

Wonderful

West Virginia

FEBRUARY, 1970

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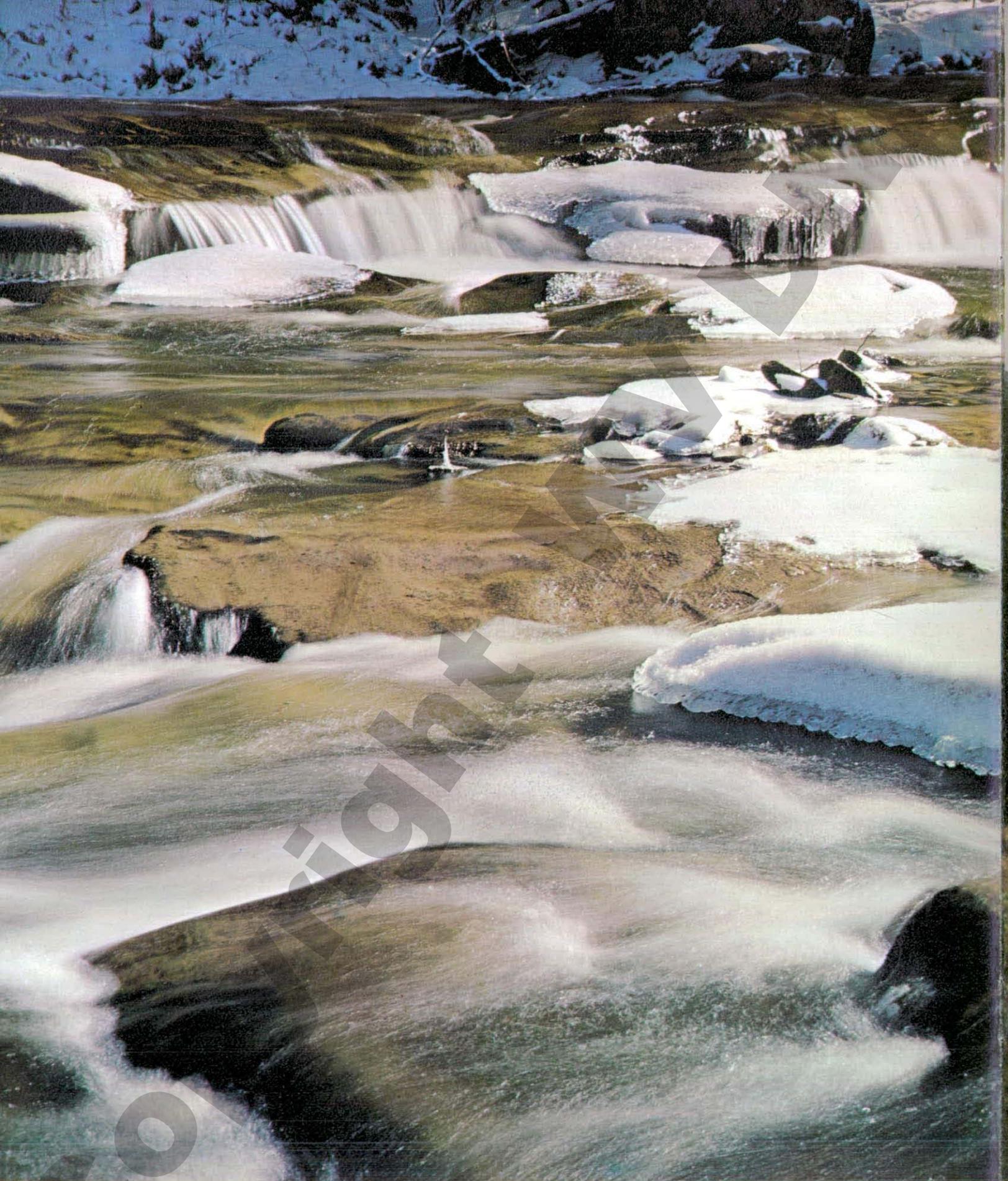


PHOTO BY ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Williams River, one of the state's largest trout streams, yields angling sport to winter-time fishermen, too.

State of
WEST VIRGINIA



Arch A. Moore Jr.
Governor

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PRINTED BY
FAIRMONT PRINTING COMPANY
FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

Dedicated to the wise use of West Virginia's renewable natural resources.

VOLUME 33 FEBRUARY 1970 NUMBER 12

FEATURES

Meet Your Director	2
The Carpenter's Run Massacre	4
NANCY STOUT BECKWITH	
To Out-Fox Reynard	8
HOWARD SIGLER	
Autumn at Dolly Sods	10
MAURICE BROOKS	
Hard Times for Wildlife	16
ROBERT LEO SMITH	
Snowmobiling Growing in State	19
Otter Creek Wilderness	20
RAYMOND B. WEISS	
Women in Conservation	22
MAXINE SCARBRO	
A British Look at American Hunting	25
JOHN MADSON	

COVER: Inside-out view from Sinks
of Gandy Creek. Randolph County.
Arnout Hyde Jr.

PUBLISHED monthly by the West Virginia Department of Natural Resources. Subscriptions are \$2 for one year, \$5 for three years—payable in advance by check or money order to West Virginia Department of Natural Resources.

In giving notice of change of address, include old and new address. Allow 5 weeks for subscription, renewal or change of address to become effective.

Entered as second class mail at the post office at Charleston, W. Va. Permission granted to reprint with credit to WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA, Department of Natural Resources.

Address communications to Editor, WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA, Information & Education Division, State Department of Natural Resources, State Capitol, Charleston, W. Va. 25305.

Meet Your Director . . .

Ira S. (Sandy) Latimer Jr., 39, was appointed, January 15, Director of the West Virginia Department of Natural Resources by Governor Arch A. Moore Jr., to succeed T. R. Samsell who resigned.

A native West Virginian and a former resident of Morgantown, he was born in Follansbee. He is married to the former Ellen Wilfong, and they have three children: David, 15; Ann, 11; and Susan, 9.

Latimer received a Bachelor of Science degree in Geology at West Virginia University in 1953. Subsequently he worked in a private industry's quality control department, and then served as a Cryptographic Security officer in the U. S. Air Force from 1954-56. He then returned to WVU and completed a Master of Science degree in Geology. He worked in the University's Graduate School, with the State Geological and Economic Survey as Coal Geologist, and other related fields. He became Special Assistant to Governor Moore in 1969.

Latimer is a member of several national and state science and historical societies. He is a past president of the West Virginia Rifle and Pistol Association, and has written articles and papers on minerals and archeological subjects.

The Director says he prefers to be called by his nickname (Sandy), and he had this to say: "Never in



the history of this state and nation has there been such an abrupt and realistic concern about environmental pollution—air, water, and land. January 1, President Nixon pledged a "now or never" effort to overcome negligent pollution of water, air, and land, in signing a bill creating a three-member Council on Environmental Quality to help guide national policy.

"Your Department of Natural Resources was already enlisted in and dedicated to pollution abatement. Through its Water Re-

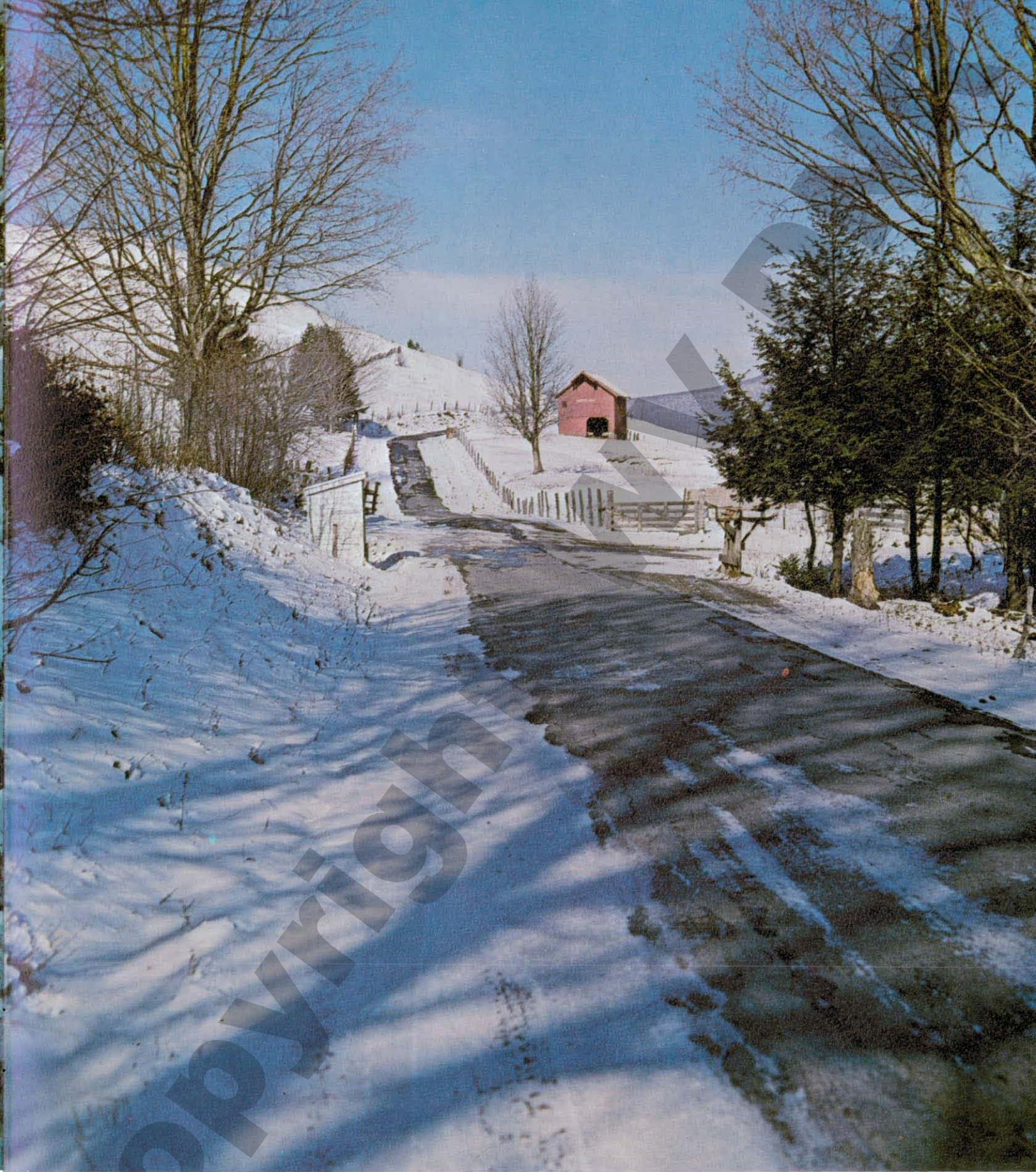
sources Division, and in many instances with the cooperation of industry and municipalities, the improvement in water quality of state streams has been substantial. The Kanawha and Ohio Rivers are notable examples of improvement. Game and panfishing are returning, and water sports are mushrooming on these great rivers. They are better sources of drinking water.

"It is often overlooked by the public that siltation is one of the most insidious and damaging kinds of stream pollution. Aside from farmland conservation, good forestry practices and the reclamation of denuded surface mine areas are positive deterrents to water pollution.

"Your Department has begun a cooperative effort with county courts in a 21-county area to clean up the shorelines of streams and rivers to help make them the scenic delights they should be. Classic examples of what can be done were the streamside cleanups on the Elk and Guyandotte Rivers last year. We intend to pursue this vital effort.

"I shall personally be grateful as well as the Department of Natural Resources for the continued fine response and cooperation from the citizens of West Virginia to make the Mountain State a neat showplace to the nation."

IRA S. LATIMER JR.



Mountaineerland, Greenbrier County.

PHOTO BY ARNOU HYDE JR.

The Carpenter's Run Massacre

NANCY STOUT BECKWITH

(In the May, 1969 edition of *OUTDOOR WEST VIRGINIA* the story of Carpenter's Run Massacre was told from the viewpoint of white settlers. Here is the same story as seen by the Indians)

ONE EARLY SPRINGTIME around 1780, Nicholas Carpenter had located in the Clarksburg area and established his blacksmith shop. He was surprised one day to have a young Indian enter the shop, hand him a rifle with a broken part and say, "Fix!"

Carpenter fixed the gun but would accept no pay and the Indian left as quietly as he had come.

Carpenter was also a cattle dealer and traveled around buying and selling stock to supply the military and eastern markets. About the same time, Indians in the area were becoming restless and resentful because their hunting grounds were being taken over by the whites. Timber was cut and burned to clear fields for crops and wild animals killed to feed the settlers' families. The Indians were starving.

Cattle began to disappear. In alarm, Carpenter and his friends gathered the herds together to move them toward Williamstown to market in 1791.

One of the most influential Indians of this area was Tecumseh of the Kiskopoke tribe of Shawnees. He had been born to Chief Pukeshinwa and his wife Methoataske probably in March, 1768 at their village of Old Piqua on the Mad River. The exact location is unknown for the village extended several miles along the stream. Tecumseh's name meant "Shooting Star" because an unusually

large and bright meteor crossed the sky at the time of his birth.

Tecumseh took an early and intense interest in Indian affairs, probably because his mother had taught him to hate the whites and to seek vengeance. When he was about nine, he went to his first tribal council but had to listen from outside because he was not old enough to participate. As he grew older, he took his place as a natural leader of his people.

In May, 1785, Congress passed a bill for the distribution of lands west of the Ohio River, and very quietly the territory of the Indians was invaded. Next year a fort was built on the Great Miami River, not far from Tecumseh's village. Its commanding officer blandly informed the Indians who were becoming apprehensive that it was "just part of a survey" to reaffirm the Ohio River as a line between the Shawnees and whites and merely a guard post to turn back the white invaders.

Though seeing through the ruse, ranking Chief Blue Jacket signed a treaty reluctantly. After leaving the treaty room, he told Tecumseh and his brother, Tenskwawatawa "The Prophet", that when the "Green Moon" came he would return and kill, for the whites had insulted him and his Shawnee people. Blue Jacket assigned Tecumseh to cut off food supplies of the settlers and divert them to Indian use. This he undertook with relish for it served the triple purpose of food, war and white victims—as Chief Blackfish of Old Chillicothe had said, "A good white man is a dead white man."

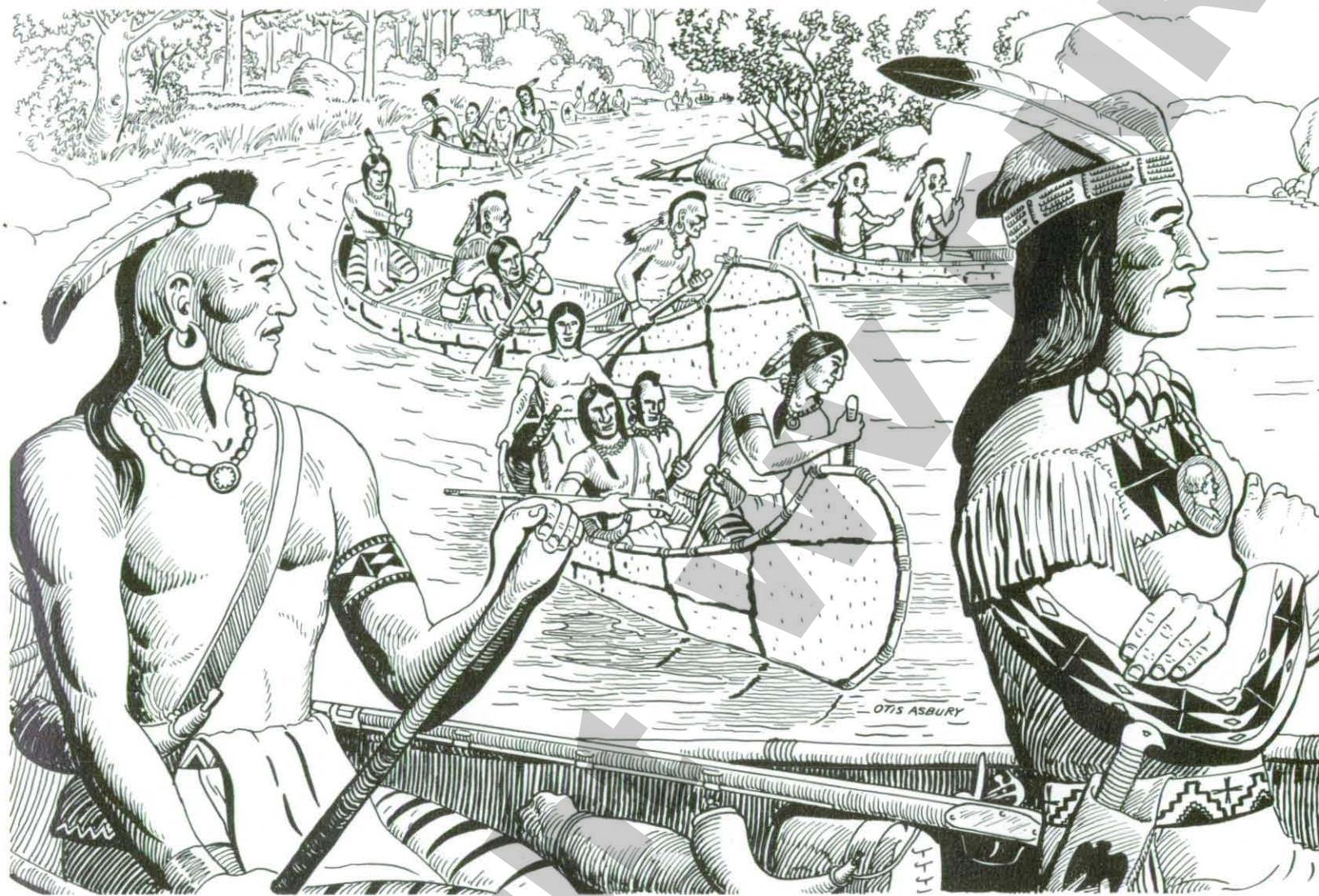
NOW BACK IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, Carpenter and his friends began their cattle drive toward the Williamstown-Marietta markets in hopes of reaching there before the Indians began their raids.

They were too late, for Tecumseh and six warriors had sneaked across the Ohio River intent on a raid. In no time he and his band discovered obviously fresh signs of the cattle trail and followed it with glee. Quietly he led his braves to a point from which they could observe the drovers and their camp.

Just before dawn they attacked.

During the noise and confusion of the raid, a young negro slave, who the Indians had tied to a tree to keep from giving an alarm, managed to work himself loose and ran for help to the little settlement at Williamstown. It was long after daylight before the settlers arrived at the scene of the massacre, but it was too late to give any help—the Indians had vanished along with some of the cattle.

To their surprise, they found Carpenter's body not mutilated and scalped as the others had been. Instead, it was wrapped in a good blanket and a pair of Indian moccasins put on his feet in place of his own shoes. After the ambush, Tecumseh had recognized the body as the man who mended his rifle at no cost those long years before. He repaid Carpenter the only way he could by honoring him in death with the ceremonial gifts and by sparing his body from mutilation.



CARPENTER'S RUN MASSACRE was just one in a series of clashes in which Indians protested the take-over of their lands and source of food by the whites or "Long Knives" as the Indians called them. There followed raid upon raid, ambush after ambush.

To try to stop them, General William Henry Harrison sent a message to Tecumseh asking for a talk. He answered by bringing 300 warriors in full war paint paddling 80 canoes. Suspecting treachery, they would not enter the pavilion the General had prepared for the meeting, preferring to gather in a grove of trees nearby. One of the officers, Captain George Floyd, described Tecumseh as "one of the finest-looking men I ever saw—about 6-foot, straight,

with large firm features and altogether a daring, bold-looking fellow".

The conference was a failure. All Tecumseh asked was that lands of the Indians be returned to them. Harrison said he would take it up with the Great White Father, but both he and Tecumseh knew President James Madison would not agree to that. At one point, Tecumseh became angered and open strife seemed imminent.

"SELL THE LAND!" he ridiculed. "Why not sell the air, the clouds and the great sea as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them for the use of all his children?"

Yet after a night's sleep, Tecumseh apologized for losing his tem-

per and assured the whites they were in no danger, and the Indians left peaceably.

Tecumseh then began visiting all the tribes to inspire them in a concerted effort for peace, or, if it had to be war, to fight together.

While Tecumseh was away, his brother "The Prophet" did all he could to arouse the tribes to open warfare for his own personal glory. Provoked by this, Harrison began a march toward the Indian village of Tippecanoe hoping to arrange for a peaceful settlement. "The Prophet" convinced the warriors that Harrison's bullets would not hurt them. They attacked the troops with a wild, insane fury which turned to fear when they saw warrior after warrior shot



Snowshoe trail, Blackwater Falls State Park.

PHOTO BY ARNOUT HYDE JR.

WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA

down. They then fled in panic.

When Tecumseh returned, he found only 40 warriors still waiting for him, and his brother "The Prophet" their prisoner for the warriors believed he had lied and betrayed them to the whites. Tecumseh cut him loose, but would not kill him, instead letting him live to an old age, despised and forsaken by all. Although he had maintained considerable influence over many tribes for years because of his magic as "The Prophet", he apparently deserved more his original name of Laulewasika, or "Loud Mouth", because he did far more talking than fighting.

A FIERY METEOR flashed across the sky again in 1811 just as it had the night of Tecumseh's birth. He and his warriors, interpreting the sign as a good omen, began to hope again. Another awesome omen occurred in December of that year. The greatest earthquake ever known in the area shook the ground all along the Ohio and Mississippi River valleys. Taking it as another good sign, warriors flocked to join Tecumseh. More quakes occurred the next April and still more warriors came to Tecumseh's standard.

President Madison declared war on Great Britain in June, 1812, with Tecumseh and his band siding with the English. In the first land action of the war of 1812, Tecumseh with 70 warriors and Captain James Muir with 40 British soldiers defeated Major Thomas B. Van Horn and his 600 men at the mouth of Raisin River and forced him to retreat to Detroit.

Greatly elated, Major General Isaac Brock is said to have commissioned Tecumseh as a Brigadier General, though there is no official record of such an appointment. Over 700 more warriors joined him and the Potawatomes, Sauks, Foxes and Winnebagos only awaited word from Tecumseh to enter the fray.

When Brigadier General William Hull surrendered, Tecumseh issued stern orders to his warriors to kill all Indian enemies who had sided with the Americans, but not to abuse captives and to treat prisoners humanely.

A full-scale war was on by September and more and more Indians joined Tecumseh. After many battles and many defeats, Tecumseh realized the end was near toward the latter part of 1813.

The night before his last battle, Tecumseh removed all his signs of rank and distributed them as keepsakes among his followers. On October 5th, he went into battle wearing his ordinary buckskin clothing, and his clear ringing voice could be heard urging his men on in the thick of the fight.

Suddenly his voice was stilled and the rumor spread that Tecumseh was dead.

He first was shot in the arm which slowed him down, then a bullet pierced his heart and his skull was crushed by a gun butt. Though various soldiers claimed credit for Tecumseh's death, either he was felled by a bullet fired by Colonel William Whitley at the instant he himself met death, or Tecumseh was killed by a stray bullet. Without a leader, the Indians became disorganized and left the battlefield.

The whites searched for Tecum-

seh's body among the fallen braves in vain. They finally sent for Simon Kenton, who knew Tecumseh as a youth, and Anthony Shane, a half-breed who knew him well, as the only people who could positively identify him.

It is said by some that they turned the magnificent body over, face up, and recognized Tecumseh at once. They could not let the body be torn to pieces as some had been and pretended not to know him. Just then a soldier discovered some of Tecumseh's decorations on another body and both men nodded their silent assent. They turned the body before them back over with its face to the ground to leave it undisturbed and in peace.

The Indians stole away the revered body of their chief in secret and buried it temporarily four or five miles away on the bank of a stream. Later they returned to bury his remains in a more proper setting with the pomp due such a big chief only to find floods had erased all signs of any grave.

For years a vigil was kept in sorrow with the chant, "Tecumseh will come again." ♦



After shoreline clean-up of the stream, these signs now line Elk River Road.—Bob Combs.

February is a prime time
to match wits with cunning
foxes

To Out-Fox Reynard . . .

HOWARD SIGLER

OTHER THINGS besides noses run in February; sugar maples and foxes, to name a couple. The sugar trees hold no great treat for the outdoorsman, other than syrup for his pancakes, but foxes are something else. There's top off-season sport waiting all over the state for the bow or rifleman who can stand the rigors of cold weather foxing. Out-foxing the foxes is more nearly correct.

Generally, when any "running" (mating) season is in full swing, most animals pay little attention to food, but the backwoods bushy-tails are a bit different. In the first place, when foxes initially mate, they mate for life. In the second, this is the hunger time of year when little small animal life is afoot in the forests and, along with playing their games, these predators must and do eat. This puts the hunter who can make like a rabbit in distress in a choice situation; for these pairs of foxes more than often hunt together or within a short distance of each other. This is about the only time of year when this occurs, other than in late summer when pups of the spring litter often venture into the great outdoors in company.

From years ago, I recall one late February afternoon far back among the Woollybooger Ridges. Snow was upon the forest, clouds lowered along the naked ridges and the absolute silence was almost deafening. Not a jay, chickadee or titmouse rippled the white silence and the usual small woodpeckers, scratching around the trunks of hardwoods, were conspicuous by their absence.

Suddenly, from the opposite bend of a horseshoe ridge there came a weird combination of yap and howl; apparently in a heavy pine thicket at about the same level on the hillside at which I stood.



Red fox lured to "free meal," fell to author's bow.

In a few minutes there came another; this time in a short series and from back in the bend of the horseshoe. The next was rather muffled, then with a subtle change of tone each series became progressively louder and I suddenly realized that whatever it was should pass just below me. Right on the heels of that sage thought, a gray fox appeared among the downhill saplings; traveling fast through the six-inch-deep snow but zig-zagging, apparently so he would hit every bit of cover which might harbor a rabbit. He gave out with one of those weird yowls shortly after coming in sight, without altering his stride or raising his head.

Recordings of what the wails should sound like are ordinarily available with the various calls, should the would-be caller be one who has never handled a live wild cottontail and heard the real thing. Electronic calls, although on the expensive side, are known to be quite productive; for it's all right there on a record or tape, ready to toll 'em in at the flip of a

switch. While this writer could accept these devices for use in photography (perhaps!), they seem to seek the same level as the electronic fish-finder on the ethical scale; for it doesn't seem quite right to take such advantage of our wildlife.

Needless to say, the daytime predator caller should wear kamo clothing or such apparel that is of subdued hues to blend into whatever background is coincident with the time of year. Snow usually calls for plain white, unless there are spots where it has melted off. Then, regular camouflage fits in again.

As in deer hunting, humanscent and what to do about it should not be overlooked; for, in most cases, your quarry will circle downwind to let his nose tell him what goes on. Some are disbelievers in a cover-up scent, but he who uses it will ordinarily bring in more foxes—and closer!

WITHOUT QUESTION, the best human odor coverer is plain old skunk; and since these animals are, to one extent or another, familiar in most areas, the scent is a natural one. Skunk essence may be purchased—and one drop goes a long way! A simple method of use is to just uncork the wee bottle and set it down beside you.

Because of the nakedness of the February woods, remember that you can be seen more easily than you can see; so move about as quietly and stealthily as is possible. Before making your first cry, clear leaves and such noisy material from where you stand, even in snow. Then, while calling, remain perfectly still; if necessary to turn, do it with your feet in the cleared area, thus turning the entire body. Two people make for an ideal situation, standing back to back with one doing

the rabbit cries. If one sees a fox approaching, he simply nudges the other with an elbow. No talking.

A series of five or six excited, pleading wails are enough at a time, with about a one to two minute lapse before doing it again. Keep this up for about 15 minutes, then wait another five. If nothing shows by that time, move on to another location. Carefully, though—for you can often meet a late-comer sneaking in. Don't give up if the first time out proves a blank. It happens to the best of us.

Finally, while some states permit this type of hunting at night, don't try it here. 'Tis highly illegal! For that matter, upon two occasions I've called up conservation officers in broad daylight—to within spittin' distance! One thought I was a wildcat!

THEN, about 50 yards farther downhill and approximately the same distance to his rear, another appeared, running in the same manner, but silently. The maneuver indicated that the first would spook the hoped-for cottontail, either with the yowlings or beating the brush, then they would double-team on the intended victim. "Bounced" cottontails ordinarily try their getaway on the level or downhill; hence the silent partner downhill from the noisy one.

The 6X scope on the .22 semi-automatic wasn't very conducive to a running shot through sumacs and saplings, so I by-passed even a try. Looking back on the incident, after having become acquainted with predator "calls" and calling, I knew that with a single rabbit squeal I could have had both foxes practically in my lap in a matter of seconds. Under somewhat similar circumstances more recently, one squall and they turned so quickly that one could almost imagine he heard their tails crack. During this past January, a big gray came bounding in so close that I could have touched him with my bowtip; but I had a slight edge. The all-white hunting parka made the difference!

Although probably old stuff to many, others are curious about



Sigler's "fox savvy" and rabbit scent brought these reds in range.

this fox calling thing—perhaps have even tooted one of the commercial calls a little, nothing happened, so called it a fake—so here's a thumb-nail review from the fox's side of the picture.

Unless killed quickly, most small animals (rabbits in particular) squeal bloody murder when caught and injured. Let's say Aunt Susan and Uncle Mose are hunting together but on opposite ridges. Mose snags a bunny which, before departing this world, gives out with one last short wail. Aunt Sue hears it, figures Mose has made out all right, but goes ahead with her own hunting.

Yet, suppose there comes a whole series of agonizing screeches and wails from off in a lonely thicket! **Both** foxes immediately know it's not one of their kinfolks mixed up in that fracas; but some smaller animal has taken on a job that might be too much for him. So they head for the commotion. Perhaps the would-be killer can be driven away and they'll have a free meal; or even the "would-be" might become a part of the banquet!

SOMETIMES the approach is on a dead-run; at times both reds and grays may come in leaping high, like a sight-running dog after a rabbit in broom-sedge; or the approach may be stealthy—a quiet look-see before joining the party. With a pair hunting together, one often comes straight in with the other circling from another direction. Upon one occasion, while tolling a gray straight down a woods path toward me with some mouse-like squeaks, there was leaf movement directly behind me. No amount of will power can keep one from turning his head under such circumstances; and I did. Quickly! There was another big-eyed gray not a yard from my heels!

With the multitude of commercial predator calls now on the market, most of which imitate the rabbit distress cry, with a little diligent practice just about anyone can work himself up a pretty good thing for year-round sport. The gun or bow doesn't have to enter into it either. A dead fox is simply a dead fox; while a close-up live shot with the camera will become a lifelong treasure. ♣

Autumn At Dolly Sods

PART III

MAURICE BROOKS

AUTUMN comes to Dolly Sods not in any abruptly cooler weather but in longer nights. The days are hours shorter; there isn't enough sun to bring some plants into bloom. As goldenrods and asters fade, the last opulent blooming of the season is past. Ripening fruits and bright foliage are left to supply color on the landscape.

As the sun's rays lose their power, green pigment in plant leaves, those that are not evergreen and are soon to fall, undergoes subtle changes, breaks down chemically, and becomes masked over by pigments in some shades of red and yellow. Dominant shrubs over thousands of acres—the blueberries, huckleberries, choke berries and others—form a sea of red. Birches and aspens assume yellow shades. Spruces and pines, still in dark green, stand out more vividly on the landscape.

Graziers begin to move their cattle and sheep off the mountain. Their animals have foraged for available food all summer, not confined by fences since this is open range, but going where their fancy takes them. For esthetic and other reasons, campers, hikers, and motorists would prefer that this were not so, but grazing is a recognized economic good in multiple-use forestry; this livestock pays a fee, and its owners are within their rights in keeping livestock there. Now they are trucked away, some to market and some as nuclei for herds and flocks another season.

Those who see Dolly Sods only in summer or very early fall are little prepared for the wealth of fruits and berries which autumn affords. Mountain ash, rowan tree to our English cousins, is loaded

with its sprays of bright orange, apple-like pomes. They will cling until very cold weather; then those not eaten will fall to the ground where birds and rodents will forage for them all winter. Viburnums, the most abundant of these being wild raisin, have fruits coated with sweet pulp, deep blue in color and relished by a host of birds and mammals.

On the Dolly Sods plateau are three species of holly, not evergreen like the familiar Christmas variety, but deciduous, the shed leaves showing to advantage brilliant red fruits. Two of these drop their berries before winter arrives, but a third, swamp holly or black alder, carries its vermilion red fruits well past Christmas. While hollies are not preferred food for game species and song birds, they do offer a ready source of nourishment in such critical times as deep snows or ice storms.

One of the abundant low heaths is the evergreen teaberry or wintergreen; in years of a good berry crop the red fruits persist throughout the winter, those that are not eaten by grouse, turkeys or other living things. Cranberries of the swamps are also eaten by grouse, turkeys, deer and bear, but humans harvest their share too; it's a pleasant thing for the lucky hunter who has bagged his wild turkey to pick in the same locality the cranberries for his sauce.

SHOWY AS THEY ARE, autumn plants are not at the center of fall's outdoor activities on Dolly Sods. Interests that have to do with animal life supplant them.

As has been indicated, this is good hunting country, especially attractive to grouse and turkey hunters (you could predict this

from the wealth of fruits and berries), but also good for deer hunters, both the riflemen and the bowmen. There is plenty of browse; the deer have no shortage of food, and they are nourished by the grasses and legumes which spring up after cattle and sheep have departed. There are a few bears and hunters sometimes seek them, not too often with success.

A game species which is still receiving limited attention from hunters is the northern varying hare, snowshoe "rabbit" to many sportsmen. These big hares, seemingly on the increase in recent years, are a remnant population from the spruce forest; their home was and is in Canada or upper New England, and it's a genuine natural wonder that they still survive so far south. Varying hares are the only mammals occurring in West Virginia whose fur changes color with the seasons, brown in summer and snowy white in winter. The winter change begins in November; by December it is usually complete and the animal is protected when snows come, but highly vulnerable to predators until the snow cover comes. Their feet are protected by dense mats of hair, these acting as snowshoes which allow activity in stormiest weather.

Where there are stands of spruce, those old enough to bear cones at least, red squirrels are active in harvesting. These receive little attention from hunters; the larger tree squirrels, both gray and fox, live farther down the slopes, particularly where beech is an important component of the forest. There is little for these mast gatherers to eat atop Dolly Sods; it is likely to be many years before nuts are sufficiently abun-

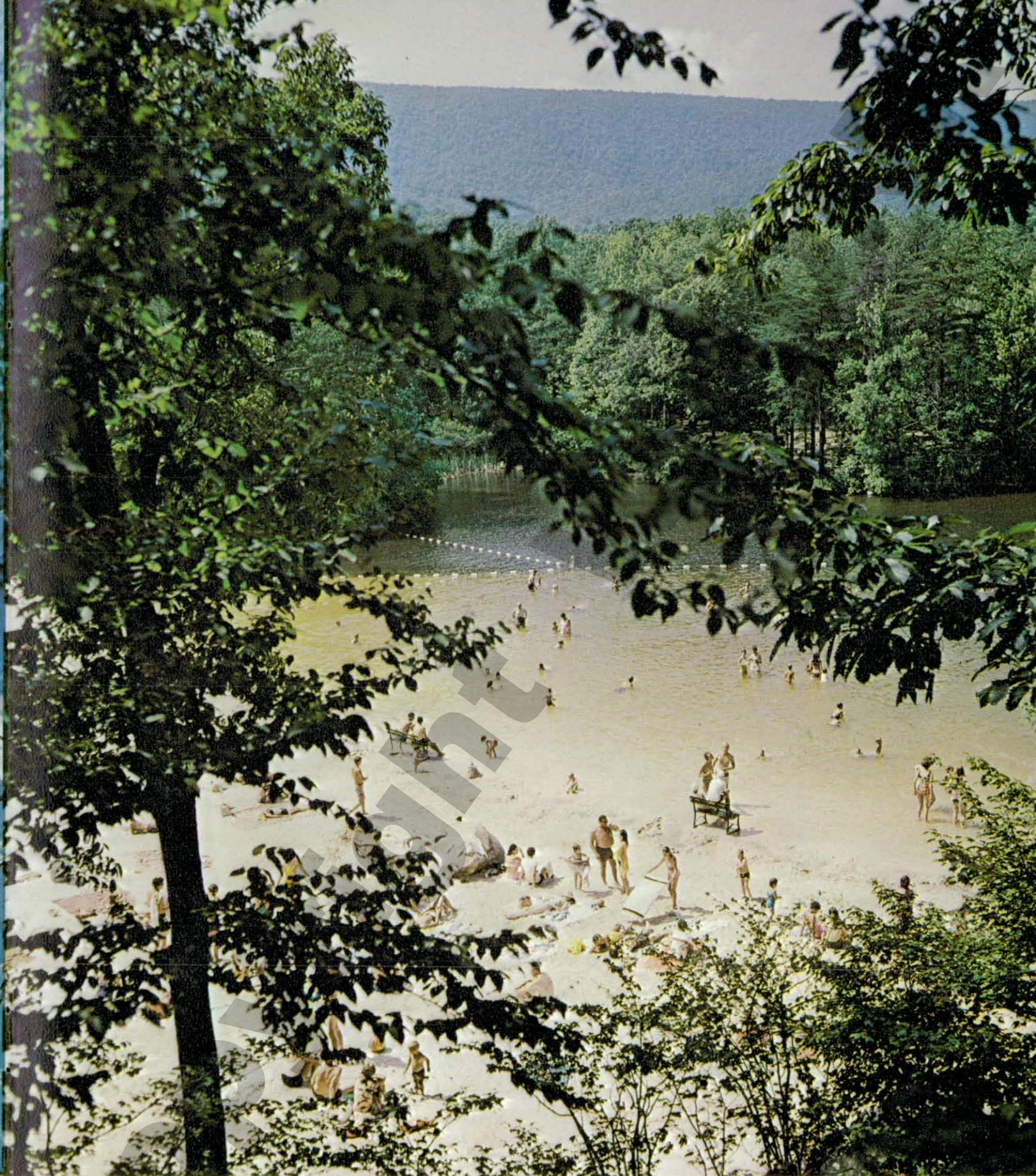


PHOTO BY ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Warming thought—popular swimming beach in beautiful Cacapon State Park.

dant for a good squirrel population.

Trapping for furs is not the rewarding pastime it once was, still there are those who enjoy trapping fur animals and dressing a fine pelt. Beaver, as we have noted, have constructed their dams along every branch of Red Creek. They are here for the trapper; the chief obstacle to the trapper is the heavy snow and rugged weather which usually accompanies the time of prime fur. Few trappers are so enthusiastic as to brave a January storm on Dolly.

Wherever there are snowshoe hares there are likely to be a few mink that hunt them and largely survive on them. Those on the Dolly Sods plateau are a different race from the more common brown minks of lowland stream borders. These fur bearers of the highlands are "black mink", animals with finer and darker pelts that bring premium prices on the fur market. Trapping of one of these is an unexpectedly rewarding experience.

There are other phases of animal life in the autumn which attract outdoorsmen to Dolly Sods. One of these, a rather specialized activity of great interest, is the trapping and banding with harmless aluminum bands song and other birds during fall migration. There are a few devoted individuals from Morgantown, Wheeling, Pittsburgh and other localities who give many hours to this field study and research.

When American occupation forces took over the government of large portions of Japan, they found the Japanese, always with a critical protein shortage in their diet, supplementing such animal food as they could grow or trap with wild birds caught in very fine-gauge nylon nets. So delicate and spider-web like are these nets that they have been called mist nets. Bird students throughout the world were quick to recognize the possibilities of these; they were brought here from Japan, and they are being used under a permit system, by hundreds of people who are employing them in a scientific study of bird migration and dispersal.

SUCH ACTIVITIES, scattered and diffuse at first, have become organized and purposeful under the guidance of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. This federal agency issues permits, distributes the necessary nets, and provides the aluminum bands and the record-keeping forms for mist netting activities. Through the past several autumns a regular network chain of such banders has become active along the Atlantic coast, and another along the crests of the Appalachians. One such station, a very active and rewarding one, has been established near the Red Creek campground, three miles or so south of Bear Rocks on the Dolly Sods axis road, Route 75.

Mist nets, so fine as virtually to be invisible, are set at places which experience often determines, where birds are moving in numbers and where they are likely to miss seeing the nets. Once entangled in a net, they are held, without harm, until the bander carefully removes them, places on one leg a numbered band, records the species and sex of the bird, and then releases it to continue its migration activities. There is a record of each bird captured, these records are filed at a central office, and when a banded bird is recaptured or recovered, its movement, at least in one phase, is known. This organized activity goes under the name of Operation Recovery; Dolly Sods is a significant station in such a network.

On a good night in early September the battery of mist nets set at the brink of Allegheny Front may capture a hundred or more birds, most of them warblers, thrushes, vireos, flycatchers, sparrows and finches, but occasionally larger and more exciting birds. A surprising number of sawwhet owls, so elusive that we have scarcely known they were with us, have been netted and banded. Sometimes there are unusually heavy flights, and the banders must work long hours to extricate and free the captives.

All these data are contributing to and shedding light on our knowledge of bird migration—its

times, speed, directions, dependence on weather conditions, and other phases of this activity. In this day of jet airplanes it is important, sometimes a matter of life and death, that we know where birds are, how they are moving, and under what conditions they may be especially abundant. Operation Recovery is helping to furnish some of these answers.

Because banders work under federal and state permits, and because there is need to avoid needless scaring of captured birds, only a few individuals may participate in the work of Operation Recovery. Such limitations do not apply to another group of enthusiastic autumn visitors, the hawk watchers.

THROUGH LONG AGES the migrating hawks, noble birds in appearance and action, have oriented a portion of their southward flights along Appalachian ridges. By the stern application of trial and error to energy conservation they have learned just where and when to fly—where rising updrafts of air and ascending warm air columns give maximum support and buoyancy, serving to reduce the hard work of flight. They have learned to follow these advantageous air channels, to use them extensively, and thus to get south by the easiest and quickest means. Dolly Sods is along one of these flight channels, with Bear Rocks a particularly advantageous point for viewing.

I wish I had words to convey the excitement and the satisfaction that the sight of a flock of migrating hawks can afford the viewer. Those who have experienced it come back year after year; those who doubt it, give it a trial and are convinced. This is a fine experience, one that takes no toll of wildlife, that costs little except effort, and that brings other rewards even when hawks are not flying. What outdoorsman needs extra incentive for a trip to these highlands in colorful September?

Hawks migrate when and if they find conditions to their liking, and it is hard to generalize about the

selection of a good day for a visit to Bear Rocks. In general, the largest numbers usually pass these cliffs between the 15th and 25th of September, but there are often rewarding days in October. A day with a northwest breeze may suit the birds, but sometimes there are heavy flights on winds from the northeast. On very clear days the hawks often pass amazingly high, too far away for good observation. An ideal time is a day with fresh breezes, a morning cloud or fog cover, and a clearing around noon. At such times the waiting hawks are airborne as soon as the ridges are free of clouds; on a few such days they have been counted by the thousands at Bear Rocks.

The biggest flights are likely to be made up principally of broad-winged hawks, forest dwellers of wide distribution and excellent habits; their food is largely rodents, insects, snakes, and such, and they do small harm to game and songbirds. I would guess that they may be just about as economically valuable to mankind as any non-game birds we have.

Broad-wings are medium sized hawks, and you may identify them by the alternate light and dark bands in their tails, these bands wide and conspicuous when the birds are close enough to be seen. They are soaring birds; they lack the speed and other flight equipment to pursue and catch grouse, quail, doves and other swift-flying species. They nest as far north as trees grow, and these flights along Dolly Sods' ridges may contain birds from much of eastern North America.

ON ANY GOOD WEEKEND in mid-September there may be a hundred or more hawk enthusiasts at Bear Rocks. Visitors come from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Washington, and many places in West Virginia. There are organized groups in Wheeling who schedule their activities for these times. They know they may draw a blank, a day when few or no hawks are aloft, but they come anyway, greet old friends and make new ones, and they are satisfied to be living outdoors. If hawks

are not flying, many of them will hike the trails—to Blackbird Knob, to Cabin Mountain, through Red Creek Plains, or to one of the many beaver dams. At this season they will find no biting flies, and they may still supplement their lunches with wild berries. It's a good life.

Dolly Sods is a changing area; growth and alteration are inevitable in nature. As the spruces mature they will crowd out lower shrubs and the berry pickers will come no more. The country will not be as favorable for deer and turkey. The character of the songbird population will change. Noth-

ing is static, not at least until climax vegetation is established.

Mankind, with his lumbering and his fires, has worked many changes that are unfortunate and destructive. Building of roads and trails inevitably causes some disturbance. The imminent strip mining of coal threatens to be even more devastating.

Yet, Dolly Sods still holds an amazing amount of beauty and interest. If plans already formulated and being put into action can be matured, the area has and will have a future. It is a part of our heritage; may we all work together to preserve it! ♦



Huge Dolly Sods sprawls across horizon, as seen from Red Creek valley.





Sundown's February touch to Monroe County

PHOTO BY ARNOUT HYDE JR.

HARD TIMES FOR WILDLIFE

ROBERT LEO SMITH

WINTERTIME is always a good time for both reflective thinking and cracker-barrel discussions about wildlife. Hunting season for all practical purposes is over, and only the most rugged and ambitious outdoorsmen spend time in the woods. It is unfortunate that more hunters don't tramp through winter woods and fields. They would learn much about the problems wildlife face during the most critical time of the year.

During late spring, summer and fall, food and shelter are no problem for wildlife. All their needs are well supplied. Yet when the leaves begin to fall and the herbaceous vegetation dies down, conditions begin to look rather bleak. How bleak only those who are afield in winter will appreciate.

If you want to know a reason why game is scarce, hike a few miles cross country this winter and mentally note where deer, turkey, grouse, rabbits and quail might find food and adequate shelter. You will be surprised how scarce good winter wildlife habitat is.

The hardwood forest offers little protection for deer, and if it is a pole stage forest, even less food. Our deer generally spend the winter in protected hollows, perhaps near farmland where food may be more plentiful than back in the woods. More fortunate deer may find suitable shelter near dense sprout growth where browse is abundant.

The lack of suitable shelter near a food supply is a deer management problem in hardwood country, even in regions where coniferous growth is abundant. In Maine, for example, cutting balsam fir for pulp has so destroyed winter shelter that deer die of cold and exposure in the midst of plenty of food. In West Virginia winters may not be that severe, but I often wonder what a long period of cold, damp weath-



er does to a deer population in open hardwoods country.

Deer like a cozy place to stay in bad weather. I have spent many hours following deer trails in New York State in all kinds of winter weather. During the worst weather the deer stayed back in conifer plantations where the air was still and snow only half as deep as in the hardwoods. There is a big difference weather-wise between the interior of the conifer planting and a hardwoods forest. Conifer thickets, natural or artificial, are few and far between in West Virginia. Much of our deer range could be improved considerably by planting such cover.

GROUSE, too, leave the hardwoods for the conifers in winter. These birds roost in the crowns or beneath low branches pinned down by the snow. They move out to the surrounding hardwood for their winter diet of buds.

The wild turkey is a rugged individual, able to withstand considerable cold and exposure. During stormy weather the birds roost up in trees and stay there until the weather moderates, even if

food is available directly below. Turkeys rarely lack food in winter, in spite of what many sportsmen may believe. Turkeys eat a wide range of food from plant leaves and tubers to insect pupae and larvae. Since they are powerful scratchers, they can dig down through the snow to reach food. In extreme winter weather some may die from malnutrition and exposure.

Destruction of fence rows and thickets have just about eliminated rabbits and quail in many areas. When you drive through the countryside this winter look out across the fields and try to find a place where rabbit or quail could live during the winter. The blackberry tangles and sumac thickets have been cut to tidy up the farm. Without thickets to protect them from wind and snow and to provide them food, farm game cannot exist.

This is a fact many small game hunters simply cannot get into their heads. Stock game they say, and that will end the scarcity of game. One reason farm game is scarce is because there is no place for them to live in winter. ♦



Mid-winter at midnight at Blackwater Falls.—Arnout Hyde Jr.



PHOTO BY ARNOU HYDE JR.

Winter's icy fingers warmed by timid sun. Nicholas County.

Snowmobiling Growing in State

Snowmobiling, a favorite winter sport in the "snowbelt states," is likely to become a highly popular activity in some parts of West Virginia.

Martin L. "Red" Cooper of Davis, W. Va., one of the State's foremost snowmobile enthusiasts, estimates that there are 1,200 of these vehicles in West Virginia. Surprisingly, many of them are owned by people along the lower Ohio River who go to the uplands, like Tucker County, for their fun and frolicking in the snow.

Last year at the Alpine Festival at Davis, some 50 snowmobiles took part in the big race in Canaan Valley. Another race is being planned again for 1970, in early February.

High country areas like Canaan Valley, the wilderness road around Blackwater Falls State Park and surrounding mountain country hold great promise for the little carts that slide atop the snow.

The interest in outdoor activities like camping and related activities that started in the early 1960's is swinging upward. It looks like snowmobiling will forge ahead as a cold weather playtime activity.

This means that each year many persons with little or no experience in outdoor living or traveling about natural areas will engage in the sport. Snowmobiling like skiing, boating, and camping requires certain know-how and skills. There are certain rules of the game to be observed if the full measure of enjoyment is to be had.

Under some conditions, snowmobiling can be hazardous. For example, if you run out of gas or have a mechanical breakdown late in the day, you can be in trouble unless you are prepared. You should be in good physical condition just in case it is necessary to walk out of an isolated area.

Be sure your vehicle is in good working order. Carry spare gas and a repair kit, and know how to make repairs.

Know the terrain, rocks, logs, other obstacles that are potentially hazardous. On extended runs, plan where you are going and stick to your plan. Tell a responsible person the route you plan to take and when you expect to return.

Two's company, three's a crowd, but here three makes a good party. If you can avoid it, don't go alone.

Wear warm windproof clothes and carry some extras. Know what the weather is going to be like. Check the weather forecast before your start, and don't travel in a storm. If the weather suddenly turns bad, turn back.

If you are in a designated recreation area with marked trails, stay on them. They were laid out with your safety in mind.

If you are headed for a long trip in big or wide open country, know your territory. Study it ahead of time. Better yet, travel familiar sections or areas you



Governor Moore was obviously pleased with this snowmobile which Mrs. Moore gave him as a Christmas gift. It bears the state seal and was made by the Williamsburg Bronze Corp. in Kingwood, W. Va.

have traveled at other times of the year. Use map and compass.

Carry a survival kit with matches, hatchet, six- by eight-foot plastic tarp for emergency shelter, first aid kit, spare food pack, snowshoes or skis. Don't forget your goggles or sunglasses, canned heat to start a fire, and a rope. Check and test all equipment.

Chances are nothing will happen to you, but always be prepared as though it will. Being prepared makes as much sense as carrying a spare tire in your car. Most of the time it's there just as insurance. It's there when you need it.

Even if you are on public areas, ob-

serve the rights and property of others. Snowmobiles can damage trees, shrubs, or disturb wildlife. On private land, watch out for fences and livestock. Show respect for those other sportsmen who may be hunting, fishing, skiing, or tobogganing.

If you haven't visited snowland in wild, wonderful West Virginia for your winter fun, plan to do so soon.

If you are interested in more tips on safety and conduct in use of snowmobiles, write for a copy of Snowmobile Safety Code and Code of Ethics, in care of U. S. Forest Service, 633 West Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53203.



OTTER CREEK WILDERNESS

RAYMOND B. WEISS

THERE ARE SOME of West Virginia's magnificent eastern highlands where one can still find areas of relatively inaccessible wilderness not now significantly befoiled by man. One enchanting place is the Otter Creek Basin which lies in Tucker and Randolph Counties between U. S. 33 and the Dry Fork River.

During the log-boom days of 1900-1915 the forest about Otter Creek was logged clear, but later it became part of the National Forests, and under Federal ownership it has been well-managed and protected from further uncontrolled logging. Not since the first clear cutting has this forest been disturbed, and thus there has been a regrowth of trees to near comparable size, variety, and density as those of the original forest; and since this forest covers the complete watershed of Otter Creek, the streams are as yet unpolluted. In this total area of about 18,000 acres covering the drainage pattern of Otter Creek is a forest that has almost done the impossible, regained its virginity, with little further disturbance by man. There are no roads into the Basin, only U. S. Forest Service trails which follow the old roadbeds of the narrow gauge logging railroad that at one time provided the access to the area. So one can by walking go back into some true wilderness which is not a prohibitive distance from home. This fact is especially pertinent for those outdoor recreation seekers who live in the population centers at Pittsburgh, Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, cities from which we want to attract more West Virginia visitors. The only other places in the Appalachians which can boast the same wilderness assets of a size and quality as Otter Creek are the Cranberry Backcountry in West



Handiest entrance to Otter Creek area is swinging bridge across Dry Fork of Cheat in Tucker County.

Virginia and the Great Smoky Mts. National Park in North Carolina.

Otter Creek Basin is presently used by a number of backpackers who hike the extensive trail system and by hunters who are after the bear, turkey, deer, grouse and

squirrels that abound there. Bear are especially hunted there because the Basin is one of the half dozen remaining large areas of good bear habitat in the state. Fishing is presently prohibited because experiments are being con-

ducted by the Department of Natural Resources to determine water quality and its effect on fish survival. Those who are interested in only day-long hikes or bird-watching, for example, can find much opportunity to pursue their particular interests in these unsullied woods.

One of the outstanding attractions is the frequent low five to eight-foot waterfalls that interrupt Otter Creek's flow from its headwaters on McGowan Mountain to its juncture with the Dry Fork about four miles east of Hambleton, W. Va. Below each waterfall is usually a deep pool which can be used in the hot weather to invigorate oneself after working up a sweat walking. For those interested in color photography Otter Creek has many scenes of singular beauty. One such site is the junction of Moore Run, an Otter Creek tributary, with the main stream where there is a complex of small waterfalls flanked by rock outcrops. Many parts of the trails are canopied with evergreens providing beauty for the eye and the camera, and one noteworthy site is just south of Moore Run where the trail runs through a stretch of tall hemlocks. On a cloudless day with the rays of sun filtering through these stately trees . . . ah, this is what makes a trip to Otter Creek worth the effort. Another outstanding area is the small bog near the headwaters of Moore Run which abounds in wildflowers in the spring and presents fine vistas of the surrounding mountains. Rhododendron and laurel which line the bog are spectacular in blooming season.

The principal artery of the trail system is the Otter Creek Trail which follows the stream only a few feet away most of its distance. It fords the creek six times in its course from State Route 72 to Stuart Memorial Drive (Forest Service Road # 91) which is off U. S. 33, but unless there is unusually high water these fords are no obstacle. Branching off from this main trail are several shorter trails that connect with the two other main trails which skirt the eastern edge of the Basin, the Green Mt. Trail and the Shavers

Mt. Trail. Forest Service maps and on-site signs provide the necessary directions for following any of these trails.

THE FOREST SERVICE has provided two six-mah, three-sided overnight shelters in the Basin for campers, one on the Otter Creek Trail about halfway between its junctures with roads and one on Shavers Mt. Trail also about halfway between beginning and end. The Otter Creek shelter appears to be at the site of an old lumber camp as some of its rusted artifacts are still visible about the area. Nearby is one of the low falls with its pool which is very handy for the camper's use. The Shavers Mt. shelter has a spectac-

ular location perched on the edge of the mountain crest, facing a magnificent view of the mountain ridges to the east. The view at sunset is especially recommended.

An organization which is attempting to preserve Otter Creek in its present state is the West Virginia Highlands Conservancy, a group of conservationists from W. Va. and its surrounding states who are interested in promoting and preserving outdoor recreational areas in the eastern mountains of the state. This group has proposed that Otter Creek Basin be designated by the U.S. Congress as a wilderness under the Wilderness Act of 1964, a law whose terms Otter Creek adequately fulfills. ♦

Seen any wildlife lately?



*National
Wildlife
Week 1970*

March 15-21

Sponsored by
NATIONAL
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FEDERATION
and State Affiliates

—DNR's Bob Combs, State Chairman, National Wildlife Week.



WOMEN IN CONSERVATION

By Maxine Scarbro

Women and Youth Activities Director



OUTDOOR EVENTS THIS YEAR

Although snow flurries fill February days, the minds of wildflower enthusiasts are occupied with the 9th annual West Virginia Wildflower Pilgrimage to be held at Blackwater Falls State Park May 21-24, 1970.

The pilgrimage attracts nature enthusiasts from a wide area. In 1969, 11 states were represented with awards for traveling the farthest going to people from Tennessee, New Jersey and northeastern Pennsylvania.

At Blackwater Falls, there are about five miles of hiking trails leading through park woodlands. National forest lands nearby offer participants a wonderful opportunity to view West Virginia's lovely display of spring wildflowers.

Very early each morning members of the Brooks Bird Club will conduct bird-walks and demonstrate bird-banding to those interested.

Daily botanical motorcades will visit Cranesville Swamp, Sinks of Gandy, Spruce Knob, Dolly Sods and other points of interest where birds, wildflowers, fossils and other things of interest may be seen.

On Friday afternoon, workshops will offer guests a chance to study birds, trees, shrubs, wildflowers, mosses and beginner's photography. These will be followed by afternoon field trips planned to give participants a chance to put their new knowledge to use.

Everybody attending will receive a memento, a small tile wall plaque picturing a West Virginia bird or flower.

Reservations for rooms or cabins for this event should be sent to Kenneth Caplinger, Superintendent, Blackwater Falls State Park, Davis, W. Va. 26260.

Other events scheduled for 1970 include: April 24-25: Department of Natural Resources Field Trip—Hawks Nest State Park

May 1-3: Webster County Nature Tour—Camp Caesar

May 8-10: Richwood Nature Tour—Richwood

May 16: Youth Conservation Day—Holly River State Park

June 20: Family Trails Day—Kumbrabow State Forest

September 11-13: Monongahela-Cheat

Field Trip—Lost River State Park

September 19: Nature Wonder Weekend—

North Bend State Park

September 25-27: WVFWC Junior Outing—

Watoga State Park

October 10: Richwood Fall Tour—

Richwood

For additional information please contact: Mrs. Maxine Scarbro, Administrative Assistant in Charge of Women's and Youth Activities, Department of Natural Resources, State Capitol, Charleston, W. Va. 25305.

MORE CRAFTS NEEDED

The making of stone-ground corn, apple butter and lye soap plus organic wool dyeing, spinning, weaving, shingle splitting and blacksmithing in the old-fashioned ways are feature attractions at the annual Arts and Crafts Fair at Cedar Lakes near Ripley, W. Va. scheduled July 1 through 5 this year.

There are countless other pioneer crafts handed down through the generations which would be of interest to those attending the fair from all over the USA (48 states in 1969). A bonus feature is that young apprentices assist men and women demonstrating the crafts to learn the methods so they will be passed on to future generations and not be lost.

Any WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA readers who practice such crafts not now represented, or know of anyone who does, are urged to contact Lucian N. Schrader, Exhibits and Demonstrations Chairman, Mountain State Arts and Crafts Fair, Travel Development Div., Dept. of Commerce, State Capitol, Charleston, W. Va. 25305 or phone 348-2286.

* * *
There is a published record of turkey vultures flying from Panama to Michigan and Minnesota in 10 days, a distance of some 3,600 miles.

* * *
The snapping turtle acts as a natural housekeeper. It always eats dead or diseased fish, birds, and mammals first because they are more readily caught.

MAJOR EVENTS FOR 1970

TUCKER COUNTY ALPINE FESTIVAL
DAVIS—Feb. 5-7, 1970.

WHITE WATER WEEKEND—
PETERSBURG—April 3-5, 1970.

ANNUAL HOUSE & GARDEN TOUR—
MARTINSBURG—April 25-26, 1970.

WILDFLOWER PILGRIMAGE—
DAVIS—May 21-24, 1970.

WEST VIRGINIA STRAWBERRY
FESTIVAL—BUCKHANNON—
June 4-7, 1970.

STATE FOLK FESTIVAL—
GLENVILLE—June 18-21, 1970.

MOUNTAIN STATE ART & CRAFT FAIR
CEDAR LAKES NEAR RIPLEY—
July 1-5, 1970.

POCAHONTAS PIONEER DAYS—
MARLINTON—July 9-12, 1970.

CHERRY RIVER FESTIVAL—
RICHWOOD—Aug. 5-8, 1970.

WEST VIRGINIA STATE FAIR—
LEWISBURG—Aug. 21-29, 1970.

APPALACHIAN ART & CRAFT
FESTIVAL—
BECKLEY—Sept. 5-7, 1970.

WEST VIRGINIA WATER FESTIVAL—
HINTON—Sept. 10-13, 1970.

PRESTON COUNTY BUCKWHEAT
FESTIVAL—KINGWOOD—
Sept. 24-27, 1970.

MOLASSES FESTIVAL AND FAIR—
ARNOLDSVILLE—Sept. 25-27, 1970.

MOUNTAIN STATE FOREST FESTIVAL
ELKINS—Oct. 1-4, 1970.

BLACK WALNUT FESTIVAL—
SPENCER—Oct. 9-11, 1970.

West Virginia PROGRESS

IBINTHRUTHESINKS CLUB

Passage is so hazardous that explorers who have been completely through the Sinks of Gandy in Randolph County, West Virginia are eligible to join the exclusive Ibinthruthesinks Club organized in 1937 and sponsored by the National Speleological Society of Washington.



PHOTO BY ARNOU HYDE JR.

Fading tree yields to creeping moss and ferns in primeval Cathedral State Park.



TO GET OFF-THE-ROAD PICTURES for the magazine, photographer Arnout Hyde Jr. uses four-wheel vehicle, in lead. Dr. Raymond B. Weiss, center, authority on Monongahela National Forest from WVU and his associates assisted Hyde in locating scenic areas.

BELOW, after hard day afield in deep snow, group found snug comfort in secluded cabin in popular Blackwater Falls State Park.



A British Look at American Hunting

JOHN MADSON

All of this is wholly alien to European concepts of hunting. So is the fact that any honest American can so easily obtain, keep and use a shotgun or rifle. In Europe the rich man has the best hunting (and often the only hunting); in North America the rich may have the best hunting, but don't count on it. The American who has the best hunting is the man who devotes much time, effort and affection to his sport, and that may or may not involve much money.

Of all the things that distinguish American hunting, none is more unique than our system of game management. Nowhere else are hunting seasons and bag limits so carefully adjusted to game species by trained game managers and biologists, and enforced by a trained corps of state and federal officers. Nowhere else does the land yield such per capita harvest of game—and yields it to men in all stations of society.

Such a system would never work in Europe and it has many shortcomings here, as our friend Will Newlands pointed out. But for all this system's flaws, we are certain that North America will be the world's last great bastion of wildlife, and man's last great hunting grounds.

IN 1968, an English wildlifer named W. A. Newlands spent three months in the United States surveying our game management programs and hunting methods.

His report was made recently in the bulletin of the Eley Game Advisory Station, and was a terse summary of the American wildlife scene. Newland's main observations were:

The ideal of "free hunting" as established by American settlers is becoming unworkable in the 20th Century.

The American hunter expects free access to large tracts of land in exchange for a license fee. The essence of his sport must be "rugged." The average American takes delight in his equipment and techniques, and seems to have submerged his urge to kill a large bag limit under a warm feeling of "backwoods-manship."

The American system of state-managed game is unrewarding for the man who wants to "put something back" on his own land. Since the man who maintains the game habitat fails to be rewarded, it is not surprising that farmers on good land make almost no effort to conserve game.

Total money spent on hunting is very high; the proportion spent on game management is very low.

The complexity of American game laws is astounding. Yet, the problems of North American wildlife populations emphasize that laws cannot enforce conservation; this has to be in the hearts of those who actually live on the land.

WILL NEWLANDS has a keen and penetrating eye; his points are well taken. But while his eye is sharp enough, there's something wrong with his perspective. He saw some very American things while he was here, but through eyes that were very English.

The basic difference between American and English hunting, of course, is that English game is owned by the landowner. In North America, game is public property. Newlands indicates that this is the great basic flaw in American game management,

since landowners are not inclined to manage wildlife unless they are rewarded in money, special hunting privileges, or both. Yet, this is a flaw that we'll just have to live with, for the concept of privately owned game turns the average American hunter red, white and blue.

There are also deep differences between American and English hunting traditions. Our tradition was molded by many things, but the main ones are a vast land area, a great variety and abundance of game species, and a concept of free hunting for every man. Add to these another factor, one that Newlands sensed as "backwoods-manship." It's more than that; in our hunting we relieve our national youth, and savor a measure of the richness and freedom that set us apart from all other people and all other times. In one sense, our act of hunting is a thanks-giving as unique to North America as the holiday of that name.

RINE'S RECORD

John Rine, West Virginia's top promotion man of Weston, said he modestly set out to get 100 subscriptions for this magazine during 1969. At the end of the year, he and Mrs. Rine had secured 509 subscriptions.

"For the most part," Rine said, "we simply showed potential subscribers a copy of the publication." The Rines, who are on no one's payroll, are presently expanding their office to do an even better job in promoting the Mountain State.

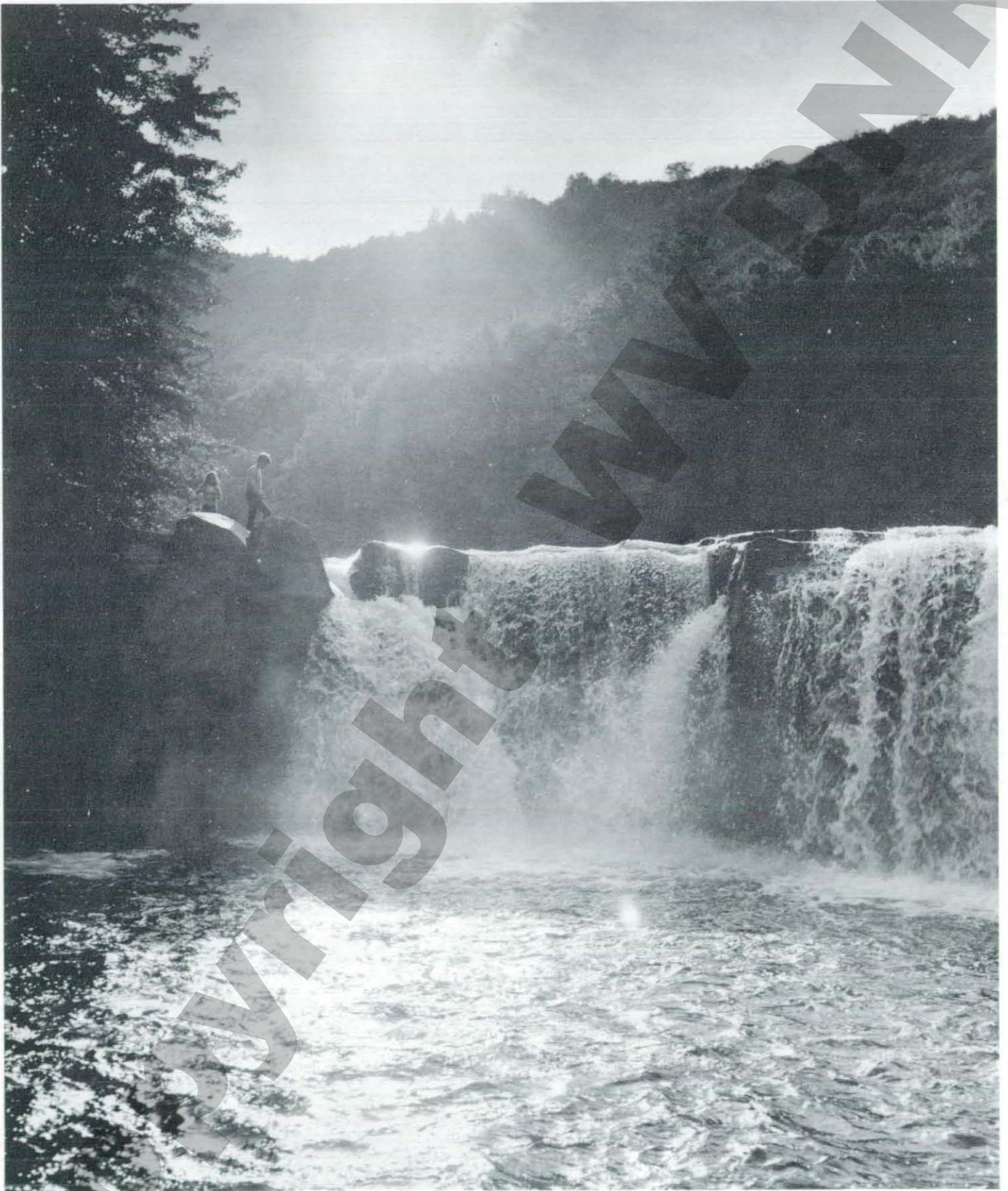
* * *
Hunters will find that a freshly killed fowl is much easier to pluck because the feathers have not tightened to the skin.

* * *
If a hunter should have a fall in the field, he should check his firearm carefully. A barrel clogged with mud, sand, or snow can be as lethal as a hand grenade.



Small brook trout stream in Grant County.

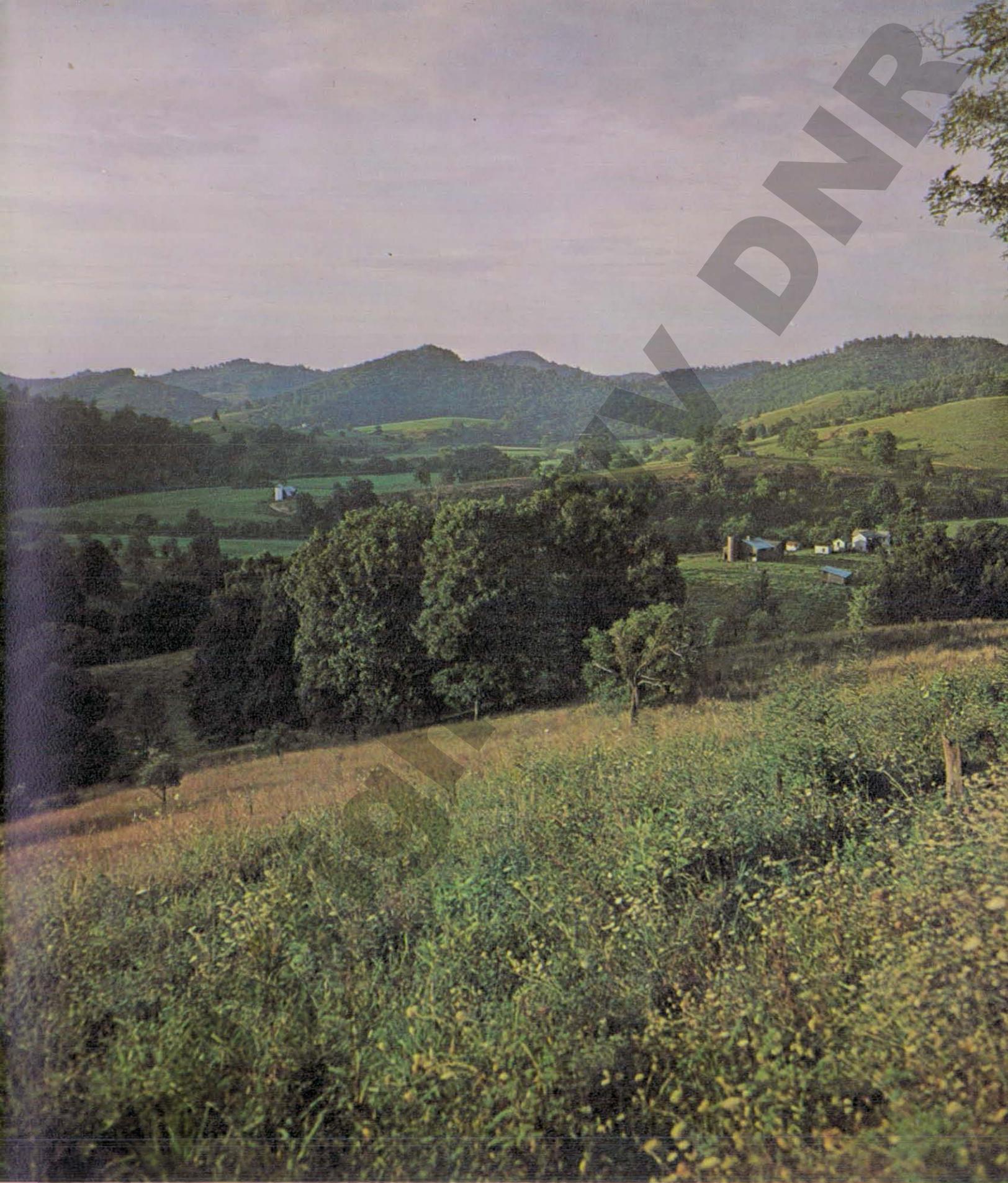
PHOTO BY ARNOUT HYDE JR.



Roar of High Falls of Cheat River drown out "oh's" and "ah's" of kids.



ALLEY-OOP! Mallard drake tipping up to feed.—Leonard Lee Rue.



Pleasant hangout for small game in picturesque Braxton County.

PHOTO BY ARNOU HYDE JR.





From: The Department of Natural Resources, Charleston, West Virginia 25305
Return Requested

PHOTO BY ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Small wildflowers bowed out to fall in Cabell County.

Co