Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Volume 7, No. 2 April/June 1981

Vandalia Gathering

The fifth Vandalia Gathering is scheduled for the weekend of May 22-24. As usual, Vandalia will be held on the grounds of the Cultural Center and the nearby State Capitol in Charleston, and inside the Center itself.

Vandalia, West Virginia's annual folklife festival, offers the finest of our state's traditional music and folk arts and crafts. A schedule of events was not available when GOLDENSEAL went to press, but Vandalia will feature performances,

craft demonstrations, and music contests throughout the weekend. There will be a special exhibit of the S. George Company "Flour Sack Art" wood block prints from the July-September GOLDENSEAL. Printer Cliff Harvey of Morgantown will demonstrate print making on an antique flatbed press, and prints will be offered for sale in the Center's Shop.

Vandalia 1981 is dedicated to the memory of Clay County musician and craftsman Jenes Cottrell, a festival regular who died last December (see "Remembering Jenes Cottrell" in this GOLDENSEAL). Vandalia is sponsored by the Department of Culture and History, with all events open to the public at no charge. Come join us in celebration of West Virginia's traditional culture, and in remembrance of a remarkable West Virginian.

Photographs on this page and inside the back cover are from the 1980 Vandalia Gathering. Color photography by Rick Lee.

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Goldenseal

A Quarterly Forum for Documenting West Virginia's Traditional Life

Volume 7, Number 2 ♣ April-June 1981

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letters from readers

GOLDENSEAL welcomes letters of general interest from readers. Our address is Department of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305.

Berowra Heights, Australia
December 4, 1980
Editor:
May we offer our congratulations on publishing a superb magazine. We were in West Virginia in 1979 and thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality which everyone we met showed us, especially Fiddler Joe Dobbs of the Fret 'n' Fiddle in Huntington and his family.

We own one square yard of land up at Skin Creek and hope to be able to visit our "holding" sometime in the next few years. Australia is a long way from West Virginia, and GOLDENSEAL helps us renew our acquaintance with each issue.
Yours sincerely,
Rod and Judy Jones

The Ellisons of Hans Creek Valley

Hazard, Kentucky
October 25, 1980
Editor:
We want to thank you for the October-December 1980 issue of GOLDENSEAL. It was most exciting to read the splendid article, "The Ellisons of Hans Creek Valley," by my sister-in-law, Helen Steele Ellison. For over two centuries the Ellisons have lived on the Monroe County farm which is indeed rich in history, as the author has shared so vividly. I'm sure the immediate family as well as the public in general is appreciative of the fact that Helen Ellison has taken the time to research and preserve a brief account of family history of bygone days. How often we take our roots for granted and place no emphasis on preserving family history until it is too late. We should make every effort to question senior members of our families concerning their childhood and the "old days" before it is too late. Each family should have an official historian.

Thank you for your interesting publication.
Sincerely,
A.D. Ellison, Jr.

Ballard, WV
November 30, 1980
Editor:
It has been brought to my attention that you publish the GOLDENSEAL and that one may receive it free for the asking.

Mrs. Florence M. Wesley, who is 85 years old and alone, would enjoy receiving the magazine so very much. Someone gave her a copy and it had an article about the Ellisons of Hans Creek in it. Since she was born, raised, and has lived her entire life near the Ellisons it was read and reread by her. She enjoyed it so much. Her father was a carpenter who built the finest homes in all that area as well as the stores and churches.

Thank you so very much.
Sincerely,
Irene Greene

Mother Jones

Parkersburg, WV
December 4, 1980
Editor:
I have just finished reading my first copy of GOLDENSEAL, sent to me by cousin Willa Maddy of Beckley.

I find the story of Mother Jones very interesting. I heard her make a speech standing on a stump at Scarbro, when the miners were trying to form a union. We were one of a dozen families that were evicted from company houses at Harvey. My father was a coal miner and approved of a union. It was 1908 or 1909, I was too young to know what it was all about, but I remember getting awful tired of soup beans and cornbread.
Best wishes,
Betty Hughes Miller

The Lilly Reunion

Austell, Georgia
November 29, 1980
Editor:
I recently received GOLDENSEAL as a compliment from Governor John D. Rockefeller. I am a direct descendant of the Lilly family of West Virginia, through the Oregon branch of Lillys.

In reference to the "Lilly Reunion 1979" article by Yvonne Snyder Farley and photographs by Doug Chadwick: Looking at GOLDENSEAL's picture of laying the floral piece at the Lilly monument on the inside cover of the magazine, it became so real to me as if I were there honoring this colonial family, at this beautiful site with the sun streaming through. Yvonne Snyder Farley did a spendid job.

I also enjoyed "Aunt Nannie Meador and the Bluestone Dam," by Michael Meador. The Lilly family and Meador family are related by marriage all the way through. I really think the entire book was a perfect magazine, especially the folklore and human interest articles. This GOLDENSEAL has become a treasure to add to our Lilly family memorabilia.

What a nice state West Virginia is. Its people, its traditions, and its breathtaking beauty. No wonder our ancestors Robert and Fannie Moody Lilly stopped and looked with adoration at this magnificent wilderness and decided: This shall be our home.
Sincerely,
Mrs. Eleanor Lilly Rustin

Goldenseal

Lewisburg, WV
November 25, 1980
Editor:
I have just been introduced to your magazine this evening by my wife, who brought the last two issues home to show me. I enjoyed them a great deal, and would be pleased if you could put my name on your limited mailing list.

A letter from Paul Lilly, also of Lewisburg, on the last page of the July-September issue, particularly caught my eye. Mr. Lilly says he was given the herb goldenseal as a child in Summers County, but doesn't

remember if it helped him or not. At least, he said, it didn't kill him. I was introduced to the root about three years ago by an ardent 'senger in Roane County, who often brought it back from ginseng digging trips. He gave me some of the root, which he called yellowroot, to chew on as a cold remedy. Believe it or not, it worked.

Since that time, I have purchased goldenseal in powder form from several pharmacies in West Virginia. I make it into a bitter tonic, which is more palatable when served hot, and it is quite effective for all kinds of chest and head congestion. Perhaps your readers would like to know that the stuff is so freely available.

Sincerely,
Michael G. Sheridan

current programs·festivals·publications

Retired Miners Sought

The West Virginia Coal Life Project is seeking retired miners in the Charleston, Huntington, and Wheeling areas willing to contribute their skills, expertise, and time in helping to develop an exhibit on the history of coal mining. The exhibit will be presented at the Cultural Center in Charleston, at Huntington Galleries in Huntington, and at Oglebay Park in Wheeling.

While the exhibit is on display in these three cities, the Project hopes to recruit retired miners to serve at information booths. Volunteers need no special training, just the willingness to share their experiences in coal mining with visitors at the exhibition. Those interested may contact Barbara Phillips at the Coal Life Project, Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston, WV 25305; phone (304)348-2436.

GOLDENSEAL Mailing List Freeze

Beginning in late January, we have again had to stop adding new names to the GOLDENSEAL mailing list. This temporary freeze will probably be in effect through the end of June. All names submitted in the meantime will be held for later addition.

The current freeze reflects the continuing conflict between our limited budget and the growing popularity of GOLDENSEAL. By last Christmas we were adding more than 200 new names weekly, and rapidly filling up the vacancies created when we — with your help — completely revised the mailing list in mid-1980. This coming July 1 marks the beginning of a new fiscal year for state government, and holds the hope of increased funding for GOLDENSEAL.

As usual, we depend on your support. It is critical that you keep us informed of changes in your name or mailing address. Please let us know if you are receiving duplicate copies, or if you no longer want the magazine.

Of course, we will continue to mail GOLDENSEAL to those already on our mailing list.

—Ken Sullivan

More Films on West Virginia and Appalachia

For the past two years Steve Fesenmaier, head of Film Services at the West Virginia Library Commission, has kept GOLDENSEAL readers informed of new films of state and regional interest. The list below includes all such films acquired by the Library Commission over the past year.

This year Fesenmaier notes that Film Services now has all Appalshop films, and the work of all of West Virginia's independent filmmakers. He calls particular attention to *Portrait of a Coal Miner,* the National Geographic film featuring Boone County's Ferrell No. 17 mine, released shortly before the tragic explosion there last fall.

All Library Commission films may be borrowed through county public libraries anywhere in the state.

The Appalshop Show
90 min. Color
1977 Appalshop
Excerpts from 12 Appalshop films are compiled into a story of the rich culture and social issues of the Appalachian region. Includes a look at Appalshop's unique film workshop and art center in Whitesburg, Kentucky.

A Dream Come True
35 min. Color
1978 Alfred Shands
A documentary about the history of Appalachia. The company town of Jenkins, in eastern Kentucky, is used as an example of the long relationship between the industrial development of America and the expansion of American industry into rugged Appalachia. The role of the railroad companies is emphasized. Based on the state geological survey, outside capitalists built railroads, imported workers, and bought the land to mine coal and other natural resources.

Karl Hess: Toward Liberty
26 min. Color
1979
Goldwater speech writer Karl Hess dropped out of mainstream America in 1964, and now lives by barter in Kearneysville, Jefferson County. A political libertarian and tax protestor, Hess is a leader in the back-to-the-land movement and a "practitioner" of alternate technology.

The Legend of John Henry
11 min. Color
1974 Pyramid/Bosustow
Roberta Flack provides the music to this film about the black folk hero of Appalachia and America. Featuring John Henry's famous race against the steam drill at the Big Bend Tunnel in Summers County, this movie has won several international awards and is recommended for children by Learning *magazine and the American Library Association.*

Morris Family Old Time Music Festival
30 min. B&W
1980 (1972) Omnificient Systems
Dave and John Morris held their own annual music festival at Ivydale, Clay County, from 1969 to 1972. The festival was known for its traditional music, good times, and rain. The film stars many of West Virginia's best-known musicians, including the late Uncle Homer Walker, Ira Mullins, and the Morris Brothers themselves.

Oaksie
22 min. Color
1979 Appalshop
Basketmaker, fiddler, and harp player Oaksie Caudill from Cowan Creek, Letcher County, Kentucky. Oaksie makes a basket, from the selection of the tree to the actual weaving. His fiddle playing and harp playing are also shown.

The Oldest New River
28 min. Color
1974 Joe Maynor Films
A trip back in time to the early days of the New River community of Thurmond. Many of the buildings shown no longer exist, as the area slips slowly back into the forest.

Ourselves and That Promise
27 min. Color
1977 Appalshop
Four contemporary Kentuckians — James Still, Robert Penn Warren, Ronnie Criswell, and Billy Davis — discuss their work as artists as well as their relationship to the environment.

Portrait of a Coal Miner
15 min. Color
1980 National Geographic
Before the recent tragedy in Ferrell No. 17, Madison, Boone County, filmmakers for National Geographic's new film series, "Community Life in America," made a film in that mine. Focusing on the Marcus family, the basic facts about coal mining are shown along with the life style of a foreman's family. Elementary school orientation.

Quilting Women
28 min. Color
1976 Appalshop
An affectionate appreciation of the quilting art and the countless women who practice it. Photographs of past artisans are included in this film celebrating the vast array of beautifully intricate patterns.

Stripmining: Energy, Environment, Economics
55 min. Color
1979 Appalshop
The most comprehensive film available on the problems of stripmining interviews people on both sides as well as government officials. Centers on the people of West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, showing the conflict between short-term profit and long-term ecological damage.

Tol'able David
120 min. B&W
1921 Silent
One of the finest and most influential feature films of the silent era. Shot on location in Crab Bottom, Virginia, with references to West Virginia and the Tug River. The story combines the Biblical tale of David and Goliath with the feuding of the Hatfields and McCoys. The film was a big box office success, an award winner, and influenced film directors all over the world. The director, Henry King, was one of Hollywood's greatest.

Waterground
16 min. Color
1977 Appalshop
Winebarger's Mill, a water-powered gristmill that has been in the family for five generations, is compared to the General Mills plant in Johnson City, Tennessee. Timely issues such as social change, energy, and meaningful work are discussed.

Woodrow Cornett: Letcher County Butcher
10 min. B&W
1971 Appalshop
How a mountain butcher goes about killing and butchering a hog for one of his customers.

Working for Your Life
57 min. Color
1980 Institute for Industrial Relations
West Virginia women coal miners and chemical workers are two of the groups of working women which are discussed in this first film on the special dangers presented in the workplace for women. Other groups include hairdressers, clerical workers, nurses, and many other occupations.

The Aracoma Story

Logan County's historical drama, *The Aracoma Story,* will be presented again this summer at Chief Logan State Park, on W.Va. Route 10 near Logan. Nightly performances will be at 8:30 p.m., from June 17 through 21 and June 24 through 28.

The Aracoma Story is set in Revolutionary-period Appalachia. According to legend, Aracoma, daughter of Chief Cornstalk, rescued white renegade Boling Baker, then scouting for the British Army. The play reenacts their tragic love story. In 1780 an Indian village was destroyed at the site of modern Logan, and Princess Aracoma is supposed to have been buried there.

Aracoma, by Thomas M. Patterson, was first produced for the Logan Centennial in 1952, and presented again the following year. The play was revived in 1976 for the American Bicentennial, at which time a new amphitheater was constructed at Chief Logan Park. The drama has been performed annually since 1976.

A second production, *Oliver,* will be presented later in the season, from July 29 through August 2 and August 5 through 9. Further information about both plays is available from *The Aracoma Story,* P.O. Box 2016, Logan 25601; phone (304)752-0253.

Bound GOLDENSEAL Volumes for Sale

A special bound edition of Volume 6 of GOLDENSEAL has been produced, and is now being offered for sale to the public. The hard-bound volumes include all four issues of the magazine for 1980.

This limited edition of 50 bound copies will be hand-numbered, with the first book to be presented to Governor Rockefeller. Other copies will be sold at $25 each, while the supply lasts. The volumes are being marketed through The Shop, at the Cultural Center in Charleston.

(continued on page 70)

summer craft and music events

GOLDENSEAL's "Summer Craft and Music Events" listing is prepared three to six months in advance of publication. Information contained in the listing was accurate so far as we could determine at the time the magazine went to press. However, it is advisable to check with the organization or event to make certain dates have not been changed.

April 2-4
Heritage Days (Parkersburg Community College) — Parkersburg

April 11
Feast of the Ramson (Richwood High School Cafeteria) — Richwood

April 23-26
Dogwood Arts & Crafts Festival (Huntington Civic Center) — Huntington

April 25-26
Braxton County Arts & Crafts Show (National Guard Armory) — Gassaway

April 25-May 2
Dogwood Festival — Mullens

May 2-3
Arts & Crafts and Performing Arts Festival (Grand Vue Park) — Moundsville

May 8-10
Annual Blue Ridge Quilt Show (KOA Kampground) — Harpers Ferry

May 8-10
Spring Balloon & Bluegrass Weekend (Fox Fire Camping Resort) — Milton

May 14-16
Three Rivers Coal Festival — Fairmont

May 15-17
Mason County Arts & Crafts Fair (National Guard Armory) — Point Pleasant

May 15-17
Potomac Highlands Bluegrass Festival — Moorefield

May 17
Maifest (Bavarian Inn) — Shepherdstown

May 17
Festival of Traditional Music (Pricketts Fort) — Fairmont

May 22-24
Vandalia Gathering (Cultural Center) — Charleston

May 27-31
West Virginia Strawberry Festival — Buckhannon

June 4-6
Calhoun County Wood Festival — Grantsville

June 7
Rhododendron State Outdoor Art, Craft, and Photography Festival (State Capitol Grounds) — Charleston

June 12-14
Tenth Annual Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival — Harpers Ferry

June 17-21 and 24-28
"The Aracoma Story" (Chief Logan State Park Amphitheater) — Logan

June 18-21
West Virginia State Folk Festival — Glenville

June 19-20
Jackson County Gospel Sing — Cottageville

June 19-21
Monroe County Arts & Crafts Fair — Peterstown

June 19-21
Locust Grove Bluegrass Festival (Nevera's Farm) — Hazelton

June 19-21
Wild & Wonderful West Virginia Weekend (North Bend State Park) — Cairo

June 19-21
Bluegrass Pickin' on Twelve Pole Creek Festival — Dickerson

June 20
West Virginia Day Festival (Hopemont Hospital) — Hopemont

June 20-Aug. 30
"Hatfields and McCoys" and "Honey in the Rock" (Cliffside Amphitheatre, Grandview State Park) — Beckley

June 20-21
Oglebay Institute Art & Craft Festival (Ice Rink, Wheeling Park) — Wheeling

June 24-27
Arts & Crafts Show (Grand Central Mall) — Parkersburg

June 26-28
West Virginia Regatta Festival — Sutton

July 1-5
Mountain State Art & Craft Fair (Cedar Lakes) — Ripley

July 4
Frontier Fourth Celebration (Pricketts Fort) — Fairmont

July 4-6
Fourth Annual Riverfront Festival (City Levee) — Charleston

July 10-11
Virginia Point Days (Virginia Point Park) — Kenova

July 10-12
Pioneer Days — Marlinton

July 10-12
Fourth Annual Quilt Show (North Bend State Park) — Cairo

July 11-12
Local Crafts Weekend (Pricketts Fort) — Fairmont

July 12-Aug. 14
Augusta Heritage Arts Workshops (Davis & Elkins College) — Elkins

July 17
Williamstown Volunteer Firemen's Ice Cream Social — Williamstown

July 20-25
4-H and Wood County Fair — Mineral Wells

July 24-25
Ninth Annual Old Time Fiddlers and Blue Grass Convention (New Glenwood Park) — Bluefield

July 24-26
Pocahontas County Mountain Music and Bluegrass Festival — Huntersville

July 25-26
Mid-Summer Fling/Arts & Crafts Fair/ Gas & Steam Engine Festival — Lesage

July 27-Aug. 1
Jackson County Junior Fair — Cottageville

July 28-Aug. 2
Marshall County Fair — Moundsville

July 28-Aug. 1
Doddridge County Fair — Smithburg

Aug. 1
Ice Cream Social — Waverly

Aug. 2-8
Berkeley County Youth Fair (Colburn Field) — Inwood

Aug. 3-8
Bramwell Street Fair — Bramwell

Aug. 3-8
Taylor County Fair — Grafton

Aug. 3-9
Tyler County Fair — Middlebourne

Aug. 4-8
Tri-County Fair — Petersburg

Aug. 4-8
Cherry River Festival — Richwood

Aug. 4-9
Magnolia Fair — Matewan

Aug. 5-8
Wirt County Fair — Elizabeth

Aug. 5-8
Pleasants County Festival — St. Marys

Aug. 5-8
Hancock County Fair — Newell
Aug. 6-8
Decker's Creek Valley Days — Morgantown
Aug. 6-9
Hughes River Holiday — Harrisville
Aug. 7-9
Ninth Annual Logan Arts & Crafts Fair (Logan Memorial Fieldhouse) — Logan
Aug. 10-15
Nicholas County Fair — Summersville
Aug. 10-15
Monongalia County Fair — Morgantown
Aug. 11-16
Town and Country Days (Wetzel County 4-H Camp) — New Martinsville
Aug. 14-15
Augusta Festival — Elkins
Aug. 14-16
Moundsville Community Days — Moundsville
Aug. 14-16
The Ohio River Festival (Riverfront Park) — Ravenswood
Aug. 14-16
Locust Grove Bluegrass Festival (Nevera's Farm) — Hazelton
Aug. 14-16
West Virginia State Square and Round Dance Convention (Salem College) — Salem
Aug. 14-16
"Devil's Grease" (North Bend State Park) — Cairo
Aug. 15
Ice Cream Social — Lubeck
Aug. 15
Square Dance and Cake Walk (Pricketts Fort) — Fairmont
Aug. 15-16
Lilly Reunion (Raleigh County Civic Center/Armory) — Beckley
Aug. 16
Community Days Concert (Traditional) and Fireworks Display (Grand Vue Park) — Moundsville
Aug. 21-22
Jackson County Gospel Singing Convention — Cottageville
Aug. 21-23
Eighth Annual Square Dance Festival (North Bend State Park) — Cairo
Aug. 21-23
Family Balloon & Bluegrass Weekend (Fox Fire Camping Resort) — Milton
Aug. 21-23
Wayne County Fair — Wayne
Aug. 21-29
State Fair of West Virginia — Fairlea
Aug. 22-23
Oglebay Woodcarver's Show (Wheeling Park) — Wheeling
Aug. 22-31
Charleston Sternwheel Regatta Festival — Charleston
Aug. 24-29
Jefferson County Fair — Charles Town
Aug. 24-29
Jackson County Junior Fair — Cottageville
Aug. 25-29
Mannington District Fair — Mannington
Aug. 28-29
Country Roads Festival — Pennsboro
Aug. 28-30
West Virginia Bluegrass Festival (Cox's Field) — Walker
Aug. 28-30
17th Annual Appalachian Arts & Crafts Festival (Raleigh County Armory/Civic Center) — Beckley
Aug. 29-30
Lincoln County Tobacco Fair — Hamlin
Aug. 31-Sept. 4
Barbour County Fair — Philippi
Sept. 4
Sternwheel Regatta Rhododendron Art & Craft & Photography Fair (Capitol Street) — Charleston
Sept. 4-5
Country Roads Festival — Pennsboro
Sept. 4-6
Bluegrass Pickin' on Twelve Pole Creek Festival — Dickerson
Sept. 4-6
West Virginia Italian Heritage Festival — Clarksburg
Sept. 4-7
Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts & Crafts Jubilee (Jackson's Mill) — Weston
Sept. 5
Cairo Days Homecoming — Cairo
Sept. 5-7
Hick Festival — Hendricks
Sept. 6
Roane County Homecoming (Roane County 4-H Grounds) — Spencer
Sept. 6-12
Frontier Days — Shinnston
Sept. 10-13
West Virginia Oil & Gas Festival — Sistersville
Sept. 12
Jackson County Harvest Festival — Ripley
Sept. 12-13
Helvetia Community Fair — Helvetia
Sept. 13
Camp Meeting and Hymn Sing (Pricketts Fort) — Fairmont
Sept. 13
Putnam County Homecoming — Winfield
Sept. 13-19
King Coal Bluegrass Festival — Williamson
Sept. 17-20
Treasure Mountain Festival — Franklin
Sept. 18-19
Ninth Annual John Henry Folk Festival (Concord College) — Athens
Sept. 18-20
Craigsville Fall Festival — Craigsville
Sept. 19-20
Arts & Crafts Fall Festival — Alderson
Sept. 19-20
The Country Festival (Mason County Farm Museum Complex) — Point Pleasant
Sept. 19-20
Country Roads Fall Festival (Hawk's Nest State Park) — Ansted
Sept. 19-20
Harvest Moon Arts & Crafts Festival (City Park) — Parkersburg
Sept. 20
Octoberfest (Bavarian Inn) — Shepherdstown
Sept. 23-26
Tucker County Fair and Firemen's Homecoming — Tucker
Sept. 24-26
West Virginia Molasses Festival — Arnoldsburg
Sept. 24-27
Preston County Buckwheat Festival — Kingwood
Sept. 25-27
Sixth Annual Fall Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival — Harpers Ferry
Sept. 25-27
Golden Delicious Festival — Clay
Sept. 26-27
Hardy County Heritage Weekend — Moorefield
Sept. 30-Oct. 4
Mountain State Forest Festival — Elkins

GOLDENSEAL requests its readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 1982 "Summer Craft and Music Events" please send us information on the correct name of the event, dates, location, and the appropriate contact person(s) or organization, their mailing address, and phone number. We must have this information by January 15, 1982, in order to meet our printing deadline.

Landscaping the experimental community. Arthurdale workers were recruited from local unemployed miners who later would occupy the new homesteads. Photographer unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection/West Virginia University Library.

The New Deal Comes to Preston County

By Kathleen Cullinan and Beth Spence

Photographs by Ron Rittenhouse

A casual visitor to Preston County could drive through the tiny hamlet of Arthurdale, southeast of Morgantown on Route 92, without even realizing that he had passed the site of one of the most far-reaching social reorganization efforts ever attempted by the federal government.

No plaques exist to tell of a progressive school where in the 1930's boys studied home economics, girls took electric shop, and the President of the United States addressed a graduating class in a gymnasium that still is in use for a third generation of Preston County youngsters. Only the bottom line on a roadside sign, tacked on almost as an afterthought, reminds those interested that Arthurdale was the first New Deal homestead farm project, begun by the Bureau of Subsistence Homesteads in 1933, a noble venture presided over by First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt.

Arthurdale was only one of dozens of planned communities built by various agencies of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. Two others were built in West Virginia, the Tygart Valley

Scotts Run picket line, 1931 or 1932. Growing popularity of the radical National Miners Union and government fears of a desperate uprising of unemployed miners were among the reasons for locating the Arthurdale experiment in the Scotts Run area. Photographer unknown.

Homesteads, at Dailey in Randolph County, and the town of Eleanor in Putnam County. Political controversies surrounding these projects have been largely forgotten now, and the three "settlements" survive as unmarked but attractive rural communities.

Even without monuments, history lives in Arthurdale, and is being passed along to today's schoolchildren from the active memories of two extraordinary women who came of age during those turbulent early days of the New Deal.

Glenna Williams and Annabelle Mayor, who still live in the area, were high school students when their parents left poverty-stricken northern West Virginia coal towns to become pioneers in a project designed to show that hopelessness could be overcome if people were given a chance to participate in the building of a democratic, self-sufficient community in which they owned a home and a piece of land.

"The basic idea was that all of us need food, clothing, and shelter," said Miss Williams, who now directs the Rock Forge Neighborhood House near Morgantown. "The government provided houses, the land on which to grow food, and conducted classes to show us how to make clothing."

Scotts Run

The story of Arthurdale began in a string of impoverished coal towns in the Monongahela Valley known as Scotts Run. It was 1932, the worst of the Great Depression. The coal industry had ground to a halt. The American Friends Service Committee (a Quaker group) and other social service agencies were helpless in their attempts to attack the overwhelming despair that had immobilized entire families. Tragically, people were starving as the rich coal deposits beneath them lay unmined.

Flimsy dilapidated shacks with neither running water nor electrical power lined the hillsides and creek banks. Local miners had been out of work for anywhere from three to seven years.

An educator visiting Scotts Run described "whole families living in two squalid rooms with rain leaking so that pails stood on the beds to catch the water. Drainage from priv-

ies seeped through the soil of the steep hillsides into the stream at the bottom, which was the only source of water supply, and typhoid had been rampant.

"A woman with a four-week-old baby, whom we visited, had papered her rooms with clean newspapers to make them a little more sanitary, and was heartbroken to see her efforts ruined by the leaking rain. A man sitting outside was staring dumbly at 21 cents, held out in his hand — his whole earnings for the week."

"It was a disturbing kind of life," remarked Glenna Williams, whose family moved to Scotts Run in 1925 when she was eight years old. "My mother was a prisoner in her own home. She couldn't speak any language except English and we had a Hungarian family on one side and an Italian family on the other. Lots of people moved often. If you lost your job, you had to move out of your home."

In a coal camp in Preston County, eight members of Annabelle Urbas Mayor's family lived in a four-room house lacking running water. "I don't remember my father working regularly ever," she said.

Miss Williams' father was a pick-and-shovel miner whose belief in the United Mine Workers was so strong that he moved his family from Barbour County to Scotts Run in order to work in a union mine. But within a year the UMWA had abandoned Scotts Run, leaving only the communist National Miners Union as a source of support for the workers.

"When I graduated from Osage Grade School in 1931 I won a trip to Charleston," Miss Williams remembered. "The morning I left the miners went out on strike because the company cut the pay from 22½¢ per ton to 20¢. I returned to an armed camp. I couldn't afford to go to high school in 1931. In January 1932 I got a job at the school and was able to pay my bus fare."

Her father was involved with the National Miners Union to the extent that he participated in an NMU-sponsored hunger march on Morgantown in 1932, an event his daughter witnessed from the University High School. But he never lost his UMWA card and at different times served as president of his local union.

"What can you do when there is nothing?" Glenna Williams mused almost half a century later. "We were on the brink of some kind of catastrophe. Our whole country was on the verge of disaster. The depth of despair is hard to imagine."

The Project

It was this atmosphere that Eleanor Roosevelt entered in the summer of 1933, arriving alone and without introduction. Accompanied by Quaker workers Alice Davis and Nadia Danilevsky, she visited with the miners' wives, held their babies in her arms, and listened to their stories of despair and hope.

When she returned to Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt shared her first-hand impressions of life in the mining communities with her husband. And she passed along a warning: the situation was desperate. The Roosevelt Administration had to act quickly or anything might happen.

The President agreed. And he accepted the belief of the Quakers and the West Virginia University Extension Service workers that the stranded workers should be resettled in an area where they could at least grow their own food. He felt the situation could be remedied by the use of the National Recovery Act's $25 million fund — a "blank check" in the words of architect E. Lynn Miller, who has studied homestead communities in West Virginia and Pennsylvania — for the development of subsistence homesteads on which to relocate stranded rural and industrial workers.

The Friends · Service Committee and the Extension Service had been proposing such subsistence homesteads for the area since 1928. According to Miller, "from 1928 to 1932 a West Virginia Agricultural Extension Agent by the memorable name of Bushrod Grimes had organized and developed subsistence gardens for miners, resulting in more than 43,000 gardens yielding an estimated $3 million worth of food."

FDR's confidential secretary Louis Howe learned of a tract of land in Preston County near Scotts Run known as the Arthur Farm, which had been used by WVU for experimental farming purposes. Grimes became the purchasing agent for the government and acquired the 1,018 acres from gentleman farmer Richard Arthur, a former Pittsburgh hotel keeper, for $35,000. Two adjacent tracts were also purchased, increasing the total acreage for the project to 1,200 acres and the total cost to the government to $48,500.

The process of selecting the homesteaders was begun immediately. A selection committee comprised of WVU faculty members and social service workers from the area began work on the more than 600 applications which were received.

The screening of participants is one of the most disturbing aspects of the project. Blacks and foreign-born whites were routinely excluded. The initial questions asked the applicants included:

"Is the family extreme or emotional in its political or economic beliefs?"

"Are there any personality problems in the family (moods, temperament, peculiarities)?"

"Is there any evidence of dishonesty, do the children indulge in petty thievery?"

"Is the woman a good housekeeper?"

Applicants were also graded on a "scale of values," which judged people according to fitness, vigor, farm experience, intelligence, and ambitions.

Glenna Williams viewed the process philosophically. "They were trying to get a group of people that would make a success of their dream."

Building a Community

The federal government moved quickly — perhaps too quickly — to

An overview of Arthurdale during the 1980 Christmas holidays. Although modern structures and house trailers have been added, the spaciousness of the original farmsteads is still apparent.

get the project off the ground. Eleanor Roosevelt's first visit to Scotts Run occured on August 18. By October 13, the Arthur Farm had been purchased by the government and on November 7 the first 25 miners arrived to work on the project, followed nine days later by 11 more.

Some of the men stayed at the Arthur Mansion, which later served as an inn and is now a private residence. Others stayed at a now-abandoned structure known as the Fairfax Inn, then called the Red Onion.

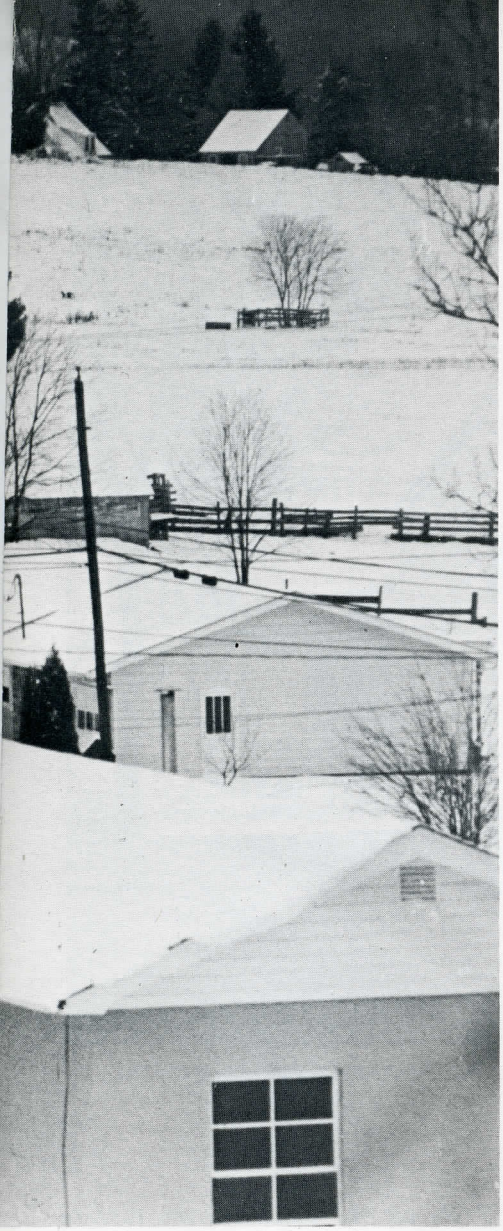
During a visit to West Virginia in November 1933, Howe optimistically — and foolishly — predicted that some of the homesteaders would be in their new homes before Christmas. To that end he telephoned an order for 50 prefabricated houses at a cost of $1,000 each; ordered an architect to plan a community center in two days; and insisted that the Interior Department complete in one week a topographic survey that normally took 40-60 days.

The prefab houses arrived and with them came the first wave of criticism. The houses were a laughingstock: Cape Cod summer homes hardly likely to weather harsh Preston County winters. They were too small and, worse, they did not fit the foundations that had been laid.

"What was happening was an overeagerness to do something," Glenna Williams suggested. "You have to remember that Roosevelt was inaugurated in March 1933. This was the summer of 1933. Things moved so quickly."

The struggling community became the focus of attack for those opposed to New Deal policies. Mrs. Mayor remembered one New York newspaper article which criticized families for keeping coal in a bathtub. "But what could we do about the national press?" she asked. "Sometimes we'd laugh and sometimes we'd get discouraged."

The government's hasty action precluded much participation by the families in planning the community. "The families didn't have anything to do with the planning," Mrs. Mayor said. "You know how government projects are. They say this is what you get and that's what you



get. Most of the people were coal miners who had lived on scrip from payday to payday. They couldn't see to the future.

"How can you plan a progressive school if you have no idea what one is?" she asked.

"It's always easy to second-guess," Miss Williams agreed. "Anytime you have a new dream, you must have someone with a vision. Before people can help plan, they have to share the vision."

Mrs. Roosevelt selected an architect to redesign the Cape Cod houses, which were finally ready for occupancy in June 1934. Later homes were constructed with cinderblock foundations and still others were built with native stone. The First

Eleanor Roosevelt

Eleanor Roosevelt on one of her many visits to Arthurdale. Photographer unknown, courtesy West Virginia Collection/West Virginia University Library.

One day in August 1933 a tall thin woman dressed simply in a dark skirt and white blouse with a white ribbon in her hair got out of a car in the depressed coalfields of northern West Virginia. Accompanied by two Quaker workers, she visited in the homes of mining families along Scotts Run to get a first-hand look at their deplorable living conditions and a better understanding of the frustrations of the American Friends Service Committee in their relief efforts.

As she listened to the wives of out-of-work miners and held their children in her lap, Eleanor Roosevelt was moved by their courage.

The First Lady went back to Washington with a report that resulted in the selection of northern West Virginia for the first New Deal Subsistence Homestead project.

She was to return to Arthurdale time and time again to address graduating classes, to dedicate facilities, to participate in community activities such as square dances, but most of all to visit with the homesteaders, to make sure the government was meeting their needs. Arthurdale became "her baby" in the words of her biographer Joseph Lash and through the years she gave an endless supply of energy and concern to the project.

"She visited our house several times," recalled Annabelle Mayor, whose parents were among the first homesteaders. "She would ask how we were getting along or what we might need. We called her Eleanor or Eleanor Roosevelt, but when we spoke to her we called her Mrs. Roosevelt, of course. At one time or another she brought nearly all of her family down."

A string of letters flowed from the homesteaders to the First Lady. "We consider it very important to have a schoolhouse," a group of miners' wives wrote her.

"We realized the one real friend we had was Eleanor Roosevelt," observed Glenna Williams, another daughter of homesteaders. "People trusted her as they might not trust others because she had taken the time to build trust."

Project workmen add finishing touches to an Arthurdale house in May 1934. Photo by Howard B. Miller, courtesy West Virginia Collection/West Virginia University Library.

Lady helped plan interior designs and furnishings. Even critics had to admit the finished houses were attractive and utilitarian.

When completed, the town of Arthurdale consisted of 165 houses with outbuildings on plots of land of two to five acres, according to Paul K. Conklin in *Tomorrow a New World.* The community center included a community building, forge, cooperative store, barbershop, weaving room, furniture display room, administrative building, craft rooms, and a filling station. Located nearby were the six school buildings, three factories, an inn, a health center, gristmill, and the farms.

Moving In

"It was like a new world," reflected Annabelle Mayor. "Outside there was green grass and trees and room to move. You could just stretch your arms out and whistle and not bump into anyone.

"At Arthurdale when you cleaned, it stayed clean. We had a new house with no bangs or scars — and it was heated. It wasn't like the other place where the railroad track was up above the house and every time the train came by the dust would sift down on you."

Moving day was June 30, 1934, for Glenna Williams' family. The truck came early and loaded up the furniture, but Miss Williams and her younger sister June went on to the new house ahead of the rest of the family.

"It was funny what we took with us," she said. "We carried the clock because we didn't want it to get broken. And I had a relic of childhood a favorite aunt had given me — a cabinet with glass doors that I didn't want to get broken.

"We set the clock on the mantle and you could hear the sound of it ticking all through the house — and all the walls were so white. That's what I remember most."

School, Church, and Community Life

The thing that made Arthurdale a truly unique homestead was the community school, but not even the school failed to escape criticism. Outsiders charged that government funds were wasted in the construction of six buildings for only 246 children. Parents were concerned that their children's innovative education was somehow inferior to the traditional three-R's taught in state-supported schools.

Director Elsie Clapp, a progressive educator personally selected by Mrs. Roosevelt, felt the school should be the center of the new community.

Although modernized, the Mayor house still shows the fine lines of original Arthurdale construction.

She organized square dances, plays, and other social events to bring together neighbors who really didn't know each other.

"Elsie Clapp kept community activities going," Annabelle Mayor noted. "She believed in families doing things together. A lot of people thought women don't know anything. But they figured they just didn't know about this lady."

Those early dances and music festivals were staged at the community center, an attractive frame building now privately owned and crumbling into disrepair. The activities gradually shifted to the school.

With the construction of a community center and school, the one part of community life still missing was a church. "The government provided everything else but they couldn't provide a church," Glenna Williams said.

A non-denominational church was started in the Williams home. "Later we moved the church to the community center where we had had square dances the night before," Miss Williams said. "I wouldn't have gone to the dances because of my religion, but I would go in to clean up before church."

Eventually the church became Presbyterian, and a new stone building was dedicated in 1960 by Eleanor Roosevelt in her last visit to Arthurdale.

The Search for Employment

"We tried a factory and that's where we failed. We had everything else: land, homes, food, and a school."

That failure, as Glenna Williams observed, was the main reason Arthurdale never realized its goal of self-sufficiency. "We were caught in the Depression just like the rest of the country," Miss Williams said. "There just was no market for anything."

Even before the homesteaders moved in, the government began plans for locating industry in the area. Mrs. Roosevelt and her supporters favored the construction of a post office equipment factory at Arthurdale. Protests against this move rumbled through the Congress. The Senate approved the appropriation, but the measure was defeated in the House under the pressure of a beefed-up furniture manufacturers lobby. The harshest criticism came from those who claimed that location of a government factory in a government community would serve to destroy free enterprise and encourage socialism.

With financial incentives from the government, private industry did move to Arthurdale. The first factory

was a vacuum cleaner plant which opened in 1936. But at its peak in January 1937, only 20 homesteaders were employed at the new factory. Primarily due to a lack of a market for vacuum cleaners during the Depression, the plant closed down completely within a year.

For nine months a shirt factory operated in Arthurdale. The number of employees, exclusively female, never exceeded 35. The owners lowered wages, claiming the move was necessary to insure sufficient profits to maintain operations. Miss Williams noted that "the owners wanted cheap labor, but they didn't realize we had a strong history of unionism."

After the closing of these two factories and a farm equipment plant, members of the Administration, and particularly Mrs. Roosevelt, tried in vain to attract new industry to the area. Only American involvement in World War II finally brought an element of financial security to the community with the opening of supportive industries for the war effort.

Another attempt was made at employment through worker-owned cooperatives, a new concept in the area. "We had never heard of co-ops," said Glenna Williams. "We needed more training."

The cooperative ventures included a general store; poultry, dairy, and general farm; gristmill; service station; barbershop; craft shop; the inn; and the most well known, the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association. All lost money. With the exception of the craftsmen's co-op, none employed more than six homesteaders.

For both industry and the cooperatives, the lack of a market hindered efforts and the employment problem continued to plague the project.

Liquidation

Mrs. Roosevelt and Howe believed that no expense should be spared in the development of the new community. Increasingly, their vision of what Arthurdale could become brought them into conflict with the federal bureaucracy, particularly the Division of Subsistence Homesteads and Interior Secretary Harold Ickes.

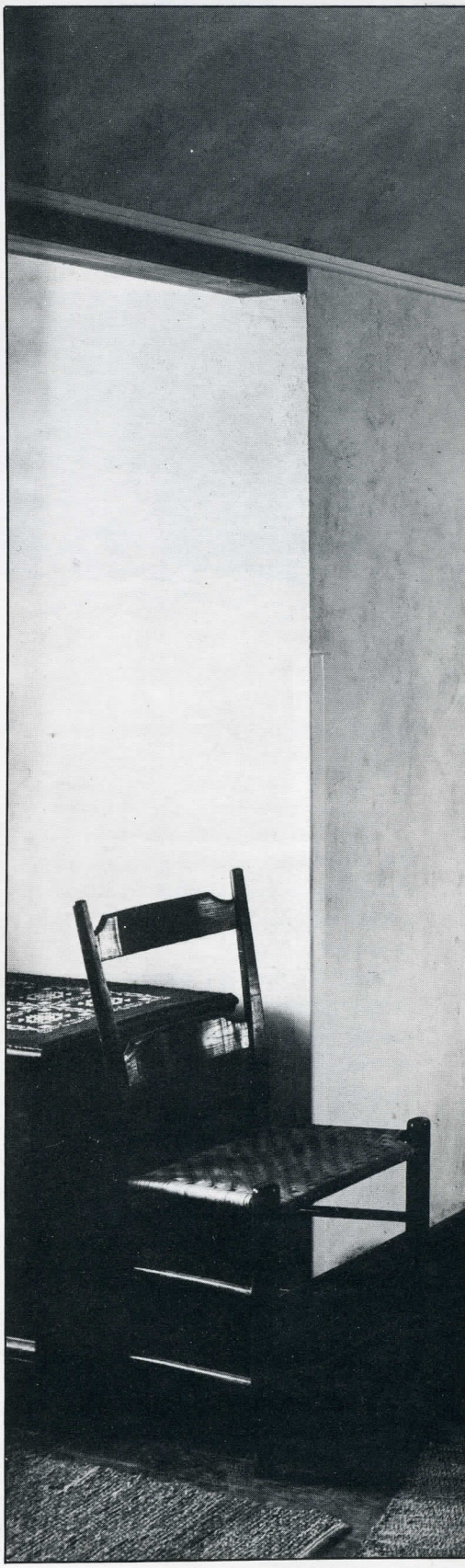
They battled for refrigerators and indoor toilets, features the cost-conscious Ickes felt were unnecessary extravagances. The Secretary insisted that the miners' old ice boxes would serve them just fine and that toilets could be added as families could afford to have them installed. Mrs. Roosevelt argued just as strenuously that the community would not survive if homesteaders were forced to continue to struggle with basic necessities. The homesteaders got their refrigerators and toilets.

Howe and Mrs. Roosevelt "occupied an indefinite, semiofficial position that brought Ickes, the administrator par excellence, to a point of near desperation," according to Conkin. "Although not employees of the Division of Subsistence Homesteads, Mrs. Roosevelt and Howe made many of the important decisions and determined much of the policy at Arthurdale."

As Congressional priorities shifted to the impending war, the Roosevelt Administration's support of the projects declined. The homesteads became a stepchild, shuttled from agency to agency in the federal government.

The homestead communities had begun in the Division of Subsistence Homesteads of the Department of the Interior in July 1933. In 1935, they were transferrred to the Resettlement Administration, an independent agency, which became part of the Department of Agriculture in January 1937. The Farm Security Administration governed the projects from October 1937 to September 1942.

Officials of both the Resettlement Administration and the Farm Security Administration wanted to sell Arthurdale to the homesteaders but were concerned that government withdrawal would throw the project into total disarray. They feared the multi-acre plots would be subdivided and that land speculation would ensue because the homesteads were to



An original Arthurdale interior. The "Godlove chairs" and other furnishings were made in the community. Photographer unknown, April 1934, courtesy West Virginia Collection/West Virginia University Library.

Annabelle Mayor at work in her kitchen. Parquet flooring is part of the original construction, and is now nearly 50 years old.

be sold in fee, a total sale with no restrictions. They also feared that the homesteaders could not maintain payments on the houses.

The homesteaders themselves had been led to believe that Arthurdale would become an independent, self-governing unit. They resented the strong arm of Washington present in even the most trivial matters. Stephen Haid, in "Arthurdale: An Experiment in Community Planning," noted that "community life was influenced by the relationship between the community and the federal government in Washington. Community responsibility and maturity could best be fostered in an environment where the homesteaders could be free to make their own decisions and chart the future course for their community."

Annabelle Mayor recalled, "Things may have turned out better if more people knew what was going on. Some people knew the government was getting out and things

Above: Annabelle Mayor reading in her kitchen. Straight-back "Godlove chair" and the cupboard beside it are original pieces, made by Arthurdale craftsmen.
Below: Glenna Williams at home, surrounded by original Arthurdale furniture. Photo by Kathleen Cullinan.

Arthurdale nursery school children, probably late 1930's. Glenna Williams stands at rear, third from right. Photo by S.H. Garner, courtesy Glenna Williams.

"Learning was made exciting. You didn't want to miss a day because if you did someone would know how to do something you didn't know how to do."

This description of the progressive school that distinguished Arthurdale from the other New Deal homestead communities was provided by Annabelle Urbas Mayor, who was a high school freshman when the school opened in 1934.

From facilities to curriculum and faculty, the school was a unique, and expensive, endeavor. Eleanor Roosevelt personally selected Elsie Clapp, a graduate of Vassar College and Columbia University, to direct the school. The First Lady raised funds from private sources to cover operating expenses.

Clapp, a disciple of progressive education pioneer John Dewey, shared Mrs. Roosevelt's view that "it would be up to the school not only to educate the children but to reawaken hope in the homesteaders, show them how to live more satisfying lives, indeed to breathe life into this new community," according to Joseph Lash in *Eleanor and Franklin.*

In the words of another student, Glenna Williams, Clapp was "quite a gal."

"If ever there was anyone who understood people and what education was, it was Elsie Clapp," said Miss Williams, a member of the first graduating class at Arthurdale High School. "She thought you should participate in your education. She had us doing that from nursery school through high school. We used the environment as resources for education."

That first year students attended classes at the community center and the old Arthur mansion. By the next year, six buildings had been constructed.

"We spent time cleaning windows and unpacking and planting trees," Mrs. Mayor recalled. "That's why it meant so much to us. Anything you help with means

Elsie Clapp's School

more to you. The school was a beautiful idea. It began with nursery school for two-year-olds and went straight through high school.

"We learned to weave and plan meals. The first year I took electric shop and we made radios and telegraph sets and sent messages back and forth between buildings. We even made a telephone.

"In science class we made a surveyor and in math we surveyed where Route 92 is now. In English class we wrote plays, and made the costumes in home economics. The students built an amphitheater."

The entire community turned out for student performances, as well as for the square dances and music festivals organized by Clapp. Originally held in the community center, these activities shifted to the school, which became the hub of community life.

In keeping with this tradition, Dale McVicker, current principal of Valley Junior High School and Arthurdale Elementary, housed in the four remaining Arthurdale School buildings, encourages use of the facilities by residents of the area. McVicker still "looks at the school as a community center."

In the early days, not everyone shared the students' enthusiasm for the new school. "There was much resentment in Preston County about us," Mrs. Mayor reflected. "Many parents felt that if a student went through four years of high school there he wouldn't pass college entrance tests."

"Our education was much richer than that concentrating on reading, writing, and arithmetic," Miss Williams maintained. "We did learn those things, too. The children learned to read and write about things affecting them. Where else were boys taught home economics in the 1930's?"

But even Miss Williams shared the fears that her Arthurdale diploma would not be recognized by colleges. "So I went down to Kingwood and traded in my diploma signed by Eleanor Roosevelt and Elsie Clapp for one that would allow me to go to college. I have grieved over that."

After taking a summer course at Columbia University, Miss Williams returned to the school the next year to teach nursery school children.

When Elsie Clapp departed in the spring of 1936 because of a drying up of private funding, the school was turned over to the Preston County Board of Education. But the effect of this innovative school on the community could not be denied. Rexford Tugwell, director of the Resettlement Administration, acknowledged that "morale at Arthurdale and conditions there were 90 percent better than at any other homestead, entirely due to the school," according to Stephen Haid in "Arthurdale: An Experiment in Community Planning."

That feeling was shared by the students. "I was one of the first people to walk through the door of the school and I always felt it was special," Mrs. Mayor said. "I had been to so many schools and then I came to Arthurdale and spent all four years in one place. I never thought that it would happen to me, we had moved so often.

"My children will never understand why I get so excited, but they've never known any home except Arthurdale."

could be purchased. Some homesteaders knew more than others."

The government began to sell the homesteads in 1941. Under the authority of the Federal Public Housing Authority, which administered Arthurdale from 1942 to 1947, all 165 units were sold by 1947. The costs ranged from $750 to $1249, based on a percentage of income. The market value of the homes at that time was about $6,000.

"This time was the most frustrating for us," Glenna Williams remembered. "It didn't look like Dad would be able to buy our house because of his age and because he wasn't working. But he got it."

The total cost of the project from its inception in 1933 to its liquidation in 1947, according to Haid, was about $3 million.

The Final Judgment

Even today, nearly 50 years later, historians debate whether the homestead projects were a success or failure. The same project that was castigated by the *New York Herald Tribune* as a "thoroughly depressing display of wasteful and demoralizing paternalism" was lauded by Mike Smathers, who grew up in a community adjacent to a homestead, as having a history "which speaks of the human capacity to turn desperation into decency."

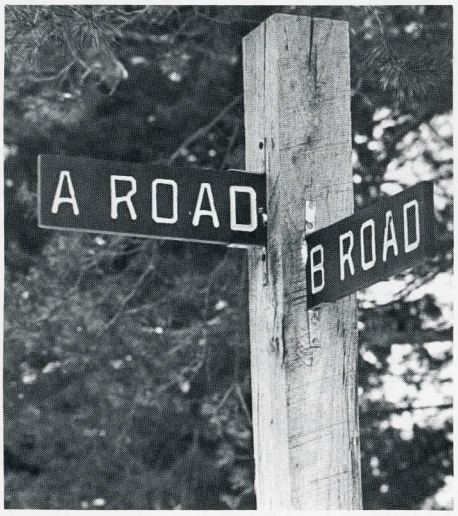
U.S. Senator Jennings Randolph, the New Deal-era legislator still serving in Congress, observed that "the homestead effort led to the Arthurdale of today — a continuing, stable, and strong community. Housing projects of the '50's and '60's in many cases have deteriorated and bowed to the bulldozer."

Whatever final judgment is reached, those persons who were involved in the homestead projects recall a special time. They shared in a struggle out of which grew a community spirit that continues to this day. Productive gardens, rich soil, and a school complex encouraged a quality of life denied residents of the squalid coal camps where existence had been nomadic and landless.

"It made all the difference in the world to my life," Glenna Williams asserted. "I was freed a little from being tied up with the basic necessities of life. I was presented with new visions which opened up worlds I didn't know about. Where else could a child from a mining camp meet Mrs. Roosevelt or Elsie Clapp — people with dreams?

"If judged by the amount of money spent, the project was a failure; if judged by people's lives, what they learned and how they grew, it was certainly a success," she said. "It was an interesting experience. We learned and we were rescued from a different situation."

The authors would like to thank Stephen Haid, Jon Foley of the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial, Glenna Williams, and Annabelle Mayor.



Community roads, at Eleanor Roosevelt's suggestion, were alphabetized.

Further Reading

Paul Conklin, Tomorrow a New World *(Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1956).*

Stephen Haid, "Arthurdale: An Experiment in Community Planning" (Ph.D. dissertation, West Virginia University, 1965).

Joseph P. Lash, Eleanor and Franklin *(New York: W.W. Norton, 1971).*

President Franklin Roosevelt attended the first graduation at Arthurdale School in May 1938. Annabelle Urbas (Mayor) stands at FDR's left shoulder. Photo by Acme Photos, courtesy Annabelle Urbas Mayor.

FDR Visits Arthurdale

The first class to complete all four years of education at Arthurdale school graduated in 1938. With the excitement due for such an event the community planned to give flowers to Eleanor Roosevelt when she came to the commencement. Annabelle Urbas Mayor, a student in that class, was to have the honor of presenting the flowers.

About two weeks before the event school officials contacted Annabelle Mayor. "The principal, E. Grant Nine, called me to his office and said he had a letter from Eleanor Roosevelt saying if we would invite the president to our graduation she thought he would come and give the graduation speech. Eleanor must have known it could have been arranged or she wouldn't have suggested it."

The invitation was made, and the school was notified that both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt would attend. Arthurdale would be the only high school in the nation to have a president as commencement speaker. "Well, what could we give a president?" Mrs. Mayor recalled the dilemma for the community. Since they had nothing for the president they decided not to give the flowers to Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Mayor laughed, "I always say I gave up my place on the program for the president — and that was great."

Arthurdale Craftspeople, 1974

By Colleen Anderson
Photographs by Roy Kelly

In 1974 West Virginia University students Colleen Anderson and Roy Kelly traveled to Arthurdale, where they sought out several of the original craftspeople associated with the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association. The following article is a revision of one they prepared for the May 1974 issue of Hearth and Fair, *GOLDENSEAL's parent magazine.*

Samuel Isaac Godlove of Hardy County created the unique Godlove chairs. Mr. Godlove taught chairmaking to Steve Deak and others associated with the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative.

In 1974, 40 years after its beginning, I discovered Arthurdale. The Federal Homestead project, planned so long ago by Eleanor Roosevelt to relocate and rehabilitate the families of unemployed miners, was a novel idea to me and to my photographer friend Roy Kelly. When we learned that Arthurdale, the first of more than a hundred such resettlement projects, was only a short distance from the West Virginia University campus in Morgantown, we decided to drive there and look around.

Arthurdale, 1974, seemed to be a forgotten town. We found what we guessed to be the center of a formerly active community, a cluster of abandoned buildings facing a small park. Little more than a broken piano remained in the old community building where, we later learned, Eleanor Roosevelt had danced the Virginia Reel. There were only spots of rust to mark the places, on either side of the doors, where two handwrought iron lamps once lit the entrance to the center. To one side was what had been a forge, now filled with cold and rusting metal. A third building, the Administration Building, seemed to be permanently locked. We could hardly imagine that visitors had come by busloads to admire the community and to buy the crafts made by its residents. And it was clear that the key to our understanding of the Arthurdale experiment was in the memories of those first residents. One of them, we learned by chance, was Mrs. Lova McNair.

When we knocked on her door, Mrs. McNair was putting the finishing touches on a full-size Flower Garden quilt. Though she claimed to be "a beginner" at quilting, she was obviously proud of her work. Brilliant colors. Not a careless pucker anywhere. And meticulous quilting — 15 stitches to the inch — encircling every hexagonal petal of every flower.

Then she folded the quilt, poured us cups of coffee, and sat down to talk about the Arthurdale where, 40 years before, she and several hundred others had embarked on the much-publicized, controversial Federal Homestead project.

The community center which would temporarily serve as Arthurdale's only church had been, in fact, an abandoned church. It was dismantled, moved from a location several miles away, and rebuilt to become the social and business center of Arthurdale. The small park directly in front of the center was the site of picnics and ice cream socials sponsored by the Eleanor Roosevelt Women's Club, of which Lova McNair was an active member. She recalled, too, that the forge had been a place of industrious activity from the earliest days of the project. Here the door hinges and hardware for the Arthurdale homes, as well as iron, copper, and handspun pewter objects, were made.

Branching out from this central area were the roads, and along them the original 165 miniature houses and barns, of Arthurdale. Each of the homesteads, between two and five acres in area, was provided with a combined barn and poultry house, a corn crib, and a root cellar for smoking meats and storing canned goods. Toward the end of our visit, Mrs. McNair showed us her own root cellar, as neatly and fully stocked as it had been every winter since

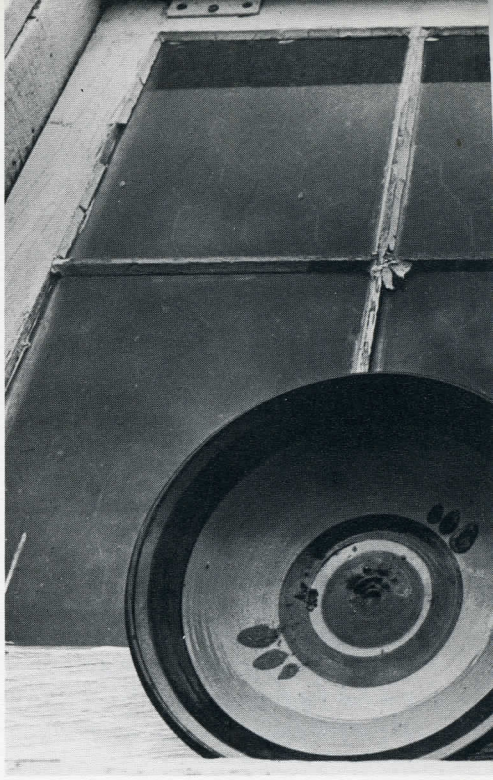
she came to Arthurdale in 1934. She searched for and found a jar of homemade wild plum jelly — "from that tree right in the yard" — for us to sample.

Arthurdale did not work as the economic model it was planned to be, Mrs. McNair acknowledged, but she resented the notion that the homestead project was a disastrous failure, as it had been labeled by some. For Mrs. McNair, and for many of the people who settled in the small homes constructed on the old Richard Arthur estate, Arthurdale was, very simply, a home and a good way of life. And the lifestyle had always been solidly interlinked with handcrafts.

It is significant that a specific craft of West Virginia lineage was at the nucleus of the activity which awakened Mrs. Roosevelt's enthusiasm for a project like Arthurdale. During the several years before the birth of the homestead project, unemployed miners in Monongalia County were organized, with help from the Quaker-sponsored American Friends Service Committee, into self-service clubs, out of which grew the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association. One of the first items produced by the cooperative was the "Godlove chair."

The design and construction of that sturdy chair, a generations-old family secret, resided with Samuel Isaac Godlove, a skilled chairmaker from Hardy County. At the invitation of the Quakers, Godlove came to Monongalia County to teach the miners how to make his chair. The Godlove chair, an all-wood construction made with simple hand tools, is a rather small, and very comfortable, all-purpose chair. In 1934, its retail price was $5, finished.

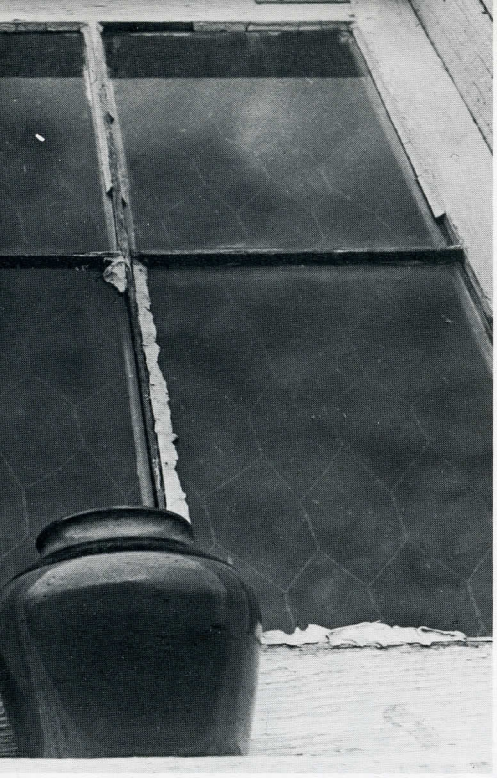
One of the chairmakers in the original 14-member Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association was Hungarian-born Steve Deak. A professor of Roy's led us to Mr. Deak, who was nearly 82 years old when we met him, and still a builder of chairs. A genial man with a musical accent and a quick laugh,



Right: Examples of Lova McNair's pottery, made in Arthurdale for the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association.
Below left: Ethel Hill at her loom, in her Arthurdale home in 1974.
Below right: Lova McNair quilting at home in Arthurdale in 1974.

Deak made the 24-day boat trip to the U.S. when he was 19 years old, but it wasn't until several years later that he came to West Virginia. Part of his reason for leaving Hungary, Deak explained, was to earn a better wage than he expected to get as a prospective soldier in Franz Josef's army. At that time, a soldier in the Austrian-Hungarian army was paid 7¢ a day.

But inadequate wages confronted Deak again in a West Virginia coal mine. He said, "If we made $2.00 a



day, in those days, it was something." And the miners were not guaranteed work every day. So Deak became one of Godlove's apprentices.

"Mr. Godlove was very good," Deak remembered. "He came from Hardy County and taught us how to make the chairs." But Deak's skill and pride in his workmanship were ample evidence of Godlove's qualifications.

In 1974, Deak lived and worked in a small riverfront building in Morgantown. The walls of the workshop were hung with tools he had used for decades, and the showcase window facing the Monongahela River was crowded with examples of his craft. The pieces of a chair made by Deak were hand-turned or hand-cut without a jigsaw, even the most elaborate curved shapes; and he built his solid furniture without nails or glue.

One item he was particularly proud of was a folding luggage rack which opened and closed by way of an ingenious circular hinge. On first inspection, the all-wood hinge defied structural reason. Professional carpenters, he told us, had asked, "Where's the bolt? How does that work?" He laughed slyly. "I don't always tell them. I let them figure it out."

Deak, who in the 1930's had a home and family in Morgantown, declined an invitation to become a homesteader. "But I used to go to Arthurdale and help out, do this and that." When the Mountaineer Craftsmen moved their headquarters to Arthurdale in the 1930's, Deak's chairs continued to be sold by the cooperative.

Deak, who also worked as a blacksmith, carpenter, and miner, considered himself first and last a craftsman. He admitted that he made fewer chairs than previously, but, "I'm still interested. When I feel like it, I make a chair."

The Godlove chair, the luggage rack, and a group of other simple designs were the Mountaineer Craftsmen's first furniture selection. Later the production of Arthurdale furniture was changed to feature more sophisticated, mass-produced period pieces. The woodcrafts didn't stop at furniture, however.

Mike Mayor, an Arthurdale resident who was a teenager when the homestead project began, and worked alongside his father in the woodshop, verified this. Mrs. McNair directed us to the Mayor home, one of the second groups of houses constructed for the homestead project. Mayor had built much of the handsome furniture in his house; but his skills were also disclosed by a collection of hand-turned wooden bowls, plates, and candlesticks.

A 1940 catalog of Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative merchan-

dise listed dozens of wood items, from a slim letter opener to a large hostess tray. The plates, bowls, cups, salad sets, and other turned-wood products were made from native woods — maple, cherry, and walnut, among others — in graceful, uncomplicated designs. The pieces in Mayor's collection (and he had made more than one of the catalog selections) ranged in color from off-white to mellow red to deep brown.

"For a long time," Mayor said, "each man who made a piece put his own finish on it." Each wood utensil was also stamped on the bottom with the trademark of the Mountaineer Craftsmen.

While Mayor described his work, his wife Annabelle ran upstairs to find one of her favorites among the Arthurdale woodcrafts, an intricately carved pin, less than two inches square, in the shape of a spaniel. "There were three or four different dogs," she said. "I think they cost about 50¢."

One type of wood construction made by some of the woodworkers, which was not offered in the catalog, was a weaving loom. Mrs. Roosevelt donated nine large looms to set up the weaving workshop in the community, and the government hired an instructor, Miss Ruth Hallen.

According to Mrs. McNair, who quickly became an accomplished weaver, "Many people took advantage of this wonderful training. As the demand became greater for the use of the looms, some of the women had looms made by the homesteaders who were skilled craftsmen." Six looms were made by Steve Deak.

The weaving room was located to the left of the assembly hall in the community center. "It was covered on one side with green growing vines," said Mrs. McNair, "and a metal sign, made at the Arthurdale forge, was hanging outside the door to let visitors and travelers know that this was the Weaving Room." Mrs. McNair had kept her own looseleaf notebook filled with colorful samples of the patterns she learned from Miss Hallen.

Although Mrs. McNair developed a multiplicity of talents at Arthurdale, weaving was probably her favorite craft. She remembered, especially, "a white apron with a design woven just above the hem." During one of Mrs. Roosevelt's visits to Arthurdale, the weavers hung their aprons on a clothesline and asked the First Lady to accept her favorite one as a gift.

Mrs. McNair smiled. "She chose mine."

The weavers formed a guild and filled orders from many states and several different countries. Among the items woven were towels, placemats, tablecloths, napkins, draperies, belts, handbags, pillows, neckties, scarves, baby blankets, bedspreads, rugs, and woven fabric for clothing. The women worked with linen, cotton, and wool.

At least one loom was still in use, we learned. We found it at the home of Mrs. Ethel Hill, a good friend of Mrs. McNair's.

"The weaving room used to be kind of a lively place," Mrs. Hill said. She pointed out that the women, in addition to producing woven articles for sale, made blankets which were donated to the Arthurdale Health Center and the nursery school. Both Mrs. Hill and Mrs. McNair also wove the fabric for some of their own children's clothes. The two friends, who affectionately called each other "McNair" and "Hill," were also members of a pottery guild.

Pottery classes were started by the Women's Club, which also sponsored arts and crafts fairs at which the ceramics were exhibited. Approximately 30 men and women were guild members. Most of the potter's wheels, as well as the kiln in the pottery workshop, were made by Arthurdale citizens. Arthurdale pottery, like the other Arthurdale crafts, was solid, practical, and pleasing to look at.

During World War II, the pottery workshop was closed because most of the potters were directing their time and talents toward the war effort. They were promised a ceramics instructor at the end of the war, but this hope never materialized.

Below: Lon Fullmer in 1974. Mr. Fullmer died in May 1980, at 91.
Right: Steve Deak in his Morgantown woodworking shop in 1974.

Mrs. Hill regretted that she had not had an opportunity to pursue her interest in pottery. "I'd rather do pottery than paint molded ceramics," she explained, "because pottery, you build — yourself."

One of the people who was most helpful at the beginning of the Arthurdale community became a nationally recognized metal craftsman whose handiwork was chosen for permanent display at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. James Londus Fullmer, known

to his neighbors as "Lon," had been a blacksmith for more than 60 years, and it was he who helped to forge the hinges and door latches for the first 50 homesteads in Arthurdale. Fullmer learned his blacksmith trade when he was 21 or 22 years old. He remembered "standing under a horse from daylight until the dark of night."

He had a reputation as a good metalworker when he came to Arthurdale in 1934, and he was soon gaining recognition as a creator of fancy ironwork. One of the first creations he sold was a wrought iron well head, about seven feet tall, with a delicate wrought iron cherry branch at its tip. Fullmer was also famous for his replicas of antique metal instruments. One of these, the Tycho Brahe armillary sphere, was exhibited at the Seattle World's Fair and later transferred to the Smithsonian. Brahe was a 16th century astronomer, and the ancient instruemnt which Fullmer reproduced was actually in use about 1575.

Fullmer did much of his work at the Arthurdale forge, where members of the Mountaineer Craftsmen's Cooperative Association produced a large selection of pewter, copper, and brass items for sale. The metalworkers made plates, bowls, pitchers, mugs, salt and pepper shakers, spoons, candlesticks, ashtrays, finger bowls, teapots, and many other metalcrafts. A hand-spun pewter dish, four inches in diameter, was priced at $1.50 in 1940. Fullmer, an expert pewter spinner, said he hoped to teach the craft to his grandson.

But his talents were not all in metal. He played us a lively fiddle tune on a fiddle he had owned for more than 50 years. He fiddled at Arthurdale square dances, and recalled that he had once danced with Mrs. Roosevelt. Fullmer couldn't remember exactly when he became interested in making music, but it was when he was very young. His wife said, "He's been playing that fiddle since he's known me, and I've lived with him for 57 years."

Roy and I left Arthurdale that day with a jar of wild plum jelly and a vastly different impression of the experiment called Arthurdale. In the almost seven years since that first visit, some things have changed. In 1976, Steve Deak gave up his riverfront workshop and retired to live with a daughter in Masontown, Pennsylvania. Lon Fullmer died May 19, 1980, at the age of 91. Ethel Hill and Lova McNair are still good friends, and Mrs. McNair is still making plum jelly. She is also active in the Federated Women's Club, sponsor of a recent successful effort to have Arthurdale identified with a roadside plaque and street markers. Mike and Annabelle Mayor have completed the finishing woodwork for the new homes of two sons, in Arthurdale and nearby Reedsville. Along with the woodwork, they are giving their sons a quiet legacy of an optimistic, maybe far-fetched plan to restore a sense of belonging and a means of livelihood to a few people. Whether or not it succeeded is open to argument; perhaps the more important thing is that it was tried. The community building may be collapsing, but the community of Arthurdale is alive and well.

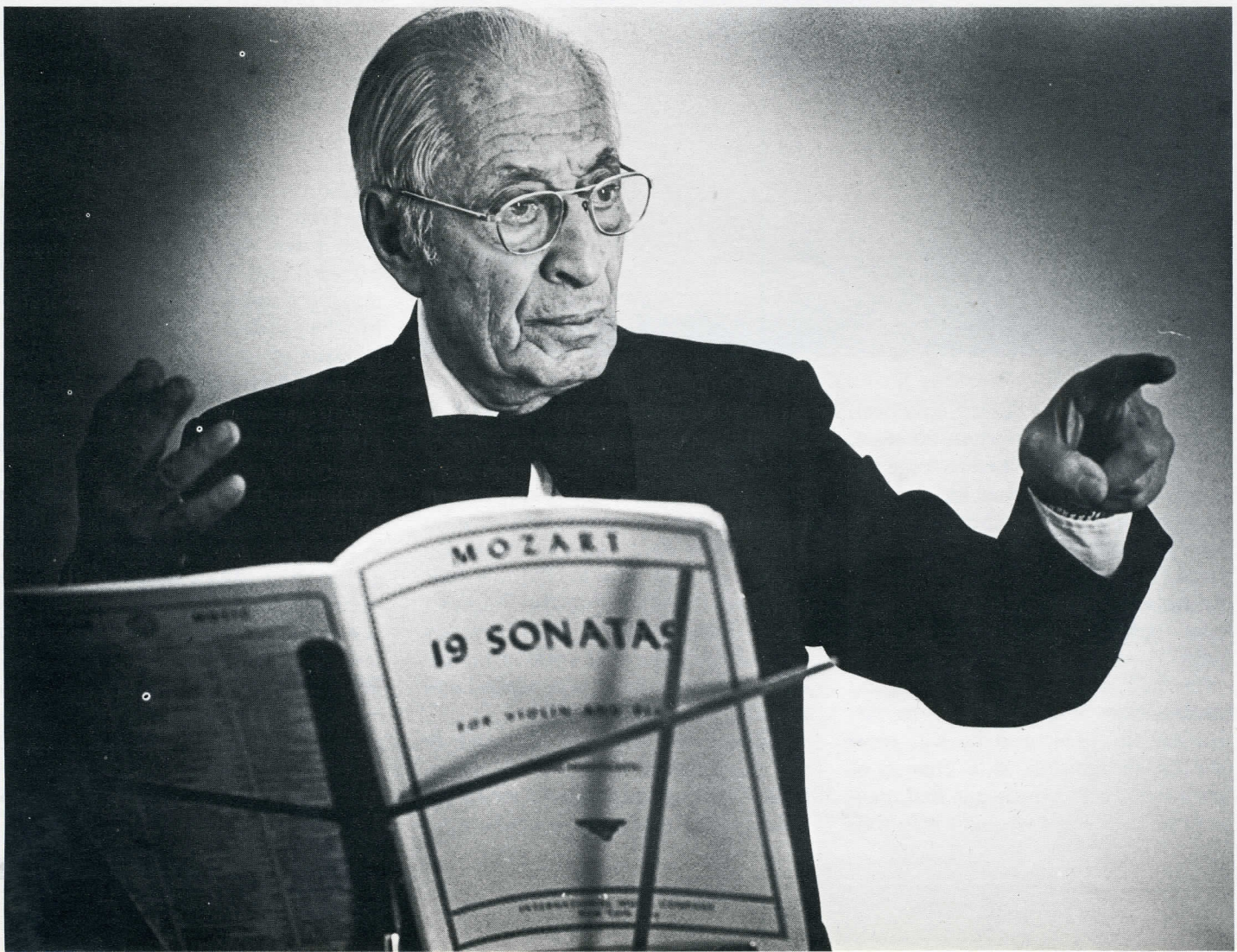
"Music Can Take You Anyways You Want in This World"

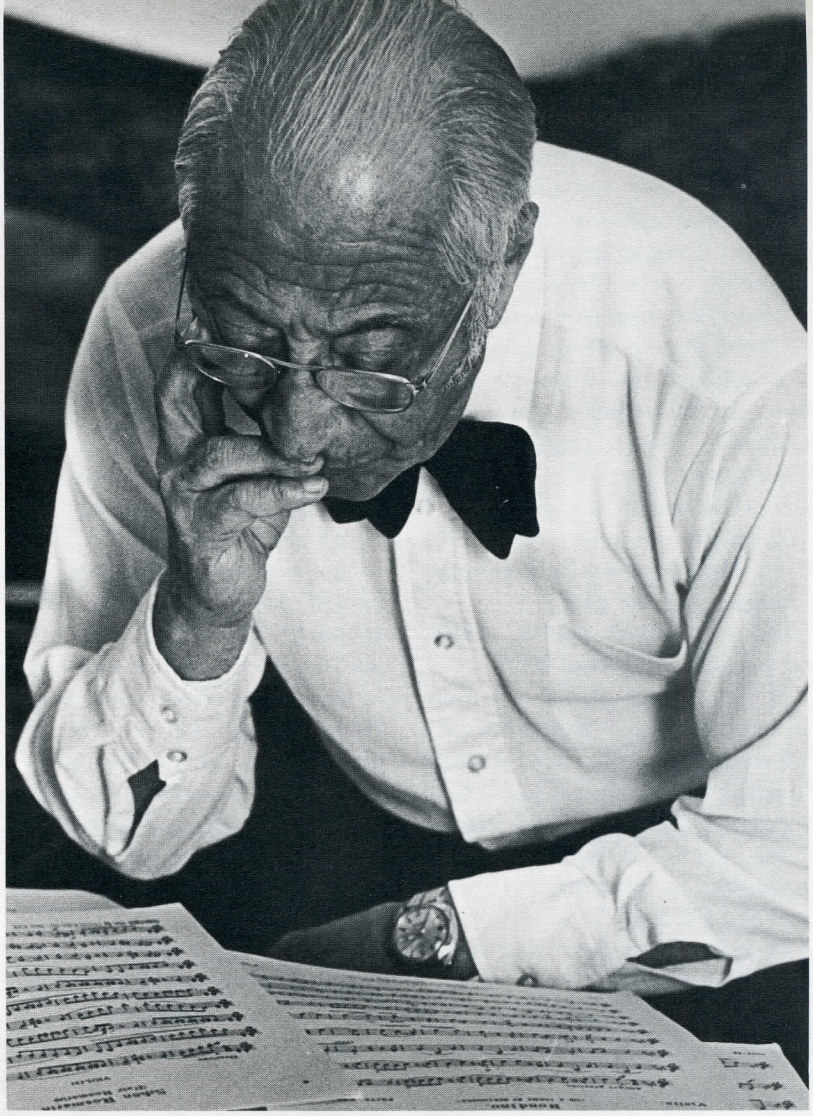
Susan Leffler Interviews David Daniels

Photographs by Ron Rittenhouse

Musician David Danielevitch fled Czarist Russian in 1914 to avoid service in the imperial army. His father, although a prosperous attorney, was in official disfavor for his role in the legal defense of Socialist political activists, and could help his son only by purchasing a visa for his escape. Ironically, the Czar's government would fall about three years after young David left the country, and some of his father's associates — particularly the Socialist Alexander Kerensky — would briefly hold power in the short-lived Provisional Government. However, this government itself was displaced by Lenin's Bolsheviks within a few months. Russia entered a period of prolonged civil war, and Daniels — he had shortened his name upon leaving — counted himself lucky to be out of the country.

Tricking the Czarist border guards by a faked illness, Daniels traveled first to Germany. Eventually, he moved on to America, arriving at his final destination — a cousin's jewelry store on Market Street in Wheeling — on his twenty-





Below left: David Daniels conducting.
Right: Mr. Daniels, who originally performed only classical music, now plays many types of popular music with his Fairmont Pops orchestra.

first birthday. Daniels had managed to smuggle his expensive violin out of Russia, and he also brought a full set of formal evening clothes, to be ready to perform professionally in his new country. As it happened, his first concert came on the night of his first day in Wheeling. He's been at it ever since, and in this Fairmont interview tells of 66 years of making music in West Virginia.

David Daniels. My name is David Daniels, born in 1893 in Russia, under the Russian czariet. I run away to come to the golden world and its United States of America. In 1914. It was on my birthday when I came here, May the eighth.

Susan Leffler. What was it like coming across? How did you actually get here?

DD I came by boat from Hamburg, not third class, but second class. My father was very wealthy, an attorney. I came from Hamburg, Germany, to Wheeling, West Virginia, on my birthday, like I said before.

SL Did you speak any English when you got here?

DD I speak seven languages. My eighth language is very bad, it's profanity.

SL What did your father do?

DD My dad was a very famous attorney. I don't know whether you know about French history — Clemenceau* was the biggest lawyer in Paris, used to visit us. Kerensky,* the one that organized against Communism in this country, came there. He was a lawyer too, see. So we had a wonderful time until I had to go to the army, and I didn't want to serve eight years, and they paid 50¢ a month, which is equal to 25¢ a month in American money. Not enough for cigarettes.

SL So that's why you decied to leave Russia?

DD That's when I went from my hometown to Berlin, to study violin again. Because I had gone to the conservatory of music in Warsaw. My director, honorary director, was Ignatzy Paderewski, one of the famous pianists in the world.

SL So what happened when you came here, to a strange country? Your family connections probably didn't do you much good once you got here — you were on your own.

DD I never worked in my life until I came to this country. My cousin was in the jewelry business in Wheeling — I don't want to mention the name, it's not necessary, I don't think. He gave me a bucket of oil, to oil the floor in the store. And I started to cry, because I never worked in my life. Then he says, "David, you have to wash the windows." I had never washed windows — you should see what shape the window was when I got through! I made $3 a week.

So finally I had to make up my mind whether to stay in the United

*Georges Clemenceau, a French statesman, served his country as a legislator, and as premier in 1906-09 and again during World War I.

*Alexander Kerensky, a Russian revolutionary, was a leader of the Provisional Government following the overthrow of the Czar in February 1917. He was deposed as prime minister when the Bolsheviks came to power in November of the same year, and fled to Western Europe and eventually to America.

States or go to Buenos Aires, which I had friends in — musicians that played in the symphony with me in Warsaw. So I made up my mind. I says, "David, little David, stay in USA." And that was very fortunate. I love it here. People are wonderful to me. I organized the Oglebay Park symphony in Wheeling — I'm one of the founders. Then I organized the WPA orchestra. I was the only one on WPA that wasn't on the relief. I had orchestras all over the state, WPA. In Huntington, Parkersburg, small towns, too, we had.

SL Tell me some stories about playing music during the WPA.

DD WPA, I had about 45 men from different towns — Buckhannon, from all over the whole state, started in Wheeling originally. Then they found out my ability so they transferred me, says, "Well, how about you organize in Huntington symphony?" And I did. "How about in Parkersburg?" And I did. I had terrific crowds, because they were all free to the public, see. It has to be, because it's given money by the government.

So I enjoyed it. I got some good musicians, excellent musicians, that got paid very little, but good musicians that didn't have anything else to do. It was in 1929 and '30, you know, the conditions like that. My brother helped me in the store, because already I had my own store then, see. In Wheeling, in the jewelry business. But I had time enough to go ahead and conduct and rehearse with them, so I was very successful. Later, when I knew it was coming to an end, I said I was gonna quit, but they wouldn't let me quit till the whole thing was kaput, you know!

SL Was there any difference that you noticed playing for audiences during the Depression? Did people really seem to need that entertainment?

DD It was very sad, conditions were very bad and people were very happy to come to a place where they didn't have to pay anything. My concerts were absolutely crowded, every one of them.

SL How long did this program last?

DD I was with the WPA about a year and a half — 18 months, something like that. We knew it was gonna end, so I said, "Fellows, I'm writing a letter to Mr. Neely*" — who was the senator here years ago; there's a Neely also, a judge in Charleston now. This is his uncle, M.M. Neely, famous man he was. In politics. But they closed up, and that's the end of WPA.

So I start organizing different places. Music was always the finest thing in the world. I'd rather play solos or conduct than eat. I organized a symphony here, but they didn't have enough money, so it lasted about three years. But after that I didn't quit. I organized the Fairmont Pops orchestra, and it still continues for the last 18 years.

SL Tell us about the Fairmont Pops.

DD All the concerts we are playing now, like the Wishing Well, the hospitals in Clarksburg for the veterans, has to be all free, there's no charges. The music is furnished by private people as a rule, donated. And money for this thing is issued by the Musicians Union, their trust fund money. The city donated me a couple thousand dollars and the county gave me a few thousand, so I'm a rich man now with the orchestra.

SL And you've been doing this for how long?

DD Actually, about, altogether, 15 to 18 years. And we have big crowds and they love it. I had over 500 people in Fairview, Fourth of July. I made 'em dance, sing — you know, just entertained them all. I love to do it. Now I'm retired, of course. I'm that age I have to take it easier, but still I'm booked until January, I think. Next year. So that's my pleasure.

*Neely served as U.S. Senator from 1923 to 1929 and from 1932 to 1941, and later as West Virginia's Governor. Richard Neely, now a justice of the State Supreme Court, is M.M. Neely's grandson, rather than his nephew.

SL Now, when you first came here from Russia, what was it like? Was there discrimination against you as an immigrant, just because you spoke with an accent, and probably you dressed a little differently than most of the people in Wheeling?

DD No, I tell you, I was dressed always like a Parisian, 'cause I've lived in big cities always. They never even took me as a stranger, because my accent wasn't bad, speaking different languages like this. And it didn't take me very long to read, because I had gone to college, conservatory of music. It actually took me about four months to get acquainted with the life. It's a different life, different food. I never had oatmeal or something like this for breakfast, we always have ham and cheese in Europe, or something, for breakfast. It's a different thing, but I got used to it.

SL Do you think some of that, the reason that it was so easy for you to fit in, was because of the music?

DD Just like my father said, if you played music, any instrument, you're always invited to the second room, not only in front of the room, which is very true.

SL Tell me about when you played for the silent movies.

DD It was very interesting, because I never played movies in Europe. They have mechanical pianos there, but when I came here, I played for the movies three times a week — they found out I was a good violinist, that's what they said.

SL How many people would play? Was it a whole orchestra?

DD I had about 12 men in the orchestra.

SL Now, did you play before the movie and during intermission, or during the whole movie, or what?

DD I had to play the whole movie. A fast number you have to play real fast, and if it's sad we play something real adagio,* you know, if it's a waltz I play the "Blue Danube" waltz.

SL Did the music actually come as a written score with each movie?

*Musical term for slowly.

DD Yes, it did, but sometimes they didn't like the music and the people maybe wouldn't know it, so we took our own music and substituted. And they were tickled to death that we did it.

SL Do you think that there was something different in the atmosphere of a theater, having a live orchestra there as well as a movie?

DD I think it sounds better, and then I think the people applauded more, too, because they see the musicians and they give you a nice hand. The other way is all canned music, you know.

I forgot to tell you that I was also playing in Wheeling in the theater, the Court Theater. And we played for Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor, the old timers. I enjoyed that immensely. There were some terrible people, and some of the performers were wonderful. The finest man I've met was Eddie Cantor, one of the finest.

SL Tell us about him.

DD Eddie Cantor? Was a human being for everybody, whether it's a musician or a farmer. He always had a good word for you. At the rehearsals he never called us any bad names, and we cooperated with him. Jack Benny was the same way.

SL Tell us a little more in detail. Do you remember any specific conversations you had with stars?

DD Yes, once was very bad. Al Jolson insulted my double bass player. Jolson was an S.O.B.

After all, I had the best musicians from the symphony and we played the number, and Jolson had noticed that the double bass player didn't do the right job. And he called him names. I says, "I'm very sorry, we'll stop right here and we're not gonna play your show." And that was 11:00 and we were supposed to play the show at 1:00. So he was mad at me, too, and I was mad at him. But I didn't care, because I will protect my musicians. Because they were good friends of mine and good musicians, too. And then finally he apologized, then we played. Otherwise, we wouldn't have played the show.

Below: This photograph of Daniels at 25 was taken at about the time he was serving with the U.S. Army in World War I. Photographer unknown.
Right: Mr. Daniels left his father and mother behind when he fled Europe in 1914.

So after the show, he says, "Dave, you did a damn fine job." And he brought a bottle of whiskey. So he wasn't so bad. He demanded so much, because he worked so hard. Whenever he sang he perspired, he worked so hard. It killed him, you know.

SL Now how about Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny? Tell me some stories about them.

DD Eddie Cantor, there wasn't a finer man in the world, I don't think. To show people. Jack Benny was the same way. Very, very fine men, but they demanded the best! Which we gave them. We tried to, you see. Then we used to speak to each other after the show, sometimes they'd invite us to the hotel, we'd have a few drinks, maybe — you know, musician's life. So we had a very good time.

I tell you, and another gentleman was wonderful, the Schnozz — you know who that is? Durante, Jimmy. Gentleman. And he says, "I love you all!" That's what he always said to the musicians. Now you felt like working with a man like that, you know. Like Benny or Eddie Cantor, see.

SL Tell me some more stories about them.

DD Well, we went to a party, lots of times to the hotel, or to get us something to eat. Good steak house was always in Wheeling, you know. We used to go out there, and they always paid the bills, they never let me pay, or anything. They're very, very liberal, they made a lot of money, those fellows, not like we. We got $15 a week, playing in the theater then. It was 1916, 1917.

Then I went to war, 1918, I enlisted. I didn't wait till they call me, and that's where I became a citizen of the United States. That was in Newport News, Virginia. Eighty of us came to swear to be citizens.

SL Did you play music in the army, too?

DD I was very fortunate, because as soon as I came to Camp Lee, fellow noticed me, "There's Dave Daniels, the violinist from Wheeling!" So somebody knew me, used to be my drummer. I didn't know it. German fellow, but he's American, you

know. So we had an orchestra for the theaters, what they used to call the Liberty Theaters. Each camp has a theater someplace for famous people to perform. Like Harry Louder. Did you ever hear? He's from Scotland, wonderful singer. "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning." That's his song he always sang. He brought us a nice bottle of cognac, too, after the show. Said, "David, you did a good job." So I was pleased.

SL Well, it sounds like you had a pretty good time.

DD I had a wonderful life, all my life. I was very fortunate. The only thing unfortunate, I lost my wife. With cancer.

SL Do you think that it's a little different now, with so many things on records and movies instead of live?

DD It's a lot of difference. It's bad on your ears, sweetheart. It's so loud, it's miserable, some of it is. Did you ever go into one of those, what do you call those places?

SL Disco?

DD Yeah, disco. I can't stand it. It makes me nervous. It's too loud! You don't know what you're playing. You can play anything you want, you don't know what it's all about. Like a mishmash, they call it. But it's the new world, and we have to comply with it.

SL Do you think people are more or less interested in the type of music you play than they used to be? Is it making a come-back?

DD Well, originally I had to play everything like Beethoven and Mozart and Sibelius. But today it's a different world. You play jazz music, and I love good jazz now! I have nothing against it. Any music, I love any music. But if it's loud like this, you can't stand it.

SL Tell me about your family.

DD My sister lives in Poland, near Warsaw, big city called Szczecin. Used to be a German city, the Russians gave this to Poland, just let them have it for a while, I think. It's on the Baltic Sea, population's about 200,000. My sister will be 89 in September. I go every year, but this year I'm afraid to go because I'm liable to land in Iran, possibly, on a plane. I'm scared to death. So I didn't go this year. But I support my people. I have a niece who's a dentist, graduate of two universities. My sister was a graduate years ago of Warsaw Conservatory, she was a fine singer and a fine pianist. Of course, she's now old and rheumatically sick. She has been very sick lately, she had a heart attack.

SL Are you ever sorry that you left?

DD I was never sorry that I left, because I don't know what they would do without me. I helped every one of them for the last 27 years. I bought them homes, I bought them typewriters, I bought everything that they needed. For instance, I send medicine to my niece, every month I send. Costs me a lot of money. But I'm not sorry. I have it, and I can't take it with me. I do some lot of charity.

SL Why were you the only one in your family to come over?

DD There's one more brother came, I got him here in 1925. He died with cancer about seven years ago. He was my partner in business, in jewelry business. In Wheeling. He's buried in Wheeling. That's where I'll be buried; my wife is buried there. Mother wouldn't allow anybody else to come.

SL How how did you make it supporting your own family, your wife? Did you have children?

DD No.

SL But just supporting you and your wife, plus all your relatives back in Europe, especially during the Depression — how did you do all that?

DD Well, I was very fortunate in business. I made pretty good money. Jewelry store I had. I had the best line, you know, good line — diamonds, watches, cameras. So I was very fortunate, and they were very fortunate I was in this country.

SL But during the Depression the jewelry business must not have been too good. Was it?

DD It was terrible! Some days I took in 75¢, and I had four clerks.

David Daniels outside his Fairmont apartment.

Had to pay them, too. And rent. Not high as it is now, but you have to pay, you know. Then I was very unfortunate in one thing. The bank that I had dealt for so many years closed on me. The only one in Wheeling that closed. I was an unfortunate man. I got my money back, but it took about 18 years. It came in dribbles, $3.00, $4.00 they gave, $5.00, and I couldn't get into my safety deposit. You were not allowed.

I was never sorry. I was very proud and very happy to be here. I always made a living and saved money. I was very fortunate; people liked me and I liked the people. And they patronized me. I always got a job. Even teaching at the Bethany College, not far from Wheeling, and they paid in dribbles — they didn't have any money, either, in the college. Bethany College didn't have any money.

SL Now was this during the Depression, too, that you were teaching college?

DD Certainly. I got $25 a month, first month when I was teaching there. I had pupils for Russian language and music. I taught violin, too. And I got an ensemble, too, quartet.

SL Now were people taking courses like music during the Depression, or were people more concerned about work than music courses in college?

DD Well, of course, when you go to college you have to take something, whether it's philosophy or mathematics or music. Like you say, a lot of people couldn't afford to send their kids to college. But there's always some rich people that support it, like Frick from Pittsburgh supported Bethany College. So we went through some fatal things and some pleasure, but I've always never went hungry in my life. Even in Europe. I always had money in my pocket.

SL Tell me a little more about when you first came over, and you were working at your cousin's store.

DD Well, when I came, of course, I was very fortunate. I had $500 with me, which very few immigrants have that much. So I was independent, like I said, as to whether I should stay in the United States or go back. But I says, "David, you better stay here."

My cousin was very good to me, and I'll tell you why: My people helped his people to come to this country. They were old people, poor people, but intelligent — one in fact became a doctor in Charleston, South Carolina. And he was a wonderful doctor. Famous. He was a biologist, you know, and traveled all over Europe, Rumania, to see what the conditions are there. Then I have a lot of relatives in Boston who were immigrants that are now in factories, shoe factory people, make a lot of money, too, you know. But I never asked anybody for any money, never. I made what I made, was my own.

It was very, very sad for me, when I came, because, like I say, I never had my hands dirty, or washed windows or floors. But I made up my mind, if I want to stay, I want to do it, whatever my cousin tells me. Because he helped me an awful lot. In fact, he sent the steamship ticket to me, my first cousin, from Wheeling. He send me $125. Of course, he didn't know that I had $500 in my pocket. See? Because I didn't know what conditions will be. Maybe I'll have to go back, or something.

SL What do you remember of when you were a child? You said your father was a famous lawyer, and he would have people like Clemenceau come it?

DD Clemenceau, we had Kerensky, we had the finest lawyers because....

SL You remember them as a child?

DD Very well. I was about eight years old. They all spoke Russian — oh, Clemenceau spoke French to my dad and mother. See, they came there to cooperate and to free the Socialists — they were not Communist then. Socialist. That was terrible then. So they came to free them, because they were jailed for ten years in Siberia, they were sentenced to go. Some were lucky, got out of it, and some went. They put some chains on their legs, you know, like they do. You could hear for a mile when a fellow was arrested and walked to the court, could hear his sound, the chains on the sidewalks there.

When I was a child, of course, I couldn't say anthing about politics. But after a while, when I was about 18 years of age, there were lawyers coming in to defend the Socialists, and I talked to them. In fact, I was hit by a cossack — you know what a cossack is? Russian soldier with a saber — he'll pick you up like this, and just run through your stomach. He don't care, just to show you that he killed a Socialist.

This was in 1912. Now, I knew what's going to be, and to myself I said, "David, I'm not going to stay;" to my dad I said, "Dad" — Leon was his first name — I said, "Daddy, I'm not staying here. I'm not going to stay in the army here eight years for 50¢ a month." So I had to get a passport, a visa, from the governor. I have that at home yet. So Dad went to the governor — he had a very fine reputation. He paid 25 rubles for the passport. And I traveled to Berlin, to stay.

SL Now how old were you when you left?

DD I was 20. When I went to the train, I made myself sick. I put cotton in my ears, a bandage on my ears, and I went to the train, bought a ticket to go to Berlin. Because I have to stop first, go through the Russian border.

SL So you pretended you were going to the doctor in Berlin?

DD Yes, yes. The officer comes in, he saluted, with a gun and a saber, you know. Says, "Where are you going? What's your name?" I says, "Danielevitch," that was my name originally. I later cut it short when I bought my ticket, to Daniels. "Where are you going?" I says, "I'm going to a doctor, ear doctor." And my violin, expensive, I put under my seat, so he didn't see it. I was shaking like a leaf when I spoke to the man. He says, "Don't you know that you're supposed to come back in October?" And that was in May when I left. "To serve the Russian Czar's army?" I says, "Yes, sir, I do, and I'm coming back." Like hell I was.

So when we came to the German border, I got a quart and four of us, immigrants, drank the whole bottle. To Germany. When we got to Germany, I didn't care then, you know. I had some friends that lived in Berlin, then I stayed there about a year. Studied and came back to Charlottenburg — that was in Germany, beautiful section. It is now East Prussia, under the Communists.

So I was scared to death in crossing the border. But I made it, and I was fortunate. I remember everything, all the speeches that the officer made, and I answered him politely. I was shaking like a leaf, because my violin is $3,500 one — I bought that in Belgium, or my dad bought it — when I was eight years of age. And I still have that violin.

SL Now how'd you learn to play? Did your dad teach you, or did you go to school?

Below: Daniels plays many instruments, but prefers the violin.
Far right: Although David Daniels left Russia to avoid being drafted into the Czar's army, he proudly served with the American forces in World War I. He became a citizen upon entering the army, and now belongs to the Fairmont American Legion.

DD Dad taught me, but he didn't play very well, so we got a very fine musician, who was from the army, Russian army. They had musicians which have to serve in the army for four years, or six years, or eight years.

We always got acquainted with the best musicians. We used to keep them, gave them something to eat and everything, pay them something. So that's how I was taught the violin. Then we had the same thing with the pianist, a fine pianist for my sister. And my brother played excellent piano, too, the one that died. They found out that I had very good talent, so Dad sent me to Warsaw. To professors. Then I joined the conservatory. But I couldn't finish, because I had to leave — my ticket was for May the eighth, to get the boat, in Hamburg. So I came here. I had a very, very interesting life.

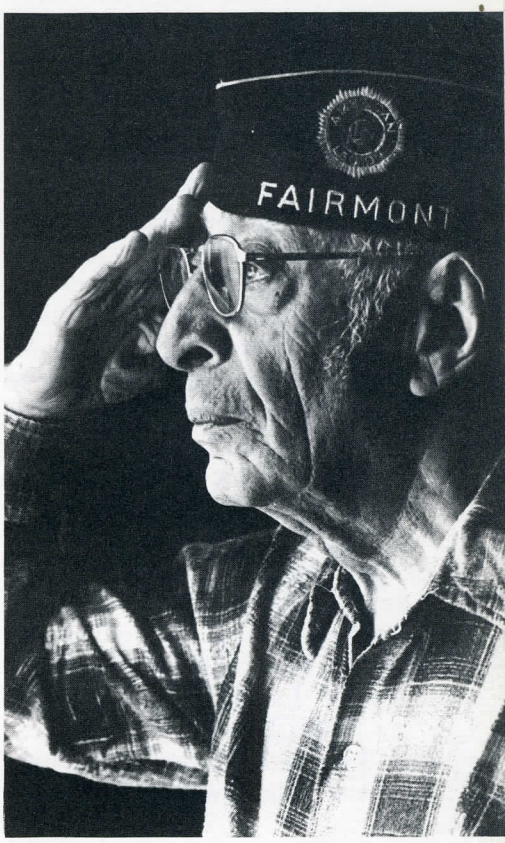
SL Yeah, I'd say you did. Now what different instruments do you play?

DD Well, I know the violin. Originally I played the piano, but I didn't care for it. But as a conductor you have to know all the instrumentations, and the theory, to tell them how to do it, and what keys to use, or what music. But I play violin. This is my main instrument.

SL And now you're a conductor.

DD I'm conducting. If I would have to make a living, I would starve of it. But I was in business very successful, like I say. I love music. I'll never give it up. The last time will be when I'm in my coffin. Then I can't play.

SL What is it that music does for you?



DD It's the same thing like when you go with a young lady. There's sexuality, but this is musicality, you call it, see. There's the feelings that you have, your heart opens up. You love it. You sometimes cry when you play. Lot of times I've cried when I've played Beethoven. And then you laugh, you have comedy music. It's a different life, if you're a musician. And I suggest for anybody has any children, give them education in music. You always are invited, like my Dad says, to the next room. Which is true.

SL What were some of the specific instances when you were trying to start out and, because you were a musician, you were invited to somebody's house, or you were invited to make some money?

DD I'll tell you one story. Something that would never happen to anybody else. I arrived 1:00 p.m. on a B&O to Wheeling from New York. I had the wagon-lit, that's the French name for the sleeping car I had — I had money, you know. I came like a gentleman to Wheeling, West Virginia. My cousin met me, I never saw him in my life.

So I came in at 1:00. Was in the paper, "Russian Violinist Arrives to Wheeling." A Russian refugee, it said, David Daniels. Because I change my name in Warsaw when I bought my ticket, I told you. Three o'clock in the same day, telephone rings, my cousin says somebody wants to talk — "A lady wants to talk to you." I says, "Cousin Dave, I don't know anybody, I don't owe any money anybody, I never saw that lady." Well, he says, she's a marvelous painist, Mrs. Edward Stifel, Emily Stifel. They were millionaires, manufacturers — cloth — you know.

And she said, "Mr. Daniels...." I said, "I'll speak English, but my English is not very good yet, but I speak English, French, or German." "German! I just came back from Germany!" she said. Was I lucky!

She says, "We have a big dinner tonight, 6:00. We'll have 650 people in my new home." They just built a new home, and this will be the opening of the home. She said, "I'm sending a chauffeur for you, he speaks German, it's a Mercedes" — 1914 Mercedes; they had seven cars, I understand. Karlton Brewer or something was his name, chauffeur with a cap, opens the door for me. He knew I was a gentleman, I was dressed in my tuxedo, my shoes with the pumps, lacquer shoes they wore then, you know.

SL You brought a tuxedo from Russia?

DD Sure. I played in Hamburg before I left.

So 6:00 on the dot, I says, "Cousin, can I go?" After all, he's my boss now. He says, "Sure, go ahead." So I shaved in the back of the store and went home and got my tuxedo, white shirt — I had a *real* white shirt, stiff, you know, and black tie I brought with me. I brought my own music stand, and music I brought. Six o'clock is there. We arrive to the house, Mrs. Stifel opens the door, I kissed her hand. I says, "You must be intelligent...."

We spoke German all the way through. I went in the house. I saw 650 people. It's the most beautiful home in Wheeling. It's still there. Mrs. Edward Stifel just died a few years ago. She became blind. She was a marvelous pianist. She had a beautiful gold-color piano, one of the big ones, you know what I mean, concert piano.

So I came into the house and Mr. Stifel comes out, shook hands with me, spoke German very well. Their name is Schtiffel, used to be, German name. Stifel now, they have a department store in Wheeling yet. So I came in there, I was full-dress, and he says, "I want you to meet a gentleman who is a flute player, from Baltimore, a Jewish fellow by the name of...." Anyhow, he had a solid gold flute, 14-karat. 'Course, then it cost about $700 or $800, I guess. Maybe more. She said, "Do you have the 'Minuet in G' by Beethoven?" I said, "I have that. I have all concertos, I have beautiful minuets, whatever you want." She sat down at the piano, it was about 7:00 when we sat down. And I played for solid two hours. They all applauded, delivered me champagne, lobsters, the finest. They were multimillionaires.

SL This is your first night in the United States?

DD The first day and first night, the most luckiest day I ever had. Now wait a minute. I was kind of — a little hungry. "Madame," I says, "maybe we'll eat something" — you know, in German. She says, "Naturally." So she introduced me to everybody. This is *Professor* David Daniels, now. "From Poland. He played with different symphonies in Europe, soloist and violinist, and we're proud to have him." They all applauded. After, we had a big dinner. There's so much to eat, I've never seen so much food in all my life. You know, they had about 30 rooms.

Anyhow, I played there till about 1:00 in the morning. I was a little bit pifficated. I had a little bit too much champagne. I says, "I think I better go" at 1:00. Chauffeur brought me home, I walked a little bit wobbly, you know. But anyways, I came home.

The next day was the most finest day I've ever had in my life. There's a letter there, she didn't put her name. Where's it from? Professor David Daniels, Russian violinist, Wheeling, West Virginia, 1519 Market Street — I remember everything. I said, "Dave, I don't know anybody, I don't owe anybody any money here." Open up and see it. So help me God, it was a check for $200! The first day in United States. That encouraged me even to work on the floors, even. Give me more pep!

Now I had such luck in my life. There was a lady there, her husband has the moving picture house, what I told you about the moving picture. Mrs. Zeppos — I still remember, you know; for 86 years old, I remember terrific everything. She says, "I want you to meet my husband. He has the movie, Rex Theater, in Wheeling, West Virginia." And my store was right across the street! I didn't know because I just got in! He said, "I want you to play three times a week. For me." Silent movies. "And I'll pay you $75 for the three days a week." Imagine that! So I made more money playing than I made $3.00 a week in the store. Of course, my cousin gave me a room, board, laundry, a woman that cleans the house, everything I had there. So the $3.00 I just put in my pocket.

So then Mrs. Zeppos comes in, says, "Mrs. Stifel and I are giving a concert for the Women's Club and we want you to play. You'll get the same check which you got from Mrs. Stifel." That's $400! Now am I a lucky Jew; who has friends like that? And when they find out that I play, I was busy continuously. I said should I quit the jewelry business? But I didn't, because my cousin was so good to me — really, like a brother. So I continued with music and I was one of the three people that organized Oglebay Park, 57 years ago now.

SL Tell me about that.

DD You want to try and see it. It's beautiful. Mr. Oglebay, from Cleveland, donated it to the city of Wheeling, and I was one of the three that organized. Mrs. Caldwell's father was the president of the Wheeling Steel, and he gave us $100,000 for the orchestra, you know, to start it. And we started the orchestra. From 16 men it is 65 men now. When I left it was 65 men.

SL So you organized the orchestra or the park itself? Or both?

DD No, no, the symphony. We had all kinds of nights. We had the Italian Night, for instance. All came dressed as Italians, with mandolins. Sixty mandolins I had! And come down the hill. "O Solo Mio" — you know, everything Italian. And the food was Italian — spaghetti, and meatballs, see. That's the first time I ate spaghetti and meatballs in my life. But that's how it goes in the United States. You become acquainted, and music can take you anyways you want in this world. It's one language, it's the same intonation, the same notes, the same books and everything.

SL Tell me some more about the early concerts at Oglebay.

DD We started with 16 men, then we had a very good conductor, Mr. Tamborini. He's from Menton, France — I just visited him not long ago. And we had colossal, big crowds, because we had every night different kind of night — Russian Night, and we had long boots, and I had a long beard, like a cossack I looked. Dressed like Russians, all of us musicians, 40 then I think it was, about 40, 45. And we had terrific success. I even sang Russian songs, I didn't care.

SL Were there a lot of immigrants in the area? Is that why the international things were so popular?

DD Lots of Italians, lot of Russians, lot of Polish, lot of Lithuanians — I speak all their languages. And I spoke to them and they were clapping their hands and dancing polkas, and mazurkas, and the pas de deux — you know, French. We had a French Night, too, because Monsieur Tamborini was from Menton, France — that's near Monte Carlo.

SL Was this the only place in West Virginia that did the international concerts? Did you ever take these traveling around the state?

DD No, because it was so much work to do, we didn't have time then. Till I quit and I started the Pops concerts. That's how I started the Pops concerts. Sometimes, I have a Polish Day, maybe. Or something. But there's not enough people like that. Wheeling is big population, see. It took in Bridgeport, Ohio; Martin's Ferry, Ohio; all those towns like that.

So I was very fortunate in that, being in Wheeling. But that's my lucky number, and lucky town. I'm an immigrant, but very fortunate. That's how I helped my people. When I went to the army I had over $10,000. Saved. I said to my cousin, "If I die, you take the money. You brought me here, you gave me luck."

Tapes for this interview were recorded as part of Susan Leffler's "Recollections" series for West Virginia Public Radio. "Recollections" was funded in part by the Humanities Foundation of West Virginia, a state program of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Growing Up on Cabin Creek

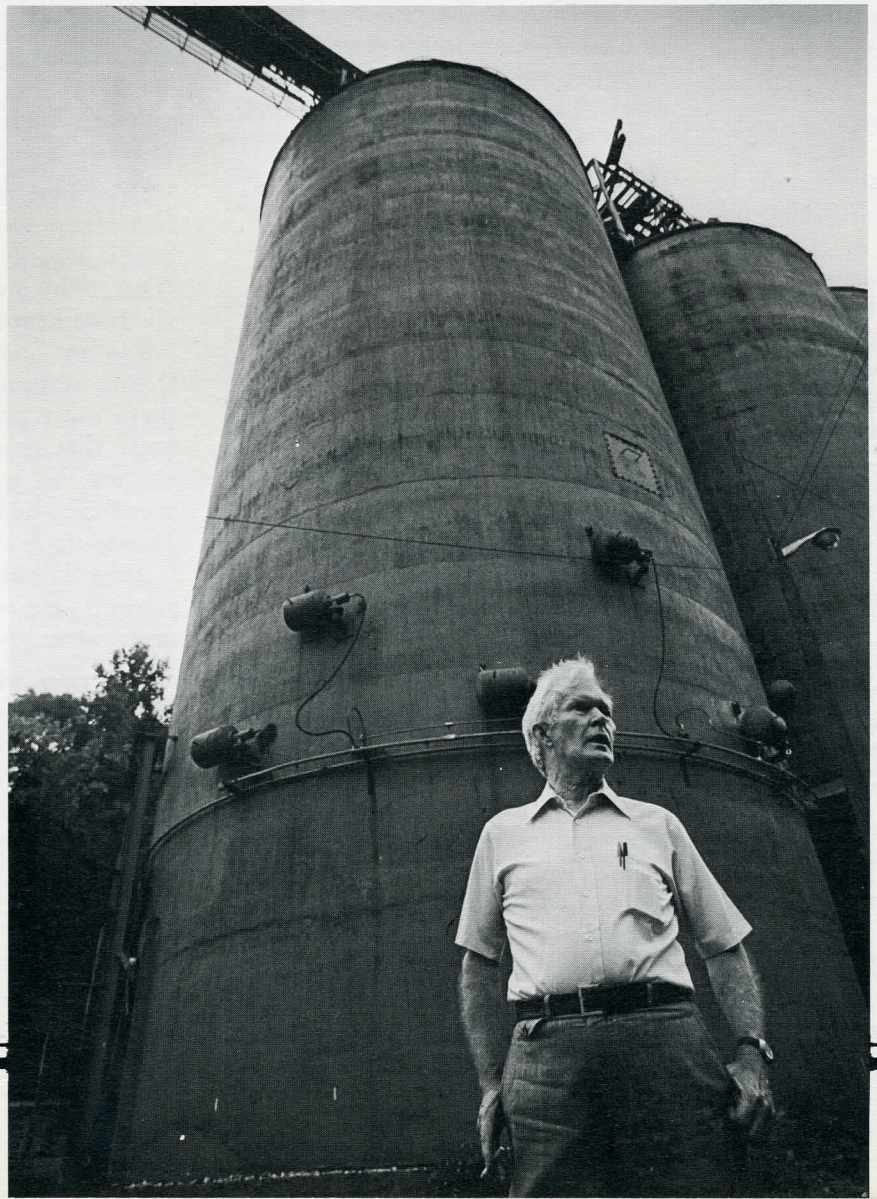
An Interview with Arnold Miller

By Michael Kline
Photographs by Rick Lee

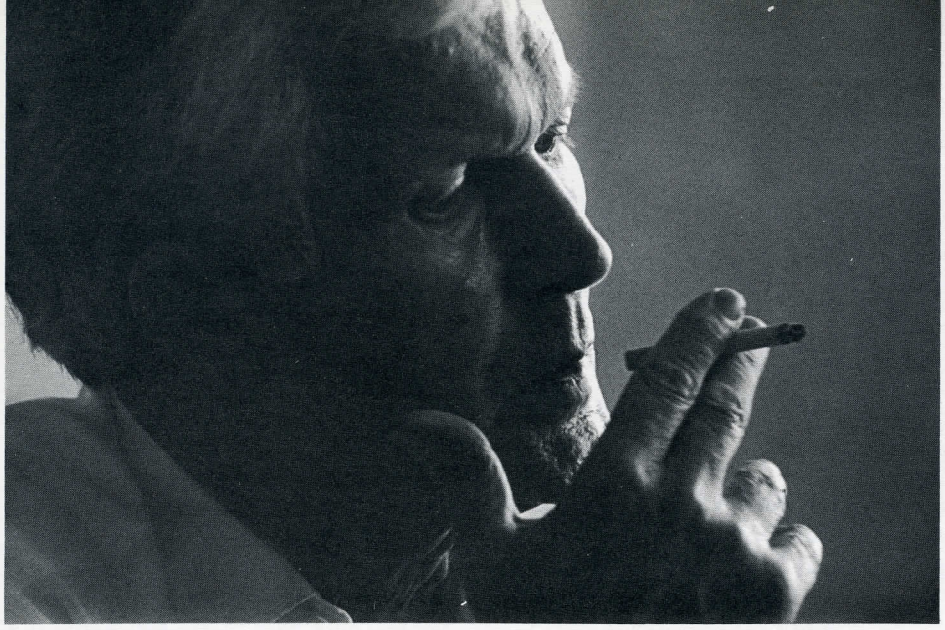
When I first knew Arnold Miller some ten years ago he was involved in an awesome campaign for the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America, against the entrenched establishment of Tony Boyle. In those days, if you could get a word with Arnold, it usually had to do with some strategic detail of the hectic race. But I caught enough sketchy anecdotes about his past to realize that his life had been forged in struggle, that this controversial would-be president was in many ways the embodiment of coalfield experience, and I resolved to find time someday to hear the whole story.

When I visited with Mr. Miller at his apartment on Ruffner Avenue in Charleston last September I found him relaxed and reflective. We spent a whole afternoon talking about his early life, and I asked him to concentrate on those details of the story which preceded his presidency. Excerpts from that taped interview have been pulled together in this article.

Arnold Miller was born in Leewood, on Cabin Creek in Kanawha County, on April 25, 1923, just two years after the Battle of Blair Mountain, which



Arnold Miller in front of the coal storage silos at the Bethlehem Mines preparation plant at Kayford.



"The family came from a little town in Germany, my great-granddad and three brothers," Mr. Miller recalls. "The Miller family was raised religiously in the Dunkard belief that adhered strictly to the Bible as it was written."

broke the union effort in southern West Virginia until 1933. But union spirit and determination ran deep in his family psyche on both sides. He began by telling about his father.

Arnold Miller. My daddy was born in Bell County, in Pineville in east Kentucky, and was forced to migrate out of Kentucky to West Virginia at the age of 14, ostensibly for his organizing activity. He was a veteran miner at the age of 14, had five years in the mines. It's not common for people to understand today that years ago they worked children in the mines. I had a group picture I could show you somewhere here in Charleston. Showed about 30 miners, only two of which were adults. It's obvious from looking at the picture that children did work in the mines in the early days. They worked them like slaves. They didn't pay them but damn little, and they dogged them around. Mining is far different today than it was then.

Michael Kline. Did your daddy come from a big family?

AM Yes. I believe there was 12 in the family. I don't know exactly the breakdown of boys and girls. I have one uncle and three aunts still living, and the rest of the family on my dad's side is about all gone.

MK What was your dad's dad's name?

AM John Miller. He had been a coal miner some in his younger days. He was primarily a farmer and didn't work that much around the mines.

MK Do you suppose your granddad was in a hard way? Why do you think he would let a nine-year-old son go in the coal mines?

AM I don't think there was any work hardly at all except in the mines itself. Particularly in that part of Kentucky where my family was raised. And conditions was so tough then that everyone in the family that was able had to work in order to make ends meet. Far different than it is today, 'cause the wages even in the mines didn't pay much then. I believe my father when he went to work in the mines got 75¢ a day for trapping. They didn't pay a lot more than that for full-time adults. My dad opened and closed doors on the haulage way to direct air to the work faces. They had what you called airlocks. You opened one door for the haulage motor to get in, then you opened the other one for it to get out on the other side. You'd keep the circulation of air going to the working faces, to prevent such things as explosions and to keep the air at the proper level so that the men would be able to work.

MK Do you know where your granddaddy Miller came from?

AM Oh, yes, the family came from a little town called Hummel in Germany, my great-granddad and three brothers. They settled in east Kentucky. I think perhaps my grandfather, too, was born in the old country. He lived till he was 96, and he's not been dead all that many years. The Miller family was raised religiously in the Dunkard belief that adhered strictly to the Bible as it was written.

I remember my grandfather Miller in his later years owned some property in Fayette County and it was a problem for my dad and my uncles to keep him from trying to work when he was up in 80 years of age. He believed in working, and he didn't believe in using modern conveniences. He thought very little of walking 15, 20 miles a day, and often as not we would miss him. We'd go around and check on the land he owned, and generally found him farming somewhere — it wasn't like gardening.

One time we visited him and he had about two acres of half-runner beans out, and I asked him, said, "Dad, what are you going to do with all those beans?" He said, "Well, I'll sell some and give the rest away, there's nothing wrong with giving them away as long as I find somebody that needs them." And that's the way he was. He had to be out growing or he had to be out working. He was up in the 80's before we finally stopped him from working at the sawmill. He worked in the timber quite a lot.

One time when I was visiting one of my uncles, granddad come in one winter day. His overalls, when he took 'em off you could stand 'em in the corner. They was froze well above his knees. And while he was getting a bath we gathered 'em all up and burnt 'em. When he come out of the bath, the first thing he done is opened the cap on the stove — old coal burning stove — and looked in and saw the remnants of the overalls, the buckles and so forth.

"By shuckins," he said, "you boys have burned up my work clothes! Now I'll have to go buy some more." We had a dickens of a time getting him to realize we didn't want him working. He didn't have to work. And we finally got him to quit. But he would go out and put in the crops if we didn't watch him real close.

MK So your dad went to work in the coal mines when he was nine, and by the time he was 14 he was in trouble for organizing?

AM Yes. He was driven out of Kentucky because of his organizing activity.

MK So how did your dad get to Cabin Creek?

AM Back in those days, when you looked for employment, you would look for word-of-mouth information on where someone was hiring. They'd go wherever there was some hope for work. Most of the mines in the area of Cabin Creek when I grew up didn't work much at all in the winter time. Generally they worked one day a week and they'd have what was referred to by the miners as "block-up day." That meant you could go out to the mines and work if you wanted to, shoot down your coal, timber up your place — it was all hand-loading then — and get your work place in a condition where, when the mine did work, you might load another car or two of coal and make perhaps a dollar or two more when the mines did work. But you were not paid for working on a "block-up day." In fact, a lot of days you'd go out, and if you shot any powder you paid for it yourself.

My dad worked in the Cabin Creek area back in the early days, around 1920. And when the union was broke in 1921 my dad and my granddad on my mother's side had to leave Cabin Creek and go find work elsewhere. They were driven off Cabin and then settled in a little town called Ward over on Kelly's Creek. And they worked there until '23, when my grandfather came back to Cabin Creek and took employment in this little town called Leewood. My dad did not come back. That's when my mother and dad separated, and my dad worked in Fayette County for a number of years in Ansted for the Gauley Mountain Coal Company. He subsequently became president of the Ansted local, and was president there until that operation shut down.

My mother's name was Lula Burgess Hoy, and my mother's dad was Joseph Hoy. They came to Cabin Creek in 1903.

MK So he must have been there during the labor wars of 1912, '13? What were some of his experiences?

AM In 1912 my granddad was president of his local union on Cabin Creek and the customary practice in those days, when they wanted you to leave, the coal company would order you to get in the creek and dare you to get out till you got to the mouth of Cabin Creek. But because he was a very honest individual, my granddad was not asked to "hit the creek," but was given the opportunity to move some of his belongings. He later returned. He was president of one of the early local unions on Cabin Creek.

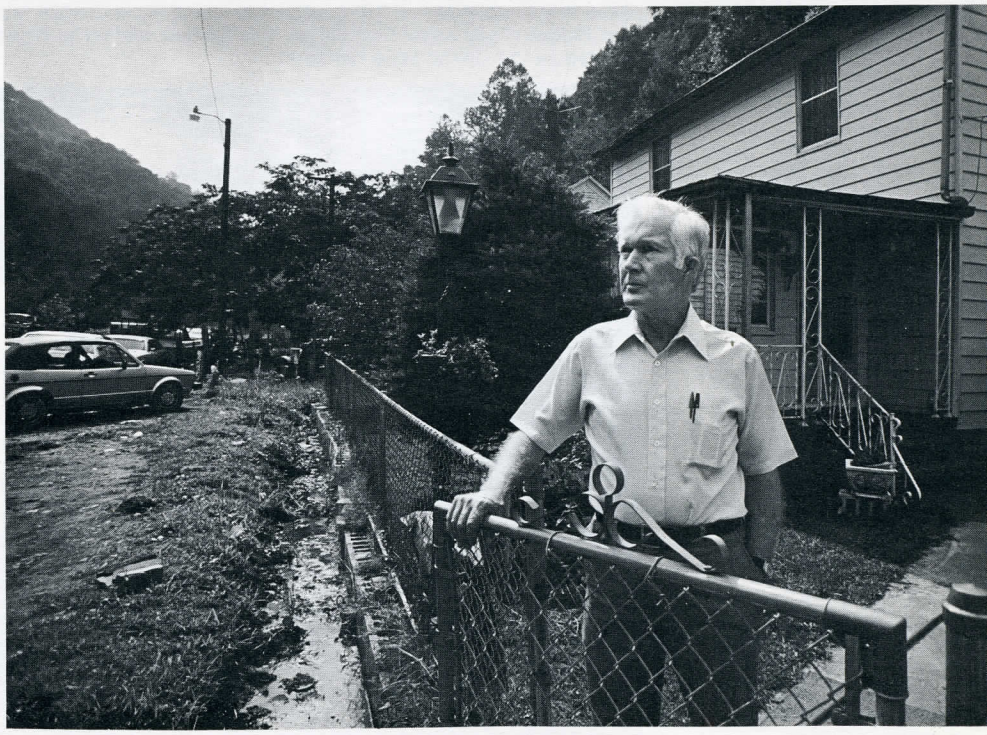
MK Your grandfather was a well-educated man, did you tell me?

AM My grandfather Hoy had a total of two months schooling in his entire lifetime. But he could read and write, figure with anyone in the country, and he was smarter politically than anyone I've ever run into before or since. Sometimes I didn't agree with his political philosophy. But it's history today, and what he said to me then always proved to be true.

He wasn't much of a talker, so it made it easier to remember the things he said. Where I didn't follow his advice I found later he was correct. I remember when I was growing up he said, "Son, we all come into this world equal, but there's a hell of a lot of people that don't understand that, they don't believe it." His political philosophy was that the Democratic party was the only one that ever done anything for the working class of people. I feel that's true yet today.

I lived through three Republican administrations. I don't remember them ever doing anything for the working class of people. I was raised in the Hoover days, and an old Republican asked me one time, "Why are you a Democrat?" I said, "Hoover

Miller at the gate to his mother's house in Leewood.



made a Democrat out of me." He thought for a moment or two and then said, "Young man, I remember you from the day you come into this world. You wasn't old enough to work in the Hoover days." I said, "No, sir. But I was old enough to eat!" I remember the slogans that were cast about in those days: "A chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage." None of which was true.

MK Might have been true for the coal operators.

AM Well, they was the only ones that ate. I remember going to the company store and they had a meat case. We looked, but we did not buy anything in the meat case. The meat case was only for the operators themselves.

They talk about prices today. Why, prices were much higher then, in the Hoover days, than they are today. The wages were so pitifully low, you can understand why the miner did not buy anything at the meat counter. It was tough for a miner to make $2.00 a day in those days. And such extras as pork chops would cost you about $2.00 a pound in those days. So we only looked. I was 14 years old before I knew a hog had anything but sow belly! We were lucky if we got a small piece of fatback to put in the greens.

MK Your family kept a garden though, didn't they?

AM Oh, yes, I remember the hillsides on Cabin Creek in those days were skinned up almost two-thirds of the way up the hill on both sides of the holler going up, and they were gardened. You gardened in those days or you didn't eat, it was just that simple.

There were no social programs in those days, no nothing. If a man was injured in the mine in Leewood, where I was born and raised, the only hope for him getting any kind of medical help was to be hauled in a wagon 12 miles down Cabin Creek. I heard my mother say one time that if the injury didn't kill a man the wagon ride would. She talked about women and children dying from what we refer to as common ailments today, appendicitis, pneumonia, and such diseases as that. A lot of miners in those days suffered back fractures and they'd go home without the benefit of casts or anything else. They were left to their own device, to lay in bed at home and hopefully recover. That's why you see a lot of older miners who were injured in those days bent over and hardly able to walk. They simply were not very well taken care of.

When there was a big roof fall in the mine, the first question asked by the bosses, "Did any mules get hurt?" They thought more of the mule than they did the human being. They had to buy a mule, but they could hire another man. Not long after I first went to work I was told by the mine foreman, "If you don't like your damned job, get your cottonpicker over the hill. They's 200 living down there at the foot of the hill on a box of crackers and a can of sardines would like to have your job if you don't want it." It was tough to take that kind of criticism back in those days.

MK Why did the miners take it? Were there a lot of gun thugs on Cabin Creek in those days?

AM At that particular time the gun thugs outnumbered the miners three to one. And talking about the Baldwin-Felts thugs! No one needs to tell me what they were or how they operated. I saw the experience there. Miners were not allowed to congregate. Nowhere. If they saw a couple or three miners along the railroad

Cleve Woodrum died in a 1913 ambush on mine guards, while fatally wounding notorious Baldwin-Felts agent Don Slater. This Eskdale marker to Woodrum's memory was erected by the United Mine Workers.

track somewhere talking, the thugs — be three or four of them together — would approach them and start insulting them. They'd beat them till they couldn't get up. You might wonder why the miners didn't resist that, or maybe take a gun to them. The operators had prior to that declared martial law and took all the guns that the miners had. They had nothing to fight with. And the law was with the thugs, they were the law. It was unbearable. You hear people today talk about Constitutional rights! The man that worked in the mines in those days had no rights whatsoever, Constitutional or otherwise. It was nothing more than slavery.

Martial law was declared many times during the labor wars. I don't remember all the specific dates; it seems to me like the last time they declared martial law on Cabin Creek was in 1927. I remember asking my granddad when I saw the militia come through with the old World War I wrap leggings and the little old flat dinky tin helmets. He said, "Tinhorns, son." That's what they were called in those days, tinhorns. And when I asked him what tinhorns were he gave me the perfect definition of a damn thug, which is actually what they were.

When the union came back in 1933, the Baldwin-Felts thugs that had any sense at all promptly left the coalfields. The ones that didn't were generally found shot down on their doorsteps. The miners had such a hatred for them that they eliminated as many of them as they could.

MK Did your granddad Hoy and your father ever have any dealings with Mother Jones, did they ever see her or hear her speak?

AM Oh, yes, Mother Jones was active in the Cabin Creek area. I don't remember exactly the last time. An old Syrian, Kabel Shibley, that lived on Cabin Creek from 1903 until his death a couple of years ago, showed me a picture of a rally that Mother Jones held. A little town called Eskdale was a mile below where I lived on Cabin Creek. She conducted this rally on the church porch there in Lamont Hollow, and you could see the militia in this picture parading up and down the railroad tracks.

The militia, National Guard, and everyone else told Mother Jones not to come in the area and conduct a rally. She walked up this holler and the machine gunners challenged her not to take one more step. She walked up to the machine gun, turned it over on the guys that were manning it, and called them all kinds of foul names and told them they didn't have the guts to pull the trigger, that she was going to conduct a rally there whether they liked it or not. And she did. She was a fearless woman.

She gave the miners enough courage that when she appeared in the coalfields to hold a rally, they would attend. You couldn't keep 'em from coming in. They defied the thugs and the so-called law and everything else, the coal operators.

MK Why didn't the thugs just gun her down?

AM I think because they were afraid of what might happen. She had such a following among the mine workers. They probably figured that would trigger an uprising. Even though they mistreated the miners as much as they could, they were still scared of them. Once you've got a miner to the breaking point, where he no longer has any fear at all, then you was in big trouble.

MK Tell me a little bit about your early childhood.

AM I grew up in a little town called Leewood, and what little education I got, I got it there. They had an elementary and junior high school in the same town, joined buildings. Today they've been torn down. I got nine years of schooling, or the equivalent of nine years. I managed to jump a couple of grades and finished up in seven years.

MK Were they company-run schools?

AM They were not company-run, but the schools were dominated by company influence in those days. They run everything. They run the banks, the schools, the government, and everything else.

MK What effect did they have on the schools?

AM They affected the kind of teachers you had. And they tried to project into the schools their way of thinking, politically as well as educational. There was a defiance of them trying to dictate their policies, but it was on a fragmented basis. There was no organized resistance against them at that time.

MK There was one area of your life that they didn't dominate, though, and that was your love of woods and....

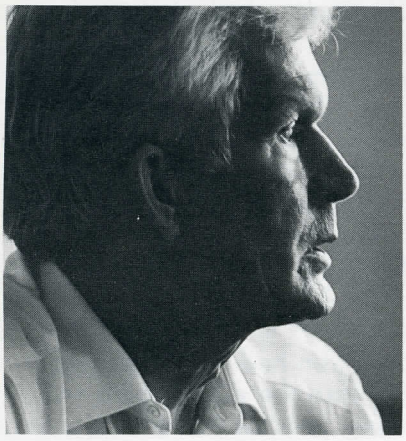
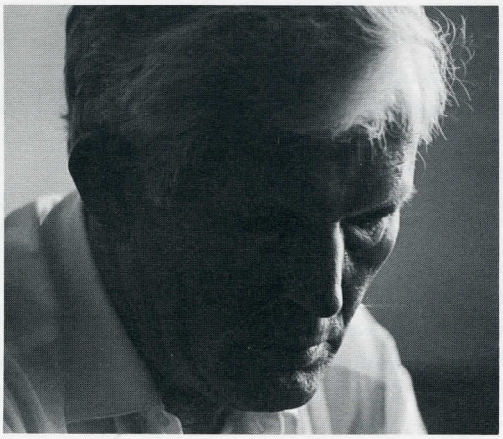
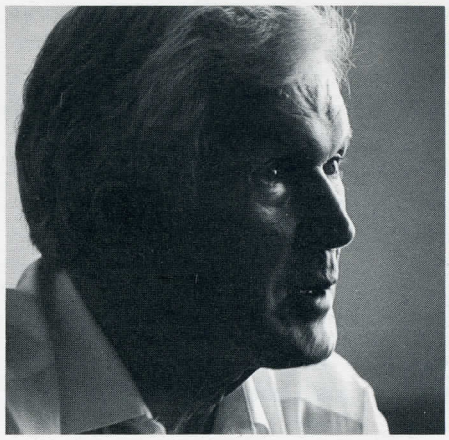
AM When I became about five years old the only form of recreation we had in the coal camps was hunting and fishing. I had a profound love of the outdoors and I spent as much time as I possibly could in the woods as a child. An old fellow named Luther Snodgrass began taking me in the woods when I was five. He probably taught me as much as I know about woodcraft, taught me how to course bees, how to hunt and fish. He was a constant companion and I spent as much time as I could with him.

MK Was he something like a father to you?

AM Well, he was. He provided an opportunity for me to get out into the woods when my grandfather was crippled and wasn't able to go. I didn't realize until later how much respect I should have for him doing that, because I must have been some part of a bother to him at the age of five. But he had the patience to work with me and teach me as much as he could.

MK You told me your mother was a woman who meant what she said.

AM Yeah, they were much more stern in those days! They didn't

"An old fellow named Luther Snodgrass began taking me in the woods when I was five. He taught me as much as I know about woodcraft, how to course bees, how to hunt and fish. I didn't realize until later how much respect I should have had for him, because I must have been some part of a bother."

spare the rod. I remember when I was growing up that on eight or ten occasions I got the hide ripped off of me unjustly. I was somewhat bitter about it, but as I got older I began to think: well, I got the hide peeled off me eight or ten times for things I didn't do, but there must have been eight or ten times when I deserved to get the hide peeled off me that I didn't get caught. So they sort of cancelled out. I respect the way I was raised and I respect the fact that I was poor, because whatever I accomplished in life I remembered where I come from. One of the greatest things a human being can remember is where you come from.

Leewood was a typical coal mining town. The mine that was there when I grew up employed 356 men. At that time they all lived in town: it was customary practice in those days. Today miners live all over the country. Some drive 50, 60 miles to work. But when I grew up they all lived in the town where the mine was. Part of that was because when you went to a place like that to get a job the company would tell you, "We'll give you a job, but you got to live in one of our houses and you got to deal in the company store." And that's just the way it was.

People were very much closer together then. All the problems that people had in the town of Leewood where I was born and raised were all the people's problems. They kind of stuck together. When I was seven or eight years old I remember asking an older miner, "How you getting along?" He says, "Son, I have poor ways and lots of them." And I've thought about that many times since then. It was true. People were much closer-knit then. And they got along much better, because if you didn't look to your neighbor for help, there was no place else to look.

MK So from your very first memories, the union was more than just an organization, it was made up of people who....

AM The union, when it came back in '33, was such a blessing to the miners. When Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected in '32 our neighbor whooped and hollered all night long. He was so hoarse the next morning he couldn't talk. I asked him, "Mr. Cooley, what does the election of FDR mean to the coal miners?" He said, "It means we'll be able to organize!" I lived to see what he meant about Roosevelt. In '33 the miners were given the right to organize. As fast as you could get a meeting together, you had a union organized there. I've seen them fight over who was going to be first.

The union was helpful to the industry itself. They'd become so cutthroat that when the union came back in, it stabilized labor costs which helped to guarantee a profit. Why the operators hated the union so fiercely as they did will always be beyond my comprehension, 'cause the union was good for them also.

What I learned from my childhood days growing up in the coalfields was I acquired a distinct hatred for the operators themselves. They dominated everything that the miners could think about. They had the so-called company towns, the company stores, and you [were forced] to spend the greater part of your earnings with the company or you was booted off the job.

MK Was there a movie theater, or...?

AM No, the nearest movie theater was in Eskdale, about a mile or two below there. That's where I saw my first movie, *Scarface*. It was a gangster movie. If we could garner 10¢ for the movie ticket, we'd run down the railroad berm to the next town. That's where most of the individual merchants were also. Being a gun nut from an early age, if I got 15¢, enough to buy a box of .22 shorts, I'd hit the railroad berm. A box of shorts was more important to me than a movie, so I only went to the movie when I had enough for the shorts and a movie ticket both. That took 25¢, which was harder than hell to come by in those days.

I'd run errands for the miners' wives that lived in the company houses there and dealt in the company stores. Many times they would want to mail a letter; 3¢ then was the price of a stamp, and they would say to me, "See if you can get me 3¢ of mainline money." Mainline money was money itself. Otherwise it was scrip. Sometimes the miners would trade a dollar of scrip for 75¢ of mainline money. There were those that preyed on the miners in that respect.

MK What were some of your other memories? Did you have a ball team, or other recreation?

AM Every coal mining community then had a baseball team. Very competitive. You went to the nearest towns around to play a ball game. It was a common practice, if you beat 'em on the field you had to whip 'em, too. Sometimes they'd beat you and whip you, too. So there were a lot of battles.

We did a lot of battling when I was growing up, in the neighborhood, in the taverns, or wherever. They were generally straight-on confrontations, when you had a fist fight. But along about the mid-1940's, it got to where they'd bring into play knives and guns and everything. It got to be very dangerous. I've seen a lot of fist fights in taverns, but once it's over with they'd shake hands, go drink more beer, and later on maybe the same two'd fight again. But there wasn't so much grudges kept in those days. The miners themselves were very tough physically. The nature of the work itself, I guess, produced that.

MK What about courting? Who did the miners court, and who'd they marry? Just girls from the same camp?

AM Well, they generally would stray away from the camp where they was raised. They'd go wherever the women, the girls, would congregate. It was common practice for us in those days to come out on the river. The towns were bigger, had more girls. There was a kind of intrusion on the part of the Cabin Creek miners in those towns. Our boys would gang up and the town's people resented that, which brought on more fisticuffs, more fights.

I got involved in a lot of it because I went to the places where most of the girls hung out. And if I found one of them that wasn't married, you know, I would immediately make the effort to secure a date. I didn't give a damn whether they liked it or not, if she wasn't married then she's fair game. Some went even farther than that, had no qualms about taking on a married woman, which caused a lot more friction. The fights were more violent, there was a lot more shootouts in those days. When a place got the reputation that you were likely to get shot or cut, the weaker ones stayed away. But not the ones that didn't give a damn. I guess I was somewhere in between.

I finished what schooling I got by the time I was 14. I wasn't big enough then to work in the mines. They had an age limit then, but the criteria was if you was big enough. So I worked in the timber a couple of years, and then I went to the mine superintendent and asked for a job. He said, "You're kind of puny to do a man's work." I responded, "If you give me a job and I can't do a miner's work, then tell me and I'll leave."

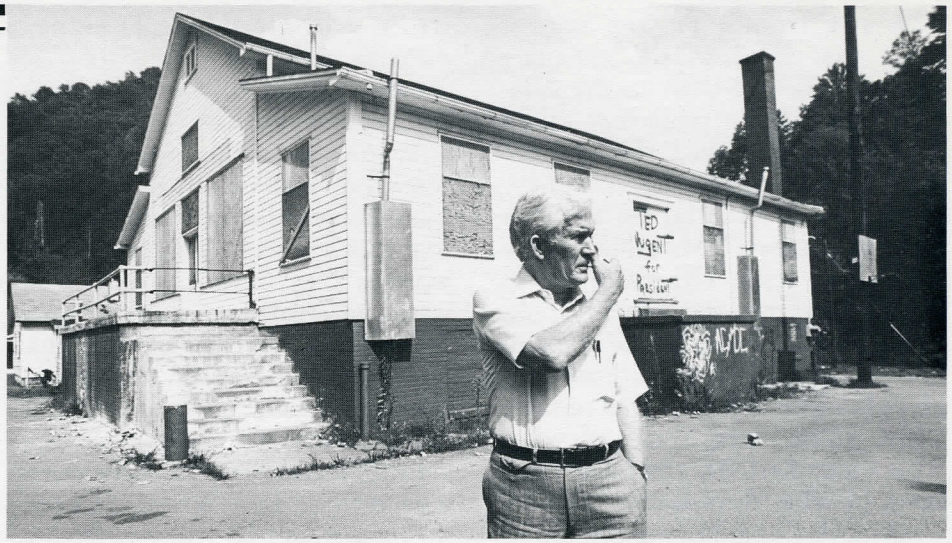
So he give me a job and I went to work in the mines with my granddad. The third day I heard the foreman severely criticize an old feller that by any standards today would not be able to work. I took issue with the foreman, and he promptly notified me that I could be fired for insubordination. Later my granddad said to me, "Young man, you're gonna have to curb that temper. You'll probably get fired for your action today." And I said, "Well, Granddad, I used my best judgment in trying to halt that act of disgrace to that old man. If he had jumped on you like that, I'd have probably killed him! Or at least I'd have tried it." Nothing came of it. I worked for that same foreman 15 years later in a mechanized mine and he still remembered that.

MK Tell me how blacks fared working day to day, or were there blacks on Cabin Creek? When did they first come?

AM The black people were brought in during the labor wars primarily as strikebreakers. The operators would go down South somewhere and paint these big flowery pictures about how much money you could make in mining and what kind of housing you had, which appealed to those who had primarily just come off the slave days. They would load the black people up in boxcars with food and water. And put a lock on the boxcar. They couldn't get out. They'd ride all the way to the coal camp, then they were turned loose and put to work in the mines.

It didn't take them very long to realize that these rosy pictures that was painted to them were falsehoods. They were browbeaten and treated like slaves. In some ways they were worse off than slaves, because slaves in the South, as the story's been related to me, they always managed to feed them. The blacks that come into the mining camps in the early days could scarcely make enough to feed their families. The companies assumed no responsibility for seeing that they were taken care of. And quite a lot of them, I believe, would have gone back to where they come from if they had known how to get back.

The black miner came here, not by choice. He worked in the mines. He raised a family and educated them so they would not have to work in the mines because of the way they were treated in the mines. The Mine Workers constitution has always said, "There shall be no discrimination because of race, color, or creed." But it wasn't practiced. In my early days in the mines the black miner was treated like in the South. They could have jobs hand-loading in the mines, but when automation came in, no jobs running equipment, none of the better jobs. They were discriminated against in spite of the Mine Workers constitution. They raised their children and educated them so they could find work other than the mines.



The company store at Leewood, now closed and boarded up, was one of the few that employed union personnel.

Another classic example [of people lured to the coalfields with false promises]: My great grandmother married a fellow named Jim Sullivan, an old Virginian, come out of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He came here because of all the stories he'd heard about big wages in the mines. He was a big man physically and made a very able coal miner. When I used to visit him on weekends he would set on the porch and play his fiddle and banjo and sing the old hill folk songs. One in particular was this "Blue Ridge Mountain Home." I finally listened to the words and began to understand that he would have gone back to the Blue Ridge Mountains in a minute, back to farming, if he'd a-knew how to get there, could have figured a way to get back. He didn't like it here, he didn't want to be a miner, was what he was saying in his song.

MK You said you started working in the hand-loading days?

AM Yes. I worked for my granddad. I later worked for my brother and then my uncle in the same mine. Hand-loading. In those days, if you could get a job, you had to have somebody take you in, generally some member of the family. You worked double, two men working in the same place. It was a little harder to make extra money that way. You got paid 77 and 2/10ths cents a ton hand-loading coal when I went to work in the mines. You bought your own tools, your own powder. There was no portal-to-portal, no vacation, and no lunch period. You ate lunch when you got a chance, but you wasn't paid for it.

MK How did they measure the tons that you loaded?

AM Well, they'd run across scales and the weigh boss weighed the coal and the checkweighman checked to make sure you was given the proper weight. But it was difficult to police that operation. Sometimes they'd rig the scales, or dock you for no reason at all. They had tare boards — those are boards across the drift mouth, and if the coal on top of the car didn't touch that tare board you didn't get paid for that car of coal. That car was docked. Or if they found slate in your car they'd set it off and severely criticize you, and they wouldn't pay you for it.

MK So you were really between a rock and a hard place most of the time, no matter what you did?

AM Yeah, they had a scrip system which you were allowed to use at the company store, which you could not spend anywhere else. The company tried to get the miner in debt so he would not be able to go anywhere else. There were a few independent merchants on Cabin Creek at that time, and they always tried to harrass those people, too, to keep the miner from dealing with them, because they offered better prices.

If you didn't spend your money at the company store then they would move you to rock piles or water holes, or places where you couldn't load very much coal. I experienced that myself when I first went to work. I bought a Winchester pump gun in the company store, and I agreed to pay $5.00 a payday for that gun. The first payday that I drawed after I bought the shotgun, the store manager took $10.00 out. So I went and told the store manager, "From this day forward no more scrip is to be issued on my account." That was on Friday. Monday morning when I went to work the foreman came around and said, "I'm gonna have to move you to another place." I said, "What for?" He said, "I'm the boss. And I will move you wherever I want to." The place he moved me to had 14 inches of bottom rock in the coal. You'd shoot your coal down, load it off the top, then you spent about a day cleaning up that rock, which reduced your income by quite a bit. I loaded the dust out of the place and dug out enough coal to finish loading one car. I put my tools on top and went out. That foreman came out and said, "What are you doing out here?" I said, "I just quit. I'm not gonna work for you no more."

Outside the mine superintendent said, "You're a good coal loader and a hard worker. How would you like to go up on another section and work for Johnny Bull Thompson? You'll be able to load all the coal you want to up there." I went up on that section and was given three places of seven-foot coal, no rock in it. That's the best fellow I ever worked for in

the mines. And later, because he was good to his men he was fired also. Then I was back with another boss who was the same way about dealing with the company store. And they give me a water hole. I give it back to them and went to work at another mine.

I went into the service when I was 19 years old. I suffered an injury in World War II, and afterwards I tried to go back in the mines. But they still had this old graveyard principle. I went back to the superintendent of the mine where I was working before the war, and he said, "I don't have to give you a job — but I'll see if I can find you something." I went back the next evening and he said he would give me a job running duckbill* on the third [graveyard] shift.

Nobody wanted to work the third shift and he was there to make sure I got on the right mantrip. I went down in this place. It was 30 inches of coal and 10 inches of water. I sloshed around in there the one night and got that shift in. Then I told the section foreman, I said, "I want you to tell that big-nosed superintendent I'm as good a man as he is. He give me this damned job and I'm giving it back to him." I come out of the mines that night.

My brother had come up to get me and he laughed when I got into the car. I was still disgruntled about working in that water all night and I barked at him, said, "What the hell is so funny?" He said, "You know what you look like? You look like an old gob rat that somebody been trying to drown all night." I laughed, too. I said, "That's what I feel like. They been trying to drown me all night." I said, "I quit!"

Then I went to work at an automobile garage, serving out a three-year apprenticeship as auto mechanic, which prepared me to go back to the mines just when automation came in, when I worked as a repairman from then until I left the mines.

MK What was going on in your life through the late '50's?

AM Well, mining kind of fluctuated. We had problems during wartime, and after the war was over we had a very serious strike. This was just prior to Lewis allowing the industry to automate. I think the strike — this was '49 to '50 — was damaging to the Mine Workers itself because it allowed the industry to automate. The membership was reduced from 600,000 to 90,000 almost overnight. There was no provision made to compensate those who were pushed out, and I had many friends among them. They were shoved out of the mines, the only job they had. They were too old to retrain. They had to go out and migrate all over the country and accept menial tasks, cutting grass or whatever they could find. I had an uncle who went to Florida during this time and take a job as a caretaker. It was degrading for him to have to do that, to move out of his native state.

I was about to go to Florida myself, but I'd have missed these old mountains. I came to think then that it was a coward's way out for me to accept employment somewhere else. I couldn't run off and leave my friends here. I had begun then to be concerned with their plight. And I was convinced that the union had become dilatory, had no concern for its membership. At that time I was president of my local and I said to the recording secretary of the local that the Mine Workers needed leadership at the district and national levels. My friend, who later became secretary-treasurer of District 17, said, "Who's gonna clean the union up, you?" And I said, "I don't know enough about what's going on. What about yourself?" He said, "Hell, I know less about it than you do."

*The "duckbill" was an early mechanical loader.

The railroad linked Leewood to other towns, including Eskdale, with its independent merchants. "Being a gun nut from an early age, if I got 15¢, enough to buy a box of .22 shorts, I'd hit the railroad berm for Eskdale," Miller says. "A box of shells was more important to me than a movie."

The Red Neck War of 1921

By Michael Meador

The Miners' March and the Battle of Blair Mountain

For six days the *Charleston Gazette's* headlines screamed: "Troops are Ordered Here!", "Martial Law in Five Counties," "Troops Invade Boone County," "Hard Battle on Two Fronts of Logan Line." A war was in progress in West Virginia.

The year was 1921, the month was September and the setting was the southern coalfields of West Virginia. As many as 15,000 men were involved, an unknown number were killed or wounded, bombs were dropped, trains were stolen, stores were plundered, a county was invaded and another was under seige. The President had to send in federal troops, the United Mine Workers of America was fighting for its life — and today, almost unbelievably, this war is nearly forgotten. There is not even a roadside marker to commemorate the mine war known variously as the Battle of Blair Mountain, the Miners' March, or the Red Neck War.

The general causes of the conflict of 1921 developed over many years. From the time the first shovelful of coal was removed in West Virginia, the men who did the mining were exploited by those who owned the mineral.

Miners and their families often existed in crowded, isolated, and substandard coal camps, at the mercy of the mine owners who owned the camps as well. Miners who fought for better wages or living conditions were fired from their jobs, thrown out of their homes, and blackballed at other mines. One either accepted the system or moved on.

A ray of hope appeared for the miners in 1890 when the United Mine Workers of America was organized by a merger of two earlier miners' unions. By the turn of the century unionized mine operators in the northern and midwestern fields were putting pressure on the UMWA to organize the younger West Virginia industry, whose cheap coal was undercutting established markets.

Threatened with the loss of their foothold in these older coalfields, union officials set about trying to organize West Virginia. They were met with resistance by mine owners and the courts. Injunctions were issued against the use of coercion or violence to force miners to become union members. West Virginia mine owners hired special guards and deputies (called "thugs" by the miners) for the purpose of keeping the union out.

One of the most hated tools of the mine owners was the "yellow dog" contract which many miners were forced to sign. In the contract the miner agreed not to join the union under penalty of losing his job and company house. These contracts, upheld in court, were a powerful weapon in the hands of the operators and much resented by the miners.

In the early 1900's the majority of West Virginia's mines were owned and operated by individuals or a few investors, rather than large corporations. Many of these operations were tiny by today's standards, although they employed more workers than might be expected, since coal was mostly mined by hand labor. Owners of these small mines found it difficult to absorb financial losses. They feared the union because of its insistance upon such costly practices as higher wages, safer working conditions, and collective bargaining.

In spite of this fear of unions, roughly half of the mines in the state had accepted the UMWA by 1910. But most of these mines were north of the Kanawha River. South of the Kanawha the mine owners and their hated guards ruled.

To assure complete control over their operations and to keep the union away, mine owners in West

Virginia gradually gained control of local and state government through the use of coercion, vote buying, bribery, and fear. The frustrated miners soon realized that no help for their grievances would come from courts or elected officials, and turned to the use of strikes and violence to settle their disputes. This made their cause feared and unpopular with the general public.

In 1912 the first major strike in the West Virginia mine wars occured on Paint and Cabin creeks in Kanawha County, when 7,500 walked off the job over a wage dispute. The operators, refusing to negotiate, fired the miners and evicted them from their company-owned homes. Thousands of people were forced to take shelter in the woods and slopes above the two creeks.

Mother Jones, the fiery, foul-mouthed union organizer, arrived and encouraged the miners to take up arms. The union provided guns and ammunition, and for weeks the two creeks were a bloody battlefield. Only when the enraged miners seemed likely to wipe out the mine guards did the governor declare martial law and send in the state militia to end the strike. The violence, however, continued into the next year.

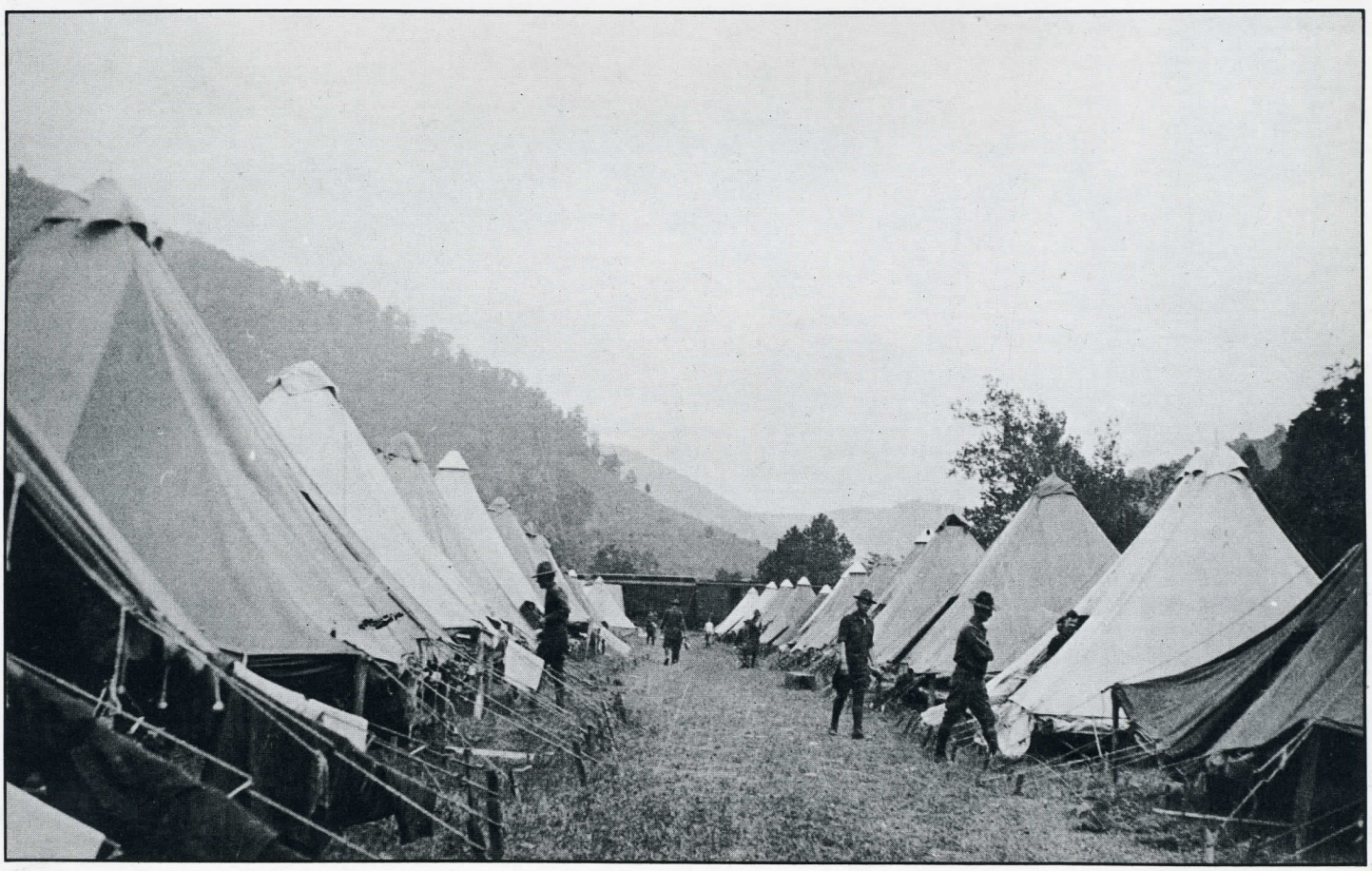
In 1917 America's entry into World War I brought a short truce to the continuing struggle between union and industry in the coalfields. The market for coal was good and most of the younger labor force was fighting overseas. But tension surfaced again as soon as the war ended.

In 1919 an armed band of pro-union miners marched through Boone County in an attempt to organize the Logan and Mingo county mines. They were stopped at Danville in Boone County when word reached them from the governor to either disband peacefully or face the state militia. The march ended without incident.

On May 19, 1920, several mine guards (including Albert and Lee Felts of the notorious Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency), who had been evicting striking miners from company houses in Mingo County, were ambushed and slaughtered in downtown Matewan. The battle, led by Police Chief Sid Hatfield, also claimed the lives of Matewan's mayor and two miners. Hatfield and his henchmen were trumpeted as champions of the union cause and were acquitted for lack of evidence when brought to trial for the murders. The mine guards sought revenge, however, and Hatfield and an associate were gunned down in broad daylight on the steps of the McDowell County Courthouse the next summer.

All during that troubled summer

Encampment of federal troops near the Blair Mountain battlefield, September 1921. The soldiers' mission took on the air of a holiday outing, as they encountered no resistance from the miners. Photographer unknown.



of 1921 there was violence and unrest in the southern coalfields. Fighting got so bad in Mingo County that Governor Morgan declared martial law there.

To protest the murder of Hatfield and the conditions in Mingo County, the leaders of the union called for a rally at the State Capitol on Sunday, August 7, 1921. Mother Jones was invited to speak to the group. She reviled the governor and coal companies in the foulest language and called upon the miners to march into Logan and Mingo counties and set up the union by force.

In Logan County this would mean crushing the power of Sheriff Don Chafin, who was paid by the coal companies to keep out the union. He maintained a force of 300 "special deputies" whose purpose was to watch all incoming roads and railroads and to prevent rallies at the mines. Suspicious characters were jailed without legal recourse and many persons, it was reported, simply disappeared. Don Chafin virtually ruled all aspects of life in Logan County and was hated and feared by the union.

At the Capitol rally on the seventh, Mother Jones called for the miners to lynch Chafin and to establish the union at all costs. Frank Keeney, the UMW District 17 president, urged the miners to return to their homes, arm themselves, and wait for a call to action.

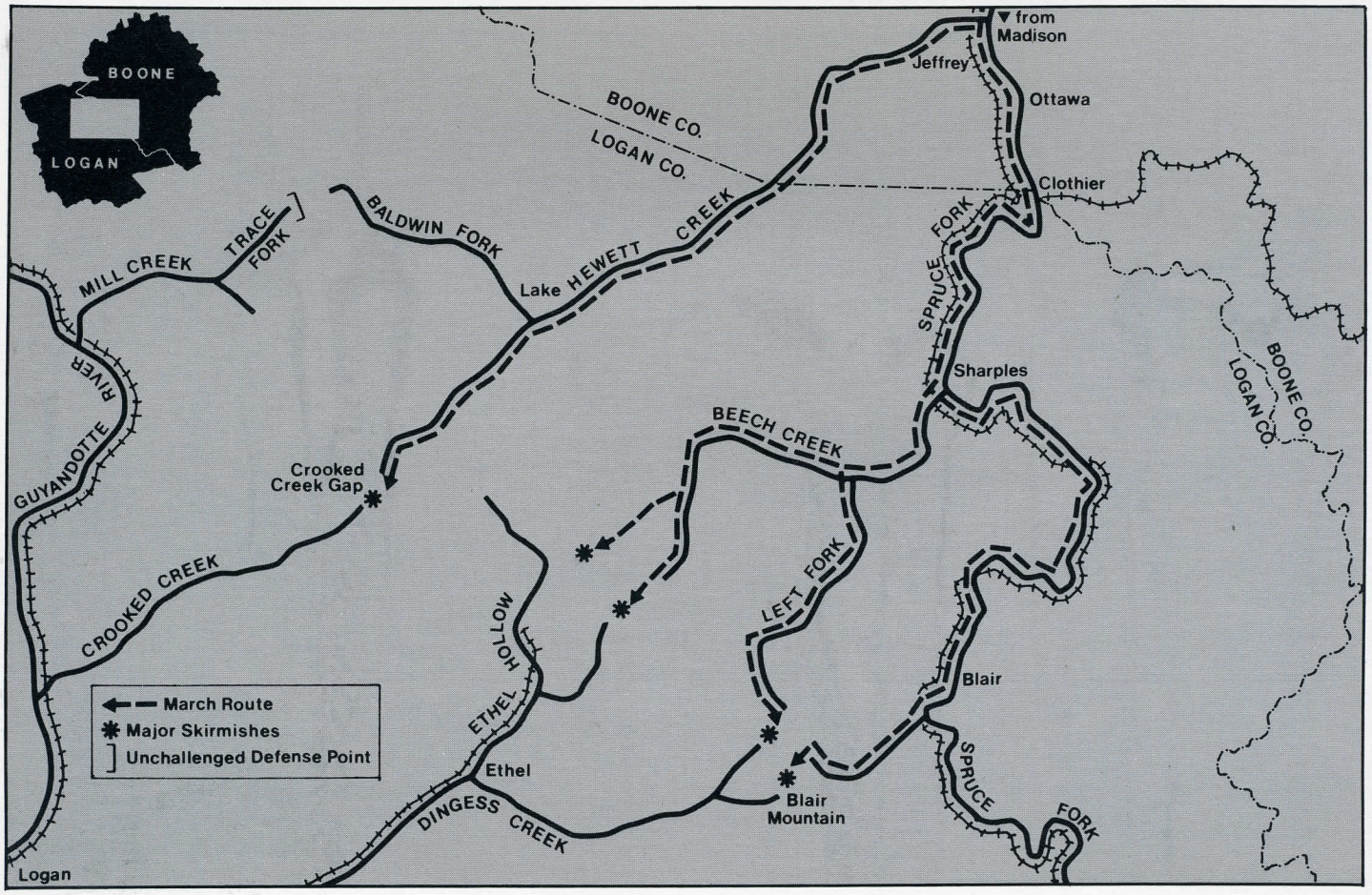
Mother Jones and Keeney were calling for the union to gamble its future in one desperate show of force. They realized that if the march was successful and the union could be carried by force into Mingo and Logan counties, the bastion of non-union labor, then the UMWA would be free to organize any mine in the state.

However, they surely must also have realized that if the armed march was unsuccessful the union would probably be cast out of the southern West Virginia coalfields altogether. It would take years to recover from such a loss.

The call to arms came on August 20, 1921. On that day 600 armed men gathered at Lens Creek, near Marmet in Kanawha County. The area became an armed camp as angry men swarmed in from all parts of southern West Virginia and surrounding areas. Some reportedly came from as far away as Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. A few men wore uniforms and helmets, left over from army service in World War I.

Union officials, such as Frank Keeney and Fred Mooney, publicly denied leadership of the mob. News-

Battle map: The Battle of Blair Mountain was actually fought along an extended front, with Blair Mountain itself being only one point of conflict. In late August and early September angry miners tried to fight their way into the Guyandotte watershed above Logan, contesting major mountain crossing places from Blair Mountain to the northwestward.



paper reporters tried to determine the identity of the leaders but were unsuccessful. Observers reported that the miners organized themselves into small units and elected leaders of these groups, but no one seemed to be in charge of the whole assembly.

By the late afternoon of August 21, 1,500 men had gathered at Lens Creek. Their destination and purpose was kept a secret and reporters and law enforcement officers were turned away. The *Charleston Gazette* reported that the miners were rumored to be preparing to invade Logan County but no one in authority could be found to verify the rumors. Residents of Charleston were thrown into a panic by rumors that the miners, who were only ten miles away, were going to attack the capital city.

By the 23rd the number of miners had swollen to between 7,000 and 8,000. Still no leaders emerged publicly. Flu and dysentery invaded the miners' unsanitary camp, and six doctors and eight nurses were brought in to care for the victims.

That night Mother Jones spoke to the assembled miners and, for reasons still unknown, reversed herself and urged the miners to disband and go home. She said she had received a telegram from President Harding ordering the men to disperse. The telegram was proven to be bogus and Mother Jones left the miners' camp discredited and in disgrace. The incident weakened her influence over the miners and she left West Virginia, to return only briefly a few years later.

In spite of Mother Jones, preparations for the invasion continued. Finally, on the night of August 24, somewhere between 8,000 and 13,000 men started up Lens Creek toward Logan, 65 miles away. When the news reached Logan early in the morning, shop whistles blew and church bells were rung in alarm. Sheriff Chafin rushed his deputies to the top of Blair Mountain to man the fortifications that had been thrown up in preparation. Also Chafin called out every able-bodied man available.

Don Chafin chose Blair Mountain as a line of defense because of several factors. The mountain effectively divides Logan County into two unequal parts, the larger of which is drained by the Guyandotte River which flows northwest toward Huntington. This southern area was Chafin's stronghold, was non-union, and bordered Mingo County.

The smaller northern section is drained by the Little Coal River which flows northeast toward the Kanawha River at St. Albans. This smaller section of Logan County had union mines and bordered Boone County.

To reach Logan from Charleston, one either had to take the train to Huntington and then up the Guyandotte to Logan, travel by dirt road, or by train up the Coal River through Madison to the foot of Blair Mountain in Logan County, where the rails ended. From there one crossed the mountain by foot, wagon, or horse to Logan on the other side. The easiest route was through Huntington but the most direct was through Boone County and over Blair Mountain.

The marchers followed a winding, mountainous, dirt road from Marmet, which is the present-day route of U.S. 119 into Madison.

The *Charleston Gazette* telephoned Boone County Sheriff John L. Hill and asked him what he intended to do to stop the thousands of miners. The sheriff replied that he only had three or four deputies and as far as he was concerned the miners were "perfectly welcome to walk along the highway through Boone County."

A fast-moving advance group of miners reached the foot of Blair Mountain early on the morning of August 25. There they were surprised by a group of Chafin's men and a pitched battle broke out. The miners retreated.

In the meantime the main group of marchers was stretched out in a long, straggling, unorganized line of weary older men and excited young ones. They carried every type of firearm, from machine guns to old flintlock mountain rifles. Some carried banners which said, "On to Mingo." Around their necks were tied red bandanas, their union symbol.

The marchers called themselves "red necks." The name, which is now commonly used as a slang term for someone who is uneducated, bigoted, or reactionary, in those days referred to a radical, or "red." It may have had a further meaning to the marching miners, in reference to the red neckerchiefs.

By the afternoon of the 25th, between 7,000 and 9,000 tired marchers overran the twin towns of Madison and Danville in Boone County. The miners cut telephone lines and emptied the stores of food, shoes, and ammunition as they awaited trains to take them to Blair Mountain.

By the early morning hours of Friday, August 26, another group of miners, 1,200 strong, had managed to reach Blair Mountain. There they stole a train which was backed 15 miles up the line to Madison, where the main body of marchers waited for transportation.

As soon as the march had begun, panic broke out in Logan and Charleston. Governor Morgan wired President Harding for federal troops to end the disturbance. Harding responded by sending a military advisor, General H.H. Bandholtz, to assess the situation and end the conflict if possible.

As soon as Bandholtz arrived in Charleston he met with the governor and was briefed on the situation. He then ordered union leaders Keeney and Mooney to meet with him. The pair was ordered to end the march and disperse all of the participants to their homes at once. Failure to do so would force Harding to send in troops and declare martial law.

Keeney and Mooney arrived in Madison on the afternoon of the 26th, about the same time as the hijacked train. There they found thousands of men lying under trees and propped against buildings, waiting for something to happen. The two

leaders herded 600 men into the ballfield in West Madison and read the President's order to them. The miners argued and grumbled, but in the end agreed they couldn't fight the entire United States Army and voted to disband.

From the Martin Hotel in Madison, Keeney and Mooney issued the following order to all miners: "To the miners: This is to certify that the men voted today at 2:30 p.m. in the ball park to return home. Trains are being arranged for their transportation home."

On Saturday, August 27, the *Gazette* reported the miners homeward bound, and stated: "The March on Mingo County which started as a protest against martial law...is now history." Or so they thought.

On the morning of Sunday the 28th word passed like lightning up and down the line of returning men that Sheriff Chafin's guards were shooting women and children in Sharples, a small mining camp just inside Logan County on the Blair Mountain road. Immediately the men turned and started back toward the mountain. Again the sirens were sounded in Logan. The miners regrouped at Blair in less than 36 hours.

What had actually occured was that Chafin and Captain Brokus, head of the Logan state police detachment, decided to cross Blair Mountain with 200 men and make some ill-timed arrests at the town of Miflin, near Sharples. As the men came down Beech Creek in the darkness they were surprised at Monclo by a group of union men who were still in the area. A pitched battle broke out which lasted for some hours. Two miners were killed and one was wounded. A Logan justice of the peace, Fulton Mitchell, his brother Lucian, and two other deputies were captured by the miners.

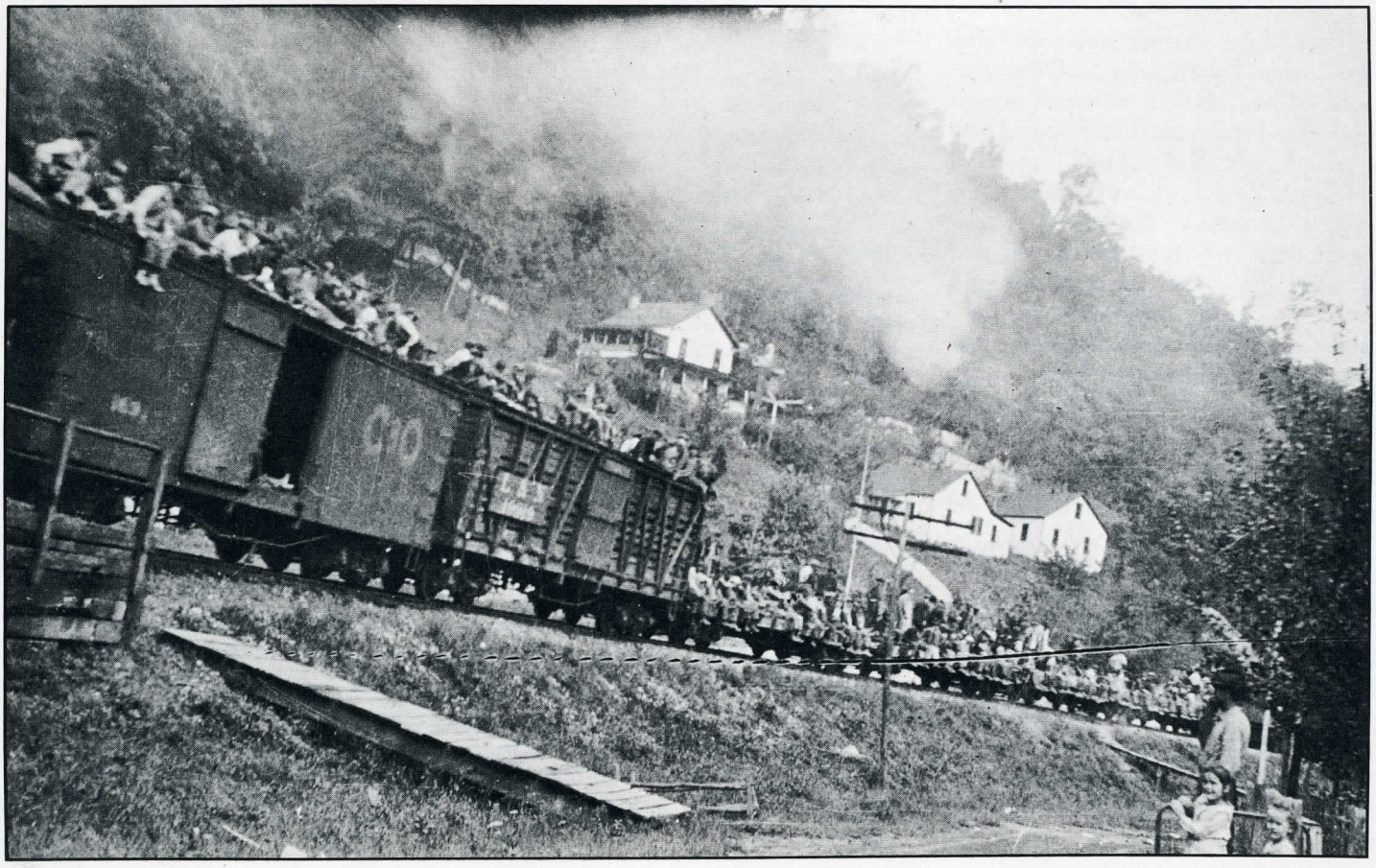
Mrs. Maggie Holt, 93, of Sharples, described in an interview how she and her children lay on the floor of their house at Monclo as bullets ripped through the walls and windows. She says she was "scared to death." A neighbor finally came and led them to his house.

The next morning she found a high-powered rifle lying in front of the house. She carried the gun inside and hid it under her "divanette." Miners from Cabin Creek, searching the house for firearms, discovered the rifle and confiscated it.

By the next day Blair Mountain was a raging battle line. Fighting was heaviest at three points where roads crossed the ridge. These places were above Blair town, where the main road crossed, at Beech Creek near Sharples, where a horse trail wound over the mountain, and at the head of Craddock Fork of Hewett Creek, where an old road crossed over onto Crooked Creek near Logan.

Hewett Creek flows into the Little

Angry miners pass near Boone-Logan border on a hijacked train. Photographer unknown, 1921.



Another federal encampment, probably on Little Coal River. Photographer unknown, 1921.

Coal River at the town of Jeffrey in Boone County. It was here that union leaders made their headquarters. Miners coming up from Madison on the commandeered trains would either alight at Jeffrey and walk six or seven miles up Hewett Creek to Blair Mountain, or ride on up to Sharples or Blair town before getting off.

With the fight on and thousands of angry miners attempting to cross Blair Mountain, Sheriff Chafin sent out an appeal for help to neighboring counties. Men soon began arriving from the non-union areas of Mercer, McDowell, Cabell, Wyoming, and Mingo counties. Also the state police sent in men. The defenders on Blair Mountain wore white scarves or armbands to distinguish themselves from the red neck miners.

Logan was transformed into a military camp and women began cooking in churches and schools to feed the hungry men.

Chafin even resorted to offering prisoners in his ever-crowded county jail freedom if they would go help the defenders on top of the ridge. One prisoner, a bricklayer, was ordered to take a rifle. He refused and, according to another prisoner, was shot and killed. The *Logan Banner* reported that he was shot while "trying to escape."

By Tuesday, August 30, the situation was completely out of hand. President Harding issued a proclamation commanding all "insurgents to disperse and retire peacefully to their respective homes, by 12:00 o'clock noon of the first day of September 1921 and hereafter abandon said combinations and submit themselves to the laws and constituted authorities." Unless they disbanded he would send in federal troops.

The marchers refused to lay down their arms, fearing that they would be slaughtered by Chafin's men if they did so. Also, they had amassed their strength at the Craddock Fork of Hewett Creek near Lake, and thought they were about to break over the mountain onto Crooked Creek which leads down into Logan. They knew that if they could break through, the defenders would have a difficult time stopping them.

Sheriff Chafin in desperation hired private airplane pilots at $100 a day to fly over the miners and drop homemade bombs on them. The bombs were made out of four- to six-inch oil well casing. Most of the bombs were dropped over Hewett Creek and failed to explode. One which did go off was aimed at a one-room schoolhouse the miners were using as a hospital, on Craddock Fork near Lake. The bomb missed the school by about 100 yards and exploded harmlessly in a field, making a crater large enough to hold a wheelbarrow. No one was reported injured by the bombs.

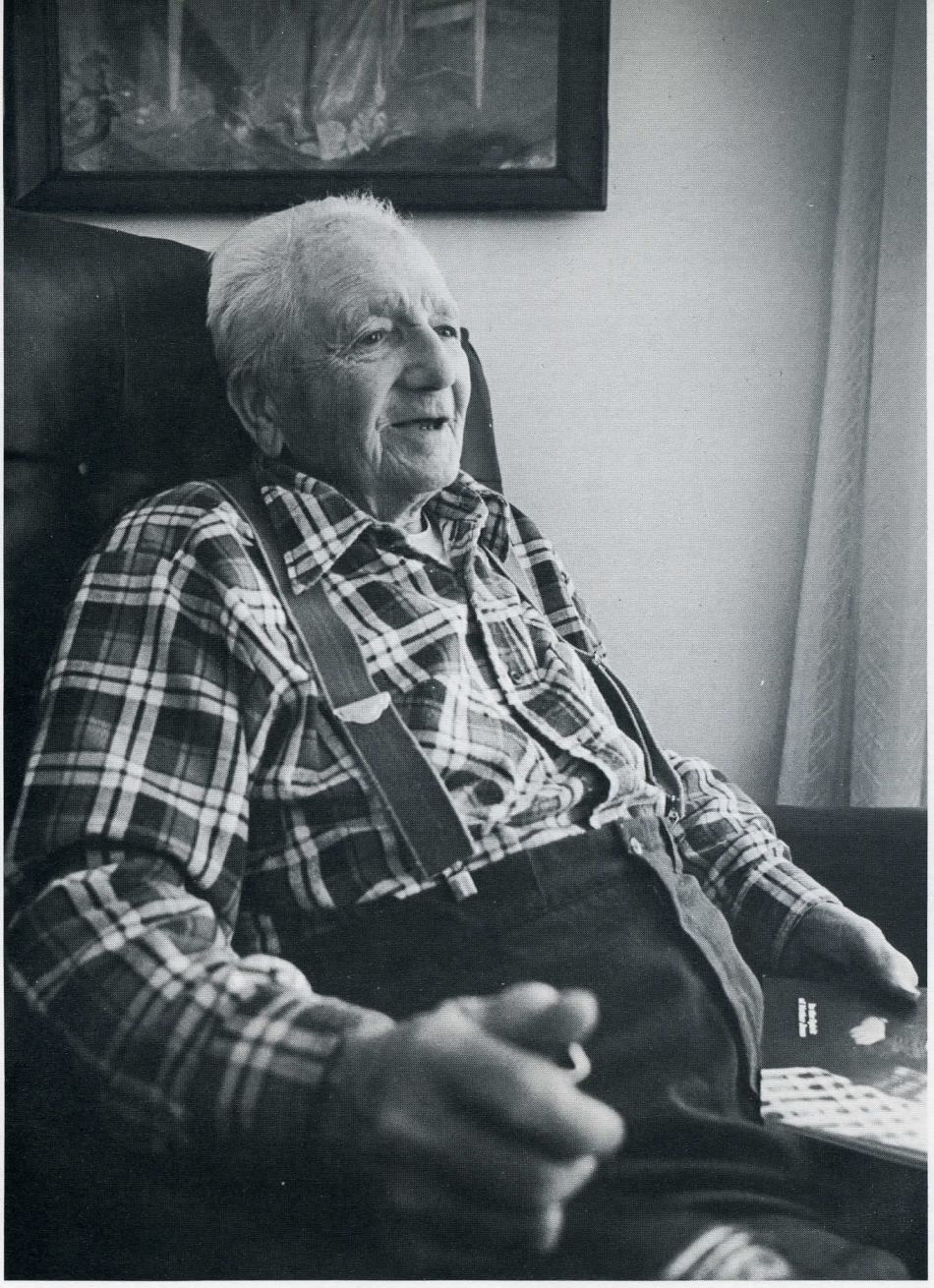
Milton White, a miner from Boone County who was drafted to fight on the union side, remembers Chafin land mines on the top of the mountain made of cases of dynamite.

The Battle of Blair Mountain by now was making front page news all

over the world and war correspondents were sent in by major newspapers. One correspondent who had served in World War I wrote that the scene reminded him of Belgium, as refugees fled in panic from the battle area into Boone County.

Boyden Sparks, a famous war correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, was dispatched to the scene with a female reporter who was to report on human interest stories. Chris Holt of Sharples, who was 15 at the time, remembers that the lady was wearing a pair of riding jodhpurs which "caused almost as much of a sensation in Sharples as the battle." He loaded the reporters into his father's Baby Overland automobile and drove them to the front lines, where he left them. While attempting to reach the Logan lines their group was fired upon and Sparks was wounded in the leg. Holt remembers they were captured and thrown in jail in Logan until they could be identified. He says they wrote some "hair raising" articles about their adventures that weren't complimentary to either jail or jailers.

Special trains carrying food and ammunition were brought in by the UMWA. All local unions were drained of funds to pay for the supplies. Holt remembers his father, who was secretary-treasurer of the Sharples local, writing a check for $1,000 to purchase guns and ammunition.



Early Ball, a young Hewett Creek schoolteacher in 1921, was drawn into the miners' war. Photo by Rick Lee.

For a week the battle on the mountain continued sporadically. Lush vegetation of late summer provided a perfect cover for guerilla warfare and individual gun duels, and much of the action was hidden from view. Doctors and nurses in Boone County were pressed into service by the union to care for the wounded. Dead miners were carried out on the trains, their names and numbers unrecorded. The deaths on both sides have been estimated at between ten and 30, with many more wounded.

It is estimated that at least 10,000 men engaged in battle. Even though Chafin's men were grossly outnumbered, they had the advantage of strongly fortified positions, several machine guns, unlimited ammunition, and an organized command.

"General" Bill Blizzard, president of Sub-district 2 of UMW District 17, was generally regarded by the miners as their leader, but the men were too disorganized and strung out to respond effectively to his orders. One miner said, "If the union had only organized and concentrated its forces it could have broken through easily." The miners almost pushed through to Crooked Creek once during the week, but were driven back at the last moment. The citizens of Logan panicked, and the *Banner* published Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," to urge on the defenders.

President Harding's proclamation was dropped to the miners by airplane. When his deadline to cease fighting came and passed unheeded, he called for troops to be sent in from Kentucky, Ohio, and New Jersey. Also, a squadron of army planes was dispatched from Langley Field, Virginia. The planes were armed with gas bombs and machine guns, but were not used. One crashed in Nicholas County and got as much front

page coverage in the *Gazette* as did the battle.

When the federal troops arrived in Charleston, they found the streets decorated with flags and lined with cheering crowds. The men were loaded into boxcars and rushed off in the direction of Logan. Another group of soldiers was dispatched toward Logan by way of Huntington and the Guyandotte River.

The troops arrived in Madison at night and were met by Bill Blizzard, who introduced himself. He was ordered to call a ceasefire and send the miners homeward. He disappeared into the night and by the next morning, September 3, when troops arrived at Sharples, the miners were coming out of the hills without guns or red scarves. They were simply a group of dirty, unshaven men trying to get home.

Their guns were hidden all over the mountain; in caves, under leaves, and behind fences. Cush Garrett of Lake, who was a boy at the time, remembers a friend finding a large number of rifles wrapped in a blanket behind a fence. It is reported that rifles are still occasionally found in the area of Blair.

The army set up camps up and down the Little Coal River to preserve the peace, but the fight was over and the union had suffered a crushing defeat.

A grand jury was convened in Logan County and indictments were handed down against Frank Keeney, Fred Mooney, Bill Blizzard, and 982 others, charging them with "murder, conspiracy to commit murder, accessory to murder, and treason against the State of West Virginia."

Immediately the round-up of prisoners began in the surrounding counties. Hundreds were arrested and taken to Logan where every attempt was made to obtain confessions. The trial for treason was moved to the courthouse in Jefferson County, where John Brown had been convicted of treason against Virginia in 1859. An appeal was sent out across the nation to raise money for the miners' defense fund and over $50,000 was donated.

The major union leaders who had participated in the march were acquitted through lack of evidence and a friendly jury. It was for the lesser figures in the drama to be found guilty and sentenced. Once such pair was the mountain preacher and miner J.W. Wilburn and his son John, of Boone County. They had joined the miners' cause only at the last minute, declaring, "It is time to lay down the Bible and take up the rifle." For their minor part they were sentenced to 11 years in the penitentiary. Others were also sentenced to similar prison terms. Governor Morgan parolled them in 1925.

The coal companies had won the battle but would lose the war. After Blair Mountain, the union disappeared in southern West Virginia, not to return until 1933, when New Deal legislation guaranteed the right to organize. But the spectacular Battle of Blair Mountain provoked inquiries into conditions in the coalfields, probing that would go on quietly after the shooting stopped.

Congress investigated, and the outside press took an interest. An article in the *Washington Star* identified Sheriff Don Chafin and his tactics as the main cause of the uprising. Public opinion was shifting, and the marching miners — or their children and grandchildren — would win in the long run. ✱

Cush Garrett, a schoolboy at the time, recalls that his family's home was taken over for barracks space by the union forces. Photo by Rick Lee.

Blair Mountain Named Significant Historical Site

As this GOLDENSEAL was going to press, it was announced that a portion of the Blair Mountain battlefield had been recognized as a nationally significant historic site by the federal government. Michael J. Pauley of the state Historic Preservation Unit gave us this statement:

The site of the Battle of Blair Mountain, located on W. Va. Route 17 between Blair and Ethel in Logan County, has been entered upon the National Register of Historic Places.

The four-acre site on top of Blair Mountain commemorates the fierce warfare that raged along nearby slopes, ridges, and crests from August 31 to September 4, 1921, between union miners and local vigilantes armed by coal operators. This fighting continued until federal forces, brought in at the request of Governor Ephraim F. Morgan, arrived and the miners were forced to withdraw. The Battle was the culminating event of the post-World War I struggles by members of the United Mine Workers to gain union recognition and better working conditions in the coalfields of West Virginia.

The National Register of Historic Places is kept by the National Park Service. Entry on the Register certifies that the Battle of Blair Mountain was a significant event in American history, and provides the site a degree of protection from federally funded or federally licensed projects. Nomination to the Register was prepared by the Historic Preservation Unit of the West Virginia Department of Culture and History and approved by the Archives and History Commission.

The Seige of Crooked Creek Gap

Interviews by Michael Meador
Photographs by Rick Lee

The events of late summer 1921 are vividly recalled by people living along the main line of march and in the Logan County battle zones. Many fled the area, while others watched in fascination as mile-long processions of miners arrived on foot, by automobile, and by hijacked trains. Remaining residents appear to have been sympathetic to the marchers, and many took up arms in their cause.

Early Ball and Cush Garrett live in Lake, at the forks of Hewett Creek in Logan County. Both lived in the same community in 1921, with Ball teaching school nearby and Garrett himself still a schoolboy. In late August they watched the union invaders tramp up Hewett, then turn left up Craddock Fork to attempt a crossing into non-union territory at Crooked Creek Gap. From the Gap it was only a short march down to the Guyandotte River near Logan town, and many observers felt the angry miners had their best chance to break through at this point. In these conversations with Michael Meador, Ball and Garrett recount why the unionists failed to make the planned dawn crossing, and Ball remembers the hectic night before, when he served as the miners' "generalissimo."

Michael Meador. How many days were the men up here fighting?

Early Ball. I couldn't tell you that. They kept moving in closer. The first time I heard of them they were over at Marmet and then kept moving this way.

I was a single man then and lived up the hollow here, pretty well where they were fighting. I was at home with my dad. Everybody was leaving the head of this creek, going on down toward Boone County where they had relatives and family to keep them. I drove hundreds of people out of this hollow in my car.

MM Did you have men in the house with you? Did the miners take over your house?

EB No, they didn't take over the house. They never bothered anything. We owned a farm up there just off the main road a little bit, up the creek here on above Cush Garrett's, on up the left-hand fork, where they came and took over the schoolhouse, Craddock Fork. They came up there and took it over for barracks.

MM Cush Garrett and I drove up there and looked where the school was and he showed me where the bomb had been dropped on the school.

EB That was the only one that ever exploded. I saw it drop and saw the dirt fly up.

MM Were the planes very high?

EB I don't know. There was one that went over us, and it was shooting some kind of gun, a rifle or pistol or something, and it wasn't very high. We both tore loose with high-powered guns. If we ever hit it, it never made a bobble.

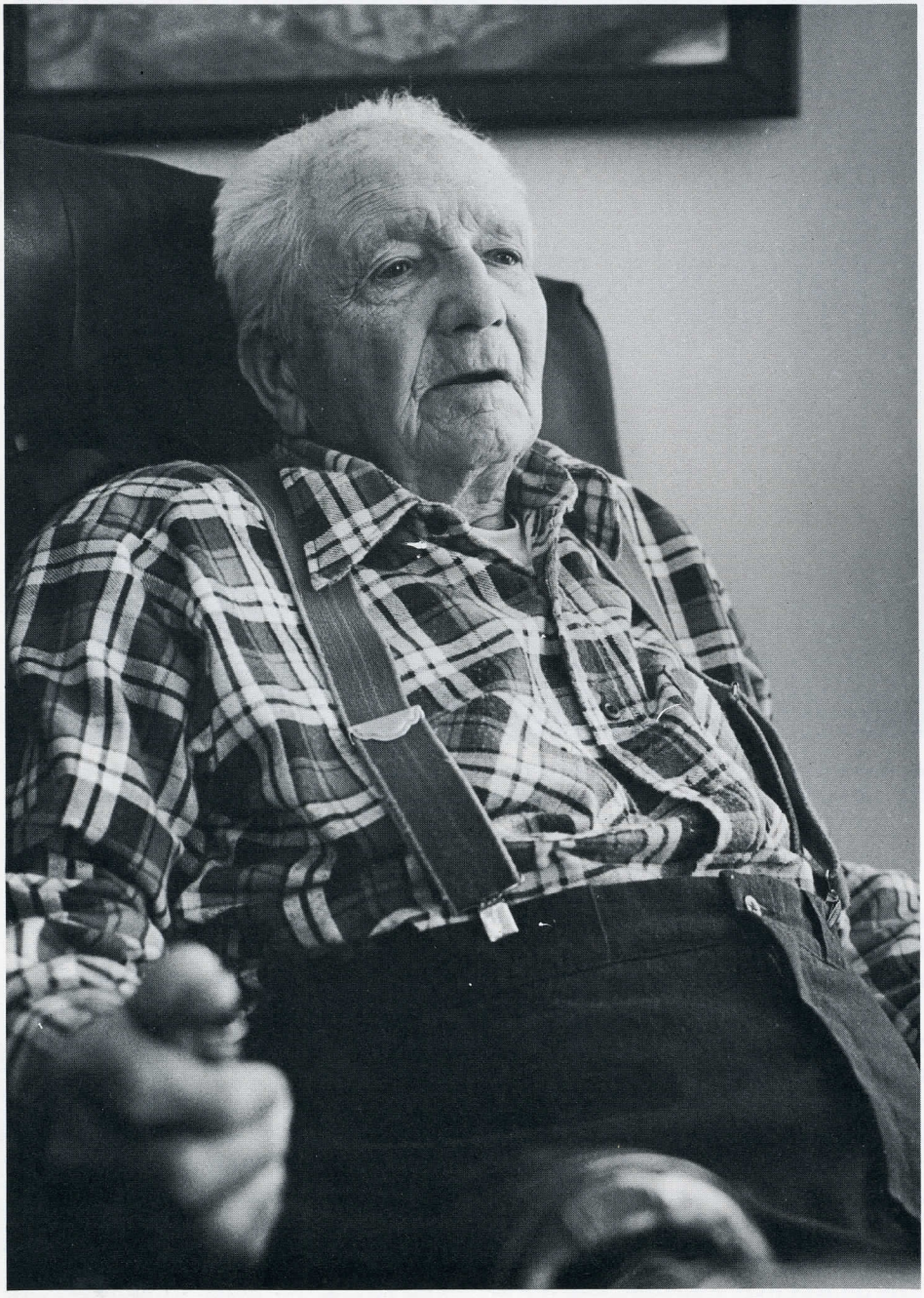
Of course, I aimed to be neutral in the case. To tell you the truth, my sympathy was with the miners; still I was not a miner, I was a schoolteacher. Elmer Nelson, a boy from up the creek here, we inspected these lines. We started over to inspect the thugs' line, over in the head of Mill Creek. It had rained and we had moved out on a point where we could look them over. We had field glasses and looked

them over and didn't go on down, but if we had went on down we would have been on the other side. They would have captured us. We were in the head of Hewett, on Hewett Mountain, looking down Mill Creek. Mill Creek is on the other side going on the right-hand fork.

MM Were they up on top of the divide there?

EB They were everywhere. There weren't any miners in that section, but they didn't know when they would come. The miners were all up the left-hand fork, about 5,000. That never was published in papers. They never mentioned Hewett Creek or nothing like that.

They just come and come all day. It wasn't just miners, there were men come up there from every walk of life — doctors, lawyers, people that run drugstores and got out of there and took to the hills with high-powered guns with the expression, "I want to get a crack at those S.O.B.'s."



"It wasn't just miners," Early Ball remembers. "Men from every walk of life took to the hills with high-powered guns."

MM Do you know anybody that got killed or how many were killed?

EB I don't know. I saw them bring one in but he did not get killed, he had a heart attack. He was carrying water to them. I saw a Negro shot through, but if he died they never brought him into the barracks there.

MM Do you know who was in charge of the miners?

EB Yes, Bill Blizzard.

MM Was he stationed at the schoolhouse?

EB No, he was just in and out. Bill Blizzard was supposed to be the commander-in-chief of them. Whether he was or not I don't know. He came in there a lot.

MM Do you know anything about what happened over at Beech Fork, Argrosson, or any of those places?

EB Just hearsay is all I know. These fellows they called "thugs," they were hired men and a lot of deputy sheriffs and everything. Don Chafin was a very popular man. We differed politically and everything. Personally, I liked him and he was a fine man in my book. He just got rich. He was a good-looking man, a very brainy man, a man who wouldn't lie to you. I heard of him accused of a lot, but I never knew of him doing anything wrong. I was a "dyed-in-the-wool" Republican here in Logan County and my father, brothers, and both grandfathers. We were a Republican family. There never was one of us mistreated by him. But there were various stories about it, and I can't say whether it was true or not. I don't know.

Now, I had a sister who was married and it was reported to me that she was in the basement of the house and had nothing to eat but canned stuff. I decided to go get her. I went down the road here, I got an army, I had Elmer Nelson with me. When we got up on Craddock Fork the machine gun started cutting the paw-paw bushes down. We took the other

side of the point and went into the hills. We met a crew who had a Thompson machine gun. We pulled in Crooked Creek Gap. There was a Browning machine gun, we were going to capture it. We found out they had moved the machine gun and the bullets were coming through the trees there just a little over our heads. It was continual fire.

MM Were you up the Sycamore Fork side?

EB I was on above Sycamore, right in the very head of the hollow, almost on the top of Crooked Creek Mountain. I think we had nine men when we got there, out of about 40 or 50. The others took cold feet, you know, dropped out. I had got the news that my sister had come out of there about daylight that morning. So when she got out, I said I don't have anything in this, I'm going home. Some of the boys went on to the other mountain, sight-seeing and so forth.

MM So you stayed up there the whole time then?

EB No, I was all over the world. I went through the line and far down as we could find men and everything.

MM What did they do for food?

EB They had plenty of food, they brought it in here. They never took anything from anybody that I know of. I think they got some stuff on credit at a few stores, but I think they paid for it later. I don't think they beat anybody, but I'm not sure. I was not in business at that time. There were men from every walk of life in this, but they were all called miners.

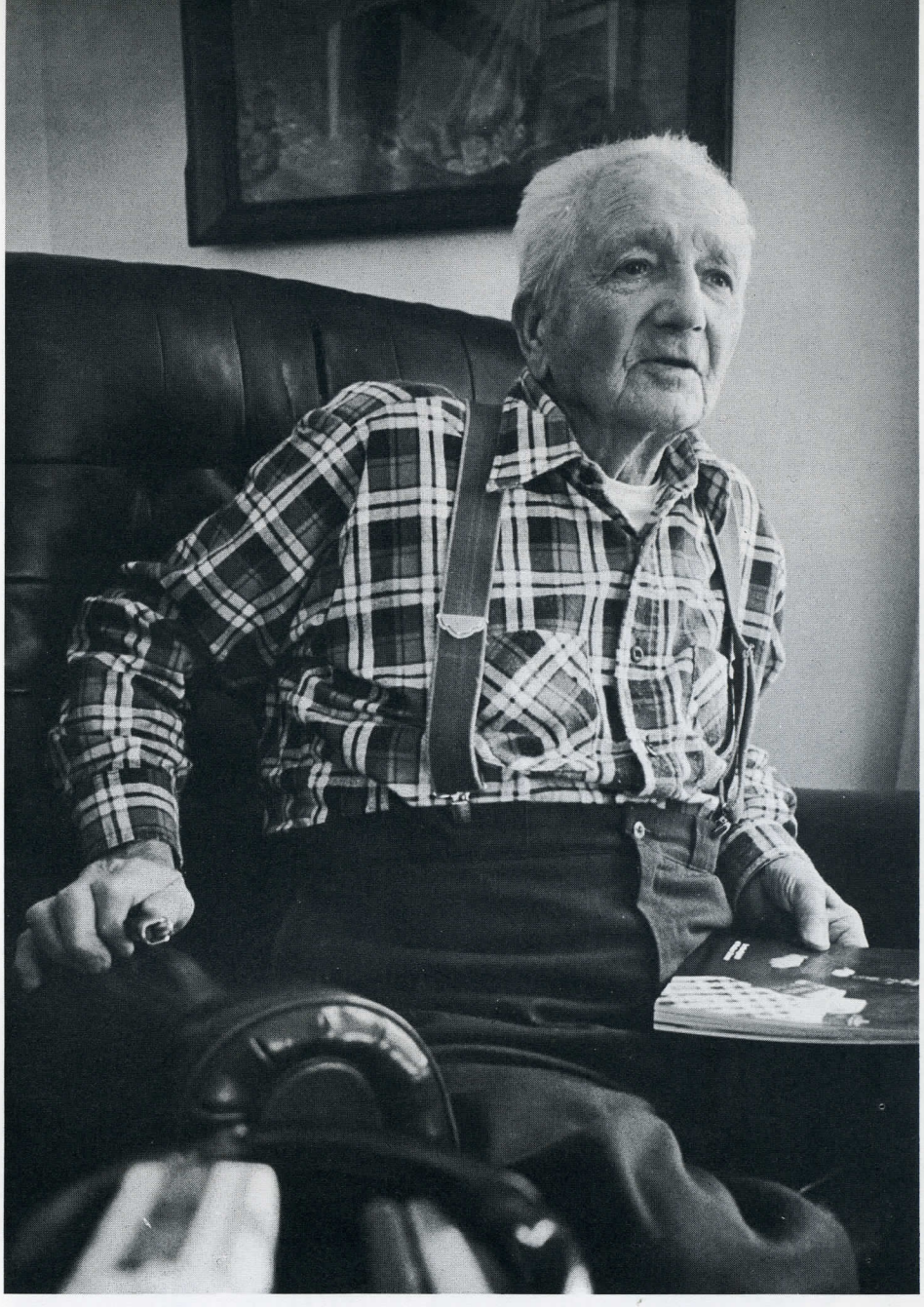
MM Did you go to Charles Town to the trials?*

EB I was indicted in 700 cases, I guess — not that many, but several. We were to give bond that day. I don't know how much bond there was but I think I could give a $200,000 bond then, if they had requested it. When they called my name, Don Chafin called across the house to me and said, "Early, don't move your trial, I'll take care of you." Well, that was the law and gospel, whatever Don told you was the truth. He didn't lie to you.

MM You were indicted or just going to be a witness?

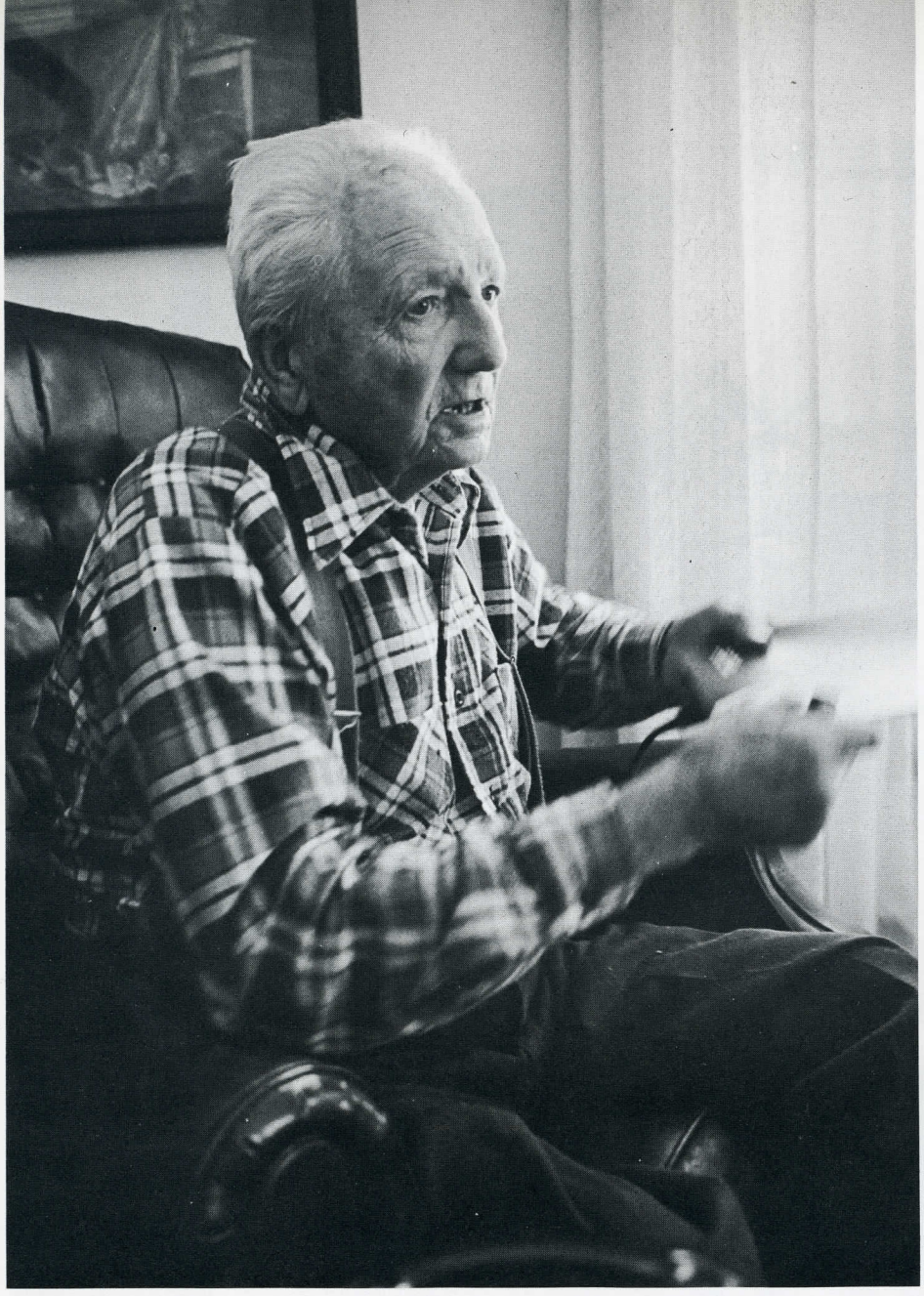
EB I was indicted. I was the "generalissimo" of that army one night. They told them that I knew every crook and turn in that mountain. The miners were told that, and it was put to me [to lead them] or else. Of course, I was going to save Early. I was into it against my will. I was an ex-Army man, I knew how to fight them. I put guards out all over the country, stayed up all night and going around like "Old Cornstalk," telling my men to be brave.

I had 1,000 men lined up to take the Gap the next day at daylight. We had a six-inch cannon that shot explosive balls, and [machine gunner] "Davy Crockett" had moved in a knob there and cleared it, had run everything off. Judge Chambers told me that he had fought in the Argonne Forest, but, said that was a liv-



Mr. Ball recalls his preparations to lead a dawn attack on Crooked Creek Gap. "I was an ex-Army man, I knew how to fight. I put guards out all over the country, and stayed up all night, going around

*The Miners' March trials, beginning in late April 1922, were held outside the coalfields, at Charles Town in Jefferson County. A special train, dubbed the "Red Special," brought union leaders and defense attorneys, as well as 1,000 witnesses and defendants, from Charleston. —ed.



like 'Old Cornstalk' telling my men to be brave. I had 1,000 men lined up to take the Gap at daylight."

ing hell on earth when "Davy Crockett" opened up with his machine gun. When the soldiers came in here they wanted to know who was running the machine gun. They were told "Davy Crockett;" that wasn't his name, of course, but that's what they called him. I never did know his name.

MM You were set up to lead them over the mountain?

EB I was commander-in-chief for one night, and the next day before we got ready to go Big Lewis White came in. He lived around here at Ottawa and was a high-powered man in the union. He told them that soldiers were coming in up both Guyan Valley and Coal River, and they would take over and do the right thing. He told them to go into the mountains and tell the men to come in. Big Lewis White came there and told them to come out of the mountains, and not buck the soldiers, that they would do the right thing about it. I never heard anything that done me as much good as that did in my life.

MM Do you think you could have broken through on the top of Crooked Creed Gap?

EB A thousand men could have went through either side of it. You take soldiers that have to go, they go in. I say this, if they had ever got into Logan they would have went through the Crooked Creek Gap, but still it never got a write-up in the papers or anything.

There were people there getting the news, from the *Gazette* and *Daily Mail*. They would get it off [Petrel] O'Dell and myself and go back and print something else. We got this man off to himself and told him, "You fellows come over here inspecting this and are going back writing it up in the paper not what it is. You're going to write it up like it is or we're going to beat you to death when you come back here." I said, "You just take your choice. If you write up a lie like they've been doing, we'll whip you." It came out in the paper the next day just like it was.

MM What were they going to do once they got across the mountain?

EB They were going on into Mingo County and turn some prisoners loose they had over there.

MM They were going to take the union on into Logan and Mingo?

EB Yes, they were going to be joined by other union men when they crossed the mountain. That's where they were headed for, but they had to go through Logan. Chafin had decided to stop them on Blair Mountain.

MM If they had made it over the mountain here do you think they would have been able to make it through Logan County?

EB I don't know whether they would or not. Don Chafin was a powerful strong man, and he had the operators' money. I know that. When I went up to Charles Town as a witness, they had summoned me, and I told them all I knew would be in favor of the miners. I said I would tell the truth. I said that's evidence in favor of them, and that's what I would have to tell on the witness stand. Well, they took me up there and kept me three or four weeks and

some fellow had the miners' money, and don't you think we didn't spend it. He dished it out to us as we wanted it, and we spent it while we were in Charles Town.

MM Were you found guilty of anything?

EB No. I was never tried for anything.

MM Did Chafin fix it up for you, do you think?

EB I hadn't done anything.

MM How long were you in Charles Town?

EB I was there three or four weeks. I was there until they took me on the witness stand, and Osenton began questioning me. Osenton, the big lawyer.* "Con" Chafin — he was the prosecuting attorney — came through and said, "You might as well leave Early Ball alone." He says, "I know him, and in fact our families have married into each other." Said, "Early stayed all night with me, slept in my bed, and everything. Whatever Early tells you, truth or lie, he's sharp enough never to change his tale." Said, "You just as well quit questioning him, you're wasting your time." The next day I was on the train coming home.

Cush Garrett. Like I told you, I was just a boy then and can't remember everything clearly, but I do know this much about it. What I heard was that Don Chafin was getting 10¢ on every ton of coal that went out of here, which was hundreds and hundreds of tons. That was to keep the union out.

*During the Charles Town trials, Logan lawyers C.W. Osenton and A.M. Belcher were made special assistant prosecutors by Logan County prosecuting attorney J.E. "Con" Chafin. "Con" Chafin and Sheriff Don Chafin were cousins.

Cush Garrett recalls a union machine gunner, probably the one called "Davy Crockett" by the miners. "They mounted the gun on a point where they could zero in on Crooked Creek Gap, where you cross the hill. They said he mowed the leaves off the ground with that thing."

The union men came to Jeffrey down here on a train from Paint Creek and Cabin Creek. That's where they said they were from. Up the Craddock Fork a short distance there used to be a school, that's where I went to school when I was a boy. I lived up Sycamore, that's a left-hand hollow right above where the school stood. They took that school for their headquarters, the union men did, that's where they did their cooking. Of course, there were so many they couldn't all sleep in that building, and they asked us to move out of our home up there, which we did. We came to right up there, across the creek. There's a white house up there; that's where my sister lives. At that time it was one of the nicest houses. That was my grandpa's house and that's where we stayed while the war was going on.

But the way I understood it the deputies and their outfit was getting a little the best of the miners. Some of the miners knew a man that was a machine gunner in World War I, and they went and got him and brought him and a machine gun in there. They mounted it on a point where they could zero in on that Crooked Creek Gap, that's where you cross the hill. They said he mowed the leaves off the ground with that thing.

The word came that in two or three days they were going to take Logan, get Don Chafin, and kill him. That's what was told to us here. We had no way of knowing whether it was true or not, but anyway it got bad enough. Don was sheriff at that time, and evidently, he called for federal help because the soldiers came in on the train like the other fellows. They brought some horses with them. They unloaded them and rode them up this creek.

They tried to bomb the headquarters I was telling you about where they took over the school. It must have been some kind of homemade bomb. Used to be I could have taken you up there and showed you the hole. It was about big enough to put a wheelbarrow in and a couple of feet deep.

There was an airplane come over there with two men in it. There were rifles cracking on every side at that thing. You could see the men in there dodging back and forth. It barely cleared this ridge. It was just trying to get away from here, I guess. It wasn't going toward Logan at all. I never will forget that. My cousin and I were about the same age, and we lived pretty close. I stayed with his dad, my mother's brother. We were walking up the road and this airplane, barely over the top of the hill, came over. You could see the men just as plain as day. They were scared, you could tell. You couldn't hear for "high powers" cracking.

Men come in here from Paint Creek and Cabin Creek, at least that's where they claimed they were from. They had any kind of gun, just whatever kind of gun they had they brought it. All the soldiers could do if they caught anyone with a gun or weapon was arrest you. Men stuck guns everywhere, just in hollow logs, under rocks or anywhere. I'll bet people around here got 500 or more guns, where some of them would get together and put all their guns together. I can remember my brother-in-law saw the edge of an army blanket sticking under the fence. He pulled it out, and there was a whole bunch of guns. There was one man who left his gun with us, he had a 45-70. It was a big gun but not long-range compared to the modern guns that you have now. He left it, we took care of it, and he came back and got it. He was from over in that section somewhere.

MM Do you have any idea how many miners there were actually fighting?

CG No. They marched up this road. There would be about five or six abreast walking along a little dirt road up here for a mile up and down this road. They were coming in on a train, like I told you, to Jeffrey. They footed it up through here. I don't know how many got mixed up in the actual fighting, but there were lots of men marched from Jeffrey up here besides the ones that maybe came from somewhere else that I didn't know anything about. All I saw were the ones that came up here. Most of the people we saw carrying guns were strangers. We didn't know who they were. All you knew was what they told you. There were some local boys here, and they actually put my uncle in jail.

MM Because he wouldn't testify?

CG That's right. My daddy left here to keep from getting involved in it. We moved away and stayed for two or three years. We moved into Ohio and stayed in two different places. That was a long time ago. Then we moved across on the West Virginia side down about 16th Street, West, in Huntington. We weren't in the town of Huntington, we were out back of it. My uncle owned a house there, and we moved in and stayed a while, until things cooled down.

Wheeling's "Fancy Grocers"

A Bottle Collector Writes of Early Food Packing in the Northern Panhandle

By Thomas J. Caniff
Photographs by Robert A. Villmagna

Commercial canning and food packing in the United States began in the early 1800's as an indirect result of Napoleon's desire to rule all of Europe and possibly the world. Armies weak from hunger and facing possible starvation were not efficient, so in 1795 the French government offered a prize of 12,000 francs for development of a method for preserving foods for the military forces. The prize was eventually won in 1809 by a French chef, Nicholas Appert. After 15 years of trial and error, Appert had perfected a method of preserving food by placing it in well-sealed containers and boiling the containers for certain lengths of time. It was to be some 50 years before Louis Pasteur's work with microbes showed exactly how this method worked, but work it did. This remains the same basic method used today for home canning of fruits and vegetables.

As early as 1815 Ezra Daggett took out a patent in New England for the canning of oysters, salmon, jams, and sauces, and in 1820 a Boston company was producing canned quinces, currents, and cranberries. The commercial canned food business was under way.

As years passed, home canning became commonplace; it provided fruits and vegetables out of season and saved much of the home garden from rotting before use. Commercial canning grew too, and began to add variety to menus with meats, vegetables, and soups.

The marketing of canned goods and commercially-prepared fruits and preserves was harder than it is today. Many 19th century housewives had a natural disinclination to use "store bought" foods, and many of the foods offered were lacking in quality and cleanliness. To many, especially those living outside the cities, if you couldn't grow it or make it yourself, you didn't need it.

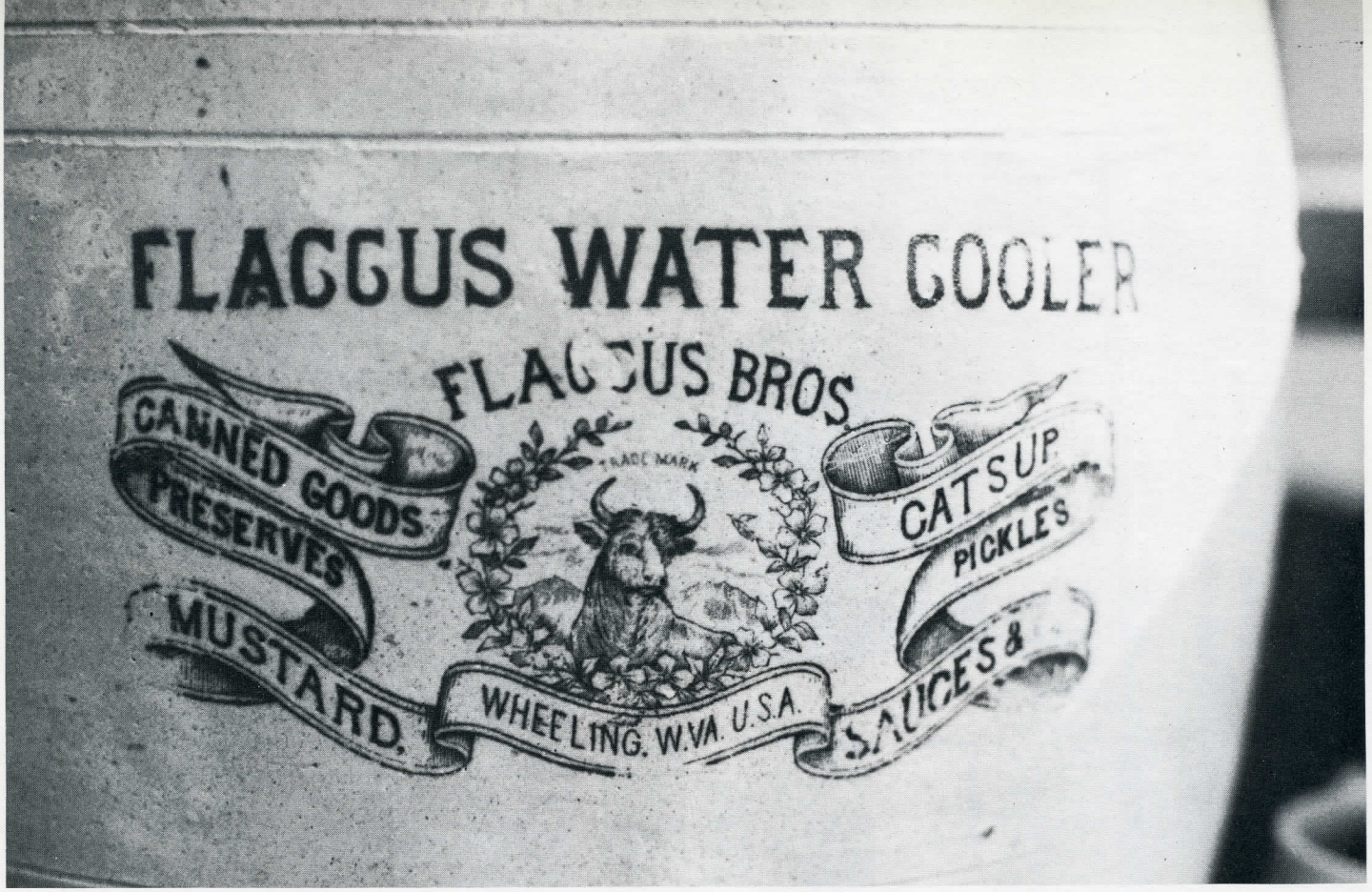
Most foods offered were packed in bottles or jars identified only by a label, and even when there was embossing in the glass the basic container was still pretty much standard-looking. Many food purveyors sought to overcome this sameness by using figural bottles, colorful labels, or colored glass to catch the shopper's eye.

In Pittsburgh in 1876, Henry J. Heinz, of 57 Varieties fame, founded one of the largest and best-known food companies in the world. H.J. Heinz had some ideas of his own about selling foodstuffs. He particularly believed that housewives would pay to be relieved of some of their more tedious work, and that food of superior quality would find a ready market — if properly packaged and promoted. These same ideas set the stage for four of Wheeling's most colorful grocers.

The Flaccus Brothers Company

In a way our Wheeling story began in Pittsburgh, in the years Heinz was growing up there. In 1848 the German brothers George C. and William Flaccus settled in the Pennsylvania city. William set his roots in Pittsburgh and fathered Charles L. Flaccus, founder of the C.L. Flaccus Glass Company of Pittsburgh and Tarentum, Pennsylvania.

George Flaccus was more restless. He married Amelia Blanchett in Pittsburgh, and they later moved to a farm about eight miles north of Mari-



Steer's head label from Flaccus Brothers crockery water cooler.

etta, Ohio. On June 2, 1858, George and Amelia had a son, George A. Flaccus, who was to begin the food-packaging revolution in the Wheeling area.

Some time around 1865 the family moved to Wheeling, where father George C. Flaccus established and operated a glue manufactory at Altenheim. He left this business, for a while at least, to engage in the grocery trade and is first found in the *Wheeling City Directory* in 1877 as "Geo. C. Flaccus & Son...grocery," with both grocery and living quarters at 2271 Market Street.

The first listing for the Flaccus Brothers Company, in the 1878 *Wheeling City Directory Supplement*, puts them at the same address. George C. had retired in 1877 (but was back making glue in 1880), and George A. Flaccus took his three brothers into the business to form the "Flaccus Bros. Co."

Actually one brother, Charles C., was listed as a salesman until 1888, when the directory lists him as a partner, along with George A. and Edward C. Flaccus. He remained a partner until his early death in 1891. There was also a fourth brother, William C. Flaccus, who worked with the company on and off. William appears to be listed in 1879 as a partner of the firm, but in 1882 he is listed only as working for the Flaccus Brothers Company. In 1884 William apparently was running a meat market; he is listed as a Flaccus Brothers manager in 1886, a coal dealer in '88, and as a Flaccus foreman in '92. William seems to have stayed with the company from 1892 until its closing in 1905, when he became a clerk with the E.C. Flaccus Company.

From the beginning, the Flaccus brothers applied their energy vigorously to building up the trade, making fancy groceries, vinegar, and pickles their specialties. For Christmas of 1878, Flaccus Brothers manufactured over 20,000 pounds of mincemeat. They also established a fruit preserving factory at which, during the season of 1879, they preserved fruits and prepared jellies and apple butters for the wholesale trade.

Flaccus Brothers operated at the old family grocery site at 23rd and Market Streets for about three years, their premises occupying about 22 by 125 feet with one semi-detached storeroom. A new two-story brick stucture was erected at 23rd and Market in 1880 and served the company until 1890.

The first factory for canning and preserving was established near the Flaccus homestead, about two and a half miles out National Road, but was moved to the store in 1890, when the company moved to 17th and Chapline Streets. The new buildings covered the entire square at 17th Street from Chapline to Eoff Street and were, according to the *History of Wheeling City and Ohio County*, "well equipped with up-to-date machinery, most of it invented and made by the firm." The company now had approximately 60,000 square feet of floor space.

"Flaccus Brothers were the first

firm to engage in the manufacture of this line of goods in Wheeling and among the first west of the Allegheny Mountains," according to the *History*. The company contracted with farmers in the Wheeling area and around New Philadelphia, Ohio, to furnish most of the products that they packed, but also drew supplies from other large fruit centers.

In addition to the Wheeling location, the firm had a plant in New Philadelphia of approximately 30,000 square feet. By 1902 Flaccus Brothers boasted of salesmen from Maine to California and was said to be only partly able to supply the ever-increasing demand for its goods.

In 1897, with Charles Flaccus dead and William only working for the company, Edward C. Flaccus dropped out of the partnership with his brother George to form his own company. Edward and Flaccus Brothers bookkeeper George H. Elliott both left, to form the Flaccus & Elliott Company.

Flaccus Brothers continued to prosper at the corner of 17th and Chapline, until George A. Flaccus' health failed and he was forced to retire in 1905. At that time, Flaccus Brothers was dissolved, and the entire factory and works were sold to brother Edward, who then headed the E.C. Flaccus Company of Wheeling.

The ailing George A. Flaccus died in 1908, of Bright's Disease. He had learned early that in competing with the home canning and processing so prevalent in the late 1800's it was necessary not only to produce a superior product, but also to make it look attractive to the thrifty homemaker. It is not known exactly when the jars embossed with the fancy design and steer's head were first used, but the Flaccus Brothers steer's head label was definitely used on their catsup bottles as early as 1888, and earlier if their patent claim is correct. A design patent filed in 1892 claimed that the distinctive steer's head had been used on company labels since 1880.

Glass color also played a big part in the Flaccus Brothers sales strategy. Even in the 1880's, when many glass companies used nothing but green (aqua) glass for food packers' jars and bottles, Wheeling had several flint (clear) glass factories. H.J. Heinz, in Pittsburgh, had from the beginning of his company favored clear glass containers to enable the housewife to see the quality and composition of the horseradish and other products that she was buying. There is only one example of aqua glass known to have been used by Flaccus Brothers, probably one of their very first containers; this item is a nine-inch tall, aqua, mold-blown bottle embossed "Flaccus Bros. Wheeling, W. Va."

But clear glass wasn't the only type used. Even in 1880, others were starting to use clear glass containers and, aside from labels, one clear glass jar can look pretty much like another from a few feet away. Flaccus Brothers used clear, amber, emerald green, and white milk glass to produce an eye-catching display of the com-

Left and above: The original Flaccus Brothers building at 23rd and Market Streets was constructed in 1880-81, and outgrown by the company nine years later.

pany's products. Even from across the room a buyer could see exactly where to look for the Flaccus Brothers brand, and apparently store owners had a choice of which jars they wanted for their shelves.

These colored containers were a matter of deliberate and somewhat expensive company policy. Not every glass house had the facilities to produce all four colors. Clear and amber glass were fairly common for producing medicine and beer bottles, but far fewer glass houses had the facilities or the inclination to produce emerald and milk glass. Even a few cents difference per gross in the cost of the empty containers would have had to have been justified by the company's sales vouchers.

The fancy embossing took the work of an experienced and highly-skilled mold maker, and also added to the overall cost to the company. The collectibility of the steer's head jars today attests to the mold maker's success in designing a container of lasting beauty.

Some containers were designed by the Flaccus Brothers Company itself. George A. Flaccus held the design patent for the figural Uncle Sam catsup bottle in clear glass, and for the "Shipping Vessel" (gunboat) covered-dish mustard container produced in both clear and milk glass. Other containers used by, and possibly designed for, the company include a milk glass hen-on-nest covered dish and a pottery mug which was packed with mustard. Also found are three- and five-gallon pottery water coolers bearing the Flaccus Brothers name and elaborate design. It may well be that even these large water coolers originally served the company as food containers, possibly for bulk pickle orders for saloons and groceries.

The E.C. Flaccus Company

After the death of Charles Flaccus, George and Edward were the controlling owners of the Flaccus Brothers Company. William Flaccus was still with the company, but apparently had never really lasted as a partner. Then, for some unknown reason, the partnership between George and Edward was dissolved. It is said that there was some trouble between the two brothers, but this is unproven and seems unlikely considering later events.

In 1897, however, Edward C. Flaccus and George H. Elliott, the Flaccus Brothers bookkeeper, left the company and entered into a partnership to form the Flaccus & Elliott Company. From the first, the new firm was in direct competition with Flaccus Brothers, and on May 18, 1897, Flaccus & Elliott filed their own trademark, "a representation of a stag's head and antlers and the name 'Flaccus.' " They claimed use of the trademark since January 7, 1897, and the company's declared products on the filing application were: catsup, vinegar, preserves, jellies, table sauces, pickles, chow-chow, pepper sauce, olives, and extracts. The new business was located at 1312-1314 Water Street. E.C. Flaccus was listed in 1898 as president of the company, and George Elliott as secretary.

George Elliott didn't stay around long, however. The partnership collapsed, and on July 8, 1899, the new E.C. Flaccus Company filed for the stag's head trademark. The trademark was now in the name of Flaccus alone, and the 1900 *Wheeling City Directory* tells us that George Elliott had moved to Detroit. Now Edward Flaccus was the sole owner.

Apparently Edward had learned the business well, for he was competing locally not only with Flaccus Brothers, but also with the McMechen's Company and the newly-formed Exley Watkins & Company. And if Edward had any qualms about imitating his competitors' style, it didn't show.

The first known jars of the new company were the "Trade Mark E.C. Flaccus" jars with the embossed stag's head, known to have been used as early as 1900. An invoice for a New Martinsville grocery store lists the stag's head jars in September 1900. Another invoice, dated in Jan-

Top: Three Flaccus Brothers fruit jars in milk, clear, and amber glass.
Above: Flaccus water coolers were probably packed with pickles for sale to saloons and groceries.
Top right: Flaccus Brothers mustard mugs sold briskly to saloons, which reused them as beer containers. Note upside down stencilling on mug at left.

uary 1901, lists cases of "assorted stag jar" mustards and cases of "opal [milk glass] stag jar" mustards. The amber and green jars were possibly also being used during this period. Also being used in 1900 was an as yet unidentified "Eureka Jar Mustard."

When in 1905 the health of brother George Flaccus failed and he was forced to retire from active life, the Flaccus Brothers Company itself was purchased by E.C. Flaccus. Business considerations aside, this transfer of ownership seems to indicate that if a feud did exist between the two brothers it wasn't bitter enough to interfere with practical business dealings. This purchase left the E.C. Flaccus Company with three factories: one at New Philadelphia; one at Barnesville, Ohio; and the 1312-1314 Water Street plant.

E.C. Flaccus again filed the stag's head trademark on April 23, 1907. The application list had been greatly expanded, and declared the com-

pany's products to include: "Catsup, Chilli-Sauce, Salad-Dressing, Prepared Mustard, Fruit Preserves and Jellies, Sweet and Sour Pickles, Olives, Table Sauces, Except Worcestershire Sauce, Vinegar, Mince-Meat, Dried and Evaporated Fruits, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Mushrooms, Soups, Beans with Tomato-Sauce, Stuffed Melon, Pepper Mangoes, Horse-Radish, and Chutney Relish."

On the same day, E.C. Flaccus also filed as a trademark the old steer's head as used by the Flaccus Brothers Company. This was done probably not so much with the intent to use the old trademark as to keep any other company from using it. Technically, once Flaccus Brothers went out of business and discontinued using the steer's head, it was up for grabs, and Edward had worked too hard competing against the original company to let someone else take up this familiar symbol.

The E.C. Flaccus Company continued to prosper and in 1912 was still operating the Wheeling plant on Water Street, as well as "one in Ohio, and also extensive orchards and gardening land in the eastern part of the state and also down the river."

Then on June 21, 1914, Edward C. Flaccus was out riding in a Mitchell touring car with his "auto pilot" (chauffeur) and a friend when the car went out of control and plunged over an 80-foot embankment. Flaccus was the most seriously injured of the trio but was expected to recover until complications set in and he died of peritonitis on June 25.

The E.C. Flaccus Company, like Flaccus Brothers, had never been incorporated and Edward's accident eventually brought to a close the last of the four "fancy grocers" of Wheeling. The company continued to be listed in city directories through the 1919-20 issue, under the listing of "Flaccus, E.C. Co., (Estate of), Mrs. Mary C. Flaccus executrix, mfrs. preserves, 1312 Water." But by 1921 the company was no more, and the Water Street building was occupied by the Dick Brothers garage.

During its lifetime the E.C. Flaccus Company equaled the marketing flamboyance of the original Flaccus Brothers Company. Aside from the many colored stag jars, the younger company also utilized its own milk glass gunboat covered dish, a stag-top covered dish in clear and milk glass, a setter (dog) covered dish in clear and milk glass, pottery E.C. Flaccus water coolers, and stag's head tip trays.

Exley Watkins & Company

The success of the Flaccus brothers may have inspired other local businessmen, for in 1896 a new company, Exley Watkins & Company, was formed by William H. Exley, C.H. Watkins, Jr., W.B. McGavin, and

Three fancy E.C. Flaccus mustard jars in milk, amber, and clear glass.

John M. Vollinger. These four men had previously been employed by another Wheeling food processor, the J.W. Hunter Co., where Exley and Watkins had served as clerks and McGavin and Vollinger had been porters. With this background the four entered into their own food packing business.

In November, 1897, Exley Watkins & Company filed their trademark with the United States Patent Office. The trademark was "the word 'Exwaco' " and the company claimed its use since April 1, 1896. The listed products were: catsup, mustard, flavoring extracts, olives, pickles, and spices. The packing house was originally located "across the creek" at 61-75 20th Street, but on September 15, 1898, this building was destroyed by fire and the business was relocated at 86-88 19th Street. The new building had about 30,000 square feet of floor space, with an additional building having about 20,000 more.

The informal co-partnership of the four men continued until May 18, 1899, when Exley Watkins was incorporated, with the founders serving as company officers and directors. C.H. Watkins, Sr., was also brought in to serve on the board of directors.

In 1902 Exley Watkins employed an average of 60 girls and 25 men, with this number doubling during the busy season. The company trade extended from Maine to California, and "one or two men were constantly on the road, one of them always being a member of the firm," according to the *History of Wheeling City and Ohio County*. The business was conducted through brokers and by mail order, and was exclusively wholesale.

The plant was said to be "complete in all its details, modernly equipped and run by steam." The vegetables, such as tomatoes, were contracted for with neighboring farmers, and mustard seed was purchased in railroad car lots along the California coast. The necessary vinegar was transported in tank cars from the west, and a "regular depot, with a side track sufficient in length for four cars" was situated at the rear of the plant.

Awareness of the competition of the Flaccus Brothers firm was evident in Exley Watkins & Company's use of tall, pint-capacity jars produced in clear, emerald green, amber, and white milk glass. Aside from the Exley Watkins labels, these jars were identified only by an embossed "Exwaco"; some completely unembossed jars of this style were also used. These distinctive jars apparently answered the company's needs for most of its life, for only one other jar — a labeled aqua, machine-made "Mason's Patent Nov. 30, 1858" — is known, and this may well have been an attempt late in the company's life to cut costs by using commonly-produced jars for its products. This use of a common fruit jar was not unusual among food packers and left the housewife with a jar that could be reused for home canning.

Which glass company, or companies, made these containers is uncertain, but there were many firms around Wheeling to choose from. When Exley Watkins suffered its unfortunate end through business failure in 1907, Federal Glass of Columbus, Ohio, Hazel-Atlas Glass of Wheeling, North Wheeling Glass, and Wheeling Stamping Company were listed among its creditors. All produced glass bottles or jars for the food packing trade.

With their company in ruins, the Exley Watkins partners drifted into other occupations in the Wheeling area. Exley and Watkins themselves ended up in separate furniture com-

Left: This beautiful stag design covered dish container was used by E.C. Flaccus Company.
Right: Exwaco-brand roquefort cheese jars were packed two dozen to the case.

panies. The original Flaccus Brothers Company ended at about the same time as Exley Watkins did, but the new company's challenge to the Flaccus fortune was a clear failure.

Geo. K. McMechen & Son

George K. McMechen was undoubtedly in business longer than any other of Wheeling's "fancy grocers," being in plain and fancy groceries intermittently for over 50 years. McMechen was born in Baltimore in 1827, and moved to Wheeling with his parents in 1836. He first went into business with John R. Morrow at 212 Market Street in the grocery trade. After five years he purchased the business and remained at that location until 1858; he then moved the business to 174 Market Street and remained there for ten years. He next entered the drug business with Bushfield, Wallace & Co. on Main Street, where he stayed for 18 months. We then find him interested in the coal business and mining, having assumed partnership in the firm of Capehart & McMechen of Bridgeport, Ohio. After four years he retired for a short time and then re-entered the grocery trade.

George McMechen opened his new store in 1877 at 1061 Market Street, moving to 1064 Market in January of 1879. A September 1879 advertisement in a Wheeling paper tells us "Prudent Mothers Save Their Money by Trading Only at Geo. K. McMechen's Reliable Family Grocery, No. 1064 Market Street, East Side,

Where Richest Flavored Teas Invite,
Fresh Roasted Coffee, Clear and Bright,
With Country Produce Fresh to Sight
Await You Cheap and Good."

He moved again, prior to 1882, to 1306 Market Street.

By 1886 McMechen had two sons who had reached the age of employment. B.K. (Bernie) McMechen had entered into a business career as a traveling representative of H.K. & F.B. Thurber, New York wholesale grocers, and was listed in the directory as an "importers' and manufacturers' agent," located at 1147 Main Street. William B. McMechen worked first as a traveling salesman for the Thurber Company until sometime in 1884 or 1885, when he joined his father in the grocery line under the name "Geo. K. McMechen & Son" at 1306 Market.

In 1888 we find McMechen & Son operating with ware rooms, packing house, and office at 1427 Main and 1503 South, listed as "wholesale fancy grocers and prop'rs [proprietors] Old Virginia preserves, pickles, ketchups, & mince meat." The company filed a trademark on September 23, 1889, covering "the words 'Old Virginia' and the representation of a darkey woman," claiming use since 1877.

The business again moved in 1890 or '91, to 1920-26 Jacob Street, where they stayed until their last move in 1894 or '95, to 28th and Chapline Streets.

George K. McMechen retired from the business about 1905 at age 75, but was instrumental in re-organizing the Geo. K. McMechen & Son Company as the McMechen Preserving Company. William B. McMechen was the vice-president of this new company, with J.J. Holloway acting as president, W.O. Alexander as secretary-treasurer, and W.H. Smith as sales manager. Alexander had been a manager for the recently closed Flaccus Brothers and Smith had been a Flaccus superintendent.

On March 16, 1911, the McMechen Preserving Company again filed

the McMechen trademark with the patent office. The description of goods to be covered by the trademark listed: tomato catsup, oyster-cocktail sauce, chilli sauce, fruit jam, fruit jelly, prepared horse-radish, mustard, canned tomatoes, and fruit butter.

In March 1912 founder George K. McMechen died at the age of 87. His son, William B., had moved to New York City about 1910 and by 1913 was no longer listed as an officer of the McMechen Preserving Company.

The *Wheeling City Directory* for 1913 shows the McMechen Preserving Company in the hands of receivers W.O. Alexander and J.E. Morgan, appointed by the court to wind up the affairs of the bankrupt company. Shortly thereafter the company was completely dissolved.

The containers used by the McMechen companies covered a period of roughly 30 years, from George McMechen's return to the grocery business in 1877 until the second company's end about 1913. There were probably containers used in the early years which bore only the McMechen's label with no identification embossed in the glass. One of these early containers might be the clear, unembossed pint jar with glass lid and metal band which bears the Geo. K. McMechen & Son label for wine-flavored mustard.

Two embossed McMechen's jars — one a square half-pint and the other a round pint — are similar to the type of design used by the two Flaccus companies and probably date from the 1890-1910 period. The McMechens, however, never followed through on this imitative style by using jars of amber, green, or milk glass. Only one item, a handled mug bearing a Geo. K. McMechen & Son label for wine-flavored mustard, was made in milk glass.

The "Weir" pottery jar with an apple butter label was a popular container of the period and was used by numerous food companies in different sizes for all sorts of fruit butters, jellies, and other products. A hard-to-find clear jar with a tapered top and embossed only "McMechen's" was probably used only for a short time, as few have turned up. This jar had a metal screw lid stamped "McMechen's Old Virginia Brand Wheeling W. Va.," sealed on a ground lip by means of a cork liner inside the lid.

The wide-base, eight-sided catsup bottle is claimed by some to have been designed for use on the river boats which once made regular stops along the Ohio River. Whether it was originally intended for this use or not, it should have sat securely on any table. One of these bottles is known complete with a label reading "West Virginia Preserving Co...Nail City Catsup." This style has not been found listed in any Wheeling records for the McMechen companies, and the bottle, with "McMechen's" embossed on the base, might have been sold to another company when the business failed, or might have been pirated for use by another company. The re-use of another's bottles was not an uncommon occurrence in the late 1800's, when many small businesses operated on a shoestring out of private homes.

An early advertisement indicates three other bottles used by McMechen's for their maple syrup. One of these is base-embossed with the lettering "McM.," and the other two have not yet been found.

Wheeling's "fancy" grocers are all long-gone now, and gone with them are hundreds of other small grocers of the period who took a chance and jumped into the mainstream of the young food packing industry. For every food merchant of the period who succeeded, a hundred sooner or later failed. Where hundreds of brands once fought to gain national success, only a few prospered fully. The present day Heinz, Campbell's, and French's companies are reminders of what the Wheeling merchants might have become. The reasons why the Wheeling grocers eventually failed are numerous, but beauty of design and color of their glass jars and bottles have left a lasting footnote, at least, on the pages of Wheeling's history.

The McMechen Company packed its products in a variety of jars, bottles, and mugs.

"Petticoat Government"

The All-Woman Administration of a Tyler County Town

By Wilma Doan

It was nearly time for the election of 1936 in the town of Friendly, Tyler County, and the men appeared uninterested in their community. They whiled away the hours at the lodge hall playing checkers, gossiping, and whittling. The women formed their own ticket, calling it "The Community Party." At a late date the men got busy but were unable to stop the landslide. All of the male candidates went down to defeat.

"You wouldn't believe the publicity we women got," recalls Mrs. Knowlton, a former town councilwoman. "Paramount Pictures made newsreels of Mayor Stella Eddy, her recorder, Elgie Rustemeyer, and the five councilmen — 'cept we were councilwomen. There were two Williamsons, Mrs. Ella and Mrs. Everett Williamson, Mrs. Maude Livingston, Mrs. Leitia Bowles and myself."

Mrs. Knowlton and Mrs. Rustemeyer, now 91, still live in Friendly, which is located on the Ohio River about 40 miles north of Parkersburg. The town, which was then a little shy of 200 people, boasted four churches, an elementary and a junior high school. You could get your car fixed at either of two garages, and of course there was a post office. A ferry boat linked Friendly with New Matamoras, Ohio, at that time. There was the prospect of adding 107 citizens to the population if an adjoining "built up" section on the hill could be annexed.

"The chief of police was really something. She weighed nearly 200 pounds and stood an even six feel tall.... She didn't even tote a gun."

"Photographers came from all over," Mrs. Knowlton continued. "Newspapers clear across the country and in foreign countries too wrote about this here all-woman government. Some called it the 'petticoat government.' "

The new mayor and council set to work to reform Friendly. Josephine Cline was appointed chief of police, to carry out the edicts of the new government. Her sister, Mrs. Laura Hays, now 88 and still living in Friendly, chuckled when she told of the women passing and attempting to enforce the celebrated "pig ordinance."

"You know there were pig pens in every corner, pigs rooted out the flower beds and one woman even came home and found a pig in her kitchen. That all-woman council passed an anti-pig pen ordinance barring pens inside the corporation limits. They cleaned up the town in fine shape, planted hollyhocks, washed the streets, and got a playground for the kids, too. The anti-pig pen ordinance created Mayor Stella's own 'Bay of Pigs.' "

Mrs. Hays went on to recall that en-

forcement of the pig ordinance caused a rift between the mayor and Friendly's police chief. "The chief of police was really something. She weighed nearly 200 pounds and stood an even six feet tall. She wasn't one bit afraid of anything. She didn't even tote a gun. Josephine was a little quick tempered but congenial most all the time. Anyway, the chief was sent by her honor to arrest a pig keeper by the name of Luther White (later to be known as 'Piggy' White). He protested, said he just bought those two young pigs in Moundsville and placed them in his barn temporarily until he could get a place to fatten them. He resisted going to jail and later, when he was taken before the mayor and fined $5, the lady mayor hopped all over her chief of police for not jailing him. They had a big argument. First thing you know, that hefty Josephine slapped the proud slender mayor across the face. The mayor denied that such a thing happened, but after a week went by said that she did not slap back because 'I don't fight.' The mayor accused the chief of police of being too quick tempered and told her that maybe a man would make a better officer."

That didn't set too well, and Chief Josephine apologized and stayed on as head of the police department.

Mrs. Hays remembered that Mayor Eddy herself had gone into the waters of the Ohio River and tore the shirt off Piggy White's back trying to bring him back to the West Virginia shore. He had hidden for a few days in Ohio to keep from being arrested.

Reports of the face slapping were dispatched across the United States. A Kentucky newspaper reported that the chief of police had slaughtered the mayor. Photographers showed up again. This time they took pictures of Luther White, the pig keeper, with him holding the two famous pigs, one under each arm.

The administration's male critics thought the clash between mayor and police chief would break the women, but Mayor Eddy smoothed everything out. Mrs. Hays recalled that the mayor phoned the town recorder after the incident, saying, "Elgie, you be sure and pay Josephine her fee for arresting that Mr. White. The fee goes to her, you know."

On October 14, 1937, Mayor Eddy told the nation of the all-woman government of Friendly on the radio program, "We, the People," live from Madison Avenue in New York City. Her experiences and accomplishments were written up in many newspapers acclaiming the completely female administration the only one in the United States and the world.

"Our Town's Business" was the theme of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Club where Stella spoke in Parkersburg shortly after appearing on the "We, the People" broadcast. A few days after that engagement she was invited to appear on "Ripley's Believe It or Not" show, also from New York.

"The men held their nominating convention on a night when all the women in town had gone to the school to see the children graduate, and used as their campaign slogan, 'More Pigs and Less Publicity.' "

Mayor Eddy lobbied on behalf of Friendly wherever she happened to encounter influential people. Once she met the famous aviator Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan in Charleston, and the two agreed that Friendly should have an airstrip. The mayor argued that every Ohio River community ought to have one. Corrigan, an early associate of Charles Lindbergh, had picked up his nickname by flying the wrong way in his own attempt to cross the Atlantic. He admitted that he had failed the ocean crossing, but promised to try landing on the Ohio someday to visit Friendly.

The mayor took time off from her busy schedule for humanitarian work. In the '30's she put much effort into helping Dr. Blanka Herze, a Jewish doctor in Czechoslovakia, try to immigrate to the United States. The departure from Prague and entrance into America was especially difficult for Jews. They had to wait a long time for quota turn. Only American citizens, and artists and professors who were invited, could get traveling permission. But it was characteristic of the mayor to keep trying.

Despite the mayor's good works and good government, the tobacco chewers regained control of Friendly in 1939. The men held their nominating convention on a night when all the women in the town had gone to the school to see their children graduate, and used as their campaign slogan, "More Pigs and Less Publicity."

They celebrated their victory with a slap at the women by having a "pig roast." When it came time for the men to be sworn into office, they went off to a justice of the peace instead of the all-woman town council.

Succeeding the administration of men described as "tired of their public responsibilities," Stella Eddy's administration had been anything but that. Mayor Eddy was efficient in all endeavors she undertook. Her motto for her town was "We'll make Friendly the most friendly town in this part of the country."

Each surviving lady now remembers the building of the town steps as the Eddy administration's greatest accomplishment. "Five hundred and eight of 'em," Mrs. Knowlton said.

Mrs. Hays filled in the rest of the story. "Mayor Stella got help from the Works Progress Administration, known as WPA, to build them. The government furnished $3,500, and the city added $285. We bummed money from the stores in Sistersville to build the railing, and Mr. Carpenter in St. Marys furnished the gravel. The mayor's son hauled it in his truck. They connect the 'built up section' to town. She got sewers laid all over town, and still had money in the treasury."

Looking back on that record of public works, concerned government, and even the titillating publicity and controversial pig ordinance, Laura Hays has no doubts about the virtues of the Stella Eddy administration. "Best mayor we ever had," she says.

Mayor Stella Eddy

The Honorable Stella Eddy, mayor of Friendly. Photographer unknown, late 1930's.

Stella Nay Eddy was born January 28, 1886, in Pullman, Ritchie County, the daughter of Joseph O. and Irene Loudin Nay. As a young woman she traveled to neighboring Gilmer County to attend Glenville State Normal School, now Glenville State College. In 1907, at the age of 21, she married Pullman physician J.O. Eddy.

The young bride helped her husband, one of Tyler and Ritchie counties' most beloved doctors, minister to the sick in rural areas. She gradually developed a health care career of her own, serving with the Welfare Department and as assistant to the county nurse when the Tyler County health project was organized in Middlebourne by Miss Mary Carroll of Fairmont. Her chief duty was that of county health inspector, for which she was well prepared by the nursing and medical knowledge gained by working with her husband.

It was from this background that Stella Eddy entered politics. As the mother of two children, she turned her attention to the schools and was elected president of the Friendly PTA. She served two terms as town recorder. She became secretary-treasurer of the State Senatorial Committee, a member of the Fourth District Congressional Commitee, and served 20 years on the Tyler County Democratic Executive Committee. Upon becoming Friendly's mayor, she joined the Mayors Municipal Association and was a charter member of the state Association of Mayors and the West Virginia League of Municipalities. In 1958, Mrs. Eddy was listed in the pioneer edition of *Who's Who of American Women.*

In Tyler County Stella Eddy is perhaps best remembered as the reform-minded mayor of Friendly, leading the all-woman "Community Party" to victory in 1936. She instilled her spirit of political activism in her children, and 30 years later her son followed in his mother's footsteps as mayor of the Ohio River community.

(continued from page 4)

The GOLDENSEAL limited edition is a product of Elderberry Books, the book publishing project of the West Virginia Department of Culture and History.

Binding for the special GOLDENSEAL book was done by Mount Pleasant Bookbinders, of Augusta. The volumes are bound in a light tan buckram fabric, with red stamping on the spine. The Hampshire County bookbinding firm performed much of the work by hand.

GOLDENSEAL editor Ken Sullivan praised the binding job, and the appearance of the finished volumes. "Considering the nature of GOLDENSEAL, I am glad that the work could be done by a hand-crafted process, and by West Virginians," he said. "I believe these volumes will stand up to decades of use, and may eventually become collectors' items." Sullivan added that the binding project was undertaken partly in response to GOLDENSEAL readers' requests.

Mail orders may be addressed to: The Shop, Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston 25305. Prepayment of $25 (plus $1.50 postage and handling) must accompany each order.

Three Rivers Coal Festival

Marion County's second annual Three Rivers Coal Festival will be held May 14, 15, and 16 in Fairmont. The festival celebrates West Virginia's coal heritage, and provides a variety of family entertainment and recreation for visitors.

Among the events to be offered during the festival are arts and crafts displays and sales; mine equipment contests and other mine-related competitions; mine displays relating to various aspects of the industry, from novelties to equipment to memorabilia; several parades; and the coronation of the festival queen. There will also be food booths, a distance run, tours, and a variety of entertainment. Last year's festival included a performance by the Fairmont Pops Orchestra, whose conductor, David Daniels, is interviewed in this issue of GOLDENSEAL.

For further information, contact Three Rivers Coal Festival, Inc., P.O. Box 1604, Fairmont 26554. Phone (304)363-2625.

Remembering Jenes Cottrell

By Tom Screven

Jenes Cottrell's death on December 7 was a deeply sad event for many West Virginians. A great number of people outside the state, too, some in far-flung corners of the country, mourn his passing, for many of them over the years went to Deadfall Mountain in Clay County to bask in his and his sister Sylvia O'Brien's hospitality, musicianship, craftsmanship, wiseness, and warm, warm charm. On his death at 79 Jenes Cottrell takes his place among the departed members of an impressive group of traditional musicians in that county who in this century have flourished in and around Ivydale — David Frank ("French") Carpenter, Dr. Frank ("Doc") White, Minerva ("Aunt Minnie") Moss, Lee Triplett, and others.

West Virginia's major festivals in 1981 will have to settle for less. Jenes will be sorely missed this year by the throngs at Glenville's West Virginia State Folk Festival, the Mountain State Art and Craft Fair near Ripley, the Golden Delicious Apple Festival in Clay, and the Vandalia Gathering at the Capitol. At these events Jenes Cottrell was greatly popular and at least a triple threat, playing his wonderful brand of old-time and country blues clawhammer banjo, doing it on the exquisite banjos he built, and proudly demonstrating on his foot-powered lathe how he made all those handsome and nearly indestructible hardwood toys and household items. And producers of many other festivals, state promotions, and concerts where Jenes would occasionally appear will be looking elsewhere for talent.

Recently throughout the region and the nation many living farm history museums have been developed. Could there be anywhere, however, many residences of living people as legendary, interesting, and worthy of continued preservation as the Cottrells' Deadfall Mountain home? When he was a teenager in 1917, Jenes helped his father build their sturdy house. The barn above the house has been neglected for a number of years as they curtailed their activities, but Sylvia and Jenes kept the remainder of the complex in exceptionally good repair. Immaculate is an understatement to describe what visitors find. And the two Cottrells perpetuated their fluid, enviable lifestyle without the aid of electricity or other public utility! The lawn has always been manicured; Sylvia's wood-burning cookstove is eternally polished; the stacks of wood in the yard are studies in texture and steadfastness; Jenes' hand-and foot-powered workshop and his technique at work almost took your breath away.

Music, of course, seemed to be the unifying thread in this serene setting with its remarkable view. Perhaps the keystone of the Cottrell legend has been the "midnight

Jenes Cottrell at the 1979 Vandalia Gathering. Photo by Rick Lee.

suppers'' there, the sometimes all-night events on the lawn, with the musicians breaking for a feast at midnight. At these events Clay County master musicians would share their virtuosity with younger people and an occasional outsider. Those spontaneous affairs have been over the years among the preferred local home gatherings for musicians in the area, coexisting alongside their highly reputed church music. Should there be any wonder then that folk musicians seem to be as profuse as white oak trees in Clay County?

As the founding editor of GOLDENSEAL, I am especially grateful to the Cottrells, for they had more than a casual connection with the real beginnings of this magazine. In 1969 when Jenes, along with other outstanding state craftspeople and musicians, went to Washington for a Department of Agriculture crafts promotion, I traveled from New York City and met him for the first time. Then in 1971 when I came to West Virginia to work for Donald Page, head of the Arts and Crafts Program of the former Department of Commerce, I soon went to see Sylvia and Jenes in Ivydale. Their warm hospitality and extraordinary lifestyle, as much as any influence, turned my attentions toward traditional life in the state. Making friends so easily and so early with such authentic and informative folk had an indelible impression on me and fired my determination to work to document West Virginia's traditional ways.

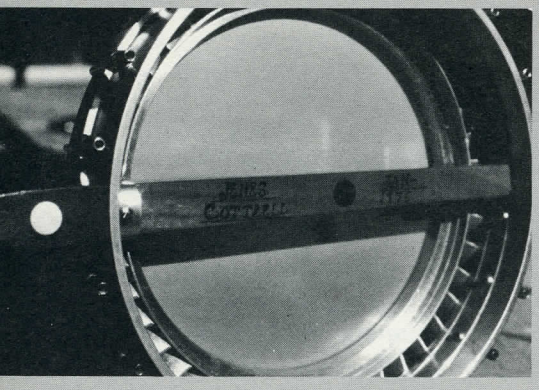
Jenes Cottrell was a gentle, ever-charming man whose peppery wit sprang forth easily. His industriousness, his formidable skills were truly remarkable. As sorrowful as we may be at losing our fine friend, we may be thankful for our fulfilling memories of the man. Our hearts go out to his sister Sylvia O'Brien, and we are grateful anew to have her well and radiant among us.

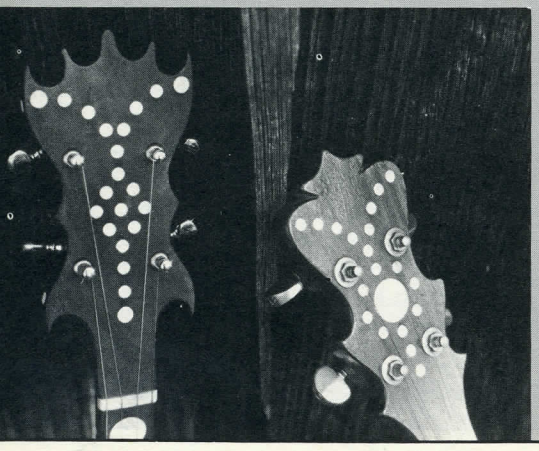
The Banjos of Jenes Cottrell

Photographs by Pam Lohan

Jenes Cottrell made the banjos that he played so well, working in the rustic shop at his home on Deadfall Mountain. No power lines reached the remote homestead, and Jenes worked as he lived, entirely without the aid of electricity. Ironically, however, a part of American high technology was incorporated as the centerpiece of his handiwork, for he used the aluminum torque converter ring from 1956 Buick transmissions as the head rim of his banjos. His friends scoured the junkyards of Clay County for these parts, finding them increasingly scarce as the years passed.

Jenes Cottrell made many banjos over his lifetime, keeping the two instruments shown here for himself and sister Sylvia O'Brien. These pictures were made during a mdiwinter visit to Sylvia, at the Cottrell homeplace.





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in this issue

COLLEEN ANDERSON, a Michigan native, was the designer for the very first issue of GOLDENSEAL. She attended Western Michigan University and West Virginia University. She originally came to West Virginia in 1970 as a VISTA volunteer, working with Cabin Creek Quilts, and in 1975 became a founding partner of Oh Susannah Graphics, which still designs GOLDENSEAL.

TOM CANIFF is a life-long resident of Steubenville, Ohio. Tom and his wife, Deena, have been antique bottle and jar collectors for about six years and until recently served as co-editors of the Federation of Historical Bottle Clubs' newsletter, *The Federation Letter*. They are currently working on a book about the Wheeling food packers.

WILMA DOAN, born in Marietta, Ohio, has lived in West Virginia for the past 15 years. In 1976 she and her family moved to a 100-year-old farmhouse with property adjoining "the Jug," site of the first Tyler County courthouse. Mrs. Doan writes primarily about nature and history, and her most recent article was published in the September-October 1980 issue of *Deer and Deer Hunting Magazine*. This is her first appearance in GOLDENSEAL.

MICHAEL KLINE is a Washington, D.C., native who spent childhood summers in Hampshire County. After receiving his B.A. in anthropology from George Washington University in 1964, he moved to Appalachia full-time, working in various poverty programs in Kentucky and West Virginia. In 1970 he and Raleigh County photographer Doug Yarrow created "They Can't Put it Back," a slide and music program about social and ecological struggles in the mountains. His LP recording with Rich Kirby of coal mining songs, also called "They Can't Put it Back," was re-pressed by June Appal Records in 1977. Michael served as assistant to the editor of GOLDENSEAL in 1978, and now lives and works in Randolph County. His last article for GOLDENSEAL was the interview with the Currence Brothers, "The Spark to Play Music," in the July-September 1980 issue.

SUSAN LEFFLER grew up in Pennsylvania and was graduated from American University in Washington. She has worked in Washington and San Francisco, and as news director for radio station WRON in Greenbrier County. For the past two years she has worked for West Virginia Public Radio, as an independent producer funded by the Humanities Foundation of West Virginia. This is her first appearance in GOLDENSEAL.

MICHAEL MEADOR was born in Hinton and grew up in Princeton. He attended Concord College and Marshall University, graduating with a degree in sociology. He now works in Madison, for the Boone County Community Action Program. His last contribution to GOLDENSEAL was "Aunt Nannie Meador and the Bluestone Dam," in January-March 1980.

ARTHUR C. PRICHARD, born and reared in Mannington, was graduated from Mannington public schools, West Virginia University, and McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago. Mr. Prichard served as pastor of churches in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and in Wheeling and Mannington before retiring in 1970. He was a moderator of Wheeling Presbytery and the Presbyterian Synod of West Virginia, and in 1969 received an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from Davis and Elkins College. His most recent GOLDENSEAL contribution was "The Heck Radio Society," which appeared in the January-March 1981 issue.

TOM SCREVEN founded GOLDENSEAL, and edited the magazine for the first four years. He now makes a living as a dealer of antiques and collectibles in New Orleans. This is his first appearance in GOLDENSEAL since resigning as editor in December 1978.

BETH SPENCE is director of the Appalachian Alliance. KATHLEEN CULLINAN is a community organizer for West Virginians for Fair & Equitable Assessment of Taxes. Their interest in Arthurdale grew out of their work on a six-state Appalachian land ownership study.

ROBERT VILLAMAGNA, born in California, studied visual communication at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh, and spent four years in the Air Force as an illustrator. He is currently working for National Steel Corporation in Weirton. Bob has contributed articles and photographs to *Old Bottle Magazine*, and has done numerous covers and cartoons for several other bottle collector magazines. He and his wife, Mary Ann, are the editors of their bottle club newsletter, *The Digger*.