WONDERFUL
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COVER - The first autumn colors blush the hillsides seen from Spruce Knob, the highest peak in the state.
Photo by Stephen J. Shaluta Jr.

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Gaudineer Knob
and Its Namesake
By KENNETH L. CARVELL
Photographs by STEPHEN J. SHALUTA JR.

In southern Randolph County, along U. S. Route 250 near the Pocahontas County line, is a Forest Service sign pointing out the road to Gaudineer Knob and the Virgin Spruce area. This road leads into some of the finest red spruce forests and to one of the most spectacular views in the Mountain State. Today the area around this Knob is covered by a dense stand of red spruce. This second-growth forest seeded-in after the virgin forests were logged early in this century. The unpaved road ends at a parking area with picnic tables and a pump for drinking water. Close examination indicates the exact spot where the former fire tower stood, right on the boundary line between Randolph and Pocahontas counties. It is interesting to speculate on just what factors caused spruce to return so magnificently to this area in spite of the hostile climate, of violent winter winds and deep snow.

Although the fire tower is no longer present, a spectacular view of the surrounding country is easily obtained by hiking a short trail to a clearing that gives a panoramic view of the high mountains, ridges and forests. Along this circular trail to the view site the forest floor is covered by a dense soft carpet of spruce needles. Here and there are ferns and lush green patches of mosses and liverworts covering decaying stumps and rotting logs. Although not evident to the eye, this area is the home of the endangered Cheat Mountain salamander, one of the rare and endemic species of the southern Appalachians. This small salamander, black with gold flecking, is found only in the Cheat Mountain Range.

The view offered at the clearing looks south and southeast towards the Spruce Mountains with Spruce Knob, West Virginia's highest peak, visible on a clear day. The view is that of nearly continuous forest broken only occasionally by a man-made clearing. The lighter green foliage of the northern hardwood forest (beech, birches and maples) on the lower and mid-slopes gradually gives way to the dark green of the spruce in areas above 3,800 feet. Red spruce forms a broad cap on the tops of ridges and peaks.

When bears were less common in West Virginia, nature enthusiasts often climbed this tower to the observation platform to watch for bear and other wildlife. It afforded a good view of the parking area

Left - All that remains are the concrete foundations that once supported the fire tower at Gaudineer Knob.
Right - A scenic photo taken from the Gaudineer fire tower 30 years ago by Arnout Hyde Jr.
and the straight road beyond. Many West Virginians saw their first bear from this tower platform. Different types of hare and the West Virginia flying squirrel also are found in these woods.

During the first two decades of this century the virgin spruce and hardwood forests of this area were cut over by West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company at Cass. How well spruce returns to heavily cut areas depends on the presence of a good spruce seed source and whether wildfire can be prevented and controlled. There was a 1,000-acre tract of uncut spruce and hardwoods left nearby at the time the Knob was logged. Spruce seed is light and well winged, and seed from these tall virgin trees reached the knob area in adequate amounts to reproduce the dense pure stand of red spruce that we see today. The decaying spruce litter made an adequate seedbed for the spruce seedlings and kept weedy growth from choking out the slow-growing spruce.

For many years this Knob remained an unnamed peak in a vast wilderness. In the late 1930s it was named for Donald Gaudineer, a memorial to one of the U. S. Forest Service's colorful and dedicated early rangers. Don, as a young forester, was assigned to the Southern District of the recently established Monongahela National Forest. His headquarters, at that time, occupied the former Craig Lumber Company office at Thornwood. Don was an impressive 6 feet 6 inches New Englander who had recently graduated from the New York State Ranger School. During the years he was ranger for the Greenbrier District of the Monongahela, he busied himself with reforestation projects, building wood roads for better wildfire protection, erecting forest fire towers in his district and other routine forest management activities. In the mid-1930s Don was transferred to the Cheat District at Parsons, and on April 27, 1936, he died trying to rescue his children in a house fire.

The U. S. Forest Service selected this scenic peak in his former ranger district as a memorial.

The intersection of U. S. 250 and the Forest Service road to Gaudineer Knob is another interesting botanical location and warrants a stop. The spire-shaped, blue-green conifers, so abundant along Blister Run, are balsam firs. The early settlers called balsam "blister pine" due to the small resin pustules on the bark surface. Although balsam fir only occurred at scattered points in the West Virginia mountains, these can be located easily on old geodetic maps by looking for blister runs or blister swamps. Many of the original balsam stands have been rediscovered using these

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A virgin red spruce towers above the forest floor in an area of virgin timber remaining at Gaudineer Knob.

Right - A view from the overlook along the one-half mile trail in the picnic area
A portion of the trail that winds through the virgin forest area.
Above - Sixty years ago, nurserymen dug up the rare showy ladyslipper once abundant here—no one has reported seeing the flowers here since.

Left - In the regeneration process of the forest, a red spruce seedling grows from a decaying log.

maps to indicate potential areas. These beautiful, fragrant trees have all the desirable characteristics that make good seedlings for Christmas tree growers, and their seed is in great demand today. The rare showy ladyslipper was once abundant in Blister Swamp, but many years ago these were dug up by nurserymen, and none have been seen in this area now for more than 60 years.

It is also interesting to note that in 1843 Asa Gray, famous New England botanist and author of Gray’s Manual of Botany, traveled the old Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, known today as U. S. Route 250. From his horse he was able to spot and make record of two rare plants: heart-leaved twayblade and lance-leaved buckthorn. It took botanists a hundred years and much searching, but they eventually rediscovered these plants and verified his records.

Shortly before turning into the old fire tower site, a road leads to the Virgin Spruce stand. Like other uncut timber stands, there is an interesting story as to why it was spared. Evidently, a surveyor’s error led to an unclaimed wedge of 1,000 acres of timber. It appears that one of the surveyors failed to make a correction for declination. Usually when such errors occurred, the second logging company recognized that an error had been made and cut the unclaimed timber.

For some reason, this time it did not happen. Later, the U. S. Forest Service was able to acquire this virgin tract, which is preserved today and much used for hiking, nature study and teaching.

The vegetation along these mountain roads is colorful in summer and fall. There is a profusion of red bee balm along the roadside. This is the same species that many grow in their gardens to attract humming birds. In addition, in summer there is a showy, silver dollar-sized bright yellow flower growing abundantly on the dry shaley road banks. This is the shale barren evening primrose, whose scientific name means “loving shale.” In hardwood areas an interesting tree to look for is Fraser’s magnolia, or, mountain magnolia. It can be easily distinguished from other large-leaved magnolias by the two protruding ears which extend down along the petiole. This feature gives rise to the common local name “ear leaf magnolia.”

Today, the Gaudineer area gives little evidence of past logging. Nature essentially has restored it to its original forest conditions and splendor. Located in the heart of West Virginia’s spruce country, it offers visitors a picture of virgin forests that once covered the region.
Dustin Hollen, a freshman at Buckhannon-Upshur High School, bested 50 competitors to win the Youth Challenge at the 1998 NH6FD at Stonewall Jackson Lake State Park. Here he is presented his trophy and first place shotgun by DNR Director John B. Rader.

Chief of Wildlife Resources Bernard Dowler grills marinated Canada goose breast fillets for inquisitive visitors to sample.

Celebrate

NATIONAL HUNTING & FISHING DAYS

By MARSHALL SNEDEGAR
DNR Environmental Resources Specialist
Photographs by ARNOT HYDE JR.

September 25 and 26
STONEmALL JAcKSON LAKE STATE PARK

Ever since the first settlers roamed what would become West Virginia, residents have had an intense interest in any opportunity to check out the latest innovation to help make their survival easier. The roving “tinker” or peddler once offered the hardy pioneers new knives, fish hooks, etc. Later, small general stores provided a much wider range of equipment and supplies from traps to rifles and shotguns, needed to help our ancestors put food on the table. These stores became a community center, not only to restock equipment and supplies, but to meet neighbors and share ideas, stories and gossip.

West Virginians today don’t have to depend on their hunting and fishing skills for their survival. We have supermarkets for that. However, hunters and anglers still like to see the latest item on the market that will “ensure” they get the big buck or trophy rainbow. And, they still thoroughly enjoy meeting with like-minded people for visiting and for exchanging tales.

West Virginia’s celebration of National Hunting and Fishing Days (NH&FD) at Stonewall Jackson Lake State Park in Lewis County provides the state’s best opportunity to do just that. Held the last full weekend of each September (the 25th & 26th for 1999), NH&FD is a unique blend of a traditional hunting and fishing show and summer camp. The event is the result of a year of work and planning by the West Virginia Wildlife Federation and the West Virginia Division of Natural Resources. Like most hunting and fishing shows, NH&FD has a host of vendors selling products and crafts for every outdoor need or desire. Several concessionaires serve a variety of delicious food, ensuring no one goes away hungry.

After a fine meal, visitors can relax on a spectacularly beautiful Stonewall Jackson Lake boat tour, provided free of charge. Boaters will spend about 30 minutes enjoying some of West Virginia’s greatest scenery.

The Stonewall event’s uniqueness stems from the many hands-on activities available for the public to enjoy. At West Virginia’s celebration of National Hunting and Fishing Days the public participate in many outdoor related activities.

Marnie McCausland, three-time Women’s National Muzzleloader Shooting Champion, will again represent Thompson Center Arms. Marnie will be set up at the firing range and will offer free lessons on loading and shooting muzzleloaders. Jack Bell and Joe Messinger will demonstrate the use of the fly rod and provide individual lessons. Bill Murray of Mountain State Outfitters in Charleston will have a fleet of canoes and kayaks on hand, and will instruct anyone interested in getting out on the lake. The popular Archery Alley will be set up for the four to 10 year-old crowd. Older archers can compete in the Appalachian Bowhunters Association’s 3-D archery shoot. Novice shooters can try their skills ranging from air rifles to .22 rifles to the sporting clays shoot staffed by the North Central Mountain Chapter of the National Wild Turkey Federation. Dog lovers will be able to watch the Upshur County Beagle Owners display their prize beagles.

Sgt. Vernon Nosse provides some hands-on instruction for a first time clay target shooter.
Todd Jarrett, world and national pistol shooting champion, displays his highly modified competition pistol. Jarrett is scheduled to perform his pistol wizardry again in 1999.

Club's demonstration hunt and dog show, and the Tri-State Search & Rescue Dogs also will demonstrate their abilities.

Visitors will be amazed at the shotgun wizardry of the NRA's John Satterwhite, and at the blazing speed and accuracy of Todd Jarrett, pistol shooter extraordinaire. Todd is an International Practical Shooting Confederation Champion and U.S. National Champion. Like Satterwhite, his prowess has to be seen to be believed. A bass fishing seminar will be provided by a top pro circuit fisherman. Other seminars will include topics such as coyote calling, turkey calling, raptors, falconry and more.

One of the most popular activities at National Hunting & Fishing Days is game and fish tasting. Located under a large picnic shelter between the lake and the activities building, game and fish tasting is truly a special part of National Hunting & Fishing Days. Visitors can sample expertly-cooked venison, goose, turkey, crappie, bear and other items prepared by DNR chefs.

Nineteen ninety-eight saw the inauguration of an event that holds great promise for continued growth and excitement at NH&FD. Fifty youngsters between the ages of 10 and 14 participated in the first annual Outdoor Youth Sports Challenge. Events included archery, small bore rifle, trap shooting, range and distance estimation, fish identification, casting and an oral test on outdoor related subjects. The Challenge was such a success that it has been expanded for 1999 to 75 kids in two age groups, (10-13) on Saturday and (14-17) on Sunday. Interested applicants may contact Sgt. Jim Vance at (304)924-6211. Individuals, groups or businesses interested in sponsoring a youthful contestant should contact District Biologist Ray Knotts at (304)924-6211.

West Virginia's celebration of National Hunting & Fishing Days is a family event for everyone with an interest in the great outdoors and our wildlife heritage. Stonewall Jackson Lake State Park is located three miles from exit 91, off I-79 just below Weston. Open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. both Saturday and Sunday, visitors will find an entire weekend's worth of fun and educational activities for just a $1 donation at the gate. Bring the entire family and come celebrate with us!
Wildlife Resources biologist Curtis Taylor and accountant Scott Knight slice up grilled Canada goose breast fillets for visitors to sample as part of West Virginia's celebration of National Hunting & Fishing Days at Stonewall Jackson Lake State Park.
Huntington Museum of Art is one of Huntington's places of pride.

Herman P. Dean Firearms Collection

By JAMES E. CASTO
Photographs by DAVID FATALEH

Part of the Herman P. Dean Firearms Collection
Huntington Museum of Art

Herman P. Dean, who died in 1978 at the age of 80, packed several lifetimes of experiences into his busy eight decades.

A businessman, Dean owned Huntington's former Standard Printing and Publishing Co., as well as other firms. A newspaperman, he was publisher of the weekly Wayne County News. A church and civic leader, he taught a Sunday School class at Huntington's Central Christian Church for 30 years and generously supported a long list of charitable endeavors. A world traveler, he visited not just the familiar foreign ports of call but such isolated regions as Canada's Yukon Territory and Hudson's Bay. He even lived with the Eskimos for two years. Dean loved hunting, fishing and collecting antique guns.

Today, the Herman P. Dean Firearms Collection is one of the most popular permanent exhibits at the Huntington Museum of Art. Dean spent a lifetime amassing his collection and then presented it to the museum for future generations to admire and to enjoy.

Considered by experts to be one of the finest in the country, the Dean Collection numbers nearly 400 items and traces the historical development of arms, from the 14th Century crossbow and early "hand cannon" to the weaponry of the mid-20th Century. The collection includes one of frontiersman Daniel Boone's Kentucky rifles, a Winchester owned by a member of the Hatfield clan during the legendary Hatfield-McCoy feud, and a pistol said to have been used in the 1875 holdup of the Bank of Huntington at the hands of the infamous James Gang.

Born at Wayne on May 6, 1897, Dean learned as a boy to love the outdoors. In later years, when he wasn't off globe-trotting, he lived on a 35-acre wooded tract on Twelve Pole Creek in his native Wayne County, just outside Huntington. He told a 1973 interviewer that he had shot "just about every animal in North America," including a 1,650 pound Kodiak bear. Like many other sportsmen, he became and remained deeply involved in conservation programs. "I get more fun out of restocking and conservation than I did formerly out of fishing and shooting game," he said. "I now raise a great deal more game than I kill."

Given his love of hunting, it's perhaps not surprising that Dean would begin collecting guns. And, once he did, he found himself fascinated, not only with the craftsmanship that went into the weapons, but also with the history they had to tell.

"The history of the world," he once said, "parallels firearms developments. ... I like guns from the standpoints of historical significance, art, mechanical progress and ingenuity - and I enjoy the friendship of men who love guns. ... Then, too, it's a hobby that fits in with advancing years, for the time does come in life when it is hard to follow a pack of
bled `coon hounds over the mountains of West Virginia."

Not only was Dean constantly adding to his collection, he devoted much of his spare time to study and research in connection with firearms, becoming a nationally recognized authority on the subject. His articles were published in a wide range of gun magazines. And, although his Standard Printing and Publishing Co. was primarily a commercial printing operation, not a book publisher, he used it to publish a whole shelf of books about guns, some of which he wrote and some of which were authored by other firearms experts. Most were printed in limited number and today are valuable collectors items if you're fortunate enough to find a copy of one for sale somewhere.

Typical of the relationship Dean saw between guns and history was the interest he developed in Daniel Boone. "I didn't know much about the history of West Virginia until I started collecting guns and found out that Daniel Boone was at one time an inhabitant of the Kanawha Valley. I happened to be fortunate enough to come across one of his guns and a beaver trap that he owned and I got to studying Boone, got everything I could on him, and to me it opened the door of my own state's history."

The case was much the same, he said, with Harper's Ferry: "It wasn't even a dot on the map to me until I got hold of a Harper's Ferry pistol. Then it meant something to me and I would end up, over the years, spending a great deal of time in Harper's Ferry. That pistol led me through the gates of history."

Dean was one of the founders of the Huntington Museum of Art  - originally called the Huntington Galleries when it opened in 1952 - and immediately gave it his collection. Initially displayed in something of a haphazard fashion, the collection was completely re-mounted in the 1970s after two years of collaborative work involving professional display designers and firearms experts. The handsome result, which went on view for the first time in 1979, was a room displaying the guns by thematic categories - the invention of firearms, the Kentucky rifle, Civil War guns, dueling pistols, gunmakers Colt and Winchester, etc. Items in the collection are presented, not just as weapons, but as works of art and a reflection of the ideas, attitudes and values of a culture. The result is a display apt to interest not just the gun buff, but even those who encounter it knowing little or nothing about the subject.

Dean never indicated which of the many guns in his collection was his favorite, but firearms experts have singled out the collection's Kentucky rifles as especially fine. In the Dean Collection's official catalogue, published in 1980, Merrill K. Lindsay, a member of more than two dozen historical arms
societies, called the collection “an important part of Americana. Although other museums may have a greater multiplicity of American-made arms, many of these are the machine-made output of Yankee manufacturers, such as Colt, Remington, Smith & Wesson, and Winchester. Dean and a handful of his friends appreciated the richness and character of the one-of-a-kind, hand-forged, hand-carved, hand-made

Kentucky rifle. They collected these rifles, studied them and catalogued them. The very act of collecting objects which had been largely ignored, preserved that which might have been discarded, lost or destroyed by their unknowing owners. With the help of these scholars, we now can see the art and the skill that went into the making of the truly American gun, an original American craft object.

The collection also includes a number of powder horns, indispensable accessories for the firearms of early America. Many are richly decorated with designs, slogans or maps. In colonial America, few printed maps existed for the use of traders, soldiers or settlers who had to travel unfamiliar territory, so diagrams of the known routes were engraved on powder horns.

Herman Dean sold his business interests and retired in 1961, but certainly did not take to his rocker. He established an office in a downtown Huntington bank building and there - surrounded by Eskimo art, tusks of ivory, hunting pictures and a world globe - he wrote magazine articles and letters to his many friends scattered around the world. In addition, he delighted in teaching the museum's volunteer guides about his collection and sometimes personally conducted tours for visiting groups.

In the final years of his life, Dean liked to point out that he no longer owned a single gun. What he didn't donate to the Huntington Museum of Art, he gave to other institutions or to friends. Afterwards, he said: “I didn’t feel particularly bad when I gave them away and saw people enjoying viewing them as much as I enjoyed collecting them.”

*The Huntington Museum of Art is located at 2033 McCoy Road, just minutes from downtown Huntington or from Exit 8 (5th Street) of Interstate 64. Hours are 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday, and noon to 5 p.m. Sunday. For additional information, call (304) 529-2701.*
The Mystery of

By SCOTT SHALAWAY
Photographs by DAVID MASLOWSKI

Shorter days, chilly nights, and frosty mornings mean one thing to many birds—it’s time to migrate.

Each fall, ducks and geese, herons and shorebirds, hawks and song birds head south for the winter.

Nothing heralds the coming of autumn like the distinctive V-shaped formation of a flock of migrating geese or a kettle of broad-winged hawks sailing south along an Appalachian ridge.

Birds migrate for a number of reasons—to escape foul weather, to find a place to nest, or to find a dependable food supply. The mystery of migration, however, is not so much why birds migrate, but how.

Blackpoll warblers, for example, fly from Maine to South America across the open Atlantic Ocean. Bristle-thighed curlews nest on Alaska’s west coast and winter in Polynesia, a distance of about 6,000 miles. Lesser golden plovers that breed in Alaska travel 2,000 miles to Hawaii for the winter.

After nesting off the southern coast of Australia, short-tailed shearwaters circle the Pacific Ocean before returning the following year. They travel north along the Asian coast, head east across the Bering Sea, then south along the coasts of Alaska and British Columbia before striking out across the Pacific and back to Australia. The journey covers 20,000 miles.

But the grand champion migrant is the arctic tern. Individuals that nest in Greenland and the eastern Canadian arctic travel south along the coasts of Great Britain, Spain and west Africa, then wing their way west and south across the Atlantic Ocean to Antarctica for the austral summer. When the Antarctic weather begins to deteriorate, they complete the circuit by heading north along the coasts of South and North America to their arctic breeding grounds. The total length of this incredible annual round trip measures about 22,000 miles.

How do they do it? Drop me in the woods 100 miles from home, and I’m lost. I need a compass, a map, and a point of reference to find my way home.

Birds make navigation look simple. Displaced homing pigeons return to their loft with ease. One champion homer covered 1,006 miles in just 36 hours.

In another classic performance, a Manx shearwater was removed from its burrow in Wales, flown over 3,000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean to Boston, and released. It was back in its nesting burrow in less than 13 days.

Birds apparently possess some sort of internal map and compass mechanism that enables them to traverse unfamiliar areas and return home. So far, no one understands the internal map—how they know where they are going (though with experience they certainly recognize major land forms). But scientists have identified some parts of the navigational system of birds—the internal compass.

Much of the research on bird navigation has been done with homing pigeons. Pigeons, like most birds, are active during the day. They use the sun’s position in the sky as a compass. As the sun’s position changes throughout the day, pigeons automatically compensate for these changes.

Surprisingly, pigeons navigate equally well on cloudy days. They can even find their way when wearing frosted contact lenses that greatly reduce their vision. They apparently possess backup compasses that take over when the primary system (the sun) cannot be used.

For example, pigeons have magnetic compounds concentrated in certain body tissues that may be sensitive to the earth’s north-south geomagnetic field. Alter the magnetic field around a pigeon’s body by strapping a small magnet to its head, and it becomes disoriented—but only on cloudy days.

And what about song birds and waterfowl that migrate at night? Experiments with indigo buntings in a planetarium demonstrate clearly that these birds navigate by the stars.

The relative position between the North Star and several major constellations remains constant throughout the night, so certain celestial cues are reliable compasses. On cloudy nights indigo buntings also probably rely on geomagnetic cues.

Birds’ ability to accurately travel incredibly long distances over relatively short periods of time remains one of nature’s most compelling mysteries. We can only imagine the human dreams and achievements that have been inspired by the migration of birds.
Migration

A rare photograph of Canadian geese flying past a full moon.
Van Slider and Roger Spencer capture the forlorn beauty of late summer.
A pond reflects a tranquil moment on a farm in Pocahontas County.
At home among the flowers, a spider’s web is woven through a cluster of black-eyed susans.
The C.H. Charlton Memorial Bridge

By BILL ARCHER

Traffic rips along I-77 so fast that only the most astute motorist would even notice that he is crossing a bridge. It's not just any bridge. When it was dedicated in 1954, the C.H. Charlton Bridge at the foot of Flat Top Mountain represented an incredible engineering feat. The 1,334-foot long span crosses the dramatic Bluestone Gorge, one of the most spectacular scenes in southern West Virginia.

Some 246 feet beneath the bridge deck churns the powerful Bluestone River. Unlike its cousin, the mighty New River that it joins near Hinton, or the New's sister, the Gauley River that combines with the New near the town of Gauley Bridge to form the Kanawha River, the Bluestone is almost too remote and inaccessible to be developed for whitewater tourism. But trout fishermen and outdoors enthusiasts have discovered the hidden beauty of the Bluestone to be one of the state's best-kept scenic secrets.

But a fascinating story accompanics the dedication of southern West Virginia's bridge. Judged by the prevailing attitudes of America when the Charlton Bridge was dedicated on Sept. 3, 1954, the greater story of the bridge is a tale of a progressive state, unafraid to recognize the contributions of her sons and daughters regardless of the color of their skin.

The story of Cornelius H. Charlton is similar to the stories of countless tens of thousands of the children in West Virginia's southern coalfields. His father, Van Charlton, was a coal miner. At the time of Cornelius' birth, July 28, 1929, the Charltons were living in the East Gulf coal camp in Raleigh County, part of the Winding Gulf family of mines.

"The town was divided into three sections," W.P. Tams Jr. wrote in 1963 of the 1909 establishment of the Gulf Smokeless Coal Co. coal camp. "The houses above the tipple were occupied by the Negroes, the section below the tipple by white Americans and still further down, a section for the foreign miners. All the houses were exactly alike, with no facilities in any one section that were not available in the other sections."

Clara and Van Charlton were living in Keystone, McDowell County in 1920, but resided in East Gulf when Cornelius, called "Connie," by his family, was born. He was one of 17 children. At the time, a practice called "wage-cutting" was prevalent in the southern West Virginia coalfields.

Owners were reportedly cutting wages in response to the impending economic disaster on the horizon, as well as in response to pressures to unionize the southern coalfields. The Winding Gulf mines were
non-union, but paid top wages for experienced miners.

Coal camp life was hard, but fair for young men and women coming up at the time. “I grew up with Connie,” Roy Teague, a Rhodell native said. “We all lived in segregated camps, but we played sports together and our fathers all went off to work together. When the time came, we either went to work in the mines or we went into the military. We did all of it together.”

Arthur Charlton, 78, a Marine Corps veteran of World War II, was 10 years old when his brother, Cornelius was born. After he came of age, Arthur Charlton went to work in the Coalwood/Caretta mines of McDowell County. He recalled that “Connie” lived briefly with him in Coalwood during the 1940s. “There was 10 years difference in our ages,” Arthur Charlton said. “The only thing I can remember about him was he was mostly in the Boy Scouts.”

In the late 1940s, Mrs. Clara Charlton and her family moved to the Bronx, New York City. Cornelius finished his high school education there, then enlisted in the U.S. Army, where he eventually earned the rank of sergeant in Company C, 24th regiment, 25th Infantry Division, the last all-black unit in the Army.

Congress unified the Armed Forces in 1947. However, the 24th Infantry had a long and proud heritage that extended back to the end of the Civil War. The Grand Army of the Republic never integrated, but an estimated 180,000 blacks served in the Union Army. At the end of the war, the Army retained four all-black regiments, including the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry.

These regiments gained a reputation as fierce soldiers in the Indian Wars and were called “Buffalo Soldiers” by their Native American adversaries. When the USS Maine exploded in Havana Harbor on Feb. 15, 1898, igniting the Spanish-American War, the four black regiments were among the only American troops in arms available to accompany (then) Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt and his “Rough Riders” in the Battle of San Juan Hill.

President Harry Truman ordered American ground troops sent to Korea on June 30, 1950. Charlton was sent to Korea in that period, and at a place called “Hill 543” near Chipo-ri, on June 2, 1951, he died in combat.

The singular account of his personal valor, commitment to duty and his devotion to his comrades in arms is among the most powerful moments of the war. His unit was ordered to take Hill 543, but his platoon leader was wounded in the first assault. After his platoon leader was evacuated, Charlton took command of his unit and led three assaults on the heavily defended enemy position.

The first two attacks were repulsed under heavy enemy fire. On the first attack, Charlton eliminated two enemy machine gun emplacements by himself, killing six Korean soldiers with rifle fire and grenades. The second assault was met by “a shower of grenades,” wounding Charlton and several of his men.

Charlton refused medical treatment for his wounds, and led the third charge up Hill 543. The final assault resulted in the Allied capture of the ridge. Charlton was again hit by a grenade, but “raked the [enemy] position with a devastating fire which eliminated and routed the defenders.”

Charlton gave his life securing the position.

“The wounds received during his daring exploits resulted in his death, but his indomitable courage, superb leadership and gallant self-sacrifice reflect the highest credit upon himself, the infantry and the military service,” the War Department wrote.

Charlton was one of 131 soldiers who served in the Korean War and earned the Congressional Medal of Honor, his nation’s highest military honor for valor. He was one of only two blacks to receive the Congressional medal in that war. William Thompson of New York, Company M., also of the 24th Infantry, 25th entry unit was the other. The Medal of Honor was commissioned by Congress in 1861. Since that time 3,429 American soldiers have been awarded the Medal of Honor, including 43 West Virginians.

Although it’s part of a past he doesn’t dwell on now, Arthur Charlton had previously said that after his brother’s remains were brought back to the U.S., the Army failed to offer the family the
opportunity for burial in Arlington National Cemetery. The Army would later call it an "administrative error." In 1951, segregated cemeteries were the rule in southern states as well as the nation's capital.

Instead, Charlton's remains were brought to a black cemetery near Bramwell in Mercer County. The Bryant Cemetery shares space on a hilltop with a Jewish Cemetery. Like many non-perpetual care cemeteries, Bryant Cemetery is extremely over-grown now.

Ten years ago, the Medal of Honor Society initiated a program to locate the burial sites of Medal of Honor winners. Through the efforts of Crab Orchard resident Pauline Haga, Charlton's grave site was located. Through the efforts of Beckley's Post 32 of the American Legion, Charlton's remains were exhumed from the Bryant Cemetery and he was re-buried with military honors in Beckley's American Legion Cemetery on March 10, 1990. The cemetery is located on South Kanawha Street beside the Memorial Baptist Wildwood Cemetery at Bair Street and Worley Road.

"That's the Legion Post I belong to," Arthur Charlton said. "They conducted a good ceremony for Connie."

Two days before last Christmas, Mr. Charlton was notified that his brother will be honored this December when the U.S. Navy names a ship in his honor. The USNS Charlton, a Strategic Sealift Ship, is scheduled to be launched in San Diego, California, this December. Arthur and his wife, Edith Turpin Charlton, hope to travel to California to be part of the ceremony.

Two other bridges on the turnpike are named for famous West Virginians, including the Sgt. Stanley Bender Bridge named for another Medal of Honor winner and the Brigadier General Charles E. (Chuck) Yeager Bridge, named for the pilot who was the first man to fly faster than the speed of sound.

Dramatic aerial view of the rugged terrain the C.H. Charlton bridge crosses
Ogua
The Rivesville River Monster

By DAVID CAIN
Photographs by DAVID FATTALEH
Deep below the surface of the Monongahela River near the Marion County town of Rivesville exists an ancient underwater cavern which is the lair of a mythical creature, a serpentine river monster called by Native Americans “Ogua.”

Although originating as a Native American legend, the Ogua, (sometimes spelled Agou or Agua), has reportedly been sighted many times over the decades by numerous people.

On a hot summer's night in 1983, Fairmont resident John Edward White reported for work on the cat-eye shift at the Federal Two coal mine. A ventilation fan was down and the miners were sent home. John decided to enjoy the unexpected night off by indulging in one of his favorite pastimes, night fishing for channel cats. After parking his car, with lantern and gear in hand he crossed the road to the bank of the Monongahela River below the bridge carrying Route 19 across the mouth of Paw Paw creek at the town of Rivesville.

The Monongahela River is wide and drops off to great depths in this area.

Settling in, John remembers feeling a little eerie that night as wisps of mist, reflecting from his lantern, drifted up from the glassy surface of the dark water. The sounds of bullfrogs and fish jumping for insects echoed across the valley. John shook off the feeling and leaned back, relaxing on the bank, anticipating fresh catfish for breakfast.

Peering out in the lantern light he noticed the river surface was being disturbed by small waves coming ashore, but no boat or other cause of the swells was evident. He then observed many fish jumping out of the water and swimming up Paw Paw creek as if being pursued by some large predator. John assumed a big Muskie was causing the panic. Suddenly a huge fin exploded six to eight feet straight up out of the murky depths about 30 feet from him! Startled, John instinctively leaped back from the river's edge.

A large serpentine tail rose out of the water and, with a powerful sweep, the unknown creature turned and dived into the dark depths. John Edward White did not get a good look at whatever this creature was but he instinctively knew he had just seen something that did not belong there. Quickly gathering his gear, he retreated to his car and drove home, pondering what he had witnessed. To this day John does not fish near the location of his close encounter with Ogua.

(From “The Fairmont Times”, May 15, 1983)

Fairmont fishermen have been troubled of late by something that seems to be a sea monster, or possibly just a plain river monster, and more than one citizen who has shouldered his rod and minnow bucket to hike himself off to the Monongahela to spend an afternoon or evening imitat-

ing Isaac Walton, has regretted it before he got home.

The monster that has frightened local fishermen is said to be at least 20-feet long. The thing is described as being reddish brown in color, it has a serpent-like head with a mouth lined with razor-sharp teeth and a long flat tail that churns the water into foam, as it turns around after standing the fisherman’s hair on end.

George Cochran, the popular jeweler, is the last person reported to have seen the monster. He was out in a boat when suddenly it passed up the river not far from him. He did not get a very good look at it and it did not trouble him.

It is supposed the big curiosity came up the river from the Gulf of Mexico, or from Morgantown during the high water last winter.

Could Ogua, the mystical animal, exist below the waters of the Monongahela River?
The monster hangs around Rivesville most of the time. People down that way see it often. Old-timers say it is an Ogua, a water monster that weighs in the neighborhood of 500 pounds. Oguas were common in the Monongahela back in Indian times, the old-timers say.

The following account of an uncommon animal was described in a letter from a young gentleman adventurer visiting the Monongahela Valley in the late 1700s:

(Dear Father and Mother) "There is an animal in this country which excites the imagination of all who have had an opportunity to view it; being amphibious, it resides in the water during the daytime, but at night repairs to the land in quest of its prey; which are deer. They lie in the deer paths undiscovered, behind an old stump, until the deer, unaware of its enemy, passes over him; this creature immediately seizes him, and entangling him in its tail, which is 15-feet in length, and not withstanding all the deer's exertions to free itself, draws him to the water, where he drowns and devours him.

Some of our men lately discovered one of the formidable creatures early in the morning with its prey, of which they informed some of the company who were nigh; they soon came up with him and killed the giant beast with clubs. The monster weighed 444 pounds.

They lurk in deep underwater caves with no bottom and their head resembles a giant turtle. Woe to any man who chances upon one of these formidable predators unarmed. The Indians call them Oguas."

The Ogua is a mystical animal, used first by the Indians in an attempt to frighten away white settlers encroaching on their land. Later, white people, especially Indian traders, soldiers, and early visitors, used the tale to impress "the folks back home," easterners who were ever eager to believe any wild tale concerning things, people, and events having to do with "the land of deepest mysteries," the Monongahela-Ohio country.

The Ogua is a legendary beast which should not exist; however, it is fascinating to contemplate what large and unknown creature has been observed by scores of people over the decades lurking in the depths of the Monongahela River near Rivesville.
ROCKET BOYS' DAY

By STEVE BRIGHTWELL

A sun-splashed crowd of between 700 and 1,000 people filled the parking lot of the Country Corner Store in Coalwood to witness the historic return of the five surviving members of the “Big Creek Missile Agency,” better known now, worldwide, as the “Rocket Boys.”

Homer H. “Sonny” Hickam Jr., leader of the unlikely heroes of a 1950s high school saga that has lit up the nation's non-fiction best-seller lists with the book titled “Rocket Boys” (now “October Sky” after the release of the Universal Pictures movie based on the book) along with fellow classmates: Quentin Wilson, Roy Lee Cook, Willie Rose and Jimmy Carroll were in Coalwood Wednesday, June 16, to hear Governor Cecil Underwood proclaim, “Rocket Boys' Day” in McDowell County.

"There were so many people here, they were parked up and down the road here," Red Carroll, father of Jimmy “Odell” Carroll, said. "The parking lot was so full that a bread truck couldn't get in to the Country Store to make a delivery."

All five surviving Rocket Boys as well as Elsie Hickam, Sonny's mother, attended the Greater Bluefield Chamber of Commerce annual dinner the previous evening.

Thirty-nine years later, the Rocket Boys gather for the first time at Coalwood to hear Governor Cecil Underwood proclaim "Rocket Boys' Day" in McDowell County. From left to right, Quentin Wilson, Jimmy "Odell" Carroll, Willie Rose, Roy Lee Cook, Homer Hickam Jr. and Governor Cecil Underwood.

October Sky (originally published as Rocket Boys) by Homer Hickam Jr.
October Sky is the touching and inspiring true story of a group of boys growing up in the mining town of Coalwood, West Virginia. The launch of Sputnik in the 1950s ignites their imaginations: they begin building rockets with the encouragement of supportive teachers and helpful miners who offered scrap materials. Readers will laugh and cry as Sonny comes to terms with his relationships with his family and achieves success no one in Coalwood dared hope for. In a town dependent on dwindling coal resources, the Rocket Boys allowed Coalwood to invest in a different resource: the intelligence and enthusiasm of their young people. The story of Hickam and the Rocket Boys is now a major motion picture. Turn to page 38 for order form.

The Official Homer Hickam website is up now with lots of photos, info, links, and surprises. www.homerhickam.com
A state highway mile marker a few miles west of Lewisburg declares the "only known case in which [she] testimony from [a] ghost helped convict a murderer." Drawn by the story of the "Greenbrier Ghost," I embarked on a search for the truth about a local legend based on certain events that occurred at the end of the 19th-century. The result is my book, *The Man Who Wanted Seven Wives*. The briefest form of the story is that told by the road marker: "Interred in a nearby cemetery is Zona Heaster Shue. Her death in 1897 was presumed natural until her spirit appeared to her mother to describe how she was killed by her husband Edward. Autopsy on the exhumed body verified the apparition's account. Edward, found guilty of murder, was sentenced to state prison."

Near the end of January 1897, Zona Heaster Shue, who had been a popular young girl in Greenbrier County, and was now a bride of three months, was found dead at the bottom of the stairs leading to the second floor of the log house where she lived with her new husband. The body was discovered by a neighbor, a child of about 11 years, who did chores for her. Zona's body was taken 14 miles across the valley to her childhood home on Little Sewell Mountain, and buried three days later. At the time, there was no intimation in the local newspaper, *The Greenbrier Independent*, of anything unusual about the young woman's death. The physician who examined the body, Dr. George W. Knapp, announced that she "died of an everlasting faint." On January 30 he wrote in the death record in Lewisburg that she died of childbirth.

The Richlands section of Greenbrier County, just west of Lewisburg, was a remote area, and the people were clannish. Zona's husband was not one of them, but a blacksmith from Pocahontas, the next county to the north. He was a newcomer to Greenbrier County, but from the beginning cut a wide swath,
GHOST

THE ONLY GHOST TO TESTIFY IN A MURDER TRAIL

By KATIE LETCHER LYLE

Within a month of the burial, the dead girl's mother, Mary Jane Heaster, was telling neighbors that Zona's spirit had appeared four nights in a row to accuse the blacksmith of her violent death - to "tell on him" - to set the record straight about her dying. Word spread quickly that these visions had convinced Mary Jane that the husband - who called himself Edward, but was really named Erasmus Stribbling Trout Shue, and was known as Trout - had killed her daughter. In the weeks that followed Zona's death, there was a great deal of local gossip about the glamorous blacksmith, and some details of his past came to light that he had neglected to share with his new neighbors. Not only had he changed his name, he had also failed to mention that Zona had not been his first wife, nor even his second.

Shue's first marriage, to Allie Estelline Cutlip in 1885, produced a child, Girta Lucretia. Shue reportedly beat his wife Estie so badly that a group of vigilantes dragged him out of bed one winter night and threw him through the ice in the Greenbrier River. It is unclear whether this incident occurred before or after the birth of their baby girl in February 1887. The marriage ended in divorce four years later, while Trout Shue was in the state penitentiary serving time for horse stealing.

In June of 1894, Shue married again, this time to Lucy Ann Tritt, from near Alderson. They lived
with his parents on Droop Mountain near Hillsboro, where Lucy died less than eight months later. There was no investigation, and the *Pocahontas Times* stated only that she died suddenly. Only later, when Shue was accused of murdering Zona, did four different stories about Lucy’s death circulate among the community.

After telling neighbors of her ghostly visits from Zona, Mary Jane Heaster visited the Honorable John Alfred Preston, the prosecuting attorney for Greenbrier County, and apparently presented enough troubling information that a court order was issued for the exhumation of the corpse. People who had viewed the corpse before it was originally buried had found it odd that the head was so loose that stuffing, a pillow and a folded sheet, had been placed in the coffin to keep it upright. Some folks noticed some discoloration on the right cheek. All noticed that Shue himself kept jealous watch over the body, and would let no one near it.

Preston went to see Dr. Knapp, the physician who had examined the corpse. Knapp admitted that because the husband had exhibited such distress over anyone’s touch of Zona’s body, that his examination had been cursory. Furthermore, Trout Shue had already dressed his wife himself, before Knapp got there, in a high-necked gown, with a big scarf around the neck. Preston and Knapp together agreed that an autopsy would clear things up, denying or confirming the suspicions of Mary Jane Heaster and others, and lifting suspicion from Shue if indeed he were innocent.

Three physicians participated in the autopsy. As is common practice in an autopsy, they examined Zona’s stomach for poison, and checked the other vital organs of the chest and abdomen. Working around the head and neck, the doctors began to whisper. One of the doctors turned to Shue and said, “Well, Shue, we have found your wife’s neck to have been broken.” The *Pocahontas Times* reported that: “On the throat were the marks of fingers indicating that she had been choked [sic]; that the neck was dislocated between the first and second vertebrae. The ligaments were torn and ruptured. The windpipe had been crushed at a point in front of the neck.” Shue was charged with murder, and jailed in Lewisburg to await trial.

Preston and his assistant Henry Gilmer set about building a case against Shue. Shue continued to say from jail, as he had earlier, “They will not be able to prove I did it.” He was defended by William Parkes Rucher and James P.D. Gardner. Their efforts to gather witnesses, alibis and other evidence of his innocence must have been discouraging, for on
May 20, 1897, the Pocahontas Times reported, "Trout Shue ... now in jail awaiting trial for the murder of his wife, has threatened to kill himself." Although Preston's case was based entirely on circumstantial evidence, the jury convicted Shue of murder and sentenced him to prison.

Central to the story of the Greenbrier Ghost is whether it was in fact the ghost story that led to the jury's decision to find Shue guilty of murder. The only part of the trial transcript available today is Mary Jane Heaster's impassioned story about the appearance of her daughter for four nights in a row, telling of Shue's wringing her neck and throwing her downstairs. The "ghost testimony" was brought out by the defense, presumably to call into question the sanity and reliability of Mary Jane Heaster. At the end of the trial, Shue took the stand, rambled on for an entire afternoon, and appealed to the jury "to look into his face and then say if he was guilty." This made, according to the Independent account, an "unfavorable impression."

The jury returned a verdict of guilty after only one hour and ten minutes of deliberation. The accounts in the Independent make clear that Shue was convicted of the murder of his third wife on circumstantial evidence, and not because of a "ghost's testimony." He was sentenced to life in the state prison. Following a foiled lynching attempt a few days later, he was taken by train to the state prison in Moundsville, where he died on the first of March, 1900.

Believing in a rational world where the dead stay dead, I wondered where Mrs. Heaster got the ghost story, and why she invented or dreamed up such a thing. Why weren't the suspicions of her neighbors and her own misgivings enough to take to the prosecuting attorney? Why did she need the drama of a ghost? Mrs. Heaster lived until 1916, and never recanted her story.

My assumption finally was that she knew the blacksmith to be clever, unprincipled, and persuasive. If he'd murdered once, he could murder again. Perhaps she feared that if no one validated her accusations, Shue would prove extremely dangerous. So pretending to receive the news directly from Zona, she could appeal to the superstitions of her mountaineer neighbors and get a lot of public attention. As it turned out, she didn't need the ghost story, for Shue was convicted, according to every account, strictly on earthly considerations, without any unearthly ghosts.

My research was more or less complete. I was satisfied that the ghost story was merely an ingenious method by which a canny woman contrived to seek justice for her daughter's murder. Then late one night, I received a phone call which, I feel, shows what really happened in the case of the Greenbrier Ghost. And for this last bit of information, you'll have to read the book.

ORDER FORM FOR THIS BOOK ON PAGE 38
A Sweet and Sticky Tradition in Berkeley Springs

By JEANNE MOZIER

Photographs courtesy of the APPLE BUTTER FESTIVAL

Pungent ramps, sweet maple syrup, roadkill and humble buckwheat are a few of the foods celebrated at West Virginia’s weekend festivals. In Berkeley Springs, the popular community festival staged every Columbus Day weekend in October stars apple butter. Thousands of people have filled the park and streets of this historic spa town for more than a quarter of a century to watch the deep, red mush bubble in huge copper kettles—and to take a hand at stirring. The annual Apple Butter Festival in downtown Berkeley Springs will mark its 26th year on Saturday and Sunday, October 9 and 10.

Apple butter making is generally attributed to German and Dutch settlers who emigrated south from Pennsylvania in search of cheap land. Festival Director Beth Peters Curtin imagined the origin as far more historic. “Five minutes after the first caveman discovered fire, the first cavewoman was dragging a copper kettle over to the flame and cooking down apples,” she explained.

Whether the roots are prehistoric or colonial, folks at the festival in Berkeley Springs make apple butter the old-timy way with just enough variations to be competitive. Apple butter is judged on Saturday morning of the festival and the booth bearing the winning blue ribbon often finds its product sold out first.

Forced to miss the tart, late apples by the event’s early October date, some people make heroic efforts to include that unique taste. They’ve been known to take leftover apples in February—with their hides still on for color—cook them, run them through a Foley mill and freeze them. When the early season apples are ready just before the festival, they take out the tasty frozen mush and add it to the kettle.

Spicing is another hotly debated matter. Oil of cloves versus oil of cinnamon; one spice or both; powdered form or oil—expert cooks claim their own special formula. All agree that only one person can add the spice and determine the signature taste.

Then there’s the issue of sweetening, or not. Colonial cooks sweetened with West Indian molasses while old timers in Berkeley Springs followed another recipe. Called “adding the money,” they used as much as three pounds of sugar per gallon of apple butter. Health conscious cooks in the early 1980s pioneered making apple butter for the festival with no sugar at all, claiming that cooking the apples in cider rather than water made the resulting sauce plenty sweet enough. Sugarless apple butter is increasingly popular.

Other innovations also paid off. For the 25th anniversary festival in 1998, the perennial champions at Senior Life Services introduced apple butter flavored with wild grapes. It was a huge hit and the 12 cases they made sold almost instantly.
Cider is the beverage of choice at the Apple Butter Festival. An all-American drink that claims George Washington as a once daily user, the golden liquid tastes best when made from a blend of apples.

The controversies and variations are balanced by universal truths and methods of making apple butter. No one makes apple butter alone. All the steps of making butter from cutting up (snitting) the apples to a day of stirring and filling all the jars work better with many hands, especially multigenerational ones. Old ladies bring their favorite knives to snit, kids run back and forth with more apples, and men tend the all-important hardwood fire.

Good food and better chit chat are trademarks of making apple butter the community way. The designated lunch crew takes care of the food; everyone gets to talk; and cleaning the kettles with homebaked bread makes the end job a sought after one. Not inviting someone back to make apple butter the following year is a sure way to lose a friend.

Observant folks at any Apple Butter Festival notice another truth. No one can pass by a boiling kettle full of apple butter without stopping to take a stir, including noted politicians.

There are standard pieces of equipment for making apple butter over an open fire. Most important is the copper kettle, generally ranging from 10 to 50 gallon. No one uses the black iron lard kettle I bought my first year in the country thinking I was getting a bargain at $50. Later, when I was more enlightened, I got a hot deal at an estate sale on a real apple butter kettle made of copper and saved it from an ignominious future as a wood holder next to a living room fireplace.

Long-handled wooden stirrers with spoon-bill heads, usually made from poplar, also are required equipment, helping folks keep their distance. Boiling-hot apple butter splashed on bare skin hurts, and well-prepared teams keep aloe plants at the ready to soothe any burns.

Apple butter makers all agree that stirring is of critical importance and must continue constantly all day to assure no burning or sticking. "Twice around the kettle and once across" was the first secret whispered to me; "once around the kettle and three times down the middle" was the second. Whether two strokes or three, the rock back and forth, slightly lift, then push down and around stirring rhythm of the Apple Butter Glide appears as inevitable as the smoke. The best secret of all came from a veteran maker who reported that pouring a glass of peach brandy into every stirrer twice a day kept the stirring on going.

The star power of kettle-cooked apple butter is obvious as the sun begins to get low in the sky on Saturday and Sunday afternoon. Long lines of patient festival goers wait as the hot butter is ladled into sparkling clean glass jars, sealed up and sold on the spot. More than a thousand gallons of locally-made apple butter finds its way onto countless shelves all over the country each year, biding its time until mid-winter when it becomes the ultimate reward for attending this food festival—sticky goodness spread on bread.

Berkeley Springs' Apple Butter Festival started like many others in West Virginia—as a grass roots way to provide a homecoming opportunity, promote business and showcase the community. It survived bouts of bad weather and grew each year from a
sparse 60 vendors in 1974 to more than 250 expected in 1999. Four thousand attendees have grown to more than 40,000 filling every room in town and for miles around.

"The Apple Butter Festival belongs to all the people of Morgan County and I expect all the county to come," said Beth Curtin. Her expectation is fulfilled year after year as community members organized in their various clubs and groups play essential roles in the festival from making apple butter and cooking chickens to organizing the parade and judging entries in the apple bake contest. The homecoming aspect is not promotional hype. Morgan Countians who have moved away are delighted that they can return and see almost everyone as they walk along the rows of booths. Local folks joke about Apple Butter relations: those cousins and friends of friends who manage to schedule a visit just as the kettles start heating up in the square.

The rich history of the festival filled a hundred page book created in celebration of the 25th anniversary in 1998. It also included more than 125 photos of everyone from Senator Robert Byrd playing the fiddle to then-Governor Arch Moore stirring the apple butter kettle. Among the remembered stories of victories and crisis, none was more harrowing than that of the year the festival happened twice. In year two, festival organizers made the painful decision to postpone the event a week because inclement weather was predicted. Reports turned out to be exaggerated, a half festival happened both weekends and the debate over whether postponing was the right choice or not led to an ironclad policy of rain or shine ever since. Only once in the subsequent 23 years was the festival reduced to one day by weather.

Many aspects of the Apple Butter Festival have remained unchanged over the decades. People love that the festival is downtown with its shops, sidewalks, picturesque courthouse and tree shaded park. Generous volunteers provide most of the labor and the Chamber of Commerce remains the sponsor. The park always dresses in its finest fall colors and the perfect order of smiling vendors loaded with product always emerges from the chaos of Friday night set-up. Kids continue to enjoy wading in the spring pools, scrunching up leaves and gaping at the fire eaters. Moms never cease to wish for a big win when they buy chances on the annual Apple Butter quilt. Great traditional music pours free from the park bandstand both days. Saturday starts with a parade, and recreational apple butter making extends from dawn to dusk. There are always games, contests and countless shopping opportunities.

Tradition aside, each year has a flavor of its own as well as distinctive Apple Butter Festival art on various wearables. Occasionally, history has been emphasized with exhibitors wearing period costumes and Civil War reenactors camped outside town. There have been square dances in the streets and fine art shows at the Ice House. National Guard MPs arrived in 1983 and have helped direct traffic and provide crowd control ever since, varying their costumes each year from white gloves and spit and polish uniforms to camouflage on bicycles. A Farmers Market section was added in 1979 and West Virginia wineries arrived in 1995. Since everyone eats at the festival, by 1985 the food area was a small city in an empty lot across from the park with professional food trailers, yards of
barbecued chicken, whole pigs being roasted, and spitted beef. Booths have sprouted canopies and tents over the years and, in 1997, cell phones ringing on the hips of jeans-clad vendors marked the festival’s entry into the new millennium as surely as the extensive Apple Butter Festival Webpage found at berkeleysprings.com.

As the festival grew, apple butter creep developed. New areas opened, activities infiltrated whatever space could be found in the downtown area, and the fringes of the festival grew longer with squatters and yard sales stretching like roadside malls. “Sometimes it seems as if traffic, porta-potties and trash demand most of my attention,” observed Curtin, contemplating the price of success. Although the Apple Butter Festival has grown to be a major economic and social event for Morgan County, it remains personal and face-to-face in its spirit—a giant homecoming with great shopping and eating.

What is the secret to Berkeley Springs’ long reign as the recognized apple butter capital of the world on Columbus Day weekend? We have a list of answers from which to choose. Mid-Atlantic Country magazine described the magic formula as, “Equal parts: family reunion, block party, carnival, yard sale, craft fair, church picnic, talent show, parade and bake-off.” One voice of the Apple Butter Festival told the assembled crowds: “The festival helps to bring us all back to a time when the pace was a little slower, the ingredients were a little purer and folks were more down to earth.” An out-of-town visitor who attended with his family every year since 1979 claimed life was all about making memories and they were making good ones at the festival. Finally, as an authentic slice of hometown life, it smells good and tastes better.

Before Apple Butter it was the Tomato

The tomato was called the “love apple” when it was first introduced to Europe from the New World. Festival history in Berkeley Springs establishes another link between the two fruits. The short-lived but popular Tomato Festival (1937-41) established the tradition of a large public festivity celebrating a Morgan County agricultural product. The Apple Butter Festival revived it in 1974.

The local tomato industry began at the turn of the 20th century and was thriving by the time the Tomato Festival began in 1937. There were about 25 canneries in various areas of Morgan County producing nearly two and a half million quarts of tomatoes. The festival took place on Labor Day in the middle of the season and served as a break. Everyone worked during the canning season, even the kids; and everyone was part of the celebration. Crowds of 15,000 - 20,000 made their way to downtown Berkeley Springs by train or over rough roads with few services on them. The splendid festivals more than made up for the trip.

Produced by the Young Men’s Business Club - forerunner to today’s Chamber of Commerce—the Tomato Festival featured a grand parade, boxing exhibition, bathing beauty competition, bicycle race, concerts from the bandstand and a fireworks finale. An elaborate pageant was newly created each year and often featured scores of local children in costume as flowers, stars and tomato plants. The parade had a unique miniature section with floats built on toy express wagons.

A new Queen Morgan and her royal court of local youth reigned each year, and the coronation was a major part of the festivities. The first Tomato King was named at the third festival. Harry Luttrell, then one of the youngest commercial growers in the county, was selected for his good growing practices. Local business leader Jack Hunter was the perennial Director General of the festival, supported by a network of 20 committees and nearly 50 people.

Like its successor apple butter, the Tomato Festival centered around Berkeley Springs State Park in the heart of town and included numerous booths exhibiting and selling tomatoes and tomato products.

Today, apples have a major commercial presence in the Eastern Panhandle with thousands of acres of producing orchards and big processing facilities in nearby Winchester, Virginia. There are even historic claims that George Washington planted orchards in the region. Yet, each year finds more and more orchard acreage turned into housing, threatening the Apple Butter Festival with existence as a museum piece or disappearance. For now, however, the type of community life it reflects is still being lived here every day.
The Man Who Wanted Seven Wives: The Greenbrier Ghost and the Famous Murder Mystery of 1897 by Katie Letcher Lyle. $22.95 hardback. 232 pages. 6 x 9.

In January 1897, young Zonia Shue was discovered dead in her home in Greenbrier County, apparently of natural causes. Weeks after her burial, her ghost appeared at the bedside of her mother, telling her that she had in fact been murdered. The appearance of the ghost led to the case being re-opened, the body being exhumed, and new evidence gathered. Ultimately Zona's husband, Trout Shue, was convicted of the murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. Zona, known as "the Greenbrier Ghost," is described as the "only ghost to testify in a murder trial from beyond the grave." In this new edition of a much sought after classic, author Katie Lyle's exhaustive research and creative storytelling have resulted in a compelling look at the story of Zona Shue. *The Man Who Wanted Seven Wives* contains the fascinating details behind the ghost story, and includes interviews with residents and family members who shed light on the tale which has become a West Virginia classic. New edition contains historical photographs never before published, as well as new research.

Haunted Valley and More Folk Tales of Appalachia by James Gay Jones. $9.95. 5.5 x 8.5. 156 pages. Paperback.

A real treat for ghost lovers, *Haunted Valley* is a delightful compilation of stories compiled by James Gay Jones. Jones likes to leave it to the reader to decide which part of each tale may be fact, and which fiction. Readers of the book will enjoy such stories as The Phantom of Low Moor, Maggie's Revenge, and Bewitched Rifle. Any historian or ghost lover will enjoy the book, *Haunted Valley*. Order it, and decide for yourself what is true, and what is fiction.

The Telltale Lilac Bush and Other West Virginia Ghost Tales (Two audio cassettes) by Ruth Ann Musick. Narrated by Larry Groce. $15.95. Approx. running time 2 hours, 27 minutes. 4.5 x 7.

Great for car trips, setting a ghostly mood, or just listening to your favorite stories, these audiotapecs are for all ages. Tales of haunted houses, headless men, and murdered peddlers will send shivers up your spine at your next campfire or sleep-over. Chillingly narrated by Larry Groce, host of WV Public Radio's Mountain Stage.

Birding Guide to West Virginia compiled and edited by James W. Bullard, M.D. $16.00. 5.5 x 8.5. 165 pages. Spiral bound paperback.

This book, by the members of the Brooke Bird Club, is the first guide exclusively devoted to finding birds in the Mountain State. More than 50 of the state's top bird watchers assisted in selecting and describing 47 of the state's best birding sites. Great for novice and advanced birders, the *Birding Guide* breaks the state into regions, and includes maps, travel information, and taxonomic information. It also contains lists of noteworthy plants to look for, as well as information on contacting club members who are willing to answer your birding questions.

Birds of the Kanawha Valley by J. Lawrence Smith. $11.95. 6 x 9. 160 pages. Paperback.

*Birds of the Kanawha Valley* scientifically and professionally documents the presence of 303 species of birds that have been seen in the Kanawha Valley. The book identifies the eight best birding spots in the valley, and tells how to get there and what to look for. It also includes charts which show the peak months for seeing specific species of birds. Sixteen pages of beautiful color photographs will assist you in spotting many of the birds of the region.

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SEPTEMBER EVENTS STATEWIDE


Sep. 4 MOUNDSVILLE: Antique Car Show. Contact: Sonya Yoho, PO Box 327, Moundsville, WV 26041. Phone: 304/843-4178 or 800/CALL/VWA. Northern panhandle region antique car association fall meeting and car show.

Sep. 5 HUNTINGTON: Wheeling Hill Arts & Crafts Festival. Contact: Johnson Nelson, PO Box 2085, Huntington, WV 25724-2985. Phone: 304/606-5954. Arts & crafts festival, live entertainment, food, vendors and exhibits.

Sep. 5 POINT PLEASANT: Country Music Festival. WV State Farm Museum, Rt. 1 Box 479, Point Pleasant, WV 25550. Phone: 304/675-5737. E-mail: wvfarmer@verizon.net. Country music, crafts, art demonstrations, entertainment and chili cook-off.


Sep. 5 ROMNEY: The Potomac Eagle Scenic Railroad. Ticker Office, 236 s. Park St., Romney, WV 26748. Phone: 304/424-0736. E-mail: webmaster@wvcomet.com. Scenic three hour ride through the tranquil wilderness home of nesting bald eagles.

Sep. 6 BLENHEIM/JSSERT ISLAND: Apple Butter Weekend. Contact: Bレストラン/Islenstein Natural History State Park, 137 Julia St., Parkersburg, WV 26101. Phone: 800/CALL/VWA or 304/410-4800. Apple butter made the way Grandma used to make and is open for the first week in a large kettle in an antique engine display of various sizes and ages.

Sep. 6 PARSONS: Hick Festival. Contact: Hendrick's Rustic Barn, PO Box 250, Parsons, WV 26747. Phone: 304/466-4576 or 304/466-4576. Country festivals.

Sep. 6 HUNTINGTON: Dick Griffith Open. Contact: Mary Ann Helden, 216 11th St., Huntington, WV 25701. Phone: 304/906-5910. E-mail: gimb@ghi.com. Website: www.gimb.org. Tennis tournament.


Sep. 7-11 COWEN: 36th Webster County Fair. Contact Carol L. White, 543 Edenton Rd., Cowen, WV 26606. Phone: 304/226-3609. E-mail: ccowen@cowenwv.com. County fair featuring entertainment, exhibits, demonstrations, amusement rides.

Sep. 8 LOGAN: 23rd Annual Labor Day Gospel Sing. Contact: Charles T. Murphy, PO Box 1446, Logan, WV 25601. Phone: 304/572-7259. 18 gospel singing groups from six states.

Sep. 8 ELKINS: Taste of the Town. Contact: Brenda Print, 200 Executive Plaza, Elkins, WV 26241. Phone: 304/460-2717 or 800/422-3504. E-mail: bprint@peelingmedia.net. Website: www.tastewhatowv.com. Regional restaurants, bakeries, delis and caterers together for an evening of taste testing.


Sep. 10-12 SHEPPARDTON: Upper Potomac Dulcimer Fest. Contact: Upper Potomac Dulcimer Fest, PO Box 1474, Sheppardton, WV 25678. Phone: 304/263-2537. E-mail: blazon@termpol.com. Website: www.termpol.com. 3rd annual Upper Potomac Dulcimer Celebration.

Sep. 10-12 SHEPPARDTON: 16th Annual Antique & Collectibles Show & Sale. Contact: Hampshire County Public Library, 135 W Main St., Romney, WV 26747. Phone: 304/282-3225. E-mail: raffle_bsp@wvnet.net. A gathering of dealers and collectors sharing the joys of the antique world.

Sep. 11 MILL CREEK: Tyndall Fall Fair. Contact: Tyndall Cooperative Ministries, Inc., PO Box 365, Mill Creek, WV 26280. Phone: 304-333-2788. Fair to benefit Tyndall Cooperative Ministries.

Sep. 11 CHARLOTTE: Full Name Walk. Contact: Kanawha State Forest Foundation, Rt. 2 Box 285, Charleston, WV 25314. Phone: 304/906-6954. Topics featuring trees, fall wildflowers, birds, fungi and pond aquatic life.

Sep. 11 PYPESTEN: 3rd Annual Handout Festival. Contact: Appalachian Women's Alliance, PO Box 684, Floyd, VA 24551. Phone: 540/763-3004. E-mail: awa@bwva.net. Festival celebrates artistic talent, regional leadership, courageous women of Appalachian women through music, storytelling, poetry and dance.


Sep. 11-12 ORSHESSVILL: Mt. Grove VFD Drama Festival. Contact: Mt. Grove VFD, Rt. 1 Box 277, Horseshoe Run, WV 25716-7700. Phone: 304/755-6104. E-mail: potateos@bellsouth.net. Open air festival of local talent featuring music, drama, and entertainment.

Sep. 11-12 DAIVY: Fly Fish Blackwater Classic. Contact: Darrel Hendley, PO Box 457, Davis, WV 26260. Phone: 304/259-5583. Participants must be in good physical condition for this adventure.

Sep. 11-12 HEILEVIA: Helvetia Fall Fair. Contact: Eleanor Mullous, PO Box 42, Helvetia, WV 26552. Phone: 304/924-0433. Celebration of Helvetia's heritage.

Sep. 11-12 WINFIELD: Upshur County Homemaking. Contact: George Woodrum, PO Box 143, Bancroft, WV 26201. Phone: 304/546-3614. Fun for everyone.

Sep. 11-12 SUMMERTOWN: Civil War Weekend. Contact: Carfax Ferry State Park, Rt. 2 Box 435, Summerton, WV 26511. Phone: 304/872-0825. Re-enactment of Carfax ferry battle.

Sep. 11-12 SUTTON: 7th Annual Mud and Donkey Show. Contact: Central WV Riding Club, 8 Rush Run, Gassaway, WV 26624. Phone: 304/364-8364. Trail rides, pig roast, entertainment, mule and donkey show with halter, riding, driving, trail classes, timed events, log, skid- ding, ciao jumping, etc.

Sep. 11-12 ROMNEY: Hampshire Heritage Day. Contact Carol Wendland, PO Box 184, Romney, WV 26757. Phone: 304/822-5013. E-mail: cwendland@wv.net. The friendly, down home atmosphere of a small rural town welcomes visitors to a festival in the beautiful WV hills.

Sep. 11-12 LEWISBURG: MBSO Bike Tour. Contact: National Multiple Sclerosis Society, 111 Hall St, Charleston, WV 25301. Phone: 304/343-1512 or 800/628-5645. E-mail: info@wvmsa.org. Website: www.wvmsa.org. Two-day fully catered ride tour with choice of 130 miles on the road or 140 miles on the Greenbrier Trail.

Sep. 11-12 MINERAL WELLS: WV Heavy Festival. Contact: Ron Adams, PO Box 2149, Parkersburg, WV 26102. Phone: 304/428-5838. E-mail: info@wvheavyfestival.com. Website: www.geocities.com/Madison_Avenue9495. Events pertaining to the making and using of honey.

Sep. 11-12 MARTINSBURG: Tour of the Homes of Berkeley County Revolutionary War Soldiers. Contact: Don Wood, PO Box 1624, Martinsburg, WV 25302. Phone: 304/267-4717. Two day affair featuring the existing homes of soldiers who fought in the Continental Army.


Sep. 12-15 TERRA ALTA: Blues, Boogie and Big Bands: Elderflower Program. Contact: WVCX, Community and Technical College, Linda Nichols, Box 1000, Campus Box, Terra Alta, WV 26754.

Sep. 12-18 WILLIAMSTOWN: King Coal Festival. Contact: A.L.M., 28 Oak St., Williamstown, WV 26177. Phone: 304/235-5560. Weekend celebration of the coal industry.
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