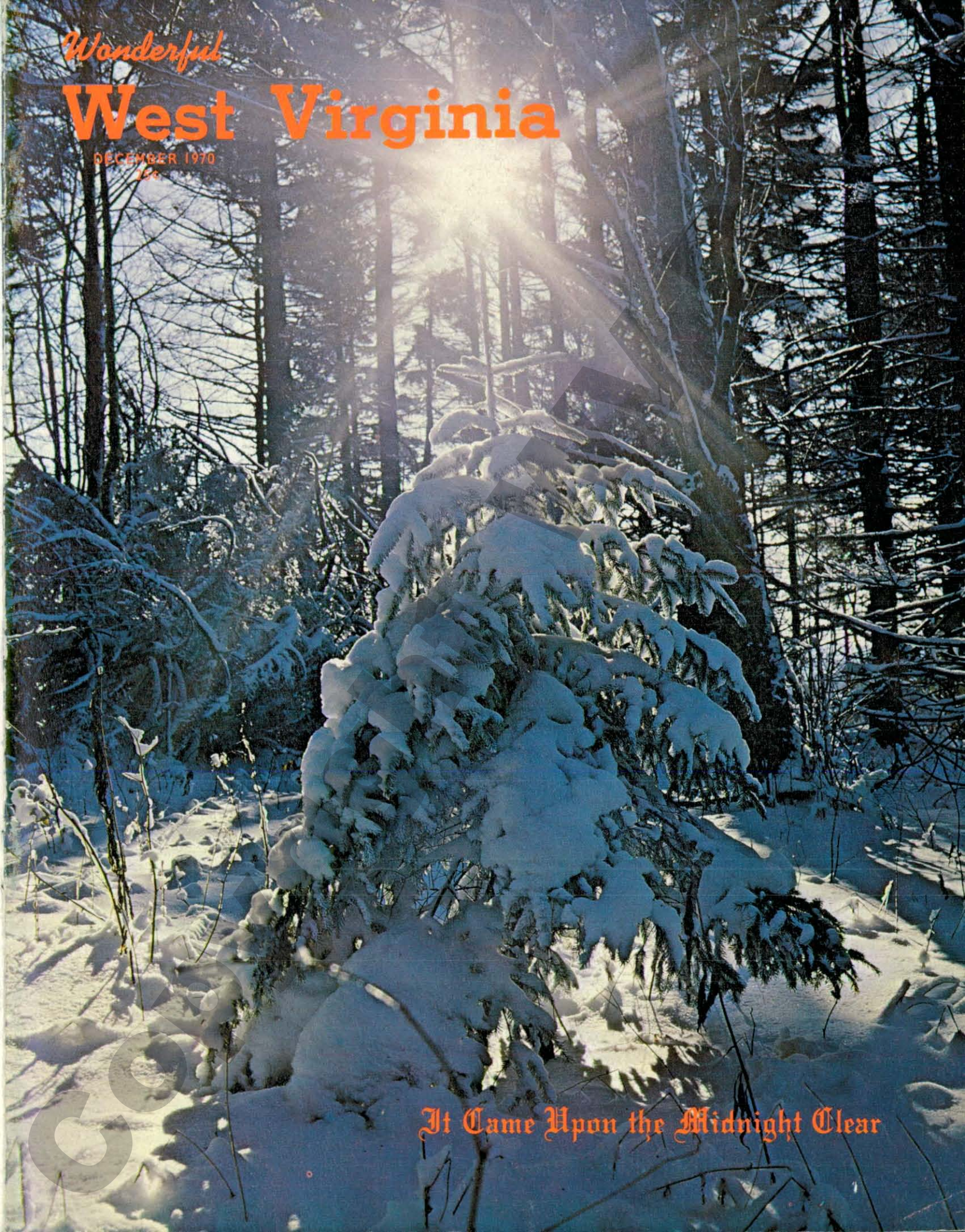
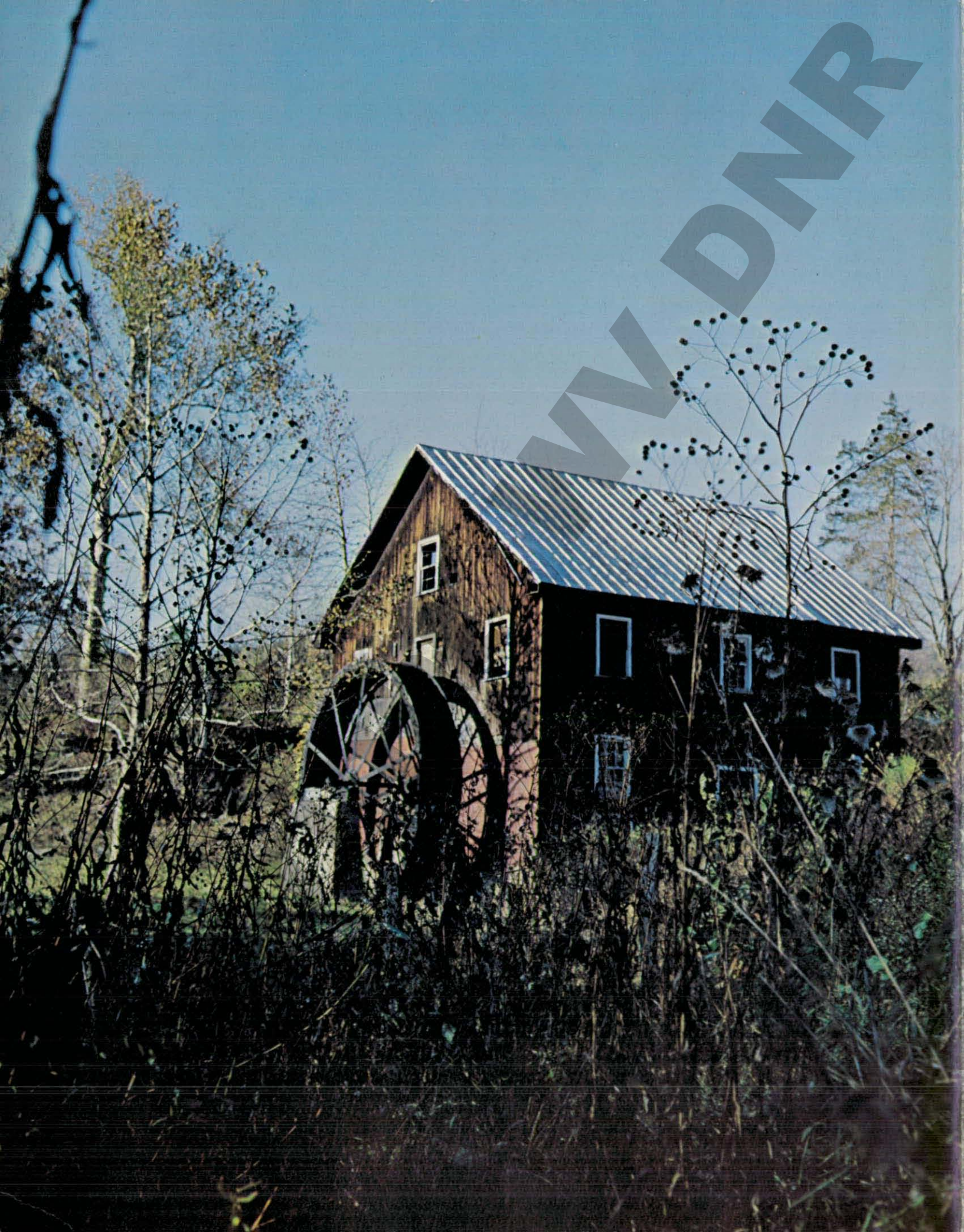

Wonderful
West Virginia
DECEMBER 1970
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear



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Old mill at Mill Point near Watoga State Park.
ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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Beartown State Park

KERMIT McKEEVER
Chief, Parks and Recreation

WEST VIRGINIA has many outstanding natural wonders, but I know of none that is more interesting than Beartown,. our newest 107-acre state park. This area is located on the Greenbrier-Pocahontas County line about two miles east of U. S. Route 219. It has long been known to the local people as an area of outstanding rock formations. In some of these unusual rock crevices the winter snows accumulate and form ice that does not all melt until mid-or-late summer. I spent part of my boyhood near Beartown and frequently visited the area in the summer months to get ice, as other rural families of the area did, to make ice cream by the old ice pack and salt method.

The coolness of the area caused plant life, not common to the surrounding country, to grow here. An example of these plants is the parrot feather moss normally found in New England. Elephant ear lichens are unusually large that grow on the rocks in that portion of the formations known as "Big" Beartown.

Beartown inherited its name from the rock separation, throughout geologic time, that resembles the streets of a town, and since the black bear is common to the area and possibly denned in the rocks, it is easy to see how the early settlers arrived at the name "Beartown."

This area was not widely known until a few years ago when representatives of the national offices of Nature Conservancy and leaders in the state chapter of this organization were invited to join with the state park people to visit and appraise it. As a result of this visit, Nature Conservancy agreed to acquire this property and hold it until such time as the state could find the money to purchase it from them. Nature Conservancy is a non-profit nationwide organization that frequently acquires outstanding natural areas so that they may be preserved until a preservation agency can acquire title.

EDWIN G. POLAN of Huntington, a former member of the Advisory Commission of the Department of Natural Resources, visited Beartown, and being very much impressed, asked why it had not been acquired as a natural area to be added to our state park system. He was advised that money for acquisition was not available. He then asked that he and his wife be permitted to donate the $3,500 needed for matching Land and Water Conservation Funds to acquire the property from Nature Conservancy as a memorial to his wife's son, Ronald Keith Neal, a former state park student employee who lost his life in Vietnam. The donation was graciously accepted, and an appropriate memorial marker will be placed in the park.

The management policy on Beartown will be to retain it in its natural condition as far as possible. This means that the boundary line will be marked, a parking area will be designated, and trails to the points of interest will be marked by signs.

Beartown will be a fine addition to the West Virginia park system and will preserve for public use an outstanding natural phenomenon.

We are confident visitors will be delighted with this beautiful and unique park.

Unique rock formations are among natural features of Beartown State Park.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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The Last Stand of Devil Anse

JOHN W. KENDRICK

HAWKED NOSE, in full beard, the old mountaineer stares fixedly out over the valley to the hills beyond. Dressed in frock coat and riding leggings, but without the familiar black slouch hat, he stands stiffly with hands at side. There is about this quiet figure an air of strength, of rock-hard determination. One senses that here was a man not to be trifled with nor crossed.

One's instinct is true. The lonely figure standing among the graves in a small family burying ground in the southern West Virginia hills is a replica in stone of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, once the terror of the Kentucky-West Virginia border.

Pioneer, Civil War guerrilla, mountain farmer, moonshiner, bear hunter, storekeeper, feudist, Devil Anse died in 1921. Illiterate, but a born leader, he became a legend. He would have been outstanding anywhere. Shot at from ambush and in hand-to-hand combat with the McCoys scores of times, he died peacefully in his bed at the age of 82 without any marks of battle. He always predicted that he would live to die a natural death.

Within a short time after the death of Devil Anse, members of his family began to plan a suitable memorial to the veteran feudist. In time, sculptors at Carrara, Italy, went to work on a life-size statue of the patriarch. When it was completed at a cost of $3,000, a considerable sum of money at that time, it was shipped to the hill country. Mules pulled it up the mountainside to the family burying ground. There, with fitting ceremony, it was erected on a pedestal that raised the marble head 13 feet above the ground over which it towered.

Ghostly and out of harmony with the life-inspiring green of the mountain slopes, the statue stands on a knoll above U. S. Highway 119 and the swift-flowing waters of Island Creek, a few miles from the small mining community of Omar, in Logan County. Many surviving friends, neighbors and relatives of Devil Anse remember him well. Most say that the statue is a remarkable likeness of the fearless old warrior.

Here stands the old feudist immortalized in stone. Carved in the pedestal are the names of his 13 children.

AT THE TIME OF THE FEUD, 1882-88, Captain Anderson Hatfield—he had received a captain's commission during his service in the Civil War—lived at Delorme on the West Virginia side of the Tug River, about five miles above Matewan, in Mingo County. Randolph McCoy, the feudal leader on the McCoy side, lived a few miles south of the river on Pond Creek, in Pike County, Kentucky.

Although there seems to have been bad blood between the two families for some time, the real cause of the feud was an election day fight on the first Monday of August 1882. In that fight, three sons of Randolph McCoy—Tolbert, Floyd and Dick—fatally shot and stabbed Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse. A band of Hatfields led by Devil Anse seized the three brothers as hostages, vowing to kill them if Ellison died.

The wounding occurred on Monday and Ellison died on Wednesday. The next morning, after the death of Ellison, the three McCoys were found shot

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to death, tied to some pawpaw trees on the Kentucky side of the Tug River.

There were no eyewitnesses who would testify that the Hatfields killed the McCoys. Yet, the Hatfields had threatened, and they were known to be people who carried out their threats.

The feud raged for several years and no man felt safe along the bloody border. A number of people simply disappeared during the feud, never to be seen again. Altogether, it is believed that 27 people were killed. At least three of these were Hatfields and the other 24 were McCoys and their confederates. One of those killed was a woman, Alifaire McCoy, daughter of Randolph McCoy. She was shot by mistake in a Hatfield raid on the McCoy homestead.

AFTER THE FEUD, Devil Anse spent years eluding his many enemies. Spurred on by the McCoys, Kentucky law officials made numerous attempts to arrest him. For sixteen years Kentucky tried to extradite him, but the Governor of West Virginia refused to honor their requests for extradition.

Feeling unsafe at his old homestead on the Tug River, Devil Anse disposed of his property there and moved to Island Creek, Logan County, where he owned several thousand acres. Here, in a spot chosen originally because of its inaccessibility in an inaccessible land, he built a strong log stockade. Watchful, always with armed henchmen nearby, Devil Anse spent the rest of his days, farming, hunting and story telling.

Today, what passes for civilization has come to

Where this modern home stands, Devil Anse built his fort. Its sides were constructed of six huge logs, each more than two feet in diameter. After that on this site he lived in a two-story frame house.

Devil Anse's mountain paradise. Smoke from the mines drifts with the wind over the countryside, accompanied by the rumble of coal trucks. The once-sparkling waters of Island Creek are cluttered by the ever-present beer can and rusting auto body.

Devil Anse still keeps guard in his valley. Eternal as the hills he loved, he stands stoically, during the long watch. If the stern and imposing figure could speak, he might well say: "Let the McCoys come. They will have to deal with Devil Anse."

SPORTSMEN, TAKE A BOW

In the early 1900's deer were numbered in the hundreds in many states and were even extinct in others. Today the total U. S. deer population is 16 million and still increasing.

Sportsmen can be proud of this success story. It was their license fees that paid to make it all possible. By paying for the improvement of habitat, land purchase and scientific management, sportsmen have increased the populations of many game species to record proportions. For example, there are now five times as many elk in the U. S. today as there were in 1910 and more than one hundred times as many antelope. Wild turkeys have been introduced into states where they never lived before.

The sportsman has not limited his attention to our native wildlife either. The Ringneck Pheasant is now so common in the United States that few people realize it was imported by sportsmen many decades ago. The Chukar Partridge, now a favorite western game bird, is another successful import.

Through programs of game range improvement, land acquisition and wildlife management, sportsmen insure the future of American game species.

TOO FISHY?

To get rid of the too-strong fishy taste of your catch, soak the fillets in a quart of cold water in which you have dissolved one teaspoon of soda. Let stand 30 minutes to an hour or overnight.—Ginny Bringwald, A&M Corp.

Young bald eagles open their eyes about four hours after hatching and are ready to fly within three months.

A medium-sized white bass may produce up to 1½ million eggs.

MAKE IT ORANGE, PLEASE

Red is no longer the safest color for a hunter to wear in the woods.

Science has come up with a color which is reducing hunting accidents each year. It's hunter orange. This fluorescent color was labeled "most visible" after tests by the United States Army, Harvard University and the Massachusetts Department of Fisheries and Game. Hunter orange stood out like a beacon in situations where other colors blended into the background. During the hours of dusk and dawn, when other colors tend to fade, hunter orange is highly visible.

Massachusetts, Maine, Colorado and Iowa have made hunter orange clothing mandatory for big game hunters. These states have greatly reduced accidents in the "mistaken-for-game" and "in-the-line-of-fire" accident categories.

OUT OF SIGHT

Insecticides and fungicides should never be left where youngsters and pets can get into them. There may be enough pesticide in such a container to cause serious harm. All empty containers should be destroyed in a way that will prevent children and pets from getting into them.

Materials which are to be kept overwinter might be gathered together and placed in one large container. Mark it "Poison" and store it where it cannot be reached by children.

Wettable powder and liquid concentrates will keep from one season to the next. Dusts are inexpensive and should not be kept.

A young cottontail has only 1 chance in 20 to reach its first birthday.

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LEONARD LEE RUE

All For A Couple Of Bucks

RALPH JARRETT

IT WAS STILL DARK when my partner boosted me up to the first limb of the big oak tree that was to be my stand. From here I would have a ringside seat to one of the greatest shows on earth, the opening of a deer season.

A heavy frost covered the ground and a raw wind rattled the winter-killed leaves that clung to the big oak. Finally, I figured to heck with it, and climbed down from my stand.

With little concern, I gave the worn deer trail an almost careless look, then I caught my breath. There he was, the buck I'd been waiting for and he was right on time, just as my partner opined he would be. His little white flag flirted nervously as he looked suspiciously all around.

I wasn't sure whether the deer had seen me, so I froze in my tracks. I wondered why I was so cautious, no need to be. I couldn't shoot him, because I had left my gun up in the tree.

Suddenly, the deer crashed off and everything got quiet. It's always a letdown when a deer outsmarts you that way. Within seconds my sympathy spell was broken by the loud thump of my buddy's .207.

My companion was running true to form; he drilled the buck dead center as it ran toward him.

We dressed the deer and dragged it down a fairly good trail to an area that he could get to with his station wagon. After checking the buck at a local store, we hung it in the garage.

My hunting buddy is an avid hunt planner. He will devote several evenings and preseason weekends to scouting the most promising hunting territories in the area. There is no better insurance for bringing home venison.

Later that evening, standing in the same tree I'd picked that morning, I saw three more deer and one of them was black and white. I had seen this deer the year before when she was just a fawn. I was elated to be so close to such a wild and beautiful creature. Although they are among the wariest animals, they seldom look up.

An excellent mast crop in the previous fall followed by a relative mild winter enabled deer to survive in excellent condition. In keeping with the program to provide maximum hunting opportunities

Wonderful West Virginia in winter.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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Deer range in Grant County, among thousands of acres of good hunting in West Virginia. GERALD RATLIFF

for sportsmen, two deer were allowed in 1969, one with a bow and one with a firearm.

That night over a supper and a topographical map, we decided to hunt on Saulsbury Run. "See this little dotted red line," my friend said, as he moved his finger over the map, "that's an old rail fence that runs along the woods' edge around this hillside field. Right about here, the fence swings back into a hollow, forming a little pocket. In the morning, this will be your stand."

THE NEXT DAY WAS CLOUDY and for a while I thought it would snow. Shortly after dawn, the clouds thinned and the cold became almost unbearable as I stood motionless in the shadows.

For some hunters standing still for long periods presents no problem, even on the coldest days. Nor does the waiting make them fidgity. I am not one of them.

I'd been looking up to that tempting little ray of sunshine nicking the tree tops, when a flick of motion at the far edge of the field caught my eye. I was amazed when I saw the buck's antlers. I thought there couldn't be another whitetail in Pocahontas County wearing a rack like that.

Ver-r-ry slowly I rested the gun across the rail fence and gave myself mental instructions: "Hold steady. Exhale. Squeeze." I had every right to expect the .30/06 to jump back against my shoulder and roar all up and down the hollow, but it didn't. What I heard was what every hunter dreads to hear. Snap. Immediately my amazement changed to bitter disappointment.

I had hunted deer far too long to get buck fever now, but I'll admit my heart was pounding. Quickly, I ejected the bad cartridge and levered in what I hoped to be a good one. The buck's ears shot up, noting the danger. Oh, but he was cautious and wise. Holding the front bead behind the left shoulder, I squeezed the trigger. This time the rifle roared with authority.

I expected the buck to drop in his tracks, but he didn't. He began running toward my side of the field without showing any sign of being hit. I had another clear shot when he reached the middle of the field, but I was sure I missed. Even though it looked good, the deer never broke stride to clear the fence.

HEARTSICK AND BAFFLED, I climbed the fence to join my partner, who was angling across the field toward me. I still didn't know for sure if I'd missed the buck. We walked the fence line to where I had last seen the deer. There we found blood and bits of tissue where the deer had stumbled and gone down when he jumped the fence. We hadn't gone 30 yards when I saw the buck lying dead against a moss-covered log. I looked over the well-formed antlers, point at a time; there were eight. There may have been a couple of happier hunters in West Virginia that day, but I doubt it. For the first time in six years, we had both scored.

Dressing the deer wasn't any trouble, but getting him back across the fence was a backbreaker. It was all the two of us could do to lift him off the ground, let alone over the fence. Finally, we gave up and took the fence down. Then we wrestled the buck aboard the wagon and reassembled the fence. That was about as hard work as either of us had ever done. We both agreed, though, we'd not miss next year for a couple of bucks.

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WEST VIRGINIA'S WINTER WONDERLAND

BARBARA BEURY McCALLUM

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from winter doldrums, the answer is a West Virginia vacation. With the highest elevation east of the Mississippi River, what better place could you find to spend an ice-spangled weekend or week?

For those who aren't avid sportsmen, there's the enjoyment of relaxing before a crackling fire and watching the snowflakes blanket the landscape. Cacapon, Blackwater, Twin Falls and Pipestem State Parks all have winterized cabins for complete comfort. Twin Falls and Pipestem offer special winter cabin rates as do Blackwater, Mont Chateau, Hawks Nest, Pipestem and Twin Falls Lodges. Oglebay Park's Wilson Lodge, chalets and cabins are also open for winter vacations as is Mountaintop Vacationland with seven cabins and one dormitory.

If you are a winter sports enthusiast, West Virginia offers skiing, tobogganing, sledding, ice skating, the ancient Norwegian sport of skijoring and snowmobiling.

An annual ice skating meet in January and a winter sports festival in February are held at Chestnut Ridge near Morgantown at Coopers Rock State Forest. Operating on weekday evenings and weekends, the area features two slopes, 600 and 1,200 feet long, and ice skating ponds. Lighted for night skiing, the area is serviced by rope tows. A youth hostel is located at the slopes and Mont Chateau State Park Lodge is only eight miles from the area.

Wheeling's famous Oglebay Park offers year-round fun for the entire family. Winter sports enthusiasts enjoy the ski area's two Poma-lifts and rope tows that provide access to the 40-acre ski area with runs from 900 feet to over a quarter of a mile over a 20° slope.

There is nightly skiing under a modern lighting system and daily ski classes for individuals and groups by certified ski instructors. A complete line of skiing equipment is available for rental on a daily basis.

Visitors to Oglebay Park may also take advantage of the varied activities occurring in the winter months such as horseback riding, golf, tennis and paddle tennis, weather permitting.

ICE SKATING IS AVAILABLE at nearby Wheeling Park where mirror-smooth ice is maintained on the artificial rink.

Blackwater Falls State Park, tucked away in the mountains near the Canaan Valley, is truly a wonderland in winter. The park offers a 1,500-foot sled run complete with rope tow constructed to competitive standards, which often doubles as a ski slope. Sleds and toboggans may be rented at the Lodge.

Blackwater is also headquarters for the state's annual Alpine Festival to be held this year February 4-6. Both skiers and non-skiers enjoy the fun at the German Fest, Queen's Ball and Governor's Cup Ski Race. The newest event at the Alpine

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Festival, the snowmobile races, sanctioned by the Eastern Division of the U. S. Snowmobile Association, attract many drivers. The races are run on a speed oval, speed obstacle and cross-country course, with a powder puff class included.

Mountaintop Vacationland, near Terra Alta, offers two ski slopes, serviced by Poma-lifts which operate daily. Snowmaking equipment is being installed to lengthen the number of skiing days. fence that runs along the woods' edge around this at Mountaintop and package rates are available for groups. The area also offers fine hunting and fishing all winter, as well as ice skating.

Cacapon State Park, located only three hour's drive from Washington, D. C., or Hawks Nest Lodge, with its spectacular views of New River Gorge are also perfect for get-away-from-it-all winter vacations as is Twin Falls State Park with its luxurious cabins and lodge.

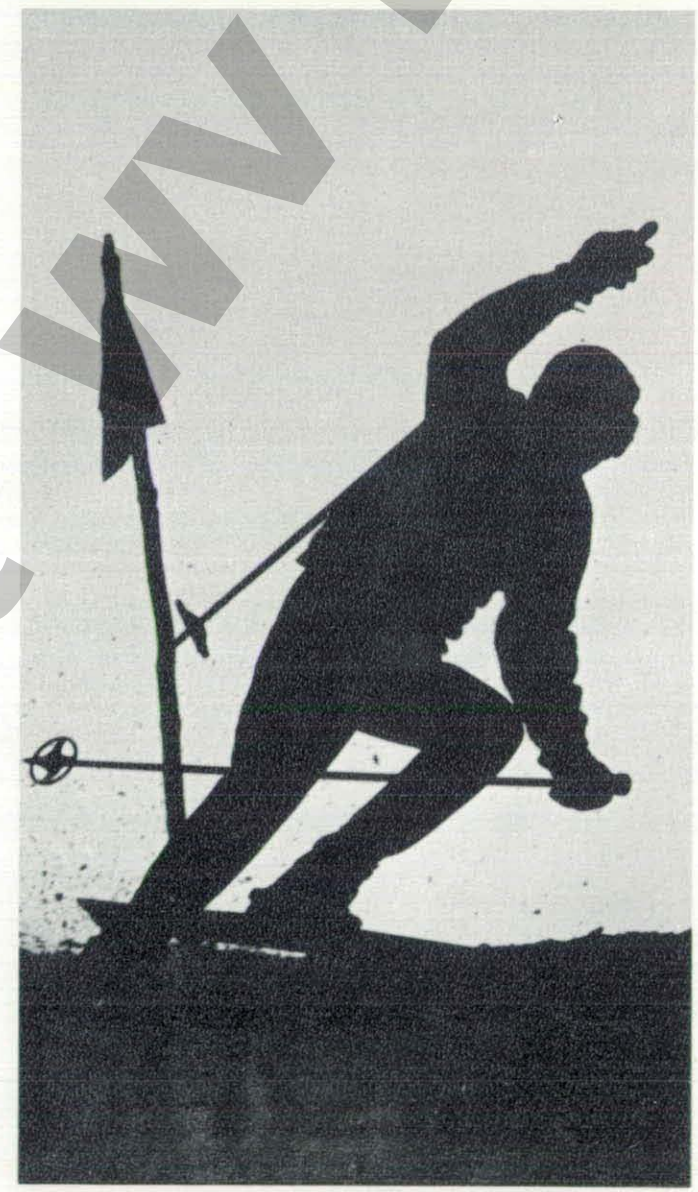
Most of Pipestem Resort's recreational facilities are open all winter. Skaters will delight in the large outdoor ice rink, while those who enjoy indoor sports can swim or take a beneficial sauna.

Added to the existing winter vacation spots will be the completion of the Canaan Valley ski complex in 1971. The area will have two double chairlifts, eight trails, full snowmaking equipment, plus a base lodge and maintenance buildings. Included in the lodge will be ski rental and sales rooms, a lounge, snack bar, dining room and nursery.

THE SKI AREA AT CANAAN will have a vertical drop of 825 feet, with some 200 additional feet of elevation available above for future expansion. Main lift will be 3,000 feet long with a 750-foot drop. It will serve several expert trails from the top, the longest about a mile and a half in length, and intermediate trails from a mid-station unloading platform. Uphill capacity will be approximately 1,000 skiers per hour.

A 1,000-foot double chair lift will service an open slope and trail for beginners. It will have a 220-foot drop and capacity of nearly 1,500 skiers per hour.

Whatever facility you choose for your winter vacation, it is sure to convince you West Virginia is a four-season vacationland.



Snowshoeing is another variety of recreation in the state's winter wonderland.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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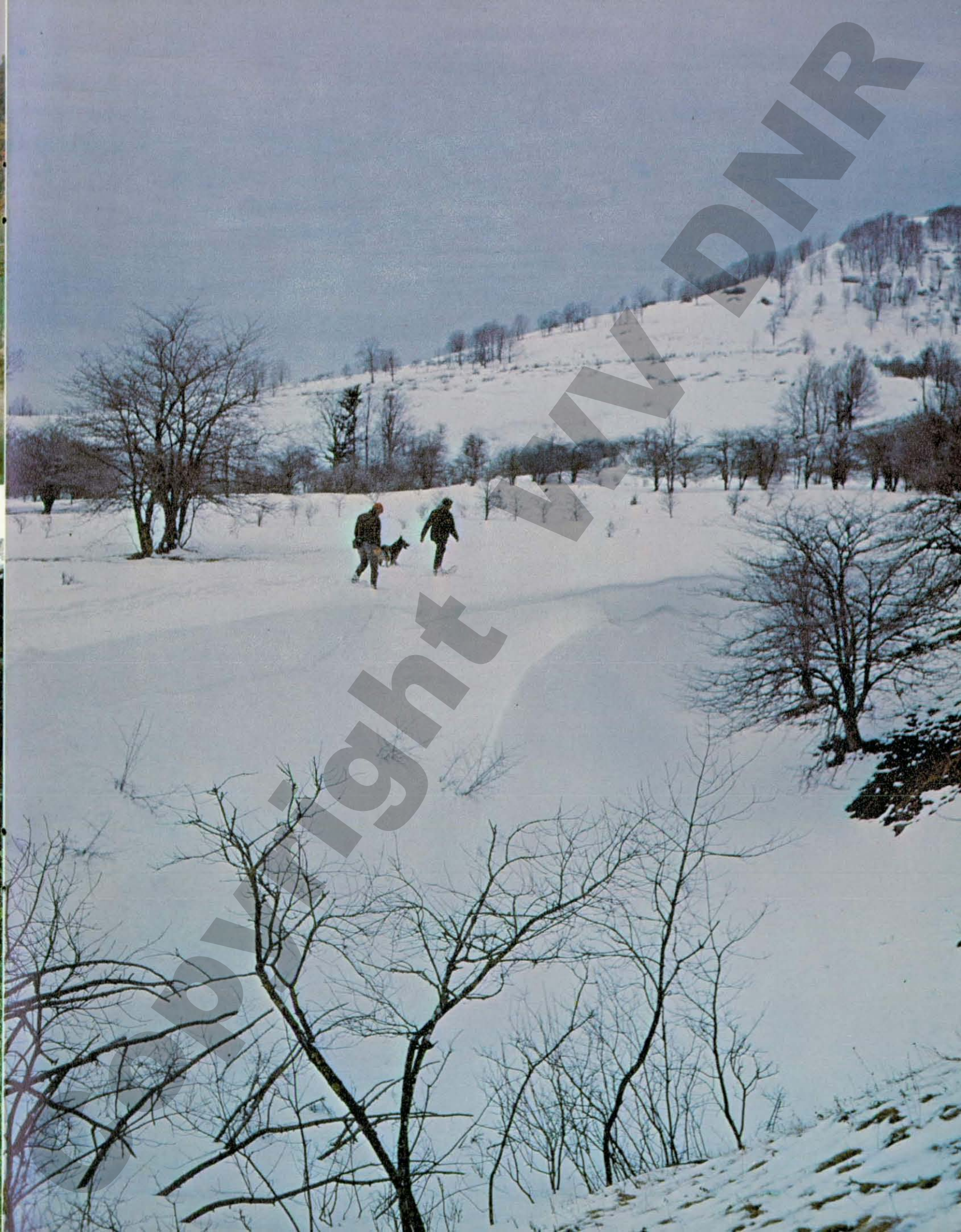

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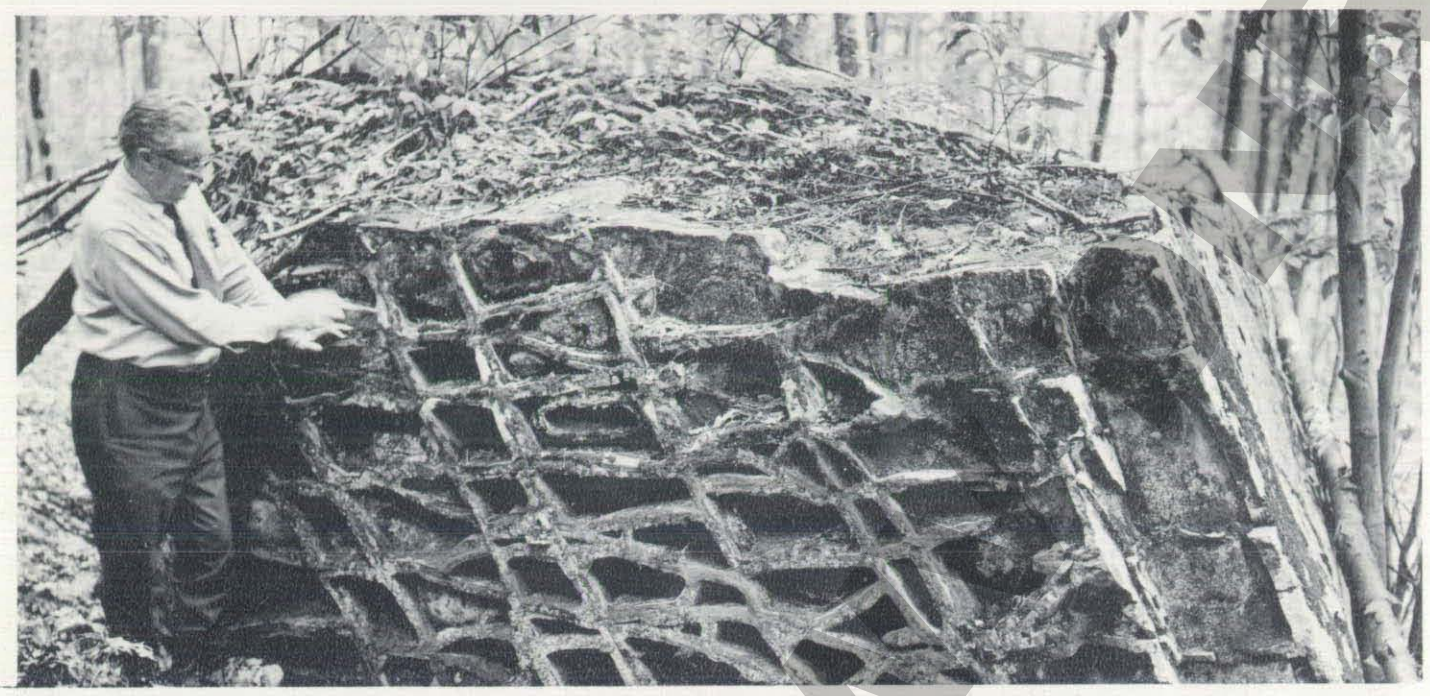

Dr. Price points out unique rock formation.

DRAGON'S TEETH

DR. PAUL H. PRICE, Chairman
W. Va. Antiquities Commission

I WAS PLEASED TO SEE THE PHOTOGRAPH of the unusual rock formation found on Tea Creek Mountain, Pocahontas County in the October 1970 edition of WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA magazine.

The specimen is an excellent example of limonite iron. The brown oxide is contrasted with red oxide known as hematite and is fairly common in both Pocahontas and Greenbrier Counties.

I have been on Tea Creek Mountain on different occasions, principally to map the geology of the area, but once having the unique experience, while hunting deer there, to shoot a bear.

The odd, box-shape of the structure results from the iron forming in a joint or fracture pattern of the boulder that served as a matrix. Limonitic iron, for some reason or other, has a tendency of taking on weird shapes, especially when not completely controlled as this one was by fractures.

In the museum of the W. Va. Geological and Economic Survey in Morgantown, of which I was director until I retired, are some unique specimens, one of which, embedded in sandstone, appears to be false teeth.

Another, and perhaps unique, resembles what I call a Chinese dragon. It has the square to rectangular structure, but also an opening which is lined with minute spicules of limonite resembling teeth.

Since the specimen shown in the photograph is on Tea Creek Mountain, I imagine it is rather difficult to get to, unless a trail has been made since I was there. Of course, when the Highland Scenic Highway has been extended through that area, those formations covering about 12 acres will be easy to reach and will be of exceptional interest to passing motorists.

Though Joe Roy, wildlife manager of the Williams River Public Hunting Area, told me about them first, I am surprised that my old friend, Fred Galford, had not reported these specimens. He knows that country, I suppose, like no other person unless it would have been Uncle Paris Hammond. Fred retrieved the penknife, we had used to gut the bear I mentioned, about a year later.

The specimens of the boulders have no special value other than as curiosities. The one in your picture is so good it should be in a museum.

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OFF-SEASON DEER KILLS TELL A STORY

TOM ALLEN
Wildlife Biologist

West Virginia whitetail deer are our most valuable wildlife resource, one of the most sought-after game animals in the nation. Surveys reveal 150,000 hunt deer in West Virginia each year. Statistics indicate that out of every eleven hunters, one is successful in a bucks-only season. No one can tally the number that seek only to see a deer or the number that are given peace of mind by knowing that deer are still a part of our wonderful outdoors. The deer is more than just a game animal to Americans; it is a legacy that must be kept in tune with our environment.

For the past several years, management of deer herds in West Virginia has been aimed at increasing deer numbers in most areas. This has been accomplished mainly through hunting regulations and public support. When deer numbers increase, nonseasonal mortalities increase. Reported nonseasonal kills have reached a record high of nearly 1,300 per year. More than half of our nonseasonal losses can be attributed to the automobile.

Consistent reporting of deer mortalities is essential for proper management of our deer herd. During a period when bucks-only hunting regulations are in effect to allow population increases, sex and age information on antler deer cannot be obtained. Sex and age data are two very important facts that biologists can use for determining the status of the deer herd in various localities. This is the reason biologists and conservation officers immediately examine a deer kill whenever possible and record all vital information upon notification. Date, location of kill, sex, age and cause of death are of prime importance for future determinations. From time to time, additional information may be collected by conservation officers in conjunction with the need for biological data.

In a well-balanced herd, sex ratios will approach one buck for each doe. Age distribution is the key to yearly fawn production. In an increasing herd, with good range and food supplies, reproduction rates are high. Proof will be a large number of deer in the fawn and yearling age classes. On the other hand, if an area becomes overpopulated, and has limited food supplies, reproduction will decrease and the number of fawns and yearlings will be less.

When nonseasonal kill records are available for a given length of time, biologists can determine herd trends and establish hunting regulations in accordance.

Mortality information collected by biologists and conservation officers is punched onto IBM computer cards for future reference. At the end of each year, the information from these cards is analyzed to yield the total number of kills in each county, giving a complete breakdown of the biological data collected. This information enables biologists to determine the quality of the herd in each area and make predictions into the future.

A large, unbiased sample of deer mortality data is necessary to provide reliable records that can be used with confidence. Such a sample can only be obtained from conscientious and active participation with public support in reporting all deer kills to Natural Resources personnel. Working together, we can maintain our deer herds at high reproductive levels for the future, to be enjoyed by all Mountaineers!

Next panel: Prospect Peak. Headland overlooks the Potomac and Great Cacapon valleys and the three states—West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. The National Geographic magazine rates this scene among America's outstanding beauty spots.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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WHAT TREES MEAN TO YOU

ROBERT LEO SMITH

LIVING AS WE DO in a region that is heavily forested, we can easily take trees for granted.

Yet trees are too important for that. To call to our attention the significance of trees in our lives, the U. S. Forest Service has just published a brochure on man's best friend, the tree. Since brochures often fail to get the maximum distribution and since the text tells the story so well, I am reprinting it here. Perhaps after you have read it, no tree will seem quite the same again. It also points out that the Forest Service is extending its own interest in trees to ones growing outside the forest:

LATELY MAN HAS shown concern for the future of Mother Earth. He has expressed concern that his own existence may be threatened by breathing noxious air, listening to earsplitting noise, drinking foul water, and viewing graceless landscapes.

In the midst of the environmental uproar, the tree stands by—like a faithful watchdog—dispensing life-giving benefits and lives on—like a silent lapdog—taken for granted, and yet one of man's best friends.

Wise men have planted trees in backyards, on woodlands and along city streets since colonial days. Now, as then, their investment is returning an almost infinite number of benefits and services for man and Mother Earth.

To affix a price tag to an urban tree, like affixing a price tag to a family pet, is virtually impossible. In fact, in benefits and services, the value of trees in densely populated areas far exceeds the price we pay for their establishment and maintenance and the dollar return we may obtain if they are harvested for wood products.

TREES HELP SUPPLY oxygen we need to breathe. Yearly each acre of young trees can produce enough oxygen to keep 18 people alive. . . .

They help keep our air supply fresh by using up carbon dioxide that we exhale and that factories and engines emit. . . .

Use their hairy leaf surfaces to trap and filter out ash, dust and pollen particles carried in the air. . . .

Dilute gaseous pollutants in the air as they release oxygen. . . .

Can be used to indicate air pollution levels of sulfur dioxide, just as canaries were once used to detect dangerous methane gas in coal mines. . . .

Provide food for birds and wild animals. . . .

Lower air temperatures by enlisting the sun's energy to evaporate water in the leaves. . . .

Increase humidity in dry climates by releasing moisture as a by-product of food-making and evaporation. . . .

Give us a constant supply of products—lumber for buildings and tools, cellulose for paper and fiber; as well as nuts, mulches, oils, gums, syrups and fruits. . . .

Slow down forceful winds. . . .

Cut noise pollution by acting as barriers to

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sound. Each 100-foot width of trees can absorb about six to eight decibels of sound intensity. Along busy highways, which can generate as much as 72 decibels, this reduction would be welcome to residents. . . .

Provide shelter for birds and wildlife and even for us when caught in a rain shower without an umbrella. . . .

Shade us from direct sunlight better than any sombrero. They are welcome in parking lots on hot, sunny days. . . .

Camouflage harsh scenery and unsightly city dumps, auto graveyards, and mine sites. . . .

Offer a natural challenge to youthful climbers. . . .

Make excellent perches for Robinson Crusoe-style playhouses. . . .

Their branches support ruggedly-used swings. . . .

Their leaves break the onslaught of pelting raindrops on the soil surface and give the soil a chance to soak up as much water as possible. . . .

Leaves, when fallen, cover the ground to keep the soil from drying out. . . .

Leaves, by decaying, replace minerals in the soil and enrich it to support later plant growth. . . .

Roots hold the soil and keep silt from washing into streams. . . .

Roots help air get beneath the soil surface.

Salve the psyche with pleasing shapes and patterns, fragrant blossoms and seasonal splashes of color. . . .

Break the monotony of endless sidewalks and miles of highways. . . .

Beautify our gardens and grace our backyards. . . .

Soften the outline of the masonry, metal and glass cityscape. . . .

Increase the value of property. . . ,

AND TREES PROVIDE for America's economic growth and stability. To help assure the future of man's best friend, the tree, Forest Service researchers are investigating various problems facing trees. Even before the recent surge of public interest in the environment, researchers recognized the vast dimension of benefits and services from forests and trees. They realized that trees and people interact . . .that trees keep people alive and happy . . . that trees assure a future for our Good Earth. . . . and that only science and ingenuity can assure a future for our life-giving forests and trees.

Forest entomologists have been and are continuing to study insects—like the gypsy moth—and tree pathologists are studying diseases—like Dutch elm disease—that annually take a greater toll among trees than all our nation's forest fires. Pathologists are also investigating the deaths of many valuable kinds of trees. They have now traced the death of many eastern white pines to lethal concentrations of sulfur dioxide and ozone pollutants in the air. Meanwhile geneticists are attempting to develop improved strains of trees; foresters are planning ways

Trees soften song of the brook.

to grow trees faster and more efficiently; and economists are devising ways to maximize on the benefits, services and products derived from trees.

In the city, where a single tree can mean more than a whole acre of trees in exurbia, environmental forestry experts are studying the relationship of trees within the total urban ecology. These environmental study results will further the life and planting of greenery along highways, along streets, in woodlands and in city parks throughout America.

THERE ARE ALREADY 40 million trees along city streets and another 80 million around homes and in city parks and woodlands. They are often poorly cared for and plagued with problems. To assure successful tree planting programs in the light of these adversities, Forest Service scientists are searching throughout the world for tree strains that are resistant to attack by insects and diseases and that are hardy enough to withstand air pollution and people pressure.

A special environmental research program of national scope was established by the Forest Service this year. Called the Pinchot Institute of Environmental Forestry Research, it includes cooperating universities throughout the northeastern United States.

ACCORDING TO Edward P. Cliff, Chief of the U. S. Forest Service: "Many people are concerned about aspects of our environment. Various public and private agencies are studying bits and pieces of the complex ecology of man's environment. However, up to now there has been no central point of focus where significant portions of the problems of policy formulation, regional planning and land management in and around densely populated areas could be put together into an integrated whole. By focusing on the needs of urban people, particularly those in the ghetto, the Pinchot Institute will help meet the challenge of providing a better environment for all of America's people through dynamic forestry. The institute will insure for all Americans their right to this country's great forest heritage."

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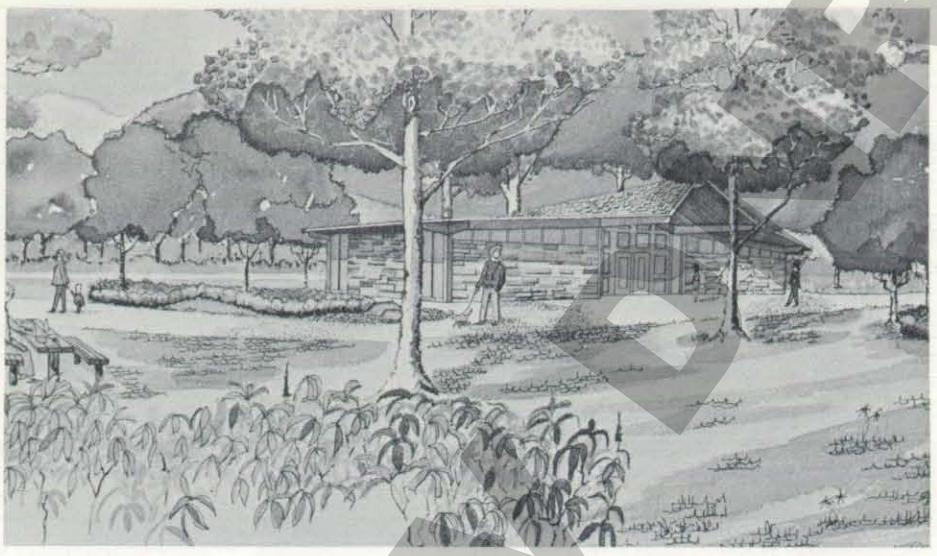
REST STOP AHEAD

ROGER WOOD



SIGNS PROCLAIMING, "Rest Stop Ahead," will soon be appearing on West Virginia's Interstate highways.

The Department of Highways is making every effort to assure that those motorists who do stop in West Virginia will leave with a good impression of the Mountain State.

In designing the Interstate and Appalachian highway systems, officials recognized that high-speed driving on long stretches of four-lane highways without halting can be tiresome, boring and sometimes dangerous. The need for facilities where motorists may relax for awhile without leaving the expressway is evident.

The recognition of this need resulted in a program to erect tourist information centers—rest stops along the nearly 1,000-mile highway network now under construction or planned in West Virginia. Participating in this program are the Department of Highways, State Department of Commerce, Department of Natural Resources and U. S. Department of Transportation.

Currently, there are plans for approximately 30 such facilities on Interstate and Appalachian highways. Some of these will be simply rest stops somewhat similar to the roadside parks now located along the state's primary roads but, naturally, these will be more modern and equipped with up-to-date facilities. Others will include an information center staffed by Commerce Department personnel and supplied with tourist-orientated brochures and pamphlets.

In May 1970 the Department of Highways awarded the first contract for construction of such a facility. This structure, which will include an information center, is now being erected at Kate's Mountain on Interstate 64 near White Sulphur Springs. Completion date is scheduled for May 31, 1971.

Each site will have rest rooms as well as facilities for outdoor cooking. Fully paved access ramps, parking areas and lighting will also be included. The buildings will have stone facings with wood trim, while the roofs will utilize cedar shakes to provide a shingled effect.

There will be at least 20 of these rest areas on the state's 510-mile Interstate system. In some cases, there will be dual facilities alongside both traffic lanes, but in a few cases there will be only one structure.

Currently, there are plans for two single facilities on Interstate 81 in the Eastern Panhandle; one single and three dual facilities on I-79 between Charleston and the Pennsylvania state line; a single on I-70 in the Wheeling area; one single and one dual on I-64 in the eastern section of the state; one single and a dual on I-64 between Huntington and Charleston; and two duals on I-77 between Parkersburg and Charleston. Preliminary provisions have been made for facilities along the West Virginia Turnpike between Charleston and Princeton.

Of those planned for the Interstates, six facilities will be of the information center—rest stop type. These facilities will be maintained by the Department of Highways and the Commerce Department will operate the information booths.

The $352,000 agreement for the Greenbrier County facility is expected to be followed by contracts for similar installations on I-64 in Cabell County and I-81 in Berkeley County. Contracts for the I-81 facility as well as for one on I-77 in Wood County may not be let until 1971.

In some cases, the rest areas will also feature a scenic lookout as a further enticement for motorists to stop. For example, the view from the Kate's Mountain facility will provide tourists with a glimpse of the city of White Sulphur Springs, the Greenbrier Hotel and scenic countryside of Greenbrier County.

The number of rest stops on the 420-mile Ap-

Lodge, at top, golf clubhouse and recreation center and view of popular golf course at Twin Falls State Park.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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palachian system has not been determined yet. There will be at least two major rest areas on Corridor 'D' between Parkersburg and Clarksburg and possibly even more on Corridor 'H' between Weston and the Virginia state line.

In the not-too-distant future, motorists traveling West Virginia's new expressways will soon have the opportunity to enjoy new, modern rest stops and take a closer look at our scenic Mountain State.

new changes to 1899 waterways law

COL. MAURICE D. ROUSH
U. S. Corps of Engineers

The Refuse Act we hear so much about today is actually part of a broad law called the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1899.

The Refuse Act is Section 13 of this law.

Areas covered by the law include obstructions in or on navigable waters, deposits of refuse in navigable waters, and abandonment and removal of shipwrecks.

Enforcement of the 1899 law was assigned by Congress to the Secretary of the Army which looks to the Army Corps of Engineers for compliance.

Various and conflicting interpretations of parts of the law have resulted through the ensuing 71 years.

At the time the Rivers and Harbors Act was passed, navigation constituted the principal civil works activity assigned to the Army Engineers. The effects of construction and deposit of refuse on navigation, therefore, was the guideline for enforcement.

The recent concern over the state of our environment has placed this nation in the position of applying an old law to changing conditions.

For years, the Corps has pursued Section 10 of the law which requires permits for any type of construction along navigable waterways which might constitute a hazard to navigation.

For instance, if the size and location of private docks and commercial loading-unloading facilities were not controlled, the rivers would be cluttered and navigation would be haphazard.

Section 13, the Refuse Act, contains a proviso which requires a permit for depositing any refuse material in navigable waters or their tributaries.

Under Sections 10 and 13, therefore, the Corps is faced with issuing two separate permits. If, for instance, an industrial plant planned to build a discharge facility on a riverbank, it must apply for a permit for constructing the outfall, and another permit for discharging effluent or waste material.

Prosecution for violation under the 1899 law rests with the U. S. Department of Justice.

In May 1970, the Corps of Engineers—with approval of the Secretary of the Army—announced sweeping changes in its regulations dealing with such permits.

These changes, pending definitive procedures now being developed, contain the following provisions:

The decision on issuing permits will be based on evaluation of the impact of the proposed work in the public interest. Public interest is described as including factors such as "navigation, fish and wildlife, water quality, economics, conservation, aesthetics, recreation, water supply, flood damage prevention, ecosystems and, in general, the needs and welfare of the people."

Regulations have been revised on the issuance of public notices and the holding of public hearings on permit applications. Except in cases involving minor work where it is clear that the proposed work would have no significant impact on environmental values, notices containing information on the proposed work are posted in post offices or other public places and sent to a broadly defined list of affected interests. Public hearings are to be held whenever there is a manifestation of public interest in a permit application or whenever requested by federal, state or local public authorities.

A requirement that applicants whose proposals involve outfall works must provide details on the character of the effluent including chemical content, water temperature differentials, toxins, sewage, type and quantity of suspended solids, amount and frequency of discharge and the like; along with a proposed method of instrumentation, and arrangements for bearing the expense of removing solids. Before taking action on applications, the Corps' District Engineers are required to consult with Regional Directors of the Department of Interior and federal and state agencies having water pollution abatement responsibilities.

New permit forms for implementing the regulation changes are being prepared. Among other things, these forms will stipulate that observance of regulations of the Federal Water Quality Administration and state water-pollution control agencies are made a condition of the permit, and that permittees must make every reasonable effort to carry out approved work in a manner that will minimize any adverse impact on fish, wildlife and natural environmental values.

The Corps hopes that through widespread knowledge of its new permit requirements including state certification, it will, along with other federal, state and local anti-pollution activities, encourage industries to accelerate their own anti-pollution efforts.

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Cranberry River of Old

T. C. FEARNOW

Photos By The Author

RETROSPECT

Recently I did some research work in the West Virginia University library. While thumbing through old volumes of **West Virginia Wildlife** Magazine I came upon a story I wrote more than forty years ago when I was on one of my first assignments in conservation work. As often is the case, rereading this old story brought to mind a lot of almost forgotten facts in connection with the Cranberry Country.

As a second generation conservationist, I was, in 1928, following closely on the heels of my father, the late E. C. Fearnow, who resigned as a West Virginia schoolteacher to go to Washington, D. C. before the turn of the century for a career in conservation. He eventually served as chief of all federal government stream restocking work in the United States Bureau of Fisheries. As a West Virginian, he knew that logging in the Cranberry area was coming to a close shortly after World War I. Working with sportsmen he was responsible for having a large consignment of trout brought in by rail from one of the federal hatcheries for planting in the Cranberry area. After logging had been closed out and before the steel rails had been torn up the shipment of trout was distributed throughout the length of the river from an old logging train. Then the steel tracks were salvaged and Cranberry was pretty much forgotten for a time.

Local gossip indicated that the stream had been virtually depleted of fish; pools were drained and various other devious means of capturing fish were factors in decimating the trout population. With only foot access available, over trails that were actually hazardous to travel, the stream had a good rest while the stocked trout were maturing.

By the mid-20's someone must have remembered the restocking job and the trek to Cranberry was on. Fishermen shaped a rustic lean-to from the remains of old logging shanties. For a time it appeared that Cranberry was the answer to every West Virginia fisherman's dreams.

About this time I came on the scene as a young man, fresh out of school, trained for fisheries work. At the invitation of the W. Va. Game and Fish Commission, I had resigned from the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries to take on the job of establishing a fisheries program for the state of West Virginia. The tale that is related here was written late in 1928 following my first trip to Cranberry, accompanied by Game Protector Theodore Moore, sportsman Harper Beveridge and young Ted Moore all of whom have now passed on.

I returned to the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries at the end of 1933. The Civilian Conservation Corps of the depression years later converted the old Cranberry trails to roads. The U. S. Forest Service set up an effective system of forest fire control and what had been a desolate wilderness in the twenties is now becoming a thrifty well-managed forest. The number of fishermen "working" the pools of Cranberry has grown beyond anything a young fisheries technician could have visualized in 1928. Yet the river continues to yield its bounty of outdoor enjoyment to West Virginians. I hope it will always be thus!

—Ted Fearnow

Brook trout too big for the skillet! Harper Beveridge (deceased) of Pocahontas County found this fish needed halving after taking it from Cranberry River 40 years ago.

THE REAL DYED-IN-THE-WOOL trout-fishing enthusiast is usually possessed with a never-ceasing desire to fish new streams, to try the delicate art of fly casting on new pools in strange surroundings and to hang a big fish where some unknown obstacle may present itself as a menace to successful landing of the quarry. Such a fisherman does not object to shouldering a pack with provisions for a week's stay and hitting a rough trail into a wilderness. This is the type of fisherman who can get real enjoyment from a trip to the Cranberry River section of Pocahontas County.

In the spring of 1928 the writer, accompanied

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by Game Protector Theodore Moore and Harper Beveridge, both natives of Pocahontas County, had the pleasure of making a trip to the Forks of Cranberry for the purpose of sampling the fish population and gaining information in regard to conditions on the stream. It was on this trip that the accompanying pictures were obtained.

Our party left Marlinton by auto (a 1928 Chrysler), which means of conveyance was used to the head of Stamping Creek. Here the road became impassable and it was necessary to abandon the car and take to foot. With provisions stowed in packs we began the climbing of Cranberry Mountain.

The trail that leads to the top of Cranberry Mountain is rough and steep, but there are many excellent stopping places along the route, and small springs bubble forth at most convenient locations to enable climbers to satisfy their thirst.

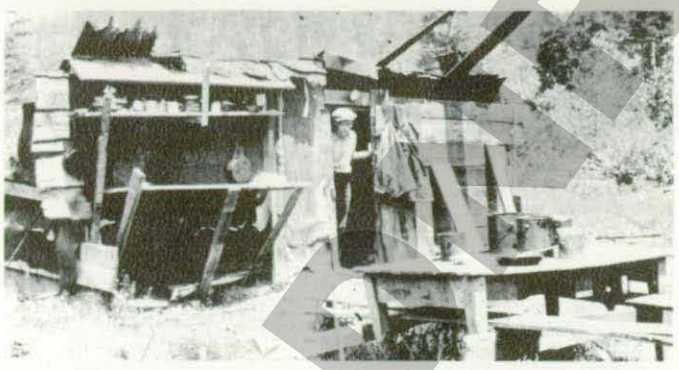
I was told by natives of this section that there is a road over which it is possible to drive a light wagon to the top of the mountain and that some people have used this method for hauling their camping equipment to its summit. By trail it is approximately three miles from the point at which automobile travel must be abandoned on the head of Stamping Creek across the mountain to the head of Cranberry Glades. From the top of the mountain to the Glades there is a well-defined foot trail and good hiking speed can be maintained over this stretch.

ON APPROACHING THE GLADES, one might easily mistake the area for a series of large fields. Acres of level ground that looks as though it might have been planted in wheat is the impression given at a distance. The Cranberry Glades are thought by many to have been formed by the draining of an ancient lake, which left the bed of the huge body of water exposed. The fertile soil of this lake bed produces a most luxuriant growth of vegetation and today the area is literally matted with moss and cranberry vines.

When walking across the glades, the ground underfoot can be felt to quiver as though one were walking on jelly and a 10-foot pole can be pushed down into the soft mass at some points without striking an obstruction. Anyone journeying to Cranberry River for a fishing trip and who has never seen the famous Glades will find it well worthwhile to make an early start so as to have an hour or more to examine this interesting area.

The waters of the Glade Fork of Cranberry River amble leisurely through the glades, overhung with alders and an almost impenetrable growth of shrubbery. Here nature has provided a natural refuge for thousands of young trout, where they have an ample opportunity to grow and reach legal size before dropping downstream. The Game and Fish Commission is contemplating the closing of this section of Cranberry River.

Owing to the difficulty with which restocking could be accomplished in this roadless area, natural reproduction must be given every encouragement.



Young Ted Moore, son of game protector Theodore Moore of Marlinton stands in the doorway of the rustic Forks of Cranberry Camp, built from remnants of the old logging operation. A thoughtful scribe had written on the tar paper panel the picture date (May 5, 1928). Young Ted and his father, two genuine sportsmen, are now angling in a better world.

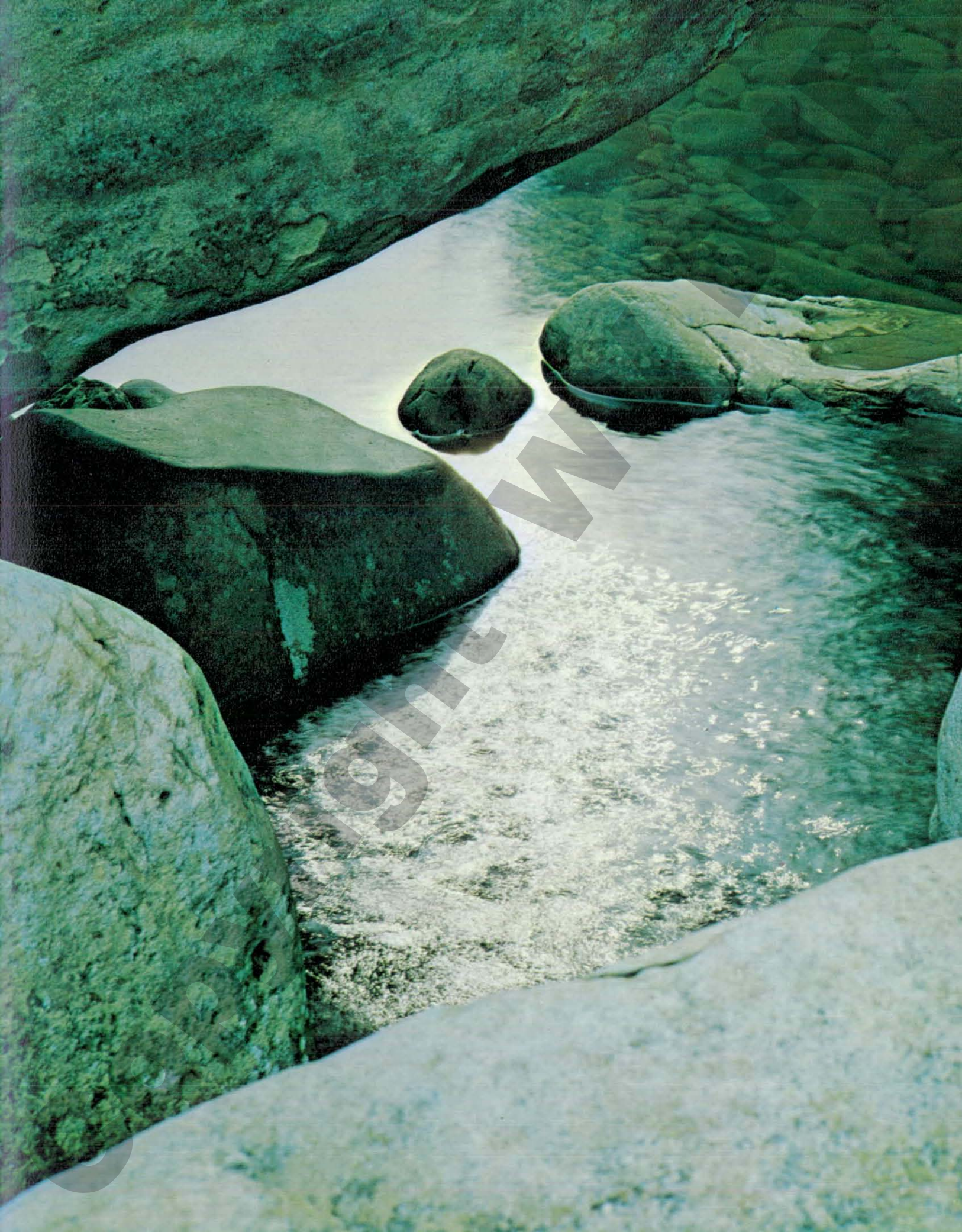
The percentage of legal-sized trout that the angler would catch in this portion of the stream does not warrant the injury that would be inflicted on myriads of small trout that would have to be thrown back.

Leaving the Glades we soon came to another of nature's oddities, one of the red runs that are found in this section. These red runs, far from civilization and its influences, have much the same appearance as a stream that is suffering from mine-water pollution. Various reasons have been assigned for this condition, the most logical of which seems to be that the water which goes to make up the red runs is in fact drained from coal seams which give rise to the discoloration.

The trail from the Glades, past Red Run, to the Forks of Cranberry follows the right-of-way of an old logging railroad that ran through this section years ago when logging operations were going on. The steel rails were taken up in the early twenties and what remains of old cross ties has been torn loose and thrown about in disorderly piles by bears looking for choice morsels of food in the form of bugs that reside under the decayed wood. It is not an easy trail to travel as it is heavily covered with many kinds of small growth, but it is one that will give the hiker a keen appreciation for the camp-cooked meals that are to follow.

It is approximately seven miles from the Glades to the forks of the river, and for the most part, the trail follows fairly close to Glade Fork. Some good fishing water is to be found along this route, though the Glade Fork is not as inviting to the eye as the North Fork. From the short observation that was had, it would appear that higher maximum temperatures are encountered in the Glade Fork than in the North Fork. This belief is strengthened by the fact that the Glade Fork contains a high percentage of rainbow trout while the North

Cranberry River today still is a precious trout stream.



Fork is primarily a brook trout stream. The water in the North Fork is extremely clear and cold.

AT THE FORKS OF CRANBERRY a good shelter has been built from remnants of buildings that were left from the logging operations. The picture shows the camp as it was during the spring of 1928. Since this time Game Protector Theodore Moore, of Marlinton, has remodeled the building to make it more comfortable and weatherproof as well as more commodious. Not more than one hundred feet from the camp is an excellent spring which some ingenious camper has equipped with a rustic bark spout from which the camp water bucket can be filled. In short, the camp at the forks of Cranberry is about all that one could ask for in a wilderness. The regrettable fact in connection with it is that an unexpected visitor is apt to find it taxed to capacity. This would indeed be a misfortune as the nearest dwelling is approximately seven miles away.

The North Fork of Cranberry River is as beautiful a stream as one will find anywhere in the state. It has a rocky bottom for the most part, and many falls below which can be found deep blue pools of water. The banks of the North Fork are thickly grown with shrubbery of many sorts making an almost impenetrable barrier on either side. While we were camped at the Forks one member of our party had a glimpse of a wildcat disappearing through a thicket as he was fishing along the North Fork. An old trail, a relic of logging days, follows the course of the stream and it proves very handy indeed to the angler, who can follow the trail several miles upstream and fish back to camp or vice versa.

The North Fork and The Glade Fork join within one hundred feet of the camp to form Cranberry River, and from this point on it is a stream of considerable size. Good fishing water is to be found just below the junction of these two streams, and a rather large proportion of the meat for our camp came from a pool less than a hundred yards below the forks. At the same pool some of our members experienced some very deep disappointment in losing a battle with a trout that subsequently provided the topic for much discussion. One fish in this pool was described by a very excited fisherman as having "eyes like big red apples." As far as is known, this fish still makes his home in the same pool.

There are a number of tributary streams below the forks of Cranberry, some of them furnishing very good fishing. One of these, Tumbling Rock Run, is just about a mile below the camp and its dashing, frothing waters are a pleasure to behold. The writer, with much difficulty, succeeded in getting a short distance above the mouth of Tumbling Rock Run, armed only with a camera. Still farther downstream is the "Shumac Hole," a well-known fishing spot on Cranberry River and so named because a man of that name is said to have drowned in its waters. The Shumac Hole is within a mile of the Webster County line.

The camp at the Forks of Cranberry is admirably located because it is practically in the center of the entire fishing area. One has the choice of three streams in which to fish; the Glade Fork, the North Fork or the main Cranberry River. In the event that the party is a large one it can be split up into several smaller bands, each fishing a different stream and returning at an appointed hour to prepare the day's catch for the pan.

Game Protector Theodore Moore of Marlinton, 1928. One of West Virginia's pioneer conservationists.

CRANBERRY RIVER bids fair to become an increasingly fine fishing stream in years to come as conditions become more and more favorable for trout as the second-growth timber comes back to its banks and watershed. The stream has an abundant supply of natural food and it is capable of sustaining a large number of trout. Much encouragement can be had by the fisherman when he stops to realize that many of West Virginia's trout streams that have been injured by widespread deforestation and fires are slowly but surely coming back to their original productivity. It will be many years before these areas can be profitably cut over again, and in the meantime their function will be to furnish recreation for thousands of anglers.

With inaccessibility in its favor it is not impossible that we shall again have an opportunity to see one of our streams in something of its primeval condition. It is not beyond hope that Cranberry River will, during the next ten years, become much the same stream that it was before the advent of white men.

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Mail Bag

Editor:

Along with my subscription renewal, I am sending a warm "Thank You" for publishing the most entertaining magazine I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

Mr. Hyde, through his superb photography is responsible for our planning a two-month tour of places we have never seen, in the beautiful West Virginia Hills. Surely, many other native West Virginians are inspired by his magnificent color photos of our natural environment.

Haven't all of us dipped our toes in the cold mountain streams in the spring . . . turned over pebbles for crawdads . . . run through an old covered bridge . . . watched the morning mist arise from the valleys . . . picked blackeyed susans in the meadows, and wild strawberries on the hills.

Your magazine brings these wonderful days back to us, and it's like being "back home" again, for a little while, once a month.

Mrs. Jerome Huber, Pico Rivera, Calif.

* * * *

Editor:

Your magazine is surely outstanding, so beautiful and so interesting, and accurate. Thanks for making the state image a beautiful one.

Marie B. Preice, Morgantown, W. Va.

* * * *

Editor:

We review several magazines each month, but this is the one we enjoy the most, and this is the only one that we keep. The pictures and stories are so interesting we just cannot part with them. My husband and I are avid sports-minded people, especially when it comes to hunting and fishing. The articles shown and described in the issues of Wonderful West Virginia are scenes of so many places that we have visited.

Mrs. Richard Hartley, Rivesville, W. Va.

* * * *

Editor:

We wish to congratulate you on a most attractive magazine.

Each month the East Run Community Improvement Association chooses a "4-H worker of the month." As an award, he or she will receive a year's subscription to "Wonderful West Virginia."

We know of no better way to express our appreciation to our young citizens for their efforts and interests in our beautiful state, West Virginia.

Mrs. James R. Fletcher, Rachel, W. Va.

* * * *

Editor:

I want to compliment you and your staff on the great job you are doing with your publication "Wonderful West Virginia."

John J. Herlihy, Charleston, W. Va.

* * * *

Editor:

I would like for you to send me twenty-four applications for the West Virginia magazine. Because our West Virginia history class is going to order them.

Please send the applications as soon as possible so we can hurry and order the magazines. Thank you.

Sharon L. Cunningham, Reader, W. Va.

* * * *

Editor:

We like your magazine very much and have enjoyed a number of your articles. You are to be congratulated on doing such a fine job.

Robert E. Johnson
R. P. Johnson Sons
Wytheville, Virginia

Editor

I note you fellows keep using the word Mountaineerland, as alternates for West Virginia and the Mountain State. I like. Who dreamed that nice word up?

Fred Gross
Wheeling, W. Va.

Answer: Your editor takes the bow.

* * * *

Editor:

Your magazine Wonderful West Virginia gives your state, and my former residence, a wonderful image, always on the plus side. Keep up the really great work.

Sydney Buchannon
Flint, Michigan

* * * *

Editor:

I would like to have some literature and pictures of West Virginia.

I was raised there, have traveled all over the state and I know it is very beautiful. Since leaving there, I have not seen anyplace compared to it.

It displeases me very much to hear our state belittled and made fun of in some of these other states. They really do not know because all they read about, see on TV and hear about are the coal mines, poverty and supposed ignorance.

Often when I tell someone where I am from, they start talking about "Hillbilly." I tell them, "I sure am, and proud of it!"

I would like to have pictures to show of the real beauty of West Virginia. I want as many people as possible to know the truth about our beautiful state.

Mrs. Virginia N. Hacker, Ft. Worth, Tex.

* * * *

Editor:

Having been away from West Virginia so many years, not by choice mind you, but from necessity, your wonderful magazine brings me back home every issue. I thoroughly enjoy every one and show them proudly to my friends.

Peggy Conner Evans, Highlands, Texas

* * * *

In two years of travel with the Air Force, I've introduced many people to Wonderful West Virginia as evidence by the requests of me for subscriptions. The magazine has proved an admirable diplomat for the state. During my upcoming tour in Viet Nam it's contents will provide a concrete link with my homeland. If it would be possible to print any pictures of Preston County in that period it would be deeply appreciated.

Lt. Frederick Williston, Victorville, Calif.

* * * *

POLLUTION THOUGHT

At a recent workshop on pollution, I sensed a bitter antagonism toward all polluting interests. Later I remarked to a young magazine editor, who was somewhat rabid on the subject of paper mill pollution, that the solution was simple. With surprise he asked what it was. I told him to stop using paper products. He reacted rather sharply by saying that it would put his magazine out of business. I told him in that case he would have to accept, in part, his responsibility for paper mill pollution. If we could only stop other people from committing sins against nature, then we could continue to commit our own sins without too much noticeable damage

—Ernest F. Swift

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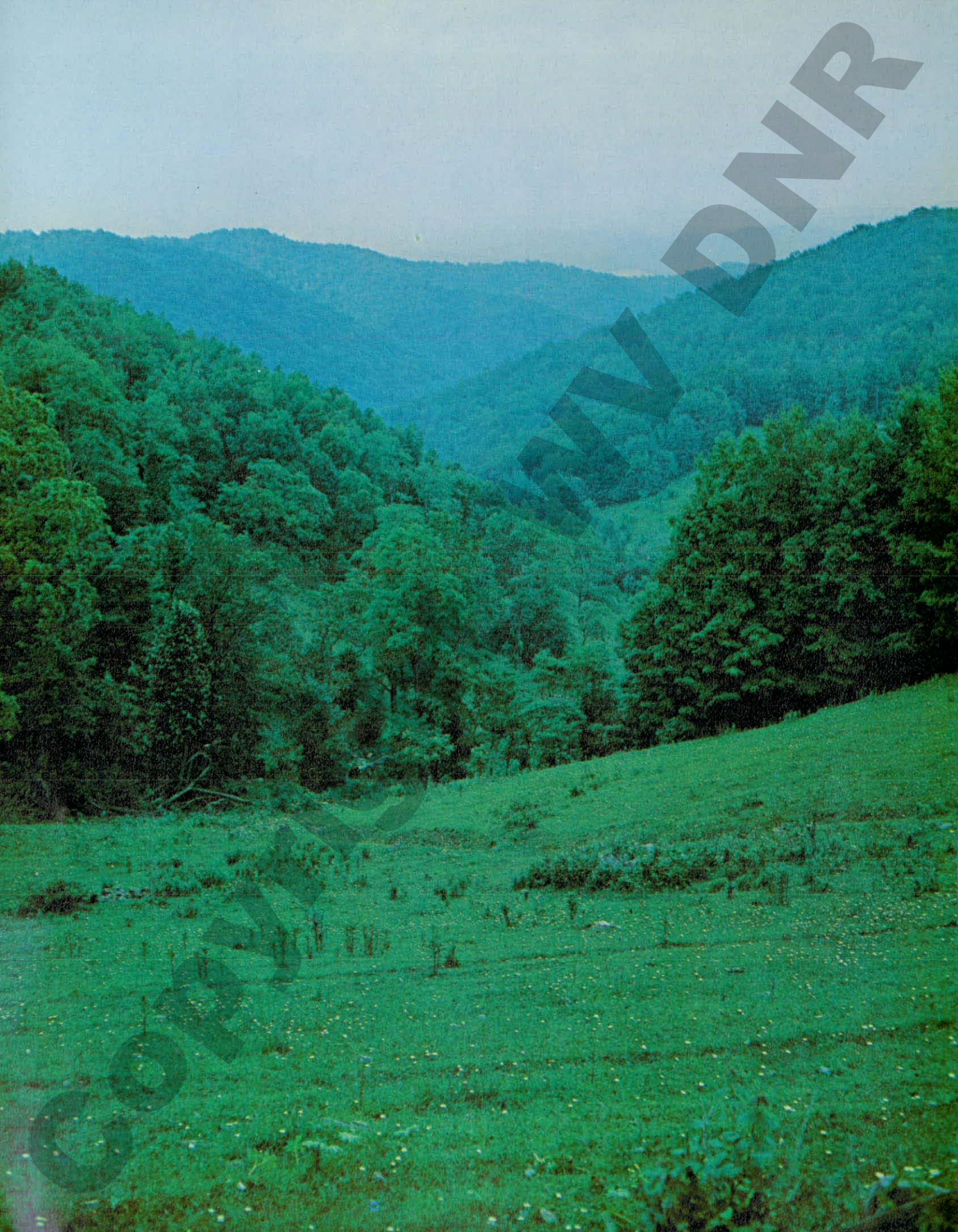

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Mountains of Glass

AARON PASS Reprinted from Georgia Game & Fish

AND THEN THERE ARE THE MOUNTAINS. A great range called the Appalachians; beginning far to the north, they find their southern terminus in Alabama. Made up of colorfully named smaller ranges like the Adirondacks, the Alleghenys, the Great Smokies, and the Blue Ridge, the whole Appalachian region is a place of incomparable beauty and great fascination to the outdoorsman.

Bear, deer, grouse and wild turkey still roam the forested slopes much as they did when a trapper named Boone led settlers through Cumberland Gap to the rich lands beyond. Today these green hills and valleys, ridges and coves comprise the last significant upland wilderness area in the populous east, and hold tremendous potential in terms of recreation and scenic value.

There is a strange magnetism about the mountains that draws people to them for many reasons. In the fall, hunters search the ridges for grouse and deer, and in the spring fishermen probe the cold, clear streams for trout. Many people, who neither hunt nor fish, are happy just to hike through the mountains for the scenic beauty the mountain environment affords.

This magnetism is best understood by those who feel it. It is, in part, the desire to gaze at a mountain simply because it is a mountain, or to drink from a cold brook to slake a thirst deeper than that for water. Such a wilderness experience in the mountains goes soul deep, and is quite indescribable in mere words. The hunters, fishermen, hikers and primitive campers are all seekers; they seek a union with nature and the pursuit of their sport in wild solitude, away from the reminders of man.

The fact that the mountains have retained some wilderness quality at all is due to their rugged terrain, which up to now has made development economically unfeasible. This has been changed recently by an increasing demand for outdoor recreation, and now the mountains present a lucrative opportunity for commercial development. They stand on the verge of a large scale "Recreation Rush", which if not controlled, will result in the destruction of the wilderness setting that makes them so desirable for recreation in the first place.

PLANS UNDERWAY FOR "Recreational Development" are many, and most seem to forget what outdoor recreation really means. Large-scale transportation networks are planned to open up the area to auto-bound explorers, unable and unwilling to walk or even drive around curves to the scenery. There will be massive campsite development for X number of campers that some socioengineer has computed will be screaming for tent pads with hot water and electricity in 1980. Motels and restaurants will be provided for those who prefer their wilderness experiences in minimal doses. Lastly, and most pathetic, will be the souvenir stands and amusement areas for those who don't care for the beauty of nature, and prefer the artificiality and tinsel of the world from whence they came.

Development of this type is dangerous to the ecology of the region. Construction sites on the mountain sides will open great scars on the steep slopes which will erode and the muddy runoff to the stream will replace the trout with silt. Continued road building will compartmentalize the wilderness, breaking up the game habitat, and drive away both the game and the outdoorsman seeking to escape from concrete and exhaust emissions for a while. Developments of the amusement park variety are out of character with the setting and represent the worst kind of hucksterism—that which degrades a high quality environment.

As rugged and vast as those mountains are, they are not indestructible. They support an ecosystem as delicately balanced as any in nature, and a complex interrelationship of natural factors makes the mountains more critical of habitat alteration than most natural systems. It is doubtful if the ecology of the Southern Appalachians can survive large scale development without serious impairment.

Most recreational and economic development plans are designed toward maximum usage of the resource. When speaking of wilderness resource, however, the maximum usage it will endure is lowered tremendously. A wilderness which has been manipulated and developed is no longer a wilderness.

The mountains offer a wilderness environment that is rapidly vanishing from the contemporary scene, and they are now in grave danger of being overdeveloped and commercialized. A long, close look should be taken at any plans for development in regard to how much they tend to undermine the essential wild and natural qualities of the region. With natural areas becoming more scarce day by day, it would be a great disservice to ourselves and to future generations to ruin the Southern Highlands with shortsighted planning which takes little thought to the highest and best use of a unique and beautiful area.

It is paradoxical that the scenic and recreational values of the mountains could so easily be lost by trying to make them easier to enjoy, but it is true. Their environment is fragile like a fine crystal goblet, and like the goblet, once it is broken it can never be restored.

Appalachians in West Virginia.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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STRUGGLE FOR COMPATIBILITY

West Virginia, like all other states—and the world—has a constant struggle and problem with keeping environmental balance between fish, wildlife and man. Few would contradict that wildlife and its habitat are steadily losing to man's encroachment. Any change in environment—fire, timbering, flooding, draining marshes, pollution—affect wildlife populations—beneficial to some, destructive to other species.

To seek compatibility—maintain or expand suitable game and fish populations—is largely the job of the professional fish and wildlife technician. Here in the Mountain State we must conclude this task is being performed capably. Whitetail deer and wild turkeys are classic examples of growing wildlife populations through scientific management. Other wildlife species have declined, notably farm game because of poor land practices. Natural reproduction of brook trout and bass have dramatically declined because of timber cutting and resultant erosion and other kinds of stream pollution.

It is interesting to point out that fishing or hunting have relatively little effect on fish and wildlife populations. These species, to put it simply, must have suitable food, water and cover for their survival. There is no way of overestimating the need for good water, land and sensible forestry management. This is a basic job of the Department of Natural Resources through its various divisions. Frankly, I am proud of the job our people are doing, often under discouraging conditions.

As we approach the end of 1970, I want to say thanks to the people of the Department of Natural Resources, the citizens of this state and the news media. Your cooperation is deeply appreciated.

IRA S. LATIMER JR.

Christians worshiped here more than a century ago. Mt. Olivet Methodist Church along Rt. 219 in Pocahontas County.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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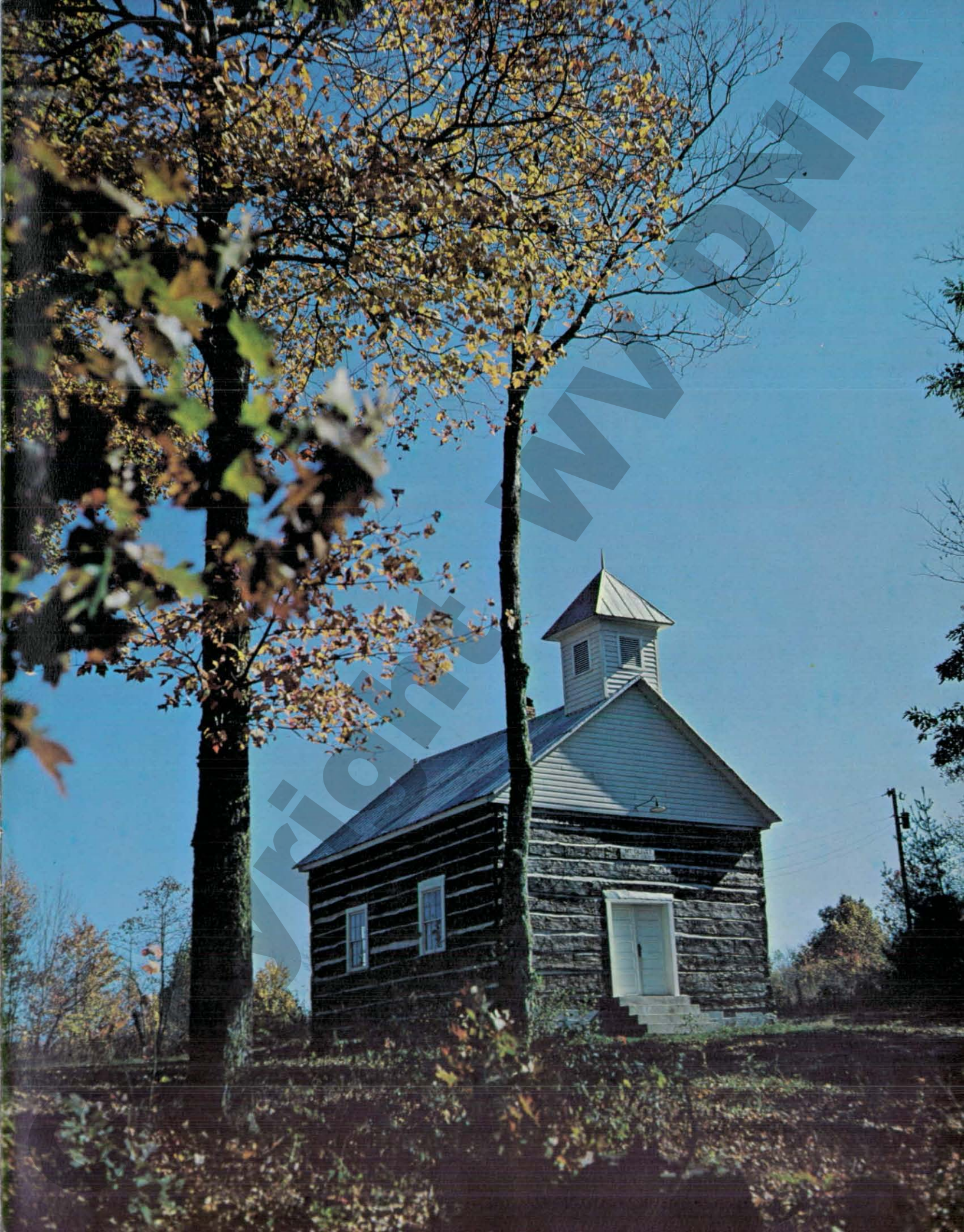

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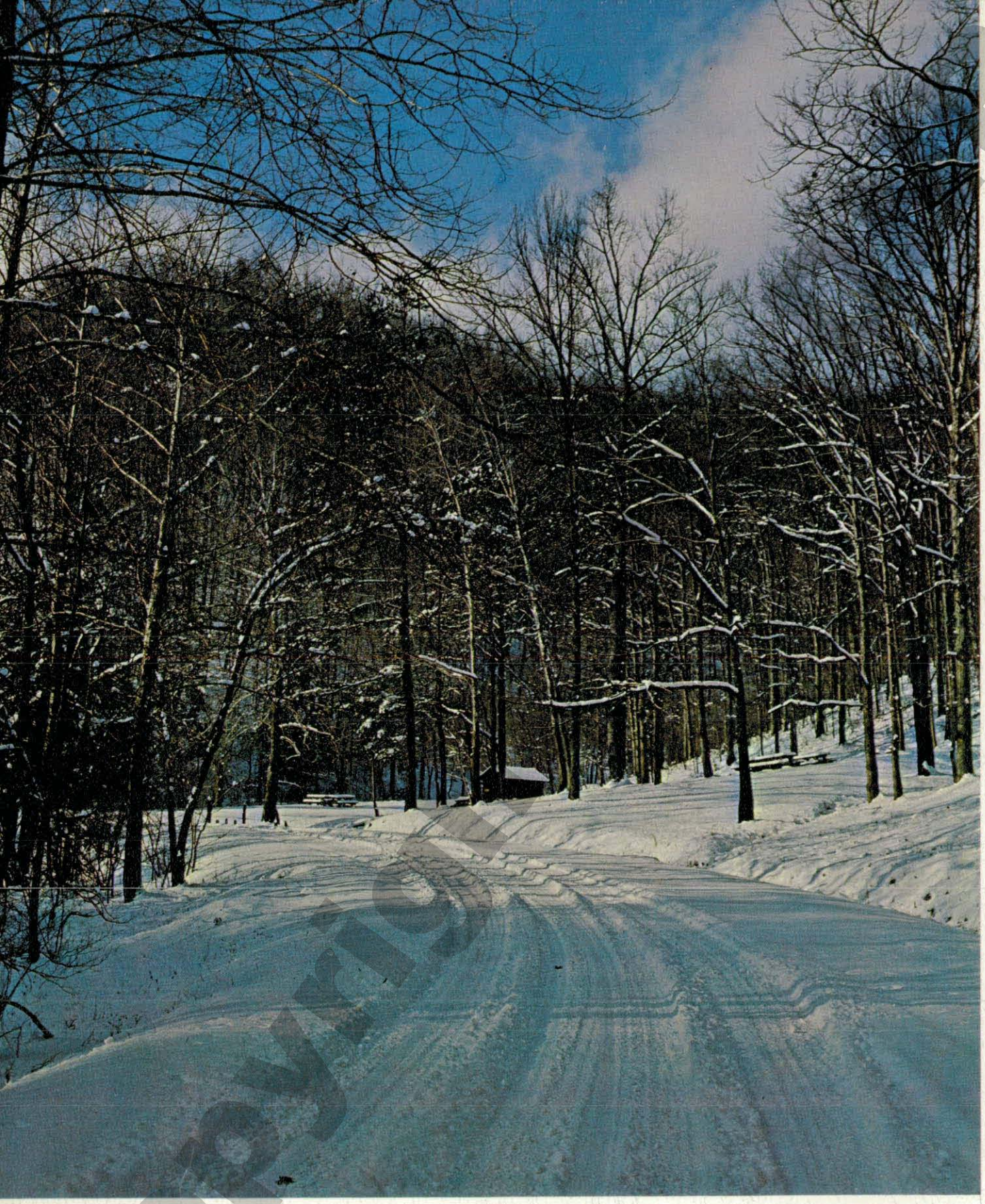

Winter came to Kanawha State Forest. ARNOUT HYDE JR.

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