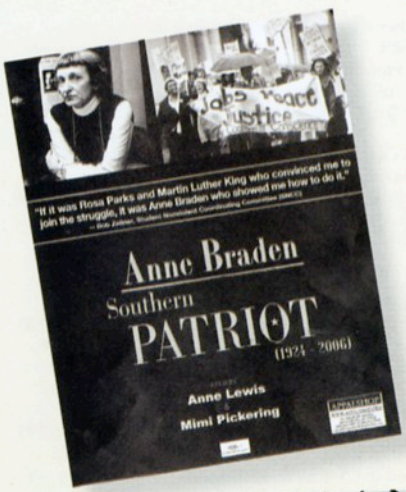
Heroin(e) is a 39-minute documentary produced by Netflix. West Virginia native and Peabody Award winner Elaine McMillion Sheldon directed this film about three women in Huntington who are fighting the current opioid epidemic, likely the deadliest in history. West Virginia is at the heart of this fight as our state has ranked first in the nation in per-capita drug deaths. While Sheldon highlights the plight of heroin users, she focuses on a group of women—Huntington Fire Chief Jan Rader, Judge Patricia Keller, and Necia Freeman of Brown Bag Ministry—who are trying to help addicts recover. The Film was nominated for an Oscar for best short documentary.

In the 90-minute exposé ***What Lies Upstream***, filmmaker Cullen Hoback (who previously made *Terms and Conditions May Apply*) brings his investigatory grit to West Virginia. He looks into the chemical spill that left 300,000 people in the Charleston area without drinking water for weeks and months beginning in January 2014. Hoback covers the timeline of events but then delves more deeply into scientific cover-ups and political malfeasance across all levels of government. At times, his documentary almost feels like a political thriller. The *Washington City Paper* said it was the "scariest film" at AFI DOCS, a film festival hosted by the American Film Institute and the Discovery Channel. *Variety* added that it's "a quietly devastating documentary" that "builds a persuasive case against not only industry and political figures, but also the Centers for Disease Control and the Environmental Protection Agency." *What Lies Upstream* won the Special Jury Prize for investigative filmmaking at the Seattle International Film Festival and was nominated for an Oscar for best short documentary.

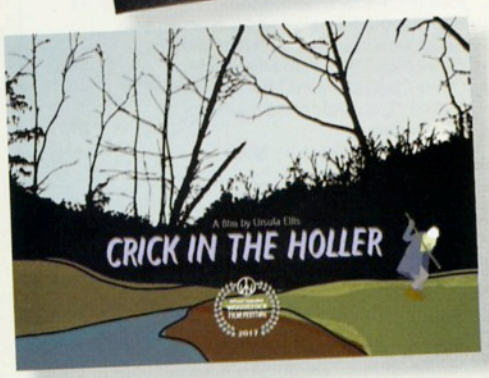
Three-time Emmy Award winner (and Charleston Ballet dancer) Deborah Novak has made a 55-minute documentary, ***Andre Van Damme & The Story of the Charleston Ballet***. Using historical footage of the Charleston Ballet and its founder Van Damme's roots in Belgium, this inspiring film is a landmark documentary. Novak also tells Van Damme's remarkable story through the dancers he mentored, including Kim Pauley, who's been the ballet's director since 1989. Novak and the film's producer, Joe Witek, made the acclaimed *Marshall University: From Ashes to Glory* (2000), which led to the major Hollywood film *We Are Marshall*. They also made a documentary about Blenko Glass. This film shows off their cinematic skills while making a touching and visually stunning movie about how important the arts are in our state.



Jeannette Walls' 2005 bestselling autobiography ***The Glass Castle*** has been made into a two-hour Hollywood film starring Woody Harrelson as Jeannette's father, Naomi Watts as her mother, and Oscar winner Brie Larson as Jeannette, the big sister who endures an amazing yet painful childhood. The film was shot partially on location in Welch, where Walls' father was born and raised, and in the West, where they moved for a while. Most of the action takes place in 2005 New York City, where Walls wrote for *New York* magazine. Her original book sold almost three-million copies and remained on the *New York Times* bestseller list for more than 200 weeks. Like the film version of *Angela's Ashes*, the film isn't as good as the book because it fails to capture fully the main character's intense suffering.



Other recent movies include ***Ann Braden: Southern Patriot (1924 -2006)***, produced by Appalshop. Directed by Mimi Pickering, this documentary highlights the life of Braden, an Appalachian civil rights leader who fought valiantly for her community while being branded a Communist by her enemies. ***Crick in the Holler*** is another film inspired by the 2014 chemical spill in Charleston. Filmed in Alderson and Summersville by Columbia film school student Ursula Ellis, the documentary shows how two sisters reacted to the spill. ***Opioid, Inc.***, directed by Kanawha County native Jon Matthews, examines how West Virginia has become ground zero of the opioid crisis, suffering more overdose deaths per capita than any other state. Finally, ***Meadow Bridge***, written and directed by Tijah Bumgarner, is a coming-of-age story about a 14-year-old girl named Darcy. Growing up impoverished in a small West Virginia town in the late 1990s, Darcy prepares for the struggles she'll meet in the outside world.



STEVE FESENMAIER was the state film librarian for the West Virginia Library Commission from 1978 to 2009. He's one of the foremost experts on the history of cinema in West Virginia. He has contributed articles to GOLDENSEAL since 1979, with his most recent appearing in our Winter 2016 issue. If you'd like to submit films for Steve to review, you can contact him directly at mystery12@suddenlink.net.

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Stan Bumgardner, Editor

Pauline (1914 - 2000) and Alvin Ostrin (1917 - 1997), the children of Jewish immigrants, pose in Charleston in 1929. Both later worked for Ostrin Electric, founded by their father. Alvin would become a violinist in the Charleston / West Virginia Symphony. Courtesy of Linda Borstein Toborowsky.

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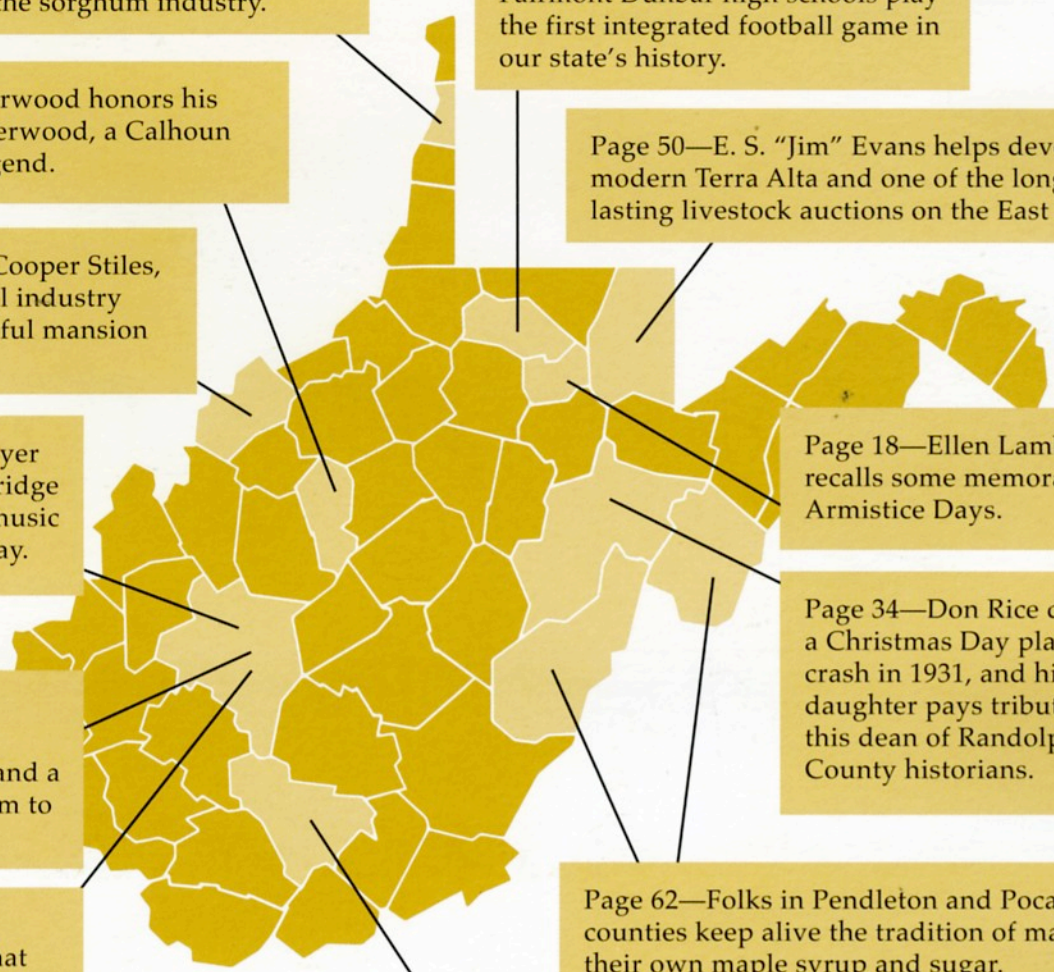

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