

The Mystery of the Ohiopyle Hotel

Marci Lynn McGuinness



As the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy prepared for the grand opening of the remodeled Ohiopyle Hotel in 1964, it was burned to the ground. This mystery has never been solved. Whodunnit?

The Mystery of the Ohiopyle Hotel

is a work of fiction inspired by a true story.

Some names and genders are changed to protect both the innocent and the guilty.

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Introduction

Fifty years ago on Friday the 13th, someone started a fire on the back porch of the Ohiopyle Hotel. The Watson family was upstairs. That was November of 1964. To this day, the crime has not been solved. There were several cabins to the west of the hotel where locals lived. Till King's dog, Tippy, barked and woke his family just as dusk fell over the Youghiogheny River. When Till went out on his porch, he heard the cries of Mrs. Watson and rescued her, her husband and son. They were lucky that night. The beloved hotel burnt down in under an hour. It was old, wooden, and there was a drought on. My research into the history of Ohiopyle has given me an inside look at the demise of the hotel that my grandparents and uncles ran for 16 years.

I will never forget the day I was told of the fire and the day I saw the charred remains. As a child, I disliked the Grant Street house that my grandmother bought across the Ohiopyle bridge after her retirement. It was not the hotel. Those days were gone. We would never again play on those four floors, bus the dining room tables after Sunday dinner, or sneak into the bar to garner pennies from our uncles and their comrades.

It had been a couple of years since the state set their sites on the land owned by many Ohiopyle residents. The free wheeling mountain town was being taken over by Project 70 in the name of preservation. Families were sent packing as their homes were confiscated through eminent domain laws. Thousands of acres of land were claimed by the state of Pennsylvania for the "good of the people." Those are the words they used while they ordered residents off the land their ancestors had worked. This is a glimpse inside the mystery of who may have burnt down the Ohiopyle House Hotel, and why.

The Mystery of the Ohiopyle Hotel

Mary gazed out the window of the Western Maryland Railroad Station in Ohiopyle, Pennsylvania. The next train wasn't due until 3 a. m. Pen in hand, she listened to the sounds of the night. It was quiet along the Youghiogheny River. She pondered her letter listening to the fast moving water, until the Ohiopyle Hotel closed for the night. Men and couples spilled out of the popular tavern there. The Morans provided top notch hospitality. She had had this same trouble in Connellsville, with Lucky's uncles, Ross and Marcus. They owned the hotel by the station there. Made their living selling spirits and entertaining the well to do. "Liquor brings out the devil in men," she said to the night. She had published several stories for New York magazines and a book of poetry, all written at work in the wee hours. After the local World War II soldiers came home, Mary began a mission she felt was led by God. She was a part of the Women's Christian Temperance movement, and used her writing skills to push the town toward her ways.

She listened to the hotel patrons as they walked home or talked beside their cars. Their laughter annoyed her. She dreamed that Ohiopyle would become a show place. She disliked the mountain folk and felt she knew what Ohiopyle should be. She did not have the love a local has for their home. She wanted to stop the men and women from drinking and turn the mountain village surrounding the falls and river over to "civilized" city folk. Although she had a long term affair with a married man during this time, she sat in harsh judgment of others. Although she did a great thing for the service men during the war, writing to them, publishing their letters in a church bulletin, and keeping them in contact with each other, once they came home, she tried to recruit as many as possible to her ways. When they did not follow her as she had dreamed, she took revenge, and called it preservation.

Laura and Lucky Moran ran a first rate hotel along the Youghiogheny River. Laura was known far and wide for her homemade bread, noodles, Sunday chicken dinners, orange cookies, and welcoming hospitality. Many of their patrons were from out of state. They came to hunt grouse and pheasant, fish for rainbow and brown trout, sit on the porch swings, and converse with the intelligent Moran family. Lucky and his sons trained bird dogs. He owned property and they took visitors out for a taste of some of the best grouse and pheasant hunting in the East. The eldest son was an expert fisherman, and knew all the mountain streams, every nook and cranny. Fishing parties always ended with Laura frying native trout in her enormous cast iron skillet. Her old cook stove was rarely at ease. For 16 years, they made friends with doctors, lawyers, and the elite. They returned like clockwork, annually, twice a year, some monthly. Life was good for the Morans, but the little lady in the train station was not happy about it. She pretended to be Laura's friend, as she set about on a letter writing mission to shut down the hotel. She hated the roughness of some of the people there although she was raised along the railroad and lived in shanties all her life. Her resentment of the locals reeked havoc on them. She especially hated the Bower men, Hunter and the boys. They did chores for the Morans for decades, kept them in eggs and fresh chicken, too. They emptied the burn barrel, found parts to repair plumbing and stoves, plowed the garden, did yard work, and hauled away trash. The sight of them made her skin crawl. When Hunter smiled, showing his tobacco-stained teeth, and nodded hello, hat in hands, she always looked at the ground, scampering away. He would laugh loud and long. "Come on up to the compound some day, Miss. You will never leave," he told her one day after he heard about the letters she was writing to the Pittsburgh conservationists.

She befriended those who followed her path, no others. Ohiopyle has paid the price of her stern, non-local ways. She did not understand the comradeship and wonderful life they had each carved out of that mountainside, that river, as they raised their children from gardens and fresh game and fish. Botanists and the like were among the hotel's patrons because Ferncliff Peninsula, (at the hotel's door) holds many rare, southern plants. It also, at that time, held the Ferncliff Hotel, but it closed its doors before Mary's letters found the people she was looking for. The people who would change Ohiopyle

from a place of freedom, to a town being slowly bankrupted by a government entity. It is 'for the good of all,' they said repeatedly when they took 17 homes and businesses along the falls, when they ran off the farming families of Sugar Loaf Mountain and Tharpe Knob, taking thousands of acres of their land, their homes.

Mary was relentless in her pursuit of a buyer for the hotel and peninsula. Her fear grew as the Morans set out to purchase their beloved home and business from Mr. Meade. Mary was granted her wish when Edgar Kaufmann bought the land and hotel and turned it over to what became the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy. It was 1951. The Morans wanted to buy the hotel, and never gave up on the possibility. Lucky passed away in 1955, leaving his widow and sons to run the business and other properties. In the early 1960's, Laura retired. Purchasing the hotel became a dream that was not to come true as the conservancy took possession, remodeled it, and planned a widely advertised grand opening.

The locals were trying to find housing. Most had to apply for loans because the stipends they received for their homes and properties was minimal. Maurice Goddard was the secretary of the Department of Forests and Waters. They had been receiving Mary's letters for some time. The Ohiopyle falls area was surveyed and the conservancy went to Goddard seeking assistance to preserve the area for a park.

In 1962, the conservancy received another plot of land here from the Keisters. The deal the Keister family made with them was that the land would be named after them. It is not. Goddard sold the idea of a state park to the Ohiopyle people promising economic revival, jobs, a resort hotel, golf course, and the like. Many residents wanted to believe in the promises, as they struggled to stay afloat. Ohiopyle was the number one acquisition in Project 70. Goddard's mission was to preserve several areas for outdoor recreation in the state of Pennsylvania. Money was tight, so eminent domain was enforced on many of the honest working folk. They were forced from their homes and businesses and made to find places to live and work away from their beloved Ohiopyle.

The state's lawyers were run off at shot gun point many a time, but no one was physically hurt. Then one day a conservancy worker was threatened. The next day was Friday, November 13, 1964. A drought had gripped the area for two months. The wind off the river was brisk. A couple families lived in the cabins on the hotel property. The Watson family, just hired as caretakers, was in the hotel getting ready to turn in for the night.

As darkness fell, someone came out of the woods behind the hotel on the north side. They walked up the steps and onto the porch at the kitchen door. They stacked dry kindling wood and newspapers against the hotel, and lit it with a silver engraved cigarette lighter. They walked slowly away through the woods and up the hill across Route 381. They sat and watched as Mrs. Watson screamed from the upper floor. Tippy, the King family dog, barked, and Till went out on his porch to see what was amiss. He heard the screams,, saw flames and went running.

He found a ladder nearby as the hotel was still having finishing touches done before the grand opening. He slammed it against the hotel and climbed without thinking. His wife, Jeanie, called the firemen. By the time they arrived from several townships, the Watsons had been rescued and the hotel was burning to the ground. The drought and wind assisted a human's hand and one small flame in destroying the historical landmark.

Hunter and the boys stood on the hillside watching the fire. They walked around the property and came to the building across the street. Hunter knocked on the door as firemen hosed down the apartment building to keep it from catching on fire. Laura Moran answered. Hunter had his hat in his hand. He nodded his head and said, "I am sorry, Ma'am. I wanted to be sure you were unharmed." She handed him a bag of homemade rolls and a jar of orange marmalade. "It is a sad night," she frowned, waving good night to the men.

The detective on the scene was about to retire, and he did, quite promptly. His files for the case were never reviewed as no one was "really hurt" and the next detective to take his desk moved on to other matters. With what had been going on in Ohiopyle, the local cops knew they did not want to deal with

the state government or the Ohiopyle locals. So they didn't.

The locals were heartbroken over the loss of their meeting place, but not about the loss for the conservancy. People speculated about the culprit, but the locals did not care. They felt the conservancy deserved what they got. Was someone trying to hurt the Watsons for accepting the care-taking job? No one was talking. The Morans were questioned, but were so enthusiastic about future prospects in tourism, the lawmen felt they had no real suspects, but many suspects at the same time. Hunter was also questioned. Everyone in town had an alibi, except a few older ladies who were home alone, according to the statements.

Fifty years later, Detective Aspirin, a distant relative of the Watsons, became intrigued with the cold case. He opened the slim file. One man's name jumped out at him. He recognized it. The man was a legend. in Ohiopyle. His name had a ? next to it. Did he know who did it? Did he do it? Have it done? He had motive and opportunity, but didn't seem to think the hotel was worth much at the time., according to his statement. Detective Aspirin had a hunch about who did it. It was time to test that hunch, he knew.

Nothing was left to check out as far as new DNA was concerned. There was no evidence, but he could interview the survivors. It was Spring Buckwheat Supper weekend in the Ohiopyle borough, so he went up for lunch that Friday afternoon in 2015. He wore his jeans and fleece jacket, no suit for this mission. He wanted people to see him as one of them, not a detective on the job. No one knew he had taken this on, not even the Captain. It was best to just sniff around a bit to see if there was anything there to investigate after all.

Climbing Summit Mountain that sunny day, he took several deep breaths. He knew he should have brought his partner, but he was not going into a crack house or after a killer. It was just buckwheats. But is it ever really just buckwheats in a small town? He found a parking place along the top side of the play ground on Grant Street. While paying his fee for the dinner ticket, someone slapped him on the back.

"My God, is it the law?" an old woman asked.

"Hi, Aunt Grace," he said. "Are you alone?"

"Well, I am not on a date," she cackled. "Why are you here?"

He paid for her ticket, too. "I am starved," he said, leading her to the table the hostess pointed out. It was too busy for conversation. Several people came to ask if they wanted things like buckwheats or pancakes, home fries, sausage, apple sauce, gravy and the like. He immediately feasted on bread and butter pickles. The service could not be topped. He was grateful as he did not want to have a conversation with Aunt Grace at that time. Sometimes she just could not stop talking. It was difficult to get away. The place was noisy, bustling. The food came fast and they ate heartily while he watched the locals and travelers enter and leave.

"You are up to something. I can tell," Aunt Grace announced.

"Right now I need to take a walk." He patted his stomach and smiled. A lady friend came over to Grace and took her away to a neighboring table of friends. He sighed thankfully, smiled, left a couple of ones on the table and attempted to find his way into the adjoining shops. A line formed at the wine room in Backyard Gardens. He enjoyed this store of local goods in the old school house. Wine, pepper mustard, local books, honey, old fashioned wooden toys, paintings, photographs, fresh produce, cheeses, soaps, candles, handmade jewelry and even locally roasted coffee were available for sale. He had some coffee, purchased the stores own jalapeno mustard and chatted with the owner. She told him that she was very small when the hotel burned, but there were photos in one of the *Yesteryear in Ohiopyle* books her cousin published. He bought the set of three volumes and an *Explorer's Guide*. He hoped they could help direct him to folks who may have bits of information.

But first, he took a drive north on Route 381, turned the car around and parked outside the gate where Frank Bower lived. This was Hunter's son. Snarling, growling, barking pit bulls and indescribable canines slammed themselves against the gate trying to get to him. He was unsure if any of the other

brothers were still there until he blew the horn. Several long haired, dirty, loping men came out of buses and out buildings. One man, Frankie, opened the front door holding a shot gun. He smiled a toothless, filthy grin at the Detective and proceeded to the gate. The others followed. Barbed wire topped the fence of the junk yard. He looked the scene over and grinned at Frankie when he stopped and leered at him.

"Got a warrant?" he said and spit tobacco on the ground.

"Nope. I don't want in," he assured him.

"You get in, you don't get out," Frankie stared at him, laughing.

"That's what they say," he said. "You know if your Pap burnt down the Ohiopyle Hotel when you were a kid?"

"F... you."

"Did he or didn't he? You can't get in any trouble, unless you lit the match that started the fire."

"I 'member the fire. Big, quick. The screamin'. Was walkin' home with Pap from the neighbors. We emptied ashes and such 'cross the street for the ladies."

"You sure he didn't go over to the hotel and set a fire on the porch?"

Frankie shook his head. "Pap was workin'. You sure you don't want in?" The dogs were still very loud, and aggressive.

"Thanks," he said and waved goodbye. Frankie laughed and shot the gun in the air. His brothers laughed, too, tipping a jug.

He was thirsty and wanted to relax with a beer. He pulled into the Ohiopyle Cafe and took a seat at the downstairs bar. The owner greeted him and set him up with a beer. "You look familiar," she said.

"I am a detective," he said.

"Are you on duty? Looking for someone?"

"Off duty," he said and raised his glass. "Cheers." He drank and she waited on the young river guides at the other side of the bar.

"I am looking for someone," he said when she returned. "Know anything about the Ohiopyle Hotel burning way back. You wouldn't have been alive, but I am looking into that fire."

"No way!" she laughed. "Why?"

"The case was never solved. That bothers me. The Watsons are relatives of mine."

"There were people sleeping nearby in cabins and the apartment house across 381, but I think it burnt too fast for anyone to see who started it."

"That is what is in the report. No evidence."

She shrugged her shoulders. "My great grandparents ran it before that."

"You are a Moran?"

She pointed at a sign that said, "Welcome to Moranville." They both laughed.

"My father knew your grandfather well. They were in the service together. He had great respect for him."

She smiled and went to take care of the rest of her customers. He chatted with a woman who lived nearby. She told him that she remembered the fire well. She said that she could not remember any talk about who did it at all. No one had known that the Watsons were going to be there that night, she claimed. People just figured it was payback for all the grief they caused. End of story.

He smiled. "Maybe that is all there is to it, but that still doesn't tell us who lit the match."

"Nope," she said, turning her back to him.

An old man walked in the door, around the bar, and sat on the last stool at the edge of the bar where the owner stood when she had a chance to stop for a moment. "Uncle Phil," she said before hugging him.

He was only a stool away from the Detective and he leaned toward him and whispered, "You LCB? You look like it."

"No."

"You sure?"

"Positive." He showed Phil his badge.

"Detective, huh? Who you after?"

"You," she laughed while walking away from them to get Phil a beer.

"She's kidding, in a way," he said.

"What does that mean?" Phil eyed him suspiciously.

"Where were you when the hotel burned down in 1964?"

"Home with my wife. Where were you?"

Detective Aspirin laughed. "I am just looking into this cold case to see if I can figure out who started the fire back then. The Watsons are family."

"Oh," was all Phil said. He got up and moved to the other side of the bar.

"What did you say to him?" she asked when she returned to see if he wanted another beer.

"I am not making friends, I can see that."

"No one wants trouble," she said and walked away again.

She went to Phil and they had a quiet talk. The Detective stood, left a tip, and walked out into the late afternoon sunshine. He walked across the Youghiogheny River bridge and stood staring at what used to be the spot where the hotel sat. It was filled in around 1966 when they cut the sharp curve out of Route 381. He turned and looked at the river from that perspective, climbed the embankment and looked out as if he was on an upper floor of the hotel. He closed his eyes, pictured the back porch, someone sneaking up on it with newspapers and matches. He jumped and his eyes flew open when the train whistle blew.

"That must have woke up folks at the hotel," he said out loud to himself. He climbed down and crossed the street to the Falls City Pub. A crowd was gathered outside at the picnic tables and on the large boulders. The train still chugged by, a long one. He walked up to the bar checking out the boats and whatnot on the walls and ceiling. He took the seat around the far end of the bar where he could watch and observe with his back to the wall, and ordered a water and a beer.

An old man showed up about halfway through that beer and sat a stool down from him. "You're in my seat," he said.

"Do you want it? It's a good one."

"No, no. I am alright," he smiled.

They sat in silence and watched the white water community intermingle. The old man said, "Not a bad view, huh?" referring to the young women.

He smiled and bought the old man a drink.

"Got a name?"

"Woodson," he said.

"A local, I take it?"

"Yeah, you are from Uniontown aren't you? A cop?"

"I guess I am not so stealth."

"Looking for someone? Drinking on the job?"

"Neither."

"Bullshit," he laughed.

They sat in silence and watched the growing crowd.

"Were you around when the Ohiopyle Hotel burnt in '64?" the detective asked.

"I knew there was something on your mind. Yes, why?"

"Wondering who set the fire is all."

"Is all?" Woodson laughed heartily. "That's stirring the pot, if you ask me."

"What is the big secret? Did a local do it and everyone has covered all these years?"

"You already have it figured out, what are you doing here?"

"Do I?"

"Hell, no," Woodson said, finishing his beer. "Want a shot?" he asked Detective Aspirin.

"Patron on the rocks. Salted rim, lime," he told the river rat bartender in his tie dyed shirt.

They toasted to the old hotel.

"What's your interest?" Woodson asked.

"Watsons are distant relatives. Wondered if someone was after them."

"Huh."

"Look, I know what the state did to the locals in this town. I understand the heartache and resentment toward anyone who would work for them, especially back then. I just want to know what actually happened."

"Why? What are you going to do with the information when you make your big discovery?"

"I guess it depends what the information turns out to be. I am not officially on this case. It is cold and hasn't been reopened."

"Got it."

They ordered another round.

"It was a helluva watering hole," Woodson mused. "Anyone who ever had Laura's fried chicken and noodles, returned the next Sunday for more. It was awful, what happened to the place. It shoulda never been sold to Kaufmann if that is what he was going to do with it. They lied. Said everyone would still have their jobs. The government always lies."

"Hard to keep that promise when the place burnt, though," the detective pointed out.

"You just don't know."

"Clue me in, then."

The detective ordered another shot for each of them. The place was packed with river guides and bicyclists.

"Meade shoulda sold to the Morans like he always promised. He got greedy."

"Musta made the Morans good and mad."

"Them and a couple hundred others. It was the last straw."

"So, who lit the match?"

"Not who you think, I am sure of that," he laughed loud. Several tourists looked their way.

"Who do I think?"

"It was no man."

"What are you sayin'?"

"You're the detective. There, I gave you a clue. Do what you will with it." Woodson stood and walked out of the bar.

"A woman?" he said in a whisper.

"That seat taken?" a young lady asked. He finished his beer and followed Woodson outside. "Hey, hey, Woodson, she still alive?"

He sat down at the last picnic table and Detective Aspirin joined him. "You want something to eat, Harry?" the waitress asked Woodson.

"The usual," he smiled. "You hungry?" he asked Aspirin. "Make it two of the usual, honey."

"So, I realize there were dozens of people angry enough to strike back, but who was crazy enough?"

"Please understand that I will not be naming any names."

They laughed halfheartedly together and ate the black bean burritos put before them. People and dogs came and went.

"If it was someone working for the state, one of the locals would have proved it by now," he said to Woodson with a mouthful of avocado.

"Mountain people have their own ways."

"So, it was a local, then. Had to be."

Woodson looked across the road toward the old hotel. "People were angry for many reasons. There's another hint." The old man paid his tab and stood. "Good luck, Detective," he said.

Aspirin watched him go. He had an idea and mulled it over while walking back across the river bridge. He read through all the Ohiopyle books that night, one by one. He took several legal pads full of notes and began highlighting the most important information.

He started a document on the laptop with all of the characters involved. Their motives, their locations at the time. What each person had said to him during the day. He realized Woodson was right. It could have been so many people, but it was one person, right? Who?

The Morans wanted to buy the hotel. Many families were mistreated and had their properties stolen from them to make way for the park. Businesses and homes were torn down.

"I can see why they gave up back then," he mumbled to himself. "You really can't blame the locals for striking back. Burning the hotel was a huge message, but the Watsons were in there, making it much more than arson due to pay back."

He pulled the old files again and went over them. "Mad is one thing, taking action is another," he thought. Then there it was. The loose end he was seeking. A shoe was found just up the embankment. A rather new woman's shoe, sturdy, size 8. It did not belong to the Watsons and it had not been there long. Some may think that a lady was angry. That after all the work she had done to get the conservationists to preserve Ferncliff and the falls area, things were backfiring. They were going to continue serving alcohol, something she could not allow.

"Maybe she wanted folks to assume the Morans had the Bowers do it," he said aloud. "Great plan. Makes sense." Or it could be one of the ladies who owned a home or business or farm. Or it could be nothing, just a shoe. Maybe we will never know, he thought.

He went to the evidence room as soon as he could to find the shoe. He went through all McGuinness' books again. There were hundreds of photographs from long ago. All the people involved were there. He looked at everyone's feet until he found a match in a group town picnic panoramic. Should he share his findings? There was no way of really knowing positively. He could be quite wrong. It was just a shoe in the woods.

About the Author



Marci Lynn McGuinness is the author of 34 books and many articles. She grew up in Connellsville, Pennsylvania and spent Sundays at the Ohiopyle Hotel which was run by her grandmother and uncles. Many of her stories are on local history, mysteries and legends. She has preserved more Ohiopyle area history through her work, than any person throughout history.

The Mystery of the Ohiopyle Hotel was written so that the recent public has an inkling into the heartache, misery and financial ruin suffered by the people who live/d and work/ed here, caused by the making of the Ohiopyle State Park.

I was nine years old when the hotel burnt. I have listened and watched and researched for 50 years. Due to the sensitivity of the subject matter, this is a work of fiction.

Please enjoy this excerpt from McGuinness' memoirs...

Marci Unblocked...

Who Needs a Doctor?

My doctor was on vacation and his stand-in seemed to be drunk at the country club, so I dove from Mom into Nurse Miller's arms. It was 9 p. m., Thursday night. I was not waiting around Connellsville Hospital for a couple of golfers. The weekend was upon us. Three days later, my sister was so thrilled to meet her fourth sibling, she rubbed my tiny arms with chicken pox.

At two weeks old I rested on the front seat of Old Betsy between Mom and Mike as we climbed Springfield Pike to Mom's beloved home, the Ohiopyle Hotel. I found myself in a plastic seat on top of Nanny's long kitchen table among garden vegetables in large bowls, warm homemade bread, fresh noodles and fried chicken. Is that an orange cookie I smell? Soon, someone carried me a few yards to the Youghiogheny River and sat my infant chair on a rock. It was not Mom and Aunt Maralee, talking about Grand-pap's passing three months earlier, or the kids yelling and swimming, that woke this newborn. What is that roar? I sighed, opened my eyes. Wild water rushed by glistening in the July sun. Who needs a doctor?

My closest brother took over. He was my comrade from the beginning, rocking my seat, holding my hand, pushing the carriage, holding my bottle, making me laugh. Once he got me crawling, we were a team. Mom was already five months pregnant on my second birthday. I was potty-trained by that November when the sixth baby arrived. Our three older siblings went to school, so were virtually independent for several hours each day. Mom had to nap when the baby slept. Although we were supposed to be napping, too, we did not. I followed his lead to the creek below our house. We tied string to sticks, dug up worms and tied them to the end. Fishing, catching minnows and crayfish (we called them crabs), building dams, hiking, playing in the "tunnels," this was our life.

Around this time my Godmother and Godfather moved in two houses down on Johnson Lane. Each Wednesday she took me to Ohiopyle to visit her Mom, my Aunt Sade. Each Wednesday, she had to pull over just before we got there so I could vomit. She smoked in her new 1955 Chevrolet, nauseating me.

A few years before she passed away she asked me, "Do you remember me taking you to bars when you were a baby?"

"What?" I was shocked. We were not even allowed in the tavern at the Ohiopyle Hotel. We did sneak, of course, but not when we were toddlers.

"Yes, I would sit you on the bar. Men love babies. That is how I met Bob (her second husband)."

"I was bait," I said, sickened.

She laughed.

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Yesteryear Calendar series (1990's)
Yesteryear Press (Newsprint Magazine-5 times a year) 1992 - 2002
Speak Easy Digest (Early 1990's-quarterly)
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Movies/Scripts
Speed Kings screenplay based on Yesteryear at the Uniontown Speedway board track (2010)
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