Wonderful

West Virginia

NOVEMBER / 1970
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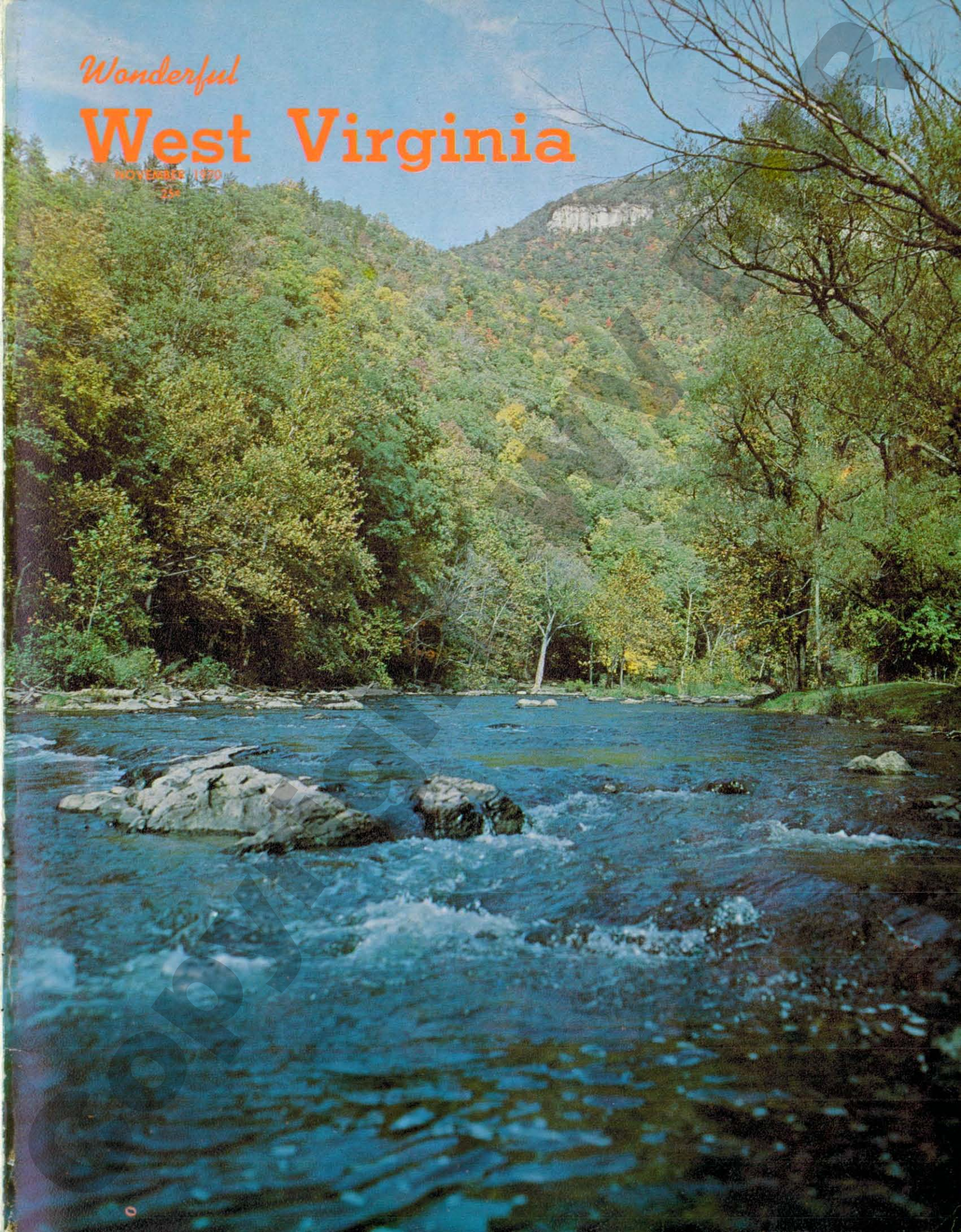

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Find the spider, and victim? New River.
ARNOUT HYDE JR.

GOVERNOR WARNS OF ENVIRONMENTAL NEGLECT

•Editor's Note; Here are excerpts from a provocative address by Governor Arch A. Moore Jr. to the First Scenic River Conference in Charleston, Sept. 28.

WE STAND ON THE THRESHOLD today of a movement to restore a vital element of our outdoor environment. We are talking today about turning a corner, in the long march toward a West Virginia we can pass on to our children with confidence and pride.

The rivers and streams of our Mountain State, from the meanderings of the Guyandotte to the spangled crests of the South Branch of the Potomac constitute one of the truly priceless inheritances of all West Virginians. There is not one of us here, or anywhere in the length and breadth of West Virginia, who is not touched in some way by our rivers and streams.

We cannot escape their influence, whether through the water we drink, the recreation we seek or the natural wonders we proudly show our visitors. When that influence is beneficient, we thrive—when that influence is malignant, our lives are poisoned, and we and our children and children's children will suffer in consequence.

The hard fact is we are facing a tragic history of neglect. Too many of our precious waterways have undergone abuse for far, far too long. We have turned them into open sewers. We have used them as convenient channels for getting rid of our wastes—acid mine drainage, municipal and household sewage, trash and litter, industrial waste of every description, and increasingly, excess heat and incalculable tons of silt. It is time to end this neglect. At this point in human affairs, it is no longer possible to take our environment for granted. We cannot afford to shrug off these disgraceful conditions as the inevitable price of progress.

Governor Moore, who initiated the Scenic River Program, received Barbour County's Clean Stream Award from George C. Mouser of WVU Extension Service.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that our young people are beginning to take the lead in questioning the old assumptions under which we tend to ignore the pollution of our water resources. I am also greatly encouraged from the response of a thousand high school students who worked this summer in the Scenic River Campaign I proposed.

Removing trash from streams, conducting pollution surveys, clearing obstacles in channels and in other ways improving our river environment, these enrollees in the Neighborhood Youth Corps, together with hundreds of volunteers both young and old, have made a very significant dent on the problem.

WHEN I SAY DENT—what I have in mind are accomplishments on the order of the following statistics compiled from incomplete returns on the 1970 Scenic River Campaign:

- 1014 miles of streams cleaned—in the course of which 1631 truckloads of trash were removed to sanitary disposal areas;
- 39 junked automobiles were disposed of;
- 1635 junked household appliances were removed;
- 25,000 bags were used for carrying trash to highways;
- 1900 individual properties were surveyed;
- 2067 separate permissions to enter upon property were obtained;
- 86 water quality samples were collected;
- 30 pollution citations were issued;
- 35 roadside parks were spruced up;
- 147 separate news items were published or broadcast by the media;
- 537 volunteers contributed their efforts;

This is a splendid record. I congratulate the commissioners of the twenty-one counties who entered the campaign—their scenic river chairmen and co-chairmen—the committee members, and the volunteers who responded to rescue our streams from this enormous load of waste.

YOU KNOW, West Virginia's Scenic River Campaign is quite unique in the nation. At a recent national conference called by the Department of Interior to review provisions of the 1968 National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, not one single state was able to point to a program which has generated

A beautiful mountain stream like Red Creek in Tucker County must be preserved as a heritage for West Virginians.

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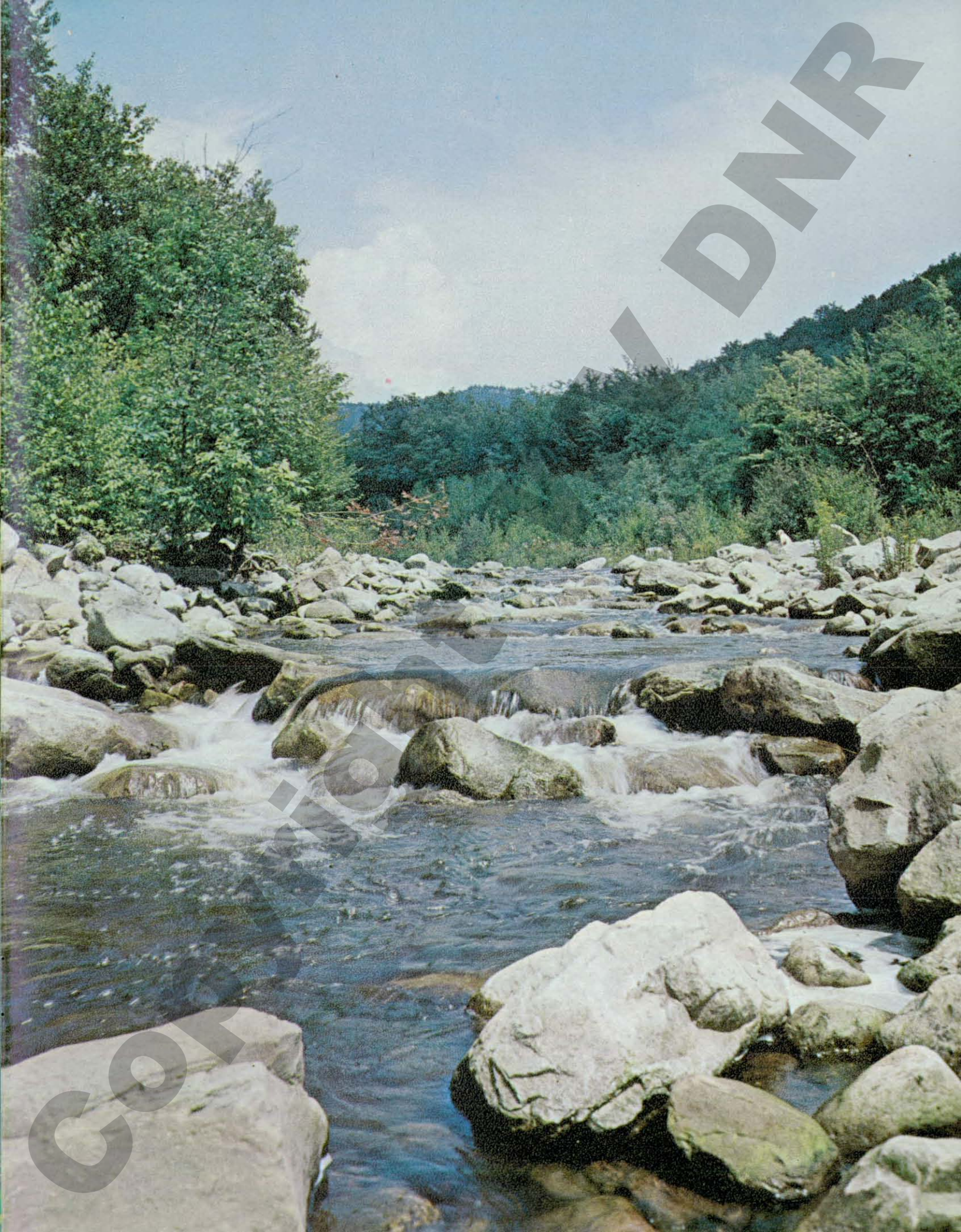

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the sort of broad, grass-roots support at the community level which our Scenic River Campaign has achieved in one short year. As time goes on, I am sure other states will look to West Virginia to show how it is possible to involve people in planning for a better environment. Our county courts are in many ways ideally suited for this task—for they are close to the needs and aspirations of the people who live within each watershed. They are aware of the problems caused by our abuse of rivers—solid waste, siltation, sewage, industrial waste—are often not susceptible to easy solution.

In January of 1970, twenty-one county courts throughout the state decided it was time to join in a start on that effort. Local initiative was the key to the Scenic River Program.

We have seen clean-up campaigns come and go in West Virginia, but I predict the Scenic River Campaign will grow and thrive from year to year—because it is a locally planned effort.

Indeed, when we move from local toward the statewide areas of concern, we begin inevitably to think in terms of a watershed approach to river and stream improvement. At this point, we must recognize the significant contribution made over the years by such fine organizations as the United States Army Corps of Engineers and the U. S. Forest Service as well as the Soil Conservation Service. Together with the State Department of Agriculture, the Soil Conservation Districts, the Extension Service of West Virginia University, and the Resource Conservation and Development Districts—of which we now have two—there is a cumulative impact upon our watersheds which has gone far toward resolving some long-standing and land-use problems.

THE DEVELOPMENT in past decades of unprecedented earth-moving capabilities and techniques—combined with the mountain terrain covering most of West Virginia, has brought us face-to-face with an environmental crisis of serious proportions. To meet this crisis, we will need stronger laws, applied more broadly and administered unequivocably.

As for the area of solid waste disposal and municipal sewage treatment, I imagine many of you have been impressed this summer by the general death of sanitary landfills. One is tempted to estimate we have more airports in West Virginia than we have sanitary landfills—and I am not talking about town dumps. People must have a proper place to dispose of their household wastes. Many smaller communities throughout West Virginia are simply not able to finance expensive treatment facilities—even with federal help. The crowning irony, if you will, is the fact that West Virginia is this year about to turn back to Washington some five millions of dollars of funds ear-marked for this very purpose. Why? Simply because there are no state funds available to assist these communities in meeting the federal requirements for matching money, plus our constitutional disabilities confronting us.

Another legislative concern which I wish to bring to your attention relates to three of our outstandingly beautiful natural areas. All three lie within the Monongahela National Forest and two—Otter Creek and the Cranberry River watershed—are exceptionally fine streams, deserving of preservation for their unique scenic and recreational values. I have written members of Congress—and prevailed upon some old friends there to support legislation setting aside the three regions as wilderness areas. We must do all in our power to see that these vanishing beauty spots are reserved for the enjoyment of future generations.

It appears self-evident that pollution cannot be separated from people. We are, in truth, the problem. Our use or abuse of the environment is at issue, and it is our attitude which must change if our rivers and streams are to be saved. The casual and habitual strewing of trash and garbage along our streams and highways must stop. The discharge of raw sewage from out-houses, homes and municipalities must cease. The endless release of acid mine drainage and industrial wastes must be curtailed. The careless erosion of soil from all kinds of land disturbances must be brought under strict control. The pollution of our sub-surface water supplies by abandoned oil and gas wells must be remedied.

IF WE AS INDIVIDUALS are not willing to assume our environmental responsibilities, then the time will soon come when society will impose them upon us. Selfish and thoughtless acts can no longer be tolerated in our shrinking world. Furthermore, I am saying that the full enforcement and administrative capability of the State of West Virginia will be brought to bear upon the resolution of these urgent matters. The Scenic River Campaign offers us a rare opportunity to work on the solutions cooperatively. This is why I find it so full of promise.

This first Statewide Scenic River Conference is historic, to my way of thinking, not only as the beginning of a movement, but more importantly, as the point of emergence of a new breed of West Virginian. I can think of a great many fine organizations—sportsmen's clubs, garden clubs, conservation clubs and the like—which have developed enviable records in working for the improvement of our natural values. When I use the term—new breed—however, I mean the layman. This layman develops a plan of action to do something about the intolerable situation.
do something about the intolerable situation.

This is a real investment in West Virginia. I salute you—and I pledge you my continued support.

West Virginia's Memorial Tunnel was the first in the nation to be monitored by television. It opened November 8, 1954.

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Gun Owner's Creed

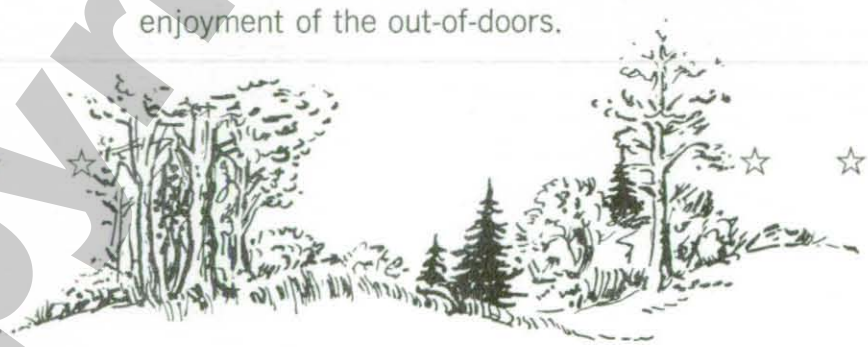
I accept the responsibilities that go with owning a gun and pledge myself to know and obey the laws governing the ownership and use of firearms;

I recognize that my gun manners reflect on all gun owners and I pledge to handle my firearms safely and courteously;

I respect the rights of others to enjoy the outdoors in their own way and I will be considerate of private and public property;

I will work to preserve from waste the wildlife and other natural resources of our country and for their wise use and enjoyment by all Americans;

I will walk with pride in the path of those before me who have helped to create and preserve our great national heritage, and will help to teach others an appreciation of nature and an enjoyment of the out-of-doors.



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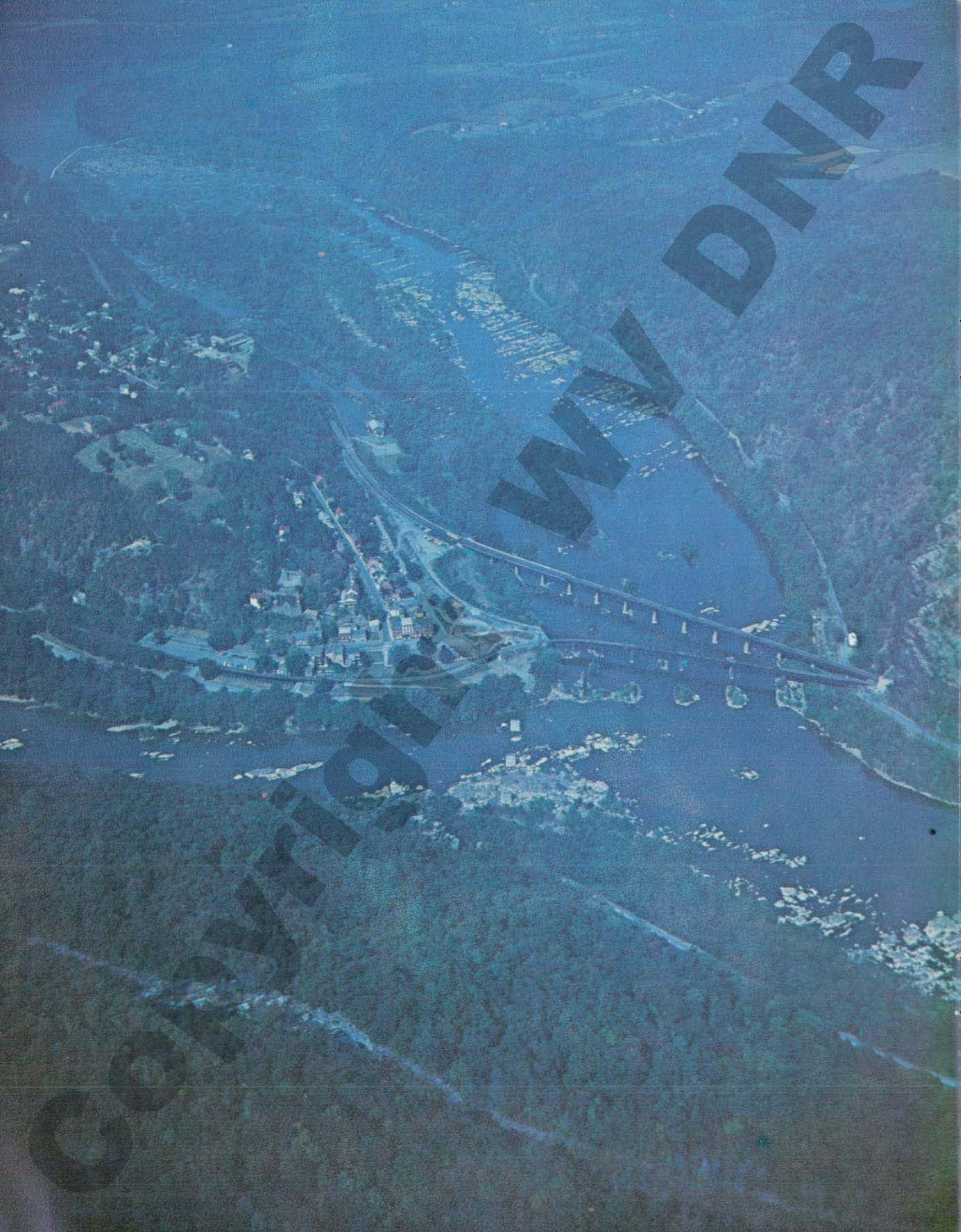

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Two Scenic Rivers Honored

DR. TOM KING, PRESIDENT
W. Va. Highlands Conservancy

THE SCENIC RIVERS ACT of 1965, though it did not pass, recognized that West Virginia has within its borders two outstanding rivers, the Cacapon and the Shenandoah. Both rivers are located in our eastern panhandle and are almost totally different in nature. The proper way to see them, indeed, I believe the only way to see all of them, is to float them in a canoe or rubber raft. Since the water is often shallow and carrying is sometimes necessary, I prefer a canoe.

The Cacapon is a small jewel of a river. It is born fully grown at the head of Sandy Ridge Gorge about two miles above Wardensville where it boils and gushes from an opening in the base of the mountain. It is a rebirth, though, for the Cacapon is really the reappearance of Lost River which flows into an underground passage five miles away.

For the next thirty miles the little river snakes back and forth in a lovely pastoral valley, its sparkling water flowing gently over small stones. To the left of the stream the green terraces of Baker Mountain soar to 1,000 feet in the sky. It is an old place, this valley, dating back to the beginning of our country. It is a place of quiet country homes, of hay fields, fording places and swimming holes. Some of the landholdings have been in the same family for two hundred years.

In due course, the Cacapon reaches the village of Capon Bridge on U. S. Route 50 and continues on its quiet way for another few miles. Suddenly it turns northwest and cuts through a series of high ridges. The canoeist is launched into a mountain fairyland. The still stream is here churned to white fury in boulder fields, and falls repeatedly over rocky ledges. The sheer walls of the main gorge rise 800 feet on the left bank. A cold spring high on the mountain creates a thin waterfall where the traveler may fill his canteen and refresh himself.

Wildlife is everywhere and easily observed from the middle of the stream. I have seen raccoon, turkey, grouse and deer. There is even a legendary herd of wild goats which cling to the high ridges and follow the course of intruders with a wary eye.

Emerging from the mountains, the river rounds a bend and flows directly at the base of an enormous monolith towering 600 perpendicular feet above the valley floor. On most maps it is labeled Castle Rock, but to all of the river people it is Caudy's Castle, so named for Jim Caudy who settled near here in 1747. Caudy, some say, was an early ancestor of "Buffalo Bill" Cody, the name having changed because the frontiersmen of that day could not spell very well, if at all. What is fact, though, is that Jim Caudy was a lifelong friend and frequent host to George Washington. Indeed Washington's journal mentions a stop at Caudy's on his first trip into the area in 1748. The young surveyor was only sixteen at the time. Later he was to visit the Cacapon Valley in grimmer days as a Lieutenant Colonel of the Virginia Militia during the frontier struggle with the French and Indians.

A short distance east of Caudy's Castle on State Route 45, is an old iron furnace which has been restored. Iron pigs from this furnace were floated on a raft down the Cacapon to the Potomac where they were loaded onto a canal boat and shipped to Georgetown.

NEXT THE CACAPON JOINS North River, and, together, they enter into a series of enormous lazy loops following the base of Cacapon Mountain. There are riffles, meadows, wooded slopes, a spectacular view of the mountain, birds, campsites and beaver. There is a power company dam which is dangerous, and a limestone promontory high on the mountain which is beautiful. One last low ledge, and, here, eighty-three miles from where it was born, the clear water of Cacapon joins the polluted agony of the Potomac.

The Shenandoah is another matter.

A wise canoeist approaches this stream, not only with his skill at the ready, but with an attitude of caution and respect as well. The Shenandoah is a big river, wide and powerful. In spring-

Shenandoah River, left in photo, meets the Potomac at historic Harpers Ferry. ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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time, the canoes are decked over to turn away the icy water which constantly breaks over the gunwales. Paddlers shine out in colorful life jackets and neoprene wet suits to hold the body's heat in case of a spill.

My favorite time, however, is summer when decks and wetsuits are unnecessary and the traveler has more freedom to enjoy his surroundings.

One lays his canoe in the Shenandoah just above Millville, and for two miles floats along on the calm surface of a broad river. Blue Ridge Mountain marches along massively at his right shoulder to keep him company. The highway, with its noisy cars and trucks, leaves the valley here and the paddler leaves all science, all history behind him and becomes a creature of the river and the wind.

Bull Falls first appears as a thin line diagonally across the river interrupted by rock outcroppings and an occasional plume of white spray. There are five passages through this five foot ledge, but, during low water in summertime, only one or two contain enough water to float a canoe. The wise paddler beaches his boat on one of the great boulders above the falls, and surveys the situation before transit.

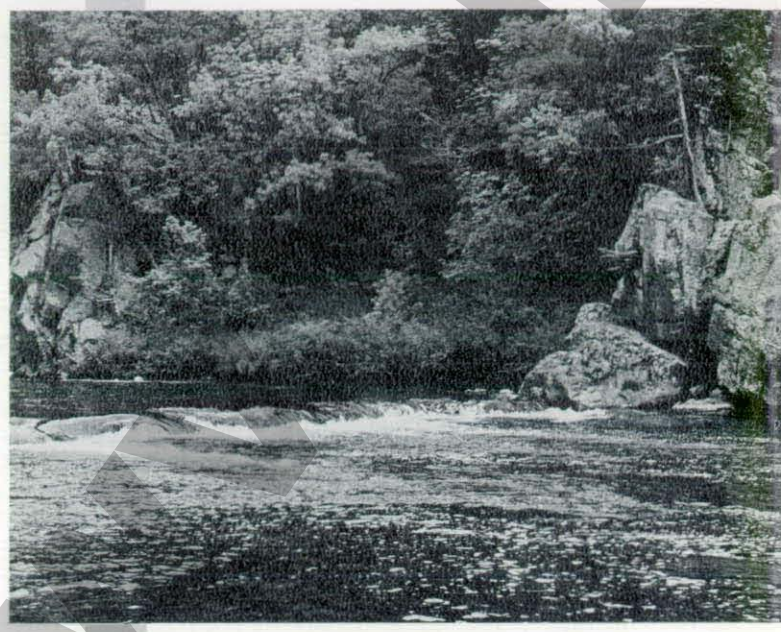
I RECALL A BRIGHT JUNE DAY when my party overtook the Buck Ridge Ski Club of Philadelphia here at Bull Falls. My son and I sat on a ledge just above the main chute and ate our lunches. Below us a half dozen boats played in and out of the base of the falls and the heavy water below it. Two of them were practicing for the coming White Water Olympics in Austria.

On the rocks around us and on the far shore, a hundred people were picnicking, wading, drying their gear or shouting happily to one another. It was the kind of scene which becomes frozen in one's memory for many years. In recalling it, I have often thought of Thoreau's beautiful words from WALDEN: "—for I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days, and spent them lavishly."

After running the chute at Bull Falls, there is a frantic scramble to get into position for the heavy white water which follows. The stream bed narrows and deepens. The great volume of the Shenandoah is squeezed into a single violent channel. The canoe bucks and slaps over three-foot waves. Side eddies pull it toward dangerous rocks on either side. The paddler fights to hold a steady course, to see through the stinging spray. Muscles strain, the blood races, a shout of excitement is irresistible.

Running the big rapids is always followed by a deep sense of satisfaction. A feeling, not of having conquered the river, but of having lived with it in one of its more challenging moods and emerged unscathed and, somehow, a better man.

A short distance downstream from Bull Falls Rapids the Shenandoah enters the Staircase. This is a series of low ledges entirely across the river, each a few inches lower than its upstream neighbor.



Cacapon River.

Each ledge contains one or more gates of passage, but these are almost never in line so the canoeist is constantly shifting and turning his boat to find a way where he will not scrape or hang up. In this gentle labyrinth, the wise boater hones the manuvering skills which he will need so badly in more violent water.

EVENTUALLY THE SHENANDOAH, like the Cacapon, joins the Potomac. That site of the union at Harper's Ferry is, in Thomas Jefferson's opinion, "worth crossing oceans to look upon." I agree.

As one paddles a canoe toward the end of the Shenandoah, the Loudoun Heights of Maryland soar in rocky grandeur directly ahead of him. On the right, the combined volume of the two rivers enters the Blue Ridge Water Gap and roars into White Horse Rapids. To the left, the red-brick buildings of old colonial Harper's Ferry cling to the rising hills. If it were not for the bridges, the traveler could imagine that it was 1800 and that John Harper's ferry still plied the Shenandoah from the town to the post road on the far shore.

To those of you who resolve to see these beautiful rivers as only a canoeist can see them, let me leave you with these three pearls of wisdom. Consult one of the standard reference books on canoeing. Join with other, more experienced canoeists. Practice the skills necessary for handling a canoe in white water on other, gentler streams before running the Cacapon and the Shenandoah.

You won't be sorry you chose canoeing as an intimate way to enjoy Nature at her wildest.

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Message in The Mud

GARY LANTZ
Reprinted from OUTDOOR OKLAHOMA

WANT TO READ a book written by creatures of the wilds? It's easy. Just head for the out-of-doors and look between your feet. If the ground is soft enough to allow an imprint, the story will be there . . . typed by the feet of the denizens of the woodlands.

Although the art of tracking has almost faded away in modern times, it can provide many exciting hours in the woods for the outdoors buff.

Tracks will be found almost anywhere there are animals to make them. The best place to look is near water, where the ground will be soft enough to take a clear imprint for scrutiny.

Acquaint yourself with the species of wildlife commonly found in your area. Learn their habits, and familiarize yourself with their tracks. With the help of these newly-acquired skills you can gain new insight into the day-by-day routine of wildlife as they go about their business, leaving a journal of the day's travels etched in the dust.

The following brief sketches on identifying tracks of common mammals will increase your trail-reading vocabulary, and provide the basic ingredients for a primer of tracking lore.

RACCOON: The track of the "coon" will look like that of a child who has worn out his shoes and socks and decided to go barefoot. The front feet have long, slender toes with claws on each foot. The hind feet are longer than the forefeet, with the front prints averaging 3¼ inches in length and the hind prints about 4¼ inches. Usually, the bare toes and soles of the feet will be firmly imprinted. Look for Mr. Coon's print near water.

DEER: The cloven hoofs of the whitetail deer will be slimmer and more graceful than those of their barnyard cousins. Tracks of the doe will be slimmer than those of the buck, and will point straight forward. The adult buck's print will be slightly splayed from his extra weight. The track of a full-grown buck will measure about three inches, with the doe's print averaging about 2½ inches.

SQUIRREL: The track of this tree-climbing rodent will show four toes and the stump of another on its forefeet, and five distinct toes in the hind print. When bounding, it will pair the forefeet behind the hind feet.

When foraging around on the ground for food, the bushy-tailed acrobat will leave tracks showing the front feet (smaller and without the distinct fifth toe) ahead of the hind feet. The track will show part of the instep, one clearly outlined pad, and toe prints with claws evident. Size of prints will vary with species of squirrels. The print of the hind foot of a fox squirrel may be as long as 2¼ inches, with the gray and red squirrel prints running smaller.

BEAVER: This print should be an easy one for the beginner to learn. The beaver is never far from water, and the buck-toothed rodent has webbed rear feet. The beaver's broad tail will make a drag mark between his footprints. The rear prints of the beaver—the webbed ones—may be as long as six inches, with claw marks evident. The front print is much smaller, showing five distinct toes, and no webbing.

BOBCAT: The impressions left by this wild cat's feet are similar to those of the household tabby, only larger. The hind foot will be placed directly in the print of the front foot when walking. The cats have retractile claws which will not be in evidence in the print.

Bobcats are "toe walkers" and will leave only the imprint of four toes in each print. When closely scrutinized, the tracks reveal a more complicated palm and heel pad outline than that of other cats. The average length of the print will be about two inches.

RABBITS: Rabbit tracks have led many a youth through a snow-covered field in hopes of getting a shot at this popular game animal. The rabbit has five toes on the forefoot and four on the back, but only four of the front prints will register in the track.

These are just a few of the many tracks which can be found by wildlife students. These common, easily-discernible prints will provide a good place for the tenderfoot trapper to start the learning process, and from there the sky's the limit . . . he can graduate to a Sunday stalker or maybe even a bona fide Daniel Boone!

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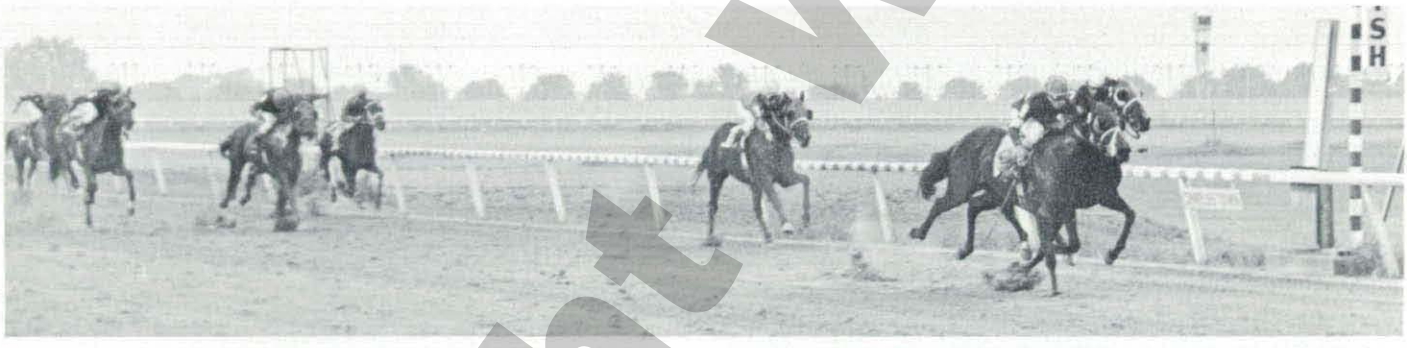
HISTORY RACES TO BIG BUSINESS

BARBARA BEURY MCCALLUM

STEPHEN FOSTER'S immortal "Camptown Races" composed in 1850 could just as easily have been written about Charles Town, West Virginia, for, except during the Civil War, horse races and shows have been held in or near Charles Town (then Virginia) annually since 1786.

Riding tournaments, horse shows and races were important amusements for local residents from the early days for fine horses were raised on every large estate. In 1786 the following advertisement appeared in the VIRGINIA GAZETTE AND ALEXANDRIA ADVERTISER:



To Be Run For Over the Course Near This Place, On Tuesday the 9th day of May next, Agreeable to Rules of the Fredericksburg Jockey Club. For a purse of 40 pounds. Free for any horse, mare or gelding the best two in three 3-mile heats. Horses to be entered with Capt. William Cherry (owner of one of Charles Town's most popular taverns) the day before the race; subscribers paying thirty shillings entrance money or double at the post; and non-subscribers forty shillings or double at the post . . . Charlestown, Berkeley Co., Va., April 8, 1786.

Followers of the turf sport today will be interested in knowing that a "Charles Town Jockey Club" was organized to sponsor races at the county seat. A notice in THE FARMER'S REPOSITORY, Sept. 2, 1808, announced that horse racing would be held for three days the following month. The first day's purse was expected to be $100 and the second day's $60. On the final day the purse was to consist of the entrance fees and gate money of the first two days. Four horses were declared to be the minimum number of participants.

A few weeks later the town of Smithfield (now called Middleway) followed in the steps of Charles Town as it advertised a November horse race. The purses were only $40 and $20. The races were financed by private donations and non-subscribers were required to pay gate fees. Shepherdstown, too, was interested in racing for in October, 1810, it announced a proposed meet.

During the War-Between-the-States, racing along with most other normal activities ceased in the area, not to be resumed until 1867. In the meantime, Charles Town, Jefferson County, had been annexed by the new State of West Virginia which forbade betting.

Not until 1933 was pari-mutuel betting legalized by the State and then Charles Town returned to its old love of horse racing.

In the summer of 1933 it was announced that a group of Maryland race-track promoters had purchased the grounds of the Charles Town Horse Show Association. This syndicate was headed by Joseph B. Boyle of Baltimore and was incorporated as the Shenandoah Valley Jockey Club. According to Milliard K. Bushong in his book, A HISTORY OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, the alleged reasons for choosing the Charles Town location for the track were the quality of the soil, slope of the ground, proximity to Washington, D. C. and Baltimore and the nearness to the large horse breeding farms of northern Virginia.

The trials of the early promoters is also recorded by Mr. Bushong in his history published in 1941:

Work on the necessary buildings was soon begun and before long over $100,000 had been spent. Racing under the pari-mutuel system of betting started Dec. 2, 1933 and continued for 20 days. Special busses and trains brought many

Shenandoah Downs and Charlestown race tracks at Charlestown.
ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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fans to the meet and Charles Town became known to followers of the turf sport.

Dark days were, however, ahead for the Shenandoah Valley Jockey Club. Because it was unable to meet its financial obligations, creditors took over the plant. They effected a reorganization in which Charles Town Jockey Club was formed and Albert J. Boyle, a brother of the former official, was made manager. Under his supervision the organization was placed on a paying basis and at the present time is prospering.

Today, after this rather dim beginning, West Virginia's four tracks now produce many millions annually for the state treasury plus enjoyment for equally as many turf fans.

Charles Town, the Mountain State's pioneer plant, and Shenandoah Downs, constructed in 1959, operate in the Eastern Panhandle. Waterford Park, in Chester, and Wheeling Downs, rebuilt in 1967, are in the Northern Panhandle.

CHARLES TOWN

The Charles Town Race Track is located on Route 340 just north of the town's city limits.

With the opening of the completely new clubhouse in the summer of 1970, Charles Town Turf Club offers one of the largest dining facilities of any race track with seating for 1,400. The building of the new clubhouse completed a four year modernization program at the track which included enlarging and updating the grandstand area, adding comfortable chair type stadium seats and a spacious mezzanine. The additions brought the grandstand accommodations to more than 4,000. In 1968, the entire first level mutuels area was redesigned on the modern "banking counter" concept. Charles Town's clubhouse includes dining for 800 patrons with tables overlooking the race track and both clubhouse and grandstand are weather conditioned. Paved and lighted parking areas will handle 4,500 automobiles.

Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs are served by bus from Baltimore, Washington and smaller cities in nearby Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

The racing strip at Charles Town is three-quarters of a mile, with a chute for 4 ½ furlong dashes. Charles Town, lighted in 1965 with the most modern quartz illuminating system, was the third West Virginia track to offer night racing and helped make the Mountain State the first in the country in which every track is lighted.

SHENANDOAH DOWNS

Completed in 1959 at a cost of nearly $4 million, Shenandoah Downs is the newest of West Virginia's three tracks and has been the scene of many state and national racing firsts. The track was the first to offer night thoroughbred racing on the busy Mid-Atlantic circuit and was the first built in this country specifically as a night thoroughbred plant.

Shenandoah Downs is located on Flowing Springs Road, about a mile from the town limits of Charles Town. Its modern plant offers accommodations for more than 18,000 fans in the grand-

stand, clubhouse and concourses. The Starlight Terrace dining room seats 800 at terraced tables overlooking the racing strip. A clubhouse chair section seats 350 additional, while the grandstand accommodates 3,200 in individual chair seats. A paved, lighted parking area handles up to 5,000 automobiles.

Most recent addition is a $100,000 grandstand betting mezzanine, complete with lounges and refreshment stands. Since the 1959 completion date, Shenandoah also has glass-enclosed the grandstand and clubhouse and installed heating and air conditioning.

The racing strip at Shenandoah Downs is five-eighths of a mile with chutes for the start of three and one-half furlong and mile and one-sixteenth races. It is lighted by more than a million watts, thrown directly on the track in a tunnel of light.

WATERFORD PARK

Waterford Park is the only track of one-mile in circumference in West Virginia and also has the only turf course in the state. The latter is a seven-eighths mile track inside the main oval on which grass races may be run. Waterford Park a few years ago underwent a complete modernization at a cost of approximately $2 million.

The track is on the banks of the Ohio River at Chester and reaches into Ohio and Pennsylvania for the bulk of its patronage. The biggest item in the modernization was the new clubhouse, built at a cost of more than $1.6 million and featuring terraced dining, escalators and elevators, heating and air conditioning, and island mutuels. The Man-of-War Room offers the only terraced dining in the state for grandstand patrons. Waterford Park also has the only infield landing strip at an American race track, a 2000-foot runway with the wind sock flying from the tote board. The track is also served by bus from Pittsburgh and major cities in Ohio and Pennsylvania as well as Wheeling. It is on Route 66.

Waterford Park now offers complete recrea-

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Department of Natural Resources float won first place award at Mountain State Forest Festival during October. Float was designed by DNR's Bob Combs.

tion facilities for Northern Panhandle residents with a motel on the grounds, par-three golf course, a tennis and bath club, a playground for children and a trailer park.

The racing surface, like Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs, lighted for night racing, is one mile around and features chutes for six-furlong and mile-and-a-quarter events.

WHEELING DOWNS

Wheeling Downs, alongside the Ohio River, opened as the first track in the Northern Panhandle in 1937. It operated successfully in both winter and summer as a day track for two decades and in 1957 was lighted as the first night track in West Virginia. In 1962 a fire swept the grandstand, virtually destroying it and shutting the plant down for five years.

A $2 million reconstruction job was begun in 1966 and Wheeling reopened for a winter meeting in January, 1968, racing 32 days.

Wheeling's grandstand accommodations seat nearly 3,000 with cafeteria dining and an indoor paddock. The reconstruction also included renovation of administrative offices, installation of new mercury vapor lights on the track and rebuilding of the barn area.

The racing surface at Wheeling Downs is a half-mile oval with chutes for five-furlong and seven-furlong events.

The Charles Town track will operate until Dec. 5 while Waterford Park and Wheeling Downs will race until Dec. 31, 1970.

Next panel: Crops are in. Lush farmland in Tucker County.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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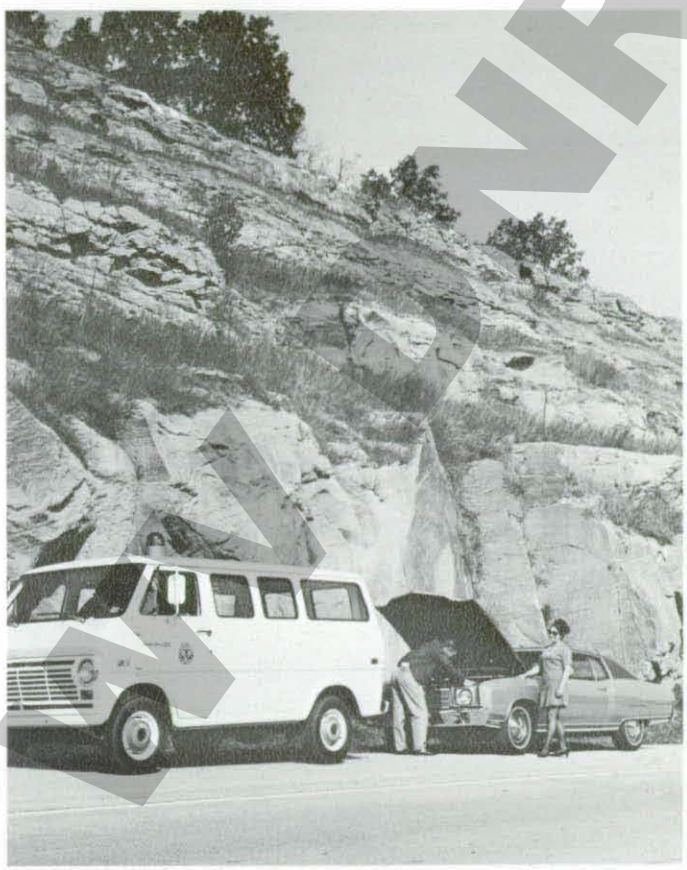
SAMARITANS RIDE THE INTERSTATES



TINA SONIS

YOU MAY travel West Virginia's interstate system secure in knowing that, should help be needed, it is never more than 30 minutes away. That is because of the courtesy service provided by the Department of Highway's Safety Patrol cars.

They operate 24 hours a day on Interstates 64, 70, 77 and 81.

Hundreds of motorists who have experienced trouble and received their assistance write grateful letters of thanks for the variety of services rendered.

The first safety patrol wagon was put into use on November 1, 1962 to experiment with the idea of what could be done to help motorists stranded on the shoulders of rapid-transit expressways, in addition to enhancing highway safety.

A year later, two wagons were in service. In 1964, a third unit was added, and now the Safety, Claims and Weight Enforcement Division provides seven wagons and plans to add additional cars as the need arises.

Each driver carries in his vehicle all the equipment he needs for an average day's work, including extra gasoline and water, fire extinguisher, shovel, broom, crowbar, small tool kit and first aid equipment. For that not-so-average day, he also carries a resuscitator, fireman's ax, stretcher and blankets.

The wagons are equipped with radio units and contact is possible with radio control centers at Charleston, Huntington, Wheeling, Martinsburg, Parkersburg and Ripley, where messages and requests may be relayed by telephone to local law enforcement officers, garages or ambulance firms.

The drivers not only provide assistance when needed, but also are required to make continuous inspection of the segments of highway they patrol and to report promptly any defect, obstruction, hazard or violation observed so that remedial action can be initiated.

An inestimable amount of correspondence from appreciative motorists arrives each day, and every letter is acknowledged.

A lady from the Republic of Congo, Africa, took the time when she returned home to send her thanks to a driver who assisted her when her car broke down 200 miles from her destination. The man "took me to a service station, then to an automobile dealer, then returned me to my car as we awaited someone to tow it in. It could have been a very frustrating, frightful experience to be stranded in the middle of the highway in a strange town, but he was so helpful and kind, I knew everything would be okay.

"I know this man went beyond the call of duty and I just want to say 'thank you' to him and to your fine department," she concluded.

One of the drivers on I-70 didn't have far to travel to lend a hand to a St. Clairsville, Ohio, couple and their daughter after they "coasted just over the bridge above the stoplight at Elm Grove and came to a stop at the tailgate of a patrol station wagon . . ."

HAVING MET THEIR DAUGHTER at the Pittsburgh airport and started the trip home, they were busily engaged in discussing the girl's summer, oblivious to such details as gasoline, when "the motor stopped half way down 'Dead Man's Hill' . . .

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"Never having encountered the service before, we were astonished to learn your driver was carrying gas in his car and was at the time engaged in assisting a lady who had locked her keys in her trunk.

"He was so very pleasant and would take no payment for the gasoline . . . ".

She expressed gratitude to the driver and the Department of Highways and added, "Three cheers for I-70 through Elm Grove and thanks to Governor Moore."

"This was the first contact I have had with our state's Safety Patrol and I appreciate and approve of the program. It is indeed a 'good Samaritan' approach to better highway safety," wrote a West Virginia resident.

The gentleman, returning to Proctor after vacation, experienced five flat tires with his boat trailer between Charleston and Ripley one Sunday, when not many service stations are opened for business. "Your safety patrol came to my aid . . . and we were able to get home without further problems."

A Kentucky man penned a rather complimentary letter to the Department, following a rather harrowing experience with an empty gas tank on one of the long steep mountains outside of Wheeling, W. Va.

"Let me tell you, your driver looked like an angel from Heaven long about that time . . . ".

The plant manager for a furniture company in Pennsylvania wrote:

"This is to notify you of the excellent service rendered to one of our drivers by one of your employes.

". . . one of our drivers developed trouble on the road and needed assistance. An employe of your Safety, Claims and Weight Enforcement Division rendered exceptional service. He not only called ahead for the parts to be available, but had my driver's intended route checked for overhead clearances (because of this a new route was selected).

"I feel if this courtesy and service became commonplace in all states, then all highway transportation would be much safer and quicker.

"Congratulations to you and your state for its excellent program and selection of employes."

One twenty-one-year-old wrote: "I feel it important to add that my hair is longer than normal and my dress is slightly unconventional. Yet in this day of misunderstanding, your driver—a man at least twenty years my senior—was nothing less than kind, sincere and cooperative during the whole ordeal."

Travel our interstate system and if you encounter no problems, fine. However, if a predicament does arise, remember—a Department of Highways Safety Patrol wagon is close at hand to lend a reassuring hand.

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Part of emergency gear shown with patrol car.

Rare sight is 12-inch, baby black rat snake hatching from egg in childrens' Live Animal Fair at Charleston's Sunrise museum. Fully grown, it will attain six feet. The three oval objects are other eggs about to hatch. DICK MATHEWS

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VEINS OF COMMUNITIES ARE WATER LINES

J. KENTON LAMBERT

WEST VIRGINIA IS ENDOWED with a wealth of natural resources. To put these resources to work to the greatest advantage of all citizens is the demanding challenge facing us in the sizzling '70's.

Highly visible among the natural resources that grace the scenic splendor of our state is the abundance of cool, clear springs and fast, flowing streams, ranging from creeks to the mighty Ohio River searching its way south. The irregular mountain terrain gives rise to streams draining in all directions, making West Virginia truly the birthplace of rivers.

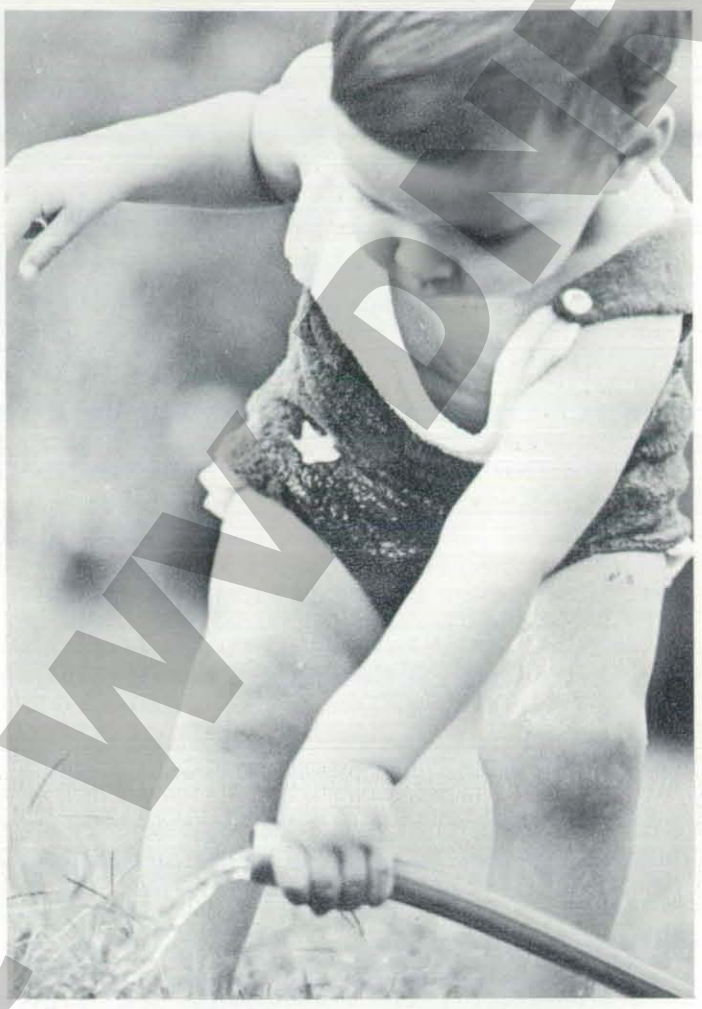
The deep feelings of satisfaction and pride that come from watching the meanderings of a beautiful mountain stream are not always accessible to the contemporary lover of nature. People have been less thoughtful in their protection and care of his valuable water courses. Obviously!

Eagerness to harvest, mine and initiate development, without proper planning, has left a wake of devastation. Streams have been defiled. Houses and industry have sprung up in unguarded flood plains. Disaster is a frequent visitor under such conditions, and always a threat.

To pay our debts of past mismanagement by reclaiming the purity of the water has reached a state of urgency. Essentially it is now or never.

Fortunately, there is a massive shift in thinking and reordering of priorities. Attention is focused on planning developments in harmony with nature; streams are being treated as perishable resources.

Shaded clean streams like this one are sources of water supply for many communities in the state. ARNOUT HYDE JR.



Water makes grass and little boys grow.

The rich heritage of the mountain state is no longer taken for granted.

Yet, ironically, in the midst of rapidly replenishing supplies of fresh water, many families are forced to rely on totally unsuitable sources of water. This is largely due to the careless despoilment of our streams.

In some instances, homes have been built in isolated areas where the ground water is naturally saturated with minerals to the extent that it is unfit for human consumption. Families experience difficulty, too, when the ground water level is so deep beneath the surface that individual wells are not practical.

Although our state has an abundance of pure water, sending tens of millions of gallons of the precious resource downstream each day, not all citizens share in its bounty.

A survey conducted by the Farmers Home Administration, a major agency of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for rural development, revealed that nearly 500,000 West Virginians, residing in 787 communities need a central water system or substantial improvements in their present facilities. The cost to do the job is estimated at

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$150,800,000 and this accounts for only limited growth.

All over the state, communities are organizing and anxiously working to criss-cross the populated countryside and small towns with a modern network of lines buried deep in the ground and capable of yielding high-quality water at the turn of a faucet. They are often referred to as the life lines of a community.

Probably even more in the future, the very survival of a community will depend on a first-rate water system. Unquestionably, the quicker rural community water systems are installed and updated, the better it will be. Everybody stands to gain. Scores of new homes, renovated schools and modern industry usually follow the flow of water, revitalizing rural communities into attractive living centers for today's discriminating citizen.

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP; successes achieved in ridding the rural areas of polluted and antiquated waterworks are encouraging. Already 95 public service districts, municipalities and non-profit associations have turned to the Farmers Home Administration, borrowing $25 million for installation of central water systems providing pure, potable water to 100,000 people.

Although the start is modest in terms of satisfying the real need, it does indicate that every deserving family can have a decent, safe supply of water for household use. In protecting the health of all our people we can do no less than put pure water at the disposal of each person.

The responsibility to get corrective action in the modernization of water plants is lodged with the local community as it should be in a democracy. For state and federal government to usurp local leadership would be folly. The aspiration for change properly originates at the community level with state and federal government lending a helping hand in the realization of local goals.

Time-worn traditional ways of doing things are swiftly slipping from the scene. The rural air fairly sings with change and progress. Families, today, forcefully express intolerance to unpalatable, insufficient or unsafe supplies of water for domestic use. Their voices are heard.

Wherever you look in rural West Virginia, and that is most of the state, you see dedicated local officials at work wrestling with knotty problems associated with the organization of community-wide water systems. New approaches, holding real promise, are being tested by daring men possessed with inquisitive minds.

Communities, once stripped of all hope, are getting central water systems. Their answer is closely tied to refined techniques in water treatment, cheaper and more durable transmission lines and bold new methods of construction. Ideas are flourishing and innovation is the order of the day in satisfying the water needs of our rural communities.

Five hundred thousand people plagued by water scarcity are not to be ignored in our benevolent society.

They are still around for a good drink of water.

TROUBLESOME SIGNS perched at the edge of towns, announcing "Public Water Supply Unsafe" are coming down one by one. The latest to fall victim was in the town of Junior. A concerted effort by concerned citizens culminated in a new water facility that not only served Junior but includes two neighboring communities.

Christening the water system was a dramatic occasion when the townspeople literally buried the unbearable sign that had stigmatized that community for 25 years. "It was a happy funeral," quipped the town's mayor Bobby Channell, "representing triumph over persistent water shortage."

Wardensville held the distinction of being the center of population for the United States in 1820, but the best to happen there occurred in 1968, related Mayor Holmes Spence. He was referring to the installation of a modern, convenient water system, assuring that Wardensville's 300 residents would not move westward with the center of population.

The new water system in Wardensville ushered in a host of changes. Gone forever is the need for jugs to draw water from a nearby spring to make a good cup of coffee. "Our water was so hard that it clinked," quipped Mayor Spence. It is hard to imagine that a town located on the banks of a stream, so pure that trout swim freely, could have an acute water problem. It did happen.

The results throughout the state are exciting—pure water is coming to an increasing number of families at a fast pace. New water systems replace out-moded ones and waterless communities get their first taste of piped in water.

Anyone for a drink of good water? Soon every mountaineer will have that safe privilege.

William Tompkins, in 1841, used natural gas to evaporate salt brine thus becoming the first man in the United States to use natural gas for industrial purposes.

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LEONARD LEE RUE

Screech owl. Common throughout West Virginia.

THERE'S BEAUTY AND WISDOM IN THE SUMAC

GEORGE BREIDING
State Extension Program Leader
Outdoor Recreation
West Virginia University

"THE HILLSIDES were cloaked in orange, scarlet, crimson, and maroon."

No doubt you have witnessed this fall spectacular, and you were probably looking at some of the most interesting woody plants in the Mountain State. There's a good chance that it was one of the species of sumac and, most likely the staghorn, or possibly the smooth or the dwarf.

In autumn they turn from brilliant to deep red and various shades in between, and in some sections temporarily take over abandoned fields and hillsides.

The sumacs belong to the cashew family which the botanists call **Anacardiaceae**. It's an intriguing name that refers to some of the fruits of the family meaning—like a bird's heart. Some of the better known tropical kinds, of which there are several hundred species, are the mango, cashew, pistachio and varnish or lacquer tree. The basic or generic name of the sumacs represented in the state is **Rhus** (like ROOS). Locally by common name, they are often called the shoemake or shoemaker tree.

Meanwhile, back in the hills, the staghorn sumac has its own engaging personality.

First of all there's the matter of spelling and pronunciation. The generally accepted spelling is s-u-m-a-c, (rhymes with smack) but some of the older manuals on plants and the second spelling listed in the dictionary says it is s-u-m-a-c-h. The catch is, the preferred pronunciation is shoomak with soomak given second place.

STAGHORN GETS ITS NAME from the velvety hairs on the twigs and the staghorn-like branching. But a stag does not have horns. "What is a stag in the animal world, and if it doesn't have horns what does it have?" A stag usually refers to a male deer and a deer has antlers.

What are the three main differences between horns and antlers?

- Horns are straight spikes, antlers are branched.
- Daniel Boone never carried his powder in an antler. Horns are hollow, antlers are solid.
- Horns are permanent, antlers are deciduous. Deciduous! Be careful, that may be a new word to learn, but the leaves of most broad-leaved trees in our climate are deciduous. Here it means each year nature decides that they will fall. In the case of the deer, the antlers are shed in cold weather from December into February.

Now we have had some word and animal studies about sumac. What else is there? Don't forget the birds. They like to feed on the fuzzy red berries clustered up like an ice cream cone. Many kinds of wild birds eat the berries. They are reported to be a source of pro-vitamin A and provide a good supplemental and bulk diet. Also, rabbits are known to prefer the bark in winter.

So what about man? Does it have any use or value for him? Have you ever gone on a long hike on a hot August day without water? Have you ever gathered sumac berries, chewed them lightly, and held them in your mouth? The fresh newly-formed berries have a lemon-like taste and will help to relieve thirst just like a basketball player who sucks on a lemon instead of drinking his fill of water.

Have you heard of Indian lemonade? It can be made by taking some sumac berries, steep them in hot water, add a sweetener, and cool the brew. It's something different to try and an added experience on a camping trip. The Indians also ate young sprouts of the plant raw, as a salad. Man has found that other parts of the plant are useful in making ink and as a supply of tannin. The early settlers learned to make spouts for drawing off maple syrup by hollowing out the soft woody twigs. The red foliage in fall and the red berries in winter make it a desirable ornamental, except, for instance, that it has a relatively short life as compared to that of the flowering dogwood.

As to the characteristics of the plants as a group, all of them in the state have compound leaves. That is, the leaf is made up of a series of leaflets and the number varies with the species. Two of the most prominent species, staghorn and smooth, have leaves like big wide ferns. Some of the others have three-parted leaves, while some have leaves that slightly resemble an ash.

The staghorn and several of the others have a very definite ecological niche. They are often referred to as invader species meaning that they frequently come in where an area has been cut, cleared or burned. They set the stage or prepare the way for other woody species to get started and are eventually crowded out by sheer competition. The sumacs grow under high light conditions; therefore, they are usually found growing along roadsides and at the edge of woods.

IN ALL, six species of the family occur in West

Sumac.
ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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Virginia including the staghorn, smooth, dwarf, fragrant, poison sumac and poison ivy.

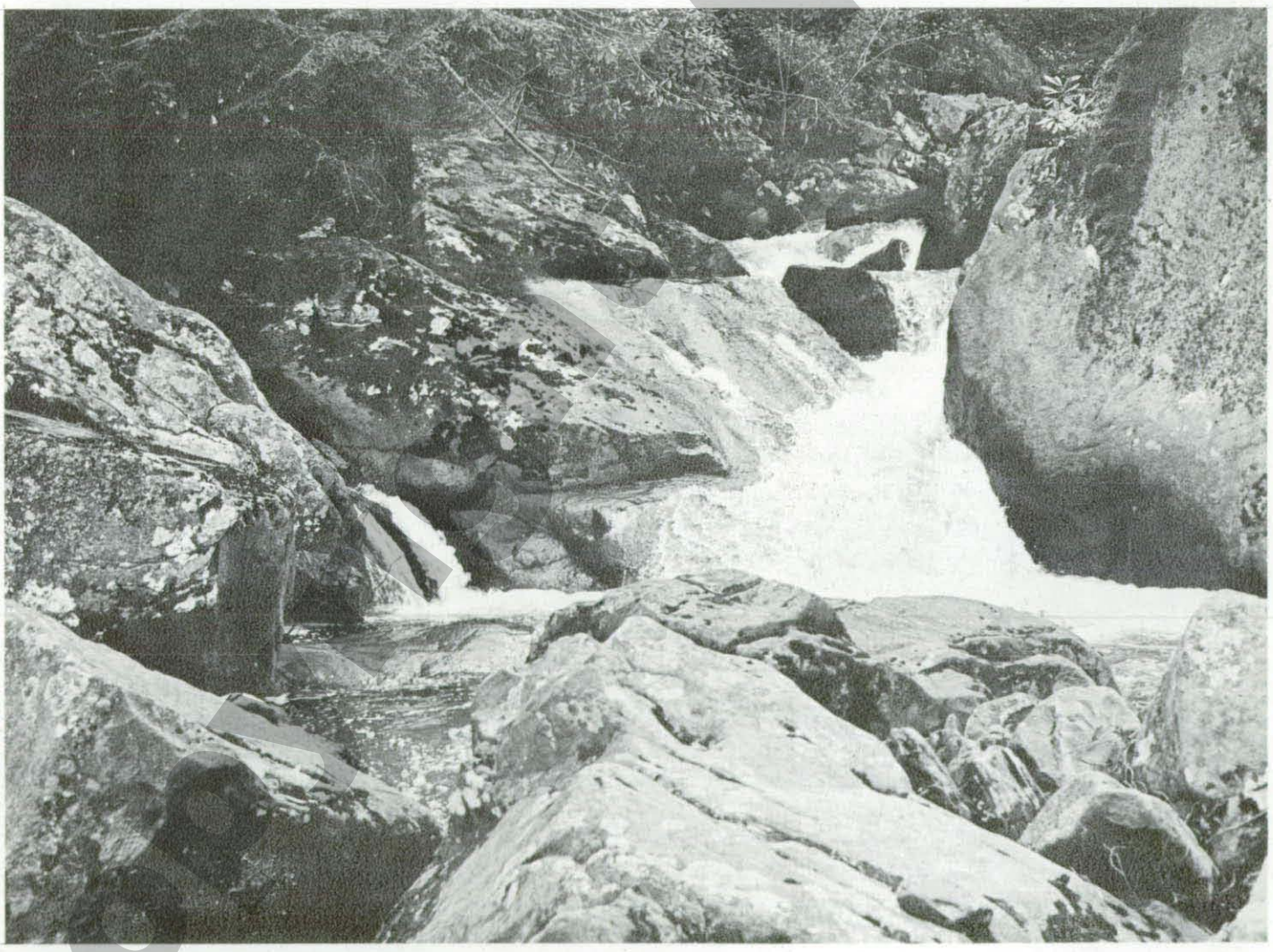
Each in its own way has its own fascinating story and points of identification. Just as a teaser—the fragrant sumac is aromatic and more common in the mountainous areas which means generally the eastern part of the state. The dwarf has other names such as shining, mountain, winged and flameleaf. Its distinctive feature is the little overlapping wings or widened margins along the leaf stems. The smooth is much like the staghorn except the twigs are smooth and not covered with the fine downy hairs.

Then there are the notorious two! The poison sumac and poison ivy are something else. Their berries are not red, not a warning signal of danger, but are actually gray and whitish or ivory in appearance at a distance. Although it is found in mountain bogs and swamps, poison sumac has been officially recorded in six places in the state: Mineral, Monongalia, Upshur, Preston, Pocahontas, and Randolph counties. If you want to know the spots, check **Flora of West Virginia**, Part 3, by Strausbaugh and Core.

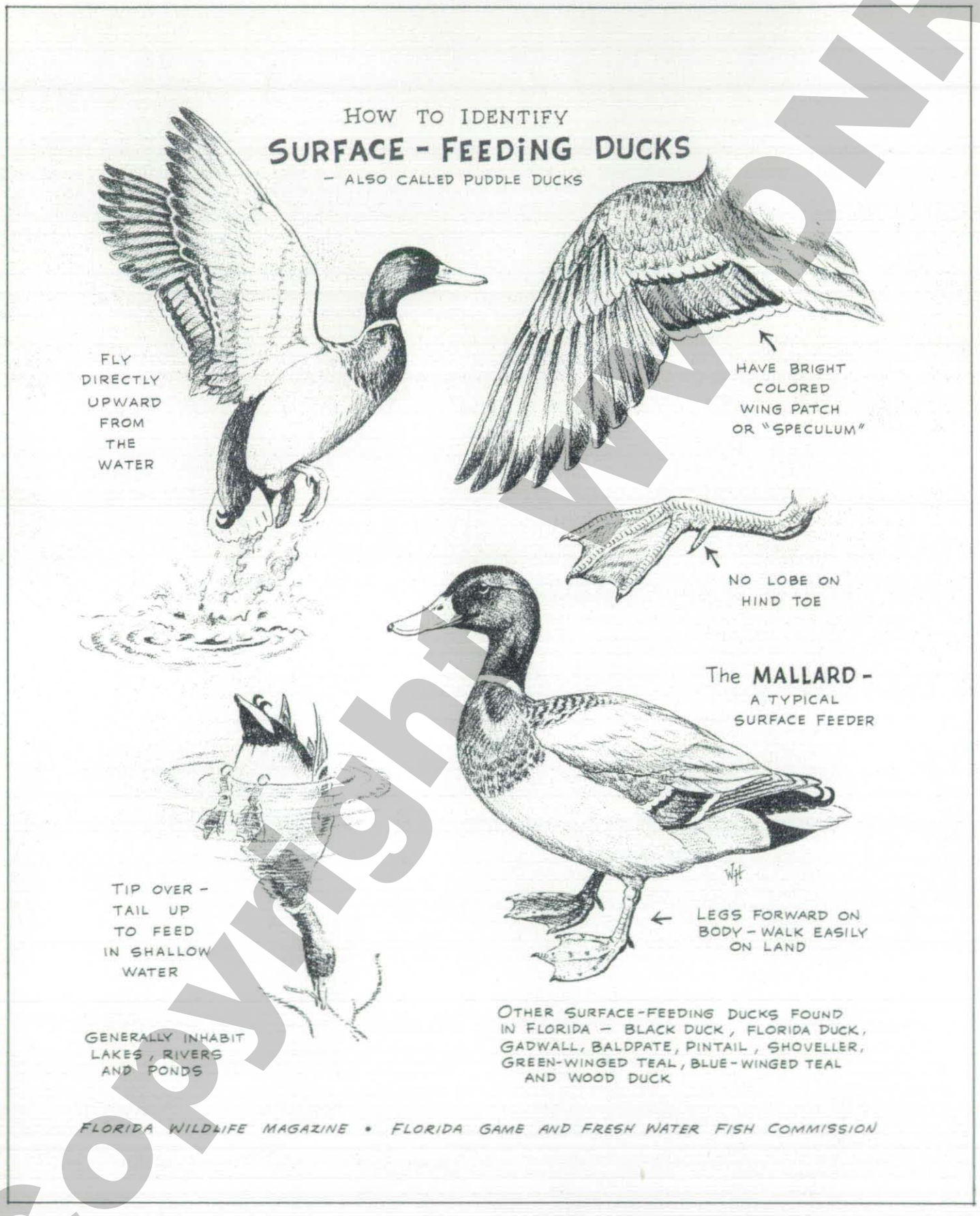
Poison ivy grows as a vine or a low shurb. It is absent or occurs sparingly in most sections of the state over 2500 feet above sea level.

So it goes with the sumacs. There are many other related lessons to learn, observations to make. That's the beauty of the outdoors. Sometimes the most common things are not commonplace; the most conspicuous are not really obvious; and the most simple are very wonderful and profound—all found in the natural environment which man needs so desperately. The almost unnoticed and sometimes unwanted sumacs and all the other valuable green plants absorb the carbon dioxide that man exhales from his own body or creates in other ways and gives him in return life-giving oxygen.

There's beauty and a lot of wisdom to be learned in a sumac tree.



Mountain stream near popular Hawks Nest State Park.



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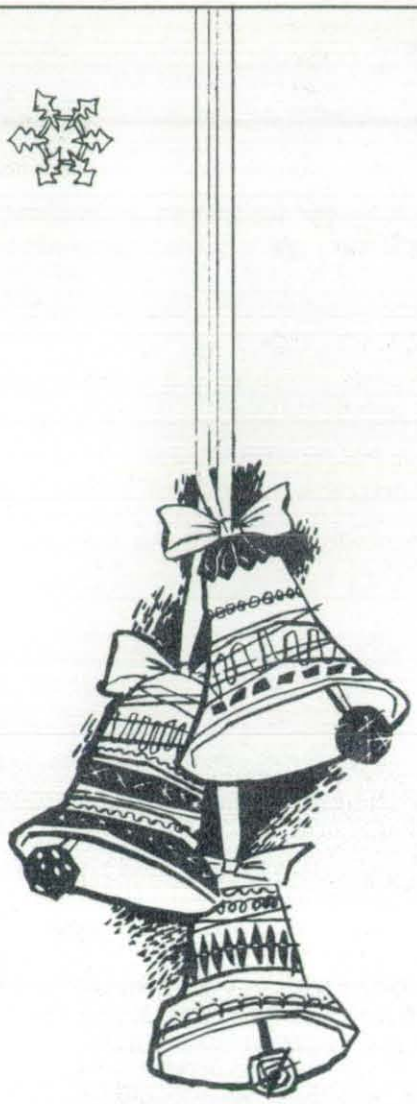

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Hidden lake in Pocahontas County is reached only by long, long hike. Lake was formed by back-up from old tram road.

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AN AGE OF REASON:

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

As director of the Department of Natural Resources, I am mindful of the fundamental obligations to those who buy hunting and fishing licenses and to that other large group of conservationists who neither use a gun nor fishing rod. I hunt and fish, too.

Though people, wildlife, soil, forests and water are natural resources, coal, oil and gas, and the potential energy generated from these fuels, are also resources which we must consider in management of our ecology.

We are inevitably in an age of reason: we must live sensibly within a realistic plan for future environmental preservation and development, with both a paycheck and an opportunity for outdoor recreation. This can—must—be done by reasonable give-and-take between industry and our citizenry.

Many of us recall the past in West Virginia when enough of our legislators were swayed from enacting workable stream pollution laws by a phase of unenlightened industry: "do you want fish or industry?" For decades our state has been abused by stream pollution, poor land practices and inexcusable littering by citizens. We still are picking up the pieces and putting them back through resources management.

In addition to our tougher laws, industry, as a matter of sound public relations and corporate conscience, has profoundly entered the field of stream and air pollution abatement. In upgrading water quality of the Mountain State, the results, particularly in the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers, have been progressively good.

Based upon our best professional judgment, the Department of Natural Resources will continue its stand against environmental degradation of any kind.

Individual responsibility has its own manifest obligations. Disturbing results show that the statewide clean-streams program, in spite of the effort and cost, appears only a temporary measure in some areas. Where some stream banks and creek beds have been cleared by Neighborhood Youth Corps youngsters and volunteers, the chronic trash throwers are right behind them. Every day, state highway department personnel are picking up overflow roadside barrels of trash filled by local dwellers in addition to motorists. The U. S. Forest Service has the same recurring daily problem of negligent littering. Say the same for our state parks and forests.

Average consumers constantly demand and get more air conditioners, electric can openers, toothbrushes and a multitude of new appliances. By the year 2000, the generated energy demand, mostly from fossil fuels, should increase about six times the present level, according to authorities. While I do not subscribe to indiscriminate damming of our waterways for electric power generation or flood control, this method of producing electricity contributes the least to air and water pollution problems.

The point I wish to make in an age of reason is this: We demand more of the material good things of life for better living. At the same time we must realize we figuratively are being buried by the effluents of our affluence; environmental degradation of our air, water and land threatens this nation's survival. The solution is a colossal problem; industry is pressured to expand. Let each of us as sportsmen and conservationists, professional resource managers and plain citizens, take a reasonable look at the things we demand of industry. If industry and the individual cooperate, we can have our cake and eat it too.

Ira S. Latimer Jr.

Fall foliage shoulders buttermilk sky.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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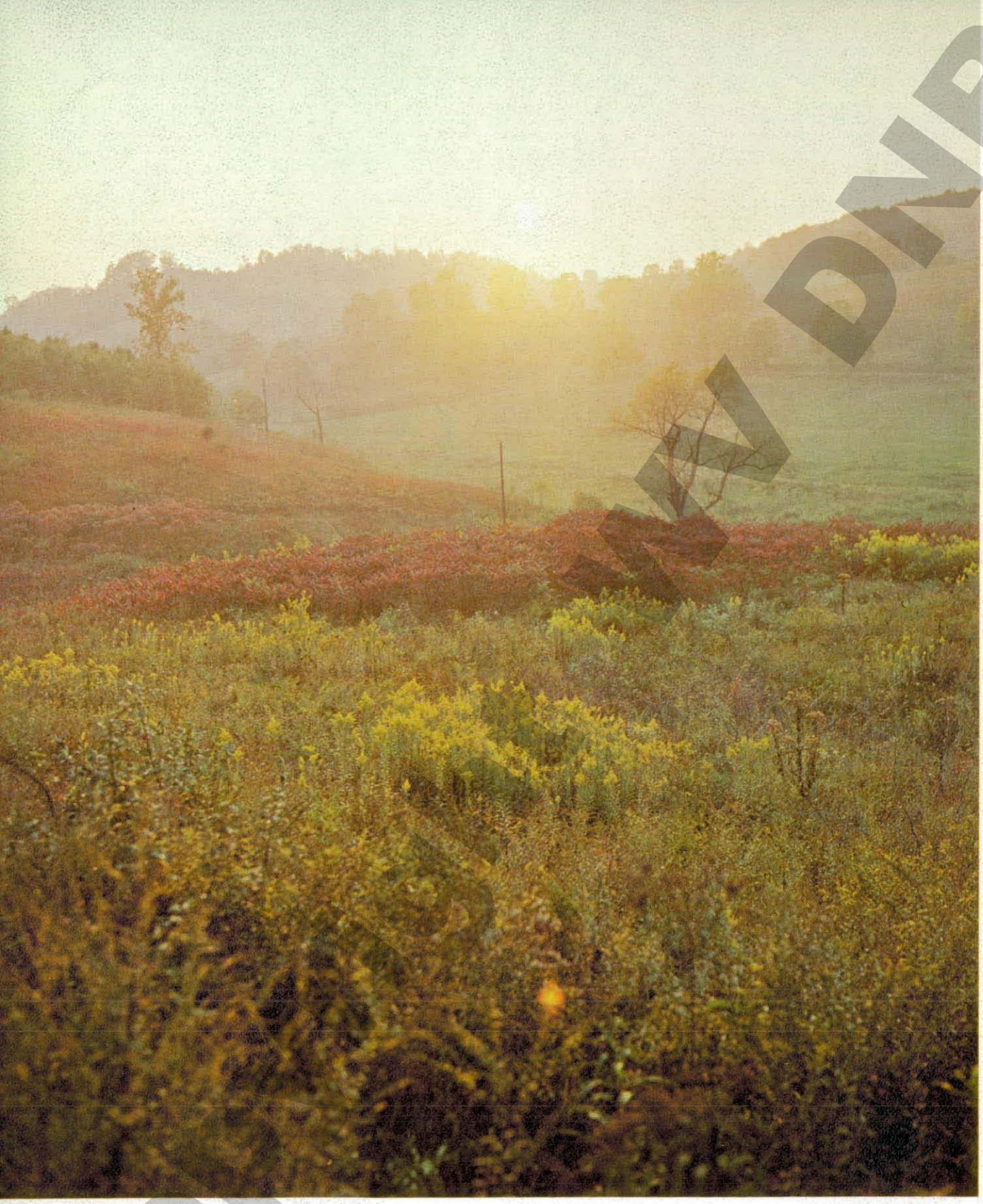

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Fall Sunset

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

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