"Friendly news for friendly people"

Augusta Country

May 1995
Vol. 2, Issue 5

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Special pull-out section!

Salute to veterans:
C'est la guerre -- That's war
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Subscription form, page 24!

New Hope, Weyers Cave

School closings mark end of an era

By SUE SIMMONS

"It was the heart and we were the blood," Kansan Blanche Leonard said of her town's old schoolhouse. She could easily have been describing the Weyers Cave and New Hope schools.

New Hope and Weyers Cave Elementary Schools will close their doors at the end of the 1994-1995 school year. Each community is preparing to say farewell to the schools which have been the cornerstones of their communities for most of this century.

The closing of New Hope and Weyers Cave, however, is one more step in the march of time for Augusta County Schools.

Small, rough-hewn schools once dotted Augusta County. Their names are unfamiliar to many of us today—Eagle, Samson, Madrid, Annex, North Point, yet they live on the memories of our most senior citizens.

These one- and two- room schools closed early in this century so students could attend the new, modern schools built in New Hope and Weyers Cave. Now these once modern schools are the dinosaurs, obsolete and facing extinction.

A visitor to New Hope and Weyers Cave Elementary schools is struck at once at the age and comfort of these two schools. They have a sound, a smell, and a warmth that is not unlike a beloved grandparent. New Hope and Weyers Cave will soon give up their students to the new Clymore Elementary School.

Now under construction, it is hard to imagine that some first grader entering its doors this fall will, in some year far in the future -- 2083 -- perhaps wax eloquent about that "fine, old school." ---

New Hope alum, *teacher recalls* school's early days

By SUE SIMMONS

NEW HOPE -- "Miss Margaret loved birds," Dennis Strole, principal at Weyers Cave Elementary School, fondly remembered about his second grade teacher at New Hope Elementary School.

Margaret Sites, right, and Lena Coffman on graduation day. Miss Sites was among those students who were in the New Hope School Class of 1922 which was the first class to graduate from New Hope.

"She kept bird houses and feeders in the window. Every time a bird flew into sight she would stop class and we would watch the bird," he commented. "You could just feel the love," Strole added.

Margaret Sites taught at New Hope Elementary School for 38 years, the same school which she attended and from which she graduated in 1922.

"I started to New Hope School in the four-room white building," Miss Margaret recalled of the frame school building built in 1905. "The first floor room to the right of the front door was the primary room — first, second, and third grades. Miss Bessie Kennedy was the teacher."

Across the hall was the fourth and fifth grades taught by Miss Sally Stout. Directly above the primary class, Miss Gretchen Bell taught the sixth and seventh grade. The high school students — there was no eighth grade — used the other second floor room.

MARGARET SITES

Miss Margaret also remembered that children walked to school or came on horse or in wagons. She and her younger brothers, William and Charles Sites, walked two miles into New Hope. There was a stable on the school grounds for those who came by horse drawn conveyance.

In 1928 a private bus carried children to school for 25 cents.

"Each room was heated with a jacketed stove." One of the janitor's jobs was to maintain the fire in each stove.

"Each room also had a water cooler. The students would carry water from the well in the village each day. We each had a collapsible cup that we kept at our desk."

"There was a closet in the back of the school where we hung our

See COVER STORY, page 6

New Hope, Weyers Cave to hold ceremonies for schools

AC staff report

The third weekend in May will be one of fun, friendship, and fond memories. Old acquaintances will be renewed, bygone days will be remembered, and some tears will be shed as alumni, students, teachers, neighbors, and friends gather to say good-bye to Weyers Cave and New Hope Elementary Schools.

On Saturday, May 20, Weyers Cave Elementary School will hold a school closing celebration. "Remember the Past; Celebrate the Future" will be the theme for the day-long event to be held at the school. According to Dennis Strole, the Weyers Cave Elementary School principal, the day will begin with a basketball game between former Weyers Cave athletes.

"After the game there will be old-time games for our current students followed by a chicken barbecue sponsored by the Weyers Cave Ruritan Club," Strole added.

The official school closing ceremony will be held in the evening and will feature a play performed by current students.

"The children will put on a play entitled 'If The Walls Could Talk' written by a former Weyers Cave teacher, Eldon Layman," Strole said.

The School Closing Committee, headed by Becky Schreckhise, Jackie Dunsmore, and Kim Metje, have mailed out over 800 letters to alumni, former principals, and teachers.

New Hope Elementary School Fond Farewell Committee's program is scheduled for Sunday, May 21. New Hope Ruritans will help with parking and the current students and teachers will host the event.

"Mr. Owen Harner will be our Master of Ceremonies," John German, chairman of the Fond Farewell Committee, explained. "We have a slide show of the school the community put together from private photograph collections. Some pictures are in the never-seen-before category."

Elizabeth Harris, assistant superintendent of schools for Augusta County, will be the guest speaker.

William Fauber, a former principal who recently retired after 25 years at New Hope, will lead a tribute to all the veterans.

"We are going to leave plenty of time for people to tour through the school and reminisce about their school day," German said. "This fellowship will be the most important part of the Fond Farewell. The school has been trying to contact alumni. Responses have come from as far away as Florida."

Anyone interested in attending the festivities should contact the office at Weyers Cave Elementary School at 234-8060 and New Hope Elementary School at 363-5252. ---

See related stories and photos, pages 6-7

We'd like you to meet...

We've said before that Augusta Country is not bounded by county lines. The person who is the most recent addition to AC's ranks is proof of that.

JEFF ISHEE

When we first heard from Jeff Ishee, he was writing to us while bouncing around on the rough seas of the northern Atlantic Ocean. A sonar technician in the United States Navy and on active duty onboard the USS Hue (pronounced "whay") City, Jeff at that time was preparing to weigh anchor for good.

Jeff's departure from the Navy is certainly their loss. His experience in writing port briefs makes him an excellent candidate for the AC writing staff. His arrival in Augusta Country is particularly timely for the May edition. We have put him right to work writing for this months' special section saluting veterans in observance of Memorial Day.

As a former Navy recruiter, Jeff's salesmanship abilities will also be valuable to Augusta Country. He has already started introducing himself to area merchants and he will be selling advertising space in upcoming issues of Augusta Country.

The story of the Ishee family's arrival in Augusta County is one that we're going to let Jeff tell in next month's edition. So until then we say "Ahoy matey" to Jeff Ishee. You're safe at harbor in Augusta Country! ---

Stop the press!

First 4-H and FFA show was held in 1940

AC staff report

The ink wasn't dry on the April issue of Augusta Country when new information about the history of the Augusta County 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show came to light.

Sally Williams of Greenville called to report that she had learned of a person who had records of shows being held earlier than 1945. Her tip pointed us in the direction of John Altizer of Fishersville.

See related stories, pages 8 and 18

According to Altizer, a box of items which he purchased at an auction sale contained programs from the earliest 4-H and FFA livestock shows. These programs reveal that the show began in 1940, was held again in 1941, and then was discontinued until 1945 due to the United States' involvement in World War II.

A number of individuals had noted that they remembered the show being held then halted because of the war. However, no written records of this could be located. That is until it was learned that these records did exist and had been found in a box of miscellaneous items purchased at an auction sale more than 15 years ago.

With this new information, the 1995 version of the Market Animal Show will be the 52nd of its kind but remains the 50th annual event because the show has been held continuously only since 1945. —

RHS sponsoring blood drive

By DAN POATS

GREENVILLE -- A Blood Drive will be conducted by the Virginia Blood Services at the Riverheads High School gymnasium Thursday, May 11 from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Blood donations are to be made by appointment only. For an appointment call 337-1921 between 8 a.m. and 3:30 p.m., Monday - Friday.

The goal for this drive is 50 donors and everyone is invited to take part in this important community service. Organizers say much help is needed to meet the goals which have been set.

To give blood, donors must be at least 17 years old. Donors under the age of 18 must obtain parental consent to give blood.

Virginia Blood Services supplies 85 percent of the blood needs for Central Virginia, so every individual's donation is important.

Also on May 11, RHS will be holding voter registration in the lobby from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. All area residents who have not registered are encouraged to do so. ---

Around the world and back again

We've done it before but we weren't sure if we could do it again. But we have. In the February 1995 issue of Augusta Country we traveled around the world. And, yes, in this issue we're doing it again.

This month we're stopping in Brazil, Germany, Italy, Hawaii, North Africa -- including Marrakech and Casablanca -- and Greenland. But traveling around the world and back again still did not satisfy our staff of writers.

AC's merry band of roving reporters wasn't content until they had traveled up and down the country roads of Augusta County -- to New Hope, Weyers Cave, Spottswood, Smokey Row, Harrisonburg, Waynesboro, and Fishersville -- gathering news for this edition of Augusta Country.

We begin this month in New Hope and Weyers Cave. This month's **COVER STORY** tells the history of elementary schools in these two communities -- schools which are preparing to close their doors for good at the end of this school year.

Charlie Downs of Waynesboro takes us to Brazil where he worked on a Habitat for Humanity project. The story of his trip is on page 3.

On pages 4 and 5 we meet "Aunt Regina" Kesterson of Spottswood and Rosa Lee Jenkins of Smokey Row. Their stories, you'll learn, form a "continuous thread" which runs through the fabric of their lives.

In Fishersville you'll visit with the McCune family. Augusta County's Market Animal Show is a tradition for the McCunes, three generations of whom have exhibited animals in the show which celebrates its 50th anniversary this year. You'll find this story on page 8.

Augusta Country counts itself as particularly privileged this month to be bringing you a special tribute to the men and women who have been a part of the United States military. On pages 9-16 you'll read the stories of six war veterans -- stories which help us to understand why Memorial Day is more than the unofficial beginning of summer. When Memorial Day comes this year, we hope you'll remember the stories you've read here.

Without further delay then, let the reading begin.

Until next month,

Betty Jo Hamilton

Betty Jo Hamilton
Publisher and editor

Augusta Country apologizes for the delay in delivery of some issues of the April 1995 edition. About 300 subscribers patiently waited nine days to receive their issues. AC continues to be diligent in its efforts to insure that the Postal Service delivers the newspapers promptly. If you did not receive an April issue, please call 885-0266 and we'll get one to you as soon as possible. ---

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Please recycle

Waynesboro's Charlie Downs travels to Brazil to work on Habitat for Humanity project

By TERRY TERRELL

WAYNESBORO -- Last May Charlie Downs got a call to go to South America. So who is Charlie Downs and what's his connection with South America?

Many people know Charlie from his work as a disabilities coordinator for the city of Waynesboro or from his articles on "Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA) Update" published weekly in The News-Virginian. But few people know that he is also a volunteer Habitat for Humaninty coordinator for the First Baptist Church of Waynesboro.

Since 1989, Charlie has been helping to coordinate regional trips to projects for Habitat for Humanity, which began for First Baptist Church in 1987. The former minister of First Baptist, Dr. Ed Bratcher, who continues to receive the church's newsletter, knew of Charlie's interest in Habitat projects. A call from Bratcher to Charlie came in May and by March of this year he was on his way to a project in Brazil.

On March 1, with a group of 15 other volunteers, some from New York, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, who were either friends or family members of Dr. Bratcher, Charlie was on a flight out of Atlanta, Ga. The mission group flew to Sao Paulo and traveled to Piracicaba (pronounced: para-suh-cah-bah), Brazil, where they stayed at the Methodist University.

The group was greeted by Gary and Pam Burrell, who have been missionaries for about 20 years. Gary and Pam worked as hosts, local habitat coordinators, and interpreters for the group. Over the next 14 days the group worked at three home sites in a slum area, known as a Favela, outside the city limits.

"Our plans to work at the original Habitat site were hampered because of poor weather conditions and lack of governmental organization. An old sugar cane field had been cleared where Habitat plans to build between 250 to 300 homes," Charlie said.

In cooperation with another housing project, the mission group was able to help construct three homes. One was built from the foundation up and the walls and preparations for roofing were completed on two other homes.

"[In Brazil] the spirit of volunteerism is a foreign concept unlike here in the U.S, so volunteer help is unique and original" Charlie explained. He went on to add that "there are rewarding payoffs to Habitat. One is the camaraderie of being with people who are interested in similar projects. Another, and more importantly, is providing more decent, comfortable housing for people who are very deserving. The idea about Habitat is that they participate. Part of the requirement, which is universal in Habitat, is what is known as sweat equity hours. This in turn gives the families a sense of pride and ownership in their home."

Charlie Downs, right, and Bob Ayers, a retired physical therapy professor from Hunter College in New York, work on the Habitat for Humanity project in Brazil. Downs travelled from Waynesboro to Brazil in March to participate in the project.

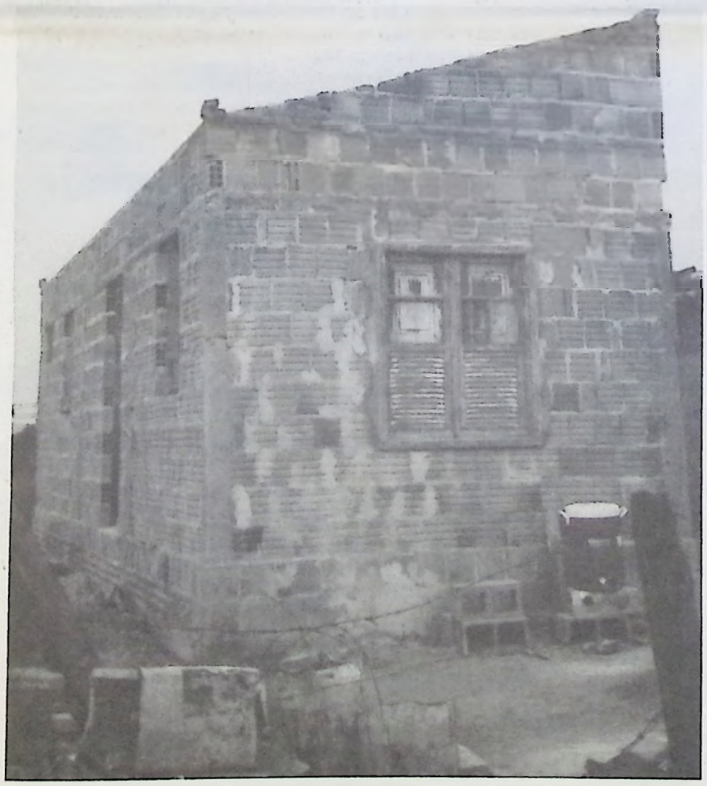
Photo courtesy Charlie Downs

The feeling of pride must have been felt by the volunteers as well. At the end of the two weeks, at least five other homes were being improved by families there. "We did not go there as Christians per se, but the spirit of Christianity or what we did was evident in the work and through our relationships," said Charlie.

What impressed Charlie the most about his experience were the people. "They were warm, hospitable, exceptionally clean and happy, with an extraordinary ability to work together and had an insatiable eagerness to learn," he said. "And despite the different ethnic backgrounds, they accept one another and do not see themselves as poor."

Although this was Charlie's first time working on a foreign Habitat project, he made it clear that people do not have to travel far to volunteer with Habitat for Humanity.

"You don't have to leave the country or even the state to see where help is needed because it's right here in our own backyards," Charlie said. —



Considered a mansion in the Brazilian village where it was built, this 10-foot by 30-foot dwelling will be home to a family of seven. It was built by Habitat for Humanity volunteers and replaced a "building" which was little more than shelter from the weather.

Photo courtesy Charlie Downs

Brazil at a glance

Brazil: Largest country in South America, slightly smaller than the U.S., and consisting of 23 states.

Official Name: Federative Republic of Brazil

Capital: Brasilia

Official Language: Portuguese

National Holiday: Independence Day, September 7, (1822)

Currency: Real (plural—Reas) = .85 cents

Dominant religion: Roman Catholicism

Flag: Green with a large yellow diamond in the center bearing a blue celestial globe with 23 white five-pointed stars (one for each state) arranged in the same pattern as the night sky over Brazil; the globe has a white equatorial band with the motto, "ORDEM E PROGRESSO" (Order and Progress). ---

Yesterday once more

"Continuous threads" link two Augusta County women

By NANCY SORRELLS

Neither Regina Hutchens Kesterson of Spottswood nor Rosa Lee Jenkins of Smokey Row has left a large amount of written words behind for historians of the future. Neither has kept a daily diary or written lengthy essays or books.

But the two Augusta County women, who were born in 1906 and have spent their entire lives in this rural region of the Valley tell their stories in other ways — through their words and through the use of needle and thread. And the histories connect them -- stitch by stitch -- very quickly to generations long past. Stories and sewing lessons were passed down from grandmother to mother to daughter.

It is this "continuous thread" from the past to the present which the quilt exhibit currently on display at the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace and Museum in Staunton is trying to show. Quilts are material histories and as such are textbooks of the lives and social networks of women from another era. Both Rosa Lee and Regina have quilts on display at the exhibit. Regina's is a family heirloom, created in Augusta County in 1848. The diagonal tulip design is magnificent and the quilt is as striking today as it was over a century ago. Rosa Lee has two pieces on display. An unfinished log cabin quilt top that she started piecing under her mother's tutelage when she was just 11, and a jazzy log cabin quilt made more recently by her sister, Molly Mae Smith, who remembered the design their mother had taught them.

For the two women, sewing has been part of the continuous threads of their lives and has stitched a living legacy anchoring them into the history books as representative of a time which is quickly passing.

"I was a busy little girl," Regina remembers of growing up in Greenville. "I was born with the desire to do things like that. As soon as I could use a needle at all, I started sewing for my dolls. When we lived in Greenville, Mama would send me to the store and tell me that if I had a penny left over I could have it. I would take the penny and buy a piece of material. I would rather have the piece of material than candy."

Regina learned sewing from her mother Lelia May Hutchens, who was a seamstress, and from her grandmother, Nancy Lotts Robertson. "Mama made all our clothes. She sat up 'til way in the night sewing. As soon as I got big enough, I sewed and made clothes for my baby sister," said Regina, who was the oldest of seven children.

"Aunt Regina" Kesterson of Spottswood displays the Martha Washington's Garden quilt which she made for her husband when the two were courting. Quilts made by Aunt Regina and Rosa Lee Jenkins of Smokey Row are on display at the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace through May.
Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Sewing came naturally to Rosa Lee as well. She was born on Buttermilk Spring Road near Cedar Green, but the family soon moved a little further out in the country to Smokey Row. Her father, Henry Smith, was a farmer, and her mother, Mollie, did housework. ("The hardest work in the world!" exclaims Rosa Lee.)

As for sewing and quilting, Rosa Lee remembered: "That's what mothers do in the wintertime when they sit." When Rosa Lee was quite young, "somewhere in the neighborhood of 11 or 12 years old," she learned to piece a quilt from her mother.

"My mother would have the old kitchen stove going and then she would get the quilt pieces out and got us girls a cuttin' 'em. And she said, 'Now all you girls need to make a quilt.'"

That quilt is the unfinished log cabin design on display at the Birthplace. "It was pretty when it was new," Rosa Lee remembers of the top that is now approaching 80 years of age.

Although both women learned to sew at a tender age, both went on to projects other than quilting. Regina came back to quilting between her graduation from high school and when she got married years later. During that time she stayed at home and helped raise her younger brothers and sisters and then helped raise her nieces and nephews when they began arriving. Also at home during those years was her grandmother.

"When we were just children, my grandmother made a quilt for all the girl grandchildren. I still have that," she said as she unfolded a four diamond quilt from her ce

See THREADS, page 23

Birthplace exhibit shows continuity of tradition

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON -- If you like quilts stop by the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace and Museum to see some of Augusta County's best.

"Material Histories, Continuous Threads: Antebellum and Present-day Quilts from the Upper Shenandoah Valley," is an exhibit of nearly 50 quilts carefully stitched by Augusta County women from the past and present.

The exhibit, which will be on display through May 29, looks at quilts as expressions of community. The modern quilts in the exhibit show the continuity of traditions — both in quilts and in families and social organizations. The 100 or 150-year-old quilts aid in understanding Shenandoah Valley women from another era.

Many of the quilts are on display for the first time, on loan from private and public collections. "Private owners have kindly peeled them off beds, pulled them out of trunks, and taken them off their walls," said Patricia A. Hobbs, co-curator of the exhibit. Contributing museums include the Shenandoah Valley Heritage Museum and the Atlanta History Center, which is loaning a unique quilt made in the Staunton area. A grant from the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities and Public Policy has supported the exhibit.

"With it's focus on 1840-1860, the exhibit fills a significant gap in our knowledge," said Laurel Horton, noted folklorist, quilt scholar, and editor of the recent book, "Quilt Making in America: Beyond the Myths." Not coincidentally for the museum and its exhibit, President Woodrow Wilson was also born in Staunton between 1840 and 1860 — on December 28, 1856 to be exact.

The quilts, on display in three of the museum buildings including the Presbyterian manse, illustrate a wide variety of patterns and techniques. Modern viewers may recognize nine-patch, wild goose chase, and mariner's compass. The turkey reds, chrome oranges and bright blues and greens from 150 years ago may also surprise some visitors. Also popular were album quilts which featured a different color or appliqued flower, bird or wreath in each square.

"These things are just beautiful to look at," said Bill Hoffmeyer, curator of education at the Birthplace, "even if you don't care about history or needlework."

Many of the quilts are signature, or friendship quilts, often made as keepsakes. The signatures usually include a date and location and offer a wealth of history. Goshen, Deerfield, Locust Isle, Timberville, Lexington and Staunton all appear on the quilts.

Visitors to the Material Histories exhibit will want to begin at the Opie Gallery (the middle building of the Wilson complex). Fifteen 1840 to 1860 quilts and half a dozen modern quilts are featured in this building as well as an area for children to try their hand at quilting. Eleven more quilts are displayed in the Manse, integrated into the furnishings and settings at the birthplace. The remainder of the quilts can be found in the museum's permanent gallery. These late 19th and early 20th century quilts coincide with the time Woodrow Wilson was at Princeton and then later when he was in the White House and the United States was involved in World War I. Crazy quilts and patchwork quilts as well as one especially poignant Red Cross quilt can be viewed.

The entire exhibit and the related programs bring into focus the meaning of quilts as documents and explain more about the lives and social networks of women. "Quilts are clues to the lives of women who lived in a context that was both urban and rural, with immigration and Westward migration and significant Scots-Irish, German, Swiss Mennonite, Tidewater English, and African—both slave and free black—populations," said Hobbs. ---

Material Histories, Continuous Threads

Where: **Woodrow Wilson Birthplace and Museum**

Exhibit hours: **9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily**

Fees: **Main exhibit, none; birthplace and Wilson exhibit, regular admission rates, $6 adult, $4 student; child, senior, AAA and group discounts given.**

Associated event: **May 9, 7 p.m. Lecture by quilt historian Paula Rau. Material Histories: Quilts of the Upper Shenandoah Valley, 1840-1860. Followed by a special reception and quilt walk. Reservations required. Limited space, admission fee.**

For more information call: **703-885-0897 ---**

Smokey Row resident: "We had some times back then..."

By NANCY SORRELLS

SMOKEY ROW -- Not many people can say they live in their old schoolhouse, but Rosa Lee Smith Jenkins of Smokey Row can make just such a claim and she has a pile of memories to go along with that claim.

Rosa Lee has spent almost all of her life at Smokey Row, an African-American community west of Staunton between Arbor Hill and Hebron. She was born just a few miles away, but her parents soon moved to this section of the county and farmed. It was a hard life, Rosa Lee recalls, but it made one appreciate what was accomplished.

Born in 1906, Rosa Lee remembers the first school she attended which was not the building in which she now lives. "It was just up the road and was one room and no room in the yard for the kids to play," she says. After a moment's hard thought, she also remembers the name of her first teacher, Miss Emma Hill.

The small school in a less-than-perfect situation was soon changed through the initiative of the community's parents. When the word got out that the white community in nearby Mint Spring was building a new school, a group of Smokey Row parents approached the Mint Spring parents about moving the old school building.

"My father brought a horse team and tore it down and brought it over here and made a two-room school," she remembers with pride. "It was built mostly by the parents and my father gave one acre of land."

The students flocked to the new school, walking from as far away as Sugar Loaf, Stingy Hollow, and Arbor Hill. Although Rosa Lee did not have to walk nearly as far as some, she remembers traipsing to school in all kinds of weather. "Ohhh, there was ice and snow and it was slushy when we walked. Don't you know they had some winters back then."

Years later as she sits in her living room she can remember the arrangement of the school. What walls and doors weren't there and where the three rows of benches stood lined up with eager students. "I don't remember how many kids there were, but it was a lot for two teachers to manage," she says of the classroom which held grades one through seven.

Recess meant playing baseball on the field up behind the school. "The boys and girls played together. I mean we could play some ball," she recalls with a chuckle.

When she finished her schooling at Smokey Row, Rosa Lee and others who wanted to pursue more education had to drive a horse and buggy into Staunton, and attend the old Booker T. Washington High School which was located over near Sunnyside. "We had to tie our horse and buggy up at a blacksmith shop which is where the IGA (on Central Avenue) was," she recalled. However, she didn't finish at Booker T. She returned to her old school when a teacher named William Ellis came out to Smokey Row and taught high school there. When he moved on, Rosa Lee's formal education was deemed complete.

At the age of 22, Rosa Lee Smith married Frank Jenkins who ran a milk route all through the county. The couple moved twice, the second time back to the long gray building at Smokey Row where Rosa had gone to school. By that time the school had consolidated with Cedar Green Training School and the building at Smokey Row was no longer being used for education.

Once she had finished her formal schooling, Rosa Lee took up the work she had learned from her parents, farming and running a household. "I worked all the garden while my husband worked the milk route," she says. "I have a corn on my finger from using the hoe, but I love fresh vegetables."

Growing up on a farm taught her how to make a living from the land. Her father had raised pigs and cows. They milked the cows and separated the cream which was sold to the Staunton creamery. Then the milk was given to the pigs. "My dad took a two-horse wagon and made a top to go over it, and would put pigs in there to take to market. He fed the pigs 'til they got to be 250 pounds."

Rosa Lee Jenkins of Smokey Row holds a pillow which she crocheted. The rose pattern was taken from a picture in a magazine.
Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Another skill that she learned was harvesting corn. "The girls had to go out in the field and shock. We set up two in the middle and then built around it, say six or eight. They aren't farming like they used to. No, sir. If the machines don't do it now, they don't do it. And there's a lot of waste. Old crows just have themselves a party after they harvest corn today," she said as she recalled times long gone.

In those days, her mother was always busy in the kitchen. "Momma made pies every Saturday for Sunday. And she made the best light bread. Occasionally she'd make a cake and it'd be a pound cake. And she would make a pitcher of custard and put it in the springhouse to keep it cold. She know'd how to cook, she certainly did!" Rosa Lee said of her mother who had little formal schooling, but knew her way around a farmhouse kitchen.

"Yessir, she'd make great big loaves of light bread and soda biscuits like that," she exclaimed as she held her fingers apart to indicate biscuits which must have been as big as a man's fist. "It wasn't nothing for us to eat four or five of those. We'd butter em up and put apple butter on them. We made a big kettle of apple butter in the fall each year."

And on a farm like the one run by the Smiths, even the four children had to pitch in and work. "You'd better work. I'm telling you. Everybody had their work to do, you certainly did," she recalled of a time when no child would have dreamed of talking back to a parent.

Even today, Rosa Lee can produce a whirlwind of work when she gets going. "I chop thistles in the yard. In pretty weather, the house goes," she admits. "I still split my own wood and kindling," she adds.

When she settles down in her old schoolhouse and takes time to reflect, Rosa Lee can remember a lifetime of hard work and change in the world. "We had some times back then, yessir, we sure did." ---

Spottswood's "Aunt Regina" has plenty of zip and spark

By NANCY SORRELLS

SPOTTSWOOD -- Many Augusta Country readers know of Regina Hutchens Kesterson even though they might not realize it.

Anyone who tunes in to WHSV-TV3 weather and happens to catch the report from "Aunt Regina in Spottswood" has heard of her. This tiny lady, who was born in 1906 and has lived all her life in southern Augusta County, has enough zip and spark for someone twice her size and half her age.

"I was always a busy little girl," she says from her neat little home near the village of Spottswood. The home is filled with plants which attest to her green thumb, and dolls which verify her busy-ness in the last nine decades. Many of the 90 dolls she made from scratch, casting the molds, painting the faces and making the clothes. The others she has refurbished and made the clothes which they wear.

Never one to sit still, she learned to sew when she was 6 years old and helped raise her younger brothers and sisters and then their children and their children. "I stayed at home until all 16 grandchildren were born and I babysat for a good many of them!" she says. During those years and beyond, she made all of her clothes and then all of the clothes for the family and, of course, all of the clothes for the dolls.

She is also never one to turn down a new chance at learning and doing. "I was a person who said if anybody else can do it, then I could do it," she says almost shyly.

She didn't learn to drive until she was 67. "Cecil (her husband) said, 'If you want to learn how to drive, I'll teach you,'" she recalls. Having mastered that skill, she went to work outside the home for the first time and didn't retire until she was 81. The reason for her retirement? "I told them, 'You know, if I'm going to do some things I've always wanted to do, I'd better get started!'"

That was around the time she started reporting the weather for WHSV-TV3, a job for which she was drafted when a relative worked at the station. "They provided me with the thermometer," she said referring to her new-found meteorological calling. "I read it most every day around 4 o'clock in the afternoon and then I call them," she explains.

Of course, she has more than the weather to keep her busy. She is active in the women's circle at Old Providence A.R.P. Church and participates in King's Highway, an organization which provides food and clothing for the needy. She works up a large garden and has plenty of flowers and fruit trees to tend in her lush yard. She is aided in her yard and housework by a pair of cats and a loyal dog named Puddles who "adopted her."

As for her creativity, not only did she quilt and sew, but she tatted, crocheted and knitted -- "Oh, I've just knit so many sweaters!" Much has been passed down through her family to her nieces. One niece, Loretta Eklund, has gone into the needlework business in Harrisonburg.

Just doing and remaining active keep this sharp lady on the go much of the time. "I just like what you get accomplished, I guess," she says. ---

COVER STORY

New Hope without a school for first time in its history

Continued from page 1

coats and kept our lunches," Miss Margaret remembered. "Most of the time we carried hard cooked eggs or a fried egg sandwich and crackers for lunch."

Lunch lasted an hour and students could eat wherever they pleased -- inside or out. Children used the time to play familiar games such as softball and Crack the Whip and some unfamiliar games like Prisoner's Base, Tap-the-Rabbit, Fox and Geese, and Ante Over.

"When you play Ante Over, six children get on one side of the coal house and six get on the other. One would throw a ball over the coal house. If someone on the other side caught the ball, they could capture a player from the other side."

Skirts and "middy" blouses were popular among the girls, making them look like sailors. Boys did not wear overalls to school. Everyone was required to wear shoes.

"The girl basketball players wore black sateen bloomers," Miss Margaret noted.

The former teacher recalled some of the school's rules: "no chewing gum, no smoking on school grounds, no fighting on school grounds, and no loafing before or after school at either of New Hope's two stores."

Children were punished by being made to stand in the corner or write punishments on the board after school.

"The worst thing children did was use tobacco or roll cigarettes in the stable," she added. A story once circulated that some boys got into hard cider they brought *from home.*

School rarely closed for inclement weather.

"In 1918 it snowed in October and didn't melt until April. School closed that year for three months, from December through February," Miss Margaret reminisced. "But not because of the weather. Schools were closed because of the flu epidemic."

Another difference Miss Margaret noted was that children did not attend school on Monday. Their week ran Tuesday through Saturday, with Saturday afternoons given to recitation and the literary society.

Margaret Sites graduated from New Hope High School in 1922. "We graduated in the auditorium. Ours was the first graduation exercise ever held at New Hope."

After graduation, Miss Sites attended Madison College where she became a member of the Kappa Delta Pi, an educational honor sorority. After two years she had attained a certificate entitling her to teach. Later she returned to college and completed her four-year education. She returned to Augusta County to teach, first at Samson School, a one-room log building not far from her home.

"That first year I earned $60 a month including $10 room and board," Miss Margaret commented. When asked if that was a lot of money in 1924, she answered, "Why no, it wasn't!" She added that her second year she got a slight increase when she moved to a four-room school.

Teachers were expected to comport themselves in an exemplary manner. As Miss Margaret explains, "This was and is a community of churchgoing people. You were expected to conduct yourself in a Christian manner."

She returned to her alma mater New Hope her third year, where she taught second grade until her retirement in 1968.

"I always used and believed in phonics to teach reading," Miss Margaret commented about her teaching methods. "And I always let the text book be my guide. I love birds, too, and like to keep bird feeders."

"I enjoyed every minute of it," Miss Margaret said firmly. Then she corrected herself. "Well, there were some terrible days, but I love children and I enjoyed teaching." ---

By SUE SIMMONS

NEW HOPE -- "New Hope always had a school," Margaret Fitzgerald, alumni and New Hope Elementary School secretary proudly proclaims.

The Hotchkiss Atlas of 1884 shows schoolhouse #23 near the present school location.

A second school was built in 1908. This white framed building housed eleven grades from both the elementary and high school level. Later an auditorium and an agricultural building were added.

"I don't remember a man teaching elementary school," Fitzgerald recalled. "All the teachers were single except for Hazel Spitzer who was the first married teacher."

"They were expected to be proper women. They were expected to go to church; they weren't allowed to smoke, at least not in public," Mrs. Fitzgerald laughed. "There was a family in the center of New Hope that rented rooms to the teachers. You would see them walking to school *every morning from* their boardinghouse."

MARGARET FITZGERALD

"Of course women never wore anything but dresses to school, even on the coldest day. I remember Miss Margaret Sites would wear socks over her saddle oxfords when the temperatures dropped. We kids thought it was just great that she put socks on just like we wore."

Most of the early teachers had two-year certificates from state normal schools. Only a few had four-year degrees. Most of the teachers were known and called by their first names rather than their last: Miss Margaret, Miss Serena, Miss Valley.

"Miss Serena ruled with an iron fist," Mrs. Fitzgerald recalled. "But it seems that kids were not so bad."

Lying, stealing, or sassing earned any student a spanking.

"I talked too much in first grade and the teacher made me stand with my nose in a circle on the board. I was mortified, but I probably didn't talk as much after that," Mrs. Fitzgerald remembered with a laugh.

The school had Christmas programs and May Day. There were Junior and Senior plays. For 10 cents, students could attend Li'l Rascal movies in the afternoon during school hours.

"There was no football played at New Hope, but both basketball and baseball were popular," Mrs. Fitzgerald commented. "We even had a clay court for tennis."

As often happened, the student body outgrew the space, and the present brick school building was built in 1924 to house the high school. The old white frame school then became the elementary school.

New Hope School was built in 1905. It was a four-room schoolhouse for grades 1-7 and 9-12.

"Mr. Swartz was the principal of both the high school and the elementary school. We were terrified of him," Mrs. Fitzgerald remembered. "You never spoke to him unless he spoke to you first."

"Hazel Garland was the first female principal. She was a good basketball player and that made her a little more human." Mrs. Fitzgerald noted that the current principal, Robbie Davis, is only the second woman principal in the school's history.

Mrs. Fitzgerald remembers the hot lunch program when she attended the school during the war years. "Lunch cost 15 cents and they served real mashed potatoes."

She also recalled that students worked for free in the cafeteria.

A cannery was built behind the New Hope School during the war, and in the summer it was a busy place.

A Tom Thumb wedding held in 1916 at New Hope School. The events were once popular for their entertainment value and were organized by a "teacher and her patrons."

The two buildings served the school for more than 20 years, when, in 1946, the old frame school burned down.

"Lord, was it exciting," Mrs. Fitzgerald remembered. "You know how when you're a kid you wonder wistfully what would happen if the school burned down? Well, we found out."

The midnight fire started in the main building, and was caused by a short in the home economics room, the only room with electricity in it.

"The entire community was outside in their night clothes watching the fire," Mrs. Fitzgerald recalled.

Because the end of the school year was near, the entire student body crammed into the brick building. The school day was split — elementary attended in the morning and high school in the afternoon.

By the beginning of the next school year, a temporary building was constructed and the student body resumed a normal schedule.

"They were in such a hurry to have it ready by September," Mrs. Fitzgerald recalled. "It looked fine on the outside but it wasn't finished on the inside. They put up black paper for chalkboards and kids could walk through holes in the wall to get to other classrooms."

True to Augusta County's fiscally conservative ways, the "temporary" building continued to serve the school for the next several years.

Finally, at the urging of the PTA, a new brick addition opened in the mid 50s, when at the same time renovations were made to the older building.

"We still call that wing the new addition even though its 30 years old. That part of the building still meets all the state standards, even today," Mrs. Fitzgerald commented with a note of pride in her voice.

The march toward school consolidation had reached New Hope, however. In 1947 high school students began at-

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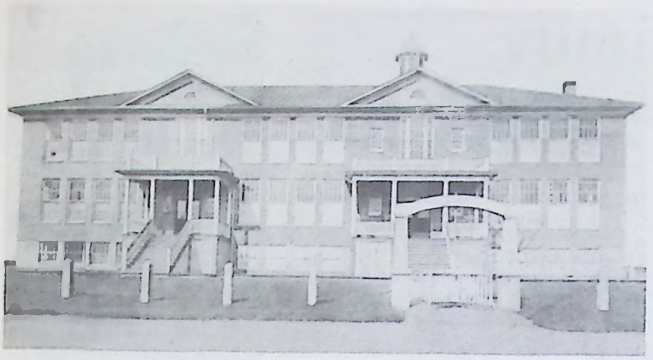


Weyers Cave High School in a photo taken from the 1925 yearbook.

Weyers Cave school has held community together

By SUE SIMMONS

WEYERS CAVE -- The first public school opened in Weyers Cave in 1882. It succeeded a number of other smaller, private schools that had served the community up to that point.

A frame building replaced the original school -- today the Ray Meyers home which stands near the present day school -- in 1904.

In 1911 the first class graduated from Weyers Cave School. There was no class of 1912.

The present day school was built between 1916 and 1924. The right side of the school was built in 1916. It housed grades 1-7 and grades 9-12. The left side of the school, a mirror image of the first school, was added in 1923.

"The only thing that wasn't duplicated was the cupola," according to Al Saufly, Weyers Cave class of 1950, whose grandfather, A.P. Bibb, built the school.

"The second portion of the school was built with money provided by the Smith-Hughes Agricultural Act and donations of time and money made by patrons of the school," Saufly said.

"No school bonds in those days," Saufly laughed. "If you wanted a new school, you had to put your money where your mouth was."

With the addition complete, the elementary grades moved into the south side of the school and the high school remained in the north end.

"There was no eighth grade," Saufly explained. "Children went from first through seventh grade and then they went to high school." In high school there was no grade nine to 12, rather students were labeled freshman, sophomore, juniors, and seniors.

Weyers Cave boasted the first motorized school bus in Augusta County.

"Many kids came from the Burketown school in horses and wagons," Saufly commented. "The county converted a straight-bed truck into a bus. It wasn't heated and there were benches along the sides of the truck."

One of Weyers Cave's most notable achievements was the creation of the Future Farmers of Virginia in 1927. Under the guidance of Vocational Agriculture teacher E.B. Craun, 28 students signed the original charter that would become Future Farmers of America the next year in Kansas City.

Three literary societies, a glee club, and various other clubs and activities offered students opportunities.

The new gymnasium and an auditorium were constructed in 1936. "The auditorium was not complete in time for graduation, so the class of '36 graduated from the floor of the new addition with no walls or roof around them."

Weyers Cave had a number of sports teams — basketball and tag football — but baseball was the most popular sport according to Mr. Saufly.

"We only played against local schools. Mt. Sidney was our biggest sports rival even though we exchanged students during the day."

Because Weyers Cave was the first, and at that time only, accredited high school in Augusta County, Mt. Sidney students would come to Weyers Cave to take certain classes.

"Student drivers would take the kids on school buses," Saufly chuckled and shook his head at the wisdom of student drivers. "More than once we took short joy rides or would stop at Heatwole's with a whole bus load of kids for lunch."

World events had an effect on the school and community.

"No annuals were published during the war," Saufly recalled. "And the first yearbook put out after the

See WEYERS CAVE, page 23

Ruth Wine with her Weyers Cave fourth-grade students in a 1925 photo which was among those posed for an Extension Service brochure to be distributed to Home Demonstration Clubs. The photo, portraying the students as alert and well-mannered, was meant to demonstrate how children behave if they have had a good breakfast. Another photo, posed to portray students who hadn't eaten breakfast, showed children slumped at their desks, some with their heads down asleep.

War, mandate forced education reform in Augusta County

By SUE SIMMONS

"This is a solidly rural, middle-class community. The children at this school reflect those values."

Donna Wells
Third grade teacher
New Hope Elementary

The end of World War II and the State Board of Education's threat to revoke Augusta County's school accreditation forced educational reform in Augusta County. Coupled with more rigid college admission requirements, it became abundantly clear that a 12-year program was needed to replace the existing 11-year curriculum.

New Hope High School and Weyers Cave were among the first Augusta County schools to experience the change.

In 1954, Mt. Sidney and Weyers Cave High Schools were consolidated into the Middle River High School. Grades one through four and nine through 12 shared the Weyers Cave School building, while grades five, six, and seven occupying the Mt. Sidney building.

In 1962 Fort Defiance High School was built to accommodate grades eight through 12, while the elementary school retained grades one through seven. Grades six, seven and eight, left their respective elementary and high schools with the addition of the middle school concept and the construction of Stewart Middle School.

At the end of the 1994-95 school year, New Hope Elementary and Weyers Cave will close and their respective student bodies will consolidate into Clymore Elementary School.

What changes the future holds for Augusta County schools is anyone's guess. It is a safe bet, however, that more changes are yet to come. ---

•New Hope

Continued from page 6

tending Wilson High School, located in the World War II hospital barracks in Fishersville.

"I think this community really felt the loss of the high school," Mrs. Fitzgerald said. "The high school really gave a lot to the community of New Hope."

The school again lost students in 1980 when Stewart Middle School opened.

Today, 300 students attend kindergarten through fifth grade at New Hope Elementary School.

"The community has always supported this school," Mrs. Fitzgerald noted. "That's because the community is tied to the school. The third grade invited me to their room to talk about my student days at New Hope. As I sat there, I realized how connected we all were to each other." ---

Dennis Strole, Weyers Cave Elementary principal, observes as Mrs. Wine works with her first grade class.

Photo by Sue Simmons

Schools to hold closing ceremonies

The closing ceremony for Weyers Cave Elementary School will be held May 20. Activities are planned throughout the day to commemorate the school's closing.

The ceremony for New Hope Elementary School will begin at 2 p.m. on May 21. ---

Market Animal Show is family tradition for McCunes of Fishersville

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

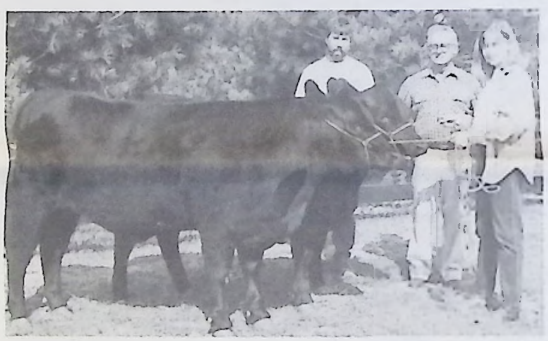
FISHERSVILLE — As much as it is about animals, the 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show is about families.

The McCunes of Fishersville are among those Augusta County families who have a multi-generation connection with the annual sheep, swine, and steer exhibition which has been held continuously since 1945.

It was as a Fishersville High School freshman that Bobby McCune participated in his first show. That was in 1946 when the exhibition was known as the 4-H and FFA Fat Cattle Show.

"I know one thing," the McCune family patriarch said recently as he reflected on his earliest experience with exhibiting cattle. "I didn't know anything about showing a calf."

For McCune, the new venture was a matter of trial and error.



Three generations of McCunes – from left, Mike, Bobby, and Lindsey – have participated in the Market Animal Show or one of its forerunners. Lindsey will exhibit these two Angus steers in the 1995 show May 3 and 4. This year marks the event's 50th anniversary. Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

"I put a rope halter on it," he said, describing how he attempted to break the steer. "Instead of tying the calf up like you should, I took him out the barn, and he drug me up across the field. I never did get that calf broke very well."

Both McCune and his sister exhibited steers in the show, and their early experiences taught them how to break the cattle to halter.

"We learned to tie them up. After we tied them up they didn't break too bad then," he said.

McCune's family background is in farming. He continues to farm the land which two generations of McCunes before him have farmed. Through the years, he has seen progress in his farming operation which has included improvement in the family's beef cattle herd.

"I was a farm boy," he said, noting that his early agriculture education was under the tutelage of ag instructor Carroll Guynn who taught at Fishersville High School.

"On our farm we just had some old mixed up cows. We didn't have anything fit to show," McCune said. "That's why I went to Mr. (C.H.) Cline to buy one (a steer) for the show. He was the only one around that had good black cattle."

Feeding the cattle to fatten them for the show was also a part of the ag student's project. McCune noted that the science of balancing feed rations has come a long way in the 50 years since his days of exhibiting.

"I used to shell corn off the cob out of the corn crib and mix it with some oats to feed the calf," he said.

A few years later as a young family man, McCune continued to farm and also took a job at General Electric. The off-farm job helped put food on the table for his family which included his wife, Freda Gay, and three small children.

The family's farm operation continued to grow with McCune farming 180 acres of land which he owned as well as some other property which he rented. During these years he was also performing custom field work which included combining and baling hay. The family's cattle herd took a major step forward in 1953 when McCune purchased six purebred Angus heifers from E.M. Hewitt, former owner and operator of Staunton Union Stockyard.

In 1967, just a little over two decades after McCune made his first attempt at exhibiting steers, another member of the family was ready to enter the show ring. McCune's son Mike made his debut in Augusta County's premiere cattle exhibition with a calf he purchased from John Loving of Fishersville. As he would learn with the steer project, Mike came to understand the economics of raising and selling cattle.

"I found out stuff that we had was just as good as other people's," the younger McCune noted. "I could make more money on ones we raised."

Like his father, Mike has worked to improve the McCune family's cattle herd. As a young exhibitor, Mike bought two purebred Angus heifers. It was calves from these heifers which Mike exhibited when the Fat Stock Show included a purebred heifer exhibition.

"I won at the Fat Stock Show with those heifers," Mike recalled. "We took them to the fair in Richmond that year and I won Reserve Champion there."

Mike showed in the 4-H and FFA exhibition for five years. His experience began when he was an eighth-grade student at Wilson Memorial High School. Cattle frame and body size then was much different from what it is today. Three decades ago the best cattle were seen as those which were small-framed and short-legged.

"When I first started showing they were still kind of typey," Mike recalled. "But it was along about that time they started to get large frame calves with some stretch."

"Back then they wanted them as short-legged as you could get them," Mike's father noted.

As an ag student at Wilson, Mike worked under the direction of ag instructor Stuart Moffet.

"He's really been a lot of help over the years," Mike noted recalling that it was Moffet who saw to it that Mike got off to the right start in his first effort at exhibiting a steer.

"He sent a boy over to clip my steer and told me to watch him, because I would have to do it myself from then on," Mike said. It is a practice at which the former Wilson student has become quite proficient over the years. It is also a skill he now shares with other exhibitors. "Now I clip for everybody," he said.

In addition to the support of his agriculture instructor and FFA adviser, Mike also benefited from the expertise of two area cattle producers who became mentors for the aspiring cattle exhibitor.

"Mike learned as much about cattle from Dayton Hodges and Pete Myers than anybody," said Mike's mother. "They were such wonderful people and so good to him."

Hodges, who raised purebred Angus on his farm at Arbor Hill, and Myers, who owned a purebred Angus operation in Fishersville, are among the many local cattle producers who have taken an interest in the county's young people. They and others like them have supported 4-H and FFA members by making livestock available for the young people to take on as projects for the show. Mike noted that experience he gained while working with Hodges and Myers was an important part of his agriculture education.

A lineman for Shenandoah Valley Electric Cooperative for 17 years, Mike is now teaching another generation of McCunes the art of preparing cattle for the show. His daughter Lindsey will this year make her fifth outing at the Market Animal Show. A 14-year-old eighth-grade student at Stuarts Draft Middle School, Lindsey represents the third generation of McCunes to participate in the 4-H and FFA exhibition. It was as an eight-year-old that Lindsey first accompanied her father to a Market Animal Show.

"We went to watch the show," Mike said, "and I asked her if she wanted to try something like that."

Mike and his wife Debbie own 100 acres and rent another 200 acres. They farm this land and have 80 brood cows which are mostly Angus with some Hereford crossed in. It is from these cattle which Lindsey selects her calves for the show. In November she registered two Angus steers — one weighing 690 pounds and one weighing 790 pounds — to be shown in the May 4 event. The calves now weigh in the 1,050- to 1,200-pound range.

"I like to work with the calves," Lindsey says. As it was for her father, the calf project is meant to be a moneymaker. With some of her earnings from the sale of calves which she raised last year, Lindsey has purchased some show equipment. The effort of raising the calves has brought her other rewards including being the winner of Stuarts Draft Middle School's Beef Award. The recordbook she kept on last year's steer project earned her blue ribbon honors.

"I think it teaches you responsibility," said Mike of one of the benefits of carrying out the livestock project. "I think it's good experience for her. It teaches her responsibility and she can put away some money for college. She learns the value of a dollar."

With grandchildren now exhibiting in the Market Animal Show, one might think the elder McCune would limit his involvement in the event to his family's steer projects. This is far from reality, however. McCune "underwrites" the steer projects of other local 4-H and FFA members by permitting them to select steers from his herd on a "choose now, pay later" basis.

"I keep telling them to go somewhere and get good calves," McCune says. "Last year we had nine calves in the show."

Participation in the Market Animal Show has become a tradition for the McCune family. It also has become an important part of what the family has accomplished on their farm with their cattle herd.

"I learned what bulls to use and what heifers to keep to get the kind of calves that will grow out," Mike said of the knowledge which he gained from his steer project work.

And now the next generation of McCunes will begin learning about breeding and raising beef cattle. Lindsey is raising a heifer to show in this year's Augusta County fair. Like her father and her father's father, the lifelong education process of beef cattle production comes full circle to the youngest generation of McCunes. —

Bobby McCune in 1946 with his steer for the Fat Cattle Show, the event which would evolve into today's Augusta County 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show.

Mike McCune in April 1969. Mike began exhibiting steers and heifers when he was an eighth grade student at Wilson Memorial High School.

Special Section

C'est la guerre -- That's war

Veterans' stories turn back pages of history

It's not often that one is transported through time. But with this issue of Augusta Country we travel across the years to two fascinating periods of history in this century. The journey is provided by some of our Augusta County neighbors who have gone places and seen things about which most of our population have only heard.

These folks came close — very close — to becoming a grim statistic of war. But fate, destiny, or whatever you would like to term it, served them faithfully by preserving them through days of armed conflict.

Destiny is a thing in which most of us believe, yet we seldom realize what has happened until we reflect on the occurrences of our lives. Normally we are not aware that we are becoming a part of history until the "dust has settled."

As we approach the annual Memorial Day observance, it is fitting to bring you stories of veterans who served their country when called on to do so. What follows are the recollections of folks who became a part of history in service to their country. ---

The ravages of war and polio

Army nurse fought battle on two fronts

By NANCY SORRELLS

ITALY, OCTOBER 1943 -- U.S. Army Lieutenant Elizabeth "Bette" Engleman lay down on her cot, her legs and arms aching incessantly. Just as Bette eased her tired body out flat, the head nurse entered the tent and informed the 28-year-old nurse that she was being sent on detached service. A detail of nurses and doctors from Bette's hospital unit was being rushed to the war's front line.

When Bette protested that she felt physically unable to work, the head nurse replied: "C'est la guerre, Bette. C'est la guerre." Translated literally, the phrase means "That's war." Translated figuratively, the head nurse meant: "It's too bad about the way you feel, but you have a job to do and the boys coming in with wounds need you to be there in the operating room."

Years later, Bette took the words uttered by her head nurse in 1943 and used them for the title of her memoirs, "C'est La Guerre: Reminiscences of a World War II Army Nurse," a short booklet she has dedicated to her granddaughters, Ann Elizabeth and Emily Caroline Jones, who were born long after WWII became part of the history books.

Bette did struggle up from the cot that day in 1943 and her stint in the operating room brought her close to the realities of war. "For the first time I was face to face with the horrors of war, seeing all the young men whose lives would never again be the same. They came on stretcher after stretcher, dazed, bewildered, some unconscious. There was never a word of complaint, however. They were courageous in pain and some even in death," she would write later.

ELIZABETH ENGLEMAN CARTER

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Tentmates "Roady, Betsey, Billie, and Bette" at Anfa Hill in March 1943.

As it turned out, that first night facing the casualties from the battlefield was also her last. She did not realize it at the time, but she, too, would also become a casualty of the great conflict. During a break between waves of patients, she collapsed. The intense aches and pains she had suffered for days turned out to be the symptoms of polio. Bette learned of the diagnosis on October 21, 1943 -- her 29th birthday -- and was informed that she would be shipped stateside for treatment.

Interviewed recently at her Staunton home, the former Army nurse recalled the course of events which led her to the Italian front of World War II.

For Elizabeth Engleman Carter, the long road toward becoming a nurse in the U.S. Army began in Augusta County many years before 1943 when the road she would travel still had many hidden curves in it. Although she was only three years old in 1918, she remembers talk of the first World War. "The popular war song, "She's a Red Cross Nurse in No Man's Land," inspired me to ride off to war astride my rocking horse, a diaper fashioned around my head with a red cross cut from a flour sack pasted on the front of it," she wrote later in her memoirs.

As the "war to end all wars" became a dim memory, however, Bette set her sights on becoming a teacher rather than a nurse. Then the Great Depression hit and she realized that if she was to continue her education, nursing would have to be her career path because the training was tuition free.

1st Lt. Elizabeth J. Engleman, ANC Ret'd May 1945

She was just 18 years old in 1933 went she left Waynesboro on a bus bound for the Maryland General Hospital Nursing School in Baltimore. "I had never been away from home before, and I cried all the way from Waynesboro to Washington, D.C., " Bette recalled. Three years later, she was a graduate.

The next two years were spent nursing in Maryland hospitals, but after her father's death in 1938, Bette felt that she should return to Virginia to be near her mother. As a result she took a job in the operating room at Martha Jefferson Hospital in Charlottesville.

A training course in operating room administration took her to a hospital in New York and brought her close to the news of war in

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•Bette

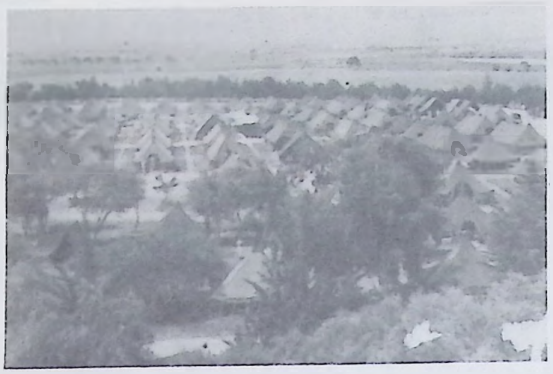
Continued from page 9

1942. When she returned to Charlottesville she found that an evacuation hospital was being formed and she felt the need to join up and help her country. After mountains of paperwork, Bette "joined the Army" and took the oath of office at Martha Jefferson's Nurses' Home on September 22, 1942.

It didn't take her long to realize that military life was quite a bit different from civilian life. N744-864. That was the service number the new second lieutenant was told to memorize. And dogtags -- which were not to come off until 1945 -- were placed around her neck. All too soon the newly commissioned Army nurse found herself at Camp Kilmer in New Jersey where she drilled and trained with other doctors and nurses who would become the 8th Evacuation Hospital. In October 1942, 50 doctors and 250 corpsmen were shipped to Africa, but 52 disappointed nurses remained behind for the winter.

Spring finally brought orders, and the

Basic training at Camp Kilmer, N.J. in 1942 -- Billie Gibson, left, and Bette Engleman



The camp at Anfa Hill, Casablanca, March 1943

nurses were shipped overseas as part of a huge Atlantic convoy. Bette and the other nurses enjoyed relatively plush passage on the Swedish liner, Kungsholm, but the accommodations did not keep Bette from being seasick for many of the 16 days it took the ship to cross the ocean.

The warmth of Casablanca greeted the Americans and the soldiers took time to enjoy their surroundings despite living in a city of tents. Many of the men and women decided to take advantage of the resort city and swim in the warm ocean waters. On a shopping trip, Bette was able to purchase a red, hand-knitted bathing suit and she headed for the beach with her military comrades, not knowing that a dive into the water would leave her with a story worth remembering.

"Anxious for a swim, I donned the red knitted suit and wore a seersucker work dress as a cover-up. I left the seersucker dress in the Army truck while I went in the water," she wrote. "In a short time I noticed the suit beginning to fade and shrink right on my body. Very soon my knit suit had shrunk so much that if I left the water I would risk being charged with indecent exposure! Someone brought me my work dress and I rushed back to the truck, my face and body as red as my suit. So much for a hand-knit, French bathing suit!"

The weeks at Casablanca were spent working in a hospital, but the young nurse from Augusta County was able to squeeze in time for sightseeing. Snake charmers, robed men, camels and open marketplaces gave the country a story-like charm, almost like a scene from The Arabian Nights or Biblical times recalled Bette.

Despite the adventure, the unit still longed to do the job for which it was trained which was to operate an evacuation hospital. Soon the opportunity was extended and the unit moved to Algiers and set up camp on the French Riviera. All was not sand and sun, however, and one night the Germans staged an air raid that sprayed shrapnel nearby.

French Riviera or not, army life was still army life, and the nurses soon grew tired of Spam and powdered eggs. "Tent life, too, followed a particular routine," Bette later wrote. "There were four cots to each pyramidal tent. Bedrolls were opened on the cots with sleeping bags on top. Toilet articles, writing paper, etc., were kept in pockets which flipped out over each end of the cot."

From Algiers, the unit received orders to march into Italy, the recent scene of heavy fighting. The 8th Evac struck tents, packed equipment and loaded it to be shipped across the Mediterranean Sea. The nurses crossed the "Med" on a British troop carrier and then were lowered over the side of the ship so they could hit the beaches.

"The descent from the huge carrier was a difficult and frightening experience for me. The ship seemed as tall as the Empire State Building as I lowered myself down the steep side on a rope ladder," Bette said. "While the carrier rocked slowly up and down, the tiny landing craft below me bobbed furiously in the churning waters. I feared I would not make connections and fall overboard."

Despite her fears, Bette and her comrades arrived on the Italian beach and spent the first night sleeping on the ground with helmets for pillows and raincoats for blankets. The next morning they learned that, although they had arrived safely, the ship carrying all of their supplies and hospital equipment had been torpedoed and sunk. No lives were lost, but 18 rolls of photographs which Bette had taken went to the bottom of the sea. C'est la guerre.

Without medical supplies, the group convoyed through Italy. Everywhere they went, they found themselves welcomed by Italian farmers who offered bread and cheese. Often they arrived in villages on the heels of fleeing Germans. At one point, the American unit was housed in the marble halls of what had been Italian barracks. The retreating Germans who had resided there had left in such haste that the Americans found water in basins with shaving equipment alongside. This building was the first structure other than a tent that the 8th Evac had lived in since leaving the United States.

Bette had already been feeling a general malaise by the time her unit reached the Italian barracks. It was there, as an eight-month veteran of war on foreign ground, that doctors told her she had polio.

The diagnosis meant a slow journey back to the United States for treatment. Bette's first stop was Naples, Italy, and by the time she arrived there, the polio had ravaged her body leaving her without feeling in her legs, body or arms.

"I was completely helpless except for my right hand and forearm," said the left-handed Bette. "I could not lift or turn my head. Most important, though, my breathing muscles were not affected. I never had a cold, nausea, or vomiting, and never choked, thankfully, because I could not cough, clear my throat, or even blow my nose!"

While in Naples, Bette had yet another brush with war. Housed on the top floor of a hospital and unable to be moved, Bette was particularly vulnerable during air raids. When the sirens went off one night, and the building shook with the vibrations of the air-raid guns on the roof above her head, Bette was visited by a man she later would call "My Angel in Naples."

Abandoned by everyone else who had headed for the bomb shelters, Bette suddenly heard a man's voice above the din. Her "angel" pulled a mattress from another bed and placed it on top of her motionless body for protection and then crawled under her bed for his own protection. During the raid, he continued to talk and offer reassurance. The man, it turned out, was an injured paratrooper, but Bette never saw his face or was able to get his name. "I was too ill at the time to realize he had left and I never saw his face or asked his name," she wrote years later. "I will always regret this. Nevertheless, I remember him as "My Angel in Naples."

The morning after the air raid Bette was flown from Italy to Sicily and then to Algiers and Tunis. Much of her hospital stay

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War: Inevitable and cyclical?

By TERRY TERRELL

According to many historians and economists, war, or armed conflict, is an inevitable and cyclical occurrence.

Since the development of weapons, from the bow and arrow and sword to chemical and biological warfare and nuclear bombs, all-out armed conflict has steadily increased in reach and consequences. And the causes of warfare can be contributed to numerous factors.

Beginning with the community, the range of war was limited to small-scale battles. As communities grew into cities, states, empires, and nations the increase in the scope of war paralleled the growth of political organization and military specialization within societies. Depending on the technology available and the strategy and tactics used, the violence that occurs in war varies in duration and magnitude.

Most information about wars has been passed down through archaeological finds or from the pages of historians. With technological advances such as the printing press, photography, radio, and television, armed conflicts can be heard and seen as they take place.

The first glimpse of the horrors of armed conflict was not from the pages of newsprint but from the pictures that captured the last battle fought by Americans on American soil: The Civil War. Since then, all military involvement by the U.S. has been on foreign soil.

Today, there are over 100 wars being waged around the world.

Whether patronized or criticized, whether remembered or forgotten, and regardless of the advancements of society on a global perspective, armed conflict still seems to be an inevitable, cyclical occurrence. ---

U.S. military involvement 20th century

World War I: **1914-1918; 60,000 U.S. troops lost; Cost: $3 billion**

World War II: **1941-1945; 292,000 U.S. troops lost; Cost: $300 billion**

Korean War: **1950-1953; 23,300 U.S. troops lost; Cost: $32 billion**

Vietnam War: **1954-1973; 58,000 U.S. troops lost; Cost: $150 billion**

Persian Gulf War: **1991; 148 U.S. troops lost; Cost: $40-$50 billion**

Other conflicts in which the U.S. has been involved include the Bay of Pigs Invasion, the Iran-Iraq War, India-Pakistan War, Invasion of Panama, War in Somalia, and the occupation of Haiti.

Continued from page 10

in Tunis was spent in isolation, totally reliant on others to feed and bathe her aching but useless limbs. There were some bright spots, however, including the day that her 1st Lieutenant bars and the Bronze Star were pinned on her pajamas.

"I cannot help but believe that the Armed Forces gave me more than I ever contributed," she would write later of her promotions.

Finally she began the long journey home, flat on her back on a cargo plane that stopped often. At each touchdown, Bette was carried off the plane. In Dakar, a tribe of scantily-clothed Africans carried her off and into a nearby building where she rested under mosquito netting and ate some fresh fruit.

After flying across the Atlantic to British Guiana, the plane finally headed north to Washington, D.C. and Walter Reed Hospital. Although back in the States, Bette still had another long journey ahead of her — that of recovering from polio. At Walter Reed she was layered in heat packs that were changed hourly from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. The intense heat of the packs brought tears to her eyes during the first week of treatment. Twice a day a physical therapist worked with Bette to help her regain muscle tone.

"Think, think, think," the therapist told her over and over as she manipulated Bette's body. "We were both elated whenever she felt a flicker of motion in a muscle. Each flicker of muscle the P.T. felt was a spark of hope to me," Bette wrote of her days in the tiny hospital room.

Hospitalized with polio, Bette's daily treatment included hotpack wraps. This photo was taken at the Army-Navy Hospital in Hot Springs, Ark., in April 1944. The attendant in the photo is Tec 5 Mary Belle McMillan.

As she worked toward recovery day after day, word of Bette's plight was picked up by newspapers and spread around the world. She found herself flooded with bags of cards and letters and messages of encouragement. Even First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt joined in, sending her two dozen yellow roses and a personal message.

"I never remember being bored a single day, and with so much encouragement I never felt depressed," she wrote. "There was always something to look forward to, such as the removal of the last pack of the day and a warm, cleansing sponge bath....The night personnel came in to chat, and I had a radio receiver to hear the popular singer of that era, Frank Sinatra, as well as other programs."

After months of treatment, Bette learned that she and another patient were being transferred to the Army and Navy Hospital in Hot Springs, Ark., for further treatment. The two were shipped flat on their backs by train from Washington, D.C. to Arkansas.

Hot Springs, Ark., April 1944 -- Bette Engleman, in wheelchair at left, and Rose Whitehurst, right, pose in front of the Army-Navy hospital (background).

Before they left the train, however, the conductor gave them some hope saying "he had seen many patients arrive on stretchers and leave Hot Springs walking."

"Progress was made over weeks and months of therapy, exercising, whirlpool baths, and using mechanical devices," Bette wrote. The advances were made in tiny increments. The first time her feet touched the floor, for instance, she immediately crumpled. Finally the day came when she was fitted with crutches. Perspiration rolled off her body as she took her first two or three steps.

Despite the intense therapy, parts of her body still remain affected by the polio a half a century later. "I never regained muscle strength in my left quads, so have always had to think with each walking step, to lock my knee first. The gastrocnemius (calf muscle) in both legs never regained a flicker of movement, so I cannot stand on tiptoe. I walk flat footed, which becomes very tiring after a short distance. My left upper arm and shoulder have atrophied and I cannot raise my arm to my head unless I prop up my elbow on something," she explained.

Nonetheless, the months in Arkansas wrought a near miracle and, true to the railroad conductor's prediction, she left the hospital under her own power walking with the aid of canes.

Almost exactly 50 years after she arrived home for good in March, 1945, Bette reflected on the course her life took during World War II, but says she has no regrets. Her stint in the Army was exciting and challenging, and she was able to help some people along the way. She even has a philosophical attitude about the disease she contracted which ravaged her body.

"Polio was the best thing that ever happened to me," she says years after the ordeal. "Getting polio turned my life around."

After her discharge and return home in 1945, Bette returned to her nursing duties at Martha Jefferson Hospital. In 1946 she married Charles Rutherford Carter and they had two daughters. Just over two years ago, with the help of her daughter, Caroline Jones, Bette penned her reminiscences from her years as an Army nurse.

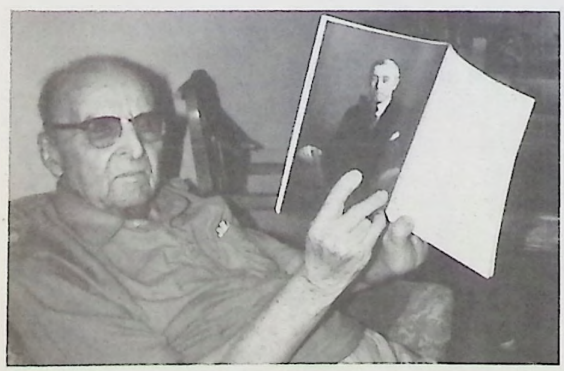
The 40 pages of text were intended as a gift for her two granddaughters, Ann and Emily, "who fill my sunset years with much love and happiness," said Bette. However, the gift of Elizabeth Engleman Carter's words and courage extend well beyond her family.

They serve as a reminder that war is about more than battles won and battles lost. The words of Bette's memoirs silhouette the men and women who have served their country during armed conflict. For these people, the experience of war forever changes their lives. In essence, "C'est la guerre" -- the words spoken by a head nurse to one of her comrades. "C'est la guerre." That's war. ---

A close encounter with World War I

By JEFF ISHEE

STAUNTON -- The year was 1914. The Archduke of Austria-Hungary was assassinated by a Serbian terrorist in Sarajevo. Within eight weeks, Austria declared war on Serbia, Bosnia, Russia and Japan; Germany declared war on Russia, France and Belgium; Great Britain declared war on Germany; France declared war on Austria; and Japan declared war on Germany. It seemed the entire world was immediately brought to the boiling point.



Roscoe Perkins, 99, holds up a picture of President Woodrow Wilson. It was Wilson's declaration of war which sent Perkins to training grounds in New Mexico to prepare for combat in World War I.

Photo by Jeff Ishee

Yet little did 19-year-old Roscoe Perkins of Groton, South Dakota, know that this global conflict would somehow involve him.

On April 6, 1917, young Roscoe's attention was instantly focused on the War in Europe — ever after known as World War I — when native Stauntonian Woodrow Wilson and then president of the United States declared war on Germany. This act by Wilson thrust the United States into the war effort with the Allied powers in Europe.

The call to arms prompted Roscoe to volunteer for the South Dakota Cavalry in 1917, and he was sent to New Mexico for infantry training. The men were trained in the intricacies of "modern" trench warfare, and they were well aware that Germany possessed new "poison gases" which had never before been used on a battlefield.

The rugged men from South Dakota were sent by train to Fort Dix, near Trenton, New Jersey, for their final phase of training, and while there, an epidemic of influenza broke out. Although it seems a small inconvenience today, catching the flu in 1917 was devastating. Roscoe's unit was hit hard by the disease, and many men died before ever seeing the enemy waiting for them across the great ocean.

"Fort Dix was an amazing place to me," says Roscoe, who now — at age 99 — lives at Baldwin Park in Staunton. "We lived in pup tents, which were lined up by the thousand. They had great big haystacks all around. Trucks and automobiles were just starting to be developed, and they didn't amount to anything. Everything in the Army was horsepowered."

After members of the South Dakota Cavalry recuperated from the flu, they finally boarded a ship

See CAVALRY, page 12

Corp. Roscoe Perkins, New Mexico, 1917 -- Leather leggings identified the soldier as cavalry.

•Cavalry

Continued from page 11

and steamed for Europe...and war. The Atlantic was being prowled continuously by the German submarine fleet, which was conducting unprovoked attacks on merchant ships. Remarkably, the men were not afraid of an enemy that they could not see. Roscoe recalls: "You worried about your meals, and that was it."

Landing unscathed at Liverpool, they quickly were transported through France and on to Germany. Just as the men reached their positions at the front, the war abruptly — and quite unexpectedly — ended when Germany surrendered. As Roscoe, with a half smile on his well weathered face, reflects on the events that occurred almost 80 years ago, and upon his fellow soldiers in the South Dakota Cavalry, he calmly states: "The Germans heard we were coming, and quit."

The Dakotans were quickly transformed into occupation forces and were housed in the homes of friendly German civilians. Meals still came from American mess halls, but the men stood guard duty in various small towns and lived with resident families. Roscoe vividly remembers the quarters he was provided.

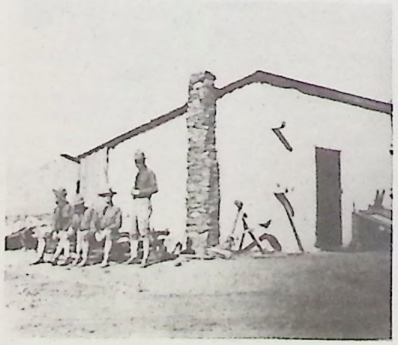
"My room was in a barn loft, but it was unlike any barn I had ever seen before back in the U.S. This barn was attached to the main house, and was very comfortable to live in. I remained with a German family for four months, and they were very kind to me and my American buddies."

Recalling his close brush with World War I, Roscoe shrugs it off as just another event in a long life full of memories. "It's a lot of fun growing old and looking back on the years. I love to read about history, but it's hard with only one good eye.

"A friend of mine named Louie Eske was my closest friend during the war. We had grown up together in Grpton, and it ended up we were together *throughout the war. After the war was over,* we returned to South Dakota, and Louie eventually became the Mayor of Groton, while I followed my sweetheart Pearl to Minneapolis and settled there for a career with the Post Office.

"I started as an accountant making 45 cents an hour, and sometimes worked only an hour or two per day," continued Roscoe. "In those days, it was the best you could get. I eventually retired from the Minneapolis Post Office as chief accountant, and earned the remarkable amount of $11,000 the year before I retired. Can you imagine trying to live on that today?"

With his background, one wonders how Roscoe Perkins came to live here in Augusta County. His daughter is Dr. Marion Perkins, who recently retired from James Madison University and lives in Harrisonburg. Several years ago, she called her father in Minneapolis to tell him there was a nice house available just up the street. "Why don't you sell yours and move here?" she inquired. He did just that, and we in Augusta Country were the eventual benefactors for having known this patriot, this genuine character. On November 12 Roscoe will celebrate his 100th birthday. ---



New Mexico – 1917

Preparing for German gas attack – 1917

Members of Roscoe Perkins' unit clown around before shipping out to war.

Cavalry training, New Mexico, 1917 – Horses stand "at ease" next to water wagons.

Trainees at the campground in New Mexico learned to fight in the trenches to prepare them for the war which eventually would be "won in the trenches."

The war in Greenland?

WWII vet tells of service in frozen north

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

BILL SEAY

WEYERS CAVE -- Bill Seay ended up half-a-world away from where he wanted to be.

At age 15 the Lynchburg native volunteered for military service and Uncle Sam accepted his offer.

"They were looking for flesh," he said of the Army's willingness to accept youthful recruits in 1939. "As long as you could carry a rifle and fire it, that was all they needed." By age 17, Seay had advanced to the rank of sergeant and volunteered again, this time to be sent to Australia.

"I was at Camp Pendleton," Seay recalled. "There was a unit forming to go overseas but nobody knew where it was going. In those days the commanding officer had the authority to pick anyone he wanted to fill out his roster." Wearing the insignia of a gun commander, Seay was walking across camp one day when the commanding officer of the unit preparing to ship out spotted him. In need of a gun commander, the officer needed to only point and say "that one" thus sealing Seay's fate.

"I happened to be walking by with my uniform on. A couple days later I was on a train," Seay said. The young gun commander ended up not in Australia but Greenland instead.

"I was very unhappy about it," Seay said. He would spend the next 20 months amid the icebergs of Greenland (a county of Denmark) as part of an Army Rescue Detachment for the Allies.

Greenland lies -- as the crow flies -- in a direct path between North America and Europe. It was a route travelled frequently by Allied aircraft during World War II.

"The Germans were on the same radio frequency as American pilots," Seay explained. This permitted the enemy to misdirect Allied planes enroute to Europe causing them to run out of gas and crash on Greenland's icy slopes. According to Seay who was stationed at Angmagssalik on Greenland's southeastern coastline, there was little to occupy the hours and minutes of the days spent waiting for planes to arrive.

"You don't understand boredom until you get in a situation like that," he said.

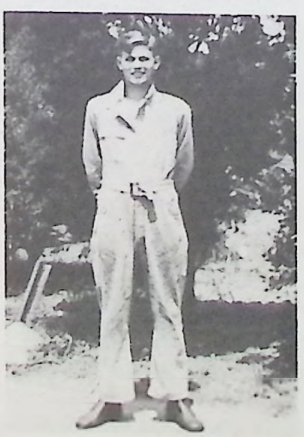
Relief troops aboard the S.S. Dorcester were enroute to the base camp at Angmagssalik when Germans sank the ship. More than 700 men perished when it went down. Another 10 months would pass before troops were sent to replace Seay and his comrades in service with the rescue detachment.

Seay was discharged from the Army in October of 1945. Although his time spent in Greenland was tedious, he recalls with affection the people of that country. In particular he remembers a village where he spent the night at the invitation of some Eskimos. (Seay tells the story of this night in an article which begins on page 13.)

"The village is no longer there," Seay noted, having attempted to learn of its inhabitants through queries with the government of Denmark. "It's just incredible how good those people were," he said of his Eskimo hosts.

Seay has resided in Weyers Cave since 1967. He is a retired English professor and formerly served as chairman of the English department at Blue Ridge Community College. Seay says his days spent in the military were rewarding.

"I was very happy with being a soldier," he said. "Back in those days it was a good life. I've never regretted it. There was something about the old Army. I just can't explain it." ---

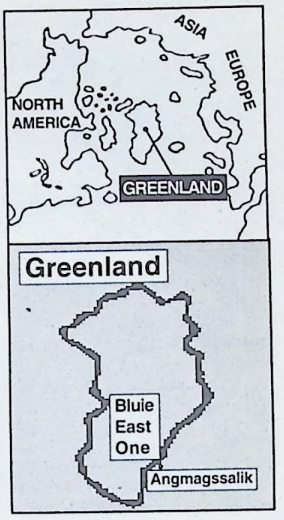


Bill Seay, 15, reports for K.P. at Fort Monroe on the Chesapeake Bay in 1939.

The village beyond Angmagssalik

By WILSON LEE SEAY

A plane comes in for a landing at Bluie East One. The airstrip located on Greenland's southeastern shoreline near Angmagssalik was used for landings of Allied aircraft.



The weather was normal for Greenland that February day in 1943: no sunlight, surface of the fiord frozen and uneven with its chunks of ice and snow, semi-darkness overpowering the sky above our base camp -- a rescue unit with an airstrip that was established to aid airmen downed on the great icecap that covered about 80 percent of the island.

My post, Bluie East One, was located on the same fiord and 10 miles inward from the Eskimo trading village of Angmagssalik; farther along this same fiord was the village beyond, the one I was going to visit. Toting a light pack, ammunition belt with 80 rounds for my Garand, a canteen of water and some dry eats, I left the barracks and headed toward the fiord along the path we soldiers kept cleared for our patrols and for getting to the airstrip in an emergency.

The wind, kicking up bits of snow that hit like small gravel, bit at my heavy parka, stinging my cheeks even through the face mask I was wearing. But, visibility being about as clear as one could expect at that time of year, I soon saw Igmak, my Eskimo host and friend, waiting along the edge of the fiord with his dog team, sled, and two other hunters from the village. I had been invited by Igmak for an overnight stay at the village beyond Angmagssalik, in that isolated section of the world a proposal as worthy as an invitation by Roosevelt to spend a night at the White House.

Having served many months at Bluie East One, I had a pass from my commanding officer to go to the village, and in anticipation, I viewed the trip as a metropolitan excursion. Generally, no passes were given at the post, and there was nowhere to go if they had been; therefore, my rare gift was a godsend.

I reached the fiord, greeted my host in a mixture of English and Eskimo, and in response to Igmak's gestures, seated myself on the dogsled, a rather large affair with wooden runners under a bottom of driftwood covered with sealskins. A couple of the skins covered my legs, and I settled under them for the ride farther northward to the village.

Once I was seated, Igmak's soft voice stirred his team, all smaller dogs than those I had seen on other bases in Greenland, where sled dogs were used in rescue operations. Nonetheless, there was no hesitation in Igmak's team. The lead dog leaned into the homemade harness, prompting the same response from the ones behind. The runners ground into the fiord's surface, and the bumping began; I was beginning an unforgettable trip that still stirs my blood when memory drifts back to that icy time.

For about three hours our trip would continue, the three Eskimos at a slow trot behind the sled on which I was riding.

Even today, I feel jumpy when I recall ice so thin that I could feel the sled giving way to a kind of liquid motion. Below those thin places, the water was hundreds of feet deep, and I have never been a good swimmer, even in July in 90-degree weather. But an old Dane who had spent years among the Eskimos, and whom I had met at Bluie West One, Greenland's main base, assured me that I should never doubt the Eskimo judgment where weather and boating were concerned. So when I felt the rolling motion beneath me, I prayed that the same native judgment applied to dogsledding on the winter fiords.

Any serviceman stationed in Greenland at that time soon developed the Arctic blues. There were no passes, no women, no beer, no sodas, no candy bars, no fresh milk. Of all the foods and drinks missed by the servicemen, milk was always number one on the wish list. The pilots and other crew members who stopped at the large air field at Bluie West One on their flights to Europe soon learned that enormous profits could be made on certain items purchased in the states and sold to the men stationed in the Arctic. A quart of sweet milk, fresh from the states, sold for $20, a 6 1/2-ounce Coca-Cola was $5, and a fifth of whiskey a cool $50. Many an airman left that field with stuffed pockets from gouging his unfortunate buddies stationed on that frigid island.

Even "Smokes for the Yanks," organizational gifts collected in the states for overseas servicemen, sold in the PX at 50 cents a carton -- the price of all other cigarettes at the time. I never heard any complaints about this illegal selling.

For the moment, even those high-priced luxuries were out of reach. My world consisted of the dogsled, three Eskimos, my pack and Garand, and the wintry fiord. Inescapably, I slipped into a reverie, remembering my last assignment at Ft. Eustis, Va., where I was a drill sergeant, holder of a special privileged pass and in league with the mess sergeant for midnight snacks. I exhilarated in the flashback, remembering all the good movies, beautiful women, and plenty of Southern sunshine.

Then, in another mental flash, I felt the war, the constant increase in combat deaths, a million other evils civilization had created for these black pages of history. Breathing the hard Greenland air, I returned to my current status, my blood chilled, my hands numb even inside the heavy army mittens I was wearing, their right palm divided for trigger usage. It was nearing noon, yet the sky was dark with its impenetrable clouds.

A few miles north of Bluie East One, we left the shore we had been following and crossed to the opposite side. Above us loomed more of the glacier, unforgiving skies, and ridges packed with snow that had lain there since before recorded time. We kept near the land, and after what I believed to be five or six miles, the fiord gave way to a broad turn sending us toward the Denmark Strait, a body of water whose shoreline pushed northward toward the Pole. At the mouth of the fiord, where it entered the Strait, but not yet visible, was the village.

With our new direction, I saw black objects ahead, that appeared to be moving about on the ice. With Igmak pointing, and fast approaching the objects, I recognized an immense gathering of seals, ranging in size from half-grown mammals to heavy-tusked walruses. Somehow they had surfaced, and like a family gathering for a homecoming, they moved from one to another, apparently greeting each other and certainly indifferent to our presence. Instead of going around them, Igmak eased the sled through the herd, and from either side I could hear grunting and almost feel the movement of air from large, fan-like flippers.

At the time we passed through the herd I thought it odd that the Eskimos with me, all carrying rifles, were ignoring the food, clothing, and other precious parts of the seals on which much of their life depended. Nothing changed among the animals to show they felt endangered. It was, for me, a lesson in the hunter and hunted, the private communication between them, leaving me to conjecture and little else. I have often wondered at this particular incident, interesting in its rarity and its reactions, both human and animal.

It was after we changed direction and were moving toward the Denmark Strait between Greenland and Iceland, that the wind's velocity increased, piling bits of loose snow into drifts so high that we had to go around them. Neither Igmak nor his fellow Eskimos seemed bothered by this radical change of temperature, while the dogs, old-timers accustomed to many such weather changes, continued their tireless pacing, the sled runners grinding against the unsettled crust.

Though not visible to me at the time, either side of the fiord had, I knew, a rocky shoreline, where the mountains, like unfinished efforts of nature, slanted upward from sea level, their mile-high peaks year-round crowns of snow, violent storms, and inaccessible terrain. Here on this fiord, identical in makeup to kindred fiords of Julianehaab, Greenland's southern tip, nothing much had changed except the years on the calendar since Eric the Red and his Norse adventurers had discovered the world's largest island, and called it Greenland to attract immigrants. His colonies failed, mostly due to the harsh climate, but I could imagine Eric's wide-eyed excitement, along with the reactions of his crew, when the island was sighted.

And somewhere, in the dark hollows of time, Eskimos came, lived in communities, and continued to exist. I wanted to pass no further judgment on the islanders; I was a transient here, no historian but a soldier with a pass. The reality of the pass, though, was an incredible phenomenon. Until the previous fall, I had not even known of such a village beyond Angmagssalik. Transferred to Bluie East One in September, I would go down to the fiord, mostly open water at the time, and trade hard candies and cigarettes to the natives who arrived in their kayaks and numeaks, beaching these light craft on the shore while they bartered their goods, attractive, certainly original, and highly marketable. My visit now, at Igmak's invitation, was

See BLUIE, page 15

Military service was milestone for Staunton man

By JEFF ISHEE

STAUNTON — If you are able to look into the man's eyes, you can tell that this is one heck of a fellow. It is evident that he is a gentleman of many experiences, an individual who has encountered many milestones on the highway of life.

One of the crucial milestones for Daniel Franklin, who resides in Staunton, developed many years ago near Rockbridge, on his family's farm. It was there, in 1944, that Uncle Sam served notice to 19-year-old Daniel and his two brothers that they were needed to help the country win the World War II.

One brother served with the U.S. Navy, and saw action at Okinawa, while the other served with the U.S. Army in Europe. The Franklin brothers were off to see the world.

It was Springtime, and Daniel knew that this was going to be a Spring like none before. Immediately after being drafted into the U.S. Army, Daniel reported to Camp Lee, outside of Petersburg, for basic training. After learning the rudiments of soldiering, the Army sent Daniel to Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland to learn the skill of carpentry. This was to be a factor which would influence the rest of his life, as carpentry and construction would dominate his professional career.

Following 17 weeks of intense training, the U.S. Army sent Daniel to another base in California, where his unit prepared for transfer overseas.

"When we left Aberdeen, they gave us seven days leave before we had to report to Camp Beale, California, primarily because the camp was so far away," Daniel recalled. "At that time, we used to say 'Beale was the deal', because it let us visit home before shipping out overseas. But later we saw that Camp Beale was a very serious place. They were giving us our last preparations for war, which included many trips through the gas chamber. I remember that the threat of a gas attack was very real all through World War II."

Daniel's engineering outfit — all African-Americans — was scheduled to leave for overseas, but they didn't know when, or where they would be sent. He recounts "One Sunday morning, I'll never forget, a line of trucks came and loaded all of us up. It was so funny, because we got up really early in the morning, and all the boys were saying 'All right! We're going back east.' But I said 'Ya'll are crazy. WE'RE GOING OVERSEAS!'"

All 1,500 soldiers from Daniel's unit arrived at the dock in San Francisco where they saw the S.S. Charles Carrier waiting to take them across the Pacific Ocean. It was the first ship Daniel had ever seen.

"I remember walking up that gangplank, and it reminded me so much of a cattle ramp," he said. "After we all boarded the ship, it immediately set sail. That Sunday evening in 1944 is one I will never forget. We passed under the Golden Gate Bridge, and before us was nothing but water.

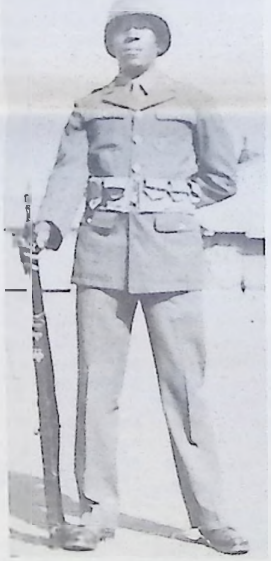
"It was a scary trip because of the threat of mines. We all knew that there were mines out there, and that there would likely be no warning before we hit one. I can remember, just like it was yesterday and not over 50 years ago, the word being passed over the ship's loudspeaker 'NOW HEAR THIS. NOW HEAR THIS. ALL HANDS GO BELOW TO YOUR BUNK WITH YOUR LIFE JACKET ON'. We would go to our bunks, which were stacked five high, and just lay there and wait. I did a lot of serious thinking during those moments.

"When we first left San Francisco, the sea gulls followed us. We men would all gather on the weather decks and watch the sea gulls, because there was nothing else to do," Daniel recollected. "Then, on the third day at sea, there were no more sea gulls. A short while later we hit a very big storm, and you wouldn't believe how sick everybody got. Just about all of us, myself included, got so seasick. It was terrible. The ship pitched up and down, which wasn't too bad; but the rocking side to side was . . . Whew! I'll never forget that feeling. The crew of the ship, all white sailors, acted as if everything was normal; but we black soldiers were having a rough time.

"Twenty-five days later, we landed in the Philippines on a small island. Our outfit never did see any battle action first hand. Our job, as engineers was mainly cleaning up all the damage caused by the Japanese. The island of Batangos was really torn up, and it took us until after the end of the war to get the place re-established.

"I learned a lot about the world, and people during the Second World War," Daniel noted. "At the beginning, we were all segregated completely, whites and blacks always separate. It didn't make any difference if you died together; but other than that, you couldn't be together. Signs at the PX read matter-of-factly "NO COLOREDS". We were always isolated from each other.

"But, now, at the end of the war, I started to see a difference. Whereas we were sent overseas as a shipload of all blacks, on the return trip we were integrated with whites. I knew that was a good sign for the Army. As a matter of fact, my last Commanding Officer was a black man from right here in Staunton named Jeff F. Bryant."



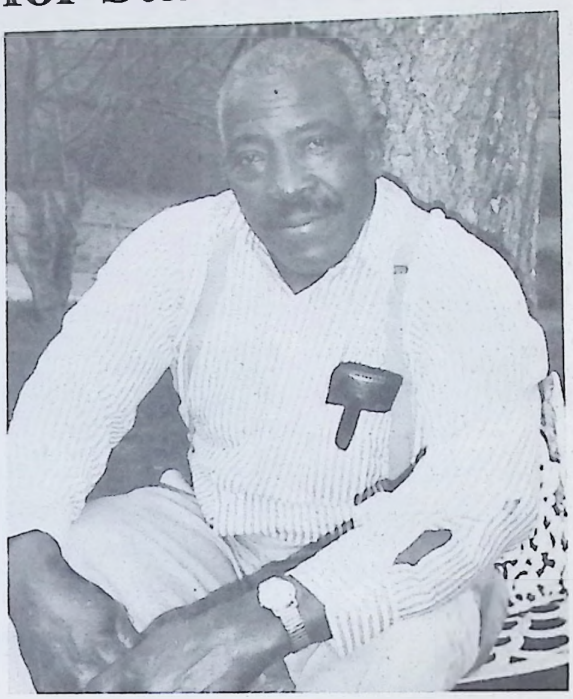
PFC DANIEL FRANKLIN
Fort Lee, Va.
May 1944

Daniel Franklin returned to the Valley after the war, and put his newly acquired skill of carpentry to work. It was the vocation he would work in for decades to come.

"I'm semi-retired now, but still do some general carpentry work every now and then," he says.

"You know, my first paycheck was for $54 a month. But looking back, it would have been a good thing to make a career out of the Army. You've got to have discipline, and discipline is a good thing to have. I tell young people. 'You might think you know it all, but it pays sometimes to listen to someone else.' The only thing I didn't like about serving with the Army in the Second World War was the fact that it took us brothers off the farm. Before the war, my brother that went into the Navy, well, we were like this," Daniel said holding up two fingers side by side. "We were as close as you could be. If you saw one of us, you saw the other. Then along came Uncle Sam, and separated us. After that, we never did get together too much again."

As I sat in the living room of Daniel's home, I could see the Second World War still in the man's eyes. They are the eyes of a veteran. —



DANIEL FRANKLIN OF STAUNTON
Photo by Jeff Ishee

Pearl, the 'Big E', and a brush with the Japanese Empire

By JEFF ISHEE

MIDDLEBROOK -- Of all the views Alan Miller has seen in this world, I envy two the most.

First is the panorama of magnificence he beholds when he steps out the front door of the house at Locust Front Farm southwest of Middlebrook. I imagine Alan and his charming wife Virginia could literally set up a booth and sell tickets to tourists who would "oooh and ahhhh," take pictures, and then happily drive away down Cale Springs Road content with the fact that they had seen true geographic splendor.

Second on my list is what Alan saw on Monday, December 8, 1941. For on that day, Alan Miller was aboard the aircraft carrier USS Enterprise as it steamed into that small body of water known as Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

One wonders what that day must have been like, and sitting across the table from the man that experienced it, I sensed a deep respect, and an ever-so-slight hesitance that any veteran of war communicates when he tries to convey the ordeals of history on a personal level.

As a Marine officer aboard the USS Enterprise, 23-year-old Alan Miller was in charge of the troops who manned the 5-inch gun batteries. He had been aboard ship since October, and the "Big 'E'" — as it was called by its crew —

2ND LT. ALAN MILLER, USMC

was returning to Hawaii from Wake Island having ferried F-4F fighters to that secluded Pacific atoll. The Enterprise, along with escorts of heavy cruisers and destroyers, knew the Japanese fleet was in the general vicinity of Hawaii, however, they had little knowledge of the fleet's precise whereabouts, or its sinister intent.

As Sunday, December 7th dawned, the USS Enterprise launched a reconnaissance flight searching for any sign of Japanese ships in the area. At daybreak, the morning scouting flight set a course for Pearl Harbor. The men aboard the ship expected just another normal day, like all the ones which had preceded this one. Suddenly, a weak voice came over the radio, and a scouting pilot made the report: "Pearl Harbor is under attack."

The immediate reaction of the USS Enterprise was to try and locate the Japanese Task Force. Reports came in of cruisers and destroyers southeast of Pearl, but it was quickly determined that these were U.S. ships.

"We searched all day on Sunday the 7th and Monday the 8th of December, and found nothing. Then we steamed into Pearl Harbor after dark, loaded stores and fuel, and got back under way before daylight the next morning," Alan said. "I could hardly believe it! USS Enterprise had been due to berth at Ford Island on December 6th, however destroyers accompanying us had run low on fuel, and we had to slow and refuel the smaller ships. The battleship USS Utah was in the spot just forward of where Enterprise was supposed to have tied up," he said. And then, after a brief pause, he noted, "She took 11 torpedoes."

"We spent the next month searching between Hawaii and the West Coast for the Japanese Fleet," Alan said. "We put in many a day of anti-submarine patrol. Then, we finally headed back to our homeport of Pearl Harbor. I've never seen anything quite like that."

Alan Miller outside his home near Middlebrook.
Photo by Jeff Ishee

Although he has been through a lot of action and excitement due to his involvement in the second world war, he is now glad that he chose not to make the military a career. "I originally intended to make the USMC my profession after graduating from the University of Maryland. It was a good thing in those days, and it was a tough decision to end it in 1946, but I'm glad I did."

Following the attack on Pearl Harbor, 2nd Lt. Alan Miller would spend the remainder of the conflict in the Pacific Theater seeing 47 months of action. He eventually retired from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and settled near Middlebrook. —

•Bluie

Continued from page 13

the result of those trading sessions. Without knowing it, he was giving me the gift of gifts. Though the weather was extreme, the ride bumpy, I was exhilarated, happy to be free of the barracks syndrome, in Greenland a downhill path to depression.

Once again Igmak changed direction, recrossing the fiord at an oblique angle, taking us closer to the village, located inside a cove near the coastline of the Denmark Strait. We were several miles from where we had passed the seals. There was no change in scenery, unless it was a little more rugged. The fiord's uneven surface was heavy in places, with chunks of ice five or six feet high, and we seemed locked in a maze through which the sled twisted and dodged with uncanny persistence. More miles slipped by quickly, without incident.

Then, as the dense air appeared to lighten just a bit, I felt a surge in the speed of the dogs. A few eager yelps and Igmak's broken jargon in my ear indicated I was nearing the end of my journey.

Ahead on our left, on the shore and a few feet higher than the fiord's surface, the rounded form of a building appeared, a second one, and we left the fiord, pulled up on a small embankment, and halted. Now I could see the entire village, a cluster of six buildings spaced in an uneven line, each with its own tunnel entrance, actually a doorway.

Other Eskimos began to appear, forming a circle around the sled, all dressed in furs, smooth cheeked, sandy skinned and dark eyed. Igmak, in Eskimo dialect, introduced me; I shook hands with the men, smiled at the women and children, surprised by the fact that no more than 30 Eskimos lived in the entire village. The small difference I noted in their dress was that the women appeared to have more color in their kapits, or Arctic boots.

Dusk, rather a deeper shade of the atmosphere, was descending from the icecap that lay behind us. However, I was never able to judge distances in Greenland and the icecap could have been much farther away, as was the iceberg-filled water of the Denmark Strait, stretching eastwardly beyond the cove, becoming occluded by the end of daylight, 2:30 in the afternoon. The long night began in Greenland in October, and ended in the later weeks of March; this was one of the days of the long night.

Once the welcoming party had dispersed, I saw one of the men remove a sealskin bag from a cavity beside a house, which turned out to be the house where Igmak lived. Opening the bag, the man took out iced fish, 10 to 12 inches in size, and fed the sled dogs, now unharnessed and awaiting their frozen dinner. I saw no doghouses, which meant these faithful animals must have slept wherever they dug their way under the snow, a rough treatment, but under the circumstances a viable one. I was yet contemplating the dog situation when Igmak motioned that I was to follow him into the house (house is a loose term here,) which I did by bending almost double and working my way inside by the entrance tunnel.

Inside, my head touching the ceiling when I stood, I had before me the total makeup of the primitive Eskimo living conditions. True, I had seen green houses across the fiord from Bluie West One, and other houses, rather similar in structure to many typical American homes, including smoke from the chimneys, but here, at the village, all amenities had been swept aside, leaving only the crudest essentials.

Pieces of driftwood held the ceiling, the studs packed over with earth and, of course, the snow above the earth. There was no stove, no heating apparatus of any kind except that provided by body heat, a rather pathetic source where the mercury measures minus 20 degrees with a wind chill factor pushing the temperature to 50 below. There were no chairs, no windows, no flooring except more of Greenland's frozen soil. The only lighting was a cloth wick burning dimly above a pan of oil, possibly seal oil.

Yet, there was enough light for me to see the family's allotted space -- in essence, home. About waist high, built on a foundation of rock and dirt, reaching from the room's center to the outer wall, were partitions separated by boards. If you can picture a wagon wheel, the spokes close together at the hub and wider where they touch the rim, then you can visualize, roughly, how the room was divided. The separating boards being no more than six or eight inches high, there was no privacy for individuals.

One of the spaces was immediately given to me by Igmak; also, he gave me four folded seal skins that I was to use as a mattress and a cover. Under the seal skins already spread across my section (really, my bed) I could feel planks. I supposed all the others had sections made of similar material. For me, that night, it was hard sleeping.

Having spread my seal skins, I noticed we were locked-in on a period of silence. To occupy the time, I placed my Garand, ammo belt, canteen and army back pack against the wall. But due to the temperature, I removed none of my clothes. Shortly, Eskimo conversation began to increase.

The reason for this talkative period, quite like any family chatter around the supper table, was that Igmak, who had stepped outside, reentered with a large object wrapped in a smooth skin. I watched him unwrap the object and produce an uneven whitish lump about the size of a basketball.

This was blubber, the Eskimo staple. Igmak, using a homemade hunting knife, sliced off a sliver of the blubber, which he offered me first, a courtesy reserved for guests. Following my portion, the size of a small thin pork chop, Igmak sliced and in order fed the three other adult men present, two grandmotherly women, four younger women and four adoles-

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— *Continued from page 15*

cents, all girls. Everybody held the blubber in eager hands, eating it with relish. I found it to be greasy, hard to chew and harder to swallow, but I ate it, thanked Igmak who was eating his own dinner, and watched the youth licking their hands after finishing their shares. It was a meal without variety, lacking both dessert and second helpings.

When our simple meal ended, I remembered some hard candy I had brought from the mess hall, removed a pound bag of it from my pack, gave the bag to Igmak and indicated he was to pass it around to those present. Igmak took one piece for himself, and the bag circulated until all was eaten. My thanks was a collection of smiles, though I felt guilty for not anticipating the Eskimo love for American sweets, sorry I had left out the rest of the village for this rare treat.

Not wanting to tempt the Eskimos with my own meal of cheese, salt crackers, and a small tin of potted meat, I let it stay in my pack, but washed the blubber down with a drink from my canteen.

Igmak, having taken the ball of uneaten blubber to where he kept it outside, returned with a few miniature items, all carved or created with artistry. He displayed a tiny kayak with a hunter seated in it; the kayak's cover held a harpoon, paddle, and copies of adult gear used in the hunt; there was also a bone-bladed knife with a sheath decorated with colored beads, tiny kapits, and other interesting trinkets.

He gave me the little kayak on the return trip; I have always regretted that I sold it, the following summer, to a sailor from a coast guard cutter doing escort service along Greenland's ragged coastline.

Sounds of the wind were fainter, the inside of the house seemingly warmer than it was when I entered. To a degree, a certain comfort prevailed, my excitement partially responsible for my feelings. I wondered what the boys were doing back at Bluie East One, realizing they must be a mile high with envy concerning my visit away from the post.

There was to be more for me that night in the Eskimo village. Igmak, ending the souvenir display, told me in broken English to put on my parka, which I did, taking only my flashlight as I followed him outside into what was now a solid, frigid wall of blackness. The wind screamed higher on the icecap, my flash doing little more than lighting the snow at my feet while I followed Igmak to a second, larger habitation, different in that it had a stand-up entrance. Inside, though, the physical bareness was a replica of the house I had just left.

Why Igmak had brought me to this second house was soon to be answered by an oldster, wrinkled and bent with age, who shook my hand, bowing from his seat on a seal skin spread across one of the partitioned spaces. I took a seat in a space opposite, facing him.

By now, I think the entire village was crowding the room; and all, in a joint communion, were paying homage to the oldster, who, sitting on crossed legs, had produced an instrument that looked like a banjo head without strings. A quiet prevailed. The old man thumped the banjo head with the palm of his right hand. It sounded like a muted drum.

Next, a kind of rough rhythm came from the musician's flying hand. And more, like a modern rapper, he chanted, his upper body swaying. His words, I was to learn later from a Danish official visiting my post, were an oral history of his village. For a few minutes, the rapping continued, to end with a scratchy octave, followed by the faint swish of the palm sliding across the instrument.

Sadly, I missed the history, which had to have included courage and pathos in that climate; and unable to understand, I observed the faces of the Eskimo gathering portrayed in the gleam of the burning wick. While not a soothsayer, I was certain in those various expressions there was homage for the player, and deeper than that, reflective instincts of pride in ancestry and tradition. The flickering light added immense credibility to the occasion.

I still regret that I was unable, that night, to grasp the pieces of the Eskimo history for that village, or perhaps all Greenlandic Eskimos living on the island. Long after the entertainment that night was over, I lay in the dark in Igmak's house, wrapped in the seal skins and wearing all of my clothes, including boots. Actually, no one that night removed any clothing before stretching out in their sealskin beds, the wick light doused by Igmak. In the blackness the Arctic folk were silent, including the dogs that had crept inside and were sleeping on the earthen floor.

Eating my own dry food in this darkness, I wondered at the idiocy of the world's conflict, its toll of millions, of destructive art and fatal music, of innocents shoved before the bayonets of those trained to torture and be decorated for their deeds.

Here, in this village on the edge of the Denmark Strait, life was of a different kind; the society, though simple, was the society of the good heart, its creation lacking a parallel anywhere in the modern world. War was not here, plotting deaths was not here, the genocide taking place in the European gas chambers was not here. My imagination skipped, defining what I so far knew of the Eskimo life-style. The children smiled real smiles, the women bowed with a natural grace, living without appliances or basic cosmetics to enhance or lighten the burdens of their stoic environment; the men, the hunters, roamed the glaciers and boated in iceberg-infested waters for the scarce game that supplied the tribes with their limited survival, which then meant about a 28-year lifespan.

I lay in my Eskimo bed and thought and could not sleep.

The interior was blacker, and as if to add to my sleepless mood, the glacier calved somewhere within listening range of the village, the sound more tearing than it was in daylight. Except for the splitting glacier, I could barely hear the wind howling around the Eskimo homes; I was reminded of the thickness of the walls. The house construction, though uneven, built without saws and rulers, was able to withstand and endure all the fury of the Greenlandic climate.

I finally slept, dreamed unsettled dreams, and awoke at 0800 hours when Igmak shook my sealskin covers. Up instantly, taking my gear, I followed him outside, where the same sled from the day before was waiting in the semi-darkness to take me back to my post.

Seated, I saw I was surrounded by the villagers, waiting in the subzero temperature to tell me goodbye in Eskimo. After Igmak guided the sled down to the fiord, he paused, giving me the opportunity to look back at his people. All of them, including the children, were waving, standing along the tracks of the sled, giving me a farewell I cannot forget.

For the moment the scene lasted, I was looking at a people I never knew well enough to write about their intimate habits, but a people I knew I would never find again, their struggle to survive insulated by God's will for them to endure, living in obvious harmony in a climate that was anything but harmonious.

Igmak chucked, driving his dogs, and as the sled moved, an extra pull of the wind lifted the snowy face of the fiord; then, as though a curtain had been pulled at the close of a drama, the village vanished for me forever. ---

Summertime on the fiord at Angmagssalik

The modern military...

How it doesn't differ from the old days

By JEFF ISHEE

With this, my first assignment for Augusta Country now complete, I pause to reflect on the stories of the veterans we have presented in this special Memorial Day tribute.

Many things have changed in the military since Elizabeth Carter, Bill Seay, Alan Miller, and Daniel Franklin served in World War II, and certainly things are much different from when Roscoe Perkins served in World War I; however, there are constants that I suspect will never change about the men and women who wear a uniform in the service of this nation.

Actually, there are very few heroes in the history of our nation's military services. Sure, there were Patton, Nimitz, and Schwartzkopf; but the greatest military force in the world is made up of average young men and women from places like Buffalo Gap, Verona, and Mint Spring. This nation is defended by sergeants from Craigsville, chief petty officers from Staunton, and corporals from New Hope. Ordinary people in very unordinary situations.

As I looked out this morning from the dining room window of our old farmhouse on Bittersweet Lane near Middlebrook, I saw the sun rise over the Blue Ridge Mountains; and I know that this very morning, a Marine on his post in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, also saw the sun rise. I am aware that, yes today, there is a cruiser sailing the Red Sea, bound for the Persian Gulf. The port lookout watched the same sun as it rose seemingly from the ocean itself. Here at my home, I paused to consider that a pilot, flying low over the demilitarized zone which separates North and South Korea probably saw that same blazing orange ball as it broke through the haze of morning.

The military service is always changing. Ten years from now, I fully anticipate that the skipper of a nuclear attack submarine patrolling the depths of the Atlantic Ocean will be named Elizabeth, or perhaps Mary Lou. And I suspect that within 20 years, soldiers will be patrolling the dunes of the Middle East in tanks that hover over the sands, eliminating the threat of land mines. Marines won't load bullets into their rifles, but rather "power packs" to arm their weapons.

But the constant that will not change is the person; that soldier, sailor, airman/woman, or marine. They have remained the same throughout our history.

Tonight, as we in Augusta Country sit down at the supper table, let us not forget the men and women who stand guard. They're out there.

As Bette, Bill, Alan, Daniel, Roscoe, and many others know so well, they are the reason we celebrate Memorial Day. —

Jeff Ishee recently was discharged from the United States Navy. He served his country for 17 years and most recently was a sonar technician onboard the USS Hue City stationed out of Jacksonville, Fla. He now resides with his family near Middlebrook.

Schoolhouse News

Helicopter lands amid Career Fair at RES

By RES FIFTH GRADERS

GREENVILLE -- A National Guard helicopter landed April 13 at Riverheads Elementary School.

But the helicopter did not land in a war zone. The chopper landed in the middle of Career Fair 1995 at RES.

"We decided a long time ago to hold Career Fair to give students a chance to find out how people choose careers," said Lin Presbury, RES guidance counselor and one of the Career Fair organizers. "We stole the idea from Churchville Elementary School, but have since made it a uniquely Riverheads experience."

Robert Bateman, RES principal, said the Career Fair helps to teach students about various careers.

"I think it's one of the most exciting days of our school year," Bateman said. "We learn a lot of new things and have a lot of fun." The principal said the career fair went very smoothly and he commended Mrs. Presbury, Jenna Bocock and all the faculty and staff who helped organize the career fair for doing a "super job."

"We tried to find careers where kids could see things," commented Ms. Presbury.

Betty Jo Hamilton, a newspaper publisher and one of the presenters at the Career Fair said, "I enjoyed being at the Career Fair because I wanted to tell students about my career and the students were very eager to learn about careers." Ms. Hamilton talked to fifth graders about newspaper reporting and publishing. Each fifth-grade section wrote a news story and published a newspaper.

Chris Slifer, a fifth grade student, said, "I enjoyed it (Career Fair) because I could learn a lot about other peoples' careers." His favorite presentation was by the Black Hawk Detective Agency.

Career Fair has been held for the 10 years. Mrs. Bocock, a second grade teacher, works with Mrs. Presbury to organize the program.

Race car drivers, clowns, pony farmers, and dance instructors were among those career professionals present for the career fair. Each occupational representative talked with students about their careers. Students were given the opportunity to find out information about different careers.

Mrs. Presbury said between 30-40 careers were represented at the 1995 Career Fair. People providing information about careers also included students from Riverheads High School. The RHS FFA chapter had a special agriculture display in the RES courtyard.

Mrs. Presbury said the career fair takes about eight weeks to plan and organize. A teacher on each grade level is responsible for making contacts with professionals. She noted that the fair was first held at the suggestion of Mrs. Bocock. The RES teacher had helped to organize a career fair at Churchville Elementary where she worked before coming to RES.

"When Mrs. Bocock came to Riverheads she said, 'We need to have a career fair,'" Mrs. Presbury recalled of how the effort to organize a career fair at RES began. She noted that the fair is held each year on the day before Good Friday.

"It's a good way to start off Spring break," she said. ---

Bruce Lamond, right, of Staunton, talks about his profession as a race car driver to fifth graders during Career Fair held April 13 at Riverheads Elementary School. Professionals from more than 30 careers spoke to students at the annual event.

AC staff photo

Buchanan wins first in public speaking

By TOM TAETZSCH

BUFFALO GAP -- Riverheads High School Junior Scott Buchanan won first place honors for the public speech which he delivered at the Augusta County FFA Federation Contest. He won a second place award for his efforts in the Northern Area Contest.

BUCHANAN

The Augusta Federation Contest was held March 21 at Buffalo Gap High School. Students from all five Augusta County high schools competed in the prepared public speaking contest. Topics of the speeches focused on modern agriculture and its emphasis in today's society.

The main theme of Scott's speech was the many career opportunities which modern agriculture has to offer.

"With the increased need for food in a rapidly growing world you would expect that most of the new opportunities in agriculture would be in the fields of farm managers, farmers, and paid farm hands, but this is not the case," Scott pointed out in his speech. However he explained that statistics show otherwise.

"There will be a 14 percent decline in 'on the farm' employment. However, there will be 470,000 job increases in 'off the farm' employment," Scott said.

Another image that has changed in modern agriculture is the idea of the "rural farm boy."

"Those days are gone," Scott said. "Women are showing an active role in the future of agriculture. Women now account for nearly half of all college freshmen enrolled in Ag related curriculum each year."

On March 28th Buchanan competed in the Northern Area contest in which first place winners from Augusta, Allegheny, Bath, Craig, Rockbridge, and Rockingham Counties competed. Scott is president of the FFA chapter at RHS. ---

Information for this page was compiled by student writers at Riverheads Elementary and Riverheads High schools.

Roman Olympics

Shane Ramsey, right, assists Kara Hughes in the stilt race at the Roman Olympics held March 14 at Riverheads High School. Latin class students and Latin Club members participated. Roman contests were held including stilt races, hoop races, jackstones, Trigon ball toss, javelin throwing, sword fighting, foot races, and wrestling.

Photo by Lisa Sensabaugh

RHS sending four students to regional Governor's School

RHS staff report

GREENVILLE -- Amy Bosserman, Tracy Cox, Jared Drummond, and Carolyn Norris will represent Riverheads High School at the Massanutten Regional Governor's School of Technology this summer.

They will be joining 32 other high school students from the region July 10-21 at the school which is being sponsored by the Virginia Department of Education, Merck and Company, and the Massanutten Technical Center and in cooperation with Rockingham County and Harrisonburg City schools.

At the Governor's School, students will explore the problems relating to the preservation and deterioration of the Chesapeake Bay. Students will have the opportunity to discuss new ideas, solve problems, and study the sociology of the Bay area.

"I'm very honored to have been chosen from RHS to go to the Governor's School this summer," said Jared.

"I'm looking forward to learning some of the problems in the environment and how to protect and preserve it," said Tracy. "The outdoors, mountain biking, and the environment have always been special interests of mine."

Governor's School participants will spend four nights camping in the Bay area under the sponsorship of the Chesapeake Bay Foundation.

BOSSERMAN

COX

DRUMMOND

NORRIS

Amy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bosserman; Tracy is the daughter of Pamela J. Cox and Richard Cox Jr.; Jared is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond; and Carolyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Norris. ---

Jared Drummond contributed to this article.

Who got stuck with the calf that got stuck?

Down on the farm

By Betty Jo Hamilton

Down on the farm we're thinking about great escapes.

It's that time of year — the time of year when folks begin planning great escapes which take the form of summer vacations. But down on the farm, the great escapes we're thinking about don't really have anything to do with vacations. These great escapes are those occasions when farm animals get it in their heads to escape the bounds of pasture fences and make a bid for freedom.

As a matter of fact, when you get right down to it, the primary things which farm animals think about are eating, sleeping, and escaping. Any bovine, ovine, swine, or equine has little else with which to occupy its time. Of course, the first priority is eating, which farm animals spend a lot of time doing. When they've gotten their stomachs full, it's only natural that they should be ready for a nap. Once awake from the nap, if they don't happen to wake up hungry, they might find themselves with a little time on their hooves before the next meal begins. This is when they start planning their great escapes.

Take, for instance, the case of a 500-pound steer, which recently plotted a great escape and, I might add at this point, not a very well thought out plan of escape it was.

On a Monday about a month ago, I was making my usual morning feeding rounds which included giving grain and hay to some feeder steers and heifers shut up in a barnyard. Among these animals were some steers which soon were to be sold. As I was feeding, I noticed a steer standing off to himself and it appeared that one of his eyes was red and swollen.

The condition wasn't too pronounced. Ordinarily I might have waited a day or two to see if the eye got better or worse. But fearing the onset of some infectious disease among the cattle we wanted to sell, I determined the calf with the swollen eye would need treatment.

I separated him from his cohorts in the barnyard and shut him up in a holding pen adjacent to the barn. I gave him some hay supposing that he would eat then sleep for awhile, and be content until I returned with the trailer to haul him home for treatment.

It happened to be a particularly busy Monday. The day was already full of chores and errands before I found the calf with the swollen eye. So as far as priorities were concerned, the steer was placed near the bottom of the list.

The barn bridge (planks through the center of photo) covers and conceals the gap between the bank, left, and the barn, right. A steer which we listed as missing for two days, was literally right beneath our noses the whole time.
AC staff photo

Late that afternoon I returned with the trailer to get the calf and found the pen where I had left him empty, the hay untouched, and the fence torn down. I unhooked the trailer and drove out among the cows in the pasture to look for the calf, but — after looking through the herd three times — could not spot the calf with the swollen eye. With disgust I returned home suspecting the calf had not only escaped the bounds of the pen where I had left him, but had added insult to injury by bolting through the confines of the pasture fence. Due to the time lapse between when I had put him in the pen and when I returned with the trailer, I assumed the calf might be anywhere in the contiguous 48 states, Canada, or Mexico.

The next day — Tuesday — was even busier than Monday had been. Others made the feeding rounds that morning while I was away on business. When I returned late in the evening, I talked with my father about the missing steer.

"That calf's not out with the cows," he said, having gotten all of them and their calves in for a close look at some point during the day.

"I know he's not," I said. "I told you that yesterday. He broke the fence down and he's just gone."

"That don't sound right," my father said.

"Well, the fence is torn down and he's not with the cows, so he's just gone," I repeated.

And my father, then again, said, "That don't sound right."

"Well, he's gone. So you might as well start calling the neighbors to find out if they've seen anything of a stray calf." I said.

And again my father said — mumbling this time — "That don't sound right."

We were both disgusted with the calf's escape and disappearance. Having to locate a missing calf was yet one more thing to add to the pile of "to dos" in an already busy Spring schedule.

In fact, things had been hectic enough that I hadn't noticed myself getting sick. I had felt a sore throat coming on and ignored it. That Tuesday evening, with the missing steer on my mind, I collapsed onto the sofa, fell asleep, and woke up an hour later sick as a dog. I never knew it was possible to get sick so fast. My symptoms fell in line with whatever snake of a virus goes around at this time of year. When I finally put myself to bed that night, I hoped I was at least midway through what I thought was a 24-hour bug.

It was a miserable night. I would sleep for awhile then be wide awake. Every joint ached. My throat felt as if it had been scrubbed with coarse sandpaper. My mouth seemed as if it were lined with cotton. My head throbbed. I was chilling one minute and burning up the next. And, perhaps worst of all, the words which kept going through my mind — whether asleep or awake — were the words of my father regarding the missing calf. The phrase, "That don't sound right," echoed again and again

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50th annual Market Animal Show is May 3-4

STAUNTON — The Augusta County 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show will begin its 50th anniversary celebration when the event gets under way May 3 at Staunton Union Stockyard on New Hope Road.

The show will begin Wednesday, May 3 at 3:30 p.m. with the sheep exhibition and will continue at 8 a.m. Thursday, May 4, with the swine exhibition. The steer show, set to begin about 10 a.m., will follow the conclusion of the swine show.

On Thursday evening the Parade of Champions will be held at 7 p.m. Sale of all livestock exhibited will follow at about 7:30 p.m.

The Market Animal Show will continue its 50th anniversary celebration May 18 at the annual banquet. Exhibitors and supporters of past shows are invited to attend the event which will be held at 7 p.m. at the Sangerville-Towers Ruritan building. Tickets for the buffet meal — which includes steamship round of beef, ham, and barbecued lamb — are available at the Augusta County Extension Office. Ticket prices are $8.50 for non-exhibitors and $3.50 for exhibitors, and may be purchased at the show or from Betty Barger at the Extension office before May 12.

Sponsoring organizations of the annual livestock exhibition are the Staunton-Augusta Chamber of Commerce and local Ruritan clubs. For information about the Market Animal Show and Banquet, call the Extension office at 245-5750. —

— Continued from page 18

through my conscious and unconscious thoughts. The reverberation of those words through my brain became so intense, I eventually didn't know when I was asleep or awake.

At some point I did descend into a black sleep where all was silent. At 4:30 a.m. I awoke. In the darkness of that wee hour through some pinhole of consciousness, the words, "The calf is under the barn bridge," played plainly on my mind's soundtrack.

Blinking once, then twice, I listened. The words came again. "The calf is under the barn bridge."

"The calf is under the barn bridge?" the other side of my brain queried.

"The calf is under the barn bridge," came the firm reply.

A word of explanation is necessary here for those who are unfamiliar with barn architecture. Bank barns, as the name implies, are built against a bank of dirt. This creates a sort of split-level effect with the barn's two stories exposed on one side, but with only the upper level exposed on the side against the bank. Building the barn against a bank provides access to the upper level barn floor where hay or grain is stored.

Most often, however, there is a gap between the barn structure and the bank. It is a gap which must be bridged in order that vehicles might be driven from the bank into the barn's upper level. The gap between the barn and the bank is usually no more than two to four feet wide. The depth of the gap may vary from one foot to as much as six feet. So when the words, "The calf is under the barn bridge," came into my mind in those predawn hours of a Wednesday morning, it was the realization that there was more than a good possibility that the calf had gotten himself wedged under the barn bridge — which spans the gap between the barn and the bank against which it is built — and had been stuck there for almost 48 hours...without feed or water.

At once I was in a quandary. On the one hand it would be good if the calf were under the barn bridge. At least we would know his whereabouts. On the other hand it would be bad if the calf were under the barn bridge. Having been stuck there for two days without feed and water, he probably wasn't in very good shape. And then on the other hand, if I had a third one, it would be worse if the calf were under the barn bridge. I couldn't begin to imagine how I would go about getting him out from under there.

I tossed and turned until 6:30 and could stand it no longer. Although still feeling the ill effects (ill being the operative word here) of the virus, I followed my usual morning routine, then set off to the other farm. Pulling up to the barn there, I couldn't help but think how normal everything appeared. There was no visible sign that something might be very wrong.

At the barn I dropped to my knees and squinted to look between the slats of the barn bridge. In the darkness beneath the bridge I saw the back, neck, and head of a 500-pound steer, none other, of course, than the missing steer.

In the steer's effort to make his great escape, he had broken out of the pen where I had left him. I had assumed that he jumped out over some stray fence planks and posts that were lying alongside the fence. But once the calf had broken the fence down, he had charged straight ahead into the opening beneath the barn bridge — an opening which is about four feet by four feet at its entrance but narrows to about two feet by two feet at its midpoint. It was at this point where the calf had stopped. Stuck, he could go no further forward. Stuck, he didn't have the clearance to stand and back out.

From the end of the barn bridge opposite of where the calf had entered, I crawled on my stomach into the space between the bank and the barn. Propped on my elbows, I came nose to nose with the calf. "Well, you have surely gotten yourself stuck," I said to the calf at which point he let out a tremendous bawl-squall and snorted right in my face. Caught in a shower of nasal discharge, I determined that the steer was not a happy camper.

I knew immediately I would need assistance in dislodging the calf from his predicament. I gave some consideration to using a chainsaw to cut the barn bridge apart, but figured about the time I started sawing the calf would begin struggling, and I would end up with beef stew for dinner.

Farm helpers were scarce that morning. My father was at a doctor's appointment. My brother-in-law was at his day job. There was some urgency to the calf's situation. In addition to the fact that it had had no food or water for two days, the calf had been lying down for most of that time. More than likely its limbs were numb because of this. Muscle coordination in the calf's legs might be permanently damaged if the calf remained down for much longer.

I was helpless to assist the calf. It is a moment like this down on the farm, when I feel suddenly tiny and small, a speck — nay even a speck on a speck — on this place called Earth. Having wasted a half-second considering the order (or disorder) of the universe, I said out loud, "I've got to find some help and I've got to find some help fast. I'll head toward Middlebrook and maybe I'll find somebody to help."

Beneath the barn bridge, a ray of light might convince a calf bent on escape that he had found a subterranean pathway to freedom. AC staff photo

Oddly enough — just as only moments before I had contemplated the disarray of the universe — I traveled just a little over a mile and had gotten only as far as Middlebrook's outer limits when I found help. One of my farming neighbor's was having a mid-morning front yard conference with another neighbor. I pulled in the driveway, rolled down the truck window, said "I need help," and that took care of the need for manpower.

Accompanied by the two men, I returned to the farm. It had been a little difficult to explain to my neighbors why I needed their assistance. When I had said, "I've got a calf stuck under the barn bridge," they had looked a little puzzled. But when the two of them looked beneath the barn bridge and saw the calf, it became immediately evident what the problem was.

"Well, he's stuck," one of my new found helpers said, and then, "I don't know how we're gonna' get him out of there."

Having a second opinion on the matter made me feel better. I was a bit more at ease knowing that I had correctly assessed the calf's situation — 1) the calf was stuck; 2) there didn't seem to be a way to get it unstuck.

The chainsaw removal method came readily to my neighbor's mind and was abandoned quickly when the consequences were considered. Then my neighbor suggested that rather than dismantle the barn bridge we might raise it enough to give the calf room to stand. If we could get the calf on its feet, my neighbor theorized, we might be able to convince it to back up and out from beneath the barn bridge.

Using the hydraulic arms of the round bale lift on the back of my neighbor's truck and with a logging chain attached to the bridge, we managed to lift it several inches. This gave the calf enough space to stand — which it did with some coercion — but once on its feet it only wanted to go forward.

Neighbor No. 2 stuck a fence plank down between the barn bridge slats to prevent the calf from going forward. Between the

See STUCK, page 23

Country Crossroads

Superman to the rescue

Hank and Irma
By
Lee Ann Heizer

Have you ever noticed that just at the moment when everything seems to be running smoothly something happens to disorder the universe?

It might be something simple like a light bulb burning out, necessitating a minor expenditure of energy to set things right, or it could be that a household appliance mysteriously gives up and more drastic measures must be taken to restore order. It seems to be a universal truth that order breaks down into disorganization which gives way to chaos which leads to pandemonium. The balance of order is so precarious it seems that on any given day a seemingly small fly in the ointment can start one hurtling down the spiral toward complete and utter pandemonium.

Irma has long thought that if just the right person could be found to fix the flat tires, leaking pipes, stalled engines, and broken washing machines of life that all would be well. The centrifugal pull of pandemonium would not draw her household into its tornado-like cloud. Indeed, finding the right person to fit the job has become a mission for Irma which she has pursued to generally frustrating ends.

Working with the materials she had at hand — Hank — Irma, for many years, sought to apply him to chaotic situations.

"Do you think you could find out why the pipes under the kitchen sink are leaking, dear?" Irma asked.

"Sure," responded Hank willingly. "Just let me get some tools and I'll give 'er a go."

Feeling that she had placed the job in the hands of a certain candidate for success, Irma paid little attention to the groans and wrigglings under the kitchen sink. She did notice that Hank came and went several times returning on each successive occasion with a larger wrench. Moments after disappearing beneath the sink with a wrench which would be at home on the Alaska pipeline, Irma heard a loud crunching crack and a small whispered, "Uh-oh." Obviously Irma had not found the right person to fit the job and an inconvenient drip had turned into a plumbing catastrophe. Irma had failed to consider Hank's amazing muscles when she assigned him to the job.

Undeterred by a watery setback, Irma next decided to apply Hank's hand to pruning fruit trees.

"It's the perfect job for you," Irma declared. "You love to work outdoors. You love apples and peaches. You'll do a great job," Irma predicted as she handed him her handy-dandy pruning shears still glistening in their unused mint condition.

"Gee, I can't wait for a slice of your apple pie, honey," remarked Hank as he marched off, mouth watering in contemplation of the fruits of his labor.

Returning to the house sometime later Hank described the pruning process and the bushels of apples he was bound to harvest in the Fall. As he laid the pruning shears on the kitchen table Irma gave a little yelp of alarm.

"What did you do to my shears?" she squealed noting that the blades were bent out of shape and mangled almost beyond recognition.

"Some of those branches were pretty thick, and I really had to put some muscle behind them," grinned Hank. "I just kept thinking about apple pie and it seemed to give me the strength to do the job!"

"You'll be lucky if you ever see an apple pie again," Irma snorted, once more defeated by Hank's super strength in fitting him to a job.

The balance of order is so precarious it seems that on any given day a seemingly small fly in the ointment can start one hurtling down the spiral toward complete and utter pandemonium. Take that leaking pipe for instance...

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"It can't be done," warned a neighbor. "You'll have to rent a trolley and get six men to help you."

"Put it on rugs and slide it," advised her mother.

"Casters," said an aunt. "If you put special casters on the bottom you may be able to roll it."

Irma has deemed it necessary to move a massive upright piano through four rooms around a hairpin bend down a long narrow hallway to it's new location. A seal inside the lid of the century-old piece indicates that it was designed and built in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of Columbus' landing in the new world. Clearly, the piano-maker intended to recreate the bulk of the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria in one piece as the piano would seem to come close in weight. Maybe she could float it to the other room.

Seldom has Irma approached Hank with such trepidation in assigning a job. In a teeny, tiny voice Irma says, "Hank, do you think we could get some help and maybe move the piano, someday? Just think about it—any time that suits you is fine. It doesn't have to be this week or this month, but I would like to maybe think about getting it done this year."

"Sure!" is Hank's immediate, undaunted response. "Let's do it tonight!"

"It's late," replies a shocked Irma. "We can't get anybody to help us on such short notice!"

"We don't need any help," is Hank's certain claim. Irma's apprehensive concerns about casters, trolleys, and a football defensive line go unheeded as Hank assesses the situation.

Before Irma can say, "C-sharp" or "B-flat," Hank has literally moved the piano by himself. Indeed, the vessel does almost seem to float under Hank's strong masterful guidance.

The house is still standing, her hair has not turned white, and the Christopher Columbus upright is moored in its new harbor.

In a twinkling it dawns on her. She has finally found a job to fit Hank. Superhuman strength can be channeled. Order can grow out of chaos.

"Superman Hank," purrs Irma, "You're my hero!" ---

Staunton man captures world on video

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON -- It's enough for most people to hike the trails of the West's national parks and scenic wonders, but Staunton's Bob Davies carries along a 30-pound camera and an eye for beauty so that he might capture the views for others.

By day, Davies has been an educator and his master's degree in administration makes him well qualified to work in the Rockingham County school system as guidance director.

But when the final school bell rings, Davies transforms into an artist with a fascination for video production. "My work with videos goes way back," he said recently while manning the booth at Staunton's '95 Business Showcase which won him "Best in Show" honors. "I never had any formal training in it, but even as a teenager I was into making movies."

In the years since he experimented with the old movie cameras, his skill and reputation as a video expert has grown. In 1990 he opened Five Star Video Productions, Ltd. and set his sights on new horizons. Today the business specializes in video productions in five areas: corporate, medical, education, arts and entertainment and, finally, travel and leisure.

It's the last category which is drawing the most attention these days. Davies has recently released a colorful extravaganza he calls "Experience America!" Starting at the Arch in St. Louis, the 100-minute travel video takes visitors through a discovery of 38 spectacular national parks and attractions of the West. Included in the tour, are the flora, fauna, geologic and historic wonders of such famous sites as Carlsbad Caverns, Mt. Rushmore, The Alamo and Sequoia. The trip is plotted out for viewers on a United States map.

The footage for the video was shot on two trips made by the family. "I love to travel and I love the West, so I thought that my first national endeavor would feature travel out West," said an excited Davies. Still a bit overwhelmed by the amount of growth and success his company has experienced, he added: "I can't believe I'm working on national projects." Davies estimates that he spent 50 to 100 hours collecting the raw footage for the video by hiking and driving all through the parks and monuments. But that, he says, was just the beginning. Together with his two teenage sons, Scott and Kevin, he spent at least another 200

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Bob Davies of Staunton holds up four of his newly released travel video, "Experience America!" Through his video production business, Davies used family vacation footage to create the video.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin

April, 1995

Dear Maude:

It is finally spring in Washington. How wonderful it is to be able to go out for a lunchtime walk without having to bundle up against the wind! I can put on my new spring suits and feel dressed for the season. (Yes, I did go buy that yellow suit, and it is beautiful.)

The thing that has lifted everyone's spirits the most, however, is that Congress is now on their spring break, and we have a couple of weeks when there are no late-night sessions or working through lunch hours. People are beginning to peep out of their offices and actually go to lunch, and I heard gossip that there even has been a party or two. I certainly plan to enjoy myself for the next week or so!

The month started off with all of the cherry blossoms around the Tidal Basin in full bloom, right on schedule, in time for the Cherry Blossom Festival. I have always loved that festival and this year I got to enjoy a great deal more of it than before, for Sara works with a woman whose daughter was a princess a couple of years ago, and she was able to tell us about all of the activities and was able to get invitations for us to several of them. There are chaperones for the girls but occasionally one will get sick, and a substitute is appointed. Her daughter, Francine, was substitute chaperone on Tuesday, so we heard all about the reception at the Japanese Embassy from her.

The festival starts off on Sunday with the opening ceremonies and the official lighting of the Japanese lantern on the Mall. The lantern is in a grove of cherry trees and the Japanese ambassador is the one who does the lighting. It is such a lovely ceremony. Then that evening there is an opening reception for all of the princesses. This year it was held in one of the local hotels and Sara's friend got tickets for us to go. It was lovely and the girls were all so pretty. Each state society chooses the young woman who will represent their state each year.

On Monday the girls visited the Embassy of Japan. Francine said that it was wonderful -- they met the Ambassador's wife and got to see the Tea House at the Embassy. They also met the Japanese princess. (Each year there is one young woman who represents Japan at the ceremonies.) There is a small reception and each girl is presented with a gift. Francine says that when she was a princess, this was one of her favorite functions.

Then on Tuesday, they visit the White House. On Wednesday there is a Congressional reception where the princesses meet the congressmen and senators from their states and on Thursday evening there are various receptions put on by the state societies. We were invited to one of those which was held in one of the meeting rooms on the Hill. It was the first time I had been to Capitol Hill in several weeks and was amazed at the change in mood among the staff members. It was such a contrast between the young, excited princesses and those poor tired, worn out staffers.

There were lots of free concerts on Friday at Freedom Plaza, the Navy Memorial and also the Lincoln Memorial. The annual parade was on Saturday morning, with floats, bands and all kinds of marching groups. We got downtown early and found a sheltered place on Constitution Avenue, out of the wind. Everyone was disappointed that it got so cold and windy (and the wind blew away all of those beautiful pink blossoms,) but there was still a big crowd and we had a wonderful time anyway. (You know how I love a parade.)

See **REFLECTIONS**, page 22

A prayer for Oklahoma City

Saying grace

By

Roy Howard

There are no words adequate to carry the full grief, anguish, and horror in the aftermath of the bombing of the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

My uncle who up until his retirement worked for the Social Security Administration in that same building, missed by a couple of days being blown away. His colleagues were not so fortunate.

The room in the First Christian Church that is being used to help families identify lost relatives in happier days supports the senior citizens' program that my grandfather attended in his latter years. Tragedy and joy are mingled in the same air.

My relatives are all well, but many, many others are not. We are left with a horrible tragedy and a desire to help. There may be other things revealed to us that we can do, but the most basic thing Christian people can do is join our hearts with those who suffer and offer prayers in solidarity with them. The following pastoral prayer was offered Sunday, April 23 at Bethel Presbyterian Church.

Merciful God,

We can only imagine the grief, anguish, and anger that fill the lives of those who have lost loved ones in Oklahoma City. Our words are scarcely adequate to convey the pain; but you, O God, know us deeper than we know ourselves, and where we have no words your Spirit intercedes for us and for all your children who suffer. We trust only in your generous mercy, and humbly ask that the consolation of your Holy Spirit rest upon those who are hurting and grieving.

We pray for parents and grandparents,
children and grandchildren,
aunts and uncles and all
who have felt their families ripped apart
by the blast of a bomb.

For the counselors, teachers, doctors, nurses, pastors, and friends who provide comfort we pray strength, courage, faith, and all other gifts of your Spirit for the ministry of caring.

Holy God, it takes all we have to commend the perpetrators of such unspeakable evil into the mercy of your eternal justice. We are unable to do more. Our hearts are too broken and our minds too filled with anger.

We kneel where our Savior kneels:
with the victims and we cry out with them:
Stop the wicked who plot evil, and assault your children throughout the world!

Give courage to leaders who will serve as instruments of your good, merciful, and just rule.

Grant that we may be the body of Christ given in love and service for a wounded, weary world. Use your people to heal the hurting and bind up the brokenhearted. As Christ died for the world, teach us to die to our selves so that we rise up in joyful service to all who suffer.

O God, the things we pray for,
give us the grace to labor for;
through Jesus Christ our risen Lord. Amen.

Grace to you and peace,
Roy

Auction to benefit Fort band

AC staff report

Would you like to visit Regis and Kathy Lee or perhaps you are content with an autographed picture of your favorite star—Richard Petty or Clint Eastwood for example? Instead of rubbing elbows with the stars, maybe a weekend escape with that special someone is more to your liking.

All of this and more can be yours for the bidding at the Fort Defiance Marching Band Auction to be held Friday evening, May 5 at Fort Defiance High School. The doors to the school will be open at 6 p.m. so hopeful buyers can preview the items which will be auctioned off by auctioneer Roger Craig shortly thereafter.

The band students have been stockpiling potential sale items since last year's successful auction. They have written letters to celebrities and have canvassed the community for donations. Among the many items available at the auction will be autographed pictures from at least 19 different stars including Barbra Streisand, Winonna, Wayne Gretzky, Denzel Washington, Charlton Heston, Nancy Kerrigan, and a signed movie poster from Whoppi Goldberg.

Also going on the auction block is a pair of VIP tickets for "Live with Regis and Kathy Lee."

Other tempting offers include meals at local restaurants and a weekend getaway in Williamsburg. A used piano, a picnic basket with accessories, a silk flower basket, a 286 computer and the labor to wallpaper one room of your house will be sold as well. Two signed CDs, one from John Tesch and one from the McGuire Sisters, and T-shirts from Sawyer Brown and Travis Tritt are included in the collection. A special package containing 50 tapes from various country artists was donated by Warner Brothers.

The money raised at the auction will be used to purchase band uniforms. ---

Video

Continued from page 20

hours in the studio, cutting and splicing, mixing sound and creating special effects.

"Scott and Kevin are the pioneers behind all of this. They studied all the equipment (in the studio) and mastered it and then taught me. We wouldn't have a business without them," he said.

Another important man behind the production of the Experience America! video is Jack Freilicher, a Verona man who wrote all of the background music for the video.

Experience America! is being carried at a number of Western parks and Davies has recently produced a large quantity of the tapes in European video format so foreign tourists can buy the video and take it home with them.

Shenandoah Valley residents interested in getting the video have it a little easier. The Bookstack in Downtown Staunton carries the tape and will feature it in a store window display for several weeks. Davies will also hold his first autograph session at the bookstore on Saturday, May 6 from 1-3 p.m.

The educator turned video producer is almost bubbly with excitement over the release of the travel video and of his "signing" at The Bookstack. "It's really mesmerizing what you can do with the camera and the equipment. The only limitation you have is with your equipment and your imagination. I'm learning about all kinds of things and expanding my circle of friends throughout the U.S." he explained.

Davies does have one small problem, however. Where do you autograph a video? Oh well, he has a few days yet to figure that one out. ---

Here, there, everywhere

RHS faculty triumphant in benefit basketball game

By LORI BOSSERMAN and EMILY GALLEGLY

GREENVILLE -- The Riverheads High School faculty pushed their winning streak to an unbelievable four consecutive years with a 74-63 victory over the seniors in the AWARE basketball held April 7.

"The game was very exciting. Both the students and faculty enjoyed playing, and we would like to thank the AWARE members for their efforts organizing the activity," says faculty member Doris Scott.

Spectators of all ages were on hand for the fifth annual Senior vs. Faculty benefit basketball game. All players, both experienced and inexperienced, seemed to enjoy the game. The faculty was determined to make their winning streak an unbelievable four years. They completed this somewhat difficult feat, easily overpowering their opponents.

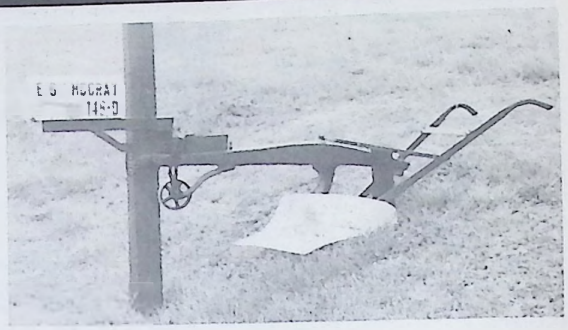
The game's first half kept the crowd on the edges of their seats, with the faculty moving out in front 30 to 26. The staff dominated the third quarter as they outscored the seniors 23 to 14, making the score 53 to 40 before heading into the game's final quarter. Finishing off the seniors, the faculty proved they were capable of competing against their younger opponents, and had fun while doing it.

"It's nice to see the older generation beat up on the younger generation," said teacher Chris Rockwell.

Student teacher Eric Plogger was the game's leading scorer game with 31 points. For the seniors, Joe Kimble led with 12.

Everyone played hard and tried their best for the well-being of their school. It was great entertainment for all those who showed up to support the cause. For the most part, the game was a success for the participants and the AWARE organization, according to the game's sponsors. There was no admission fee, however freewill donations benefited the AWARE club. ---

Lori Bosserman and Emily Gallegly are students at Riverheads High School.



Mailbox of the month

"Unhook the mailbox and hitch up the horse." An old horsedrawn plow forms the base of the mailbox at the McCray farm in Arbor Hill. This is a particularly appropriate choice for this month's mailbox since so many folks have their summer gardening projects well under way. Single shovel plows like this one turned many a furrow in their day. However, the advent of mechanical horsepower made these plows mostly obsolete. But they do make for an interesting mailbox adornment.

AC staff photo

Christmas cactus: 50 years old and not over the hill yet

AC staff report

In the April edition of Augusta Country Ben Critzer (The Garden Path) responded to a question about the care of Christmas cacti. Answering the question, Ben encouraged the owner of this particular cactus to make sure its perpetual care was provided for in the owner's last will and testament. As it was learned after Ben's response was published, the Christmas cactus in question has outlived several green thumbs.

The garden path

The question about the Christmas cactus was sent in by Virginia Lee Heizer of Middlebrook. She later told Augusta Country that her cactus had been passed through several limbs of the Heizer family tree.

The cactus' first owner of record was Anna Brownlee Heizer of Middlebrook who died in 1948. The cactus was inherited by her daughter, Sarah Heizer, who died in 1960 leaving the care of the cactus to her step mother, Beulah Roll Heizer who died in 1966. The cactus -- the same actual plant, mind you, not cuttings from it -- was then passed on to Estelle Glover Heizer.

According to Virginia Lee Heizer, the cactus got so large during the time Estelle cared for it that the woman took some cuttings from it and was prepared to send the remainder of the plant to that big compost heap in the sky.

"I saw it sitting there and she told me if I didn't want it it was going up behind the washhouse. She said it had gotten so big she couldn't carry it any longer," Virginia Lee said. "I don't know why. I just decided to take it."

That was a few years before Estelle died in 1981. During the time Virginia Lee has had the cactus, it has again outdone itself. The plant became so large that Virginia Lee cut it back completely, removing all the plant's growth back to the coarse trunk.

"I thought I had killed it," she said. "But eventually it came back out."

The cactus was full of blooms in March -- we've said Christmas cactus were long-lived, we never said they could tell time -- and many of its branches are 18 inches to two feet long. It grows in a gallon vegetable can and spends most of its time on the Heizer back porch. It is sometimes brought into the house so the family can enjoy its resplendent but brief blooming phase. Then it is returned to the porch for a rest until the next blooming cycle.

"I've gone to throw it out a number of times, but I just can't," said Virginia Lee of the Christmas cactus.

As for the cactus' next earthly caretaker... Virginia Lee has a daughter and four daughters-in-law. One can only wonder whose 21st century green thumb will care for the cactus in the years to come. ---

°Reflections

Continued from page 21

The Grand Ball was a glorious event. My boss was asked by some people from his home state to sponsor a table and I was so lucky to be able to attend this. It was a black tie function and I wore one of my nice dresses I bought earlier in hopes of parties that never happened. At the ball a queen was chosen from among the girls. The National Cherry Blossom Festival Association chose the princess who would be queen this year. In the past the choice was made by a turn of a wheel, under the supervision of the National Conference of State Societies. It was such a nice ball and wonderful week of parties, but I have to tell you my heart was not in it as much as it might have been. I went with Sara and her boyfriend to most of the functions, for Dylan has gone home to Georgia.

The job market in Washington has not improved in the least, and for every opening, there are lots and lots of applicants. Dylan applied for job after job, but with no success. The members are really sticking to party lines if there is any hiring done, and many jobs have simply been done away with. After weeks of his mother calling him to come home and help with the family business, he finally gave in and went down there for a few weeks. He says that he is not going to stay, and has not let his apartment go, but unless he finds some kind of employment here soon, he may have no choice.

I'll tell you Maude, no matter how many parties I get to go to they are not as much fun as they were when he was around to go with me.

As I am sure you know, I spent Easter with AnnaLee in Baltimore. The kids are growing so fast I can hardly recognize them. It was a lot of fun, and Baltimore is beautiful, but I do miss being at home.

I plan to enjoy the recess as much as possible, for I know that as soon as everyone gets back to town the legislation will begin again. Our office has been so very busy -- everything was put off while it was crazy on the hill, and now there is all this catching up to do. And that's a good thing too, for it keeps my mind off of my sudden single state.

Hope to get home for a visit soon,

Love, LuLu

•Weyers Cave

Continued from page 7

war was just pictures taped to sheets of paper. The captions were all typed by hand."

A cannery, the last major addition to the school -- built in the early 1940s -- was built to serve the community's war effort. It also benefited the school's lunch program.

"The first school lunches were served only on Fridays," Saufly remembered. "Ten cents bought you a bowl of vegetable soup, a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and a pint of milk."

"Still a lot of kids couldn't afford lunch and continued to bring lunch from home."

Saufly also remembered another important person in the school, Mr. Hilbert, the school's custodian. "He drove the bus, ran the cannery, cleaned the school, and fired the coal hot water heater."

The last class graduated from Weyers Cave High School in 1953. "All-in-all, 674 students graduated from the school between 1911 and 1953."

Saufly added that it wasn't unusual to have teachers who taught your parents. One of Mr. Saufly's teachers, Alice Will, taught both of his parents at Weyers Cave.

> **"This school has been the adhesive that held the community together."**
>
> *Al Saufly*
> *Weyers Cave Class of 1950*

When asked what impact the school's closing will have on the community, Saufly said, "Everybody has been involved in the school in some way."

Dennis Strole, principal at Weyers Cave agrees with Saufly's assessment. He noted that the school has functioned as a gathering place for the community.

"This community is very traditional in their support of the school," he said. "They believe in the teachers and in the school system. They trust the school and support its efforts, individually and through various organizations — the Ruritans, the Women's Club, the Mother's Club, and the Lion's."

Or as Mr. Saufly succinctly states, "This school has been the adhesive that held the community together." ---

•Threads

Continued from page 4

dar chest. "In her old age she lived at our home and pieced nine diamond quilts with tiny little pieces. She used all the little scraps that we couldn't use," Regina said.

Being at home with such a skilled quilter inspired her and by the time she got married, Regina had 13 quilts for her hope chest. Her favorite quilt, which is also carefully stored in the cedar chest, is Martha Washington's flower garden, a cheerful design made of hundreds and hundreds of tiny hexagonal pieces. Stitched in tiny letters are her initials and those of her future husband, Cecil, as well as the year 1932. She has also made two double wedding ring quilts, no easy task especially when everything was sewn by hand.

Just as in Rosa Lee's family, quilting for Regina's family was a wintertime activity. "We lived in a big house and set up a quilting frame in the living room and after Christmas we would just quilt. After Christmas and before garden time and taking care of the chickens was when we'd quilt."

Every quilt in Regina's collection holds special memories for her and the cedar chest could just as easily be called her treasure chest. With one quilt she relates the genealogy of her family. "My grandmother was born in 1861 and when she was a year old her father came home from the Civil War and died and her mother raised her in the Hanger home. Her mother died when she was 17 and my grandmother took her mother's dresses and made a log cabin quilt. She told me how they had dyed the material with walnut hulls. My grandmother gave the quilt to me."

Digging a few more layers down in the chest unearths the first quilt Regina pieced, the Attic Window design, and then, finally, she comes across another true treasure. "My father's father cut this pattern for his wife before he died," she says as her worn fingers linger over the unique star pattern. Regina calls the pattern the "Hutchens Star" and as far as she knows the pattern has never been duplicated. "My grandfather was real artistic," she said in referring to the pattern that was quilted more than 100 years ago.

Sewing has taken a different direction for Rosa Lee, although she recently finished a quilt for a lady in church that was then sold at a church fundraiser. After learning from her mother, Rosa Lee's sewing instruction continued in school where she learned to crochet and make baskets. She continued to crochet and many years later could look at a picture in a magazine and duplicate the pattern. Evidence of her skill is a pillow covering which incorporates a rose pattern.

She also attended adult sewing classes at Cedar Green which were conducted under the watchful eye of Mrs. Henry. "She was real strict. If those stitches wasn't right, she'd make you take them out. I made several dresses under her," Rosa Lee remembers.

Neither Rosa Lee or Regina does much fine work with their hands anymore. The eyes and the fine finger movements have started to slow down after 89 years of work. But for both, the memories and the items they have made serve to connect the generations becoming "continuous threads" of history. ---

•Stuck

Continued from page 19

neighbors and myself and with some pretty extreme yelling and hollering and slapping and pushing and shoving and hollering and yelling and arm waving and tail twisting, the steer gradually was moved backwards out from under the bridge. Finally at the opening with more of its body out than in, the calf managed to stand up on wobbly legs, turnaround, and retreat from his subterranean entrapment.

Grateful for my neighbors' assistance, I thanked them and they departed to pick up where they had left off with their morning routines before I had arrived on the scene. In their parting I offered a wan "If I can ever be of any help, please call." But I knew it would not be likely that I — a skinny scraggle of a woman — might ever be able to return a favor approximate to the effort it required to remove a 500-pound calf from a very small hole.

A few weeks later I was engrossed in the task of cleaning out an automatic feeder. Scraping caked feed out of the feeder's trough, I was bent over double with more of my body in the feeder than out.

"How's Betty Jo doing this morning?" a voice from nowhere said.

Startled, I reeled around. Having been bent over working for some time, the blood rushed to my head and images blurred and swirled before me. The voice I had heard was coming from an apparition-like figure clothed in ivory from head to foot.

"Oh great," I thought. "I've somehow met my untimely fate in an automatic feeder and an angel has come for me."

As my vision cleared though, I saw not an emissary of St. Peter standing before me, but the farmhand from the next farm down the road — the farm belonging to one of the neighbors who had helped get the calf unstuck.

As the man proceeded to inform me, his truck had broken down while he was feeding hay, an occurrence which had put the man afoot. Could he use the phone to call for help? he was asking me. Yes, I said and offered to take him to get help. He would prefer to call first, he said. When he could find no one home to come get him, I was glad to be able to taxi him up the road and back to the neighbor's main farm.

We've spent some time on this theme before — neighbors helping neighbors. For us, often, it's the only thing that keeps the farm going. We count ourselves as fortunate and blessed to have the help of neighbors when the order of the universe is thrown into disarray.

As for the calf that got stuck, it for the most part seem unaffected by the two days it spent beneath the barn bridge. The calf has since been sent to market — good riddance — and now is in someone else's care. I have to say I do not envy them the possession of this calf, because before the calf left our farm he got stuck on two more occasions.

A day after his original great escape came to a close I found the calf with his head stuck between a gate and a fence post. When we were loading the steers to send them to market, it was this steer that fell through a weak board on the loading chute and got himself stuck yet again.

The night after the calf was sent to market, I rested easy. It was a welcome respite from the night I had spent wrestling with a virus and the fate of a missing calf.

These nights, down on the farm, we drift off to sleep contemplating the disorderly order of the universe and wondering who got stuck with the calf that got stuck. —

Church of the Brethren holding benefit auction

By LOIS SKEEN

HARRISONBURG -- Quilts, furniture, artwork, and baskets will be some of the many donated hand-crafted items sold at the Disaster Response Auction to be held May 19 and 20 at the Rockingham County Fairgrounds. This event, the third annual sale to be sponsored by the Shenandoah District Church of the Brethren, promises to provide good food, fun and fellowship for buyers, sellers, and interested onlookers.

Friday's events feature an oyster and country ham buffet prepared by Buckhorn Inn's Garland Foster. The meal will be followed by an auction of cattle and sheep, donated by livestock producers and other groups. On Saturday, breakfast begins at 7 a.m. complete with pancakes, sausage, omelets, and homemade (of course) bread.

Sale of quilts will kick off the 10 a.m. auction, with a chicken and pork barbecue dinner available for lunch. Of course, if anyone should somehow get hungry in between there will be burgers, hot dogs, funnel cakes, and ice cream available throughout the day, not to mention the pies, cakes, and other goodies on the baked goods table.

Carlton and Hilda Ruff of Broadway were co-chairmen of last year's event. "The last two years when added together raised over $268,000," Carlton reported. "The Shenandaoh district reaches from Buena Vista to Winchester, and from Charlottesville to Pocahontas County, W.Va. There are 101 churches in our district. Hundreds of volunteers work through the year getting sponsors and advertisers, working on committees, and making items to donate."

The auction is an event that draws the interest of lots of people besides those directly involved in its planning. Ruff said about a thousand people ate at the Friday night buffet and roughly 3,500 people attended Saturday's sale and activities last year.

The weekend event does not just benefit quilt connoisseurs, craft addicts, and those with hearty appetites. The funds raised from the sale of these donated items and good food will be sent to the Church of the Brethren Disaster Response Network, based in New Windsor, Md., to support the church's efforts in aiding those who are victims of floods, earthquakes, and other disasters all over the world.

The Church of the Brethren sent over $625,000 in 1994 to victims of disaster in places such as Haiti, Kentucky, Rwanda, China, and Texas, to mention a few. They send manpower as well as money. The Shenandoah District alone sent 655 volunteers and provided 3,940 workdays at six project sites throughout the United States from January through November last year.

"We went to South Carolina after the Hugo storm, and we literally carried mud out of those people's houses", says Maxine Burkholder, a disaster response volunteer from New Market. The Shenandoah District continues to maintain a very active Disaster Response Network. Twelve district volunteers returned just recently from Bonifay, Florida, and 10 from Albany, Georgia.

The Ruffs have been volunteering on disaster teams since 1984. Hilda says they plan to continue "as long as our health allows us to work." "Our district has a van that 10-12 volunteers use to get to the site. We interface with the Red Cross and Salvation Army to feed volunteers and supply materials, and we take our own cook," she said. Ruff added: " We help out the handicapped and aged, those who can't do the work themselves, and lots of low income people who don't have insurance and can't pay the cost of cleaning up and rebuilding."

Their efforts do not go unrewarded. A letter printed in the program for this year's auction from a woman in Iowa who benefited from volunteers help says: "The year of 1993 was a bad year for us and we was really getting down in the dumps mentally, but when all these wonderful people came into our house and started cleaning and fixing it gave my husband and I the lift we needed to know that there are still caring people in this mixed up world. God Bless all of you."

The Disaster Relief Auction is more than just quilts and funnel cakes. It is a commitment of service to those in need. ---

Seamstresses work on a quilt which will be sold at the Disaster Response Auction to be held May 19 and 20 at Rockingham County Fairgrounds.

Photo courtesy Hilda Ruff

THIRD ANNUAL
SHENANDOAH DISTRICT
CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN
DISASTER AUCTION
Rockingham County Fairgrounds
May 19-20

FRIDAY, MAY 19

Exhibit Building

4 p.m. Oyster-Country Ham Buffet: $11.00, adults, $5.50 10 and under prepared by Garland Foster of Buckhorn Inn

Display of Arts and Crafts to be sold starting at 4 p.m. Friday-Saturday. Quilts to be auctioned Saturday at 10 a.m. will also be on display.

Cattle Barn

6:15-6:30 p.m. Worship Service

6:30 p.m. Cattle Auction

SATURDAY, MAY 20

Exhibit Building

7 a.m.-10 a.m. -- Breakfast: pancakes, sausage, omelets, homemade bread, etc.

10 a.m. -- Quilts, crafts, and art auction

11:00 a.m.-?? -- Chicken or Pork barbecue dinner