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Augusta Country

November 1994
Vol. 1, Issue 2

P.O. Box 51

Middlebrook, Va. 24459

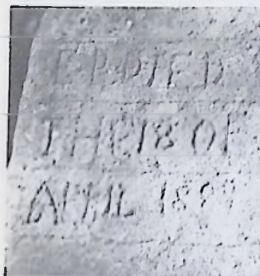
Down on the farm

Pages 8-9

Youth achievements

Pages 6-7

Subscription form, page 2!



Etched in stone - One of the stone markers found in the Puffenbarger family cemetery located in the George Washington National Forest had been inscribed by hand: "EP DIED THE 18 APRIL 1889." It was among grave markers we found in two local mountaintop cemeteries.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

On the mountain with Moses

To bring you this issue of Augusta Country, we went to the mountain with Moses.

There we found the bushes burning in the fires of autumn. We also found writings etched in stone. Before we get in to all that, however, we need to turn our attention to a few other things.

Overwhelming. That's the word which best describes our reaction to the responses we have received to Augusta Country's premiere issue. We say, "thank you," to each of you who have subscribed to Augusta Country's newest newspaper. The overall response from people who have seen Augusta Country has been positive.

One woman said, "It's newsy," which we take as a great compliment. If Augusta Country manages to be "newsy," then we take that to mean that the information we're presenting, in fact, is new (or news) to the reader's attention.

Another person remarked: "It's a nice little newspaper." Now

See NEWSY, page 2

With needle and thread

Staunton woman creates works of art to wear

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON - Outside a cozy family home in Staunton the brilliantly sharp colors of fall are everywhere — golds, reds and earthy browns. A breeze picks up and the autumn leaves swirl to the ground and remind us that farmers are harvesting their crops and soon we will be sitting down to Thanksgiving celebrations.

Inside the house sits Virginia Martin. Seated in front of her sewing machine in the center of a room filled with the trappings of a seamstress, she whirs away on her latest project. It is a salmon colored jumper decorated for the fall season with a myriad of colorful images, each one a masterpiece in itself. The front of the jumper is bright with an overflowing cornucopia, while autumn leaves dance along the hem in a cutwork design. Across the skirt are images of the season — turkeys and pilgrims. Details like gold buckles on pilgrim's shoes, strands of thread for hair and buttons of beets and carrots make the jumper come to life.

This is obviously not the first work of art Virginia has created at her sewing machine. A visit to her front porch showroom upstairs (by appointment only) proves that without a shadow of a doubt. Hanging on clothes racks instead of on the walls of an art gallery are many of her "canvases." Jumpers, denim shirts, purses, sweat shirts, blouses and petticoats are all transformed by Virginia's magic touch.

Some of the creations feature creatures from under the ocean (her son-in-law is a fisherman), while others exhibit farm scenes reminiscent of her travels through the Valley. Still others, actually 11 other jumpers, are straight out of Disney, each one featuring a different fairy tale or Disney scene. It's a Small World, Beauty and the Beast and Cinderella are just a few of the specialty jumpers she does when she takes a trip to Disney World.



Virginia Martin shows off one of her many creations, all of which portray a particular theme. This fall-theme jumper features an appliqued cornucopia filled with colorful fruits and vegetables. The edgework at the hemline and cutwork at the neckline is created using a leaf pattern.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

"My daughter lives in Florida and when I take the grandkids to Disney World I wear these," she says as she pulls out first one jumper with a Disney theme and then another. "We get stopped everywhere. I got my picture taken with Cinderella."

Sewing and dressing up have always been two of Virginia's loves so this retirement hobby is a natural.

"I have always liked doing things

with my hands," she explains. "I used to knit sweaters when I was teaching. Then I saw a girl wearing a turtle neck shell to match her outfits. I asked her where she got them and she said she made them herself. I took a sewing class and was addicted."

That was back in 1979 and Virginia has long since given up sewing knits in favor of the cotton and wool jumpers with her own spe-

Virginia Martin stitches her way to national recognition

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON - Although it is hard for Virginia Martin to choose a favorite sewing creation, she admits that she leans toward the one which won her a national prize.

During the years that she has been combining her sewing and artistic abilities, her talent has not gone unrecognized. She has won accolades on the local, state and national level, but certainly the biggest prize to come Virginia's way has been the grand prize in the "Sewing with Nancy" contest.

Nancy Zieman is a nationally recognized seamstress with her own television show and series of books. In 1992 Nancy decided to sponsor a nationwide sewing contest to coincide with her 10th year on television. Over 300 projects from across the country were submitted, and Nancy narrowed the selections down to 50. From there, winners were selected in each of several categories and one grand prize project was chosen.

Virginia's richly decorated appliqued jumper outfit with matching accessories was the grand prize winner. Nancy had recognized a unique talent in Virginia's project which is called the carousel jumper because of the Merry Go Round horses appliqued on the front and around the hem.

"Her interesting technique for creating realistic looking appliques combines fabric painting and decorative stitching," wrote Nancy in a booklet describing the winning projects.

Not only was the off-white dress decorated with colorful horses on the front and along the hem, but Virginia had accented the hem with cutwork, which is also one of her trademarks. Included in the outfit was a purple blouse with a miniature horse stitched on it, a purple petticoat and a pocketbook with an appliqued carousel horse on it.

See SEWING, page 3

See SPECIAL, page 3

Newsy

some might take this as an insult. We exist in a marketplace where "nice" and "little" aren't necessarily seen as attributes. But we'd rather be "nice" and "little" than "big" and "bad."

People have also commented on the "neat" and "clean" appearance of the paper. The overall print quality of the newspaper is due in large part to the printing firm, x-high graphic arts located in Elkton, where Augusta Country is printed. We share with them the desire to deliver an appealing product to you.

Regarding our annual subscription rate of \$12, some folks have asked: "Are you sure you're charging enough?" The answer is, "Probably not." But we want to make Augusta Country's subscription rate so reasonable that the price doesn't prevent you from signing up.

People also seemed to be concerned that we're not selling advertising space. Augusta Country's staff of writers often express concern over this. They wander around in their unheated office spaces wearing their Bob Cratchit fingerless gloves pleading, "Betty Jo, won't you please sell some advertisements." In response I shriek, "I want readers not advertisers!"

We are committed to developing and delivering a product which people will enjoy reading. That is our first priority. We may eventually begin accepting advertisements but feel that step is still some months away.

In order to get Augusta Country into people's hands, we will continue to make it available free of charge at businesses throughout the county. This practice will be followed at least through the December issue. "Why then," you say, "should I subscribe to Augusta Country?"

It's very simple - a subscription to Augusta Country is the only way we can guarantee that you will receive each issue of the newspaper.

When we distributed the October issue, we were shocked at how fast it disappeared - 1,000 copies were distributed to businesses on a Wednesday afternoon and vaporized within 24 hours. The following week, another 1,000 copies were distributed and in less than a day-and-a-half, they were gone. Even I, Augusta Country's pub-

Continued from page 1

lisher and editor, couldn't find a copy of the October issue when I needed one. They were in such demand that we finally had to lock some away in a bank vault to save them for our archives.

With the apparent popularity of Augusta Country, you can not be sure that you will be able to find a copy at one of our distribution points and you don't want to have to go to the trouble of searching all over the county to find Augusta Country. But if you subscribe, Augusta Country will come looking for you and it will never be any further away than your mailbox.

We are pleased with our progress in promoting Augusta Country throughout the county and are already being recognized as a legitimate news organization serving county residents. Special thanks go out to the numerous individuals who have called us to report on events going on in Augusta country. Much of what you will read in this issue is the result of people making us aware of things which are happening in their communities - information which we gladly pass on to you.

With all this said then, let's get on with the Augusta Country show!

We find ourselves very stretched out in this issue - from the furthestmost northwestern corner of Augusta County where it bumps up against West Virginia to Waynesboro and Stuarts Draft in southeastern Augusta County and from Weyers Cave in the northeastern corner of the county to Lexington and Steeles Tavern in Rockbridge County, beyond Augusta's southern boundary. Having made the travels over that territory, we have found ourselves quite breathless from the effort but feel it was worth it to bring this issue to you.

As I have already mentioned, we even went to the mountain with Moses for this issue - Moses Kiracofe, that is.

"Call me Moses, Mose, or Moe," he said to an Augusta Country staff member who addressed him as "Mr. Kiracofe."

"I loved the story of Moses in the bulrushes when I was a little boy," the man said. "So I asked my mother why they didn't call me Moses." From that time forward, it was so and eventually the nickname was shortened to "Mose" and later "Moe."

So we went to the mountain with Moses where he told us about what it meant to live in the county's western mountains after the turn of the century.

In this issue you'll find that we spent a lot of time looking for memorials to people who have passed on from this earthly existence. Usually these people aren't too hard to find because under normal conditions they stay wherever they're put. The key to finding the reminders of their lives is knowing someone who knew them. Modern day cemeteries are fairly well marked. However, the cemeteries we sought were family plots of more than a century ago. You'll read about this search and the oral history which accompanies it on page 12.

The life and times of a small, rural church is depicted in an article found on page 10. The history of this church has been passed on from one generation to the next through the oral tradition - that is, by people telling stories of the church to their children who tell the stories to their children, and so on. This oral history becomes written in this Augusta Country exclusive.

We're happy to have established a connection with the youth of Augusta County for this issue. On page 6, you'll read about a group of students who publish a weekly newspaper at their high school. Also we're glad to be able to report the achievements of many Augusta County youth. You'll find this information on page 7.

Also in this issue, we're visiting with a group of individuals from three Waynesboro churches. These folks are preparing to make a difficult journey - they will be embarking on a mission trip to Ethiopia on October 29. Read about their trip and learn about the task they're facing on page 4.

Once again, thanks to each of you who have encouraged us in this new venture. We hope you will continue to find more of what you enjoy about Augusta Country in this issue.

Until next month,

Betty Jo Hamilton

Betty Jo Hamilton
Publisher and editor

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We'd like you to meet...

To introduce Augusta Country's newest staff writer, we offer the following:

"Dear Betty Jo Hamilton,

It was a pleasure to have Terry Terrell interview the members of H.O.P.E. (Helping Our Partners in Ethiopia) Project, meeting at Westminster Presbyterian Church last Thursday, October 6, 1994 at 7 p.m. He asked for comments from the travellers and adroitly drew statements with spiritual overtones as to why they were dedicated to going to Ethiopia. Terry's questions helped to clarify the goals of the entire committee.

These "missionaries" will be putting their faith in action as they journey to Ethiopia from October 28 to November 13, 1994. Please remember them in your prayers. We do appreciate your interest in H.O.P.E. Project.

Sincerely,

Anne L. Kelling
Secretary"

Thanks to Anne Kelling for her kind comments and we're happy to have added Wilmer Newton "Terry" Terrell of 541 N. Winchester Ave., Waynesboro, to our group of talented writers at Augusta Country. Terry came to us through a recommendation by staff writer Nancy Sorrells who had worked with Terry through an internship he served at the Museum of American Frontier Culture in Staunton.

Terry is a native of Waynesboro. He dropped out of school after seventh grade and began working in construction "walking ironsteel beams." On October 3, 1986 Terry fell two stories - about 40 feet - from the beams. The resulting injury to his upperback caused paralysis from the waist down. But Terry says, "There is life after tragedies. Most of us have had tragic things happen to us. It's what we make of our lives afterwards that matters."

While undergoing physical therapy at Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center, Terry earned his General Equivalency Diploma. He attended Blue Ridge Community College then transferred to James Madison University where in 1993 he received his bachelor of arts degree in English. He served as literary editor of Chrysalis, JMU's literary magazine, and has written for Rockingham Magazine, and radio stations WQPO, WSWA, and WPKZ. In his internship at the Frontier Museum, Terry worked primarily on research and writing for Black History Month. He has also written for the publication "Spinal Cord Injury News and Views," the newsletter of the Virginia Spinal Cord Injury System. Terry enjoys outdoor activities including whitewater rafting, snow skiing, water skiing, and scuba diving. Indoor pursuits include reading, writing, research, and computers. We welcome Terry to Augusta Country and think you'll agree he brings an interesting perspective to his work...



Augusta Country

is published monthly by See-KWA! Publishing,
P.O. Box 51 Middlebrook, Va. 24459

Betty Jo Hamilton, publisher and editor

Subscription rate: \$12 per year

Call 886-8174 or 885-0266

for publication information.

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Attention churches and civic groups:

If your organization is planning an event and would like it publicized in Augusta Country, let us know about it. Send information for Augusta Country's coming events column to Augusta Country, P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459. Items must be received by the 15th of the month prior to the month of publication. Items will be published as space permits.

Special talent has yielded special creations

Continued from page 1

cial brand of appliqué. In the late 1980s she took an appliqué class and has turned that into her own technique featuring a combination of pieced textile pieces, fabric paint and thread.

"That appliqué class did it - I haven't stopped since," she said. Hanging in her showroom is an appliquéed goose in an embroidery hoop - her first project which hooked her. Today even her car license plate, "AP LE K," tells of her love of appliqué.

That small project started Virginia on a road of creativity that hasn't yet reached its end. She has given new meaning to the word appliqué. "Painting with thread is what I call it," she says, preferring to show examples rather than describe her style. One jumper of which she is particularly proud features the faces of her classmates from the Mary Baldwin College class of 1953. "I found a way to do faces with appliqué. I used a light box and traced each classmate's face from a photocopy, then I used permanent marker pens."

By using the same technique on other projects, Virginia has been able to add such intricate details as a tiny spider on a fence, the feet on a bird or an Amish man's face. Of course, when each piece of art is completed, it is signed and dated.

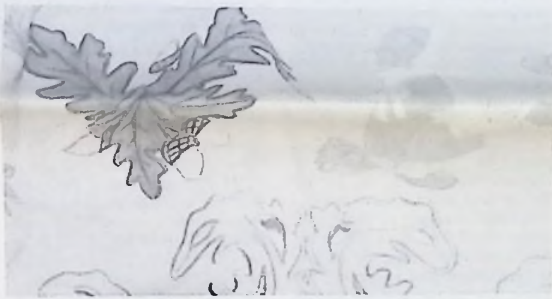
Such detailed work is time consuming, but that's what retirement is for according to Virginia, who taught school for 33 years. "Each jumper takes 2 1/2 to 3 weeks. I can maybe get two done a month if I put in 5 to 6 hours a day," she explains. "I don't want to make a living at it. I think that if I had to sew for a living that I would have

to do the sewing work that I don't like. I sell just enough to restock my materials," she adds. In order to keep enough materials on hand she carries her own line of porcelain and pewter buttons shaped like vegetables, animals and sea creatures among others. She also stocks her own line of thread and has literally thousands of pattern books and coloring books for creating her own patterns and designs.

"I like to decorate clothing. I don't like to wear anything undecorated. So everything that I have learned in sewing I have applied to clothing. That includes appliqué, cutwork and even quilting," she says.

It's a lifestyle that Virginia loves. She designs and sews to her heart's content, rarely repeating a design a second time. "It's just loads of fun. When I feel like it, I sew and when I don't, I dress up and go out!"---

Seen here are examples of Virginia Martin's work, some of which are offered for sale at the Wharf Gallery located over the Mill Street Grill in Staunton.



•Sewing her way to fame

Continued from page 1

As the winner of the top prize, Virginia won a trip to Milwaukee to appear on Nancy's show. The entire sewing project is featured in Nancy's book, and a picture of Virginia modeling her carousel jumper is on the front of the "Sewing with Nancy" video.

Virginia also took a pair prizes in the state's Make it with Wool contest where she dominated the adult class. Her patchwork suit captured first, while an experiment with wool as a material for one of her famous jumpers took second.

A close observer will also notice that her sewing machine gains a lot of recognition in her projects. When a picture of a sewing machine is applied on an outfit, the words Bernina are sure to appear. Just like a carpenter swears by certain namebrand tools and a photographer will only use a certain model of camera, Virginia is loyal to her machine.

Racecar drivers will point out the features of their automobiles with pride, and Virginia is quick to point out the particular features and advantages of her Bernina.

"You have to have good control of your machine," she added.

She has been rewarded for her loyalty to the Bernina. In 1993 two of her sewing projects were sponsored by the Clothes Line in Dayton in the national contest "Bernina University Contest." Her clothes were sent to Florida and modeled in a show where one captured an honorable mention and the other a Peoples Choice Award.

Most of the reward though, comes in the satisfaction she gets from wearing nicely decorated, unique clothing.

"A lot of people stare at me and tap me on the shoulder to ask me where I got my outfit. It's certainly a good conversation maker," she says with a laugh.---



Photos by Nancy Sorrells

H.O.P.E. Project:

Helping to build a cultural bridge

By TERRY TERRELL

WAYNESBORO - It is November. With the temperature in the high 90s, the air is hot and humid and sunscreen is useless. Mosquitoes and flies are a constant nuisance. From dirt streets and shanty buildings rise chaotic sounds, strange languages, and unfamiliar smells. The surrounding atmosphere is laid-back and time seems to be irrelevant. This is Gambela, Ethiopia, one of the poorest Presbyteries in Ethiopia and one of the areas where some of the people from the H.O.P.E. Project will visit.

H.O.P.E. is an acronym for Helping Our Partners in Ethiopia. For several years, Westminster Presbyterian Church in Waynesboro has provided financial and spiritual support for individuals working in foreign mission fields. After scouting the possibility of a trip to one of the mission fields and corresponding with the mission workers, Ethiopia was selected. The choice was based on their needs as well as what assistance the H.O.P.E. Project could offer.

With a presbytery-approved grant and the destination chosen, the stage was set. Final preparations for the mission trip would be to schedule the travel itinerary, choose the traveling participants,

and outline the objectives for the H.O.P.E. Project.

The mission group plans to leave October 29 and return November 12. Their objectives are to:

1. Obtain and deliver 120 Good News NT Bibles (in English) to the Yehiwot Berhan School (YBS) in Addis Ababa.

2. Obtain and deliver four guitars, one to be used by the YBS and the others to be designated by host missionaries.

3. Provide at least 500 hours of direct, hands-on mission service distributed among at least four Presbyterian-sponsored missions in the areas of teaching, medicine, construction and maintenance tasks, and evangelism, in accordance with the needs identified by the host missionaries.

4. Provide at least 50 hours of medical screening to the orphanage sponsored by the Illubabor Synod in Gore.

5. Upgrade computer hardware and software in YBS and Synod Administrative Offices.

6. Create a 12-14 minute color-slide show of the mission trip to be shown to at least 20 Presbyterian groups by July 1, 1995.

7. Keep daily journals and prepare four major newspaper stories focusing on the needs in Ethiopia.

Traveling participants representing three Presbyterian churches in Waynesboro will be Dr. Kyle Allen, Chris Arey, Monte Hackney, Kay Heizer, Timothy Read, Oma Rexrode, and Michael Robison (see biographies on page 5 for more details).

The mission party will land in Addis Ababa to work for a week at the Yehiwot Berhan School. From there the party will split up into groups.

Kay, Oma, and Chris will fly to

the Illubabor Bethel Synod in Gore for observation and work at a Synod selected orphanage.

Kyle and Timothy will fly down-country for observation and/or work with the local pioneer missionaries among the Surma tribe out from Maji/Tum in southwest Ethiopia. Once there, life will look much more wild. The Surma people will seem strange since few clothes are worn among these people.

Michael and Monte will fly to Gambela for observation and/or work among the Nilotic tribes. During this time of the year, the area will be hot and humid and mosquito infested. Although the time the mission group will spend with the Ethiopians will be short, the experience will last a lifetime.

Caroline Kurtz, who has served as a missionary in Ethiopia for 18 years, has been corresponding by telephone and letters to Westminster. A letter written to Westminster by Caroline prepares the mission group for the world they will be entering. It eloquently summarizes the country, its people, culture, and the truth.

"We have found that, as much as people think they are prepared for the experience here, they are 'blown away.' We are trying to help you prepare, but you will need to expect to experience some shock and pain regarding the levels of poverty, the lack of organization and planning, the loose flow of the day, the logistical complications in getting even the seemingly simple assignments accomplished..."

"Let me also add here that you are coming as strangers, into a school and church which is running along nicely. I understand your urge to feel useful, but a far more useful attitude will be for



Kyle Allen, left, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Waynesboro, and Tim Read, one of the mission workers preparing to travel to Ethiopia, sit in front of a display case at Westminster. Inside the case is an exhibit which tells the story of the H.O.P.E. Project.

Photo by Terry Terrell

you to come knowing that you cannot make much impact here in one week, but that the country, the culture, the experience will have a tremendous impact on YOU. Be open to that; recognize that the impulse to come comes from within you and God probably put it there for YOUR blessing and growth. Open yourselves to giving what you can where it fits, but expecting to go home with your heads reeling and a new understanding of God's movement in the world and the problems which we humans have created and need to begin to untangle..."

"It is true that we in the West have the technological advantages and monetary excess, but

in terms of humanness, no one part of the world has a monopoly.

"People here do not want to be 'helped' nearly as much as they want to be understood and liked; they value closeness, a feeling of having gotten to know each other while walking; working side by side. Americans want to feel productive, Ethiopians want to feel known, understood..."

"There are many beautiful manifestations of hospitality, interdependence, and gentleness in conflict that this society shows us that our own doesn't have models for. I hope you will not be so blinded by the lacks that you are not able to see the gifts that Africans have for the world."---



Ethiopia: An overview

Official name: People's Democratic Republic of Ethiopia

Currency: 1 birr = 100 cents

National Holiday: National Revolution Day, September 12.

Flag: three equal horizontal bands of green (top), yellow, and red. These colors were so often adopted by other African countries upon independence that they became known as the pan-African colors.

A brief history

Ethiopia is the oldest independent country in Africa, one of the oldest countries in the world, and home of the earliest known humans.

Located in eastern Africa, bordered by Somalia and Djibouti and the Red Sea to the east, Kenya to

the South, and Sudan to the West, Ethiopia was also one of the earliest world centers of agricultural innovation.

To the ancient world Ethiopia meant all lands south of Egypt. According to legend, Menelik I, the son of King Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba founded the Ethiopian empire between 1000 and 900 B.C. Herodotus, the Greek historian of the fifth century B.C., describes trade and communication with ancient Ethiopia in his writings. Around the third century B.C. Aksum (Axum), in the northern highlands, became the first recorded kingdom in Ethiopia and had cultural contacts with southern Arabia, Egypt, Rome, and Greece. Mis-

sionaries and migrants from Egypt and Syria introduced Christianity in the 4th century followed by the rise of Islam in the 7th century A.D.

Throughout its turbulent history Ethiopia, unlike most African nations, was never a European colony, and it has been important to the modern history of Africa as a symbol of independence. Ethiopia also has the distinction of being a founding member and the continental headquarters of the Organization of African Unity (OAU) and after World War I became a member of the League of Nations. Ethiopia's capital and largest city Addis Ababa (ad'-is ah'-buh-buh). It has a population of some 3-4 million people. Addis

Ababa was established in 1887 by Emperor Menelik II. The OAU and the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa have headquarters in this reasonably modern city.

The nation's recent history has been marked by the fall of one of the world's last emperors. A socialist revolution, a succession of devastating famines, civil war between its central government and several of its regions, and ethnically based insurgencies in other regions of the country continue.

Population and people

Ethiopia is one of the poorest and least developed countries in Africa. The country is number 85

Continued on page 5 *

H.O.P.E. participants and their expectations

Dr. David Kyle Allen, pastor, Westminster Presbyterian Church, Waynesboro

Kyle summed up what he expects to do in Ethiopia. "My aim is to go with a teachable spirit in establishing relationships and to develop a communication. I also want to share and establish a mind set with God and to be understood and liked."

Charles Christopher Arey, member, Glen Kirk Presbyterian Church, Waynesboro

Occupation: Construction worker

Work skills: Roofing, painting, framing, electrical, etc.

Chris wants to "See an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I am looking forward to many blessings from the trip."

Monte Daniel Hackney, member, Finley Memorial Presbyterian Church, Waynesboro

Occupation: Carpenter's assistant

Work skills: Carpentry, working with children

Monte said, "You can read the facts and see it on TV but you can't understand it until you go there or have been there. I'm looking forward to understanding their understanding of the scripture. Besides, I can't wait to play frisbee with an Ethiopian boy."

Kay Tompkins Heizer, member, Westminster

Occupation: Supervisor, Community Services Board, Staunton

Work skills: Administrative, coordinate and direct services to clients, special interest in children

Kay stated that "I am going to give and receive but I hope to receive more than give. I always wanted to go after seeing a TV clip of Ethiopia. I feel a need for sharing myself and drawing strength and to bring myself closer to God."

Timothy Thomas Read, member, Brentwood Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, Calif.

Occupation: Attorney, admitted in Texas and California only, re-



Kyle

Chris

Monte

Kay



Tim



Oma



Michael

cently moved to Waynesboro

Work skills: Administrative, coordinate and direct services to clients, experienced traveler, interest in computers, video, and photography

Tim explained: "I'm excited to have the opportunity to travel to Ethiopia as a representative of the Shenandoah Valley. I think we have as much to learn from them as they will learn from us. I'm apprehensive about bearing the hardships you read about over there and I hope I can approach the hardships with as much dignity and grace as the Ethiopians."

Oma Lee Rexrode, member, Westminster

Occupation: Nurse, University of Virginia Medical Center

Work skills: Medical skills

Oma recollected: "As a teenager I always wanted to be a missionary. I will get so much more out of going there. I am very eager but scared."

Michael Coy Robinson, member, Finley Memorial

Occupation: Job site coordina-

tor, Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center

Work skills: Vocational School Principal, teaching (vocational, and special education), organizational and planning skills, photography, and manual labor.

Michael put it this way: "When I think about going the part in Matthew 25: 40 comes to mind where... 'I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me.' My perspective or my arrogance of western thought has changed. I'm expecting to learn and to learn to be a better Christian. I feel fully blessed."

Not pictured and unable to go to Ethiopia are Janet Smith and Anne Kelling. The project idea was Janet's brainchild and she is chairperson for the project, according to Kyle. Janet commented: "I am praying for the group and congregation and am more than willing to support them financially." Anne remarked: "They are very courageous and I am happy to support them."---

Habitat for Humanity

A dream can change the world

By LEE ANN HEIZER

Can one person's dream change the world? Skeptics would argue no and oddsmakers would say the probability is low.

Three-year-old Stephen Clark is hoping his world will change because his mom has a dream. The dream is a home for her family. Stephen's mother, Cindy Clark, has been approved as a prospective homeowner with Staunton-Augusta Habitat for Humanity. Habitat for Humanity works with eligible candidates to build a home which will be paid for in monthly financial installments by and with the labor of the potential homeowner.

Currently the Clark family is purchasing the 1967 mobile home where they are living. However for a family of five the housing is inadequate. The two bedroom trailer has a built-on bedroom which provides additional sleeping space but also contributes to inefficient heating.

"It's real cold in the winter here. My cheapest electricity bill last winter was \$400," said Ms. Clark. Stephen Clark suffers from asthma and a heart condition. A properly heated room for him to sleep in is essential. In addition to Stephen, Ms. Clark is also the mother of four-year-old Ciera, six-year-old Nikolas and Ashley, age seven.

A common misconception about Habitat for Humanity is that homes are given to families. In reality, the prospective homeowner family works hand-in-hand with Habitat volunteers in building the dwelling. Individuals working with Habitat for Humanity to earn their own home must contribute 200 hours of sweat equity to qualify. Explained Ms. Clark, "These houses aren't free. It's like I'm working on a job."

Marney Gibbs, public relations chairperson for Staunton-Augusta Habitat for Humanity agrees. "The prospective homeowners must show an attitude of willingness to work. In families where there are two adults each one must contrib-



CINDY CLARK

ute 200 hours of labor," she says.

Habitat for Humanity is in the process of building a home on Wythe Street in Staunton as well as one in Waynesboro on Western Avenue. Ms. Clark has been part of the work force at the Wythe Street site.

"I work on the site as clerk checking people in on their assignments and whatever else they need for me to do," she said. Speaking of the number of hours she has accumulated toward her "sweat equity" down payment, Ms. Clark commented, "I'm almost there!"

The Waynesboro Habitat project has been spearheaded by The Aid Association for Lutherans (AAL) and Mary Alice Henkel, a Waynesboro resident and Habitat board member. "Most of the money for the Waynesboro house has been raised," remarked Marney Gibbs. Individuals' monetary gifts have been matched by AAL to meet the fundraising goal.

An adequate home in a caring community is a dream shared by millions of families in the United States. But is a dream enough? Enough to change the world? The American poet Carl Sandburg said "nothing can happen without a dream." Start with a dream, add hard work and a little help from her community and Cindy Clark can change the world - at least a little part of it. Three-year-old Stephen would agree.---

*Continued from page 4

on the Human Suffering Index with 100 representing the worst conditions and number one the best. Ethiopia is 471,778 square miles with a population of about 55 million and has only two major airfields.

Ethiopia is home to a remarkable mosaic of peoples, cultures, and where more than 80 languages are spoken. Amharic is the official language and English is the major foreign language taught in schools. Ethiopia has a four-tiered educational system much like that found in the United States, however, adult literacy is just above 50 percent.

The largest single group in Ethiopia is the Oromo, although

many other ethnic groups exist. Ethiopian Orthodox Christianity and Islam are each adhered to by about 50 percent of the population. The remainder of the people are Protestants, Roman Catholics, Animist, and followers of local religions.

Rape is almost nonexistent and violent crime is rare even in Addis Ababa, but many Ethiopians are persecuted, imprisoned or worse for their faith, tribal identity, or for other reasons. Many are homeless and starving.

Geography and climate

Ethiopia's geography includes rugged highlands, dense forests and hot lowland plains. The most prominent geographic feature of Ethiopia is the Great Rift Valley

which is prone to earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, deforestation, overgrazing, soil erosion, frequent droughts and famine. The climate of Ethiopia is described as tropical monsoon. The average yearly rainfall is 44 inches. Annually, more than 80 percent of the water of the Nile River comes from Ethiopia's highlands, as does virtually all of the rich silt reaching Egypt's Nile delta. In addition to the often severe weather conditions which exist in Ethiopia, deforestation and soil erosion have caused major famines in the country. Civil war and governmental policy have contributed to the difficulty of delivering supplies to those suffering from starvation as a result of the famines.---

Begin holiday shopping at Habitat

It's never too early to begin thinking about all those holiday gifts you'll be needing to buy.

Begin your shopping this year at Habitat for Humanity. Habitat offers t-shirts, sweatshirts, mugs, cookbooks, miniature houses, and aprons. All proceeds benefit the nonprofit home building organization.

And for that special someone who has everything - give them

an Extraordinary Gift through Habitat for Humanity. Make a contribution to Habitat in someone's honor and a card will be sent to them informing them of their Extraordinary Gift.

For information about Habitat's gifts or the Extraordinary Gift program, call Staunton's Habitat for Humanity office at 886-1944.---

Class at FDHS makes miracles happen

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

FORT DEFIANCE - Every week at Fort Defiance High School a miracle occurs.

Journalism instructor Mike Leonard says publication of the school's weekly newspaper is that miracle.

"Every week I think, 'This paper's not going to come out,' but somehow every week it does," Leonard says of Fort's three-year old newspaper, Indian Nation.

"I just can't believe they do it but they do it every week," he says of the 15 students in his journalism class who are responsible for writing, editing, designing, composing, and printing the school's newspaper.

As unbelievable as it seems to the journalism instructor, however, the newspaper is published each Thursday afternoon and goes on sale Friday morning during the first class period of the day. The difficulty of publishing a weekly newspaper is accentuated by the fact that Fort Defiance is the only high school in the state which produces a newspaper on such a restricted time schedule.

For the Fort press corps, the week begins and ends on Friday. After the sale of the eight-page newspaper - copies fetch 10 cents each - the staff has some time during their seventh period class to relax and enjoy the thrill of accomplishment they feel from successfully completing their week's work.

"It makes us feel important," one staff member says of the students' participation in the journalistic endeavor.

"Watching it (the newspaper) come out when it's printed," one student says is his favorite part of the process.

"Everybody loves the paper. People like getting their picture taken," another student says of the student body's reaction to the publication which is a weekly record of activities at the school and ac-

complishments of its students.

"Basically it's true to form of what's going on in the high school," says Leigh Ann Johnson, a senior and editor of Indian Nation.

"We like to feel like it really is a legitimate newspaper," Leonard says.

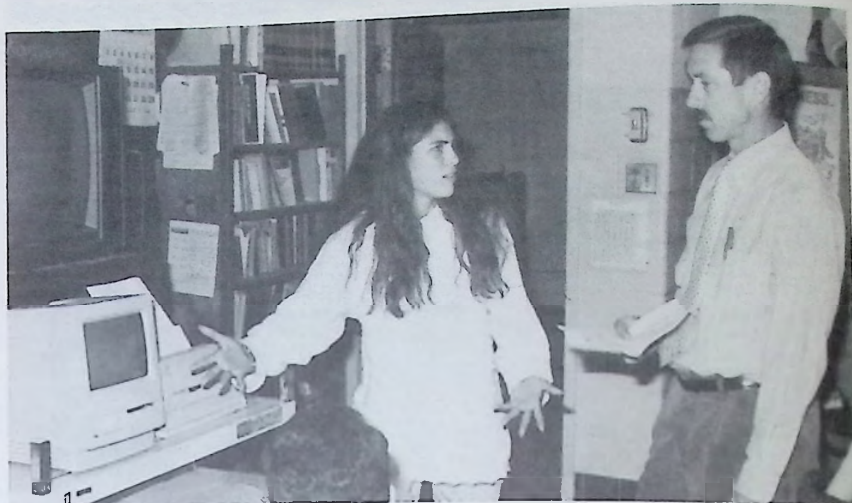
Other than news and feature stories about events happening at the school, Indian Nation also includes a weekly editorial. "From the parapet." A few weeks ago staff member Chris Puffenbarger proposed a return to public hangings as a solution to curbing rampant crime in the United States. It was an idea which drew some fire from his fellow students.

"People came up to me and said they totally disagreed with what I wrote," he said. "When you've written something and you get responses from people, you know you've written something right." (Chris' editorial is reprinted on page 7.)

New to the newspaper this year is a monthly insert called "Left of Center." It is the brainchild of assistant editor Melissa Harris.

"I never get an article in the regular paper," she says of the motivation behind what she calls "the style section" of Indian Nation. Left of Center includes offerings such as "Horrorscopes" and an interview of the week which recently focused on a member of a work crew performing construction at the high school which is currently being renovated and expanded.

In addition to spending some time reveling in the glory of a week's worth of hard work, the Indian Nation staff spends some time on Friday talking about story ideas for the next issue. Assignments are made on Friday and the following Monday afternoon. Tuesday and Wednesday the staff spends time gathering information for and writing articles. It is a process which the students carry out and Leonard oversees. The drone of construction outside the high



The Trials and Tribulations of Newspaper Publication 101 - Melissa Harris, Indian Nation assistant editor, discusses with journalism instructor Mike Leonard a problem

with page layout being performed with the computer. Fort Defiance High School is the only high school in the state to publish a newspaper on a weekly basis.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

school is drowned out by the newspaper staff hard at work inside the high school.

"I need a lead on this. Can you help me?" one student asks her instructor.

"When's my golf thing due?" another student inquires of a deadline.

"I spent all that time waiting to talk to him and I knew exactly what he was going to say," says another staff member after returning from an interview with Fort principal Charles Huffman.

"That doesn't make any difference," Leonard points out. "You've got to talk to him anyway."

"Mr. Leonard, we think we should have a pizza party in here with the money we're making," a student suggests.

But the proceeds from the sale of the newspaper instead have been used for more pragmatic purchases than pizza. A personal computer was bought at the end of the paper's first year of operation and is used to layout and design the paper. Likewise a special camera was purchased to provide the capability of including photographs in the newspaper.

By Wednesday and Thursday of each week, the staff is spending time composing the newspaper in the computer and by Thursday afternoon - if a miracle occurs - 280 copies of the newspaper are printed via a photocopier. It is an accomplishment that can only be achieved with the combined efforts of each of the paper's 15 staff members.

"I have to see that everyone works well together," says Leigh Ann.

And when they don't? "Every week we sit down and yell at each other," says her assistant, Melissa.

Not the typical classroom situ-

ation, Fort's journalism students have more freedom than students in traditional classes.

"Normally kids aren't allowed to wander around the halls," says Leonard of the comings and goings of the newspaper staff as he watches several students dart out the door to interview teachers or other school staff.

But with more freedom also comes more responsibility. The students are expected to meet deadlines. Failure to do so can be academically disastrous.

"If you miss a deadline you get an F for the six weeks," Leonard explains the grading system for the class in which there are no tests. "In order to get an A, a student must complete four articles per six weeks."

"At the beginning of the year I tell them they have to be four things - accurate, objective, thorough, and fearless," the instructor of the journalism class says. "The kids know they have to take responsibility for what they write."

The students are, in fact, more than willing to take responsibility for what they publish.

"We think we should be able to print what we want," one staff member says regarding what they see as some mild censorship by Principal Huffman.

"I have my thumb on it but I don't have my thumb on it," Huffman says of his relationship with the school newspaper. "They're pretty free to print about whatever they want. I don't consider it (censorship) a problem. When we report things we need to make sure we're printing the truth and printing the facts."

The staff has tackled some issues - vandalism at the school and date rape - which generated some controversy. However Leonard notes that only on one occasion

has Huffman needed to reign in the staff.

"He's only really been upset one time," Leonard recalls of some factual misinformation which was included in an editorial. "It wasn't even something that affected him." The misinformation involved a mandate which the editorial attributed to county-level administration when actually the mandate was one made at the state level.

"We had to print a retraction," Leonard says of the manner in which the problem was handled.

"Our editorial policy is that we do not criticize individuals," Leonard says. "We can be critical of the administration but not an individual. We don't want editorials to be nit-picky or peevish. They should be about issues which affect the whole student body."

"The newspaper is well received," Huffman says. "They've done an excellent job in putting together interesting articles. They're trying to present Fort the way it really is."

"I've been really pleased with it," the principal continued. "It's PR (public relations) for us. We've gotten positive comments from teachers and parents. I couldn't be any more pleased with it. The newspaper sells our school to the students, parents, and community in general."

As the school benefits from the newspaper so do the students who produce it. Huffman says the experience of publishing the newspaper is giving students skills they can use beyond high school.

"This is hands on," Huffman says. "It's a skill that they're attaining. The kids need to learn about these things. This is right down the middle of what we're trying to accomplish here at Fort."



Midweek staff conference - Indian Nation staff members Mary Beth Ellinger, Beth Clements, Chris Puffenbarger, and Mickey Good discuss an article for the upcoming publication of their school's newspaper.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

From the parapet

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is an editorial which recently appeared in Indian Nation, the weekly newspaper published by the journalism class at Fort Defiance High School. It is reprinted with permission of Indian Nation.

By CHRIS PUFFENBARGER

The General Assembly met Monday (Sept. 19) in Richmond to discuss Gov. George Allen's "Proposal X." It is Allen's solution to crime and punishment in Virginia. "Proposal X" calls for no parole for violent criminal offenders and for short sentences with productive community service for criminals that have committed minor crimes and infractions.

Even though Allen's intentions are for the good of Virginia, his proposal will not work. Allen's proposal will cost an estimated \$1 billion by the year 2005. In addition, the new prisons needed to house all of the long term inmates will cost an estimated \$950 million, which would double the annual budget of the state prisons department.

These tremendous costs will directly affect every aspect of Virginia's economy. There will be cuts in school budgets, leading to fewer teacher pay raises and less educational spending. Virginia's health and medical programs will lose funds needed for equipment and research, and the budget deficit will skyrocket, meaning higher taxes and fewer public services for most Virginians.

All of these problems can be solved without cutbacks, without new prisons, and without burdens to the citizens of the state. The crime needs to be attacked at its source — the criminals. If they won't listen, then Virginia needs to do something to make them listen. The answer is public hangings. If we publicly hang violent offenders without hesitation the crime rate will almost disappear. Every violent criminal within 50 miles of Virginia will be sweating bullets at the thought of a hangman's noose. All Virginia needs to spend money on is a few ropes. Crime rates all around will drop and people will think twice before committing a crime.

Since Chris' editorial was written, "Proposal X" has been passed by the General Assembly. It was signed into law by Gov. Allen on October 12. The measures will take effect January 1, 1995.---



Showing winners at the Virginia State Fair were, from left, Jill Simmons, Willie Morris, Jason Shiflett, and Ashley Craun.

Photo courtesy Kitra Shiflett

Youth win honors at Virginia State Fair

RICHMOND - Augusta County youth recently brought home honors from the Virginia State Fair.

Exhibiting in the fair's purebred sheep competition, Ashley Craun of Springhill showed the reserve champion Dorset ewe and was the senior showmanship winner.

Jill Simmons of Fort Defiance, exhibited Hampshire rams and ewes which won grand and reserve champion honors in their respective classes.

Jason Shiflett of Grottoes exhibited a Suffolk ram and ewe which were each awarded reserve champion honors.

A Dorset ram exhibited by Rosalea Riley of Rt. 1, Staunton, was awarded reserve champion status.

In the market lamb competition, over 320 lambs from across the state competed for top honors.

Jill showed the grand champion market lamb and grand champion pair of lambs. Her lambs also won two division championships. Jason was also the exhibitor of a division champion and Ashley exhibited a division reserve champion lamb. Willie Morris of Bridgewater exhibited a class winner in the market lamb show.

For their winning efforts, Jill, Jason, Ashley, and Willie each received college scholarship money.

Other Augusta County exhibitors participating in the event included Kim Brinkley, Jennifer Glass, Amanda Shreckhise, and Jason Ball.---

Greenville teen earns Eagle Scout designation

GREENVILLE - Ian Dubinski, 16, of Greenville has earned his Eagle Scout Award.

A member of Boy Scout Troop 13 at Bethel Presbyterian Church, the award was made October 2 in a ceremony at the church.

Ian has been in scouting for nine years and is a junior at Riverheads High



School. To earn the award, he performed a community service project on playground equipment at Bethel. The wooden framework of the play equipment was sealed to protect it from weather damage. Also, the sod beneath the swing area was removed and replaced with a gravel bed. Jon Bush of Stuarts Draft served as adviser for the project.

Troop 13 scoutmaster is Gene Weller of Staunton. Assistant scoutmaster is Stan Thomas of Staunton. Ian is the son of John and Lynne Dubinski of Greenville.---

Is your youth organization planning an event? Let Augusta Country know about it by calling 886-8174 or by writing to AC at P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459. Help us keep your club activities in the news!---

Augusta Farm Bureau honors area youth

FORT DEFIANCE - The Augusta County Farm Bureau honored five area youth at its annual meeting October 3 at Fort Defiance High School.

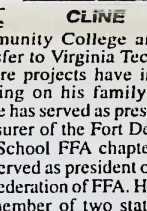
Honored as Young Farmer of the Year was Adam Shiflett, son of David and Kitra Shiflett of Grottoes. Adam is a 1992 graduate of Fort Defiance



SHIFLETT

High School and is currently enrolled in the agriculture economics program at Virginia Tech. He has been a national finalist in FFA competition for diversified livestock production and computers in agriculture. He has won FFA state proficiency awards in sheep production and recordbooks.

The Outstanding Young Agriculturist award was presented to Mark Cline, son of John and Karen Cline of Grottoes. Mark is a student at Blue Ridge Community College and plans to transfer to Virginia Tech. His agriculture projects have included working on his family's dairy farm. He has served as president and treasurer of the Fort Defiance High School FFA chapter and has also served as president of the Augusta Federation of FFA. He has been a member of two state winning dairy judging teams and one state winning dairy foods team.



CLINE

Kate Morris, daughter of Ed and Brenda Morris of Bridgewater, was awarded the Mary Frances Houff Good Citizenship award. Kate is currently attending Virginia Tech and is enrolled in its animal science program. She is a past president of the Fort Defiance

High School FFA chapter.

Ashley Craun, son of Benny and Gail Craun of Staunton, was presented the Youth Leadership award. He is currently serving a term as president of the FFA chapter at Fort and is active in 4-H. He is involved in sheep production, owning a Dorset and Hampshire flock.

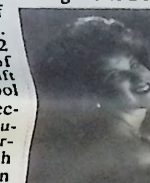


MORRIS

Representing Augusta Farm Bureau as Miss Augusta County Farm Bureau 1995 will be Whitney Terrell.

Whitney is the daughter of Dee Terrell and granddaughter of Bertha Terrell of Waynesboro.

She is a 1992 graduate of Stuarts Draft High School and is a second year student at Virginia Tech majoring in business agriculture.



TERRELL

Plaques were presented to outgoing county directors. Honored were Barbara Wagner of Bridgewater, Bruce Bowman of Fishersville, Charles Drumheller of Swoope, and Andy Seibel of Grottoes.

Other business at the annual meeting included the passage of resolutions concerning issues on the local, state, and national levels. J. Carlton Courter III, Virginia's agriculture commissioner, addressed Farm Bureau members present at the gathering.---

Augusta FFA members heading to Kansas City

Augusta County FFA members will be representing Virginia at the National FFA Convention November 11-18 in Kansas City, Mo.

Fort Defiance High School is sending the state winning livestock judging team consisting of Ashley Craun, Jason Shiflett, Willie Morris and Kate Morris. Also representing Augusta and Fort will be the state winning dairy management team consisting of Adam Hatton, Mark Cline, Randy Mohler and Melvin Heatwole.

Buffalo Gap High School will be sending the state winning extemporaneous public speaker, Lisa Radcliff and American Farmer Degree recipient, David Karicofe. Many of the other county chapters are also sending representatives to the convention.---

Walking a memorable mile

Down on the farm we're thinking about traveling by foot.

We don't usually travel by foot. No, we've gotten way too advanced for that.

Ever since we - that is us humans - became homoerectus we have been walking. It's one of the things about our physiology which separates us from other species of the animal kingdom. Eventually we began to use other members of the animal kingdom for our modes of transportation. Then sometime later someone invented the wheel and we've spent the rest of crea-

Down on the farm

By Betty Jo Hamilton



ation looking for parking places.

Now we travel by cars. We travel by planes. Some of us even travel by rocket ship. But not too many of us travel by foot unless we are forced into it.

We're always looking for the parking place closest to whatever grocery store or movie theater or craft festival we go to so we don't have to walk so far. We forget that it was meant that we should walk. That legs were meant for more than hosiery advertisements and feet were meant for more than wearing a pair of Air Jordans or Etienne Aigners.

It should come as no surprise that I got to thinking about walking one day recently when I found myself stranded at another farm as the result of a mechanical breakdown.

There had been some clover hay to be rolled that day. It would be the last of the season, I was thinking as I had chosen my chore for that afternoon. The tractor and baler were hooked up and ready to go. All that was needed was an operator to run the machines. I traveled to the farm, some three-plus miles from home, onboard the tractor pulling the baler behind. There was no one to accompany me as my father was off on an errand that afternoon. I planned to complete the baling in a couple

hours and travel back home on the same tractor pulling baler on which I had left.

Once I got to the farm, I began in earnest. The hay was cured even though the temperatures had been cool and it had been rained upon once. One bale made, I assumed all was in order and the job seemed as good as done. About 3/4ths the way into the second bale I looked back to see that a tire on the baler had gone flat and the baler was being dragged across the field - the tire being torn to shreds by the rim of the wheel.

At this point I should be writing a quote of what I said when I saw that tire uselessly flopping around the rim of that wheel but I can't because this is a family newspaper and I should truly be ashamed of even having the word which I said come to mind. (Now here's a question that I want to take up with Augusta Country's staff minister - If the thought of a bad word goes through your mind, isn't that just as bad as actually verbalizing it or have you done one bad thing by thinking the bad thought and then if you speak the bad thought is that yet another bad thing?)

At any rate, I did the double whammy by thinking and then verbalizing the bad word - frustrated because the tire was ruined and because the hay was going to go

unmade on that day.

But all was not lost, I thought. Despite my frustration, I pulled the tractor and baler to a level spot in the field and began to unhook the baler from the tractor thinking that I could leave the baler behind and travel home on the tractor. There was still time left in the afternoon to complete other chores even if the hay was not going to get rolled.

I unhooked the PTO shaft, the twine control, set the jack on the baler and was prepared to pull the pin in the tongue. I began to pull on the baler's hydraulic hoses to disconnect them from the tractor's hydraulic ports. They wouldn't budge. I worked the lever to release the pressure and shut off the valves and still no go.

As it happened, the tractor I was using was one we hadn't had very long so I'll admit that I wasn't completely versed in its operation. A few months earlier I'd had my first experience hooking up hydraulic hoses to this tractor and on that occasion transmission fluid had sprayed out of the ports and pretty much all over one side of my head. So, needless to say, I wasn't interested in having another experience with spewing oil. (Are there any hairdressers out there who can give me some tips on getting transmission fluid out of one's hair or should I just be content with making a fashion statement by sporting the "wet look?")

Standing there on top of the hill where I had parked the tractor and baler, I looked around. Not a living soul was in sight. There were some folks down in the next hollow chopping corn but they were almost as far from me as I was from home. I looked in the direction toward home and saw the top of the silo sticking up.

Here was one good thing about

having a 60-foot silo sitting on top of a hill - it could be seen for a number of miles and, although I knew my way home and there was no danger of getting lost, the silo was a marker which would keep me on course. All I had to do was head straight toward it and I would soon be home.

"It's not more than a mile the way the crow flies," I said to myself. "I'll just walk." And thus began my journey.

I reached a fence - the first of four I would have to cross - at the edge of our hayfield and began to climb over. Just when I had balanced all of my weight on the woven wire fence and was straddled it, the wires supporting my feet (and weight) broke. There was that bad thought and that bad word again. I suppose the prolonged pain was punishment for that or maybe the fence breaking was punishment for the bad word I said when the baler tire went flat.

(Now there's a thought. Some ministers spend a lot of time preaching hellfire and brimstone in the hereafter as the wages for our sins in the here-and-now. They might make more progress with steering us onto the paths of righteousness if they held up the possibility of spending eternity straddle a woven wire fence that keeps collapsing with one's weight.) Slightly daunted from falling on top of the fence and with somewhat of a limp, I forged ahead.

"Boy, this sure is a good looking stand of alfalfa," I said as I tramped through knee-high vegetation in the neighbor's field. "He ought to be out here cutting this."

Seeing the lush, green alfalfa made me start thinking about the season. The cooler weather of the

Continued at top of page 9 at *



Just a speck in the distance, the silo served as a landmark to help me travel the shortest route home when I was put on foot following a machinery breakdown.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

Sheep producers get back to basics

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

STEELES TAVERN - Area sheep producers got back to the basics of sheep production during an educational program held Oct. 10 at the Research Station here.

Rod Miller, a Rockingham County veterinarian, gave sheep producers an overview of the appropriate methods to administer medications to sheep. He explained to producers that it is preferable to give injections in the neck area of the sheep. This method, he said, would be most likely to prevent injection site reactions.

Choosing an area in front of the sheep's shoulder and along the side of the neck, Miller said, would prevent damage to the sheep's carcass when administering subcutaneous injections. The

veterinarian pointed out that abscesses caused by improper injection techniques devalue the quality of valuable parts of the carcass. He also pointed out a location under the sheep's front leg which could be used for subcutaneous injections.

Intramuscular injections also should be given in the neck area, Miller noted. He indicated an area over the shoulder and just behind the front leg as being the preferred site for IM injections. Sheep which are being kept for breeding purposes may be injected intramuscularly in the rump or hind leg, he said. However, lambs being readied for slaughter should never be injected in the hind quarter.

"You're reducing the value of the animal if you get reactions at injection sites," Miller said. He also cautioned producers against injecting sheep when the wool is wet.

Of the variety of vaccines which must be used on sheep, Miller outlined those which should be administered subcutaneously or intramuscularly. He also explained about different types of vaccines available and on what time schedule each should be given.

A injection of selenium may help prevent white muscle disease, he said, and oxytocin can be used to spur the production of milk in a ewe which has just lambed.

The veterinarian noted that an 8-way clostridial vaccine may be administered to pregnant ewes at both eight and four weeks prepartum to inoculate for tetanus and overeating disease. Injecting the ewes provides some immunity to newborn lambs through the ewe's colostrum, he said.

At four weeks of age lambs, Miller said, should be vaccinated for overeating disease which he

described as a "fast killer" of young lambs. To provide adequate protection against this malady, lambs should receive a booster shot for overeating.

Also available is a vaccine for foot rot, according to Miller. This is used primarily on adult animals.

Due to production losses associated with internal parasites, Miller encouraged producers to initiate management practices which will reduce exposure to parasites. He explained that ewes within two to three weeks of lambing seem to be less resistant to parasites. This causes more eggs to be excreted thereby creating heavy infestations in pastures on which small lambs are beginning to graze.

A combination of deworming and pasture management can be effective in controlling parasites, Miller said. He suggested a pro-

gram of three to four treatments for worms in the late spring and early summer as the preferred method to control losses to parasites.

Pete Martens, Rockingham County extension agent, challenged sheep school participants to be innovative and observant in working with their sheep flock.

Lambing season, Martens pointed out, is the time when sheep producers must be most observant to prevent losses among arriving and newborn lambs.

"You've got to think about saving lambs and getting them on the ground and growing," Martens said. "Lay out a plan of when you're going to check the ewes and stick with it."

Once lambs arrive, Martens said there are a number of things which need the attention of sheep pro-

Continued on page 9 at *

* Continued from page 8

late summer days and nights had prompted the alfalfa to grow better than it had since spring. It was then that I began to look around me instead of just down at the ground where I was walking.

We know the season's change, but sometimes we don't always notice them changing. One day, it seems, we wake up and it's summer. At the height of summer it seems like it will last forever. Then the days begin to shorten and we sense the nearness of fall. Indian summer lulls us into a kind of seasonal passiveness and we forget that fall is the prelude to winter. Days in the fall, like those in the spring, can feel a part of one season for part of the day and part of another season for the rest of the day.

On the day I found myself traveling on foot, the threat of a mid-day rain had turned a late summer morning into an early fall afternoon. The creatures moving about in the fields and pastures told of the change in the seasons. Crickets and katydids were chirping instead of robins and bluebirds. Woolly worms were rippling past. There was not a bumble bee bumbling anywhere. A Great Blue Heron sailed over and I remembered it had been some time since I had seen the white crane which

spent the summer in our meadow.

Nearing the line fence of another neighbor's property, I chose my point of crossing a bit more carefully this time. I tested the fence with my weight before I got crosswise it, then crossed over - this time without mishap which was fortunate since I was still a bit tender from the earlier incident.

"Look at all the grass in this field," I said of the neighbor's hayfield which had been cut early in the summer and not yet grazed. Sure there was a lot of foxtail and ragweed grown up, but it was obvious there would be a lot of fall and early winter feed for cattle in this field.

"Wonder if he wouldn't rent this pasture for a couple months?" I thought of my neighbor who would be selling his summer-grazed yearling steers before too much longer. If there's anything farmers hate to see it good pasture going to waste.

As my shoes filled with seeds from the ragweed and foxtail while I trudged across the hayfield, I was reminded again of the change in the season. Instead of the softness of summer grasses beneath my feet, I was feeling the crunch of dried weed and grass stems. Milkweed pods had burst and spewed their frothy seed clusters into the wind. Nettles and cockleburrs

grabbed at my shoestrings.

With the threat of rain past, the clouds broke apart and the afternoon sun began to warm things up a bit.

"I'm getting hot," I said as I peeled off my hooded sweatshirt. Only an hour or so earlier I had been wishing I had worn an additional jacket on what then had been a cool afternoon.

The steers in the neighbor's pasture swung their heads up from grazing and eyed me suspiciously. Some nervously trotted off in another direction.

I had been anticipating crossing a creek for some time, wondering where I might be able to do so without getting my feet wet. I had the option of walking to the road and crossing the bridge there but found myself determined to save as many steps as possible on the trip overland. (Or maybe it was just laziness.)

Once at the creek, I found the water level somewhat lower than it normally would be. "Boy, this creek sure is down," I thought to myself, then recalled that we'd had no rain for several weeks and had also had a very dry early summer. I had little trouble finding a shal-

low spot and stepped my way from one rock to another to cross the creek without getting my feet wet (or falling in).

The terrain of my travel had dropped so that I had not been able to see the top of the silo for some time. I was trying to keep to my straightline course which I had earlier set, having used treetops and fencelines as additional markers to keep me on my chosen path. As I topped the last hill (having crossed yet another woven wire fence safely), the aluminum roof of the silo appeared directly ahead of me. A few more steps and the 60-foot structure was visible in its entirety.

"That wasn't so bad," I found myself thinking, now within a quarter-mile of my house. I had managed to get myself home traveling on foot and had gotten a few extra rewards in the process.

Walking on that particular afternoon made me think about walking - and traveling - in general. Earlier that same day I had traveled a 100-mile loop throughout Augusta County delivering newspapers. A trip, of course, which I had made by automobile. During that time I was struck by the ex-

tensiveness of farmland in Augusta County as it had blurred past my car windows. Later, having walked a mile across Augusta County farmland I realized I had seen more in that one mile than I had seen in 100 miles by car. The one mile walk had been memorable. I had forgotten most of what I had seen in the 100-mile automobile trip.

For the most part, we find ourselves too busy down on the farm to spend much time traveling by foot. But we're thinking that it's something we should take more time to do. And maybe do it even when there's not a flat tire to make us do it.



As I walked the memorable mile, the silo got larger...



...and larger and larger, until finally...



...I had found my way home.

* Continued from page 8

ducers. Ewes with newborns should be confined to pens to insure that the lambs have a chance to nurse and be taken care of by the ewe. The lamb's navel cord should be clipped and dipped in iodine to prevent infections from entering the lamb's system through the cord.

Martens suggested that producers keep records on each ewe to determine whether it should be kept in the flock or culled due to poor performance. He also noted that lambs need to be castrated and docked within two weeks of birth.

Sheep producers will have another opportunity to increase their knowledge of sheep production January 23, 1995 when another sheep school will be held. This program will include information about different breeds of sheep and the advantages and disadvan-

tages of each. A school will be held at a location in Highland County or Bath County and the same program will be offered at a site in Rockingham County or Augusta County. The places and times will be announced at a later date.

Also making presentations at the Steeles Tavern school were Andy Allen, farm management Extension agent; Rodney Leech, Extension agent; Martin Lowney, USDA animal control; and Steve Umberger, Virginia Tech Extension animal scientist. Sponsors for the sheep school were Rockingham Cooperative Farm Bureau, West Virginia Fence Co., Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau, Draft Feed and Supply, and the Augusta County Sheep and Wool Association.



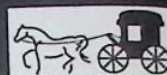
Rod Miller, center, a Rockingham County veterinarian, shows Ron and Elizabeth Jackson of Saville Hill Farm in Lexington,

the proper way to administer a subcutaneous injection to sheep.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton



Yesterday once more



Hatton Pond Church survives test of time through spirit of its members

By NANCY SORRELLS

HATTON POND - More than a century ago, in a rural African-American community between Stuarts Draft and Greenville, it was felt a church was needed. Today, 112 years later, the small farming community of Hatton Pond has all but disappeared, but Hatton Pond Baptist Church is still going strong, a symbol of the strength of the spirit of its members.

The church, situated on a hillside on the western side of Va. 608, is one of the oldest African-American churches in Augusta County.

According to the oral tradition of the church, it was in 1882 that Brother Braxton Sellers and Brother David Stuart (or Stuard) founded the church. They were soon joined by other members in the community, including Brother John Bell. The three became the first deacons of the church.

"As long as anyone can remember there has always been a community here," said Linda Darcus, the current choir leader and wife of the church's deacon. "They felt the need for God's word and they got together, gave the land and built the church."

The spirit quickly swept through the community and in the church's first revival there were nine professions of faith. Today, though only one family remains in the community and the membership of the church has dipped to 18, the white weatherboarded structure with its red trim swells with the sounds of worship.

Although most of the members have to drive from Staunton out to the church, a typical Sunday finds most members early



The Rev. Clarence Edward Harris prepares to lead Hatton Pond congregation in worship. The arrangement of the pulpit in the church is essentially unchanged since 1882.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

for the 11:15 a.m. service. For the next hour to hour and a half the church fills to the rafters with the skillful singing of the choir and congregation and is then revived by the spirited sermon delivered by the church's youthful preacher, the Rev. Clarence Edward Harris.

"I love being here," the 32-year-old man of God said. "We are looking for growth, and I am expecting God to do good things." Harris is joined at the church each Sunday by his wife, Deneen, and their 15-month-old daughter, Ashleigh.

Harris is only the eighth pastor to lead the church since 1882, an incredible accomplishment that says much about the spirit of the church.

The church's first minister was the Rev. Carr, while the second was James Lee. He was followed by the Rev. Pamp Greene who preceded the Revs. Washington and Essey.

The sixth pastor, the Rev. James M. Jones remains dear to the hearts of many of the older members. After serving for 39 years, Jones passed away in 1959.

"Rev. Jones was truly a man of God," recalled Tommy Darcus, the church's only deacon. "If I needed a dollar and he had a dollar, then that dollar was for me."

Jones was followed by the Rev. Albert Walker who served the church for 21 years.

Probably nobody remembers more about the church in its earlier days than Clara Woodson, who at 78, is the Mother of the Church, and Leroy Parrish, who at 77 is the oldest male member of the church.

Clara married George Woodson who grew up in the Hatton Pond community.

"Oh it used to be a full church. Yes

indeedy. There were homecomings, women's days, men's days, Christmas programs. There was always something going on here," she remembered.

Despite their years at the church, though, neither can remember the reason behind the church's name. There were no people, white or black, living in the area, so the name remains a bit of a mystery. However, Linda Darcus may have discovered the answer when she was trying to pry the church's history from some of the older members who have since passed on.

"There is a pond back beyond the church called Hatton Pond, and these people told me that in the older days when the men and women would go courting that the men would toss their hats on the pond and the women would select the hat floating by of the man they were interested in! According to them, that's how 'Hat on Pond' gets its name," Linda said.

According to current church members, the congregation has always been filled with the families who lived in the area. That would have been Sellers, Stuarts, Darcuses, Bells, and Woodsons. According to the church's deed, which was not recorded until quite a few years after the church had been founded and built, the 3/4-acre lot was given to the trustees of the church, Johnson Bell and Braxton Sellers, by John Darcus and his wife Carrie (Stuart) Darcus. The land was simply carved out of the edge of tracts owned by the people of Hatton Pond.

Within a few years of the church's founding, Brother Charlie Stuart and Brother Archie Darcus also became deacons of the church, while Sister Carrie Darcus and Sister Julie Sellers became the first deaconesses.

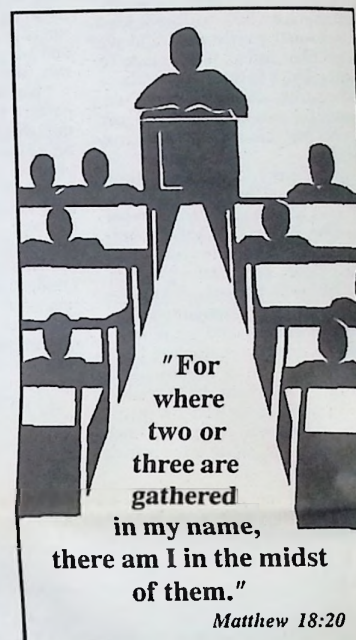
The Darcus family tradition has carried on to this day in the form of 54-year-old Tommy, the current church deacon. He was born and raised in this community, and, although he now lives in Staunton, he returns here every Sunday. As Deacon he and his wife and children take their duties at the church very seriously. Painting the building, taking care of the cemetery and doing the church's paperwork all fall on their shoulders.

"This is my stomping ground," Tommy said of the church and the surrounding countryside. "I remember when there was a potbellied stove in this church and 30 some children who would go to Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Roy Darcus, Elizabeth Parrish and Clara Woodson were the teachers."

He just packed this church. There was old timey gospel singing. The singing was by lining. One person would start a song and then the people in the church would sing it. They didn't believe in instruments. They believed in the instruments God had given them and that was their voices," Tommy explained.

"In this community everybody was kiss-

*Continued at top of page 11 at **



"For where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Matthew 18:20



Seated on Hatton Pond Church steps are Linda and Tommy Darcus and their granddaughter, Brittany Darcus. Linda is the church's choir director and Tommy is the deacon. Tommy's family helped found the church.



Leroy Parrish, the oldest male member of Hatton Pond, and Clara Woodson, the church's oldest member and Mother of the Church, stand outside the church after a recent Sunday morning worship service.

**Continued from page 10*

ing brothers and you just hollered out the back door to the others," he said with a deep-throated chuckle. "You were always invited on Sunday to someone's house to eat and there was plenty. They also made their own apple ciders and had that."

Tommy's wife, Linda, has been coming to Hatton Pond since the two of them started dating. "I used to attend the big churches and I felt lost. I met Tommy and came here to one service and everyone greeted me as if they had known me a lifetime. I never felt so good walking into a church. As the current choir director, she has inherited a job founded by Leroy Parrish's wife, Elizabeth, who was the church's first choir director and also the director of the children's programs. The first organist in the church was Lucille Darcus, while the second was Caspar Miller.

Linda has been going to the church for many years now and her children were all baptized here. She remembers many of the crowd-drawing special events and has picked the brains of the older members to learn more about the church's history.

"There were lawn parties and homecoming rallies and the harvest sale service. I remember coming to the harvest sale and thinking that the churches in town just didn't do these things. There were baskets of tomatoes, corn, homemade cakes and craft items. Aprons were one of the favorite items. And there were all kinds of aprons. The lawn parties were a way of getting people together too. All the community churches could come together. At the gatherings there was plenty of food - chicken and ham sandwiches were a favorite," Linda said in describing those days when the church lot was filled with the young and old.

Over the years, the church has also sent five of its children on to become ministers of the gospel including Eicky and James Woodson and Archie, Henry and Phillip

Darcus. Eicky, who now preaches at Oak Hill, was the youngest deacon ever at Hatton Pond. Although the Rev. Harris was not a member of Hatton Pond as a child, he did visit on several occasions. "I liked him as a child," noted Tommy. "As he grew he turned into a godly man."

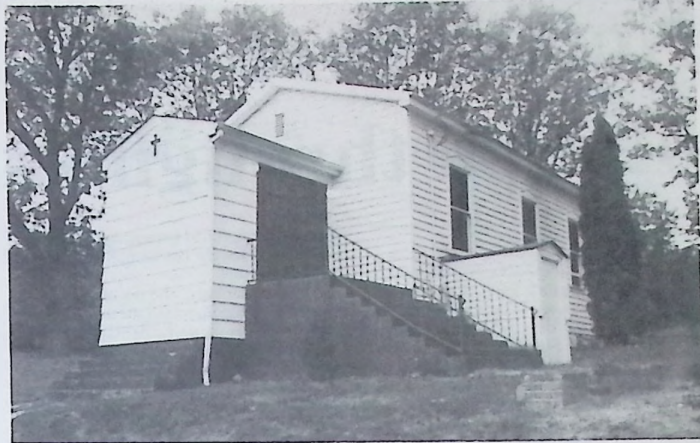
Just as the congregation and community have changed over the years, so too has the church. The main structure of the building has remained, but a small extension has been added to the back and the vestibule has been enclosed. A side entrance has been added, although the earlier stairs leading straight down the hill to the road still remain. "In the old days most of the people walked to the church," Tommy recalled of the time when the road was just a small country road. "But those who drove just parked right on the road. We very seldom closed for the weather, not even when we had to keep feeding the pot bellied stove."

Although some of the church's interior has been rearranged, the pulpit, pulpit chairs and central bannister remain as they were in 1882. "We used to have plain benches and plain floors," Clara recalls of the interior. Tommy agrees, pointing to some of the original plank benches which are still brought out and used for special occasions.

"There were 24 benches in the middle and the aisles were on the side. On big days we would take the benches outside and clean them and then bring them back inside," he said.

Today the church has a center aisle and tiled floors and the potbellied stove has been replaced by a furnace. The original church also had plain glass windows which were replaced with large amber panes about 50 or 60 years ago by a local carpenter named Cecil Miller.

A few years back as the younger people in the community grew up and moved away, the church appeared to falter a bit as membership dropped, but in the last few years



Hatton Pond Baptist Church, located on Va. 608 between Greenville and Stuarts Draft, is still going strong even though the once thriving community from which it takes its name has all but vanished. In this photo, the original steps of the church can be seen. The steps at the side were added at a later date.

there has been an upswing of spirit and activity. The youthful Rev. Harris has even started the church's first male chorus which, along with the choir, often performs at area community functions.

"We're very active and that's what I have always liked," Linda explained. "We're still strong and still working for the church. We would like anybody to come to worship with us. We don't care who they are as long as they are working for Christ."

"We were all families here," Tommy explained. "We've been determined to keep it going one way or another and so we smile and keep going, but in the last few years people have started coming back." As the

Mother of the Church, Sister Woodson likes what she sees going on in the congregation. Every week, as long as she can get a ride from her home in Cedar Green, she keeps coming back.

"I love it, that's why I'm still here. I think that Rev. Harris is going to bring it back out. I enjoy watching 'em do and I'm sure that they're gonna make this church stand out in history 'cause they got the drive. There's a lot of memories here. Outside of my home church (near Buffalo Gap) this is the only church I ever belonged to. As long as I can get here, I'll be here until the Lord calls me."---

Thanksgiving: From the pilgrims to Roosevelt

By NANCY SORRELLS

On Thursday November 15th 1855, Francis McFarland of Augusta County opened his diary and recorded the following passage:

"This is a day of Thanksgiving - the first I think ever recommended by a Governor of Virginia & I think the Recommendation was universally popular. Our Synod also recommended the observance of the day. I preached at Bethel to a very large Congregation. I called on M. Pilson & David Gilkeson to pray. It seemed to be an interesting day."

On the fourth Thursday in November, families across America will gather to celebrate the Thanksgiving holiday. Although the tradition of thanksgiving stretches back almost 400 years, the celebration has been neither continuous nor uniform in those four centuries. Today's Thanksgiving is celebrated on the fourth Thursday in November, but past Thanksgivings in America have been celebrated in February, May, August and September as well as November.

Although elementary children have always learned that the Pilgrims at Plymouth Colony in present-day Massachusetts celebrated the first thanksgiving in 1620, at least three other sites in North America claim earlier Thanksgivings.

On May 27, 1578, the shores of New-

foundland were host to what was most likely the first Thanksgiving service when thanks was given upon safe arrival of a sailing expedition. A bit further south, in the Popham colony along the coast of Maine, there are claims of a thanksgiving celebration in 1607.

It is Virginia, however, not Massachusetts,

which claims to have held the "first official" thanksgiving on orders from King James of England. The thanksgiving, held on December 4, 1619 was almost a year before the Pilgrims sat down with their Indian neighbors for a harvest feast. The occasion for the thanksgiving was for the colonists' safe arrival in the New World. The

colonists were supposed to celebrate their arrival date in an annual thanksgiving, which they did until they were massacred in an Indian attack in 1622.

Of course, the most famous early thanksgiving was the pilgrim celebration. Ironically, the exact date of the week-long feast is not known, only that it fell somewhere between September 23 and November 11, 1620. The purpose of the thanksgiving was to honor the pilgrims' first harvest after near starvation the winter before. Included in the celebration were the neighboring Indians, who also chipped in with a great deal of the food.

Since those early years of our country, it has become traditional to declare days of thanksgiving for good harvests, good times or just good luck, like being spared from death in an epidemic or military battle. The first national thanksgiving day was in 1777 when the Continental Congress declared a day of thanks for victories over the British. The celebration was duplicated every year until after the peace treaty in 1784.

As the new country called the United States began growing, a New Jersey delegate in Congress introduced a resolution that the new president, George Washington, declare a national day of thanksgiving. Interestingly enough, the idea was not an immediate success. Thomas Jefferson, among many others, resisted the idea of the federal government meddling in the newly-

See **THANKSGIVING**, page 20



A 1911 postcard commemorating Thanksgiving.

Postcard courtesy Thomas F. Helzer

North River native preserves history of area through stories of his youth

By NANCY SORRELLS

BRUSHY MOUNTAIN - Mose Kiracofe is a natural-born story teller. And the stories he remembers are from a time that has passed on - of the days when the community around Mt. Solon and Sangerville moved at a slower pace and people had time to sit and talk and socialize.

Mose is a big man, with silver hair and sharp blue eyes and a wit that could stop a bobcat in its tracks. And when he starts recalling those old tales, of those years when the 20th century was still young, it behooves a person to listen and learn...

"Back in those days the ladies had quilting bees where they would get together and talk and sew. Well, the men had foxchasing at night. They would build a big fire and somebody would bring potatoes, somebody would bring butter and somebody would bring hotdogs. They would bury the potatoes in the coals and turn the dogs loose to chase the foxes. The men knew the different dogs by their voices so they could stay by the fire and know how the chase was going. They would eat, pass around a jug or two of hard cider and tell yarns," Mose explained.

What kind of yarns were swapped around the fire?

"Oh about local characters and what different people had done, it was never slanderous or gossipy," Mose said. Like the story about "Lyn' Tom Horn."

"He was the one who was tellin' one time about the time he was paintin' the barn and fell off the scaffold, and bounced for three weeks. He had on gum boots and he bounced for three weeks, and his wife had to bake biscuits and throw 'em to him to keep him from starving to death!"

A little closer to the truth was the story of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baker:

"Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baker lived in a little old dilapidated house, sort of like an old sawmill shanty, and the story is told that when Fred and his wife were gettin' married, they went to Mr. Martin Sanger. Mr. Sanger was a preacher in the Church of the Brethren, and he performed the marriage ceremony. Mr. Baker asked Mr. Sanger what he owed him, and he said, 'Well, the law allows me two dollars,' which of course was the minimum that he thought he was supposed to get, according to the law. (Mr. Baker) said well, here's 50 cents, that'll make it two dollars and half."

"Some years later, quite a few years later, a couple of men were grouse huntin' up on Little River. They were comin' out and it was cold, November, and the stream was high. Mrs. Baker had decided she wanted to go home to Brushy Fork. So she started walkin' and she was goin' up Little River. Well, she started up Little River and she had to wade the water, and the men found her up there as she was trying to get along. Her

dress was wet, it had frozen, so they picked her up and brought her on home. That was in November.

"Well, in January, she decided she was goin' to try it again, which she did - she tried it again. She went up Little River, through the old Sangerville hunters' camp, took the Buck Mountain trail up the mountain to where it run into Brushy Mountain. She went out Brushy Mountain to the head of North River, that's the way she was gonna go - to the top of Shenandoah Mountain, and down off the mountain into Brushy Fork. But she didn't make it that far. She got almost to the head of North River, and she obviously froze to death. So the next spring, Charlie Howdyshell, who ranged cattle in the mountain, was up there in May or June salting his cattle. The dogs suddenly bristled all up and went runnin' up through the brush, and he went up to see what it was. And there he found her remains, her skeleton. The animals and birds had picked it and there was nothing left but the skeleton. So he came back and told all about it. When they told Mr. Baker, what had happened, that they'd found his wife's remains - they had a pasteboard suitcase that they'd identified her by - and the question he asked was: 'Did you find the 75 cents and that pocketknife of mine that she took with her?'"

Mrs. Baker's sad story has stuck in Mose's mind for nearly seven decades. Not only did he hear the tale from the older men of the community, but he recalls when it happened.

"I remember when they buried her. Four men went up there. They carried lumber up there in the mountain, walked in, and built a box for the bones. They also took some homemade whiskey so they could better steel themselves for the unpleasant job of burying her. By the time they got off the mountain they were sloshed! That was the first time I ever saw anyone drunk and I was scared stiff! I also saw my first airplane that day," Mose recalls.

Although he was quite young, Mose remembers meeting the burying party coming off the mountain. But despite the fact that he has ranged and roamed over most of the mountain and forest along what is the corridor between three counties, Rockingham, Augusta, and Highland, and two states, Virginia and West Virginia, Mose had never been to the exact spot where Mrs. Baker's remains were laid to rest.

That is, until a recent sunny Saturday in October.

On that day as we bumped our way through the mountains west of Staunton, it quickly became clear that Mose knew his way around the markerless region that is George Washington National Forest. Not only did he point out spots where he had seen bear, grouse and even a cougar, but he knew where the long vanished human inhabitants had lived, worked and died.



Mose Kiracofe, a North River native and resident of Staunton, kneels next to the marker of Martha Moats Baker's grave on Brushy Mountain in northwestern Augusta County. Mose recalled the story of Mrs. Baker's 1925 journey through the mountains which ended when she froze to death. Mrs. Baker had left the North River area and was enroute to visit her family some 30-40 miles away in Brushy Fork, W.Va.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, now slow up here," he instructed as we drove along a stretch of road darkened by the shadows of hemlock trees. When we stopped, a chill that may or may not have been caused by the fall breeze ran up our spines. Mose pointed out a small cemetery - of Shifletts and Todds he said - marked only by tall, irregular, unmarked stone slabs and fighting with the towering trees for a foothold in the earth. "I was walking through here once and a grouse took off and scared me out of three year's growth," Mose said in describing his feelings as we passed through the silent graveyard.

Hidden on a hillside a bit further down the road is the Puffenbarger family cemetery, filled with members of a mountain family who once lived in these parts and scraped out a living selling berries, ginseng and wild game. Of the 11 or so graves sinking in among the trees, four are marked, including one stone crudely but poignantly inscribed by hand: "EP DIED THE 18 OF APRIL 1889."

It didn't matter what hollow we rambled through or which ridge we rumbled over, Mose could tack a bit of history and a name to the faceless forest.

"We called this the Flat Woods. People used to range cattle up here on top of the mountain on the sods (naturally cleared places which are also called balds). They also ranged hogs up here. There was Cold Spring Sod, Flagpole Sod, High Gimlet and Low Gimlet Sod. Yessir, there's not much about these mountains that I don't know," Mose noted during our travels.

Finally after several hours of following the gravel track through the forest, the road turned to a dusty pink and we were headed up toward Reddish Knob and the area where Mrs. Baker met her wintry fate. "The road we are traveling on was built by the CCC in the 1930s, but there have always been roads

here that went over the top of the mountain. That's what this old lady was following. The Baker place is on the next ridge (to the east) an easy 15 miles away. She would have started off near North River Gap and followed Little River up toward Hearstone Lake and to Buck Mountain and then Brushy Mountain which is where she froze. Her intention would have been to go on to Click's Hacken, which is a place where a man named Click hacked out a clearing to range cattle and also built a one-room cabin. She would have passed by the Shiflett place (where the cemetery is) and gone on to Brushy Fork but she never made it," Mose explained.

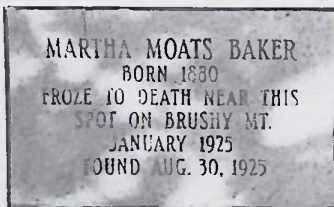
As we retraced Mrs. Baker's intended route, we found ourselves on top of Brushy Mountain. And there at 3,885 feet above sea level in a clearing along a rough forest road, we found Mrs. Baker's final resting place. For Mose, it was conclusive evidence which verified the story and patchy memories he had held for nearly 70 years.

As he knelt beside the granite marker and gently pulled away some of the overgrown grass he had to chuckle. "Well, I'll be. So I was seven years old when I met the men coming out of the mountain. And Mrs. Baker was only 45. I had in mind that she was much older. I guess Charlie Howdyshell was right up here salting his cattle and his dogs went running off in the brush over there and that's where he found the bones. Seeing this does my old soul a lot of good."

He stood up and glanced down at the marker once more. There, carved into the stone, was Mrs. Baker's story:

"**MARTHA MOATS BAKER** :Born 1880, Froze to Death Near This Spot On Brushy Mt. January 1925, Found Aug. 30, 1925"

"Well, there she is," Mose said softly. "Bless her old soul."---



This stone has been placed at the grave of Martha Moats Baker on Brushy Mountain in northwestern Augusta County.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Reminisce...

Mose Kiracofe recalls traditions, delicacies of bygone days

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON - There are things Leon "Mose" Kiracofe remembers about growing up in northern Augusta County that just leave other people with quizzical looks. Belsnickling? Belling? Eating Snitzen and Knepp and smearcase?

Mose was born in Mt. Solon in 1918. His great-great grandfather came to this country from Germany in the 1700s and his family still incorporated its strong German heritage into everyday life, especially at mealtime.

"I still remember snitzen and knepp (snitz were cut and dried apples) which is kind of like apple dumplings. Mother used leather coat apples which were sweet and small. She would slice small pieces the size of a dime and lay them in the sun to dry. One of my jobs was to keep the flies off! She would put in snitz, ham and dumplings. It was good eating, but heavy eating and lay heavy on the stomach," Mose recalls.

Memories of his mother in the kitchen come fast and furious when he starts thinking about mealtime as a boy. The kitchen was the place where delicious treats emerged, but also a place where his mother worked and the children helped out with chores. Mose recalls his mother sharpening her knives on the tops of crocks, while special treats like hickory nut cookies only came at Christmas when the kids helped out with the tedious task of picking the hickory meat from the nut.

"You've never lived until you've eaten hickory nut cookies, but the nuts are harder to crack than black walnuts," he said, perhaps explaining why the

cookies were so appreciated and savored.

Other foods also appeared and disappeared with the seasons. "We ate wilted lettuce. This was a hot dressing poured over the first lettuce of the spring. After going all winter without greens, it was good. We would put spring onions on it and I'd pig out on that! The best piece of eatin', though, was the hot cole slaw. It was finely shredded cabbage with a hot dressing of vinegar, sugar, milk and celery seed.

"We would also eat smearcase (similar to cottage cheese). Mother would let the skim milk separate and then hang the curds in a cloth bag on the clothesline to let the whey drip out. She used the whey to rinse her dishes - said it made the dishes sparkle," he said. After the curds were finished dripping, they would be smashed and "pure Jersey cream" would be added. "We had that quite often for dessert. That with huckleberry preserves or sorghum molasses. Whew-ee, it was good."

Another dessert favorite of the family was deep dish apple pie. "Dad always wanted what he called a 'corner lot' of the pie because he could get more crust," Leon added with a chuckle. "The pie was heated and served with sweetened milk."

When supplies of a particular food ran low, Leon recalls his mother improvising. Potato stretch was one such recipe. "It was made from cubed potatoes with bread crumbs and eggs added to it. The whole thing was fried."

Superstitions were also part of everyday living in the North River region of Augusta County. "If a cucumber was bitter, it was because you peeled it from the

wrong end," he said, quickly adding: "But don't ask me which end was correct because I don't know!"

"Mother would also look out in the field and if the crows were feeding out there it meant that bad weather was coming. Everybody also said that you could tell the number of snows in the winter by counting the number of fogs in August, but I never did count."

Many of the superstitions seemed to involve food, particularly pork which was a mainstay on Valley farms. "It was said you should always buy a ham from the left side of the pig because a pig scratches itself with the right leg so that side would be tougher. Also a right-handed person should always cut a right-sided ham and a left-handed person should cut a left-sided ham," Mose remembered.

"Panhause was one of our breakfast staples. It was made of every doggone thing but the squeal and it was sliced and fried. Ham pot pie was made when the good slicing ham was gone. What was left was cooked 'til the meat came off the bones. Then peeled potatoes were put in. Next Mother would make biscuit dough and cut it into squares and drop that in. That was good eatin' but it was salty. You would eat a pint of ham pot pie and drink nine gallons of water!"

Not everything served at the Kiracofes' table, however, was "good eating." "Man, I despised liver pudding," Mose declared with a grimace. "It was made with the broth from the panhaus and I was always glad when we traded that off for something else."

Many of the traditions Leon grew up with are no longer practiced, although a few old-timers still remember them.

Take Belsnickling for instance.

During Christmas, people would disguise themselves with ugly and evil costumes and then go visiting or belsnickling as it was called. It was the task of the host farm families to try and guess who the masked, nocturnal visitors were. According to Mose, the visitors usually hit six or 10 farms a night and anybody was fair game as long as the light was still on.

"When I was a kid, belsnicklers scared me to death," Mose recalls. "You had to guess who the visitors were and if you didn't, you had to treat them, usually with cider and sugar cakes or milk and coffee." People went to great lengths to disguise themselves he added. "The belsnickle masks were standard items at the local store. They were just cheap paper mache faces like the devil or some weird looking face. If you didn't have a mask, you could make one with a piece of cloth or a paper sack. People would even trade cars and horses so you couldn't guess who was visiting."

Leon also remembers the "shanghaiing" that went on during the Christmas season. "This was like belsnickling except it went on during the day and they really got into trading horses for this."

Another custom that involved visiting was belling. Groups of people would travel to the home of a newly wedded couple with the hopes of waking them up late at night. The rowdy visitors would make noise outside the house until, as tradition required, the young couple opened the door and invited the visitors in for some food. "You usually did this 10 days or two weeks after the wedding. You tried to time it so that the couple still had some



MOSE KIRACOFE

of the wedding cake to feed you because after that it was sometimes pretty slim pickins if the girl didn't know what she was doing in the kitchen yet!"

As a youngster, Leon also remembers quite a different school schedule than today's students are used to. "For a time in the North River District, we went to school on Saturday and were off on Monday. This was so the girls could help with the wash day which was always on Monday. The boys helped with farm chores," he says in noting a time when household chores were expected of everyone in the family.

Washday was important enough that there was a special dinner prepared on Mondays. "Potatoes and Jackets with fried side meat," Mose says. "We would peel the potatoes, pour grease in them and mash them."

Most of the foods, superstitions and traditions have died out. Many are just memories in the minds and hearts of old-timers like Mose. But if they pass on the stories, the memories won't fade away. Instead they will travel to the next generation. And besides, Mose's granddaughter has promised that this Christmas, just like those years ago, he will again get the chance to nibble on a hickory nut cookie.---

Augusta Country

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Country Crossroads

The joys of home improvement

It's that time of year again. The time of year that Hank and Irma dread. The time of year that makes the hours their horns are locked over income tax returns in February seem like a honeymoon.

What is it in November that gets Hank and Irma down? Is it election day—known to spark many a marital inferno? Perhaps it is hearing those first Christmas carols, a reminder that absolutely no holiday shopping has been done? Maybe it's the fact that the ever-exorbitant real estate tax is soon due?

No. Hardy souls that they are, Hank and Irma can weather all these storms with a smile. What puts a frown on their faces in November is "home improvement." For many folks home renovation and enhancement is an ongoing adventure that leads to decks, terraced gardens, family recreation rooms, and Jacuzzis. For Hank and Irma home improvement is more aptly termed "home repair," and the road there leads to frustration, raised voices and frazzled nerves.

To understand Hank and Irma's plight one must consider that the human dwelling—that place where the heart is said to reside—is actually the place where farmers check in at night to sleep. They don't really live there. Their living is in the lowing of cattle, the roar of a diesel engine and the close-cropping of corn by a field chopper. These are the things that require precise care and attention.

"Fix something up at the house?" says Hank for the umpteenth time. "Oh sure Irma, I'll get to that the next time we have a rainy day."

Good use of down time, Hank. Except for one thing. The something that needs fixing is the roof which has been quietly leaking in spots here and there for quite a while now. Irma has been gently reminding him of the fact for several months.

"I swear Hank, if you don't do something about that roof, I'll crawl out there and do it myself."

Hank seems not to have heard the distressed plea. Irma now resorts to the

**Hank
and
Irma**
By
Lee Ann
Heizer



kind of language which Hank will not only hear but will hear with a shudder. "If you don't get that roof fixed I'll have to pay somebody to come fix it!"

This creates a dilemma for Irma. Realizing Hank's reluctance to enter into household repair she has figured out some of the more elemental points of home maintenance. She can replace window panes and fix leaky faucets. She can repair holes in plaster. Irma can unstop a drain and stop up a leaking pipe.

She draws the line however at the furnace and the roof. She remembers her mother's sage advice on her wedding day.

"Irma, if you know how to fix the furnace...you'll have to fix the furnace."

Irma swallowed that bit of advice like a baby robin swallows a worm. Since that day she has successfully used the principle to avoid the most onerous of home maintenance. Irma will now apply the rule to the fixing of the roof and in this instance she is doubly protected from doing home improvement. Irma is afraid of heights; dreadfully afraid of heights.

Finally, one morning, Hank perceives from the way his coffee cup is slammed to a rattle in front of him that the day may have come to actually fix the roof.

"Boy, I hope Irma appreciates this," he thinks as he gazes out the window at a perfect autumn day. "It's not even raining." The nip in the air puts him in the mind of going down to the feedlot to watch the steers eat. But no, stalwart and steeled to tackle the job, Hank will turn

his hand to home improvement.

"Now just how in the sam-holy-hill do you expect to get up on the roof?" snaps Irma as Hank shows up at the back door ladderless, toting a bucket of black goop and a putty knife. Hank answers "Through the bedroom, dear. I'll climb through our bedroom window onto the porch roof and then, like Santa's little reindeer, to the top of the roof. I will fly."

"You're not going to carry that mess through our bedroom and dribble it all over the carpet," retorts Irma, pointing disgustedly at the tin of tar. But recognizing the glint in Hank's eye as that of victory in once again escaping the job Irma immediately reconsiders. "Okay. But I'll follow you with newspapers so you don't accidentally forget and set that mess on the floor."

"It shouldn't take too long," promises Hank, "and I and my tar bucket will be out of your hair. Ha! Ha!" As he crawls out onto the porch roof and begins his upward scramble Irma tenderly admonishes him, "If you don't watch out you're going to fall off this roof and break your neck!"

As she hears Hank's muffled footsteps plod across the roof over her head, Irma notices the Autumnal nip in the air. Closing the window against the chill Irma retreats to lower regions. She remembers that Oprah's guests today suffer from fear of heights and she is anxious to learn more.

Busying herself with household chores Irma is soon immersed in clearing breakfast dishes and hanging the early wash on the clothesline. She ignores Hank's effort to make her smile as he sings "Oh What A Beautiful Morning" from the peak of the roof. Back in the house Irma tackles the monthly bills and when finished with that task puts another load of clothes in the washing machine. Finally she turns on the television and sits down to watch Oprah. Unfortunately, the washing machine is making so much noise she has to turn the volume up in order to hear.

Irma's identification with the women

who are afraid of heights is immediate and complete. She hangs onto each word as they relate their top-of-ferris-wheel phobias and nightmares about crossing swinging bridges over bottomless gorges.

An engrossing hour passes quickly and when the program is over Irma notices that it has started to rain. As she runs out the back door to snatch her laundry off the line, Irma becomes aware of a steady knocking. "That washing machine must not be working right", she thinks.

As Irma returns to the house with the rain wet laundry she hears a feeble cry from above her head. Looking up she sees the now soaked Hank huddled in a corner of the roof.

"Don't you have enough sense to come in out of the rain?" she queries.

"Yes. But you shut the bedroom window and I couldn't get back in," moans Hank. "I've been knocking for an hour, Irma. I know you're kind of sore about me not getting this roof fixed sooner, but won't you please let me come back inside?"

Irma drops the laundry basket, snatches open the back door and flies up the stairs to the bedroom. As she and Hank—looking like a drowned rat descend to the back door they notice the rain has stopped. Outside once more, Irma offers her contrite apology, vowing silently to never again get in a snit over home improvement.

"Oh Hank," wails Irma, "I'm so sorry I nagged at you and got you stuck up there on that roof." She gives Hank a big hug and as she does so Hank notices white flecks curling and peeling from the wooden siding above his head. "Know what Irma?" groans Hank, "This house needs a new coat of paint."

Inclining her head in the direction of the deteriorating paint and then in the direction of the barn, Irma responds, "Why don't we just go down to the feedlot and watch the steers eat. We'll worry about the paint next November." Hank agrees, "I've had enough home improvement to last me a year!"—

By Roberta Hanlin



Reflecting pool reflections

Letters from the big city

Our correspondents:

MAUDE lives in Middlebrook with her husband and children. Being a person who is interested in politics and how they affect her, she continually writes letters to her cousin LuLu in Washington, but never seems to get any real answers.

ANNALEE is LuLu's older sister who lives in Baltimore with her children. She tries to keep up with LuLu's enthusiasm for life in our NATION'S CAPITOL, but finds it very difficult.

Baltimore, Md.
October, 1994

Dear Maude,

Just a quick note to send news of the family from here. I have tried for the last three weeks to reach Mama, but

have had absolutely no luck. The last time I talked to her, she said she had to go purchase her fall wardrobe. If there were public address telephones at all the shopping malls I am sure that I could find her!

Last week I went to Washington for a luncheon with LuLu. I'll tell you, some times I wonder about that girl. She has to be the craziest one in our family (unless perhaps for Mama, whom she certainly resembles.)

LuLu was tottering around in these unreal shoes with four-inch heels, and in a skirt that was shorter than any I've ever seen before. She assures me that it is the very latest thing in fashion, and that she absolutely must be well dressed for her job. (I'm not sure if that is what I would call "well dressed," but then, even after 10 years in Baltimore, I still have a personality that was founded on those good old Augusta County principles.) LuLu seemed to be having a good time going to parties and luncheons. Outwardly, Washington seems almost like a ghost town, with all of the politicians preoccupied with the upcoming

elections, but in reality there is much going on. Between the parties her boss gives for the incumbent politicians (who need money) and the ones her boyfriend Dylan (whose boss needs money) gets invitations to, her social life is quite active.

Please keep an eye out for Mama and tell her that all is well here. I hope I can catch her at home some time soon.

Love,
ANNALEE

LuLu: Our heroine, LuLu, went to Washington D. C. quite a few years ago and the life there fits her like a glove. She loves parties and luncheons and parties and new clothes and parties and especially new shoes. She

*Continued on page 15 at **

Returning thanks

Augusta Country, November 1994 15

She was out of breath as usual, on the way from one meeting to another, when she paused at the bottom of the stairs. "What does grace mean anyway?" She blurted out the question without any preliminary small talk, which was her custom whenever something had been brewing in her.

I started to give a long-winded reply that would move carefully through Jesus and Paul, Augustine, Luther and Calvin and on and on to the present. She unwittingly spared us both by quickly saying, "All I know is that my parents never let us eat a thing at the dinner table before we all bow our heads to pray. It has always been that way. They call it saying grace or returning thanks."

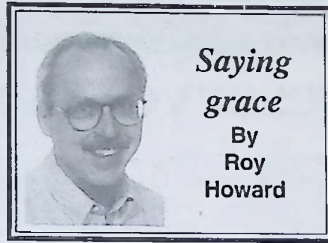
By now she had caught her breath, just in time to run to the next meeting. She waved, "Well, I've gotta go, maybe we can talk about it later." I never gave my reply, which is just as well because it may have detracted from what she already knows.

Saying grace is a way of returning thanks. The two belong together, like the Swiss pastor Karl Barth once said: gratitude follows grace as thunder follows lightning. Grace is the event that occurs, gratitude is the response that follows. Maybe that is enough for any of us to know well.

Thinking of my friend always on the run, I want to return thanks in this space. After all this is November, the month when more people in this country give thanks than any other time of the year. Which raises an obvious question: would it make any significant difference if the same level of thankfulness filled our homes (and our minds) the rest of the year? I think that's what my friend's parents, with countless others, are trying to practice around their dinner table.

I am thankful for good, clean air to breathe. Breathing, of course, is not something I think about very often. The thought may occur when I suddenly can't breathe, or I find myself standing next to someone suffering from emphysema, gasping every few minutes. With him, each breath becomes precious, which is precisely what it is for all of us. Isn't it interesting that the prospect of losing something like our life causes us to value it more than ever? Every breath I take is an occasion to return thanks.

I am thankful for shooting stars and stars



*Saying
grace*
By
Roy
Howard

that stay still,
for stars that twinkle and stars that
dazzle;
for the whole wide sky sprinkled
with stars

that remind me how vast is this
universe that we inhabit.

My family and I frequently sit on a picnic table under the winter sky, covered in blankets, watching the stars fly across night. We point out the Big Dipper (Of course, Dad, everyone knows where that is!) and other constellations as we learn them. And sometimes we all sit silently, our faces tilted up to the heavens lost in the huge wonder of it all. I am thankful for such moments and such wonder.

I am thankful for our Middlebrook neighbor who in the spring kindly gave us some of her leftover seed potatoes. We planted every last one of them in our new garden, then covered them with mulch, mulch and more mulch. Now we have potatoes to last through the year, more than we ever dreamed. Our friend tells us we may even find more if we keep digging. Too late.

And speaking of vegetables, I'm thankful for healthy gardens and food that comes unpolluted, fresh from the ground.

I'm thankful for tomatoes (yes, millions of them); red ones and orange ones, big ones and little ones. They line our window sills, fill our counter space and provide an opportunity for us to give something fresh to our neighbors. They have certainly given much to us.

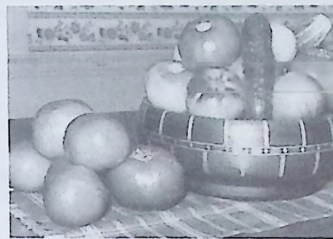
I'm thankful for covered dish dinners and potluck suppers; for every occasion when people bring enough for everyone else and

all equally share in the feast. Saint Luke once said the people will come from east and west and north and south to sit at table in the kingdom of heaven.

Around here people come from Middlebrook and Greenville, Swoope and Staunton, McKinley and Raphine, Spotswood and Stuarts Draft and just about anywhere else in Augusta country to gather around the table.

They bring the best from their kitchens to share. Whatever else may need to be improved about religious groups, it surely isn't covered dish dinners. I'm thankful for such a regular feast that reminds us of that greater feast when everyone will gather around the bountiful table and no one will go hungry ever again.

I'm thankful for country people who so freely put baskets of apples, tomatoes, grapes and peppers on their neighbor's doorstep. Who show up with a fresh-baked pie or jars of jelly or some other delicious homemade creation from their kitchen and



The bounty of the season

AC staff photo

garden. (I know they must do something with all those vegetables, but still it reminds us that sharing resides at the heart of neighborliness.)

These same people willingly share the burdens of grief and sorrow and they lend a hand around your home. Genuine sharing is in short supply these days and I'm thankful for places where it is still a common practice. The practice may be dying, but I'm here to tell you that it isn't dead in this community.

I'm thankful for the wise man who gave me some good common sense advice when I was in the middle of a conflict with someone else. "Walk in your own shoes, he said,

it'll be all right. If you try to walk in another pair of shoes you'll get nothing but blisters." That man cared enough for me to speak the truth. Though I have not always practiced his advice, it has been an enormously helpful reminder. Truth-telling is rare and wise advice more rare still. Whenever you come across either one, it's best to pay attention. My shoes don't always keep me walking straight, but at least they are my shoes. I'm glad for the friend who told me.

I'm thankful for every opportunity that children have to grow up knowing they are loved by parents and teachers. Millions of children don't know the love of a parent or the support of a teacher. Too many never will.

I'm glad for teachers who search for creative ways to catch a child's attention; who know what it means to be a mentor to some young person on the border between home and the future. I'm thankful for parents who turn off the television set; read, go to PTA meetings, soccer, football, baseball, volleyball games - whew, take a breath - swimming, FFA, dance, choir, 4-H, scouting, flute, piano, violin lessons and worship. Well ... maybe there is too much to do and we really are running ourselves crazy. Still I'm very thankful for parents who provide the structure for children to grow in love and support. Too many don't. Maybe these children will grow up to help us help other children know such things as kindness, generosity, and love.

I'm thankful for the 68 different species of birds that I've seen around our home; for hiking trails near and far, ponds, rivers, well-kept farm land and all the other places of natural beauty that remind us creation is very, very good. And must stay that way. Creation is so good. I'm thankful for opportunities to preserve it.

I could go on and on. Maybe if my friend and I had talked about the meaning of grace we would have spent the time recalling all the gifts in our lives. Savoring them one by one. Maybe we would have remembered all the things that we give thanks for around the dinner table. Then again to do that she and I would both have to stop a long time for such a conversation, because returning thanks, like saying grace, takes a long time to finish. That it can never be completed is another reason I'm thankful.---

*Continued from page 14

works for a lobbyist and her boyfriend Dylan is an LA (legislative assistant) for a member of the House of Representatives.

Washington, D. C.
October, 1994

Dear Cousin Maude,

It was so good to get your letter with all of the news from home. Tell Mama I'm fine and happy and just found the most marvelous bargains on fall designer suits. (I bought three with all accessories.)

It sounds like things are really exciting down there. Cousin Jim must be happy that he got that deer with his bow and arrow. I've never quite understood how it was possible to shoot with a bow anything that runs as fast as a deer, but then I'm not really knowledgeable about those things. Tell him that I have a great recipe for venison marinated in red wine and juniper berries and that if he will send the tenderloin, I will try it out.

Well, back to those issues you expressed an interest in - most of the legislation got lost in the last minute shuffle here in D.C. Of all those you asked about, the only one which will be acted upon when the members of Congress come back the first of December will be the GATT trade bill. A vote was mandated for this issue before the session ends, so that vote has been set for December 1. Unfortunately, by then we will have a "lame duck" Congress and what can happen in that situation, no one can ever guess. A member who has been defeated has

much less incentive to do what the constituents want than one who is still accountable to the voters.

The session, when they return, is restricted and this is the only legislation they are scheduled to act upon.

Other issues, like health care and the gift and lobbying bill are dead.

My friend Sara says....

(SARA, who is LuLu's long time friend, is a serious young woman who until recently worked on the staff of the Senate Finance Committee. She now is assistant to a local tax attorney and wonders how she ever managed to acquire LuLu as a close friend.)

.....My friend Sara says that health care never had a chance. And the reason is that any issue that complex needs a great deal of time and a great deal of cooperation by both parties in order to become law. The main reason health care legislation did not pass this year was because both the administration and the congressional Democrats were stressing benefits for those people who have no insurance (about 15 percent of the population) without recognizing the needs of the rest of the population. Sen. Breaux, D-Louisiana, has said that during the next session of Congress he will push for passage of a health reform bill sponsored by the Senate's mainstream coalition. This bipartisan group is the key to a successful bill. Sen. Breaux says that is the only way a consensus can be put together. When lobbying by special interests targets individual members, it polarizes Congress and any kind of compromise is often impossible.

Sara expects that Congress will start over on health

care reform next year with both parties working together in a mainstream group.

Of course I was delighted when the Senate failed to kill the filibuster against the gift and lobbying bill. Now we have another year or two of parties before they pass any legislation. The free lunches and dinners can continue!! I am so happy, since there were so many great parties I really would have hated to have missed. Of course, it would not change things too much for Dylan and me. This kind of legislation would be hard to regulate, since everyone knows that the most important person to entertain is the staff member who can be the one to include in a bill that language which will protect a special client. A member of Congress will never need to know when Dylan and I go off to the Prime Rib for a lovely luncheon with a "good friend" and just happen to talk about the legislation about which that friend is extremely interested.

All of those parties which were canceled because of the pending legislation are now back on track and I am SO excited. I bought three new party dresses and two new wonderful pairs of shoes and am ready for the upcoming social season!

When you see Mama, tell her I found a glorious pair of black suede boots with rhinestones, and as soon as I wear them to a party or two I'll send them right down to her.

My love to all the family there in good old Augusta country...

Love,
LuLu

Country Kid Stuff

Storyteller instructs, preserves oral tradition

By LEE ANN HEIZER

"There was a young woman who had a young child. One day her husband went out hunting and did not return." So begins a tale told by native American storyteller Dovie Thomason. Native Americans have preserved their culture, not through the written word, but by oral tradition.

"I tell traditional North American teaching stories," says Thomason, speaking recently at the Spirit of the Indian Pow Wow held at Crozet. "They're always told to convey a lesson," she continues. "It's the traditional way of discipline. It gives our children the dignity that goes along with making their own choices."

Thomason's story unfolds as she relates the experiences of a mother, so saddened by the loss of her husband, that she takes her baby boy away from the village to build a new home removed from the memories of the past. "Songs and stories and games filled their days," says Thomason as she tells of the happy



DOVIE THOMASON

Photo courtesy Yellow Moon Press

life mother and son share in their isolated forest tipi. Time passes and as the mother harvests her first crop she realizes that her son is growing up without the benefit of family. "She understood that the child was missing knowing his grandparents and the elders were missing the gift of their grandson," related Thomason.

Deciding to return to her village the mother packs all her preserved

food, fastens her baby to his cradleboard and puts him on her back. Some distance from their tipi the mother hears what sounds like a roaring wind above her head. It is not the wind, but a great fearsome beast—the flying head. The flying head is just that—a gruesome head with wings and claws attached—a head that is always hungry. The flying head, with his ravenous appetite, will greedily devour anything.

The young mother throws down her supply of food and the flying head is momentarily delayed as he gobbles it down. The mother runs as fast as she can and according to Thomason exhorts herself, "Put fear out of your mind. Solve the problem! Solve the problem!" Looking behind her the woman sees her son's moccasins dangling from the cradleboard. Thomason says: "The young woman has heard that anything that belongs to a child is sacred; especially those things made by a mother with love to protect that child. These things have special powers." The mother throws the shoes onto the path behind her as she flees.

Again the flying head pauses, this time to devour the moccasins. Searching for refuge the young mother quickly climbs an ancient pine tree, her son still on her back. Thomason coos the words of the mother to her child, "Can you be as still as this old tree? Be still, my son."

In the momentary respite the baby grabs a handful of pine needles and drops them. Searching the forest floor for his prey, the flying head is snuffing around at the base of the tree. The sharp needles strike him on the nose.

"Who throws needles at me?" growls Thomason as she speaks the voice of the flying head. Alerted to their hiding place the flying head wings his way into the tree and hovers right in front of mother and child. "Boy... I smell baby boy," again growls Thomason. But as the flying head moves closer his long hair becomes entangled in the branches of the pine tree. Thomason says of the mother, "She put her fear aside and thought of her child," and

taking advantage of the beast's predicament the young woman scrambles down out of the tree and runs back to her isolated tipi.

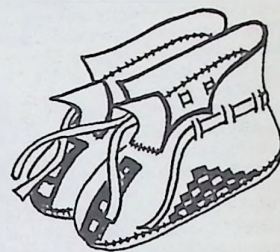
Her baby boy is crying now—not from fear, but from hunger. The mother had packed all the available food for her journey back to the village and has had to sacrifice it to the flying head. There is no food in the home. Looking under mats and in crevices the young mother finally finds three chestnuts. Thomason says, "She knows that she can roast these chestnuts, crack them, chew them and feed the paste to her child." She stirs the coals of the morning fire and puts the chestnuts among the embers to roast.

Unknown to the mother the flying head has followed them and is on top of the tipi looking in. He is watching from above when the mother reaches into the embers and removes the hot chestnuts. According to Thomason the flying head is amazed, "That woman is touching fire! I didn't know fire was food!" And with that appraisal the insatiable flying head swoops down into the tipi and begins to devour the fire. Within moments the flying head, in pain and in rage, flies out of the tipi and is never seen again. As Thomason summarized, "He learned to fear the women of our home because they are so brave they will eat fire to protect their child."

Thomason's tales accurately reflect the importance of women to Indian tribes. "Our women have always been leaders in the tribe. They have been clan-matrons, healers and teachers," she says.

Thomason, a Lakota and Kiowa Apache Indian, adds "In our society, the intrinsic value of the family has always been vital. The freedom of individuals to express themselves as family members is part of our culture."

Thomason relates that her experience with storytelling goes back to her childhood. Her grandmother told her traditional stories which were both instructional and entertaining. She is interested in communicating the oral history to

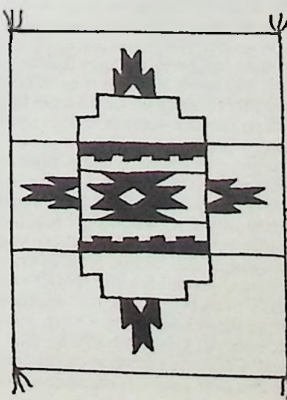
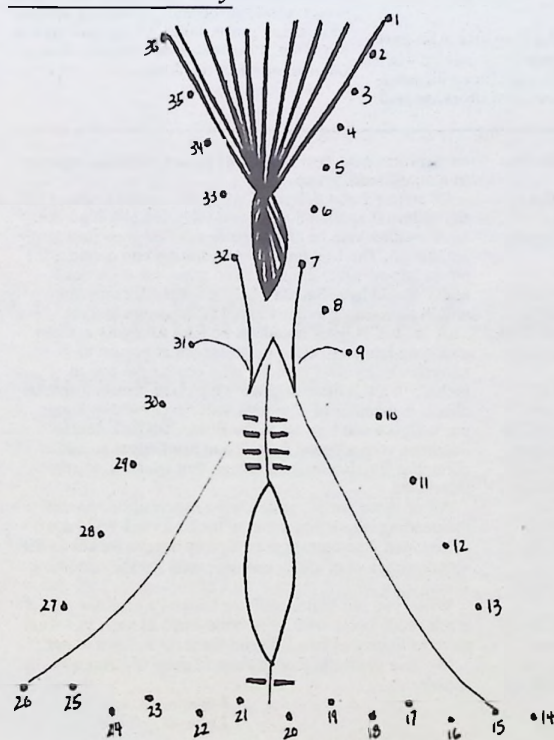


others but in doing so is careful to keep the tales true to the culture she is representing. The stories of various tribes differ greatly in origin, meaning, and purpose. To accurately share the stories Thomason must do so without intrusion. "You're always influenced by your own culture," she cautions in relation to preserving the oral traditions. "It takes a lifetime to understand a culture," she explains, "and the best we can sometimes get is a window into another's culture."

Thomason has shared her storytelling with all age groups and is currently listed as a Master Teaching Artist by the Connecticut Commission on the Arts.

A resident of Connecticut, Thomason will be moving to Virginia in January 1995. She will be associated with Young Audiences of Virginia and will bring stories of native Americans to school groups throughout the state. Her audiocassette collection of Lakota stories, "Wopila—A Give-away" is the recipient of a 1993 Parent's Choice Award. It is available through Yellow Moon Press, P.O. Box 381316, Cambridge, Mass. 02238.---

Dot-to-dot discovery



Be thankful for books

By LEE ANN HEIZER

The week of November 14 - 20 is National Children's Book Week. In November we often reflect on the things for which we are thankful - our families and friends, our homes, the freedoms we enjoy as Americans. This year as we count our blessings let's be sure to add books and libraries to our thanksgiving list.

In 1621 as the Pilgrims joined with native Americans to celebrate the harvest, the establishment of a library in the Plymouth colony was still 18 years away! Books were very expensive and very scarce.

In the early days, parents who were able to read wanted to pass the skill on to their children. The children were taught to read at home by their parents. Teaching materials included the Bible, classics of Greek and Roman literature, and practical books on shipbuilding or agriculture. Books written especially for children did not begin to appear until the 1750s. During the latter half of the 18th century publishers began to create alphabet books as well as books of rhymes and fairy tales for children. English book publisher John Newberry is credited with creating one of the first works of fiction for children entitled *Goody Two-Shoes*.

An early tool used for teaching reading was the hornbook. First used in England in 1442, a hornbook was a wooden paddle large enough to hold a single printed page. Nailed or tacked into place over the paper page was a thin sheet of animal horn. This nearly transparent covering served much the same purpose as our present day lamination.

Children could use their fingers to trace over the letters covered by the horn. The horn protected the printed page from getting dirty or being torn by sticky little colonial fingers. Use of the hornbook continued in America until around 1800 when books became cheaper and more plentiful.---



Diantha McCauley, assistant director of the Augusta County Public Library, says the only drawback to her work is "being around so many wonderful new books and not having time to read them all."

Photo by Lee Ann Heizer

Career chat

Librarian loves books

By LEE ANN HEIZER

Name: Diantha McCauley
Position: Assistant director, Augusta County Library

Educational requirements: A librarian is a high school graduate whose additional education requires a bachelor's degree followed by a master's degree in library science. According to Mrs. McCauley the undergraduate degree might be obtained in an area other than library science, for instance history, as hers is. Stressing the need for a librarian to have a thorough knowledge of many topics Mrs. McCauley commented, "A librarian needs to know a little bit about many things in order to answer reference questions."

Job benefits: Mrs. McCauley cited the wide range of activities reflected in the library program as being a definite plus to her job. "It's never boring!" she commented. The variety in ages represented by library patrons is also a positive factor in her work. Remarkd Mrs. McCauley, "What's fascinating about working in a public library is working with a range of ages. During one hour I may be helping a scholar with a research question and immediately turn around and help a kindergarten student find a book."

Job drawbacks: "I can't think of any. Except possibly being around so many wonderful new books and not having time to read them all," laughed Mrs. McCauley.

Most rewarding on-the-job experience: "Perhaps most of all I enjoy the appreciation of children because it is so easy to see the excitement in their faces," Mrs. McCauley said. "To have a child come back to me very excited about a book I've told them about is rewarding."

In addition to public libraries, you may find librarians in a variety of specialized libraries. Colleges have libraries for student research. Lawyers, doctors, and business professionals may all consult libraries which focus on the literary needs of their specific field. Elementary, middle, and high schools all have libraries. A librarian now for 14 years Mrs. McCauley relates that she was bitten by the library bug in her elementary school library. "I was a library aide," she revealed, "in third or fourth grade." Later in the eighth grade when asked to do a career research project Mrs. McCauley said "The only thing I was interested in doing a report on was a librarian. After that everyone just assumed that that's what I would be!" ---

Authors win awards

By LEE ANN HEIZER

Musicians win Grammy awards, actors win Oscars, and writers win Pulitzer prizes. Did you know that there are awards for the best books for children? Selected by the American Library Association, the Newberry Award is given annually to the author of the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children.

The award is named in honor of John Newberry, an 18th century London bookseller. Newberry encouraged children to read and urged authors to create literature for young people. The first Newberry Award winner was *The*

Story of Mankind, in 1922 by Hendrik Willem van Loon.

Each year the most distinguished American picture book for children is designated as the winner of the Caldecott Medal. Ralph Caldecott was an English artist and illustrator of children's books and the award is named in his memory. The first illustrator to receive this distinction was Dorothy Lathrop in 1938 for *Animals of the Bible*.

Other awards honoring the best in children's literature include The Parents' Choice Award, The Horn Book Award, The Coretta Scott King Award, and The Golden Kite Award.

Famous first lines

Can you match the first line of the book (on the left) with the corresponding title (on the right)? Newberry award books are designated with an (N). Caldecott honor titles are indicated by (C).

1. "Did Mama sing every day?" asked Caleb. a. *Ten, Nine, Eight* (C) by Molly Bang
2. Deep in the wilderness down in Kentucky there stood a cabin built of roughly hewn logs. b. *The Snowy Day* (C) by Ezra Jack Keats
3. Fifty years ago I learned to read at a round table in the center of a large, sweet-smelling, steam-softened kitchen. c. *Sarah, Plain and Tall* (N) by Pat MacLachlan
4. The people were always moving from place to place following the herds of buffalo. d. *Madeline* by Ludwig Bemelmans
5. The first place that I can remember well was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. e. *Souder* (N) by William H. Armstrong
6. One winter morning Peter woke up and looked out the window. f. *The Girl Who Loved Wild Horses* (C) by Paul Goble
7. In an old house in Paris that was covered with vines lived twelve little girls in two straight lines. g. *Abraham Lincoln* (C) by Ingri & Edgar Parin d'Aulaire
8. Ten small toes all washed and warm. h. *Black Beauty* by Anna Sewell

How do you rank?

One to two correct. Good work! Go to the library and check out another title. Three to five correct. Great job! Use your library card during National Children's Book Week (Nov. 14-20). Six to eight correct. Fantastic! Check out your favorite children's classic and enjoy reading it again.---

Dear President Clinton...

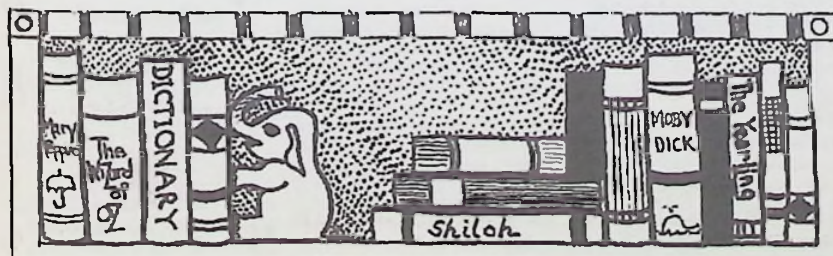
If you had 15 minutes to talk to President Bill Clinton what would you tell him?

Jason Bunn, a 13-year-old student at Beverley Manor Middle School, enjoys sports and is a super-Nintendo player. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Bunn of Middlebrook and an eighth-grader.

Jason responded to Clinton's foreign policy, "I think he did a real good job in Haiti without getting the U.S. into any fights. I'd like to ask him about the situation in Kuwait and what he plans for the United States to do there." Questioned about the upcoming na-

tional elections and Clinton's time spent campaigning for office-seekers Jason had this to say, "I think he (Clinton) should let voters know who he supports." "I think President Clinton's done a real good job so far, but Congress isn't letting him do things that need to be done," he commented.

Jason says he likes to watch the six o'clock news and enjoys catching the sports report. In the past month or so he has been a rather unhappy sports fan. Why? His favorite spectator sport is baseball.---



Here, there, everywhere

Letters to the editor

Dear Betty Jo,

You expressed a desire to know about large vegetables grown in the local area. My mother-in-law (Vivian Benavitch) has grown two pumpkins weighing a total of 334 lbs. One weighs 200 lbs. and the other 134 lbs. We can't move them, so we may have to cook and eat them where they are. (To weigh them, I took a pair of scales to them.)

This lady has a fantastic garden each year and this year she is sorta proud of these pumpkins. Your can contact her, if you like.

Sincerely,
Pat Haden
Stuarts Draft

Thanks for writing in. You bet we're interested and thanks for loaning us the photo of Mrs. Benavitch's pumpkins which you'll find on page 19.

Dear Sirs:

I saw your ad in the Leader & would be interested in receiving a sample issue of "Augusta Country." I enjoyed Betty Jo Hamilton's column in the Leader so much & was disappointed when she left before I got a chance to write & tell her how much I did enjoy reading her farm column.

So, please send a copy of this new publication to the address shown. Thanks.

Christine Schiedel
Fairfield, Iowa

P.S. The harvest here in Iowa is a binbuster. That's the good news. The bad news is prices are going down!

Congratulations Christine! You've just been named Augusta Country's Midwestern correspondent and we're looking forward to you keeping us up to date on whatever is going on out there. Thank you for your kind comments regarding Betty Jo

Hamilton's "Down on the farm" column which we're happy to have preserved through Augusta Country. Betty Jo reports that while dropping grain prices may be bad news in Iowa, it's good news in Virginia where cattle producers are facing a tough time making ends meet. She further noted that hopefully the grain producers and the cattle producers will be able to meet somewhere in the middle so everybody can manage to survive from an economic standpoint.

Dear Betty Jo,

Sure have enjoyed the "Augusta Country" which I got at the IGA grocery at Broadmore in Stuarts Draft. Enclosed is my check for \$12 for a one year's subscription to Augusta Country. I did not want to cut out the blank but am enclosing the information on it that was requested. I went to Middlebrook School and know your father and mother. Keep up the good work and wish you good luck!

Alice Massie
Waynesboro

Thank you for the subscription and the well wishes, Mrs. Massie!

Dear Betty Jo,

We look forward to receiving your interesting paper. You tell it the way things really are and your sense of humor is great. Keep up the fine job.

Thanks so much,
John & Marjorie
McCrory
Middlebrook

It's good to hear from old friends and former neighbors. Hope you will continue to enjoy Augusta Country.

Betty Jo Hamilton

Thanks for sending the first issue of Augusta Country to us. It's a great idea and we wish you well.

I am enclosing a flier on the Au-

turn Classic llama & alpaca show next week in Lexington.

We raise alpacas in Spottswood and find them to be an interesting and profitable alternative livestock.

I'll call you to see if we can get together regarding alpacas or advertising in future issues somehow.

Cleve Fredricksen
Spottswood

That's just how easy it is to let us know when an event is coming up and we were pleased to



Mailbox of the month

Jimmy and Wanda Argenbright of Rt. 2, Greenville, take the honors for Mailbox of the Month for November. Their tractor mailbox caught our eye one day while traveling on Va. 608 south of Pines Chapel Presbyterian Church which is located east of Greenville. In this photo taken by AC staffer Nancy Sorrells, Wanda checks her mail. She was accompanied in the task by her cat, "Nosey." Any guesses how Nosey got its name?

be able to make the trip to Lexington to catch part of the festivities (see photo on page 19.) Hope you'll keep us up to date on llama and alpaca activities.

I was wondering - can this go in "Augusta Country" for November - if so fine - if not OK.

Thanks,
Mary Glenn Davis
Middlebrook

It sure can, Mrs. Davis! The information you sent us about the Middlebrook Community Bazaar can be found on page 20 in our "Coming in November" events listing. We gladly accept items for publication. Please send them to Augusta Country, P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va.

24459. Items should be submitted by the 15th of the month preceding the month of publication. Thanks for providing Augusta Country with this information.

Dear Betty Jo,

Thanks for a great new paper. All of the stories were interesting and informative.

I had cut out the subscription form to send in, when I realized I had cut out the information about this paper being the first issue etc., so I taped it back on. (I didn't want to part with a single piece of the first issue.) I hope you will accept the following information as a subscription form.

A friend of mine, BRENDA KNEA, who was an avid reader of your farm column, told me about your paper. I called about the free issue and you most graciously sent me your first issue. THANKS!

Enclosed please find a check for \$12 for a year's subscription.

I do a little writing and have an article that might be suitable for your paper. Do you accept such articles if there is no money involved? Would you be interested? If so, please write me or call and I will submit a copy for your consideration.

Thanks again for the free copy of Augusta Country. I look forward to future issues. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

Sincerely yours,
Bunny Stein
Love

You were wise to preserve your October issue because it has become a collector's item for those of you who have one in your possession. Thank you for your kind words and subscription and yes, please send in your article for me to review. Keep in touch.

Thanks to the many individuals who wrote in wishing us well. We hope the collective power of these sentiments will propel us forward in our efforts to bring you future issues of Augusta Country.---

Made from scratch

Prepare for the holidays with AC

This month we're passing along two recipes, each of which is perfect for upcoming holiday festivities.

"That's good punch"

2 packages of unsweetened cherry-flavored Kool-Aid

1 cup sugar

1 quart of water

Combine three ingredients listed above and stir until dissolved. Add one 46-ounce can of unsweetened pineapple juice. Mix well and freeze for fruit punch base. Do not store in metal containers. (One-gallon plastic ice cream containers work well.)

When ready to use base for punch, remove from freezer and

allow time for base to partially thaw. Pour two, 2-liter bottles of ginger ale over the fruit base and serve.

Makes approximately 25 to 30 six-ounce servings.

This is the recipe for the fruit punch which was served at Augusta Country's Premiere and Sneak Preview. Many people were heard to say: "That's good punch," and asked for the recipe so here it is. This recipe was obtained from Donna Sensabaugh of Rt. 1, Middlebrook, however, Donna says she does not know its point of origination.

Here's another recipe which we enjoy using. It makes a par-

ticularly nice accompanying dish for holiday meals.

Spiced fruit casserole

1 (16 oz.) can pear halves or slices

1 (16 oz.) can sliced peaches

1 (16 oz.) can sliced apples; or 2 cups peeled and sliced fresh cooking apples

1 (15 1/4 oz.) can pineapple chunks or slices

3/4 cup sugar

2 1/2 Tablespoon cornstarch

1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1/8 teaspoon nutmeg

Dash of ground cloves

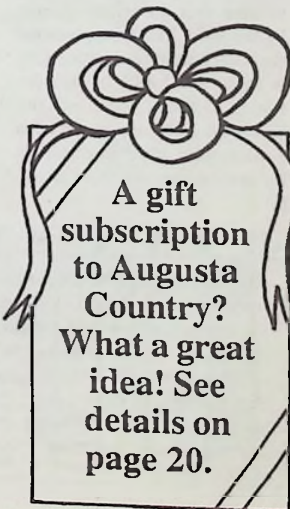
Optional ingredient: 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice or 2-3 drops of red food coloring

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Drain fruits reserving juice. Arrange mixed fruit in a 2 1/2 quart baking dish. Sprinkle sugar over fruit.

In a small mixing bowl combine 1 3/4 cup reserved fruit juice and remaining ingredients. Stir gently until cornstarch is dissolved. Pour juice mixture over fruit and sugar in baking dish. Bake uncovered for one hour stirring every 20 minutes. (If fresh fruits have been substituted for canned items baking time may need to be increased.)

Allow to cool for 30 minutes prior to serving. Best when served warm.---





Pumpkin pie forever

Large enough to make pumpkin pies to last forever is this 200-pounder grown by Vivian Benavitch of 248 Hodge St., Stuarts Draft. Her granddaughter's Kristen, 6, and Andrea, 13, check out the great pumpkin which was one of two - the other weighed 134 pounds - grown by the Stuarts Draft woman. We only have one question - Are we all invited over for pie?

Photo courtesy Pat Hadon



If the shoe fits

Roger Hartman of Crimora, fits a shoe to a horse's hoof while Roger Robinson, a Fort Defiance farrier, tells him how to perform the task. Robinson hosted the horseshoeing clinic October 1 at Weyers Cave Ruritan Memorial Park. The event was held to help horse enthusiasts learn how to perform emergency repairs to horses' shoes which help prevent injury to the animal's feet.

AC staff photo



Pack of alpacas

Cleve Fredrickson of Spottswood shows off one of the alpacas from his family's herd which was represented at the Autumn Classic Llama and Alpaca Show and Exhibition held Oct. 14 and 15 at the Virginia Horse Center in Lexington. Chris Schamp and Margery Knott of Lynchburg stopped by Cleve's Ore Hill Farm Alpacas exhibit at the event. Alpacas are sheared once a year and the fiber is used to make coats and sweaters. Some 65 exhibitors and more than 200 animals participated in the event which was the first of its kind to be held. The show was organized by Paige McGrath of Charlottesville.

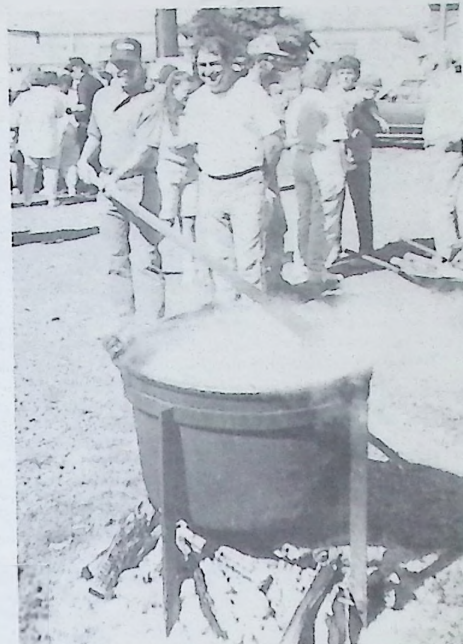
AC staff photo



Ring in the old and the new

Lurty Alexander of Mt. Sidney and president of the Mt. Sidney Ruritan Club prepares to ring the bell to open the club's 55th anniversary celebration held Oct. 11 at Fort Defiance High School. Joining in the celebration were Wayne Parsley, left, Zone 1 governor of Verona, and National Ruritan President Richard Schmidt of Lewisburg, W.Va. The Mt. Sidney Ruritan Club sponsors fund-raising projects throughout the year which include the sale of apple butter, barbecue chicken, and funnel cakes. The proceeds from these projects benefit 12 area Girl Scout and Boy Scout troops. The club also maintains 14 miles of roadway in the Mt. Sidney, Mt. Pisgah, and Weyers Cave areas through Virginia's Adopt-A-Highway program.

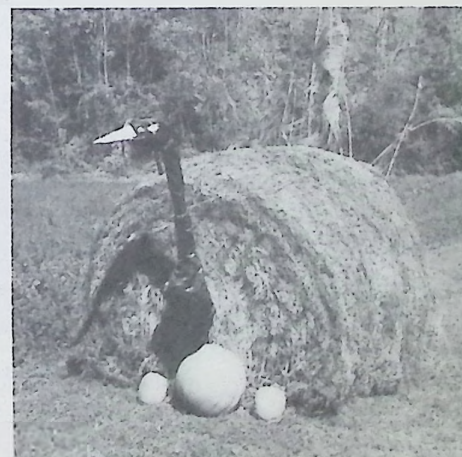
AC staff photo



Stirring up trouble

Randy Michael, left, and Garland Foster, both of Sangerville Church of the Brethren might look like they're trying to stir up a little trouble at the Sangerville-Towers Fall Festival held Oct. 1 in Sangerville. In reality, the two were stirring apple butter which was being made at the event which also featured a "friendly" antique tractor demonstration.

AC staff photo



Big Bird move over!

Cherish Curry of HCR 33, Churchville, and Kirk Humphries of 17 Springhill Road, Staunton, bagged this rather large turkey near Cherish's home west of Churchville. The two built the bird after seeing a photograph of a similar one in Country Woman magazine. The idea to create the creature was Judy Curry's, Cherish's mother. But when Mrs. Curry broke her arm, Cherish and Kirk decided to complete the task. The bird is "nesting" in the Curry's front yard on U.S. 250 near Lone Fountain.

AC staff photo

Coming in November

November 5

Middlebrook Bazaar

MIDDLEBROOK - The Middlebrook Community Bazaar will be held from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., November 5 at the Middlebrook Community Center.

Items on sale will include crafts, baked goods, flowers, canned foods, and Christmas items. Drawings for door prizes will be held. Lunch will be available.

Proceeds from the event benefit local non-profit community groups. For information call, 885-4208.

November 6

Historical society to meet

FOLLY MILLS - The Augusta County Historical Society will meet at 3 p.m. November 6 at Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, located on U.S. 11 in Folly Mills.

The church's history, "From community to communion," will be presented by Nancy Sorrells, a research historian at the Museum of American Frontier Culture and a member of Good Shepherd.

The church's 1924 cornerstone will be opened at the event which serves to mark the church's 70th anniversary.

November 10

Animal health program

SPRINGHILL - The Ruritan and 4-H clubs of the Springhill-Pleasant View communities will be presenting their fifth annual community service program about animal health at 7:30 p.m., November 10 at Springhill Presbyterian Church.

Bruce Bowman of Fishersville and Randall Henshaw of Rockingham County, both veterinarians, will present information about small and large animal health at the program. Benny Craun, co-advisor of the Springhill 4-H Club and a Ruritan, says each veterinarian will make a presentation. There will be time for questions and answers at the conclusion of the program.

"This program provides a service for the community to update them on home and farm animal health care needs," Bennie says. The program will include information on vaccinations, parasite control, and rabies.

The event will be held in the church's fellowship hall. Refreshments will be served. For information call, 885-3323.

Now through November 11

Fruit sales

All Augusta County FFA chapters are selling Florida Citrus Fruit. Navel oranges, tangelos, Hamlin oranges, and pink and white grapefruit are available by the case. Contact any county FFA chapter at one of the county's middle or high schools to order some delicious Florida Citrus Fruit.

November 12

Holiday festival

STAUNTON - A Holiday Festival to benefit Habitat for Humanity will be held from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. November 12 at Central United Methodist Church located at the corner of West Beverley and Lewis streets in Staunton.

The event will feature plants, crafts, attic treasures, jams, jellies, pickles, and a number of other hand-crafted and home-baked items. Lunch will be available from 11:30 to 1:30.

November 12

Sunnyside Bazaar

MASSANETTA SPRINGS - Sunnyside Presbyterian Retirement Community will hold its annual bazaar from 8:30 a.m. until 2:30 p.m., November 12. Booths will be set up in the Highlands

apartment complex and the Residential Center. Items for sale will include those which are homespun and hand-crafted. Also to be offered are baked goods, Christmas ornaments, "almost new" items, jewelry, and books. There will be a shuttle bus operating between the Residential Center and the Highlands throughout the day.

To donate items to the bazaar or for information, call 568-8200. Proceeds from the bazaar benefit the retirement community.

November 12

Make it with Wool contest

VERONA - The Virginia Make it with Wool contest will be held from 8:30 a.m. until 3 p.m. November 12 at Ingleside Hotel and Conference Center located on U.S. 11 south of Verona. Contestants from across the state will compete in four categories: Pre-teen, 12 years and under; Junior, 13-16 years; Senior, 17-24 years; and Adult, over 24 years. One contestant from either the junior or senior divisions will be chosen to represent Virginia at the national Make it with Wool finals in Washington, D.C. February 8-11, 1995. For information, call 245-5750.

November 12

Turkey, ham, and oyster supper

NEW HOPE - New Hope United Methodist Church Men's

Club turkey, ham, and oyster supper will be held beginning at 1 p.m., November 12 at the church. Price is \$11 for adults and \$3.50 for children under 12.

November 23

Thanksgiving service

MIDDLEBROOK - A Community Thanksgiving Service will be held 7:30 p.m. November 23 at Mt. Tabor Lutheran Church. Ministers from St. John's United Church of Christ, Mt. Tabor, Pines Chapel and Bethel Presbyterian churches, Greenville Baptist Church, and Greenville and Mint Spring United Methodist churches will lead the worship service. An offering will be received to benefit the Weekday Religious Education program at Riverheads Elementary School. For information, call 885-4738 or 886-6041.

November 29

Ewe sale

HARRISONBURG - The Virginia Bred Ewe Sale will be held November 29 at the Rockingham County Fairgrounds.

The show begins at 9 a.m. and the sale begins at 1 p.m. It will be followed by Virginia's Finest Suffolk sale.

The sale is sponsored by the Virginia Purebred Sheep Breeders Association. For information call Corey Childs at 703/635-4549 or Steve Umberger at 703/231-9159.

•Thanksgiving

Continued from page 11

found religious freedom of Americans. Nonetheless, the resolution passed and George Washington set aside November 26, 1789 for a national observance of thanksgiving.

There were no additional national thanksgiving days until 1795 when Washington, acting on his own initiative, declared February 19 as a day of national thanksgiving. Off and on into the 1800s various state governors and local officials declared days of thanksgiving according to the wishes of the area citizens. Between 1795 and the Civil War (1861) there were also two more national thanksgiving days: one on May 14, 1841 when President William Henry Harrison died and one on August 3, 1849 after the country had survived a nationwide cholera epidemic.

It was a similar epidemic that caused Virginia's governor Joseph Johnson to declare the thanksgiving in 1855 which Rev. McFarland recorded in his diary. During the year a yellow fever epidemic had struck the Tidewater area of Virginia and Norfolk, in particular, had suffered during the outbreak. As the sickness subsided, Gov. Johnson asked that Virginians give thanks for being delivered from the ravages of a pestilence scarcely paralleled in the annals of history. The proclamation made Virginia the first southern state to observe Thanksgiving Day.

What exactly occurred on this

Thursday is not known. We do know that many churches like Bethel Presbyterian in Augusta County, the Lutheran Church and Trinity Episcopal Church in Staunton held services. The governor, in his proclamation, said that the day should be "religiously observed in freedom from business or care, and with a proper feeling of humiliation and reverence." The Staunton Vindicator reported in its pages that: "Thursday last was duly observed by our people as Thanksgiving day. Several of the churches were open, and services held. The stores and places of business were all closed, and business, generally, suspended."

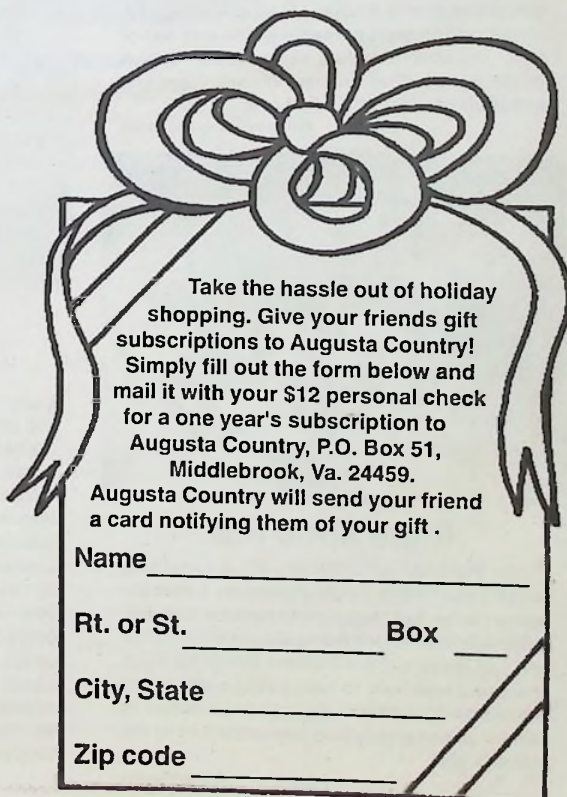
Meanwhile a northern woman named Sarah J. Hale was clamoring for a national holiday. Mrs. Hale, who was the author and editor of a popular fashion book called "Godey's Lady's Book," began to familiarize her readers with the holiday and led a push to make it a permanent, national celebration. For nearly 50 years Mrs. Hale engaged in a letterwriting campaign to congressmen, state governors and even presidents. In the South, however, the feasting holiday was resisted as a "Yankee day," and one Virginia governor in the 1850s actually tagged the New England celebration as "theatrical claptrap."

During the Civil War, both sides set aside special thanksgiving days to celebrate military victories, but in 1863 Abraham Lincoln declared that the last Thursday in November be set aside as a day to express gratitude not for a mili-

tary victory, but "for a year filled with blessings of the fruitful fields and healthful skies." Lincoln reissued the proclamation in 1864, moving the holiday to the fourth Thursday of the month and put the wheels in motion for establishing the tradition of an annual Thanksgiving holiday.

As America continued to grow and families spread out across the country, the day has become closely associated with a time for family reunions and dining room tables groaning with food. Ever since Lincoln's decision to make Thanksgiving the fourth Thursday in November, it has stuck. The only meddling with the date came in 1939 when President Franklin Roosevelt moved it a week earlier to add an extra week of Christmas shopping. The public outcry was such, however, that Congress passed a Joint Resolution in 1941 moving Thanksgiving back to where it belonged.

In every corner of the country, that day and the traditions associated with it are so firmly embedded in our culture that no one would dare to tamper with it. Nearly 400 years after several bands of early settlers gathered to give thanks, the holiday has evolved into a permanent part of America's heritage.



Take the hassle out of holiday shopping. Give your friends gift subscriptions to Augusta Country! Simply fill out the form below and mail it with your \$12 personal check for a one year's subscription to Augusta Country, P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459. Augusta Country will send your friend a card notifying them of your gift.

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