



Blackwater Roots

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September 2005 Vol I, No. 2

The Virginian Canaan, Part II

Story and illustrations by David Hunter Strother under the pen name, Porte Crayon



David Hunter Strother
1816-1888

All things being arranged at Towers' for an early start on the third, Crayon and X. M. C. shouldered their guns and knapsacks, and started for Conway's, nine miles distant, on the route to the Canaan Country. They were to engage Conway to accompany the party, and to be in readiness to join the main body as they passed in the morning. Crayon had traveled the road on a former occasion, and as he pretended to considerable skill in woodcraft, confidently took the lead, and struck into the forest by a blind path. For four or five miles all went well, until the declining sun was hidden by the tall crowns of the firs, and the path became more and more indistinct. Crayon became thoughtful, and dropped behind.

"Whose dogs are these?" quietly asked X.

Crayon looked up and saw two wolves standing in the path, within thirty paces of them, staring with amazement at the strange

intruders. In the twinkling of an eye his piece was leveled, but the wolves, with equal celerity, had betaken themselves to the bushes.

"Well, you don't say they were wolves? I supposed they were some of the neighbor's dogs. What a mortification! I might have shot them both."

"There are no neighbors hereabouts, X., and no dogs wandering about. The rule is to crack away at every four-legged creature you see, and the chances are that it is legitimate game. But we must be moving; night is coming rapidly on. Push on for Conway's."

Within the next mile Mr. Crayon came to a stand-still. "X.," said he, musingly, "at what hour does the moon rise tonight?"

"Don't know—haven't observed—are we not near Conway's?"

"My friend, it is useless to disguise matters; in fifteen minutes it will be pitch-dark. I have seen no trace of a path for the last half mile; this country looks strange to me. I couldn't go back if I would, I wouldn't go if I could; we should be laughed at."

"This life is all new to me," said X., with resignation; "but go on, and I'll follow till death."

"X., can you see a star, or any thing that might

serve as a guide, to prevent us from making circles?"

"No, I can see nothing but trees and bushes, and can hardly see them."

"Follow on, then; we'll try it."

As they trudged on, the forest grew murkier and darker, and the undergrowth more dense and tangled.

"Where are you, Porte?" "Here; come on." "Ho! I'm up to my knees in a marsh!" "Hist! Did you hear that?" "Yes, keep close, and don't shoot, or we may kill each other; be careful of your fire-arms, and depend on your hunting-knife." "Good Heavens! We are getting into a laurel-brake. Turn back, or we are gone."

On they struggled, torn by briars, throttled by wild vines, and tripped up by fallen timber.

"Porte! Stop. I'm ready to perish with fatigue; let us rest a while on this log."

"X., did you ever sleep in the woods?"

"No, I never did."

"Have you any thing to eat in your knapsack?"

"Not a mouthful; to lighten my load, I tumbled mine into the general provision-bag."

"I did the same thing."

"How unlucky! I will take this impressive opportunity, Mr. X., to read you a lesson in woodcraft. Never leave the camp without a day's provision with you."

"But are we likely to get to Conway's tonight?"

"The probabilities seem to be against it; but let us try again."

Another hour of fruitless toil, and no hope. "X., don't it seem to be getting lighter on our left hand?"

"Ho! By all that's jolly I'm on open ground and feel something like a beaten track under my feet."

A broad gleam of light shot across the wood, like the sudden flash of a torch, revealing a long vista in the forest and the trodden and rutted surface of the highway.

"Whoop! Whoop! Hurrah!—the moon and the big road—the big road and the moon. I knew it! I knew I couldn't be mistaken. Here's the stream; we're not a mile from Conway's."

The wanderers, notwithstanding their fatigue and knapsacks, indulged in a pas de deux and an embrace, and cheerily resumed their route. The moon rose higher and higher; anon they heard the bark of a dog—a long-welcome bow-wow. X. quoted Byron:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark."

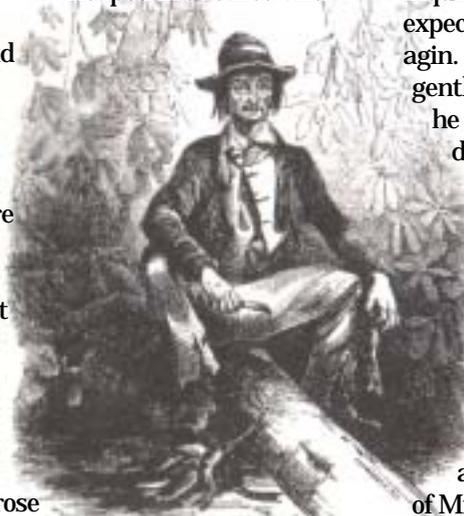
Then they came to a clearing with a double cabin in the midst. The chorus of dogs was at its full.

"Get out, ye whelps! Who's there?"

"Hallo! Old Otter, come out of your den. Here are friends."

The old man stuck his weasel face out of the door, and, after a short scrutiny, recognized Porte Crayon. "Well done," said he; "but I'm glad to see ye. I heard ye were in the country, but I didn't expect to see ye at this time o' night. But come in, ye must be hungry. Gals, get up, and find the gentlemen some supper."

The old man's buxom daughters tumbled out of a bed in a dark corner of the room, and soon the fresh-heaped fire roared and



CONWAY

sparkled in the chimney, and the table was spread with the best in the house— cold bread and meat, fragrant glades butter, rich milk, and maple beer. As they supped, they narrated their adventure with the wolves,

at which their host chuckled greatly. A bed in the spare room of the cabin received the weary couple, who slept soundly until the morning. "How delicious! What an invigorating atmosphere! What a magnificent forest is this that walls us round!" were their first exclamations on issuing from the cabin. They breakfasted and took their seats upon a comfortable stump in front of the house while Conway completed his simple arrangements for the journey. "Is the fat gentleman in your room this time?" inquired he. "Well, I never expected to see him agin. Is the big-eyed gentleman coming too?—

he that writ a book, I disremember his name. And the one with spectacles?" "Yes, they are all coming." Anon loud voices are heard issuing from the depths of the forest, which gradually approach, until those of Mr. Jones and Mr. Dindon are

distinguishable, and the words, confusedly mingled, Northern horses, Southern horses, trotters, thousand dollars, Eclipse—then a long string of expletives. The head of the column emerges from the wood; this is no other than the fat

Continued on pg 3

Blackwater Geneology

Can You Help?

My name is Susan Hinkle. I am 58 years old, originally from Indiana but my husband Woody and I have been living in West Virginia since 1993.

My grandparents, Paul Aurilla and Mariona Gustaitis came to Coketon West Virginia in about 1900. It is possible they lived in either, or both, Pennsylvania and Illinois before coming here to Tucker County. Marriage records at the courthouse show they were wed in the county in early 1901.

My grandparents moved to Coketon, WV and settled in house #15A. From stories told by my Aunt, he worked in Mine #37, They had at least eight or nine children, seven of whom made it to adulthood. My father, Frank R. Howe, was among them. My aunt remembered that Mr. Waitkus was her baptismal godfather. They attended St. Thomas Aquinas Catholic Church.

My grandmother died in 1915 in childbirth and is buried at Mt. Calvary Cemetery. My grandfather moved from Coketon and died at the home of his daughter, Susan, in 1943. I never had the privilege of knowing him.

I am working on my family history and would be very interested in learning about anyone who may have worked in the mines from 1900 to about 1920 or who may have photographs of Thomas or Coketon during that period of time. Family names that my aunts remember include Waitkus, Laggus, Liggetts, Badge or Badges, Petlavas. In my Aunt Susan's stories she mentions a place called "Bunker Hill" and a large hanging rock there. I am interested in knowing where that might be today.

*To help Susan:
Call 304-267-9196 or write to her at
41 Kelvin Lane, Inwood WV 25428*

The Story of the Black Rock

by Susan Hinkle *(written after a trip to Coketon)*

I am a piece of coal that was found just outside an old coke oven in Tucker County, West Virginia. I have been asleep for a very long time. I'm as old as an eon, and crumbly, but I wasn't always that way. This is my story....

Millions of years ago there were no mountains in the area where I was found. The land was covered by forests, shallow lakes and bogs.

When I was born, I wasn't a rock at all, but a group of lush, green plants.

My plant family and I lived happily in the verdant bogs, as we watched the life of the earth grow around us. We watched strange insects, small mammals and even some dinosaurs roam past us. Some even ate of our leaves but we didn't mind. Eventually as all plants do, we came to the end of our lives. As we died, we were still wet, and we turned black. If you have ever walked through a damp area and noticed

the dead leaves on the ground, changing from their brilliant fall colors to black, you have an idea of what happened to us many millions of years ago.

Every year more plants sprouted into ferns and other plants, lived and watched life go by them as we had before them, and then they died on top of us. This process happened over and over again. Eventually we were turned into vast beds of peat. But before we could totally disappear from decay, the ground was covered by a shallow sea and a layer of silt or dirt covered us. This happened over and over again as the seas grew and receded throughout time. The repeated coverings by the silt is important in order that we can be eventually be turned into coal.

After a long while, the silt that piled on top of us turned into rock - sedimentary rock (meaning from the sediment). As the

sediment built up on top of us (now we are peat), it became heavy and began to squeeze the moisture out of us. In turn, all this squeezing caused us to release gas that had built up in our peat bog. As more and more layers built up on top of us, and more and more pressure built above, our wetness and gas continued to be squeezed out. Eventually with most of our moisture and gas gone, we turned into a brown and crumbly earth.

Then as even more weight built on top of us, even more of our moisture was squeezed out, we turned into harder and harder stone.

This was the beginning of our changing from green plants into the little black rock you know as coal now.

This went on for millions of years until.....

Now my story goes forward to the time of the 1800s and early 1900s. West Virginia was considered to be the wild west of the country. There

were very few people around. My family, friends and I have been sleeping inside the earth for millions of years. We were now turned into rock, but there were layers and layers of earth on top of us. The ground was changing too. Instead of the flat boggy land that we remembered, mountains had been formed around us as the ground bent and folded upward from the gigantic powers of continental plate movement. We were still deep in the ground, but now under tons and tons of rock. It was quiet and we were alone slumbering in the darkness.

Suddenly, we awoke hearing sounds coming through the mountain, toward us. We heard picks chopping at the rock, shovels loading up the rocks into carts and the voices of men - many men. This was the first sound we had heard in many millions of years. But we were still resting quietly...but now waiting and listening. We didn't think anyone would reach us. In those early days the men, that they call miners, could not dig too deep in the mountain, so our sleep was undisturbed. We were much deeper in the ground than the miners could reach.

But then, close to the end of the 1800s, things got very busy indeed! All of a sudden there were a very many men...more voices and now the sounds of machinery. We could hear the picking and shoveling but now something new! The miners would pack something called dynamite into holes drilled in the rocks around us, light a fuse and POW! Coal would be blasted out of the face of the mine! Then more picking, shoveling and shouting. Once an area was cleared out of the

coal, the miners would drill another hole and put in yet another stick of dynamite, blowing out more and more of the rock. They were getting closer!

Day after day, month after month year after year, we heard the noises. We heard the braying of the mules brought into the mines to haul the rock and coal. We heard the coal cars rumble along the ground. We heard the miners' quiet tap-tap-tap as they tested the rock roof above them. We heard the drilling of the bolts into the ceiling to hold the rocks above at bay so the men could work safely below them.

Finally, on one fateful day, we were violently shaken from our home for the past millions of years. After years of being one big rock, stuck all together one to the other, we were with one loud shudder, broken apart! We lay in a jumble on the floor of the coal mine.

Before long, hands were around us larger chunks and we were thrown unceremoniously into the coal cart, all piled up on top of one another. We weren't plants any more...we weren't brown soft rock. We had been transformed into a shiny black known as - COAL.

That rumbling coal cart began to move along the tracks with a lurch with us inside. We didn't know what to expect next! And then.... suddenly....we were outside. The warmth of the sun had not shined upon our faces for millions of years! But now the sun came down and warmed us, and the wind and air danced between us where before we were pressed so solidly together.

From there we were dumped into yet other carts, sorted out and taken to a round beehive-shaped structure made of bricks. That was a beehive coke oven. We

were thrown into the oven and toasted at very high temperatures. The process turned us from the hard solid rock we were when we were pulled from the mine to a more porous black rock. This process made us much easier to burn in the fires of the industries up north. We were now a substance known as coke.

My former plant friends and I were shoveled from the coke oven into the rail car and destined to fire the ovens that made the hard steel or to the power plants that generated the miracle they called electricity.

As for me? I can barely remember, but I don't think I ever made it to the train. Instead, I lay outside the coke oven in the closing days of the mining and coking operations in Coketon, West Virginia. No one came for me to toss me onto the waiting train. I lay at the door of the giant coke oven quietly. Eventually lush green weeds and summer plants grew around me...the rain washed down on me and I felt the first moisture I had felt in millions of years. Slowly I sunk a bit deeper into the soil....until I was found and brought here for you to see.

So you see, I'm not just an ugly rock... Once I lived as a green plant. I produced oxygen that could be used by the animals that roamed in our bog. My family and I provided the animals food to eat and shelter to sleep under. We eventually died and were covered by the rains and the sediment and eventually went to sleep beneath the weight of the earth.

When I was uncovered, I again felt the warmth of the sun and the rain and wind. I was alive....asleep...and now alive again and this is my story. —

Canaan

man, stripped to his silk shirt and pantaloons, with a great pack on his back and a sapling in his hand; he was a good personification of Orson of the Wood. He presently halted and faced about.

"Mr. Dindon, I say—hush! You have the advantage of wind in this argument, but not of reason. You know I am short of breath; I can't walk and discuss at the same time; it is ungenerous to press it now—wait until we halt for dinner. At present, I say, peremptorily—hush!"

The detachment from Conway's now joined the march—and, whooping, laughing, singing, and

from Maryland into Virginia. Now they breasted a mountain—a log, tiresome tug it was, that took the conceit out of more than one of the party who started fair that morning. On the summit they took a breathing spell. This is the dividing-ridge between the waters of the East and the West. In a short time they crossed another amber brook, a tributary of the Ohio, and one of the immediate sources of the Blackwater. About five o'clock in the afternoon they emerged from the dreary forest into another waving glade, and at the further border, Thornhill gave the

good bed of hemlock branches was duly spread, the fire replenished with larger logs; and the weary party disposed itself to sleep as best it might, pillowed on log or knapsack. The excitement produced by the novelty of the situation kept X. awake. The gloom of the forest around was intense; the camp-fire blazed in the centre of a group of four lofty firs, whose straight and mast-like trunks were illuminated by its light for a hundred feet without the interruption of a limb and whose tops interlaced and formed a lofty and almost impervious covering over the sleepers. X. raised himself upon his elbow, and broke the silence. "What a picturesque scene! What a couch! What a canopy! What sublime bed-posts!"

"Go to sleep, poet," growled a dowsy fellow, "or you'll be sorry for it tomorrow."

Presently a noise was heard from the forest—a wild, unearthly cry—an incomprehensible sound—every body sprang up. "What the deuce is that?" inquired the sleepers, rubbing their eyes. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Dindon, deliberately cocking his rifle, "get your arms ready. I know that sound well—it is the cry of a wolf." Again the terrible voice echoed through the wood, nearer and more distinct. There was a general clicking of gunlocks; Jones, who had made himself a comfortable nest at the foot of a tree, pitched into the centre of the group; Crayon set the picture of deliberate valor, with hunting-knife in one hand, revolver in the other, and a rifle lying across his lap; X. crept on all fours to get possession of his double-barrel; Penn, in whose poetic bosom the joy of meeting with an adventure over-balanced every personal consideration,

with nervous haste drew forth his book, and began noting down the incident; Thornhill and Powell, however, so far from evincing any anxiety, seemed bursting with suppressed laughter; while Conway sat smoking his pipe with imperturbable gravity. Here is an extract from Mr. Penn's notebook:

"Camp No. 1—10 o'clock p.m.—Disturbed by a terrible cry, somewhat resembling this: too-too—too-hoo—too-too—too hoo. Supposed to be wolves or panthers. In momentary expectation of an attack. If we perish...Half-past ten. Sounds ascertained to proceed from owls of the largest size, but not dangerous. Camp calm, and disposed to slumber."

Next morning our adventurers were stirring betimes—refreshed the half-extinct fire—dispatched a hasty breakfast—and resumed their march before sunrise. This was a hard day for most of them. The broken sleep and unusual beds had not done much to repair the fatigues of the previous day—the hills were steeper, and the fallen timber cumbered the route so greatly that they were frequently obliged to make long detours to find a passage practicable for the horses.

The bodies of these fallen giants afforded quite a curious spectacle as they lay prone and supine, singly and in monstrous heaps; frequently, a hundred and fifty feet in length, and eighteen in girth, coated with a rich covering of moss, and their decayed wood affording a soil for thickets of seedlings of their own and other species. Sometimes they were seen spanning a ravine at a giddy height, like suspension bridges, the parasite growth forming a parapet or hand-rail, as if for the safety and convenience of the passer. Sometimes the faithless



THE ALARM

surface yielded to the tread, and the astounded hunter found himself imbedded to the armpits, in what he had supposed to be solid wood. The climbing of these barricades was one of the principal items in the fatigue of the journey, and any one who happened to look back on that day would generally see Mr. Jones astride of one of them, beseeching the party to wait awhile. It would have been well for the venatical reputation of Mr. Jones if the events of this day could be effaced from the record, or covered by a black vail, like the face of Marino Faliero among the Doges of Venice.

"Look at him," quoth Dindon, triumphantly; "he pretended to underrate that lame mare, and now he's glad to hang to her tail. He said she couldn't carry her

load to the Cheat River, and now she is carrying his knapsack and himself into the bargain. I suppose, Mr. Jones, you'll now acknowledge you're no judge of horse-flesh."

"It's too bad," said X. "Let go, Jones. Have you no greatness of soul? Don't you see the poor beast can hardly get along?"

But deaf alike to satire or remonstrance, Mr. Jones kept his hold until Kit, with a long-drawn groan, stood stock still. "Thar now," said the hunter, "I've been a-looking for her to drop." The mare was released, and Jones attempted to seize Old Sorry by the same appendage. He, however, being too blind to see the justice of such a proceeding, relieved himself with a kick. —

To be continued in the next issue of Blackwater Roots



THE MARCH

wrangling; they wound along under the gloomy archway of the trackless forest. Thornhill, with his tomahawk, belted about him, led the van. Dindon, Crayon, and Penn followed; then came Lame Kit, led by Conway; and Old Sorry, conducted by Powell, a hunter, who was engaged to go in with them to bring the horses out after they had reached their destination. Smith and X. M. C. formed the rear-guard, and far behind lagged Mr. Jones, probably with the intention of avoiding useless discussions, and of managing his wind to the greatest advantage. After a march of six miles, they entered a green glade of great beauty, watered by an amber rivulet, which they leaped with their packs and guns. This rivulet was the infant Potomac; that leap was

welcome order to halt for the night. Cheerfully our adventurers deposited their guns and knapsacks; and after a brief repose, joined the hunters in heaping up dry logs and combustibles for the camp-fire. How the fire blazed and crackled! How grandly the smoke volumed up among the lofty tree-tops! The horses, relieved of their burdens, were tethered in the blade, up to their bellies in grass. While preparations for supper were going on, several of the party got out their fishing-tackle, and tried out the little stream that watered the glade. It was alive with trout; and half an hour later, a hundred of the small fry were served up at supper with the biscuit and bacon. It was a meal that a monarch might envy. A



THROUGH THE WOODS



Leaf Peeper's Schedule



Fri, Sept 23

6:30 p.m. PTO Cake Walk, Davis Fire Fall, Davis. Come enjoy old family fashion fun. Many cakes. Final prize - Longaberger Cake Basket.
8:30 p.m. Old Time Country Music, Purple Fiddle, Thomas. The Purple Fiddle is proud to host the old time country duo "The Hunger Mountain Boys". \$8.00 cover charge. The Purple Fiddle is a family-friendly, smoke-free environment. 463-4040.

Sat, Sept 24

7:00 a.m. Birdwalk "Finding Migrant & Resident Birds" Canaan Valley National Wildlife Refuge. Birds have lost their bright mating colors and are heading now to their wintering grounds. Some will stay here through the winter. Check them out with volunteer Casey Rucker. Call Jackie Burns @ 866-3858.
9:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m. Appalachian Craft & Food Fair, Davis Fire Hall, Davis. Crafters & Artists from all over the region display their specialties. Many items for sale: painted wood & slates, ceramics, fabric crafts, baked goods and hot food from the kitchen by the Blackwater Rebekah Lodge ladies. 259-5315.
9:00 a.m. - 2:30 p.m. Photo Contest, Davis Fire Hall, Davis. As you stroll through the Appalachian Craft & Food Fair, stop and cast your vote for your favorite photo. There will be an adult & junior category, along with a professional and digital category. All photos must be matted and turned into the Tucker County Information Center by 5:00 p.m. Friday September 23. Public Judging. Voting will take place from 9:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. 259-5315.

10:00 a.m. Historical Tour of Parsons - Sponsored by Friends of Blackwater; Meet at Tucker County Courthouse
10:00 a.m. Tour of Davis 5-K Fun Race, Davis Fire Hall, Davis. A "fast" tour of downtown Davis. Men, women and children's classes. Prizes and trophies awarded in each category. Certified and Sanctioned by U.S. Track & Field. Registration 9:00 a.m. at the Tucker County Information Center. Race starts at 10:00 a.m. at the Davis Fire Hall. 259-5315.
10:00 a.m. Conifer Forest Restoration, Canaan Valley National Wildlife Refuge. Help plant spruce and balsam trees to restore and grow these native woodlands. Call Jackie Burns @ 866-3858.
10:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. Free Fly Fishing Casting Lessons, Canaan Valley. An opportunity for those interested in learning to fly fish to try their fly casting skills. Equipment will be provided. Meet at the pond at Big John's Family Fixin's in Canaan Valley. For more information please contact Bill Riley of Hemlock Cove Fly Fishing School. Call 866-6229.
10:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m. Craft Show, Canaan Valley. Sponsored by the Canaan Valley Women's Club. Over 34 tables of quality handmade crafts by area and out-of-state crafters at the Canaan Valley Fire Department. Betty Riley @ 866-6229.
10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Specialty Food Tasting, Mountainmade.com, Thomas. Stop in at the Mountainmade Country Store in Thomas and try a variety of specialty food. 463-3355
10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Book Signing, MountainMade Artisan Gallery, Thomas. Local author Cindy

Phillips, will sign copies of "Tucker County" released in July as part of the Arcadia Publishing's Images of America Series. 463-3355.
10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. Art & Craft Demonstrations, The Art Company, Davis. Various artists will perform their best art in front of you. Enjoy hot cider & fresh baked goods from the coffee shop. Lori @ 259-4217.
11:00 a.m. Canoe Float on the Cheat River, St. George. 4-mile float trip down the beautiful Cheat River Valley. Includes; shuttle, lifejackets & paddles. \$20.00 per person. Shuttle times at 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. Call Patrick @ Blackwater Outdoor Adventures @ 478-3775.
11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. Leaf Peeping Tour, Highland Scene Tours. A 3-hour driving tour into the heart of "Leaf Peeping" country. We will tour Canaan Valley to Red Creek and on to Jenningson Bridge then return past the Windmills. \$5.00 per person. Meet at the Old Davis Bank Building Parking Lot. Diane @ 866-4455.
12:00 p.m. Historic Tour of Davis - Sponsored by Friends of Blackwater; Meet at Sirianni's Pizza
1:00 p.m. Blackwater Canyon Bike Ride This ride is dedicated to continued development of the Allegheny Highlands Trail. Drivers will meet at the Purple Fiddle in Thomas to set up shuttles at noon. Riders will depart from PF at 1:00 p.m. Parking is available at the Thomas Post Office. Helmets are required, but pedaling is optional on this 10-mile descent. Children under 18 must be accompanied by an adult. Sponsored by HTF and Tucker County Trails. karen@elkinsbike.com

1:00 p.m. Canoe Floats on the Cheat River, St. George. 4-mile float trip down the beautiful Cheat River Valley. Float includes; shuttle, lifejackets & paddles. \$20.00 per person. Shuttle times at 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. Call Patrick @ Blackwater Outdoor Adventures @ 478-3775.
2:00 p.m. Historic Tour of Thomas - Sponsored by Friends of Blackwater; Meet at The Purple Fiddle
6:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m. Silent Auction, Thomas Community Center, Thomas. Sponsored by the Davis-Thomas Business Committee. Items include; Lodging, Ski Passes, giftware, etc. Food available. Entertainment. Bidding will take place from 6:00 p.m. - 7:30 p.m. Call Cindy @ The Meyer House B & B at 259-5451.
8:30 Ghost Walk, Davis. Take a "walk back in time" through the streets of Davis, stopping at locations where stories of unusual happenings have occurred. \$5.00. Meet at the Old National Bank of Davis Parking lot. Diane @ 866-4455.
8:30 p.m. Bluegrass Music, Purple Fiddle, Thomas. The Purple Fiddle is proud to host the live bluegrass band "Blue Mule." \$7.00 The Purple Fiddle is a family-friendly, smoke-free environment. 463-4040.

Sun, Sept 25

10:00 a.m. Cranberry Woods Walk, Blackwater Falls State Park. Meet in the Gentle Trail parking area for a walk along a section of the

Yellow Birch Trail. Walk under the canopy of a red spruce and eastern hemlock forest to a mountain bog where wild cranberries grow. One mile, one hour. 1-259-5216.
10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. Art & Craft Demonstrations, The Art Company, Davis. Various artists will perform their best art in front of you. Enjoy hot cider & fresh baked goods from the coffee shop. Lori @ 259-4217.
10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Specialty Food Tasting, Mountainmade.com, Thomas. Stop in at the Mountainmade Country Store in Thomas and try a variety of specialty food. 463-3355
11:00 a.m. Canoe Floats on the Cheat River, St. George. 4-mile float trip down the beautiful Cheat River Valley. Float includes; shuttle, lifejackets & paddles. \$20.00 per person. Shuttle times at 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. Call Patrick @ Blackwater Outdoor Adventures @ 478-3775.
11:00 a.m. 8th Annual Fall Color Golf Tournament, Canaan Valley Resort State Park. This tournament is a four-person, captain's choice, scramble format with prizes for overall low gross score, longest drive, closest to the pin as well as hole-in-one. Fun for everyone! 259-5315.
1:00 p.m. Duck Race, Beaver Creek Bridge, Davis. Over 500 ducks are released into the Beaver Creek. First, Second, Third & Last duck to cross the

finish line wins \$\$.

Duck Tickets are \$2.00 each and can be purchased from any Alpine Festival Board Member or @ the Tucker County Information Center. Tickets must be purchased before 12:00 p.m. on Sunday.
1:00 p.m. Canoe Floats on the Cheat River, St. George. 4-mile float trip down the beautiful Cheat River Valley. Float includes; shuttle, lifejackets & paddles. \$20.00 per person. Shuttle times at 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. For more information please contact Patrick @ Blackwater Outdoor Adventures @ 478-3775.
2:00 p.m. Dog Show, Davis. Stop by the 10th Annual Dog Show at the New National Bank of Davis parking lot. Your dog could win a prize for Best Trick, Best Dressed or Best of Show and many more categories. Call 259-5315.
2:00 p.m. The First Forest, Blackwater Falls State Park. Until 1880 this area was covered with a magnificent forest of red spruce, eastern hemlock and northern hardwoods. Within 40 years this original growth completely disappeared. Meet in the Lodge Davis Room to discover what happened to the first forest. No walking, about 30 minutes. 259-5216.
7:00 p.m. Alternative & World Beat Music, Purple Fiddle, Thomas. Alternative & World Beat music group "Shaking Tree." \$7.00 The Purple Fiddle is a family-friendly, smoke-free environment. 463-4040.

Blackwater Roots is a free, periodic publication of Friends of Blackwater and the North Fork Watershed Project. If you would like to continue receiving Blackwater Roots in the mail or wish to submit your family story, send request(s) to our Charleston office or call 1-877-WVA-LAND.



Friends of Blackwater
 501 Elizabeth Street
 Charleston WV 25311

SaveBlackwater.org
 NorthForkWatershed.org

North Fork Watershed
 Post Office Box 378
 Thomas WV 26292