

Many Thanks

... for reader support during the ongoing voluntary subscription fundraising drive, which began in

September.

As you can see from the photo of Margo Stafford at work, the mail got heavy at times, but we managed to stay on top of it with the help of hardworking volunteers assigned by the Culture and History volunteer program. Total contributions seem to be running a little ahead of last year and we should be able to raise enough to pay our entire printing bill from this source. That's not our only expense, but certainly the biggest single item.

Contributions have averaged a bit more than the suggested \$10 each. Many ran as high as \$15 to \$30, a few even higher, while others were less than the suggested amount. We're able to use contributions of

any size, and appreciate them all.

We also appreciate the many notes from readers. There were hundreds of these, mostly encouraging. A West Virginian now living in Charleston—the other one, in South Carolina—told us GOLDENSEAL is "the next best thing to a visit home." Perhaps the most heartening comment came from a Fairmont reader, who said "I am always so happy on the day I find GOLDENSEAL in my mailbox." We're also grateful for the contributions and praise of public officials, such as Delegate Roy Given of Brooke County, especially since the State will continue to be our main source of funds.

Some good story ideas were included with those notes. We've responded individually on many of these, and are investigating others. Not every idea will become an article right away, but we do expect to publish several. We need a constant stream of suggestions to pass along to our freelancers, and have always found GOLDENSEAL readers to be our most fertile source of

ideas. Thanks.

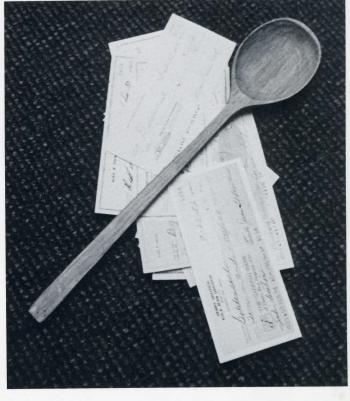
Voluntary subscriptions came in the form of checks, money orders, and some even in cash—including one blue \$10 bill—but surely the most unusual was a fine white oak spoon, better than a foot long. It was contributed by Jim Lakiotes of Greenbrier County, who explained that his family does woodworking for a living and were sending one of their products instead of money. That handcarved spoon symbolizes a lot of the old ways that GOLDENSEAL attempts to document and we've mounted it on the wall, across from our Cabell County quilt.

That big spoon seems nicely symbolic of the fundraising drive, as well. Hanging here on the office wall it'll probably never touch food, but to me it represents the willingness of readers to provide sustenance to the magazine. As long as that willingness continues GOLDENSEAL will continue to grow, and

we're grateful for the support.

—Ken Sullivan





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GOLDENSEAL is published four times a year, in the spring, summer, fall, and winter. The magazine is distributed without charge, although a \$10 yearly contribution is suggested. Manuscripts, photographs, and letters are welcome. All correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, GOLDENSEAL, Department of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston, WV 23505. Phone (304) 348-0220.

Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Volume 9, Number 4

Winter 1983

COVER: The Wigal family scarecrow is unlikely to scare anything, but maybe it can charm Wood County crows into cooperation. "Garden Guardians: Some West Virginia Scarecrows" begins on page 41. Photo by Michael Keller.

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Current Programs · Festivals · Publications

Arthur Prichard Book

Arthur C. Prichard, retired Presbyterian minister and the dean of GOLDENSEAL's freelance writers, will realize a longtime ambition with the publication of *An Appalachian Legacy: Mannington Life and Spirit*. The book, now on the press at McClain Printing Company in Parsons, is expected to be ready for sale soon after Christmas.

Prichard modestly refuses to characterize his book as a "comprehensive history," but it does cover his Marion County hometown from the time of early settlement to the very recent past. GOLDENSEAL readers will be pleased to note the inclusion of several stories originally published in this magazine, although the bulk of the book's material has never before been printed in any form. Prichard writes particularly well of the people of Mannington, and bases his research largely on direct oral interviews. He has written for Wonderful West Virginia and other publications, in addition to GOLDEN-

An Appalachian Legacy will consist of more than 300 pages, with about 70 photographs and sketches, and a full index. The hardcover book will sell for \$15.75, but is available for advance order at a pre-publication price of \$13.75, postpaid; West Virginia residents should add 69¢ sales tax. Checks payable to Arthur C. Prichard should be sent to 214 Pleasant Street, Mannington 26582.

Computerized Genealogy

The newly formed Mountain Heritage Genealogical Society introduced itself with an anecdote about 19th-century Webster County. It seems that one area of the county was heavily populated by a family named Christian. When a traveling Baptist preacher wandered into the community to hold revival meetings, most of those turning out for his tent services could truthfully answer his familiar inquiry about the

condition of their souls with, "Why, yes, preacher, I am a Christian." The minister thought he had stumbled upon an especially virtuous settlement until one oldtimer answered, "Indeed I ain't, Parson. I'm a Holbrook!"

Keeping the Christians separate from the Holbrooks is one of the tasks the Mountain Heritage Genealogical Society sets for itself. It proposes to do this and much more by offering a service previously unavailable to most genealogists, a regional computerized genealogical data bank.

Members may use the data bank as a place of deposit for their findings, making the information available to others if they wish. Others may merely incorporate the Society's computer into their research methods, depositing information for their own exclusive use and calling for printouts as needed. The Society will also publish a newsletter, as well as one or two major genealogical or historical works yearly, and may offer editorial, design, and marketing services to members publishing independently.

The Mountain Heritage Genealogical Society is a nonprofit corporation. Membership is offered in \$25 and \$100 annual dues categories, with the lower level providing more limited services. For more information write to Mountain Heritage Genealogical Society, Box 512, Grafton 26354.

Town Center Arts & Crafts

Charleston's new Town Center Mall will showcase West Virginia arts and crafts throughout the winter. The showings began at the mall's opening on November 7 and will run through March, with the work available for sale in shops throughout the shopping center.

The West Virginia Artists and Craftsmen's Guild organized the "Guild in Focus" event, which will feature the work of over 250 members from across the state. There will be demonstrations by potters, woodcarvers, fiber artists, weavers, guilters, toymakers,

and others. In addition, "Guild in Focus" will offer a changing monthly designer showcase, toy exhibit, fine arts gallery, and heritage arts display.

The Guild points out that its members create not only traditional Appalachian arts and crafts but contemporary works as well. Those wanting more information on "Guild in Focus," or on the Guild itself, may contact the West Virginia Artists and Craftsmen's Guild, 32½ Capitol Street, Charleston 25301; phone 345-0289.

"Quilts '84" Deadline

The showing of dozens of colorful quilts on the 40-foot-tall marble walls of the Cultural Center in Charleston is one of the most popular annual exhibits at the Department of Culture and History and one of the largest quilt shows in the country. The 1983 quilts came down in September, but West Virginia quilters should now be planning for next year.

As in past years, "Quilts '84" will be a juried show, with quilts selected for display by an impartial panel of experts. Quilts made by West Virginians and currently owned by state residents are eligible for entry. Awards will be given in traditional pieced, traditional applique, and contemporary categories. A special Best of Show award is also given, with that quilt traditionally being purchased for the West Virginia Permanent Collection. All quilts will be made available for sale in the Cultural Center Shop, if the quilter so wishes.

"Quilts '84" is a summer-long show, running from May 25 through September 9, with the official opening during Vandalia Gathering over Memorial Day Weekend. The deadline for entry is March 30, with quilts to be received for jurying at the Cultural Center from March 19 to March 30. For entry forms and further information, contact Sandi Beverley at the Department of Culture and History, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston 25305; phone 348-0220.

New River Publications

The first two sets of *Proceedings* for the New River Symposium have been released for sale through the New River Gorge National River unit of the National Park Service. The volumes are for the 1982 Symposium at Beckley and the 1983 Symposium at Blacks-

burg, Virginia.

Together these paperbound books include 42 scholarly papers on a very wide variety of subjects concerning the New River Valley in West Virginia, Virginia, and North Carolina. History, hydrology, folklore, flora and fauna, geography, resource use, recreation, and archaeology are among the fields of study represented. Specific chapters deal with the town of Thurmond in the New River Gorge, whitewater rafting, prehistoric Indian pottery, and beehive coke ovens, among many other topics.

The New River Symposium is held each spring, rotating among the three New River states. The New River Gorge National River acts as the permanent co-sponsor, working with agencies in the individual host states to organize each year's meeting. The West Virginia Department of Culture and History co-sponsored the first New River Symposium in 1982, and the event will return to the state in 1985. The 1984 meeting will be held next April 12-14 at Boone, North Carolina.

The 1982 and 1983 *Proceedings* may be ordered for \$12.50 each, postpaid, by writing to the New River Gorge National River, P. O. Drawer V, Oak Hill 25901. Checks should be made payable to the Eastern National Park

and Monument Association.

Appalachian Land Study

The University Press of Kentucky recently published Who Owns Appalachia?, the summary report of the Appalachian Land Ownership Task Force. With funding from the Appalachian Regional Commission and other sources, the Task Force completed its massive two-year land study in 1980. Eighty counties were studied in six Appalachian states, including West Virginia. Individual reports had been published earlier, but the new book brings together key findings in one handy volume.

The 15 West Virginia counties studied by the Task Force are mostly in the southern coalfields. The general find-

ings of the survey—that the land and minerals are largely held by absentee corporate owners—will surprise no one familiar with the area, although the actual magnitude of the figures may. The report also looks into the distribution of the property tax burden between corporate and individual land owners; the disappearance of farm land; the impact of recreation, tourism, and government ownership; and other important factors.

Charles Geisler's "Introduction" notes that "Americans have become physically alienated from their land," with few of us now having a "personal acquaintance with the land that feeds,

houses, provides energy and sustains." The 200-plus pages that follow show his words to be amply true for the Appalachian region, especially ironic since mountaineers lived particularly close to the land only a few generations back. The editors of the new book offer various strategies for land reform in a final "Call To Action" chapter.

Who Owns Appalachia? (hardback, 235 pages, 32 tables, 3 appendices) may be purchased in bookstores for \$25 or ordered directly from the publisher. Mail orders should be sent to the University Press of Kentucky, Lexington,

KY 40506.

Mountain Arts and Music Association

The Mountain Arts and Music Association ("MAMA") is a new non-profit corporation for the support of traditional artists and musicians in West Virginia. The organizers say MAMA's purpose is to provide "an opportunity for native and resident West Virginia artists to gain exposure and recognition" and thereby increase their "art-generated income." The group expects to promote this goal through organized public events, con-

centrating initially on music.

The inaugural event, held late last July in Roane County, was MAMA's Mountain Music and Bluegrass Festival. About 35 West Virginia musicians were featured, including Woody Simmons, Glenn Smith and the Mountain State Pickers, Elmer Bird, the Morris Brothers from Clay County, the Green Meadow String Band, and others. B. J. Sharp Estilow, festival host and one of the MAMA organizers, notes there were also special appearances by John Blizzard on bagpipes and guitarist Tom King. Musical highlights will later be offered on an LP record album.

MAMA is now planning a John Hartford Christmas Concert, featuring Elmer Bird and Alan Freeman as well as Hartford. The concert will be held December 15 at 8 p.m. at the University of Charleston theater. Estilow notes that MAMA was able to attract the nationally famous Hartford through his long friendship with Bird, Putnam County's well-known oldtime banjo picker. She added that *Bluegrass Unlimited* magazine recently recognized Freeman as "the best dulcimer player alive," and she believes that the appearance with Hartford will attract a large audience for the two mountain musicians.

MAMA plans other such events for the future and also expects to publish a quarterly newsletter, *MAMA's Kitchen*. The newsletter will carry profiles of West Virginia artists, schedules of appearances, words and music to traditional songs, and other features. The newsletter will be sent to all members.

Interested readers may join the Mountain Arts and Music Association by contacting: MAMA, P.O. Box 147, Blue Creek, WV 25026; phone (304) 956-0147. A minimum contribution of \$10 makes one a supporting member, entitled to a 20% discount at events sponsored by the Association.

Advance tickets to the John Hartford Christmas Concert may be ordered at the same address for \$8.50; tickets will be sold at the door for \$9.50. MAMA members will be admitted for \$6.30, with membership card. Seating will be limited to a total of 900.



Garret Mathews works among the electronic paraphernalia of a modern newspaper office, but his heart is with the "plain folks" he interviews. Photo by James Samsell.

Just Plain Folks

Notes From a Bluefield Newspaperman

By Garret Mathews

Back in 1980 GOLDENSEAL's "Current Programs, Festivals, Publications" column promoted Garret Mathews' book Folks, a collection of his human interest interviews from the Bluefield Daily Telegraph. We got after him at that time to do a magazine story about some of the marvelous West Virginians his work has brought him into contact with. He never came across with that, but now he's done the next best thing in getting together some reminiscences of his first decade of reporting for the Daily Telegraph.

Mathews has written about more than 600 people, he calculates. He naturally hasn't been able to keep up with all of them over the years, and—since the stories from which these notes were taken go back to 1973—he cautions that some of the facts of their lives undoubtedly have changed. Some of the people may have moved from the places

where Mathews found them, and a few probably have died. Some may even have changed their ways. But you may be assured that the spirit of these tales remains true to the remarkable—or simply "interesting," as Mathews prefers—people about whom they were written.

West Virginia—especially the southern part of the state where I live—is supposed to be a grimy habitat, filled with people who aren't too smart and who talk funny to boot. We're told we're uncultured. We're told we're living in the past.

Worse yet, we're told we're uninteresting.

Now, that's going too far.

That's because I think a fellow I've met who builds homemade cannons and shoots pop bottles between power lines is interesting. I think it's interesting when a barber likes his quaint little shop so much that upon retirement he moves it—lock, stock, and barber pole—from its downtown Anawalt location four miles down the road to his side yard. "Those 1941 Chevrolet pickups have always been good for hauling things," says J. C. Lovelace, the barber in question.

I think it's interesting that a 69-inch by 90-foot eatery can stay in business in these days of fast food burger havens. Jack Kemp is the waiter, the food fixer, and the money changer all rolled into one at the Central Quick Lunch in Northfork. Kemp has learned how to walk scrunched over and his customers have learned how to walk sideways against the wall. Liver and fish sandwiches are the specialty of the house, and they're quite tasty. Kemp thinks it's good for business if napkins and the like fall onto the floor.

Shows a lot of people like to eat there, he says.

Precious few of my Daily Telegraph interviews have been conducted in fancy high-rise office buildings. Most of the time I stick to cluttered front porches and homey living rooms where I talk with coal miners, farmers, preachers, and a lady who skins possums for a living. Just plain folks, in other words.

Most of my work is in Mercer, McDowell, Wyoming, and Monroe counties in the southern part of the state. McDowell and Wyoming are, in good times, two of the leading coal producers in the state. But coal demand has been down and the unemployment rate has climbed past 30%. Most of the large mines in these two counties are idle.

Bluefield (population 16,000) is the largest city in Mercer County. We have fewer working mines and more mine support industries. Monroe is the pastoral county, having no coal and only two incorporated towns. Our link to Charleston, the state capital, is the mountainous West Virginia Turnpike. Driving time is two hours, more if the ubiquitous construction crews (the Turnpike is slowly being elevated to Interstate status) are engaged in dynamiting.

I've done stories on a woman who keeps a singing dog at her beer joint, on a man who turned his auto garage into a church, on a professional mom who has raised some 167 kids on a volunteer basis, and on a man who fancies himself the champion groundhog killer of Monroe County.

I've interviewed three gravediggers who have burrowed out a combined total of over 2,000 graves, a lady blacksmith, a man who raises crickets, a woman who makes baskets from honeysuckle vines, migrant workers, fortunetellers, a Corvair collector, a steeplejack, a one-armed fisherman who is said to be as good as any on the New River, and a Bluefield man who remembers the last public hanging in nearby Giles County, Virginia, in 1906.

I've encountered barnyard traders, an expert arm wrestler, bootleggers, lye soap makers, old-timey knife swappers, modern-day shepherds, ginseng diggers, and a banjo maker who took up the craft to take his mind off his wife of 40 years who died in 1976.

I'll start off with Monroe County and

John Mustard, the fellow who achieved statewide notice when he petitioned the legislature not to pave his Back Valley Road. His reasons were partly ecological and partly just plain common sense in that he was afraid the blacktop might attract speeders to the up-and-down road. The Connecticut native also rigged an elaborate solar greenhouse in his backyard.

Mustard would be classified a homesteader, a person from a ways away who for one reason or another decided to settle in this county without a stoplight. One estimate has it that as many as 800 of Monroe County's 11,000 residents fall into this category. The lure is the rich mountain scenery and the distinctly rural lifestyle of the county. One homesteader told me he came to Monroe because he thought it would be the best place to survive a nuclear war. He once had a bustling chiropractic practice in New Jersey.

A Book Full of Folks

Author Garret Mathews notes that he still has a few copies of his 1979 book, Folks, available for sale. The book includes full-length stories on many of the people mentioned in this article, as well as others Mathews has interviewed in his years as a newspaperman on the West Virginia-Virginia line.

Folks is a well-bound paperback of 166 pages, with photographic illustrations. It may be ordered for \$6.00, plus 50¢ postage and handling, from Garret Mathews, 1314 Ronceverte Street, Bluefield WV 24701.

Speaking of homesteaders, I interviewed Marcus Moore, a one-time engineer at Cape Canaveral who is now running an army surplus store in Union, the county seat. That same day I found a bearded New Jersey native who raises rare chickens. Then there's Tony Giancola, who set up house-keeping in an underground house on Peters Mountain. Giancola, also a Connecticut native, finished his house just in time for his wife to have her baby on the living room couch.

The Sears store in Union is fronted by a combination spring and horse trough. It was once the only source of water for miles around and even today an occasional whinny is heard from the watering hole. The water checks out pure come test time and the traditionalists around the courthouse were up in arms when the Sears manager kidded that the trough was his and he was going to start charging for the water.

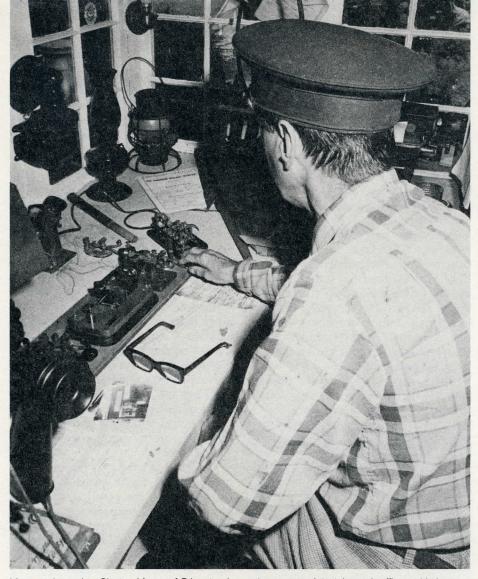
Here you will find a Civil War monument that sits by itself in a cow pasture because the road wasn't routed around the statue as everyone thought it would be back in the early 1900's. You will find Mrs. Gilmer Dowdy who sells homemade, hand-churned butter. "Some folks just can't abide storebought butter, so I oblige 'em," she says, adding that a lot of modern women are "too durn lazy" to churn. Since there are no motels or hotels in Monroe County, you will find two tourist homes that cater to the overnight set. They are operated by Mrs. Meverell Pence and Mrs. Leona Beckett. They are particularly busy during hunting season and during Court Days.

I've talked with a lot of plucky people who rose to the occasion in one way or another.

Wesley Miller, the 1973 mayor of War in McDowell County, rose to the occasion during the gasoline crisis. He and some allies commandeered a gasoline truck that came through the mountain hollow and forced the driver to share some of his precious cargo with two town stations. Miller says they were very nice to the driver and even gave him free food and lodging. "Our town was completely dry and had been for days. We had to do something. I have no regrets," he told me in an interview a year or so after the fact.

There is Jesse Milam of Matheny in Wyoming County who took out an unusual classified ad in a weekly newspaper. The preacher was in the market for a church of his own and the advertisement was his last-straw attempt. He told me he had helped build many churches in the area from the ground up, but that for one reason or another he had always been passed over when it came time to lead his own congregation. "If they give me \$100 I'll take it and if they give me nothing I'll take that, too," the longtime coal miner said. He admitted he was from the old school of preaching and that perhaps churchgoers today don't want to listen to hard-nosed sermons.

There is Archie Day, the former sheriff of McDowell County. The tough minded fellow tells the story of the



Master telegrapher Clayton Moore of Princeton has set up a complete telegraph office at his home in Princeton. Photo courtesy Bluefield Daily Telegraph.

time he was playing music for a dance on the other side of the county. It seems this drunk was bent on interrupting the show and disturbing the peace. After a series of incidents Day, who was a constable at the time, shot the man. Day left the chore of taking the man to the hospital to someone else. He hopped back on the stage to complete the show. Another time Day made use of a taxi to take a lawbreaker to jail when a police cruiser wasn't available.

No story about pluck would be complete without mentioning Bill Odham, the armless coon hunter who has learned to shoot with metal hooks. Odham lost his arms in a coal mining accident in 1970. "I don't get many, but it feels good to be outside in the woods with my dogs," he says.

Let me add to this list the story of Virgil Morgan of Wyoming County and the tiny 10 by 12 church he built by hand as a memorial to the 1,000 or so folks who were displaced when the

government bought large chunks of land to make way for the R. D. Bailey Dam. "This little church isn't much, but it's sort of a rallying point for what's left in the community," he told me.

And the story of Clayton Moore, the master telegrapher who constructed a miniature telegraph station in his backyard. His outfit is complete with rail depot, pictures of old wrecks, lifesize mannequins posing as passengers and actual destination signs that once adorned train stations. The history buff says he has records of all acquaintances who died since 1929. "I know where they were buried and even what flowers were sent."

And the story of Toby Auricchio, a convicted murderer who has so rebounded from the prison experience that a week or so before I talked with him he said he turned down an offer of \$5,000 for one of his 16 collector cars because he didn't particularly need the money.

And the story of Pete Falcamento of McDowell who battled for 40 years before finally becoming a naturalized American citizen.

And then there's retired miner Frank Johnson who uses animal signs to predict the severity of upcoming winters. He says a lot of black crickets running around means a tough winter. He does not rely at all on grasshoppers, but he keeps a sharp eye out for groundhogs. He says the winter will be a bear if he sees a lot of hard-atwork groundhogs. A lot of ants scurrying around in the late fall is also a bad sign.

And let's not forget Mrs. Marian McQuade of Oak Hill, the founder of National Grandparents Day. And Jackie Ofsa, a runnerup in the West Virginia Junior Miss beauty pageant who took a job in the coal mines. And Frank Smith Kennedy and Tony Battlo and other miners of their ilk who were champion hand-loaders—over 30 tons a day—in the years before mine mechanization.

I also know a brown-haired young woman and a gray-haired old woman who are mail order brides.

I can say hey to several people in Odd, West Virginia, a Raleigh County community of a couple hundred that got its name when folks decided they wanted the most unusual name imaginable for their post office.

And then there is Omehaw Kessinger of Seth.

His place on Route 3 in Boone County features at least 5,000 pieces of junk, enough for a mention in Ripley's "Believe It Or Not." The good stuff is locked inside his small house. The not-so-good is strewn across his grounds on the high side of the Coal River. He has broken straight razors, hub caps, broken and unbroken glass, toys, dolls, old fountain pens, lights, license plates, and even an artificial arm. He sells some and swaps some and he doesn't get antsy if a couple of days go by without a deal being struck.

In his 77 years he has been a hobo, a coal miner, and a timber man. But he has been a junk man for the past decade. "People are real nice about helping me," Kessinger says. "They know I save stuff so they are forever throwing things out of their cars in the general direction of my front yard.

"It's a rare morning when I go outside and find nobody's left anything for me. Of course, sometimes it works against me. More than once I've had to pick up dead cats and boxes full of snakes. I collect almost everything but I do draw the line somewhere."

I know a man who chews poison ivy, not to be weird but to prove to folks he knows the kinds of herbs and plants that are dangerous and the ones that are safe. Kenneth Barbor says poison ivy may not be all that tasty but the stuff is harmless to the mouth.

I know a 74-year-old firefighter named Sam Boland who at the time I spoke with him was still active on the Hinton force.

Then there is Pat Fanning of Iaeger, coalfield mortician and peerless storyteller. Let him tell you a couple of his better ones.

"Back in the 1930's we had this rash of spinal meningitis deaths up on Short Ridge. We got the bodies all worked up and put in caskets, but we didn't have any way to get the bodies back up on the mountain for burial.

"So, we got a flatbed truck and stacked the caskets as dignified as we could. We dropped a body off at each house like we were delivering the mail."

Fanning was on the scene of more than one coal mine disaster. That was later in his career, after he had become toughened to the nature of his business. Let him tell you about the night the apprentice mortician almost gave up on being an undertaker.

"This man had been killed by a train. In fact, the train knocked his head completely off his body. This other guy and me were sent out to get the corpse.

"Well, we got the body but we forgot the head. It made us mad but the boss made us go back and get it.

"I saw the thing sitting face up near the track. That wasn't the problem. The problem was I didn't know how to pick the damn thing up. I couldn't put my fingers in the ear holes and I couldn't just pick it up like it was a bowling ball. Finally I just grabbed a handful of hair and took off.

"I had to cross a swinging bridge carrying that thing. I don't know what I would have done if somebody had spotted me. That was almost too much for me to take and I came this close to getting out of the business."

I met a nuclear physicist from Germany who played "Fox on the Run" at a fiddlers convention.

I know a basketball referee from

Mingo County, C. J. Sammons, who often sings the national anthem before games he officiates.

Another man from Mingo County doubles as head football coach, basketball referee, assistant principal, and school bus driver.

That's right. Sid Copley is behind the wheel when his Burch High School gridiron team takes to the open road. He lives in a camper truck he keeps parked by the Burch football field while the rest of the Copleys live more luxuriously across several mountains in Huntington. "My wife likes me better when I'm all tuckered out," he grins. "Anyway, she knows sports are in my blood."

I know Sharon Lester of Herndon who averaged 15 points and as many rebounds for her team during her senior year despite being six months pregnant at playoff time.

I know Theresa Conner of Kopperston who made Wyoming County history by becoming the first female to make the boys' junior high basketball team. This is the same young lady who almost died at birth from an abdominal disorder that later required extensive surgery.

I know Ralph Ramirez, a tiny fellow from Mexico who came to McDowell County's coal mines after picking cotton and working in a sugar beet factory. Ramirez, who was 82 when I spoke with him, met his beloved Annie in a Maybeury boarding house in 1925. She had left her native Poland at the age of 17. Together the immigrants overcame language barriers and forged out a living in coal country.

"I could load coal as good or better than any big man. I could do 25 tons a day, every day. We're old now but we've always tried to be good people," he told me.

I know a man in Mercer County who freely admitted he had 150 game chickens and that he had been arrested 12 times at cockfights. He says he has a reputation for raising good fighters that extends from Florida to Ohio. He sees nothing wrong with cockfighting, saying the roosters are only doing what comes naturally.

"No one around here or anyone else has ever rebuked me," he says. "They know I'm a good man and that I go to church whenever I can."

I have interviewed shoemakers, fiddle makers, moonshine runners, pool hustlers, and a legless man who lives for the wonderful old days when he was a United Mine Workers organizer.

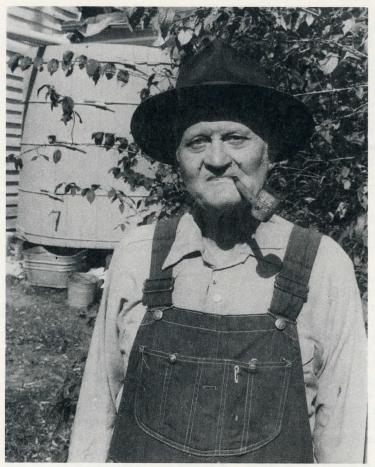
I've also run across a lot of good-time stories.

Like Jack Johnson, who owns a dog that has this thing about riding atop his master's pickup. Wouldn't ride any other way, Johnson says. Like Cora Mays of Beckley, who gets her kicks dressing up like country music's Minnie Pearl and performing at parties and parades. Like the woman who once shopped for a mail order fella. Like the dedicated bear hunter who told me he has given up his woman, his kids' baseball team, his motorcycle, and almost his job. "Now I'm a bear man, pure and simple."

Speaking of animals, how about the mule trader who told me he has never met a mule he didn't like and the 77-

Jack Johnson's dog prefers to ride on top of pickup trucks but will settle for a station wagon when nothing better is available. Courtesy *Bluefield Daily Telegraph*.







Left: Edgar Shew, collector of western movie memorabilia. "Haven't been any decent pictures made since the start of the Depression, he says. Photo by Maryanne Stevens.

Above: Mrs. Caldwell of Wyoming County, shown here in her store, is a furrier. Courtesy Bluefield Daily Telegraph.

year-old man who breaks horses for a living. And don't forget Mrs. Archie Caldwell of Cyclone in Wyoming County who is a furrier, meaning she takes a big knife and separates fur from possums, foxes, muskrats, and the like. The day I talked to her she was eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich while she was trimming down a longdead muskrat.

Do I have a favorite story?

It could be Edgar Shew of Peel Chestnut Mountain and his collection of western movie relics, specifically, old cowboy posters. He may have only a few working teeth-and none up front—but he is the proud owner of over 350 cardboard and paper posters promoting the films of Tom Mix, the Hoxie Brothers, Fred Thomson, William Boyd, and Buck Jones, to name but a few.

"Haven't been any decent pictures made since the start of the Depression," says the grizzled oldtimer who looks for all the world like the inevitable sidekick in all those old cowboy movies. Not coincidentally, he hasn't been to a moving picture house since the talkies became popular.

Shew is a purist—cowboy films or nothing. "To my way of thinking no other kind of movie has a plot," says the fellow who enjoys a drink of moonshine whiskey whenever he can scare one up. This man with an elementary school education can tell you the stars, the production companies, and the directors of every silent screen western made from 1904 until 1929. Shew, a disabled coal miner, has lived in the same house since 1925.

But then, my favorite could be Jim (Woody) Beasley of Pence Springs, who has a dream of making the 1988 Olympic canoeing team despite a birth defect that keeps him from walking normally.

And it could be an interview I had with Kent Lilly, the storyteller of Mercer County's Camp Creek. It seems he made a pet out of a deer. Nothing too unusual about that, but after a few weeks Rudolph (that's the deer) was enjoying chewing tobacco, jelly beans, and potato skins. The Lillys have bagged several deer over the years but they will make an exception of Rudolph.

Or it could be a talk I had with Luther Cannady of Elkhorn, a former coal miner who laid 1,000 or so feet of 12inch track in his yard and operates a couple of 500-pound miniature trains for neighborhood children. As many as 30 lucky kids get free rides whenever Cannady, a recovered heart patient who carries a pacemaker, is around. "We were always too poor to have a train set when I was a boy, so I guess this is my way of making up," he says.

And let's not leave out the tale of Richard Underwood, the Bluewell businessman who had a problem with thieves at his transmission shop. He tried guard dogs, extra-strong locks, and even a shotgun lookout—all without success.

Then he thought about rattlesnakes. The last I heard, he was going to get six of the biggest he could find and put them on watchdog duty inside his shop. He planned to erect a sign telling would-be thieves his place was being protected by rattlesnakes.

Now, what's that about us not being interesting? *

"No Place They'll Treat You Better"

A Weekend at Indian Creek Primitive Baptist Church

By Yvonne Snyder Farley Photographs by Doug Chadwick

The world may have changed, but the Primitive Baptists have not. They are the most conservative of all Baptists and over the years have been called the Old School, Regular, Antimission, and even Hardshell Baptists. Most widely used today is the term Primitive Baptist, although they often refer to themselves as "Old Baptists." But whatever you call them, their religious ancestry is among the oldest in the West Virginia mountains and their beliefs have changed very little since pioneer days.

Over the first weekend of last August, I attended the 191st anniversary celebration of the Indian Creek Church in Monroe County. It was a three-day

get-together of prayer, singing, preaching, fellowship, and food. Driving over from Beckley Saturday morning, I found the chaste white church building in a pastoral setting, on a knoll just one mile down the road from Greenville. Photographer Doug Chadwick and I arrived early and climbed over the church gate, to sit under the

Elder Norvel Mann greets worshippers arriving for the 191st anniversary meeting of the Indian Creek Church.



outdoor shelter listening to the screeching racket of late summer cicadas.

Soon the people began arriving. We met Elder Norvel Mann, the church pastor who had invited GOLDEN-SEAL to attend, and his son Thomas, who is now licensed to preach, too. About 10:30, after the crowd milled around for a few minutes, the sound of singing welled through the open doors of the modest wood frame church. As in many country churches, this signaled that the meeting was beginning and people started inside to find

outside. There are wooden pews with cushions, a tidy wooden table in front of the congregation, and a pulpit on a raised platform with seats at the side of it for the elders. On this occasion someone had placed flowers on the communion table alongside the tape recorders which turned out to be the only modern technology around. The church has been remodeled with wooden paneling, and there is a small hatrack on the wall behind the elders. Plain green blinds hang in the windows. The overall impression is simplicity.

Below: Musical instruments are strictly forbidden in Primitive Baptist churches and not all congregations use the annotated songbooks adopted a few years ago at Indian Creek. Here Lucille Foster joins her voice to those of other members.

Opposite page: The title "elder" does not always signify old. This is visiting Elder Michael Gowens from New Mexico.



seats and join in. It was some of the most beautiful congregational singing I have ever heard. They sang acapella, without instruments, for these Primitive Baptists do not believe in using instrumental music in their church. Those who do are called "progressives," according to Elder Paul Williams. He quoted the great Methodist John Wesley as saying, "I have no objection to an organ in the church, providing it is neither seen nor heard."

The inside of the church is as utilitarian and free from ornament as the Thomas Mann, who is a probationary minister, was leading the singing at this Saturday morning meeting. He stood squarely in front of the congregation holding a hymnbook in one hand and a tuning fork in the other. His voice was steady and clear. Members requested hymns by number only. From the *Old School Hymnal No. 11* they sang No. 143, "Victory in Jesus," No. 372, "When Thou My Righteous Judge," and others. Elder Norvel Mann told me that Primitive Baptists sing from the heart and few would argue

after hearing the harmonious voices at Indian Creek begin to open up. Their singing had the sad, weeping tones of old-time Christian days.

The No. 11 hymnal uses the shapenote system of written music, a relatively new innovation of the Indian Creek Primitive Baptists. Church minutes for 1965 report the change: "April 3rd, 1965, Ordered first note books. Heretofore we had used the D. H. Goble book exclusively." The Goble hymnal, A Primitive Baptist Hymnal for All Lovers of Sacred Song, was compiled by D. H. Goble in 1887. The "blue book," as people at Indian Creek refer to it, is still in the back of the pews along with its more modern replacement.

Not all Primitive Baptists are comfortable with the recent change to shape-note singing. I talked with visiting Elder James H. Booth, who serves the nearby Springfield and Dry Pond churches. "It's harder for me," Elder Booth said of shape-note singing. "I can sing out of the blue books better." Elder Booth and his wife, Shelby, said the first song they remember learning to sing was "Amazing Grace." This is the most familiar of Primitive Baptist hymns and the first one taught to most children, the Booths said.

One church history says that Baptists in America began singing at public worship as early as the middle of the 17th century. Some English Baptists frowned, but Welsh Baptists introduced the practice among Baptists in the American middle colonies and public singing soon became popular, especially in the South. The first Baptist hymnal in this country was published in 1766, with 16 hymns on the subject of baptism and 74 for the Lord's Supper. The blue Goble hymnal I examined had such categories as the Gospel, Characteristics of Christ, Lord's Supper, Ordination, Foot Washing, and Baptism.

All debate about musical instruments and the choice of hymnbooks aside, one thing that does happen in churches such as Indian Creek is that the people learn how to sing. Singing the slow-paced hymns with verse after verse is an important part of their religious expression and the feelings it evokes are different from those that come from other kinds of congregational singing or gospel music. One woman told me that her husband was



converted to the Primitive Baptist Church from standing outside listen-

ing to the singing.

The meetings I observed at the Indian Creek Church were plain—singing, prayer, and then a sermon were the principal features. There is no offering, no candles, choir, incense, church bulletin, or distraction of any kind. After the singing and prayer this Saturday morning came the sermon by guest Elder Lonnie Mozingo, Jr., who pastors two churches in Danville, Virginia. His title was, "One Lord, One

Faith, One Baptism." Preaching is at the heart of the Primitive Baptist meeting and because this is so, the words of Pastor Mann have even greater meaning: "If you don't believe what the Primitive Baptists preach, you can't live with us. I'm sorry. You can't take it. It just won't stay—it won't last."

Elder Mozingo's sermon was exemplary of the Old Baptist style. He spoke extemporaneously without any notes, even when quoting verse after verse of Scripture. He never faltered and he stuck to the substance of Primitive Baptist doctrine. One comes to this church to hear the strongly Calvinistic beliefs of the total depravity of men, unconditional election, limited atonement (or particular redemption), irresistible grace, and perseverance of the saints. If you spent much time listening to the preaching here, you'd be well-schooled on these points. And, if Elder Mozingo had strayed into unsound doctrine, it's my guess that the attentive congregation would have been able to detect it right away.

One of the types of baptism that Elder Mozingo preached about was baptism by immersion in water, a key Baptist belief. "Baptism is a picture of the death and burial and resurrection of the Son of God Himself," he said. "Well, whenever a person is baptised, if he is not completely submerged in water, he is not given a true picture of the death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ." They did not, he said, "take a little dirt and sprinkle it on the Lord's face" when He was buried. The Indian Creek Church baptises its members in the creek which skirts the church.

The Primitive Baptists believe strongly in predestination, the stern doctrine that God chose a select group of people for salvation at the beginning of time. Elder Mozingo touched on this theme, saying that on Judgment Day when charges are "read against one of God's little elect children" Christ will say, "I've already paid for that one. That one's been atoned for. I already shed my blood for that one." On the other hand, there will also be those whom Jesus did not die for and they will be judged guilty. God has chosen some individuals for salvation with all others left to damnation. Elder Mozingo said the Lord didn't know the damned "when the world began and He won't know them at the end of the world, either." This literal theology of election and predestination is distinctive to Primitive Baptist thinking. They believe that God elected His own people in Christ before the world began and that none of these saints will be finally lost.

Arminian theology, which was often discussed by the Old Baptists I talked with, is the more common contrary belief that Christ died for all people but only those who accept Him will be saved. The term Arminianism is now used to designate any tendency which

stresses the human role in redemption. General and Free Will Baptists now believe along these lines.

Elder Mozingo next took up the subject of humility and foot washing. He noted that it was important for Christians to "serve one another" and said, "one of the ways we are taught to do this is in the foot washing service." The Indian Creek Church did not adopt this practice until 1961 although other local churches were doing it. Now it's usually done once a year at their annual Lord's Supper in June. Elder Norvel Mann said that other Primitive Baptist churches may do it

"And brethren," he added, "the people that make fun of the Old Baptists for washing feet had better remember that the Lord did it too."

Then the young visiting preacher told a story about a Primitive Baptist boy visiting a church of another denomination. "A little Primitive Baptist fellow went to church with his friend one time. They had a revival meeting there and the preacher was up preaching and having a good time. These two fellows did everything together—everything one did, the other did. And so, the preacher gave the invitation and the Primitive Baptist boy's friend got

followers of the Lord Jesus Christ and to that little boy, it meant being a Primitive Baptist." Later he added, "The word 'primitive' doesn't mean that you walk around barefooted with a club, walking around in sheepskin and all that kind of stuff. The word 'primitive' means first, original, and if you're going to be a Baptist, it's good to be an original Baptist."

Elder Mozingo was followed by Elder Norvel Mann who began by thanking his visitor in the pulpit. Then he gave some of the history of the Primitive Baptists and of the Indian Creek Church. This 191st anniversary was an especially historic occasion for the congregation, but then history seems to play a great role in the life of Primitive Baptists every day. They like to talk about it and they are not unaware of their historical position. In their theory, Baptists stand in a line of churches directly descended from the church of the New Testament era, even older than the Catholic Church and others.

As an organized church, however, their origin lies tangled in the religious history of the early 16th century when there were scattered groups advocating beliefs which form the core of Baptist convictions today. In Holland under the leadership of John Smyth, a Separatist minister, a Baptist church was organized in 1608. Another church was later started in England. In 1631 Roger Williams came to this country, although not originally as a Baptist, and organized a Baptist church in Providence, Rhode Island. John Clarke established another Baptist church at Newport, Rhode Island, at about the same time.

The Great Awakening of the 1740's speeded the growth of Baptist churches. John Alderson came from the Philadelphia Baptist Association and it was his son, John Alderson, Jr., who came from the Linville Creek Baptist Church in Rockingham County, Virginia, and organized the Greenbrier Baptist Church at Alderson in 1781. The Indian Creek Baptist Church was organized out of the Greenbrier Church by Elder Alderson and Elder James Johnston. Pastor Mann claims that the Indian Creek Church is the oldest in the state that "goes under the name of Primitive Baptist," and that it's "the only church that holds to the Calvin-



Lucy Canterbury (left) and Louise Lyle (right) clasp hands at the close of a service.

more frequently than Indian Creek does.

"Foot washing does two things," said Elder Mozingo. "First of all, it strips you of all the pride you got. You get to wash somebody's feet, you don't have much pride left. But it also gets you down on your knee where you're looking up at your brother. And that's where you ought to be. I've always said I feel more comfortable when I'm doing the washing than when I'm having my feet washed. I always feel more comfortable about being down there looking up than when I'm up there looking down.

up and went down the aisle to get saved. He got down the aisle and the preacher was praying with him. The little Primitive Baptist fellow said, 'Well, there's something up there that he likes so I'm going to see what it is.' So he came running down the aisle. The preacher saw him coming, you know, and he said, 'Ah ha! Here comes another one!' The preacher grabbed him and said, 'Son, are you a Christian?' And he said, 'No, sir, I'm a Primitive Baptist!'

"That's the way we want to be today," Mozingo said, clinching his point. "Not Christians in the eyes of the world. We want to be meek and lowly





Above: Food arrived by the carload for "dinner on the grounds" at the anniversary meeting. Left: Jason Dickson is missing a couple of teeth but has no trouble coping with good Baptist cooking.

istic articles of faith on which it was constituted."

At first the Indian Creek Church, along with the Greenbrier, associated with the Ketocton Association, but for convenience they joined the closer New River Association in 1795. After about six years with New River, Indian Creek, Greenbrier, and two other churches were constituted into the Greenbrier Association. This lasted until about 1840, when the church split with the Greenbrier Association over the missionary and Sunday School innovations and went back to the New River Association which had stood against those changes. In 1842 the Indian Creek Association was formed. The church stayed with that body until 1962, when, because of strife within the association, it rescinded the act of sending messengers and declared itself an independent Primitive Baptist church. That is the status of the church today. In an anniversary program, Elder Mann



Fellowship happens in the churchyard as well as inside the church. Here (*left to right*) Finley Ratliff, Dewey Belcher, and Abe Corbin relax after lunch on Saturday.

wrote, "For a number of years the Indian Creek Church was almost isolated from the 'main stream' Primitive Baptists because of some doctrinal errors advocated by some among us. However, this has all been cleared up, and the church now enjoys the fellowship of Primitive Baptists all over the United States."

Oren F. Morten's 1916 History of Monroe County gives a good picture of what the Indian Creek Church was like in early days. "The original building was a plain log structure with no chimney and with an earth floor," Morten wrote. "In wintry weather the fires were made of bark in the middle of the floor. In times of Indian alarm

sentries were stationed outside... The second building was also of logs, but had a gallery and a puncheon floor. The third and present is a frame structure and stands in a bend of the creek a mile above Greenville." This is the church in use today.

Morten also noted some church practices. "In the early history of the church the male members were assessed 25 cents each for the benefit of the poor of the congregation," he wrote. "Any member failing to be in his seat three times in succession was made a subject of discipline. The washing of feet was discussed but never practiced. The communion service is held on the first Sunday in June. Thousands of

people then gather under the spreading trees."

According to Elder Mann in his History of the Indian Creek Primitive Baptist Church and Related Churches of West Virginia, there's very little recorded information about the church's early years. It has been told, he writes, that his uncle, Elder Lewis Mann's "second wife got mad at him and burned up the old church record books. Whether or not this is true, the fact remains that the old books have been destroyed."

Following the Saturday morning service, there was dinner on the grounds before things resumed again, leaving everyone a lot less hungry and a little sleepier. The afternoon hymns were from the old blue book. Then we were in for some more serious preaching, this time by an elder in his early 20's, Michael Gowens from Clovis, New Mexico. Usually he works as an insurance agent, but he told me that he takes off the month of August to travel around preaching. Before this trip was over, he, his wife, and small daughter would have been as far as Florida and back.

Elder Gowens followed the oral tradition of the preachers we'd heard so far, and avoided the emotionalism that an outsider might expect in a fundamentalist church. Instead he talked about the "Elect's Vocation." He admonished the people to be "morticians in the Lord's service." By that he meant "mortifying the deeds of the body" and "killing the old flesh."

After the conclusion of the afternoon service, everyone went home for dinner. Elder Mann lives near the church and we went there during the break in the day's services. On the way we noticed that every other mailbox in the area has the surname "Mann" on it. "Yes," said Elder Mann with a smile, "you don't just come by here and ask, 'Where do the Manns live?" During this break we worked in an interview in the pastor's study, a room crammed full of books on history and religion.

Jean Mann, who was reared in rural Mercer County as a Free Will Baptist, had prepared a big meal for us. Elder Gowens and his family were staying with the Manns during the three-day service. Mrs. Mann talked about what it was like to travel with her two children over the years to meetings in different states. Primitive Baptists seem

to do a lot of traveling, since many of their churches meet only once or twice a month, and of course an elder travels even more.

Mrs. Mann said that one benefit of all that traveling her children did was that they have friends all over. In fact, a friend of son Thomas Mann's was visiting and we talked with the two young men about their interest in bluegrass music. The rule of no instruments in the church doesn't prohibit an interest in musical instruments outside the church. I learned from them that bluegrass pioneer Ralph Stanley, an old favorite of mine, is a Primitive Baptist. So was the late Sam Rayburn, a former Speaker of the House of Representatives and Lyndon Johnson's mentor.

By the evening service, young Thomas Mann had his mind back on religion. As a probationary minister, he is required to preach in the presence of church members before attaining full ordination. He is permitted to conduct services, but not to administer the two ordinances of the Lord's Supper and Baptism. This fall he'll be entering Concord College in nearby Athens.

Elder Mann's son was followed by Elder Gowens. He touched upon the important doctrinal point of sovereign grace. "The only way you'll ever get to heaven," he said, "is if God takes you there by sovereign grace." He added, "I believe you'll meet me in heaven whether you want to meet me there or not."

At the close of this meeting everyone sang No. 70, "I Feel Like Traveling On," and filed by to shake the elders' hands. They then embraced one another and shook hands among themselves. It was a warm and friendly ending to a long day.

I spent Saturday night at the home of Bernice and Finley Ratliff of nearby Greenville. The Ratliffs attend Indian Creek, but have retained their membership in a church near Charleston where they lived for many years. When Finley retired from 36 years with the Kroger Company, they moved back to Monroe County. From their guest book, I could see that they'd had plenty of experience with overnight guests. They said they enjoyed having people stay

Speaking of his church's founding in the late 1700's, Elder Mann says, "We don't feel we've departed from the simplicity of worship advocated then. They met. They sang. They had prayer. They preached. And they went home."



over during weekend meetings and talked about the time they'd had 20-some people at their house. We had a late-night snack of fresh blackberries together and talked about the church, dairy farms in Monroe County, a study being conducted of the Primitive Baptists by a southern university, and about their old family homeplace. A picture of it hangs in the house.

The next morning after a big country breakfast of homemade sausage, eggs, biscuits, gravy, and fresh milk—and a conversation about milking cows—we were on our way to church again. Bernice answered more questions on predestination and by the time we pulled up to the church I thought I was beginning to understand.

When we arrived everyone was embracing and greeting one another. By now, I was beginning to recognize people and the three-day meeting was beginning to take on a life of its own. The scene at the church was much like that which occurs all over rural West Virginia on Sunday morning, with the church lawn filling with cars, people stepping out in their Sunday clothes to stand in small groups talking. Elder Booth asked if I had enjoyed staying with the Ratliffs and commented, "You can go places where they'll treat you as good as the Primitive Baptists, but no place where they'll treat you any better." I had to agree.

Later I asked Elder Booth about being "called" to preach, a tradition in his church. He said it had happened to him at age 22. He was plowing behind a team of horses, he said, when a voice spoke to him. Ministers must be called by God, and Finley Ratliff, a deacon himself, put it succinctly: "A preacher who tries to preach and wasn't called will worry you to death." Women are not elders and they don't speak in church.

After the singing and prayer, Elder Gowens was back at the pulpit. This time the church was full. A van had arrived carrying a group from Virginia. Elder Gowens called this sermon "Three Phases of Love." He took this time to explain why the Primitive Baptists aren't missionaries. "The majority of people who will live in heaven may not have ever heard the Gospel," he said. "The American Indians even believed in the Great Spirit and believed they would get to heaven by being good warriors. You see, even be-

fore the Gospel was preached to them, they had a belief in their hearts." Although, as Elder Mann later told me, the Old Baptists "believe in preaching the Gospel wherever doors are open to us," they are not aggressively evangelistic and have split from other Baptists over the question of organized missionary activity.

Elder Gowens got back to predestination. "People say," he said, "'If I believed what you Old Baptists believe, I'd just hang it all up and just have me a grand old time. Because I'd reach heaven anyway, so it wouldn't matter how I lived in this life.' But you see, this is where love comes in. We realize how much God loved us, and we love God because He first loved us." By this time, Elder Gowens was at his peak and the words were rolling off his tongue. The congregation was paying close attention.

Then Elder Norvel Mann came to the pulpit with a tribute to his younger colleague. "One of the things that a lot of people have been saying about Primitive Baptist people for years is that they're all dying out. When old Brother So-and-So is dead and old Elder So-and-So, that'll probably be the last of them, good riddance or something like that. But as long as God is sending us able young men, like Elder Gowens, we can rest assured that God is still watching over His flock and providing for them." He added that he was nonetheless grateful for "the old soldiers of the cross still standing among us.

"We use the term elder and a lot of people make fun of us because we bring a 19- or 20-year-old boy, 21, 22, in the pulpit and we ordain him and call him an elder. And they'd say, well, elder means old. But I sometimes say that elder means mature, and I certainly feel that this young man has manifested a degree of maturity in the word of God which entitles him to the term elder in that respect." Mann told the congregation that those who would like to assist Elder Gowens financially should put their contributions on the table at the front of the room and the deacon would take care of it. It was the only appeal for money all week-

Elder Mann then asked Gowens and the other elders to come stand in front of the pulpit for the congregation to pass by and shake hands. He also issued an invitation for those who wanted to come forward and make a profession of faith, because "the Lord wants to hear your voice." As the voices took up the closing hymn, people began to move in an orderly way to the front of the church. It was a time of fellowship, and some had tears in their eyes.

Outside after the meeting I caught Elder Mann near the side door to ask him a few more questions. One seemed to come naturally out of all that I had been seeing and hearing and reading. "Why are there so many disputes among Baptists?" I asked. Elder Mann replied, "All division is a result of the Devil's deception." Then he went on to say that he thought other denominations-those which follow a hierarchical form of government-disagree and yet stay organizationally together. "But when Baptists disagree on what they consider to be a central point," he said, "they are no longer organizationally together." Then he quoted one of the old prophets who said, "How can two walk together unless they be agreed?"

Surveying the churchyard full of people getting ready for another meal, he told me, "Here everybody thinks the same and there's greater fellowship." He added, "The Lord's people ought to be agreed on the essential and agreeable on the non-essential." He gave a slight smile. "We have a little problem with what's essential and non-essential."

From one end of the white painted wooden table to the other was an array of casseroles, vegetables from local gardens, meats, biscuits, rolls, cakes, pies, and other desserts as well as drinks. Underneath the table were 10 or 12 coolers and boxes which had been used to carry in the food. People stood around eating off plates perched on the wooden railing of the shelter or on the sides of cars. Some of the elderly sisters sat in lawn chairs. Everyone was commenting on the 21-year-old elder from New Mexico and some of the men had Gowens cornered, telling him of the benefits of living in West Virginia.

A woman sat down beside me who said that she wasn't a member of the Indian Creek Church but that she attends the services.

"Do you like it?" I asked her.

"I don't see nothing wrong with it," she said. "They preach the Gospel, don't they?" *



Elder Norvel Mann, pastor of Indian Creek Church, in his study.

An Urgency To Preach Yvonne Farley Interviews Elder Mann

Photographs by Doug Chadwick

Yvonne Farley. Could you give me a little background on yourself? Where are you from?

Norvel Mann. I was raised right within a half a mile from where I live. YF Has the family been in this

county a long time?

NM The Manns were some of the earliest settlers in the state. John Mann apparently came from Germany to Rockingham County, Virginia. He was the beginning of our set of Manns. John had a son named Jacob. Jacob

Mann came to this part of the country first, and he was instrumental in Cook's Fort at Greenville. The beginning of the Indian Creek Church was at Cook's Fort.

Jacob had a son named Jacob, that's Jacob Junior. Jacob Jr. had a son named James. James is the one who deeded the property to Indian Creek Church where this church now stands. We're not sure if the two Jacobs were members of the Indian Creek Church. The implication is that they were. James

had a son named William and William had a son named Marshall who was my grandfather, my father Estel's dad.

That's eight generations removed from Germany but John, as far as I know, never lived in this area. Jacob Sr. moved to this area when Jacob Jr. was in his late teens. They were early settlers here and somewhat involved at Indian Creek Church from its inception. That is, as far as we can tell, for the old records were burned and destroyed somewhere along the line.

Our records only go back to 1876. We do know that James was a member of the Indian Creek Church. James went to the Missionary Baptists in the big split, but his son William stayed with the Indian Creek Church. James' wife was a Keaton and she had a brother named Johnson Keaton who was pastor of the Indian Creek Church during the Primitive-Missionary schism. And of course he stayed with the Indian Creek Church. So I have to go three greats back, to Johnson Keaton, to get a preacher in the family. But my father was active in the church.

YF And you were raised in the church?

NM Yes.

YF Can I ask you how you were led to be a preacher?

NM We think there's a special calling to the work of the ministry. This calling comes by way of impression. As a young boy, really, I had impressions concerning the Lord. I'd go to church on the weekend and be impressed and then during the week I'd forget about it. Well, there just came a time in my life that the things of the world, the amusements that I enjoyed, there was just no more pleasure to them. The sermons began to stay with me through the week and I began to feel burdened and to feel like there was a condemnation on me, feeling that the Lord had done so much for me and that I was doing nothing to serve Him. So at the age of 22 I united with the church.

I felt that I had already been brought to the place that whatever the Lord reguired, that's what I wanted to do. At that time I did not feel that I would be going into the ministry and had no

thought of it, really. But, as time went on, as I studied the Scriptures, it seemed like I read them in such a way that I found myself presenting arguments, presenting my position, as if I were talking to an audience. As impressions grew deeper and deeper that this was what the Lord was requiring of me, the more active and the more involved I got with the church.

When I was in the army I had a difficult experience. I was hitchhiking home. I got in with a carload of drunks. They picked me up with the specific purpose of having fun out of me. They were going to beat me up and all sorts of things, even worse. We stopped beside the road and they got a shotgun out and pointed it in my face. It was a good time for praying, and I got caught up on my praying pretty quick.

I did pray and the Lord did deliver me. One of the boys that was in the car came to my rescue. He just stepped out for no reason that I could think of and said, "If you do this, you're going to have to whip me, too." Well, that weekend, I talked to my mother and daddy about it. I said, "What should I do?" I had been fighting this burden, what I now feel was a call to the ministry.

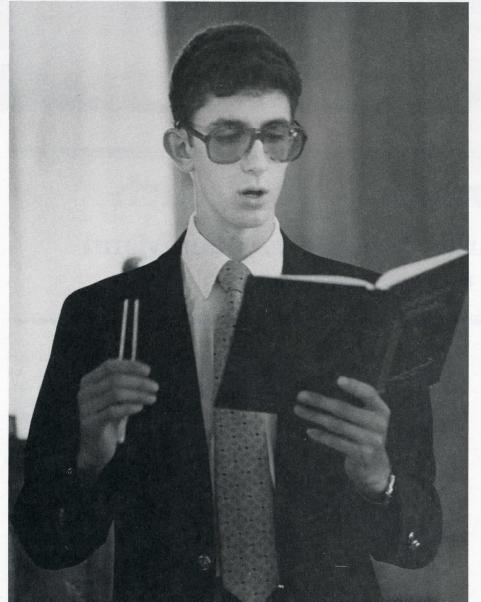
They said, "Well, wait and talk to the pastor." Of course, that was the

logical thing to do.

Strangely enough, that night we went to church and the pastor didn't show up. We sang some extra songs and then one of the old brethren there in the church just got up and said, "Brethren, I make a motion that we call on Brother Norvel to speak to us tonight." Another brother got up and said, "Well, why not? We know he's called." I had not said anything to anybody except my mother and daddy.

I made an effort and they "liberated" me. Our practice is to liberate, or license, and then it's a trial period, a sort of on-the-job training. I was liberated to speak and I spoke there and at other churches as the opportunity presented itself for about two years, then I was ordained by a group of local ministers. Ordination is called for by the church. The church sends invitations to other churches. Their ministers and pastors come out and set in the presbytery and you go through a questioning session, and then the laying on of hands, and then there's usually one minister chosen to deliver a charge to you, to exhort

Thomas Mann, now a probationary minister, hopes to follow his father as a Primitive Baptist elder. Here he leads congregational singing.



you to the responsibilities of the work and so on. I was ordained in 1962.

YF What is the Primitive Baptist

doctrine of predestination?

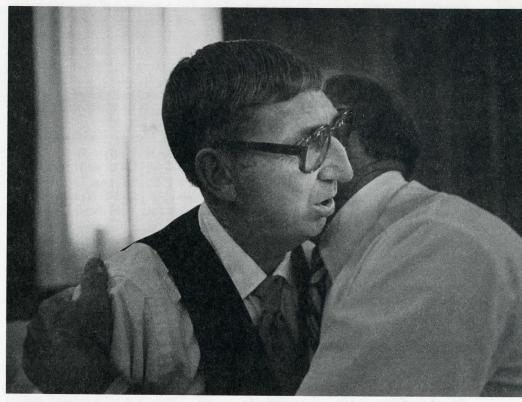
NM First of all, the definition of the term, to prefix the destiny. It always has to do with individuals—that is, people—not things. This is opposed to others who call themselves Calvinists, who believe that God predestinated things, happenings and events. We believe that God predestinated people, in other words, that He prefixed the destiny of all those people whom He chose. The elect.

YF Can you explain that?

NM The election? Ephesians 1 and 4 says, "According as He has chosen us in Him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." He has chosen us, choice and election are one and the same. He elected us. He chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world, having predestinated us under the adoption of Jesus Christ unto Himself according to His pleasure, His will. We believe that God chose an innumerable number, out of every kindred, tongue, tribe, and nation.

Or let's put it this way: He chose His people and it is a great number, out of the fallen race of Adam. Of course, this goes back to total depravity, or original sin. We believe that all men fail in Adam in the trespasses of sin and are incapable of recovering themselves from that fall. Some people stumble at the idea of predestination, they seem to think that predestination is such that God took a group of people and predestinated some of them to heaven and some of them to hell. Actually, the whole human race fell and would have all gone to hell. But God chose some of them, prefixed their destiny through the vicarious work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the substitutionary work of the Lord Jesus Christ, to finally house them in heaven. He didn't do anything with the rest. They had fallen. The whole human race would have gone to hell but He took some of them and prefixed their destiny, chose them in Christ before the foundation of the world. In other words. Jesus Christ adopted us unto Himself. I mean, the elect family of God.

YF How do you know if you are among the chosen?



Elder Mann speaks wryly of the Baptist affinity for schism, and is thankful his church is now in fellowship with Primitive Baptist congregations all over the country.

NM Well, we base it on evidence—spiritual evidence, I guess you'd call it. First Corinthians, Chapter 2, verse 14, says that the "natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God. Neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." This natural man, what we refer to as the unregenerate man, is not born again. So he cannot receive the things of God. Neither can he know them because the things of God are spiritually discerned.

So, if a man receives the things of God, if he rejoices in the Gospel, if he rejoices in the prospect of a savior, that's evidence that he is elect. If a man feels condemnation of the law of God, convicting him of being a sinner, in his conscience, then it's evidence that you are receiving the things of God—because you're stirred up about these things. It's an evidence that you're a child of God because it's a Godly thought. It comes from God. That Godly sorrow is an evidence of salvation, or election.

YF If you are predestinated for heaven, does that mean you couldn't backslide?

NM David is a prime example of backsliding, King David. There could

be no question but what David was a child of God. But David committed adultery with Uriah's wife and even murder, in the sense that he had Uriah put to death. And so, he, David, was convicted and convinced and repented and prayed, "Lord, restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." He did not pray, "Lord, restore unto me Thy salvation," and there's a difference. We can die to the joys of the approbation of God. We can backslide to where there's nothing that is really joyful.

YF Do you believe in divine heal-

ing?

NM Not in the sense that it is normally taught. No. We do not believe in the charismatic type of faith healing that you see so much of, the laying-on of hands. We believe that special gifts, such as healing, were given to the early church. The Lord gave gifts to the apostles. Special gifts. It appears that the apostles had the power to lay their hands on others and that person would receive this special gift. But that person could not bestow that same blessing on another. The people whom they laid their hands on could not pass it on to the next generation.

We believe in a Divine Healer; I think most all denominations agree on the fact that we ought to pray for the sick the Lord can heal. He said pray for the sick. But we don't believe He does it through special people. As James says, "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." It doesn't have to be a preacher, and I think that "righteous man" covers women as well as men, even the prayers of the little child.

YF What's your reason for not having musical instruments in the church?

NM Our emphasis is on making melody in your heart to the Lord. Colossians, Chapter 3, verse 16, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." The instruments of music used in the Old Testament, we believe to be a function of the Old Testament worship just like bulls and goats, offerings and sacrifices and the lighting of lights, and so forth. As far as I'm concerned, that was fine at that time. But it was an element of Jewish Old Testament worship.

The New Testament is dead, cold silent with respect to musical instruments. There is no mention of musical instruments in any sense in the worship services in the New Testament. Historically, the early Baptists did not use it. In *Fifty Years Among the Baptists*, David Benedict says, "The staunch old Baptists in my early years would have sooner tolerated the Pope of Rome in the pulpits as an organ in their gallery."

The use of musical instruments is of rather modern origin. It's not an ancient practice. I have read, and I don't know this for a fact, but I have read that the first musical instruments were brought into the Roman Church in 666 A.D., and they even had trouble over that at that time in the Roman Church. The main thing for us is the silence of the New Testament with respect to musical instruments.

And there's a second element that we try to guard against. Of course, I'm trying to emphasize the simplicity in our pattern of worship. The second thing is that we don't have any choir. We have congregational singing and this is because we feel that otherwise, if we are not careful, we'll wind up singing for praises. If you've got somebody who's particularly talented

with piano or musical instruments or with voice, the first thing you know they begin to be praised and honored above the other brethren and sisters. And then there's a special class and category of brethren of the church. We try to be careful not to bring anything that would put one above another in that respect.

YF The fact of everybody being equal, does that carry over into humility and service to your brethren?

NM I think the Lord rather summed up the Old Testament's Commandments in the New Testament when He said, "The greatest commandment is to love thy God with all thy heart, soul, and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." And as the brother quoted this morning, where he was giving the example of feet washing, that John Chapter 13, says that "If I your Lord and master wash your feet, you ought to wash one another's feet." I think this was a principle that the Lord was instilling in us, that we ought to serve one another.

YF Does that principle of service carry outside of the church?

NM I wouldn't say that our people do more in a collective sense than other orders, our Methodist friends and Missionary Baptists and others. There are other orders which do more. The German Baptists are very collective. They go in together to build a house, they go in together to raise a barn. Sort of like frontier days. We do not do anything like that. We try to carry out the principle on an individual basis rather than on a church basis. We don't just call everybody up and say, "Let's go do this." Each one of us feels we have a personal responsibility more than a collective responsibility.

One reason for this is that we try to avoid what the Lord warned against when He talked about the Pharisees who love to pray standing on the street corners. When they give the alms they sound the trumpet, and say look what we've done. That's something we try very carefully to avoid, the showiness of anything that we might do.

YF You don't take a big collection in church?

NM We do not. Most of the time even giving to me as pastor will be done privately. My income from the church is a very private donation. It's considered gifts, and not salary or pay of wages. It's love gifts, love offerings.

YF You don't believe in tithing?

NM Not as such. We consider that to be an Old Testament pattern. We believe in the principle of giving in support of the church. One of the areas I think our ministers have fallen slack on, in the last 50 or 60 years, has been preaching the importance of financial support of the church. Some of our meeting houses have fallen into a pretty poor state and some of our ministers have had to be almost in want because we have failed in that area.

YF Do most Primitive Baptist ministers have to have some other job?

NM The great majority of Primitive Baptist ministers are employed at other occupations. This is not a principle of the Primitive Baptist church in belief or doctrine. It's just something that has happened to us.

But let me make this clear, we do not believe in a salaried ministry. That is, if I were to go to Indian Creek Church, and they say to me, we're going to give you such and such a month, and I'll say okay, I'll work for that. However, the Indian Creek Church might get together and say, "Well, we want to support Brother Mann." And they get all their heads together and they decide how much they can give. We try to take the bargaining element out of it and the tendency to go to greener pastures all the time and to find a better paying position.

But we do believe that the Bible does teach, that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel. I fully believe, if all the churches were acting properly, that our ministers would not have to be supplemented with some kind of employment. I worked for 10 years with Celanese Fibers Company. I worked at various jobs. But 11 years ago I came out of full-time employment and took the school bus driving job which gives me about five hours a day at home and weekends free. Gives me two months in the summer, to travel mostly.

YF When do you have feet washing?

NM Most of our churches only have it once a year. We have the bread and wine, the Lord's Supper, and then at the end of that we have the feet washing service. Some Primitive Baptists do not wash feet. It is not a test of fellowship. We do not require it. We think it's something that you ought to do, as far as we're concerned. Others



Mann, who travels widely to preach, is used to meetings that continue late into the evening. Here he bids farewell to worshippers at the Saturday night service.

think of it—as many of our friends in other denominations do—think of it more as a principle of humility. We think of it as a literal commandment, not part of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper of the bread and wine, but we think of it as an example.

YF So there could be people in your church who wouldn't participate.

NM Yes.

YF But usually they do?

NM Yes.

YF You have two ordinances? NM Baptism and the Lord's Sup-

When is the Lord's Supper?

per.

NM We have that the first weekend in June, Sunday morning of the first weekend of June. Once a year at our church. Some practice it quarterly, some twice a year, a few probably as much as once a month. These things usually came about through custom. Really the Scriptures say, "As oft as you do it, do it in remembrance of me." Doesn't say how often. For some reason or other, the custom has developed

YF I wanted to ask how much your preachers learn by listening to other people preach. I get the impression that much of that tradition is just passed down by listening to somebody and

at Indian Creek Church of once a year,

and it's just never been changed.

learning the Scripture.

NM I feel that that plays a great part in it, listening to other ministers preach. And that can be both bad and good. We have a tendency to develop even delivery. We have a tendency to pattern after somebody we admire, or take a little from this man or a little from that man. That's probably true of other public speakers.

YF Your members don't do what

is known as "shouting"?

NM There's a wide variety of people among the Primitive Baptists. In some sections of the country, you'll have great emotional expression, even in some parts of West Virginia. And in southwest Virginia, eastern Kentucky, some of the more rural areas of Appalachia, you find a great deal more emphasis on emotion. You'll find women, especially, shouting; even men. You'll find the ministers working harder to create an emotional feeling. I feel that this is a cultural thing and we accept it. But we don't always approve of everything we see just because we're all Primitive Baptists, even though we're all in fellowship. However, if the basic principles of truth are there, we don't fall out over how a man delivers his message.

I was in Atlanta, Georgia, this past weekend. The pastor that I was with,

there in Atlanta, told me there was a colored Primitive Baptist church meeting in town Friday afternoon and wanted to know if I wanted to go. Well, there were several elders there and we decided to go. They were very emotional and it reminded me so much of some of the more rural regions of Appalachia. Their mannerisms, their methods of delivery, and so forth.

A lot of our differences, cultural and educational, are because Primitive Baptists have never required education of their ministers—well, frankly—education, period. There's been a few Primitive Baptist preachers who lived and died and couldn't read nor write and still preached. What they knew about the Bible they either heard somebody else quote or somebody read it to them. Of course, we highly frown upon this situation—I do-but it's happened. Educational standards have a lot to do with emotionalism, the type of delivery, and the presentation of the message.

YF You seem to travel a lot.

NM Especially since I got out of full-time employment. I travel to other churches in a number of different states. This year we've made three trips to Georgia, about a week at a time, and I preached meetings at one or more churches.

We made one whirlwind trip that started out on a Wednesday night in Nashville, Tennessee. We left Nashville the next day and went to Donaldson, Arkansas, and preached at a church there that night. We left there and went to Graham, Texas. We were there three days, Friday through Sunday morning. Sunday we drove to Perryton, Texas, and I preached there-304 miles between the Sunday morning service and the Sunday night service. Then we preached at Amarillo the next night and Floydada the next night. The next night I was in Oklahoma City and the next night I was in Fort Smith, Arkansas. That was on a Thursday and then we were back home here for the Saturday night and Sunday services. The following Friday we left for Georgia and were down there until Sunday.

That's sort of typical of some of our travels. Not all Primitive Baptist preachers travel like that. For some reason, some feel burdened to travel and some feel burdened to stay at home. I feel there's an urgency in preaching

the Gospel.

YF Has the Indian Creek church always been the way it is? You once said that you still worship in the way that church founder John Alderson did 191 years ago. Do you feel you are close to that?

NM What we are getting into here is what is a change and what is a departure. I think you've got two different things there. With respect to change, there's no doubt that we've changed a lot. But we don't feel we've departed from the simplicity of the pattern of worship nor the doctrinal principles that were advocated then. What we're saying to that is: When the church was constituted, they met, they sang without musical accompaniment. They had prayer. They preached. And they went home. They preached the doctrines of grace as we still see them. Our articles of faith that were written at the beginning are the articles we still attempt. Those points we've not changed.

YF Do you have revivals?

NM Not as such. We believe in revivals and we believe that God has given many revivals to the Lord's people through the years. We've had periods of revival and periods of declension. But we do not believe in posting a meeting as a revival. Our understand-

ing of that is that a revival is not something that you can just have or work up, you know. We post a meeting and hope there will be a revival.

We do have extended meetings lasting several days. It's just a matter of defining terms, more than anything else. I know what folks mean when they say revival. We just don't use the term. It's not offensive to us.

YF Are Primitive Baptists allowed to drink?

NM Primitive Baptists believe it is wrong for church members to drink. We think that so-called social drinking is bad, from the standpoint that you are doing it in public and so forth. In the interest of moderation and not being fanatical, we say if people have a little something in their homes, or something like that, we don't make it a matter of church discipline. But if, say, in the Indian Creek Church we had a person that was caught out in public, we make public drunkenness a disciplinary measure. In other words, the man will probably be expelled from the church, excluded from the church unless he repents.

We oppose dancing as such, although we use the same principles as with drinking; we try not to be fanatical. If teenagers are well-chaperoned at a high school dance or at a prom or something, we don't make it a big deal, or send a police force after them to follow everybody. We try to discourage these things and require a strict discipline, yet at the same time we certainly don't require perfection.

YF Do the men and women sit on opposite sides of the church during service?

NM Only when we do the feet washing. But we do have a tendency to meet a little early before services and the women talk with women and the men with men. Then we just walk in and sit down and there's not that much of husbands and wives sitting together. Used to be even more that way than it is today, but it never was a segregation thing. It was a drifting or gravitating to the different places.

There's one thing about Primitive Baptists, they move slow. If you're going to change something, no matter if it's just a custom, you better depend on a good long while to get it changed. One preacher said, "Primitive Baptists don't get in the mood to move very often." And, he said, "If they ever get in a

mood to move, you better shove with all your might, because they might not get in that mood again for another 20 years." I mean, if you want to get something done to the meeting house, or some custom changed, it's hard!

Of course, that's a product of our teaching. We teach the unchangeableness of the pattern of worship. That Christ delivered everything the church needed, and to add anything would be wrong and to leave off anything would be wrong. But even if the church has developed something that is just a custom, it's as hard to change that as it is to change something else. The way you sing, how slow you sing, how fast you sing, which book you sing out of.

YF Some people call you Hard-

shell Baptists.

NM Most of our names through the years have been given by somebody else. The disciples were first called Christians when somebody said these

folks are following Christ.

In the Primitive-Missionary division, first of all the two Baptist groups were called "Old School" and "New School." There was a meeting held at Black Rock, Maryland, in 1832. An address was drawn up in which they declared against all the modern institutions that were being brought into the church by the Missionary brethren. In this meeting they adopted the name "Primitive." As a matter of fact, if you read old books, you often run into the names "primitive religion," "primitive Christianity," and so forth—the word primitive being used in the sense of old or original. It was a very common term in those days.

The term "Hardshell" came about as a derogatory term, about the time of the Primitive-Missionary division. The Missionary folks felt that we were just immovable. They were advocating "we need to change with the times, we need to get modernized, other orders are doing all these things and we need to do it too." They were advocating change, while we advocated staying the same. So they said, "You can't do nothing with them old hardshells. They just won't move, they're just too hard." It's a term that's been used which actually we don't really object to, because if they're saying that we just don't change and if they are saying that we are hard to dissuade from our position, we'll accept that and not be insulted by it. We use it ourselves sometimes. *

The next time you drive up Interstate 79, look up the hill to the right of the Burnsville Exit. If there is an elderly white-haired woman sitting on the porch of the white house at the top of the hill, be sure you give her a wave.

Or a salute. Her name is Autumn Amos, and every community should have one like her, a lady who nurtures children's minds but also notices which ones are hungry, cold, or poor, then takes care of the problem unobtrusively.

She celebrated her 82nd birthday last August 24th and looks back now on a lifetime of fine music and good books, but mostly to the youngsters she has taught and loved since her graduation from Morris Harvey College in 1919. She never married to have children of her own, so the children of Braxton County have become her life.

Photographer Mike Keller and I drove to Burnsville to visit Miss Amos the day before her birthday. She met us at the front door and led us immediately into the 19th century. As we stood on her wide veranda she stretched her slender hand out toward the town below and the valley where the highway runs north and south. "All that was once my grandfather Hefner's wheat fields. Where the road is now, used to be bottomland. Used to flood sometimes. The highway people had to bring in a lot of fill for their new road."

Her roots go far back in Braxton County history. Early in the 1800's at least six of the Hefner brothers came over the mountains to Western Virginia, where they settled, started to farm and raised their families.

They all chose the same general area, to be near each other and feel secure. William, the oldest brother, assumed the role of family patriarch.

Travel was difficult in those pre-Civil War times. The roads choked buggy riders with dust in the summer, and in winter the horses bogged down in the deep mud. To get supplies for the farm, the Hefners traveled from Burnsville all the way to Weston, a two-hour trip. Shopping then was a daylong project. Now, a century and a half later, Hefner descendants make the drive in 20 minutes in heated or air conditioned comfort.

The 19th-century Hefners purchased supplies by the barrel—sugar,

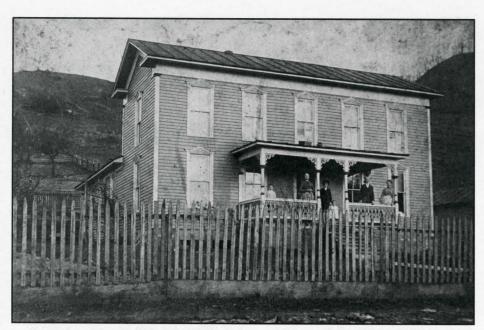
"Special Music and Dedicated Service"

Miss Autumn Amos of Braxton County

By Maureen Crockett Photographs by Michael Keller

Music, for her own enjoyment and for the education of children, has been the constant thread in Miss Amos' life.





Miss Amos has kept the house, built by her father late in the last century, in sparkling condition. The front porch is bigger, the street has been moved, and the picket fence is gone, but little else has changed. Photographer unknown for old photo, early 1900's.



salt, coffee beans—which were then presided over by their redoubtable housekeeper, Matilda Shields. Matilda is remembered in the family as a strong woman, six feet tall. That helped greatly when she had to assert herself with the Yankee and Rebel soldiers who roamed back and forth over the county during the early 1860's. "They were hard times," said Autumn Amos, thinking proudly of the woman she

considers practically an ancestor, "people had to fight for life back then."

Soldiers from both armies often appeared at the farm demanding to be fed. But they quailed before Matilda, who, standing taller than most of the men, said, "You may eat, but you have to behave at the table or leave the house."

Family lore has it that one day, when Matilda was riding over the farm, she

came on a patrol of Yankees "laying down the bars" of a wooden rail fence to steal the cows. She raced up to them and through sheer force of personality got them to put the fence back up, then leave, without the cattle.

On her father's side of the family, Autumn Amos takes special pride in her grandfather, Dr. Enos Amos, who practiced medicine in Fairmont after his graduation from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia in 1872. Dr. Amos died young, in his 40's, in 1891, 10 years before his granddaughter was born. The Amos family, searching recently for his grave, found it in Marion County.

The Hefner and Amos clans have populated their area for 150 years. "I probably pass relatives on the street now and never know it," Miss Amos

Her father, Hugh William Amos, made significant contributions to Braxton County life. He purchased the land for the Burnsville Exchange Bank, no longer in existence. Hugh Served as president and main cashier, but he is remembered best for "The Amos Line," the first telephone service in that part of the state. "He had an operator at Sutton, another at Burnsville, and three at Weston," Miss Amos recalled. "He kept enlarging the system until his death in 1909." He had retained his position with the bank also; after he died, H. B. Marshall, a bank employee, took over.

"Later, the Burnsville phone system had two operators, one in each room," Miss Amos remembered. "I played in the office and planned to be a phone operator when I grew up."

That old telephone building is gone now too. "A great fire burned it down, also the Methodist parsonage and four other buildings," according to Miss Amos. "We couldn't call the fire company to come, of course, so it all went."

In those years before World War I, Autumn and her older brother Frank would race up the hill from school at the end of each day. "I'm going to kiss Mama's cheek before you do," Frank would taunt her, then take off for home. At that time, the house was set off from the road by a picket fence her older brother could easily vault. The young sister had to scurry around it. "Sometimes Mama would come down to meet me so I wouldn't always lose," she laughed. She grew silent, looking in-

ward. Mike and I were silent too. I guessed she was seeing all of them again, as they were 75 years before.

Miss Amos in 1983 is a proper and accomplished lady, but she remembers "I was a tomboy, but Mother [Rachel McNeill Amos] would put me in fussy dresses. After supper, Father would take me for a walk around Burnsville. I couldn't understand how the moon could follow us all over town. Father tried to explain, and when we'd get back home Mother tried, too, but I couldn't figure it out."

On those nightly walks, "Father would stop to talk with his friends; I would get bored and then climb his telephone poles in my frilly dresses. Father would bring me down, saying,

'Ladies don't act that way!' "

Her father built the house she lives in today. While it was going up, her parents rented two rooms at the bottom of the hill where the Gulf station stands now. The land surrounding the Amos home once was farmland; now it's sumac, mature trees, other houses, and super highway.

Burnsville had fine musicians at the start of this century, and Autumn began her music lessons with them when she was eight years old. Her parents bought her a piano, then could not get the young lady into her bed because

she was too excited to sleep.

The happy and prosperous family was shattered by father Hugh's death that same year. Fortunately, Rachel Amos had an income; she was also a fine cook and gardener. She survived until her daughter had graduated from college and returned home to teach.

Autumn's family, who encouraged her appreciation of good music, was determined that she would have an excellent education, so after high school she was sent to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music to study piano and violin. "I remember the practice rooms at the Conservatory. They were so hard to play in when the weather was hot," she reminisced. "There was no air conditioning then, you know."

Autumn transferred to Morris Harvey College, now the University of Charleston, while the school was still at its Barboursville campus in Cabell County. She remembers Morris Harvey as a no-nonsense place with stern instructors and two very proper British housemothers in the women's dormitory. At Morris Harvey in those years

Autumn Amos slid down—and off—this rail at age three, and doesn't wish to try it again.

there were many people preparing for the ministry. Often the students were poor, so they worked as waiters and waitresses to pay their expenses.

A member of the college orchestra, she played in the violin section with two lazy young men. "Whenever we came to a hard part of the music, they faded out and let me play alone. One day I decided to fix them." The next time a difficult piece came along, she put her violin down on her lap and everyone listened to several bars of total silence.

"I had to give a whole evening's concert from memory for graduation. I was only 18 at the time," she said. She was so nervous the night of the performance she told her music professor, "I can't play at all if you sit out front in the audience and watch me. You stand here behind the curtain." He did, and Autumn got through the evening successfully.

Her mother made the trip to Barboursville for the concert. "I didn't care whether I did it or not, if she hadn't been there," Autumn declared.

After graduation, she brought her education home to Braxton County. She began a long teaching career at once. "Originally, I thought I was being appointed for five weeks, but I've taught school in every school in the county." The young woman started driving a car all over Braxton to her assignments, and she kept it up for over 60 years. This August, a few weeks before her 82nd birthday, "someone in town said he didn't like the way I drive. Well, I didn't like the way he talked," she added with spirit, "but I gave my nephew the car."

Autumn Amos believes musicianship starts young. Her rhythm band began with first graders. "Those little ones would march around and feel bigger than the high school band. They shook rattles, anything they could hold, drums, bells. We would travel in buses." The proud parents would follow in their cars, in a motorized parade.

Getting buses for the bands was her biggest problem over the years. She took bands to the Forest Festival at Elkins, to Morgantown, and to Huntington. Frequently, when they got to their destination, she recalls, "I had to stand guard over the instruments; there





William S. Hefner was the patriarch on Miss Amos' mother's side of the family. Here he is seated with his family around him. Photographer unknown, about 1875–80.

was no safe place to leave them. I've marched bands all over creation. The students would work their hearts out to go on our trips."

Miss Amos has a special love for rural students. "I've always been sympathetic to the children out in the back country. I remember one poor child, filthy, badly nourished." She had brought a film to show the class. "Afterwards, he raised his hand to me and said, 'Oh, Miss Amos, next time bring a whole tub full.' The poor little children are so responsive."

Throughout her teaching career she was concerned that the young musicians learn about the world outside their home county, a world that had given her so much. "I gave my students every chance to get acquainted with something bigger than they had known around here. Youngsters just don't know the opportunities open to them."

During the Depression in the 1930's times were hard in Braxton. "You couldn't ask, of course, if the parents were out of work," she remembered, "but I could tell by looking at the stu-

dents. If parents have anything at all, they give it to their children. When the children looked bad, I'd know the family was in trouble.

"If there wasn't enough money, the worry at home was reflected by the student. I could tell." The teachers would hire children to sweep floors after school, to give them money without hurting their pride. So many of her students were impoverished. "I'd take good warm sweaters to school, privately. 'Take it down to the restroom,' I'd say. 'Try it on and see if it fits,' I'd tell them. I'm sure the other teachers did the same. Children can't learn when they're freezing."

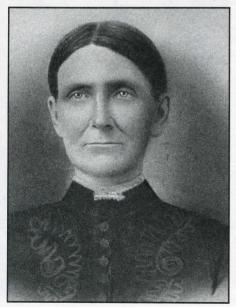
Miss Amos also has had a lifelong devotion to good books. She recalls, "I read everything I could get my hands on. My parents bought us books in Fairmont because there were only a few in the schoolroom I could sign out," and in the summer months even those few were unavailable. Later in life, she went to Cleveland and earned her master's degree in Library Science at Western Reserve University.

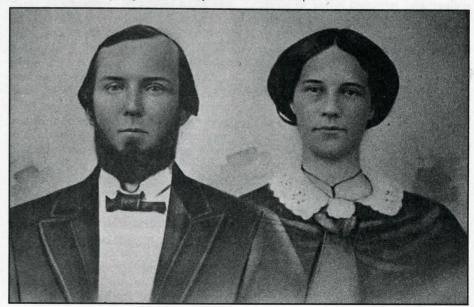
"We needed a library so badly here in Burnsville," she said. "I worked in the mayor's office and got the people to come and survey for the building. Then I got the contractor. There was a great need, so I pressed hard. It's a nice looking building."

Her grateful community, agreeing with her, declared Autumn Amos Day when the library was dedicated. "I never

Left: Housekeeper Matilda Shields was a strong force in the Hefner family. Date unknown.

Right: Dr. and Mrs. Enos Amos, Miss Amos' grandparents. Dr. Amos died young, within a few years of this undated portrait.





Right: "I've marched bands all over creation," Autumn Amos says. This photograph, with her at right rear, was made in the mid-'50's. Photographer unknown.

Below right. The Amos porch, overlooking Burnsville, is a pleasant place to entertain company.

dreamed they would do such a thing," she laughed, still surprised.

Seven years ago Braxton County celebrated the nation's Bicentennial with a cantata. Miss Amos wrote "Braxtonia, My Land" for it. A large choir sang the song, and she accompanied them

at the piano.

We had been talking in the front room where she had been born in 1901. "I don't know what part of this room I was born in. I wasn't paying attention at the time," she said. Today, the room is furnished as a sitting room with an organ standing in the corner, a sunny spot from which she can see the valley. Her hands swept the keys. "I got it in Pennsylvania for \$500."

Now she led us toward the stairs, where I noticed a plaque with her name inscribed. The Lions Club gave it to her in 1980 "for 35 years of special music and dedicated service." They made her an honorary member at the ceremony. Before then, she had been in the Lion's Auxiliary. "Now I am both a Lion and a Lioness," she added

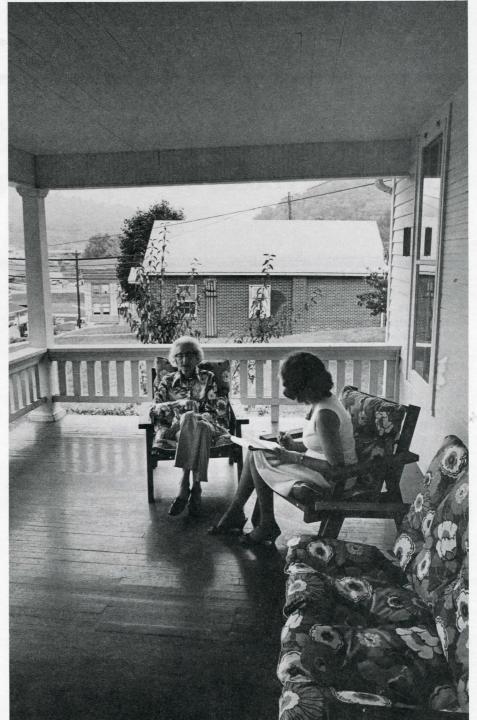
proudly, with a grin.

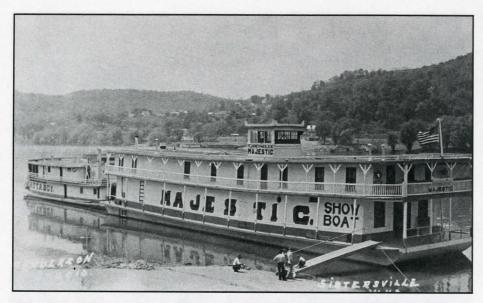
Passing the steep stairs, she paused. "There's lots of history here." I thought she was referring to the family heirlooms that surrounded us. "I used to watch the neighbor children slide down this bannister and it looked like fun. I was three at the time. I tried, and was knocked unconscious for several minutes." I asked her if she would like to try again 79 years later. In the light of past experience she declined to repeat the attempt for GOLDENSEAL's photographer.

She took us into her parlor, then sat at the piano her parents had purchased for her before World War I. She played for us the Burnsville High School song she had written for them. Then we heard a spirited "Londonderry Air" and a lively rendition of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Every Sunday she still plays the organ for services at the Southern Methodist Church in Burnsville.

As she stood beside her piano, she summed up her life of music and teaching. "If I just warmed the heart of one poor country child, I'd be proud." *









Left: An early postcard view of the showboat Majestic at Sistersville. This promotional photo was made by Henderson Studios, 1930's. Right: Garnet Reynolds recalls life on the river as hard but rewarding. Photo by Rick Lee.

Showboating Garnet Reynolds Recalls Life on The Majestic

By Irene B. Brand

leither tornadoes, temperamental actors, lack of fuel, nor birth of children could stop the *Majestic*. At 8:30 the show went on. And it's easy to recapture the grandeur of those bygone days when Mason County's 71-year-old Garnet Reynolds, last of the old-time showboat people, recalls her 20 years on the *Majestic*. Almost one can hear the splash of the water as it rolls over the paddlewheel, or experience the excitement as crowds come rushing to the riverbank for every small town's main event of the year. The showboat was coming!

Mrs. Reynolds entered the show-boat world in 1927 as a 14-year-old bride. She was the second wife of Tom Reynolds, 25 years her senior, who took her for an 18-year-old at least. "He didn't ask how old I was, and I didn't tell him," Garnet recalls with a laugh. A year later when she was carrying their first-born, and Garnet told the doctor her age, Tom muttered, "My

God! If I'd known that, I'd have waited a little."

Tom Reynolds' career as a show-boatman started with a two-story craft, the *Illinois*, which was built for him at Wheeling. The boat operated as a store, and a showroom where he presented Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin silent movies for the public.

"You went through the store before you entered the showrooms. He used that for a good many years, but in 1916 he started building his first showboat, the *America*. He kept it until 1923 when he built the *Majestic*." Garnet explains that the *Majestic* was an unpowered barge, pushed up and down the rivers by its companion, the paddlewheeler *Attabov*.

The showboat season usually started around the first of April and continued until the latter part of October. "He had a quarter that he flipped to tell which way we'd go," Garnet remembers. "Heads, he'd go one way, tails

he'd go another. The advertising notices would be sent out a month ahead to the post offices where we planned to visit. If we went up the Kanawha, the first stop would be Leon, then Buffalo, Winfield, and as far up as Boncar, a little place right above Boomer where there was a big plant. That's as far as we would go."

The Reynoldses didn't show on the Mississippi, but they did go the length of the Ohio from Cairo, Illinois, as far north as Pittsburgh. They traveled also on the Tennessee, Cumberland, Green, and Kentucky rivers. When they were doing one-night stands, they could make 3,000 miles in one season.

Although some of the showboaters didn't bother with the small towns, Mr. Reynolds always stopped for one-night shows. He usually didn't show more than one night any place until they started stopping at the bigger cities where they sometimes stayed one or two weeks.

"When the last of October came, we'd stop where we were to winter," Garnet recalls. "If we were down south, we'd usually go into the Green River to winter in a safe harbor. We wintered on the Cumberland once, and at Pittsburgh a few years. Wherever we were when winter came, we'd stop, but the Kanawha River was our home port. He usually tried to make it back to Point Pleasant, but if we didn't, we wouldn't winter on the Ohio River, always on one of the side rivers."

Price of admission to the *Majestic's* performances at first was 35¢ for reserved seats, and 25¢ for general admission. By the time the Reynoldses quit showing in 1942, they were charging \$1 for adults, 75¢ for children.

"People would start saving their money when they knew the showboat was coming. That was the main event of the season for the small river towns. People couldn't go to the movies, so they looked forward to the showboat. And if people couldn't afford the price of a ticket, they'd bring vegetables or fruit for the admission fee. Sometimes we wouldn't have much money on the boat, but we had plenty to eat."

In the mining towns the theatergoers brought their scrip which Reynolds presented at the company stores in exchange for food. "They'd give us dollar for dollar, or sometimes 70% or 80%, and we'd buy all of our winter's staples."

Tom Reynolds had been born at Point Pleasant near the confluence of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, while Garnet was born on a shantyboat on the Kanawha River, so the feel of the river was in their blood. "Tom got interested in the showboat business by visiting other boats, and there were lots of showboats then," she says. "When I went on the river there were 15 of them playing. When Tom decided he could run a showboat, he started using the dramatic shows, for he didn't think just a vaudeville show would go."

Instead of depending on local talent, the Reynoldses hired six or seven professionals each season. They'd put an advertisement in *The Billboard*, the actors' weekly newspaper, where performers looked to see if they could find a job. When Tom and Garnet received mail applications, they'd sort them and pick out what they needed for the season's shows. They chose plays known in the trade as "4-3" or "5-3," which

meant casts with four males and three females, or five males and three females. The *Majestic* usually carried three husband and wife teams, and a couple of single men.

"Tom carried husbands and wives to keep down lots of problems. He tried once to carry single women, but it didn't work, so he had no single women. One comedian we carried for years, and people thought he was one of the family."

Decisions were made during the winter about the type of show they wanted. Scripts were ordered from

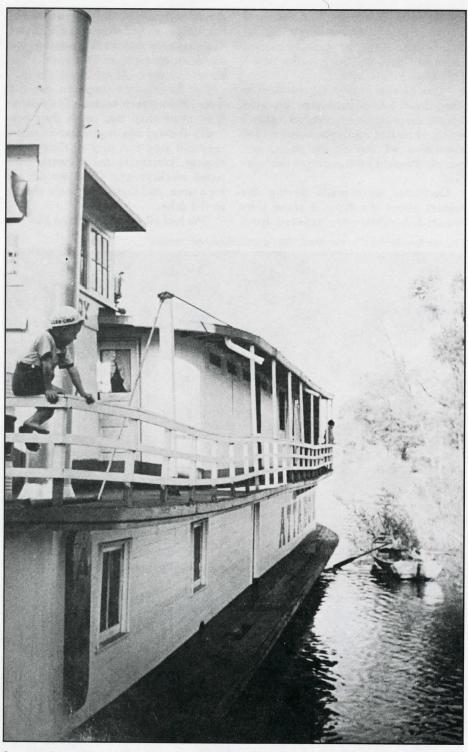
drama companies, and Garnet read all the scripts in order to make a choice. They usually wanted one western and one dramatic piece, and the royalty was about \$25 for each set of scripts.

The Reynoldses prepared two different shows each season. They didn't need more than two when they generally showed one-night stands, but if they did stay two nights, they had a change. Normally shows were alternated weekly—one show would run for a week, and then they would change to the other.

"We had all the older shows like Ten

Captain Tom Reynolds at the wheel. Date and photographer unknown.





Son John Reynolds climbs the rail on the *Attaboy*, the *Majestic's* towboat. Garnet may be seen watching son Jack tend a trotline in the rowboat. Date and photographer unknown.

Nights in a Bar Room, St. Elmo, Arsenic and Old Lace. We always tried to get some that had comedy in them, and even some detective plays. Then we had Uncle Tom's Cabin, Girl of the Golden West, Balloon Girl. Just all of the old shows, we had."

Curtain time was at 8:30 p.m., and

the show lasted for an hour and a half. After the dramatic part of the presentation, intermission allowed patrons to visit the concession stands where popcorn, candy, and soft drinks were for sale. Afterward a vaudeville show was presented at no extra charge, which consisted of tap dancing, singing,

musical instruments, and acrobatics. "We had one man who did acrobatic tap. All of the actors and actresses doubled. They acted in the shows and could do some vaudeville, too."

In order to use the songs and musical scores, royalties were paid each year to ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers). "We used all the old songs, too, like 'Maggie,' 'Dark Town Strutter's Ball,' 'Here Comes the Showboat,' 'Swanee River,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.' These songs could be played on the calliope, and used in the acts, too."

The calliope was located behind the pilot house on the *Attaboy*, the steam vessel used to tow the showboat. The boiler was on the stern of the *Majestic*, and the steam was made there and piped to the calliope. The calliope had 32 copper keys, with a whistle for every key

Because the actors and actresses didn't have permanent homes, but were on the road much of the time, Mrs. Reynolds has lost touch with most of them. However, she does know that a few of their actors went on to big-time show business. Philip Pine and Don Marlow made it to Hollywood, and Phillip Murray became successful as a violinist with a distinguished orchestra. "Most of the ones we had would be dead now, but it hasn't been very long since I saw Philip Pine in a western on television—he's so white-haired now."

Acting on the *Majestic* wasn't reserved exclusively for professionals, for most of the Reynolds family got in on the show as well. The children did anything from acting or playing the calliope to selling candy and popcorn during the intermission. Mr. Reynolds sometimes played detective roles, and Garnet, too, did her share of acting.

When asked about her years before the footlights, she replied, "Any part that would come along, I'd have to jump in and do, anything from an old woman to a young one. Once when we did Dorothy of the South Sea Isles, I had to do a Hawaiian girl, but I usually didn't have any real nice parts. Most of the time I did the 'heavies,' someone who was real mean or devious. My voice carried well for devious parts, so that's what I did. I didn't have a regular acting job, but I filled in when someone

was sick, or when someone jumped off the boat and left us."

Not many of the professionals would leave them in the middle of a season, but occasionally one would quit, or have to be fired.

"When the vaudeville act was going on," Garnet explains, "my husband would always go in and sit down and watch them. He allowed no smut, or off-color words used, and once he warned this man about it, and the man left—jumped boat. The next year he begged to come back, but he was never there to play the calliope. He'd be off fishing somewhere. So my husband fired him on the spot, and when he left, his wife went with him. I had to take the wife's part the rest of the season, and one of the boys took over the man's part."

Tom Reynolds wouldn't put up with any rowdiness from the audience either, and if a customer got unruly, he was put off the boat. That no doubt accounted for the fact that Garnet can only remember two times when serious trouble erupted on the *Majestic*. One night they were showing at a coal

mining town on the Monongahela River where a move was underway to break the union. A fight started on the boat, and one man came out carrying his ear. Garnet didn't witness the fight, because her husband had been warned that trouble was pending and she had taken the children upstairs. The police had expected the fight, too, and they were on hand to protect the audience.

"The people down in the reserved seats probably didn't know what was going on, but people in the back came running out, and the police went in and got the fighters. Usually the police were handy at the mining towns where there was always lots of fighting."

Much trouble was avoided because theatergoers were scrutinized for signs of intoxication, but Garnet was directly involved when one drunk was admitted.

"We were showing at an Indiana town, and I wasn't going to sell him a ticket, but I did, and he sat down, but when he caused a problem, my husband went down to get him. I heard someone say that the man was carrying a gun. Well, we always kept a

gun and a mace in the office, and when my husband was bringing him out, I saw the man's gun, so I stepped between him and my husband—pushed my husband one way, and knocked the drunk back the other way until Tom could get in the office and get his gun. But there was no shooting, the police got him."

Such problems were not common, and life on the boat was usually calm, although Garnet remembers the time they were tied up on Ohio's Muskingum River right in the path of a tornado. She saw things flying through the air, which she thought were birds, until her husband said, "Those are trees!"

They could see the tornado coming toward them, and members of the troupe jumped off the boat in terror. Garnet picked up her three-month-old daughter, and sat down in the middle of the bedroom floor, while Tom ran downstairs to put out more lines, but the tornado split right before it got to the boat, preventing total destruction of the craft. The little town was almost destroyed, but that night the *Majes*-

The Majestic and Attaboy were still a good-looking combination when they worked for Hiram College in the 1950's. Here they're docked at Point Pleasant. Photographer unknown.



Showboat Families

The Majestic of Point Pleasant found the waters of West Virginia and surrounding states lonely during its final years. There was plenty of traffic on the rivers, to be sure; more than ever, in fact. But river commerce consisted increasingly of busy industrial barging, and the gay colors of the showboat stood out against the predominant drabness of coal and chemical barges. The Majestic was the last of its kind, and the family of entertainers aboard the last of theirs.

At one time there had been many others. Captain Tom Reynolds followed a long tradition, for the illustrious history of showboating in the Ohio Valley stretched back a full century. From the earliest days it had been a family affair, and Reynolds was not unusual in taking his wife and children with him on board the Majestic.

William Chapman, Sr., launched the first showboat built exclusively for that purpose at Pittsburgh in 1831. Chapman's Floating Theater, a barge 100 feet long and 16 feet wide, served as home for 11 members of the family as it floated down the Ohio and Mississippi that season, with the troupe presenting musical and theatrical shows along the way. The unpowered boat went as far as it could go, and was sold at New Orleans. The Chapmans returned to Pittsburgh by paddlewheeler, and repeated the trip for several years on other boats. They continued as a showboat family until 1847.

The Chapmans were pioneers, but others became better known. After the Civil War the French family became the biggest name on the Mississippi. They started in 1878 with French's New Sensation, the first of five boats of that name which the family operated over the next 25 years.

These early families had long passed from the scene when Garnet Reynolds came aboard the *Majestic* as a 14-year-old bride in 1927. Of later showboat families that she recalls from her own experience in the accompanying article, two—the Menkes and the Bryants of Point Pleasant—stand out in particular.



Very young performers were common in the showboat families. This is "Baby Blanche" Pickert, of Price's *New Water Queen*. Date and photographer unknown.

The Menke brothers—Bill, Harry, Ben, and Charley—operated a showboat fleet during the early 1900's. They bought their first boat, the Sunny South, in 1911. In 1922 they bought the Goldenrod, probably the most famous of their boats. For 15 years Captain Bill Menke operated the Goldenrod on the major eastern rivers, but in 1937 the boat docked permanently in St. Louis. It

continues to offer the old melodramas popular in its touring days, but passed out of the hands of the Menke family 20 years ago.

The Bryants became known on the rivers around 1900, when they joined the troupe of Price's Water Queen. The family adopted Point Pleasant as their hometown after local bankers helped them acquire their own showboat, the Princess. Later they owned Bryant's New Showboat, and added westerns and horror plays to their repertoire of sentimental favorites. The Bryants were a popular attraction until 1942. "Billy Bryant went to Cincinnati and he stayed there," Mrs. Reynolds remembers, although she says he returned to Mason County for the winters.

The showboat people are mostly gone, now, and their descendants are in other lines of work. A surprising number of the old boats remain, however, although none now tours the rivers. As noted, the Menkes' Goldenrod is now permanently in St. Louis. A group of city residents have owned it since 1963 and have restored it to its former grandeur. The Becky Thatcher, named for Tom Sawyer's girlfriend, is in Marietta. Other showboats are docked in other major river ports. Their days of playing from town to town ended when Tom Reynolds sold the Majestic in 1958, but mostly these boats remain in the entertainment business in one way or another.

The 60-year-old Majestic has abandoned its old port of Point Pleasant and gone downriver to permanent dock in Cincinnati. It has been air-conditioned and had its seating reduced, but still serves as a floating theater. Mrs. Reynolds has been back to visit a couple of times, and notes that "things are never what they used to be." They aren't, of course, but nonetheless it seems fitting that the old boats can survive in some form, as monuments to the large families of entertainers and the romance of showboating on the rivers.

tic's show was presented right on time.

Home and family life went on successfully amid temperamental players. brawls, and storms. The Majestic was the Reynolds' only home for 20 years. "We were married at Point Pleasant about 4:00 in the evening, and went to Portland, Ohio, to get the boat," Garnet says. "That was my home for 20 years. Every one of my children was born on the river, and all in different states. Ruth was born at Pittsburgh; Jack, the second one, was born in Tennessee; the third one was born right here in the Kanawha River; and the fourth one was born in Cincinnati."

The family felt as secure on the boat as they would have anywhere, but when the children were little, Garnet always kept them near her. And for their safety, at an early age, Mr. Reynolds made sure they knew how to swim.

"They could all swim by the time they were three years old. Tom would tie a rope around the children, and duck them in the water, pull them up, wipe off their faces, and duck 'em again. Ruth was born in February, and she was in the water by July. And the rest of 'em. too. We had one born in May, and Tom ducked him in July or August.

"I even threw one in the water myself once," Garnet adds. "I couldn't keep him from running into the water, so I threw him in, but I guess I knocked the breath out of him. I had to jump in and get him."

She laughingly remembers, "I couldn't swim either when I went on the boat, so Tom threw me in the water. but I didn't have a rope. It was either sink or swim!"

Despite the moving from town to town, the Reynolds children didn't miss a grade in school. Sometimes they'd leave before school was over in the spring, and get back after the fall term started, but they kept up with their studies.

"But really the showboat life in the early years was just like you were roughing it. You drawed your water from the river. All of the water we drank, or used to cook, came off the bank, but the bath and wash water came from the river. That was before any acid or anything was put in the river."

At first there weren't any plumbing facilities on the showboat, and the bathroom waste went into the river. A tank on the hull of the Attabov was filled with drinking water at the locks, and drums of river water on top of the showboat were used for showers. They used a bucket brigade from the river to fill the drums. Plenty of hot water was always available in the boiler.

"We just went down to the boiler. and run it out of the injector. It was river water, but the river water was good at that time."

The Majestic had 11 rooms, and the performers lived on the boat, too. The dining room and kitchen were on the Attaboy, where a table seated 12. They all ate at one time, except when the children were small, and then Garnet fed them in the kitchen.

"Not that we wanted to keep them separate from the troupe, but children should be by themselves to eat," Garnet says. She did the cooking sometimes, but usually she carried a cook. She kept one lady for 11 years.

"We just lived a normal life. We knew everybody along the river. People would come back to the show year after year. I didn't always know their names, but I remembered their faces. When people would hear that calliope playing, they'd come running to the bank. It

was just wonderful!"

Except for Mr. Reynolds, most of the family at one time or another contracted malaria, especially in the South because of the many mosquitoes. "I think we knew where every doctor was on the river. That was one thing my husband always found out. Since all of our children were born along the river, he found out who the best doctors were, and where they were, for he'd know about the time we'd need one."

Mrs. Reynolds and her daughter had malaria for seven seasons, and they had to take a five-day treatment for it every year. The treatment consisted of quinine, mixed with other medicine, and even though the malaria kept recurring, if they took the medicine they were over it for another year. Tom Reynolds reportedly said he never stood still long enough for a mosquito to bite him, and the boys weren't bothered with it a great deal. The two younger boys had the climate malaria, a milder form, and they were sick for a short time, but the malady didn't recur.

Although the family loved the showboat tour, coming back to Point Pleasant in the autumn was the highlight of the year. "It was the happiest time of all when we could see the



Mrs. Reynolds remembers that the children learned to swim by the old-fashioned sink-orswim method. She learned the same way. "Tom threw me in," she says. Photo by Rick Lee.

bridges." Garnet remembers one homecoming when they were almost to the Kanawha River, and Tom said, "We aren't going to make it home tonight. We're about to run out of fuel, and we'll have to dock and get some."

Everyone was disappointed for they were eager to be home, so Garnet hurried around and collected all the kerosene she could find. She emptied the kerosene out of the lamps, drained the two-gallon tank on the kitchen range, and used the spare gallon she kept for

refilling the lamps.

"That was enough to get us to Point Pleasant, and the engine gave its last puff as we landed. Tom shouted to the boys, Better make it to the bank the first time I come in, because I don't have enough fuel to come in again!' When he got close to the shore, the boys ran up the bank and tied the boat to a tree."

Reflecting upon the decline of the showboat era, Mrs. Reynolds says, "There were too many boats, and business began to go down, and when World War II was going on, that took most of the actors.

"The war really stopped the show-boats, but they were getting old. Some of them sank, some of them went out in the wintertime—the ice took them out. Then the Goldenrod went to St. Louis, and she stayed there. Billy Bryant went to Cincinnati, and he stayed there, although he would come back to Mason County in the wintertime. They just went out one by one. They had too much overhead. Just like the Cotton Blossom that would seat 1000 or more people. They just had too big an overhead. And some of them got too old. The Majestic was the last to run."

In 1932 the Reynoldses bought a riverfront lot in Henderson, Mason County, to give them a permanent place to anchor the boat. That port was home to the *Majestic* during World War II, while Tom used the *Attaboy* as a commercial towboat to help meet the heavy demand for wartime shipping.

"Showboats were never self-propelled, but they were steered from the showboat. They were geared up, all the lines and everything went to the pilot house on the showboat, and they could break it loose, and run the towboat by itself, but it was all geared up to steer from the showboat."

After the war the Reynolds family didn't operate the *Majestic* again as a private showboat, although its usefulness on the rivers wasn't finished. In 1945 Tom leased the boat to the drama departments of Kent State University and Hiram College for one year, and after that, to Hiram College alone for 12 years, so for 13 summers the calliope once again resounded along the Ohio and Kanawha rivers as touring players brought a touch of nostalgia to riverside dwellers.

During the year the colleges leased

the showboat, Mr. Reynolds was still the pilot. "Until his death in 1959, the boat had never been run by anyone but Tom himself. He let the boys steer, but he never let them touch it going in and out of a landing."

Tom Reynolds always handled the boat at the locks, too, and locking through the many dams along the river was never a problem for him. "He was just a good pilot and knew how to come into the locks. The hardest locks to come into was the Gallipolis Locks, and there one time the wind caught him and blew him into the rocks, and a hole was knocked in the wooden hull, which was built out of fir." But because of Tom's expertise as a riverman, such accidents were rare.

When asked if she hated to give up the boat, Garnet replies, "Yes, in a way I did, but I visited the boat a lot even after he leased it. I'd come home, mow the lawn, take care of the outside work, and then I'd go back to the boat. I traveled with him a lot. He had his stateroom on the *Attaboy*, and he piloted the boat whenever it was out on the river. The cook was there, and his room was there."

At the expiration of his contract with Hiram College in 1958, Mr. Reynolds sold the *Majestic* to Indiana University, and eventually it became the property of the city of Cincinnati, where it is still used as a floating theater.

Since the showboat has been in port at Cincinnati, Mrs. Reynolds and some of her family have visited it twice, but she says, "You can never go back, things are never what they used to be. Some things looked about the same, but they had cut the seating from 450 to about half that number, and took out the balcony to make way for an air conditioner. The staterooms are being used for something else, too."

The Reynoldses bought their first

home on Park Drive in Point Pleasant when they leased the showboat in 1945, but transition from showboat to city house wasn't easy for Garnet.

"My gosh, when I first moved up there, I'd walk to the kitchen door, and throw the garbage out in the garage. It was just normal for me to do that. On the boat if something didn't turn out right when I was cooking or baking, it went in the river. Why, we had the fattest fish in the Ohio River!" she adds with a laugh.

Somehow it seems appropriate that Tom's death in 1959 occurred on the boat that had been his domain for 36 years. He had removed the lifelinesthe "railings" around a riverboat's deck—because he was taking the boat to the Marietta Plant the next day to have the wooden hull replaced with a steel one. He was alone on the boat, and apparently when he was cranking the pony engine, a blood clot developed. He fell in the river, dead before he hit the water. He would have fallen on the boat if the lifelines had still been in place. His body was found in 20 feet of water beside the boat.

When Tom sold the boat to Indiana University he had agreed to pilot the craft for a year until someone learned how to run it, but upon his death before the year was up, two of his sons took turns running it.

"They were both riverboat captains, so they worked 30 days on-boat, 30 days off-boat, and they took their free time to run the *Majestic* until the season was over. My oldest son was the first to take it out. We'd had a steel hull put under the *Attaboy*, and I called him to go get it. He said it was the first time he'd pushed the boat out when his daddy wasn't at the wheel."

The death of her husband brought an end to Garnet's showboat days, but she has never lost her interest in the rivers. She can still recite the mileage from one port to another, facts she learned beside her husband in the pilot house. Garnet Reynolds now lives south of Henderson, in sight of the Ohio River where she spent many happy years with her husband. She is energetic and interested in life as she enters her 70's, but still a note of sadness can be detected in her deep voice, as she says, "I'm the only one left of the original showboat people. The Bryants are gone, and the Menkes, too. I'm the only one left."

On the way to another town, near the end of the touring days. The *Majestic*, steered from its own pilothouse, was powered by the *Attaboy*. Photographer unknown, 1950's.



Never Late For Court An Interview with Milton J. Ferguson

By Tim Massey

Tim Massey. The Ferguson family is one of the oldest in Wayne County. When did your ancestors move into this area?

Milton J. Ferguson. The migration started out of Virginia at the turn of the century, 1800. My great-great-greatgrandfather, Samuel Ferguson, came to this country from northern Ireland with a first cousin of his in 1765. They had been in the British army over there and they got to Virginia prior to the Revolutionary War. Of course, the Revolutionary War occurred and my ancestor turned traitor and joined up with the Revolutionary forces, with Washington. But his cousin, Patrick Ferguson, stayed loyal. They were first cousins and very close, but Patrick stayed loyal to the Crown. He got killed on Stone Mountain where he was leading the British forces.

At the end of the Revolutionary War, Samuel Ferguson was a major in the Revolutionary army. I don't know what caused him to migrate to Tazewell, Virginia. He and his brother-in-law, named Samuel Peary, founded Tazewell County. They made a deed over at the county seat to the county for the land they owned. Then he came across through the Breaks of the Big Sandy on the Virginia-Kentucky border and he settled in here.

He was buried right below Wayne. His will has been published several times. He gave his slaves their freedom. He gave one slave an ox and a froh so he could make an honest living. Do you know what a froh is? It was a very valuable tool they used to split logs, make shingles.

Samuel had a number of children, including two that I am a direct descendant of—one named William and another named John. My mother and father were third cousins. The way country people counted, they were fifth

cousins but in law they were third cousins.

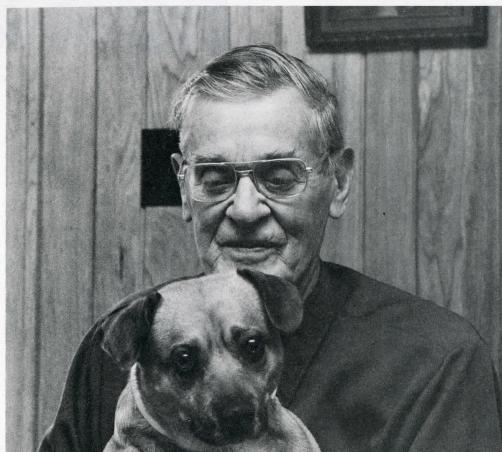
William Ferguson's son, Milton Jamison Ferguson, got the patent for this property on the Forks of Twelvepole Creek. He and my great-grandfather on my mother's side owned nearly everything on the Forks of Twelvepole.

My great-grandfather on my mother's side, James "Jimmy" Ferguson, was a character. He could neither read or write, but he could figure. He owned a lot of slaves. The Civil War broke out and he had seven sons; most of them were married and had children. My grandfather was one of them. Jimmy Ferguson had to protect those slaves

and he made every one of his sons join the Rebel army. My great-uncle, Wayne—they called him Big Wayne Ferguson—was only 14 when he went into the service. He came out at the age of 18, a four-year veteran. Two of my great-uncles were killed at Gettysburg and one at New Market, Virginia.

Old man Jimmy Ferguson was the original tight Scotsman. He'd squeeze a nickel. He had \$50,000 in gold over there at the Forks of Twelvepole when the Civil War broke out and he buried it. No one never did find it until the Civil War was over when he dug it up. Although he could neither read or write, he had been elected to the General As-

Now 81, Milton Ferguson looks back on a long legal career. Here he is with his dog, Boomer. Photo by Maurice Kaplan, Huntington Publishing Co.



sembly of Virginia. He rode a horse from here to Richmond.

Now my grandfather on my father's side, Charles W. Ferguson, was in the Constitutional Convention of 1872 when they wrote the Constitution of West Virginia. He was an educated man. My oldest brother was named after him and my nephew, the present judge [Wayne County Circuit Judge C. W. Ferguson III], was named after him. His name was Charles Walker Ferguson. You've heard of William Jennings Bryan and Charles Bryan. They're related to us through the Walkers. Their father and mother are buried in Mason County. They lived there before they moved on to Nebraska. Charles Bryan later became Governor of Nebraska. William Jennings ran for President three times and was later Secretary of State.

My father Lucian Ferguson was sort of a retiring man and didn't have much to say. He should have been a college professor, but my grandfather (since he was the only son) made him be a farmer and a merchant. He built the house on the property, and the family cemetery is up on the hill. My greatgreat-grandfather, my great-grandfather, my grandfather, and my father and mother are buried up there—four generations. We sold the farm about 10 years ago. It had been in the family for over 150 years. It was built before the Civil War.

My father went up to West Virginia University. There's a little interesting sidelight about how he got to Morgantown. My grandfather had a store up here and before the railroad was built he had a warehouse over here at the mouth of White Creek at Cyrus above Kenova. He ran an ox team back and forth every day. He got his merchandise at the warehouse and hauled it to the store up here. So my father left by ox team, took his trunk over to Cyrus. Henry Lambert—we called him Uncle Henry—his son John was going to go to the university, too. They got a boat, a packet they called it, down to Catlettsburg, Kentucky. There they got on the C&O Railroad and went to Charleston. There they transferred to the New York Central and went to Athens, Ohio. There they got on the B&O and went to Grafton, and at Grafton they took a stagecoach to Morgantown. They were three days and two nights getting there.



Ferguson's parents, probably in the 1890's. Ferguson remembers his father Lucian as "sort of a retiring man who should have been a college professor." Photographer unknown.

TM What year was that?

MJF Now let me see, he was married in 1889. It was in the middle '80's. He stayed up there a year. They couldn't come home at Christmas because the travel was too great. But that's the way they got around.

TM Was your great-grandfather a

judge, too?

MJF No, my great-uncle Milton Jamison Ferguson was. He was prosecuting attorney here when the war broke out. He was Grandpa Charles' brother and he left and organized a regiment and was a colonel in the cavalry. He was commander of the cavalry at Gettysburg when Brigadier General Jenkins was ill and couldn't go.

I had another great-uncle on my father's side who served under him, Joseph M. Ferguson. Both of them left the state after the Civil War. They wouldn't take the oath of allegiance, and they were disenfranchised and went to Kentucky. Uncle Milton died over there. He was circuit judge. His picture is in the courthouse in Louisa, had a long beard. Didn't live to be very old, just 48, but he had a great career.

His brother, Joseph, lived to be in his 90's. He was wounded pretty bad up at Buckhannon coming back from Gettysburg, shot in the knee and his horse killed. Some Rebel sympathizers hid him out, carried him food and brought him a doctor. Uncle Joe always said that doctor saved his life because gangrene had set in in his knee. That doctor saved his leg and he walked on that leg until he was 90-some years old.

TM Now, how did your family an-

cestry go?

MJF On my father's side, there was Samuel, William—who was born during the Revolutionary War—and Milton and Charles and Lucian, six generations. Then, on my mother's side, it came down through John Ferguson, James Ferguson, Samuel Ferguson, and then my mother. Samuel Ferguson, Big Sam they called him, was six-foot-six and weighed 230 pounds. He was supposed to be the biggest and most powerful man in the Rebel army. They were all big men on my mother's side, all over six feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds.

Samuel had a lot of children and two of my aunts married Vinsons. Aunt Virginia married James Vinson, and their youngest son was Frederick M. Vinson who was Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. He was a first cousin of mine, former Secretary of the Treasury, judge, and congressman out of Kentucky. At one time I had two cousins in Congress and they weren't from West Virginia. Joe Mansfield in Texas and Fred Vinson from Kentucky. Mansfield was a first cousin of my father's, so he was a cousin once removed.

TM Your father's name was Lucian?

MJF That's right. I had four brothers, two older and two younger. My oldest brother, Charlie, was circuit judge for many years and was a prosecuting attorney before that. Brother Sam was a doctor. He died nine years ago. Charles was 10 years older than I am. My two youngest brothers were schoolteachers. Joe, the baby, died two years ago. Wallace was county superintendent one year and went out to Albuquerque, met an old maid, married her and moved out here. He's quite an historian.

I had two sisters. They both live in Charleston.

The five oldest in my family had to go away to school, like Morris Harvey or Marshall. Of course, at Marshall they taught everything from first grade to an A. B. degree in those days. My brothers Charlie and Sam went to Marshall. Charlie went on to the University of Michigan. Sam went to the Medical College of Virginia after he got out of the army in 1919. Actually, I'm wrong about that—he had two years of med school at West Virginia and

went to the Medical College of Virginia at Richmond his last two years.

I went to WVU law school, started in 1925. I had gone to Morris Harvey and two years at Marshall. I played my first game of college football at the age of 15, almost 16. I played the line. Back in those days if you had a 200-pounder, he was big. I weighed about 180. We didn't lose a game that year in 1919. Roger Workman was our quarterback. His brother, Hoge Workman, was an All-American at Ohio State. Another brother, "Dopey" we called him, was an All-American at Ohio State. Great passers and kickers. I guess Hoge Workman was one of the greatest passers who ever lived.

TM Did you play more sports after you left Marshall?

MJF I played a little semi-pro baseball here in Wayne. I was a catcher. My two older brothers were pitchers, so I had to be a catcher.

Brother Charlie was quite a pitcher. He signed with the Detroit Tigers. He had been All-American at Michigan. They were national champions. He and George Sisler were teammates. He played the outfield when he wasn't pitching. He didn't lose a game while he was at Michigan. He had a fastball that was unbelievable. I was the only person around here that could catch it.

Charlie had some good luck. The year he graduated from Michigan in 1915, he was ill. He had mastoiditis. He joined the Tigers in June of 1915 and hadn't been well. He stayed with them on the bench for about two weeks and they were in a pennant race. That was the year they had Tyrus Raymond Cobb and those other fellows, a great ball club. They sent Charlie to a farm team in Mobile, Alabama. He came home and decided that he would give up organized baseball. He took the State Bar and was elected prosecuting attorney in 1916.

He made a lot of money pitching for coalfields teams after the war. He'd go on Sunday and pitch. He'd get \$100 and expenses, which was a whole lot of money. He did that for eight or 10 years. Pitched for Powhattan in McDowell. He could leave here on Sunday and be back Monday morning. He was six-feet-five and weighed about 240. I think if he had stayed in organized baseball, he would have had a great career.

TM He probably wouldn't have

made as much money as he did back

MJF That's the reason I said he was lucky.

I had two first cousins who were in medical school. Wayne Wright was at Ohio State and was pitching. He got an attractive offer and he succumbed to it. He was in the second year of medical school when he went with the St. Louis Browns. He was too good for Triple-A ball and not quite good enough for the major leagues, although he had one good year. He ended up and never did go back to school. He came back and coached baseball at Ohio State. His brother Sam went to the University of Pittsburgh and played football and baseball.

My brother Charlie was a rah-rah man for Michigan. But I was just the opposite. I wouldn't go back to Morgantown to watch a football game if they paid me. If there was anything I hated when I was in school it was the alumni who would come in on weekends, get drunk, and try to be young again. Distract the students is what they did.

Ferguson looks every inch the tough prosecutor in this photograph made in 1965, the year he became U.S. attorney for the Southern District of West Virginia. Photo by H. Eplion, Huntington Publishing Co.





Ferguson ran only once for elective office, unsuccessfully in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in 1956, but he remained in touch with major political figures. Here he is with Senator Byrd on a visit to Washington in 1965. John H. Kamlowsky, U.S. attorney for Northern West Virginia, is at right. Huntington Publishing Co. photo.

I always took the position that Marshall was just as much my school as West Virginia University. I did play one year of football at Marshall, but I wasn't an alumnus. I was 16. I saw Marshall Goldberg play at Pittsburgh when he ran wild one day against Notre Dame, on his 16th birthday. Do you remember Marshall Goldberg from Elkins, who was on all those great Pitt teams in the 'teens and '20's? He was All-American.

TM Did you start practicing law

right out of college?

MJF Yes. I graduated in January of '29. I opened an office in Wayne, rented the building where my present office is. I tore the old building down. We rented for \$15 a month. Had a good secretary, and paid her \$50 a month. Our utilities, stationery, and other expenses ran about \$35, so our overhead was \$100 a month. Now, that didn't include our books.

TM Who was your partner?

MJF Well, we weren't exactly partners. We were associates; we split expenses. Charged \$2 to write a deed, or maybe they could bring us something to eat if they didn't have the money. I remember one time I got a bull calf for defending a feller in a criminal case. The Depression had hit. I got out of school in January and the Stock Market crashed that fall. I tell you, money was tight.

J. Floyd Harrison was my associate. In 1932, he ran for prosecuting attorney and appointed me his assistant. He got a salary of \$125 a month and I got \$75. Together, we earned \$200 a month. He resigned when Kump was governor, to organize the liquor license bureau in 1934, and I took over and served his unexpired term. He was an attorney for the Liquor Commission when they first set it up. We did most of the work.

TM Did you run for prosecuting attorney when your term ran out?

MJF No, I never did run again. It didn't pay anything. The job helped me in experience, but there was no money in it. During my career I tried over 100 murder cases, either prosecuting or defending. I tried them in Logan, Mingo, Lincoln, Cabell, and Wayne counties, and Lawrence County, Kentucky.

TM When did you become a U.S.

attorney?

MJF In 1965. In 1943, Senator Kilgore insisted I become a U. S. attorney. So, I took over as an assistant prosecutor that year. It was more or less a part-time job, although it was full time for me because I just closed my private office during the war. There was an awful lot of draft resistance. I served as an assistant prosecutor until '53, when I became state tax commissioner. Then I left the tax commissioner's office in '55 when my senior law partner, Jess Hammack, died. I had to leave and come back to Huntington. Phil Baer was the only one back in the office.

I was in private practice from '55 until '65. I had let them—Governor Marland and the rest—persuade me to run for governor in 1956. I didn't want to. I was making good money. I had a

very lucrative practice at that time. Well, anyway, I made a run for it and they sold me out. I got beat, luckily, by Robert Mollohan in the primary, because Mollohan got mutilated by Underwood in the general election.

TM What did you think of Mar-

land?

MJF He was brilliant. When I first met Marland, he was Judge Moore's law clerk. He led his class at WVU, a very brilliant young man. Homer Hanna shoved him too fast. When he served a year as Judge Moore's clerk, they appointed him attorney general when Browning was appointed to the Supreme Court. In 1952, he had been out of school just a couple of years when Homer Hanna made him governor, succeeding Okey Patteson. You know, Homer Hanna named three or four governors in a row.

Marland had a drinking problem, but he was a pretty damned good governor. He called me and wanted me to be tax commissioner. I said, "Hell, I can't afford to be tax commissioner." He said, "Well, I want you to consider it." I had just gone out as an assistant U. S. attorney and had a pretty good law practice. He told me to come up and talk to him about it. Of course, Homer Hanna was behind the whole

deal and I knew that.

I went up and talked to Marland at the Daniel Boone Hotel. He had his office set up there in the interim time between when he was elected and the inauguration. I told him, "Now, that job is a hot spot, and I won't have anything to do with it if there is anything political about it. I don't want the governor's office to interfere in any of my appointments." He said I wouldn't be bothered and told me, "Anything you do will be your responsibility." So I reluctantly agreed.

That was one of his first acts as governor, naming me as tax commissioner. I stayed there two years and a half and he never bothered me. It didn't matter what it was. They tried to go over my head and would go to Marland's office, and he'd tell them, "You'll have to go see Uncle Miltie. What he

does is his own affair."

We got along fine and had no problems at all. He never tried to pawn any political hacks on me. He let me hire competent people to run the tax office. I got tax reform through and nobody ever bothered me. If I made a tax as-

"It Wasn't Any Pleasure To Me"

Milton Ferguson's Most Celebrated Trial

Tilton J. Ferguson, a prominent lawyer in a family of prominent lawyers, played a vital role in one of West Virginia's most famous trials, the United States vs. former Democratic Governor W. W. Barron and five associates. A former state tax commissioner himself, Ferguson was in charge of a federal investigation that led to the indictment of Barron; former State Road Commissioner Burl A. Sawyers and his deputy Vincent J. Johnkoski; former Finance Commissioner Truman E. Gore; Elkins lawyer Bonn Brown; and Clarksburg automobile dealer Alfred W. Schroath.

Later, Ferguson was the prosecuting attorney in the trial in which the men were charged with conspiring to use interstate facilities to obtain kickbacks from state contracts and purchases. Schroath was charged with setting up dummy corporations in Ohio and Florida where the payoff money was allegedly funneled.

Because the indictments were returned by a federal grand jury in Huntington on February 14, 1968, the scandal was labeled the "Valentine's Day Massacre." Ferguson, always quick with a quip, made a pun of the former administration's state cleanup campaign slogan, "Keep West Virginia Clean and Green." The attorney said the signs should have read, "Pick West Virginia Clean and Make Florida Green."

Still quick-witted at 81, Ferguson today has vivid memories of the trial

that led to the convictions of Sawyers, Johnkoski, Brown, and Schroath. Gore eventually pleaded guilty to charges in 1975, the same vear the other four men were sentenced. Barron himself was acquitted in the 1968 trial, but three years later he was sentenced to 25 years in prison (later reduced to 12) after pleading guilty to bribing jury foreman Ralph Buckalew for \$25,000 in the original trial. Barron served four years and was released in 1975. A few days later the other four received short sentences, ranging from one-year suspended terms for Gore, Sawyers, and Johnkoski, and a sixmonth term for Brown. Schroath had died in 1971.

Ferguson remembers the 1968 prosecution as a painful duty. "It wasn't any pleasure to me," he says. "Burl Sawyers had been a friend of mine. Truman Go: had been a good friend. Now, I had never been particularly close to Barron. I knew him, and Bonn Brown and that group.

"The indictment was returned on St. Valentine's Day. I was home here on Sunday night, and my good friend, Burl Sawyers, called me. He had been drinking. I told him I would see him in court the next morning. I went out of my way the next day and made him shake hands with me.

"Burl Sawyers had been a real good friend. I liked him and I didn't have any crow to pick with any of them. But I had a duty to perform. It was a bad situation."

Although he was unable to get a conviction against Barron, Fergu-

son left little doubt during the trial that he thought the former governor was deeply involved in the conspiracy. He alluded to Barron's alleged role when he recited for the court a poem he still knows by heart:

"The wise old owl stayed in his hole.

Turned his head while his family stole.

He had to hide and close his eves:

They robbed the roost while he stood by."

Nonetheless, Barron left the court a free man, benefiting from the controversial 11-1 jury decision.

During an October 1983 interview published in several state newspapers, Barron called bribing the hold-out juror "stupid. A person has to be stupid and everything else, too, to do something like that." The former governor, who now has a summer residence in Summers County, said that his lawyer, the late Robert J. Perry, urged him to pay juror Buckalew.

"I don't like blaming anyone else; I made up my own mind on the decision," Barron said, still maintaining his innocence on the original charge of conspiracy. "But it makes it much more difficult when your attorney is advising you to do it. It was illogical. I don't know why I did it. As far as the trial, I didn't have anything to do with the conspiracy. What makes it worse, I felt I was going to get acquitted and then I go ahead and do something like that.

"But, you know, no matter what, when something goes to a jury trial you don't know what's on their minds, what the verdict will be. I was panicky and stupid."

Milton Ferguson holds to a different opinion. "The jury was hung 11-1 for conviction and Buckalew was the one," he says. "We thought he was a good juror. He worked at Union Carbide and was on the City Council at Dunbar and he was a Republican."

—Tim Massey

sessment, it was final. I guess that's where the coal companies got after him. I changed the method of assessing them and made some big assessments against them. It was a good experience, but when my law partner Jess Hammack died, I had to quit.

I liked Marland. He was a little too pro-labor to suit me. I wasn't anti-labor and labor never did object to my appointment, but I had the old-fashioned idea that you should represent

all the people.

TM That sort of goes along with his coal severance tax stand.*

MJF Yes, but I was for the severance tax, too. The coal operators had a good argument, though. We have had the business and occupation tax, and we assessed the coal on the tipple. If it was \$4 a ton, they had to pay the B&O tax there. It amounted to quite a bit of money.

The severance tax was a different idea, that you were robbing the state of a natural resource that can't be replaced. The big companies were all controlled from out of state. They shipped all the money out of state. You had the captive mines, U. S. Steel and the like. Consolidation Coal was a Pittsburgh outfit. Island Creek was controlled from Boston at that time. U. S. Steel had that big mine down in McDowell County and they shipped all the money out of state. It was a shame the severance tax didn't pass.

TM Are there any particular highlights in your career that you're es-

pecially proud of?

MJF In 45 years of active law practice, I was never tardy or late for court. It didn't make any difference whether it was in Richmond, Virginia, or where. If it meant leaving at 4:00 in the morning to get to Weston on time, that's what I did. I was lucky not having car trouble or anything.

One time, I had to argue a case in Richmond and I was afraid to trust a train. I had to be there on Monday morning at 9:00. If the train got into Richmond on time, I would be there at 8. I went down and caught the N&W on Sunday and got into Richmond that night.

TM Did you prosecute the Barron administration scandals?

MJF Yes. I headed that prosecution. It wasn't any pleasure to me. Burl Sawyers had been a friend of mine. Truman Gore had been a good friend.* Now, I had never been particularly close to Barron. I knew him. Bonn Brown and that group.

The scandal broke from '61 to '63, during Barron's term in office. Graft was rife, and kickbacks-you name it. You wouldn't believe the corruption of those four years. We started the investigation in 1966. I had two boys did most of the digging, from the strike force out of Washington. It was difficult to get good people in the prosecutor's office because there wasn't any money in it. In a political job unless you're a crook, you just can't live. I went up there as tax commissioner for \$8,000 a year. I made that much, almost, in a month of private practice. It's a rough deal.

TM You mentioned all those murder trials a while ago. Does any particular one stick out in your memory?

MJF I had some pretty bad ones. I was lucky that none of my clients were hung.

*Barron administration Highways Commissioner Burl Sawyers and Finance and Administration Commissioner Gore were tried for conspiracy involving their official activities in 1968, along with Sawyers' assistant and Barron himself. Barron was found not guilty, Sawyers convicted, and a mistrial declared for Gore in the initial trial.

In one case I prosecuted, a man had been killed, robbed, and his house set on fire. His grand-nephew did it. I was hired as special prosecutor and I went hard for hanging. But he was only 16 or 17 years old, and the jury gave him a life sentence. Another boy was charged as an accomplice and I got a first-degree conviction against him. About the worst murder case I ever defended was a Fort Gay man who was charged with feeding his feebleminded daughter arsenic. I never did believe he was involved in that. Now, he did participate in an abortion she had, and that's what she died from.

I have sent several of my relatives to the penitentiary. I was in the Frederick barber shop one time and brother Charlie came in. They were talking about family reunions, and I said to my brother, "We could have a Ferguson reunion if we could get them all out of the penitentiary and the asylum."

TM You have always lived in Wayne when you probably could have lived anywhere you wanted. Why?

MJF I like it here. I was born and reared here, although most of my family is about gone now. We have no racial problems, no religious problems, and crime is not nearly as bad here as it is other places. I have always kept bird dogs, and I don't even have to leave the yard to find coveys. I like it here.

Milton Ferguson remains active in civic affairs, but mostly seems content to settle down in retirement in Wayne. "I like it here," he says. Photo by Maurice Kaplan, Huntington Publishing Co.



^{*}One of Governor Marland's first actions was a request for a natural resources severance tax, a surprise proposal he made three days after his inauguration in January 1953. The tax bill, expected to yield about \$18 million yearly, was killed in the Legislature.



Garden Guardians Some West Virginia Scarecrows

By Jacqueline G. Goodwin Photographs by Michael Keller

Recently, while driving from Parkersburg to Elizabeth on State Route 14, I couldn't help but notice the familiar form with its worn-out clothes flapping in the breeze. After turning around and driving back for a better look, I found myself staring at a well-built and well-stuffed female scarecrow. I figured it was probably constructed by someone who, at the time, did not realize that he or she was participating in a recently neglected folk art tradition.

I decided to investigate further as to the identity of this particular scarecrow's owner and the motive behind the deed. What I found was the Wigal family of Mineralwells, who under the guidance of mother Jean, had constructed the most unusual scarecrow I had seen for quite a while.

By the time I had arranged an interview with the Wigals, I had scouted the area for more scarecrows and their owners. To my surprise I found several other people who had built scarecrows

last summer, thus helping to perpetuate the dying art of scarecrow making. Two of these families, Charles W. King and his wife Freda, and Cecil and Georgia Murray, agreed to be interviewed. I also talked with Mamie Dotson of Elizabeth and Lena Hutchinson of Standing Stone.

To build a scarecrow so frightening that crows not only leave crops undisturbed but bring back corn they stole *last* year is every farmer's ultimate dream. The folks I interviewed may

rom earliest times, farming peo-T ple have had to contend with unwanted help in harvesting their crops, for agricultural pests were as much a problem to our ancestors as they are to us. Farmers have never been able to stand guard in their fields all the time, day and night, and the reliance on dummies of one kind or another seems to go back very far in agricultural history. Thus the modern West Virginia scarecrow, which may be nothing more elaborate than a sweaty old shirt and two boards nailed together, descends from a distinguished tradition and folk custom.

Scarecrows look a little spooky, especially standing in empty fields this time of year after the harvest. They've always had an air of superstition about them, and in our time have become favorite Halloween decorations. This connection to the supernatural goes back a long way, and may have something to do with the relationship of agriculture, planting and harvest in particular, with primitive religion.

Or it may derive from other sources. It is known, for example, that many centuries ago our Old World ancestors depended upon the basic shape of the scarecrow, two poles fastened together in the form of a cross, to ward off intruders, natural and otherwise. This symbol, the solar cross, was considered a powerful charm to appease evil spirits, and pre-dates the use of the cross as the symbol of Christianity. Depictions of the human figure have also often carried supernatural weight, whether as voodoo dolls in the practice of witchcraft or the more benign religious dolls of Southwest Indians.

Mainly, however, the scarecrow is a simple agricultural device, rigged out like a man in the hope that marauding varmints will take it for a live farmer. This trick is native to many cultures. Before Columbus, American Indians were already using scarecrows as guardians in their fields. European settlers who followed Columbus brought their own similar traditions, and use of the

Scaring Crows and Scaring People



"scary-crow" is recorded from early Colonial times.

The scarecrow traveled across the continent with the flow of settlement and by the 19th century had become a standard feature of the rural landscape in all parts of Amer-

ica. The familiar figure took its place in the American imagination, too, and became a part of the national literature. Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Feathertop" was a bewitched scarecrow, and the brainless scarecrow was a central character in L. Frank Baum's *The Wizard of Oz.* The latter became known to millions around the world through the classic children's book and through actor Ray Bolger's unforgettable performance in MGM's 1939 movie version of "Oz."

Scarecrows probably enjoyed their heyday around the turn of this century and have since become scarcer. Modern commercial farmers rely on other methods. Bill Gillespie of the West Virginia Department of Agriculture still sees a surprising number of old-time scarecrows and says that Burpee's actually offers a plastic blow-up model for sale, but points out that farmers now have a variety of more effective weapons at their disposal. Basically, he says, the new methods allow the crow, an intelligent creature, to outsmart himself. Deeper mechanical planting means that seedlings break off without pulling the grain out, with no reward for the crow's tugging. "After three or four tries," Gillespie says, "the crow gives up and looks for an easier meal." Seeds may also be coated with an irritating chemical, and again the crow gives up after a bad mouthful or two.

Mostly it is gardeners, like the Murrays and Kings of Wirt County, who erect scarecrows nowadays. Even small-scale farmers have access to more sophisticated contrivances, such as wind-powered whirligigs and lifelike plastic owls and snakes. Probably they figure the new gadgets work no better and lack the scarecrow's characteristic charm.

So it looks like we may count on scarecrows adorning the West Virginia countryside for the foreseeable future, in the small truck patches if not the commercial fields. They'll delight us on sunny days, maybe frighten us on dark, windy nights. They'll continue to offer their makers a chance at creativity and a use for old clothes. And maybe they'll even offer ragged tramps a chance at a new wardrobe, as the accompanying illustration from the 1883 McCormick Harvester catalog indicates they have done for at least a century.



Jean Wigal says her scarecrow was a spur-of-the-moment project that got more elaborate as it went along.

secretly have some such plan in mind, but they admit only to wanting to keep the varmints out of this year's crop. Mostly they seem to be satisfied with the results.

Mr. Can Head Jones, the Kings' scarecrow, works very well, for example, scaring away crows and robins and keeping neighborhood dogs at bay. "The first morning we put it up we heard them carrying on," says Freda King. "They wouldn't stop barking."

The Kings are weekend Wirt Countians, so they particularly need protection for their corn patch. They usually drive up from Charleston, where Charles is employed at FMC, for Saturdays and Sundays at their camp along the Little Kanawha River.

"The corn was just about ripe for the crows so I told Freda before we left for Charleston that I was going to build a scarecrow," Charles reports. "Got an old pair of bib overalls and stuffed them with straw and hung those pie pans on there to make the noise."

"Those old overalls were ones which Charles wouldn't wear," Freda adds. "They had been laying around for years and I got them out because he was wanting something to put on his scarecrow. The shirt, which I found hanging in the cabin, is corduroy. We put that old tin can on his head. The hat used to be Charles' rain hat."

"A lot of people just hang up pie

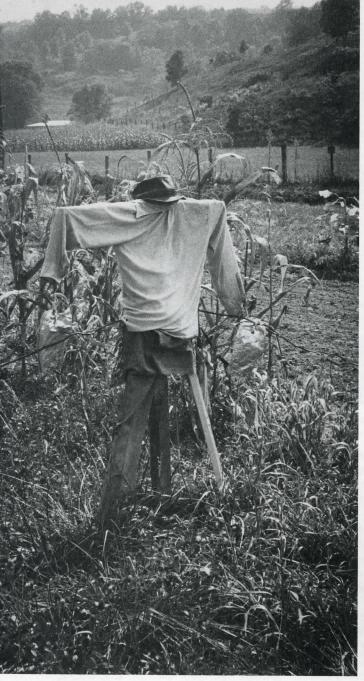
pans on a stick where they will bang at each other the same way those plastic jugs do. I think the pie tins are better. The least little breeze and they will bang," Charles says.

Mr. Can Head Jones, or "George" as Freda would prefer to call him, is not the first scarecrow Charles has made. "I've made two or three in the past. We used to make them at home all of the time. It used to be pretty common when I was growing up. You'd see scarecrows about anywhere they had corn. You know, I haven't seen one down home for years, but people don't garden like they used to. Oh, they'd just make them any old way. Nail 'em up and hang clothing on 'em and whatever they could find," he recalls.

Freda is less philosophical on the subject of scarecrows, but she figures Can Head did his job. "I canned 60 quarts of corn off that patch, so I thought he done pretty good," she says. "Charles didn't build one last year and we didn't get much corn."

Charles agrees. "Last year I didn't have any scarecrow out there and a week before the corn got ready to pick, the birds, groundhogs, and skunks ate it. They got at least half of it. So I was afraid the same thing would happen this year. I had a little time and thought I'd better do it."

Charles has definite ideas as to why scarecrow making has declined over





Left. The Murray scarecrow has one-legged pants and no head at all to hold up his hat. Cecil and Georgia Murray have relied on scarecrows since the World War I era.

Right: "Can Head Jones" has a manly physique but an empty head. He stands guard at the King family garden on Little Kanawha River.

the years. People don't garden as much now, as he says, and even many who do fail to take this simple precaution. "I guess people just got away from it," Charles figures. "A lot of the younger ones don't realize how good scarecrows are. I don't know. I think they work, myself.

"They seem to," he goes on. "Really. Every time I've had one we've had a lot better garden." That's surely justification enough for any dedicated gardener.

Unlike Charles' Can Head Jones, who has a full name and a "Mister," too, the scarecrow built by the Murrays is

unnamed. He stands guard over a cornfield on the left fork of Tuckers Creek Road. He's not a stuffed shirt and there's nothing pretentious about him.

"That scarecrow is made from some boards, an old shirt, and a pair of onelegged pants," says 85-year-old Georgia Murray. "It has no face."

Cecil Murray, also 85 and a lifelong resident of Wirt County, is hard of hearing and poor of eyesight, but he managed to erect the peg-legged scarecrow himself. He's had plenty of practice over the past 65 years. "We generally put one up each year," his wife

reports. "Things would be eaten if there wasn't a scarecrow up."

The Murrays are not the only ones around Tuckers Creek to tely on scare-crows. "Last year our neighbor Mr. Conley had three scarecrows up," according to Cecil. "I don't think he has any this year, though," so maybe scarecrows are dying out in their neighborhood as well. Georgia adds to this impression. "Used to be more scarecrows," she is sure. "Now there are so many cars on the road I guess they keep things scared away."

Speaking of such "things," Cecil and Georgia, unlike the Kings, were more concerned with four-legged intruders than the winged variety. Georgia is certain the scarecrow helps. "We put it up to keep out the deer," she says. "Haven't been any in the field, as far as we know."

Although he has counted on scarecrows for quite a long time, Cecil himself is less certain than his wife on this important point. "They are supposed to scare things," he says, "but sometimes these pests come in anyhow. They can get really hungry, you know."

Mamie Dotson of Route 5, Elizabeth, has no such doubts about effectiveness. "I bought the farm in 1936 and I've had a scarecrow every year since," the 82-year-old woman reports. She also has been at the business long enough not to worry about fanciness.

"Years ago I used to put up scarecrows that were dressed with an old shirt and hat, but I just don't have anything to do that with now," she says. "This year I drove a stake down there and put an empty 25-pound dog feed sack over it. Then I put a white plastic bag over that. I know it looks silly, but honestly, it does work.

"You know, the crows are so bad around here. They eat everything. Now, the deer don't come in. Everyone around me says the deer eat up their sweet potato vines. Well, they never fooled with mine once. My scarecrows work. Besides this one, I have two more out back."

Lena Hutchinson of Standing Stone also believes in her scarecrow. "We have always put up a scarecrow," she says. She involves her married sons and makes the whole procedure a family affair.

"My son Ronnie actually put the scarecrow up this year," she told me. "We usually leave it up all year long and take it down long enough to plow up the garden in the spring. Then we put it up right away."

Lena is certain her scarecrow does the job. "Oh, yeah. It really works. The crows are so bad here that if a person didn't put up a scarecrow from the first they'd take the corn and beans right up."

The Hutchinson scarecrow has the distinction of being the only makebelieve man in the area to be dressed not only in an old shirt, but also in a faded football jersey. "The football jersey belonged to Ronnie," says Lena. "It was his when he played football at Wirt County High School." That jersey stood up to hard use on the playing field, but it is no more immune to the elements than the rest of the scarecrow's clothes. "Since it is up all year, its clothes get ragged and worn out, so we have to replace them from time to time."

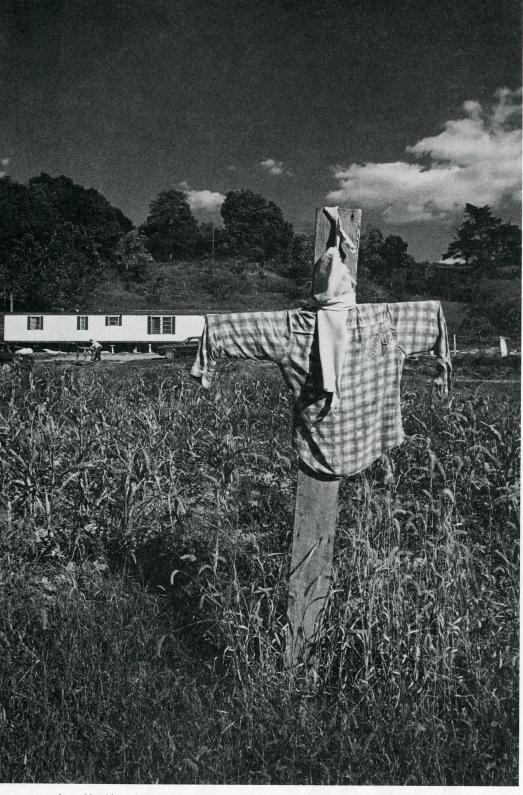
Jean Wigal's scarecrow is also a fan-

cy dresser in hand-me-down clothes. With earrings and pom-pom hair this one's a real lady and the most elaborate of the bunch, but Jean says she was a spur of the moment idea. "The materials were there just waiting to be put together," she says.

"We had a yard sale here and had a big box of clothes left over that weren't

Mamie Dotson of Elizabeth grows a fine garden using only a plastic bag scarecrow. She's had scarecrows of one kind or another every year since 1936.





Lena Hutchinson's scarecrow started the season with a Wirt County High School football jersey, but had a change of clothes before our photographer got to it.

fit for anything. They were just old, tired, dreary, out-of-style clothes which maybe someone who made quilts might want. The girl who brought them over didn't want them back and I wasn't going to throw them out. So I kept them here, put mothballs in them and moved the box around for two years. We told every member of that family to come and get that box of clothes and no one would.

"One day we mowed the lawn by the road," Jean goes on. "The grass was especially tall. It was such nice smooth grass that I decided it ought to be used for something. I thought, 'Why not build a scarecrow and use the clothes from the garage sale?"

Jean says that since a storm was rolling in from Parkersburg she and her three girls had to work fast. They used sticks and the old clothes, with the freshly-cut grass for stuffing. "We stuffed the blue jeans first and they stuffed so nice. We stuffed a v-neck sweater for the top. That wasn't nice enough so we stuffed a nice blouse top that looked like a scarf but wasn't.

"Its face is made out of a yellow tshirt which we stuffed and sewed buttons on for eyes. Those are my boots

out there on her."

The Wigal scarecrow, which is the best looking and the only female of the group, is seen by many people driving Route 14 to and from Parkersburg each day. She attracts atten-

'After we put her up people started slowing down," Jean reports. "They started screaming, yelling, and waving. They became so excited at seeing it. My daughter Judith went out and stood beside it and people did a double take. We worry about people having accidents because they really do turn around to look. The smart ones go up the road and turn around and then come back to look at it."

Jean continues. "She has held up pretty good. When it rains we put up an umbrella so she doesn't get ruined. We are also going to change her clothes since they are getting rather faded. We'll use the clothes in the box." Jean was as good as her word, for I noticed that the clothes had been changed by the time I came back with photographer Mike Keller. The scarecrow had gone from a workaday flannel shirt to a chic appliqued sweater.

The Wigals don't have the background in scarecrow making that Mamie Dotson or the Murrays do, but they've had a good time at it and they have plans for the future. "Next year, instead of a scarecrow maybe we'll make a crow. A giant crow," laughs Jean. "No. I'm only kidding. We've thought about doing a family next year instead of one

lonely scarecrow."

Like Cecil Murray but unlike Charles King, Jean is not sure scarecrows really work. "I don't know if it keeps the birds away or not. All I know is it's been fun. After we got her up we decided that it really was a nice thing to have in the garden. People have really enjoyed watching it and we have enjoyed watching people enjoy it."

West Virginia Cribs and Granaries

Photoessay by LeRoy G. Schultz

'he survival of early mountaineers depended heavily upon grain production and its proper storage. Corn cribs and granaries became the most important farm buildings, excluding only the house itself. Before building their first cribs, pioneer families stored the precious corn crop in the attic or under the bed, where it could be watched closely. Good crops spelled the difference between life and death, since corn meal was a major foodstuff. Wildlife was abundant, fortunately, but many pioneers complained of sickness from eating a rough diet of wild turkey, deer, buffalo, and black bear.

Frontier enemies-Indian, French, and British, at one time or anotherunderstood that a sure way to kill was to burn cribs and granaries with their stored treasures. Laws took into account this threat to the public larder, as well as the likelihood of periodic famine. In the early 1700's, the Virginia government passed legislation creating a "public granary" to prevent starvation by storing the surplus from good years. The deadly seriousness of the grain crop may be appreciated from a reading of the Virginia Court Record for March 12, 1791, on which date a man was hung for stealing two bushels of corn.

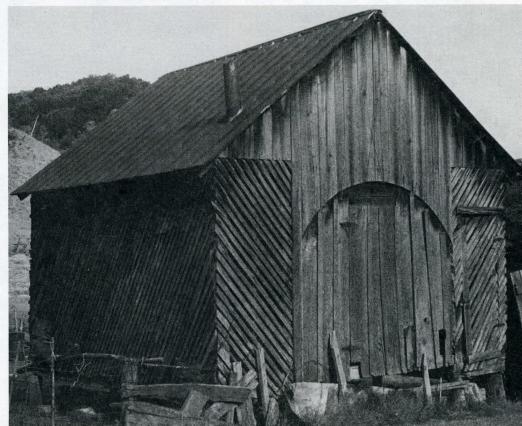
In 1760 the Virginia Corn Law was passed, providing that for every acre planted in corn, 100 acres of undeveloped land could be claimed. Much of what is now central West Virginia was settled under Virginia "corn rights."

Typically, a father and his older sons might go west alone, leaving the rest of the family in the settled East. Arriving, say, in the Buckhannon River Valley, the men would put in a corn crop before going back for the mother and younger children. That first crop might well be destroyed by the time the family returned, but property rights had been established and good farmers would eventually get good harvests

from the land. By the year 1771 it is recorded that successful farmers were building cribs "4 feet tall and 15 feet long."

Cribs held the farmer's corn, and granaries—often pronounced "graineries," and sometimes even spelled that way—stored his wheat and other small grains. Ingenious builders might combine the two structures, occasionally with twin corn cribs riding like sad-

This Doddridge County double corn crib is just about a century old. It was open in the center until 1928 when the owners closed in the arched ends to protect a new wagon.



dlebags on the outer walls of a larger granary.

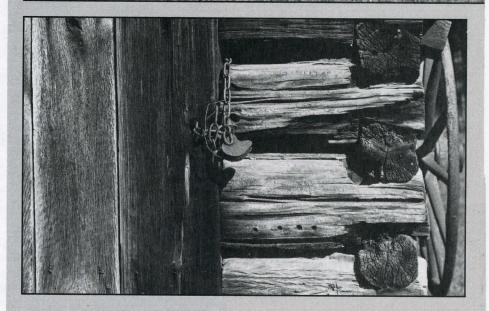
Although intended for grain storage, cribs and granaries came to hold much more as the abundance of the farms increased. Apples, potatoes, beans, and other produce all went inside. And eventually, of course, junk piled up as well, as the diary of E. Eberhard of Morgan County attests.

In September 1861, Mr. Eberhard ruefully took stock of his granary. "At the right is a narrow bin for corn," he wrote. "On the farther end is an old pair of broken sleigh-runners and pieces of an old cheese press. Hard by hangs a tin kitchen.* Three casks stand in one corner. In one of them is a peck of two-year-old beans, the second is filled with cobs, while the third has a miscellaneous collection of old hoes. horseshoes, broken wiffletrees, and head and distaff of a linen-wheel, two broken rusting plows, a bundle of catnip, some mullein, boneset and dockroot to assuage fever, agues and cramps." Farmer Eberhard also noted "a broken hame and a ruptured collar with rye straw protruding."

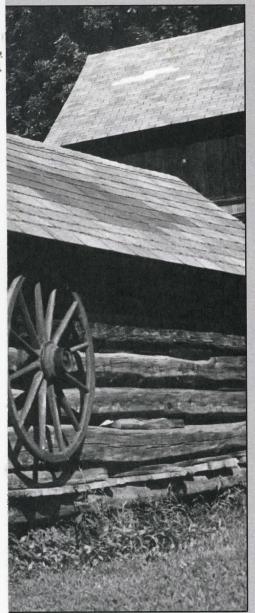
Families consumed their corn directly, and indirectly as livestock products. Corn kept for the table was seldom shucked before use. (Or "husked," depending upon the part of the state you're from—husking seems to be the preferred term in the two panhandles, and shucking in most other places.) Table corn might be consumed as hominy, sent to the mill a bag at a time for grinding, or of course eaten fresh from the field as roasting ears

Farm folk were frugal, and even the corn shucks were saved and put to use. They might be woven into horse collars, used as chair bottoms, packed into mattresses, made into brooms, rugs, and dolls, and used for fuel or even as sausage wrappings. Cornstalks and leaves made fine winter fodder, and shucks also were fed to livestock. Cornstalk fiddles were made, and cobs were hollowed out for smoking pipes.

It was the corn for livestock feed that went into the crib. This corn was shucked before storage, and communal corn shuckings are remembered even today as rural harvest frolics. Neighbors gathered in to help, as they did with other major farm tasks. Corn



^{*}Does anyone know what this is?-ed.

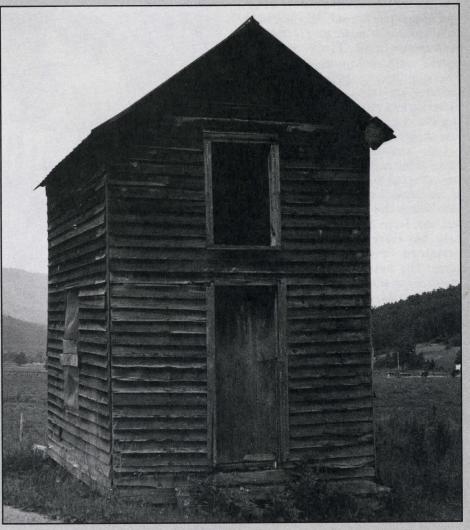




Left and above: The Isaac Minturn crib in Mason County was built in the 1820's and is believed to be West Virginia's oldest standing corn crib. It is typical of early log crib construction. The close-up shows details of corner timbering, with V-notching suggestive of a strong German influence.

Above right: This is a crib and granary in one, built in Gilmer County in the 1870's. The crib is built into the right side, while projecting end walls and roof offer protection from the elements.

Right. The Lefom granary in Monroe County was built about 1860. The two-story walk-up granary features tight clapboard siding, and could hold three tons of grain and farm produce.



shuckings were not all hard work, however, and nights of the full moon

were preferred.

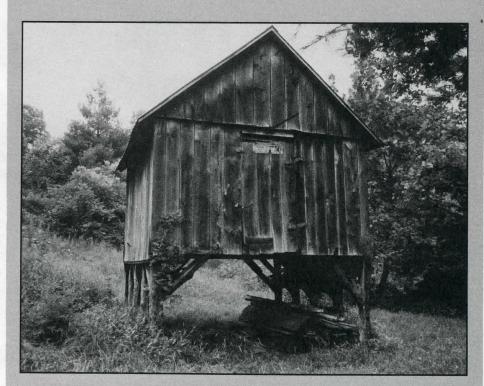
Typically, corn for the shucking bee had been brought in ahead of time and heaped in large piles handy to the crib. Huskers sat between the piles, congenial neighbors seeking each other's company and courting couples seated side by side. The job proceeded steadily, with the original piles giving way to smaller heaps of shucked corn. There was time for a little foolishness, however, and the observance of folk rituals associated with the work. Anyone who drew a barren ear from the pile was required to sing a song, for example, and it was believed that a crooked ear warned of a thief in the corn crib. A red ear foretold an approaching lover, and a multicolored ear promised a speedy wedding. The person who drew both was surely in for some sudden changes in life.

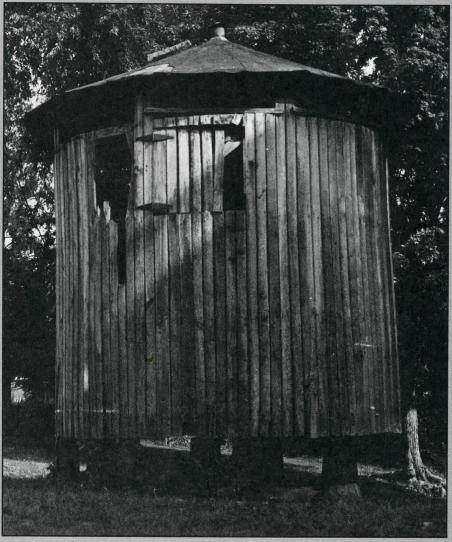
Partying began when the work ended, perhaps well after dark. Planks were laid out as makeshift outdoor tables, and a feast was spread. All the bounty of a mountain farm at harvest time was represented. There was pork, maybe beef and mutton, cabbages, beans, potatoes, apples, hot breads, desserts, and more. Those still able to move around after the work and feasting could dance to fiddle music until

late at night.

Local customs differed, but variations of the neighborhood corn shucking occurred throughout West Virginia for more than a century. The cribs into which the husked corn went varied, too, from place to place and over time, but everywhere and always they remained strictly utilitarian structures. The builders worked with the materials available to them, which in the earliest days meant logs. While log farm houses were tightly chinked against the weather, the cracks in corn cribs were left open. The farmer didn't want the wind whistling through his residence, but he knew that his stored grain had to be well ventilated.

With the later proliferation of sawmills, cheap sawed lumber came to be preferred for the construction of cribs and granaries. Slat sides were used for cribs, while granaries featured tight vertical or horizontal board siding. Roofing also varied according to the material available, the earliest being split wood shingles or "shakes." Gal-

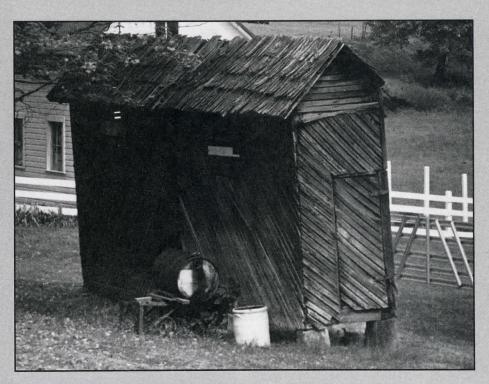




Left: This raised granary provided shelter underneath for farm implements. The Braxton County structure dates from about the 1860's. Bottom left: The round crib is very unusual in West Virginia. Cracks and openings under the roof provide ventilation, while metal-sheathed posts discourage climbing rodents. This top loader, built early in this century, stands on the Doerst farm in Monroe County.

Right: This tipsy corn crib is one of the few remaining with a wooden roof, cedar shakes in this case. The Monongalia crib was built in the 1890's

Below. The very large Dawson crib in Gilmer County was built late in the last century. It's actually four cribs and a granary, with a walk-in door, loading doors at several heights and on the roof. The diamond slatting pattern is functional as well as decorative.





vanized metal became popular later, as did asphalt shingles and tarpaper.

The materials used affected design, of course. The early log cribs were chunky structures, set on heavy pillars and limited on the long side to the length of individual logs. Shake roofs required a steep pitch for proper drainage. It was easiest to lay logs in a four-cornered "pen" configuration, so roofs were most commonly of the gabled type, peaked in the center. While the one-surfaced shed roof is simpler in itself, it requires one wall to be much higher than the others—a tricky proposition in an all-log structure.

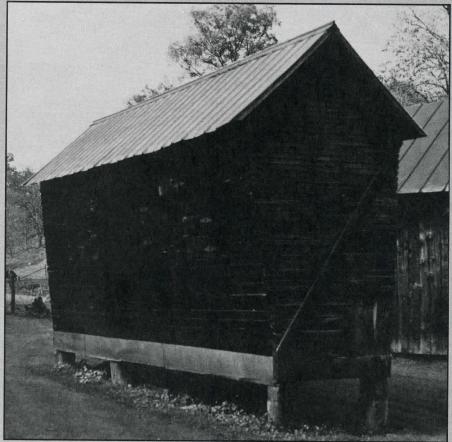
Design was also influenced by practical needs. Cribs, whether log or slat, were always provided with adequate crack ventilation. They were set on high pillars, often of smooth stone or wood sheathed in metal, to discourage climbing rodents. The loading of granaries was an important consideration, with doors sometimes provided at several different heights to facilitate the work as the level of grain increased inside. Early farmers had no mechanical conveyor loaders and it was easier to load through lower doors as

long as possible. The force of tradition was likewise important, for a farmer naturally looked to familiar models in designing his crib or granary. A young man might pattern after his father's or a neighbor's buildings, since there was no need to re-invent a simple functional structure. So while the farmer built with the materials at hand and with his own needs in mind, he also worked inside his local architectural tradition, doing things as he had always seen them done. The farm buildings shown in these pages vary by type, age, and size, but the overall similarities are many and there are few significant differences among structures of the same general type.

Building methods did evolve with changing times, however. The most consistent trend seems to be toward greater use of manufactured materials. Locally sawed lumber came first, followed by store-bought hardware and metal and asphalt roofing—materials that were far cheaper in the real terms of the amount of human labor invested.

This trend has come to its logical conclusion with the introduction of totally prefabricated structures, such





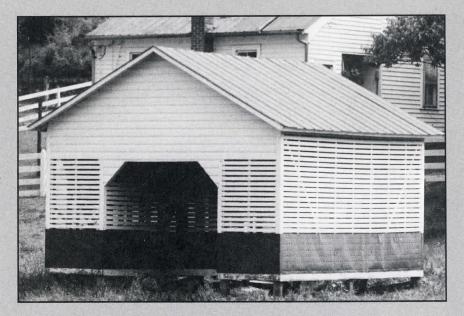
Left: This old granary with twin cribs was built in the 1850's. The diagonal slatting, very common on such

structures, provides ventilation as well as lateral bracing. This granary served a large and prosperous Calhoun County farm.

Bottom left: This Monongalia County single crib is perhaps the most typical style found in West Virginia. Pillars and metal sheathing over the lower slats discourage rodents. Note the loading doors at different heights. The crib was built in the 1870's, with the original cedar shake roof replaced with galvanized metal in the early 1900's.

Right. This double, drive-through crib has a distinctly modern look to it. The high metal rodent sheathing has been pierced to improve ventilation. This Pocahontas County crib dates from the 1920's.

Below. Another no-nonsense modern corn crib, with block foundation and roof-top loading doors. This one, about 50 years old, is in Morgan County.

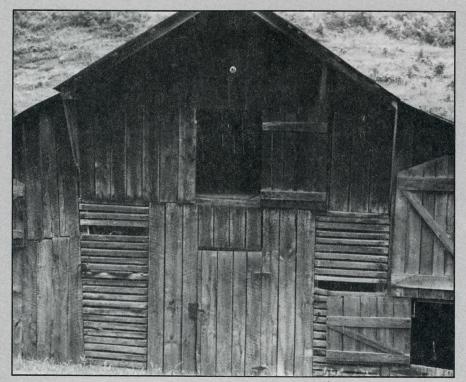






Above: This small modern crib has a dramatic paint job and asphalt shingles. Built in the 1950's, it stands in Berkeley County.

Below: This Calhoun County farm building grew and grew. It started as a double corn crib, whose slatting is still visible, and in the 1870's a good-sized barn was built around it. It's weathered but still in good condition.



as the modern mesh-sided round crib with a conical steel roof. Such a crib can be assembled on a pre-cast concrete slab in a few hours, freeing the farmer for more productive work in the fields. The days of tree chopping, log trimming, and shingle splitting to make such a simple thing as a corn crib are over.

There is a cost to that convenience, of course. Those new cribs are expensive, and the modern farmer is tied more closely to the money economy to buy them and the other implements of mechanized agriculture. Independent self-reliance largely is a thing of the past, with the farmer now working for pay as much as any of us.

Perhaps more important is the loss of another part of our folk culture, as our ancestors' sturdy old cribs and granaries disappear from the landscape. It's easy to romanticize this loss, and important to remember that while they appear picturesque to our modern eyes the out buildings shown here were built for service, not beauty. Those old farmers were practical people, and they would have recognized the advantages of a prefab crib as readily as their grandchildren do. But there's no doubt that their home-built structures constitute a significant part of the vernacular architecture of our state, and represent a heritage of hard work and pragmatic solutions to everyday problems. Take note of the surviving examples on your next drive through the West Virginia countryside.

Below: A modern pre-fab crib, assembled in the 1950's in Jefferson County.





Protecting Uncle Sam's Interests

A Year in the Forest Service

By John King

Now living in semi-retirement in Kentucky, John King looks back on more than 50 years of forestry service. Photo by Warren Brunner.

y year with the U.S. Forest Service in West Virginia began on a Pittsburgh trolley car. I boarded Trolley No. 76 in the late afternoon of March 28, 1931, bound for Pittsburgh's Baltimore & Ohio Railway station on the south side of the Monongahela River. The B&O train for Washington dropped me off at Cumberland, Maryland, the next morning around 5:00, and a short walk brought me to the depot of the Western Maryland Railroad. From there, a two-car steam train carried me into the West Virginia hills. I got to Elkins a bit past 11 a.m. and went immediately to the headquarters of the Monongahela National Forest.

My rest there was short. Around noon, chief clerk C. R. McKim informed me that the Greenbrier, Cheat & Elk train left in a few minutes. I gathered all my duffel again and barely caught the combination baggagepassenger coach as the coal-powered train pulled out for Pocahontas County. We headed for Durbin by way of Shavers Fork of Cheat River and the West Fork of the Greenbrier. It was balmy spring weather when we left Elkins but a new world developed after climbing Kelly Mountain. It was still winter here, with 10 inches of snow on the ground by the time we reached Durbin.

Across U. S. 250 from the Durbin railway depot was the White Star Restaurant. Here proprietor "Blackie" Thomas telephoned Don Gaudineer, the South District Ranger who was living just above the village of Thornwood. Don arrived after supper. At first meeting, Gaudineer was impressive. He stood about six feet six inches and carried a New England twang in his speech. Don was a fellow alumnus of the New York State Ranger School; thus a comradeship was formed between us.

We packed my gear into Don's 1928 Pontiac Sedan and headed for the South Ranger Station. Passing through Frank and Bartow, we followed the old railroad grade; we drove past Shag Rexrode's house, went through Thornwood, crossed the East Fork of the Greenbrier on the old Winterburn Railroad bridge, and finally passed through a gate on the Ike Raines property to the Ranger Station in the former Craig Lumber Company office. Here I met Don's wife Mary, their children, and other relatives. Don invited me to stay with the Gaudineers for a dollar a day room and board and I quickly accepted the offer.

April 1, 1931, ushered in the spring fire season in the Monongahela National Forest. After going through disastrous fires the year before, Don was taking no chances. He loaded his entire forest guard crew in a three-quarter-ton Ford and headed toward the Gatewood lookout tower. However, huge snow drifts on the Gatewood Motor Way caused the truck to turn back. Our efforts were then diverted to establishing the planting camp on Abes Run.

The Abes Run tree planting camp was alongside the Allegheny Motor Way, close to the headwaters of the Potomac, Kanawha, and Monongahela rivers. Physically, the camp consisted of a cook tent, mess tent, a supply and record tent, two sleeping tents, and a fly for a pole-type latrine. The personnel were myself as planting boss, camp cook Harry Nicholas, and 10 local tree planters.

Camp life was simple: Up at 6 a.m. for a hearty breakfast by Harry Nicholas, then off to plant red spruce. After a full eight hours of tree planting, it was back to camp to put away immense quantities of the cook's best efforts, especially his fresh-baked bread and fruit pies. After supper, we played cards by lamplight. The camp became very quiet before 9 p.m., as the hard work of tree planting demanded a good night's rest.

The Great Depression of the '30's had made its inroads into the economics of the Forest Service. The tree planters were paid only 37½¢ per hour, plus a bonus of 2½¢ if they worked



"It was balmy spring weather when we left Elkins" near the end of March 1931, John King says, but winter still lingered in the high mountains of the Monongahela National Forest. Here Wilson Bankhead helps clear a road in April of that year.

until the project was completed. As forester and planting boss I made \$85 per month. We worked a full eighthour day, plus travel, six days a week. Being a bachelor, I took on the Sunday camp duty of fire standby.

The planting crew averaged about 400 trees per man each day. Red spruce was the principal planting stock. A planting mattock was used, and the Erhart planting tray kept the seedlings moist. We used the "center hole" method of planting in the rough terrain with a ground cover of bracken fern, blackberry briers, and greenbriers. The center hole method had been devised by Larry Gross of the Region 7 office. Larry made an inspection of our work while planting was going on, and this contact led to my later entrance into the Civilian Conservation Corps as a cultural foreman.

Fire duty called us away from our planting in May. Late that month a fire was discovered on the East Fork of the Greenbrier, just below Dilly Hollow. Don Gaudineer was the only person who had high-top boots, so he carried two of the fire crew across the river on his back. This small fire gave me my first experience in controlling inebriated members of a fire crew, but it was not to be my last. Another fire near

Bemis was fought and controlled. Later, the crew went to Rose Armentrout's store in Glady for supper. I remember Mike Mylius, a one-armed fire fighter, going into a rubber boot for a quart of Caanan Valley red-eye to soothe the weary crew.

Don gave me various duties of truck driving and trail location and maintenance. Even this routine work was not without excitement. I remember one near miss on the Dilly Hollow single-lane truck trail. My Forest Service truck coming downgrade met a Chevrolet coupe with four people in the front seat. My brakes failed and I missed the Chevrolet only by going up the bank and rolling the truck over on its side into the road. We turned the truck back on its wheels and when a picture of the incident was presented to Gaudineer, I had no trouble getting permission for a brake job.

The Fourth of July was a nonpaid holiday for us and some of the forest guards journeyed into Thornwood to acquire several pints at a store there. Don found out and gave all hands a tongue lashing for purchasing illegal Prohibition whiskey, and from a suspected firebug at that. "Thornwood Smitty," proprietor of another store, had no such reputation although he was notorious in his own way. It seems that an intoxicated customer had threatened Smith in his store, and he did away with the drunk with his .38 revolver. He pulled a short term in the penitentiary but by 1931 was working for us, as an observer on the Smoke

Camp lookout tower. Mrs. Smith operated the telephone switchboard in Thornwood.

July meant maintenance work on the Smoke Camp and Seneca Creek trails, hard work with the brush scythe and double-bitted axe. We planned some fish stocking to break the tedium of the trail work. A trip was made to Elkins in a 1924 Chevrolet truck, a wellused surplus vehicle from the U.S.D.A. Corn Borer project. The fish train from White Sulphur Springs Fish Hatchery loaded us down with 30 five-gallon milk cans of trout and we headed back. Near Mill Creek in lower Randolph County a tire blew. At the only garage we gave each can of trout fresh water aeration by a water hose from the pump faucet. A highway sign identified the Mill Creek water as "unsafe for human consumption," but it must have been all right for trout. Not a fish was lost. Stocking took place in the East Fork of the Greenbrier River above the South Ranger Station and then up Five Mile Road to the intersection of the Burner Mountain Motor Way with the Middle Mountain Way, with the remaining trout going into the Laurel Fork of Cheat at the old Osceola bridge. The last fish were stocked at 10 p.m. with a beautiful moon lighting our task.

Needing communication with the projected guard station at Camp Five Run and the Glady fire warden, a ground return telephone line was constructed from McClelland Mullenax's farm along the Middle Mountain Motor Way to the town of Glady. Chest-

Reforestation was an important part of Forest Service work. Here a local tree planting crew battles the tangled ground cover characteristic of abused land.







Left: The lanky Don Gaudineer practically had to double himself to sight fires at the new Smoke Camp lookout.

Right: John King says he sharpened his baking skills during evenings at the Gatewood guard station, while partner Wilson Bankhead was away courting a local girl. Photographer unknown.

nut telephone poles were cut on the Virginia side of the Allegheny Motor Way, near the White Oak Flat Adirondack shelter, and hauled to the Middle Mountain section by a three-quarterton Ford truck with a two-wheeled trailer. Some spruce logs were also used for telephone poles. The crew "brushed out" right of way, dug pole holes five feet deep, erected and tamped in the poles, attached #9 galvanized wire using split porcelain insulators, and installed telephones at Camp Five Run and Armentrout's store in the town of Glady. It was soon determined that red spruce poles were not suitable for phone line construction as they seemed to attract lightning.

Don Gaudineer and I journeyed to Cranberry Lake, New York, in August, to attend the first Alumni Reunion of the New York Ranger School. Don, six feet six inches, and I, five feet seven inches, formed quite a contrast when walking together down the street in nearby Elmira. Near Circleville, West Virginia, on our return trip, Don pointed out the red pine growing on North Fork Mountain. His theory that the red pine seed was carried into West

Virginia from Michigan or Wisconsin by Union soldiers during the 1860's was substantiated by increment borings. We sent several bushels of the seed cones to Donald "Sandy" Oliver at the Parsons Tree Nursery and the red pine thus became indigenous to the Mountain State by natural reproduction.

At the Gatewood Switch, on the old logging railroad grade, an abandoned freight car served as a guard station. This freight car lay at the base of Spruce Mountain and the Allegheny Range, close to the divide of Big Run and Seneca Creek. Wilson Bankhead and I were assigned by Ranger Don to nail cedar shingles to the sides of the freight car to make it more livable. After the day's work was complete, Wilson would make a "buttermilk" run to Scott White's for a bit of courting with daughter Susie. I developed some culinary skills living in the freight car, producing layer cakes with the equivalent of 12 eggs and two pounds of butter. The Gatewood area was unfenced and cattle were grazed under Forest Service permit. One grazer ran his hogs on National Forest land in

violation of the grazing regulations, and after several warnings our larder was enhanced by fresh pork.

Early in September the spruce cone seeds went into the "milky" stage, calling for a massive cone picking project. The main cone picking crew was recruited from the Thornwood and Hunting Ground areas. We set up four wall tents for crew sleeping quarters at the Gatewood Switch. Harry Nicholas again was camp cook and "Luke" Mullenax was project supervisor.

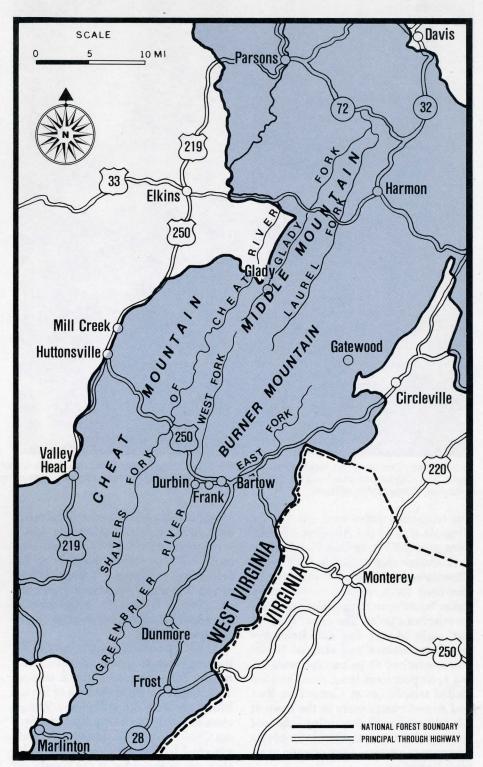
Don Gaudineer assigned me the '24 Chevrolet half-ton to go to Elkins for food supplies. C. R. McKim issued the purchase orders for Guilland-Clark and Channel Wholesale grocers to fill. I left Elkins with over two tons of groceries packed sky high on the old "Corn Borer" truck. Coming to the end of the concrete at Huttonsville on U.S. 250, I hit the steep, dirt-surface Stanton-Parkersburg Turnpike. I put the truck into low gear, let it drive itself, and got out to help push to the top of Cheat Mountain near Barton Knob. I proceeded on to White Top, crossed Shavers Fork near Cromers at Cheat Bridge, passed through Durbin, Bartow, and

Thornwood, by Five Mile Road, and up Dilly Hollow to the Allegheny Motor Way to Betty Hulver's place on the Gatewood Road.

Here overloading was again a problem. The Motor Way had five gates across it, several on stiff grades. After slipping the clutch and pushing efforts proved futile, I dumped cargo as a last resort. The road from Hulver's to Gatewood Switch was scattered with 100-pound sacks of sugar, flour, cabbage, and so forth. At Gatewood, 20 hungry people threatened to mob me, but a midnight pickup of the jettisoned food ensured full stomachs for all. It turned out that the purchase orders were for both the cone picking job and the Canaan Mountain planting project in the North District, thus accounting for my excessive load.

The cone pickers were a hard-working group of locals, mostly Warners, Lamberts, Mullenaxes, and Rexrodes. The crew would hike from Gatewood cabin, up the abandoned Spruce Mountain logging railroad grade, to the mountaintop near Spruce Knob and Moses Bennett's farm. The red spruce trees were climbed, and 12-quart galvanized buckets were filled with the spruce cones and lowered to the ground by an attached line. The cones were emptied into large gunny sacks and backpacked down the mountain to camp. A picker would average four to five bushels a day. The sticky spruce gum clung to hands, face, and clothes, and each man carried a pint whiskey bottle of coal oil to help remove the viscous mess. Merle Rexrode's brother, carrying coal oil in the right rear pocket of his coveralls, slipped and fell, breaking the glass container. The nasty gash on his rear end called for iodine and a butterfly bandage, but we sent him back to the tree and recorded a no-lost-time accident. The bags of cones were hauled to the Parsons Nursery for drying, seed extraction, and planting. On one of these hauls, I met Don Beck, the new North District Ranger, and recently arrived Monongahela Forest supervisor Arthur A. Wood.

Around the first of September, 1931, the South Ranger Station was moved from Thornwood to the town of Durbin. The new office was quartered on the second floor of the Steve Hiner Hardware Store. Mr. Hiner was also the local embalmer and undertaker.



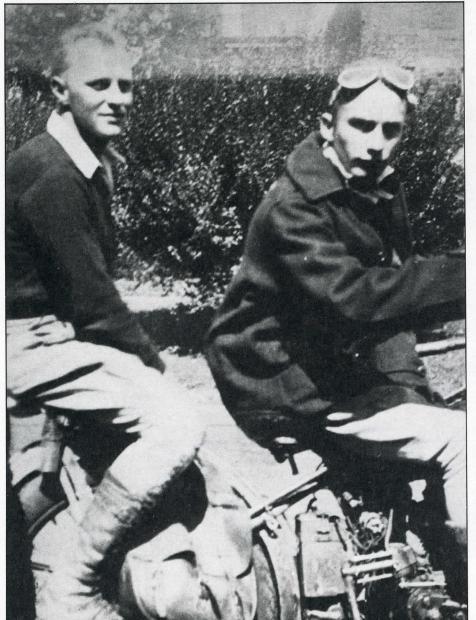
It is impossible to get all the places John King mentions onto one map, but this one shows the part of the Monongahela National Forest most familiar to the young forester. He worked primarily in the upper Greenbrier River country. Map by Colleen Anderson.

Several nights I, now acting as forest fire dispatcher at \$90 per month, had the company of a corpse in a room adjoining the Ranger's office. In the 1930's it was mandatory under West Virginia state law for citizens to fight fire when requested by a forest officer. A request by the fire boss for more men on an active blaze resulted in a

very quiet town of Durbin when I went out on the streets recruiting manpow-

In the latter part of September, Luke Mullenax and I cut a 50-foot balsam fir in the marsh just east of Cromer's bridge. The balsam was unique, with characteristics of both balsam and Frazier fir, and we displayed it at the sec-





Above: Cone picking crew on Spruce Mountain. Note their tree climbing gear and galvanized picking buckets.

Left: Wilson Bankhead and John King, perhaps on a "smoke chasing" call. King says he acquired the 1926 Harley-Davidson cycle for \$30, used. Photographer unknown.

ond annual Forest Festival in Elkins.

Durbin at that time was a small oasis at the junction of the East and West Forks of the Greenbrier River. The town was served by the Pocahontas Tanneries company store. All merchandise was brought in by train and prices were high, especially by Depression standards. I remember the people in that area as among the finest anywhere, and particularly recall the Fraziers, Hiners, Wilsons, Thomases, and Mullenaxes. I missed Thanksgiving dinner at the Hiners that year because of fire duty on Abes Run, and had cold egg sandwiches instead of turkey with cornbread stuffing. I had acquired a 1928 Harley-Davidson for \$30 by then, and used the motorcycle for smoke chasing, rounding up fire fighters, and mop up and patrol work. The government allowed me 2¢ a mile for expenses.

Progress was coming to Pocahontas County in 1931. The Gordon Salmon Construction Company was hired by the state to widen and regrade Route 250 from Durbin north to the Ran-



Ranger Don Gaudineer takes a break on the trail as "Thornwood Smitty" checks their pack

Don Gaudineer: The Ranger's Ranger

Don Gaudineer was a handsome, commanding six-footsix, 200-pound man who could have been the model for anybody's idea of what a Forest Ranger should be. Born in New York City, he came to a tragic end in West Virginia, but not before he had made his mark in his adopted state.

Gaudineer began his career in forestry by attending the New York State Ranger College. After graduating in 1922 he worked for the state of Maine, as deputy forest fire warden in the Androscoggin Waters District. In 1924 he moved over to federal employment, to work as forest guard and assistant ranger in the White Mountain National Forest. Two years later, Gaudineer transferred to Thornwood, West Virginia, then the district headquarters for the Southern District of the Monongahela National Forest. It was here that the young forester John King met this man who impressed him so much.

While at Thornwood, and later Durbin and Bartow, Don Gaudineer did much with little support other than his own determination and creativity. His accomplishments included better fire detection and prevention, new roads and trails, reforestation of burned and farmedout areas, and the construction of telephone lines to facilitate communications among forestry personnel in the field. Middle Mountain Cabin, one of his favorite projects, still stands as a monument to his work. Nowadays the cabin, as sturdy as when Gaudineer constructed it from a manual in 1931, is used by hikers in that part of the

Don Gaudineer was known in the Forest Service as a family man, and he surrounded himself with relatives. John King remembers meeting not only Don's wife and children at the family home in 1931, but also his mother-in-law and two brothers-in-law. Ironically, Don's

dedication to family and his passion for fire control both contributed to his untimely death in the spring of 1936. On the evening of April 27 a flash fire broke out in the Gaudineer house in Parsons, apparently electrical in origin but intensified by photographic chemicals Don kept for his experiments with infrared film as a means of forest fire detection.

The Monongahela Gateway, official newsletter of the Monongahela National Forest, later carried the story of the ranger's heroic death

that night:

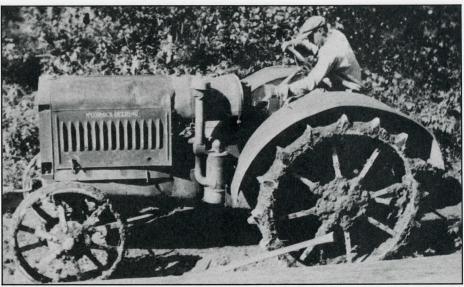
Ranger Gaudineer, in a valiant but futile effort to save the two girls, Helen, 8, and Doris, 6, who were sleeping in adjoining bedrooms, ran out into the flaming hall and into their rooms. The two children had apparently already discovered the fire and tried to get out to their parents' room. Neither of them was to be found in bed. Unable to find the two oldest children, the frantic father ran back through the flames to save the baby, closing the door behind him when he once more entered the front bedroom. At this point, critical burns on his back and legs, together with smoke fumes, overcame his endurance and he died close to the baby's bed. Artificial resuscitation and oxygen given in an effort to revive Ranger Gaudineer were of no avail.

"Twenty-four minutes after the fire was discovered by neighbors, it was extinguished. The house itself was not destroyed by fire. It was found that all the children had died from suffocation."

Don Gaudineer was only in his 30's at the time of the tragedy, with his life's work still far from complete. Nonetheless, he had already done much, and the next year the U. S. Forest Service dedicated Gaudineer Lookout Tower as a fitting memorial to a man committed to the prevention of forest fires. Later, Gaudineer Knob and the Gaudineer Scenic Area, a 140-acre tract of virgin red spruce, were also set aside as natural landmarks bearing his name.

-Janet Brashler





Left: King says Luke Mullenax and Bill Kramer fitted the cabin corners with "uncanny precision." This is Mullenax at work.

Above: The Forest Service crews scrounged equipment wherever they could find it, much of it surplus from other federal agencies. Here "Punk" Ervine mans an old iron-tired McCormick-Deering tractor on the cabin project.

dolph County line. Wilson Bankhead and I had some trouble on that job. Headed for a fire call on Cheat Mountain, we were accosted by a man standing in the new road waving a threatening shovel at us. By policy and custom Forest officers carried side arms. Wilson, riding the rear saddle of the Harley, pulled the .38 pistol from my holster and fired over the man's head. He and his shovel disappeared quickly, downslope toward the West Fork of Greenbrier, and may still be traveling.

I got good service out of that motorcycle, but it was not infallible. During the Middle Mountain telephone line construction, I had the job of looking after the camp and equipment on the weekends. Late one Saturday afternoon I made a grocery run to Durbin. On the way back to Camp Five Run via the Burner Mountain Road, the drive gear on the cycle broke. About a half mile above the big switchback on the Burner Mountain Road was an old logging shack. I pushed the cycle to the abandoned building, and spent a mighty cold night there. At sunup I hiked to Bartow and got Bill Kramer to tow me and the defunct machine on a wild ride to the tannery at Frank. The tannery machinist was kept from church to weld my gear, and then I was on my way back to Camp Five Run to protect Uncle Sam's interests.

In the late summer we began work on a long-time dream of Don Gaudi-

neer's. The U.S. Forest Service, Region 7, had appropriated the sum of \$500 to construct a forest guard station in the Middle Mountain area of the Greenbrier Ranger District. During his Ranger School days, Don had gotten hold of a book titled *The Real Log Cabin*, by C. Aldrich. Don figured a "real log cabin" was the best investment for the Forest Service's \$500, taking the Aldrich book as his detailed construction guide.

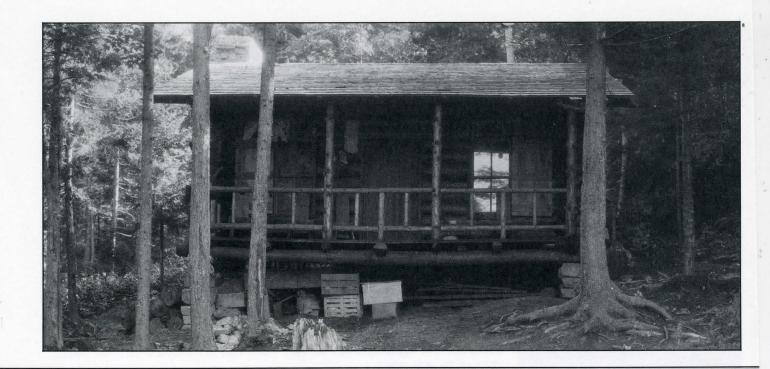
The place selected for the cabin was on Camp Five Run, a tributary of Laurel Fork of Cheat River in Randolph County. The proposed site lay about 150 yards from the recently constructed Middle Mountain Motor Way (Burner Mountain to Glady) in a small grove of native red spruce. The 12,000 acres on which the cabin was to be situated had been acquired by the United States in 1929 from the Wildell Lumber Company and Richard Chaffey. From 1925 to 1928 Mr. Chaffey had built over 14 miles of logging railroad from Wildell to Laurel Fork and up Camp Five Run, with the railroad steel on Camp Five Run taken out in 1927.

Two 12×14 wall tents were erected on the periphery of the spruce patch to serve as cooking, sleeping, and storage quarters. Clean, cold water was obtained from a nearby spring. We slept under eight to 10 World War I horse blankets, and arose rather flattened out. Gaudineer himself was the fortunate

possessor of a new innovation, a Kapok sleeping bag, and fared considerably better. A wood-burning Army surplus field range was used for cooking. Many cold mornings we wore Ritchie mittens while cooking breakfast.

Spruce trees of suitable cabin size were felled in August 1931 on Camp Five Run and at the first switchback on the old Five Mile Run Road. Using a Ford three-quarter-ton stake-bed truck and a two-wheel trailer, the selected spruce logs were delivered to the prepared clearing. The logs were then skidded by a team and an antiquated McCormick-Deering tractor to the cabin site. Most of the crosscut sawing, skidding, and hauling were done by Dick Ervine, Luther Mullenax, and me. Merle Ervine and Henry Bowman worked at tractor hauling, clearing stumps, and digging footers tor the cabin.

With the advent of fall fire season and spruce cone picking the cabin work slowed, but was renewed with vigor after the picking ended. The basic logs were placed on the stone footers. Bill Kramer worked with us, as did his father, who had been found guilty in magistrate's court of letting a fire escape from a bee tree. The court ruled that Mr. Kramer be turned over to the custody of the Ranger and work out his fine. He was a skilled stonemason, and was put to work constructing a stone chimney and fireplace for the



Before John King Arrived Early History of the Monongahela National Forest

By Janet Brashler

West Virginia was in the grip of hard times in 1931, the year John King first came to the Monongahela National Forest. In addition to economic depression, the lands of West Virginia and much of the eastern United States suffered from the effects of unwise timber harvesting and grazing practices. Severe erosion, forest fires, and floods were common. One particularly memorable flood in March of 1907 had caused major damage to the Allegheny and Monongahela watersheds. The city of Pittsburgh, downstream from both, experienced great loss of life and property that spring.

The problems of the Great Depression had scarcely been tackled on the

national level in 1931, but the country was already well started on the task of rebuilding its environment, through such agencies as the U.S. Forest Service. Citizens expressed their concern to Congress that such disasters as that of 1907 could have been averted had major watersheds not been recklessly stripped of moisture-holding forest cover. In 1909 the state of West Virginia acted, agreeing to allow the purchase of forest lands within the state for scientific management by the federal government. In 1911 Congress passed the Weeks Act, enabling the purchase of land in any state specifically for the purpose of protecting watersheds. Without the Weeks Act, no National Forests could have been created in the eastern United States.

By 1915, the first lands which would become part of the Monongahela National Forest had been acquired. During the nine years which followed, the primary mission of the Forest Service in West Virginia was land acquisition for watershed and forest fire protection. In 1924, the Weeks Act was amended by the Clark-McNary Law so that lands could be acquired not solely for protection, but for timber production as well. As a result, lands were purchased that would not otherwise have been available under the original Weeks Act.

Between 1924 and 1931, over 167,000 acres were added to the Forest. These lands were located at what is now the northern end of the Monongahela. The Forest was divided into two districts. The Supervisor's Office was located outside the boundary in Elkins, as it still is. People working in the districts were scattered about as their work demanded. For example, in 1928, the Southern District was manned by a forest ranger at Durbin, a forest guard at Circleville, a lookout at Smoke Camp, a patrolman at Osceola, and a land examiner and senior transitman in Elkins. After 1928, the Cheat and Greenbrier districts were permanently established in Parsons and Bartow, respectively, though personnel continLeft: The finished cabin, shown here in 1932, is still in use today. Right: King remembers local Forest Service employees as men who worked hard for Depression wages. This is Hank Bowman in a moment of rest.

cabin. I assisted him, acting as his mortar mixer and stonecutter. We used 65 sacks of cement, bought at 75¢ a sack at the company store in Durbin.

Luke Mullenax and Bill Kramer were both skilled axemen and they fitted the logs at the corners with uncanny precision. Don Gaudineer with his Yankee ingenuity had the blacksmith take a foot adze and forge a concave cutting edge. The tool made a rounded groove the length of the spruce logs, thus insuring a weathertight fit. Oakum was placed in the grooves and each log was fastened to the one below by 80-penny spikes.

The over 40-foot ridge pole was raised into place by a rolling hitch and the

team of logging horses. Roof rafter logs were attached to the ridge pole, and then covered with tongue-and-groove planking. Sawed cedar shingles completed the roof.

After that, the subfloor and hard-wood finish floor were laid and windows and doors finished. The major work was completed by November 15. The work week had been reduced to five and a half days in midsummer, but all hands worked Saturday afternoons on this project. There was no pay for the extra four hours, except for the pride we took in building the "real log cabin" on Middle Mountain.

After the Middle Mountain cabin project was completed, the statutory



ued to be stationed in various parts of the districts.

The Forest Proclamation Boundary was expanded in 1927 and 1934, followed by further land acquisition. New district offices were opened in Richwood (the Gauley District), and Marlinton (the original White Sulphur District) in 1935. Two other districts, Marlinton and Potomac (Petersburg) were added later, and the White Sulphur District Office moved to White Sulphur Springs. These six offices still serve as District Ranger Headquarters.

The purchase of additional lands brought big problems in forest management. During the first 15 years, 252,000 acres of land were bought by the federal government, of which over 102,000 acres burned. The most disastrous single year was 1930 when 18,520 acres were destroyed in 131 separate fires. It is likely that the long drought of 1930 contributed to the extraordinarily high number of acres consumed. During the wetter following year, only 365 acres were burned.

One Forest Service response to the threat of dangerous fire was to build fire lookout towers at strategic locations around the Forest. Much of the manpower on the Monongahela in the 1920's and 1930's was devoted to manning lookouts and putting out fires. Fire fighting equipment for over 1,000 fire fighters was kept ready to use at

district offices and fire guard stations.

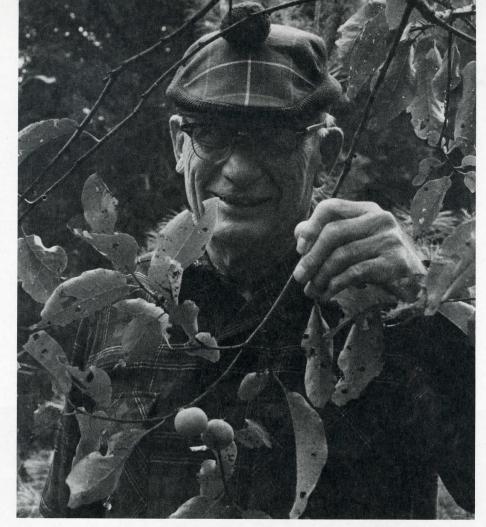
Another major activity of the Monongahela National Forest in the late 1920's and through the 1930's was reforestation. In 1931 the Forest Service Tree Nursery at Parsons produced over 300,000 seedlings of which 252,000 were planted in the Monongahela Forest by crews such as those described by John King. Cone pickers collected native seeds for the nursery. Seedlings of red spruce, white pine, balsam fir, white spruce, and other species grown in Parsons were planted in many areas in the eastern part of the country.

Since most of the Forest had been burned or logged over, the Monongahela had only a small timber sale program in the early days of its operation. Occasionally, scattered trees left by previous loggers were harvested because of their size or species. Today thousands of acres of land covered by fine thrifty stands of timber about 70 years old are testimony to the wise management of early Monongahela National Forest employees.

In addition to timber management and fire and watershed protection, the Monongahela had a small but popular recreation program. Recreationists of the 1920's and early 1930's were hardy souls who hiked, camped, and fished along some of the native trout streams. Some stocking was done in the East and West Forks of the Greenbrier Riv-

er and along Laurel Fork of the Cheat. There was little hunting because wildlife populations had declined with the damage to the environment. In the Southern District, most recreation took place along the Glady, Laurel, and Dry forks of the Cheat River. By 1931, 310 miles of trail and 108 miles of road had been constructed. While hikers took advantage of the growing trail system, the trails' major function was to provide access for fire fighting. Adirondack-style shelters (a roof and three walls) were constructed for use by hikers, since there were no formal campgrounds or pichic areas.

By the time John King arrived in 1931, then, the Monongahela National Forest had already made good progress toward managing lands ravished by careless practices of the past. The conservation ethic subscribed to by men like King and Ranger Don Gaudineer sought to guarantee resources for future generations through wise management in the present. Later in the decade this work would be further advanced by the labors of thousands of young men working under the Civilian Conservation Corps to plant trees and build roads and recreational facilities. The "CCC boys" observe the 50th anniversary of their organization this year, and their works in stone and timber are still being enjoyed by West Virginians and their neighbors.



John King inspects insect damage to his persimmon tree (above left). His deck (below left) overlooks woodlands, naturally, and his house is surrounded by specimen plants, many gathered as seeds during his travels. Photos by Warren Brunner.

funds to continue the work of the forest guards. Don Gaudineer gave Henry Bowman and me permission to stay on, in the abandoned Chaffey Lumber Company saw filing shed, just a mile downstream from the new cabin. We ran a trap line down Fox Ridge to the West Fork of the Greenbrier River, down the Greenbrier, Cheat & Elk Railroad to May Cabin, then back up the ridge to the Adirondack Shelter and on to Camp Five Run.

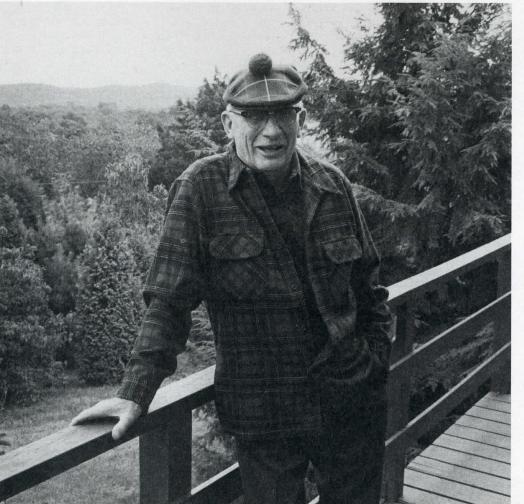
Life in the abandoned shed was rug-

fire season had ended. There were no

Life in the abandoned shed was rugged. We had only a broken down box stove for heat and cooking. Ruffed grouse provided us with fresh meat, and their heads were usually thrown into a corner of the shed. That was a mistake, for after we rolled into our blankets around 9:00, the weasel population took over. Throwing shoes and boots at the varmints did little good, for nothing would deter them from finishing off the grouse remains.

Just before Christmas 1931 the snows descended with a vengeance upon our Middle Mountain trap line. Having no snowshoes to travel the trapping route, we headed for lower ground. In Bowman's Model A Ford we bucked the huge snow drifts on Burner Mountain to get into Frank and Durbin. Back in civilization, I boarded with "Blackie" and Mrs. Thomas in Durbin for the usual fee of \$1 per day.

The year 1932 opened with the whole nation feeling the effects of the Great Depression. Ranger Don Gaudineer received no improvement funds and very little maintenance money. Thus I was out of a job and my exposure to the fine forest ranger—already on his way to becoming a local legend—was over. A monument to our work in 1931 still stands after more than half a century, however, in Don's "real log cabin" on Middle Mountain. From there one can still hear the shrill calls of Canada jays on Camp Five Run and feel the quiet tranquility found only in West Virginia's upland red spruce stands. *



For the most part, we lived at peace with our wild woodland neighbors when I was growing up in the old company town of Abbott in the early 1900's. In a way we were natural conservationists, antagonistic mainly to that part of the animal kingdom which arrayed itself against our chickens. Weasels and rats threatened our security, and they had to accept the penalty for it. But we did not needlessly kill or harm animals or birds.

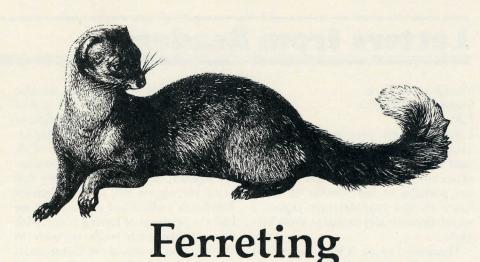
Still, going rabbit hunting provided one of the highlights of winter. We hunted only when my brother Trevor came back to visit Barbour County or when we wanted to arrange some sport for visitors. Sometimes we did this when the owners of the coal land my father oversaw came in from Pennsylvania to inspect their holdings.

Father was not interested in hunting, so we called on Lee Kettle for help with our expeditions. As the local mailman, Lee had considerable time on his hands, for officially he only had to walk the two and a quarter miles to Belington twice a day. He was one of the most curious of the local people and always interested in what "those crazy Simons" were up to. He was always prepared for any adventure, too. So when it became known that some hunting was planned, Lee was right there with several hound dogs, an extra shotgun, and his ferret.

The most memorable times were when Trevor, 19 years my senior, would come. In those years he was on the road selling and installing mining equipment, and he got home only rarely. One winter when deep snow covered the ground, he arrived for a few days and wanted to go rabbit hunting. There were plenty of rabbits in the woods around us, and we didn't pamper them because of any emotional attachment. If we wanted rabbit to eat, or some fun hunting them, they were just there. As innocent victims they didn't enter our minds.

It was a brisk, frosty morning when we took off that day. I had some difficulty keeping up with the men, which probably pleased them since that meant I would be out of the range of the shotguns. But to my delight I found I was to be an important member of the hunting party. I was to be custodian of the ferret.

A ferret is a beautiful, yellow, thickly furred animal, several times the



By Harold Simon

length of a squirrel, with pink eyes and a weasel-like body. With some skepticism I took over this strange creature. Boys in those days wore shirts known as waists. Mine was made of red wool, and the bottom was tucked into my pants. I was shown how to loosen the lower button of my shirt, just above the waistline, slip the head of the ferret into the opening and let it crawl around me, between my skin and my undershirt. After I got used to the warm furry feel of the animal next to my skin, I began to enjoy the sensation as well as the pride of being an essential part of the hunt.

When the men, guided by the hounds, spotted a rabbit and ran it into its hole, I was called up. Opening the button of my shirt, I would entice the ferret out from its warm resting place and hand it to one of the men, who would then introduce it into the rabbit hole. It would be only a matter of a few seconds before rabbits would start to erupt, either from the front entrance of their hideout or from some other exit, into the midst of the waiting dogs and hunters. Later, after some coaxing and the display of a dead rabbit or two in front of the hole, out would come the ferret and I would put him back inside my shirt.

We had plenty of rabbits to eat for some time afterwards. Tularemia, or "rabbit fever," had not yet been invented, so we had no fear of that disease. My mother hunted up the recipe for making hossenfeffer, a spicy rabbit dish, and we all enjoyed the fruits of our hunt.

To tell the truth, I was amazed for

a long time that I, the youngest member of the hunting party, had been entrusted with the most important member, the ferret, and I was always proud of the fact. It was only some years later that I figured out reasons for the hunters' trust. First, it was—and still is strictly illegal to hunt rabbits with a ferret. In the remote chance that a game warden had challenged us, the last place he would have looked for such an animal would have been around a small boy's waist next to the skin. I doubt, really, that there was such a thing as a game warden in that whole area, and he probably would have joined the hunt anyway. But there was always the chance.

Later I learned a surprising fact that gave me a further clue as to why I was the ferret custodian. I had always thought ferrets were related to weasels, but actually they are members of the skunk family and the encyclopedia says they share the same "habits."

Lee was the one who owned the ferret, and he later had some trouble. Early one morning he came over to our house practically in tears. He had raised 40 chickens, then grown just about to frying size. But when he went to feed them that morning, none of them came out to greet him. He found them scattered about on the chicken house floor with their throats slashed. The culprit was never known for sure, but some of Lee's unkind friends were not sympathetic. They implied that his ferret had gotten loose and done the dirty deed—and that perhaps it served him right for hunting rabbits unlawfully.

Letters from Readers

Washington, D. C. September 14, 1983 Editor:

I have been on your mailing list for about two years and cannot tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. It often has useful information to me in my position as the planner of study tours in the mid-Atlantic region—which occasionally includes West Virginia.

However, I enjoy it even more on a personal, level. While it carries the unique and special flavor of West Virginia, it not infrequently reminds me of the good country heritage of my own roots (the prairies of Alberta and mountains of northeastern Washington). But best of all, it is about people whom, after reading one of your articles, I feel I know and am the better for knowing. Keep it up, you're terrific!

Sincerely, Karen M. Gray Tour Department Smithsonian Institution

Senator Randolph

Bridgeport, WV August 2, 1983 Editor:

Did you ever have a thought in the back of your mind that "tomorrow, for sure, you were going to do this or that"—like writing a letter or typing that long overdue report? Well, I have been thinking about writing you for "many moons" but somehow something else always takes priority.

I have taken GOLDENSEAL for several years, first of all when it was free and for the past few years I have been only too glad to send in my donation to keep it coming.

I wanted to write when the article about Arthurdale first appeared, for no other reason than to tell you that I remember visiting Arthurdale back around 1933 when my brother, the late John W. Barger of Keyser, was doing publicity for the project. He stayed in a room upstairs over the telephone building in Rivesville and came home on weekends. It brought to mind many other fond memories.

Then the Summer issue, 1983, ar-

rived with the article about Senator Jennings Randolph in it, with one of the pictures taken at the dedication of the monument at Nancy Hanks' birthplace with my dad, the late W. H. Barger, in the background. I was doubly pleased, especially after seeing that same picture on the wall of Senator Randolph's office last April when we had the privilege of having lunch with Senator Randolph while we were in Washington to attend the Continental Congress of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

I have been *loaning* my copies of GOLDENSEAL to a friend (I couldn't give them away; I have them all) who enjoys reading it and will now send it to her brother for Christmas.

Through GOLDENSEAL you are giving many folks the privilege and happiness of recalling fond memories. You have brought and I hope will continue to bring much pleasure to me, and to others by publishing GOLD-ENSEAL. Keep up the good work. Sincerely,

Mrs. Betty Barger Dakan



Bessie Barnard

Mount Clare, WV August 11, 1983 Editor:

Will you please send the GOLDEN-SEAL magazine to Mrs. Gertrude Bond and to Mrs. Ron Spaur, both of Mineralwells. I know they will really appreciate it. Mrs. Bond is very interested in family traditions and telling the grandchildren and great-grandchildren about "the way things used to be."

I was not familiar with the magazine until this spring when I told a cousin about my quilt being accepted for display in the Great Hall of the Cultural Center and how excited I was. So she proceeded to tell me about the magazine and that there was an article published about her, Bessie Barnard, in the Summer 1983 issue. There is a reference to my parents and me as their baby in her book. Isn't it a small world?

I really appreciate and enjoy the GOLDENSEAL.
Sincerely,

Sincerely, Mrs. Walter L. Bond (Betty)

Fond Farewells

Rocky Mount, North Carolina October 28, 1983 Editor:

Let me take this opportunity to thank you for the complimentary copy of GOLDENSEAL (Volume 8, Number 3; Fall 1982) containing an article about Mr. Frank Pizzino.

My father, Louis Jenkins, was safety engineer at the mine in Glen Rogers up until its closing. Although now retired my father still enjoys telling his friends here in North Carolina about his many wonderful years in Wyoming County. I moved my parents here in 1976 due to my father's health and a somewhat warmer climate. My mother, Viola Sizemore Jenkins, retired after teaching school in Wyoming County for 40 years. She taught at Sabine, Glen Rogers, John McGraw, and finished up at Glen Fork. My mother is a first cousin to Darrell V. McGraw, Sr., father of Darrell V., Jr., and Warren McGraw, so you can see my roots run deep in Wyoming County and West Virginia. My husband is a native of Preston County.

Although I can truthfully say I have never felt regret for leaving my home state I do get homesick and return regularly to visit with friends and relatives. My most recent return was earlier this month. I am now a true mixture of Tarheel and Mountaineer.

Enclosed please find my voluntary subscription to GOLDENSEAL. I look

forward to receiving the magazine in the future.

Sincerely yours, Judith E. Feather

Glen Fork, WV September 28, 1983 Editor:

Enclosed is my check for my subscription renewal to GOLDENSEAL.

I have enjoyed the magazine for several years. I had access to the issue sent to the Glen Rogers High School Library, where I was the school secretary for 21 years. My husband, Frank Pizzino, and I both enjoyed the articles, especially those about people and events in the coal mining areas of West Virginia.

In the Fall 1982 issue of GOLD-ENSEAL, Dr. Mack Gillenwater's article, "Frank Pizzino Remembers the Briquette Industry," created interest in this mining area. Before his death in January 1983, my husband received many telephone calls about the article. Some were calls from friends who had moved from the Glen Rogers area when the plant ceased operation. They wanted him to know that they had seen the article and enjoyed it.

I would like to send special thanks to Dr. Gillenwater and Mr. Samsell for their visits to our home and for the article. Mr. Pizzino was well pleased

Thanks again for an excellent magazine about events and people who have made our state one of the best. I look forward to each issue.

Sincerely, Mrs. Frank Pizzino (Macie)

We were saddened to learn of Mr. Pizzino's death. We were also sorry to hear that Mr. Troxell (next letter) has passed away. -ed.

Mineralwells, WV September 10, 1983 Editor:

On a visit recently to Weston, I took along some copies of GOLDENSEAL to share with my sister, Mildred Ervin Oliver, especially the Winter 1982 issue with the story about Charlton Troxell who was a classmate of hers at Weston High School. When I mentioned his name the thing that first came to her mind was his reciting the Prologue to The Canterbury Tales (as was mentioned in the story). He was prone to do this at times on the streets of Weston with his peers around, amazing and bewildering passersby not "in the know."

Also the mention of Father Kraus in the article about St. Joseph's Settlement [Spring 1983] brought back memories of when she at 17 taught in the one-room school in his home community of Crooked Run, Lewis County. He was just entering high school when she went there to teach in the fall of 1925. Some members of his family attended the school.

I am enclosing my check for a subscription for my sister. We will be looking forward to the forthcoming issues of your interesting magazine.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Ralph Smith (Mary Louise Ervin)

Sewell

Holt, Michigan September 24, 1983 Editor:

I always look forward to the next issue. The article in a past issue was particularly interesting to me as it showed a picture of my birth town, Sewell. It brought back memories of my early childhood, although the picture shows the little town all grown over with trees.

My father was Haden Sizemore and he worked from a small office near the railroad tracks. My mother died there when I was six, and from then on I lived in several towns in West Virginia, including Hico, Lookout, Cedar Grove, Alloy, and in Clay County. I still remember the Vogt and Robertson families in Sewell, the big store across the tracks, the depot, and the old ice house, also the Henson family.

I try to visit West Virginia at least once a year. I still have three brothers living there, Guy, Fred, and Bill.

I am a Michigan resident, but a misplaced West Virginian. Sincerely,

Mildred Sizemore Kibbey

The D'Arianos

Fairmont, WV September 12, 1983 Editor:

We have just received the beautiful magazine [Fall 1983] which contains,

among others, an article of our life in the United States. From 1912 for Rizieri (Roy) D'Ariano and from 1921 for Regina M. D'Ariano, brother and sis-

As the saying goes, "God Bless America," and God having blessed the country as a whole, it may be said that we have also been blessed for being a part of the whole powerful and beautiful nation.



We realize that we have fared well in our beautiful adopted land, but this does not exclude our hard work, hope, and a strong will to succeed, and so we thank Providence for preserving and guiding us in all our undertakings.

Thanking you for the extra copies of the magazine, and enclosing you a check for \$25, as a token of appreciation, we are

Very sincerely yours, Rizieri and Regina M. D'Ariano

The Moores and the James Gang

Buckhannon, WV November 1, 1983 Editor:

In the Fall issue of GOLDENSEAL is an article, "Tracking the James Gang," in which mention is made of a Moore family in Kentucky who lodged two of the robbers for one night.

This Moore family took a small boy from that area into their home and raised him. He was born in 1873. In 1901, he married my mother's sister, Lucy McLaughlin, from Pocahontas County. Charles P. Adams lived in Pocahontas County until his death in 1950.

Adams got a job with the C&O Railroad in Kentucky when he was 16, and worked for this one employer for nearly 60 years, until retirement as section foreman on the railroad between Cass and Marlinton.

In 1942, Uncle Charley wanted to spend a weekend with the Moores, so I drove him to the farm near Catlettsburg, Kentucky. We had a delightful and memorable weekend. The farm overlooked the Big Sandy River, and the stately old brick house was completely furnished with beautiful antique furniture which complemented the large, spacious rooms. This was the Moore homestead.

The Moores were historical-minded people and took great pride in relating bits of interesting history. They also were proud of the farm and the old homestead. At that time, the son who managed the farm had a college degree in agriculture. The Mr. Moore who was head of the household then had been a boy in 1875, but had been old enough to do farm chores. He told me the story of when the James brothers stayed there overnight. Later the family learned, with regret, that the brothers helped to rob the Huntington bank.

Two incidents I remember vividly—

the bed and the sack!

When bedtime arrived, Mr. Moore said to me, "The bed you will sleep in is the bed the James brothers slept in." It was a huge bed with the highest headboard I ever saw; it was a beautiful piece of furniture.

Mr. Moore related what he thought, at the time, was very puzzling. That evening, his father asked him to take the strangers' horses to the barn, unsaddle, and feed them. After the brothers retired, which was immediately af-

ter they ate supper, young Moore told his father that under one saddle he found a folded sack, the likes of which he had never seen. It was made of heavy material, and was not as large as a reg-

ular feed sack.

His father scolded him somewhat, told him to fold the sack and put it under the saddle the next morning exactly the way he found it—and to say nothing about it. He felt that the men probably used it for horse feed.

But this did not satisfy young

Moore's curiosity.

After the Huntington bank robbery, the Moores solved the mystery of the sack. It was one of the sacks used to carry the loot from the bank!

Sincerely, Lucille S. Zinn

Books From the Mountains

West Virginia University Press

West Virginia University Press recently published its 1983-84 catalog, describing the several dozen books which the Press currently has in print. The Press publishes books on a wide variety of subjects, ranging from agriculture to literature and music. The selected titles listed here are ones which may be of special interest to GOLD-ENSEAL readers.

Books may be ordered at the price indicated, by writing to West Virginia University Press, Main Library, P. O. Box 6069, Morgantown 26506. Each order should include \$1.25 postage and handling and West Virginia residents should add 5% sales tax. Copies of the catalog are available upon request.

West Virginia Authors, A Bibliography Vito J. Brent & Joyce Binder

Very brief biographies, including representative works of West Virginia authors, with sources for more detailed information indicated.

103 pages, paperback

The Appalachians Maurice Brooks (Seneca Books)

"This book contains the most complete information regarding the Appalachian Mountains which can be found in any single volume," according to Appalachian Magazine. Naturalist Brooks describes the mountain range's geology and topography, its forests, birds, heaths, ferns, orchids, and creatures large and small.

346 pages, illustrated, paperback \$6.50

West Virginia Trees A. B. Brooks (Seneca Books)

A guidebook to 101 of the 125 native trees of West Virginia, with detailed information and drawings of each. This book was originally published by the West Virginia University Agricultural Experiment Station in 1920.

242 pages, hardback

\$5.00

Struggle in the Coal Fields Fred Mooney

The autobiography of Mr. Mooney, who went to work in the coal mines as a trapper boy at age 13. He was involved in early union attempts to organize the coal miners and served as an official of the UMWA. This is one of the few first-hand accounts.

194 pages, hardback

\$6.00

The Coal Industry in America, A Bibliography and Guide to Studies (Second Edition) Robert F. Munn

An annotated bibliography of the development of one of the nation's basic industries. Includes 3,000 references and a complete author-subject

351 pages, hardback

\$16.00

Strip Mining: An Annotated Bibliography Robert F. Munn

This book aids those interested in the history, development, present practices, and future prospects of strip mining. It includes sections on history, government regulation, environmental effects, and reclamation.

110 pages, hardback

\$4.00

The Wheeling Area, An Annotated Bibliography

Kenneth R. Nodyne and Dennis E. Lawther

This guide to the history of the Wheeling area is divided into five sections—general histories and memoirs of the Upper Ohio Valley; topical histories of the region; the Upper Ohio Valley from pre-history to the Civil War; the Civil War and the creation of West Virginia; and post-Civil War West Virginia.

54 pages, paperback

\$3.00

West Virginia University A Pictorial History, 1867-1979

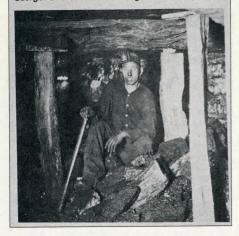
A picture book history of the University in an attractive format.

106 pages, paperback

\$8.50

Guide to Coal Mining Collections in the **United States**

George Parkinson West Virginia University Library



Guide to Coal Mining Collections in the United States

George Parkinson

First guide to the hundreds of collections dealing with the coal industry that exist in libraries throughout the country.

182 pages, paperback

\$7.50

Folk Songs from the West Virginia Hills Patrick W. Gainer (Seneca Books)

Beginning in 1924, Pat Gainer spent more than 50 years collecting and tracing these old songs "from the singing of people who had preserved them in their family tradition for many generations." Each of the 108 songs is presented with tunes, lyrics, and background information.

236 pages, paperback

Witches, Ghosts and Signs: Folklore of the Southern Appalachians

Patrick W. Gainer (Seneca Books)

Strange and supernatural tales that will amuse and even scare you. Dr. Gainer, a widely known folklorist and English professor, discusses Appalachian superstitions, planting by the signs, and mountaineer doctoring.

192 pages, paperback

\$5.95

West Virginia Birds

George A. Hall (Seneca Books)

This book documents the distribution, trends, and population status of birds in West Virginia. Seneca Books is distributing this book for its publisher, the Carnegie Museum of Natural History in Pittsburgh (the Non-Game Wildlife Program of the West Virginia Department of Natural Resources helped finance publication).

\$20.00 180 pages, illustrated, hardback

Natural History of the Cass Scenic Railroad (Second Edition)

Earl L. Core, Editor

The Cass Scenic Railroad, an old logging railroad restored and operated by the State of West Virginia, winds its way up and down Cheat Mountain. These essays describe the wildlife, birds, vegetation, and fish beside the 12 miles of track.

44 pages, paperback

\$1.99

Spring Wild Flowers of West Virginia (Third Edition)

Earl L. Core

Precise descriptions and drawings of 260 wild flowers that grow in West Virginia.

104 pages, paperback

\$4.00

West Virginia Folk Music: A Descriptive Guide to Field Recordings in the West Virginia and Regional History Collection

John A. Cuthbert, Editor

The first comprehensive, computer-based catalog and research guide to the 4,000 folk songs, recorded between 1937 and 1972, in the West Virginia and Regional History Collection of the WVU Library. This book contains an analytical listing of each song, including variant and standard titles, key subjects, bibliographic references, musical analysis, and performance media.

185 pages, paperback

\$10.00

Work Relations in the Coal Industry: The Hand-Loading Era, 1880-1930

Keith Dix

A fascinating account of how coal mining evolved from a relatively independent craft into industrial work under the impact of mechanization.

127 pages, paperback

West Virginia University: Symbol of Unity in a Sectionalized State

William T. Doherty, Jr., & Festus P. Summers

The first published history of West Virginia University, this book contains 70 photographs and illustrations. Dr. Doherty and the late Dr. Summers are former chairmen of the WVU Department of History.

385 pages, hardback

\$25.00

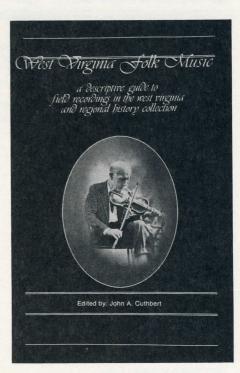
West Virginia History: A Bibliography and Guide to Research

Harold M. Forbes

More than 3,000 books, pamphlets, and articles about West Virginia are listed. The book is organized into three sections-"Communities, Counties, and Regions," including lists of publications about each of the 55 counties; "Topical Histories," including agriculture, labor, and politics; and "General Histories and Reference Works." The book also contains an author-subject index, as well as photographs and drawings.

359 pages, paperback

\$9.00



West Virginia and the Captains of Industry John Alexander Williams

An account of the post-Civil War rush to develop, or exploit, West Virginia's vast natural resources. Great sums were invested within a few years in coal, lumber, and railroads. This study will be of special interest to those concerned with the development of Appalachia.

363 pages, hardback

The Myth of the Appalachian Brain Drain Richard D. Raymond

The myth has it that Appalachia's most talented young people leave the region after they are graduated from college, resulting in a damaging brain drain. But economist Raymond's study of West Virginia college graduates indicates that there is no brain drain.

78 pages, paperback

\$3 00

Flora of West Virginia

P. D. Strausbaugh and Earl L. Core (Seneca Books)

Descriptions and illustrations of 2,200 plants growing in West Virginia and most of the Southeast—ferns, grasses, vines, thistles, briars, wildflowers, shrubs, and trees.

1,079 pages, illustrated, hardback

\$25.00

The Smokeless Coal Fields of West Virginia: A **Brief History**

W. P. Tams, Jr.

Major Tams was one of the leading operators in the southern West Virginia coal fields. His book, which has become something of a classic. was first published in 1963; this is the fourth printing.

107 pages, paperback

\$6.00

Goldenseal Index

Volume 9, 1983

Articles which appeared in Volume 9 are indexed below, under the categories of Subject, Author, Photographer, and Location.

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Films

In the Subject category, articles are listed under their main topic, with many articles cross-referenced under alternate Subject headings. When more than one article appears under a heading, the order is alphabetical by first word of title. Each entry is followed by the seasonal designation of the issue, issue volume and number, and page number. Short notices which appear in the regular column "Current Programs, Festivals, Publications" are not included in the index.

The index for the first three volumes of GOLDENSEAL appeared in the April-September 1978 issue, and the index for Volumes 4 and 5 in the January-March 1980 magazine. The index for each successive volume appears in the final issue of the calendar year (e.g., Volume 9, Number 4).

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