

# Augusta Country

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## All eyes on Atlanta for Olympics

*Preparation for attending summer games is an Olympian feat itself*

By NANCY SORRELLS

If I close my eyes and imagine, I can hear it already. The cheers of the crowd in the athletic arena, the national anthem being played at the medal ceremony, the hot Atlanta, Ga., sun beating down on the nations of the world gathered in peaceful competition.

The Olympics are the dream of a lifetime, and I have worked hard to get there. The dream has been years in the making. The intensive planning, the strategy, the rounds of competition, the training is all complete, and the dream is about to become reality. In a matter of days I will be in Atlanta, and the hard work and years of waiting will be worth it.

I am sure that the athletes at the Olympics have been through similar struggles and have overcome

mighty obstacles to make it to Atlanta, but I am talking about the OTHER competition that has been going on simultaneously. That is the one that I, along with my husband, my good friend and her husband have been engaged in — attending the Olympics. It has been a long struggle, an Olympian feat in its own right, but we have accepted the challenge and conquered it.

The struggle began more than two years ago, an idea borne out of idle conversation on a long, tiring bicycle ride. Sue and I were pedaling along the Delmarva Peninsula — a hot, beautiful, flat, rural landscape that summer. After we had cycled past Chancetown, population seven (plus two barking dogs), the conversation just sort of melted away in the summer heat. When it revived our talk turned to the Olympics and how they were going to be in Atlanta and how if anybody on the East Coast was ever going to get to THE OLYMPICS this

might be the chance of a lifetime.

By the end of the ride, we had decided that we would take that chance of a lifetime, and we would be at the Olympics when they came to Atlanta in that far-off future of 1996. Occasionally when we talked over the next few months the Olympics were mentioned again. We even called the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce to inquire about tickets. (Oh how sweet and simple we thought things were. How innocent we were back then).

Our calls to the great city of the South were (politely) rebuffed. You have to wait until "The Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games" releases the official information on May 1, 1995 we were told. And so we waited. And the world waited. As the days of April 1995 ticked off the calendar we heard whisperings coming out of Atlanta. Ticket request forms would be released May 1, available wherever Coca-Cola products (official sponsor of

the games) are sold. Late in April, Sue and I convened several teleconference strategy sessions as we prepared for the big day.

We had decided that we would each rush and get the forms that day and order tickets immediately. How hard could it be? You just check off the tickets you want and mail back the order, right?

A quick background note in this adventure story is that Sue lives in North Carolina and I, of course, reside in Augusta County. And the husbands we are attached to were just along for the Olympic ride — no planning help was to be expected in that corner of the arena.

Finally the day dawned bright and clear. All night lines had been queuing up in Atlanta waiting for the official ticket request form to be made available. When the hour arrived, the news from the South told of mad scrambles for the forms. On that very same day in North

See COVER STORY, page 3



Atlanta 1996

## Verona gymnast looking ahead to 2000 Olympics

AC staff report

VERONA — Tara Widener of Verona was only 3 years old when she first watched the Olympics on television. She stood on a footstool and said, "I can do that!" and flipped off.

"After that she was always flip-floppin' around the house, so we thought we'd better get her some training so she wouldn't kill herself," said her mother Lola.

Since then the 10-year-old has received professional training and won numerous competitions. Tara started out in a local YMCA tumbling class, and at age 7 began commuting to Charlottesville five times a week to the only gym in central Virginia that is sanctioned by the U.S. Gymnastics Federation.

Her hard work and determination have paid off. Coached by Joe and

Dianna Gamma, she has displayed an exceptional ability in gymnastics. Her bedroom at her home just off U.S. 11 is trimmed with numerous ribbons and awards. Tara competed her first year on level 5 (on a scale of 1-10) and won every meet that year and placed second at the state level. Since then she has continued to improve and has advanced to higher levels of competition. Tara is the only girl in Augusta County on a competitive gymnastics team.

Is this some kind of hereditary ability? Her mother explains, "No, definitely not. Neither Robert (Tara's father) nor I have this gift from God. I was a cheerleader and couldn't turn a cartwheel." Lola also mentioned that her 16-year old son, Robby, is ranked Number 1 on the national circuit in karate. Wonder what the Wideners feed their family for breakfast?!

The Wideners have dealt well with the success of their children. They have been acutely aware of the areas in which they have demonstrated a natural talent without pushing them in any specific direction. They took the time to notice extraordinary gifts and allowed them to pursue their own interests by providing the best training available.

Training for three-and-a-half hours a day takes a lot of determination. Tara has learned that success follows hard work and practice.

"She has also learned a lot of good life skills, and how to set goals and work towards them," commented Lola. Will 5-year old sister Danae feel any pressure to follow in the footsteps of her siblings? "We've noticed that she loves to watch cooking shows for hours, so we're kind of hoping she'll like to

cook, because I don't!" Lola said.

The children are home-schooled by Lola, who works part-time at the Pregnancy Help Center in Staunton. Robert is self-employed as an independent contractor.

Tara is getting prepared to leave for the national competition in Orlando, Fla. at the intermediate optional level. She will be judged on level 9 skills. If she is to qualify for the Olympics at age 15, the minimum age, she will have to continue to win. To be eligible Tara must place high in the state and do well at the regional level. She will have to be competing at level 10 or elite gymnast. "I hope maybe I'll make it," said Tara.

The 2000 Olympics are four years and many dollars down the road. The financial burden of monthly gym fees, coaching fees, meet fees and travel expenses are taking their toll. Tara is hoping to find local corporate sponsors to help support her dream. Many businesses would rather wait until she makes it to the Olympics, but she needs help now in order to reach that level.

They have been blessed with local business and individuals who have agreed to sponsor Tara



TARA WIDENER

in the national competition. The Wideners would like to thank the following for their encouragement and financial support: Verona Foods, Edwards Trucking, Clair Park Animal Hospital, The Way Christian Bookstore, Sue Myers, Mary Lockridge, Joan Campbell, Pastor Gene and Linda Arey, New Harvest Church and Bernice Glenn. —



# Farm Bureau solicits Supervisors' opinions on ag issues

## AC staff report

CHURCHVILLE — Board members of the Augusta County Farm Bureau brought Mohammed to the mountain June 10 when they invited members of the Augusta County Board of Supervisors to dinner and a round table discussion of farm issues.

Rick Shiflet of Swoope and ACFB's legislative chairman, challenged supervisors to consider an "open-acre" credit to relieve farmers of some of the tax burden which they shoulder. He petitioned county government to study a system of taxing residences at a specified rate while giving tax credit to property owners who maintain a certain number of open acres.

"That's a very interesting concept," remarked Board Chairman and North River District Supervisor Charles Curry. "I'd like to see the figures on that." Supervisors noted that any such change in the county's taxation procedures would have to be legislated by the General Assembly.

Sponsored by the Farm Bureau's Women's Committee, the round table discussion yielded an opportunity for the supervisor's farming constituents to sound out the board on a number of agriculture related topics.

In his opening remarks, Shiflet introduced the intent of the gathering.

"We want to seek the supervisors' opinions on hot issues facing farmers," he said. The ultimate goal of the meeting was to "build rapport in agriculture



Augusta County Farm Bureau Women's Committee chairman Maxine Arey discusses agriculture issues with Augusta Farm Bureau president Harold Armstrong, Augusta Supervisors' chairman Charles Curry and vice chairman Don Hanger during a recent round table discussion hosted by Farm Bureau.

AC staff photo

areas" between the farming community and supervisors.

Leading off the discussion, Shiflet broached the subject of land use taxation. "How safe is it?" he asked the group.

"It's as safe as I can possibly make it," was the prompt response from Middle River District Supervisor Kay Frye.

Shiflet pointed out that some see land use as a gift to farmers. Don Hanger, board vice chairman and Riverheads District supervisor, explained that the ultimate fate of land use lies in the hands of legislators at the state's General Assembly.

"You need to keep an eye on Richmond," he advised Farm Bureau board members regarding land use.

The issue which drew perhaps the most fire from Farm Bureau board members was money devoted to the county's school budget.

"Where does it end?" Shiflet asked of what he described as an ever-escalating price tag for education in the county.

Hanger pointed out that the state mandates certain spending within the county's school system. It is this spending over which supervi-

sors have little control, he said.

"We don't have a line item veto," Frye told the group.

Pat Coffield, county administrator, noted that the school budget is set according to "standards of quality requirements" specified by the state. "Dollars come down from the state with strings attached," he noted.

Tracy Pyles, Pastures District supervisor, encouraged Farm Bureau members to "be there (at school board meetings) when (spending) decisions are made." Rusty Ashby, Beverley Manor supervisor, pointed out that the elected school board is the group which sets the school budget.

"There are different philosophies in the school budget process," he said. "Do you say 'yes' or 'no' to kids?" Farm Bureau board member Charles Wonderly of Weyers Cave said he was "sick of hearing that" argument.

Orvin Kiser, South River District supervisor, said the school budget battle is an "interesting phenomenon."

"We complain about schools and taxes from about March 15 to April 15 when we have to pay taxes, then holler the rest of the year about inadequate (school) facilities," he said.

Farm Bureau board members who live in the western quarter of the county expressed concern over inadequate facilities at Churchville, Craigsville, and North River elementary schools. They ques-

tioned the placement of new elementary schools in Fort Defiance and Stuarts Draft.

"We use different criteria each time we build schools," Pyles said. "We need to take care of basic needs for education before giving an industrial community a place to play basketball."

Turning the discussion table on the Farm Bureau directors, Hanger introduced the subject of the Chesapeake Bay Tributary Study.

"We will have to comply with the number of nitrates going into the water," he said. "Even though it's not the case, farmers are getting blamed for it." He encouraged ACFB to serve as an educator among its members to endorse nutrient management plans.

"The Clean Water Act is here," Hanger said. "They're going to put the regulations on it whether we like it or not."

Curry said farmers have "done a lot of things" to control water contamination from runoff, but "are not getting credit for it."

Coffield encouraged Farm Bureau members to promote volunteerism whenever possible in the county. He specifically noted the service of individuals who provide fire and rescue services in the county. Coffield noted that paying a professional force for fire and rescue response would increase the county's tax bill substantially.

Wayne District Supervisor Larry Sykes was unable to attend the meeting. —

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## COVER STORY

Continued from page 1

Carolina and Virginia we too went to our local businesses which carried Coca-Cola and therefore had earned the right to have official ticket request forms. I rushed out to the first business — a grocery store — and came up empty-handed. Nothing. The next store — same deal — nothing! I went to several businesses before I realized that not everybody was on the edge of their seats about this official ticket request form. Coke had not yet distributed the forms.

Undaunted, I drove to the Coke office and demanded my official ticket request form and was given several. Success at last. Smooth sailing from here you are thinking. Yeah, right. The fun had just begun. All we had accomplished so far was to survive the preliminaries. Now we were up against real competition. In the years since the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games had been formed, it had evolved into a bureaucracy, complete with its rules, regulations, forms and procedures. In a matter of seconds we were staring our toughest competition square in the eye, or rather the page. No doubt about it, we had to master the official ticket request form if we were to ever see our Olympic dream come true.

The word "form" is actually a misnomer, because the "form" which measured 8 3/4 by 10 3/4 was actually a book of almost 50 pages! On the front cover the Olympic flag with its colorful rings flapped in the breeze while athletes surrounded it — a hurdler, a gymnast, a soccer player and a diver. Inside was a nice welcome, southern style, from Billy Payne, the president and chief executive of the Committee. I did wonder briefly why presidents who hail from Georgia all try to be more down-home and casual by going with nicknames (Jimmy, Billy...) "These are the last Games of this millennium," Billy told us. "Probably the last Olympic Summer Games on U.S. soil for a generation. The first to be held in the south. The largest in history. More athletes. More countries. More sports. More medals. More tickets." Yeah, sure Billy, and more people than ever wanting to get those tickets and more sponsors than ever buying up blocks of those tickets. Billy went on to tell us that people spend their "whole lives striving for this moment." It is, he added, "their chance to make history in the Games of the century."

How nice, how cute, how glorious. Here was our chance to attend the games that would go down in history. After all, this is the 100th anniversary of the running of the modern Olympiad. From Athens in 1896 to Atlanta in 1996. I bet there was no official ticket request form in 1896, and besides very few people today read Greek.

Greek, however, was the language in which much of the 1996 official ticket request form appeared to have been written. The next pages after Billy's nice letter described the different events—from archery to

## Mascots symbolize goodwill of Olympics

By NANCY SORRELLS

In 1932 a terrier dog roamed the Olympics at Los Angeles. Smokey was the first official mascot of the modern Olympics. It would be another 40 years however, until 1972, before the organizing committees for each games began adopting official characters as mascots.

The job of the mascots has always been to represent the host city and be an ambassador of Olympic goodwill. The 1972 mascot was a light blue cartoon dachshund from Munich. His name was Waldi. A popular pet in Bavaria, the organizers felt that

the dog's traits of tenacity, endurance and agility represented that of athletes.

Other mascots over the years have included Amik, the industrious beaver of the 1976 Montreal games; Roni the Raccoon of the 1980 Lake Placid games; Hodori the Tiger of the 1988 Seoul games; and Cobi the Pyrenees sheepdog of the 1992 Barcelona games.

Atlanta unveiled "WHAT-IZIT" as its mascot at the conclusion of the Barcelona games. A blue, computer generated creature, the mascot has since been renamed "IZZY."

Izzy has evolved since his

1992 beginning. His appearance, which originally was criticized, has been altered in the last four years. Much of the input for the change has come after interviews with children. The result is a character which now has more appeal to the younger generation.

Izzy's new look is slimmer and more muscular with bigger feet and bigger, lidded eyes. He also has a nose, a feature he lacked at Barcelona. With the games just days away, Izzy has appeared everywhere. Stuffed Izzies are selling like hotcakes and Izzy pins are sure to be big trade items in Atlanta. —



Izzy, mascot of the 1996 Summer Olympic games, will be showing up on TV cartoons, lunch boxes, and computer software.

yachting. There are 35 in all and include such exhilarating events as table tennis, handball and artistic gymnastics. The competitions are actually scattered across a several-state area. Canoeing and kayaking, for instance, are on the Ocoee River in Tennessee, and rowing is in Lake Lanier, Alabama.

By this point on May 1, 1995 we were getting a little anxious. We were 11 pages into the official ticket request form and had seen nothing about requesting tickets. Finally, finally, page 12 flipped open and there it was in bold blue print: REQUESTING YOUR 1996 TICKETS. "All you need to know to reserve your place in Olympic his-

to plan your itinerary."

Hey, this is beginning to sound like an IRS form and April 15th has already passed. What gives here?

After completing number 1 and 2, then we just had to "Fill out your ticket request form, include full payment, sign and mail it — postmarked no later than June 30, 1995 — to increase your chances of getting the tickets you want most!"

Yeah, no problem, okay, back to number 1. Ah yes, "Read this section thoroughly." It seems that the Committee had created a computer program called FairTix to process tickets and give everyone a fair chance at tickets. All we had to do was fill out our worksheet. Here is

where the Greek part came in. Try to fathom these instructions: "You will be asked to list your 'Preferred Choices' — or most desired selections — and two 'Alternate choices' that will serve as acceptable substitutes in case your Preferred Choice selections are not assigned. Requests will be entered into FairTix in the order they were received. If, at that time, there are more requests for a session than we have tickets, that session will automatically be labeled as "oversubscribed." FairTix will immediately assign tickets for non-oversubscribed sessions, and will then randomly select the requests to be filled for oversubscribed sessions."

I am not making this up!! This is still just the first portion of the section we had to read thoroughly in order to obtain tickets. The column contained lines like "The total price of your Alternate Choice sessions cannot exceed the total price of your corresponding Preferred Choice session," and "If there are no less expensive tickets available for your Preferred Choice session, FairTix will automatically proceed to the session you have listed as its corresponding Alternate Choice #1, or your first acceptable substitute. If tickets to your Alternate Choice #1 session are available, you will automatically be assigned tickets; if not, the request is routed through the FairTix random selection process for that particular session."

Reaching for a paper bag into which we began to breathe in order to prevent hyperventilation, we began again. "It's as easy as 1-2-3. Read this section thoroughly..."

Two days, several phone conversations, and many official Olympic planner worksheets later we had worked our way through the 540 different sports sessions. We had played out all the different scenarios, decided which priced section at each event to try for, written down our alternate choices, filled out our official ticket request form, and were ready for the next step.

Because there were four of us requesting tickets, we had to map out a special strategy that insured consecutive seats at our preferred and alternate choices, but we had pushed on to higher intellectual ground and solved that brain teaser as well. Finally, we reached the last hurdle. The one that can humble even the toughest competitor. Taking a deep breath, we totaled the cost of the tickets. And then I called my credit card company to extend my limit (Visa is the official sponsor of the Games, and tickets could only be put on this credit card).

Billy had warned us in his opening letter that these games would be like no other, and he was right. No games have ever cost so much. While it is true that some tickets are downright cheap, baseball tickets can be had for as little as \$7, others require a second mortgage on your house. The best seats at the opening ceremonies sell for \$636, while the cheap seats at the same event are a measly \$212. Yes, that's a piece. Top seats at the gymnastics finals are over \$200, while the nosebleed section is a deal at \$80. For many Americans these will certainly be the only Olympic games they attend, because they will be paying for the '96 tickets until the next millennium.

But, after breathing into the

brown paper bag a couple more times, we totaled the ticket cost, threw in the extra \$20 to join the official pin collectors club and the extra \$10 for the official program, and wrote down our Visa card numbers. Because the official ticket request form warned that "requests will be entered into FairTix in the order they were received," we conferred on the phone one final time and then Express mailed our official ticket request forms to Atlanta on May 3.

Our training and planning hit a plateau from May until September. In September somewhere in Atlanta the official computer spittered and coughed, jiggled and juggled, examined its numbers and forms and then spit out the pages we had been waiting for all summer.

More than four months after submitting our request we learned what tickets we had and had not been granted by FairTix. It was a mixed bag. We got about half the tickets we had requested. Luckily, I suppose, we did not get the \$212 tickets to the opening ceremonies. We have tickets to, among other things, basketball, volleyball, rowing, softball, track and field, handball, canoeing and kayaking. We have at least one event to attend each of the nine days of our Olympic dream.

Of course, our competition was not over with the confirmation of tickets. The final lap had yet to be run. We still had to successfully navigate the housing situation. We did and will be staying in a private house just outside of Atlanta. Pins have also been purchased through the official pin society so that we may participate in the swapping that seems to go on in the Olympic Village.

Just a short while ago we were even awakened one morning by a loud banging on the door. An official looking man was delivering an official looking package which we officially had to sign for before he would officially leave. Inside were the ACTUAL TICKETS to the events, each with an official 3-D hologram on them. With the finish line in sight, we feel that we have given these Olympics our all. The years of planning and training have paid off. Atlanta here we come. —

## IT'S AS EASY AS 1-2-3!

1. Read this section thoroughly.
2. Complete your Olympic Planner Worksheet (pages 22-25), using the Olympic Schedule Grid (pages 22-24), Olympic Venue Maps (pages 26-27), and Sports Session Schedules (pages 28-44) to help plan your itinerary.
3. Fill out your ticket request form, include full payment, sign and mail it — postmarked no later than June 30, 1995 — to increase your chances of getting the tickets you want most!

**"It's as easy as 1-2-3!" claimed the Olympic ticket request form. Completing the document which was included in a 50-page booklet of instructions was an Olympian feat itself.**

tory is right here. Take a few moments to read this section carefully, and then make your selections and find out how easy it is to request your tickets for the 1996 Centennial Olympic Games."

Whewww. There it was. No problem. The next page even had a blue box that said: "It's as easy as 1-2-3!"

Number 1 looked easy enough, "Read this section thoroughly." O.K. O.K. Number 2 looked a bit harder: "Complete your Olympic Planner worksheet (pages 22-25), using the Olympic Schedule Grid (pages 22-24), Olympic Venue Maps (pages 26-27), and Sports Session Schedules (pages 28-44)



# Presbyterian Moderator makes historic visit to area

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

**BETHEL GREEN** — The Spirit of Presbyterians worldwide came to Bethel Presbyterian Church on the evening of May 22. Marj Carpenter, moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., had been invited to come to the church and join in the celebration of area Presbyterian churches' 250th anniversaries. Through her words, the church leader evoked the Spirit of Presbyterians past and present, both globally and locally, to carry the work of the church into the 21st century.

"I am sinfully proud to be a Presbyterian," Ms. Carpenter said in opening her address to the gathering. She went on to detail the importance of Presbyterianism to the nation at large.

"The form of government in our country is patterned after the Presbyterian (church's) form of government," she said. She noted that a Presbyterian was among those who signed the Declaration of Independence, and that "10 presidents plus one" have been Presbyterians.

"I count Abe Lincoln as the plus one, because although he never joined he went to a Presbyterian church every week," explained Ms. Carpenter. She noted that Presbyterians are among some of the nation's most influential people including 54 congresspersons and 12 state governors. The strength of the denomination, she said, comes from its 99 million worldwide members.

Ms. Carpenter went on to name numerous high profile Presbyterians including authors, military leaders, astronauts, and motion picture stars.

"But what I'm really proud of is what we've done in the Presbyterian Church in mission," she said. "We've done the best job in taking mission into the world and the worst job of telling about it." P.C. (USA) currently has 1,050 missionaries in

51 countries around the world.

"I maintain the Church is alive and well, and I'm tired of hearing otherwise," she said.

The Presbyterian Church's newest mission field is Siberia, the moderator noted. She explained that the Eskimo people of the Alaskan Presbytery are "doing a marvelous job of taking the Gospel across the Bering Strait." Only 18 miles from the United States, Siberia just recently has opened its doors to missionaries.

Through the years the Presbyterian Church has sent mission workers into many fields. Some, like those sent to China, paid the price of their lives for this work. After a number of missionaries were beheaded in China, the Presbyterian Church "finally gave up," Ms. Carpenter said, and "pulled out."

"The day we left China we lost \$48 million worth of goods and property," she said. For many years, church officials "moaned" the loss of that money. With the Presbyterians gone, Christians in China went underground, according to Ms. Carpenter.

"When they (China's government) opened the doors again, 16,000 were baptized on the first day. We found 15 million Christians waiting for us when we returned to China," the moderator said. "Once the church is in a place, it's never gone."

Likewise in Korea, Presbyterians have seen incredible growth in the church.

"Korea just completely blows us away," Ms. Carpenter said. "One church in Seoul has 68,000 members. They have seven services on Sunday. When one group leaves church, 6,000 people are waiting in line to get in." A seminary which started in North Korea with two pupils was later moved to Seoul. It is now the largest seminary in the world with 2,600 students.

"The church always seems to grow where we're in trouble," Ms.

Carpenter said. "Everywhere we've ever helped the most desparate (people) we've grown."

Challenged once by a Baptist church official to defend her claim that the Presbyterian Church is the most active church in worldwide mission, Ms. Carpenter began ticking off the countries where P.C. missionaries are at work. Naming the countries one by one, Ms. Carpenter recalled that the official conceded her point early on during her recitation.

Prior to assuming her moderator's role, the Pulitzer-award nominee put her skills as a journalist to work for 15 years as director of the Presbyterian News Service. She has won 103 press awards in three states including an Associated Press award for community service.

A graduate of Texas College of Arts and Industry with a degree in music, Ms. Carpenter began working at a small town newspaper after she married having pursued journalism as an extracurricular interest while in college. The Texas native has received three honorary doctorate degrees, the most recent coming from Seoul, Korea's Presbyterian Women's College. She retired as P.C. News Service director in January 1995 and within six months was elected to lead the nationwide church as its moderator. She is only the eighth woman in the 300-year history of the Presbyterian Church in the United States to serve as its moderator.

During her service to the Presbyterian Church, Ms. Carpenter has traveled to 107 countries where the church supports mission projects. Her book, "To the ends of the Earth," includes mission stories from around the world. Ms. Carpenter's term will come to a close in July when the General Assembly convenes in Albuquerque, N.M. Having been home only five days during her year in office, her post-moderator duties include traveling every weekend for a year to



Marj Carpenter, moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., spoke at Bethel Presbyterian Church in May. She visited the area to join in the celebrations of area churches observing their 250th anniversaries.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

speak at churches. As she approaches her 70th birthday, Ms. Carpenter reflected that she has been in service to the church since she taught Sunday School as a 15-year-old. Ms. Carpenter is mother of three and grandmother of three. Her husband died in 1965.

"Mission, mission, mission," Ms. Carpenter says, has been the primary focus of her term as moderator.

"We just need to get our heart and soul back around it (mission)," she said. "It won't just help us, it will help the whole world."

The moderator's visit to Bethel was almost as historic as the church's celebration of its sesquicentennial. Not since 1856 has a Presbyterian moderator made an appearance at Bethel. It happened then when Francis McFarland, who

served the Bethel pastorate for 43 years, was elected Moderator of the General Assembly.

"I don't know how to tell you how I feel about mission," Ms. Carpenter said to those gathered at Bethel after spending most of an hour describing mission work of the church through the years. "I know what we have done. There is no place to stop. You have to keep trying. As long as there are babies who are too weak to cry, as long as there are mothers who say, 'I didn't want to ask for help, because you've done so much already,' as long as there are people who say, 'You're (Presbyterians) the only ones who come even when there's trouble,' we have to keep taking the Gospel into the world." —

## Bethel invites community to annual Jubilee

**BETHEL GREEN** — Bethel Presbyterian Church invites the community to its third annual Jubilee which will be held June 29 beginning at 3 p.m. on the church grounds.

Lawn chairs or blankets will be the order of the day as two outdoor concerts are planned. The Stonewall Brigade Band will perform as will the B.T. Howard Memorial Choir, an African-American

gospel group from Lexington.

There will be games for children and other diversions in addition to the musical performances.

A picnic dinner will be served at approximately 5:30 p.m. Pork barbecue by Charlie's will be the main course with covered dish accompaniments to include baked beans, vegetable and fruit trays, and desserts. Beverages and eating utensils will be provided.

Bethel Church is located on Howardsville Road (Va. 701) two miles west of Riverheads High School. For information call 886-6041. In the event of rain, the concerts and picnic will be held indoors. —

## Bethel offering early Sunday service

**BETHEL GREEN** — Bethel Presbyterian Church will hold early-morning worship services through the summer months until Aug. 18.

The additional 8:45 a.m. Sunday morning service is offered for individuals who may want to travel on Sundays or just escape the heat of the regular midday service. Dress for the service will be casual.

The early-morning worship will be followed by Sunday School at 10 a.m. Regular Sunday morning worship services will continue to be held at 11 a.m. For information, call 886-6041. —

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# Moderator speaks out on church's work, members' duties

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

BETHEL GREEN — It is mid-afternoon in the middle of the week. Marj Carpenter is slumped in a chair. Shoes off, her feet are propped on the seat of another chair. She doesn't need to explain that she is exhausted. There is exhaustion plainly visible from her bare feet to her tousled white hair.

Eating a banana, she is making the most of a very brief break in an incredibly busy schedule. She looks more the part of a foot soldier, weary and worn from marching day after day, than she does the moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

But the moderator's pace since July 1995 has been very much that of a foot soldier. She has been home — her apartment in Big Spring, Tex. — only five days in the past 10 months. She has flown practically every day of her term to date jetting across the country and around the world. The P.C. staff and the airlines have all but given up keeping track of her frequent-flyer miles as she has traveled from one church to the next, from one speaking engagement to the next, in one day and out the next. Newark, N.J.; San Francisco, Calif.; Seoul, Korea; Charlotte, N.C.; Atlanta, Ga.; New York, N.Y.; Washington, D.C. — the faces and the places may blur, but this foot soldier has drawn up her own orders which she keeps sharply in focus. Her self-assigned task during her one-year term as moderator is to visit as many churches as

**"Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age."**

**Matthew 28: 19-20**

she can — with small churches and those which haven't been visited by a moderator for some time (and some never having been visited by the moderator) taking priority, for a change, over the denomination's megachurches. Her message? Mission. Mission. Mission.

Although worn out from her travels and not hesitating to say she wants to be alone and left alone, the moderator summons the energy for yet one more interview, one more discussion, one more explanation of her mission as moderator.

The following are excerpts from an interview with the Presbyterian Church's moderator when she visited Bethel Presbyterian Church recently. In some cases responses to questions are paraphrased. Direct quotes are noted as such.

**"...repentance and forgiveness of sins should be preached in his name to all nations..."**

**Luke 24: 47**

**What are the top five problems in the world today?**

1. Hunger, which causes a lot of wars.
2. The determination of some faiths, espe-

cially Muslims, to want to run the governments of countries.

3. Arguments over land, especially in Latin American countries.

4. The need to control nuclear arms; work for peace.

5. The inability of nations to work together and realize we made this nation too small to be isolationists. We can't just put a fence around our country anymore, and neither can anybody else.

**What are the top five solutions to the world's problems?**

1. We need to find the basic causes of hunger, not just keep passing out food, and some of that has to do with who controls the land. As long as we have as much bounty in this country, we have to keep trying to feed the world.

2. We have to keep trying to develop interfaith relations, although it is very difficult. We find it much easier to work with countries we have managed to take Christianity into.

3. We need to keep trying to encourage Latin American countries to distribute land to the poor, in a system similar to our homesteading early in this country's history. Possession of land in some countries is so unequal.

4. We need to support peace agreements which control the use of nuclear arms. We've made some strides in this area, mostly because we got scared.

5. We need to use our highest technologies and every skill we have to develop love in every nation. We need to remember our God is love, and that's not always easy.

**What is the greatest threat to the Presbyterian Church as a whole?**

We need to get away from constant discussions of single issues like ordaining homosexuals, abortion, gun control and affirmative action. These tend to tear us apart, because we get so emotional. We need to learn to disagree without being disagreeable. We need to remember that we are reformed and constantly reforming.

**What did you choose as the focus for your year as moderator?**

Mission, mission, mission. I'm tired of fighting about issues. The national church gets caught up in mini-issues. We need to get back to the basics of mission, evangelism, and youth work.

**What has brought about the greatest change in the Presbyterian Church?**

Accepting that Paul's opinions were not necessarily the only ones that mattered which cleared the way for the ordination of women into the clergy.

**What do you want to be your legacy to the Presbyterian Church?**

That they would not forget mission.

**If you could say one thing to every Presbyterian in the country, what would you say?**

"Don't forget to take the Gospel into all the world. That's the last thing our Lord told us to do."

**On faith and commitment...**

"We need to make members realize that the most important thing

you do in your life is what you do for your church.

"The Church is not a cruise ship. It's not supposed to offer 47 different types of activities to keep us happy. We need to serve the church and not expect the church to entertain us.

"The most important thing we teach our children is about church, not whether they're the best soccer player on the block. My father used to say he didn't care if we skipped school. He said if we skipped school we'd just grow up ignorant and have to dig ditches. But he told us if we skipped church, we'd go to hell. And he firmly believed that."

*Video tapes of Marj Carpenter's presentation at Bethel Presbyterian Church may be borrowed from the church's library. Call 886-6041 for information.*

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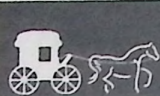
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# Yesterday once more



## Bethel's history based in frontier life, nation's fight for independence

**EDITOR'S NOTE --** This is the fourth in a series of six articles about churches in the area which are celebrating 250th anniversaries this year.

By NANCY SORRELLS

**BETHEL GREEN** — Through three different centuries, in three different buildings, Bethel Presbyterian Church has been a part of the spiritual life of the community around Greenville, Middlebrook and Mint Spring.

Originally called the North Mountain Meeting House and located a few miles to the north of its present location, the roots of this Presbyterian congregation reach back to the early days of settlement in Augusta County. John Craig's baptismal records tell of a North Mountain meeting house as early as 1741 and of religious work going on in the area at least a year earlier.

Within a few short years, in 1746, a young evangelical minister named John Blair visited the area and was able to get the North

Mountain meeting house in church order. Blair was a New Side preacher, filled with the fires of evangelism. Many of the Old Siders from North Mountain withdrew to form Brown's Meeting House. Despite the division, however, the two congregations shared much in the way of services and ministers in the years to come.

By the eve of the American Revolution, the area of Augusta County, which once was a trackless wilderness, had changed quite a bit. The land that once had only rough trails and narrow roads now had well-established transportation routes like the Great Wagon Road, today called U.S. 11. As a consequence of the improved transportation networks, the population of the area had shifted closer to the larger roads. The congregation of North Mountain Meeting House was no different and many members lived along Christian's Creek and north of Greenville.

Because of this shift, it was decided that a more centrally located meeting house would be built, and the present site — at the intersection of Bethel Green Road and the Howardsville Road — was chosen. The members who lived in the western reaches of the area, however, opposed the change in location. To settle the controversy, Col. Robert Doak put together a group in favor of the move and went to work downing trees and building a large log structure in 1779. When questioned about perhaps moving too fast in light of congregational controversy, legend has it that Doak replied: "We will end the dispute by putting up the Church." He did. Bethel was built. The trouble ended.

Despite the fact that the newly named Bethel and Brown's Meeting House had split years ago, they continued to share pastors. In 1779 they called the Reverend Archibald Scott who served the two churches until his death in 1799. The Bethel log church he served soon became famous for its part in the struggle for

freedom that was taking place across America. At Bethel the struggle was for religious freedom.

Two historic documents outlining the new nation's views on religious freedom were created and adopted at Bethel. The first, in 1784, arose from a meeting of the Hanover Presbytery at Bethel. At that meeting, a document described as "a memorial to the Assembly at their present session, upon certain infringements of religious liberty which exists in this State," was prepared. The complaint lodged by the Presbyterians concerned the fact that the Anglican church had been the established church by law in Virginia since the 17th century. As the only recognized church, the Anglicans (now called Episcopalians) could levy taxes and oversee social and moral well-being within the community. The document sent from Bethel protested the special privileges like this that some denominations had over others.

A year later, the Presbytery met again at Bethel and created a second, stronger document which became the cornerstone of religious freedom in Virginia. This memorial called for religious freedom and led not only to the adoption of Thomas Jefferson's Act for Establishing Religious Freedom, but also to the inclusion of similar principles in the U.S. Constitution.

In the years after Scott's death in 1799, Bethel was served by a number of stated supply ministers as well as regular preachers who each served for just a few years. Although no session records exist between 1821 and 1823, this was a particularly important era in the history timeline of Bethel. Despite being without a minister, a building committee was formed which led the congregation in the construction of a new brick church.

When it was finished in 1822, at



Bethel Presbyterian Church, 1822

a cost of about \$4,000, it was 48 feet wide and 58 feet long. The pulpit was in the west end of the church, which forced latecomers to the service to walk by the pulpit and face the congregation! The pews in the new church were rented to members in order to raise money for a minister's salary. Keeping the tradition of the first church on the site alive was the communion table and the pulpit Bible from the log church, both of which were placed in the new brick church.

With a new church and no minister to lead them, the congregation began a search. At the same time Bethel was searching, a series of interesting coincidences allowed an ailing pastor from Pennsylvania to travel to the Valley in search of renewed health. An invitation to preach brought him to Bethel for several Sundays, and the people were impressed enough to send out a call. Despite the fact that Francis McFarland was warned about the people of southern Augusta County — "Why, brother McFarland, you can never stay there, they are a rebellious people, no one can please them," he was told by a fellow clergyman — he not only stayed, but remained longer than any Bethel preacher before or since.

The young minister found a spiritually strong group, "most of whom were steady consistent professors of religion." In those days, crowds often filled the church and churchyard for days at a time. McFarland's daughter recalls her father describing "ordinary communion sessions (where) the

church was literally packed. The pulpit steps & benches in the aisles filled. Frequently preaching was held in the grove. It was not unusual for persons, even ladies with children to ride 15 & 20 miles to attend communion services often lasting several days. As many as 800 or 1,000 horses (were) on the grounds (as well)."

From 1823 until his death in 1871, McFarland left the service of Bethel only to serve the church in a national office from 1837 until 1840. During those years in Philadelphia he missed the congregation of Augusta, and they missed him. Apparently the rebellious people did not get along well with McFarland's replacement, A.B. McCorkle. At McCorkle's departure, the people issued a call for McFarland's return. His acceptance made him the only minister to serve Bethel twice.

During his second tenure, he continued to bring prominence to Bethel by serving the church on the state and national levels. In 1856 he was moderator of the General Assembly, and in 1861 he presided over the meeting which formed the Southern Presbyterian Church until a moderator could be elected.

McFarland's successor, James Murray, oversaw the construction of the third and present church as

See BETHEL, page 7



Bethel Church as it appeared in 1889. The steeple, which was damaged in a windstorm, was later removed and replaced with the present-day tower.

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# Bethel minister's diaries tell of Civil War on homefront

By NANCY SORRELLS

GREENVILLE—The Reverend Francis McFarland's worry had been reflected in his diary entries for more than a year when he penned his fears about "the perilous state of the country" in January 1861.

McFarland, a Presbyterian minister and community leader at Bethel Church in southern Augusta County, knew that his nation was headed toward Civil War. He knew and feared the outcome.

When war finally occurred in the spring of 1861, there was little doubt that McFarland would be an observer from the sidelines. At 73 and in poor health, he was certainly not going to march off and participate in any battles. And, yet, this elderly man was intimately, personally involved in a bloody, tragic war, and his daily diary entries throughout the conflict tell a sad story of his home community. Little did the aging minister realize the prophesy in his words written in May 1861 after the war had begun but before the very nation was ripped apart. "I mourn in bitterness over the state of things," he said.

The diary pages reveal that the southern Augusta County community in which McFarland lived was touched by the war every day in incalculable ways. Although actual fighting only reached into the county for four brief periods during the war, there were never less than 1,000 soldiers stationed here and many more passed through Staunton which was a railroad supply depot. Others who were sick and wounded were housed in local hospitals or in private homes.

When the call to arms was issued by the South in 1861, all three of McFarland's sons joined the cause. Four years later, 23-year-old Robert was dead, 19-year-old James came home after a lengthy stay in a Federal prison, and 27-year-old Francis William came home after being held in another Yankee prison only to die within a year of complications from his imprisonment.

As his sons and the sons of neighbors left their homes, McFarland wrote: "There is mourn-

ing everywhere about sons etc. gone to resist northern troops."

Many sons, like Robert, never returned home. Sixteen times during the war, McFarland was also called upon to preach the funerals of other young men from southern Augusta County who had paid the ultimate price. Yet another death which cut the elderly minister to the quick was that of his close friend Gen. Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson. The great Stonewall was a Presbyterian from Lexington. McFarland considered him a true "Christian soldier" and worried about the general exposing himself to unnecessary danger on the battlefield.

The homefront of the Civil War was affected by the conflict in many ways according to the diary. Farmers suffered without workers to get in the crops, and women were called upon to sew uniforms, blankets and tents, make bandages, and knit socks.

In 1861 the women of the various churches in the area were called upon to make 1,000 shirts in three days according to McFarland's diary entry. Farmers were also asked to forgo the slaughter of sheep so that there would be more wool to make blankets and socks for the soldiers. As wool became precious later in the war, its price skyrocketed to nearly \$10 a pound.

For the Bethel congregation, there was also a spiritual duty to be shouldered during the war. The elderly minister spoke to his congregation about their duty as a Christian congregation in time of war, and days of "fasting, humiliation and prayer," were set aside as ways of thinking about the soldiers. After one such day, McFarland wrote that there was a large congregation at Bethel, and added: "May God grant an answer to our prayers in this awful crisis of our affairs."

Late in the war as shortages and severe inflation took its toll in the Confederacy, the Bethel congregation began paying McFarland in produce. For the remainder of the war, he took his salary in hams, turkeys, beef, apples, lard and flour.

See WAR, page 8



Bethel Presbyterian Church, June 1996

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

## •Bethel

Continued from page 6

well as the acquisition of the parsonage. The present church, completed in 1889 for more than \$6,000, has been altered in appearance over the years. The building originally had a steeple. Years later, after the steeple was damaged in a windstorm, it was replaced by the present tower.

The late 19th century also marked an increase in the participation of the women in the church. In 1833, under the direction of Francis McFarland's wife, Mary, the Female Bible Society was founded. This evolved into the Ladies Missionary Society in the 1870s. Around 1920 this group was reorganized as the Woman's Auxiliary. No matter the name, the women of the church have contributed to missions large and small, local and international over the years.

The Sunday School, which had been founded in 1832, also grew tremendously in the late 19th century. In 1870 it was intensely organized as "the more formal organization of catechetical classes" and A.A. Sproul was elected the first superintendent.

In 1912 the Sunday School building was added at the cost of more than \$7,000. It was the first such rural education building to be

constructed in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

In order to raise funds for such an expensive building, Superintendent W.W. Sproul gathered all his Sunday school students together and supplied them with seed potatoes. The pupils were instructed to plant the potatoes and sell the harvest in the fall to raise money for the building.

Always one of the largest Presbyterian churches in the area, Bethel expanded its outreach in the late 19th and early 20th centuries with a number of missions and outposts. Outpost Sunday Schools were held at Greenville, Middlebrook, East Bethel, Pines Chapel, Cross Keys and Stover schoolhouse during the summers. By 1914 or so, the Sunday school attendance, including all the outposts, totaled 566. Actual outpost churches were developed at East Bethel and Pines Chapel.

Although the East Bethel building remains today (on Avis Road), it is now a private residence. Pines Chapel, however, has become a thriving independent congregation and is located on Cold Spring Road east of Greenville. In the 1920s the Bethel interior was modernized under the supervision of the Staunton architectural firm of T.J. Collins and Son. The interior was remodeled and closely matches

what it looks like today. An ironic part of the remodeling came when the walnut used in the refurbishing was supplied from the dismantled Bumgardner distillery which had been located just across the road from the church.

The distillery had always been a worry for Francis McFarland who was active in the Bethel Temperance Society during his tenure and had fought hard to eradicate the consumption of distilled spirits within the community.

Two major capital improvement projects took place at Bethel in the second half of this century. In 1957 the old manse was sold and a new manse was constructed adjacent to the church at a cost of more than \$38,000.

In 1964, a new Christian Education Building was constructed during the tenure of James Sprunt. It was, according to Sprunt, a building which contained "a commodious kitchen, and various large rooms for church school departments and for the choir."

As Bethel celebrates its 250th anniversary, the days of Presbyterian worship on the frontier seem far away. And yet, the continuity of the Presbyterian heritage has been preserved at Bethel. No matter the time or the place, the heritage of Bethel Presbyterian Church has continued to flourish. —

## Francis McFarland: 1788-1871

By NANCY SORRELLS

Perhaps no single individual defines the history of Bethel Presbyterian Church in the 19th century better than the Reverend Francis McFarland. For more than 40 years his name was synonymous with Bethel, and his leadership took the congregation through almost its entire occupancy of the second church building.

McFarland's story actually goes back to 1788 when he was born in County Tyrone in Northern Ireland. When he was 5, his family sailed to America, landing in Philadelphia. His father farmed in west-

ern Pennsylvania where he grew up in a Presbyterian community. After studying in college, he went on to the theological seminary in Princeton and was licensed to the ministry in late 1819. Two-and-a-half years later, upon the completion of missionary trips throughout the country, he was ordained.

Shortly after his ordination, McFarland suffered the first of what would become a lifetime of physical setbacks. An attack of typhoid fever left him so disabled that doctors recommended a trip by horseback through the South as a means of recovery. By the time his restorative trip brought him to

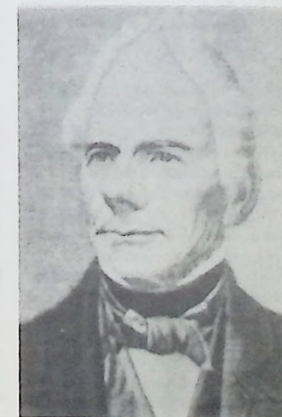
the Shenandoah Valley, he was so well that he was able to preach. Thus, he received an invitation to preach at "a large country congregation called Bethel..." The people at Bethel had just completed a new brick church, but were without a minister. In 1823 the congregation invited the visiting minister they had heard preach to stay. He did — for the next 13 years — until 1836.

McFarland then left Bethel to serve the Presbyterian Church on a national level as corresponding secretary of the Board of Education. While living in Philadelphia, he missed the congregation at Bethel, and they missed him. When

his replacement at the church resigned in 1840, the call to return was issued to McFarland. He did so in 1841 and remained at Bethel for the rest of his life, until 1871.

His years at Bethel were important on a state and national level as well as within the Augusta County community. In 1856 he attained the highest level within America's Presbyterian church when he served as Moderator of the General Assembly (held in New York that year). In 1861 when the Presbyterian churches of the South formed their own church, McFarland, as the last moderator

See MCFARLAND, page 8



FRANCIS MCFARLAND



*Another piece of the Presbyterian puzzle*

# Old Providence A.R.P. founding pre-dates denomination's existence

By KATHARINE BROWN

SPOTTSWOOD — In southern Augusta County where Spottswood Road joins Old Providence Road is the 10-acre complex of Old Providence church.

Presbyterianism has been marked by many splits and divisions in the 400 years since its formation in Scotland during the Protestant Reformation. Many of those splits and divisions are represented in the story of this church.

The congregation traces its roots to a period before its denomination, the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, even existed. In the early days of settlement of

the Valley, the Scotch-Irish settlers from the north of Ireland formed "Christian societies" to meet for worship. Soon these groups would build log meeting houses.

The early settlers along the Beverley Manor-Borden Grant line invited the only Presbyterian minister in Augusta, the Reverend John Craig of Tinkling Spring and Augusta Stone meeting houses, to baptize and preach occasionally at their houses. On June 30, 1743, Craig recorded that he baptized several children "at South Mountain meeting house." This indicates the existence of a Presbyterian place of worship there. Old Providence, which is one of several

churches to come out of South Mountain meeting house, claims that first log meeting house nearby, built by 1743, for its founding date. Thus, Old Providence chose 1992 to celebrate its 250th anniversary.

South Mountain congregation tried several times, unsuccessfully, to get a pastor. In 1745 they called the Reverend Samuel Black of Donegal Presbytery, who accepted, but was never installed. This occurred at the height of the Great Awakening, a revival that divided its supporters (New Lights) and its opponents (Old Side). Donegal Presbytery and some worshippers at South Mountain were Old Side. Others in that congregation were New Lights. When the New Light preacher John Blair came to the area in 1746, he set five congregations in Rockbridge and Augusta in church order. Most members of South Mountain then formed into either Timber Ridge or New Providence. In 1753, those two congregations called the Reverend John Brown, a New Light, as pastor.

Some Old Side people remained at the South Mountain meeting house, getting occasional supply ministers from Hanover Presbytery until 1760, but were not able to form a strong congregation to call a minister. By 1762, when they applied to the newly formed Associate Presbytery in Pennsylvania for supply ministers, they were calling themselves Old Providence. This has confused people ever since, for New Providence, founded in 1746, was fully organized with a settled pastor before Old Providence took its name in 1762.

The Associate Reformed Pres-



Old Providence Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church  
June 1996

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

byterian denomination traces its roots to several political-religious movements in Scotland. One was the Solemn League and Covenant to assure that there would be no bishops in the Scottish Church. Another was the Cameronian movement in the 1680s to support that covenant, and another the Seceders. When the Presbyterian Church was re-established in Scotland in 1690 without swearing the covenants, many Covenanters, Cameronians and Seceders withdrew from that church. These strict adherents of the old ways formed two presbyteries, the Associate Presbytery in 1733 and the Reformed Presbytery of Scotland in 1743.

Some followers of both presbyteries emigrated to America. In 1783, these two groups joined in Philadelphia to create the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. It was in 1783 that Old Providence called its first pastor, the Reverend John Rodgers, M.D., from this new Associate Reformed Presbytery.

In 1793, Old Providence bought its first property, two acres, from Patrick Hall and his wife Susanna. There they built a stone church 70 x 30 feet, with whitewashed interior walls, and with the door in the center of the long east wall and the pulpit opposite on the long west wall. The congregation was able to build the new stone church, because it had recently grown from the addition of a number of former

members of New Providence, including Patrick Hall.

These people left New Providence over the singing of hymns. It had been a matter of firm conviction to many that the Psalms were the only correct music for worship. Presbyterians sang a version of the Psalms in metre by Francis Rouse. In the 18th century, Isaac Watts, an English minister, wrote a more modern, popular version of the Psalms in verse and also wrote many popular hymns. When Watts' psalms and hymns were introduced at New Providence in the early 1790s, some members left in righteous indignation and joined Old Providence.

The history of Old Providence is difficult to trace, as its historian, Robert Earhart, points out, because most of the old records were burned in two different fires of homes of clerks of session. One document which survived was a contract between the trustees and a contractor to repair the old stone church in 1845, during the 51-year pastorate of the reverend Horatio Thompson. Dr. Thompson was a member of the Board of Trustees of Washington College 1840-1881, and was a friend of General R.E. Lee when he became president of the college.

In 1856, the Old Providence congregation built a new brick church

See OLD PROVIDENCE, page 9



In 1793, members of Old Providence A.R.P. Church built a stone church on property adjacent to the present church facility. Through the years the stone building has been used as a school and a store after the new brick church was built. The original stone structure was destroyed by fire in 1959, leaving only the stone walls remaining. The structure was rebuilt and modernized for present-day purposes.

## •War

*Continued from page 7*

Communication within the Shenandoah Valley was rough and unreliable. News had to come by train or telegraph from Richmond, but it was often wrong or delayed. Civilians had to rely on sick and wounded soldiers returning from the battlefield to report on the whereabouts and condition of loved ones. Letters often took weeks to arrive. Typical of the agony suffered by many families was that of the McFarland family in 1864 when they heard rumors of their son's death. They waited 19 days before it was confirmed that he was shot through the heart at Cold Harbor and never spoke.

There were times during the war when the battlefield and homefront

became one. In 1862 during Jackson's Valley campaign, troop movements criss-crossed the area and cannon fire was heard from McDowell and Port Republic. Even after the battle lines shifted east, the roar of gunboats on the James River outside of Richmond could be heard 100 miles away in Augusta County. The minister wrote that he heard the cannon fire more often than he could write words in his diary.

In 1864 the action came much closer. The Yankees marched up the Valley, looting Staunton and Lexington and burning barns and mills in their path. As Union troops moved south, McFarland's home was directly in their path and several soldiers stopped by to "acquire" his horse, a saddle and bridle and a few bushels of oats. "This a

day of great excitement but thanks to God, though quite unwell, I am pretty calm," he wrote in his diary. "There have been in all eleven Yankees here."

The losses of many of his neighbors at the hands of the North was even more severe, and his diary entry included the "sad accounts of my neighbors losses, especially in horses."

Twice more, late in 1864 and then early in 1865, the Union troops penetrated Augusta County, sending panic through the Bethel community each time. Church services were canceled as people scurried about hiding belongings. "Another lonely Sabbath," he wrote toward the end of the war.

Finally, its men and resources  
See RESOURCES, page 9

## •McFarland

*Continued from page 7*

present, presided over the Assembly in Augusta, Ga. until a moderator was elected. During his life in Greenville, he farmed and was active in the local community. He also served as the Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Synod of Virginia for 25 years. On a local level, he served on the boards of Augusta Female Seminary (Mary Baldwin College) and Washington College (Washington and Lee University).

For the last two decades of his life, the minister kept a daily diary, ostensibly to record a disease he feared would kill him. More than a medical account, however, the diary became an important record of the commu-

nity in which he lived, worked, preached and cared for during his ministry. It is from the pages of this diary, which is preserved at Washington and Lee University, that the story of McFarland and the Civil War within the Bethel community is drawn.

Nancy Sorrells is a staff writer for *Augusta Country* and works at the *Museum of American Frontier Culture* as a research historian. The thesis which she wrote for her master's degree in state and local history was based on the diaries of Francis McFarland.



# Wallace-Daniel Mill monument to bygone days

By PENNY PLEMMONS

**ESTALINE VALLEY**—The largest intact water wheel in Virginia rests idle on the periphery of appropriately named, Wallace Mill Road in Estaline Valley, four miles east of Craigsville. The metal wheel, buttressed against the west side of the clapboard Wallace-Daniel mill, was documented in 1991 by "The Society for the Preservation of Old Mills" (SPOOM), as being roughly 39 feet in diameter and 2 feet in width, thus giving it the distinguished status of being the largest wheel in Virginia and possibly the mid-Atlantic states.

According to SPOOM member, Chris Anderson, another unique feature of the wheel is that the water hits the top of the wheel and causes the wheel to turn backwards, towards the water source.

Historically, Anderson states: "Wheels from the late 1800s were manufactured by the Fitz Waterwheel Co., in Hanover, Pa. Most likely, the wheel for the Wallace-Daniel mill was custom made, by Fitz, to fit the water source, shipped in pieces and assembled on site."

Anderson also noted that the reason you so few mills exist with their wheels intact is because they were dismantled and sold as scrap iron during World War II.

An unnamed spring, known to locals as the "Old Campbell Spring," provided the water to turn the wheel. At some point in the early part of the 20th century a dam was built about 300 yards from the mill, and the water was fed by gravity flow to the top of the wheel via a 10-inch pipe.

Like the wheel, the mill is in incredibly good shape. Information about the ownership and operation before the 1920s is sketchy. Deeds and maps indicate that it has changed hands and names over the decades and today retains part of the original owner's (Moses Wallace) name.

The first Wallace-owned mill was located on Va. 601, according to Callie (Wallace) Shipplett, about half-mile from the present-day site. The Jed Hotchkiss map of 1884 lists the mill as R.S. Craig's (Craigsville's

namesake) Mill which indicates that the Wallaces sold the mill around 1884 but re-acquired it in subsequent years. Mrs. Shipplett, second cousin to Oswald S. Wallace (grandson of Moses Wallace) recalls that the mill on 601 burnt and O.S. Wallace built a new mill at the current site.

In 1920, Clyde Hiner purchased the mill and lived in the stucco house across from it. The late Justinian Daniel acquired 54.6 acres from Hiner in 1943, which included the miller's house, the mill and surrounding pastures. Daniel named his milling business the "Craigsville Milling Company, and operated it until 1956.

In recent years, the name Daniel has been tagged onto Wallace's and hence the name Wallace-Daniel Mill.

Justine Tilghman, daughter of Justinian Daniel, inherited the mill and the acreage in 1988 and uses the building for storage and grinding of feed for the current livestock. Today the mill is a silent reminder of a time when farming wasn't automated and providing food for one's family and livestock took a great deal of time and effort.

Local residents' recollections associated with the mill begin in the 1920s when it belonged to Hiner and was called Hiner's Mill.

Gordon Craig, son of Robert Craig, depended on Hiner's Mill for his livestock feed. Craig recalls a particularly busy day at the mill when he had to wait in a long line with his horse drawn wagon laden with corn.

"It was running past dinner time and I was gettin' hungry," stated Craig. "I was invited to a neighboring home to eat and left my horse and wagon at the mill." After a hearty meal, Craig resumed his spot in line and continued on with the business of grinding his grain into feed.

On Sundays, then 12-year-old Ed Parker, accompanied by his father, would drive their Model T to Hiner's Mill. Although the mill was closed on Sundays, the Parkers would usually find Hiner doing little jobs around the mill.

"We used to swim at the Hiner Mill Dam," recalls Parker. "That water was so cold, all you could stand

to do was jump in and jump out!"

John Youell was 10 years old when his father died, and he took over the farm. Every fall he drove his wagon of wheat to Hiner's and waited for it to be milled into flour.

"I have fond memories of the mill," Youell said. "As a young boy I was fascinated by the cogs and belts spinning. Sometimes I would help pull the pin that released the water through the pipe. You could hear the water coming, and if you happened to be standing outside near the wheel you'd get splashed."

John Beverley Daniel worked for his cousin, Justinian Daniel, as a car salesman at the Daniel Motor Co., in Craigsville. In 1945, he was sent to work at the Craigsville Milling Company, taking feed and flour orders. Every two weeks the mill truck hauled 45 tons of feed and flour to places such as Warm Springs, Hot Springs, Monterey, Meadowdale, Highland County, Lexington, Brownsburg, Colliers-town, and Goshen.

According to John Daniel, the mill produced two types of white enriched flour, white and yellow corn meal, and a variety of livestock feeds.

In the 1930s the flour was sold in 25-pound printed sacks. "The ladies would get real upset if you ran out of a print before they got their chair upholstered or their skirt made," stated Daniel.

The top-of-the-line flour was called "Pride of Augusta" and was used for breads and the "Ladies Choice" flour was used for biscuits, cakes, pastries, and crackers.

## Old Providence

Continued from page 8

across the road from the old stone church. The building stood where the parking lot for the present church is. This first brick church was a simple Greek Revival structure with two large columns, a design favored by many Presbyterian churches in Virginia. Behind that church was a little brick session house.

The old stone church building was used for Oakland Seminary, a school for girls. After the Civil War, the stone church became a store, with the storekeepers' families living there. Later, it was used by Valley High School, one of a number of private secondary schools in the county. In the early years of the 20th century, the stone building was used as a social center for the church and for church bazaars. The Old Providence congrega-

## Resources

Continued from page 8

sapped, the Confederacy folded in April 1865, and rumors of the end were recorded in the elderly minister's diary. Although he had written four years before of "mourning in bitterness," he probably had no idea how extreme the sacrifices made by him as well as the rest of the nation would be. McFarland's intense feelings sur-



Wallace-Daniel Mill, home of Craigsville Milling Co., 1943-1955, is located in the Estaline Valley on Wallace Mill Road. The mill's metal water wheel is the largest intact wheel of its kind in Virginia. Photo by Penny Plemmons

Eventually the flour was sold in 10 pound quantities. The mill also produced corn meal and Daniel remarked that the citizens of Augusta County preferred the white corn meal over the yellow.

The mill still houses much of the original milling machinery. Roller machines used for grinding flour, still bearing the trademark label, Sprout Waldron Co. from Pennsylvania, appear to be in good condition. A dust covered sifter is marked with the date June 28, 1892. And a sophisticated system of gears, pulleys, and cogs remain ready to create a din if ever started up again.

Competition proved to be the death knell of Craigsville Milling Company. The advent of grocery stores which provided a source of smaller quantities of flour to the consumer and the boom of large companies that took over the small farmer and provided them with feed, forced the doors of the Craigsville Milling Company to close in 1956.

Thankfully, the life and times of the Wallace-Daniel Mill live on in the memories of those who were once connected to it. These memories will sift down, like flour through a sieve, to future generations. —

tion built its second brick church in a colonial revival style in 1918. The architect was O.H. Miller of Washington, D.C. When this structure, designed on the Akron plan on the interior, was completed, the old brick church was torn down.

A sad loss to the congregation was the old stone church, destroyed by fire in 1959. Only the walls remained standing, and they were torn down for the sake of safety. The building was rebuilt as closely as possible to the old church on the exterior, but with an interior adapted to modern usage.

Many members of the McCormick family were active at Old Providence, and most of them are buried in the lovely old graveyard behind the stone building, including the parents of Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor of the reaper. The McCormick family did much

to restore the churchyard and build the wall around it. They also contributed generously to building the present second brick church. In the two cemeteries at Old Providence rest at least 15 veterans of the American Revolution.

This congregation has had a checkered career in establishing its identity and obtaining ministers, but has remained a constant witness in its community to another kind of Presbyterianism. Old Providence will celebrate its homecoming July 28. —

Katharine Brown is director of research and collections at the Museum of American Frontier Culture and formerly was the executive director of Woodrow Wilson Birthplace. She holds a doctorate degree in history from The Johns Hopkins University. She and her husband, Madison, live in Staunton.

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# Stuarts Draft woman compiling family history

By VERA HAILEY

**STUARTS DRAFT** — Naomi Bridge Brooks of Stuarts Draft is one in a million. Not only has she meticulously compiled family history information, but she has shared her research with extended family members through a special project.

Her labor of love — a family history notebook — is neatly contained in a white three-ring binder. While the notebook itself looks like it could be found in any student's backpack, the pages inside contain priceless genealogical information.

Brooks' love for people and caring nature are immediately evident.

"I guess it really started in 1989 when I gave some family members a notebook with some information for Christmas instead of a regular gift," she explains. She also took pictures of the homes of all of her nieces and nephews, photocopied them, and distributed them so they could be added to the ongoing project. Each year she collected new pages and gave new pictures and information.

"Their houses may not seem so important now, but they are the family homeplace," Brooks said. She feels the facts that are common knowledge today should be recorded so future generations will know more about their ancestors.

Where did the initial information come from that sparked her interest in genealogical record keeping?

"In the late 1970s my aunt let me borrow the records she had. My grandmother, Belle Bridge, had kept a daily diary, and I copied all the names and dates," she said. Diaries were a part of daily life for many people a century ago. They recorded not only the weather, but also weddings, births and deaths.

Brooks' immediate family showed so much interest in her records compilation that she decided to take it a step further. At the July 4, 1995 annual reunion of the descendants and relatives of Edward R. and Isabelle Henderson



Naomi Brooks of Stuarts Draft shows one of the pages from the family history album which she has compiled.

Photo by Vera Hailey

Brydge and Junie and Lonie Bridge, she made an announcement that she planned a family history project and needed help from others to get names, dates and places. Sheets requesting detailed information were distributed, but she only received a few responses in the mail. Instead of becoming discouraged, Brooks mailed the information request forms to someone in each family and then followed up with a phone call.

She knew all of her uncles and aunts and their children, so that is where she started her search.

"I couldn't believe how nice and helpful everybody was. Usually

one person from each family took it upon themselves to get the birthdays from everyone else and gave the information to me," she said.

She then made hundreds of phone calls from California to Florida to piece together the rest of the family picture puzzle. The local phone directory provided phone numbers and addresses, and she called those people to help locate others in her extended family that lived outside of the area.

According to Ms. Brooks, it was easier to go ahead and make phone calls from her home near Sherando in order to get an answer right away.

She learned that the lack of response to her written requests was not due to a lack of interest.

"People just got busy and laid it aside or were not sure what I wanted. The phone calls helped. I just took down what they knew while we were on the phone," Brooks commented.

Information was also gained by visiting cemeteries. Once she found out when people died she could go to the newspaper office and look up their obituary, which always gave more details about their family connections.

What started out as a hobby has evolved into a much sought after publication. She started taking orders for the binder full of photocopied pages. She initially thought that 65 copies would be more than enough, but she currently has over 100 requests for the book. A nominal fee is charged for each to cover her costs.

"Even if nobody else had wanted them, it would have been worth all the trouble to just have it for myself. I can't say enough about how many wonderful people I've met through this," she said.

The Bridge/Brydge book is still growing — Brooks designed it that way. Pages are easily added to the notebook. She scans newspapers daily and depends on family members to give her updated information. Births, marriages, di-

vores and deaths are all a part of life. Each family has also been asked to submit a picture. They are inserted behind the family's page in the book.

For at least the next five years, Brooks plans to periodically mail out updates to all who own a book.

"I think I can do it for at least that long. Hopefully, eventually someone else will step forward and help keep it going," Brooks said. Her research is also expanding into other families that married into the Bridge/Brydge family, such as Hendersons and Campbells.

In a time when it has become fashionable to search for one's roots in small villages of Europe, Brooks' approach is simple and refreshing. Although European ancestors and their countries of origin have been discovered, she started with what she knew and asked others to contribute what they knew about their common ancestry. Brooks offers these suggestions for those who have an interest in family history research.

"Look at what others have done, and pick what you like, and do your own system. There are no set rules," she said.

Anyone interested in exchanging information with Brooks may contact her at Rt. 2, Stuarts Draft, Va. 24477. —

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## Local jeweler is master at his craft

AC staff report

**STUARTS DRAFT** — Paul Patton never intended to become a jeweler. When the northern Virginia company where he worked went out of business after Thanksgiving one year, he put in an application for a temporary job at a local jewelry store. He planned to earnestly search for a job later, but was concerned at the time with having enough money to carry him through the Christmas season.

The newly-hired seasonal employee at a jewelry store in a local mall soon exhibited talents his employer could not ignore.

"They discovered that I had an aptitude towards the more technical end of jewelry and had me be an apprentice under their master jeweler," he said. The groundwork for his new career was laid as he learned the technical aspects of different metals.

Family circumstances caused Paul to eventually move back home to his native Waynesboro. He decided to open his own store downtown, which started out with very little jewelry for retail sale. The business expanded over the next nine years, until Paul decided to close the venture and concentrate on trade shop work to practice and perfect his skills. He went to work at a local establishment under another jeweler, who eventually left

the business. Paul took over as the main jeweler.

After four years of full-time benchwork, he decided it was once again time to be his own boss. With many years of apprenticeships and hands-on experience, he opened his own shop.

"I started out doing repairs and other work for three area stores, but now I'm doing nine," Paul said.

Local people have come to admire and respect his talents and integrity. Customers sometime bring in pictures from magazines and ask him to reproduce a ring or other piece. Some high-dollar jewelry has been duplicated in Stuarts Draft for a fraction of the cost of purchasing an identical piece in New York City, or other popular areas.

An interest in antique styles led him to start making reproductions.

"A man from Harrisonburg was cleaning out his garage and found an old Schwinn bicycle that he eventually restored. He brought in a picture and wanted to have a piece of jewelry made," he recalled. Paul designed and manufactured a pin in the likeness of the antique, complete with a diamond headlight and a ruby taillight.

He takes pride in being able to satisfy even the most eccentric individual. No matter what they request, he tries to accommodate. From making contemporary pieces from a sketch to restoring a family

heirloom, Paul has done it all.

"There was a sales team in the area whose mascot was a rhinoceros. I made a design with carving wax and sculpted it out by hand before doing the pins in 14 karat gold," he explained. Another company requested custom-designed rings for employees celebrating 35 years of employment. One person's need for a bracelet clasp that could be secured with one hand led to a new design.

A working knowledge of different metals is a backdrop for his art. Paul knows the characteristics of metals and can explain them to his customers.

"For example, platinum is very misunderstood. It is rare and expensive, but it lasts a long time with the proper care. People need to understand that it is both soft like lead and tough like steel," he said. Though they are similar in appearance, platinum and white gold have very different properties.

"When using an engraving tool, white gold is difficult to move. In contrast, using the same tool on platinum is like moving a bulldozer through mud," Paul commented.

Knowledge of stones is also an important part of a jeweler's work. Paul mentioned that special care needs to be given to specific stones, and that needs to be taken into consideration when purchasing jewelry.



Paul Patton of Stuarts Draft sits amid the tools of his craft. The Waynesboro native handcrafts unique pieces of jewelry. AC staff photo

He explained: "Opals are 60 percent water. They tend to dry out and get brittle... you have to keep them polished and let them sit overnight in a glass of tap water occasionally."

Most Australian opals are shipped to the U.S. in jars full of water. Opals are most brittle and fragile when they are dried out. He does not recommend putting baby oil on an old opal, because it seals the moisture out.

Appraisals are also a part of being a professional jeweler. In order to appraise antique or modern jew-

elry, it is necessary to be familiar with the cost involved in every individual component of the piece. Paul is fully versed in what is involved in the making of jewelry, so a fair assessment can be given. An appraisal is intended to be an estimate of retail replacement cost, or what it would cost to make it today.

When asked to name his favorite part of the work, Paul cited repair and restoration of antique jewelry and design and manufacture of custom pieces as his preferences. —

## Pre-schoolers learn about nature's perfect summer treat

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

**STAUNTON** — If summer is meant for anything, it must be meant for that time of all times to enjoy a dish of cool and creamy ice cream. And if it happens to be homemade ice cream, then what more could one ask of a summer day?

Students at Mustard Seed Pre-School in Staunton recently took some time to learn a little bit about a very important food group — dairy products — and at the same time managed to have fun doing it.

Donna Riley, program director at the school which operates at St. Francis Catholic Church on Augusta Street, spent a week instructing the 24 Mustard Seed students

about food. The students began the week learning about fruit then moved on to dairy products. By Wednesday of that week, the students found a way to combine the two and came up with two flavors of homemade ice cream — strawberry and banana. With June Dairy Month just around the corner, it was the perfect time for students to learn how Mother Nature's milk factories figure into the picture.

Students sat patiently and attentively as their instructor poured ice cream mix into a metal canister. Bananas mashed by the students were added next and then a little sugar. With the lid in place, the canister was placed into an ice cream freezer. Students help place ice around the canister, and the in-

structor added some salt. Everyone knew the salt would lower the freezing point of the ice which would help the ice cream form quickly.

With all that hard work behind them, the students raced outside to play while the electrically operated freezer churned and turned. (Sure, most homemade ice cream purists insist on the old-fashioned hand-crank freezers. But hey, pre-schoolers of the 90s don't have time to fool around with that stuff.)

About 15 minutes later, students assembled on steps outside their classroom and waited with bated breath. One of their number helped scrape the dasher off. Spoonfuls of the creamy delight were placed into plastic cups and passed out among the three-, four-, and five-year-olds.

As the saying goes, "The proof is in the pudding," or in this case,

the ice cream.

"It's delicious!" said one enthusiastic fellow.

"It's very good, and it's tasty," chimed another.

And the ultimate compliment?

"I want more!" came the delighted and insistent chant from others in the group. —

*Mustard Seed PreSchool is owned by Jane Witherow, Rosie Green and Loree Landes serve as teacher's aides.*



Abbey Scarlino, 3, daughter of Michele Scarlino of Staunton, helps Mustard Seed Pre-School program director Donna Riley, scrape off the dasher while making homemade ice cream. Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

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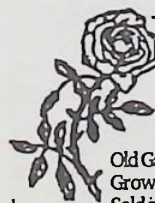
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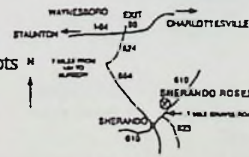
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# I long for a dull moment

**D**own on the farm we're thinking about the dull moments of our lives. There haven't been many, and those which have occurred could probably be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

I remember a day back in September 1967 when a dull moment occurred. Then there was another one in August 1981. And I can just barely remember a fleeting dull moment in April 1990. But other than that, dull moments on the farm are few and far between.

Many folks probably think life in the country and on a farm is sort of ho-hum, on the quiet side, if not even contemplative. I guess that's why greeting card companies use pictures of green pastures against mountain backdrops on card covers when trying to convey a sense of serenity. I guess that's why the company marketing Andy Griffith's gospel album chose to place him in a bucolic setting when he taped television promos for the album. Although Madison Avenue markets country life as dull in a serene sort of way, I can assure you it is anything but. In fact, dull moments seem to work very hard to deprive us of their luxury.

A few days ago I was facing what I thought was going to be a fairly dull afternoon. With 8 acres of hay raked and ready to roll, I climbed onto the tractor and settled in for what I knew would be several hours of round baling. There was a threat of rain from the west, but it was my aim to get the job done before the threat turned into a promise.

Baling hay is not too dull an activity. But it can become a little boring. First you start out going around the field baling up the outside swaths. Round and round and round you go, finally working your way toward the center of the field. Then you switch to going up and down the length of the field rolling up the swaths raked crosswise in the field. Up and down, back and forth, rolling, rolling, rolling, tying the bales, backing up a little, drop-

## DOWN ON THE FARM

BY  
**BETTY JO  
HAMILTON**



ping the bales out of the baler, starting again on another. Five bales done, 10, 12, 15... the afternoon began to drag on.

If you're lucky there might be someone else in the field, as there was in my case on this recent afternoon, raking hay ahead of me. So at least there was a diversion nearby to break the monotony of my work.

Another diversion which presented itself was that the hay was in the finest kind of shape to be baled. I was happy and content — despite sensing the approach of a few dull moments as I ran the machine — to be baling hay at its peak quality. Thinking ahead to an approaching winter, I was pleased to know this hay would be of great benefit to cattle which would eat it ravenously on a snowy morning in January.

Everything was going smoothly. The baler was moving through the hay like a hot knife through butter. The heat and dust of the process distracted me some, but for the most part everything seemed near perfection. I found myself slipping into the serenity of a hay baling trance.

The odor of something that smelt like smoke drew my attention to the baler. I had caught only a whiff. But it was enough to startle me from my serene state of hay baling. I had burnt out a bearing on the baler the week before, and the smoke I was smelling was similar to what I had smelled on that

occasion when smoke coming from the baler alerted me to a problem. But I saw no smoke, so I thought I was imagining things.

The next trip around the field I caught a whiff of the odor again, then smelt it again on the next round. Each time I smelt the smoke I was immediately behind a neighbor's house and thought someone there must be burning trash. On the fourth trip around the field I smelt smoke again. This time when I looked back at the baler I could see smoke coming out of one side and knew the afternoon of baling was over. And just when things seemed to be getting pretty boring.

I dumped the bale being rolled, and without stopping headed for the top end of the field. My brother-in-law, who had been raking hay and was almost finished with that task, saw me moving across the field not baling, and began making motions for me to get back at the task. Verbal communication was not possible through the roar of the two tractors, so I yanked my thumb back toward the baler to signal a problem.

By the time I stopped my tractor and got off, my brother-in-law had also cut off his machine and was headed in my direction. I watched as a dull moment literally went up in smoke and was carried away on an afternoon breeze.

"I've burnt out another bearing on the baler," I yelled across the field as I approached the machine and prepared to open the access door on its side. Smoke was plainly visible by that time. Opening the door I found within not only smoke but fire as well. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Words deemed unacceptable in polite society have been omitted from the following accounts.)

"IT'S ON FIRE!!!!" I started yelling. "THOMAS, GET SOMETHING!!!! DO SOMETHING!!!!" I shrieked at my brother-in-law who by that time was by my side and joined me in the chorus.

"DO SOMETHING, BETTY!!!! GET SOMETHING!!!!" he yelled at me, and stripped out of his T-shirt which he began using to beat out the fire. The heat of the burnt out bearing had caused oil, grease, and chaff around the baler's mechanical parts to begin burning.

"SHUT THE DOOR!!!!" I screamed. "THAT JUST GIVES IT MORE AIR TO BURN!!!!"

My brother-in-law would beat at the fire for a few moments, then close the baler door for a few moments, then open it back up and beat some more.

Of course, on this occasion, nothing could be found in the pickup with which to extinguish the blaze. By this time the baler was approaching that state of burning which I believe firefighters refer to as "fully involved." It was only by keeping the door on the baler shut and my brother-in-law's T-shirt beating which held the blaze in control. But my brother-in-law was losing the battle, because his T-shirt was no more than a few smoldering shreds within a few moments of beatings.

"GO GET SOMETHING, BETTY!!! GET SOME WATER!!!! GET SOMETHING!!!!" he yelled.

Only after a break-neck speed trip to the barn to get a burlap sack and a bucket of water was the fire doused. Just as the fire on the baler was quelled, I looked out across the field to see that the last bale I had dropped was on fire as well.

"THOMAS!!!! THAT BALE'S ON FIRE!!!!" I yelled. We weren't as concerned about the burning bale as we had been about the baler. We figured we could afford to lose a bale of hay. The near-loss of a baler and the tractor to which it was attached had caused both of us to work frantically to extinguish that blaze. A slower trip to the barn for more water during which we paused long enough to call the local volunteer fire company for assistance brought the near-disaster situation to a close. Dull moments stood by calmly drumming their fingers on the hood of the pickup.

The only thing which remained for the afternoon was to get the rest of the prime hay baled before it got wet. A guardian angel neighbor swooped in to help us out in that effort. We also started square baling some of the hay. With our neighbor rolling hay in one part of the field and us square baling in another part, we returned to the task of getting the hay in.

In fairly short order we had one

load of hay on a wagon and had started on the second. I had just settled into the monotony and thought I saw a dull moment sitting on top of the first load of hay when the breaking of a shear pin accompanied by a loud thud stopped us cold in our tracks. So much for square baling. Yet another baler had bit the dust... broken shear pin, broken needles, jammed plunger... there wasn't much more that could have been wrong with it. I maintain that if we had a third baler, we could have broken it within the span of that same afternoon with dull moments waving pom poms and cheering us on.

"Burn it up!

Break it up!

Sis-boom-bah."

Storms rumbled around in the west as our neighbor continued baling. It began to sprinkle, then stopped. It began sprinkling again, then stopped again. We crossed our fingers and bit our nails as our neighbor worked to finish baling the hay. Dull moments on this afternoon stood well off in the distance. Yes, our neighbor finished baling the hay and a few days later even helped us put our round baler back together. What would we do without good neighbors who come to our aid and accept little more than a "thank you" for their help?

Then on the next day when we found ourselves entertaining notions of dull moments, we decided to move some sheep from Point A to Point B, seemingly a simple enough task. The sheep, however, decided to race around to Points G, K, O, T, and Z before finally arriving at Point B. Yet again, a neighbor passing by stopped to help sort out this mess. Dull moments sang in unison as we shoed the sheep through the gate and closed it behind them.

The day after the next I sensed the approach of yet another dull moment. It had rained torrentially the day before, so I figured there would be little to be done on a wet and soggy Monday. I didn't even rush to get out of the house that morning. There were only a couple buckets of feed which needed to be put out, and there was nothing time critical about the dispensing of same.

Dull moments danced merrily around the yard amid a brief shower of rain as I left the house and

*Continued at top of page 13*



A few shreds were all that remained of a T-shirt which was used to beat out a fire one day while we were waiting for a dull moment to show itself.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

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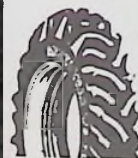
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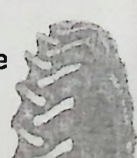
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Continued from page 12

headed for the barn. I was particularly happy on this morning, because I had put on freshly washed and clean work clothes. It was good to know that I would be clean in them for some time since there appeared to be no way of doing any dirty work on this day which boded perhaps multiple dull moments.

But...

Looking out across the meadow I saw a heifer trying to calve. It happened to be a heifer we had been watching for quite some time. Since she had gotten bred too early, we were concerned that she mightn't be able to deliver the calf on her own, but at the same time had hoped she would have the calf unassisted. Inspection, however, proved the former was true, and I watched as a few fleeting dull moments kicked up their heels and raced off toward the hills.

The heifer had managed to get the calf's head and one front leg out. The calf was alive. My father and I got the heifer into a pen. Down into the mud with my clean clothes I went. Working frantically to save the calf, I found myself between a rock and a dull moment grimacing as I pushed the calf's head back inside the heifer. Faced with the agony of expecting the animal to survive with little oxygen, it was the equivalent of asking someone who's in danger of drowning to duck his head under water for about 20 minutes while you disentangle his legs from what's pulling him under.

With a dull moment looking over my shoulder, I proceeded to reposition the calf. Pushing everything back in which the heifer had labored to get out, pulling forward the leg



A newborn calf got off to a shaky start one day while dull moments applauded from the sidelines.

gone wrong, finding a way to get the head back where it belonged just in front of the shoulders and behind the knees, pushing, pulling, pushing again, pulling again, turning just a little bit, almost... almost... then finally... there the calf lay at my feet in mud and blood and afterbirth, all of the same being soaked into my only-moments-before-clean clothes. In the end, the only thing which escaped the mud and rain and blood was my handkerchief which remained pristinely clean in a back pocket.

As dull moments laughed and cackled from a hill far away, the calf blinked its eyes, twitched its ears, flared its nostrils and drew deep breaths. The heifer peered around at her new offspring and heaved a big sigh after the end of the ordeal.

An hour later I returned to give the calf some colostrum out of a bottle. It stuck its tongue out searching for the nipple as a dull moment stood nearby and watched. A couple hours later, the calf stood on its own for the first time as dull moments applauded the effort.

Dull moments are hard to come by on the farm. And the next time I come face to face with one, I'm going to nail it to the ground, bolt it to the floor, C-clamp it to the doorjamb, or sodder it to the pickup truck bumper. There must be some way to keep them from slipping away so effortlessly.

Down on the farm I long for a dull moment. They flit and flutter about, fly high above us on breezes of serenity, and bob along in the trickling current of the brook. But they rarely stand still long enough for us to savor the dullness of the moment. They rarely pause for us to enjoy the serenity they bring. Often as not, we gaze off into the distance watching dull moments as they scatter in the summer wind. —

## 4-H, FFA exhibitors honored at Market Animal Show banquet

### AC staff report

SANGERVILLE — Exhibitors in the 51st annual 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show were honored at a banquet held May 16 before a capacity crowd at the Sangerville-Towers Ruritan Hall.

More than 400 people were on hand to see the evening's top honors presented to Matthew Hickey, Garrett Johnston, Jason Roller, and Jason Michael.

Hickey, son of David and Linda Hickey of Rt. 1, Staunton, was awarded the R.L. Coffey Junior Achievement Award for earning the most points by his winning entries in the show.

Johnston, son of Donnie and Dinah Johnston of Middlebrook, was presented the Alton Lewis Award which is based on the same point system as the Coffey award but is for a first-year exhibitor.

Roller's success with his exhibits in the lamb show was enough to earn him the George A. Beam Memorial Award. Roller is the son of Randy and Ann Roller of Weyers Cave.

Michael received the Carl Grove Memorial Award for the highest point total in the market hog show. He is the son of Don and Frances Michael of Mt. Solon.

Augusta Country presented \$100 U.S. Savings Bonds to showmanship winners who were Bryan Shomo, junior beef; Michael, senior beef; Danielle Gayhart, junior market hog; Chris Curry, senior market hog; Amanda Hemp, junior lamb; and Willie Morris, senior lamb.

Beef Performance awards presented by the Augusta County Feeder Calf Association, and show sponsors Ruritan Clubs of Augusta County, and the Staunton-



HICKEY



JOHNSTON



ROLLER



MICHAEL

Augusta Chamber of Commerce, were presented to individuals who exhibited steers with the highest average daily gain.

Craig Brown, whose steer graded Choice and gained 4.08 pounds per day, was the show's top performing entry. Tying for second place were exhibitors Phillip Howell and Troy Lawson, whose steers each gained 3.92 pounds per day and graded Choice. In third place was Carrie Brown whose steer graded Choice plus and gained 3.78 pounds per day. Fourth place went to Austin Johnston who exhibited a steer with an ADG of 3.69 pounds and which graded Choice plus. Two exhibitors tied for fifth place. Jonathan Riley and Chris Pultz each showed steers which gained 3.58 pounds per day. Riley's steer graded Choice and Pultz' graded Choice plus.

Awards presented for recordbooks included: Junior, blue — Danielle Gayhart, Emily Curry, Cole Heizer, Jacob Leonard, Jillian Begoon, Josie Williams, Austin Johnston, and Garrett Johnston; Junior, red — Joshua Smith, Garrett Johnston, Austin Johnston, Jimmy Crosby, Brian Vess, Carrie Brown, Scott Vess, Tyler Sheets, and Robert Grogg.

Senior recordbook winners were: Blue — Craig Brown, Chris Curry, Ashley Craun, Jason Roller, Jon Roller, Kim Brinkley, and G.G. Brinkley; Red — Jennifer Smith, Jason Via, Craig Brown, Amy Trout, Westley Begoon, Troy Lawson, Angela Gilbert, Gary Miller, Ashlie Kiracofe, and Lindsey McCune. —

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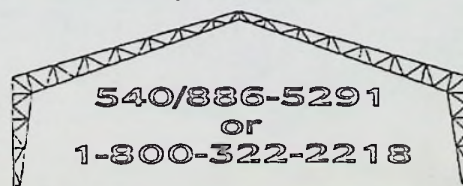


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# Mossy Creek Farm's environmental practices win award for Reeves family

By LOIS SKEEN

MT. SOLON — The Reeves family of Mossy Creek Farm has recently been selected by the Virginia Cattlemen's Association as the recipient of Virginia's Environmental Stewardship Award. They earned this distinction based on their implementation of management practices that benefit the environment as well as increase the productivity of their beef cattle operation.

Mossy Creek Farm consists of 2,200 acres flanking Va. 42 just north of Mt. Solon. Ernie Reeves manages the beef cattle enterprise along with his father. They maintain a 750-head cow/calf herd. They do not finish cattle on the farm, but raise about 2,000 calves each year from weaning to yearlings, at which time they are shipped to a midwest feedlot for finishing. Ernie's brother, Rick, has a poultry enterprise on the farm.

Reeves has demonstrated careful planning and progressive thinking in managing his beef cattle operation. The breeding program consists of a well-planned crossbreeding program, as well as maintaining approximately 50 head of registered Angus.

This year approximately 200 replacement heifers and up to 10 percent of the mature cow herd have been artificially inseminated. About one-third of the mature herd is used in an embryo transfer program. Backgrounded cattle are sold through the Virginia Cattlemen's Association Tel-O-Auction when they are ready for the feedlot.

The large number of cattle, combined with the hilly terrain and abundance of waterways makes erosion a major concern for the Reeves. Mossy Creek, a spring-fed stream that runs through the heart of this large farm, is nationally known for its native trout population. Fishermen come from across the East Coast to fish in this stream; in fact, one of them was fishing the stream when Ernie told a recent visitor to Mossy Creek Farm about his farm management practices.

Ten years ago, the field across the stream had more mud than grass during the winter months

because of the large number of cattle on it. Reeves decided to make some changes that would improve the pasture and reduce erosion into the stream.

The most significant change was to build a counter-slope facility to house calves in the farm's backgrounding program. This barn houses 750 head of cattle at a time from weaning until they are ready for the feedlot. The barn is a 384-foot long structure with a concrete floor that slopes to a center walkway. The walkway has a partially slatted floor that allows manure to work its way into an underground retaining area, eventually flowing through two pipes into a earthen storage structure. Manure is stored in this pit until it is pumped out and spread on the fields twice a year.

By using this manure as a nitrogen source, along with the litter from Rick's poultry operation and crop rotation including nitrogen-fixing legumes, the need for commercial fertilizer has been drastically reduced.

"One year I spent \$50,000 on fertilizer. Now I spend about \$5,000," Ernie says. "When the cattle were on pasture, their manure was basically wasted."

Confining the cattle has also significantly improved the pasture.

"When we used to take the cattle off that pasture to go to the feedlot, it would take six weeks for the grass to begin to come back," recalled Reeves as he looked at the lush, green hillside just on the other side of the creek.

In addition to the environmental advantages, use of the counter-slope facility has improved efficiency and reduced labor requirements in the beef operation. Cattle have gained 1/4- to 1/2-pound per day more than they did on pasture with the same ration. Since the cattle work the manure down through the slats, there is no need for bedding. Perhaps the biggest advantage is the use of the manager's time.

"Before, when we had a sick calf to get up, we spent half the day trying to get it in. Now it's a whole lot easier to walk down in front of them and check them in half an hour," says Ernie.



Heifers at Mossy Creek Farm are fed in a counter-slope facility. The 384-foot structure can hold as many as 750 head of cattle at one time. Manure flows to a pit by gravity and is stored until being spread on fields.



Ernie Reeves of Mossy Creek Farm in Mt. Solon stands alongside the stream for which the farm is named. The Reeves family has been awarded the Virginia Environmental Stewardship Award for conservation practices used on Mossy Creek.

Photos by Lois Skeen

Another change that has helped protect the water is fencing creeks to limit cattle access, an on-going process that began four years ago. Ponds and water troughs have been installed for watering livestock, and vegetative buffer zones line the banks of above-ground waterways.

Many environmentally-friendly practices have been in place on the farm for a number of years, such as no-till planting of crops, utilizing a crop rotation system, and use of cover-crops in the winter between rotations to reduce erosion. More recent improvements have included cross-fencing to enable rotational grazing, incorporating warm season grasses in pasture to extend the grazing season, and carcass composting. The results of these changes have been an increase in crop yields at a reduced cost per acre, doubled stocking rates, improved animal performance at a lower cost of gain, and longer grazing seasons on more productive pastures.

Although some initial expense was involved as the Reeves incor-

porated conservation practices into their management plan, the overall efficiency of the operation was greatly improved. As well, the myth that investing in the environ-

ment comes at a net cost to the producer was dispelled. At Mossy Creek Farms, everyone has benefited — the cattle, the farmer, the trout, and the fisherman. —

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# Heifer Project conducts school at Swoope farm

By JEFF ISHEE

**SWOOP** — Farmers from several states gathered at a Swoope farm recently for a three-day training session in pastured poultry

production techniques. The school was sponsored by Heifer Project International (HPI), a non-profit organization dedicated to providing support to limited resource farmers worldwide.



Participants in the Heifer Project International training program held recently at Polyface Farm in Swoope learn a little bit about plucking a chicken. The course was designed to teach participants about all aspects of pastured poultry production.

Photo by Jeff Ishee

Skip Polson, HPI project director for the United States and Canada said: "This group of 35 people is assembled here today, because there is a need for this type of production model among limited resource farm families." He expressed that rather than provide charitable handouts, HPI endeavors to provide knowledge, motivation, and technical assistance so farmers can help themselves.

"We enable hungry families to feed themselves and renew the Earth. When the project goal is complete, each participating farmer passes on the gift to another," said Polson.

Pastured poultry is an alternative technique of raising chickens developed and refined by Joel Salatin of Augusta County. Rather than raising broilers in a confinement house, Salatin places the birds in 10' x 12' x 2' pens, each with its own waterer and feeder. Pens are moved daily to fresh pasture.

The method is rapidly gaining recognition not only in the U.S., but worldwide, with requests for farm tours coming in almost daily.

With data confirmed by a myriad of labs and institutions, Salatin

says, "This is a completely different product from what you find in the supermarket. In all our years of producing poultry, we have never had an outbreak of disease and sickness in our birds. The conventional counterparts in our area have had several. Perhaps nothing is more crucial to the performance of the broiler than what the bird eats. One beauty of pasturing is that the prepared ration represents only about 70 percent of the bird's diet, as opposed to 100 percent in a typical confinement house."

Polyface Farm, owned by the Salatin family, has become "the epicenter of the pastured poultry revolution," as termed by project participants.

Farmers participating in the pastured poultry school came from Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, South Carolina, and Louisiana.

After the training was complete, each farmer agreed to join the three-year long HPI venture by taking part in ongoing pastured poultry

production, processing and marketing. They further agreed to initially raise at least one pen of chickens on their farm through the manner in which they were trained. Supplied with funds by HPI, the farmers will build their own pen and provide non-medicated feed for the chickens. By maintaining a stringent logbook, the farmer will provide HPI with data that will be used in the development of a publication available to other limited resource farmers.

After the farmer has completed raising, processing and marketing the first batch of chickens, he agrees to 1) help train another farmer in the process, 2) help that farmer build his first chicken pen, and 3) provide the first 100 chicks for that farmer, thereby fulfilling the HPI requirement of "passing on the gift."

Further information about ongoing projects is available by writing Heifer Project International, P.O. Box 808, Little Rock, Ark. 72203. —

## Timber Ridge fundraiser to benefit Heifer Project

**TIMBER RIDGE** — Timber Ridge Presbyterian Church will hold a "Noah's Ark Flood Sale" from 6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. June 30 on the church grounds. The event kicks off the church's year-long project to raise \$5,000 to benefit Heifer Project International.

Since 1944, HPI has helped people around the world become self-supporting through gifts of livestock, training in animal husbandry and environmentally sound land management. Support from churches and individuals has made it possible for HPI to provide food and income producing animals to more than a million families in need.

Timber Ridge plans to fill an HPI "Ark" with funds which it raises through pledges made to support the project. HPI's Ark provides more than 20 types of animals, from yaks and dairy goats to llamas and geese. Just as in the days of Noah, HPI's ark brings hope and a new

beginning for those who need the chance to help themselves. Timber Ridge organizers say HPI's Ark is a practical way for Christians to express God's love to people in need.

"Noah's Ark Flood Sale" will include plenty of fun, activities for children and adults, and animal displays. Pledges will be taken to purchase an animal or a share in an animal. Donations may be made in the form of memorials or honorariums of friends or family members.

Timber Ridge Presbyterian Church is located on U.S. 11 at the Sam Houston wayside five miles south of Fairfield. For information about the Flood Sale call the church at 463-6939. —

Heifer Project International is a mission outreach of the Church of the Brethren. For information on how your church can start an HPI Ark program call 1-800-422-0474.

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# The Hitching Post

## Stefani Massie brings home the blues

By CHRIS MARRS

**STAUNTON** — Versatility is the name of the game for horse enthusiast Stefani Massie.

A three-year equestrian veteran who has competed in only the last two years, this young rider has come a long way in a short time and has set some strong goals for herself and her mount.

A member of the Augusta County Galloping 4-H Club, a volunteer for Ride with Pride, Inc. (a therapeutic riding program), and the Staunton Leo Club, Stefani is active in civic as well as equine programs. She and her horse, "King's Target," a 4-year-old registered quarter horse, have competed together for the last two years. Stefani won three major awards last year on King. At the Spottswood Show,

she won Reserve Champion in Western Pleasure, and at the Augusta County Fair, she was Reserve Champion in both the 4-H Youth Western Pleasure and 4-H Western Pleasure divisions.

After competing in 12 shows last year, her placings reflected a strong first year of competition as she placed first nine times, second 14 times, third 10 times, and fourth 13 times.

This year her major awards include 4-H Grand Champion Western Pleasure Horse at the Amherst County 4-H Show. Showmanship Champion and Western Pleasure Champion at the Northern District 4-H Show in Palmyra also are honors which Stefani has collected.

Stefani credits her improvement from last year to this year by explaining that she has "worked with King every day. I went from placing one out of nine classes

to placing in every class."

She has competed in seven shows so far this year and has won first place 18 times, second 11 times, third 10 times, and fourth four times. She also started competing in showmanship and Hunter Under Saddle classes and placed in all her showings in those events.

"I want King to be versatile," Stefani says. "My goal for him is to work with Hunters and jumping."

Stefani has some personal goals that she hopes to achieve as well.

"To go to Congress, (an annual quarter horse show held in Ohio) and to show at the Youth World Quarter Horse Show," she says describing her objectives. Stefani has also qualified for the 4-H State Fair Horse Show to be held in September in Richmond.

"I want to strengthen my trail skills and even learn how to drive," she says.

If Stefani continues to pursue her interest in horses and achieve her goals, then King's Target won't be the only versatile one of the pair. —

*Stefani Massie is 14 years old. She is the daughter of Sandra Sprouse of Staunton.*



In photo at left, Stefani Massie, 14, of Staunton, rides "King's Target" during competition at a recent Amherst County 4-H Horse Show. Photo courtesy Stefani Massie



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# American Cowboys on a Hungarian Trail

*When Western cowboys take to the trail with Hungarian horses, they find themselves to be tenderfeet of a different kind*

By BETH GREENAWALT

HUNGARY — A cowboy hat silhouetting the sky, we top a ridge and begin descending a trail jutting through the leaf-strewn slope. As our horses pick their way single-file, the scene is typical Western America. Or is it?

Ahead of me, the grizzled older man slouched back in that relaxed swing typical of cowboys who have lived long in the saddle has pushed his Western boots into English stirrup leathers. Even as I watch, he pulls at his horse one-handed in a fruitless effort to neckrein.

Of the trio in cowboy boots, one of us is mounted on a Lippizan and another on an enormous warm-blood jumper. We're led by a whip-cracking riding master in tall black boots and breeches.

We're all experienced riders who virtually grew up on horseback, but we left the stable accompanied by smothered giggles from a Hungarian audience — and quickly discovered the need to communicate with our mounts in an entirely new way.

A few months after my husband's job took us to the beautiful Lake Balaton area of Hungary, I discovered a nearby stable. I thought it would be great to organize an overnight trail ride with friends, with a hay wagon for the children and non-riders.

We pictured hunkering down near a campfire as hobbled horses grazed nearby, alternating with carefree lazy days exploring the countryside on horseback.

When I questioned stable personnel through an impromptu interpreter, the co-owner assured me that a several-day trip could be arranged. However, when she realized that we wanted to camp out overnight, consternation reigned.

The riding master was horrified at the thought of their stable-kept horses tethered out in the brisk springtime air — and obviously thought us Americans a bit crazy to want to expose ourselves as well. The camping trip metamorphosed into a one-day excursion.

I earned another odd look asking if there would be hay in the wagon. The "hay wagon" turned

out to be a large equipage drawn by two white horses, featuring pneumatic tires and two full length bench seats facing each other along the sides of the wagon box.

On a rather overcast and chilly April morning, our group of eight adults, four children and a baby gathered in the stable courtyard.

After seeing the first plunging warmblood brought out ("at least 23 hands," joked one participant... "bigger than a Quarterhorse," agreed another) one would-be rider decided to stick with the wagon for the day.

Basically the reins didn't seem to be for anything except "keeping contact" — the horses didn't respond to them for stops or turns. Instead, they relied on a system of body shifts and heel nudges in odd places — none of which seemed to actually work for us. Hungarians use about half the rein length of Western riders, position their hands so far down they're almost resting on the withers, and bow their legs to constantly connect with the horse all the way down to the ankles.

"I feel like a passenger," summed up Oklahoman Glenn Howard, veteran of many a ride but never one of this sort. "Whatever my horse is doing, it's not because of what I'm telling it."

After years of riding, we were starting out all over again. I suddenly sympathized with the beginners who used to join us for a ride at the farm. Trying to think about my legs, I'm forgetting my hands or weight shifts or cueing for a turn.

"I don't speak Hungarian in people or horse language," I finally concluded, to the amusement of my companions.

Conscious that most of us hadn't been riding for some time, and not wanting to court stiff muscles, we had decided to rent three horses and trade off every hour between the wagon and horseback. Unfortunately, this message didn't make it through the interpreter. Riders in the wagon and those on horseback didn't meet between lunch and the stable — to the intense discomfort of both.

The ride was further complicated for the more casual Americans by

the strict order maintained by Hungarian riding masters. It's taboo to pass the lead horse or even to switch order within the line. Riders who bypass the leader are required by custom to treat the entire party to "Cokes." (My husband advised me to just plan to bring a coolerful along until I learned how to "work the brakes.")

In our case, the leader was mounted on a young inexperienced horse which delighted in shooting out with both heels at an unwary follower. I rode a beautiful Lippizan mare with a long stride behind a small bay who showed signs of being in heat and a constant readiness to kick if we chanced within range. On the return ride we were relieved when she was placed last in line.

The Hungarian countryside is ideal for horseback exploration. Still farmed cooperatively, it isn't closed off by fences, and we could meander at will.

Although Hungary is largely flat grassy plains, we criss-crossed trails up and down ridges, across an occasional creek, through pines and woods to meadows edged with lilacs and full of unrecognized blossoms.

"I'm trying to keep pressure on my stirrups and hang on and keep the reins short and my hands down and not lose my hat all at the same time," said Dave Cosby, a native Georgian, after a gallop across a spring-green pasture. "But it feels good to be back in the saddle. I enjoy learning something new and being on a horse again."

At the end of the afternoon, the sun brightened as we neared the stable and the end of our journey. Suddenly we topped a rise to a panoramic view of Lake Balaton and the surrounding red-tiled roofs in villages framed by blossoming fruit trees. After a moment of stunned silence, my long-suffering husband exclaimed, "This view is worth the whole trip!"

The last rider in line, whose only



American cowboys in Eastern Europe found conditions on the Hungarian trail to be quite different than those back home. Rule No. 1: No passing allowed.

Photos by Beth Greenawalt

words for the past half hour (although repeated several times) had been, "How much farther is it to the stable?" remained silent.

In addition to sore muscles, the trip cost about \$15 each, off season rates, plus lunch along the way. Instead of huddling around a campfire, we warmed ourselves at a beautiful ceramic woodstove at a wayside restaurant.

Over delicious dinners (\$3-\$4 each) the wagon crew swapped

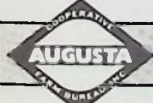
stories with the horseback riders. "We were on the highway for a long time," shuddered Elsie Turpin, lately of Georgia. "I looked up as a truck was passing us and a bus was coming at the same time the other way. But the horses just kept trotting along."

"The baby slept all the way — you'll have to get a covered wagon instead of a car!" joked Carol Cosby, a native of Mobile, Ala.

See **TRAIL**, page 18



For others, the Hungarian trail outing meant loading up in a horse-drawn wagon.



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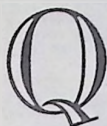
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# Trust yourself, trust your horse



How can you gain trust back when you've been bucked off or fallen off your horse?

Leslie Showalter, Staunton

To answer your question, I need to separate it into two parts. Being bucked off and falling off a horse are two different problems.

Falling off because of lack of balance, ability, or just by accident means building trust back in yourself. Some riders fall off, and if they blame the horse, then they are making a serious mistake in their own training. Admitting you have a problem is the first step in correction. But defining the problem is always a BIG part of admitting something's wrong.

If you have fallen off because of poor riding ability then to correct the situation means to work on yourself. This will regain trust, because trust is nothing more than a sense of confidence and security. Your riding ability determines how much you can and are willing to do. Trust in yourself will come when you have achieved certain goals and limits that you set for your personal accomplishment.

Being bucked off a horse is a different situation. I decided to divide bucking into three different categories — the predictable buck, the unexpected, and the one caused by outside influences.

"Outside influences" are the things you have no control over but affect you and your horse. One time I bucked on a cross country course when a loose newspaper blew around my legs. It took me by surprise, and my rider handled the situation well. But the newspaper was what I would call an "outside influence." It was something you could not control or stop, only

handle the upset as it happened. Being bucked off in a situation like this would mean you would need to regain trust back in your ability to handle the upset. You would want to work on your riding ability and confidence, but you would also realize that it was neither the horse's or rider's fault.

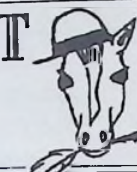
Being bucked off under a predictable circumstance is also easier to handle. You know what happened, why it happened, and chose to go through with it anyway. I have bucked riders, because I didn't want to do a required movement, or was feeling stubborn, and sometimes, because I didn't like the rider's personality and approach to the work. There were some riders I just didn't like, but I also sensed that they didn't like me. It was a mutual thing and resentment constantly builds. When a rider is bucked off because of a conflict that is predictable, then gaining trust back again goes back to the saying, "If you get thrown off a horse, get back on." In this case it is more a battle of wills. And unfortunately for me, I am the one that has to give in. I am the servant to man. Your trust will come in winning some of these battles of wills. Small ones at first to the larger ones with more stubborn horses. One horse builds confidence, many horses build skill.

The third type of buck is the unpredictable one. It is totally unexpected and unexplained. Some horses just take it into their head to buck, and the rider is usually unprepared. This situation is diffi-

cult to explain and therefore not easy to prevent or cope with. Gaining trust back is hard. Trust in the horse will have to be built back up. If the horse is a little "loco" and bucks unpredictably and cannot be re-trained, then riders have to determine how much they are willing to trust.

Trust is being able to let your guard down and feel safe. If you cannot let your guard down when you ride, then your level of trust is in question. Some riders actually enjoy living on "the edge." It is a form of excitement, and they are confident enough in themselves and their riding ability not to be shaken by these upsets. That is why you have ro-

## I.B. HOOFINIT Horse Sense



deos. These riders enjoy the excitement of a good bucking.

Trust sometimes means believing that YOU can handle these situations. Yes, you can get hurt, but you take the risk anyway. You take the risk, because it is something you love to do. And when you love to do something that much, then taking the risk and trying again despite the fear is the ultimate trust in yourself. —

I.B. Hoofinit is a fictitious horse character developed by Chris Marrs

as a service to teach horse care. Questions to I.B. Hoofinit may be submitted to P.O. Box 2955, Staunton, Va. 24402. Questions become the property of Chris Marrs, and answers are subject to editor approval. Information provided in this column is meant to be taken as general advice. Each horse, rider, owner, and situation reflect different problems. I.B.'s answers are meant to be informative and enjoyable, but not binding. Common sense in any situation is a must.



David Greenawalt, formerly of Greenville, moment on a trail ride through the eastern Va., and most recently of Hungary, pauses a European countryside.

Photo by Beth Greenawalt

## Trail

Continued from page 17

Despite the trials and tribulations, the American cowboys were undefeated. Several couples bought reduced rate tickets (good for 10 off season rides at \$3/hour) and scheduled a return visit for the next weekend.

If nothing else, we wanted to enjoy that glorious topping of the hill to view the aquamarine lake

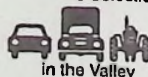
and scattered villages (what better stress-reliever after a tension-filled week?)

"Maybe we could buy a young horse and train it ourselves," mused Bill Turpin, rubbing his graying beard. "And let Americans ride it."

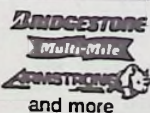
Now, if we can just find a Western saddle in Budapest. —



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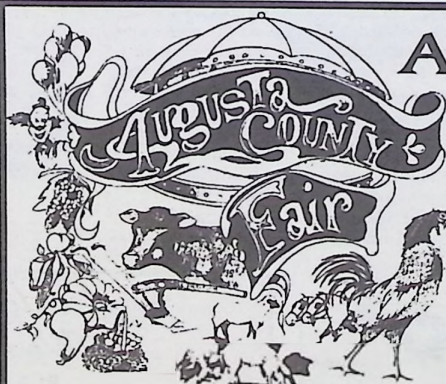


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# Here, there, everywhere

## Children honor Civil War dead

STAUNTON — The Tom Telegraph chapter of the Children of the Confederacy led a memorial service recently at Thornrose Cemetery. The children assisted the James Crawford chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Palmetto Sharpshooters in honoring Civil War dead.

Members Katie Props, Jennifer Props, Sarah Huffer, Beth Huffer, Scott Wooten, Benjamin True, Virginia True, and Kendra Wimer performed in period costume.

The Tom Telegraph chapter was organized in 1994 and has 30 members in Augusta and Rockingham counties. Each member is a descendant of a documented Confederate soldier. Named after the horse of Gen. Turner Ashby, the chapter studies the 1860 era including clothing, customs, issues, and food. Children also learn history through field trips and public ceremonies.

There are 17 other Children of the Confederacy chapters in Virginia and many other chapters in other states. Tom Telegraph members Sara Huffer and Jennifer Props serve as Virginia State Chaplain and Virginia State eustodian, respectively. —



Richard Foltz, Scott Wooten, Sarah Huffer, Kendra Wimer, Jennifer Props, Virginia True, Ben True, Carmen Harris, Beth Huffer, and Katie Props commemorate war dead at Thornrose Cemetery. Photo courtesy Tom Telegraph chapter

## Congratulations to...

NORTH RIVER — Students recognized at an awards assembly held recently at North River Elementary School included Jeremy Arey, Joanna White, Jeremy Withers, Devin Michael and Amanda Marshall.

Jeremy Arey was the recipient of the Mary Buck Award for the outstanding fifth grade boy. He also received the SCA Leadership Award. He is the son of Carl and Maxine Arey.

Joanna was awarded the Mary Buck Award for the outstanding fifth grade girl. She is the daughter of Walter and Anne White.

Recognized as winner of the North River Ruritan Club essay contest was Jeremy Withers, son of Dean and Kim Withers.

Best All-Around fifth grade boy honors went to Devin. He is the son of Eddie and Frances Michael. Amanda was honored as the Best All-Around fifth grade girl. She is the daughter of Steve and Debra Marshall. —



AREY



WHITE



WITHERS



MICHAEL



MARSHALL

until he was named director following a national search.

As director of the Manassas Museum System, Harris administers the museum and four other city-owned historic sites. He is also coordinating the renovation of the historic Manassas railroad depot.

Harris, his wife, Diann, and their children, Jeffrey and Rebecca, reside in Prince William County. —

MANASSAS — Scott H. Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Harris of Augusta County, was recently named director of The Manassas Museum System which interprets the history and material culture of the Northern Virginia Piedmont region.

Harris is a graduate of Wilson Memorial High School, holds a bachelor's degree in history and historic preservation from Mary Washington College and a master's degree in history and museum administration from the College of William and Mary.

Harris joined the museum staff as curator in 1988 and served as acting director from December 1995

## Animal Industry Day, July 12

BLACKSBURG — The 33rd annual Animal Industry Day will be held July 12 at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg. Research and educational programs for livestock, poultry, and horse industries will be highlighted throughout this one-day event.

Participants will be able to register and view a wide array of educational and commercial exhibits starting at 8:30 a.m. At 9:15, buses will transport participants to the various species centers where they will

receive information on new research and developments in the beef, sheep, swine, horse, and poultry industries. Some programs will be repeated during the day, so those with more than one area of interest may attend different seminars.

A complimentary barbecue lunch will be served at the Livestock Center from noon to 1 p.m.

For information about the program, call the Augusta County Extension Office at 245-5750 or Steve Umberger at 540/231-5253. —

## Centenarian doesn't pretend to know secret of longevity

By SUE SIMMONS

STAUNTON — Louise Thompson celebrates her 103rd birthday on June 24.

A resident of Staunton Manor Nursing Home, Miss Thompson was born on a farm in Amherst County, Virginia in 1893.

"I was born in a weatherboard house," Miss Thompson recalled.

Her parents, Jimmy and Wilanna Jones, did not own the farm. Mr. Jones worked for a farmer and lived in a house on the farm. It was in this house that he raised his family.

The youngest of three sisters, Miss Thompson declared, "I'm the baby one." She added that neither of her two sisters lived as long as she.

Miss Thompson recalls happy days on the farm, playing children's games, doing light chores, and going to school.

Her mother cooked on a woodstove. "She baked risen bread at night and cakes in the morning. We

"It's a wonderful, beautiful world God gave to us. I thank the Lord for taking care of me."

Louise Thompson

took cakes to school them days."

Miss Thompson never married and has no children. She earned her living working as domestic help in a private home.

Miss Thompson admits that there are many things about her life she cannot remember any longer. "When you have so much on your mind, you can't remember much," she said.

But she is quick to add: "It's a wonderful, beautiful world God gave to us. I thank the Lord for taking care of me."

Asked what she wants for her birthday, Miss Thompson said she would love to eat some pig's feet.

Miss Thompson cannot think of anyone else in her family who lived as long as she. When asked what she attributes her longevity to, she says, "I'm just plain people. I never had no sickness."

Asked if she could give any secrets to others who wanted to live a long time, she said — with the wisdom only a person of her age can have — "I never know so much about them secrets." —



LOUISE THOMPSON

### AROUND THE CORNER

#### A.A.R.P., July 6

MT. CRAWFORD -- A.A.R.P. Chapter 129 of Harrisonburg and Rockingham County will hold its monthly luncheon meeting at noon July 6 at Evers Family Restaurant.

The program will be by "Oasis of Love."

All persons 50 or older are welcome. For information call 828-7497. —

#### Watercolor Show

WAYNESBORO -- The Shenandoah Valley Watercolor Society is planning a Members' Show during the month of July at the Shenandoah Valley Art Center. The show will be open to all displaying members of SVWS and will be judged by Edith Arbaugh of Charlottesville. The public is invited to the opening reception on July 5, 1996 from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

The show will run the entire month of July. The Shenandoah Valley Art Center is located at 600 West Main St., Waynesboro. Hours are 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., Sunday. For information call 434-6534. —



# Schoolhouse News

## Jenny Groh named Gap's Teacher of the Year

By PENNY PLEMMONS

**SWOOPE** — Buffalo Gap High School has named earth science and physics teacher, Jenny Groh, as its "Teacher of the Year."

"Mrs. Groh is extremely dedicated and conscientious," said Gap principal William Deardorff. "She has a wonderful rapport with students and teachers."

Prior to teaching at Gap, Mrs. Groh was employed by the North Carolina Forest Service as a ranger. Admiration for her parents, who were both public school teachers, inspired her to return to college and subsequently

enter the teaching profession.

Mrs. Groh taught horticulture in Louisa County, Va. and Earth sciences on a Navajo Indian Reservation in Albuquerque, N.M. before coming to Gap in 1992. She recently earned her master's degree in science education from the University of Virginia.

Great teaching mentors and her work history have provided Mrs. Groh with valuable experiences which she brings to Gap's earth studies and physics program.

"Students learn best when they actually perform activities," stated Mrs. Groh. Students in Mrs. Groh's

classes experience science through labs, group projects, individual assignments and guest speakers.

She stated that the most rewarding aspect of teaching is when students relate to her that "they like what they're learning and were able to apply their newly acquired knowledge at home."

Also, serving as science club faculty advisor, Mrs. Groh supplies students especially interested in the sciences with extra-curricular science related field trips and special programs. Mrs. Groh states that she was "surprised and grateful" to be recognized as

Gap's "Teacher of the Year."

BGHS is fortunate to have a teacher who in the words of Mr. Deardorff, "goes beyond the call of duty to teach her students."

"Teacher of the Year" selection is an annual event in which all county schools participate. This year's recipients were honored with a luncheon.

Other recipients from western Augusta County schools were: Betty Gatewood, Beverley Manor Middle; Bryan Quick, Beverley Manor Elementary; Carolyn Ringgold, Craigsville Elementary; and Ruthie Snyder, North River Elementary. —



JENNY GROH



G. BUCHANAN



S. BUCHANAN



IRVINE



HEIZER



HOWELL

## Riverheads FFA honors members at banquet

AC staff report

**GREENVILLE** — Top award winners at the Riverheads High School FFA banquet were senior members Greg Buchanan and Scott Buchanan.

Greg, president of the RHS chapter, received its highest honor, Star Chapter Farmer, as well as the Blue and Gold Award for outstanding leadership. He was also the recipient of the Missy Clemmer Scholarship, the FFA scholarship, and the DeKalb Agricultural Accomplishment Award.

Scott, president of Augusta's FFA Federation, also was honored with a Star Chapter Farmer award, the Blue and Gold Award, and the Missy Clemmer Scholarship. Awards were presented by chapter adviser and RHS agriculture instructor Gene McIlwee.

Star Greenhand awards were presented by Deborah Strole, ag in-

structor and FFA adviser, to Colby Irvine and Carrie Heizer. The chapter's Star Agri-Businessman award was presented to Phillip Howell.

Chapter officers conferred Honorary Chapter Farmer degrees on David Heizer, Lee Heizer, and Betty Jo Hamilton. Brothers David and Lee operate a dairy farm in partnership near Middlebrook. Hamilton is publisher and editor of *Augusta Country*.

Recognized for holding the highest grade-point average among chapter members in their classes were Benji Johnson and Scott Buchanan, seniors; Tammy Hughes and David Wolfe, juniors; David Bolin, sophomore; and Johnathon Fitzgerald and Carrie Heizer, freshman.

Proficiency awards presented to members included Benji Johnson, agriculture mechanics; Scott Buchanan, turf and landscape, senior public speaking; Greg

Buchanan, diversified livestock production, leadership; Buddy Chandler, wildlife management; Clay Fravel, dairy production; Phillip Howell, beef production; Colby Irvine, beef production; Carrie Heizer, beef production, equine/horse production; Phillip Myrtle, forestry; David Wolfe, fruit and/or vegetable production; Jake Shuey, fruit and/or vegetable production, extemporaneous public speaking; and Brandy Lohrey, equine/horse production. Adam Myers, Felicia Gutshall and Wendy Potter each received proficiency awards for home and farmstead improvement.

Other proficiency award winners included Darren Crosier, placement in agriculture; Justin Shomo, diversified crop production; Jennifer Smith, sheep production; Chapman Williams, agricultural sales and services; Olen Swisher, feed and grain production; and David Archart, outdoor recreation. —

## Fort FFA hosts Food for America program

By KRISTI AVOLI

**FORT DEFIANCE** — Clymore Elementary School fourth-grade students learned chocolate milk doesn't come from a brown cow, and macaroni is made from wheat during a Food for America presentation made by the Fort Defiance High School FFA chapter.

Members of the Fort Defiance chapter presented demonstrations about the sources of foods and other products the students use every day. Students then went to Fort Defiance High School to see different animals, plants, and equipment which might be seen on local farms.

Elementary teachers also used materials integrating additional information about agriculture into the students' lessons throughout March.

"We wanted to do this Food for America program, because too many students think their food just

comes from the grocery store," said Melvin Heatwole, Fort's Food for America coordinator.

"Even though we live in a rural area very few students actually live on farms. We also want to take this one step further to help the students realize that agriculture is more than farming. Agriculture includes hundreds of other careers in marketing, sales, research, communications, and processing.

"By presenting the Food for America program to students, we want to help them better understand where many of the products they use every day come from," Heatwole concluded.

"We were excited to work with the elementary students and give them a better understanding of agriculture," said Kara Michael, chapter officer. "Food for America will help the teachers integrate agricultural information into math, science, and other classes they already teach." —

## Country Trader

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*Augusta Country* has the right to reject any ads which do not meet the above requirements. Ad must be received by July 10 to appear in Summer issue. *Country Trader* was created as a service for readers of *Augusta Country*. Businesses please utilize our display advertising.



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## Area graduates tell of future plans

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This is the first of a two-part series of comments from recent graduates of Augusta County high schools. Graduates of Fort Defiance, Wilson Memorial, and Stuarts Draft high schools are included. Comments from graduates of Riverheads and Buffalo Gap high schools will be published in the summer edition of *Augusta County*.

### AC staff report

#### Fort Defiance

**Bobby Rohrer:** "I'm going to Bridgewater College, but I haven't decided on a major yet. I learned last week that I may have a chance to play soccer there."

**Windsor Dienert:** "I'm going to Ferrum, but I don't know yet what I want to major in. I'm exploring my options."

**Matt McComas:** "After graduation I am going to Virginia Military Institute. I plan to major in civil engineering and then get a master's degree in architecture. After that I'll join the army for a few years to pay off my college debt."

**Philip Stroop:** "I start work at Block Lane laying bricks and block next Monday."

**David Pham:** "I'm going to college at the University of Virginia. I plan to major in engineering. I hope to get a job with some major computer firm, but really I'm still unsure about future plans beyond college."

**Richard Richie:** "I'm going to continue to work at Bai Masonry out at Buffalo Gap. I've been work-

**Marlena Via** planned a trip to the beach with her sister after graduation from Stuarts Draft High School. "I have a full-time job lined up at Metfab when I get back," she said. Marlena worked there part-time during the school year. Her future plans include starting Blue Ridge Community College or National Business College in 1997 to major in accounting.



VIA



HICKEY



CRAUN



LAWSON



BURTNER



HAMILTON

## Buffalo Gap FFA holds awards ceremony

### AC staff report

**SWOPE**—Matt Hickey, Chad Craun, Troy Lawson, Josh Burtner, and Wendy Hamilton were honored with top awards presented during a banquet hosted recently by the Buffalo Gap High School FFA chapter.

Star Greenhand awards were presented to Hickey and Craun. Lawson and Burtner earned the Star Chapter Farmer awards. Hamilton was named the chapter's Star Agri-Businessman recipient.

Chapter officers Amy Trout and Chris Curry conferred Honorary Chapter Farmer degrees on Rick Shiflet and Doug Riley. Both men

are Buffalo Gap alumni and operate diversified livestock and crop operations in the Buffalo Gap school district.

Trout received two of the chapters three scholarships given in memory of J.W. Riley and Scott Hickey. Randy Mohler was presented the C.R. Riley Memorial Scholarship.

The chapter presented Appreciation Awards to J.R. Coleman and Stuart Moffett.

Proficiency awards presented to chapter members included beef production, Chris Curry and Jason Michael; dairy production, Randy Mohler and Jamie Caricofe; horse production, Doug Britt and Shawn

Wheeler; soil and water management, Wendy Hamilton; sheep production, Troy Lawson and Josh Burtner; forestry management, Tommy North; diversified livestock production, Amy Trout and Clint Lyle; agriculture mechanics, Willie Landrum; swine proficiency, Doug Sheets; and volunteerism, Chad Reed.

Also receiving proficiency awards were Daniel Swisher, small animal care; Catherine Knight, specialty animal care; Jill Foster, agriculture sales and service; Ryan Kiracofe, poultry production; Michael Caricofe, outdoor recreation; Dixie Stoutamyer, agriculture communications; and Mike Harris, forage production. —

The only thing Melissa Lowery will miss about school is softball. Graduation was an exciting event for her, and shortly after the big day she took off on a trip to Myrtle Beach. The Stuarts Draft High School graduate has been working full-time at CFW in Waynesboro since July of 1995. "I took a leave of absence from work for three months to play softball, but other than that I've been going to work after I get out of class at 11:30 a.m.," she commented. Melissa will be providing long distance directory service at CFW.



LOWERY

ing there for a year, and I've already got two raises."

### Wilson Memorial

**Gregg Staebell:** "Next year I'm going to study in the metropolis of Richmond at Virginia Commonwealth University's School of Engineering. I've gotten a full four-year scholarship. After college I don't know. We'll just see where I am at that point."

**Kate Taylor:** "I plan to major in biology at the University of Utah. I want to become a veterinarian and work at the San

Diego Zoo. I am going to drive out to Utah several weeks before school starts and see as many things as possible."

**Corrie Spoon:** "I'm enrolling in Virginia Commonwealth University this fall and plan to major in bio-medical engineering. I want to make prostheses for people. I would also like to be a missionary. But I guess if I am a missionary in 10 years everyone will know I probably flunked out of engineering school." —

## Bison band travels to Toronto for festival

By LAURYN PLEMMONS

**SWOPE**—The Buffalo Gap Band recently journeyed to Toronto, Canada to participate in a National Band Competition. Band members left Gap on May 16 at 9 p.m. and traveled all through the night to arrive in Toronto at 7 the next morning.

The band enjoyed a hearty breakfast at picturesque Niagara Falls, followed by their performance at the International Plaza Hotel for the Fiesta-Val Music Festival, in which the hard working band took second place.

Due to the fact that the band put in such an outstanding effort, members were rewarded with many fun sightseeing events. They started

out by seeing how a dinner was eaten in Medieval Times, and then they visited the Ontario Science Center where there was plenty of "hands on" fun. These musically talented students also delighted in visiting Canada's Wonderland Amusement park, the CN Tower, Sky Dome, and the world-famous Hard Rock Cafe.

There were a number of requirements that the band had to meet in order to cross the Canadian border. The students had to have written permission from their parents, their birth certificates and another form of identification.

"I had a great time, and I hope the band goes again next year," stated eleventh grader J.R. Bishop.

"I had a wonderful time. It was a pleasant experience, and I learned a lot," said freshman Stephanie Wimer.

The Bison Band returned from its much-awaited trip on May 19. Twenty-three members made the trip along with director, Jennifer Bennett, and 10 chaperones. Bennett also organized an outdoor concert on June 9 for the school with Jazz Band, playing for the Churchville Ruritan Club as a "thank you" for its donation for the band's trip to Canada.

Bennett said she is looking forward to next year's marching season, and she commented that she needs more students on the field. Students interested in participating should contact Miss Bennett before the next school year. —

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wish everyone a safe  
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# Country Crossroads

## Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin

June, 1996



Dear Maude,

Well, it's that busy time again in Washington. All the members of Congress and all of their staff members are up-and-at-it early each day. I thought that our worries at the office were mostly over when they passed the farm bill, but since the last time I wrote, we spent three days as busy as could be as the members of the House of Representatives started arguing over the sugar policy again. Into town came all those clients whose interests were at stake and all of the bosses disappeared into those marble halls to keep an eye on all the happenings. Things came out as they hoped, but it was a hectic few days around here.

At a time like this when all the legislation has to do with money, anything can happen at any time. I was thinking to myself as I rode the subway into the office today that money is all they seem to be concerned with right now. The headlines say, "...Committee approves funds for..." while further down the page is an article about work on balancing the budget. They spend a little time on legislation funding all sorts of things, then a little time on ways to cut spending and balance the budget, then more on spending legislation. Sometimes they work on both at the same time.

Just recently two committees on the House side became embroiled in a disagreement over what committee had what authority to control taxes. The House Ways and Means Committee has always been the power when it comes to any tax legislation. Over the years it has been considered that the chairmanship of that committee and that of the Senate Finance Committee were two of the most powerful positions in Washington. You can imagine how upset the Ways and Means Committee became when the Transportation Committee took it upon themselves to introduce legislation that had to do with a 10 percent tax on airline tickets as well as an exemption for aviation fuel from the transportation fuel tax. It is one thing to have the Appropriations Committee and the Budget Committee messing with the money, but Transportation is another thing altogether.

With all this taxing and spending and spending and taxing, it makes one wonder if things will ever come out even. But dollars are of great importance right now, for we must remember that this is an election year, and the voters must be kept happy. (How could one forget, for those fundraisers are increasing in number, if that is possible.) Instead of lawmakers and statesmen, it almost seems as if we have a large committee of treasurers and accountants up here!

All of that spending and not-spending legislation began to get to me, and since the other circus was near by, I went over to Baltimore, met AnnaLee and the boys, and we took off to Philadelphia. I was hoping that gorgeous friend of hers who works with the circus would be there, and he was, along with his friend Dennis, both of whom entertained me with stories of Spot the Circus Cat. Pictures show Spot to be a tiny little thing with huge eyes and a long bushy tail, so long it drags the ground as she walks. She was found, a tiny, wet and starving thing underneath one of the circus rail cars by Carl, who pretends he does not like pets, (but I don't believe that for a minute.) He rescued her, fed her well and kept her hidden in his circus quarters for almost a year, until some of his co-workers and one of the bosses found out about her. It is against circus regulations for anyone to have a pet on the train, so he had to find a home for her. Dennis Poe immediately came to mind, because of his love for cats, and she was

## The independence of religious freedom

More often than not, the desire for political freedom and religious freedom merge into one great yearning to be free from the yoke of oppression. This has been the history in America, and it's often complicated.

For instance, when the national forest service announced plans for road building in the state of Washington, it turned out the area had been used for generations by local Native American tribes for sacred worship. They objected to the project on the grounds that the government was interfering in the exercise of their religion. The Supreme Court heard the case, and the justices agreed that the "logging could have devastating effects on traditional religious practices," but, the court wrote, "government simply could not operate if it were required to satisfy every citizen's religious needs and desires." Stephen Carter, a scholar commenting on this in his book *The Culture Of Disbelief*, says "The court makes a good point: but what exactly are the protesting Indians left to do? [...] It seems far better, or at least easier, for the Native Americans to bow to the government's wishes and simply to let their worship rituals and eventually their religion go quietly into oblivion."

Carter asks, "Can you imagine this happening if this were not a minority religious group?" What if the Commonwealth of Virginia decided to take Bethel Presbyterian Church by claiming eminent domain to build a visitors' center for tourists in the beautiful Shenandoah valley?

In Colorado, a public school teacher was ordered to remove his personal Bible from his desk where students might see it. A federal appeals court upheld the order, explaining that the teacher could not be allowed to create a religious atmosphere in the classroom which might happen if the students knew he was a Christian.

When a Jewish lawyer defended a military officer who insisted on wearing the yarmulke required by his Orthodox faith, he was told, "choose your religion or your career."

Carter says, "Jews, Christian, Muslims, Native Americans, it matters not. The consistent message of American society is that when the demands of your religion conflict with your role as an American citizen you are expected to ignore your religious demands. In effect, abandon your religion for a rational secular faith."

On the other hand, a Decatur, Ga., biology teacher was fired for refusing to allow brief silent prayer in his classroom, allowed by Georgia law and required by his school. He refused on the grounds that the government was forcing him to practice religion.

These arguments for or against the exercise of religion have their origin in arguments that began over 200 years ago in Virginia.

In the 1700s when the Shenandoah Valley was being settled, the Scotch-Irish settlers had considerable influence due to the power of their informed protest. From Scotland and Ireland these Baptists and Presbyterians came with a fierce commitment to freedom of worship without governmental involvement. The Presbyterians insisted that in matters of faith the church reserved the right to govern itself by the dictates of conscience under the guidance of scripture and the confessions of the church.

In December of 1774, Hanover Presbytery, meeting at Tinkling Springs Presbyterian Church, protested the "Toleration Act" of Virginia which merely tolerated dissident Protestants who were not members of the established (Anglican) Church. The Presbytery declared their rights as free citizens and their duties and demands of their Christian faith to obey God. There

brought down recently to her new home. Dennis says that at first she was terrified of all the space at his house, for her entire life had been spent in Carl's tiny living quarters on the train, but she soon got used to things and now loves to run and jump which she could not do before. Spot was used to seeing some big cats from her train window, living with lions and tigers as she had, but she was not prepared for the likes of Himmel and Hermine, the two 20-pound rulers of the Poe household. Himmel immediately liked the notion of having a pretty young lady added to the household, but Hermine, the undisputed



## Saying grace

By

Roy Howard

years later at Timber Ridge, the Presbytery protested against the continued tax assessment by the government to support an established Church. They sought absolutely no involvement by the government for or against religion.

After the war for independence, Thomas Jefferson strongly advocated the total disestablishment of the church. Patrick Henry opposed Jefferson's position, preferring a government assessment to support equally all churches. But the Baptists complained that general assessments keep all minorities equally under the thumb of a ruling power. In 1785 a resolution written by Augusta Stone Presbyterian Church against any governmental involvement in the church was sent to the Presbytery meeting at Bethel Presbyterian Church. Those at the meeting in August of 1785 claim that 10,000 people were present. James Madison circulated a petition calling for complete freedom of religion. Concern was also expressed for the rights of unbelievers. This became known as the "Presbyterian Convention Petition" enacted by the Presbytery while it was convened at Bethel Presbyterian Church.

Shortly thereafter, the General Assembly dropped the idea of government assessment and hence an established church. Nine years after it was first written, Thomas Jefferson's bill for "the Establishment of Religious Freedom" was reintroduced by James Madison who was encouraged by the resolve of the Baptists and Presbyterians. It was adopted. No other people in any other nation had enacted a law to guarantee the freedom of the individual to express publicly her or his faith. This is the famous, now controversial, wall separating church and state. Thomas Jefferson asked that the act be one of only three accomplishments engraved on his tombstone.

The purpose of the separation of church and state remains to keep the government out of the affairs of religious practice. It was never intended to keep people from exercising the moral demands of their faith in civic affairs.

The Statute for Religious Freedom was intended to protect all religious minorities from established churches. Then it was Mennonites, Quakers, Baptists and unbelievers; now it's other groups. No one should be forced to pray the prayers of another. Nor should those who seek to pray be barred from it. What is at stake is the protection of religious minorities from oppressive power. If the state can approve or disapprove religious practices, then the state can control such practices and become the judge of such practices. This is the horror that Thomas Jefferson and dissenters fought against.

People pray regardless of what the government says. They do it every day. They even pray for civil authorities who tell them not to. Thus do we remember our religious freedom when we celebrate political freedom on Independence Day. —

queen of the establishment had other feelings. I gather that it has been an adjustment for all concerned. Dennis the most, since he is the one who has to listen to Queen Hermine's displeasure, but all are now getting along nicely. If only Congress could handle things as well!

The real circus was fun, and the clowns there made me laugh. It was difficult to return to Washington after such a relaxing weekend with the rest of the world. It was just enough to make me homesick, so I will try to find some free time when the recesses begin to come home for a visit.

Love, LuLu



## ★ America's Birthday ★ Celebration packed with entertainment

AC staff report

### STAUNTON

Plans for America's Birthday Celebration are nearly complete with the event set to fill the week of July the Fourth with numerous activities appealing to a wide range of interests.

The week opens June 30 with seven hours of gospel music at the Gypsy Hill Park handstand. From 2 to 9 p.m. on Sunday, gospel groups from the area will provide entertainment to all who care to gather for the afternoon and evening.

On July 1 the Stonewall Brigade Band will hold its regular 8 p.m. Monday night concert at the bandstand.

Staunton's Recreation Department will host activities on the evening of July 2 with the Chrystal Armistead Band in performance at the bandstand beginning at 7 p.m.

Events on July 3 are only a warm up for that which is yet to come. The midway with Cole Brothers Shows will open at 10 a.m. in the adjacent Moxie Stadium. The Stonewall Brigade Band will perform at a 7 p.m. concert which will precede the traditional pre-Fourth of July vespers service at 8 p.m. This year's speaker will be Congressman Bob Goodlatte, R-6th. At 9 p.m. Staunton Brass will perform. All concerts and the vespers service will be held at the bandstand.

The gala event will reach its climax on the Fourth with events planned throughout the day and into the evening. Registration for the annual

Run/Walk will begin at 6:30 a.m. with race time set for 7:45 a.m. Beginning at 8 a.m. a juried arts and craft show and sale will be featured at the park's garden center.

Running from 8:30 a.m. and continuing throughout the day, a military display will be featured at Thomas D. Howie Memorial Armory. This will include a Military Antique and Collectible Show and Sale, a Military Equipment Static Display, and a Military Encampment Display. Blackhawk helicopters will be flying in for the event.

Flag wavers will want to begin assembling along the parade route in Gypsy Hill Park long before the event's 9 a.m. start which will feature antique vehicles. The marching parade will follow at 10 a.m. which also marks the opening of the midway.

Events throughout the remainder of the morning and into the afternoon include 11:30 a.m., square dance and clogging exhibition and face painting for children; noon, rollerblading demonstration and dunking booth; and 1 p.m., county employees vs. city employees softball game.

Beginning at 1 p.m. at the bandstand there will be alternating musical performances which will precede an 8 p.m. Jazz in the Park performance by Sentimental Journey. Fourth of July festivities will culminate with a fireworks display at 10 p.m.

The week's events round out on July 5 with a Friday evening performance by Flashback at the bandstand. The concert is being hosted by Staunton's Recreation Department.

As a special treat for those trying to escape the heat of summer, the park pool will be open until 10 p.m. each night of America's Birthday Celebration.

## Drought-proofing the garden

### Getting water in the right place at the right time

Nothing much happened in Middlebrook this week, except the Ruritan Club checked the signs on each end of the village. Uh huh... still there.

And then of course there was the aroma of chicken barbecuing on the grill. How wonderful a sensation it is to walk in from the gardens a few minutes before sunset, watch the dogs roll around in the freshly cut grass, hear the first crickets as they brave the twilight, glimpse a trio of deer as they trot through a neighbor's corn field, and, to top it all off, catch the scent of chicken sizzling on a neighbor's grill.

Whew! This is a fine time of year, isn't it? If it weren't for the occasional dry spell, we gardeners would be happy folks indeed.

I sincerely trust that this summer does not impart upon us a water shortage as we experienced last year. Most of us in Augusta County, at one time or another, have experienced a water shortage. We couldn't let the children play in the sprinkler, we couldn't wash our cars, and we couldn't offer our garden an inch of water per week like it requires. What a wonderful event it was last September when the clouds gave up their contents, and life for us gardeners returned to normal.

You know, there really is a lot of water around. It just has a way of not always being in the right place at the right time. There seems to be too much water or too little water in our gardens. Conserving water as we head into the dog days of summer is critical for all of us with plants in the ground.

The first step, of course, is to increase the water holding potential of the soil by adding organic matter. (That term just keeps popping up in this column doesn't it? One gets the notion that it must be pretty significant.) Farmers know, and we as gardeners should know, that in deep, rich soil plants find it much easier to develop the strong, deep root system necessary to find water during dry periods.

If your garden is blessed with deep, rich soil, this, however, will not "drought-proof" your plants; but we all know that healthy soil will withstand a water shortage

better than unimproved soil.

Farmers with huge field crops can't manage the water retention components of their soil as intensely as gardeners. It's simply a matter of scale. Some of the things that we growers can do are:

1) Mulch — One of the most effective techniques available to gardeners is to mulch our plants. Mulched gardens are healthier, more weed-free, and more drought resistant than unmulched gardens. There are two basic kinds of mulch: organic and inorganic. The best inorganic mulch available today is black plastic. I used it on our tomatoes last year, and it really did do wonders. Although admittedly ugly, the plastic smothered weeds, warmed up the soil for the heat-loving tomatoes, and conserved water wonderfully. A reader of this column mentioned the use of black plastic in her gardens last year, and was very pleased with the effort.

Organic mulches are almost like a compost to your garden, only instead of working it in, you lay it down on top of your soil. Organic mulches (such as grass clippings, wood chips, shredded leaves, pine needles and straw) are former live materials that do everything that black plastic does, plus they decay throughout the season to return to the soil and increase organic matter.

We are using grass clippings a lot this year at our place, and have found that one of the most important things to remember when using organic mulch is to ensure that the ground is already weeded before you apply the mulch; otherwise, the weeds will just grow right back up through the grass clippings. Use at least a 5-inch layer of grass clippings. A thin layer won't do any good at all. Grass clippings, unlike black plastic, reduce soil temperature. I've found this really helps to keep spinach and lettuce from bolting.

2) Set out a rain barrel — There is probably a ton of water (literally) that runs off your roof every time we get a good rainfall. If you aren't collecting this water, you are missing a good opportunity. This rain water is perfect for your garden,

## The Garden Path

By  
Jeff  
Ishee



and you just have to figure out a way to get it from your roof to the garden at the right time.

Several gardening centers in the area now have attractive rain barrels available. These are naturally colored, and blend in more with your yard than an old petroleum drum; but a can of spray paint can do wonders for an old drum if you have access to one for free. The prefabricated rain collector barrels have a tap in the bottom for your garden hose. Nifty, huh? It's a reliable system to install if your garden is near your house.

3) Install drip irrigation — Without a doubt, the most efficient method for applying water to your garden is with drip irrigation. When watering a garden with a sprinkler, some water is immediately lost to evaporation, surface runoff, and by falling in areas that don't need water, such as a path or sidewalk.

One neat (and cheap) method I've found to use drip irrigation is to poke a few holes into the bottom of a gallon milk jug, set it in the ground next to the plant, and just refill it every few days. The water slowly, but surely, seeps into the soil around the root zone, where it is needed the most.

The next step (a quantum leap, actually) is to install a semi-permanent drip irrigation system. The main benefit of investing in drip irrigation for your garden is the savings of both time and effort. Drip systems eliminate the need to drag garden hoses around, and (this is so typical for our generation) you can just flip a switch and consider it a done deal. Most drip systems even have a timer installed so you don't even have worry about watering your garden while you are on vacation in the Smoky Mountains.

A combination of drip irrigation and mulching is certainly the best way to drought proof your garden. Just lay the drip lines underneath your 5-inch layer of grass clippings, and you can count on gardening success. Drip systems used in this manner have been shown to reduce water consumption by up to a 50 percent margin, hence our goal of getting the water to the right place at the right time is consummated.

This summer, get the water where it needs to be... on your garden. Then, fire up the grill, dab some barbecue sauce on some chicken wings, and enjoy a summer's evening. It won't be long until the sweet corn is in! —

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## The Phantom: Most overlooked among summer blockbusters

By HANNAH SIMMONS

If you think that Hollywood, regardless of the May Hype, has failed to produce any good summer blockbusters, take heart — The Phantom lives.

Director Simon Wincer has made the beloved comic strip "The Phantom" into an enjoyable Saturday afternoon at the movies.

Unlike some of this summer's big screen fare — Mission Impossible comes to mind — The Phantom delivers. Full of action, stunts, and comedy. "The Ghost Who Walks" defends the earth from piracy, cruelty, and greed.

Billy Zane plays the heroic Phantom, a.k.a. Kit Walker. If Zane's name doesn't ring a bell, that's because he is a relative newcomer. Don't be fooled by his appearance in the Milk ads seen in major magazines. Zane plays the part of the "Ghost who Walks" with a style all his own. He combines the savoir-faire of Harrison Ford with some of the machismo of Arnold Schwarzenegger and adds a sense of humor and timing that is all his own. When he takes his mask off, Zane ain't hard to look at either.

The story could come straight out of the funnies. The daring and dashing hero, who has taken up the mantle of Phantomhood after receiving a traditional education in the United States, is charged by the spirit of his father — one of the 20 generations of Phantoms to inhabit the

Bengalla Jungle — to find three dynamic skulls. These skulls are so powerful they vaporize physical matter. Our hero obviously must find the skulls before they fall into evil hands in order to save the world from certain annihilation. Kit's mission, of course, is complicated by a woman, in this case, the beautiful Diane Palmer.

Kristy Swanson gets her kicks and punches in as Diane, the Phantom's long lost friend and long lost love. Diane, the niece of a wealthy newspaper editor, travels to the jungle to investigate a sacred Brotherhood, an evil gang also after the three dynamic skulls. During her investigation, Diane is kidnapped by pirates and the whimp bad guy Xander Drax, played by Treat Williams. Drax is a wealthy, power hungry investor with criminal connections. In true Saturday-afternoon-at-the-movies tradition, the story unfolds. But enough.

Go see The Phantom. Take your kids. Take your parents. Think of it as a chance to bond. The Phantom of the funnies is an inter- and cross-generational experience. Dad has always read it, and Mom reluctantly admits to following the Phantom's escapades and exploits as a teenager.

The Phantom is a fun movie. The dialogue is witty, the action is fast-paced, and the scenery is great. And it has definite possibility for a sequel.

The Phantom has a small amount of language and implied blood. It is rated PG. Hannah gives The Phantom three-and-a-half bananas. —

## Officials warn of rabies outbreak in Virginia

RICHMOND — More than 60 of Virginia's 95 counties have reported cases of rabies since Jan. 1, a state epidemiologist said recently.

The Virginia state laboratory has found the rabies virus in 219 animals. Tests confirmed rabies in two bats, one bobcat, nine cats, three cows, two dogs, 10 foxes, two horses, one otter, 141 raccoons, and 48 skunks, reported Elizabeth Turf, a state epidemiologist. These cases occurred between Jan. 1 and May 25.

"Rabies cases have reached epidemic proportions on the Eastern Shore of Virginia," said Bob Duncan, chief of the wildlife division of the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries. "It's all over the map. We're well ahead of last year's number of cases at this

point." The increase stems partly from the reduced trapping of raccoons due to low fur prices, he noted.

"If you encounter a wild animal that doesn't exhibit normal fear of man, you ought not mess with that animal," Duncan said. "Stay away from it. Call the local animal control office."

An animal with rabies becomes aggressive, Turf said. A rabid fox attacked several people in Virginia a few weeks ago, and they had to receive post-exposure treatment, which is a series of five injections, to prevent rabies.

Once an animal, including humans, acquires rabies, there is no cure. Duncan and Turf suggested that all cat and dog owners make sure their pets have rabies vaccinations which are up to date.

Virginia has not had a reported case of rabies in humans in 40 years. A Connecticut girl died of rabies in 1994, apparently after a bat got in her room and bit her. In the United States, there were three cases of human rabies in 1995 and five in 1994. All the victims died. —

Information for this article was provided by the Virginia Farm Bureau Federation. Questions about animals suspected of being infected with rabies should be directed to the Staunton-Augusta Health Department at 332-7830. Consult a veterinarian to determine the appropriate procedures for vaccinating pets or other domestic animals for protection against rabies.

## Gap juniors set new record in Iowa Test scores

By LAURYN PLEMMONS

SWOOP — The results are in for the Iowa Test of Basic Skills which the eleventh graders at Buffalo Gap High School took on March 19-20. Once again the students have broken a new school record!

The school first began giving the test in 1986, and this year the students scored higher than ever before.

All juniors across the nation are required to take the Iowa Test, and Gap scored in the 58th

percentile. Tied with Stuarts Draft, Gap's results were the highest in Augusta County.

There are eight sections on the Iowa test which vary from math and science to English and social studies. The highest overall scores were in science. 155 students from Gap took this challenging exam.

These tests are given to the students for numerous reasons. The results help guidance counselors know what classes to place the students in for the next school year, show how

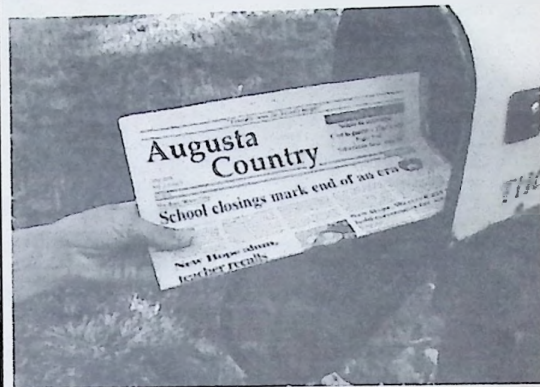
much a student is able to perform, and shows how much a student has accomplished since taking the test in the eighth grade.

Buffalo Gap's administration decided to give the students an incentive to work hard and do their best. Any student who enhanced his score by 10 points on the complete composite and those who maintained the same 90 percent or higher since the eighth grade were rewarded with a fun-filled time with their friends at a pizza party hosted by none other than Pizza Hut. —

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