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Augusta Country

December 1998 Vol. 5, Issue 11

Bedlebrook, Va. 24459

CREATURE STALKS CITY!

EXCLUSIVE REPORT

Cookie Monster demands:

'ME WANT COOKIE!!!'



Church's cookie bazaar may prevent holiday mayhem

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A dad's smile
makes all the
difference

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Bike riders become
licensed drivers

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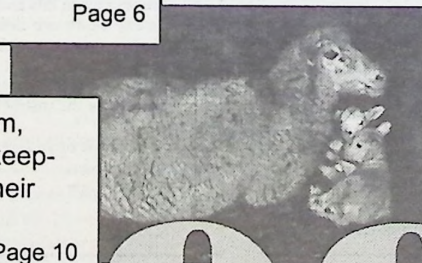
Craigsville adds
veterans' names to
its War Memorial

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Down on the farm,
shepherds are keep-
ing watch over their
flocks by night

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Looks like a good idea,
but does it work?
Clarence Robinson shows
us how.

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1998

Three area farmers applauded for conservation efforts

By NANCY SORRELLS

VERONA — Putting an exclamation point on conservation successes of the past year, three awards were conferred on area farmers at the Natural Resources Conservation Banquet hosted recently by the Headwaters Soil and Water Conservation District.

Marcus Cupp, John Moore and Jeff Slaven shared the Conservation Farmers of the Year Award. Moore's Mocomp Farm, which is located entirely within the city limits of Staunton, is a 500-acre cow/calf operation. Cupp's Falling Waters Farm is a Grade-A dairy located on 800 acres of land in the northern part of Augusta County. Slaven runs Maple Springs Farm not far from Cupp. This fifth-generation farm concentrates on steers and hay.

The Conservation Achievement Award went to contractor David Wright whose business, Outdoor Enterprises, has helped make many of the cost-share projects a reality in the district. "He is one contractor who does it not only because it's his income, but because it's the right thing to do," said Robert Whitescarver, United States Department of Agriculture's Team Leader.

The final award of the evening, the Forest Conservation Award, was presented by forester Mark Holberg to David Gardner, a veterinarian near Weyers Cave. Gardner worked with the Virginia Department



Conservation awards were presented recently to (from left) Marcus Cupp, David Gardner, John Moore, Jeff Slaven and David Wright.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

of Forestry to enhance his 43 acres of timber through such practices as selective culling and the removal of invasive exotic plants.

State Conservationist Denise Doetzer summed up the work that has taken place in the district during the past year as a "wonderful partnership." "This district led the way in the state for locally-led conservation," she noted.

David Brickley, director of the Virginia Department of Conservation and Recreation, delivered the evening's keynote address.

"Hi, I'm from the government and we're going to help you — we

really are!" Brickley said. The remark was not meant to be sarcastic. Although there may have been times in the past when such a statement by a government official prompted laughter, Brickley said, now is not that time. He told the audience of the current "window of opportunity" where voluntary partnerships between private landowners and government agencies are making conservation affordable.

"With the Water Quality Improvement Act there is \$57 million to improve the water quality across the state with an emphasis on the Chesapeake Bay watershed," he explained.

He cited several cost-share programs that make it financially feasible for farmers to install good conservation practices at low cost.

The goal of these partnerships is to win the war on nutrients (nitrates and phosphorous) in the water. "We have got to get that 40 percent reduction in pond nutrients. It is a war that we have got to win and that we are going to win. We want to be proactive and say we're doing the right thing and we're doing it voluntarily," he said. Brickley's statements were echoed by Whitescarver as he high-

lighted the Headwaters Soil and Water Conservation District's achievements during the year.

"We can tell profoundly when a partnership is happening in Richmond. This year everything fell into place AND we had the money. This year it has really happened," he said.

Among the success stories in 1998 were 23 new miles of stream-bank protection. "That's a lot of commitment from our farmers in one district," Whitescarver noted. The district is also the first to sign a memorandum of understanding to

See SUCCESS, page 5

EMERGENCY!!! Your help is needed.

Dear Editor:

Upon hearing about the suffering of people in Central America some of us think there is nothing we can do while others ask, "What can we do?"

Well, through the Presbyterian Disaster Assistance program and Church World Service there is something that you can do to help the people of Central America whose lives have been shattered by the destruction of Hurricane Mitch.

First, if you are a person of faith, you can pray. Pray daily for those whose suffering is beyond our comprehension.

Secondly, you can put your prayers into action by preparing health care and clean up kits and layettes for Church World Service to distribute to people in need. Members of Bethel Presbyterian Church will be collecting and sending these kits to Church World Service in the next two weeks. You are invited to participate in this simple form of compassion.

What follows is a description of the kits being collected by Church World Service to send to Honduras. Please prepare as many kits as you would like and bring them to Bethel Presbyterian Church. Place your kits in the church office for pick-up. A member of Bethel Church has volunteered to ship all the kits to Church World Service. 4,000 health kits have already been sent to Honduras, along with several thousand clean kits and layettes; many more are needed. What better way to celebrate Thanksgiving and Advent than with this an act of compassion? Please follow the instructions carefully.

Each Health Kit includes:

- one hand towel
- one washcloth
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- one bar of soap (bath size)
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When your gifts are completed, please bring them to Bethel Presbyterian Church, located on Va. 701 two miles west of Riverheads High School between the hours of 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. (Telephone: 886-6041) The church office will be closed Thanksgiving day and the day after Thanksgiving. You also may ship your gifts post paid to: **CHURCH WORLD SERVICE BRETHRENS SERVICE CENTER 500 MAIN STREET NEW WINDSOR, MD 21776-0188**

Thank you in advance for supporting this important relief effort for the people of Central America.

Sincerely,
Roy Howard
Bethel pastor

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Publisher & editor
Sales associate
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RHS News advisor
RHS News editor

Betty Jo Hamilton
Chris Marrs
Leslie Scheffel
Cherie Taylor
Julie Grimm

Staff writers

Vera Hailey
Betty Jo Hamilton
Roberta Hamlin
Jeff Ishee

Penny Plemmons
Deborah Sensabaugh
Sue Simmons
Nancy Sorrells

Contributing writers

Matthew Caldwell
Matthew Greenawalt

Carla McAlister
Becky McMannes

Call 540/885-0266 or 1-800-884-8248

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Email: augustacountry@juno.com

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Cookie Monster on collision course with Waynesboro

Residents flee to church for safety

By NANCY SORRELLS

WAYNESBORO — There's a hairy, blue, bug-eyed, gape-mouthed creature lurking around the Waynesboro Church of the Brethren. No need to worry, though, this furry fellow is no threat. In fact the Cookie Monster has only one thing on his mind as he rumbles out the words, "Me want cookie!"

Come Dec. 5 from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. the Cookie Monster will be able to munch to his hairy heart's desire during the fifth annual Cookie and Craft Bazaar at Waynesboro Church of the Brethren located at 364 Bridge Avenue.

There will be plenty of crafts, quilts, Christmas items, doll clothes, wooden items, poinsettias, and other baked goods for sale at the bazaar, but COOKIES have always been the trademark for this December fund-raiser.

"Everybody is greeted with a warm cookie when they walk in," explained Anita Heatwole, co-chair of the annual event. "People can buy baked cookies to take home and they can go to the café and get cookies fresh out of the oven and a hot drink," she said.

Recruited to drum up business this year has been the Cookie Monster who will make a special appear-

ance at the church on the Sunday before the bazaar during the Children's Story. "He will ask where the cookies are and will remind everyone to bake cookies for the sale," Mrs. Heatwole said. "The Cookie Monster will also come to the church the Sunday after the bazaar and report how many cookies were sold."

Indeed, cookies have become the day's trademark. Last year 500 dozen cookies were sold — that's 6,000 cookies for anyone who is counting! The whole bazaar netted \$4,000 last year. This year's profit is slated for the church fellowship hall bathroom fund, the

District Disaster Fund, and the 2002 National Youth Conference.

Although the "theme psalm" for the event is Psalm 34:8 ("Taste and see that the Lord is good."), cookies aren't all that will greet the customers. There will be homemade candies, ham sandwiches, pickles, jams and jellies for those who haven't filled up on cookies.

As for craft items, the 18-inch doll clothes (American Girl size), are a real draw as are the Christmas items, SERRV crafts, an angel tree featuring many kinds of angels for sale, fleece, denim and velveteen vests, stick horses, baskets, and children's cloth books. Unique this year are pillows made from T-shirts and baby clothes made by a 90-year-old church member. The ever-popular wool and denim braided rugs and chair mats and a large "Nora Sayre" wool braided rug will be sold at the craft table. Nora Sayre is the church's expert on making braided rugs.

Included in the day's events will be a silent auction where Lisa Geiman, Linda Patrick, and Pat Moss prints as well as a quilt will be sold.

"Making the craft items is a year-long effort. The craft group meets at the church twice a week," Mrs. Heatwole said of the hundreds of items ready to be sold.

Sure to be top sellers at the bazaar are the woodwork items made by John Heatwole, especially the wooden canes shaped like handsaws. "I bought one at the District Disaster Auction last

year as a sample and I have been making them ever since," noted Heatwole of the sturdy canes that cause people to do a double take when they see one in use. "They are comfortable and your hand isn't going to slip off of these," he added,

John Heatwole made these "handsaw" canes from a variety of wood types for the holiday bazaar at Waynesboro Church of the Brethren.

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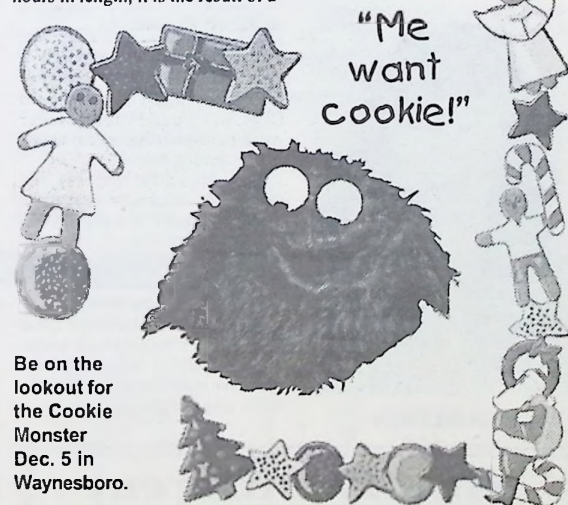
Anita Heatwole of Waynesboro Church of the Brethren shows some of the handmade doll clothes that will be on sale at the church's annual holiday bazaar Dec. 5.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

pointing out that the "saw grip" acts as the cane handle. Canes can be cut to a specific length and come in oak, cherry, walnut and ash.

Although the bazaar is only five hours in length, it is the result of a

year's worth of planning and labor. "The cookie and craft bazaar has become a real tradition," Mrs. Heatwole said. "And it is an all-out church effort."



Be on the lookout for the Cookie Monster Dec. 5 in Waynesboro.

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Bike rodeo helps youngsters learn about safety



Jacqueline Peterson, 8, shows off the bicycling license she earned by participating in a bike rodeo.

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — Making every child's bicycling experience a safe one was the goal of a bicycle rodeo held recently on the parking lot of Wal-Mart.

The morning's activities, which attracted about 60 youngsters, were sponsored by the Virginia State Police, the recreation departments of Augusta County and Staunton, Veterans of Foreign Wars, State Farm Insurance, and the Bicycling Education Association.

The sponsoring groups had obstacle courses and figure eights drawn in thick white chalk lines. Within the chalk lanes, children were given the opportunity to test their skills at stopping, turning, and practicing good safety techniques.

By far the most popular instructor for the day was Sam, the remote controlled robot operated by the state police. Sam maneuvered himself through the courses and offered tips to the young cyclists.

During the day, every youngster received a bicycling license, supplied by the recreation departments, reflectors from State Farm, and free helmets from the Bicycling Education Association. State Farm volunteers also laid out the course with help from the other sponsoring groups, and VFW gave away four bicycles.

Four of the Peterson children of Staunton were on hand for the rodeo. John Peterson, 9, showed off his new helmet and explained that maybe the rodeo would help prevent the "bike wreck and stitches" that he had recently experienced.

His sister, 8-year-old Jacqueline, added that she and her siblings came for the free helmets. "I like this helmet. I learned that you have to wear a helmet or your brain can get hurt!" she explained. ---



John Peterson, 9, of Staunton takes instructions from Sam the Robot during a Bike Rodeo held recently in Staunton. In the photo below, bike rodeo participants thank Sam for helping them learn about bike safety.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells



Foundation honors Verona woman with Dawbarn Award



LOLA WIDENER

By PENNY PLEMMONS

Lola Widener of Verona was recently honored by the Staunton-Augusta-Waynesboro (S.A.W.) Foundation for her work in promoting sexual abstinence among teenagers.

The Foundation recognized Ms. Widener and nine other community people with the Dawbarn Award.

According to S.A.W. director, JoAnne Mantz, past honors have gone primarily to teachers who foster learning and encourage good citizenship. But this year's award was expanded to recognize those who have contributed significantly to the teen pregnancy issue.

The cash amount that each individual received increased \$900 over last year's award bringing the personal gift to \$5,900. The award, launched five years ago, began with a start-up endowment of \$100,000 from philanthropist and former state senator, H.D. "Buz" Dawbarn. The S.A.W. charity was created to invest, oversee and distribute the award to deserving applicants on an annual basis. Dawbarn's intent was to draw the three communities of Staunton, Augusta County and Waynesboro together to honor common educational goals.

Widener was nominated for the award by Debra Fann, director of Staunton's Pregnancy Help Cen-

ter, because of her work in developing and implementing the teen abstinence program K.I.S.S.N. (Keep It Simple Say No). The program utilizes skits, and experiential learning exercises to teach students self-worth, respect for others, and the importance of making responsible decisions regarding sexuality.

Fann noted that of the 3,500 area students reached by Widener and the K.I.S.S.N. program, 64 percent indicated a desire to remain sexually pure until marriage. Widener has also been instrumental in working toward reducing out-of-wedlock births through the Staunton/Augusta County Partners in Prevention Coalition and the

Waynesboro Teen Pregnancy Prevention Coalition.

Widener's reaction to the Dawbarn distinction was one of surprise.

"I didn't know that I had even been nominated," she commented. "I give God the glory for any good that has come out of this. And I have to thank my husband, Robby and children, Tara and Danac, who released me over

See AWARDS, page 5

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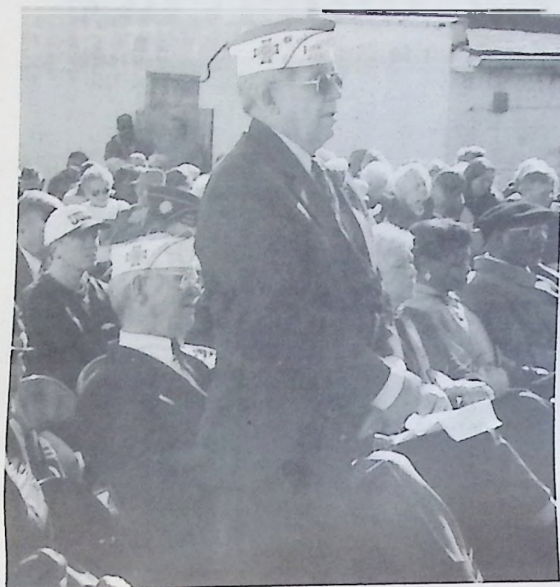
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Craigsville honors veterans at war memorial rededication ceremony



Korean War veteran Resta N. Cauley Jr. stands during roll call at the Craigsville War Memorial Rededication ceremony. Names of veterans from U.S. military involvements since World War II have been added to the memorial.

By PENNY PLEMMONS

CRAIGSVILLE—Several hundred people gathered recently in Craigsville to pay tribute to veterans who served in the Korean, Vietnam and Desert Storm wars.

Two plaques engraved with the names of over 300 area living and deceased military men and women were dedicated and placed at the Craig Street war memorial site. Tony Schiavone, professional World Championship Wrestling sports announcer, returned to his hometown as master of ceremonies to assist in the commemorative event.

Schiavone spoke of his pride for Craigsville and reminisced about his boyhood days in the area. As a son of a World War II veteran, Schiavone poignantly focused attention on those living who fought for freedom and on those who gave their lives either in action or as prisoners of war.

"God bless these veterans and their families," Schiavone said.

Guest speaker Creigh Deeds (D-Warm Springs) acknowledged the tremendous contributions of veterans. Deeds, who did not serve in the military, commented, "Although I have not walked in their shoes, I enjoy the fruit of the people who

have served. America is the greatest nation on earth. We are a beacon of light on a hill that for generations has attracted the multitudes. Peace, prosperity and liberty were paid for with a price. We owe those people a debt of gratitude."

The plaques were unveiled by local veterans Nickell Cauley and Joe McLain. As the crowd observed a moment of silence, members of Craigsville VFW Post 9480 and Ladies Auxiliary placed red, white and blue wreaths alongside the plaques. Michelle Hite, rededication committee member, presented committee chair, Justine Daniel Tilghman with an award for her efforts in the project.

Ms. Hite reminded the crowd that 50 years ago Margaret Daniel, Mrs. Tilghman's aunt, dedicated the first plaques bearing the names of World War II veterans. With tears in her eyes, Mrs. Tilghman stated, "I couldn't believe that we could raise enough money. We have shown our sense of civic pride. Thank you all so much for your support."

The community planners raised \$15,000 via fund raisers and donations to restore the site, provide additional landscaping, pay for the plaques, and add a metal archway at the site's entrance.

The 1st Brigade, 29th Infantry



Craigsville native and Pro WCW sports announcer Tony Schiavone served as master of ceremonies for the Craigsville War Memorial Rededication ceremony held recently.

Photos by Penny Plemmons

Division of the Virginia Army National Guard closed out the ceremony with a 21-gun salute and the playing of Taps. Rededication committee members, Barbara Short, co-chair, Keith Baker, Rudy Bazzrea, Herbert Campbell, Nick Cauley, Margaret Ann Colvin, John Beverly Daniel, Michelle Hite, Joe McLain and Arvil Welcher hosted the crowd during a reception following the dedication.

•Awards

Continued from page 4
54 times to take the K.I.S.S.N. program to area students."

Other Dawbarn recipients were: Buddy Bosserman, Augusta County Public School curriculum supervisor; Brenda Dennison, director, Waynesboro Teen Pregnancy Prevention Coalition; Paul Hildebrand, Founder of Shenan-

Arts; Jerome Jones, bus driver for Staunton City Schools; Kenneth Patterson, chemistry and biology teacher at Stuarts Draft High School; Caroline Phillips, teacher at Kate Collins Middle School; John Pierce, teacher at Kate Collins Middle School; Cindy Sadonis, teacher in Augusta County Schools with hearing impaired; and Alan Shull, Fort Defiance High School music director.

•Success

Continued from page 2
hold farm and riparian easements.

Flood control was another issue given a hard look this year. With 16 flood control dams in the district, Headwaters is known as "the dam district," joked Whitescarver. A special study this year examined the stability and wear on the cement pipes in the dams.

Volunteers were the name of the game across the state and Headwaters was no different. Particular praise was given by Whitescarver to the

Earth Team volunteers who logged more than 1,000 hours monitoring every stream in the district that is part of the Potomac watershed. Water samples in the streams are analyzed for trends in pollutant levels.

Educational projects this year included an Envirothon competition, which was won by students from Robert E. Lee High School, and sending 16 teachers to study at Ft. Isabelle on the Chesapeake Bay.

All told there were 13 different cost-share projects in the district including the construction of ani-

mal waste containment tanks, purchasing special poultry litter spreaders, and creating 150 acres of riparian forest buffers.

Despite the banner year for conservation in the district, no one is ready to rest on his laurels according to Whitescarver. "We are nowhere near finished. Just about every stream on the Valley floor exceeds the ceiling for fecal coliform, but we are working on it. If we can clean up our water here, guess what, the Chesapeake Bay gets cleaned up as well!"



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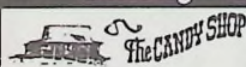
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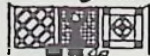
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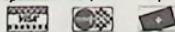
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KITCHEN OR BARNYARD?

A dad's smile makes all the difference

By DEBORAH SENSABAUGH

I know the blue Long tractor isn't really that large. Then why does it loom like Mt. Everest from the shed where it towers over the camper and presides over oil cans and log chains?

Oh, I know why it looks so big. It's not the tractor at all. It's the man who owns the tractor, who drives it around the farm to spear hay, move bales, scrape gravel, plow snow, bush hog, haul water and the like. Dad.

I don't know when it got so rough between Dad and me. I don't know where we lost it, where our relationship went awry. Somewhere between that playpen with the hole in the center through which he stuck his finger and scared the bejeebers out of me, or that pull sled where I happily sat awaiting a ride until he discovered my balance didn't include his jerk starts. The snow was as cold as the conclusions I drew about Dads and men in general.

Oh, they were fascinating enough with their brown and white foxhounds, their tobacco spitting, their skinning and dressing the game they shot, their endless stories told in front of the big stove the open door of which cast an eerie orange glow over the square-cut and whitewashed stones.

But being a girl growing up in the 50s, I wasn't quite welcome in a man's world. A boy would have been out training hounds and hunting raccoons and foxes with the men folk. He would have been driving the jalopy and changing spark plugs. He would have learned to laugh at hard work and grit his teeth at pain.

Girls learned to cook and sew and clean like the women whose warm fellowship drew me into a kitchen

...I discovered horses and scrapped the household stuff in favor of cowboy boots, saddle soap, a pitchfork and bales of hay. Suddenly Dad and I had something we could talk about.

where I didn't want to be. Women don't catch the trout I was told; they fry them up in a skillet with potatoes and butter. Women don't work on cars; they make a household run. Women don't hunt; they cook the game, wash the clothes, embroider the placemats.

Shoot, I learned to do all that and was completely bored with it by the time I turned 12. Women's work didn't loom large in my idea of importance. I didn't see it teaching me anything I would ever need in life.

There had to be something I could do outside besides plant flowers and tend the clothesline. I chewed over the choices.

Then I discovered horses and scrapped the household stuff in favor of cowboy boots, saddle soap, a pitchfork and bales of hay. Suddenly Dad and I had something we could talk about. We had our own tales to exchange beside the fire now. That old roan mare. That rodeo we went to see. That section of fence across the creek. It wasn't that he didn't want to spend time with me; he was only comfortable in a man's world and I had to sneak across the threshold to get an audience.

But I got a lot more. With that first old roan mare standing in the gap between us, Dad had a vehicle to teach me what I needed to know.

I was terrified of the dark. But the horse lived in a barn full of bats and owls. She had to be checked and hayed every night just before my bed time. Dad went with me for a few weeks. Then I was on my own with a flashlight and a determination I didn't know I had.

I never liked getting up early. But until that horse was fed, I couldn't have my breakfast, and if I wanted to get in extra riding time, there was about an hour before school if I got up early enough.

And falling off and getting hurt?



Deborah Sensabaugh's dad visits with mules Woodrow P. and Gus.

Photo by Deborah Sensabaugh

Dad's best friend was a retired rodeo cowboy. Together they scorned mamas and kitchens and Band-Aids. If you fell off, you picked yourself out of the dust and crawled back on. Fear wasn't part of their vocabulary and it had better not be part of yours.

Creek flooded? Balance on a fallen log on your hands and knees and go check that fence anyhow.

Lost? Well, if you give the mare her head, she might bring you home. If she doesn't, don't worry about it. Wander around and you'll end up somewhere interesting.

That all happened when I was young, but even though I've got some gray in my hair now and have done both a man's and a woman's work for years, Dad's always been there — advising, scolding, teaching, backing me up, packing the mule, fixing the rig, moving the hay, seeding the field, driving the tractor, letting me be a kid any time I needed to in the way that parents do by long habit.

One day in July, I came home from a meeting in Charlottesville to find Dad in the hospital. The emergency surgery for diverticulitis gone out

of control would have to be followed by another serious surgery and then another minor surgery. Dad was going to be laid up awhile.

Suddenly I was still that child, looking through a dark window at a world that I might not be able to handle. The farm was mine to manage now. Had those lessons all those years really stuck? And that blue tractor squatting in a shed symbolized all I'd have to handle if the place would keep running. Fencing, hay buying and hauling, vehicle maintenance, decisions that would carry us through the winter.

As soon as Dad was able to hobble to the shed, he took me through the starting procedure, the gears, the hundred and one tricks to spearing the ungainly rolls of hay and negotiating the hills and gates of our small farm. The horses needed hay. Now or never.

I turned the key and pushed the starter switch. The engine rumbled to life. Stabbing the gear shift, still stiff with newness, I found a reverse gear and backed the tractor from the shed. At the barn, I speared a bale on about the third

try and headed for the red gate to the back section of fields.

There Dad waited, his hand on the gate he had opened for me. I could feel his eyes as I bumped through the lower field, steered around the tree roots, eased through the second gate. I lowered the bale, inched the spear out and raised it right away in case horses came stampeding along.

Once through the red gate, I slowed before heading for the shed. I caught Dad's smile out of the corner of my eye.

And felt I could do just about anything now, even manage a farm. —

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Augusta 4-H honors members for achievement

AC staff report

CEDAR GREEN — Four Augusta County 4-Hers were recognized recently for outstanding accomplishments in project work.

Sister and brother Ashley and Evan Shiflett were honored as Outstanding Junior 4-Hers for 1997-98 and Carrie Heizer and Doug Grimm received the awards as Outstanding Senior 4-Hers during Augusta County's 4-H Achievement Night held Nov. 15 at the American Legion Hall.

Ashley and Evan, the children of Susan and Larry Shiflett of Piedmont, are members of the Willing Workers Junior 4-H club. Ashley serves as reporter for the club and also is a member of the Augusta County 4-H Dairy Club. She completed six recordbooks this year in the areas of livestock, safety, and clothing and personal appearance. Ashley has participated in many 4-H programs at the county, district and state level including presentations, fashion revue, and dairy quiz bowl. She is also active in the community through her support of the local abuse center and the WTON Children's Christmas Party.

Brother Evan is also a member of the Augusta County Dairy Club. He participated in the Market Animal Show, Jr. Dairyman's Contest, and presentations. He competed at the district level in presentations and the share the fun talent show and at the state level in the dairy quiz bowl.

The Outstanding Senior 4-Hers are members of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club. Carrie is the club's president and is a member of the Augusta County 4-H Honor



Tina Horn, far left, of the Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau and a representative of the Augusta Cooperative Council, congratulates outstanding Augusta County 4-H members, Evan Shiflett, junior boy; Carrie Heizer, senior girl; Ashley Shiflett, junior girl; and Doug Grimm, senior boy. The awards were presented during a 4-H Achievement Awards program held recently.

AC staff photo

Club and the Augusta County 4-H Livestock Judging Team. Her leadership qualities include helping plan and implement all club programs and activities and assisting younger officers and members. She is active in all areas of her club's projects and for a number of years has exhibited animals in the annual Market Animal Show. In addition to her 4-H activities, she serves this year as president of the Augusta FFA Federation. Carrie is the daughter of Nancy and R.G. Heizer of Arbor Hill.

Doug is secretary of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club and was among members inducted into the Augusta County 4-H Honor Club. He has participated in his club's annual steer and lamb fitting and showmanship clinics and the Virginia State Fair. He also is a regular exhibitor in the Market Animal Show. Doug

is the son of Becky and Danny Grimm of Middlebrook.

Tina Horn, of the Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau and a member of the Augusta County Cooperative Council, presented \$100 U.S. Savings Bonds to each 4-Her in recognition of their accomplishments.

Recognizing the spirit of volunteerism among 4-H members, Katie Roudabush, women's committee chairman of the Augusta County Farm Bureau Federation, presented \$100 in scholarship money to the Augusta County 4-H camp counselors. The money will be used to help counselors fund their expenses to assist with 4-H camp activities.

Council officers installed at the event included Daniel Salatin, president; Carrie Heizer, vice president; Ellen Murray, secretary; and Jonathan Coleman, reporter. At-large member of the council is

Tamara Rohrbaugh.

Clubs earning their charters this year were the Augusta County 4-H Outdoor Sports Club and the Augusta County 4-H Dog Club. Both the Willing Workers Junior and Senior 4-H Clubs earned Gold Seals for their clubs' work during the past year. Also earning a Gold Seal was Middlebrook Livestock. Red Seals were presented to the Galloping 4-Hers and the 4-H Dairy Club.

Individuals inducted into the Augusta County 4-H Honor Club included Amber Clements, Rhonda Brown, Crystal Hatkevich, Ellen Murray, Erin Murray, Doug Grimm, Jonathan Coleman, Diane Mules,

and Matthew Arey.

In other presentations made during the evening, 4-H club leaders were recognized for years of service and members received achievement awards for completing project work in a variety of areas including dairy, horse, outdoor sports, judging competitions, presentations, Share the Fun, and Fashion Review.

Recognized for completing eight record books was Ellen Murray. Tamara Rohrbaugh and Ashley Shiflett were honored for each completing five recordbooks. Achievement awards for completing four record books each went to Elizabeth Cupp and Jessica Rohrbaugh. Ben Burton, Tim Cupp, and Andy Kania were recognized for completing three record books each. Those 4-H members completing two record books were Valerie Burton, Robert Grogg, Laura Labrecque, Ashley Michael, Kristy Mitchell, Daniel Salatin, Loretta Winegard, and Mary Winegard.

Individuals honored for completing one record book included Matthew Arey, Polly Arey, Jeremy Arey, Kimberley Baisley, Jennifer Card, Stephanie Card, Rebecca Cook, Lisa Cosby, Will Earhart, Doug Grimm, Sarah Heizer, Chris Hughes, Nichole Kallas, Hannah Knopp, Carolyn Lam, Jodi Lovegrove, Cory Marshall, Lindsey Mohler, Erin Murray, Elizabeth Price, Heather Rockwell, Deborah Russell, Rachel Salatin, Tom Schullery, Vicki Schullery, Aaron Shiflett, Evan Shiflett, Abigail Stern, Danielle Temple, Rebecca Trump, Cristi Wonderley, and Jacob Wonderley. —

Special sheep sale slated for March 6

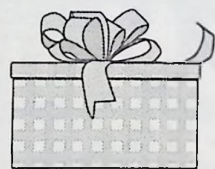
HARRISONBURG—Consignments are being accepted for the Shenandoah Valley Bred Ewe and Ram Sale and Club Lamb Sale to be held March 6 at Rockingham County Fairgrounds.

The sale will feature bred ewes, ewes with lambs -- including market lamb mamas, commercial Suffolk, Dorsets and quality crossbreds -- and rams. Also featured will be fall born club lambs for spring shows. Sale of ewes and rams will begin at 1:30. Club lambs will be sold beginning at 3 p.m.

Ewes will be pregnancy checked the day of the sale. All sheep sold will be inspected for health, quality and soundness.

To obtain consignment details or for sale information contact Mike Carpenter, Virginia Department of Agriculture, 540/434-0779. The sale day phone number will be 540/434-1002. Ed Morris and Kenny Rodeffer, Augusta County sheep producers, and Pete Martens, Rockingham County Extension agent, are serving on the sale committee. —

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Subscription details, page 12

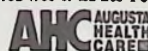
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Yesterday once more



Spindler was a spiritual leader to area Germans

By NANCY SORRELLS

MIDDLEBROOK — There was a time 200 years ago when the German-speaking settlers of Augusta County probably felt isolated and removed from society. They were, after all, foreigners in an English-speaking world, cut off from their neighbors by an inability to communicate.

For that reason these families,

who hailed from the German-speaking regions of Europe that today include the Palatinate of Germany as well as portions of France and Switzerland, often associated with those of a similar culture regardless of religion. The German ties were stronger than the religious differences and many Shenandoah Valley spiritual leaders found themselves ministering to combined

flocks of German Reformed and Lutheran, for instance, who worshipped at a shared church called a union church.

Recently one such spiritual leader, the Rev. Adam Adolph Spindler, was honored with a rededication of his tombstone and the addition of a bronze marker. Spindler's descendants as well as congregational members from St. John's Reformed United Church of Christ, and representatives from the Augusta County Historical Society gathered in the St. John's cemetery for the ceremony.

Pastor Thomas Arner, who has led the St. John's congregation for the past three years, noted during the dedication that he can relate to Spindler, who served a union church in Augusta County in the late 18th and early 19th century, because of his own experience. In Pennsylvania, Arner led a union church that represented a combination of Reformed and Lutheran worshippers.

Arner's experience with the combined denominations was similar to what Spindler experienced two centuries ago in the Shenandoah Valley. Although little is known about this German spiritual leader, it is certain that he fell under the influence of Lutheran pastor Paul Henkel who first visited the area in the 1780s as a missionary and then moved his family to Staunton in 1795. Henkel is credited with establishing the union church (Lutheran and Reformed) at St. John's in 1785. The first Germans worshipped in a log structure about 100 yards from the current brick church and in the corner of

what is now the cemetery.

In 1786, while on a missionary tour to southwest Virginia, Henkel again stopped in Augusta County, where he met Spindler. Spindler accompanied Henkel on his tour and upon his return began tending to the St. John's congregation as an unlicensed lay leader. He also ministered to other German groups in the area, including some just outside Waynesboro who built Spindler's Meeting House in 1794. The church eventually became Bethany Lutheran.

Little documentation exists on Spindler beyond the fact that he served St. John's and other German congregations of the area for 40 years, according to his tombstone. He settled his family in the Sugar Loaf area between Middlebrook and Staunton and taught school at the church, with some classes in German and some in English. He is said to have always preached in German, however, and was a firm believer in retaining the German language and culture.

Ten years after he fell under the influence of Henkel, Spindler was licensed, and seven years beyond that, in 1803, he was ordained a Lutheran minister. Not only did he serve Germans at St. John's and Waynesboro, and probably several other Augusta groups, but he also was licensed to aid at least two Lutheran congregations in Rockingham County.

"Spindler was the resident minister here (at St. John's)," noted Augusta County genealogist Peggy Joyner. "This is where he lived. We know very little about

him. We think he was born in Germany, but we don't know. It was said he could speak very little English. He was certainly the leader of the German people in this area."

Spindler died in 1826, just a few years before many German congregations began making a wholesale conversion to the English language.

In 1838, the Lutheran and Reformed congregations which had worshipped jointly at St. John's for 54 years decided to dissolve their union. The Reformed congregation remained at the same site, while the Lutheran group moved a few miles away to establish Mt. Tabor. Today Spindler is seen as an early leader by both congregations.

As the years passed and the last vestiges of the German culture faded from the memories of both congregations, Spindler and his work were lost to the dusty pages of history books. Lost, that is, until Marilyn Wright Thomas began researching the genealogy of her husband, Ross Spindler Thomas, in 1969. The story of the Rev. Mr. Spindler was discovered and in 1977 a group of family members from Illinois came east, determined to find the cemetery where their ancestor lay.

"We came here in 1977 and found the tombstone in the pouring rain as we stood under umbrellas," remembers Thomas.

It remained for yet another "Spindler by marriage" to finish the story. Katie Spindell began looking into the ancestry of her husband. Mrs. Spindell, who lives with her husband, Tom, in Escondido, See SPINDLER, page 9



Some Adolph Spindler descendants who collaborated to place a plaque at Spindler's gravesite in the cemetery at St. John's Reformed United Church of Christ near Middlebrook include, from left, Ross Spindel Thomas, Katie Spindell, and Tom Spindell.



Staunton Augusta Art Center presents 1998 "ART FOR GIFTS," a holiday sale of fine, yet affordable, art and crafts! This sale features over 100 artists' prints, jewelry, pottery, ornaments, toys, mobiles and much more. Choose from a wide selection of unique gifts.

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Appearing Nightly

Middlebrook heritage focus of ACHS meeting

By SUE SIMMONS

MIDDLEBROOK — The Augusta Historical Society helped Middlebrook kick off its 200th anniversary with a talk by Carole Nash on the history of Middlebrook. Her research on Middlebrook is part of the Middlebrook-Brownburg Corridor study she conducted for Valley Conservation Council.

Before Mrs. Nash's talk, Faye Cooper, director of the VCC, spoke about the mission of the council and its interest in the Middlebrook-Brownburg corridor project.

The Valley Conservation Council was established in 1990 as a citizen's organization that promotes land use that sustains the natural, historic and cultural landscape. Active in an 11-county area from Frederick to Botetourt County, the council focuses on voluntary land conservation measures and works for sound land policies, Mrs.

Cooper explained. The VCC has managed to conserve nearly 2,000 acres of land in the Middlebrook area alone. Mrs. Cooper noted that the integrity of the Middlebrook-Brownburg landscape is uncommon. That realization ultimately led VCC to engage Mrs. Nash, a James Madison University professor, to the study the region.

Rockbridge Baths to the south, this ridge and valley region was home to native Americans thousands of years before Scots-Irish and German settlers arrived in the 1740s and 1750s to take up land in the Borden and Beverley patents.

As agriculture expanded in the region, the town of Middlebrook, organized in 1799, went from being

Spectator, Middlebrook was home to blacksmiths, furniture and cabinet makers, tinsmiths, builders, physicians, carpenters, storekeepers, and wagon makers all of whom plied their trade in there.

A strong African American community also called Middlebrook home. While not a great deal is known about this community before the Civil War,

Mrs. Nash noted that the community established two churches and two schools and owned several businesses along the corridor. Older Middlebrook residents remember hearing the names of Shadrack Brown, a wagonmaker, Aunt Susan Black, a midwife, and Jake Anderson who walked across Little North Mountain every day to work in the tannery at Augusta Springs.

While the growing town of Middlebrook influenced the growth of neighboring communities like Summerdean, it was the

growth of Greenville as a commercial center between Lexington and Staunton that shifted business away from Middlebrook. As America industrialized and urbanized, craftsman and businessmen in Middlebrook found it difficult to compete. Over the last 100 years, the village has reverted to the gentle, graceful crossroads that it was at its birth.

In 1980, the Virginia Department of Historic resources designated Middlebrook a historic district, the first Augusta County community to be so named. Today archaeological sites and a large number of historic structures in the Middlebrook historic district stand in silent testimony to an energetic village. So too are they a testament to the spirit of Middlebrook and to its citizens who have a real sense of themselves and their town and their town's place in history. ---

Happy Birthday, Middlebrook!

1799-1999

200 years in history

The Middlebrook-Brownburg Corridor, explained Mrs. Nash, crosses county lines and river watersheds. Situated in southern Augusta and northern Rockbridge counties, the region lies in both the Shenandoah and James River drainages. Bounded by Little North Mountain to the west and

a crossroads to an isolated rural trading post to a thriving business community. Located first on a stage line and later on the turnpike that connected Middlebrook and Brownburg, the town was situated between Staunton and Lexington.

A "hive of industry," according to an 1884 article in the *Staunton*

Volumes document history of Rockingham's mills

AC staff report

DAYTON — Out just in time for Christmas is a book that will certainly delight local history buffs and lovers of old mills. *Mills of Rockingham County*, Volume II is a 700-page hardcover sequel to *Mills of Rockingham County*. Both volumes are compiled by Janet Baugher and Earl J. Downs with help from Pat Turner Ritchie.

The books, which represent thousands of hours of history sleuthing in Rockingham, are pub-

lished by the Harrisonburg-Rockingham Historical Society. Proceeds go to the society's publication fund for future books on Rockingham history.

Mills of Rockingham County, Volume II, is divided into three sections. The first is documentation of approximately 30 more mill sites discovered since the completion of the first volume, plus a chapter on Rocco, Rockingham Cooperative Farm Bureau, Rockingham Mill Company, Southern States, Wetsel Seed Company, and Wampler Foods, Inc.

The second section is an appendix to Volume I with additional pictures and materials on approximately 49 mills included in the initial book. There is, however, no repetition of material between the two books.

The third portion contains information on four mills on the Rockingham County line which

were popular with and of great service to Rockingham County residents: Cosby's Mill, Rockland Mills, A.J. Miller Mill, and Verbena Mill.

The 700-page hardcover book has a cover picture of Hollen's Mill. There are over 300 photographs and 400 other items of memorabilia.

It is printed on acid-free archival paper and has an index.

The cost per book is \$45 plus \$7.50 for shipping and \$2.03 tax for Virginia residents. To order books, send check or money order to: Harrisonburg-Rockingham Historical Society, P.O. Box 716, Dayton, VA 22821. —

Spindler

Continued from page 8
Calif., has written a genealogy of the Spindler family and publishes a newsletter called "Spindler's Meeting House."

Driven by a desire to make everyone in the family aware of the Spindler history, she organized a family reunion last year in Taylorville, Ill. There were more than 140 descendants and spouses at the reunion, representing 16 states.

The family's work did not stop there, however. After hearing that the German minister's gravestone had eroded over the last 172 years, several members decided to replace the original tombstone word-

ing on a bronze plaque mounted on a flat stone in front of the headstone. They worked long distance with the Waynesboro Memorial Company to accomplish the task and have the plaque in place for the dedication ceremony.

"This has really been an awesome story," noted Mrs. Spindell at the conclusion of the recent ceremony. "Twenty-six members of the family contributed to the marker. Then we got to thinking that we were mucking with a grave (by putting up the plaque and stone) so we called Pastor Amer and asked him to perform some prayers. The whole ceremony mushroomed from there," she said of the day's events which was witnessed by 30 or so people.

Among those in the audience were several direct descendants of Spindler, including Katie and Tom Spindell, Ross Spindel Thomas,

Jean Schubert, and Joan Abbott. The cousins came from California, Illinois, Alabama, Ohio and Missouri for the event. Also among the crowd were descendants of original St. John's members who had worshipped with Pastor Spindell.

As to the variety of surnames that today include Spindler, Spindle, Spindel and Spindell, well, even the good minister couldn't keep it straight. He arrived in the area a Spindler, died a Spindle, somewhere along the line some of his descendants flipped the "l" and "e" while others decided to tack on another "l" just for good measure.

However one spells it, though, one thing is certain. During four decades of Augusta County's early history, this German-speaking man of God gave of himself to the people of the community. And his descendants are going to make sure that people will remember that. —

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Keeping watch o'er the flock by night

Down on the farm we're thinking about high hopes. It's lambing season again, and this is the time of year that finds us perennially watching and waiting and hoping.

There can be only a few pursuits on this planet other than shepherding which present any more of a contrast in what it means to succeed against all adversity or fail despite any course of preparedness. Sheep are at once simple yet complex, predictable yet utterly unpredictable, clever yet clueless, resourceful yet hapless. These are just a few of the extremes with which shepherds must grapple. And always, we have high hopes that the sheep will stick to the plus side of their instinctive characteristics.

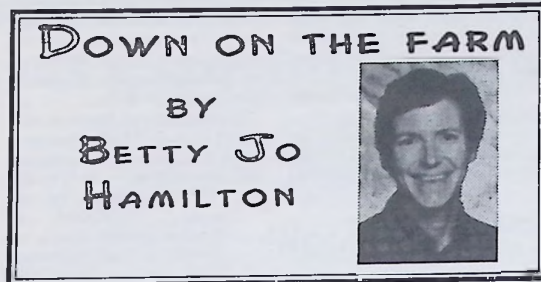
It is more than just a small coincidence that shepherds are among the primary players in the story of Jesus' birth. I'm no theologian, so I can't back up this theory with references from any biblical sources or commentaries. I know enough about the Bible to understand that there are any of a variety of characters used for symbolic purposes in Bible stories.

If we believe the story of Jesus' birth, we believe that shepherds were the ones who first received the message of his arrival in a stable in Bethlehem. But why did the angels appear to shepherds? Why does the story explicitly say shepherds? The angels might just as well have appeared to any of a variety of folk from any walk of life. But no, the story says, "and there were in the same country shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night. And the angel of the Lord appeared to them..." See, shepherds. So once again, why shepherds?

I submit that shepherds, who spend so much of their time watching and waiting and hoping, might be exactly the people to have received this word from the heavenly hosts. They also might be the very people who, through their many hours of working with sheep, have the capacity to believe that anything is possible.

This lambing season down on the farm, things have gone along as usual, perhaps just a little bit better than usual so far — knock wood, crossing my fingers, not counting chickens before they hatch, etc., etc. There have been some disappointments. But there have been enough successes to keep us hoping for better days beyond the ones which have brought despair.

We started out a few weeks ago with a ewe that went into labor several days before her actual due date. And the occurrence was early enough that we weren't looking for anything to be happening that soon, so we must have missed the signs of distress she would have exhibited to alert us to trouble. But then, sometimes there are no signs



of distress. Things just go wrong.

In this case the ewe had been in labor for some time before we noticed her and by the time we did notice her, it was only in time to deliver two dead lambs. The lambs had been positioned wrong for proper delivery and didn't survive the process. But then we can't know that there wasn't something else wrong too, especially since the ewe began labor a number of days before she was due.

But there was an orphan lamb left over from last month's deliveries. With a little "hocus-pocus dominocus" done on the orphan, the ewe which lost her lambs adopted the orphan. She has taken to it as if it is her own, despite the fact that the lamb is imprinted on everything — cats, dogs, people — except sheep. The lamb will follow anything through the barnyard, so what you end up with is a comical parade of cat or dog or per-

son pursued by lamb which in turn is pursued by a fretful and over-protective ewe.

Several days after the mishap with the early twins, another ewe gave birth to a perfectly healthy set of twins. But the next morning, another ewe gave birth to twins, one of which was simply too small to be viable. However her remaining lamb possessed enough vigor to leap successfully from womb to world.

I do not like this kind of start to a lambing season. Bad things happening early in the lambing cycle don't bode well for the shepherd. Often it means "the ride ahead is going to be bumpy so buckle your seatbelts." Despite all the watching, waiting and hoping, the end result is not always what the shepherd prefers. And when bad things happen, it forces me to increase the intensity of my watching and waiting levels.

So it was in this heightened state of watching and waiting one

evening that I saw a ewe which was acting oddly enough to cause me to start worrying. The ewes were fed that evening about 4:30 and she would not come in to feed when the others stormed the gate for same. I had to go out to the field and run her in. She was reluctant to comply, which was an indication to me that she was probably in the early stages of labor. By her disposition I estimated she should have lambs within the next few hours. No other ewes in the flock were exhibiting any signs of delivering their lambs.

About 9:30 I went to the stable to check the ewe. She had not had her lambs, however another ewe had delivered hers. My check of the ewes on this occasion was particularly opportune because although the ewe's lambs appeared fine, were up and about and ready to eat, the ewe had managed to get herself into a position during lambing from which she could not get up.

I would never have anticipated this problem because the ewe was down on perfectly flat ground. She had gotten over on her back just enough to prevent her from getting up. Once I assisted her to her feet, she was fine. She just hadn't been able to get enough of her weight thrown in the right direction to get to her feet. I was glad I found her when I did, because sheep can die when they get down in this fashion. And the lambs needed the ewe's attention too.

This particular night was the one in November when a gusty storm blew through during the night. Since the ewe I'd noticed in the evening hadn't had her lambs at my 9:30 check, it meant I had to go back again a few hours later. About 2 a.m. I was ready to make my next trek to the barn, but the storm was raging full blast — wind gusts were tre-

mendous and the rain was torrential. It was so bad, in fact, that rather than get drenched walking to the barn (which I really cannot stand) I drove the short 150 yards to the barn for the 2 a.m. check. Only to find that, having braved the storm, the ewe I was waiting for and watching to lamb from the afternoon before, not only had not delivered her lambs but neither was she exhibiting any signs of labor at all.

By 6 a.m. the storm had moved off to the east and the wind had settled some. There were a few stars showing where the clouds were breaking up and dawn was beginning to lighten the eastern sky. I decided to walk the distance to the barn this time to find, once again, that the ewe I was expecting to deliver lambs still had done nothing.

Back to the house I went for a little more rest before actually starting the day. I returned to the barn at 8:30 and — finally — the ewe had delivered her lambs — all three of them — unassisted and all were up and had finished their breakfasts. Go figure. Sixteen hours of watching and waiting — anticipating the worst — only to be rewarded with exactly the opposite, O ye of little faith. (And by the way, remember the sonogram pregnancy checks I had done on the ewes in September? According to the ultrasound results, this ewe was supposed to have one lamb, but had three instead. Again, go figure.)

In spite of the sonogram results, I was not particularly surprised the ewe had delivered triplets since she had done the same the year before — and not successfully, I might add — which was the motivation behind all of my watching of this particular ewe to have her lambs.

It's not that I feel a pressing need to be present when each ewe de-

See LAMBS, page 11



Shepherds have known for almost two millenia that anything is possible. The occurrence of lambs arriving is proof positive of the impossible happening over and over again.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

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Lambs

Continued from page 10

livers lambs. I prefer not to assist with deliveries and I've made every effort over the years to keep replacement ewes which come from ewes with good birthing records. It's a practice that has paid off in the long run. However in the case of multiple births, the odds are stacked against the ewe.

Take the delivery of triplet lambs for instance — three heads and twelve legs all aimed at the same four-inch opening. You do the

math. I always hope the ewes will deliver their lambs on their own, but I want to be close at hand in case intervention is required. And when they do manage to have triplets all on their own — and there are four who have managed this so far this year — it's proof positive that anything is possible.

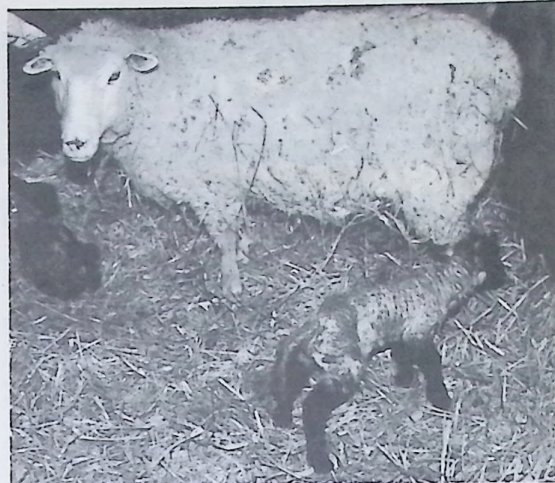
Next take the occurrence of multiple births and multiply this by the possibility of perhaps three or maybe four ewes delivering their lambs simultaneously and this presents another problem. Since the ewes are shut up in a confined area overnight

and a number of them may deliver their lambs during the night, a night without checks to the lambing shed ends up with someone the next morning having to decide which lambs belong to which ewes. A shepherd who makes wrong decisions in pairing up lambs and ewes could easily end up raising a orphan lamb when a ewe decides a day later, "Hey, that's not mine. I don't want it," and rejects the lamb. And ewes will do this. Oh sure, they're all lovey-dovey with any newborn lamb that comes along right after they've had their lambs — I think because they're so glad to have the whole experience over — but then a day later they have time to think things over and start to reconsider the whole "you-lamb, me-mama" situation.

But having ewes deliver their lambs in the open pasture doesn't necessarily mean they will scatter to four corners to give themselves room to lamb. There is a kind of lambing hysteria which floats through the flock during lambing. The ewes try to stick to their instincts, but sometimes they just think too much about what's going on. Last month one day I had a ewe deliver her lambs out in the pasture. I checked the lambs just after they had arrived. Before I knew what was happening another ewe came racing up from clear across the pasture trying to claim the newborn lambs. She was only moments from delivering lambs of her own, but having spied some which had already arrived she decided, "Hey, why bother with having my own? These will do just fine, thank you." In that instance I didn't wait for the ewe to have her lambs, I pulled them and instructed her to get a life and leave the other ewe and her lambs alone.

The day after the stormy night proved little different for the shepherd and ewes due to lamb. Early in the day I saw a ewe whose behavior drew my attention. She stayed off to herself. She wandered aimlessly. She paced. She circled. She walked in a half-crouch. All through the day, I watched her — checking from time to time to see if she would finish what appeared to be the beginning of labor.

The time for evening feeding came and she was still in the pacing-wan-



Black or white, solid or polka dot, big or small, lambs arrive one at a time, two by two, and sometimes in threes. This ewe appears content enough with her twin Dorset-Suffolk cross lambs.

dering-circling mode. Despite her behavior which indicated the onset of labor, examination proved there was no reason to believe the culmination of labor was imminent.

So again, it would be a night of frequent checks in the lambing shed. At midnight the ewe I had watched all day still had not delivered any lambs but another ewe had given birth to a single lamb. Another ewe was in the pacing-wandering mode, so I slipped her (cancel that — wrestled her) into a lambing pen. No other ewes appeared in any stage of labor. In fact, the one I had been watching all day appeared to have stopped labor completely. Things appeared settled enough that I felt another check at the lambing shed could be delayed at least until daylight.

The break of day was a half-hour past when I went for the next check at the lambing shed. To put it plainly if perhaps a bit coarsely, all hell had broken loose in the intervening six hours since my last check.

The ewe I had slipped into the pen had delivered her lambs, yet there were none in the pen with her. The ewe which I had watched the whole day before was running around frantically after a lamb which appeared to have no notion of where it belonged or to whom. Another ewe, looking a bit dazed, was standing off to herself with three newborn lambs.

There didn't appear to be anything about the ewe I had watched the day

before to indicate she had delivered her lambs. I thought she was still in the early stages of labor during which time ewes will sometimes try to claim newborn lambs from other ewes. I speculated the lamb she was pursuing had escaped from the pen where the ewe was which had obviously had her lambs. So I stuck that lamb in the pen with that ewe. I speculated the other ewe with the three lambs had delivered triplets, so I moved them and the ewe into a pen to themselves.

Amid all the speculation about which lambs belonged to which ewes, I was certain I heard a lamb bleating from somewhere afar off, but couldn't imagine where the lamb might be. The lambing shed was shut up tight. Of course this is no guarantee a lamb can't get out of it, because newborn lambs are real escape artists. I had plainly seen the lambless pen which held the ewe put there for the express purpose of preventing her lambs from wandering away from her but which they had managed to do so just the same.

There is about a three-inch crack where the lambing shed door meets its frame. I opened the door enough to stick my head out and in fact there was a newborn lamb which had not only managed to slide out from beneath the gate to the pen but then proceeded to find the three-inch crack where the shed door meets its frame. If it hadn't been for a woven

See ESCAPEES, page 15



"And they're all mine," says Mama Suffolk ewe of her twin ram lambs the morning after their arrival and ensuing escape from the lambing pen and shed.

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Schoolhouse News

Augusta FFA Federation emphasizes leadership

AC staff report

GREENVILLE — The Augusta FFA Federation put the wheels in motion for some of its members to learn about what it takes to be leaders at the annual FFA Leadership Conference held recently at Riverheads High School.

"We hold the conference to get all FFA officers involved in activities and to learn leadership skills," said Carrie Heizer, Augusta FFA Federation president. "We want to give them skills to take back to their chapters."

About 140 middle and high school FFA members from Augusta and Highland counties attended the banquet and conference. Also attending were state FFA officers Ben Grove, president; Daniel Lauro, secretary; and

Rebecca Begoon, reporter.

Seminar topics presented during the evening in rotating sessions included etiquette, The FFA Image, public relations and careers.

Susan Huffman of Stuarts Draft High School presented the etiquette seminar. The purpose was to help members know about proper table etiquette at banquets among other things.

O.B. Roller, a retired Augusta County agriculture instructor, spoke to conference participants about the importance of the FFA image. He noted that people look to FFA and its members for leadership and pointed out that members must be responsible, look their best at all times and set a good example in the community.

The seminar on public relations was led by Betty Jo Hamilton, Au-

gusta Country publisher, and Jeff Ishee, WSVA farm correspondent. The two spoke to FFA members about strategies to use when working with the news media. Hamilton directed her comments to print media and Ishee spoke about broadcast media.

Representatives from Virginia Tech were on hand to talk with FFA members about careers. Information about a variety of college-level programs was presented as well as the course work required for entry into college.

The evening's activities were beneficial to FFA members who participated, according to Miss Heizer.

"Everybody said it went really smoothly," she said. "Members said they learned a lot and they got to meet new people. ---



Carrie Heizer, far left, Augusta FFA Federation president, welcomes state FFA officers Ben Grove; president; Daniel Lauro, secretary; and Rebecca Begoon, reporter; to the Augusta FFA Federation Leadership Conference held recently at Riverheads High School.

AC staff photo

RHS students inducted into National Honor Society

By BECKY McMANNES

GREENVILLE — Recently inducted into the National Honor Society during an inauguration ceremony were 29 Riverheads High School students.

These included Justin Anderson, Lara Arehart, Rebekah Bemier, Steven Bolin, Neil Buchanan, Travis Campbell, Mark Cobb, Carrsha Davis, Kathleen Fornadel, Reed Foster, Jamie Gano, Jennifer Glass, Robert Hearn, Jessica Hill, Michael Hoelzel, Rachel Howard, Loren Johnston, Meredith McCool, Sandy Norris, William Reichert, Emily Richie, Elizabeth Shultz, Virginia Strickler, Jackie Taetzsch, Steven Taetzsch, Lindy Thibo-

deaux, Kassie Tucker, Kori Valz, and Jenny Young. They were introduced by this year's new officers: Brennan Hahli, president; Matt Caldwell, vice president; John Barr, secretary; Danny Perkel, treasurer and Laura Edwards, reporter.

These new members will face very beneficial experiences through NHS.

The National Honor Society recognizes and encourages good character traits and leadership qualities along with scholarship. It provides a chance to get to know

others, as well as yourself. This organization also contributes to society by keeping the environment healthy.

There are four basic requirements needed to be selected for NHS membership. Students must hold a minimum of a 3.3 grade-point average and demonstrate leadership qualifications meaning showing some sort of leadership within or outside of school. Another requirement is to be of good character. The last requirement needed to be a National Honor Society mem-

ber is service either through school or the community.

The National Honor Society does many good things for the school and the community. Members hold a sockhop every year. This year's was after the last home football game. Every summer the officers meet to plan new activities for the upcoming school year. New members as well as old, will meet

to discuss new issues brought forth for acknowledgment every activity day.

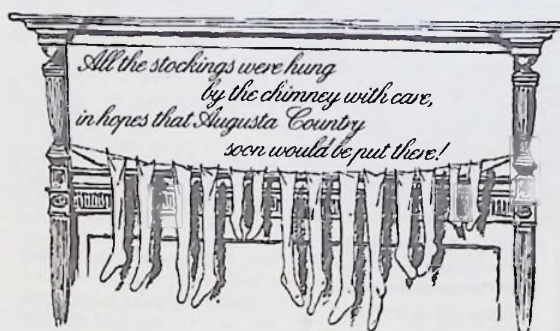
Membership in this organization is a goal to strive for. The students and others look up to the NHS members for their excellent academic work and their much needed community service. Colleges look well upon this society. This will be an outstanding and exciting club to be in. —

Time to renew?
See page 2

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Homeschoolers get close look at Swoope farm



Chickens roam the range at Salatin's Polyface Farm in Swoope. The chickens and their "eggmobile" are moved from one location to another on the farm to take advantage of available food sources.

Riverheads Band marches to winning tune in competitions

By MATTHEW CALDWELL

GREENVILLE — This fall saw another exciting season for the Riverheads Marching Gladiator Band. Taking the field in more than eight performances, this year the Marching Gladiators marched to success throughout the Commonwealth, receiving numerous awards such as First Place Drum Major at the Stonewall Showcase of Bands, and fourth at the James Madison University Parade of Champions. This season also marked the band's first appearance at the Virginia State Band and Orchestra

Director's Association marching band competition where they received an excellent rating.

A number of band activities continue at Riverheads, however, despite the end of the marching schedule. In addition to the year-round Jazz and Concert Bands, the advent of winter brings with it a number of other groups including Indoor Drumline, Indoor Colorguard, and small section ensembles. Many of these ensembles will be traveling to Toronto, Canada to compete in the annual Fiesta-Val competition. —

By MATTHEW GREENAWALT

SWOOP — The PEACH homeschool group went to have a hayride and a cookout at Polyface Farm near Swoope on Oct. 17. The Salatins, a homeschool family, call their place "the farm of many faces" because they do so many different kinds of things there. They don't ever use any chemicals or commercial fertilizers, but they use the animals to do quite a bit of the work for them.

Even before we got on the hay wagons, we got to see some of their projects. Daniel, 15, showed us his rabbit-chicken building which he calls the "Ra-ken House." It's about the size of a two-car garage. He makes a profit of about \$4,000-\$5,000 each year from eggs and rabbit meat. The Raken House has wire rabbit cages — full of does and their litters — hanging from the ceiling about three feet off the ground. There are bucks in some of the cages. Daniel uses wood chips, leaves, and old hay for bedding underneath. They bring in new layers of bedding once a month and once a year they use a little tractor to clean it all out and use the old bedding for fertilizer. By that time it makes good compost because underneath the rabbit cages there are chickens. They scratch around and mix in the rabbit dung and eat the

rabbits' food that falls down. It doesn't smell at all. The hens also eat their chicken food and lay eggs in their nesting boxes.

When they're big enough to be weaned, the little bunnies are sent out to "hare pens." That's what the Salatins call their bottomless rabbit cages which they move around on grass that they've laid poultry wire down on so the rabbits can't dig out. They move them every day to a fresh spot of grass on the wire.

In the winter, they put the baby rabbits in greenhouses with their cages suspended with chickens underneath. Then when they're going to grow plants, they take the cages with the rabbits out and lead pigs through ("pig-aerators" to the Salatins) which break the crust with their snouts. Then the Salatins are ready to plant their vegetables.

Next we went to look at their barn where they had a huge pile of hay and a big pen for cows beside it. The cows could reach their heads through V-shaped holes to eat hay thrown down from the pile. All winter the cows stay in that shed. Every so often, the Salatins put down another layer of bedding (the same kind as for the rabbits) with corn mixed in. By spring, you can look from the ground and see the stomach of a cow because the bedding has gotten so high.

Then they take the cows out and put "pig-aerators" in. To get the corn, the pigs root the bedding all around, which oxygenates it so that it is ready to be spread on the fields for fertilizer. Joel Salatin says that he buys his "tractor" hogs for \$50 apiece and sells them for \$400, and they don't need any spare parts!

We went back and got on the wagons. Our group filled up two hay wagons. One had sides to keep the little children from falling off. We drove along until we got to a pig pen with electric fence. They move it every day. Mr. Salatin said that the pigs root around and eat the rutabaga roots that the Salatins had planted for them so they don't have to feed them. Because the pigs were so close to their natural habitat, they did not smell at all.

Then we came to portable turkey and chicken pens. They had no bottoms but had sides and a roof. They had a specially-designed dolly that they would put under one end to make it roll. Then they would go to the other end, lift up and pull it to fresh grass. They move it every day. The children help by getting the feeders out and putting them back in after the adults have moved the cages.

Then we drove to the cow pen, which is electric fence, and saw the

See COWS, page 20

RHS FHA members staying busy

By CARLA McALISTER

GREENVILLE — The FHA chapter at Riverheads High School has been very busy since the beginning of school.

On Sept. 19 the FHA chapter assisted at the Target picnic. The chapter helped by making cotton candy, snow cones, calling out bingo numbers, painting kids' faces, helping the kids on the blow up trampoline and slide, and also helping out with the baseball radar guns; to name most of the things they did to help out. Everyone worked hard, but had their share of fun as well.

On Oct. 23-25 the officers of FHA went to a cluster meeting in Greens-

boro, N.C. This was a time to learn leadership skills and new ways to incorporate national programs into chapter activities. They got the opportunity to visit the North Carolina zoo, as well.

The FHA chapter sponsored a Halloween Party on Oct. 28 for children ages 3-8. There were many games, face painting, costume judging, a haunted house, and refreshments. The Halloween party was very successful, with well over 100 children participating.

The FHA chapter held a blood drive on Nov. 10 from 2 to 6. The evening hours were open for the convenience of community and working people.

In October the FHA Chapter sponsored a FACTS (Families Acting for Community Traffic Safety) Promotion. There was a lot of information handed out to the students, faculty, and elementary school students related to seat belt usage as a lifetime habit to develop. There was an emphasis on activities with high school student drivers.

Some of the other ongoing activities the FHA chapter is holding are the saving of Campbell's labels, and the Teddy Bear dressing for the Waynesboro Salvation Army. As you can tell, the FHA Chapter has been very busy and will continue to be. —

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Notes from the road

In the spring, *Augusta Country* staff writer Nancy Sorrells traveled to Japan as part of a Rotary International Exchange team. Since her return she has offered *Augusta Country* readers numerous insights into the culture of this island nation. In this issue, she leaves us with a parting glimpse of our Asian neighbors.

2,000 flushes — a last look (we promise) at Japan

By NANCY SORRELLS

Augusta Country readers have certainly read and seen more than they ever wanted or expected to about my travels in Japan and Hawaii, but there is one more topic I would like to address briefly before I close the book on this adventure. It is a sensitive subject, but one which travelers heading to Asia need to hear about. Those of you with no intention of ever leaving the United States much less traveling to the Orient will just have to read the article and have a good chuckle imagining the "what ifs."

The topic that I am going to discuss is bathrooms. It is a subject which caused a great deal of unspoken anxiety to me and my fellow team members. Even though

people are essentially the same the world over — and by assumption their bodily functions are the same as well — the "techniques" vary greatly from culture to culture.

The first necessary point here includes the very words we use for the process of emptying our bladder and digestive tract — "going to the bathroom." The phrase is absolutely bizarre to the Japanese. There is obviously no bathing involved when one uses the toilet (well maybe a little, but I'll discuss that later). The bathroom for the Japanese is another room entirely and usually far removed from the toilet area.

Even in bathing the Japanese differ from us. Their bathroom is a tiled room with a small, but deep bathtub. The tiled area around the tub contains a small (really small)

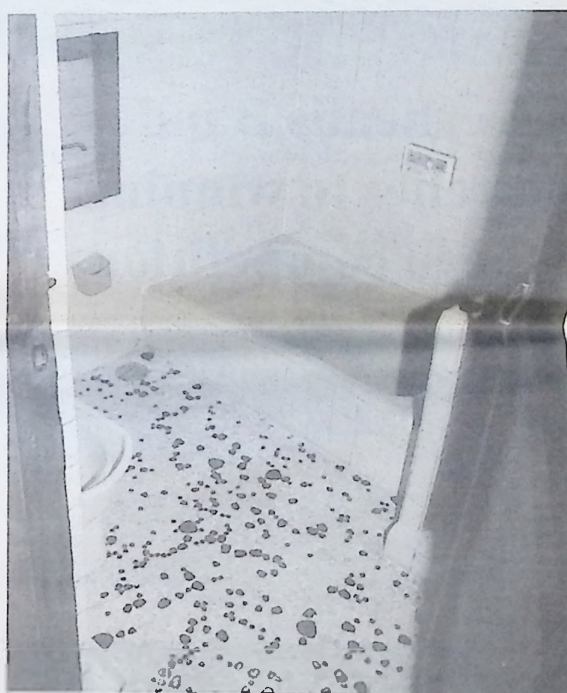
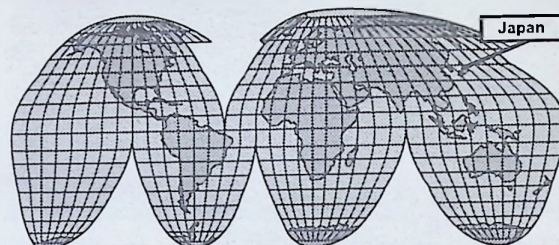
plastic stool and a hand-held shower. One sits on the stool to scrub, shampoo, etc. and then meticulously rinses off all dirt and soap before getting in the steaming hot tub of water. Japanese worry about uneducated Americans getting into their tubs with washcloth and soap and scrubbing, thereby fouling the water which is to be used by the next bather. Baths are for soaking and relaxing, not for cleaning.

Now, on to the more sensitive subject and the one which is the focus of this story — toilets. In a nutshell here it is: all the world is divided into two types of toilets, sit and squat. There are many variations among each of these two big groups, but it comes down to the fact that you either set your fanny on a seat or you squat precariously over some opening in the floor. Most of the world squats, while we in the western world prefer to sit, hence then the reason that in the Orient sit toilets are also called western toilets.

I mentioned that there were many variations on the two types. Japanese squat toilets resemble urinals that have been removed from the wall and laid on their back in a concrete floor. They are long and narrow with the flush handle toward the back wall in approximately the same place as American toilets although much lower to the floor.

To perform everything correctly, one must straddle the toilet opening, lean forward while stooping down, then go backward on one's

See **BATHROOMS**, page 15



This is a bathroom, i.e. a room for bathing. One sits on a stool in the tiled area to scrub and rinse and then lowers the clean body into the tub of steaming hot water for a long soak.



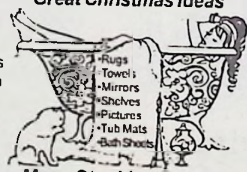
Linda Holsinger, left, and Jill Smeltzer display some of the components of a complete Japanese toilet and bathroom set. Note the matching toilet slippers.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

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Bathrooms

Continued from page 14

haunches. This must be done while maintaining good balance and keeping all bits of clothing off the floor and out of the toilet. Easier said than done. Even if this is done correctly, only half the battle has been won. One still has to perform the necessary bodily function without splashing anything onto the feet and ankles. Also, another important thing: One must face the back wall of the stall and not the door.

I was introduced to these toilets on the second day of our trip. I had on hose and a skirt and dress shoes. I learned two things very quickly. 1. Good aim takes practice, especially for women. 2. Always have the toilet paper in hand before squatting because reaching for paper while balancing and holding one's clothes up is difficult if not impossible.

In comparing notes among the female members of our team we found another helpful bit of advice for novice female squatters and for men involved in more complicated toiletry functions: when wearing slacks, simply remove them. That is easier than having to clean the results of poor aim!

We also learned to seek out hand-capped toilets because they are almost always of the western-style sit variety. There were not many Japanese symbols that we learned to recognize, but the character designating a handicapped toilet was one that we came to know and love.

Although squat toilets are still found in many public restrooms,



A Japanese-style "western" toilet. Note the lack of handle for flushing, but see the "control box" mounted on the wall to the right of the toilet.

most of the homes we stayed in had converted to western toilets. I use this term loosely because, although these were thankfully of the sit species, they were unlike most toilets we had ever been "exposed" to. In the first place they came with many more bells and whistles and in the second place there was almost never a handle for flushing. Oh no, these toilets were much too elaborate for the basic one-function handle, instead they had control boxes! However, because the labels for the different buttons were in Japanese, we had no idea what button controlled what special feature. Human communication is really reduced to the most basic elements when one is forced to ask how to flush a toilet that one has

just used. That is exactly what happened to me during my first day with one host family.

The added features include a very nice amenity — heated seats! Also included in most was a warm water spray for rinsing the most intimate areas of the body (a toilet paper alternative so to speak). A nozzle shoots the gentle spray at a 43-degree angle. Another button provides a blast of warm air for drying.

The Japanese are a very precise people (note the 43-degree angle of the above spray) and so it is no wonder that there are also two buttons for the basic flush. We came to call these the big flush and the little flush buttons. One released just a small amount of water and one released a greater amount — each flush appar-

ently associated with a particular body function and the amount of water required. Need I say more?

There is one additional feature on these Japan-style western toilets that left us at first confused and then caused a big chuckle. Many of the toilets have a "flushing noise button." Push it and flushing noises are heard but no accompanying action takes place in the toilet bowl. We puzzled over this for awhile and then asked one of our new Japanese friends why there was a false flush. She explained that the button is used to make sounds that "disguise" any unseemly noise one might be making in the bathroom! Only in Japan....

Finally, I must address the subject of proper bathroom attire. Within Japanese homes, people either walk around in slippers or in sock feet, but house slippers are never to be soiled by going into the toilet area. Therefore, all toilets come equipped with special toilet slippers which are waiting for the user just inside the door. House slippers are left outside the door. House slippers sitting outside the toilet room door act just like an occupied sign warning that the room is in use. Even public restrooms often, but not always, have toilet slippers. Matching toilet sets purchased in department stores come with the appropriate color coordinated slippers. Toilet sets also include very cute little waste cans that are shaped like the toilet itself and squeezed into the tight confines of the toilet room.

I think I have rambled on long

enough on this most intimate of subjects, but if you are preparing to travel abroad there is a book I would recommend. Called *Going Abroad: The Bathroom Survival Guide*, by Eva Newman, this handy paperback comes complete with detailed drawings. The author claims that her book is "A comprehensive guide to answering the call of nature anywhere in the world, from using the ubiquitous 'squat' toilet to the bidet. A must for travelers, wherever they, er, go."

Just remember that although people are the same everywhere, toilets aren't. And, "in the end," there are basics that have to be taken care of before all else. —



Squat toilets at a public park in Japan.

Escapees

Continued from page 11

wire fence and a slippery piece of roof metal which impeded the lamb's progress, I have no doubt he would have made it to Summerdean before I caught up with him.

After finding the lamb outside, I began to revise my speculations of a few minutes earlier. I took a closer look at the ewe I had been watching the day before and determined that she had indeed given birth. The lamb she was chasing frantically was hers, most probably, but it had gotten confused what with all the

other newborns scampering about, some bent on bids for freedom. Upon close scrutiny of the three lambs which I thought to be a set of triplets, I determined that one of them was an escapee from the pen where I'd put the ewe to keep her lambs from getting away from her.

After the ewe and its single lamb were sequestered in a stable, the two of them settled down and got back to bonding in the appropriate fashion. The other two ewes were each shut up in separate pens, each with two lambs. The two Houdinis were very vocal — an indication that neither had eaten. The two

lambs with the other ewe appeared not to have eaten simply because they hadn't had time.

Both ewes had ample milk so I milked some from each into a baby bottle I always carry to the barn with me during lambing season. All four lambs — the two Houdinis and the other two most recent arrivals — all nursed strongly and then made beelines for their respective mamas' udders — a remarkably joyful sight to behold.

After all that commotion, I was worn out, and it was all of 6:45 a.m. I managed a couple more chores to stem the tide of hunger among the sheep, then went back to the house for breakfast in the early part of a day which promised to be a delightful one for early November.

And it turned out to be just that — a mild, temperate day with loads of sunshine, very little wind, with

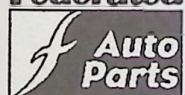
temperatures hovering about 60 degrees — a better day for lambs to arrive comes along so seldom. It was a day made to order for high hopes. So I watched and waited some more — the whole beautiful, livelong day. And you know how many lambs were born? Not a one, zippo, nada, the big goose egg.

And that evening — after one of the most beautiful November days ever — when the temperature had dropped below freezing, I went to the barn for my 9:30 check and what to my wondering eyes did behold but, yes, a newly arrived set of twins and their adoring ewe mama at whom I had pointed no less four hours earlier and said, "You should have had your lambs today." But the sentiment was no more than a verbal expression on my part of my high hopes for the sheep — high hopes that are as

well intentioned as those of the ant who wants to move the rubber tree plant. Well, everyone knows an ant can't move a rubber tree plant. When it comes to the sheep and my ability to predict the timing of the arrival of their lambs, it seems I am like an ant trying to move a rubber tree plant — I know I can't, but it won't stop me from trying.

For shepherds, time during lambing season is spent watching, waiting and hoping — watching for signs of things to come, waiting for the eventual outcome, hoping, sometimes even amid despair, that the best is yet to come. We don't presume to know much about the grand scheme set in motion for this world. But because we are shepherds, we know a thing or two down on the farm about high hopes and can accept that almost anything is possible. —

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The Hitching Post

Horse camp is valuable experience for youngsters

By MATTHEW GREENAWALT

BUENA VISTA -- I got out of the car at Deborah Sensabaugh's barn between Fairfield and Buena Vista for horse camp, Oct. 26-30. Lots of the other homeschoolers from Augusta and Rockingham counties were already there. My cousins came from Lynchburg. About half of the 30-some kids would spend the nights; the rest would just come during the day. I've been to several camps at

Deborah's, but this was the first one that was only for homeschoolers.

Some of the kids had never been on a horse at all, but some of us knew how to run and jump.

I went to help tack up the horses. The little kids who didn't know much about horses helped brush them. The intermediate kids helped saddle and the advanced bridled and helped the intermediates.

Then it was time for the opening, which we did every day. After

a prayer, Deborah would check the tack to make sure it was done right and show us any mistakes.

Deborah divided us into four groups: Beginners, Intermediate I, Intermediate II, and Advanced. I was in Advanced, my brother was in Intermediate II and my sister was in Intermediate I. My mom taught riding for the beginners and intermediates. Deborah taught the advanced. Each group got to ride twice a day.

While the Beginners or the Intermediate I students rode, an advanced student or a parent would walk beside each student. We showed them how to hold their reins and direct the horse, how to sit and keep their toes up, and we led them until they were ready to control the horses themselves.

It was good practice to learn how to be teachers ourselves, but sometimes we got tired. When we weren't riding or helping the others ride, we would usually look on the World Wide Web on Deborah's computer to get information for our horse reports for the program the last day of camp. The other groups made horse-related crafts and did other horse-related projects.

Tuesday night somebody came down with the flu. Some of the kids had to go home. Almost all of them



Deborah Sensabaugh, far right, watches as beginners Christopher and Nicholas Galloway of Bridgewater, Micayla Matson of Churchville, Karen Shaw of Harrisonburg, and Bethany Labreque of Staunton explain horse safety with the help of Blossom.

wanted to stay. Some rested and got better. Some of them cried because they were too sick to ride. Deborah made a song up called, "Let Me Die at Horse Camp" because they didn't want to go home.

At the end, we had a "Horse-oween" party. We dressed up the horses. The Intermediate I group dressed the mule up like a turkey, and dressed a horse up like a pump-

kin. The party was a lot of fun.

Everybody had fun at camp and is looking forward to learning enough to do more things with Deborah. Sometimes we do five-day trail rides in the mountains. Last spring some of the Advanced students did a 30-mile endurance ride. I'm very glad that I can be a part of something that's so much fun. —



Jonathan Greenawalt of Bridgewater and his Indian pony Duke prepare for the costume party held during Horse O'ween, at a horse camp for children. Photos by Beth Greenawalt

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THE HITCHING POST

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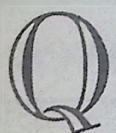
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Side stepping solves problem for horse, creates problem for rider



Q: I have a problem with my horse. He steps sideways when I try to mount him. When I try to put my foot in the stirrup he moves sideways and I have trouble getting on. What can I do to solve this problem?

C.L.

Before I discuss possible solutions to this problem, let's look at some situations that might have caused it. This is because if you can understand how this problem developed then you might understand why your horse is reacting the way he does. When you begin to understand why the horse reacts this way then you can work on solutions using this understanding.

Sometimes when riders mount, they put their foot in the stirrup and their toe puts pressure into the horse's side. Riders should take care not to poke the horse as they are mounting. This can cause the horse to "move off." Another pressure that causes problems with horses is when a rider mounts and "pulls" on the saddle causing it to press against the horse's backbone. Riders who have trouble mounting should use a mounting block to protect the horse's back

from discomfort, especially if you are working with a young horse, are a heavy rider, or are using a poorly fitted saddle.

These situations can cause a horse to associate the mounting process with discomfort and he will start to "move away." Taking care to prevent these discomforts is one way to start the solution. If you can provide a comfortable mounting process, then the next step is to work on training the horse to stand still again. Since your horse has a problem moving sideways, one way to prevent this maneuver is to mount against a fence. The fence can keep the horse in place while you get on. Another suggestion would be to use some sort of "chute" which keeps the horse in place while you mount.

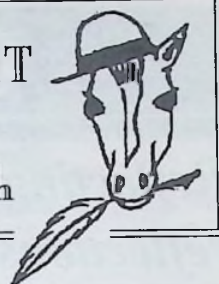
The basic training methods for this problem involve a great deal of patience, persistence, and time. The

horse might have learned a few things from this problem. If he has learned that he can avoid being mounted with his side stepping, then it will be difficult to change his behavior. If you were able to mount him in spite of his movements, then it will be easier to correct.

If you have been able to mount your horse as he side steps, then he has never learned to avoid the mounting process. This means you will be able to work on the side stepping and correct it quickly by keeping the horse in place using artificial means such as a fence or a chute, moving to open places with time, and by making sure the "pressures" which cause this problem are at a minimum.

Your horse uses side stepping as a maneuver to avoid being mounted. If you have failed to mount your horse because of this maneuver then you have two problems. First, you have the side stepping problem to which we discussed solutions. Second, depending upon your horse's personality, you have to deal with the "smarts" the horse has gained. This means that the problem may be fixed if you mount against a fence because you put the horse in a position where

I.B. HOOFINIT From the Horse's Mouth



he can't move. However, you may find that when you move to open places the behavior continues, because the horse has figured out that he can get away with it. This means retraining the horse through a lot of different situations, different places and even with different riders. In other words the problem can crop up later because the horse has learned it works for him!

Prevention is always the best method of training in horsemanship. Problems can be looked at in different ways. Training is a continuous learning process. Riders can learn to prevent

many problems by studying how they develop and working to keep the causes to a minimum in their own horsemanship.

Another way to prevent problems is to maintain respect for your horse and make sure the horse has respect for you. Respect starts with consideration and caring. Look for constant improvement in problem situations and keep working toward the ideal. The ideal horse is always the reward of hard work, and someone's patient, consistent training process. —

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.

Traditional blessing opens season for hounds

By DEBORAH SENSABAUGH

DUTCH HOLLOW—"Bless the foxes... make them run straight and true... and find their destiny in You."

With the traditional Episcopal blessing for hounds and foxes, horses and riders, Fr. Kevin Fox opened Middlebrook Hounds' 60th foxhunting season last month at Bold Stream Farm.

Fox's prayer included a plea for a safe season and for all to remember the scheme of things set in motion when God created foxes and hounds, horses and riders.

And after the hunt staff, led by Master and Huntsman Frederick Getty, toasted the season with the equally traditional stirrup cup, the

field was off for a day of hunting and finding, chasing and losing.

Even though the day was dry and warm, not an ideal situation for scent to hang along the ground, the pack of Penn-Mary-Del Blue Ticks found two foxes and gave lively chase.

The field, with Fort Valley and Bedford Hunt members as guests, numbered at least 50.

The hunt opened with a ride south on Dutch Hollow Road toward the Rockbridge County line and ended in the pine thickets behind Bold Stream Farm's granary where the hounds lost the second of two foxes to run that day.

In United States foxhunting, foxes are rarely killed, with the ex-

citement of the hunt based on the unpredictable run of the fox, followed by the hounds. Hunted are both gray and red foxes, with some hunts chasing bobcats, coyotes and bears. Foxhunts follow Virginia Game Commission laws.

By 2 p.m., onlookers had gathered at Bold Stream farm to await Getty's horn calling in the hounds. They weren't disappointed. By 2:15, the notes of the hunting horn sounded across Dutch Hollow and Bold Stream. The hunt returned across the stream and over the stone wall jump to finish the day's chasing.

"Fun," "exhausting," "glorious," and "wonderful" were a few of the adjectives hunters

used to describe the day's sport.

Joint Master Margot Case of Staunton said she was pleased with the turnout and the day.

Lucy Sproul of Middlebrook, who rode her new mare Chessie, said she was pleased with the hilltoppers she and her husband, Alex, led. Hilltoppers are just learning to hunt, and follow the field as closely as possible with the option of going around the jumps. Experienced

foxhunters take charge of the hilltoppers and teach them the sport.

A hearty "breakfast," directed by whip Mary Ann Getty, followed as food and drink flowed along with stories of chases gone by and legendary foxes, reports about new horses and speculation over the season ahead.

Hunting season runs through the end of March. Informal hunting is every Wednesday and formal hunting is every Saturday. —



Master and Huntsman Frederick Getty of Bold Stream Farm in Dutch Hollow stands amid his foxhounds as Fr. Kevin Fox delivers the blessing of the hounds.

Photo by Deborah Sensabaugh

*"And she will bear a son; and you shall call his name
JESUS,*

*For it is he who will save
his people from their sins." Matthew 1:21*

Happy Holidays

from all of us down at

STAUNTON METAL RECYCLERS

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Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin
November 1998



Dear Maude,

Well, there I was in my last letter making all sorts of noise about staying in Washington where it would finally be nice and quiet once Congress adjourned. I might as well have come home! At least those Vote-For-Me speeches are over for all of you, but here in our Nation's capital, we are still waiting for that longed-for peace and quiet.

In spite of all the vacation days not taken, the city is still filled with political types and followers who are afraid to leave, for fear they will miss something.

One morning soon after the elections, when the area would normally be deserted, I decided to leave a little early for the office hoping to get some extra correspondence cleared up. I had not progressed more than a mile when I realized that there were a great many more people out on the streets than I had expected. Things did not improve. As I drove along, great masses of drowsy people seemed to be making their way towards the subway station, unopened morning papers beside them. Once at the station, cars were parked all the way into the third lot (and that usually does not happen until later with the arrival of the tourists and lower fares.) It took almost an hour and a half to get to the office just because of the traffic and number of people on the trains. This is not what we look forward to when a Congressional session is over! The politicians and staff members just won't go home — they are hanging around. If I thought things were bad last month, I have certainly found out that it can get even worse.

The cause of all the above congestion was, of course, an announcement by the Speaker of the House. Any kind of change in leadership can cause chaos and is enough to upset the self assurance of those who depend on cultivated friendships for special favors. But when the leadership change is as dramatic as it is this year, it sends even the most seasoned lobbyist into a frenzy. It takes an awful lot of fund-raising breakfasts and golf outings to jockey oneself into that first-name basis that is so valuable in this city and does much to impress one's clients. It's tough being a lawyer in Washington these days.

Most lobbyists, of course, are extremely careful at playing the game, and try at all times to spread their donations and invitations evenly. That way they feel that they will be able to call on officials and important staff members from both parties as needed. Even though the players may not stay the same always, those "in the know" pride themselves on keeping abreast of what will happen next. A surprise like the one this year is not easy to handle. From leaders of both political parties, the successful lobbyists and consultants and down to the youngest junior attorney, everyone was wondering just what happened. How could they have missed something like this? It must be the fault of those pollsters!

Hill staffers have been caught off guard as well, for they were so exhausted by the time the election came around that they had no leisure time for analyzing what might or might not come to pass. Needless to say, quite a few have been in shock lately. Even poor Dylan, so sure of himself, looks a little down. (I ran into him one day last week when I was on an errand on the Hill.) He had expressed his most certain opinion rather publicly about one of the elections, only to be terribly shocked that things did not turn out as he had assured everyone they would. Then, when his back was turned, the change in House leadership became a reality. He did not get the chance to tell a soul about it before it happened. What a terrible blow to one's ego!

As Granny always used to say, there is usually a silver lining to most clouds. The rather unexpected outcome of the elections at least replaced you-know-what in the news. Washington residents are engrossed in the news of the

Gifts are like pennies from heaven

In this season of giving thanks and giving gifts, I am reminded of a story from Annie Dillard's life. Annie Dillard is a writer whose well-known work, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, was written while she was teaching in Virginia at Hollins College and taking regular excursions to nearby Tinker creek. The work earned a Pulitzer prize. Recently she told the following story during a speech to writers at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill.

When she was a young, Annie would walk to the grocery store with her mother. These weekly mother-daughter adventures were the highlight of an otherwise mundane week. They would comment on the state of the neighborhood, noting carefully any changes on the houses or the land surrounding them; stopping to observe ant hills, bird nests and other wonders of nature as they made their way slowly toward the store.

Frequently, Annie began her weekly sojourn by secretly stuffing her pockets with pennies. When the shopping was complete — only enough to bring home in a cart — and her mother began pushing the metal cart with the tiny wheels across the parking lot, Annie would take a penny from her pocket and drop it.

At a sufficient distance further, she would gently drop another penny in clear view. All along the way home Annie would drop her pennies — on sidewalks, near flower gardens, by the swing sets, next to a car door — anywhere people might notice them. Arriving home, her weekly adventure complete, she would then spend hours in her bedroom imagining with enormous secret delight, each person finding the little treasure carefully dropped along the path for no other reason than the mutual happiness it would bring to the lucky one who found it and the loving one who dropped it.

This discovery of gifts placed along my path has been the story of my life and the occasion for perpetual thanksgiving. Of course, I have earned some things by hard work, but I did not earn my loving wife nor the blessings that have come into my life through her. This is pure gift — being at the right place at the right time and having the capacity to receive what was given.

I earned grades throughout school by discipline, but I didn't earn the teachers who kindled within me a love of learning and a curiosity for life. They are pure gift — people placed in my life as pennies to enjoy and for whom I am grateful. We can earn a lot of things in life by sheer hard work and attention to details — money, possessions, accolades, "stuff." Most of these things are encouraged and rewarded by society and they may bring a certain amount of satisfaction.

minute, the power of the minute, and nothing cools as fast as yesterday's news or member of Congress.

Since there is to be new leadership, then that leadership must be shown how much they are appreciated. That means parties!! Once things settle down a little more, perhaps the city will get into the spirit of the upcoming holidays, and maybe I will get invited to a few nice little social functions.

Just earlier this month at a luncheon with the boss, I met a very interesting man who is a consultant. He promised to invite me to a party his firm is giving. I had better go out and check what party clothes are in style, although, I suspect the dresses I wore last year will still be what everyone will wear this year. Black and brown and navy still seem to be the colors in style. Just last week I was looking at photographs from a wedding one of my friends had just attended. The teenage daughter of the bride was wearing a stunning black evening dress. If black is acceptable wedding attire, then what would we wear to a Washington party? We would not want to appear too festive, so I guess I had better put that pretty red velvet away for another year.

Just because everyone else is hanging around this crazy town — postponing their vacations — just to be able to say that they were here and knew the latest news before everyone else did, I'm not going to let it stop me from some hard-earned time off. My bags are packed and I'm headed home for some good eating!

Love, LuLu



Saying grace
By
Roy Howard

Yet what cannot be earned is what we truly desire when the day is done or when this life comes to an end. People frequently realize this in the intensive care unit, hooked to machines, gazing on their families and friends. It happens when you find you have cancer and may not live to see your dreams come true or your grandchildren crawl into your lap. I don't earn genuine love, I receive it as a gift — like a penny placed along my path by hundreds of loving people who take delight in giving to others.

Peace, our heart's true desire, is not earned solely by following tips in a self-help book or gritting your teeth when your enemy comes by. Peace comes when we discover that we are the beloved recipients of treasures simply by living and that we, too, have the opportunity each day to pass on freely such treasures for the delight of others. True happiness, not the fleeting happiness of entertainment, comes to us when we are alert to the infinite treasures dropped in our lives and when we decide to join in this secret communion of love by placing our treasures along the path.

In this season of giving gifts, there is no more profound gift placed in our lives than the penny from heaven sent by God to bring life to the whole creation. This is the meaning of the festival of the Incarnation (a phrase I prefer to Christmas because Christmas is so utterly confused with shopping for things.) Incarnation. God in the flesh. This is the gift.

Jesus came to the whole world in the tiny Jewish village of Bethlehem. Nobody earned this gift; nobody worked hard enough for it; nobody deserves credit for it. It is a pure gift — the largest penny of all dropped into our world — given so that we may find our heart's true delight in this One. The One who gave the gift, like the excited little girl in the bedroom anticipating joy, awaits our discovery and our joy. —



Clarence Robinson of 701 Ashby Drive in Waynesboro wields the custom-made double rake which he "invented." Robinson says the contraption cuts work time by half or more, however he admits the double rake takes a little more muscle power to pull than a conventional rake.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Surprise your gardening buddy

1998 Garden Path Christmas gift list

Nothing much happened in Middlebrook this week, except the rural mail carrier's pickup truck seemed to be riding a bit lower to the ground than normal. Seems the seed catalogs are starting to arrive a bit early this year.

Christmas is coming soon and 'tis the season for gift giving. Of the hundreds of choices available, which gardening tools, gadgets or implements do you think your friend would most like to receive as a gift on Christmas morning? Is it a big-wheel garden cart? Or is it a new garden fork with a fiberglass handle? Maybe a lightweight trowel?

Perhaps you are not a gardener, but know one on your Christmas list. May I offer a few suggestions? The distinctive Christmas gifts listed below will please any serious gardener.

So here it is, the 1998 Gardening Gifts Christmas List:

* Gifts under \$10 (for gardening acquaintances)

— A pair of insulated Wells Lamont leather work gloves. For only \$7.99, you can give your gardening pal the gift of warm hands. They will remember you fondly when they head outdoors this winter to prune those fruit trees.

— A half ounce of "Rainbow Riot" wildflower seeds from Johnny's Selected Seeds catalog. For a little more than \$7, your friend will be able to experience the summer of 1999 with a riot of colorful wildflowers especially

suited for cutting.

* Gifts under \$50 (for gardening comrades)
— A one-year membership with American Farmland Trust. Your colleague will appreciate the efforts made by this private, nonprofit organization founded to protect our nation's agricultural resources. With a \$20 annual membership contribution, their quarterly journal will enlighten your friend about the true value and heritage of our farmland.

— *Heirloom Vegetable Gardening: A Master Gardener's Guide to Planting, Seed Saving, and Cultural History*. This wonderful book will keep your gardening buddy occupied for weeks, months, even years as he digests its 439 pages. This is a wonderful gift that would be appreciated by any serious vegetable gardener. Hardback, \$45.

* Gifts under \$100 (for your gardening spouse)
— A peach orchard. Impress your better

half with five different varieties of peach trees which will be delivered in spring of 1999. Stark Brothers will send you one each of Early Giant White, Burbank July Elberta, Reliance, Stark Delicious, and Stark Elberta Queen. For only \$89.95, you can give a gift that will truly last a lifetime.

— A Ryobi battery-powered string trimmer. For most home owners, you don't need one of those gasoline-fueled high-powered weed whackers. If you want to trim around the lawn and keep peace and quiet in the neighborhood, look no further than this trimmer. It works very well and has a quick recharge rate. Advantages? Plenty of "ummmph" and no cord or exhaust fumes to deal with. Model # 150R is about \$99.

* Gifts under \$500 (for you!)
— A Swiss-made "Real" wheel hoe (over in Europe, they pronounce it "ray-owl"). If



The Garden Path

By Jeff Ishee

you have a very large garden with rows in excess of 100 feet long, this machine will make weeding chores painless. Professional market gardeners rely on this rolling hoe that slices off weeds just underneath the soil surface. It not only works, but works well! Even Santa himself would trade his sleigh for this ultimate gardener's Christmas gift. A nice gift for yourself at \$288. —

From the Ishee family,
Merry Christmas everyone!

Resources for the 1998 Gardening Gifts Christmas List:

- 1) Work gloves — Cohron's Hardware, Stuarts Draft
- 2) Johnny's Selected Seeds — Call (207) 437-4301 and ask for a free catalog. "Rainbow Riot" wildflower Collection is item #1610
- 3) American Farmland Trust, P.O. Box 96982, Washington, D.C. 20077
- 4) *Heirloom Vegetable Gardening* — Most bookstores can obtain a copy in just a few days
- 5) Peach Orchard - Stark Brothers, P.O. Box 10, Louisiana, MO 63353, Item # 91440
- 6) Battery-powered string trimmer — Try a good hardware store or any discount center
- 7) Swiss-made "Real" wheel hoe — Johnny's Selected Seeds - Call (207) 437-4301 and ask for a free catalog

Seminar speaker outlines biblical foundations for environmental stewardship

By PAT CHURCHMAN

HARRISONBURG — "Our first task as lovers of the earth is to spend time with her and let her nurture us," Richard Cartwright Austin told an audience of more than 50 at an environmental seminar held Nov. 13-14 at Trinity Presbyterian Church in Harrisonburg.

The seminar was funded by a gift from Ernie Dickerman, a former resident of Augusta County who was known as the "Granddad of the Eastern Wilderness" for his lifelong fight to preserve wilderness lands.

Friday evening's topic was John Muir, an early environmentalist who began his career with a 1,000-mile trek through the South following the devastation of the Civil War. Muir concluded, "We were told the world was made for man. That is totally unsupported by facts. The universe would be incomplete without man, but also would be incomplete without the smallest microorganism."

Brought up by a strict Scottish immigrant father who whipped him into learning his Bible verses, a young Muir left home as soon as he could, rejecting all patriarchal aspects of religion. Not church tradition but flowers, trees, and wild creatures mediated God to him. He modeled himself on John the Baptist, whom he called John Baptist, finding God in the wilderness. He cared to live only to entice people to look at nature's loveliness and to experience life more deeply by opening themselves to the world around them.

Once in a storm Muir climbed 100 feet to the top of a young Douglas fir tree to ride out a gale as it swept back and forth in great

arcs. And he exulted in it.

In the early years he and Gifford Pinchot, who had been hired as director of the forest service, were great friends, but later their philosophies began to deviate. Pinchot believed we could have sustainable forests, all for man's use. "The first principle of conservation is development," Pinchot stated.

Pinchot was skeptical of Muir's desire to set aside land for wilderness. Muir, on his part, feared "there would not be a grove left to rest in or pray in." Sound forest management to him was to use cutting methods which protected both the beauty and the ecological health of a forest. He was able to take Theodore Roosevelt on a camping trip which later resulted in the government protection of Yosemite Park, as well as a number of other parks through the U.S.

Austin focused Saturday morning's workshop on the biblical foundation of environmental ethics. He has written four books in an environmental theology series, continues to write and speak, runs a cooperative of organic farmers, and logs with horses. Austin had the participants state a biblical foundation that speaks to them and a problem that is of concern.

Among the foundations noted were the admonition in Genesis to "tend the garden." Our first human vocation is to tend the garden, Austin said. "Creation needs tending. This is our first job. When there is disobedience, when we start substituting our wisdom for God's wisdom we get in trouble. God's laws need to be observed."

Some other biblical foundations noted were

the psalms of joy and praise, awe in the presence of nature, seeing God through each other, and Jesus' call to servant leadership, teaching against materialism, care for the poor, the beatitudes, and the call to go into the wilderness.

Some of the problems noted were overpopulation, the original sin of alienation, human impact on the earth, arrogance, lack of sensitivity, apathy, disconnectedness, greed, selfishness, pride, materialism, and the need to conquer.

Austin noted that the biblical injunction to exercise dominion is actually to exercise God's dominion and bear God's image. If we envision God as a tyrant, then a tyrannical dominion would seem appropriate, but, not if we envision God as a loving shepherd, caring for his world, all of it.

"We're never given permission to gratuitously abuse the creatures under our charge," Austin said. "Rights go with obligations, so other creatures looking at us might see God more clearly."

Our biblical roots call for the seventh day to be one of rest and reflection.

The Bible also calls for letting the land lie fallow every seventh year to provide food for the poor and wild animals after they have finished (Exodus 23:10-12). God's covenant was with all creatures, not just humankind.

Jesus called on people to cease fretting over what they thought they needed and look around them. "Set your mind on God's kingdom and God's justice," Jesus said, "And the rest will come to you as well."

God so loved the world, and in the Bible that same word (world) has different meanings, one refers to the influences of secular society which Christians are to avoid, but the other refers to the created order of life.

"In John's vision, every creature sings a

song of praise to the Redeemer. They expect the redemption to embrace them all," Austin noted. "We live in a world that uses creatures as things, but we have a moral responsibility to give them a satisfying life."

In the Saturday afternoon session, "Christian Strategies for Healing Creation," Austin noted that "to heal creation we have to stay whole ourselves. Get in touch and stay in touch with the natural community... Whatever keeps us in touch with the world that extends beyond the human is extremely important... This human life is becoming a prison because we can't find the exits... Praying, reading the Bible, keeping us in touch with God is essential as an antidote to the media-driven culture that threatens to eat us all."

"Fighting environmental issues can bring a different perspective to Bible reading. We need to keep rebuilding our understanding," Austin asserted. He noted that he had read the Bible through many times, but after he had been involved in a particular environmental issue, going back to reading it again gave him a new understanding.

In considering Christian strategies, he noted that we're always dealing with other human beings and almost every conflict has to end in negotiation. A win-win solution is most desirable. As motivation to action, fear is not a sustainable emotion. The only sustainable emotion is love.

The environmental crisis will become a crisis of faith. We think we can have it all, but we can't. We can't substitute malls for families. Americans are worshipping false gods and these gods will crumble, Austin said. Churches will play an ever more critical role. Austin told his audience, each of us in our own place needs ways to build more healing lifestyles and more healing networks. —

**"Creation needs tending.
This is our first job.
When there is disobedience -- when we start substituting our wisdom for God's wisdom -- we get in trouble. God's laws need to be observed."**

Richard Cartwright Austin

Moviegoers are captives of *The Siege*

The Siege, the new Edward Zwick film now playing at the Bijou, has created a real stir, it seems. The stir isn't because this is a great movie — it most definitely is not. This is a mildly engrossing action/thriller with lots of explosions, gunfire, and chases along with a fairly predictable plot.

The stir, it seems, is over the classic Hollywood stereotyping of the bad guy — in this case Arab terrorists who lay siege to Manhattan. Since the cold war has ended, American movie makers have had to turn to other sources of evil: Japanese, Chinese, South African, Russian mobsters, and now, of course, Muslim extremists.

Denzel Washington plays Anthony Hubbard, an FBI special agent quick to respond to a devastating terrorist attack on a downtown bus. His attempts to bring the culprits to justice and maintain public safety while staying inside the law are foiled by CIA agent Sharon Bridge, played by Annette Bening, whose allegiances lie else-

where, and by escalating terrorist violence that virtually brings the Big Apple to a standstill.

The terrorists demand the release of Amed Bin Talel, a holy man terrorist leader who has mysteriously vanished in a desert of the Mid-east. Of course, what no one but the highest placed politicians and military knows is that the United States government indeed kidnapped the holy man.

An already dismal situation further disintegrates as the federal government answers the public's demand for action by placing New York City under martial law and under the command of Gen. Bill Devereaux, played by Bruce Willis. As peace gives way to terror, a clash develops between the limits of liberty and the need for public safety as the army indiscriminately rounds up and detains Arab males of any age. Americans, it turns out, are more rocked by the abuse of the Constitution than by anything terrorists can dish out.

Screenwriters Edward Zwick and

Lawrence Wright have been criticized for stereotyping Arabs and some critics have gone so far as to accuse Hollywood of declaring war on Arabs and Muslims. Rising to their own defense, the writers have pointed to the character of FBI agent Frank Haddad, played by Lebanese American actor Tony Shalhoub, as one of the fuller roles that explores the everyday life of an Arab-American. They also argue that the Army is the ultimate bad guy. Critics counter that the Haddad character is just a token good-guy akin to the Lone Ranger's sidekick Tonto. Zwick and Wright scoff at the claim that the movie actually delves into the dangers of punishing the innocent for the crimes of a few.

You will have to be the judge. The movie does succeed in capturing the sudden horror of terrorism. While occasionally sluggish and sometimes hackneyed — do we really need slow motion to heighten the dramatic effect? — the movie has its tense and excit-

ing moments. Washington, Bening and Shalhoub turn in good performances. Willis, however, is a one-man exercise in stereotype as he turns in one of the two roles he can play — the bad guy and the bad bad guy. Surprises in Willis' on screen appearances are mostly limited to what manner of hairpiece he wears for a role.

The appearance of Bill Clinton warning terrorists of reprisals and the voices of familiar newscasters like Susan Stanberg and Daniel Schorr commenting on unfolding events adds a jagged realism to *The Siege*. Scenes from the Oklahoma federal building and the bombed out barracks in Saudi Arabia were equally unnerving. Watching the movie on the night the United States was threatening to bomb Iraq



perhaps explains why my notecards were damp and crumpled.

If you like action thrillers, go see *The Siege*. If you can take 'em or leave 'em, you might want to leave this one until it comes out on video or on television. Hannah's mom give *The Siege* two-and-a-half bananas. The film is rated R for violence and language. —

• COWS

Continued from page 13

cows. Mr. Salatin said that they move the pen every day because in the wild, cows move along to fresh grass as they graze. The pen is fairly small so that the cows stay pretty close together like in the wild, too. The average "cow days" per acre is 70 in Augusta County, but the Salatins get closer to 400. They had a huge Brahma bull that was as gentle as a pussy cat.

Then we went and saw chickens in a special type of electrified netting which kept the chickens in and predators out, except for hawks and owls and things. The chickens had a shelter on skids so they could pull it with the tractor when they moved it every day.

We rode to the Egg Mobile next,

which was one of my favorite things. The Egg Mobile is a building on wheels with a ramp that goes down for the chickens and has nesting boxes inside. You can reach in from outside to get the eggs after you open a special door. The chickens run loose in the daytime. Occasionally one won't come back, but not very often. In the evening, the chickens go in the trailer and the Salatins shut the door. In the morning they move it to where the cows were last and then open it up again.

It takes about an hour and a half to move all the pens and cages every day, depending on the time of year.

Then we rode the hay wagons through the woods up into the hills until we got to the cook-out site. They already had a fire going and

were cooking hamburgers from some of their cows and pigs. The hamburgers were very good!

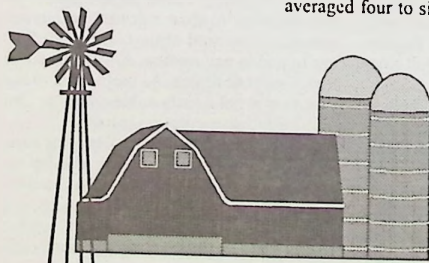
Right up a hill from the fire there was a big pond with a hose going down to the bottom which they siphoned water from. It runs all the way down to their fields. Every so often along the hose in the fields, they have a T-valve to hook up to and fill the troughs for the cows, or the waterers for the chickens, or whatever animals are nearby at the time.

The hay ride and the cookout were a lot of fun. I liked how the Salatins have figured out so many things that work together so well. —

Matthew Greenawalt is 11 years old. He is the son of David and Beth Greenawalt of Bridgewater. Beth is a contributing writer for *Augusta Country*.

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.



Dec. 1, 1896 — The temperature at Kipp, Mont., rose 30 degrees in just seven minutes, and 80 degrees in a matter of a few hours. A thirty-inch snow cover was melted in half a day.

Dec. 8, 1892 — A tremendous ice fall occurred at Gay Hill, Texas. Ice averaged four to six inches in diameter.

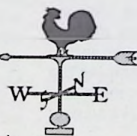
Dec. 14, 1798 — A light snow fell on the area in southern Augusta County that would one day be known as Middlebrook.

Dec. 15, 1945 — A record December snow-

storm buried Buffalo, N.Y., under 36.6 inches of snow, with unofficial totals south of the city ranging up to 70 inches. Travel was brought to a halt by the storm. (14th-17th)

Dec. 21, 1892 — Portland, Ore., was buried under a record 27.5 inches of snow. (21st-24th)

Dec. 26, 1776 — George Washington crossed the ice clogged Delaware River. He marched on Trenton in the midst of snow and sleet thus surprising and capturing many of the British garrison. —



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