

Appalachian Images



Photographs by
Jack Jeffers

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Flossie Martin Gallery

Radford University Art Museum

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Acknowledgements

The Radford University Art Museum is pleased to present this set of photographs by former staff photographer Jack Jeffers. Mr. Jeffers' photographs are beloved by many on campus, and his generosity in donating one hundred of them to the University is recognized by the production of this catalogue.

Background research ably begun by Courtney Harmon was completed with great professionalism by Antwinette Cofield. Thanks are due Vicky Goad for caption selection, and Matt Dowdy for his exhibition design and installation expertise. Art Department Chair Steve Arbury took digital images of Mr. Jeffers' originals for this publication.

The catalogue is one of several that Tim Mullins has designed for the Museum. His design sensibility puts a face on the University that goes well beyond the confines of Virginia.

Last but not least, thanks to Charles Wood, vice president for university advancement, whose support for the arts at Radford University is far-sighted, gracious and will not soon be forgotten.

Preston Thayer
Director
Radford University Art Museum

THE APPALACHIAN PHOTOGRAPHS OF JACK JEFFERS

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A photograph is a small miracle, a kind of realized dream. Even today in this world of instant digital gratification a photograph is a treasured thing. All of the rituals and rites of passage in our lives are well documented with images on film, on videotape, and increasingly digitally stored in our computers. Photography is the one art form that is almost universally practiced, but while the medium is available to practically anyone, few use photography to create art. Jack Jeffers is a photographer who has successfully combined craft and technique with an intense desire to show the inherent beauty of Appalachian places and people. The results have been works of passionate artistic vision.

Jack Jeffers' photographs coax out of us the voyeuristic pleasures derived from looking at pictures. His photographs are appealing and enjoyable representations of reality and they attract attention and positive comments wherever they are hung. They do not challenge the viewer's sensibilities nor do they shock or provoke. They are easy and relaxed. They are the type of photos one might want to look at on a winter's night while sitting in a rocking chair in front of a crackling fireplace. It is engaging and compelling to imagine the lives, the pleasures and sorrows of the figures on these two dimensional surfaces. We can think of places we have been of which these images remind us. We can make up our own dramas about the characters portrayed before us. We can be coldly analytical and examine or admire, depending on our own abilities, the technical process and skill required to make these works of art. We can empathize and relate to the scenes and people as if we knew them. Whatever the approach, Jack Jeffers' photos of old and long-forgotten barns, fences and fields, railroads and people reach out to us like a hand coming up from a grave, grabbing and pulling us back into its own time and place.

Jack Jeffers grew up in a small rural farming community in south-central Virginia. He is not sure why, but when he was about 13 years old his mother, possibly recognizing some quality hidden even to him, gave Jack an old Kodak Brownie box camera. He fell in love with it and used it until it literally fell apart. His interest in photography blossomed from that beginning and it has been the driving force of his life ever since. His only photographic record of this formative period in his artistic development is a self-portrait he made in 1944. It shows a young boy, kneeling on one knee, his countenance solid, looking directly into the camera's lens. He took this picture with an improvised remote shutter release and he has referred to this photo as his first "creative image."¹

Jeffers' visual awareness of the world around him was focused first on the nearby Blue Ridge Mountains, then it shifted to the Allegheny Highlands of Virginia and West Virginia, and then into the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. In the 1970s he became interested in the menhaden boats, which used to dominate the fishing industry around Reedsville, Virginia. During that time he produced his *Chesapeake Portfolio*, which documents the dying fishing industry in Virginia's Chesapeake Bay. His photographic ramblings took him home again to the Farmville area of Virginia in 1995 where he ended the Appalachian phase of his creative life by documenting the vestiges of the small town life he remembered so well from his childhood. In 1997, realizing a childhood dream, he and his wife, the fiber sculptor Pat Jeffers, sojourned west and settled at the foot of the Wind River Mountains in central Wyoming. Nearing seventy at the time of the move but still working, Jeffers characterized his move to the Rockies by claiming that, "higher mountains pose bigger challenges."²

Jeffers' efforts are well respected in the art world and

1 Jeffers, Jack. *Exploring the Appalachians and Beyond: Trail of an Artist*. Unpublished. No pagination. Author's copy.

2 Jeffers, *Exploring the Appalachians and Beyond*, n.p.

several thousand of his original silver prints are in the permanent collections of many businesses, museums, and institutions of higher education, including those of Hershey Chocolate Co., John D. Rockefeller, IV, Philip Morris USA, Eastman Kodak Co., Ferrum College, Carson-Newman College, Longwood University, Radford University, The Smithsonian Institution and The Virginia Historical Society. He has won many prestigious art and photography awards and he is the author of over 50 technical articles on an array of photographic topics. Over the past 30 years, Jeffers has been the focus of a great number of stories in the news media and his photographs have been featured in two books, *Windows on the Blue Ridge* (out of print, 1973) and *Appalachian Byways* (Bassett Printing, 1984)³

In the last few years Jeffers has become very selective about the photos he prints, although he still maintains the very highest technical standards in his art. As the artist himself states, "I refuse to relinquish intrinsic quality and documentary value to arbitrary criteria, contemporary stylistic mannerisms, or trends dictated by critical recipes for success. The enduring qualities of a work of art are an important element for me. A properly made, silver sulfide image, printed to archival standards, should still be viewable a thousand years from now. Where fine art photography is concerned, I work with nothing less."⁴

As an artist Jeffers has been drawn to fall and winter as a favored time of the year to capture the subtlety and nuance of nature and the landscape. Now as he approaches the autumn of his own life he is beginning to think about his artistic legacy. Before he and his wife left Virginia he began to seek out repositories for his collection, and he would like to find a permanent home for all his work. He has, to date, donated about 125 large, framed works to the Virginia Historical Society in Richmond. He has made similar contributions of his work to Carson-Newman College in Jefferson City, Tennessee, to Longwood University in Farmville, Virginia, and most recently he donated 100 original prints to Radford University. These collections have been displayed on site and are available for traveling exhibitions throughout the mid-Atlantic region. His work is indeed a stunning compilation of "timeless images featuring rural America at her finest."⁵

Through nearly 40 years of photographing people and places in Appalachia Jack Jeffers has willingly,

almost anxiously, embraced the role of historic and cultural preservationist. His photos are, at times, unabashedly nostalgic and romantic. He is honest about his attempt to document what he has referred to as a "vanishing way of life from the rural byways."⁶ Jeffers is completely involved, both emotionally and technically, in his photos from conception to printing, and his view of his work is intensely personal. His is a "poetic view of rural America," and the places he photographs are shown to us "in a traditional and representational genre." Each image "is a projection of [his] artistry and [his] world."⁷

In commenting on his own work, though he could have just as easily been writing about Jeffers, the photographer Robert Frank wrote that there "is one thing the photograph must contain, the humanity of the moment. This kind of photography is realism. But realism is not enough—there has to be vision, and the two together can make a good photograph. It is difficult to describe this thin line where matter ends and mind begins."⁸ Jeffers' photos offer us a timeless view of a world that has largely passed into oblivion. We are in the midst of many of the artifacts of this lost culture and though we may pass by it without noticing, we are the beneficiaries of Jeffers' unique way of seeing. His mind, his vision is imprinted on the material he photographs and we are in his debt for this. Jeffers' ambition has always been "to explore those landscapes most people pass by unseeing and to produce the images that offer my perception of the world I experience."⁹ The benefit of seeing can come only if one pauses long enough to look thoughtfully at a quiet image. The viewer of Jack Jeffers' photographs must be willing to pause, to look again, to meditate.

Appalachia has been extremely fruitful ground in which hundreds of photographers have found a rich source of inspiration for their art. Jack Jeffers' work fits into a group of photographers who have been fascinated by Appalachia's rural character and with the artifacts of a vanishing or completely disappeared way of life. Jeffers' photos are filled with scenes of old farms, houses, split-rail chestnut fences, and barns; scenes of snowy country lanes and forests abound and his love of antiquated steam locomotives and other machines is evident in many of his finely crafted images. The people in his photos have chiseled faces and worn out looks. A great many of his photos were taken in winter

³ <http://www.jeffersfineart.com/jack.php>

⁴ <http://www.jeffersfineart.com/jack.php>

⁵ *Ibid.*, 6 *Ibid.*, 7 *Ibid.*

⁸ *Aperture*, vol. 9, no. 1 (1961), pp. 20-22

⁹ <http://www.jeffersfineart.com/jack.php>

set against a stark and often snowy background.

Jeffers sometimes waited months for a heavy snowfall to occur then he would go trekking down a lane or across a field in order to capture the objects of his attention. Few of Jeffers' photos are the products of the spontaneous moment, although there are some exceptions, most notably his serene *Sheep in Snow* 1974. The vast majority of his photos are the product of determined planning and forethought, what he calls "pre-visualization." On his rambles he will spot a promising scene or subject then he will begin to imagine what his finished photo should look like, printed. He will consider the natural lighting, the overall prospect, his particular artistic disposition and then he will plan and wait. The wait has been as long as several months to several years. One of the finest examples of this process of planning and waiting is his exquisitely composed and rendered *Highland Barn* 1975, an image that was captured three years after he first conceptualized and envisioned it.¹⁰

Jack Jeffers' photos fit into a genre pioneered by Margaret Morley and William Barnhill, both photographers working in the Appalachian Mountain region of North Carolina in the early 20th century. Many would follow them, Doris Ulmann and Walker Evans, of course, and others like Earl Palmer of Virginia and Warren Brunner of Kentucky. If your interest in Appalachian photography runs towards the bucolic and nostalgic, Jeffers' photos are wonderful treasures. As he has said about his own work, "If you are an ardent admirer of rural beauty and grass roots America at her finest..." you will find much to enjoy in the "beauty and dignity that still exists in this old world."¹¹

Jeffers' Appalachian photos are an open and deliberate attempt to capture what he believes to be the honesty and straightforwardness of life in the mountains. He is one of the most technically gifted photographers to make pictures of mountain culture for his own enjoyment, choosing subjects and places that inspire him, that form his art. He sets out to make photographs in order to satisfy his own curiosity, inner drive, and artistic imagination. His works are significant testaments to his visions of nature and man, and while they are evocative and to some extent romantic, they are also remarkable for their artistry and craftsmanship. He does not twist subject matter to his point of view. His scenes are "found art" so to speak. He plans and waits,

of course, sometimes a very long time, to get the right conditions, but he rarely manipulates, or maneuvers the scene to create an idea. He is certainly not indifferent to his surroundings and is, in fact, as he has explained, seeing what, in many cases, is invisible to others. He feels the strongest commitment to preserve that in his art.

Photographs of Appalachia are inevitably seen within the framework of commonly held stereotypes about the southern mountains that have been constructing our ways of thinking about Appalachia for well over a hundred years. Jeffers' art does not take sides in this controversy and debate. His pictures are true, they represent a traditional life that has largely gone everywhere and they afford us the chance to visit the past unencumbered by an awareness of the forces of change that wrought this world he presents as obsolete. His images are not neutral and they evoke more than a smattering of emotion in the viewer. But his pictures exist as art, not as a fabricated set of images or historical documents that can only exist within the boundaries of Appalachian stereotypes. His people, his farms, his streams and trees could be from many, many places sheltered from a world altered forever by modernization and post-modernization. Jeffers' photos evoke the clear sense that they are of Appalachia, but not exclusively in Appalachia.

Many who view Jeffers' photos will be reminded of at least a few Appalachian stereotypes. These images and ideas of Appalachia were largely formed during the era of industrial development and change which took place in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Mountain people were described as noble and savage, independent, proud, rugged, and violent, but also as dirty and uneducated, yet crafty and practical. They drank too much, and were lazy, but managed to scare up the energy to produce excessively large families.

The people who were mostly responsible for this new idea of Appalachia were a group of writers who participated in what was called the Local Color Movement. They described in influential and widely read journals, short stories, novels, and travel literature, a land of pioneers, our contemporary ancestors who were more Elizabethan than American. Violence, feuding, moonshining, and a traditional culture existed, they wrote, in an Appalachia which had been untouched by the forces of modernization. Appalachia began to be

10 Jeffers, *Exploring the Appalachians and Beyond*, n.p.

11 *Ibid.*

depicted and thought of as a region that stood in stark contrast to the progressive, urban culture of the rest of America.

Gradually, through the writing of such popular authors as John Fox, Jr., Appalachia came to represent the life of the past, and the rest of America represented the life of the modern present. Appalachia was depicted as the area of the United States least affected by progress, a place where time stood still and yesterday's people lived, and thus it seemed to many as inherently picturesque and romantic, even if to others it was equally appalling because of its perceived backwardness.

Many of the images that Jeffers gives us are noteworthy for their strangeness from most of our lives. Few people who see these pictures in museums or universities will live lives in places similar to those that he carves out of light and form. There is an immense cultural and spatial distance between our times and these places and people that we witness hanging on a wall in front of us. What is the viewer to make of these distances and these differences? Should we struggle to overcome the obscurity of the image or should we accept its exotic nature and admire or envy it, like an antique tool that once fit comfortably in a craftsman's hand but now lies unused propped against the wall in a shop or a collector's den? Has the life depicted in his photos lost all meaning except to a few who can say that they remember this world or at least participated in it even slightly when they were young?

Is the appreciation and enjoyment of historic photographs or photographic cultural preservation enhanced by a firmer grasp of the subject matter? Is it necessary to span the cultural or time distance like a footbridge over a mountain stream in order to get closer to these images? Do the images improve with our expanded knowledge of their source, their subject matter, the time or place that they were taken? Can we benefit from asking ourselves what happened the moment before Jeffers opened his shutter? Or what happened just after? These are vital, germane, and significant questions even if their answers are as personal and idiosyncratic as the individual choices that went into the creation of the photographic images themselves.

There is a wide range of emotions and responses that can be experienced and articulated as we look upon Jeffers' solitary figures, fields, mountains, old houses, and

discarded furnishings. For many, the prevailing emotion may be a deeply reflective sensation of loneliness and a longing for the distant time and remote place that swirls around inside these frames. For others, his work may validate the overwhelming value and cultural weight of land and family and their interconnectedness in traditional Appalachian life, the land-family nexus that is essential to understanding Appalachian culture even today. From his own account the image of mountain life that Jeffers presents is that of a passing and disappearing age. He is fond of scenes of everyday life on farms and in small towns and of the material objects that gave substance to that world. Many of his photographs highlight the relationship that existed in rural Appalachia between nature, home, and work, a theme he has carried on in his new photographic efforts in Wyoming.

Photographs clearly influence, guide, and fashion our most basic sense of reality and many of our most cherished images of the Appalachian past have come more from frozen pictorial descriptions than from the written word. Photographs are, "...matchless pieces of information, descriptions of things, scenes, and persons infinitely more vivid than words...They seem miniature worlds, not copies but the things themselves."¹² In this vein, Jeffers' photographs of Appalachia can be thought of as historical documents but they are much more. They are also experiences in their own right because they give us the opportunity to witness the past as if it were, momentarily at least, the present. Jeffers' photos should be seen not simply as illustrations of history but also as revealing documents and artistic expressions that are a source of insight as well as information. It is because of this that the photographic image may be the closest we can come to an objective representation of past reality.

Jeffers photographed a place and time in Appalachia which was passing into history before him. He was drawn to his subject matter out of curiosity and a desire to document it for others. He was not interested in creating an image of the region but in documenting what he was seeing. He did, of course, do both through his choice of subject matter and settings but in every case his choices were guided by artistic rather than political or sociological motivations. Through his photos he seems to have viewed mountain people and their places as noble survivors of an unspoiled frontier

¹² Exhibitions Staff, *The American Image: Photographs from the National Archives, 1860-1960*. (National Archives and Records Service, 1979), p. ix.

relatively uncontaminated by the troubles of modern life. It is in this context, the rejection of industrialized life and the embracing of individuality, simplicity and the intrinsic value of manual labor, that his Appalachian photographs must be viewed. They are Jeffers' response to a culture which was strange, but appealing to him, a culture which he believed to be vanishing and worthy of preserving on film.

In the final analysis, photographs exist in two worlds, that in which they were made and that in which they currently exist. They can not tell us everything

about a particular scene regardless of how carefully the photographer sought to capture reality. There is always something left unsaid for the viewer to add. They retain, as works of art, a precious amount of mystery that fires our imaginations. As historical documents they stimulate us to learn more about the subject matter, in this case, Appalachia, so that we may compare the visual image with the literary image. Fortunately Jack Jeffers is a sympathetic and sensitive photographer whose life and work is vital to understanding what Appalachia has been and to some extent, continues to be.



Jack Jeffers circa 1947

Images of Appalachia



Blue Ridge Mountains 1976



Reed's Gap 1977



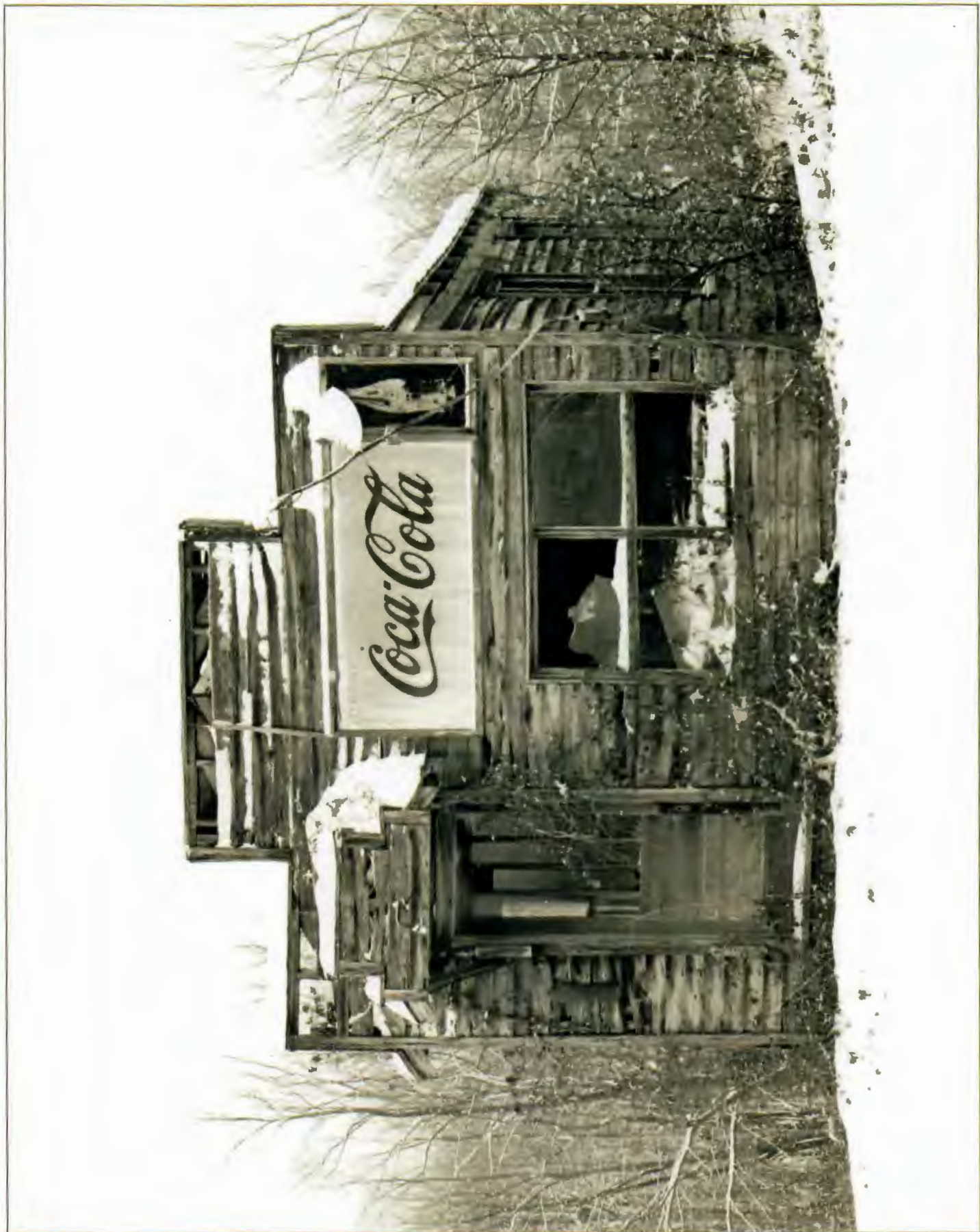
Country Lane 1979



Virginia's Little Switzerland 1981



NW Virginia in Monterey 1974



Old Country Store 1978



Truck and Barn 1984



Blue Ridge Cabin 1971



Bloodroot 1970



Lone Oak 1975



Lady in Car (Mrs. Williams) 1979



Highland Co. Dog 1980



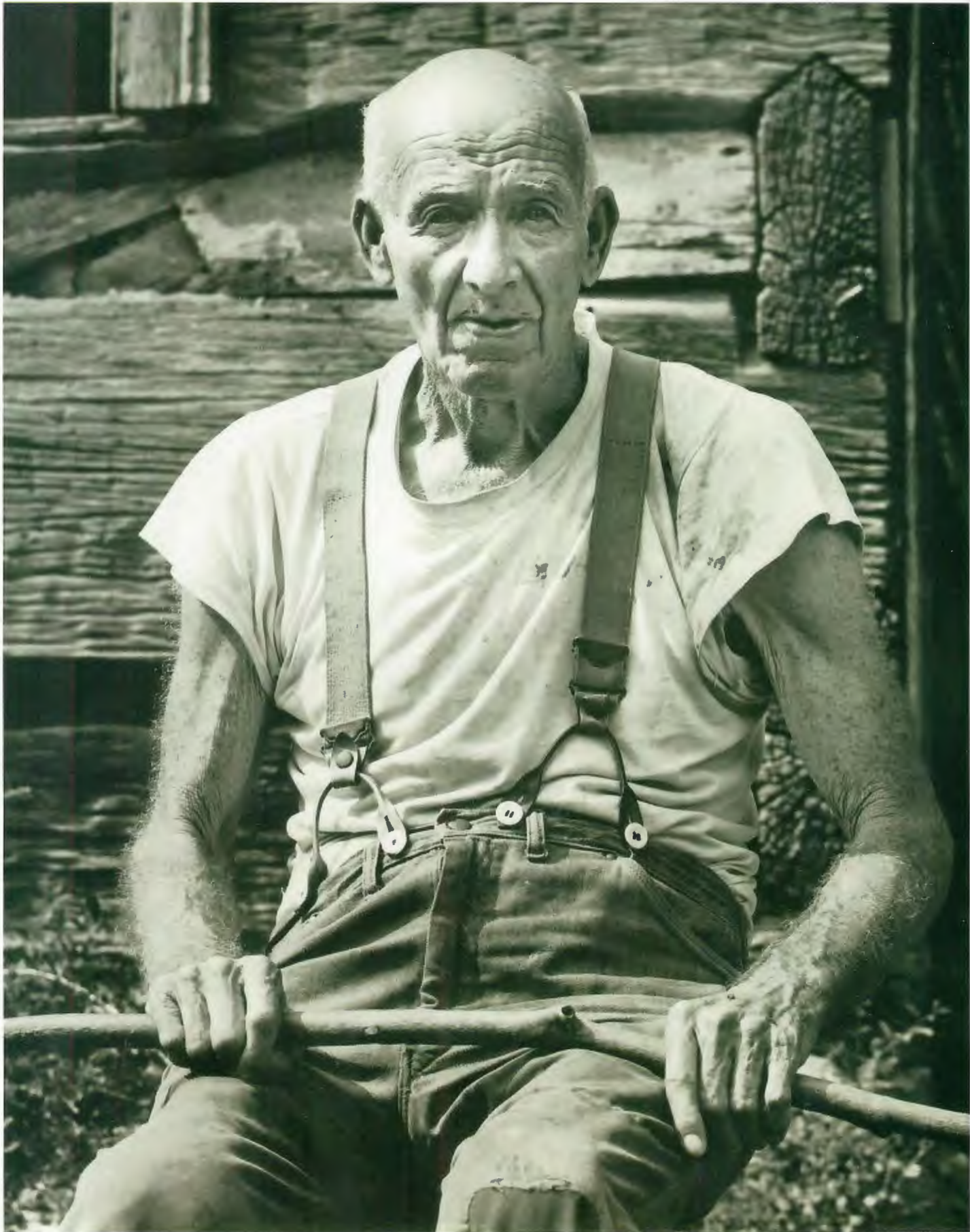
Porter Smith 1980



Tennessee Mule 1974



Threshing Wheat 1975



Hugh Panel 1973



Amish Boy and New Shoes 1972



Bertha 1971



Effe 1972



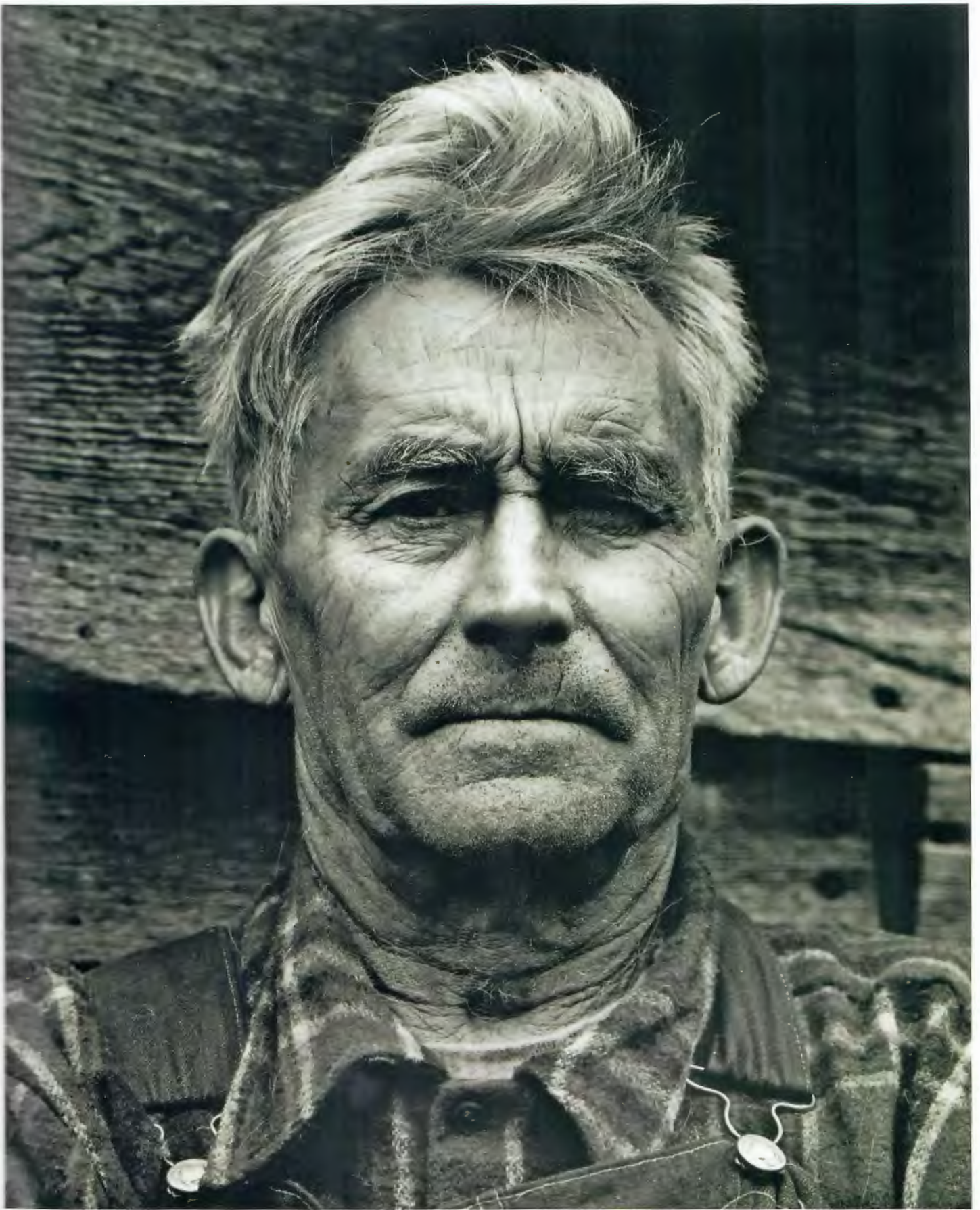
Mr. Turner, Turner's Mill 1974



The Last Bag – Oceola Mill 1971



Dutch Cash, Son of Cyrus 1974



Cyrus 1972



Mathew 1972



Big Tumbling Creek Falls 1994



Mr. Wheeler and Dog 1977



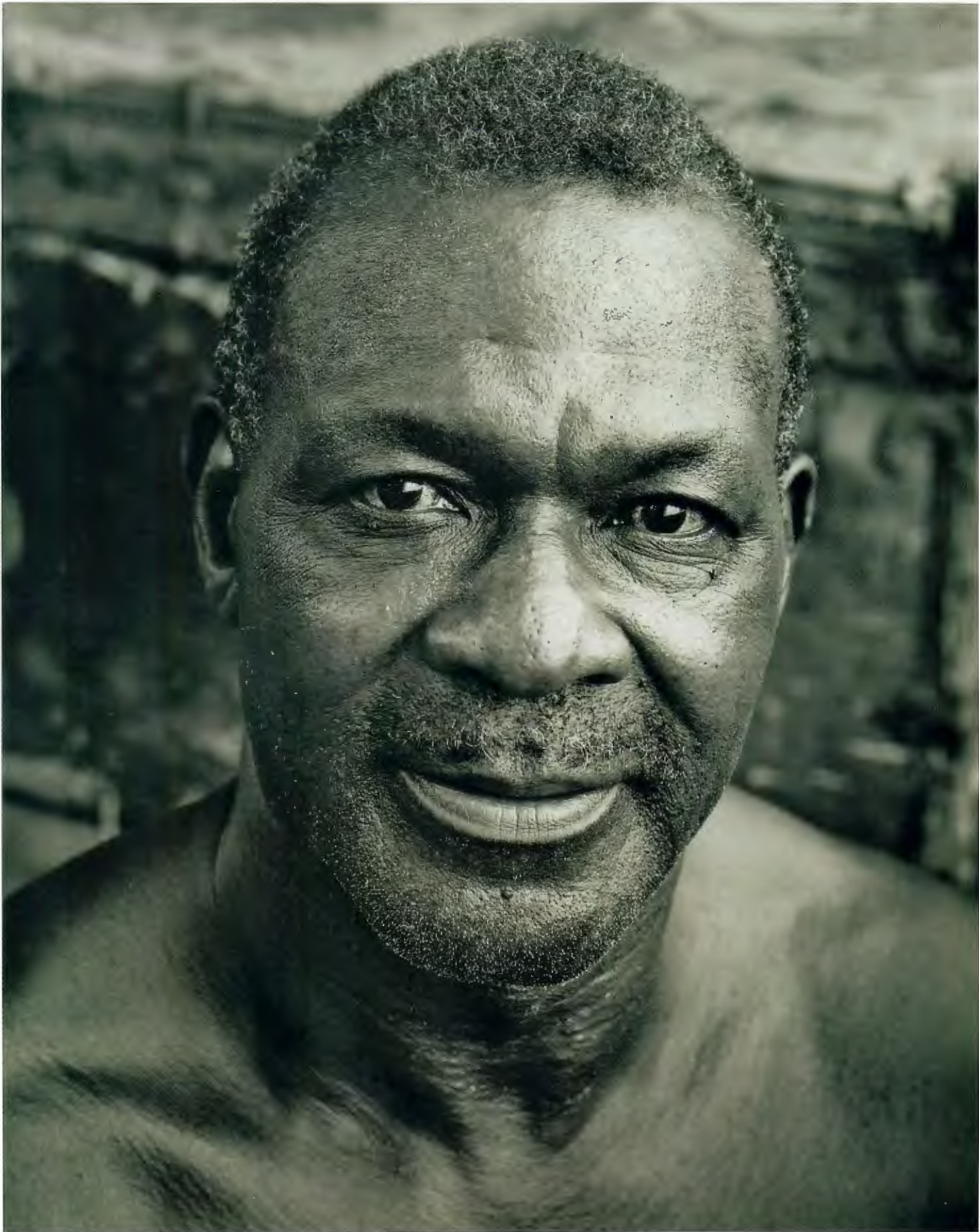
Bill Whitlock and Nephew 1980



William Burns 1980



Fred, The Engineer 1973



Shields Carter 1980



Ernest and Cat 1973



Mountain Man and Frow 1971



Mountain Man 1971



Fishing 1978



Coal Miner 1976



The Hardware Store (Thelma Mottley) 1995



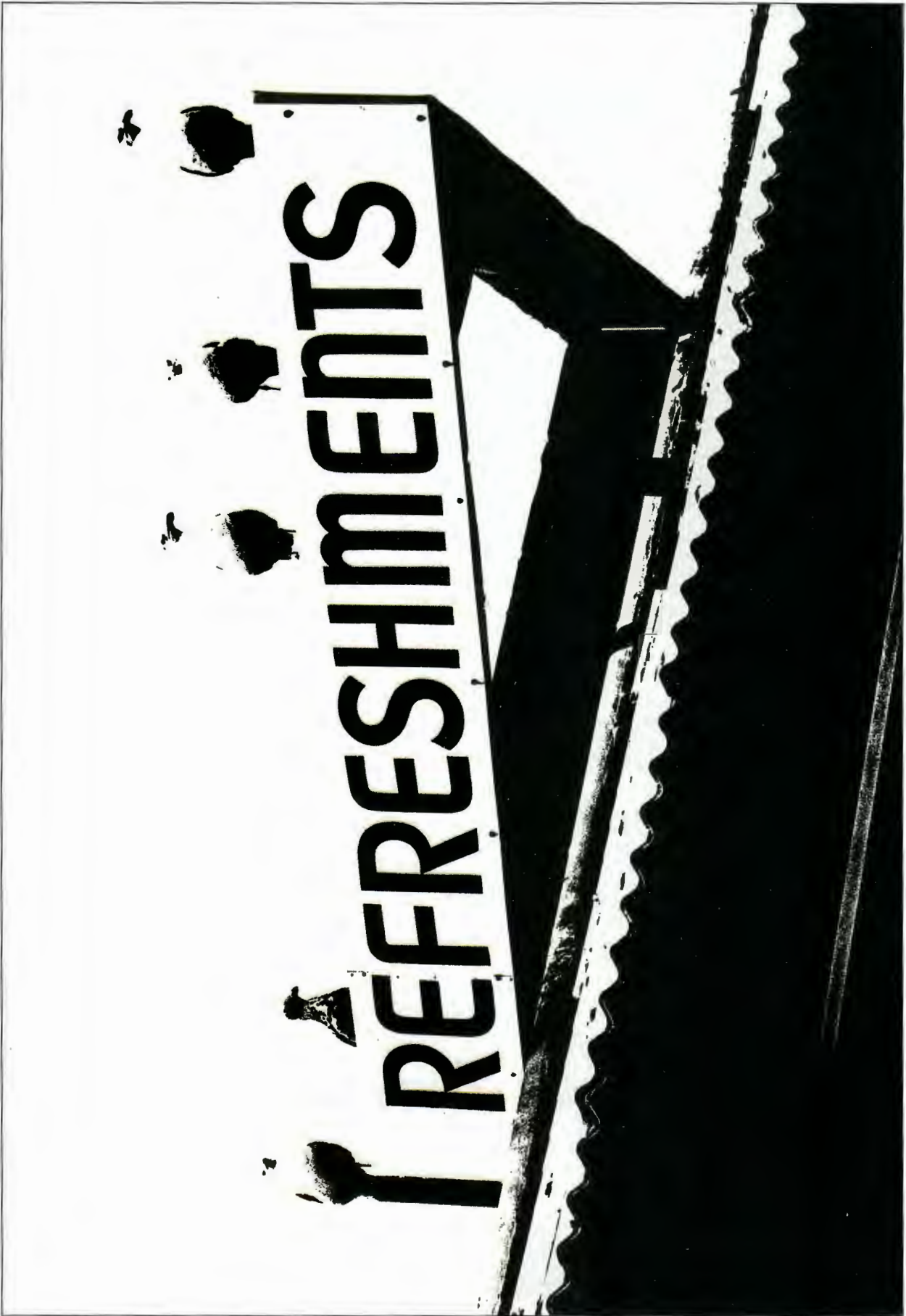
The Last Chord 1970



Man and His Environment 1970



Ice Storm 1977



Refreshments 1977



Winter Lane 1979



Shenandoah Winter 1984



Hemlock Forest 1982



Early October Snow in the Shenandoah Valley 1979



Between Appomattox and Bent Creek 1978



Winter Lane 1979



Coal Tippie 1977



West Virginia Coal Tippie 1977



Winter Wash 1978



Lyndhurst Railroad Station 1980



Shenandoah Barn in Snowstorm 1975



Taking on Water 1977



Firing #5 in Snowstorm 1977



Fence and Weeds 1975



Weeds in Snow 1971



Goldenrod 2003



Floyd County, Virginia at Dusk 1990



Boy and Sled 1984



Reflections 1973



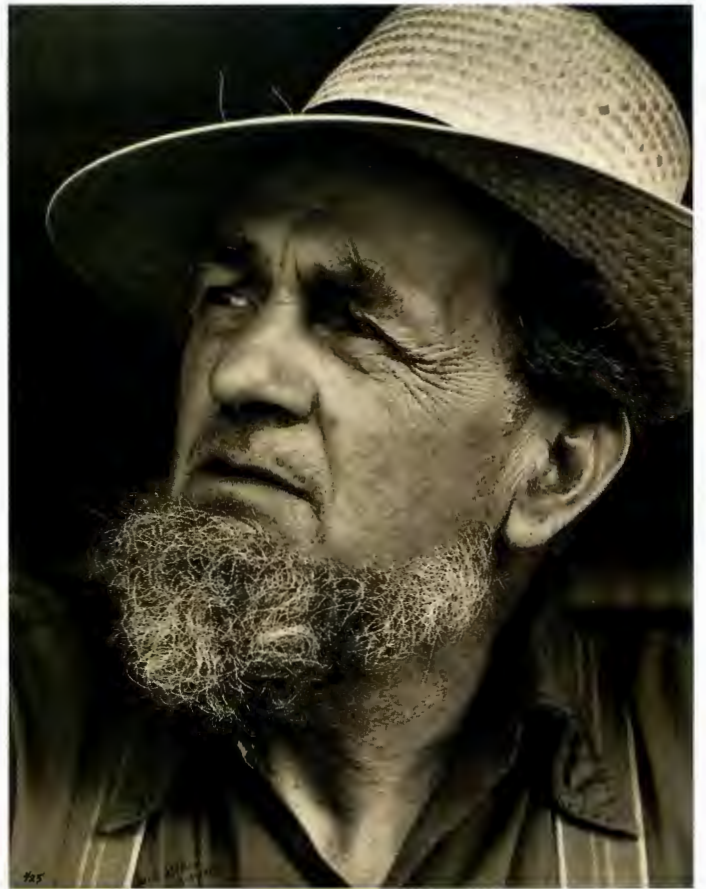
Remains of Old Mountain Cabin 1970



Chimney 1982



J.E. Smallwood 1979



Amos Bawell 1980



Bill 1980



Sheep and Barn 1979



Sheep in Snow 1983



Two trees near Stuarts Draft 1981



NW Highland Country, VA 1975



Dog in Deep Woods 1975



Team - Work Horses 1979



Winter Forest 1983



West Augusta Farmer 1980



West Augusta County, VA 1980



South Mountain Chapel 1972



Trail to Cash Hollow 1974



Old Country Store 1981



The East Hampton 1975

Other Vistas



Capn' Salty 1979



Ray Rogers and Son 1981



Chesapeake Bay Fish Pound 1981



Georgia Coast 1990



Coast of Maine 1986



Square Top Mountain, Wyoming 1996



Monument Draw, Wyoming 1997



Storm Front over the Tetons, Wyoming 2004



Desert Trail, Wyoming 2001



Rancher Dick Noble, Wyoming 1996



Lander Valley, Wyoming 1997



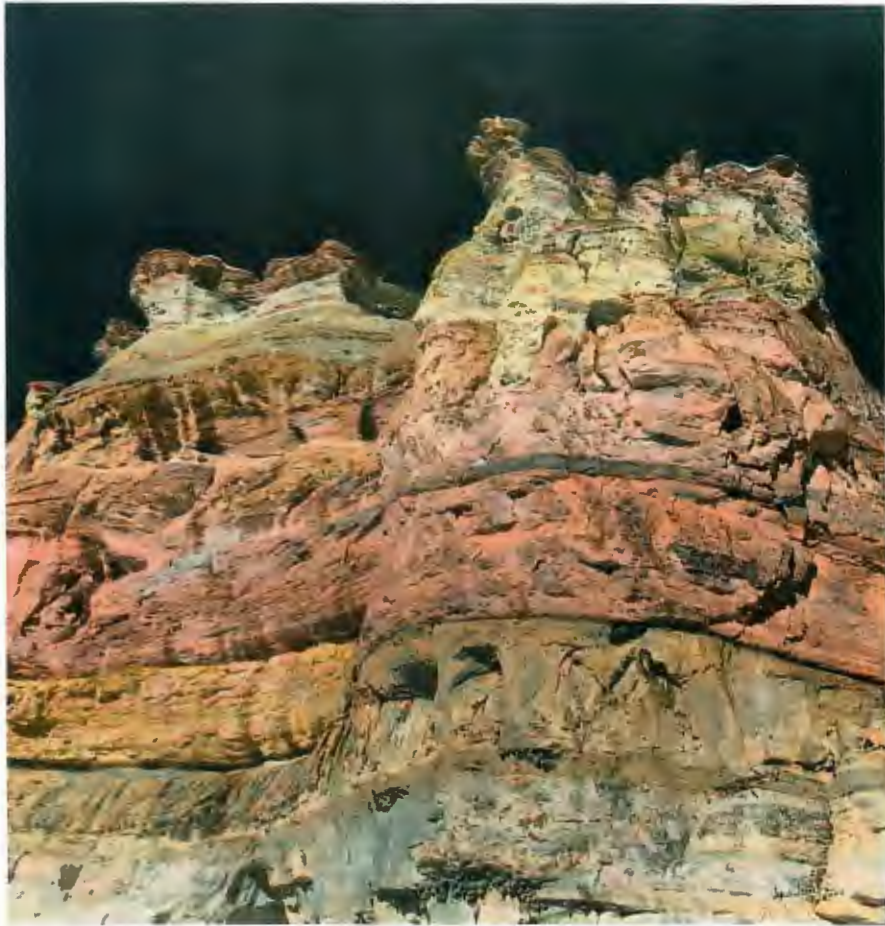
Rockscape near Sinks Canyon, Wyoming 1997



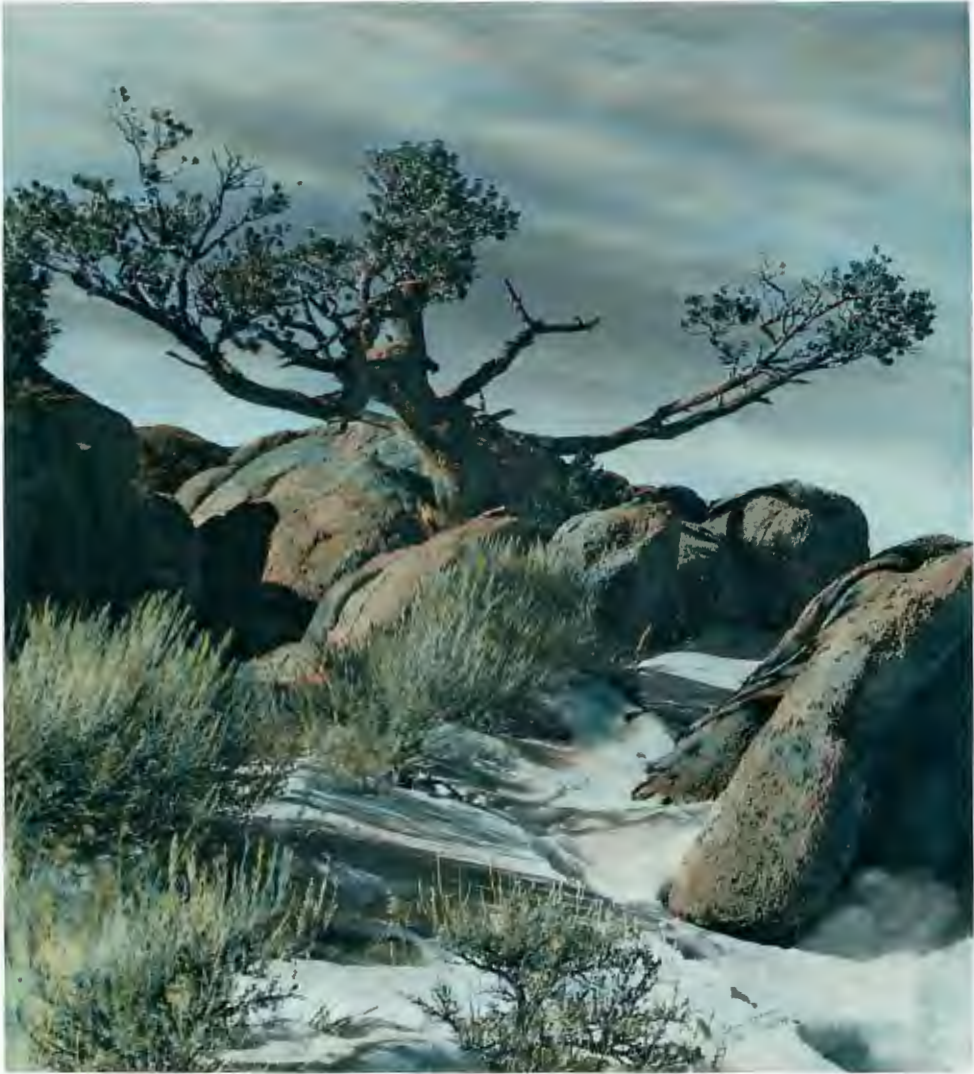
Red Canyon Scape, Wyoming 2001



Badlands of South Dakota 1995



Near Twin Creeks, Wyoming Mixed media, silver and oil 2000



Split Rock, Wyoming Mixed media, silver and oil 1998



Red Canyon, Wyoming Mixed media, silver and oil 1998



Canyonlands, Utah Mixed media, silver and oil 1999



Aspen Grove, Sinks Canyon, Wyoming Mixed media, silver and oil 1998

Jack Jeffers circa 1947 *page 8*

Detecting my keen interest in drawing and sketching, my mother handed over her old Brownie box camera. From this camera came a stream of 120-roll film negatives, which I used for making contact prints in the mid-forties. The only remaining image from this era is the self-portrait that was made about 1947.

Bloodroot *page 17*

I had spotted the perfect bloodroot and I wanted an image of it that would have artistic merit. The background was awful, so I lifted off just the perfect spiral knothole of an old decaying chestnut log. I then placed the piece of weathered wood over the bloodroot, added several small chips of rotting bark here and there to make it look natural around the stem. The bloodroot that is shown here is a good example of constructing a simple background without doing harm to the plant or the environment.

Lady in Car (Mrs. Williams) *page 19*

I spotted Mrs. Williams through an open window in the car next to hers... She seemed so far away in a dream world of her own. After I packed my gear away, I walked over to her car and informed her of what I had done because I needed her name and her assurance that she did not object. She was totally blind and had never noticed.

The Tennessee Mule *page 22*

I had just passed through the town of Surgoinsville when I happened to glance over my left shoulder and spotted an old fellow and a mule going through a fresh field of tobacco. He was using an old wooden harrow weighted down with several good size river jacks to make the blade penetrate the soil. This was a sight to behold, as one large mule appeared to be dragging both man and machine through the clod-filled field.

Threshing Wheat *page 23*

I was driving along some old country roads in central Virginia searching for old farm scenes when I spotted the backside of an old threshing machine sticking out of an old barn. I was intrigued so I stopped and knocked on the door of a nearby farmhouse to inquire about it... I was informed that they were planning to give it one last run come July and that if I wanted to show up with my camera I would be more than welcome to record the event.

Hugh Panel *page 24*

Hugh must have grown up along the three-ridge area that parallels the Blue Ridge Parkway near milepost 15. I can remember the sparkle in Hugh's eyes when we crested a rocky ridge and spotted the old homestead through the trees. Except for the few holes in the split-shingle roof, the main structure was still standing. I recorded my hiking friend for posterity as he rested in front of the old homestead.

Effie *page 27*

Effie lived alone in a small mountain cabin a half mile or so up a nearby ridge. I was maybe 20 feet from the house when I stopped, jammed the tripod into the ground, and made several rapid exposures. When I told her that I had made the first image from a distance she just laughed and kidded me about why anyone would want to have a picture of an old woman.

The Passing of the Old Country Water Mill (Mr. Turner, The Last Bag) *pages 28-29*

This just goes to show how this age of machinery and know-how, as far as getting things done is concerned, has played havoc with an operation like an old country water mill. While you can't stop progress, it certainly has been a blow to me to know that the old country mill is no more.

Dutch Cash, Son of Cyrus *page 30*

His name was Dutch and his English was not the best. Both his speech and mannerisms were childlike...I quickly explained that (my bag) contained the camera equipment that I was using to photograph old barns and mountain scenery, and did he think it would be safe for me to continue along this trail. It was then that he told me that he had lived here all his life and that he was the son of Cyrus...I was not only given permission to continue my hike into Cash Hollow, but Dutch would personally introduce me to his father.

Cyrus 1972 *page 31*

I told Cyrus a little bit about my photography and my interest in the outdoors...After the initial formalities were exchanged, he let me know right up front that he had a double barrel shot gun hanging over his door and if anyone came on his property that he took a dislike to he would not hesitate to use it.

Mathew 1972 *page 32*

When I introduced myself and mentioned the fact that Cyrus had pointed me in that direction, the contact went much easier than the first. Mathew didn't like to have intruders coming onto his property. He told about the park ranger who had once come in unannounced for some reason or another and started messing in his trout stream about a quarter-mile below his house. He unloaded his double-barrel shot gun from a distance, and as he said, "That government fellow got out of there pretty damn fast."

Big Tumbling Creek Falls *page 33*

My goal for presenting Big Tumbling Creek Falls was to go for blurred action rather than stop action. This explains the soft look that you so often see when viewing images of nature. In this particular image of the stream, I left the shutter open for three to four seconds. The water is shown as a blur while the surroundings are perfectly sharp.

Bill Whitlock and his Nephew *page 35*

One of my favorite photographs is of Bill Whitlock and his nephew Thomas. Before I was eaten alive, I asked Thomas to take the snarling dog and wedge it between himself and his uncle in the doorway... If you look closely you can see his teeth exposed; this was not a very friendly animal.

Ernest and Cat *page 39*

I had already started to pack my gear when the old field cat ambled in and climbed up on Ernest's lap. The entire mood suddenly changed. Thinking I was finished, the two of them shifted their focus to a world of their own relatedness.

Mountain Man with Frow/ Mountain Man *pages 40-41*

The portrait of the Mountain Man was made in a remote area of West Virginia. He was a hermit who lived alone, and according to a local Post Office employee; he drifted into town from time to time to find odd jobs and purchase fresh provisions. His last name was Barnhouse. He is shown with the frow that he uses for splitting white oak shingles.

The Hardware Store (Thelma Mottley) *page 44*

Mottley Hardware still looks and smells the same as it did when it opened its doors back in the late teens. Even the cash register is the same, and so is the proprietor who has been the central fixture for all these years. Thelma Mottley comes across as a tough lady who knows her business. Unbeknownst to her, she is referred to by the local business people as the "undisputed queen of Main Street."

The Last Chord *page 45*

It was as if everyone had simply walked out, leaving everything including dirty dishes on the table. The remains of an old pump organ stood in the living room. There was a leak in the roof and the rainwater had destroyed what was left of this magnificent relic."

Coal Tipples *page 51*

In all my travels I've discovered only one well-preserved wooden coal tipple and that was in Minersville, Pennsylvania during the summer of 1977. I returned to the site during the mid-'80s to see if it remained intact, and was saddened to see that there were still smoldering embers where the building once stood. Most of the old coal tipples that remain are like the one I documented in West Virginia, also in 1977.

Steam Locomotives (Cass, WV) *page 53*

My experience at Cass, West Virginia in January of 1977 was dramatic in its own sort of way. I was working on a railroad documentary when this image was made of this country's oldest operational gear-driven locomotive. The steam vapors that were covering the nameplate started to shift back and forth in the breeze giving me a clear view of the engine's nose.

Reflections *page 56*

This image began with a rather mundane view of a cabin on a hill with leafless trees. The concept of how to bring the image to life struck me immediately as I walked around the small pond, but that day there was not a breath of air stirring. Several days later found me at this site again, but this time the day was cloudy and there was just a touch of wind to ripple the surface of the pond.

Sheep in Snow *page 58*

A group of sheep had begun to make their way, single-file, down a hill near an old barn ... I do not remember exactly what I said that early winter morning, but whatever it was stopped the line of sheep dead in their tracks. One sheep turned and stared right at me for a moment. It was long enough for only a single exposure and then the sheep fled in panic.

Dog in Deep Woods *page 60*

Some years before I began the Appalachian project a large mountain dog took up with me, and he accompanied me on all my hikes and camping trips. He loved the woods as much as I did and was one of the most obedient and faithful dogs I've ever had. ... (He) managed to become the center of interest in this image quite by chance. This photograph was made along the Appalachian Trail, which parallels the Blue Ridge Parkway south of Waynesboro, Va. This image was on my mental list for a year or more, waiting for just the right amount of snow and fog. When it happened, I had to get there within a half-hour, before any of the snow fell off the twigs or the fog lifted.

Trail to Cash Hollow *page 62*

As I rounded a sharp turn in the trail, my dreams of contacting a mountain family were suddenly shattered. There, nailed to a tree, was a crude but effective posted sign. It was clear to me that whoever took the time to scratch out this poorly written message meant what they said. I was well aware, from past experience, that you didn't just encroach on private property in these parts without a mighty good reason.

The East Hampton *page 63*

Called Menhaden Boats, they used to be built of wood and powered by large steam engines. The first diesel came along about 1938. Menhaden are junk fish, not edible. The East Hampton was the largest of the grounded wooden boats and for the locals it had become an historical channel marker. The remainder was sunk or grounded on a nearby creek.

Monument Draw *page 66*

This hoodoo formation is located in Monument Draw, and requires considerable care when negotiating the rough four-wheel drive trail. Here you can climb up into the rock formations and sit for a spell while enjoying the fabulous view of the Wind River Mountains in the distance. If you are lucky, you might even spot one of the bald eagles that has nested in these protective sandstone columns.

Dick Noble (Rancher Richard Noble) *page 67*

Dick's grandfather headed for western Wyoming in the late eighteen hundreds to homestead a section of land on the west slope of the Wind River Range. The Flying U Ranch has been operated by the Noble family ever since. I ran into Dick Noble back in the summer of '96 and I felt that he captured the spirit of the old west.

Lander Valley, WY *page 68*

This is still a desolate and unforgiving land where many a sand-blasted grave marker still stands as a grim reminder of the many hardships faced by the early settlers who set out for the Promised Land.

Rockscape *page 68*

This is a high slab of rock atop a red rock cliff at about the 6,500-foot level. I frequently park myself beneath a tree or under a nearby rock ledge. As I sit beneath the gnarled and twisted pinion pine, which clings to a mere crack in the rock, I concentrate on the view that stretches before me. You can scan the western landscape for a hundred miles or more. The Wyoming Outback stretches as far as the eye can see until it disappears over the eastern horizon.

The Hiker *cover*

Saint Mary's River Gorge 1969

Southern Augusta County, VA



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