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COVER – Daring BASE jumpers and their parachutes dot the sky above and below the New River Gorge Bridge in Fayetteville on Bridge Day, held each year in October. On this day, jumpers are allowed to leap from the bridge with a parachute and sail down an exhilarating 876 feet. (See page 29.)
Photograph by David Fattaleh

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Ancient Forest Relict:

West Virginia's Northern Flying Squirrel
On a cool, damp morning in the Monongahela National Forest, soft gray light from a cloudy sky filters through a dark overstory of pine boughs. Heavy rains from the night before have given the trees’ rough bark a rich, red-brown cast and deepened the dusky aroma of New York ferns which grow abundantly beneath the forest canopy. The sweet fragrance of balsam firs also wafts through this cathedral-like segment of the Mon, which includes a mixture of northern hardwoods and red spruce trees.

With a thick carpet of pine needles muffling their footsteps, West Virginia Division of Natural Resources (WVDNR) nongame wildlife biologists Jack Wallace, Donna Mitchell, and Craig Stihler enter this boreal forest, home to the West Virginia northern flying squirrel. Laden with a ladder, clipboard, and other data collection tools, they are conducting a semi-annual survey of nest boxes placed over the last 16 years to help state and federal wildlife officials determine this elusive mammal’s range, distribution, life history, and status.

The northern flying squirrel inhabits evergreen and mixed northern hardwood/evergreen forests throughout most of the northern United States and Canada. Its range also extends southward following mountain ranges in both the East and West. The two southern Appalachian subspecies of northern flying squirrel, like their favored red spruce habitat, are relicts of the last Ice Age, when glaciers moved down through North America, creating colder climates which resulted in the occurrence of plant and animal species usually found further north.

The subspecies that occurs predominantly in West Virginia and, thus, is appropriately referred to as the “West Virginia northern flying squirrel” is found in the now limited and fragmented red spruce and mixed northern hardwood forests of Greenbrier, Pendleton, Pocahontas, Randolph, Tucker, and Webster counties and in Highland County, Virginia. Similarly isolated populations of the other southern Appalachian subspecies are located on high elevation ridges and peaks in North Carolina, Tennessee, and extreme southwestern Virginia.

Prior to 1985, the occurrence of only 12 West Virginia northern flying squirrels, from Pocahontas and Randolph counties in West Virginia and in Highland County, Virginia, were on record. Concerned that populations of this diminutive, nocturnal creature were in decline due to loss of suitable habitat and, possibly, competition from the common southern flying squirrel, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service added both southern Appalachian subspecies to the list of federally endangered species in 1985. Soon thereafter, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, in conjunction with officials from the U.S. Forest Service and state biologists, began development and implementation of a recovery plan for both southern Appalachian subspecies.

Stihler, who coordinates WVDNR’s endangered species program, notes that the northern flying squirrel’s preferred habitat represents only five to 10 percent of West Virginia’s forested land.

“We may have as little as one tenth of the red spruce forest we had at the turn of the century,” he says. “It now occurs in isolated patches in the higher elevations. Consequently, there are isolated populations of northern flying squirrels. In many areas, hardwoods have grown back where there once was spruce. There is often spruce now in the understory, but it will be many years before these areas will become good northern flying squirrel habitat.”

Since 1985, more than 4,000 nest boxes have been placed in areas judged to be potential habitat for the northern flying squirrel, principally to gain a better understanding of the animal’s range and distribution in the state. Live traps are also used to survey for the presence of the squirrels in particular areas.

“We now have records of more than 1,000 captures from 95 sites,” Wallace says. “This doesn’t
indicate a great population increase. It is just the result of increased monitoring over the years.”

After a brief walk through the forest, Wallace, Mitchell, and Stihler come to the first survey stop, where three nest boxes are clustered together on adjacent trees. Equipped with a piece of cloth to plug the nest box entrance hole should a squirrel try to make a fast exit, Stihler climbs the ladder about 10 feet to reach the first box. After plugging the entrance hole, he slowly pulls aside the sliding front panel and calls out, in order of abundance, the composition of nesting materials: five and one-half inches of loosely packed whole leaves and pine needles. But in this nest box, there are no squirrels. Consulting the case history of this box, Wallace notes that last fall it contained seven inches of shredded bark. Apparently squirrels had changed the nesting material but were not currently using the box.

Next, Wallace climbs the ladder to the second box, plugs the entrance hole, slides the front panel across and, while Mitchell records on a case history form, announces, “Six-and-a-half inches of birch bark...moss...a few feathers...and northern flying squirrels!” He then takes the nest box down from the tree and places it on the ground.

The biologists work quickly now to gather the required data efficiently and gently, causing as little trauma as possible to the recently slumbering squirrels before releasing them. With Mitchell ready to record data, Wallace reopens the sliding panel and gently probes the nesting material with a pencil, urging the squirrel to move upward and out of the box. Stihler holds a soft net bag, anchored with a wooden ring, over the hole to capture the squirrel.

Within seconds the first squirrel leaps out of the box and into the net where it climbs desperately upward in a valiant effort to escape.

Most noticeable, in addition to its furtive motions, are its BIG brown eyes; wide, flat tail; and patagia, or soft membranes, that extend from ankle to wrist on either side of its reddish-brown, furry body. While northern flying squirrels do not actually fly, their rudder-like tails and patagia allow them to glide substantial distances.

“One look at the eyes tells you this is not a day creature,” Wallace says.

“Wow! This is a big one!” Stihler exclaims as the first squirrel, identified as an adult male, weighs in at 114 grams.

Next, Wallace measures the squirrel’s hind foot. At 35 millimeters long, there can be no doubt that its owner is a northern flying squirrel. The smaller southern flying squirrel, which is commonly found at lower elevations in hardwood forests but can also share high elevation habitats with northern flying squirrels, has hind feet no longer than 32 millimeters. In addition to its smaller size, the coloration of the southern flying squirrel is slightly different from that of the northern flying squirrel.

Using a small set of hemostats, Wallace then gently pulls a hair sample from the squirrel’s back and places it in a vial of ethanol. Genetic testing of the hair samples, a new procedure, may reveal whether our state’s populations of northern flying squirrels became isolated from one another when the great spruce forests were fragmented, or whether they have always been different, separate populations. The samples are sent to Dr. Tim King at the U. S. Geological Survey in Leetown, West Virginia, for analysis.

Next, Wallace collects a fecal sample which the squirrel, having experienced the invasion of its cozy nest and abrupt disruption of sleep, has no difficulty providing. These samples are later analyzed for clues to the species’ diet.

Mitchell has studied the northern flying squirrel’s diet extensively, first creating hundreds
of "photomicrographs," or permanent microscope slides, of natural materials that the squirrels might eat, then examining fecal samples under a microscope to determine which of these materials were present. She determined that in spring, West Virginia northern flying squirrels eat spruce, beech, and maple buds; lichens; and subterranean fungi known as deer truffles. In fall, they eat mostly fungi and beechnuts.

"The fungi are the most fascinating elements of the squirrels' diet," Mitchell says. "The squirrel eats the truffle and the spores pass through its digestive system and remain viable. When the squirrel drops the fecal pellets, the spores are dispersed to new locations. Thus, the squirrel is one of the main dispersers of the fungus. This cycle represents an important example of the interdependency of wildlife and its food source and the importance of every species in the composition of a habitat."

Because these fungi contribute nutrients to the trees, some researchers believe that the northern flying squirrel plays a key role in the health of its habitat.

"No one really knows what happens to this cycle if you remove one of the pieces," Mitchell adds.

"What happens when lichens are lost due to air pollution or when beech trees are lost due to disease?"

Their data collection on this squirrel completed, Wallace calls out the number stamped on a tiny ear tag and hands the tag to Mitchell, who fastens it to the squirrel's right ear. When southern flying squirrels are captured, they are tagged in the left ear.

Finally, holding the squirrel gently in gloved hands, Stihler places it on the side of a slim sapling and releases it. Like a sprinter after the pistol sounds, it bolts upward until it reaches a high branch, then hesitates but for a moment and leaps into the air. With all four limbs extended and patagia stretched, it glides dramatically some 50 feet or more to land at the base of another tree.

The trio of biologists soon thereafter discover a second northern flying squirrel in the same box; an adult female who, at 107 grams, is smaller than her nest mate, but who has bigger feet. Typically a mixture of adult squirrels are found in the nest boxes, or an adult female with her young.

While biologists now have a better idea of where our state's northern flying squirrels reside, there is still much to learn about the species' habits and life
history. Their small size, nocturnal nature, and adeptness at eluding capture make conducting research activities difficult.

It is thought that the squirrels, which are active all year long, mate when one year old. Females have typically one or possibly two litters of one to six young per year. Born blind and furlless, the young are nursed for approximately two months. Males do not actively participate in rearing the young.

Jennifer Menzel, a candidate for a Ph.D. in forest resource science at West Virginia University and an employee of the U. S. Forest Service, has been studying the den sites used by northern flying squirrels and how these squirrels use their overall habitat. Using radio telemetry equipment, she captures and collars squirrels, then tracks them during the day to see where they sleep, and at night to collect data on the size of their home range and habitat use. Thus far, her research indicates that the home ranges of West Virginia northern flying squirrels appear to be larger than those of their counterparts in the West, perhaps due to more scarce resources.

Menzel is also noting the characteristics of their habitat and hopes to gain an understanding of what elements are required in order to sustain healthy populations of the squirrels. Since competition with the southern flying squirrel, thought to be a more aggressive species, has long been a concern of wildlife officials, Menzel is also studying the interactions between the two species and monitoring the habits and preferences of the southern flying squirrel.

Yet, forest fragmentation and habitat loss due to timbering and development are the northern flying squirrel’s greatest threats.

"Most of the state’s red spruce forest and known locations of this squirrel are in the Monongahela National Forest and are protected," Stihler says. "There is a good deal of interest in the recovery of the red spruce forest, and in time, the amount of spruce forest will probably increase in West Virginia. This will not only create more habitat, but it will reconnect islands of habitat that have been isolated since the turn of the last century. This will be good news for the squirrel."
Virginia Northern Flying Squirrels

The squirrel's escape is foiled by the biologists' capture bag.

A northern flying squirrel's belly hairs, which are gray at the base and white at the tip, distinguish it from the southern flying squirrel, which has entirely white belly hairs.

WVDNR biologist Jack Wallace weighs the northern flying squirrel in the capture bag.

WVDNR biologists tag northern flying squirrels in the right ear. If they are noticed later in the wild but elude capture, their tags can distinguish them from southern flying squirrels, which are tagged in the left ear.
The diminutive West Virginia northern flying squirrel roams the boreal forests of the Blackwater Canyon.

The Blackwater River formed the Blackwater Canyon.

Stephen J. Shaluta Jr.

Arnout Hyde Jr.

Steven Wayne Rotsch
**At Home in the Canyon**

By SHEILA McENTEER

With its distinctly boreal forests of red spruce and northern hardwoods, the biologically rich Blackwater Canyon has long been known to contain prime habitat for the federally endangered West Virginia northern flying squirrel. While Ed Michael, professor emeritus of wildlife at West Virginia University, first documented the elusive species along part of the south rim of the canyon, Craig Stuhler and WVDNR Nongame Wildlife and Natural Heritage Program biologists have captured individuals in nest boxes in Blackwater Falls State Park. Recent surveys have also shown that northern flying squirrels live on the north side of the canyon and at slightly lower elevations than were previously recorded.

A recent research study conducted by Peter Wiegel and James Brinson of Wake Forest University, to determine, as much as possible, the extent to which northern flying squirrels occupy the south rim of the canyon and other nearby habitats, revealed their presence well beyond the previously known capture areas. Using live traps over a two-month period, Wiegel and Brinson found northern flying squirrels in “mixed conifer-hardwood forests which often included some old growth, open understories, quantities of deadwood and moist conditions or access to water.” They further note in their study report that, “Since these habitat characteristics are widespread throughout the Blackwater Canyon area, it would appear that much potential habitat is available.”

Citing capture data and the size of the northern flying squirrel's home range, Wiegel and Brinson report that the squirrel “...is likely to occupy, use, or travel through much of the canyon. Thus, it is important to think of the canyon area as a whole—not just a bunch of isolated stands—when dealing with *G. sabrinus* [northern flying squirrel] or any other rare species.”

Wiegel and Brinson also note the potential for the squirrel’s moist, cool mixed forest habitat, which is fairly continuous now and extends down drainages onto the canyon slopes, to eventually exist in low elevation areas in the canyon.

“The Blackwater Canyon area appears to support a significant and diverse fauna and flora—of which the rare northern flying squirrel is just one part—and needs to be viewed as a whole functioning system,” Wiegel and Brinson conclude. “The persistence of the flying squirrel is going to depend on much more than setting aside a few habitat stands. Instead, it will depend on broadly based conservation efforts extending over a period of many years.”

Famed for its wildlife diversity, spectacular vistas, and exceptional recreational opportunities, the Blackwater Canyon is one of West Virginia’s most renowned natural areas. The head of the canyon, including the dramatic 62-foot falls of the Blackwater River, is under public ownership and constitutes Blackwater Falls State Park. Efforts are currently under way by concerned citizens and conservation organizations (See “Conserving a Crown Jewel: The Blackwater Canyon Story” by Pam Chadd; *Wonderful West Virginia*, March 2001) to make the lower reaches of the canyon part of the state’s system of public lands, thereby preserving the canyon in its entirety for future generations.

One of West Virginia’s most spectacular vistas. Lindy Point affords an outstanding view of the Blackwater Canyon, where the federally endangered West Virginia northern flying squirrel and many other wildlife species reside.
This aerial view of the New River Gorge in Fayette County shows the area of Nuttallburg along the New River.

Arnout Hyde Jr.
Many white-water rafters passing quickly through Double-Z Rapids in the New River Gorge may notice the old cement pillars on both river banks. But probably few realize that the pillars, which once supported a swinging bridge that connected the towns of South Nuttall and Nuttallburg, are remnants of the heyday of coal, when the large and prosperous Nuttallburg mines were in operation. Nuttallburg was among the earliest of scores of mining towns that clung precariously to the canyon walls.

Nuttallburg founder John Nuttall was born in Lancaster, England, in 1817 and worked in mines there before immigrating to the United States in 1849. Although he was employed briefly in a silk mill on Staten Island, his first love was coal mining. Thus, he was lured into north-central Pennsylvania to seek his fortune when the Tyrone and Clearfield Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad was opened in the 1850s. Nuttall was successful in his Pennsylvania mining ventures, though coal seams in this area were limited and of only average quality.

In 1870, he learned that the C & O Railroad was being extended into West Virginia and would penetrate the rich Fayette County coalfields, which were previously inaccessible. Seizing the opportunity, he visited this remote area by stagecoach, taking the James River and Kanawha Turnpike. Arriving at a tavern on the high ground above the New River Gorge, he was surprised to see smokeless coal burning in the fireplaces. From a local surveyor, he learned that coal deposits exposed on the canyon walls contained a very high grade of smokeless coal; a clean burning, bituminous coal that resembled anthracite for home heating and a coal exceptionally useful for many industrial purposes.

Nuttall returned to Philadelphia with coal samples and immediately had them analyzed. With this evidence, he had no trouble obtaining financial backing to buy land and build mines that would be ready to ship coal by the time the railroad reached that area. He then bought several large tracts, much of it for 10 dollars an acre or less for both surface and mineral rights, and developed mines on Keeney's Creek and Short Creek.

By the time the railroad reached this area in February 1873, the Keeney's Creek mine was ready to start shipping coal. The coal, which produced little residue and smoke, was immediately in high demand by industry. It became the preferred fuel for seagoing vessels, particularly those of the U. S. Navy.

Over the next decade, more than 100 company houses were built. Most were one-story buildings with four rooms, but a few had two stories. More spacious houses were erected for the company doctor, mine managers, and foremen. By 1890, Nuttallburg was a self-sufficient community with running water, a thriving company store, churches, schools, a community building, post office (1893), fire fighting equipment, and, of course, regular, dependable, and convenient railroad connections at Nuttall Station.

The coal towns offered an active social life and many traditions. For many years Nuttallburg had its own band, and each evening band members could be heard practicing on the porches of company houses. On Sunday afternoons and holidays the band performed for the enjoyment of all. Most mining towns also had baseball teams,
and young miners were frequent visitors to other communities when ball games were scheduled.

Nuttallburg had no bars, but everyone knew that moonshine was produced in obscure spots just outside town. Mail and newspapers were delivered to the post office daily and provided the town's primary connection with the outside world. In good weather the railroad provided weekend excursions to Charleston and Cincinnati, where townspeople could watch sports events or see a carnival or circus.

By the mid-1890s, dozens of mining towns in the gorge were thriving, and the C & O had trouble providing the mines with enough coal cars to meet their demands. All mines suffered from coal car shortage which often caused them to shut down early when all their hopper cars were filled.

Other mines nearby included the Kaymoor Mine on the opposite slope and the Caperton Mine just up river. Further above there were mines at Fire Creek, Loop Creek, Sewell, Thurmond, Thayer, Prince, and Quinnimont. Down river were mines at Fayette, Ansted, Hawks Nest, Cotton Hill, Glen Ferris, Kanawha Falls, and Montgomery, to mention just a few.

John Nuttall saw the opportunity to develop up to seven additional mines along Keeney's Creek if a branch line from the C & O siding could be extended up the steep slopes to Rothwell and then to Winona and Lookout on the high, level ground above. He talked with C & O officials about building this spur, but they concluded it couldn't be done. However, when Nuttall showed them a route he had discovered that required only two switchbacks and five trestles, they admitted it would be possible. To expedite this project, Nuttall agreed to raise the money by providing leases for minable coal seams along this spur to interested individuals.

With the financing secured, the spur, with a total distance of 7.8 miles and a vertical rise of 900 feet, was completed to Rothwell in 1893 and to Winona and Lookout in 1908. It provided essential access up Keeney's Creek Hollow for at least seven coal companies. With its spectacular wooden trestles, which still stand today, though in poor condition, the spur was a great tribute to the ingenious engineers who designed and laid out the route.

In 1878, John Nuttall was joined in his business ventures by his son, Lawrence, who served as secretary-treasurer of the company and personal secretary to his father. Lawrence had a strong interest in botany, including not only flowering plants, but fungi, lichens, and mosses. He tried to arrange his daily work schedule so he could botanize on the slopes of the New River Canyon and on the high ground above. The New River made a unique place for a botanist to pursue his interests, since many plants which are more common in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia follow the New River down into West Virginia and even to southern Ohio. Lawrence identified many of these, and his discoveries, being so far from their major home area, were of great interest to the botanical world.

While miners referred to these trips to the woods as "collecting more weeds," Lawrence gained an excellent reputation among leading botanists throughout the East as a capable scientist. During his 30 years at Nuttallburg, he collected hundreds of fungi, including more than 200 species new to science.

In 1906, Lawrence was invited to West Virginia University for a month during the summer, a guest of President Daniel Boardman Purington, to examine unidentified fungi and other plants and put the university herbarium collection in good order.

Because Lawrence Nuttall left so many interesting botanical records, West Virginia University botany students for many summers included Nuttallburg among the stops on their two-week summer caravan. After he left Nuttallburg, Lawrence would come from Pennsylvania to join them. Time spent at Nuttallburg was considered the high point of this annual trek, since Lawrence's records gave students

A portrait of Lawrence Nuttall, renowned botanist and son of Nuttallburg founder John Nuttall. Photo courtesy of Kenneth L. Carvell
detailed information on just where to look for a large number of rare species.

John Nuttall died in 1897 and in 1903, the Nuttallburg mines were incorporated as the Nuttallburg Coal and Coke Company. Although their heyday was past, the Nuttallburg mines continued to operate until 1957 under one ownership or another. From 1908 to 1912, they were known as the Nuttallburg Collieries Company and from 1912 to 1920 as the Nuttallburg Smokeless Fuel Company.

Henry Ford bought the mines in 1920 as part of his plans to make the Ford Motor Company completely independent of outside sources for automobile production. Ford actually visited Nuttallburg in October 1921, living in his private railroad car at Nuttallburg siding. While there, he examined underground operations and even talked to miners on his hands and knees at the working face of the mine. He immediately spruced up the town, having the houses painted and the surroundings beautified. Two years later, realizing that his Kentucky and West Virginia mine properties were struggling because of archaic, outmoded technology, Ford organized the Fordson Coal Company, which installed state-of-the-art equipment to make these mines competitive.

Yet, though Fordson made large investments in the Nuttall mines, in 1928, the property and lands were sold to nearby Maryland New River Coal Company. This company operated them successfully through the Depression years and World War II before selling them to the Garnet Coal Company in 1953. Garnet operated the mines until 1958, when the coal was depleted and all facilities were closed. At that time, the few remaining families in Nuttallburg moved out and it quickly became a ghost town.

Today, nature has reclaimed her own. There is little left to testify to the great activity and community life of this once thriving mining center. On the upper slopes the head house and monitor system are in ruin. Below, the tipple remains—all but hidden in dense forest growth. The railroad spur and trestles are still impressive, however, even in their decayed state.

Yet, while time has passed Nuttallburg by, the Nuttall name and the public-spirited family are still remembered with Nuttall District of Fayette County, Nuttall Middle School, and the infamous Nuttallburg Rapids, now more popularly known as Double-Z Rapids.

Kenneth L. Carvell is a retired forestry professor from West Virginia University. He enjoys researching and writing stories about West Virginia's history and natural heritage.
What would it be like to be born legally blind and thus unable to be part of your family’s hunting tradition? Fourteen-year-old Ryan Tennant of Preston County knows. What would it be like to have enjoyed years of hunting, only to have the ability suddenly taken from you? Thirty-five-year-old Mike Euler of Kanawha County, who was left a paraplegic after a tragic automobile accident, knows. Forty-six-year-old David Kovalck and 57-year-old Wallace “Frank” Hall Jr., both of Harrison County, who lost legs due to an accident and advanced diabetes respectively, also know.
Yet, thanks to West Virginia's new Special Needs Hunter Education Program, these individuals and their families were given the opportunity to enjoy not only a successful hunt, but mountain scenery and fellowship, as well. Last December, during antlerless deer season, these West Virginians, despite their disabilities, participated in the state's first hunt for physically challenged persons hosted by the Snowshoe Mountain Resort in Pocahontas County. The event was cosponsored by the West Virginia Hunter Education (Instructors) Association (WVHEA) and the West Virginia Division of Natural Resources (WVDNR).

To help reduce hunting accidents, in 1990 the West Virginia Legislature instituted a mandatory hunter education course for anyone born on or after January 1, 1975. In June 1999, WVHEA and WVDNR launched the hunter education special needs program to enhance and modify classroom presentations, find adaptive equipment, and establish post-class activities that would enable physically challenged individuals to hunt. In just 18 months, the program had great success in meeting these goals.

"A special needs hunt has been a dream of many people," said Lt. Tim Coleman of
WVDNR’s Law Enforcement Section, who also is the Hunter Education Training Coordinator. “A dedicated few persisted and pulled off what to some was unthinkable.”

In the weeks prior to the hunt, each participant was interviewed to determine accommodations requirements. In addition, each was taken to a shooting range to demonstrate skill level. Certified volunteer instructors from WVHEA served as partners for the participants. The evening before the hunt, everyone met to review regulations and to get to know one another. Excitement and anticipation were high, and few enjoyed a full night’s rest.

At 7:00 a.m. on December 7, the hunters and their partners departed to different areas of the mountain resort to take their stands. The weather was typical for these rugged mountains: the temperature was in the teens with a wind chill of below zero. It was snowing and the wind was blowing. Yet, these hunters had faced far more difficult challenges in life, so the weather could not dampen their positive attitudes.

Mobile units staffed by Randy Chapman, Lt. Tim Coleman, Pocahontas County conservation officer Doshia Webb, and Larry Holson provided assistance to the hunters as needed. Radios had been distributed, so contact was maintained at all times.

David Kovalck, who was partnered with his son Tommy and volunteer Homer Timney, appreciated the benefits of his Class Q permit, which enabled him to hunt from his vehicle. Frank Hall and his partner, Joe Rozich, enjoyed their heated blind. Just hours after David and Frank reported their successes, Mike Euler and his partners, Glenn Jones and Don Lockard, and Ryan Tennant and his partner, Brian Satterfield, radioed their good news. With four hunters participating and four deer harvested, it was, indeed, an outstanding day. The smiles, handshakes, hugs, pictures, and, most of all, the appreciation from the heart that each of these
individuals expressed was very gratifying. All agreed that it was not only a very successful hunt, but a very safe one.

That evening, the hunters and their partners and families, WVDNR officers, and the Snowshoe management staff met to honor the hunters, hear their stories, and just relive the day. Just days earlier everyone had been strangers, but fellowship had made them friends. Certificates were presented to the hunters for their participation. WVHEA presented plaques to Snowshoe Mountain Resort and to WVDNR in appreciation of their efforts to organize and host the hunt.

Sadly, on January 5, 2001, less than a month after the hunt, Frank Hall passed away unexpectedly. In his honor, Snowshoe Mountain Resort announced that in the future, the event would be known as “The Wallace ‘Frank’ Hall Jr. Memorial Hunt.”

The special needs program slogan is “Making the outdoors accessible to all. Together we are making a difference.” Thanks to the tireless efforts of WVDNR, WVHEA, and private enterprise such as Snowshoe Mountain Resort, our citizens will discover an ever-increasing array of outdoor opportunities previously deemed unattainable. Many people are working on plans for future events across the state. If you would like additional information about these programs, contact Lt. Tim Coleman at (304) 558-2784 or e-mail WVHEA at wvhea2001@yahoo.com.

Randy Chapman is vice president of the West Virginia Hunter Education Association and director of the Special Needs Hunter Education Program. Larry Holton is the supervisor for public safety at Snowshoe Mountain Resort.
Autumn Splendor
By SCOTT SHALAWAY
Photographs by ROGER SPENCER

Early morning view of Germany Valley near Judy Gap in Pendleton County
Timing is everything, and nowhere is that more true than in nature, where seasonal changes in day length influence virtually every aspect of life on earth.

Though daily changes in "photoperiod," or the length of daylight, are difficult to perceive, changes from week to week and month to month are clear and inescapable. For example, from July Fourth to Labor Day, we lose nearly two hours of daylight. Fortunately, this pattern of shortening days in the fall and lengthening days in the spring is eternal, absolute, and predictable. That's why virtually all plants and animals have internal biological clocks set to photoperiod.

In the spring as days lengthen, birds migrate north, flowers bloom, and frogs sing. In the summer, plants and animals reproduce and grow. In the fall, animals and plants take divergent paths. Animals quicken their pace into a frenzy of activity to prepare for the coming winter, while plants slow down in anticipation of a season of dormancy. All of these activities and myriad more are triggered by changing day length.

Nowhere is this phenomenon more evident than in the display of fall color in West Virginia's tree-covered hills and mountains. Credit plant physiology as much as falls progressively shorter and cooler days for the annual spectacle. Shorter days cause chlorophyll, the green pigment that gives growing plants their color, to break down. (Chlorophyll is also the chemical that captures solar energy and allows green plants to convert sunlight into simple sugars via the biochemical process called photosynthesis.) As the growing season ends and chlorophyll breaks down, previously masked pigments become apparent. The fall colors we see reflect the relative proportions of yellow, red, orange, and brown pigments in the leaves of various trees.

The changing of the colors begins shortly after the summer solstice. In late July, as I write this, I already see a few deviations from green—a brown sycamore leaf here, a crimson Virginia creeper leaflet there.

Elevation and latitude also affect the timing of the fall spectacle. At higher elevations and higher latitudes, leaves turn earlier. On a 4,000-foot high mountaintop in Pocahontas County, colors might peak as early as mid-September, while here in Marshall County at 1,200 feet, the brightest colors appear between the second and third weeks of October.

Regardless of location, what some might call the "greatest show on earth" begins with splashes of red, orange, and yellow on the landscape. The intensity of color varies from year to year, but in the best years—those years we remember and tell our kids about—the mountains shimmer with colors as if an angel from heaven was sent down to inspire the next Monet.

Here in Marshall County, the show begins in earnest in early September. Sumac thickets turn flaming orange. A few weeks later, Virginia creeper leaves turn blood red, and more subtle browns and yellows mottle blackberry thickets. By late September, many other trees start to turn. Elms and apple trees assume a dull yellow cast. Golden tones highlight cherry and walnut trees. As September yields to October, red maple and sassafras give the woods a crimson glow. By late October, oaks and hickories add earthy brown and golden tones to the autumnal landscape.

So it's no surprise that leaf peeping has become a major tourist attraction in West Virginia. By car, bus, and even plane or hot air balloon, tourists flood the mountains to catch memorable views of forests ablaze with color.

From these colorful mountain vistas to the multitudes of leaf peepers they attract, timing IS everything.

Certified wildlife biologist and freelance writer
Dr. Scott Shalaway is a regular contributor to Wonderful West Virginia.
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call:
304-758-4924
or visit:
http://www.ovis.net/~rspencer/
Cascading waters of Alder Run along Blackbird Knob Trail

A palette of fall colors at Dolly Sods

Country church near Zenith in Monroe County
West Virginia's Midland Trail originated in the mists of prehistoric time, perhaps thousands of years before recorded history. This ancient path began as a trail used by woodland bison, elk, and other animals migrating between the Blue Ridge and the flat lands west of the Appalachians. Later, Native Americans, hunting the wild game that sustained them, followed the "buffalo trail" through this area so rich in beauty and resources. In more recent history, European settlers, in a wave of westward migration, turned the trail into a road. Today, as modern travelers go speeding along U.S. Route 60, the route's fascinating story seems long forgotten.

Designated as a national scenic byway in June 2000, the 200-mile route connects the State Capitol at Charleston with White Sulphur Springs at one end and the Ceredo-Kenova area at the other. However, it was once part of a much longer thoroughfare, stretching from eastern Virginia westward to lands beyond the Ohio River. The original trail crossed the mountains into the Greenbrier Valley near present-day Marlinton. From there, it turned south toward White Sulphur Springs, then west, connecting the future sites of the towns of Lewisburg, Rainelle, Ansted, Gauley Bridge, Glen Ferris, Cedar Grove, Malden, and Charleston. At the mouth of the Elk River, the trail split into two branches, with one branch going through Teays Valley into western Kentucky and the other north to the mouth of the Kanawha River.
Trail

By DIANA KILE GREEN

The Midland Trail features many important historical landmarks, including:

► The beautiful West Virginia State Capitol in Charleston
Photograph by Stephen J. Shaluta Jr.

▼ The renowned Greenbrier resort at White Sulphur Springs Photograph by David Fattaleh
Just for a moment, forget the paved highway we know as Route 60 and imagine yourself as a Native American traveling the trail millennia ago. As you walk through deep forest between the flat lands of the Kanawha Valley and the rugged, boulder-strewn hills of what is now Fayette County, leaves and pebbles crunch under foot. The only other sounds are the birds, the wind, and the distant rush of the river. You carry handmade weapons, some made of Kanawha black flint dug out of a hillside on Kelly's Creek, as you track the wild game which provides so much of your life’s sustenance—food, warmth, and many small necessities. The buffalo trail facilitates your hunting and leads you to another daily essential—salt, a mineral found in abundance near the mouth of Campbell’s Creek.

About 4,000 years ago, the Adena, a very early native people, left evidence of their mysterious presence, their burial mounds, along the west end of the trail. The flood plain of the valley is dotted with these mounds, originally over 50 in number, which reflect their desire to protect in perpetuity the remains of their dead. Among their successors in the area were the Shawnee, Miami, Delaware, and Mingo, who frequented the trail and camped during hunting forays. East of the mounds, the prehistoric Mount Carbon ridgetop earthworks, as well as stoneworks and campsites here and there, bear silent witness to Native Americans’ former presence. Stone tools and arrowheads are frequently found when earth is disturbed along or near the route of the trail.

In 1755, Mary Draper Ingles, a settler from southwestern Virginia, was kidnapped by Shawnee raiders and taken west to Ohio. Trekking along part of the trail, she was the first white woman known to have set foot in the Kanawha Valley. Near the site of present-day Malden, the party stopped at the salt deposits along the river. There, Mary learned from her captors how to boil down brine to make salt, which they carried back to their permanent camps beyond the Ohio River. Mary eventually escaped and retraced the route to return home, where she told of her experiences in the Kanawha Valley. Dr. John Hale, a great-grandson of Mary Draper Ingles, eventually moved to the valley and became the world’s largest salt producer.

By the late 1700s, European explorers and settlers were beginning to use the trail to cross the mountains on their way to the broad, flat farmlands in the Ohio Valley. Future President George Washington surveyed the area and eventually owned about 30,000 acres of land along the Kanawha River in the vicinity of the trail. His holdings included a 250-acre tract, co-owned with General Andrew Lewis, upon which were found unusual “burning springs” east of the future town of Charleston. Besides land acquisition, Washington
was scouting for a route to open up commerce and settlement between Tidewater Virginia and the Gulf of Mexico. Legendary explorer Daniel Boone also frequented the trail and settled for a time in the area known as the "Kanawha Salines" near Malden. He is known to have walked the trail to Richmond as a delegate to the Virginia Assembly.

In 1774, leaving Daniel Boone to hold the forts in Greenbrier County, General Andrew Lewis led his 1,000 Virginia militiamen from the fort at Lewisburg across the trail to the Battle of Point Pleasant, where they defeated a confederation of warriors under the command of the tall, charismatic Shawnee Chief Cornstalk. Shortly thereafter, the route became known as the Lewis Trail. It was the first step in the American colonists' grand plan to connect eastern Virginia with the Ohio River Valley.

The Kanawha Valley's oldest settled town, Cedar Grove, was founded at the mouth of Kelly's Creek in 1774, the year after Walter Kelly moved there and was killed by Native Americans. Less than 30 years later, several future members of what became the famous Lewis and Clark expedition arrived there via the Lewis Trail on their way to St. Louis, where they would begin their epic journey through the newly purchased Louisiana Territory. Known as the "Bote Yard," Cedar Grove was a jumping-off point for east-west travelers. Like many others, these explorers arrived overland from the east and floated the river going west. The expedition stopped there to outfit dugout boats in which to travel down the river toward Cincinnati.

Considering West Virginia's challenging, mountainous terrain and the primitive state of road building technology and transportation in the early 1800s, it seems amazing that by 1824, the trail had been developed into a toll road. The James River and Kanawha Turnpike Conestoga wagons were used for hauling pioneer families and freight. By 1827, more fortunate travelers rode in stagecoaches. The coaches, jokingly referred to as "shake guts," carried passengers over the rutted, bumpy road between Richmond and the site of present-day Huntington, West Virginia, in less than five days. The trip from Lewisburg to Charleston took two days in good weather. Coaches often stopped near the growing village of Malden to let passengers view the burning springs, considered in that day to be quite a scientific wonder. The erupting natural gas was often ignited for added effect.

Although these conveyances were a great improvement over the riding and walking days of the 1700s, the trip over the mountains was still a hardship for many. Thousands of sheep, cattle, and hogs were driven to eastern markets, walking every mile, just as in the great cattle drives of the American West.
When the trail was wet in those days, it must have been a miserable way to travel, as it was churned to a quagmire by the thousands of hooves of horses and livestock.

The drovers delivered more than livestock to market. They were also the frontier's unofficial mail delivery system. In the absence of a reliable, organized postal system, senders often entrusted their bundles of mail to the next drover who came down the trail. As they watched their precious packets disappear in the distance, they could only hope their mail would arrive at its intended destination.

Freelance writer Diana Kile Green works in her family's business and divides her time between Lewisburg and Charleston. She wishes to thank Garrett Feter and Larry Rowe of the Midland Trail Scenic Highway Association for their invaluable assistance with historical research for this story.

In Part II of "Revisiting the Historic Midland Trail," to appear next month: The nineteenth century was a time of rapid change and development along the Midland Trail. Pioneers pushing westward and many famous Americans traveled the route as it evolved from a footpath to a highway.

GLIMPSE THE KANAWHA VALLEY'S PAST

Industry in the Kanawha Valley began with the natural salt deposits that bubbled up in the saline waters of Burning Springs near Belle. It was at this site, originally owned by George Washington, that one of the pioneers of salt manufacturing, Colonel John Reynolds, built a house on the Midland Trail, established a family cemetery, and saw his fortunes rise and fall.

The dwelling was long forgotten until the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers began archeological excavations prior to the upgrade of the Marmet Locks and Dam. In the coming months, Wonderful West Virginia will feature a story about this archeological site and life in the Kanawha Valley in the early 1800s—"as well as some surprising revelations about the presence of enslaved African Americans."
State of Abundance

West Virginia is blessed with a natural beauty that is unsurpassed in the nation. In addition, both history and present-day events, including the recent devastation by flooding in the southern part of the state, have demonstrated that West Virginians are a people of exceptional fortitude, compassion, and ingenuity. Indeed, a spirit that is uniquely West Virginia's, born of a rugged terrain and an illustrious past, rings abundantly through our hills, valleys, cities, and hollows.

Wonderful West Virginia is proud to offer our readers a cornucopia of stories, photographs, and monthly features that reflect the spirit and highlight the history, natural wonders, and people of our great state.

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A subscription to Wonderful West Virginia also makes a perfect gift for friends or associates who enjoy the outdoors, wildlife, or reviews of books by regional authors.

To order, use the attached order forms or call 1-800-CALL-WVA (1-800-225-5982) or visit our Web site at www.wonderfulwv.com.
Far Appalachia: Following the New River North
by Noah Adams
$23.95, 238 pages, 6 x 8.5, Hardback

With his sharp eye and gentle wit, Noah Adams—beloved host of NPR’s “All Things Considered” —takes us on a river journey through the heart of Appalachia. Adams follows the New River from its mile-high source on North Carolina’s Snake Mountain to its mouth in West Virginia, traveling by canoe, bicycle, on foot, and by white-water raft. While Adams explores the region’s history and natural beauty, he also introduces us to legendary pioneers and Native Americans, as well as present-day preachers, white-water rafters, and bluegrass musicians. With eloquence and compassion, Adams paints a luminous portrait of a land and a people as vital and complex as America itself.

“NEW RIVER BRIDGE”

38° 04’N
81° 05’W

From Far Appalachia: Following the New River North

This is Bridge Day. It’s a festival that happens every October, on the third Saturday. They barricade the two northbound lanes, and the police watch over two-way traffic on the southbound side...

Bridge Day is an extreme-sports festival. There’s a street fair—food and music and crafts and T-shirts—that provides a neighborly stage for a drama that is played out at center bridge. A flatbed truck trailer has been pulled tight alongside the railing. Three plywood ramps have been built, tilting up from the trailer and out over the rail. Parachute jumpers, hundreds of them, will be leaping off those ramps and into the airspace of the New River Gorge. The altitude of the bridge is 1,586 feet. The altitude of the sandbar where the jumpers try to land is 710 feet. If the parachute were not to open, the fall would be eight seconds long.

The view into the gorge begins to clear as the sun warms the fog. I’ve come early, and brought coffee along, and binoculars, for a wait at the railing, facing upriver. Within an hour the first boats appear; five of them, cruising around a bend. White rafts, red helmets—it’s the Class VI dawn trip. The company takes pride in being first down the river on Bridge Day, and this group started paddling in the dark. They’ll make it through Fayette Station Rapids, staying to the right, then cross to the flat sandy bank for lunch and parachute viewing.

The jumping is soon to begin, but it seems I’m downwind of the cooking and it might be wise to make an early pass along the rows of tables and tents and trailers. If your child would like his face painted in camouflage, that’s possible. There’s also FREE FACE PAINTING WITH BIBLE STORIES. T-shirts that say IF YOU’RE NOT LIVIN’ ON THE EDGE,
Bridge Day

BASE Jumping from the New River Gorge Bridge

Photographs by David Fattaleh

This year Bridge Day will be held on Saturday, October 20.

For more information call 1-800-CALL-WVA or visit www.callwva.com
YOU'RE TAKIN' UP TOO MUCH SPACE. Or a BASE shirt that shows three jumpers, arms and legs outstretched, in the sky just below the bridge. Plus the equation: \( Y = V_0T + \frac{1}{2} AyT^2 \) and the impact speed, 163 m.p.h. Another T-shirt: SKY DIVERS—GOOD TO THE LAST DROP.

There is a booth with sweet-potato french fries drizzled with butter and brown sugar, but I keep walking until I see my canoeing friend Joy Marr in an apron. Back on the Upper New she told me about the grilled marinated turkey-breast fajitas that she and her friend Cindy Abbot make for Bridge Day. Here they are, flushed by the heat from the grill and already almost sold out. I walk away with a half-pound lunch.

Five men who look to be still tough but well retired are sitting in lawn chairs under an awning, and a sign: WELCOME BRIDGE WORKERS. One of them is talking with a young boy, and his dad, who's videotaping the conversation. It's a reunion of some of the workers who helped put this bridge together twenty years ago. One man was killed during that construction, when a platform fell. In the years since, three people have been killed, in various sport jumps, on Bridge Day.

As I walk back toward the center of the bridge I see the first parachutists going off the ramps over the railing. They do jump outwards, for clearance, but then they fall straight down and it's a deadweight drop. It's sudden and eerie; it has the look of a body dropping from the gallows. From this angle you can't see the parachutes pop and blossom.

BASE means building, antenna, span, earth. You try to achieve all four and then keep on doing all of it all over again. BASE jumpers in Norway, or Germany, or Japan, know they can come to West Virginia in October and have legal access to a world-class-height bridge and safety support below.

I move up to the flatbed trailer to watch the jumpers going off the ramps. They're waiting in a fast-moving line. They step up on the trailer and get their equipment checked by the jumpmaster: he jerks hard against the buckles, makes sure they have a pilot chute. And then the jumpers, on the balls of their feet at the very edge, wait to scream and disappear.

They all have competent-looking apparatus: the main parachute with shoulder and leg web harnesses, and the smaller pilot chute, which is gathered high in one hand, and, when released, will pull out the larger one. Some jumpers have video recorders mounted on their helmets, with the red light glowing. Some are wearing cameras and holding a shutter-release cable.

And they are all interesting-looking people. The ones who are in ordinary clothes—jacket, lime Lycra tights, orange climbing boots—have flashing eyes and gleaming smiles. But some are masked and wearing full costumes: Spiders from Mars, and a Pumpkin Man, and a Jester in fuchsia and orange. There's also a guy with a week's growth of dark beard, a lit cigar, and a Santa Claus hat.

From my perspective at the railing, about a hundred yards away from the trailer, I can see the jumpers leap away from the bridge and fall chest first: two seconds, three, then four, then the chute's out—a bright, striped parasail chute—and the landing glide begins. Sometimes it's a contented swirl and drift. Something it's a tense, fast swoop, with too-late corrections.

The target is a circle of stones on the riverbank, to the right from the jumper's view. There are swift-water rescue teams waiting, in rafts with motors affixed. The idea is to flare down and feather out across the river, rising then slightly to the bank. Your feet touch first—a few steps and you're in the circle with your chute spilling behind. Some jumpers skip on the water before making the bank. Others dump directly into the river, with the rescue raft already approaching. A few others spin off into the spindly birch trees. There are EMS units waiting as well...
Fall Color Woodland Harvest
by C. Ritchie Bell and Anne H. Lindsey
$16.75, 184 pages, 5.5 x 8.5, Paperback
This handsome book is a must for anyone who would like to learn about and identify the common species of trees found on the eastern coast of the United States. With lush photographs, leaf silhouettes, written descriptions, and geographical regions for 147 species of trees, this informative guidebook can help you identify almost every tree you come across.

Fall Color Finder: A Pocket Guide to the More Colorful Trees of Eastern North America
by C. Ritchie Bell and Anne H. Lindsey
$4.95, 64 pages, 4 x 6, Paperback
This handy pocket guide, a companion to Fall Color Woodland Harvest, is perfect for carrying on a walk in the woods! With the Fall Color Finder you can quickly identify most trees in the region. With color photographs and scale drawings of tree species, it provides a fun outdoor activity and makes a great gift for children or adults.

Coal Towns Of West Virginia
by Mary Legg Stevenson
$15.95, 176 pages, 8.5 x 11, 257 photographs
This book features a marvelous group of historical photographs which document the history of and way of life in many coal camps. Back when coal was king, new towns sprang up and fortunes were earned almost overnight. Almost as quickly, many of the mines closed down and the towns either disappeared without a trace or became ghost towns. In Coal Towns, Stevenson preserves the memory of an era that no longer exists, but which indelibly shaped the state of West Virginia.

No Star Nights
by Anna Egan Smucker
$7.99, 40 pages, 8.5 x 10.5, Paperback
“When I was little, we couldn’t see the stars in the nighttime sky because the furnaces of the mill turned the darkness into a red glow.” So begins the beautifully told and illustrated No Star Nights, which details the memorable sights and sounds—sometimes glorious and sometimes frightening—of growing up in a steel mill town. Life was marked by the shifts the fathers worked at the mill; and vacation pay, which meant “Christmas in July,” and special summer days in Pittsburgh to watch baseball games.

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### October Events Statewide

**October 5 - 7**  
*Ohio County Fair*  
Oglebay Park, Wheeling  
Wheeling Convention and Visitors Bureau  
304-233-7709 or 800-828-3097

**October 6 - 7**  
*Apple Butter Festival*  
Berkeley Springs  
304-258-3738 or 800-447-8797

**October 6 - 7**  
*Wild Walks Weekend*  
Canaan Valley Resort State Park and Blackwater Falls State Park  
Davis  
1-800-622-4121 or 304-259-5216

**October 6 & 7, 13 & 14**  
*Harvest Gathering*  
Fort New Salem  
Salem  
304-782-5245

**October 6**  
*Mamadou Diabate*  
Friends of Old-Time Music & Dance (FOOTMAD)  
304-415-3668

**October 7**  
*Steven Lubin, fortepianist*  
Fairmont Chamber Music Society, Inc.  
304-291-8277

**October 7**  
*Blennerhasset's Birthday Celebration*  
Blennerhassett Historical State Park  
Parkersburg  
304-420-4800

**October 11 - 14**  
*Black Walnut Festival*  
Spencer  
304-927-1780

**October 11 - 13**  
*Voices of the Mountains Storytelling Festival, Lewis County Fair*  
Jackson's Mill Air Strip, Weston  
304-269-7328

**October 11 - 16**  
*Riverboat Days*  
Wellsburg  
304-737-2787

**October 12 - 14**  
*Victorian Show-Off Weekend*  
Wheeling Convention and Visitors Bureau  
304-233-7709 or 800-828-3097

**October 12 - 14**  
*Autumn Fest*  
New Martinsville  
304-775-2805

**October 12 - 14**  
*Fairlea Arts & Crafts Fair*  
Fairlea  
304-645-4310

**October 12 - 13**  
*The Mansion by Candlelight*  
Blennerhassett Historical State Park  
Parkersburg  
304-420-4800

**October 12 - 13**  
*West Virginia Book Festival*  
Civic Center, Charleston  
304-343-4646

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Moving? Call 1-800-CALL-WVA so we can keep up with you.
October 13 - 14
Fall Festival
Wardensville
304-874-3924

October 13
Gospel Sing in the Hills
Buckhannon
304-472-3466

October 13 - 14
Railroad Days Festival
Hinton
304-466-5420

October 13
10th Annual Native American Artifact Exhibit
Grave Creek Mound
Moundsville
304-843-4128

October 13 - 14
19th Annual Lumberjackin’ Bluegrassin’ Jamboree
Twin Falls Resort State Park Lodge
Mullens
304-294-4000

October 13 - 21
Lincoln County Fall Festival
Hamlin
304-346-5315 ext.126

October 17 - 19
Parkersburg Homecoming Festival
Parkersburg
304-422-3588

October 18 - 21
Mountaineer Balloon Festival
Morgantown
304-296-8356

October 20
Bridge Day
Fayetteville
1-800-CALL-WVA

October 19 - 21
Mountain State Apple Harvest Festival
Martinsburg
304-263-2500 or 413-778-0146

October 19 - 21
Astronomy Weekend
Blackwater Falls State Park Lodge
Davis
1-800 CALL WVA or 304-259-5216

October 19 - 21
Halloween Hay Ride
Tomlinson Run State Park
New Manchester
304-564-3654

October 19 - 28
A Midsummer Night’s Dream
Old Opera House Theatre Co.
Charles Town
1-888-900-SHOW

October 20 - 21
5th Annual West Virginia Wine & Craft Festival
Jefferson County
Chamber of Commerce
Charles Town
304-725-2055

October 21
Elmer Bird Music Festival
Hurricane
304-562-5896

October 21 - 25
Senior Fling
Hawks Nest State Park
Ansted
304-658-5196

October 26 - 31
Haunted Trail
Little Beaver State Park
Beaver
304-763-2494

October 26 - 27
Haunted Group Camp
Cabwaylingo State Forest
Dunlow
304-385-4255

October 26 - 28
Quilter’s Getaway Weekend/Quilt Show
North Bend State Park
Cairo
304-643-2931

October 27
Halloween Train
Cass Scenic Railroad State Park
Cass
304-456-4300

October 27
Great Pumpkin Race
Kanawha State Forest
Charleston
304-558-3500

October 27
Halloween Party
North Bend State Park
Cairo
304-643-2931

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