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Susan Lucci and sauerkraut
Down on the farm returns
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From Dutch Hollow to Dutch ovens

Lacy Buchanan serves up grub on Texas cattle roundup

By NANCY SORRELLS

DUTCH HOLLOW — It's cut right from the pages of America's wild west mythology — cowboys, roundups, cooking out under the stars and bedding down with the rattlesnakes and coyotes. This past spring several Augusta County residents got to step right into those legends when they lent their hands to a true-to-life roundup on a 20,000-acre ranch near Baird, Texas.

For Lacy Buchanan the roundup was the experience of a lifetime. And even though the Dutch Hollow farmer never saw one doggie being roped or branded he was, arguably, the most important person on the roundup. Lacy was the chuckwagon cook, providing grub for 20 people three times a day for a week. Helping him out on the trip as swamper (assistant cook and chief dish-washer) was Wayne Swisher from the Greenville area. Two of Lacy's sons, 11-year-old Jeff, and 16-year-old Neal also pitched in as cowboys, helping paint brands and work on administering medication to animals.

The roundup took place on Silverbrook Ranch, owned by Helen Groves, who once owned a large farm operation in Middlebrook. Her Baird ranch is located 40 miles southeast of Abilene in a countryside filled with brush, mesquite bushes, prickly pear cactus, armadillos, coyotes, scorpions and rattlesnakes.

"It's got its own beauty," Lacy said of the ranch, which stretches 17 miles from one end to the other. "But, it's sure a lot different than around here (in the Shenandoah Valley). We didn't kill but three rattlesnakes this year; one year we killed 13! One year the coyotes got in and spooked the horses, and you always have to remember to shake your boots out for scorpions."

Lacy's chance as cook came after six or eight years of working as swamper for the Groves' roundup. A traditionalist at heart, Ms. Groves likes to hold roundups the old-timey way with cowboys on horses and mule-drawn wagons to carry the grub (the chuckwagon) and the bedrolls (the hoodlum wagon).

Although he had learned a lot of secrets about outside cooking for hungry Texas cowboys, Lacy admits to being more than a little nervous when asked to move up from swamper to cook. "The cook's the boss. He has got the say-so over the whole branding, so you're durn right I was nervous, but I knew I had a good swamper," he said.

Lacy pointed out that he is really an amateur in a competitive field that has professional chuckwagon cooks. Those top-level fellows compete in cooking contests and are very competitive with each other. Their best recipes are also carefully guarded secrets, and only begrudgingly lent out to amateurs. "One guy wrote on a recipe he gave me 'for Virginia use only,'" said Lacy with a laugh.

"It would take me 50 years to be as accomplished as they are. I can just say I did it one time," he said. "When I helped out in year's past, I worked with six different cooks and I got a little secret from all of them," he added of his cooking style.

There were a number of challenges that came with providing grub for the hungry cowboys. For one thing, it meant putting in a day that started at 4 a.m. and ended around 10 p.m. "You've got to have an alarm clock — that is essential," Lacy noted, but added with a wry laugh: "But I didn't need it, because I would lay there all night and figure out what breakfast would be. When I work, I don't eat. I lost 10 pounds on the roundup."

Lacy Buchanan of Dutch Hollow displays some of the cookware he used as a chuckwagon cook on a Texas cattle roundup. The lidded pots stacked in the center are Dutch ovens.

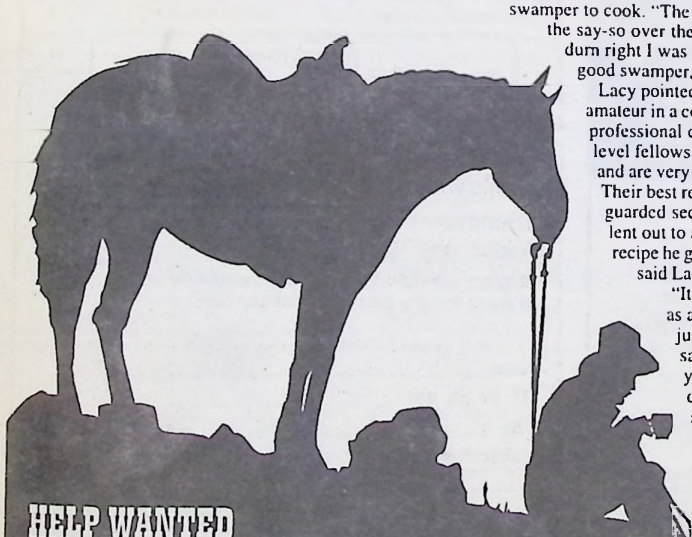
Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Cooking on the range means using grills, mesquite wood, and a variety of iron Dutch ovens — three legged pans covered with lids that have lips running around the outside lid edges. The cook digs a hole for the Dutch ovens and then, using mesquite wood, he gets a fire going. After a couple of hours the coals can be used for baking; some are placed under the oven and some are place on top of the lid.

"The secret is controlling your heat. You gotta put coals on top and underneath and it's hit and miss until you know what you're doing. I lucked out on my bread. I put less heat on the bottom and it takes me about 10 minutes longer than normal, but I never burnt any," he explained.

Lacy was not so lucky with his first cornbread experiment in a Dutch oven. "I'd never made cornbread in my life. The first go-round I burnt it, but after that I got the hang of it, it turned out purty good!"

See *COVER STORY*, page 3



HELP WANTED

Chuckwagon cook needed to prepare three square meals a day on Texas cattle roundup. Must be willing to sleep with rattlesnakes, scorpions, coyotes, and armadillos. Only experienced need apply.

North River School print available

AC staff report

MT. SOLON -- A pen and ink drawing of North River Elementary School permanently preserves the facade of the building which is slated for reconstruction by the Augusta County School System.

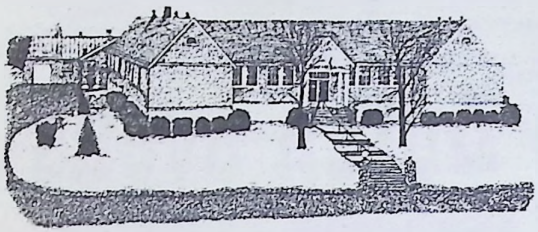
Padi Burtner of Mt. Solon was commissioned by the North River Booster Club to create the drawing which shows the front of the school's facade.

"I found out they are going to flatten it and start all over," Mrs. Burtner said. "I felt it should be preserved."

The artist noted that her drawing shows the school as it appeared before modern classrooms were added to the rear of the school. North River School became a high school in 1930. It was Virginia's first consolidated high school. The Class of 1962 was the last class to graduate from North River High School which was then converted to a junior high school. North River Elementary now provides services for grades kindergarten through seven.

Mrs. Burtner's artwork has been converted into 1,000 numbered and signed prints of the school. Each print costs $15 with proceeds to benefit the North River Booster Club. Prints numbered one through 10 will be auctioned or offered through sealed bids at a later date.

For information about purchasing a print, call Mrs. Burtner at 350-2559, Maxine Arey at 828-3698, Carol Caporelli at 886-7337, or North River Elementary School at 350-2463. ---



North River School as it appears in a pen and ink drawing by Padi Burtner. Signed and numbered 11-inch by 14-inch prints are available for $15 each with proceeds benefitting the North River Booster Club.

Artist Padi Burtner of Mt. Solon presents a print of North River Elementary School to principal Robbie Driver. The print is available as a special numbered and signed limited edition, the sale of which benefits the North River Booster Club. Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

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In order to supply enough cornbread to the hungry cowpokes, Lacy tripled his recipe and baked it in his biggest oven — a heavy black pan 16 inches in diameter. "That big one is about all I want to pick up," he said of his largest oven.

When cooking for that many people, all of the quantities have to be doubled and tripled. Lacy's coffeepot, for instance, holds three gallons, although he used a two-gallon one for the roundup and the workers went through two potfuls of the thick, black drink every day.

"To make it I put one and a half cups of coffee — grounds and all — in a two-gallon pot and boil it. Then I take it off and pour some cold water in it. That sends the grounds to the bottom, but you still get a few in your teeth though!" he explained. The strength of the mixture is an eye-opener he added. "The first cup I drank I couldn't get it down, but by the end of the week it tastes purty good."

For Lacy, preparing for the roundup began weeks in advance. "The hardest part of the whole deal was gathering up enough grub and getting all your spices ready," he said. The taste buds of Texans demand plenty of spices he explained, so red spicy beans and picante sauce were part of every meal, including breakfast. To prepare, he made four quarts of picante sauce from scratch. "They love picante sauce and they eat it three meals a day. At breakfast they have it on their biscuits. They love anything spicy and some of the beans and things have five or six different spices in them."

Just like the picante sauce was whipped up from scratch, so was everything else served during the week. Weather was another challenge for the cook and his crew. "When the wind is blowing, everything cooks faster. That's when you start burnin' things," Lacy said. "One morning we got up at 4 a.m. and it was calm and clear as a bell. Then the wind started blowing 60 miles an hour and they couldn't keep their biscuits on their plates it was blowing so hard. They all said, 'Lacy your biscuits are light, but not that light!'"

The menu whipped up by Lacy was designed to fill the stomachs of cowboys who had worked 850 cattle by the end of the week. Breakfast was served at 5:30 and usually consisted of eggs, bacon, sausage, sourdough biscuits, fried potatoes and, of course, red beans. Lunch could be chili, stew, chicken fried steak, cornbread, biscuits, and, of course, red beans. Dinner was much like lunch and included, of course, red beans.

Meals always included one of Lacy's specialties, a cobbler that could be peach or apple or blueberry. It is a dish that Lacy even makes in Virginia where he's been known to show up at a church function with a cobbler.

"They like them cobblers. Everybody round here goes crazy about them," he said, noting that peach seemed to be the favorite. With that said, his son Neal proclaimed blueberry his favorite, while Jeff leaned toward cherry.

Making the cook's work doubly hard was the fact that the chuckwagon had to be packed up and moved everyday. "The crew would leave in the morning and tell you when they want lunch and it was always at a certain time. They didn't want to wait 10 minutes either," he said.

After lunch was over, it was time for the cook and his swamper to hook up the mules and move three or four miles and then get ready for dinner. "You kind of cook the next meal while you're doing lunch," Lacy said of the secret to getting everything done on time.

All-in-all the opportunity was the experience of a lifetime for Lacy, but as far as he's concerned he has had enough of the experience to last the rest of his life.

"I learned something every meal. It's a tough job. It's a whole lot easier eating it than fixin' it. I can say I did it one time and I won't say I wouldn't do it again, but I'd rather go back to being a swamper!" —

The secret's in the sauce

Chuckwagon recipes are well-guarded secrets in Texas, so the only ones with which Lacy Buchanan would part were published in books written by some of the trail cooking masters. But he is quick to point out, these recipes are really just jumping off points subject to the creativity of the individual cook.

My favorite chicken-fried steak

(From *Biscuits O'Bryan's Book of Beans, Bread, & Other Bull* by the Rev. Monte Jones)

Cut round steak into servin' size pieces (If you follow the lines of the fat, you'll come out just about right.) (Some like to use tenderized meat, other's rather pound it themselves.)

Salt and pepper the meat real good. (A little garlic powder don't hurt, neither.)

Dip the slices in flour and shake 'em off good.

Whip up a couple of hen eggs in 2 c. buttermilk.

Dip the floured meat in the milk then dip the wet slices of meat in real fine cracker crumbs. (You thought I'd say flour, didn't you?)

Deep fry in real hot grease just 'til the crust gets brown.

Drain on paper towels and serve pipin' hot with cream gravy and mashed taters.

Corn bread

(From *Yesterday and Today: The Best of Chuck-Wagon Cooking*)

3/4 cup flour
1 1/2 cups yellow corn meal
heaping tbsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup sugar
2 tbsp. shortening
3/4 cup milk
1 egg

Mix dry ingredients well. ("Mix the hound out of it.") Add 2 tbsp. shortening. Cut like pie dough. Add enough (approx. 3/4 c.) milk mixed with one whole egg to make batter a little thinner than pancake batter.

Put 4 tbsp bacon grease in bottom of pan. Make sure it covers the bottom. Heat grease and then pour mixture into heated Dutch oven. Cover and put ring of coals on bottom with a few coals on top. Be sure to pre-heat Dutch oven lid and pot before adding bacon grease and cornbread mixture. In oven bake at 425 for approx. 20 minutes.

Cornbread and red beans were among the many foods prepared by Lacy Buchanan and Wayne Swisher when they cooked for a Texas cattle roundup.

Real Cream Gravy

In a skillet, pour 1/4 c. grease used for fryin' meat or chicken.

Over medium heat, add 1/4 c. flour, salt to taste, and lots of black pepper. (That wasn't enough pepper. Put just a dab more.)

Stir 'til the flour's all mixed in good, then stir a couple of minutes more.

Still stirrin, add 3 or 4 cups of sweet milk.

Keep stirrin' 'til it's almost thick enough to suit you, then take the pan off the heat.

Keep stirrin' 'til it quits thickenin, then dish up.

This is good on steak, chicken, potatoes, bread, and maybe even ice cream.

Red Beans

(*Yesterday and Today*)

1 pound red beans
1 1/2 qts. water
1/8 pound salt pork
3 tbsp. brown sugar
2 garlic cloves, slashed
2 medium onions whole
2 thin slices of jalapeno pepper
salt to taste
1 can tomatoes

Put beans, water, salt pork, and brown sugar in Dutch oven. Cook for 2 hours on low fire. Add garlic, onions, jalapeno pepper and salt. Cook for 1 more hour until juicy and tender, then add tomatoes. Simmer for 20 minutes. Serves 6 cowboys.

Peach Cobbler

(*Yesterday and Today*)

Crust: 2 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
3 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
2/3 cup Crisco
1/2 cup milk
Filling: 2 cups sugar
1 cup flour
4 1-pound cans peaches

Mix dry ingredients, cut in Crisco. Add milk and mix dough. Dough should be greasy and smooth. Let dough stand 5 minutes. Mix flour and sugar together. Drain syrup off peaches, and mix it with flour and sugar until smooth. Pour peaches and syrup mixture in pan. Roll out dough, cut it into strips, and lay it on top of peach mixture. Dab a bit of butter on top and sprinkle with sugar. Bake slowly in Dutch oven for approximately 30 minutes. In oven bake at 350 for 30 minutes. —

Swamping means long hours, hard work

By NANCY SORRELLS

GREENVILLE — Behind every successful chuckwagon cook is a good swamper according to Lacy Buchanan. And, he adds, he had one of the best in Wayne Swisher.

When he was asked to accompany Lacy on the late spring cattle roundup in Texas, Wayne said he jumped at the chance. "I felt really lucky to be invited. This was my first roundup and the first time I had ever been in Texas," he said. But the real reason he accepted the invitation was because he wanted to learn how to cook using Dutch ovens — a valuable skill to have when he goes on camping trips with his son's Boy Scout troop.

"I'd been wanting to learn. I had gotten a couple of Dutch ovens but had burnt up most of the stuff I cooked. The first cobbler I made must have been burnt an inch deep in the bottom!" he said.

His job on the roundup, though, consisted of much more than sitting around watching Lacy cook for 20 hungry cowboys. As the swamper, he was the chief "gopher," helping out in any way he could, be it peeling potatoes or scrubbing pots.

Mules were another reason Wayne got asked along on the trip. Silverbrook's roundups are carried out with an old-fashioned flavor. So instead of putting the food and cooking supplies in a pickup truck and the bedrolls and camping gear in another, the chuckwagon and the hoodlum wagon were pulled from place to place with teams of mules.

"It's kind of interesting how the hoodlum wagon got its name," explained Wayne of the vehicle loaded with bedrolls which he drove. "Back in the 1800s when cattle drives were really big they couldn't always find somebody to be the swamper, so they would go to the jail and get a hoodlum to drive the wagon and work off some of his time."

He's no hoodlum, but that's the wagon Wayne Swisher of Greenville drove on a Texas cattle roundup when he served as swamper. Photos courtesy Lacy Buchanan

Although Wayne is no hoodlum, he does have experience driving mules, hence his invitation to participate in the roundup as a swamper. "It made it a whole lot neater with the mules," he said. "You would drive out in the middle of nowhere and pull everything up and make a little town with all the

See *SWAMPER*, page 13

The Poorhouse Farm

Manager's daughter recalls lives of 'inmates' at county's poorfarm

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — For Elizabeth Engleman Carter growing up on the Augusta County Poorfarm seemed no different from growing up on any other farm.

Her parents, Emmett S. and Lena Harris Engleman, were the last keepers of the farm before it was closed and the residents moved to the bigger consolidated District Home in Waynesboro. Thanks to her remembrances, however, and the camera of her cousin, Gertrude Hawkins, a clear picture of the poorfarm, an institution which has faded from the American landscape, can still be drawn.

Through their memories, the disadvantaged people who lived and were cared for on the farm have personalities and faces and are more than just numbers on a forgotten page of history.

From 1924 until 1928, Elizabeth Carter's father managed the 266-acre farm and her mother ran the household which included taking care of the Engleman children and the 10-20 "inmates" as the residents of the poorfarm were called then.

"My father did everything," she recalled of her dad who worked the farm with six horses,

An aerial view shows the Augusta County farm commonly referred to as "The Poorhouse Farm" which once provided a home for about 20 pauper inmates. The farm is located near Arbor Hill. Photo courtesy Katherine Fix

and did cabinetmaking on the side. "There was very little my father couldn't do and he never bought anything if he could make it."

Engleman invented an apple stirrer that the family and inmates used to turn fall applebutter making into an efficient task. One of the residents, P.M. Jackson, had only one leg, so Engleman made him a peg leg to help him get around.

"When any of the inmates died, my father made them shaped coffins. There is a cemetery in one of the fields southwest of the house at the very edge of the property. My father had it wired off and made nice wooden markers for them," she recalled.

The farm was practically self-sufficient she added. There were four or five cows which were regularly milked and provided dairy products for the inmates. The family also butchered three or four hogs in November and again in March and smoked the meat.

"We also belonged to a beef club with four neighbors. Four times a year we killed a beef and each member got a quarter," she said of the community of farms in the Arbor Hill area.

Life on the farm followed a normal rural routine for the children. They rode bareback to the mailbox a mile away and a school wagon driven by Jim Rosen picked them up on the "corner" — a turn in the road some distance from the house. "My job was cleaning the house," said Elizabeth of the large brick antebellum house in which the family lived. "I did like to clean, but the old house was kinda' big with six rooms — big rooms and every room held two double beds. The dinner table seated 10 people."

The big excitement on the farm came on Saturday night when the family went into Staunton. "Mama would make out a list and we would go get our clothes at Joe Hanna's. You had to get to Staunton early because it was packed on both sides of the street. Simply packed. If you got there early, you parked in front of Woolworth or McCrory's. If you sat there long enough, you would see everybody you ever knew!" she said in describing downtown Staunton of the 1920s.

Most of the time, however, was spent on the farm in relative isolation. Engleman worked the fields, growing hay, wheat and corn. At harvest time, 10 or 12 hands were brought in to help, but otherwise he did much of the work himself along with a hired hand. At night he would go to a desk where he stored his ledger books. There he kept track of all the farm's produce that was used and sold. There was just as much work for Mrs. Engleman. She raised chickens, worked the garden and cooked for her family, hired hands and the inmates.

"Whatever Mama fixed, we ate and they ate. They (the inmates) all had their own plates and utensils. Mama made three meals a day with the big meal in the middle of the day. It all came out of the same kettle on the

See **POORHOUSE**, page 5

Augusta's tradition of care extends from frontier days

In a 1925 photo taken by Gertrude Hawkins, cousin of Elizabeth Engleman Carter, inmates of the Augusta County Poorfarm walk toward their bungalows with meal tins in hand. Mrs. Hawkins' notation on the photo was simply "paupers."

By NANCY SORRELLS

Even before there was a welfare department and social services, the governing bodies of Augusta County were concerned with taking care of the less fortunate members of society.

In the frontier days before the American Revolution, that duty fell squarely on the shoulders of the church. Not just any church, but the official Anglican church which became known as the Episcopal church after American independence.

In the days when Virginia was still a colony of England, there was no separation of church and state. The established church of the colony was a part of the government, meaning that the church's governing body, called a vestry, was an arm of the local government.

The vestry's duties included taking care of the community's spiritual needs — things like hiring a minister, building a church and buying communion service.

Vestry members were also moral police — punishing people for

See ***VESTRY***, page 5

Mary Johnson and Nealie Stoner, inmates at the Augusta County Poorfarm, are seen outside one of the bungalows in this 1925 photo.
Photo courtesy Gertrude Hawkins collection

The superintendent's house at the Augusta County Poorfarm in a photo taken in the 1920s.
Photo courtesy Virginia Lee Heizer

The Engleman family poses beside their automobile as they prepare for a trip off the farm. Emmett Engleman was manager of the Augusta County Poorfarm from 1924-28.
Photo courtesy Gertrude Hawkins collection

◦Poorhouse

Continued from page 4

stove. In the summer we had fresh vegetables. In the winter canned food and always plenty of fruit. Apples and pears were kept in the root cellar," she recalled.

The residents would always arrive for meals with their tin cups which were filled with ice tea in the summer and coffee in the winter. Mrs. Engleman cooked not just for the family and residents, but an additional 10 or 12 hired hands during harvest. She was aided somewhat with help from the welfare department and, of course, her children helped around the house. During the four years her parents operated the farm, the Engleman children mingled with the 10 or 20 inmates who were usually there for the duration of their lives.

"Most of the inmates were mentally and physically disabled and couldn't take care of themselves," she recalled. "They were good people; they just had a hard life. I know my parents couldn't have been kinder to them."

For the most part the inmates did very little of the farmwork. They weren't allowed in the barn, but those who could helped with the garden work or with chores like stirring apple butter. There was no segregation, some of the inmates were black and some were white. Each individual or family unit had separate living space in one of the brick cabins set out in the side yard.

"They had a lot of freedom and they were responsible, not destructive," said Elizabeth of the living arrangements.

Richard Hogshead was the Riverheads supervisor in charge of the farm and Dr. H.M. Wallace was the Public Health Department doctor from Augusta County who came out and attended to the inmates' medical needs.

The residents must have made

See *INMATES*, page 7

◦Vestry

Continued from page 4

swearing, being drunk in public, bearing illegitimate children or not attending church. Finally, the vestry served as a welfare board — caring for the poor and orphaned and paying for their funerals when they died.

Very early on, the Augusta vestry determined that the best way to carry out its duties relating to the economically disadvantaged of the area was to build a poorhouse which was located on a farm. The poor would live and be cared for on the farm. The farm's produce would feed the residents and excess could be sold in order to care for them.

The first mention of a poorhouse occurs in the vestry minutes of November 1762 when the vestrymen authorized the purchase of 100 acres of land within 10 miles of Staunton. The poorhouse buildings were to have wooden chimneys and were not to exceed 30 to 100 pounds in construction costs. Although construction began in 1763, it was delayed for a year and then resumed in 1764.

In the meantime, the vestrymen were doling out money for other costs associated with providing for the poor. They paid for the funeral expenses of a pauper, Mary Leeper, which included 9 shillings for three gallons of liquor, 3 shillings for a bushel of flour for cakes, and 2 shillings, 11 pence for three and a half pounds of sugar. All of the above was, presumably, refreshments served at Leeper's wake. Other money was also doled out to provide food for a widow and her two children and for an elderly woman. The vestry paid Dr. William Fleming more than 15 pounds in 1762 for medical services provided to the indigent.

The first poorhouse was not operational until 1767, and its location remains a mystery. The 100 acres of land "on the waters of Christian's creek" were purchased from Sampson and George Mathews, two prominent merchants, for 40 pounds. In 1767 Daniel Perse and his wife were appointed keepers of the poorhouse and given an annual salary of 35 pounds.

After the American Revolution, the duties of the vestry were turned over to elected officials called Overseers of the Poor but the job of maintaining the poorhouse essentially remained the same. Sometime around 1820 the Overseers of the Poor determined to move the poorhouse. Whether the original site on the Mathews property was still in use at this time is unknown. What is known is that in 1820 Walter Herron and his wife Margaret sold 136 1/2 acres to the Overseers of the Poor for $3,330. The farm was located between what is today U.S. Rt. 11(near Mint Spring) and Middlebrook Road (near Arbor Hill). An additional 100 acres was added to the tract 22 years later in 1842.

The farm operated and supported the indigent of Augusta County at this location from 1820 until it ceased to exist just over a century later. Its existence in the 1850s is known of because a local Presbyterian minister, Francis McFarland, who wrote in his diary of walking with his family to the farm and holding religious service there for the residents. In the 1880s, county historian John Peyton wrote of the farm: "Near the village of Arbor Hill there is a county poorhouse, with a farm of about three hundred acres. Here paupers of the county are kept by the superintendent, at present G.W. Fauber, who is appointed by the court. The Overseer of the Poor is elected every four years by the people. The poor-house has few inmates, and these, for the most part, persons unable from age or bodily disability, to work...We have not statistics of either the town or county pauperism, but Augusta is believed to have as few poor, in proportion to her population, as any county in the state."

The poorfarm ceased to exist in 1928 when local governing bodies around the state decided to pool their resources and build district homes which would provide for the disadvantaged in larger regions. The Waynesboro District Home, which provided for the poor of Augusta, Albemarle, Rockbridge, Bath, Alleghany, and the cities of Charlottesville and Waynesboro, was started in 1927. The building and accompanying farm which is located in Waynesboro was ready for occupancy a year later. When the poorfarm residents moved there in October 1928, it represented the first time in the history of Augusta government that the care of the poor had moved out of the jurisdiction of Augusta officials. —

Present-day owner keeps Poorhouse history alive

By NANCY SORRELLS

ARBOR HILL — To Katherine Fix the Poorhouse Farm has always been home. And here the history of the place and the quality of the farmland have always been closely intertwined.

When the Augusta County Poor House was closed in 1928 and the residents were moved to the larger regional District Home in Waynesboro, the county divested itself of the poor farm which had operated in the Arbor Hill area for over a century.

The antebellum brick house and outbuildings, a tenant house and 266 1/2 acres went on the market. The purchaser was Katherine Fix's father, Walter Ramsey. In the spring of 1929 he moved his family onto what had been the poor farm, but not without some changes.

"My father was an electrician," Katherine Fix remembers as she sat in the kitchen of the renovated poor farm. "He said he wasn't spending one night in this house without lights and a bathroom, so he came here first and fixed it up."

Many of the improvements Walter Ramsey made to the house came easily because of the quality of the farmland. "The gravity-fed water comes down here with so much force that it goes up over a hill and still comes down here," said Katherine.

As for the electricity, the family relied on Ramsey's ingenuity. In the days before rural electrification, he had to put the power source in the basement of the house using a contraption called a Delco Plant.

"The thing had a whole string of batteries and he would charge them up. That would run our lights and Mama's washing machine. At Christmas we always put up a big Christmas tree. With Papa being an electrician, we had the first electric lights (in the area) on the tree," Katherine recalled.

Her father brought technological advances to the rural countryside in other ways as well. He helped the neighbors collaborate on a telephone line — Staunton 25F5 — that they owned collectively. Every Saturday morning Ramsey would put on his climbing hooks and climb the telephone poles to rework the line and keep it in tip-top shape.

In addition to being an electrician, Ramsey was a farmer and he worked the tract of land just as it had been worked during the century it supported the county's poor. "This farm has been an operating farm all along," Katherine explained of the rural tradition which still defines the Poor House Farm.

Ramsey made sure the farm's orchard also thrived just as it did in the days when the indigent residents stored apples in the root cellar and made apple cider in the shadow of their brick cabins.

"There were all kinds of apples in the orchard," Katherine said. "There was Johnsons; Winesap, Staymans, Delicious, Smokehouse, Rambos, Blacktwigs, Follow Water — that was a big green apple and when you bit into it the juice ran right down your face; and Lories — some call it Larry's but it is the best eating apple of all."

Not only does Katherine know the ins and outs of the farmland, but she knows the history of her home. The three-bay brick I-house was built in stages from 1820 until 1850. The house had an ell jutting from it which is rather unusual because it shows evidence of being the oldest portion of the house rather than an addition.

A full cellar with beaded floor joists can be found under the ell. Katherine enjoys pointing out tidbits of history both inside and outside the house. It is in the cellar where she shows just such a mini-story within the bigger poor house picture. There, penciled on the wall, is the notation "Sam & Nell married Oct 29 1919."

Nell was a hired hand working at the poor farm in 1919. Her father was a carpenter. Sam Fix lived in Lexington, but he made the trip to the poor farm in order to marry Nell. A few years ago, Katherine recalls, Sam and Nell's descendants showed up at the house and wanted to see the inscription.

Not only has Katherine kept the stories alive, but she has maintained the architecture of the farm. Outside she points out the brick washhouse where everybody took a bath on Saturdays, and the log outbuilding where keepers at the poor farm made furniture for the resident's houses, and coffins for them when they died.

"There are two log outbuildings remaining," Katherine said. "There is also one brick cabin remaining," she said of the dormitory-style houses in the side yard where the county's poor were once housed. "There were six cabins in a semicircle. The ones which are gone were each two rooms, but the one building remaining was part of the only double cabin. The brick in that one is just like the brick in the house."

To Katherine, the buildings that speak of some all-but vanished local history and the rich farmland which surrounds the poor house complex are part of her heritage as well as part of Augusta County's history.

After getting married and moving away for a few years, she returned with her husband, Payton, and her daughters in 1968. And here she has remained. "I've lived on the poorhouse farm all my life. It's just a part of me," she said. —

Katherine Fix, present-day owner of land which previously was Augusta County's Poorhouse Farm, stands at a gate near the only remaining bungalow which housed inmates at the farm. Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Workers gather shocks of wheat during harvest at the Poorfarm in this 1925 photo. Photo courtesy Gertrude Hawkins collection

A semicircle of pauper's bungalows at the Poorhouse Farm Photo courtesy Virginia Leo Heizer

•Inmates

Continued from page 5

an impression on Elizabeth's young mind, because now, 60 years later, she can still recall many of their names and details about their lives.

"Mary Johnson was a black woman. She used to sing songs we assumed were African. People didn't know how she got there or where she came from. She sat by the Old Majestic kitchen stove and kept it fired with wood. That was her job," recalled Elizabeth.

"There was also Nealie Stoner and the McCrays, a mother and son. Then there was Mr. Jackson with the peg leg. He picked up walnuts and shelled them for 50 cents a pound," she said.

Elizabeth's cousin Gertrude Hawkins often visited the family while they lived on the poorfarm. Her pictures, too, add life and color to the farm history. Not only are there pictures of harvest hands bringing in grain and hay, but there are pictures of the brick cabins, and, perhaps most haunting of all, the inmates.

In one picture, four residents are moving past their brick cabins and carrying eating utensils perhaps for meal time. Mary Johnson and Nealie Stoner pose in front of one cabin and in another Mary is stirring applebutter with the wooden apparatus invented by Engleman. Yet another snapshot shows Mary in the garden helping Mrs. Engleman pick beans. And, finally, the freshly scrubbed Engleman family pose beside their automobile as they prepare for a trip off the farm.

The residents' dorms which appear in the pictures were all brick and had wooden floors. Every room had its own stove, chairs and a bed for each person. There was also a table and stand for a washbasin.

There were woods on the property and Elizabeth recalled that her father would take to the forest in the fall and cut fuel wood with his crosscut saw.

There is abundant spring water on the farm and every Saturday the Englemans would boil water in the big fireplace in the old washhouse on the farm.

"Every Saturday afternoon, we filled the iron kettle with water and the inmates could either use the zinc tub in the washhouse or take a bucket to their room, but every Saturday they all got a bath," she remembers.

Although the Englemans were only on the poorfarm for four years, those years are filled with pleasant memories for Elizabeth. Important memories, too, of a time when the care of Augusta County's most disadvantaged was completed on a very local and personal level. —

A worker hauls in hay at the Poorhouse Farm.
Photos courtesy Gertrude Hawkins collection

In the photos above, Augusta County Poorfarm resident Mary Johnson is shown with Supt. Emmett Engleman's wife, Lena, in the farm's garden, at left, and stirring apple butter, at right. The photos were taken in 1924 by Gertrude Hawkins, a niece of the Englemans'.

District home has served the region for 70 years

By NANCY SORRELLS

WAYNESBORO — Were it not for a faded ledger book, the childhood memories of a local woman and the camera of that woman's cousin, the final residents of Augusta County's poor farm would have disappeared without a trace.

The closing of the county poor farm, which was located near Arbor Hill, came in 1928. Its closing was part of a statewide move to update and upgrade serves for the state's citizens who, through poverty or handicap, were unable to care for themselves. Putting the whole change into motion was an 1918 act of the Virginia General Assembly authorizing boards of supervisors and city councils in several areas to consolidate services and "establish a home for the care and maintenance of the poor."

The law further authorized that local boards sell the old poor farms and alms houses and then combine the money to buy one farm and build on it "suitable buildings to be called district homes, to which all of the counties and cities composing such district must send its poor, and care for same."

Virginia's new law authorized consolidation, but did not force communities into building district homes. Many communities were loath to give away authority and power to a centralized board despite the obvious economic advantages for the patients.

The first district home, serving residents in northern Virginia, was built in Manassas. It opened its doors in 1927. Even before the Manassas home was finished, however, plans were under way to construct a second district home, this one in Waynesboro.

A survey of Albemarle, Augusta, Rockbridge, Bath and Alleghany Counties as well as the city of Charlottesville, showed that there were just 30 inmates in the combined area, but five poor farm superintendents drawing salaries and five farm complexes that needed maintenance. A quick study of the figures showed an obvious need for consolidation into a district home.

A board made up of representatives from this area was established and held its first meeting in October 1926. J. Frank Harper was elected chairman and F.T. Prufer was secretary. The new board voted to purchase a 143-acre farm located a mile outside the city of Waynesboro for the cost of $25,000. Work began in 1927 and was finished by October 1928. The two-story brick structure was completely modern with "ample storage space, laundry facilities, and a room for a central heating plant. The middle span on the second floor has been provided with two small infirmaries," noted a report entitled "Fit Surroundings" that was written by Robert Kirkwood and produced by the Department of Public Welfare of Virginia in 1948 as a way to document the legal history of Virginia's welfare system.

The doors to the Waynesboro District home opened simultaneously with the closing of the doors to Augusta County's poor farm. The first admissions register of the poor farm tells the rest of the story. There on the district home's ledger pages are 21 names of Augusta County's nearly forgotten people. Many of the names are the same as those remembered by Elizabeth Carter whose father was the last person to manage the poor farm. A few of their faces are captured in photographs taken by Elizabeth's cousin Gertrude Hawkins.

There is Nealie Stoner who was 65 when admitted, died in 1939 and is buried at the District Home cemetery. Also on the list was Mary Johnson, the African-American

See ***DISTRICT***, page 8

Program sends students to class in world of work

By SUE SIMMONS

FISHERSVILLE — Every weekday morning nearly a hundred Augusta County high school seniors drive right past their schools.

And Don Landes is excited about it.

No, they are not playing hooky. They are on their way to their mentorship.

Begun under the auspices of the Valley Alliance for Education (VAE), the Augusta County Mentorship Program is one of the nation's premier programs.

"Tom Harris, the plant manager at DuPont, got this program off the ground," Landes, who directs the county's mentorship program, explains. "The VAE was interested in targeting a group of students — the good and deserving kids who are solidly in the middle, but are the ones for whom there are no special programs or services."

The Mentorship Program started modestly enough in 1990 when one student from Stuarts Draft High School mentored with Harris at DuPont. The mentorship was so successful that Harris wanted to see it repeated and before long one student grew into 40 students.

The entire effort expanded rapidly and was in danger of growing out of hand.

Then, as Landes explains, "(Supt.) Ed Clymore made a decision that put the program on the map."

Recognizing the Mentorship Program's value, Clymore and the Augusta County School Board allocated money to hire a full-time coordinator. That person is Landes.

And none too soon. The next year 92 students applied and were accepted into the program. "I want to hold it at around that number," Landes says, adding that it is the maximum number that can be properly supervised in the field.

Fifty-eight students per semester and 12 in the summer work with mentors out in the real world of business, industry, and public service.

Since the mentorship program's inception, Clymore has retired as Augusta County's school superintendent. But his successor, Gary McQuain, as well as the Augusta County School Board remain committed to the mentorship program, according to Landes.

Mentorships afford students opportunities to explore a profession and experience the workplace before actually having to make a financial and time commitment in college or technical school.

"Fifty percent of a job is the intangible things — the routine, the paperwork, the dirty work, the stress level — that students don't think about," Landes commented. "One student mentored at a veterinary clinic. He had a chance to watch surgery and that was exciting. But he also had to clean out the kennels, get used to different sights and smells, deal with the public, and undergo the trauma of injured animals and euthanasia. It is a very realistic experience."

Some students decide that their chosen profession is not really for them. Most, however, become even more committed to pursuing their goals.

"There is a real bonding between the mentor and the student," Landes explains. "The mentor can provide information to the student on choice of majors, the best schools, the need for graduate work, job opportunities, and the ups and downs of the job. All that comes through the relationship."

Landes recalled a unique mentor relationship. A Wilson Memorial High School senior mentored with Laura Reedy, a nurse-practitioner in midwifery. The young woman attended births and cesarean sections, often meeting her mentor in the middle of the night. Another student worked for Game and Inland Fisheries taking water samples and building waterbreaks on streams near livestock feedlots.

The program needs to be of a high quality to be valuable to the student and the student must be of an equally high quality to ensure the success of the program.

"We look for students who are responsible and who are willing to be closely supervised," Landes says. "They must apply for the mentorship, attend interviews, meet deadlines, be prompt, show-up every day, and be evaluated by their mentor and me on a regular basis."

Landes lines up mentorships around the area. He admits it is difficult sometimes to find mentoring opportunities that fit the interests of particular students.

"People are hesitant to work with high school kids," he explains. "They are, after all, high school kids who can be shy, inarticulate, and need extra supervision."

He adds that a bad experience for a mentor can be exponential, but the vast majority of mentors have nothing but praise for the program.

"Repeatedly, mentors tell me that they wish they had had an opportunity of this caliber when they were young," Landes says.

The coordinator also attends interviews with his students, orients parents at school programs, visits the students every 10 to 13 days, and confers regularly with the mentor.

"I spend a great deal of time going out to see the kids and keeping parents informed. This is not a desk job but the paperwork is incredible," Landes says. "It is exciting to see kids at work." —

Fort senior cooks up career recipe

By SUE SIMMONS

STAUNTON — Fort Defiance High School senior Larkin Young is an excellent student, athlete, and — yes— cook.

Thanks to the Augusta County School Mentorship Program, Larkin has an opportunity to explore the real life of a chef before he pursues his dream after high school.

Working under the watchful eye of Pullman Restaurant head chef Cam McNair, Larkin is gaining experience in the kitchen of one of the area's finest restaurants.

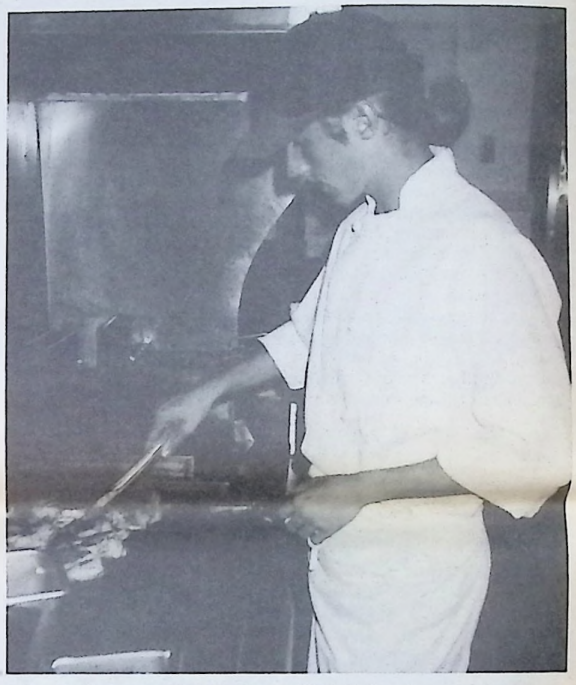
Chef McNair, trained in New Orleans, has mentored other aspiring chefs. He takes his latest charge in stride.

"I put him to work and try to answer his questions," McNair states casually as his kitchen sizzles, clangs, and steams around him.

Larkin has been doing mostly prep work but expects to be cooking-to-order soon. He states with some pride that the previous Sunday he had the opportunity to cook for brunch.

"I've been cooking since I was 8 years old," Larkin explains, a fact that should come as no surprise given his father is a chef and restaurateur in Long Island, N.Y., and an alumnus of the Culinary Institute of America, the other CIA.

After graduation from high school, Larkin plans to earn a degree in business from the University of Virginia and then follow in his father's footsteps at CIA. —



Larkin Young, a Fort Defiance High School senior, browns some chicken on the grill at the Pullman Restaurant in Staunton. Young works in the restaurant under the supervision of Chef Cam McNair through the Augusta County School Mentorship Program. Photo by Sue Simmons

District

Continued from page 7

woman who tended the cookstove at the poor farm and was 50 when she moved to the district home. She died in 1941 and is also buried at the home. P.M. Jackson, the man with the wooden leg, was 77 when he entered the Waynesboro home. Henry McCray, who lived at the poorfarm with his mother, was 37 when he came to Waynesboro. He died in 1964 and is buried in Waynesboro.

Who were the others, those from Augusta County who became the district home's first residents? As identified in the District Home ledger they were Polly Goings, a 75-year-old black woman; Edward Stanley, 74; Betty Stanley, 76; Julie Rhodes, an 80-year-old black woman; 80-year-old Eliza Pannell; 39-year-old Brisco Bright who was transferred to Western State in 1936; Alice Perkins, 60; James Harold, 70; W.L. Evans, 74; Jefferson Davis, a 78-year-old black man and Isaac Miller, a 63-year-old black man who died in 1934 and is buried at the district home. Also 74-year-old David Brown; 53-year-old Luther Wiseman; 81-year-old Andy J. Selby; 63-year-old John Curry; 66-year-old Carrie Newcomb; and Mary Williams, a 55-year-old black woman.

Much of the routine carried on at the old poor farm continued on a larger and more efficient scale at the Waynesboro District Home. Originally the new site contained a 135-acre working farm — the largest farm associated with any of the state's five district homes. The farm manager raised hogs, chickens and beef and there was a garden. The female residents who were able would snap and can beans which were later included in meals.

There were a few changes over the years. When Waynesboro became an independent city, she joined the board as a supporting locality. Staunton, Buena Vista and Clifton Forge never joined the group. Eventually government regulations concerning the farm became too

See *FARM*, page 9

Donation to local museum yields a treasure

By VERA HAILEY

WAYNESBORO — A treasure of Augusta County school history was recently donated to the Waynesboro Heritage Foundation Museum. A local woman, whose husband served for 29 years on the Augusta County School Board, contacted the organization with news of school items from the early 1900s that had been preserved by her husband.

"She had offered them to another local group, but they never even showed up to look at them. We went right away," said James Wright, local historian and museum volunteer.

Among the items is a large wooden box, from which pages swing out to show artwork, poetry and historical information from students at local schools in 1907. There are also charts used by teachers at the turn of the century to teach subjects such as "Temperance Physiology for Schools," which depicts a "Temperate Man, Moderate Drinker, Hard Drinker and Delirium Tremens."

Some of the schools represented include Swanson School, Beverly Manor Academy, Bolivar School, Weyers Cave High School, Craigsville High School, Stuarts Draft School, Maybrook School and Greenville High School.

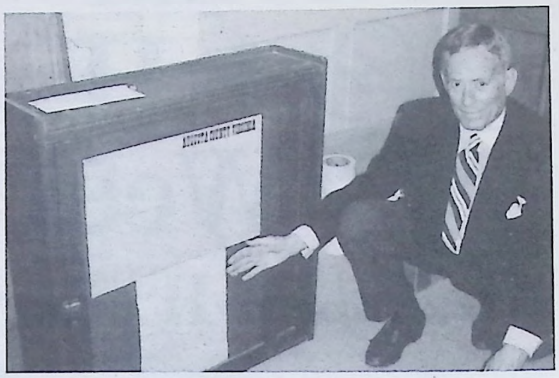
The donated items are in fragile condition, but may be made suitable for public display at a later date.

The poem reprinted below was found enclosed in glass on the front of a wooden case.

It was written by Edith Whitlock (1889-1953) as a ninth grade student at Waynesboro High School. She was the daughter of C.A. and Emma Alexander Whitlock, and later married a Chambers. The family lived at the Alexander home on West Main Street, which is now the site of the Comfort Inn.

The Waynesboro Heritage Foundation Museum is located at 420 W. Main Street. For information, call 540/943-3943. —

A teaching aid found among a collection of 1907 Augusta County school items shows the effects of alcohol and tobacco on human physiology. The collection also includes students' artwork and poetry and is on display at the Waynesboro Heritage Foundation Museum.



James Wright, a volunteer at the Waynesboro Heritage Foundation Museum, points to a poem framed in a case which holds memorabilia from Augusta County Schools dating to 1907. The case contains students' artwork, historical information, and poetry as well as instructional materials used by teachers. Photos by Vera Hailey

Augusta

This is the County Augusta, whence from the pure limpid fountains
Arises the Shenandoah, river of beautiful legends.

This is the county whose domain, bounded by the Father of Waters,
Bounded by the lakes of the north land, and the snows of Canadian forest,
Gift of Virginia unselfish, laid on the nation's alter,
Gave to our glorious banner stars of full infinite luster.

This is the county whose riflemen, brave as King David of Israel,
Leaving their homes and their loved ones to Jehovah, God of their fathers,
Hurried to join in the conflict waged by the Puritans of Boston.

This is the county whose woodsmen in the gloom of the great Revolution,
Gave to the hearts of our Hero, Courage when Courage was needed.

Dark were the days of that winter, close by the Delaware River,
Scant was the food of the soldiers, thin and tattered their garments,
Cabals existed innumerable, men where deserting by hundreds.

Yet ever above the adversity Washington always was hopeful,
"If we're driven," said he, "by the armies of George the Tyrant,
Back from our coastal Atlantic, driven by troops that are countless,
Guided by Morgan the fearless unto his loved Appalachian,
There shall liberty reign and Freedom defy forever,
Tyranny's blasting course behind the fair hill of Augusta."

This is the County whose patriots, guided by Stuart of Staunton,
Pled for a Union unbroken; yet when the Old Dominion Struggled
for rights that were sovereign, Augusta, truest of daughters,
Shed on the fields of the Southland the blood of her bravest children.

This was the home of Baldwin, skilled in matters forensic.
This is the home of the President of the great Reunion at Jamestown.

Bright are the stars of her galaxy, none shed a light more radiant,
Than he of that great University, Woodrow Wilson of Princeton.

This is a county rich blessed, land of the mountains and meadows,
Land where the soul is uplifted, land of brave men and fair daughters,
Land of a people whose motto is "God and our Country forever!"
This is the county Augusta in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

Farm

Continued from page 8

burdensome and the land, which is still owned by the district home board, was rented out rather than being used to contribute to the district home's self-sufficiency.

In 1948, after two decades of operation, the home had 60 inmates ranging in age from 34 to 102 and 19 of those patients were bedridden. The average age of the residents was almost 72 years. At the same time, the farm was still a thriving portion of the home, producing almost $7,000 worth of produce used at the district home and making over $9,500 on excess produce that was sold.

Communities and governments have changed tremendously in the 70 years since the poor farm closed and the district home opened. A brick facility that was on the cutting edge of health care in the 1920s has now become outdated and cumbersome. As a consequence, there are again changes on the horizon that are just as noteworthy as what took place in 1928. Although still run by the district home board, the Waynesboro home is in the process of being privatized.

"It will be privatized within the next two years," explained the home's administrator Phyllis Watson. During that time, she added, a new facility will be built close by. What will not change, she emphasized, is the quality of care that has always been provided. Just as it does now, the new home will continue to offer space for adult care and nursing home care, with space for 40 adults in the former and 91 in the latter.

When the final step in the privatization process is complete, the change will mark the first time in the history of the area that caring for the disadvantaged does not fall under the auspices of the local community. The step away from local governance actually began in 1928 with the closure of the county poor farm and the consolidation of such care at the Waynesboro District Home. Soon, however, even that centralized community care will change and any local governmnt care of the community's poor and disadvantaged will pass away forever. —

National 4-H Week Oct. 5-11, 1997

4-H -- More than you ever imagined

Augusta 4-H offers clubs for special interests

By JENNIFER MERCER

VERONA — The 4-H Outdoor Sports Club, Galloping 4-Hers, Dairy Club, Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club, Dog Club, and the Light Horse and Pony Club are special interest clubs active in Augusta County.

The 4-H Outdoor Sports Club is a shooting education club. It has an air rifle program and will soon have an archery program. The club emphasizes shooting safety and fundamentals. Members practice on an indoor range in Verona on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month and attend field trips to places such as Shenandale Gun Club. They also participate in 4-H competitions and educational events such as 4-H State Sports-A-Field Days, 4-H State Shoot, and 4-H Shooting Education Camps and competitions.

The Galloping 4-Hers and the Light Horse and Pony Club are 4-H horse groups which meet once per month. These clubs offer fun and educational activities for horse owners and non-owners and both novice and advanced equestrians. In addition to regularly scheduled business meetings, the clubs hold fitting and showmanship clinics, horse judging clinics, Gymkhana (games) days, and hippology contests, and travel to shows and other horse events as spectators and/or participants. The Galloping 4-Hers meet on the first Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. in the Virginia Power building in Verona. The Light Horse and Pony Club meets at various farms on the first Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

The Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club focuses on programs for youth who show or would like to show livestock. Fitting and showmanship clinics for beef cattle, lambs, and hogs are held in addition to guest speakers on animal health, nutrition, marketing and other selected topics. Youth learn about all aspects of the livestock industry through other club and county activities such as the annual 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show, the Augusta County Fair, and 4-H presentations and public speaking contests. This club meets the third Thursday of each month at the Middlebrook Community Center.

The 4-H Dairy Club holds meetings for youth interested in dairy cattle. This club meets on the third Tuesday of each month and holds educational activities such as a dairy quiz bowl, dairy judging practice, dairy fitting and showmanship clinics as well as participation in the Augusta County Fair and June is Dairy Month poster contest.

The 4-H Dog Club is the newest special interest club in Augusta County. This 4-H club has partnered with Caring Canine Companions to and meets two times per month. The first Wednesday of each month this group makes visits to local nursing homes to do pet therapy. The third Wednesday of each month, the group meets at the Augusta County Government Center where the club's business meeting is held. Also attending these meetings are guest speakers talking on topics such as dog health, training, and guide dogs.

New clubs are constantly being formed within the Augusta County 4-H program. Some potential clubs to look for in the future may be a Wildlife 4-H Club, an Outdoor Adventure/High Adventure 4-H Club, and a 4-H Small Animals/ Veterinary Science Club. In order to begin any new club, adult leadership is required. The 4-H organization is a volunteer driven. Without the help of many adult volunteers who support the program, these clubs cannot exist.

Any adult who has an interest in any area mentioned or who enjoys working with youth should consider volunteering in a 4-H club. For information on joining a 4-H club contact Jennifer Mercer, 4-H Extension agent, 245-5750. —

Members of the Augusta County 4-H Honor Club attend an etiquette dinner at Joshua Wilton House in Harrisonburg. 4-H provides a variety of activities appealing to a wide range of interests.

Dixie Stoutamyer, kneeling right, of the Buffalo Gap FFA, and Robert Grogg, Jennifer Smith, and Ashley Pitsenbarger (back to camera) all members of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club wait for the judge to evaluate their lambs during the 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show which is held annually in May.

Photos courtesy Augusta County Extension

A 4-H Fable

There once was a boy,
won some ribbons of blue;
came home from the fair
with a big trophy too.
With a voice glad and proud
he said to his dad,
"'Tis the very best year
that I've ever had."

Said his very wise dad,
"Son, I'd like to hear
why you think that this
was such a fine year?"
"Why, Dad, you well know
all the prizes I've won.
How I've come out on top
in most things I've done.

"Just look at the ribbons
to hang on the wall.
And think of the money
I've made since last fall
from premium checks
and a big auction price.
You can't help but think
cash and ribbons are nice."

But the man said, "My son,
you're not thinking right.
Blue ribbons, 'tis true,
are better than white;
but ribbons will fade
and trophies grow old.
Money's soon spent
and fame soon grows cold.

"The important things, son,
are not ribbons or pins;
and sometimes it's really
the loser who wins!
Now here are some things,
most important it's true,
your 4-H experience
has accomplished for you.

"You've been taught how
a business meeting is run.
This knowledge will help you
in years to come.

You've learned to stand up
and talk nice and loud,
how to speak with conviction
in front of a crowd.

Patience you've learned
in your projects too.
As well as some skills
that will always help you.
You've had the fine feeling
it gives you to lend
a glad helping hand
to a stranger or friend.

"You've learned to cooperate
with the majority rule,
to give in with grace
and not be a fool
who always must have
his very own way,
be it in club work,
in school, or in play.

"You've learned how to lose
without making a 'beef,'
you know the judge judges
to his best belief.
You've learned how to win
without boasting too loud.
A kid can lose friends
if he's overly proud.

"These are the things
most important to you;
you'll remember and use them
all your life through.
They'll help you become
a very fine man.
They'll do more for you
than a prize ever can."

—Esther Chandler

Augusta County 4-H

Are you into it?

Livestock, shooting education, dairy, judging, wildlife, foods, clothing, forestry, dogs, cats, veterinary science, computers and aerospace are just a few project areas offered by the Augusta County 4-H program to youth ages 5-19 years old. Cloverbuds, 4-H community clubs, special interest clubs, and judging teams as well as in-school programs make up the heart of the 4-H program.

All 4-H age youth from Augusta County, Staunton, and Waynesboro are eligible to participate in 4-H programs. Most clubs meet one evening per month for one to two hours. Meetings consist of a business meeting led by the elected youth officers of the club. Some type of educational program based on a given club's program and projects will be held in addition to the regular business meeting. Frequently, clubs will have activities between their regularly scheduled meetings for workshops, clinics, and competitions.

A list of clubs active in Augusta County, their leaders, meeting places, and day of meeting includes the following:

Community Clubs

North River, Betsy Curry, Mt. Solon, 2nd Wednesday
R.L. Coffey, Don Napier, Raphine, 1st Monday
Willing Workers Sr., Jeff Roubaugh, Weyers Cave, 2nd Monday
Willing Workers Jr., Suzie Shiflett, Weyers Cave, 2nd Monday
Spring Hill, Vicki Burton, Spring Hill, 3rd Thursday
Blue Ridge, Rick Williams, Stuarts Draft, 3rd Friday
PEACH, Lori Pullin, Staunton, 3rd Thursday

Special Interest Clubs

Middlebrook Livestock, J.R. and Betty Coleman, Middlebrook, 3rd Thursday
Outdoor Sports Club, Don Studer, Verona, 2nd & 4th Thursday
Galloping 4-Hers, Pat O'Neil, Verona, 1st Thursday
Light Horse and Pony, Diane Hinch, Verona, 1st Wednesday
Dairy Club, Crystal Grove, Verona, 3rd Tuesday
Honor Club, Jennifer Mercer, Verona, 4th Monday
Dog Club, Ursula Strider, Verona, 1st & 3rd Wednesday
High Adventure Teen Club, being organized, call 245-5750 for information

Cloverbuds, 5-8 year olds

North River, Cindy Moore, Churchville, 3rd Friday
Willing Workers, Norma Gutshall, Weyers Cave, 2nd Monday
Middlebrook Livestock, Susan Croft, Middlebrook, 3rd Thursday
PEACH, Debbie Bourgeois, Staunton, 3rd Thursday

Judging teams

Livestock, Shirley Kaufman, Verona and farms, seasonal
Horse, Chris Marrs, Verona and farms, seasonal
Dairy, Lois Skeen, Verona and farms, seasonal
Wildlife Habitat Evaluation, Jennifer Mercer, Verona, seasonal
Hippology, Pat O'Neil, Verona, seasonal

Other 4-H activities

Presentations and public speaking workshop, Jan. 13, 6 p.m., Government Center
Presentations and public speaking contests, Feb. 10, 6 p.m., Government Center
Share-the-Fun talent auditions, Feb. 19, 3:30 p.m., Beverley Manor Middle School
Share-the-Fun Talent Show, March 6, 6 p.m., Beverley Manor Middle School
Fashion Revue, March 6, 6 p.m., Beverley Manor Middle School
Summer Camp, 9-13 year olds - campers, 14-19 year olds - counselors, July 20-24

For information on joining any of the above clubs or how to get involved in any other 4-H activities, call Jennifer Mercer at the Augusta County Extension Office, 245-5750.—

Jonathan Coleman of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club gives some lamb showing and fitting tips to Olivia Williams of the Blue Ridge 4-H Club during a clinic held in April.
Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

See related article and photo, page 21

ADDRESS CHANGE?

If your address has changed or if you have moved, you must notify *Augusta Country* of the change. Call 885-0266 or 1-800-884-8248 or write *Augusta Country*, P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459. Please help us keep our records up to date.

Thank you

Susan Lucci and sauerkraut

Down on the Farm

By Betty Jo Hamilton

Down on the farm we're thinking about close calls. You know what I'm talking about — the near misses, the almosts-but-not-quites, the specter of disaster which rears its ugly head then vanishes just beyond the horizon.

Everybody has had close calls. Remember the time you slammed on your brakes just before rear ending the car stopped at the signal light in front of you? Remember the time you swerved into the emergency lane to avoid the truck cutting you off on the interstate? Remember the time you zigged when an oncoming car zagged?

And how did you feel just the moment after any one of these incidents? I'm guessing your initial response may have been to shriek, scream or yell something — whatever that something was we'll leave between you and your maker. Then you probably noticed that you were having trouble catching your breath, your heart felt as if it might come out of your chest and your legs may have felt like cooked spaghetti from the knees down. All-in-all, the typically physical results from a sudden rush of adrenaline.

If the occurrence of close calls in your everyday life is infrequent, then count yourself fortunate. We, on the other hand, down on the farm, seem to have close calls on an all too frequent basis. They happen so often, in fact, that when we've gone for more than a few days without a close call we find ourselves suffering from adrenaline deprivation — so accustomed are our bodies to operating under the influences of sudden rushes of adrenaline that our bodies become physically dependent on adrenaline. Without that little extra boost we're always getting from a close call, our hearts and lungs practically will not work for lack of adrenaline.

(By the way, please don't share this column with our insurance underwriters, if you don't mind. And if you happen to be our insurance underwriter, please stop reading now.)

There is one particular time of year when we seem to have more than the routine number of close calls. This occurs when we are working to chop field corn and store it in the silo for winter feed stores. I've spent a lot of time trying to figure out why we are so prone to have mishaps with machinery during corn chopping. I think I've narrowed it down to one, maybe two, primary culprits.

Even those among you who are not involved in farming but live in farm communities can't help but have heard the noise coming from nearby cornfields of late. To you, the noise is little more than a steady hum coming from a distant field. You may not even be able to see the machine making the noise. In fact, the noise is so loud, its source may be some miles from you.

This steady hum you've been hearing is the sound of a corn chopper growling its way through row after row of corn. Likewise at the silo, there is another noisy machine — a silage blower — which blasts chopped corn up a pipe and into the silo. Add to the sound of these two machines the roars of tractors' engines turning at several thousand RPMs to power the equipment and you come up with sounds equivalent on a decibel level to that of several airborne helicopters.

For operators of corn chopping machinery, the noise becomes a deafening drone which I believe has a hypnotic effect on folks running the machinery. You've probably heard someone say, "Would you please stop making so much racket? I can't hear myself think."

Farmers have a particularly difficult time thinking because we have so much on our minds anyway, then if you add the deafening drone of machinery on top of that, it's practically impossible to maintain a stream of rational, conscious thought. After only a few minutes around a running corn chopper or silage blower, mental acuity drops to about zero.

The other culprit of corn chopping close calls is the monotony of the task. The work is little more than a series of repetitive tasks. Pull the wagon to the field. Unhook the wagon. Hook up the full wagon. Pull the full wagon to the silo. Hook up the PTO. Start the blower. Start the wagon. Wait while it unloads. Pull the wagon to the field. Unhook the wagon. Hook up the full wagon, and so on. Now repeat this series of tasks everyday for three weeks and you begin to see how monotony takes its toll, not to mention the fatigue that goes with it.

With machinery-induced hypnosis and monotony of repetition as the culprits, it's simple to see how close calls occur. You're driving along the same path you've been following for three days. You're looking at the cows up on the hill, you're pondering what the price of cattle will be next month, you're wondering why buzzards are circling a distant pasture, you're wondering if Susan Lucci ever will win the Daytime Emmy for Best Actress, and BAM! Suddenly the fence is three feet closer to the wagon than it has been for the past three days and you're looking at a splintered wagon sideboard standard. (That's just the way fenceposts are. They bide their time. Some wait as long as 20 years. Then just when you're looking the other way, they creep up on you and BAM! They run right into you.)

Or you're pulling a wagon in from the field for the 20th time in a day. Suddenly you realize you're dragging the wagon in the dirt because the wheel fell off and the axle broke. Of course you hadn't noticed the tire had been flat for more than half a mile, because it's practically impossible to detect a flat tire if you're thinking about Susan Lucci and the Daytime Emmys. (That's just the way tires and axles are. They bide their time. Some wait as long as three or four years. Then just when you're looking the other way, BAM! The tire blows, comes off the rim and the axle breaks.)

Or you're at the silo unloading a wagon. You've already done this task more than 50 times — no problem. You crank up the blower. Rev up the tractor, throw the PTO into gear, and silage cascades onto the blower's auger. At the time you're thinking about how long it is before dinner. You're wondering what you'll have for dinner. You're trying to remember what you had for dinner last night. You're trying to remember when was the last time you had sauerkraut and hotdogs. You're trying to remember if you set the VCR to record that day's installment of "All My Children." And you're wondering if Susan Lucci ever has sauerkraut and hotdogs for dinner when, BAM! The silage blower suddenly is buried in heavy, wet chopped corn and

See *BURIED*, page 13

R.I.P. – Here lies the silage wagon which was demolished after it rolled off a hill, through two fences and crashed down a six-foot embankment. The load of silage it was carrying also was lost. It had to be discarded due to the numerous boards, bolts, and chain links which became mixed in with it during cleanup. Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

•Buried

Continued from page 12

the pipe is choked from top to bottom. Yes, all 60 feet of it. (That's just the way blower pipes are. They bide their time. Some wait hours, others days. Then just when you're looking the other way, the pipe constricts from 10 inches to two inches and silage gets jammed in there so tight not even RotoRooter can solve the problem.)

What usually happens in corn chopping, is that close calls escalate. You start out with the little ones — sideswiping fenceposts, dropping into groundhog holes, blowing out tires. If you're unable to break the bad Karma of close calls, you eventually work your way up to the big ones — broken axles, choked blowers or worse.

This is why when my brother-in-law tapped me on the arm while I was unloading silage from a wagon and said — well, I'm not sure of all he said, but the words I could hear above the noise were, "—— your dad —— unhooked wagon ———— hill —— two fences —— bank — along the road," I wasn't completely surprised.

"You're lying," was my knee-jerk response, because sometimes this is the kind of sick and twisted humor my brother-in-law employs. But he swore he wasn't and when I peeked around a truck which was blocking my view, I could see the front end of a silage wagon sticking up over the bank along the state road, silage spilled out its back into the road and two destroyed fences between me and the wagon.

The wagon — not ours, but a neighbor's with whom we share labor and equipment for corn chopping — had rolled, after being unhooked from the truck which pulled it from the field to the silo, down the hill, veered left crashing through one fence, then veered right crashing through another fence, then dropped down a six-foot embankment, the backend ripping out with the wagon's impact in the ditch, the frame twisting counterclockwise spewing the load of silage over the sideboards.

It was one of those incidents that gives you a true sense of the progression of history. Man invents wheel. Man discovers gravity. Man invents brakes. It also was an incident which gives you a true sense of the preciousness of human flesh. Broken axles and demolished wagons can be replaced. Human flesh and bone cannot be. The close call with the wagon was the finger snap which broke the hypnotic trance of corn chopping, the post-hypnotic suggestion being, "One more close call and it's time to call it quits for awhile."

So we stopped chopping corn for almost a week. The corn was almost too green to be put in the silo yet anyway. Everybody was worn out from the day-in, day-out treks to and from fields. Monotony had taken its toll. The determination was made to suspend operations in the best interests of all parties involved and, perhaps in so doing, the bad Karma of close calls might be broken.

And what of the demolished wagon? How did the accident happen? Who is to point the finger of blame at whom? What to do about acquiring another wagon? My father and I didn't seem particularly bothered about or in a hurry to answer any of these questions. We both knew the answers. We will bear the responsibility of the lost wagon. There's little or no value in affixing blame for the incident. Incidents like this are the consequences of working long hours at hard labor. It had not been our first close call. It will not be our last.

My brother-in-law, on the other hand, seemed to take a different view. He wanted to know why nobody was yelling about the disaster. Later, he wanted to know if anyone had yet told the neighbor to whom the wagon belonged. What was his response to the demolished wagon? Did he come see it? Have you all talked to him?

All these questions and speculations raised by my brother-in-law were done so in a hushed voice, as if he wanted to avoid rousing suspicions of who might point the finger at whom. And since he had been an eyewitness to the incident, his mindset seemed to be one in which he might be called before a grand jury to testify to the circumstances surrounding the crash. He was approaching such a state of paranoia about the whole situation, I began to think he might ask to be placed in the witness protection program, given a new identity and relocated to another state, country, or preferably planet where he might safely reside beyond the long arm of some invisible farm Mafia.

I've reassured my brother-in-law that there's no need for too much alarm. We've shared equipment with this neighbor for many years and, despite our best efforts, run pretty even on what we have broken when either of us has been using the other's equipment. Or at least I think we have. I've never heard any specific complaints to the contrary.

As for the corn, a week later we returned to the field, chopped for a day, and reached another stopping point. The day was mostly uneventful and passed with only minor close calls — a gate nicked by a front end loader, a fence sideswiped — no one being too much worse for the wear.

As for the demolished silage wagon, it sat in plain view of the silo filling operation — its twisted frame, lopsided silage box, shattered table chain and collapsed sideboard a stark and silent testimony to close calls of all varieties. For us, it invoked a certain air of reverence about our endeavors. Many of our neighbors empathized with us in our loss. Others, we learned, were less moved as word trickled down that some folks were ready to begin scavenging parts from the wreck to use on their own wagons. Now that's real sympathy for you.

If we could relive that afternoon, we might be able to prevent the close call. But we can't go back and do it over. We can look ahead though, and take this close call as a lesson to be diligent and attentive in our labors, lest we become so consumed with the process that we forget the consequences of our actions. And if we keep our thoughts from wandering into the realms of Susan Lucci and sauerkraut, there might be a few less close calls down on the farm. —

•Swamper

Continued from page 3

cowboys and equipment right in the middle of nowhere.

"One of my mules was a little rowdy," he added. "So I talked to those mules a lot and they did all right."

Their camping was always done beside a watershed pond, called a "tank" in Texas, so that the horses and mules could have water. Clean water and ice used for drinking and dishwashing were hauled in to the campsite.

"We take water for granted here (in Virginia)," Wayne said after working in the hot, arid Texas climate. "Some of the guys told me that I was a little wasteful with the water and in the old days they would save the dishwater and use it again the next night. Maybe I was a little wasteful with the water, but Lacy told me to make sure I got all the soap off the dishes and pots and pans. 'A cowboy who can't sit in the saddle is not any good,' he said!"

As can be guessed from the above statement, washing dishes is one of the main jobs of the swamper. "I washed more dishes that week than in my whole life!" exclaimed Wayne, who is forced to admit that the trend has continued at home now that his wife has discovered his new talent. He noted that even while he and Lacy were preparing one meal, they were thinking about getting a tub of wash water on the grill over the fire. "We'd wash the ovens and hang them on the rod over the fire to dry. By the time we'd get everything washed up, it was time for lunch."

From four in the morning until well past dark, the cook and the swamper were going non-stop he explained. "Lacy kept me busy all the time. We had to keep the fire going all the time in order to keep a pile of coals for four or five ovens. The hard part was coordinating everything and getting everything together at the right time. You had to get your timing down so that all the food was ready at the right time. It was kinda like a marathon that last hour. And then the cowboys would start wandering in for their meal and them standing around watching you put even more pressure on you," the novice swamper said.

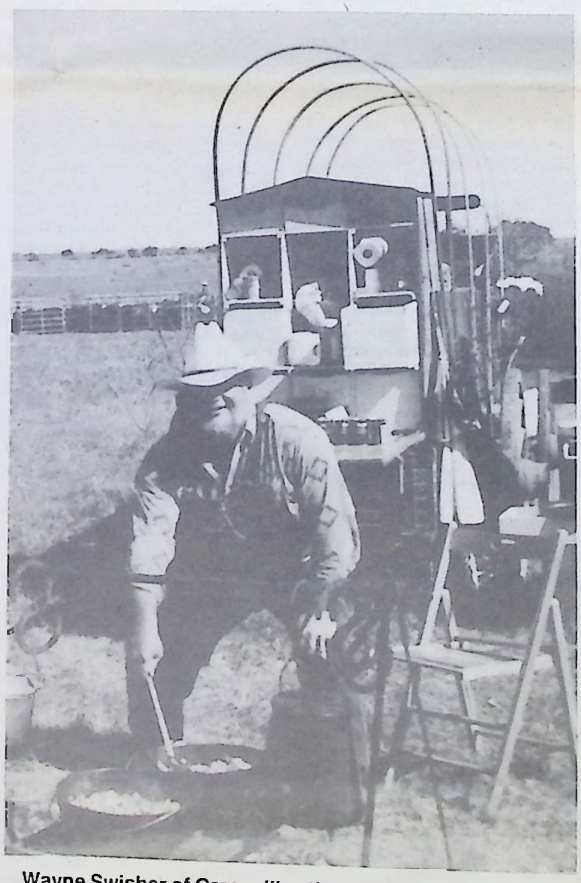
"I'll tell you , by Tuesday night (the second night) I was whipped and wondering why I had come on this trip," he said with a laugh. Once he and Lacy began to mesh as a team, however, the whole operation became a lot smoother. The first couple of nights they didn't hit the hay until midnight, but later in the week they were able to pack everything up for the night around 8 p.m. That was the night they had time for a shower, Wayne noted.

Wayne even found time to do a little cooking and a lot of learning under Lacy's watchful eye. "I learned how to pre-heat the ovens and regulate the heat," he said. Wayne also became the potato expert from peeling to cooking. "I did anything with potatoes: French fried, mashed and baked."

When it came to baked goods, like biscuits and cornbread, however, Wayne stood back and learned from Lacy. "He had some good baked goods and his cobblers couldn't be beat." Now that he has learned the secrets of Dutch oven cooking, he has experimented on family, friends and scouts. His favorite is a pineapple upside-down cake. He even has a chuck box in which he stores his growing collection of cast iron cookware.

Despite the hard work and long hours, Wayne enjoyed his time as swamper so much so that he's ready to go back.

"It's right time consuming, but I saw a whole lot of neat stuff. I had a good time and I learned how to cook," he said. —



Wayne Swisher of Greenville stirs food cooking in Dutch ovens during a cattle roundup near Baird, Texas. Swisher served as swamper for Lacy Buchanan of Dutch Hollow who was the roundup's chuckwagon cook.

Photo courtesy Lacy Buchanan

Augusta Farm Bureau honors area youths

AC staff report

SANGERVILLE — Five Augusta County youths were honored by the Augusta County Farm Bureau at the group's annual meeting held recently.

Kara Michael, Rosalea Riley, Emily Curry, Jason Roller, and Dana Shiflet were recognized by ACFB as winners of contests held each year by Farm Bureau.

Miss Michael, 17, daughter of Dennis and Gail Michael of Verona was chosen Miss Augusta County Farm Bureau. A senior at Fort Defiance High School, she is a member of the school's FFA chapter and serves as its secretary. In addition to extracurricular school activities, she is active in her church's youth group.

Miss Riley was presented the Mary Frances Houff Good Citizenship Award. The 15-year-old Buffalo Gap High School sophomore is the daughter of Doug and Donna Riley of Rt. 1, Staunton. Miss Riley maintains a 4.0 grade-point average and is active in livestock judging and exhibiting livestock. She is a member of the Buffalo Gap FFA chapter and Bethany Presbyterian Church. Miss Riley also submitted the winning entry in the Farm Bureau essay contest by best describing "What Agriculture Means to Me."

The Farm Youth Leadership Award was presented to Miss Curry. The 15-year-old is the daughter of Charles and Betsy Curry of Mt. Solon. She plays volleyball and basketball at Buffalo Gap and is a member of the school's FFA chapter. She is also a member of the Mt. Solon 4-H club and the Augusta County 4-H Livestock Judging Team.

Jason Roller was named Outstanding Young Agriculturist. Roller, 18, is a student at Virginia Tech and is the son of Randy and Ann Roller of Fort Defiance. He is president of the Virginia FFA Federation and is a member of the Fort Defiance FFA chapter.

Maxine Arey, far left, Augusta Farm Bureau women's committee chairman, congratulates Dana Shiflet, Kara Michael, Emily Curry, Jason Roller and Rosalea Riley on awards they received at the Farm Bureau annual meeting held recently. AC staff photo

Miss Shiflet was named the winner of the Rural Health Essay Contest. She is the 17-year-old daughter of Rick and Sue Shiflet of Swoope. Miss Shiflet plans to pursue a career in physical therapy following high school graduation. She attends Buffalo Gap High School.

Martha Moore, who works with Virginia Farm Bureau in Richmond, provided a legislative review of items for which Farm Bureau has lobbied the state legislature. She pointed to funding for agriculture research, establishment of an open space easement trust fund, and land use tax as issues which Farm Bureau has sponsored. Wayne Ashworth, Virginia Farm Bureau president, thanked Augusta County Farm Bureau members for the part they played in the recent adoption of new estate tax laws. Farm Bureau launched a successful letter-writing campaign, according to Ashworth, which increased the estate tax exemption for family farms. Farm Bureau had pursued this goal as a critical need to help preserve family farm operations.

Ms. Moore told Augusta Farm Bureau members that they will participate in a pilot project with the state Farm Bureau office. A database will be established to link individual members with computer access to the state office in Richmond. The program is being designed to rapidly distribute critical legislative information to Farm Bureau members. Information will be provided to members which will keep them informed and help them make decisions contacting legislators regarding specific laws.

Ms. Moore encouraged members to use "vision and action" to accomplish their legislative goals. "Without action, you can't accomplish success," she said.

Augusta Farm Bureau members considered legislative resolutions on a variety of subjects. Resolutions approved included outlawing "piggy back" amendments to bills considered by Congress, opposing a reduction in state vehicle tax if it results in increased real estate taxes, supporting adequate funding for Virginia Cooperative Extension, and recommending the state's education standards of accreditation accommodate vocational education and fine arts. The group also approved a resolution aimed at restructuring the Internal Revenue Service. Resolutions approved will be forwarded to the state resolution committee for action at the Virginia Farm Bureau convention to be held in December.

In other business, executive officers and directors were elected. Officers elected by Farm Bureau members included Rick Shiflet, president; Charles Wonderley, vice president; and Katy Roudabush, women's chairman. District directors elected to three-year board terms included Charles Schooley, Beverley Manor; Mason Ware, North River; Betty Jo Hamilton, Riverheads; David Fitzgerald, South River; and Mark Viette, Wayne. At-large directors elected to three-year terms were Todd Beck, Mary Ruleman, W. Donald Clark, and Betty Hawpe. Outgoing directors included Maxine Arey, Donna Riley, Lowell Heatwole, Carl Arey, Sonny Balsley, Bruce Bowman, Robert Christian and André Viette. —

Virginia Quality Assured

Program sets standards for cattle producers

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

STAUNTON — Virginia cattle producers have raised the quality bar a notch higher. More than 150 area feeder calf producers were on hand at Staunton Union Stockyard recently to become certified under the new Virginia Quality Assured (VQA) feeder cattle program.

Initiated by the Virginia Cattlemen's Association, VQA is a health and breed certification program which identifies cattle with superior health to potential buyers.

"In order for feeder cattle producers to financially benefit from superior health and genetic characteristics in their calves, their calves need to be identified as they walk into the sale ring," said Reggie Reynolds of the Virginia Cattlemen's Association when the program was unveiled in June. "This tag program does just that." Virginia Cattlemen introduced VQA to incorporate graduated levels of vaccination and genetic background into an ear tagging system, according to Reynolds.

Virginia's cattle producers are among the most recent to join the ranks of beef cattle organizations which have developed programs to promote quality of livestock to buyers. VQA, like Kentucky Gold and Southeast Pride, markets cattle which are produced under health and genetics programs approved by a third-party verifier.

"We've got to get in the ball game and play with the rest of them," Rick Heidel, Augusta County Extension agent, told cattle producers.

He noted that the goals of VQA include improving health and genetics, enhancing Virginia's reputation among feeder cattle producers, providing feedback to producers, and improving communication between producers and buyers.

Cattle earning the VQA designation may be sold through a variety of routes including private treaty, regular stockyard sales, state-graded sales, board sales or tele-auctions. Buyers at these sales will notice that cattle meeting VQA standards are tagged with special gold or purple tags which designate which health and genetics criteria the cattle meet.

Dee Whittier of Virginia Tech explained the four levels of quality assurance under VQA. The first level or Gold Tag designation is given to cattle which have been vaccinated for IBR, BVD, PI3, 7-Way blackleg and pasteurella with leukotoxoid at least 14 days before sale and no earlier than four months old. At sale time, Gold Tag cattle are shipped with a processing map and certification form which chronicle the health program used on the cattle. Vaccinations must be given by the proper route at the proper site and with the proper needle, Whittier said, in order to qualify for the program. Producers seeking VQA certification must have their herd health program approved by a third party such as a veterinarian, Extension agent, or other individual who has been trained as a certifier by the Virginia Cattlemen's Association.

The second level of quality assurance is Gold Tag w/ W. Criteria for this level is the same as the Gold Tag with the addition of weaning cattle at least 30 days prior to sale. Cattle also must be broken to feed and water trough.

The third and fourth levels of VQA venture into the genetics arena. Cattle achieving the Purple Tag assurance meet the health and weaning requirements of Gold Tag. They also must be identified by breed of sire with the sire meeting minimum yearling weight EPDs for the year of the sire's birth. British sires must be at least breed average and Continental sires must be at least zero. The top level of assurance is Purple Tag w/ W. Cattle fitting this category must meet all health and genetics requirements of the program and also must be weaned 30 days and feed and water trough broke before sale.

In order to qualify for the VQA program, calves must weigh at least 400 pounds, heifers must be guaranteed open and steers must be castrated and healed. Cattle must be polled or dehorned and heeled prior to sale and must have been owned at least 60 days prior to resale. These standards always have been a part of the requirements for cattle sold in Virginia's state-graded sales sponsored by the Virginia Cattlemen's Association.

Whittier noted there is no charge for cattle producers to participate in VQA, however they will bear the expense of eartags which will be sold at cost by the Virginia Cattlemen's Association.

Sponsors of VQA stress that the program's primary goal is to reap financial benefits for Virginia cattle producers. Bill Call, of Maple Lane Veterinary Service in Mt. Sidney, told producers the cost of VQA may be more than offset at sale time. According to Call's figures, the average total cost of implementing the health portion of VQA is about $7.85 per head. This includes the cost of the tag, vaccinations, and labor expenses.

Cattle bearing VQA tags already have moved through sales in Virginia. Call noted steers with the Purple Tag designation are bringing $5 to $10 per hundredweight more than uncertified steers. Heifers meeting VQA standards are ranging $1.80 to $5 per hundredweight more over uncertified heifers. The investment in the VQA program is returning $6.36 for each $1 spent certifying cattle, according to Call.

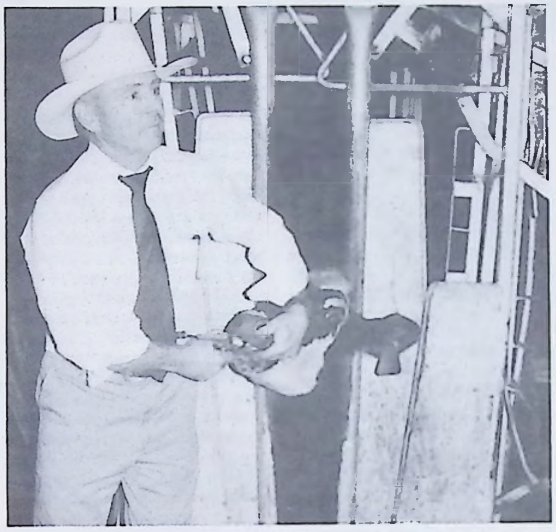
Although standards set forth by the VQA program may seem lofty, many producers already are meeting these criteria, according to Walter Hylton of Westwood Animal Hospital near Staunton. He noted that many producers will qualify for VQA with only slight modifications to their existing health programs. He pointed out that VQA allows feedlots to fit cattle producers' health programs into feedlot health programs. Certifying vaccination types and dates prevents duplication of vaccinations between cattle producers and feedlot operators, Hylton said. He noted that VQA standards enable cow-calf producers to evaluate existing health programs.

"Look at this as an opportunity to go over your whole herd management program," he said. "It can all fit in with what you're doing so far."

Producers attending the VQA certification program also were schooled in proper cattle working techniques. Veterinarians demonstrated proper handling procedures using a squeeze chute and reviewed proper techniques in administering vaccinations to cattle. Snowden Hunter, also of Westwood Animal Hospital, told producers to be sure to follow label directions on all vaccines. He stressed the importance of injecting vaccines either subcutaneously or intramuscularly in the necks of cattle. Hunter encouraged producers to continue practicing good herd health management with their cattle. He said VQA will enable producers to reap the benefits of the quality assured program, the criteria of which many producers already are meeting or surpassing.

"Virginia already has quality cattle," Hunter said. "It's about time you got credit for it."

The VQA certification program was sponsored by Virginia Cooperative Extension, Staunton Union Stockyard, Westwood Animal Hospital, Maple Lane Veterinary Services, Commonwealth Veterinary Clinic and Fort Dodge Animal Health. —



Snowden Hunter of Westwood Animal Hospital near Staunton demonstrates the proper technique in administering anthelmintic paste to a feeder calf. Area feeder cattle producers gathered at Staunton Union Stockyard recently to learn about the new Virginia Quality Assured program and become certified in various medication administration techniques. Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Yesterday once more

Steel drivin' men preserve fading railroad heritage

By NANCY SORRELLS

Today they do it for fun or to educate people, but back when members of the Buckingham Lining Bar Gang were young, working on the railroad was just plain back-breaking work. Gangs of steel-drivin' men would work the tracks, replacing worn-out rails and spikes and adjusting the tracks by hand. Without them, a nation that relied on the railroad would have ground to a halt and peoples' lives would have been imperiled.

Nobody ever said the work was easy. The men worked from sun-up to sun-down and camped near the tracks. They usually got to go home on weekends, unless some disaster -- train wreck, flood, landslide -- created an emergency need, explained Frank Austin, who was serving as foreman of the "gang" during Staunton's African-American festival.

With the exception of Austin, all the members of the 16-man group which hails from Buckingham County worked on the railroad when they were younger and several of Austin's family members share that heritage. Now the retirees travel around with a couple of trucks full of railroad ties, rails, spikes, and tools so that they can demonstrate how the railroads were built and maintained until the 1960s.

"Nobody does it like this any more," Austin explained as six of the men shifted the long lengths of track. It was important that the tracks stayed the same distance apart along the line or the train wheels would miss the track and derail. It took 100 men or more working in a long gang to move the track to the left or the right, but the alternative — ripping up and relaying the track — was even worse and took more work and time. Instead, the men would stretch out in a line along the rail. Side-by-side each man picked up his 30-pound bar and pried it underneath the track. In rhythm they all heaved at once and the track would shift the necessary inches.

The average track weighs in at 139 pounds per yard or a little more than 1,800 pounds for one 40-foot section of rail. Up against that, a couple of men and their 30-pound bars seem kind of puny. But put 100 or more men together and things begin to happen if they work in unison. That's one reason why the railroad workers developed a number of nonsensical songs to create a cadence.

"I got a gal,
she's long and tall.
She sleeps in the kitchen,
with her feet in the hall,"
chanted E.J. Holloway of Victoria.

The others pick up the song and then at a certain beat they heave the rail sideways. Chant and heave, chant and heave and soon they have the track section inching across the parking lot.

"We just shift in cadence," notes Austin "But the workers put a little fun in it as well. The main purpose, though, is to create a synchronous pushing on the bars to move the track. It had a beat." A beat is also needed to swing the 15-16-pound sledgehammers to drive the spikes into the ties. When a pair of the men get cranked up with the hammers, their arms become a blur of motion and the air is filled with the clank, clank, clank staccato of steel meeting steel.

"A one-legged woman
and a three-legged dog,
Trying to cross the river
on a slippery log."

The present group owes its beginnings to Charles White and a conversation with the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities and Public Policy, an organization trying to preserve Virginia history and folklore. Worried that the lore and music of the railroad gangs would be lost forever, VFHPP teamed up with White in 1991 to record the memories of former railroad men.

"They got permission to go down on the track — the Buckingham Branch Railroad — and record it. We had the news media there from Charlottesville, Richmond and Lynchburg and with all that coverage soon we got a call from someone in Sacramento, Calif. We went out there for two weeks and since that time we haven't had a moment's peace," Austin said with a laugh.

"Reason I love
my baby so
She make five dollars
Give me fo.'"

Thanks to the Buckingham Lining Bar Gang a piece of history that faded under changes from computers, automated equipment and welding won't be lost. The group keeps on the go much of the year, not only on weekends, but throughout the week, traveling to festivals and into the classroom to make sure this railroad history — the sweat equity that went into keeping the iron horses criss-crossing the country — is remembered.

"I think we are preserving history. A lot of young people don't know how this was done," Austin said while nodding toward the tracks. "But," he added, "It's a good thing we're all retired otherwise, we couldn't spare the time." —

If you or someone you knew worked on the railroad before it was automated, Augusta Country would like to chat with you and see what folklore and memories you have. Call Nancy Sorrells at 377-6390 if you have information about this topic.

Members of the Buckingham Lining Bar Gang pound spikes into a railroad tie during a demonstration at the African-American Heritage Festival held recently in Staunton.
Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Crozet endured scorn, ridicule for building Blue Ridge tunnel

By VERA HAILEY

By 1849, Shenandoah Valley residents were demanding efficient railway service to the Tidewater area for the purpose of trade. Seeking to eliminate the slow and dangerous climb up Afton Mountain, the newly-chartered Blue Ridge Railroad Company turned to the controversial ex-chief engineer for the state, Claudius Crozet, for a solution.

Crozet, a French war veteran, came to the United States after the Battle of Waterloo and accepted a place on the faculty of the United States Military Academy at West Point. Later he settled in Virginia and became the first president of Virginia Military Institute's board of visitors.

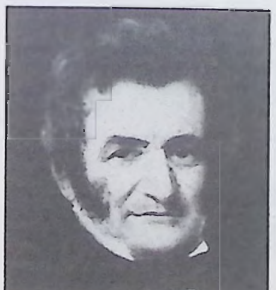
Crozet had a history of "visionary" thinking, and angered many legislators by urging the state to build railroads instead of canals. Records show he suggested a tunnel under Afton Mountain as early as 1839. When floods wrecked the canals in 1842, the bitter General Assembly removed Crozet from his position as chief engineer.

When contemporary thought caught up with Crozet's ideas, he was considered the most competent engineer available to design and oversee the building of the Blue Ridge Tunnel, one of the great engineering feats of its day.

The contract for the work was awarded to John Kelly by the Board of Public Works. Under the terms, Crozet estimated that the construction would take three years and cost $200,000. Soon after starting the job, it became evident that the bid was too low to complete the undertaking. Under new negotiations, John Kelly and a partner agreed to finish the tunnel if the state paid all expenses. For their work, they were to receive a fixed salary of $20,000, which was to be reduced by two percent of the cost of the tunnel in excess of $200,000.

Laborers from Ireland were brought to Virginia, and simple housing was built near the proposed ends of the tunnel. The construction coincided with the major period of immigration from County Cork after the Great Famine of 1847.

See *CROZET*, page 19



CLAUDIUS CROZET

Heatwole entertains Augusta Library Friends with folklore

By VERA HAILEY

STAUNTON — John L. Heatwole, sculptor and historian, was the speaker for the annual Friends of the Augusta County Library breakfast at the Holiday Inn in Staunton.

A resident of Bridgewater, he received the Shenandoah Valley Folklore Society award in 1995 for the preservation of folklore and folklife in his book, *Shenandoah Voices: Folklore, Legends and Traditions of the Valley.*

A second book of folklore is scheduled for publication in 1998. A book about the burning of the Valley by northern troops during the Civil War, *The Burning: Sheridan's Campaign of Destruction*, is also scheduled for next year.

Heatwole was among "friends" at the breakfast when he expressed his dream to "be locked in a library with a refrigerator and have all the books to myself."

According to Heatwole, "Folklore is people stories and includes cures, pastimes, games played, stories of the war and color commentary of history." Those who simply want numbers and statistics might be better served by the local courthouse, he said.

In his presentation to the annual gathering, Heatwole regaled the library friends with folklore and tall tales of the Shenandoah Valley.

Heatwole told the story of Charles Curry, who was a lawyer in Staunton many years ago. Curry was defending a man who had been accused of stealing a ham. The defendant admitted to Curry that he had taken the meat to feed his hungry family. Not wanting the man to go to jail, Curry devised a plan. He asked the man to bring the ham to his office, and cut the meat into two equal pieces. Curry kept one piece and gave the other to the man to take back home. Curry, who was known as one of the most honest men in the community, proclaimed to the court during the trial: "Hand on a Bible, he doesn't have any more of that ham than I do."

HEATWOLE

Heatwole's great-uncle, Paul Heatwole, told his nephew a tale of a man at a Rockingham County Mennonite church who would "try to get a look at the women's ankles" as he was assisting them into their buggies. After being warned that he would go blind if he continued, he covered one eye and said, "I reckon I'll risk one."

Some local superstitions: It's bad luck to lay a hat on a bed. If you sew on Sunday, you'll have to pick out the stitches with your nose on judgment day. If you hear a woodpecker knocking on a tree near a house, it is nailing coffin nails for someone in the house. To cure a wart, rub fat meat on it, bury the meat under the drip of a roof and the wart will disappear when the meat starts to rot.

Heatwole's favorite solution to warts is one from Frederick County. If a child had wart, they would take a stick, rub it on the wart, wrap it up like a gift and lay it in the path that other children traveled. The one who picked up the package would get the wart.

A ghost story from the McKinley area involves a slave, owned by the Clemmer family, who was said to be a witch. After her death, a piano mysteriously played in her house. Others who tried to live in the house were driven out of their minds by the sound.

A rock known as the Springhill Mad Stone was said to have the power to heal those who were bitten by mad dogs or snakes. Heatwole surmises that the stone probably came out of the stomach of a deer. "A hunter found (the rock) and put it on a bite and it hung on the bite absorbing poison out of the wound, then it fell off."

The famous stone was found in a safe deposit box in Page County. The owner remembered it being used for the last time in 1910, when it healed a teenage girl who had been bitten by a mad dog.

"By all accounts, people used this method and survived," commented Heatwole. In an instance where two people were injured, "one was taken to Johns Hopkins and one was taken to a mad stone." The one given modern medical attention died, while the one treated with the mysterious stone lived.

Truth or fiction, fact or exaggeration, these stories are an important part of our Shenandoah Valley heritage. —

Members of Central United Methodist Church in Staunton have created a play commemorating the bicentennial of the church. The skit, which features scenes from the 1790s, 1860s and 1890s, portrays certain events in the history of the church. Participating in the project are, from left, Ben True, Richard Leatherwood, Donna Huffer, Sarah Huffer, Ann Leatherwood, Virginia True, Beth Huffer, and Rebecca Leatherwood. Costumed guides will explain the history of Central U.M.C. for the Augusta County Historical Society fall meeting beginning at 2 p.m. Nov. 23 at the church.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Curb markets, Methodist Church history featured at ACHS fall meeting

STAUNTON — As Staunton winds up its 250th birthday year, the fall meeting of the Augusta County Historical Society will offer some further glimpses into the city's history at a program Nov. 23 at Central United Methodist Church in downtown Staunton. Tours of the church begin at 2 p.m and the regular meeting of the society gets under way at 3.

The meeting features an illustrated talk by Ann McCleary, immediate past president of the society and now an assistant professor of history at the State University of Western Georgia. Many residents remember Dr. McCleary for her doctoral dissertation work on home demonstration work in Augusta County. Her talk will focus on that work with a particular emphasis on the thriving curb market which existed in Staunton as well as in surrounding areas.

"These markets began in the 1930s with the Depression and really went full force in the 30s and 40s," said Dr. McCleary. "The emergence of the markets was the result of the work of a group of local women under the leadership of the county home demonstration agent, Ruth Jamison. They sold everything imaginable at the curb markets: chickens, butter, baked goods, vegetables, water cress, flowers and some handicrafts," she said.

At the conclusion of her presentation, Dr. McCleary would like to hear from people in the area who participated in or whose family members participated in the curb markets. "I would like for them to share their memories of buying or selling things at the markets. If they have any memorabilia, they are welcome to bring that and let the group take a look at it," she said.

The program is open to society members and members of the general public and features a double dose of local history for those in attendance. Central United Methodist Church, located on the corner of Lewis and Beverley Streets, is also celebrating a birthday this year — its 200th. The church history committee, under the direction of local historian Donna Huffer, will be sharing some of the church's history with the historical society audience. Beginning at 2 p.m. a history exhibit will be on display and tours of the church will be offered. The recently-completed book on the church will also be offered for sale.

At the completion of the regular meeting, refreshments will be served and the audience will have the opportunity to once again delve into the church's history by taking the tour or viewing the exhibit panel. The present church

See *ACHS*, page 23

Civil War journal tells story of Augusta County families

By NANCY SORRELLS

FISHERSVILLE — The bloody conflict that tore America apart at the seams from 1861-1865 never ceases to fascinate Americans even a century and a half later. Perhaps it is because the war was about difficult, heart-wrenching choices that played out as unique, individual stories for each person who lived through the Civil War.

In many ways Jacob R. Hildebrand's story was no different from thousands of others. He was a farmer in Augusta County who sent three of his sons off to war. One never returned. In other ways his story was vastly different, because Hildebrand was a Mennonite. His ancestors founded the Hildebrand Mennonite Church that still stands near Hermitage. To the strongly pacifist Mennonites, support and participation in war meant going against their religious beliefs and represented even more soul-stirring choices for the Hildebrand family.

HILDEBRAND

A deeply religious and well-read man who later became a minister in the Mennonite Church, Jacob Hildebrand represented an average Augusta County citizen during the war. The fact that portions of his diary from that time period survive, however, makes him special because his words offer a window into homelife in the area during that difficult period.

Jacob's great-grandson, John R. Hildebrand found the journal among his own father's papers and recognized its significance. So he set about the task of editing it, and in the process, wound up researching everyday life as well as the military and legislative details of the

See *BOOK*, page 23

Schoolhouse News

'New' Riverheads getting high marks

BY RUTH JONES

GREENVILLE — Riverheads has gone through many changes and has come a long way since last year. RHS was renovated into a brand new school over a two-year period. Changes included everything from new lockers to a new gym. Students and teachers came back ready to tackle the 1997-98 school year in a brand new building.

The new gym is one of the greatest and most appreciated additions. Graduation was one of the first big events held there. The bleachers were packed with parents, students, and friends. It was exciting not only because of graduation, but because it was the official opening of the new gym.

The next big event was the girls' basketball game against Bath County. Laura Wilkerson marked up the first points scored in the new gym. When the first points were made, the game was stopped and the ball dedicated to the new gym. It is now in the trophy case waiting to be signed by all team members. To make this opening even more exciting, the game was won 36-31 with Wilkerson taking top scoring honors for RHS. It will be a memorable victory for all the girls' team members.

Parents, students and teachers are all very impressed and pleased with the new additions and renovations to RHS.

One aspect of the renovation project particularly has been enjoyed by students this fall. An unusually hot Indian summer which brought with it temperatures near 90 degrees through October helped everyone to appreciate the newly installed air conditioning in the school.

"It is a lot cooler than last year," said student, Matt Perkins.

It seems everyone likes the new Riverheads. —

It was hard to envision the appearance of the new Riverheads gym during its construction. RHS staff photos

The newly completed Riverheads High School gymnasium, which seats 1,500, was dedicated during the school's 1997 commencement exercises in June. Construction and renovation at the school took two years.

RHS students attend Air Force Academy program

By DAVID BOLIN

GREENVILLE — This past June two Riverheads students, David Bolin and Lori Bosserman, attended the United States Air Force Academy Summer Scientific Seminar. The week-long seminar is intended to introduce rising high school seniors to what life at the academy would be like.

Being selected to attend the seminar is a great honor in that out of 4,000 applicants only 600 students are selected to attend. While the students were at the academy they stayed at dorms rooming with two or three other students from different parts of the country. They also ate meals at the dining halls.

The students were able to do such things as tour the academy, go on a hike, or take a trip to Pike's Peak, a 14,000-foot mountain. On other days, students attended various seminars such as aerospace physiology, civil engineering, engineering mechanic, computer science, meteorology, and astro engineering. The students during this time were also able to visit the Academy's Air Field and Jump School.

The seminars were meant to give the attendees a look into what daily classes at the academy would be like. The week at the academy concluded with a graduation ceremony and dance at Arnold Hall, the student center at the academy. Both students found the week very informative and are applying for admission to the academy. —

Don't forget to renew!
See page 2 for details.

Block schedule going well at RHS

By MARY BARR

GREENVILLE — This year Riverheads High School added block scheduling along with eight periods a day.

Block scheduling is when a class lasts for two periods and is for only one semester instead of a full year. Some classes included in the block schedule are freshman English, biology, and physical education. Dennis Case, an RHS vice principal, said the new scheduling is used to help students get all the academic requirements needed plus give them more opportunities to take electives. There are many feelings about the block scheduling among the students.

Kati Caldwell, a freshman, said, "I get homework done in class and I don't have as many subjects." Misty Blackwell, another freshman, said, " I *don't have the class all year.*"

On the negative side, however, students have said that periods are too long, boring and they have too much homework. When Chris Rockwell, a freshman *English teacher,* was asked what he thought about the block scheduling he said, "It depends on the subject. I enjoy it because we are able to read more in class and I am able to give more one-on-one attention."

It is still too early to tell if block scheduling works, but overall it seems to be going well. —

FBLA offers challenges, opportunities for students

By FELICIA GUTSHALL

GUTSHALL

I have always wanted to attend Virginia Tech and major in accounting in order to become a certified public accountant. Last year I registered for an accounting course at Valley Vocational-Technical Center to receive the training I'll need for college.

During the second week of school I was nominated for president of the Future Business Leaders of America. The FBLA chapter represents 100 percent of the business department's high school students. We attend regional, state and national conferences. We sell for Project ASK, which helps children with cancer. We have been noted as an Honor chapter, Gold Seal Chapter, and a Gold Key Chapter.

The chapter will be traveling to James Madison University, Virginia Beach and Walt Disney World in Orlando, Fla. We have monthly meetings in which I use Robert's Rules of Order to call the meeting to order. The chapter recognizes an outstanding FBLA member each grading period, an FBLA member of the year and gives three $200 scholarships.

Our advisers assist us in doing school and community service including assisting with the blood drive, food collections, stuffing Christmas stockings for the Salvation Army, adopting a family in need at Christmas, giving parties at Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind and many other projects. VVTC and FBLA are giving me the skills to reach my goal. It is a great organization and I am proud to be a part of it. —

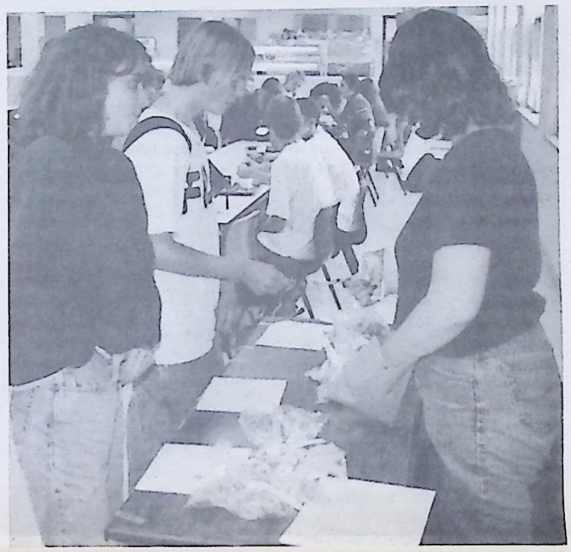
Economics students learning about business

By CRYSTAL HANGER

GREENVILLE — At Riverheads High School students are experiencing a different kind of education. They are running a company of their own.

The Riverheads Economics and Sociology class is experiencing real life duties of a job at a company. These jobs range from producing the product, to advertising, selling stock and handling money. This year the class is selling Gummi Candy through their chosen company name Gone Gummie Inc.

In past years the students have sold a wide range of items from jelly belly beans to pocket planners to tie-dyed boxer shorts. While talking to Mr. Barr, the economics teacher, I learned that all but one class out of eight succeeded in their goal to perform as a real company and be successful. This class realistically benefits those students who are wishing to pursue a career in the economics field. Erica Gardner, a former economics student, said, "I felt that it was a big responsibility and a lot of work, but it really shows the reality of running a company." —



Students in Riverheads High School's economics and sociology class sell Gummi Candy through their business, Gone Gummie, during lunchtime in the school's cafeteria.

Send school news to
augustacountry@juno.com

◦Crozet

Continued from page 16

Heavily populated County Cork had relied almost exclusively on potatoes as a food source. Immigrants were recruited by Crozet to work on the tunnel. The most prevalent surnames of these were: McCarthy, Fitzgerald, Sullivan, Murphy, Walsh, Connor and Connell.

Many people made fun of Crozet's plan to begin construction from both ends and meet in the middle of the mountain. There were wagers that the two ends would never meet.

The work began in August 1850. Making only about two feet of headway per day, Irish laborers cut through the Blue Ridge mountain at Rockfish Gap using only hand drills, picks and black powder. The hard rock dulled tools day after day, often before any impression had been made.

Labor unrest, strikes, rock falls and a deadly outbreak of cholera in the Irish shanty towns slowed the project. Crozet endured constant criticism by the masses and newspapers statewide. When it looked like most of the obstacles had been overcome, a financial crisis in 1855 was brought on by the depreciation of Virginia bonds. Instead of abandoning the unfinished tunnel, Kelly advanced his own money to make up the difference, some of which was not repaid until 1873.

Despite all the hardships and bad luck, the drills from the two headings of the tunnel met on Dec. 29, 1856, four hundred feet below the surface of the mountain. According to legend, it was a Waynesboro boy, William Gallaher, who first crawled through the rough opening to celebrate. He was the son of contractor Hugh Gallaher Sr.

With a deviation of only half an inch from their target, Crozet and the workmen rejoiced. They laid down their tools and celebrated in what must have been a typical fun-loving Irish manner.

But much work remained to be done before trains could pass through the opening. A skeleton frame the size of a train was used to pinpoint the areas that needed more work.

Public criticism and ridicule of Crozet and the project persisted. The Lexington Gazette proclaimed, "We do not think there is another engineer in the state who could by any possibility have succeeded in the way Col. Crozet has, for almost any other man after eight years' tug, would have been stupid enough to have made the hole big enough for the purpose for which it was designed."

Finally, on April 13, 1858, the first train unceremoniously ran through the tunnel. The total cost of the project had reached $488,000.

The Blue Ridge Tunnel was finished in time to play a major part in the Civil War, which was the first war in which railroads played a leading role. The Virginia Central Railroad linked Jackson's River near Clifton Forge with Staunton, Charlottesville, Gordonsville, Hanover Junction and Richmond. It crossed the Shenandoah Valley, which was the scene of many victories for the South, and connected the breadbasket of the Confederacy with the capital in Richmond.

The tunnel served for 90 years until 1944 when it was replaced.

The town of Crozet in Albemarle County was named in honor of the visionary engineer who saw the construction of the Blue Ridge tunnel through to its completion. —

Crozet's Blue Ridge tunnel slices through Afton Mountain connecting east to west by rail.

The Hitching Post

Middlebrook couple train hounds for fox hunt

By CHRIS MARRS

DUTCH HOLLOW — Anyone who has ever tried to teach a dog to lead, learn simple commands, or to come when called will appreciate the work involved in training. Just ask Mary Ann and Fred Getty, owners of a pack of PennMarydel foxhounds trained and bred for the sport of fox hunting.

The pack and the Gettys originally came from Long Island, N.Y. These hounds were bred specifically for their "color" as well as their fox hunting abilities. The pack is the only entirely blue tick pack in the country. Discipline and obedience also won these hounds the prestigious honor of participating in the Saint Patrick's Day Parades from 1981 through 1985 down Fifth Avenue in New York City. Only two packs ever received this invitation. The hounds, and the Gettys, relocated to their new home in Middlebrook in 1986.

The hounds are bred and raised by the Gettys. After weaning, the pups are sent out to private homes for six months to experience life. When the six-month period is over, the hounds are brought back to begin training. Training starts with learning to accept a leash and to be led.

The Getty's pack of foxhounds can number as high as 50, so this means they call in "recruits" to work with the pups. Children from the New Meadow Riding Camp, a summer camp located in Spottswood, come and practice "walking the hounds." They help for two weeks to teach the hounds discipline and to "pack" up. Foxhounds are not allowed to hunt on an "individual" basis, but are expected to be part of the "pack."

After pups are trained to leash, they start to take lessons from older more experienced members of the "pack" through a method known as "coupling." Two collars with a short chain between them allows an older hound to lead and teach the younger one in the field. After the pups have been trained in this manner they are ready to work in the field on their own.

This is fox hunting. Foxhounds are responsible for finding the fox. Without the hounds, the sport would be lost. Fred is also the Honorary Master of the Hunt as well as the huntsman, breeder, and trainer of the hounds for the Middlebrook Hounds Hunt Club. The Master of the Hunt is the ultimate authority during the hunt. He prevents possible chaos during the excitement and challenge of the chase. The huntsman is directly under the supervision of the master and is in charge of the hounds. He directs the WHERE and WHEN. Let no man come between the huntsman and his hounds. That is the golden rule of fox hunting.

Also important to the hounds' control are the whippers-in. They discipline and enforce the huntsman's orders on the hounds. The whippers-in are informed how to control the hounds by the huntsman's horn. Signals tell the whippers-in whether to "go left" or "go right."

The interesting thing about the hounds is that in his pack Fred says there are usually three good "strike" hounds. These hounds consistently find a fox.

"It is something in the hounds, not the huntsman," he explains. "And when one strike hound dies, another one steps up to take its place."

Riders who participate in the hunt are called the "field" and the field master in Middlebrook is

See *HOUNDS*, page 21

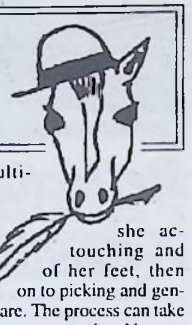
Members of the Middlebrook Hounds Hunt Club gather at Fred and Mary Ann Getty's farm in Dutch Hollow for the formal opening October meet. The Gettys train the PennMarydel foxhounds for the hunt.

Photos courtesy Fred and Mary Ann Getty

In the photo at right, children from New Meadow Riding Camp in Spottswood help train PennMarydel blue tick foxhound pups at the Gettys' Dutch Hollow farm.

Time, patience needed to deal with touchy situations

I.B. HOOFINIT Horse Sense



Q: Dear I.B.: I bought a young horse (two years old) which does not like having her back legs touched and I cannot pick her feet unless she will allow me to touch her legs. She lets me touch her until I reach her hock, then she "cow kicks" at me. I'm getting frustrated with her. What can I do to stop her from kicking at me?

Sign me,
Cow Kicked

A horse that does not like having any part of its body touched is a problem when you need to work that area. Whether it is at the head (ears for bridling) or the back legs (for grooming and hoof picking) it is important to be able to handle your horse in these areas in order to take care of her.

The first part of my answer concerns body awareness. Young horses do not have very good "mental" contact with their entire bodies. A horse without good body "awareness" will often be surprised by contact in those areas. The only way to overcome this part of conditioning is by repeated contact until the horse comes to accept and be comfortable with itself and being touched there. After a horse has had contact and conditioning ALL over its body, it will accept being touched anywhere. Neglect of a certain area just means the horse will feel "surprised" by the new feelings of contact and react, in your case, by kicking.

The next step you will take is to condition her to being touched on a regular basis. In order to protect yourself from getting hurt, take a dressage whip or long crop and stroke the legs, working one side at a time. At first she will kick at you, but by using a whip or crop, you will be able to stand far enough back to keep from getting kicked. Do not try to do it all in a day. Conditioning takes commitment, patience, and time. Plan on working her a little each day until she accepts the stroking.

Taking time means that you will need to forget about your original goal for awhile. Picking her feet and farrier work is in the future. Set your ultimate goal aside for awhile and make each day's process part of the total picture. You cannot pick her feet until you can pick them up. You cannot pick them up until she allows you to touch her legs.

By taking the pressure of what YOU want off for awhile and working with your filly and just touching her legs each day, she will eventually overcome her fear and defensiveness. After she accepts the crop and you can move in closer, you can start to do gentle rub downs with a long towel which she should come to enjoy.

After she accepts the touch and you are confident of her reaction, you can proceed to picking up each foot. Again, don't worry about picking hooves yet. Work toward building confidence and conditioning her to accept each new experience. Each new experience builds toward the next step which IS your ultimate goal.

Finally, after she accepts touching and lifting of her feet, then move on to picking and general hoof care. The process can take two days or two months. No two horses are identical. Some are more sensitive than others and some are more defensive often due to mishandling. Take time to work on her defenses at the same time by praise, patience and lots of love. It won't take long, but you will eventually win her confidence and her trust. Remember to respect the fact that it is the HORSE'S body with which you are working. —

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 reflects different problems. I.B.'s answers are meant to be informative and enjoyable, but not binding. Common sense in any situation is a must.

•Hounds

Continued from page 20

Margo Case. The field master is responsible for the safety of the "field." One responsibility of the field is to respect the land owner's requirements concerning the property the hunt covers. It is only through the generosity of these land owners that hunt clubs are able to enjoy their sport.

Riders who wish to ride in a fox hunt but do not wish to jump may participate with the "hill toppers." The Middlebrook Hounds Hunt Club has 145 jumps that are maintained with a "gate" at each jump. Participation usually requires a "capping fee" and a little knowledge of the hunt itself.

Fred and Mary Ann are clearly excited about this sport and offer to educate and inform serious riders interested in participating. One myth they put to rest immediately is that the sport is to "kill" the fox.

"That is not true," Mary Ann says. "It is the chase that is important."

The other myth is that the hunt club keeps a fox on hand to hunt. *The Gettys note that the hounds have to find a fox in the wild by* "casting" which is when the hounds put their "nose to the ground" and get to work picking up the scent of a fox.

Fox hunting is a sport that is unique in tradition and heritage. Riders interested in participating may contact the Middlebrook Hounds Hunt Club at 886-6817. —

Two Augusta 4-Hers on state wildlife team

By JENNIFER MERCER

VERONA — Two Augusta County 4-H members served on the Virginia State 4-H Wildlife Habitat Evaluation Judging team. Paul Jaussen and James Moore of the Augusta County PEACH 4-H Club, along with Karin Shaffer of Appomattox and Chrystal Jones of Halifax, made up the Virginia Wildlife Team which earned the right to represent the state in the national contest that was held in Sun Valley, Idaho in August.

The contest included several different components. Among these were wildlife foods identification, aerial photograph judging for habitat suitability, oral reasons, prescribing wildlife management practices, and developing urban and rural wildlife management plans. All in all, a very comprehensive wildlife management contest.

Many local businesses, organizations, and individuals contributed to the fund-raising efforts of the team. About $3,000 was raised to pay all travel expenses incurred by team members. The team arrived in Idaho July 30 along with participants from 28 other states. The first few days of the trip consisted of movies, dances, states' night of sharing, field trips and even some studying. When contest day finally arrived, the Virginia team members had familiarized themselves with vegetation and wildlife very different from the East Coast. The results came at the awards banquet and Virginia had its best finish ever in the contest with its team placing 11th out of 29 teams. The team also tied for third in its urban management plan and tied for fourth in its rural management plan. Augusta's Jaussen finished as the ninth high individual in the contest out of 113 competitors.

James Moore, far right, and Paul Jaussen of Augusta County joined Chrystal Jones, far left of Halifax, and Karin Shaffer of Appomattox on Virginia's 4-H Wildlife Team.

With the contest behind them, the participants and coaches had one more day to enjoy the beautiful weather in Idaho. The next morning the team boarded a plane and headed back to Virginia with an experience, new friends, and memories they will never forget. —

Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin
October 1997

Dear Maude,

Here in Washington, we also are all waiting for something to happen — I mean with the fall weather, not the lawmakers. Most of the members on Capital Hill have even bigger smiles since that pay raise went through. Add that to the accelerated fund-raising activities (there is always another election coming up and one must be ready) and it is no wonder they are so happy. They even smile and shake anyone's hand they happen across.

Just last week I was on the Hill and one of the Senators walked up to me, smiled and said "Good morning, and how are you today?"

I was caught off guard, because I knew he had no idea who I was. But I must have looked like one of his contributors, (I was wearing my beautiful new red sweater with a particularly stunning new black suit I simply was not able to resist buying recently.) "Just fine, thank you," I smiled and replied, and he smiled some more and walked on towards the elevator. That was my adventure for the day.

Anna Lee and the boys came over for a visit last weekend because she had seen something in the paper about an exhibit which she wanted to see. The boys need some cultural exposure, as well, she explained, as about all they do in Baltimore is talk about baseball. After she told me the address of the gallery, I was not certain she would be prepared for what *they would experience at Dupont Circle on a nice weekend, but if she wanted to come, why not?* The boys would get a little more education than she planned, however.

Dupont Circle has been, for many years, the area were most of the avant-garde, the artists, and those experimenting with alternative lifestyles have chosen to live. It is a lively place, but for one not accustomed to that much variety of styles it can be a bit of a surprise.

When they arrived at my apartment, we decided not to drive into the city but to take the subway instead. The boys loved that, of course, and we got off several blocks south of the gallery and walked up. There are several blocks with wonderful shops, specialty book stores and art galleries. On a pretty day it is a lovely walk. The exhibit Anna Lee had read about was small and it did not take us long to view. Since we did not spend much time in that gallery, I suggested that we venture on towards the Phillips Collection with all of its wonderful contemporary art. To get there, however, one has to cross Dupont Circle.

As we crossed the park, there were musicians playing. A little farther along was another person singing and playing the guitar. The boys were astonished to see a handsome fellow decked out in a blond wig and high heels come strolling along. It certainly was not what they were used to at Camden Yards! There was ethnic clothing from all countries to admire. It was, indeed, an experience those boys were not expecting. Their eyes were as wide open as I have ever seen them! After such a surprisingly exciting good time which they can tell their friends about for weeks, they are ready to come visit again.

I have promised next month to take them to the Woodrow Wilson House. In Staunton, you have the house where he was born; the Woodrow Wilson House in Washington is part of the National Trust and is the house where he lived from 1921 until his death in 1924. His second wife, Edith, continued to live there until her death in 1961. It has since been made into a museum. Beginning next month, there is to be a special exhibition which will feature American crafts used in redecorating one of the rooms at the White House. Many of the crafts are from the Appalachian area. I was excited when I heard about the show and really look forward to seeing it.

See *LuLu*, page 24

In the footsteps of a mother

Saying grace
By
Roy Howard

Some people say there is too much suffering in the world for any sensitive person to be joyful. From Bosnia to Bethlehem, Algeria to Los Angeles and all points in between, there is carnage, pain and mindless cruelty. Innocent victims are multiplied by the hundreds every day. They ask, "How can you dare to laugh and be joyful in a world like ours?"

I suppose this is an understandable challenge to a culture awash in entertainment; where escaping the harsh realities of life is not only possible but actively encouraged. Blissful ignorance is only a drug or a drink or a talk show away. Such escapism corrupts a caring culture. Those who spend their hours caring for the least among us are the ones who grieve the loss of compassion the most.

If there was one who knew the face of human suffering, she was the lady from the slums of Calcutta whom the world claimed as Mother. Among the many photos of Mother Teresa, I like best the one of her holding a tiny malnourished infant. Her eyes have that familiar squinting alertness; her face is a broad grin. I've read that Mother Teresa often laughed with her associates and had a quiet sense of humor. Never did she neglect her calling of caring for the outcasts, the dying and the diseased, and neither did she cease to be joyful. The photograph of her grinning with that baby portrays the depth of her faith and her willingness to depend gladly on God. Simple faith was Mother Teresa's primary virtue and from it sprang all the other virtues including her capacity to be joyful in the midst of suffering. Her dependence upon God also gave her the freedom to speak truth to power gently. She persuaded people all over the world of the dignity of every human life, not so much by her words as by her deeds of love. When you look at the life of Teresa of Calcutta, witness her jubilant hope under the most hopeless conditions. Where is there any room for despair? Joy, the offspring of true hope, radiated from Teresa as she held the dying in her arms. Seeing her, how can you not dare to search for joy and the things that bring laughter to the human heart? Authentic joy, not the superficial brand sold on television, is the delight that springs from a soul resting in God. Joy and hope, are the virtues that we most need to stay spiritually alive today. If human beings are created for joy, then every opportunity we have to experience delight brings us closer to our true purpose. Teresa, as all the saints before her, found the deepest joy in caring for the sick, frail, outcast and poor. In the middle ages, another saint whom the world loves combined joy in serving the poor with delight in the natural world. Saint Francis not only gladly washed the wounds of lepers and comforted the dying, he also took enormous delight in animals. He loved the flowing streams, the starry skies and blowing winds with as much joy as he cared for the sick. His capacity to delight in God's creation gave him a joyful Spirit strong enough to be with the suffering.

Teresa and Francis had the spiritual qualities that the rest of us might yearn for if we want to avoid the twin dangers of our culture: escapism and despair. They were able to spot the signs of goodness, however small, and find in them an occasion for joy.

The kingfisher diving into a stream with wild, reckless abandon until he catches the fish brings joy to the heart of those who have eyes to see. The delicate complexity of a spider's web in late September is a delight and wonder for the seeking heart. Think, too, of a tiny wren's nest, a child taking the first steps into mother's arms, a band of singers in a nursing home singing off key with gusto and love about Jesus, the finish line at a Special Olympics track meet, the cello player giving a solitary concert in the war-torn ruins of Sarajevo, Mother Teresa cradling the dying in her slender arms, praying them all the way home to heaven.

When the eyes of our heart have been opened, there is no end to the marvels that bring joy. Such openness to joy is no escape from suffering, it provides the experience which generates compassion. From faith comes joy; from joy comes compassion. This is the lesson that Mother Teresa of Calcutta and Saint Francis of Assisi teach us. Imagine what might happen if we actually began to follow closely in their footsteps. —

Habitat build in progress

Volunteers raise the wall of a Habitat for Humanity house under construction on Peabody Street in Staunton. The project is designated a "women's build." Work will continue on the house each Saturday through early December. Any woman interested in participating in the build may call the Habitat office at 886-1944.

AC staff photo

Middlebrook Bazaar, Nov. 1

Katherine Rosen, left and Catherine Rosen, both of the Golden Deeds Bible Class at St. John's United Church of Christ near Middlebrook, display a crocheted afghan which will be for sale at the Middlebrook Bazaar to be held from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. Nov. 1 at the Middlebrook Community Center.

AC staff photo

A gardener's winter reading list

The Garden Path

By Jeff Ishee

Nothing much happened in Middlebrook this week, except the bread man came by. Oh yes! He brought some more of those fresh sweet rolls with cinnamon icing to the general store. You know what? After eating three or four of those sticky, delicious buns of sin, I almost wish the bread man didn't come by so often.

And then of course, there was the changing of the leaves from green to vibrant shades of orange, yellow and red. Fall is more welcome than ever here on the farmstead. After a very tiresome, dry (yet bountiful) summer, we are really looking forward to some cool weather, thick snow, and more time to read.

Which brings up the topic of what would make bountiful reading for gardeners during the winter of 97-98. After doing some "pre-season scouting," I have put together my recommendations for excellent fireside study. I hope you find the list below helpful:

1) *A Steady Trade: A Boyhood at Sea*, by Tristan Jones — The first thing a gardener should do after such a wacky gardening year as this is to take a vacation! Forget about soil tests, correct pruning procedures, new varieties of plants, and all that stuff for a few days. Take a mental vacation for a few days by sailing the high seas. Jones, world-famous sailor and raconteur, was born in 1924 on a tramp steamer and spent his childhood equally in Wales and on the arduous sailing vessels of northern Europe before World War II. *A Steady Trade* is the story of that boyhood and is filled with marvelous illustrations, delightful Welsh poetry, and gripping moments of excitement and passion. Jones is one of my all-time favorite authors, having the ability to transport the reader into extraordinary episodes of absolute reality. The New York Times called him "the ultimate." If you can't find a copy of *A Steady Trade*, then read his autobiographical *The Incredible Voyage*. It will cause you to rise from your fireside reading chair and wipe the salt spray from your face. (267 pages, ISBN 0-312-76138-4)

2) *Joy of Gardening*, by Dick Raymond — One of the greatest things about this book is the multitude of beautiful color photographs that show every detail of gardening. Raymond is a "down-to-earth" kind of guy who can share pure gardening wisdom without going over most folks' heads. *Joy of Gardening* has dozens of tables filled with vital information for the gardener. Step by step, he takes us through wide row planting systems, how to stop weeds cold, why a green manure crop is important to our garden soil, and how to reduce stress during transplanting. I refer to my copy several times each season. (365 pages, ISBN 0-88266-319-4)

3) *Low-Maintenance Water Gardens*, by Helen Nash — I've always wanted a water garden here on the farmstead, and maybe next spring is the year to proceed with the project. Nash describes how to create a water garden specially constructed for low maintenance. She shows how to choose the correct site, choose materials that resist punctures and leaks, and how to control both plants and animals to keep them stress-free and disease-free. A neighbor of ours cleared out an old barberry bush for us with his tractor recently. The site is level, free of root systems, and is adjacent to one of our permanent asparagus plots. Hmmmm... maybe a nice place for a low-maintenance water garden. (128 pages, ISBN 0-8069-4886-8)

4) *A Garlic Testament*, by Stanley Crawford — You don't have to be a lover of garlic to enjoy this book. From his farm high in the mountains of New Mexico, Stanley Crawford explores the intrinsic, exhilarating relationship that develops between a small scale farmer and the earth that he works. The New York Review of Books said that this work is "very much in the spirit of Henry David Thoreau." I was deeply inspired by this book a few years ago as the author took me into his life and his fields to examine the vivid mysteries of earth, wind, water, and garlic bulb. Very good fireside reading. (241 pages, ISBN 0-06-098121-0)

5) *Garden Secrets*, by Dorothy H. Patent and Diane E. Bilderback — This is another reference work to which I turn several times each gardening season. We all know people who seem to have a greener thumb than the rest of us, and these two authors tell us how we can improve our own thumb color! This book contains more than 300 pages of proven gardening knowledge. There are hundreds of practical solutions to everyday gardening problems. Many of these solutions are ones that you probably never thought of before, but seem so simple once the "secret" is revealed. Save this title for early March. It will surely make you want to head for the garden and start scratching around in the soil.(315 pages, ISBN 0-87857-420-4)

Some of these books are popular and commonly found in bookstores or catalogs. You may have to search intensely for the other titles. The rewards, nevertheless, will be worth the search. —

Horticulture expert: Economy *booming* for greenhouse operators

By JEFF ISHEE

STAUNTON — "Take this wave and ride it." That's what Robert Lyons, professor of horticulture at Virginia Tech, told members of the Shenandoah Valley Nursery and Greenhouse Association recently.

"If you have not made a significant amount of money in this business this year, you need to reevaluate what you are all about and what you are doing," he said. Lyons also is director of horticultural gardens on the sprawling Blacksburg campus.

More than 50 nursery and greenhouse operators were gathered at the farm of Harry and Beverly Crosby near Staunton for a fall twilight seminar and tour of the Cross-B-Crest greenhouses. Participants listened closely as Lyons said, "This has been a booming year for those of us involved in horticulture, landscaping, or for anybody who produces the plants supplying this industry." The demand for live plants seems to be at a level never before seen by many growers.

"I've talked to so many people in the business this year who are calling up plant wholesalers and are being told, 'We're out. We're out! We have no more plants.' People are placing orders for next year because they simply can't get any more plants," Lyons said.

While optimism runs high in the green industry, Lyons cautioned the group, "When things do go bust in a boom economy, we are usually the first to feel it. Some of the first things to be shaved off are the aesthetic things (such as live plants). Consumers tend to take a step back and purchase more functional things. Watch the marketplace carefully. Look for those signs that things are starting to decline a little so you will know when to decline your own production. You certainly don't want to be caught with millions of plants on hand and no one buying them." —

•ACHS

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building is the fourth on the same spot. The original church was founded by the charismatic preacher Sampson Eagon, who had a blacksmith and wagon-making shop on the corner of Beverley and Coalter streets. Because of his well-known preaching style and the fact that religious services were sometimes held in his shop, this neighborhood of Staunton came to be known as Gospel Hill. That history and much more has been brought to light by the history committee.

The meeting and the church celebration are free and open to the public. Those desiring additional information may contact Augusta County Historical Society president Katharine Brown at 540/332-7850, work, or 540/886-5979, home. —

•Book

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war. The end result is a neat little 100-page volume, *A Mennonite Journal, 1862-1865: A Father's Account of the Civil War in the Shenandoah Valley*.

John Hildebrand was at the Augusta County Library recently in an event co-sponsored by the library and the Augusta County Historical Society, and talked about the book and the stories revealed by his great-grandfather's entries.

"I felt it was worth sharing," the retired civil engineer who lives in Salem said. "I did it as a hobby. There are not a lot of battles and strategies, but it is more a story that was likely experienced throughout the South and the North.

"The book provides insight into family life right here in Augusta County," he explained. "It involves many families in the area. Some of the names mentioned are Bargers, Bells, Coffmans, Hangers, Hamiltons, McClures and Turks." In editing the book, Hildebrand remained faithful to the punctuation and spelling of his great-grandfather's scribblings, even to the point of carefully transcribing the occasional German phrase that slipped into the pages.

Jacob Hildebrand's simple entries provide fascinating glimpses into the seasonal lives of farmers. The Mennonite farmed128 acres in northern Augusta. Many of his sentences tell about harvesting and planting. He records amounts of wool sheared from his sheep and sizes of hogs which were butchered. All of his horses had names and the births of foals are important records placed on the pages.

Insight is also given into the struggles of daily life with or without war. Small children dying of diphtheria and typhoid and being buried in the churchyard, preachers lashing out against dancing and parties taking place in the community, and weather folklore marking

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•Folklore

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changes in the seasons all appear.

Throughout the journal, however, the war lays in wait, coming to the front in one way or another in most of the entries. Unlike the situation in Rockingham County, Jacob's decidedly unpacifist stance appears not to have incurred the wrath of his fellow congregational members in the church.

"Mennonites were very specific in their creeds, but the Mennonites in Augusta County didn't seem to have any problem (with supporting the war)," said the journal editor. Indeed, Jacob Hildebrand's journal entries made it clear where he stood in May 1862: "Benjamin (Jacob Hildebrand's son) this morning Rode with me to Harrisonburg & there left to go down the valey with the army to drive out Abe Lincolns Hireling tools who are Invadeing our soil & desecrating our homes."

Later in 1864 he attended the funeral of a young soldier who " was killed near Winchester a few weeks ago in defence of his country."

Despite supporting the Southern cause, Hildebrand chaffed at the restrictions and taxes placed on private citizens by the Confederate government. "You really gain insights into how the government was run," said John Hildebrand. "You don't think about things like conscription, taxation and inflation. Farmers had to pay a 10 percent tax on their agricultural products."

The journal pages reveal Jacob's feelings on many of these subjects. He referred to a conscription law as a "farce," faced a problem with a doctor who refused payment in inflated and worthless Confederate money, and found himself hiding some of his corn when the tax collectors came by for it.

Despite his occasional impatience with the government, however, Hildebrand's support of the soldiers was tremendous. Together with other parents of the area, he would make long journeys to the sons' encampments to bring them food and blankets and even fresh horses.

When the war moved into the Valley, the entries become the observations of a citizen whose homeland had been invaded. After the Battle of Piedmont which was fought in Augusta County in the spring of 1864, Jacob and some of his neighbors traveled to the battlefield to bury the dead. Later in 1864 he was traveling toward Winchester when he recorded: "the Yankees are burning Every barn they come across that has either hay or grain in it. I seen a good many that were smoking yet as I passed up the Valey Pike." It wasn't long before that burning extended into Rockingham and Augusta where Jacob observed "the Yankees made a General burning of barns in the lower end of the county & the uper end of Rockingham county & also some houses."

The "most poignant" part of the diary comes within a few days of the war's conclusion according to John Hildebrand. On April 1, 1865, just a week before Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Jacob's son Gideon was severely wounded in the hip by friendly fire at the Battle of Five Forks. Hearing of his son's injury, Jacob began the three-day journey to be at his son's side, but arrived too late as the following journal entry relates:

"Monday Aprile the 17th - Today I started to look after my son Gideon who is at Fords Depot Dinwidde County Va Got there the 20th found that he had been buryed he died the 2nd of this month he was buried without being put in a coffin I took him up & made one for him & intered him again"

Jacob eventually brought his 20-year-old son back to Augusta County and had him buried in the same cemetery at the family's Mennonite church that holds the remains of generations of Hildebrands. The distraught father placed only one more entry in his journal after detailing his son's funeral service and that was a note regarding normal farm activities.

With the exception of the endnotes and appendices, that is where John Hildebrand ends his book as well. The process of turning his ancestor's handwritten pages into a book has been enlightening, he noted of the research and learning process on which he had to embark. It was an enjoyable task he added, but was quick to point out that the most enjoyable part of all was getting to "know" the great-grandfather he never met — Jacob R. Hildebrand. —

A Mennonite Journal *sells for $9.95 plus tax and can be found in several area bookstores. The ISBN number is 1-57249-011-x. It can also be ordered from: White Mane Publishing Co., Inc., P.O. Box 152, Shippinsburg, Pa. 17257.*

Scouts earn Eagle honors

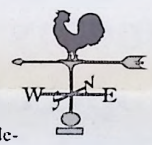
John Hash, far right, scoutmaster of Johnny Reb Troop 126 presents Eagle Scout awards to, from left, Justin Barss, 17, son of Nelson and Peggy Barss of Swoope; Garry Grogg, 17, son of Garry and Becky Grogg of Greenville; and Kit Painter, 16, son of Clayton and Kathy Painter of Raphine. Barss and Grogg cleared trees from hunter access trails for their Eagle projects and Painter cleaned the cemetery at Mt. Joy Presbyterian Church in Raphine for his project. AC staff photo

Yesterday's weather

Most newspapers include a weather forecast in each edition. But we try to be a little different at Augusta Country. We may not know what the weather will be like tomorrow, but we sure know what it was like yesterday.

Nov. 2 1966 — A storm brought 18 inches of snow to Celia, Ky., in 24 hours. It tied the state 24-hour snowfall record first established at Bowling Green.

Nov. 10, 1975 — Another "freshwater fury" hit the Great Lakes. A large ore carrier on Lake Superior, the Edmund Fitzgerald, sank near Crisp Point with the loss of its crew of 29 men. Eastern Upper Michigan and coastal Lower Michigan were hardest hit by the storm, which produced wind gusts to 71 at Sault Ste Marie, Mich., and gusts to 78 mph at Grand Rapids. Severe land and road erosion occurred along the Lake Michigan shoreline. A popular hit song by Gordon Lightfoot was inspired by the storm.



Nov. 17, 1953 — The temperature at Minneapolis, Minn., reached 71 degrees, its warmest reading of record for so late in the autumn.

Nov. 24, 1863 — The "battle above the clouds" was fought on Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga. Pre-frontal clouds obscured the upper battlefield aiding a Union victory.

Nov. 30, 1976 — MacLeod Harbor, Alaska, reported a precipitation total for November of 70.99 inches, which established a state record for any month of the year. —

Information for this report was taken from the World Wide Web homepage of the U.S. Storm Data Center.

•LuLu

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We were all tired when the day was over, but everyone had a good time. It was fun for me as well to see a different side of Washington than that of the polished politicians with the flashy smiles and ready invitations to fundraisers.

As soon as we visit the exhibit, I will write and tell you all about it. I know we will enjoy ourselves, and since it is in the same area as last week's excursion, the boys will be excited to traverse the strange world of Dupont Circle one more time.

Love to all,
LuLu