

Trail Tales

Tales of the Midland Trail

Since the dawn of time, I have
watched history unfold
along my paths.

Each one of my miles has a story of
joy, sadness,
hopes, and disappointment.

Time has come
to tell my tale.

Today, I'm a route for the visitor who wants a different experience. To some I'm a route to charm and scenery. To some I'm a path to great outdoor recreation. To many I'm the way to great shopping, cultural programs, and roadside cafes. To some I am the road granddaddy and his daddy took to work in the mines or the chemical plants. My path is many paths.

Since the dawn of time, I have watched history unfold along my paths. Each one of my miles has a story of joy, sadness, hopes, and disappointment. Time has come to tell my tale.

I am a kaleidoscopic Trail.

My history is hundreds of histories, and with each turn you will discover something new and unique which falls into place only when you change your perspective.

Over 200 years ago, I led buffalo to salt and greener pasture, and behind them the Natives that tracked and killed them.

I smoothed the way for the colorful Conestogas of pioneers who wanted to carve out pieces of the wilderness for themselves.

My natural resources, my riches, brought riches to the enterprising, the risk-takers who brought industrial and technological innovations to the country.

But my industry did not bring opportunity to all. Human beings who endured the bitter fruit of slavery walked in chains over me.

Time and again, I sped armies on their way to conquest, occupation, victory and defeat. My industries helped bring down dictators who endangered our freedoms.

I was partly responsible for West Virginia's becoming a state.

Schoolteachers:

Use this space for ideas and notes:

I AM A TRAIL OF HERITAGE

- Native Americans*
- Pioneers*
- African-Americans*
- Women*
- Immigrants*
- Prominent Personages*
- Resources*
- Transportation*
- Labor and Industry*
- Civil War*
- Flora, Fauna, and Geology*
- Creativity*



TRAIL TALES: Native Americans

I led the Native to plentiful game in the hunting-ground. Among the many tracks of my vanished past are moccasin prints of peaceful Native hunters and proud Native warriors.

Some of earliest inhabitants were the mysterious Mound Builders, or Adena People, most likely Natives whose ancestors were Asian and may have migrated from the Mexico/Central American area some 2000 years ago.

They left behind hundreds of mounds, although few exist today. The Builders' mounds contained numerous layers of tombs, complete with jewelry, knives, and tools which the dead would need in their next life. They also cultivated beans and corn on my fertile shoulders.

Around 1650, I witnessed a new face, the Iroquois, who forced out the Mound Builders and became the predominant Native in my

area. Iroquois formed a military alliance, called the Five Nations, with the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca. In 1712, the Tuscarora joined after another tribe forced them from the North Carolina area, creating the Six Nations, the most powerful Indian confederacy in America.

Between 1656 and 1672, Mohawks, coming with guns which they received from the Dutch of New York, conquered West Virginia.

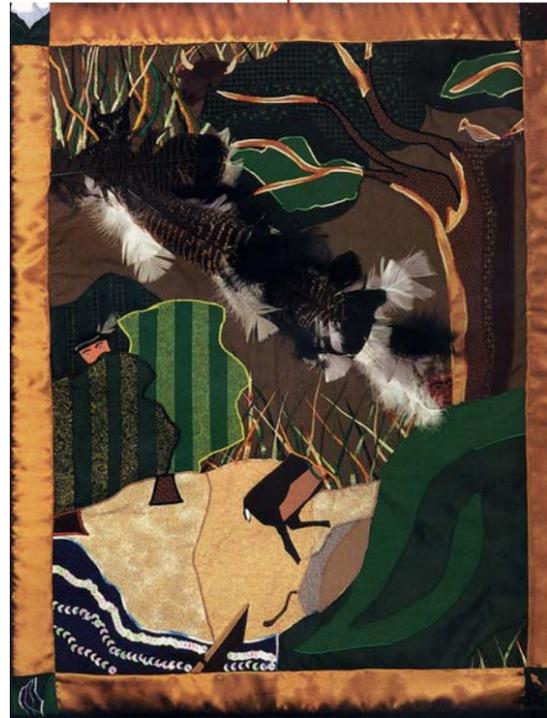
These were not the only ones to have claims on my lands. The Georgia-based Cherokee had claim as far north

as the Kanawha River. Meanwhile, the fierce and warlike Shawnee lived in my Lower Kanawha Valley and had villages in present-day Greenbrier County. I still remember Shawnees leading Mary Ingles and her party over my dust in 1755.

West Virginia had been a military prize, the focus of a great contest for control by warring tribes. Eventually, however, the area became a common hunting-ground for tribes. Tribes such as the Adena Culture settled me in the Kanawha Valley at least as far as St. Albans, leaving large burial mounds; Shawnee, Miami, Delaware, and Seneca inhabited my Greenbrier Valley. I led them to salt, especially my rich brines at the present-day Malden area, where buffalo congregated to drink this necessity to life. That is why Malden was first called "Salt" or "Buffalo Licks". I led them to buffalo as well as other wild animals: elk, deer, fish, black bear, wild turkey, and ruffed grouse. For this reason, historians named me the "Buffalo Trail". The Natives were very economical in their harvest of each buffalo; they used every part of the animal for some purpose, and wasted nothing of it.

I was one of a number of Native roads in Western Virginia. At Lewisburg, I cross where Route 219 stands now, where the north-south-running Seneca Trail once stood.

I am a Trail of many peoples: black, white, and Native. Before my European children hunted for freedom and subdued the wilderness, my Native children hunted food and waged battles for the right to my hunting-grounds.



Peaceable Kingdom

This Cabin Creek tapestry depicts the time before 1750 when Native Americans were attracted to the banks of the Great Kanawha River for "happy hunting grounds" and our natural resource - salt.



TRAIL TALES: Pioneers

I was a trail to fortune and freedom over 200 years ago, and that is why I'm one of the oldest routes in the United States. If you yearned for a new life, I was the way to that life: a route to the open West.

Before he became the father of your country, your George Washington had grand plans for his first "son": a route which would stretch from tidewater Virginia to the Gulf of Mexico, leading to the heartland of the continent. I would be a route for pioneer movement and to southern markets. He convinced the Virginia Assembly to appropriate funds for my development.

Immigrants from Europe normally came to the Northeast, and many then gradually migrated down the Shenandoah Valley to my east. When the Valley ended in the area of Lewisburg, they then turned west onto me.

I can still remember the tall, colorful "mountain ships" that carried their lives and possessions to destinations unknown. Today you can see one of these at Lewisburg's North House museum.

To bring an end to the French and Indian War, the British signed a peace treaty with the Natives, and wanted to keep that peace. When they saw that I was leading too many pioneers west for their liking, their George III decreed the Proclamation of 1763 forbidding any movement or settlement west of the Alleghenies. None of the pioneers paid heed to the decree.

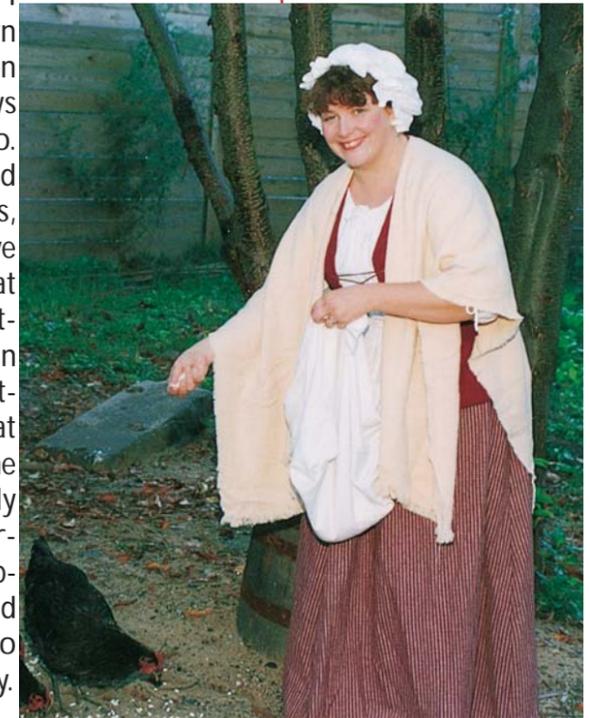
I welcomed them to the western frontier, but not everyone greeted them with open arms. Many Native tribes were unhappy with the arrival of white settlers who cleared their hunting-grounds, drove away their food, and took their land. Certain tribes destroyed settlements and even killed settlers to keep back this white menace, but their hold on Western

Virginia was limited.

In September 1774, in response to the Native troubles, General Andrew Lewis gathered 1000 Virginia militiamen and marched them over me to Point Pleasant. There he battled and defeated a confederation of braves under Chief Cornstalk. For this, they named me the Lewis Trail.

In 1786, they renamed me the Old State Road and, later, Koontz' New Wagon Road, and I

became Western Virginia's first wagon route. I didn't always extend as far as I do. My path used to end at Kanawha Falls, then at Cedar Grove (they called it "Boat Yards"), where flat-boats would begin their journey westward on the Great Kanawha River. The Virginia Assembly hired men to superintend my development, and ordered my extension to Lexington, Kentucky.



Karen Vuranch portrays Mary Ingles at Booker T. Washington cabin in Malden.

Before the United States was born, I led its citizens to lives whose freedom and prosperity are the foundations of the life which Americans still enjoy.

TRAIL TALES: African-American

For the African-American, I was first a trail of tears, then a trail of hopes and economic opportunity. For the African-American, I am Trail of hard history and cultural rediscovery.

The first time I saw the African-American, gangs of them, led by white overseers, walked in chains to fuel the salt-furnaces at Kanawha Salines, now Malden, and along the Kanawha Valley. Western Virginians were small, independent farm holders, not tobacco growers, and didn't need the great amount of human labor for cultivation and harvest of product which the Easterners did. Furthermore, the saltmakers could not engage them for wage-labor. So the salt-makers who lived beside me leased African-American slaves from outside the Valley to meet their manpower needs. The Salines had one of the largest concentration of enslaved African-Americans in the country, numbering as many as 5000.

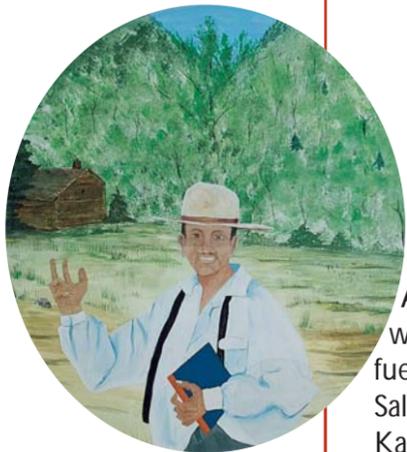
After freedom came, many former slaves migrated over my route to freedom and opportunity, many to the new states out West. One day, as I recall, a family consisting of a mother, a little girl, and several small boys came along, pulling a wagon with all their possessions. Jane Washington brought her family out of a plantation in southwest

Virginia not only to start a new life, but also to bring a father figure into her children's lives. Ferguson had escaped bondage and came to the Salines, then sent for Jane and her children. The Washington family settled in Malden, and the boys and their new stepfather went to work in the salt-packing houses. One of the boys, Booker, grew up to be a leading spokesman for his race and a leading black educator. I remember when he rode a stagecoach over me to Hampton School in Virginia, spending everything he had just to get to a school which would unlock the world for him through education.

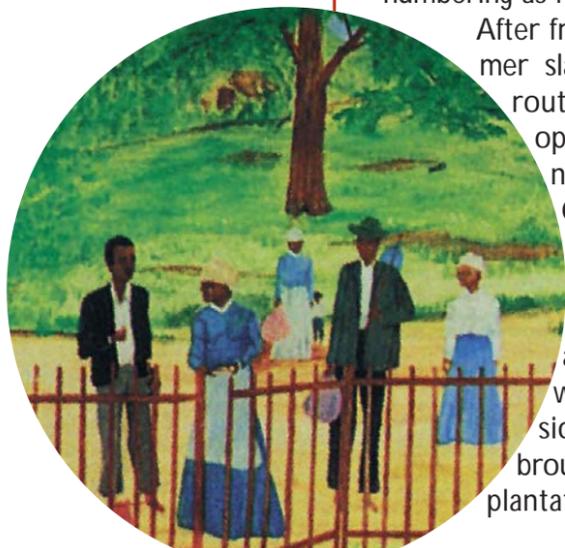
Life in the decades after the Civil War was hard for the African-American, but West Virginia offered hopes. Malden was not the only place of opportunity. The freedmen who found limited horizons in the South often migrated to the coal-fields, and many settled in Ansted.

Tragedy is as much a part of history as success. Many African-American men gave their lives in the building of the Hawks Nest Tunnel which lies under me. As many as 500 to 600 died from breathing silica dust, bringing a sobering note to the engineering triumph which this feat represented.

Today, I am a route to an understanding of African-American heritage. In Malden, you can see the oldest black Baptist church in the state, claiming Booker as one of its members, and a Salt Village which remembers the life and values of Booker and his race. Ansted's African American Family Tree Museum offers a glimpse inside African-American coal-camp culture. Camp Washington Carver, keeps African-American cultural alive with a variety of music and arts programs.



Booker T. Washington depicted as a child in Norton House historical murals. When they were freed at the Burroughs Plantation in Virginia, an eight-year-old Booker and his family walked over 300 miles to settle in Malden. Here he learned to read, taught Sunday School and married.



This mural depicts to the time recently freed slaves stopped at the kitchen gate of Norton House Malden (circa 1840). House cook Mary, the Norton's cook, declined their invitation to travel on to Ohio, but fed them her special blueberry jam and biscuits.



TRAIL TALES: Women

I have been a woman's trail, too. Women have distinguished themselves through various talents and feats of skill along my way.

The first white woman I ever saw was Mary Ingles, a strong frontier woman who was physically robust, resourceful, and extraordinarily courageous given her circumstances. In July 1755, a band of Shawnees captured her, her sister-in-law Betty Draper, her two little boys, and her baby (she gave birth along the way), and took the entire party to Kentucky. They stopped at present-day Malden and her captors taught Mary to boil the brines for their salt. That's how she survived--making herself useful. Mary escaped her captors by returning along my route, retracing her way with the Kanawha and New Rivers back to her Virginia home. It was cold, she was hungry and ill-clothed, and I heard the old woman with her threaten to cannibalize her.

Mary is representative of the pioneer woman who endured hardship with her husband so that she might build a life for and with her family after picking up from the familiar life she knew in the east and transplanting to an unknown future.

Maybe you've heard of "Mad" Anne Bailey. She wasn't really mad; she just had a lot of masculine habits, and that was hard for some people to accept or understand. I can still remember her horse, panting and sweating as she sped to Lewisburg for ammunition and powder when the Natives attacked Fort Clendenin (you call it Charleston). Actually, she repeated this feat later on. They say the natives cornered her at Hawks Nest, and she and her horse had to jump off the cliff in order to escape.

And then there was the famous itinerant journalist, Anne Royale, who traveled my way and made extensive notes about

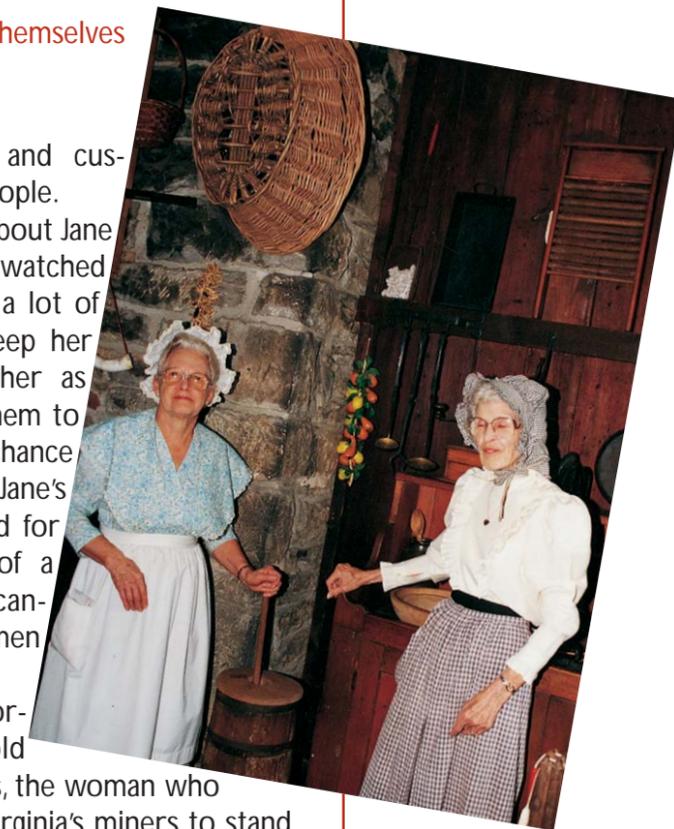
the manners and customs of my people.

I told you about Jane Washington. I watched as she braved a lot of hardship to keep her children together as she brought them to their second chance in the Salines. Jane's fortitude stood for the strength of a lot of African-American women like her.

Who can forget feisty old "Mother" Jones, the woman who stirred West Virginia's miners to stand for their rights against exploitation? The mine owner's strikebreakers took this 80-year-old seamstress from Chicago into custody and placed her under house arrest at Pratt. There they isolated her, but that wasn't enough to stop her from slipping messages back and forth under a trap door to the miners.

I've even been home to a famous poet, Louise McNeill, your State Poet Laureate. She lived beside me, composing poems and authoring books of poems to her last days. Louise was hailed as the greatest poet of this century to live in the state.

Come my way, and learn about women who have shown bravery, strength, and talents since colonial days.



TRAIL TALES: Immigrants

My people are two peoples. One comes to me and settles; the other tarries for a moment, then vanishes. The one establishes the pattern and tempo of life for which I am known. No less important, the other leaves his mark on me in some unique way before taking his own trail to other opportunities.

You, reader, are an immigrant to my path. I have seen you come from many places and many ages. My history is the history of the commingling of many cultures and ways of living.

Among my earliest settlers were Scotch-Irish and Germans (Pennsylvania Dutch) who came to the Northeast and often traveled down the Shenandoah Valley, then west to Lewisburg. So many of these flowed into the town that it became known as the "Western Cradle of Independence" and an unofficial capital of Western Virginia.

Many of these early immigrants settled in my mountains and valleys, proud and fiercely independent in their customs and manners. These emigrants from the Old Country became my small, independent farmholders, my salt of the earth which established a temper of simple, honest living that thrives even today.

Throughout the nineteenth century, immigrants traveled my soil in order to put their architectural signatures on my wilderness. Malden's homes still bear their mark in the exterior and interior personalities which my immigrants put on them. In Ansted, you can see the work of Italian builders and artisans in 1890s-era homes.

Below my mountainous curves

on Gauley Mountain lies the famous Hawks Nest Tunnel, built partly by a large number of immigrants during the Depression. My foreign children were Greek, Czech, Hungarian, Romanian, Italian, Polish, and a dozen other European and Eurasian nationalities and ethnic groups. Their labor produced one of the state's--and the country's--greatest engineering marvels of its time. Tragically, many died of silicosis after working in an atmosphere of pure silica dust without any protection. Today, this production of partially immigrant labor produces up to 100 megawatts of power for Elkem Metals in Alloy.

I am a "multinational" Trail, a "Melting Trail" whose history was rich with the faces, tongues, and customs of dozens of nations and ethnic groups, all intermingling and blending to create a uniquely "American" route.

TRAIL TALES: Prominent Personages

Shoes of history's lights have trod my way, some even before they became famous. I have been a Trail to fame.

George Washington owned land patents in my Kanawha Valley, and even willed a plot of land to the public use forever at Burning Springs. He had grand plans for me: a route that led to the Gulf of Mexico.

Daniel Boone lived on my path for 10 years before he moved west; for five years he lived on the Kanawha River at Charleston, and I remember when his cave sat on my shoulder.

He wasn't the only blazer on my trail. Lewis and Clark came my way until they stopped at Cedar Grove, built their dugout at the "Boat Yards", then continued to the west to explore for President Jefferson.

I hosted famous jurist John Marshall, future Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; he measured the height of the New River Gorge at Hawks Nest, and they named it Marshall's Pillar in his honor.

Many famous soldiers and one soldier-horse marched on my dirt. You know about General Andrew Lewis. I told you about future Presidents Hayes and McKinley, who were stationed throughout my Kanawha Valley from Belle to Hawks Nest. Along with them marched Ambrose Bierce, an 18-year-old private who would one day become a famous journalist and writer and disappeared in 1913 while covering the Mexican Revolution. General Lee rode me several times, and campaigned at my Sewell Mountain and Lewisburg area in 1861; at Sewell Mountain I gave him his famous horse Traveler.

I watched the life of Booker Washington from the time he walked as a little boy to the Salines, as a college student to Virginia, and as the famous educator and orator of Tuskegee.

He wasn't the only orator. Senator Daniel Webster and his equally eloquent peer, Henry Clay of Kentucky, rode across me. Clay used his skills to persuade

Congress to develop me for movement into Kentucky and for moving produce and livestock to market.

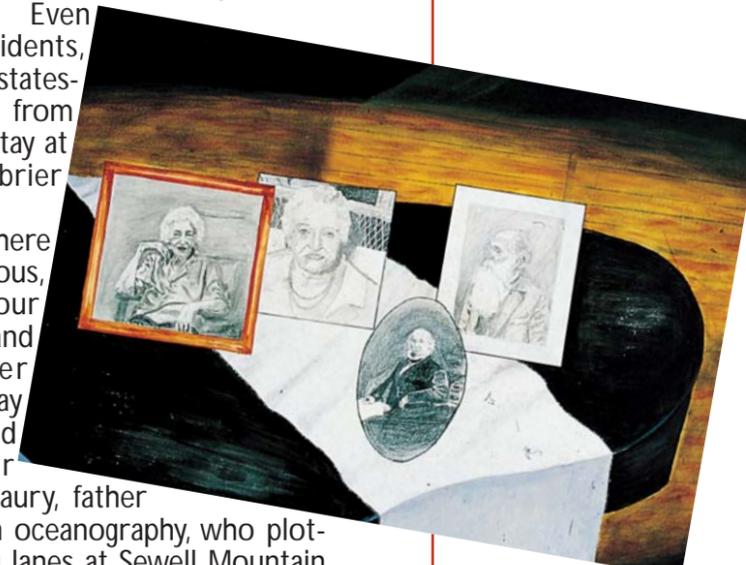
There have been other government leaders on my path, such as your rustic Andrew Jackson and your sophisticated Martin Van Buren, and your Horace "Go West, Young Man" Greeley. Even today, Presidents, kings, and statesmen come from all over to stay at my Greenbrier Hotel.

Then there are my curious, such as your naturalist and bird-painter John Jay Audubon and your Matthew Maury, father of American oceanography, who plotted shipping lanes at Sewell Mountain while recovering from an accident.

I've seen industrial wealth and industrial unrest. Mother Jones traveled me in her crusade to improve the lot of your state's miners. In Lewisburg, you can still the philanthropy of 19th-century steel industrialist Andrew Carnegie, whose funding built Carnegie Hall.

And there are the arts. Your State Poet Laureate, Louise McNeill, has lived on my side while authoring the poetry which brought her acclamation as the state's greatest poet in the 20th century. A contemporary of hers, Norman Jordan, lives in Ansted, and is an internationally known poet and playwright.

My past is the country's past; my illustrious visitors have been your country's heritage.



Malden's Norton House, like many places on the Trail, has seen the famous come and go. Pictured (l to r): State Poet Laureate Louise McNeill, Pearl Buck, Horace Greeley, and author John Hale.

TRAIL TALES: Resources

1815

CAPTAIN JAMES WILSON DRILLS AMERICA'S FIRST GAS WELL

*William Tompkins
First industrialist in
America to use natural gas for industrial purposes.*

*ARMS,
ANTIFREEZE, AND
AMMONIA
DuPont and Elkem
tribute to America's
strength in war and
peace.*

I've been a path to riches and enduring fortunes. I made men wealthy with the resources of my valleys and farmlands. Share the story of the commodities that made this possible.

The tale begins with salt brines, which buffalo used at the so-called Buffalo Licks at Malden and which Mary Ingles' Shawnee captors taught her to boil for crystalline salt. When Mary returned to Virginia, word of the Valley's brines spread and attracted enterprising businessmen. The Valley's first salt-maker, Elisha Brooks, started boiling at his furnace in the Kanawha Valley in 1797.

David Ruffner, the first salt-driller in the Kanawha Valley, extracted after 18 months of drilling into the rock strata under me at the Kanawha Salines, striking rich brine in 1808. Salt-furnaces began operating at the Salines, named for its brines, and eventually 50 grew throughout the Valley.

Salines' salt had a unique color, called "that red salt of Kanawha" because it became crimson during boiling. Red salt became a valued commodity in the West because of its superior curing and preserving qualities and because of its pungent flavor.

Out of the salt industry grew a chem-

ical industry based at first on salt compounds and an industrial base which has since expanded to include metals, explosives, synthetic fabrics, auto products, and agricultural products.

A short distance from the Salines were bubbling pools of natural gas at Burning Springs. This area flowed with gas and oil, but the salt-makers regarded them both as nuisances, throwing them into the Kanawha River. Instead, they stripped the Valley's mountains for timber to fire their furnaces. Not for long, though. In 1815, Captain James Wilson struck America's first natural gas in America, and William Tompkins of Cedar Grove was the first man in America to use natural gas for industrial purposes.

Entrepreneurs have also harvested my timber and my coal. My mountains have cannel and splint coal, hot-burning coals which are ideal for a number of industrial purposes. Today, a tippie crosses over my road at Cannelton. Fayette County's mines figured prominently, too.

Even my rivers are valuable. In the Depression, Elkem Metals' predecessor, Union Carbide, drilled through Gauley Mountain and diverted part of the natural force of the New River through four turbines which generate hydroelectric power to run Elkem's facility. With this power, Elkem refines another special resource: silicon metal which has uses in computers, home grooming and cold remedy products, and in special glue for the space program.

Don't forget my timber. My Rainelle once contained the world's largest hardwood lumber company.

I am a trail of resources, the riches of the earth, but the greatest resources are my people and my heritage.



Before a backdrop of lush forest, coal piles at Cannelton Tippie awaiting a barge for transport along the Midland Trail by river..



TRAIL TALES: Transportation

I am one Trail. I am many Trails. If it has traveled by land or water, I led its way. I witnessed the development from the horse to the horseless carriage. Read my story.

Long before your autos rolled on me, thousands of cloven hooves of buffalo came to lick salt at my brines.

Pioneer movement brought teams of oxen and horses which pulled the "mountain ships" that carried everything my emigrants possessed.

Drovers used to drive thousands of sheep and hogs all along me. These drovers were my first "postmen"; since no organized postal system existed, villages often asked these itinerants to deliver their mail for them (my "Trail mail").

I used to end at Cedar Grove, so they established a flatboat building port there. That's why it was first called "Boat Yards." Kanawha flatboatmen were the among the best in the world, and ferried a lot of salt out of the Salines to Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Then I became a stagecoach route. Starting in 1827, companies started running between Lewisburg and Charleston. Inns sprang up. Rides on my back weren't very pleasant. I was so bumpy and uneven in those days that the stagecoaches were called "shake-guts" because they bounced the occupants around.

I must have cost them a pretty penny to build and maintain, because they made me earn my keep with toll-gates. One of them was at Gauley Bridge. That was how I got my next name: James River and Kanawha Turnpike.

My surface was so uneven that some argued for developing me. Old polished orator Senator Henry Clay stood up in Congress and argued that the government should fund me. After all, he was from Kentucky, and I would help the movement in and out of there. In the 1840s, internal improvements were a significant political issue. Many valued me. I followed the Kanawha and New Rivers, the Kanawha Salines (Malden) was exporting salt, pioneers were moving west, and people needed a way to move their products to market.

The world forgot about me in the later 19th century. Collis Huntington built his railroads, and that became a preferable form of transportation. Gauley Bridge was an old railroad depot for New York Central, and you can still see it from Hawks Nest Overlook.

However, around 1916, some people formed the Midland Trail Automobile Club (imagine--a club named after me!) because they wanted a good traversable paved trans-continental road, so I was paved. Bicyclers also wanted a good bike route.

In 1988, West Virginia gave me a new name, the Midland Trail Scenic Highway. And there's even a new club named after me: the Midland Trail Scenic Highway Association.



Flatboats were used to ferry Malden salt down the Kanawha River to Cincinnati and New Orleans. Below: Today coal, chemicals and other products are shipped by barge.



I have been known by many names, but I have been a timeless observer of technological developments in travel.

1743

THE MIDLAND TRAIL IS THE FIRST PUBLIC ROAD OPENED IN WV

TRAIL TALES: Industry

I helped pave the way to America's industrial greatness. The country and the world have looked to my industries for material abundance in peacetime and protect democracy in wartime.



Elkem Metals at Night

EARLY 1800s:
Salt Industrialists refine the art and science of drilling as the rest of the United States looks to the village for training in drilling techniques.

1817:
America's first industrial trust established at Malden.

Rainelle: World's largest hardwood lumber company.

In the years that the Salines produced salt for young America's westward-moving pioneers, the rest of the country looked to the Kanawha Valley for guidance in drilling techniques. The Salines is also credited with being the site of America's first industrial trust, an 1817 salt-makers' pact to control prices and production. Trusts would not become a common business practice until the 1870s.

Around the salt industry grew the natural gas wells that would furnish the gas to fire my furnaces. William Tompkins became the country's first industrialist, in 1841, to use natural gas in his enterprise.

My salt-industry gave rise to the Valley's chemical companies, including DuPont. Since 1926, DuPont has supplied the world with chemical products and was America's 2nd largest chemical plant; it was the world's sole producer of nylon during the War and became the world's first nylon-making facility, developed antifreeze, and has been the largest ammonia-producing plant in

the U.S, also being the country's first to produce ammonia from coal. DuPont served your country, too; the government stationed troops there and the Army gave it three awards. Today it ships 200 lines to 40 countries.

There must be transportation for these things, so an integrated system of river, rail, and road grew around me. My Port Amherst is a railroad yard for chemical trains, and in 1970 built the world's largest railroad flatbed car: 125 feet long, 12 feet wide, with a capacity of 150,000 tons.

Go east on my path, and you see Cannelton Coal, with its working tipple. Cannel coal is a hot-burning coal. Fayette County also produces splint coal, which is used in the metallurgical and ceramics industries. You'll even see some of my coal towns, such as the coal-camp houses of Boomer (after "coal boom").

A little east of that is Alloy and Elkem Metals, a Norwegian multinational which is the world's largest silicon refiner, and supplies metal to various industries, even the space program; one of the world's largest aluminum producers; and a leading producer of ferroalloy. Like DuPont, it had a protection force in WWII, and receives its power from the Hawks Nest Tunnel on Gauley Mountain.

And in Rainelle was once the world's largest hardwood lumber mill. Timber from Meadow River Lumber Company helped build parts of Yale University, New York's elegant Waldorf-Astoria, and the U.S. Supreme Court Building.

My furnaces burn hot and bright with coal, metals, and chemicals; my industries burn brightly with the enterprising spirit. I have left an industrial heritage for your country.

TRAIL TALES: War

I am a Trail of victory and a Trail of defeat. I've seen men march boldly to battle; equally, I've seen them retreat with their torn banners, their tired eyes, and their beaten faces. Call me a "warpath", a road to conflict.

In response to the frontier Native troubles, General Andrew Lewis assembled an army of militiamen in September 1774 and marched over my virgin path to do battle at Point Pleasant with a confederation of Natives under Chief Cornstalk. Lewis defeated the eloquent and awe-inspiring Cornstalk in what some scholars argue was the first battle of the Revolution. Several years later, my path became blood-soaked when vengeful whites murdered Cornstalk in retaliation for killings of whites.

I was vital to the South in holding Western Virginia. Without me, they could stand a chance of doing so. Jefferson Davis ordered General Lee to hold the Kanawha Salines saltworks at all costs.

For three years, I watched the landscape change from blue to grey to blue again. There were the Kanawha Valley Campaigns of 1861-2, when the Valley switched hands several times.

Your future presidents Hayes and McKinley of Ohio were stationed along my way. First, they quartered at Belle's Camp Piatt in order to protect the Salines. Piatt was the site of the construction of the first Gatlin Gun, which was so important in the Civil War. Later they quartered at Camp Reynolds across from Glen Ferris.

Because of its toll-bridges and its railroads, Gauley Bridge was also a valuable military possession.

Then there were Confederate Generals Floyd and Wise, bitter political rivals who held each other in mutual jealousy. When Floyd faced Yankee General Rosecrans at Carnifex Ferry, he was unable to gain a clear advantage against Rosecrans; the defiant Wise refused to reinforce Floyd, and Floyd was forced to fall back, but not with-

out burning the bridge at Gauley Bridge. From his Hico headquarters, Wise asked Lee to separate him from Floyd's command, and at Sewell Mountain refused to retreat to Lewisburg to meet with Floyd.

I witnessed the 1862 Battle of Lewisburg and White Sulphur's Battle of Dry Creek. Rebel soldiers found battling along the Trail miserable; my mountains and muddy roads made the journey slow and they slowly marched and pulled supply wagons over me during the rainy and snowy seasons. My muddy roads and many mountains always slowed armies down. These coupled with Wise's denial of help to frustrate Floyd at Carnifex Ferry. As a result of these factors, the pro-statehood movement predominated. I was part of the reason why the South couldn't hold West Virginia; you could say I helped it become a state.

I've been a warrior in the cause of freedom for you and your allies, making the world safe for democracy. See my "Industry" section for the stories of Elkem and DuPont.

I have been a Trail of war and destruction. Blood has fallen on my dirt and dreams of conquest in my dust. I echo with the cannon's roar and the cries of the wounded and dying.



A memorial to all WWI veterans stands at the western end of the Midland Trail on the State Capitol Complex grounds.



The Civil War was fought along the the Trail. Today, re-enactments remember this aspect of Trail history at White Sulphur Springs and near the Trail at Carnifex Ferry and Fayetteville.



TRAIL TALES: Fauna and Flora

My past has green roots, the bird call, and the animal track. My valleys and mountains are rich with plant and animal life:

FAUNA



Black Bear
Deer
Fox
Rabbit
Skunk
Rattle-snake
Bobcat
Beaver

FLORA

TREES:

PINES: Pitch, White, Scrub
HICKORYS: Shell-bark, Mocker-nut, Pignut, Bitternut
HORNBEAMS: Hop, American
BIRCHS: Black, Yellow, Red
OAKS: White, Post, Yellow, Red, Chestnut, Scarlet, Black, Spanish
ELMS: Slippery, American
CHERRYS: Black, Wild Red
SUMACS: Staghorn, Dwarf
MAPLES: Striped, Mountain, Sugar, Silver, Red
BASSWOODS: Basswood, White
LAURELS: Great (Rhododendron), Mountain
ASHS: White, Red

OTHER TREES:

Hemlock, Gingko, Red Cedar, Black Willow, Butternut, Black Walnut, Beech, Chestnut, Chinquapin, Cucumber Tree, Tulip Tree, Paw Paw, Sassafras, Sourwood, Opossum Wood, Witch Hazel, Sweet Gum, Sycamore, American Crabapple, Shad Bush, Fringe Tree, Black Haw, Cockspur Thorn, Common Locust, Flowering Dogwood, Black Gum, American Holly, Sweet Buckeye, Hercules Club

SHRUBS:

Hazelnut, Benjamin-bush, Dutchman's Pipe, Wild Hydrangea, Prickly Gooseberry, Wild Black Currant, Strawberry Bush, Summer Grape, Chicken Grape, Lilac-colored Laurel, Purple Azalea, Flame Azalea, Dangleberry, Late Low Blueberry, Arrowwood, Hobble-bush, Button-bush, Pursh, Common Elder, Red-berried Elder.

FOOD VEGETATION AND USEFUL HERBS AND PLANTS:

Ramps, ginseng, dandelion, mullen, poke greens

BIRDS:

Fish Hawk	Meadowlark
Cardinal	Bronzed Grackle
Robin	English Sparrow
Bluebird	Chipping Sparrow Song Sparrow
Killdeer	Sparrow
Quail (Bobwhite)	Rose-breasted Grosbeak
Ruffed Grouse	Purple Martin,
Mourning Dove	Barn Swallow
Cooper's (Chicken) Hawk	Loggerhead Shrike Catbird
Sparrow Hawk	Brown Thrasher
Downy Woodpecker	House Wren
Northern Flicker	Brown Creeper
Nighthawk, Kingbird	White-breasted
Bluejay	Nuthatch
Black Crow	Black-capped Chickadee
Red-winged Blackbird	

FISH:

Catfish
Trout
Bass
Carp

FORMER FAUNA:

Buffalo



I am a "green" Trail. A nature" Trail. I am a Trail of many tracks, both animal and human.

TRAIL TALES: Geology

Look at my cliffs, my Gorge, my valleys, and my mountains. There you will find a tale as ancient as the earth itself. I am millions of years old. I watched eras come and eras go, building up layers of petrified history, only to wash them away to the sea through erosion.

My Kanawha Valley is 300 million years old, dating from the Pennsylvanian Geologic Period. During that era, mud accumulated in flood plains between streams and was compressed, forming sedimentary layers of shale and sandstone which composed many of its historic homes and building brick.

Layers of dead plants compressed to form seams of coal which are a staple of Kanawha's industry. Today, industry extracts rare cannel coals which yield lamp fuel oil.

My 300-million-year-old "Salt" or "Nuttall Sands" are sandstone which supplied oil, natural gas, and brines to the Salines. These three substances migrated to the Salt Sands and infused their pores, enabling salt-makers to drill and extract them for their furnaces.

From Gauley Bridge to Rainelle, Fayette County, there is a large hump, or arch, in my back which lifted the New River Formation at the Gorge 500 feet upward. 200 million years ago, the collision of continents caused this arch, and created folds in my back which run from northeast to southwest. The Nutall Sandstone extend into this area, and also contain gas, oil, and brines. I pass through approximately one-third of West Virginia's coal zones, which yield some of

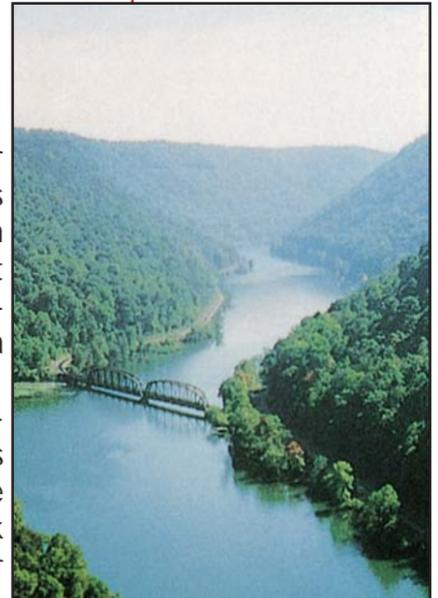
the state's purest coals and cokes. Refinement creates a clean-burning fuel which is valuable for smelting and domestic heating. As you travel eastward on my back, you will see pronounced folds in the layers of my mountains.

Look at my New River Gorge, where the River, which is Pennsylvania Era (300 million years old and one of the oldest on earth) and exposes 340-million-year-old Mississippian Era rock.

In this area, you see rust colors in the rock from iron seams which were exposed to air. The Mississippian-Era Mauch Chunk Group shows it in even prettier shades.

Then you see my geological diversity realized in Greenbrier County. Here you find karst topography, which results from the dissolution of limestone, made of calcium carbonate, by acidic rain water and the formation of sinkholes, valleys, and caverns. Dissolving limestone and easily erodable rock in Greenbrier County created wide fertile valleys which serve as productive farmland. Near White Sulphur Springs, my shale are 380 million years old, of the Devonian Era.

My trail is a Trail through tens of millions of years of history, a past of formation, of building up, of wearing away, all encased in sedimentary rock, compressed coal, and folded layers.



New River Gorge as seen from Hawk's Nest Park.

As you travel my route, you travel through time.

TRAIL TALES:

Creativity

I am a Trail to artistic and creative exploration. I am a multi-media Trail: paint, clay, cloth, wood, glass, sound. The rich experience of my 119 miles results from the work of many hands. Some patch or mold. Some strum and pick. Others use the brush or paint with cameras. Nature is not my only artist.

From end to end, I am a Trail with a soul. Whether it's music, oils, quilts, or sculpture, my people continuously fashion a life of artistic adventure.

Start with me at my Capitol grounds. Every May you can hear the traditional strains of banjo, dulcimer, and guitar at my Vandalia Gathering. There's more music; my cloggers beat time with their feet. State tradition lives on my shoulders. All of this within feet of another stronghold of state creativity: the Department of Culture and History.

I am a stage for mountain music. My Capitol grounds host the varied repertoire of Mountain Stage, whose crowds can listen to locals and greats alike. You can get anything you want; I've even hosted Arlo Guthrie.

At Malden, my people keep alive the Appalachian tradition of quilting. West Virginian women still create a variety of patterns of quilts the old-fashioned way: by hand, with love and patience. Cabin Creek Quilts is known worldwide for quality West Virginia quilts; some have caught the eyes of the famous.

I have several fine art galleries which feature the best of West Virginia artists' work. There is the Midland Trail Gallery, whose owner tours guests through his pottery studio, and the Cooper Gallery.

I have one thriving artists' colony and another planned. Greenbrier Resort Hotel operates one presently, and my people plan to create another

at Gauley Bridge.

Drama plays a large role in my artistic life. While Hawks Nest hosts a Dinner Theater for its guests, Lewisburg's Greenbrier Theater produces comedies, musicals, and period plays.

Stop in Clifftop for Doo-Wop. Camp Washington-Carver is known for its musical productions, and cultivates African-American arts. This in addition to a variety of other musical performances, including oldies at an annual Doo-Wop Saturday Night.

Just as I wind through West Virginia's valleys and mountains, I meander through the heights and depths of my people's self-expression.

