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July 1998 Vol. 5, Issue 7

P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459

up,



Solve a mystery!!! Page 6

& away

up,



Celebrate a reading victory at Stuarts Draft Elementary School, Page 8

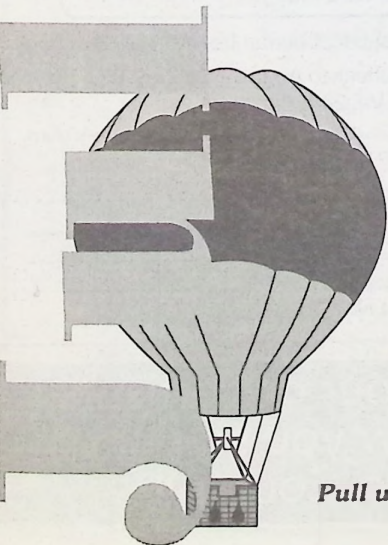


A pilgrimage to the Middle East begins on page 14



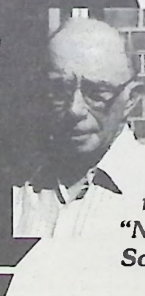
Gaw and Clarke take a spin in their merry Dawson-mobile Page 6

Down on the Farm Page 10



Pull up a rocking chair with Grandma Moses Page 7

Reminisce with Mt. Sidney farmer Lurty Alexander Page 4



Join your tour guide, "Nancy-San" Sorrells on a Japanese culinary adventure Pages 12-13



Augusta's 4-H wildlife teams win state contests

VERONA — Augusta County's junior and senior 4-H wildlife habitat evaluation teams won their respective state contests which were held at Holiday Lake 4-H Center in May.

Junior team members included Nate and Josh Salatin, and Karrie Riley. Nate Salatin was the high scoring individual in the contest with his brother Josh following a close second.

Senior team members included Daniel Salatin, Denny Showalter, and Amber Clements. Daniel was the high scoring individual in the senior contest with Amber placing second and Denny, third. Jennifer Mercer, 4-H Extension agent, and Paul Jausen, member of the 1997 state wildlife team and ninth high individual in the national contest last year, coached both teams.

Wildlife habitat evaluation consists of five parts. Three parts are completed individually and include wildlife food identification, wildlife management practice recommendations, and aerial photograph evaluation, which includes oral reasons. The other two parts of the contest require team members to work together to develop urban and rural management plans. Teams are given a specific area in which to work, along with a set of field conditions by which they must abide. The teams must develop a written and graphical representation of their management recommendations to create the ideal habitat for the species given.



Augusta County's junior and senior state wildlife habitat evaluation champions included, from left, Paul Jausen, coach, Nate Salatin, Denny Showalter, Josh Salatin, Daniel Salatin, Karrie Riley, and Amber Clements.

Photo courtesy Augusta Extension

As a result of winning their contest, Augusta's senior team will represent Virginia at the National Wildlife Habitat Invitational in Clemson, S.C. The contest will be held July 28-Aug. 2.

Team members will solicit support from local businesses and individuals to help them travel to South Carolina. Any group or individual wishing to assist in sponsoring the team or which would like more information about the wildlife team's South Carolina competition may call the Augusta County Extension Office at 245-5750.

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Publisher & editor

Betty Jo Hamilton

Sales associate

Chris Marrs

Sales associate

Leslie Scheffel

RHS News advisor

Cherie Taylor

RHS News editor

Julie Grimm

Staff writers

Vera Hailey

Penny Plemmons

Betty Jo Hamilton

Deborah Sensabaugh

Roberta Hamlin

Sue Simmons

Jeff Ishee

Nancy Sorrells

Contributing writer

Mark Gatewood

Student writers

Bonnie Livick-Moses

Jonathan Yoder

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Daylily Festival strives for premier event status

By PENNY PLEMMONS

FISHERSVILLE—Whether you are a novice or experienced gardener or you just enjoy tooling around outdoors, you won't want to miss the second annual Daylily Festival to be held 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. July 18 at the André Viette Farm and Nursery in Fishersville.

The day-long fete, which promotes Virginia's agribusiness, horticulture and wine industries, promises to be a day of botanical, culinary and musical delights. The star of the show, the Shenandoah Sunrise, is the latest Viette hybridized daylily creation. With a green throat surrounded by yellow petals tinted with gold, this late blooming lily guarantees to bring radiance to any garden. Proceeds from lily sales will go toward establishing a garden beautification project in Augusta County.

According to Sandra Stanwitz, the executive director of the Staunton-Augusta Chamber of Commerce, the festival has "grown significantly," with the number of expected guests to double last year's attendance of 1,000.

"We are close to achieving our goal of having this attraction place as one of the top three premier events

in the state of Virginia," Stanwitz said.

Like last year, this year's fest has something for the entire family. The Viettes will be sharing their tips on easy gardening and Springdale Water Gardens will be hosting an exhibit and discussions on the "how tos" of water gardening.

First time exhibitors, Weird Dude Plant Zoo, and LaDama Maya, will feature classes on raising hot pepper plants and herb gardening, respectively. Seven vineyards will be offering their wines for tasting or by the glass to be enjoyed with soft shell crab from the Depot Grille, subs made by Padow's, Latin American dishes from Arauco Cultural Center, exotic meats from Virginia's Buffalo Meats and pastries chased by fla-



Shenandoah Sunrise, the lily variety which will be offered for sale at the Daylily Festival July 18, features a green throat with gold-tinted yellow petals.

Photo courtesy André Viette

vorful coffees from the Blue Mountain Coffee House.

Patrons will be able to stroll through the beautiful Viette gardens and enjoy the jazz sounds of the Lew Morrison band, S.P.L.A.A.A.T., and

the Moonlighters hailing from Washington, D.C. Ice cream from Kline's Dairy Bar will provide cool refreshment while browsing through the works of local artists and crafters. On display and for purchasing will be paintings by Jan Ford and Carolyn Miller. Elizabeth Karaffa will be exhibiting her

Virginia Beauty ceramic painted tiles and will be offering original hand painted tiles featuring the Shenandoah Sunrise daylily.

Other artists and crafters include pottery by Nancy Ross, wooden garden benches by Janet and Ken Cline, fabric art by Sharon Kincheloe, hand-painted flower pots by Marcie Dorton and hand-crafted stained glass stepping stones from Highland Glass and Stone. Once again, Community Bank will be sponsoring

Daylily Festival
July 18
André Viette
Farm & Nursery
Fishersville

face painting, dish garden creation, a magic show and free popcorn for children 12 years old and under. Mark Viette said that the event's purpose is to bring attention to the area and to gardening.

"It is a local event, plus!" he stated.

On July 18 get up and get out early, so that you won't miss the debut of the Shenandoah Sunrise. Advance tickets to the festival are \$10 and may be obtained by calling the Chamber at 540/886-2351. Tickets at the gate are \$12. Persons under 21 will be admitted for \$5 and children under six are admitted free. The special limited edition "Shenandoah Sunrise" daylily may be purchased for \$25 the day of the festival or by calling the Viette Nursery at 540/943-2315. The Viette Farm & Nursery is located on Va. 608 two miles north of Fishersville off U.S. 250 east of Staunton. —

Elevation brings north country to Augusta County

By MARK GATEWOOD

A couple of years ago during the last week in June, My-Wife-the-Biology-Teacher and I were treated to our first sighting of a lovely bog-dwelling orchid called grass-pink. The catch is that I was in a bog in West Virginia and she was 600 miles north in a bog in Maine. My bog was at about 3,600 feet elevation and hers was near sea level; the phenomenon that synchronized those orchids' blooming over 600 miles apart is the modifying effect

of altitude on climate, or, as we like to call it, "mountain weather."

The ecological rule of thumb for this is that a thousand feet in elevation is roughly equivalent to 100 miles in latitude. In other words, going up is like going north.

To put this to a modest test, I took out my atlas and dividers and struck off 100 miles for each thousand feet of elevation in my West Virginia bog — 360 miles — due north, and fetched up in Canada, just across Lake Ontario. A little

shy of Maine, but you get the idea.

The bog I was in, Cranberry Glades, has been studied by botanists and is recognized as having plants which are common in bogs and tundra in Canada, so the effects of altitude are real.

We've spent most of our working lives, the Biology Teacher and I, in mountains in one place or another and it's still fascinating to think that there are places where, if you get tired of snow and skiing, you can drive a few hundred miles to sea level and walk around in

shorts for a while. Vertical migration is a fact of life for some birds and animals, including the juncos which visit our valley feeders in the winter and return to the high ridges to breed in the spring.

Augusta country's preeminent eminence is Elliott Knob — at 4,463 feet the highest point in Augusta County — for which honor it has been doomed to

serve as an antenna farm for the communications industry. Historically speaking, Elliott Knob has had its ups and downs.

In 1882, former Confederate topographical engineer become businessman and developer Jedediah Hotchkiss proposed that the highest summit in the "grand Appalachian Ranges" be named in honor

See **ELEVATION**, page 18



Second Annual Daylily Festival

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A special edition daylily, "Shenandoah Sunrise," has been developed for this event by André Viette. Proceeds will benefit a beautification project in Augusta County.

Tickets and daylily orders available at the SACC, 1303 Richmond Road, Staunton, VA 24401
Phone: 540/886-2351. Tickets cost \$10 in advance, \$12 at the event, \$5 under 21, under 6 free.

No pets -- event held rain or shine -- no refunds -- food not included in admission.



Mark Gatewood and daughter Betsy of Mt. Sidney find a few blueberries welcome refreshment after the long hike up to Elliott Knob. At its elevation above 4,000 feet, the climate on the Knob is about the same as Canada's.

Mt. Sidney's Alexander recalls changes in farming

By JONATHAN YODER

MT. SIDNEY — Growing up in the 1920s and 1930s on his grandparents' farm, Lurty Alexander learned the skills associated with running a profitable agricultural enterprise. He went to college to study music, but after a short time away from the farm he returned to farming just a few miles outside of Mt. Sidney. From this vantage point, Lurty has observed and participated in many of the changes that swept agriculture in the Shenandoah Valley during the mid-20th century.

Before embarking on his agricultural career path, Alexander enrolled at Shenandoah College in Dayton. He attended college for one-and-a-half years on a voice scholarship, while pursuing a music major. During his time at college, Alexander was exposed to acapella singing. He sang in an acapella choir under the direction of his voice teacher, John Finley. In addition to participating in the choir, Alexander was a member of a quartet. The quartet traveled with Wade S. Miller, the college's president, as he made vis-

its to present the school to people.

The first year the quartet, Miller, and an accompanist piled into the president's four-door Pontiac and toured in and around Richmond. The second year the quartet spent a week in Pennsylvania. After a year and a half of study, Alexander decided to go back to the farm, however, he continued to take voice and piano lessons at the college for another 18 months.

Alexander has farmed for most of his life. He started out farming with horses in the late 30s. At that point many people raised colts to keep for use in farming.

He saw the first organized livestock sale come to Staunton in 1935. Prior to that, most horse trading took place at Court days. Court would be in session about one Monday a month, particularly in the spring, in Staunton and Harrisonburg. It was the busiest commercial time for merchants because those who didn't have official business with the courts went into town to shop, visit and gossip.

If a person had a horse to sell or wanted to buy one, he went to town on the appointed day and

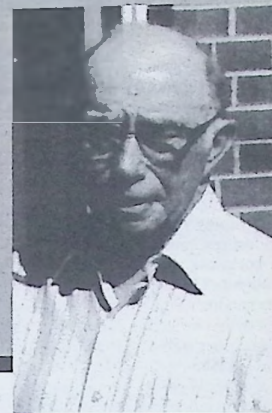
made a deal. Alexander and his family farmed with horses up until the 40s. When Alexander started farming, wheat was big business in Augusta County.

"I did general farming," Alexander said. "We raised corn, wheat, barley, hay."

For about the first 28 years the rotation remained unchanged. The corn and barley went to

"We're raising a lot more on fewer acres. There's been so many changes in farming in my lifetime, I have to wonder what changes are ahead."

Lurty Alexander
Mt. Sidney



hogs. Wheat was grown as a cash crop. After the wheat was harvested with a binder, it was taken to a mill and sold.

"We took most of our wheat to Bollin's mill," Alexander said.

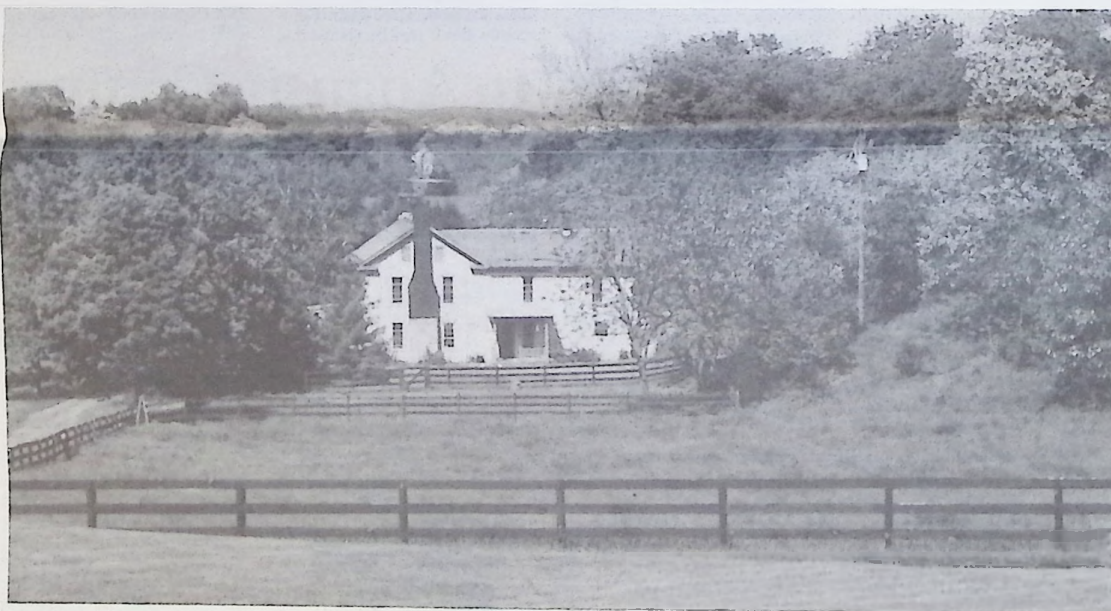
The mills that Alexander's family sold to had stone burrs

for grinding — two stones, one moved the other stayed still. The outside of the wheat goes for bran which was sometimes used as feed for livestock. The inner heart of the wheat produced flour for market. Local mills stopped buying wheat in the 40s and 50s, bringing an illustrious era in Valley history to an end.

Silos have gained in popularity during Alexander's farming career. Early on few people had silos. In the 50s and 60s people made greater use of silos. Alexander said he observed silos for a while and finally purchased a 12-foot by 36-foot silo. After the first year or so, he decided to purchase an unloader to go along with the silo. Today some farmers are using bunkers with concrete floors as a replacement for upright silos.

As the years went on, Alexander made other additions to his farming operation as well. In 1968 he put up a 60 by 50-foot hog parlor to house about 100 hogs. He purchased a used feed grinder which he and a relative rehabilitated. This machine was located in the center of the parlor and allowed hog feed to be easily prepared. The machine had a bin of corn, a bin of barley, and a bin of supplement.

Alexander bought seed corn by
See **HOGS**, page 5



Of the 169 acres that comprised the farm on which Lurty Alexander of Mt. Sidney grew up, the biggest contiguous tract of land today is about 40

acres. At present about 20 houses are located on that single farm.

Photos by Jonathan Yoder

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Journals preserve memories for Raphine woman

By DEBORAH SENSABAUGH

RAPHINE — Flowing script in brown ink recreates days, months, years on yellowed pages. The small books span nearly 20 long-ago years. Sarah Cox, 80, holds what she knows of her father in knurled hands.

The journals, pieced with stories Sarah's mother told, give Frederick Aylworth Gregory's descendants a picture of his life from 1900 to 1922.

Fred Gregory was born in Tennessee in 1872. By 1900, the young man sought work and adventure. When he heard of a job caring for horses and mules shipped to Africa for the Boer War, he signed on. Bold adventure never bothered Gregory.

The ship left New Orleans, steamed across the gulf and headed over the Atlantic. Gregory had numerous animals in his care — mucking stalls, feeding and watering, moving the supplies of hay and grain where needed. Occasionally an animal died, troubling Gregory who was conscientious of those in his care.

When the Laughton Grange made Capetown, the animals were unloaded and Gregory was left to his own devices. While many of the young men joined the war efforts or found other work, Gregory wanted to come home. Alone in a strange port, he found a ship, the Montcalm, whose captain agreed to bring him back to the States.

While those journals, kept on board the Laughton Grange and Montcalm, fascinate Cox, the books that really give her a glimpse

"We had a two-room log cabin and my grandmother lived next door. [Mama] hung a small cow bell around Nelson's neck so she could keep track of him. There were no fences, or yards or anything then. I still have that bell, hanging on my door."

Sarah Cox
Raphine

into her father's character were penned after she was born.

In 1911, Gregory, now married and with sons Louis and baby Nelson, set off for Montana to homestead the free land there.

"We had a two-room log cabin and my grandmother lived next door," Cox remembers from her mother's stories. "She hung a small cow bell around Nelson's neck so she could keep track of him. There were no fences, or yards or anything then. I still have that bell, hanging on my door."

Homesteading was hard work. Gregory's journals from those years are account books — 62 cents for 10 pounds of sugar; \$4.35 for coal; there are 4 and 1/2 bushels of wheat in a barrel, and a barrel of wheat will make 480 loaves of bread.

Finally, in 1917, they made a good crop and returned to Tennessee for a visit. Baby Sarah was born there while her mother had smallpox. "I was born immune; a vaccine never would take on me," she recollects.

Back in Montana, the fall after Sarah turned 5 in 1922, she remem-

bers watching her father and brother Louis, now 14, sawing and hammering in the back yard. They hand crafted a rowboat that would take them down the Missouri to St. Louis. The uncharted river was bound to hold adventure; they made the boat watertight and planned provisions for the long journey. If they had to give up their homestead because of drought-caused crop failures and return to Tennessee, they would at least enjoy the adventure of it.

"It would be quite an undertaking. Papa was crippled; he'd had TB of the bone in his leg when he was 19; he also always wore a beard since he'd had surgery after a bout with lockjaw. He was a tall man, educated, intelligent, and very hard working," Cox remembers.

Cox also remembers dressing up to follow the wagon carrying the boat to Roy, a small town on the Missouri 20 miles north of the homestead. The townsfolk said the family would never see their husband and father, son and brother, again. Cox says her mother wasn't concerned. Fred Gregory knew how to handle a challenge. He'd meet them in Tennessee after Christmas.

The journals chronicle the adventure.

Sept. 13 — "We ate a dinner of fish, which Louis caught, while I was fixing the boat. Then we were on our way... We had a big load,

with extra clothes in a chest in the middle of the boat and pans and dishes and water bucket, also eating utensils, and hand made wooden oars and a tent to use."

For weeks, they camped, fished and navigated the Missouri. They pulled the boat over shoals and portaged around dangerous rapids and falls. They met riverside folk in towns and ranches, talked to others boat riding the great river, and saw great paddlewheel steamers.

On Oct. 1, they rested and washed clothes. Next day, they spotted smoke from forest fires in Minnesota, counted elm trees and ducks, and camped above the Little Missouri.

On Oct. 8, they broke ice from their water bucket.

On Nov. 10, they docked at a town to get the election results, and on Dec. 5, they saw the lights of St. Louis. On Dec. 9, they camped five miles north of the Mississippi and on Dec. 22, they boarded a train for Tennessee and home.

That trip became important to both Louis and his father. Two years later, at 16, Louis died of complications from appendicitis.

Cox feels the harvest of 1928 helped break her father's spirit. Kneeling for hours, he had planted strawberry plants in intensive rows. "It took us all day to pick one row and we got 100 quarts to a side," Cox says.

The crop cost 69 cents to produce and sold for 62 cents. Suddenly, hard work meant nothing. It seemed no one could succeed.

During the next two years, the Great Depression gave no



FRED GREGORY

mercy to Fred Gregory. Having experienced major crop failure, lost job after job and watched his savings vanish in the wake of the Black Friday stock market crash, he suddenly gave up. Like so many others, he took his own life, leaving his daughter with only memories of the kind man who helped her learn to ride a bicycle and gave her nickels to buy candy.

Memories and a stack of yellowed journal books that open a window now on the father of yesterday who conquered TB, lockjaw, the Montana wilderness and the mighty Missouri.

"He was willing to put his family first," Cox says, patting the books. "That's how I remember him."

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Appearing Nightly

•Hogs

Continued from page 4

the trailerload. Each week he hauled 240-pound hogs to a receiving station in Harrisonburg. Each year the operation produced about 100 market hogs. This state-of-the-art set up was quite a contrast to Alexander's earlier pork operation. Prior to the hog parlor, only two or three sows were kept on the farm, eating corn and scraps.

Despite all the changes in farming over the years, Alexander says he still thinks agriculture is a viable occupation. The face of agriculture has undoubtedly changed. When Alexander was growing up, the majority of the people farmed. Now, of the 169 acres that comprised the farm on which Alexander grew up, the biggest contiguous tract of land is about 40 acres. At present about 20 houses are located on that single farm. Progress continues unabated.

"We're raising a lot more on fewer acres," Alexander noted. "There's been so many changes in farming in my lifetime, I have to wonder what changes are ahead."

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Yesterday once more

Who was Isabel Baylor? A scrapbook mystery

By VERA HAILEY

The mystery started with a visit to a Highland County bookstore. A burgundy scrapbook with a Fishburne Military School insignia caught my eye. The book had been created by a Miss Isabel Baylor. For \$12 plus tax the tattered book stuffed with papers, letters and

party favors was mine.

Looking through the book, I found letters, dance cards, newspaper clippings and pictures. The dates are in the early 1920s. If this woman or any of her descendants can be located, I would like for them to have the book. According to a newspaper clipping, her mother was Mrs. S.M. Baylor. The follow-

ing from the scrapbook may be clues to finding out who she was:

The book of friends section includes autographs and information. Some Waynesboro signers include Elliot G. Fishburne; Cullen F. Chew; Mary Va. Culton, and M.M. Hollar. Items from Fishburne Military School include a football schedule for the 1922 season, a program of senior class exercises for the class of 1923, an invitation to attend a fancy dress ball from Cadet J.L. Thompson, Jr., a permit allowing James M. Syerly "to be absent from barracks... for the purpose of visiting Miss Baylor at her home in Waynesboro."

Other items in the scrapbook include a letter addressed to Isabel in High Point, N.C., from Elizabeth Thompson of Dunn, N.C., telling of the death of her son John Thompson, Jr. in an automobile accident on Dec. 8, 1924; a letter addressed to Isabel at "desk no. 142" at Randolph-Macon Institute; a 1920 letter from Brazilian missionaries Irene and Frank Baker, addressed to Isabel in Fishersville, Va.; and a letter addressed to Isabel at "Barksdale Cottage, Waynesboro." According to local historian James Wright of the Waynesboro Heritage Museum, this was on Wayne Avenue facing the FMS campus and next to the present lo-

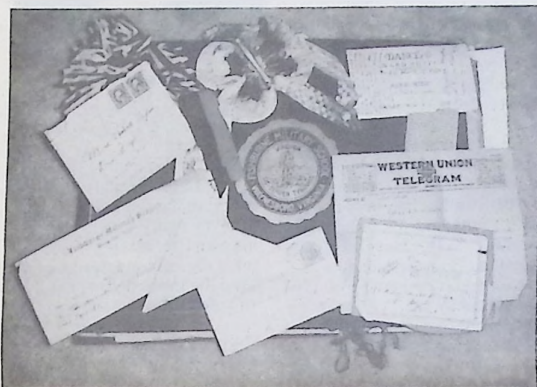
cation of the city building.

Additional items in the scrapbook include a Randolph-Macon Institute School of Music (1923-1924) recital program; a candy box top addressed to Isabel at St. Mary's School in Raleigh, N.C.; and a Christmas card from Mr. Joel Watkins Lacy, Jr.

If anyone has any information regarding Isabel Baylor or her de-

scendants, please contact Vera Hailey, 723 Florence Avenue, Waynesboro, VA 22980 or by email at vtraven@cfw.com

Information regarding descendants of Isabel Baylor or any other names mentioned among the scrapbook items also may be sent to Augusta Country, P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459 or by calling 540/885-0266.—



Included in the "mystery" scrapbook among some of its "mysterious" contents are letters addressed to Isabel Baylor when she resided at various locations including Danville, Randolph-Macon Institute, Fishersville and High Point, N.C.

Photo by Vera Hailey



One of these girls, presumably with Fishburne Military School cadets, may be Isabel Baylor. The photo was taken from a scrapbook, which contained items belonging to Miss Baylor, purchased in a Highland County antique shop. Items in the scrapbook date to the early 1920s.

Dawson automobile — a steam dream come true



Luther Gaw and John Clarke ride in their new Dawson automobile, which was manufactured in Waynesboro.

By VERA HAILEY

WAYNESBORO — In 1900, George Dawson set up a shop in a corner of the Basic City Car Works, a manufacturer of railroad cars located in the former Basic City, which is now a part of Waynesboro. Basic City, developed in the late 19th century, was the location for a number of small in-

dustries which supplied materials for or depended to a certain extent upon the Chesapeake and Ohio or the Norfolk and Western railroads, which intersected in the area.

Dawson produced an automobile in 1901. The model car, which was the first automobile manufactured in Virginia, was demonstrated in Basic City and Waynesboro as the maker tried to develop a market for

such a vehicle. The Dawson prototype was a bench-seat wagon made to accommodate three passengers, and had no top or windshield.

Although Dawson was hoping for national acceptance of his creation, advertising appeared only once in a trade journal. At the time the advertisement appeared there were only about 14,000 automobiles registered in the United States.

About 7,000 of those were manufactured in 1901, when this trade journal announcement was made.

"The Dawson Auto-Mobile is made by the Dawson Manufacturing Company, Basic, Virginia, who have furnished us with the following description: The Dawson Auto - Mobile weighs, with tanks filled, about 1,100 pounds, three persons

See **DAWSON**, page 7

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Waynesboro family rocks in Grandma Moses' chair

By VERA HAILEY

WAYNESBORO — James and Glenna Taylor of Waynesboro have listened with special interest to the recent information disseminated about world famous artist Grandma Moses and her former home, Mount Airy, in Augusta County. Glenna has family ties to the property as her grandmother, the late Callie Hoover, purchased the house from Grandma Moses in 1902.

The story of how the Moses family ended up in Augusta County begins in 1887 when Anna Mary Robertson, the maiden name of the artist, married Thomas Moses. They left New York on their wedding trip for North Carolina, but according to her autobiography, "we never reached there, we were kidnapped at Staunton, Virginia."

They fell in love with the area and lived on three farms as tenants before they purchased Mount Airy. Records show that the Moses family lived at Mount Airy for only a couple of years.

A piece of furniture, a well-used

rocking chair, was left behind when the Moses family moved to New York. Glenna was given the chair as a gift by her father, W.R. Whitmore, who had received it as a gift from a Mr. Keester. The Keester family had been close friends with the Moses family, as they had lived closely.

The farm where Glenna grew up was located near Mount Airy. "Dad's farm had been adjacent to the old Moses farm east of Verona. We went back over there a couple years ago to see the old house. The Moses place used to have a porch on the front, and looked different from the pictures that have been in the paper recently," said Glenna. "We used to walk up with a wagon as children through two meadows and up the hill to Mount Airy to see my grandmother."

Regardless of whether Mount Airy, which lies on land that is part of a proposed site of office buildings for the county, is saved or destroyed, the Taylor family will always have a special bond to the house and its

former occupants as owners of a small, worn rocking chair.

It is interesting to note that Grandma Moses did not start painting until the age of 70, many years after she left Virginia. She painted Mount Airy entirely from memory in 1951. If only the Taylor's rocking chair could talk. —



GLENN AND JAMES TAYLOR



A rocking chair belonging to James and Glenna Taylor of Waynesboro came from the house in Verona which was formerly home to Grandma Moses. The doll dates to 1883 and belonged to Mrs. Taylor's great aunt, Ada Miller. Photo by Vera Halley

•Dawson

Continued from page 6

of ordinary size riding comfortable in the seat. It has speed of 25 to 30 miles per hour on fair roads. Frame very heavy, steel tubing; all joints put together with tapered screws and no brazing. Engines made of brass, 2-3/4 inches in diameter by 4-inch stroke; rocker valves, and one set of eccentrics for reversing. Carries 220 pounds steam pressure and blows off at 240. Gasoline tanks have a capacity of 8 gallons and water tank carries 25 gallons; 30-inch wire wheels with 3-inch tires. Boiler is of seamless sheet

steel, tested for 1,000 pounds, 19 inches in diameter, 17 inches high, and having 4-inch water wall with 1-inch space all around; 480-1/2 inch copper flues, with steam drum on top and from which dry steam is taken. Water is never siphoned from the boiler. Burner made on new design, and of brass, 2 inches diameter by 4-inch stroke; water pump supplying either when running or standing still, and power pump for supplying when carriage is running or both pumps can be used if necessary or either, starting at will from the seat."

Information on the Dawson

venture is sketchy because there were few written records. Those that were kept were accidentally destroyed in the 1920s. Since the State Corporation Commission was not instituted until 1904, it is impossible to find records of incorporation or stock issuance.

A story that has been re-told over the years may tell of the Waynesboro area's first car accident. Luther Gaw was backing the Dawson up at the mill to replenish the water supply for the boiler, when he backed up too far. The car turned over on top of him. A resident at the time described Gaw

"scrambling out through the mud and was a very funny sight as he popped up full of mud."

By all available accounts, the Dawson was well-built and reliable. Ultimately, it was the conservative attitude of area residents that discouraged the maker. An announcement was made that a local oil reserve had been discovered, and investors funneled their money into what they considered a safer investment.

When Dawson was unable to raise the money for assembly-line production of the vehicle that bore his name, he sold the car to two local men for an unknown sum. Luther Gaw, known as the area's first auto mechanic

and John Clarke, Waynesboro's lone barber, were the proud owners of the unique machine. They drove the car until 1908, but the final fate of the dream built of steel is not known.

With Dawson's entrepreneurial flame extinguished by indifference to his creation, the car factory reverted back to a railroad car repair shop and later became the site of the Berol Pen plant. The building, located at the corner of Bath Avenue and Third Street, has since been dismantled. George Dawson is thought to have returned to his native St. Louis, Mo., no richer for his ingenuity, but perhaps a little wiser. —

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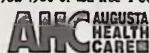
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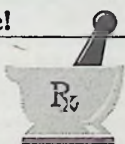
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Schoolhouse News

Draft Elementary takes checkered flag for reading

By BONNIE LIVICK-MOSES

STUARTS DRAFT — "It's time for blast-off!" the principal of Stuarts Draft Elementary said with a grin as he spoke into the school's intercom.

If I hadn't met Ron Jones before the event, I would not have known he was a principal at all. His attire at the moment was far from what a regular principal would wear. He was dressed in a green and white racecar driver uniform, with a racing helmet perched on his head. Why would a principal do this? To celebrate reading, of course. Are you more confused? Here's the scoop.

Every year Stuarts Draft Elementary sets a goal for the students to read a certain number of books, if they succeed the principal does something nutty. This year's effort topped last year's by 35,000 more books! A total of 100,000 books were read by students and staff during the 1997-98 school year at Draft Elementary.

Last year Jones dressed and danced the hula. This year he agreed to ride in a real racecar and

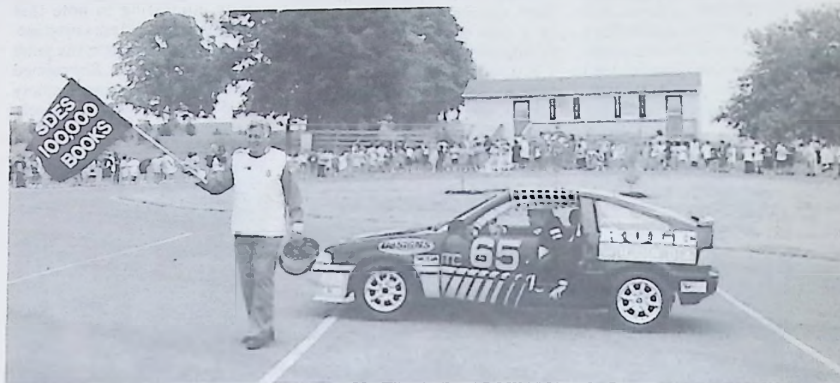
dress up in racecar driver gear. Is the reason for the principal's odd behavior becoming clearer?

The event would not have been possible without the help of Wal-Mart and Ray Carwell of American Safety Razor. The racecar was owned by Mike and Debbie Berrington, parents of a student of the school. The car was driven by Mike.

After Jones' announcement, the children rushed out to the school's bus loop wearing grins and carrying colored paper pennants. All of the student body and staff lined up and cheered as Mike Berrington and Jones hopped into the multicolor racecar. Brett Zirkle, 11, waved a green flag and the car tore off around the loop. The children screamed and shouted, knowing that they were successful in their reading efforts.

When asked why they thought reading was so important, Cepha Stuart, 6, replied, "Because it helps your brain good." But my favorite answer came from Joey Moyer. "'Cause it's fun!" the 6-year-old said.

And so it is, especially at Stuarts Draft Elementary School. —



Ron Jones, principal of Stuarts Draft Elementary School, waves a banner proclaiming the school's year-long feat of reading 100,000 books after taking a victory lap on

the school's bus loop during a recent celebration. Driver Mike Berrington provided the racecar for the event.

Photo by Bonnie Livick-Moses

Area students win SVEC scholarships

MT. CRAWFORD — Michael Alan Payne of Riverheads High School and Frank Stonier of Wilson Memorial High School are among area students recognized by Shenandoah Valley Electric Cooperative with scholarships.

Payne was selected to receive a \$1,000 scholarship. His desired field of study is biology with an interest in medicine. He is the son of Helen Payne of Rt. 1, Staunton. Michael has been active in many school organizations including the RHS Select Singers, the National Honor Society, Augusta County Mentorship program, forensics, the academic team and Latin Club. Michael plans to attend Virginia Commonwealth University in the fall.

Wilson's Stonier also received a \$1,000 scholarship. He is interested in studying elementary education and psychology. He is the son of Richard and Laura Stonier of Fishersville. Frank has served as editor-in-chief of the school newspaper and has been a member of the National Honor Society, Debate Team, Future Teachers of America, and the varsity tennis team. He is a member of Fishersville United Methodist Church and is active in community activities which includes volunteering at the Augusta Regional Free Clinic,



PAYNE

STONIER

serving as a teacher's assistant at Wilson Elementary School. He also has participated in fundraisers for the American Heart Association and Big Brothers/Big Sisters.

Selecting the three scholarship recipients from those students who

See **SCHOLARS**, page 17

AC staff report

FISHERSVILLE — Augusta County students were honored recently at the Augusta County School Board Recognition Program for scholastic and athletic achievements earned on a local, regional and state level. Parents, school board members, school administrators and other dignitaries filled the Wilson Memorial High School auditorium to laud more than 350 students from area schools at the program.

Supt. Gary D. McQuain commended parents for a job well done and stated in his opening comments, "that a good education is available to every child in the Augusta County School system." Among the numerous awards presented at the program was the Bill Borden Scholarship of \$500 which McQuain presented Jared Drummond of Riverheads High School. The scholarship is named after a former school board member and

is given annually to an outstanding graduating senior. Drummond's name will be engraved on a plaque that will hang in the school board office.

Augusta County Education Association president Pat Ashby awarded Frank Stonier of Wilson Memorial High School and Amanda Rexrode of Stuarts Draft High the ACEA scholarship award. Virginia State Delegate Steve

See **AWARDS**, page 17



Rachel Siron, daughter of Olen and Robyn Siron of Churchville, receives an award from Buffalo Gap principal William Deardorff during the Augusta County School Board Recognition program. AC staff photo

School year's end brings plaudits

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Awards ceremony caps achievements for Market Animal Show exhibitors

AC staff report

SANGERSVILLE — The Augusta County 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show wrapped up its 53rd year with the presentation of awards at a banquet held recently at the Sangersville-Towers Ruritan Hall.

Junior 4-H member Sarah Williams of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club won the Alton Lewis Award for the show's top first-year exhibitor. Emily Curry, a member of the Buffalo Gap FFA chapter, was awarded the R.L. Coffey Junior Achievement Award for earning the most points in exhibiting lambs, hogs, and steers at the show. Sarah is the daughter of Sally and Joe Williams of Greenville. Emily is the daughter of Betsy and Charles Curry of Mt. Solon. She also was named the Virginia Pork Industry Association Sweepstakes Winner based on points awarded for hog class placings and showmanship.

An award established in memory of long-time Ruritan and Market Animal Show supporter Jim Coffey was presented for the first time at the 1998 banquet. The award, a silver belt buckle, will be given annu-

ally to the individual who exhibits the show's grand champion steer. A plaque also will be engraved with each year's winner and rotate from year to year. The award will be retired if an individual exhibits the grand champion steer three times.

In its debut appearance the Jim Coffey Memorial Award was presented to Wes Marshall of the Fort Defiance FFA who exhibited the 1998 grand champion steer at the show held May 6 and 7 at Staunton Union Stockyard. The award has special significance for Wes who is Coffey's grandson. Wes is the son of Cindy and Steve Marshall of Weyers Cave.

The show's George Beam Memorial Award was presented to Sheila Nycum of the Buffalo Gap FFA chapter. The award is given annually to the individual who amasses the most points in lamb showing. Sheila is the daughter of Brenda and James Nycum of Rt. 1, Swoope.

The Carl Grove Memorial Award was presented to Jared Hemp, a member of the FFA chapter at Riverheads High School. He is the son of Katrina and Michael Hemp of Middlebrook.

The Virginia Dorset Association Award was presented to Jonathan Riley, a member of the Livestock Judging 4-H Club. He is the son of Donna and Doug Riley of Hebron.

U.S. Savings Bonds in the amount of \$100 each were presented to the event's showmanship champions. The awards are sponsored annually by *Augusta Country*.

Receiving bonds were Jared Hemp, senior and Jimmy Crosby, junior, lamb showmanship; Emily Curry, senior and Austin Johnston, junior, hog showmanship; and Wes Marshall, senior and Cole Heizer, junior, steer showmanship.

Five individuals received awards from the Augusta County Feeder Calf Association for beef performance. These awards are given to steer exhibitors and are based on the animal's average daily rate of gain (ADG).

Receiving a first place ribbon for beef performance was Craig Brown of the Riverheads FFA who exhibited a steer with an ADG of 4.61 pounds. Second place went to Chris Wonderley of the Willing

See *BEEF*, page 17

Huffman retiring as Fort principal

By SUE SIMMONS

FORT DEFIANCE — They say a man can't have his cake and eat it too.

Charles Huffman, who recently announced his retirement as principal from Fort Defiance High School, may well prove the old saw wrong.

It only seems like Huffman has been at Fort Defiance since they chiseled the rock.

His teaching career began over 30 years ago as a physical education teacher and coach in White Sulphur Springs, W.Va. After a stint in Rockbridge County, Huffman accepted a teaching and coaching position at Stuarts Draft High School.

That position soon turned into one as the school's athletic director and assistant principal, a position he held for the next seven years before becoming "The Fort's" principal.

"It's no secret. I'm a pretty willful person," Huffman commented when asked why he wanted to be a principal. "Being a principal gave me some control, an opportunity to do things I wanted to do. Besides, I felt that I had something to contribute."

Fort Defiance High School interested him because at the time it was the largest and most progressive high school in the county.

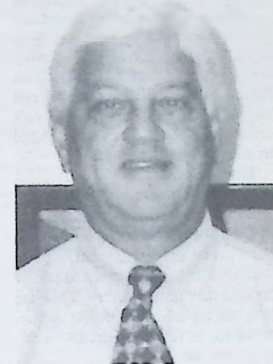
Over the next 18 years under Huffman's leadership the school continued to grow and progress. A major renovation in 1994-1996 doubled the size of the school. New and innovative educational ideas — the introduction of authentic assessment, differentiation of instruction, and block scheduling — brought major changes to the high school's curriculum.

It is no surprise that Huffman considers these instructional changes to be his greatest accomplishment.

"The teaching has improved at Fort Defiance over the last 18 years," he commented, adding "My daughter got a tremendous education here. She was fully prepared to go to college and she's now on the dean's list at William and Mary.

"I've always thought our most important task was to get these kids into the world of work or into the world of college. You can't open their heads and pour in what they need, but you can challenge them."

Interestingly, Huffman has had the



CHARLES HUFFMAN

opportunity to hire most of the high school's faculty — some 60 teachers. Only 10 of the 70 teachers currently employed at Fort preceded the principal's arrival. "So I either got what I deserved or got what I asked for," Huffman chuckled.

Musing about other changes he has witnessed in his career as principal, Huffman thinks that kids are the same basically, although he added that he thinks today's students are nicer, not as hard as they once were. "We used to have to really go head to head with some kids," he chuckled.

He is also the first to admit that community and parent support has made his job easier.

After his retirement on June 30, Huffman will assume a part-time position as an attendance officer for Augusta County. In that position he will serve as a liaison with the court system and will become one of two permanent members of the school board's discipline committee.

He admits he is both anxious and excited. "These are common feelings any time you do something new and different," Huffman added. He also plans to take some electrical, masonry, and carpentry courses at Valley Vo-Tech.

"And my wife thinks I should have laundry done and dinner waiting for her when she gets home from work," he laughed.

Yes, Charles Huffman has proven that a man can have his cake, and eat it, too. —



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A simple complication

Down on the farm we're having an attack. It's one of those attacks when your face gets all contorted, your body goes rigid, your stomach feels like somebody is twisting it into one of those little balloon animals, and your lungs don't have nearly the volume to supply the oxygen needed to support bodily functions.

That's right.

It's one of those kind of attacks. Yes, we've made yet another trip to the farm implement dealer and been given yet another set of parts that aren't the right ones to repair broken down machinery. This has become an all-too-familiar occurrence for us down on the farm, despite our best efforts.

I really don't think you could fault us on this occasion. Sure, sometimes in the past we haven't been conscientious enough in machinery maintenance and we've ended up digging our own hole as far as machine repair is concerned.

But I am convinced that no matter what process is employed in turning raw steel and sheet metal into a piece of machinery, it simply is not meant to stay put together and operable.

This is why when you're riding around the countryside and you see a piece of farm equipment just sitting out in the middle of a field as if it were just left there — simply abandoned in mid-stroke perhaps as if an alien spacecraft whizzed overhead and beamed away the person operating the piece of machinery — that somebody at some point in time simply had one of those attacks like we're having now and just left that piece of machinery sitting right there in the middle of the field.

The very essence of operable farm machinery is an illusion which is created by photos in farm implement dealers' magazines. I've seen them. You've seen them. We've all seen them. Photos of shiny tractors pulling brightly painted machinery across flawless fields sowing flawless rows of corn or turning out flawless bales of hay.

These photos are just like photos of food in cookbooks. Ever notice how the photo of a cake with a slice taken out of it looks just perfect? That somehow somebody managed to get a slice of cake out

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY
**BETTY JO
HAMILTON**



of the whole thing without mashing the cake down or dragging icing or chunks of crust down into the body of the cake. Or how about that photo of a gelatin salad which seems ready to glow and jiggle right off the page?

I saw a photo essay one time about how they make those gelatin salads glow in the photos. The salads are placed on transparent plates and lights are put beneath them. Then the salads are photographed and the light shining up through the gelatin makes the salad look good enough to eat, which it probably isn't.

It's the same way with photos of farm machinery in dealer magazines. Don't be fooled. You can bet that when that photo of the shiny tractor pulling the brightly colored machinery was taken, somebody was holding a light just so to make the whole process look flawless. But there's a whole other world beyond the arc of the photographer's light that doesn't show up in the dealer magazine photos.

As I mentioned, we might easily accept the responsibility for some of these troubles with farm machinery. We fail to properly maintain machinery and cannot be surprised when it won't work when we need it to. But it seems that even when proper maintenance is attempted, we continue to be thwarted by farm machinery which long ago failed to create the illusion of even coming close to operating in the manner in which it should.

We were feeling ever so efficient

this past winter when we took the round baler to the dealer to have maintenance done during the off season. I, in particular, was almost shocked by this unusual proactive stance on machinery maintenance. The round baler had worked very well last season — an occasional problem here and there. It showed the typical signs of wear for a baler which had spent a number of hay seasons turning out one round bale after another. Sure, it could use some work, but why not wait and cross that bridge when we come to it? The only problem with this strategy is that when you come to one of those machinery repair bridges — which you might have avoided with some proactive maintenance — you're facing acres and acres of hay that need to be baled and you're stuck with a baler that won't bale.

But we had enough foresight this past season to overcome our machinery maintenance shortighted-

ness and send the round baler off for some proactive repairs. Sending the baler to the dealer for this work and not attempting it ourselves is almost like sending the baler off to some fancy farm equipment spa where the baler is steam cleaned in a special farm equipment sauna and pampered with hot grease treatments. So when the round baler returned from the dealer, it was looking quite spiffy with a new bearing here and there, new safety shields around the PTO shaft, and a new shaft installed in the pickup. Of course this kind of pampering came at no small expense, but so far it has proved to be worth it. Post-spa treatment, the round baler has been running like a hot knife through butter.

Likewise, an attempt was made to apply some proactive maintenance to the square baler. It didn't quite rate a trip to the fancy farm equipment spa. We kept it a bit closer to home for maintenance and were feeling particularly proud that we'd managed to have the baler worked on before we were ready to use it this spring. But soon, even with the proactive maintenance, we found ourselves bumping up against a mirror reflecting an illusion of an image of a properly functioning baler.

But we're accustomed to machinery breakdowns. Those photos in the dealer magazines don't fool us too often. And when we took the square baler to the field for the first time this season — even with its off season maintenance complete — it was hardly a surprise that we weren't able to load even one wagon of hay before having to pull the baler away for repairs — a practice which has become standard operating procedure through the years.

It's not the repairs which cause us to have these face contorting,



rigid body, stomach twisting, lung deflating attacks. We can tolerate the repair process. It's the insane prospect of something which should be very simple becoming very complicated. Here's the farm equipment repair scenario. I'll let you be the judge.

The machinery breaks down. The cause of the malfunction is determined and fortunately it is not of great magnitude. The machinery breakdown is perceived as no more than a simple complication of farming. And you're grateful that this machinery malfunction is a simple complication and not a complicated complication (which is a whole other column unto itself).

Anyway, parts of the baler which are broken or missing are sought. This means a trip to the farm equipment dealer. (And we're not going to single out any specific dealer or farm equipment manufacturer. Because no matter what color paint — be it red, green, yellow or orange — is on the outside of a piece of farm machinery, the quest for replacement parts is about the same industry-wide.)

In order to obtain the necessary parts, the model number of the baler is provided and the farm equipment dealer goes about the task of finding out which parts are needed to make the repair. Keep in mind that a square hay baler is not an obscure piece of equipment. This particular one is manufactured by a prominent equipment company. And we're not

See **REPAIRS**, page 11



The next issue of *Augusta Country* will be published Aug. 4. This is about a week later than the paper is normally published. So don't worry too much when your newspaper doesn't arrive the last week in July. Papers should be delivered at the end of the first week in August.

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AHC AUGUSTA
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•Repairs

Continued from page 10

talking about a square baler made in the year 1906. This is a contemporary piece of machinery.

But when the equipment dealer is queried about the parts, it is learned they are not in stock so they have to be ordered. It will take two days for the parts to come in. Two days later you go to the farm equipment dealer to get the parts. It seems that all those needed to make repairs to the baler have arrived except two 30-cent springs. You go to another equipment dealer and there find one of the 30-cent springs. Now you're still short one 30-cent spring.

And just to be lacking one 30-cent spring is enough to put anyone into orbit. I mean, we could understand if the dealer didn't stock an item that was valued at \$300 and then had to order it when it is requested to make repairs. But to have to order a 30-cent spring? Come on. It's not like a 30-cent spring is an inventory budget buster.

Meanwhile you take the parts

which have arrived and prepare to make repairs to the baler. Oh, did I mention that during the two days the baler has been broken the weather has been nearly perfect — for the first time in six weeks — for making hay and that the hay is just lying there in the field at its peak condition waiting for someone to bale it? But that's O.K. because you've got your parts to fix the baler, then you'll get straight to the field and start baling that hay — hay, by the way, which is the best you've cut for harvest in five seasons of hay making.

You get started making repairs to the baler and find out the wrong parts have been supplied so the repairs you thought could be made can't be made. So you take the parts back to the farm equipment dealer but the parts you need — the right ones to fix the baler — still aren't in stock and have to be ordered and it will be another two days before they are shipped.

After another two-day delay and the still uncertain fate of the missing 30-cent spring, parts which

were ordered to replace the parts which were ordered and were wrong have been delivered to the farm equipment dealer. These are the parts that will do the trick. The baler will be fixed and now you can put this simple complication behind you and get back to the field (after having watched four of the most beautiful hay baling days of the season slip past) to bale the most beautiful hay you've seen in five seasons.

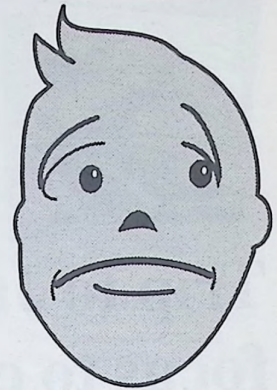
The second shipment of parts is taken to make repairs and now — here is when the attack begins — the second shipment of parts which you think are going to be the ones to make repairs to the baler are the wrong parts — again. The repair process is dragging on so long in fact that the price of the 30-cent springs has increased to \$1.75 while you've been waiting for the wrong parts to be shipped twice. When you find out the second set of parts is wrong, that's when your face starts contorting, your body goes rigid, your stomach starts twisting, and your lung capacity

maybe, after all, is not a whole other column unto itself.)

The farm equipment dealer has ordered the wrong parts twice. The process of getting the parts is taking so long that the price of the parts is increasing while you wait for them to be shipped. The picture-perfect weather is only going to hold so long and this is weather that is not being contrived by a photographer's studio lights for a photo shoot for a farm equipment dealer magazine. And the quality of the best hay you've seen in five seasons is going down the tubes. It would be at this point when the piece of broken equipment might very easily be left sitting right in the middle of the field never to be moved again.

But, you have just a few ounces of perseverance left which prevents you from ditching the broken baler. So what do you do? You go to a neighbor's farm where there is a baler that was abandoned long ago and has been cannibalized for parts. You take from it the parts you have been trying to get for five days from the farm equipment dealer. And you could have saved yourself all the trips to town, all the phone calls it took to get the wrong parts ordered twice, all the despair of finding out the parts weren't going to work, not to mention the wasted picture-perfect hay baling weather for baling the best crop of hay you've seen in five seasons — you could have spared yourself all that time, effort and misery by taking 30 minutes to pull parts off of an old baler that's just sitting there waiting for someone to come along and make use of what's left of it.

But wait, there's more. The parts you pull off the old baler are just the ones to fix the baler, and soon everything is put in order. You're pulling away from the repair shop late in the afternoon anticipating that the next day you can get back to the hay field and bale some of that wonderful hay that now has cured just right for square baling. All is right with the world once again and then you hear the radio

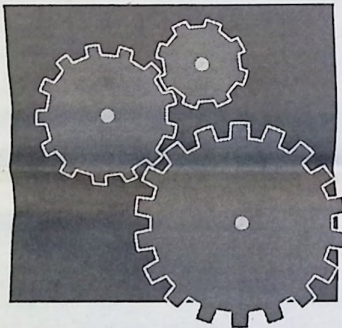


announcer begin giving the weather forecast for the next day. "Tuesday's forecast calls for a 90 percent chance of rain in the afternoon. Thunderstorms are likely."

It appears that it is simply not intended that you could actually manage to harvest the best hay crop in five seasons just when it has cured to its peak of perfection. I mean, that kind of hay is really of such a quality that a person probably doesn't deserve to be able to harvest it anyway. This is the kind of crop harvested by angels when they're haying in heaven.

But this is the kind of disappointment and frustration which goes along with some of what goes on in the firmament. And this is the point at which so many farmers have found themselves on so many occasions. Most just bend their heads down and forge ahead, even with the winds of resistance blowing hard against them.

So don't be fooled by those glossy photo spreads in the farm equipment dealer magazines. Sure they make things down on the farm look picture perfect. But just remember that beyond the phony backdrops and props, beyond the shiny tractors and brightly colored machinery, beyond the range of the camera's lens, somewhere beyond all of this down on the farm, a simple complication just got complicated. Somebody is having an attack. And it's probably me. —



The very essence of operable farm machinery is an illusion which is created by photos in farm implement dealers' magazines.

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become inadequate to support human existence. Here's where you say something completely irrational like, "I'm going to get parts for that baler today if I have to drive all the way to Mississippi to get them!" and you wonder how in the world a simple complication got so out of hand that it became a complicated complication. (Which

Southern Augusta ag district in review process

By NANCY SORRELLS

MIDDLEBROOK — To residents and visitors alike, Augusta County often conjures up images of a rural landscape: rolling green fields and open spaces dotted with farmhouses, barns and silos, and patchworked with tracts of forest.

Through the efforts of a group of landowners in southern Augusta County the future of that image is ensured for a few more years, at least. Around 5,800 acres of land starting about a mile or two south of Middlebrook and stretching back and forth across Va. 252 to Newport and on to the Rockbridge County line are poised to become Augusta County's second agricultural/forestal district.

Ag/forestal districts are rural zones reserved for the production of agricultural products and timber. They are established according to state guidelines with the approval of the local governing body (in this case the Augusta County Board of Supervisors). Such districts constitute a voluntary agreement between landowners and the government that no new, non-agricultural uses take place in the district.

The county's first agricultural/forestal district in the northern portion of the county has proven so successful that the district term was renewed and more landowners joined to increase the size of that tract.

To set up a district there must be a core of contiguous properties of at least 200 acres. Outlying parcels

within one mile of the core boundary can also be included even if the tracts do not touch the core tract. There is no minimum acreage per landowner or minimum number of landowners. Participating landowners agree not to subdivide their land during the term of the district (between 4 and 10 years as decided upon by the landowner group).

The plans for Augusta County's newest agricultural/forestal district have been orchestrated by the Valley Conservation Council.

The new district is currently in the 180-day review process. Landowners who want to be included in the district are encouraged to call the Augusta Planning Office at 245-5700. It is suggested that landowners interested in joining this district call by July 31. —



Notes from the road

Augusta Country staff writers Nancy Sorrells and Deborah Sensabaugh have traveled around the world and back. This month they provide us with their impressions of the peoples and cultures of Japan and Israel.

Trip to Japan brings sharp focus to cultural differences

By NANCY SORRELLS

GREENVILLE — Let's get one thing straight right from the start. I have not been on vacation for the last 37 days. I would like to qualify this statement just a bit, however. During my time in Japan I was definitely NOT on vacation.

Augusta Country readers have been following my saga for the past two months and know that I was in Japan through the good works of Rotary International. Our team, consisting of five Shenandoah Valley business people and a team leader, was on a cultural exchange to Hokkaido, Japan. And, as I have just said, we were not on vacation.

For five weeks we visited cultural attractions, talked to mayors and other dignitaries, toured schools, factories and businesses and contributed, in our own small way, to international understand-



A Japanese seafood market has an infinite variety of the "new and unusual" for American visitors including these octopus tentacles held by Linda Holsinger, a member of Rotary International's Group Study Exchange team.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

ing. Each member in our group met with professional counterparts — I, for instance, looked at some very interesting living history museums — where we exchanged ideas, concerns and sto-

Japan travel trivia

Number of times
took off and landed
in an aircraft: 28
Number of time zones
crossed: 14, International
Dateline twice
Miles from home: 11,000



ries about how our own professions operate half a world apart.

And nearly every day we met with different Rotary groups from such places as Takikawa, Akabira, Ashebitsu, and Iwanizawa. As we met each new group, we told them about ourselves, our work and our homes as we each presented a speech (in Japanese) and a slide show. We were on the go from early morning to late afternoon and sometimes until late at night as our hosts tried to pack as many cultural experiences (and Rotary meetings) into our schedule as they could. The pace was exhausting; there was no such thing as a Sunday rest and free time is apparently a foreign concept.

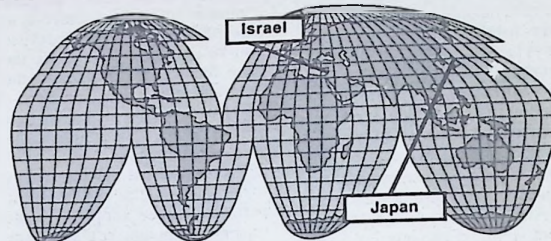
One the plus side, we were immersed in a culture in a way that no tour trip could ever provide. We ate, slept, bathed and lived the Japanese way. If we watched television, it was sumo wrestling, a Tokyo Giants baseball game, the 15-minute soap opera that comes on every morning from 8:15-8:30, or some movie like "Independence Day" dubbed in Japanese.

We ate with hashi (chopsticks)

most of the time, slept on futons when that was the sleeping accommodation provided for us, and bathed using the traditional bathrooms. On occasion at public baths, this meant group scrubbing and bathing with as many as 100 people using the baths at once. I should point out that these baths were gender specific, however not all toilets were. Even so, all modesty had to be cast aside in order to walk naked to a row of tiny stools lined up in front of a long mirror. Once seated on the very low, very small plastic stool, one scrubbed (most vigorously), shampooed and rinsed in order to be properly cleansed before immersing one's self in the steaming public bath.

I have only just begun to realize how special what we did really was. On the plane coming home I sat next to an American military family which had been stationed in Japan for several years. The woman, who was about my age, and I had a long discussion about the Japanese culture. During her time in Japan she had made a great effort to learn about the Japanese and made many Japanese friends. She was even a member of an international women's group that enjoyed many, many cultural events together.

And, yet, during her YEARS in Japan she had NEVER been invited inside a Japanese home. This is not unusual. The Japanese are very shy, reserved people and it is rare for foreigners to be invited into a Japanese home. How lucky we were that for five weeks we had not only been invited in, but had been made to feel part of the family. We had our own beds, our own chopsticks, our own bath towels, etc. We were told to call the female head of the household, Okasan (mother) and



A box lunch or a "bento bacho" Japanese style is enjoyed by Waka Sugawara and Nancy Sorrells at a Rotary gathering in Japan.

the male Otosan (father). I went to the supermarket with Okasan and to the golf driving range with Otosan. I now have five new families, all of which I hope to keep in touch with for the rest of my life.

When I look back on it, I realize

Saturday, May 9, 1998, Rumoi, Japan

Our going-away banquet was certainly a sight to see. I could look across the banquet room at 80 or so people all dressed up and sitting cross-legged on the floor in their stocking feet. Everybody was in front of short lacquered

tables. Dinner was many courses and spectacular. The dishes were beautifully arranged with flowers and swirls of radish. Much of the meal was raw including octopus on ice, sea cucumber, squid,

See JAPAN, page 13

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•Japan

Continued from page 12

shrimp, and who knows what else. I tried all but the little purple squids. We also had these miniature boiled white fish that looked like salamanders, but which were actually very tasty. There was also baked salmon, tempura, seafood custard, rice balls with seaweed, soba noodles, and, soup. It was more than one human could possibly eat."

Nancy Sorrells' journal in Rumi, Japan.

There were many facets to my trip in Japan and I could write a story about each portion. My journal, in which I recorded my thoughts and impressions at the conclusion of each day, is an even 100 pages! But certainly one adventure within the adventure for me was the culinary aspect of the Japanese culture. At times I felt that I was boldly going where no Greenvillian had gone before.

If there are two words which sum



A barbecue - Japanese style

up the Japanese cuisine it is beauty and seafood. Each meal is designed to please the eye as much as the palate. Dishes don't match each other; rather they are chosen for their beauty and harmony with the food. Color is important in planning

meals as is the arrangement of the various foods and colors.

Japan is a nation of islands and the people rely on the harvest from the oceans for the food. The ocean provides the infinite variety that complements the mainstays of steamed sticky white rice and soy [either as soy soup (miso) or as soy sauce]. Rice is eaten by itself and Japanese are amused at Americans who taint their rice with sauces, vegetables and meats.

More often than not the seafood that is eaten is fresh, so fresh in fact that no time is spent cooking it. For the American, this is where the soy sauce and a squirt of the powerful green horseradish paste called wasabi comes in. A chunk of raw seafood — be it tuna, salmon, squid or mollusk — can be swirled in the wasabi-seasoned soy sauce and then gulped whole. Trying to take small bites and chew just adds many minutes to teeth flossing later in the evening.

Chunks of raw seafood are called sashimi. If the raw fish, or fish eggs or sea creature of some sort is put with vinegared rice and perhaps some vegetables, then the food is called sushi. Not all seafood is raw, however. A particularly delectable dish is called tempura. This dish is prepared by dipping various kinds of seafood (especially shrimp and squid), vegetables (especially eggplant, mushrooms, green peppers)

and other assorted edibles (even beanie weanies) into an egg and flour batter and deep frying them. The fried morsels are slid through a small bowl of soy sauce before arriving, dripping, at the mouth.

The culinary adventure certainly did not end with tempura. My mouth-watering favorite was a Hokkaido specialty called Genghis Khan. Waiters for tables of diners eating Genghis Khan get off easy because it is self serve all the way. The group sits down at a table with a grill in the middle. Then platters full of thinly sliced lamb, pumpkin, bean sprouts, corn, potatoes, cabbage, peppers, mushrooms and anything else tasty are brought to the table. All the diners grab their chopsticks and move piles of food from the platters to the grill where it quickly fries up in the lamb grease. As food is ready to eat, it is plucked from the grill to a saucer filled with soy sauce and then right into the mouth. Yuuummmm. Often diners wear aprons because grease and soy sauce splatter everywhere during the gorging.

Japan travel trivia

Most movies seen on one plane flight: 3

Hours spent in the air: about 42

Longest single flight: 14 hours, from Detroit, Mich., to Osaka, Japan

Shortest single flight: 15 minutes, glider flight over Takikawa



The amazing thing is just how many platters of meat and vegetables one Japanese family can consume at a Genghis Khan feast. But, then, it is amazing just how much the Japanese eat at any meal. Obviously much of their food is healthier than the American diet, but not all. And the quantities that these petite people consume is truly staggering. We were always full long before our Japanese families stopped serving and eating. Breakfasts usually exhausted us. It was not uncommon to have baked fish, salad, rice, miso soup, eggs and bacon, toast, cereal and fruit all for breakfast! Lunch was usually a faster, smaller meal and at our business lunches it was of-

See LUNCH, page 19



A Japanese meal, like this all raw seafood meal, must please the eye first. Serving dishes rarely are of the same pattern but rather are chosen according to their design and color to complement the food.



The Japanese like to add a colorful pickle or two to every meal. However, these are rarely cucumber pickles, but rather pickled radishes, turnips, or eggplant which is shown in the center of this photo.

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Journey to Israel reveals history of Christianity

By DEBORAH SENSABAUGH

Ever since returning from Israel, I've counted hours on the digital clock in my word processor. I've picked over facts and strained at memories. And I've tossed much I've written into mystical electronic wastebaskets. Reducing Israel to words is like cupping hands to hold the wind.

My unexpected journey took root last fall when Mother's phone

voice turned breathless. "My friend Ruby just asked if I'd like to go to Israel and Egypt with her church group." Her pause lengthened. "I don't think your dad would give me that much money."

I laughed. "Well, you'll never know unless you ask."

Days later, she called again. "You'll never guess. Your dad cashed in some stocks; we're going to Israel."

I hesitated. Gone for two weeks.

I'd have to learn to run the new Long tractor and haul round bales. "Well, that sounds good."

"No, you don't understand. We're going. You and I. Your dad won't go and I need someone to room with. He'll pay your way if you'll go with me."

That's how a mountain person met the world of passports, customs, security checks and airline flights.

I reclined in the plush seat, sleeping lightly beside the lost son of Israel. "Name's Daniel," he had told me. "I just spent three months in Europe and a month in Israel. I learned more in that month than I've learned my whole life." At 20, he was homeward bound to finish his degree at Queens College in his native New York City.

As we watched the lights of Tel Aviv shrink to pinpoints, we both felt it. Israel's hands reluctantly offering us to the world. The wrenching of our souls that had

danced in her mystical vortex. We'd both seen her old stories come alive. In his world they had been Daniel and David, Adam and Moses, Abraham and Isaac, the prophets and kings, wars and campaigns. For me, they'd been all that along with Paul and John, Timothy and Peter, and the Messiah Yeshua, Jesus.

"You'll go back," I told him. "Someday..." I knew because I left a part of me there and realized how much more a visit to Israel would mean for a Jewish American.

My mind flashed to that first plane ride, nearly two weeks earlier. We'd finally climbed aboard the El Al 747-400 on New Year's Day. All 23 of us from the Stone Church of the Brethren in Buena Vista now in God's Air with all that freezing space and North Atlantic underneath God's wings.

Israelis returning from U.S. holidays filled the plane with their soft, ancient language. They slept. They watched the televisions on the back of each seat in front of them. They donned earphones and lis-



Deborah Sensabaugh perches uneasily on a rock beside the Sea of Galilee, smooth as glass one minute and a maelstrom the next. Seen in background on the opposite shore are the Golan Heights.



This overview of Jerusalem shows the gold Dome of the Rock, far right, from which Mohammed is said to have jumped to heaven to receive the Koran several hundred years after the beginnings of Christianity. The black dome at left is the Al Aksa

mosque where Mohammed tied his mythical horse. The walls are of the old city and the new city stretches over the hill in the background. This photo was taken from the Mount of Olives, looking across the Kidron Valley.

Photos by Deborah Sensabaugh

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Israel

Continued from page 14

whisked through traffic to the old Coastal Highway where camel caravans had trudged for centuries before the Romans turned it into a thoroughfare. We dug our toes in the sand at Caesarea, the Mediterranean port where Paul had stayed and where Herod kept a home and attended the amphitheater he had built. Further up the road, we gathered rocks on the blue sea shores and marveled at the aqueduct ruins before heading for the inland of northern Israel.

The Galilee, also called Kineret or the Harp because of its shape, shared her varied moods from soft waves shimmering in wispy fog to blue glass stillness to immense waves and pounding surf birthed by the Golan's cold wind, all in the space of our three days there. Our hotel in Tiberias, the Quiet Beach, was just that. Except for a senior citizens' gathering and a few orthodox families on a Shabat (Sabbath) holiday, we were alone in the Galilee winter. And after leaving snow and ice behind, we thought the 55 to 65 degree temperatures springlike.

With Tiberias as base, we explored 7,000 years of the history that underlies 2,000 years of our faith. We learned that no rock or hill in this land is without legend, like warp thread giving shape and framework to a weaving. We became part of the eternal threads surrounded by the lessons from each place.

"Dig deeper; dig slowly," Tel Megiddo whispered through the ages.

The Tel, west of Galilee, is civilization built upon the ruins of itself. Making the Tel a marvel of archaeological research, thousands of hands have patiently scraped away 7,000 years to foundations of stables, walls, gates, barracks and palaces thought to have been King Ahab's. Only by examining every shard, every stone, have researchers been able to piece the mystery of ancient Megiddo.

With our guide Cindy, we stood atop the windswept hill overlooking the plains of Megiddo where Judge Deborah and Barak, her gen-



A tour group prepares to receive Communion near the Garden Tomb.

eral, miraculously defeated Sisera's hordes, where wild dogs fought for evil Jezebel's body and where Revelation says the armies of the earth will gather for one last battle. And then walked through the giant cistern that drew water from under the city walls in time of siege and made Megiddo an invaluable fortress.

One of our most-asked questions was, "Did it really happen here, on this spot?"

Cindy explained that Israeli historic sites, like Megiddo, have been built upon for years while place names have remained fairly constant ensuring accuracy. Rachel's tomb has been Rachel's tomb for years uncountable. King David's tomb on Mount Zion is reasonably certain.

In tracing Christian sites, King Constantine's mother, Queen Helena, traveled to the Holy Land in the third(?) century. By then, mosques covered many of the early church sites, which now are churches again. Through those locations, geographical descriptions and local legend, the queen was able to determine the accuracy of the sites. Thus prophets' trails and Christ's footsteps are followed with reasonable accuracy.

Of course, we saw all the tourist

attractions — Mount of the Beatitudes, Loaves and Fishes site at Tagbha, Cana, Capernaum, the Jordan, Nazareth, the Golan Heights. We ate lunch at a kibbutz, prowled the bomb shelters, inspected the old buildings where soldiers surrounded the children to keep them safe. We stood under a billowing Israeli flag and looked down on the Galilee from what was Syria.

When we "set our faces toward Jerusalem," we, like Christ, became oft sidetracked. We stopped for camel riding and sightseeing in Jericho, soon learning that any village under Arab control had spent centuries going downhill, both economically and in appearance.

That evening we visited another Arab village — Bethlehem, and waited in line for what seemed like hours to visit the Church of the Nativity during the Orthodox Christmas Eve. Maybe it was the heavy incense, wafting in censers the priests carried everywhere; maybe it was the abundance of red velvet drapes and stories of weeping statues, but I felt relieved when our tour ended and we went back outside.

Next we braved Masada's heights, reliving the tragic history of defenders who killed themselves

rather than become Roman slaves. Up the Dead Sea road, we paused at Qumran, site of the Dead Sea Scrolls discovery, and then on to a beach to wade in the greasy, salty waters from which chemical extractions create everything from cosmetics to fertilizers.

Even in winter, Jerusalem's atmosphere rises like heat waves. We saw all the tourist stuff here, too — the walls of legends, rooms of history and streets where old stories might have happened only yesterday, the changes having been so little.

Jerusalem has been called the eternal city — so much mysterious past, so much prophesied tragedy yet to unfold, so much final victory. Surely Jerusalem is a microcosm of the story of man — the sacred and the profane, the hope of mankind with dirty streets and robbed beggars.

"This is our reason for being," Cindy told us at the old Temple Mount where the Arab-held portion of the city "tramples underfoot" the most sacred site of Judaism. "We

believe this is the foundation stone of the world. From this one rock, God created the entire earth."

Under the flat stones, we could feel it — the power of worlds yet to be.

Later, Cindy showed us to a market street. "You can shop here," she said, and turned us loose. We haggled, bargained, sampled and returned to the Park Plaza Hotel like pirates with treasure.

Jerusalem is like snatches of an old song that never leaves you. It comes back in strobe-like flashes — a scene from the 6 o'clock news, a tune, a sunset as gold as that monstrous Arab dome. Like magic, Jerusalem is reborn in your heart again and again.

No trip to Israel should avoid Yad Vashem, the Holocaust memorial, yet Cindy told us it is the site many tours omit when pressed for time. We made time. Knowing this people's historic struggles and having seen the miraculous rebuilding of a nation, we wanted to see her birth pains. How a people can absorb so much sorrow and injustice and triumph is another of mankind's greatest mysteries.

"How could God have let that happen?" Cindy asked on the way back to our bus.

"He didn't mean for it to happen. We were supposed to have done something, but we didn't, and that is a great sorrow for us," I answered.

After a week in Israel, we turned toward Egypt. Our next stop was Cairo and the Pyramids for three quick days before heading back to the U.S.A. Had we left Israel for home, the leaving would have been bittersweet. But leaving Egypt made home seem a wondrous and welcome place.

All trips change the traveler. We get bigger inside, holding the world in memory. But Israel isn't content to inhabit only the traveler's memory. She stops at nothing less than living in the hearts of those who have walked her hills and trod her pink marble stones. —



An Arab, in all likelihood a soldier in disguise, rides a camel in Egypt near a pyramid. The tour group from Rockbridge was under armed guard 24-hours a day during its stay in Egypt.

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The Hitching Post

Internet provides resources for horse enthusiasts

By CHRIS MARRS

Debbie Crist, computer instructor at Blue Ridge Community College, provided a unique workshop on using the internet to access information interesting to horse enthusiasts.

While the internet is doing much to empower small business, it also offers communication with other "horse" people. Debbie explained that internet users need two things — an internet communications provider such as America Online, Microsoft Network, or Prodigy and a data base for the search. The choice of a search mechanism is left up to the user although Debbie said she likes YAHOO and pointed out that ALTA VISTA has 30 million pages in its data base. The search mechanisms pull up web pages for internet users to read.

When performing a general search on the internet for interesting horse "sites," one must have time and patience. The use of "key" words and phrases can help unless the actual address of the web site of choice is available.

Some "horse" sites on the web recommend by Debbie include the World Champion Horse Equipment Catalog, www.worldchampionhorse.com; National See INTERNET, page 17

Massage therapy works for horses too

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the sixth in a series of articles about equine-related careers.

By I.B. HOOFINIT

Horses are very athletic animals. As an athlete, we suffer from many physical setbacks including muscle strains and soreness. If you are interested in the art of massage as an "equine" massage therapist, you will find many clients in the horse industry from areas such as racing, endurance, eventing, Olympic levels, and hunter/jumpers.

Rebecca Oliver, a certified massage therapist, has developed her practice to include horses, cats, and dogs as well as people. Rebecca explains that horse tissue and human tissue are almost identical.

"I've practiced six years with people," she says. "I've been an equine practitioner for about 18 months."

Is it a rewarding career? Rebecca says she thinks so. She relates the story of a horse named "Bo," a 26-year-old Anglo/Arab. He was vetted and determined to have kidney failure and was expected to die. The owner asked Rebecca to come work on the horse.

"I told the owner if [the horse] was diagnosed with renal failure, I did not think I could help," she said. "I went and worked on [the horse] for six to eight weeks. His kidneys cleared up, he put weight back on and was turned out with the other horses. His coat came back and he even performed in a parade."

Massage therapy is healing in its application of touch to give comfort and promote good health. Muscle tension and strain in horses

can cause stiffness and poor behavior from pain and discomfort. Pre-eventing massage is therapeutic in enhancing the animal's warm up. Massage works to fill the muscles with fresh, well-oxygenated, nutrient-filled blood. This increased circulation provides tissue suppleness and helps reduce excess muscle and mental tension. Post-eventing massage works to reduce the trauma that occurs during competition and workouts.

Rebecca advises that anyone interested in this field should have some basic qualifications.

"You must have integrity with people, professionalism, and the ability to sell yourself," she said. Another important asset is the ability to "listen through touch." Learn to "feel" where the pain is in each animal.

Certification through Rebecca's Prince William Massage Therapy workshop involves two weeks of training. Students are expected to take one week of training and leave

for an apprenticeship to document 30 sessions of therapy. After the apprenticeship is complete, students return for the second week of the course to become certified. One-week courses are available, but Rebecca feels that students should have a good working knowledge of horses first.

Certified massage therapists can earn up to \$60 per hour per horse. Most competitive events provide massage teams for their rider's convenience. As

noted before, horses are athletes, and like most athletes, taking care of muscle tension and injury prevention are top priorities in competition.

If you are interested in massage therapy and have a strong working knowledge of physical horse care, you might consider this as a career option. Also, if you are a horse owner who competes at the local level, knowledge of massage therapy might be an asset to your horsemanship know-how. —

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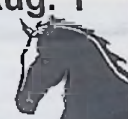


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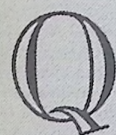
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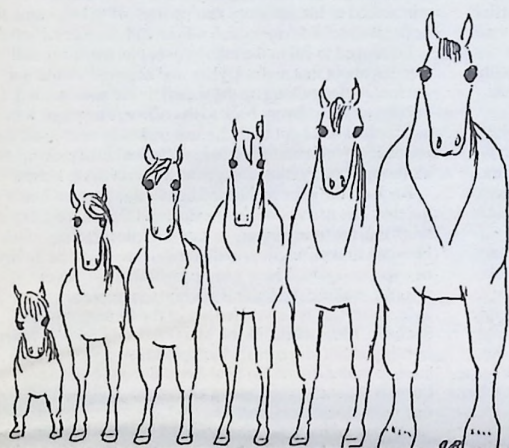
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I am looking at different horse breeds and trying to decide which one would be best for me. How can I determine which breed is best suited for my interests? I am an advanced beginner rider and hope to show hunter/jumper some day. Does the breed really matter?



BREEDS OFFER VERSATILITY IN SPORT WORK, TEMPERAMENT AND SIZE.

A breed matters to the breeder. Breeds were developed for different reasons and the best person to talk to directly about this is the actual breeder of the horse. Talking to a breeder of quarterhorses will give you the best features of that type of horse. Talking to breeders of Arabians, thoroughbreds and Morgans will also give you the best features of those types of horses. Remember that breeders will be promoting their own choices of horses. This means that they will talk positively about their selection process, their breeds' characteristics, and their versatility in the horse world today.

Versatility is becoming an important feature in any breed. The demands placed on horses today is incredible. It used to be horses were bred primarily to serve a purpose that accommodated an area, a style of riding, or a work position. Today much more is expected. Competitions include trail, pleasure, showmanship, jumping, carriage, and even work-related events. The public has demanded more versatility in horses and breeders work toward producing the "super" horse.

When talking to breeders, determine the one basic factor in the breed that is the main focus. This

I.B. HOOFINIT From the Horse's Mouth



"strong point" will be the greatest asset of the horse. All other assets will be positive additions, but not as dependable as the characteristic for which the horse was originally bred. If this strength suits your riding style or demands, then this breed becomes a good candidate for you. Some breeds are known by generalizations, but there are individuals in every crowd that show promise. And these "promising" horses can change public opinion. For example, the American quarterhorse was generally thought to be a horse ridden western style in working cattle. Today they are sometimes referred to as the "American Warmbloods" for their ability to compete in

eventing, which is an English discipline.

Understanding what you want from your horse will be your first goal. Then talking to breeders can give you an idea of the important characteristics developed in their breeds. Always be open to the possibility of ANY breed being right for you. Finally, keep in mind the price range. Crossbreeds can be less expensive and they can carry the best characteristics of BOTH breeds. If you have trouble deciding between two breeds, consider the best of both worlds with a crossbred horse. Choosing a horse is a big decision. Breeds are really a matter of preference.

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 pro-

vided 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.

•Internet

Continued from page 16

Horseman's Directory, www.nhdd.com; and hunter/jumper network, www.hunt-jump.com.

Debbie also offered some advice for the internet shopper. Do not buy products over the internet, she cautioned.

"Get the 800 number and call for business transactions," she said.

Another feature of the internet is "chatrooms." These are places where users can re-

lay messages back and forth on topics of mutual interest.

Businesses wishing to set up advertising may work through a director. Many sites, such as The National Horseman's Directory, offer rate sheets for advertising and the Virginia Horse Journal puts its classified ads on the internet at no extra charge.

Debbie also offered some helpful definitions for the novice computer user. "Address" gives the location of the advertiser's web

page which usually starts "http://www." "Site" is the location of the web page on the internet. "Home page" is the first page for information at a specific address.

The workshop provided some basic information for anyone seeking to enjoy horses through their computer. The internet offers the opportunity to find information, products, and even other horse enthusiasts with whom to "chat."

Debbie Crist's workshop, "Horses on the Internet," was presented at the 1998 Rockingham County Open Horse Forum held in March.

•Scholars

Continued from page 8

applied was a difficult process, according to C. Steven Smith of Computer Management and Development services who was a member of the scholarship selection committee.

"The candidates were exceptional individuals, being highly involved in both their schools and communities," Smith said.

Scholarship recipients were selected from applications received from schools in all four counties served by SVEC including Augusta, Rockingham, Shenandoah and Hardy, W.Va. Recipients were selected based on several criteria including scholarship, involvement in school and community activities, letters of recommendation, and an essay provided by each applicant.

•Awards

Continued from page 8

Landes presented Curtis W. Rohr of Buffalo Gap, Daren Sander of Stuarts Draft, Aaron Hawley of Riverheads and Christina Dudley of Wilson Memorial with a special commendation from the House of Delegates for determination in achieving academic goals.

The Virginia State Fair Recognition awards were presented by Dick Harman, media relations coordinator for the Atlantic Rural Exposition, Inc., to State Fair competitors Craig Brown of Riverheads, Rick Harvey of Wilson, Amanda Hemp of Beverley Manor Middle and Jason Michael of Buffalo Gap.

Administrative honorees were Cindy Sadonis of Beverley Manor Elementary, Teacher of the Year, Jim Stout, Augusta County Curriculum Supervisor for Health and Physical Education, Virginia Supervisor of the Year award from the Virginia Asso-

ciation for Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance and the James Madison University Department of Kinesiology Outstanding Professional Award.

Four teachers from Riverheads High School received awards. Kathleen Buchanan, home economics teacher, was named a National Master Adviser by the Future Homemakers of America. Rick Heatley, Latin teacher, received an award from the Committee for Promotion of Latin/Classical Association of middle west and south for bringing the Roman Legion Renactors to Certamen. John Holmes, social studies teacher, was selected by the Virginia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution as the Social Studies Teacher of the Year, and Eugene McIlwee, Future Farmers of America teacher and adviser, received the outstanding chapter award for the student agriculture mechanics exhibit at the Virginia State Fair.

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•Beef

Continued from page 9

Workers 4-H Club for his steer which gained 4.19 pounds per day. There was a tie for third place with steers which had ADGs of 3.81 pounds. These awards were presented to Josh Smith of the Middlebrook 4-H Club and Jeremy Hunter of the Buffalo Gap FFA. Fifth place for beef performance was presented to Justin Shomo of the Riverheads FFA for his steer which gained 3.78 pounds per day.

Awards for recordbooks and premiums for class placings also were presented at the banquet. The show is sponsored annually by local Ruritan clubs and the Staunton, Waynesboro and Augusta County Chambers of Commerce.

Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin

June 1998



Dear Maude,

It was so nice to get your letter with all of the news about the escapades and accomplishments of the children. The last letter I got from our cousin Annabelle was a different story altogether! It was quite a strong one complaining that I never tell her what my days are really like. (I'm not so sure she would want to know exactly what happens here, and if I told her, she would think I was making it all up!)

For instance, take just one day a week or so ago: the day itself did not start out too bad — at least the sun was out. But of course the weatherman called for an afternoon thunderstorm, so I had to carry a heavy old umbrella. I added my lunch to my tote bag, (for no one in their right mind will go out and pay \$6 for a sandwich if they don't have to.) Next went in my high heel shoes to wear in the office and finally, the morning newspaper. By then I had a tote bag that weighed a ton.

Traffic on the drive to the metro was awful and I had to run to catch the last direct train into town. By the time I got settled in my seat, I was ready for a nap, only to find myself near a lively couple who were talking, non-stop to a family of tourists. I began to scan my newspaper — a gang opens fire on a Southeast D.C. playground; in Maryland a man is charged in a school fire; a fundraiser is held in a trendy new jazz restaurant downtown; poor Mr. Starr and his problems and leaks and Monica's new lawyers; more fundraisers... Across the isle, I heard a man saying, "Thanks so much for helping us."

Meanwhile, *The Post* was reporting that no one was at fault or took credit for the tobacco bill not passing. Most politicians spoke as if they had nothing to do with it, but agreed a new bill should be written, because, because...

"Oh think nothing of it. We are always glad to help. We could tell you were tourists..." a young woman was saying.

Then her husband took over (he was the more chatty of

the two.) "Oh yes, it is easy to tell. The natives are not hard to spot. If you see some guy reading a newspaper while he walks into the Metro station, who without looking up, takes his metro card out of his pocket, slips it into the gate, and proceeds on up the escalator without ever missing a word, then you know he is a native." I could have told them a thing or two more about the reading habits of our "natives." One fellow in our office gets up early each morning to read *The Post*, moves on to the *New York Times* on the way in, spends lunch reading the *Journal of Commerce* and finishes up with *Roll Call* (the local Hill newspaper) on the way home. And, he reads every word of every one!

The young husband continued his monologue with additional tell-tale signs of local workers, injecting suggestions here and there on the choice of museums. Since he was standing right over me, I could not miss a word. The article on US-China relationship I was trying to read was interrupted by "...metro card fare machine... Air and Space Museum is the first you should try... no, your stop is not yet, this is Union Station where all of those Hill people get off..." By then I had a headache as well as a two-ton tote bag. Eventually the young couple got off at their stops, leaving the visiting family to enjoy the city as best they could. And finally I made it to the office, almost an hour and a half after I left home. When a day starts out like that, things should only get better, but that is not always the case.

After securing a hot cup of coffee, I settled in at my desk, and was going through what was there to be sure nothing had to be taken care of before I left to go to the Hill. The boss was sending me to cover a 2:30 mark-up on some pending legislation. His secretary came in and said that on my way to the mark-up I was to stop by a different committee where there was a hearing going on and pick up copies of the testimony. My feet began to hurt as I thought about it! I finished returning my phone calls, grabbed a soft drink and settled in to eat my sandwich in the office kitchen. My "good friend" and coworker Ellen says to me: "Tom (that's her boyfriend) says he saw Dylan at that reception on the Hill last night with that sexy blond lobbyist Sandy. I thought you said he was not going to attend."

"He has to do what he has to do," I replied, hoping that she could not see how furious I was inside. The scoundrel told me he was not going to attend just so he could take Sandy! That is the end of him as far as I am concerned! Meanwhile the boss was in his office complaining to his stockbroker about the yen and the value of his stocks. He grumbled and mumbled, finally finished the call and announced to his secretary that he was off to buy some fine Lafite Rothschild wine which was on sale for \$299 a bottle.

I managed to get to the hill to cover that mark-up, still stewing about that awful Dylan, and hoping I would not see him. After picking up the materials the boss wanted, I hopped on the subway back to the office. The place was in an uproar when I got back. Letters had to be sent to all the members of one committee before the final mail pick-up. We all dropped everything and got to work on those letters.

Back on the subway headed home, things were much quieter. The natives were all exhausted from a long day at work and the tourists were exhausted from walking miles between those museums and monuments. I picked up my newspaper again. There were proposals for budget reform, making the federal government more accountable. Everyone was worried about the future of Social Security. Meanwhile, in the Maryland suburbs, they were fighting about whether to plant pink flowering cherry trees or white flowering pear trees along the streets. Local politicians were taking aim at one another for the upcoming local elections. The I-95 ramp near my apartment was going to be closed for 24 hours beginning that night. What! I had a hairdresser's appointment the next morning, now I would have to find some other way to get there. Finally my stop arrived and I got off, still carrying that heavy umbrella which I had not needed at all. By then the day had become hot and muggy.

Now I ask you, if you (or dear cousin Annabelle) were watching this as a television special, how long would it take you to change the channel? The real truth, indeed! I think I will simply copy over most of this letter and send it to Annabelle. I doubt she will fuss at me soon again about not telling her how my days are spent.

Love to everyone,
LuLu

•Elevation

Continued from page 3
of his friend and former Virginia State Geologist Benjamin Barton Rogers. At the time, Elliott Knob, measuring 4,448 feet, was thought to be the highest point in the Appalachian Mountains. I guess we know how that one came out. The name "Mt. Rogers" does show, along with Elliott (sic) Knob on Hotchkiss's 1884 map of Augusta County.

The exact elevation of Elliott Knob continued to elude the mapmakers. An undated map produced by the McClure Co. and on display in the Augusta County Government Center, showed an elevation of 4,473 feet. The United States Geological Survey topographic map shows 4,463, while VDOT's road map shows 4,458. Confusion in the early years is understandable as elevation was determined by lugging a heavy brass aneroid barometer to the summit and calculating elevation from

barometric pressure.

A few feet either way doesn't make much difference though. In our area, 4,000 feet elevation is something of a magic number. Around that elevation, the forests begin to take on a distinctly northern appearance.

Farther west, on the ridges in Highland County and on into West Virginia, the increased rain and snowfall make possible stands of red spruce. We don't get quite that much precipitation, so the red spruce is absent, but there are other signs of the altitude/latitude shift as you hike up Elliott Knob.

As you approach 4,000 feet on the ridge of North Mountain, the chestnut and other oaks give way to northern red oak. Hay-scented fern and a ragged but attractive whorled wood aster begin to dominate the herbaceous layer of vegetation. In spring, you'll hear the songs of breeding juncos and black-capped chickadees — the ones we fed during the winter, now

returned to their breeding territories. Avid birders will note some signature high-altitude warblers such as the black-throated green, Canada and blackpoll. Higher still, mountain-ash becomes the dominant woody plant, spectacular in fall with its clusters of bright red berries.

After this nice stroll through northern hardwoods, coming out on the developed part of Elliott Knob is something of a jolt. You're standing there, your daypack glued to your back with sweat, and here comes some communications company employee up the service road in a pickup.

Another hundred yards on a moderate grade brings you to the summit and the best view in the county. So good, in fact, that it was a fire tower location until aircraft replaced tower observers. The tower remains, a vandalized relic in a grove of Norway spruces, along with one botanical anomaly.

Go behind the tower, where the pit toilet must once have been, and there is a good-sized larch tree. Larch is

one of the two deciduous conifers — it loses its needles in the fall — and it's not a native tree. My guess is that someone on tower duty liked larches and wanted their soft green foliage to shelter the privy. There's a story there somewhere.

Anyway, that's our little slice of the northern hardwood forest. For all its imposing altitude, Elliott Knob is easy to get to — the walking part, anyway. The easiest approaches are along the ridge of North Mountain from Dry Branch

Gap out of Buffalo Gap or from Hite Hollow Road out of Augusta Springs. Hite Hollow Road is narrow and steep as it approaches the gap, but the walk from there is my favorite. Either way, by starting on the ridge you have less than 2,000 feet of elevation gain and about a four-mile walk to the summit.

Go in July when the blackberries are ripe. It'll be a hot walk. But it will be cool at the top since by the time you reach 4,000 feet in elevation you'll actually be in Canada. —

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Chilies and Peppers

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Nothing much happened in Middlebrook this week, except a taxi cab rolled into the village one sunny afternoon. I, as most other citizens, did a double take, actually turning around and looking over my shoulder, not quite trusting the rear view mirror of my car. Most everyone in town at that particular moment peered inquisitively within the tinted windows to see who was inside. No one, however, occupied the vehicle except the driver, who was wearing a black beret. Indeed, it was an unusual event. I would compare the likelihood of seeing a bright yellow taxi cab in a small, Shenandoah Valley farming village as equal to seeing a John Deere 4020 pulling a hay baler through New York City's Central Park. It's just one of those things that... well, gets your attention.

Which reminds me of something else that got my attention a while back. A hot pepper! Just like that taxi cab, it was long, sleek, and bright yellow. The friend that offered the pepper to me at the farmers' market said that it was the best tasting pepper he had ever come across, but he failed to mention that it was a "hot" pepper. I should have been suspicious when he said "Here, take a bite." He then stared expectantly into my eyes as I

crunched down on the long canary-colored pepper. Well, it turns out that it was something called a "Hungarian Hot Wax" pepper. My friend laughed and laughed as my face turned as red as a Toro lawn mower and big beads of sweat instantly formed on my forehead. Running to the nearest water hydrant, I directed a solid stream of cold well water into my mouth for several minutes. When the "fire" was extinguished, my friend approached to offer a handshake apology, whereupon I said, "Wait just a minute," turned and got one more mouthful of water, and then drenched my friend with an eruption of pepper scented water. Serves him right!

I do, though, really like peppers. Did you know that the hot pepper is not actually a member of the genus *Pepper*? Chile peppers (bells, bananas, pimientos, hots, etc.) are actually from the genus *Capsicum*. The chili was christened "Pepper" by Christopher Columbus around 1492. Columbus thought he had found the plant that produces black pepper (genus *Piper Nigrum*). At that time, black pepper was a prized commodity. Chilies were welcomed with open arms when they were introduced to the European community. It allowed for an alternative spice and was much easier to grow than true black pepper.

One of the earliest traces of chili peppers dates back about 8,000 years to around 6200 B.C. Chilies were found in burial sites in Peru. Indian tribes were known to string chilies around their canoes to ward off evils that may lurk in the water. By the late 16th century chilies had found their way into Asia, China, and the West Indies. Within another 100 years chilies had found their way to all corners of the world.

Chilies are not only good, they are good for you. They are low in sodium, contain virtually no calories, and are cholesterol free. Chilies are also high in vitamin A and vitamin C. They contain twice as much vitamin C as citrus fruits. When chilies are dried, they lose most of their vitamin C, but the amount of vitamin A increases 100 times! Chilies are also good sources of potassium, folic acid and vitamin E. Chilies have also been said to increase the metabolic rate, may help prevent heart disease and blood clots as well as helping digestion. (For anyone who has eaten many chilies, I don't have to mention their effects on digestion!). Some home remedies including chilies help with stomach ailments, arthritis, bronchitis, epilepsy, malaria, and toothaches.

Some chili remedies are used to relieve pain. The process starts when the body senses pain when the chilies are eaten. The brain, when sensing this pain, releases endorphins (the body's natural pain killers). When the endorphins kick in, the pain is blocked and a temporary felling of euphoria begins. My friend at the market can tell you all about pepper euphoria!

It's not too late to start a pepper plant or two if you can find some at a greenhouse. Get them in as soon as possible, though. —



The Garden Path

By Jeff Ishee

Growing Tips

These "tips" are just a few highlights of what works in our garden at Bittersweet Farmstead. What works for me may not work for you.

Peppers are among some of the simplest plants to grow. They require little upkeep. But even before you plant the first pepper plant, there are important things to do to ensure a good crop. Peppers cross breed very easily. I always try to put in a "buffer" plant between two types of peppers that I know cross easily. Kind of like putting a grandparent between two teenagers!

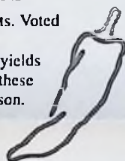
The other major helping item that I've found over the past few years is giving the young plants plenty of water and regular doses of manure tea. When planting, I mix up a big sprinkling can of fertilizer tea. When I dig the hole to plant the pepper, I make sure to saturate the hole with the manure tea/water mixture. Don't mulch the plants until the soil has really heated up. In early July, you should be able to cut down on your regular watering. Once flowering begins, don't fertilize for the rest of the season.

Three of my favorite peppers

Red Heart Pimiento — Large, thick, heart-shaped fruits. Voted the best tasting sweet pepper by "Seeds of Change."

Sweet Banana — Introduced in the early 1940s. Heavy yields of attractive, sweet peppers pointed in shape. You can eat these at any stage of ripeness, but it is the sweetest when it turns crimson.

Cal Wonder — Well known and preferred by thousands of pepper gardeners. This blocky, green bell pepper is resistant to mosaic and is usually productive to the point of "What do I do with all these peppers?"



•Lunch

Continued from page 13

ten served in a bento bacho (box lunch) which was a beautifully lacquered box with half a dozen or so compartments.

Dinners, on the other hand, could be long, drawn-out affairs. No matter the meal, the Japanese do not traditionally drink at a meal. They might have beer or sake (rice whiskey) but more often they will just have a cup of green tea served toward the end of the meal. We quickly learned to ask for mizu (water) with our meals.

Soups and noodles are often a part of the Japanese meals. Soups

can be the traditional miso soup or a broth with whole mussels in it. The noodles can be thick Chinese noodles served in broth and called ramen, or thin, dark spaghetti-like noodles made from buckwheat flour.

And just how does one eat soup or noodles with chopsticks? My first host family let me in on the secret one night as they watched me struggle with my noodles. "Nancy, it's okay to slurp," they said. Not only is it okay, I found out, but it is expected. If one does not slurp, an unspoken message is being sent that the meal is not tasty.

As the weeks went by we found ourselves able to use hashi with increasing ease, and to slurp

loudly without embarrassment. We tried sukiyaki (thinly sliced beef, leeks, bean curd, noodles and burdock simmered in soy sauce); shabu shabu (thinly sliced beef and a variety of vegetables dropped in boiling water and then removed from the water and dipped in (you guessed it) soy sauce); and yakitori (various odd cuts of chicken barbecued on skewers).

And just when I thought we had tried it all, my last host family introduced me to okonomiyaki. This food resembles a pancake with meat and vegetables. First bacon, shrimp and squid were laid on the grill, then an egg batter with vegetables was spooned onto the meat. More meat was laid on top and the whole cake was cooked and flipped just like a pancake. It was eaten with fish flakes, and either molasses or (you guessed it) soy sauce.

There is no doubt about it — the culinary adventure was up-close and personal three times a day. The Japanese have certainly adapted some western food like cereal, sliced bread and ice cream. In the bigger cities, McDonalds, Kentucky Fried

Japan travel trivia

Number of chopsticks collected: 30
Number of green tea ceremonies: 5
Number of Japanese newspaper appearances: 4
Number of Japanese television show appearances: 1
Number of times crab ice cream eaten: Once, while appearing on above TV show
Number of times raw food eaten: countless



washed down with a big glass of Dr Pepper or lemonade!

When I finally arrived home after the long non-vacation, I was tired but refreshed at the same time. I had also come to realize that, while there are some wonderful places and wonderful people all over the world, there is no place

like home. And home is Greenville. —



Outraged by the price of produce? These cantaloupes were selling for \$20-\$25 apiece at a market in Japan.



...yet another meal in Japan.

Truman is film for thinking moviegoers

I needed to get a handle on *The Truman Show*, the new Peter Weir movie starring Jim Carrey now playing at the Bijou. So I consulted the employees of the Bijou — the ticket seller/taker, the popcorn vendor, the theater sweep.

Just like the real critics, they gave it mixed reviews. Matt Whitten, however, piqued my interest when he said that the movie makes you think about what is real and what is not. "Sort of like that guy Descartes, you know 'I think therefore I am,'" he stated succinctly. (Kudos to Matt's teachers by the way!)

Indeed, *The Truman Show* is a dramatic, yet funny, consideration

of reality and much, much more.

Truman Burbank, played by Carrey, has been born and raised on a giant sound stage in front of a television camera that beams his life to a worldwide audience. And his life, *The Truman Show*, is the world's most popular TV show. His very existence, however, is orchestrated by Christof, the show's creator and director, played by Ed Harris and Truman's world — Seahaven — is populated by his "wife" and "mother" (Laura Linney and Taylor Holland) and by other actors who also hawk products surreptitiously to the television audience and whose livelihood

depends on the continued popularity of the show.

Truman muddles through his manufactured life, quietly longing to escape Seahaven and see the world. He is thwarted at every turn, however, because his escape means the show's end. When Truman finally attempts his "escape" (remember, he doesn't really know he's a prisoner) the audience (the movie one and television one) realizes just how much it has emotionally invested in Truman.

In *The Truman Show*, Carrey (*Liar, Liar, The Cable Guy*) proves he is an actor. Don't be surprised if he gets a nod by the Motion Pic-

ture Academy for this performance. He plays Truman as Every-blandman who has ever appeared on television. He is at his worst in those rare moments when his hyperactive persona emerges. It is worth noting that if you go to see Carrey mug it up and fall down, you will be deeply disappointed.

Ed Harris (*Apollo 13, Riders of the Purple Sage*), is always good when the role calls for steely and sinister and Christof is classic Harris. The other characters are less-well developed, but the movie is so pleasing this seems almost a petty criticism.

Those who have seen *The Truman Show*, and liked it, come away with a different take on it. It is at once a consideration of man's relationship to his creator, an allegory of the Creation story, a mod-

FLICK



FLAK

A movie review by



Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

ern rendition of the story of Job, a postmodern comment of free will, a 20th century version of the *Candide*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Utopia*, and a celluloid treatment of "that guy Descartes" — you know, "I think, therefore I am!"

Rated PG for thematic elements and mild language — no violence, no nudity. Hannah's mom gives *The Truman Show* four bananas. —

X files jump to big screen is x-cellent

There is long list of popular TV shows spun from movies; the number of movies spawned by television shows numbered two — *Star Trek* and *Beavis and Butt-head*. Now there are three. Chris Carter's *X files* opened across the nation this week.

For those of you living under a rock, here's the gist. *The X files* are the government files of every UFO sighting and paranormal occurrence every reported to the FBI. FBI agents Fox Mulder (David Duchovny), an emotional, spiritual man whose sister was abducted by aliens, and Dr. Dana Scully (Gillian Anderson), a rational scientist-turned-G-woman, have been assigned to investigate *The X files* which have been alternately opened, closed, and, at the end of this season, burned by "Cancer

Man," a chain-smoking, nameless individual who thwarts and threatens Mulder and Scully and who seems to know all.

As the mother of two X-philes, I have watched the TV program sporadically. It is at once unnerving and frustrating. Rarely are loose ends neatly tied together and how Scully and Mulder get out of the fixes they get themselves into is sometimes the biggest mystery of all. The dark, sinister tone, however, addicts the viewer. The cool, yet smoldering relationship between Mulder and Scully is also part of the story's pull; the audience wonders each week — will this be the week they kiss?

The X files is a smart, sophisticated sci-fi/conspiracy movie. It is rife with black helicopters, shadow

governments, secret installations, genetically altered killer bees and spaceships. Its life-sucking aliens are the most malevolent which moviegoers have seen since Aliens hit movie theaters in the 70s.

Clearly, this review is too late and irrelevant for X-philes. They saw the movie the night it opened. This is for those who want to know more about *The X files* but are afraid to ask. The movie stands on its own. While it does pick up a strand on the television season's plot, those who have not seen the TV series can enjoy the movie. But I'll bet you a gallon of black oil you'll be a regular viewer next season.

The X files is rated PG-13 for violence and some language. Hannah-X-phile-Banana's mom gives it three-and-a-half bananas. —

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.

July 2, 1843 — An alligator reportedly fell from the sky onto Anson Street in Charleston, S.C., during a thunderstorm.

July 7, 1905 — The mercury soared to 127 degrees at Parker, Ariz., to tie the state record established at Fort Mohave on the 15th of June in 1896.



July 11, 1888 — Heavy snow reached almost to the base of Mt Washington, N.H., and the peaks of the Green Mountains were whitened.

July 16, 1920 — A severe hail-storm over parts of Antelope and Boone counties in Nebraska stripped trees of bark and foliage, ruined roofs, and broke nearly every window facing north.

July 20, 1953 — Twenty-two inches of hail reportedly fell northeast of Dickinson, N.D.

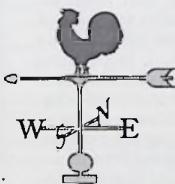
July 23, 1788 — A weather diary kept by George Washington recorded that the center of a hurri-

cane passed directly over his Mount Vernon home.

The hurricane crossed eastern North Carolina and Virginia before moving into the Central Appalachians. Norfolk, Va., reported houses destroyed, trees uprooted, and crops leveled to the ground.

July 26, 1943 — Tishomingo, Okla., baked in the heat as the mercury soared to 121 degrees, a state record.

July 31, 1988 — Twenty-one cities in the north central U.S. reported record high temperatures for the date, including Sioux City, Iowa with a reading of 107 degrees. The reading of 105 degrees at Minneapolis, Minn., was their hottest since 1936. Pierre, S.D., and Chamberlain, S.D., with highs of 108 degrees, were just one degree shy of the hot spot in the nation, Palm Springs, Calif. —



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