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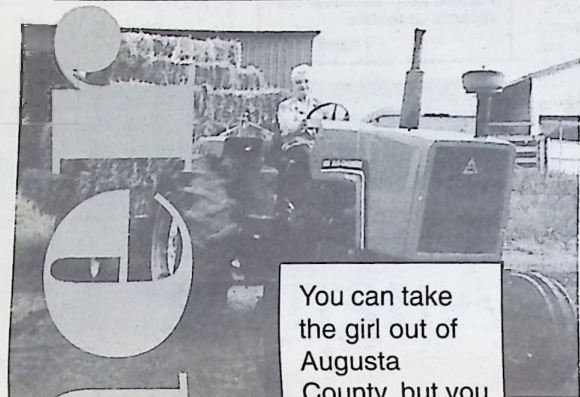


Augusta Country

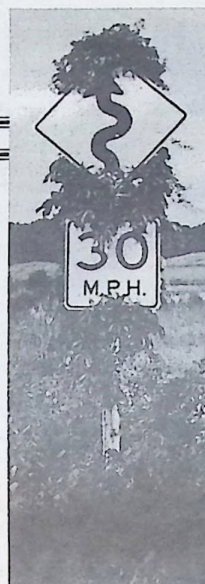
Summer 1998 Vol. 5, Issue 8

Enjoy the scenery of Augusta County as this issue takes readers on a slow drive along a winding country road.

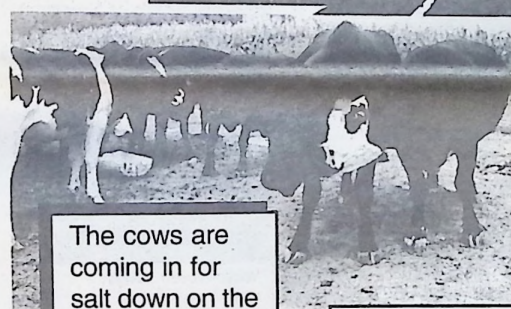
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You can take the girl out of Augusta County, but you can't take Augusta County out of the girl. After a 27-year "visit" to Australia, Cornelia Shuey Eicholtz comes home. Page 8



It's threshing time again. Roll up your sleeves and get to work. See how it's done "the old way." Pages 6-7



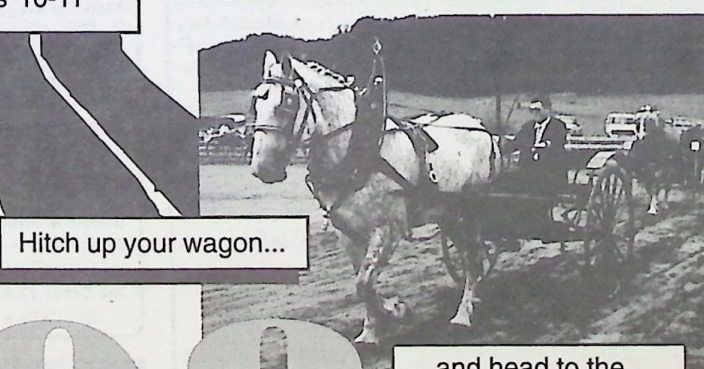
The cows are coming in for salt down on the farm. Sit for a spell and watch them lap it up. Pages 10-11



Students in Augusta County's Summer Enrichment Program really "dig" their work. Page 14



It's California or bust for Niki Krause of Springfield. The U.Va. grad began her walk west in May. Page 3



Hitch up your wagon...

...and head to the Augusta County Fair, Aug. 11-15. Pages 4-5

Summer 1998

Letters bring pen pals together

By PENNY PLEMMONS

You've heard of marriages made in heaven. Well, this is a story of two pen pals so well matched that heaven must have had a hand in bringing them together -- first, via letters and, ultimately for a face-to-face meeting this spring in Staunton.

I met up with these two friends only a few hours after they had met each other for the first time. All bubbly and excited, the two spilled out their story.

It all began in 1994 when Churchville Elementary School teacher, Bev Roach enrolled her first grade class in a pen pal program offered by *Weekly Reader*, a children's informational leaflet. Miles away, Glenace Smelcer at Levi Leonard School in Evansville, Wisc., entered her first graders in the same *Weekly Reader* pen pal search. The two classes and two teachers were paired and the letter writing campaign began. "I knew immediately that Glenace was a pen pal fanatic just like me," Bev quipped. "The project required only two letters per school year. But Glenace and her class wrote almost monthly. And when the school year ended, Glenace wrote, 'Hey, this was fun. Want to do it again next year?'" Bev's hand-writ-

ten reply was, "Yes, yes."

Bev said that it was not uncommon for the children to get attached to their pen pals. She stated, "The children would write things like, I love you and you're my best friend."



Teacher pen pals Bev Roach, middle, and Glenace Smelcer, far right, met recently in Staunton after corresponding through a class project. Ms. Roach teaches at Churchville Elementary. Ms. Smelcer teaches at Levi Leonard School in Evansville, Wisc. Also pictured are Diane Rose, far left, and Emily Roach.

Photo by Mike Roach

But Bev's previous writing experiences with other classroom teacher's had been formal and short and not so endearing. Glenace agreed and stated, "I wanted something more of a personal relationship with a pen pal and it was obvious that Bev did too."

For the next three years Bev and Glenace corresponded along with their classroom of first graders and on their own when the summer months emerged and school let out. They discovered that they had a great many things in common. Bev commented, "We exchanged lesson plans, reading series and school patterns." Glenace added, "Our letters became more than just teacher talk. We talked about our families, our joys and our sorrows."

But, for some reason that Glenace and Bev could not explain, the two friends did not participate in the 1997-98 writing project and they lost touch. So, it was quite a surprise

See PEN PALS, page 15

On the cover

The photo on the cover of the road sign with Virginia creeper twined around it was taken by Betty Jo Hamilton on Va. 252 just north of Newport. The vine has had plenty of rain this summer to make it grow. You might say it's a vine of the times.

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U.Va. grad hikes cross-country for physical education

By PENNY PLEMMONS

WEST AUGUSTA — Painful blisters dogged each of Niki Krause's footsteps. Her anticipated cure, mole skin Band-Aids, were just not protecting her tender toes from the continual rubbing of her hiking boots.

As the 22-year-old recent University of Virginia graduate limped along U.S. 254 west beyond Staunton's city limits she recalled her mother's admonition, "Blisters can kill you if they get infected." Niki read between the lines of her mother's warning. Blisters weren't the real issue. A

young woman, alone, walking coast to coast was the worry.

"Seeing America on foot is not just another passing fancy as my father suggested," Niki stated emphatically. "This hike is about discovering me. I want to get me all over with before I settle down. I want to have great stories to tell my grandchildren."

Niki is stubbornly determined to walk to California, a journey which she began in Charlottesville shortly after receiving her bachelor's degree from U.Va. Her goal is to be visiting with her half-sister, whom she has never met, by February.

Initially, Niki's after graduation plans were not all that unusual. In January 1998, she and a few college friends began toying with the idea of traveling west to see the sights and have a last big fling before adult realities set in. But, one by one, the girlfriends bailed out. One decided to go to Europe in the spring. Parents of another said, "Absolutely no," to borrowing the family car for a drive west. These hindrances only strengthened Niki's resolve.

"This trip is a graduation present to myself. I spent four years sitting (emphasis on sitting) in college getting a mental education," she said. "It is time to get a little physical education. At first, I thought about bicycling across America. But then I remembered how I enjoyed long walks as a teenager. Walking seemed to soothe my teenage angst."

Although Niki describes herself as "not very outdoorsy or a real hiker," walking has become her form of travel for traversing the United States.

For four months Niki trained for the trip. She loaded 50 pounds of school books into a backpack and trudged up and down the hills of Charlottesville and around the U.Va. campus. She attempted to hike three hours every day, sometimes extending herself by walking 17 miles at a whack. "I achieved a little bit of local fame as people began to notice me. I became known around town as the pack lady," she stated.

Niki further prepared herself by searching the Internet for hiking tips and by reading travel books. The Atlas became her Bible as she mapped out her routes. Finally, on May 18, 1998, the triumphant moment arrived. Niki exited Charlottesville on foot, carrying her existence for the next several months in a pack on her back.

The first leg of the trip was uneventful. Niki reached Waynesboro by U.S. 250 without difficulty. The Valley Mis-

sion welcomed Niki to Staunton and provided her with a much needed shower, place to sleep, and, most importantly, real food, not the dehydrated variety, of which she had already tired. Niki recalled Staunton as a "very picturesque small town — lots of brick — lots of wrought iron." Several people sighted Niki as she strode toward Buffalo Gap and offered rides. Niki politely refused.

"People say they are worried for me," she said. "I tell them that I am not a hitchhiker and I don't travel at night. I call home regularly and I have friends who check in on me."

By the third day Niki's back was aching and her feet were rubbed raw. "My bum feet kept me from enjoying the pleasant tree-lined sights of the George Washington Forest along 42 south," she lamented. That evening there were no overnight offers and Niki was

evening meal, washing up or brushing her teeth. She threw herself inside her tiny tent and slept until the sunrise awoke her on the fourth morning of her journey.

With driving fortitude and anticipation of the new day Niki quickly resumed her place along the road. The edge of Augusta County was within a half day's hike and a friend was meeting her for lunch. A care package from home would be awaiting her at the Warm Springs post office. There was just too much to look forward to.

If she was going to achieve her goal of 100 miles a week, there was absolutely no time for whining. Niki would not be daunted by sore feet or biting flies. Her attitude is that, "every day there is a new hardship, and every day there is a new adventure."

When asked if she will settle down when this mission is accomplished, Niki replied, "Only after I

celebrate my 23rd birthday at the Mardi Gras festivities in New Orleans, La., and live there for a year. Eventually, I'd like to get married and have children."

If all goes as planned, Niki's children and grandchildren will have plenty of stories to read

about in her forthcoming book based on her journal and already titled, *Beside the Road*.

In a recent e-mail update Niki said that she has put 5 1/2 states behind her. "I haven't slept in my tent in over a week. A writer for a small town newspaper in Shelbyville, Ky., took me on as a pet project and is putting me in touch with the press associations in every town. I never have to worry about finding a place to stay again!"

She was feeling a twinge of guilt for having accepted a car ride, at the urging of a host family, through a dangerous section of Missouri. A teacher also convinced Niki that it would not be cheating to ride a bicycle. "I still used my legs," Niki wrote, "but I felt guilty about it anyway."

Niki biked 80 miles, and instead of sore feet had a sore rear end. From Jefferson City, Mo., Niki wrote, "Yesterday was 110 degrees with humidity so bad that though I wrung my T-shirt out last night it was still wet this morning." Optimistically Niki concluded, "The most important thing, is that I am making it. I'm still as stubborn as ever, and I know that for every 110-degree day, there's a family waiting to welcome me." —



Niki Krause of Springfield pauses along U.S. 42 on her cross-country journey to the west coast. She passed through Augusta County in May on her "hike" west. She plans to arrive in California in February.

Photo by Penny Plemmons

"I spent four years sitting in college getting a mental education. It is time to get a little physical education."

Niki Krause

Cross-continent hiker



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1998 Augusta County Fair filled with exhibitions, music and more

AC staff report

FISHERSVILLE— Five days in August will be filled with activities and events appealing to a wide range of ages and interests. The 1998 edition of the Augusta County Fair, to be held Aug. 11-15 at Expoland in Fishersville, promises family fun and a whole lot more.

Fair organizers have planned entertainment and events for this year's exposition which will be sure to draw crowds through the gates at Expoland. As in past years, gate admission covers the cost of all entertainment at the fair with the exception of midway rides and concessions. Advance ticket prices are \$3 for adults. Advance tickets are available at all locations of the Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau, Sheets & McClure in Staunton and Waynesboro, and at the Augusta County Extension office. Admission prices at the gate will be \$4 for adults and \$2 for children 6 to 15. Children under 6 will be admitted free.

Entertainment at the fair begins Tuesday, Aug. 11 with opening ceremonies and the crowning of Miss Augusta County Fair which will be followed by the Miss and Master Beauty Pageant in Expo Hall. The pageants begin at 6 p.m. For those interested in the livestock exhibition, these events begin at 5:30 p.m. with the Barnyard Olympics.

Adding even more thrills to the fair's first night will be the David Martin Rodeo with 30-plus bull riders set to get under way at 7:30 p.m. The Midway will open at 6 p.m. on the fair's inaugural day.

If bucking bulls aren't exactly your cup of tea, then perhaps Tuesday evening's musical entertainment provided by the

Monticello Chorus of Sweet Adelines International will suit your fancy. The chorus will begin its performance at 7:30 p.m.

Livestock exhibition goes into full swing on Wednesday, Aug. 12 with the Dairy Fitting and Showing Workshop and the Open and Junior Sheep Show. The crunch of metal on metal and revving engines will fill the air in the night's other entertainment when the Demolition Derby roars into action at 7 p.m. For those seeking some laid back entertainment, Karaoke will be Wednesday night's musical highlight beginning at 7:30 p.m.

Livestock exhibitions continue Thursday, Aug. 13 with the Market Lamb exhibition, and Sheep Leadline, Costume and Showmanship contests beginning at 1 p.m. More displays of the four-legged variety will be provided when the Showmanship and Junior Beef Show gets under way at 5 p.m.

There is more high-powered fun promised on Thursday night with a Street Truck and Farm Tractor Pull slated to begin at 6:30 p.m.

"Kid Power" will be centerstage at 7 p.m. Thursday with the popular Pedal Power Tractor Pull. A second Pedal Power Pull will be held at 6 p.m. Saturday.

For musical tastes, Thursday's fair activities include two performances of the Crystal Armentrout Band at 7 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

For folks attracted to the thrills and chills of the midway, the 1998 fair promises an all new midway with Five Star Amusements providing the main attractions. The midway will open at 6 p.m. on Tuesday night. Rides go into motion at 5 p.m. Wednesday through Friday. The midway will open at 2 p.m. on Saturday.

Fair events for Friday, Aug. 14 will generate plenty of "steam" with the Western Augusta Steam and Gas Antique Tractor Pull set to begin at 5 p.m. Livestock exhibitions continue with the Open Beef Show at 10 a.m., the Dairy Show at 1 p.m., and the always-popular Livestock Dressing, Obstacle Class, and Pee Wee Class at 6:30 p.m. Live musical entertainment under the "Big Tent" will be performed by the Goose Creek Symphony in two shows at 7:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

The Mountain Heritage Cloggers will perform at 8 p.m. Friday. Among the Mountain Heritage Cloggers are the Grand Champion male, female, duet, and line dancers from the Virginia state competition. The group has won numerous first-place trophies in various age divisions. They have performed at the Virginia and West Virginia state fairs, the Pavilion in Washington, D.C., as well as numerous festivals and conventions throughout the country.

The fair's final day, Saturday, Aug. 15, promises to be a day filled with entertainment of all varieties. Horse enthusiasts will get an early start with the fair's horse show beginning at 9 a.m. The show will be split into three categories — Hunter, Draft, and Western — and should appeal to a wide range of interests. The Hunter division will open competition at 9 a.m. and will be followed by the Western horse exhibition around 1 p.m. Draft horse classes will begin at 9:30 a.m.

For horse enthusiasts of another kind, the Draft Horse Pull will begin at 6:30 p.m. Competition at the livestock pavilion will culminate Saturday with the Stockman's Contest set to begin at 9 a.m. Livestock exhibitors will compete in

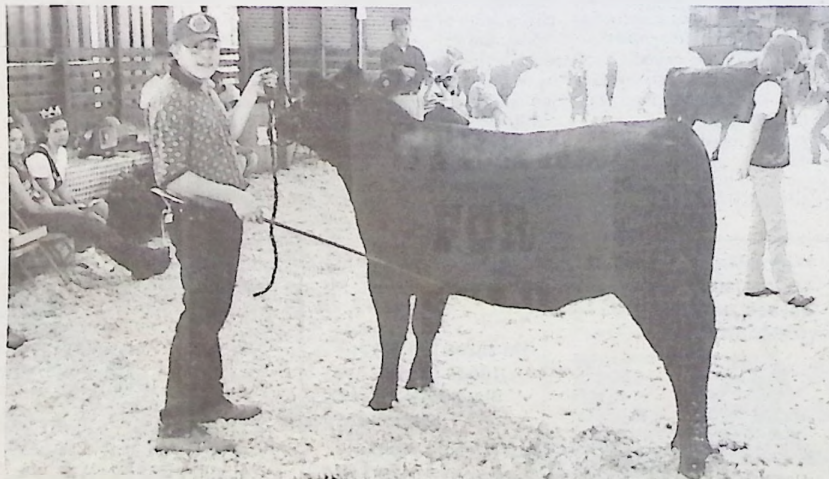
the Supreme Showmanship contest at 4 p.m. The Parade of Champions will precede the Draft Horse Pull on the track at 6:15 p.m.

Entertainment for the fair's last evening will be provided by Fatty Lumpkin and the Love
See FAIR, page 5




AC file photos

Sheep Leadline, Costume, Showmanship and Market Lambs
Thursday, Aug. 13 beginning at 1 p.m.
Barn adjacent to Coffey Pavilion



Beef Shows, Thursday, Aug. 13, 5 p.m. & Friday, Aug. 14, 10 a.m.




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<p>Tuesday</p> <p>Ribeye steak sandwich Baked beans Coleslaw</p>	<p>Wednesday</p> <p>Chopped beef barbecue sandwich Pinto beans Coleslaw</p>	<p>Thursday</p> <p>Sliced pork tenderloin Green beans, Potatoes Baked apples Rolls</p>
<p>Friday</p> <p>Sliced beef barbecue Baked beans Coleslaw Rolls</p>	<p>Saturday</p> <p>Baked Western Ham Baked apples Green beans Rolls</p>	

*Dessert and drink included with dinners.
Fresh-picked corn on the cob will be served if it rains enough to make it grow.
Breakfast and lunch also will be served.*



•Fair

Continued from page 4

Hogs appearing in two shows at 7:30 p.m. and 9 p.m.

Featured in Expo Hall throughout the week at the fair will be commercial exhibits from various businesses and organizations. Commercial exhibits will be open 5 p.m. through 10 p.m. each weeknight of the fair. Expo Hall will open at noon on Saturday.

Among other displays of interest at the fair will be the many

entries in the home arts, crafts, floral, crop, and vegetable contests. Home arts, crafts and floral contests will be on display in the Beam Annex. The crop and vegetable exhibition will be in the Coffey Pavilion. Livestock exhibited at the fair will be on display throughout the week in the barns adjacent to the Coffey Pavilion.

Fair catalogs are available at the Augusta County Extension office and locations of the Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau. —



Horse Show -- Hunter, Western, Draft
Saturday, Aug. 15

Hunter, 9 a.m.; Draft, 9:30 a.m., Western, 1 p.m.
Draft Horse Pull, Saturday, Aug. 15, 6:30 p.m.



Home arts and crafts exhibition
Beam Annex each day of the fair

-- Fun for the whole family --



AUGUST 11-15, 1998
AUGUSTA EXPO • FISHERSVILLE, VA.
FEATURING:

Crystal Armentrout Band
Fatty Lumpkin and the Love Hogs
Monticello Sweet Adelines

FIVE STAR AMUSEMENTS ON THE MIDWAY
TUESDAY NIGHT

David Martin Rodeo -- 30-plus bull riders

Admission: ADVANCE TICKETS -- Adults, \$3

GATE ADMISSION -- Adults, \$4; Children 6-15, \$2; Children under 6, free

Advance tickets available at Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau, Sheets & McClure in Staunton and Waynesboro, and the Augusta County Extension Office

Price of admission includes all entertainment inside fair gates except Midway rides and concessions.

Fair schedule

Tuesday, Aug. 11

7 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Exhibits received
Exhibits judged
GATE OPENS
4 p.m.
Commercial exhibits open
5:30 p.m.
6 p.m.
6 p.m.

7:30 p.m.
7:30 p.m.

Commercial exhibits set up
Exhibits received
Exhibits judged
GATE OPENS
Commercial exhibits open
Barnyard Olympics
Midway opens
Opening Ceremony
Beauty Pageants
David Martin Rodeo
Sweet Adelines

Wednesday, Aug. 12

8 a.m. - 11 a.m.
11 a.m. - 5 p.m.
2 p.m.
3 p.m.
4 p.m.
5 p.m.
5 p.m. - 10 p.m.
5 p.m. - until
7 p.m. - 10 p.m.
7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.

Flower exhibits received
Flower show judging
Dairy Fitting/Showing Workshop
Stockman's Contest
GATE OPENS
Open and Junior Sheep Show
Commercial exhibits open
Midway Open
Demolition Derby
Karaoke

Thursday, Aug. 13

10 a.m.
1 p.m.

4 p.m.
5 p.m. - 10 p.m.
5 p.m. - until
5 p.m.

Sheep weigh-in
Sheep leadline, Costume,
Showmanship, Market lambs
GATE OPENS
Commercial exhibits open
Midway open
Showmanship / Junior Beef Show

6:30 p.m.

6:30 p.m.

7 p.m. & 8:00 p.m.

Friday, Aug. 14

10 a.m.

1 p.m.

4 p.m.

5 p.m. - 10 p.m.

5 p.m. - 11 p.m.

5 p.m.

6:30 p.m.

7:30 p.m. & 9 p.m.

8 p.m.

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Truck and Tractor Pull
Pedal Power Tractor Pull
Crystal Armentrout (two shows)

Open Beef Show
Dairy Show
GATE OPENS
Commercial exhibits open
Midway opens
Western Augusta Steam-Gas
Antique Tractor Pull
Livestock Dressing/Obstacle Cts.
Pee Wee Class
Goose Creek Symphony
(two shows)
Mountain Heritage Cloggers

Saturday, Aug. 15

8 a.m.

9 a.m.

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GATE OPENS
Stockman's Contest
Horse Show:
English, Draft, Western
Commercial exhibits open
Midway opens
Supreme Showmanship
Pedal Power Tractor Pull
Parade of Champions
Draft Horse Pull
Fatty Lumpkin and the Love Hogs
(two shows)
Exhibits released

-- FOR INFORMATION, CALL 245-5627 --

Yesterday once more

Harvesting wheat 'the old way' draws a crowd

By SUE SIMMONS

KEEZLETOWN — "We just like to show people how it was done the old way," laughed Willie Davis when asked why he would want to spend hours and hours threshing wheat in a field eight miles north of Keesletown, Virginia on one of the hottest days of the summer.

Judging from the size of the crowd and the number of willing workers, folks wanted to see how it was done the old way, too.

Using a 1951 Frick Thresher powered by a 1940 Minneapolis Moline tractor owned by Mark Armentrout, Davis' co-organizer, the two men and crew of 12 threshed the wheat which two weeks earlier they had harvested the old way at Denny and Wesley Phillips' farm.

Theirs was no easy chore. Shocks of wheat gathered in the field were taken by wagon to the threshing machine. Two men wielding pitchforks fed the machine via a conveyor belt that carried the wheat to the top of the machine, where rollers separated the grain from the straw.

The grain was carried down an auger pipe where another man caught it in bags. Straw was blown into a pile which two other men fed into a baler that produced nice neat rectangles of straw that were then neatly stacked on a wagon. Willie Davis recalled that as a boy and young

man he helped "many-a-day" on a threshing crew.

"Me and my brothers ran an outfit like this. Went from farmer to farmer up and down the road the entire season. First barley, then wheat, then rye. We worked between seven and 10 farms," he said.

Armentrout also recalled the hard work of threshing. "We worked from sun up to sun down, as long as the grain was dry, for eight cents a bushel," he recalled.

He added that the number of bushels varied from job to job but 1,000 bushels was about average. "At the time we thought it was good money," he said.

"A dollar a day and a meal — sometimes two," Davis chimed in. "People 45 and younger never seen it done like this. It's dirty, hard work, but it's part of our heritage."

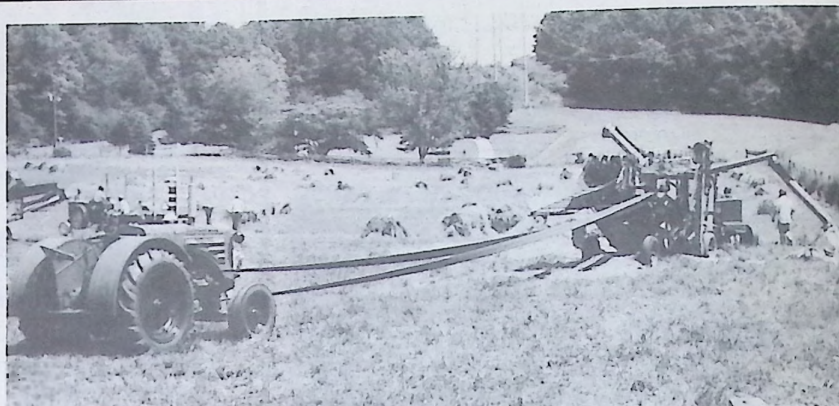
He pointed to a young, plain Mennonite family in the crowd to emphasize his point.

The event attracted not only the uninitiated.

Richard Redifer, when asked if he remembered the old way of threshing, responded, "Remember? I'll never forget."

The 75-year-old Rockingham County farmer recalled helping his father as a boy. He remembered how neatly his father could make a bind for the shock out of wheat, something he admitted he was not very handy at. Later as a young single man, "I followed a threshing machine on horseback just hoping they'd hire me. When they needed help I'd say, 'let me.'"

Eventually Redifer became good at feeding the machine. "I could keep it fed and not choke it



A Minneapolis Moline tractor stands ready to provide power to a Frick threshing machine used recently in an exhibition near

Keesletown. In the background, shocks of wheat are piled and ready to be gathered in for threshing. Photos by Sue Simmons

up," he said.

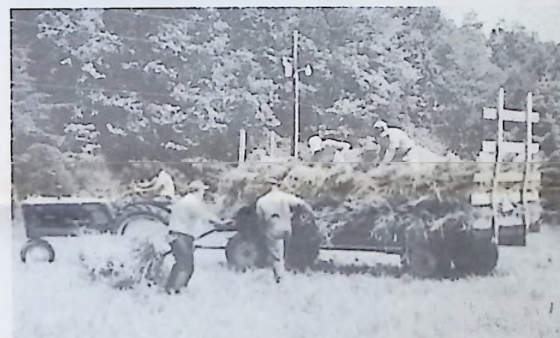
He noted that one year at Bowman Springs farm near Sugar Loaf in Augusta County he fed a thresher for 30 straight days and produced 1,328 bushels of wheat.

"I only moved it four times," he said with some pride. "Mr. Bowman said it was a record. Never was before or again that much wheat fed through that thresher."

"Of course I was young, wild, and wily in those days. Quick as a cat," he laughed.

Today, one farmer can do it all in an air-conditioned combine.

See **THRESHING**, page 7



Shocks of wheat are gathered in for threshing.



What goes in one end of the threshing machine as shocks of wheat comes out the

other end as dust, chaff, and straw. Grain is separated from the wheat and sacked.



Grain is caught in sacks as it is carried away from the straw and chaff by an auger.

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In the photo at left, straw is blown out of the rear of the threshing machine after the grain has been separated. For purposes of the threshing exhibition, the loose straw was

then fed into a baler, pictured above, and made into bales. Originally, straw would have been piled or stacked loose for winter storage.

"A dollar a day and a meal — sometimes two. People 45 and younger never seen it done like this. It's dirty, hard work, but it's part of our heritage."

Willie Davis
Thresher

•Threshing

Continued from page 6

The hours, the sweat, the bone-crushing work are a thing of the past. What once took weeks to accomplish can now be done in a matter of days. But with progress, there comes a price — literally.

When new, the Frick Thresher cost \$3,000. Today's modern combines come in all sizes and varieties, are self-propelled, and some even have four-wheel

drive. Brand new the machines may cost more than \$100,000. Armentrout's Moline tractor cost \$2,350 when it was purchased new 60 years ago. Today a 60-horse power tractor costs about \$30,000.

Armentrout, Davis, Redifer, and the other men threshing wheat the "old way" were quick to say that it didn't seem nearly as much fun as it once was.

And, if you listen closely, not nearly as memorable. —

In the photo at right, Richard Redifer of Pineville holds a flail which belongs to Hilda Welch of Bridgewater. Redifer was born nearby in Parnassus in Augusta County. The flail was used for threshing before machinery was invented to do the job. Grain was removed from the hull by beating the wheat heads with the flail.



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Augusta native enjoys 'long visit' to Australia

By NANCY SORRELLS

MIDDLEBROOK — The Middlebrook High School graduating class of 1946 had a world full of dreams and hopes when they created the class motto, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Little did Cornelia Shuey, now Eicholtz, know just how far her wagon would take her, first to the nation's capital where she met a nice veteran, and then to a home in the "Land Down Under" in Australia.

Cornelia's wagon has done a lot of traveling in the 52 years since her class graduated. Right now she has temporarily hitched her team back in Augusta County, her first visit to her home town and home country in 27 years.

"Everything has changed," she exclaimed as she rather embarrassingly related the story of how she and one of her high school girl friends went into "town" the other day looking for JC Penney in downtown Staunton. They were shocked to realize that Penney was no longer on Beverley Street.

Even though her official absence from the Middlebrook area has only been 27 years, the gap in her memory is closer to 50 she explains. After her graduation in 1946, she went to Washington, D.C., to work in the banking world. While in banking school in the early 50s,



Cornelia Eicholtz tries out one of the tractors used on her brother's farm near Arbor Hill.

Photos courtesy Cornelia Eicholtz

she met Dale Eicholtz. They married, settled in Calverton, Md., and had three boys. "After I left the area it was always just a fast trip back to see the family and we didn't really come back that often," she said by way of explanation of why her most "recent" memories of Staunton and Augusta County are five decades old.

And it is not just images like the commercial growth on Greenville Avenue and the shopping malls that have surprised her. Farming,

too, has changed since her family farmed in the little community of Haytie, near Middlebrook. Because she is bedding down at her brother Marion's house, she has been able to observe modern farming techniques in an up-close and personal way.

"All this haymaking stuff is brand new to me. The square and round bales and riding around in an air-conditioned tractor. There is no horse swishing his tail and having to be fed. Farming was such hard work with the old horses and they ate so much," she recalled. Enamored with the new technology, she has had her picture snapped on her brother's baler and on his tractor as well as in her sister-in-law's garden.

For Cornelia, Augusta County time really began to stand still in the late 1960s when her husband decided he wanted to take his wife and three young boys and emigrate to Australia. "He'd been there during World War II on R&R and he sold me on the idea that the boys would have a better op-

"All this haymaking stuff is brand new to me. The square and round bales and riding around in an air-conditioned tractor. There is no horse swishing his tail and having to be fed. Farming was such hard work with the old horses and they ate so much."

Cornelia Eicholtz



portunity there," she explained.

After two years of working on the migration details, Dale's dream became a reality in 1971 when the family moved to Melbourne, Australia. Their first stop was in a government housing center, but they eventually settled down in a nice ranch house in the suburbs.

"That was so long ago," Cornelia said of the move. "It was difficult to leave everyone, but it was good. The boys (the youngest was about 3) had a safe place to play and I was able to give them lots of time because I didn't work. I would probably have had to work if we had stayed in this country."

When her wagon took her to Australia in 1971, Cornelia knew that she had journeyed far. Down under the seasons are reversed, but in Melbourne there is no such thing as a harsh winter. "It's warm compared to here," she said of winters that might see a flurry or two, but never any hard freezes. "In Australia the grass grows so much faster in the winter. In the summer it is just a dust bowl, but as soon as it rains in the winter it comes back," she said.

In a new country "almost everything was funny until you caught on," Cornelia recalled. "Eating chips (French fries) out of a newspaper just killed me," she added. Today, though her speech

bears not a trace of an Aussie accent, she has added some of that country's words to her vocabulary. A serviette is a napkin, petrol is gas, and nappies are diapers. "The Australians talk fast and they chop off their words. They don't care if you understand or not," she explained.

One thing that she refused to get used to was driving on the left side of the road. "I've never driven in 27 years. I leave the driving to the tram drivers and others!"

Food is something that newcomers have to adjust to in any foreign country and Cornelia had to get used to much more than eating "chips" out of a piece of newspaper.

"The Australians eat all the time, honestly! They do have nice fresh food and you go to the green grocers and shop every day. If we ever did have a big snow people would starve to death because they don't stock up. I have never seen a house with a cellar so they would have nowhere to store things," she said.

Nobody in her area cans food, she said, adding that they would call the process "bottling" not "canning." "They just never have that much extra on hand," she explained.

She added that there were parts See DOWN UNDER, page 9



Cornelia Eicholtz, formerly of Haytie and recently of Melbourne, Australia, is visiting with her brother, Marion Shuey, after a 27-year absence from the states.



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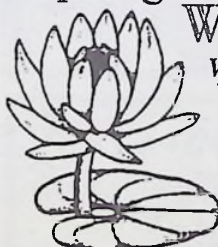
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Kindermusik promotes curiosity, confidence for young children

By PENNY PLEMMONS

From the first hello to the last good-bye, preschoolers in Marie Masincup's Kindermusik class

sing, chant, and dance. Masincup, a licensed Kindermusik teacher, uses a gently structured, broad-based assortment of musical activities to kindle her students'



Marie Masincup, a Kindermusik instructor, works with Kaitlynn Snyder during a recent class session.

Photo by Penny Plemmons

Kindermusik Classes

The Village (ages 0-18 months) First exposure

Kindermusik Beginnings (ages 18 months-3 1/2) Joy of music and movement

Growing with Kindermusik (ages 3 1/2-5) Singing, listening, dancing

Kindermusik Adventures (ages 4 1/2-7) Musical visits to other countries

Kindermusik for the Young Child I (ages 4 1/2-7) Instrumental, reading/writing music

Kindermusik for the Young Child II (ages 5 1/2-8) Ensemble, ORFF Instruments

Since each stage provides unique learning opportunities there are no class pre-requisites.

natural curiosity. Parents, grandparents and caregivers attend class right alongside their pint-sized musicians and provide the encouragement, assurance and security that is necessary for their young child to learn.

Parents are gradually weaned from the class as their child climbs the Kindermusik ladder and approaches school age. The philosophy of Kindermusik is aptly described in its German translation which simply means "children's music." It operates under the premise that children from birth to 7 years old are ripe for music stimulation. The process is slow and easy and takes age appropriate instruction into consideration. And according to Patty Snyder's daughters, Madison and Kaitlynn,

Kindermusik is just plain, "fun."

Masincup described the methodology this way. "Teaching Kindermusik is similar to teaching a child to read," she said. "We move an inch at a time, building one concept upon another."

In the preschool class, Masincup focuses on hearing and mimicking sounds and experiencing music through movement. Through play, students develop beat and rhythm. These young ones are exposed to a variety of music types and styles. Older students broaden their knowledge and learn note reading and to play instruments, such as the glockenspiel. They learn to write music and create their own instrumental ensembles. Singing is an integral part of all classes.

"Children who complete the Kindermusik program have an easy transition to an instrument," Masincup noted. "They already are aware of pitches and beats. Their ears are better trained and they learn quicker."

Masincup said she also believes that early training in music teaches discipline and provides growth for a healthy self-esteem.

Liz Eppard feels like both she and her 2-year-old son Aaron benefit from the program.

"Interacting with the other children has helped Aaron to overcome shyness. He also has learned rhythm and sings more often at home. Plus, it gets me, a stay-at-home, mom out of the house for awhile," she said.

See MUSIC, page 15

Down under

Continued from page 8

of the Australian diet that she never took too, like eating a lot of lamb or consuming the sweet dessert called pavlova. Pavlova is made from whipped egg whites and cream and lots of fruit. "Too sweet for me," she said.

Even further down on her food preference list is vegemite which is a black paste that is a byproduct of the brewing industry. "It looks like thick motor oil and is very salty. You can make a sandwich out of it."

Despite her 27 years in Australia, Cornelia has never once considered becoming a citizen. "We have always been classified as unauthorized British subjects

which means we can't vote, however, that is good because you get fined if you are registered to vote and don't vote," she said.

"I would never be an Australian. I will always be a Virginian, but let's just say I am having a good long visit there (in Australia)," she said with a laugh.

While she has been on her "visit," she has joined a local Lutheran church near her home and has become an active quilter. As a member of the Patchworking Quilters of Victoria she meets with fellow quilters every second Saturday morning. One of the group's projects has been to make quilts for underprivileged children. "It gives them something of their own to hold onto," she said of the project.

Cornelia has also joined an organization of war widows and mothers. Between all her friends in these community groups, she notes, "If you can't find a friend in all those

people, then something is wrong."

Two years ago, Cornelia's husband Dale passed away, but she says she has no intention of ending her Australian visit. "My home is over there and two of my sons are over there. In fact, her oldest son, who is a sculptor and has a degree in fine arts, has taken out citizenship. Her middle son also remains in the country and is house-sitting Cornelia's home.

"He said my fish are alive, my garden's growing and the house is secure," she said.

Her youngest son is currently working in the United States as a truck driver and taking the opportunity through his work to see some of the country that he left when he was 3 years old. "He says he is a paid tourist," Cornelia notes with a smile.

As for her trip back home to Virginia, Cornelia relates that she is having a grand time. She arrived in

May and will remain until September. She has been meeting with friends, classmates, and family almost non-stop since she set foot in the country. Ann Bowman, a former teacher at Middlebrook High School, hosted a "reunion" for "girls" from Middlebrook's Class of 46. It was a chance for the classmates to visit with a friend whom many had not seen or had contact with since graduation.

"I came home one day and there was a message on my machine asking if I was the person who went to school at Middlebrook with Cornelia Shuey. I hadn't heard that voice in all those years. It's just a good thing I was sitting down," one classmate recalled when she heard Cornelia's voice on her answering machine recently.

"My friends are just about as I remembered," Cornelia says. "Some are just as funny as they always were. My four brothers are

here in the area. I am staying with Marion, Glen is in Haytie at the homeplace, and Howard and George are close. I have enjoyed seeing them again and getting reacquainted. The other day all four brothers and I were out at the homeplace. Two took me out there and the other two showed up!"

She is also eagerly anticipating a reunion with her sister, Alice, from Florida. "I haven't seen her in more than 27 years, but we have always called two or three times a month," she said.

As much as she has enjoyed the reunions and catching up, Cornelia has no doubts that, come September, she will hitch her wagon up again and return to Australia to continue her visit. She also plans something new, to take some time to really see the countryside in the "Land Down Under." "Yes, I am going back there to visit some more," she said of her return to Australia. "It has been a nice long visit." —

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My other life in the suburbs

Down on the farm we're thinking about our other life in the suburbs. We were prompted into this course of thought by a reaction to July's column, "A simple complication." It was among a number of comments made regarding the quest to repair a piece of machinery only to be thwarted in the process time and again due to numerous circumstances.

One of the first responses to the column came from a farmer's wife who said, "The beauty of your writing is that it is so-o-o-o true." To which she added, "Why did you run a picture of my husband with your column?" referring to the graphics of a person scowling, grimacing, and frowning which illustrated the column.

Then there was another comment. One person admitted to being entertained by the column, then concluded by saying, "I sure am glad it's not true." This person was more than a little shocked to hear me say, "Oh, but it is true. It's all true."

"You mean they really ordered the wrong parts twice?" she queried of our exercise in futility in repairing a piece of machinery.

"Oh yes," I said. "It all happened just as I wrote. I never make this stuff up." (Who could, for that matter?) I did admit that perhaps if there is any embellishment in my *Down on the Farm* columns it only comes when I underline and asterisk something which anyone would recognize as being ironic or inane to a ridiculous degree. Yes, it's all true, and on some occasions becomes so sadly true that it crosses the bridge to comedic reality. Our choices in these situations are two — laugh or cry. And laughing sure saves on Kleenex.

And then, ultimately, came yet another response to July's column when someone said, "I liked your column. It made me glad I'm a suburbanite." And this is the comment which started me thinking about my other life in the suburbs. You know, it's one of those "what ifs?" What if I lived in the suburbs? What would my life be like?

Certainly at once the speculation of living in the suburbs, for me, brought about a sense of sheer terror.

Certainly at once the speculation of living in the suburbs, for me, brought about a sense of sheer terror. But I got a grip on my mental state and managed, at least for a few moments, to think a bit about my other life in the suburbs.



But I got a grip on my mental state and managed, at least for a few moments, to think a bit about my other life in the suburbs.


I'll have to confess that there have been days down on the farm when life in the suburbs appeared to be an attractive alternative to life in the country. Many of these days occur during the winter and I am apt to forget them quickly as soon as the weather straightens itself out in the spring. But there aren't too many days in the summer which find me pining for my other life in the suburbs.

There is one noteworthy characteristic of life in the suburbs which has me perpetually perplexed and that is the height of the grass. No matter where I drive in the suburbs the grass is very short. And it's always very short. Day in and day out I drive through a section of suburbs and the grass always appears as if it has just been mowed, but yet I never see any suburbanites actually mowing their yards.

I can only deduce that suburbanites hide in their garages waiting for a car to pass. Once it does, they shoot out of their garages like the batmobile out of the

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY
BETTY JO HAMILTON



batcave on supersonic mowers and trim the grass back, disappearing just before another car passes their way. This is the only solution at which I can arrive.

A great deal of energy goes into keeping the grass short in the suburbs. So much energy is devoted to this process that an equivalent amount of energy might accomplish something truly significant like achieving world peace. And if folks are worried about pollution causing global warming, I say the heat generated by a multitude of suburban lawnmowers is as likely a culprit as any.

So in my other life in the suburbs I guess I would spend a lot of time mowing my yard. In fact, I would probably consider that my exercise for the week or the day. Instead of being outside chasing cattle or hefting bales of hay or forking manure, I'd be mowing my yard and whacking down weeds and trimming along the sidewalk. But, I fear, this brings forward an immediate problem I would have in my other life in the suburbs. And it's a problem which would make me a pariah among my neighboring suburbanites.

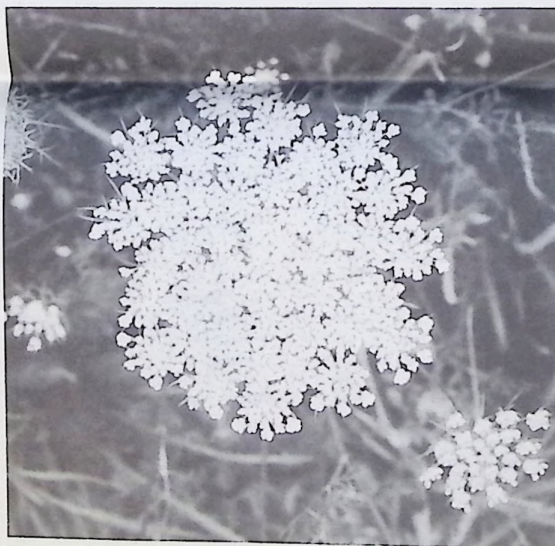
I'm somewhat of a nonconformist when it comes to the height of my grass. I prefer it tall rather than

short and can't say I would feel compelled to keep it short just to match the height of my neighbor's grass. And I'm sure this would be a situation that would breed consternation in my little corner of the suburbs.

The other puzzling thing about this grass mowing is that I can only assume the association with one's yard in the suburbs is truly a love-hate relationship. The mowing, mowing, mowing is done, I assume, to keep the grass at its peak of presentation to anyone who sees it. But after mowing, mowing, mowing through some of April and all of May and June, the lush green grass is reduced to no more than brown stubble by mid July. There's not too much enchanting about walking across brown stubble barefoot. It can be painful, in fact. In my other life in the suburbs I wouldn't have the luxury of walking across green grass, soft and cool against my barefeet.

Suburbanites also must spend a lot of time consumed with the control of weeds and insects, the latter of these having been brought to my attention recently when I overheard a conversation which occurred in the lawn and garden section of a discount store. Two

See *SUBURBS*, page 11



The delicate beauty of Queen Anne's lace — a thousand tiny flowerettes forming one huge bloom — is among the many "free will" flowers gracing the countryside.


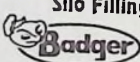

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Suburbs

Continued from page 10

Jadies where standing at a display of a product labeled simply as "Milky Spore" and which was billed as a 20-year treatment for grubs which appeared to have something to do with the Japanese beetle population. A clerk told the women that use of this "Milky Spore" would control grubs, the adult form of which are Japanese beetles. One woman was quick to ask, "Well, what if my neighbor has grubs and they tunnel over to my yard. Will it control them?"

"Oh, absolutely," the clerk said. "It won't do anything to the grubs if they stay in your neighbor's yard, but if they tunnel over to your yard and you've put down Milky Spore, it will kill them."

So I guess in my other life in the suburbs I would need to develop an understanding of the whole "Milky Spore" situation and would be wondering if any grubs from my neighbor's yard were tunneling over to mine. In my other life in the suburbs I'd be concerned about tunneling grubs as opposed to livestock which has strayed to my property from a neighbor's. Except when livestock strays, we corral it and take it back to the neighbor from whom it escaped. I guess this could be an alternative to "Milky Spore." Find a way to herd up all those tunneling grubs from the neighbors' yards and drive them back to the yards from whence they came.

Another noteworthy characteristic of the suburbs are the many beautiful garden displays one sees on a drive through the suburbs. I have to give suburbanites a lot of credit. They certainly do their part in beautifying each little suburban

corner of the world. So in my other life in the suburbs, I suppose I would spend a lot of time out in the flower garden—planting, tending, and weeding. This would be quite a change for me and would require some real effort on my part to conform to suburban standards.

You see I'm among that sad and unfortunate group of people who find themselves horticulturally challenged. I have no affinity for gardening of any variety. It looks like pure work to me, regardless of the results of incredible displays of day lilies, snap dragons, marigolds, coneflowers, poppies, black-eyed Susans or gallardia. It may shock you to know that I'm perfectly content with "free will" flowers, that is, whatever blooms naturally in the pasture, along the fencerows or the roadsides.

I can't find the energy to fume about a dandelion blooming in the yard because it means spring has arrived which, after a long winter, is cause for rejoicing. And although I've whacked plenty of them down, thistles with pink or white or blue blooms have their own beauty which only increases when goldfinches begin flitting among the maturing blossoms to harvest the seeds. And there's a host of other wildflowers (or weeds, depending on one's perspective) which catch my eye—Queen Anne's lace, chicory, catnip, goldenrod, trumpet vine, phlox, tiger lilies, hollyhocks, Solomon's Seal, wild clematis, honeysuckle, and yes, even teasel—all of which bloom profusely without the least bit of encouragement on my part.

In my other life in the suburbs I would probably have cable television. No doubt I would spend

many an evening watching some program on the Discovery channel learning about the domains and behaviors of creatures that roam the earth. I guess this would be O.K. I mean if that's the best you can do.

My other life in the suburbs probably wouldn't give me the op-

portunity to spend an evening watching cattle and sheep graze out across the pasture. I probably wouldn't have the opportunity to take them salt and then watch as they come up for a lick or two of the brine, which for them is a basic life necessity.



It's probably not something you'll see on the Discovery Channel, but a cow licking its lips to get every bit of salt might at least qualify to be included on a television program featuring animal bloopers.

And if I'm still and crouch down off to the side, I can watch as the cattle glut themselves on salt, then stand about lapping their great long tongues out in all directions to get the salt off their muzzles. And, indelicate as it may sound, if you've never seen a cow shoot its tongue out and into its nostrils, then you've missed one of the truly comic mannerisms of the animal kingdom.

And have you ever seen a cow scratch its ear? Most folks probably think cows are great clumsy beasts. But what ballerina possesses the poise to balance on three legs, bending the head just so and then manage to ever so delicately scratch the inside of an ear with the hind foot? (O.K., so ball-

ones will even move in close enough to smell me or lick at my shoes. And even though my feet have gone to sleep from crouching down so long, I just sit there and watch until the cattle get bored with me and drift off to graze again. O.K., so it's not the Discovery Channel, but it's close.

I'd need to have one of those bug lights in my other life in the suburbs, too. I see some folks have those. You know, those blue-purple lights that draw in bugs and then zap them into tiny ash heaps. And maybe some citronella torches to discourage mosquitoes. But it seems as if the funny blue light and the zapping of bugs frying and the smell of burning oil would take something away from the experience of watching dusk turn to dark. It's that time of day in the summer when the lightning bugs start to come out and blink their signals across the yard then rise high up into the trees to perch among the leaves and blink,

blink, blink until another lightning bug comes their way.

But I guess if I didn't have the lightning bugs to keep me company in my other life in the suburbs, I would find some consolation with other things. I might be charmed by the terra cotta frog perched in my suburban garden, which I guess would be almost as entertaining as the big toad which has taken up residence at my front gate stoop. A bigger toad I've never seen, and I can't imagine where he goes in the daytime. But almost any night I can go to the front gate and he hops across my path.

Or maybe if I got tired of looking at my terra cotta frog, in my other life in the suburbs, I would spend some time appreciating the splendor of my Canada goose windsocks. You know, the kind you can stake into the ground and when the wind picks up the goose windsocks puff up and appear to move almost like real geese. But the Canada goose windsocks probably aren't quite the same as being able to walk to the creek and watch the wood ducks and mallards crisscross the channel. And I haven't come across a windsock yet that could make that same noise of a real duck or goose squeak-squawking at the water's edge.

And in my other life in the suburbs I suppose I'd have to have a house with air conditioning. That's just the way of suburban life, so it seems. Which I suppose is fine since it would be nice to have a cool house to go into after I'd mowed the lawn for the 15th time that day, and weeded the gardens, and hosed off the blacktop driveway. I would surely get a good night's sleep in my air conditioned house after all the day's activity in my other life in the suburbs. There would be no sleeping with the windows open in my other life in the suburbs, not with that air conditioner running. And I sure wouldn't feel those cool evening breezes that send me scurrying for a sweatshirt to put on. And I wouldn't wake up in the middle of the night and hear a mockingbird off in the distance running through its repertoire. And I wouldn't be awakened at dawn as the sparrows come out from their roost. And I wouldn't hear a robin complaining about a cat crossing the yard too close to her nest for comfort.

My other life in the suburbs would be a sharp contrast to my present life in the country. Of this I have no doubt. Suburban life offers some enviable conveniences. But if you're among those who have ever spent very much time down on the farm, you might have to think twice before giving it up for another life in the suburbs. —

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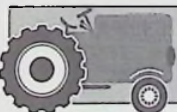
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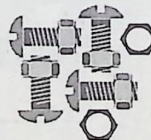
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Time to renew?
See page 2



Notes from the road

Augusta Country staff writer Nancy Sorrells continues her report of her recent journey across the Pacific. This month she provides us with her impressions of Hawaii's island paradise.

Paradise and wasteland set side by side in Hawaii

By NANCY SORRELLS

HAWAII—To most Virginians, Hawaii is like the moon and the stars, close enough to see and dream about, but not a part of our normal workaday lives.

I decided to check out this tantalizing dream vacation destination on my way home from Japan after a 5-week Rotary Group Study Exchange (hey, I was on that side of the world anyway, so I just decided to drop by while in the neighborhood). As an added bonus, I even invited my husband along as a reward for his 40th birthday and for being a good house husband for 5 weeks.

So we spent nine days in Hawaii, had a great time and came home *paradise*. What is Hawaii? Tropical paradise or desolate wasteland? Pristine beaches or commercialism run amuck?

The state, which is actually a string of six accessible islands smack dab in the middle of nowhere, or the Pacific Ocean to be more precise, is a land of contrasts. Every day had sunshine and rain; every island had rain forests and arid landscape. Where else could you be snorkeling in a blue lagoon and hear roosters crowing every time you came up for air?

Hawaii is such a wonderful blend of people. The Polynesians who first settled the islands 1,500

or so years ago, Filipino, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese, who were lured in as laborers on the sugar plantations, and the Europeans and Americans who settled here have melded to become hosts to the throngs of tourists that converge on the island year-round. These easy-going Hawaiians have woven such sayings as Aloha (hello), Mahalo (thank-you), and "hang loose" into the tapestry of everyday life. And their friendliness appears to be genuine.

The islands have so much to offer that we quickly decided our visit was a scouting expedition in order to fine tune a "to visit" list for a return excursion in the future.

Our trip began on Oahu, certainly the most commercial of the islands with Waikiki Beach, Diamond Head and the capital city of Honolulu. Honolulu boasts a population of 380,000 people, more than the population of all the other islands combined! The city and the island have all the drawbacks of any large metropolitan area, but one dollar can still take you on a city bus ride all the way around the island. After being taught the ins and outs of the city bus system by an obliging driver, I coughed up my dollar and motored around the island on a four-hour tour. I went past pineapple and banana farms, rugged volcanic cliffs and beautiful beaches.

The next day, after my husband's arrival, we again used the city buses to visit Pearl Harbor and the memorial to those Americans who lost their lives on Dec. 7, 1941 when the Japanese attacked the naval base in this U.S. territory. The memorial site, which is run jointly by the National Park Service and the Navy, was a must-see on



Seen from the air, these twin Hawaiian waterfalls might look familiar to fans of the ABC television series, *Fantasy Island*. The waterfalls were used to open each episode

of the popular drama featuring the mysterious "Mr. Roark," and his man Friday, "Tatoo." ("Boss, de plane, de plane!!")

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

our list. I was, however, totally unprepared for the emotional impact of the visit, especially when the introduction to the visitor center movie was given by a Pearl Harbor survivor. He told us that among the 2,400 people who perished that day were 22 sets of brothers and a father and his son.

At the conclusion of the movie, visitors were taken by boat to the sparkling white monument which sits in the middle of the harbor

astride the sunken USS Arizona. The crystal-clear beauty of the harbor with its lush green vegetation and turquoise waters makes a marked contrast with the jarring

movie images we had just seen. That hellish day 57 years ago must have seemed like Armageddon to those in the harbor. It was a day

See HAWAII, page 13



Descendants of jungle fowl brought by the Polynesians to Hawaii, these birds run rampant on the islands.

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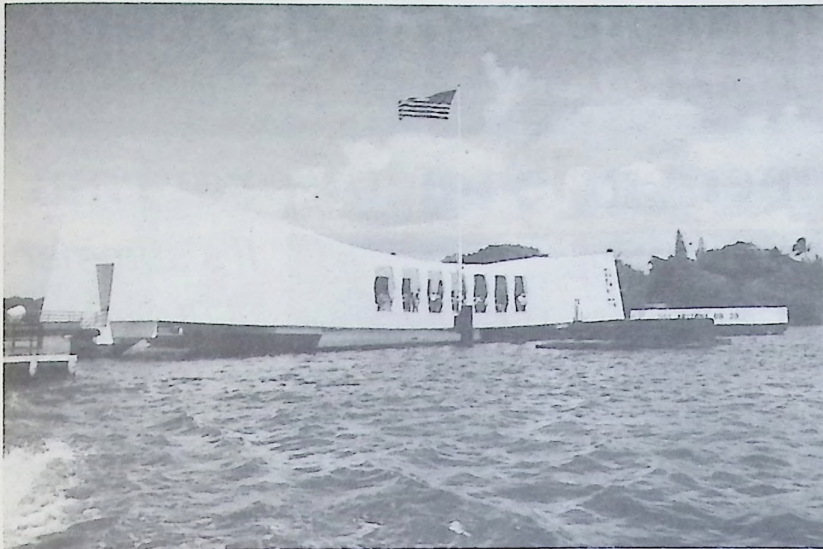
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The Pearl Harbor Memorial is a 184-foot monument that serves as a headstone to the tomb below where more than 1,100 servicemen remain sealed in the wreck of

the USS Arizona. Among the 2,400 lost during the attack by the Japanese were 22 sets of brothers and a father and his son.

•Hawaii

Continued from page 12

filled with fire and smoke, jagged metal, blood, and the screams of bombs and men. Today the million and a half visitors from all over the world who visit the memorial are abnormally quiet in honor and memory of the past and in silent prayer for a future of peace.

All day every day, the boats pull up with their loads of solemn reflective visitors who disembark. Slowly the crowds walk onto the 184-foot monument that serves as a headstone to the tomb below where more than 1,100 servicemen remain sealed in the wreck. Parts of the rusted hulk still jut out of the water or can be seen as wavy, ghostly images just below the surface. About every 15 minutes a

spot of oil rises to the ocean surface and spreads like a rainbow across the lapping water. Every day a gallon or two of oil escapes from the watery crypt and estimates are that 40,000 gallons are left to slowly rise to the surface.

Our return from Pearl Harbor signaled our departure from Oahu as we took the first of our four island hops. Hawaiians and visitors alike use the inter-island jet service about like we in Augusta County use our cars to zip into Staunton or Waynesboro. Many of the flights take about the same amount of time as a quick Augusta County trip. In 20 minutes one can be on another island and off to another adventure.

Our next adventure was the island of Kauai, just a little bit smaller than Oahu (594 square miles com-

pared to 549) but with only a smidgen of the population (840,000 to 54,000). If Hawaii is a state of contrasts, then this "Garden Island" is a microcosm of the same. Kauai is the oldest island in the Hawaiian chain. Here high up in the extinct volcanic crater of Mt. Waialeale is the wettest spot on earth. Our helicopter ride into this crater was through rain and rainbows both of which are to be expected from a place that gets more than 450 inches of rain per year!

By contrast, a few miles away on the western beaches of Mana (which means arid) Shore, the sun shines every day and annual rainfall rarely surpasses 19 inches! Inland just a bit, one finds Waimea Canyon, dubbed by an awestruck Mark Twain as the Grand Canyon of the Pacific. This 3,400-foot gorge dazzles the eyes with cliffs of red, orange, and pink volcanic rock. It serves as a reminder that, while Kauai is the oldest of the Hawaiian islands, it is also eroding away at one of the fastest rates on earth.



Water crashes over a cliff in a rainforest on the Big Island of Hawaii.

The iron-laden red dirt which is omnipresent on the drier parts of the island has spawned a cottage industry called "Red Dirt Shirts." Rusty colored T-shirts, dyed with the native dirt, are hawked in every store and at every street corner. We bought two Red Dirt Shirts as souvenirs.

For us, Kauai is a definite "return" destination. Although we

packed it in: snorkeling, sea kayaking, helicopter tour, bird refuge, rain forest, and a visit to Hanalei (as in Puff the Magic Dragon) we left an equal amount undone in preparation for the next visit. After sea kayaking on our final morning there, we hopped a jet to our next destination which was Hawaii, the Big Island. We had awakened on one tropical island and by mid-afternoon we were tooling around on another.

Talk about contrasts! Kauai is the oldest of the Hawaiian Islands, while the island of Hawaii is the youngest. It is so young that it is still forming. Here on the Big Island, Kilauea and Mauna Loa — two of the most active volcanoes on earth — add more land to the island every day. And only in Hawaii could you call a toll free number and get a volcano eruption update!

The landscape we saw upon arrival was jarring: acres and acres of buckled black lava rock. It looked as if someone had poured fields of asphalt and then decided to break it into chunks and bulldoze the

See VOLCANO, page 19

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Schoolhouse News

Students 'dig' summer enrichment program

By SUE SIMMONS

ARBOR HILL — The day was hot and muggy. Fifteen students sat among seven walnut trees shoveling dirt into buckets, brushing dirt from rocks and bricks, and occasionally running to the creek to wash off some buried treasure. Can you dig it?

That's not a question. That's the name of the two-week long archeology program offered through Augusta County Schools' Summer Enrichment.

Led by Lee High biology teacher and archeologist Cindy Schroer and Fort Defiance teachers Mike Leonard and Bob Zimmerman, the group excavated a site at the Argenbright-Craig homestead, one of the oldest houses in the Middlebrook-Brownsburg corridor.

Besides a lovely vernacular farm house and barn, the site holds remnants of a small foundation about

50 yards downhill from the house.

"No one knows exactly what the structure was," Mrs. Schroer explained. "Although there is some idea that it was a slave quarters."

One way to prove or disprove that theory is to excavate.

"The first day we gridded the site and cleared the surface," Mrs. Schroer said, explaining the very tedious process of archeology.

On day two the students dug to level one, which Mrs. Schroer arbitrarily set at eight inches below the surface. "I think that given the kids' inexperience and the irregular level of the site, the normal two inches is too much for them to handle."

Handle it or not, shards of pottery and pieces of metal began to show up as students painstakingly dug, sifted buckets full of dirt, bagged and catalogued their treasures.

"My goal is to expose the foundation. We will have to return next



Jodie Greene, left, of Fort Defiance High School, and Micah Smith of Eastern Mennonite High School, sift through dirt looking for artifacts at an archeological dig site as part of the Augusta County School System's Summer Enrichment Program.

Photos by Sue Simmons

year to finish," the teacher said.

"This is the fifth year for this program," Leonard commented. The trio of teachers has led excavations at the Dold-White House in Fishersville, the Plumb House in Waynesboro (where they worked for two consecutive summers) and the Bergman Farm near New Hope.

They have done both pre-historic digs and historic archeology such as the current project.

Mrs. Schroer noted that her love of archeology began in the 10th

grade when she participated in a dig at Fort Belvoir in Northern Virginia. "I spent all day digging bricks. I was hooked," she said.

From the looks of things, so are the kids in this group. The heat, the bugs, and the dirt didn't faze them.

"They won't let us go home unless our knees are dirty," said Sarah Murphy of Fort Defiance High School.

"It is tedious but it's educational," Elizabeth Richardson of Stuart Hall said.

Perhaps Jody Greene of Fort Defiance summed up the experience best by saying, "Except for 30 or 40 trillion ants, I like it." —

If there is a site on your property that you would like excavated, you should contact Cindy Schroer at Robert E. Lee High School or Mike Leonard at Fort Defiance High School, 245-5050.

It's summer school... with a twist

By SUE SIMMONS

FISHERSVILLE — Cruise through the halls of the Governor's School located at Valley Tech during July and you'll see chocolate chips excavated from cookies, Leggo's hooked up to computers, and pig specimens awaiting the dissecting knife.

No, this is not the laboratory of some mad scientist.

This is the Augusta County Schools' Summer Enrichment Program.

Offered for two weeks in July and open to all kids elementary through high school, the program is now in its seventh year.

"This is a chance for teachers to do the neat things they'd like to do but can't because of space and time," says Harvey Almarode, the program's director.

The programs' teacher-student ratio is 10:1. The curriculum is not mandated by the SOLs. The program is open to any motivated student. About 150 students participate each year, signing up for one program within the programs they want to pursue.

For more information about next year's program contact Almarode at the Augusta County School Central Office in Fishersville at 245-5100. —



Sisters Mary Catherine and Elizabeth Richardson, both Stuart Hall students, uncover the foundation of a building being researched through an archeological dig with Augusta County's Summer Enrichment Program.

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Augusta FFA members win state honors

BLACKSBURG — FFA members from Augusta County's high and middle schools attended the State FFA Convention held in June at Virginia Tech. State judging contests were held with various teams from local schools participating. State degrees and proficiency awards also were presented to FFA members. Augusta County FFA members receiving awards included the following:

Justin Shomo of the Riverheads FFA placed first in the state tractor operator contest. Jack Hinton, also of Riverheads, placed first in the state dairy showmanship contest. James Coffey of Riverheads placed second in the dairy showmanship contest.

Placing fourth in the contest was Carrie Brown, also of Riverheads.

Individuals receiving state degrees included Megan McIlwee, Carrie Heizer, Shomo, and Colby Irvine, all of Riverheads; Bo Sipe, Josh Burtner, Troy Lawson, Billy Brown, Whit Sours, and Clint Lyle, all of Buffalo Gap; Kenny Hoysradt, Brianna Flowers, and Timothy Curry, all of Stuarts Draft High School; and Andrew Wymer, Greg Holsinger, Jeremy Bruker, and Rick Harvey, all of Wilson Memorial High School.

State proficiency awards were presented as follows: Lawson, diversified livestock production; Dixie Stoutamyer, poultry pro-

duction; Doug Britt, horse production; and Catherine Knight, specialty animal production; all of Buffalo Gap High School. Cam Michael, ag sales and service; J.T. Begoon, beef entrepreneurship; Wes Marshall, diversified crop; Harold Morris, diversified livestock; David Wenger, forage production; and Wes Breeden, wildlife management; all of Fort Defiance High School.

The livestock judging team from Riverheads, consisting of Amanda Hemp, Heizer, Jared Hemp, and Neal Buchanan placed third in the state contest. Competing in dairy judging for Riverheads were Clay Fravel, Irvine, Fred Shuey, and

Bryan Shomo.

In the junior agriculture mechanic contest, the Riverheads team of Justin Fravel, Jason McIlwee, and Aaron Root placed third.

Megan McIlwee of Riverheads competed in the state talent contest. The Riverheads chapter received a superior chapter rating, was honored for 100 percent membership and received a bronze award for public relations.

Other members participating in state contests included Laura Shoemaker, Rachel Swartzel, and Kristen Staton, quiz bowl; Michelle Wiseman, Tanya Fitzgerald, and Heather Hewitt, small companion animal; and Justin Redifer, Wayne Harvey, and Joey Miller, mechanics and technology; all of Stuarts Draft Middle School. Members from Stuarts

Draft High School competing included Daniel Coffey, Jonathan Smith, Scott Woods, and Corey Abshire, livestock judging; Hoysradt, Brandi Broppe, Nicole Hoard, and Josh Hatter, dairy judging; Nikki Smith, Laura Burns, Flowers, and Christina Hartless, horse judging; Rodney Nice, Mindy Roth, Erika Brooks, and Emily Liptrap, ag sales; Brooks, Hoard, and Nice, talent; and Stephen Lawrence, ag mechanics.

Wilson Memorial participants included Holsinger, Adam Ellinger, Mandy Botkin, and Tiffany Ferguson, dairy judging; Ben True, Justin Pitts, Greg Harris, and Jeremy Glass, ag sales; Hunter Biggs, Eric Painter, and Nathan Yingling, junior mechanics; and Joey Lambert and Danny Sheets, dairy showmanship.

•Music

Continued from page 9

Scientific studies conducted by Frances Rauscher of the University of California indicate that early music training shapes a young child's brain so that increased understanding of high-levels of math, science and spatial reasoning are exhibited. Some studies even suggest that students with a musical background achieve higher scores than their non-musical peers on the College Scholastic Aptitude Test.

"One study showed that many ar-

reas of a child's brain is stimulated when playing the piano. Even singing involves many mental processes," Masinup commented.

The Kindermusik program reinforces the concept that early exposure to music makes children better learners in later life. Masinup said that she loves working with children and encouraging their creativity and musical ability. Her personal philosophy is that "Kindermusik isn't just for the exceptionally gifted, but that every child can be musical."

There are three licensed Kindermusik teachers serving the area. Masinup teaches day classes at the Ballet Box in Staunton and can be reached at 540/337-8108. Paige Edwards offers day and evening classes at First Baptist Church in Waynesboro, 540/949-7470. Betty Hickox teaches evening classes in Staunton and on Saturdays at Washington and Lee University in Lexington. Ms. Hickox can be reached at 540/337-3565 or 540/463-8861. Fall classes begin Sept. 14.

•Pen pals

Continued from page 2

prize when Glenace phoned this spring and said she was vacationing and traveling through Virginia and would love to visit with Bev. The teachers met at a Staunton restaurant and although they had never exchanged photos they both immediately recognized the other.

Their conversation took off as if they had never lost touch and with so much to catch up on, Glenace stayed overnight at Bev's home in Staunton. Glenace com-

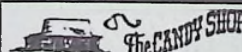
mented about her relationship with Bev. "When I would read Bev's letters, I felt like she was actually talking to me." Smiling Bev added, "Reading Glenace's letter always gave me a warm feeling. By the way she wrote her letters she showed that she wasn't just a teacher doing a class assignment. She allowed me to get to know her. She is a lot like me."

With or without the *Weekly Reader* program, this pen pal pair will continue to write one another for sure and perhaps, one day, visit again.

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The Hitching Post

Lipizzans amaze with performance of agility, power

By CHRIS MARRS

The Lipizzan Stallions perform an art of riding that is preserved today through the efforts of Col. Ottomar Herrmann and his family. It is an effort that dates back to World War II when this historic breed was rescued from the Russians through the help of Gen. George Patton and the Third Army. Today these horses help preserve and bring to life a style of riding that is a rare and important part of history.

The "Airs above the Ground" and other military drill maneuvers are presented in a unique format by Col. Herrmann. Many of the presentations allow the public to see and appreciate the value of the horse in history. The Royal Lipizzan Stallions of Austria are among the oldest breeds of horses in the world. Only a few hundred have ever existed at any one time. Named Lipizzans after the town of their origin, they became the greatest war horses in the world dating back to the 16th century.

Col. Herrmann is a sixth-generation steward of this remarkable breed and is recognized as the leading trainer of the difficult "Airs above the Ground." The "Airs above the Ground" are the Haute Ecole (high school) of classical equitation. Excluded from the Olympic Games because of the difficulty of the movements, the celebrated "Airs" are today performed only by stallions of great strength, courage, and intelligence. Training of the Capriole or Courbette may take seven to 10 years of training before the horse is considered able to safely and correctly present

these dramatic leaps and plunges before an audience.

Here is an introduction to some of these fascinating military classical equitation movements.

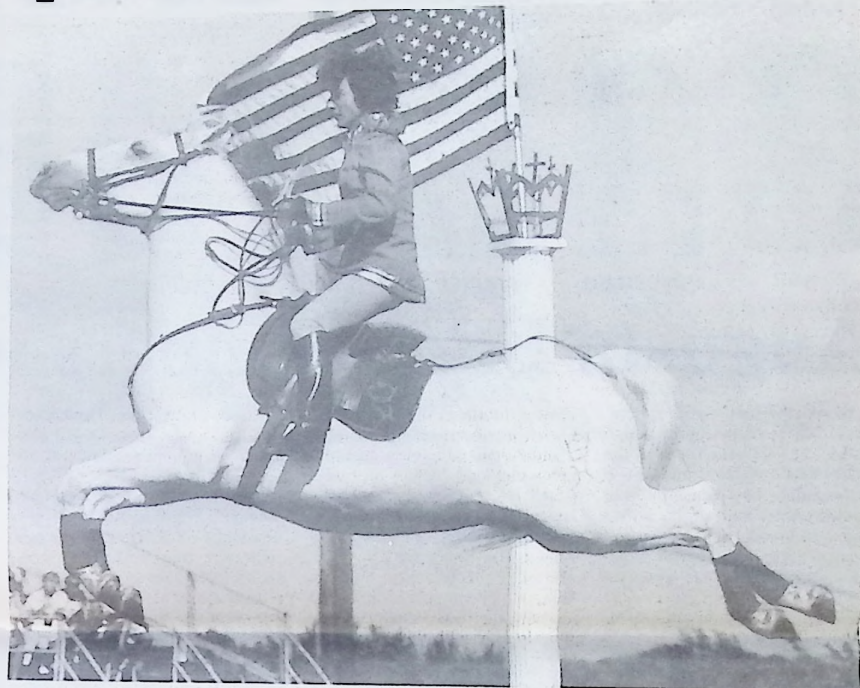
The Ballotade — This dramatic movement calls upon the stallion to rise with immediacy to his hind legs and strike out repeatedly with his forelegs. Originally a war maneuver, the ballotade was used to protect elite riders from the onslaught of enemy foot soldiers. The courage of the stallion was its rider's last and most important defense.

The Levade Mounted — This majestic pose requires extraordinary concentration and balance of the stallion. Correctly presented, the stallion must drop on his haunches and, in absolute stillness, maintain an extreme 45 degree angle for 10 to 15 seconds. Another war maneuver, the levade was used to literally lift knights and generals above the sight level of their foot soldiers.

The Courbette — In this difficult movement the stallion must rear on its hind legs and perform a powerful jumping motion — often striking fear into the hearts of its attackers.

The Capriole Mounted — This movement was a valuable protection for the stallion's trusted knight or general. The stallion must jump up and off the ground and violently strike out with its hind legs at the height of a man's head. This movement is remarkable in the strength, grace, and power exhibited by the Lipizzan Stallion.

The Military Quadrille — It is See STALLIONS, page 18



One of Col. Ottomar Herrmann's Lipizzan stallions leaps into the air while performing a Capriole Mounted. Col. Herrmann travels

throughout the eastern states with his troupe of expertly trained horses and equestrians. Photo courtesy Herrmann Stallions

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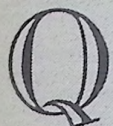
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Trainers use round pens as tools to lay groundwork



Q: I'm interested in round pen training. Can you tell me more about it? How does it work?

C.J.

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Let me explain the basics — communication, trust, discipline, and a working relationship.

The idea of the round pen is that there are no corners in which a horse can get "stuck." This means the horse has more freedom of movement. The horse moves away from the pressure of the presence of the trainer. If the trainer is very good, he or she will use his or her presence to teach the horse to respond to the trainer's will.

In the wild, horses are under the control of a dominant stallion or mare. This instinct to be subject to a "leader" is the idea of the establishment of control in a round pen. The question between the horse and trainer in the beginning is "Who will it be?"

A trainer should be good at understanding the psychology of a horse. He or she uses presence and discipline (i.e. crop, rope, etc.) to herd the horse and then steps back to allow the horse to "think things through." This begins the development of a communication process that answers a BIG question. "Who's the Boss?" Some horses like being the boss and work in the round pen can set things straight with the trainer.

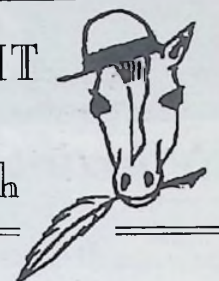
If the horse is disciplined without being allowed to experience too much fear, a certain amount of trust is built up. Discipline without building up trust is ineffective. It is not training. Trust means that the horse will rely on the trainer for ALL decisions, which in turn means the trainer accepts full responsibility for the horse's SAFETY. The trainer assumes the role of "stallion" in accepting this responsibility. Discipline is easy with this trust. The

horse accepts discipline as part of its safety. Many behavior problems with horses come from the failure of owner, trainers, and riders to fully appreciate their roles in the SAFETY of the horse. Injury can mean a loss of trust.

The work relationship is established when the trainer can handle, tack, and ride the horse under the previous three basics. Since part of communication is the use of pressure, then the application of the leg aid and rein aid must be taught and learned. Round pens focus on a great deal of ground work that seeks to teach these aids. A good trainer always prepares the horse for the next step and does not take the next step unless he or she is SURE the horse is ready to accept it. For example, they do not attempt to bridle a horse if the horse is still resisting the touching of the ears. The horse has to accept the handling around the head that is necessary for bridling BEFORE the trainer attempts to bridle.

Round pens allow close contact between trainer and horse. In the closeness, the horse is allowed to "back off" and come back to work, but essentially cannot really "go" anywhere. As long as the horse cannot get away, the trainer has

I.B. HOOFINIT From the Horse's Mouth



control, even if it is in a loose form. Many good trainers are stressing the fact that the round pen is not for "running" a horse. Think of the trainer as a responsible "stallion" or dominant "mare." They do not "run" the herd. The stallion might move it to greener pasture, keep discipline within it, control the movements and direction, and protect it from enemies.

If you are considering round pen training for your horse then I suggest you watch your trainer work with horses. Ask yourself these important questions. Does he or she have good communication skills with horses? Do the horses respond, or are they afraid of him

or her? Does he or she accomplish the training goals in a pattern that builds, or do they have a lot of "set-backs?" If you have doubts then it is best to look for another trainer.

If you decide you would like to try round pen training, you might attend clinics, read books, and try to gain more understanding of its unique training potential. As I said before, it is a "tool" and like any tool, learning how to use is properly is part of YOUR responsibility to the horse. —

I. B. Hoofinit's round pen advice is Round Pen Trainer Mike Armstrong of McDowell.

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.

Have horses, will travel

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

By I.B. HOOFINIT

I have never been a traveling type of horse, but last month I met some very well known travelers — Col. Ottomar Herrmann's Original Royal Lipizzan Stallions of Austria.

In an unusual career, Col. Herrmann travels five to six months a year bringing the Lipizzan Stallions in live demonstrations of classical riding to much of the east coast. Col. Herrmann works with the original Lipizzan Stallions which

were saved from near extinction through the patronage and protection of Gen. George Patton during World War II. The history of these beautiful horses and the story behind their escape from the Russians is told in Walt Disney's movie, "Miracle of the White Stallions."

Col. Herrmann's winter farm in Florida boasts 50 head of horses. During the winter months, the colonel and his staff prepare for summer presentations. At this time their farm is open to the public and visitors may come and see the horses. During the summer months, the colonel, his staff, and a few chosen stallions take to the road in a prearranged schedule that brings them to "shows." However, these shows are noncompetitive. The shows that the Lipizzan Stallions perform are live demonstrations of the art of classical riding preserved

through over 300 years of training.

Why the stallions?

"They have a good heart and kindness," Herrmann says. "Stallions have the natural instinct for fighting. Officers always rode stallions."

Which brings me to a very important point. Before the invention of gun powder, horses (my ancestors) were often used for war. If the mare came into season, it would lose some desire to go into battle. Col. Herrmann admits that the stallions would work any time.

"We teach them to be gentlemen," he said.

Lipizzans are noted for their ability to perform classical riding maneuvers which once were used to aid officers during battle.

Presentations by Col. Herrmann's stallions are scheduled through the help of sponsors which often are non-profit organi-

zations hoping to benefit from program sales. Sponsors are responsible for providing a proper place for the show, advertising the event, and selling tickets. In return, the sponsor receives a commission on ticket sales. One of the colonel's favorite sponsors is the Humane Society for animals. Although the colonel's show represents the beautiful Lipizzan Stallions, the colonel professes a love for ALL horses, regardless of breed.

"I have a deep heart of pride for my horses, but I love all horses," he said.

The colonel must prepare the horses, the staff of riders, sound technicians, his own program as narrator, and the details surrounding any presentation. Is the training any different from competitive training?

"Not really," the colonel says. "I train them for what I ask, what he does by himself — 'nature's way.' Most people think that horses have three gaits. Nature has a more 'extended' trot. The piaffe and passage are all natural gaits. The stallion goes to a mare and 'shows' himself naturally."

The colonel also takes very good care of his retired stallions.

"The horses get the same treat-

ment and proper food in retirement. I like to change my horses' food (diet) every six weeks so they do not get bored with it," Col. Herrmann explained. "My retired horses I don't sell. They work for me, and then I work for them. I retire them on the ranch."

Is there special care for horses on the road? Col. Herrmann says, "No." He buys grain at each place he stops and uses normal feed and timothy hay. ("No alfalfa. Too rich," says Col. Herrmann.) In two large vans pulled by semi tractors, the Lipizzan Stallions travel from show to show. Each new place requires the colonel to set up tents, in which he stables the horses, the riding ring for the show, and all the props for his presentation.

Although this is an unusual career in horsemanship, I thought that anyone who had a talent for show business might consider this a career option. In the case of Col. Herrmann, he brings the history of the horse and the art of classical riding to the public in an unusual way. If you do not have the horses, perhaps you could consider calling the colonel himself and arranging a sponsorship that would bring the show to your town. —

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Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin

July 1998



Dear Maude,

When I got your last letter, it really made me homesick. I was excited to hear that the gardens were doing so well. It means a lot more work for you with all the canning. I know, but I cannot wait to get home and taste some real food!

We are all ready for the August Congressional recess and a chance to get out of the city occasionally. Everyone always complains about the weather here, and this past month has been no different even though it has not been nearly as unbearable a summer as we have most of the time. But all it takes are a few Red Alert days and we forget all those nice pleasant ones that went before.

I often wonder what people visiting the area think about when they first hear of a Red Alert on the morning news. Are the Communists back in power? Is there some strange disease in the air? The announcement is often followed by a list of various bus lines which are offering free rides for the day. Does that mean that everyone is, or should be, fleeing the city? It must be terribly confusing, especially in light of the recent tragic shooting at the Capitol. The words make one think there is some menace to everyone. (Well, yes, of course there is, but not what most of the bewildered tourists might think of first.) All it really means is that the air is very unhealthy indeed and one should stay as far away from the city as possible. (I'm not sure the weather has anything to do with that condition either!) But how is one unfamiliar with the area to know the newscasters are only talking of the weather?

That awful Dylan should have felt something like a Red Alert the other day when I saw him on the hill with that blonde, Sandy. The boss sent me up there to deliver some letters expressing his opinion on something that greatly interests his checkbook. While there, I ran into Sara and

since it was lunchtime, we went down to the Senate cafeteria to grab a sandwich. There was that scoundrel Dylan with that woman — again. He obviously had not expected me to show up. Sara finally said to me, "Oh yes, I did see them together a couple of nights ago at a fund-raiser."

Well that takes care of that. I certainly have had enough, and now I can go to the annual Summertime Bash (a party put on jointly by the young Democrats and Republicans) and see if I can meet someone new. Of course, I also need to find something new to wear to the party, and that should lift my spirits, especially with all of the sales going on!

It has been such a busy month for those of us who work for the area lobbyists. I know, when you read what legislators have done, it doesn't sound like much, but that is because we have had to be so busy ourselves keeping them from doing things we don't like! There are telephone calls all day, trying to find out where one member or another stands on an issue, and just as important, where other lobbyists stand. If one of the major powers in a lobbying firm is for something you are against, you had better get really busy, and try to find others to join you in your plea to those who will be voting. It can take quite a few of the smaller lobbying firms to out-spend and out-influence one of the big boys. It makes one stop and wonder just who is in control of our Nation's capitol.

On legislation that is controversial, like the tobacco legislation was, the most powerful lobbyists often win the day. It cannot be easy for an elected official to ignore the requests of someone who has invited him on a wonderful golf trip, or attended every fundraiser, coming up with many dollars for the next election. Regardless of how the legislator may feel about an issue, he has to listen to the feelings of those who have done so much to help pay for his being in office. The job is not easy, for two or three of his really good friends and supporters will come in to his office to meet with him and to be sure that the congressman knows the importance of voting for an issue, and another two or three will be coming in to express their views on how

harmful such a law will be. How can one decide which friends to help? This becomes an especially tricky issue when a piece of legislation has no real strong support, or effect on, the local towns in a particular congressional district. If there are no hometown voters pushing for or against, then the strongest of the lobbyists is likely to win.

That brings us back to that question of who does have the largest amount of power here? Who really controls what laws get passed, or in most cases lately, what does not get passed? Just before an election, it is quite easy to talk someone into listening to why a measure should be left alone when one is standing with a large check in one hand.

What the members should remember, however, is that regardless of all the money provided, it is really the voters at home who put them in office. As voters, we are listened to, but not unless we make a lot of noise. There will be one person in most offices whose job is to keep up with constituents' views. Letters for or against most legislation are tallied and reports made to the congressman or senator. But more often now, polls are also used, and unless we happen to be part of the poll, our views are not heard. I do not think most people realize how important it is to let their member of congress know how they feel. The lobbyists do not hesitate to do so, and they (or rather half of them) get their way.

It will be so good not to have all those lawmakers around town creating all that work for those of us both downtown and on the Hill, but then without them, the news reporters have to do something. And what — or rather, who — do we have left? Monica. Goodness, I think it is time that all of us Washington workers left town too, so we would not have to listen to it so much. You get enough of it in the local newspaper at home, can you imagine what it is like to have sift through pages of related stuff stirred up by Mr. Starr every day! Oh, I do indeed need a vacation, and will be home for some good tomatoes not long after you get this letter!

Tell everyone I send my love,
LuLu

• Stallions

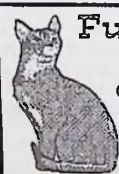
Continued from page 16

remarkable to see two stallions working together in harmony. In the military quadrille, four to eight stallions and riders work together to present the precise movements of ancient military drills once used as preambles to battles.

These are some of the presentations exhibited by The Original Herrmann's Royal Lipizzan Stallions of Austria and Spanish-American Riding Academy under the direction of Col. Herrmann.

If you should have the opportunity to enjoy a presentation of the Lipizzan Stallions, you will find some of the most aristocratic horses left in the world today, a presentation of some of the most difficult riding maneuvers ever seen, and a piece of history that recognizes the horse's value as both battle partner and companion. —

Chris Marrs vacationed recently in Massachusetts and had the opportunity to meet with Col. Herrmann and see his famous Lipizzan stallions in action.



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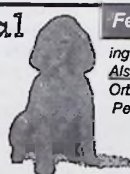
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Plan now for crisp salads and broccoli this autumn

Nothing much happened in Middlebrook this week, except the Snapple Iced Tea man came by. Whew! What relief. If the sliding door on the fridge down at the General Store had been just a little bit bigger, I think I would have stepped inside to lounge a bit. Maybe I should have brought along a copy of *Ice!* the story of sailor Tristan Jones' survival episode while trapped above the Arctic Circle for an entire winter. Then I would have asked the store clerk to tap on the door of the massive fridge five minutes or so before closing time. The recent scorching weather causes me to yearn for the shorter, less humid, cooler days of autumn. I long for the days when we can step out the back door en route to the garden and, suddenly, turn around and head back inside to put on a sweatshirt! Oh fall... Where are you! Planning the autumn garden should be done right away of course.

Our favorite two vegetables for the fall

garden are lettuce and broccoli.

1) Lettuce — If you've got a shady area in your garden, this is the place to plant a fall crop of lettuce. Lettuce requires a rich, fertile soil and tolerates partial shade well. We have learned that clay soil just won't do when it comes to growing your own salad greens. Most varieties require a lot of nitrogen to produce those lush, green leaves of crunchiness. One neat trick that we use is to freeze the lettuce seed for a few days, thaw, and then plant. This technique can improve germination by up to 50 percent.

Tips for fall lettuce include: a) direct sow every week between Aug. 3 and Aug. 24, placing seeds about 1/4 inch deep, b) when the plants emerge and develop four leaves, thin to one palm width apart (four inches or so), and c) apply a manure tea or fish emulsion weekly until mature. Following these guidelines, you should have an abundance

of crisp salad greens for autumn harvest. My favorite varieties for fall are romaine and butterhead.

2) Broccoli — According to the Virginia Cooperative Extension, broccoli transplants for the fall crop should be in the ground by the first of July. Jeff McCormack, however, owner and founder of Southern Exposure Seed Exchange in Albemarle County, notes that broccoli transplants may be set in our region until the last week of August. I tend to agree more with Dr. McCormack, and won't be planting broccoli transplants until a week before school starts. Broccoli must have plenty of moisture the first few weeks of its life in the garden. It is very sensitive to hot weather, and as of this writing, the last few weeks have provided plenty of that.

My recipe for a successful fall crop of broccoli includes: a) set your transplants in



The Garden Path

By
Jeff Ishee

the garden the third week of August, and water daily for the first week, b) fertilize during early September with either standard 10-10-10 (synthetic) or with a water soluble fish/seaweed emulsion (organic), c) in mid September, mulch around each plant with at least five inches of grass clippings, and d) apply a foliar feed weekly during October. From mid-October until the first hard freeze, you should be swamped with firm, tasty, nutritious broccoli. Fall crops of broccoli have virtually no pest problems. Be sure to freeze a lot for those holiday meals ahead. Our favorite varieties are Premium Crop and Waltham 29. —

•Volcano

Continued from page 13

black sheets into uneven piles. Nothing — I repeat, nothing — was growing on that jagged rock as far as the eyes could see. The only break in the scenery was the local "graffiti" created by taking white rocks and writing out messages with stones. "Aloha," "Tina loves Mark," and "Class of '98," are just a sampling of the rock art that breaks the monotony of the landscape.

After the airport shuttle bus driver told us that Hawaii was ex-

periencing a drought and had gone five months without rain, we decided to upgrade our rental car and get a convertible. Two hours later the skies opened up!

We spent one day on Hawaii exploring Hawaii Volcanoes National Park. We saw no beautiful scenery amongst the spouting sulfur pits, steam vents and giant rifts in the earth's crust found along the crater rim road that circles Kilauea caldera, but we learned a lot about geology and the formation of islands. Our afternoon walk with the ranger left us with a new respect

for the fragility of the ecosystems on all of the Hawaiian islands.

Our motorized exploration of the island continued past the coughing sputtering volcanic upheavals to an area that has been relatively untouched by the most recent volcanic eruptions. Here we found a 420-foot waterfall which crashed into a lush rainforest. Again within a few miles, the island provided us with all the contrasts we needed, because as desolate and barren as the lava-covered part of the island was, the other portion made up for it with impenetrable lush green rainforests. And then, as we rounded the tip of the island, it was if another curtain had been drawn and the rainforest turned into a sweeping vista of sagebrush and cactus!

It was in Hawaii that we were also able to experience a luau, a traditional Hawaiian celebratory feast. Included in the lavish feast was a pig baked in an earthen oven and poi, a thick paste made from the pounded root of taro. The pig was delicious — the meat melted from the bone — and poi was, well, we can say we've tried it.

We even managed to squeeze some more snorkeling in on the Big Island and were delighted to see beautiful coral formations and two sea turtles, an endangered marine species that is beginning to make a successful comeback.

Our final island hop before the

return from

Oahu was a single day in Maui. We decided to spend the day driving the notorious and beautiful Road to Hana. This narrow, 50-mile road built in 1927, is the only ingress and egress from Kahului, along the coast, to the tiny village of Hana and then on a few more miles to the end of the paved road. By unofficial count there are 617 curves, most of them hairpin, and 56 bridges. Although the road has been widened, everyone but the expert local driver has to proceed with extreme caution. To make matters worse, or better, the road winds through beautiful scenery, cliffs down to the ocean on one side and encroaching rain forests on the other. There are waterfalls and black sand beaches to enjoy along the way.

The Road to Hana (and back)



Water streams down the face of an extinct volcano. This location on the Hawaiian Islands is the wettest spot on earth receiving 450 inches of rain per year -- that averages out to 1 1/4 inches per day.

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marked the end of our Hawaiian adventure. Early the next morning we took one final island hop back to Oahu and then boarded the big jet bound for Virginia. We knew then that we had only scratched the surface of what is Hawaii. It is a certainly a land of contrasts — everything, and nothing, like we had expected! —

Zorro makes its mark at box office

For baby boomers, the opening scene of *The Mask of Zorro*, now playing at the Bijou, is evocative. Who can forget the brave, gallant masked man dressed in a black cape sitting astride his jet black steed as it rears up against the setting sun, when suddenly a large Z violently slashes the screen before our eyes?

Zorro was probably the first television show baby boomers didn't want to miss and *The Mask of Zorro* is a movie you won't want to miss either. It captures the nostalgia of the 1950s Walt Disney production with gusto and good humor befitting this 1990s incarnation.

The story opens with angry townspeople thronging into the plaza to protest the execution of three peasants. Don Rafael Montero — the evil, maniacal governor — coolly orders the execution to proceed when Zorro, Don Diego de la Vega (Anthony Hopkins) in disguise, shows up to save the day. The gesture proves to

be Zorro's final undoing, however, when Don Montero discovers the identity of the masked man. The villain destroys Don Diego's home, kills his wife, steals his only daughter Elena, and imprisons our hero.

Twenty years later, Zorro, still strong and cunning after years of imprisonment, manages a clever escape. Once free, he takes under his wing, Alejandro Murrieta, played by Antonio Banderas. Murrieta is a bandit who, as a child, helped save Zorro's life. The older man teaches the younger all he needs to know to assume the role of Zorro as the two plot their revenge against Don Montero and his henchmen.

Don Montero, in the meantime, has gone on to greater things. Having amassed a fortune in gold, he plots for an independent California where the landed and titled Dons can live grandly off the backs of their peasants. To complicate matters, Elena (Catherine Zeta-Jones) has

been raised as Montero's daughter.

Eventually romance blossoms between Alejandro and Elena when he infiltrates the Don Montero's inner circle. Things do not progress smoothly for the young Zorro, however. His efforts to become Zorro have their ups and downs and are complicated with his own desire to avenge his brother's death at the hands of Captain Harrison Love, Don Montero's right-hand man.

The movie's plot resonates with sword play, horsemanship, and romance. Director Martin Campbell has produced at one level a good, old-fashioned western, replete with good guys, bad guys, breathtaking sword fights, and horsemanship. The love story is great melodrama. A clever screenplay written by John Eskrow, Ted Elliott, and Terry Rossino does not insult the audience's intelligence. Although there are explosions and gunfights

and chases, the action is incidental to plot and respectful of its three-dimensional characters, rather than the film's reason for being.

And when was the last time you saw a good old fashioned chase scene on horseback? Not since God was a boy, I'll wager. Banderas' young Zorro just barely gets the knack of his equestrian abilities. The black Andalusian stallion which portrays the mystical Tornado provides ample comic relief from the action.

As the aging Zorro, Hopkins turns in an effortless performance, but then, he is one of the best. Banderas as Alejandro/young Zorro does a good job. He is both bumbling and charming — acrobat, magician, gentlemen and rogue all rolled into one. Banderas proves he has comic timing and passion, and he is oh-so-handsome. His love/hate scenes with Zeta-Jones' Elena are some of the movie's best. Zeta-Jones manages to bring some texture to what could have become a very predictable role. I am told by some male members of the family that she ain't hard to look at either.

Stuart Wilson does an equally fine job as Don Montero. He too

FLICK



FLAK

A movie review by

Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

manages to flesh out a stereotypical character. Wilson's character is an unmitigated bad guy but he breathes life into his character's love for his "daughter."

The Mask of Zorro is a fast-paced, stylish movie. I'm not quite sure what panache means, but I think this movie has it. If you are a boomer or boomette, or even a grandboomer, you'll enjoy this 90s rendition of a blast-from-the-past. It's just plain fun.

Hannah the Banana's Mom gives *The Mask of Zorro* three bananas. Rated PG for intense action and some violence. No language, no nudity. (Now there's a novel idea -- make a successful movie without relying on language and skin to sell it.) —

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.

Aug. 8, 1878 — The temperature at Denver, Colo., soared to an all-time record high of 105 degrees.

Aug. 15, 1988 — Thirty-five cities in 20 states in the north central and northeastern U.S. reported record high temperatures for the date, including Lamoni, Iowa and Baltimore, Md., where the mercury hit 105 degrees. Temperatures 100 de-

grees or above were reported in 22 states. Pierre, S.D., was the hot spot in the nation with a high of 114 degrees. Bluefield, W.Va., reported eight straight days of record heat.

Aug. 17, 1969 — Camille, the second worst hurricane in U.S. history, smashed into the Mississippi coast. Winds gusted to 172 mph at Main Pass Block, La., and to 190 mph near Bay Saint Louis, Miss. The hurricane claimed 256 lives, and caused \$1.3 billion damage. Several ocean going ships were

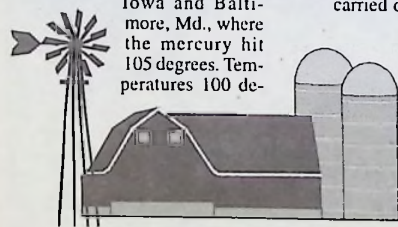
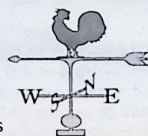
carried over seven miles inland by the hurricane. The hurricane produced winds to 200 mph, and a storm surge of 24.6 feet. Complete destruction occurred in some coastal areas near the eye of the hurricane.

Aug. 20,

1886 — The town of Indianola, Texas was completely destroyed by a hurricane, and never rebuilt. Sept. 1, 1894 — A forest fire driven by high winds burned down the town of Hinkley, Mont., killing 418 persons.

Sept. 2, 1935 — Perhaps the most intense hurricane ever to hit the U.S. struck the Florida Keys with 200 mph winds. The hurricane produced a 15-foot tide and waves 30 feet high. Four hundred persons perished in the storm on that Labor Day. The barometric pressure at Matecumbe Bay, Fla., hit a record low for the U.S. of 26.35 inches.

Sept. 28, 1836 — The first of three early season snows brought four inches of snow to Hamilton, N.Y., and two inches to Ashby, Mass. —



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

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