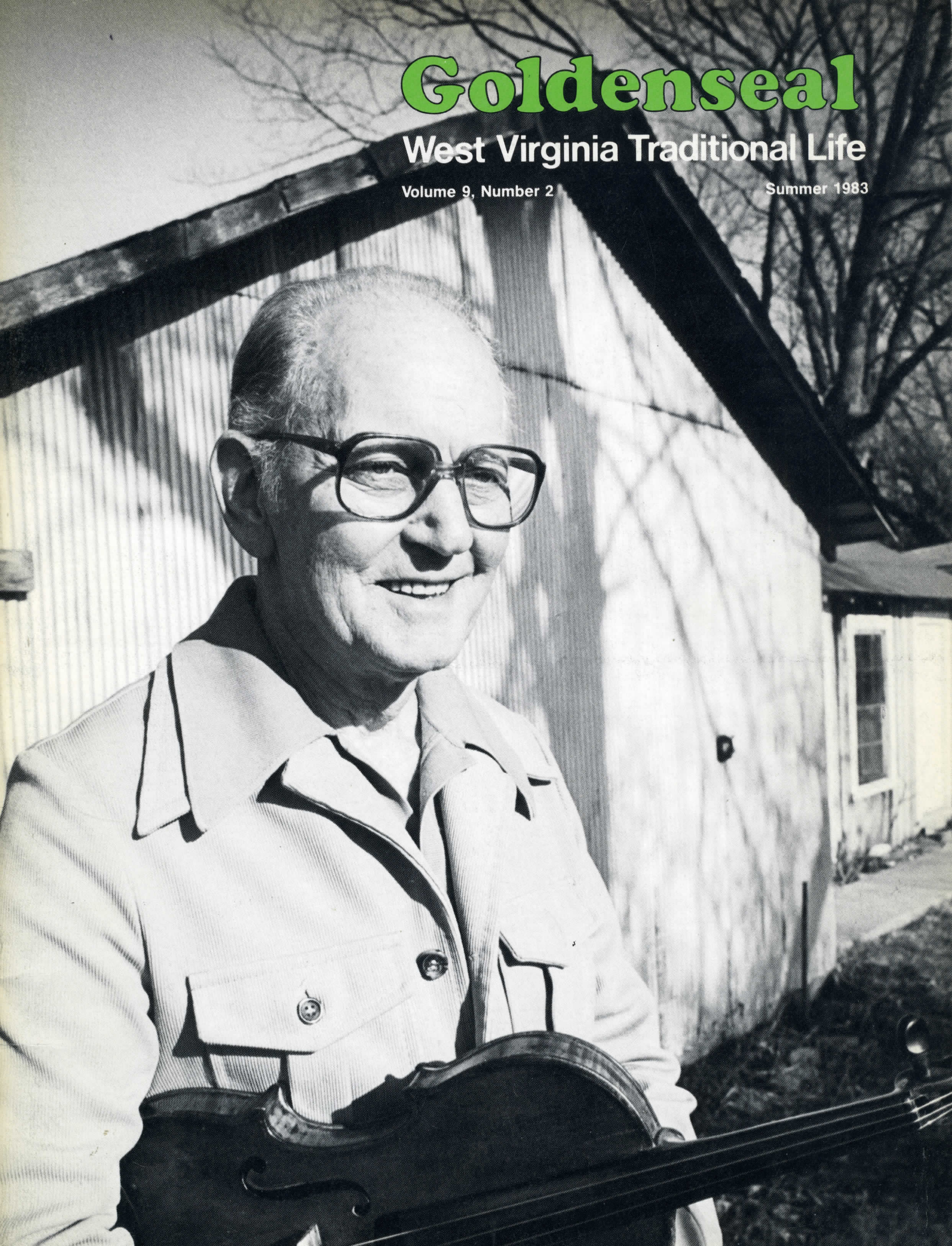
Goldenseal

West Virginia Traditional Life

Volume 9, Number 2 Summer 1983



Summer Craft and Music Events

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

June 2–5
Arts & Crafts Show (Grand Central Mall) — Parkersburg

June 3–4
Second Annual Bobby's River Bend Bluegrass Festival — Crum

June 3–5
Lewisburg Antique Show and Sale (State Fairgrounds) — Lewisburg

June 5
Rhododendron Arts & Crafts Outdoor Festival (State Capitol) — Charleston

June 10
Vienna Volunteer Fire Department Ice Cream Social — Vienna

June 10–12
12th Annual Mountain Heritage Arts and Crafts Festival — Charles Town

June 16–19
West Virginia State Folk Festival — Glenville

June 17–July 10
Tri-State Fair & Regatta — Huntington

June 17–19
Locust Grove Bluegrass Festival (Nevera's Farm) — Hazelton

June 18–19
West Virginia Birthday Party (Cross Roads 4-H Community Center) — Fairmont

June 18–20
West Virginia Day Festival — Hopemont

June 18–August 21
Hatfields & McCoys and *Honey in the Rock* (Grandview State Park) — Beckley

June 19
West Virginia Statehood Celebration (State Capitol) — Charleston

June 20–25
Jackson County Gospel Sing — Cottageville

June 20–26
Hinton/Summers County Homecoming & Heritage Week — Hinton

June 23–25
8th Annual Skyline Bluegrass Festival (Skyline Farm) — Ronceverte

June 24–26
Summersville Bluegrass-Country Music Festival/ Bailes Brothers Homecoming — Summersville

June 24–26
West Virginia Regatta Festival (Sutton Lake) — Sutton

June 25
Pioneer Days and Wheat Harvest (Mason County Farm Museum) — Point Pleasant

June 25–26
Calico Art and Craft Festival (Wheeling Park Ice Rink) — Wheeling

June 26
Hymn Sing (Mason County Farm Museum) — Point Pleasant

June 30–July 4
Mountain State Art & Craft Fair (Cedar Lakes) — Ripley

July 1–4
July Jamboree — Fayetteville

July 7–Aug. 26
Hymn Sing in the Park (Wheeling Park) — Wheeling

July 8–10
Pioneer Days — Marlinton

July 9–10
Local Crafts Weekend (Pricketts Fort) — Fairmont

July 10–Aug. 12
Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop (Davis and Elkins College) — Elkins

July 15
Williamstown Volunteer Firemen's Ice Cream Social (Tomlinson Park) — Williamstown

July 16
Jackson County Gospel Sing — Cottageville

July 25–30
Jackson County Jr. Fair — Cottageville

July 27–31
The Aracoma Story (Chief Logan State Park) — Logan

July 29–30
11th Annual Bluefield Old-Time and Bluegrass Fiddlers Convention (New Glenwood Park) — Princeton

July 29–31
Pocahontas County Mountain Music and Bluegrass Festival — Huntersville

Aug. 1–6
17th Annual Bramwell Street Fair — Bramwell

Aug. 3–6
Decker's Creek Valley Days — Morgantown

Aug. 3–7 & 10–14
The Aracoma Story (Chief Logan State Park) — Logan

Aug. 4–7
Hughes River Holiday — Harrisville

Aug. 5–6
Pleasants County Festival — St. Marys

Aug. 6
Hillbilly Chili Festival (Snowshoe Mountain Resort) — Snowshoe

Aug. 8–13
Cherry River Festival — Richwood

Aug. 11–14
West Virginia Water Festival — Hinton

Aug. 11–14
Bluestone Valley Fair — Spanishburg

Aug. 12–13
Second Annual Bobby's River Bend Bluegrass Festival — Crum

(continued inside back cover)

Published by the
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

John D. Rockefeller, IV
Governor

through its
Department of Culture and
History

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GOLDENSEAL is published four times a year, in February, May, August, and November. 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 25305. Phone (304) 348-0220.

Printed by Watkins Printing Co.

Goldenseal

A Quarterly Forum for Documenting West Virginia's Traditional Life

Volume 9, Number 2 ✦ Summer 1983

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Cover: Putnam County fiddler French Mitchell is a newly recorded Elderberry Records artist. "Fiddling Around" begins on page 9. Photo by Rick Lee.

Letters from Readers

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

Huntington, WV
January 26, 1983
Editor:
I recently had the pleasure of reading through the Summer 1982 issue of your GOLDENSEAL, West Virginia Traditional Life. I especially enjoyed the section on the building of the State Capitol.

As a lifelong West Virginian, I appreciate the interest in our cultural heritage that our state exhibits. My compliments to the state Department of Culture and History in its efforts to foster this interest. Along with the super events such as the Jazz Festival, the exhibits, and the archives, GOLDENSEAL is an excellent example of life in our beautiful state.

Please add my name to your list of subscribers. Enclosed is my check as way of contribution to your effort.
Thank you,
Peter S. Vaughan II

Wheeling, WV
March 16, 1983
Editor:
Enclosed find $10 contribution to help ensure continued publication of GOLDENSEAL. I enjoy the magazine immensely and use it in teaching my "West Virginia History and the Appalachian Subculture" classes.

I have second copies of a few issues and would like to trade them for copies which are missing from my collection. If any readers have similar needs, I will be happy to respond to inquiries. Or I will purchase back issues for a reasonable cost.
Sincerely,
David R. Perkins
Assistant Dean of Instruction
West Virginia Northern Community College
College Square
Wheeling, WV 26003

Suffolk, Virginia
April 5, 1983
Editor:
Enclosed is my annual "contribution" of $10 for 1983's four issues of GOLDENSEAL. I'm sorry I don't have an address label to send as I passed all my back issues on to a native West Virginia couple who have become quite enthused about a magazine devoted to their home state with stories about people and places familiar to them. Their letter for subscription to GOLDENSEAL will most likely reach you before this one; I received a request today to *please* forward to them (they live in Bedford, Virginia) "Fiddlin' John" Johnson's record address.

Although I have no ties to Appalachia or West Virginia, I thoroughly enjoy their culture—all aspects of it—and subscribe to and buy all books and records on the subject that my budget will handle.
Respectfully,
Paula Martin

Arthurdale

Morgan, WV
April 17, 1983
Editor:
I was given one of your GOLDENSEAL magazines lately and on the cover was a picture of some men planting trees. That picture was taken approximately 49 years ago and the man bent down holding the tree is my dad. The issue was Volume 7, Number 2 (April–June 1981).

On page 18 is a picture of a group of children from the school. I am in it, front row, second from left; also my brother, second row, sixth from the right. My mom and dad were in the bunch of people who, with Mrs. Roosevelt's help, built Arthurdale. My mom's brother has one of the original houses up there. My dad and mom danced with Mrs. Roosevelt many times at the Community Center. I have one of the rocker chairs that was made at Mr. Godlove's class of chairmaking. It was given to me when I was about two years old. Mom and Dad lived on U Road.

Dad recalls many of the names in this issue. He is 84 years old now. His name is John Robert Constable, my mom's is Leafy.
Sincerely,
Norma DeVall

Spring GOLDENSEAL

Fairmont, WV
March 29, 1983
Editor:
I have just recently become aware of your fine magazine and have just finished reading the excellent article on Mr. Kemper who does the lovely birds. I have quite a collection of them and it is nice to know more about Mr. and Mrs. Kemper. Congratulations on a fine publication. I hope you will allow me to become a new subscriber. I enclose a check for that purpose.
Sincerely,
Thelma Shaw

Morgantown, WV
April 4, 1983
Editor:
It's always exciting to read about objects of beauty created out of ordinary materials. The bird that Claude Kemper knows is to be found in a certain piece of wood urges him to carve until he has freed it. The story of his work as told by Noel W. Tenney in GOLDENSEAL, Volume 9, Number 1, with photographs by David L. Anderson, allowed one to become a part of Kemper's experience.

Having a particular interest in West Virginia glass, I was delighted to see "Objects of Beauty and Light: Glass-

making in West Virginia," by Joseph Platania, in the same issue. This article adds to the dramatic story of the skillful creation of useful and beautiful glass pieces from ordinary earthy materials, refined by extreme heat. All West Virginia can take pride in the handiwork of the master craftsmen at Pilgrim, Blenko, and other glass plants in the state.

Congratulations to Rick Lee, photographer, for his series of excellent pictures, made under difficult circumstances, of the creative process used in glass.

Thank you for GOLDENSEAL, truly the magazine of West Virginia traditional life.

Yours truly,
Martha Manning
Area Representative
Census of Stained Glass Windows in America

Ames, Iowa
March 22, 1983
Editor:

You really gave my winter "blahs" a blast when I received the Spring '83 issue of GOLDENSEAL. My dog Putt-Putt was on the cover under the name of Seamus with master Frank George. However, Putt-Putt was born in Iowa of unidentified parents. So-o-o, I guess his genealogy could trace back to West Virginia as well as mine. That is, if my parents gave me the straight story.

The "Glassmaking in West Virginia" story by Joseph Platania is a well-deserved tribute to that illustrious industry. In fact, it roused my interest to the point where I would like to have the names and addresses of the West Virginia glass companies in order to do some research on their glass products. Some day I hope to tour the glassworks trail.

Then came the toy trains story, "An Obsession," by the talented Tennants. Since I was born and raised in Terra Alta, a mainline B&O town, trains (big or small) are nostalgic to me. The engines always heaved a big sigh of relief after they struggled up the steep grade from Rowlesburg to Terra Alta.

Enclosed you will find a donation to your warm and wonderful publication packed with talents and treasures which emits a labor of love. This donation also includes a token amount to obtain two additional copies of the Spring '83 issue for gifts to relatives. If you need additional money to cover costs, please let me know.

Not only your publication but your service deserves an award. Both features are becoming a rare commodity in current times.

Thanks, thanks, thanks, and Happy Easter.

Sincerely,
Pat Hughes

Morro Bay, California
February 12, 1983
Editor:

I was born and raised in West Virginia and GOLDENSEAL has brought many nostalgic moments. The story on Johnny Johnson brought many memories, for the Johnson boys were in our home many times. My brother played guitar so they had quite a jam session. Charles, Johnny's older brother, was at our place most often.

The story of the "Locks and Dams" also was of great interest, for my uncle from St. Albans worked on the locks for years.

I enjoy the letters from the many readers and was very interested in the letter from Frances Deardorff Rushford, for my uncle's daughter was married to a Deardorff and lived in Winfield. So this really turns out to be a small world after all.

I haven't been back home since '63 but through *Wonderful West Virginia* and GOLDENSEAL I see all the wonderful things that are happening. I look forward to visiting home again—for once a West Virginian, always a West Virginian.

Sincerely,
Ruby Mullins Tucker

Elk Garden Ice Cream

Morgantown, WV
April 7, 1983
Editor:

In regards to the question raised by a reader in the Spring issue of GOLDENSEAL concerning an ice cream parlor in Elk Garden, my four sisters and five brothers grew up in the Elk Garden area. We are the children of Christopher and Rebecca Yeager.

To my knowledge, there was never an ice cream parlor by the name of "Old Ike's," but there was one owned and operated by Felix Cantis or Cannas. (I'm not sure of the last name.) Felix made all of his own ice cream and had a small area where you could sit and be served by a lady who worked for him. Her name was Miss Floratina. I don't have any knowledge when they came to this country or when they came to Elk Garden but they both died there, first Felix and then Miss Floratina.

Felix also sold groceries and other items, such as tobacco, some jewelry, and candy. My mother quite often sent Miss Floratina some apples and baked goods, and whichever one of us children was lucky enough to deliver them was rewarded with goodies from Miss Floratina.

Last spring my sister and I went through some old pictures and found one of Felix in front of his store.

We enjoy GOLDENSEAL very much.

Sincerely,
Nell Yeager Coleman

Father Kraus

Alum Bridge, WV
April 4, 1983
Editor:

I am enclosing $10 for a subscription to GOLDENSEAL. If at all possible, please send me a copy of the Spring 1983 issue. My husband's uncle, Father Kraus, is mentioned in the article about St. Joseph Settlement.

Father Kraus died March 22, 1983. He did see the story a few weeks before his death, and was pleased with it.

Thank you,
Mrs. David Kraus

Current Programs • Festivals • Publications

Quilt National 1983

Through June and early July, the Southeastern Ohio Cultural Arts Center will host the third biennial Quilt National exhibit. The event, featuring nearly 80 contemporary quilts, will be held at the Art Center's Dairy Barn in Athens, Ohio.

Quilt National is not an exhibition of traditional quilts of the sort most familiar to West Virginians, although traditional quilters and collectors may be interested in the innovative designs and techniques. This year's show will display the work of modern artists from across the United States and several foreign countries. A full program of accompanying workshops and free public lectures will be offered from June 5 through June 30.

Admission to Quilt National 1983 is $1.50, $1 for children and senior citizens. Further information may be requested from coordinator Hilary Fletcher, P.O. Box 747, Athens, Ohio 45701; (614) 592-4981.

Preservation Alliance Annual Meeting

The second annual meeting of the Preservation Alliance of West Virginia, Inc., will be held June 10–12 in Bluefield at the Sheraton Motor Inn. The meeting has been planned to coincide with activities of the Pocahontas Coalfield Centennial Celebration, which commemorates the 100th anniversary of the opening of the coalfield.

The PA meeting will include a tour of nearby Bramwell ["Millionaires' Town," GOLDENSEAL, Vol. 8, no. 4], Friday night get-together and featured speaker, annual business meeting and election of officers, Saturday evening dinner theater in the Bluefield Area Cultural Center, a National Register building, and possibly other tours and films. Participants will also have the opportunity to consult with experts in various areas of historic preservation. The state's first Outstanding Preservationist Award will be presented, and the Alliance's new *Preservation Handbook* will be available.

Preservation Alliance is an educational, non-profit organization designed to encourage public awareness of West Virginia's historical, architectural, and environmental heritage. For further information, write Preservation Alliance of West Virginia, Inc., P.O. Box 1135, Clarksburg 26302.

20th Art and Craft Fair

West Virginia's Mountain State Art and Craft Fair will celebrate its 20th anniversary this year with more than 100 artists and craftsmen participating in the five-day event, June 30 through July 4. Cedar Lakes, near Ripley, has been the setting for the Fair since its beginning in 1963.

Musicians and dancers will provide ongoing entertainment from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily in the music-heritage tent. Strolling musicians and smaller music tents will be located around the fairgrounds. Appalachian food offered from 18 concession booths will include homemade ice cream, barbecued chicken, roasted ears of corn, and cornbread and beans. Craft demonstrations and heritage exhibits, such as corn grinding, shingle splitting, lye soap and candle making, will be featured as in previous years.

The Art and Craft Fair is sponsored by the West Virginia Artists and Craftsmen's Guild and several agencies of state government. Admission to the Fair is $3 for adults and $1 for children 6–12, with children under 6 admitted free. Senior citizens and members of tour groups of 10 or more will be charged $2 apiece.

Doc Williams Reunion

Doc Williams, one of West Virginia's greatest old-style country musicians, will present his Fifth Annual Friends and Fans Reunion on Sunday, August 21, in Wheeling. For the second year, the Reunion will be held at the Oglebay Park amphitheater.

Doc will celebrate his 50th year in country music, and his 45th year as a Wheeling entertainer, at the Fifth Reunion. He and his Border Riders band came to WWVA's "Wheeling Jamboree" in 1937, and within a year or so had established themselves as the radio show's most popular act. Nowadays, Doc appears occasionally on "Jamboree USA" but gives more of his attention to running his Country Store across the street. He hosted the British Broadcasting Corporation's TV crew for two days during their 1982 visit to the state, and will be one of the featured performers on the BBC program on West Virginia music. That program will air this summer in Britain and later be released for worldwide distribution.

Doc makes no bones about the nature of his music, and states frankly that he thinks that the early country music was much better than the new. "I make no attempt to present a modern version of country music," he says. "My goal is to capture the nostalgic country sounds of the pioneers who started it all." In past Reunions he has returned many of those pioneers to a Wheeling stage, including Lee Moore, Buddy Starcher, and others. He expects to have most of the Reunion regulars back this year.

On Saturday night before the Sunday Reunion, Doc has been invited to present a special one-hour segment of "Jamboree USA." He and his wife, Chickie, will share the stage with many of the early stars. Admission to this program will be included in the regular "Jamboree" ticket for that night.

Tickets to the Fifth Reunion may be purchased by writing to Doc Williams, Box 902, Wheeling 26003. Reserved seats cost $9, with advance general admission seats going for $7; Sunday walk-ins will be charged $8.

West Virginia Square Dances

The Country Dance & Song Society of America recently published *West Virginia Square Dances*, by Robert C. Dalsemer. The book is something of a cross between a practical handbook for dancers and a work of scholarship.

Dalsemer, now living in Baltimore, was a Randolph County Creative Arts Council artist-in-residence in 1977–78. GOLDENSEAL readers may remember him from his critical perspective on fiddler Woody Simmons' music in our July–September 1979 issue, or from his excellent liner notes on Woody's "All Smiles Tonight" album released in the same year. His new book covers five community dances he frequented during his Randolph County residency. They are the New Creek Volunteer Fire Department dance in Mineral County; the Dunmore Community Center dance in Pocahontas County; dances at Glenville; the Helvetia Community Hall dance in Raldolph County; and the Marilla Center dance in Morgantown.

West Virginia Square Dances gives short introductions to each community's dance program, but its real value is in its detailed descriptions of the various square dances themselves. The calls are transcribed, broken down into the caller's introduction, the several figures, and the dance's ending. Each is followed by one or more paragraphs describing the action at that point, before the next part of the dance is taken up. Diagrams are interspersed throughout the book. One appendix lists tunes commonly played at each community, with another appendix providing the music for the singing calls of Worley Gardner of Morgantown.

GOLDENSEAL readers and festival goers will be pleased at the appearance of Simmons, Mack Samples, and other old friends in the new book. The $7.50 price seems a bit steep for a small paperback, but it will probably be worth that to folklorists and others seriously interested in modern West Virginia square dancing. Orders (which should include 90¢ postage and handling) may be addressed to the Country Dance & Song Society of America, 505 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10018.

New River Park Seeks Craftspeople

The New River Gorge National River, a unit of the National Park Service, will be hosting the New River Crafts Fair on October 8–9. The Fair will be held at the park's new Canyon Rim visitor center at the north end of the New River bridge.

New River Superintendent James Carrico recently announced that craftspeople are being sought for the event, which will be held in conjunction with Fayette County's annual Bridge Day festivities. Interested people should obtain an entry form from the park, and then submit three slides or photographs of their work by June 15. A screening committee will make selections by July 1. Selected craftspeople will then be charged a $25 registration fee and assigned an exhibit and demonstration space.

Crafts particularly being sought for the Fair include riflemaking, knifemaking, dollmaking, woodcarving, spinning and weaving, blacksmithing, and woodworking and furniture making.

Entry forms and further information may be requested from New River Crafts Fair, New River Gorge National River, P.O. Drawer V, Oak Hill 25901.

Southern Exposure 10th Anniversary

Southern Exposure magazine recently celebrated its 10th anniversary with a special commemorative spring issue. For the past decade the magazine, which dubs itself "The Voice of the Progressive South," has spoken out on issues of concern to Southerners.

Southern Exposure defines its region broadly, to include West Virginia and most of Appalachia. Subjects drawn from this area in past issues have included the black lung movement, coal mining, labor history, land ownership, and other topics. The editors expect to continue to cover the mountains in the future, although the bulk of their attention will still be devoted to the Upper and Lower South.

Southern Exposure is published bimonthly, with each issue bound in heavy covers with a "perfect binding" of the sort used on paperback books. Subscriptions are $16, and may be ordered by writing to *Southern Exposure*, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702. The magazine is published by the Institute for Southern Studies.

Highland Games

The 1983 West Virginia Highland Games will be held on Saturday, June 11, on the Hurricane High School playing field in Putnam County. The colorful annual program of Scottish games and festivities is sponsored by the St. Andrew's Society of West Virginia.

This year's Games will feature performances by at least two Scottish bands. The main attraction will be the traditional competitive events, including the caber toss, sheaf toss, and weight toss. The caber—a 14-foot or longer timber very much resembling a short telephone pole—is perhaps best known to non-Scots; in competition it is not only tossed but flipped. The sheaf is an 18-pound bag of wheat. The weight toss is divided by age, with adults heaving 56 pounds for height and distance. The "Cardinals" parachute team from the West Virginia National Guard is expected to perform, and vendors will offer clan plaids and food.

The St. Andrews Society of West Virginia is dedicated to the preservation of Scottish culture in the Mountain State. The Society publishes a newsletter, *The Bagpiper*, plans a cookbook, and hosts a Robert Burns Dinner and other events in addition to the Games.

The 1983 Games will start with a long distance run at 9:00 a.m. For more information on the Games or on the Society, contact Brady Woodard, 10 Hancock Court, Barboursville 25504.

Appalachian Humor Festival

"Laughter in Appalachia," a weekend festival sponsored by the Berea College Appalachian Center, will take place Friday and Saturday, July 15–16, on the Berea College campus.

In addition to scholarly presentations by faculty members of Berea College and East Tennessee State University, the festival will feature a number of regional humorists, including Jim Comstock, Billy Edd Wheeler, and Jennie Wilson.

Humorists of all ages are invited to participate, and cash prizes will be awarded to first, second, and third place winners in at least five categories: Jokes, Traditional Tales, True Humorous Stories, Best Humorous Folk Song, and Best Humorous Original Song.

For more information, contact the Berea College Appalachian Center, College Box 2336, Berea, KY 40404, or call (606) 986-9341, ext. 453.

Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop

Augusta enters its 11th season this year with traditional arts workshops running for much of the summer. The courses will begin on the Davis and Elkins College campus in Elkins on July 10, and conclude on August 13. The Augusta Festival will bring the month of events to a close on the weekend of August 13–14.

Augusta offers the most extensive program of traditional arts, crafts, lore, music, and dance available in West Virginia. More than 50 courses will be taught this summer. Most deal with aspects of traditional Appalachian culture, while others—bobbin lacemaking and papermaking, for example—feature fine crafts not generally associated with our region. As in recent past years, Augusta will also spotlight traditional British Isles culture. The first week this summer is designated Irish Week, featuring Mike Moloney and other Irish musicians, and Ceili dance as taught by Donny Golden.

There are more than a dozen new courses at Augusta this year. Among these are blues harmonica, shape-note singing, letterpress printing, advanced stained glass, and one called "weeds for your needs." Paul Reisler will again teach his popular three-week course on hammered dulcimer construction. Michael Kline, Augusta assistant director and frequent GOLDENSEAL contributor, will teach oral history techniques, while David Mould offers instruction in the production of oral history for radio and other audio uses.

It seems impossible to condense the goings-on at Augusta into a few short paragraphs, so we are providing an abbreviated course schedule. Tuition is $40 per course, with materials fees required for some, and dormitory lodging is available; Visa and Mastercard are accepted. You may write to Augusta Heritage Arts Workshop, D&E College, Elkins 26241 for registration forms and more information.

Irish Week—July 10–16
Musical Instrument Repair
Finger-Picking Guitar
Advanced Hammered Dulcimer
Traditional Needlework
Appalachian Life & Arts (through July 23)
Functional Woodcraft
Weaving I (through July 23)
Basketry (through July 23)
Advanced Stained Glass
Rug Braiding
Ceili Dance

Blues Week—July 17–23
Musical Instrument Construction (through August 6)
Fretted Dulcimer
Intermediate Hammered Dulcimer
Quilting I (through July 30)
Folk Carving & Whittling
Stained Glass
Blues Harmonica
Clogging

Week 3—July 24–30
Appalachian Music (through August 6)
Autoharp®
Pottery (through August 6)
Oral History (through August 6)
Coopering
Weaving II (through August 6)
Tole Painting
Herbs
Bobbin Lacemaking
Calligraphy I
Letterpress Printing
Clogging
Shape-note Singing

Dance Week—July 31–August 6
Advanced Quilt Design
Chairmaking (through August 13)
White Oak Basketry
Woodslore & Herbs
Creative Crochet
Calligraphy II
Shape-note Singing
Couples Dancing

Vocal Week—August 7–13
Old-time String Band
Advanced Mandolin
Beginning Hammered Dulcimer
Rug Hooking
Radio Production of Oral History
Spinning
Egg Basket
Woodslore & Bushcraft
Papermaking
Storytelling
Clogging

(There will also be weekend workshops in several other subjects.)

My Last Haystack

By William J. Wilcox

The proverb of the needle lost in a haystack may be doomed to oblivion, not for lack of lost needles but by the disappearance of the haystack. As recently as 20 years ago there were few meadows, in Marion and surrounding counties, without at least one haystack at the conclusion of hay harvest. But now, with the reduction of meadow lands and the advent of the portable baler, a haystack has become a novelty worthy of photographing for the benefit of posterity.

Nonetheless, and within the memory of most farm people today, every farm boy once was required to learn the art of stacking hay. I was one of them, but in spite of Dad's best efforts my stacking career came to an ignoble end some 35 years ago.

We had just moved to a new community when a local diary farmer learned that I had done my share of stacking hay, and sought my services. As he was my intended father-in-law and I wanted to make a favorable impression, I quickly agreed to stack for him.

When I arrived at the hayfield the next day, the pole had already been set some 30 inches into the ground, firmly tamped, with a sturdy platform of crisscrossed rails providing an 11-foot-square base for the stack. Though the hillside on which the bottom was built pitched downward at something like 40 degrees, there was little time to be concerned with the fact that I had never stacked on such steep ground.

With one man hauling hay to the stack with a rubber-tired hay sweep, and two experienced pitchers rolling hay onto the stack bottom, I went to work laying the hay in place and compacting it by walking over it. By the time the cylindrical bottom had reached a height of some eight feet, it appeared that I knew what I was doing. The sides were vertical, and required little raking, and the pole was almost perfectly centered in the hay.

After a quick survey of the hay intended for the stack, each layer was allowed to project slightly beyond the previous layer as the stack body was "layed out." It was during this process that the unusual height of the lower side of the stack became apparent, and I committed the cardinal sin in stacking—I did not tramp the outside lower edge.

Still, when it came time to start pulling the cylinder in by reducing the diameter of each succeeding layer, my haystack was a picture of perfection. The sides of the stack bottom, for the hay in the base was also called the stack bottom, remained perfectly vertical and symmetrical. The bulge of the body was just right to accommodate all of the hay allocated for my stack. Each layer drooped just right to produce a near-perfect mantle to shed rain and snow. The stack was a real masterpiece in every respect. Or at least, it looked good.

At this point, it became necessary to keep the center of the growing haystack slightly higher than the outer edges to provide for a continuation of the water shedding mantle. As the stack pole became shorter and shorter with each added layer of hay, instead of the normal side-to-side shifting with each change of the stacker's position, somehow my stack seemed to prefer to shift only in one direction—down the hill.

When my future father-in-law ordered three rails installed against the lower side of my stack, my face reddened with embarrassment and I felt a surge of resentment for the rails. By the time the stack was topped out, the "twister" cap rolled from the last fork of hay, and carefully tramped down around the pole, the wisdom of installing the props was most apparent. Each shift of weight produced a very uncomfortable sensation that both the stack and stacker were in imminent danger of toppling over, and rolling down the steep hillside to the narrow bottom below.

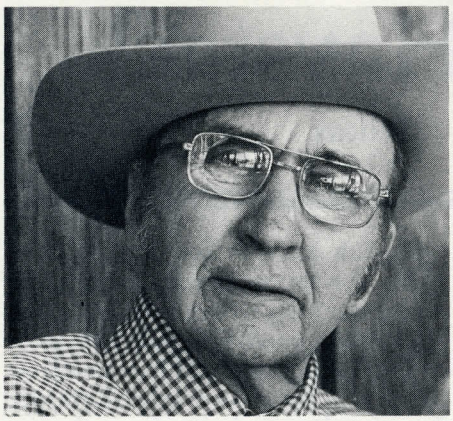
My job done, as best I could do it under the circumstances, I called for the leather lines from the team. I made a quick turn around the pole with them and, dropping one end for one of the pitchers on the ground to hold, grasped the other line and slid down the opposite side of the stack. Experience paid off here, anyway, as there was scarcely a mark left by my rapid descent.

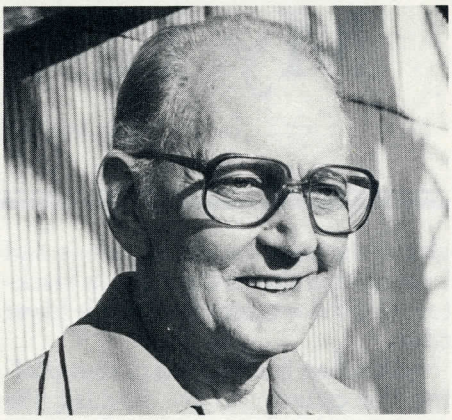
Now, I don't know whether that crooked stack had anything to do with it or not, but that was the last time I was asked to stack hay in our new community. I do know that I was much relieved when my stack was the first to be torn apart and hauled to the haymow that winter. I can't look at that meadow without an uncomfortable flush coming to my face, even after all these years. Of the more than 30 stacks against that steep hillside that fall, only mine was propped with fence rails.

I married the dairyman's daughter in spite of that haystack, and we have lived happily together for over 35 years. 'Til the day the Lord called him home, my father-in-law never mentioned that haystack, and needless to say, I never mentioned it either.

These days, when haying season comes, one can expect to see tractors mowing meadows, pulling crimpers, side delivery rakes, and portable balers. There will be farm boys and young men walking alongside the rubber-tired hay wagon loading neat bales, or there may even be a large tractor pulling a contraption making huge rolled bales which will be fed to the livestock just where they are completed. Should you chance upon the unlikely scene of a number of men and boys, with teams of horses, building a haystack, stop and watch a bit, for you will be witnessing the practice of a vanishing art.

Elderberry Records





Woody Simmons and French Mitchell are the first two musicians recorded by Elderberry Records. Left photo by Doug Yarrow, right by Rick Lee.

Elderberry Records is the record label of the West Virginia Department of Culture and History. A part of the Department's mission is to preserve and perpetuate West Virginia folk culture, and Elderberry seeks to further that goal through documentary recordings of some of the best of the state's traditional music. With just two projects completed so far, Elderberry has only scratched the surface of our musical heritage, but the resulting albums are of two fine older musicians who otherwise might never have been professionally recorded.

The first Elderberry record, released in 1979, was "All Smiles Tonight," by fiddler Woody Simmons of Randolph County. Simmons, now in his early 70's, is a perennial favorite at Vandalia and other festivals. For many years he has been a formidable competitor at regional music contests, and his small house at Mill Creek is crammed with awards and mementos.

The object in 1979 was to capture Woody while he was at the height of his powers as a fiddler, and to make his music available to those unfortunate people who may never have had the chance to hear him in person. He was backed up on the record by Jimmie and Loren Currence, Burt Dodrill, and Paul Armstrong, accomplished West Virginia musicians themselves although still a few years from Woody's "old master" category. The album features the title tune, "I'll Be All Smiles Tonight"; "Sugar in the Gourd," and other fiddle standards; as well as the previously unrecorded "Susie's Band," "West Virginia Highway," and "Mitchell's Clog." "All Smiles Tonight" has sold steadily since its release four years ago, and is still available for purchase.

The new Elderberry record is "First Fiddle," by French Mitchell of Putnam County. Mitchell, also in his early 70's, is interviewed in the accompanying article by Ivan Tribe and Robert Taylor. "First Fiddle" was released at the 1983 Vandalia Gathering, held over Memorial Day Weekend at the Cultural Center and on the adjoining grounds of the State Capitol.

French played professionally during much of the 1930's, '40's, and early '50's. This was the golden age of live country music radio shows in West Virginia, and French performed on WMMN Fairmont, on the famous WWVA "Wheeling Jamboree" during its early days, and on other stations. In many ways, "First Fiddle" is a tribute to the feisty music of that era.

The album features a virtuoso fiddle performance by French, backed up by brother Auvil Mitchell on guitar. Included are traditional tunes such as "Sally Ann Johnson"; little-known numbers picked up on the road, such as the exotic "Sunrise Over the Guinea Farm"; and "Thelma's Sore Toe" and other tunes by French himself. Modestly undervaluing his music, he says of the half-dozen original compositions, "I just made 'em up setting around the house."

Elderberry's purpose, apart from the important business of bringing good music to as many people as possible, is mainly documentary. Each recorded artist is extensively interviewed about his life and the context of his music. The interviews are published as GOLDENSEAL articles near the time of each record's release, and reprinted as booklets for insertion in the albums. This bonus booklet provides the sort of background information included with the folk albums of the Library of Congress and other major documentary recorders.

At present there are no new Elderberry records in the works. There are, of course, plenty of fine musicians worthy of recording. Elderberry will never be able to do all of them, but expects eventually to record many of the best.

Record projects are chosen on a priority basis, with the musician's excellence and authenticity, as well as other factors, figured into the decision. Advancing age and declining health are both critical considerations, for example, to ensure that important music does not pass away with the individual musician. Priority is also given to musicians who have never been recorded, from the same desire to preserve music which might otherwise be lost. Elderberry's panel of advisors—all musicians themselves—assess potential projects as funds become available and good suggestions arise.

ELDERBERRY RECORDS

"All Smiles Tonight" and "First Fiddle" may be bought for $7 each at The Shop in the Cultural Center in Charleston, at The Shop outlet in West Virginia Independence Hall in Wheeling, and at other retail stores. Mail orders should be addressed to The Shop, The Cultural Center, Capitol Complex, Charleston, WV 25305. These should include the purchase price, and $2 per record postage and handling, as well as 35¢ per record sales tax from West Virginia residents.

French Mitchell spent much of his younger life on the road, but always returned home to Buffalo in Putnam County.

"Fiddling Around"

An Interview with French Mitchell

By Ivan Tribe and Robert Taylor

Photographs by Rick Lee

French Mitchell of Putnam County stands out as a fine fiddler in a state full of fiddlers. Like many others, he began early. He was born in 1911 and father Robert Fred Mitchell started him off in music a few years later, first on a cello tuned up like a bass fiddle. The other Mitchell children received similar treatment, and the talented family also produced—in addition to brother Auvil, back-up guitarist on French's new album—a fine instrumentalist in older brother Lawrence. Nor were the three sisters musically neglected, with the youngest, Genevieve, being trained for opera.

The Mitchell boys came of age in the exciting time when it first became possible for mountain musicians to aspire to an actual paying career. Radio, especially, opened large audiences for the music. After graduating from the cello the brothers settled down to other instruments, gradually jelling as an impromptu family band. They played local picnics and dances, sometimes with their father. The first big break came with a chance to play on the old Charleston station WOBU's "Old Farm Hour." Dubbing themselves the Buffalo Nighthawks for their hometown of Buffalo, French and Auvil Mitchell, with banjo player Winifred Weaver, went on the air.

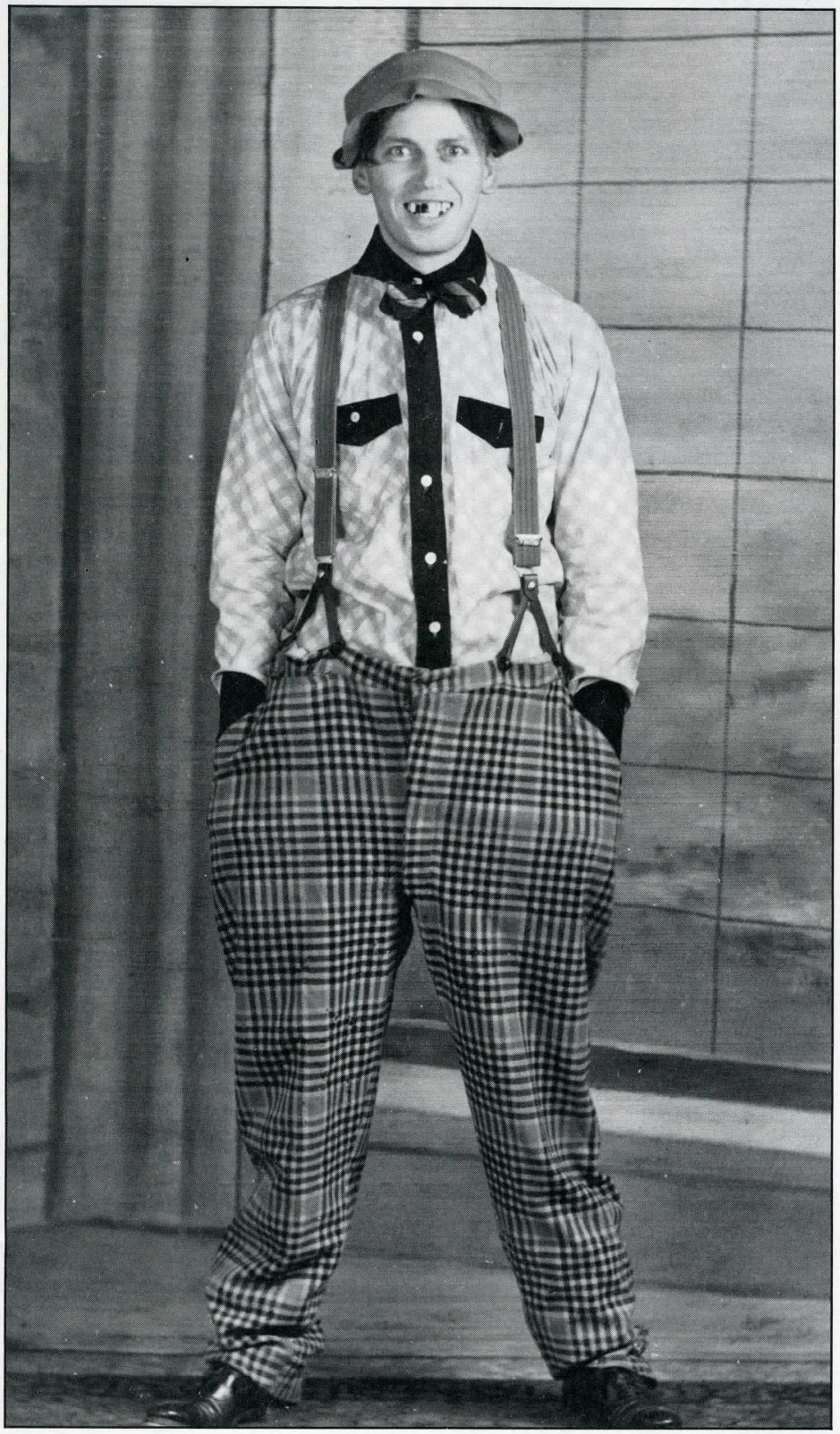
Other opportunities followed. French and Auvil went to WAIU in Columbus and then to Wheeling's WWVA, in the early days of the famous "Jamboree." They played with various groups on


"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE"

Left Top: French's house is filled with mementos. This fiddle was made by his father, Robert Fred Mitchell.

Left Bottom: Cowboy Loye's band, about 1930. Ray Myers, the armless guitarist, is at left, Cowboy in the center, and French Mitchell second from right. French and Debs "Slim" Mays, fourth from right, later formed a trio with Jack Furbee. Photographer unknown.

Comedy was an important part of early country music acts, and French Mitchell took his turn at it. Date and photographer unknown.



the radio, supplementing their income by regional personal appearances. Not all the live stage shows were profitable, however, and Auvil left for home in disgust after one performance netted each musician only a few pennies after expenses had been deducted. French, evidently bitten a little harder by the music bug, stayed on the road and on the radio.

That was in the early '30's. French played professional music off and on for at least two more decades, depending on how you count. He played with well-known country groups of the day, staying longest with Cowboy Loye when Loye's band was working out of WWVA. Loye and other performers whom French recalls from that period are forgotten to most of us today, but he remembers that the pay was good—up to $50 a week during the Depression—and the crowds large and appreciative. "When I tell the boys today the crowds we used to have, they can't hardly believe it," he says.

The outbreak of World War II found French Mitchell playing with a trio in Virginia. He promptly returned home, expecting a call to service, but as it turned out he was to spend the war in civilian industrial work. He went back to music after the war, beginning in Fairmont and ranging as far as Oklahoma City. He was still playing radio shows, but the days of live radio were now numbered. Eventually French went into other work, closer to home. In recent years he has not played professionally, though he's a regular at Vandalia, plays a contest now and then, and backs up a gospel quartet.

Considering this long career and his excellence as a musician, it is amazing that French Mitchell has never been featured on a record album. This oversight has now been remedied, with the recent recording of his "First Fiddle" album for the Elderberry Records label of the West Virginia Department of Culture and History. Elderberry's purpose is primarily documentary, and we interviewed French as a part of the record project. We present him here, in his own words, for the readers of GOLDENSEAL and the purchasers of "First Fiddle":

Let's talk about when and where you were born, and how you learned to play the fiddle, what got you interested in music, all that sort of thing.

The Buckaneers—Slim Mays, French, and Jack Furbee—formed after French and Slim left Cowboy Loye. French performed under the stage name "Curly" throughout his professional career. Photographer unknown, about 1940. The handbill is for a personal appearance when French and Slim were playing at WMMN, Fairmont. French played the saw as a novelty instrument, and still does occasionally.

Well, my dad played the fiddle, and my oldest brother played a banjo. And then we first started out on cello, tuned up like a bass fiddle. See, we played that for a good while.

Played that with a bow?

Yeah, with a bow. And then I played a guitar after that. Played it for a while. But you know, I'd still fiddle around on the fiddle.

When were you born?

Oh, 1911.

Was that here in Buffalo?

Well, right out over the hill here. In 1911, March 11. And then, you know, as we grew older, my brother Auvil—younger than I am—took up the banjo and we played around a lot for these homecomings, picnics, things like that.

That was around here, through this area?

Just around here, yes. I liked the fiddle and my dad, Robert Fred Mitchell, made fiddles. He made several. I just kind of dropped the guitar then and went to playing the fiddle.

We played around home here, for square dances. We played picnics. We played on the old station up at Charleston, WOBU, on the "Old Farm Hour." Winifred Weaver played the banjo and Auvil played the guitar. I think we called ourselves the Buffalo Nighthawks. And then we went to Columbus, played with Slim Cox there. I reckon maybe it was '28 or '29, somewhere around that. We broadcast over WAIU, then we'd go around and play personal appearances.

What kind of music did you play then?

Oh, just old-time, old fiddle tunes, hillbilly.

Was that a daily show in Ohio?

Yes. Best I can remember, it was in the morning. We wasn't there very long. I don't know whether we come home for a while, or what. I think we did, and Slim Cox called and wanted us to come back and play with him.

We left Ohio and come back home again, and then we went to Wheeling. We went to Wheeling with Shad Roe, a banjo player. We was up there about a year with him, about 1929. He played all kinds of novelty instruments—played a saw, played a balloon, and he had a drum fixed up with a string on it. A lot of them had a washtub but he had a drum, and just one string, you know, and he got the tones by pulling on that string.

Oh, lord, then he left and went to Pittsburgh, I believe. And he wanted us to go out there with him, but me and Auvil wouldn't go. Tex Harrison, he was there on WWVA at that time, and he said if Shad had to leave, why, we could start playing with him. He had a group there, I don't know, four or five. So we went to playing with him, played shows and all.

I never will forget, we played a show, you know, drove I don't know how far, and of course he had to take the expenses out—car, gas, and the advertising and all—and when we split it up I think we had three pennies. Three pennies apiece. And Auvil, he got mad, he said, "My land," he says, "I'm not gonna play like that. I'm going home." I said, "Auvil, I'm not going this time." I always went home with him, you know, because we played together so much, back at that time.

I played with Tex Harrison for a good while. He played a tenor banjo. Him and his wife sang duets and solos, and he played a banjo solo or two.

He had an accordion player, Joe somebody—I can't think of his name—he had us all out for dinner one day. We was all gonna have a big spaghetti dinner. And, why, I hadn't eat any spaghetti. I didn't know what it was. Of course, they was all Italian, they fixed it up the old Italian way. And we all got around the table, you know, and they brought me a big plate of that stuff, and I'll swan, I couldn't stand the smell of it! They had all that cheese and all that stuff that goes with it—why, I couldn't eat a bite of it. But I played with him a good while.

Then Tex was going to Pittsburgh. Wanted me to go with him, but I said, "No, I'm not going." Cowboy Loye heard that Tex was going to leave, and he asked me if I was going with him. I said, "No, I'm not going with him."

Well, he said, "Would you want to play with me and Plain John?" I says, "Well, lord, yes, I'd just love to." He said, "Now all I want you to do is play background." Why, I said, "Cowboy, I never played it in my life." Oh, he says, "You can play it good enough for us." And he said, "I'll give you $15 a week." Lord, I thought that was big money! Back then.

I think I stayed longer with Cowboy Loye than any other outfit. I started playing with him, I think it was in '34 or '35. He kept adding to his group.

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A WMMN publicity photo, about 1940.

Why, there was Custer Allen, Denver Darling, and the three Blue Bonnet Girls, and Smiley Lowe—oh, he had 10 or 12 in his gang there at one time. Cowboy Loye and Plain John was the name ones.

We played personal appearances and we'd have a good crowd. West Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Kentucky. Ever place. I'd get in that bus, and sometimes I'd be asleep when they got to the place. I didn't know where it was, but I'd get on the stage and put on a show. Get in the bus and go back home.

When I tell the boys today the crowds that we used to have, they can't hardly believe it. We played Newcastle, Pennsylvania, one night, and it was a big place, big balcony went clear around, and we filled that place up twice. I wasn't with Cowboy long till, oh, he raised me up to $20, $25. Along towards the last, why, I was making $50 a week, and when we played a picnic he'd give us all $10 extra. Oh, we was doing all right. We played ever night and, during the summertime, picnics here and there. We was doing good.

That Cowboy, he could get up before a crowd and just start talking. I don't care what the subject was—maybe he'd be telling about a coon hunt that he was on—buddy, people would just set there like they was enjoying every bit of it. He had a way about him that he could hold the people spellbound.

Then Cowboy left, he wanted to go to Omaha, Nebraska. And he wanted me to go with him. But I said, "No, Cowboy, that's too far away from home for me." I wouldn't go. So I come home, and I played around for, I don't know, a good while, a month or two, seems like. Maybe two or three or four months, I don't know how long.

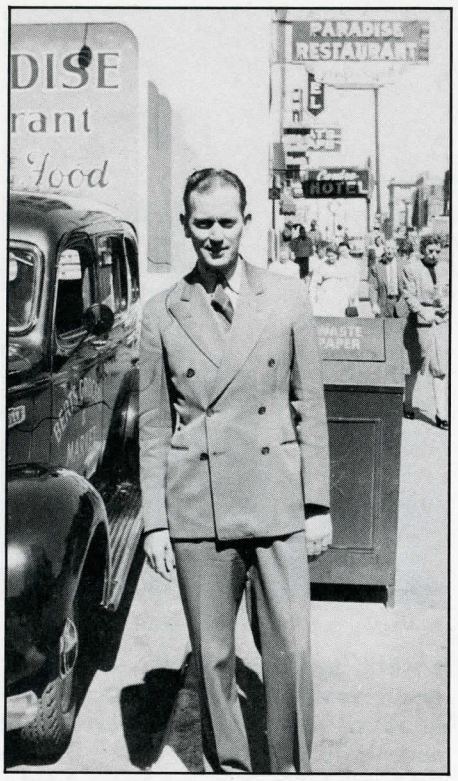
But anyway, Cowboy didn't like it out there on the radio. He said it just didn't seem right out there. So he came back, to Fairmont. And he called me, and I went back and I played for him. Altogether, I was with him about five years. Him and Plain John would sing duets, you know. And then we played French harps and Jew's harps and we had quartets, and duets, trios.

You played fiddle with the band? Did you do vocals, too?

Oh, yeah, yeah. I was singing duet, quartet, and trio.

Then you played with him until he went off and had that operation and died?

We had left him along about that



After the war French played for a while as staff musician at radio station WKY in Oklahoma City. This photograph was made on an Oklahoma City street in 1946. Photographer unknown.

time, because he was awful sick and we—me and Slim Mays—got another boy, Jack Furbee, and we had a trio. Slim Mays played a guitar, and Jack Furbee played the bass. He played a guitar, too. We played all kind of instruments—I played a saw and French harps and Jew's harps, and things like that. We had Ray Myers, the "Armless Musician," with us.

We was at Harrisonburg, Virginia. And I expect we was out there about a year. On the radio station out there, could have been WSBA. And we played picnics, Natural Chimney, and different places like that.

Did you have a name for this trio?

The Buckaneers. And we was out there till the Second World War came along. We played Natural Chimney that Sunday, Pearl Harbor Day. And I said, "Now boys, that's my last day." I says, "I know I'm gonna have to go to the army. This is my last day. I'm gonna quit and go back home." I come back home and I sat around here for, oh, two or three weeks, or a month, and I told Thelma, "Well, I'm gonna get a job." I went up here to Visco at Nitro and I worked there until the war was over, and then I went back to playing music.

I went back to Fairmont. I think I started playing with Plain John. Cowboy Loye had died, you know, during that time. And I played with Smokey and Dot along about that time. I don't know what year it was. But anyway, I played with them a while. And then somebody was telling me about Oklahoma City. "Boy, you ought to go out there." Says, "I know, the way you play a fiddle, oh, you could go over big out there." Well, I got to studying about it and I wasn't doing too much in Fairmont there. And I thought, well, I'll just go to Oklahoma City. First time I ever was on a train. And I had a time a-getting there!

'Course, I didn't take my musicians' union card or nothing like that with me. You know, I just went. When I got out there, they asked me if I belonged to the union, I told 'em yeah, belonged to the union. "Well, now, you'll have to get a transfer from Fairmont to Oklahoma City before you can play." They wouldn't let me hit a note out there until I got transferred. And then, why, I played there about a year, a year or longer.

Did you work with a band in Oklahoma?

Well, I was on the staff out there. They could put you with different groups. But I played personal appearances with Russ Pike. He had a group there at that time. We had a program on at 5:00, I believe, or 5:30, and then we was off a half-hour, and then I come on with another group at 6:00, I believe, or 6:30, something like that.

Was that radio there, or TV?

Radio. I left there and come back home, and got a job at Apex, up here at Nitro. I worked there, oh, a little better than nine years. I wasn't there 10 years.

People say that you have some Clark Kessinger influence in your fiddling.

Oh, yes, yes. When I first began to get out and play a fiddle a little bit, I wanted to play in these contests. They had a contest at Point Pleasant. 'Course, Clark, he was down there, you know. When I heard Clark play, I wouldn't play in the contest. Why, lord, I tell you, he was just out of this world at that time.

It was back, I expect, in '22 or '23. I wasn't very old, I know. When I heard Clark play I said, why, they wasn't no use for me to play. And then every chance I got where Clark was a-playing, why, lord sakes, I'd just stand and listen at him play and cry. Mr. Woodrum owned a big farm right below here—he owned Woodrum's Furniture Store up at Charleston—and he would come down here every summer. We'd play for him—square dances, Saturday nights. And then in the winter-time, we'd go up to play for Woodrum in Charleston. Clark would play for one set and I'd dance, then I'd play for a set and he'd dance.

Yeah, I remember Clark. I always thought he was the best fiddler I ever heard. There was a high-class concert violinist, Fritz Kreisler, come to Charleston there, you know, and wanted to hear Clark play, I reckon he'd heard so much about him. So they got together one night, playing. After he heard Clark play, he said, "That man's got more talent than any man I ever seen." Clark was good, now, he was good. He was the world champion.

It hasn't been too long, six, eight years ago, that we—me and Clark—went to Boonesville, Virginia, and put on a show. We didn't take any musicians with us, just picked them up after we got there. We put on a show, and my lord, they thought they never heard any fiddle players like we could play a fiddle.

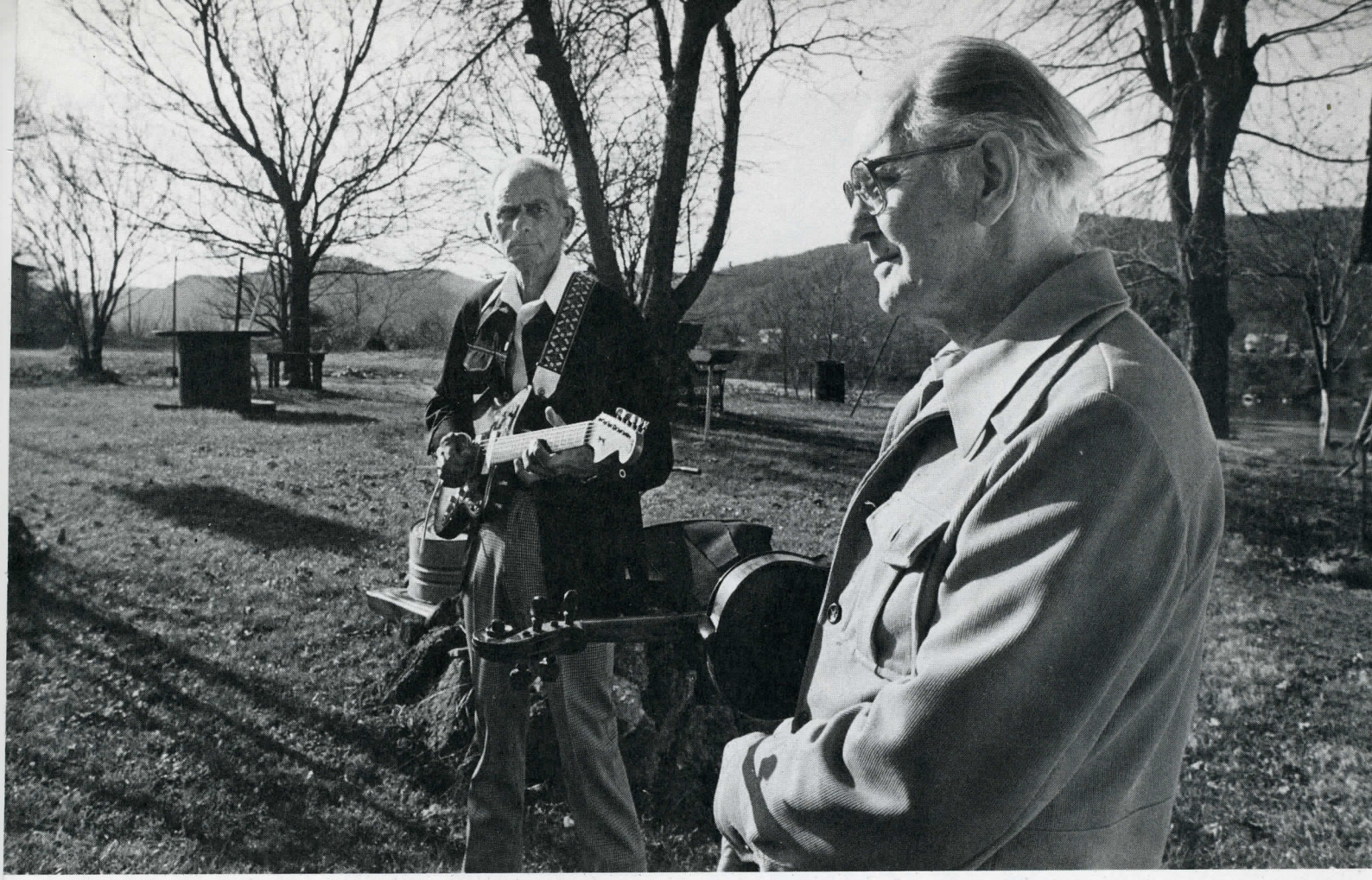
Oh, I've known Clark a long time. 'Course, Clark's dead now.

Was there anybody else who might have influenced your fiddling?

Well, I played on the radio with different groups, and then I heard a lot of fiddle playing. When you get around this fiddler you pick up so much, and then you get around another fiddler and pick up a little. And I played background to a lot of singers. Now, that's where you learn to jump from one position to another, and all, because they sing in different keys. Maybe I'd be playing with some guy that I wouldn't be in tune with him, but I'd have to jump up in position to play with him. It helped me a whole lot.

Blind Ed Haley used to play on the streets, up there at Charleston. On Kanawha Street. And when I'd go to Charleston, that'd be the first place I'd head for. Go out there and listen to him play. Ed Haley played in the contest at Huntington one time we played, years ago. Ed Haley was a good fiddler.

Natchee the Indian sometimes could



Auvil Mitchell and French, in French's backyard in Buffalo. Auvil backs up French on the new "First Fiddle" album on Elderberry Records.

play pretty good. Now, he would take the hair loose on his bow, you know, and put the hair on the strings and the wood part under the fiddle. He'd play "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" that way, I believe.

He was part Indian, and of course he dressed up like a Indian, put on that garb. Now, he could put it across. As far as being a good fiddle player, I didn't think he was so good, except just on a straight, old-time breakdown fiddle tune. But he was a good showman—he could put her across.

Natchee was at WAIU when we were there, and he come back to Fairmont when I was up there. Played around a while, but he didn't stay too long. He left Fairmont, and that's the last time I seen him, I guess. He played up here at Charleston a while. Why, he even beat Clark Kessinger in a contest there.

Now in your style, you do play some swing, too.

A little bit. 'Course, now, I've heard a lot of swing fiddlers. And I've heard some good ones. There was a bunch there at Wheeling at one time. Newhouse—I forget his first name—now, he was a good swing fiddler. He didn't fiddle with the gang he was with, he was their comedian. But now, you get him out just playing around, he was a good swing fiddler. I never could do much with a swing fiddle, not like some guys.

It's just practice. I mostly taught myself, I reckon. Playing background and all, and then trying to play the swing numbers, you've got to get over the neck of that fiddle. You've got to jump from one position to the other one, clear up into the fifth, sixth positions. And that's something that you just have to learn yourself.

Did you have any classical training early in life?

No. I took violin lessons for one summer, I think, and I learned to read music. The only kind of music I read now is hymns. I can read a hymn pretty well.

Did you ever make any records before your new one on Elderberry Records?

The only records that I ever did help make was with the Putnam County Pickers. Now they're a good bunch. They sing country & western and all, but they kind of hang to, you know, the rock 'n' roll type. Now they're good. They wanted me to help make a record. They wanted an old-time fiddle tune ["Sally Ann Johnson"] to kind of blend in with the song they had. And that's the only record I ever helped make. A lot of 'em wanted me to make records a lot of times, but I don't know, I just never did it.

Well, now you've done it, and a lot of us think it's a long time overdue. Why don't you say a few words about your original songs on the "First Fiddle" album?

The tunes that I composed are "Thelma's Sore Toe," and "French's Forgotten Schottische," "Buffalo Stomp," "The Weeping Willow Waltz," and "Hashman's Hornpipe." Now, that's all of mine on there.

I just make 'em up setting around the house. I think the first one I made up was that "Weeping Willow Waltz." And, lord, that was years ago, too. I

French, who has played all sorts of fiddle and violin music, now prefers hymns.

think I made that when we was at Wheeling, along about 1930. Something like that.

I believe the next one I made up was in Philadelphia. I was playing with Buddy Starcher then. I didn't put but two chords in it, but when Auvil plays it, why, he puts a dozen in it. I was staying with some people by the name of Hashman there, and so I thought, "Well, I'll just name it the 'Hashman's Hornpipe.' " That was somewhere in the '40's, I believe.

Then in about '74 or '75 I made up the schottische-er. composed it. Everybody says, "Now, don't say 'make 'em up.' Why, say 'composed 'em.' " And when I replayed it for [record producer] Ron Sowell, I said, "Ron, I haven't got any name for that." And he said something about calling it "French's Forgotten Schottische." I believe that's what he told me. "French's Forgotten Schottische."

Then this "Thelma's Sore Toe," why my wife Thelma had, to start with, an ingrown toenail, and her toe was so sore she could hardly walk. I made up another one and I thought, "Well, I'll just name it 'Thelma's Sore Toe.' "

As for this "Buffalo Stomp," I was just setting around the house here just a fiddlin' around. I just happened to hit a note or two, or something, and I thought, well, that sounds pretty good; hit two or three more, and called it the "Buffalo Stomp." And that was, oh, that was about in the '50's, I think.

Now this "Sally Ann Johnson," that's one of Clark's tunes. I learnt that from Clark Kessinger. And this "Sunrise Over the Guinea Farm," I don't know where I got that thing. I suppose I learned it off of somebody that played it, but I don't remember. And "Georgianna Moon," I picked that up somewhere too. Just a traditional tune, I guess. "Electricity Polka"—I don't remember—did Slim Cox play that? I guess that's where I learnt that from. Slim Cox and the Flying X Boys.

"Mexican Border," now that's one of Horseshoe Mike's tunes. He was in Wheeling with the Georgy Porgy Boys. And I learnt that tune from Horseshoe Mike. "Rose of My Heart" is another one Clark composed.

Isn't "Wildcat Rag" one of your compositions also?

Yeah. Now, that's a hard tune to play. I don't know how I came to compose it, because it's in two different keys. But I just got fiddlin' around, fiddlin' around with it, and I got a pretty good tune out of it.

That pretty much covers the record. Are you playing much live music now, doing many performances these recent years?

Oh, I've played with different groups, you know, be out playing. And then I play for church, gospel music. I'm playing with a quartet now, the King's Melody Quartet. I'm back-up fiddle for the quartet.

You know, I played over at Hurricane at a church one night. Harold Hazlett's brother was there and he heard me play, and told his wife, said, "Whenever I die I want that guy to play at my funeral." I didn't know it at the time.

So, it wasn't a year or so after that he had a heart attack and died. His wife called Arnold Jividen that lived over here—Arnold knew me—and she said that was her husband's request, he had wanted French to play at his funeral. She said, "You reckon he'll play?" I went over there and there was an organ player. We never run over it or nothing, didn't practice nothing. When it come time to play I played what he wanted—"The Old Rugged Cross" and "How Great Thou Art."

The quartet was singing down to Leon one night and Frank Bowles was there. I was just playing background. And after the program was over, why, he came up and he asked me, "French," he said, "what key was you playing in?" I said, "Frank, I was playing in all of 'em." To play with a quartet, or to back up anybody, you've got to get in position and then you've got to jump from one position to another just to harmonize with the quartet. I thought it was funny, "What key you playing in?" He said, "My land!"

Jennings Randolph

"Always Remember the Man and Woman By the Wayside of the Road"

Interview by Michael Kline and Gene Ochsendorf
Photographs by Doug Yarrow

Jennings Randolph announced this spring that he would not seek re-election to the U.S. Senate in 1984, thus signaling the end of a long and distinguished political career. Randolph first entered Congress as a young Representative 50 years ago, coming to Washington following the Roosevelt landslide in the 1932 election, and he has served in the House and Senate for most of the time since then. For generations he has been a living legend in West Virginia, yet his high offices have not isolated him from his constituency. Throughout his years of government service he has remained approachable.

Senator Randolph's accessibility to us in particular grew out of his authorship of legislation and lifelong support of programs benefiting disabled people. When the Randolph County Sheltered Workshop found itself suddenly without facilities last year, the Senator jumped in and helped the Workshop get reestablished in new quarters. He then showed up at the opening of the new plant to celebrate with the participants. It was in this context that we became acquainted, since co-author Gene Ochsendorf is the director of the Workshop.

Although Randolph's name has been a fixture in the news for decades, there's been very little written in the way of solid biography of the man. We suspected that he had a remarkable story to tell. When we suggested doing an interview for GOLDENSEAL, he responded cheerfully that no one had ever asked before and that he would be delighted to cooperate.

So it was that we met at his birthplace in Salem on a snowy evening in February. For a couple of hours he entertained old hometown friends—E. J. (Jean) Lowther and wife Mary Ann, Ed and Sylvia Davis, and Everett and Elizabeth Pearcy—with tales and songs. Then we dashed off to see the Salem-Wesleyan basketball game. We left there about 9:00 and crept back to Elkins over icy roads with the Senator talking steadily the whole way. In Elkins we enjoyed a midnight snack at a local restaurant, where Randolph engaged a young waitress in a lengthy discussion about voter responsibility. As the authors and photographer—all young enough to be Randolph's grandsons—wilted like tired flowers, the Senator went on being animated, energetic, and lucid.

The conversation resumed early next morning in Randolph's apartment at the Tygart Hotel, and continued right up to his 11:10 AM flight time at the Elkins airport with tales of his pioneering in American aviation. As we watched in near exhaustion, the 80-year-old Senator departed with a blithe smile and warm farewell. In Washington that afternoon he faced a rigorous schedule of hearings and public appearances, and he went off to meet those responsibilities like a youngster to a basketball scrimmage. After nearly 20 hours of exposure to his boundless energy, we began to understand how he has accomplished so much.

Our writers never lost a minute of interview time during Senator Randolph's February visit.

Below: Making a point, with old friend Mary Ann Lowther by his side.
Opposite page: Jennings Randolph is remembered as a powerful stump speaker from the days when political oratory was an important part of public gatherings. Here he is early in his career at the dedication of the Nancy Hanks Memorial near Keyser. Photographer unknown, courtesy *Elkins Inter-Mountain.*

The Senator's political career is already well-known, and we've concentrated on Jennings Randolph's early life, taking his story up to the point when he drove off to Washington with his new bride to take up his seat in the House of Representatives. Here is his account of how it all began:

Jennings Randolph. I grew up in a town where Main Street was something, you know, people stopped and talked. I never knew what it was to ride to school; you always walked. The little town is not too much different from what it was then. We don't have the glass plants, and oil and gas that made it such a busy place back in those years, but it still looks pretty much the same.

My grandfather Jesse Randolph was the first mayor of Salem. In fact, on his first day of becoming mayor he had to fine himself. There was an ordinance that if your horse got out of the road and up on the sidewalk—the sidewalk in those days was mostly timbers up on stilts—there was a fine of a dollar or two. So the first fine my grandfather imposed was on himself for his horse getting up out of the road and onto the sidewalk.

My grandfather was a very colorful man, loved by everyone. He had a little white goatee, and everyone called him Uncle Jesse. He was the man that Salem looked to and he never let them down. He was a member of the State Legislature, director of one of the banks, involved in various businesses, and was a farmer. He taught me how to ride a horse, pitch hay, and milk a cow. He was very close to me.

Jesse Randolph was also the principal founder of the college, and head of its incorporators. When the college was first supposed to open the building wasn't finished, even though they had already announced that registration was to take place. Grandpa took all of the merchandise out of his general store and put it in lofts and barns elsewhere. Then a sign went up in front of that store—Salem College. It was very important to him—always, he'd say, you must keep your word. So even though the building wasn't completed, the college opened. That was his feeling about everything, that your word must be your bond.

He used to have a garden in front of his house which upset his wife, Mary Frances, a little. She thought there shouldn't be a garden in front of the house—pole beans and whatnot. One day she said, "Grandpa, why do you have a garden out front? Why can't you have a lawn?" "Well," he said, "gotta have something to eat."

And every morning he had apple pie for breakfast. Never changed it. I can remember one morning he came in the kitchen and my mother said, "Grandpa, have a little breakfast with us." It was about 7:30, sister and I were getting ready to go off to school. He said, "Idell, I appreciate that, you know I do, but I always make it a rule to eat in the *morning.*" Well, you see, he ate at 6:30 every morning, so he was telling the truth.

Grandpa and Grandma were married under a tree at Quiet Dell. When the ceremony was completed she got on the horse behind him and rode to Salem, same horse. I remember seeing that same tree where they were married in later years. They're in the little cemetery of our church along with my father and mother. We have all of our family there.

My father, Ernest Randolph, was a very fine lawyer. He had an office in Clarksburg in the Goff Building. He and Edward Law, who was known as Jay, had offices side by side. They were exactly the same height, weight, and everything. When they left this county to go to the university in Morgantown they roomed together. In order to save money they decided to buy one suit together. They called it their courting suit.

My mother, Idell, was a Bingman. Jim and Medina were her parents. Jim, her father, was a timberman and used to ride the logs down the Tygart River from up in the Elkins area. He rode the logs down into what's now the Tygart Lake. He used to tell me about jumping from one log to another. Grandma and Grandpa Bingman lived right behind us in Salem and I used to sit and watch him and work with him. He could take a piece of wood and make anything.

My mother and father were married in the chapel of the college, October 22, 1896. I remember later my mother telling me, she said, "I said to Papa, now who are we going to invite?"

"Why," he said, "we're gonna put it in the paper and invite everyone." So they invited everyone. Theodore L. Gardiner, the president of the college, performed the ceremony. I still have his record of marrying Idell Bingman and Ernest Randolph in his own handwriting.

My sister, Ernestine, came along first. By the way, she is 83 years of age now and very active. This morning I saw her on the floor of her living room in the apartment next to where I live in Washington doing her exercises. Doing them well, I might add.

Speaking of Ernestine, I remember once riding my grandfather's horse down the hill back of our house. I was about eight, nine years old. My sister was on behind me, I was in the saddle. The horse began to canter just a little. My sister was slipping and she had her arms around me and started sliding off. Apparently the saddle wasn't tight enough and so we both went to the ground. My foot was in the stirrup and had the horse moved along I wouldn't be here tonight. However, the horse stopped in its tracks, which horses don't always do when there is an accident, and I was able to get out of the stirrip. I can still hear my sister crying, "Oh, my gosh, what have I done!" I remember that experience so well, and I've loved horses ever since.

Walt Strother, the doctor who brought me into this world, always rode a horse. He kept his medicines in the saddlebags and would come any time of night. He would get off his horse, pull the reins up over the horn of the saddle, tap the horse on the rear end, and the horse would travel around the corner to Mathias Williams' livery barn

while Dr. Strother would go on up to his office.

When I had just been born, my father was with William Jennings Bryan*—they were very close friends. Mr. Bryan said, "Have you named this boy?"

"No," my father replied.

"Then why don't you give him part of my name as a good Democrat?"

So that's the way I got my name, Jennings Randolph, from William Jennings Bryan.

I have many fond memories of growing up in this house on Main Street. Paul Bumgardner, who lived next door, and I would sleep with a cord strung between the houses and tied to our big toes. This was so we could awaken one another when the Ringling Brothers Circus was coming from Parkersburg to Clarksburg. You see, this was the main line of the B&O railroad and we would go down and stand along the tracks and watch the circus train pass. Mr. Coyne, who was an Irishman, would always let us know when it was coming through. He was the telegraph operator and had all of the schedules. We were maybe eight, 10 years of age.

Above the tracks on the hill was the town's water tank. I used to tell my father and mother that if I could get a long pole and climb the hill, which I often did, then climb the tank and hold out that pole, I believed I could touch the sky.

Those were rough and ready days. This was oil and gas country. My fath-

*Bryan, the great populist politician, was a three-time presidential candidate at the turn of the century. He served as Woodrow Wilson's secretary of state from 1913 to 1915.

Randolph's boyhood home in Salem is now owned by Salem College, which has plans to move it to the campus.

er was mayor of Salem and was against legalized drinking. Others wanted to establish open saloons and came one night to burn the house down. We used to have a railing around the porch roof and my father stood there with a pistol and told them that the first man that moved would get it right through the middle of his eyes. The same thing happened at the college. They threatened to burn it and Theodore L. Gardiner, the college president, stayed in the belfry all night with his shotgun.

My first introduction to politics was not a good one. I was about seven or eight years old. Some of us kids were playing in the hayloft of Gus Traugh's livery stable when we heard voices below. We looked down and there was a Salem man, whose name I won't use, paying off people who had voted in the election. It was shocking, and very sad, but that was the picture. I went home and talked to my father and grandfather about it. That was my introduction and not a good one.

Then in 1912 my father took me to the 1912 Democratic Convention. I was 10 years old and we boarded the train here and went through to Baltimore. That was the last convention, Republican or Democratic, held in Baltimore. I can remember the bunting and the bands as I sat on my father's knee. Papa was a believer in Woodrow Wilson and thought he should receive the nomination. Others in our delegation were for Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House, from Missouri. Woodrow Wilson was then the governor of New Jersey. He told William Jennings Bryan over the phone that he would accept the nomination provided that it was not necessary to have the votes from Tammany Hall* then under Boss

*Tammany Hall was the corrupt New York City Democratic machine, best known for producing the notorious "Boss Tweed" in the late 19th century. Tammany was under the control of Charles Francis Murphy in Wilson's day.

The future Senator's family, around 1905: Grandfather Jesse Randolph, sister Ernestine on the donkey, father Ernest, Jennings, and mother Idell. Senator Randolph notes that Ernestine "wasn't smiling. She thought she should have been on the pony." Photographer unknown.

Murphy's control. Finally, Wilson won out. So I got started early.

At that time in life, though, politics couldn't compare to baseball. I remember riding the train all night to Washington, D.C. I didn't go to the Capitol or the White House, I went to see Ty Cobb play baseball. He was the man, a sports hero I looked up to. He could run the bases, he could hit, he could field. In those days baseball cards came with Rumford Baking Powder and I had all the women of the town saving cards for me. When I got off the train there I walked out to my Aunt Mae Townson's house—she was the daughter of Jesse Randolph—and had breakfast. Then I walked to Griffith Stadium—that's the old Griffith Stadium—where the Washington Senators were playing the Detroit Tigers that day. So I got to see Ty Cobb. Another time Branch Rickey came to our house for dinner. He was here speaking at the college as part of our lecture series. I sat there with my eyes wide open listening to everything Branch Rickey said. I think my intense interest in sports, eventually leading to my becoming sports editor of the *Clarksburg Telegram*, was due to these events.

We only went to public school up to the third grade. Then we went to the training school at Salem College Academy. Salem Academy was part of Salem College's teaching program and so we had practice teachers all through the Academy. These practice teachers were very dedicated. Sarah Barnes, Mabel West, I remember them all. I used to study by the fireplace standing up. I would enjoy warming my backside, turning back and forth. It was in the springtime of my life. Sweeter than springtime.

Salem had several glass plants at that time. We had over 500 Belgian people expert at hand blowing glass. Some of these Belgian people were active leaders—Oscar Andre, the counsel for the college, for instance. Those plants are

closed now, but you can still see some of the buildings.

The old road coming into Salem was narrow and going over Tunnel Hill from the west was quite a climb. If you made it in high gear you'd tell your friends about it. George Trainer had the first automobile in Salem. It was a Winton. I remember my uncle had the first small car. It was a Bush. It had no doors, you just stepped in. I can see it going down the street. Even though there were cars, in those days you didn't go out for a date, you came to stay. I can remember so well when my sister Ernestine had a boyfriend come to the house. Ten o'clock was the time for the young man to leave. At 10:00 father would call down and say, "Ernestine, it's 10:00." Then, if the young man still didn't go, he would take his shoe and begin pounding the floor by his bed.

As I grew older I worked at various jobs around Salem. I kept a filling station open all day long on Sunday. My mother would bring my lunch down. I worked in a clothing store, Davis Men's Furnishings, and I worked at the planing mill owned by Evander Randolph. I also worked with my father. He was an oil and gas producer, president of the Randolph Oil and Gas Company. I still have a copy of the stock in my drawer, but it's worthless today. He drilled many dry holes in the hollers around Salem.

My father was also a cattle buyer, shipper. He didn't raise the cattle—he'd buy them in the spring or summer for shipping to Baltimore and Jersey City. He kept a little book in which he wrote the day of the transaction and the price at which he had agreed to take them up. We would drive the cattle in, try to keep plenty of water in them so they would weigh well, and then we'd load them, usually on a Friday evening, to be sold on the open market. These were beef cattle, very finest we had in the hills, and lambs also. Very seldom did we ship any hogs. There were loading pens at Wolf Summit, Bristol, West Union, Pennsboro, and of course Salem.

In 1920, when I was graduated from the Academy, my mother gave me no suit of clothes, or shirt, or tie; she gave me a Bible. On the flyleaf in her own handwriting she had my name, just Jennings, and then she had written these words—"Each for the other and both for God," signed Idell. I've never found the source. We've had researchers work for years on it at the Congressional Library and elsewhere. That was her graduation gift to me and I still have it.

I was very active during my college years at Salem. I was a member of the staff on the Quill Club. That was the college yearbook, the *Green and White*. I remember singing in the Glee Club with my white pants and blue jacket. And although you wouldn't know it by looking at me now, I was very active

Left: The Senator inside the Salem house.
Right: Senator Randolph's father Ernest stands at right in this photograph of the 1894 Salem graduating class, beside his friend Edward Law. The Senator says that Ernest and Edward later shared the same "courting suit" when they roomed together at West Virginia University Law School. Allie Davis (Randolph) at bottom right later became Senator Randolph's aunt. Photographer unknown.

Below: Randolph stands second from the left in the second row of the 1920 Salem Academy graduating class; E. J. Lowther is at bottom right. The Academy was the private high school which was then a part of the college. Photographer unknown.

Right: The 1923–24 Salem College Quill Club literary society produced two U.S. Senators: Jennings Randolph, second from left in the front row, and former Senator Rush D. Holt, third row at left. We are indebted to Sylvia Kennedy (Davis), at Randolph's right, for most of the old pictures in this article. Photographer unknown.

Below: Jennings Randolph joined the Salem board of trustees while still a student there. He stands second from the left in this photograph of the 1923–24 board. Photographer unknown.

in sports. I was a member of the varsity track, tennis, and basketball teams. Basketball was very different in those days. Today with fast breaks it's really speeded up. Back then there was only one person on the team that shot the fouls. I was that person. I used to practice two or three hours at a time. I would shoot like this, underhanded from below the waist. In 1923 I shot 19 consecutive fouls against West Virginia Wesleyan and we won by one point.

One night in 1923 I was called before the college board of trustees and didn't know what was happening. Charles A. F. Randolph was president of the board at that time. They came in and said I was to be a trustee. I remember saying, "You mean a student representative?" "No," they said, "a full-fledged trustee to take your father's place." So that was how I came on.

Recently when I came to attend a meeting of the trustees a man called across the street and said, "Jennings, I want to see you a moment. You were a trustee of this college for 50 years. Now I see you listed in the paper as Trustee Emeritus. What in the world is the meaning of that word, 'emeritus'?" I said, "It just means I'm still hanging around."

While I was in college I worked for the *Clarksburg Telegram* as a writer and sports editor. Then it was published on weekdays and Sunday. I would drive back and forth from Salem to Clarksburg in a little two-door Ford. It was a narrow, twisting, mostly dirt road in those days. After graduation I worked there as a regular reporter for approximately a year. At the same time I also wrote magazine articles for publications such as *McNaught's Monthly.*

Following my work with the *Telegram* I went to Charleston to work for Phil Conley on the *West Virginia Review,* eventually becoming associate editor. It was a wonderful magazine featuring West Virginia writers, poets, and articles. Tremendous man, Phil Conley—he worked me to death, didn't pay me too much, but it was a great experience. I'd come in from these trips all over the state and then address Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, women's groups, whatever, about West Virginia and its history. I would sell ads, take subscriptions, do everything, then go back to my room and write stories until one or two in the morning.

I had a room at 1215 Lee Street in Charleston. Hardly wide enough for me to get in and a little bed hardly wide enough to sleep in. Eight or nine of us boys lived there and ate down the street at Mrs. Plunkett's Boarding House. Doesn't that sound like a boarding house? Plunk-it. I said one time, she's serving good meals but she's trying to marry off her daughter! I don't remember the daughter's name. She was slim, tall, had a long reach.

I was in Spencer writing about a Mr. Heck who had struck oil and become a millionaire overnight. While eating lunch at the McKowan Hotel I had a phone call from Elkins. It was a member of the Davis and Elkins College Athletic Committee asking if I could come that weekend and talk with them about possible employment as athletic director and member of the teaching staff. The president of Davis and Elkins College at that time was Dr. James Allen. His son, James Allen, Jr., was a student of mine and later became commissioner of education of the United States. Anyway, when I first came to Elkins I stayed with Jeff Whetsell and his wife Mig.

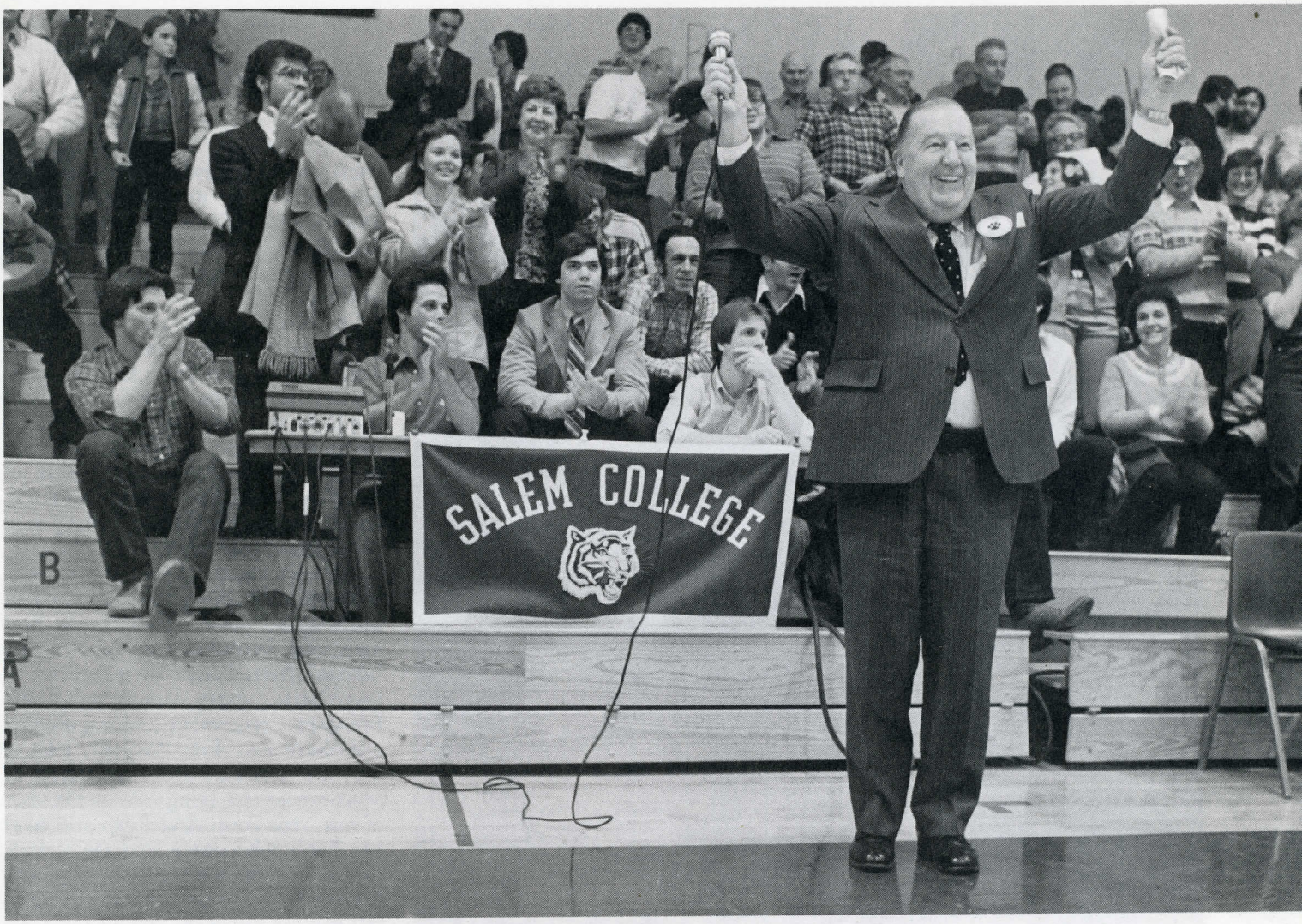
As athletic director I immediately began booking big, prestigious schools.

Telephone messages have a way of finding U.S. Senators. Evidently not all the news from Washington is good.

Above: Randolph got an early start in politics, witnessing the 1912 Democratic convention while seated on his father's knee. "At that time in life, though, politics couldn't compare to baseball."
Right: The Senator with author Michael Kline at the Elkins airport. The portrait honors Randolph's longstanding interest in aviation.

The guarantees weren't good at first, but we needed the exposure. We defeated West Virginia University in its opening football game, 6–0. The following week we traveled to Annapolis where we defeated one of the best Navy teams ever, 2–0. It was a great story—no substitutions. Sixteen players in uniform and 11 men played the whole 60 minutes. It was a tremendous upset recognized all over the country. After the game a representative of the *Baltimore Sun* was in the dressing room and he suggested that we go to a vaudeville theater, the Gaiety Burlesque, to celebrate our victory. So I telephoned the Gaiety Burlesque and told the manager who I was and that I was calling from Annapolis where the Davis and Elkins football team had just upset Navy 2–0. He says, "You say you beat Navy?" I said, "Yes, and we'd like to have, if we could, a reduced rate tonight, perhaps some special seating." "Why," he said, "We'll give you two full rows! Won't cost you a penny! Some of the leading women of the cast will come down and kiss the players on the cheek!" It wasn't always that good. One time we played the University of Delaware and all we had was enough money to buy a couple of bags of apples to eat.

In 1931 I took the basketball team to the west coast on the longest tour ever taken in this country. We drove out of Elkins in two little cars during the holiday season so as not to miss school. We even took our books. To cut down on expenses we only took six players. Our first game was with Valparaiso University, then the University of Kansas, University of Denver, University of Nevada, Brigham Young University, and so on. We played St. Mary's in Oakland and then went to San Francisco where we were scheduled to play San Jose College. But we had run out of money. We were staying in the Golden Gate Hotel which was second or third class at that time.



Cheerleading for the Salem Tigers during this year's Salem-Wesleyan game. Randolph was a sports writer for the *Clarksburg Telegram* during his own student days at Salem, and later athletic director for Davis and Elkins College.

It's a fleabag now, but whenever I'm in San Francisco I go back there. So I called the only person I knew who would help us—Hallie Davis Elkins*. The team was called the Senators or the Scarlet Hurricane, but when I called her I said, "Mrs. Elkins, *your* team is winning these games—it's great for the college!" The story was being carried of how the Scarlet Hurricane was finishing the games sometimes with only four players on the floor. And the next day we were moving on to Los Angeles to play Occidental and Pomona.

"Mr. Randolph," she interrupted, "how much do you need?"

When I told her we needed $200 she said she would telegraph $250 immediately. So I called the team together and told them Mrs. Elkins had come to our rescue. They cheered and that night we ate steak. We hadn't had much to eat along the way. She was a wonderful supporter of our college.

Michael Kline. Was it in Elkins, then, that you met your wife, Mary?

JR No, I met her when I was at Salem College. Not in Salem—I was a tennis player and I went to Keyser representing Salem College at Potomac State. They were redoing some of the dormitories and they placed some of us that were there for this state collegiate tournament in homes. Edged right along the college property on State Street was the home of Frank Babb and his wife Gertrude. I remember when I went to the house, why, here the door was opened by a girl about 14 years old in pigtails, and that was Mary. I told her who I was and went in. I stayed there, I guess, maybe two, three nights in the Babb residence. They were Swiss people, both sides. Gertrude was a Scherr, Mary's grandfather Scherr ran for governor of West Virginia*. Her uncle was in the State Senate, and her aunt worked as society editor on the *Charleston Gazette*.

Later, Mary went to Beaver College near Philadelphia and we kept in touch. After I was at Davis and Elkins College she would come to Elkins and bring children to the West Virginia

*Hallie Davis Elkins was the daughter of Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, the wife of Senator Stephen B. Elkins, and mother of Senator Davis Elkins—supposedly the only woman in the country's history ever so related to three U.S. senators.

*The 1908 Republican convention deadlocked between candidates Charles W. Swisher and Arnold P. Scherr. William E. Glasscock was finally chosen as a compromise nominee, and later elected governor.

With lifelong friend Jean Lowther in a 1980 photo. Photographer unknown.

Children's Home for placement when she worked with the welfare department. She was known as the "Welfare Lady" and would go way back up in the mountains of Pendleton County.

I'll tell you a true story. I remember reading it in her diary. She went into the Smoke Hole area. There was a family, I won't tell the name, but the husband left and there was a very large number of children. Well, the report went in and they told Mary about it. So she drove up in her car. Many times she'd drive that Ford and have to put on her swimsuit and swim the river to get over. She went up this hill to a hut and here was this woman standing with her feet apart wearing a long apron ("not too clean," Mary had put in her diary). "Well," she said—and she was a little nervous about it—"Mrs. So-and-so, let me talk with you. How many children do you have?"

She replied, "Well, Welfare Lady, I've had three once, two twiced, and one just lots of times." That meant she had triplets once, and twins twice, and then one kid lots of times. Mary looked around and realized she had 12 children there. The husband had just left, pulled up stakes. She took care of all of them.

She also used to ride the narrow gauge railroad that ran from Hendricks up to Harmon. And the conductor, who was her friend, would hold the train and wait for her to go get a child, you know. People on the train would say, "What's wrong, why are we delaying?" He'd say, "We've just got to check the engine a little." Mary said she'd heard him say that so often.

We were married February 18, 1933, in the Babb's living room in front of the fireplace. Jean Lowther was best man and Reverend George B. Shaw traveled from Salem to marry us. It was a beautiful day even though it was February. I remember looking outside and there was Tom Pownall, who is now the chairman and chief officer of Martin-Marietta, tying cans on the back of our little Ford. And I can still hear Mr. Babb, who was a very stern man, calling, "Tom, stop that!" That was Mary's little two-door Ford, we had to sell my car for debts during the campaign.

So Mary and I drove it on to Washington, D.C. We got there about 5:30 or 6:00 and stayed at the Williard Hotel. It was a Sabbath afternoon and I told Mary that first thing Monday morning I was going up to the Riggs Bank. The Riggs Bank then was just one bank, now it has branches all over the world. The man in charge of the bank in those days was Robert Fleming. No office, he just sat behind a desk. You swung open a little door and went in. I said, "Mr. Fleming, I would like to borrow $1,000 for six months, nine months, or a year, and I'll be able to reduce it. But," I said, "there is one catch. I don't have any collateral." He laughed and said, "You were elected for two years. I'm not gonna let you out of town without paying." That's the way I borrowed my first money.

At that time if you came to Washington for the inauguration and stayed in a hotel your check was not accepted,

you paid cash. The financial institutions of this country were closing down, so they didn't accept checks, didn't know if they'd be good.

MK Do you think the country was on the verge of revolution when FDR came in?

JR Well, I think I would like to speak of it this way. We had FDR on the Democratic ticket, and Mr. Hoover on the Republican ticket. Very few people remember that right alongside the Democratic and Republican tickets was another ticket, the Communist ticket, with a candidate for president of the United States. The country was in dire distress. Those were the days when in the upper tier of Michigan, for example, there were 2,000 farms foreclosed in one week. The deputy sheriffs didn't want to move in, they knew the farmers. The farmers had their guns.

I'll tell you a story—I think I want to tell this now. The later part of March, 1933, the President kept calling members of Congress to the White House in little groups. I was one of seven that were invited on a certain evening. It was 8:00. It was a cold, drizzly, rainy night. We were taken to the second floor of the White House, a wood fire was burning. The President sat behind a large desk and as we walked by we each shook his hand. There were chairs in front of his desk for us. We began to talk about bills that we were working on, legislation and so forth, the country's condition and how we must have faith and we'd turn it around. There was one member of our group, a very fine member of Congress he proved himself to be, who said, "Mr. President, may I say something that may sound critical?"

The President said, "Oh, yes, go ahead."

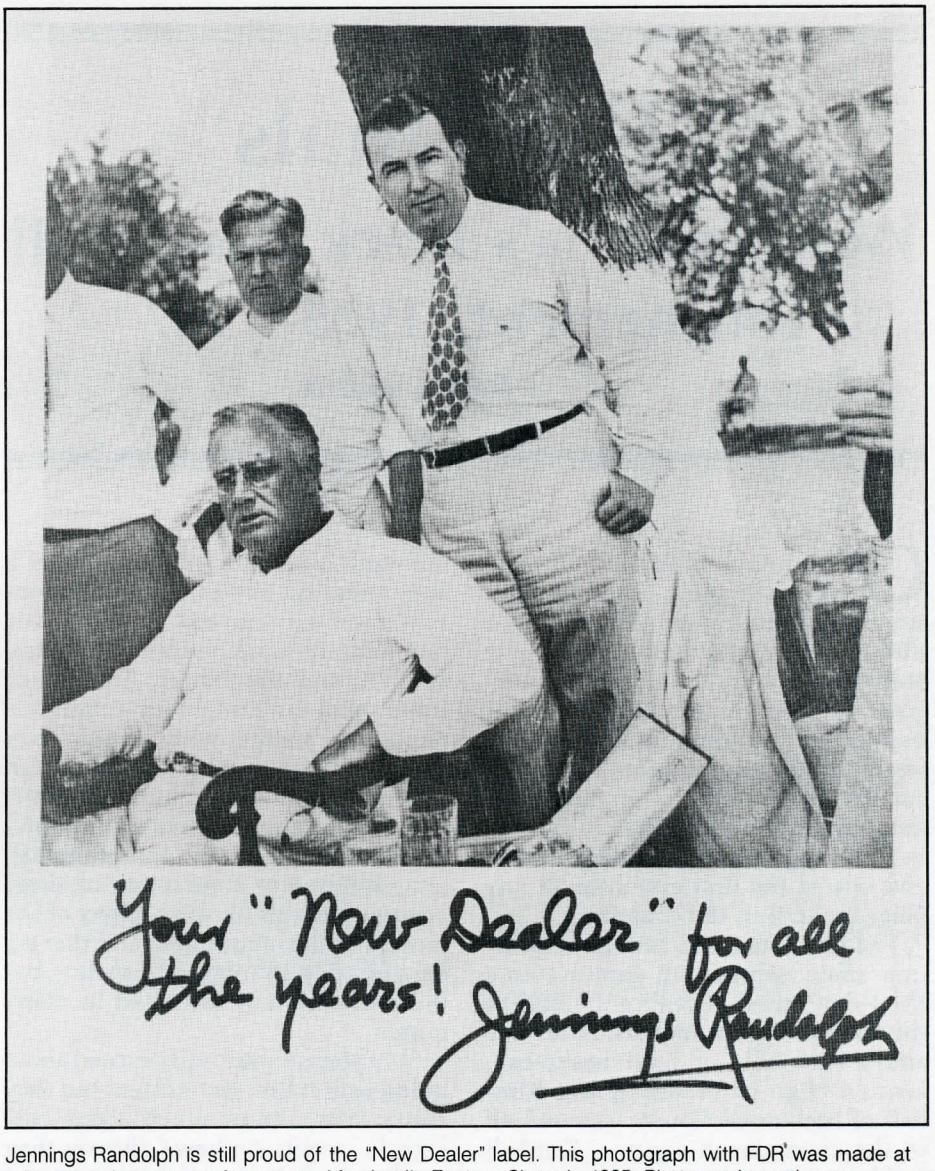
He said, "You know I'm for your program, all these parts of it, but I think you're trying to do too much too quickly. The people can't absorb it and I'm afraid it might fail, at least in part because of that."

Well, the President never smiled and he never frowned. I can still remember as I see his face, he just kept on talking about whatever was being discussed prior to that. But about five minutes later, he took the glasses from his nose, put them down, and he sort of leaned into the desk and looked at all of us. He didn't designate the one man. He said, "But gentlemen," as if we'd just been talking about it the very minute before, "do you understand that we must act now? The reason we must act now is because if we do not act now, perhaps just a little later, we may not be even given the opportunity."

That's what he said. Act now, we wouldn't even have the opportunity later. That was the seriousness of our country and its condition. So you know how serious he felt the situation was, and we felt it. That's quite a story, isn't it?

Gene Ochsendorf. Is there anything in your life you would do differently?

JR Well, not really differently, but I would rather have seen my father go to Congress than myself. That is one true statement I make. He ran twice and lost. The district was heavily Republican at that time. I was about 14 and campaigned everywhere with him. He worked very hard for me in 1930, but he died in December 1931, before I was elected in'32. Over the years I received hundreds of letters from my father. He wrote in a bold hand and always signed them "Pop." At the end of the letter, regardless of what he was writing about, he put some philosophy. I still have one at the Senate office that's in a frame with his picture. It says, "Always remember the man and woman by the wayside of the road." That was his philosophy.



Jennings Randolph is still proud of the "New Dealer" label. This photograph with FDR was made at a Democratic party conference on Maryland's Eastern Shore in 1935. Photographer unknown.

"The Finals"

West Virginia's Black Basketball Tournament, 1925–1957

By C. Robert Barnett

On Thursday, March 19, 1925, 11 of West Virginia's 24 black high school basketball teams gathered at the tiny West Virginia State College gym at Institute for the inaugural West Virginia Athletic Union (WVAU) state basketball tournament. The black weekly *Pittsburgh Courier*, which circulated widely in the state, referred to the event as "the first of its kind staged in West Virginia among Negro schools and one of the first ever held in any Negro school in the country."

The tournament, a double elimination affair, required 18 games over a three-day period to reduce the field to the championship finalists. After two and a half days of hard basketball, Lincoln High of Wheeling and Kimball of McDowell County squared off in the championship game. Kimball had beaten Lincoln earlier in the tournament, and true to form took an 11–6 halftime lead. In the second half, however, the Kimball players had difficulty making foul shots and Lincoln staged a comeback to pull out a narrow 25–24 win. Approximately 175 fans watched the final game and the *Courier* pronounced the event a "huge success."

Scores and game accounts cannot capture the excitement generated by the first tournament and the 32 which followed. More than the playing of a few basketball games, the WVAU represented an annual reunion for hundreds of black students, athletes, coaches, and supporters. They came from small isolated black communities within a larger white world. They faced segregation and discrimination in every asepct of life, but that adversity itself tended to create unity and togetherness. The WVAU basketball tournament was a reflection of those positive feelings of unity. Many of the records of the tournament and that era have faded in an integrated society, but the memories are still vivid in many minds.

"My players were really excited about going to that first tournament but they really didn't know much about basketball," recalls Andrew Calloway, then coach at DuBois High School at Mount Hope. "We had just played playground basketball. You see, we didn't have a gym and had to practice outside at a basket hung on a pole." The inexperience of the DuBois players was evident as they lost their first two games 14–21 to Simmons High of Montgomery and 8–20 to Gary.

James Wilkerson, who was later a highly successful coach at Gary, remembered that first tournament. "I was a student at West Virginia State at the time and they drafted a bunch of us to be hosts to the different teams. They played day and night because it was double elimination and we had to be there the whole time we weren't in class. In those early tournaments at West Virginia State everyone stayed in a big room in the basement of the gym. They would set up army cots and assign teams to different parts of the room. It was very noisy and there were a lot of distractions. Later when the new gym was built they would put two or three teams in a room below the gym, but that was hard on the team that won because if you were in with a team that had been eliminated they wanted to horse around."

The communal living did lead to the establishment of one of the black tournament's long traditions—the long underwear versus the short underwear basketball game. "I don't know how it started," said Knute Burroughs, a player at Clarksburg's Kelly Miller High in the early 1930's and later a coach at Buffalo High of Logan County, "but when I was a player and coach that game was one of the most exciting things about the tournament. The teams which had been eliminated would slip over to the gym, turn on the lights, and play what we called the long underwear-short underwear midnight tournament. You could really see basketball come out of an individual then because there weren't any coaches or referees and the kids just played natural, fun basketball."

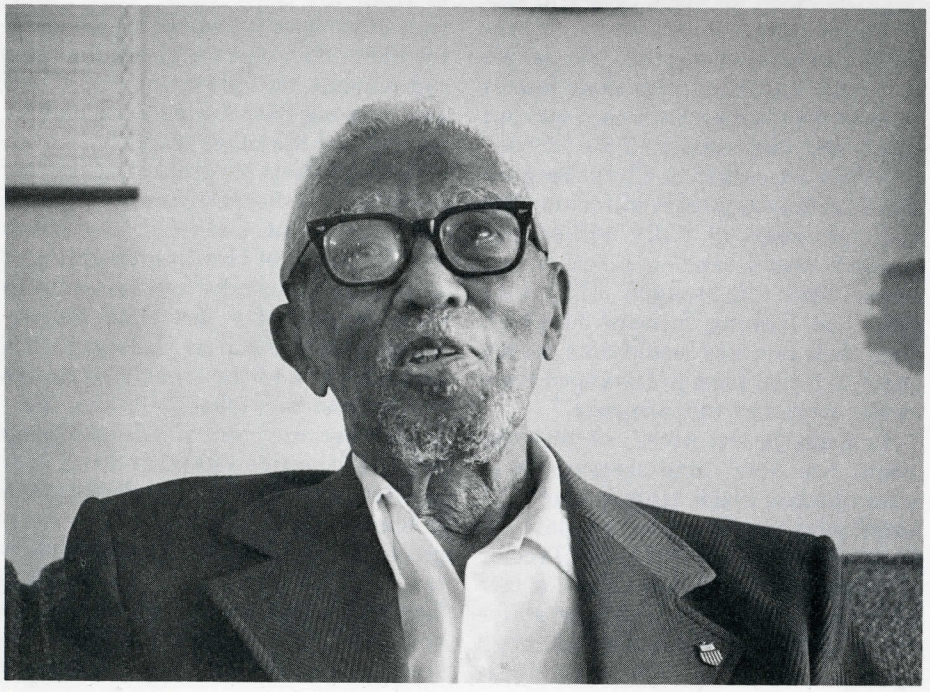
The WVAU tournament grew with the popularity of basketball in the black high schools. Seventeen teams entered in 1928 and a whopping 22 played in 1930. The growing number of black high schools with teams soon made the state tournament too unwieldy to manage. The northern schools already had their own separate tournament and strongly pushed for regional tournaments to save travel time and reduce

Right: Segregated high school athletics is a thing of the past, but former coaches and athletes remember the all-black West Virginia Athletic Union. This is James Wilkerson, who produces winning teams at McDowell County's Gary District High School. Photo by Doug Yarrow.

Below: Andrew Calloway recalls the first tournament vividly. "My players were excited but they really didn't know much about basketball," he says. "You see, we didn't have a gym at DuBois and had to practice outside at a basket hung on a pole." Photo by Michael Keller.

expenses. In 1931 the black high schools were divided into northern, central, and southern regions. From then on, regional tournaments were held with the top four teams in each region advancing to the 12-team, single elimination state tournament. By 1938 the state was redivided into four regions—north, south, east, and west. Now only the regional champions and runners-up advanced to the eight-team single elimination state tournament.

During the 1920's and early 1930's the southern schools—mainly Kimball—dominated the state tournament. After placing second in 1925, Kimball won state championships in 1926, 1929, 1932, and 1933. Andrew Calloway attributed the success of southern teams to the heavy concentration of black population in McDowell County, but John Mackey, the former coach at Excelsior High School in War, disagreed. He said, "H. Smith Jones, the coach at Kimball, was just smarter and knew more basketball than the rest of us."



In 1932 John Mackey's Excelsior team made it to the state championship game against Coach Jones' Kimball team. Mackey recalls, "That was my first tournament as a coach and five or six of my former teammates at Storer [College] were students at West Virginia State. They said, 'Pete, you just bring your team into the dorm and stay with us.' That really helped, because our kids were not mixed up with the kids in the gym talking and messing around. Those kids from Storer were like assistant coaches, because when I told my players to stay in their rooms those boys from Storer saw that they stayed in the rooms.

"We got put in the tough bracket for some reason and had to play three games on the last day," Mackey continued. "We played Sumner [Parkersburg] in the morning, and State High [West Virginia State High School] in the afternoon, both of whom had excellent teams. We bumped them off and played Kimball that night for the championship.

"We had that game won. But I still think the timer sandbagged me, and I never will believe otherwise. We had an eight-point lead with a minute and some seconds left to play and the game kept going on and on and on. My guard took it upon himself to freeze the ball but [Kimball's] Hinge Johnson and Bus Thompson cornered him up in that little gym and just kept taking the ball away. We played well, but they beat us

West Virginia State College hosted most of the WVAU basketball tournaments. Fleming Hall, the "new gym," was used in the later years. Photo by Michael Keller.

29–28. There was no sense in losing that game, but it was just one of those things."

During the second decade, from 1935 to 1944, the power in the tournament was Kelly Miller High School. In that period the Clarksburg school won five championships, three in a row from 1942 to 1944. Knute Burroughs attributes the success of Kelly Miller to the coaching of Mark Cardwell. Burroughs said, "Cardwell was a good coach—he worked at it—but he was also a recruiter. He got the kid out of Columbus named Walls, and Bo Spearman out of Pittsburgh. He would move them in and find someone related to them in the area, and they were good." During Cardwell's 20 years, his teams had a record of 307–46. In 1945 he was the popular choice as the new coach at West Virginia State College, where he remained until his death in 1964. His basketball teams at State had a 288–168 record.

From 1935 to 1944, the tournament site was rotated among Institute, Charleston, Bluefield, and Clarksburg. When the tournament was held on either the Bluefield or State campuses, the teams and spectators were housed on cots in the gym or in dormitory rooms. But at Garnet High School in Charleston or at Kelly Miller in Clarksburg the visiting teams and fans stayed in people's homes. "The closeness and the friendships at the tournament was what made everything so nice," said Ruth Jarrett, a student at Garnet in the late 1930's and later wife of Garnet coach Jim Jarrett. "When they had the tournaments at the high schools the people in the community took the players and coaches into their homes and the teams were fed in the school cafeteria. You see, there wasn't but the Ferguson Hotel for black people to stay in and nobody stayed there. Everything else was segregated. The people that took the teams into their homes came to the tournament—that was our people and they supported the school."

"When we played at Clarksburg we played at Carmichael Auditorium. We had our meals at Kelly Miller, and families would take so many boys," recalls Knute Burroughs. "The girls would be looking forward to which boys their families would take in, but some of it had been prearranged from earlier trips and tournaments."

As Ruth Jarrett noted, segregation meant few hotels and restaurants to accommodate black athletic teams. "I knew who would serve us," said Ed Starling, Associate Athletic Director at Marshall University and former player and coach at Williamson's Liberty High School, "because I would go up and down the roads before the season and check places out." The lack of integrated facilities led to the development of strong relationships among the state's black communities. Lacy Smith, former coach at Logan's Aracoma High and now at Logan High School, said, "When we had games at Dunbar [Weirton], Sumner [Parkersburg], or Fairmont Dunbar, we would eat in the school cafeteria and stay overnight with the players and coaches from the other team. Then when they came here we would do the same for them. So when we got to the state tournament our players already had some strong friendships with players on most of the other teams."

By 1950, West Virginia State was established as the permanent home of the tournament. Garnet of Charleston and Douglass of Huntington emerged as the most powerful teams, winning three each of the last nine tournaments played. Andrew Calloway attributes the rise of the two city teams to playground basketball. He said, "Basketball became more of a finesse game emphasizing quickness, and the kids in Huntington and Charleston just practiced night and day on the playgrounds." In addition to talented players, both schools had strong coaches. Garnet was coached by Jim Jarrett, who compiled a 170–40 record in eight seasons, and Douglass was coached by

the legendary veteran Z. L. Davis. "They were two of the finest basketball coaches I have seen at any level of the game," said Ed Starling.

"Jim Jarrett was an excellent coach, and he was slick," said Knute Burroughs. "I had my best team ever in 1955, but we blew it. We were playing Garnet in the western regional semifinal and we were beating them by a couple of points near the end of the game. I had a kid named Ernest Williams who could handle the ball and dribble as good as any Globetrotter. When Ernest had the ball wasn't anybody who could take it away. So I told Ernest to control the ball and not to take anything but the good shot. So Ernest was dribbling the ball and all at once Jarrett jumps up and yells, 'He's out of bounds.' The referee got flustered and blew his whistle. Ernest picked up the ball, looked, and he was three feet from the out-of-bounds. He just slammed the ball down, and you know what this is? Technical foul. That gave Garnet a foul shot, the ball, and they beat us. The next year I had part of that team back and we made it to the finals but lost 69–66 to Byrd Prillerman [Amigo]."

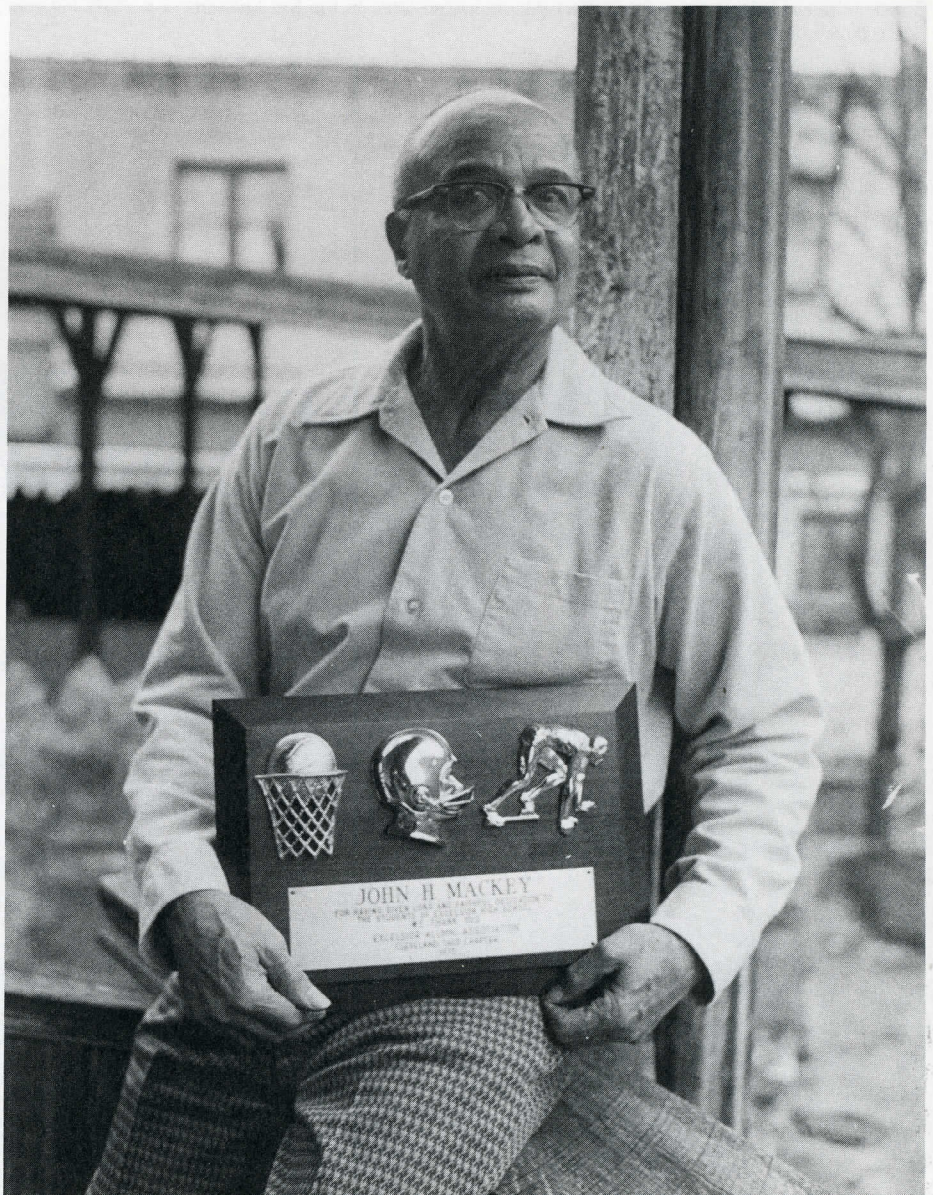
In the opening round of the 1955 state tournament, which was fairly typical of the later tournaments, Garnet defeated Liberty 80–65 in the first game Thursday. In the other three games, defending champion Stratton of Beckley defeated Bluefield's Park Central 92–46, Byrd Prillerman beat Dunbar of Weirton 55–47, and West Virginia State High School eliminated Dunbar of Fairmont 96–90. On Friday night Garnet won a squeaker 78–76 over Byrd Prillerman, and Stratton beat West Virginia State High School 75–63 in the semifinals, setting up the final game Saturday afternoon between Garnet and Stratton.

"Jim and his assistant coach Marv Richardson went downtown early Saturday morning, picked up the whole team, and brought them out to our house in Institute," recalls Ruth Jarrett. "We just had a little four-room house and everybody was jammed in. Something must have happened the year before because Jim said, 'Ruth, no one is to leave and if anyone stays in the bathroom more than two minutes you open the door and see what they are doing.' I guess he thought they were going to smoke or something." Coach Jarrett's caution paid off that afternoon. Stratton jumped off to a 17–13 first quarter lead, but Garnet battled back to a slim 55–53 third quarter margin. In the last period, however, Garnet pulled away to win comfortably 74–63.

That 1955 tournament was the beginning of the end of the black state tournament in West Virginia. The Supreme Court's May 1954 decision, *Brown vs. Board of Education*, mandated the integration of public schools. In the autumn of 1954 Monongalia and

Coach Andrew Calloway took his DuBois (Mount Hope) team to the first tournament in 1925. He was a generous source of information for our research. Photo by Michael Keller.

Above: Liniment rubdowns were an inevitable part of the sport. This is Coach Wilkerson at work. Photographer unknown.
Right: Coach John Mackey took his McDowell County team to the finals in 1932. His plaque reads: "For having given long and faithful dedication to the students of Excelsior High School, we thank you." Photo by Doug Yarrow.



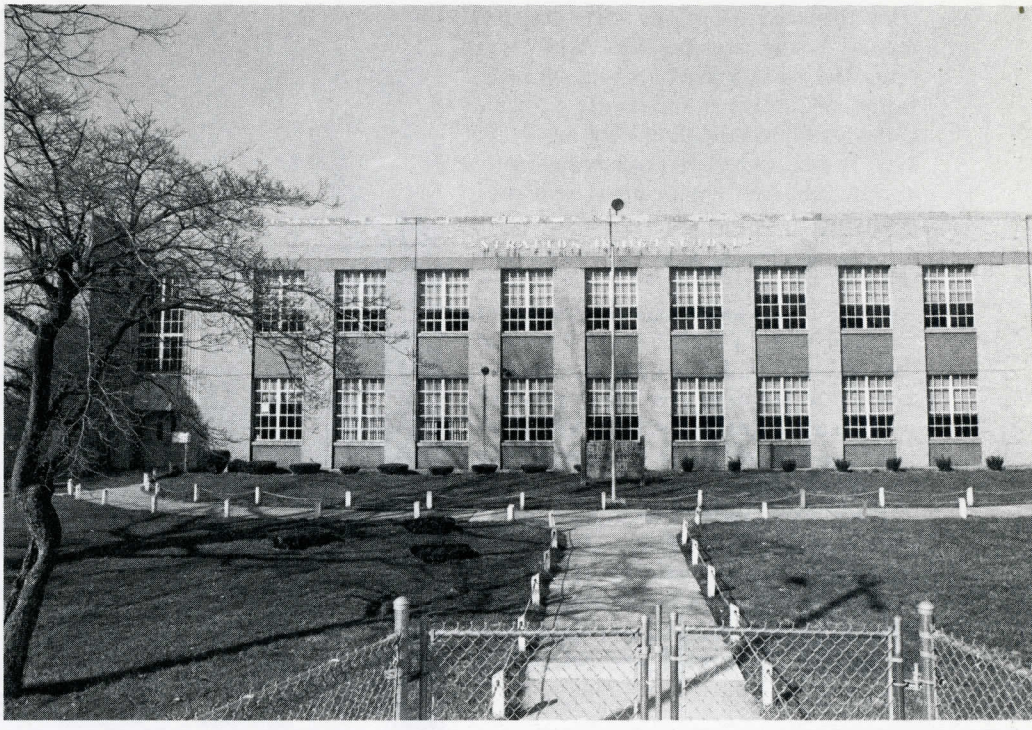
Randolph counties completely integrated their schools, closing Morgantown's Monongalia High and Riverside of Elkins.

"The 1955 tournament was a tough time for a lot of the coaches," said Horace Belmear, former coach at Dunbar of Fairmont. "We thought maybe it was our last show. A lot of them didn't know where they would be the next year, or what was going to happen to the black schools. At the coaches' meeting "Ham" Ware [coach at Weirton Dunbar] gave a brief talk about what athletics and the coaches had meant to the black communities. He talked about how we had tried to instill a strong sense of pride and character in the students. He was afraid that the black kids would lose sight of the game—and the meaning of the game—and get caught in the big money syndrome. A lot of what he said has come true. Ham was a real orator and tears were evident all over that room."

School integration in West Virginia proceeded at a very uneven rate. By the fall of 1957 Garnet, Lincoln, Sumner, and Dunbar of Weirton were all merged with formerly all-white high schools. In other counties black students were still given the choice of attending the formerly all-black or all-white schools.

The last West Virginia Athletic Union basketball tournament was held in March 1957 at Bluefield's Park Central High School. Twelve schools participated in the last tournament. Elhanier Willis said, "The rest had either been integrated or had run to join the association," meaning the West Virginia Secondary Schools Activity Commission (WVSSAC). The last tournament was a three-day affair in which host Park Central beat defending state champion Byrd Prillerman in the finals 62–54. Ironically, that same evening Douglass, which had withdrawn from the WVAU and did not play in the final black tournament, lost to Burch High School 62–54 in the integrated WVSSAC area tournament finals. Had Douglass won that game they

Stratton of Beckley was a formidable competitor in the last years of the WVAU tournament. Photo by Doug Yarrow.



would have been the first all-black high school to qualify for the WVSSAC state tournament.

After the final tournament in 1957, the WVAU disbanded and the remaining black schools were absorbed by the WVSSAC. The first black high school to qualify for the integrated state tournament was Liberty. However, Ansted, the team Liberty handily defeated in the area tournament championship game, protested the eligibility of one of the Liberty players. Coach Ed Starling recalled, "The black WVAU was less formal about birthdates; they accepted things like family Bibles as documentation. In this situation someone from Ansted went over into Kentucky and found a birth certificate, which supposedly proved one of our players was over the age limit. The WVSSAC upheld Ansted's protest and

"A Big Deal"

The Southern Regionals

When the regional tournaments began in 1931, the southern region with eight teams was by far the largest, and many contend that it surpassed the state tournament in importance. "I remember the regional tournament as being a lot more fun and exciting than the state tournament," said Elizabeth Scobell, a former cheerleader at Gary and currently reference librarian at West Virginia State. "There was a lot of rivalry, competition, and school spirit because there were so many close friendships between the people in different communities. Charleston was a long drive away then, and West Virginia State where they held most of the state tournaments seemed remote to us. We felt McDowell County was the black center of the state. It was just more fun to cheer against and in front of people you knew."

"We had seven or eight teams: Gary, Kimball, Bramwell, Elkhorn, Excelsior, and Northfork from McDowell County; Liberty from Williamson; and of course, Park Central [the black high school in Bluefield which was named Genoa until 1947]," said Elhanier Willis, former Park Central coach. "When the season started everyone wanted to know when the regional tournament would be. When we held the tournament at the old Elkhorn gym or in the present Northfork gym, all the railroads and mines would close down. We would put Liberty up in a hotel for three days and pay for that and all the teams would take home between $2,000 and $2,500 from the gate. The state tournament never handled that kind of money.

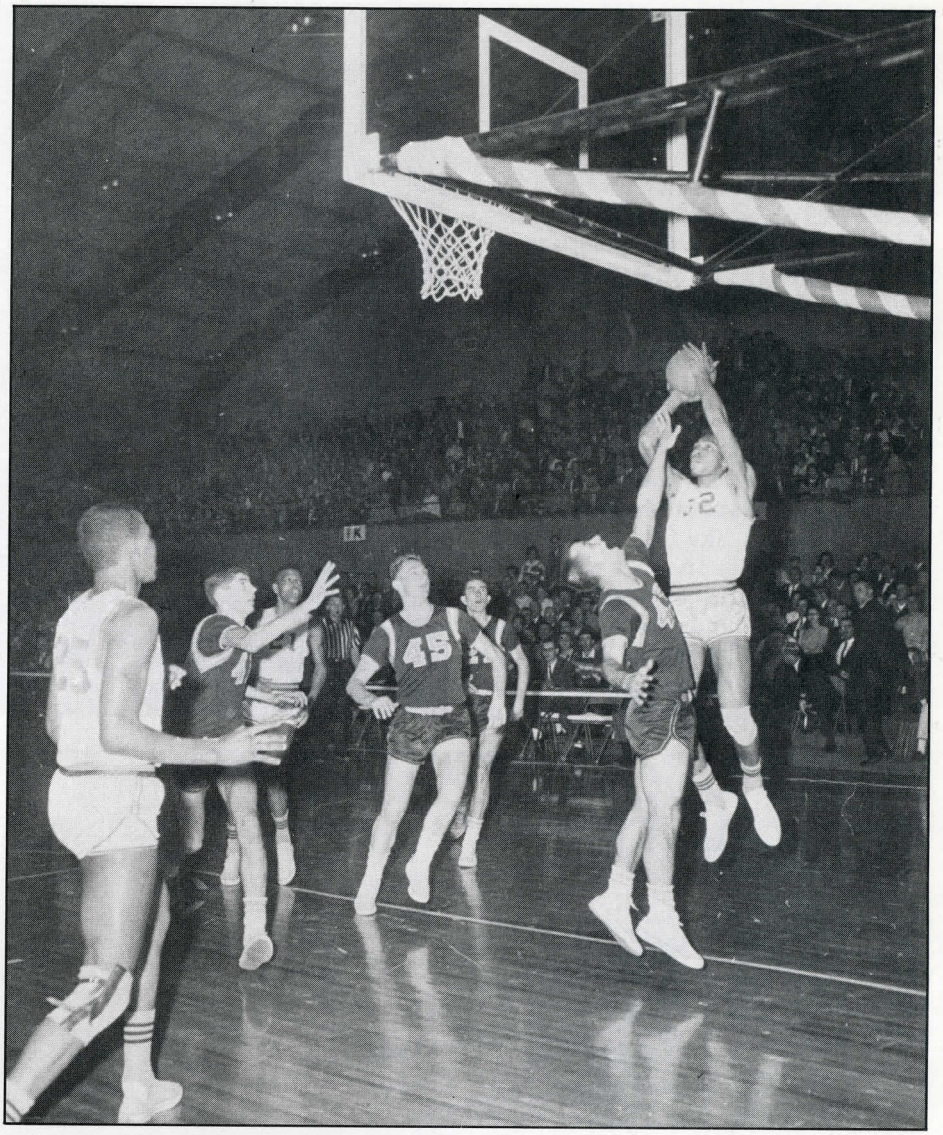
"It was a three-day show, and everyone would come all dressed up because it was something big. We would take our cheerleaders and Miss Park Central. All the schools would bring their 'Misses,' and we had cheerleading awards. After the final game they had a nice dance. One reason the southern regional was so big was that there wasn't anything for black people to do after working. There weren't any clubs or social activities except what the churches and schools provided. That tournament was the key social event for black people in southern West Virginia. If you didn't see people there or at the West Virginia State-Bluefield State football game, you just didn't see them.

"Another reason the southern regional tournament was so important," Willis continued, "was that the schools had been playing each other so long that a lot of rivalry had developed. Playing in that tournament meant everything to our kids. It was something that they could brag about and kid their friends about for the rest of their lives. Robert Lee Hairston, who was a sensational basketball player at Elkhorn, was in town a couple of weeks ago, and we were talking about the time we put him out of the tournament when they knew they were good. Now Robert Lee has a son 23 years old. It was a big deal because everybody was so interwoven together.

"Win a ball game, so what. But to win the tournament—it wasn't anything monetary—but the mouth and the whoop, that was it!"

they replaced us in the state tournament." The most successful black high school in the WVSSAC tournament was James Wilkerson and Ergie Smith's Gary team from McDowell County. In 1962 they finished as state runners-up and in 1965 easily won the state championship.

The following year Ed Starling's Liberty team played in the Class A championship game against Piedmont High School. "I really wanted to win that game," said Starling, "because I knew that the next year Liberty would be closed and integrated into Williamson High School." Unfortunately, a cold shooting night for Liberty led to a 58–55 win for Piedmont. Starling's Liberty team was the last of the black high schools to appear in the WVSSAC tournament. By the 1966–67 school year West Virginia's educational system was completely integrated and all of the black high schools were closed.



Left: James Wilkerson graduated from Gary District High School in 1924 and returned to coach there in 1932. He retired from the integrated Gary High in 1971.
Above: Black and white high school athletes have played together in West Virginia since the mid-1950's. Coach Wilkerson's Gary team (light suits) won this tournament in 1965. Photographer unknown.

"What made the black tournament so unique was the closeness of the people," said Ruth Jarrett. "My sons played in tournaments for Charleston High School after it was integrated, but the teams all stayed in motels spread all over town. It just wasn't the same feeling. For black people in Charleston the First Baptist Church and Garnet High School were the centers of social life. When Garnet hosted the tournament everyone supported it."

Ed Starling remembers, "There was a feeling of genuine camaraderie among the coaches. That doesn't mean they wouldn't try to beat your brains out on the floor, but when the game was over the host coach would invite the other coaches out to his home for a social hour or dinner." Starling explained that this tradition did not die with the black tournament. Until his death in 1981, Jim Jarrett would invite all the black coaches to his home for breakfast whenever the tournament was held in Charleston. "You should have been here," added Ruth Jarrett. "They would sit around and talk and argue and laugh about games and tournaments as if they happened yesterday and nothing had changed."

The author's work on this article was supported by a fellowship from the Humanities Foundation of West Virginia, a state program of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

"Something We Lived For"
Coach James Wilkerson Recalls Basketball and the Black Tournament
Interview by C. Robert Barnett

McDowell County produced some of the strongest black basketball teams, winning about a fifth of all the West Virginia Athletic Union championships through the years. The early powerhouse was clearly Kimball, which dominated the tournament from the mid-'20's to the mid-'30's. Just across the mountains was Gary, whose Gary District High School battled Kimball at home and itself won state championships in 1930 and 1939.

James Wilkerson graduated from Gary in 1924 and returned as coach in 1932. He professes to have learned basketball mostly from books, but nonetheless took his team to the regional or state games most years and placed second in the National Negro Basketball Tournament in 1940. Wilkerson retired from integrated Gary High School in 1971, and in a recent interview looked back to recall his long career in athletics:

James Wilkerson captioned this "My First State Championship Basketball Team." He stands at right, with manager Clarence King at left. The Gary team beat Douglass of Huntington in the 1939 finals, 30–28. Photographer unknown.

I was born in Wise County, Virginia, but very soon after that my family moved to Bedford, Virginia. However, I spent most of my boyhood on my grandfather's farm in Tennessee. About 1921 my family moved to Thorpe, West Virginia, and I entered Gary District High School, or as it was called then, Gary Negro High School.

We played a lot of baseball when I was first a student at Gary Negro High School. The only sport that we really had to begin with was baseball. And we'd play baseball on the ninth of April, they called it Emancipation Day. It was something about when the Negroes were freed, and the Board of Education would permit us to have a holiday on that day. We'd play whoever was our natural rival in baseball.

I played on the first basketball team we had, but I made the team only because we just had enough boys for a team. That was in 1921. First we played outdoors, and then we played later in an old theater down the road there a piece. I didn't know much about basketball, and my coach wasn't really a basketball star. My coach was one of those big-time football players from West Virginia State College, Butch Brown. Now, he was an excellent football coach and player, but he didn't know too much about basketball. But of course he did know more than we knew about it.

I graduated from Gary District High School in the spring of 1924, and I entered West Virginia State College in the fall. At West Virginia State I didn't play on the basektball team. I tried out for it, but I really didn't have much talent for basketball. I did help some in football. I had a little bit of speed and an ability to remember plays.

I graduated from West Virginia State in 1928, and that fall I took a job as an elementary school principal in McDowell County—and I was an elementary school teacher and principal for four years. In 1932 they offered me the teaching and coaching job at Gary District High School, and I took it. I coached at Gary District High School then from 1932 to 1965 when they closed Gary District High School and merged it with Gary Coal Diggers' High School [the white school].

We had some excellent teams in the 1930's and 1940's and went to the state tournament about every year. We didn't have to raise money from the com-

munity, but financed our trips out of the school treasury. We would have socials or dances after the games, a Miss Gary contest, and, of course, gate receipts. The Miss Gary contest was when girls would be nominated for Miss Gary, and they would raise money by having bake sales or dinners or selling things. The one who raised the most money would be Miss Gary and get to go to all the away basketball games to represent the school. We always took Miss Gary, the cheerleaders, and a chaperone to all the games and tournaments. We always had good attendance at our games, but our gym would only seat about 100 people. Later we had the use of the Gary "Coal Diggers" gym for games and practice when they weren't using it.

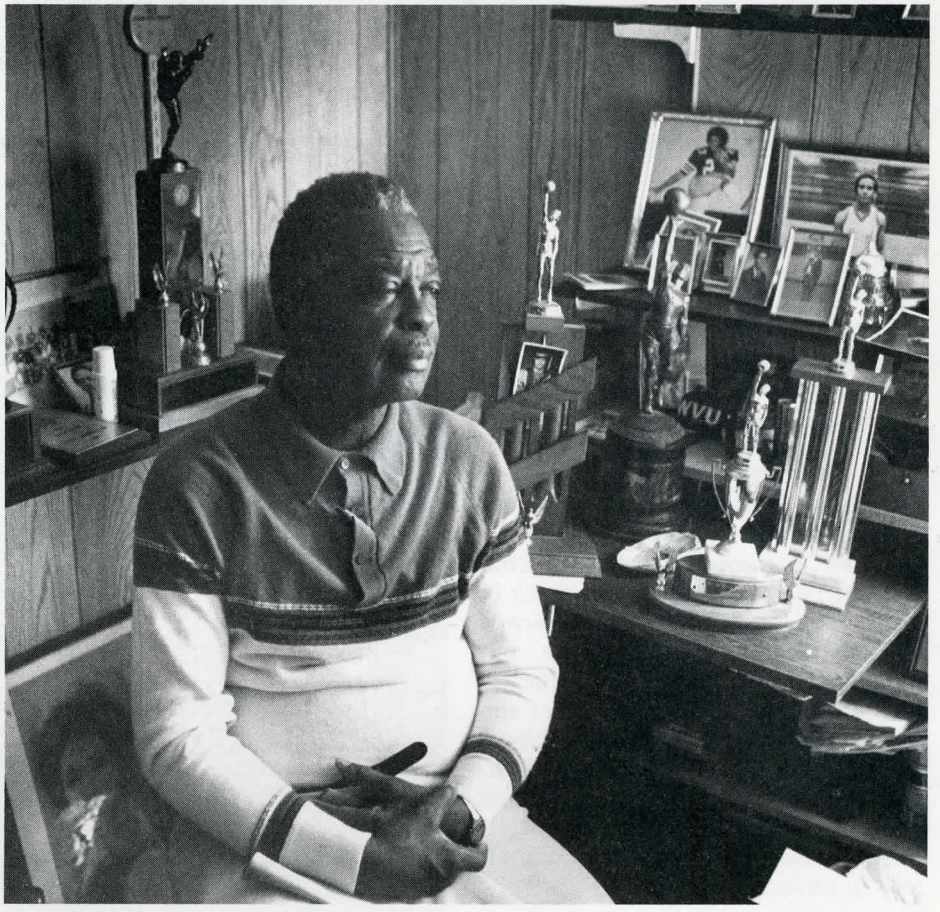
Our fans followed our team. A lot of times we couldn't house the number of fans who wanted to see the games. I remember having a regional tournament over at Kimball. We were down in the basement where we changed, and there were some fans outside near the window trying to get in. I remember helping to get some of the fans in through the windows, ladies as well as men.

Usually when Gary went to the tournament it was held uptown at Garnet High School in Charleston. We stayed in various homes in the city, which was arranged by the host school. They had socials after the games, but that was about it. The coaches would maybe have a meeting in one of the rooms or be invited to friends' houses for dinner or a social hour or something of that nature.

The team was always excited about going to Charleston. There was no such thing as pro ball, so getting to the state tournament was as far as you could go in sports, and they just lived for that tournament. Our children just liked athletics, black boys especially, so that Gary children spent all their spare time playing either football or basketball.

I didn't know basketball very well when I was appointed coach in 1932, so I just got some books and started reading. I remember using a book by Dr. Meanwell from Wisconsin and he said if your team could pass, shoot, and play defense, you could have a representative team. So that's what I did. Now so far as developing an offense, I didn't. I couldn't do that. We played on a lot of really small floors so we depended on a zone defense.

Below: One of the good athletes Coach Wilkerson remembers is Henry Winkfield, late '30's star at Gary District and now coach at Northfork High School in McDowell County. "He was one of the finest Gary ever had," Wilkerson says. Photo by Doug Yarrow.
Right: Coach Wilkerson at home in Gary, with an old "Bulldogs" game program. Of his long career in high school athletics, he modestly says, "We had some good teams, but it was because we had good athletes." Photo by Doug Yarrow.



We had some good teams, but it was because we had good athletes. I had Henry Winkfield who is the present coach over at Northfork. He was one of the finest athletes that Gary ever had. When he came here, he knew how to do something that I had never seen before. He knew how to shoot a jump shot—I don't know who taught him that—and he was good at it. He was a good baseball player. He had the best hands for catching a football that I have ever seen. That was something else I didn't teach him; he could just catch a football. I remember he made some of the finest catches I have ever seen against Douglass High School in Fairfield Stadium one year. We had him, and there was George Gunn and several other guys. They didn't have anything to do but play basketball for recreation.

In 1940 we took a team to the National Negro Basketball Tournament in Fayetteville, North Carolina. We placed second in the West Virginia tournament that year; Garnet beat us 26–24 in the finals. But they took the runners-up from a lot of different states into the tournament. We drove the team down there to Fayetteville, and it was like going to California or someplace they had never been before. We played Garnet down there and beat them; I think they came in either third or fifth place. We ended up in the finals, if you can believe it, against Gary, Indiana, but they beat us 37–34, so we ended up runner-up in the state tournament in West Virginia and runner-up in the national tournament.

One thing that really helped the later teams at Gary District was when they added Ergie Smith [the current coach at Mount View] to the staff in 1955. That was the first time I ever had

a paid assistant. He deserves credit for most of the success our teams achieved. He took to coaching so well that I asked them to make him my co-coach. At that time, the head coach would get $50 a month extra, and the assistant coach would get $25 a month, but I had them to compile that and divide that money equally between the two of us. Actually, I started then doing most of the paperwork and everything like that. When we'd go to practice, I'd sit there in the bleachers with a stop watch and he'd make out the program. That's one thing I never did do—I was lazy—I knew it was important. He'd make out the schedule of what he was going to do that day. I'd take the stop watch, and he'd say give me so many minutes on this and so many minutes on that. And if he wasn't satisfied when his time was up, he'd say put that down for the next day.

We played in the black state tournament clear up to 1957, and then we began to play in the white tournament. We made it to the regionals the first couple of years. In 1961 we had what I consider one of our best teams, and we were eliminated in the finals of this region by Oceana. I thought we got an awfully raw deal in that game, however. The next year, 1962, we qualified for the state. Our team was the first entry from an all-black school ever to play in the state tournament. We finished second because we lost in the championship game to Lenore.

That was the year this boy, Dave Hamilton, was a freshman, a ninth grader, and he was our principal star in those games up there in Morgantown. He made such an impression that two or three of the colleges, for one West Virginia University, invited him to come back when he graduated. One thing that kept him from being as great as he ever could have been was—actually he was the greatest basketball player we ever developed here—when in the tenth grade, he was going to vocational school, and he caught his hand in a jointer—his left hand. Two fingers were almost shattered and separated, and the only reason they didn't take those fingers off was because the doctors at the hospital knew he was a basketball player. They had remembered seeing him play in the state tournament the previous year, so they sent him to Williamson to a specialist, and he patched up his fingers and so forth, and they finally came around very well. It was a long time, though, before he could use that hand the way he should. He learned to shoot with his right hand, but when he'd catch a ball, that hand was always a little tender.

We won the state championship in 1965. We were in Class A then. Hamilton was a senior that year. We drew Fairview in the semifinal game, but we never worried about those northern teams. They couldn't stand our defense. We played them a tough, pressing defense and took the ball away from them at mid-court. I think we had them 23–8 at the end of the first quarter, and just coasted the rest of the way with our subs. We beat Fort Ashby 79-70 in the final.

Dave Hamilton went down to West Virginia State after he graduated. His brother got out of the army about the same time, and they played together at State for four years. When he graduated from State he was drafted by the 76ers, but he didn't make the team.

When Gary District closed then I went to Gary High School. And the first year up there I simply taught mathematics and that was all. They wanted me to work as assistant coach, but I wouldn't take it at first. However, the second year I was up there I became one of the assistant coaches in football and basketball and worked with Sid Cure. I retired from Gary High School in 1971.

We never felt isolated in Gary; we just had a lot of fun playing basketball among ourselves and with other teams. But to us the southern regional tournament and the black state tournament were the biggest events of the year in the state. I can't think of anything else that would even come close to that in terms of being exciting and fun. It was just something that our kids and our fans lived for.

Maple Croft

A Mineral County Farm

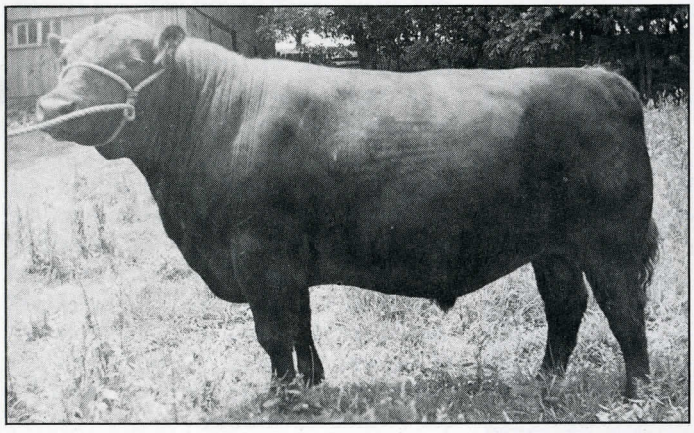
By Cora Hanlin Davis
Photographs by Dennis Tennant

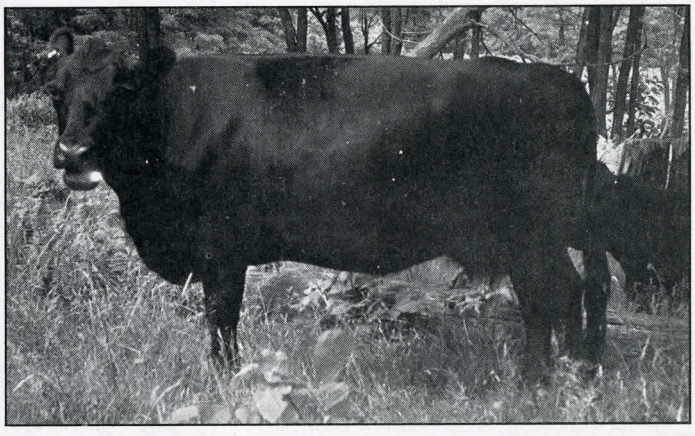
Maple Croft Farm, situated high in the Allegheny Mountains of Mineral County, has been the home of purebred Angus cattle for 84 years. The herd was founded by my father, J. Gabriel Hanlin, then a young blade full of energy and ambitious to make a name for himself. In the summer of 1898, he went to purchase some cattle for his uncle, Gabriel S. Kitzmiller, of nearby Grand View Farm, where he had been staying for a few years. While in Ohio looking over cattle for his uncle, he found two bred heifers to his liking and purchased them for himself.

Father had learned of a small farm for sale with a dwelling and a shed large enough to house his two heifers. He bought it and in this way became a farmer, and an Angus man. He decided to set up housekeeping on his own, as he had had some "KP" experience with his uncle, also a bachelor. He housed his little heifers in the shed, fed them well during the cold winter, and kept a close watch over them. Both produced heifer calves in early spring. That summer he bought a fine young bull from Uncle Gabe, and was well on the way to having his dream of an Angus herd of his own. Gabe, a good judge of cattle, had coached him well and he had been an eager learner.

During this time, my father had his eye on Lucinda Susan Roderick, an attractive black-eyed young lady. Well experienced in the ways of housekeeping, she had taken over the household duties for her father and two older brothers at the age of nine years when her mother became ill. She also had to mother three younger sisters, so she knew quite well how to run a household. My father proposed, she accepted, and on November 22, 1899,

Opposite page: Character, breeding—and maybe a hint of irritation—show in the face of this purebred Angus disturbed at feeding time.
Above: Clyde and Cora Hanlin Davis of Maple Croft Farm.
Below left: Like other farmers, Mr. Hanlin believed a "good bull was half the herd." This is one of the finest, Maple Croft's Annefield Mount, purchased in 1937 from Annefield Plantations in Virginia. Photographer and date unknown.
Below right: A 1940's scene from the farm: Mrs. Davis describes this as "a good 'old type' Angus cow," probably sired by Annefield Mount. Photographer unknown.





Clyde and Cora Davis examine a family scrapbook.

they became husband and wife and my father's "batching" days came to an end. The years proved him to be not only a good judge of cattle, but of a helpmate as well.

The new couple established themselves in the little farmhouse, my mother happy to have a home of her own where she could do as she wished. On May 17, 1902, my sister, Alice Virginia, was born. Although not the son my father had hoped for, she was a welcome member of the family.

In the meantime, my father had bought another little farm and added a few more cows to his herd. The new land provided more pasture, and meadows to supply hay for the winter. He had also built onto their shed to provide more shelter for his increasing herd.

Early in the spring of 1903, my father decided to build a new house for his growing family. He hired a carpenter friend to construct it, and by fall they were in their new home. It has always puzzled me that there were no clothes closets built in it.

On July 6, 1905, the hoped-for son arrived. As was traditional, he was given a family name, Gabriel Blake, and always went by the middle name, although friends sometimes called him "G. Blake." Of course he was introduced to the cattle on the farm at an early age, and soon was tagging along after his daddy and helping where he could. He never seemed to have any fear even of the bulls, and was not very old when he began to halter and lead them around.

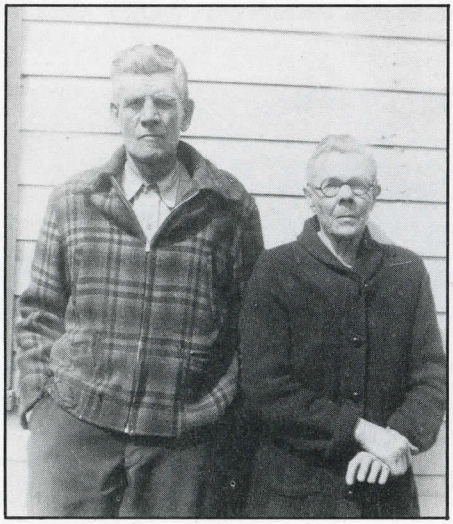
In increasing his Angus herd, and trying always to improve it, Father bought good bulls at the highest price he could afford. He knew a good bull is half of the herd and that an inferior one could decrease the quality as well as the value. He always kept his best heifers for replacement cows, choosing for size as well as quality.

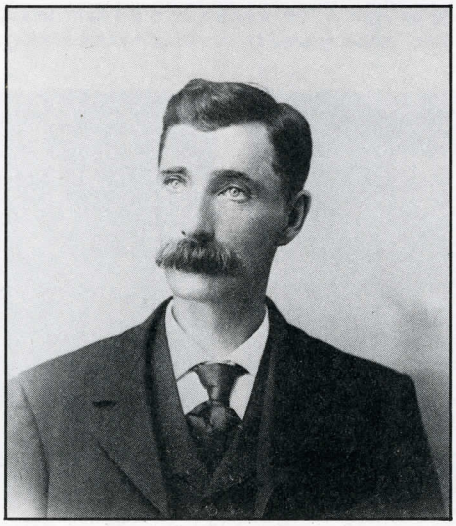
On my father's birthday, September 12, 1913, I, Cora Susan, decided to make my appearance. Father and a close neighbor had gone hunting with their new coon hounds. By an amazing coincidence, this neighbor's wife also gave birth to a daughter about a half-hour after I was born. Those two hunters came back, proud of the coons they had caught but prouder still for what they both found waiting at home.

In 1914, after years of searching for the "perfect" bull, Father decided he had found him at the Picken's Farm of Clarksburg. That animal weighed over a ton, extremely large for bulls at that time. My father had been looking for a bull to improve the size of his cattle. In this one he not only improved the size but the quality as well, and he was very happy with his choice. In later years, my father bought bulls from Kansas, Missouri, and Virginia.

In 1937, my father bought a bull, Annefield Mount, from William Bell Watkins of Annefield Plantations in Virginia. He always felt that bull did more for the herd than any other he had purchased, saying that Annefield Mount gave more to the quality of the herd than any other one. The bull sired excellent calves, and was in service until he was 13 years of age. When my father died we had 28 cows sired by old Annefield Mount.

Left: The author's father, J. Gabriel Hanlin, founded Maple Croft Farm. Here he is with his wife, Lucinda Roderick Hanlin. Photographer and date unknown.
Right: Gabriel S. Kitzmiller, the "Uncle Gabe" in the article. Photographer and date unknown.





Maple Croft cattle are bred for hardiness, and the herd is wintered out in the open, with our upland temperatures often dropping below zero and two or three feet of snow on the ground. The cattle are fed from ricks of good mixed legume grasses, the only feed the herd gets during the winter. Winter feeding takes place in the meadows, where the manure provides some of the fertilizer for the next year's hay crop. The only shelter for the cattle is found in the wooded areas in and around the meadows.

The Maple Croft animals have grown long, thick hair in adapting to the extreme cold that we have here on the Alleghenies. We have never lost a cow from exposure to the cold, but we do sometimes lose a calf born out in the open in the cold rain or sleet that occasionally comes in April. Our cows are bred to calve in late March or early April. If a cow happens to have a late summer or fall calf we usually sell her and the young calf, too, for fear that nursing would weaken the mother during the cold winter months.

My father watched over his herd for more than half a century, remaining active for nearly all his long life. His health began to decline only in 1950, as the result of an accident. The horse that was drawing the hay rake he was on ran away, and Father fell off the rake backwards. He never was the same robust person after that, but until then—to the age of 78—he had been able to work with men much younger.

For the next two years, Father spent most of his time reclining on a couch, and could walk only by pushing a chair in front of himself. One day in March 1952 he called me to his side, asking me to prepare transfer papers of the entire herd to my husband, Clyde, and me. He wanted the papers taken care of at once. I had always kept the herd records for him, and I did as he told me without question, but I felt he had a premonition that his days were numbered.

In early May Father became quite ill and had to go to the hospital, where he died on Father's Day, June 15, 1952. He willed me the home farm. Grand View Farm, which he had inherited from the bachelor uncle who started him in the Angus business, went to my brother. My sister received a third farm, between Maple Croft and Grand View. Many herds had been started from Maple Croft and Uncle Gabe's

The latest two generations on Maple Croft—son David Davis and his children Mathew and Amy.

Above: A Mineral County farm family. Daughter-in-law Ruth, son David, and Cora and Clyde Davis, with third generation Mathew and Amy seated.
Below: Our author, Cora Davis, does her writing at the kitchen table, sometimes working alone there until the early hours of the morning.

Grand View, with the cattle going as far south as South Carolina, and as far west as Illinois.

Family work at Maple Croft Farm continued, of course, after Father's death, and is now passing on to a still later generation. Our son David graduated from the West Virginia University School of Agriculture in 1971. He first worked as assistant Extension Agent in Harrison County for two years, then was chosen to become Extension Agent here in his home county. He now lives at Maple Croft and in addition to his sometimes heavy Extension duties he has also taken over most of the work on the farm. My husband suffered a slight stroke in 1974, and has not been able to resume a full load of farm work since. Clyde helps David as much as he can, for example, by driving a tractor, but he cannot do much of the heavy physical labor that a farm requires. Had David not been sent back to Mineral County to work, I fear that the old Maple Croft Angus herd would have had to have been dispersed. This would have been heartbreaking, since Father had faith that we would carry on in his stead.

Now the future of the farm and the herd seems secure. Like his father and grandfather, David chose a farm girl for a wife and he and Ruth now have a son and daughter. Both Amy Marie and Mathew Bradley are lovers of animals, and both are already helping out when the herd has to be separated in the fall to wean the calves, or put to pasture in the spring. We hope that the Maple Croft herd will be in existence through our progeny for many years yet to come.

Our herd is now the oldest continuous registered Angus herd in West Virginia, and the tenth oldest in the United States. The Maple Croft herd was recognized in the National Angus Association's 50th anniversary book in 1969, and will be among "centennial herds" honored in a national centennial event this year. We are proud of such recognition, but mostly we are proud to carry on my father's dream as an Angus man. The cattle have changed and improved since Uncle Gabe coached Father, and Father instructed Clyde in the ways to judge good stock, but time has not changed our feelings toward Maple Croft cattle and what they stand for.

Purebred Angus, such as this Maple Croft youngster, are scientifically bred for desirable traits. The numbered eartag is for the necessarily intricate recordkeeping.

Angus Cattle in West Virginia and America

The recorded history of Angus cattle in America goes back to 1873. In that year, George Grant, a native Scotsman then living in Kansas, imported some of the breed—also known as Aberdeen Angus, for Aberdeen, their county of origin in Scotland—for his farm. Others were imported in 1878, for the Anderson and Findlay farm in Illinois. The black animals, so different from most American stock of the time, were initially viewed as promising curiosities but gradually became one of the country's most popular breeds.

The advantages of the Angus were apparent from the first. The cattle were uniform in type and color, naturally polled or hornless, and fast maturing. The cows were prolific, good milkers, and had fewer calving problems than some other breeds. The breed adapted well to changes in climate, adjusting to different types of forage or feeding conditions. The beef was well marbled, and Angus cattle produced maximum prime meat with a minimum of waste. By the 1930's the breed held the world's record for dressing out 48 times out of 49 as the Grand Champion Carcass at the International Livestock Exposition in Chicago.

Apparently the first Angus introduced into West Virginia was a bull purchased by two men who were perhaps brothers, John Arnold of Hampshire County and George Arnold of neighboring Mineral. In 1882 they brought in more Angus stock from the state of Missouri. Other early breeders were W. D. Zinn of Philippi, Frank Ward of Elkins, Peyton Dixon of Grant county, and G. S. Kitzmiller of Mineral County.

The first registered purebred Angus herd in West Virginia was that of my father, J. Gabriel Hanlin of Mineral County. As described in the accompanying article, Father started his herd from two bred heifers purchased in Ohio in 1898. Our Maple Croft Farm herd has been purebred and certified from that date, with yearly testing for brucellosis and TB.

The breed grew in popularity, and in 1940 West Virginia Angus enthusiasts decided to organize a state breeders association. In February Col. E. A. Livesay of the WVU School of Agriculture called a meeting in Morgantown and that spring the group met at Jackson's Mill to adopt a constitution and by-laws. By the end of the year, the West Virginia Aberdeen-Angus Association had 27 members on its roles.

The job of the new Angus Association was to promote the breed in West Virginia. Feeder Calf Sales began at once, and in 1944 the first Annual Purebred Show and Sale was held at Petersburg. A variety of other sales were launched through the years, with the first "Useful Cow Sale" (of bred cows or cows with calves) held at Terra Alta in 1953, and a "Grass Time Sale" at the same place two years later. Such sales provided a useful way for established breeders to reduce their herds a bit, and a way for new breeders to begin. These were not culls being sold, but animals with a proven record of production.

In 1952, the Association secured an Angus field man, Richard B. Stein. This ambitious and capable agent was able to improve the quality and size of new and existing herds by bringing good bulls into the state. Recognizing that farm boys and girls would be the future breeders of Angus cattle, the Association also began actively working with 4-H and FFA programs. Good Angus stock was made available to the youngsters at reasonable prices, and some breeders donated an animal on the promise that the first heifer calf would be returned to the donor.

Such work has paid off. By the end of 1982, membership in the West Virginia Aberdeen-Angus Association had grown to 134. Members gather each year for a spring banquet at Jackson's Mill, on the eve of the annual sale there. The event provides an opportunity for farm families to get together. We older members look over the younger ones, and we all inspect the year's best market cattle and look forward to a secure future for the Angus breed in West Virginia.

—Cora Hanlin Davis

When Dad Carried the Mail

By Kathleen Hensley Browning

Woodville Clyde Hensley on his mail route on Kilgore Creek, about 1943. Photo by Clyde Hensley.

World War I was going on when my father became a mail carrier in rural Cabell and Mason counties, riding horseback for 28 miles where such roads as there were sometimes ran through the creek beds. When there was heavy rain the horse might have to swim in places, or horse and rider might be trapped on high ground between curves in a flooded stream. High water came mostly in the spring, winter brought ice and snow, and other seasons brought other perils, but Dad always got the mail through within the 24 hours allowed by the Post Office for local delivery.

Dad carried the mail for 30 years, but he started life as a farmer and schoolteacher. He, Woodville Clyde Hensley, was born in 1882 in Cabell County, the descendant of pioneers who crossed the Alleghenies long before the Civil War. His great-grandfather was listed in the Kanawha County census in 1820, and his mother, Mary Margaret Griffith, told me stories of coming in a covered wagon from Monroe County to Putnam County in 1859. The family settled at what was then known as Hurricane Bridge, later moving on to Cabell.

Dad was small and frail as a child, and never was a big man. He was born left-handed, considered a handicap at the time. As a boy he was never allowed to use his left hand to eat or write, and sometimes that hand was even tied behind him. In later life he could write with either hand, but always used an axe, shovel, or pitchfork with his left.

Despite his problems Dad was plowing with a team by the time he was 10, but his father wouldn't let him take the corn and wheat to the mill. That was considered man's work. All the men in the community gathered

at the mill on Saturday, and Dad later recalled that he wanted more than anything to go hear their talk and to learn about horse trading. By then the family was living on a farm on Newman's Branch out from Milton.

As a young man, Dad became a schoolteacher. All four of the children in his family taught school for at least one term when they turned 18 and passed the teachers' examination. A teacher then earned $35 to $40 a month for a school term of three or four months. Sometimes one could teach two terms the same winter in different locations, for the months school was taught depended upon when a teacher could be hired.

He later remembered one school especially. In the winter of 1907 he went to Marlinton to teach. He bought a trunk for his belongings and traveled by train all the way. The family which was to be his host met him at the station with a wagon, and the snow was the deepest he had ever seen. He lost his hat to a gust of wind on his way to his new home, but he loved the months he spent in Pocahontas County and kept in touch with some of those people the rest of his life.

Dad was a soft-spoken teacher, and there were times when he wished he had stayed with farming. Running the schoolmaster out of the community was a favorite pastime of the older students in some places, and his position was really jeopardized if he decided to court a local belle. If the teacher rode horseback to see his girl his saddle girth might be cut, or manure spread on the saddle, while he was in her home. Dad suffered the latter trick once. He was too embarrassed to ask for help in getting his saddle cleaned up, so he walked several miles that night to get home. He suspected the girl's brothers.

Sometimes the challenge to the teacher came right in the classroom. Dad had a favorite story about once using a switch on one of the big boys for disturbing class. The young man left for home, vowing to bring his father back to lick the teacher. Dad said he watched for them while he heard recitations, the switch in his hands. They returned on horseback, and the schoolhouse door was flung open by the angry father wanting to know why his son had been punished. When the old man heard the teacher's side of the story, however, he took the switch and himself thrashed the boy. He then said just to let him know if there was any more trouble, and he would take care of it at home.

Dad and Mother were married in Putnam County in 1909, and out of his income they bought a house, horse, cow, pigs, and chickens. Five children were born by 1917, although the first died at birth. Dad began looking for another job, because he needed more money for his family and because teaching was getting on his nerves. It was thus that he became a mail carrier in 1918.

He also began looking for new quarters for his large family. Both Mother and Dad loved the country, so they traded the house in Milton for a farm nearby, where there was a 40-year-old house, barn, shop, pig pen, chicken house, and outhouse. On a gray December day the teacher-turned-mailman hired horses and wagons at the livery stable to move his family to the farm. He drove one team and hired a driver for the other.

The horses stayed hitched to the wagons all day while the oak bedroom furniture and other household items, garden tools, chickens, and a pig were loaded and unloaded. A cow was tied behind one wagon, and walked the scant mile between the two houses. The roads were brown mud and half-frozen, and the men carefully held the wagons to the ridges between the ruts. The oldest child, a boy of five, and the four-year-old boy each sat with one of the drivers. Mother sat in a chair, holding me, the baby girl. Our three-year-old brother made the trip in the iron wash kettle.

The new farm was to be the family's base of operations during Dad's years as a mail carrier, and he set to work to improve the place. A yard for the children was fenced off from the muddy country road in front. There was plenty of land for crops and an orchard, and for stock to graze, but all 39 acres had to be fenced. Dad dreamed of remodeling the house, and digging a cellar underneath—a place for apples from the orchard not yet planted. The cellar job meant that stone from the hillside had to be dragged in and cut for the walls. Another chicken house, a coal house, and a smokehouse were added.

Mary Elizabeth and Woodville Hensley on their wedding day, September 22, 1909. Photographer unknown.

It was from this homeplace that Dad set out each morning to deliver the mail. His route went from our house near Milton out John's Branch, down Diehl Hill, and up to the headwaters of Mill Creek, where the Glenn family lived. This was called the Mason County road, for it ran into Mason and on to the Ohio River at Ashton. However, Dad made a left turn off the road to pass Bedford Chapel. Soon crossing from Cabell into Mason by this back way, he went down Bear Hollow Creek and up a steep hill to Whitten Ridge. Walter Holley and his family lived there, as did the Rowseys and Uncle Jim Eagan. There was also a Red Corner Grocery on the ridge. At Hayes Rowsey's house Dad turned down Fisher Hill, in order to take Kilgore Creek down to U.S. 60 and back to Milton.

In the early years there were always two horses on the farm. Dad used them on alternate days on the mail route. The horses were like members of the

family, and it was sad when one grew too old for the long trips and had to be traded. He had a small brown mare named Dot that we particularly loved. She could canter, trot, walk, or run and was a joy to ride. Being especially gentle, she was good with children.

For those first years Dad rode horseback or hitched one of the horses to a buggy, a two-wheeled cart, or a homemade sled. Every summer Dad and the boys "resoled" the sled. A hickory sapling was cut and split, and wood and bark would be trimmed off to make an almost flat surface on each side. The green timber was then nailed to the sled. The hickory was tough, and it would wear flat and slick. The sled was good for snowy weather, or when the ground was frozen.

In the summer Dad liked the buggy, for its top provided shade. Sometimes when the mail was light and the weather good, he took the cart. But the back of the seat was low and it was tiring, he said, to ride that for 28 miles. Whatever his conveyance the horses soon learned to stop at each mailbox, without any instructions from him.

The worst times on the mail route were in the spring and fall when the mud was so deep no vehicle could be used, so the horse must be ridden. That red clay hill out there was a nightmare for both man and beast when it rained. There was a seep about halfway up, so it was never really dry. After he started using the pickup truck, that hill still gave him trouble.

Near Christmas there were huge loads of mail, and the sled, piled high with packages, would be used. There was no seat, and this meant standing on the sled or walking alongside the entire way.

Back in those days the Post Office had a rule that all mail had to be delivered locally within 24 hours, and this was strictly obeyed. Dad left home at 7 a.m. to go to the Post Office a mile away, to work up the mail. At home we could hear C&O train No. 14 as it whistled before it got to the depot. Mother always listened for the whistle, and if the mail train was late, as it usually was near Christmas, she would tell us that Dad would also be late. From the Post Office he came back by the house to bring our mail and to pick up his lunch, and Mother could predict fairly accurately by the size of his load the time of his return at night, usually between five and six o'clock in the winter. She held supper so the family would have a chance to eat with him, but if he was not there when the six o'clock whistle blew at Harshbarger's Mill we children could eat anyway. She never ate until he came.

Dad's lunch of biscuits with sausage, apple butter, or brown sugar with butter, cookies or cake and an apple,

Like other rural mail carriers, Mr. Hensley had earlier been a country schoolteacher. Here he is (*right rear*) with the 1913 student body of the Newman School. Photographer unknown.

was carried in a brown paper bag. It often froze in the winter. At midday he stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rowsey on Whitten Ridge. He fed and watered his horse at their barn, taking saddle and bridle off to let the animal rest. He carried the mail sacks with him into the house where he ate lunch with the Rowseys. He supplied Mrs. Rowsey with coffee, and she always had that ready for him. In the summer he would draw water from their well to get a cold drink.

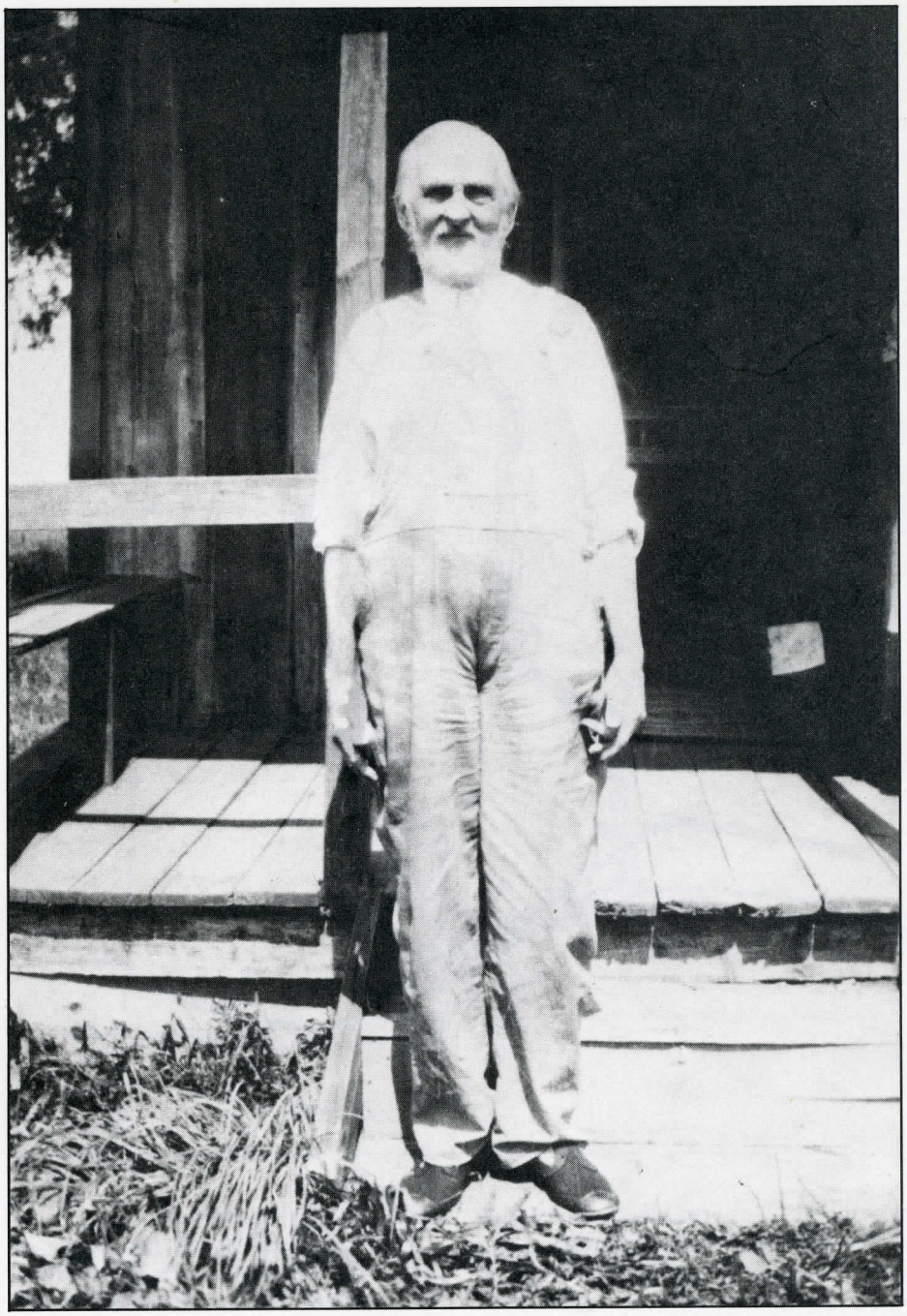
The mail route wound around the ridges and into the hollows out in Mason County, and sometimes the storms were fierce. Many times Dad came home completely soaked, his umbrella trurned inside out, and at times his overcoat was frozen. He liked to have a fire in the fireplace when he got home, even though there were gas stoves in each room. He said the house never seemed warm enough unless he could see the fire. In the winter he would come in, blue with cold, and back up so close to the fire that his moleskin trousers would steam as they thawed.

Dad's mail load depended a lot on the seasons. Next to Christmas he most dreaded the delivery of the Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs. He said the first weekend after their delivery every mailbox had a red flag up, meaning there was mail to be picked up. In about two weeks the packages would start coming in, and he might have to use the sled or buggy to make deliveries. Sometimes, when the mud was too deep for the sled or buggy, he would tie packages all over the horse and even put car tires down over his body.

In March the farmers would order baby chickens—hundreds of them. It was customary to turn off all heat in the Post Office at night and chickens which came in on train No. 13 in the afternoon could not be left to freeze, so he brought them home and put them under our kitchen stove. Heat was left on in the oven to keep the chicks warm.

When chickens came for people who lived away from the road, Dad would leave them at the nearest house and put a note in the owner's roadside mailbox to tell him where the chickens were.

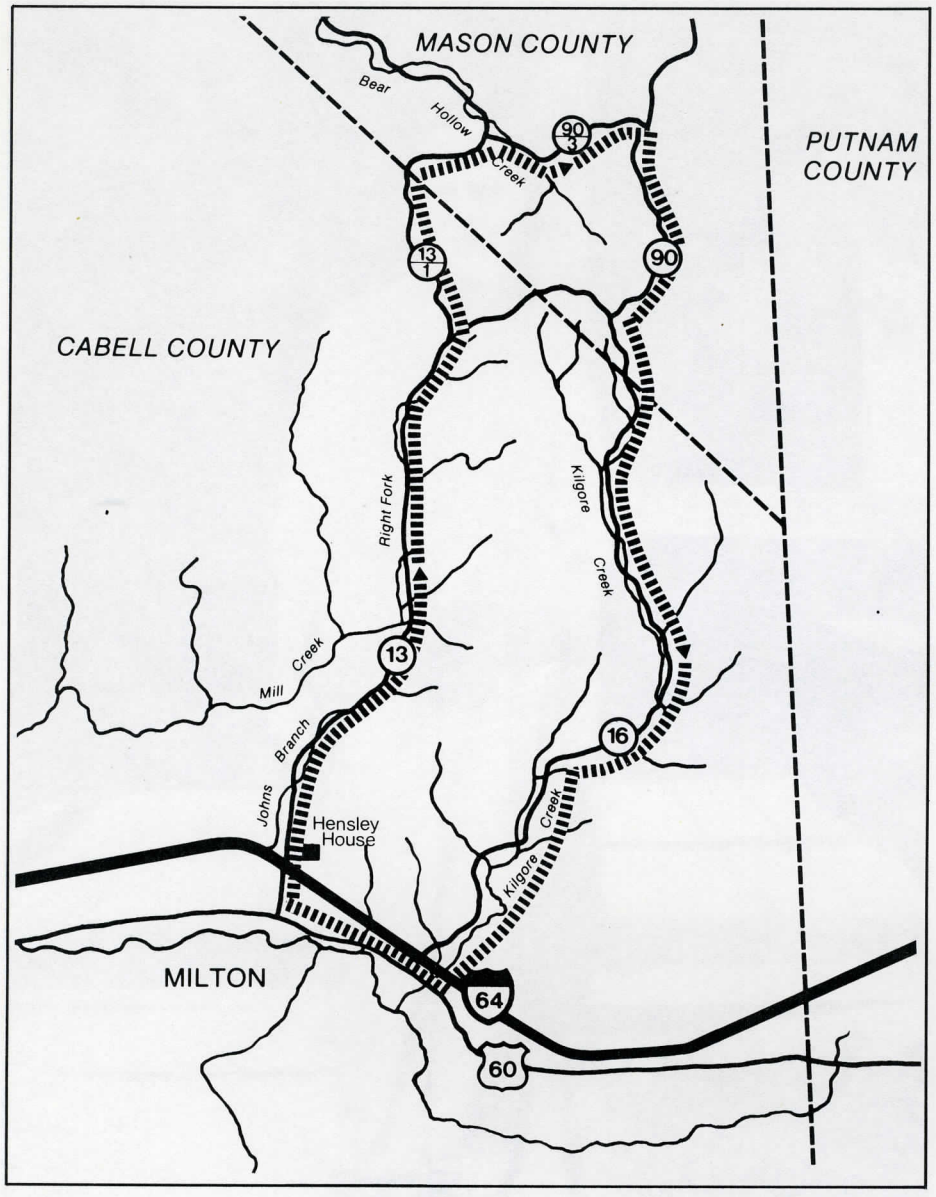
About 1927 the roads were improved enough that a pickup truck could be used for four to six months a year, and the trip could be made in half a day. Then Dad and the boys were able to do more farming. For several years they raised an acre of tomatoes for the cannery, splitting the money equally.



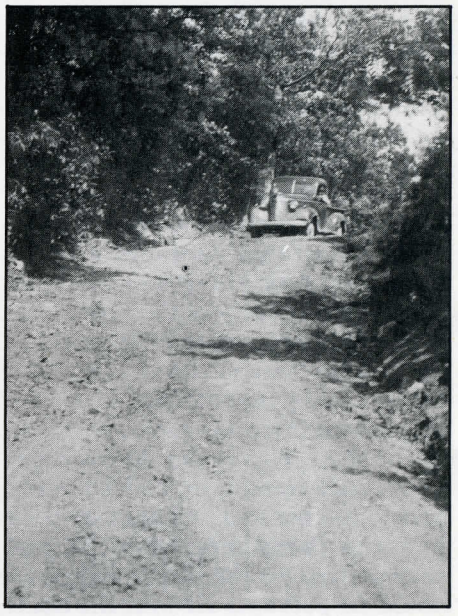
Uncle Jim Eagan trusted the mailman to carry his small fortune in gold to the Milton bank. Date and photographer unknown.

Dad was the main tie most of the people in that rural area had with the world. Few of them received newspapers or magazines, and radio was new and virtually unknown out there in the 1920's. Many times people would wait at their mailboxes for him, just to talk to find out what was happening in town or in the world. He said that in 1928, after the national election when Herbert Hoover became president, many people were waiting for him to find out the results of the voting. In order to break away, he said he would tell a joke and ride on while the person was laughing.

Dad brought back interesting tales from the isolated mail route. One concerned the Depression year of 1933,



Left: Interstate 64 was undreamed of at the time, but the path that the four-lane highway later took runs very close to the old Hensley homeplace. Mr. Hensley's mail route took him northward from the Milton Post Office to the lower corner of Mason County and then back down Kilgore Creek.
Below: After 1927 the roads were improved enough that Mr. Hensley could use a pickup truck during the good months. Here he starts down Fisher Hill in September 1944. Photographer unknown.
Right: The U. S. Mail had to be delivered to country mailboxes regardless of weather. This is the Hensleys' own homeplace. Date and photographer unknown.



when President Franklin D. Roosevelt called in the gold. Everyone was instructed to take his gold coins to a bank and receive silver dollars or greenback silver certificates in exchange. Dad's involvement in the operation came through "Uncle" Jim Eagan, a Union veteran living in a two-room Jenny Lind house out on the ridge in Mason County. Uncle Jim raised a little tobacco to smoke and chew, and had a few chickens and a garden, but he had none of the appearances of a rich man.

But one day he was anxiously waiting by his mailbox. When Dad stopped, Uncle Jim asked him if it was true about the gold. "Do you mean about having to turn it in to the bank? Yes, that's true," Dad remembered saying. "Mr. Hensley, I've got some gold," the 92-year-old man responded.

Dad followed Uncle Jim into the house. The old man said he couldn't read, couldn't write, and couldn't count. He didn't know how much gold he had, but he started pulling out baking powder cans and other containers full of the precious coins. He wanted Dad to take his gold to the bank for him.

Dad was stunned at the prospect of carrying that fortune the 20 miles to town unguarded, but he knew Uncle Jim had kept it without even a lock on his door. He agreed to do the job, charging only postage. An account was opened for Uncle Jim at the bank, and thereafter his Civil War pension checks—evidently the source of his treasure, accumulating for nearly seven decades—were deposited as soon as he had made his X on the back. Uncle Jim Eagan lived to be 106, and when he finally went to a nursing home in Charleston he had plenty of money to pay his bills.

Another tale was tragic. Dad remembered being accosted one day by an armed man on a remote stretch of the mail route. The stranger told him not to see anything down the road, and to be sure to keep his mouth shut later about anything he did see. Dad warned him not to interfere with the U.S. Mail, but by then the man had turned loose of Dad's bridle and disappeared back into the brush.

As Dad proceeded warily on, he heard shots ring out from the vicinity of the next house. This was the home of a well-known moonshiner who had

lived there with a small daughter since his wife had run off to Ohio with another man. On other days the little girl always waited by the mailbox for Dad. On this day as he approached the house he saw the moonshiner lying face down with part of his head blown away, surrounded by a group of men Dad took to be revenuers. He always remembered hearing the child crying from inside the house.

Dad withstood the weather and the occasional human dangers of his 28-mile daily rounds throughout the most climactic part of the 20th century. He carried the mail through much of World War I, all the booming 1920's, the Great Depression, World War II, and into the beginning of the modern post-war era. He said the most he ever weighed was 140 pounds, and that was once when he climbed on the big scales at Harshbarger's Mill with his heavy clothes on—thick long underwear, moleskin trousers, blanket-lined vest, heavy sweater, an army overcoat, insulated boots over heavy shoes and gray wool socks, leather leggings, fleece-lined cap with ear flaps, and one or two pairs of gloves. This was the outfit that enabled him to endure subfreezing temperatures for eight or nine hours a day during the horseback period.

Woodville Clyde Hensley finally retired in 1948, after 30 years of carrying the mail and 18 years as a teacher before that. He had also served as a Sunday school teacher, church treasurer, and Baptist deacon. He had worked as a part-time farmer most of his life, and he continued to farm a bit after giving up the mail route. He lived another 15 years in retirement, and died in 1963.

Dad was past 80 when he died. The undertaker, perhaps recalling other old people who had outlived their contemporaries and left few to mourn, advised against a church funeral. Not many would show up, he told us. We went ahead on his recommendation, but nonetheless were gratified when scores of people packed the funeral home and overflowed outside. They were relatives, neighbors, church friends, former students—and of course some of the folks from out around John's Branch, Bear Hollow, Whitten Bridge, and Kilgore Creek, who remembered all those years when Dad carried the mail.

RFD
A West Virginia First

The men who carried the mail were among the most popular citizens of rural America in the early part of the 20th century. Many patrons waited by their mailboxes not only for the arrival of their mail, but for the wealth of information the mailman was expected to deliver along with it. In the early years of rural free delivery, the postal carrier was able to discourse knowledgeably upon a diversity of topics: The weather, the price of eggs, the results of the latest election, the births, deaths, marriages, and occasional elopements along his route.

The rural mailman was also expected to perform a variety of odd jobs for his patrons, which might range from addressing an envelope to feeding someone's livestock. He sold stamps, postcards, and money orders, delivered packages and accepted them for mailing, and in the earliest days of the service cancelled stamps. He was also often requested to run simple errands for patrons, such as delivering a dozen eggs to a relative in town, or picking up a spool of thread. One mail carrier was even asked to pick out some dress material for a lady patron in Wisconsin. His choice proved so successful that she continued to rely on her mailman's good taste in future selections.

Although the early rural carriers did not have to be high school graduates, they were expected to be able to read and write, and many of them were literate enough to publish regular columns in their local newspapers. Patrons often regarded their carriers in much the same light as the local schoolteacher, and in fact, many—such as Woodville Hensley in the adjoining article—had actually been country schoolteachers. Others had been farmers, or even fourth-class postmasters displaced by the introduction of rural free delivery.

The men who delivered the mail were expected to be above reproach. The Post Office Department insisted that the carrier live in the community he served, and that he be "a man of character." He could have no criminal record, could drink no intoxicating beverages while on duty (nor to excess at any time), must always be neat and tidy in appearance, and should be a man of high moral standards. Nothing brought a postal inspector running faster than a report that a mail carrier was dallying with one of his female patrons.

Until 1896, there was no rural delivery of mail in the United States. Although more than half the country's 76,000,000 people lived in rural areas at that time, they were forced to call at their local post office to receive or send mail. In 1891, Postmaster General John Wanamaker conducted a limited experiment in rural delivery service, which was supported enthusiastically by the editors of the country's newspapers, who naturally favored this improved distribution method. However, it was not until William L. Wilson was appointed to the position in 1895 that Congress appropriated sufficient funds for a more comprehensive study.

Postmaster General Wilson was from West Virginia's Eastern Panhandle. He had been president of West Virginia University and a U.S. Congressman. On October 1, 1896, the experiment in rural free delivery was launched, appropriately enough, in West Virginia, with three carriers operating from the post offices in Charles Town, Halltown, and Uvilla.

Rural carriers originally were paid $300 a year, out of which they were required to furnish their own transportation. By 1902, the carrier's salary had reached $600 annually, but this was still slightly less than that of a city mailman, who had fewer on-the-job expenses than his rural counterpart. The latter had to maintain at least two horses, with their feed, harness, and veterinary bills, as well as keep his buggy or wagon and, in some areas, sleigh in good repair.

The route which the rural mail carrier served was required to be 25 miles long and serve 100 families. But there were always extenuating circumstances affecting the laying out of those routes. Local politics, neighborhood quarrels, and the locations of homes of influential patrons contributed to some rather convoluted routes of varying lengths. Then again, a route of 16 miles over rough terrain and poor roads might take longer to complete than a regulation 25-mile route. One carrier might work 10 hours and another three. But if a postal route was shorter than regulation—no matter the number of patrons served or the time it took to serve them—the mail carrier received a reduced salary.

The country mailman also had to contend with the vagaries of the weather. Sometimes he never made it back to the Post Office at all but had to spend the night at a farmhouse along his route or, on occasion, out in the open. Of course, the rural carrier often fought the rain and sleet and dark of night less from pride in his job than for fear of having his pay docked. It was understood that a mail carrier would at least make an attempt to deliver the mail regardless of weather, or lose a day's pay. The conscientious rural carrier also knew the importance of serving his patrons as quickly as possible, especially during stormy winter weather, since the snowbound farmer then had leisure time to catch up on his reading.

Obviously, not everyone was cut out to be a rural carrier. It took a special kind of man, with a distinct character, ability, and temperament, to derive satisfaction from the job. Many rural mailmen, however, considered theirs to be the best of all possible work, and to these dedicated people it was not merely a job but a calling.

—Margo Stafford

Further Reading:

RFD: The Changing Face of Rural America, by Wayne E. Fuller (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1964).

A Short History of the Mail Service, by Carl H. Scheele (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1970).

"Grammy's Recollections"

Growing Up in Ritchie County

By Bessie Barnard

In former times, many West Virginians were blessed to grow up in extended families with one or more grandparents present in the household. Nowadays this is rare, and there are fewer and fewer adults who can recall such an arrangement from their own childhood. The modern way is formal "retirement," with grandparents drawing pensions and living separately. This is undoubtedly better to the extent that it increases the independence of old people and lessens the burden on their grown children, but the suspicion lingers that a vital link between the generations has been lost. No longer will family lore be handed down directly, from the people who know it best.

One person concerned with this break was Bessie Barnard of Pennsboro, a grandmother and great-grandmother herself. Now 73, Mrs. Barnard has always been lively and determined, so she set out to do something about her concern. In the cold winter of 1978, she went to work to get her own memories down on paper for the benefit of her descendants. These memoirs of growing to young womanhood in Ritchie County were circulated within the family as "Grammy's Recollection," and GOLDENSEAL is proud to publish the excerpt below.

Bessie Barnard was sure of her purpose, and she began her recollections with the following dedication: "For all my wonderful grandchildren and great-grandchildren, I am writing these things. Not that there was anything spectacular about me and my family, but because I would like to have known more about my grandparents and their way of life. Maybe you will feel the same someday."

I was born February 21, 1910, in a little room just large enough for a half-bed, that is now the bathroom in Uncle Lloyd's* house on Lynn Camp. It was a very cold, stormy, icy night. Dr. A. P. Jones rode horseback about eight miles from Pennsboro over icy country roads. How the doctor received the word, I do not know. I found a postal card sent to Ernestine Collins Haymond by Aunt Orpha** in March 1911 saying they would have a "fone" in about a month, so it wasn't by telephone.

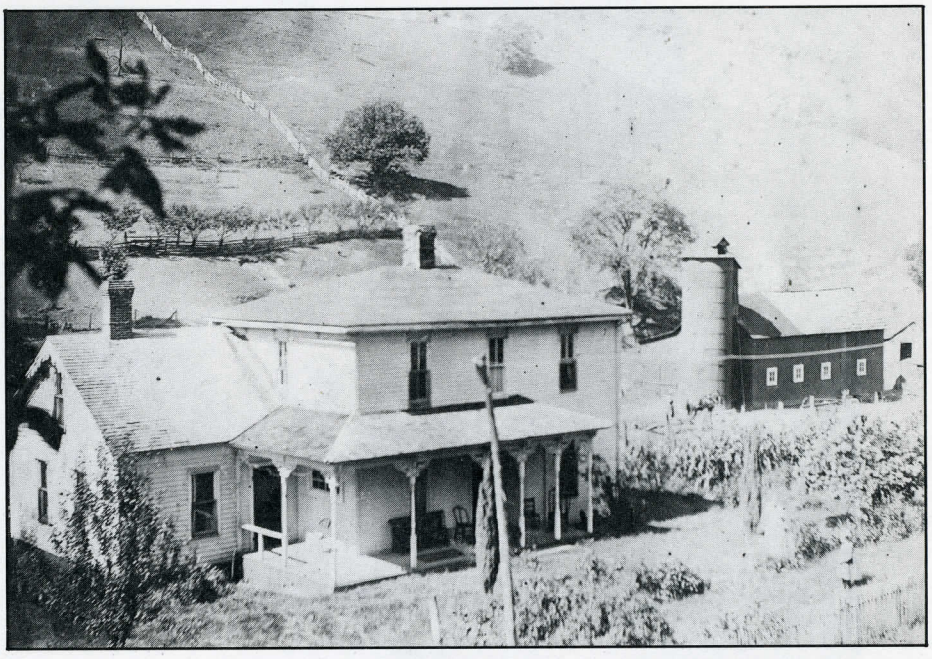
Uncle Lloyd was nine years old, Aunt Artie** was 12 and Aunt Orpha was 15 when I arrived, a nine-and-a-half pound baby sister. Each one came up with a name, so it's a good thing I didn't have a half-dozen brothers and sisters. Naturally, I was pampered and spoiled thoroughly by all.

In those days women stayed in bed for nine days when they had a baby. Mom was sitting up in bed with my heels up in the air changing my diaper when the hired girl brought her lunch tray in one day. She made the mistake of setting it on the bed in a direct line

*Uncle Lloyd was the author's brother.

**Her sister.

A 1921 view of Sugar Grove farm at Lynn Camp in Ritchie County, where Bessie Hall was born and raised. Bessie was 11 years old when this picture was made. Photographer unknown.



with me. I "let fly" and put the "frosting" on the tray of food. The girl was so mad she left immediately, leaving the mess for the kids to clean up.

School Days

As I write this we are having the coldest, worst January we have had for years and people are remarking it is like it was "years ago." When I hear them announce on radio or TV each morning that there will be no school on account of bad roads or shortage of heat or frozen water, I marvel at the difference when I was in school. We had no school buses. If the snow was extremely deep, our Dad went and broke a road so the youngsters could make it.

The teacher or one of the older boys went early to shovel coal in the big pot-bellied stove. By the time we arrived it was red hot. You didn't dare stand too close or you would get blistered. We had no pipes to freeze, for the one bucket of water was carried from the nearest neighbors'. At noon and recess if it wasn't too cold we would sleigh ride, throw snow balls, skate or build snowmen.

What did we wear to keep warm? We wore long-sleeved, long-legged cotton underwear, with long black stockings over them. Sometimes we wore black bloomers over that, an undershirt or two, and a long-sleeved wool dress. We were lucky if we had two wool dresses. One was sponged and pressed while we were wearing the other. Over top of the wool dress we often wore a cotton dress with short sleeves that buttoned down the back.

We always had a heavy warm coat, a knit hood, and mittens. I don't remember just when the long underwear and stockings were put on in the fall but they never came off 'til May 1, no matter how hot it was! I have described a winter day at school but they weren't all like that.

Going to school then was the biggest thing in our lives. We wanted to learn and we had no other way. It was the time when we could be with other young folk and enjoy a little part of community life. We had spelling bees and ciphering matches once or twice a month. Sometimes other county schools would come to compete. A literary program was scheduled one night a month when pupils and grown folks all took part. These programs would include recitations, debates, monologues, songs, and skits.

I can feel the goose bumps yet when I think back on our Christmas pro-

Bessie Barnard today. Photo by Maureen Crockett.

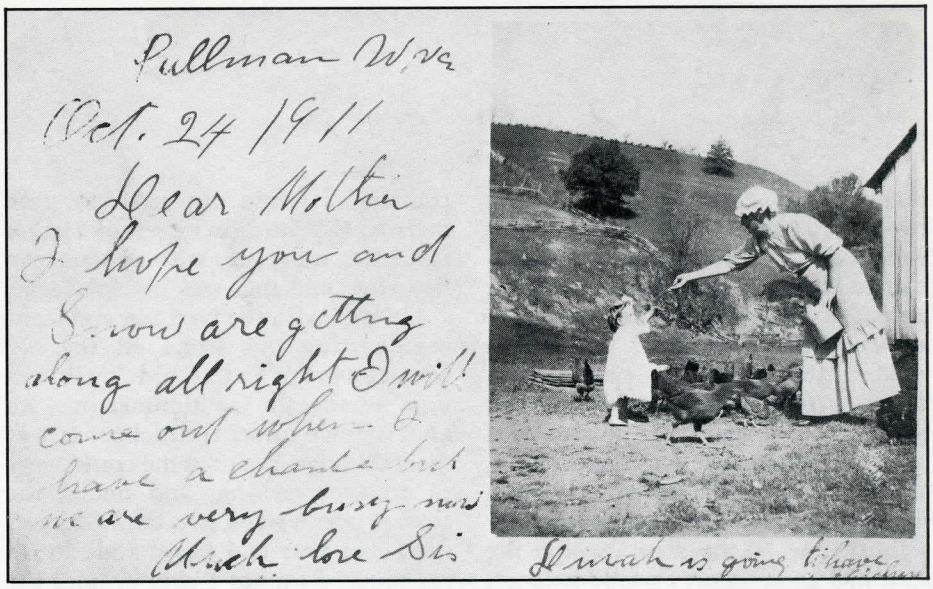
grams. Oh, what excitement waiting for Santa to arrive! When we heard him overhead and saw his pack, we could hardly wait. Then we saw Santa himself being helped down from the attic scuttle-hole, onto the teacher's desk. It was just about too much!

The last day of school the families would come with a picnic basket and take part in the program. In the afternoon the men played horseshoes or baseball and the children played all sorts of games like tag, hide-and-seek, drop the handkerchief, and ring-around-the-mulberry-bush. The women were happy to just visit with each other. Sometimes they had a sack race.

Sometime during the year we would have a box social. All the women and girls would try to out-do each other in trimming the prettiest box and filling it with goodies. Then the boxes were auctioned off and the men had to pay a handsome price to get the box belonging to their best girl.

When I first started to school we had a water bucket and all drank from the same dipper. It was a happy day when we all had our own tin cups with our names written on them. We also each had a special nail to hang our cup on. Most of the cups soon became rusty but we used them anyway. We finally took a real step forward and got a blue and white water cooler with a spigot.

I had to go to Pullman to take my eighth grade exam. I was scared stiff, but I made the highest average in Clay District. I don't know whether Dr. Bert Bradford's nose is still out of joint because a little, shy kid from the sticks beat him or not. I started Pennsboro High School in the fall of 1924.



In this 1911 picture postcard, an 18-month-old Bessie reaches for a handful of chicken feed from her mother. The card is postmarked October 24 at Pullman, to Bessie's grandmother Angelina Marsh at Harrisville. Photographer unknown.

Life on the Farm

What did we do? Everyone had jobs, but then there was playtime, too. I can remember getting the cows before going to school—barefooted—when the ground was white with frost. In the spring when we would start after the cows of an evening, we would reach through the garden fence, get a stalk of rhubarb, go in the crib, get salt out of the barrel, and munch as we went. We sure never needed a laxative!

Mom always bought a lot of dried fruit, in large packages, from Sears, Roebuck because she kept boarders. Sometimes we would get a handful of prunes, or peaches, or figs for our snack.

I fed chickens, gathered eggs, and took corn, apples, and slop to the pigs. They said I started to milk a cow when I had to reach up to get to the teat, which is, of course, an exaggeration, but I must have started young and am still at it. I would rather help outside than in the house.

I hoed corn with Dad. With him doing two rows and a lick in my row once in a while, I would "keep up, or bust!" I rode the horse to plow corn and haul hayshocks when Lloyd was in summer college. I would rake hay, but I broke so many teeth out of the rake that I wasn't much help. I mowed the yard with the old push mower. We planted a lot of flowers and a big garden, which had to be hoed.

We would pick cherries and peaches, which was the only time we got to wear a pair of pants or overalls. We would take the horse and buggy and go over to Cabin Run to pick blackberries. We'd pick until the buggy was completely filled with buckets of berries.

Dad's apple orchard was his pride and joy. I probably liked picking and hauling in the apples in the fall better than anything else. The cellar would be filled with a dozen varieties. How good they smelled! They had been sorted, with only the very best put in the cellar. The others were canned, dried, sulphured, or made into apple butter. Sometimes a cider mill was borrowed and cider made. This was used mostly for the next year's vinegar supply. The really bad apples were put in a big pile in the woodshed and fed to the pigs.

Another exciting time for me was silo filling. I remember sitting in an old buggy (I had to stay out of the way) with my doll, just to watch the hustle and bustle, when I should have been helping Mom get dinner for 20 hungry men.

Silo filling was a community affair. Thee were about eight farmers who had silos. They would take a team and sled, and a hired man or two, and go to each place to fill the silos. This usually took two days, at least, at each farm.

The big old gasoline engine was hauled in and its sputtering and cracking and popping was so loud that you couldn't hear yourself think. It took one man to keep the engine going. There was an ensilage cutter with a blower, and a big pipe had to be assembled and put up to the top of the silo.

There was so much to be done. They would start in the cornfield, where they went through and shucked some nice

ears and threw them in piles. Then two or three men cut the stalks. These were loaded on about four sleds and hauled to the silos. There they were unloaded by one man and piled onto a huge table. They were then taken and fed into the cutter by another man. There were two men inside the silo that tromped the silage as it was blown in. This meant just walking around, all over it, to pack it down. Once in a while they would let me come in for a short time. In the evening, after the men had gone home, I would help get the piles of corn on the sled and throw them into the corncrib.

In the wintertime, another job was digging the silage loose and filling bags, to be hauled out to the cattle, or half-bushels, to be fed to the stock in the barn.

Dad also had a hay fork, which was something everyone didn't have. It ran on a track into the roof of the barn. The fork would be pushed into a big pile of hay on a sled at one end of the barn. A rope came out of the other end of the barn. A horse was hitched to the rope and pulled the hay up into the barn. It was my job to lead the horse and stop him when someone yelled from the barn loft. And believe me, you had to listen if you didn't want the end flying out of the barn.

I really did work some in the house, too. Aunt Artie would write jobs that had to be done on slips of paper, and we would draw slips to see who would do what.

We had a separator that we had to crank milk through by hand, and the old dasher and barrel churns. I always like to churn. The old barrel churn had a cork that you were supposed to remove once in a while to let the gas out. There used to be quite a few greasy spots on the cellar ceiling when we would forget that when we churned in the cellar.

I did learn to cook and wash dishes. We always had plenty of that to do with so many boarders. The first thing I learned to cook was bread pudding and creamed tomatoes. Later I learned to bake angel food cake from scratch. We had it every week when John came courting. I found out after we were married that he didn't even like angel food cake, especially with wintergreen flavoring, and that was my specialty.

I helped with the washing and ironing, heating our irons on the old woodstove. We had an old "push and pull" washer. In the summertime, we kept it down under the hickory tree at the footbridge. We used the creek water to do the washing, and boiled the clothes over a wood fire. We had a bad flood one year and Lloyd rode in on his horse, Roy, got a rope around the washer, and pulled it out to keep it from washing away.

I learned to sew a little, and pieced quilts. I quilted some, but only on the border where it wouldn't show. This was the favorite pastime of Mom, Orpha, and Artie.

What did we do for entertainment? I like to remember winter evenings, and the wood fire. Dad always brought up a two-gallon bucket of apples, with a cloth to wipe them off and a paring knife. But he himself always used his pocket knife, usually wiping the blade on his overalls. We girls would try to peel the entire apple without breaking the peeling, then throw it over our shoulder to see if it would form the initial of some boy we knew.

Corn was popped over the open fire and we kept a flatiron nearby to hold between our knees to crack a nut or two to eat. Dad read, although he had only gone through the fourth grade. We always had magazines and books, and always the *Ritchie Gazette*, or *Standard* as it was called then. He would sometimes read aloud from *The Stockman and Farmer*, which had a continued story. *The Youth Companion, Christian Advocate, Ladies Home Journal* (it had paper dolls to cut out), and *Comfort-Needlecraft* are some magazines I remember.

The women pieced quilts, embroidered, crocheted, patched, and mended. Sometimes I made doll clothes. Most of the time I was studying the multiplication table, or working arithmetic problems, with Dad's help, or we would have a spelling match. Lloyd had to study, too. He had a mouth harp and would play it sometimes. We had a few games, such as dominoes and jacks, but never any card games.

We also had a graphophone, an organ, and later the player piano. These weren't used too much in winter, as they were in the parlor where it was cold. These were used more in the summer, on Sunday afternoons when we usually had company from church.

In the summer, days were pretty busy. Sometimes I went fishing with a string and a bent pin and hickory stick. Lloyd had a nice wooden wagon which he would haul me around in—with Grover the dog tagging along. I had a playhouse in the smokehouse. I had an old cupboard and I had a little table and chair, some broken dishes, magazines and catalogues to cut out pictures, and a box for a doll bed. My girlfriend, Leeta Cottrill, a half mile down the road, had a playhouse in her granddad's corncrib, so we traveled back and forth.

In the fall at school we made playhouses in the woods with moss for carpet, flat stones for tables, acorn caps for dishes. We loved to go gather mountain teaberries, too. Sometimes the teacher would take us to Uncle Ishmael's cattle scales and we would all get weighed. When we were big enough to get the 50-pound weight off the floor, we were something!

We went to church at White Oak, usually in the "surrey with the fringe on top." Sometimes the older ones would ride horseback and after I got my pony, Love, I rode her. I remember the little Bible story cards we got in Sunday school, and the lady at church who chewed up bread and fed it to her baby to keep it quiet. I also remember the organ and singing the old hymns, the neighborly visiting afterwards and company coming home for dinner. Can't seem to remember any outstanding sermons—those benches were just too hard.

In summer we would have Sunday school service at Trilby or Upper Lynn schoolhouse. My legs were so short someone usually had to carry me. Phelps Taylor would put me on his shoulder and take me if I got as far as his house. Lloyd, Orpha, and Artie

Scenes from a young farm girl's busy life: Bessie was three or four when these pictures were made around 1913. Photographer unknown.

would walk to Beeson for protracted meetings, but I was too little to go that far. One time it snowed about three feet while they were in the meeting. They had to stay with friends.

I've told you how much the school was a part of our community social life. Then there were family reunions, picnics, and church homecomings. In fact, that's where your grandad first saw me, but I didn't know it for years. The biggest event for the whole family was the week of the Ritchie County Fair. The others were going to the Fair before I was born, and they brought Mom the red and crystal butter dish the year she wouldn't attend because she was carrying me. They would get up before daylight to get the chores done and lunch packed.

The Fair was an agricultural fair. Farmers vied for prizes with livestock, grain, crops, and poultry, and the housewives with handiwork, canning, baking, flowers, and vegetables. When your Uncle Lloyd started exhibiting his black cattle, he led o ld Gainford, our bull, from home to the Fair, slept in a tent or stall in the barn, so he could feed and groom him for the show. Bradford Spiker, a 4-H boy, would pass our house leading his calf. He came from over near Holbrook.

The rides and chance games were exciting. The horseracing was great. I probably ate my first ice cream cone and drank my first pop at the Fair.

In my high school years, I worked for John and Beulah Thomas in their eating stand at the Fair, handing out pop and hot dogs and lemonade. I can hear Johnny yelling yet, "Whole hog and a biscuit—pickle on top, makes your lips go flippity-flop! A nickel—five cents!" Years later our Sunday school class had a food stand to make money. For several years we sold homemade pies and sandwiches by the dozens and dozens. Your Uncle Lloyd and Aunt Artie worked some years for John and Beulah, too. Artie has the big glass jar we made the lemonade in at the Fair.

We always had pets—kittens, puppies, and pet lambs. I was very small, about five, when Lloyd got Grover, the collie pup that was our pal for so many years. There were long wooden steps along the back porch and he would roll up into a ball of fur and go tumbling down those steps. Lloyd also had groundhogs for pets. He kept them in a crate of some kind, and he had a big old turtle that lived in a swill barrel. Dad got me a pony, Love. She had a little colt when he bought her, named Lulu, which we never broke to ride. Love had the disgusting habit of swelling out her stomach when you were cinching the saddle. Then when you went to get on, the saddle would be loose and under her belly it would go.

Childhood Memories

When I was a kid we loved to go to Uncle Brent Taylor's, your Aunt Ruth's parents. One thing we used to get to do there was to hear "The Preacher and the Bear" on the graphophone. When the strawberries were in season, we could pick all we could eat. We also loved to get a piece of Uncle Brent's big layer cake put together with sliced bananas.

Then there was Granny, Aunt Ruth's grandmother. I loved to hear her talk. They had a big, big room upstairs where they quilted, sewed, ironed, and mended. They kept their house flowers up there in the winter. Granny seemed to stay up there a lot, always busy mending or something. The children would stay up there and play where she could keep an eye on them. Since Grandma Marsh died before I was five, I never knew much about grandmothers and Granny was "grandmother" to everybody. Besides, she could tell your fortune with tea leaves and remove warts from your hand. She tied a thread around the wart and said a few magic words. You put the string under a rock and when it rotted the wart would be gone. It worked.

We always had a lot of company in the summer—Uncle Harve's and Uncle Newt's children. The farm was an ideal place for them in the summer (not so good for Mom). Louie, Angela,

Libby, and Bob came. Helen was never there much as she spent her time at Uncle John Marsh's. Leontine stayed all one summer when she was sick. Ruth was the one I liked best to come because she was my age. One time we were going up to the scales to watch them shear the sheep. Ruth said, "I don't want to go. I don't want to see them kill those sheep." Frank stayed and helped Dad the summer I had poison ivy so bad.

We used to make ice cream by mixing milk, cream, sugar, vanilla, and a beaten egg together and putting it in a half-gallon Karo syrup pail with a wire bail. Then we'd get some snow or ice from the rain barrel. We'd put the ice or snow in a large bucket, put the syrup pail in the ice, and twist back and forth by the bail until your arm was ready to fall off. It never got solid, just mushy, but oh, how good with Mom's hot biscuits. Sometimes we would just go out and twist the pail in the snow. Then there was snow cream, just about as good and much easier to do. Take a bowl of snow and pour sweetened cream, flavored with vanilla, over the snow; stir and eat fast before it melts.

I mentioned Mom's biscuits. They were out of this world. She had no recipe, just made them with lard or sausage grease or cream, but they were always light and fluffy. One time when Joe Cottrill was working for Dad, Mom had made biscuits for dinner using sausage grease which left little brown specks in the biscuits. There sat Joe picking all those little specks out and laying them on the table.

When Mom fried meat she would sometimes just set the skillet away and maybe the next meal make gravy in it. One time Artie Brown, Aunt Nan's daughter, was up home when she was small. She watched Mom make gravy that way. When she went home she told her mother, "Aunt Sis can make the best gravy in a dirty skillet that I ever tasted."

Every farm home had a dinner bell to call the men from work at mealtime. It was also used if you needed help from the neighbors. Our dog, Grover, hated to hear that bell ring and would bark and carry on. A dog has a better sense of hearing than humans, and Grover could hear that bell ring at the far end of the farm but the men couldn't. So, when they heard Grover give a yipe and take off like a flash, they knew he had heard the bell and the men would follow for their lunch.

Left: Bessie's older brother Lloyd Hall, the "Uncle Lloyd" in her memoirs, was a dedicated teacher. Here he and his manual arts class show off their handiwork at Upper Lynn Camp school in 1924. Photographer unknown. *Right:* Bessie captioned this photo "S. L. Hall, my father with his horses." The picture was made at the farm in 1938. Photographer unknown.

Earning a Living

It's hard to understand how people lived when I was a child. Dad and Mother worked at farming, as that was their means of making a living. We had plenty and were happy. We weren't as poor as some families but had no more than most farm families. Dad kept some cattle and sheep. And as I have mentioned before, Mom kept boarders, as many as 12 or more at a time.

Who were they? All freight and supplies had to be hauled from the railroad at Toll Gate back to the town and country stores, so there were many teamsters. The oil and gas business was starting up. They hauled pipe and materials for wells. Crews were needed to lay pipelines, and rig builders and drillers were needed to drill the wells. (Drillers were a headache. You had to fix food all the time, for they worked the clock around—going out at midnight. Each man would have to take a pail. Then the ones that came in would eat something that you left on the table.) Telephone lines were being strung and every year they went over them for repairs. Drovers, taking sheep and cattle to the railroad, would stay all night. There would be as many as 250 or 300 sheep in the lot around the house. You can imagine the music.

I don't know all the rates, but when I was big enough to help cook, you gave a teamster supper and breakfast, a clean bed, barn room for his horses, and maybe hay. They usually carried their own grain. We charged $1.10 for all that, and sometimes I got the 10¢. Dad could also shoe their horses if needed. He was also overseer of the men who worked the roads, so that brought in a little income.

Mom always sold a lot of butter and eggs. We usually took them to the store at Toll Gate, where Dad could get farm supplies and pick up any freight he had ordered at the depot. To keep the butter in summertime, it was wrapped in squares of clean white cloth, sprinkled with salt, and kept in the cellar. Sometimes it was put in a large bucket and hung in the well to keep cool. The basket was wrapped in a wool blanket for the trip to the store in the spring wagon. The eggs were packed in a large wooden bucket in bran. Bran was a soft-ground feed for the cows. We'd put a layer of bran and a layer of eggs, etc. It kept them from breaking, but it sure was nice when egg crates and butter paper came into being.

It was really great when Blue Valley Creamery began buying cream in Ritchie County. At first it had to be taken to a station in Pennsboro. Eventually they picked it up at the farm. That

cream check was a blessing to many a farm family. The egg and butter money was usually enough to pay for necessary groceries. About the only luxury was a big bag of the long notched cookies spread with pink and white icing, wintergreen and peppermint lozenges, or if Dad bought it, horehound candy—his favorite.

If there was any money coming, Mom always said "get me some percale" (for aprons and blouses). She said Dad always came back with a piece of blue. It must have been his favorite color. When they were fixing up an old house to go to housekeeping in on Turtle Run, he painted the ceiling, walls, and floor all blue.

High School and Marriage

I started to Pennsboro High School in the fall of 1924, because for two years they didn't have school at Upper Lynn. I would go to Pullman a few weeks in the fall and Mom would teach me the rest of the time. When I started to high school I had to stay away from home. The first year your Uncle Lloyd was teaching at Taylor's Corner, and he would bring me to Barkertown to catch the bus.

The next three years we all stayed in Pennsboro, Artie working and Lloyd teaching. This was quite a change for me from country school. We had class parties, wiener roasts, school plays, and ball games. I also took part in Methodist Youth Fellowship. My favorite pastime was picture shows and ice cream sundaes at Sigler's Drugstore. The last year we stayed in the little house of Beulah Thomas's, and I did a good bit of the housekeeping. I don't know whether Bill Simonton stopped everyday to get help with his history and Latin assignments or to get a piece of chocolate pie.

When I graduated in 1928, the senior class went to Washington, D.C. After a wonderful week there, Uncle Dan Marshall came to Washington and took me for a two-week visit with them. We went via Baltimore to their home at Landsdowne, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia.

We visited all the big stores and shows. We went to Valley Forge, Gettysburg, and New York City. In New York I met George Brown, my first cousin who was a big name in radio, known as Uncle Matt Thompson. I visited the Statue of Liberty, Holland Tunnel, Radio City, Chinatown, so many places. As we came home we went into Virginia and saw some of the caverns, and came on by Charleston to see Uncle Frank and Aunt Florence. This was the only time I was ever very far from home, except when we went to Jacksonville, Florida, in 1951.

Mom had been sick, so after graduation I promised to stay home for a year. In the fall of that year, 1928, I was over at Orpha's. October 12th John came to see me and we were out roaming the hills. We decided that one year from that day we would be married. I must tell you about our wedding!

We didn't change our plans. We were to stay over at Orpha and Bruce's for our honeymoon and keep house for Lloyd. Lloyd was boarding there and teaching at Mole Hill. Orpha and Bruce were going to take a vacation and visit his people. Well, they couldn't leave until the cattle were sold and they didn't go until October 14, 1929, so we had to wait two extra days.

On Sunday the 13th, we were up at Uncle Ishmael's in the afternoon. We all went up on the hill to gather chestnuts, the old-fashioned ones. (The trees all died a few years after that with blight.) We didn't tell anyone we were going to get married the next day.

Monday is always wash day even though this one was October 14, my wedding day. After the wash was done, Mr. Mose Cox came by and I got lunch for him. John and his dad husked corn all morning. When John came in for lunch he told them he couldn't work that afternoon, he was going to get married.

I was ready and waiting when he came about 1:00. My dress was purple, ordered from Bellas Hess; black coat with fur collar; small black hat; and black suede shoes, high-heeled, bought at Hawkins' Store for $6.95. I pinned a corsage of pansies from Mom's flower bed on my coat. They were so pretty with their little mischievous faces.

Mom and Dad went with us. We had to go to Harrisville to get the license but we were coming back to Pullman to be married. We stopped at Pullman to alert the preacher but it was conference time and he was gone.

When we got to Harrisville, Mom wanted to stop at the store as she didn't get to go often. We went on to the courthouse and got the license. Dad, knowing Harrisville pretty well, went hurrying down the street to see if there was a minister in town, with John and me trying to keep up with him.

He found Reverend Turkelson at home. We were married in the parsonage with Dad and the minister's wife as witnesses. Where was Mom? She was at the grocery store, where she got a great bargain on 12 bars of P&G soap and a beautiful green pitcher and

Bessie Barnard is still raising chickens in Ritchie County.

glasses. I still have one glass and the pitcher. You see, she gave them to us as a wedding present.

We came back home, ate a bit of supper, came past Papaw's for their blessing, on over to Pennsboro where Artie was at church (even then) and then on to Orpha's. They went on their vacation the next day. They planned to stay for a week but it turned into two or three weeks. I remember Lloyd brought Ruth and May over one weekend and we all went to the Halloween party at the Mole Hill School.

The summer and fall of 1930 we worked on our house. The men did everything themselves, from cutting the timbers to sanding the floor with a little scraper about four inches wide. We moved in January 2, 1931, just 21 days before Bradley was born. I stood on the kitchen cabinets and painted them when there was hardly room for the two of us.

Uncle Lloyd helped us move all our belongings on a sled. You wouldn't believe how little we had. The bed and dresser and little rocking chair that I had brought from home; a little half-bed from home; a new sofa and chair was all that was in the living room; dining room chairs and table and built-in cupboard were in the dining room; and built-in cabinets, a stove from Montgomery Wards, and a kitchen stool that Ray gave us for a wedding present. That was it. We put in the bathroom. We buried a big drum up on the bank and filled it from the well so we could use the bathroom until we built the barn and cistern. It was several years before we fixed the upstairs and got more furniture.

The old wicker rocker was probably the next thing we bought. John made the baby bed and the porch swing, which we won't replace. We caught rainwater to wash with, with washboard and tubs. We got a gasoline washer after Richard was born and a gas refrigerator in 1935. I don't remember when we got electricity.

For years most of our clothing and household items were made from feed sacks. Sheets, pillowcases, quilts, dish towels, dresses, aprons, and children's clothing were all made with feed sacks. You grandchildren all had feed sack playsuits. I even made John's BVD's. If the wallpaper is ever torn off the house you'll find Big Leghorn Hens and Red Rose Feed all over. The walls were lined with feed sacks. Many we got from Aunt Becca.

We didn't have much, but we thought we were sitting on top of the world. We didn't buy anything we didn't need, but we were never hungry or cold and we were happy.

We have excerpted only a part of Bessie Barnard's memoirs here. She wrote much more, including other material on her childhood, her married life, and several sections of anecdotes. We believe we've got the best of it, and limited space permits us no more, at any rate.

There is one paragraph later in the manuscript that must be quoted, however. Directed as the rest is to her own family, it nonetheless contains an implicit warning for all of us and says much about the value of understanding the old ways in our own unsettled times. She wrote:

I know you kids starting out cannot live like we did then because you have a changing world, a changing lifestyle. I'm not sure that it is a better one. I'm happy for you that you can have so many things that you want; that you are able and have the opportunity to work and enjoy life. But the pace and the pressures are so great that I can't help but feel we will have a great downfall someday. When I see the pitiful starving children all over the world every day on TV, I wonder will we be next? I certainly don't want my great-grandchildren to come to that.

The building of U. S. 50 forced the moving of the Barnard farmstead 15 years ago. Bessie says she's come to prefer the new hilltop location.

Bessie Barnard

A Visit With "Grammy"

Text and Photographs by Maureen Crockett

When the Barnards of Pennsboro got together with relatives and friends over the years, great-grandmother Bessie told stories of the old days. Her daughter-in-law Emma Jean kept saying, "Write these things down for the kids," so for four years Bessie jotted down her lifelong memories. The result is "Grammy's Recollections," a story of family life in northeastern Ritchie County just after the turn of the century, which her son Richard had printed for the family in 1981. "I did it to pass along how things used to be, for my grandchildren and great-grandchildren," Bessie said.

In the early 1800's people traveled to eastern Ritchie County to hunt. The Lynn Camp area north of Pullman attracted numerous bear hunters who came for a week, found the bear hunting so good they stayed for six more weeks, then six more, all without benefit of a change of clothes. Bessie's paternal grandfather Syelus Hall, born in Marion County in 1828, married Lucinda Hawkins when he was 21 years old. In the 1850's when eastern Ritchie was getting settled, Syelus and Lucinda came to Lynn Camp, where they bought a log house and land from Jacob and Michael Richards. The Halls established themselves and raised 10 children, one of them S. L. Hall, born in 1864, Bessie's father.

Bessie still has six of the dinner plates her maternal great-grandparents, Joseph and Lavina Cunningham, used

when they set up housekeeping in 1838. "The pattern is similar to blue willow," she adds, "but it is from before blue willow was made."

Joseph and Lavina Cunningham settled at Mole Hill, in the far northeastern part of the county, near present-day Route 74. "They bought a house built in 1820 from handmade brick, the second oldest house in Ritchie County, located on the North Fork of Hughes River," Bessie says.

Mole Hill is now called Mountain. "In 1949 they made a Mountain out of a Mole Hill," Bessie related. It was a publicity stunt. "The people of Mole Hill were promised a Future Farmers of America camp and a black-topped road if they would change the name of their town to Mountain. After they talked it over and agreed to make the change, many dignitaries came for the celebration, including U.S. Senator Harley Kilgore, Congressman Cleveland Bailey, and Governor Okey L. Patteson. "But the promises were broken," Bessie went on. "They never got their road paved until Cecil Underwood was governor."

In 73 years of country living, Bessie Barnard has rarely had trouble keeping busy.

Bessie was born in the late winter of 1910 on Sugar Grove Farm at Lynn Camp, where her brother Lloyd lives today. Lynn Camp is seven miles from her present home in Pennsboro where she has spent all her married life with John Barnard, her husband for 52 years.

"Neither one of us likes to travel," she told me. They have always lived according to the meaning of "Barnard," an old English word defined as "solid, not easily moved or shaken." "We've been happy here all our lives; it's been wonderful. My family has always been my life," she said. Bessie and John have two sons, John Bradley and Richard Hall, 10 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Life was good for Bessie and John until that day in 1968 when a man from the State Road Commission came to the house; a road was being built through Ritchie County, the new Route 50, four lanes wide. The man sat in their home and told them the road people had made three surveys of the area. The route chosen would go right through their house and nearby garden.

"We were so upset because we were going to have to give up the house we had built from scratch in 1931. All our memories were here. We'd picked rocks up from the fields for the basement walls. We found the sand and gravel for mortar making. John, his brother Everett, and their father, William, who lived to be 102, sawed the trees on the farm and took them to the mill to be cut for the lumber," she remembers. Relatives and neighborly friends also helped. The men used horses to scrape out the basement. As Bessie relates in "Grammy's Recollections," their first child, John Bradley, had been born three weeks after they moved in. The Barnards had built a strong house to last them all their lives, a home whose doors were never locked.

As catastrophe threatened, they decided to try to save their house. "We hired men to move it. When they started jacking up the house in October they told us it would all be done in two or three weeks. We lived in the house while the work went on. With the house jacked up, I had to climb down a step ladder and over steel beams to reach the ground."

Then came more trouble. The men they had hired left for a month because they had another job that couldn't wait. All the pipes were left dangling, for the Barnards to reconnect. On November 21, 1968, they finally started to move the house half a mile up to the ridge. The hired men came at noon, but didn't begin working until 4:00 p.m., so after a few hours' work they quit for the night. "There we were," said Bessie, "late November with no light or heat. The next morning, though, they pulled the house close to its present location on the hill." Through the remaining days of 1968, while the basement was being built, they lived in the jacked-up house.

"It was the windiest hill ever was. The floor would sweat. We would get out of bed in the morning and step down on a sheet of ice," Bessie recalled. All through the cold weather Bessie washed on the front porch. They went down the hill every day to care for the animals until spring, when the barn, shed, and the two chicken coops were moved up near the house.

Now that the worry about losing their home is all over, Bessie admits they prefer the new location. There is a long view over the highway and the countryside to the north, with fields and rolling, forested hills, and in back a sloping pasture with its slowly moving cows, a pond, and the barns.

"There's always a pleasant breeze in summer; it's really nicer," she added. We looked out the living room windows of the house they built 52 years ago for $700. Below us we could see the new four-lane highway that had cost millions. Bessie wondered if it was paid for, too.

John and Bessie had four farms and a sawmill to run, in addition to the dairy business they operated for 47 years. "If you have cows," Bessie relates, "that's your life. We had to be here morning and night. We delivered the milk, too, but restrictions just got too much for us." She laughed, remembering, "They told me I had to wear a white uniform, I couldn't bottle milk in my own kitchen, and we had to pasteurize the milk. But our customers wanted whole milk, and they just wouldn't let us quit. They picked up the milk themselves. We sold it for 7¢ a quart."

Finally the Barnards got down to just three cows from their herd of 14. "One got cancer of the eye," Bessie remembers. "The second was killed by lightning, and the third one got the devil in her and wouldn't go in the barn." Thus ended the milk business.

Bessie joined the Farm Women's Club 35 years ago and in all the years since she has missed only four meetings. "It was a big help to farm women. It was all we had. We learned how to upholster, sew drapes, preserve food. Now it's called Route One Homemakers, and the young ones aren't interested in those things. We have programs on exercise, how to buy the right kind of insurance, sessions on health problems and nutrition."

Since 1975 she has been an active member of the Ritchie County Historical Society, which published a bound volume of county history in 1980. Seven years before that project, for which she did a lot of writing, Bessie had decided to commemorate the nation's Bicentennial by designing an original red, white, and blue quilt. After thinking and studying for three years she came up with a layout that included bold red and white stripes, an eagle, the dates 1776–1976, and 13 white stars on a blue background. Once it was planned, she finished the quilt in six weeks.

At that time the Ritchie County Historical Society was gathering funds to buy the Old Stone House, a 28-room inn which had served travelers passing through Pennsboro from 1815 until 1940. Bessie magnanimously donated her quilt to the Society to raffle for the necessary money, but group scuples led to a roundabout method. "They didn't like the idea of raffling tickets," Bessie recalls. "People just gave us donations. Many didn't even want their names to appear on such a thing as a raffle ticket, so on those we put 'Old Stone House.' " Donations from people with misgivings about raffle tickets worked to the Historical Society's advantage, because when the drawing was made, "We'd gotten over $5,500 and the Old Stone House won," she remembered happily.

"That quilt is now on the bed in the Governor's Room in the Old Stone House," she went on. "Ritchie County has had only one of its own to become Governor, John J. Cornwell [1917–1921], and he only lived here two years, but we claim him." The bed in the Governor's Room had belonged to the Cornwells, who had been neighbors of her relatives, the Cunninghams of Mole Hill. At the time the Cornwells left Ritchie County, when the governor-to-be was two years old, the family gave one of their beds to the Cunninghams. When the Historical Society planned the Governor's Room, the Cunninghams kindly donated the bed.

The Ritchie County Historical Society has finished restoring eight of the 28 rooms so far, with the help of different county groups, including the Women's Club of Pennsboro, the Ritchie County chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Mildred McCullough family, the Britton family, the Columbia Collins family, and Bessie's own people, the Marsh and Cunningham families. They plan to have a county museum, filled with antiques and memorabilia from the old days.

Bessie was talking now about her present life. As we sat in her lovely home full of memories, I could see the toy-size cars down the hill moving soundlessly toward Clarksburg or Parkersburg. I thought that her 73 years hadn't slowed her down at all. Bessie has kept a joy and enthusiasm for living. "When my relatives give me stomper dolls for my birthday, and porcelain dolls with cribs and handmade quilts, I don't know whether they think I'm young at heart or in my second childhood," she said.

She put on a green hooded pullover against the wind and we went out to take pictures near the barns. I thought Bessie with her white Leghorns would be interesting. We chatted while walking to the chicken coop, so the hens heard us coming and were waiting. When Bessie opened the door, three tiers of white feathers spilled out. I got one out-of-focus shot, then we followed the group of trotting chickens clockwise around the coop, with the birds always keeping at a 45° angle ahead of us.

Thinking ahead, we stopped and ran around the coop counterclockwise. The 15 hens turned on a dime and did the same; all I saw were white tail feathers whisking around the corner.

Bessie and I, knowing we were smarter than chickens, made a more complex plan. "You go round this way," she said, "and I'll go the other way. When we meet, you'll have your chance to photograph the chickens." We trotted around, met up, and saw the Leghorns 30 feet away, disappearing between two sheds.

I guess Bessie and I had been wrong in estimating our own shrewdness against that of the chickens. That night back in Charleston when I told her younger son Richard about the photo failure, he said, "And I thought that chickens were the dumbest things in the world." Unfortunately, Bessie and I never thought to bribe them with a handful of chicken feed.

Richard's son, Rick, is one of the 10 grandchildren for whom Bessie originally wrote "Grammy's Recollections." Rick lives with his wife Rebecca and year-old son Jeremy Hall in Sissonville, within easy commuting distance of the National Bank of Commerce in Charleston where he is director of data processing. His grandparents' life has made its impression on this product of the technological era. "My goal is to live back in Ritchie County some day," he says. "I hunt, fish, hike, and canoe there in all seasons.

"We all go back to Grammy's for holidays," Rick adds. "On Easter Sunday this year there were 38 relatives at her house for dinner." For the past 27 years Bessie has had a giant Easter egg hunt for the grandchildren, and now the great-grandchildren.

Bessie is grateful for the bountiful modern life enjoyed by her children and their grandchildren, and undoubtedly arising from the family's strong roots in Ritchie County.

Rick is very proud of his Grammy's journal, which is excerpted in the accompanying article. "We all like it. Our whole family is sentimental. I've been lucky," Rick added. "I've had two sets of grandparents for 28 years now. I've heard stories around the table of a time I didn't know much about. Grammy's journal puts the pieces together for me. I tended to glamorize that period, but Grammy's life was stark reality. When I see it all in writing, it means a lot to me. Her life was hard; they could take nothing for granted. Our life is so different. I can take so many things for granted."

What Rick liked best about the old tales was how they exemplified family solidarity. "Families did a lot together back then. It wasn't just the immediate family, but all the relatives, and friends too. That's a dying thing in America today. I'm lucky my family is close. Maybe people were closer then due to their immobility," Rick went on. "Families today have lost that." Rick explained that togetherness was ingrained in his parents. "When families stick together, you have someone to lean on," he concluded.

The best moments in Bessie's life concern her family and the farm. She thought about all the happy times and reminisced, "I've always been a contented person, but certain moments stand out: Our wedding day; the day we moved into our house for the first time—and the second time; the time when the sick calf didn't die; and especially when the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren come back to see me."

The children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren return frequently to their Ritchie County roots, where they find a family worth sticking to and a vivacious woman strong enough to lean on.

Films on West Virginia and Appalachia

For the past four years, we've published annual listings of state and regional films owned by the Film Services Division of the West Virginia Library Commission. We began in 1979 with a complete list of all films then in the collection, and added supplements of newly acquired films each following year. For this, the fifth year, we decided it was time to bring matters up to date again with a comprehensive list of all films. Steve Fesenmeier, head of Film Services, provided the following for us, compiled from earlier GOLDENSEAL reports and including new films purchased within the past year.

The number of films has increased by about two-thirds since 1979, giving Film Services the largest collection of mountain movies in the country. Fesenmeier notes that all Library Commission films may be borrowed through county public libraries anywhere in West Virginia.

Almost Heaven, Grafton, West Virginia
22 min. Color
1976 Griesinger Films
A disquieting and sympathetic look at a small town in West Virginia. Wives disclose drinking problems, people comment on marital disharmony, and a tattooed man discusses his philosophy of life.

Anonymous Was a Woman
30 min. Color
1977 Films, Inc.
Frequently when a piece of folk art was given the attribution "anonymous," it was the work of an unknown woman. Because they did not have an awareness of themselves as "artists," but rather as mothers or daughters just adding a little beauty to household goods, they did not sign the sampler, quilt, rug, or needlework. Part of "The Originals: Women in Art" series.

Appalachia: No Man's Land
28 min. Color
1981 Maryknoll
This movie was filmed in Mingo County, West Virginia, and Martin County, Kentucky. Interviews with the natives, organizers, and poets are intercut with scenes of destruction. Floods, black lung, and uncontrolled strip mining and other disasters are portrayed as the result of ownership of land and minerals by huge multinational corporations.

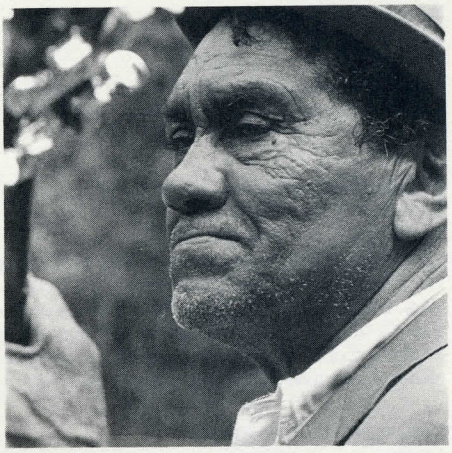
Appalachian Genesis
30 min. Color
1971 Appalshop
Presents Appalachian youth discussing coal mining, the educational system, job opportunities, recreation, health facilities, politics, poverty.

Appalachian Spring
31 min. B&W
1973 Phoenix
Themes of youth and joy, ritual and religion, and the love of a man and woman are presented through Martha Graham's interpretation in dance and Aaron Copeland's music.

Appalachian Trail
30 min. Color
1968 Walter J. Klein
Shows the 2,000-mile hiking path up the backbone of the United States. Includes winter trail sequences, unusual aerial shots, and historic scenes illustrating the changes the trail has gone through.

Appalachian Woodcrafters
15 min. Color
1970 Walter J. Klein
Visits the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild to see the great woodcrafters at work. The experts show how they make clocks, furniture, musical instruments, lamps, and carvings.

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


Uncle Homer Walker of the film "Banjo Man." Photo by Mike Meador.

Banjo Man
26 min. B&W
1978 Texture Films
Prize-winning film narrated by Taj Mahal, about the life and music of John "Uncle Homer" Walker (now deceased). Walker, an 80-year-old Summers county native, had been playing the banjo for 60 years at the time this film was made.

Before the Mountain was Moved
58 min. Color
1971 McGraw-Hill
Shows the determined efforts of one coal miner to save the mountains of Raleigh County from the strippers. Demonstrates how he succeeded in obtaining strong state legislation in the name of environmental conservation.

Between a Rock and a Hard Place
59 min. Color
1981 Blue Ridge Mt. Films
New York filmmaker Ken Fink worked for two years in McDowell County as filmmaker-in-residence for the school system. He made this film after interviewing hundreds of coal miners. He eventually chose three men of three different generations—a retired miner, a black middle-aged miner, and a young fellow who had left the mountains, only to return. They discuss their attitudes towards their profession, reflecting both pride and frustration. This film has been a major critical success, in this country and abroad.

The Bicentennial in West Virginia
27 min. Color
1977 WWVU-TV (Morgantown)
A look at America's 200th birthday as celebrated in the northern part of West Virginia. Includes scenes of music club performances, school programs, and historic interviews.

The Big Lever: Party Politics in Leslie County, Kentucky
40 min. Color
1982 Appalshop
Richard Nixon chose Leslie County as the site of his first public appearance after his resignation. The man who brought him to Kentucky was County Judge-Executive E. Allen Muncy. The film documents this historic return and follows Muncy's recent primary election campaign as well as his legal troubles in an absentee voting scandal.

Brush Creek Bounces Back
22 min. Color
1970 Stu Finley
Shows the results of the Brush Creek Water Shed project—filmed in West Virginia near Princeton.

Buffalo Creek 1972: An Act of God?
30 min. B&W
No date Appalshop
Covers the destruction and clean-up following the Buffalo Creek flood, interviews with survivors, the people's hearing, wildcat strikes in Logan County mines, the demonstration at the Pittston Coal Company stockholders meeting, and an interview with the president of Pittston.

Catfish, Man of the Woods
25 min. Color
1974 Appalshop
Portrait of Clarence Gray, a fifth-generation herb doctor who collects and sells a mixture of roots and herbs called "bitters" for all types of ailments. Discusses his philosophy of life including straightforward comments on his views about sex, religion, and the way of the woods.

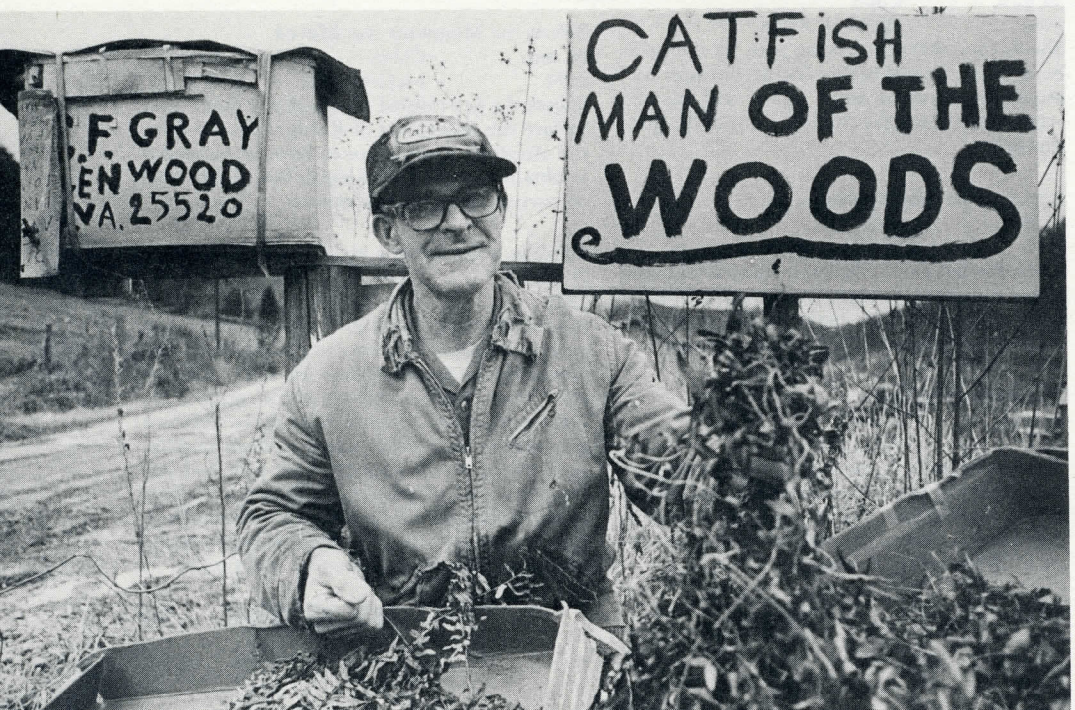
Chairmaker
20 min. Color
1974 Appalshop
Presents the craft of Dewey Thompson, an 80-year-old chairmaker who does everything by hand including chopping down the tree. Presents his simple yet interesting lifestyle.

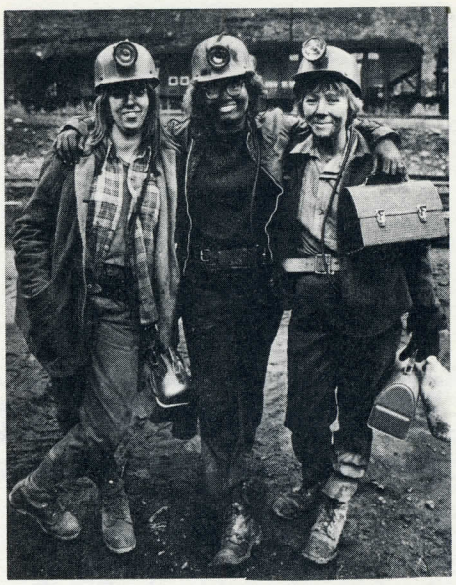
Charleston Beautiful on the Kanawha
50 min. B&W
1932 *Charleston Daily Mail* & Kearse Theater
A 50-year-old Charleston valentine to itself, directed by native son L. Blundon Wills. We meet Governor William Conley, Mayor Devan, and G. L. Kearse, owner of the great movie palace. Scenes include the new capitol building, city hall, the Baby Parade in front of the old YMCA on Capitol Street, the "new" C&P Telephone building on Lee Street, the riverfront, many churches and hospitals, and hundreds of Charlestonians. Originally funded by the *Charleston Daily Mail* and the Kearse Theater, this Paramount film was recently restored as a joint project of the *Daily Mail* and the Department of Culture and History.

Claymont: Toward a Working Society
28 min. Color
1981 Alvin Krinsky
Charles Town, in Jefferson County, is the site of a spiritual center for followers of the Central Asian mystic Gurdjieff. Here his followers live the life of "The Fourth Way." John Bennett, a British scientist and philosopher, established the colony so that he and his fellows could meditate, grow food, practice self-discipline, and work.

Coal Miner: Frank Johnson
12 min. B&W
1971 Appalshop
Illustrates what it's like to have spent your life working in the coal mines. Frank Jackson compares coal mining today with earlier mining practices. Includes scenes filmed in and around the mines.

Clarence Gray was featured in the film, "Catfish, Man of the Woods," and in a 1977 GOLDENSEAL article. Photo by Bob Drake, courtesy of Appalshop Films.





Coalmining women. Photo by Earl Dotter, courtesy Appalshop.

Coalmining Women
40 min. Color
1982 Appalshop
A series of interviews with women at home and working in the mines of Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Colorado. The problems of women working in the most hazardous occupation are explored from a historical and contemporary overview.

Discovering Country and Western Music
23 min. Color
1977 BFA
Traces the development of country and western music from its beginnings in the mountain people's folk music to its virtual merging with popular music.

A Dream Come True
35 min. Color
1978 Alfred Shands
A documentary about the history of Appalachia. The company town of Jenkins, in eastern Kentucky, is used as an example of the long relationship between the industrial development of America and the expansion of American industry into rugged Appalachia.

An Echo of Anger
53 min. Color
1974 Xerox
Shows the struggle between strip miners and individuals opposed to this method of mining. Filmed in Appalachia, it includes interviews with local politicians, spokesmen for coal companies, ecology group members, and people who have suffered personal losses as a result of strip mining.

The Feathered Warrior
20 min. Color
1973 Appalshop
Portrays the illegal sport of gamecock fighting. Emphasizes with slow-motion close-up sequences the sweeping movements of the birds as each tries to cut to victory. (Some people may find cock fighting objectionable and/or inhumane.)

Buffalo Creek after the flood. Photo by Ford Reid, courtesy Appalshop.

Fixin' To Tell About Jack
25 min. Color
1974 Appalshop
Presents Ray Hicks, a mountain farmer who is master of the art of storytelling, as he tells his folk, or "Jack," tales to a group of children. Each "Jack" tale contains specific details and histories that have been passed on from generation to generation.

Fool's Parade
98 min. Color
1971 Columbia Pictures
Davis Grubb's novel of Moundsville prison brought to the screen. Starring Jimmy Stewart, Anne Baxter, and George Kennedy. Three excons are released from the state penitentiary hoping to establish their own store. The local banker hires Kennedy, the prison guard, to prevent them from cashing a check which would uncover his own crime. Shot on location in Moundsville.

Foot Stompin' Music
12 min. Color
1975 Films, Inc.
Jimmy Edmonds of Virginia is a third-generation fiddler who performs regularly with his family. He is profiled along with Tammy Richard, a young country singer, who is shown planning her career and cutting a record.

Foxfire
21 min. Color
1974 McGraw-Hill
Explores the techniques of recording oral history, writing, designing, and running of the magazine *Foxfire* which covers the lore, legends, and crafts of the Appalachian folk heritage. Recorded by a group of high school students in Georgia.

Full of Life A-Dancin'
29 min. Color
1978 Phoenix
Deep within the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina one of America's oldest folk dances, "clogging," is still enjoyed. The champion Southern Appalachian Cloggers are featured.

Handcarved
88 min. Color
1981 Appalshop
Chester Cornett, a native of Harlan County, Kentucky, makes a "two and one" chair. Cornett demonstrates his techniques and offers his philosophy of life as he speaks his mind on a variety of subjects.

Hansel and Gretel: An Appalachian Version
16 min. Color
1975 Tom Davenport Films
Real life enactment of the famous fairy tale (not advised for very young children).

Harlan County, USA
103 min. Color
1976 Cinema 5
This Academy Award-winning documentary shows the year-long strike by 180 coal mining families trying to win a standard United Mine Workers contract from the owners of Brookside mine in Kentucky.

Help Us Protect Our Land and Our Miners' Lives
1½ min. Color
1979 Omnificent Systems
Three 30-second television public service announcements: 1) Mine Health and Safety; 2) Strip Mine Regulations; 3) History of Federal Regulation. Created by Robert Gates of Charleston.

Hiking the Appalachian Trail
30 min. Color
1975 Walter J. Klein
Shows the popular hiking trail which runs 2,000 miles up eastern America while demonstrating correct backpacking techniques. Includes historic coverage of the area as the hikers walk it.

High Lonesome Sound
30 min. B&W
1963 MacMillan
Demonstrates that the people of eastern Kentucky sing gospel and folk music as a way to maintain tradition and dignity. Emphasizes the hard times of an area where farming land has worn out and men have been replaced by machinery in the mines.

If Elected
57 min. Color
No date Wayne Ewing Films
A complete look at the campaign of State Senator Warren McGraw. Gives evidence of the "hard campaign trail in the West Virginia coalfields." Examines the issues, feelings, and situations that affect the West Virginia political mind.

In Memory of the Land and People
50 min. Color
No date Omnificient Systems
This documentary is an independent production by Robert Gates on the ravages of strip mining. Music of Bartok is woven with songs and dialogue of people who live in the stripped regions.

Mountain filmmakers work wherever the subject takes them. This cameraman is filming an Old Regular Baptist baptising for "In the Good Old Fashioned Way." Courtesy Appalshop.

In the Good Old Fashioned Way
30 min. Color
1973 Appalshop
Shows the spirit and faith of the people of the Old Regular Baptist Church, the oldest and one of the most unique churches in the mountains. Explains that religion, which has a tremendous impact on the members' lives, is uniquely a product of the Appalachian culture.

The Invisible Universe
15 min. Color
1976 Capital Film Laboratories
An award-winning look at one of the wonders of the world, the National Radio Astronomy Observatory in Green Bank, West Virginia. The film is being used as part of the tour of the facility in Pocahontas County.

In Ya Blood
20 min. B&W
1971 Appalshop
Follows Randy, an Appalachian youth, as he wrestles with the difficult choice between leaving his home to go to college or staying in Appalachia and becoming a coal miner.

John Jacob Niles
32 min. Color
1978 Appalshop
A portrait of the famous folksinger and ballad collector of the Appalachian Mountains. An 86-year-old preserver and performer whom *Time* magazine hailed as "the dean of American balladeers," he was a major factor in bringing about the folk music revival of the 1920's and '30's.

Jolo Serpent Handlers
28 min. Color
No date Karen Kramer
Interviews with members of the church, and an interview with a woman whose father and husband died due to snakebite. Shows a bite victim as he suffers and recovers.

Judge Wooten and the Coon-on-a-log
10 min. B&W
1970 Appalshop
Portrays Leslie County, Kentucky, Judge George Wooten in the Fourth of July coon-on-a-log contest. He discusses subjects ranging from tourism to moonshine.

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

The Kingdom Come School
20 min. Color
1973 Appalshop
Follows a typical day at the Kingdom Come School in eastern Kentucky, demonstrating that the teacher's contemporary educational methods and the enthusiastic attitude of the students have helped the one-room school survive the threat of consolidation.

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

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Coal
53 min. Color
1974 Xerox
This film shows that although West Virginia has an enormous wealth in coal, its health services, education, housing, and quality of life are all substandard. Explores the role that coal companies play in this economic imbalance.

Lord and Father
45 min. Color
1982 Appalshop
The conflicting viewpoints between father and son, owner and laborer, profitability and morality are exposed in dramatic detail. An overview of the economic history of tobacco in the U.S., and the social structures allied with it, such as tenant share-cropping.

Masses and the Millionaires: The Homestead
26 min. Color
1974 LCA
A significant chapter in the history of both labor and capital, this strike took place outside Pittsburgh. In 1892 the workers at the Carnegie Steel Company went on strike. The story is told both from the workers' side and that of owners Frick and Carnegie. Against overwhelming odds, the workers fought the "company thugs" and paid the consequences.

Media Probes—Political Spots
30 min. Color
1982 *Time/Life*
The 1980 campaign of Governor John D. Rockefeller IV is one of the chief examples used in this look at the influence of modern mass media on politics.

The Millstone Sewing Center
10 min. Color
1972 Appalshop
Shows the Millstone Sewing Center, where elderly seamstresses use a combination of Salvation Army castoffs, food stamps, and OEO funds to organize a community center and sew clothes for needy children in the community. Emphasizes the relationship between generations in an Appalachian community.

Moonlight for Two
5 min. B&W
No date Reel Images
A classic "Merrie Melody" cartoon. A "hillbilly" couple goes to a square dance with the music of "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain." Even the coal stoves shake a leg until the big bad wolf shows up.

Morgan Sorghum
12 min. Color
1974 Appalshop
Covers three craftsmen who were featured at the Morgan County, Kentucky, Sorghum Festival—a knife maker, a broom maker, and a woman who spins her own yarn on a spinning wheel.

Morris Family Festival, 1972. Photo by Mike Meador.

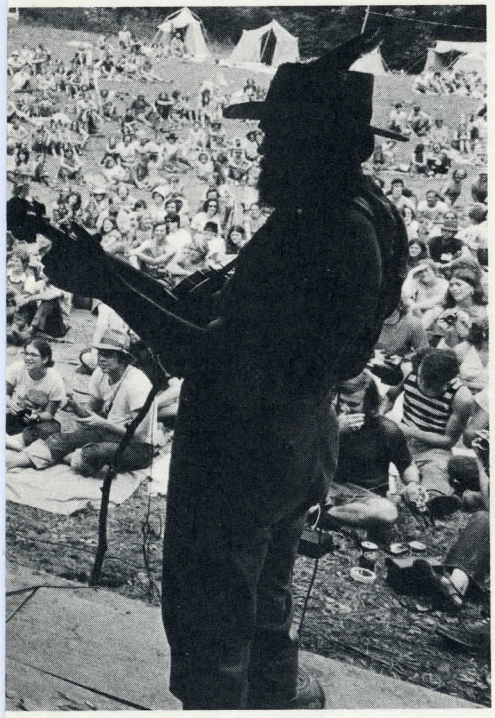
Morris Family Old Time Music Festival
30 min. B&W
1980 (1972) Omnificent Systems
Dave and John Morris held their own annual music festival at Ivydale, Clay County, from 1969 to 1972. The festival was known for its traditional music, good times, and rain. The film stars many of West Virginia's best-known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

Mountain Farmer
8 min. B&W
1974 Appalshop
A tribute to a true mountaineer—a strong, independent man who finds joy in his work and harmony with the land. Shows him tilling the soil with his horse and wooden plow and using methods barely different from his ancestors'.

Mountain Music
9 min. Color
1976 Pyramid
Using clay for both background and characters, Will Vinton creates a colorful and peaceful mountain setting. A trio of musicians plays a country folk tune which becomes increasingly electric until the mountain explodes in a volcanic eruption.

The Mountain People
24 min. Color
No date Wombat
Includes interviews with Appalachian mountain dwellers, describing their desolate situations. The narrator is a man working with them to improve their standard of living.

Mountains of Green, Streets of Gold
27 min. Color
1978 Films, Inc.
Story of West Virginians returning from Cleveland to their mountain homes. Emphasis is on religion and rejection of urban materialism.



Music Fair
10 min. Color
1972 Appalshop
Shows the first annual Appalachian People's Music Fair at High Knob, Virginia. Presents five of the musical numbers performed there that range from folk to jug band, bluegrass in between.

Nature's Way
20 min. Color
1974 Appalshop
Several mountaineers describe their cures and remedies for ailments, using herbs, home remedies, and Indian folklore. Also includes a midwife assisting in the delivery of twins. (Some segments may not be suitable for younger age levels.)

New American Glass: Focus on West Virginia
28 min. Color
1976 Huntington Galleries
Huntington Galleries and WMUL-TV take a look at glass plants in West Virginia. The craftsmen are shown as creators of fine works of art and carriers of skill and tradition.

Nimrod Workman: To Fit My Own Category
35 min. B&W
1975 Appalshop
Nimrod Workman, a 78-year-old retired coal miner and singer who performs traditional ballads, reminisces about life as a miner and sings some Appalachian songs.

North American Regions: The Appalachian Highlands
14 min. Color
1967 Coronet
Explores the Appalachian Highlands which stretch from northeastern Canada to southern Alabama, characterized by an extensive mountain system, flowing waters, and numerous valleys. Offers insight into traditional uses of the region, light manufacturing, cash crop farming, and mining, which did not utilize its full potential compared with present uses, conservation, public works projects, and new industries.

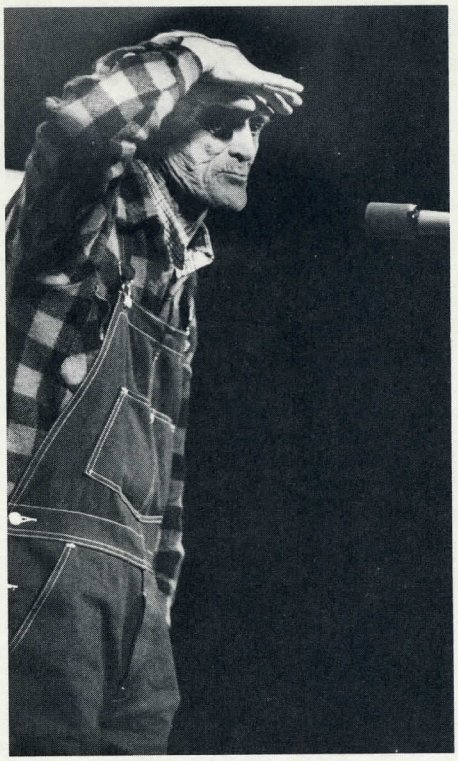
Oaksie
22 min. Color
1979 Appalshop
Basketmaker, fiddler, and harp player Oaksie Caudill from Cowan Creek, Letcher County, Kentucky.

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

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

Pearl S. Buck
30 min. B&W
1960 Films, Inc.
Nobel Prize-winning author Pearl S. Buck talks about her childhood in China, points out the differences between Western and Oriental living, discusses changes brought under Communism, and considers how America can recover the goodwill which it had lost in Asia.

Pioneer Journey Across the Appalachians
14 min. Color and B&W
1956 Coronet
Presenting the Appalachians as a barrier to westward movement, this film follows a North Carolina family's journey across the mountains before the Revolutionary War.



Nimrod Workman. Photo by Jim Pate.

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

The Potomac Highlands of West Virginia
30 min. Color
No date WMUL-TV
Breathtaking views of Spruce Knob, the highest point in the state, and the Fairfax Stone, with scenes of whitewater kayaking along some of the best water in the East. Canaan Valley and Snowshoe skiers whiz down well-groomed slopes, the Cass Scenic Railroad puffs along the ridge, majorettes shimmy at the Elkins Forest Festival, and the annual woodchopper's contest is held at Webster Springs.

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

The Ramsey Trade Fair
20 min. Color
1974 Appalshop
Presents a close look at the art of trading and at the traders themselves. Shows that the Ramsey Trade Fair is more of a social event than a business venture, with music and preaching and people coming to meet each other.

Red, White and Bluegrass
27 min. Color
1974 *Time/Life*
This documentary concerns the heartland of America and its bluegrass music. Includes famous singers of bluegrass—the Little Family of North Carolina, Lost John, the Bushy Mountain Boys, and the Gritty Band.

Report of C.O.R.A.
30 min. Color
No date National Council of Churches of Christ (BFC Films)
The Commission on Religion in Appalachia (C.O.R.A.) is a combination of religious and activist groups that are bringing a multi-faceted ministry to Appalachian people. This film shows its activities to help the people in one West Virginia community.

Sisyphus Was a Good Ole Boy
9 min. B&W
1980 Orr
In Greek mythology, Sisyphus was condemned to an eternity of trying to roll a heavy stone to the top of a mountain, only to have it roll back down each time. Glenville State College is the setting for this modern interpretation of the old story.

Small Business My Way
28 min. Color
1982 Griesinger Films
Buckhannon filmmaker Peter Griesinger ("Almost Heaven, Grafton, West Virginia") presents a slice of life from central West Virginia—small business life. The introduction is provided by A. James Manchin, Secretary of State. Nine resourceful businesspeople celebrate their life in small business.

Stoney Knows How
30 min. Color
1980 Flower Films
West Virginia native Leonard L. "Stoney" St. Clair tells his life story. Leaving his home in southern West Virginia when he was 15 to join the Cole Brothers Circus as a sword swallower, a year later he met a tattoo artist who taught him his trade. Stoney was a dwarf, confined to a wheelchair. (Rough language.)

Stripmining in Appalachia
25 min. B&W
1973 Appalshop
Depicts the beauty of the mountains, the humanity of the people, and the attitudes of strip mine operators. A local biologist with the aid of aerial photography explains what strip mining does to the land.

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

The Struggle of Coon Branch Mountain (McDowell County)
13 min. B&W
1972 Appalshop
Follows one community's fight for better roads and schools, through their first community meeting, a march on the governor's office, to a partial victory and determination to continue their struggle.

They Shall Take Up Serpents
24 min. Color
1973 Films, Inc.
Follows the fundamentalist religions in rural areas of our country—especially Appalachia. Talks with snake handlers in the Holiness movement about their philosophy of God and religion.

Todd: Growing Up in Appalachia
12 min. Color
1970 Learning Corp. of America
Presents the life of an Appalachian mountain family whose father was forced out of the mines due to illness. Todd, the young son, finds some government food stamps and realizes the opportunity for a better dinner for the family, but he knows the stamps could belong to a family who needs them worse and turns them in to be returned.

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

Tomorrow's People
25 min. Color
1973 Appalshop
Presents mountain music as a visual and sound experience of mountain culture without narration. Includes a montage of old-time photographs accompanied by a dulcimer and a square dance in a one-room schoolhouse high on a mountain in Kentucky.

Torn Shadows: Parkersburg's City Building, 1895–1980
20 min. Color
1981 Simonette
An historical film about the former center of Parkersburg life, showing the grace and beauty of a building that held many memories for local residents.

Tradition
20 min. Color
1974 Appalshop
A moonshiner tells what it's like to have been "sent up" four times for making whiskey, while IRS agents talk about tracking down stills and arresting moonshiners.

Triumph!
38 min. Color
1982 UMWA
This is the official film history of the UMWA. Former union president Sam Church introduces this look at one of America's most important labor unions.

True Facts . . . In a Country Song
28 min. Color
1979 Burt/Chadwick
A rare look at the life of a West Virginia music family, the Lilly Brothers of Raleigh County. The true facts of an Appalachian family are revealed in their songs, including "Hide Me in the Blood of Jesus," "Come Early Morning," and others.

A Turn for the Best
30 min. Color
1981 A.R.C.
Towns throughout Appalachia have been facing job layoffs as a result of industry leaving. One chief cause of corporations deciding to pull out of the area has been poor labor-management relations. An innovative and apparently successful approach to the problem has been tried in New Cumberland, Maryland, used here as the case in point.

UMWA 1970: A House Divided
15 min. B&W
1971 Appalshop
A portrait of W. A. (Tony) Boyle, filmed two years before he lost power. Includes parts of his speeches along with statements from dissident miners and exposes the weaknesses of the union under Boyle's leadership.

The Valley
28 min. Color
No date Stu Finley
A study of water-quality management programs being practiced on a daily basis along the Ohio River. Compares the water of 1900 to the quality of today's.

The old Parkersburg City Building. Photo by Rodney Collins.

Harley Warrick at work. Photo by Ed Connor.

West Virginia Coleslaw
12 min. Color
1975 Eleanor Grand
West Virginia coleslaw, or chewing tobacco, is the impetus for this documentary on the work of Harley Warrick. Over the past two decades, this man has painted "Mail Pouch Chewing Tobacco" barn signs in a multi-state region.

Valley of Darkness
20 min. Color
1970 Films, Inc.
NBC took a look at the Farmington mine disaster in Marion County, visiting the miners and widows of the men who died. Arch Moore and Ken Hechler are interviewed, and problems such as black lung are discussed at length.

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

A Well in West Virginia
15 min. Color
No date Stu Finley
Demonstrates some of the problems faced by the men who try to find the natural gas that plays a vital role in U.S. energy resources.

Whitesburg Epic
10 min. B&W
1970 Appalshop
Shows problems faced by young people in Appalachia in the early '70's by presenting a series of interviews on the streets of Whitesburg, Kentucky. Voiced are opinions about the Vietnam War, Kent State, college unrest, the draft, and recreation.

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

Working for Your Life
57 min. Color
1980 Institute for Industrial Relations
West Virginia women coal miners and chemical workers are two of the groups of working women discussed in this first film on the special dangers presented in the workplace for women.

You Touched Me
24 min. Color
1978 Omnificent Systems
A volunteer program to provide recreation for retarded persons is documented in this film about the Kanawha-Putnam Association for Retarded Citizens.

In This Issue

C. ROBERT BARNETT, a Hancock County native, attended West Liberty State College and Marshall University before taking a Ph.D. at Ohio State. A former contributing editor to *River Cities* magazine, he has published widely on sports and sports history in scholarly journals and sports publications. He teaches in the Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation at Marshall.

KATHLEEN HENSLEY BROWNING grew up in Cabell County, and now lives and writes in Charleston. "When Dad Carried the Mail" is her first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.

MAUREEN CROCKETT was born in Plattsburg, New York, and educated at City University of New York, West Virginia University, and other institutions. She lives in St. Albans and works as a freelance writer and photographer. This is her first appearance in GOLDENSEAL.

CORA HANLIN DAVIS was born and raised in Mineral County, where she has taken an active role in the management of her family's Maple Croft Farm for many years. This is her first appearance in GOLDENSEAL.

MICHAEL KLINE is a Washington, D.C., native who spent childhood summers in Hampshire County. After receiving his B.A. in anthropology from George Washington University in 1964, he moved to Appalachia full time, working in various poverty programs in Kentucky and West Virginia. Michael served as assistant to the editor of GOLDENSEAL in 1978, and now lives in Elkins where he is associated with the Augusta Heritage Arts Workshops. He is a regular contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

RICK LEE and MICHAEL KELLER are staff photographers for the Department of Culture and History.

GENE OCHSENDORF grew up in the Weirton-Steubenville area and, after graduating from Ohio State University, taught American History in the Bucyrus, Ohio, school system. He moved back to West Virginia in 1978 and currently resides in Elkins where he is the director of the Randolph County Sheltered Workshop. He and Michael Kline last collaborated on the article about Don Mole's woodworking shop, which appeared in the Spring '83 GOLDENSEAL.

ROBERT TAYLOR is on the staff of the Archives and History Division of the Department of Culture and History.

DENNIS TENNANT, a seventh-generation Monongalia Countian, graduated *cum laude* from West Virginia University. He served as photo intern at the *Charleston Daily Mail*, worked as staff photographer for the *Morgantown Dominion-Post*, and now does freelance work for the Associated Press and other publications. He and his wife, Diane, are regular contributors to GOLDENSEAL.

IVAN M. TRIBE attended Ohio University and earned his Ph.D. at the University of Toledo. He has published many articles on old-time and early country music, and is now working on a history of country music in West Virginia. Dr. Tribe teaches at Rio Grande College in Ohio and is an occasional contributor to GOLDENSEAL.

WILLIAM J. WILCOX grew up on a small hillside farm at Mods Run in Marion County. He attended Fairmont State College, VPI, and William and Mary College. Now retired from his position as advertising manager of the *Fairmont Times-West Virginian*, he runs his own rubber stamp manufacturing shop. He has written for several area publications over the years, and has published two books, on Pricketts Fort and frontier life.

DOUG YARROW has lived in West Virginia since 1969, and has taught photography at Big Creek High School in McDowell County since 1978. His work has appeared in many publications, including a *Newsweek* cover in 1978. He has contributed the photos for many GOLDENSEAL articles over the years.

CORRECTION: We failed to properly identify Mario Sandon of Pilgrim Glass in the "Objects of Beauty and Light" article in the Spring GOLDENSEAL. The section of text beginning near the bottom of the first column of page 55 refers to his work. Mr. Sandon's photograph, reproduced here, was on page 56. Our apologies, and our best wishes for his continued success as a fine craftsman.

(continued from inside front cover)

Aug. 12–14 Augusta Festival (Davis and Elkins College)	Elkins
Aug. 12–14 Logan County Arts & Crafts Fair (Memorial Fieldhouse)	Logan
Aug. 12–14 The Ohio River Festival (Riverfront Park)	Ravenswood
Aug. 16–21 Town and Country Days (4-H Grounds)	New Martinsville
Aug. 19–21 Locust Grove Bluegrass Festival (Nevera's Farm)	Hazelton
Aug. 19–27 State Fair of West Virginia	Lewisburg
Aug. 20–21 Oglebay Woodcarvers Show (Wheeling Park)	Wheeling
Aug. 21 Doc Williams 5th Annual Old Friends & Fans Reunion (Oglebay Park)	Wheeling
Aug. 22–27 Jackson County Gospel Sing	Ravenswood
Aug. 26–28 Appalachian Arts & Crafts Festival (Raleigh County Armory)	Beckley
Aug. 26–28 West Virginia Bluegrass Festival (Cox's Field)	Walker
Aug. 26–28 Lincoln County Tobacco Fair	Hamlin
Aug. 27–Sept. 5 13th Annual Charleston Sternwheel Regatta	Charleston
Sept. 2–3 Country Roads Festival	Pennsboro
Sept. 2–4 West Virginia Italian Heritage Festival	Clarksburg
Sept. 2–5 Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts & Craft Jubilee (Jackson's Mill)	Weston
Sept. 3–4 Hilltop Festival (Huntington Galleries)	Huntington
Sept. 5–10 Bradshaw Fall Festival	Bradshaw
Sept. 6 Traditional Music (Pricketts Fort)	Fairmont
Sept. 10–11 Hampshire Heritage Days	Romney
Sept. 9–11 Helvetia Community Fair	Helvetia
Sept. 10–11 Chicken Barbeque and Hymn Sing (Mason County Farm Museum)	Point Pleasant
Sept. 11 Putnam County Homecoming (Putnam County Courthouse)	Winfield
Sept. 11–17 Frontier Days	Shinnston
Sept. 15–18 West Virginia Oil & Gas Festival	Sistersville
Sept. 15–18 Treasure Mountain Festival	Franklin
Sept. 16–18 16th Annual Nature Wonder Weekend/ Wildfoods (North Bend State Park)	Cairo
Sept. 17 Chemical City Arts & Crafts Festival	South Charleston
Sept. 17–18 Craigsville Fall Festival	Craigsville
Sept. 17–18 Arts & Crafts Fall Festival (Alderson Junior High)	Alderson
Sept. 17–18 Country Roads Festival (Hawks Nest Lodge)	Ansted
Sept. 17–18 Harvest Moon Festival (City Park)	Parkersburg
Sept. 18 Octoberfest (Bavarian Inn)	Shepherdstown
Sept. 18–24 King Coal Festival	Williamson
Sept. 22–24 West Virginia Molasses Festival	Arnoldsburg
Sept. 22–24 Golden Delicious Festival	Clay
Sept. 23–25 8th Annual Fall Mountain Heritage Arts & Crafts Festival	Charles Town
Sept. 23–25 Summersville Bluegrass-Country Music Festival	Summersville
Sept. 24–25 Fall Nature Walks (Pricketts Fort)	Fairmont
Sept. 24–25 Hardy County Heritage Weekend	Moorefield
Sept. 24–25 West Virginia Honey Festival (City Park)	Parkersburg
Sept. 24–25 Skin Creek Farm Craft Festival (Vandalia Community)	Roanoke
Sept. 29–Oct. 2 Preston County Buckwheat Festival with Banjo & Fiddle Contest/Bluegrass Concert	Kingwood
Oct. 1–2 Rupert Country Fling	Rupert
Oct. 1–2 Oglebayfest and Quadrangle Arts & Crafts Festival (Oglebay Park)	Wheeling
Oct. 1–2 Milton Garden Club Arts & Craft Show	Milton
Oct. 1–2 Country Festival (Mason County Farm Museum)	Point Pleasant
Oct. 1–3 Burlington Old-Fashioned Apple Harvest Festival	Burlington
Oct. 2 Berkeley County Historical Society Tour	Martinsburg
Oct. 5–9 Mountain State Forest Festival	Elkins
Oct. 8–9 AAUW Arts and Crafts Exhibit	Welch
Oct. 8–9 New River Gorge Bridge Walk and Crafts Fair	Fayetteville
Oct. 8–9 10th Annual Apple Butter Festival (Berkeley Springs State Park)	Berkeley Springs
Oct. 8–9 Apple Butter Festival (Pricketts Fort)	Fairmont
Oct. 10–16 West Virginia Black Walnut Festival	Spencer
Oct. 13–16 Arts and Crafts Show (Grand Central Mall)	Parkersburg
Oct. 14–15 Wellsburg Applefest	Wellsburg
Oct. 20–23 Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival	Martinsburg
Oct. 29–30 Annual Bazaar/Buckwheat Pancake & Sausage Dinner (Cross Roads 4-H Community Center)	Fairmont

GOLDENSEAL requests its readers' help in preparing this listing. If you would like your festival or event to appear in the 1984 "Summer Craft and Music Events," please send us information on the name of the event, dates, location, and the contact person or organization and their mailing address and phone number, if possible. We must have this information by March 15, 1984, in order to meet our printing deadline.

GOLDENSEAL regrets that, due to space limitations, county fairs and Fourth of July celebrations do not appear in this year's listing.

Department of Culture and History
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