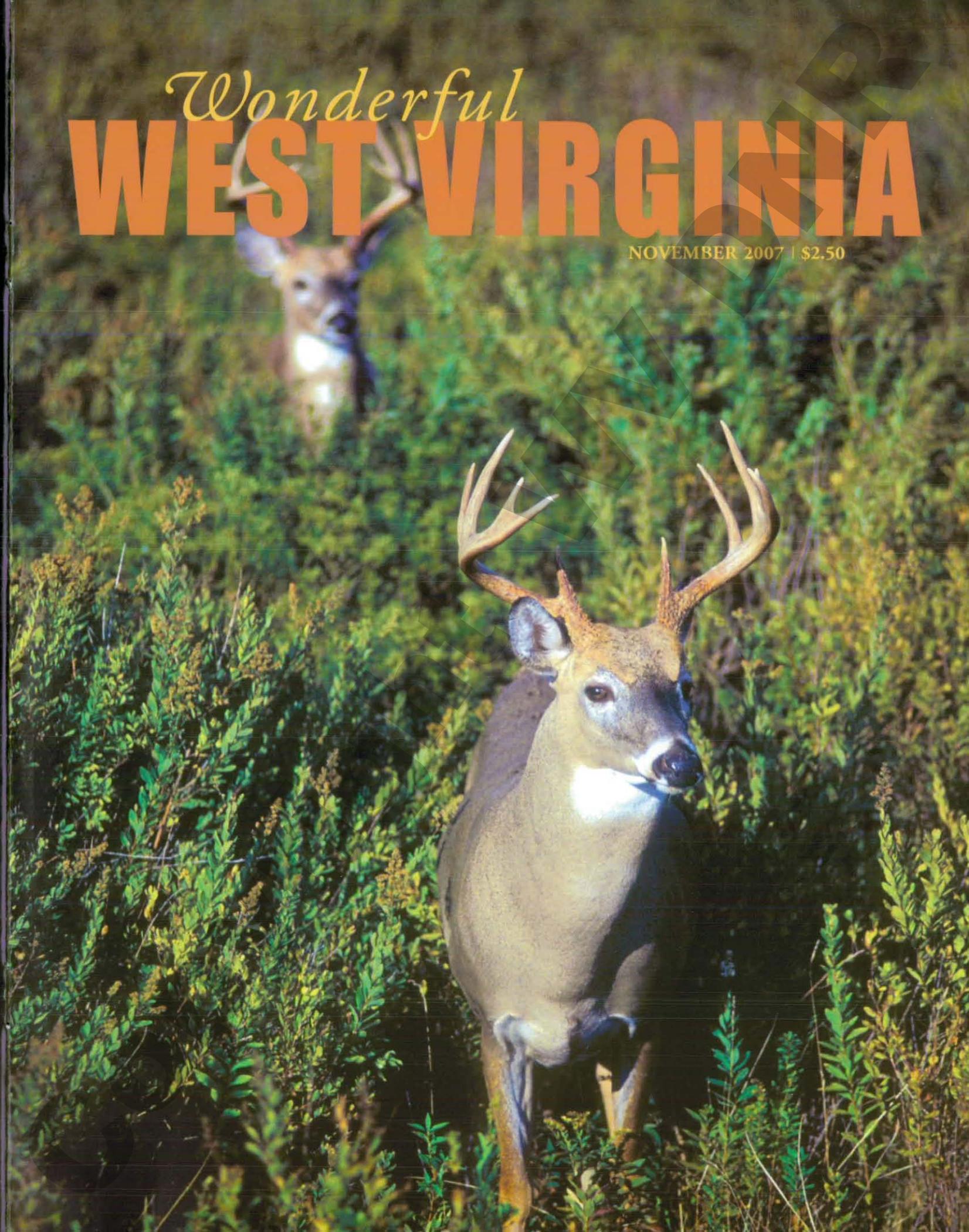


Wonderful
WEST VIRGINIA

NOVEMBER 2007 | \$2.50





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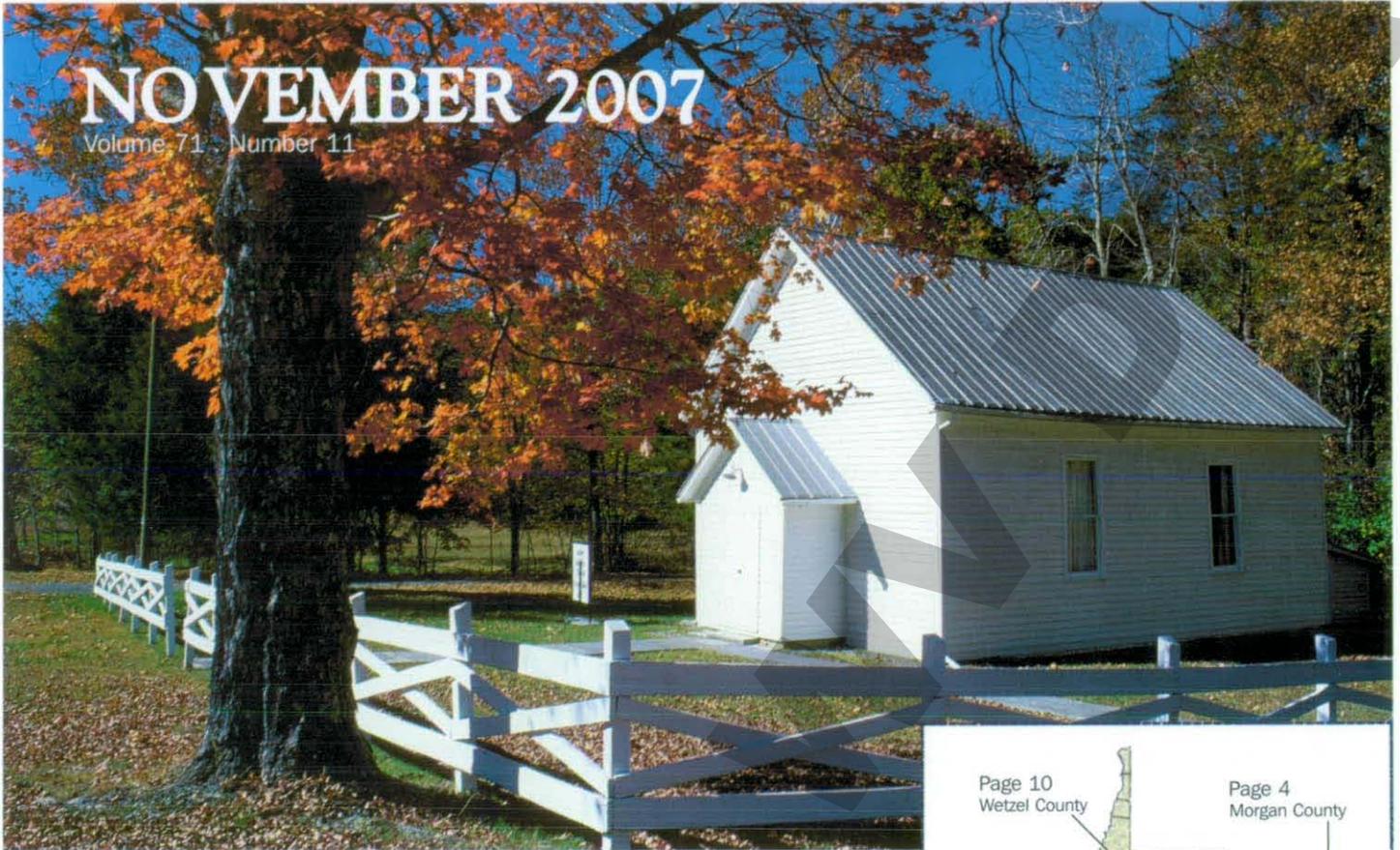
About our cover: West Virginia is home to a large white-tail deer population, and both deer watching and deer hunting are popular pastimes. Hunting is about more than bagging bucks, though, as this issue's features by Daniel Boyd and M. Edward Wyatt prove. Photo by Steven Wayne Rotsch

Contents page photo: Fall color graces a country church near Zenith in Monroe County. For more gorgeous autumn foliage, turn to the Gallery on page 14. Photo by Roger Spencer



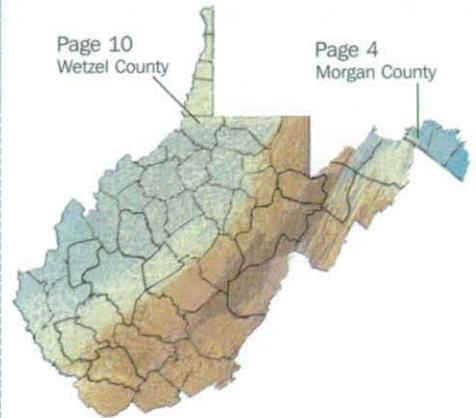
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10 SHARING AN ANCIENT TRADITION On a chilly, autumn day in the woods of Wetzel County, an eight-year-old boy proves he has learned well the lessons of his father. Together they share a triumphant moment and make a memory to last a lifetime. BY M. EDWARD WYATT

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23 FACT AND THE FANCIFUL: NATIVE AMERICAN HISTORY AND LEGENDS The lives and cultures of the Native American tribes that inhabited the ancient hills of West Virginia were often romanticized by the Europeans who came much later. How do we know what is fact and what is fiction? BY J. LAWRENCE SMITH

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Welcome

Hunters and Gatherers

My father always said I was a good fishing buddy. In the chill of early morning, I would take my seat in the bow of our aluminum pram (and later in a white-ribbed boat with gleaming, varnished trim) and watch sleepily as he assembled, with great aplomb, the implements of the day: cutting board and wood-encased knife (that would float if it fell overboard), blood-worms burrowing in a carton of brown seaweed, a rag for hand wiping, rods and reels, and tackle. Once Dad had readied my rod with the appropriate sinkers and hooks, I would pick up pieces of fresh-cut worm, now writhing on the wooden board, and nimbly thread them (never dangle, Dad said) onto my hooks. Then, with lines baited, we would each execute a mighty cast, reel in our lines until they were just taught enough, and settle in, saying little.

In those quiet hours I learned how to snap the tip of my rod back to set a hook and how to steadily reel in a fighter. But what I remember most is how, in the company of my father, the whole world became as small as a single day, spent in a boat lapped by a gentle current, much the way a cradle is rocked by a steady, loving hand.

My experience harvesting game is limited to these expeditions with my dad, when we scouted the scaly, gilled variety. But many of our readers share the fall tradition of hunting game animals. A glance at this issue's contents page may suggest that the articles are largely about that—but look again. You don't have to read between the lines to see that hunting is about far more than bringing home a deer or a squirrel or a bird.

For Daniel Boyd and his Posey Hollow Gun Club mates, the annual trip to deer camp is as much, if not more, about celebrating "family" and seeing each other through the ups and downs of life as it is about bagging an 11-pointer. And as M. Edward Wyatt illustrates, the bonds sealed in the woods on a frosty morning are the kind that last forever. Further, Bob Wines invites sportsmen and sportswomen to consider a new tradition of sharing their deer harvest with the needy.

The term *hunter-gatherer* is used to describe the ways of early Native Americans (who are also featured in this issue). Yet, this month's stories suggest that the term applies to many of us today, with *gathering* meaning the coming together of dear friends and family, rather than the collection of wild foods.

As you gather this season to make memories and honor your traditions, may you celebrate life's blessings and bountiful gifts: home, harvest, loving family, and friends.

Sheila McEwen
sheila@cannongraphicsinc.com

Reader Picks



Fayetteville's Country River Inn

If you are traveling near Fayetteville and want an unusual place to spend the night, try the Country River Inn. This wonderful bed-and-breakfast is in a building that used to be a grade school. It has been beautifully and uniquely remodeled and made into a wonderful place to stay. The owners, Rick and Lois, are wonderful hosts and we cannot wait until we go back. The Country River Inn is located at Rte 4, Box 10AA, Gatewood Rd. in Fayetteville. For more information, go to the Web site: www.countryriverinn.com, or call 304.574.0055. Don't miss out on a truly great experience.

Ranell Minear
Akron, Ohio

Note: Picks should be no more than 120 words. Be sure to send contact information for your pick and your name and town. E-mail readerpicks@cannongraphicsinc.com, or write to Wonderful West Virginia Magazine Reader Picks, c/o WVDNR, Bldg. 3, Rm 663, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. E., State Capitol Complex, Charleston, WV 25305.

Letters to the Editor

Beauty Is Closer to Home

After a recent trip to Bosnia I wanted to write and let West Virginians know that we in America have a natural landscape as beautiful as Europe right here in West Virginia. My next trip will be through West Virginia.

Kevin Beck
Germantown, Maryland

A Loyal Mountaineer

A couple of years ago my brother died of lung cancer. He had been pretty much non-responsive for several days. I was standing by his bed and the nurse was on the other side. We were talking about him and I mentioned the fact that he had learned all the counties in West Virginia when he was in the fourth grade and went around the house reciting them so much that I had learned

them all the way down to the H's. I was in the first grade at the time. At that moment my brother started talking and the nurse looked up at me with a puzzled look and I whispered and smiled. He was reciting the counties and he said them all. Those were the last words he ever said.

Wilma Mets
Amanda, Ohio

Long Lost Siblings Reunited

[My brother and I were] reunited in April 2007. He was looking for me for 28 years. I was always one step ahead of him. I came to West Virginia to see my brother. I told him I would love to live in West Virginia. It is a very pretty state to see. He got me a subscription as a gift. I enjoy getting them in the mail. I can't wait to get

the next one. It makes me think of my loving brother too.

Betty Gendreau
Wartsburg, Tennessee

State Itineraries Are a Treat

[My wife and I have been] living in California since 1968. We came back to Oral Lake outside Bridgeport, where we are part owners of an old family cabin. I took all of my West Virginia magazines since 2000 ... [and] ... sat down and read each one in sequence and without fail found a place in West Virginia [in each one] that I had not visited. I made out a two-day trip to the southern part, then a one-day trip up the Ohio. What a treat.

Adrian Nestor
Angels Camp, CA

The new world of digital cameras and lenses is a wildlife photographer's dream come true. My Nikon digital 35mm SLRs have a 1.5x focal-length factor with all lenses, which means the 80mm-400mm lens on my Nikon D2X now becomes a 120mm-600mm ($80 \times 1.5 = 120$ and $400 \times 1.5 = 600$). My 80mm-400mm also has VR (vibration reduction) capabilities, which help reduce camera shake and movement. All of these technological advances add up to dramatically increased chances of capturing great wildlife images.

As always, knowledge of the wildlife you are photographing; practice with long, focal-length lenses; and, above

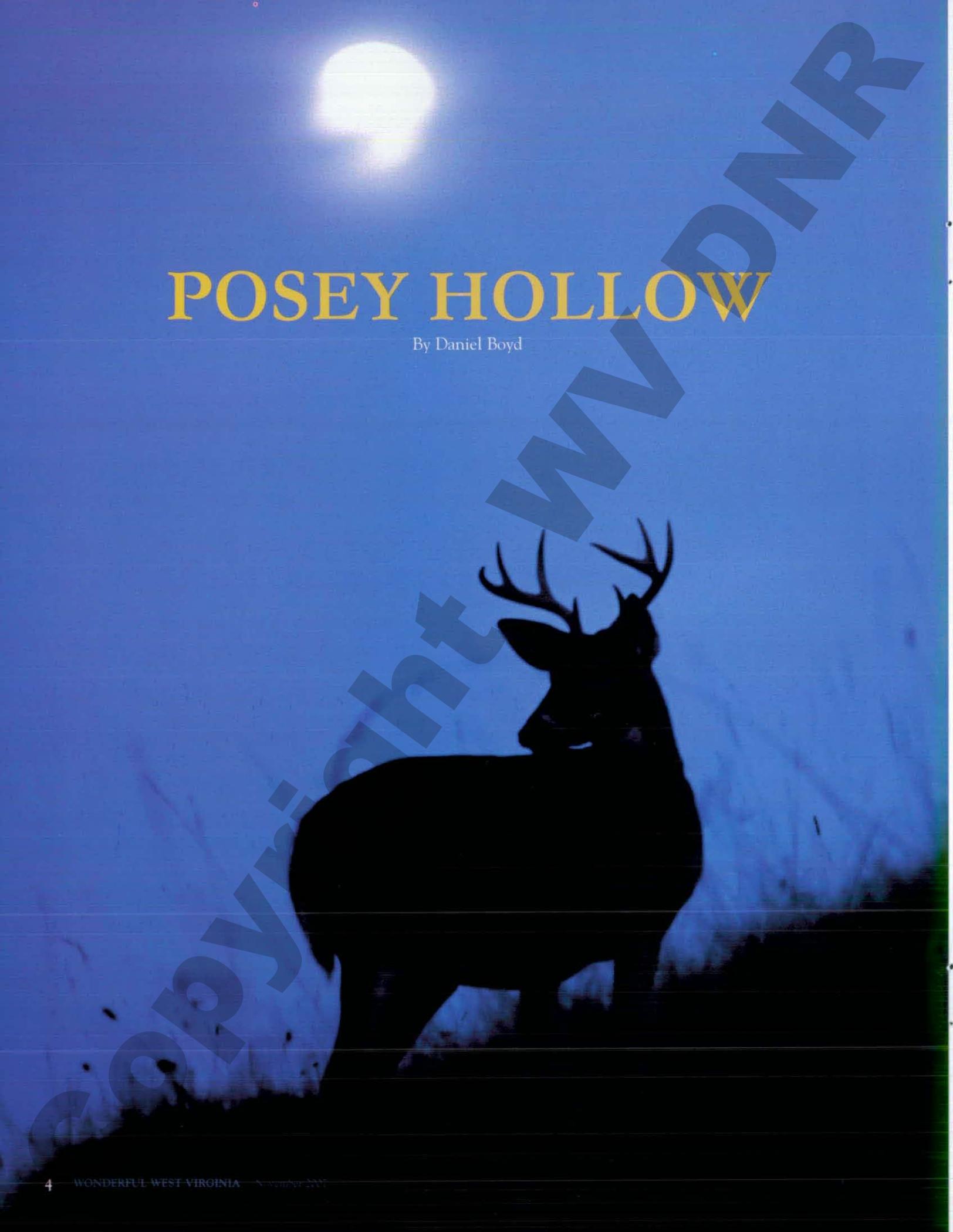
all, patience are the most important tools of wildlife photography. Several of my photography friends and I often travel to zoos and aviaries to practice our long-lens techniques.

To capture this image of an osprey feeding its young at Stonewall Jackson Lake, I first spent a day scouting the area to locate several osprey nests, noted the times of day with optimum lighting, and found adequate cover in which to hide. I returned at a later date, took cover, and waited, with my camera at the ready. After three hours this adult osprey appeared. This image was the payoff for my patience and my previous practice with telephoto lenses.

Photo Assignment



Steve Shaluta
www.steveshaluta.com



POSEY HOLLOW

By Daniel Boyd



A 1956 snapshot of the cabin that would become the Posey Hollow Gun Club refuge

(Preceding page) Steve Wayne Rotsch

A Place to Hunt—A Time to Heal

“I’m just afraid you kids don’t love this mountain like we do,” Dougie Fries, 63, says to me, as we sit on the porch on the evening before the first day of buck season. Though I am 50 years old, I am not surprised that Dougie still calls me a kid. I actually like it. All of us sons of the earliest members of the Posey Hollow Gun Club will remain “kids” until all of those members have gone to that happy hunting ground in the sky.

For as long as I can remember, my dad and his mates have been my respected elders. As life continues to change, I still count on them for guidance. As a group, we share a nearly 50-year history, bound by this special place, where we gather annually to hunt—and to heal.



Today, young men's passions are divided among dozens of options. But my dad and his friends, who were children of the Depression, had far fewer recreational activities available to them. For them, hunting was doubly important. It was not only recreational, but it also put food on the table.

As these boys became young adults, got married, and began to have children, hunting was not only their passion but an acceptable leisure-time activity in a conservative era. Their wives understood that losing them to the woods was the lesser of many other evils.

As kids, my dad and his pals could practically hunt in their own backyards. A 10-mile walk to shoot a rabbit was

nothing to them. Yet, as they got older and time grew tighter due to work and family obligations, time to hunt became even more precious. As land was developed and the men matured to hunting the ultimate game in West Virginia—deer—they had to travel farther to satisfy their passion. They began to dream of having their own place to hunt.

Through a chance encounter in Berkeley Springs in April 1958, a few of my dad's friends heard of a place that was for sale in Morgan County. Within 24 hours they had scouted the property—88 acres isolated on the western slope of Sleepy Creek Mountain, which now borders Sleepy Creek Wildlife Management Area. Original Posey Hollow member Paul Gregory, 75, told me that when they first walked the



one mile from the nearest navigable road to the small cabin on the property, they jumped a flock of turkey. This was possibly the rarest of legal game at that time in the Eastern Panhandle. If they hadn't been hooked at first sight, Paul said, they were hooked then. They contacted their core group of hunting buddies and scrapped together a deposit to hold the property.

There was only one problem, however, among them, these men barely had two free nickels to rub together. They were blue-collar workers struggling to provide the American dream for their families. Many of them had just bought, or were trying to buy, their first homes.

But somehow, the 15 friends secured a bank loan for \$4,500. (In subsequent years, other members, including Dougie Fries, joined the group.) Though the payment was just \$10 a month for each cosigner, it was a serious financial burden in those times. Paul took a second job as a janitor to cover his monthly share.

Incorporated as the Posey Hollow Gun Club, the friends had the foresight to borrow \$1,000 more than the sale

price. Soon they began building onto the one-room cabin, which lacked electricity and indoor plumbing. In fact, there wasn't even a well on the property. Cobbling together whatever materials they could, they added, within a year, a large bunk room and a kitchen. Soon thereafter they made a dining room. To me, as a small child, the structure seemed to unfold like Disneyland's castle.

Improvements to the cabin continued throughout the 1960s and '70s. The novelty of the outhouse had become less novel with every passing winter. Thus, with indoor plumbing came flush toilets. A furnace salvaged from an elementary school took the pressure off the cherished wood-burning stove to provide all of the heat to the expanded habitat. A crude TV antenna, even in the middle of nowhere, allowed us to tune in to two or three regional stations that carried the Thanksgiving week football games of our beloved Washington Redskins and WVU Mountaineers. Posey Hollow became paradise.

Deer season at the camp is tradition-

Founded in the late 1950s by a group of friends, the Posey Hollow Gun Club now includes three generations of men and boys who come together every year at the start of buck season. Days in the woods start with breakfast before sunrise and often end in a row of tattered recliners. While hunting is the pretext for this annual gathering—and the club is known for bagging bucks—its camaraderie and traditions are equally powerful draws.

Photos by Daniel Boyd



ally a men-only activity, but wives and daughters and families can use the cabin at other times of the year. And while the property was purchased mainly as a hunting camp, over the years, it has become much more than just a place to shoot a deer.

Club members have become each other's extended family; dad's mates are my uncles and their sons are my cousins. In years past, we boys played sports in heated school rivalries in the three counties of the Eastern Panhandle. But we always rooted for each other. We continue this tradition today with our own children.

Other rituals and traditions emerged in our camp as well. The week was a free zone for drinking, cussing, and ruthless teasing—things that might be considered “bad.” But now that I'm older, I see the good lessons the elders provided us. We boys

learned that there is a time and a place for everything. We were taught to respect society's rules in everyday life. We knew that camp was one time and place where “boys could be boys.” We also got a chance to see our fathers as human beings. They were actually fun and, in many ways, goofier than us!

The late 1960s and early 1970s were a time of extreme conflict between generations. But at deer camp, the costumes we wore to navigate the modern world were put away. More than just fostering a truce between generations, this place was where we were fathered without judgment. No matter how much we may have “screwed up” in our lives during the year, we were okay at deer camp.

At Posey Hollow, the forest was also our classroom, with nature the text. When we were old enough to carry a gun, we were first taught proper firearm safety. When we had proven to be responsible, we graduated to shooting at makeshift targets. During many hours walking on the mountain, the ways of nature were explained to us. It was not just about killing, our fathers said. To earn that privilege we had to first appreciate the delicate balance between man and nature. We learned the habits of wildlife and were taught the importance of game laws and regulations.

The Sunday night before the start of buck season was, and still is, like Christmas Eve to boy and man alike at Posey

Hollow. The anticipation of the hunt, along with the thrill of reuniting, makes for a most joyous occasion. The reunion is celebrated with hugs, life catch-ups, reminiscing, and absolutely the best meals we eat all year. These old men can cook!

Most members try to quell their excitement and get to bed at a reasonable time that first night, in preparation for the pre-dawn hike to their staked stands. But not me. In high school I realized that hunting was just not my cup of tea, so I stopped. I can't really explain it. It's just one of those things you know. My hunting is done with a camera, rather than a rifle.

I feared I would lose face among my elders and peers when I finally fessed up, but no one cared in the slightest. As long as I was happy, they were happy. And what makes me happy is eating, drinking, and staying up

late with my deer camp family—in general, putting myself back together from the knocks and bangs of life.

So every year, on the first morning of buck season, I join the others for a very early breakfast, wish them luck, and then go back to bed. Last year, as I was headed back to my bunk, C. B. Sisson, 43, told me to put in a good word to the higher powers for him. It seemed like I had just gone back to sleep when C. B. woke me to tell me he had shot a spike buck.

Soon thereafter, third-generation member Ryan Sullivan, 27, came in with the second buck of the morning, a three-pointer. Within the hour, Dougie's son-in-law, Terry Barney, 49, hiked back to request help to drag his deer out—the biggest so far with a four-point rack. It was a great start to the season for the Posey Hollow Gun Club, but the “King” had yet to weigh in.

My dad, Ned Boyd, is truly the King of the Mountain. At 76, he has survived so many cataclysmic illnesses I call him Lazarus. He is loved and respected by all at Posey Hollow, not only for his hunting skills but because he has always been a supportive friend to this family. That morning, we just shook our heads as he rounded the corner with his trophy 11-point buck. Long live the King!

Our fathers, who once partied “like it was 1999” at deer camp, now spend more and more time sleeping in their row of tattered La-z-boy chairs. Liquor shots have been replaced

More than just fostering a truce between generations, deer camp was where we were fathered without judgment. No matter how much we may have “screwed up” in our lives during the year, we were okay at deer camp.

by blood pressure pills. Exotic videos (originally 8mm films) have given way to network TV Christmas specials. We, the sons and grandsons, chuckle when they lecture us on our excesses. Has age taken their memories, we wonder?

As this first generation enters its golden years, we lose more of them, and those close to them, each year. Five original members have already left for that eternal, happy hunting ground. One original member, O. W. "Pean" Long, 71, told me that the cabin was a godsend to him in the weeks following his wife, Darlene's, recent death. Pean's older brother, Ralph, 77 and also a Posey Hollow member, found every opportunity to take him to the cabin under the auspices of preparing for buck season.

At the end of the week, I am always sad to leave deer camp and return to the unpredictable pressures and challenges of everyday life. Yet, in that short time, I have

healed. I've gotten enough of a dose of who I really am to last me at least until next year. For sure, I feel better than I did when I arrived.

I think about Dougie Fries's fear that the next generation will not appreciate this place the way the founders do. And perhaps he is right. We sons may not love this mountain exactly the same way our fathers do, but in our own way, we love it just as much. In a world of uncertainty, I know without a doubt that the Posey Hollow Gun Club will continue. Such goodness must be preserved and passed on. We'll see to that. 🍄

Daniel Boyd is a communications professor at West Virginia State University, an award-winning filmmaker, and a three-time professional wrestling champion.

Hearty meals are a hallmark of deer camp. Daniel Boyd





Sharing
AN ANCIENT TRADITION

By M. Edward Wyatt

My father's voice awakened me that early-October morning many years ago. "You wanna go squirrel hunting?" he asked, leaning through the doorway. My only acknowledgment was a slight groan and a tug at my coverings. I was warmly sandwiched between heavy quilts and a feather-tick mattress, my face the only part of me to bear witness to the chilly, autumn morning.

I rolled over to view the room through squinted eyes. It was illuminated by a dimly lit hurricane lamp. The glowing mantle of the little gas stove offered the only heat—my grandfather's home having yet to enter the twentieth century. I propped myself up on one elbow and defrosted a spot on the icy windowpane with my hand. Peering out, I saw that God had applied a coating of white velvet to the fields and trees.

My mind raced in rampant debate: Should I relinquish the warm comfort that enshrouded me and follow my dad into the woods for most of the day? I knew the answer, however discomfoting. Slowly, I slid through the cold half of the quilts at the foot of the bed, passing my younger brother, who occupied the outer side, and lowered my feet to the floor. The cold linoleum encouraged a quick prance across the room to the warm throw rug that awaited me in front of the gas stove. There, I pulled on my thermal underwear and dressed for a cold day of hunting.

Gas mantles glowed from the walls, lighting my way through the living room, kitchen, and pantry, as I made my way to the back door for the short walk to the outhouse. The stars glistened in the pure country air. The crisp stillness of that frosty morning air awakened me fully, clearing all remnants of drowsiness. There was no time wasted going to and from the outhouse on such a morning.

Just inside the pantry, I found a kettle of hot water, soap, and a washbasin. As I washed, the aroma of brewing coffee and sizzling bacon filled my nostrils. My father prepared our breakfast clad in hunting pants, boots, and a flannel shirt. "How many eggs do you want?" he asked. My grandfather, an early riser by nature, joined us for breakfast. He had hunted the Wetzel County woods surrounding his farm all of his life, but he did not join us this morning.

My mother, brother, and sister also stayed behind, enveloped in their warm quilts and feather-tick beds, while my father and I traveled up the old logging trail and into the woods. The frost-coated leaves, crunching under our feet, sounded like Styrofoam. We could see puffs of our breath in the chill air as we climbed, and as we progressed up the hill, these emissions became greater in length and volume.

On our trip up the steep incline, my father and I occa-

sionally rested, and he told me tales of his growing up on the farm. He whispered his stories, so as not to forewarn the game of our presence, and his words came in short pants, obvious proof of our labored ascent.

After reaching the area known as the Cain Road, we traveled around the hill to the great oaks, where acorns were strewn about. My father advised me to remain there while he pushed further on, out of sight but within shouting distance. I remained at this site for much of the day, moving about, sitting on logs, or standing on a patch of ground that I cleared of leaves—the latter a trick my father taught me. By removing the leaves, I could stand and turn without making noise.

On our trip up the steep incline, my father and I occasionally rested, and he told me tales of his growing up on the farm. He whispered his stories, so as not to forewarn the game of our presence.

In time, the morning became increasingly brighter. The sun crested the adjacent hill, slowly driving its cold shadow down into the hollow below me. My clothes absorbed the sun's warmth like a sponge. I soon became quite tranquil and surrendered to my drowsiness. I carefully unloaded my gun, as my father had taught me, before curling up in the leaves for a nap.

It was midmorning when the sound of squirrels cutting on nuts aroused me. Their yakking and gnawing came from various places throughout the hollow. The sun had burned the frost off the leaves, and they were once again crisp and dry. I reloaded my gun and was waiting to bag a squirrel when the serenity of the moment was abruptly fractured. A sudden burst of gunfire echoed from hill to hill and roared throughout the hollows surrounding my grandfather's farm. It originated from the direction where I had last seen my father. My heart raced and my respiration became shal-



The Wyatt homeplace in Smithfield, Wetzel County, 1938

low—nearly ceasing. But calm soon returned and I once again stood anxiously, anticipating my claim to game.

I listened to the sounds of nature: birds shrieking, trees rubbing against one another, a twig falling onto the ground. After about 20 or 30 minutes, I heard a squirrel hopping across the dry leaves. I searched the brush for a glimpse of the little critter, but the sound stopped as suddenly as it began. My eyes raced up and down the oaks.

A faint breeze freed many more leaves from their lofty abodes. At that moment any movement would be quite visible to a hunter's keen eye, as well as to a squirrel's. Then something caught my eye.

"There it is!" I whispered to myself. A gray squirrel scampered up the side of a red oak. I raised my single-shot .410 as the squirrel rounded the backside of the tree, just as my dad had taught me. My movement went unnoticed and I awaited the squirrel's return. Finally, after several minutes it reappeared, but in the fork of the tree. My aim was wavering. I took a deep breath and let it out, then a short breath and held it. My aim was steady now, and I squeezed off a shot. Again the calm was severed, but this time by the blast of my gun.

After the blast, I saw no movement and no squirrel. Where did it go, I wondered? Was my aim poor? Had I

missed? I reloaded and slowly moved closer. My father had taught me that squirrels sometimes bury themselves in leaves when shot. At the base of the tree, I kicked the leaves about. Sure enough, there it was, lying under the oak leaves. I had bagged my first squirrel! I sat immersed in gratification, knowing that I too would contribute to the bounty of the table.

A few minutes later, more crackling of leaves announced the return of my father, who had heard my shot. Seeing the squirrel, he rejoiced in his eight-year-old's achievement. We traded our experiences of bagging our game while having a trail snack and drink. This was a triumphant moment for me. My father and I now shared a survival tradition as old as mankind.

Later, with the sun sinking behind us, we walked back down the mountain to a meal prepared by my mother in my grandfather's warm, cozy home. Soon, beyond the windows, stars sparkled in the darkness and the chill night air cast a new blanket of frost over all. ❧

Writer M. Edward Wyatt grew up in Hancock, Brooke, and Wetzel counties. The author of poems, plays, and other works, he recently completed his first novel, Texas, the Lone Star "Wars" State. This story is dedicated to the memory of his father, Robert C. Wyatt.

A New Tradition— Hunters Helping the Hungry

By Robert L. Wines

As the sun peeked through the heavy foliage, my dad and I were already in our positions, waiting for the elusive big buck to break over the ridge. The air was cold and the area very quiet, as we listened for a twig to snap or a bird to jump in excitement. We had scouted this place prior to our hunt and noted the sign of the deer using the trail there.

My father and I have hunted together on our family farm in Braxton County for more than 25 years, but last year we had a new reason to be afield on a cold, autumn morning. We had both decided to donate our deer to the Hunters Helping the Hungry (HHH) Program.

This program was started by the Safari Club International in Texas in 1989 and was introduced in West Virginia in 1992. Administered by WVDNR, it has provided more than 800,000 meals to needy families in the state over the past 15 years. Through the program, WVDNR, the Mountaineer Food Bank, and the Huntington Area Food Bank work together to collect and distribute venison. Approximately 1,000 deer are collected annually and processed by West Virginia Department of Agriculture certified processors.

The average deer provides 36 pounds of ground venison. The meat is divided into two-pound packages, frozen, and transported to the food banks, where it is distributed to facilities across West Virginia. The ground venison is sent to homeless shelters, food pantries, and senior centers, as well as to individual families in need.

Because monies from hunting and fishing license sales and federal taxes on guns and ammunition can

only be used for wildlife management programs, WVDNR must depend on foundation, corporation, and private funding to sustain the HHH program. Each year, the West Virginia Council of Churches designates the first Sunday of November as "Share the Harvest Sunday" and encourages parishioners to donate to the program. Revenues collected for the HHH program are only used to pay for the processing and transportation costs associated with making the meat available to needy state residents.

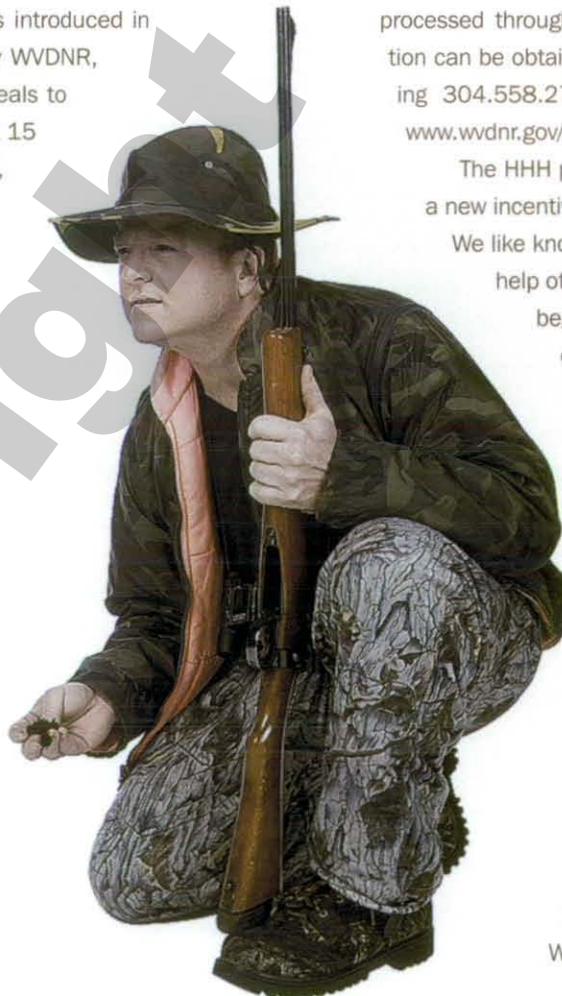
Hunters who legally harvest a deer during the first week of bow season, the entire 12-day buck and concurrent antlerless seasons, the 6-day traditional antlerless season, and the 6-day

muzzleloader season can take their harvest to be processed through the HHH program. More information can be obtained at any WVDNR office, or by calling 304.558.2771, or by visiting the Web site: www.wvdnr.gov/Hunting/HHH.shtm.

The HHH program has given my father and me a new incentive to enjoy a day of hunting together.

We like knowing that our harvest will be used to help others. We encourage other hunters to

begin a new tradition of harvesting a deer and donating it to the HHH program. Individuals and organizations wishing to help those in need can also send a tax-deductible donation to Hunters Helping the Hungry, West Virginia Division of Natural Resources, State Capitol Complex, Building 3, Room 812, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. East, Charleston, West Virginia 25305.



Robert L. Wines lives in Elkins and is Director of Creative Services for Wonderful West Virginia.

gallery

Tammy Anderson, rtanderson@frontiernet.net

Carol Coffey, www.freshairimages.com, 304.422.2879

Michael Lilly, www.lilly-photo.smugmug.com

■ Michael Lilly's gorgeous images will be on exhibit at the Holiday Artisan Fair at the South Charleston Community Center on November 2 from 6:00-9:00 PM and on November 3 from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM.

■ Carol Coffey's beautiful photography is for sale in the Gallery at Tamarack and is featured on note cards in Tamarack's gift shop. Her work is also on display at Blennerhassett Art and Framing Gallery in Parkersburg.





▶ *Maple Leaf*
Tammy Anderson

▼ *Autumn panorama*
from Tucker County
Carol Coffey





WV DNR



▲ *Autumn Reflections*
Tammy Anderson

◀ The former home of famed author
Pearl S. Buck near Hillsboro
Michael Lilly

(Following page) Michael Lilly





It's not as alert as a turkey or as smart as a crow. It's not as gaudy as a ringneck or as elusive as a dove. But with the possible exception of the dove, it has probably left more hunters standing with their mouths open and their guns empty than any other small game animal.

Thundering Bird— HUNTING THE RUFFED GROUSE

By Ben Crookshanks

This bird goes by a lot of names. Indeed, every region has a different label to hang on it. They include partridge, birch grouse, tippet, shoulder knot grouse, drumming grouse, pheasant, and many others. Biologists call it *Bonasa umbellus*. The bird is commonly known as the ruffed grouse.

Ruffed grouse are found in nearly every wooded area in North America from Alaska to the mountains of northern Georgia. They are truly wild birds and cannot be raised in captivity. They are born on the ground and, miraculously, they survive, due to the fact that grouse hens are good mothers.

Like most birds that nest on the ground, ruffed grouse are experts at the old broken-wing decoy trick. The hen gives one cluck to warn of danger and a dozen chicks seem to disappear before your eyes. Nature equipped them with perfect camouflage and the instinct to remain motionless until danger has passed. Once, when my aunt was a little girl, she caught a grouse chick. The hen completely forgot about her own safety and tore into my aunt with the rage of a fighting rooster. It didn't take my aunt long to let the chick go.

As with many wild animals, there have been myths and misunderstandings spread about the ruffed grouse. The male grouse "drums" primarily in the spring during mating season, but he also drums at other times of the year. Some people claimed that male grouse beat their wings against a hollow log to produce that thumping sound. That's because grouse are usually seen drumming on logs. A log provides a convenient, uncluttered stage. But grouse can drum anywhere—on a stump, on a log, or even on the ground.

Other people believed that the male grouse beat his chest (We all know that was Tarzan.). But high-speed photography showed what really happens. The sound is created by the grouse slapping the air with its wings. It stands up straight and snaps its wings forward. Like a bullwhip, the slapping is done so quickly that a partial vacuum is created. Air rushing back into the vacuum makes that thumping sound. The bird's wings move so rapidly they appear as a blur. The male does this every few minutes, sometimes for hours.

Some people firmly believe that when a grouse takes off, it tries to put a tree or bush between itself and the hunter. This

often happens, but I don't believe the grouse is sharp enough to plan it that way. It is just a frequent and fortunate (for the grouse) accident. When it flushes, a grouse will come up, fly in a straight line, and then bank from 5 to 100 yards away. Grouse do this whether they are in thick cover or out in the open with no cover at all. Because grouse are almost always found in cover of some sort, it is inevitable they will put a tree or bush between themselves and the hunter from time to time.

In the fall, young grouse start doing strange things. They fly into picture windows, power lines, and cars. Or, they just take off and show up in the darndest places. Once, a young male flew into our yard, where the nearest trees (except for two shade trees) were more than 200 yards away. There, on the lawn, he fluffed his feathers, spread his fan, and strutted around like he owned Texas and controlling interest in Microsoft. He looked over the yard and, apparently not finding it to his liking, he left.

Since these odd behaviors take place sometime after the first frost, it was at first thought that the young grouse were drunk from gorging themselves on partly fermented berries. Now it is believed that they are acting instinctively, complying with Mother Nature's plan to break up and scatter broods to prevent inbreeding.

Grouse don't migrate. They don't have to. They have an almost endless food supply. During the winter they primarily eat buds. The rest of the year they eat just about anything they can swallow, from grasshoppers to acorns. The last grouse I bagged had mountain tea leaves, buds, a bit of fern, a small acorn, a spider, and a piece of laurel leaf in its crop.

Grouse do a lot of walking. When winter comes, they grow a set of "snowshoes," or a row of feathery scales on each side of their toes, to help them get around. They shed these snowshoes in the spring. During a winter storm or in bitter cold grouse bury themselves under the snow. Sometimes they

Ruffed grouse
Steven Wayne Rotsch



sit in a sheltered place and let the snow cover them up. Other times they just dive head first into a snow drift. The snow and their feathers insulate them from the wind and cold.

The thick cover grouse prefer causes hunters to panic. A grouse is only in sight for a few seconds. You have to shoot fast or forget it. This panic is multiplied by the grouse's sudden, thundering takeoff. This "whirring" startles the hunter and



▲ Grouse are engaging—and at times confounding—game.
▶ (Top right) A Currier and Ives grouse print from the 1800s



Then gun makers swung in the other direction and made them too light. A weight of six to seven pounds seems to be about right. Go much heavier and carrying it all day is a chore. Go much lighter and the recoil will beat the stuffing out of you.

Grouse are not found in the same places every year. They may be as thick as fleas on a mangy dog in an area one year, but five years later, they may be practically nonexistent. These up-and-down cycles defy scientific explanation and make pre-season scouting necessary.

While it is true grouse prefer thick cover, they seem to have a particular love for areas where open space and thick cover meet. These include clear-cuts, abandoned surface mines, old log roads, and abandoned farms. Things to look for in scouting are a good food supply (mountain tea, grapes, and berries of all sorts); trees with buds that grouse like to feed on such as sumac, apple, birch, or aspen; thickets with cleared areas nearby; a few pine trees; and a water supply. Also, if you jump several grouse while you are scouting, that is a very good sign that they are there.

Grouse can be hunted with a bird dog, but often they will not perform according to the script. Instead of *holding*, that is, remaining perfectly still, the grouse will walk away, leaving the poor old dog standing with his paw in the air and egg on his face. A good hunter can do just as well without a bird dog by walking a short distance and stopping. When a person stops, the grouse gets nervous and flushes.

All in all, grouse are not very bright, but they do what they do very well. Their specialty is taking hunters who fancy themselves a good shot and bringing them down a few notches. 🍗

gives the grouse an edge. In time, after many flushes and many misses, you learn to control your nerves. You learn that the grouse isn't flying as fast as you think and that it can be hit if you hurry but don't panic. However, nothing will ever make you completely immune to the sound of a grouse flushing.

When flushed, a grouse very seldom flies more than 100 yards. Most of the time it's not more than 50 yards. If you mark the path of flight, you can follow it and jump the grouse again. I have jumped the same bird as many as three times.

Since grouse are shot at short range, hunting them calls for the minimum amount of constriction, or *improved cylinder*, in a shotgun barrel. There is seldom a need for a gun choked tighter than improved cylinder, except in the later part of grouse season, when grouse are flushing farther out. Barrel length is a matter of what feels right. Modern shotgun powders are fast-burning and are consumed in about 22 inches of barrel, so anything longer is just for balance.

The ideal grouse gun should be light, open choked (that is, with improved cylinder) and relatively short. For years manufacturers made shotguns that were too long and too heavy. They were fine for waterfowl but not for upland game.

Ben Crookshanks lives in western Greenbrier County. He has written more than 100 magazine articles, which have appeared in publications such as World War II, Guns and Ammo, and Blue Ridge Country. This is his sixth article for Wonderful West Virginia.

Atop the hill above the Kanawha Valley town where I spent my youth was a rock formation known as the Old Indian Rock. When I was a boy, I tread the path to the hilltop, imagining that Native Americans were watching my every move. In later years, I wondered how and when the rock acquired its name and if the generation coming on knew it by the same title.

A few miles away, near Big Tyler Mountain, there is a massive sandstone outcrop, perhaps 20 feet in height, that is strikingly similar in appearance to the profile of the American Indian on the buffalo nickel. Upon approaching the cliff from the side, when the trees have shed their leaves, a classic, Native American face seems to watch, like a timeless sentinel, over his domain.

American Indians are very much a part of the heritage of the ancient Allegheny Mountains region. Indeed, the influence of the early tribes is still felt today, particularly in the places they named and in the tales still told about them.

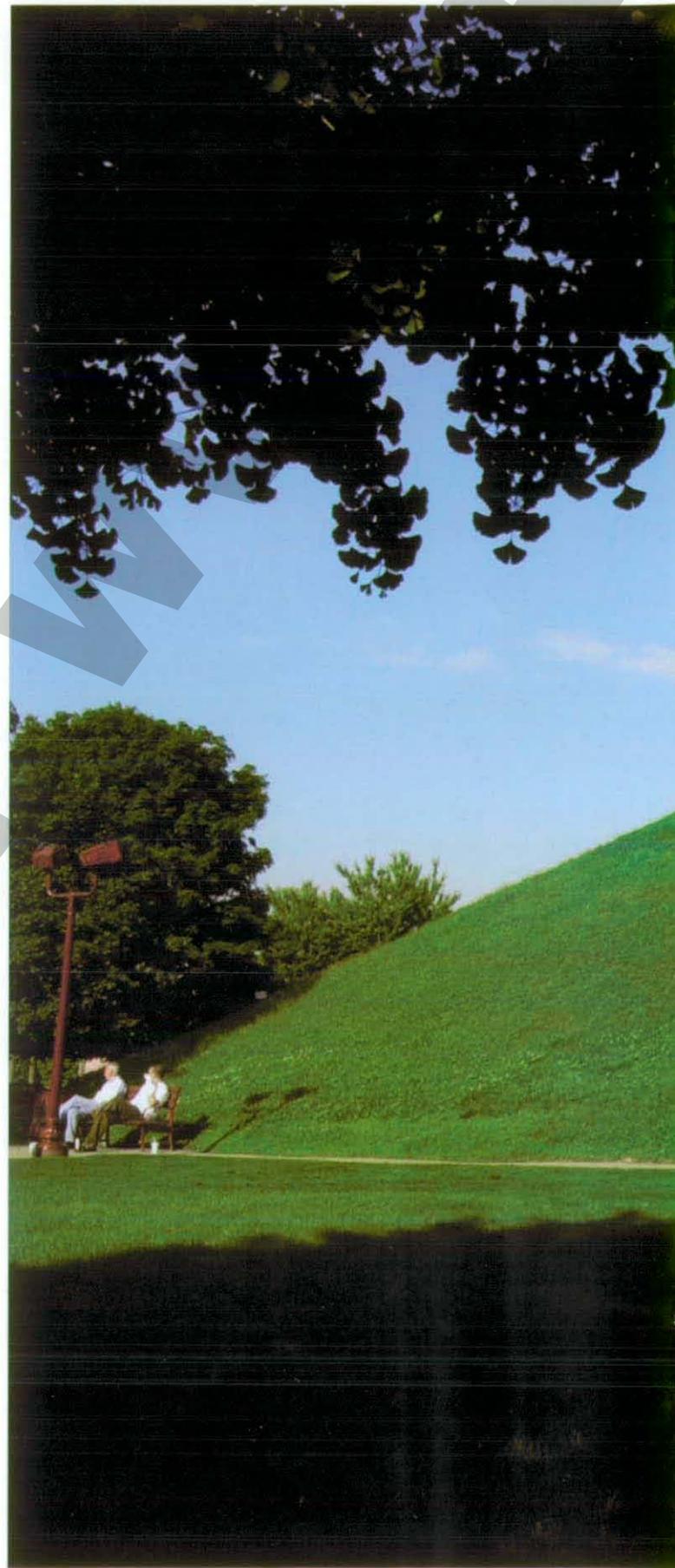
West Virginia is rich with outstanding natural features—rivers, mountains, streams, and awesome stone formations—that bear names such as Kanawha, Allegheny, Monongahela, and Seneca. The titles were given by Native Americans or inspired by them. But some tales the native peoples supposedly told were actually created by European-descended minds in a day when an aura of romance was associated with the ancient dwellers among these hills.

The stalwart frontiersmen descending the western slopes of the Alleghenies found themselves amid abundant evidence of the earliest people who had once lived there. An aura of mystery and myth arose about the mute remains of seemingly long-forgotten nations and tribes. The earthen mounds especially, with their chocolate-drop shapes and varying sizes, generated great curiosity and much fanciful speculation about their vanished builders. There could be little doubt that the mounds were of great age since many were topped by trees centuries old.

The answers to many questions were hidden in the earth, in the remains of the cultures that had once flourished here. More than a century passed before serious and scientific efforts were given to the excavation, cataloging, and interpretation of human remains and associated artifacts.

Archaeological excavations have established a framework of definite dates and distinct features for the various cultures. The most ancient, dating until about 10,000 years ago, were the Pleistocene, or Ice Age, hunters, who roamed the Canadian-like environment in search of huge mammals such as mastodon.

Then, for 7,000 years, the Archaic hunters dominated the scene. This era ended as native people began to practice agri-





Ancient burial mounds created by early native people, including the well-preserved South Charleston mound, continue to evoke interest in the past. Steve Shaluta

culture, use crude pottery, and lead more sedentary lives. The Woodland period of mound building, expressed especially during the first couple of millennia by Adena and Hopewell people, dawned 3,000 years ago.

Though many of our state's natural features bear names that reveal Native Americans' impressions of them, some seem based more in fancy than in fact. Burning Rock in Wyoming County, for example, was so named because the early people believed that the mountain beneath it was a dormant volcano. It is said that Native Americans found it a congenial site to camp, as steam flowed from beneath the rock and warmed the surrounding ground. Yet, there is no evidence of volcanic activity near the surface of the ground in West Virginia.

The town of Lead Mine in Tucker County was so named because early settlers believed a band of Native Americans had found a vein of galena, or lead sulphide, near Horseshoe Run, from which they molded rifle balls. Over the years, many people searched for the mineral source without success. Galena is not found in West Virginia; thus, the early settlers' theory has little validity.

Indian Camp Run, a tributary of the Little Kanawha River in Upshur County, is the site of a rather spacious "rock house," or overhang, under which Native Americans frequently camped. With the passing years, a tale arose that somewhere near Indian Camp was a lost mine that offered fabulous wealth to those "rediscovering" the location.

The origin of the name of the Buckhannon River is somewhat uncertain, but it may come from a Delaware chief, Buckongahelas, whose village may have once been located by the river. He is said to have pronounced that evil spirits roamed the wilderness near present-day Belington, and settlers often had frightening experiences there. He was often engaged in warfare along the frontier and seems to have died soon after signing the treaty at Vincennes in August 1804.

While the origin of Buckhannon has some basis in fact, a legend telling of the naming of the Monongahela River is fiction. I became acquainted with the story, as told by C. W. Swiger, when I found it among the yellowed and dusty pages of a 1928 issue of *The West Virginia Review*.

Long before the days of settlement by Europeans, hunters of the Susquehanna tribe stalked game along the mighty river in what would become north-central West Virginia. Their chief, Monongahela, was as swift as the deer gathering to slake their thirst in the crystal water. One autumn when the buffalo were abundant, they hunted until they felt the breath of winter. The hunters were then anxious to return to their families in villages across the mountains, but Monongahela had no one awaiting him.

One night, music was heard in the forest and star maidens were seen dancing in a glade. As Monongahela drew close, the snap of a twig frightened the fairy dancers and they

hurried up moonbeams and out of sight. Winter passed and one spring night, when the maidens returned to dance, the young chief caught the tallest one and held her in his arms.

The star maiden learned to love Monongahela and lived with him by the river for many months. When fall returned and the mountains were painted with many colors, the dancers returned. The young bride was eager to see her sisters and prepared to join the dance, but they hurried her

up the moonbeams and away from Monongahela.

Broken hearted, Monongahela returned to his village with the memory of his lovely maiden from the stars forever in his heart. The fairy dancer returned to search for him and went through the valley calling his name: "Monongahela, Monongahela." But there was no reply. Even yet, as the legend goes, if you listen to the flowing river, it may seem to whisper his name.

Both fact and fiction are associated with Seneca Rocks, a spectacular natural landmark that towers high above the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac River in Pendleton County. At the base of the rocks was an ancient trail that snaked along the Great Appalachian Valley through what is now the eastern United States. This primeval highway was more familiarly known as the Great Indian Warpath, although the segment in present-day West Virginia was called the Seneca Trail.

Before the building of the Seneca Rocks Visitor Center, excavation of the site uncovered evidence of two villages,



The town of Buckhannon and the Buckhannon River may have been named for the Delaware chief Buckongahelas.
David Fattaleh



Cranberry Glades Botanical Area is a jewel of the Monongahela National Forest. The name *Monongahela* is thought to be an American Indian word meaning "place of the caving or slippery banks."
Carol Coffey, www.freshairimages.com

the most recent of which existed about 600 years ago. Telltale signs reveal the existence of a dozen dwellings. The site may have had well over a hundred inhabitants about a century before the first voyage of Columbus.

A number of stories have been told and written about the awesome ramparts of Tuscarora sandstone and the Seneca nation of the Iroquois Confederacy. Perhaps the best is "The Betrothal of Snow Bird" by Harry Malcolm Wade. Princess Snow Bird, who had grown to maidenhood in the shadow of the rocks and scaled their heights many times, proposed a contest to her father, Bald Eagle. She would climb to the crest of the rocks as prospective suitors followed. The first to take her hand would become her mate. Bald Eagle agreed, and at the end of the climb, of seven suitors, only one remained, the others having turned back from fear or fallen to their deaths. From their lofty perch, Snow Bird and her

future mate surveyed the surrounding realm of the Seneca that would be theirs to rule one day.

This romantic tale creates an imaginative portrait of Native American heritage in the Allegheny highlands. Archaeologists have discovered much about the first Americans, but questions about their oral teachings and the validity of fables are more difficult to answer. Some mystery remains today as to when reality ends and the fanciful begins. 🍄

Writer and historian J. Lawrence Smith has been interested in Adena culture in the Kanawha Valley since he was a boy. A Hurricane resident, he is a collector of Native American artifacts and a longtime contributor to *Wonderful West Virginia*. Contact him by e-mail at wvvistas@yahoo.com.

What's in a Native American Name?

By Kenneth L. Carvell

Understanding the colorful Native American names on West Virginia maps can add much interest to your travels in the state. Many of these names tell what impressed early peoples about rivers, creeks, and other physical features.

For example, it is thought that the word *Monongahela*, which graces a state river and a national forest, means "the place of the caving banks," or "the place of the slippery banks." The reason why the county name is Monongalia instead of Monongahela is a subject of much debate. Some claim that both words are attempts to duplicate how Native Americans pronounced the word, but it is not known which pronunciation is most accurate. Some scholars have suggested that Monongalia is a Latinized form of Monongahela. Unfortunately, the earliest Americans did not write a phonetic language. Their symbol for the Monongahela River, if known, would give no clue of proper pronunciation.

As for other river names, it is believed that Shenandoah means "daughter of the stars," and that Potomac means "place of the burning pines." Pocatalico is thought to mean "the river of the fat elk," while Ohio

means "the river of the white caps" or "the river with the white froth."

The name of the Youghiogeny River, which has its headwaters in West Virginia, means "the river that flows in a different direction." The word Kanawha possibly means "the place of the white stones." Guyandotte has been translated to mean "the narrow-bottomed river."

The city of Wheeling's name is derived from the Delaware Indian name *Wheelin*, which these Native Americans used for the creek that divides this city. The word possibly means "place of the head." Opikiska, the name of a Native American chief and a village in Monongalia County, means "white day." This village is beside the Monongahela River where White Day Creek enters.

Our state's Pocahontas County is named for the princess who is reputed to have saved Capt. John Smith's life. Pocahontas means "playful one."

West Virginia towns, counties, and other entities named for Native Americans and their tribes are numerous. Just a few are Mingo, Mohawk, Powhatan (the father of Pocahontas), Cornstalk (the famed Shawnee chief, statesman, and warrior), Hiawatha (a

Mohawk Indian chief who founded the Iroquois Confederation in New York State), Minnehaha (Hiawatha's wife), and Logan (an admired Mingo chief).

Some Native American names, however, got on our maps in other ways. The former Monongalia County town of Seneca, for example, was named for the Seneca Glass Company, which moved to West Virginia from Seneca County, Ohio. Similarly, the town of Osage in Monongalia County was named for the Osage Mining Company. There were never Osage Indians in the area now called West Virginia.

Whatever their origin, Native American names lend an interesting dimension to your travels in the Mountain State. They often reveal a bit of state history and how the earliest West Virginians experienced the state's natural features.

Kenneth L. Carvell, a retired West Virginia University professor, is a long-time contributor to Wonderful West Virginia. He writes from his home in Morgantown.

Pocahontas County, pictured below, is named for the famed Native American princess of the same name. Carol Coffey, www.freshairimages.com



WVDNR INFO: Special Permits for Disabled Hunters

Physically challenged hunters with a Class Q hunting permit may hunt on designated roads throughout the Monongahela National Forest, on portions of the George Washington-Jefferson National Forest, and on certain state-owned Wildlife Management Areas, according to Curtis I. Taylor, Chief of the Wildlife Resources Section of the West Virginia Division of Natural Resources. Class Q permit holders may also be accompanied by an assistant while hunting in these areas.

"This is a cooperative program between the Monongahela and George Washington-Jefferson national forests and WVDNR," says Taylor. "The program provides access to suitable hunting areas for sportsmen and women who possess a Class

Q permit. These Class Q areas have been well received by many physically challenged hunters."

WVDNR also allows physically challenged bowhunters who are unable to use a conventional bow to modify a long bow, recurve bow, or compound bow by attaching a device to hold the bow at full draw. These devices can only be used by bowhunters who have a licensed physician certify their need. Application forms for a modified bow permit are available at all WVDNR district offices and hunting license agents.

For more information about WVDNR's programs for physically challenged hunters, visit www.wvdnr.gov and click on the "Hunting Sites" link under the header "Disability Services."

Housekeeping

Good News!

We are pleased to announce that a large-print version of *Wonderful West Virginia* is now available to subscribers with computer access. If you are having difficulty reading the magazine, you can now go to www.wonderfulwv.com, click on the LARGE PRINT link, and complete the form, filling in your e-mail address and subscription number (found on the address label located on the magazine back cover). Submit the form and that's it. A large-print version (which includes text but no photographs) will be e-mailed to you monthly at no additional cost.

To Our Subscribers Overseas

Within days of the publication of our September 2007 issue, which included an editorial celebrating our subscribers around the globe, we were informed by the U.S. Postal Service of a dramatic increase in overseas mailing rates. The cost to mail *Wonderful West Virginia* overseas jumped from \$1.50 to \$4.50 per month, beginning July 1, 2007. At our current foreign subscription rate of \$30 annually, we are not able to continue to mail the magazine to other countries. Thus, we are, regretfully, discontinuing our foreign subscription service and refunding payment for the remainder of current subscriptions. We extend our sincere apologies and our appreciation for your loyalty to *Wonderful West Virginia*.

Correction

We regret that the hours for the Marble King gift shop ["Still in the Ring: Marble King," September 2007] were stated incorrectly in this feature story. The store's operating hours change periodically. The hours through December 31, 2007, are Monday through Saturday from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM. If you plan to visit in 2008, call 800.672.5564 for current hours.

West Virginia Bookshelf

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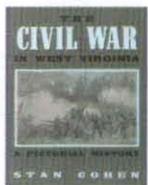


Hot Dogs from Almost Heaven: A Hot Dog Lover's Best Friend

By Harry Lynch

\$6.95, 5.5 x 8.5, 104 pages, Paperback

■ West Virginians know how to make the best hot dogs. This cookbook includes great recipes for chili, slaw, and other toppings, as well as for side dishes and desserts that will complete your frankfurter fantasy. Whether you want yours Chicago style, Coney Island style, or—our favorite—West Virginia style with plenty of chili, slaw, onions, and mustard, this book will keep you in hot dog heaven.

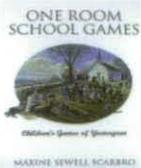


The Civil War in West Virginia: A Pictorial History

By Stan Cohen

\$14.95, 170 pages, 8.5 x 11, Paperback
Includes 250 photographs and 24 maps

■ From John Brown's inflammatory acts in Harpers Ferry and the first land battle at Philippi, to the surrender of McNeill's Rangers and the end of the war, *The Civil War in West Virginia* probes the events and politics that shaped West Virginia's role in the Civil War. Beginners and scholars alike will be fascinated by the extensive photo collection included with the text.

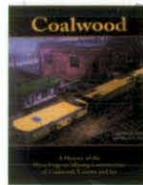


One-Room School Games: Children's Games of Yesteryear

By Maxine Sewell Scarbro

\$ 9.95, 62 pages, 6 x 9, Paperback

■ With the help of her aunt, Kathryn Hypes, a former teacher in a one-room school, Maxine Scarbro has compiled a wonderful collection of games and songs that were traditionally played in the days of the one-room schoolhouse. This book includes well-known favorites like Blind Man's Bluff and Hot Potato, as well as lesser-known gems like Grandma Brown Died and Bad Man. You'll fend off boredom and keep tradition alive with a variety of games that are played indoors, outdoors, in the snow, and just about anywhere.

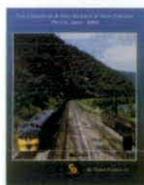


Coalwood: A History of the West Virginia Mining Communities of Coalwood, Caretta and Six

By Alex Schust and David Goad, with a foreword by Homer Hickam

\$50.00, 8.75 x 11.25, 394 pages, Hardcover

■ At the turn of the last century, the mysterious George L. Carter, owner of the Carter Coal Company, built three communities in the wilderness of McDowell County in southern West Virginia. Through personal narratives, company articles, historical records, and newspaper accounts, this book recounts the history of the towns and the mine from 1901 to 1986, the year the miners were laid off.

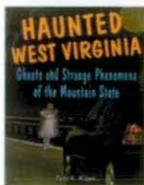


The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway in West Virginia Photos, 1940-1960

By Thomas Dixon

\$19.95, 8.5 x 11, 80 pages, Paperback

■ This book includes more than 130 black-and-white and 25 color photos that depict C&O operations in West Virginia. Photos, maps, and drawings, arranged in geographical order from east to west, illustrate C&O operations from World War II to the early 1960s.



Haunted West Virginia: Ghosts and Strange Phenomena of the Mountain State

By Patty A. Wilson

\$9.95, 5.5 x 8, 138 pages, Paperback

■ This book features many spine-chilling tales about the strange and ghostly beings that purportedly haunt the backwoods and towns of the Mountain State. Snuggle around the campfire and get to know, among others, the restless spirits of Harpers Ferry, the phantom hitchhikers on the West Virginia Turnpike, Clarksburg's Lady in Blue, and Logan's Mamie Thurman.

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e-mail: wvbooks@verizon.net



Blue Jacket: War Chief of the Shawnees
By Allan Eckert
\$15.00, 6 x 9, 177 pages, Paperback

■ In 1771, a boy named Marmaduke Van Swearingen was captured by Shawnee Indians and adopted into their tribe. Given the name Blue Jacket, he excelled as a warrior and leader and became the only white man to be made war chief of the Shawnee. This true story includes much dialogue taken directly from historical records.



On Our Own Soil: William Lowther Jackson and the Civil War in West Virginia's Mountains
By Ronald Hardway

ON SALE \$9.95! Regular \$15.95, 6 x 9, 264 pages, Paperback

■ As a brigadier general in the Confederate Army, Judge William Lowther Jackson of Parkersburg commanded the Nineteenth and Twentieth Virginia cavalries. Yet, the most fascinating aspect of this Civil War hero is the almost complete erasure of his name from most historical annals. This book changes that unfortunate fact, taking an honest and unbiased look at Jackson's life, career, and character.



The Appalachians DVD
Produced by Phyllis Geller and Mari-Lynn Evans
\$44.95, Running time: 3 hours

■ This three-disc set tells the story of the brave pioneers who settled this great wilderness. Topics covered include immigration, settlements, the Revolutionary and Civil wars, the growth of industry, and the use and abuse of the land. Also noted is the region's powerful contribution to American music, folklore, and culture, including the birth of what is known today as country music. The PBS companion book and soundtrack are also available upon request.

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| _____ | Haunted WV: Ghosts | \$ 9.95 | _____ |
| _____ | Blue Jacket: War Chief of the Shawnees | \$15.00 | _____ |
| _____ | On Our Own Soil SALE! \$ 9.95 | | _____ |
| _____ | The Appalachians DVD | \$44.95 | _____ |

Subtotal _____

West Virginia residents add 6% sales tax _____

Shipping: \$4.50 covers 1st **AND** 2nd book, \$.50 for each additional book

Shipping: _____

Total _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: _____

Visa/MC #: _____

Exp. date: _____

Signature: _____



Events Statewide | November

November 2 - 3

WV Book Faire at Olde Towne Martinsburg

Martinsburg
304.264.8801

November 2 - 4

Big Band Weekend

Cacapon Resort State Park
Berkeley Springs
304.258.1022

November 3

Holiday Artisan Fair

South Charleston
800.238.9488

November 3

Dinner Theater

Tygart Lake State Park
Grafton
304.265.6148

November 4

**Marshall University/
HealthyHuntington.org Marathon**

Huntington
304.417.2750

November 8 - January 6, 2008

Oglebay Resort – Winter Festival of Lights

Wheeling
800.624.6988

November 9 - 11

Line Dance Weekend

Pipestem Resort State Park
Pipestem
304.466.1800, ext. 379

November 10

**National Radio Astronomy
Observatory–Star Party**

Green Bank
304.456.2150

November 10

Dinner Theater

North Bend State Park
Cairo
304.643.2931

November 10 - 11

Pocahontas NRHS Model Train Show

Bluefield
304.431.2593

November 11

Trees of Our Heritage

Blennerhassett Island Historical
State Park
Parkersburg
304.420.4800

November 12 - 14

Create WV Conference

Stonewall Resort, Roanoke
Register at www.createwv.com

November 16 - 18

Women's Writing Weekend

Tygart Lake State Park
Grafton
304.265.6148

November 16 - December 31

**Christmas Fantasy Light Show
at Krodel Park**

Point Pleasant
304.675.6788

November 17 - 18

Stonewall Resort – Wild Game Weekend

Roanoke
888.278.8150

November 17 - January 8, 2008

Holiday in the Park – Lights Display

Parkersburg
800.752.4982

November 22

**Beckley YMCA Thanksgiving Day
5-Mile Run & Walk**

Beckley
304.252.0715

November 22 - January 1

Christmas in the Park

Chief Logan State Park
Logan
304.792.7125

November 22 - January 6, 2008

Bluefield Holiday of Lights Festival

Bluefield
304-327.2448

November 23 - 25 &

November 30 - December 2

Annual Christmas Market

Prickett's Fort State Park
Fairmont
304.363.3030

November 23 - December 22

**Old Fashioned Christmas
at the Belle Boyd House**

Martinsburg
304.267.4713

November 24

**Marion County Historical Society—
Holiday Historic House Tours**

Fairmont
304.367.5398

November 30 - December 2

Photography Weekend

Cacapon Resort State Park
Berkeley Springs
304.258.1022

November 30 - December 2

Lions Tri-State Arts & Crafts Show

Huntington
304.736.1748



**Moving temporarily or permanently?
Don't forget to take us along.**

To have your *Wonderful West Virginia* subscription forwarded to your new address, simply go to our Web site (www.wonderfulwv.com) and follow the instructions for address changes, OR call 1.800.CALL.WVA and ask an operator to change your address to your new location.

November

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| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | |

Times and events are subject to change. To ensure you have a wonderful experience, please call ahead before attending an event.

1.800.CALL.WVA . www.callwva.com



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3½ Hour Rides
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(304) 424-0736
www.potomaceagle.info

October Fall Foliage Trips

October 1st thru 26th - 3½ Hour Trips

Departs Romney, WV

Monday thru Friday - *Departs 11:30am*

Saturdays - October 6, 13, 20 - *Departs 10am & 2pm*

Sundays - October 7, 14, 21, 28 - *Departs 1:00pm*

All Day Trips

Departs Saturdays, 9am - Romney, WV

July 28, Aug. 25, Oct. 27

Evening Excursions

Departs Sat., 6:30pm - Romney, WV

July 28, Sept. 8, Oct. 27

See Our Website for More Special Events



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