"Friendly news for friendly people"

Augusta Country

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Home on the range
Pages 4-5
Down on the farm
Pages 10-11
Subscription form, page 23!

Radio days

When the world first traveled across airwaves into living rooms

By NANCY SORRELLS

VERONA - The radio has been a part of Dave Henderson's life almost as long as he can remember. The two, Dave and the radio, have grown up together, grown old together, and have heard a lot of history travel over the airwaves as their lives have been intertwined.

For the 72-year-old Verona man, the radio meant a link to the outside world, a hobby for a kid who had a knack with his hands, and the potential of another income. Decades after he spied on his first radio as a wide-eyed youngster, Dave still fiddles with the machines that have made a mark on life in America.

Even though 60 or more years have passed since he first encountered the new technological wonders that brought voices out of the air, he still remembers those first sets like it was yesterday.

"There wasn't too much radio around here until about 1930. My mother's cousin had the first radio around. We would listen to Nashville and my cousin would wear an old leather glove. In those days if the tubes got too hot the radio'd quit working. Every once in a while my cousin would reach in the radio with that glove on and get out one of those hot tubes and plug a new one in and the radio would come in again!" Dave recalled of those early days.

It didn't take much prompting for Dave to remember yet another "friend" from the early 30s.

"My aunt bought a radio in 1934. It was electric. Couldn't nobody play the thing, but when we finally got it tuned in, why it would practically knock your eardrums out. There was no volume control on those sets," he remembered with a laugh.

Dave Henderson of Verona tunes in the world on a 1922 polydine radio – fully equipped with an Atwater Kent speaker. Radio as a developing technology opened up the world for Shenandoah Valley farmboys and big city kids alike.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

But Dave's life has been more closely linked to radio than just gathering around the set and listening to a few early entertainers. His memories of the radio are "hands-on" memories even as a young teenager.

"When I was just a kid, must have been about 1936, my cousin brought me a bushel basket full of radio parts. There were old tubes in there, and everything. He even had an old 3-tube battery set on a cherry board. They are called breadboard radios now because all the parts are out in the open on a long board. It sure was a comical thing, an Atwater Kent. Had to screw each tube in a case and all the parts were screwed down and there were square wires," he said in describing an old radio that was all the rage in the early 1920s.

"I was able to fool with it and got it going. I had to borrow my sister's B batteries and that made her mad. The old set had earphones because it wasn't loud enough to hear without those," he said.

Seeing his son tinker with that old set spurred Dave's father to go out and purchase the family a "real" radio — a brand-new 1937 Kadette International. "It played like a charm," Dave recalled.

That bushel basket of parts certainly made its impact on Dave's life. Not only did it wind up bringing a new radio into the family's farmhouse, but it started Dave thinking about learning more about the radio repair business. As a 17-year-old working on a dairy farm for 75 cents a day, he began to look around for a satisfying business that would bring in just a little more money with a little less work.

The solution, thought the young man, was a home study course through the National Radio Institution in Washington, D.C.

"I found an ad in the paper and answered it. That was in 1939 and the whole course cost $50 which was a lot of money when you were making 75 cents a day," he explained.

"The course lasted about three months and the instructor was J.E. Smith. He would send me the kits all tore down and I would build 'em up and send 'em back and he would grade them. If it wasn't no good, and it didn't work like it should, then he'd tear it all to pieces and send it back to do again. He just sent me the pieces in a bag," Dave said in describing his coursework.

Upon the completion of his studies, Dave received a certificate and set out in the radio repair business. The venture was a disappointment. "I 'bout to starve," he chuckled. "People are a little different on radios than they were later on TVs. They had to know what it was gonna cost them first. If it was more than a dollar and a half or two dollars, why that was terrible. People would throw perfectly good radios away because they needed three to five dollars worth of repairs. They wanted a new style of radio every year."

Dave allowed that most of his early repair work was on radios that had been struck by lightning which had run in on the antenna. "Lightning would go through a set like it had been short circuited. I would go to a house and the porcelain lightning arrester that was supposed to stop it would be busted wide open from the strike," he said.

The radio repair business was not the line of work in which to get rich, however, and in 1949 Dave found his true calling — automobile repair. But radios always remained a sideline and he even installed them in automobiles. As the radios changed and the transistor became popular, Dave learned how to work on those as well.

"Transistors are easier because they just have one circuit, while on the tube radio you have to keep up with two circuits. But the transistors are too small, I can't see them that well anymore, but I bet I can almost shut my eyes and still work on the old tube ones," he explained.

Tube radios still bring back memories of the old days when the family would gather around the set to listen to the Grand Ol' Op'ry, Amos and Andy, and Jack Armstrong the All American Boy.

"Wasn't but one person in the household would be allowed to play the radios and that was the person in authority. When we was kids, we would gather around and

See COVER STORY, page 6

The winds have shifted

The second day of the New Year we heard the news.

"The winds have shifted," said the weatherman that morning. He went on to explain that winds which had been carrying warm Pacific Ocean breezes across most of the nation's midsection had shifted. Winter was adjusting itself, we were told, and now the winds would be bringing in some of that cold Canadian air.

It lasted for a week. It was, I suppose, what I've heard folks call a "cold snap." I've never really understood why "snap" was ever used to describe a weather condition unless — as it did the first week of the New Year — the cold moved in quickly and then departed just as rapidly.

I'm still watching the weather. You'll recall in the December issue I asked for people to alert me to their winter weather predictions. I haven't received any of these yet although we did have a winter weather occurrence on November 27 which should be noted. It was on that day that we had our first snowfall of the season. It wasn't a measurable one but, nonetheless, it was a snowfall. As weather lore goes, the date on which the first snow of the season falls indicates the number of times it will snow during the winter ahead. This foretells a winter *with 27 snowfalls.*

It has "snowed" eight times since then. Yes, I know, none of these occasions has really merited anything to fuss about but precipitation has, in fact, fallen as snow on eight occasions. If the remaining 19 snowfalls — which according to weather lore we are due to get — are as innocuous as the first eight, we'll be in good shape through the rest of the winter.

Of course, we're all waiting anxiously for the appearance of that traditional mid-winter weather prognosticator — the groundhog — which, in only a few days, will be providing us with the weather outlook for what's left of winter. In the past two years March has packed a wallop so we're steeling ourselves for another lion's roar this year.

Just as the winds shifted from west to north and back again, so too are the winds in Augusta Country shifting.

We began publishing in October with our fires fueled by revenue from incoming subscriptions. During December, we began to see the subscription rate slow and knew we would need to look elsewhere to find funds to keep the fires of Augusta Country going.

The first advertisements we ran actually appeared in the December issue. As we approached our publication deadline in November, some empty spaces seemed to be floating around the newspaper just begging for advertisements. Three businesses had already approached us about the possibility of advertising so we called on them and they responded.

For the January issue, we made our first genuine efforts in selling advertisements. Once again, we were pleased with the response. Businesses seem to be catching on to the spirit of Augusta Country and recognize it as a valuable tool to include in their marketing programs.

As the February issue went to press, we were pleased to have Maxine Arey of Mt. Solon agree to join Augusta Country as an advertising sales representative. She will be making the rounds in our circulation area to solicit advertising. We feel privileged to have Maxine taking care of this business for us. You can read more about Maxine and her credentials in the article "Still going and still growing" elsewhere on this page.

A word about our sponsors — we appreciate their support of this upstart publication. We ask that you thank them for advertising in Augusta Country by patronizing their businesses. Some of them have placed ads saying, "Let's see if it works." We believe it will and ask you to let them know you saw their ad in Augusta Country. One advertisement in this month's issue gives readers an added bonus — a retailer is offering a 5 percent discount on purchases if you mention that you saw the ad in Augusta Country. We hope to bring you more savings through advertisements like this.

I'm sure you're remembering that we had initially intended that Augusta Country be free of advertising. If that were possible from a financial standpoint, we would be continuing to follow that policy. But we have, for the most part, let Augusta Country run itself. It is now hungry for alternative sources of revenue which will enable us to continue publishing.

In addition to having their ad in Augusta Country, businesses who participate are being provided with courtesy copies which they are making available to their clientele. Someone said to us, "I thought you weren't going to be giving away free copies anymore." We aren't. Someone is paying for them — either businesses through their advertisements or Augusta Country through its efforts to market the newspaper.

Our commitment to the quality of the newspaper's editorial content remains the same. Each month we have been inundated with information we wanted to pass on to you. This remains the case with this issue of Augusta Country. And what an issue it is!

We begin this month's journey through Augusta Country by traveling back in time to the golden age of radio. Next, we're on the high seas on a trans-Atlantic ocean voyage. Then we head 'em up and move 'em out west to Idaho. After that we'll be in deepest Africa visiting the Nuer, Surma, and Metu/Gore peoples of Ethiopia. Of course, we'll be stopping off here, there, and everywhere in Augusta County. And you don't have to go any further than the comfort of your easy chair to make the trip.

Some of the biggest news in Augusta Country this month is that we've added two more folks to our list of contributing writers. Deborah Sensabaugh and Ben Critzer join the Country "crew" with articles about horses and horticulture. Deborah will be helping us with coverage of events which appeal to horse enthusiasts as well as taking us for visits into Rockbridge County. Ben will be writing a monthly column on gardening. I think you'll enjoy his particular brand of humor as he takes you along "The garden path."

A word about subscriptions — we're still taking them. As we've said before, subscribing to Augusta Country is the only way you are guaranteed to receive a copy. The courtesy copies we place in businesses move off counters quickly, and it's unlikely you'll find any lying around more than a couple days after distribution.

We have just three words to say regarding this — subscribe, subscribe, subscribe. Send us $12 once and we'll send you Augusta Country 12 times. Each month we'll reserve a copy for you and each month it will be right there waiting for you in your mailbox. We think you'll agree that you won't want to miss a single trip through Augusta Country.

Much of what Augusta Country has become is due to the support we have received from each of you. We can't say that we're doing specific things to direct its course. Rather we are nudging it a bit here and there to help keep it on track. We are trying to let it become what it will be on its own. So far we are encouraged with the response it has drawn. We plan to continue operating in this manner and it is our hope that Augusta Country is becoming what you want it to be.

Until next month,

Betty Jo Hamilton

Betty Jo Hamilton
Publisher and editor

To serve you better...

Augusta Country now has Answer Call. You may call 885-0266 to leave a recorded message for any Augusta Country staff member. Or call 886-8174 and more than likely you'll get to speak with a real, live person.

Augusta Country — still going, still growing

We are pleased to announce that Maxine Arey of Mt. Solon has joined the staff of Augusta Country as an advertising sales representative.

Maxine has just completed a whirlwind tour as chairman of the American Farm Bureau Federation's Young Farmers and Ranchers Committee. Holding this national post has kept Maxine on the road for the past year. She told us in September she would be "staying put" for a while once her term in office was complete.

To make sure that she does "stay put," we've thrown an anchor — which is selling ads for this newspaper — around her neck to keep her in Augusta County.

Maxine has been active in numerous organizations throughout the county. Agriculture-related groups head the list. In addition to her involvement with Farm Bureau, Maxine is also active with the Young Farmers. In 1991 she distinguished herself among this group by being selected as its national spokesperson.

Maxine previously has worked as an agriculture reporter for WSVA radio in Harrisonburg. While employed there, she also worked in advertising sales.

A mother of three, she coaches soccer, helps with Brownies, and is involved in the parent-teacher association at her children's school.

Maxine is an Augusta County native and is the daughter of Carlyle and Charlotte Grimm of Bridgewater. Maxine's husband, Carl, works in partnership with his father and brother on Ore Banks Farm, a dairy and poultry operation. Maxine and Carl are members of St. Michael's United Church of Christ. Their children — Polly, Jeremy, and Matthew — are 8, 10, and 11 years old, respectively.

Anyone interested in advertising in Augusta Country may contact Maxine at 828-3698 or by calling 885-0266 or 886-8174.

We have just three words for our new staff member regarding ad sales — *"GO MAXINE, GO!"* —

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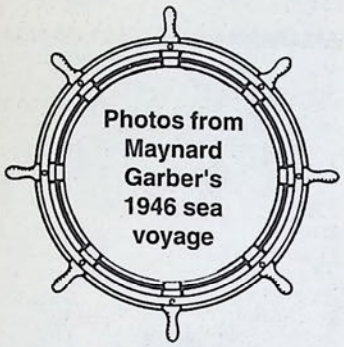
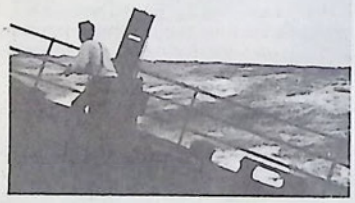
Please recycle

Don't delay! Subscribe today! Use the subscription form on page 23 to guarantee delivery of Augusta Country to your mailbox!

Sea cowboy tells of voyage to deliver livestock



The Sea Cowboys line up to get needed shots before embarking for war torn Europe. Maynard Garber is next in line waiting for his inoculation.



The S.S. Carroll Victory lists to one side during a storm at sea.

The cowboys happened upon some Greek children tending cattle they had received from the Heifer Project. The cattle still had Brethren Volunteer Service ear tags.

By SUE SIMMONS

"The untold want by life and land we're granted; Now voyager sail thou forth to seek and find."

Maynard Garber penned these verses from Walt Whitman's poem in his journal as he embarked on his voyage to Greece and South Africa as a "sea cowboy" for Heifer Project International.

They reminded him of someone trying to find himself.

It was 1946. Europe lay devastated by war.

Heifer Project International, the inspiration of Dan West, sent bred livestock — cattle and horses — to war-torn Europe with the help of the United Nations' Relief Association.

The United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration agreed to supply the ships and crews if the Church of the Brethren Volunteer Service would also supply the men to care for the cattle and horses.

The call went out for cowboys to tend the livestock on the Atlantic voyage. Seven thousand young men answered the call and Maynard Garber was one of them.

"You had to be ready when the call came," Garber commented. "After the war ended, I left Oregon, where I had been fighting fires for the Civilian Public Service, and went directly to New Windsor, Md." Once there, he worked at Church World Service, waiting for his assignment to a ship bound for Europe.

"I was single, free, and I wanted to go," Garber added.

The call came on October 31, 1946 to report to Baltimore and prepare to board the S.S. Carroll Victory.

In Baltimore, Garber and the other sea cowboys were issued U.S. Merchant Marine documents and began loading horses bound for Greece.""This was the best trip because we were going to South Africa to pick up more horses after we unloaded in Greece," Garber said with a laugh, remembering his anticipation and excitement.

Thirty-two sea cowboys and one veterinarian loaded 750 horses in the hold of the ship.

"The horses were kept in stables built on either side of a 5-foot wide center aisle. My partner, Bob Crull from Indiana, and I were responsible for a 'hatch' of 55 horses."

The cowboys had to feed hay and water to their hatch each day, and monitor the horses' general health.

"Horses don't get seasick but the voyage was still hard on them. Once they went down, it was hard to get them up again," he said of horses which got sick during the voyage.

The cowboys weren't quite as fortunate.

"Nearly everyone got sick," Garber laughed. "And some stayed sick."

Even though they promised each other they would not get sick, Garber and Crull both got sea sick their first day on the open ocean."

"It lasted about 24 hours. I still think it was the greasy pork chops they fed us at our first meal," Garber laughed.

The food was good — meat, vegetables, "and coffee so strong it was hard to drink."

The ship's sailors ate with the cowboys, but otherwise each group of men was so busy, they lived separate lives aboard ship.

Garber spent his days doing various odd jobs that needed to be done and, of course, tending his horses.

"Bob and I didn't lose any horses on the way over." The pride in Garber's voice is evident nearly 50 years later.

"When a horse died, it was hoisted out of the hold and buried at sea."

Fourteen days after leaving Baltimore, the Carroll Victory entered the Mediterranean Sea.

"This morning at 2 a.m. we passed the Rock of Gibraltar. Some of the fellows stayed up to see it in the moonlight," Garber noted in a journal which he kept while making the trip.

Four days later, the Carroll Victory put into the port of Kavalla, Greece. Garber noted in his journal, "Kavalla in Paul's time was known as Neapolis. The earth [area] was probably frequently visited by Paul during some of his missionary journeys."

Like many of the other cowboys, Garber was eager to go ashore. The first thing the cowboys did was hire a truck to take them to ancient Philippi.

"To some of the fellows the place was just a pile of rocks but to most of us the place had some meaning...it was here Paul built a church...and preached," Garber wrote in his journal of the early church's apostle.

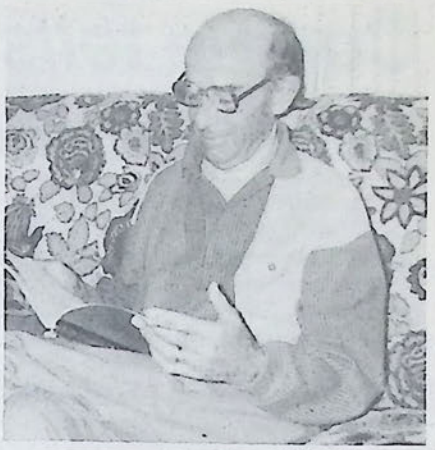
After longshoremen unloaded the horses, the cowboys were given an extended shore leave. They spent the time touring, shopping, and going to movies in Kavalla.

Some of the cowboys were befriended by a young Greek named Evangelo who invited them to his home for meals, took them to his Greek Orthodox Church, and later accompanied them around town. Fluent in English, Evangelo translated for them when needed.

"So many people we met spoke English," Garber remembered. "They all had dreams of going to America one day and they wanted to be prepared for the opportunity."

Before leaving Greece, Garber recalled seeing some cattle being tended by some children along the road. In their ears were tags indicating they were part of the Heifer

See **VOYAGE**, page 24



Maynard Garber reads the journal he kept during his travels as a sea cowboy with the Heifer Project International following World War II.

Photo by Sue Simmons

Project provides livestock to needy nations

By SUE SIMMONS

Dan West, an Indiana farmer and Church of the Brethren layman, made a commitment to sacrifice as much for peace as a soldier does for war. He first fulfilled that commitment in Spain where, in 1936, he joined the American Friends Service Committee to distribute powdered milk to war orphans. Faced with the overwhelming prospect of trying to provide so little to so many, West conceived of the idea to send cows to Spain so that hungry people would have a continuing source of milk.

West returned to the United States and in 1939 organized "Heifers for Relief." Almost immediately the idea captured wide support among the Brethren throughout the nation. The first shipment of donated heifers to Spain was halted with the outbreak of World War II. The effort did not lose momentum, however, and a shipment of 17 heifers reached Puerto Rico on June 18, 1944.

Following the end of the War, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration — UNRRA — made arrangements with the Heifer Project to transport livestock to Poland, Germany, France, Greece, and other devastated countries. The Brethren recruited some 7,000 young men — ministers, teachers, farmers, laborers — to serve as "sea-going" cowboys to care for the livestock on their trans-Atlantic voyage.

The Heifer project was not only a huge success in the wake of World War II, it broadened and continued its reach over the next five decades. Not only was each recipient of a bred heifer asked to give the heifer's offspring to another person in need, the project itself expanded to an international level — aiding people in India, Japan, Korea, Africa.

The Heifer Project celebrated its 50th anniversary in 1994. Today, Heifer Project International provides more than 20 different types of animals -- from bees to dairy goats to cattle -- to a hungry world. Millions have been helped because Dan West, a soldier of peace, faithfully acted out an inspiration. For more information about HPI, write to Heifer Project International, P.O. Box 808, Little Rock, Arkansas 72203. —

Home, home on the Idaho range

Couple tells of high country ranch life

Idaho is a long way from Augusta Country. Even though the distance is great in miles, the story of life on a cattle ranch seems as close as next door when told by folks who make their home on the range. Liz McFarland and Mike Wigen, an Idaho ranch couple, spent their Thanksgiving holiday visiting relatives in Augusta County and were kind enough to spend some time talking with Augusta Country publisher and editor Betty Jo Hamilton. "Home, home on the Idaho range" is the result of that conversation. Liz is the daughter of Marguerite McFarland Bradford and the step daughter of Alan Bradford of Staunton. The Bradfords were among Augusta Country's first subscribers. Thanks, Marguerite, for inviting us over for a visit with our Idaho neighbors.

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

Nothing.

That's what Liz McFarland and Mike Wigen see when they look out their ranch house window.

There are no lights, no buildings, no people — nothing. It has, in fact, been referred to as the "great nothingness."

"We're the last light, the last building to the end of the horizon," says Liz of the couple's home at Oxbow Ranch some 15 miles from Lead Ore, Idaho ("Population: *45. It depends on what day you're there how many people there are,*" says Mike.) The husband and wife work together on the ranch which spreads out over 20,000 acres along the continental divide. It is an area where there is — quite literally — nothing. And it takes a drive of one hour and 45 minutes to reach anything which might be classified as something.

Lead Ore is no more than a Post Office, convenience store/gas station, and two bars. It is 80 miles from Dillon, Montana ("Population: a couple thousand," according to Mike). Dillon is an old railroad town but today its primary businesses are a Safeway and an IGA. But, says Mike, "It's more than a five-bar town," indicating the number of watering holes which can be found in Dillon.

"That's 80 miles to the grocery store and 80 miles to the hospital," says Liz. "And it's not a hospital where you think you're going to get fixed at," adds Mike. "We are somewhat remote," the couple says summing up their high country ranch life.

Mike manages Oxbow for a couple of Montana "cattle barons" and Liz, who is employed as an environmental coordinator with the U.S. Forest Service, helps out on the ranch in her off hours.

Oxbow is located in Idaho's Lemhi Valley, bounded to the northeast by the Beaverhead Mountains and to the southwest by the Lemhi mountain range. The Beaverhead Mountains lie along the border between Idaho and Montana.

Of the ranch's 20,000 acres, 9,000 are deeded or owned by Oxbow partners Scott Whitworth of May, Idaho, and Fred Hershey of Wisdom, Montana. The remaining 11,000 acres are on government rangeland which is controlled under permit by Oxbow. The expanse of the ranch is so vast that it is often difficult to know where Idaho ends and Montana begins.

"Sometimes you don't know where you are," Liz says, joking with Mike about the time he spends on horseback riding the range to check cattle. Mike, a native of Montana, has worked at Oxbow for two years. In addition to him there is one other full time employee to help run the ranch.

In the summer months Oxbow grazes 2,000 to 2,300 head of cows and yearlings — that number does not include the cows' calves. During the winter, 1,100 crossbred cows — mostly Angus and black-white face — are kept at the ranch. The cow herd — which is pasture bred — includes 58 "mostly Angus" bulls.

About now, Liz and Mike are preparing for a "big storm." No, not a storm of the weather variety but rather a "big storm" of calves. The first of February marks the beginning of calving season at Oxbow. Within 75 days all 1,100 cows — including 100 replacement heifers — will calve.

"When we start calving we gear up for it and that's all we take care of until it's over," Liz says, noting that she takes time off from work to be at the ranch to help with calving. The ranch's other full time employee spends all of his time during winter months feeding cattle so the addition of some extra help is required during calving season. A "night calver" is hired to ride through the herd at night to watch for newborns.

"The best help he (Mike) has is yours truly," states Liz matter-of-factly.

"We'll have 50 calves a day when we're really going good," says Mike. The chore of watching the calving cows is a 24-hour-a-day job. Temperatures this time of year in the Lemhi Valley averages 30 degrees during the day and may drop below 0 at night. Many calves arrive when the temperature is in the 0-5 degree range. With wind chill, that temperature may drop to 20-30 below.

Temperatures may go much lower however. Mike said that he has seen trees which have "exploded" because severely cold temperatures froze the sap. When sap freezes it expands and the tree "explodes." Now that's cold!

The extremely cold weather makes keeping tabs on Oxbow's cows and newborn calves all the more important.

"If the calf is born and gets up and sucks, we don't worry about them," Mike says. "The big thing is getting that milk in them." If necessary a cow might be roped and milked out in the field to get milk for a newborn. Although one might expect the area to have significant amounts of snowfall, accumulations usually amount to about 4 or 5 inches. Drifting snow, however, can cause problems.

"It makes a difference whether the calf is born on snow or on bare ground," Mike says. He noted that the severe temperatures sometimes cause the calves' ears or tails to freeze.

Liz McFarland and Mike Wigen of Lead Ore, Idaho

AC staff photo

Although the onset of calving represents a labor-intensive time for the couple, preparations are made in advance to help manage the situation. Cows due to calve are moved to pasture close to the ranch house. At the end of January all cows are worked through and vaccinated for scours. Ones which appear closest to calving are separated from the remainder of the herd. About 600 cows closest to calving are kept in a 160-acre field where they can be observed daily.

Mike's time during calving season primarily is spent watching cows due to calve and making sure that newborns "are up and going." Liz spends her time "pushing pairs out" of the calving pasture. Within 24 hours of birth a calf is tagged and with its cow moved to another pasture away from the calving cows. As other cows approach their calving time, they are moved into the pasture with the cows due to calve.

The cows are, for the most part, self-maintaining when it comes to delivering

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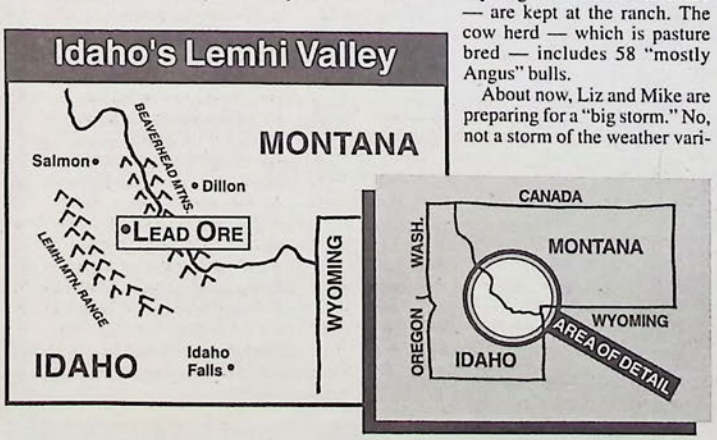
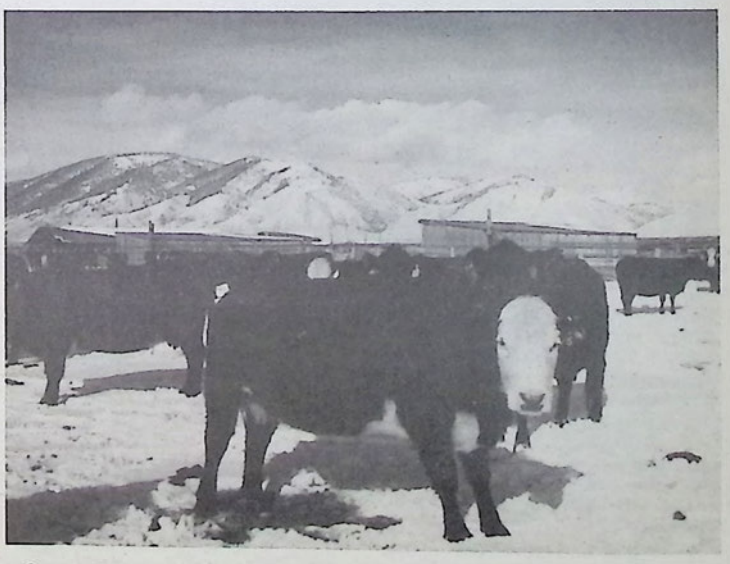




Cows due to calve are kept in pastures near the Oxbow ranch house where Liz McFarland and Mike Wigen live. The Beaverhead Mountains, located along Idaho's eastern border with Montana, can be seen in the distance.

Photo courtesy Marguerite Bradford

Continued from page 4

healthy calves. Mike says that among the mature cows, five in 100 may require assistance with delivery. Among replacement heifers that number is, not surprisingly, a little higher with 15-20 in 100 requiring assistance. As in any cow-calf operation, "we always end up losing a calf here and there," Mike says, noting that the ranch usually has a 95 percent calf crop. By mid-May there will be 1,000 calves at Oxbow.

While Mike, Liz, and the night calver are busy with calving cows, the ranch's other full time employee spends his day feeding the herd. Using a front-end loader and flatbed trailer, the man hauls one-ton square bales of hay to the cows. Wintering the cattle requires 800 tons of alfalfa-grass hay of which the ranch purchases 600 tons.

The next big chore for the couple comes in the spring when calves are branded and vaccinated. By state law all cattle which graze on government land must be branded. Before being moved, cattle also must be inspected and a branding certificate obtained. Branding is a practice which is fairly uncommon in the eastern United States. However, in the northwest where as many as 6,000 cattle — belonging to a number of different ranchers — may graze commingled on government rangeland, branding is required by law.

"I can't conceive of not branding them," Mike says expressing uncertainty over how Eastern cow-calf producers keep their herds properly identified.

The branding and vaccinating operation at Oxbow takes about five days to accomplish. Extra help is needed with this task. Neighbors pitch in to get the job done then Mike and Liz return the favor when their neighbors are branding. Once calves are marked, the cattle can be moved but not before cows and calves are paired up correctly.

"This is when I start getting cranky," Liz says of the operation which requires that 800 cows be matched with 800 calves. The responsibility for this chore falls mostly to Mike and Liz.

"Most of the time it's just the two of us and the dogs," Mike says. On horseback and with the help of five cow dogs, Mike and Liz "trail" 800 cow-calf pairs to government rangeland. This may take "from two hours to all day," according to the couple. Even though the weather may have improved over that in February, spring and summer conditions can be unpredictable. The elevation in the Lemhi Valley is 7,500 feet above sea level. At this elevation daytime temperature might be 30 degrees and then within a couple of days be in the 70s.

"It's up very high. Down the valley a little bit and you're in the banana belt," says Liz who recalled a Fourth of July which was celebrated amid falling snow. "It could snow any time," she said. "It snows off and on all summer."

During the summer months, cattle are moved onto permit land in the mountains. Trailing the cattle to these areas takes a day-and-a-half. Ranchers which graze cattle in the mountains pool their money to hire a rider who stays with the cattle. The rider must keep the cattle moving from one area to the next. There are regulations which dictate how much the cattle can graze in specific areas of the mountain rangeland.

Even with the assistance of the mountain range rider, Mike spends most of his summer days on horseback checking the Oxbow cattle herd.

"I get through every bunch at least once a week," he says. At the ranch seven horses are kept which Mike uses daily in his work. He also breaks and trains horses which he sells. As part of the manager's salary at the ranch, the couple is permitted to keep 30 head of their own cattle among the Oxbow stock.

Water, and access to it, is a major concern during summer months. Even though it is expansive in acreage, Oxbow only has three main water sources. These "creeks" are used for the cattle but are also used to irrigate pasture. Some 2,000 acres are watered by flood irrigation. A system of ditches and dams is used to flood pasture in 40-acre sections. This work is handled during the summer by the ranch's full time employee while Mike is kept busy checking the cattle.

Summer comes to an end all too early in the Lemhi Valley. As pasture grows short and temperatures begin to drop, the winter cattle feeding operation begins.

"The growing season is short and the winters are severe. Here (Virginia's Shenandoah Valley) everything seems real lush," Liz says. "Usually by Thanksgiving we've had one or two nights in the 20 below range."

But the change in weather doesn't alter the routine of seasonal chores which the high country ranchers face.

Calves are weaned in October and sold. Five tractor trailers are loaded at Oxbow then make the 1,200-mile trip to Nebraska feedlots. Oxbow sells "mostly steers" by contract to Gotch Cattle Feeders. This past fall 438 heifers were kept and will be wintered at Oxbow. These will be artificially inseminated in May and sold as replacement heifers. The ranch holds 100 of these heifers to keep in the Oxbow herd.

Another big chore at the ranch in the early winter is sorting through the cow herd. In November of this past year, 930 cows were pregnancy tested. It was a task which took two days to accomplish and required the services of a veterinarian who stayed overnight at Oxbow. As with some of the other labor intensive chores, this one also required some shared help from neighbors.

About 100 cows are culled each year from the Oxbow herd. These cattle are shipped to auction in Dillon or sent on a 120-mile trip to Idaho Falls. Culled cows also may be sold directly to a slaughterhouse. Once the calves have been shipped to market and the cow herd culled for the year, work at Oxbow is mostly a matter of keeping the cattle fed and preparing for the next year's calving season.

Mike and Liz admit there is a certain amount of isolation to their ranch life at Oxbow. Although Liz makes the 160-mile round trip to her forestry service job in Dillon, the couple are very much on the outer limits of civilization at the ranch. Mail is delivered only twice a week. A trip to the grocery store occurs about every two weeks.

"If you run out of something you just do without," says Mike. Neighbors often call on each other to fetch supplies if one knows the other is making the trip to town. "You get used to the distances and deal with them or you wouldn't be living there. It's like in any rural place, if a neighbor needs help you go and help," Mike said.

See **IDAHO**, page 23

Ranches on the range:

A delicate balance

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

LEAD ORE, Idaho - It's a "contentious" time for western cattle ranchers. Like farmers and ranchers in almost every corner of the United States, those in the west are trying to balance their means of making a living with the need to protect the environment.

The gravity of the problem in Idaho's Lemhi Valley is increased by the fact that areas which ranchers want to graze also happen to be spawning grounds for salmon, an endangered species of fish. To protect salmon, a 300-foot zone around waterways occupied by the fish has been established and cattle are prohibited from grazing these zones.

Another headache for western ranchers is the threat to their way of life posed by those wanting to use the land for recreational purposes. Add to this the encroachment on grazing lands by development and ranchers have found themselves an endangered species fighting to preserve their means of economic survival.

"It's a tough time for ranching in the west right now," says Liz McFarland, an Idaho range rancher. For Liz, the issue is one for which she must wear two hats. As a rancher she supports the need for cattle to be grazed on government rangeland. As an environmental coordinator with the U.S. Forest Service, she is responsible for documentation and analysis of all activities — including timber and mining operations and recreation — in the national forest.

"Grazing (on government rangeland) is Montana's spotted owl," she says. Range reform initiated by the U.S. Department of Interior has changed the way federal grazing permits are administered. The issue of ranchers using these rangelands has "polarized" the community, according to Liz.

"A lot of people depend on summer permits," says Mike Wigen, Liz' husband, who manages Oxbow Ranch in Idaho's Lemhi Valley. Of the ranch's 20,000 acres, 11,000 are government lands operated under permit. "Places wouldn't function without them," Mike says of ranches' dependence on government range permits.

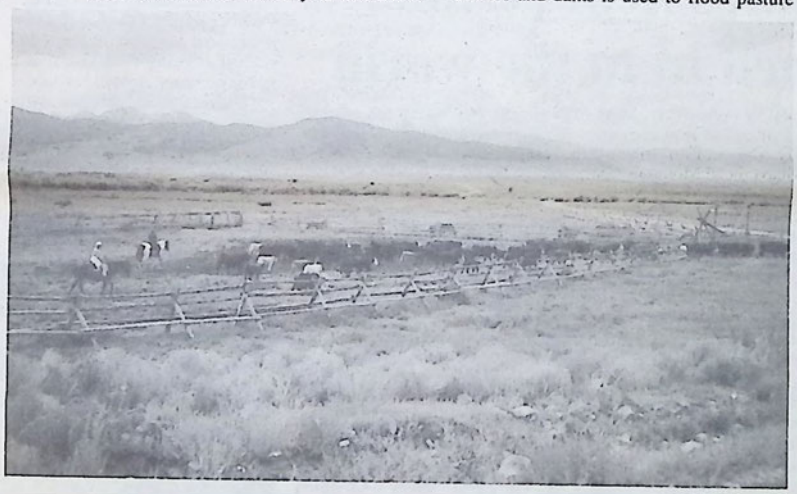
Land leased from the government, according to Mike, has always been considered in the value of a ranch. And the value of western ranches has been on the upswing, spurred by the influx of people fleeing metropolitan areas.

"Idaho and Montana have been invaded by people from California who have migrated en masse," notes Liz. "In the last two years land prices have gone absolutely through the roof." Two years ago, noted Liz, land values were in the $500 an acre range. It now fluctuates from $1,000 to $3,500 an acre.

"Out there with land at $1,000 an acre you can't make it," says Mike. "It's the economics of it. The math doesn't work. You have to have other income or other money."

Aside from the economics of the situation, environmental issues only serve to heighten difficulties which western ranchers face. On one side of the issues are recreationalists who want the land to be as it was before it was settled more than 100 years ago. They are joined by extremists who want no cattle on federal lands. On the other side of the issue are ranchers who make a living off the land and want to continue using it as they have since it became settled. As with most modern agriculture operations, ranchers are voluntarily implementing conservation practices which help preserve the western rangelands.

But, as Liz points out, the "hot topics, hot issues," which revolve around protection of the environment, have "people upset" on all fronts. The tension between ranchers and preservationists is not likely to go away. It may well become a fixture of the western landscape. —

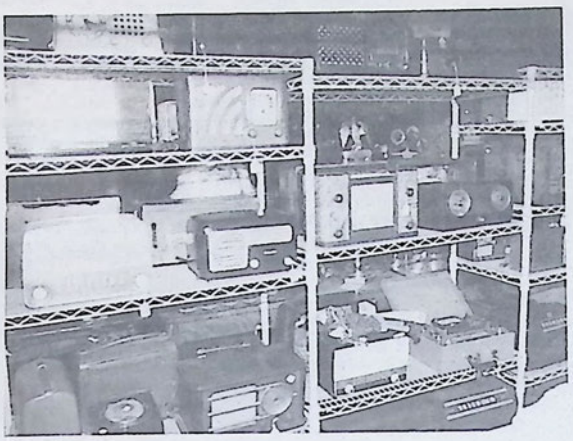


With the Lemhi Mountain Range as a backdrop, Liz McFarland and Mike Wigen, on horseback, trail cattle to pasture. Oxbow Ranch, which Mike manages, spreads out over 20,000 acres in eastern Idaho. Of that total, 11,000 acres is used under permit on government rangeland.

Photo courtesy Marguerite Bradford

COVER STORY

Don't touch that dial!



Radios of all makes and models line the shelves at Edward Kahle's shop at Verona Antiques. Kahle and his wife, Lucille, buy, sell, trade, repair, and swap the old sets which helped change America.

RCA

STORIES AND PHOTOS BY NANCY SORRELLS

Radios kept people tuned in to the world

STAUNTON - When Dave Metz holds up a silver and gray vacuum tube and starts explaining about the Edison theory and the movement of electrons, you can tell he really loves his subject.

That subject happens to involve radios and air waves, not something most people bring up in casual conversation.

And if you wander into Taylor Rental on Greenville Avenue, owned and operated by Dave and his wife, Debbie, you might be so intent on borrowing that candelabra or jackhammer that you don't notice THEM at first. But a closer look will reveal, shoulder to shoulder, a line of radios across a high shelf behind the counter.

Each one is different. Some are square and brown, others have red plastic trimmings or bold white numbers, some have handles for carrying while others bear military insignia which speaks of government issue. As different as they are, the dozens of radios share one characteristic — these are tube radios, not a transistor in the bunch.

Again, first impressions might not reveal anything out of the ordinary in Dave's store, but if an inquisitive visitor tilts his ear to the side and listens, he might hear the crackle of short-wave emissions and accented voices coming from half a world away.

For 42-year-old Dave, the radios and the noises define who he is.

"Back when I was a kid, I started playing with tube radios and I never got out of the habit or graduated to transistors," he said by way of explanation. "I didn't do much with it for 20 years, but here in the last few years I have really gotten back into it."

Although Dave estimates he has 40 or 50 radios which he has brought back to working order, he still remembers the first radio he had as a child growing up in a small community 50 miles south of Chicago.

"I guess the starting catalyst was when I was 6 or 7 and my grandmother gave me an old tabletop shortwave radio. I started listening for hours on end to the international broadcasts like BBC," he said.

As an adult, he continues to listen to broadcasts from all over the world and recognizes many of the broadcasters by name. "People don't realize that almost every country has English broadcasts on shortwave that go to the rest of the world. It's fun to listen to them and find out so many other things that are going on in the world that we don't hear about. Their perspective of American politics is interesting to hear," he said in describing his fascination with this link to the entire world.

He listened eagerly as the rhetoric coming from the stations changed when the iron curtain came tumbling down a few years ago and then he waited in suspense as Radio Moscow went off the air for four days during the attempted Russian coup.

"It's like having an inside look," he said. "In Desert Storm, for instance, Radio Israel would interrupt the broadcasts to tell local listeners that they were under attack and should don gas masks and go to shelters.

"Over a period of years, the broadcasts are a reflection of their countries. Radio Moscow's rhetoric has really changed since glasnost and today, really, only Cuba and North Korea still have the communist rhetoric."

Listening to the shortwave transmissions is just a background hobby for Dave, who catches snatches of the broadcasts as he goes about his work at the rental store. Repairing tube radios is a whole other segment of his hobby.

"There's usually very little wrong with the old radios. Once in a while the transformer is burned out and I have to throw those away, but most old radios are so simple that almost anything on them can be fixed," he explained.

For Dave, choosing a favorite among his collection is tough. The oldest is certainly the 1931 Philco console sitting in his office, while the sets from the late 1930s have a special appeal because they were becoming popular with ham operators and the military.

Then, there are the models from the 1950s all jazzed up with their art deco, but sporting what can be a deadly electrocution hazard to the uninformed.

"If you put the plugs in wrong on those, you could get electrocuted, so you have to be somewhat respectful of them," Dave matter-of-factly pointed out.

As his eyes scan the shelf filled with boxes and tubes and dials and wires, they suddenly light up as he spies his military radio, a sturdy gray piece of machinery weighing in at 80 pounds.

"My military communications radios have to be my favorite. Collins Radio out of Cedar Rapids, Iowa made them. They were an engineering marvel...most exotic tube radio ever made. After that everything went solid state. They were the best tube radio ever

Continued at bottom of page 7

Continued from page 1

listen, but we weren't allowed to touch the dials or nothin'," recalled the former farm boy.

"We'd gather round the radio and listen and in those days people could be humored more by listening than by sight. Good, wholesome humor. And you had to use your imagination. The announcers voices could fool you. When you would get a hold of a picture of an announcer they usually looked exactly the opposite of what you thought," Dave remembered.

"But, boy, those radio announcers were brilliant. Walter Winchell was always digging up trouble and tearing those Hollywood stars up. Everything was live back then. Nashville started in 1925 and every Saturday night they'd play the Barn Dance. Man that was great!

"You didn't have no time except in the evenings after work to listen. But those announcers had a knack of speech. They could hold you with their tongue, so to speak. With TV they took all the imagination away. All you have to do is sit there and look," Dave continued.

Although the technology in radio, has changed over the years, it is not all for the better according to Dave.

"In its day, the radio was a good size investment. My aunt bought a new one in 1936, a Montgomery Ward, brand new, eight tubes, big console, movie dial. I think she paid $39. Man that was some price for a radio!

"They don't put the workmanship in a radio like they used to. They just box them up out of paper, pasteboard and plastic. Everything is plastic. You don't get anything for your money anymore. It's a wonder it'll play," he said in comparing radios of 1995 with those of the 1930s.

Both the radio and Dave Henderson have changed in the last 60 or 70 years, but both the good and the bad times will not be forgotten. The radio opened up the world for Shenandoah Valley farmboys and big city kids alike. And in the process of opening the doors, it changed the world.

"The radio just stirred your imagination," summed up Dave.—

Tubed wonder - Dave Metz of Staunton reveals the mechanics of an old radio set. Metz makes a hobby out of restoring vintage radios.

Old radios popular reminders of 'the good old days'

VERONA - As a child, Edward Kahle grew to love the radio. As an adult, he sells that nostalgia to others who hold equally fond memories of sets which linked their living rooms to the outside world.

Crammed topped to bottom along a series of shelves at Verona Antiques are literally dozens and dozens of radios. Some are beautiful pieces of furniture, some are radio-phonograph combinations and still others are novelty radios, blasting sounds from the interior of a space helmet or football helmet. In addition, there is radio-related equipment: batteries, tubes and lightning arrestors.

Ed and his wife, Lucille, have only been dealing in radio memorabilia for six years or so, although 52-year-old Ed claims a lifetime fascination with the radio.

"There was a radio collector in Waynesboro who wanted to sell his collection and so I bought a hundred at one time," recalls Ed, who lives in Waynesboro, of his beginnings as an antique radio dealer.

Since then he has become deeply immersed in the history of the radio. He reads magazines geared directly toward the collector and he peruses catalogs and books on the subject. But his love for the radio goes back a great deal longer than six years.

"When I was a little boy, I would lay on the floor and listen to the radio. It had beautiful dials and I would turn off all the lights and look at the dials. I liked to listen to Sky King," he said in explaining his fascination with the radio.

These days he likes learning about the old radios which he "buys, sells, swaps, trades and repairs." Although he can do some of the basic tube checking and cord replacements, he leaves most of the heavy duty repairs to Dave Henderson, a Verona native who has been fixing old radios most of his life.

"In the old days, people would get together and listen to the radio at radio parties," Ed says in explaining some of the radio's fascination. "But at first the radio was like a puppy. It wasn't allowed in the living room because it would leak — the batteries would leak. Once the batteries were enclosed, then the radio moved into the living room."

Ed admits to having fun learning all the old trivia associated with the sets he sells. "The appliance salesmen used to sell the radios. They would deliver your new refrigerator and then look over at your radio and say 'Your radio looks like it's a few years old. I can sell you a new one!' Those radios didn't always come with tubes either. That was another gimmick. You bought the radio and then you had to buy the tubes. Floor models in the 1920s could sell for hundreds of dollars. Finally in the Depression, they were mass produced," he said.

Some of those old models don't sell for much more today than they originally did, while others which are hot on the collectible list can bring in thousands of dollars.

"The highest priced are not necessarily the best," Ed noted. "Spartan made the Nocturne which had a 46-inch round blue mirror glass. That sells for $25,000 and works no better than a tabletop radio."

Through constant study, Ed knows what radio is hot and what is not. He can also match the right buyer with the right radio. "I put one in the Walton Museum," he said. "Right now everybody is collecting the Catalin, which are radios made from a syrupy plastic with swirls of color in them. They are the Cadillac of the collectors line today."

He added that some transistor radios are even real collectible right now, and most of those are unique in some way. "Anybody that could make a case made radios. They got the parts from somewhere else and put them in. The RCA radio had one shaped like a dog. There are radios in football helmets and Pepsi coolers and ones shaped like Coca-Cola and Dr Pepper bottles. Anything you can think of, a radio was made out of it."

A trip to Verona Antiques and Ed's radio shelves will be a trip back to childhood for many. And it won't take much prodding to get Ed to pull from the shelf a vintage radio with which he can tune in the world. —

Edward Kahle poses with a 1932 Gloritone Radio. Termed "cathedral" style by collectors, these sets were only mildly opular in the 1930s but are hot sellers today. Kahle buys and sells old radios at his Verona business.

See related story, page 16

Special thanks to AC subscriber John Taylor of Staunton for letting us use items from his vintage advertisement collection to illustrate the Radio Days stories. ---

Continued from page 6

made," he said with reverence.

"You know in Desert Storm they had to resurrect the old tube equipment for a while because the blowing sand against the antennae created static that damaged the solid state radios. They had to use the tube equipment to talk to each other. The Navy has also gone back to emergency tube equipment on every ship in case of nuclear attack. A nuclear blast would disrupt electronic equipment, but wouldn't bother the tubes," he said, praising the "old stuff."

Military radios are obviously high on Dave's list of favorites which is why he was "like a boy with lots of toys," in the early 1970s when he served as a communications officer aboard a naval destroyer. "I was very much involved with the state of the art technology at that time," he said of his tour of duty on the USS McCandless.

These days, however, Dave sticks to repairing the older sets. Almost no one makes tubes anymore, but there are several sources for old radio parts. Sometimes old sets can be cannibalized for tubes and other parts, but in reality the companies which manufactured tubes in earlier years made thousands more than were ever needed. Ironically enough, the former Soviet Union has also become a world supplier of tubes which were still being used in their military equipment.

"The Russians have very few products that they can produce and sell on the world market so they have been supplying tubes in the audio world for four or five years now," he said.

Dave, though, has been collecting tubes for years and has thousands of them in assorted shapes and sizes. "I sell a few tubes so I can make my hobby self-supporting. Almost any set I receive, I take a cursory glance at it to see if its repairable. If it is, then I fix it up and put it on the shelf. With the exception of the tubes, the other parts are still commonly available," he noted.

Probably the biggest reason behind his desire to continue repairing old sets is to preserve a heritage that is being lost. "My two daughters look at it like 'Dad's losing his mind,' but an awful lot of technology is going to be lost in another generation. Nobody is following up on this old technology. I hope someday that the kids will keep some of these and pass them on. I like to preserve them," he said of the old radios.

Once on the subject, he can wax eloquently about the impact of the radio on our way of life, and he has an important point: "Nothing had as great an impact in making things instantaneous. You could hear Presidential speeches and all of a sudden the home was a place where you could stay tuned to what was going on in the world."

The one thing Dave can not stand is the thought of these old friends, which -- after all -- helped usher in the modern communication age, winding up on a garbage truck.

"I tell people not to throw them in the trash, but instead to pass them on to somebody to keep them going. I have to admit to pulling them out of trash cans! Here we are in the television and video age, but I think that we've lost something today. There was a lot of security in a radio set with a dial that glowed in the dark right beside your bed."—

AFRICA: Ethiopia mission trip makes strong impressions on Waynesboro travelers

By TERRY TERRELL

For the November issue of Augusta Country, I wrote an article about the H.O.P.E. (Helping Our Partners In Ethiopia) project. Seven people representing three Presbyterian churches in Waynesboro traveled to Ethiopia in November. Their objectives were to provide Bibles and guitars, hands-on mission services, upgrade computer hardware and software, create a color slide show, keep daily journals, and prepare newspaper stories focusing on the needs in Ethiopia.

They successfully fulfilled their objectives and much more. Here are stories told by some of the members of the mission group.

MIKE

Mike Robison wrote the following about his experience in Ethiopia:

"I was awakened at 4:30 this morning by what I later found out was Moslem chanting broadcast from a mausoleum approximately a mile away. I woke Monte (Hackney) and opened the bedroom window so we could hear it together. We saw our first Ethiopian sunrise over Addis Ababa that morning while still listening to the chanting."

"As far as I can tell all of the Nuers have the same material possessions. Their homes, called tukuls, are all about the same size and are constructed the same way," wrote Mike Robison about his stay among the Nuer people of Ethiopia.

After several days in Addis, Mike and Monte traveled to Gambela.

The Nuer People

"As far as I can tell all of the Nuer's have the same material possessions. Their homes, called tukuls, are all about the same size and are constructed the same way. Each adult appears to have one or two sets of second hand western clothing. Each family has some cooking and eating utensils and a few short handled agricultural tools. I found in each tukul I visited about the same thing. They tend to be neat and clean. They typically had all of their personal possessions in a basket the size of the wastepaper basket beside my desk.

"Most of the tukuls had art design on their inside 'plastered' walls. The tukuls are actually quite pleasant inside. I was amazed to find out that many families had two or three tukuls. It seems that when the wife becomes pregnant for the first time the husband builds her her own tukul near his. The wife will now live primarily in that tukul with the child or young children until they are about the age of three or four at which point another tukul is typically built for the children. Often children will live in a tukul with other children of the neighbors.

"I'm told that a tukul costs nothing to build, being constructed totally of indigenous material, and takes 4-6 weeks to complete by the husband and maybe a friend or relative. The inside is 'plastered', usually by the women, and artistic designs are made in the plaster while it is still wet.

"These people appear to have a lot going for them: No mortgages, no electric bills, and no insurance payments. They have strong egos and will tell you how lucky they are to be Nuer. I am told that if they are particularly impressed by someone the ultimate compliment is 'You seem to be a wonderful person, it's too bad God didn't make you a Nuer.'

The Nuer people will tell you that relationships with God and others is a high priority and that material things are not important. Hospitality and thoughtfulness are always priorities. Except for the short life expectancy, about 50 years (though people don't know their age or birth dates), the 50 percent infant mortality rate, and continuos malnutrition and hunger, I think I could learn to enjoy living here."

Kyle Allen, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Waynesboro, and Tim Read of Waynesboro, visited the Surma Project located in the Tuligeet Valley in southwest Ethiopia near the border of Sudan. The Surma Project is a comprehensive rural development and evangelism project with the Surma tribe. The Surma live in a very remote region and its members wear very few articles of clothing, have no metal making ability, and live much as their ancestors did for thousands of years. There are no English speakers among the Surma and no more than a handful of the Surma speak languages commonly spoken in Ethiopia. As of yet, there are no professing Christians among the Surma.

Tim wrote the following in his journal:

TIM

"Kyle and I stayed at the mission compound for six wonderful days of new experiences and enjoyed a small taste of what life is like on the Surma Project. I was inspired to see the enthusiasm, grace, and good humor with which John and Gwen Haspels and the other missionary workers bear the hardships and isolation of their remote mission station. They live with no electrical service, no phones, no regular mail, no plumbing, and no paved roads to get to civilization. It takes at least five hours by four-wheel-drive to get from the Haspels' mission station to the nearest village of Tum, which has regular service by the small planes of Ethiopian Airlines. Even then, the planes visit Tum's small grass airstrip only three time a week — weather and other conditions permitting.

"The missionaries have learned to adjust to their conditions. Mike and Helene Middleton, the resident linguists, estimate that it will take them a full 10 years to learn the Surma language, create a written version of the language, and then translate the New Testament into Surma. John Haspels does not speak of how many years he and his wife Gwen will live with the Surma — he only says that he plans to stay as long as necessary for a Christian church to be established and become self-sustaining among the Surma people. This could take longer than the Middleton's linguistic tasks.

"I was impressed with the scope of the Tuligeet settlement that John, his family and co-workers have already carved out of the wilderness in a few short months. They have completed several buildings (including two houses with two stories and roofs formed of geodesic domes); a water well with reliable drinking water; an airstrip of their own; a workshop; gardens and cultivated fields. While we were there, Kyle and I did construction work on two simple buildings that will serve someday as a health clinic and supply house. We also helped mix and lay a concrete floor in a new tukul (hut), repaired some soil erosion on the airstrip, and put a coat of paint on most of the outside of the dried mud walls of the Haspels' residence."

The Surma People

"Perhaps it is the Surma People themselves who inspire the missionaries' desire to carve a home out of the wilderness in order to live near them, to grow to understand them, and to share knowledge and faith with them. The Surma people make friendly, if perhaps pesky, neighbors. They are constantly wandering into the mission compound to beg for a cooking pot, a jerrican, or a blanket. The Surma have no means to make metal tools and they live their lives much as their ancestors did for thousands of years.

"One day, John took us on a walk to the Surma village near the mission compound. Kyle and I had met many Surma men that would come to the compound looking for work, but we had seen few of the Surma women. As we entered the clearing with its collection of small grass huts, we had a sense of traveling through a time-warp into a pre-historic period removed several times from our own century and civilization.

"Like in the village of Tum, this Surma village had no plumbing, no electricity, no phones — and yet it was more basic still. In Tum, an enterprising villager operated a diesel powered mill to grind corn. Here the Surma women would grind their corn and grain by pushing a small rock against a large rock on the ground. The people there were at least familiar with things that could be brought from the large cities. A Surma woman I met expressed amazement and wonder at the simple butane cigarette lighter that I gave her for lighting her cooking fires.

"The appearance of these people is compelling. The men and women alike have decorated themselves with dramatic geometric designs on their backs, shoulders, breasts, and arms by cutting and scarring their bodies

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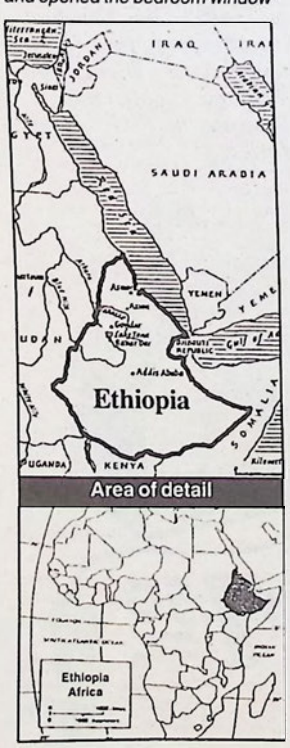
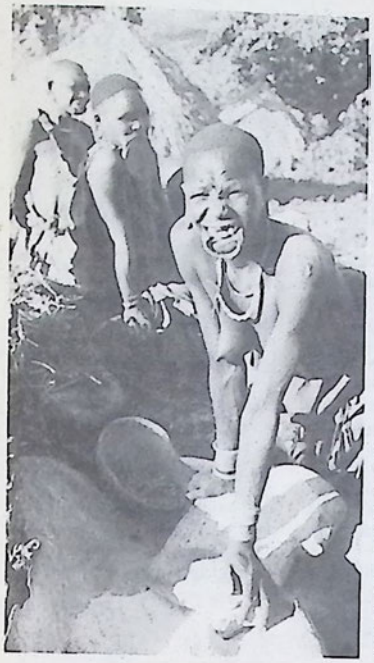




"The appearance of [the Surma people] is compelling," wrote Kyle Allen in his journal. "Perhaps most shocking is the Surma women's practice of wearing lip plates." In this photo, Surma women grind corn between two stones. One of the women in the background is wearing the traditional lip plate which hangs below her chin.

Continued from page 8

with rocks or pieces of metal. The earlobes of the women and men hang in great hoops where their ears have been pierced and stretched to hold Oreo-sized pottery disks.

"Perhaps most shocking is the Surma women's practice of wearing lip plates. As they reach maturity, the Surma women pierce their lips and knock out their lower teeth so that they can place a wood or pottery plate between their lip and jaw. As they grow older, the women stretch their lips to accommodate larger and larger plates. Eventually, some women wear lip plates as large as dinner plates that dangle ponderously in front of their mouths. When she is not wearing her lip plate, a Surma woman's lip will hang well below her chin in a large ropy hoop.

"As I wandered among the Surma people in their village of grass huts, I wondered why these people still live this way. What is it about their environment, their opportunities, their point of view, or perhaps their heredity that keeps them living the same way century after century? And I wonder whether the changes that will inevitably occur among the Surma people, as they interact more and more with us 'time travelers' from the 20th century, can enhance the Surma's existence without destroying those characteristics that they find most valuable.

"The Surma are already changing quickly. In the gold mines and mining towns to the north, the Surma men work for cash and then buy Russian-made rifles to replace the wooden sticks that they used to carry. Now, the Surma men travel everywhere with a rifle in their hand and a bullet in the chamber. The expressions of the Surma's violent traditions have taken on new, more deadly proportions. Like the gang warfare in south-central Los Angeles and our other American cities, turf battles and grievances between the Surma men usually result in one or more persons being shot.

"It is not a question whether the Surma will learn new ways and change. The only question is what those new ways will be and who might serve as their role models. Perhaps people of dedication and faith like John and Gwen Haspels and the others of the Surma Project will be able to show the Surma a new way to relate to one another. Perhaps the Surma will come to understand, and eventually embrace, ways of peace and compassion instead of violence and revenge."

Kay Heizer had this to say of her visit in Ethiopia:

KAY

"During my stay in Addis Ababa, I was only able to experience a small portion of life and culture there. I visited with our missionaries, Mark Rasmussen and Caroline Kurtz, and learned of their work in Ethiopia. I attended Sunday worship services with Caroline at the Mekane Yesus Evangelical Church. I participated in two classes taught by Caroline at the Yehiwot Berhan School."

The Metu/Gore People

"During the time I spent in Metu and Gore, I was escorted on a tour of the town of Metu and Gore by Ato Mersha Siyoum, President of the Illubabor Synod. Ato Mersha took our group -- Oma Rexrode, Chris Arey, and myself -- on a tour of the Metu Hospital where we learned of their school for nursing assistants and witnessed the extensive construction of their new facilities. We visited the Illubabor Synod Compound where we met their missionaries from Sweden, their staff, and learned of their many outreach programs. We had the opportunity to tour the compound and survey the construction of the new church. We visited the home of Ato Mersha and met his family. Also during our stay in Gore, Ato Mersha took us on a tour of a tea plantation where we visited the Wobea Bethel Church. Located on the land adjoining the tea plantation, the round thatched roof church served some 200 persons living in and around the tea plantation.

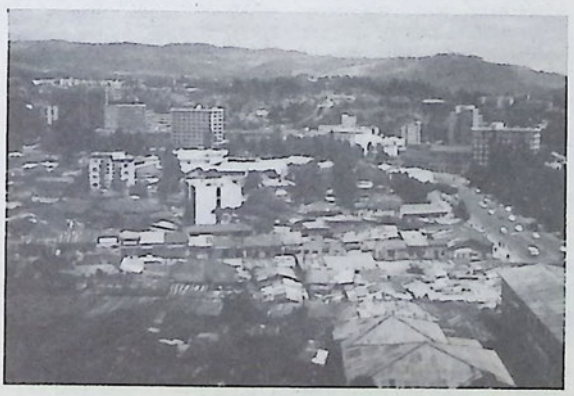
"In Gore our group was most graciously hosted in the home of Sissay Mekuria at the Gore Bethel Hostel. Much time was spent with Sissay and the Elders of the Gore Bethel Church learning of their work and the needs of the church. I visited with the children of the hostel and spent hours answering their many questions about America and learning of their life in Ethiopia.

"As a group we attended Saturday evening, Sunday morning, and evening worship services. We were invited to a late Sunday evening meal and faith sharing with Sissay and the Elders of the Church. Afterwards, the evening began with the Elders leading prayer where we all sang 'We Have Decided To Follow Jesus.' Scriptures were read and the Elders began to thank us repeatedly for the time and work we had contributed over the past several days. They said that brothers had come before us but no one had taken the time to ask questions about their church nor listen to them until we arrived. They said we had done so much for them that they didn't know what else to say except 'God Bless.' By now tears were beginning to flow from everyone. I told the Elders that we believed our gifts were meager in comparison to the love, kindness, and sincere hospitality we had received while staying in the Gore Bethel Hostel and that we felt truly united as one with our brothers and sisters in Ethiopia.

"It's hard to put into words the emotional and spiritual feelings that each of us experienced that evening as the spirit of the Lord descended upon us and his glory shown around us."

As the photographs show and the stories tell, Ethiopia is a land of immense cultural and topographical diversity. Some areas have made progress in the fields of education and agriculture with the help of missionaries and others, but many are still in need of the most basic necessities such as food and clean drinking water. However, no matter how terrible the Ethiopians' situation may seem, material possessions play a less important role in their lives than the practice of their religion. —

It's studies as usual for these junior and senior high school girls at the Yehiwot Berhan School in Addis Ababa. They are seen here as they take time to complete homework assignments during their morning break.



Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia is a very densely populated city combining high rise motels, banks, and apartments with one and two rooms filling available space. High rise buildings are made of brick and cement while modest homes are made of mud and wood with tin roofs.

Mission Festival: Feb. 24-26

Project H.O.P.E. participants will be talking about their experiences in Ethiopia at the Shenandoah Presbytery Mission Festival to be held Feb. 24-26.

The event begins Friday evening at Sunnyside Presbyterian Home with an orientation dinner. It continues Saturday from 11 a.m. - noon at Bunker Hill, Broadway, Augusta Stone, and Mt. Carmel Presbyterian churches. Mission leaders will be speaking during these sessions.

In a special 3-5 p.m. Saturday afternoon session at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Waynesboro, children and youth will learn about missions through small group interactions with global mission guests. Participants in the festival include missionaries who are serving in Pakistan, India, and Ghana.

The festival continues Sunday at Massanutten Presbyterian Church in Penn Laird. Sessions begin at 2:30 p.m. A light supper will be served and the event will conclude with a worship service at 6:45 p.m. For information about the Mission Festival, call 943-5550.---

Llama socks and a trip to the big city

Down on the farm

By Betty Jo Hamilton

Down on the farm we're thinking about our trip to the big city.

YEE-HA! It's not often that we're allowed to head into the big city to kick up our heels. And when we do, stories of the adventure come trailing back after us (if not a few law enforcement officials) when we return.

So it was off to Richmond in mid-January for me. One group of ewes had stopped lambing. The next group was not due to start for another two weeks. The weather was cooperating. The window of opportunity was there for travel and I launched myself into what would be a stay of no more than 36 hours away from the farm. It's just as well that it didn't last longer — 36 hours in the city is about all I can take and 36 hours of having me in the city is about all the municipality can bear.

Making my way through traffic in the city is a challenge. I don't usually have too much trouble driving in the city — that is, I'm fully capable of operating the vehicle regardless of where I happen to be. However, when I'm in the city, I sometimes maneuver the car into the wrong place — take the wrong exit or take no exit at all off the interstate.

They have these big highway loops in the city. The loops help you get from here to there but the loops themselves don't really go anywhere. So if you stay on them you just keep going round and round the city and never get any closer to where you want to be. I'm getting better at city driving -- loops and all -- although I find it is easier done with a navigator — that is, another person in the vehicle who can be on the lookout for directional signs and what have you.

"Turn here." "Take the next left." "Change lanes now." "LOOK OUT!!!! GEEZE! What's wrong with that guy?" All of these are helpful words of instruction which can be provided by a navigator. Traveling sans navigator though, I have to drive — that is operate the vehicle — as well as make instantaneous decisions about direction of travel. I don't always make the right choice.

On each of my two most recent trips to the big city, I turned the wrong way up one way streets. City people get so testy about this. It takes me awhile to realize that when they're waving at me — as everyone traveling country highways and byways does — they're not merely saluting me in a friendly fashion. When I wave back, I'm shocked to get another type of salutation in return. Anyway, where's their pioneer spirit? Has city life sapped them of the ability to forge into new frontiers? I guess so.

Fortunately my car is equipped with a 360-degree turning mechanism which enables me to make rapid adjustments to my direction of travel. Finding myself traveling the wrong way on a one-way street, I simply slam on the brakes and do one of my slick vehicular maneuvers to right my direction of travel. Either that or I just drive into the ditch and wait for traffic to dissipate. Then I can do a K-turn and wheel around in the appropriate direction.

Then there's eating in the big city. Restaurant dining for me seems always to be an experience — usually one I'd like to forget. Not because the food is bad. But I seem to have the uncanny ability of developing communication problems with my food service attendant. (We can't call them waiters or waitresses any more. It's not politically correct. Instead we call them something like food service attendant and no one has a clue as to what you're talking about.)

On the first night of my stay in the big city, I chose to eat at a place called "The Gooseberry Cafe." I did not choose to eat there because of its name. I chose to eat there because it was near my hotel, was in a fairly new looking strip mall, and was well lit — both inside and out. As the hostess seated me in the cafe, I was informed that "Frank will be your server this evening."

A few minutes later "Frank" arrived at my table.

"I haven't seen you around here in awhile," he said. I immediately knew it was going to be a long evening.

"That's because I've never been here before," I answered. Frank looked at me — a little puzzled, it seemed — over my response to his assertion that I was a "local." I happened to be wearing a sweatshirt with a college's insignia on it which caught Frank's eye.

"I know somebody who went there," he said. My relationship with Frank was only a few minutes old and I was already wondering if he remembered that I was in the cafe to eat dinner not make plans for a class reunion.

"Can I get you something to drink?" he asked, probably noticing that I was not too interested in conversing.

"Decaffeinated coffee," I said.

"I'll brew some just for you," he said. "It'll take about five minutes. Would you like some bread?"

Frank scurried off and returned a few minutes later with the coffee, a basket of rolls, and a small ramakin of butter. I ordered — a house salad and veal parmigiana which came with side orders of spaghetti and peas. Frank disappeared into the kitchen with my order in hand. A few minutes later I was presented with my salad. For me, things seemed to be improving. I had my beverage, some warm crusty rolls, and a salad. I was encouraged by the prospect of a relaxing meal.

Continued at top of page 11

Ready to roll - "Start spreadin' the news, I'm leavin' today, I want to be a part of it..." as the words to the song "New York, New York" go, and so I set out for an adventure in the big city. My car is specially equipped with a 360-degree turning mechanism which comes in handy when driving in traffic.

AC staff photo

Importance of agriculture focus of Agri Celebration

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

RICHMOND - Virginia legislators broke precedence Jan. 11 when the Senate adjourned without giving Gov. George Allen the opportunity to deliver his State of the Commonwealth address before a joint session of the General Assembly.

If the legislators were unwilling to hear the governor's message, there were others gathered in Richmond the next morning who demanded to be heard by their state representatives.

Agriculture interests from across Virginia converged on the state fairgrounds in Richmond Jan. 12-14 for a first-of-its-kind event. Agri Celebration '95 brought together almost everybody who is anybody in the state's agriculture community and all of those present had a message they wanted to deliver to the General Assembly.

"Agriculture is growing, vibrant, and extremely important," said Dr. Wayne Purcell of Virginia Tech during an early morning forum Jan. 12 which opened Agri Celebration '95. "It (agriculture) will be bigger and more important in the future. It is not in a state of decline," he added. "It is huge. It is growing. It is vibrant, and it's approaching a dominant part of the economy in this state."

Referring to figures published in an economic impact study conducted by Virginia Tech, Purcell revealed that agriculture and its related industries can be credited with employing 14-15 percent of the state's workforce.

See related article, page 12

The state's economic health is also directly related to the well-being of agriculture Purcell explained. He noted that the economic impact study showed that 11-12 percent of the state's economic activity is related to agriculture.

Accounting for 15 percent of the state's employment and 12 percent of the state's economic activity makes agriculture a dominant force in Virginia, according to Purcell.

Although it may be dominant, agriculture and its interests still need protection according to one state legislator who spoke during Agri Celebration's opening forum.

Sen. Frank Nolen, D-New Hope, announced that it is his intention to continue to work to advance the rights of farmers. Nolen's Right to Farm bill was approved during the 1994 session of the General Assembly and the legislation will become effective April 1, 1995.

The Right to Farm Bill removes restrictions on land zoned for agriculture use which required that special use permits be obtained to allow farmers to expand their agriculture operations.

"You don't have to get a permit to build a house in an area zoned residential. You don't have to get a permit to build a plant in an area zoned for industry. Agriculture is an industry and they have a right to farm on agriculturally zoned land," Nolen said.

The New Hope senator's legislation drew some fire during the 1994 session as some localities saw it as a threat to their jurisdiction over zoning ordinances. However, according to Nolen, the zoning practices of localities had become outdated where agriculture was concerned.

"The agriculture zone became a catchall," he said. "Everything that was left" fell into the agriculture zoning classification. Problems began to occur, according to Nolen, as more and more people moved into agriculturally zoned areas. Urbanization of agriculture areas created conflicts between farmers and people who chose to reside in agriculture areas.

"Some boards of supervisors were requiring a special use permit to build an agriculture facility in an agriculture zone," Nolen said. This created some conflicts, he explained, when a farmer in one area of a county was allowed to build an agriculture facility on land zoned for agriculture while another farmer across the county may have been denied a permit to expand agriculture operations on agriculturally zoned land.

The Right to Farm Bill, Nolen said, is a statement of the "rules" governing land zoned for agriculture use. With the law in place, people who decide to live in agriculturally zoned areas will be aware that farmers may operate the type of farming operation they choose, Nolen explained. The Right to Farm Bill, he said, will allow "competition and not constant controversy." ---

Continued from page 10

Seated at a table behind me were two men. Frank was serving these two fellows and another person was serving a lone man seated at a table across the aisle from me. Since they had obviously been in the restaurant for some time, the two men had progressed through the entree stage of the meal. When Frank picked up their empty dinner plates he stopped by my table and removed my empty salad bowl.

"Would you like some more coffee?" he asked. Yes, I would, I replied and my cup was refilled. It didn't occur to me until later that I must have been the only person in the restaurant drinking decaffeinated coffee and Frank had brewed a full pitcher of it upon my arrival. He seemed intent on making sure that none of it would be wasted and made several more visits to my table to refill my cup. On one such trip, he asked the fellows seated behind me if they wanted dessert. Responding to their query, he fetched a tray of desserts to show the men what the cafe offered.

After he had run the dessert gamut for the men, Frank passed by my table.

"Would you like dessert?" he asked.

"I don't know...yet," I responded. Was I being slow witted or was Frank up to something?

"Can I go ahead and tell you what they are since I've got them here now?" he asked. I'm all for conserving personal energy and time so I told Frank to go ahead with his dessert description.

"Do you know if you want dessert?" he asked when he had finished.

"I don't think I'm ready to decide," I responded a bit dopily. Frank retreated with the dessert tray and returned with the coffee.

"Would you like some more coffee?" he said. Once again, my cup was refilled. It occurred to me that perhaps Frank was trying to see if he could float me out of the cafe. Two more cups of coffee and another inquiry about dessert later it finally dawned on me that Frank somehow had got it in his head that I had progressed past the main course when, in fact, I was still waiting for the appearance of my veal parmigiana. I found this to be pretty humorous and began chuckling, mostly out loud. What I found even funnier yet was that I had to find a way to tell Frank. I decided it was best to take a simple, straightforward approach. The next time he came with the coffee, I was ready.

"You realize I haven't eaten yet," I said. Through Frank's eyes, I saw his brain do a little flip-flop.

"Yeah, veal parmigiana," he said, then hastily added: "It'll be out in a few minutes."

"You've been trying to get me to order dessert," I reminded him.

"Oh, yeah. Heh, hel: " Frank said and was quickly off into the depths of the cafe's kitchen. Seconds later he returned with the veal parmigiana.

"I told the people in the kitchen what I did," Frank said. "They didn't think it was funny."

The veal was good. Of course, I was starved by the time I got it. But I think it still would have been good had my hunger been at a normal level. Frank returned at one point to tidy up the table a bit. Because I had been there for some time and had gone through a substantial quantity of sugar to sweeten the bottomless coffee cup which Frank was maintaining, there were about a hundred empty sugar packets strewn across the table.

"Let me take those," Frank said, grabbing up a fistful and, with the same motion, stuffing them into the ramakin filled with butter. So much for the remaining roll — others of which had been quite good — tucked in a linen napkin in the basket.

There must be a way to escape, I was thinking. Perhaps I could issue a plea to the server who was attending the man at the adjacent table. "Please, won't you save me from Frank?" Better yet, restaurants should issue flare guns to customers so that when things begin to go badly one could signal for help.

Having finished the veal, I was feeling a bit better. Usually with a full stomach comes a sense of well being. Frank returned. "You want any more rolls," he asked. I replied, "No."

"Yeah, they're pretty bad aren't they?" he said.

"Actually, I thought they were pretty good," I said.

"I'm just kidding," said Frank. "You want me to take that?" he asked of my soiled and empty dishes. I did nothing to stop him so he picked up the dishes. "You want dessert?"

"I don't believe so," I said laughing a little (very little) at his earlier attempts to prematurely serve me dessert.

"No," Frank said, "probably not with all you ate."

That was pretty much it for me and Frank. Within minutes I had paid my check.

"Come back again," Frank said warmly when he returned with a credit card voucher for me to sign.

"Not in this lifetime," I muttered beneath my breath as I signed the voucher.

Frank is only the most recent in a long line of food service attendants which have waited through my life. There have been those who have served well. However, there have been those from whom I thought I would need to petition the court for a divorce in order to leave the restaurant. Once in a restaurant while I was at the salad bar, I returned to find my table had been cleared in my absence. There I stood in the middle of the restaurant with a plate full of salad and no place to eat. Ah, city life. Don't you just love it?

And then there's shopping in the big city. I had a little extra time aside from the business aspect of my trip so off to the mall I went to see what I could see. I had forgotten to pack socks to wear with a pair of slacks I had brought on the trip so the shopping began for pragmatic purposes.

While I was at it — sock shopping that is — I decided it would be a good opportunity to find some gray socks to wear with a pair of gray trousers I had back at home. So, the hunt was on — mall to mall, shop to shop — but alas there was nary a pair of gray socks to be found. I haven't been shopping in the big city for quite some time. I guess the color gray must have fallen out of fashion during my absence from city civilization.

I did find a pair of brown socks with llamas on them so I bought those. Of course, I can't wear them with the gray trousers but hey, I've got a pair of llama socks! And I don't even have llama feet.

Then there was the hotel in which I stayed. It was clean and I suppose affordable. That is if you don't mind spending $50 for a door to triple deadbolt and a place to lay your head for the night. Enroute to a breakfast meeting the next morning, I saw there was little which reflected the dawn of a new day. In the city, there is no freshness about a new day. Everything has been all used up before anyone makes it out the door to their car.

But I had a day ahead of me yet — a day which I spent at the state fairgrounds where agriculture interests from across the state had gathered for Agri Celebration '95. It's a bit odd to think that I went to the city to see what's going on in the country but that, in essence, is what I did. Midday at Agri Celebration found me looking for a spot to get a little work done. A celebration staff member volunteered to walk me to the event's offices where I would have the use of a computer to write a story.

"Watch out!" the fellow said suddenly and with alarm as we walked through a traffic area. There was such fear in his voice I thought we were about to be mugged and I immediately assumed the Kung Fu attack position — my hands up, ready to start throwing karate chops.

"Watch out for that mud," the fellow went on to say as he sidestepped something and then began apologizing for construction vehicles which had been passing that way.

Since his warning had startled me enough to make me jump I began looking around to see what I was avoiding. The man gestured to the ground at a dollop of mud the size of a quarter — a dollop which was pressed flat and seemed pretty harmless to me. "That's not mud," I wanted to say to the city fellow. "You want mud? Pay me a visit down on the farm and I'll show you mud."

Driving back home — to the farm and to the mud — late that night, I had a chance to reflect on my big city adventure. Would city drivers break free from their *heavily restricted traffic patterns*? Would city folks learn how agriculture is important to them? Would Frank, the food service attendant, learn that waiting tables is not his true calling in life?

Down on the farm, we're happy we made the trip to the big city. But we're even happier that we're back home again. —

Agri Celebration: Pep rally for farming

AC staff report

RICHMOND - Agri Celebration coordinators called it a "pep rally" for agriculture. Those who came to see it found it was just that.

Agriculture interests from every nook and cranny of the state turned out to participate in the event, which was more a farm exposition than anything else. Twelve of the state's commodity groups and 118 exhibitors packed the exhibition halls at the state fairgrounds Jan. 12-14 to show the public what agriculture is and what it means to Virginia.

"We were pleased with the response," said Agri Celebration coordinator Linda Beck. She noted that about 5,000 people attended the three-day event -- the first ever of its kind to be held in Virginia.

"It takes a couple of years to get people to know what we're all about. We'll want to concentrate on what we did and expand that," she said looking ahead to shows in future years. "I hope next year we can have a bigger advertising budget."

Of all the exhibits, one which drew a large crowd was "The Choice Farm" which was brought all the way from Iowa and the World Pork Conference Headquarters to be displayed at Virginia's Agri Celebration.

Agri Celebration '95

"The Choice Farm," which promoters billed as the "world's largest conservation and environmental model farm," is a 20 by 30-foot scale model of farms using conservation practices to protect the environment. The exhibit included the depiction of 30 conservation and environmental practices.

A precision-crafted model of farm land, "The Choice Farm" was a crystal clear explanation of practices such as grassed waterways, contour farming, stream protection, nutrient management, and wetland enhancement. These are voluntary conservation practices which many farmers incorporate into their farm management operations.

"The sky's the limit," may well have been the theme of Agri Celebration which highlighted Virginia's $25-billion industry. Hydroponics, aquaculture, horticulture, as well as all types of traditional farming operations were on display. The diversity of Virginia agriculture was apparent in exhibits including the soybean industry's "Clean Bean Machine" -- a pickup truck which operates on fuel derived from soybeans.

Whether it was cows or computers, everything under the agriculture sun was shining at Vir-ginia's Agri Celebration '95. State associations, including the Virginia Horse Council, Virginia Beef Industry, and Virginia Pork Producers, held their annual meetings in conjunction with Agri Celebration.

The state's agriculture industry wooed Virginia legislators with various commodity groups entertaining the lawmakers at private receptions held throughout Agri Celebration. An air of excitement and showmanship was maintained through the event. Lest the agriculture industry representatives and state legislators become too serious though, celebration coordinators still had their bases covered.

Country western comedian Jerry Clower was on hand to entertain the crowd. He spent Thursday afternoon roaming the exhibit halls and cracking jokes which drew laughter from all within earshot. A smile was certain to cross the faces of those who caught only a glimpse of Clower from a distance. One couldn't help but chuckle when the robust silver-haired gentleman -- attired in his scarlet and white trimmed stage show attire -- came into view.

In addition to the exhibitors and commodity groups, Agri Celebration was sponsored by six of the state's electric cooperatives among those being Shenandoah Valley Electric Cooperative.---

A youngster attending Agri Celebration '95, held Jan. 12-14 in Richmond, takes a close look at one of the exhibits which was on display at the event. Almost every aspect of Virginia agriculture could be seen at the celebration.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Farm Bureau lobbies legislators

AC staff report

STAUNTON - Representatives from six central Virginia counties met Jan. 4 to lobby area legislators on causes supported by the Virginia Farm Bureau Federation.

By the time two of the legislators — Sen. Frank Nolen, D-New Hope, and Del. A.R. Giesen, R-Waynesboro — arrived at the evening meeting, they were amenable to almost every request put forth by the Farm Bureau representatives.

FARM BUREAU VIRGINIA

The two legislators had spent the five hours preceding the Farm Bureau meeting listening to testimony at a public hearing on state budget cuts held at the Augusta County Government Center. Nolen and Giesen admitted they were worn out if not worn down. Del. Vance Wilkins, R-Amherst, had put in a full day as well. He arrived at the Farm Bureau meeting after spending a day holding town meetings in his district.

Steve Saufley, FB state board member of Rockingham County, presented the Farm Bureau's "priority package" to the legislators. Alex Hamilton, Virginia Farm Bureau Federation public affairs director, was on hand to offer explanations for the farm lobbying group's position on a number of issues.

The FB's "top ten" issues for 1995 includes liability exemption for proper pesticide use, marketing, grading, and inspection programs, workers' compensation, and land use assessment. Heading the list is the issue of increased funding to agricultural Extension and research.

"I support that," stated Nolen, a member of the Senate agriculture committee. "I support keeping what we put in last year."

Wilkins, the House minority leader, said the group might be faced with setting priorities.

"You'll have to decide what is most important," he said.

Nolen's Right to Farm legislation, which passed the 1994 assembly, is another issue on which Farm Bureau is keeping tabs. The law will become effective April 1, 1995 unless legislation reversing it is brought before the current session of the assembly. The Right to Farm legislation eliminates the requirement that special use permits be obtained for agriculture facilities being built within areas zoned for agriculture use.

"I hope it doesn't boomerang on the farmers," Giesen said of the new law. "If land is zoned agriculture then it ought to be used that way."

"Is it tight enough?" Wilkins asked of the bill's language. "What's to keep boards of supervisors from eliminating agriculture as a zone?"

"We don't have to do anything this year unless they (Right to Farm bill opponents) do something," Nolen said.

Of the 10 issues presented by the Farm Bureau representatives, only one caused some discord. Legislators began waving red flags when the group announced its stance on sales tax and real estate assessment.

Farm Bureau "supports an increase in the state sales tax only if it is returned to local governments using the aid-to-localities formula and with the provision that all local governments reduce the local real estate tax by the same amount."

"You're just fooling yourself on that one," Wilkins said.

"You can't tie it to lowering the local real estate taxes and you don't want to tie the two together," said Giesen, a member of the House Appropriations Committee.

Even pleading didn't budge the legislators. "Help. Please," begged one of the 22 FB representatives in attendance. Farmers continue to bear the economic strain caused by taxes which the state assesses on real estate. Farm Bureau members claim real estate tax places too much of a burden on financially strapped agriculture operations. But the legislators held fast.

"I don't think you're going to find anyone to introduce it," said Nolen. "I wouldn't introduce it."

County Farm Bureau federations represented at the meeting included Augusta, Rockingham, Rockbridge, Alleghany, Highland, and Amherst. Creigh Deeds, D-Warm Springs, was unable to attend the meeting due to a prior commitment. —

Beef breeders working to break "island mentality"

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

RICHMOND - Beef breeders in Virginia are working to break through the "island mentality" of cattle production.

Beef industry representatives participated in a panel discussion during the Virginia Beef Industry Convention held Jan. 12-13 in Richmond to explain how each of the industry's segments depends on the other rather than existing as separate entities.

Panel participants were Mike McDowell, a registered Angus breeder from Southside Virginia; Tim Sutphin, manager of Simmons Farm in Pulaski County; Ernie Reeves, an Augusta County feeder cattle operator; Mark Armentrout, president of Mill Park Feed Yard in Oakland, Iowa; Dale Faunce, director of meat merchandising for Farm Fresh Foods; and Sally Dunham, a member of the Cattle Industry Board. Bad weather in Chicago prevented a representative of the meat packing industry from traveling to the Virginia meeting.

Each panel member told about his or her segment of the beef cattle industry.

McDowell, the purebred seedstock producer, said he needs to "receive what is advertised" from a genetic standpoint. He noted that it is necessary that bull semen produce calves with predictable qualities.

"I like not to have variation," he said, stating that EPDs (expected progeny differences) should "actively match" offspring of bulls. "I would like to be able to pass on a product that the cow-calf producer wants and do it uniformly," he said.

Speaking for cow-calf producers, Sutphin said, "I want it all." Included in that wish for Sutphin was "performance in all traits and bulls that are problem-free." He noted that cow-calf producers are "totally dependent on purebred breeders for genetic makeup." Sutphin said he was "looking for heavily muscled, easy fleshing bulls."

"I want calves that will perform on the rail with a high dressing percentage," he said. In his cow-calf operation, Sutphin is currently marketing all his steers as finished slaughter cattle. Heifers are sold as bred replacements.

Reeves noted that, as a feeder cattle operaator or backgrounder, he's looking for "anything we can add value to." His primary concern when buying cattle are "weight, health and grouping." Cattle are kept at Reeves' farm for 45 to 60 days and are sold as packaged trailer load lots.

"Grain and feeder cattle" are the raw materials with which Armentrout, as a cattle finisher, works. He said he looked at his segment of the beef industry as a "manufacturing business." He noted that he wants to deliver what the packer and retailer need. When buying cattle, Armentrout said health and conditioning are important factors. Uniformity is also a must for the Iowa feedlot operator.

Speaking for the nation's retailers, Farm Fresh's Faunce said he was "looking for some things which are a direct result of what you all get done." Palatability, he said — "Does it eat good?" — is of primary concern to his customers. Consistency is also important to the retailer.

"It's very important to get size and trim standards the same from box to box," he said. Faunce noted that for the past year Farm Fresh has bought beef only through the Certified Angus Beef program. Consistency is important to his customers, said Faunce. While consumers are not all that concerned with cost, he said the product must be contaminant free.

Ms. Dunham used her knowledge of consumer buying patterns to speak on behalf of consumers.

"I'm looking for something that's going to satisfy everybody," she said speaking as a consumer. "There is no average consumer. I want you to provide answers for me at the meat case through recipe cards and brochures. I want simple, basic recipes that use staple ingredients."

Ms. Dunham noted that consumers need recipes with "quick and easy preparations." She said grilling and stir frying are the preferred methods of beef preparation. These methods are "perceived as healthy" by consumers.

Ultimately, consumers evaluate the product on one criterion.

"No matter what, it has to taste good," she said. "I want a good or even great dining experience."

Frustrations with the beef industry were aired by panel members.

Ms. Dunham led the way noting that as a consumer it's difficult to cook using beef because there are no instructions on the package. She also pointed out that same-name cuts don't look the same from one package to the next.

Faunce said the beef industry must lead the consumer.

"It's very important that you get out there and develop a plan. It's very important to get a fool-proof product," he said.

Armentrout said he faced the difficulty of satisfying the retail needs of the industry.

"It takes a tremendous amount of product to fill those needs," he said.

In buying cattle to background, Reeves said health of the cattle is the biggest variable he faces.

Sutphin took aim at some of his fellow cattle producers in airing his complaints.

"One of the biggest problems is there are those who are serious about the beef industry and others who are playing games. And you can go to the feedlots and see some of the results of their toys," he said.

Criticizing the seedstock segment of the industry, Sutphin said, "I have yet to have a purebred breeder look at a calf crop from their bulls."

As a purebred breeder, McDowell noted his primary frustration was with fertility problems among his cattle herd.

The beef industry panel discussion was sponsored by the Virginia Cattle Feeders Association. The VCFA offers a marketing mechanism for cattle across the state through the coordination of special state-graded slaughter cattle sales. —

Shepherds brush up on skills at annual symposium

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

BLACKSBURG - Shepherds from Virginia and North Carolina spent two days in December updating themselves on sheep management skills and programs.

Hosted by Virginia Tech, the annual Virginia-North Carolina Shepherds' Symposium was held Dec. 2-3, 1994 and offered shepherds in attendance a veritable buffet of information about their vocation.

Lambing management, an area of primary importance to shepherds, was a popular program among those in attendance. The half-day clinic was held twice during the symposium and covered everything from pre-breeding management of ewes to the post-birth management of lambs.

Tom Bibb, a Christiansburg veterinarian, gave a step-by-step description of all that is required — in addition to luck — to have success in breeding ewes and delivering healthy and vigorous lambs.

Bibb noted that it is important to keep records on all breeding stock.

"Getting ewes bred is part of lambing management," he said. "We want to get lambs out of ewes. That's what we're aiming for."

There are, he said, a "few basic principles" shepherds should follow in order to be successful sheep producers.

"We should try to prevent exposure of sheep to conditions that are going to bring about problems," Bibb cautioned, urging producers to protect sheep from disease and predators. Disease can be controlled, he said, by quarantining sheep coming into the flock for at least three weeks. Also, traffic through the barn during lambing season should be kept to a minimum.

Animals should be kept resistant to diseases through the use of appropriate vaccines, Bibb said. He urged producers to maintain cleanliness and sanitation in administering vaccines and noted that proper nutrition of sheep must be maintained in order for vaccines to be effective.

"Vaccines are worthless if you don't practice good management," he said. "If the animal is not in good nutritional condition and good physical condition, it won't respond to vaccine."

Winfred Williams, shepherd at the Virginia Sheep Center in Blacksburg, shears wool from the crotch and udder of a ewe. Lambs can nurse more easily if tags and excess wool have been removed from ewes before lambing.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

VIRGINIA-NORTH CAROLINA SHEPHERDS' SYMPOSIUM

Sheep must be fed a balanced ration, the veterinarian said. This includes offering mineral supplements to insure good health. Selenium is a mineral which is deficient in Virginia soils and Bibb told producers this needs to be offered in the form of supplements — either free choice minerals or by injection — to keep sheep healthy.

Bibb advised producers to use MuSe as an injection for pregnant ewes. Lambs may be injected with LSe or BoSe. Each product should be used according to the labels' directions.

Ewes also need to be kept on an annual vaccination program for reproductive diseases Bibb said. Producers' veterinarians should be consulted regarding an appropriate vaccination program for their flock.

Lambing success is weighted heavily on the condition of the ewe prior to lambing.

"Feed them so they're in good condition when they lamb," he said, instructing producers to think of ewes as "lean, mean athletes."

Bibb said ewes should be crotched, injected with MuSe, overeating and tetanus vaccine 30 days in advance of lambing. Ewes should also be dewormed.

Producers should be on the lookout for ketosis or pregnancy toxemia in ewes which are closest to lambing. This disorder is linked to nutrition, Bibb said. He told producers to feed ewes sufficiently for the proper development of multiple lambs. Pregnancy toxemia may be treated with a twice daily drenching of 4-6 ounces of propylene glycol.

Ewes may also develop milk fever, Bibb said, which can be treated with a 125-cc. subcutaneous injection of calcium and phosphorous in a glucose solution. Ewes which develop mastitis or have bad quarters or udders should be culled from the flock.

Lambing is a labor intensive practice for shepherds. Bibb gave the producers some tips to help them with this task.

"A clean, grassy field is the best place for lambing," he said. In the case of bad weather, ewes should have access to a "draft free barn that is dry and clean." Pregnant ewes should be checked 3 or 4 times a day, he noted.

"The closer you observe them, the quicker you pick up lambing problems, the better chance you have of a healthy lamb," Bibb reminded producers. Checking ewes due to lamb also extends into nighttime hours.

"Be in the barn one or two times during night," Bibb instructed shepherds.

Sheep producers need to know when to assist a ewe giving birth, the veterinarian said.

"If there's any question in your mind, you should examine ewes for birth difficulty," he said. "Don't hesitate to check them."

Laboring ewes with cervix not dilated may be administered 3 cc. of ECP intramuscularly, Bibb said, and checked an hour later. If lambs have still not been born and the ewe is still not dilated, administer 1 cc. of oxytocin per hour until the ewe has dilated.

Once the cervix is dilated, shepherds may proceed to determine whether lambs are in the proper birth position. Repositioning of lambs within the womb may be necessary to assist in the delivery. However, Bibb cautioned shepherds: "Be patient. Sometimes we do more damage when we get in a hurry."

Cleanliness is important in delivering lambs, according to Bibb. He said ewes may be examined bare-handed but noted that use of a latex exam glove with a lubricating disinfectant is preferred.

"Be as clean as possible. Be careful and gentle in delivering multiple births," Bibb said. In instances of malpresentations, he told producers first to attempt to deliver the lamb with the best chance of survival.

Shepherds still have their work cut out for them once a lamb is delivered, Bibb explained. The shepherd's first priority is to make sure the lamb's air passages are clear. The veterinarian cautioned shepherds to be gentle in handling newborn lambs.

"They're fragile little things and we have to remember that," he said.

As the lamb begins to make progress, the shepherd's next task is to make sure the newborn gets something in its stomach.

"You need to be sure he nurses. Make sure that the teat is open and the ewe has milk," Bibb said. "Allow the ewe to mother-up to the lamb. The lamb should be up nursing within an hour and a half and is usually up within 15 minutes."

If a lamb fails to nurse, Bibb told producers to tube feed 1-2 ounces of milk to the lamb.

"A lamb that does not get up or is terribly chillled, don't hesitate to do it," Bibb said referring to tube feeding colostrum to newborns. Colostrum should be milked from ewes and kept frozen for emergency feedings. If necessary a commercial colostrum product may be substituted for real colostrum.

Bibb offered some steps to take to "warm up" a chilled newborn lamb.

"What will warm that lamb up faster than anything else is a stomach full of warm milk," he said. Also, the lamb may be immersed in a warm water bath, then rubbed briskly and dried off. Once the lamb is showing progress, it should be returned to the ewe.

"Fast as you can he needs to go back with the ewe," Bibb warned.

Lambs' navel cords should be dipped in a 7 percent solution of tincture of iodine to prevent infections, Bibb said. Ewes with newborns should be kept in small pens — about 4 x 4-foot — for 2 to 3 days. Shepherds should plan to have one small pen for every 10-12 ewes in the flock in order to accommodate the number of lambing ewes. These pens — or "jugs" as they are sometimes called — are to be kept clean and dry.

From the lambing jug, ewes and newborns are next moved to a hardening pen for another 2 or 3 days before they are turned out with other ewes and young lambs. The hardening pen, Bibb said, promotes a "tougher, harder lamb ready to go back out with the other ewes."

Tom Bibb, left, a Christiansburg veterinarian, examines the eyelids of a newborn lamb. Winfred Williams, shepherd at the Virginia Sheep Center at VPI, holds the lamb.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Medical needs of newborn lambs include a BoSe injection sometime during the first three days or before they come out of the jug, Bibb said. Lambs should also be examined to make sure eyelids are not turned in. This condition should be treated to prevent blindness, he explained.

Lambs may be docked and castrated when they are 7-10 days old, Bibb said. Veterinarians may be consulted to determine the most appropriate docking and castration methods for particular sheep production operations.

Additional information gathered at the Shepherds' Symposium will be published in the March issue of Augusta Country. —

Sheep producers to meet

VERONA - The Augusta County Sheep and Wool Producers will hold their annual meeting at 7 p.m. March 1 at the Extension office. The meeting will include a presentation about using livestock guardian dogs to protect sheep from coyote predation. ---

Training, health topics discussed at horse seminar

By DEBORAH SENSABAUGH

VERONA - The enthusiastic crowd filling the auditorium at the Augusta County Government Center December 17 came to learn more about horses. And they did not go away disappointed.

The Virginia Cooperative Extension Service in Augusta County, under the direction of Agent Rick Heidel, rounded up an impressive array of speakers who offered university-level continuing education on various aspects of equine management for the Augusta County Horse Seminar.

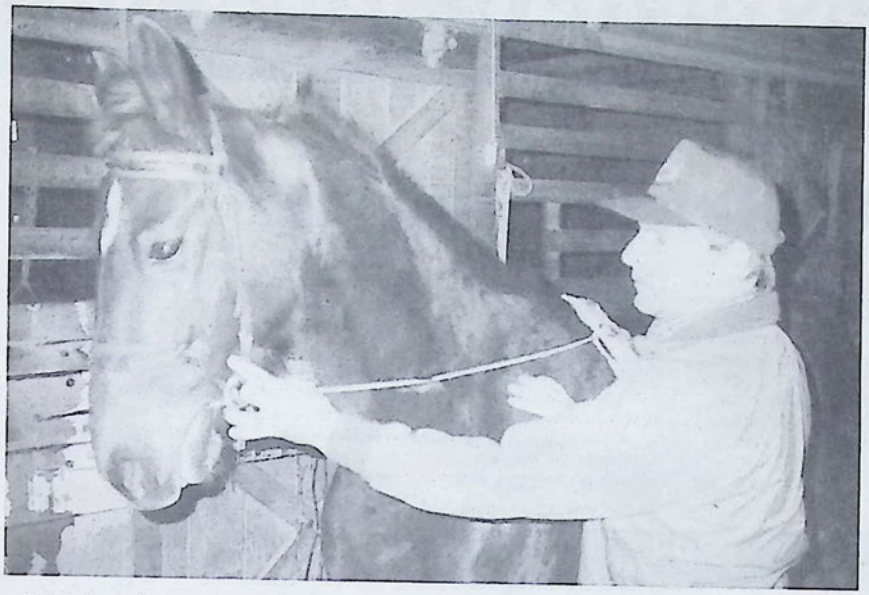
During the seminar's morning session, Dennis J. Blodgett talked about poisonous plants that could be a problem to horse owners in Virginia. Blodgett is an associate professor of toxicology at the VA-MD Regional College of Veterinary Medicine in Blacksburg.

In the second session, Blodgett lectured on mycotoxin and fescue update. In a separate meeting room, Heidel gathered those interested in safe loading, hauling, and trailer maintenance.

After lunch John Dascanio, assistant professor of the large animal clinic at RCVM, used a slide presentation to lecture about wound management and first aid.

And in the later afternoon session, a local professional trainer, William Heizer of Middlebrook, talked about breaking and training while Heidel repeated his trailer workshop.

If those attending the seminar thought they were going to receive simplified information, they were pleasantly surprised to learn that these lectures were, indeed, very much on the college level, yet with generous doses of practical information that younger folks could find helpful in their horse care chores.



Bill Heizer of Trotwood Farm at Middlebrook demonstrates the use of a bit rigging. The bit in the horse's mouth is hooked to lines which are called sidechecks. These are fastened to a surcingle which fits the horse just behind the shoulders. The pressure on the horse's mouth caused by the sidechecks teaches the horse to flex its neck and body. Heizer was among those who spoke at the horse seminar held Dec. 17 at the Augusta County Government Complex.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Practical training basics

Local trainer Bill Heizer gave seminar attendees a crash course in training young horses, or tuning up older horses, with the use of bridle, surcingle, and long lines.

Heizer termed a "green broke" horse as one that is "highly predictable, not with a lot of miles or conditioning, but a horse that can walk, trot, and canter, and you will know how he will react."

The key to knowing a horse's reactions, according to Heizer, is to use the long-lining techniques to teach the horse his basics. "Most horse people want everything done yesterday, so you have to set your own goals," Heizer said.

He used his training equipment to illustrate his talk. Heizer said he starts his colts in a full cheek snaffle (rubber ones are too fat for the young horse's mouth) adjusted high enough so that the colt can't get his tongue over the bit.

He then turns the colt into a round pen or small lot and lets him wear the bit for a short time -- about two days -- or as many sessions as it takes the colt to be comfortable with the bit. "Learn to read his horse talk; when he's happy with it, you can go on," he said.

He recommended accustoming the horse to the surcingle at the same time. "Take your time," he cautioned. "The way you teach him this will go with him the rest of his life," he said, recommending a week to 10 days to accustom the colt to both.

Heizer also recommended side check lines, looped about three inches, to teach the colt to begin to give to the bit as he is turned loose with the rig for about 15 minutes a day.

"Even if you are going to take him to a trainer later, you're getting into his mind and getting to know him," Heizer said.

He noted that once the horse begins to yield readily to a tightened side check (not in a head set position, of course) he is ready for attachment of the long lines. "You need to be athletic for this and to know your horse," Heizer said, cautioning that some horses may be ticklish when they feel the lines along their sides.

Line driving the colt in this manner, Heizer explained, teaches him to bend his body with his head. When the colt readily turns and stops squarely, he is ready to go on.

Heizer also lunges the colt, with the opposite long line helping him to bend his body.

Before getting on the horse, the trainer should put his arm across the horse's back and even lay across his back to accustom him to the weight. "By the time you get on, he will stop and steer. If you do good ground work first and all his buttons work, riding isn't that big a problem," he said.

He also told those present to use their common sense and to ride at first in a small area. "Your voice is the best reinforcer, and patience is very important. If your frame of mind is relaxed, your horse will be relaxed also. Everybody is going to make some mistakes so rectify them and keep on going," he said.

Toxicology tips

Blodgett, in his talk about toxicology, offered not only a list of potentially toxic native Virginia plants and trees which horses can ingest but illustrated his lecture with color slide samples of the trees and plants. He also discussed the manner in which each of the toxins reacts with the animal's metabolism and how much of the toxic plant must be ingested to cause problems.

He discussed pitted fruit tree toxins, such as cherry, apricot, peach, and plum which have cyanide in the leaves and bark. The wilted leaves, with sugar molecules no longer produced, provide readily available cyanide for digestion causing oxygen to be unacceptable to the cells. The blood becomes cherry-red and the horse breathes faster and faster with symptoms appearing about one hour after ingestion.

Next on his culprit list was the red maple, which grows wild in Virginia and contains an unknown toxin that causes fast breathing, depression, brown blood and blood in the urine with eventual liver jaundice from hemoglobin backup and clogged kidneys.

He also cautioned horse owners about Japanese yew trimmings or from the bushes left on an old farmstead that has been turned into pasture. As little as a quarter-pound of the plant or berries containing taxine causes sudden heart stoppage.

Other toxins are found in mountain laurel, rhododendron, black walnut shavings, black locust bark, hoary alyssum, white snake root and acorns. The acorns, containing tannin, only cause problems if a great number are ingested.

Wound management techniques

After lunch, attention turned to providing first aid to horses with a variety of wounds including lacerations, abrasions, and puncture wounds.

Using full color slides, Dascanio explained the types of wounds and the treatment each requires. Classification of wounds as to degree of contamination, depth of wound, and location on body was discussed, as well as treatment required, and when and if a veterinarian should be called.

Dascanio also talked at length about treatment for granulation tissue and showed slides of skin grafts on extensive wounds and burns.

He also talked about first aid procedures for eye wounds, straw bedding for injured horses, how to splint — PVC pipe makes the best splint — and haul injured horses — backwards if a front limb is injured.

Dascanio urged horse owners to use three layers of bandages, such as non-stick, absorbing and compression layers, and not to use peroxide as a wound disinfectant since it kills healthy tissue with oxides.

Additional information gathered at the horse seminar will be published in the March issue of Augusta Country.---

Yesterday once more

Gene Martin, 101

"I believe in moderation"

By TERRY TERRELL

STUARTS DRAFT - "Hard work it'll never git ya, it'll never hurt ya if ya take care of yourself. But I give God credit for an active life. We just don't do a lot of things without God. He works secretly, but we're just not aware of it. That's what I tell youngsters today; don't be afraid of hard work. Your lifestyle will git ya before hard work. I believe in moderation. I know it helped me. It's the overindulgence not the hard work that'll git ya," Vadie Gene Martin said with a chuckle when I asked him during our interview what his occupation had been.

I guess being 101 years old, still independent and living in a nice, well-kept apartment, Gene had been asked that question several times. Yep, "Hard work" and "moderation" is his philosophy.

Gene was born in Henry County, 12 miles from *Martinsville, November 22, 1893. Being raised on a farm, he* was used to hard work. Corn, wheat, and tobacco were the main crops, and back then county schools didn't open until October and city schools until September, because the families needed all the help they could get during harvest time.

But Gene didn't remain on the farm long. After his father became ill, his family moved to Spray, N.C., and at 16 he went to work in a textile mill. He soon realized that being a helper -- Gene's term for working for someone else -- wouldn't make ends meet but "a trade you could live by would," he said. That's when, at the age of 17, he moved to Roanoke, and began what would become his life-long trade.

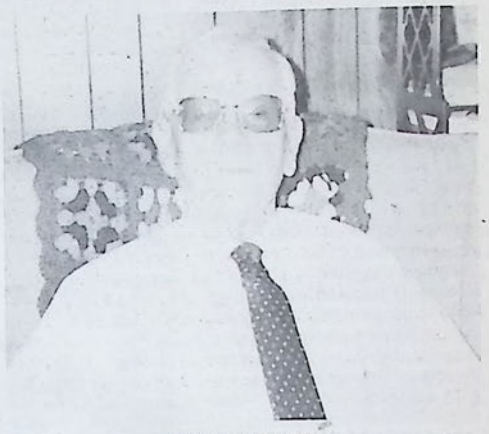
After another job in a railroad machinist shop, Gene was hoping to start an apprenticeship there. Since the railroad was a booming business back then and it had enough skilled labor, Gene soon realized he wasn't getting anywhere so he walked out. "I didn't know where I was going or what I was going to do but I wasn't going to be a helper the rest of my life," he explained.

Soon, after leaving the railroad and while still in Roanoke, Gene found an apprenticeship in the heating business and became a steam fitter by trade. Steam heat was a gravity activated system where a boiler was installed in the basement of a house and hot air was forced through pipes into cast iron radiators set up throughout the house.

The apprenticeship took him four-and-a-half years to complete — about the equivalent of a college degree today — before he became a junior mechanic and set out on his own. "I started out making $6 a week as an apprentice. Room and board was $3 a week and in bad weather, well, the overtime really helped out. But you see, back then there was no 8 hour days. It was 9 hours and you worked 6 days a week," Gene explained. "When I finished my apprenticeship in 1916 I was making $8.50 a week and as a junior mechanic you could make $9.50 a week and $15 a week as a senior mechanic," he added.

Eventually, hot water replaced steam heat and later forced air replaced hot water because it was more economical. "I never dreamed that when I started out that my trade would ever install hot water and warm air systems," he said. But because his trade enabled him to travel he was able to adjust as the systems changed with the times.

For 10 years he worked for the Du Pont plants in Wilmington, N.J., and in Waynesboro, and for a while in home in Flint, Mich., where the town and the first Chevrolet factory were being built at the same time. From there, Gene worked for the Naval Department aboard airplane carriers and cruisers, five years as a fabricator in Norfolk and five years as a government inspector in Newport News. In 1950, Gene set up his own business, Martin Heating and Appliance, in Charlottesville, converting coal furnaces to natural gas. After 10 years or so in Charlottesville, he moved to Louisa County where he worked in the surrounding areas for 35 more years before retiring.



GENE MARTIN

Actually, "I semiretired," he said, "because people kept calling me but when I was pushing 80, that's when I finally retired."

After retiring, Gene moved into an apartment at the Blue Ridge Christian Home in Stuarts Draft but he never quite quit working. Until his eyesight failed, Gene's hobbies were making bird feeders and lamps. One lamp was made from a blow torch, one from a gourd he grew in his garden and one carved from three kinds of wood. Sconces that he made from loom shuttles decorate the homes of his family.

When I interviewed Gene, his second wife had just passed away. He had turned 101 the day before her death. His first wife died at age 29 when his daughter, Kathryn, was seven and his son, Tom, was five. That was in 1925. He raised his daughter and son as a single parent and only remarried after both children had married. His son passed away within a month of his second wife's death. Gene now lives with his daughter, Kathryn, in Delaware, but keeps his apartment in Stuarts Draft so he can occasionally visit with friends.

I must add that I didn't merely interview a man of age, but a benevolent and amiable person. A person who lives life and has withstood tragedy with dignity, grace, and enduring faith. With Gene I made a friend because he made me feel welcome.

After our first meeting, we later had an opportunity to go out to dinner, I visited with him before he left for Delaware, and we still stay in touch by telephone. He asked me to include in this article a passage from the Bible: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make your paths straight." —

The year 1893...

IN THE OVAL OFFICE

President: Grover Cleveland (Also the only president to serve non-consecutive terms)

Vice President: Adlai E. Stevenson

THE ECONOMY

A three-bedroom house cost $2,175

Average personal income *was $436*

Eggs: 1 doz. -- 22 cents

Bread: 1 lb. -- 5 cents

Milk: 1 gal. -- 27 cents

First class postage stamp: 2 cents

Fashion: long sailor dresses, collars with anchors and stars

FAMOUS FIRSTS

Frank Lloyd Wright, architect, completed his first independent commission, the Winslow House In Illinois...Great Northern Railroad completed...Wrigley's Juicy Fruit and Spearmint chewing gum introduced... George Ferris built first Ferris Wheel for the World Columbian Exposition Fair in Chicago (held a year late) to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Columbus's voyage

THE YEAR'S

TOP NEWS STORY

The Panic of 1893 --Economic depression begins with the crash of the New York stock market. By 1894 unemployment reached 20 percent. ---

Radio found a place in American life

By NANCY SORRELLS

What do a Swedish concert singer, Jack Dempsey, Martians and Pittsburgh have in common? All were involved in famous "radio firsts" as the wireless machine that transmitted voices over the airwaves worked its way into the American culture.

In 1906, Dr. Lee De Forest invited several visitors to his New York laboratory to show them his new invention, a wireless communication set that could transmit voices in addition to the dot-dash-dot of Morse code. One of the visitors was Swedish opera singer Madame Eugenia Farrar who, at De Forest's invitation, stepped up to the microphone and sang "I Love You Truly." Nearby shipyard radio operators who were tuned into the airwaves that evening couldn't believe their ears. In disbelief they shouted that perhaps they had heard "angels singing in the air."

Although the De Forest's invention, which was actually the result of several inventors tinkering for several decades, was intriguing, it was a long way from being a part of the American home. Most people had yet to figure out a practical purpose for the new telephony or the transmission of voices over the air. Within months, however, the radio found its first practical use in ship-to-ship communication. During World War I, amateur radio operators began to get into the action so much that, for national security reasons, the government banned radio broadcasts during much of the war.

Once the war was over, the growth in radio communications was remarkable as thousands of amateurs across the country played around with their sets searching for a practical purpose for the new-found technology. From about 1916 onward, sporadic broadcasting took place, mostly consisting of people playing the phonograph over the airwaves. The honor of offering the first regularly scheduled radio shows belongs to the first true radio station, KDKA which began broadcasting from Pittsburgh in 1920.

Even with KDKA on the air, the marriage between the radio and the American public was still a few years down the road. There were still a few bugs to be worked out of the radio. No volume control on the sets, leaky batteries and the fact that headphones were needed

See **RADIO**, page 17

Valentine's Day:

For those in love and those tormented by it

By NANCY SORRELLS

In February 1855 the postmaster in Staunton was a might perturbed. He had recently been snowed under with, of all things, valentines.

By way of explanation the February 21, 1855 "Staunton Spectator" ran a short paragraph under the headline "Valentines." "A very large number of these love tokens passed through the Post office at this place on Wednesday last. The post masters complain that they had a troublesome time assorting and distributing them."

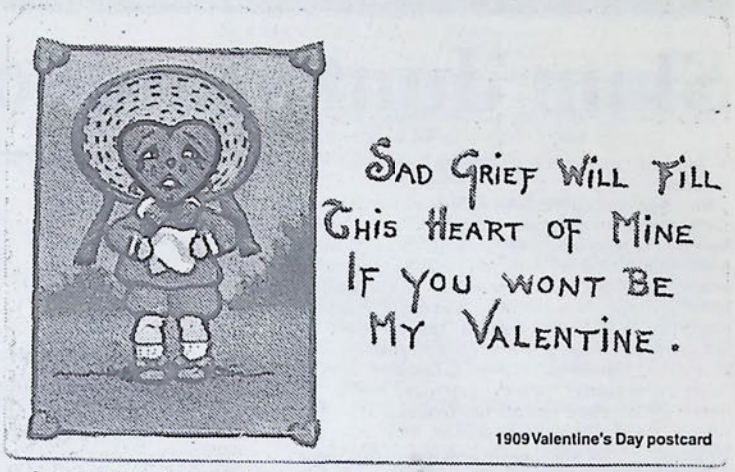
Although the roots of St. Valentine's Day are buried in the shadows of ancient Christianity, many of the more modern traditions are owed to the English. English poet Geoffrey Chaucer may have been the first to link St. Valentine to love in the late 1300s. The holiday as we know it, with its emphasis on love and the return of spring and new life, began to emerge during medieval times in Britain. By the 1600 and 1700s, English youth would partake in a February 14th frolic in which lots were drawn to see who would be whose valentine. Tradition held that those who became valentines might even wind up as "man and wife."

In America, however, Valentine traditions had all but died out by 1800 and patriotic citizens of the new United States celebrated George Washington's birthday with more vigor than Valentine's Day. Very soon, however, the day of lovers and Cupid would return with a new, American commercial twist. The return was spurred by the country's move into the "Romantic Age."

As the years rolled by into the 1800s, celebration of the holiday began to pick up steam. Most of the first Valentines exchanged were home-made, but that does not mean that commercialism was not already rearing its head. So that potential lovers might insure a good shot from Cupid's bow, printers were turning out books filled with sappy, sentimental verses ready to be copied onto a valentine card. "Fly Cupid, fly, and wing thy way; To the youth (maid,) I long have given my heart; Show him (her) how in wreaths of flowrets gay; United -- we could never part," was one verse suggested by the writers of "The Sentimental Valentine Writer, for Both Sexes," published in 1845.

Although pre-printed valentines were being sold across the country by this time, elaborately hand cut and colored valentines were just as common. Sometime in the 1830s young Philip Zigler of Rockingham County took the time to create such a masterpiece for Betty, the girl whom he apparently admired. The multicolored fancy valentine was created on a circle of paper meant to be unfolded part by part so that the verses could be read in sequence. On each portion he had penned a verse:

Verse 1
What is a valentine Miss Betty say
It is a lover of a single day
Is it a trifler, who with flame and dart
Of painted paper, seeks to win your heart
Verse 2
Is it the favorite of a morning glance
Met with by accident, and risen by chance
If so, I am not one to serve your turn
with no false flames or ardour do I burn.
Verse 3
In no fictitious sorrow do I deal
It is no plaything passion that I feel
Device I have none, my tenderness to prove
without device, in sober trouth I love.
Verse 4
In short through much I wish to be thine
I cannot wish to be your valentine
To love and be loved for one short day
I will be yours forever if I may.
.....Philip Zigler



1909 Valentine's Day postcard

History didn't record the outcome of Zigler's ardent verses, but the youthful Romeo did not live a long life. In August, 1841, at the age of 19, Philip Zigler passed away.

By the 1860s such hand-made valentines were rarely sent through the mails. Instead, commercial cards were printed by the millions. These tokens of love were often manufactured in northern "valentine mills"--dingy factories where men and women labored through 11-hour days at the monotonous task of assembling the cards.

At the same time that sentimental cards were gaining increased popularity, so too were rude cards featuring off-color humor. These cards poked fun at people's poorer qualities. Hen-pecked men and gossipy or flirtatious women were among those targeted.

In a time when women's rights was in its infancy, the cards often poked fun at women sympathetic to the cause. "You ugly, cross and wrinkled shrew, You advocate of woman's rights, No man on earth would live with you. For fear of endless fights," exclaimed one card which also featured a drawing of a man bowing at the feet of a woman.

Much of that ill-directed humor has disappeared in the 20th century version of Valentines Day, only to be replaced with valentines appropriate for friends and family *alike and not just romantic attachments.*

All told, however, today's Valentine's Day has lost very little of the commercialism and card giving "re-invented" by Americans more than 150 years ago. And postmasters everywhere are certain to feel a bit snowed under come the middle of each February.---

•Radio

Continued from page 16

to hear the transmission made the radio less than practical for most Americans.

Those Americans who tuned in must have often been overwhelmed with the cacophony of sounds. Often two or three stations could be picked up at the same time and competing stations often jammed one another. By 1930 there were 600 stations competing on a limited number of bands. Order on the airwaves did not begin to emerge until Congress passed some organizational legislation in 1926 and then refined it in 1934.

By the mid 1920s, the radio was fast working its way into the American way of thinking. On July 2, 1921 the blow-by-blow bout between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier was transmitted from Jersey City. Thus the business of sportscasting was born as an estimated 200,000 people tuned in to hear Dempsey capture the heavyweight championship of the world.

By the end of the 1920s, many of the early glitches had been worked out of the radio. Chain broadcasting which involved broadcasting across telephone lines allowed stations to be carried nationwide. Bedtime stories, crop reports, and weather information as well as musical entertainment became part of the airwaves.

In 1920, the first election results were broadcast from KDKA and listeners around Pittsburgh learned that Warren Harding had been elected president. Dramas and comedy acts also made their way into the radio theater. The Eveready Hour, sponsored by the company which manufactured radio batteries, aired a concert and a one act play, "The Bungalow" in December 1923. The Grand Ol' Op'ry started twanging its folk music in 1925, out of WSM in Nashville.

By the 1930s, the impact of the radio on Americans from all walks of life was obvious, especially after the Sunday, October 30, 1938 broadcast that shook the country. Ninety-two radio stations across the nation carried Orson Welles' play "War of the Worlds," in which a fictitious attack by Martians on New Jersey was taking place. Unfortunately for listeners who tuned in after the introduction to the drama, the broadcast sounded like the real thing and hysteria swept through the country.

It was the radio which also brought Americans together as they were plunged into a Great Depression. With the banks closed and millions on the verge of panic, Franklin Roosevelt's soothing fireside chats told Americans that they would survive. Eight days after his inauguration, on March 12, 1933, Roosevelt met the people in the first of his "fireside chats."

The president's words reassured thousands of Americans sitting in front of the radio: "You people must have faith; you must not be stampeded by rumors or guesses. Let us unite in banishing fear...It is your problem no less than it is mine. Together we cannot fail."

Once the radio had earned its place in America's living room, the sets were turned into pieces of fine furniture, made of the best wood and the nicest trimmings. The fancy price tag, however, often did not include the cost of the tubes, speakers, headphones or batteries, all necessary for radio operation.

In 1928, RCA advertised the RCA Radiola 62, a cabinet model of "walnut veneer with maple inlays," which retailed for $375. The radiola sets, all of which "reproduce the fine programs on the air with the beauty and fidelity with which they are transmitted — has become a necessity in the well-equipped home." The RCA sets ranged in price from $82.75 to $550 and the loudspeakers sold for $29 to $88. The Brunswick Panatrope promised "New Discoveries in Music for the Home!" and featured a record player-radio combination. The panatrope ranged in price from $90 to $1,275.

By the 1940s, the radio had matured and was recognized by Americans who knew both its good points and its flaws. By then a new invention — the television — began creeping into the culture and the radio's inventors and innovators looked back on the long road they had traveled. Dr. De Forest, the father of the radio and the one responsible for that first operatic broadcast in 1906, was dismayed at what he saw. At the 40th anniversary of his invention he lashed out at selfish broadcasters and commercial sponsors and wondered aloud: "What have you done with my child?" —

Country Crossroads

Slam dunks and love in the country

Hank and Irma
By Lee Ann Heizer

"Mom, tell me about love," pleads 13-year-old Irmalene.

Irma sighs and momentarily reflects on the days when she was asked to tell stories about three bears, three little pigs or three billy goats gruff. Her teenage daughters continues, "I don't think you could find romance around here if you beat the bushes for it. *Everybody* knows that. Hollywood knows it. You don't see any movie people flocking to Augusta County to shoot a love story do you?" Irmalene concludes triumphantly. "You have to live in some exciting city to find love. Look at 'Sleepless in Seattle'," she suggests to her mother. "Now there's a place where you can find romance. The best Augusta County could offer would be 'Wide Awake in Weyers Cave' and what kind of love story could you get out of a title like that?" Irmalene questioned, "How you and Pop ever managed to fall in love around here I'll never know! It sure couldn't have been like it is in the movies," muttered Irmalene.

"Quite the contrary," countered Irma. "The way I remember it, it was *just* like in the movies." Irmalene's all-knowing adolescent oration abruptly stops as her mouth drops open in amazement.

"Which movie was it like, Mom?" her daughter queried. "Was it "Raiders of the Lost Ark? Did you and Pop team up to defeat the forces of evil and fall in love when you weren't especially busy fighting bad guys?"

"No dear, not that one," responds Irma.

"I know, I know! It must have been "The Sound of *Music." You were an aspiring nun and Pop was a lonely widower with seven children...No, I don't guess it could have been that. You're a Methodist."*

"You have to go back a little further than that Irmalene," said Irma. "It was exactly like the movie 'Seven Brides for Seven Brothers'."

"Oh, I see," responded her daughter. "No, I don't see. There's only one of you and Pop doesn't have six brothers. How could you two falling in love be like that movie?"

Irma thinks that, having supplied her daughter with a movie title, they can perhaps move on to more realistic themes for discussion. This is not to be the case however as Irmalene is now anxious for details.

"Well," Irma continues reluctantly, "it was like part of the movie."

"Which part Mom?" pursues her daughter.

"Uh," stammers Irma, knowing that her true confession is not going in a helpful direction. "It was like the part where the handsome brother comes down out of the mountains and asks a beautiful village girl to marry him."

Irmalene woefully answers "You mean the part where

the guy says 'I got me a farm that has 50 acres of wheat, woodland, cows, pigs, and sheep. It's got everything but a woman. How about it?' You call that romantic? That has about as much romance as bidding on a cow at the market," whines Irmalene.

"It may not have been romantic, but it was realistic," says Irma sagely. "And in matters of love and marriage being realistic goes a whole lot further than being romantic. Romantic movies are based on idealized situations, and a marriage between two very imperfect people is anything but an ideal situation. In marriage you have to make the best of what ever comes along. And usually what comes along is not long-stemmed roses. When you talk about 'true love' you should probably call it 'real love' and know that it's more gritty than glamorous, more exhausting than exciting, and more giving than taking.

"It's kind of like those slam dunks in basketball," continues Irma. "Sure, they're exciting — what you would call romantic, I guess — but it's the hard work of moving the ball up and down the court and taking realistic shots that wins the ball game. A marriage is just like that. It takes a team effort and you can't rely on a few thrilling slam dunks to make it work out." On a roll now Irma concludes, "So it's not sending me roses that makes Pop romantic. It's *things like bringing me a truckload of manure to help my garden grow that thrills me. We've never danced till dawn, but we've sat on the back porch* on warm summer nights listening to the music of the crickets and frogs. We don't go out to eat intimate dinners in fancy restaurants, but your Pop never fails to tell me how good the dinner I cooked was. Pop can't fill my closet with fur coats or my jewelry box with diamonds, but he does keep the oil changed in my car so I don't get stranded on some country road! All things considered, I'll take realism over romance any day."

Shaking her head in silent dismay Irmalene knows she has never seen a movie where lovers get all worked up about manure, crickets and motor oil.

Parents can be so weird. —

Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin

January, 1995

Dear Maude,

Hope everything is all right at home ... I've been trying to reach Mama but with little success. I guess she is out taking in all of the year-end sales. I had a great time shopping last week myself .. found two great dresses for work and three pairs of shoes. They were all half price and I simply could not resist them! I was really glad I bought them, too, for the very next day I was able to wear one of the dresses to the National Press Club. My boss had been invited to a luncheon there and wanted me to go along and take notes. So, of course, I wanted to look my best.

The luncheon was about like all such gatherings are in Washington.. a lot of power-type talk about all the things everyone thinks may happen, etc., and I was having a bit of a boring time until I noticed an elderly gentleman sitting at one of the front tables with several people. Everyone seemed to know him and to stop by to greet him, so I asked my boss who he was. "That is Mr. Edgar A. Poe," he said to me. "Come and I will introduce you."

I'll tell you, Maude, I have never had such a wonderful time as I did sitting there talking with him. I didn't even bother about any more of those silly notes the boss wanted! I got to sit beside Mr. Poe during the entire luncheon.

Mr. Poe told me that he and his wife, Frances, live over in Arlington, Virginia on a quiet tree-lined street up on a hill across from National Airport. Their home is only about a block from where Vice President Al and Tipper Gore live. And, the Poes have been there for quite a long time -- since shortly after World War II. (They must have moved there before Mama was born!!) I could hardly believe that I was sitting there talking with someone who had witnessed so many exciting things.

Mr. Edgar Poe started his career in Louisiana, working for the New Orleans Time Picayune. When he started as a young reporter, the paper's circulation covered not only all of the 67 parishes of Louisiana, but all 82 counties in Mississippi as well, and he did the political reporting for the entire territory. He said that he wished he knew how many thousands of miles he covered during those years. He had an old second-hand Buick with a rumble seat which he drove all over both states. (I have to admit that I did not know what a rumble seat was, so as soon as I got home, I looked it up. It had to have been fun to ride in one of those! Think of all the great, special outfits one would need!) The time he was telling me about was before television (can you imagine not having TV!) and all the news came from the newspapers, which kept all of the reporters really busy.

I just sat there enchanted as he told me about covering Huey Long when he was first running for office. He also covered Huey Long's older brother, Julius, and younger one, Earl, both of whom were anti-Huey. It must have been something to have three bothers fighting one another. He also covered Earl Long during his terms as governor of Louisiana. Then Edgar and Mrs. Poe moved to Washington where he reported on national politics and became a member of the White House Correspondents Association. It sounded to me that politics were certainly more exciting then than they are now!

He has been the dean of the White House correspondents for many years. A few years ago, the Picayune set up a scholarship in his name and the recipient of this scholarship is announced each year at the White House Correspondent's Dinner. I told him that was such a great honor and he must be awfully happy and proud that they award it in his name.

He is still associated with the Times Picayune, although he does not do nearly as much as he did several years ago. He is surely the company's oldest employee, both in age and in tenure. He told me that he will be 89 on Lincoln's birthday. It seemed hard to believe, looking into those twinkling eyes and hearing him talk so spiritedly about his exciting life

See **REFLECTIONS**, page 19

Stop. Pay attention...and listen

The poet Maya Angelou once said that the best thing we can do on a daily basis is to stop, pay attention and listen. If you allow the time to pay attention to what is actually going on around you and listen carefully, you will discover wonders at every turn in ordinary places. The problem is that our lives are filled with much noise and little silence. We are in constant motion. The poet says stop, pay attention and listen.

Shortly after moving here, a farmer took me to the top of a hill overlooking the land he has farmed for over 60 years — land which his father farmed before him. From this spot we could see the Blue Ridge Mountains on one side and the Alleghenies on the other. This is not an uncommon sight in the Valley, which is a wonder in itself. The old farmer told me he has been coming alone to this spot for years to stand in silence and enjoy the vast beauty. Once, while watching the setting sun paint the sky with fire, tears had come to his eyes. I'm certain this man doesn't cry very often. What moved him to tears on the hilltop? Was it beauty? Did the beauty speak to him of so much more — of a grace that abides and is recognized whenever we take the time to notice? Stop, says the poet, pay attention and listen.

Wendell Berry, a farmer in Kentucky, discovered something similar while reflecting upon his daily chores. He writes:

Knowing that it happened once,
We cannot turn away the thought,
As we go out, cold, to our barns
Toward the long night's end, that we
Ourselves are living in the world
It happened in when it first happened,
That we ourselves, opening a stall
(A latch thrown open countless times,
Before), might find them breathing there,
Foreknown: the Child bedded in straw,

Saying grace

By
Roy Howard

The mother kneeling over Him,
The husband standing in belief
He scarcely can believe, in light,
That lights them from no sources we see,
An April morning's light, the air
Around joyful as a choir.
... Our own white frozen breath hanging
In front of us; and we are here
As we have never been before,
Sighted as not before, our place
Holy, although we knew it not.
(Sabbaths 1987, Larkspur Press)

Beneath every rock, on the face of every tree, hidden under the soil, flying across the sky, wandering through the woods and fields, below the surface of the water is a world of wonders. Children know this, of course. When it comes to paying attention to the tiny, miraculous events that have become commonplace for the adult mind, children are our best teachers. An ordinary rock from the Maury River in the hands of a five-year-old can become the occasion for lively conversation about earthquakes and floods, rock slides and powerful forces over which we have no control.

Knowing there are forces in this world we cannot control is a valuable piece of wisdom to keep in hand. Without it we live by the dangerous illusion that we are in control of our lives when, of course, the opposite is true. At any moment the cosmic rug may be pulled out from under us, leaving us flat on our backs staring into the face of a holy mystery called life and death. That it doesn't happen to one person very often is a mercy; each time it does is a wake-up call.

It happened to me again recently when my van skidded off an icy road straight into a ditch. A fence kept me from going end over end into the creek below. No one was hurt — the fence, the van or me — although I did slide out of control across a lane of traffic on a blind curve. The mishap forced me to give up my hurt pride and heed the poet's advice in the freezing rain. Soaking wet and cold I discovered again how little control I have over some things and how precious life is. The drivers who stopped to help became larger-than-life signs of human kindness. I wondered for moment if they were evidence of what people call "angels in disguise."

Oddly enough, 100 yards up the road I was given the opportunity to help a woman sitting in her Jeep Cherokee which was perched dangerously close to the same creek. She too marveled at how she had narrowly escaped a more serious accident. I say to myself it's a merciful grace, a holy mystery, that any of us escape fatal accidents. We waited together for a tow truck, then she came with me to my family's home for hot tea and a dry towel. A strange and lovely way to get to know your neighbor.

A child once asked me "why we look down at the devil when we pray, rather than up at God?" Answering too quickly I explained that bowing our heads is a gesture of respect. She understood my answer but wasn't impressed. "I still like to pray," she said, "looking up and all around for God." The more I think about her way of praying, the more I like it. It is another way to practice the poet's advice. There is no telling who or what you will discover once you begin to look up and all around for God. Stop, pay attention and listen.---

Clip and save

Area state legislators' addresses, phone numbers

HOUSE OF DELEGATES

Creigh Deeds
P.O. Box 360
Warm Springs, Va. 24484
703/862-3419 (h)
703/839-2473 (o)

S. Vance Wilkins Jr.
P.O. Box 469
Amherst, Va. 24521
804/946-2528 (h)
804/946-7599 (o)

A.R. Giesen Jr.
P.O. Box 1110
Waynesboro, Va. 22980
703/943-6975 (h)
804/273-1701 (o)

SENATE

Frank W. Nolen
P.O. Box 13
New Hope, Va. 24469
703/363-5642 (h)
703/248-2481 (o)

Kevin G. MIller
444 Ott Street
Harrisonburg, Va. 22801
703/434-9758 (h)
703/433-6553 (o)

The Virginia Farm Bureau Federation operates a toll free legislative information telephone line. Call 1-800-277-0307 for reports on assembly action. The information is updated each Tuesday and Friday after 5 p.m. It is available seven days a week during the General Assembly's session. —

Clip and save

•Reflections

Continued from page 18

covering politics in the South.

I also found out that for years he has been attending the Washington Mardi Gras festivities, which is a great three-day party with incredible food and music. Mr. Poe said that he hoped to be there again this year. He has only missed two or three balls in all of the years he has been in Washington, and until about three years ago was a participating member in the pageant they put on at the ball.

My boss belongs to the organization that puts it on. Many of the lobbyists in Washington are members, because they get to see so many politicians all at one time. We have not participated for the last two years, but when I found out Mr. Poe may be there, I persuaded my boss that he just has to go this year and get tickets for Dylan and me, so he finally agreed he would if I would finish typing up those few notes I took at the luncheon. (Which I did, although there weren't many of them!)

The boss practically had to drag me away from Mr. Poe. I would have refused to have gone back to the office with him if I had not been afraid that he would fire me. I can't let that happen, because Dylan certainly wouldn't be any help cheering me up, the state he's in. One of us has to keep working!

And speaking of poor Dylan, he had a really exhausting week. It started out great, for his former boss has connections with one of the local state offices where there was a vacancy. (Many of the state governors set up offices in Washington, to keep up with what's happening as well as to promote the state.) There was a research position open and even though Dylan is not from that state, he is a Southerner and he has the qualifications, so an interview was set up for him and it went well. But before the interview he was a mess. He wanted everything to be just right with his resume and the little copier he has was broken so he decided to go up to the Hill and have the office make copies from the originals for him. What a shock he had. Dylan worked for 15 years on the Hill and came and went everywhere he pleased without ever thinking about it. Now suddenly, when he got there where everything was still so familiar, he couldn't go in the "Staff Only" door like he always had. He had to walk all around the building to the main entrance and go though all of the security, etc. just like he was a tourist. It was a very bad day for the poor dear! When I saw him after work, I was afraid even I couldn't cheer him. And work as hard as I could, I didn't get many smiles out of him. But the next day, after the interview, he was in much better spirits. We won't know for a week or two if he will get the job, but at least he has hope and that makes him a lot more fun to be around.

When you see Mama, ask her to give me a call and let me know if I need to look for anything for her when I go out shopping next week. I plan to take a day off so I won't be rushed. Now that the boss has promised to get tickets for the Mardi Gras ball, I have to go and find something stunning.

In my next letter I will tell you about the party. I am SO excited! Also tell Mama that I will try to get Mr. Poe to sign my program for her. He is such a wonderful man -- his autograph will be a special addition to her collection.

Give my love to everyone,
LuLu

Country Kid Stuff

Provide a backyard buffet for birds

By LEE ANN HEIZER

WEYERS CAVE - Feeding birds during the winter months is a practice which can be the beginning of a life-long appreciation of nature according to Caroline Sheridan, environmental educator at The Wildlife Center of Virginia.

"It's a good way to learn to identify birds," she commented, "and as they get used to coming to your feeder you can observe many behaviors."

The type of food to offer depends on the species you wish to attract, but the bird seed available in grocery stores is just fine for seed-eaters. "It has lots of oil," commented Ms. Sheridan, and this helps to produce energy which birds expend in cold weather.

"Be consistent in your feeding," she cautioned. Once birds are accustomed to having food offered they become somewhat dependent on the source. When it is not available it requires a great deal of energy to scavenge for seed. Also it is a good idea to shelter the seed in some way from rain. If bird seed does become wet remove it. "Moldy feed is dangerous," said Ms. Sheridan indicating that it can make birds sick.

In cool weather, insect-eating birds are attracted to suet or peanut butter or a mixture of peanut butter and cornmeal. "A simple bird feeder," explained Ms. Sheridan, "is a pine cone coated with a mixture of peanut butter and cornmeal and then rolled in bird seed." Also onion bags or small plastic berry baskets can be recycled by filling them with suet and attaching them to trees where birds may feed. Insect eaters may also be attracted to canned dog food. Said Ms. Sheridan, "You might drill holes in a log and fill the holes with dog food."

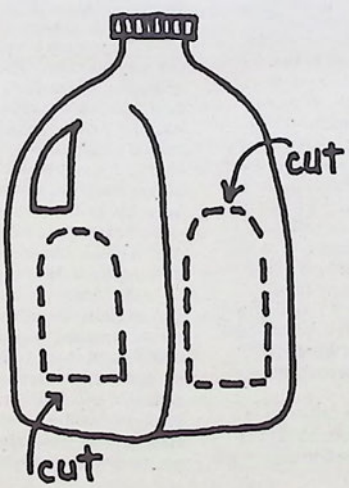
Whatever your feeding plan, be sure that you select a location which is somewhat sheltered from wintry blasts of air. The south side of the house or an area where shrubs provide a windbreak would be a good choice. If you offer seed in a bird feeder be sure it is high enough so that cats cannot jump onto it. "Cats are a real problem for birds," explained Ms. Sheridan. It is estimated that each year in the United States 100 million birds are killed by cats. "Your feeding area should be at least 15 feet from a place where a cat could hide and pounce," she cautioned.

In addition to food remember that birds need water as well. "Birds need water year round — even in the winter," Ms. Sheridan explained.

A fresh water supply is an essential part of any feeding program. Recycle a clean plastic milk jug by cutting large windows in two of the sides with the bottoms of the windows being about 2 inches up from the bottom of the milk jug. Thread a rope or strong wire through the handle of the milk jug and tie it securely to a tree or other support where birds gather. Pour about two cups of water into the bottom of the jug. This can be easily removed and refilled as water becomes dirty or freezes. This same recycled product can be used to offer bird seed. Just remember to remove seed which becomes wet. —

A mixture of fat, cornmeal, peanut butter, bird seed, and wheat germ may provide a welcome treat for airborne backyard visitors. Once combined, the ingredients may be shaped using a Styrofoam egg carton.

Photo by Lee Ann Heizer



Beak speak: Birds are what they eat

By LEE ANN HEIZER

You can't tell a book by its cover, but you can tell a bird by its beak.

The shape and size of a bird's bill or beak is an excellent clue to the type of food it will eat. Many birds which are attracted to backyard bird feeders are seed eaters. The mixed seed available in most grocery stores is easily cracked by their fine thin bills.

Other seed eaters which crack open sunflower seeds to get to the soft inner morsel have a heavier beak capable of crushing the outer seed shell. Observe the difference between the beak of a sparrow (small seed eater) and a cardinal (seed cracker). The sparrow has a more delicate beak in comparison to the elegant, but prominently strong bill of the cardinal.

Some types of woodpeckers, such as the downy woodpecker or the red-bellied woodpecker, may also visit feeding stations in this area during the winter months. Woodpeckers feed on insects which burrow into the bark of trees. A woodpecker's bill is typically long, thick, and dagger-like. With this specialized equipment, drilling into hard wooden trees is made easier. Woodpeckers also have a very thick skull which absorbs the shock of all those "hammer blows" to trees and protects the brain.

In addition to a chisel-like beak, woodpeckers have a long tongue which darts into the excavated cavities in trees to lap up the exposed insects. In the winter months woodpeckers at the bird feeder appreciate finding beef suet, peanut butter mixtures, and even bits of canned dog food.

There are also birds which favor a great deal of fruit in their diet. These include mockingbirds, orioles, and catbirds. As fruit and berry supplies diminish in winter these birds are the ones which migrate to areas which are more favorable to their dietary needs. They are equipped with sharp, elegantly tapered beaks suited for "picking" fruit.

Although they seldom need assistance with their diet, you might try presenting water-soaked raisins or orange halves at your feeder during their summer-time stays in this area.

This recipe is for the birds!

Birds use a tremendous amount of energy in the winter time to keep their bodies warm. Fats provide calories which birds utilize to produce energy. The following recipe is a source of fat as well as other nutrients which may be attractive to many backyard birds.

Ingredients:

1/2 cup kitchen fat or melted suet (recycled fat such as drippings from bacon or other meats will work fine, provided they are not highly seasoned with spices)
3 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons peanut butter
1/4 cup wheat germ
1/2 cup cornmeal
1 scant cup mixed bird seed *including* sunflower seed

Directions: With adult supervision *melt the fat or beef suet in a heavy saucepan over low heat. When the fat is just barely melted remove it from the heat.* Allow it to cool for about five minutes, then add the remaining ingredients and mix well.

At this point you have several options for using your mixture. You can use it to coat pine cones or you may choose to pour it into one-pint freezer containers. When the mixture hardens it can be removed from the freezer container and be presented to birds by attaching it to a tree with a plastic berry basket or suspending it in a mesh onion bag. Whatever you decide, place the coated pine cones or filled container in the refrigerator for about an hour so that the mixture can harden.

Another idea for using the fat mixture is to pour it into the egg cups of a Styrofoam egg carton. Allow the fat to harden. While you wait, collect the following items: two pieces of wire about 18 inches long and the thickness of a large darning needle, four twigs from trees (about 7 inches in length) to serve as perches.

Bend one of the wires about two inches from the end. Place one of the twigs in the bend and twist the wire so that the twig is tightly secured. Remove one of the hard cakes of fat from the egg carton and insert the free end of the wire into the narrow end of the egg half. Using a twisting motion thread the fat cake onto the wire and gently push it all the way down to the twig. (If there is any crumbling of the fat carefully remold it with your hands. It will reharden once you hang it outdoors, and the birds won't mind how it looks!) Remove another egg half and insert the free end of the wire into the flat

See FEED, page 21

Career chat

Vet's work is for the birds

By LEE ANN HEIZER

Dr. Phylis Raynor
Occupation: Veterinarian
Employed at: The Wildlife Center of Virginia

Educational background: An emphasis on good grades beginning in elementary school was cited by Dr. Raynor as an important part of her career preparation. "You have to work very hard — even in grade school," she said. "Find a role model to encourage you" in your studies, she added. Dr. Raynor stressed the importance of hands-on experience in working with animals before making a career decision. "I would recommend that a student get a job in a dog kennel, or even volunteer to clean cages for a vet," she said.

After high school graduation, Dr. Raynor pursued her education at Cornell University where she graduated with honors. She was then a student for four more years at the University of Florida College of Veterinary Medicine.

Although a vet for two years, Dr. Raynor is once again a student serving a one-year internship in wildlife veterinary medicine at The Wildlife Center of Virginia in Weyers Cave.

Being a wildlife vet has been a dream of Dr. Raynor's since childhood. It is a relatively small field with less financial rewards. The advantages of seeing various species of wildlife returned to health are worth it though according to Dr. Raynor. "I went through school and found out there are many sacrifices but it's what I wanted to do in my heart all along," she said.

The diversity of her work is one of the advantages of being a wildlife veterinarian. "No two days are the same, and I am constantly learning," said Dr. Raynor. Each new case presents a different challenge to Dr. Raynor as she puts techniques she has learned to the test on patients. "Being able to use the skills and knowledge to bring an animal back to health gives me the biggest rush," she commented.

As the practice of wildlife veterinary medicine is a small field, Dr. Raynor is a contributor of ideas and research in a relatively new area. "The knowledge that I'm gaining will help in an environmental sense, which ultimately helps people. People benefit from this work as well," she remarked.

"The biggest disadvantage for me is financial," said Dr. Raynor as she commented on the drawbacks of her profession. Working for a non-profit organization results in an earning potential of about half of what other veterinarians make.

Although the sights, sounds, and odors of her chosen profession do not bother Dr. Raynor she cautions aspiring veterinarians, "It isn't glamorous. You have to be able to stand blood and guts. If an animal vomits on you, you need to be able to wipe it off and go on with your day."

Another downside of the profession is the death of a patient. "When an animal dies you have to know you have done the very best with your skills and knowledge. You have to be able to go on to the next patient," she said.

Dr. Raynor cites times when she has used her skills to return an animal to health as most rewarding. And interestingly, her animal patients generally show no appreciation for her skill and care. "Usually as wild animals return to health they want to fight you," she commented. A recent patient was a red-tailed hawk which had been hit by a car. "He was here for three or four months and it was a long, arduous path to recovery," said Dr. Raynor.

Despite her daily care for the hawk it did not become tame or docile. For Dr. Raynor this was a positive sign of the hawk's recovery and the reward for her medical efforts. "It was wonderful to see the bird fly away," she said, "and to know he wanted to rip my face off!" —

Phyllis Raynor, right, examines the wing of a Red-tailed hawk. The bird is a patient at the Wildlife Center of Virginia in Weyers Cave. Restraining the hawk is Wanda Schooley of Mint Spring. Dr. Raynor pointed out that wild animals are difficult to handle because they may use their beaks or talons (claws) to defend themselves.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Loss of food supply endangers birds

IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER

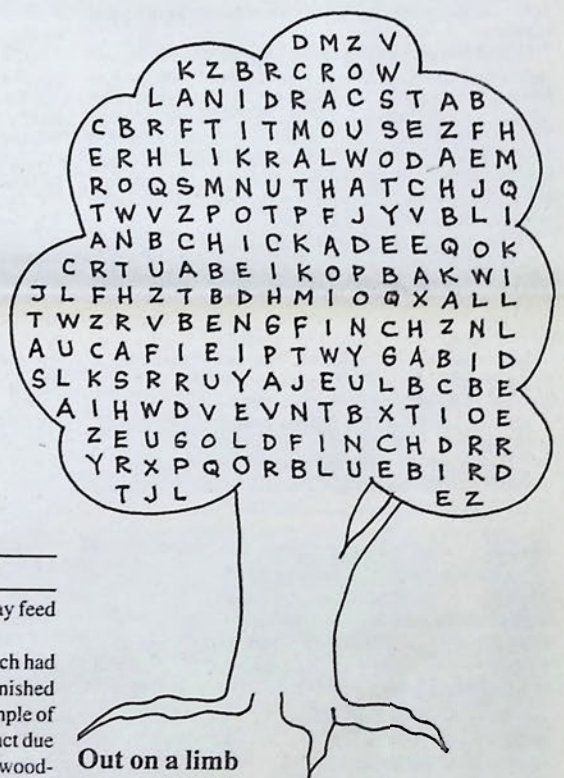
By LEE ANN HEIZER

Some birds have very specialized diets and may feed exclusively on a certain type of insect.

In this century, development of land areas which had previously been home to wildlife only has diminished the habitat of both insects and wildlife. One example of a bird population which has almost become extinct due to the loss of food sources is the ivory-billed woodpecker.

At the turn of the century ivory-billed woodpeckers populated the old-growth forests of the deep South. They fed on the grubs of a wood-burrowing beetle which only infested trees in that region. As the forests were cut down the insect supply disappeared and so did the ivory-billed woodpecker. It is now extinct in North America and only a few pairs are known to remain in Cuba.

A relative of the ivory-billed woodpecker is its smaller cousin the pileated woodpecker. Pileated woodpeckers also thrive in old growth forests but at the same time can eat acorns, seeds and some fruits that are found in many wooded areas. Due to the diversity of their diet they have been more successful in adapting to the encroachment of humans. —



Out on a limb

Birds of every shape and size are roosting in this tree. Can you spot the following species?

Brown Thrasher	Blue Jay	Killdeer
Catbird	Bluebird	Goldfinch
Mockingbird	Hawk	Meadowlark
Wren	Owl	Crow
Chickadee	Robin	Cardinal
Finch	Nuthatch	Titmouse

•Feed — *Continued from page 20*

side of this cake. When you move it down the wire to meet the other fat cake the two together will form an egg-shaped bead. Twist your wire around another twig and repeat the process.

Hang your feeder in a tree where you can observe it from your house. Be sure to hang it high enough that a dog, opossum or skunk cannot reach it. Although this recipe is "for the birds," other animals would find it a tasty treat as well! —

Here, there, everywhere

Cow's lips and dragons in winter

The other day I was talking with Nancy Sorrells, a frequent contributor to Augusta Country. She asked me if I would be interested in writing a gardening question-and answer-column for this newspaper.

"Well, I don't know, Nancy," I answered.

"But," she said, "it would only be once a month. I've asked four or five people so far and nobody wants to do it."

So, I thought, you're telling me I'm sixth on your list and all those other people have turned you down? "I'll think about it," I said.

Thus begins our journey along my garden path. I can't claim to be a master gardener or horticultural expert. In fact, the more I learn the less I find I know. But, I believe it is a good idea to gather gardeners in a common place to let them talk about whatever comes to mind — sort of a horticultural support group.

Unfortunately, it is the middle of winter. Not exactly the best time for gardening, but a good time for looking and planning.

One of my own garden success stories this past season was snapdragons. Those old workhorses of past gardens had not been a part of my landscape for many years. Last spring I went overboard. Suddenly *Antirrhinum* were in my plans. I bought three — maybe four — flats of Rockets and Liberty Mixed. I daydreamed of waves of bright colors just like those garden pictures in magazines. The only problem was my gardens are already filled with perennials and shrubs and ornamental grasses and such.

My beautiful snapdragons once envisioned as fields of flowers quickly became a gob of plants here, a mass of plants there, a row along the back edge of the other beds, an after thought around the statuary. I branched out with a dozen under a lilac bush on the other side of my yard — a decision I later would regret for it forced me to keep the lilac trimmed up and the new sprouts pulled out. Eventually I gave one flat to my neighbor. By gosh, if my garden wouldn't hold them all, I would invade somebody else's garden.

All summer those snapdragons poured colors into my yard. But they really did take over and I had less room for my other annual favorites like zinnias and marigolds.

I seldom clean out my gardens until winter. I know this goes against all expert advice, but I like to leave the *Miscanthus* and purple cone flowers until snow and ice finally mashes them down. Garden cleanup for me is a reason to stay outdoors on winter weekends. Which brings me back to the snapdragons.

Here it is 20 degrees and spitting snow and those little dragons are still green, still standing. I know they are listed as half-hardy annuals, but with some winter mulch they can be perennial. And that's a plant a winter gardener could grow to love.

This winter I have been reading about primroses, especially *Primula vulgaris*, the common English primrose, and *P. veris*, the cowslip. Because I like to read about the flowers I plan to plant, I have dived into the history of primrose, its cultivation, and care. All this information may seem like old news to primrose enthusiasts, but it is unexplored territory to me.

One of my favorite garden books is "Plants from the Past" by David Stuart and James Sutherland. Reading it gives me a sense of the timelessness of horticulture. The English primrose is an ancient plant, captured in the wilds of Britain during medieval times. "Plants from the Past" notes that by 1665 the primrose was "common in every countrywoman's garden." Early on, several varieties were introduced, such as the hose-in-hose primrose and the Jack-in-the-green.

I always thought the cowslip was just that — a cow slip. But then I discovered the oxlip primrose. Could it be that the cowslip actually was a cow's lip? Hmmm.

This raises a few questions in my mind. When did gardeners change the meaning of this primrose's name? What made horticulturists decide that a slipping cow was better than the lips of a cow? Was this a marketing trick thought up by some squeamish seed seller from the past? I wonder how many books I'll have to read before I come across the answer to this apparent mystery.

Well anyway, this spring I plan to purchase primrose for my garden and for pots to take elsewhere in the fall. "Yes," I will say to my friendly nurseryman, "I'll take three — no four — flats of the cow's lip and another two flats of the English. Can I put them along side snapdragons for shade in the summer? I have lots of snapdragons."

The garden path

By Ben Critzer

Questions, answers, and free advice for gardeners

Q & A

Dear Mister Ben: Is it true that you make up all the letters you receive just so you will have something to write about?

Signed, Skeptical in Mt. Sidney

Dear Skeptical: Yes. I'm not proud of it, but it is true. But you know, it's hard to have a letter to answer when this is my first column. It is kind of like the age-old question of which came first, the pine cone or the pine?

Dear Mister Ben: Which end of a marigold seed is "up?" I need the answer quick because I'm getting ready to start some seeds in paper cups on a window sill in my kitchen.

Signed, Fastidious in Fort Defiance

Dear Fastidious: I have contemplated this question for many minutes. It seems to me that the little white paper-looking hull at one end of a marigold seed must have some purpose but I can't figure out if it's a weight or a parachute. I suggest you do what I do: scrap the paper cups in favor of a large tub filled with seed starting soil. Stand over the tub with a handful of seeds, pretend you're a dried up marigold, and fling the next generation to their own uncertain fate.

Have a gardening question? Mister Ben has the answer or knows someone who does. Send your questions to Mister Ben, c/o Augusta Country, P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459. In addition to being entertaining, Mister Ben's advice is free. How can you go wrong on a deal like that? —

Mailbox of the month

Ride along Old White Hill Road near Stuarts Draft and you're sure to spot the bright yellow bulldozer mailbox at the Eavers family's -- Raymond, Cherry, Coy, Mike, and Amber -- driveway. This mailbox was spotted and reported to us by AC subscriber Steve Kyle of Rt. 2, Staunton. We have just one question -- does a bulldozer snore?

AC staff photo

Letter to the editor

Please send a subscription to:
Mrs. Janie McGehee Nichols
1005 Lincoln Ave. #312
Dubuque, Iowa 52001

She taught for a good many years in Augusta County and this would mean a lot to her. I wish she could have the December issue. Someone sent me pages 1 and 24. What a lovely tribute to a lovely lady — Mrs. Gum.

I knew her when I taught with her daughter, Mary Jane Sellers.

Thank you,
Virginia S. Henderlite

P.S. Congratulations for a unique paper with a positive viewpoint.

Thank YOU, Ms. Henderlite, for your kind comments about Augusta Country. We're starting Mrs. Nichols' subscription with the December issue and we're sending you a complete copy of that same issue. We thought you might like to see what was on pages 3-22. ---

BMMS FFA tops in state fruit sales

AC staff report

The FFA chapter at Beverley Manor Middle School led the state in fruit sales for 1994.

The Beverley Manor chapter sold 2,729 cases of fruit to surpass all other chapters in the state.

The chapter also was honored at the National FFA Convention held in November in Kansas City. The group received a silver rating in safety, and was among only five chapters in Virginia which were recognized for safety.

There are 129 student members in the FFA chapter at BMMS. —

Ag exhibition to be held at Augusta Expo

VERONA - The second annual Shenandoah Valley Ag Expo, coordinated by Virginia Cooperative Extension and Valley Vocational Technical Center, will be held Feb. 15 at Augusta Expoland in Fishersville.

The Ag Expo is open to the public and consists of a one-day agriculture trade show, lunch, and educational seminars beginning at 11 a.m. As an added attraction this year, the Blue Ridge Safety Network will conduct health screenings and equipment safety demonstrations throughout the day.

Topics to be presented in seminars include a Dairy "Hot Topic;" saving newborn calves; vaccination programs for cow/calf producers; herd health programs for cow/calf, stocker, and replacement heifers; weed control for row and forage crops; update on warm season grasses; cool season and legume variety update.

For information about the Ag Expo call the Augusta County Extension Office at 245-5750. —

Auxiliary to hold Shrove Tuesday benefit

BRIDGEWATER - There will be a Shrove Tuesday pancake brunch and supper at Bridgewater Church of the Brethren Feb. 28. Brunch will be served from 10 a.m.-1 p.m. and supper will be served from 4 - 7 p.m.

The event is sponsored by the Bridgewater Home Auxiliary and the menu will include pancakes (plain and buckwheat), sausage, chicken gravy, applesauce, and fruit cup. Donations for the meal will be accepted and will benefit the auxiliary's scholarship fund. For information, call 828-2682. ---

Riverheads Young Farmers honor members

AC staff report

MIDDLEBROOK - Riverheads Young Farmers honored members at its 25th annual banquet held Dec. 20 at St. John's Reformed United Church of Christ.

Receiving the award for producing corn silage highest in total digestible nutrients per acre was Allen Taylor of Fairfield. Corn which Taylor grew yielded a TDN per acre of 23,656. Taylor's test plot also was good enough to win him first-place honors among Northern Area Young Farmers and puts the plot in contention for honors on the state level.

Placing second for Riverheads Young Farmers was Steve Hord of McKinley. Third place honors went to Charlie Switzer of Middlebrook. Hord's corn tested at 23,501 TDN and Switzer's test sample was 20,217 TDN. Dennis Clemmer, Riverheads Young Farmers president, said the 1994 corn silage samples submitted by chapter members rated the highest of any ever tested for the chapter's contest.

TAYLOR

HEIZER

CHRISTIAN

In the corn grain contest, acreage harvested by Lee Heizer of Middlebrook yielded 214 bushels per acre to take the chapter's top award. Heizer's entry also won him top honors in the Northern area contest and will be considered in state competition.

Placing second in the corn grain competition was Sam Heizer of Middlebrook with acreage which yielded 185 bushels per acre. An acreage yielding 182 bushels per acre and grown by Mike Hemp of Middlebrook took third place honors in the contest.

The chapter also elected officers at its annual banquet. They are Robert Christian, president; Allen Taylor, vice president; and Jerry Shultz, secretary. —

Weyers Cave woman named nation's outstanding Young Farmer adviser

AC staff report

WEYERS CAVE - *Sally Weaver of Weyers Cave has been named National Outstanding Young* Farmer Adviser for 1994 by the National Young Farmers.

Ms. Weaver was presented the award at the National Young Farmer Institute, a convention held by the nationwide young farmers' association Dec. 11-15 in Springfield, Mo.

An agriculture instructor at Beverley Manor Middle School, Ms. Weaver serves as adviser for the Augusta County Young Farmer Women, the Northern Area Young Farmers, and the Virginia Young Farmers. She was selected for the award from a field of contestants representing 34 state Young Farmer associations.

WEAVER

Ms. Weaver was instrumental in starting the county's Young Farmer Women chapter. She has served on the Northern Area Young Farmer Executive Committee for four years and has served as its supervisor since 1991. She also serves on the State Young Farmer Executive Committee. She was selected as the state's outstanding adviser in 1990 and won the State Spokesperson for Agriculture that same year. —

Frontier Museum holding Black History Month events in February

STAUNTON - The Museum of American Frontier Culture is sponsoring four events during February in observance of Black History Month.

Tours of the Cabell House on East Beverley Street will be conducted Feb. 12 from 1-4 p.m. The tours will originate at Ebenezer Baptist Church on Augusta Street and will depart every 20 minutes beginning at 1 p.m. Olive Sheffey, a Staunton storyteller, will be telling stories at Ebenezer during the same hours as the tours.

"A Bond of Iron," will be shown Feb. 14 at 7 p.m. in the museum's visitors' center. The 60-minute documentary film describes 19th century industrial slavery at Rockbridge County's Buffalo Forge.

On Feb. 21 at 7 p.m., David Smith, who is retired from the U.S. diplomatic corps and is a specialist in African-American genealogy, will speak at the museum's visitors' center on naming patterns among African-Americans.

The last in the series of observances will be held in the museum's visitor's center Feb. 28 at 7 p.m. when Susanne Simmons will introduce a new research project about the African-American presence in the pre-Civil War Shenandoah Valley.

For information about Black History Month events to be held at the museum call 332-7850. ---

•Idaho

Continued from page 5

The distances and "paucity of people" — statistics show there to be only .7 people per square mile in the Lemhi Valley — make living in the area quite different from the lifestyles in areas which are more heavily populated.

"There's a certain independence and you do it with not much assistance," Mike noted. "You rely on each other and make do with what you have."

Mike was raised on his family's Montana ranch which supports a 300-cow herd. The "miles from nowhere" characteristic of his life and work in the Lemhi Valley seem normal to him.

"I like it," he said of his work on the Idaho range. "I get kind of claustrophobic when I get around a lot of people for a long period of time."

For Liz, the story is a bit different. A native of Virginia's Washington suburbs, Liz gravitated toward rural life as a young child. She recalls spending time in her youth with an aunt who had property near Winchester.

"When I was 7 or 8 I always wanted to live on a farm," she said remembering a childhood dream.

After graduation from college, Liz worked in Washington, D.C. then made the move to Wisdom, Montana. There she continued to work for the forest service and lived on a ranch as caretaker of the property. Part of her work with the forest service included fighting fires in Idaho, Montana, and California. It was after returning from one of her fire-fighting forays that she happened to meet Mike.

Returning to her ranch on this particular occasion, she found the homestead in a shambles. It seems there had been a "cattle wreck" during her absence which created havoc among several neighboring ranches. A "cattle wreck," according to Liz, is when cattle from a number of ranches get "mixed up." On this occasion a shortage of water had caused cattle to overrun fences and break out of their pastures. Some 1,500 head of cattle got together and trampled practically everything in their paths.

Liz returned to her Wisdom, Montana ranch and house to find it had been overrun by the cattle wreck. To add to her headache, her horse was missing. Angry and frustrated by the damage caused by the cattle wreck and the disappearance of her horse, Liz was prepared to "unload both barrels" on the first person she came across.

"I looked down the road and saw this cowboy (said with the disgust of someone ready to spit nails) with my horse," Liz recalled. The "cowboy" returning the horse happened to be Mike and the rest, as they say, is history. The Montana-Virginia cross couple have been married for four years.

"I like not being around a lot of people," says Liz of her appreciation of Lemhi Valley ranch life. "I like working with animals and I don't really like working in an office."

The couple has purchased some property of their own but for the time being are content on Oxbow's 20,000 acres.

"If we can't own the Ponderosa, at least we can live on it and work on it," says Liz of the "great nothingness" where she and Mike live in the middle of nowhere. —

•Voyage

Continued from page 3

Project and just seeing them gratified the cowboys.

After a week in Kavalla, the Carroll Victory sailed for Durban, South Africa to pick up a load of wild horses.

The ship put into Haifa, Palestine for oil. A boat load of 4,000 Jewish refugees were in the harbor at the same time. "The British would not allow them to enter," Garber wrote in his journal.

Although they had only 24 hours ashore, they hired a man with a truck to take the refugees to Jerusalem and Bethlehem some 120 miles away.

"Twenty-seven of us paid $4 a head to ride all night in a truck to Jerusalem," Garber laughed.

The next night the ship set sail for Port Said, Eygpt, the entrance to the Suez Canal. As luck would have it, the ship passed through the canal in the middle of the night. The sea cowboys had to wait for their return passage to see the historic waterway.

As the ship passed through the Gulf of Suez, crossed the Red Sea, and entered the Indian Ocean, the weather grew hot. The men spent their days repairing the stalls and their nights on deck sleeping under the stars, trying to escape the heat.

On December 7, 1946, the Carroll Victory crossed the equator in the middle of the night. "We expected an initiation for having crossed the equator for the first time...but nothing happened," Garber wrote in his journal. He would cross the equator four times in the next four months.

The ship landed in Durban, South Africa on December 11 and the sea cowboys were given an immediate shore leave. The first thing Garber did after arriving on shore was buy a milkshake.

Durban was a modern city of 250,000. While Garber and his friends passed the time sight-seeing, going to the movies and concerts, and swimming at the beach, native stevedores were loading wild horses for passage to Greece.

"These horses were smaller and they came from the bush. They had never been trained to work." Garber said he expected they would be troublesome, but were actually easier to handle than the American horses. That is until they started to foal.

The sea passage and extreme heat caused many of the mares to deliver early. While several of the newborn colts did not survive, four of them eventually had the run of the deck. Another new addition that survived was a "cute and rowdy little jackass," Garber noted in his journal.

At 3 p.m. on December 24, the Carroll Victory once again crossed the equator and the next day, -- Christmas Day, his first away from home — Garber and the other sea cowboys put on a program of Christmas music, ate a Christmas dinner "with all the trimmings," and spent the night on deck until rain forced them inside.

On December 30 the ship entered the Suez Canal — this time during the daylight. "It was like a highway with date palms on either side."

As they neared Greece the weather became more seasonal — damp and cold. In a matter of a few days, the ship repeated its voyage to South Africa for more horses. This time it carried a load of phosphate bound for Mozambique.

During the oiling stop in Haifa, the cowboys experienced some of the violence brewing in the region.

An explosion rocked the ship during supper on January 12, 1947. From the deck, they could see a building burning in the center of the city. Curiosity drew them to the sight of the explosion, where they saw that the police station and nearby stores — places they had been in and around just two hours previously — had been bombed.

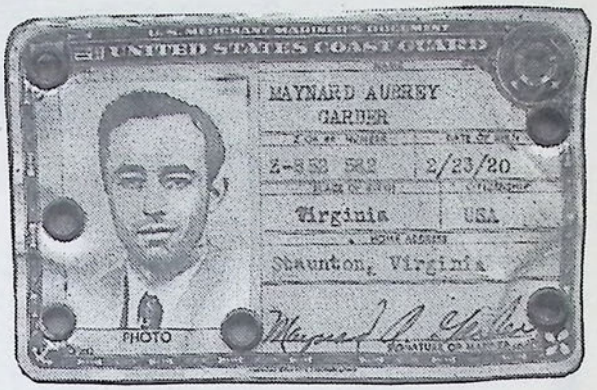
Two English speaking Arab men they had met told them "they would soon be fighting the Jews for this country."

"I was glad for my visit to Haifa, but I was glad to leave," Garber said.

On the trip back to Durban, South Africa, two Greek stowaways were discovered aboard ship. "I think someone must have been feeding them," Garber confided an explanation of how the stowaways managed to stay hidden for nearly two weeks.

The stowaways were given fresh clothes and put to work. When one of them refused to work, he was locked up until the ship neared Biera, Mozambique. "They were put in chains so they wouldn't escape and try to swim to shore. After we docked, they were taken to jail."

Because the harbor was full, the Carroll Victory stayed anchored offshore for a week waiting for space. Boredom drove the cowboys to hire a row boat to take them ashore each day.



The identification card which Maynard Garber was issued when he signed up as a "sea cowboy."

Several cowboys took a 30-mile boat trip up the Pungree River in search of wild animals and to visit a coconut plantation. At the coconut plantation, they watched young boys scurry up 70-foot trees to retrieve coconuts. They also tasted breadfruit for the first time. "It tasted like pineapple," Garber recalled.

After picking up a second load of horses in Durban, the cowboys were told that the Carroll Victory would make a third trip to South Africa. Later on this return voyage, the cowboys heard another rumor that the ship was bound for Australia after unloading the horses in Greece. The trip was not to be, however. On March 10, after unloading their horses in Greece, the cowboys headed for home. They had been abroad for five months.

A storm at sea slowed the ship's return voyage, however. Seventy-five foot waves pitched the ship at 40 degree angles. Sometimes the ship gained a mere 100 miles a day. The return trip took so long that food had to be rationed toward the end.

On March 28 the Statue of Liberty appeared out of the fog in New York Harbor. The sea cowboys were home. They had spent 89 days at sea, 143 days aboard ship, 54 days on foreign shores, and 46 days at work. Most importantly, they had delivered their cargo of livestock. They had served people in need.

"People in Europe practically worshipped livestock after the war," Garber remembered. "Cattle provided milk and horses provided labor."

"I collected my check — we were paid a $1 a day — and headed home to Staunton," Garber said, more appreciative than ever of "home and all that we have."

Maynard Garber, sea cowboy, returned to Staunton to live what could be described as an ordinary life. He worked on his family's Buttermilk Spring Road farm before marrying Violet Ashby in 1949. After the birth of their daughter, Debbie, in 1954, he worked in furniture sales at Grand Piano and Augusta Furniture until his retirement in 1985.

Service continued to be part of his life, however. He has faithfully served his church, the Staunton Church of the Brethren, for many years in a number of different capacities; he sang in the Choral Society; he volunteered 1,000 hours at King's Daughters' Hospital; he marched for civil rights after Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination in 1968.

Throughout his life, Garber has heard the echo of Walt Whitman's words which he copied into the front of his sea voyage journal. It is a life through which Maynard Garber has sailed forth and found. —

We'd like you to meet...

This month two folks join the Augusta Country staff of contributing writers.

Deborah Sensabaugh of Buena Vista is a former full-time journalist and most recently has been writing on a free lance basis. Her primary area of expertise is horses and equine interests. Deborah says, "In my good-weather life I'm owner and operator of Virginia Mountain Outfitters, a horseback trail trip company in the Blue Ridge Mountains." She also teaches riding to Rockbridge County 4-Hers, private students, and at Washington & Lee University. She is just two credits away from college-level certification in equine management.

Deborah is a three-time Virginia Press Association award winner for writing and photography. She combines her writing skills with her equine knowledge to keep folks up to date on topics of interest to horse enthusiasts. She has written for national and international equine publications. With her article in this issue on the horse symposium held recently in Verona, she adds Augusta Country to the list of publications to which she contributes articles.

Ben Critzer comes to Augusta Country with 15 years of experience in journalism. He has worked as a staff reporter and features writer for several newspapers in Virginia, was a free lance writer for United Press International, and has worked as a writer and an editor in the public information office at James Madison University. Ben was brought to the Augusta Country fold by staff writer Nancy Sorrells who seems to be working as the newspaper's recruitment officer. "Keep bringing them in, Nancy!"

Ben's full time employment is that of senior groundsworker at the Museum of American Frontier Culture in Staunton. It is a position which Ben says includes everything from providing horticultural guidance on the museum's four farm sites to mowing the grass. His horticultural insights will be offered each month in his Augusta Country column, "The garden path." Ben is a native of Augusta County and he and his wife, Olive, live in Mt. Sidney.

Welcome, Deborah and Ben, to Augusta Country! —