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Goldenseal

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WEST VIRGINIA STATE POLICE

1919 2019

In May 1977, Sharen Sumpter Deitz became our state's first female trooper. You can read her story on page 38.

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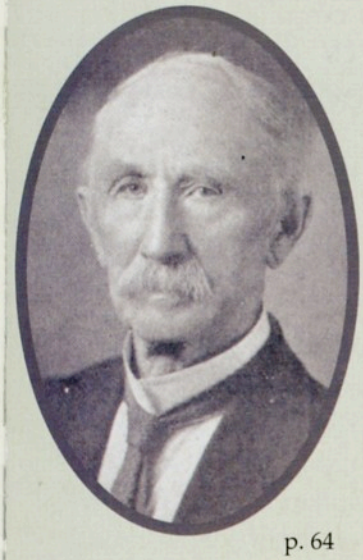

p. 64

p. 6

p. 38

p. 44

On the cover: A highway patrol motorcycle team, driven by Sgt. Sam Taylor, 1920s. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Police Archives.

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From the Editor

On April 15, I was sitting at my desk, grappling with my quarterly case of writer's block over what to write here. I was pondering this edition and the State Police's centennial, Sharen Sumpter Deitz's courage in becoming our state's first female trooper, the preservation of our Civil War sites, and even all the great spaghetti meals I've had at Jim's in Huntington.

As I stared at my blank computer screen, news broke from 4,000 miles away that the medieval Notre-Dame de Paris cathedral was on fire. Minutes later, I watched footage of its iconic spire collapsing. Our new assistant editor, Joseph Aluise, and I started discussing the church's storied history and what a forlornly historic day this had become.

By that evening, the extent of the damage was visibly apparent. This building, which had witnessed so much history and survived so many wars and a revolution, was nearly gutted. My mind drifted to a comment in this issue by Dennis Frye, the retired park historian at Harpers Ferry National Historical Park. To digress for a moment, I owe Dennis a tremendous debt of gratitude. He gave me my first job out of college and instilled in me an even deeper appreciation of history and the confidence that I could be a professional historian. Dennis has always had a knack for putting history in perspective. In our article about preserving the Harpers Ferry Battlefield [see page 56], Dennis refers to the "power of place."

As I watched firefighters battle the blaze in Paris, Dennis' words kept ringing through my head. Since history is so often overlooked in popular culture, I wondered, "Why is the whole world—even people who aren't history buffs—so captivated and saddened by this disaster?" It's that power of place. Notre-Dame isn't just one of the most historic structures in the world. It isn't just a crucial site in the history of Christianity. It isn't just a Gothic architectural marvel, the site of Napoleon's coronation as emperor, or the setting for Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*. It's the place where millions of people we've never heard of have prayed, confessed their sins, and gotten married. In this place, lives were changed forever.

When we visit historic sites, we're transported back to another time. We don't need time machines; they're all around us. Too often, we take them for granted, or fail to notice them at all, and they're constantly on the brink of extinction. It shouldn't take a devastating fire for us to appreciate why history needs to be preserved. Historic sites, documents, artifacts, still and moving images, and audio recordings are, as Dennis puts it, "our story." Once we lose part of this, we lose part of us. Our story is *ours* to save before it's too late.

Stan Bumgardner

GOLDENSEAL Good-Bye

George Daugherty
(1931 - 2019)

By Mack Samples

I first met George Daugherty in 1963 when he and I played some spots on the showboat *Rhododendron* for our state's Centennial. We didn't ride the boat but met it at various ports of call. We both did very short sets. George usually played "Danny Boy" on the saw (stroking a hand saw with a fiddle bow) and then sang a few songs with his guitar. At that time, I was a "folk singer" who performed alone.

We met many times after 1963 at various venues. I often introduced him at the West Virginia State Folk Festival, where he usually did a spot on the formal night program. Folks really enjoyed his saw playing. I've never heard many saw players, but I thought he was very good. Every time we met, I always came away with the feeling, "What a great guy!"

When I think of George, a practicing attorney for more than 50 years, I'm always reminded of another Charleston lawyer who became more famous because of his avocation than for his vocation. W. E. R. Byrne was well-known statewide for his writings. He was an avid fisherman on Elk River—from its Pocahontas County headwaters to Charleston. Byrne's book *Tale of the Elk* (1940) is the definitive work on that river. Those who knew him say he was a great guy.

Photo by Steve Brightwell.

Both of these gentlemen paid their bills from doing the work that lawyers do, but they became better known because of what they did in their spare time. I don't think I've ever mentioned George's name without hearing someone say, "Oh, I know him—great guy!"

George was an unadulterated patriot who was fiercely proud of his Irish heritage—and didn't care who he offended about either trait. He also distinguished himself as an actor and performed in many plays. I never actually saw him perform as an actor, but just knowing him, I'm sure he was a great one. He was a natural-born performer. When he talked about West Virginia around the folk festival circuit, you'd have thought he was Mark Antony talking about Rome at Caesar's funeral.

I always thought George would have made a great politician. He was certainly a man of the people, he was well spoken, and I never met anyone who loved West Virginia more. He would have never taken any action that wasn't good for our state.

George and fiddler Buddy Griffin were great friends and performed together at events. They were mainstays at the annual Pinch Reunion in Kanawha County and did a New Year's Eve program in Charleston for many years.

One of the great things about George was that he was always there to lend a helping hand. I've heard that from many sources. When my band started to do our second CD, he offered his office as a recording studio at no charge. We crashed in there one Sunday, set up a temporary studio, and took advantage of his offer.

Mannington native George Daugherty, beloved by many as the "Earl of Elkview," died in Charleston on February 3, 2019, at age 87. His obituary hailed him as "an entertainer, toastmaster, songwriter, wit, and musician." All of those describe George to a T, but whenever I think of him, I always go back to my first impression: "What a great guy!"

MACK SAMPLES was a registrar and director of admissions at Glenville State College and a Clay County Extension agent for 26 years. Since his retirement in 1999, he's authored nine books. A traditional musician and dance caller, he has been a regular performer at the Vandalia Gathering since its inception in 1977 and played various roles with the state Folk Festival. In 2003, he received the Vandalia Award, our state's highest folklife honor.

"If you want to be a part of Huntington, you need to eat at Jim's!"

Text and photos by Emily Hilliard

Walking in to Jim's Steak & Spaghetti House in Huntington feels like stepping onto a movie set of a 1960s diner. A red neon sign hangs over a long awning extending to the curb, mod pea-green vinyl booths line the walls, and a laminate counter with worn bar stools sits in front of a stainless-steel backsplash so clean you can see your reflection in it. The business was founded in 1938 by Jim Tweel and Sally Rahall, who would get married the following year. The restaurant has gone through few changes in its 81 years.

"Everything in this restaurant has been here since 1962 or before," says owner Jimmie Tweel Carder, who took over Jim's from her parents in 1994. Even the menu has changed little since 1945, when Jim expanded the offerings to include spaghetti made from a recipe given to him by an Italian neighbor.

Employees stick around Jim's too. "My dad's manager was here 62 years," says Jimmie. "He had a waitress that was here 62 years. He had another waitress here 52 years. . . . There's a girl upstairs who's still coming back in—she's been here over 42 years."

The grill cooks met working at the restaurant, fell in love, and got married. They still both work there. "I think we're easy to work for. We try to treat them well, you know. I used to yell a lot, but I don't yell anymore," she says, laughing.

Not everything has stayed the same. "We had a major change this year," Jimmie confides. Last year, when she went to order the white "nurse dress" uniform the waitresses had always worn, she couldn't find one that fit the specifications—short sleeved, with pockets and a full skirt. "Nobody would make them. Nobody would do it, so we had to decide what we were gonna do. At that point, we had just hired two waiters for the first time, and we liked what they looked like, so we went out and found black pants and a white shirt." When Jim's made

Jimmie Tweel Carder, the owner of Jim's Steak & Spaghetti House.

the uniform change, it made the local paper. In the article, Jimmie says, "We felt like we might attract more people to want to work here without the dress. That too was part of the decision."

Though otherwise Jim's seems like a meticulously preserved time capsule, Jimmie says that the restaurant's décor and longevity are a result of just taking it one step at a time. "We've never been planners for this restaurant. It's just 'take it day by day by day.' To bluntly put it, why get into doing something if we're gonna close down next year?"

That seems to have been the approach from the beginning when Jim and Sally, whose families originated in Kfeir, Lebanon, first decided to start the business. "As I like to say because I think it's cute, my future mother said to my future dad, 'Get a job or I'm gone.' So he borrowed $1,500 from an uncle and bought this restaurant."

Community may be another secret to the restaurant's longevity. "My dad was known as 'The Ambassador of Huntington' because everyone wanted to come see Jim's." And it wasn't just locals either. Photos of celebrities who have visited the restaurant—including Muhammad Ali, Soupy Sales, Marcel Marceau, Dagmar, and Dustin Hoffman—adorn every wall. A special display piece—the "million dollar" picture of John F. Kennedy—hangs over the booth where he sat in 1960 when he passed through during his primary campaign.

But the restaurant's importance to Huntington is what caught the eye of the James Beard Foundation, which awarded Jim's an "America's Classic" award this year—the first ever in West Virginia. In the announcement video, chef Sean Brock says the award "celebrates restaurants that anchor communities and make every diner feel like family"—a very fitting description of Jim's.

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.

A trio of state troopers wade their mounts through Cabin Creek while on patrol in Kanawha County. Courtesy of the WVSP Archives (WVSPA).

The West Virginia State Police
Born of Chaos

By Merle T. Cole

Much like the state it serves, the West Virginia State Police (WVSP)—officially called the Department of Public Safety (DPS) until 1995—was born of chaos in a time of political unrest and domestic violence. The DPS came into being 100 years ago when Governor John Cornwell signed the bill into law on March 31, 1919; it became a reality on June 29.

Over the previous two decades, the effort to unionize workers, particularly coal miners, had often turned violent. In their fight for union recognition, collective-bargaining rights, and better working and living conditions, labor activists had disrupted coal company operations, destroyed rail lines and other property, and intimidated or even killed non-striking workers and company-hired mine guards. Elected sheriffs and constables sometimes refused or were unable to quell such violence; in other instances, local law enforcement officials were on the payrolls of companies to keep the union out of their mines. Prior to the advent of the state police, West Virginia governors had relied on the National Guard to address labor unrest, notably during the Great Railroad Strike of 1877 at Martinsburg and three years later during the state's first coal strike at Hawks Nest.

But these were just forerunners of the 1912-1913 Paint Creek-Cabin Creek Strike—one of our nation's

deadliest. Governor William Glasscock (dubbed a nickname by labor leader Mary Harris "Mother" Jones that cannot be printed here) declared martial law three times during the strike, resulting in costly deployments of the National Guard. This generated pressure to create a state police force on the Pennsylvania model, but a 1913 legislative proposal failed in no small measure due to the growing influence of labor.

In 1917-1918, while the United States fought in World War I, coal companies and miners came to an uneasy peace. During the war years, our state's industries enjoyed full employment. The few scattered disturbances were handled locally, sometimes with the aid of officers from other counties. This war-emergency organization was superintended by the one West Virginia National Guardsman who hadn't been activated into the regular military: acting adjutant general Maj. Thomas B. Davis.

After the war, government contracts were canceled, and our nation was left with an overabundance of coal, causing the price to plummet. Companies started laying off miners and reducing the wages of those who remained. It was nearly inevitable that the prewar labor unrest would resume, but to many, there was an even greater fear than before. In 1917, Bolsheviks had come to power in Russia with the goal of sparking a worldwide revolution of workers. Many Americans feared that the labor and Bolshevik movements were one and the same. This fear played into the hands of U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, who whipped up public hysteria in what came to be known as the "Great Red Scare."

The DPS was only the nation's fourth state police force, following Pennsylvania (1905), New York (1917), and Michigan (1917). In West Virginia, the DPS mission paralleled Pennsylvania's—investigating rural crime and putting down violence associated with unionization efforts.

Following Palmer's lead, the federal and state governments launched massive crackdowns—including raids, arrests, and deportations—which, in the words of historian Frederick Lewis Allen, "set a new record in American history for executive transgression of individual constitutional rights." In January 1920, some 4,000 alleged Communists were arrested in 33 different cities; many also happened to be labor activists.

Against this tense backdrop, the legislature passed the 1919 state police bill. Largely as a result of "the Red Scare" and outbursts of racism (including anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism) in postwar America, the legislation, tinged with xenophobia, authorized the DPS superintendent to "collect statistics, distribute information throughout the state and cooperate with educational agencies to secure Americanization of foreign-born inhabitants; [and] to employ all available agencies to secure harmonious feeling and understanding between employer and employee."

The force created by the 1919 law seems almost ludicrously small by modern standards. The original DPS headquarters was staffed by only four people: a superintendent, a deputy superintendent (left vacant through the early decades), a clerk-bookkeeper, and a clerk. There were two field companies, each allotted up to 82 men: a captain, a lieutenant, a first sergeant, four sergeants, four corporals, and 30 to 55 privates. This tiny force had to police a 24,000-square-mile state of rugged terrain and a population of nearly 1.5 million.

The man charged with getting the new agency off the ground was Supt. Jackson Arnold of Weston. He had been a longtime National Guard officer and a veteran of the fighting in France. On June 29, Arnold opened his office on the second floor of the Charleston armory. He immediately got busy procuring equipment, uniforms, and horses for the

The Little Details

Col. Arnold faced various obstacles in recruiting, uniforming, and equipping the force. He had to deal with a garment workers' strike to obtain uniforms and War Department red tape to access surplus stocks. Initially, recruits were instructed to report for duty with their Great War uniforms, resulting in a mix of U.S. Army and Marine Corps clothing. There was also a shortage of horses. Recruits who owned animals brought them along; those who didn't either rode public transportation, where available, or walked to their posts.

Jackson Arnold was the first DPS superintendent (1919–1925). A great-nephew of Stonewall Jackson, he set high standards for personnel selection and retention. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

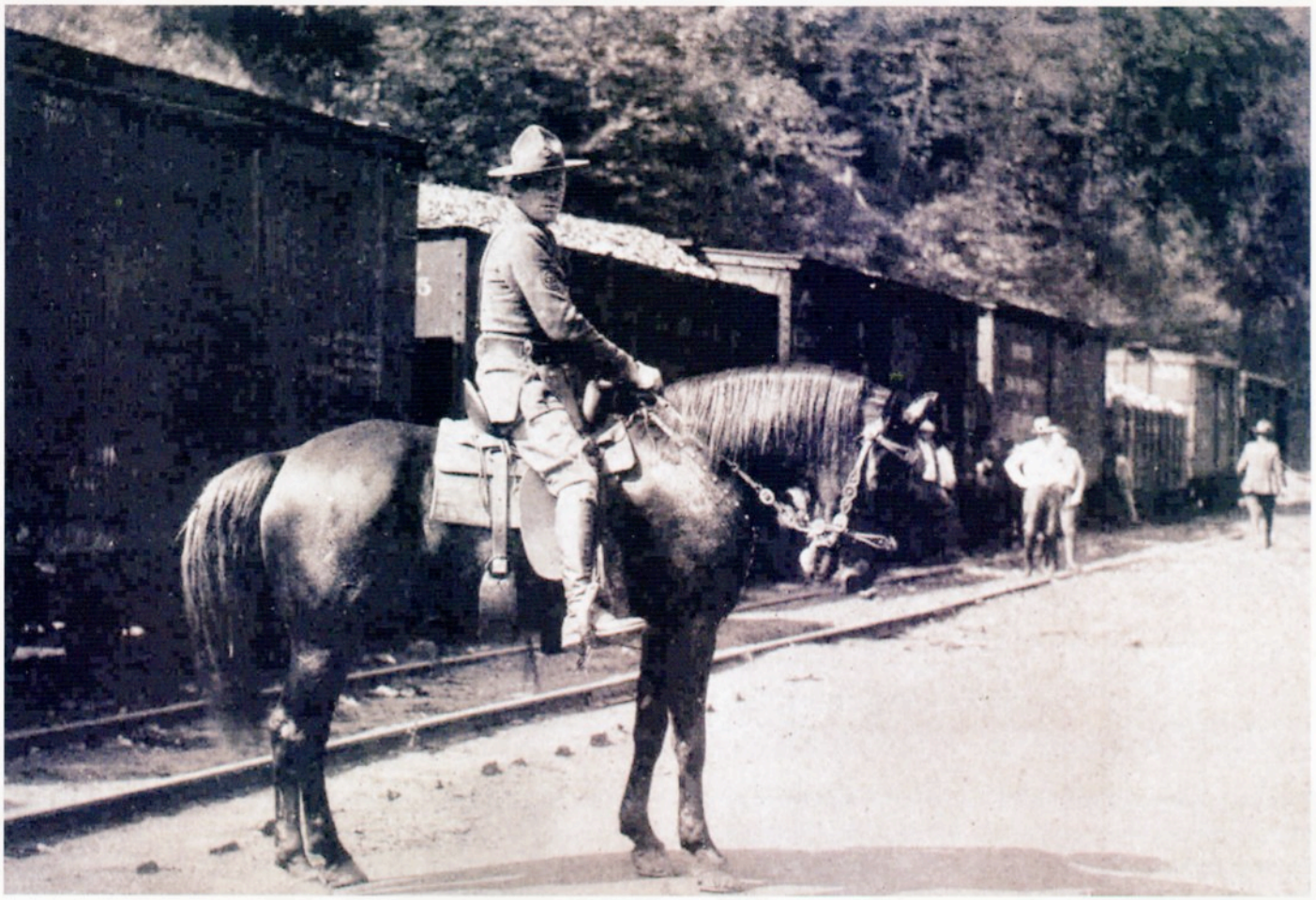
new force. Finding troopers would prove less daunting, as he tapped into the huge pool of military veterans returning from overseas. These young men had just experienced their first taste of the outside world. Before the war, many of them had been farmers, just struggling to get by. The DPS offered them a chance to earn a regular paycheck while possibly prolonging the wartime adventures and camaraderie to which they'd grown accustomed.

Col. Arnold was the state commander of the recently established American Legion. Returning veterans flocked to Legion posts across the state. Arnold had no problem signing up enough veterans, most of them coming from the Army or Marines. This steady flow of recruits was essential due to a staggering turnover rate—more than 300 men passed through DPS ranks in its first three years.

Much was asked of the new police force. In addition to general law enforcement, troopers could also be appointed as "forest patrolmen, game and fish wardens, and deputy prohibition officers." A 1930 statute even made them "officers of the state board of children's guardians."

The DPS had full authority for local law enforcement if ordered by the governor or formally requested by a sheriff. At the time, the most pressing issue was labor unrest in the coalfields. State troopers, unlike local sheriffs and constables, were more likely to be seen as outsiders who could remain neutral during strikes. Overall, the troopers were certainly more objective than local officials or company-hired mine guards, such as those provided by the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency. Troopers answered to the governor and, as veterans of the Great War, were better trained and disciplined than average peace officers. Governor Cornwell used his new police force as a "fire brigade," sending men across the state to any point where violence threatened or erupted, and then moving them on to the next hot spot. While suppressing violence, the troopers often drew the ire of organized labor.

The DPS was nearly tested for the first time just weeks after it came into existence and with only a few dozen troopers on board. Miners were frustrated about the postwar drop in wages. In September 1919, the UMWA called for a general strike at nonunion mines, which included most of southern West Virginia. On September 4, armed miners started marching from Kanawha County to Logan County. Many were dissuaded by a combination of threats and offers from Cornwell, among which was a promised state investigation of conditions in the nonunion fields. Some men marched as far as Coal River but turned back after



A mounted trooper guards a coal train during a period of martial law in Mingo County, about 1921. Courtesy of *State Police Magazine*.

Cornwell told UMWA leaders he'd call in federal troops to break up the march. Davis, who conducted the state's investigation, concluded that conditions in the nonunion fields weren't as bad as the UMWA had depicted and, more importantly, that the union was entirely to blame for the march. The finding was hotly disputed by union leaders, who charged that the state had sold out its miners.

While the 1919 march ended peaceably, all parties realized they'd just kicked the can down the road. Journalist Winthrop Lane later observed that "both sides [were] prepared for combat to the bitter end," adding that southern West Virginia was in a state of "civil war."

Lane's depiction certainly describes Mingo County in spring 1920. Miners and coal companies were arming themselves and perpetrating acts of violence, creating a lawless Wild West-like setting [see "The Gunfight at Matewan" by Lon Savage in the *GOLDENSEAL Book of the West Virginia Mine Wars*]. At the time, only 30 DPS members were stationed in Mingo County.

Arguably the best-known early DPS leader was Capt. James R. Brockus, originally from Tennessee. He'd served in France alongside Wheeling's Thomas W. Norton, another early leader. When Norton heard that Brockus was retiring from an Army career that had stretched back to 1893, he invited his buddy to join him in policing the Mountain State. As a company commander, Brockus won renown—and notoriety among labor activists—for his two-fisted, no-nonsense approach to law enforcement and training.

Troopers were dispatched statewide to put down labor unrest. Willis Branch (Raleigh County) was the scene of regular strike violence starting in 1919. By 1921, the town was virtually deserted, even though troopers were still stationed there to guard the company store and other property until at least 1924. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives, Harry Davis Collection.

Labor Tension across the State

While the Mine Wars have received most of the historical attention, labor unrest was occurring statewide. In 1920, Supt. Arnold reported, "Serious work for the Department began almost at once, due to the steel strike and the threatened march of strikers from Steubenville, Ohio, to Weirton, West Virginia, followed in rapid succession by the rioting at Benwood; the threatened march from Cabin Creek into Logan County [1919 miners' march]; the strike at Willis Branch, Raleigh County; the Matewan [Massacre] shooting and the ensuing strike in Mingo County; and the strike in Monongalia and Preston counties." Dispersing his small command to these hot spots frustrated Arnold's "desire to afford protection to residents and property owners throughout the state by the establishment of small detachments in rural and outlying districts."

Maintaining order was complicated by the absence of a National Guard. When the state's guardsmen were released from federal service after the Armistice, they had no further military obligation to the state. West Virginia, like all other states, would have to rebuild its Guard from the ground up. This didn't begin until August 1921, so when Governor Ephraim Morgan declared martial law in Mingo County in May 1921, he turned to Brockus' DPS Company B, stationed at Williamson. As strike-related violence escalated, other state troopers were assigned to Brockus, and he eventually commanded

In the early DPS years, Capt. James R. Brockus was highly respected by other troopers and reviled by labor activists. He led Company B during the trying strike / martial law period of 1921-1922 and later served as chief training officer and adviser to the superintendent. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

nearly 90% of the entire DPS. The governor designated Davis martial law administrator and his personal representative in Mingo County.

Brockus quickly recruited 780 "volunteer state police" on an emergency basis. Since he was from Tennessee, he relied largely on local residents, and even mine officials, to vouch for his recruits. As it turned out, many were not neutral but vigilantes, and now they were

Sgt. (later Lt.) Sam Taylor, the first enlisted man in the DPS, is shown here in Mingo County while assigned to Company B. Courtesy of the Eastern Regional Coal Archives, Bluefield, W.Va.

The First Troopers

The first commissioned officer to sign up was Lieutenant Joseph Clark Berry of Buckhannon; the first enlisted man was Samuel I. "Sam" Taylor of East Lynn. While Berry's state police career was short-lived, Taylor became a bedrock of the early force and has served as a model for recruits to this day. Not all recruits were natives. Archie B. Southworth, age 28, was born in Iowa. After serving in the war, he settled in Charleston and enlisted as a state trooper on July 18, 1921. He was promoted to corporal in October, only to die three months later after a gunfight with the Kermit police chief over a dispute related to the chief's estranged wife. The unfortunate Iowan finally returned home in a coffin.

armed with rifles, ammunition, and police credentials.

Many striking miners and their families were housed in UMWA tent colonies, having been evicted from their company-owned houses. There were frequent incidents of violence, including gunplay involving those in the tent colonies, lawmen, and plain citizens. One such incident in June 1921 provoked a controversial response by lawmen.

A coal mine superintendent reported being shot at by someone in the large Lick Creek tent colony, east of Williamson. When Davis, Brockus, and others went to investigate, they too were fired upon. Davis decided on drastic action. After returning fire, the party drove back to Williamson for reinforcements with the intent of "cleaning up" the tent colony. Brockus led a mixed force, composed mainly of

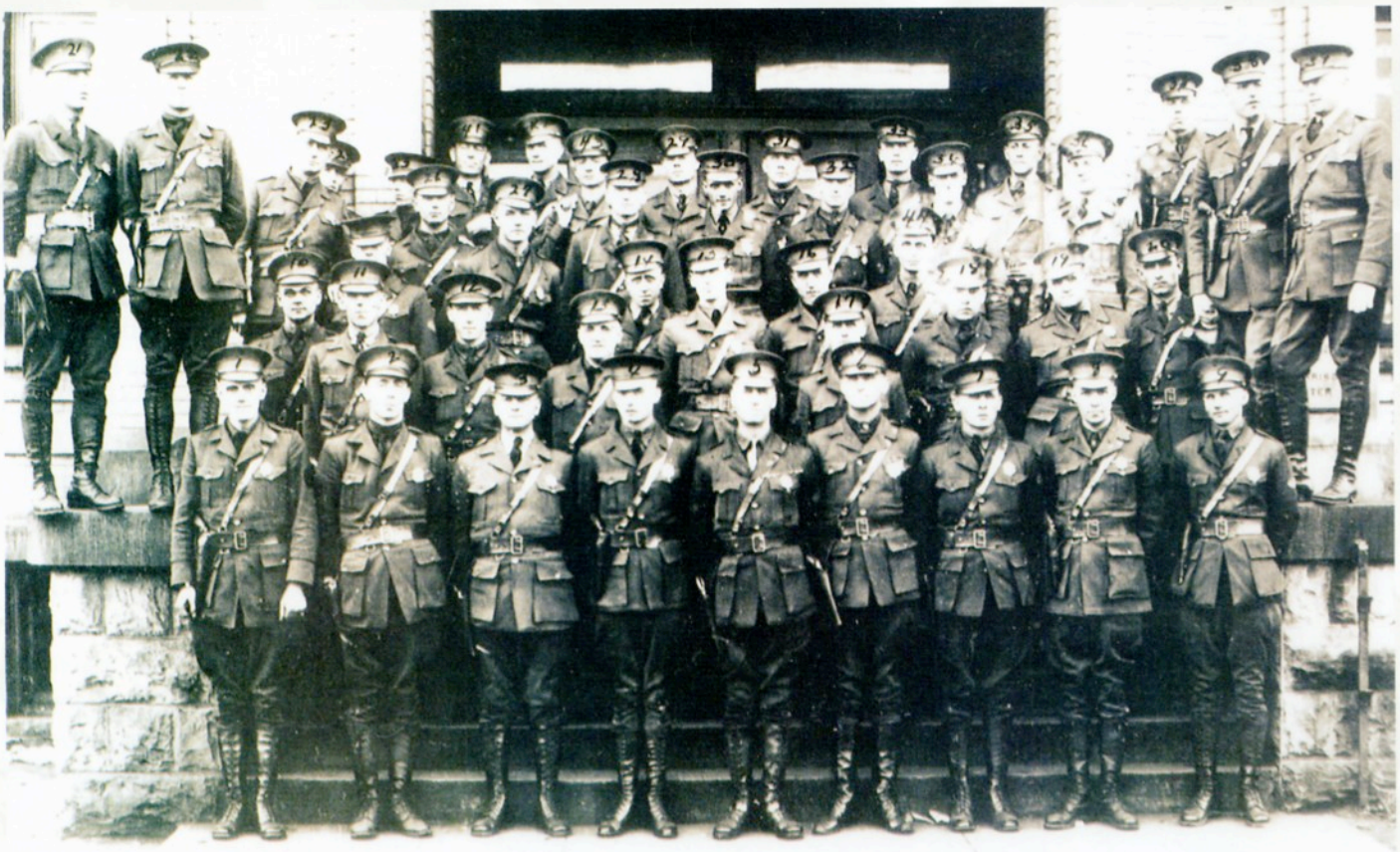
After the June 1921 raid on the Lick Creek tent colony (Mingo County), these strikers were arrested and locked up in Williamson. Cpl. Walter W. Creasey stands guard in the foreground. Courtesy of the Eastern Regional Coal Archives, Bluefield, W.Va.

"volunteer state policemen," in a sweep through the colony, confiscating weapons and making arrests. As is typical in such confrontations, endless charges and counter-charges were made by both sides. In later senate testimony, Brockus admitted that the miners' civil rights had been violated by volunteers but not by those under his direct command. The Lick Creek raid caused labor activists to see the DPS as decidedly pro-industry and anti-union—essentially like mine guards but with more sweeping authority.

While many West Virginians supported the general cause of organized labor, the near-constant violence in Mingo County was unnerving many. An April 1921 legislative measure to double the DPS field force from two to four companies passed more readily than had the 1919 measure.

On August 1, 1921, Matewan police chief Sid Hatfield and his deputy Ed Chambers—both heroes to the miners for their pro-union stance at the Matewan Massacre—were gunned down by Baldwin-Felts detectives on the steps of the McDowell County Courthouse in Welch. The shooting set off a deadly chain of events. Julian Martin of Boone County remembered his grandfather saying, "When they killed Sid Hatfield, that was the last straw" [see our Spring 2019 issue].

Julian's grandfather wasn't alone. Within weeks, thousands of armed miners began marching from Marmet in Kanawha County to help unionize Logan and Mingo counties by force. Unlike the marchers two years earlier, these miners wouldn't stop until they reached Blair Mountain, a rugged fortress that guarded the city of Logan to the north and east. Waiting for them was a mixed force of mine guards, deputy sheriffs, state troopers, and civilian volunteers from all over the state. In command was Logan



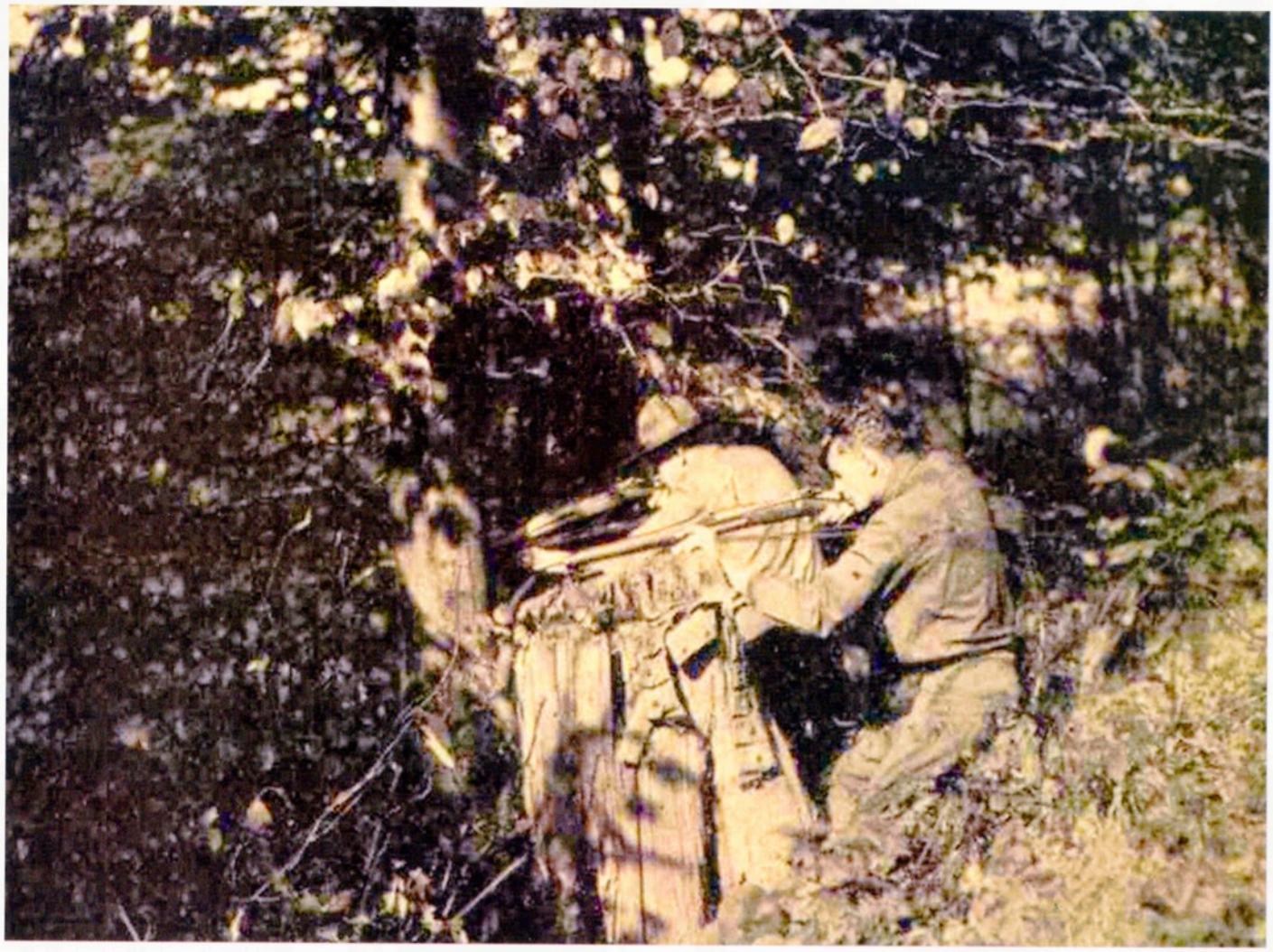
Company B poses on the Mingo County Courthouse steps in Williamson during the martial law period, 1921. Capt. James R. Brockus is in the front row, fifth from the right. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

County Sheriff Don Chafin, who allegedly made millions from coal companies over the years by keeping the UMWA out of his county.

At one point, it appeared that the march might dissipate as it had in 1919. The miners, however, were more determined this time and were spurred on by an event that once again involved Capt. Brockus' men. During the march, Chafin sent Brockus and a force of some 130 state troopers, deputies, and mine guards to arrest 40 miners for stealing the horses of four state troopers near Sharples in Logan County. On the evening of August 27, Brockus' men exchanged shots with the miners, leaving two dead and three wounded. If the miners had any inkling about turning back, the Sharples Massacre, as they called it, steeled their determination to march on.

Chafin's force on the summit of Blair Mountain included some 120-140 state troopers from Company B and the newly organized Company D, plus some 42 mostly new recruits brought from Charleston by Supt. Arnold himself. While the DPS had been authorized to double its numbers in April, that law had been in effect for only a few weeks, allowing little time to recruit new troopers. The march and battle came to an end with the arrival of U.S. Army troops days later.

Blair Mountain—and the subsequent trials of labor leaders—was a resounding defeat for the UMWA, which declined in membership throughout the 1920s. While Blair Mountain was a tactical defeat for the miners, it became, and remains today, a rallying call for labor activists. The DPS continued to confront strike violence in the northern coalfields, mainly in Marion, Barbour, and Monongalia counties, between 1924 and 1928. New Deal legislation of the 1930s finally allowed West Virginia's miners to unionize.



Using Army-issue Springfield rifles, state troopers fire at armed miners on Spruce Fork Ridge during the Battle of Blair Mountain, August–September 1921. Courtesy of *State Police Magazine*.

Possibly more than any other state police force, the WVSP came into existence at a time of great civil unrest. As evidence, the earliest DPS line-of-duty deaths all occurred as part of the Mine Wars. Pvt. Ernest L. Ripley, Charles M. Kackley, and William L. McMillion were killed in Mingo County. Pvt. George A. Duling, the only DPS fatality from the Battle of Blair Mountain, died in a barracks at nearby Ethel, apparently from an accidental gunshot.

The DPS emerged from the chaos and violence of the Mine Wars to focus on its original mission of rural law enforcement. Improving state roads quickly added a major new mission—highway patrol and traffic safety. Closely related was responsibility for enforcing Prohibition statewide. But thanks largely to innovations in communications and forensics, West Virginia's DPS would become one of the nation's leading law enforcement agencies, as recognized by the FBI in 1936.

MERLE T. COLE was born and reared in Raleigh County, graduated from Marshall University, and worked for various federal agencies before retiring to his native county. His most notable service was as director of the USDA Agricultural Research Service Research Position Evaluation Staff and as a commissioned officer in the Maryland State Guard. Merle is widely recognized for preserving the history of West Virginia law enforcement and military organizations, resulting in his selection as a West Virginia History Hero and Fellow of the Company of Military Historians. He's made three previous contributions to GOLDENSEAL, most recently in our Winter 2017 issue.

Thomas B. Davis
The Governor's Go-to Guy

By Merle T. Cole

Thomas B. Davis played a pivotal role in the state's response to violence in the southern coalfields from 1912 to 1922. Davis was born at New Hope, Virginia, in 1878. In 1881, his family moved to Huntington, where Davis became a machinist apprentice with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. He eventually became president of the city machinist union. He also served on the city council and as the city's fire chief.

Davis was a member of the West Virginia National Guard fairly consistently from 1898 to 1915, rising in rank to major. During the 1912-1913 Paint Creek-Cabin Creek Strike, martial law was proclaimed three times, and Davis served as provost marshal (chief law enforcement officer) of the military commissions. At its height, the commission had jurisdiction over nearly 145 square miles of Kanawha, Fayette, Raleigh, and Boone counties. Davis famously served as *minder* for "Mother" Jones while she was under house arrest at Pratt near the end of the strike. He also led the May 1913 raid by National Guard officers and county deputies on the printing plant of Huntington's *Socialist and Labor Star* newspaper. The raid resulted in a state supreme court ruling upholding the governor's authority to suppress a disruptive newspaper outside the martial law zone.

Davis resigned from the Guard in 1915 due to hearing loss. During World War I, with the entire Guard in federal service, he was called from retirement in March 1918 to handle internal security. In this capacity, he oversaw a few county home guard units and the department of special deputy police. Under the latter organization, each county was to appoint additional deputy sheriffs who could serve *outside* its borders, if needed, under state direction. Conditions were relatively peaceful during wartime, but Davis oversaw five major special-deputy deployments: labor disturbances and strikes in Gilmer County (July-October 1917) and Raleigh County (September 1917-January 1918); humanitarian assistance and patrolling following a massive fire in Mullens (December 1917); the search for deserters and draft evaders in Mingo County (August 1918); and as added security during a Morgan County murder trial (June 1919). The department was disbanded in July 1919.

Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives (WVSA).

Davis conducted the state's investigation of conditions that led to the September 1919 armed miners' march. His report essentially denounced the UMWA and sided with the coal industry. Davis' report further eroded the miners' trust in the state government and law enforcement.

During the prolonged, bloody strike that erupted in Mingo County in 1920, virtually the entire DPS field force was dispatched there. On May 21, 1921, Governor Ephraim Morgan proclaimed martial law in the county and named Davis

Davis serves as *minder* for "Mother" Jones (center) during her imprisonment at Pratt (Kanawha County), 1913. San Francisco reporter Cora Miranda Baggerly Older is standing behind Jones. Courtesy of the WVSA.

The striking miners detested Davis for strictly enforcing martial law. He was even denounced nationally in *The Nation* by journalist Arthur Warner:

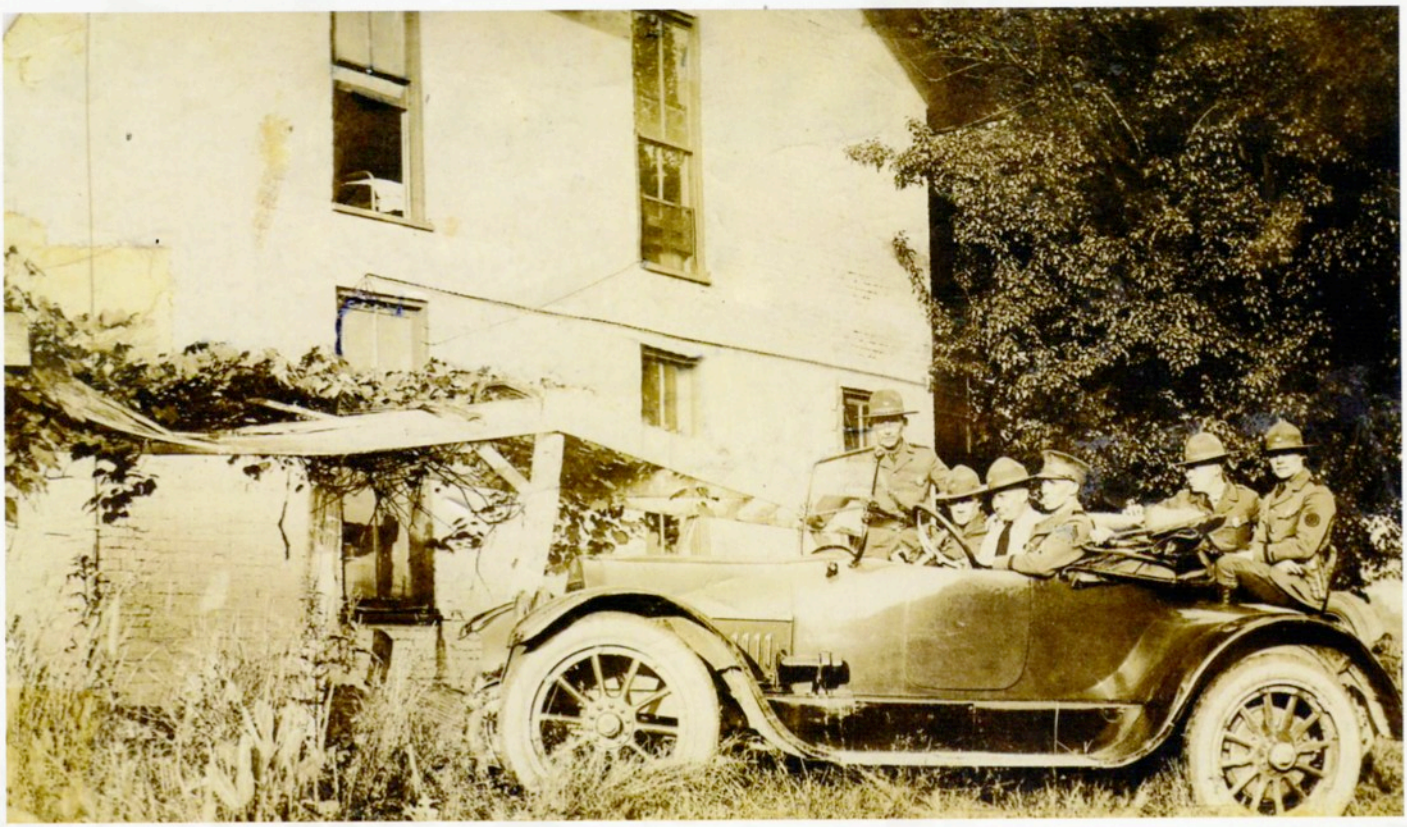
"Arrests are made without warrants, but under the Governor's proclamation the civil courts remain in Mingo County to try persons charged with offenses against the laws. Such persons may obtain bail. Offenses against the proclamation of martial law are nonbailable and beyond the pale of the courts. In this realm Major Thomas B. Davis, acting Adjutant General of the State and commander of the militia in Mingo County, rules absolute and supreme. He is not only judge and jury; he is lawmaker besides. He decides what *are* offenses against the Governor's proclamation and how they shall be punished. He claps people into jail and lets them out as he pleases. Charges are regarded as superfluous and even the delay and bother of trial by courts martial have been dispensed with. Whatever else may be said against the system, it certainly cannot be condemned as enmeshed with red tape."

as administrator. Davis relied on DPS Company B to enforce the proclamation until June 14, when the state supreme court invalidated the proclamation—noting that martial law could be enforced only by the *military*—and Davis was the only soldier in the county.

Morgan re-issued the proclamation in late June under more legal terms. Davis continued as administrator and commander of two "enrolled militia" companies and the first unit of the reactivated National Guard (Company I, 150th Infantry). He was replaced as acting adjutant general on August 23 but remained in charge of martial law administration. He did not personally participate in the Battle of Blair Mountain but did dispatch Company B of the DPS to help defend Logan County from the armed miners. Martial law in Mingo County was not rescinded until September 26, 1922, via a "secret proclamation." Davis retired as Commanding Officer, Mingo County Enrolled Militia, on July 1, 1923.

After retiring again from the National Guard, Davis became a salesman for the Williamson Supply Company before moving to Logan, where he served as chief deputy sheriff under Chafin and later managed Chafin's considerable property holdings. He also sold life insurance and may have been involved in some sort of undercover work.

In 1933, Governor H. G. Kump appointed him superintendent of the new capitol building and grounds. Davis and his wife moved to Charleston, where he died on February 10, 1935. Just 18 days later, Davis' wife was appointed chief of the state Division of Crippled Children, as it was called, but soon resigned to become the state historian and archivist. It's difficult to imagine a more mutually beneficial appointment if government officials wanted to destroy or cover up documentation related to the suppression of labor unrest. More than one researcher has noticed the absence of official state records during the two martial law periods in 1921.



Sgt. Sam Taylor is behind the wheel of his Cadillac touring car, parked beside the Speight farm siege site. Beside him (right-left) are Sgt. Olin R. Ruth, Lt. Mack B. Lilly, and Pvt. Eldon S. Duckworth; in the rear (right-left) are Pvt. Fred Currance and Lt. Charles A. Wood (who didn't participate in the marathon drive). Courtesy of the West Virginia State Police Archives (WVSPA).

An Early Manhunt

By Merle T. Cole

The DPS's capability, determination, and band-of-brothers spirit were clearly shown in an early manhunt in Berkeley County. On the evening of June 20, 1924, farmer George Speight cold-bloodedly ambushed and murdered Pvt. Ulric C. Crawford—the young agency's seventh line-of-duty death. Troopers found Crawford's corpse the following morning and reported the murder to Company A headquarters at Haywood Junction in Harrison County.

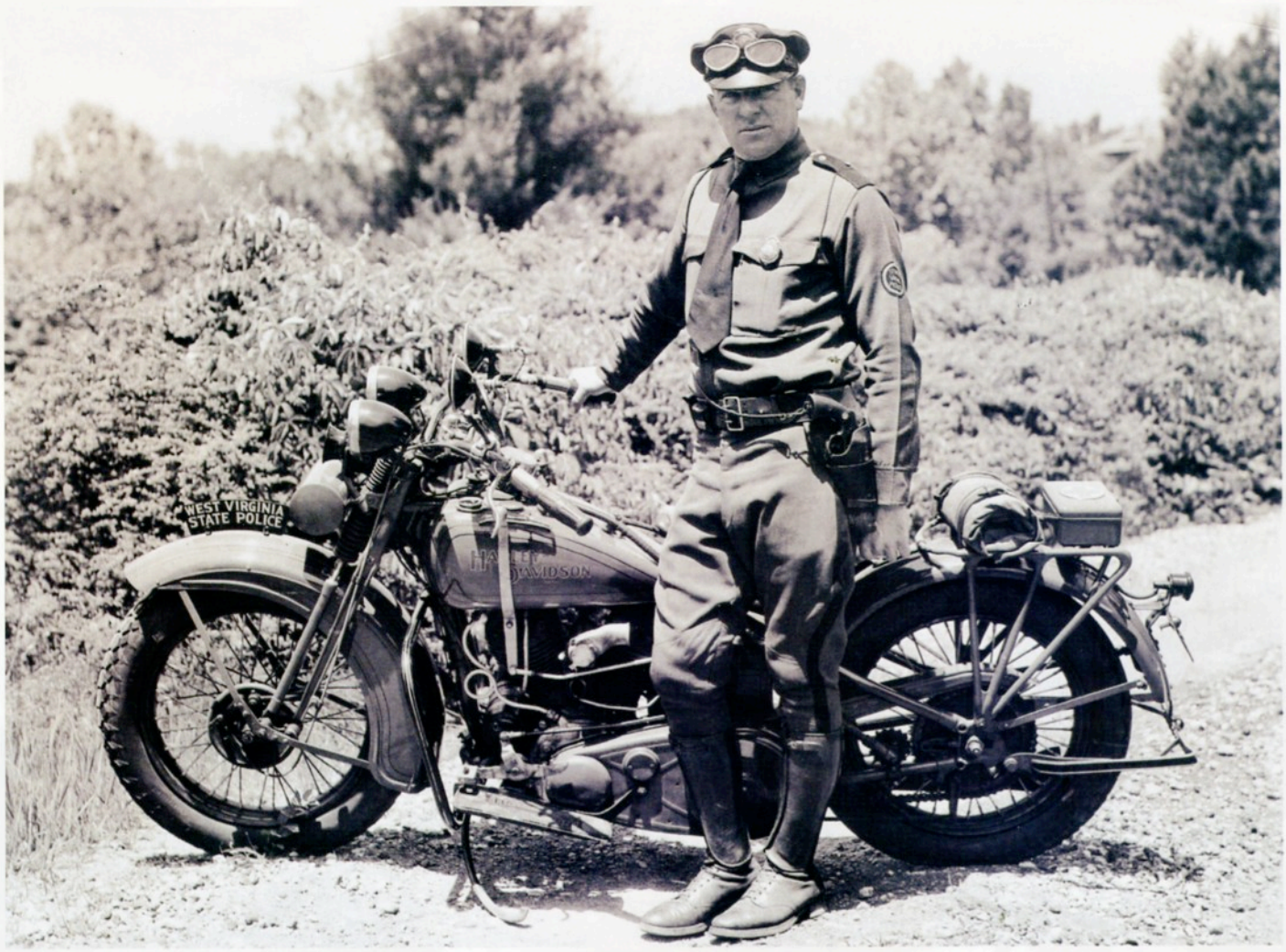
The commanding officer promptly organized a detachment to take the noon train from Clarksburg to Martinsburg. Given the urgency, Sgt. Sam Taylor (the first 1919 enlistee) drove an advance party in his personal Cadillac touring car, along with five other troopers, including Lt. Mack B. Lilly, another prominent DPS leader. The little band made a record-breaking run and arrived at Martinsburg, "six hours ahead of the train carrying the rest of the posse," and set off after Speight.

The manhunt task force poses beside the farm building near Tomahawk after the siege ended. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

Early Days Database

The West Virginia State Archives maintains an invaluable historical and genealogical research tool. Check out the online database of early Pay and Muster Rolls, 1919-1924 (AR2056). *<http://www.wvculture.org/history/collections/ar/ar2056.html>*.

The reinforced posse, numbering nearly 50 men, trapped Speight in his stone barn near Tomahawk on June 21. A siege unfolded, and the firefight was so intense the troopers had to get more ammunition from Martinsburg. They also brought back a machine gun (which proved futile) and dynamite and then set the barn ablaze. When Speight finally called out that he'd surrender, troopers approached very cautiously. They found him suffering from about eight bullet wounds but still trying to aim Crawford's stolen revolver at them. They overpowered him and carried him into a nearby field to render first aid, but he died "within a few minutes of being given fresh air and water." Pvt. Crawford was given a military funeral and buried in the Masonic Cemetery at Walkersville, Lewis County.



A trooper stands beside his 1931 Harley-Davidson VL. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Police Archives (WVSPA).

Highway Patrol

By Merle T. Cole

After the Mine Wars came to an end, the Department of Public Safety (DPS)—which wouldn't officially become the West Virginia State Police until the 1990s—shifted its focus to policing rural areas. Prohibition enforcement [see "The Revenooers" by our author in Winter 2017] and the increasing demands of highway patrol became paramount missions, alongside general crime control.

Patrolling the highways was directly related to the state's developing road network. In 1910, West Virginia had only 300-400 miles of surfaced highways, fewer than 20 miles of which were paved. There were also short stretches of brick or macadamized roads. A 1914 report by the state road bureau proclaimed that West

Motorcycle troopers—with their 1916 Harley-Davidson Model J Specials—ticket a motorist on a snowy day in the early 1920s. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

Virginia had "the worst roads in the United States."

But in November 1920, state voters passed a constitutional amendment christened as the Good Roads Movement. By that year, there were only some 1,200 miles of paved roads available to the state's 89,664 registered motor vehicles. The movement kicked off a massive road-building spree. In 1928, the State Road Commission (SRC) boasted that all of our state's major cities had been connected by hard-surfaced roads, with improved roads leading to all 55 county seats. By 1931, there were more than 266,000 registered vehicles in the state, creating a growing challenge for the DPS.

In early reports to the governor, DPS leaders praised the improvements but lamented a related growth of what it called "modern criminals," ranging from unlicensed taxicabs to "automobile bandits," thugs, bank robbers, "men and women who mix liquor and gasoline," car thieves, "hobo tourist" vagrants, and liquor runners.

The use of improved roads to transport illicit liquor was a particular problem. As early as 1922, Supt. Jackson Arnold noted that Raleigh County's highways were "the chief gateway into West Virginia for the bootlegging fraternity." To intercept these whiskey runners, DPS officers often engaged in high-speed pursuits and gun battles.

On September 1, 1929, the DPS became responsible for enforcing all traffic laws. By 1930, about one-third of DPS manpower was devoted to road patrol along with related tasks. In 1931, new laws tasked the agency with examining operator and chauffeur permit applicants as well as testing school bus drivers and inspecting their vehicles.

Systematic road patrols started in April 1934—with 42 motorcycles and 16 roadsters—but, due to personnel shortages, they were confined to major highways with the most traffic. The DPS initially relied on motorcycles, which were handy and flexible but dangerous. In the agency's first 20 years, motorcycle accidents were the second greatest cause of line-of-duty deaths (33%), outpaced only by gunshots. By 1936, the DPS had only 26 motorcycles, compared to 112 cruisers.

In June 1936, the SRC's safety work was consolidated with the DPS Highway Safety Bureau (later renamed the Accident Prevention Bureau). A final major mission was added in 1955, when responsibility for the state's compulsory motor vehicle inspection program was moved from the Department of Motor Vehicles to the DPS.

Improved roads brought a cluster of problems—but superhighways were an even bigger challenge. Prior to 1954, there were fewer than 20 miles of four-lane roads in West Virginia, mostly in urban areas. In 1947, the legislature had created a commission to oversee funding and construction of the West Virginia Turnpike.

The 88-mile West Virginia Turnpike required the construction of 110 bridges and the moving of 30 million cubic yards of earth. One of the biggest challenges was the two-lane Memorial Tunnel, connecting Dawes and Standard. It took two years to build and claimed the lives of five workers. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives (WVSA).

The commission initially developed a plan for a four-lane superhighway between Bluefield and Wheeling, replete with bridges and tunnels to overcome myriad obstacles. Cost estimates came in significantly high, so the road's length was shortened, and the number of lanes was reduced from four to two, "with short stretches of additional traffic lanes." Construction commenced near Camp Creek, Mercer County, in August 1952. The southern segment (Princeton - Beckley) opened on September 2, 1954, followed by the final Beckley-Charleston segment six days later.

The commission arranged for the DPS to patrol the new road, following the leads of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and other states with toll roads. The commission agreed to reimburse the WVSP for the salaries, uniforms, equipment, supplies, and training required for the 17 members who would make up a special detail operating from the Turnpike headquarters at Reed (on the southeastern end of Charleston).

In May 1954, DPS Supt. Raymond Boyles had told the Charleston *Daily Mail* that "the most experienced state troopers in West Virginia will patrol [the turnpike]... round-the-clock to keep it from becoming a death trap. It will be their job to prevent high fatality rates that have marred the records of both the Pennsylvania

Governor William Marland, U.S. Senator Matthew Neely, and other dignitaries officially dedicate the West Virginia Turnpike in 1954. Photo by Harry Taylor, courtesy of the WVSA, West Virginia Turnpike Commission Collection.

and New Jersey turnpikes at some stage of their development."

In addition, Boyles expected the troopers to "be billboards for West Virginia, a good advertisement for the state." These troopers had to learn about construction statistics, places of scenic interest, and "directions and route numbers to guide travelers to other sections of this state and connecting routes to other states and principal cities."

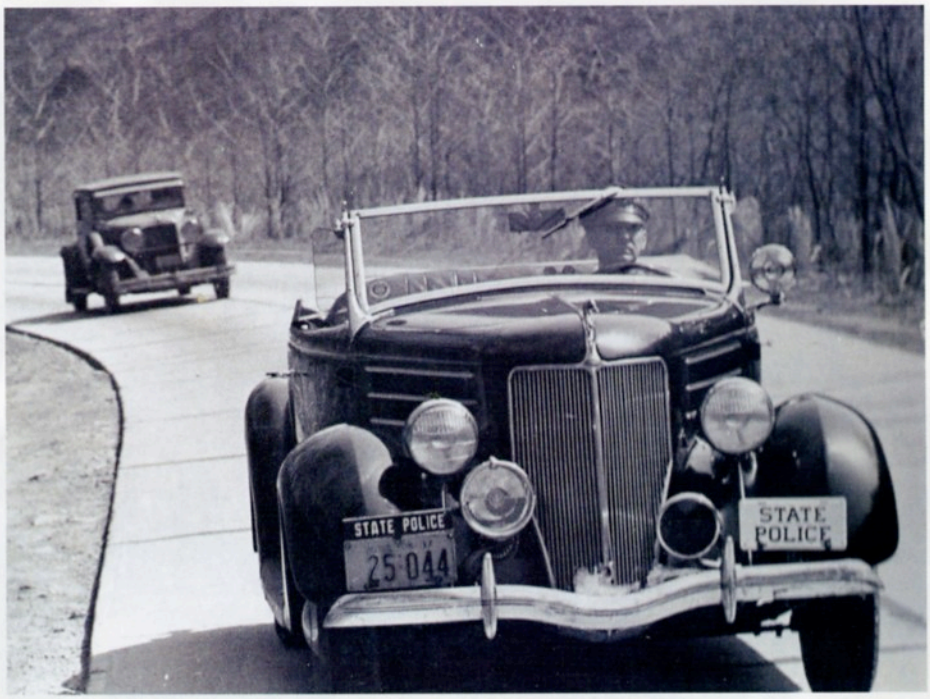
The troopers would be drawn from the detachments at Chelyan, Beckley, and Princeton. The new team was initially designated the West Virginia Turnpike Patrol (WVTP). Like other troopers, these officers would be on call 24 hours a day. During low-volume hours, three troopers would patrol the road, increasing to six at peak times.

Governor William Marland named his predecessor, Okey Patteson, as the turnpike's general manager. Sgt. Marion Yoak was reportedly Patteson's personal choice to direct the patrol. Yoak had graduated in 1935 from the recruit training school at Camp Conley in Point Pleasant and spent most of his career in Company D (covering southeastern counties) before enlisting in the Navy during World War II.

In June 1954, Boyles and Yoak visited the Pennsylvania State Police to see how its officers patrolled the granddaddy of America's limited-access

toll roads: the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Yoak carefully studied these recommendations and ones from other states before training his troopers.

After assisting with opening ceremonies, the DPS began patrolling the 88-mile road, with six troopers stationed in Beckley, four in Princeton, and four at Reed. Two-way radios ensured there would always be a patrol car "within . . . 20 minutes from any point on the highway." The turnpike cruisers were painted blue with gold tops. By this point, policy provided for four to seven troopers on the turnpike at all times.



This model 1936 Ford convertible was the standard patrol car for troopers at that time. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

In the turnpike's first four days of operation, 11,172 vehicles traveled the Beckley - Princeton section. There were no accidents, but Yoak's troopers made several arrests for negligent or drunken driving and one for trespassing (hitchhiking). There were also about 50 service calls for minor breakdowns. Yoak noted that some drivers were apparently scared to use the highway because they believed the 60-mph speed limit was actually the *minimum* limit!

The first death on the turnpike, ironically, wasn't traffic related. Rather, on October 24, a 68-year-old insurance agent died from a heart attack while riding in the back seat of a vehicle seven miles from Princeton.

Unusual balmy fall weather and the road's novelty attraction caused the turnpike's first major traffic jam on November 14. Reportedly, 16,650 vehicles paid tolls over that weekend. Turnpike troopers were "overwhelmed" by the traffic flow while also rendering 109 assists, making 11 arrests, and investigating seven wrecks (none fatal).

The year ended with a near-miss for one patrolman. On December 4, while helping unsnarl traffic on an ice-coated bridge over Paint Creek, Trooper Charles Austin was almost struck by a skidding vehicle. He escaped by leaping over the side of the bridge and hanging onto the guardrail for several minutes before being rescued. Yoak reportedly joked with the trooper that "a circus or two had openings for trapeze performers."

The long-dreaded first traffic fatality occurred at 5:15 p.m. on March 5, 1955, when a car "went out of control" due to a "steering defect" near Mossy and "overturned down a slight embankment." A passenger, 39-year-old Vivian Virginia Stephens Johnson of Charleston, "died almost instantly," after being thrown from the vehicle. The driver was taken to a Beckley hospital with back injuries. Up to that point, the turnpike had seen almost 23 million miles of traffic without a fatality.

By May 1955—only eight months into the turnpike's operation—there had been eight more fatalities. An editorial in the Charleston *Gazette* lauded "this magnificent highway" but called for replacing the dividing strips with "raised

A trooper searches a suspect at a roadblock near a turnpike entrance, 1950s. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

safety islands," expanding the road to four lanes over its entirety, and denying access to overloaded vehicles.

The unit experienced its first command change when Yoak was granted partial disability retirement in September 1958. He was followed by a rapid succession of patrol commanders—eight in the next 13 years. Trooper reassignments also led to "accusations of political maneuvering" within the department. While DPS Supt. Robert Bonar called the frequent changes "routine," one newspaper noted that "the West Virginia Turnpike [is] considered by most troopers to be the state police graveyard."

Meanwhile, the West Virginia Turnpike was gaining national notoriety as a deathtrap. During the first six months of 1975, the turnpike had a higher death-per-mile rate than any other road in the state, including the new interstate highways. Troopers toughened enforcement between December 1975 and June 1976, and there were no deaths on the turnpike—compared with 15 fatalities in the preceding six months. During the first half of 1976, turnpike police made 7,466 arrests, mostly for speeding and illegal passing, compared with 5,355 for the same period in 1975. The tough enforcement was credited with reducing accidents by 42% and injuries by 68%.

A small part of the arrest increase can be attributed to drunk driving near Beckley's Glass House restaurant, where "drunks [would] congregate... after Beckley bars close." The restaurant manager reported that "some late-night customers have been surly to waitresses and that he ordered the juke-box turned off to discourage their presence." As a result, Beckley police were chasing them out onto the turnpike,

By the mid-1970s, the Plymouth Gran Fury had become the typical patrol car. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

where they were being arrested by troopers.

Although arrests during this period were roughly evenly distributed between cars and trucks, the crackdown provoked a lot of anger with truckers, whose citizen-band (CB) radios had been a great source of information for identifying such problems as broken-down cars, road conditions, and reckless drivers. As the ticketing and arrests rose, though, truckers increasingly used their CBs to direct abusive chatter at troopers. A more dangerous pattern then developed of CB users making calls about nonexistent automobile accidents, disbersing patrol manpower and diverting emergency equipment, such as ambulances. Since most accidents generate more than one call, troopers became leery about responding to a single call. WVTP Commander Jack Gribben said, "Between the false calls and getting cussed out, it's no wonder the troopers don't want to listen" to CB chatter.

Locally, the turnpike was becoming the butt of many jokes. Charleston humor columnist B. S. Palausky wrote about the "pure fear I have of driving on" the bridge south of the old Memorial Tunnel in southern Kanawha County. He said that driving on "that bloody stretch of nonsense" was like getting "air sick, car sick, and sea sick, all at one time." He added that since the WVTP was taking credit for the reduction in turnpike fatalities, it must stand to reason that the department's "laxity" was directly responsible for the 15 deaths in the six months before the crackdown. In all fairness, though, he concluded that "there's a combination of a lot of things that make the turnpike the most dangerous road in the country."

In addition to the inherent dangers with the turnpike, non-drivers sometimes made it even more hazardous. In March 1977, three 13-year-old Kanawha County boys were put in juvenile detention for breaking a dozen truck windshields by dropping rocks from turnpike bridge crossings. Gribben observed, "This is a favorite pastime on Cabin Creek. About three or four times a year it breaks out," with both adults and juveniles as the culprits.

Continued superhighway development also improved turnpike safety. The decision to reroute I-64 from Lewisburg to Charleston via Beckley, thereby linking up

A proud-looking trooper leans on his 1923 Jewett Roadster. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

with the WVTP, required upgrading the turnpike to new standards, notably expanding the entire highway to at least four lanes in all places. That work began in May 1973 and was completed in September 1987. Just under a year later, I-64 joined the turnpike at Beckley.

Arguably, the three most important recent turnpike occurrences are provisions for emergency response, criminal patrol activities, and facility upgrades. During a blizzard on December 18-19, 2009, about 40 inches of snow fell on southern West Virginia in 10 hours. Hundreds of turnpike motorists were trapped in their cars for up to 24 hours. As one industry journal summarized, "Rescue efforts were hampered by failure of a key mobile (cell) phone tower, an outage of other emergency comms, plus the inability of police, tow trucks and other rescue services to get through the continuous central concrete median barrier. They were unable to efficiently get to stranded motorists, remove damaged vehicles or turn traffic around."

In April 2012, a new plan addressed such emergencies. It called for multiple, clearly marked detours should the turnpike be closed for any reason; the detours would all have available food, gas, and lodging and accommodate tractor-trailers. The plan also enhanced technology, with new radio towers, median wall gates, overhead message boards, and cameras. Troopers would be essential in directing traffic to the detours and keeping the shoulders open to allow access for emergency crews, towing services, and maintenance crews.

Another development was prompted by the increased transport of illegal material, particularly drugs. A new four-member criminal patrol unit was established in 2012 to travel the turnpike daily looking for drivers violating state laws or wanted on outstanding warrants. This new unit led directly to the arrests of a University of Pittsburgh neuropsychologist wanted for the murder of his wife (2013); heroin dealers involved in a drug ring (2014); and a man wanted for second-degree murder charges for a head-on collision that killed another driver and injured three passengers (2015).

In August 2013, a turnpike detachment building constructed in the 1950s near Charleston's Kanawha City exit was replaced with a new 2,200-square-foot facility. Most recently, a new 19,200-square-foot office building was dedicated in November 2016 to house Troop 7 headquarters, its Beckley detachment, and Beckley turnpike maintenance activities. The Princeton detachment is co-located with the state Division of Highways District 10 office.

The sign held by Company C's Chapmanville Detachment (Logan County) carries the right spirit but the wrong title. "Mounted" was never part of the official force designation. Sgt. (later Lt.) Richard E. Brooks (kneeling) was the commander. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Police Archives (WVSPA).

West Virginia Mounties

By Merle T. Cole

Given our state's rugged terrain and the virtual absence of paved roads, horses were essential to state police patrol operations during the 1920s. In fact, the law that established the Department of Public Safety (DPS) stipulated that appointees must be able to ride horseback.

The importance of horses is reflected in Supt. Jackson Arnold's very first official report to the governor in 1920. He recommended that "in the absence of a National Guard [not yet reorganized after the World War I demobilization] the Department be granted the use and benefit of the state-owned target range at Caddell, in Preston County. This property is ideally suited for a training camp, for pasturing horses and for the growing of forage for horses."

Although Arnold's bid to acquire Caddell (now part of the Camp Dawson State Military Reservation) was unsuccessful, an equally agreeable facility in Harrison County came into DPS hands the next year. In his next report, Arnold noted that the new facility and the purchase of 36 horses "of Kentucky breeding" have "brought our stables on a par with any police stables in the country." As Arnold noted, horses allowed troopers greater access to our state's most isolated areas. Indeed, "The policing of rural communities has become a simple problem since the acquisition of these horses," enabling coverage "of forty thousand miles (chiefly rural districts) by our patrols."

The DPS entered into an indefinite lease on the Jefferson Bartlett farm at Haywood Junction, near Clarksburg, and relocated Company A headquarters there from Elkins. The farm featured 100 acres with three dwellings that could accommodate 30 people. A 1922 article from the Charleston *Daily Mail* stated, "Though company [*sic*] A . . . has 66 officers and men, there will seldom be more than 10 men at headquarters at any one time,

In 1921, the DPS acquired the old Bartlett farm at Haywood Junction (Harrison County) for its Company A headquarters. The DPS used it for training troopers and horses and raising food for the force. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

as detachments are scattered across the northern part of the state....Troopers are temporarily boarding at restaurants, but it is planned to begin soon to cook all meals at the camp. The land is to be cultivated and it is expected that the company will soon be self-supporting." Also, "a modern stable with accommodations for 24 horses has been built in addition to the old Bartlett stable, which had accommodations for 14 horses."

A follow-up article observed that the Haywood Junction facility had been further improved to make it "a modern barracks and a first class police school":

"The camp comprises 87 acres of land which was equipped with all the up-to-date outbuildings necessary to a high class farm. The eight-room two story farmhouse has been transformed into the headquarters offices. The house has electric lights, and prompt telephone service, being on the trunk line between the two cities.

"The farm is also at the junction of two streams, providing ample water and pasture for the 42 horses . . . located there. The 42 animals are trained for police duty.... The horses are quartered in a large barn, which has been further enlarged to provide for them. Colonel Jackson Arnold announced recently that all the horses for the West Virginia state police will be sent to company [*sic*] A for training in police duties. Picked riders from the force throughout the state will be located there to 'break' the new ones."

Arnold's 1924 report stated the department had spent $19,621 training members "in police work" during the last two years. This included $2,521 for conducting a motorcycle school because the "demands for road patrol work are increasing almost daily" due to the opening of new roads, and "of increasing lawlessness noted on our fine new highways." This was a portent of the rapid switch from horses—a principal rationale for acquiring the farm—to the internal combustion engine for transportation. A motorcycle training school was operating at the farm in June 1926. By 1930, the DPS had transitioned almost entirely to motorized vehicles, with only "a few horses" still on hand.

Troopers from the "two Virginias" pose at the state line during a highway opening ceremony. The Virginians are wearing their distinctive white pith helmets. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Police Archives.

A Border Photo Mystery

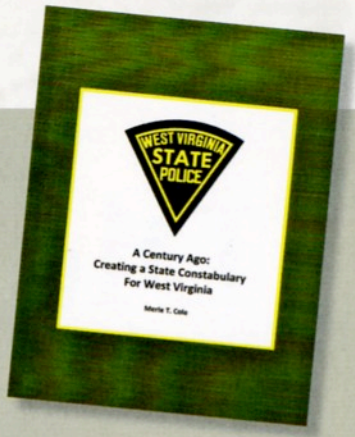
By Merle T. Cole

I found this image at the West Virginia State Police (WVSP) Archives in 2012. The back of it was blank, and none of my WVSP contacts could identify the event. The uniforms worn by the West Virginia and Virginia State Police (VASP) troopers—especially the VASP ceremonial pith helmets—date it to the early 1930s.

Locating the actual photo proved a forlorn hope, but news articles turned up a likely explanation. Issues of the fall 1934 Harrisonburg (Virginia) *Daily News-Record* carried a series of Page 1 stories about an event big enough to attract important politicos and a large crowd—either of which would suggest a heavy police presence. It was the opening of the Pendleton Gap Road, a major highway linking Harrisonburg, Virginia, with Franklin in Pendleton County (now U.S. Route 33 or the Rawley Pike).

Completed during the Great Depression, the new route came at a time of desperate economic conditions for Harrisonburg businessmen. Marketing efforts and news coverage began before the new road was officially opened. In October 1934, the Harrisonburg Chamber of Commerce sponsored a "good-will motorcade" to Pendleton County that included representatives of the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and Business Women's Professional clubs, and city and county officials. The *Daily News-Record* noted that the modernized road "placed Harrisonburg and Franklin within one hour and

State Police History



In 2016, Merle T. Cole published *A Century Ago: Creating a State Constabulary for West Virginia*. The book captures the agency's turbulent years, from which it emerged as a highly respected professional police force. In 2018, he published a revised edition containing updated information based on further research. The book is officially endorsed by the West Virginia State Police (WVSP).

Out of appreciation for the demanding and often dangerous work performed by WVSP troopers, Merle arranged through the superintendent for each sworn officer to receive a personal free copy. All profits realized from the book's sale have been donated to either the State Police 100th Anniversary Fund or the Raleigh County Historical Society historical marker program.

A Century Ago is profusely illustrated with photos and maps from the WVSP Archives, the Eastern Regional Coal Archives, and similar collections. It's indexed, with extensive footnotes and a bibliography. The book is available at Tamarack in Beckley and affiliated state visitor centers, or from the author by sending a check or money order for $24.00 (includes shipping and handling) to Merle T. Cole, 1005 C and O Dam Road, Daniels, WV 25832.

a half motor ride of each other. In days before the auto, they were [a] two days ride apart."

The new highway cut the boundary line atop Shenandoah Mountain—the site for the official opening ceremony on November 9, 1934. Politicians from both states, including West Virginia Governor H. G. Kump and Congressman Jennings Randolph, were present to speechify. This definitely qualifies the event as a big deal. And with 5,000 spectators in attendance, troopers from both states would have been there in force for security and crowd control.

Harrisonburg retailers reprised their successful "good-will motorcade" in fall 1935, with 50 automobiles and a 30-piece boys' band. On this circuit, locales in Hardy and Grant counties were added to earlier tour stops in Pendleton. Both agencies also turned out for this event. The newspaper reported that "a detail of West Virginia State Police . . . will meet the motorcade at the state line, near Brandywine, and will accompany it until it leaves the state, on its way back through Brock's Gap. A detail of Virginia State Police will accompany the motorcade to the West Virginia line." This activity would have provided another great photo opp but lacked the high-profile political presence.

Lastly, one alternative theory, and my reasons for rejecting it, must be stated. A few years ago, the commanding officer of the VASP Division 6 opined that the photo could have been taken where Route 9 crosses our state boundary. He was unable to identify the date or a big event there, and my research has turned up nothing useful. West Virginia newspapers reported on the progress of Route 9 but only as part of lengthy articles about highway work statewide. The only other significant feature of this geographic point is that it's also where the Appalachian Trail crosses our state boundary. But I found nothing relating the trail to the photo in any newspapers. Finally, the backdrop in the mystery is a rock wall, which suggests either a road cut or a natural pass. Such topography is more likely to be found at the Shenandoah Mountain crossing (3,451 feet) than at the Route 9 point (Keys Gap, 909 feet).

Did You Know?
Other Facts about the State Police

By Aaron Parsons

Over the years, the West Virginia State Police (WVSP) has carried out a wide variety of duties, from enforcing game and fishing laws to fighting forest fires. Here are some of those extra tasks and maybe a few other things you didn't know about the department.

Official Functions

The WVSP is sometimes given the task of assisting with official functions of the governor and other representatives of the state.

One such occasion was the 42nd Annual Governors' Conference at The Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, June 19-21, 1950. During this event, troopers helped protect and transport the governors around the premises. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Police Archives (WVSPA).

Disasters

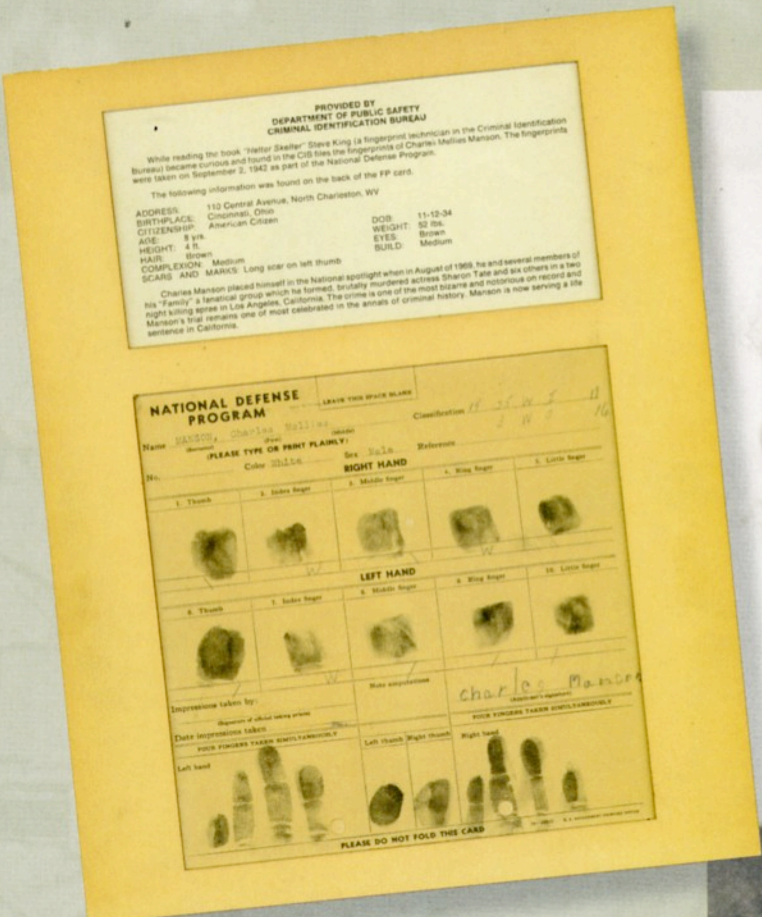
In the worst of times, state troopers are there, helping to keep the peace and contributing to relief efforts.

A trooper helps victims collect their personal belongings following the Shinnston tornado (Harrison County) in June 1944. The outbreak, which killed 103 people in the region, remains the deadliest of its kind in our state's history. You can read more about it in our Summer 1998 issue. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

In February 1972, troopers check cars entering Buffalo Creek at Man, Logan County, following the tragic flood that killed 125 people. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives (WVSA), James Hagood Collection.

In this undated photo, early state troopers help fight a forest fire somewhere in the Mountain State. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives (WVSA).

The Manson Connection


PROVIDED BY
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY
CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION BUREAU

While reading the book "Helter Skelter" Steve King (a fingerprint technician in the Criminal Identification Bureau) became curious and found in the CIB files the fingerprints of Charles Mellies Manson. The fingerprints were taken on September 2, 1942 as part of the National Defense Program.

The following information was found on the back of the FP card.

ADDRESS: 110 Central Avenue, North Charleston, WV
BIRTHPLACE: Cincinnati, Ohio
CITIZENSHIP: American Citizen
AGE: 8 yrs.
HEIGHT: 4 ft.
HAIR: Brown
COMPLEXION: Medium
SCARS AND MARKS: Long scar on left thumb
DOB: 11-12-34
WEIGHT: 52 lbs.
EYES: Brown
BUILD: Medium

Charles Manson placed himself in the National spotlight when in August of 1969, he and several members of his "Family" a fanatical group which he formed, brutally murdered actress Sharon Tate and six others in a two night killing spree in Los Angeles, California. The crime is one of the most bizarre and notorious on record and Manson's trial remains one of most celebrated in the annals of criminal history. Manson is now serving a life sentence in California.

NATIONAL DEFENSE PROGRAM
LEAVE THIS SPACE BLANK
Classification
Name MANSON, Charles Mellies
(PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT PLAINLY)
Color White
Sex Male
RIGHT HAND
LEFT HAND
Impressions taken by:
Date impressions taken
charles Manson
FOUR FINGERS TAKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY
Left hand
Left thumb
Right thumb
Right hand
PLEASE DO NOT FOLD THIS CARD

During World War II, the WVSP fingerprinted schoolchildren as part of the National Defense Program. One of those kids was a seven-year-old Charles Manson, who was living with his mother in North Charleston in September 1942. This was likely the first, but clearly not the last, time he would be fingerprinted. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

Charles Manson's mother, Kathleen Maddox, was arrested in 1939 for her role in an unarmed robbery and again in 1943 for grand larceny. She served time in the West Virginia Prison for Women. Courtesy of the WVSA, Pence Springs State Prison for Women Collection.

On July 10, 1967, James E. Johnson became the first African-American to enlist in the WVSP. The Welch native noted that "becoming a state trooper was his lifelong dream." Prior to that, he'd served as a Marine in Vietnam. He completed his WVSP training in September 1968, was transferred to the Shinnston Detachment of Company A, and resigned from the force on May 15, 1969. Courtesy of the WVSPA.

Fallen Partner

Sutton artist W. D. Hopen's statue pays homage to all West Virginia police officers. It was dedicated on May 19, 1990, on the plaza deck of the Culture Center at the State Capitol Complex. Plaques list the names of all officers, not just WVSP troopers, killed in the line of duty. Its inscription reads as follows:

> *This monument is raised to honor all law enforcement officers of West Virginia. Every day, police courageously place themselves as living shields between the public and danger.*
>
> *We especially honor and commemorate those officers who have suffered injury or death while protecting us from harm, upholding our laws, and preserving the peace of our society. This Memorial funded through the West Virginia Chapter of The Fraternal Order of Police.*

Other GOLDENSEAL Articles about the State Police

- "Rentals, Radios, and Resurgence: The State Police in the 1930s" (Summer 2016);
- "Another Mystery: How Did Samuel D. Brady Die?" (Summer 2016); and
- "The Revenooers: Enforcing Prohibition in West Virginia" (Winter 2017), all by Merle T. Cole.

Also see:

- "'To Keep the Peace'": Captain Charles W. Ray, State Policeman" by Ken Sullivan (Oct.-Dec. 1980)
- "The Buffalo Bank Robbery: Further Adventures in the West Virginia State Police" by C. C. Stewart (Spring 1996)
- "Second to None: Eighty Years of the West Virginia State Police" by Ben Crookshanks (Spring 1999)

State Museum Exhibit

The West Virginia State Museum, at the Culture Center, is hosting an exhibit about the first 100 years of the WVSP. The display includes uniforms, weapons, photos, memorabilia dating to the department's earliest horseback- and motorcycle-riding days, and a 1975 Harley-Davidson WVSP motorcycle, among many other items. The exhibit will be on display through October 2019.

AARON PARSONS is the photo archivist at West Virginia Archives and History. A native of Logan County, he graduated from Man High School in 2010 and went on to earn a B.A. in history and psychology at Marshall University and an M.A. in public history at West Virginia University. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

All photos courtesy of
Sharen Sumpter Deitz
unless noted otherwise.

Sharen Sumpter Deitz
"I'm not a woman, I'm a trooper"

By Aaron Parsons

Often, we hear stories of bravery and heroism regarding our state troopers. They risk their lives every day to ensure that West Virginia citizens feel safe and protected, and their respect is well earned. However, one of the West Virginia State Police's (WVSP) greatest stories of courage has been overlooked by many: that of Sharen Sumpter Deitz, our state's first female trooper. I recently interviewed Sharen about her life, influences, accomplishments, and struggles.

Born to Irene and Brenice Sumpter, Sharen was brought up as a farm girl in Heaters, Braxton County. Her family raised Shetland ponies and, at one point, had about 60. Sharen helped with the farm work and learned how to drive a tractor by age 10. She'd drive it and a pickup truck back and forth between the Sumpters' two farms, transporting hay and other goods. At one point, Sharen's father was even asked by state troopers to make sure she didn't drive on the main road. Oh, the irony!

Sharen attended Flatwoods Grade School and Sutton High School before earning a bachelor's degree in home economics from Glenville State College. She never used this degree but instead went on to get a master's in correctional counseling from the West Virginia College of Graduate Studies. As a rehabilitation counselor with the state Division of Rehabilitation, Sharen was frequently unable to help those she worked with and had to rely on deputies to resolve certain situations. Due to her frustrations in that system, her former brother-in-law, a Marion County judge, suggested she go into law enforcement. Sharen decided that if she was going to take this route, she wanted to be a state trooper. The only issue was that the WVSP didn't want female troopers.

Despite this obstacle, Sharen applied anyway. However, when she submitted her application, the WVSP mistakenly thought she was applying to be a secretary. She was quick to correct the error, letting them know she wanted to be a uniformed officer. Sharen recalls telling the department, "I will not be a desk person. I am a field trooper. I am going to the field."

She was rejected on her first two attempts. "Women don't have the same upper body strength as men," she says, "so I could not pass the physical." After two failed attempts in five years, Sharen decided there wasn't a point in trying a third time. Something changed, however, in 1977; she later learned the WVSP would have lost federal funding on July 1 if it didn't start hiring women and blacks. Seemingly out of the blue, the department contacted Sharen and asked her to apply in early 1977.

On May 16, 1977, Sharen made history when she was sworn in as West Virginia's first female state trooper, but this was only the beginning of her struggle. On October 16, she began training at the WVSP Academy at Institute under Sgt. Carl Legursky, who was known for his intense training. He had been assigned for a short time to the Turnpike Patrol but was called back to the academy in August, only two months before Sharen's cadet class was set to begin training.

"Nobody will ever convince me that he was not brought back on that hill [the academy]

to get rid of me," Sharen says. "The male cadets were upset because they couldn't cry, but I cried every day." In Sharen's view, Legursky "made life hell" for all the cadets, but the fact she cried "bugged the hell out of *him*." In one instance, Legursky called her out of line and scolded her while the cadets were at parade rest. The discussion got heated, and then, as Sharen explains, "I looked at him nose to nose, eyeball to eyeball, and I said, 'I will retire from the West Virginia State Police.'" The other cadets held their collective breaths. "You could have heard a pin drop," she says, and then Legursky walked away without uttering another word.

In March 1978, after months of rigorous training, Sharen graduated from the academy. She gives much of the credit to her fellow cadets who supported her. She also is thankful for others who buoyed her during her career, including Capt. Charles W. Ray, Lt. Richard A. Perry, Maj. Richard M. Hall, and Cpl. Stanley Booth. Her parents were also supportive, though they often reminded her of the dangers of being a state police officer.

On the other hand, many others openly opposed the first female trooper in state history. Fellow troopers often made comments or tried to embarrass her intentionally. Some troopers went farther, such as tearing up her investigative reports. Sharen notes that one of her training officers, Dennis Foreman, checked in on her from time to time and once told her, "I don't think [other troopers] would get you intentionally hurt, but I think they would embarrass you."

Sharen poses (front row, fourth from the left) with her cadet class, October 1977. The woman to her right soon dropped out of the training. Immediately behind her is Fred Zain. He later led the State Police's serology department, where he falsified information about serum and other bodily fluids, leading to the convictions of countless innocent people.

The sexism Sharen faced was widespread. She was viewed as inferior by many troopers who wanted her gone. When she went to her first assignment, she was introduced to one trooper who refused to shake her hand because she was a woman. Sharen stared at him and said, 'I'm not a woman, I'm a trooper." Though the trooper still refused to shake, he came to respect her, and the two eventually became friends.

Lack of respect wasn't the only issue Sharen faced. Since she was the department's first female trooper, there were no existing uniforms for women. Her first one was an altered man's uniform. "They cut down a 14½ man's shirt," Sharen remembers. "My pockets were under my belt and under my arms." She wore this uniform for about six months. She laughs about it now but notes how it was even more challenging to obtain adequate underwear.

Though many WVSP leaders wanted Sharen gone, they seized every opportunity to thrust her into the media spotlight. "The first three years, I couldn't turn around unless it was in the newspaper," she explains. This gave the public an impression the department was making every effort to modernize and embracing the idea of having female troopers. Sharen went along with the PR campaign but grew to resent all the media attention, and many of her colleagues came to begrudge it. Looking back, Sharen feels badly about how that made others feel,

Sharen at work taking fingerprints (left) and investigating an automobile crash.

particularly the female troopers who came after her, "Nobody wanted to talk to them. They all wanted to talk to the first female trooper. . . . And there wasn't anything I could do about it."

During her career, Sharen had a wide variety of duties. After being sworn in, she was assigned to Cross Lanes in Kanawha County and, after graduating from the academy, was sent to Company B, Huntington Detachment. In August 1979, Sgt. W. W. "Corky" Walker asked Sharen to be assigned to Governor Jay Rockefeller's security detail. She was initially hesitant because she wanted to be in the field, but as she puts it, "How do you tell the governor 'no?'"

In this role, Sharen got to meet many celebrities and political dignitaries. She also developed close ties with the Rockefeller family and still speaks very highly of how they treated her. She was particularly close with the Rockefeller children.

As if protecting the governor's family wasn't enough, Sharen also saved the life of Senator Robert C. Byrd. One day, before the dedication of the Ritchie County Industrial Park in Harrisville, she luckily noticed that Senator Byrd was walking in the wrong direction from the governor's helicopter. As she tells it, "We had landed in this big field, and all the people were over there. The trooper, who was from Harrisville, was walking across, coming to us. I was standing there, and all the sudden, I realized that Robert C. Byrd wasn't in front of me. I turned around to see where he was, and he was heading straight for the back of the helicopter, straight for the rudder. If I hadn't said, 'Senator,' and grabbed him by the arm, he would have walked right into it." Talk about a close call.

In another first, on December 29, 1983, her son, Robert Alan Deitz, was born, making Sharen the first state trooper ever to give birth. At the time, the department had no guidelines for maternity or paternity leave, so Sharen was assigned to WVSP headquartes to write them. "I wrote all the general orders, all the guidelines, all the leave, everything for maternity *and* paternity." Sharen had another child, Sarah—the second born to a trooper—on February 20, 1987. Robert Alan and his wife, Velmarie, now reside in Virginia, where he is a major

As part of Governor Rockefeller's security detail, Sharen carried out a wide array of tasks. On the left, she poses with John Denver in 1980 before he helped dedicate WVU's new Mountaineer Field. On the right, she and First Lady Sharon Rockefeller chat with Patti Church (far left)—the wife of national UMWA President Sam Church—and ARMCO employee Jeff Crutchfield before touring a mine at Montcoal (Raleigh County).

in the Army. Sarah is a senior consultant at Berry Dunn in Charleston. Sarah and her husband, John, are the parents of Sharen's only grandchild, Addison Elizabeth Ratliff.

After her son's birth, Sharen was transferred from the governor's security detail to headquarters and then to the turnpike. She came to love patrolling the turnpike and became somewhat of a legend there. She once pulled over three cars and two 18-wheelers at once. Her reputation quickly spread, and truckers started radioing one another to watch out for "Mama Bear."

During a pursuit in 1985, Sharen injured her neck and back when her cruiser hit a patch of ice and smashed into a cliffside. She was transferred to headquarters and promoted to sergeant in 1993. In 1994, among her other duties, she took on the role of compiling the WVSP's 75th anniversary book and a historical calendar. That year, she took WVSP history exhibits to various fairs and festivals.

Sharen retired from the WVSP in 1997, keeping the word she'd given in that nose-to-nose faceoff with Carl Legursky 20 years earlier. She'd already been active with the WVSP's Retired Members Association and continued to do so after her own retirement. She planned reunions and even tracked down Elma Taylor, the widow of Sam Taylor, our first state trooper back in 1919. Their relationship grew, and Elma told her many stories

Sharen believes that her main drive to be a state trooper was her own stubborn determination. "It was something I decided I was going to do, and nobody was going to stand in my way or stop me," she says. She often fought the inherent sexism by "joking it off" even as it tore at her emotionally. "Every day when I was in the academy," Sharen says, "I'd look out the window, and I'd say, 'Okay, it's another day. . . . You can make it one more day.' And I'd make it one more day. I went through the same ritual every day. That's the only way I could do it. One day at a time."

Reflecting back on her career, Sharen thinks the part she enjoyed most was being close to the Rockefeller family and getting to meet all the people she did. The Rockefellers treated her with love and

(Left-right) Sharen in the 1990s (photo by William Tiernan, courtesy of Kenny Kemp and the Charleston *Gazette-Mail* Archives) and today (photo by Stan Bumgardner).

Sex Discrimination Lawsuit

Sharen is the only trooper to win a sexual discrimination complaint against the WVSP. "In 1993," she says, "I filed a complaint with the Human Rights Commission when an unqualified male trooper was appointed director of Criminal Records." The WVSP appealed the decision, which supported Sharen, all the way to the state Supreme Court. It upheld the lower decision and refused to hear the appeal. Unfortunately, Sharen had retired by the time she won her complaint and couldn't assume the director position.

respect, and for that, she'll always be grateful. The worst parts were being blamed for things that weren't her fault and not being given a chance by some fellow officers.

To sum up her career, Sharen says it was "the most physically and mentally exhausting experience I have ever had in my life." However, she's glad she did it and proud she could overcome the chauvinism and other hurdles so future female troopers wouldn't have to struggle quite as much.

As we celebrate the WVSP's 100th anniversary, all the stories of heroism and lives saved, all those who've given their lives in the line of duty, and all the sacrifices that police officers make, let us not forget the walls that Sharen Sumpter Deitz tore down. In the face of doubt and scrutiny, she persevered and proved that she could be a woman and a trooper, too.

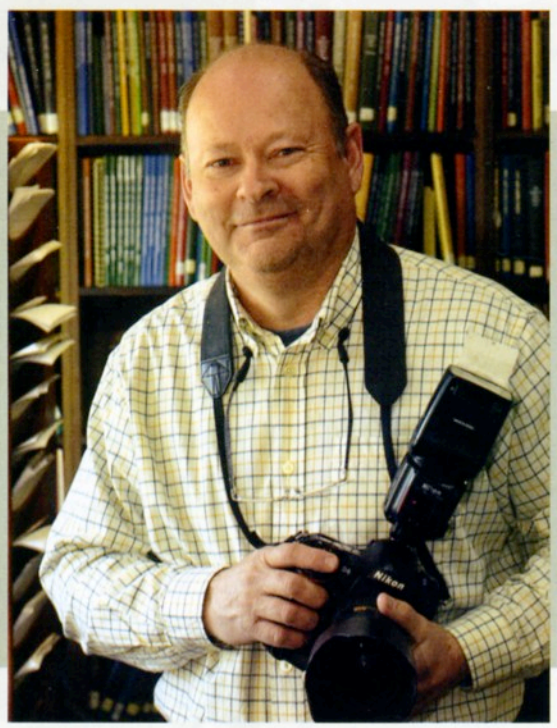
Documerica West Virginia

By Larry Shockley

In the early 1970s, the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) began documenting environmental changes caused by noise, air, and water pollution; demographic shifts; and urban renewal. As part of EPA's Documerica project, more than 100 photographers took over 81,000 images covering all 50 states. These images can be found in the National Archives Still Pictures Unit at College Park, Maryland; several thousand can also be viewed online at www.archives.gov/research/catalog.

One photographer assigned to cover Appalachia was Harry Schaefer. In summer 1973, he took more than 300 images in West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Although his photos in the Kanawha Valley focused primarily on fossil fuel industries, Schaefer also captured many scenes of everyday life.

His images offer valuable insights into the changing cultures of the early 1970s. After uploading some of these photos to various Internet platforms, I was able to identify some of the individuals who crossed Schaefer's lens on those hot summer days more than four decades ago. I hope you enjoy this trip back 46 years in time and want to thank everyone who helped me identify people in the photos.



We asked veteran photographer Kenny Kemp to give us his thoughts on these photos—his comments are noted throughout the spread. Kenny grew up in Pinch (Kanawha County) and attended Herbert Hoover High School, where he worked for the school newspaper, sparking his love of photography. In 1979, Kenny joined the Governor's Office of Economic and Community Development, which led him to be Governor Jay Rockefeller's main photographer. In 1981, he joined the staff of the Charleston *Gazette* (now *Gazette-Mail*), where he's been for 38 years. Photo by Steve Brightwell. –ed.

Children cool off with a dip in Kanawha River in Putnam County, 1973. All photos by Harry Schaefer, courtesy of the National Archives and Records Administration (NARA), unless noted otherwise.

West Virginia Day 1973

On June 20, 1973, as part of West Virginia's 110th birthday, various musical acts played on the State Capitol steps in Charleston.

One of the bands that day was Ebony and the Greek, featuring Louie "The Greek" Stanley on keys, James "Bucky" Barksdale on bass, Stanley Bolland on lead guitar, Shelly Bausley on sax, Dean Alan Sims on trumpet, Henry "Jello" Graves on percussion and flute, David "Fry" Fryson on drums, and Billy Dunham on lead vocals.

Among those listening were (left-right) Richard Sloan, Ruth Wiseman Sloan, and John and Roberta Wiseman. Meanwhile, John and Roberta's daughter Christina tries to nap on the steps as the band rocks on.

"These are priceless photos showing a distinctly different time in our history. In 1973, you have different cultures coming together to listen to a mostly African-American band on the steps of our State Capitol. Ten years prior to this, I'm not sure you would have had this same scene." –Kenny Kemp

Downtown Charleston

This busy shot of Capitol Street shows Charleston in its heyday and some of its best-known businesses, including the Daniel Boone Hotel, Sterling restaurant, Clothes City, Embees, A. W. Cox, and J. C. Penney's.

Just one block west of Capitol Street was Summers Street, which had a much seamier reputation at the time. Many children back then (including our editor) were told, "Never go on Summers!" In the background is The Lyric, a XXX theater that burned down Thanksgiving Day 1975.

"The main thing that strikes me is how much Charleston has changed. . . . I don't think any of these businesses are still there. Downtown Charleston was always bustling back then. Today, I walk out of work in the afternoon, and it looks deserted much of the time."

–Kenny Kemp

A popular hangout for young people was the Kanawha County Public Library. The only person identified here is John Bridges (far right). John was a drummer for Qiet (not to be confused with today's band of the same name) and wrote for the music column "Thirteen To Thirty." In the photo on the right, taken in front of the library, the boy on the bike is Joel Wilcox.

"It goes to show how photos can capture a moment in time, and you never know when that time will change." –Kenny Kemp

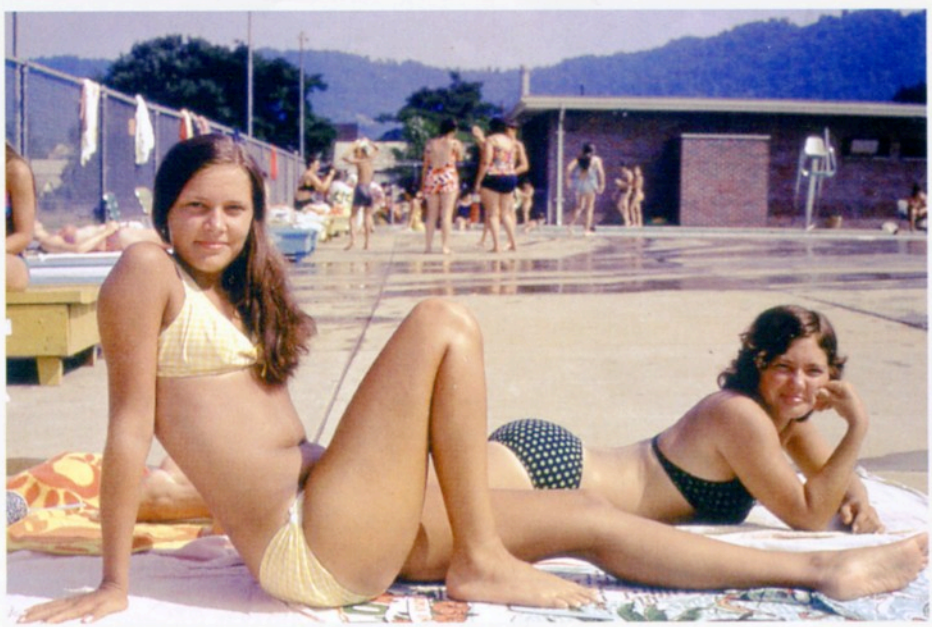
South Charleston

In addition to Harry Schaefer, at least one more EPA photographer, Jack Corn, visited the Kanawha Valley in the early 1970s. He took this photo of a busy 7th Avenue in South Charleston; few of these businesses still exist. The smokestacks in the distance were part of the FMC Corporation's chemical operations, which are also gone.

The city's 2,000-year-old Adena burial mound has been a popular gathering spot for locals as long as cameras have existed. For many years, old Belgian glassworkers, who helped found modern South Charleston in the early 20th century, would swap stories on the benches around the mound. More of the massive FMC operation can be seen in the background.

Just like the capital city, South Charleston also had its favorite hangouts. Here, young people share a laugh on D Street. In the background was Salamies', a well-known store for men's and women's fine clothing that operated from 1918 to 1976.

Eastern Kanawha County

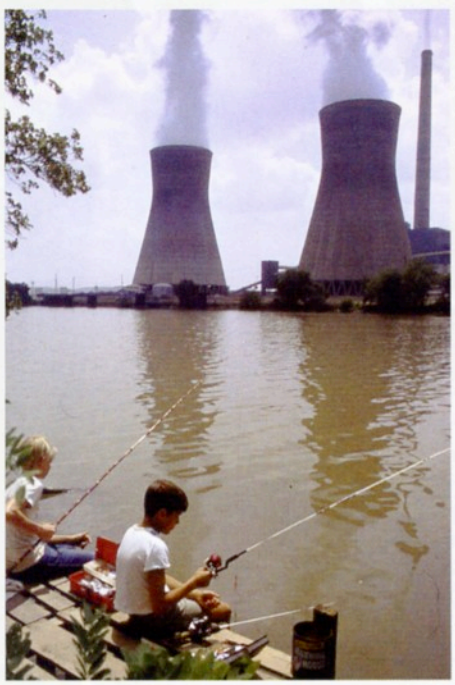


Photographer Harry Schaefer made his way to eastern Kanawha County, where he captured these snapshots of swimmers and sunbathers enjoying a hot summer day in Glasgow. A smokestack from the Glasgow power plant, which opened in 1953 and closed in 2015, can be seen in the background of the top photo.

A Little League baseball game is being played beside the Glasgow power plant. As Kenny Kemp notes, this photo captures that era perfectly—"when the coal industry was booming and baseball was America's pastime."

Putnam County

The John Amos Power Plant, which opened near Winfield in 1971, loomed large in the background in many of Schaefer's photos in Putnam County. In looking through these images, our photographer, Steve Brightwell, quipped that the "Pontiac should have been named the unofficial car of West Virginia in the '70s."



Kids doing what kids do in the summer: swim and fish. Despite their tackle boxes filled with lures, spinners, and other gear, we're guessing the nightcrawlers in the Maxwell House can probably worked better on that part of the Kanawha.

"The special thing about these photos is something that's taken me 38 years as a photographer to learn. You take what you consider to be an average day-in-the-life photo, and 40-some years later, you have a slice of life from a different time." –Kenny Kemp

There are so many fascinating things in this photo: an outdoor ping-pong game on a homemade table on the edge of a cornfield with the power plant as a backdrop. And that doesn't even mention the young man's tube socks, standard attire in the '70s. Kenny is struck by the photo's composition and lighting, particularly "how the shadow cuts across the table."

Help Us Identify More People

The Citizen Archivist program at the National Archives relies upon virtual volunteers to increase online access to historical records. You can help by adding comments, transcriptions, and tags to the images in the online catalog. You can register for a free account here: https://www.archives.gov/citizen-archivist. You can search Harry Schaefer's photos (and tag names if you recognize anybody). Or feel free to e-mail names to chgoldenseal@wv.gov.

LARRY SHOCKLEY works as an Archives Specialist for the National Archives in College Park, Maryland. He holds an M.L.I.S. from Florida State University, an M.A. in history from Marshall University, and a Cultural Resource Management certificate from West Virginia University. This is his second contribution to GOLDENSEAL. His previous article—about the Cockayne House—appeared in our Summer 2017 issue.

Thomas Jefferson wrote that this serene view was worth a trip across the Atlantic. During the Civil War, however, Harpers Ferry became one of the most turbulent settings in the nation. Photo by Steve Brightwell.

Harpers Ferry
The Power of Place

By Christine M. Kreiser

It's called The Point—the spit of land where the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers converge at Harpers Ferry, Jefferson County. An unremarkable geological feature that punches far above its weight in historical terms, it separates West Virginia from Maryland and, for four bloody years, marked the boundary between the United States and the Confederate States of America.

Harpers Ferry sits just 247 feet above sea level, our state's lowest elevation. Three mountain peaks tower above the town, creating a mini-canyon: Maryland Heights (across the Potomac), Loudoun Heights (across the Shenandoah), and Bolivar Heights (part of the same landmass as the town). Perhaps mini-canyon isn't the right description. It's more like

standing at the bottom of a beautiful bowl, with its sides decorated in lustrous shades of green (filled in with fiery shades of red and orange in the fall).

Harpers Ferry grew with the new federal government in the 1790s; George Washington selected the site for a national armory because of its "inexhaustible water supply." The armory outfitted an early stage of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and perfected the process for manufacturing interchangeable parts. As canals and railroads made it easier to travel and transport goods through the region, the federal government greatly improved its armory and arsenal complex on the Potomac side of Harpers Ferry. On the Shenandoah side, a cotton mill, flour mill, sawmill, and carriage factory were just a few of the more than 40 commercial enterprises humming along in the mid-19th century.

Then came John Brown's 1859 raid on the federal arsenal and his audacious dream of arming Southern slaves to crush the "peculiar institution." Starting less than a year-and-a-half later, the Civil War turned the small but thriving industrial center into a ghost town, destroying homes, businesses, and the town's economic driver: the armory and arsenal.

The rivers that attracted people to Harpers Ferry since well before recorded history have been both promise and plague. Thomas Jefferson waxed poetic about their awesome power in his 1785 *Notes on the State of Virginia*: "On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Patowmac [*sic*] in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea."

A series of post–Civil War floods—in 1870, 1877, 1889, and 1896—inundated the town. A 1924 flood swept away a highway bridge across the Potomac and closed the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal (on the Maryland side of the Potomac) for good. The 1936 flood, with its record-setting crest of 36½ feet, more than 18 feet above flood stage, nearly obliterated the town in the midst of the Great Depression; six years later, in 1942, another flood reached within three feet of the 1936 crest, virtually destroying what's known as the Lower Town.

Harpers Ferry seems to have nine lives, enduring the vagaries of politics, war, and even natural disaster. Why, after years of teetering on the precipice of oblivion, is it still here? Historian and preservationist Dennis Frye attributes its survival to the "power of place."

"No book, no video, no game, no map, no movie can ever create the power of place," says Dennis, who retired in May 2018 as chief historian of Harpers Ferry National Historical Park. "When you stand on the ground where real history occurred, you feel it. The sole of your foot will connect with their souls, and you feel it within your own soul. That's the power of place. That's what inspires people to stand up and fight to preserve these locations."

The park celebrates its 75th anniversary on June 30. Today, the park encompasses nearly 4,000 acres in West Virginia, Maryland, and Virginia, and visitors contribute to Jefferson County's robust tourism industry, which brings in about $900 million a year.

The park was created in 1944 as Harpers Ferry National Monument. Dennis says he's amazed that just three weeks after the D-Day invasion of Europe, "We had so much faith in our future. We were so convinced that our democratic institutions and our Constitution and our nation would prevail that we created a national park that looked at our past to ensure its future."

He credits the "real visionaries," among them Dr. Henry McDonald and Congressman Jennings Randolph, for their tireless commitment. As president of Storer College—a historically

By the end of the Civil War, Harpers Ferry's once-thriving armory looked like ancient ruins, and 90% of its citizens had fled. Courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives (WVSA), Boyd B. Stutler Collection.

black college founded in Harpers Ferry in 1867 to train African-American teachers—McDonald organized local support. Randolph, representing West Virginia's 2nd Congressional District, lined up legislative allies and sponsored the 1944 bill, which President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed into law. In 1963, Harpers Ferry's designation was changed from a national monument to a national historical park.

It all could have ended so differently. Dennis cites a Works Progress Administration idea to dam the Potomac to supply ever-growing Washington, D.C., with water. "A dam was proposed one mile downstream from here that would have placed virtually everything but the steeple of St. Peter's Catholic Church in a lake," he says. "We could have become an underwater archaeological preserve. But it would be hard to do John Brown's Raid in scuba gear."

The National Park Service initially focused its interpretation of Harpers Ferry around the years 1859-1865, but the emphasis was always on John Brown. "Almost never were the words 'Civil War' mentioned when people thought of Harpers Ferry," says Dennis. "That part of the history had been erased and forgotten. Confederate veterans had planted monuments, almost 30 of them, in locations around Jefferson County identifying areas that were important to the county's Civil War history. No one paid attention to them; no one gave them any regard. It's as if the history had just been erased."

The Battle of Harpers Ferry

Harpers Ferry saw five significant actions during the war, including the largest battle in what's now West Virginia. In September 1862, fresh from victory at the Battle of Second

During the 1862 battle, Union commander Dixon Miles made his last stand here on Bolivar Heights. His position became untenable after being surrounded by Confederates on Maryland Heights (far left), Loudoun Heights (far right), and Schoolhouse Ridge (to the rear). Courtesy of the National Park Service.

Manassas (Bull Run), Gen. Robert E. Lee planned to take the war north of the Mason-Dixon Line.

He divided his Army of Northern Virginia into four columns, sending three of them to surround Harpers Ferry. Union commander Col. Dixon Miles placed the bulk of his artillery on Bolivar Heights—the lowest of the three peaks encircling the town—and stationed other troops at an even lower elevation known as Camp Hill, rather than seize a more defendable position on Maryland Heights. When Confederate commander Gen. Stonewall Jackson arrived, he dispatched his 30,000 battle-tested men to take Maryland Heights, Loudoun Heights, and Schoolhouse Ridge—just west of Bolivar Heights—encircling the Federals' 12,000 raw recruits. On September 15, after a prolonged Confederate artillery barrage, Miles surrendered, but slightly too late for his own sake. Just after the white flag was raised, Miles' life was cut short by an exploding shell.

It was the largest surrender of a U.S. army during the entire Civil War and still ranks as the third largest in history, behind only Bataan and Corregidor in World War II. Jackson's victory allowed Lee to take a stand two days later behind Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, Maryland. The Battle of Antietam, which likely wouldn't have happened without the capture of Harpers Ferry, would become the bloodiest single day on record in North America.

Saving the Battlefield

Despite the Battle of Harpers Ferry's importance, it's always been overshadowed by Antietam. As such, Antietam became one of America's better-preserved battlefields, while Harpers Ferry, and other key battle sites in the area, were all but forgotten. Making it worse from a preservation standpoint, key parts of the Harpers Ferry battlefield

weren't inside the park's boundaries, and in the go-go 1980s, people who worked in Baltimore and Washington, D.C., began pouring in to live in the Eastern Panhandle. The pressure to develop land in Jefferson County was intense.

But Harpers Ferry had a couple of aces up its sleeve. Just about the time Jefferson County was becoming a bedroom community for D.C.-Baltimore metro workers, private developers launched plans to build a massive shopping mall adjacent to Manassas National Battlefield Park, near Washington. Much of the public, including many who wouldn't be considered preservationists, saw this as a step too far. The project grabbed national headlines, and an acrimonious "Don't Mall the Battlefield" campaign eventually landed in Congress, which derailed the development in 1988. The threat to Manassas, and the daily loss of other historic sites, caught the attention of a powerful ally, Senator Robert C. Byrd, who obtained funding to study historic sites outside Harpers Ferry's park boundaries.

The senator, says Dennis, understood the significance of the battlefields and wanted the land to be part of the park. But "he wanted us to ensure that we had the support of local county government, local county business, and local citizens." On a cold night in December 1988, park Superintendent Don Campbell and Dennis organized a meeting with the Jefferson County Commission and other elected officials. The meeting included a field trip to the only part of the battlefield that was then on public property—Shipley Elementary School on Schoolhouse Ridge, the low-lying crest where Jackson completed his entrapment of Dixon.

After Robert E. Lee's Maryland Campaign, Northern forces retook Harpers Ferry. Here, troops are lined up on Camp Hill. The Methodist church in the distance is still standing, scarred by shell marks from the 1862 battle. Courtesy of the National Archives and Records Administration.

Dennis found himself in a van with all five of the county commissioners, who unanimously opposed expanding the park boundaries to include the battle sites. "As we were pulling into the Shipley school parking lot, I pointed out to them the Confederate monument placed on that property in 1912 on Schoolhouse Ridge to indicate Stonewall Jackson's positions. I said, 'You've seen monuments like this throughout Jefferson County. They're everywhere. Here's the one that deals with this battle. This ridgetop was Stonewall Jackson's line.'"

The history lesson was met with stony silence. But when they all got out of the van, Dennis was suddenly surrounded. "The president of the county commission at that time, Charlie Clendening, brings his finger almost to my nose, not quite touching it. He's taller than I am. He's looking down on me and he says—and this is an exact quote—'Nothing happened here. Do you understand me? Nothing happened here, *boy*.' That's where we started. That was my baseline. Nothing happened here."

For decades, longtime Harpers Ferry National Historical Park Historian Dennis Frye (now retired) has helped drive a public-private effort to preserve more battle sites in the area. Photo by our author.

From that inauspicious beginning, Dennis embarked on a crusade (his term) to spread the word about Harpers Ferry in the Civil War. By May 1989, the National Park Service had set up the Schoolhouse Ridge Educational Program. "We had every fourth and fifth grader in the county bused to Schoolhouse Ridge, and the Park Service presented program after program after program to the kids," Dennis explains. "We fired the artillery. We did infantry maneuvers. It was very popular. . . . Every group showed up with their own battle flag. . . . They took ownership in the program. There was an excitement because this had never been offered before, and it was in their county, their home."

Dennis Frye has three books detailing Lee's Maryland Campaign, including the battles of Harpers Ferry and Antietam. In his most recent work, *Antietam Shadows: Mystery, Myth & Machination*, Dennis tears down some of the legends about the campaign (many perpetuated by Civil War historians). He even gives some due to much-maligned Union Gen. George McClellan (while still comparing "Little Mac" to Linus with his security blanket). In this excerpt, Dennis explains the Battle of Harpers Ferry's significance:

"For General Lee, the Federal force at Harpers Ferry was not inconvenient—it was dangerous. It presented a serious obstacle, not before him, but from behind. Worst case scenarios disquieted Lee's mind. The Harpers Ferry garrison could interfere with, or even interrupt, his supply and communications lines to and from Virginia. . . . Most troubling, perhaps, was the prospect of the Harpers Ferry contingent following Lee northward, pestering him habitually like a swarm of mosquitoes."

The momentum started to build for Jefferson County's history, and so did the pressure to develop the area. As more and more people fled the higher cost of living in neighboring Maryland and Virginia, the county's population nearly doubled between 1970 and 2000. In 2003, Senator Byrd introduced legislation to expand the park boundaries—provided the county commission supported the plan. Fifteen years after the commissioners had declared Schoolhouse Ridge a historical nonentity, a remarkable thing happened. "The Jefferson County Commission in 2003 voted unanimously in favor of battlefield expansion," says Dennis. "That is the power of education. It's one of the greatest [preservation] success stories in United States history. We utilized the educational system and kids to change attitudes ultimately from one extreme to the other."

It was another battle won, but the preservation war wasn't over. In 2006, a developer proposed 2.3 million square feet of commercial development on 400 acres of battlefield land on Bolivar Heights—an area left out of the recent boundary expansion. To put that figure into perspective, Dennis contacted Walmart headquarters in Bentonville, Arkansas, and asked about the size of Walmart Supercenters. The answer was 160,000 square feet. The prospect of a commercial footprint the size of more than 14 Super Walmarts on the site where Union troops made their final stand against Stonewall Jackson pushed preservationists into action.

It was, Dennis says, "a collective of public-private partners. The public sector is the National Park Service. The private partners are a multitude of preservation organizations and citizens. National organizations, regional organizations, local organizations, and hundreds and hundreds of citizens all combined to raise our voices against this development and to defeat it. It was a very arduous and brutal struggle. Ultimately, the economic crash of 2008 bankrupted the developers.... We had in the meantime won numerous administrative and legal actions against them, which bought us time." A local developer with an interest in the battlefield eventually purchased and placed perpetual easements on the property to ensure its preservation.

Apart from the battle sites, Harpers Ferry's very location makes it unique. "Harpers Ferry is not a day in the life of the American Civil War," says Dennis. "Antietam is one day of the Civil War. Gettysburg

John Brown's Fort

Dennis Frye deserves the lion's share of credit for helping preserve the Harpers Ferry Battlefield. He worked tirelessly to save key sites, although he'll be the first to tell you that a lot of work remains. After retiring in 2018, he still has one major preservation regret. John Brown's Fort, where the abolitionist and his men staged their final stand and were captured in 1859, is in the wrong location. After the Civil War, the building—originally the armory engine house—fell into disrepair. In 1891, an investor bought it for display at the 1894 Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Then, journalist Kate Field started a campaign that brought it to the Murphy Farm on the outskirts of Harpers Ferry; the farm also had played a key role in the battle. In 1909, Storer College acquired the fort and relocated it to the school's campus because John Brown was, and still is, an inspirational figure to many African-Americans. In 1968, the building was moved back to its original site—or at least as close as the Park Service could get to it. The actual historical site is under a railroad embankment built in the 1890s and now owned by the Park Service. So, John Brown's Fort is within sight of its original location but off by about 100 feet. –Christine M. Kreiser

Abolitionist John Brown and his men were captured in this building, the former armory engine house. John Brown's Fort has been moved several times and hasn't been on its original location since the 1890s. Photo by our author.

is three days of battle and one day of Abraham Lincoln and his famous address. Harpers Ferry is 1,400 consecutive days of the Civil War. You could not escape the war any day because of Harpers Ferry's location on the border. Most of the town will be destroyed. Virtually all of the industry will be wiped out. And 90% of the town's citizens will move out."

But the power of place kept drawing people back, people who collaborated on ways to protect this resource. "I'll be absolutely adamant," says Dennis. "The National Park Service by itself never would have succeeded in any preservation here. This is an example of national, regional, and local support. It goes back to the grassroots development of a preservation ethic. People say, 'We must protect it because that is our story. That's *my* story.'"

After graduating from WVU's Public History Program in 1990, CHRISTINE M. KREISER worked as a historian and editor for more than 15 years in the Mountain State. She now writes from Winchester, Virginia. This is her fourth contribution to GOLDENSEAL. Her most recent article appeared in our Fall 2018 issue.

Scenes from Droop Mountain Battlefield, as shown in a 1928 publication.

Civil War Battlefield Preservation

By Ernest Everett Blevins

Although there were tensions between Richmond and western Virginia for decades, West Virginia's path to statehood began on April 17, 1861, when Virginia voted conditionally to secede from the union. The move came five days after the Confederate firing on Fort Sumter, South Carolina, and two days after Abraham Lincoln's call for volunteers at the beginning of the Civil War.

The war was a crucial moment in U.S. history for numerous reasons. It was our deadliest; more Americans died in the Civil War than in all other military conflicts combined. It led to the end of slavery, although equality has remained a long and lasting struggle. The Civil War preserved our young nation, which arguably was on the verge of extinction in April 1861. And locally, it led to the formation of West Virginia—the only state created as a direct result of the war.

Many of the war's bloodiest battles would transpire in Virginia—First and Second Bull Manassas (Bull Run), the Peninsula Campaign, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Overland Campaign, the Siege of Petersburg, and Lee's surrender at Appomattox, to name just a few.

Although not as well known or significant militarily, West Virginia has more than 500 Civil War sites where skirmishes, scouting, captures, engagements, encampments, and campaigns took place. Many were lost to development by the end of the 1800s, others were destroyed or faded away over time, while yet others remain in various states of preservation. The biggest threat today is modern development.

Beginning in the late 1800s, the Grand Army of the Republic (in the North), the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the United Confederate Veterans (in the South), and later, the U.S. Army and National Park Service helped preserve some of our country's most noted battlefields. West Virginia's efforts have often been led by small groups or sometimes just one individual.

Our preservation story started indirectly in 1915 when the federal government bought 7,200 acres near Parsons that, in 1920, would become part of the Monongahela National Forest, which has since expanded to 921,000 acres. While historic preservation wasn't the government's primary mission, its initial Monongahela Purchase, as it was known, contained nearly a dozen campaign, camp, and battlefield sites, including Camp Bartow, Corrick's Ford, Cheat Mountain, Rowlesburg, and portions of the old Staunton-Parkersburg Turnpike, a strategic road during the war (roughly following U.S. Route 250 today).

Not far from the new national forest, legislator J. D. Sutton kicked off an effort in the 1920s to preserve Droop Mountain Battlefield in Pocahontas County. In 1944, President Franklin D. Roosevelt established Harpers Ferry National Monument, which became our state's first national park in 1963. The Rich Mountain Battlefield Foundation was created privately in 1991 to preserve more than 400 acres of that battlefield and Camp Garnett through purchases and easements. Little or no preservation activities, however, are occurring on most of our remaining battlefields.

Former Droop Mountain Battlefield State Park Superintendent Michael Smith, who retired in 2016 after a 32-year career, observes, "Money is always an issue with historic preservation." The Civil War Trust is among several organizations that assist with securing funds to buy land, and the West Virginia State Park Foundation accepts funds dedicated to specific preservation projects.

The following examples show how different entities—state and federal—have tried to preserve and commemorate two Civil War battlefields in the Mountain State.

The same 1928 publication featured these two photos of Droop Mountain's greatest champion, John D. Sutton, taken more than 60 years apart: as a private during the Civil War and as a West Virginia legislator.

Droop Mountain

Federal forces led by Gen. William W. Averell and Confederate forces under Gen. John Echols and Col. William L. Jackson engaged at Droop Mountain on November 6, 1863. Most participants on both sides were from what had recently become West Virginia. The battle turned into a Union victory, as the Confederates hurriedly retreated from the field. But the battle was really a strategic draw since Averell failed in his main objective: breaking up a key Confederate supply line—the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad in southwestern Virginia. The Federals lost 119, and the Confederates lost 275 killed, wounded, and missing. Droop Mountain is perhaps most significant in that it was the Confederates' last major incursion into West Virginia.

J. D. Sutton, a private in the 10th West Virginia Infantry (USA), was a veteran of the battle. He began the movement to preserve Droop Mountain. In the 1920s, in the aftermath of World War I, Sutton and other veterans, worried that their roles at Droop would be forgotten, began to meet at the battlefield. Sutton pictured a place to rival Gettysburg, with a landing strip and a lake created from the bogs. Fortunately for preservation purposes, many of his visions didn't materialize.

On January 25, 1927, Delegate Sutton persuaded the House of Delegates to adopt Resolution No. 8, creating a five-member committee to examine the battlefield, preserve records, temporarily mark battle lines, and secure an option on not at least 50 acres of land. The resolution's unifying language referred to "West Virginia soldiers, both Union and Confederate." Governor Howard Gore appointed the Droop Mountain Battlefield Commission on April 21, 1927, with Sutton serving as chairman until his death in 1941. Sutton was responsible for the first detailed and accurate study of Droop Mountain, personally marking out the locations of key events. The commission purchased 125 acres in January 1928 and placed 29 markers and several monuments. Of these, only a few concrete markers remain; the wooden ones are all gone.

On July 4, 1929, Gore accepted another 141 acres on behalf of the state. The event, attended by an estimated 10,000, was the birth of the state park system,

Now-retired Superintendent Michael Smith points out original entrenchments from the Battle of Droop Mountain. Photo by our author.

then under the control of the Conservation Commission, the forerunner to the Department of Natural Resources. Today, the park encompasses 287 core acres of the estimated 3,000-4,000-acre battlefield.

Over the last 90 years, the park has seen many changes, some of which haven't always been kind to the battlefield's preservation. During the Great Depression, the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) provided labor for various projects across the country. Camp Price (P-68) of the CCC was on site at Droop Mountain Battlefield State Park from January 1935 to fall 1937, building roads, trails, cabins, and the original observation tower. In what is a constant struggle, the work encouraged tourism but damaged some of the battlefield's historic integrity. In addition, the superintendent's house (expanded over the years), park office, and shop were built as temporary CCC structures and then adapted for park purposes. To fill in dirt for the modern road to the park, the CCC removed Confederate stone works near the pumphouse. The 29 signs the veterans had placed were already weathering away; it's believed the CCC may have removed them for good.

When the CCC left, Joe McMillian, a local work supervisor, remained to run the park. During the 1940s and 1950s, a series of superintendents all left Droop Mountain because of low pay. An unusual example, though, was set by Madelyn Bean in the mid-1940s. Her husband, Robert Bean, took a better-paying job but didn't report it to the state, so Madelyn began doing her spouse's tasks at Droop. When the situation was discovered, she officially was given the park custodian

job, becoming the first woman park ranger in West Virginia.

The 10-year term of Bill Davis brought on more changes. In the 1960s, he replaced two of the CCC cabins with playgrounds, which still exist. The one remaining CCC cabin became the park museum. Davis used JFK-era funding to maintain and improve the park with gravel roads and signage. In 1963, he helped commemorate the battle's 100th anniversary by placing a replica 10-pound parrot rifle cannon in the park.

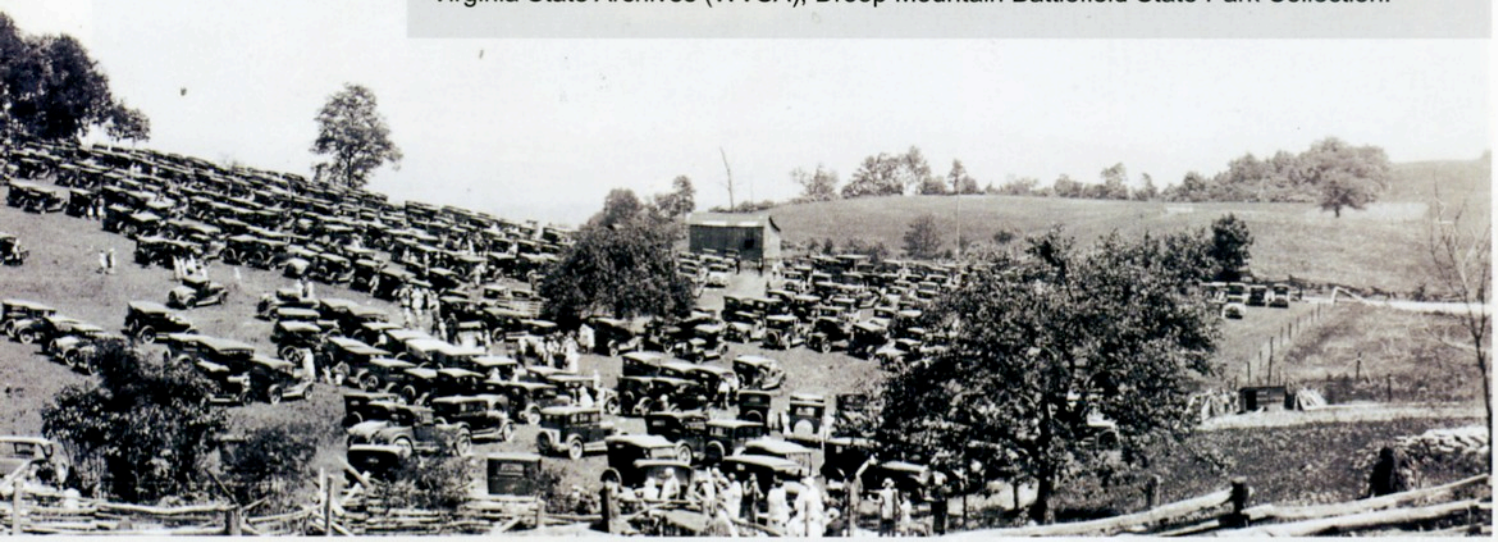
At the end of his tenure, Davis left for Carnifex Ferry Battlefield State Park to pursue sign making. The new superintendent, Floyd Clutter, focused primarily on maintaining the grounds. From the late-1960s to mid-1980s, the park gradually fell more and more into decline. On two separate occasions, the museum was broken into, and the donated artifacts, many directly associated with the battle, were stolen.

In 1984, Michael Smith was hired to oversee the park with the charge to "fix it." When he arrived, the park's entire historical interpretation was contained in a four-paragraph document, most of which was wrong. Over the next 32 years, Smith rebuilt the museum collection, adding found and donated artifacts, including a drum used at the battle. He compiled a more accurate account of the battle and supported noted Civil War historian Terry Lowry with his book *The Last Sleep*. Smith also introduced living histories and regular battle reenactments and, in 2013, helped dedicate a monument memorializing the battle's casualties.

Smith notes that the park preserves the core of the battle but that many of the significant troop approaches are in private hands. A few privately owned structures are still standing: Averell's headquarters and a house used as a hospital after the battle. Also, the birthplace of author Pearl S. Buck (now a museum in nearby Hillsboro) was caught in a crossfire as Confederates retreated from the Battle of Mill Point, the day before Droop.

Notably, Smith thinks "it's a sin" that the finger of the ridge, where the Confederates fought to hold their earthworks over the historic road, isn't in the state park. Modern housing has been constructed on the site of a turning point in the battle—where the 28th Ohio Infantry (USA) approached to outflank the Confederate lines. Fortunately for Droop Mountain, Pocahontas County is one of our state's least densely populated counties, so development isn't as much of a threat as it is in some

Droop Mountain Battlefield State Park was dedicated on Independence Day 1929 with an estimated 10,000 people in attendance. Photo by Cal Gay, courtesy of the West Virginia State Archives (WVSA), Droop Mountain Battlefield State Park Collection.



areas, such as the Eastern Panhandle.

Bulltown

Bulltown, in Braxton County, tells several stories over nearly a century of time. Bulltown was named for Delaware Indian Chief Bull (or Captain Bull). Expatriated from the New York colony in the mid-1760s, Chief Bull and about 50 others established several camps before settling in what would become Bulltown. By 1772, they'd built about 20 cabins and a council house. The area was important for its location, which provided easy river access and an abundance of salt. In 1772, the village was attacked, reportedly by local white settlers who'd accused the Indians of a murder. The Delaware abandoned the site and moved westward.

The second chapter of Bulltown's saga is as an early-1800s industrial center, with a saltworks and gristmills. That was followed by a farm complex, which includes the Cunningham House (built about 1830), a granary, a spring, and a food cellar.

Bulltown's Civil War story begins before the war. The 110-mile Weston and Gauley Bridge Turnpike was built through the community between 1849 and 1858, with a covered bridge crossing the Little Kanawha River completed in 1854. This road was one of the few north-south turnpikes in the region, making it an important route for Union and Confederate armies during the war.

When the war started, Bulltown's residents were largely split between the North and South. Union Gen. William S. Rosecrans quickly fortified the turnpike at Weston, Sutton, Summersville, Gauley Bridge, and Bulltown.

Bulltown apparently never had a permanent garrison, but in October 1863, it was occupied by about 400 Union soldiers from the 6th and 11th West Virginia infantries (USA) under Capt. William Mattingly. Union fortifications focused on guarding the turnpike and covered bridge. Leading up to the battle, Confederate artillery took up a position across the Little Kanawha from the Union lines.

On October 13, 1863, Stonewall Jackson's first cousin—William L. Jackson, a month before his loss at Droop Mountain—led 800 Confederates from the 19th and 20th Virginia cavalries and Capt. Warren S. Lurty's artillery battery into the conflict. Jackson's goal was to disrupt communications between Union commanders in the Kanawha Valley and our new state's leaders in Wheeling. As his nickname

Entrance to the Bulltown Historic Area. Photo by our author.

The Section 106 Process

In short, Section 106 of the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966 authorizes our State Historic Preservation Office (SHPO) to review certain activities—ones using federal money or requesting federal licenses or permits—that could affect a site's historical integrity. Droop Mountain offers a good example of how this works.

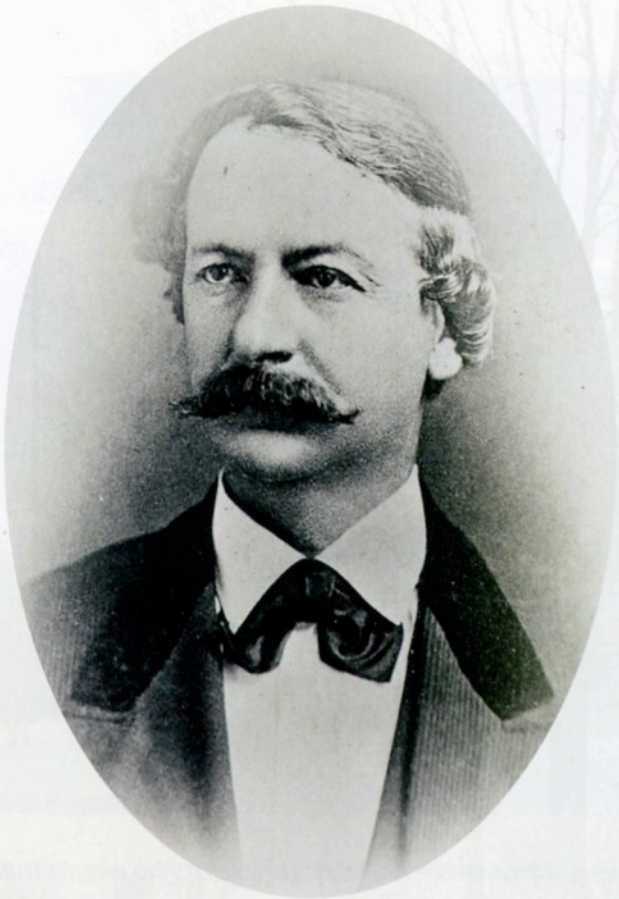
In April 2014, our SHPO received an application to build a cell tower near the park. It was referred to the SHPO because cell towers require licenses from the Federal Communications Commission. While the proposed tower would have been outside the park boundaries, it was still within the National Register of Historic Places boundary for the battle. The SHPO found that the tower, with its flashing red-and-white strobe lights, would "have an adverse visual effect" on the site. One argument in favor of the tower was that it would be hidden by trees part of the year; however, the SHPO noted that the trees wouldn't shield the tower from sight each November, when the battle's anniversary is remembered.

The SHPO asked the prospective tower builder for a new plan and received public comments from the park, Pocahontas County Commission, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Sons of Union Veterans, Civil War Trust, and American Battlefields Protection Program. In this case, there were several factors involved beyond the Section 106 process. In December 2014, the client sent notice that the project had been canceled at this time.

suggests, William "Mudwall" Jackson didn't necessarily inspire the same confidence as his more famous cousin. Jackson's men attacked Mattingly's fortifications about 4:30 a.m. Over the next 11-plus hours, Mattingly rejected two separate flags of surrender from Jackson. Mattingly supposedly replied, "I will fight until Hell freezes over and then fight on the ice until I get what I want."

About 4:00 p.m., Jackson retreated, leaving behind about eight dead and eight injured soldiers. There were no Union deaths, although Mattingly was wounded, and civilian Moses Cunningham received a non-fatal gunshot after emerging from his farmhouse yelling, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

The Army Corps of Engineers eventually gained control of the skirmish and turnpike sites due to the construction



Before the war, Clarksburg native William "Mudwall" Jackson (1825 – 1890) served as a judge in Ritchie and Wood counties and as Virginia's lieutenant governor. During the war, he took part in the 1863 Jones-Imboden Raid in present West Virginia as well as the battles of Bulltown and Droop Mountain. Courtesy of the WVSA, Boyd B. Stutler Collection.

On September 29, 2019, the West Virginia State Archives (WVSA)—located in the Culture Center on the State Capitol Complex—will host an event on West Virginia in the Civil War. It will feature Katharine Antolini, Richard Armstrong, Hunter Lesser, Terry Lowry, and other noted Civil War historians. For more information, check the WVSA website and Facebook pages or e-mail Chuck Ocheltree at Charles.C.Ocheltree@wv.gov.

of nearby Burnsville Dam and Reservoir (now known as Burnsville Lake) on the Little Kanawha River from 1972 to 1976. Unlike Droop Mountain, which started out as a state effort decades before the National Historic Preservation Act (NHPA) of 1966, the Burnsville Dam project was covered by the new law. As such, it had to follow NHPA regulations.

Dr. Tommy Smith, now director of the Army Corps' National Great Rivers Museum in St. Louis, was the first ranger responsible for interpreting the site. He grew up in the shadows of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga battlefields and was hired at Bulltown because of his knowledge of the Civil War.

Tommy describes how the battlefield had never really been interpreted before his arrival: "After the war, there was little concern for the significance of the occupation or the battles." The original battle site, which consisted of a blockhouse and trenches, was supposedly still 95% intact when archaeology work was performed in the mid-1980s. Tommy notes, though, that the trenches were "now only two- to three-feet deep instead of the anticipated five feet they likely once were."

He adds that the Cunningham family, which owned much of the site after the war, had planted potatoes in the trenches and regularly raised corn and hay on the battlefield. Part of this was directly due to the battle because soldiers had clear-cut the site in preparation for the skirmish—offering better sight lines and a source of firewood and building materials. After the war, the clear-cutting gave the Cunninghams more open land for farming. The present

The Cunningham House is the focal point of Bulltown's pastoral setting, a stark contrast to the events that transpired here on October 13, 1863. Photo by our author.

site is more forested than it was in October 1863, but the lay of the land is the same.

Under Section 106 of the NHPA, the Army Corps of Engineers had to perform archaeology work and protect the battlefield. Tommy notes that Bulltown is the only battlefield in the country that the Army Corps maintains and interprets; in other instances, such as the Battle of Allatoona Pass in Georgia, the Army Corps owns the property but allows outside groups to handle the interpretation.

At Bulltown, the Army Corps preserved the 1850s Gauley and Weston Turnpike and the Cunningham farm, utilizing other areas for a campground. The Cunningham House, its outbuildings, and Union Civil War fortifications were listed in the National Register of Historic Places in 1984.

The park has also become home to some relocated historic structures. Before the Burnsville Dam was built, the Army Corps brought to Bulltown several culturally significant resources that would have been destroyed by the lake. These include the McCauley Barn (1928), St. Michael's Church (closed in 1912), the Johnson House (1883), and the Fleming House (1900).

The Army Corps added a modern museum facility, which Tommy expanded and regularly changed out. The Confederate artillery position, including rifle pits, has also been restored, and a memorial was dedicated to the Confederate casualties. Bulltown has regular tours, living history events and heritage days, reenactor drill schools, and a nice walking trail.

ERNEST EVERETT BLEVINS, who holds a master of fine arts, is from South Carolina and lived in Georgia before moving to West Virginia in 2013 to work for the SHPO. He has studied the Civil War since the 1990s, is a member of both the Sons of Union Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans, and writes a periodic history column for the Charleston *Daily Mail WV*. He lives with his family in Charleston and can be reached at blevinsee@g.cofc.edu. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Losing the Battlefield, Keeping the Memory

Most Civil War sites aren't saved or preserved. Others fall into an in-between category, like Charleston's Fort Scammon (1863-1865), which is relatively well preserved and marked by two state historical highway markers. But it's also surrounded by modern houses and tall trees, making it nearly impossible for visitors to envision how the fortification could have protected Charleston from invading Rebels.

In some instances, a marker may be all that remains. That's the case with the Scary Creek Battlefield in Putnam County. The battle was a minor early encounter—July 17, 1861—as green forces on the Confederate side tried to halt the advance of equally green Union troops up the Kanawha Valley. Militarily, Scary Creek was a Confederate victory, but it only temporarily slowed down the North, which would occupy the valley for most of the war. For many Civil War buffs, it's probably best known as the battle that launched George S. Patton's career. Patton, a Charleston lawyer and grandfather of the World War II general of the same name, led the Confederates into battle and was wounded at Scary Creek.

The 21st-century site looks nothing like the battlefield, which was bisected by Scary Creek on the west side of Kanawha River. At the time, Patton described the area as "a small mountain stream which approaches the [Kanawha] river [and] runs a bold range of hills.... Its banks were slightly wooded with small trees.... Affording some shelter at the end of the bridge were several farms and log houses used for a ... shop, country store, dwelling, and slaves." There were two dirt wagon trails that followed the paths of the modern Winfield Road and Teays Valley Road.

Within years, most of the battlefield had already been obliterated by a new railroad line. Then, modern roads and businesses began to envelop the site. In 1929, the St. Albans Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy (UDC) erected a small marker between the road and the river. When that chapter disbanded years ago, ownership of the monument was transferred to the national association of the UDC. Linda Whaley, head of West Virginia's UDC division chapter, notes, "It fell into our hands. Over the last several years, I've been keeping an eye on it to make sure it is okay."

The monument was impossible to see from the road and difficult to find, unless you happened to be putting-in to fish. So, in 2015, under the UDC's guidance, AmeriCorps National Civilian Community Corps workers began cutting grass and clearing a green space for the marker's new home along West Virginia Route 817.

Emma Simms Maginnis poses beside the Scary Creek marker in 1933, four years after its dedication. Her relative Henry E. Simms fought in the battle for the Confederates. Courtesy of Terry Lowry.

On July 18, 2015, the old Scary Creek monument was rededicated on the Confederate rather than the Union side of the battle—historically appropriate since it's a UDC monument marking a Southern victory. The new site also includes interpretive signage about the battle and the area's ecology, furnished by Rivers to Ridges Heritage Trail, a nonprofit scenic byway organization. Thanks to their work, Scary Creek's story will last much longer than the battlefield did.

–Ernest Everett Blevins

Hunter Lesser
Historian and Preservationist

By Susan M. Pierce

Hunter Lesser focuses on details that reveal the whole story. Early on, he became fascinated with West Virginia places associated with compelling stories. "Mom and Dad took us to different historic places," he remembers. "At Rich Mountain Battlefield, we wandered around the mountaintop. The rocks had graffiti . . . etched [with] the names of fallen soldiers. In the bank, what looked like a rock was a dirt-encrusted Civil War bullet. It hooked me, a wild thing that captivated me. I was a young boy interested in war. I'm not as interested in war anymore. I know too much about the true cost of war."

His parents moved to West Virginia for a job with the Department of Natural Resources and relocated to Elkins from Doddridge County when he was around six years-old. He meant to stay only one year at Shorter College (now University) in Rome, Georgia, but it was at the tail end of the Civil Rights Movement, and he felt a need to stay there. He liked the South, but the Jim Crow environment disturbed him. He recalls, "My parents didn't tolerate racial prejudice."

After college, he held several jobs, including one with a cultural resource management firm. "My first archaeological survey projects," he says, "were at rice and indigo plantations outside Charleston, South Carolina." The results were published in *Uncommon Ground: Archaeology and Early African America: 1650-1800* by Leland Ferguson (Smithsonian Institution, 1992).

"You can see my legs in one of the photographs. This project destroyed stereotypes and demonstrated a crossover of culture. No other project turned up colonial-period ceramic ware made by slaves. The ceramics were not Native American but showed West African influences. We found West African construction methods in the colonial settlement patterns; the huts were built the same."

He took a job with the West Virginia Geological and Economic Survey and worked first with Jeff Graybill, "a smart scientist," and then Dan Fowler. When the archaeological program was transferred to Blennerhassett Island Historical State Park in Parkersburg, Hunter turned down the move and found a job with the Monongahela National Forest, headquartered in Elkins.

Hunter began interpreting and identifying Civil War sites. As part of the Forest Service's Passport in Time program, the School of the Soldier allowed reenactors to practice their drills and skirmish for the public at Cheat Summit Fort—a mountainous Union camp that played a part in a couple early conflicts of the war. Hunter remembers the historical accuracy of these events, but not just in battle dress and weaponry. "At this elevation, the weather is unpredictable. Two out of the four years we conducted the school, it snowed. In *May*. There were four inches of snow on the ground the first weekend of May. It was too hard for the reenactors but good for interpretation. It actually snowed on the Union soldiers on September 13, 1861."

Thinking about that first bullet he found at Rich Mountain, Hunter cares strongly that the public understands the importance of the 1861 "First Campaign of Western Virginia." The Union's success in that campaign—including the battles of Philippi, Rich

"To reach people, you have to relate in a way they can understand. We need to interact with them to make history compelling and relate it to past and current events. We need to learn from it because there are valuable lessons from the past for today."

–Hunter Lesser

Hunter Lesser talks with our author at the site of Camp Allegheny in Pocahontas County. Photo by Erin Riebe.

Mountain, Laurel Hill, and Corrick's Ford—allowed the federal government to retain control of northwest Virginia and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, a key military route. Gen. George McClellan was in command of the campaign. A tireless self-promoter, McClellan used these victories to convince President Lincoln to appoint him commander of the Army of the Potomac. That "First Campaign" would be McClellan's undeniably last successful one.

Hunter notes the campaign's larger importance: "There was a major political effect to this campaign even though the battles were small. My mission is to tell this story, promote and show the importance of these events. Through that, we can protect sites like Rich Mountain, Corrick's Ford, Laurel Hill at Belington, and Cheat Summit Fort as well as Camp Allegheny."

Over the years, Hunter has worked with other dedicated individuals, such as Phyllis Baxter, and organizations such as the Civil War Trust to purchase or place easements on land associated with these battlefields. Today, Hunter has several book projects in the works, including one focused on the home front. He says, "I have found stories about the borderlands and the people who weren't in the war but had to survive during that time. During the Civil War, refugees lost everything and died without a home. Today, we see this happening all over again."

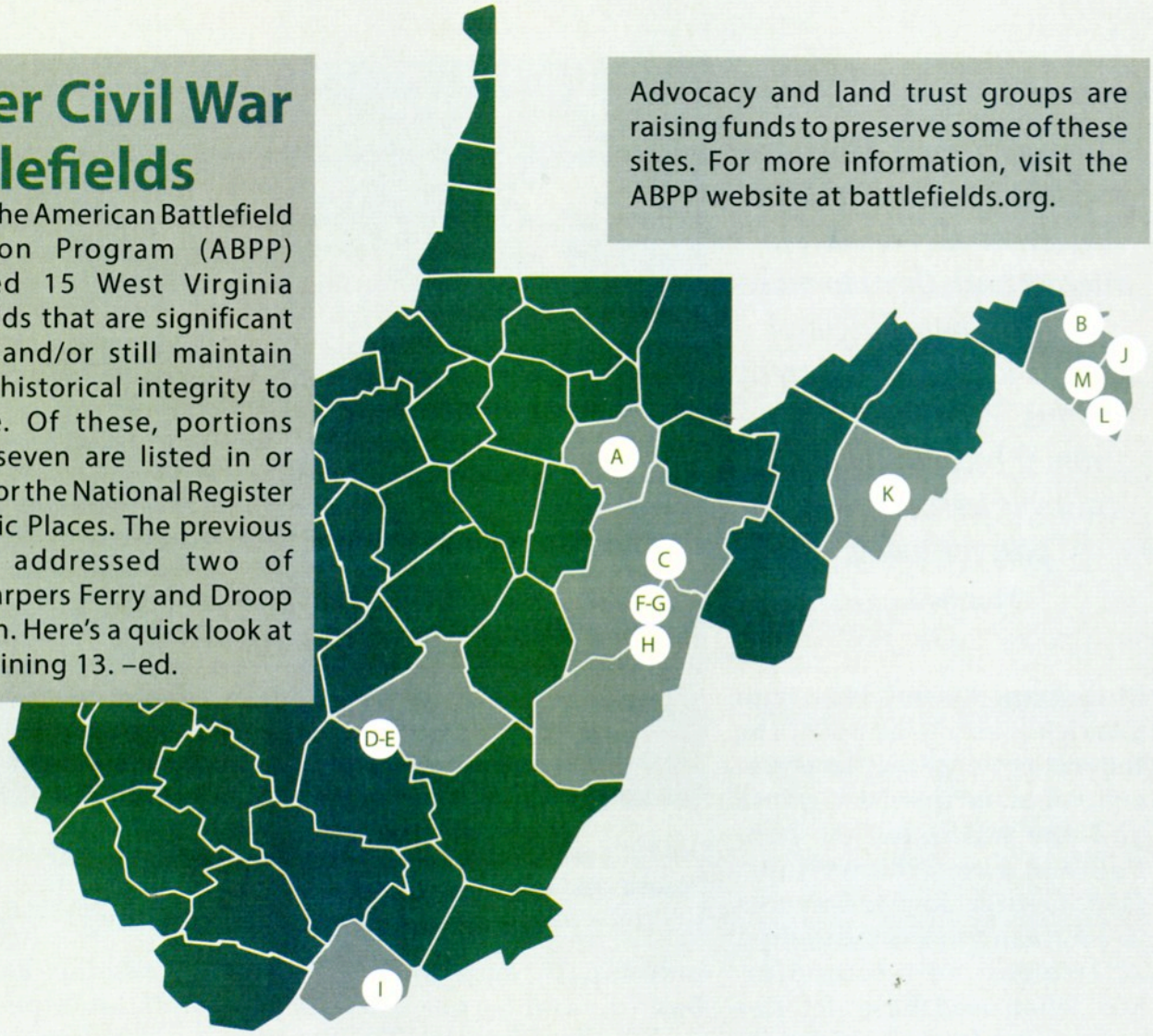
It's hard to cut Hunter off because he knows so many good stories and clearly likes to share them. "Did you know I was born in Clarksburg, the same birthplace as Stonewall Jackson? Most people don't know the real Stonewall Jackson; he was more amusing and entertaining than what is often portrayed." That coincidence pleases Hunter as he continues to look for more connections between today and the events of the past.

SUSAN M. PIERCE is a native of Columbus, Ohio, and a graduate of Bryn Mawr College. After earning her master's in Historic Preservation from Columbia University, she moved to West Virginia in 1987 to work at the Division of Culture and History. She has been our Deputy State Historic Preservation Officer since 1997. Susan has written numerous essays and articles and is the mother of a teenager. This is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

Other Civil War Battlefields

In 2010, the American Battlefield Protection Program (ABPP) identified 15 West Virginia battlefields that are significant enough and/or still maintain enough historical integrity to preserve. Of these, portions of only seven are listed in or eligible for the National Register of Historic Places. The previous articles addressed two of these: Harpers Ferry and Droop Mountain. Here's a quick look at the remaining 13. –ed.

Advocacy and land trust groups are raising funds to preserve some of these sites. For more information, visit the ABPP website at battlefields.org.



A. Philippi, June 3, 1861
This early skirmish ended with Confederates scampering from town—some in their night clothes. Nicknamed the "Philippi Races," the Union win helped the North secure northwestern Virginia, allowing our statehood process to move forward. Today, the battle site is only about 6% protected, and little remains in its original form, except for the surrounding heights, some of the Union advance from Grafton, and the restored covered bridge.

B. Hoke's Run / Falling Waters, July 2, 1861
This Union victory in Berkeley County was part of the First Manassas (Bull Run) campaign. It pitted two Civil War legends: Col. George H. Thomas (USA) and Col. Thomas J. Jackson (CSA), who would earn his nickname "Stonewall" 19 days later at Manassas. None of the battlefield is protected; most has been destroyed by modern housing and Interstate 81. While a few sites are still intact, the entire battlefield could be gone by 2025.

C. Rich Mountain, July 17, 1861
This Union victory in Randolph County—the last of a series of battles starting at Philippi—essentially ended the South's control of the region for the rest of the war. Less than ¼ of the battlefield is protected; the site is threatened by housing and road development.

D. Kessler's Cross Lanes, August 21, 1861
Fought mostly in Nicholas County (and some in Fayette), this was a rare Southern victory west of the Alleghenies. Weeks later, a loss at Carnifex Ferry pushed the Confederates from the region. Only a small portion of the larger campaign is protected, but the battlefield offers a great chance for preservation.

E. Carnifex Ferry, September 10, 1861
Carnifex Ferry gave the North control of the central part of

the state for much of the rest of the war. Today, the core battle areas are intact, but some are threatened due to the lack of zoning regulations. Carnifex Ferry Battlefield State Park has done a good job of interpreting the battle through a museum, wayside exhibits, and tours. It's also an excellent day outing for hikers and nature enthusiasts.

F. Cheat Mountain, September 12-15, 1861
Despite Robert E. Lee's now-revered military status, his first campaign—starting with this humiliating defeat near the Randolph-Pocahontas County line—nearly put him behind a desk for the war. One of our best-preserved sites, more than 5,000 battlefield acres are protected and publicly accessible. The site includes wayside exhibits and a driving tour.

G. Greenbrier River, October 3, 1861
This battle, near the Cheat Mountain skirmish, was a stalemate. Today, about ¼ of the site is protected by the Monongahela National Forest. The Camp Bartow National Historic District has wayside exhibits. The main threat is residential development around Bartow, but the original camp and battlefield are very much intact.

H. Camp Allegheny, December 13, 1861
Camp Allegheny may very well have been the highest-elevation battle (4,400+ feet) of the war. On that bitterly cold day, the two sides fought to a draw. Managed now by the Monongahela National Forest, the battle site contains more than 1,500 acres, with wayside exhibits and a driving tour. The ABPP writes, "Above the valley floor, the battlefield landscape is virtually unchanged since the Civil War."

I. Princeton Court House, May 15-17, 1862
This minor Confederate victory in Mercer County's seat was a sideshow (though locally important) to Stonewall Jackson's dazzling 1862 Shenandoah Valley Campaign. Since the battle transpired almost entirely within the town limits, the landscape has been "altered beyond recognition," according to the ABPP. Other than interpretation, such as signage at the Dr. Robert B. McNutt House, little can be done to preserve the battle sites.

J. Shepherdstown, September 19-20, 1862
After Antietam, Union troops, led by Fitz John Porter (who'd soon be court-martialed), cautiously pursued the Confederate rear guard as Robert E. Lee moved south. For two days, the two sides clashed along the Potomac River at Shepherdstown. The battle is significant because it (1) was the bloodiest action fought in present West Virginia (nearly 700 casualties), (2) convinced Lee not to re-invade Maryland, and (3) led weeks later to the dismissal of Union commander George McClellan. Today, only about 10% of the battlefield is protected. While Jefferson County land is in high demand, this battlefield benefits from an active preservation community and its significance to the Maryland Campaign.

K. Moorefield, August 7, 1864
This Union victory virtually doomed Confederate Gen. Jubal Early's 1864 Shenandoah Valley Campaign by cutting his cavalry force in half. Today, none of the key battle sites are protected, and many are gone. Much of the preservation effort is focused on saving the routes of troop movements in Hardy, Hampshire, and Mineral counties. Interpretive signs mark where important actions took place.

L. Summit Point, August 21, 1864
Early in Union Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan's 1864 Shenandoah Valley Campaign, Confederate forces converged on his troops near Charles Town (Jefferson County). Sheridan's men, though, escaped to Halltown, a few miles east. Sheridan's successful campaign protected Washington, D.C., from Confederate attack and helped reassure Lincoln's re-election. The National Park Service received a recent grant to protect 280 acres of the site. Some 450 acres have already been preserved, but with more than 6,000 acres of unprotected land, it's considered one of our most endangered battlefields.

M. Smithfield Crossing, August 25-29, 1864
Fought in Jefferson and Berkeley counties, this was a continuation of Early's campaign. After some initial success, his Confederates were pushed back. This was the last significant Civil War action in West Virginia. Only a small fraction of the battlefield's 3,647 acres is protected; due to the region's rapid growth, the site is considered extremely endangered.

A Visit with Eddy Cathers

Text and photos by Carl E. Feather

It takes Eddy Cathers a couple of minutes to answer the door by the time he gets out of bed, pulls himself up on his walker, and pushes it to the door of his house in Sistersville, Tyler County. But once he opens it, Eddy knows just what to do. After all, he was a Walmart greeter for 15 years.

"I worked up [in New Martinsville] from the time the store was built," Eddy tells me. "I started at the bottom of the ladder, and I actually stayed at the bottom."

Bad hearing, bad knees, and a blood clot in his leg kept Eddy from climbing that ladder, literally and figuratively. His hearing took a turn for the worse when he lost his hearing aid at work.

"[While working in lawn and garden], I bent over, and the hearing aid fell out in a flower. I never did find it. I suppose it started beeping eventually when someone got [the flower] home," he says.

When treatment for the blood clot required hospitalization in spring 2016, he went on disability. He has since devoted his attention to making woodcrafts, which he sells from the front porch of his Diamond Street house.

The house, says Charles Winslow, owner of Sistersville's *INNformer* newspaper, is an old "oil shack" from the region's boom days. Eddy doesn't know much about that except what his late mother, Minerva, told him when he was a boy. Before Minerva and Eddy's father, Kenneth, moved their family to the riverfront house, Minerva's brother lived there. He made moonshine and distributed it from compartments cleverly cut into the bead board around the porch. Eddy points out the familiar storage lockers, about two-feet square, where hooch was made available to buyers in the know.

"I used to store my toys in them," Eddy says. "There are three [compartments] upstairs and two downstairs."

Eddy was about eight years-old when his family moved into the three-bedroom frame house, which still needs everything, including demolition.

"Anytime we get a wind that is above 40 miles per hour, you can feel the house swaying back and forth," he says.

That's why Eddy plans to have the old homestead leveled once he moves into the house immediately north of his. It will be emotionally difficult to see the house come down, especially since it was given to him by the family after his mother died. He and his father did the electrical wiring more than 50 years ago. His father was an electrician but let his son choose his own path and supported it with the tools of the trade.

"He asked me one day what I wanted to do when I grew up. And I said I'd like to learn how to work on cars. And he came home with a set of keys, a toolbox, and told me to look outside. There was a 1960 Corvair out there for me," Eddy says.

Eddy Cathers discusses his woodcrafts, which he makes in a workshop behind his house in Sistersville.

His father died from a heart attack shortly thereafter. Eddy learned the mechanic's trade and worked in shops around the area. He also became interested in woodcrafts and started building working models of oil wells and boats from craft sticks and tongue depressors. The models won blue ribbons at area competitions, encouraging Eddy to expand into woodworking. When he got his job at Walmart, Eddy started setting aside some of his pay each month to set up a workshop in a shed behind his house.

"My family was kind of against this," Eddy says as he unlocks the shop door. "But I wanted it, so I borrowed the money from the bank and had it built."

The cozy shop is stocked with power tools ranging from a scroll saw to a sander, drills, and a table saw. "I'd like to have a wood lathe," Eddy says when asked what's missing. "My brother had one that he was going to give me, and then he passed away and I never got it. But I'll eventually get one."

Eddy calls his workshop his "man cave," and he's as proud of it as he is his truck, his other prized worldly possession.

"I value [the workshop] so much I even got a home security system on it," he says.

He spends up to seven hours a day in here, turning out birdhouses, toys, children's banks, and whatever design happens to catch his fancy.

"Some of the stuff just pops in my head. I see it, and I build it," he says. "I'll wake up in

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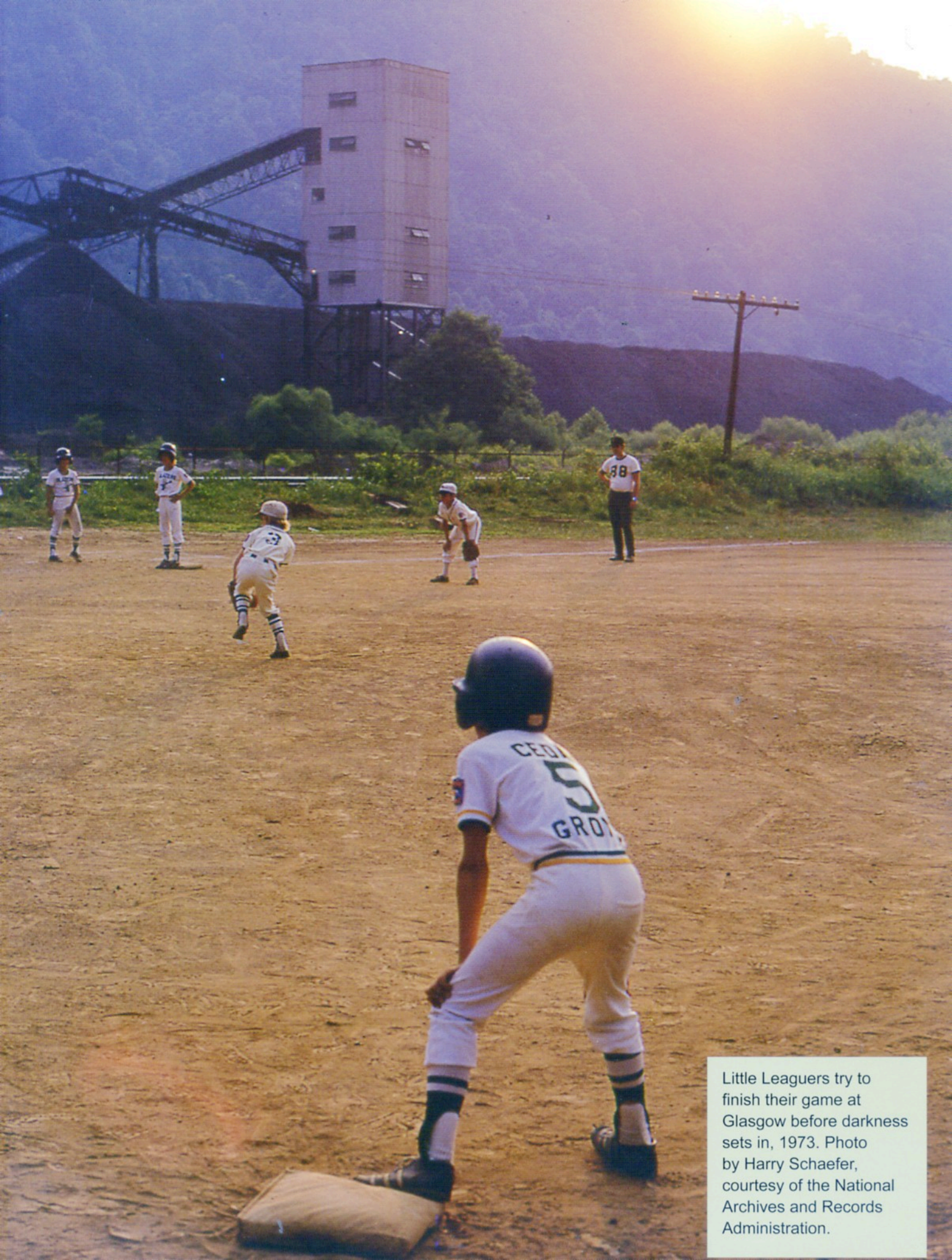
Eddy points to the hidden compartments where his uncle used to stash bootleg liquor. Customers would pick up their hooch and leave their money behind in the small lockers.

the middle of the night, have a dream about something, and get up and go to work on it."

When he's done with a project, it goes on his front porch with a price ticket. Eddy's bad knees prevent him from moving his crafts to festivals and markets, so he depends upon the local traffic and visitors passing his house on their way to the Sistersville Ferry. A $5 sale makes his day. He usually heads right to the store to purchase materials and paint.

"I'm hoping when they tear down the house, they will find a couple of quarts of moonshine in there," he says.

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 follow Carl's blog at thefeathercottage.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.



Little Leaguers try to finish their game at Glasgow before darkness sets in, 1973. Photo by Harry Schaefer, courtesy of the National Archives and Records Administration.

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92

0 94295 76645 1